



# Beaver Bob

## The unkindest cut

There is a lot of meanness and downright evil in the world today. But was it really necessary for Quebec pig buyers to criticise the quality of Ontario pigs? The remarks which came to light at a meeting with hog producers at Alexandria a few weeks ago, are the unkindest of all the many unkind cuts this province has received from Quebec. Not to mention those supplied by Reggio Foods.

Separatism we can take, attacks on the Queen we can live with. As far as Rene Levesque is concerned, we shall keep on sending him cigarettes. But for Quebec pig buyers to turn savagely and bite the feed we hand them is too much. This is the blistering end.

The attack is particularly vile and not to be endured partly because pigs are a vital element in our economic well being and for other emotional reasons on which I'll dilate in a moment.

Before going on to that, I invite you to consider with what compassion you can muster, the reaction of the Ontario hog raisers present on the occasion in question. This is a speculation to titillate the gods.

As everyone knows, hog producers are a taciturn lot. They are not given to emotional demonstrations, nor to rhapsodizing over the difficulties of their lot. Your typical hog breeder is a quiet man. Quiet but resourceful, filled with a sense of

accomplishment in his craft and the satisfaction that comes from association with superior creatures, such as pigs. It is to the credit of the hog raisers in question that they retained command of their emotions and forebore to pummel the attackers severely. A great deal has been said about pigs. And even to pigs. The pig has never failed seriously to produce an impact on man's fancy down through ages. He has been man's faithful companion on the long and rocky journey from the caves to today's high-rise society the major difference being that the cave was cheaper and probably a good deal more commodious.

Always the pig has been at man's side, faithful companion, intellectual inspiration, sympathetic listener. Ellis Parker Butler won instant fame with an article called "Pigs is Pigs." While not much could be said for the grammer, the intention was good.

G. K. Chesterton wrote a piece under the title, "On Pigs as Pets." He said some very nice things about pigs which I am sure they reciprocated, or would have if they had known. In his book he held up a satirical mirror to society, George Orwell cast pigs in the role of totalitarian monsters. If he had a fault as a writer and philosopher, it showed up in his

failure to appreciate the virtues of piggy character.

Charles Lamb wrote a piece on roast pork which did little justice to the intellectual quality of pigs. It may come as a surprise to many people that scientists generally agree in according the pig the second place in the animal kingdom after the elephant for intelligence. I can believe it.

Try this experiment. Gaze deeply into the eyes of a pig. They are positively swimming with intellectual savoir faire. Examine his features as he smiles happily up at you. Isn't there something almost human?

As far as Ontario is concerned, our pigs are second to none. This has long been an article of faith. That is why, for anyone from Quebec to suggest that our pigs are somehow lacking in those qualities which go to make the pig the lovable, engaging, cheery and exuberant little swine that he is, is striking at the very vitals of our democracy.

This is tender territory. Tread softly when you tread our porkers. Make a mockery, if you will, of the Constitution, suppress language rights, but do not, if you are wedded to the idea of a peaceful old age on this earth, knock our porkers. They may represent all that we hold most dear.

## Notice to readers

This marks the first edition of 1978 for the Castor Review as well as the first one mailed only to paid subscribers.

In order to help make ends meet financially the paper initiated a \$3.00 per annum subscription fee which to date has been contributed by some 300 local and out-of-town residents.

However, there are still hundreds of readers who have not yet bothered to subscribe. Those who don't receive the paper in the mail will be able to pick up a copy for 25 cents at outlets in Russell, Embrun, Metcalfe, Kenmore, Morewood and Greely.

We would like to take this opportunity to urge non-subscribers to fill out and mail the form below and ensure the constantly-improving and expanding Castor Review arrives at their home each month.

### SEND IN SUBSCRIPTION NOW!

Make sure of Castor Review!

BOX 359, RUSSELL, ONT.

Please send the Castor Review to

Name .....

Address ..... Box No. ....

Amount ..... (\$3 for 12 issues)



Santa gets Christmas order from Mark Harrison at Russell Arena

## Welcome to Castoria

Along the Castor River, not too far away, there's a land of make-believe where animals, not humans, reign. This land is called Castoria.

Like the people world above the river bank, the residents of Castoria embrace a mixture of politics, morals and religions. There are the strong, the weak, the leaders, the followers. Everyday life in Castoria bears the same pitfalls, the same joys, the failures, the successes.

But more than anything, Castorians have an innate ability to laugh at themselves. They can poke fun at each other and laugh a laugh that reverberated between the river milleniums before Man peeked over the top.

This ability is the major

difference between Castoria and the outside and so important is it to them that they will not tolerate intruders who cannot share in it.

Russell artist Greg Rokosh is one of the privileged few outsiders to be welcomed by Castorians because of his ability to laugh at himself. So accepted has he become and so important do they consider their rare ability that they have allowed him to portray their society to the outside world.

So, from Mr. Rokosh's pen, the first instalment of Castorian life appears below. Mr. Rokosh warns that some people may recognize themselves as Castorians but reminds them of the requirement to share the Castorian experience -- the ability to laugh at one's self.

## CASTORIA



No, I DIDN'T EXPLAIN PENALTY KILLING TO FRANK. WHY DO YOU ASK?

## Boutique La Couturière

Confection — Sewing Alterations

Tissus à la verge — Remnants

Drapery fabrics & all needs for sewing, crochet, macramé . . .

SERVICE REPARATION

SINGER — OTHER BRANDS

ON SPECIAL THIS MONTH

All Phentex products — 3 ply, sky, elite 1 and macrame cord  
Cottons also on special

Francine Dignard, Mgr.

528 rue Notre Dame

Embrun, Ont.

443-3113