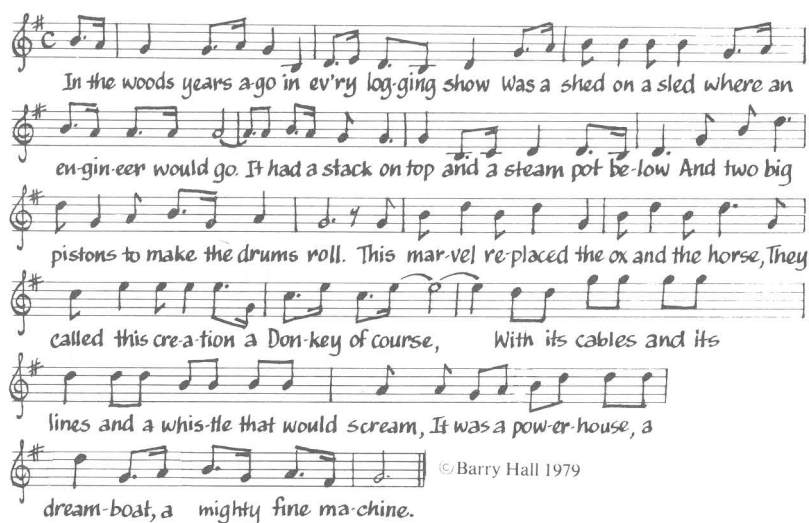


Donkey Puncher's Dream



In the woods years a-go in ev'ry log-ging show Was a shed on a sled where an
 en-gin-eer would go. It had a stack on top and a steam pot be-low And two big
 pistons to make the drums roll. This mar-vel re-placed the ox and the horse, They
 called this cre-a-tion a Don-key of course, With its cables and its
 lines and a whis-tle that would scream, It was a power-house, a
 dream-boat, a mighty fine ma-chine.

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In the woods years ago in every logging show,
 Was a shed on a sled where an engineer would go.
 It had a stack on top and a steampot below
 And two big pistons to make the drums roll.
 This marvel replaced the ox and the horse,
 They called this creation a donkey of course,
 With its cables and its lines and a whistle that would scream,
 It was a powerhouse, a dreamboat, a mighty fine machine.

The woodbucker sawed and the woodsplitter chopped
 Cord after cord and they never seemed to stop.
 The fireman fires her up, she's eating wood like hay,
 Two cords of wood would be gobbled every day.
 There's water in the boiler and its level's lookin' good,
 The stack is a-smokin', you could smell the burning wood.
 A shipshape outfit and she's a-runnin' proud,
 A-huffin' and a-puffin' and a-roarin' real loud.

Oh the engineer looked up at the pressure in the gauge,
 He's pleased with the readin', oh what a happy day!
 He checks the grease in the cups so the pistons will run smooth,
 Now he pulls on the throttle and makes his donkey move.
 She'd move up the hill, you should've seen her jump,
 Pull herself with a cable tied up to a stump.
 The lines were rigged, she was ready for the job,
 When the mainline was tight it was pulling out a log.

When the punk pulled the whistlewire for the work to stop,
 There was hot water from the tank for the coffee pot.
 If the loggers' hands were cold, they could warm them cheerfully
 As they stood around the boiler, chewed the fat and shot the breeze.
 They'd get their 'bacey out and roll up a smoke;
 Have a spit and tell a dirty joke.
 Now the days are gone of this wonderful machine,
 But its ghost still remains in a donkeypuncher's dream.

Barry Hall is a Vancouver musician well-known for his banjo and guitar playing, and for his singing of blues and of his own songs. He began playing as a child, and while still quite young recorded *The Virtuoso 5-String Banjo* for Folkways Records.

Inspired by experiences of his father, a logger of Finnish origin, Barry recently composed a series of songs about B.C. logging. These songs will form the basis of a play by Ronald Weihs, "Highball", which will open in Vancouver this November. "Donkeypuncher's Dream", one of the songs in this series, comes from Barry's experience working with an old donkeypuncher, Bill Copeland, and gives a sense of the man's attitude to and his relationship with the machine.



Photo: Henk Piker

Barry Hall

Fred Weihs



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