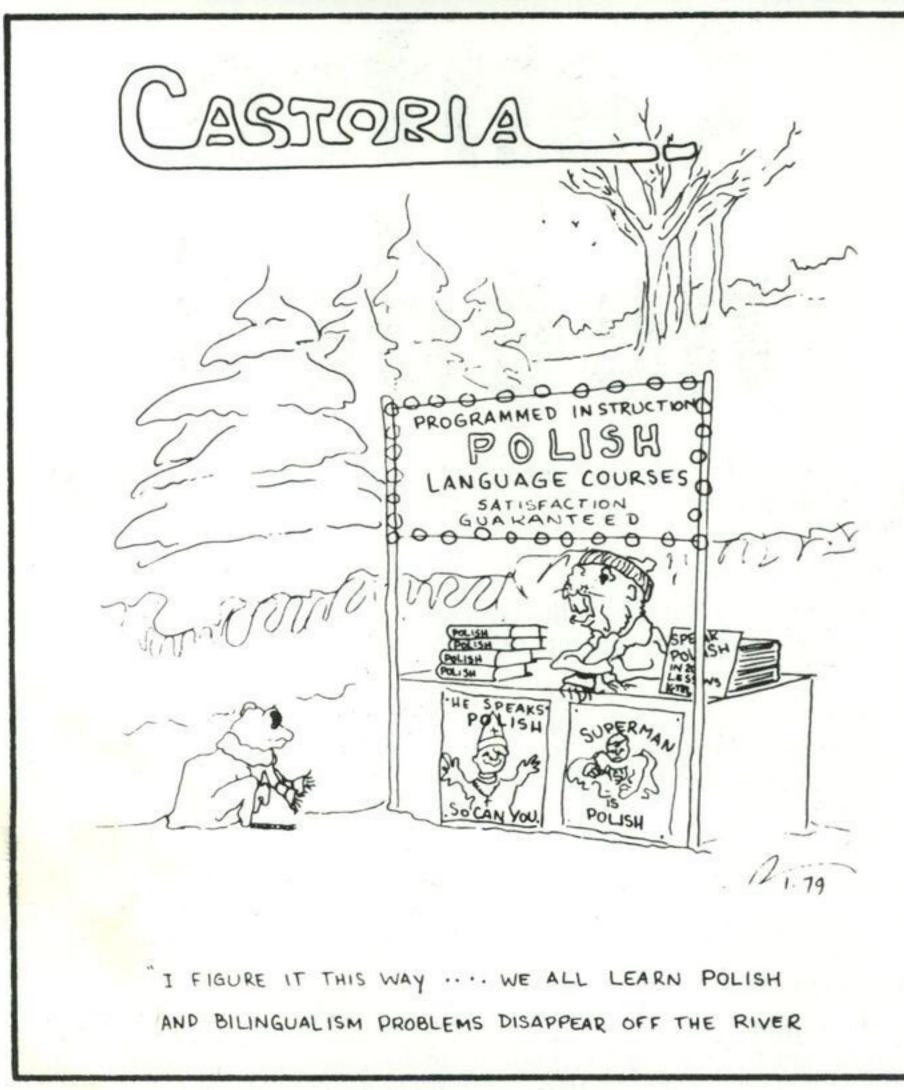
CASTOR COMMENT



Along Life's Pathways

The "Gathering In" brought many home From Colleges, Universities and Careers they've begun. The Season of the Light so bright, Found Russell's "Welcome Home" just right. Year's roll by, and along life's way, Kindness is implanted every day. An account whose principal never diminishes, And the yearly interest truly finishes. "The Caring" caption which we all wear, Once we have learned, "What joy to share." This was realized this season just closed, As into 1979 our feelings are disclosed. With gratitude deep for girls of 4-H club days, And the five who returned with their glamour fine.

As to Bob and Georgie Gambles, they came to dine There was Brenda Boothe, and Beverley Cherry, Nancy Carscadden, and Janet Graham, so merry, Linda Weatherall, a friend kind and true, What a wonderful blessing 1979 has for you. As along life's pathway We travel each day, Let us lay aside burdens, and walk with God Always.

Georgie Gamble

Correspondence

Editor, Castor Review

Filicitations pour votre journal. Bonne Annee.

Albert Bordeau, Deputy-Reeve, Township of Russell

I enjoy the Castor Review, especially the visiting column by Dorothy Marquette.

> Yours truly, Gordon Morrow, Botha, Alberta

Wishing the Review continued success in 1979, with good health,

and happiness to all.

Yours respectfully. Robert E. Morrice, Russell

As always, we enjoy your paper with all the local news.

> Yours truly, Esther Takalo, Thunder Bay

Enclosed is my mother's subscription for her Castor Review which she enjoys so very much Thanks for the good news in 1978 and the very best to your enjoyable paper in 1979. Also, best of health to all the workers.

> Sincerely, Mrs. Leonard Fisher, Metcalfe

CASTOR REVIEW

"One Canada"

the editor.

Dusen.

ing, Russell, Ontario.

Box 359, Russell, Ontario

Editor: Mark Van Dusen, 445-2080.

Sports: Jack MacLaren, Editor, 445-2131; Peter Van Dusen, columnist; Garey Ris, reporter, 445-2069.

News: Suzanne Schroeter, 445-5709.

Photographs: Mary Rowsell, 445-5244. Advertising: Michael Van Dus-

en, 445-5770. Layout: Stuart Walker, 445-

5707. Subscriptions: Tina Van Dus-

en, 445-5707. Bookkeeper: Joan Van Dusen, 445-2080.

NEXT DEADLINE Feburary 2 **NEXT ISSUE**

Graphics Ltd., Chesterville, Ont.

February 9

Submissions preferably typed,

double-spaced are welcomed,

publishable at the discretion of

Published by Castor Publish-

President: Thomas W. Van

Printed by Eastern Ontario

Second Class Mail Registration No. 4218 ISSN 0707 — 4956

Cold porridge television

By Thomas Van Dusen

The experts claim that the quality of television this season is as low as it has ever been. This is not news to the viewing public who have to put up with the cold porridge we have been getting on our screens. So uniformly mediocre have the shows been that at least one major network has cancelled almost everything and gone back to the drawing board.

In our own opinion, the worst punishment which television has to provide is represented by the so-called "game shows".

They are of interest only to the participants, who have a hope of winning a whole lot of stuff they don't need; and the M.C. who is paid to be there, anyway and has to look pleased and happy. Most game show M.C.'s seem to labor under the impression that they are wits. If they were, they wouldn't be MC'ing television game shows.

The game shows reach a depth of insipidity never before reached on any medium. Now, they are even rehearsing the dopes who go to them so that when they are called, they leap up in the audience with expressions of hysterical joy for the opportunity to make fools of themselves. Hell must be an endless TV game show, with Bob Barker smirking and preening himself for all eternity. Eternity encompassed in one hour. That's the definition of a TV game show.

The most successful show this season appears to be one featuring two characters called Mork and Mindy. I hope I have that right; but it doesn't matter. I haven't met anyone yet who watches it. It is successful because it is the only TV situation comedy which is not being instantly turned off by sixty million viewers. All the commentators like David Hartman and others are getting onto it and bringing Mork in or Mindy, as the case may be and fawning all over them and congratulating them for still being on the air after

three months. Over the Christmas season, except for one or two specials mostly featuring people who had already died, television went on its mediocre way completely ignoring the fact that Christmas was here and millions of people wanted to see something having to do with it. Not, for example, a new version of "Les Miserables" where the 1830 Revolution was protrayed by having a guy's face on the screen with somebody else's foot in it. At least, we think it was somebody else's foot.

We got that cheery old standby, A Tale of Two Cities (not Ottawa and Hull), a jolly tale of a chap who goes to the guillotine for somebody else because he's just too rotten to go on living. It was worth it just to hear Ronald Coleman say, "Tis a Far, Far Better Thing . . . etc". Ronald Coleman had one outstanding asset as a performer: He could

We got a new version of David Copperfield, not nearly as good as the old one with Freddie Bartholomew, Basil Rathbone and W. C. Fields (as Micawber) and Edna May Oliver as the Aunt. That film bids fair to rank with the book as an all-time classic.

Apart from one or two bright spots, holiday television was a great yawn.

Has it occurred to anyone in a position of authority that cutting television viewing down to four hours every evening would release enough hydro power to eliminate the energy crisis?

Half way

It is reassuring to hear Chantal Developments Inc. express a thirst in residents views on the future planning needs of the community. Such interest if applied must ultimately achieve co-operation between developer and resident which, in turn, must make for a better community. A developer keenly attuned to the views of residents stands less of a risk of seeing his best laid plans trampled under a sudden surge of public protest. Residents who make sure a developer knows their views stand less of a chance of, say, having a fine old building demolished. In Russell, we have the example of a shopping centre being rejected according to one Chantal proposal. The firm is now discussing the possibility of consolidated professional and shopping services using a different approach which may prove to be a compromise acceptable to all. Cooperation is the key and Chantal partners Rejean Paquette and Garry Patterson have expressed a willingness to indulge in it more fully. It's up to residents to meet them half way.

A pat on the back

Osgoode Township council deserves a collective pat on the back for preserving and restoring the historic municipal building at Metcalfe.

Council could have decided to splurge - as other councils have done — and erect a new building at twice the \$100,000 it cost to turn the existing hall into the pride of township residents and an asset to the entire Castor area.

The red-brick, high-peaked hall is certainly in as fine shape today as it was when constructed in 1891 for \$2,500 - which included purchase of the site and furnishings.

Ratepayers who turned out to inspect their renovated seat of local government found an imposing council chambers and two levels of comfortable offices . . . all the emmenities of any modern building, but steeped in history.

What a crime it would have been to level this architectural gem and replace it with sterile concrete and glass.

Divide and conquer

It is a long way from the banks of the Castor to the troubled streets of Tehran. But if a government is put in power in Iran dominated by the U.S.S.R., as could quite easily happen, then one result could be that we would all be paying more than we are now for oil and gas within a very few months.

Iran normally exports 5 million barrels of oil daily, 10 per cent of world production. The United States imports 900,000 barrels of Iranian oil daily. Britain, Israel and Japan are consumers of Iranian oil.

A recent United Press International despatch reported hundreds of Soviet agents in Iran, helping to mobilize opinion against the Shah whose policy has been pro-Western. This is nothing new. There were Soviet agents in Iran under the Czars.

Most of the unrest and dissension in Iran came from two sources, traditionalist Moslems and the university students. The Moslems resented the Shah's efforts to Westernize and modernize the nation, particularly the so-called liberation of women. The university students are Marxist-oriented and "politicised" by pro-Soviet professors and Russian agents.

The Soviet gave full support in money and weaponry to these two disparate groups because the Russians found they could use them to destroy Iran. By putting the traditionalist Moslems in control, the Russians will then have a docile border state which they can manipulate to their advantage and against the interests of the West.

The key to Soviet policy in the Middle East is and has been for twenty-five years, control of world oil resources. In pursuit of their objective the Soviets have backed the Arab States against the Jews, have assisted in forming, funding and arming Arab terrorist groups and have progressively worked to undermine governments which showed the slightest indication of willingness to work for peace.

In the Middle East as elsewhere in the world, Africa and South America for example, the Soviet use age-old religious and social antagonisms to divide and conquer. That has been their game in Iran and it now appears that they have accomplished a large step toward their objective.

1976 — First a.m.

The year awakens cloudless, Bright sun that cleanses nature and the heart, I tremble looking out.

Silent, white, untouched, Long shadows of the hedge across the lawn, Like a loom that's ready, waiting.

The shuttle of time has started, The unseen Weaver chooses colors bold And drab, for this is life.

Can I through caring, daring, Carve the shuttles, spin the vibrant strands His skilful hand requires?

Here I must pause and trust; He sees the pattern, He will tell me when, And what, and where, and who.

I must be ready, willing, Head high, but humble, bright-eyed, searching, listening. The Weaver counts on me.