

## THA BIG TEATIE GROWERS

Jack Spudstowan wur a awful feller ta tell  
crackers an stretch things out, when tellin he's yarns;  
Specially about things a grow'd in he's lotment ground.  
When a wur a young man, and lived vurther down tha  
Wace Countrie, he grow'd cabbidges, big roun as a  
vore waggin wheel; carrits an pasmets big roun as a  
gallin midger, an long as a bore shore, an a allys had ta  
borry a step ladder var ta pick in he's scarlet runners.  
As var Teaties his Rid Kidneys wur za long that a  
aelwys brought em wom at he's back tied up we a rope,  
like a faggit a hood, an he's roun uns grow'd za big that  
a christen'd em. *Pot busters*. A well, zed Alec Potts  
who wur lissenen to Jack's yarn, an thought ta shut un  
up, I grow'd zim White Hellyphints wonce za big an  
heavy, thay actly broke down tha waggin I wur haulen  
on em whoam be, an I've caaled em *Waggin Brakers*  
ever zunce. O thats nuthen zaays Jack, ya da ael mine  
I dere zaay when I renteed thic ar leetle patch a groun  
bezide tha Railway? Well you'd ardly believe it praps,  
bit tha Company gied I notice ta quit becaas my Teaties  
growed za big thay actly shifted tha Line out a course,  
an I've christened em *Line Shifters* ever zunce. I'll gie  
in, zaays Alec.