

# Real Estate MARKETPLACE

May 2, 1979.



Cradling their precious tree, Paul McLelland and David Ruse of Acton plant trees for Canada at Silvercreek Conservation Area Saturday. Local Acton, Georgetown and Norval cubs and scouts planted 10,000 trees, combining the exercise with an overnight hike despite the cold drizzle.

## Scouts plant Trees for Canada

by Mark Rowe

In spite of an overcast, cold Saturday morning, car loads of Acton Cubs and Scouts left the Scout Hall for the Silvercreek Conservation area on the eighth line, Esquesing.

We joined groups from Georgetown, Norval and Glen Williams to plant a variety of trees for the annual Trees For Canada Campaign. Every boy planted an average of 50 trees each and will collect from their sponsors during the next two weeks.

Nine members of the Acton Scout troop put on backpacks to begin their annual St. George's hike. This overnight hike is held in preparation for the district Explorer's hike which is held in May. The Scouts walked from the planting site over to a waterfall on the Black Creek, West of Highway 7.

After lunch, they made a rope bridge across the "raging torrent" which they crossed with their packs. About 2:30 they resumed their hike along the Bruce Trail to the

Fourth Line, where they spent the night.

Sunday morning dawned cold but at least the sun was shining. After breakfast and a Scouts' Own service, they continued their hike along the radial trail to the end point at the Blue Springs Scout Reserve on the Sixth line, Nassageweya.

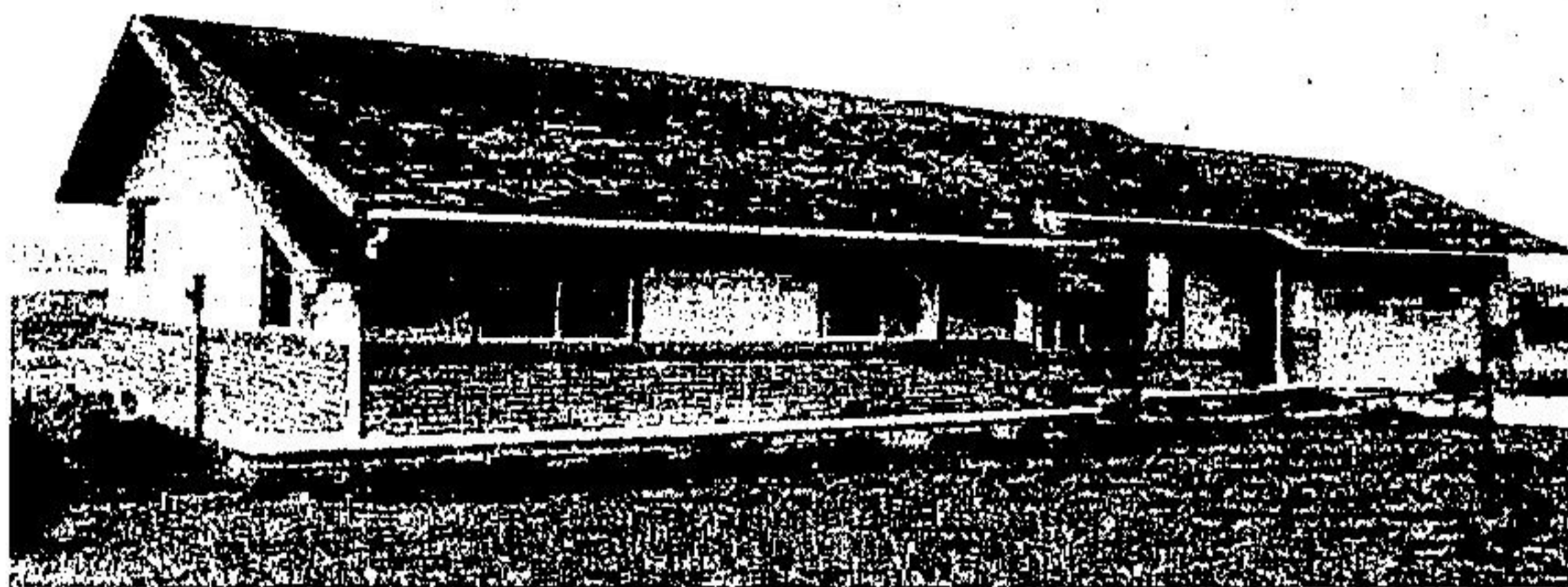
Don McDonald picked the hikers up and returned them to the scout hall where they received a hiking crest.

The weary hikers were Don McDonald, Darran Edmundson, Ted Moysie, Tim Height, Jim McVeigh, Tim Garton, Kevin Hoerig, Andrew Ferguson and Brian Steckley.

They were accompanied by Scouters John Sharples and Mark Rowe.

Elections for new patrol leaders and assistants will take place on Thursday. All Scouts should attend the meeting. Please be sure and return Explorer's Hike forms at the meeting.

## FEATURE HOME OF THE WEEK



### Custom Built Ranch Bungalow — Norval Area

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## Music Festival time — it's a caution!

My old lady is back in the music festival business, after an absence of some years, and it's just like old times around here: hectic.

We quarrel frequently about great issues such as who put out the garbage last week or whose turn it is to do the dishes. When these tiffs become heated, I am frequently told, in a typical wifely digression, when she is logically cornered, that I know almost nothing about music.

It has nothing to do with the argument, but I hear "You couldn't even find middle C on the piano," in tones of contempt. I cheerfully admit to that fact and the further fact that I don't give a diddle, which fans the flames. This always non-complusses her, which is the object.

But, when a music festival looms, and looms is the word, I suddenly discover that, "You have a good ear, and a great sense of rhythm and tempo," and I realize, with an inward groan, that I'm in for hours of listening to minuets and gavottes and sonatinas, and making judgments based on my good ear and great sense of etc.

It all began about 20 years ago. Both our kids were taking piano lessons, and doing well. One evening I was sitting idly, reading my paper and wagging my foot in time to the sonatina my son was preparing for a music festival.

My foot got going so fast I couldn't even read the printed word for the vibration. "Hey," I thought, "this kid isn't Chopin or Paderewski. That's a mite quick for a grade six piece."

I made my wife sit down and listen. She checked the tempo in the book. He was playing about double speed. She brought it to the attention of his music teacher, who was a little shocked and embarrassed to realize that old tin ear was right. Happy ending. We got the kid slowed to half-speed, and he won first prize.

That was the end of any peace for me, around festival time. Ever since, I've had to listen to dozens of kids play all their festival pieces, and come up with some

by

Bill

Smiley



enlightening comment about things of which I have absolutely no knowledge, like pace, tone, rhythm, tempo, appoggiatura, forte, crescendo and the like. I don't even know what the words mean.

In self-defence, I've concocted a number of comments about as useful as the things teachers write on report cards. Things like: "perhaps the second movement is a bit subdued," or, "Yes, that's holding together nicely," or, "don't you think the andante allegro is a bit turgid?" When you don't know an andante from an allegro, if one were to crawl out of your soup, it seems to do the trick.

That worked pretty well when the old girl had twenty-odd students. And was churning out prize-winners by the dozen at every festival. She'd be satisfied that I was listening and would go right ahead and have the kid play the piece the way she knew it should be played.

But this time around, she doesn't have the same old confidence, because she's been away from it so long. She makes me actually listen, instead of just appearing to. When I question the speed of a piece, she plays it at four different speeds, and forces me to make a judgment. They all sound the same to me.

Should I suggest that the minuet seems a trifle fast, she makes me get up in the living-room, pretend I am a bewigged, bepowdered French gallant in tight pants at the court of Louis Fourteenth, and dance a minuet. It's hard to get into the mood when I'm in my bedroom slippers, painting pants, and old sport shirt.

Have you ever tried prancing around to the strains of a gavotte, on a Saturday

morning, when you know your neighbours can see in the windows and are wondering what on earth Smiley got into at this hour of the day?

Have you ever tried to "Bum-bum-bum" your way through a sonatina, at the same time trying to clap your hands to establish the time and to read the headlines about the coming election. It's nerve-wracking.

Our social life has deteriorated, too, as it always has at festival time. Instead of going to sparkling parties where all the guests are full of repartee, among other things, we sit in the living-room with her pounding the piano, and me waving my foot. It's not enough to keep the mind alive.

Oh, we do take a sashay into high life occasionally. On Easter weekend, we really lived it up. We went to see Great-Grandad, who is recovering from an operation, and came home the next day to help Kim, who arrived with Batman and Robin, as they call themselves, figure out her income tax. Naturally, she didn't have half the information. And Balind, three, asserted that he was no longer Robin, but the Incredible Hulk, whatever that is.

But The Festival is right up there like a bill board, with all its infighting, anxiety, lousy adjudicator (if you lose), teachers on the verge of a coronary, and mothers tearing their hair out in clumps.

Next year, I hope the old lady takes up karate or skydiving, or something sane and sensible and safe. Music festivals are murder.

### BLOOD BANK

The blood you give at Canadian Red Cross blood donor clinics means that the Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service can supply blood components to hospitals. By separating whole blood into its components, hospitals can give the patient only the part of blood they need.

