

Imagination, Writing Ability shown by Area Students

Karen Bekkers, of Russell, Ralph Dykstra, of Metcalfe and Vyvetha Portal-Fost, of Russell, are the senior, intermediate and junior winners, respectively, of the Castor Review essay contest.

They were chosen among 35 participants by the Review editorial staff which found the essays uniformly contained a high level of imagination, good use of words and good sense of plot.

All of the essays showed interesting use of story devices—description, dialogue and suspense.

The Review judged Karen's essay, "An Exciting Experience," to be breezy and fast-moving, conveying the excitement and fun of canal skating in Ottawa. Karen is in Grade 8 at St. Joseph School in Russell.

Ralph, a Grade 7 pupil at

Metcalfe Public School, carries his suspenseful "The Small Mice and the Mean Cat" briskly to its climax.

Vyvetha, in Grade 5 at Russell Public School, showed a keen sense of drama and description in her colourful take. "A Fisherman Called Bonefish Joe."

An honourable mention was given to Brian Cascadden, "A Fair Day for a Farm Boy"; Twiggy Parker, "An Unwise Attack"; Tracey-Lee Anderson, "The Runaway Horse"; and Sarah Edmundson, "Imagi-Nation."

The three winning essays, whose authors win cash and book prizes, are printed here. The Review would like to thank all entrants and will attempt to publish their submissions in future issues.

An exciting experience

Finally the day arrived -- we were going skating on the canal. The kids piled in the back of the van, the adults in front. Soon we arrived and time to put on our skates. My mother was sure glad when all the laces had been tied.

The canal was already busy with many skaters. Some adults were pulling their babies in sleighs. The skating was much more exciting than going around skating in an arena.

We skated for a while then to our right saw this beautiful ice sculpture. It was really something to see. It sure was good to glide along the ice in the open air.

The weather was beautiful -- sunny and no wind.

We came to a bridge where everyone had to go underneath in single file. The salt on the bridge was dripping and melting the ice near the sides.

A short while later we decided to head back. We met our parents part way and all of us got back about the same time. A picture was taken on the bank of the canal and then back to the van.

Boy, what an afternoon. The fresh air, the skating on the longest open rink in the world was fun. Hope we can go again soon.

The small Mice and the mean Cat

On the night of February 21, 1978, at 6:00 p.m., everybody was eating their dinner except the mice and the cat in the Charles Mansion. The mice were trying to get at the cheese on the table but the cat was waiting for his dinner by their only exit. One very brave mouse said that he would go out. He ran out and the cat took one slap with his mean claw and then swallowed him. The other mice saw it and were very frightened. They were afraid that they might be next.

Sometimes the cat would stick his paw in their hole and try to get one of the mice. One mouse said that they should all run out and try to get by the cat. At first the other mice thought it was a crazy idea. Later they realized that with so many of them, the cat would not have a chance.

A scared mouse asked how they were going to do it. The others realized that they never thought about it.

All the mice put their thinking caps on and thought about it. A little group of mice said that if they all charged the cat some of us could get by him to get the cheese, while the others distracted him. The other mice agreed and then discussed who would attack and who would get the cheese. They got it all straightened out and left.

Every mouse ran out and started doing their job. The cat did not know what was going on and got confused. The mice were in and out of the kitchen so quickly that the cat did not kill any of the mice.

The mice ate the cheese and the cat just sat on the floor trying to figure out what had happened.

A Fisherman called Bonefish Joe

We met at the Harbour, my friends and I and waited for our fishing guide Bonefish Joe.

It was a beautiful day and the turquoise Bahamian water sparkled and shimmered in the bright sunlight. We were all eager and anxious to start fishing.

Down the quay came Bonefish Joe. He was a short, wide, heavily muscled man with dark black skin. He had a very round head set on a very short neck above which was a very round face with the biggest, dark brown eyes and the cutest smile I've ever seen.

Soon, we were in the boat and then the fun began. Bonefish Joe had a glass-bottomed barrel through which he looked all the time.

"There's a grouper. Quick, put your line down," he would say excitedly. My hands got very sore and tired doing what he told me to do.

"OH, OH, sharks down there and a big moray eel. Pull in your line!" The giant waves, by this time, were tossing the anchored boat around like a toy boat, but I was so wrapped up in my world I had no time to be sick, though most of my friends were.

Sometimes our lines would get caught around the coral, under the water, and pull as hard as we tried we could not get the lines free. Then Bonefish Joe would have to cut our lines.

"No more fish bitin' here," he would say as we sailed to a new place to fish.

"Seventeen grouper, eight turbot that's pretty good," said Bonefish Joe to me, as we headed home. "We go fishing another time little early! O.K.?" "O. K." I said to Bonefish and, "thank you very much."

Area festival in the works

Prescott-Russell communities may be linked in a giant festival this summer if the committee behind the scheme can gain support from area service clubs.

The concept, originated by Frank Szabadka, director of the Prescott-Russell Association for the Mentally Retarded, calls for the association to organize and promote the festival while service clubs and citizens groups provide the individual activities comprising the entire event.

Counties council has already indicated its support of the plan by contributing \$12,000 as a preliminary budget and delegating three members, including Russell Township Deputy Reeve Albert Bourdeau, to sit on the organizing committee. Mr. Szabadka hopes to get another \$20,000 from the Wintario program.

While many groups have shown an interest in participating, some have also shown aversion to Mr. Szabadka's proposed profit-sharing arrangement which would see his association receive 50 per cent of all profits with the other half going to sponsors of the various activities.

Mr. Szabadka says the 50 per cent would be the association's fee for promoting the festival outside the counties to attract more visitors.

Counties council feels the festival, which would run from June 22 to July 3 could be a shot in the arm for the local economy and could develop into a major annual tourist draw.

Some of the activities forming the festival would probably include street dances, arts and crafts displays, parades, suppers, concerts and perhaps a festival queen pageant. Mr. Szabadka would like to see the event draw 50,000 visitors to the counties.



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