

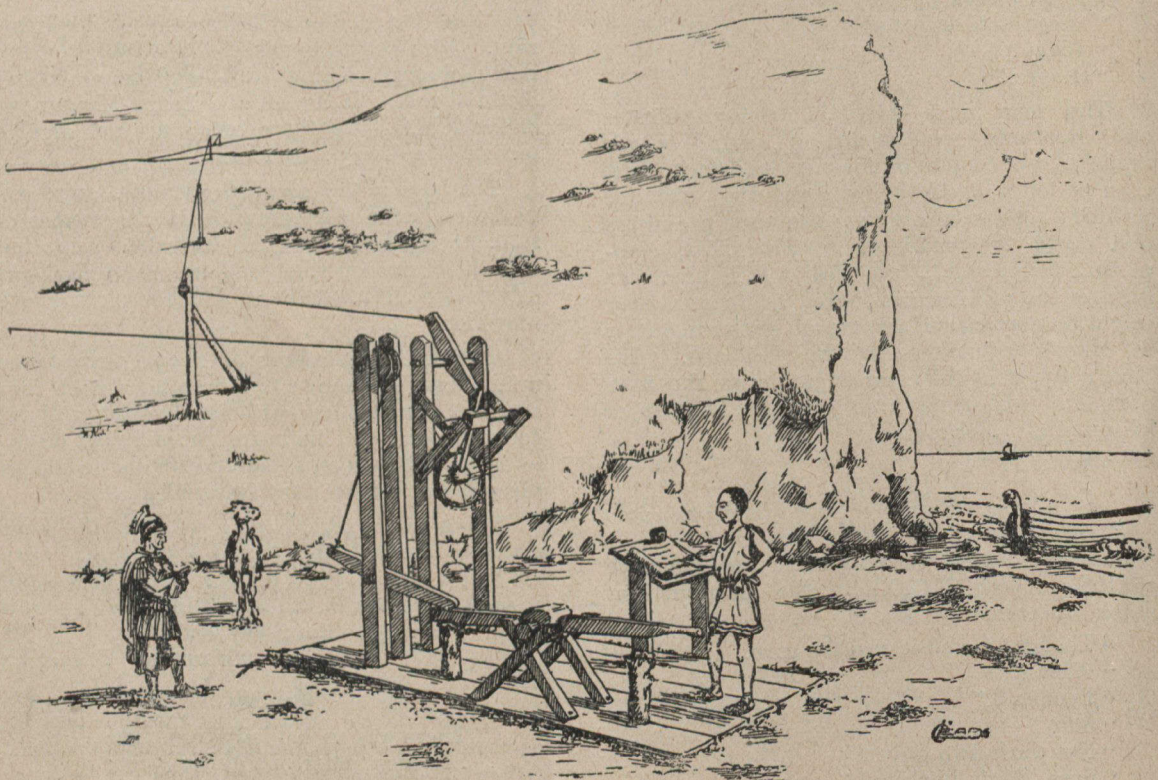
A Little Bit of Railroad.

Did you ever hear the story how that railroad
got its name?
I'll tell you, so you'll understand from where
that railroad came.
No wonder that we're proud of all its curves
and grades so fine—
If you search the wide world o'er you'll ne'er find
such a line.
Sure, some Engineers from Canada fell from out
the sky one day
And settled out on Salisbury Plain, not many
miles away;
And when the natives saw them, they looked
so good and nice,
They said "Suppose we billet them, and charge
the nation twice."
So they sprinkled sappers up and down that
village in the dale,

And N.C.Os and men soon found they kept
some good old ale.
It's a wondrous line of switches, and of cuts
with banks so high;
And "Leaping Liz," the engine, why she
knocks holes in the sky—
She jumps the track five times a day, and when
she sees a tunnel,
She sniffs and snorts and jibs at it, and then
parts with her funnel.
They went to work on pontoon rigs, drawn by
six horses each,
The way they shoved that railroad up, gee
whiz, it was a peach.
There's curves that's straight, and straights
that curve enough to wreck a train:
And when the darned thing's finished, they'll
pull it down again.

SAPPER G. GALLAGHER.

Our Predecessors.



Sapper Rastus Polonius operating a Signal Office established by Julius Cæsar
at Cuckmere Haven.