

CASTOR REVIEW

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One Canada

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Ding-dong dell, all's not well

Bleary-eyed neighbors near Marionville are complaining of being gonged out of their sleep by the "big, ugly" bells on another neighbor's cows and they plan to do something about it.

Mary Lukace, who, lives one mile east of Marionville, said that she, her husband Rade and as many as three or four other neighbors will go to Russell Township council Aug. 6 in the hope of invoking the noise bylaw to put a stop to the bell-ringing bovines of farmer Erick Wyss.

At least until then, she said "we'll have to suffer through the noise of these big, ugly bells.

"We came out here for peace and quiet and this is spoiling it. It can be very nerve-racking."

The Lukaces, who bought their 25-acre farm three years ago, had all the peace and quiet they wanted until last May. It was then that farmer Wyss, who had

purchased the farm across the road in December, turned his herd of cows out to pasture.

"I was at first aware of a tinkly noise like that from a child's toy. The next thing I knew there was a ringing like that of the bell of a steam train leaving the station," Mrs. Lukace said.

It was quickly determined that the ringing was coming from farmer Wyss's 100 or so head of cattle, all of which had been collared with bells of various sizes, "some of them as big as a person's head," she said, adding, "it's amazing those cows aren't on their hands and knees from the weight of those things."

A "polite" complaint to farmer Wyss, who was described as an aloof neighbor to begin with, met with a frosty response.

"He, farmer Wyss told Mr. Chaloux that all the cows in Switzerland had similar bells and

that he would get used to the ringing," she said.

"On a pleasant summer evening, the ringing from the smaller bells is enjoyable. But at night when you're trying to sleep the noise from the big ones sounds like the cows are in the same room with you."

Relations with farmer Wyss worsened when he called police after some of the big bells disappeared. Police searched the home of Antoine and Denise Chaloux but found nothing.

"Imagine, to accuse someone of theft just because they complained. It was a terrible blow to the Chaloux's pride. It was ridiculous. They have always been more than kind and neighborly to us," she said.

Meanwhile, she said passing motorists stop at the ringing and farmer Wyss, who could not be reached for comment, walks his fenceline in his cowboy hat and boots, rifle in arm.

As for the cows in Switzerland, "they live way up in the mountains where nobody can hear them," she said.



Take your pick

It didn't take Adrian and Elena Boldan long to get into the thick of it at the Patterson Berry Farm on the Kenmore-Edwards Road. They were after strawberries and found the juicy fruit plump and plentiful and ripe for the picking. The couple who recently arrived from Romania returned to Ottawa with their tubs full. (Photo by Mary Rowsell).

Sidewalk Talk

By Mark Van Dusen

Show on Parliament Hill Seeing is believing



I was told a few months ago that anyone who attends the Show on Parliament Hill will come away a changed person.

At the time, I wasn't sure I believed it, never having seen the show live, but after being on the Hill July 1, I can say that it is true. I was there and I changed.

I was there as a publicity writer for Festival Canada, the federal agency which produces the show. I helped write the script.

I watched from just below the big stage — one of the biggest in the world, as more than six months of work began to unfold.

Only an hour earlier, there was fear that one of the biggest one-night stands in the world would have to be cancelled because of the rain that had been pouring all weekend — despite the addition of a roof this year, the stage was wet and hazardous for the performers.

Andy Body, co-director, called the show people together in the Senate committee room in the Centre Block and asked for a consensus on whether to forge ahead or back out. At that point, there were already thousands of spectators patiently waiting under umbrellas on the Hill lawn.

The reaction from the performers was immediate, there was no hesitation. They broke into applause and the word was "let's do it."

And so, out they came across that big slippery stage — Donald Sutherland, Nicole Martin, John Allan Cameron, Jacques Michel, Canadian Brass, Patsy Gallant, Maureen Forrester, dancers, acrobats, more than 400 performers in all — to entertain the nation on its 112th birthday.

The tens of thousands of people — counts range from 60,000 to 100,000 — on the lawn were thrilled. They clapped cheered, sang, rocked, waved flags. They were performing too.

They went wild when David Trumble, Canada's only living son of Confederation and most senior citizen, was introduced.

They thundered in agreement when Sutherland told them that they, the Canadian people, were the heart of the country.

When the giant flag rose up the Peace Tower as Maureen Forrester belted out O Canada and fireworks boomed overhead, they sang along.

The feeling was infectious. You were suddenly in one with the others. It was as if a dormant bud inside had burst. The result was an awareness of many things, a consolidation of various theories on what being Canadian is supposed to be about.

It was an awareness of pride in heritage, of respect for the forefathers who sailed stormy seas to hack a place to live from bush and boulder, of wonder at the many cultures that had moulded the country.

It was an appreciation for the technology that built the stately brownstone buildings on the Hill and the skyscrapers in the distance.

It was confidence that with continued hard work and vision the country would continue to grow and continue to be great.

You realized that this long-pursued Canadian identity is not such an elusive thing but that it is not something on which you can paste a label.

You cannot leave the Hill after the show without knowing that being Canadian is truly something special; that it is not American, not European, that it is something special.

And you feel good, very very good about your country and sense that your understanding of it has changed . . . and that you have changed.



Did we survive?

If you're reading this, congratulations — you may have survived the fall of Skylab.

As recently as last week, leading world scientists were predicting that the 79-ton space lab would re-enter the earth's atmosphere and disintegrate, hurtling as many as 500 jagged missiles of metal toward earth. All this on Friday the 13th yet!

If the scientists were accurate, as they sometimes are, then the Castor area could have been showered by these projectiles, some of them weighing as much as several thousand pounds.

Although there was only about a two percent chance that Skylab would tumble down anywhere in Ontario, the chance was there. It was also there, if to a lesser degree, as far as the Castor area was concerned.

Scientists were poo-pooing the danger from Skylab's break up. One space scientist said that, even if the runaway spacecraft headed for a city, probably only one or two of the chunks of fallout would hit.

But no one spot within the path of potential destruction may have been as safe as the scientists were predicting. So if the Castor area survived, and the Castor Review hopes as much as anyone that it did, then again, congratulations.

If the scientists were wrong and the space lab hasn't fallen yet, then good luck.

If it fell and wiped out the Castor area, we want the rest of the world — specially the U.S., which owns the thing — not to feel too bad. We know that the rest of the world will visit the Castor area for generations to come, to see the place where Skylab fell. Yes, by now, we might be famous. See Beaver Bob, page 2.

Residents upset —

Edwards a "disgrace"

Weeds, debris, and derelict buildings have made Edwards a "disgrace" and lowered property values in the hamlet, says one angry resident.

Robert Wyman, a life-long Edwards resident, faults Osgoode Township council for inactivity in cleaning up eyesores and fire hazards in the hamlet.

Mr. Wyman warns that council could find itself facing legal action if it soon doesn't order a general clean-up of the tiny community.

"They expect us to shut our mouths and pay our taxes," he complains. "Well, we're not going to do that anymore."

Accompanied by Edwards resident Arnold Toll, Mr. Wyman recently expressed his concerns to council. As a result, weeds have been ordered cut and Fire Chief Peter Griffin advised the owner of one dilapidated building to tear it down.

Chief Griffin, the township's fire prevention officer, says four orders were issued in Edwards to remove fire hazards after an inspection of 11 separate units in the hamlet. If the people in question refuse to act, they'll be given legal notices under Ontario Fire Marshall's legislation, the chief says.

Early this week, the debris left after the building was demolished had not been hauled away and the weeds on a vacant lot which have been ordered cut were still thriving.

While council had agreed to provide a truck to cart away

debris on another property, this had not been done.

Chief Griffin can understand the complaints from Mr. Wyman and other Edwards residents. However, he notes that he has no authority to remove eyesores unless they're fire hazards.

One complaint upon which the chief is powerless to act involves a top soil screening operation in the hamlet. The operator also deals in manure which Mr. Wyman and others claim is a nuisance.

Chief Griffin explains that the business came into being 30 years ago before bylaws governing commercial activities in residential areas.

While Mr. Wyman stresses that "nobody wants to put a man out of business", he feels that the operator in question should be forced to move outside the hamlet, a registered residential area.

"Council should either clean up Edwards or lower the taxes to people living here," he says. "I pay about \$600 in taxes and get absolutely nothing from the township. I couldn't sell or rent my home the way things are here now."

He also warns that councillors could suffer at the polls next time if they don't act promptly.

"Life's too short to be bothered this way."

Councillor Albert McKeown, for one, feels the manure operation should be more tightly controlled, pointing out that Edwards is primarily residential.