

A DREAM OF A JOB

By T.W.C.

Tom, Charlie and Ginger the rummage crew bold
Appeared in the morning a ship to behold.
The City of Poona was there in the lock.
With tugs fussing round her she entered the dock.

'Come on, then' said Charlie with greatest of glee.
'Oh, hurry up Ginger, now finish your tea.'
The three rummage heroes then rushed to the side
Where the ladder was swinging up and down with the tide.

Young Charlie was first to climb up the ladder.
And landed on deck with a bang and a clatter.
'You clumsy great oaf' said Charlie to Ginger
'You tripped me up, now you've trod on my finger.'

In spite of all this, they dumped all their gear
The secunnies and tindals all trembled wth fear,
Tom went dlownd aft to search in the lumber
And found 50 Woods as he pulled it asunder.

Down in the storeroom among sacks of four
Our other friend Charlie had laboured an hour.
'That sack up above is suspicious,' said Charlie
He climbed to untie it to be showered with barley.

Some hours later poor Ginger was aching,
He sat down to rest a fag to start making.
For that lime at least he'd do no more rummage
Then settled himself on a mat used as dunnag.

The forepeak. was quiet and peaceful and still
His eyes to keep open, Ginge tried with his will,
Just then something moved and ther in the dark
A Lascar came down wilh a bundle to park.

Then Ginger advanced with a gleam in his eyes'
I'll take that. friend,' and the sack he unties
'It's Indian hemp no shadow of doubt.
'You'll come up the road,' said Ginge with a shout.

They went up together, young Tom, Ginge and Chaarlie.
The Clerk of the Court with the bench had a parley.
Past drunkards and sinners poor Abdulla barges,
Then up got Tom to read out the charges.

Abdulla then spouted in Calcullanese
And flattered the in order to please,
The Chairman looked down from his place of repose
A pair of pincenez at the end of his nose.

Then something strange occurred in the Court
Poor Ginge to the box as a witness was brought
'Can I smoke in the Court?' said plaintiff to lawyer
'Of course.' said the Chairman. 'I'll light it for yer.'

A packet of reefers Abdulla brought out
Each man on the Bench was given a snout,
The strong heady fumes made poor Ginger reel
In vain he protested, they ignored his appeal.

There Charlie with reefer was laughing and joking
With Tom so convulsed that he was soon choking.
The Lascar went free, poor Ginge went inside,
Said 'I've been framed' as he sat down and cried.

Away to the cells he was led till he stumbled
And head over heels down the stairs he had tumbled.
It was at that moment he came to his senses
And found that his glasses had lost all their lenses.

He awoke with a start and then realised
That he'd dreamed it all up and began to decide
To took for the others to see where they were
Butt just at that moment he heard someone stir.

'Oh, no. not again,' said he in a rage
And leaped like a lion released from its cage,
His quarry fell down in a heap with a crunch.
'You idiot,' cried Tom, 'it's time for our lunch.

The three then went back and when they had changed
Their meeting for next day had been all arranged,
No more sleeping on duty, Ginge vowed, 'I'll endeavour.
For no seizure rewards will come my way ever.