



# Beaver Bob

## Snails and salted grasshoppers

The cabin stands at a bend in the river partly hidden by alders and willow bushes. Early this spring, when the water was high, a young beaver used to swim down in the morning and return in the evening, flooded out perhaps by the high water. There has been no sign of him lately, so presumably he has rebuilt his riverside home and is happily occupying it.

I have never eaten a beaver and have no temptation to do so. There are some aspects of cookery, however about which I have firm ideas.

Let me say at the outset that my cooking is simple, not to say primitive. I am not one to go in for complicated or extravagant dishes. I consider that I am fairly adequate at regular dishes like chops, steaks, omelets and things of that kind.

I have eaten fish, northern pike, cooked in the coals of a deep trench on the headwaters of the Spanish river; I have eaten Porcupine and Bear meat purveyed by a Sikh friend. I have eaten octopus, which tastes somewhat like boiled garden hose.

The kind of cooking I do depends on simplicity, neatness, order and a certain amount of concentration.

Cooking is so simple that almost anyone can do it. Almost anyone can do it wrong.

For one thing, once a dish is on the stove, it should not be neglected. More dishes have been ruined simply because people will not stay and watch

over them, than one can shake a ladle at.

Snails for example. There are good and bad snails. But no indifferent snails. I have not heard of anyone eating the kind of snails that one finds around here in the garden or at the bottom of the lawn. Although they look fat and lively enough.

I have eaten salted snails that you pull out of the shell with a little pick. That was in Brittany. Neither the snails nor I were impressed. I was once offered salted grasshoppers by a famous police officer in a tavern. I decided not to interfere with his pleasure.

Let us suppose one is doing something so simple as an egg. Recently I had very excellent fried eggs, once over lightly, in a restaurant on Bank Street. I don't want to give the name of the place because I don't want to start a stampede in which some of the staff could be injured.

There is a place in Winchester, where the city fathers regularly gather, where the eggs are more than adequate and the home-made apple pie is something to write home about. There is a place in Chesterville, where you can look out the window at the Nation River as you eat. (Again, no names). All of these places understand the deep philosophical meaning of eggs.

I have never eaten frogs' legs from the Castor. One does not, after all, make a meal of one's neighbours. But I have eaten frogs' legs from a Gatineau Lake and chicken is not in it with

tender, young, delicious frogs' legs cooked on a open fire.

To return to our eggs. I once picked up some duck eggs from the shore at the Ile Perrault and cooked them over an open fire. They made a fine omelet.

To make an omelet, first obtain some eggs, just as the recipe for making haggis calls for first obtaining a sheep's stomach. I generally crack the egg with a kitchen knife. This has always driven my wife frantic. She believes an egg should be cracked on the edge of the pan. I'm afraid I must have tried that once and missed. Anyway, it is obviously as the result of some trauma that I now insist on cracking the eggs with a knife.

The next thing is to drop the eggs in a bowl and stir. One may use as many eggs as required, although it is better to confine oneself to only one bowl.

I generally mix in a little condensed milk to body. Others have other preferences. Stir vigorously.

Once in France, I saw a youth stirring a omelette over an open fire with a wire egg-beater. I have not yet reach such heights of culinary achievement. But over there, making an omelette has something sacramental about it.

I prefer my omelette moist rather than dry, soft rather than hard, gushing rather than papery. Ketchup may be used in moderation.

# CASTORIA



SAY WHAT THEY WILL GUYS, BEING SHORT, GREEN, AND WARTY DOES HAVE ITS ADVANTAGES... PASS THE WINE PLEASE.



Lions Western night

Ralph Carlson, of Country Mile, gives his all in one of many tunes which kept funseekers hopping at a recent Russell Lions charter night dance. Many top-name Western music entertainers played to a receptive crowd.

**scotiabank**  
**THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA**

**RUSSELL**  
**445-2880**

'Grow With Us'  
Scotia Bank

**Guy Brasseur Ltd.**

Flooring Contractor  
Ceramics, Carpets  
Corlon, Drapes

**FREE ESTIMATES**  
584 Notre Dame St.  
Box 278, Embrun  
**443-2155**

## MEN'S SUITS CLEARANCE SALE

SAFARI SUITS — \$19.95 to \$39.95

### Regular Dress Suits

Regular prices — \$89 to \$169

Reduced by \$30 to \$50 each

Most regular sizes from 36 to 52



**D. LATREMOUILLE**  
L'É



**443-3666**

**EMBRUN**

**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)

### CASTOR REVIEW RATES

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION  
\$3 for 12 issues  
COUNTER PRICE  
.25 cents per issue  
ADVERTISING  
\$1.50 per column-inch  
CLASSIFIEDS  
\$2 per ad