

# Ode to a country Doctor

(A tribute to Frank Kinnaird)

By Shirley Van Dusen

"I can't understand what the fuss is about,"  
He said in his humble way.  
"All this hustle and bustle, the whole town of Russell's  
Gone crazy," he said in dismay.

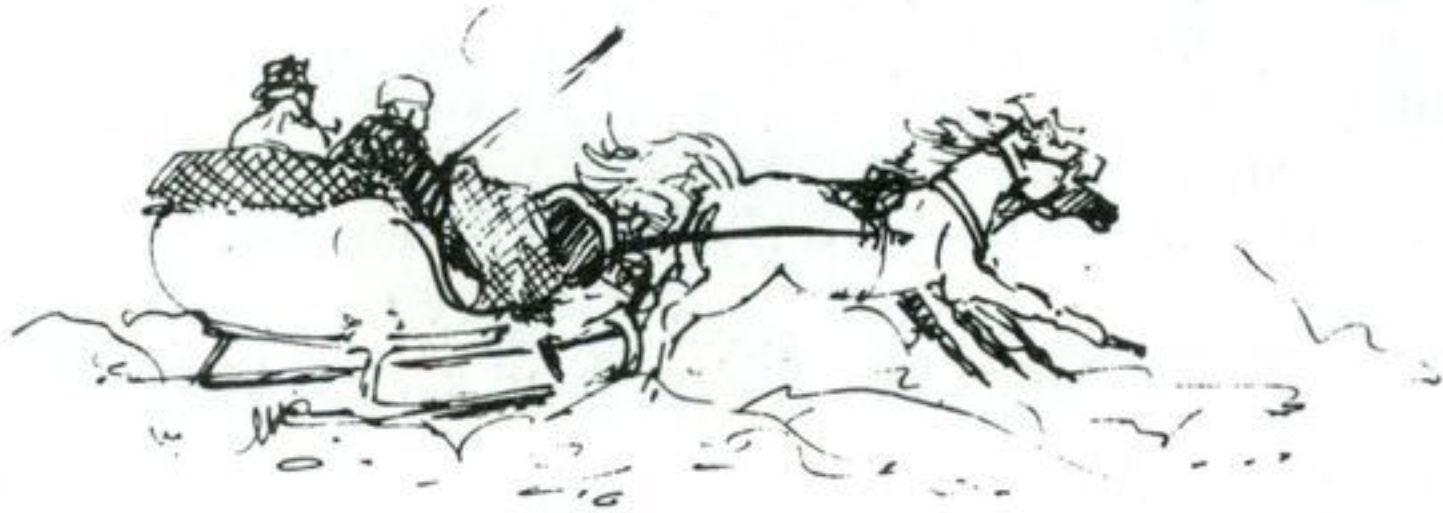
So, we're going to remind you of some of the times  
We have shared with you over the years;  
The fun and laughter, your kindness and care,  
And, sometimes, some sadness and tears.

You were working in Hearst when we heard of you first;  
Doc MacDougall said, "He's a good man.  
I need a replacement, I'll give a call  
And I know he will come if he can."

So, you came, looked us over and thought we were fine;  
It must have been our lucky day,  
'Cause your Mother and Aunts, Sister Wilhelmina, too,  
Decided to come here to stay.

To top it all off, we got Teen Campbell, too,  
With her kindness and warm, friendly smile;  
When you needed a nurse, you'd have only the best,  
So she thought she might stay for a while.

In those days, the roads would be blocked deep  
with snow;  
But a way through could always be found;  
Bob Campbell would hitch up his horses and sleigh  
And whisk you away on your rounds.



You had just settled in when war was declared;  
You wanted to do your share;  
In the Medical Corps to "Bomb Alley" you went  
And spent the war years there.

It was here you saved Keith Campbell's leg,  
Others wanted to amputate;  
You said, "No, it's going to be all right,  
We only have to wait."

When the fighting was over, you headed for home  
To your practice and full waiting room,  
And, there you discovered, like everyone else  
That we had our own baby boom.

There were times when one baby turned out to be two,  
But you took all that in your stride;  
The Morrors, the Shirleys, the Grahams and the Lows —  
You talk of your twins with such pride.

When Winchester Hospital opened its doors,  
Glendon Loucks was the first one in line;  
You took out his tonsils, no problem at all  
And sent him home feeling just fine.

Ida Dugdale will tell of a cold winter night  
Long ago when a baby was due;  
You bundled her up and drove her to town,  
Saved her life and Patsy's too.

And then, in the Sixties, the Lion's Club said  
We all think that it would be nice  
To have hockey teams for the kids around here,  
Let's get them out on the ice.



So the Pee Wees and Midgets and Bantams were formed  
And you, Doc, were right in the thick;  
You managed, encouraged and helped them along,  
And treated them when they were sick.

You'd fix up their bruises and bandage their bones;  
On the cuts you would sew an fine seam;  
"There! That doesn't hurt," you would say with a smile;  
"Now, get back for the good of the team."

When a new baby would come into the world,  
You'd plan for his hockey career;  
You'd congratulate Mother, but whisper to Dad,  
"We'll have this one on skates in a year."

On the day you delivered that Robinson Boy,  
He cried, "Doc, I'm just a beginner.  
You've smacked my behind and some day you'll find  
That you walloped a Stanley Cup winner."

There was many a night you'd be out on a call,  
With barely an hour to rest,  
But you'd go in the morning with the boys on the team  
To see that they did their best.

Metcalf, Morrisburg, Prescott and Perth  
And all those tournament names —  
In Smiths Falls you captured the local coin wash  
To dry out their clothes between games.

There's a great hockey camp up at Fenelon Falls,  
You'd bring all the boys there with you:  
Allan Duncan, Bill Gamble, the Cochrans and Graham;  
Doug Hay and the Honey boys, too —

You'd think when you had a few minutes to spare,  
You'd relax from your busy whirl,  
But you're out in the garden feeding the birds,  
Or shaking your fist at some squirrels.

Your roses win prizes, your lilies are great,  
Amaryllis a sight really grand;  
But we know what you've done, it's a dirty trick, Doc —  
You've transplanted green thumbs on each hand.

We hope you'll be with us a long time to come,  
We need all the skills you command —  
Where else but in Russell would someone come in  
With her hook crocheted into her hand?

Larry Robinson's here and the Trousers from Hearst,  
Brother Jack and niece Katy, too;  
All of Russell is present to help dedicate  
This Arena in honour of you.

You've just done your duty you say, but we know  
It's far more than duty we've shared,  
For you've given a life of devotion and care,  
And our thanks to you, Dr. Kinnaird.



## Talking books at Library

"Books by mail" and "talking books" are two new services offered to township residents by Russell Public Library.

"Talking books" are of special interest to senior citizens or anyone with sight difficulties, the library reports. Cassette recorders are available with a selection of taped fiction.

With the "Books by mail" service, people unable to visit the library personally can have books sent to them. Students, senior citizens, homemakers, pre-school children may borrow three books for up to three weeks.

Those wishing to order by mail should call the librarian during regular hours and books will be sent out in a special return bag with postage-paid sticker.

Both services are free of charge.

The library is also offering two special children's programs on Wednesday with the help of a Young Canada Works grant.

The first program from 10 to 12 noon is for children aged 3 to 6 and is headed by Rosemary Bols and Gale Chaters. It includes songs, crafts, puppets, stories, and games.

The second program is for children over 8 years old. They'll be able to receive lessons on the guitar or recorder at reduced rates, provided by the Canadian Conservatory of Music, Ottawa.

Registration for the eight, one-hour lessons was held at both the Russell and Embrun libraries June 29th. Rates for the lessons are \$10 per child or \$15 per family (maximum three children)

Library Hours:  
Monday and Friday: 2:30 to 5:00 p.m.  
Tuesday and Thursday: 7 to 9 p.m.  
Saturday: 12 - 5 p.m.

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