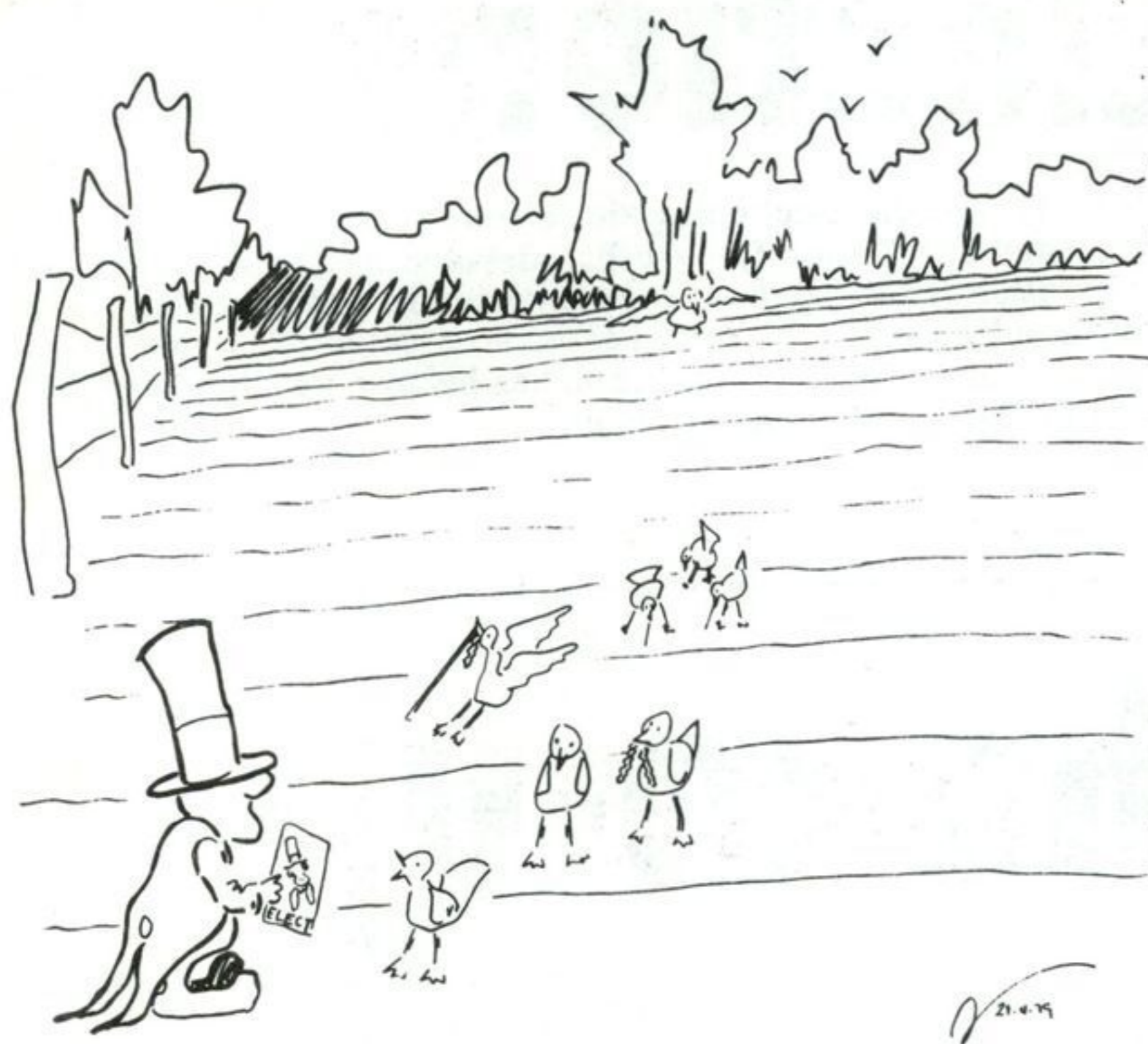


# CASTORIA



MY FRIENDS HAVE ASKED ME TO TELL YOU THAT  
YOUR SPEECH IS PUTTING US OFF OUR LUNCH"

# CASTOR COMMENT

## The Plane

The plane flew over,  
Blotted out the sun;  
But only for an instant,  
Then it was gone.

The roaring rush of engine her-  
alded approach.  
The crush of sound descended,  
Engulfed, funnelled off, disap-  
peared.

The dapple of sunshine on leaves  
Was there, was gone, was back —  
As fast as that.

How inconsequential,  
This wonder bird of man,  
This mommoth vehicle that  
transports through the skies,  
This marvelous monument to  
man's ability,  
That it can only blot out sunlight  
for an instant.

Nancy Freeman,  
Osgoode

## Seniors in waiting

Senior citizens in Russell and Osgoode townships have been waiting . . . and waiting . . . and waiting for geared-to-income housing.

In Osgoode, council has combined with seniors and service club representatives to launch a concerted effort to persuade the province that a nursing home or some form of senior accommodation is required in the township.

The renewed effort comes after fruitless attempts by council during the past four years to impress the government on the issue.

In Russell, a series of delays has held up construction of the senior apartment complex solemnly promised about two years ago by provincial and municipal politicians.

Work was to have started on Church Street early this spring. Nothing happened. Now provincial authorities are looking at the end of May. Will anything happen then?

Senior citizens hoping to get hold of one of the 30 units aren't getting any younger. In fact, it's beginning to look like those who were young marrieds when the project was first bruited will be senior citizens themselves by the time it becomes a reality.

As far as the Russell project goes, let's take our lead from Bertha Smith and keep shouting. Let's not allow the province to abandon the apartments over a dispute on who's going to foot the bill.

What's the difference if the bulk of the funds come from the provincial or federal level? It's all taxpayers money. The province promised the complex and the province should deliver one way or the other.

As far as Osgoode is concerned, let's hope steps taken by the new task force headed by Councillor Albert McKeown can win provincial approval for senior accommodation in that township.

## Lost en route

Lost any of your friends lately?

A number of Russell residents have had that experience after inviting someone out to visit. People trying to find their way to Russell Village off 417 are in the position of a benighted wayfarer in the Sahara desert.

If they get as far as Boundary Road, there is no indication whatsoever of a turnoff at the North Russell Road. Many hopeful visitors go right on and emerge in downtown Carlsbad Springs, after which they find their way back to 417 and are too tired, confused and fed up to go on.

What is the problem about putting up a sign at the junction of Boundary Road and North Russell Road to indicate that there is, indeed a way to get to Russell without having to hire native guides and arrange for a safari?

We are told that regional government objects to signs defacing the pristine beauty of its right of way.

If Regional government cannot bear to have the landscape defaced by a small, discreet sign with the word Russell printed on it, then how about a sign in the field, with the permission of the responsible landowner? Such an arrangement should not be beyond the diplomatic powers of the municipality.

Until this is done, Russell residents will continue to lose their friends and relatives and attaining Russell from the 417 will continue to be an achievement on a par with crossing the Gobi desert by camel.

Yours truly,  
Ralph Browne,  
Victoria, B.C.

# Correspondence

Editor, Castor Review;

My wife and I are among those who receive your very interesting and welcome publication. My Father was minister of the United Church in Russell from September 1933 — September 1958 and I spent my High School days in this village. My wife is a former Russell girl and both of us have fond memories of Russell and very warm feelings towards this community nestled on the banks of the Castor.

In the March 9th issue of the Castor Review there was expressed some concern about "Russell Birth Riddle" and the possibility of a centennial celebration. We think this would be a wonderful idea though I fear we cannot offer too much in terms of ancient history.

I am enclosing three sets of pictures which may be useful to you in your research. All of them were given me by Mrs. Loucks (Edgar's mother) several years ago. If you can use them by all means do so.

I would like to take this opportunity of wishing you and your staff every success as you bring to Russell and its many sons and daughters the good news from month to month. I hope you are able to continue to render such a valuable service for years to come.

Sincerely,  
Robert J. & Beulah A. McNaught,  
Scarborough, Ont.

Editor's note: One of the picture's provided by the McNaughts is this month's "Back-track", page 9, others will appear in future issues.

Editor, Castor Review;

In April, I was visiting in Russell, the town where I was born and raised. I had come to visit my father George T. Browne, now of Winchester, and I was staying with Lawrence and Hilton Browne.

I happened to walk into the Red & White store formerly known as "MacArthur and Warners", to buy a couple of items. On going to the check-out to pay for my purchase, I spotted your paper and bought one to read on my return trip to the West Coast. Needless to say, I found many interesting articles and recognized many names of persons I had not seen or heard of in years. While in the store I saw my two old friends Tom Kinchen whom I didn't recognize at first as we had not crossed paths since 1938 or 1939 and also Mable Little, nee Tweed, one of my late mother's best friends. I also met Mrs. Bobby Booth who appeared to know me but I didn't know her although I had known her late husband Bob.

In journey around the old town, I saw a great many changes, all for the better, including the many new homes to the South on what used to be the Jim Adams farm and to the north on the former Henry Tweed farm. Before I had realized where I was I had arrived in the vicinity of the skating rink. There wasn't any rink when I left in 1940 to go into the Armed Forces.

One thing which hurts me greatly is that I cannot bring myself to reality and visit my old home on Concession Street directly across from the firehall. It holds too many fond memories and I could never part with them. I think you would know how I feel.

I also found the town full of strangers, the younger ones probably the offspring of friends of my generation but occasionally there was a resemblance. The last visit I made, I was fortunate enough to meet Mrs. L. Steele, Russ Phair and Ewart Campbell I suppose if I made more frequent trips I would gradually meet more of my old friends. Ah yes, I made it a point to visit my old neighbor Dr. Frank Kinnaird. What a wonderful man!

Please keep up the good work. It's a paper to be proud of in the Russell Community. Many years ago I enjoyed the "Russell Leader" printed by George Duncan and his wife.



# Beaver Bob

## Soap suds elections

Election time hit the Castor with all the impact of wet soap suds.

Although we are told repeatedly by candidates and leaders that this is the most important election in Canada's history, nobody seems to care.

The polls come out and their findings trickle down this way and we learn that 35 to 40 percent are still undecided. Does it mean undecided, or does it mean that they just don't want to tell a strange voice on the telephone how they are going to vote?

The Gallup poll comes out and it says it is looking good for the government and then you find out it came out before Fabien Roy burst on the Quebec scene with the impact of a feu de joie. Now, it may be that he will turn out a will o' the wisp.

It is not Fabien Roy's capacity to take seats or garner votes that gives him importance, the wise-aces tell us. It is rather that Fabien Roy may act as a lightning rod to attract the striking power of the P.Q. Party.

Levesque has told his boys (apparently they need someone to tell them how to vote) that Fabien is the man. The P.Q.

cannot support Trudeau because of all the nasty things he has said; and they certainly could not square it with their conscience to vote for Clark, because that would mean admitting the existence of Canada. If they go for Roy in a big enough block, that could spoil a majority for the Liberals or even give a majority to Clark, depending on how the cookie rolls.

Thus goes the reasoning of the wise men who make a study of these things. Meanwhile, it is up to Trudeau and Clark and Broadbent. The climactic point of this close encounter is the TV debate which may go down as the greatest bore in the history of television, next to a game show; or it may, on the other hand, win or lose the election for Joe or Pierre. The only one who can't lose is Ed., because he can't win.

Confrontation is the name of the game, since national elections are now media performances with everything but the actual casting organized by the Media. They tell us what to think and how to view the performances. They tell us what Joe meant when he said something he didn't mean to say; or whether

Pierre was mad at a heckler or had just read another instalment of that damn book when he takes off on some poor sod.

We are told that because Joe says there is no way for Quebec to vote itself out of Confederation he has blown the election; and because Pierre talked of language rights and unity in Kelowna, he has cut his own throat.

So be it. Come election night, we will know the answers. For the most important election in Canada's history, never has an election been so replete with tedium boredom and non-issues, which the candidates keep on raising but can't resolve.

Elections are supposed to clear the air. This one muddied the waters, sullied the atmosphere, and polluted the airwaves.

The majority of voters were saying little, not because they didn't know; but because they had long previously decided how they were going to go; and were quietly and studiously watching the performance looking for clues. As the election neared its climax, most of those who started in with their minds made up had seen little reason to change them.

# CASTOR REVIEW

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