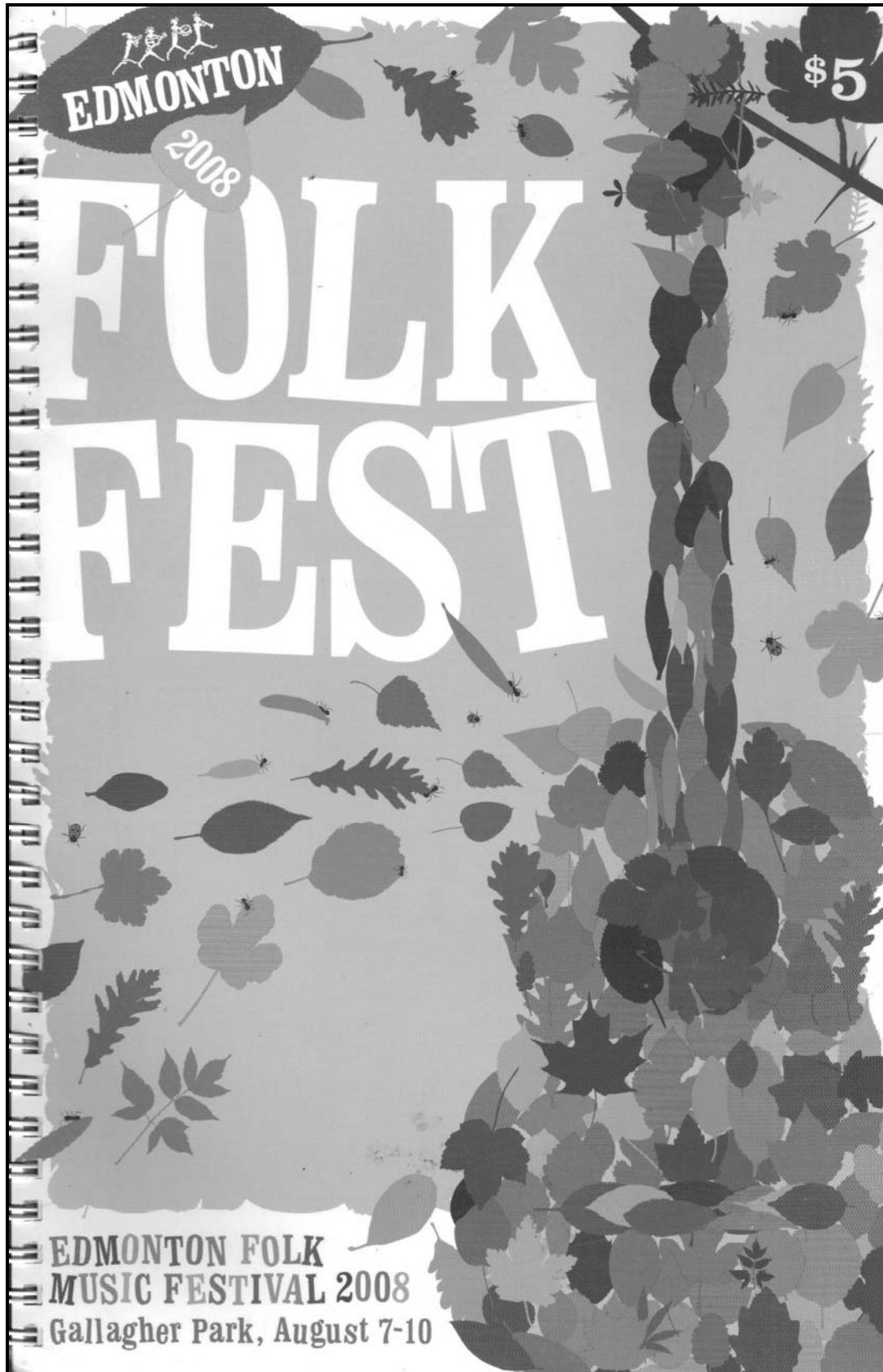




THEY DO IT FOR FUN!

Ken Blacklock

Ken Blacklock hails from Wabamun and Glenevis, Alberta. He is a very prolific poet who composes hundreds of poems every year. He will write a poem at the drop of a hat, so don't drop your hat or anything else when he is around. New friends are warned about his magic pen.

Retired from the Air Force and mining, has worked at accounting, truck-driving, Search and Rescue, guiding, teaching night school, bartending and fireboss. This varied background has given him lots of material for his writing. His favorite subjects are people, politicians, weather and history. His spiritual or Gospel poetry is often used in Scout's Own or Cowboy Church services.

A dedicated traveler, his road rhymes form an atlas of his wanderings. Wherever he goes he looks for opportunities to share in the music and songs of the district. In 2002 he won a writing contest sponsored by the Dawson City and Yukon Tourist Bureaus with a poem about the "Spirit Of The Northland". He has performed in most provinces and territories of Canada, every state in Australia, as well as Alaska, California, and Montana, at Gatherings, folkfests and community events.

He attends Community Jamborees or "Oprys" several times a week in season, where he has introduced many to an appreciation of Cowboy Poetry. Many of his personality poems are treasured mementos on the walls of homes and businesses.

Ken is active in the construction, direction, organization and production of the Harvest Moon Corn Fest at Rimbey, The Edmonton Folk Music Festival, Stony Plain Poetry Gathering, as well as a volunteer performer at the Bar U National Historic site.

Ken Blacklock

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A Salute To Folkfest Volunteers

Edmonton Folk Music Festival 2008

Charlie Strathern
October 1, 1957 – June 12, 2008



We will remember you

Edmonton Folk Music Festival 2008

Ode to Charlie Two Forks

Charlie Two Forks is now off site
This year's folk fest will not feel right
The call sign won't be heard though the machine will be there
Folkies gather around those sweet memories to share.

Dressed in a variety, like folkies tend to do
Each of us carrying a heart that is blue
Struggling to find the right words to say
We're saying so long to a brother today

A young man at heart he always would be
He is gone from among us when only just fifty
The best man ever! We will miss Charlie! Wow!
Site crew eulogies are heard here and now.

For we will work, joke and laugh
Though we will have a hole in site crew staff
We'll see you Charlie somewhere down the road
As we struggle together to share out your load.

18 June 2008
Ken Blacklock
Site Crew Bard

Tear Down 2007

We stayed to start the teardown
And now we're way behind.
Some are really happy and
Some are nearly blind.

Someone brought some pizza
And I charged to get a share.
Throwing folkies left and right
It really wasn't fair.

For pepperoni pizza
I pushed into the jam.
Did a Hawaiian war dance
For pineapple and ham.

You know I had an appetite
After five hours work.
Don will probably talk to me
For acting like a jerk.

But maybe he'll take pity
Considering my age.
It's hard fitting into a party
When you have arrived so late.

Music hath charm to sooth
The savage beast.
And I'm Savage enough
To meet that very test.

So soothing me was the
Pickers and songs.
Another drink and I'll feel
Like I belong.

Another drink, on the wall
I'll dance.
I'm so light headed that
I couldn't fall.

Ken Blacklock
Site Crew Bard
2007

Edmonton Folk Music Festival 2008

First Day on Site

First day on site and I am really late.
In through rush hour traffic hurry up and wait.
Mark is invited to go for a pedicure.
Feet are the window to the soul; so he needs one that's for sure.

Breakfast was awesome at site kitchen
Fruit and eggs and bacon, there ain't no bitchin.
Then wash your dishes and put them away,
While the coordinators plan our day.

Talkin' of hours and Blues Fest
How to work both in a way that is best.
Guys are discussing weather and cars
Blues Fest Stars And how hot some are.

I'm Jan, I'm Kevin, and I'll introduce myself
To fill in time till lunch is on the shelf.
Pinky is resting on the carpet face down,
While the rest of us make jokes like a clown.

Just before lunch we start screwing on the stairs,
A fence crew and a wall crew on a volunteer wage.
Three women, five men with carpet tape and screws,
Trying to get the wrinkles out, trying to get it smooth.

We saw the return of the pedicure crew
All forty toes done in glossy blue.
One with a motorcycle and the lady of his heart
Now we can't even tell them apart.

Mark is taking a beating about his girlish ways
This is the result of a single pedicure day.
So he will be twinkle toes until his polish fades
Or until the total of the blackmail is paid.

For an anniversary, fence day is a winner.
And a delicious anniversary dinner
For which Ryan didn't even have to pay
And a friendly group to share the day.

Mark is very busy tempting the ladies with cookies
It works very well with the rookies.
But when cookies are sent to the zoom boom lady
She suspects that Mark is wanting something shady

Ken Blacklock
Site Crew Bard

Edmonton Folk Music Festival 2008

Another Day Another Dinner

Premay is bringing another trailer in
Don is trying to park it with clearance that's thin
The zoom boom lets it down without a dent
So Don doesn't get ulcers or otherwise bent.

I notice Dons mustang is handicapped parked
Though you might notice its not handicapped marked
Its probably Don is not quite right
Working with this mob, he might not be too bright.

Ken the bard is due for a rename
In the one fifty truck he earned lasting fame.
Orange paint on his rear led to his ruin
Henceforth he is known as Ken the baboon.

Kim is also identifiably changed
Labeled crush for driving a little deranged.
And with her yellow zoom and the teardown rush
She will go from lemon to orange crush.

On July Christmas supper the weather turned surly
As punishment for quitting work early.
As the rain gods made great by buckets pour down
We succeeded in drowning half the darn town.

The kitchen crew earned a standing ovation
With applause and cheers and great adulation
The wonderful cooks invented cordon bleu
As daily they pamper and feed the site crew.

Many folks dressed up for this special night
Pink was frothy as a Christmas delight.
We party tonight but tomorrow can't dally
Two weeks time is the folkfest finale.

Ken Blacklock
Site Crew Bard

Edmonton Folk Music Festival 2008

Wednesday

Wednesday morning looking rainy and cold
The nighthawks greet us looking tired and old.
Checked in with the cook that my allergy is here
That way I can eat without any fear.

Nighthawks talking of a purple night sky
As they come in from the field, their spirits were high.
With toques, rainsuits and they look about done
A cold night on the hill can't be much fun.

Site crew starts to arrive on the scene
Smiling and happy, laughing and clean.
Twelve hours from now, they'll be coated with mud
Some sweat and tears and a little bit of blood.

It started to rain just after lunch
Cold and drizzly and I've got a hunch
We'll be this way right through tonight
'Tis one of the joys of working on Site.

After supper we went to set stage tents
Still cold and damp and mentally bent.
We set up Seven with the peak out of whack
So had to raise it halfway to put on the back.

Ken Blacklock
Site Crew Bard

Edmonton Folk Music Festival 2008

Friday

As Friday started with a beautiful dawn
But it looks like showers coming later on.
And only four Night hawks so they had long night
They sure looked happy with the coming of light.

Then hex tents for crafts and carry them around
Trying to get them set on level ground.
Spent the afternoon doing pickups around the city
Long weekend drivers, don't show any pity.

Then in the evening put up more tents
Then move CD and T-shirt racks broken and bent.
Started Main stage frame in the evening of the day
If the day isn't windy this headstart will pay.

Ken Blacklock
Site Crew Bard

Sunday

They flew SA 80 last night about eleven
The wind gusted sudden and it headed for heaven.
Everyone hanging on to hold it down
Even lightweight Harry, who nearly flew out of town.

Sunday morning dawned kinda cool and damp
But by seven thirty the truck came up the ramp.
Bring the main stage like a puzzle of steel
It will be finished by the evening meal.

Stage crew must not have enough to do
They picked up the Gin Poles and walked on though.
Ross must have needed something to warm them up
Anyone else would use a trailer or a truck.

Ken Blacklock
Site Crew Bard

Lord of the Tents

Move it left and move it right
Tent crews working today on site
Pick it up now 1-2-3
I am the Lord of the Tents says he

Tents, tents where ever they may be
I am the Lord of the tents said he
We'll shift them all to where they should be
I am the Lord of the tents said he

Every tent must be done three times
It's a rule, no reason or rhyme.
It's the wrong place and the wrong size tent
The lord of the tent said it ain't what he meant.

Tents, tents where ever they may be
I am the lord of the tents said he.
We'll shift them all to where they should be
I am the lord of the tents said he.

Every tent must be done three times
It's a rule, no reason or rhyme.
It's the wrong place and the wrong size tent
The lord of the tent said it ain't what he meant.

Ken Blacklock
Site Crew Bard



Edmonton Folk Music Festival 2008

First Night Rambles

Jill is dressed formal for opening night;
I wasn't sure if I was seeing things right;
Instead of coveralls worn as per Safety Regs;
I was shocked to discover that Jill has legs.

Folkies gathered for supper at the Festival kitchen;
The grub is worth waiting for without any bitchin;
Though everyone is dressed to keep themselves cool;
Bright coloured tee-shirts are mostly the rule.

A Raffle Salesman in Orange backs down the big hill;
We all watch and hold our breath waiting for a spill;
He has a sense of balance like he is set on rails;
As he backs his way to history making Raffle sales.

Hula Hoops are spinning a la nineteen fifty four;
Every year it is growing , there are more and more;
Teen-age girls do it best as they always did;
But a guy with grey in his hair shows talents he kept hid.

Face Painting, Wandering and Stationary too;
Folks lining up to see what they will do;
Faces, arms and legs in many wild hues;
Masks made to order in greens and reds and blues.

Some in fluorescent and some with glitter;
It's getting dark but no ones a quitter;
Cats and warpaint they cover all the bases;
These artists are great at changing peoples faces.

For those who don't eat the Festival Kitchen feed;
Of starving at the Folkfest there is no need;
Elephant Ears, Pizza, Popcorn and Beer;
And all the ethnic foods are here.

Mexican, Korean, Ukrainian and North African as well;
Greek, Jamaican and Indian each has an enticing smell;
Coffee and Ice cream of every kind and flavour;
You watch the folks as each taste they stop and savour.

I met a guy from Gleam Team and asked, "what is your line";
He said it is our duty to make the Folkfest Shine;
I didn't know they did that but I guess it's needed too;
A still out behind Main Stage to make the Folkfest Brew.

So many stories still to tell I'm running out of time;
So many wondrous people to tell of in my rhyme;
Tomorrow I must write some more to try to tell them all;
Of those wonderful people who heed the Folkfest call.

7 August 2008
Ken Blacklock
Site Crew Bard

Edmonton Folk Music Festival 2008

Footsteps Though Friday

Friday arrived as it does every week;
With sunny bright weather we're on a winning streak;
Covermaster was rolled out without my aid;
A feat of timing for which I'd have paid.

It is there to protect grass and keep our feet dry;
But the pain of laying it would make strong men cry;
Some day we will have a something that has what it takes;
And without actually breaking it, we pray that it breaks.

We need to offer some rebuttal;
For those fine folk who work in Shuttle;
Though you might think they're being mean;
The van still seats only fifteen.

While volunteers are important as we all know;
Without the performers there won't be a show;
And so we must let them ride in the van;
While we get to follow as quick as we can.

They bring the vans in through the city traffic;
Unload them and load them and send them off quick;
And if five hundred people all want a ride;
They'll need to wait fifteen minutes by the road side.

The ladies on Gate are poetry in motion;
At least they tried to sell me that notion;
As they welcome folks with smiles and wristbands;
And by doing this they make folks feel grand.

No pushing, no shoving, no fighting, no sweat;
Folkies wait patiently, the gates don't open yet;
No burly rent-a-cop to push them in line;
The lined up folks are having a good time.

Roger the Rigger works high above the crowd;
Up on the tower where we ain't allowed;
Rigging signs and tarps and Canadian flags;
Doing it right so the tower won't sag.

Site crew photo, again this year;
Facing the camera without any fear;
Catcalls and cheers and a speech by Don;
Flash, flash, flash and then we are gone.

Edmonton Folk Music Festival 2008

Footsteps Through Friday (continued)

Security comes in about eighteen types;
Perimeter, Admin, Beer Garden and Pipes;
There's many a story both spoken and read;
Of those wonderful guys, and those ladies in red.

They said they harass us because they are bored;
In yellow and red they can't be ignored;
Security Liason, whatever that is;
Life must be easy in the Security Biz.

In Site crew standby I pull a double shift;
Terminal insanity if you get my drift;
Check tents and fences and holes in the path;
Trying to keep quiet not to raise neighbours wrath;

Take care of the urgent, make notes for tomorrow;
We look for cables that we might want to borrow;
To boost a truck that doesn't want to go;
Even old trucks love the Friday night show.

Marianne has eyes like bullet holes in wood;
But she'll not surrender and go to sleep like she should;
She is determined to party to the end;
Or until September when she goes round the bend.

The Pizza lady brings more pizza in;
Like the famous Pied Piper of Hamelin;
Followed by the rats as the Pied Piper would;
Chasing the food that tastes Oh So Good.

The party people all work hard 'round there;
Putting on wristbands so as not to stick hair;
While the musicians keep playing until late in the night;
With drum, pipe and fiddle they do it just right.

Along about two-thirty my bed seemed to call;
So away I wandered to the end of the hall;
Where I undressed for bed without any light;
A wonderful end to a wonderful night.

8 August 2008
Ken Blacklock
Site Crew Bard

Edmonton Folk Music Festival 2008

Sliding Though Saturday

Saturday arrives with a bright blazing sun;
Get ready for more of that Folkfest fun;
Wandering around to see what people do;
Each does his part 'til the Folkfest is through.

Schleppers are lazy and have nothing to do;
That's what she said but I know it's not true;
Anything that moves it's cause they want it to;
Twenty Four/seven they have lots to do.

From garbage to banjos, tent spikes to food;
They have a big job and they're doing darn good;
From before we open 'til long after we close;
Whatever a Schlepper is, we need lots of those.

At the bottom of the big hill is our medical faction;
At the first sign of injury they spring into action;
Blood or heat or sunburn they have a way to fix;
They hope the calls are minor as they work through their tricks.

Like all our Volunteers they work for little pay;
Just grub and satisfaction, from helping every day;
Our medic staff is just as good as it could ever be;
If called upon I'm sure they could do Folkfest surgery.

They were enjoying a holiday in Waterton Park;
Cell phone started ringing just about dark;
"How much longer will you be away?"
"Your first shift at Folkfest happens this Friday.

A quick check of the calendar and panic sets in;
Busting a Fest shift is a cardinal sin;
So cancel the visit to Lotus Land's scenes;
Race back to the Folkfest by whatever means.

Enmax is positioned on the way to grub;
You stop to enjoy a Solar foot rub;
I'm sure they have sponsored these long hours of sun;
Specially for us to have Folk Festival fun.

Archives is here to remember the past;
A little Festival that they hoped might last;
Since nineteen eighty out in Gold Bar;
It's bigger and better, we sure have come far.

From those small beginnings to world renown;
Each year we build this Folkfest town;
Each Festival is new, it is never old hat;
Young and old they won't forget about that.

Edmonton Folk Music Festival 2008

Sliding Through Saturday (continued)

Volunteers are what makes a great Folkfest;
And our volunteers are treated the best;
Volunteer Services works to treat us quite fine;
With Programs, Lockers and lists of who's on line.

Bring your stroller or tarp or extra backpack;
They tag 'em and store 'em on their special rack;
Wristbands for the Future Folkfest Volunteers;
Sorry, but they won't store your sweet little dears.

Media doesn't say much but they have a very private place;
Where media and performers come together face to face;
These folks introduce them to performers they want to see;
Or sometimes, I suppose, they get to referee.

They try to get coverage in the very best way;
By setting up interviews of those who sing and play;
So we get good press and oversell our show;
In dealing with the media these are the ones who know.

Plate Wash is a haven for dishpan hands ;
At the Folkfest you must understand;
Fifteen thousand plates washed time and time again;
They can't count that high, there is no end.

They count them by buckets on the assembly line;
If they don't get buried they say they're just fine;
Behind the scenes to be sure our dishes are clean;
And in spite of it all they don't get mean.

We had a Birthday Party though no one had one;
So we decided we'd have a bunch of birthday fun;
Though the party didn't find us we were of good cheer;
We sang happy birthday and drank lots of beer.

In Access a special spot is held for special fans;
Who enjoy the music and watching the dance;
While Access volunteers are there to take special care;
Each one is concerned that the good times are shared.

Site crews filling holes that have caused people pain;
And watching the clouds that look like rain;
For when the rain falls they will need those rope rails;
Helping the folks on that hillside trail.

Now I need to finish 'twill be party time soon;
As I look for a seat in the Acoustic party room;
So I'll get going and party quite bold;
Until I need to settle down after I get quite old.

9 August 2008
Ken Blacklock
Site Crew Bard.

Edmonton Folk Music Festival 2008

Big White Tent

Took all the tents,
put them in a tent museum.
Charge the crew a dollar and a half to move 'em

Don't it always seem to go,
that you don't know what you got till it's gone.
Pack kitchen tent; put in a parking lot.

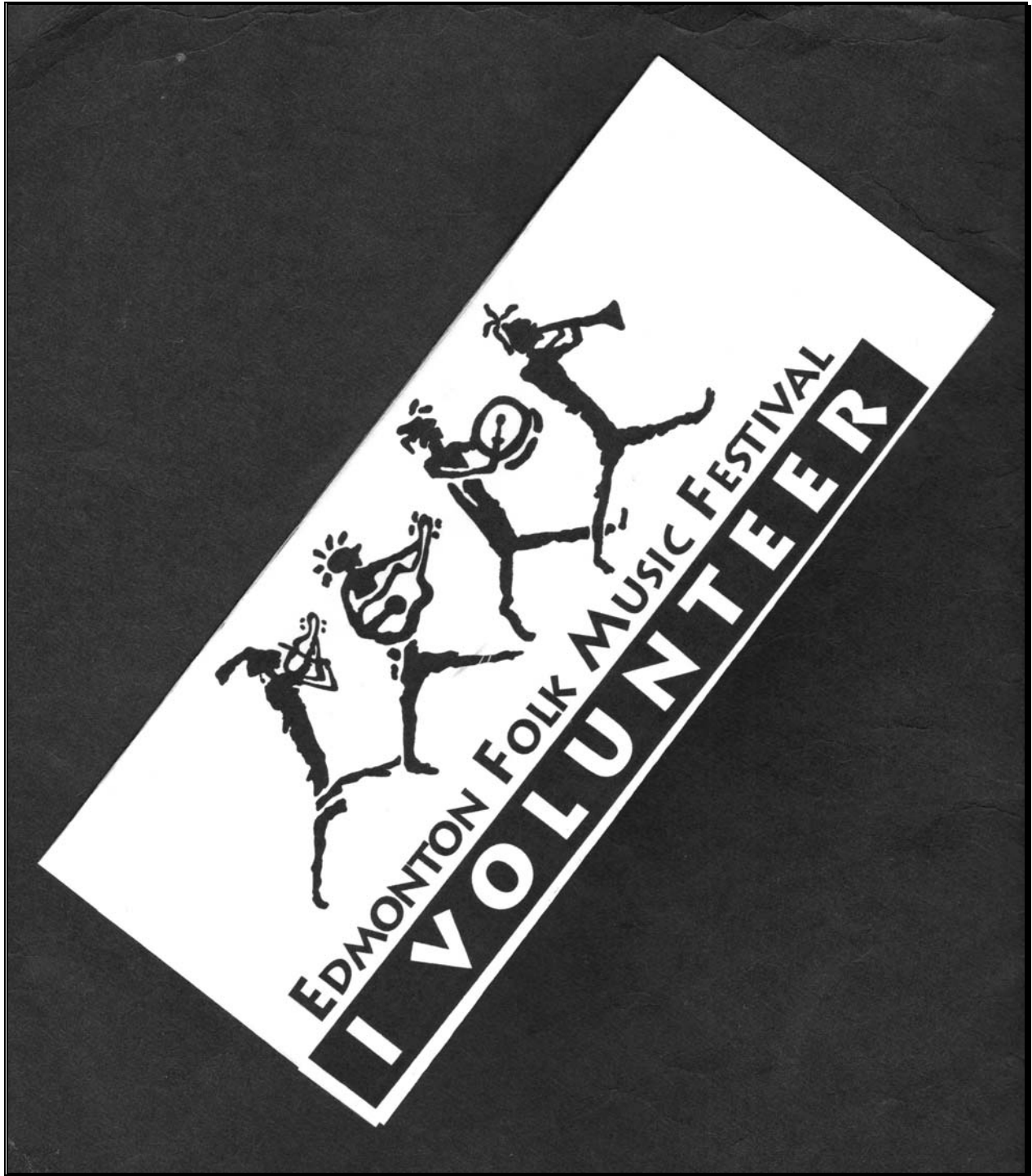
James and Andrew put away
electrical and plumbing.
All other crews help us with the de-fencing, PLEASE!

Don't it always seem to go,
That you don't know what you got till it's gone.
Pack kitchen tent; put in a parking lot.

Late last night,
I heard Don Snyder yell.
And a big yellow zoom boom took away my tool pail.

Don't it always seem to go,
That you don't know what you got till it's gone.
Pack kitchen tent; put in a parking lot.
Pack kitchen tent; put in a parking lot.

2008
Barb Osterhout
Sherry Travers



FOLK FEST (They do it for Fun) - 2004

*Folk Fest Volunteers are like happy slaves;
Working themselves into an early grave;
Discuss and argue but the work still gets done;
And each one insists that they do it for fun.*

*Tall stories told of how things were done here;
Back when the volunteers worked their first year;
Aches and pains from heat and the sun;
And each one insists that they do it for fun.*

*Assemble the stage and level the deck;
Unroll the carpet as smooth as heck;
Then screw like mad, that's the way it is done;
And each one insists that they do it for fun.*

*Un-fence and re-fence again and again;
The girls said Ross was being a pain;
Two days work since this gate was begun;
And each one insists that they do it for fun.*

*Each one takes good care of one another;
A six-footer with a beard acts like your mother;
Drink water, use sunscreen, stay out of the sun;
And each one insists that they do it for fun.*

[FOLK FEST (They do it for Fun)]

*Don, I'm told is having a sixty-second birthday;
He'll wait 'til Monday to celebrate his thirst day;
He doesn't appear a day over sixty-one;
But he still insists that he does it for fun.*

*After eleven or twelve hours they slow up a bit;
Let's call it a day so we can just stop to sit;
Calling out hours 'til your forty is done;
And they still insist that they do it for fun.*

*Build speaker towers, way up to the sky;
This year they need them to really grow high;
Please don't fall off 'til the tower is done;
And up there they insist that they do it for fun.*

*The crew that I met are a little bit mad;
Blistered and burnt but they'll still be glad;
To see everything ready when the Folk Fest has begun;
And each one insists that they do it for fun.*

*Never again, 'cause a guy has got to be crazy;
And my taste runs more to activities lazy;
There's no way that I would ever be one;
'Til next year when I'll be there doing it for fun.*

*Ken Blacklock
August 2, 2004*