

# WHEN TES' HOUSE GET DE JET

RL-850 MISC

FROM AVRO NEWS

Dat editor is crowding us,  
For long time now he's make de fuss.  
He say, he's want for "h'Avro New",  
Some stuff, so here is story true!  
Dat story's tell 'bout h'awful fuss,  
When h'engine go to tes' house trus';  
An 'ffair what "bloke" is call "big do",  
When h'Orenda's run for tes' house crew.

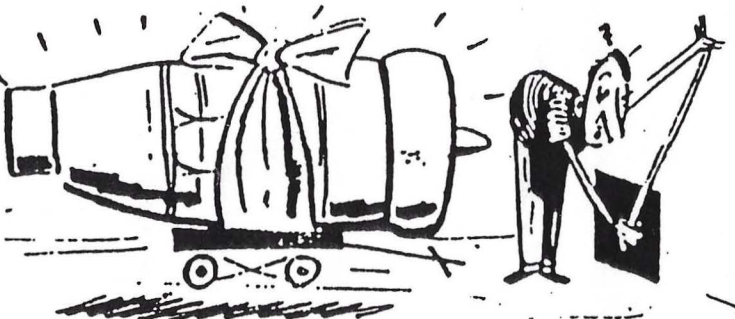


Before we took d'engine d'ere,  
Somebody call, I'm don' know where,  
For get some paper h'ay V. Roe,  
Dey call it here some Hay V. O!  
Den dose mechanic dey all know,  
Where jus' 'bout now d'ere sure to go.  
Was radder wash de han' mebbe;  
Dan be de mule an' pull buggy!

Your know dose wagon, transportation?  
We got de worse one on de nation,  
No "camber", "castor", "toe in" too,  
You bet your hat she don' run true.  
You see before, I'm call dat wagon?  
Excuse to me my fren' for braggin.  
For "Ole Grey Mare" do "Whiffle Tree"?  
She say "Dat One's Not Good For Me"!



When h'engineer decide for say,  
Which pipe we use an where she stay,  
H'Inspection's make him long snag sheet  
An foreman say "Turn on De Heat".  
We clean up snag an den we took  
From 'spection boss de fat log book,  
An' now small boy stan' out de way,  
For here come wonderful one hoss shay!



When h'engine's mount him up firs' class  
An' down d'aisle we go for pass  
So close to wall, was took de chance  
To tore on nail our "pass from hants",  
When get to corner, say "Mon Dieu",  
What dey tink I'm goin do?  
Wit' hole in wall jus' six feet troo'.  
An' buggy dam' near six feet two!



by  
**MOOSE  
FERGUSON**

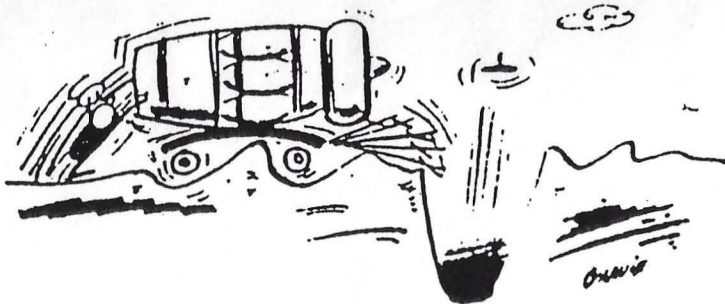


Wit' tree mans push on one cone-tail,  
We make de fas' trip same like snail,  
Cause man what h'order dis dam' truck  
Not take measure, but trus' to luck.  
He don' know what size large de hole,  
We got for wagon not count de pole,  
To mans in front was make de steer  
Dis bring large grunt an' also tear.

To take dis ting from h'upstairs down,  
Was necessair for use our crown.  
Wit' h'elevator stick between de floor,  
On h'overtime pay dat's bring much more.  
I'm warn you now, dat's long story,  
For dis one job she's not h'easy.  
An' for tole de story only haff,  
Was not make quite so good de laff.

In ma-chine shop where's hole in crib  
One man stan' an' wag he's jib,  
While head inside, one part stick out,  
You know de part I'm spik about!  
Well, part stick out is very fat.  
An' some-one w'ack on dat wit' hat,  
He's see mot-or, come close he's tail,  
He's jump troo' hole an look dam' pale!

When tes' house got some con-struction  
An' all de hole is cause ruction.  
One hin' wheel get stuck in rut  
Mos' ail de mans near bus' a gut  
So when we get dere tire as hell  
No-body know sure which one cell  
D'engine's go for do her tes'  
Dat's mos' confusing I confess.



H'engine an' wagon bote togedder  
Is weigh two ton or maybe better.  
Wit' four mans only took it dere  
Dat's make half-ton for each partnair.  
But if you tink dat's x'aggerate,  
You come wit' me jus' look an' wait,  
We see some,ting on return trip  
Was sure to make your h'eyeball flip.

So now we're tire — walk back awhile,  
When large gas-wagon come down d'aisle  
An what she pull dose iron horse?  
Four lite bulb an' two mans, of course!



ILLUSTRATED BY MARSH GARVIE

