

Don't Spit On Yer Anky



By Ian Billingsley

Kilroy
waz here

Don't Spit On Yer Anky

Ian Billingsley

WITH SPECIAL THANKS TO MY DAUGHTER NICOLA
FOR HER LOVE, ENCOURAGEMENT AND PATIENCE.
I WILL KEEP THE WINDOW OPEN.

Publications

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Also available from this publisher:
STENCILS OF LIFE
By Ian Billingsley

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For my Mum Josephine
and the special '50's memories



THE YEAR IS 1952 AND 'OUR JIM' IS FOUND
LIVING ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A NORTHERN TOWN
IN WHAT WAS THEN, A SEMI-RURAL AREA. HE
LIVES WITH HIS MUM, HIS DAD AND HIS WIDOWED
MATERNAL GRANDAD.

'OUR JIM' IS SIX YEARS OLD: TODAY!

Welcome To The 50's

Child Of The Fifties



Child of the 50's, come along with me
Play 'I spy' with your minds-eye, tell me what you see
Look out of your window now, the spring-time is here
Turn back to those 'dog-eared' pages to, a time you once lived here.

I see jars full of frogspawn, swinging by the gate
Destined for a garden where, the old sink lays in wait
A gang of trailing 'little-uns', following behind
Excited fascination, running wild within their minds.

There's Bogeys on the back lane, with shiny buckled wheels
Cows peering through the railings, as we speed along the fields
Swop drivers at the pylon, and rush back along the lane
I never saw that bumpy bit, toes in the spokes again.

Child of the 50's, come along with me
Play 'I spy' with your minds-eye, tell me what you see
Look out of your window now, the summer-time is here
Turn back those 'dog-eared' pages to, a time you once lived here.

I see 'Cowies' chasing 'Injuns', across the dusty plains
Robin Hood and Little John crafting, bows to play their game
Scabby, scarry elbows, retribution from the trees
Marble-bags slapping, on their dirty, skin-grazed knees.

The whacking of the skipping rope, girls chanting along
Hopscotch, three balls on the wall, clapping games and songs
A sailor went to sea, you see, and they sang of their betrothed
Dressing up as bridesmaids, summer weddings, baggy clothes.

Welcome To The 50's

Child Of The Fifties



Child of the 50's, come along with me
Play 'I spy' with your minds-eye, tell me what you see
Look out of your window now, the autumn-time is here
Turn back those 'dog-eared' pages to, a time you once lived here.

I see conkers dangling on a string, wrapped tightly on my wrist
Bruised knuckles from my best pal, 'cause his glasses didn't fit
But he's the best at climbing trees, shaking conkers to the ground
Crispy leaves like cornflakes fly, he was faster coming down.

Dress your mate and wheel him around, a penny for the Guy?
Bonfires, fireworks, rip-wraps, coughing 'till you cry
Plates of treacle, toffee apples, hot-spuds black as coal
Milk bottles for your rockets, screaming Pinwheels on a pole.

Child of the 50's, come along with me
Play 'I spy' with your minds-eye, tell me what you see
Scrape the icy window now, that winter-time is here
Turn back those 'dog-eared' pages to, a time you once lived here.

I see dad's army greatcoat, that pinned me to my bed
Porridge steaming in a bowl, and crusty toasting bread
A red-hot poker in the fire, to warm the household through
'Shut that door it's bloody cold! Born in a barn were you?'

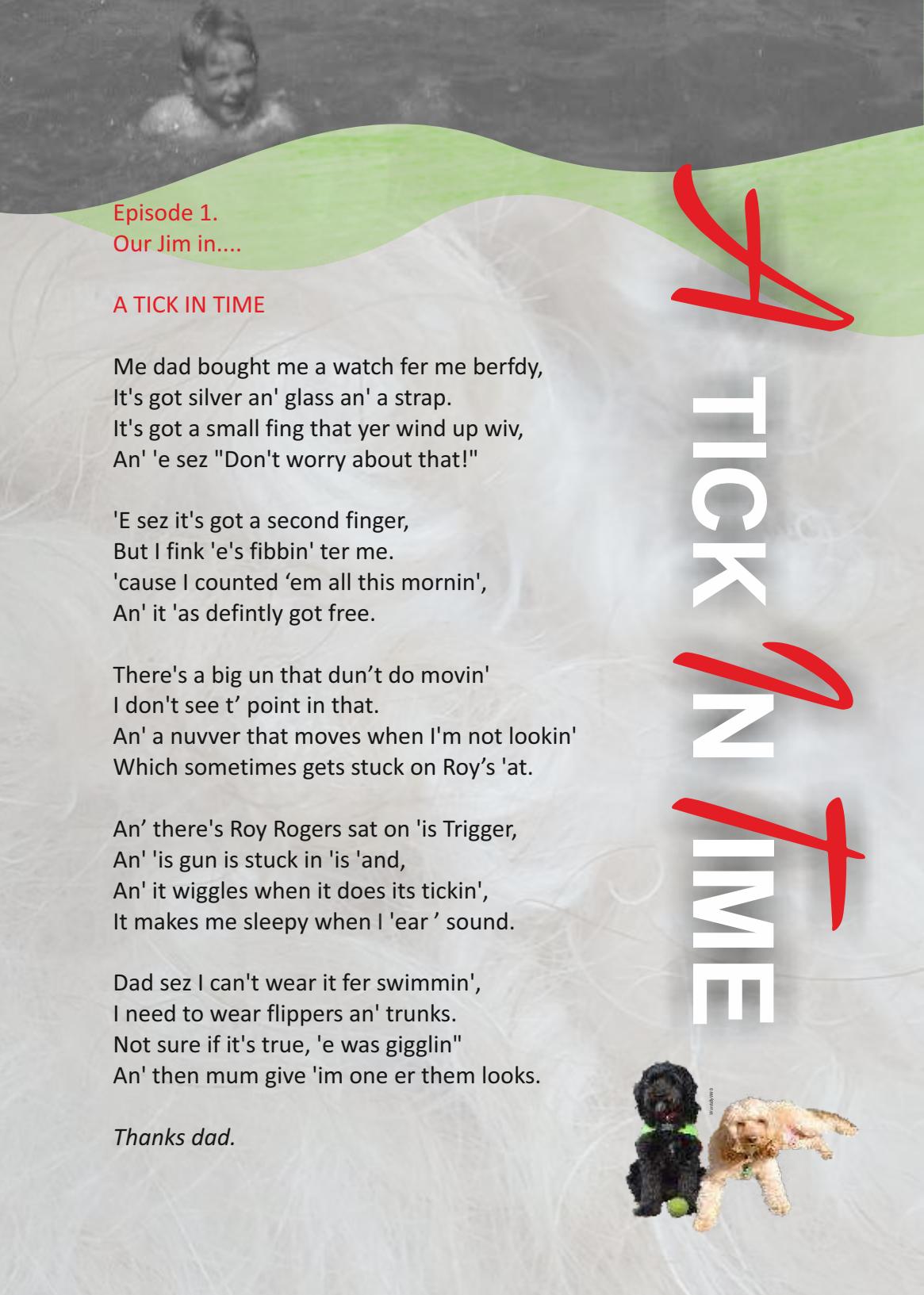
Across the brook and snowy fields, snowball fights abound
Wet feet in wellies full of snow, that made a 'trumping' sound
Freezing hands that felt so hot, in pockets full of holes
Mum's voice floats above the ponds, the time has come for home.

MEET OUR JIM

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Episode 1.
Our Jim in....

A TICK IN TIME

Me dad bought me a watch fer me berfdy,
It's got silver an' glass an' a strap.
It's got a small fing that yer wind up wiv,
An' e sez "Don't worry about that!"

'E sez it's got a second finger,
But I fink 'e's fibbin' ter me.
'cause I counted 'em all this mornin',
An' it 'as defintly got free.

There's a big un that dun't do movin'
I don't see t' point in that.
An' a nuvver that moves when I'm not lookin'
Which sometimes gets stuck on Roy's 'at.

An' there's Roy Rogers sat on 'is Trigger,
An' 'is gun is stuck in 'is 'and,
An' it wiggles when it does its tickin',
It makes me sleepy when I 'ear ' sound.

Dad sez I can't wear it fer swimmin',
I need to wear flippers an' trunks.
Not sure if it's true, 'e was gigglin"
An' then mum give 'im one er them looks.

Thanks dad.

AK

TICK
N
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TIME



Episode 2.
Our Jim in....

TIGHT BITES

Me grandad,s got new teef terday,
'e keeps whistlin' at ' dog.
An' I fink 'es 'ad a face frowned in,
'cause 'e's smilin' like a frog.
' Top ones wobble when 'e talks,
an' then they drop down wiv a click.
'e's only 'ad 'em 'alf a day,
an' twice they've bit 'is lip.

'e don't want any food tonight,
'cause 'e sez 'is gums are sore.

Mum says:

"You go and eat that jelly tripe,
And don't drop it on the floor.
Go put your teeth in the Blackpool mug,
And tell our Jim to leave it be.
I don't want him screaming 'bloody hell,'
If he finds them in his tea."

Dad says:

"We'll oil 'em int' mornin' grandad,
File 'em down a bit 'ere an' there.
We'll make sure ' buggers fit,
An' maybe 'ave some left fer spare.
We can even do some drillin',
An' make 'em look a bit more real,
An' take that clock-work winder off,
'ow much better they will feel?"

That's me dad 'e's great. 'e can fix anyfin.

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Episode 3.
Our Jim in....

JIM-JAMS

"Get yourself up those 'dancers' lad."
Mum says as she drops a stitch.
She's makin' a balaclava,
ter drive me crazy wiv ' itch.
"And make sure you get a wash before,
you jump into that bed.
I have to boil those flaming' sheets,
Now there's a job I dread."

Strawbrey jam an' sugar butties,
Drippin' down me vest.
Feels all sticky an' 'orrible,
But they taste ' blinkin' best.
I sneak 'em in me pocket,
an' I eat 'em all in bed.
An' I wake up in ' mornin',
wiv me chest glued ter me 'ead.

I sneak down ter sink an' try,
ter wash off all ' cak'.
A voice be'ind me in t' chair says,
"What's that stuck t' yer back?
Looks like a Dandy comic lad,
an' there's pictures on yer skin.
I'd better clean yer up afore mum gets down,
else she'll 'ave yer in that bin."

Fanks Dad.

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Episode 4.
Our Jim in....

THE VISIT

Our Jim went to visit Auntie,
With his brand new shiny face.
Donned in his Sunday-best he was,
Not a single hair out of place.

Mum said:

"Sit yourself still, no mithering,
only speak when you're spoken to.
If you get a glass of pop and cake,
don't forget your P's and Q's."

Aunty were Mum's sister,
a quincidens I liked.
Mum would 'yak' fer hours,
A'fore dad picked me up ont ' bike.
They'd gab about 'er next door,
T' one that ladies didn't like.
An' 'ow all ' dirty-old-tomcats' went,
ter visit 'er every night.

THE
VISIT

Continued on next page





When I asked about t' tomcats,
I just got that funny look.
Aunty choked on't finger roll,
She said; "A bit got stuck."
Mum was laughin' an' were cryin',
She were kneelin' on t, floor.
Aunty had ter leave ' room,
She screamed, she couldn't tek no more.

Sittin' on the cross-bar wigglin',
'cause me bum were gettin' num.
I asked me dad 'bout 'er next door,
An' what aunty said ter mum.
Dad said:
"Yer shouldn't sit there 'earwiggin',
When women do their chat.
It's mostly codin' like when yer spyin',
So what yer 'ear keep under yer 'at.

Me dad nose everyfin'..

THE
W
H
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Episode 5.
Our Jim in....

OUR TONCA

Our Tonca is a smashin' dog,
'E's so big an' 'ard.
'E's the leader of ' We'll 'ard Gang,
That meet up in are back yard.
Me mum says 'e's a noisy sod,
An' I know she shouldn't swear.
An' she loves 'im like ' rest of us,
'speshly when we're not there.

Get in! she shouts, Get out! she shouts,
Tonca come over 'ere!
Get up! she shouts, Get down! she shouts,
Jim take 'im out with yer.
An' don't get playin' in that brook,
An' bring 'im 'ome all wet.
Last time 'e was sick as a dog,
It cost a tanner at t' vet.

Dad says:

Get 'im in ' brook me lad,
'e loves ter splash an' shout.
'e chases all them sticklebacks,
'an' frogs that knock about.
When 'e were ' pup 'e'd sniff 'em out,
an' chase 'em on thee 'op.
But now they've got more brains than 'im,
In ter water they plop.

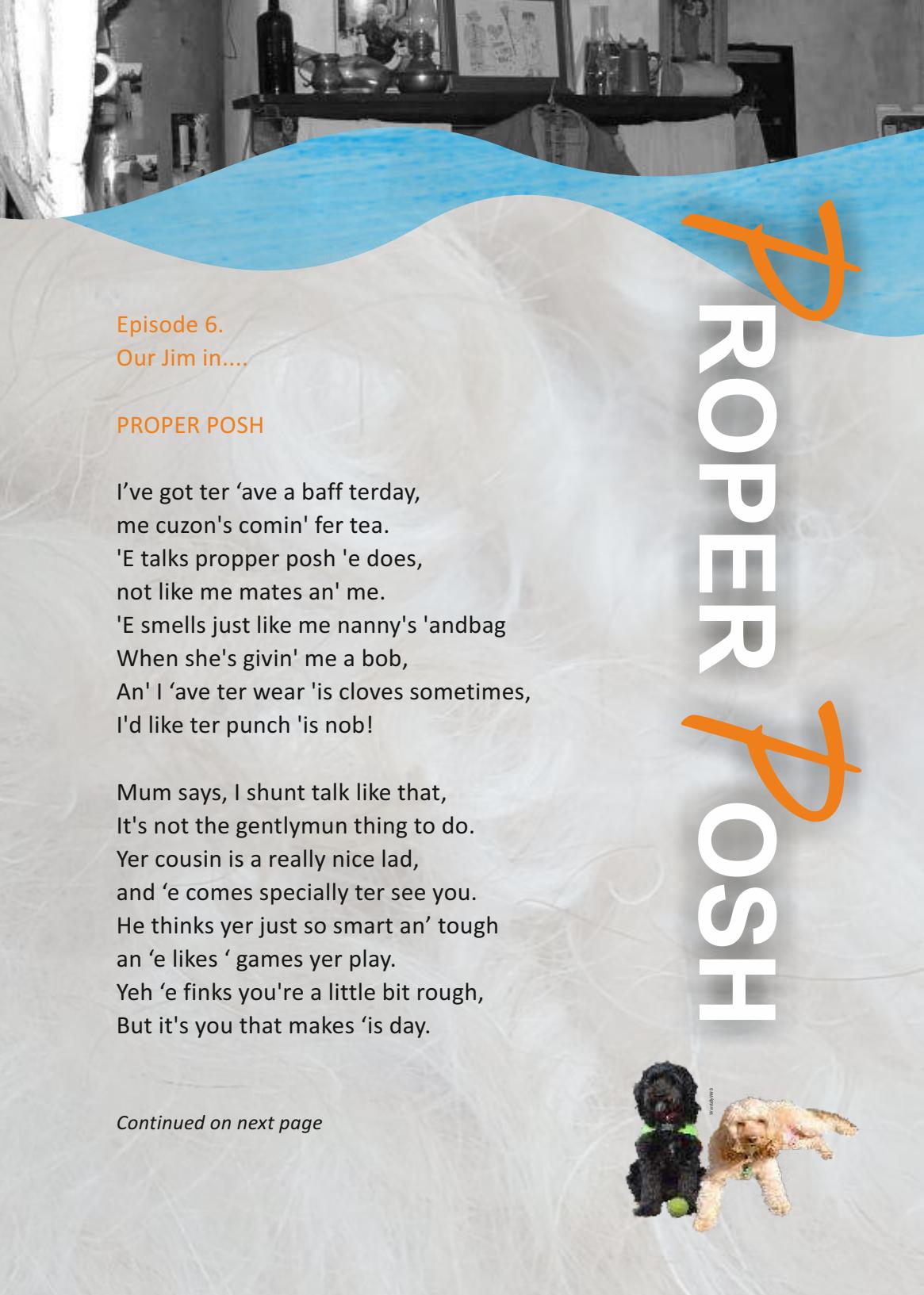
An' take yer socks off just in case,
yer 'ave t' pull 'im out.
Leave them on do no such thing!
Mum chips in wi' a shout.
At least they'll 'ave a wash this week,
Before they do us 'arm.
'is bedroom's lethal it flamin' reeks,
it's like living on a farm.



GR

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ONCA





proper posh

Episode 6.
Our Jim in....

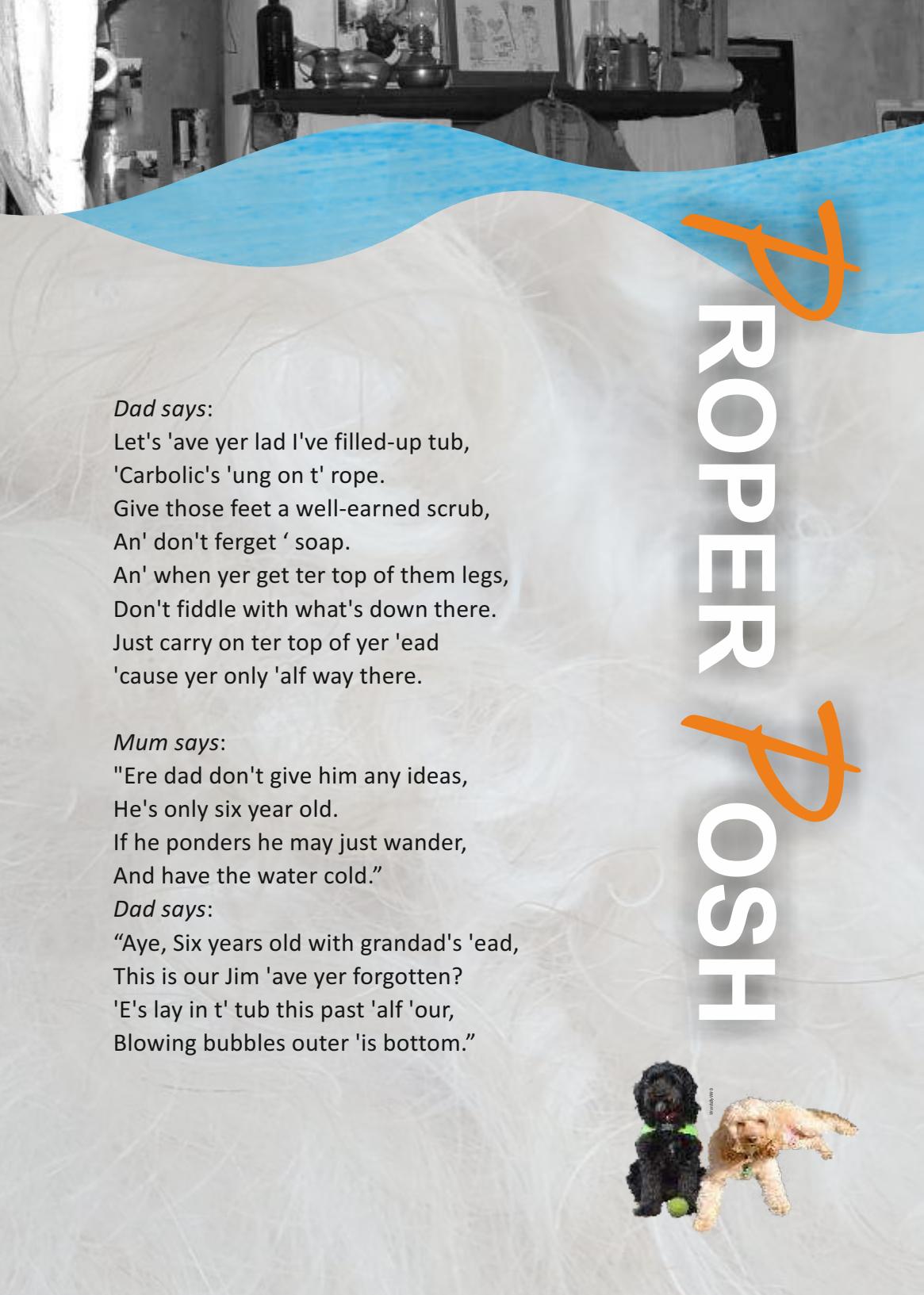
PROPER POSH

I've got ter 'ave a baff terday,
me cuzon's comin' fer tea.
'E talks propper posh 'e does,
not like me mates an' me.
'E smells just like me nanny's 'andbag
When she's givin' me a bob,
An' I 'ave ter wear 'is cloves sometimes,
I'd like ter punch 'is nob!

Mum says, I shunt talk like that,
It's not the gentlymun thing to do.
Yer cousin is a really nice lad,
and 'e comes specially ter see you.
He thinks yer just so smart an' tough
an 'e likes ' games yer play.
Yeh 'e finks you're a little bit rough,
But it's you that makes 'is day.

Continued on next page





A stylized orange ampersand symbol.

ROPER

A stylized orange ampersand symbol.

POSH

Dad says:

Let's 'ave yer lad I've filled-up tub,
'Carbolic's 'ung on t' rope.
Give those feet a well-earned scrub,
An' don't ferget ' soap.
An' when yer get ter top of them legs,
Don't fiddle with what's down there.
Just carry on ter top of yer 'ead
'cause yer only 'alf way there.

Mum says:

"Ere dad don't give him any ideas,
He's only six year old.
If he ponders he may just wander,
And have the water cold."

Dad says:

"Aye, Six years old with grandad's 'ead,
This is our Jim 'ave yer forgotten?
'E's lay in t' tub this past 'alf 'our,
Blowing bubbles outer 'is bottom."



*Episode.7.
Our Jim in....*

TIE THE KNOT

Mum can I 'ave a bruvver now,
I've bin savin' up me spends?
Dad said, if 'e 'ad a car,
'E'd drive yer round ' bend.
'e'd miver yer 'till cows come 'ome,
To bake one in a tin.
E said 'e went ter gooseberry plot,
But they 'adn't got any in.

Mum says:

"Take no notice of yer dad young Jim,
He's only got a bike.
And I'll ring his flaming bell fer him,
I've never heard the like.
Sometimes I wonder where he is,
And where he's coming from.
I'll tie a knot in his saddle bags,
That'll curb his fun."

Dad says:

"Aye-up chuck, 'ow's yer bum fer spots,
'Ave yer 'ad a luvly day?
Shall we tek a stroll down towpath,
It's running wild wi' flowers er May.
It's just right for canoodling,
We've not done that fer a while."

Mum says:

"Go get me a bucket of water Jim
To cool the twinkle in his eye."

Maybe it's a fly mum.



Episode 8.
Our Jim in....

AUNTY HILDA

Aunty 'ilda, from number four,
Got stuck up next door's tree.
She were tryin' ter get me kite back,
She'll do anyfin' fer me.
She calls me 'er little 'ansum man,
'oo she'll marry when I've growed up,
When Uncle Alf 'as popped 'is cloggs,
She wants me ter drive 'is truck.

Uncle Alf's a coalman,
'e walks round in dirty rags.

Dad says:
"ilda makes 'is cloves,
From all them old coal sacks.
She washes 'em in 'er Dolly-Tub,
An' slaps 'em wiv a stick
'E smells like a ton er nutty slack,
Enough ter make yer sick."

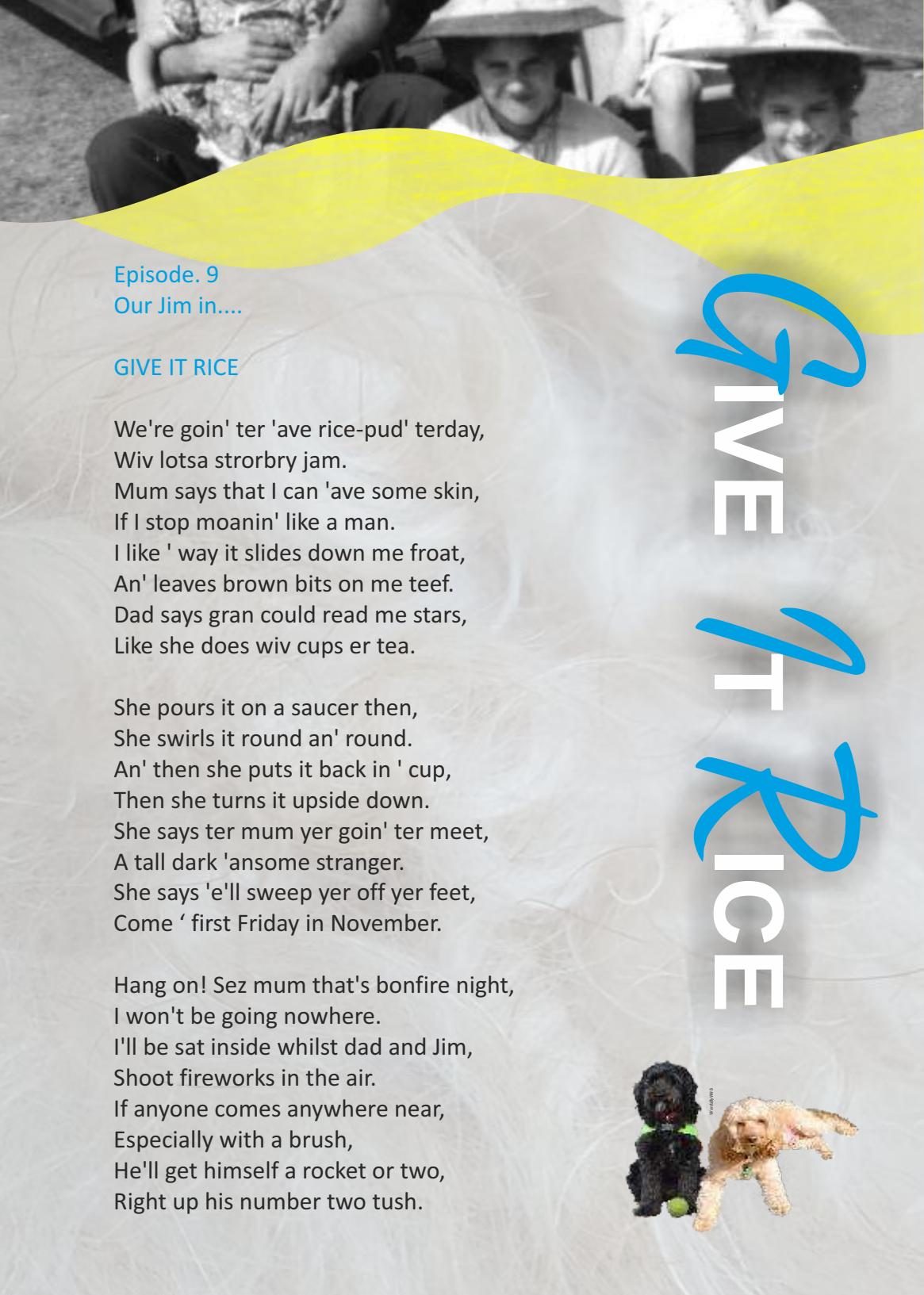
I said ter fireman, leave 'er there
Fer as long as yer blinkin' like,
I don't fink I want ter marry 'er
'E said, "An' what about yer kite?"
I don't need it eiver anymore,
'cause t' wind 'as blowed away.
'An' tell Uncle Alf at number four'
I'll marry mum so 'e can stay.

That were close dad.

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Episode. 9
Our Jim in....

GIVE IT RICE

We're goin' ter 'ave rice-pud' terday,
Wiv lotsa strorbry jam.
Mum says that I can 'ave some skin,
If I stop moanin' like a man.
I like ' way it slides down me froat,
An' leaves brown bits on me teef.
Dad says gran could read me stars,
Like she does wiv cups er tea.

She pours it on a saucer then,
She swirls it round an' round.
An' then she puts it back in ' cup,
Then she turns it upside down.
She says ter mum yer goin' ter meet,
A tall dark 'ansome stranger.
She says 'e'll sweep yer off yer feet,
Come ' first Friday in November.

Hang on! Sez mum that's bonfire night,
I won't be going nowhere.
I'll be sat inside whilst dad and Jim,
Shoot fireworks in the air.
If anyone comes anywhere near,
Especially with a brush,
He'll get himself a rocket or two,
Right up his number two tush.

GIVE
IT
RICE



Episode 10.
Our Jim in....

A NIGHT WITH THE STARS

Dad sez we're goin' campin',
We'll be livin' in a field.
There won't be a bed ter sleep in,
An' no mum ter cook me meals.
Me dad 'as made a tent from some,
Old bed-sheets an' some sticks.
We're goin' ter try it out ternight
Ter see if we boaf fit.

We only 'ave a small back yard,
Ter try an' pitch it up in.
We tied one end ter coal-bunker,
An' t' uvver ter smelly bin.
It were a scwosh an' very 'ard,
We went ter sleep so late.
An' when ' bin man came at summat ter seven,
Tent vanished fru back gate.

Mum laughed when she opened ' door,
Dad were sat int' puddle.
“By heck our dad was it you or Jim,
That's had a spot of trouble?”
“Nowt er sort.” 'e said wiv a smile,
“I just did a bit er cheatin'.
Top's come out me 'ot-water bottle,
Now me backsides flamin' freezin'.”

Come on Jim. Let's get your breakfast.

A NIGHT WITH THE STARS





Episode 11.
Our Jim in....

THE WEDDING

Me mum's frend is getting married terday,
'Cause she's gettin' very old.
She's been livin' on a shelf fer years,
Wiv pots 'n' pans I'm told.
I've 'ad ter wear a silky shirt,
An' some shoes wiv buckles on.
I even 'ad a 'aircut,
Now t' curly bits 'ave gone.

They say that I'm a page-boy,
An' that I look really swell.
I've 'ad ter wear blue trousers,
An' some girly socks as well.
The ladies all keep kissin' me,
An' wow d' they all stink.
They rub my face wiv 'anky spit,
An' now I've turned all pink.

They've all got great big 'ats on,
Wiv fevvers, weeds an' nettin'.
They look like they've fell out ter tree,
An' all ' blokes are gettin',
Poked in ' eye or in t' ear
An' up t' 'ooter I'mbettin'.
When they get 'ome they'll find ' bin,
An' shove ' blinkin' lot in.

Can I 'ave some jelly and blancmange please mum?

H
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M
EDDING



Episode 12.

Our Jim in....

THE THRONE

We woke up vivout a King terday,
They've swapped 'im fer a Queen.
Dad says that she's loads prettier,
In fact,' best 'es ever seen.
Mum says it won't be like this 'ouse,
Where dad 'ogs the frone all day.
'E sits there quiet as a mouse,
An' reads what ' little papers say.

Ow can she do 'er shoppin',
When she's sitting on 'er frone?
An' 'oo will make ' tea fer 'er,
Fer when ' dad comes 'ome?
An' what about 'er washin' day,
An' peggin'- out ont' line?
Fings yer after do standin' up,
Just ter' be a mum like mine.

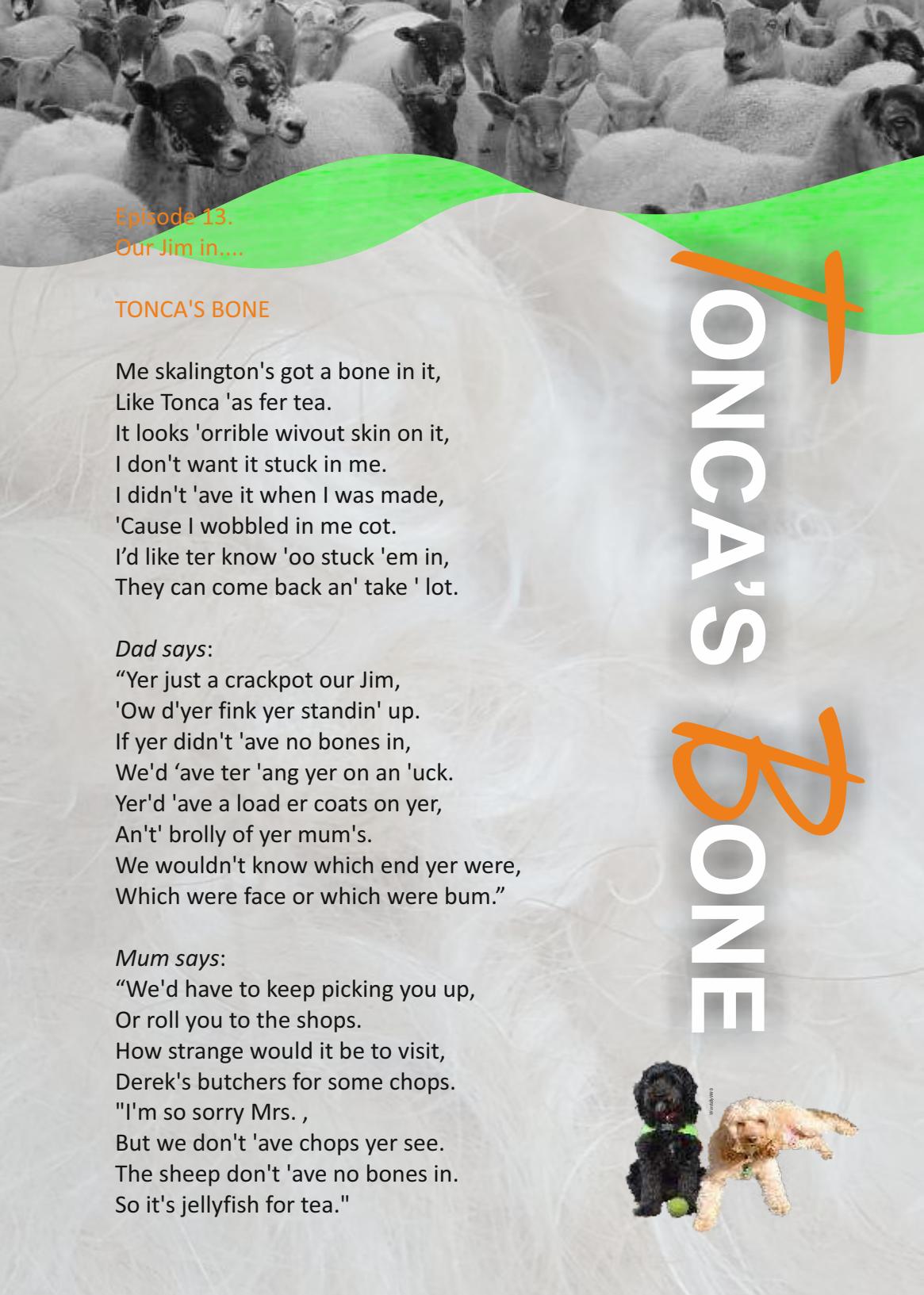
"Well didn't you know our Jim, mum says,
The throne's a magic chair.
The queen will use it all her days,
As she travels everywhere.
She'll grow into the greatest monarch,
This country will have seen.
She'll conquer the world with kindness,
Wisdom, compassion and her dream."

"There'll come a day when she'll be gone,
And the world will just stand still.
Another King will carry on,
With great big boots to fill.
By then the world will have changed,
Mums won't just work at home.
It'll be like it was in my Land Army days,
And dads still hogged the throne."

THE

THRONE





Episode 13.

Our Jim in....

TONCA'S BONE

Me skalington's got a bone in it,
Like Tonca 'as fer tea.
It looks 'orrible wivout skin on it,
I don't want it stuck in me.
I didn't 'ave it when I was made,
'Cause I wobbled in me cot.
I'd like ter know 'oo stuck 'em in,
They can come back an' take ' lot.

Dad says:

"Yer just a crackpot our Jim,
'Ow d'yer fink yer standin' up.
If yer didn't 'ave no bones in,
We'd 'ave ter 'ang yer on an 'uck.
Yer'd 'ave a load er coats on yer,
An't' brolly of yer mum's.
We wouldn't know which end yer were,
Which were face or which were bum."

Mum says:

"We'd have to keep picking you up,
Or roll you to the shops.
How strange would it be to visit,
Derek's butchers for some chops.
"I'm so sorry Mrs. ,
But we don't 'ave chops yer see.
The sheep don't 'ave no bones in.
So it's jellyfish for tea."

TONCA'S

& BONE

BONE



Episode 14.
Our Jim in....

HOUSE CALL

Doctor came t' are 'ouse terday,
Specially t' see me.
'e said I've got ' chicken plops,
'e said "No school for a week!"
Dad says 'e'll 'ave t' make a cage,
An' I'll 'ave t' sleep in that.
Just in case 'Brer fox' comes prowlin',
Mum says, "That's enough of that!"

I fink I cort it Sundy night,
As we 'ad porched eggs fer tea.
Grandad dint eat all of 'is,
So 'e gave ' last one ter me.
Mum said I'll turn into a chicken,
If I eat too many eggs.
An' I'll end up walkin' like that Chaplin bloke,
'cause e's got chicken legs.

But I've always been 'Our Jim' before,
So I just don't understand.
Am I goin' ter start layin' eggs.
growin' wings where I 'ave me 'ands?
Will I 'ave ter get up early mornin',
Just t' wake everybody up?
I fink I'd rarver just 'ave fleas,
An' turn into a pup.

HOUSE
CALL



GRANDAD'S ARMCHAIR

Episode 15.
Our Jim in....

GRANDAD'S ARMCHAIR

Can I burn me grandad's armchair,
ont' boommie Fridy night?
An' burn those nasty beasties,
y' know, ' tiny ones that bite.
'E blinkin' fidgets all night long,
while 'e makes them funny smells.
An' 'e scratches like our Tonca,
'e's like ' Scarlet Pimple-nel.

Dad says:

If it were up t' me yer could 'ave it son,
yer could take yer grandad too.
Every time I sit me down,
'e's mitherin' fer a brew.
Yer could sit 'im next ter Guy Fawkes,
then they could chat away all night.
But don't sit 'im too close ter bonfire,
Or 'is trumps' will set alight.

So hypocritical our dad, mum says,
you should teach the lad respect.
Whilst you're sat there in your comfy chair,
you should sit and just reflect,
On the constant breeze from your mushy peas,
that we all have to endure.
As poor grandad heaves, head between his knees,
and our Jim rolls about the floor.





Episode 16. Our Jim in....

11/11/11

Goin' marchin' wiv me dad terday,
we're goin' wiv all 'is mates.
Ter remember all ' dads as was killed,
Int' wars everybody 'ates.
Dad sez it's not just about ' dads,
that we all must fink about.
There were lots of mums an' grandads too,
grandmas, uncles and aunts.

Dad says:

' Sky were a scary place that night,
whenever I tried t' sleep.
Surrounded by t' screamin' lights,
it were a frightenin' time fer me.
' Sense of loss overwhelmin',
as there were no-one by me side.
Yet that mornin' we woke with hope for all,
But within hours me mates had died."

Mum says:

The bombs fell from the sky at night,
war came with a deadly cost.
Way before their time was right,
little boys and girls were lost.
Tiny bodies beneath the rubble,
taken quickly from where they lay,
as their grieving families huddled.
it was never just another day.



www.love

Episode 17.
Our Jim in....

A TENNER

I need a box ter put me marbles in,
So's I can nip over ter ' brook.
There'll be millions of blinkin' conkers now,
I'd better go an' look.
I need ter use me marble bag,
'cause it 'olds such a lot.
Me string's got a little knot in,
An' it dunt quite close at' top.

I'll probly get some acorns too,
ter make some pixie pipes.
An' leave 'em by ' toadstools,
Fer the goblins an't' like.
A don't want 'em round at our 'ouse,
Bringin' trouble ter front door.
Uncle Alf sez they nicked is lumps er coal,
An' e's goin' ter give 'em just what for.

Well! I gets back 'ome from skool terday,
(Me conkers now a 'tenner'.)
I told me mum an' she just smiled,
She said, "Wow that's a belter."
Dad said when he gets in tonight,
He'll put you through your paces.
He was late getting into work today,
In boots without the laces.

Y

T

TENNER



CHRISTMAS CLAPPERS

Episode 18.

Our Jim in....

CHRISTMAS CLAPPERS.

It's gettin' closer ter Christmas,
We're makin' paper chains at school.
An' lanterns outa crapp-paper,
An' there's cardboard raindeer too.
The big-uns are makin' a manger,
Wiv Kings, Frank an' Ses an' Ma.
An't stork's goin' ter bring baby Jesus,
On a donkey 'cause they dint 'ave cars.

It's best when we're singin' the Carols
'cept fer Mr. Jones 'cause 'e just croaks.
An' Mrs. Smiff she plays ' piano,
But me an' Jeff sing are own notes.
They're nice songs that make you feel 'appy,
Well some of 'em make me mum sad.
An' I know she's bound ter start cryin',
Then she'll wipe 'er face on me dad.

I've gotta go now 'cause it's lunch-time,
I usely swop some lunch wiv Sam.
'cause I get cold toast left from brekky,
An' terday 'e's got eggs an' some Spam.
Last week 'e 'ad corned-dog an' mustard,
Wow did it make me mouf 'ot.
I 'ad ter dash 'ome like the clappers,
An' I spent 'alf an 'our on t' pot.



Episode 19.
Our Jim in....

TWO JUMPERS FOR GRANDAD.

I just want a 'casey' fer Christmas.
An' I'd luv some 'toggler' boots too.
An' mum sez she'll nit me some City sox
In a stripey white an' a blue.
Me dad said 'e's gettin' 'ammered,
An' grandad's got anvil int' shed.
So 'e can show me 'ow ter put studs in,
'else I'll 'ave nails in me feet instead.

But I'll see what Farver Christmas fetches.
It depends on t' room in 'is sack.
'cause 'e delivers so many presents,
An' sometimes 'e takes 'olden's back.
I've asked 'im fer two jumpers fer grandad,
Somefink 'orrible that 'e dunt like.
'cause I'm goin' t' need some new goalposts,
So I'll swap 'im fer a go on me bike.

I 'ad a good talk wiv 'im last year,
'e was stood at 'end er me bed.
'e was singin' bout gettin' two front teef,
'cause the Carols 'ad gone from 'is 'ead.
'E looked blinkin' funny in long-johns,
Just like wot me dad 'as on.
'e musta swopped 'is suit wiv Rudolf,
'cause 'e 'ad a red nose that shone.

WO

two
jumpers





Episode 20.
Our Jim in....

IT'S HERE

I've just waked up an' I can't do shoutin',
So I'm tryin' ter whisper instead.
It's still dark, there's a maffiss mountin',
Liyin' at ' bottom er me bed.

It looks like Faver Christmas 'were 'ere,
An' I never 'eard 'im comin'.
I'll avter get up 'cause I'm needin' a wee,
An' I can't do much more sleepin'.

Me piller-case is fit fer bustin',
Boxes 'pokin' right outa t' top.
An' danglin' over t' rail at t' bottom,
There's fruit an' nuts in a new City sock.

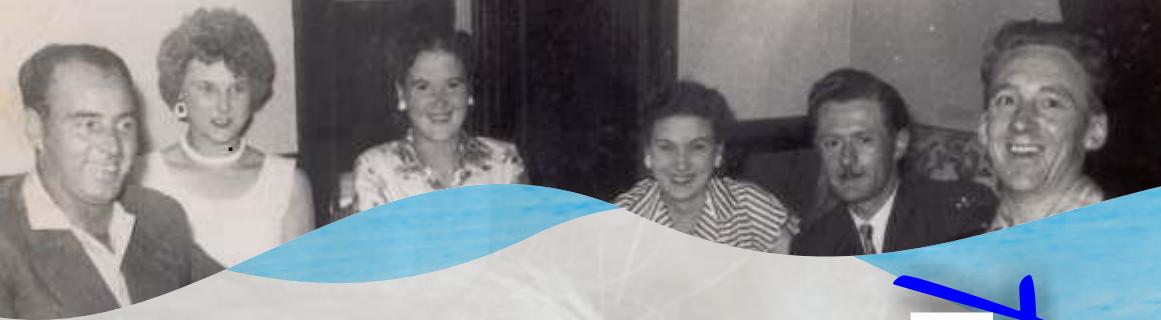
I wonder if 'e's put me togger boots in,
I washed me feet last night as I should.
An' a brand new casey wiv a pump an' spare laces,
I just 'ope that I've bin really good.

I must 'ave bin noisy I 'ear someone movin',
It's got ter be me mum or me dad.
It can't be grandad, I can still 'ear 'im snorin',
I'll pretend t' be sleepin' like I 'ad.

"Maybe 'e dunt want them, dad winks at me mum,
We could write ter Faver Christmas an' tell 'im."
I jumped out er bed, "I was kiddin'." I said,
"Merry Christmas! Just let me get at 'em."

T'S
+
HERE





Episode 21.
Our Jim in....

THE FIRST FOOTER

We've got a first- footer, (whatever that is,) Comin' late termorrer night.
E's bringin' lumps er coal wiv 'im, An' some bread, I fink that's right.
I've got ter open ' back door, So this year can go away.
Then we let 'im in fru ' front door, It sounds blinkin' daft I'd say.

Why dunt 'e just come round ' back,
Like we all 'ave t' do?
'E can stick coal int' coal-bunker,
Then take off 'is dirty shoes.
'E can chuck bread int' back yard,
Fer when all ' birds wake up.
That's if Tonca dunt eat it first,
e's such an 'ungry mut.

'Appy New Year evryone,
From grandad an' me mum.
An' from me an' dad as well
'ere's wishin' yer lots er fun.
Try an' be nice if yer can,
'speshly ter all yer mates,
'cause one day yer'll need t' swop yer bubble-gum
When yours 'as lost its taste.

THE FIRST FOOTER



OLD GREATCOAT

Episode 22.
Our Jim in....

OLD GREATCOAT

It took blinkin' ages ter get outa bed,
As grandad's old greatcoat got me squashed.
I'd got a leg int' sleeve an a belt round me 'ead,
An' it smelled like it 'ad never bin washed.

'e wore it int' trenches an' slept on some benches,
When 'e came 'ome an' 'ad nowhere ter go.
But then 'e got married ter an old lady, (me granny,)
Since then it's kept us warm int' cold.

T'day looked s' nice an' me winders were ice,
I scraped 'em wiv me fingers an' fums.
An' me nose, it were freezin' an' when I were breavin'
There were smoke comin' out, it were fun.

I looked frew ' scratches an' rubbed off patches,
Ter see if me mates were about.
But I cudn't see nuffink 'cause where I'd bin scuffin'
It were frozed agen, I cudn't see owt.



Episode 23.

Our Jim in....

ME GLOVES.

Mum's made some speshall gloves terday,
Wiv 'lastik sowed t' ends.
Yer' stick one end up yer duffle-coat sleeve,
An' they drive me ' round ' bend.
Yer put yer 'and inside one glove,
Then t' uvver shoots up yer back.
So yer 'avter tek yer coat off again,
I just don't get ' crack!

Dad says:

"Mum's doin' yer wellies next week,
Fer when yer go fishin' int' pond.
The lastik goes up yer trouser leg,
Inter darkness way beyond.
Then it'll pop right down t' other leg,
An' fasten ter' yer wellie-boot.
Then yer won't loose either one of 'em,
When yer run across ' brook."

"Yer'll 'ave ter' stand up when yer fishin' though,
'cause ' lastik'll get too tight.
An' don't go kneelin' else yer'll soon start feelin'
That sumfink's not quite right.
When yer toe pokes through ' spud in yer sock,
That means summat's on its way.
An' yer don't need lastik round yer tackle-box,
Not if yer want ter' go out ter' play."

WE
LOVE



Episode 24.
Our Jim in....

TOGGER RULES

We're 'avin' a game er togger terday,
Ont' field inside ' close.
I'm goin' ter' wear me new togger boots,
An' me new City sox are toast.
Are Phil's always ' goalie,
'cause 'e's ' bestest that there is.
'e's ' captain of are skool team,
An' everybody nows 'im.

Phil sez me new boots look beltin' on me,
An' me sox are really great.
'e'll pick me next time we 'ave a game,
If they've learned me ter' kick ' ball straight.
Our Phil's always ' captain,
Even when we're pickin' sides.
We mainly just take shots at 'im,
But me toe-bungers go wide.

We only 'ave one set er goals.
An' jumpers aren't very 'igh up.
An' are best kickers 'it ' crossbar a lot,
An' posts too, wherever they're put.
An' yes, our Phil's always ' ref.
An' A fink that's maybe ' catch.
All of 'is team score ' mostest goals,
'e must fink we're all blinkin' daft.

TOGGER
RULES



Episode 25.
Our Jim in....

CROP THE MOP

Me dad's doin' me 'aircut t' me,
this coming Sundy night.
Then mum'll do ' nit-comb ter' me,
'an that bit's not alright.
She scrapes right ter' blinkin' bone,
'til me 'ead's so flamin' sore.
She's won't be 'appy 'til me skin falls off,
an' Im lyin' ont' kitchen floor.

It's 'cause Nitty Nora's on 'er way,
ter' school ter' check are 'eads.
I'll not 'ave anyfin' left only,
some skin in blinkin' shreds.
An' she'll say,
"By gum young Jim, what have you done,
your scallop is looking grim.
You must take this cream home when you go,
and let your mother rub it in."

I can see it now wiv me new 'aircut
an' cream rubbed on me 'ead.
I'd look like Smiffy from ' Bash Street Kids,
I fink I'd better stay 'ome instead.
I 'ope I don't get them purple blobs,
if she finds them ringin' worms.
'cause our Tonca's chewed me cowie- 'at,
an' dad wears 'is cap fer work.

CROP
THE
MOP





Episode 26.
Our Jim in....

THE FIRST OF TEN

It's mum an' dad's appyversary,
they've been married seven times.
"An' I love yer more now than I did back then."
said dad, wiv 'is twinkly eyes.
"ow d' yer fancy a posh meal out,
at Poll's chippy by ' locks?
I'll put me weddin' day suit on,
an' you can wear yer poshest frock."

"We can take that thick woolly blanket
an' sit an' eat chips by ' canal.
I know it's a little bit parky out
so we'll tek ' flask as well."

Mum says:

"We'll natter about the old times,
and the kids that we were then.
How we'd dreamt about having our little Jim,
and you said; "Ay, ' first of ten."

Dad says:

"So yer thinkin' we should stay 'ome then,
an' do some cuddlin' instead?
Should I go an' fill 'ot water bottle,
an' stick it in t' bed.?"

Mum says:

"I just thought the time's right and ticking
and our Jim is growing fast.
Maybe we should get a brother for him,
or a sister, then that will be that."

F

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EN





Episode 27.

Our Jim in....

AY-AY!..

Mum says:

Are you reading that paper you're sat on dad,
Because grandad's looking quite glum?
Does it look like I'm reading,
If I was I'd be needin',
Anuvver pair of eyes in me bum?



Mum says:

No need to be sarcy, just pack that malarkey,
Or it's bread and water for tea.
If you were blessed there,
You wouldn't just see where,
You were going, but where you had been.

Mum says:

Imagine the view when you're riding your bike,
You'd probably see all around yer.

I say:

Now yer bein' daft mum,
Unless eed a bare bum,
'e wudn't see nuffink but trouser.





Episode 28.
Our Jim in....

DOG HOUSE

We're gettin' ont' sharra int' mornin',
Ter a place wiv a tower by ' sea.
We're goin' ter a place called Blackpool,
Dad's not goin', it's just mum an' me.

Grandad said 'e'd drive ' sharra,
An' mum said, That would be grand!
But you can't even steer a wheelbarrow,
How on earth would we get to the sands?

You stay home and look after Tonca,
And be sure to keep the gate locked.
I don't want him chasing the rag-bone-man,
Because last time his balloons all popped.

And don't let him out near the milk-man,
Last week he jumped up on his float.
He ripped the lids right off his gold-tops,
And then he ran off with his coat.

So keep the front door and the gate shut,
Just let him out back for a wee.
And we'll bring sugared jellies from Blackpool,
Something soft that won't break your teeth.

dog
house





Ep 29.

Our Jim in....

SOMFIN' FISHY

Me an' Brian went fishin' yesterday,
ter get some sticklebacks fer is pond.
Mum sez, with all the noise you two make
you'll need nets an' a magic wand.

A wand full of magic to turn the fish deaf,
'cause they'll hear you coming I'll bet.
Then when they get a wiff of your wellies
they'll willingly jump into your net.

Well, we cort some fish, an' water beetles
an' lots er tadpoles t'.

We stuck 'em in me mum's puddin' dish,
but don't tell 'er I told that t' yer.

Then we took 'em back 'ome ter Brian's
an' stuck 'em in t' old pot sink.
Then we filled it up wiv pond water
'is mum said, Boy does that stink!

I knocked on 'is this mornin'
at summat past eight 'e said.
Mr 'iggs, on 'is way ter work, muttered,
By the 'eck lad, 'ave yer wet yer bed?

I've come t' check over the fish in t' sink
an' that everyfin's alright.
By 'eck it stunk summat 'orrible lad
so I pulled out plug last night.

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Episode 30
Our Jim in...

99 FER ME

Me dad sez 'e'll make me a growed-up bike,
wiv two wheels just like 'is.

'e's got a frame an' some 'andle-bars,
off is mate, 'Tipperary Tim'.

T' uvver bits he reckons 'll be in t' shed,
int' draw of a 'and-me-down chest.

It's ' one wiv maffis big spiders in,
where great-grandad kept 'is vests.

Can I 'ave brakes an' fings, and pedals too,
ter make all t' wheels go round?

Course yer can lad 'else it's not a bike,
yer'd just be stuck int' 'ole int' ground.

An I'll need a dinger like the ice- cream-man,
t' let everyone know it's me.

Well if yer sellin' ice-lollies same as 'im',
I'll 'ave a 99 fer me.

Yer'll after 'old seat ter' make me stay up,
'til I stop wobblin' by meself.

I'll be wigglin' about all over ' place,
an' doin' crashing inter someone's fence.

Yer'll after let Tonka out back yard,
as I need 'im bitin' at me leg.

'cause all me mates fink that I'm dead 'ard,
but mum sez I'm soft int' 'ead.

99
FER
ME
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Episode 31
Our Jim in....

A DAY ON T' BEACH

We're stayin' int' caravan at Sunny Rhyl,
where ' Army used ter live.
It's dead posh 'ere, there's a swimmin' pool,
an' 'ousey-'ousey' whatever that is.
Int' war there were no Germans 'ere,
They're not allowed! Sed ' Army boss.
We'd 'ave ter queue ter get ont' big wheel,
an' they'll scoff all ' candy floss.

So, we've got ter' go ter' beach terday,
'cause they're comin' back ter' fight.
But we'll be 'iding in ' sand-dunes,
keepin' quiet an' outa sight.
But first we're meetin' int air- raid shelter,
where we 'ide our tin 'ats an' guns.
It really does stink 'orrible there,
like the smells from lotsa bums.

The tin-'ats wobble 'cause they're too big
as they've bin on soldiers 'eads.
There 'int no rifles or 'and grenades
but there's pebbles dattle do, Roj' sez.
We'll lob 'em as all ' Germans come
charging outa sea.
An' they'll turn and run when they see my mates,
all standin' ont' beach wiv me.

A
DAY
ON
T'
BEACH





Episode 32.
Our Jim in....

TIME-LINE

We're playin' cowies an' injuns,
An' ' time 'as come fer bed.
Mrs Church is shoutin' 'Jefreeyyy',
'an 'e's 'idin' int' back shed.

Terday 'e's been Jeronimo
wiv pidgin fevvers in 'is 'air.
They wudn't stick up proply though
so we 'ad ter' tie 'em there.

'e went a funny colour
when I'd chased 'im up a tree.
An' when I caught 'im, 'e was bright red
like a real injun ter' me.

An' so when we took ' string off
'e 'ad a white line round is 'ead.
Where ' sun 'as burnt 'is face all day
An' why 'e's not goin' in fer bed.

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CHEEKY CHOPS

Episode 33.
Our Jim in....

CHEEKY CHOPS

Me Auntie's 'ad a little girl
she paid six pounds seven shillin'.
An' it's all me Uncle Albert's fault
An' she's goin' ter flamin' kill 'im.

She said;
If e'd 'ave add a bit less ter' drink
an' weren't droolin' like a kid.
I wouldn't 'ave 'ad ter' pay ' price
He would've saved us a few quid.

I don't see why they're fallin' out
'cause when me mum buys us some chops.
If she dun't like the look of 'em
She just takes 'em back ter shop.



WHAT GOES UP

Episode 34 Our Jim in....

WHAT GOES UP

'Fur coat no knickers' is wot mum said,
about that swanky Mrs Brown.

She lords it here, she lords it there
no matter who's around.
I just don't know who she thinks she is
she sells clothes at Mrs Clegg's.
She walks about with her nose in the air
and at the other end; corned-beef legs.

She really thinks she's a 'cut above'
because her old man drives a car.

Our Jim had one that he really loved
but it didn't go very far.

It had pedals on, a squeaky horn
and a boot where he carried the dog.
But his legs just weren't quite long enough
so we bought him a pair of cloggs.

Off he'd drive along the cobbled street
sparks trailing wherever he went.

He was Dan Dare now in his rocket-ship
the best tanner I've ever spent.

There's not many round here who's son has flown
to the moon and back through the stars.

I could poke my nose much higher, Mrs Brown
so stick that up your cross-your-heart bra.



Episode 35.
Our Jim in....

GET IN-TER-NET

We're fishin' down at ' pond terday,
ter' show Steven 'ow it's done.
Like if we were 'backwoodsmen'
livin' int' wild an' 'avin' fun.
'E's never done owt ruff before
livin' wiv 'is mum an' dad.
'E's treated like Little Lord Fontalroy;
a proper soft mummy's lad.

Dressed in wellies an' gaberdean,
an' 'is dad's Sou-wester 'at.
'E met us down at ' big pond,
where we keep ' Bexley raft.
We've sailed her twice around ' world,
wiv sheets made from old sacks.
' first time we sailed all ' way around,
an' second were coming back.

I sez ter 'im,

Ter fish, we 'ave ter make a net,
so we 'ave ter get a stick.
An' we use a sock wivout spuds in
else fish'll get out too quick.
It really is dead easy Steve,
just yer wait an' see.
OK, so it'll take 'til Wednesday
to catch enough of 'em fer tea.

GET
IN
TER
NET



Down'll slope

Episode 36
Our Jim in....

DOWN'ILL SLOPE

Me dad 'as just finished me growded-up bike,
an' 'e's painted it Man-City blue.

It were ' only paint 'e could get off 'is mate,
wivout 'avin' ter buy it new.

Me tyres are flat as 'e can't find ' pump,
so I'll tek a look around ' shed.

I'm bustin' ter try it an' me mate Bri' likes it,
but I can't use it just yet, dad said.

I can just see us now.....

It's got a crossbar same as me dad's as,
we can use it as ' co-pilot's seat.

An' Bri can sit on it, we'll fly like a rocket
e'll need ter watch where 'e dangles 'is feet.
We'll start by ' pear tree at Collin'wood end,
no doubt wiv a wobble er two.

If Brian starts screamin', I won't stop an' leave 'im,
'e'll just 'ave ter see full mission fru.

When we reach ' dip I just 'ope we don't flip,
as we fly fru ' air fer a second.

We'll see 'ow it feels wiv no floor under ' wheels,
'til we 'it ground wiv a bump, so I reckon.

Seat's a bit 'ard an' we don't 'ave mudguards,
so we're goin' ter get wet summat rotten.

We'll be shiftin' s' fast an' be 'avin a laff,
then we'll splash right fru ' brook at ' bottom.



Episode 37
Our Jim in....

WHAT A KIPPER

We're playin' 'split-the-kipper' ont' croft across ' road
But we're usin' bows an' arrers fer a laugh.
Bri 'ad ter bring is nipper 'cause is mum 'as gone ter ' shops
An' ees lookin' at us sumfink blummin' daft.

Arrers are really sharp 'uns wiv a nut screwed tight ont' end.
An' they fly fer blinkin' miles down ' croft.
Just one pull ont' tightened string an' wiv a wizz ' arrer sings.
Flyin' igh until it sticks in summat soft.

Now we stood six feet apart, Right! said Bri, You start.
An' I pulled back ' string an' carefully took aim.
Arrer landed wiv a fud, free feet from where 'ee stood,
So 'ee moved 'is leg an' got on wiv ' game.

As Bri took 'is aim I 'eared nipper call my name, (I moved),
Then Bri shot me right int' back ert' flamin' knee.
It din't really 'urt until ' blood began ter spurt
An' Mr. Smiff ran over ' road an' rescued me.

Well yer pair er silly buggers, just wait 'til I tell yer mothers
Yer'll both end up bent over yer dad's knee.
I've seen some barmy tricks, whatever made you think of this?
It's them blummin' comics yer read, if yer ask me.



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Episode 38.
Our Jim in....

SITTING BULL

I fell off me blinkin' 'orse last night
An' I really missed a chance.
Of catchin' Big Chief Sittin' Bull
When I were just about t' pounce.
I got right at ' side of 'im
Then I tripped over stupid curb.
An' I rolled across the concrete road
An' I shouted naughty words.

' Lone Ranger wouldn't 'ave said 'em
An' I don't s' pose I should.
But I'd broke me brand new 'olster
An' me leg were covered int' blood.
Chief Sittin' Bull just sat there laughin'
Wiv 'is nose all dribblin' snot.
An' 'e rubbed it off wiv 'is dirty 'and
'e does that quite a lot.

Then me dad came out an' picked me up
'e said, What yer done 'ere lad?
It's like a slaughter 'ouse with all this blood
Yer mum's goin' ter go flamin' mad.
Let me get yer in, yer can sit int' sink
Whilst I'll scrub yer leg with a cloff
It's not lookin' good, I'll warn yer right now
I'll 'ave ter cut yer leg right off.

S

SITTING

BULL

BULL



KNOCKING

ON THE

FIFTIES

Episode 39. Our Jim in....

KNOCKING ON THE 50's.

Mum said,
Get behind the settee quick
The Gypsies are down the street.
I'll tuck in there beside you, and
I don't want to hear a peep.
Don't even pop your head up
When they come knocking on the door.
If they see you, they'll steal you away
And I won't see you anymore.

My basket's full of wooden pegs
And I don't need my fortune told.
I don't want to know what the future holds
I'm just happy to get old.
It's bad luck to refuse them
So I'm not opening the front door.
If I don't cross their palm with silver
They'll curse me, that's for sure.

Yer bein' daft mum, don't yer fink?
I've seen 'em all before.
They're camped out ont' field by ' brook
An' they don't pinch kids no more.
They've got some smashin' caravans
Can we get one of 'em?
Me an' me mates could play in it
There's lots more room than in our den.





Episode 40.
Our Jim in....

ADD A ONE

I woke up early this morning
I couldn't wait ter get out'er bed.
I was checkin' ter see, 'ow much bigger I'd be
'cause I'm not six now, I'm seven instead.
It 'appens int' night when yer sleepin'
When yer can't see just what's goin' on.
Yer muscles get stronger an' yer leg-bones get longer
An' yer get older by addin' a one.

I'm goin' ter open me presents
But I've ter wait 'til everyone's down.
Mum an' dad sez, get washed an' get dressed
'cause yer Auntie's coming around.
It's great t' be gettin' tergevver
But it's not goin' ter be easy fer mum.
She's bin a bit poorly, but dad sez she surely
Dunt want ter miss out ' on all't fun.

Auntie's baked me a cake like she does always
But wiv seven woppin' candles in it.
Auntie says,
We can all 'ave a piece, right after our tea
If you promise ter blow an' not spit.
Mum says,
That's a lovely cake you've baked auntie
You've really done Our Jim so proud.
Next year when he's eight, we'll need one more place
And a bigger table to all sit around.

Then it went noisy....



ADD A
ONE



Episode 41.
Our Jim in....

MR. SMIFF

Mr. Smiff 'oo lives next door
'as given me a rod.
'E says it's fer catchin' proper fish
but I fink 'es off 'is knob.
There int' no net angin' on ' end
an' 'e sez yer use an 'ook.
You stick 'em int' mouf wiv it
And whip 'em outa ' brook.

I'll 'ave ter wait 'till I'm growded up
I can't see that blinkin' far.
An' 'e catches some great big-uns
That won't fit inter me jar.
'E sez 'e catches maffis ones
As 'e eats 'em fer is tea.
So I've asked 'im ter catch some kippers
Fer me Grandad, dad an' me.

An' some strawbry flavored jellyfish
Ter make me mummy smile.
She's 'avin probems wiv 'er tummy
Sumfin's kickin' 'er inside.
The doctor says she'll be ok
'cause that's what mummies do.
You've all just got to look after her
Your grandad, dad and you.

MR. SMIFF





Episode 42.
Our Jim in....

HAS BEANS.

Well, I've 'ad beans on toast terday,
That's four times this blinkin' week.
Mum 'as been away fer days,
An' dad's looked after me.

'e said when 'e were int' army,
They'd eat beans every single day.
An' they gave 'em special gas masks,
An' the Germans stayed away.

I 'spose that's ok fer you dad,
As some fings were different then.
Me mates 'ave made me really sad,
They've barred me from our den.

Dad said,
Listen Our Jim, it's times like this,
When yer find out 'oo yer mates are.
My mates would just play 'ide an' seek
An' not find me, s' there y' are.

HAS
BEANS



DAD'S LITTLE #HELPER

Episode 43.
Our Jim in....

DAD'S LITTLE HELPER

I've done me dad a surprise terday
'cause ee's bin lookin' after me.
I know ee's tired as ee's workin' all day
then 'ee comes 'ome an' makes me tea.

Me mum's still 'avin' 'er 'olliday
dad says she's got me sumfin' nice.
I 'ope it's some rock wiv Rhyl wrritten in
an' a picture of, ' beach ont ' side.

S' dad's bringed some paint fer paintin' wiv
int' empty room up our stairs.
There's a great big brush an' a yeller tin
it's a little room next ter theirs.

Me dad's 'avin' overtime terday
So I dint go ter ' pond wiv me mates.
I did all er paintin', I fink ' right way
An' I 'ope me dad sez I've done great.

Grandad sez it looks proper prim
'e popped 'in when goin' ter loo.
but there's lotsa splashin' on't glass young Jim
So I painted all ' winders too.



Episode 44.
Our Jim in....

AN' THIS IS ME GRANDAD.

I 'ad a talk wiv grandad, 'bout when 'e lived at 'ome.
'E said:

Yer just don't know yer've been born terday
Yer've never 'ad it s'good, me lad.
We 'ad ter squash up int' farm'ouse
seven bruvvers, me mum an' me dad.
We stayed int' clothes fer weeks on end
an' we ate just what food we 'ad.
We washed int' stream, ter give clothes a clean
when't smell got so blinkin' bad.

When Jerries first raised their warrin' 'eads
three young-uns shipped off overseas.
Rest of us worked out ont' farmland growing,
vegies, fer't families.
When all was done, an' three brothers gone
mum an' dad 'eld onter ' blame.
They did their best, but hurt doesn't rest
both died, tired and weary, with pain.

Times between wars, still carried ' scars
Tryin' 'ard ter forget what we'd seen.
The welcome birth of our two little girls
A reminder that life still 'ad its dreams.
Months turned ter years, an' thoughts turned ter fears
As ' veil of death came back around.
It started again, more hatred more pain
an' this time poor grannie went down.

An' then, when ' Second World War were done
when I 'ung up me 'ome-Guard boots.
Yes, I'd lost yer Gran, but I'd gained me two sons
an' now we're settlin' back inter our roots.
So 'ere we 'ave a new era of life
An' your new generation 'as started.
With a wink of 'is eye an' 'is big Grandad smile,
'ee stood up t' leave, then farted.

ME G RANDAD



Episode 45.
Our Jim in....

THE DREAM

It's seven-forty-one, Grandad's day had begun,
with a kiss to the cheek of the newly-born child.
There's nobody there to see just how he cares,
Nor the love that he holds deep inside.
He senses a calling as her eyes gently draw him
to the depths of a soul, that had waited some time.
He's feeling the nearness of his lost love, his dearest
when his door bursts wide open. Our Jim arrives.

Ay-up Grandad, yer breakfast is done
Dad sez, grab a brew if yer like.
'Ee's just gone ter see mum, Ee sez 'er time's come,
an' 'ee went wobblin' away ont' bike.

What if Grandad, she's comin' back 'ome,
it seems ages, since we've 'ad any fun?
If 'ee gives mum a crossie, they could stop fer some toffee
an' bring me a spud fer me gun.

Making light of his dream, Grandad, relives a scene
of a kiss on the cheek, on that night Annie died.
There was nobody there, to see just how he cared
nor his loss as the bombs had arrived.
He sensed he was falling, her distant voice calling
assuring her loved one, he'd never be alone.
He's walked with her nearness, his true love, his dearest
with his heart ever warming, he welcomes her home.

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QUESS WHAT

Episode 46.
Our Jim in....

GUESS WHAT?

Guess what? Guess what? Guess what? I'm glad,
me mum's come 'ome terday.
An' she didn't get a crossie off me dad
'ee walked wiv 'er all the way.

She's got a pram wiv a baby in
an' she's brought it 'ome fer me.
Grandad sez they make a lot of noise
an' they always want their tea.

Mum's spent 'er time int' 'ospital
waitin' int' biggerest queues.
They didn't 'ave any sisters in
so she waited fer a day er two.

Aunty's come ter look after mum
ter make sure she's keepin' well.
I don't fink she likes my sister much
she's goin' ter change 'er 'cause she smells.

I'm glad I've got a sister though
I really, really am.
I'll 'ave some wheels fer me bogie now
when she's finished wiv 'er pram.



Episode 47.
Our Jim in....

SIS.

I 'ad ter get meself up this mornin'
int' middle ert ' night.
Me sister made a lot er noise
I'd ter see if she were right.
Me mum were tryin' ter feed 'er
but she din't want none er that.
Dad's 'ead were under ' piller
like a big marshmeller 'at.

Now your sister's settling down
go and try to get some sleep.
See if you can think of a name for her
a nice one we can keep.
But don't you lie awake all night
it must appear, a name foreseen.
A name she'll love for all her life
Her gift from Our Jim and his dream.

Now, get back to bed Our Jim, mum said
You'll be yawning whilst at school.
It's getting a little cooler now
So you'll need your big coat too.
And no stopping at that bonfire
to be playing with your mates.
I don't want Mr. Perry shouting at you,
because you're getting in late.





Episode 48.
Our Jim in....

THE FAMOUS FREE

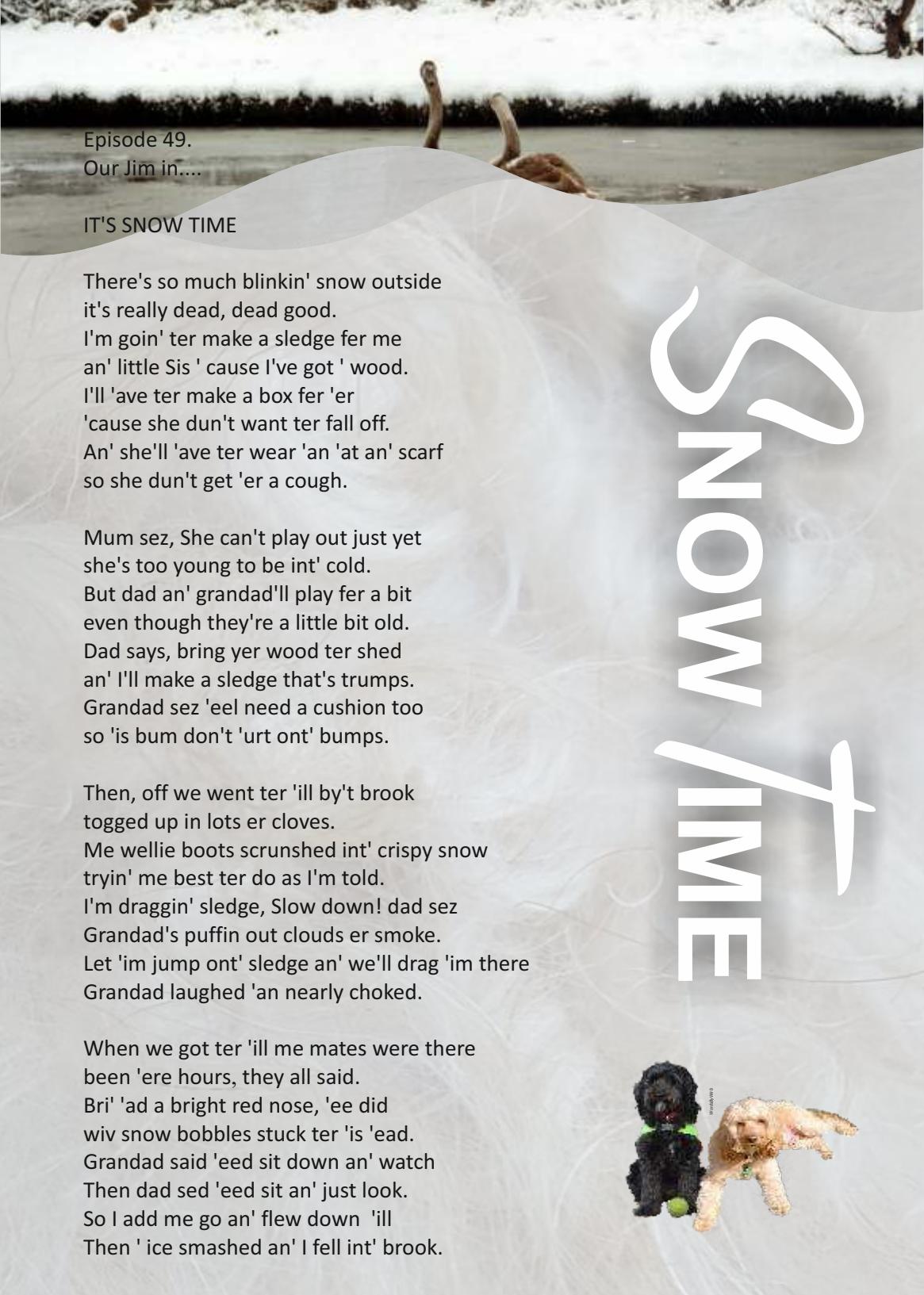
Baby's needing a name now Jim
because we've to tell the Vicar.
Her Christening day will be here soon
and we can't keep calling her sister.
We've had a chat, me and your dad
tell me what do you think about this?
We both like Cissy-Jo for her name
and for short we can all call her Sis.

I'm finkin' that's a smashin' one mum
but I was finkin' of Georgie.
An' changin' Tonka's name ter Tim
So we could make some 'famous free' stories.
Lots er adventures down ont' ponds
there'd be smugglers, pirates an' treasure.
Enid Blyton would write, books about us
we'd be int' school librey forever.

Being famous isn't so special Jim
It's not what you'd like I promise.
Girls chase you around, wherever you go
and when they catch you, they all want a kiss.
Blinkin' eck mum that's a 'orible fought
yer right, we will call 'er Cissy.
Then when she 'as, 'er Christenin' day
everyone will kiss 'er, 'cause she's pretty.

THE FAMOUS FREE





Episode 49.
Our Jim in....

IT'S SNOW TIME

There's so much blinkin' snow outside
it's really dead, dead good.

I'm goin' ter make a sledge fer me
an' little Sis ' cause I've got ' wood.

I'll 'ave ter make a box fer 'er
'cause she dun't want ter fall off.

An' she'll 'ave ter wear 'an 'at an' scarf
so she dun't get 'er a cough.

Mum sez, She can't play out just yet
she's too young to be int' cold.

But dad an' grandad'll play fer a bit
even though they're a little bit old.

Dad says, bring yer wood ter shed
an' I'll make a sledge that's trumps.

Grandad sez 'eel need a cushion too
so 'is bum don't 'urt ont' bumps.

Then, off we went ter 'ill by't brook
togged up in lots er cloves.

Me wellie boots scrunched int' crispy snow
tryin' me best ter do as I'm told.

I'm draggin' sledge, Slow down! dad sez
Grandad's puffin out clouds er smoke.

Let 'im jump ont' sledge an' we'll drag 'im there
Grandad laughed 'an nearly choked.

When we got ter 'ill me mates were there
been 'ere hours, they all said.

Bri' ad a bright red nose, 'ee did
wiv snow bobbles stuck ter 'is 'ead.

Grandad said 'eed sit down an' watch
Then dad sed 'eed sit an' just look.

So I add me go an' flew down 'ill
Then ' ice smashed an' I fell int' brook.

SNOW TIME



NAPPY CHRISTMAS

Episode 50.
Our Jim in....

A Nappy Christmas.

I've got ter write ter Faver Christmas,
fer me an' little Sis.
'cause she can't even write 'er name,
so she's no chance wiv a list.
I'm not sure if 'ee knows yet,
that she's come ter liv wiv us.
But just in case 'ee dusn't know,
I'll send 'im 'er address.

When 'ee flies over ' top er trees,
'Ee'll 'ave ter watch 'is step.
An' land on't roof at front bit,
just in case me mum fergets,
ter bring in't all't 'nappies,
that she 'angs outside on't line.
We can't 'ave Roodolf tangled up,
'else 'ee won't get round on time.

Just ter be sure, I've asked me dad,
ter stay up until 'ee's bin.
An' not ter keep 'im talkin',
'till 'ee's brought the presents in.
Then 'ee's ter let 'im eat is mince pie,
an' take Rudolf 'is carrot.
An' not be standin' outside,
jabberin' on like a blinkin' parrot.



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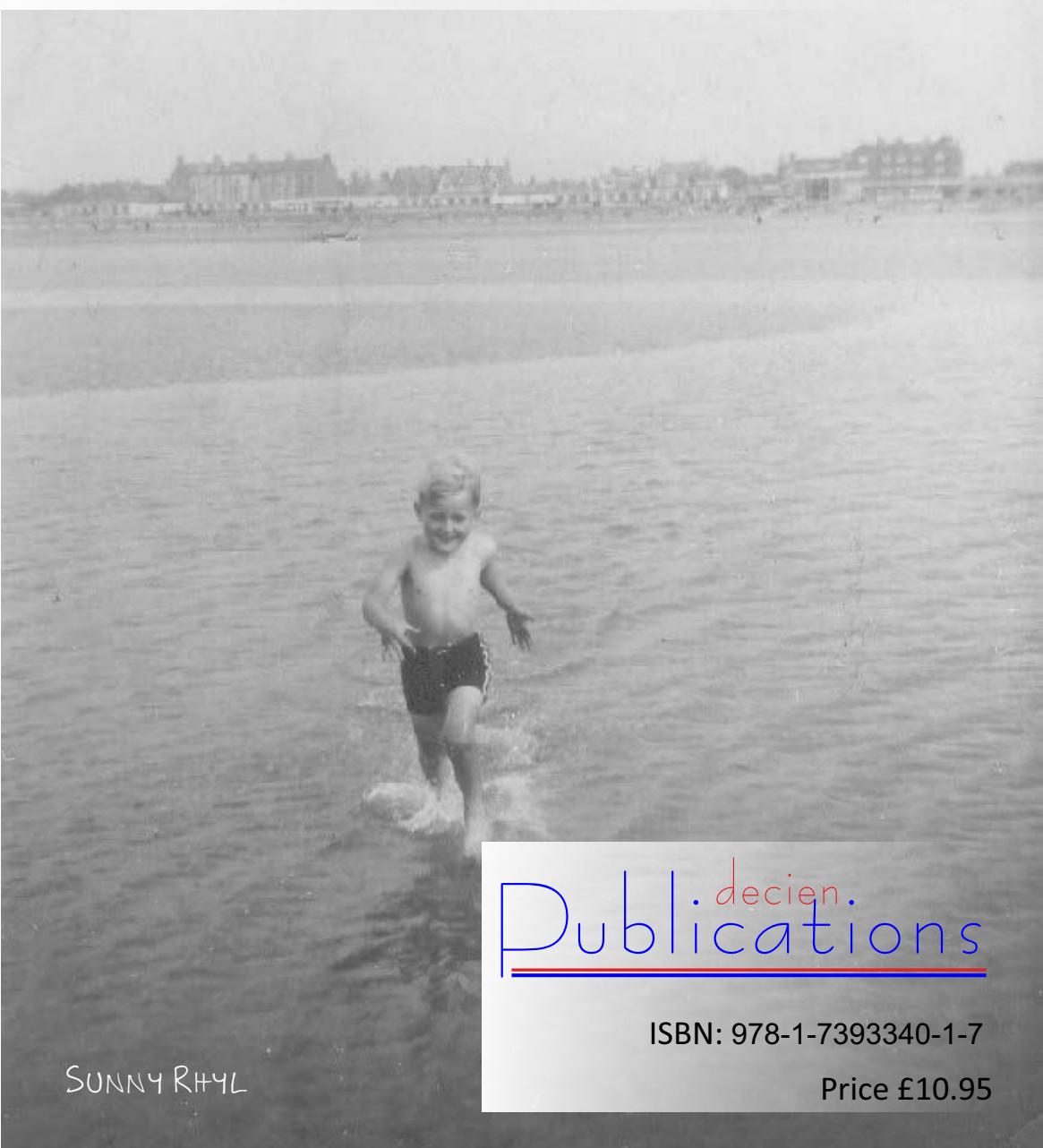
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