

An old
Fiddler's
"Second"
Book

OF

Rhymes

BY

DEAN STURGILL
"OLE BOOGER"
SPENCER BRANCH
NORTH CAROLINA
US OF A

AN OLD FIDDLER'S SECOND BOOK OF RHYMES

by Dean Sturgill

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First Edition

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DEDICATION

This little ole book is respectfully dedicated to my letter writing gal pal, "MISS ESTHER." She furnishes me with wit and wisdom, information and knowledge I cannot find from any other source. And to my CHRISTMAS IN JULY dancing partner, "MISS CASSIE."

A NOTE OF THANKS

A sincere "thank you," to my hundreds of friends and fans who bought a copy of the first "RHYME BOOK." I want you to know it put a lot of gravy on Ole Booger's table.

And thanks again to Jerry and Dee Dee who still haul me to and from the "fiddling frolics," and see that I get Dr. Pepper and chicken and 'taters.

And a special thanks to Jean Sturgill whose work on these books is so helpful and greatly appreciated. Ole Booger will be forever grateful.

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FOREWORD

Nothing could have pleased me more than to be asked to write the foreword for this second Book of Rhymes. After having been "drug" all over the country by Dean and Dee Dee playing Old Time Music, I have developed a friendship with Dean that will last forever. I really enjoy traveling with Dean and Dee Dee, they always do the driving. All I have to do is hold the steering wheel and feed the gas.

Seriously these rides are enjoyable as Dean knows about more people and places than the Court House records or history books. It is about these people and places that Dean writes. These rhymes preserve some history that would otherwise be lost forever. I didn't know until I read "The Lone Tamarack Tree" that the owls hatched their young in the cold of February or that the Tamarack was a member of the pine family.

I have seen the response and heard the comments from those of you who have a copy of the first Book of Rhymes. I've thought a few times that maybe Dean would be invited back to some of the places we played without The Grayson Highlands Band just to read his rhymes.

Dean is genuinely interested in people, he always takes time to visit with the sick and elderly, sharing with them whatever he has whether it be berries from the mountain or vegetables from his garden. It never ceases to amaze me how he can remember names of so many people.

Dean refers to himself as "Ole Booger" and to his coon dog as Booger. It is thrilling to watch them hunt and listen to them communicate with each other. When Dean says "speak" Booger answers immediately to give him his location.

During the past two years the Grayson Highlands Band has developed a close friendship with Dean so it is only fitting that the other members join in the writing of comments for this page.

.....I've often wondered where I would be without Dean to point his bow and show me where to stand or yell "Pour It On" as we play, And where would you be Dean Sturgill, if I had given up on you as I felt like doing so many times? It was fun riding thru VA. NC. and TENN. at 2:00 am with a Blue Ribbon Fiddler, Philosopher, Poet, Scholar, Post-hole digger and Litter-bugDee Dee Price.

..... Ole Booger can be closely tied to the mountains and valleys he often speaks of and when a friend finds himself low in a valley, Dean, with a rhyme or story can very quickly bring them to the peak of the mountainMax Henderson

One must be careful what they say around Dean, he just might set it to rhyme.

Jerry Smith

THE CHICKEN AND GRAVY GOSPEL
OR "WORKING FOR THE LORD"

THERE'S THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MATTHEW, MARK, LUKE AND JOHN
HERE IS WHERE THE CHICKEN 'N GRAVY GOSPEL COME FROM
AT THE FOOT OF BIG BEAR MOUNTAIN A LITTLE LOG CHURCH HOUSE SAT
PREACHER POTTER COME OVER FROM KENTUCKY, THE DEVIL TO COMBAT

PREACHER POTTER & HIS WIFE RODE TWO MARE MULES, NO WAY TO BE A HOSSIN'
SPIT AND POLISHED SO SHINY BLACK, HEADS IN THE AIR A TOSSING
BROTHER FARMER'S FARMHOUSE IS TO BE PREACHER POTTER'S ABODE
IN BROTHER FARMER'S BARNYARD, FORTY ROOSTERS CROWED
PREACHER POTTER LAPPED UP THE GRAVY AND GNAWED ON A BONE, WHISPERED
TO HIS WIFE, "AIN'T WORKING FOR THE LORD BETTER'N STAYING HOME?"

WITH A BOTTLE OF BOOZE IN ONE POCKET, A HALF IN THE OTHER
HE'D SAY, "NOW LISTEN TO ME, DEAR SISTERS AND BROTHERS.
DON'T DO AS I DO, BUT DO AS I SAY,
KEEP THE BOTTLE FROM YOUR LIPS AND CONTINUE TO PRAY."
HE'D LAP UP THE GRAVY AND GNAW ON A BONE, WHISPER
TO HIS WIFE, "AIN'T WORKING FOR THE LORD BETTER'N STAYING HOME?"

ON THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN, MANY CHERRY TREES BLOOMED
IN THE LITTLE LOG CHURCH HOUSE PRETTY GIRLS SAT, WELL GROOMED
HE'D PREACH, "THE DEVILS GONNA GET YOU JUST AS SURE AS YOU'RE BORN."
THEY'D RUN TO THE MOURNERS BENCH, TO WEEP AND MOURN
WITH LUST IN HIS HEART, HE WOULD TOUCH AND PEEK
WHILE A HARVEST FOR THE LORD, HE PRETENDED TO REAP
HE'D LAP UP THE GRAVY AND GNAW ON A BONE, AND WHISPER
TO HIS WIFE, "AIN'T WORKING FOR THE LORD BETTER'N STAYING HOME?"

ONE NIGHT AT THE FARMERS HOUSE, HIS WIFE SOUND ASLEEP
HE SLIPPED OUT TO THE BARN, AN EARLIER PROMISE TO KEEP
WITH THE PROMISE FULFILLED, BACK TO HIS WIFE HE CREEPED
HIS WIFE HAD AWAKENED, NO LONGER ASLEEP
SHE ASKED, "WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?"
WITH FEAR IN HIS HEART, HE WAS ABOUT TO TAKE FLIGHT
HE SAID, "I'VE BEEN ON THE MOUNTAINTOP, IN THE QUIET TO PRAY.
WHEN YOU ARE WORKING FOR THE LORD, YOU GOTTA WORK NIGHT AND DAY."
HE LAPPED UP THE GRAVY AND GNAWED ON A BONE, AND WHISPERED
TO HIS WIFE, "AIN'T WORKING FOR THE LORD BETTER'N STAYING HOME?"

IN THE LITTLE LOG CHURCH HOUSE, MANY SONGS HAD BEEN SUNG
OUT IN THE BARNYARD WAS ONE ROOSTER, WHOSE NECK HADN'T BEEN RUNG
BROTHER FARMER GOT HIM AND PUT HIM IN THE POT
AND SAID TO HIS WIFE, "THIS IS THE LAST ROOSTER, I GOT."
PREACHER POTTER LAPPED UP THE GRAVY AND GNAWED ON A BONE, WHISPERED
TO HIS WIFE, "AIN'T WORKING FOR THE LORD BETTER'N STAYING HOME?"

EARLY NEXT MORNING, PREACHER POTTER AWOKE IN HIS ABODE
HE TURNED AN EAR TO THE BARN YARD AND NO ROOSTER CROWED
WHEN HIS WIFE WAS AWAKE, HE SAID, TO HIS SPOUSE,
"GET UP DARLING. WE GOT TO GO HUNT ANOTHER HEN HOUSE."

DEAN STURGILL, "Ole Booger," July 10, 1992
SPENCER BRANCH, NORTH CAROLINA, U S of A

CHICKADIDDLE AT THE CAMARATA

CHICKADIDDLE IS A BANJO PICKING GAL LIVING IN WHITETOP LAND
SHE LAYS THE THUMB TO THE FIVE STRING IN AN OLDTIME MUSIC BAND
ONE NIGHT SHE WAS TO BE PICKING IN A VERY PRESTIGIOUS PLACE
A LITTLE TRACE OF ANXIETY SPREAD ACROSS HER FACE

OUT FRONT THE SIGN SAID, "BRUSH CREEK COFFEE HOUSE, HIGHLAND CAMARATA"
WAS CHICKADIDDLE A LITTLE AFRAID? WELL, MAYBE, SORTA
IT HAD BEEN AN OLD CHURCH HOUSE, INSIDE WERE LIGHTED CANDLES
THE DEVIL HAD GOT TOO TOUGH FOR THEM BAPTISTS TO HANDLE

CHICKADIDDLE RODE INTO THE HAYFIELD & PARKED AMONGST THE OTHER CARS
SHE WASN'T TO BE PICKING TILL OUT COME THE STARS
CHICKADIDDLE PUFFED ON A SALEM, OLE BOOGER PULLED ON A KENT
SOON WE WERE WONDERING, "GOLLYHORN, WHERE HAS BOSS HOG SMITH WENT?"

WITH THE MOON HANGING HIGH AND THE STARS SHINING BRIGHT
CHICKADIDDLE WENT 'NEATH THE COFFEE HOUSE TO GET IN OUT OF THE NIGHT
SHE WASN'T ALLOWED TO SMOKE AND SHE WASN'T ALLOWED TO CHEW
WHAT IN THE WORLD WAS THIS BANJO PICKING GIRL TO DO

SHE HAD LITTLE TO SAY, HER THOUGHTS AS SILENT AS THE SMOKE
COME TO THINK OF IT, I DON'T THINK SHE EVEN SPOKE
THE BASEMENT HAD BEEN FLOODED, EVERYTHING WAS SO WET
HOW COULD CHICKADIDDLE FIRE THE PLACE WITH A LIGHTED CIGARETTE
IF IT HAD BEEN A METHODIST CHURCH THE METHODIST WOULD HAVE DROWNED
EVEN THE WATER LOVING BAPTISTS HAD TAKEN TO HIGHER GROUND

ONCE ON THE STAGE, THE MIKES, THE MAN WAS ADJUSTING
WAS OLE BOOGER ABOUT TO PEE? GOSH, HE WAS BUSTING
EVERYONE THOUGHT HE WAS KEEPING TIME TO THE RHYTHM OF THE MUSIC
THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER IS, IF THERE HAD BEEN AN OUT HOUSE HE
SHORE 'N 'ELL WOULD HAVE USED IT

THE CROWD WAS SO VERY NICE AND SEEMED SO VERY PLEASED
WHEN UP TO THE MICROPHONE, BANJO PICKING CHICKADIDDLE EASED
THE CANDLELIGHTS THEY FLICKERED, EVEN SOME WENT OUT
WHEN CHICKADIDDLE PICKED, "SHOUT LITTLE LULU, SHOUT"

THE CROWD ROARED THEIR APPROVAL AND CLAPPED THEIR LITTLE HANDS
AS CHICKADIDDLE PICKED ANOTHER TUNE WITH THE OLDTIME MUSIC BAND
HER ANXIETY WAS ERASED BY A SMILE THAT CROSSED HER FACE
IN OLE BOOGER'S GOOD EAR, I HEARD HER SAY, "THIS IS A WONDERFUL
PICKING PLACE."

WITH TIME RUNNING OUT AND EVERYONE GLAD THEY CAME
CHICKADIDDLE'S FINGERS WERE FLYING ON ORANGE BLOSSOM SPECIAL TRAIN
WITH THE PICKING FINISHED AND EVERYTHING QUIET AS A MOUSE
CHICKADIDDLE SAID, "IT'S BEEN FUN PICKING AT THE HIGHLAND CAMARATA
HOUSE."

TALKING TO THE TOMBROCK

WITH ONE AT THE FOOT, THE OTHER AT THE HEAD
A TOMBROCK IS A FIELDSTONE THAT MARKS THE GRAVES OF THE DEAD
HOW WELL I REMEMBER THE DAYS BEFORE GRANITE AND MARBLE
A LITTLE BACKWOODS BOY WOULD LOOK, LISTEN, WONDER AND MARVEL
AT WHAT TREASURES THE GROUND HELD, WHAT STORIES WERE UNTOLD
AT WHAT SECRETS WERE BURIED NEVER TO UNFOLD

THROUGH THE WOODS ONE MORNING, I HAD MADE MY WAY
TO ATOP THE MOUNTAINTOP FOR DECORATION DAY
THE GRAVEYARD TREE GUARDED THE SOULS DEATH HAD TAKEN
THE TOMBROCKS MARKED THE RESTING PLACE OF THOSE UNFORSAKEN
ALL FACES WERE SOLEMN AND THERE WAS SCARCELY A SOUND
AS TEARS AND EVERY COLOR OF FLOWER DROPPED TO THE GROUND

IN ONE CORNER OF THE GRAVEYARD THE MORNING SUN SHONE
I STEPPED INTO THE SUNLIGHT WITH MY THOUGHTS, ALL ALONE
I SAW A WITCH OF A WOMAN FEEBLE, BENT AND LAME
BARELY ABLE TO TRAVEL ON A GNARLED AND KNOTTY CANE
SHE STOPPED AT A TOMBROCK, I THOUGHT, UNABLE TO WALK
WITH HER LIP FILLED WITH "DENTAL SWEET" SHE BEGAN TO TALK

"DR. SLOVOCOVICK, MY HUSBAND, HE IS BURIED HERE
I'M MISS ARISTIMENI, HIS WIFE, AND I'LL BE BURIED THERE
FROM ARMENIA, WE CAME TO AMERICA, OUR FREEDOM TO GAIN
WE SETTLED FIRST IN AROOSTOOK COUNTY OF NORTHERN MAINE
TOO MUCH BEAR IN SUMMER, TOO MUCH SNOW IN WINTER TIME
SOON WE HEADED SOUTH FOR A WARMER CLIME."

"DR. SLOVOCOVICK WAS 97 WHEN HE PASSED AWAY
I WAS FIVE YEARS OLDER THAN HE ON OUR WEDDING DAY
HE HAS BEEN DEAD TEN YEARS NOW, SO HOW OLD AM I?
BE SHIT IF I KNOW, TOO YOUNG TO DIE
I'VE GOT TO BE GOING NOW, NO FLOWERS FROM ME YOU WIN
INSTEAD OF PULLING BABIES OUT, YOU WERE POKING THEM IN."

DEAN STURGILL, "OLE BOOGER," JULY 4, 1992
SPENCER BRANCH, NORTH CAROLINA U S of A

MISS FANNIE'S FAREWELL

SHE WAS BORN IN A DARK HOLLOW, IN THE SHADOWS OF A HEMLOCK TREE
RAISED ON BEAR FAT AND HONEY FROM THE HONEY BEE
MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN THE WILD FLOWERS, SWEETER THAN THE HONEY DEW
HER HAIR AS RED AS THE VIXEN'S, HER EYES WINTER SKY BLUE

SHE HAD NO USE FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL, FOR HER IT WAS TOO TAME
JUST LIKE THE OLE SHE WOLF, IN SECRET SHE GAINED HER FAME
SHE SLIPPED THROUGH THE MIDNIGHT WOODS AND INTO FIELDS OF CLOVER
IT WAS ALONG THESE 'POSSUM PATHS, SHE MET AND LOVED HER LOVERS

SNOW LAY ON THE MOUNTAINTOPS COLD, DEEP AND WHITE
WINTER WINDS WHISTLED 'ROUND THE CABIN DOOR ON A DARK DECEMBER NIGHT
THE GRIM REAPER AND HIS SCYTHE, THEY WERE DRAWING NIGH
BEFORE THE DAWN OF ANOTHER MORN, MISS FANNIE WAS TO DIE

HIGH ON THE HILLSIDE, A GRAVE HER LOVERS DID MAKE
SOMEHOW, OR OTHER, I FELT OBLIGED TO GO TO THE WAKE
I WONDERED IF MISS FANNIE'S BLOOD WAS AS RED AS THE LIPS THAT WERE SEALED
I WONDERED IF DR. SLOVOCOVICK HAD BEEN ALIVE HER WOUNDS HE COULD HAVE HEALED
I SAW WOODSY LOOKING MOUNTAIN MEN, SHEEPISH AS ALL SIN
PASS BY THE OPEN COFFIN, SNEAK A WINK AND GRIN

BLACK AND FROM OUT OF THE NIGHT, THE WITCH WOMAN APPEARED
SHE CANED UP TO THE COFFIN AND SHED NOT A TEAR
SHE CRACKED THE COFFIN WITH HER CANE AND SAID IN AN EERIE PITCH
"YOU COULD BE THE REASON MY HUSBAND IS DEAD, YOU SNUFF EATING BITCH."

THE PREACHERMAN NEGLECTED MISS FANNIE ON HER BURYING DAY
HER GRANDMOTHER SANG A SONG AND KNELT IN THE SNOW TO PRAY
SHE ASKED THE CREATOR OF US ALL, WHEN IN DEATH WE MUST PART
TO CONSIDER MISS FANNIE'S WAYS AN ERROR OF THE HEAD & NOT OF THE HEART

THE BOX WAS LOWERED IN THE GROUND, THE DIRT SHOVELED IN
THE SMALL CROWD LEFT THE GRAVEYARD TO GO BACK TO WHERE THEY'D BEEN
UP TO NOW THERE HAD BEEN NO FLOWERS, THEN I LOOKED AGAIN
FOUR WREATHS HID THE STILL MOUND, FROM: WILL & BILL, SUGAR & OLE BOOGER

DEAN STURGILL, (OLE BOOGER,) JULY 4, 1992
SPENCER BRANCH, NORTH CAROLINA, U S of A

PETER'S POWDER AND BULLOVER WATCHES

MANY YEARS AGO THROUGH THE FROSTS OF FALL
I HUNTED WITH THE BEST HUNTER OF THEM ALL
HE WAS SHORT AND STOCKY, BLACK FACED AND BALD
WORE RED BALL ARTICS, POINTER BRAND COAT AND BIB OVERHALLS

HE CALLED ME, "LITTLE SUH," AND I CALLED HIM, "UNCLE SANS."
HE WAS THE BEST RABBIT HUNTER THAT EVER TRAMPED THE LAND
AS HE POKED AROUND THE BRAIR PATCHES, CRADLED ON HIS ARM
WAS AN OLD LONG TOM SHOTGUN RUSTY, TRUSTY AND WORN
WHEN A COTTONTAIL WAS FLUSHED AND WENT RACING FOR COVER
OLD LONG TOM WOULD ROAR AND THE RACING WAS OVER

EVERY TIME HE KILLED A RABBIT, UNCLE SANS WOULD HAVE TO SMOKE
HE'D LAY IN 'THE BROOMSAGE AND ROLL A PRINCE ALBERT BEFORE HE SPOKE
"WHAT TIME DOES DA BULLOVER SAY, TELL ME, LITTLE SUH."
I'D PULL THE WATCH FROM HIS POCKET, STUDY AND STARE
"THE BULLOVER SAYS, A QUARTER PAST TEN THIRTY, I THINK."
HE'D SQUINT AND WINK AND AFTERWHILE SAY, "BE DAM IF IT AIN'T."
I'D ASK, "UNCLE SANS, WHAT KIND OF SHELLS ARE YOU SHOOTING TODAY?"
"I SHOOTIN' BRIGHT BRASS BLUE HULLS, PACK WID PETER'S POWD'R," HE'D SAY

ONE DAY AT THE WOODPILE WHILE HE WAS SKINNING HIS CATCH
HE SEZ, "LITTLE SUH, GO TO DA FLUEBOX 'N FETCH ME DA PREPARATION H."
HE THOUGHT I COULD READ AND THOUGHT I COULD TELL TIME
INSTEAD OF THE PREPARATION H, I FETCHED THE TURPENTINE

WITH HIS NOSE TO THE GROUND, HIS RUMP TOWARD THE SKY
THE TURPENTINE TO HIS BOTTOM, HE DID APPLY
NEVER IN MY LIFE HAD I SEEN SUCH A KI-NIP-SHIN FIT
AS ROUND AND ROUND THE WOODPILE UNCLE SANS WENT
HE HOLLERED, "DA FIRE IS HOT, NO HOTTER THAN I
IF I GETS ANY HOTTER, I'SE GWINE-A DIE."

FINALLY, HE SPIED A FROG POND AND INTO IT RUN
THE COLD NOVEMBER WATER COOLED OFF HIS BURN
HE COME BACK TO THE WOODPILE, ALL SOGGY AND WET
AND SEZ, "DAT'S ABOUT DA HOTTEST I'SE EVER BEEN HET."
HE PICKED UP ANOTHER RABBIT AND HUNG IT UP TO SKIN IT
SEZ, "NUTTIN'S NO HOTTER, 'CEPT A HOOT OWL'S ASS WID A FIRECRACK'R IN IT."

UNCLE SANS IS BURIED NOW, THE TOMBROCKS I GIVE
ON THANKSGIVING DAY I GO TO HIS GRAVE, OLD HUNTS TO RELIVE
"THE BULLOVER SEZ ITS A QUARTER PAST TEN THIRTY, I THINK."
I SEE HIM WINK & SQUINT, & AFTERWHILE HEAR HIM SAY, "BE DAM IF IT AIN'T."
I ASK, "UNCLE SANS, WHAT KIND OF SHELLS ARE YOU SHOOTING TODAY?"
"I SHOOTIN' BRIGHT BRASS BLUE HULLS, PACK WID PETER'S POWD'R," HE'LL SAY

"MISS LAVERN'S WALTZ"

ONE MORNING WHILE OUT WALKING
MISS LAVERN GOT TO TALKING
TO FRIENDS SHE MET THAT DAY
BUTTERFLIES WERE GAILY WINGING
LITTLE BIRDS CLEARLY SINGING
TO CHEER HER ON HER WAY

NOW FIDDLES ARE SOFTLY PLAYING
PRETTY GIRLS SWEETLY SWAYING
TO A TUNE CALLED, "MISS LAVERN'S WALTZ"
NOW FIDDLES ARE SOFTLY PLAYING
PRETTY GIRLS SWEETLY SWAYING
TO A TUNE CALLED, "MISS LAVERN'S WALTZ"

THEN ALONG ABOUT SUN DOWN
WHEN HER FRIENDS HAD GATHERED 'ROUND
SHE SANG OF HEARTS THAT ARE FALSE
BEFORE HER FRIENDS HAD TO GO
SHE PICKED UP HER BANJO
AND PLAYED, "MISS LAVERN'S WALTZ"

NOW FIDDLES ARE SOFTLY PLAYING
PRETTY GIRLS SWEETLY SWAYING
TO A TUNE CALLED, "MISS LAVERN'S WALTZ"
NOW FIDDLES ARE SOFTLY PLAYING
PRETTY GIRLS SWEETLY SWAYING
TO A TUNE CALLED, "MISS LAVERN'S WALTZ"

ONE DAY SHE LEFT HER HOME LAND
AND JOINED WITH A DANCE BAND
AND SANG OF HEARTS THAT ARE FALSE
'NEATH THE STARS AND CITY LIGHTS
IN A TOWN OF DANCING NIGHTS
SHE PLAYED, "MISS LAVERN'S WALTZ"

NOW FIDDLES ARE SOFTLY PLAYING
PRETTY GIRLS SWEETLY SWAYING
TO A TUNE CALLED, "MISS LAVERN'S WALTZ"
NOW FIDDLES ARE SOFTLY PLAYING
PRETTY GIRLS SWEETLY SWAYING
TO A TUNE CALLED, "MISS LAVERN'S WALTZ"

DEAN STURGILL, October 14, 1992
Spencer Branch, N.C. U S of A

WHERE IS, LITTLE WILLOW

LONG YEARS AGO, FROM THE SAGES OF OLD
I HEARD THIS STORY, I NEVER HAVE TOLD

MANY RIDGES TO THE WEST, IN A HOLLOW WITHOUT A MOON
LIVED NOTHING ATALL, 'CEPT THE WITCH WOMAN, LITTLE WILLOW & BOAR COONS
THE WITCH WOMAN WASN'T MARRIED, SO HOW DID SHE CONCEIVE
FROM A WILD INDIAN WARRIOR, IT IS BELIEVED

SHE WAS RAISING LITTLE WILLOW ON MINNOWS AND WITCHES BREW,
WILD BERRIES FROM THE HOLLOW, ACORN MEAL AND COON STEW
LITTLE WILLOW'S BED WAS A BEAR HIDE, MADE SOFT WITH PINE STRAW
SHE HAD A COAT OF COON SKIN AND A NECKLACE OF COONS CLAW

A LONE HUNTER AND HIS HOUND, ONE NIGHT IN THE HOLLOW ROAMED
THEY WENT INTO THE SHACK, SEEKING SHELTER FROM A STORM
WRITTEN BY LITTLE HANDS WITH A FIRE COAL, THE HUNTER SAW
ON THE WALL BEHIND THE COT, THESE BLACK WORDS, "I LOVE, MAW."
WITH A COON TAIL ON THE HEARTH, LITTLE WILLOW DID PLAY
ON A COT IN THE CORNER, THE WITCH WOMAN DEAD, LAY

THE HUNTER WENT TO THE SETTLEMENT, BROUGHT HELP THROUGH THE STORM
THE WITCH WOMAN'S BODY AND LITTLE WILLOW WERE GONE
THEY LOOKED, LISTENED LONG, AND ALL WONDERED WHY
THEN, AT LAST, THEY HEARD LITTLE WILLOWS FAINT CRY
THE LAMP LIGHT IN THE WINDOW SHONE ALL ABOUT
WHEN LITTLE WILLOW CRIED, THE LAMP LIGHT WENT OUT

IT HAS BEEN A HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS SINCE SHE WAS BORN
YET, LITTLE WILLOW, IS STILL ALIVE AS FAR AS IS KNOWN
LAST NIGHT, I WENT TO THE HOLLOW WITHOUT A MOON
THE NIGHT WAS DARK, BLACK AS THE MIDNIGHT NOON
THE LAMP LIGHT IN THE WINDOW SHONE ALL ABOUT
WHEN I DREW NEAR, THE LAMP LIGHT WENT OUT
I STOOD AND LISTENED AND LIKE OTHERS, WONDERED WHY
WHEN, IN THE HOLLOW WITHOUT A MOON, I HEARD LITTLE WILLOWS FAINT CRY

DEAN STURGILL, "OLE BOOGER," November 2, 1992
SPENCER BRANCH, NORTH CAROLINA U S of A

(This was written for my good friend, "MISTER LONNIE,"
who, I believe, will move back to Cabin Creek, one day.)

THE FIDDLERS, THIRTY AND THREE - MORE

BOB WILLS PLAYED, "TAKE ME BACK TO TULSA," ON A TEXAS DANCE FLOOR
IN RENFRO VALLEY, SHORTY SHEEHAN FIDDLED, "COTTON EYED JOE"
VASSAR CLEMENTS & BUDDY SPICHER FIDDLED AROUND MUSIC CITY U S A
"HELL AMONGST THE YEARLINGS," PLAYED BY PUG NOSED WADE RAY

EARL WHITE PLAYED, "LAFAYETTE," WITH THE CROOK BROTHERS BAND
CUB McGEE FIDDLED, "BACK UP AND PUSH," AROUND GALAX LAND
LESTER WOODIE PLAYED, "ARKANSAS TRAVELER," AS A CLINCH MOUNTAIN BOY
UNCLE PEN VANDIVER FIDDLED AN OLD TUNE CALLED, "SOLDIERS JOY"

LONZO BLACK FIDDLED, "OLD JOE CLARK," WITH THE FIDDLE TO HIS BACK
SLIM MARTIN "BRINGING IN THE GEORGIA MAIL," WITH SMOKE ON THE TRACK
JOHNNY GIMBLE PLAYED WESTERN SWING ON THE OPRY THAT IS GRAND
JERRY RIVERS PLAYED, "JAMBALAYA," IN HANK WILLIAMS BAND

CHARLIE HIGGINS FIDDLED, "LEATHER BRITCHES," & TOOK A RIBBON HOME
TEX LOGAN PLAYED, "CHRISTMAS TIMES A COMING," & I'M GOING HOME
TATER TATE PLAYED AROUND, "THE BROWN COUNTY JAMBOREE BARN"
BUCK RYAN FIDDLED ABOUT A "CACKLING HEN," DOWN ON THE FARM

AT CARTER'S FOLD FRED JOHNSON PLAYED, "SHAKE THAT LITTLE FOOT SALLY ANN"
DOUG KERSHAW FIDDLED "CAJUN STRIPPER," IN BAYOU COUNTRY OF LOU-EASY-AN
BUDDY DURHAM FIDDLED, "DURHAMS BULL," ON THE AIR WAVES OF W C K Y
STONE COOPER PLAYED, "THEY WERE WALKING MY LORD UP THE HILL OF CALVARY"

JOE STUART FIDDLED "SCOTLAND," AND GREY EAGLE," IN THE COLESIUM OF EL PASO
HERB HOOVEN PLAYED, "DID YOU EVER SEE THE DEVIL, UNCLE JOE"
LESTER MILLER PLAYED AN OLD TUNE ABOUT, "BILLY IN THE LOWGROUND"
GORDON TERRY FIDDLED, "BIG BALL IN BOSTON," WE'LL DANCE AROUND

TOMMY MAGNUS FIDDLED, "DANCED ALL NIGHT WITH A BOTTLE IN MY HAND"
JIM BUCHANAN PLAYED IN JIM AND JESSE'S VIRGINIA BOYS BAND
JOE & BILL BIRCHFIELD PLAYED IN THE BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAINS OF ROAN
STEVE THOMAS AND BLAINE SPROUSE, "SEEING NELLIE HOME"

NOW I HAVE TWO SPOTS LEFT AND I'VE SAVED THEM FOR THE BEST
EASILY, I FOUND RITA SCOTT AND BRIAN GRIMM IN MY FIDDLERS QUEST

AT THE LAUREL SPRINGS JAMBOREE WITH ROSIN ON HER BOW
RITA TUCKS THE FIDDLE UNDER HER CHIN, HER GREEN EYES AGLOW
THE DANCER'S FEET CAN'T BE STILL, IT IS QUITE A SHOW
AS RITA PLAYS THE FIDDLE SO FINE AND THE CALLER HOLLERS, "DO-SI-DO"

BRIAN GRIMM IS THE FIDDLING-EST "CRITTER" I HAVE EVER KNOWN
AND THE SMILING, SUSPENDED "CRITTER" IS NOT EVEN GROWN
TEN, TWENTY, FIFTY YEARS FROM NOW, HE WILL STILL BE YOUNG
OLE BOOGER HOPES BRIAN IS STILL A FIDDLIN' SON OF A GUN

DEAN STURGILL, "OLE BOOGER," October 14, 1992
Spencer Branch, North Carolina U S of A

A FATHER'S FIRESIDE THOUGHTS FOR A SON'S GRADUATION

GREELY,

I SAW YOU IN TO SCHOOL AND THERE WAS A SILENT PRAYER YOU DIDN'T HEAR
I'LL SEE YOU OUT OF SCHOOL AND THE SILENT PRAYER IS STILL THERE

YOU HAVE BEEN TAUGHT TO REACH FOR THE STARS AND THE SKIES ARE THE LIMIT
YOUR FAME AND FORTUNE IN LIFE, THE LACK OF AN EDUCATION WILL INHIBIT
MAYBE, BUT THERE IS MORE TO LIFE THAN FAME, FORTUNE, STARS & SKIES, GET IT

THERE IS FAR MORE TO LIFE THAN SILVER AND GOLD
THERE ARE TREASURES IN LIFE A RICH MAN CAN'T HOLD

IT IS NO SECRET A MAN FEATHERS HIS OWN NEST
LOVE OF GOD, NATURE AND YOUR FELLOWMAN ARE THE FEATHERS TO LOVE BEST

NATURE IS GOOD AND ALWAYS STRIVE TO KEEP IN TOUCH
I CAN THINK OF NOTHING ELSE THAT WILL ENRICH YOUR LIFE AS MUCH

A MAN NOT IN TOUCH WITH NATURE IS OUT OF HARMONY WITH LIFE
IN NATURE YOU WILL SEE NO DRUGS, ALCOHOL, BROKEN HOMES AND STRIFE

IT IS A CRUEL WORLD OUT THERE WITH CRIME, VICE AND SIN ALL ABOUT
YOUR CONSCIENCE WILL TELL YOU WHICH IS GOOD AND WHICH TO DOUBT

HOLD ON TO COMMON HOSS SENSE, SPENCER BRANCH WISDOM AND A GOD THAT
WILL GUIDE YOU
WHEN THE STORMS OF LIFE SURROUND YOU, THEY WILL GATHER AROUND TO
PROTECT AND HIDE YOU

FLEE FROM ALL APPEARENCES OF EVIL AND PARTAKE NOT OF THAT WHICH IS FOUL
EMBRACE AND NUTURE THAT WHICH IS GOOD AND FORSAKE THE WRONG, BROAD PATH
FOR THE STRAIGHT, NARROW AND RIGHT

LOVE YOUR BROTHER WHOM YOU HAVE SEEN AND A GOD WHOM NO ONE HAS SEEN

AS YOU ARE TRAVELING, MILE AFTER MILE DOWN LIFE'S TRAIL OF TRIALS
ALWAYS HOLD YOUR HEAD HIGH AND CONTINUE TO SMILE

WHEN EVERYTHING IS FINISHED AND ALL IS SAID AND DONE
I HOPE IT CAN BE WRITTEN, YOU HAVE BEEN A BETTER MAN THAN YOUR GRANDPA'S
SON

GOD BLESS YOU

LOVE AND BEST WISHES,

DAD

DEAN STURGILL, "OLE BOOGER," May 20, 1992
Spencer Branch, North Carolina U S of A