

THE BALLAD OF FRANKLIN G.

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"Tis time, time time for a tale that's true,
About them boys and what they do,
Away up there on Findlay Creek,
That Franklin G. is such a sneak;
"Tis time, 'tis time for a tale tonight,
About hunting's that wrong,
And hunting that's right.

It's about a cowboy named Franklin G.
Who used to ranch down on the Kootenay,
And in the fall he went outfitting,
You know, all that hunting and bull-shooting...

Well, he had a camp up on Findlay Creek,
Where the soup was strong but the coffee weak,
But it didn't matter to them eastern boys,
Long as they had their Jack Daniels
And their shooting toys, ...
But I gotta tell you,
And I gotta tell you true,
How they got their bulls, ...
Oh! That nasty crew.

The boys load up their big rifles there,
Saddle up and slick down their hair,
They ride up and down old Findlay Creek,
And tell us tales of stalk and sneak,
But the truth my friends is not the same,
How they really get their bulls?
Oh!.. It is such a shame...

I know the truth, for once from behind a tree,
Who should I spot but Minneapolis Fats and Franklin
G.,
Now Minneapolis Fats, he had his gun,

But Franklin G. didn't have a tooter,
All he was packing was his throat of pewter...
And they didn't hide deep in the woods,
Like any real hunter would;
Instead old Hank strolls out to the middle of the
slide
And sits there jawin',
Not even trying to hide!

Well, old Hank commences to talking tall,
Filling the air with poetry so sweet,
Why, it would make you bawl...
And the story he told, why it sure was fair,
But hell, they were supposed to be hunting elk,
Not reciting poetry and just sitting there!

Well, he told the story of Galloway Red,
Of logging trucks and the newly dead.
Tales by Verd and Service too,
Of a country dog and the wild crew,
At the Malamute Saloon.

Well, he taled and rhymed and poeted on,
Telling his tale and singing such a sweet song,
But then, you know, I looked up the hill,
What do I see but a great big bull,
Heh, don't it give you a thrill?

First there was one, then there was two,
Big bulls, big bulls with horns galore,
By God there's three, now there's four!
They walked right down the slide in complete
distain,
Cocking their ears to hear Hank's refrain;
And old Hank, he just kept rambling on,
Reciting his lines and singing his song,
Those bulls sat right down at Franklin's feet,
And if I hadn't known their intentions,
I'd have thought it sweet,
And then old Franklin says "NOW!"

And the hunter went "Kerbang!"

Now I tell you this tale and I tell you true,
"Cause I don't think its fair, just what they do,
Away up there on Findlay Creek,
That Franklin G. is such a sneak!
You're supposed to bugle them big suckers in..
Getting them with poetry? Why it's worse than sin!

So I jumped right out from behind my tree,
And I looked at Hank and he looked at me,
"Oh dear, Oh dear" says Hank... "We in trouble be,
For this good man, as you can plainly see,..
Has caught us hunting with poetry!"

So we went back up to Hank's old camp,
Lite up a smoky old Coleman lamp,
And all that night we argued and fought,
The arguements got warm and then they got hot,
Why Franklin G. he threatened me too,
He was gonna use my hide to thicken his stew,
But I fixed those boys and I fixed them good,.
I did exactly what I knew I should,
I fought them fire with fire, can't you see?
I started reciting poetry!

So I told a tale and made it rhyme,
and pretty soon even old Hank was crying,
For my tale was good, though a little long..
As I poeted on and poeted on...
What could I do? My couplets just kept going and
going..
But then, outside the tent, I hear this blowin'
I opened the flap and what did I see?
But a NINE point bull, enjoying MY poetry!

So now I must admit to you,
The sin has spread, I'm afraid its true.
That nine point bull is on my wall,
The devil beckoned and I head his call,
And now each fall I join Hank in crime,
He gets his bulls and I get mine...
We let the rest of you get up a four o'clock,
And go out there and sneak and stalk,
Hank and I don't need that song and dance,
We get our bulls, with eloquence.