

The Ian and Sylvia experience western with old English charm

The folk sound of Ian and Sylvia is here to stay. At their latest concert on the University of Guelph campus Sunday night, a capacity crowd was caught in that same spell that has won the duo the loyalty of folk fans all over North America.

Many groups have tried unsuccessfully to copy their distinctive blend of old fashioned western wailing and haunting Elizabethan folk ballads. It is a strange combination that reflects the different backgrounds of the two singers.

Ian is a cowboy from way back, raised on a farm in British Columbia. While recovering from a serious rodeo accident, he took up the guitar. In university, he started singing where ever they

would listen, and after studying with the noted English folk singer Roy Guest, he made the coffee house rounds in Toronto. There he met Sylvia.

Sylvia, on the other hand, learned classical piano from her mother in her hometown of Chatham, and everything else about music on her own. She studied folk singing extensively, mastered the autoharp, and did considerable research into Elizabethan folk music.

At least a part of their success can be attributed to a thorough grounding in music and the ability to decide what is a good sound for them. Both have excellent singing voices and a talent for song writing.

In the past six years they have left an indelible mark on folk

history. Few of us get through high school without learning Ian's 'Four Strong Winds' by memory in two-part harmony. His more recent ballad 'Mr. Spoons' dedicated to his young son, is another reputation builder.

The Sylvia influence manages at least two old English folk tunes in each program. Her latest composition 'Women's World' is a beautiful 10-minute solo to her own piano accompaniment, that seems to blend old English style with modern beat.

As an added touch of versatility, they have come up with what Ian calls psychedelic western. C.C. Rider will never be quite the same again. The loud, blarey, mind-exploding sound is accomplished with the help of a long-haired, hippy-bearded drummer, two additional electric guitars and a fourth who alternates on banjo and steel guitar.

It's a big switch from the quiet strains of 'Reason to Believe' but it's still good sound.

Undoubtedly, Ian and Sylvia are at their best doing the traditional 'Lovin's Really Lovin' type tune or the rock blues of 'Shin Bone Alley', but when you've made it to the top, you can afford to play around with new ideas.

For Ian and Sylvia, music is a love affair that makes a major contribution to the Canadian folk scene.



By Phil Dupuis

Take no advice from a man in the prime
For each deed requires a harvest reaped
And each act a motive backed.
His flawless shell attracts but is impervious,
The untapped vein awaits Time's exploitation
And a soul is to be cut and molded.
Listen and heed the old man's words
For being closer to death
Life's meaning becomes more apparent.
He has much to say. Take care!
Let not the scaly face of age turn
You away in repulsion. His wrinkled and distorted image is that of the outward
Ugliness of reality.
Yet beyond and within that scarred exterior
Flows the stream of love and kindness.
He trembles not from decay but from that pulsating
Bubbling stream barely capable of supportation
In his frail canak.

Arctic cold to Calgary warmth Eskimo girl learns to love both

Since her Christmas visit with her new grandparents Mr. and Mrs. A. Villemaire of R. R. 1, Acton, three years ago, Katie Villemaire is learning to appreciate the best of both her Canadian worlds.

A part 11-year-old Eskimo girl, she is the adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. GERALD Villemaire, now of Cambridge Bay in the Northwest Territories. Mr. Villemaire is a federal transport department employee.

The Villemaires first met Katie when she attended Mrs. Villemaire's kindergarten class in Cambridge Bay. It's seven years old, she didn't know English and hardly spoke at all. Now her mother claims she is so talkative, "she even talks in her sleep."

Application was made through the transport department for permission to adopt the girl from the natural parents, and three years ago Katie became Katie Villemaire.

Mrs. Villemaire recalls that when Katie first came to live with them she didn't own a thing, so she had to buy her a complete wardrobe. That night, they were awakened by a rustling noise in the child's room. "On investigating, we discovered what Katie couldn't put on, she had hidden under the bed clothes. I guess she was going to make sure nobody took her new things."

Twice during her early childhood, she had been flown south to be treated for tuberculosis, a common disease among Eskimo children. However, she still found it difficult to adjust to the warmer

climate during her first year of school in Calgary. She is now in her third year at Tweedsmuir School for Girls.

The Villemaires are determined that Katie will not lose her Eskimo heritage. "We don't think it is right that she should forget her native tongue," comments Mrs. Villemaire.

In the not-too-distant future Katie will return to Cambridge Bay to try to regain the fluency she has lost in her native Eskimo language.

Says Katie, "I like it here in Calgary. It's so warm. But I would like to go back to Cambridge Bay. I like Eskimos. We don't fight, we just play."

Those on wheels have been understandably unhappy over the recent large snowfalls, but that select group of snow-worshippers congregating annually at Glen Eden Ski Club in Kelso Conservation Area, has been ecstatic.

Halton Region Conservation Authority, owners and operators of the ski club, note the artificial snowmakers were used just prior to opening of the slopes Sunday, Dec. 29, but have not been required since.

A week later saw the record attendance so far this year. The club's main offering is, of course, skiing, but plans are in the making for establishment of part of the lake for skaters; and tobogganers, snowmobilers and sledgers are welcome on selected hills outside of the ski slopes.

Ski lessons are given Saturdays and Sundays at 11 a.m. and 2 p.m.; and Wednesday and Fridays at 8 p.m. Private lessons can be arranged at other times. New this year is the Housewives' Special... 10 afternoons of hour-long lessons for \$15.

Public skiing is invited Saturday and Sunday from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Friday evenings from 7 to 10 p.m., and Wednesdays from 1 to 4:30 p.m. and from 7 to 10 p.m.

Conditions have been reported as good to excellent since the club opened, although the past couple of days' weather may have altered this somewhat or necessitated use of the snowmakers.

Season's tickets, at a cost of \$10 per season, are available or entrance may be paid at the gate.

The slopes are patrolled and supervised by qualified members of the Canadian Ski Patrol System.

Free Press YOUTH PAGE

Undeclared school team enters district bonspiel Friday

Undeclared is the big word for the four boys on the A.D.H.S. curling team. Gord Reed as Skip, Barry Buchanan as vice-skip, Paul Youngblut as second, and Neil Anderson as Lead, have yet to lose a match this season.

With a record like this behind them, the team has entered the District play-offs in Brampton on Friday. As far as they know, they will have to win just two

games to qualify for the Pepsi Cola School Boys' Ontario finals in St. Catharines on Jan. 25. This will be a first for Acton. If they should tie with Brampton they would return next week to get a winner.

Should they win in St. Catharines, they would rate an expense-paid trip to North Battleford, Saskatchewan for the

All-Canadian championship Feb. 17-22.

The team works out every Monday with the high school club and curls every Tuesday night in the men's league.

Mrs. Nan Hurst, who leads the school club will accompany the boys to the bonspiel in Brampton, hopefully St. Catharines, and if luck holds, North Battleford. Needless to add, all fingers, toes and brooms are crossed.

fresh tracks by Barbara McIntosh

THE VIRTUE OF DISHONESTY

A Chinese philosopher once said, "How can I be true to myself, or to others, when I have a thousand faces everyday? To which should I be true?"

Today, we are preoccupied with the individual. Everyone wants to do his own thing. It's out to conform or accept, and it's in to be in a constant state of active rebellion and mental confusion.

We argue it's all in the search for the true identity. Above all, we shun hypocrisy and strive for honesty and sincerity. Yet in reality we are all basically dishonest with ourselves and others.

Sociologists call it the 'role'. The world is a stage, and in any one day we play many different roles for our own advantage. Let's face it - none of us is a straight line case. We're different on different occasions with different people.

We're willing to bend our ideas, change our convictions, curb our impulses, and try to give the impression we are what we are not, in order to shine luminously in the mob's favor. To come out and state "This is the True Blue Me" is too risky. We're afraid we may not be accepted. Oh, the humiliation of being branded a "square" in a swingers' crowd, or a "weirdo" amid conventional thinkers.

To be completely honest, is not to be influenced in any way by the things or people around us, and this is impossible. In short, it would seem that the only way to be honest with ourselves, is to admit that we are continually dishonest.

It's not as bad as it sounds. We have different names for it. The fellow who pretends to be brave while his knees are clapping time is labelled 'cool'. The student who refrains from laughing at his teacher who just got a hair-cut three inches above the ears, is 'prudent'. The hostess who insists that the smashed crystal was old anyway, is 'diplomatic'. The girl who vows she wouldn't have gone to the formal even if he had asked, has 'principles'.

Why risk losing a friend by stating outright he has halitosis, or make life miserable by admitting you hate your mother's cooking? The person who honestly says he's proud of himself could be labelled a brag. The guy who always says exactly what he feels may find himself termed rude, crude, bold, brash, cruel, cold, and impossible to cope with.

Perhaps there is virtue in dishonesty.

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ACTON HIGH

Examinations start on Jan. 20 which means only 11 days left to cram.

Students and staff are pooling ideas and talent to come up with A.D.H.S.'s first Winter Carnival with ice sculptures, chariot races through the snow, and as formal a semi-formal as you can get. The date is set for Feb. 12-16.

Classes will get out early on Feb. 8, due to a staff meeting.

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