

"A NIGHT AT THE HOOLIGANS BALL."

In the Hooligan Club, we'll always find  
 A place to drown our sorrows, "Ye mind".  
 Each Hooligan did "His Bit" by turns,  
 The Rochester Tenor, whose name is Burns.  
 Then, next on the list, Harry Lauder did come  
 A saphead, whose name is Dunk Eaglesome.  
 Then came a "Hooligan" right for sure,  
 Somebody said his name was Moore.  
 Along in the crowd, was Camouflage Mac  
 Who thinks himsel sae husky,  
 His maiden name's McKlusky.  
 The Boston Butler, so wry and twisty,  
 Who, Parlez Vous, to the name of Christie.  
 Next, came a man, who, if you please,  
 Could gargle a pound and a half of cheese  
 When asked for his name, he answered tartly  
 I cann' jest mind, but maybe it's Hartley.  
 A fellow also, his song isn't sure on,  
 Is one we all know, by the good name of Huron  
 A Hooligan too, ne'er known to lag,  
 Is a "Sergeant" by name of F. G. Wagg.  
 A seafaring man, who delights just to mix 'em,  
 Is our worthy Brother whose name is Dixon.  
 Of His Maesty's Official Potatoe Peeler,  
 I don't wish to make light.  
 A Hooligan is he, whose name is Wright,  
 Asleep in the deep, he is never a baulker  
 Is our worthy batman, Brother Faulkner.  
 "I'm sorry dear sir, your feet to tramp on,"  
 Said Corporal Patterson, to Hooligan Crampon.  
 Said, Crampon to Dan, "If you want something to dance on,  
 Just try it all over, with Dear Brother Branson."  
 Said Andy to Dan, "Go away you poor fish,  
 Sit down on a chair, by Brother English."  
 A member far famous, as all of us know,  
 "All Hail to Japan, and Brother Kasino."  
 And next comes a Jew, with his melodies fine,  
 A worthy "Dear Hooligan", Brother Eckstein.  
 He fiddles Scotch songs as if in a trance,  
 And jokes with Kavanaugh, who claims he can dance?  
 So along to the Hooligans Ball, we all trudge  
 While out in the cold, stands poor old Fuge.

SCENE IN REGIMENTAL  
 ORDERLY ROOM.

"Anytime"

1st Nut (entering):—Has my  
 transportation arrived yet?  
 Sapper:—Are you getting dis-  
 charged?  
 Nut:—Yes, I'm a Railway man.  
 Sapper (dryly):—So am I.  
 Nut (innocently):—When do  
 you expect to get out?  
 Sapper:—The price of butter is  
 still over fifty cents a pound.  
 Nut:—You ought to be out soon  
 though.  
 Sapper:—That depends on the  
 wheat market.  
 Nut:—Why don't you have your  
 firm apply for your discharge?  
 Sapper:—Oh; we'll get out in

"due course".  
 Nut:—Then you are S.O.L.?  
 Sapper:—That's the first bit of  
 sense you have said since you've  
 come in here.  
 Q. E. D.  
 Equation.  
 M.F.W. 23—Railway man.  
 M.F.W. 313—"C3".  
 M.F.W. 39—Oh: it's no use.  
 We understand the Orderly  
 Room staff have applied to the  
 Quartermaster for their S. O. L.  
 badges.  
 Greetings from a departed O. R.  
 C. and a Sapper.  
 "Gone, but not forgotten."



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