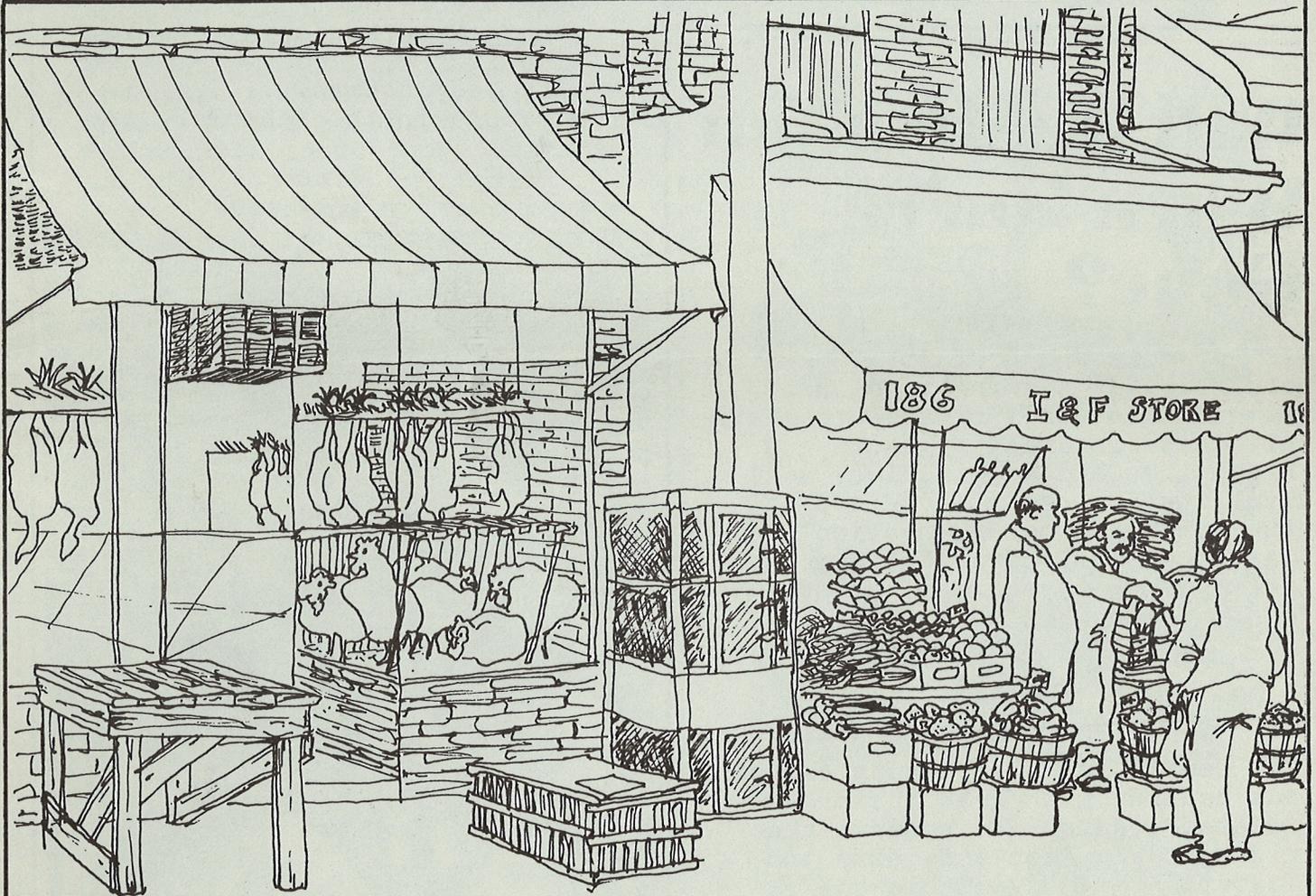


# THE NEWSLETTER

A Mariposa Folk Festival Publication

November '76



BALDWIN ST.

SEPT. '76 SKY

## FEATURING:

THE EGG MAFIA - One man's walk through Kensington, by Stan Dueck  
RUMINATIONS ON CLAWHAMMER BANJO, by Cathy Murphy  
A FAIR MAID WALKING, by Grit Laskin

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Street.....Joyce Yamamoto

Very special thanks go to contributing writers and the Mariposa's trusty volunteers who help with the mailing.

## Will We Miss You When You're Gone?

If you move and don't tell us about it, it's going to be hard times. You won't be able to learn all these interesting facts and happenings and we will lose a sympathetic ear and a friend of the festival, not to mention the wasted costs of printing and postage. Please, keep us informed of any change of address.



The Newsletter will accept certain ads dealing with folk music and related events. We reserve the right to okay content, size and layout. Rates available on request.



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# The Egg Mafia

by Stan Dueck

One Man's Walk Through Kensington

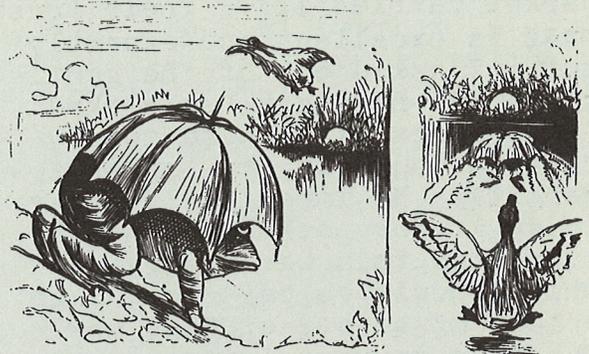
**W**hen I visit a supermarket I invariably leave depressed. Depressed by the prices, the anaemic produce, the rows and rows of junk food, the wasteful packaging. I'm bewildered by many of the convenience foods (why precooked rice? Or instant mashed?) and insulted by the assumption that I prefer my meat unaged and trimmed and packaged to death. The supermarket delicatessens make me squirm with their poor products and poor handling and their thief-in-your-midst price tags. Then I could mention the sterile atmosphere, the checkout lineups, National Enquirer racks--but let's stop there.

Let the supermarket be sterile, surreal, a glimpse of the coming apocalypse. Toronto's Kensington Market is a treat to the sense and the soul, a breath of life.

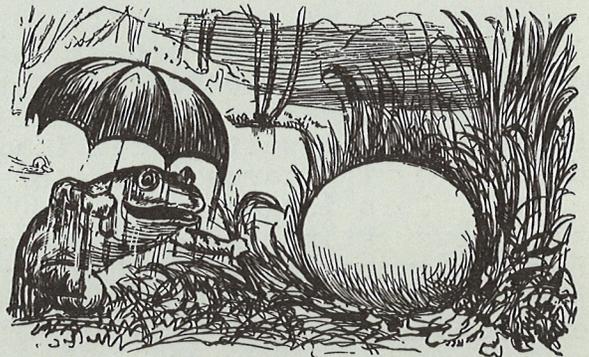
My walk through Kensington generally starts at Lotteman's Bakery at the corner of Baldwin and Kensington. Their dark rye is one of the best breads in Toronto; I honestly believe that this bread with a good cheese and fresh fruit and milk (or wine) is nutritionally complete. It's my standard when I have to eat and run, and I've never had rickets yet. Lotteman's also sells cookies, pastries, cakes, and many other delicious breads: challah, oatmeal, French, water rye, bagels, and so on.

On Kensington, one or two stores off Baldwin on the West side, there's a delicatessen run by a Hungarian family. Their major business is meat they smoke on the premises. My favourites are their smoked ham and lamb chops.

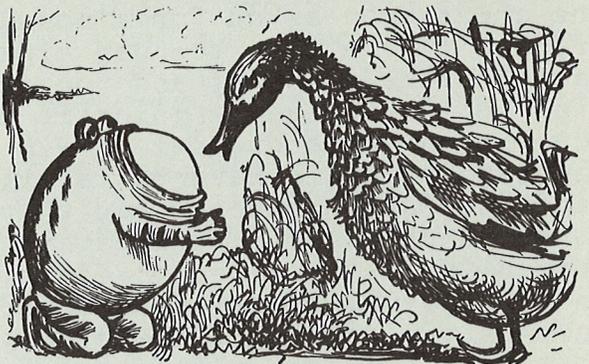
Stan Dueck is a chef at Ottawa's Chateau Laurier. And a square dance caller and musician. Versatile fella.



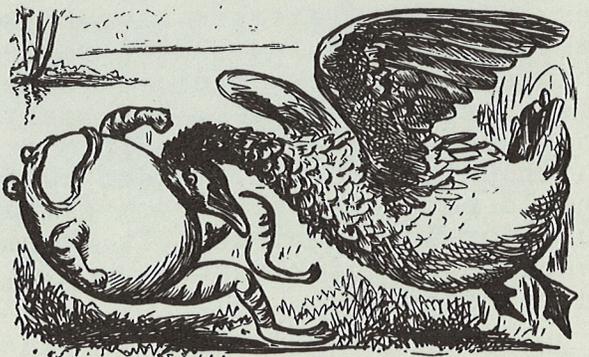
CHAP. I.—THE HABITUAL CRIMINAL.



CHAP. II.—WATCHED FROM AFAR.



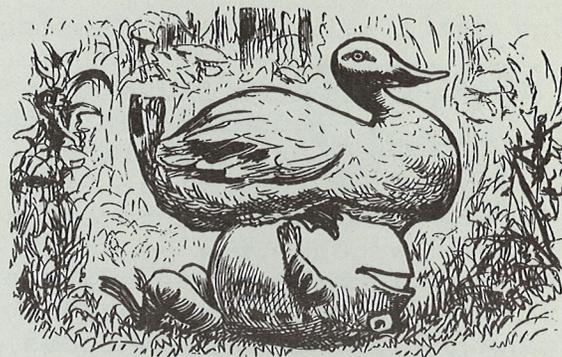
CHAP. III.—CAUGHT IN THE ACT.



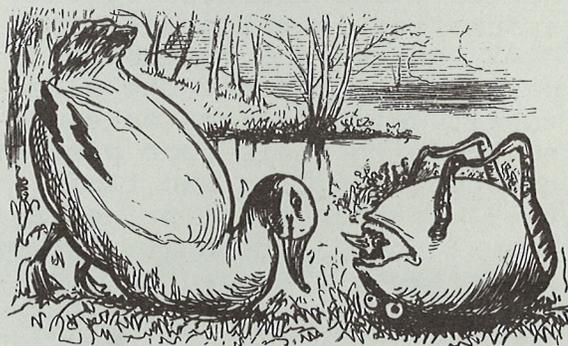
CHAP. IV.—A FOWL BLOW.

They also have the best cheap mustard you can buy (Kaufman's, about ten cents cheaper than at the supermarket, if the supermarket carries it). Their fresh meat is excellent and expertly cut. I asked one of the gentlemen about having a ham smoked, (that costs fifteen to twenty cents a pound at St. Lawrence market). He immediately offered to do it for nothing. When I suggested this was a service which should be paid for, I got a look of surprise: "But why? We smoke anyway; I can just hang yours up with the rest."

At Global Cheese next door I have to watch my spending. It's the biggest cheese selection I've seen with the lowest prices (made possible by the large volume of sales.) This is generally a pretty busy store and can be somewhat disconcerting if you're not used to it. My advice: don't let yourself be rushed into buying more than you want. If you really don't want a pound and a half of the cheese you asked for a pound of, don't take it. You can always taste before you buy, and you can pick up some great bargains if you buy the end of a cheese. Their biggest seller is Havarti, a mild rindless Danish cheese, but they have French Boursin, Champagne, Spiced Gouda, genuine Roquefort, and on and on. Most cheeses are much better at room temperature, so take the cheese out of your fridge a couple of hours before serving. Many cheeses have better texture if they are shaved rather than sliced thick or diced. Global also has fresh butter, both salted and sweet in huge blocks from a Dutch Ontario dairy. Sweet butter should not be kept at room temperature for long periods. It becomes rancid more quickly than salted butter does.



CHAP. V.—EGGSPICATION.



CHAP. VI.—THE PLOT THICKENS.



CHAP. VII.—THE PEACE-MAKER.



CHAP. VIII.—READER, FAREWELL.



Great fresh vegetables and fruits are available all over Kensington. My current favourite spot is just across the street from Global Cheese. By the way, those good-looking bunches of young carrots sold with their tops are fine, but if you find they wilt after a few days in your ice-box, it's because the greens draw moisture from the root. To keep them crisp, discard the leaves immediately.

Back at Baldwin and Kensington we find European Meats, the busiest and cheapest butcher shop in the market. They sell grade A beef, but only cuts from the front quarter (the less tender part of the beef). Hence the low prices. They make a very good meat loaf and a good Kolbassa, always fresh, and they give beef bones away free.

Don't overlook the butcher on the West side of Augusta just south of the corner of Baldwin. This store sells everything from veal sweet-breads to suckling pig. The prices are reasonable and the meat is of the highest quality. Moreover, they have the best butcher in the market--it's a joy to watch his slow and careful craftsmanship.

For dried foods (rice, flour, beans, nuts, spices, and fruits) I generally shop at West Indian Foods on the North side of Baldwin halfway between Augusta and Kensington. The Market's definitive occidental dried food selection is at the North East corner of Baldwin and Augusta. They sell everything from cracked wheat to alfalfa seeds (at exactly half the price I paid at a health food store.)

"Eggs, Mister?" The snake tongued whisper grabs the passerby as palpably as the weathered hand grabs his sleeve. "No, thanks" mutters the pedestrian as he cast a furtive glance at the precariously balanced stacks of eggs of dubious background. Scarcely has that sibilant whisper died when our man is accosted again: "Eggs today? You want eggs?" "No, please!" He breaks away, running now, cold fear in his eyes--our friend has just encountered the Egg Mafia. These good ladies on the East side of Augusta near Nassau sell the cheapest eggs in the market. But most of their eggs are grade C; you get what you pay for.

I buy my eggs at Imperial Poultry, on the South side of Baldwin halfway between Augusta and Kensington. It's one of my all time favourite stores run by my favourite store-keepers; it's like home to me. You should know a few things about a supermarket chicken. After his swan song has been sung, he's scalded in boiling water to facilitate plucking. After being drawn, the chicken spends from

three to four hours in cooling and cleaning baths. By this time the chicken has lost a lot of his flavour and natural fats and juices and has taken on that funereal bluish colour we know so well. There is a phenomenal difference in flavour and texture between this poor bird and a kosher Kensington chicken. The Kensington chicken is killed either at the abattoir on Spadina or on the premises the day you buy it, and is not drawn until you

pick it out. With your chicken you get the feet and neck for stock, the giblets, the fat; and if you buy a boiling fowl, you get the unlaidd eggs, which are delicious cooked any way. We like to spit roast our chicken over a wood fire, and the smell as it cooks is so insanely appetizing that we generally end up eating it a bit underdone. One word of caution: this chicken hasn't been washed and should be refrigerated or frozen immediately.

The above is a bare sampling of the treat your market has for you. I haven't mentioned such things as fishmongers, fabric stores, Portuguese bakeries and junk stores. So get down there and enjoy.

Now that you have your free bones from European Meats and your aromatic vegetables, you can make

## **BEEF STOCK**

1 gallon water  
4 pounds raw bones  
1 pound vegetables (carrots, onions, celery, leeks)  
Bouquet garni (thyme, bayleaf, and parsley)  
1/2 tsp. peppercorns

### **For White Stock:**

Place the bones in a pot large enough to contain them. Add cold water (to generously cover the bones) and bring to a boil. Skim, reduce heat, and simmer (i.e. bubbles of steam should

be breaking below the surface of the water).

Add equal volumes of carrot, celery, onion and white of leeks (omit the leeks if they're not available). In a white stock, the carrots should be peeled and the celery should be light in colour.

Add thyme (teaspoonful or so), several bay leaves, and several stalks of parsley. Properly the thyme should be fresh, and all the herbs should be tied with string so they can be removed if their flavour becomes too strong in the stock. Add the peppercorns.

Allow all to simmer gently for 6 to 8 hours. Skim occasionally, and strain through a seive lined with rinsed cheesecloth. Cool the stock, remove the solidified fat, and freeze or use.

### **For Brown Stock:**

In the white stock, you subtracted colour by peeling your carrots, using only stalks of parsley, and so on. The reverse happens in a brown stock; you wish to add as much colour as possible.

Roast the bones in a very hot, clean oven (400°-500°F) until well-browned, or brown on top of the stove in a frying pan on high heat. In either case, lift out the bones when browned, pour off the fat, and swill out (déglaçé) the pan with a little boiling water, saving this juice. Using a little of the fat, brown chunks of unpeeled carrot and chunks of onion by sauteing over high heat. Place vegetables, bones, green of celery, and herbs and peppercorns as in white stock in the stock pot. Add the juice from swilling out the roasting pan and generously cover with water. Bring to a boil, and follow cooking procedure as for white stock.

These stocks are basic cooking ingredients. While I gave measurements for the ingredients, I've never measured anything for a stock yet. I often use liquid from cooking vegetables for a stock (except for strong vegetables such as beets or cabbage). Never add salt to a stock until you use it to make something. Veal bones are good in a beef stock. They contain more gelatin than beef bones and your stock will have an improved texture. Don't bother using freeze-dried parsley; it

has absolutely no flavour. The vegetables you use can be cut into chunks or used whole; the bones should be cut no bigger than fist size. The purpose of making stock is to extract flavours from the solids and transfer them to the broth; if this process has been completed, the vegetables and bones contain no flavour; therefore discard them. "Use stock as you would boullion cubes".



# Editorial



Our society increasingly favours consumer/spectators rather than producer/participants. People don't play baseball anymore--they watch it on TV; they don't cook--they buy precooked and warm it up; and what with girlie magazines and X-rated movies, even sex is becoming a spectator sport.

The folk song movement was a conscious attempt to bring back to people at least one part of their culture. Nowadays, the scope of that attempt has broadened to include crafts, cooking, what have you. And that broadening is reflected in the Newsletter. Folk music is still the center of our interest, and we will have songs in every issue, but we are interested in any aspect of culture that people do themselves.

The folk movement, ironically, has tended to be centrally directed and cliquish. I can see a certain tendency towards that in the Newsletter. I understand why--it makes things easy--but I think it's wrong. We are going to try to have more articles by people from other parts of the country, by people outside the conscious folky community. We would like people to feel that their interest doesn't begin and end with reading the copy they get in the mail--we would like people to write articles and send them to us. We are, as they say in the trade, soliciting.

So you'll understand if you see me down on Yonge St., wearing lipstick, a tight dress, and a come-hither look, watching for likely articles to pass by. But there's a difference--we will pay you. Starting with this issue, we pay \$3. a page, \$10. for a feature article, for contributions we print.

If you do feel like writing for us, here are a few points worth remembering. Write about what you know about. We are not a scholarly journal, we don't believe you need fancy degrees to have something interesting to say, and we don't think an article needs footnotes and a bibliography.

We prefer the human to the abstract. Write about yourself, your family, people you know.

We will consider original songs--even of the navel-gazing variety, depending on the attractiveness of the navel.

Don't worry about polished literary style--shucks, we're just folks here anyway. On the other hand, don't be surprised if your article as printed isn't quite what you wrote--I am a maniac with a red pencil, and a manuscript when I get through with it looks like Lizzie Borden's mother. This, by the way, is standard editorial practice--I remember the first article I ever had published, back in 1961--about half of what I had written actually got printed. If we have time, we will try to get your approval for changes.

Our next issue will come out sometime in the winter, so the deadline for articles will be the fifteenth of December.



# office memo

**"WE'VE MOVED!"**



Mariposa finally has a new home. We rented a house at 131 Roehampton Ave.--the Festival offices are on the main floor and the book project is on the second floor.

Couldn't train the cockroaches at the old place to pack cartons so all the thanks go to the many volunteers who came out and helped with the move, painted, put up corkboard and shelves, shifted furniture. The place looks great and gives us the extra space we've needed for years.

The book project is in the process of organizing all the archival material that has been accumulating over the years so that Mariposa can realize its objective of expanding its services as a resource centre. If you live in the Toronto area or happen to be visiting this way, we'd like to extend a welcome to drop by and see us.

## FESTIVAL TAPE AUDITIONS '77

It's an early deadline this year-- October 15, 1975 has been announced to many who have already enquired. For the benefit of those who are just receiving this information, we'll extend to November 15, 1976.

Please submit information which is tailored to the concept of this festival. If you are unfamiliar with the Mariposa structure, we will be happy to send you further information.

We require:

1. A recent tape (cassette or reel-to-reel) or record which is representative of your repertoire (min. 4 songs) and how you would appear if included (we can't hire a full horn and string section).
2. A description of the type of workshop activity in which you are experienced or could contribute, i.e. children's material, instrumental styles, "topic" sessions (such as work songs, country music, etc.), non-English language material, and so on.

You do not need to have a famous "name" or have a hit record or

have played all the major concert houses. You do need to be folk-oriented in your music even if you are not a traditional performer. Bear in mind that this is a folk festival which aims to entertain as well as to further educate an interested and knowledgeable audience.

-Estelle Klein, Artistic Director

## FESTIVAL PROGRAMME BOOK

A couple of items got left out of the 1976 Festival Programme Book, so we thought we'd mention them now.

First was proper credit to the photographers whose work was used. They were Susan Shiner, Kent Jones, Andy Hurlbut, Rudi Christl, Bruce Cole, Jim Mys, Michael J. Jackson, Keith Buck, CMA, David Gahr, Julie Snow, D.S. Moll, Chris Strachwitz, Central Graphic Services, Steve Thompson, John Sharpe, Mark Zehr, Globe and Mail.

Second was "How you can help the Festival". We want people to send in their comments and suggestions. They are very helpful and we do take them into consideration.

# record reviews

Dave Essig, "Stewart Crossing"  
Woodshed Records WS 006  
Produced by Dave Essig

The Original Sloth Band,  
"Hustlin' and Bustlin'"  
Woodshed Records WS 005  
Produced by the Original  
Sloth Band and Dave Essig

Most Mariposa goers are probably already acquainted with the Original Sloth Band and Dave Essig, as they are familiar faces at the Festival and at clubs in and around the southern Ontario region.

The two albums reviewed here are their latest and both, I think deserve high praise.

"Stewart Crossing" is Dave's third album, being preceded by "Redbird County" and "High Ground", and in many ways it is his best album to date. The songs are strong and very well sung, and the minimal backup by Allan Soberman, Bill Usher and Chris Whiteley is tasteful and not overstated as can be heard on many other current albums.

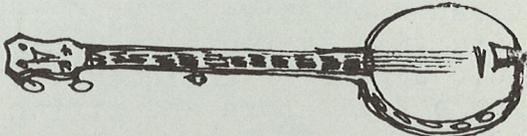
For those of you who have already heard Essig's "Grease is Cheaper Than Parts", be prepared for a few surprises. But fear not, for if anything this arrangement is stronger and more to the point.

Producing your own album can be a very tricky business, as one doesn't usually hear oneself as others do, but I think Dave has done a great job of putting together a fine record that should be getting played years from now.

Some people may think I should go on at length concerning The Original Sloth Band's new album "Hustlin' and Bustlin'". All this reviewer can tell you is that the singing, playing and all-round feel of this album is excellent. The credits on the back cover are worth the price of the album alone, and if you're a ragtime, blues or jugband fan you're crazy if you don't buy a copy.

-Bill Garrett

# Ruminations on Clawhammer Banjo



By Cathy Murphy

Cathy Murphy is a banjo teacher at the Toronto Folklore Centre.

The style known as clawhammer was developed in the southern Appalachians during the last hundred years. It has often been used to accompany fiddle-playing, especially for dance music; consequently, many banjo tunes are very brisk and lively. Solo work done in clawhammer style can vary from very simple frailing to dazzling, almost virtuoso effects in double-thumb technique. The term frailing (or "flailing") generally means a style in which the thumb is used exclusively on the fifth string; the terms clawhammer or double-thumbing or drop-thumbing are taken to mean a style in which the thumb can be used on any but the first string. These terms are quite loose, however, and many people do not distinguish between frailing and clawhammer.



The generally-accepted procedure for either style is as follows: the middle or index finger picks down across the strings; the fingernail brushes against the string, sounding the note. The thumb simultaneously comes down to rest for an instant on the string to be plucked, and is very slightly rolled back, thereby sounding the string with the side of the thumb, not the nail. The use of the thumb on only the fifth string can give the music a great deal of rhythm, drive, and syncopation. It can also produce the effect of a drone, since quite often the fifth string is not fretted even though its note may not be part of the chord being played. The additional use of the thumb on the inside strings allows for more notes to be sounded with greater ease, and somewhat reduces the work of the left hand on the neck; the melody of a tune can thus be more readily played note-for-note.

I very much enjoy playing the banjo beside a fiddle. The use of varied syncopation (through strumming and varied picking patterns); use of interspersed melody and harmony lines; the necessity of keeping the rhythm constant and as rich as possible; variety in the tonal quality of the sound produced by the right hand playing at various points between the higher range of the neck and the bridge; the use of the banjo head as a sort of drum that is sounded by a good follow-through down after picking a string, and even sounded by the thumb alone--the combination of these elements to create a certain dynamic with the fiddle is challenging and the end result should be as far away from boring as is possible in life.

There are several good books readily available on clawhammer banjo playing. Pete Seeger's How to Play the 5-String Banjo is more than adequate; I suggest

that you bypass beginning with his basic up-picking method; I don't believe this is nearly as versatile as the down-picking style, which he also explains. Art Rosenbaums's Old-Time Mountain Banjo is very good; it's also very comprehensive. He investigates several different styles of playing the banjo with clear explanations and interesting songs and tunes in tablature. Miles Krassen's Clawhammer Banjo looks exciting at first glance; he has written it as a companion book to his Appalachian Fiddle and has included a good selection of traditional mountain tunes; but his tablature for these tunes seems to leave out a great deal. One expects that the tunes would end up sounding similar to versions performed by the sources he quotes; but in fact many of the tunes are over-simplified to the point of being almost unrecognizable, and that's disappointing. John Burke's Old-Time Tunes for Banjo is good, though a little complicated. I would not recommend it for beginners. He embellishes the basic tunes with gusto, most often tastefully; but it's best to have some experience in reading tablature and playing before tackling this book. He will certainly give you ideas of some of the variations possible in decorating the basic melody of a tune.

As far as recordings go, look first for some of the older traditional players. COUNTY has a recording named simply Clawhammer Banjo including selections by Fred Cockerham, Wade Ward, Kyle Creed, and George Stoneman. (There's also a second recording named, appropriately enough, More Clawhammer Banjo.) County has several other good albums featuring many excellent old-time musicians, such as Fred Cockerham with Tommy Jarrell and Oscar Jenkins. Folkways has a very good memorial album named Uncle Wade (issued after

Wade Ward's death in 1971) which offers a fine selection of his banjo- and fiddle-playing. Some of the younger string bands are also easily available on record in Toronto. From North Carolina, the Hollow Rock String Band (Kanawha, Rounder labels) who begat the Fuzzy Mountain String Band (Rounder label) who begat the Red Clay Ramblers (Folkways, Flying Fish labels) are all very good. The Highwoods String Band (Rounder label), an exuberant bunch from northern New York State, play pretty loose, raucous old-time music that endears them to me. The Hot Mud Family play in an old-time style when they back up Fiddlin' Van Kidwell on his two excellent albums on the Vetco label. (Listen especially for Rick Good's punchy banjo-playing.)

One final word--with the recent upsurge in the popularity of bluegrass and old-time music, many people are now taking an interest in learning the 5-string banjo. Up until now most of the available recorded music for the

5-string has its sources in American music; Canadian old-time dance music has, by comparison, made much use of the tenor banjo, usually only as a strumming back-up, with an occasional melody note here and there. The challenge of establishing the banjo in our traditional music is exciting: many Canadian fiddle tunes are quite complicated, often changing key in the middle, often in 6/8 or jig time (which does not as frequently appear in American music), and making wider use of the slower-than-reel dance paces--schottisches, strathspeys, and hornpipes. It is a field practically unexplored by clawhammer banjo players, and to my mind particularly deserving of serious interest.

Here is a version that I like to play of an Irish fiddle tune that is common here and in the States, known variously as "Little Beggarman", "There Was an Old Soldier and He Had a Wooden Leg", or more commonly, "The Red-Haired Boy".

## RED HAISED BOY

Tuning: GDGBD Key: G

A-PART

M H M T M H M H M H M T M M H M T M M H M T M P M H M M T

M S I. M T M H M H M H M P M M H M H M H M T M T M T M M M T

M H M H M T M T M T M M M T M T M T M T M T M T M T M M H

M H M T M H M T M P M H M M T M H M T M H M H M H M T M M H

M H M T M T M T M T M M M T M H M T M T M T M T M T M M M T

# NO DEPOSIT, NO RETURN

Dear Editors,

Just a few words to express my congratulations on your fine Newsletter. The depth, detail and perception shown in your articles matches up to such highly esteemed publications as the much loved National Geographic, or the biting sardonic, yet somehow constructive social comment of MAD Magazine. Perhaps one might go so far as to say that the wit and humour contained within this attractively packaged yet somehow tastefully unpretentious periodical brings to mind the warmly funny and somehow poignantly subtle comic genius of a Bob Newhart, or perhaps occasionally the ribald yet humane antics of a young Oscar Brand. Warmth, personality and style, information, advice, yes, even controversy fairly ooze from this unspoiled gem of a paper.

May I close by offering some suggestions plus my favourite "folk recipe".

## Potato Surprise

From Mrs. Ralph Cordell of Etobicoke, (who also, by the way, happens to be a founding member of THE HOOTENANIES, a group of west end guys and gals who really have an enthusiastic way with everybody's favourite folksongs.)

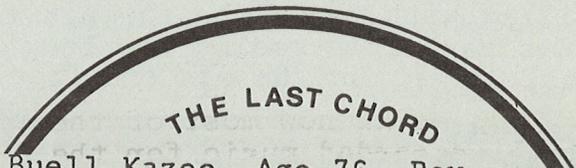
Boil six large peeled potatoes in 7 inches of water over low heat until potatoes start to fall apart. Mash whatever parts of potato are still solid into the water until a thick paste is produced.

Meanwhile, generously coat 4 kaiser rolls with margarine (shortening will do in a pinch) and place under the broiler till crispy. Place crisp Kaisers

on leftover pastry shells, cover with potatoe mixture and presto!--Potato Surprise.

Perhaps in future issues we could see more reviews of some of Canada's better known folksingers. I for one certainly enjoy the comfort of a familiar face. Anyway, as the assembled multitudes joyously proclaimed about the state of Oklahoma in the musical of the same name, "You're doin' fine!"

Sincerely,  
Del Procunier



## THE LAST CHORD

Buell Kazee, Age 76. Rev. Kazee came to Mariposa with his wife, Jennie, 1975. He was a Baptist minister in Kentucky for more than 50 years of his life, and always considered his music a "hobby". He will always be remembered by us for his smooth singing and concise 5-string banjo playing.

Dear Estelle,

Just wanted you to know that my husband, Buell Kazee, died on August 31, 1976. He has just received the Mariposa '75 album and had enjoyed it so very much. Buell's poor tired heart just stopped as he sat at home the evening of the 31st.

Thank you for a pleasant interlude in his life. He told you it would probably be his last festival, and it really was.

Sincerely,  
Jennie T. Kazee (Mrs. Buell)  
Winchester, Kentucky

This song I wrote is a parody of a type of song known as a broken token ballad. The token is generally a ring or coin split up between two parting lovers to ensure recognition when they were reunited and inspire faithfulness when apart. Usually the man being the one off to sea/war/fortune hunting and therefore the most likely to have a changed physical appearance, took advantage of his slightly unrecognizable state to test the woman's faithfulness before revealing himself.

The story he invents is usually extreme and gory. Anything, it seems, to get the woman into an emotional state. Then when she's white with fear and her eyes filled with tears, he springs the news that it's really her long lost lover, and he was only fooling.

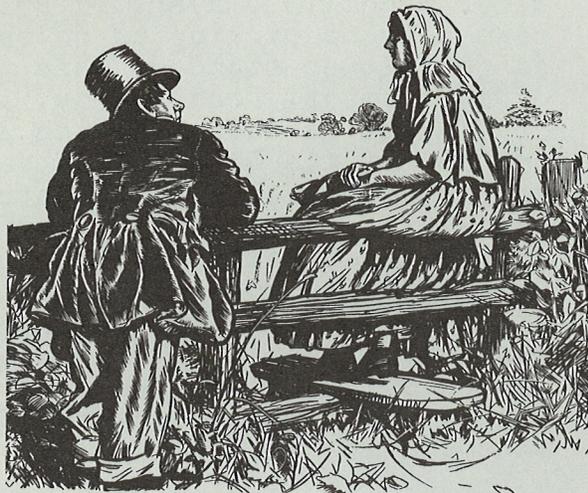
I'd personally have smashed the guy a good one right on the kisser for pulling such a stunt. But, invariably she's so happy he isn't dead they live happily ever after.

Like any other stylized category of song, broken token ballads begged for parody. So included here is my version and the original song which is its basis. Both use the same melody. The original song as printed here comes from the singing of Robin and Barry Dransfield. Some of the most beautiful songs I know are broken token ballads: As I Roved Out; The Plains of Waterloo, John Riley; and even A Fair Maid Walking, which I still sing properly.

**by Grit Laskin**

## A Fair Maid Walking

The musical score is written in treble clef with a 3/2 time signature. It consists of four staves of music. Above each staff are chord symbols: C, F, C, C, G7, C, G, C, F, C, G, C. The melody is simple and characteristic of a ballad.



A fair maid walking all in her garden  
 A brisk young sailor chanced to spy  
 He stepped up to her, thinking to view her  
 And says fair maid can you fancy I.

I see you are a man of honour  
 A man of honour you seems to be  
 How can you impose on a poor young woman  
 Who is not fit your servant to be.

If you're not fit to be my servant  
 Well I've a great regard for thee  
 I'll marry you, make you my lady  
 And you'll have servants to wait on thee.

But I have a true love of my own sir  
 For seven years he's been gone to sea  
 And seven more I will wait for him  
 If he's alive he'll return to me.

If seven years your love has left you  
 I fear he's either dead or drowned  
 If he's alive I love him dearly  
 And if he's dead I hope he's in glory crowned.

Now when he saw that his true love was loyal  
 Down on his knees he quickly falls  
 Saying I'm your poor young single sailor  
 Who many long years on the ocean sailed.

If you're my poor young single sailor  
 Show me the token I gave to thee  
 For seven years has made an alteration  
 Since my true love has gone from me.

He pulled his fingers from his bosom  
 His fingers they being long and small  
 Saying here's the ring love, we broke between us  
 And when she saw it down she falls.

He picked her up all in his arms  
 And kisses gave her one, two, three  
 Saying here's your poor young single sailor  
 Just now returned for to marry thee.



A fair maid walking all in her garden  
 Crushing flowerbeds all the while  
 She just ignores the cobblestone pathway  
 Thinks I, she'll be easy to beguile.

So I stepped in view saying how do you do ma'am  
 And may I ask your true love's name  
 Oh Angus Hemstead is my true love  
 Have you brought me news from the raging main.

Well if Angus Hemstead is your true love  
 Who many long years has been out to sea  
 He has become a well known legend  
 And it's news of this I bring to thee.

'Twas while the wars were raging fiercely  
 Both sides decided to stop for tea  
 And thinking to catch some fish for supper  
 Old Angus he threw hook and line to sea.

Now he hooked a shark that pulled him over  
 And to the seabed dragged him down  
 The sunken ships there tore his body  
 But still our Angus refused to drown.

Well they surfaced every twenty minutes  
 And as they did we caught a view  
 Of torn and mangled Angus Hemstead  
 Whose blood in profusion forth did spew.

His long intestines hung beside him  
 His single arm it had no hand  
 From where we stood his neck looked broken  
 And from his mouth and nose fell lumps of sand.

Now when this fair maid heard my story  
 Her stomach it grew pale and sore  
 Somehow from this I deduced she was loyal  
 So I said fair maid, feel sick no more.

For I'm your true love Angus Hemstead  
 Here is the ring you gave to me  
 Through thick and thin, through fair and foul  
 I had this ring to remember thee.

But a ring like that I never owned sir  
 'Twas a coin that's broke 'tween Angus and me  
 I think you're either terribly mistaken  
 Or a bloody twit far as I can see.

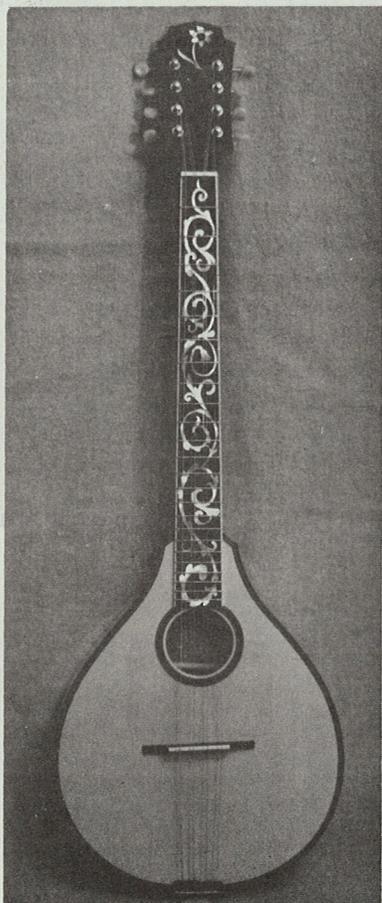
Now this couple never did get married  
 And soon to bed they did not go  
 They never lived in a country cottage  
 And of her cuckoo's nest he will never know.

© Grit Laskin 1976

# Grit's Workshop



## LONG NECK MANDOLIN by Grit Laskin



I make and play an instrument that I call a long neck or tenor mandolin. It seems to arouse the curiosity of many people so I've decided it's worth writing about.

Dave Richardson of The Boys of the Lough provided my first impulse toward a mandolin type instrument with a long string length. He played an instrument made by Gerald Short (of Chesterfield, England) which combined a mandolin body with the neck of a plectrum banjo (the longer necked tenor). Dave had tuned all

the strings to D and A, which was all he needed because of the keys he played in.

Other mandolin players in Britain seemed to be picking up on the deeper, lower sound of this type of instrument. Donal Lunny, late of Planxty (a defunct Irish group) and now of the Bothy Band, went so far as to use an eight string bouzouki to get the same sort of sound. Mando-cellos and mandolas were becoming popular in Britain at the same time for the same reasons. This mini-phenomenon in the British folk scene of moving away from the standard mandolin is still going on.

I had a look at Dave Richardson's instrument and came up with some ideas of my own. I decided to use the neck length of a standard tenor banjo--it's a little shorter than a plectrum banjo neck and therefore provides an easier changeover from a normal mandolin neck. I also designed my own body shape, interior bracing, etc. I use a scale (or string length) of 51 cm.

I decided to string it with tenor banjo strings, tuned a tone high, which provides a basic key of D, as follows:

<u>My Long Neck Mand.</u>	<u>Regular Mand.</u>
First string	B
Second	E...E First
Third	A...A Second
Fourth	D...D Third
	G Fourth

I use this tuning for two reasons: firstly, Irish dance music--which is mostly what I play--is generally in the key of D, the standard key of the uilleann pipes; secondly, if a tune I had previously played on a regular mandolin didn't use the bass G string, I could still play it on the open strings without transposing. I double the top three strings, but on the bass D I use an octave string, as on a 12 string guitar (that is, the two strings are an octave apart). This gives me a livelier ring I now can't do without.

I build the instrument mostly out of maple. This takes care of the back, sides, neck, and inside back. The top and the braces are spruce, the finger-board ebony. My bracing pattern for the top is very simple: there are basically four bars across as in Figure 1. Bar 4 is half the height of the others, and bar 3 is approximately 5 mm. behind the bridge. The others around the soundhole are just supportive.

BRACE POSITIONS IN DRAWING ARE APPROXIMATE

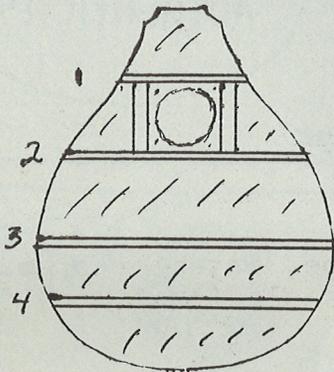
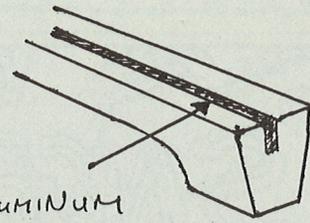


FIG. 1.

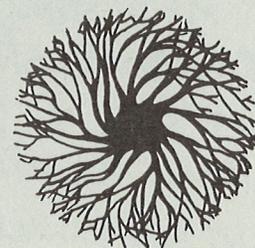
The top and back both have a slight arch, the back more so than the top. In the neck of my first few instruments I had no reinforcement: I hoped the maple could handle the tension. It turned out, however, that the doubled strings tuned a tone high was just over what the neck could handle. The instruments play fine but the necks have risen just a hair too much. To compensate, without unbalancing the instrument, I now put an aluminum bar in the neck. It's 3/16" thick, 1/2" deep, and I place it upright.



ALUMINUM BAR

FIG. 2

Even before the British fashion, instruments like this had existed. I once ran across an unstrung "long neck" in for repair. It was basically the same idea--a mandolin body with a long neck--and it was built around 1930. Also, a mandolin and guitar maker named Berko who used to work out of Montreal made what he called a tenor mandolin. I ran into one of these after I had been making my own long neck mandolins for a couple of years. It was similar in concept, but with a slightly longer neck, heavier strings, and a lower tuning. That idea of an even lower sound with a longer scale length intrigues me now and will certainly be one of my future projects.



BY  
TED JACKMAN

# SINGBIRDS



QUEBEC FOLKSONGS  
ALWAYS HAVE  
TH' WORD "FOULARD"  
IN THEM  
SOMEWHERE!



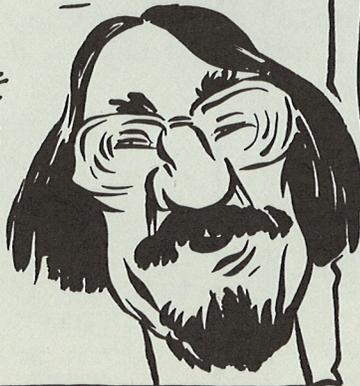
WITHOUT  
TH' WORD "FOULARD"  
A QUEBEC FOLKSONG  
WOULD LACK  
AUTHENTICITY



DERRIERE  
CH' NOUS  
Y-A-T'UN ENFANT  
DERRIERE  
CH' NOUS  
Y-A-T'UN ENFANT



MET SUR 'N  
ORIGNAL VOLANT  
MET SUR 'N  
ORIGNAL VOLANT  
TENANT SON PANACHE  
POUR SON BALANS  
TENANT SON PANACHE  
POUR SON BALANS



CLOSE,  
BUT NO  
FOULARD!



# Mariposa in the Schools

This year Mariposa in the Schools is planning to extend its regular programme--bringing folk music workshops to school children--to new areas, and also to develop new programs. We are working to extend MITS to areas outside the union boundaries, and we have quite a few performers who are willing to travel. Package programmes will be possible, with several daytime workshops for the children, workshops for teachers with ideas for follow-up lessons, and concerts in the evening for families. If you live in a community that would be interested in this sort of programme, call Carol Kehm at the Mariposa office and she will be glad to make arrangements. Through a grant from the Ontario Arts Council, a small budget is available to provide assistance to schools which can raise only a portion of the performers' fees.

One of Mariposa's long standing interests has been to provide the experience of a cross section of folk traditions and cultures. MITS is prepared to develop special programmes in the area of international music and dance.

Our new catalogue will soon be available with much more detailed information. Call Carol if you would like to receive the catalogue or if you know of teachers in either secondary or elementary schools who would like to make use of the MITS programme.

-Carol Kehm

## MARIPOSA '75 RECORD

There are still some copies of the '75 double album available. If you want one (or more) fill in the form, enclose the appropriate money (incl. postage and handling) and send it in. Please allow one month for delivery.

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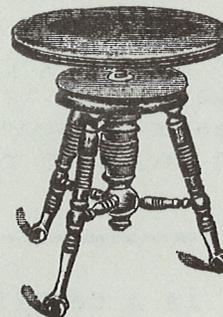
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Enclosed please find a certified cheque or money order in the amount of \$ \_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_ album(s) at \$6.00 each plus postage and handling as per below:

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2 records	\$1.50	\$2.00
3 records	\$2.00	\$3.00
4 records	\$3.00	\$4.00

## CONCERT CALENDAR



Nov. 22 The Chieftains at  
Massey Hall, 8:30 p.m.  
Tickets: \$4.40-7.70.

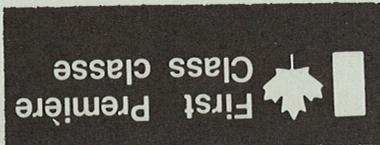
### NEW CLUB

The Groaning Board at Bay, South of Bloor will be featuring folk music:

Nov. 1 -6 Noel Harrison  
8 -13 Stringband  
15-20 Utah Phillips  
22-27 Willie P. Bennett

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# Mariposa Folk Festival



## Mariposa Mailings

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