

FACTORY

LIFE

AT

IT'S

VERSE

COLIN GEDNEY

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INTRODUCTION

When I first arrived as a security guard, at what was then 'Precision Components' in November 1996, I was amazed to see poems displayed on the notice boards which depicted clangers and funny stories about the factory personnel, both management and shop floor workers. I asked who had written them and was informed it was Colin Gedney, otherwise known as 'The Pipe Shop Poet.'

When I spoke to Colin about these poems, he said he just had a talent for putting things into verse. Well, what a talent. He could write a poem on the back of a paper hand towel in five minutes, the longer ones took seven. He had been doing this for the most part of the twenty five years he had been here. I thought, what a wonderful way of recording twenty five years of factory mishaps and amusing anecdotes. The names of long gone friends and acquaintances remembered with amusement at some of the daft things that had happened.

Well I was disappointed because I found out from Colin that he never dated his poems or very rarely kept a copy, they were just written on the spur of the moment, photocopied and put on the notice board for both amusement and sometimes managerial embarrassment. This was much regretted because Colin had told me that he would have liked to have seen his poems in print.

What had happened to the copies that were placed on the notice board? Had anybody kept any of them? To my delight someone had, or at least some of them. Martin 'Five Bellies' Longlands from Heat Treatment had amassed about sixty of these poems and he very kindly arranged for me to have copies.

My initial intention was to type these poems out, bind them in a book and give it to Colin.

However, after reading all these poems, the feelings of fun, amusement and sometimes hilarity they gave me, would no doubt be much more personal, significant and funny to the actual workforce and would therefore have to be shared with them.

Enjoy the book. I enjoyed putting it all together. Colin will finally have some of his poems in print. All proceeds made from selling this book will go to help train a hearing dog for the deaf, a charity this company has long been associated with.

Colin, this place has been a lot duller since your retirement. Thanks for the memories.

Tony Heasman.

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THE PIPE SHOP POET

Now Colin's a lad in search of a vocation,
Who's worked for Precision in the Pipe Shop location.
For 25 years he has toiled at the task,
Making thousands of pipes, what more could one ask?
But bending and brazing is a hell of a drag,
And in his spare time he's a bit of a wag.

When he hears a life story - good, bad or worse,
He quickly sits down to pen rhyme and verse.
The people he derides take it all in their stride,
With Colin's neat prose, one has nothing to hide.

We've all been accosted by Colin's sharp wit,
From Keene to Churchill, he doesn't give a s***.
In order to control him we devised a neat ruse,
At last we'd get our own back for 25 years abuse.

By transferring the Pipe Shop to a distant location,
We thought it might stop our Colin's other vocation.
We transferred him to Rockers to cancel his ardour,
While working for Churchill we thought he'd work harder.

But still we should have known it,
This would not stop Colin's prose.
For he is the 'Pipe Shop Poet',
That all of Peterborough knows.

TOUCHÉ

I'd like to say thanks,
To the management here.
They gave me a tankard,
But no ruddy beer.

A fat little cheque,
To help swell my purse.
And a very nice compliment,
Written in verse.

It was my presentation,
On Thursday you see.
I've had twenty five years now,
Of taking the pee.

I've recorded your mishaps,
Your clangers and worse.
Displayed on the notice boards,
Written in verse.

I know there's been times,
When I've laid it on thick.
But now it was my turn,
To take all the stick.

I didn't say much,
Cos I'm no good at speeches.
They cause me to make,
Childish marks in my breeches.

I start off quite badly,
And gradually get worse.
So I tend to make all of my,
Comments in verse.

I'd like to say thanks,
From the base of my heart.
For taking my poems,
In very good part.

Now you've all been avenged,
For my odes in the past.
Cos I got my comeuppance,
From Smithy at last.

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THE EARLY BIRD

Now that summertime has ended,
And we're back to Greenwich mean.
The mornings are much lighter,
And a lot more can be seen.

The clocks go back an hour,
At least they do for some.
But not for those that live in March,
Like Bill McNeill our chum.

When his clock went off this morning,
It said six forty five.
'I've only half an hour' thinks Bill,
And twenty miles to drive.

No time to eat his cornflakes,
Or listen to the news.
Just two dry biscuits in his hand,
As he juggles with his shoes.

Then when he got out to his car,
There's another big delay.
A bag of spuds lay in the front,
Left there since yesterday.

I'd better take them out' thinks Bill,
She'll need them for our dinner.
And I can't afford to miss a meal,
If I'm to get no thinner.

I'd better put them somewhere warm,
It might decide to freeze.
As he fumbles in the darkness,
To find his garage keys.

Eventually he's on the road,
And giving it some clog.
He's grateful that the roads are clear,
No signs of any fog.

Then he came upon this lorry,
Not going very fast.
Our Bill was giving him abuse,
While trying to get past.

Just outside Eye he passed it,
Where they used to make the bricks.
When the chappie on the radio,
Said, 'Here's the news at six'.

You're not the first to do it Bill,
Don't worry my old flower.
If you talk to Churchill nicely,
You'll get night-rate for that hour.

I'VE HEARD OF GREEN SLEEVES. BUT

Now here's a little story,
That I find hard to believe.
It seems that someone in the gears,
Has crapped upon his sleeve.

All know Fred's short-sighted,
And that must affect his aim.
It's surely not as bad as that,
But what else can you blame.

I've studied all the angles,
And worked out best I can.
I think it was a ricochet,
From off the toilet pan.

Well eventually he cleaned it off,
And rinsed it down with water.
He wouldn't slip off home to change,
In case he lost a quarter.

He dried off in heat treatment,
Which caused an awful pong.
Some reckoned even old Fred's farts,
Could not have smelled so strong.

Next time you use the toilet Fred,
This warning I'll repeat.
Should you be there for number twos,
Keep your arms clear of the seat.

WONG ONE

Now here's a little story,
That you might find rather funny.
No, it's not more indoor fountains,
Or of doubling your money.

It's about two clanger droppers,
Now I know that may sound strong.
But the one's that I refer to,
Simply can't tell right from wong.

Since Triplex took us over,
And we've money to invest.
We've gone all out to modernize,
Yes, I thought you'd be impressed.

They want new CNC machines,
At least that is their plan.
And have been in touch with companies,
From far away Japan.

So they sent their salesmen over,
To demonstrate their wares.
Why can't we still buy British,
It's a sad state of affairs.

He arrived one afternoon last week,
At North station in the city.
So they sent John Smith and Hadlow down,
As a welcoming committee.

John kept the engine running,
As he parked behind a cab.
While Hadlow ran to grab their man,
A bit like smash and grab.

They ushered him into the car,
And back home here did shoot.
The Japanese sat in the back,
His luggage in the boot.

'How's our machine performing'?
He asked Long John and Dave.
And both of them went quiet,
As silent as the grave.

They were in a right old pickle,
Dave broke out in a sweat,
'I really couldn't say' said he,
'We've not received it yet'

'Of course you have', Hung-Low replied,
'You've done no end of tiles'.

A look of sheer bewilderment,
Quite soon replaced their smiles.

It slowly starts to dawn on them,
They'd brought the wrong man back.
When it comes to dropping clangers,
They really have the knack.

All fellows tend to look alike,
From 'Land of Rising Sun',
The chap they should have brought back here,
Still waits on platform one.

THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC

This is the tale of Bemie Bolt,
Or rather of his wife.
Who's known nothing else but worry,
For the best part of her life.

She tried hard to forget them,
With no favourable result.
'Till in the end, she had to bend,
To an old black magic cult.

She wrote her troubles on an egg,
Then went down some old lane.
And buried it beneath the ground,
Though why I can't explain.

Then all her worries vanished,
Just like in fairy tales.
You're not alone in thinking,
That she's going off the rails.

'I can't see where that does much good',
Her husband Bemie said.
Perhaps she'd fare much better,
If she buried him instead.

THE SPONSORED WALK

A gallant bunch of volunteers,
Set off without much fuss.
To walk down to Hunstanton,
To raise cash for a bus.

They left the Eastfield factory,
And headed for the shore.
All set to do the distance,
Some fifty miles or more.

The bus is for the benefit,
Of our disabled folk.
And one or two used gimmicks,
To get our hard earned poke.

John Lee who comes from Whittlesey,
And works on P6 blocks.
Said he could do it easy,
Without his shoes and socks.

'You'll never make Eye roundabout',
His workmates said, all smiles.
But Johnny made them eat their words,
He done over thirty miles.

He could have gone the distance,
At least that's what he claims.
But just as he was nearing Lynn,
His feet burst into flames.

A tubby chap named Cliffy Keen,
Was giving it some clog.
But judging by his trousers,
He got savaged by a dog.

Fred Smith the one time boxer,
And now a yellow tab.
Killed two big birds with just one stone,
Raised cash and fought the flab.

The two pipe shop contestants,
Big Dave and little Pat.
Were beaten by the Norfolk hills,
They were better on the flat.

They both reached Castle Rising,
When smoke came from their soles.
And when they took their laces out,
Hot steam gushed through the holes.

And later in Hunstanton,
Poor Pat was in a stew.
He hadn't got the energy,
To make it to the loo.

So I carried him upon my back,
To the one up past the pier.
He said 'My God that's better mate,
I weren't half feeling queer'.

John Thompson ran for twenty six,
And walked for several more.
We think this is a record,
But no one knows for sure.

A mere six made the distance,
Of this long and arduous hike.
And announcing their arrival,
They had the 'Sounds of Mike'.

Doug Goss and Gary Cooper,
Brian Davis and Cliff Coe.
And one called Bits and Pieces,
Who's name I do not know.

Bill Lawrence also made it,
Though his hair has turned to grey.
Which shows he still has stamina,
And hasn't had his day.

Both Jennifer and Carol,
Came in quite fresh and swift.
But we have a slight suspicion,
That they could have had a lift.

Then the Paston Guides and Scouts struck up,
A very lively beat.
In the hope that it would bring new life,
To the walkers aching feet.

But those tired and weary walkers,
Showed no desire to march.
They looked as if their legs were sprayed,
With instant Robin Starch.

But we're very proud of those that walked,
And think it's cash well spent.
And we hope that you will make it,
An annual event.

IN THE PINK

Little Andy Smithers,
Is a young man in his prime.
Who prefers to do the housework,
Than come in for overtime.

He's just moved in with Carla,
The new love in his life.
And thinks if he can pass the test,
She might become his wife.

He's done most jobs around the house,
Like hovering and such.
He's what you call a modem man,
Who likes to go full Dutch.

One night while Carla's out at work,
To earn some extra dosh.
Young Andy thought he would help,
And do the weekly wash.

On goes the automatic,
With several scoops of tide.
Then the contents of the laundry bin,
He quickly bungs inside.

But he didn't think to sort them out,
Like you're supposed to do.
They all went in together,
Both whites and coloureds too.

When she came home from work that night,
Her spirits quickly sink.
Cos all her frilly undies,
Had turned a shocking pink.

Young Carla wasn't pleased at all,
I'm not a kidding you.
Her underwear may well be pink,
But her language turned quite blue.

That isn't all his problems though,
According to reports.
He came in Monday morning,
Looking really out of sorts.

His face looked gaunt and sallow,
Without its normal glow.
And two deep sunken eyeballs,
Like p*** holes in the snow.

When it got round to dinner time,
Off into town he scoots.
To pick up a prescription,
From the chemist shop called Boots.

We don't know what's the matter,
With this inexperienced pup.
But we think he's on Viagra,
Just to keep his pecker up.

'You're really not quite up to it',
Said his workmates with a grin.
'You'd best see Linford Christie,
And hire his dinner tin.

ON YER BIKE

This is a tale of old Phil Boyall,
The juggernaut in white.
And a funny thing that happened to him,
Sometime on Thursday night.

Old Phil inspects the Honda line,
And deals with all the scrap.
But when things start getting hectic,
He gets in quite a flap.

He starts off sweating like a pig,
And then his head he'll scratch.
No doubt you will have noticed,
He's worn away his thatch.

So when the end of shift bell rings,
He was ready to skedaddle.
He dashed out to the cycle rack,
And leapt into the saddle.

Well old Phil's bike seen better days,
It's travelled miles of roads.
And never really was designed,
To carry heavy loads.

His hind wheel spokes flew everywhere,
He really sent them humming.
A passer-by cried 'Bloody hell,
The Indians are coming'.

He struggled home with twisted frame,
And badly buckled wheel.
Spurred on by thoughts of nice warm bath,
And lovely evening meal.

He arrived home feeling knackered,
From his rather arduous stroll.
And looked like that Prudential ad,
'I wanna be in goal'.

Old Phillip quickly freshens up,
And washed his hands of course.
Then asks his missus 'where's my food,
I could eat a bloody horse'?

His missus said 'you're much too late,
I couldn't keep it hot'.
'And the boy was extra hungry,
So he ate the bloody lot'.

GROWING PAINS

A well known horticulturalist,
By the name of David Edding.
Grew lots and lots of plants in pots,
And even flowers for bedding.

Well he's bought a brand new greenhouse,
So it seems there's little doubt.
That firms like Baytree nurseries,
Had best keep watching out.

He also grows tomato plants,
And nurtures them from seeds.
Like Money-Maker, small Tom Thumbs,
And a new one out called weeds.

He brought four in for Norman,
Which caused something of a fuss.
Cos it seemed quite plain this brand new strain,
Would never bear a truss.

Norm said 'The weed was healthy though,
No sign of any blight'.
Dave said 'It damn well ought to,
It's been fed on Tomatorite'.

Dave's took a lot of stick this week,
From all the lads in here.
And I don't think Baytree nurseries,
Have got a lot to fear.

MIND MY BIKE

Poor old Mark our cleaner,
Was shaken up a bit.
It seems our gallant boys in blue,
Knocked him rectum over tit.

They were driving their jam sandwich,
While our lad was cycling past.
When ones foot slipped on the throttle,
And the hit him up the arse.

His hind wheel was a write-off,
A complete and utter wreck.
While Mark just lay there groaning,
As if he' d broke his neck.

He was only badly shaken,
And was soon back on his feet.
But the names he called those coppers,
Well, I just dare not repeat.

'I didn't see you', said the cop,
Cos you are quite thin me-laddo.
You'd have to stand in one place twice,
To cast a bloody shadow.

'How am I going to get to work'?
They said, 'We'll run you in'.
'And what about my bike'? Cries Mark,
With a rather impish grin.

'We'll get that fixed', the cop replied,
The lads could not be fairer.
Then off they go, with bike in tow,
To a local bike repairers.

They came back here that afternoon,
And brought it through the gate.
With a wheel brand new, a tyre too,
And brakes that operate.

Next morning Marks up early,
Quite the optimist I feel.
In the hope that they'll collide again,
And he'll get a new front wheel.

EXCHANGE IS NO ROBBERY

By now, you all know Rocket Ron,
One second he's here, the next he's gone.
You can feel the breeze as he dashes by,
Like some proverbial blue-arsed fly.

Well now there's someone faster,
In fact they're much quicker by far.
Cos according to this tale I've heard,
This someone stole his car.

It happened up at Worcester,
Which is Rockets native land.
Where he left it parked out in the drive,
I'm led to understand.

At that time, some local robbers,
Turned a garden centre over.
And were making off past Rockets house,
When they spied his shining Rover.

And fearing they'd been spotted,
By some young observing cop.
They thought they'd throw him off the scent,
And quickly did a swap.

They say old Ron was gutted,
I'd love to have seen his face.
When he saw that old jalopy,
That they'd left there in its place.

I'm told it's been recovered now,
Though minus many a part.
He hasn't had it all that long,
It must have broke his heart.

I wonder how he'll get to work,
Without his set of wheels.
But one thing is for certain,
He now knows how Rambo feels.

WHEN THE COCK CROWS

The residents of Hillside Road,
Are in a right old stew.
Cos they get woken up each morning,
At just turned half past two.

It seems a nearby neighbour,
A would be poultry man.
Has started up a chicken farm,
In a disused caravan.

Now as the dawn starts breaking,
His cockerels start to crow.
Continuous from two 'till six,
Which wakes up all the row.

Both Ed and Peggy Venn,
Who live at number three.
Complain they sit up half the night,
Just drinking mugs of tea.

It isn't just the crowing,
It's far worse than you think.
He doesn't keep them very clean,
And their mucks began to stink.

What with the noise, the stink, the fleas,
Poor Peg has started itching.
She doesn't sleep with Eddie now,
She beds down in the kitchen.

Ed's been round all the neighbours,
Both the women and the men.
And he's got a signed petition,
To hand in to number ten.

I'm losing all my beauty sleep,
Cried Eddie with regret.
And when you get to my age,
You need all that you can get.

Now his wife sleeps in the kitchen,
He gets no conjugal rights.
So he's going to ask the foreman,
For an extra spell of nights.

GOODBYE MR CHIPS

Some people go on diets,
And cut out this and that.
Like greasy food and sugar,
That tend to make you fat.

While other folk pay no regard,
To warnings on the telly.
They'll stuff themselves with anything,
Just to get a big round belly.

Mick Green sat outside, on the wall,
And smacked his greedy lips.
He'd just been out and bought himself,
A bag of fish and chips.

He'd thought of having some all month,
Now you might think that funny.
But blokes from March are all like that,
Tight fisted with their money.

As he eagerly undid the bag,
They lay there, piping hot.
When this juggernaut came hurtling past,
And whipped the bloody lot.

Old Mick flew in a temper,
He was almost breathing flames.
And the driver was re-christened,
With a lot of funny names.

A few odd crumbs of batter,
Lay scattered round his toes.
While the subtle smell of vinegar,
Still lingered in his nose.

But his chips were strewn along the street,
Amid the grit and grime.
While Mick just stood there mourning,
For his wasted overtime.

It really shook the old boy up,
His face was gaunt and pale.
But his mates were sympathetic,
When they heard his tragic tale.

Except the ones he travels with,
That's Lofty, John and Eddie.
Who reckon that it serves him right,
He's much too fat already.

He stuffs himself continuous,
He just don't seem to care.
If the old sod puts on much more weight,
They'll charge him double fare.

WHAT PRICE A KITCHEN

John Smith's in deepest mourning,
Black armband, tie, the lot.
Cos they worked five hours Saturday,
And poor John never got.

What a terrible experience,
I'm sure you will agree.
He's never turned it down before,
In all his history.

I wouldn't say old John was tight,
But literally speaking.
He wears lubricated Y-fronts,
To prevent his rectum squeaking.

He'll work Friday nights and Sundays,
And I've often heard blokes say.
'If they opened up the factory,
He'd be in here Christmas day'.

I'm sure you'll all be quite intrigued,
To know the reason why.
He's bought this fitted kitchen, see,
The best from MFI.

He's been saving up his pennies,
For twenty five long years.
All neatly tied in little bags,
And tarnished with his tears.

They should install it Monday,
That's what they had arranged.
Then he got a phone call Friday,
To say their plans had changed.

'We'll be there in the morning,
So don't get up too late'.
But poor old John was more concerned,
With his loss of premium rate.

He phoned his foreman Saturday,
To let him know the score.
And George could hear his teardrops,
As they splashed upon the floor.

However would the pipe shop cope,
With Johnny Smith away.
The braziers might as well go home,
Cos he runs that side they say.

ANOTHER FOWL DEED

You've read about it in the press,
And heard it from shop floor.
How Perkins are to give away,
Fat turkeys by the score.

Two hundred plump and tender birds,
Of Bernard Matthews fame.
To deter us from malingering,
Like going sick or lame.

It seems that if you've not been ill,
For one whole year or more.
Your name can then go in a hat,
For their bumper Christmas draw.

But first you must be Al fit,
And promise not to die.
In fact, a perfect specimen,
Before you qualify.

They seem to think that turkey,
Is a cure for all mans ills.
Replacing penicillin,
Time proven drugs and pills.

If only this was possible,
What a difference it would make.
We could feed our wives on drumsticks,
Then their heads would never ache.

To penalise the sick this way,
To me seems rather crazy.
Those fortunate enough to win,
Could very well be lazy.

The firm have got it wrong again,
Causing further wrath and fury.
I doubt if they could organise,
A booze-up in a brewery.

THIRD PARTY BUSINESS

The story I'm about to tell,
May sound a bit absurd.
Joe Hagon's got a second job,
In case you hadn't heard.

He works part-time for Frenca's now,
Those outside contract people.
But Joe won't go repairing roofs,
Or scaling up some steeple.

He likes both feet upon the ground,
So he does menial chores.
Like mixing loads of concrete,
And mending holes in floors.

Just take today for instance,
An accident in gears.
They were pushing this old trolley,
When a great big hole appears.

The trolley lurched about a lot,
And nearly crushed a bloke.
They've been complaining ages now,
It's getting past a joke.

But Joe was quickly on the scene,
To set about the task.
He wore no safety glasses,
No leather gloves or mask.

With his hammer and his chisel,
He dropped down on his knees.
And chipped out all the loose stuff,
It was just like shelling peas.

Next came the load of concrete,
Which Joe mixed to perfection.
It even earned approval,
From Joe Trowel on inspection.

The hole was quickly levelled out,
And looks as good as new.
He made a fair old job of it,
I'll give the chap his due.

Now I know we're out to show the world,
how versatile we are.
But Joe carries this third party thing,
A little bit too far.

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

I used to be quite innocent,
'Til they brought out all this sleaze.
I always thought that 'Danish Blue',
Was that there mouldy cheese.

Now folk will do most anything,
To see pornography.
They'll even spend good money,
And make trips across the sea.

Old Rambo goes to Denmark,
Cos he likes it over there.
And he needs time to recuperate,
From that recent wage snatch scare.

He says it's quite exciting there,
And suits him to a 'T'.
The weathers good, the booze is cheap,
And there's porno on TV.

He even got his camera out,
And videoed the screen.
He could have bought some hard core films,
If he hadn't been so mean.

Then one night back in England,
He got out this video.
And invited all his mates round,
For a booze up and a show

They all sat round excited,
While downing several beers.
Their eyes stuck out like hat pegs,
While steam gushed from their ears.

When this ghostly type reflection,
Kept appearing on the telly.
A hand kept flashing up and down,
And giving it some welly.

When Rambo finally cottoned on,
He almost had a fit.
He said 'That's my boy w*****g,
The randy little git'.

To think he'd caught him doing that,
Had really made him flip.
He dashed off to his old boys room,
To tear him off a strip.

He said 'You dirty little w*****r',
Which wasn't very kind.
'Has no one ever told you,
That that can send you blind'.

'But I always keep my left eye shut,
So there isn't much to fear'.
'And you're talking to the lamp-stand, dad,
I'm sitting over here'.

Eventually he simmered down,
And when all was still and calm.
He apologised to his old boy,
And took him by the arm.

He said 'You're bound to get excited,
When you're watching Danish Blue'.
'So cheer up son and join the club,
Cos the blokes think I'm one too'.

IT's GOOD TO TALK

Keith Smith our works director,
Has been having quite a moan.
Seems he's had a lot of trouble,
Getting night-shift on the phone.

He's rung and rung for ages,
With no answer to his call.
And it might be something urgent,
Which isn't right at all.

So he's come up with a brainwave,
Cos he has one now and then.
Which should make him more successful,
When contacting his men.

'I'll buy a mobile phone', he said,
'They don't cost all that much'.
'They can keep it in their pocket,
Then I'm constantly in touch'.

So Rambo has it one week,
And Windsor has it next.
Cos if Brian had it all the time,
Old Alan would be vexed.

When Rambo heard he'd got it first,
His tail wagged like a puppy.
And he waltzed around the factory,
Like some demented yuppy.

But when it came to using it,
Our lad was at a loss.
Cos when Smithy rang him up he shouts,
'I just can't hear you boss'.

They shouted and they shouted,
It just won't work they moan.
And ended up recalling,
On an ordinary phone.

When it comes to high technology,
Rambo hasn't got the knack.
He's been shouting at the buttons,
The receivers at the back.

FATHERS DAY - 19 JUNE

There's a foreman down at Walton,
By the name of Alan Peck.
Who dropped a right old clanger,
Now he's caught it in the neck.

He took time off last Sunday,
Losing double rate of pay.
To open cards and presents,
As he thought, on Fathers Day.

He sat there waiting patiently,
All afternoon and night.
But not one card or present,
Came anywhere in sight.

'Whatever can be up with them'?
Old Alan starts to fret.
'You bring them up as best you can,
And that's all the thanks you get'.

'I know that money's still quite short,
And times are rather hard'.
'But I'm not much of a father,
If I don't deserve a card'.

It wasn't 'til much later,
That it dawned on him at last.
It seems old Alan's wristwatch,
Was a whole week bloody fast.

WHAT A FIASCO

Today we had a fire drill,
The first in twenty years.
Good job it weren't a real one,
Or we'd be dead I fear.

For no one took much notice,
When the siren went once more.
Cos we've had our eardrums blasted,
So many times before.

We all continued working,
Except those drinking tea.
'Til the manager sent someone round,
To tell us verbally.

The alarm should sound continuously,
'Til all are out the door.
But this was like a practise blast,
It only went for four.

The managers warned us of this,
Which adds to the disgrace.
They had a full half hour,
To organise the place.

Nobody moved a muscle,
Among the gear shop blokes.
They thought it had malfunctioned,
Like last weeks ruddy hoax.

John Smith's a name that rings a bell,
I really must confess.
I quite enjoy your bitter, John,
But at safety you're a mess.

Let's hope you've learned from your mistakes,
For you've made a lot I feel.
And next time Smithy, get it right,
Cos it could well be for real.

IT'S A DOGS LIFE

Poor old Johnny Lattimer,
He must be round the bend.
He went and bought his missus,
A little canine friend.

A wire haired Jack Russell,
The sort that yaps a lot.
With a dark brown patch around one eye,
And so they name him spot.

Spot soon became established,
As the top dog of the house.
Both protecting and befriending,
Johns everloving spouse.

He followed everywhere she went,
And heaven help the chap.
Who dared to take advantage,
While he sat upon her lap.

She'd bath him and she'd groom him,
Whenever he got mucky,
He slept between them on the bed,
(No chance of any nookie).

John doesn't get much sleep these days,
Perched out there on the edge.
And he daren't risk having a cuddle,
Or he might lose his meat and two veg.

Then came that frantic phone call,
The other day at work.
That Spot had done a runner,
His missus was going berserk.

So John then had to dash off home,
For the best part of the day.
And run the risk of forfeiting,
His AVIS bonus pay.

He searched the house from head to toe,
The garage and the shed.
He double checked the bathroom,
And underneath the bed.

They feared they may have seen the last,
Of the pooch that she adored.
They even thought of offering,
A nice big fat reward.

When they heard a quiet whimper,
From their Hotpoint Supermatic.
And there lay Spot, curled up inside,
John's missus was ecstatic.

'I lost a half days work', moaned John,
'Through that bloody little pest'.
'And all the time he's sleeping,
On my jockey shorts and vest'.

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SECURITY, WHAT SECURITY?

Security at Walton,
Has been cut beyond existence.
You could walk in here at any time,
And meet with no resistance.

It was proven here this morning,
With the gates no longer manned.
A crook strolled in quite casually,
And made off with thirty grand.

The wages guard, Carol and Rambo,
Were in for a bit of a shock.
As they boxed up night shifts wages,
Down the bottom office block.

When the stranger strode into the room,
As calm, as calm could be.
They simply thought he'd joined them,
For an early cup of tea.

'I've come here for the pay-roll',
Said this tallish, fair haired bloke.
And Rambo told him to 'p*** off,
Cos he thought it was a joke.

He very soon established,
That he wasn't there for fun.
As right beneath old Alan's nose,
He shoved his loaded gun.

His face went really ashen,
And he shook with so much fear.
He nearly did a childish thing,
Inside his underwear.

There were no brave heroics,
I'm very pleased to say.
They simply let him take the cash,
And make his get-away.

So will the firms insurance,
Make good this princely sum.
When they learn just how complacent,
The managements become.

Or will they say 'It serves you right',
Which we all know is true.
But they don't take any notice,
Of the likes of me and you.

Now I understand security,
Will be stricter than of late.
And a cardboard cut-out copper,
Will be put upon the gate.

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FOLLOW MY LEADER

Now here's a little story,
That might just cause some fun.
About a certain driver,
On what's called the Honda run.

His name is Colin Shadbolt,
In case you didn't know.
It seems he drew the shortest straw,
And so he had to go.

With his load of hubs and spindles,
He set off for Durham town.
Doing sixty miles an hour,
With his boot pressed tightly down.

Old Col likes driving lorries
They're much safer than a car.
There's time to look around you,
And enjoy your Yorkie bar.

He bombed along the highway,
Full of the joys of spring.
With the music from his radio,
He was half inclined to sing.

When this cop car pulled in front of him,
Lights flashing frantically.
With a notice on the back which said,
'Police, please follow me'.

Not wishing to upset them,
Old Col tagged on behind.
Though worried sick what he had done,
And how much he'd be fined.

They soon turned off the old A1,
And took the scenic route.
While Colin followed closely,
Just inches from their boot.

Up over hills and down through dales,
The convoy wends its way.
But Shadbolt's far too worried,
To enjoy the view that day.

Then the cops pull in this lay-by,
So Col pulled in there too.
And got out of his lorry cab,
To meet the boys in blue.

'What ever do you want me for'?
Said poor old Col in fear.
'I don't think I was speeding,
and I've not been on the beer'.

'What makes you think we want you'?
The cop said earnestly.
'We've just stopped in this lay-by,
To have a cup of tea'.

'But your sign said. Follow me' said Col,
With a rather nervous cough,
The copper cried, 'Cor, bloody hell,
I thought I'd switched that off'.

THE ROAD RUNNER

Now here's a little story,
That I'm assured is true.
But don't say where you heard it,
Cos I'm only telling you.

It seems that a director,
By the name of Ivor Keene.
Has got a rather heavy clog,
When he drives his mean machine.

He was picked up by the boys in blue,
With a special radar gun.
Who followed him for several miles,
Doing bloody near a ton.

To travel at such reckless speed,
Is quite unsafe I feel.
Cos he suffers from ducks disease like me,
And can't see above the wheel.

There've been comments like, 'it serves him right,
For being such a berk'.
And, 'a pity he don't move that fast,
When he's in here at work'.

He has been warned to steady up,
But it seems he's just downright defiant.
So the next time he's due a new company car,
Why not make it a Robin Reliant.

WHAT A SCORCHER

This tale's about Nick Tomlin,
One of the pulley crew.
Some reckon he's too green to burn,
Well! have I got news for you.

He tried to start a bonfire,
At home the other night.
Though he used a box of matches,
The damn thing wouldn't light.

Perhaps the paper was too damp,
Or the rubbish much too green.
So he thought he'd help it on its way,
With a can of paraffin.

He gave it quite a dousing,
And then he threw a match.
The flames came belching out at him,
And almost burnt his thatch.

It really took him by surprise,
His hands and arms were charred.
Good job it didn't melt his gut,
Or there'd be a ton of lard.

Why try and burn this time of year,
This comes as some surprise.
Why not wait until November,
When they burn the other guys.

THE RAM RAIDER

A certain mad-arsed driver,
So I have just been told.
Caused several blokes on Friday night,
To catch their death of cold.

When the heat went off quite suddenly,
They thought lightning had struck.
But it was big John Taylor,
With his bloody stacker truck.

He'd hit the heater with such force,
He ripped it off the wall.
So Long John Smith and fitter Greg,
They quickly had to call.

The gas was leaking badly,
And likely to explode.
So they had to get the men out quick,
And safely on the road.

He had been warned by Rambo,
Just a day or two before.
To be careful of the heater,
So he should have known the score.

But you know what big John Taylor's like,
The chap will not be told.
If someone doesn't stop him soon,
We could all be in the cold.

It's not the first mishap he's had,
The blokes become a pest.
So the firms withdrawn his licence,
'Til he takes another test.

It's only right and proper,
That big John should be restrained.
Cos you can't go meddling with gas,
If you've not been Corgi trained.

SAY 99 AND COUGH

I'm told our mate 'Big' Alvin,
Down on the ally section.
Is due a mini medical,
And check for skin infection.

They examine almost everything,
Like hearing, lungs and heart.
Then you have to drop your trousers,
For the most important part.

So the nurse will have her hands full,
As no doubt you'll have guessed.
Especially when she gets around,
To do the scrotum test.

Cos he's not called 'Big' for nothing,
I'm not a kidding you.
As anyone will testify,
That have seen him in the loo.

It frightens Terry Butcher,
When they both stand at the trough.
Cos every time Tel sees it,
It turns his water off.

It could be psychological,
Or maybe Terry's shy.
But just like Yorkshire water,
His tap keeps running dry.

It isn't all a fallacy,
About these coloured boys.
They get that size, 'cos when they're young,
They don't have any toys.

It's like a bobbies truncheon,
Though more flexible of course.
And it wouldn't look too out of place,
On a donkey or a horse.

He must have been first in the queue,
When they were given out.
Cos the greedy sod grabbed my share too,
And yours as well, no doubt.

HOOK. LINE AND SINKER

This is the tale of Thomas Woods,
A fisherman of note.
He doesn't care how he catches them,
Be it fly or net or float.

He'd talk about his exploits,
On any given day.
And he often dreams, as anglers do,
Of 'The one that got away'.

Well! This day was no exception,
As he reminisced a while.
With hands clasped firm, behind his back,
In that well known regal style.

Oblivious to all around,
He stood serene and calm.
When he felt this object brush his hand,
Then nestle in his palm.

It was long and round and wriggley,
With a kind of tacky feel.
Tom thought, 'Eye, eye, that's just my luck,
Another bloody eel'.

He kneads it with his fingers,
And it starts to twitch and jerk.
Then when he squeezed it more firmly,
The damn thing went berserk.

But when the penny finally dropped,
Old Woody felt quite sick.
For you see it weren't an eel at all,
It was Alvin's 'liquorice stick'.

SIZE DOESN'T MATTER, THEY SAY

I'm sure you all know Darren,
Our young apprentice boy.
He doesn't have a lot to say,
In fact he's rather coy.

When he came in Monday morning,
His lip stuck out a mile.
And you could tell by his expression,
That it pained the lad to smile.

He took a lot of stick that day,
From all the Drive-shaft men.
Some say he looked more battered,
Than poor old Nigel Benn.

It seems he'd been to Stamford,
to sink ajar or two.
But after several shandies,
He was bursting for the loo.

As he stood at the urinal,
Chasing dog-ends down the drain.
His eyes began to wander,
Across the porcelain.

When this big fellow stood beside him,
He did what a lot of blokes do.
When you take a peep over the panel,
To see if they're bigger than you.

When Darren caught sight of his Hampton,
The lad could do nothing but stare.
Cos even though he was a white man,
He was blessed like big Alvin Pierre.

His member stuck out unattended,
As proudly the big fellow stands.
He couldn't be bothered to steer it,
(Like riding a bike with no hands).

The big fellow flew in a temper,
When he caught Darren ogling his pissier.
He shouts 'Are you some kind of pervert',
Then fetched him a smack in the kisser.

So don't stand there gawping about you,
Next time that you visit the loo.
Cos you'll only come out feeling cheated,
If you see someone bigger than you.

A PADDY^S PAY-RISE

Our pay-rise is pathetic,
The worst they've ever made.
Was it put there to humiliate,
Insult us or degrade.

I've never known the company,
So completely out of touch.
To offer such a pittance,
Is a swift kick in the crutch.

It works out round-about six quid,
Which keeps us rather poor.
But when working Friday afternoons, that's gone,
And plus another four.

They say they'd like to be world class,
They live in fairy land.
Cos first class work and third class pay,
Do not go hand in hand.

We're not completely stupid,
We're not asking for the earth.
But everyone is thinking,
Is that all we're really worth.

So get back round that table,
Your errors to correct.
And come up with an offer,
That will show us some respect

TO PAY OR KNOTT TO PAY? THAT IS THE QUESTION

We've just had a golf competition,
Which is held every year at this time.
It sorts out which players are past it,
And which ones are still in their prime.

So who would be this years new champion?
With a trophy to stand on his shelf.
John Zajak or Dougie Van-Kerro,
Or that battered old has-been Dick Relph.

They said Graham Cooper was magic,
While Frank Cade didn't play well at all.
Well, he has to tee off from memory,
Cos his stomach eclipses the ball.

Graham Cooper walked off with the trophy,
He finished up two under par.
Then they all finished up in the club house,
For a dinner and drinks at the bar.

It was there that Mike Knott joined the party,
He was in quite a generous mood.
Cos he told all the players, 'The drinks are on me',
It will help you wash down the food.

So was it a misunderstanding,
That made all the lads jump the gun.
For it seems it was Knottys intention,
That he should fork out for just one.

But the lads had now got the impression,
The beer was buckshee for the night.
So they all started drinking in earnest,
And some even got a bit tight.

At the end of a quite pleasant evening,
When some had had more than their fill.
It seems that old Knotty had toddled off home,
Which left Watson to pick up the bill.

THE INVISIBLE HOLE

There's a hole sticking up near the lift-shaft,
That's badly in need of repair.
Yet according to the man in charge,
It simply isn't there.

The one in charge as you all know,
Is safety man, John Smith.
You may have seen him hobbling round,
With his leg all sore and stiff.

Now John works in an office,
Upstairs, next to the stores.
And he's up and down the whole day long,
As he goes about his chores.

He'd just been up to get some tubes,
To repair some faulty lights.
Cos the factory has to be well lit,
Especially on nights.

Well, he'd just turned round the corner,
After coming down the stairs.
When this hole, 'That don't exist', leapt out,
And caught him unawares.

Old Long John Smith went sprawling,
Well, he stands a good six-four.
So he covered quite an area,
As he quickly hit the floor.

The fluorescent tubes he carried,
Shot off in all directions.
According to this chap I know,
who works down on Inspection.

A crowd had quickly gathered round,
To see what was the matter.
Cos when cement and bones collide,
It don't half cause a clatter.

Long John laid there quite shaken,
His head was in a spin.
He was badly bruised all down one side,
And he'd lost a lot of skin.

So I guess repairs will soon be made,
Or else there'll be a row.
If John didn't know the hole was there,
I'll bet he knows it now.

THE SHOPPING TRIP

Oh dear, what can the matter be,
Old Ron Lilley got mugged in the lavatory.
He went shopping in Sheffield last Saturday,
And nearly ends up in despair.

These six Pakistani boys, all set about him,
If he didn't pay, they were going to clout him.
He said he was broke, though they all seemed to doubt him,
But Ron wasn't going to share.

Now they hadn't reckoned, on fire-brand Lilley,
Old Ron stood his ground, and made them look silly.
He floored one or two, with a kick in the willy,
And then got the hell out of there.

So take lots of care when you go for a tinkle,
Keep a hand on your wallet, and one on your winkle.
And watch your old bum, as you stand there and sprinkle,
Cos next time it might be a queer.

THE PHANTOM FLASHER

Now here's a little story,
That I feel I must relate.
It seems that someone at Walton,
Has been flashing near the gate.

A man of large proportions,
Blond haired, and six foot three.
I'd give my self up right away,
If only that was me.

So who is this phantom flasher?
That's been causing such distress.
And is the lass complaining,
Or just after his address.

They thought it might be Bill McNeil,
He's blond and rather tall.
But in certain vital regions,
Didn't measure up at all.

Big Alvin on the ally line,
Springs readily to mind.
I know it's quite a long shot,
But she could be colour blind.

Or is it diddy Martin,
I know he's only wee.
But taken in proportion,
He should stand six foot three.

The name of Nobby Aucott,
Should be way up on the list.
Cos his oversize appendage,
Has been known to fracture wrists.

Lets not forget big Basil Cross,
Though I know he's past his best.
We've seen him in the toilet,
When he's done his sugar test.

And then of course there's Tony Vines,
He's blond and wears a tash.
But I doubt he has the energy,
To run outside and flash.

So who is the major suspect,
Named in those secret folders?
My guess, is diddy Martin,
Stood on Eddie Venni's shoulders.

AND A SPLITTING TIME WAS HAD BY ALL

Disco Des from PCL,
On the rocker lever line.
Went to the presentation dance,
And everything was fine.

He skipped the light fantastic,
And put himself about.
'Till his poor old pants could take no more,
And his seams started splitting out.

It started with a little hole,
Then went from crotch to knee.
' Old Des must have a big one',
Some female shouts with glee.

He looked just like a Chippendale,
As he stood exposed and bare.
No, not one of those dancing troupe,
A bloody bow-legged chair.

Old Des got a little embarrassed,
As people kept stopping to stare.
He had to make a quick trip home,
To find a bigger pair.

Those slim fitting trousers are all very fine,
But not when you carry his bulk.
I'm sure some expected old Des to turn green,
Just like the incredible hulk.

NOW UNO

A car can be expensive,
Especially repairs.
And should you own a foreign one,
It costs the earth for spares.

So you tend to search the scrap yards,
To see what you can get.
But things aren't always what they seem,
Which can cause some regret.

Take poor old Mick the cleaner,
Down on the Honda line.
He bought a Fiat Uno,
And everything was fine.

But it hadn't got a headrest,
Says Mick 'I'll get that done'.
Cos it looked a bit lob-sided,
With only having one.

So he searched his local scrap yard,
And found some Unos there.
But not one had a headrest,
Which drove him to despair.

Then he spied another Uno,
It had wiper blades, the lot.
Mick said, 'I'll have those buggers,
Cos mine are not to hot'.

He started to dismantle it,
But he hadn't got too far.
When a voice behind him thundered,
'Oi, get off my bleeding car'.

This giant Rastafarian,
Stood a mere ten feet away.
Hot steam was gushing from his ears,
This just was not Mick's day.

'I thought that it was scrap', he said,
Attempting to be bold.
'I'll give you scrap', yelled Rastus,
It's barely six years old'.

Mick offered him his last five quid,
But still the owner rants.
'Twas then Mick found, adrenaline,
Can stain your underpants.

WATER ON THE KNEE

Some folks go to the seaside,
To give themselves a treat.
Like going for a paddle,
To wash your mucky feet.

But a certain night shift manager,
In case you didn't know.
Has found a place to soak his corns,
And it isn't far to go.

If you stand by one of our machines,
At any time of night.
You're sure to get your feet wet,
With water, but it's white.

It's no good for your complexion,
And won't make you soft as silk.
Cos unlike Cleopatra,
It isn't ass's milk.

They took out this component,
While Brian stood quite near.
And the water ran all down his leg,
And soaked his pants I fear.

He mopped it up as best he could,
But it didn't do the trick.
So he shook his leg the way you do,
When you've put it back to quick.

Now anyone who knows me well,
Knows I'm not one to stir.
But there's been some speculation,
If in fact this did occur.

Cos some said, 'he's incontinent,
And can't control his wee'.
While others claim, an old stray dog,
Mistook him for a tree.

Just who is right and who is wrong,
I'll leave it up to you.
I tried to find the answer,
But his language turned quite blue.

ALL WORK AND NO PAY

When work starts piling up a bit,
And they need stuff out the gate.
We're asked to come in here weekends,
And draw the premium rate.

But you'd have to be a grabber,
Or some workaholic freak.
To come in here at weekends,
While on holiday all week.

Well, such a man is Dutton,
Known as 'Lump-head' to his mates.
Who seems to have great trouble,
Keeping yon-side of the gates.

He should have been off all last week,
As a sort of tourist guide.
Taking people from New Zealand,
All round Yorkshire for a ride.

But he'd used up all his money,
At the places that they went.
And he had to come in Saturday,
To make up for what he'd spent.

He sneaked in very early,
When he thought no one suspected.
And hid inside the router bay,
So he wouldn't be detected.

But he showed his face a bit too soon,
Just as blokes were clocking out.
And when they saw old Dutton,
They gave a mighty shout.

When Churchill got to hear of it,
He was very much annoyed.
And condemned old Brian's overtime,
As being null and void.

He said 'Dutton worked a flanker,
But he's slipped up I'm afraid'.
Cos when I don't give it the OK,
He don't get bloody paid'.

A FISHY TALE

Some anglers fish off river banks,
While others fish off piers.
But here at PCL they fish,
To further their careers.

Some time ago they organised,
A sort of Pro-Am match.
Where those with some experience,
Partner those not up to scratch.

It was all put on for charity,
And supposed to be for fun.
So when they started pairing off,
Ivor Keene took on his son.

Until Keith Smith the manager,
Said he would like a go.
But he hadn't got a partner,
And it had to be a Pro.

So thinking of the Brownie points,
Cos he don't miss many tricks.
Old Keeney quickly dropped his son,
Like a ton of red-hot bricks.

They all set off for Decoy lakes,
Their venue for the day.
A Carp infested little spot,
Just outside Whittlesey.

There was one or two blokes absent,
When they met up at the gate.
And some very lame excuses,
For getting there so late.

Fred Barnsdale claims he laid late,
But the reason I feel sure.
Was all the rumpy-bumpy,
That he had the night before.

And poor old Terry Smithdale,
Had so much on his mind.
Got halfway there and realised,
He'd left his gear behind.

Malc Dilkes turned up with his old boy,
Mick Haynes brought his son too.
Like animals in Noah's ark,
They rolled up two by two.

Paul Wild and Nicky Abbott,
Fred Barnsdale, Pussy Lee.
So all in all a motley crowd,
I think you will agree.

Tom Woods was odds on favourite,
Cos he'd fished the lake before.
Catching several fifty pounders,
As he's told you all I'm sure.

He had the best advantage,
Even drew his favourite peg.
But the stars weren't in his favour,
Should have talked to Mystic Meg.

Keith Smith pulled out the biggest fish,
Weighing thirteen pounds or more.
Yet still the old sod still maintains,
He'd never fished before.

Geoff Brown had top tuition,
But everything went wrong.
Cos he only caught a tiddler,
That was barely one inch long.

Poor Ivor Keene caught sweet FA,
Though he staged the whole affair.
He used Winalot for ground-bait,
But there were no dogfish there.

Pussy Lee picked up the trophy,
Because he caught the most.
But there is a strong suspicion,
That some gave up the ghost.

WHO'S A SILLY BILLY

Why is it, that when blokes grow bald,
Or their hair is growing thin.
They try to cultivate a crop,
Around their mouth and chin.

They go into mass production,
Once their crowning glory's gone.
It's as if they're growing cuttings,
For transplanting later on.

It starts off rather straggly,
While they wait for it to shoot.
And they end up scratching wildly,
And as lousy as a coot.

Why go to all that trouble?
It surely is a farce,
Especially when there's thousands,
Growing wild around their arse.

They mostly grow a mixture,
Of ginger, grey and brown.
And look as though their heads chopped off,
And put back upside-down.

Their wives are none too keen on them,
Of that I feel quite sure.
Cos it has been said, that when in bed,
Their thighs get red and sore.

I suppose it saves a bit of time,
Not shaving chin and throat.
But face it lads, their rightful place,
Is on a billy-goat.

ARE YOU ONE OF TONY'S LITTLE SOLDIERS

Never before in the field of human conflict,
Have so many, owed so much, too so few.
And so begins a rousing speech,
By Churchill, World War Two.

Well the wars been won and finished now,
For over fifty years.
But we've got another Churchill,
The one in charge of gears.

He's not quite as fat as Winston was,
I'm sure you will agree.
But he still holds up the victory sign,
Especially to me.

Well, he's starting a recruiting drive,
In case you hadn't heard.
So I thought I'd give a helping hand,
And try to spread the word.

So if you're a young apprentice lad,
Who wants to make the grade.
Make sure you're smart and tidy,
Especially on parade.

And when you've learned the kind of skills,
That PCL employs.
You'll then be known collectively,
As Tony's soldier boys.

DOUBLE STANDARDS

Mr Ronald Roebury,
Best known as Rocket Ron.
Has handed in his notice,
And now the chap has gone.

Now here's some information,
That is sure to make you squirm.
They gave old Ron a farewell do,
All paid for by the firm.

It seems that no expense was spared,
I'm telling you no lie.
As most the staff and management,
Trooped over the Paul Pry.

They must have had some bebies,
Cos they came back rather late.
And received a warm reception,
As they rolled in through the gate.

They each received a fanfare,
Of whistles, shouts and hoots.
As half the workforce queued outside,
For their pairs of safety boots.

Now it wasn't very long ago,
Big Alvin came back late.
He got called into the office,
And threatened with the gate.

Now anyone will tell you,
I'm not one to cause a fuss.
But it seems that there's one rule for them,
And another one for us.

And if they spend cash so freely,
It comes as no surprise.
That there's nothing in the kitty,
To pay us a decent rise.

You don't have to be a genius,
To see through their devious plot.
They creamed enough off AVIS,
To pay the bloody lot.

DO YOU WANNA BE IN MY GANG ?

It was young Steve Butler's birthday,
Quite recently I hear.
And according to his antics,
He could be turning queer.

He was celebrating forty years,
Down at Perkins social club.
Cos the beer is so much cheaper there,
Than you'll find in any pub.

The lad got quickly rat-arsed,
With his mates all standing treat.
His speech was getting rather slurred,
And he staggered on his feet.

The things that he got up to,
Caused everyone to titter.
Especially his impression,
Of his idol, Gary Glitter.

Then Steve turned all romantic,
He was in a state of bliss.
He gave his mate, Mick Porter,
A long and sexy kiss.

Mick said, 'I rather liked it,
It was better than his song'.
'But it would have been more pleasant,
If he hadn't used his tongue'.

Next time you have a birthday,
Or go out and strut your stuff.
Don't end up kissing workmates,
Or they might think you're a poof.

SLEAZY DOES IT

They're jockeying for position now,
To work the Whitsun break.
This entitles them to days in lieu,
Which some then never take.

The depths some blokes will sink to,
Stretch far beyond belief.
Like a certain rectum reamer,
We all know as Edward Heath.

There's not much chance of getting in,
If you're working on inspection.
So Ted has tried his hardest,
To get in on flywheel section.

Well, the opportunity soon arose,
Coming right out of the blue.
T C goes to the food machine,
And tags onto the queue.

Ted said to Tony Churchill,
Here, come in front of me'.
And as he hadn't got right change,
He gave him fifty-p.

T C then got his sarnies out,
And told him 'Thanks a bunch'.
But poor old Ted had no more change,
So went without his lunch.

The Union won't be happy though,
If he should come in here.
Cos crossing over profiles,
Just isn't on I fear.

So was his crawling all in vain?
The attempt was rather shoddy.
Pat Bergin said, 'If he comes in,
It's over my dead body'.

THE ULTIMATE INSULT

At long, long last we've made it,
The Rocker Line have scored.
We've been awarded twelve new pence,
Splashed on the AVIS board.

But can the firm afford all that?
We wouldn't like to break them.
We'd rather take them by the neck,
And violently shake them.

They preach us all this bulls**t,
About working as a team.
Then pay some of us peanuts,
While others get the cream.

Why can't they treat us all the same,
Instead of all this fuss.
If it works alright for indirects,
Why not the rest of us.

Parkfields have robbed our pension fund,
Of what we're rightly due.
Now Triplex-Lloyd are robbing us,
Of our final earnings too.

So, not only are we losing out,
On AVIS bonus pay.
There's some who'll go on losing out,
Until our dying day.

They insult us with this pittance pay,
While others get a whopper.
So let them stuff their twelve new pence,
Where the sun won't tarnish copper.

A FINE KETTLE OF FISH

In the interest of safety,
And to keep things in good fettle.
The firm has got a shop-floor check,
On radios and kettles.

They've brought this electrician in,
An independent bloke.
To ensure the plugs are wired right,
And won't blow up in smoke.

They'll also check the wires too,
To see if they are crossed.
Or is this just a crafty ploy,
To tally up the cost.

Pat Bergin is our safety rep,
As well as works convenor.
And when he got to hear of this,
The lad could not be keener.

He encouraged all his workmates,
To come out with their gear.
Ensuring them it's genuine,
With nothing there to fear.

He said, 'There is no catch at all,
And things will be just fine'.
'If you've kept your tackle nice and clean,
And well maintained like mine'.

So out came the high speed kettles,
And their transistors too.
With bits held on with sticky tape,
And some with super-glue.

The sparks then quickly set to work,
Regardless of the cost.
While blokes stood watching pensively,
Their fingers tightly crossed.

You've passed with flying colours lads',
Said sparky with a grin.
'Except for Paddy Bergin's,
I've slung his in the bin'.

YOU'LL GROW INTO THEM

Have you seen the brand new overalls,
We've been issued with today.
They've even got our names on,
And are in maroon and grey.

But they must have lost the measurements,
Whoever is in charge.
Cos it seems they come in just one size,
And that one's extra large.

All the smocks are double breasted,
With still some room to spare.
I reckon it's a job lot,
They've bought from Mothercare.

The sleeves are all a foot too long,
And past the fingers drapes.
Blokes walk around like fugitives,
From the 'Planet of the Apes'.

Poor little Alfie Hamlin,
Who suffers ducks disease.
Has rolled his trousers up that much,
He can barely bend his knees.

'They're never going to fit me right',
Our old mate Alfie mutters.
'Whoever made these trousers,
Must think we're all six footers'.

But will they shrink to fit when washed?
There seems to be some doubt.
So we'll have to live on fish and chips,
Until we fill them out.

THE SMART SET

The cuts in AVIS bonus,
Is causing great alarm.
I'm told the lads on flywheels,
Are really up in arms.

They were called to the managers office,
Who explained why their bonus was short.
It seems they are having to sponsor,
Some brand new machinery they've bought.

They're putting their datum up higher,
Which knocks off fifteen quid a week.
So the chances of earning a big one,
Has disappeared right up the creek.

So how can they push up their AVIS?
Back to its original price.
You'll have to work smarter, not harder,
Was Churchill's sagacious advice.

Well the lads must have took him quite literal,
Which caught old T C by surprise.
Cos they all came to work here this morning,
Dressed smartly in collars and ties.

It caused quite a lot of amusement,
As blokes went to view the attraction.
So I'd just like to tell them, well done lads,
A good bit of urine extraction.

We all know that AVIS is one mighty con,
As this case has proven, I'm sure,
If the firm keeps on moving the goalposts,
How the hell are we going to score?

WHISTLE WHILE YOU WORK

In these days of high technology,
With its micro-chips and such.
It's possible to move big things,
With just a gentle touch.

You can even open garage doors,
With a quick flash of a light.
While a sensor picks up prowlers,
In the middle of the night.

You can close the curtains with one clap,
And open them with two.
And you see things on 'Tomorrows World',
You'd never dream were true.

So when this vending chap came in,
With his brand new, high tech Jag.
And claimed it worked by whistles,
Who'd guess it was a gag.

Not Martin Longlands, that's for sure,
Who viewed the situation.
And stood wide-eyed in amazement,
While he did a demonstration.

He whistled and the doors unlocked,
The boot went up and down.
'That's marvellous', said Martin,
With a rather puzzled frown.

'Here, let me have a go at that,
To see what I can do'.
Cos he's into high technology,
Well, he works a VDU.

He whistled high and whistled low,
And gave blasts long and short.
But couldn't get the proper pitch,
According to report.

He whistled and he whistled,
'Til he could blow no more.
His eyes stuck out, his face went red,
And his throat was dry and sore.

But all poor Martin's efforts,
Did nothing to excite us.
He sounded like a blackbird,
With a dose of laryngitis.

Yet still that stubborn boot lid,
Would not move one iota.
So just what pitch must he achieve,
To get into that motor.

Then the owner gave one final trill,
And it shot up like a rocket.
Assisted by remote control,
Concealed inside his pocket.

So it seems that poor old Martin,
Has been caught on the hop.
Now they whistle Colonel Bogey,
As he walks around the shop.

IT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH GEORGE

Some buy their wives red roses,
And some exotic food.
It seems we'll go to any length,
To put them in the mood.

The rich rely on jewellery,
They buy expensive rocks.
George Goodenough likes splashing out,
On chocolates, in a box.

While on his holidays last week,
On some far distant shore.
He fancied having nooky,
But just couldn't seem to score.

He'd tried out all the best techniques,
Known to the lusting male.
He'd wined her and he'd dined her,
But all to no avail.

He even bought her oysters,
The great besotted burke.
She swallowed down a dozen,
But there wasn't one that worked.

Then, on his own one evening,
Strolling down some lonely street.
He spied a little comer shop,
Selling souvenirs and sweets.

There perched up on the topmost shelf,
Sat this rather fancy box.
That mostly works for me, thought George,
I'll buy a pound of choc's.

With box tucked neatly 'neath his arm,
He trots to their hotel.
He cleaned his teeth and splashed on Brut,
To ensure he didn't smell.

Then bursts into the bedroom,
Shouting out, surprise - surprise.
And produced this rather fancy box,
Right there before her eyes.

Well! When his poor wife opened it,
She nearly went in fits.
Cos he'd bought a mouldy jig-saw,
In a thousand ruddy bits.

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HAPPY AS A PIG IN S**T

Poor old Piggy Ingham,
Was in a right old flap.
He'd just gone to the toilet,
To have his daily crap.

He'd sat and read his paper,
While waiting patiently.
For his turd to hit the water,
He'd already had a wee.

No doubt you've guessed what happened next,
It's the usual old caper.
You do a really sloppy one,
Then find you've got no paper.

He daren't wipe up on the Sun,
Cos it doesn't flush away.
And he didn't want the headlines,
Printed on his arse all day.

So he peeped beneath the toilet door,
And saw no one about.
Then with his trousers round his ankles,
Like a penguin, waddled out.

There was paper in the one next door,
'Thank God for that'. Ray rants.
Cos he didn't want to leave,
Those tell-tale skid marks in his pants.

With his trousers and his underpants,
Way down below his knees.
And the old crown jewels on display,
And swinging in the breeze.

I wasn't there in person,
To witness Piggy's plight
But I can well imagine,
It was not a pretty sight.

The moral of this story is,
Don't get all in a flap.
Make sure there's loads of paper,
Before you have a crap.

YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE

Since Posh were relegated,
Down to division two.
A lot of fans have been depressed,
And feeling rather blue.

They feel that their beloved team,
No longer have the class.
To win the football trophy,
Put up by Auto-glass.

But Posh will go to Wembley,
And carve their name with pride.
In fact they're full of confidence,
Cos God is on their side.

Now some may think I'm joking,
That it's all a great big laugh.
But I've read it all, in black and white,
In the Evening Telegraph.

They've been given an assurance,
By our chapel preacher, Wack.
That he will stand as first reserve,
With twelve, slapped on his back.

With a player of that calibre,
They'll win the match with ease.
He'll be twice as good as Gazza,
And there's no big transfer fees.

Old Wack has been in prayer for weeks,
To get Posh up to scratch.
And he's asked Him for that Sunday off,
To go and watch the match.

FEELING THE PINCH

Poor old Gerry Wilson,
Is in the wars again.
According to the rumours,
That's been passed around the men.

He was turning over pulleys,
When the accident occurred.
As happy as the flowers in May,
And singing like a bird.

He stood with stomach forward,
So as not to strain his back.
Which caused his todger to get trapped,
'Twixed pulley wheel and track.

When he surveyed the damage,
Our lad was not amused.
With his bell-end badly flattened,
And well and truly bruised.

To have a bigger todger,
Is every white mans dream.
But I feel that Gerry's method,
Is a little too extreme.

His wife got quite exited,
When he told her what he'd done.
She thought if it was wider,
It would be a lot more fun.

Alas she's disappointed,
He's much worse than before.
The poor old sod cannot perform,
He's far too bloody sore.

In fact she grew quite angry,
The air turned rather blue.
She said 'They should have safety guards,
I've a damn good mind to sue'.

It's now a lot like Alvin's,
Since it had that nasty smack.
Not quite the same dimensions,
But at least it's turning black.

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WHAT A DRIP

While most of us were on our hols,
And soaking up the sun.
John Smith was in here working,
Doing jobs that needed done.

Like checking fire appliances,
Of several different types.
And draining off the water,
That collects in air-line pipes.

He'd been round most the factory,
And was getting on real fine.
Until he got across shed 5,
And on the pulley line.

When he went and turned the tap on,
The water came full bore.
So he had to grab a bucket,
Or else he'd flood the floor.

To see that water gushing out,
Struck John as rather queer.
Cos never had he seen so much,
And never quite so clear.

It wasn't 'til the third pail filled,
John thought, something is amiss.
Especially as the blokes stopped by,
To laugh and take the p***.

'Don't use up all that water John',
Shouts Snowy cheekily.
'I want to fill my kettle up,
To make a cup of tea'.

Poor John had dropped a clanger,
The facts were now quite plain.
What he took to be an air-line,
Was a bloody water main.

'It's the colour of an air-line',
Said Long John in defence.
There's no need to take the mickey,
Cos I'm not that bloody dense'.

GIVE US A BELL ALEC

Now here's a little story,
About old Alec Bell.
The very jovial storeman,
That we've come to know so well.

He's been a guinea pig for years,
To test my poems on.
So God knows what I'm going to do,
Next week when he has gone.

I said I'd catch him one day,
And made a solemn vow.
But I've never really had the chance,
That is, not 'til now.

Just in time for his retirement,
The old boys come a cropper.
Cos Martin Longlands in the gears,
Has caught him good and proper.

'Just look what they've come up with now',
Young Martin starts to moan.
The very last thing that I want,
A bloody mobile phone'.

'I never get a minutes peace,
They ring me night and day'.
'With all the extra work I do,
I should get double pay'.

He found it hard to face him,
While trying to hide a grin.
Cos you see the phone weren't genuine,
But a scrapped one from the bin.

He gave Alec a number,
To contact him on his truck.
But as it was all bogus,
He didn't have much luck.

He'd been ringing Martin ages,
And getting no reply.
So then he rang his mate Big Bill,
To ask the reason why.

'He's switched it off Big Bill remarked,
Cos he knew all about the joke.
With all the hassle that he gets,
You can hardly blame the bloke.

'What a waste of bloody money',
Said Alec with a scoff.
'There's not much point in having one,
If you're going to switch it off.

Well Good Luck in your retirement,
We'll be missing you old friend.
You are what you have always been,
A laugh, right to the end.

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TOP - GEAR

We're living in a high crime age,
I'm sure you will agree.
If you don't dissolve it quickly,
They'll steal sugar out your tea.

So burglaries and muggings,
Were among our greatest fears.
That is, until the latest craze,
Of nicking reverse gears.

You may think it's a wind up,
But I'm assured it's true.
It happened down at Eastfield,
And in broad daylight too.

Perkins had complaints on pulleys,
So they began to shout.
Ted Heath took head man Dutton down,
To try and sort things out.

They took Trev Sandersons new car,
An expensive Ford estate.
And both set off for Eastfield,
At a quite alarming rate.

They drew into the car park,
And parked head on to the wall.
Then nipped off to the toilet,
To answer natures call.

When they'd sorted out the problem,
They set off back to base.
But they had a little trouble,
In getting out the place.

Cos when they got into the car,
Ted starts to swear and curse.
Though he juggled with the gear-stick,
He just couldn't find reverse.

And he weren't prepared to gamble,
Not with that brick wall in front.
So they had to shift to neutral,
And manually shunt.

So Dutton's outside pushing,
As Ted steers frantically.
While praying no ones noticed,
And relates the tale to me.

Eventually they turned it round,
Which made old Dutton hot,
He was sweating quite profusely,
And breaking wind a lot.

They've promoted Ted on rockers now,
Cos he's no damn good with gears.
But he'll have to wear a wet suit,
Or he'll drown in Sally's tears.

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SAFETY FIRST

What's become of Health & Safety,
Down here at PCL?
It's almost non-existent,
And the toilets don't half smell.

You'll find bins left in the gangways,
And litter on the ground.
Yet no one seems to bother,
'Til some big-wig comes around.

It's all hands on the brushes then,
Just for the one event.
which isn't Health & Safety,
It's more bovine excrement.

Then take the modern Honda line,
Which is treasured as a prize.
Yet they wear no safety glasses,
To protect their precious eyes.

Down on the brazing section,
We breathe in harmful fumes.
Yet no one seems to give a damn,
Just how much we consume.

We get sore throats, a blocked up nose,
And cough up loads of phlegm.
Yet the safety folk do nothing,
Cos it doesn't bother them.

The welders asked for modern masks,
Which also filter air.
So the firm bought two between the four,
Which wasn't very fair.

They said we can't afford one each,
Which really is a crime.
Cos they soon found some cash for ashtrays,
At ninety quid a time.

Yes, this firm is sadly lacking,
In safety it appears.
We haven't had a fire drill,
In almost twenty years.

The facts within my poem proves,
That safety here's a farce.
And what the company really needs,
Is a good kick up the!

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THE WILLY WATCHERS OF SHED 5

Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who's got the largest one of all.
They say some almost reach the floor,
Well I'm not one of them for sure.

They've painted out our toilet block,
And made it look brand new.
The ceilings done a nice pale grey,
The walls are turquoise blue.

They made a real good job of it,
It doesn't look so plain.
And they've put a mirror on the wall,
To cater for the vain.

But someone's been complaining,
It invades their privacy.
Cos when blokes stand and wash their hands,
They can watch their workmates wee.

It gives a panoramic view,
Across the other side.
At people like big Alvin,
Who stand and wag with pride.

But for those with lesser portions,
This really is no joke.
While trying hard to cover up,
Their fingers get a soak.

They zip up rather quickly,
Not shaking off the dregs.
Which tends to stain their underpants,
And trickles down their legs.

So to save us more embarrassment,
And give us back some pride.
They've been and moved our mirror,
Across the other side.

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ANOTHER HONDA RUN

You all know young Chris Wilson,
The lay-about and skiver.
Who also works on flywheels,
As a part-time fork-lift driver.

Last night he had the privilege,
To drive the firms new van.
Cos they need parts up at Durham,
As quickly as they can.

So off he goes at breakneck speed,
With all their urgent gear.
While leaving old John Taylor,
To cover for him here.

It's harder travelling in the dark,
It's not like in the day.
When you've got no police escort,
To guide you on your way.

He was on his way back home to base,
When he saw his tank was low.
He wondered if he'd make it,
Though he hadn't far to go.

He filled up at the Bretton pumps,
The other side of town.
But it didn't run well after that,
Which caused our lad to frown.

The engine started heating up,
The rad was on the boil.
Cos he'd filled it up with four star,
But it runs on diesel oil.

So it's towed to TC Harrisons,
To have its tank pumped out.
Will Chris be asked to drive again,
There seems to be some doubt.

When it comes to driving trucks and vans,
He just won't pass the grade.
Best stick to what he knows about,
Test driving garden spades.

IT'S NOUGHT TO LAUGH AT

Now everyone knows Brian Lee,
That short bewhiskered chap.
Cos his over zealous fingers,
Put the whole world in a flap.

On Monday of this week it seems,
That Rambo wasn't there.
So he left the aluminium line,
In Brian's tender care.

He very quickly ascertained,
They were running short of rough.
So he got on the computer,
And proceeds to do his stuff.

They're running out of manifolds,
And could soon stop the tracks.
I'd better order some of those,
Just to keep them off our backs.

Now I don't know if he panicked,
Or his fingers just got caught.
But after printing one-five-o,
He then adds several noughts.

One million and a half flashed up,
Right there before his eyes.
However did I manage that,
Bewildered Brian cries,

The printer went in overdrive,
And wouldn't seem to stop.
While reams and reams of paper,
Kept spewing out the top.

The poor thing couldn't take it,
It wasn't too amused.
It ran clean out of paper,
Then blew a major fuse.

The foundry soon got wind of it,
And almost went beserk.
However were they going to cope,
With this sudden surge of work.

Shares rocketed on the stock exchange,
Because of Brian's spoof.
While the price of aluminium,
Shot completely through the roof.

The paper mills are booming too,
Replenishing the stock.
They've even asked the lumberjacks,
To work right round the clock.

Now that's upset the Green-peace gang,
They really are a storming.
Cos the cutting down of forests,
Tends to add to global warming.

They need more water to make pulp,
And are draining every stream.
While the ally boys hit jackpot,
On the AVIS bonus scheme.

John Major is a hero now,
And everybody's friend.
With unemployment falling fast,
And recession at an end.

But that overworked computer,
Has had its day I'm sure.
They've tried hard to revive it,
But it won't go anymore.

If you mention this to Brian,
He gives a nervous cough.
Then blames it all on Rambo,
For taking Monday off

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HOT CHESTNUTS

We all know Reggie Dunthorne,
As a rather randy sod.
Who's even known to leak a bit,
While in the land of nod.

Well lately he's been off his sex,
So things look rather black.
It seems now that he's getting on,
He suffers with his back.

'Why don't you let me massage it?'
His missus said one night.
'I think with care and treatment,
You could soon be alright'.

So Reggie went and had a bath,
To get all nice and fresh.
And aid the mentholatum rub,
To penetrate his chest.

When he came out of the bathroom,
He was full of new found zest.
As he strode into the bedroom,
In his little cotton vest.

His wife said, 'you're disgusting,
Why must you be so rude?'
'You know it doesn't turn me on,
To see you in the nude'.

'To come in here, in just your vest,
you must be going bonkers'.
Then with a hand full of deep-heat,
She grabbed him by the conkers.

Poor Reg was filled with agony,
His eyes were brimmed with tears.
And great big puffs of scalding steam,
Came gushing from his ears.

As he dashed back in the bathroom,
He was in a right old flap.
He just hung them in the basin,
And turned on the ice cold tap.

Then gingerly he bathed them,
'Till his temperature subsided.
'I've warned you not to mess about',
His cruel wife then chided.

So if you suffer with your back,
Take this advice old son.
If you don't like roasted chestnuts,
Then keep your trousers on.

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ONE MAN'S MEAT

I'm sure you've all heard stories,
About these Irish blokes.
How they're portrayed as being thick,
In all those paddy jokes.

But is there any truth in them?
You'll no doubt start to wonder.
When you hear about what happened,
In this latest little blunder.

A chap I know, who smokes a pipe,
And used to work in gears.
Is doing very little,
To allay my deepest fears.

It seems he won a bar-b-que,
The sort you throw away.
In fact it's just some charcoal,
In a flimsy tin foil tray.

It had a picture on the top,
A sheet of mesh.
Showing steak and chops and sausages,
Looking succulent and fresh.

So thinking it had meat inside,
This gullible old geezer.
Nips home with it quite sharpish,
And pops it in the freezer.

And there it sat for weeks on end,
'Till one warm summers night.
When he took it out to use it,
But the damn thing wouldn't light.

The ice had soaked the charcoal,
Making lighting really hard.
And there wasn't any meat inside,
As promised on the card.

So if all this modem packaging,
Is all too much for you.
Just stick with what you know about,
A dish of Irish stew.

WHAT A POSER

I'm told that Colin Blackman's,
Dropped on another doddle.
He's got himself a part-time job,
As a photographic model.

'We often see him posing',
Said his workmates with a grin.
' We see him flex his muscles,
And stick out that noble chin'.

But when he thinks no-ones around,
He really struts his stuff.
I'm sure if someone asked him,
He would model in the buff.

With his lean physique and sculptured looks,
He's such a lucky dog.
He could soon get a contract,
With Freeman's catalogue.

Keith Smith our factory manager,
In case you didn't know.
Is a dab hand with a camera,
In fact, he's quite a pro.

Well Keith was on his rounds one day,
When he caught him in a pose.
And could not resist a picture,
Of that classic Roman nose.

Out comes his instamatic,
And he starts to snap away.
Old Colin was delighted,
It really made his day.

But why did he take those photo's,
Of this man and his machine.
Some said 'It's for the centrefold,
Of the Triplex magazine'.

While others far more cynical,
Said, 'It weren't for that you berks'.
'He took those snaps as evidence,
That Blackman sometimes works'.