

CASTOR COMMENT



June Pansies

(Photo by Rowsell)

Correspondence

O.T.H.S. fine school — Metcalfe student

Dear Editor:

I am writing in reply to the person who wrote "Life at OTHS and, I may add, proud of it. OTHS not only has some of the finest teachers around but, in my opinion, it would seem a much higher education level than that of N.D.D.H.S. I must strongly disagree with many of the things he said.

Firstly, OTHS is crowded, but no more than many other schools and the problem is well under control. There are some 750

students at OTHS and complaints of overcrowding from them are few, if any. We realize the problem is temporary and are willing to put up with it.

Secondly, his comment of "prejudice" is totally unbiased. Prejudice is a very serious word to use in describing not only "administrators" but students. The Russell students are no worse off than those from Osgoode or Manotick.

They too had to make new friends as any student progressing from public school to high

school has to do. Is that such hardship? Is that such "mental torture?"

Thirdly, on his comment about no late buses for Russell students; admittedly, that is regretful but it's the school board's fault, not the school's.

My final comment is this: If Russell students cannot adjust to a simple change in schools, then I can't see them progressing very far in life at all.

Yours,
Bob Cooper, 15, Grade 11
R. R. 2, Metcalfe.

Castor River

A silver locket is the harvest moon,

Bright on the night-blue poncho of the sky;
Young spruces toss their heads and darkly croon
To crickets clicking beads in lullaby.

The Castor loops her ribbon, bow on bow —

Then jewels it with stars in sapphire spray;

Red Bridge becomes a shadow roof; below

Flocks of white-dappled rocks wear time away.

Tall reeds among green-mottled shallows wade

And sway when ripples shiver, start or rest:

Clouds float like soft-winged swans in dream parade

Down paths where lilies gem the river's breast.

Dawn wakens late, all grey and amethyst.
The Castor slumbers, cradled fast in mist.

RUTH E. SCHARFE

Dog owners beware

Some local residents have complained to the Castor Review that straying dogs, and generally soiling, dig up, and generally using their properties as thoroughfares.

One resident has been stymied in his attempts to even get a glimpse of the night time canine marauder which has been using his garden as a shortcut.

The resident is at his wits end and threatens to get physical with the marauder even if it means sitting up all night. He would rather the dog was kept at home, in safety, though.

Left out

It's too late to do anything about it but we would like to point out to the committee which organized the Prescott-Russell festival that Russell Village is still an integral part of the United Counties.

In the material distributed by the committee promoting the festival which terminates July 3, the counties are colored green. The boundary ends between Embrun and Russell Village in most of this promotional material.

It was probably just an oversight attributable to the fact the village didn't participate in the festival. Because there was minimum interest here in the festival doesn't mean we've pulled out of the counties.

Canada 1978

On July 1, 1867 bonfires were lit and church bells rung as Canadians celebrated the birth of a new nation.

Now, 111 years later, the celebrations are more expensive and the atmosphere smacks a little of whistling in a graveyard.

The bright hopes of Confederation a hundred years ago were realized as a small, relatively inconsequential Dominion (in population and prospects) rose to one of the world's favoured nations.

The four original provinces of Confederation became 10; the area of the new nation was extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the American border to the Arctic's icy seas.

Peace, freedom and prosperity dwelt upon our shores.

Now, in 1978, while there remains a great deal to celebrate, Canada is beginning to look like a nation that has sold its birth-right for a mess of pottage.

This nation, once the envy of all others is now the subject of wondering comments and interrogations.

What has happened to the bright promise of the years? Why is it that many Canadians today find themselves looking enviously to the United States as a nation that is at least conscious of its own identity?

Like a ship drifting with the tide, Canada appears to have lost a sense of its own destiny which no nation can survive. There are those who would tear this nation apart on an issue of language; there are others who would recast and reshape what the Fathers founded. There are those who strive mightily to take from this society more, much more than they are prepared to contribute.

Where are the strong voices calling for a Canada stretching from sea to sea, in which all citizens, regardless of race, language or creed, will be Canadians? That was the Canadian dream. How long are Alakies going to permit its debasement by people whose goals are political power and whose purposes are defined by narrow self-interest?

Canada remains a nation of undisputed hope. Only the faith of Canadians in a new national destiny can rescue this nation's greatness.

The quiet man

The tributes were tongue-tripping; the devotion, throat-lumping.

Ordinary human beings, men and women, with nothing to gain, nothing to lose, rose in turn to say thanks.

They remembered the cold, rainy nights, summer and winter, when he tramped in, somehow quietly, black bag in hand, and asked without worry, "Where's the patient?"

And the warm July evenings, when his hand rested confidently, only briefly, on a trembling shoulder and eased a mother's worry.

There were none in the room of 800 who didn't remember. Yes, Myrtle was always there, active, reassuring.

What can you say about Dr. Carl Edward Lynn Morrow?

Strong words

The West will do well to ponder the message recently delivered by Alexander Solzhenitsyn, exiled Russian author, now living at Cavendish, Vermont.

Speaking to one of America's most affluent and enlightened audiences at Harvard University, the world famous writer issued some harsh truths on America's attachment to affluence and materialism.

Most damning of all, he said the West had lost its courage and willingness to fight. He was most condemnatory of so-called Liberals who strenuously opposed America's involvement in Viet Nam. These same Liberals, Solzhenitsyn said, turn their backs on the groans of agony coming from Cambodia where a kind of genocide is being perpetrated in the name of Marxist reconstruction.

He condemned the naivete of Western statesmen who refused to face the facts about Castro's invasion of Africa, hoping it would "all blow over" and who seemed unwilling to accept the truth that the Soviet Union's world wide involvement in international terror and intrigue presented a major threat to the West.

Regrettably, too many commentators were obsessed with Solzhenitsyn's temerity in criticising faltering Western values, to the point where they missed the real meaning of his message.

Up the Senate

The Senate is one of those institutions which nobody pays any attention to until someone tries to do something about it.

Prime Minister Trudeau has tried to do something about the Senate in his new Constitutional Bill, which, in effect opens the door for a new Constitution for Canada.

To produce the Bill, he has taken parts of the existing BNA Act of 1867, parts of the Canadian Bill of Rights, the Official Languages Act, the Supreme Court Act and others to create the opening wedge in what will become a new Constitution for Canada.

The new draft embodies language guarantees from coast to coast for both English and French and drastically shakes up the existing Senate and Supreme Court of Canada.

The Senate becomes a nominated body called the House of the Federation, with half the members named by the House of Commons and half by the provinces. They are divided on language grounds and must be replaced after every election. The Supreme Court is enlarged from nine to eleven with the provinces being consulted about each appointment.

Experts who have studied the proposals are agreed that they give to certain elements in Quebec almost but not quite everything they have been asking for. As for the rest of Canada they provide a great number of basic changes for which there has never been any substantial demand.

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