



Beaver Bob

Ghosts and Dreams

As far as I know, I have never encountered a ghost. I say, as far as I know, because one of the things to keep in mind when discussing ghosts, is that most of the time they are invisible. So that it is quite possible to see one without being aware of it, if you know what I mean.

Ghosts, like everything else, go in cycles. That is they become popular for a while and then fade out (only too literally) and then after a little while in oblivion, they come back to the surface.

At the moment it appears that ghosts are on the upbeat. Television, as it is on most things, is behind the play on ghosts. They still go on doing situation comedies about witches, news girls, cops and so on; without apparently realizing that the in thing now is quite definitely ghosts.

A situation comedy about a ghost would be quite cheap to make because you would not need an actor to play the lead role. Just leave a blank space on the screen.

Along with ghosts go other manifestations of the occult, such as levitation, out of body experiences and being in two places at one time. Mental telepathy, in comparison with these aptitudes is laughably primitive.

I have not had much success with levitation, except in downtown elevators. I understand there are certain monks in ancient Tibetan monasteries high in the Himalayas who simply step out the window and can be in Peking with a few minutes. All it requires is an effort of the will.

I have practised this feat and once found myself on a mud flat in what appeared to be Mandalay. Before I could take cog-

nizance of the situation and look around a bit at the curious huts on stilts and the people approaching me with gestures of welcome and admiration, I lost my nerve and quickly flipped back to the banks of the Castor. I must confess it was an interesting experience and if taken up by a lot of people could certainly play hob with Air Canada's budget.

Perhaps I should mention dreams. We all have dreams of flying far above the crowd and looking down at them in good humoured contempt. This is a dream that recurs with me at intervals of about three times a year. I don't know what brings it on, but I understand it is a sign of insecurity. And one about launching oneself from a high peak in the Himalayas or perhaps the Pyrenees, which also signifies insecurity. I have never yet been able to achieve a dream, signifying an overdose of security. I often wonder about that.

In any case, I know that the dream of flying is meant to tell me something and I certainly intend to take up hang gliding as soon as the casualty rate comes down.

The out of body experiences are a little different; but I suppose it all comes to the same thing. The desire to shuck off this cumbersome and unwieldy corpus delecti which we carry around with us, for the wild, freedom of immaterial communication and transmigration.

I became quite interested in out of body experimentation and tried it out several times in the privacy of my room. I was able to get out of my body and float around just under the ceiling but that was as far as it went. The thought of flying out the window

and leaving my body behind was terrifying. What if I couldn't get back in?

I warned my wife if she came in the room and found me stiff and cold, not to call the undertaker for at least three or four days. I might just have flown around the block for a constitutional. Or I might even be in Hong Kong. She promised to do nothing hasty. I heard her on the phone a few minutes later, saying, "I think he's gone again." They just don't understand the spirit of scientific inquiry.

People used to scoff at this kind of thing until we found out that a former Prime Minister was in constant communication with his mother, his dog and his grandfather. In that order. Apparently Mr. King ran the war on orders from the dog. Things didn't turn out that badly. Perhaps it would improve things in the country right now, if the Cabinet could send out a call to that dog and get some canine advice.

When Mr. King was absent on other business, or out of his body for a brief run, the dog would take over the Cabinet, despatching troops here and there with finesse of an experienced general.

The true and never before revealed explanation of the Conscriptio Crisis was a lot simpler than most people realized. It is here revealed for the first time. What happened was that Colonel Ralston refused to take instructions from the dog and so he got kicked out. The dog didn't like General MacNaughton. He felt he was unreliable and not up to the job of directing Canada's armies. So he went, too. The dog decided to take over himself and things went swimmingly after that.

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