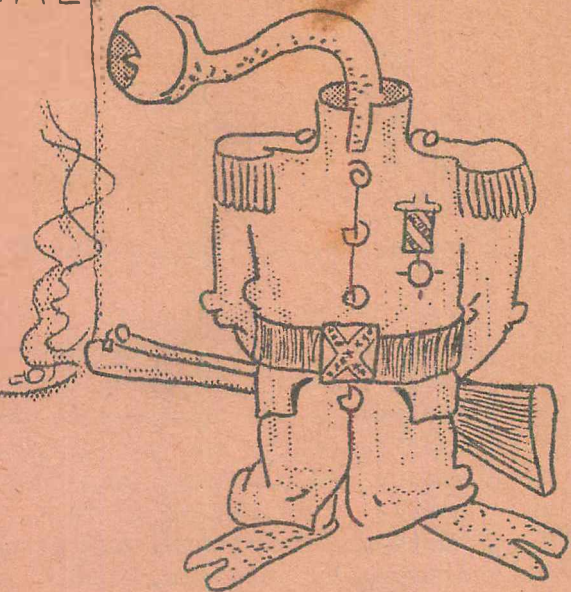


THE CHATTAHOOCHEE,
OKEFINOKEE AND
OGEECHEE OCCASIONAL
GAZETTE combined with
THE WASSAW & OSSABAW
BACKWATER JOURNAL



official organ of
THE FORT MUDGE
STEAM CALLIOPE CO

lee hoffman
FAPA Feb 56

art by ATom

Hooray for the Bonnie Blue Flag!

It was a gathering of sensitive fan-types, in the environs of Washington, D.C. and in attendance were a lot of people, including the Bulmers, Bob Pavlat, John Hitchcock, Larry Stark and Larry Shaw, Bill Evans, Ted White, and others too numerous to mention. A lad named Fred Somethingorother had a tape recording and was playing it in the background while we sipped Nuclear Fizzes and chatted. And while it played, I recognized a familiar strain of music. I leaped to my feet, recognizing DIXIE. Ken Bulmer, recognizing the music and my action, and being a Southerner by rights of being a swamp critter by adoption, rose. In a moment some of the others rose, and shortly this room full of Rebels, Yankees and Foreigners all stood to our anthem.

▲ Fabulous Burbee-Type Character?

It was at the same gathering that some fan of the post-Q era told me that I, like Charles Burbee, am a Living Legend. I doubt this. Among other things, I have never made home brew.

He was a Bad Man...

Gather 'round me, little chillun, at least those of you who are interested in jazz of the pre-Kenton kind, and in folk lore, and I'll tell you about Stackalee, who was a bad man.

"Stackalee was a bad man,
Everybody knows,
Spent more'n a hundred dollars
For every suit of clothes
He was a Bad Man,
And his name was Stackalee."

It began in New Orleans where

"Gypsy told Stack's mother,
Told her like a friend,
'You' double-jointed baby
Won't come to no good end."

because little Stackalee was not only born double jointed, but with a caul and a full set of teeth as well.

Stackalee (2)

Now Stackalee grew up to be the biggest and the meanest Nergo in the city (which may have been St Louis instead of New Orleans, or maybe it was St Jo, for the story tellers vary) and one day Old Scratch himself came along and took Stack down to the graveyard to talk with him. And Old Scratch purely talked Stack (who was willin' from the start) out of his soul. And he sent Stack out to make himself a hat out of the raw hide of a man-eating panther. Stack made the hat, an oxblood "Stetson" and the devil filled the hat full of magic so that as long as Stack kept that hat and wore it he could work all kinds of devilment.

Well, Stackalee, he had him a woman, a gal who used to run a gamblin' game at a saloon called Silver Moon over at old Bucktown on the levee at Cincinnati, and this gal was called Stack o' Dollars. Her motto was "Come clean, orcme dirty and get cleaned." She had a big bosom, two diamond teeth with gold fillings, and wore an eight gallon Stetson. She smoked cheroots and was tough enough to talk back to old Stack.

Stack got in some trouble with a voodoo queen in New Orleans and took off for San Francisco, and one morning in April of 1906 he drifted into a saloon in Frisco and this here bartender started sassing him so he laid hold of the bar with both hands and huffed and pulled and when he gave one final jerk the whole ceiling and walls come down. Stack run out into the street and there was wrecks as far as the eye could see in every direction, buildings all crumpled down into pieces. Stack studied it a while and decided it must have been the water pipes, all linked together, and when he pulled the faucets in the bar out, he had jerked down right near half the city of San Francisco. If you don't believe me, look it up in the history books. For it is all there, even if they don't mention Stack by name, and do attribute the trouble to other causes.

Back in St Louis, where Stack went after that, Billy Lyon was down at the Jack O' Diamond's when Stack was playing cards so intent he forgot his oxblood Stetson. And while Stack wasn't lookin' @ld Scratch, who was gettin' tired of waitin' for Stack's soul, stole that hat.

And shortly thereafter Stack fell to fightin' with Billy Lyons.

"Stackalee and Billy the Lion,
Fightin' on the floor.
Stackolee pulled the trigger,
of that smoking forty four.
He was a bad man,
That Stackalee.

"Oh, Billy the Lion said "Stackalee
Please don't take my life.
I've got two little babies
and a darlin' of a wife,
You are a bad man
You dirty Stackalee."

Stackalee (3)

To which Stack said:

"Whadda I care bout your babies,
And about your darlin' wife.
You doné stole my Stetson hat
And I'm bound to take your life,"
(He was a bad man)

"Well, the Judge said, 'Mr Stackalee,
Mr Stackalee,
I'm gonna hang your body up
And set your spirit free
'Cause you're a bad man,
You dirty Stackalee.'"

"He was standin' on his gallows,
Head a way up high,
At Twelve O'Clock they killed him,
And was glad to see him die,
He was a bad man,
And his name was Stackalee."

And they sang about him on the chain gang. Some said he wasn't hanged,
but went to spend seventy-five years in the Jefferson pen, and if that's
true I reckon he's there yet.

(references on request)

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1-26-56

I've said this elsewhere, and I'll say it again: after sometime in
February I will no longer be at 101 Wagner St in TSOTS, but will be wandering,
and I dunna ken what my permanent address will be for a while, so I suggest
that you write to me c/o Royal Publications, Inc. 47 East 44th St. New
York 17, N Y, where LTS will forward my mail to me.

This, friends, is ~~ix~~ it for the while. Sunday I'll dismant&e and wash
the mimeo. And in a mailing or two I'll be back and you'll never have missed
me. So for the nonce, fare thee well....

Lee H
gh&cbnf in TSOTS

The South Shall Rise Again!

Folksong lyrics:

I know where I'm going
And I know who's going with me,
I know who I love,
But God knows who I'll marry.

I have stockings of silk,
Shoes of bright red leather,
Combs to sheen my hair,
And a ring for every finger.

Feather beds are soft,
And painted walls are bonny,
But I would trade them all,
For my handsome, winsome jonny.

Some say he's bad,
But I know he is bonny
Fairest of them all,
Is my handsome, winsome jonny.

* * * *

I dreamt I saw Joe Hill last night,
Alive as you and me,
Says I, "But, Joe, you're ten years
dead!"

"I never died," says he,
"I never died," says he.

"In Salt Lake, Joe, by Gbd," says I,
Him standing by my bed,
"They framed you on a murder charge"
Says Joe, "But I ain't dead."
Says Joe, "But I ain't dead."
(omit several verses)

And standing there as big as life,
And smiling with his eyes,
Joe says, "What they forgot to kill
Went on to organize."
Went on to organize."

From San Deigo up to Main,
In every mine and mill,
Where workers strike and organize,"
Says he, "You'll find Joe Hill."
Says he, "You'll find Joe Hill."

I asked your mother for you,
She told me you was too young;
I wish to God I never seen your face,
I'm sorry you ever was born.

Goodnight, Irene

Irene, goodnight, Irene goodnight,
Goodnight, Irene, goodnight, Irene,
I'll love you in my dreams.

You caused me to weep, you caused me
to moan

You caused me to leave my own home,
Last word I ever heard you say,
"I want you to sing me a song."

Irene, goodnight (etc)

I loved Irene, God knows I did.
And I'll love her till the sea runs
dry.

And if Irene ever turns me out,
I'll take morphine and die.

Irene, goodnight (etc)

I'm goin' away for to stay a little
while,
But I'm comin' back, if I go ten
thousand miles.

Oh, who will tie my shoes?
and who will glove my hand?
And who will kiss my ruby lips, when I
am far away?
Look away, look away over yonder.

She's gone away for to stay a little
while,
But she's comin' back, if she goes
ten thousand miles.

Oh, I will tie your shoes,
and I will glove your hands,
and I will kiss your ruby lips
when you come back.
Look away, look away over yonder.



Atom