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*Ottawa Outlook, nee North Hero News and World Review …. ……. Mostly stuff no one else would print.*

Monday, August 23, 2010 c:/nhn&wr10, 10wc21 (2010 NHN&WR letter/story/poem/card #13)

**A Tree Grows in Brooklyn Ottawa.**

We’ve a tree in the front yard whose name no one seemed to know. Complete strangers would mash the front door chime and ask*,” What’s the name of that tree over there?”* Good Grief! To the home-dweller known as ‘Mr. Recluse’, this equated to extraneous socialization. What to do?

First the tree.

Tree stands fairly alone, beyond squirrel jumping distance to any adjacent mate. Come Spring & early Summer, tree bears a sort of fruit, about the size of an overgrown golf ball with small spiky things all over. To our WWII naval man, they look like miniature mines. Over their season, they attract a multitude of birdlife and squirrels. Now, with the squirrels, … enter the cats. There are four, none ours, don’t think Bailey would tolerate such.: ‘Winston’ from Churchill Ave two blocks away. (No one knows his name, but since he lives on Churchill we all call him Winston). ‘Oliver’, an adjacent neighbor. ‘Oreo’, a backyard neighbor. And ‘Rupert’, a neighbor one removed. For the squirrels, the sea-mines are an irresistible attraction. From the woods across the street they scan the yard. Coast clear? Yes! Make a run for it. Well, they get to Tree okay, but ‘Oliver’ and maybe cohorts are also scanning from under the cedar hedge. They can’t beat squirrel to Tree, but once they know a squirrel is up Tree they can be very, very patient at the base of same. Close? Yes, … nose to bark. Ever tried to outstare a cat? Don’t bother, you’ll lose. Eventually, squirrel must break the Mexican standoff. Squirrel starts down the trunk. Cat rises. Squirrel feints this way and that. As soon as squirrel thinks he/she has the least bit of advantage, a leap to the ground and dash back across the road to the woods. We’ve seen no carcasses under Tree, but since cats usually deposit remains on their owner’s doorstep, this is not conclusive as to current score.

Second, the name.

Not having a *“Tree Book”*, it was off to , … yes, Google. Our best conjured description kept coming up with Lychee Nut trees. with weird Asian names. Not convinced. Impasse. Then, lo and behold, the door chime again. The neighbor one removed, … the master not the cat.

This wondrous soul had taken a Tree sample, twig, leaf & fruit to the Ottawa Experimental Farm. Consensus: Tree was, *“Horse Chestnut Ohio Buckeye”.* (We’d spent some time in Columbus, the Buckeye Capitol, but in all truth had never seen a buckeye.)

Action.

Instant signage;

This tree is:

HORSE CHESTNUT OHIO BUCKEYE.

Sign is nailed to Tree.

In Anticipation:

Sign will probably encourage comment. i.e.: *“No it’s not”. “No Way, .. it’s a xxxxx.” “Who says so?”*

Then more signs. More signs, … more nails. Tree, … our innocent bystander succumbs to nail poisoning.

End of*, “A Tree Grows in Brooklyn Ottawa.”*

Till next month, Lucile, Bailey & Ken

ken.jefferson@sympatico.ca

Reg. Dist.: 101

Note:

Lucile & Ken have officially changed their residence. There is no change of citizenship, still Canada one, U.S. one. (Sound like a hockey score.)

New Address;

219 Atlantis Ave

Ottawa, ON. K2A 1X9

613-761-6519

Finally.

As usual, Ken spelled poorly.

The sign reads,

HORSE CHETNUT OHIO BUCKEYE