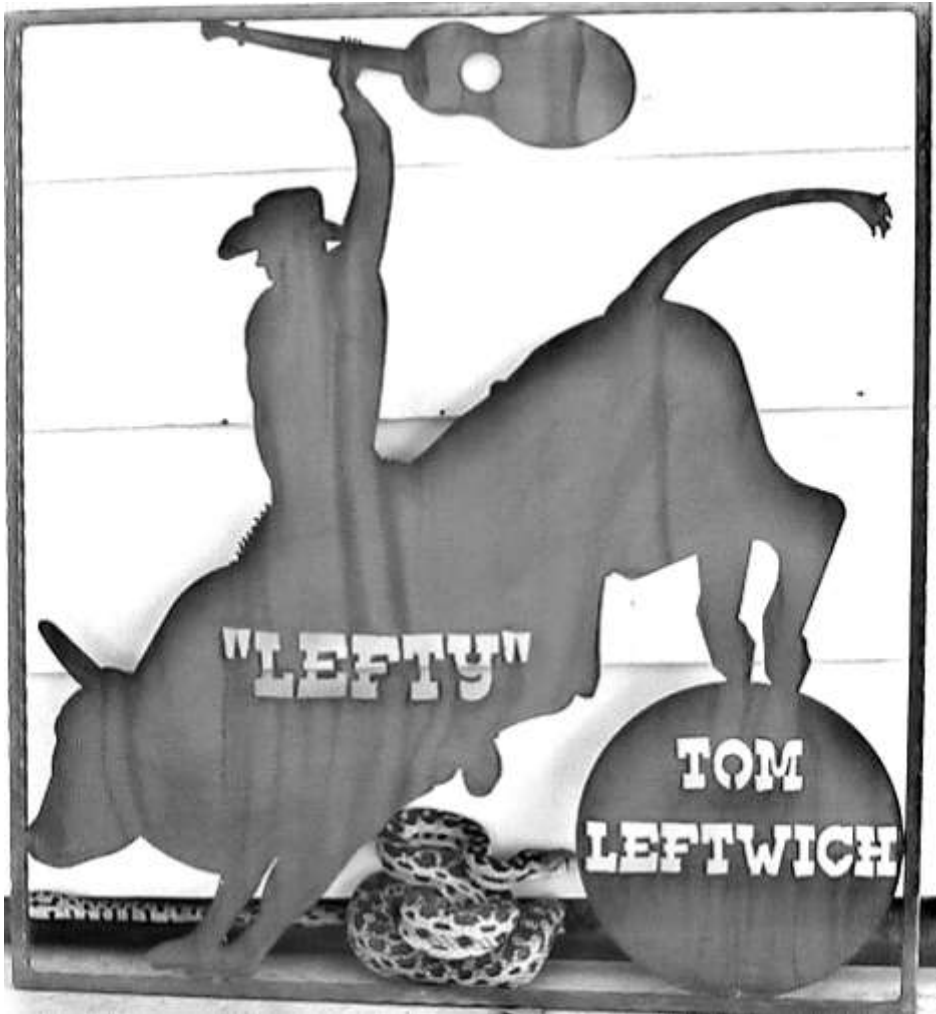




Where'd "ol'Friendly" come from?

Chapter 1. End of a Bull Rider –Hello Troubadour

**How does one get to be a Country Singer,
Entertainer, and Gold Miner?**

**I haven't a clue!, but it all started some where around
1972.**

**There was an Amateur Rodeo going on in the town of
Boron, California and I thought that I had a pretty
good chance of making a paying Bull Ride against
local competition. I had been riding horses, mules,
dairy cows , bulls, and pigs since I was a little feller.
It was only natural that I would get into Rodeo as an
adult. Fran, my wife ; had been quite a Barrel Racer
until raising a family sorta cut into her Horse Show
activities. As for myself, I had moved into
participating in Rodeo's and had successfully
managed to live through them without too much
damage. I wasn't exactly setting the world on fire,
Bull Riding, and I had a good day job at Edwards
AFB, but I loved the sport and always looked forward
to the next Rodeo even while recuperating from the
last one.**

**At Boron, I had paid my fifty bucks and drew my
number for a Bull. Number 44 was my draw and I
couldn't wait to see which Brahma I had drawn.
There were about twenty five in the pen and of all the
rotten luck! Ol'44 was a "damn White Face Herford" !**

I couldn't believe it! Here I'd paid fifty bucks to ride practically a milk cow! I had enough trouble convincing Fran that I'd work overtime to cover the fifty entry fee and here I'm eliminated before I even get a chance. White Face Bulls just don't rate too high with any cowboy! I was disgusted to say the least, but come my time to ride I'm up on the chute when the bulls come in, and there is ol'44 and dang! He's longer than the nine foot chute! They had to crowd and push to get him in to close the slide behind. This ol'boy was crammed in, very unhappy about it and being difficult to rig up. Ben Jorgan (a cowboy acquaintance of mine from Boron) was working the chute and asked me if this was my Bull. Before I could give him my opinion of this so called milk cow, he enlightened me to the fact that ol'44 had brought his rider first money at a pretty good Rodeo in Las Vegas just a week ago! That I better sit down and screw in tight and hard because I was in for a Rumble! Hey Boy and Whoa Up !! I gotta change my thinking and pretty quick!

Rumble? I reckon ! That ol'boy came out high twisting and spinning to the left. I took his first jump and went into that spin with him .Things were looking good, the seconds were flying by, my teeth were banging together and he was bucking so hard, I'd swear my chin hit my belt buckle ,but; I was putting a ride on ol'44! He made about three spins to

the left, took a high dive and slung his head to the right. I was caught flat and a dead chicken. I spun off to his left and flat under him , hitting the ground at the whistle and looking up at the bottom side of one Big Bull. Nineteen hundred pounds or better stepping on a person could surely ruin their day. I was lucky to get out without a scratch. Ben told me later that the clown had purposely pushed his barrel in causing ol'44 to reverse, it looked like I had him rode. This is fairly common with small Rodeo's where shill's are set up to take the prize money and the clown was probably on the stock contractor's payroll along with some of the bull rider's. A feller ought to know better, I reckon; but you can't tell a bull rider nothing!

This turned out to be my last Rodeo because I was horned pretty hard in the rib cage during a practice ride about a month later and that plus the fact that I was 35 years old with a family to support ended my Bull Riding career. It was now time to try another more sedate hobby before I earned full disability and a wheel chair.

Fran and I were in Bakersfield shopping for kids clothes at a K-Mart store(there were none in Antelope Valley at that time).I waited in the main store area while she took our kids back for trying on

outfits. There was a music section with some guitars and harmonica's ,books, etc. I picked up a music book and was kinda browsing through it for something to do. I loved guitar music and some of my uncle's back in Virginia played a little , but I had lost the end of my left hand middle finger, in a lawn mower accident as a five year old and figured that I could never play guitar.

The book that I was browsing was written by Gene Leis , an accomplished rhythm guitar player from Long Beach California. There was a heading to a paragraph on the back of the book which stated that "Anyone Can Play the Guitar" Well, I took exception to this statement because of my cut off finger and decided to read the paragraph. In it Gene explained that Django Reinhardt(probably the most famous guitarist of this century) had lost most of four fingers on his left hand and still became a master guitarist. I thought if Django could do that well with his disability ,I should be able to play with mine. The book was only a couple of buck's and we were a little short , what with four kids, but Fran thought I should have the book. The only question was , where do we get a guitar because we can't afford one and what good is a book only? Well I guess it was much cheaper than a Rodeo entry and anyway; I now had a guitar book.

I reckon that I let it be known out at work, that I was looking for an instrument that I could trade for or afford to buy. One week later , a Military friend of mine told me that his room mate had a guitar that he wanted to get rid of. It had suffered some damage during some kind of disagreement when it's owner had thrown it across the room, punching a half inch hole in the body and knocking off the bridge. I knew absolutely nothing about guitars or quality of make , but it was for sale and I bought it for seven dollars. The hole in the body was no problem as I just filed down the rough edges and replaced the bridge gluing and bolting it in place. I knew nothing of tuning , but another friend was able to give me some basic advise and show me how to tune it. Now I was ready to study Gene's book and put some of his training to use.

It turns out that this was a Japanese made instrument and much better quality than I or anyone knew. It wasn't the construction quality that was so good , it was the sound ; it made beautiful music. It was hard to believe that such beautiful music came out of it, especially with me just learning to play. I had to learn to modify chords and fingering to accommodate my handicap and remember I'm 35 years old, a kinda late start for a musician. Beautiful

Brown Eyes became a much hated song in our house hold because Fran heard it a million times. I have been threatened with homicide if I ever play that song again! In addition to that I had to practice softly after eleven at night and while waiting for my carpool ride to work in the early morning. I finally took the guitar to work and practiced every day during my lunch break. Following a long suffering ordeal by family and friends, a Country Singing Entertainer came into being that was actually enjoyed by some folk's. I guess you would say that I had arrived. Life ain't easy for a guitar picker!

My guitar playing and singing led me into a number of outside activities and opened the way to a lifetime of involvement bringing enjoyment to other folk's. I had become involved with a number of civic activities and things were brightening up for my family and enjoyment of life was really high on our list of priorities. Everything was coming up roses and the future looked really good for Fran and I. Unfortunately, however; no one gets off Scott free in this ol'life and a heart problem slammed the brakes on me, ending my Civil Service career , forcing me to earn a little money playing music and doing a number of other types of work to get by. Fran stepped up to the plate carrying most of the load while I was incapacitated and we made do with our kid's earning their own money doing odd jobs to buy

their clothing and relieving our cost of living a little. We made do with what we had and moved on. Things have a way of working out I guess, but some folk's tell me the key word is work.

Now, where do the songs come from? I find that people like dirges or limericks that keep repeating over and over in their minds. As for myself, when I started playing guitar certain chord runs or improvising licks brought comments or statements to mind and once these had taken root, it was then necessary to put a story around them. Some music runs almost made the words come out. A large number of songs capture common phrases that are used in the language of the creator and therefore appeal to listener's that enjoy that type of music. On a lot of occasions, a story or happening will generate a song.

In my case ,why I'm no different than most . All of the songs that I've written were directly related to things I was doing or engaged in at that time. I like some of all kinds of music and have been guilty of playing and singing most of it. A good friend once asked me for the difference between Country Music and Country Western Music. I told him that there is an answer to that !

You see, Country was mostly written featuring activities from the Bedroom to the Barroom and back again, or a long sorrowful journey into marriage, cheating and divorce, occasionally involving Mama, and prison . Well the only difference between it and Country Western was ,they rode a horse! I don't really intend to bad mouth either one because I love'em both. There is one point to make. You will find a startling similarity between the life styles of a lot of Country singers and the words of their songs! I guess after you've talked the talk (sang the song), then it's time to walk the walk (ruin your life). Fortunately for me the songs didn't stick and I never did learn to walk that way.

In the mid 1970's , I had started playing music and entertaining for the Antelope Valley Fair on their Out Door sage adjacent to the Fairgrounds Arena. I kinda came by this by accident while competing in the Desert Derby Relay Race in the Arena. This was a Three man team event on horse back in which a baton was passed to the next team member racing the other teams from start to finish. Very exciting, dangerous, and of course; right up my alley. I was lucky to win with my team five of the six years that I competed , (without injury, mind you!). Some of the races were heavy with injuries to rider's and horses

and it was discontinued in later years ,I believe; for that reason. Some of the official's knew of my love for guitar entertaining and I was asked to perform for a few gig's during the Fair. I enjoyed it so much that I gave up the Horseback Relay Event as it kinda conflicted with my entertaining. (The good Lord does watch out for ol'bull rider's ?)

One late afternoon I'm playing and singing for a group just outside the Arena Grandstand Ticket Booth when I was interrupted by a well dressed distinguished looking gentleman that looked very familiar to me. He apologized for the interrupt ,but said : he was obligated by family or whomever to see the Rodeo about to start. He wanted to tell me how much he enjoyed listening to my songs and he'd much rather sit and listen to me than go to the Rodeo but family ob's come first. Anyway, he asked me what I was doing with my music and told me to keep going, that he thought that it was great! I found out later that I should have immediately recognized him , because he is and always has been my favorite piano player of all times; the immortal "Floyd Cramer". I would never again or ever receive a higher compliment or more meaningful inspiration than the few words from him that afternoon !

I have been asked many times, why I didn't pick up on opportunities for a professional entertaining career. I don't deny that some proposals were made and maybe yes or no, one way or the other I made a mistake. You know though, I had a wonderful wife and kids and I'm a happy carefree feller that enjoys bringing pleasure to other folk's. I've done it all my life and have hundreds of close friends that I want to enjoy from here on out. Oh ,Yeah; It's a curious thing to me that I've never met a successful professional entertainer out in this beautiful outdoor country of ours enjoying a little Recreational Gold Mining and experiencing the high thrill and enjoyment that is common for all of us gold miners. That should tell a feller something and looking back there are no regrets, I couldn't have possibly done any better or met any better folk's than those that I am enjoying right now.

Well I did say that I enjoyed all kinds of music, and I really do. You know when I was first engaged in entertaining at a barroom in the Outback of Antelope Valley, a feller asked me to play him some sentimental songs .Well, I complied with a few oldies that he almost cried over. My God! was I that bad? No he said he could still hear his dear ol'Dad playing piano and singing those very songs. He wanted to know if I could play piano ,that my singing sounded like his Dad whom had written some kid songs. Well,

I had never possessed a piano interest but, this got me to thinking maybe it would be easier for me to compose music for my songs , if I could play piano.

I investigated and enrolled in a piano class at the local Antelope Valley College. Beyond this I purchased for \$50 ,an antique spray painted white upright piano. A good friend , Butch Kirkwood was a very accomplished player and like to died laughing at sight of my practice instrument. He said that they should have paid me \$50 to haul it off! This thing weighed more than my horse and was ten times as much trouble getting it in the living room. Good Ol'Butch quit laughing though; when he tried playing this monster. It sounded beautiful and there was many an evening thereafter; that he came over to play. I guess the playing quality was hidden under the ugly duckling paint job. I knew nothing of quality or manufacturer but it was a top of the line for music.

Following the demands of my teacher, I dutifully practiced this piano playing bit every afternoon and then worked my guitar for my paying job on the week ends. I suffered thru many a ballad or concerto or whatever she called them things. It was a good thing my wife Fran, was otherwise occupied, or my suffering may have had to move outside. At any rate the midterm exam was coming

up and I was supposed to play this Bach or some kind of movement thing and I had it down pretty good. To this point I had not become what you would call an outstanding student or player, but I managed to scrape by playing the practice pieces. When I warmed up to this movement thing, Boy! I could really get into it, so when the teacher asked me to perform for my midterm, I really turned it on . Man ol'Bach never sounded like Country or Rock and Roll ,but he sure did at this Recital ! That teacher fairly screamed at me !! “No, No, No !! That’s not the way to play, you are ruining a beautiful piece of music!!”

The other student’s thought it was great, but that brought to an end my career as an aspiring pianist ! Fortunately , this deviation from my norm to a short college music career, never affected my ability as a Hillbilly Country Entertainer and I gave my piano away never again to tickle the ivories or burn any candelabra .



DOWN THE ROAD A WAYS—STILL PICKIN!

Chapter 2. Gold Panning Fever and The Gold Miner's Wife

On with the song writing! Well, a large number of folks have asked me about my songs and their content and some even made it a point to visit areas of the song's origin. This book is written to answer those questions , to write out the lyrics and give you the story or incidents contributing, in general; to the content of each song. Since I was mostly associated with gold mining it came natural for me to start with that activity. Glenn and Doreen Settle , owner's of the Tropico Gold mine in Rosamond California, had asked for my help during their World's Gold panning Championship Contest and this led to entertaining their contestants. This activity led to the writing of Gold Panning Fever, a song that has since been used for the TV advertising of many Gold Shows sponsored by the Gold Prospector's Association (GPAA). This has been done with my full support as I gave this permission to George "Buzzard" Massie the founder of GPAA, to help sponsor Recreational Gold Mining for folks like myself.

Gold Pannin Fever was written in 1969 for the Worlds Gold Panning Championships held at Tropico Gold Mine. This is one of my favorite gold mining songs of all time and it sorta initiated my participation in the Worlds Championship Event. Fran was interested in the competition and eventually became a leading contender finishing in third place one year. This song took Fran and I to many places and many adventures in the following years. So, here we go with Gold Pannin Fever!

GOLD PANNIN FEVER

WELL I COME TO THIS VALLEY

LOOKIN FOR A LITTLE PANNIN GROUND

**SEARCHED ALL THE MOUNTAIN'S VALLEY'S AND
THE HILLS HERE AROUND**

**WELL TROPICO'S A TOWN WHERE THEY SAID
THERE WAS GOLD TO BE FOUND**

**BUT THERE AIN'T NO RIVER ,THERE AIN'T NO
CREEK,**

CAIN'T EVEN FIND A MUDHOLE IN THIS TOWN

(chorus)

**HEY! GOLD PANNIN FEVER YOUR PRETTY YELLER
COLOR'S GOT ME DOWN**

**I WASHED EVERY GRAVEL FROM STINK HOLE
RIVER TO THIS TOWN**

**AS A HARD ROCK MINER ,I WAS HAPPY IN A HOLE
UNDER GROUND**

**BUT GOLD PANNIN FEVER,GOLD PANNIN FEVER,
GOLD PANNIN FEVER, GOT ME DOWN**

**NOW I HAD ME A WOMAN PRETTYAS A SPECKLED
RUNNIN HOUND,**

**I LOVED THAT WOMAN EVERY LITTLE CURVE THAT
I FOUND**

**HER LONG HAIR WAS YELLER, HER PRETTY EYES
A SOFT GOLDEN BROWN**

**BUT HER HIGH GRADIN TRADIN,WHEN HER LOVE
WAS FADIN , THAT GOLD DIGGIN MAIDIN**

PUT ME DOWN

(chorus)

**OL'BUSHY FACED BILLY WAS SWEETER THAN THE
CORN BREAD WAS BROWN**

**HE STOLE MORE GOLD MINES THAN ANY OTHER
FRIEND OF MINE FOUND**

**BUT HE LOVED THE WIMMIN AND YOU MIGHT SAY
A FIGURE GOT HIM DOWN**

**HE WAS CLAIM JUMPIN SOMETHIN WHEN LEAD
STARTED PUMPIN,**

**MY GOLD DIGGIN BUDDIE'S UNDERGROUND
(chorus)**

So we jump into a career involving gold panning and an introduction to the weird world of gold miners. Gold Panning Fever was very well received by all the gold miner's and many many request's were made of me, to record this song for all to enjoy. I thought about it some but, the many financial considerations required, stopped me cold. I kinda forgot about a Country Western Singing career, and went about closing out things that were of no daily living improvement to the local settler's.

Them local settler's that I'm referring to, was my family. This singing career and song writing became a hobby thing that I really enjoyed but, it didn't put much food on the table. I did pursue a continued interest in participating in the World's Championship Gold Panning Contest and it was through that interest , I continued to write songs of the Gold Miner.

Glenn and Doreen Settle were neighbors and good friends that I enjoyed helping whenever the occasion arose. Their very dear friend's , the George McNamee's had been co-workers and in-laws for many years involving operation of the Tropic Gold Mine. It was only natural that I would generate a song that pointed a little fun their way and it was kinda my way of telling them how much I enjoyed just knowing and working with them. A kinda light hearted insult can be enjoyed under the right circumstances. So, here comes "The Gold Miner's Wife"

GOLD MINER'S WIFE

(chorus)

HEY YOU MIGHT THINK A MINER'S BIG AND
BREEZY

YOU MIGHT THINK HE'S MEAN AND PLENTY
ROUGH

BUT THINKIN'S JUST A WAY OF LOSING EASY
IT'S THE GOLD MINER'S WIFE THAT'S REALLY
TOUGH

NOW GLENN, HE'S A BIG OPERATOR

DOREEN SAY'S HE'S STRONG AND HE'S TALL

BUT WHEN SHE CRACKS THAT WHIP, HE DON'T
GIVE HER ANY LIP

I RECKON HE'S A SHORTY AFTER ALL

(chorus)

NOW GEORGE HE'S A GOLD ORE FREIGHTER'

HE HAULS A LOAD AND NEVER DROPS A STONE,

HE SAID A WIFE HE'D PICK --TO BE STRONG AND
MIGHTY QUICK

SO'S SHE COULD LOAD HIS WAGON ALL ALONE

AND THERE'S OL'DIRTY DIGGIN DANNY

AS A MINER HE WASN'T WORTH A DIME

**WHEN HE DUG THAT ORE, HE WAS DIRTY TO THE
CORE, BUT HIS WIFE; SHE'S DIRTY ALL THE TIME!**

(chorus)

**NOW THE MINER'S WIFE WILL SURELY GO TO
HEAVEN**

THE MINER'LL GO TO WHERE I'D NEVER SAY

**BUT THE WIMMIN NEVER GRIEVE, CAUSE IN LEAVIN
THEY BELIEVE**

THE DIRTY COWARDS CHOOSE THE OTHER WAY

(chorus)

Chapter 3. Mama Myrt and the World's Championship Chili Contest

My association with the Tropico Gold Mine sorta drug me into the World's Championship Chili Contest. Over a period of three years this contest was held at Tropico Gold Mine and drew upwards of 40,000 people, some of which weren't too care full about who's pick up truck bed they slept in. I had to rustle a couple of gal's outta mine before I could go to work. You know, I was but a quarter mile from the mine and loaned the use of my place for parking - ,BUT THAT WAS ALL!

At least that was the going in plan.

The Settle's and Tropico Mine were sponsoring this event along with a lot of notable Hollywood folk's. There was a lot of money being thrown around, but not my way. At any rate they asked me if I would participate as a team member for the hometown Tropico Gold Mine. Myrt Davis (daughter of famed Rawley Duntley of Antelope Valley) was to be our cook. Myrt was a long time dear friend and neighbor of mine and they wanted me to

be her publicity agent and assist during the cook – off. Naturally I accepted , anything that posed a little excitement was right up our (my wife Fran and I's) alley. Myrt was a pretty famous cook in her own right ,but her Dad; Rawley was well known everywhere for his generosity, civic deeds and especially deep pit Bar-B-Que's.

As a publicity agent ,which I ain't; I felt it necessary to generate interest in our local "Champion" Myrt whom had a good chili receipt but no World Class Chili reputation. It was therefore incumbent upon me to generate a "grabber" to get people's interest. The Bakersfield Californian along with some other newspapers and magazines ran editorials and excerpt's of the following (as the story goes).

Portions of the whole three year episode are included herein to sorta fill in the whole picture in memory of a wonderful and dearly loved individual. Mama Myrt Davis (Duntley).



**MAMA MYRT and myself enjoying and making
some wonderful memories**

CHILI MOVES FROM TEXAS

**Mr. C.V. WOOD WAS THE CHILI CHAMP
BUT HE DIDN'T THINK MUCH OF A TEXAS CAMP
HE AIRED HIS THINKING ,HE'D HAD HIS FILL,
AND MOVED THIS PARTY TO THE TROPICO HILL**

**NOW A TEXAN RECOMMENDED TO COURT THIS
MATTER THRU,
AND HAVE MR. WOOD SUSPENDED BY A NECKTIE
,ROPE OR TWO,
TO THE COURT THEY OFFERED CHICKEN AND A
CASE OR TWO OF BEANS,
THE JUDGE ASKED WITHOUT KICKING FOR 300,
COLD AND GREEN,**

**"C" SAID YOU CAN SUE ME , FOR MY SHIRT AND
PANT'S**

**BUT GOOD FOLK'S HERE IN ROSAMOND,ARE
GONNA GET THEIR CHANCE
TO COOK THEIR CHILI DOWN HOT AND SLOW,**

NOT IN TERLINGUA, BABY, BUT TROPICO,

**NOW THE TEXAS TOWN OBJECTED, THE PEOPLE
TURNED ABOUT,**

**THE JUDGE HE SAID REJECTED, I WILL NOT HELP
YOU OUT,**

**I'M NOT AT ALL A JUDGE SO MEAN, NO MATTER
WHAT YOU'VE HEARD,**

**I DON'T MIND EATING PINTO BEANS , BUT DON'T
GIVE ME THE BIRD!!**

**"MAMA MYRT DAVIS" ROSAMOND'S CHILI
CHAMP**

**'Mama' Myrt Davis, Notorious Veteran
Grubslinger of Rosamond will place her
Championship "Rabbit Skin" Chili Receipt on the line
to compete in the upcoming World's Championship
Chili Cooking Contest at the Tropico Gold Mine Nov.
2, 1975. Myrt will throw a pot of chili from a
legendary "Rabbit Skin" receipt handed down to her**

from her mother and only slightly modified to meet the discriminating tastes of such Hollywood personalities and contest Judges as Robert Mitchum, Joey Bishop, Chill Wills, William Conrad, Earnest Borgnine, Ben Johnson and a host of other Movie and T.V. stars.

For the benefit of those interested in the lineage and history surrounding Myrt's receipt, the following story and receipt have been extracted from the archives of Antelope Valley Legend and personal sources.

“The Myrt Davis (Duntley Family) Chili Reciept

During the late 1800's, the pioneer family of Rawley Duntley of Tehachapi, California came by the receipt for this unique chili brew in an unusual legendary fashion. An old Spanish lady traveling as cook on a cattle drive to the shipping yards of Los Angeles laid this concoction on the leather –lined bellies of a bunch of hungry Duntley cowboys. Since it struck such a warm filling note to a hungry feller and smelled a whole lot sweeter than the burning hair from a branding iron, Rawley persuaded the ol'gal to pass on the secret of this camp fire stew to

his women folk. Writing in Spanish, using what she called a brown Indian paint mixture made from something growing in Oak Creek Canyon; this lady spelled out the major ingredients on the back side of a dried cotton tail rabbit hide. For many years thereafter , all efforts to reproduce the taste and quality thrown by the ol'Spanish gal miserably failed. (Rawley's opinion according to Myrt). Knowledge of the receipt and where abouts of the rabbit skin was then lost. It was thought for sometime that all had been destroyed when the bunk house burned and the flood of Oak Creek wiped out the ranch house. Many years later a visiting friend produced not only a hand written copy of the receipt, but the rabbit skin itself!

Down through the years , this Spanish Stew was finally deciphered into meaningful English and even enhanced by the famous culinary art of the Duntley pioneer's. This receipt is to be reproduced in all of it's original fire and glory at the up coming World's Championship Chili Contest by Myrt Davis daughter of the legendary Rawley Duntley. In the words of another Antelope Valley personality(name withheld), here is that receipt.

To about one gallon of the broth of an eight year old boiled rooster's edible innards, add about

ten pounds of equal cross grain cuts of range cow and pork (burro and /or possum will substitute). Dice in one to two pounds of range cow suet. Add six medium river bottom Spanish onions, two knuckle size garlic cloves, harvested after the first killing frost, fourteen well ground medium sized New California green chili peppers gathered at full stalk and preferably grown on the north side of a livery stable, two hands full of salt, one hand full of black pepper, four clutches of well ground comino seed, less than half a quart jar lid of Mexican sage, and two and a half smidgens of coriander. Should these spices not be available , dump in two ten gauge shot gun loads of black gun powder. Add about three good swallers of fresh lime juice or what's left of the jug of last year's Elderberry wine.

Cook in a ten gallon steel pot at a rolling boil for one hour and simmer slowly for two hours. Stir gently with an aged seasoned oak paddle stick and serve down wind in full tin cup portions to the hungry victims. This receipt when fully produced in it's entirety has been known to permanently relieve a body's internal craving for any other type of food!

THE FAMOUS RABBIT SKIN RECIEPT (AS WRITTEN AND INTERPRETED)

MANTECA DE RES, CRIADA EN LA MILPA

**(fat of the cow that lives in the wild----suet-- range
cow yellow fat)**

CALDO DE GALLO OCHO ANOS DE EDAD

(soup of the rooster eight years old)

**CARNE DE RES Y PUERCO- BURRO Y ESTE ANIMAL
LE LLEMAN UN ENIGLES PASUM --DIEZ LIBRAS**

**(meat of cow and pig or burro and an animal the
name in English is possum - ten pounds)**

SEBOLLA CABEZONA

(onions)

**AJO ENTRO
CERRANO**

**(garlic)
hot)**

CHILI VERDE PICANTE

(green chili peppers-

SAL Y PIMIENTA

(salt and pepper)

COMINO SEMILLA

(comino seed)

OREGANO ENTERO

UN PUNADO DE POL

BORA NEGRA

**(oregano or Mexican sage) (a handful of black
gun powder)**

SEMILLA DE SILANTRO

(seed of semilla—coriander)

JUGO DE LIMA FRESCA

(swaller of fresh lime juice)

VINO DE MORA ELDER

(Elderberry wine)

PERO ES UN POCO MAS GRANDE CARNE DE RES

**(has something to do with a large bull?) It's your
move!**

MYRT'S CHILI

MYRT'S HOT CHILI IS THE THING THAT'S IN,

**IT COMES FROM THE BACK OF AN OL'RABBIT
SKIN,**

IT'S BOILED AND BURNED AND HOTTER THAN SIN.

**AND IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT, MAN WHERE YOU
BEEN?**

**WE CAME BY CAR AND WE CAME BY TRAIN,
WE CAME BY HORSE AND BY AIRY PLANE,
WE CAME ON FOOT THRU THE WIND AND RAIN
AND WE SHIVERED ALL NIGHT IN A HURRICANE,**

**THERE AIN'T NO HURTIN THAT WE AIN'T GOT,
TO EAT MYRT'S CHILI YOU SUFFER A LOT,
BUT IF THESE JUDGES DON'T ALL GIT SHOT,
WE'LL BE DARN LUCKY JUST TO LICK THE POT**

It was definitely a happening of major proportions and the town of Rosamond stood still for the week end. There were many incidents but by the time judging was over no one showed disfavor. Everyone enjoyed the event and some didn't know and didn't care who won. After all there's always next year and I heard of a Rattle snake recipe that'll blow your head off! The following year was bigger

than ever and our entry started with Myrt's Alibi.

MYRT'S ALIBI

(As written in the Bakersfield Californian
Newspaper)

NOW CHILI MYRT DAVIS WAS THE BIG COOK GIRL,
THAT ENTERED THIS PARTY FOR CHAMP OF THE
WORLD,

YOU KNOW DARN WELL SHE'S THE BEST ONE
ALIVE,

BUT SHE CAME IN FIFTH IN SEVENTY FIVE,

NOW THAT AIN'T BAD WITH THE HELP SHE GOT,
WITH LARRY AND ME JUST FIFTH WAS A LOT,
HER CHILI WOULD'VE WON HER FIRST BY FAR,
BUT SHE HAD A LOTTA HELP FROM A STRAY
CIGAR,

THEN LARRY WAS A WATCHIN THAT PEEK-A-BOO
SHIRT

THAT WAS RIDIN ON TOP OF A FINE LOOKIN SKIRT,
WHEN BLAMED ON HIS WANDERIN EYESIGHT ,I
FEAR,

HE DROPPED IN THE CHILI HIS WHOLE CUP OF
BEER,

NOW THIS WEREN'T BAD BUT IN CATCHIN IT UP,
HE LOST TWO BUTTONS AND A STYROFOAM CUP,
WELL I RUSHED TO HIS RESCUE WITH HELP JUST
ENOUGH

AND DROPPED IN THE CHILI MY NEW CAN OF
SNUFF,

THERE WERE OTHER NICE GOODIES THAT FOUND
A WAY IN,

LIKE MYRT'S POT HOLDERS AND NEW FOUNTAIN
PEN,

THAT HAND MADE HAIR NET, A SHOELACE AND
THEN,

TWO HUNKS OF HAIR FROM THAT OL'RABBIT
SKIN,

**SON JEFF HAD A JACKET YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE
,**

**THE KIND YOU CAN DROP AND NO ONE WILL
THIEVE,**

**KINDA MATTED AND FULL OF WHAT THE
OL'HORSE'LL LEAVE**

**AND THERE IN THE CHILI ,HUNG THE LEFT HAND
SLEEVE,**

**NOW SOME SNUCK A SWALLER EVERY LITTLE
NOW AND THEN ,**

**AND THEY STOOD THERE A CURLIN THEIR LIPS IN
A GRIN,**

**WITH SUCCULENT MOANING AND JOY THEY'D
PRETEND,**

**BUT THE TEARS MADE A RIVER FROM THEIR
CHEEKS TO THEIR CHIN**

WELL BIG BEN JOHNSON, HE LOVED HER STEW,

**AND COULDN'T GET ENOUGH ON THE PLATTER HE
DREW,**

**HE HUGGED BIG MYRT FROM THE GROUND TO
THE STAND,**

**BUT I RECKON YOU KNOW HE HAD A BUCKET IN
HIS HAND,**

**THEN AFTER THE JUDGIN OF A BATTLE THIS
TIGHT,**

**THEY OPENED THE EATIN TO THE PUBLIC IN SIGHT
,**

**BUT WITH THE PUSHIN AND THE SHOVIN TO THE
POT IN THE FIGHT,**

I GOTTA THANK GOD THAT I DIDN'T GET A BITE!

The story ,of course is based on fact (some at least). The Duntley family will come out shooting at anyone questioning the absolute authenticity of this genuine cotton tail rabbit skin inscribed, in Indian Spanish; with the treasure honored receipt. The abuse of family heirlooms could justify manslaughter. In this case I know for a fact ; that Myrt would approve! The much photographed famous Rabbit Skin (presented at all contests)when last seen was in the treasured memorabilia of Myrt Davis and in possession of the Davis family.

I sometimes hesitate to believe anything that I hear and only a third of what I see (One of the Ten Commandants for a Gold Miner).Being a gold miner ,of course; puts me at the other end of the Commandants (the reason they were written, maybe?) At any rate, it was my great pleasure to have been a close friend of Myrt, to enjoy and be a part of our many great times together and finally to write this song and perform it for those 40,000 screaming friends of her's!

MAMA MYRT OF TROPICO MINE

HEY—I WANNA TELL A STORY BOUT A GAL FROM
TROP // ICO

SHE // BEAT THE SOCKS OFF TWENTY
COOKS BEFORE THEY HOLLERED GO

THEY // SAY SHE COOKS A CHILI THAT IS
PLENTY MEAN AND HOT, //

MAN IF SHE AIN'T CAREFULL, EAT'S THE // BOTTOM
FROM THE // POT

Chorus

OH MAMA MYRT, I KNOW YOUR FRIENDS ARE // MANY,

MAMA MYRT, I HOPE YOU COOKED A PLENTY,

THESE HUNGRY FELLER'S HERE ,THEY WON'T LEAVE
ME ANY,

MAMA // MYRT, O-O-O-OH, MAMA MYRT

HER RECIEPT'S A SECRET FROM A DRIED OL'RABBIT //
SKIN,

THAT // STIRRIN STICK SHE USES IS PAST A HUNDRED
TEN,

HER // BEEF'S FROM CALIFORNIA AND HER PORK'S
FROM ARKANSAS, //

THAT ROOSTER THAT SHE'S COOKIN, HE HAD // BARBED
WIRE IN HIS // CRAW,

WELL I KNOW YOU LOVE HER CHILI AND I'M SURE YOU
ALL // AGREE,

THAT // COOKIN CHILI COUNTRY STYLE YOU SELDOM
EVER SEE,

BUT // ONE THING BOTHER'S ME NOW AIN'T IT HELL, //

I WORKED ALL MORNING // FOR JUST A // SMELL,

Chorus



HARD TO SING EATIN MYRT'S CHILI !!

