The Contributors

We offered a few of Stan Rogers' closest friends and colleagues the opportunity to contribute some personal thoughts to this feature.

Paul Mills is a Toronto radio/record producer and musician who produced and played on five Rogers albums and was one of his closest friends and advisors.

David Alan Eadie is a Toronto musician who spent some considerable time with Stan and Garnet Rogers as the band's bass player.

Mansel Davies is artistic director of the Calgary folk festival, a co-organiser of the Calgary folk club and a close friend of the Rogers brothers. His words are reprinted, with permission, from the 1983 Calgary Folk Festival Program.

Grit Laskin is a Toronto luthier and musician who has recorded for Fogarty's Cove, has played on Stan's albums and made and repaired Stan's guitars and mandolin.

Stan Rogers had an enormous following in the United States and nowhere was this more apparent than in Chicago. Emily Friedman is editor of Chicago's Come for to Sing magazine, a close friend of the Rogers family and perhaps Stan's most valued critic. The following was excerpted from Emily's fine tribute in the summer 83 edition of C.F.T.S. and is reprinted with her permission.

This feature on Stan has been put together by Ian Robb and Tim Rogers. We'd like to thank all of the people who so generously contributed their time to help us compile this tribute.

Reflections
by David Alan Eadie

The lyrics and years and faces confuse and swirl and contradict as I suppose they must for one as complex as he. As I sit in front of the typewriter, I can't pick out the one thread that runs through his life that says 'this is what Stan was really all about', but find instead a diversity of warm lines that make up the skein...his tremendous, shining generosity, dulled by unbelievable pettiness; his sometimes willful insensitivity tempered by those many, many times when he had the perfect work and the firmest hand.

In one of my favorite songs he wrote, "Ain't it funny how the past makes the better memories last while the pain fades away" and I'm hoping that it is finally true and I wonder what my last memory will be and I think back to a winter's morning in Peterborough, New Hampshire, humping our equipment out to the van and sleepily driving deeper into the countryside to play for a fan who was laid up and couldn't travel to the gig...just somebody who'd never seen us play and had gotten a friend to ask a favour of a voice on the radio, and Stan taking charge in the sickroom, being bluff and hearty, and Garnet and I slowly warming to the situation and the coffee and the tunes and in the end not thinking about the long drive to the next town and Stan hadn't been worried about that in the first place.