



• Lister's Mill Bradford  
1984  
Ian Beesley

Photography, one of the great products of the industrial revolution, has always had an interesting, yet uncomfortable relationship with the portrayal of industry and workers. The reasons for this are many. In attempt to understand this tense and sometimes difficult relationship, this exhibition uses mainly previously unseen and unpublished photographs from the archives of the industrial cities and towns of the north of England. The industrialisation and de-industrialisation of Britain has had its greatest impact in the north, so it seems appropriate that the majority of images in this exhibition should be drawn from this region.

# BEGINNINGS

In 1839 William Henry Fox Talbot (1800-1877), a wealthy landowner and gentleman scientist revealed to the world his process of “photogenic drawing”. His experiments were a response to his inability to draw; from the very beginning photography was integrally linked to drawing and painting. Fox Talbot and others saw it as a scientific continuation of traditional image making and so aligned it with the artistic perceptions and practices of the time. The first decades of photography were the sole prerogative of wealthy gentlemen amateurs who sought out the picturesque, the romantic and the classical. Clearly the brutal industrialisation that surrounded them had no place in their new image making process. It is these factors more than technical shortcomings that account for the failure of early photography to capture the emergence of working class.

In 19th century photography images of workers are rare. There are examples that contain workers, but it is important to distinguish between photographs, which happen to include workers, their presence being accidental or incidental, and photographs, which have workers as their main subject.

The tens of thousand of workers who built the industrial might of the Victorian age often only appear as blurs, distractions and intrusions.

*“In all those blurred, imperfect figures of workers ... hovering, semi-transparent, ghostly... there is perfect and haunting metaphor for the position of the common people in mid-Victorian society – and indeed in the “making of its” history. For here, photography tells us, are human lives which are incidental, marginal, almost invisible: in short, eminently forgettable”.*



• UNTOLD STORIES, UNSUNG SONGS •

*What is that man doing?*

*What is he taking?*

*He is taking my story*

*He is taking my song.*

These people would stare  
Into your eyes if they could.  
Straight into your staring eyes,  
But their faces are blurred;  
They seem to be moving

Backwards through history  
To where you can't find them.  
They had names but they are  
Burned in the fire. They had dreams  
But they are broken in pieces.

*What is he taking?*

*He is taking our photograph.*

*Ian McMillan*

# INDUSTRIALISATION

According to the census of 1861 for England and Wales, the gas industry employed 15,211 persons, telegraphy, 2,399; steam navigation 3,570; railways, 70,599 and photography 2,366; within three decades of its invention photography had become an important industry. As photography developed and became more accessible, the attraction of its accuracy in detail drew in those who were particularly interested in science and industry. As one historian put it (referring to the 1870s):

“Manchester photographers are not Camerons, Robinsons or Rejlanders, (famous affluent art photographers of the time) but dye stuff manufacturers, cabinet makers, opticians and pharmacists.”

The emerging market was of people who were interested in detailed pictures of steam engines, industrial processes, machinery and buildings.

The Oldham panoramic is one of the greatest photographs of industrialisation in existence. It was taken in 1876 by the photographer Squire Knott and is a feat of great photographic skill and determination, Knott stood on the roof of mill with a very large and cumbersome whole plate camera and exposed nine glass plates ten inches by twelve inches in sequence.

The picture was taken during wakes week when the view wasn't spoiled by smoking chimneys and when most workers had left the town. The workers that appear in the panoramic are completely incidental and barely noticeable.

The sustained photographic documentation of industry began as the recording of process, machinery and product and in the later decades of the 19th century swiftly moved into commercial and corporate use i.e. advertising, the promotion of products and companies.

## • WIDE AND DEEP •

The new has been spilled  
Over the old, spreading  
Across the fields, unstoppable

As history's turning page.  
The old is retreating  
From the new; a few

Sheep try to think  
How yesterday tasted  
But today and tomorrow

Sweep them away. A moment  
Built from chimneys, tight  
Streets, and the sense

That whatever sleep  
You get from now on  
Will be broken

Into pieces, shifts,  
Fragments, hooter-keenings.  
*Ian McMillan*



• The Oldham Panoramic  
Photographer Squire Knott  
1876  
Gallery Oldham



# A UNIT OF SCALE



It did not take too long for the new professional class of photographers emerging in the 1870s to realise that any photographs of industrial processes, machinery and buildings needed an easily recognisable unit of scale to illustrate the sheer size and power of industrial process and product. The single anonymous worker became that unit of scale, available and compliant. Thousands of workers over the decades found themselves pressed into photographic service as a convenient and familiar unit of scale.

• HOW SMALL, HOW VERY FAR AWAY •

You could be a full stop  
At the end of a long sentence.

*They told me I had to stand very still.*

You could be a tiny stain  
At the edge of a clean white shirt.

*They said they chose me because I was little.*

You could be a flower  
Held up to show the depth of the forest.

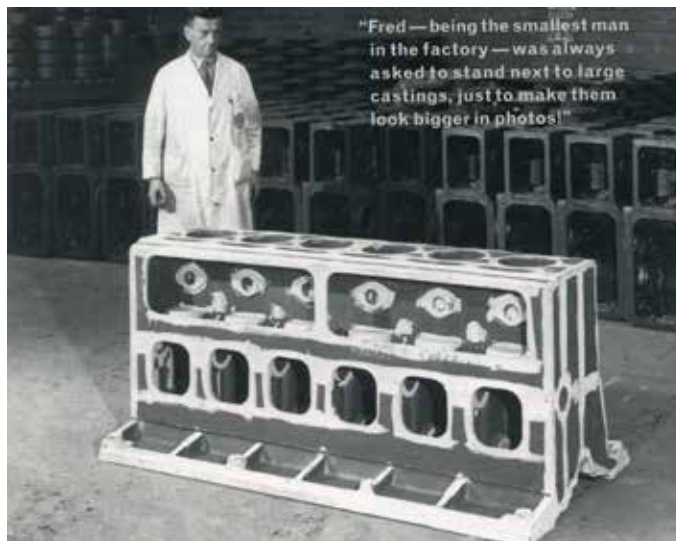
*They said not to worry about how I looked  
Because the picture wasn't really of me.*

You could be a star  
That gives us some idea  
Of the vastness of the sky.

*Can I move yet? My arms ache.*

*Ian McMillan*

• West Yorkshire foundries Leeds  
Photographer unknown  
1950s  
Collection Ian Beesley



"Fred — being the smallest man in the factory — was always asked to stand next to large castings, just to make them look bigger in photos!"

• The construction of the  
Manchester ship canal  
Manchester  
Photographer W.E.Birtles  
1887-1893  
Chethams Library Manchester

# THE PORTRAIT

- Arrested in North Shields  
Photographer unknown  
1902-1916  
Tyne & Wear archives & museums

In the Victorian era the portrait was aligned with oil painting, an expensive and privileged medium, affordable mainly to the affluent upper classes. A portrait in oils conveyed privilege, status and significance. The invention of photography introduced a new medium for portraiture and one that was affordable to the emerging middle class, but it would remain outside the financial capabilities of the working class until much later that century.

Victorian portraits of workers are rare; “interested gentlemen” for anthropological or ethnographical reasons invariably commissioned those that do exist. The emergence of this new breed of the industrial worker was seen as “exotic” and their images became worthy of collecting just like the preserved butterflies and moths that graced many a Victorian drawing room.

These early examples of workers often show bewildered and fatigued subjects stood self-consciously against a studio backdrop. It is unlikely they would ever see their developed photograph. Some of the less fortunate members of the working class would have had an even earlier introduction to photography by courtesy of the police. As early as 1865 police forces in England had embraced the new technology for the recording and identification of criminals. These early portraits also embraced Victorian theories of anthropological criminology, the idea that criminals could be identified by the shape of their head and hands. These unfortunate sitters often appear dirty, unwell and malnourished, which leads us to conclude that the majority of the crimes they committed were the result of poverty. There are very few photographs of prisoners who appear to be middle class, well dressed and well nourished.



• FRAMED •

Straight off the shift  
And made to stand;  
*Look into this*  
*Look straight at me*  
Hold this *whatever it is*  
In your right hand  
*Look into this lens*  
*We call it a lens*  
Stand still. Eyes open,  
If you please. Open.  
*Look ahead. You are*  
*A representative*  
Head still ringing  
From the deafening hours  
*Of all your workmates.*  
*We will frame you.*

*Do you comprehend?*

*Ian McMillan*



• **Wigan pit brow lass**  
Carte de visite  
Wigan  
Photographer J.Cooper  
About 1880  
Doncaster Museum and Art  
Gallery: Cusworth Hall



• **Miner Carte de visite**  
Location Unknown  
Photographer Unknown  
Collection Ian Beesley



- **WW1 military group**  
Location Unknown  
Photographer Unknown.

The workforce group photograph probably developed from the military group photograph. There is a long history in painting of portraits of generals, high-ranking officers and soldiers etc. Almost from its beginnings the military was a popular subject with photographers from the Crimea war to the Boer War, from famous generals to highly decorated soldiers to the regimental photograph. Paintings of large regimental groups were impractical and expensive, but photography offered an economic solution, cheaper and much quicker. Military might, hierarchy, pomp and circumstance could be captured. The military hierarchy, most important in the front and middle, status diminishing towards the edges and from front to back. The group photograph celebrates not the individual but the unit and within that unit the distribution of power and control.

Group photographs of workers begin to appear in the 1880s but are scarce; there was a steady increase in the following decades but an enormous surge in the production of group workforce photographs in the First World War. Women more and more populated the WW1 industrial workforce. The abundance of these photographs are perhaps an acknowledgement that the industrial workforce was in some ways comparable in importance to the military force. They were also a patriotic reminder to women as to where their duty lay, but we should also remember that photographs of women working in heavy industry would be seen as unusual if not shocking to large sections of the public.



- **Victoria Mustard workers**  
Doncaster  
Photographer Unknown  
1880s  
Doncaster Museums and Art Gallery



- **Cleaners of the Lancashire & Yorkshire Railway Co**

## • A GROUP OF GROUP PORTRAIT QUESTIONS •

Who is this awkward family of half-strangers?  
What sport do these exhausted team-mates play?  
Who left these dolls at the corner of the playground?  
Where has this raggedly army marched from?  
Who asked them to stand so still, so still?  
Why do they stare so, without blinking at all?  
Who has carved these figures from skin and bone?  
When will they be allowed to move away?  
Who is this chorus from a terrible, forgotten musical?  
How do they know we are staring at them from the future?  
Who will remember their names and tell their stories?

*Ian McMillan*



- Land girl  
Location unknown  
P.G.Hennell  
1940-1945  
Collection Ian Beesley

# THE HEROIC



Heroic realism was a style of propaganda art used primarily in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics (USSR) and in Germany in the 1930s. The USSR in particular embraced photography as the medium for the representation of the heroic worker.

This visual style was soon adopted by Western democracies to promote their aims during the Second World War and in Great Britain continued through to the 1950s in the rebuilding and nationalisation of industry.

## • THE HERO EXPLAINS •

I said I needed to get home  
But they said I had to wait  
While they got the grey room ready,  
Opened up the windows,  
Made it lighter.

They made me take off my vest  
And they gave me a new one  
White as the moon.

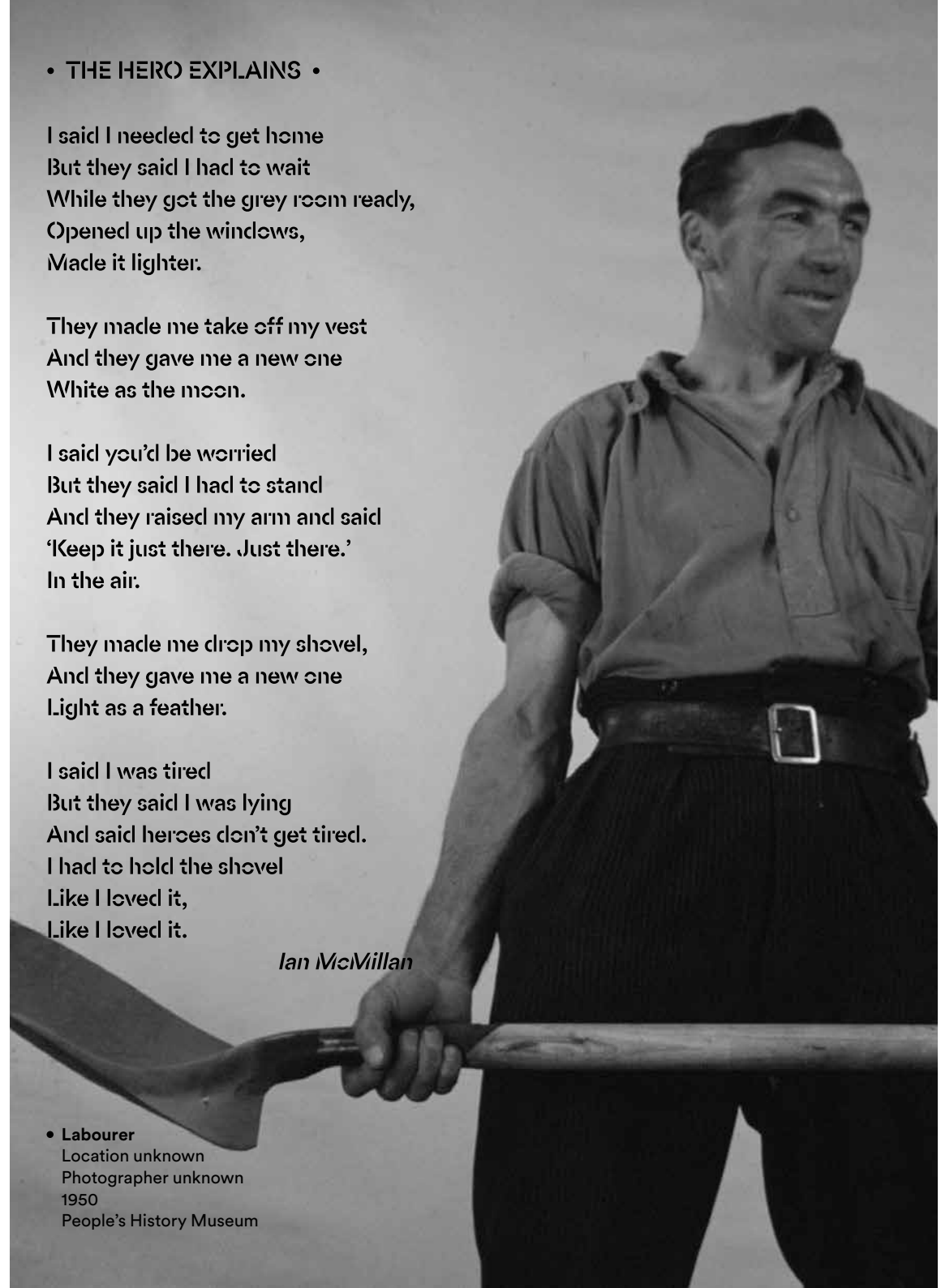
I said you'd be worried  
But they said I had to stand  
And they raised my arm and said  
'Keep it just there. Just there.'  
In the air.

They made me drop my shovel,  
And they gave me a new one  
Light as a feather.

I said I was tired  
But they said I was lying  
And said heroes don't get tired.  
I had to hold the shovel  
Like I loved it,  
Like I loved it.

*Ian McMillan*

- Labourer  
Location unknown  
Photographer unknown  
1950  
People's History Museum



# GRAFTERS

• STILL •

Two men held, still  
Held, held forever  
In their strong poses.

In the light, their caps  
Majestic, epic,  
A chin jutting to the future,

Eyes shielded  
By vast  
Flat cap nebs.

Muscles held  
Tight, in light's shadow,  
Shadowed light.

The lines of this poem  
Are short, abrupt.  
In the wrinkled future

The men in the picture  
Will gasp for breath.  
Gulping air. Listen:

*Ian McMillan*

• Study of two miners heads  
Location unknown  
Photographer unknown  
Date Unknown  
People's History Museum



# SELF REPRESENTATION

As cameras and photographic processing became even cheaper and more accessible, some workers became interested in documenting their own lives and communities. Instead of being a photographer from the outside looking in, this was the photographer inside looking around.

This insider's view gives us a whole new perspective within social documentary photography. One of the greatest exponents was Jack Hulme, who devoted his life to photographing the pit village of Fryston. He produced a fascinating, unique and revealing record of a mining community, something that was seldom done then or even now.

In recent decades documentary photography has shifted more towards conceptual, collaborative and political interpretations of industry and photographers have begun to work on sustained projects involving the workforce rather than just recording them.



• **Miners playing with their children**  
Fryston  
Jack Hulme  
1940s  
Kirklees Image Archive



• **Fanny Morgan and her sister**  
Fryston  
Jack Hulme  
Date unknown  
Kirklees Image Archive

## • GLIMPSE •

A sideways glance at how it really is;  
A lifting up of artifice's long coat  
To show the cheap clothing underneath  
*It was all we could afford*

The steady gaze of the brand new camera  
Unblinking at the mate you sweat with  
Paying attention to the long ignored  
*It was all we could afford*

Kept in biscuit tins and old shoeboxes,  
Attention denied at the back of the shed  
A way of life so casually hidden  
*It was all we could afford*

*Ian McMillan*



• **George Wagstaff and his dog**  
Fryston  
Jack Hulme  
Date unknown  
Kirklees Image Archive

# THE INDUSTRIAL LANDSCAPE

In the late 18th Century the development of the steam engine was viewed as a contribution to the romantic visual imagery of the time.

As the industrial revolution gained momentum new steam powered mills were seen as “eye-catchers in the landscape”, much more exciting than false ruins and follies.

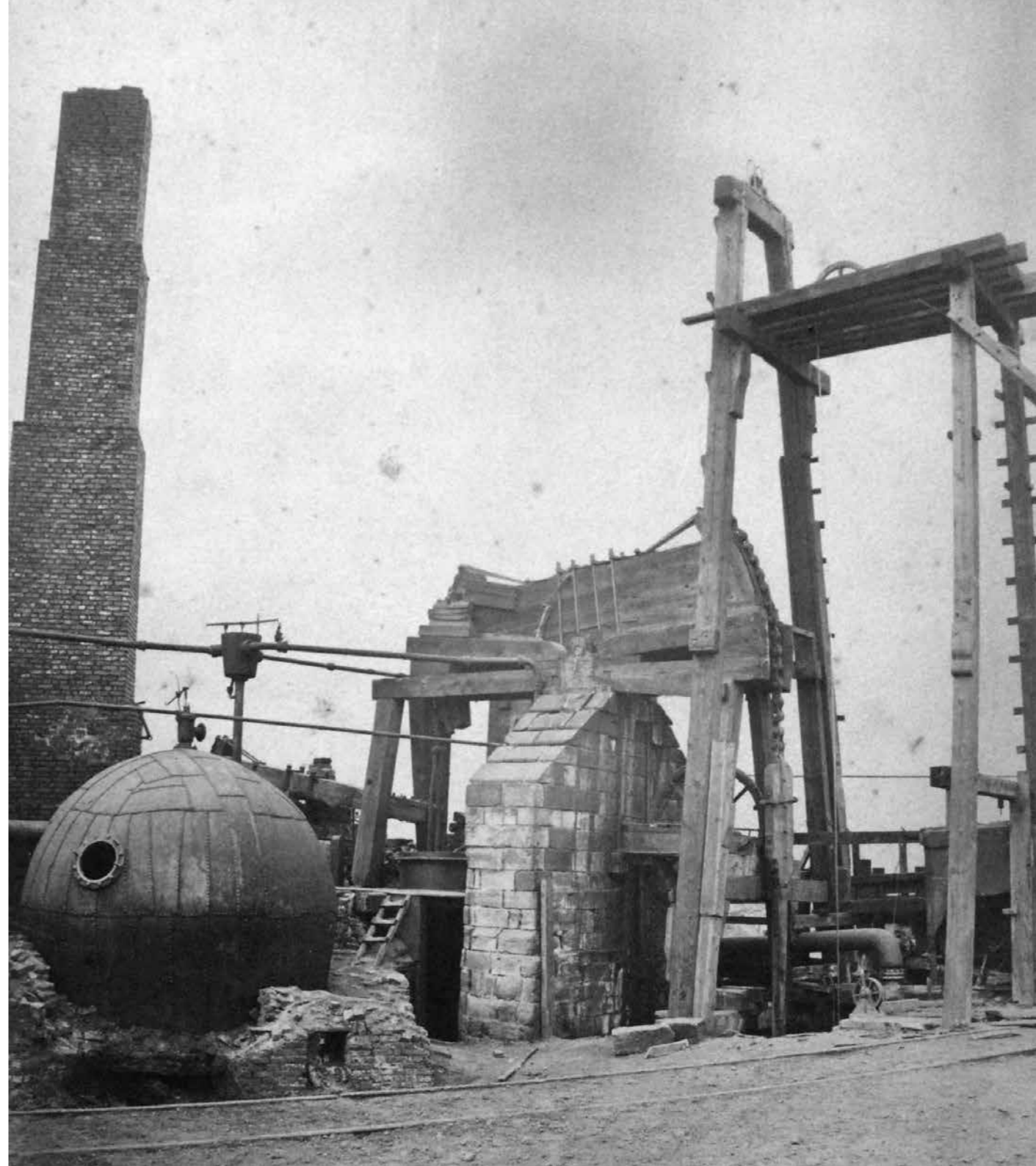
The majority of their admirers came from the middle and upper classes who distanced themselves geographically and socially from the harsh reality of the working conditions within those “eye-catchers” walls. These romantic allusions of industrialisation were short-lived as the brutal polluting stamp of the industrial revolution became increasingly more evident. As the middle classes withdrew to their comfortable suburban villas, it was left to the writers like Dickens, Disraeli & Gaskell to propel the blackened image of the North into the bric a brac filled sitting rooms of the Southern middle class.

Photography dominated by affluent middle class gentlemen followed the tradition of European painting where the portrayal of labour played a subordinate if largely non-existent role. There was no room on the cluttered walls of the suburban house for any grim reminders of what surrounded them.

In the first half of the Twentieth century there appears to be a shift in how the industrial landscape was photographed and perceived, images of smoke belching chimneys, mills at night ablaze with light were popular. Whilst today we view these images with horror, in their day there were seen as picturesque celebrations of industrial might working at full capacity.

As British industry went into decline there was a trend (particularly in the 1960s and 1970s) for documentary photographers to make their way to the gritty North, to search out bleak industrial ruins and unemployed workers, contributing to a stereotypical image of the North.

• Savoy engine  
Lumle Thicks, County Durham  
Photographer unknown  
1874  
Leeds Industrial Museum





• **Smoking chimneys**  
Bradford  
C.H Wood  
1950s  
Bradford Industrial Museum

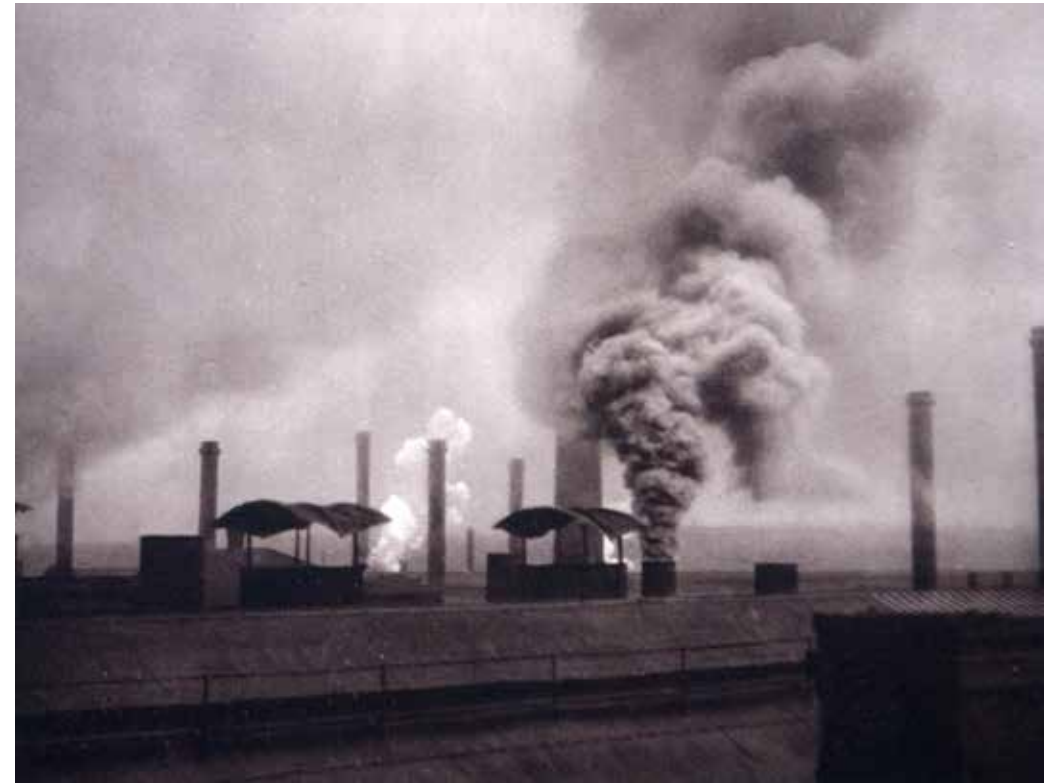
• A LIGHT BREEZE CARRIES THE  
STINK INTO MY BACK YARD •

Smokescape, Chimneyscape  
Pitscape, Brickscape,  
Snap-tin-in-the-darkscape  
*A light breeze*

Windowscape, Machinescape,  
Muckscape, Kidscape  
Chair-by-the-doorscape  
*Carries the stink*

Earlyscape, shiverscape,  
Heatscape, latescape  
Bike-down-the-streetscape  
*Into my back yard*

Epicscape, scalescape,  
Rainscape, mistscape  
Tiny-figure-by-the-wallscape  
*And there is no escape.*  
*Ian McMillan*



• **Steel works**  
Sheffield  
E .Hoppe  
1940  
Collection Ian Beesley

### Bobbin doffer carrying history

Look at this man, how he carries the bobbins

So carefully, each hand just so. Here, and here.

He's carrying the jokes and he's carrying the stories  
The Bobbin Doffers told each other in the brief rests  
They took, when the sun from the windows lit the wool in the air.

Look at this man, how he carries the bobbins

In a kind of practised geometry of balancing.

He's carrying the structure of a lost language,

A lost way of thinking, a set of skills and solutions  
That hung in the air for a while like wool in light,  
Then faded.

Look at this man, how he carries the bobbins

Like he's carrying history.

And he can't see where he's going, can't see which way  
History's heading. But we can see him.

Ian McMillan

### • From "Through the mill"

Exhibited at the National Museum of photography,  
film & television Bradford.  
1986



### • Redundant brewery workers

Tetleys Brewery Leeds  
From "T'Ales published  
by the Darkroom Press  
2010

### JOSHUA TETLEY'S WELL

Falling nearly two hundred feet through Yorkshire earth  
Is Joshua Tetley's well

And to commemorate a loved one, or celebrate a birth  
We raised a glass of beer that was made from the water  
From Joshua Tetley's well.

Falling nearly two hundred years through Yorkshire life

Is Joshua Tetley's beer;

It's as heady as a home win, and sharper than a knife,  
Stronger than your granddad, and purer than your daughter  
That's Joshua Tetley's beer.

Now when the last pint's pulled and the well has dried  
Remember Tetley's name

And when the last door's closed and the last tear's cried  
And something's missing when you step outside

We'll remember Tetley's name;

Because a name, and a taste, live on for ever,  
Eternal as the endless changing Yorkshire weather...

Ian McMillan April 2010



• Tetley's brewery workers attending the last management meeting  
Leeds  
2010

IN THE POSH APARTMENTS WERE THE BREWERY USED TO BE  
Mummy I felt breath upon my shoulder  
In the kitchen I was buttering the toast  
I saw someone like daddy, only older;  
Ah, my dear, that's simply Joshua Tetley's ghost...  
Our living room is where they brewed the ale, dear  
And by your little pussy's scratching post  
Is where they canned and where they kegged; it's so clear We're  
haunted by old Joshua Tetley's ghost...  
Mummy I am nervous, I am frightened  
I thought it was steam from the Sunday roast  
My eyes dilated and my throat it tightened  
When I clapped my eyes on Joshua Tetley's ghost...  
He smiled and raised a glass and the he spoke, mum  
But then what really frightened me the most  
Is that he gestured to me and he said 'Come on. chum and have a  
drink with Joshua Tetley's ghost...'  
Oh darling never ever go with brewers  
Especially those with monocles: they boast  
They'll be so gentle and so loving to us  
But stay away from Joshua Tetley's ghost!  
Its too late mum I said I'd go and meet him  
And he'd take me to an old inn on the coast  
And he'd wine me and he'd dine me and I'd treat him.... Quiet, darling!  
He's just Joshua Tetley's ghost!  
But then behind them came a see-through phantom  
Who spoke in chilling whispered tones: 'Thou knowest Thou never  
can escape the long dead huntsman  
Who once worked here: I'm Joshua Tetley's ghost'  
So now the flat lies empty and deserted  
Like a shut-down pub without a friendly host  
Because a young and foolish daughter flirted  
With the fermenting heart of Joshua Tetley's ghost.  
The moral of this story is a plain one  
This brewery, once shut, will not stay closed;  
The site is sacred and will long remain one  
It's here forever; Joshua Tetley's ghost!  
Ian McMillan 3/12/2010 Tetley's Brewery Leeds

### The Day the Beer Froze

There was sleet in the air And frost in the sky  
The pigeons were frozen, Refusing to fly.  
There was a big drip on the end of my nose The day the beer froze.  
Nothing came from the taps  
In the local pub  
Old men shivered in caps  
In the working men's club  
I looked like a snowman in my winter clothes The day the beer froze  
It began before dawn  
The temperature fell  
There was ice on my lawn  
And I said "Bloody Hell  
This could be disastrous for t'brewers tha knows" The day beer froze.  
And I was proved right. The beer wouldn't flow; It was stuck fast and  
tight An icicle pose.  
The plant looked like one of them ice-dancing show The day beer  
froze.  
The history's now famous,  
The tale is now myth  
But heat us, don't blame us  
Leeds was four feet under Antarctic snows The day the beer froze.....  
Ian McMillan

### • The day the beer froze Tetley's Brewery, Leeds Ian Beesley

- 21.12.10  
On Tuesday the 21st December, the winter solstice, there was a lunar eclipse and the temperature in the center of Leeds plummeted To -16 c. All the beer froze.





• **The end of a shift**  
Hayroyds Colliery  
Ian Beesley  
From "The Drift"  
Published by the National  
Coal-mining Museum  
for England  
2009

#### THE BACK, BENT

In the half-dark

The back, bent.

In the half-bent Light, the back Bends, half-aware

Of the dull pain

Of repetition, history.

In the half-light

The back, bending In the half-awake Light, the back Bending,  
half-awash With the harsh pain Of history, memory.

In the half-gleam The back glistens With half-sweat, Half-dirt; bends,  
Listens for half-shifts In the earth above; Ear bent, rock-sweat.

Ian McMillan 2009



**PITMAN SPEYKS**

Nowt else suits. Desk job, security man

In a daft hat. No chance. Mucky and filthy And some bastard nicked the showers but still

Nowt else suits. Diggin and back brokken Every neet. Fingers hurtin. Neck hurtin. Head hurtin. But what else could I do, eh?

Shelf stackin? Driving a wagon, delivering stuff?

Serving tea? Taxi driving: where duz tha want ter gu

Madam? No chance. Nowt else suits. Ian McMillan

• **“Babe”**

Faceworker: End of a shift  
Hayroyds Colliery Yorkshire  
2009  
Ian Beesley



• **Steelworker**

Outukumpu Steelworks  
Sheffield  
Ian Beesley  
2001

## SONG OF THE MINER

You could but be walking But I'm underneath you You could be talking

I'm listening, I'm listening. You're in your house

I'm sitting below you. You're drinking tea

And I'm drinking tea

And you could be sleeping And I am still working And you could be

waking And I am still working And you could be washing And I'm  
filthy dirty

And you could be singing And I'm underground

So I cannot hear you

But if you are dancing I'll look at the roof...

I'll look at the roof Ian McMillan

### • Tea-break

Hayroyds Colliery  
2009  
Ian Beesley



<b>Nicknames</b>					
<b>Nickname a descriptive name given instead or addition to the one belonging to a person, a place or thing. (Webster's Third new International Dictionary of the English Language.)</b>	Cheeky	Flat Battery	Malfunction	Rain Cloud	Toby Jug
	Chicken Legs	Fluffy Buuny	Man Child	Rambo	Toffee Chewer
	Chimp	Flyer Dwyer	Marble Gob	Ready Money	Toggie
	Chrome Dome	Flymo	Mardy Jap	Red Rum	Tom Thumb
	Clipboard	Fozzie	Meercat	Rimmer	Tommy Traffic
	Clint	Frodo	Melon Smuggler	Ripper	Top Box
	Clock Watcher		Milk Bottle	Road Runner	Top Ten
	Coco the Clown	German Helmet	Monitoring Lizard	Ronny Wrong Slot	Topper
	Cod Eyes	Giblet	Mr Burns	Rotherham Bob	Tots
	Cold Mill Ghost	Giddy Phil	Mr Moon		Trestle Legs
	Concrete Chewer	Ginger Whinger	Mr Muscles	Sausage Stuffer	Trico
	Crab	Glassback	Mr Shush	Savage Cabbage	Triped
	Crabbie	Gloops	Mrs Doubtfire	Sawn Off Charles Bronson	Turnip treader
	Crazy Horse	God	Muck Magnet	Scaramanger	Twenty-Four Volt Walt
	Crash test Dummy	Golfin Dolphin		Scoffer	Twenty Players
	Crew	Gollum	Nato	Scratch	Two Dogs
	Crippin	Gorbachov	Nice Lad	Sea Cow	Typewriter
	Crocodile Shoes	Gonzo	Ninja Turtle	Seaside Drunk	Tyson
	Cuffy	Grub	Nobby	Selwyn	
Cyclops	Gunslinger	Nodding Dog	Shaky	Umpa Lumpa	
		Noddy	Show Pony	Upside Down Head	
Banana Arm		Not So Fat Steve	Sid		
Bacon Gargler	Daisy		Side Valave	Velcro	
Badger	Damien	Hand On Bollocks	Side Winder	Vicar of Dibley	
Barnsley Pig	Dancing Blancmange	Hard Man	Slide Show Bob	Virgin	
Barnsley Toon	Dancing Crab	Harry potter	Stig of the Dump		
Basil Brush	Dancing Tulip	Harry Potter's Granddad	Stig of the Dump		
BBC	Danger Mouse	Hazel	Silverfox	Wash Pots	
BDF	Dead On Dave	Hector	Skipants	Wasp	
Beach Ball Belly	Dickie Tickler	Herman the German	Slugger	Weetabix	
Beefy	Dog On Head	Hills Have Eyes	Snake	Whiney	
Bent legs	Dolphin	Hinch	Snap On Reebok	White Collar Shit Man	
Birdie	Doris	Honey Monster	Sorry	Willy	
Big Boy	Doppelganger	Hoover Junior	Sparrow Hawk	Wise Frank	
Big T	Dr Death	Hoover Senior	Sparrow Neck	Wobble Gob	
Billy Whizz	Drag Arse	Horse	Spats	Wobbling Walt	
Bitter & twisted	Dronfield Troll	Hotshot	Spit the Dog	Worm	
Blackpool Joke Shop face	Duck Feet		Stickdot.com		
Blister		Inch	Stiffy	Yogi	
Blob	Edward Scissor Teeth	Ironside	Strange Occurrence	Yuppie	
Bobby Charlton	Embalmer	Ivan	Strawberry Knob		
BOF	Emily's Lad		Sluts		
Boney M	Endo	Jack Palance	Sucked in Face		
Bownsey		Jap General	Surgeon		
Breadcake	Face Like a Welders Bench	Jewish Handbag Salesman			
Brush	Fairground Clown	John Call Me Neil			
Bumbag	False Nose & teeth	Johnny Appleseed			
Bungalwo	Fanny		Taff		
Butch wart	Fanny 2	Kid	Taffy		
Busted Settee	Fat Arse	Kinky	Tanked Up Ted		
Busy Brothers	Fat Bloke	Knicker Sniffer	Tattoo		
	Fat Controller		Terry tension		
Cabin Cruiser	Fat Pat	La La	Three Toed Sloth		
Captain Pig wash	Fat Steve	Lard Arse	Tefal		
Carpet Fitter	Fish Whisperer	Little Manhole	Ten Bars		
			Termathingey		
			The Bude		

### A SONG OF GOODBYE

Farewell, Hand on Bollocks,

Farewell, Basil Brush,

Farewell, Seaside Drunk and Sea Cow

You're silent and weeping under history's crush  
You're names your memorial now

See you, German Helmet,

So long, Tanked Up Ted,

Goodbye, Sausage Stuffer and God

You're names resonate through the roads of my head  
The names of the daft and the odd

And the funny and friendly. The helpful and kind

The sarky and smelly

The fat and half blind

The one's who you'd laugh with The one's you'd laugh at

The one's you'd go miles to avoid The one's you'd buy drinks for  
The one's who'd drink pop

The one,s who'd just get you annoyed Just the names shouting  
up from the void

So goodbye Milk Bottle, Pol Pot and Cod Eyes  
Goodbye Dog On Head and Duck Feet

Hang on to the memories that will never die  
Of comradeship forged in the heat.....

Ian McMillan



CARDERS · CASTERS · COMBERS  
FETTLERS · DOFFERS · LIGGERS  
TATLERS · FITTERS · BURLERS  
MENDERS · SORTERS · WEAVERS  
SPINNERS · GRAFTERS · PORERS  
CORERS · PATTERNMAKERS  
STAMPERS · MULESPINNERS  
WINDERS · DYERS · BLEACHERS  
SCOURERS · WARPERS · POETS  
PLATE LAYERS · ROADRUNNERS  
CAPSTEAMERS · SHOT-FIRERS  
PHOTOGRAPHERS · FITTERS  
TIP-STRETCHERS · PACKERS  
HOOD TURNERS · BALERS  
QUENCHERS · MINERS · SMITHS  
BREWERS · OVERLOOKERS  
SLUBBERS · PRESSERS · JOINERS  
LEADBURNERS · FELLMONGERS