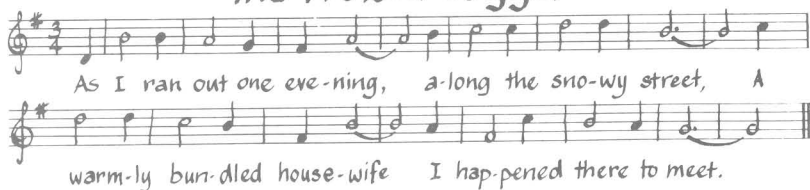


## The Frozen Jogger



As I ran out one evening, along the snowy street,  
A warmly bundled housewife I happened there to meet.

She said "You are a jogger, for this I surely know,  
That no-one but a jogger wears shorts at ten below.

"My husband was a jogger, the greatest of them all,  
He jogged in spring and summer, in winter and in fall.

"He'd breakfast on the sidewalk, and lunch along the path,  
And every night at midnight, he'd jog up to his bath.

"He left for work one morning, the weather cold and clear;  
He'd gone before I realised he'd left his sweater here.

"Ten times I phoned his office to see if he'd arrived,  
His secretary told me she feared he'd not survived.

"The weather turned still colder, to 45 below,  
And somewhere still my husband was jogging in the snow.

"He never reached his office, he never came back here,  
I fear he must have wandered for many a weary year.

"He never sent a letter, nor phoned me after dark.  
But once there was a rumour he was seen in Stanley Park.

"Each evening just at sunset, I sit here in my seat,  
Still hoping that my husband will come jogging down the street.

"That's how I lost my husband, the greatest and the best,  
But he's been gone for ages, so come in and take a rest."

BRANDYWINE is the group name used by Andrea (Andy) and Dave Spalding, a folk singing duo based in Edmonton. Both English born, Andy from Manchester and Dave from Sheffield, they have been in Canada now for over twelve years, and feel very much at home here. Both were raised on the vanishing edge of northern folk traditions, but learned little material directly from their families. Both turned first to other kinds of music, but got caught up in the British folk revival in the fifties and met, appropriately enough, through a folk club. Dave was at this time singing with an Irish partner and helping to run a folk club in Chesterfield, so serious joint singing did not start until after marriage and emigration.

Edmonton in 1967 was not exactly a stronghold of traditional music. Folk meant Lightfoot, ethnic meant Ukrainian, and there were few places to sing apart from C&W dominated bars. For a while, Dave's profession (as a museum naturalist) and Andy's domestic responsibilities (which before long included three daughters) were principal preoccupations, and folk was confined to singing at home for their own amusement. Eventually, chance

contact led to the Edmonton Folk Club, and performance started seriously, though still occasionally. Unfortunately, the club suffered a decline in fortunes as several key members hit the trail, although its core continued to have intermittent hootenannies in private houses, evolving eventually into the singers circle that now meets monthly, usually at the Spaldings.

Once started seriously on singing again, however, a hunt began for other places to perform. Occasional radio and TV dates, club evenings and banquets provided enough opportunities to perform, and inclusion in Alberta's Culture's Performing Arts on Tour booklet led to many out of town bookings. The name Brandywine was adopted when a fiddler friend joined the group for a short while, and 'The Spaldings' became an inaccurate as well as an inelegant term. Originally chosen for its multiple associations (with Tolkien, with drinking songs, with the distillation process through which many ancient ballads have been refined and improved), the name has survived the loss of the fiddle, and Brandywine has found a new clientele among schools.

By now Dave's guitar was being supplemented by the use of recorders and tin whistles, and Andy was using Appalachian dulcimer and autoharp. Repertoire was based initially on the British roots, with North American songs close in style to European origins. More recently, Canadian songs have been increasingly featured, and both began to write their own songs, usually close to traditional roots, and often dealing with historical situations for which songs have either not been written or have not survived. One of these led Andy to write a play set on the colonist cars that peopled much of western Canada, that won an award and has now just been filmed for television.

Songs are also written for topical situations, like the one presented here. The idea was in mind for a while, and the specific stimulus came with a request to sing at a party for a doctor friend who is a dedicated jogger. Yes, he really did get lost in Stanley Park.



photo by The Reporter