Don't Tell Mom I Work on the Rigs - She Thinks I'm a Piano Player in a Whorehouse

Since age 18, Paul Carter has worked on oil rigs in locations as far flung as the Middle East, Columbia, the North Sea, Borneo, Tunisia, Sumatra, Vietnam, Nigeria, Russia, and many others? and he's survived (so far!) to tell stories from the edge of civilization (places, as it happens, upon which most of our lives rely). Carter has been shot at, hijacked and held hostage, almost died of dysentery in Asia and toothache in Russia, watched a Texan lose his mind in the jungles of Asia, lost a lot of money backing a scorpion against a mouse in a fight to the death, and served cocktails by an orangutan on an ocean freighter. Taking postings in some of the world's wildest and most remote regions? not to mention some of the roughest rigs on the planet? Carter has worked and gotten into trouble with some of the maddest, baddest and strangest people you could ever hope not to meet.

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A take-no-prisoners approach to life has seen Paul Carter heading to some of the world's most remote, wild and dangerous places as a contractor in the oil business. Amazingly, he's survived (so far) to tell these stories from the edge of civilization. He has been shot at, hijacked and held hostage; almost died of dysentery in Asia and toothache in Russia; watched a Texan lose his mind in the jungles of Asia; lost a lot of money backing a scorpion against a mouse in a fight to the death, and been served cocktails by an orangutan on an ocean freighter. And that's just his day job. Taking postings in some of the world's wildest and most remote regions, not to mention some of the roughest rigs on the planet, Paul has worked, got into trouble, and been given serious talkings to, in locations as far-flung as the North Sea, Middle East, Borneo and Tunisia, as exotic as Sumatra, Vietnam and Thailand, and as flat-out dangerous as Columbia, Nigeria and Russia, with some of the maddest, baddest and strangest people you could ever hope not to meet.

This is Not a Drill!

In this outrageous sequel to Don't Tell Mum I Work on the Rigs (She Thinks I'm a Piano Player in a Whorehouse), Paul Carter picks up right where he left off, and pulls out more adventures from a mad, bad and dangerous life in the international oil trade. Packed with action and mayhem galore, This Is Not a Drill cracks along at an unrelenting pace. In this fast, furious and very funny book, Paul almost drowns when the Russian rig he's working on begins to capsize; is reunited with his dad, another adrenaline junkie; gets married; hangs out with his rig buddies in exotic locations; gets hammered on vodka in Sakhalin; watches the winner of a crab race nip off his friend's toe: and spends a couple of interesting weeks in Afghanistan with some mates who run an outfit that just happens to contract out mercenaries for hire...
Don't Tell Mum I Work on the Rigs

Strap yourself in for an exhilarating, crazed, sometimes terrifying, frequently bloody funny ride through one man's adventures in the oil trade. A take no prisoners approach to life has seen Paul Carter heading to some of the world's most remote, wild and dangerous places as a contractor in the oil business. Amazingly, he's survived (so far) to tell these stories from the edge of civilization. He has been shot at, hijacked and held hostage; almost died of dysentery in Asia and toothache in Russia; watched a Texan lose his mind in the jungles of Asia; lost a lot of money backing a scorpion against a mouse in a fight to the death, and been served cocktails by an orang-utan on an ocean freighter. And that's just his day job. Taking postings in some of the world's wildest and most remote regions, not to mention some of the roughest rigs on the planet, Paul has worked, gotten into trouble, and been given serious talking to's, in locations as far-flung as the North Sea, Middle East, Borneo and Tunisia, as exotic as Sumatra, Vietnam and Thailand, and as flat-out dangerous as Columbia, Nigeria and Russia, with some of the maddest, baddest and strangest people you could ever hope not to meet. "A unique look at a gritty game. Relentlessly funny and obsessively readable." -- Phillip Noyce, director of The Quiet American and Clear and Present Danger "A boy's own yarn from the front line of the oil industry." -- Men's Style "Paul Carter Spins a good yarn. The disburbing thing is that the yarns are all real." -- Lucire Men "A torrent of tall tales from a life less ordinary." -- The Press and Journal, Aberdeen "A fascinating and funny life story ... Well worth the read." -- Sportsladsmag.com "Full of colourful storoes and well-worn anecdotes accumulated over almost two decade working the oil rigs." -- TNT Magazine "Carter's tales are always entertaining and offer a few unblinking apercus about Big Oil seen from the inside." -- Scotland on Sunday

Don't Tell Mum I Work on the Rigs...She Thinks I'm a Piano Player in a Whorehouse

'Great two-fisted writing from the far side of hell.' - John Birmingham, bestselling author of He Died with a Felafel in his Hand 'A unique look at a gritty game. Relentlessly funny and obsessively readable.' - Phillip Noyce, director of The Quiet American and Clear and Present Danger Paul Carter has been shot at, hijacked and held hostage. He's almost died of dysentery in Asia and toothache in Russia, watched a Texan lose his mind in the jungles of Asia, lost a lot of money backing a mouse against a scorpion in a fight to the death, and been served cocktails by an orang-utan on an ocean freighter. And that's just his day job. Taking postings in some of the world's wildest and most remote regions, not to mention some of the roughest oil rigs on the planet, Paul has worked, gotten into trouble and been given serious talkings to in locations as far-flung as the North Sea, Middle East, Borneo and Tunisia, as exotic as Sumatra, Vietnam and Thailand, and as flat out dangerous as Columbia, Nigeria and Russia, with some of the maddest, baddest and strangest people you could ever hope not to meet. Strap yourself in for an exhilarating, crazed, sometimes terrifying, usually bloody funny ride through one man's adventures in the oil trade. When not getting into trouble on the rigs Paul lives a quiet life in Sydney.

Is That Thing Diesel? - One man, one bike and the first lap around
Australia on used cooking oil

The next eagerly awaited, high octane, seat-of-your-pants adventure from the author of the bestselling Don’t Tell Mum I Work on the Rigs (she thinks I’m a piano player in a whorehouse) sees (the surely a bit bonkers) Paul Carter circumnavigating Australia on a bio-diesel motorcycle.

Game, Set, Cash! - Inside the Secret World of International Tennis Trading

Inside the secret world of tennis court-siding. Brad Hutchins has been living a young bloke’s dream: getting paid to travel the world and watch sport. Sitting court-side on the pro tennis circuit, he uses his phone to transmit results to a gambling syndicate, taking advantage of the time delay in TV broadcasts to beat other online punters to the big pay-offs. His stories from life on the road capture the adventures and mishaps that come with following the world’s best tennis players and partying in a new country every week. But like card counters in casinos, court-siders are despised by the tennis establishment. The more time Brad spends at tournaments, the harder it becomes for him to evade the security guards who are hell-bent on ejecting him from matches. The resulting cat-and-mouse chases will appeal to anyone who loves the roguish spirit of The Wolf of Wall Street or Catch Me If You Can. Brad Hutchins spent his youth playing sports and travelling the world, before finding his dream job as a tennis trader. Born and raised in Brisbane, he has lived and worked in the UK and Canada, and now teaches primary school students on the Gold Coast. Game, Set, Cash! is his first book.

Ride Like Hell and You'll Get There - Detours into mayhem

Oilfield Trash - Life and Labor in the Oil Patch

"Given that hundreds of thousands of persons worked in the upstream sector of the American petroleum industry (1901-1960), it is remarkable and lamentable that to this point there has been relatively little written on the history of oilfield labor in general, let alone in Texas. For that reason, Weaver's study of oilfield labor during the industry's first half century in Texas is indeed welcome....as a substantial contribution to both labor history and the history of the American petroleum industry." ---Diana Hinton, J. Conrad Dunagan Chair in Regional and Business History, University of Texas of the Permian Basin "Oilfield Trash is written in a charming, flowing style that any reader will enjoy....In Weaver's capable hands, the gypsy lives of a generation of young men unfold on the rigorous stage of drilling fields...."---Paul Spellman, author of Spindletop Boom Days When the first gusher blew in at Spindletop, near Beaumont, Texas, in 1901, petroleum began to supplant cotton and cattle as the economic engine of the state and region. Very soon, much of the workforce migrated from the cotton field to the oilfield, following the lure of the wealth being created by black gold. The early decades of the twentieth century witnessed the development of an oilfield culture, as these workers defined and solidified their
position within the region's social fabric. Over time, the work force grew more professionalized, and technological change attracted a different type of laborer. Bobby D. Weaver grew up and worked in the oil patch. Now, drawing on oral histories supplemented and confirmed by other research, he tells the colorful stories of the workers who actually brought oil wealth to Texas. Drillers, shooters, toolies, pipeliners, teamsters, roustabouts, tank builders, roughnecks... each of them played a role in the frenzied, hard-driving lifestyle of the boomtowns that sprouted overnight in association with each major oil discovery. Weaver tracks the differences between company workers and contract workers. He details the work itself and the ethos that surrounds it. He highlights the similarities and differences from one field to another and traces changing aspects of the work over time. Above all, Oilfield Trash captures the unique voices of the laboring people who worked long, hard hours, often risking life and limb to keep the drilling rigs "turning to the right." Scholars and historians of labor and industry will glean new insights from this important book. General readers, especially those interested in oil history, will delight in Weaver's lively recounting of the hardships, dangers, and rewards that shaped and defined those who worked for a living in the oil patch.

**Don't Tell Mom I Work on the Rigs - She Thinks I'm a Piano Player in a Whorehouse**

A rollicking, crazed, sometimes terrifying, usually bloody, and incredibly funny ride through one man's adventures in the oil trade Since age 18, Paul Carter has worked on oil rigs in locations as far flung as the Middle East, Columbia, the North Sea, Borneo, Tunisia, Sumatra, Vietnam, Nigeria, Russia, and many others -- and he's survived (so far!) to tell stories from the edge of civilization (places, as it happens, upon which most of our lives rely). Carter has been shot at, hijacked and held hostage, almost died of dysentery in Asia and toothache in Russia, watched a Texan lose his mind in the jungles of Asia, lost a lot of money backing a scorpion against a mouse in a fight to the death, and served cocktails by an orangutan on an ocean freighter. Taking postings in some of the world's wildest and most remote regions - not to mention some of the roughest rigs on the planet--Carter has worked and gotten into trouble with some of the maddest, baddest and strangest people you could ever hope not to meet.

**Movie Reviews**

By Beatrice Loayza The documentary attempts to restore a sense of mystery to Chaplin's life and work, but the filmmakers mostly run through a well-trodden timeline.