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Guymon Name Song

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GUYMON NAME SONG

— Sheila Cohlma

During harvest, my parents used a converted 1950 school bus to take meals to the fields. I have fond memories of bumping along the dusty roads and of the big family meals inside the old yellow bus. A tradition of my family was to recite and argue about the words to Old Uncle Ed's Name Song.

Ed Colburn was my grandpa's brother-in-law and was a fun loving, cut-up of an old man. He drove trucks during harvest "wide open." Actually, he was somewhat of a traffic menace racing other truck drivers back and forth to the elevator in Tyrone. He was particularly "riled up" when a lady driver would pass him.

He lived in Guymon during these years until the death of his wife. Since his daughter lived in Prague, he moved there and later moved on to Florida. I was a very small girl during the years he worked with us, so he is somewhat of a shadowy memory. But I'll never forget his Name Song.

Old Uncle Ed would come bouncing into the bus, wolf down a big meal, and praise the women folk's cooking to the skies. Often after supper he would sing an old song—sometimes a church song, sometimes not. But our favorite was his Name Song. My dad and two older boy cousins memorized the words after much practice. All of us kids would beg and pester him about it.

"Come on, Uncle Ed, sing us that song," we would chant. "Say it slow this time."

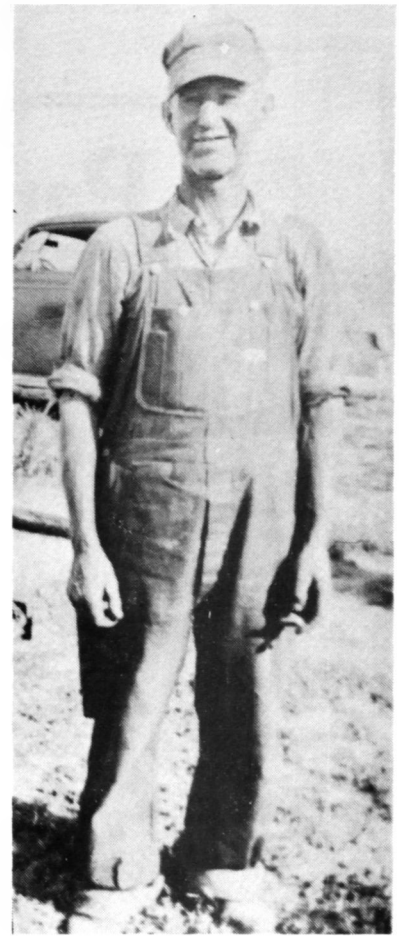
He would shove his dusty, beat-up felt hat back on his head, and his face would beam a mischievous grin. As he slowly recited the words, he would tap his boot in time. Then he would gradually sing the words and tap faster and faster until we all dissolved in laughter.

I don't know if Uncle Ed's song was a popular one in his youth or if he made it up. He died several years ago; but my cousins, Jerry and John Shilling, and my dad, Richard Stalcup, still talk about the song. We have long since forgotten the melody and the words are beginning to fade away. But we will never forget the happy times in scorching hot, dusty Panhandle harvest fields that the old man brought with his Name Song.

UNCLE ED'S NAME SONG

My mother and father were practical folks,
And both had a liking for practical jokes.
So when I was born, they both of one mind
Said I should have all the names they could find.

Jonathon Joseph Jeremiah
Timothy Titus Obediah
William Henry Walter Sims
Rueben Rufus Sullivan Jim
Nathaniel Daniel Abraham
Roderick Frederick Peter Sam
Simon Timon Nicholas Pat
Christopher Dick Jehosophat.



Ed Colburn in his workclothes, in the 1940's

PHOTO BY SHEILA COHLMIA

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Ed Colburn all dressed up in the 1940's

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