

Whatsit  
30



Wahatzi  
30

WHATSIT 30 March 3rd 1976

Ken Cheslin.

1, Maple Close,

KINVER,

Staffs.

WHATSIT WHATSIT WHATSIT

30 30 30 30 30

there is a post code but  
I can't recall it at the  
moment.

natterings, mutterings, doodling in print, have at you, whatever, etc., also..

Who knows if OMPA has survived?. Ah. I hope this gets to Keith before he mails out. There are various reasons why I haven't typed up the stencils for this WHATSIT before this... March 3rd is more than a bit late... partly it was a case of apathy after last summers holiday... partly because.. honest, I couldn't justify buying stencils etc., (still can't really.. feeling guilty at this moment) wish I could go to a con... ah well.. where was I... oh yes.

The latest of my excuses is that we've been moving house again. This time to a large village 5 or 6 miles away from Stourbridge. This has some advantages.. its next door to a beautiful bit of country.. known as Kinver Edge... actually at one time I'd nearly persuaded Jean to write some stories about Kinver Edge. At that time Matthew, aged 5, was about 1 year old and had this incredibly funny sory of knitted Noddy hat... which we called something like Goon-OLly hat. (One of Ms names is Oliver... we called the poor lad Olly for a long time when he was very small... come to that we also called him other things.. including Pooh Bear... thats one of the reasons why David was called Piglet by us... that and his pigpen-pigletish habits) Anyhow, this ..ah! I have it! Gnomeolly hat (nome-olly) (anomeolly...) led us to invent a race of small people rather like Hobbits or gnomes who lived beneath the ground all along Kinver edge, the ground supposedly being riddled with their secret tunneling. And they wore these knitted "bobbie" hats you see... knitted in rings.. if you know what I mean... and the chiefest of all the Gnomeollys had the longest hat, with the most rings. But nothing ever came of it.....

Anyway... for months, since November 1975, we have been packing bits and bobs and books and boys toys away in boxes... and then losing the boxes when we wanted to recover something... anyway.. a sort of chaos was apparant culminating in a perfect frenzy of chosserating in February this year, and we finally moved on Feb 23.

Well, I say we finally, and I say we moved. As a matter of fact I had to get a moving bloke at only a weeks notice in the end.. and was very lucky to get the chap who had moved us in, from our Chapel Street adress, a couple of years before. Well, we got up bright and early on the morning of Feb 23.. 'cause the movers were coming at 9.15... we ate a hurries cereal type breakfast from plastic camping dishes and pack them away... we had already had 3 or 4 months practice packing.. The boys used to go and unpack their books and toys when we wern't looking you know, so we actually packed several times over... anyway, we packed the boys latest unpacking and waited... impatiently. And along came 9.16, and 9.20 and 9.25 and I phoned the mover.. but of course I got no reply.. perhaps he's on the way.. we sort of comforted ourselves... but all the time I was thinking.. he's forgotten about us and has gone off on another job... and the new people will be here at 11, and we will still be here, and what the hell shall I do, who will move us at such short notice... in fine I was having kittens with anxiety... well. He actually did turn up a few minutes later, and with great ingenuity, mixed with a certain amount of surprise, moved about 66 boxes, ex-crisps, and our few bits

of furniture into the van. It took them the best part of two hours, or was it three?. No matter...the boys were fascinated. That morning, Monday, David had already declared his intention of being a milkman and a dustman, (seeing them y'see) he announced, quite firmly that he had changed his mind, and he now had ambitions to be a moving man. (M says he's going to be a bone scientist...he's, they're, interested in fossils... we actually went fossil hunting a few weeks ago..up to a place called The Wrens Nest, of which I have written before, more than once. You see the lads had seen these fossils in this dinosaur book and developed an ambition to dig some up. More, M and D have declared an option on mine and Jeans bones..like "Daddy, when you are dead can I have your bones please?", and.. "And we will fasten them together with bits of wire". David has claimed first go, he says, ~~xx~~ on Jeans...er.. well, "I want the bones of mummy's bones" he says. So we eventually set off for the Wrens Nest, with buckets and hammers, one of each, each. And wellies and boots. We disturbed an unlikely looking couple of must-have-been-damn-cold oldish people in a car up the track...hmmmm I wonder if they were having an illegal wotnot?, and pushed on through the bare bushes, brambles and slippery limestone ground to the work face. Actually it was about 200 yards, but it was tough for the boys and Jean had quite a struggle...When we got there the lads gave yelps of excitement and delight. Now I was a bit apprehensive about going to Wrens Nest, because I felt that the boys expected to be digging up a brontosaurus, or a triceratops at least..and although we had looked through their books and I had carefully explained that the biggest thing they were likely to find was a trilobite..which lived millions of years before the dinosaur, "prehistoric monsters" M was calling them...and which were no bigger than the pictures in their books. However, to my delight, they were perfectly happy grubbing about in the rocks, leaves, twigs and mud, looking very Paddington Bearish, and tapping away very professionally at the rocks..hmmmm sometimes it was like a professional roadmaker rather than an archeologist..they wore very wise expressions and talked extremely loudly, without listening, to each other, gesticulating dangerously with rocks, hammers and suchlike...D nearly got brained by a rock I dislodged, Jean hurt her foot, she's like David..always falling over etc., anyway we enjoyed that...

Talking about accidents a few weeks before we moved Jean had an accident. ~~My~~ The boys were getting ready for bed, I was dressed in my scruffy packing-up-to-move clothes, Jean was making a tea-cum-supper. When she decided to sharpen a knife..with a horrible sharpening thing about which I had said much, re how dangerous it was....so. The thing she held between the thumb and forefinger and drew the blade down over the palm of her hand. The knife slipped, she had a cut... Well, what a moment..I ran about, more angry than anything else, finding a handkerchief to stem the tide...the boys milled round. I went off to the garage to get the car out to take her to the hospital...and the damn battery was flat..more panic etc., the kids were crying, I was bad tempered and harrassed, Jean was more or less calm..So I phoned up my sister who lives at the other end of Stourbridge and within 5 or 10 minutes she arrived and we all trundled off to the hospital...Jean, me, M & D, Audrey and Patrick... When we got there we went in and Jean was walked off somewhere. I was very quiet. One woman in with a knocked up finger from a fall. As we waited for Jean...worriedly...there was this awful screech of brakes and screeam of tyres and this car came to a more or less halt outside the casualty entrance, and in rushes a bloke with a kid who had swallowed white spirits....with sobbing wife in tow plus spare child..all much disarrayed like our about to go to bed lads.



Well...Jean got patched up with umpteen stitches eventually and we all got back and more or less settled down to normal. One interesting sidelight was that Jean and I only had one pair of useful hands between us, and Jean made some remark about she more readily appreciated the difficulties...the little, everyday things she couldn't manage with only one hand. Its much better now...the stiches are out, but she has an occasional twinge..

Anyway..the boys were thrilled by the Wrens Nest and it took some ~~persuading~~ persuading to get them away...since then they've had other fossil books out of the library...but I don't know where they can expect to unearth anything big. I have promised to take them to Birmingham Museum as soon as I get the chance....

When the furniture van arrived at 1 Maple Close I was 5 minutes behind, having had to stop off at the estate agents to collect the key... it took us less time to move things in..in spite of the boys helping. In fact the movers were very nice about the boys and selected them very light boxes and things to carry...they did get in the way..but they were so eager to be helpful that no-one minded them being underfoot very much.

Well, about the first thing I did...(Jeans first thing to do was to make a cup of tea) .was to unpack the camping stove. Then I went around putting in light bulbs, they had left us a good working strip light in the kitchen but only one bulb, dead, in the lounge. Hmmm..I think we started on the beds next...luckilly the monday and Tuesday was my half term holiday.. so that we would at least be able to get some sleep that night...that took a bit of doing, the big bed had to be unfolded and the legs and joining bits screwed on, and the boys bunks had to be fitted together, one on top of the other. The boys were no trouble, in a few minutes they were outside happily digging up a heap of gravel in the garden, and later playing with some more small boys...Jean made the beds etc., The main diffioulites were that in spite of ladeling all our boxes we couldn't find lots of things...we still have to unpack dozens of boxes yet, a fortnight later...and there were so many boxes and ouriously draped objects cluttering up the house, (inc the cat) that you couldn't move about to get things organised. The cat, Polly, by the way has lived for a fortnight with my mother, a couple of years in Wordsley, another couple of years in Wollaston, and now has moved with us to Kinver. She travelled in the car with us sort of draped about the back of my seat...she only gave a faint squeak of so on the trip, and has settled down with every sign of contentment. I rather think she enjoys being in a new place with new things to investigate. ..she is only a small black and white cat; but she has a "strong" personality which will not let any other creature bully her. She is already a familiar sight up and down and across the road for a couple of hundred yards.

Anyway... we stuck about a dozen boxes of books onto the big bookcase, the one I had made back in..hmm..1960ish by the local coffin maker at Lye. Its about 6ft by 6ft with 1ft wide shelves and it cost about..well .... damned if I remember...something ridiculous like £10, though it might have been £25....I rather think it was £25. anyway you couldn't get one like it today for twice the cost. We..or rather I..Jean being busy with various kitchen, bedroom and clothing hunting...also put up our two "Woolworths finest" bookcases, they cost about 25 pound only 2 or 3 years ago...the same thing was marked as £33 only the other week....Here we put some more books....that takes care of about half of what we have got left..I sold a thousand or so...and various bits of glass. I packed plates and cups and suchlike into the kitchen cupboard. The result of all this was that we had

20 or 30 boxes, and their various bits of paper packing piled in a sort of Great Wall, making the negotiation of the hall-passage impossible for rotund Jean and precarious for robust me. Boxes, boxes, everywhere, piled up to the ceiling, falling over every so often, knocked over by boys.. overflowing into all the rooms. I took some off to school hoping our caretaker had some means of burning them...but somebody has pinched the chimney thing off the school incinerator..small thing..and we use gas central heating..but, good hearted bloke that he is..(best and most helpful and conscientious caretaker in the bussiness probably)..took the boxes off me saying he'd dispose of them into the school rubbish bins a bit at a time.. Apparanly there were 4 of these giants...huge bins on wheels..before an almost equally large school was built next to ours, which he also has to look after...but he only got one extra bin...economy you see...

anyway....another pile of boxes, well smashed and jumped on, were crammed one inside the other, until the passage was (temporarily) clear. These I carted off to my mothers place because she's got a bit of waste land at the back of the house, and here I had a jolly bonfire...somewhat to the distraction of certain people playing a local league football match 50 or so yards away...but I didn't care...they're all mad these football types, especially the spottaters...

Where was I? Ah yes. On the Tuesday Matthew went to his new school, which he like very much. He even came home and insisted in making a celebration card. "I LIKE MY NEW HOME AND I HOPE YOU DO TOO" it said, after only minor spelling corrections. He and David have settled in very well. Matthew has mates at school and there are half a dozen or so boys and girls ((not so popular with M&D))) in the street...which is a small cul-de-sac of about 20 houses. They play out every available daylight hour..and protest at being hauled in for tea, or when it gets dark. I'm afraid M&D may be a bit tough or rough for some of the children...oh well. We have got more or less settled in now..though there are about 30 unpacked boxes..you see in the last house we had these huge fitted wardrobes..but this house has nothing except an awkward airing cupboard and some cupboards in the kitchen. (all the curtain rails were taken too, this has cost us about £30 to replace) so we are going to get some cupboards which you fit up for yourself...but that will take 5 or 6 weeks to arrive..till then all our clothes are in boxes...or at least they were until last night. I put clothes hooks up in the hall last night. I also put up 4 x 3ft shelves, with 8 x 4ft shelves still to be fitted. The people who moved out left us, at a price, all their carpets...most of them are OK, and in fact it was cheaper than buying carpets for all the house. The money we had left over from the sale has, alas, nearly gone and soon we will be as poor as ever. Never mind. This is a nice house, in a nice street, in a pleasant but not picturesque village. Actually we have less room here, we have a bigger kitchen, but a smaller garage and no large verandah.

I'm off to the staff room for a cuppa something now..back later..You see, I'm typing this in the lunch hours at school, having no time at night with all the fixing I'm doing...and then, theres THE STUFFED WHIPPET.

THE STUFFED WHIPPET FOLK CINE, PEAR TREE INN, NEW STREET GORNAL. halfway between HIMLEY village (on the Kidderminster to Wolverhampton road) and the County Borough of DUDLEY. car park, bar in room, good performers, 200 yards from the busses... etc., PAUL DARBY. DAVE REEVES, KEN CHEVLIN, or CHERVIN, or even CHESLIN.

Years before I went to college I was interested in folk rubbish...in fact I suppose the country-and-western things I liked in my teens were a beginning. When I got to college, ignoring other things more important or too trivial to remember, I helped to start or revive the corpse of, the folk club. There were 3 of us who ran it, though we had spert of unofficial help and support from a bloke called Gergg...hmm...Gregg? anyway he was good, though he depreciated his efforts, he had actually started out in skiffel with Wally Whitemen... then we had Iver, a tall Irishman with a gentle voice and a vast repetoir of songs, mostly new to us..and a girl singer who brought her husband, she was good, and he was a good entertaining type singer... with these, and a bloke called Boris in the 1st year later... we ran a sort of a guitar playing course..the college one was useless...and put on a few folk evenings in pubs in the locality..well, that means up to 20 miles away...we did one with ..THE FOGGY DUO away over in some pub next door to a females college.. this college...we went to visit the place to set up the thing..and some of the girls lived in sort of army huts..and as we sat talking over details, supping coffee, (but with no etceteras, unfortunately...) we were nearly soarded out of our skin. There was this dreadful rattling of chains and a huge thump at the window, and a great slaverling, red-eyed head glared in..emiting sundry spinge ohilling yowls as were natural to it. The damn thing was a huge great dog, about five time the size of the Hound of the Baskervilles, which had been bought to save the girls from a fate worse than death..or something.

Anyway...from that evening came the not very well attended first folk thing. And more, it broke up our folk group. You see it was like this...one of my mates in the group, the three of us who ran it... started going out with a girl from the college...but after about a year due to various unpredictable whotnots, she ended up by marrying the other bloke..all very sad, if you see what I mean...quite a normal sort of thing..but it broke up the partnership. Anyway, this was still in the future. The next thing was a thing at our college I think... then one down the road at the ROMAN RIDGE pub....but the thing, event I most remember was out third year concert.

Now every year the Third Year had had a sort of end of course rag or concert. The third year before ours had done an unmerciful homosexual type Batman & Robin featuring the deputy principle and the PE bloke....this upset (perhaps justifiably) the powers that were so much that they did away with the third year concert and ~~substituted~~ substituted an end of year concert with all the years taking part, I suppose they thought that this would tone things down. Actually I remember that this year used to have a skeletal maiden lady for a tutor. She rotten sods used to had a smarm session...they used to give a penny to the person who sucked up to Miss XXX most sucessfully during tutorials...I recall that Gregg once said something..it was like "You know, Miss XXX, I never really understood the....etc.,until I heard it from your lips", while gazing adoringly...the rest of the group apparantly got up and threw a shower of pennies at him. Another thing they used to do was to embarrass her by gazing fixedly at her blouse in the region presumably covering her boosoms, she stood this for a while..her habit was to toy with her blouse buttons...then when she saw where they were looking she stopped...when she crossed her legs a similar embarrassing gaze ensued. Actually I wouldn't be at all surprised if the people in that group turned out to be above average teachers...

now then.....oh yes...this concert thing. We were asked, as the official folk club, to do a turn...so we agreed and practised 4 or 5 pretty well known semi-folk songs.

The first half of the programme was dead serious...all devoted to Highly Significant Uplifting and Intelligent verse and poetry.

Then we came on. For the first go off I dropped my sheets...song sheets...while we were scrabbling about on the floor Peter Fern remarks to the assembled audience, The Principal sitting right in the front was seen to crack a grave Victorian smile, "As you can see, we're the comic relief". After that we jollied them along and roared out our selection...which we had selected so that they could join in...such well known items as THE KEEPER and WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH A DRUNKEN SAILOR. I tell you, when we had finished the people in the first six rows went home stone deaf.

While we were doing this there was a great peeping round curtains and scrattings and rushings around...the rest of the programme was drastically changed from the second we came on.... instead of all the uplifting, suffering lovers etc., we had ALBERT AND THE LION and other more cheerful things.. It was quite a night.

I'd bought a guitar in Sheffield for £13 I think...which was pretty cheap even in 1966 or 7, or 8?...but it had a nice tone...maybe it was because it was scratched slightly..I have a vague idea that they were having a sale. This was my delight for as long as I had it. In fact I had a special plonking device made to fit on my iron hand...by the limb people...who also asked me to fill in some questionnaire or other.. or which I've never heard more...about music for the disabled...although they were very obliging I found that the plonker I made for myself, by glueing a felt pleatron to a typing finger, was better than the one they made for me...to be fair they were working at a distance and from a plan drawn by me. Anyway...it must have been 1968 or probably 9 when I, not unaccompanied, went on a camping holiday to merry Cornwall. I had been there once before and had...er...not exactly fond memories, but at least I liked the land, place, whatever. Anyway, on the way down we stopped in at Archie & Beryl Merceys place, which was the one right in front of the university, near Christmas steps, sort of overhanging the town. Alas, during the night some rat fink broke the window of the car, parked 20 feet from the house on a university (I think) car park, and made off with various items, including my precious guitar. (we actually did have an excellent holiday in spite of this) After some fuss, and looking for fingerprints etc., we drove off, with a bit of plastic sheeting over the window, held in place by Jean. I never heard a thing about my guitar again. Anyway that was the end of my musical career. Until recently.

At this school, Bromley Middle, we had a teacher who more or less was the schools music master. When this teacher retired we had a new man take over, more or less, from him. This was Paul Darby. Now Paul has ambitions in the poetry, writing, folk, contemporary...that sort of field, and, to sum up, I ended up helping him to produce a poetry booklet. He was quite impressed by some fanzines I'd shown him; very few, I hasten to add, by me; and interested in the possibilities of printing some of his poems in a similar way, it being considerably cheaper than getting them printed. After some discussion, and a little persuading on Pauls part I stencilled his poems, and also cut illos on the pages...the illos were supposed to go with the poems you see....well, the illos were not much by fannish standards...but such is life that I got a mention in the write up of MASQUES 1, Pauls booklet thingy, as



ROUGH MOEY. a moving story of human drama, or summat...

-----  
by Kench.

as yo heerd of Rough Moey, wot lived in the Lye,  
oo was bilt like a glass uss ohimney, and seven foot high?  
he'd spit in your beer, then sup it all down,  
and he sold his missus, in dudley town.

(purely optional chorus, believe me, purely optional...in the style  
of the BIG JOHN ballad)

Chorus....Big Moey, Big BAAAD Moey. (ta).

well, one night in the Spotted Sow,  
in walked Rough Moey, looking fer a row,  
an he siz this little bloke, that he tho't he'd cow  
wi his mouth or his fist, or his boot sure enow

big moey, big bad moey.

gie us yon beer, big moey cried  
onless yome set on suicide  
ond he grabbed the pot to sup it up  
when all of a sudden the crowd shut up

big moey, big bad moey.

for theer was the little un, gooin all red,  
a-peeling off his coat, takkin cap from is yed, his ohest swole up,  
and his braces bust  
then big moey jumped on him, and crushed him to dust.

big moey, big bad moey.

-----  
optional verse 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ ...

Big Moey stepped back, wi a kind of a start,  
an he give a queer cry, or maybe a fart.

-----  
optional end. 1. its a hard life folks. or  
2. ditto a cruel world. or.

3. then big moey grabbed him by the throat, sowed one hand right down  
inside him and turned the poor little s&d inside out, then he wiped  
the bar over with him two or three times, rammed the remnats into a  
spittoon, then...well, then he really lost his temper and got  
proper nasty.....

kench.

we have ways of making you stand on your head.

a well known artist and illustrator. Its pretty awful really, I wonder to myself if the bloke actually ever opened MASQUES and took a look, and if he did how did he ever get the gall to write such utter twaddle.

As a result of this I did a one page job for the Dudley Writers Club..hmmm, which I don't, hmm, did I get paid for it? Perhaps I did.... with a non-eventuated stated intention of getting me to run off a zine for them.

Paul had been talking for some time of trying to open a folk club, apparently the last bloke he talked to about this changed his mind, and I sort of drifted into a ~~third~~ part of the running of a club. Paul Daroy, Dave Reeves, who is much more interested in poetry than anything else...hmmm, or should I say, Paul is inclined to some sort of entertainer, making up songs and poems; Dave is more inclined to the song writing, and more especially poetry writing side. Me, I wouldn't mind doing either..but am discouraged from singing by being told...and I believe it...that I've a tin ear...and the other..hmmm because I've read good poetry and songs and its not easy.

Anyway..again..we started this club...Actually we were looking for some room in a pub, several were mooted, but we went to see this one in Gornal. It has a decent sized room, in the process of redecorating, a bar in the room, a fair car park, and not too far from Dudley Stourbridge and the the rest of the Black Country. The landlord was pretty new and had already filled many nights with various acts, such as a bloke who played upon his organ.....so we settled on a Thursday.. which unfortunately seems to class with another club in Dudley...and they are more convenient. Anyway, we had about 40 people turn up the first thursday, and the second thursday, but last night there were not twenty..disappointing... The first night went down quite well, the monologue things took a bit too much time, but the evening was quite entertaining and everyone seemed to enjoy it....the second time we had a group called Giggity, who are a merry, loud, lot and that was an even better night...but, though we had several floor singers, and the DOCKLEAF, a duo, were entertaining, the low numbers made us feel a bit fed up. The first night we also had about 4 or 5 people in from a local magazine/paper called THE BLACK COUNTRY BUGLE, which is very much interested in local affair, particularly what might be called local history, stories, heroes, events...anything local to or related to the Black Country and its people, past and present. Ballads and songs, and stories, old and new...rememiscences..etc..oh, apparently I shall have an item called ROUGH MOEY in the next issue. The BCBugle people liked our club, and took some photos of the room, etc., and us...which, who knows?, may even be featured in the next issue.

-----  
well, thats about all I've time for tonight, today, now, whatever..if I can run this off I can post it to Keith Walker and maybe make the presumed maining..the 71st March 1976.

ken cheslin, 1 maple close, kinver staffs.

ken cheslin, 1 maple close, kinver, staffs.



STUFFED WHIPPET folk club : Silly Songs.

THE SCRATCHIN' SONG.

Tune; Cosher Bailey.

words: David & Anne Reeves.

1. There was a scratchin' mekker cum down from Tipton way  
'is scratchin's were so hard, they'd keep ya chewin' for a day.

CHORUS... Did you ever see, Did you ever see,  
Did you ever see such a funny thing before.

2. Down to the Generation Game he took his wares to sell,  
Bruce Forsythe broke his jaw on one -oh didn't he do well.
3. He gave one to Steve Austin, he of bionic fame.  
As soon as he bit on it, he fell to bits again.
4. He gave one to Frank Spencer but when he saw it he  
Ran back into the house again, doing a whoopsie.
5. The cast down at Crossroads they all called at strewth  
We won't complain again about your cooking Bernard Booth.
6. They gave one to Wilf Harvey and this is what he said  
This is the hardest thing I've ever known since Amy Turtles head.
7. He gave one to Fanny Craddock, who asked 'ow they was med  
'E sed theym just fried pigskin and Fanny dropped down dead.
8. A concert party tried 'em to find out all their joys  
All the sergeant had to say was - aren't they lovely boys.
9. No-one else can chew 'em thats the reason as they say  
The folks am med of iron up in the Black Country.

the stuffed whippet.

at the  
Pear Tree Inn, New Street,  
Gornal, nr. Dudley.

every thursday evening....every thursday evening...every thursday ev

STUFFED WHIPPET folk club ; Silly Songs.

THE SAGA OF ROSE, THE STUFFED WHIPPET.

Tune. Sweet Betsy From Pike. words : David Reeves. 1976.

chorus; Tooraloo - stuff my whippet - ooya ooya.  
I just need someone to stuff my prize whippet.

1. Now stuffing a whippet seemed easy to me  
But it wasn't so easy when I tried it you see,  
I I tried it the one end then turned to the head  
When someone suggested I check it was dead.

chorus.

2. Now there are seven holes in a whippets thick hide,  
If you take out the eyes, you end up with nine,  
It mattered little which hole that I tried  
The stuffing just would not stay in the inside.

chorus.

3. Now, not liking failure I started to seethe  
And everything's possible if you believe  
I got down on my knees, and said a quick prayer  
But id seems that they'd never stuffed whippets up there.

chorus.

4. On a real whippet stuffer I chanced to espy  
When he saw my efforts he started to cry  
He made an incision, and shoved his hand in  
Its the first time I've ever see a dead whippet grin.

chorus.

the stuffed whippet. at the  
Pear Tree Inn, New Street,  
Gornal, nr. Dudley.

everythursdayevening...everythursdayevening...everythursdayevening..  
of course, the real secret is that you need a special tool...kenoh...  
everythursdayenening...everythursdateving..are you reading this rubbish?.



## ADMIRAL BENBOW

Come all you sea-men bold and draw near, and draw near,  
Come all you sea-men bold and draw near.  
It's of an admiral's fame, O brave Benbow was his name,  
How he fought all on the main, you shall hear, you shall hear.

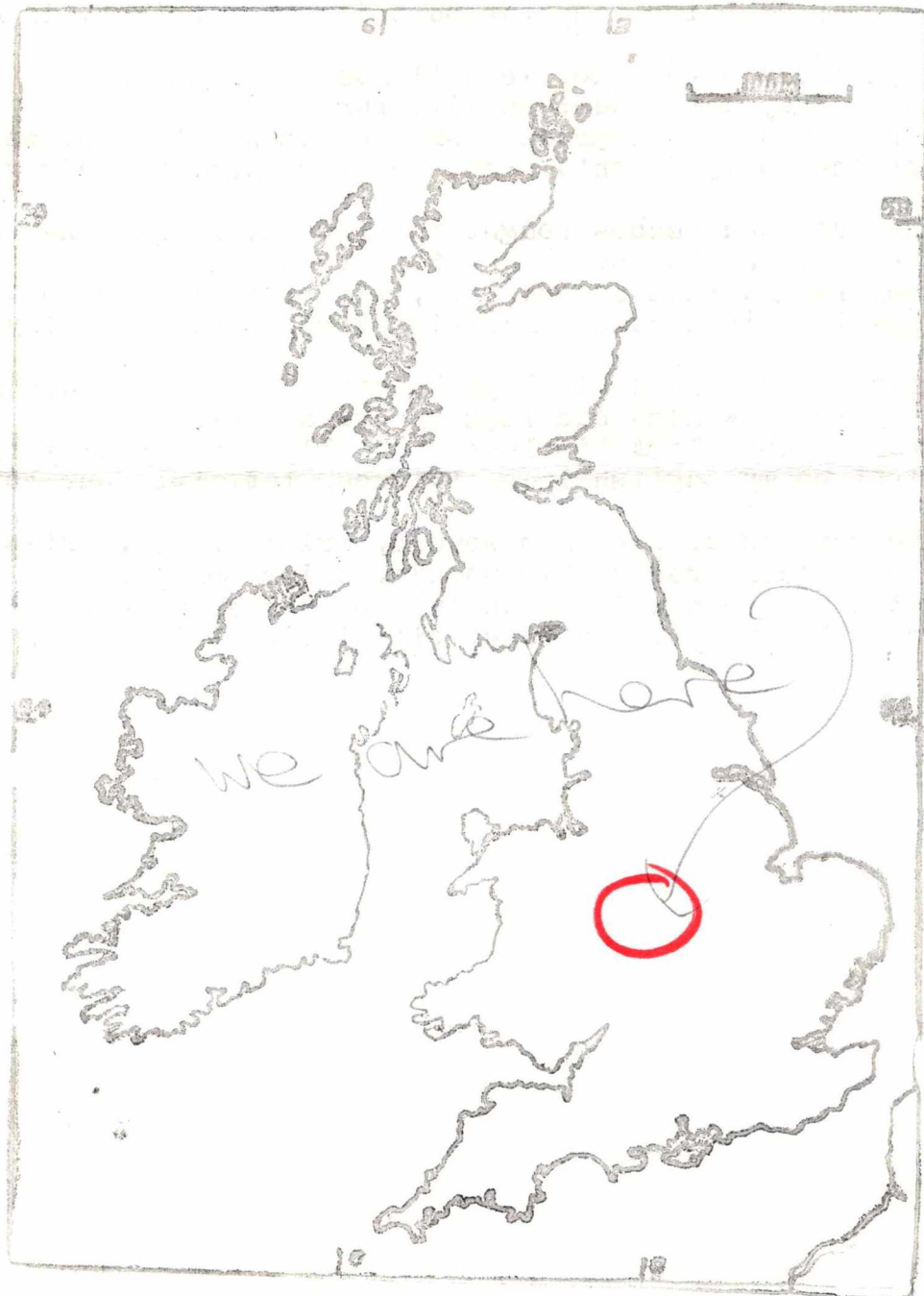
Brave Benbow he set sail, for to fight, for to fight,  
Brave Benbow he set sail, for to fight,  
Brave Benbow he set sail, with a fine and pleasant gale,  
But his Captains they turned tail, in a fright, in a fright.

Says Kirby unto Wade: we will run, we will run,  
Says Kirby unto Wade: we will run  
For I value no disgrace, nor the losing of my place,  
But the enemy I won't face, nor his guns, nor his guns.

The Ruby and Benbow fought the French, fought the French,  
The Ruby and Benbow fought the French.  
They fought them up and down, till the blood came trickling down,  
Till the blood came tricklking down, where they lay, where they  
lay.

Brave Benbow lost his legs by chain shot, by chain shot,  
Brave Benbow lost his legs by chain shot.  
Brave Benbow lost his legs, and all on his stumps he begs.  
Fight on my English lads, 'tis our lot, 'tis our lot.

The surgeon dressed his wounds, cries Benbow, cries Benbow-  
The surgeon dressed his wounds, cries Benbow:  
Let a cradle now in haste on the quarter deck be placed,  
That the enemy I may face, till I die, till I die.





# Stuffed Whippet

PEAR TREE INN. NEW STREET, Lower GORNAL.

good room, bar in the room, car park,  
300 yards from Zoar St bus terminus.

.....  
EVERY THURSDAY evening.

Andy Dwyer....Giggety....Tabard.....

Steve Ashcroft.....Jerry Riley

THRESHING MACHINE(April 1st)....Ray Deer

The Harvesters.....O.D.Slope.....

have or will appear.

rose, the  
stuffed  
whippet was a local  
champion, she won  
many events,  
including a  
great one  
against  
Doncasters visiting  
dogs...some  
bloke who had  
lost money  
on her is  
reputed to  
have  
poisoned  
her...  
the  
stuffed  
remains  
in quite  
good  
condition  
HIMLEY

WERE found  
a few months  
ago after  
40 or 50  
years of neglect.

Paul Darby kingswinford 5503, Ken Cheslin kirver 2946 & Dave Reeves  
GOOD room, good bar, car park, separate entrance, near bus.  
and good entertainment too!

PEAR TREE  
INN

NEW STREET

Abbey St.

ZOAR STREET

BUS terminal 137.285  
61 etc

RED HALL RD

BULL  
STREET

DUDLEY

CINDER ROAD

Kingswinford, Stallings Lane etc



come and  
view the  
stuffed  
remains  
of the  
once  
renowned  
Rose of  
Gornal.