

1973-2023 Wostawea Time Capsule Story

“Musical Wəstawea*!”

Story shared by Moon Joyce

Sometimes I imagine that yodelling started with skiers, especially the Tarzan yodel. Strange sounds can often be heard through the forests and hills where Wəstaweans are gleefully singing, shouting, and yodeling from the pure joy of skiing.

On Saturday mornings, our club excels at engaging crowds in high-energy warm-ups. For many years, skiers enjoyed warming up with demonstrations from great fitness instructors. Later, with more portable technology, these exercises came accompanied with danceable tunes through loud speakers. In whatever form, music has raised energy and brought out the smiles!

Over the years, some of us have been inspired to create songs to celebrate and have fun at various events and socials. I wasn't around in the early years but can offer some reflections since I joined in 2004.

Dave Palmer (aka Big Bunny) notes that he came up with “The Wostawea Song” in the early 1990s; he says it just “popped into my head.” Pure inspiration! Many continue to sing it, chant it, and share it wherever they go -- at competitions, at loppets, or when meeting new club members. The song is a way to declare “This is who we are!” as a community. It is pure fun and a great spirit booster.

In the mid-1990s, David's wife, Doris, joined him in creating “Klister Blues”, a song that playfully laments the frustration of sticky skis, wet snow, and the reality of Maritime winters when warm fronts from the Gulf Stream play havoc with the ski trails.

Occasionally special events included making music, such as a Valentine's singalong after a Lunar Ski along the Kingswood trails or at end-of-season celebrations that included live music. Club member Dave Bedford, a fine blues musician on mouth harp, played with the George Street Blues Band and brought the band to perform for us at Kingswood for a number of years. In 2010 the Pointless Sisters performed at a year-end celebration at the Fredericton Curling Club. Cathy Hutch, Mary Milliken and I enjoyed arranging some songs for that event; I wrote a special zipper song to a popular melody and called it “Skiers all Around Me.” Recently I updated the lyrics to reflect the popularity of skate skiing. And what about skin skis? Do they mean the end of “Klister Blues?”

Well, all I can say is, true to the tradition of folk music, songs evolve with the times and what matters most is keeping the music going! “For Weeeee are Wəstaweeeeean!”

I've included lyric sheets for your singing pleasure and recordings are available on Soundcloud to help you catch the tunes.

LINK HERE TO ACCESS RECORDINGS: <https://soundcloud.com/moon-joyce-606619038>

** Note: In this story, I've used the apokcol “e” in spelling our club name to highlight the proper pronunciation guide that is currently used in teaching and learning the language. The “ə” in Wəstawea is pronounced “uh” as in trust. (The word “Wəst” is snow in Wələstoquey.) And while the word Wəstowea is Mi'kmaq in origin, the pronunciation in this instance is the same, as far as I know. It would be interesting to know how the club took its name!*

THE WƏSTAWEA* SONG

Lyrics and original music by David Palmer

Current music version and adapted lyrics by Moon Joyce

Even though the rain is falling, there ain't no need to cry,
You can stop your belly-achin', Wipe your eyes dry.

Chorus:

For we are Wəstawean,
And even if we're freezin'
We're going to keep on skiin'
'Cause we are Wəstawean!!

Bill Richards has assured us tomorrow will be fine,**
With fresh snow upon the ground, skiing will be divine.

Chorus...

If you think that I am clutching at a hope impossible
The weather front that's passing through has a single syllable

And even if it's just more ice, coating everything around,
We won't let that little detail get our spirits down.

Chorus...

The crust is setting very hard, just more ice on wetted snow.
Skiing could be tough, hardly any wax will go.

Chorus (2nd version)
But we are Wəstawean,
And even if we're dying
We're going to keep on trying
'Cause we are Wəstawean.

Chorus (1st version – to end)
For we are Wəstawean,
And even if we're freezin'
We're going to keep on skiin'
'Cause we are Wəstawean!!

*Note: The "ə" in Wəstawea is pronounced "u" as in *trust*.

**Bill Richards was a meteorologist and radio announcer in the 1990's
(An alternative lyric could be "The Weather Network")

KLISTER BLUES

Original song by Doris and Dave Palmer (AKA Big Bunny)

Music and adapted lyrics by Moon Joyce

I got the klister blues, baby, rain fallin' on wet snow. X2

I got the klister blues, baby

My skis are stuck, they just won't go.

Chorus

I got the klister blues, baby, (*echo "klister blues baby"*) X2

And I'll have you know, (*echo "have you know"*) X2

This rain, this rain Just has to go!

My baby told me the sun would shine,

10 below zero, the skiing just fine.

She never told me about the southern storm,

Bringin' in Gulf air, moist and warm.

I got the klister blues, baby, I'm down in the dumps X2

I got the klister blues, baby, can't keep my spirits pumped.

My baby told me there'd be better days,

She said don't go getting' your mind in a craze.

She said it was the start of the season

So there really ain't, no good reason

To get them blues

To get them klister blues

To get them klister blues

To get them klister bluuues.

SKIERS ALL AROUND ME

Words – Moon Joyce

Music: to the melody of *Love is All Around Us* – Reg Presley)

I feel it in my fingers
I feel it in my toes
Endorphins running through me
And so, the feeling grows
I see the trail before me
My skis are in the tracks
The sun is on my shoulders
I feel the wind at my back
Oh yes, I do baby

Refrain You know I love it, I always will
 It doesn't matter if it's down or uphill
 There's something about it that captures me still
 Cuz oh my love, it's always a thrill

They're moving like the wind
They're everywhere I go
Skiers all around me
of every age I know
They call us *Wəstawea**
It means 'covered with snow'
When winter brings her beauty
Then you just watch us go
Can't stop that magic feeling

Refrain You know I love it, I always will
 It doesn't matter if it's down or uphill
 There's something about it that captures me still
 Cuz oh my love, it's always a thrill
 Even if I spill.

I feel it in my fingers
I feel it in my toes
Endorphins running through me
And so, the feeling grows
I'm skating like an eagle
I'm flying over the snow

Just watch us go.
Oh yeah
Just watch us grow.
Oh baby, let's go!

Note: *ə* is pronounced like the "uh" in trust.