

# LIVE FROM THE TOOTH

LIVE FROM  
THE TOOTH



PHILSONGS II

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The song lyrics on this page are from the first CD issued at Philmont,  
and sold by the “Tooth of Time Traders”, or the Philmont Staff Association.

The lyrics are: “As-sung on the CD’s”.

Send lyrics corrections, additions, or comments to:  
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## Recorded “Live from the Tooth”

(Well, actually at Rocky Mountain Scout Camp under the Tooth) during the 2001 PSA Reunion. Featuring Greg “Doc” Walker, Rod Taylor, Eric Voss, Todd Conklin and Warren Smith. Collectively, this eclectic group of musicians is referred to as the “Philmont Legends”.

Showcasing an authentic Philmont campfire with a mix of traditional and more “modern” campfire songs, this CD is sure to delight and please. Regardless of when you were last in New Mexico, the years will slip away and you will be magically transported back to the Sangre de Cristo Mountains.

Cover art by Dawn Chandler (all rights reserved).  
Recording and engineering by Chris “Jag” McLaughlin.

*I believe I now have most of the song lyrics correct, however I still must put in most of the commentary.*

## LIVE FROM THE TOOTH - PHILSONGS II

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IWGBTP! I Wana Go Back To PHILMONT! IWGBTP!

(1) Introduction *Todd Conklin, et al*

## (2) Momma Don't 'Low (Allow)

Gene Autry and Smiley Burnett

Mama don't 'low no harp playing 'round here  
Mama don't 'low no harp playing 'round here  
I don't care what Mama don't 'low  
Gonna play my harp anyhow  
Mama don't 'low no harp playing 'round here

...loud singin' ...      ...foot stomping...      ...bun squeezin' ...  
...guitar playin' ...      ...harp playing...      ...loud singin' ...

## (3) West Texas Cowboy (ME and MY UNCLE)

John Phillips

Em  
Me and my Uncle went ridin' down  
    G            Em  
From Colorado, West Texas bound,  
  
We stopped off, in Santa Fe,  
    G            Am  
It bein' part, just about half way  
    C            D            Em  
And besides it was the hottest part of the day.

We led our ponies into a stall,  
Went to the bar boys, bought drinks for all,  
Ten days in saddle, no body hurt,  
It bein' summertime, took off my shirt,  
And I tried to wash off some of that dust and dirt.

West Texas cowboys, all over town,  
With gold and silver, they's loaded down,  
Just in from roundup, don't seem a shame,  
And so my Uncle starts a friendly game  
High-Low Jacks and the winner takes the game.

Right from the first boy, Uncle start to win,  
West Texas cowboys, they's mad as sin,  
Some say he's cheatin', aw but that can't be,  
Cause my Uncle, 'bout as honest as me.  
I was honest as a Cimarron boy can be.

One of them cowboys, he starts to draw,  
I grabbed a bottle, cracked him on the jaw,  
I shot another, he won't grow old,  
In the confusion, Uncle grabbed that gold,  
And we high-tail it down to Mexico.

Well God bless cowboys, God bless gold,  
God bless my Uncle, God rest his soul,  
He taught me well boys, taught me all I know,  
Taught me so well boys, that I grabbed that gold,  
And I left my Uncle lying dead by the side of the road.

## (4) Apples and Bananas

Frank Scott

I have been asked to do kind of a special number; it's emotional and meaningful and certainly always... tears me up. I hope you find it as emotionally tasking as we do. This is a song for the little ones in the group, but the big ones can enjoy it as well. It's a song called Apples and Bananas. Have any of you been to the Apples and Banana experience before? OK well, join right in will ya', try to get it loud. This is definitely a sing-along and there is no excuses, and I know where you are, who you are, and where you are sitting.

It goes like this:

I like to eat eat eat, I like to eat eat eat apples and bananas (2x)

Got it? Lets try it together it's not that hard, I think we can make it. Ready?

Oh, I like to eat eat eat, I like to eat eat eat apples and bananas

I like to eat eat eat, I like to eat eat eat apples and bananas

Got it? Pretty meaningful isn't it, kind of emotional. We can take this great song even better if we use the vowels, how many of you remember what the vowels are? Listen up for me, ready? A-E-I-O-U... and some times Y, just in case you remembered. Can any of you do the Pirate Vowels? (gruffly) A-E-I-O-U, just mixing it up a little. (My vowels would be E! IOU, A?) Now what happens when the vowels say there long sound\*\*\*\*\*

I like to ate ate ate, I like to ate ate ate ay-pples and banay-nays (2x)

I like to eat eat eat, I like to eat eat eat ee-pples and banee-nee-s (2x)

I like to ite ite ite, I like to ite ite ite i-pples and bani-ni-s (2x)

I like to oat oat oat, I like to oat oat oat o-pples and bano-no-s (2x)

I like to oot oot oot, I like to oot oot oot oo-pples and banoo-noo-s (2x)

I like to eat eat eat, I like to eat eat eat apples and bananas (2x)

## **(5) Colfax County Dream**

**Stephen Lewis & Richard Broyles**

Well, the flies are buzzin' around the 'simmon tree  
Dog sleeps by the door  
Me, I'm sittin' on a Texas front porch  
Wishin' I was gone  
Well sink's clogged and the rent is due  
Roses give up and die  
Well you see babe, there ain't no place in Lubbock, a mountain boy can hide

**\* CHORUS \***

And I miss you Rocky Mountains in the early days of spring  
Summers sear and the Texas heat is killin' everything  
In my mind, I see the aspen... and the clear blue tumblin' stream  
Just a lonesome Texas boy with a Rocky Mountain dream

Well they say it's nice to live here  
Good ol' boys this is where they're at  
Land is good for cotton and the cows grow sleek and fat  
Maybe if I'd never climbed a mountain three miles tall  
And kissed the sky good mornin', I might not mind it here at all

**\* CHORUS \***

Just a lonesome Lubbock Texas picker, with a Colfax County dream  
Just a lonesome Texas boy with a Rocky Mountain dream

Lyrics help by  
Rex K. Loftin  
Philmont Staff Assn.  
Staff—75, 76, 77

## **(6) Got My Mojo Working**

**Preston Foster**

Got my mojo working, but it just don't work on you  
Got my mojo working, but it just don't work on you  
I want to love you so bad, 'til I don't know what to do

Got a gypsy woman, boy giving me advice  
I got a gypsy woman now, giving me advice  
I got a whole bag of tricks; I keep right here on ice

\* CHORUS \*

Got my mojo working, Got my mojo working,  
Got my mojo working, Got my mojo working,  
Got my mojo working, Got my mojo working,  
Got my mojo working, Got my mojo working,  
Got my mojo working, but it just don't work on you

I'm going down to Louisiana, get me a mojo and...  
I'm going down to Louisiana, to get me a mojo and...  
I'm gonna have all you people bankin' on my demand

\* CHORUS \*

\* CHORUS \*

Origins:

The song was originally recorded by Ann Cole in the 1957. She learned it from a demo record by the composer, Preston Foster. Muddy Waters toured with her and liked the song; he added some lyrics of his own and recorded it himself - at first claiming authorship as well.

## (7) WINTER OF '29

Stephen Lewis

"Winter of '29" was written in 1973 by Steve Lewis, who was then a Staff Member at Cipher's Mine. It's become a traditional song at Clear Creek.

G

'Twas the winter of '29

Me and Jake we was a-riding the line,

C G

I'll tell you boys it was cold now.

Came across a bit of frost,

Nearly lost my beaver and hoss

F C G

A fine time dreamin' of the Texas sun.

G

Well, I wish I coulda' got a whole pocketful of Texas sun.

G

Looked around for a restin' spot,

Fingers so cold you couldn't tie a knot.

C G

Settled down for a long cold restless snooze, boys.

Came the time that the white moon rose,

Heard a sound, it nearly froze my toes

F C G

A big ole brown bear, a grizzly bear, Ole Griz!

D

So I jumped out there in the knee-deep snow,

C G

And I swung my rifle 'round.

D

Caught him in the chin just below the nose,

C D

Went a-bellowin' like a hound, ya.

G

Jake woke up from the noise outside,

Said he'd never had a better sleep in his life,

C G

Put on a pot of that coffee boiled black as night, boys.

Packed up the mules like we always do,

And headed on down to the rendezvous,

F C G

A fine time dreamin' of the Texas sun.

F C G

Well, I wish I coulda' got a whole pocketful of Texas sun.

And it was fine time dreamin' of the Texas sun.

It seem like friends are always talkin' 'bout the Texas sun.

A fine time dreamin' of the Texas sun.

Me, ya' know I'm always dreamin' of the Clear Creek sun.

## **(8) Milk Cow Blues**

**Kokomo Arnold**

Well, I woke up this morning  
Looked out my door  
I could tell it was my milk cow  
Could tell the way she lowed

If you've seen my milk cow  
Please drive her on home  
'Cause I ain't had no milk an' butter  
Since that good cow's been gone

Well, you gotta' treat me right, day by day  
Get out your little prayer book, get down on your knees and pray  
'Cause you gonna need my lovin', need it someday  
Ya' and you'll be sorry for treating me this way

Sail on, sail on, sail on little girl sail on, sail on,  
I sail on, sail on little girl sail on,  
Your keep right on sailin' till you lose your happy home

Well good evening; don't that sun look good going down?  
I said, well good evening, don't that sun look good going down?  
Don't your baby look so lonesome, when your Philmont lover ain't around?

Well, I tried everything baby to get along with you  
Now I'm gonna tell you what I'm going do  
I'm gonna stop all my grieving, honey, leave you alone  
If you don't think I'm leaving big mamma, just count the days I'm gone

'Cause you ain't gonna see, ain't gonna' see my sweet face no more  
Ya', you'll just be wondering where in the world I've gone

Well, I woke up this morning  
Looked out my door  
Well I could tell it was my milk cow  
Could tell the way she lowed

If you've seen Crooked Creeks' milk  
Please drive her on home  
'Cause I ain't had no milk an' butter  
Since that good cow's been gone

No, I ain't had no milk an' butter (2x)  
Since that good cow's been gone

(Somehow I don't think that song is about a milk cow)

Roots of this song:

Originally recorded as Milk Cow Blues Boogie in the 1930s by Kokomo Arnold, and adapted by Robert Johnson as Milk Cow Calf's Blues. Elvis's version was recorded as a single in January 1955 as part of The Sun Sessions. It has also been recorded by Bob Wills, Eddie Cochran, numerous others, as well as our very own Rod Taylor



**(9) 10/27/79 (RUNNIN' With The WIND) Greg (Doc) Walker**

“Doc” Walker was attending Medical School in Boston in October of ‘79, when he wrote Runnin’ With the Wind. It’s about a reunion with Staff Members Jason Mascitti and Ken Block.

Chording arrangement for this one goes to Mark Wray (ASM-167, Arlington, VA) and Dr. Bob Klein (SM-111, Arlington, VA).

G Em C G  
Sittin’ in old Boston town, lookin’ at the city lights  
G Em C D  
Rememberin’ those days gone by, those Rocky Mountain nights  
C D G \*\* Em  
And I think of two young Philly boys, two aspens in the wind  
C D C D G  
We walk along those trails again, those Colfax County friends

\* CHORUS \*

G C D G C D G  
You gotta run with the wind, Follow tumblin’ streams,  
C D G Em C D G  
Soar above the hills of green, and live your mountain dreams

G Em C G  
Tell about the city life, sittin’ around a campfire’s glow  
G Em C D  
One sings forgotten miners’ songs, the others listen low  
C D G \*\* Em  
And a quiet magic fills the air, as the embers fade away  
C D C D G  
And now there’s three young cowboys, sharin’ memories of today

\* CHORUS \*

G Em C G  
Friends are joined from all about, from all across this land  
G Em C D  
A common memory binds us all, a place that’s truly grand  
C D G \*\* Em  
And this moment always lives with us, as a smile begins to form  
C D C D G  
On each young weary traveler’s face, and the hearts begin to warm

\* CHORUS \*

G Em C G  
So sing a song for special friends, and shed a tear for old  
G Em C D  
For here stand those two aspen trees, their leaves have turned to gold  
C D G \*\* Em  
And as for me, I’m just an Ozark boy, with a memory in my mind  
C D C D G  
Of this summer’s night we all once shared, in a place that’s lost in time

\* CHORUS \*

\* CHORUS \*

*Ends with G G\* G\* G*

\*\* Standard “step” from G to Em (1st string/3rd fret and 6th string/2nd fret)

## (10) Reason To Believe

**Bruce Springsteen**

G                                    C            G  
Seen a man standin' over a dead dog, by the highway in a ditch  
G            C G                                    D  
He's got his car door flung open, pokin' that dog with a stick  
                        G            C                          G  
He's lookin' down kind o' puzzled, he's standin' out on Highway 31  
G            C G D                                    G  
Like if he stood there long enough, that dog get up and run  
G            C G                                    D G  
Man it struck me kind o' funny, seemed kind of funny sir to me  
G            C G D                                    G  
Now at the end of every hard-earned day, people find some reason to believe

Now, Mary Lou loved Johnny, with a love mean and true,  
She said, "I'd work for you every day, and bring my money home to you".  
One day up and left her, and ever since-a then,  
She waits at the end of that dirt road, for young Johnny to come back.  
Man it struck me kind o' funny, seemed kind of funny sir to me  
How at the end of every hard-earned day, people find some reason to believe.

Take the baby to the river. Kyle William they called him.  
They wash the baby in the water; take away little Kyle's sins.  
In a whitewash shotgun shack, an old man passes away.  
They take his body to the graveyard, and over him they pray.  
Man, now won't you tell us, tell us what can it be  
How at the end of every hard-earned day, people find some reason to believe.

The congregation gathers, down by the riverside.  
The preacher stands with a Bible, groom stands waitin' for his bride.  
The congregation gone, the sun sets behind a weepin' willow tree.  
The groom stands alone and watches the river rush on... so effortlessly,  
Oh, man now he's wonderin', where can his baby be.  
How at the end of every hard-earned day, people find some reason to believe.

# (11) Edge of Texas

Peter Crook and Rod Taylor

Chording arrangement by Mark Wray (ASM-167, Arlington, VA) and  
Dr. Bob Klein (SM-111, Arlington, VA).

G C \*\* Am  
There's a certain kind of life - on the edge of Texas  
D C  
Where chili enchiladas come with nopalito cactus  
G C \*\* Am  
That west Texas wind - keeps blowin' to remind us  
D C D G  
That comin' or a-goin' - it knows right where you are.

G C \*\* Am  
A knock on my door - from a friend from long ago  
D C  
Said I'm headed out for Texas - won't you join me on the road?  
G C \*\* Am  
Ain't no rhyme or reason - just look what is lost  
D C D G  
So grab your bag and cowboy hat - and some bread to cover costs.

C \*\* Am D G  
And we drove through the night - we were on the edge of Texas  
C \*\* Am D  
Where chili enchiladas come with nopalito cactus  
G C \*\* Am  
And that west Texas wind - keeps blowin' to remind us  
D C D G  
That comin' or a-goin' - it knows right where you are.

[Guitar Break]

G C \*\* Am  
We stopped in Glen Rio - [for] some gas and souvenirs  
D C  
You know the kind that you can shake up - and the snow flies all around  
G C \*\* Am  
Like the snow from the cottonwoods - grows down by the river  
D C D G  
'cept those little tiny ducks were painted red and green.

G C \*\* Am  
We spent the day a-cruisin' - round Deaf Smith County  
D [1] C  
With plastic water bubbles and a handful of cigars  
G C \*\* Am  
Oblivious to time - with no sense of direction  
D C D G  
But to turn around would've been - just too damn hard

C \*\* Am D G  
And we drove through the night - we were on the edge of Texas  
C \*\* Am D  
Where chili enchiladas come with nopalito cactus  
G C \*\* Am  
And that west Texas wind - keeps blowin' to remind us  
D C D G  
That comin' or a-goin' - it knows right where you are.

[Harmonica Break]

C \*\* Am D G  
And we drove through the night - right on the edge of Texas  
C \*\* Am D  
Where chili enchiladas come with nopalito cactus  
G C \*\* Am  
And that west Texas wind - keeps blowin' to remind us  
D C D G  
That comin' or a-goin' - it knows right where you are.

C \*\* Am [2] C D G  
Yes, a-comin' or a-goin' - it knows right where you are.

\*\* Standard "step" from C to Am (2nd string/1st fret and 5th string/2nd fret)

[1] "bubbles" Peter & Rod are referring to the "Snow Globes"

[2] This can be played as a straight D (like in the rest of the song), but Rod seems to be playing the << C \*\* Am >> sequence as a lead-in to the finale.

## (12) GEORGETOWN

Gerry Spehar

C        Am  
Sitting on a white stone bridge  
F        G        C  
'bout a mile from Georgetown, Colorado.  
C        Am        F  
Looking at a mountain meadow that's  
G        C  
changing, golden brown to shadow.  
F        C  
Hundred yards behind my back is a bar  
G        Am  
I'd like to go and drown my sorrow  
F        C  
Carry my mind to an easier time,  
G        Am - F - G  
Far side of tomorrow.

\* CHORUS \*

GFC        F    G        C  
And the river, she flows on around the bend.  
Am        F        G  
On down to Denver, where she meets a friend,  
F    G        C  
Then they sail together 'til they reach the sea.  
Am        F        G        C  
Wish I was the river, Lord, and the river was me.

Now I heard there's a man a ways up the road  
Knows just how to sing and play the guitar.  
Sittin' on the edge of fame and fortune,  
Could have made himself a very big star.  
Ridding 'round cities in a big Cadillac  
Showing all the ladies a smile.  
But he took all the money and he gave it right back  
Kept his happy heart awhile.

\* CHORUS \*

\* CHORUS \*

Wish I was the river, Lord, and the river was me.  
Wish I was the river, Lord, and the river was me.

## (13) PARADISE

**John Prine**

\* note -- another way to play this tune is to use the "A" chord in instead of A7.

Like always, play it how you want.

D                    G            D  
When I was a child, my family would travel  
                  A7        D  
Down to Western Kentucky where my parents were born.  
                  G        D  
There's a backwoods old town that's often remembered  
                  A7        D  
So many times that memories are worn.

\* CHORUS \*

D                    G            D  
And Daddy won't you take me back to Muehlenberg County,  
                  A7        D  
Down by the Green River where Paradise lay.  
                  G            D  
Well, I'm sorry my son, but you're too late in asking  
                  A7        D  
Mister Peabody's coal train has hauled it away.

Well sometimes we'd travel right down the Green River.  
To an abandoned old prison down by Airdrie Hill  
Where the air smelled like snakes, and we'd shoot with our pistols  
But empty pop bottles is all we would kill.

\* CHORUS \*

Well the coal company came with the world's largest shovel  
And they tortured the timber and stripped all the land.  
And they dug for their coal 'til the land was forsaken,  
And they wrote it all down as the progress of man.

\* CHORUS \*

When I die let my ashes float down the Green River  
Let my soul roll on up to the Rochester Dam.  
I'll be half way to heaven with Paradise waiting  
Just five miles away from wherever I am.

\* CHORUS \*

\* CHORUS \*

"Airdrie" is the proper spelling of the word, and pronounced:  
"a (long a) dre (long e)", after sending out several queries,  
to people in Muehlenberg County

## (14) Smokestack Lightning

Chester Burnett (Howlin' Wolf)

(I believe the above information from the CD is incorrect)

## (14) Mystery Train

Lyrics & Music:

Herman Parker & Sam Phillips

Train I ride, sixteen coaches long  
Train I ride, sixteen coaches long  
Well it took my baby and it won't be comin' home  
Train, train rollin' round the bend  
Train, train rollin' round the bend  
Well that big bad train won't be comin' again

Well train, sixteen coaches long  
Mystery train, sixteen coaches long  
Well it took my baby and it won't be comin' home  
Well it took my baby and it won't be comin' home  
One more time  
Well it took my baby and it won't be comin' home

## (15) Night Rider's Lament

Michael Burton

(Key of C)

C F C

While I was out a-ridin'

C G

The graveyard shift, midnight 'til dawn

F C Am

The moon was as bright as a readin' light

G C

For a letter from an old friend back home.

\* CHORUS \* variation # 1

C F G C

He asked me, "Why do you ride for your money,

F G C

Why do you rope for short pay?"

C F G G Fdim-Dm

"Ain't getting nowhere and you're losing your share.

G G7 C

Aw, you must have gone crazy out there."

Last night I ran onto Jenny  
She's married and has a good life  
Sure missed the track  
When you never came back  
She's a perfect professional's wife.

\* CHORUS \*            variation # 2  
She asked me, "Why does ride for his money,  
Tell me why does he rope for short pay?"  
"He ain't getting nowhere and he's losing his share.  
Aw, he must have gone crazy out there."

But they've never seen the Northern Lights  
Never seen a hawk on the wing  
Never seen spring hit the Great Divide  
No, they've never heard old Rod Taylor sing.

Well, I read up the last of my letter  
Tore off the stamp for "Black Jim"  
And Bill Doerr rode up to relieve me  
He just looked at my letter and grinned.

William Doerr was on the 1976 Staff

\* CHORUS \*            variation # 3  
He asked me, "Why do you ride for your money,  
Why do you rope for short pay?"  
"Ain't getting' nowhere and you're losing your share.  
Aw, they must have gone crazy out there."

But they've never seen the Northern Lights  
Never seen a hawk on the wing  
Never seen spring hit the Great Divide  
And they've never heard old Doc Walker sing.

But we all have seen the Northern Lights  
We've all seen a hawk on the wing  
We've all seen spring hit the Great Divide  
And we've all heard ol' Todd Conklin sing.

And we've all heard ol' Todd Conklin *moo!*

## **(16) TAKE ME HOME COUNTRY ROADS**

**John Denver, Bill Danoff  
& Tiffany Nivea Danoff**

Almost heaven West Virginia  
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River  
Life is old there, older than the trees  
Younger than the mountains, blowin' like a breeze

Country roads take me home  
To the place I belong  
West Virginia mountain momma  
Take me home country roads



All my memories gather round her  
Miner's lady, stranger to blue water  
Dark and dusty painted on the sky  
Misty taste of moonshine, teardrops in my eyes

Country roads take me home  
To the place I belong  
West Virginia mountain momma  
Take me home country roads

I hear a voice in the morning how she calls me  
Radio reminds me of my home far away  
Drivin' down the road I get the feelin'  
That I should been home yesterday, yesterday

Country roads take me home  
To the place I belong  
West Virginia mountain momma  
Take me home country roads

Country roads take me home  
To the place I belong  
West Virginia mountain momma  
Take me home country roads  
Take me home country roads  
Take me home now, country roads

## **(17) PHILMONT HYMN**

## **Introduction**

*Todd Conklin Greg Walker*

**(18) PHILMONT HYMN**

**John (J.B.) Westfall**

D G D D G D  
Silver on the sage, starlit skies above

A D G D  
Aspen covered hills, country that I love

D G D D G D  
Philmont here's to thee, Scouting paradise

A D - G - D  
Out in God's country, tonight.

Bm G D  
Wind in whispering pines, eagle soaring high

A D G D  
Purple mountains rise, against an azure sky

D G D D G D  
Philmont here's to thee, Scouting paradise

A D - G - D  
Out in God's country, tonight.

**May God Bless Waite Phillips  
He certainly has Blessed us...**

**For GOD and Country and the BSA... David**

IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP!