

Bunkhouse and Forecastle Songs of the Northwest

Sung by Stanley G. Triggs
Accompanying himself on the mandolin
Folkways Records FG 3569



M
1678
T828
B942
1961

MUSIC LP

SIDE I

- Band 1: THE ODA G. (Stanley G. Triggs)
- Band 2: THE WRECK OF THE NUMBER NINE
- Band 3: THE BLUE VELVET BAND
- Band 4: THE HOMESICK TRAPPER
- Band 5: THE GRAND HOTEL
- Band 6: THE KETTLE VALLEY LINE
- Band 7: LARDEAU VALLEY WALTZ (Stanley G. Triggs)
- Band 8: TONY WENT WALKING
- Band 9: SANDY MORGAN'S GIN

SIDE II

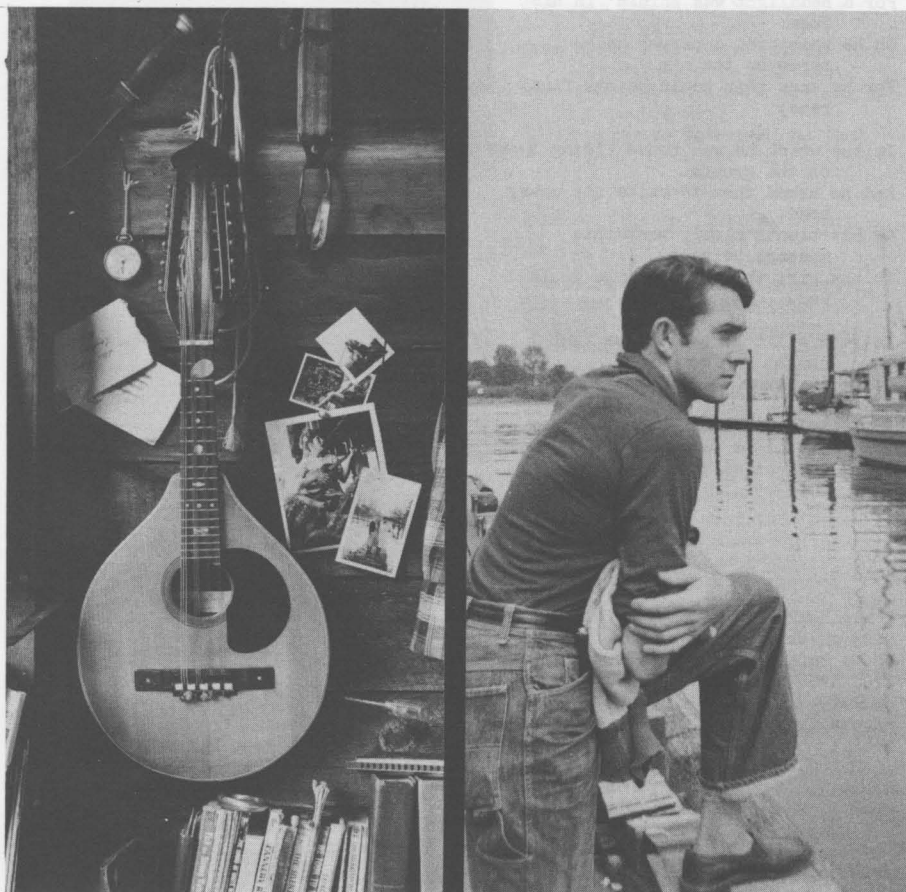
- Band 1: THE WRECK OF THE C. P. YORKE (Stanley G. Triggs)
- Band 2: MEADOW BLUES
- Band 3: BROWN EYES
- Band 4: THE LOOKOUT IN THE SKY
- Band 5: THE MAD TRAPPER OF RAT RIVER
- Band 6: LAKE OF CRIMSON (Instrumental)
- Band 7: MOONLIGHT AND SKIES
- Band 8: SO LONG TO THE KINKING HORSE CANYON
- Band 9: PRETTY WORDS AND POETRY (Stanley G. Triggs)

Bunkhouse and Forecastle Songs of the Northwest

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

BUNKHOUSE and FORECASTLE SONGS of the NORTHWEST sung by Stanley G. Triggs

ACCOMPANYING HIMSELF ON THE MANDOLIN



BIOGRAPHY

I was born in 1928 the small town of Nelson, B.C., a logging, mining, and railway centre of the Kootenay district. Ever since I was small I've had a great love for life in the "bush", and all through the last years of high school I had only one thought in mind: to escape the rigid confinement and monotony of school life and get a job in a logging camp. This I did and have led a somewhat shiftless yet-adventuresome life since. I have worked in logging camps, construction camps, with Forestry crews, survey crews, and railroad gangs. I have been river-driver, trapper, packer, lookoutman, firefighter, powder-monkey, animal trainer, deckhand-cook on tugboats. This is typical of life in the outdoors because jobs in any one field are

scarce and of short duration; when one job is over you go on to another and it's always something new. Each job brings new faces, new friends, and sometimes new songs.

I have always had an aversion to formal training in music so never acquired any but have always sung and played some kind of musical instrument. My first love was the mouth-organ which I began to play at the age of seven. I tried out other instruments but never felt satisfied until I discovered the mandolin. From then on that was the only instrument for me. I first learned from a young lad, Eddy Morphet, who played and sang in a catchy and original style. We worked together cutting shingle-bolts up at 32 Mile in the Lardeau Valley. During the long winter evenings I tried to pick out simple melodies on his mandolin. I got so interested that I sent for a

seven dollar outfit from the mail order house. Playing that instrument was like trying to get music out of an old plank but I learned three chords and went along with Eddy to the plank dances which took place every three or four weeks in one-room school houses in the valley. Since the mandolin was not commonly heard on the radio or on records with which we came in contact, except in the traditional European manner, we had to develop our own style. This was largely influenced by the fiddlers we played with, especially in the fingering technique, and by guitar pieces we heard on the radio. Recently, while attending university, I have become aware of the "folk song" revival that has swept North America and I realized that among the songs we sang in the camps, which were mostly of the popular "western" variety, were a number of songs that fall into the "folk" category. So I began singing them in the coffee houses and at the Folk Song Circle in Vancouver. I have recently learned other songs from B.C. but they come out of books and are not in circulation today so I have deliberately confined this tape to those songs which are of my own experience and which are commonly heard in the camps today. I no longer work in the camps, at present I am earning my living through freelance photography and singing in coffee houses, but my experiences in the camps will remain a great influence on my life.

The mandolin I now own is a 12 string job made by Oscar Carlson of North Burnaby, B.C. Oscar is a self-taught instrument maker; a real craftsman and an artist. I have played many mandolins but none of them compare to the ones that Oscar Carlson makes.

Recording was done by Douglas Gyseman, Vancouver. Notes and Photographs by Stanley G. Triggs.

Text and Notes

Side One.

Band 1: The Oda G.

This is one of my own songs about the oldest tugboat still working on the coast. She was built in 1889 and was first named the Kil-donan. Later the name was changed to the Polarking, then to Canso

Straits and then to the Volante.
When I worked on her she was the
Oda G. but now she goes by the
name of the Valiant.

Words and music by Stanley G. Triggs
(c) 1961 by Stormking Music Inc.

Oh come all ye jolly young tugboat men
And listen unto me,
While I tell you a story of hardships
and glory,
Of a lusty old life on the deep briny
sea.

There once was a stalwart old tugboat,
Her name was the Oda G.
And I'll let you know boys at pulling
a tow boys,
There was no huskier tugboat than she.

She came off the ways in '89.
For storms she cared not a damn.
It was boasted around 'twas the talk
of the town
That she knew that old coastline as
well as a man.

Now the mate was an expert at running
the logs.
He ne'er seemed to come to no harm,
But he run out of luck when he fell
in the chuck* with
A rusty old boom-chain wrapped round
his left arm.

Oh her engineer was a lazy young
tramp.
All day he did nothin' but read.
On the fantail he sat on his young
lazy prat 'till
A big roarin' wave swept him into
the seaweed.

And her deckhand was paintin' the
bulwarks so fine.
Painting so carefully.
But he met his fate when to admire
his paintin'
He took a step back and fell into
the sea.

Now her skipper he was a very fine
man.
At seafarin' he was a pip.
But without a crew he didn't know
what to do
So he grabbed up a life belt and
abandoned the ship.

But the old Oda G. she kept tuggin'
along.
She towed those logs down to Long
Bay,
And old Penny hurrayed for the
money he saved
And he sent her back north on the
very next day.

*chuck - a word common only to the
west coast meaning water. It comes
from the Chinook Jargon, a trade
language used in early times.

Band 2: The Wreck of the Number Nine

I first learned this about 17 years
ago and have since heard many different
versions of it but never one quite like
this one.

'Twas a cold winters night not a star
was in sight
And the north wind was howling down
the line,
And the brave engineer told his sweet-
heart so dear
He had orders to take out Number 9.

Oh he kissed her good-bye with a tear
in his eye
For the joy in his heart he could not
hide.
For his whole world seemed bright as
she told him that night
That tomorrow she'd be his lovin'
bride.

Oh the wheels hummed a song as the
train rolled along
And the black smoke came pourin'
from the stack.
And the headlight agleam seemed to
brighten his dream
Of tomorrow when he'd be comin'
back.

But his brave heart stood still as
he rounded a hill
For a headlight was shinin' in his
face.
Oh he whispered a prayer as he
threw on the air
For he knew this would be his final
race.

In the wreck he was found lieing there
on the ground.
And he asked them to raise his weary
head.
As his breath slowly went this
message he sent
To the girl that tomorrow he would
wed.

There's a little white home that I
bought for our own
And I'll never need it in the by and
by.
So I'll leave it to you for I know
you'll be true
'Till we meet at the Golden Gates,
Good-bye.

Band 3: The Blue Velvet Band

I had heard a slightly different ver-
sion of this song for a number of
years before learning this version
from Archie Greenlaw of Lardeau, B.C.
in 1949. It seems to have roots in
an old Irish song, The Black Velvet
Band.

Archie is a very fine fiddler and
when he sang this song he would sing
a few verses and then bow a few
verses. He sings it at a much slower
speed than I do.

If you listen to my story I'll tell
you,
Of a girl who once lived in this
land,
Of a girl who once was my sweet-heart,
She was known as the Blue Velvet
Band.

Her cheeks were the first flush of
nature,
Her beauty it seemed to expand,
Her hair hung down in long tresses,
Tied back by the Blue Velvet Band.

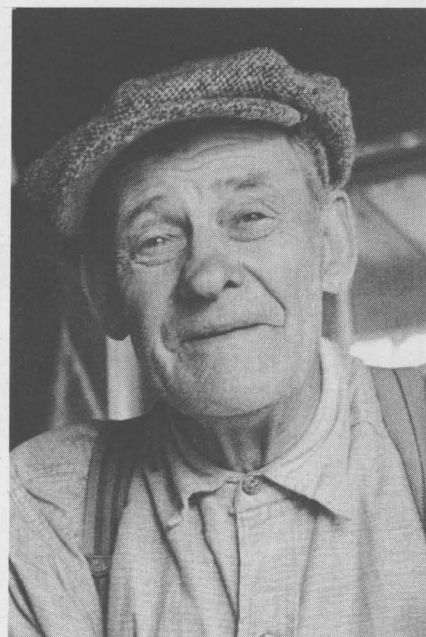
I can still see those tears as we
parted,
Of my heart broken Blue Velvet Band,
When I left her I told her I'd
never,
Come back to the old home again.

But five years in the wide open
spaces
Was more than my poor heart could
stand,
Every night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamed of my Blue Velvet Band.

One night as I lay by the fireside,
With the stars shinin' down so
grand,
Like a flash there stood in the
firelight,
The form of the Blue Velvet Band.

The very next mornin' I started
To go home and make her my bride,
When I reached the old country
depot,
They told me my sweetheart had died.

They buried her there in the church-
yard,
'Neath the sweet smellin' flowers of
the land,
On her finger was the ring that I
gave her,
In her hair was the Blue Velvet
Band.



Slim Hatfield

Band 4: The Homesick Trapper. (For Slim Hatfield).

There's a twistin' trail awindin' to
my trapline in the mountains,
Where the silky pelted marten love
to play,
There's a bitter North wind blowin'
but I'm packed up so I'm goin'
To those lonely mountain valleys
far away.

I hear the Red Gods callin' from
where the cricks are brawlin',
And there voices stir me to the very
core,
And I can not crush the longin' for
that little old log cabin,
Where the virgin forest grows
beside my door.

When the bear comes out of hidin'
down the trail I'll come
astridin',
Till I reach the icy waters of the
lake,
And you'll know that I'm acomin' when
you hear my outboard hummin',
As it leaves a trail of bubbles in
it's wake.

So I'll see you in the springtime
when the ice goes down the
river,

And the noisy Geese are wingin' o'er
the bay,
To those secret trystin' places in
those wide and open spaces,
Up the muddy Duncan River far away.

Band 5: The Grand Hotel

A song from the logging camps on the coast, dating from the early part of the century but which is still sung today. It was collected by Ed McCurdy about 1949 from a group of loggers in Vancouver. This version, which is one verse longer, I learned from Al Cox, A Vancouver folk singer.

There's a place in Vancouver the
logger's know well,
It's a place where they keep rotgut
whiskey to sell,
They also keep boarders and keep
them like hell,
And the name of that place is the
Grand Hotel.

Oh the Grand Hotel when the loggers
come in,
It's amusing to see the proprietor
grim,
For he knows they've got cash and
he'll soon have it all,
So, "Come on, boys, have a drink,"
you'll will hear Tommy call.

In the mornin' Tom Roberts comes
up to the door,
And there he sees loggers all over
the floor,
He shouts as he hauls them up onto
there feet,
"Drink up you bums or get out on
the street".

We're going back to work and we're
still pretty high,

With a bottle of rum and a mickey
of rye,
A dozen of beer and a two gallon
jar,
And passes for camp on the old
"Cassiar".*

*Cassiar - a coast steamship which
used to serve logging camps and
small ports.

Band 6: Kettle Valley Line.

This song was written by Ean Hay of Vancouver. It is based on the stories that his father used to tell of his experiences while working on the Kettle Valley branch-line of the C.P.R. During the thirties many people would ride on the roofs of the passenger cars to avoid having to pay the fare. They would sometimes buy meals and have them passed up through the ventilator in the roof of the car.

I always ride up on the roof on the
Kettle Valley Line,
I always ride up on the roof on the
Kettle Valley Line,
I always ride up on the roof,
I could pay the fare but what's the
use,
So I always ride up on the roof on the
Kettle Valley Line.

I order my meals through the ventilator
on the Kettle Valley Line,
I order my meals through the ventilator
on the Kettle Valley Line,
I order my meals through the ventilator,
They taste no worse and save tipping the
waiter,
So I order my meals through the venti-
lator on the Kettle Valley Line.

I buy a sandwich from the cook on the
Kettle Valley Line,
I buy a sandwich from the cook on the
Kettle Valley Line,
I buy a sandwich from the cook,
He pockets the money the dirty crook,
When I buy a sandwich from the cook
on the Kettle Valley Line.

The railway bulls are gentlemen on the
Kettle Valley Line,
The railway bulls are gentlemen on the
Kettle Valley Line,
The railway bulls are gentlemen,
We'll never see there likes again,
Oh the railway bulls are gentlemen
on the Kettle Valley Line.

They tip their hats and call you sir
on the Kettle Valley Line,
They tip their hats and call you sir
on the Kettle Valley Line,
They tip their hats and call you sir,
Then chuck you in the local stir,
But they tip their hats and call you
sir on the Kettle Valley Line.

Band 7: Lardeau Valley Waltz

This is one of my own dance tunes in the "old-time-waltz" style. I never had a name for it but I think I'll call it simply the Lardeau Valley Waltz.

(c) 1961 by Stormking Music Inc.

Band 8: Tony Went Walking

Oh, Tony went walking one fine summers
day,
Some Cherry-cheeked apples he found
on his way,
Found on his way, found on his way,
Some cherry-cheeked apples he found
on his way.



Top-loader in action loading out the big ones, Lardeau, B. C.

Now Tony was soon away up in that tree
Those apples to gather so pleasant to see,
Pleasant to see, pleasant to see,
Those apples to gather so pleasant to see.

But the branch it did break and poor Tony did fall,
And down came Tony and apples and all,
Apples and all, apples and all,
Down came Tony and apples and all.

Band 9: Sandy Morlan's Gin

I learned this song in a logging camp in the Kootenays but know nothing of its origin.

If you'll listen folks I'll tell a funny story,
You may think it sad but I was in my glory.
'Twas a cellar I crept in, cobwebs brushing by my chin,
On the night I stole old Sandy Morgan's gin.

As my hand fell on the jug I had to snicker,
But when I started for the door I went much quicker,
For just up above my head someone jumped right out of bed,
On the night I stole old Sandy Morgan's gin.

Now down that dusty road I went arunnin'
'Till I realized nobody was a comin',
So I stopped and pulled the plug, sat there till I drained the jug,
On the night I stole old Sandy Morgan's gin.

Then round my head the bees began a buzzin',
And for roads I guess I saw about a dozen.
When I reached the old porch door I went smacko on the floor,
On the night I stole old Sandy Morgan's gin.

I just took one step and landed in the coal-box,
Then off the mantle fell a Big Ben 'larm clock,
But I finally got upstairs after passing seven bears,
On the night I stole old Sandy Morgan's gin.

By my bedroom door an owl stood takin' tickets,
And a monkey stood before me bakin' biscuits.
But the funniest sight of all was two roosters playin' ball,
On the night I stole old Sandy Morgan's gin.

I saw mice as big as horses doing dishes,
And a ape came in the room dressed up in briches,
But I finally went to bed when the floor fell on my head,
On the night I stole old Sandy Morgan's gin.

Now I woke next mornin', guess 'twas closer to evenin'.
And the room was certainly in a terrible shape,

Someone else had stole my head, left an elephants there instead,
On the morning after drinking Sandy's gin.

Side Two

Band 1: The Wreck of The C.P. Yorke (Words and Music by Stanley G. Triggs (c) 1961 by Stormking Music Inc.)

This is a song that I made up when working on the tugboats. It is a true story about a real tugboat that went down off Tatenham Ledge one night just before Christmas of 1954 sometime after midnight. It is one of the best known marine disasters on the west coast and I would often hear the story repeated as we passed Tatenham Ledge. I knew I had to write a song about this. All that fall I could feel it building up inside. The tune came first, and I played it over and over on the mandolin waiting for the words to follow. Then one stormy night near Christmas we were tied up in Long Bay waiting out the gale and the words came. I sang it for the crew the next day.

The "Stretch" is a term used in reference to a stretch of water extending from Gowers Point to Trail Islands, a distance of 12 mi., where there is no shelter for even a rowboat. If a tug is caught out there in a storm she has to ride it through.

Towboating on the west coast is largely centered around the Forest Industry, with log towing forming one of the major tasks of the tugs. The tugs run light up the coast to logging camps which may be from 50 to 200 miles or at times 500 miles from Vancouver. There they pick up a tow of logs and start the long slow tow down to one of the several booming grounds near Vancouver. Towing the flat rafts on the shorter tows is a slow process and usually takes from 5 to 10 days. In bad weather this time might be extended to 20 or 30 days as the raft of logs has to be tied up in a sheltered spot in any wind much over 15 miles per hour.

Oh come all ye shipmates and listen to me,
To a story that will make you grieve.
Of a tug that went down off Tatenham Ledge,
'Twas on a Christmas Eve.

The C.P. Yorke she was headin' north,
She was headin' north for Duncan Bay,
And though 'twas the mate that stood watch at her wheel,
'Twas the devil that guided her way.

She was just about five miles up in the Stretch
When a south east gale began to blow.
They headed for shelter in Buccaneer Bay,
That's the only place there was to go.

In Welcome Pass the mate was alert,
For sight of the marker ahead.
But he cut 'er to short comin' out of the pass,
And grounded on Tatenham Ledge.

The barge dragged the tugboat off into the deep.
She sank twenty fathoms down.
Only the chief and the skipper survived,
The five other men were drowned.

They salvaged the tug and she's workin' yet.
She has a new crew brave and bold,
But she'll never forget that cold Christmas Eve
Nor the ghosts of the five in her hold.

Band 2: Meadow Blues

This song was made up by a young girl, Carla Miller, from Merrit B.C. She was the cook at 15 Mile Camp, a logging Camp in the Lardeau Valley, when I worked there in 1946. She was born and raised on a cattle ranch in B.C.'s interior drybelt so her songs were about ranching rather than logging.

Though I may grow tired and weary
As the shadows descend on the plain,
Moonlight will soon come to cheer me
And I'll sing an I-love-you refrain.

When it's moonlight on the meadow
I'll have romance in my heart,
No care will cast a shadow,
I'll be in a world apart.

There's a winding trail to follow
When my daily work is through.
When it's moonlight on the meadow
I'll be riding home to you.

Band 3: Brown Eyes

This rural version of Brown Eyes I learned about 15 years ago in Salmo, B.C. It seemed to have common distribution around that area and other parts of the Kootenays.

Brown Eyes, Brown Eyes,
Beautiful, beautiful Brown Eyes,
Beautiful, beautiful Brown Eyes,
I'll never love blue eyes again.

Lillie my darlin' I love you,
Love you with all my heart,
We might have been married many years ago,
But liquor has kept us apart.

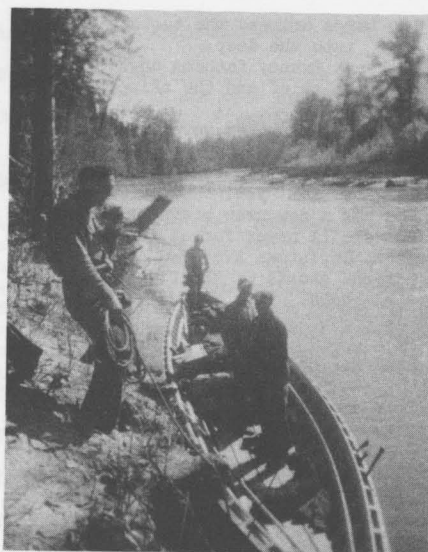
Brown Eyes etc.,

Down to the barnyard he staggered,
He fell down at the old barn-door,
The very last words that he uttered
Was "I'll never get drunk anymore."

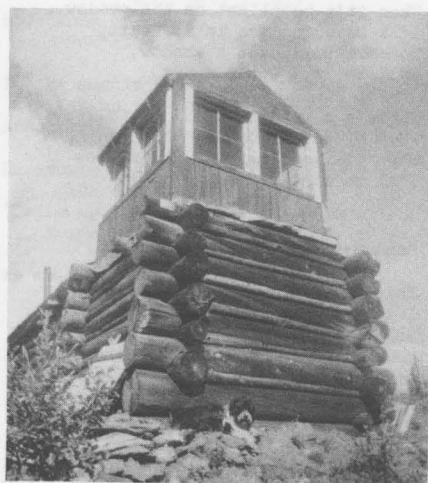
Brown Eyes., etc.

Band 4: The Lookout in the Sky (for Bob Wallace)

This is another poem by Harold Smith, the trapper, which I made up a tune for. It is a story about Bob Wallace of Shuttly Bench, near Kaslo, B.C., who was the lookoutman on the Duncan Lookout for nine seasons for the B.C. Forest Service. I put in two seasons on the same lookout myself so I know that this song is no exaggeration. I had the pleasure of working with Bob during that time as he was the Patrolman on the



Forestry Patrol crew preparing to take off down the upper Duncan in 33 ft. river boat. Patrolman Bob Wallace, the lookoutman, is standing at the stern.



The Duncan Lookout

Upper Duncan River. He told me of the time when he was but ten feet from the jaws of an angry grizzly and was saved by his courageous little dog, half scotch terrier and half dashound, who darted between the bears legs and got a firm hold on his testicles. At another time Bob was knocked unconscious when lightning struck the lookout. It was incidents like these that made Bob swear "never again" at the end of each season.

Oh I know that you will tell me as you told the year before,
That you'll never be returnin' to that Duncan Lookout more,
But those of us who know you will heed not your reply
For we know you'll soon be yearnin' for that lookout in the sky.
In that little old log-cabin on that bare and windy crest
You will dwell again this season like an eagle in his nest,
And though the grizzly bears may chase you and your water-hole run dry,

The rats will stay to cheer you on that lookout in the sky.

Besides those troubles mentioned, to add to other ills,
The radio will pester you re: fires in the hills,
And you'll curse those damn' Patrolmen when your stock of grub runs shy,
And you're eatin' straight spaghetti on that lookout in the sky.

Oh those livid streaks of lightnin' will make the cabin lurch,
As though the gods were tryin' to hurl you from your perch,
And you'll have to hang on grimly and fight the urge to fly,
When the Thunder God is talkin' on that lookout in the sky.
And when the season's over and the fire hazard past,
Once again we'll hear you say that this season is your last,
Once again we'll listen to that oft repeated dry,
"I'll never be returnin' to that lookout in the sky."

Band 5: The Mad Trapper of Rat River

I learned this song in a Forestry Camp near Creston, B.C., in 1945 from the cook who I remember only as "Mannie". The song tells one version of the famous search for Albert Johnson, the mad trapper of Rat River, which took place in the early 30's. This song has a wide circulation in B.C. I have heard it sung in logging and construction camps from the Rockies to the coast, on tug-boats and railroad gangs, in farm kitchens and suburban living rooms. Albert Johnson has become something of a folk hero; much romanticism and mystery being connected with the story.

Away in that far north country
Lived a trapper they thought insane,
Two of his Red-skin neighbours
To the police they made a complain.

Two red-coats of the Mounties
Who were noted for their fame
Went north to find the trouble
That the trapper was thought to blame.

They journeyed out to his cabin
No harm was meant you know,
But the trapper with his six-gun,
He layed a Mountie low.

'Twas then that the trouble started,
And as this story goes forth,
'Twas the greatest of the man-hunts
In the history of the north.

One time when they had him surrounded,
While trailin' him through the snow,
He aimed another deadly shot,
Layed another Mountie low.

Still on and on they trailed him,
But the trapper he knew his game,
He back-tracked all his trailers,
This man they thought insane.

Now the chances of his escape,
For the trapper they were too slim,
They hunted him by day, they hunted him by night,
This man-hunt they must win.

One day it was just eve of twilight,
As he was climbin' a hill,
The trapper he sighted his trailers
And he aimed a shot to kill.

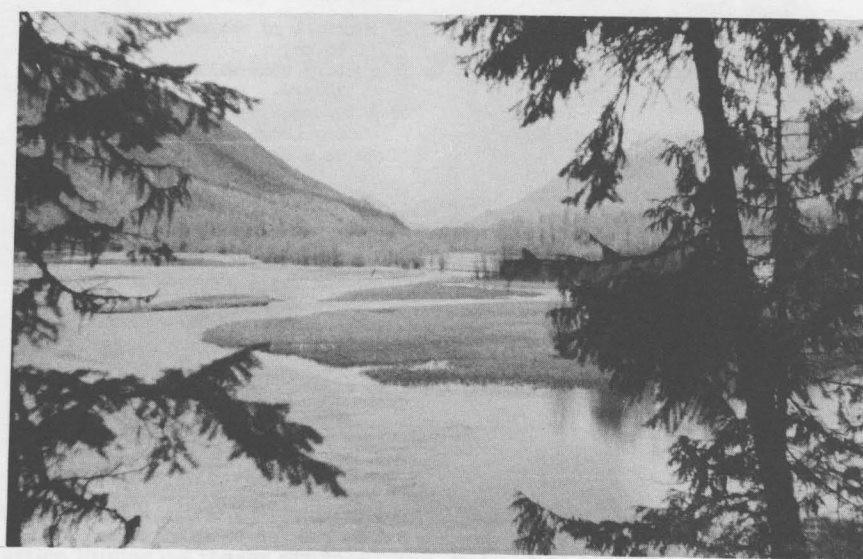
Deep down in the snow for shelter
With bullets flying low,
He aimed another deadly shot,
Laid another Mountie low.

The rest of them heard the shooting
And quickly joined the lead,
While under a hail of bullets
His riddled body dropped dead.

Now the greatest of the man-hunts
has ended
In the history of that far-north-land,
We'll give the credit to the Mounties;
They always get their man.

Band 6: Lake of Crimson

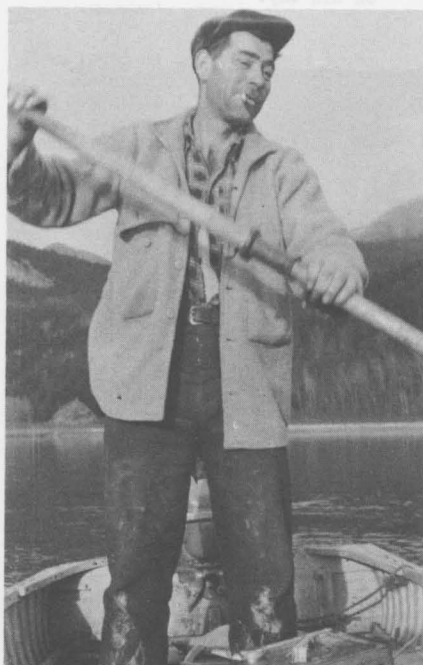
- a dance tune written by a man in Flatbush, Alberta, and brought to the Lardeau Valley, by fiddler Roy Collier, where we used to play it at the dances held in the local one room school-houses.



Spring floods on the upper Duncan River



Roy Collier and family, popular fiddler at the local dances. Brought many fine dance tunes from Alberta, one of which is "Lake of Crimson."



Jim McNicol of Johnson's Landing tends mink traps in early spring.

Band 7: Moonlight and Skies

I learned this song in Salmo at the same time as I learned Brown Eyes. It used to be a cowboy song but this is the way it was sung locally.

Band 8: So Long to the Kicking Horse Canyon

One bitterly cold winter my partner and I were working on a construction gang in the Kicking-Horse Canyon on the B.C. side of the Rocky Mountains. It was a terrible job; we were pouring concrete in 42 below zero; there was a lot of night work to fit in with the railroad schedule, and we were living in converted coal-cars that showered coal dust on the occupants every time the door slammed and no matter how often you stocked up the fire the only way to stay warm was to crawl into your sleeping-bag. Conditions like these are usually passed off with a shrug but when foreman-worker relations are poor, small gripes and dissatisfactions take on greater significance. That's why, when my partner and I were layed off, we reworked this old cowboy song and went down the road singing it to ourselves. It was quite popular in the logging camps where I have sung it since., but has limited circulations.

So long to the Kicking-horse Canyon,
Our shovel and pick days are through.
We'll bid farewell to the old cement mixer

And that rotten old foreman we knew.
Good-bye to that old dusty box-car
Where we froze our tootsies away,
Oooooohhhhhh send our mail to the
end of the trail,
So long to the Kicking-horse Canyon.

We'll roll up our beddin' and pack
up our clothes,
And lighten our hearts with a song.
But where we'll be travellin' nobody
knows,
We just gotta be driftin' along.

Oh come hear my story of heartaches
and sighs,
I'm a logger that's lonely for
Moonlight and skies.
I have a dear sweetheart who's
waitin' for me
Down in old Salmo, in the Salmo
Valley.

Her lips were like cherries, her
little heart sighed,
"Oh darlin' don't leave me for
moonlight and skies."
I laughed at her pleadin', youth must
have its way,
I said I'd be back dear, in a couple
of days.

My pals name was Willie, a lad of
true heart,
We planned a robbery and decided to
start.
The next thing was fatal, a shot in
the dark,
And Willie died sending love to his
sweetheart.

That night I was captured right under
the stars,
Now I've life to linger behind
prison bars.
The pale moon its shinin' its shinin'
so bright,
And lovers are strollin' by my window
tonight.

There laughter so merry brings heart-
aches and sighs
To the girl that I left just for
moonlight and skies.

So long to the Kicking-horse Canyon,
etc.

Band 9: Pretty Words and Poetry

This is another of my tug-boat songs that I made up one after-noon when we were heading up the coast for another tow of logs from Port Neville. The word "Strady-man" in the second verse refers simply to a man who works for Strady Towing. I made this song up just to have a little fun at the expense of the rest of the crew. It was inspired by a bit of shipboard gossip, but (Words and Music by Stanley G. Triggs (c) 1961 Stormking Music Inc.)

Oh, a brave man the skipper was,
I know that he was brave because
He went down with the ship unto the
bottom of the sea.
She hit a chunk, and then she sunk;
The skipper he was very drunk,
He couldn't rise out of his bunk,
Oh it was plain to see.

Racin' up the coast we go,
Goin' north to get a tow,
A tug-boat life I'll let you know
It is the life for me.
Oh, a brave man the skipper was,
I know that he was brave because
He went down with the ship unto the
bottom of the sea.

Oh, there was a girl,
Oh she was blonde, she was a pearl.
She made love to the engineer out
on the briny sea.
But women they don't give a damn,
They'll be untrue when e're they
can,
She made love to a Strady-man,
Oh it was told to me.

Racin' up the coast we go, etc...

I tell you the mate he was
A man I liked so much because
He saved all his pretty words
and poetry for me.
It's "Paint the ship and scrub
the ship
And don't you give me any lip,
This ain't no bloody pleasure
trip
When shippin' out with me."

Racin' up the coast we go, etc...

All Photos by Stanley G. Triggs