



George Eastman: calling it quits as Russell's main street meat-cutter.

George Eastman: After new career

George Eastman, whose wide-as-his-shoulders smile was a fixture behind his main street meat counter, has closed up shop.

The 27-year-old Russell native, who purchased the Russell locker plant and butcher shop from Keith Boyd five years ago, put the complex up for sale in early June, citing his desire to pursue a new career.

George, whose T-bones were known far and wide, learned meat cutting on-the-job while working for Mr. Boyd part-time

as a student. He was following in the footsteps of his grandfather who had been a butcher in Russell for many years.

Aside from his meat-cutting ability, George is well known as an organizer of minor hockey as a member of the Russell Lions Club and as a skatesman with the Russell Old-Timers hockey team.

He is spending his temporary retirement relaxing with wife Heather and children, Jamie, 4, and Jorin, 2 months, at their home at 454 Concession St.



Castor Earl

Eyeballin' a skunk

Did you ever come eyeball to eyeball with a skunk?

No? Well, I sure enough did and I'll tell you one thing, I sure and tarnation don't want to go doin' it again if there's any helpin' it. It's enough to scare a body's britches off.

Do you mind how I told you all last time about my joggin' to deflate this spare tire I carry around with me?

Well, one mornin' I was out runnin' bright and early, my dog Bingo right along side of me, when I happen to spy out of the corner of my eye this critter comin' across a corn field.

Sure enough, it was a skunk and he was headin' lickety-split in a collision course with yours truly. I'll tell you I put on the breaks in a hurry. As a matter of fact, I burnt the rubber on the bottom of my sneakers.

Well, that little stinker lands right in front of me, stops cold, and just stares at me. I stare back, all the while holdin' on to Bingo who wanted to go up for a closer look. Well, he stares, and I stare, and back and forth like that for about five minutes.

Finally, he turns tail-lucky for me he didn't raise it - and waddles off through the grass. I give him plenty of time to

disappear, then me and Bingo take up our runnin' where we left off.

I guess I was sure a lucky fella that day I didn't get back to the house all skunked up.

There was another fella that wasn't so lucky. I won't mention any names so as not to embarrass him but he's one of the lads here at the Castor.

He was out runnin' one day and he perty near stepped on a skunk's tail. Dang, but did he get a sprayin'. He had to take a bath in detergent to get rid of the smell.

His missus still sniffs the air when he comes too close.

Editor's note: Carolyn Anderson, 9, composed two poems to earn her writer's badge in brownies. Last issue, we printed "If I Were": this time we present "The Sunset."

The Sunset

The sunset
You can bet
Is a beautiful outlet.

It's colours are gay
As bright as day
And it never does delay.

When there's sun
it has fun
letting its pretty colours run.

The sunset
you can bet
is a beautiful outlet.



New Owners of McLaurin's Store . . . Mike Gebara, left, and brother Said recently assumed ownership of the general store in Metcalfe, taking over from Don McLaurin. The Castor Review wishes to extend its warmest welcome to our new friends and their wives and may they have many successful years in our community.

KAVOUKIAN

JEWELLERS — WATCHMAKERS

THANKS

to all our customers for their encouragement and co-operation
during the renovations to our store.

We would also like to thank our contractor

Denis Brisson and his employees

Our thanks is also extended to all the sub contractors

Alphabetical

Angleheart Paving
Benoit and Duchesnes
F. Bertrand
Boisclair Painting
Guy Brassard
Bernard Brisson
Gary Burell
Henri D'aoust
F. Dignard
Patrick Faucher

Embrun Glass
Daniel Lacroix
Don Lamadeleine Elec.
Lemieux Bros., plumb.
C. Laiselle
O Maheu
Leo Marion
C. Rainville
Salabury Insulation
Emery Seguin

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