

Taxes and more taxes

If you buy some land, you have taxes to pay
Then build a house and it is the same way

If you buy a car for your travelling to do
Before you even start, it is all taxed too

You pay taxes or you go in your bare feet
It is tax, even if you can't afford to eat

There's a tax on roads and God knows what
You pay taxes whether you own a car or not

If you buy some Canadian liquor in U.S.A.
Its sixty percent of what Canadians pay

They double tax our liquor and tobacco too
Because they are so eager for the revenue

Your dog is taxed whether he barks or not
There are taxes on things you haven't got

You pay a tax if you just go to the show
If you don't pay a tax, then you don't go

A car in U.S.A. is two thirds of our price
Its likely they forgot and taxed us twice

They use a poor man as some kind of a tool
And tax his heart out and call him a fool

Our taxes are paid by people of all ages
With the exception of part of M.P.'s wages

Our Government talks of legalizing dope
Its the means of more revenue they hope

If they'd tax the homos they talk about
Then their tax money would never run out

All us Canadians are taxed so darn high
If we only knew it, we can't afford to die.

J. A. Grummett,
Greely

Linda Weatherall,
Russell

CASTOR COMMENT

Correspondence

Editor, Castor Review:

For the past several years, I have attended the memorial service held at the North Russell Cemetery and each year I return home thoroughly disgusted.

Disgusted — that's a strange way to feel after a memorial service! Well, I'm sure there are many more people who feel as I do. On whom do I blame my disgust, you ask? On the inconsiderate people who continually walk on top of the graves of our loved ones.

I understand that there are certain pathways for visitors to walk on and in showing a little respect for those buried there everyone should inquire as to their location.

Just stop and think a second. If you were lying down on the floor and people consistently walked on top of you, showing no acknowledgement of your presence, would you not think they were very rude and inconsiderate people?

An inspiration

When Osgoode Township Volunteer Firefighters want something, they don't wait for it to be handed to them on a silver platter. They go out and get it.

They decided they would be more effectively equipped with fire-alerting pagers. So what did they do? They held a successful auction sale of donated household items last month and organized other fund-raising events to come up with \$4,000 — half of the total cost. The balance was assumed by township council.

In the process, they raised another \$1,800 to purchase a film projector to be used in training firemen as well as for fire prevention education.

The initiative of Chief Peter Griffin and his 50-plus member brigade was applauded by Reeve Albert Bouwers when volunteers presented council with a cheque a few weeks ago to cover their share of the pager price.

We can only echo the reeve's sentiments and suggest that Osgoode firefighters should serve as an inspiration to other community-minded organizations. Not that there aren't other very active groups, but the firemen seem to inject into their activities a little extra spirit and vigor.

It wasn't the first time these men took the bull by the horns when something needed doing and it won't be the last.

Stark tragedy

In a recent local road accident in which a small child was killed by a tractor driven by a 14-year-old girl, police said the child veered into the path of the tractor.

This episode of sudden, stark tragedy is one in which only sympathy can be offered to the family of the accident victim and to the young driver of the tractor and her family. Police attributed no blame in the cause of death and the hearts of the community can only go out to all of those caught up in this unhappy event.

Above all, it is to be hoped that the young girl who happened to be at the wheel when a child appeared in the path of the machine will be made aware that the tragedy, hard as it is to bear, was not in any way her making nor could it have been averted by any action on her part.

These catastrophes occur in the countryside and elsewhere. They cast gloom and sorrow over the community. They leave their mark on all concerned.

Show must go on

Canadians are great party goers but not great party throwers. That's why federal money spent on the Show on Parliament Hill is not wasteful.

Canadians deserve to throw themselves a party once a year to give themselves a show, and what more logical choice as host than the federal government.

The government is the people — although it doesn't always represent itself that way and has the technical resources and the money to afford a little self-indulgence on the country's birthday.

The Show on Parliament Hill, as the one big federally-sponsored event as part of Canada's Birthday, is a luxury, perhaps a bit frivolous, that's true. But to rank it as bad government spending is misleading. A live audience of 100,000 and millions more television viewers obviously get something from it.

Something sponsorship of the show is not desirable, it should remain in the hands of the people. Experience shows that if the government produces the show the people will come... and come in droves.

The high cost of truth

In order to bring information to the public, press and media representatives have dared war, famine, disease and other disasters over the years. One recalls William Howard Russell's coverage of the Crimean War, the Ranco Prussian War and the American Civil War at a time when relays of horses were used to get Russell's despatches to the Times office in London. The young Winston Churchill, as a reporter for the Morning Post, was made prisoner during the Boer War. William Harding Davis and John Fox Jr., covered the Boxer Rebellion together. Davis made his name in the Spanish American War and he tells a story of Stephen Crene, author of The Red Badge of Courage, refusing to get his head down while on the firing line in Cuba.

Bill Stewart of ABC television, who found death in Nicaragua last week, was worthy to join that immortal company. He was of the new breed who walk with a portable mike and tape recorder. He would have smiled at William Howard Russell's portable writing desk with the grapeshot from Bull Run imbedded in the underside. Yet the purpose was the same, to get the news out and get it out fast.

Stewart of the ABC was gunned down after being made to lie in the dust by one of Anastasia Somoza's illiterate thugs, too stupid, obviously to realize that the action took place in full view of the cameras and within hours would be seen by shocked and disbelieving viewers around the world. It was the most instantly publicized crime in history, along with the Rev. Jim Jones massacre and killing of a congressman in Guyana.

Television's all-seeing eye has the impartiality and ubiquitousness of divine justice. To be in all places and see all things as they happen; that is modern man's gift and curse.

The shot that killed Bill Stewart was inspired by Somoza's propaganda, which continued to pour out, even after the Nicaraguans claimed that Stewart's killer had died in action against the guerrillas, a lie so palpable that the foreign press hooted and walked out of the press conference. That one action cost Somoza more than all the rockets of the Sandinistas and all the help provided by the communists. It was largely instrumental in sealing his fate, by losing any support that he might have had in the civilized world and particularly the United States.



Beaver Bob

The Skylab is falling!

The big question about which everyone is concerned now is, of course, where will Skylab come down? I decided to ask the greatest nuclear physicist of them all, Dr. Fomenbaum, whom I was fortunate enough to encounter in his favourite haunt, the Dromedary Club, only a few days ago.

"Tell me, doctor," I put it to him bluntly. "What are your conclusions about the imminent descent of Skylab through the earth's atmosphere? Have you made any calculations as to where it will land?"

"Yes, of course." Stroking his pepper and salt beard and sipping thoughtfully at his Planter's punch. We were on an unnamed Caribbean Island, since I felt it worth while to go down there to talk to the great physicist personally.

"I have narrowed down the possible landing area to a strip four thousand miles long by one hundred miles wide. It might come down anywhere in that belt."

"That leaves a lot of latitude, doctor. Can you narrow it down a bit. Could you give me a clue even as to what continent might be involved?"

"You understand," the scientist said, shaking some cinnamon into his drink, "I don't want to start a world panic."

"People seem to be taking the whole thing very calmly," I said. "They are just going about their every day affairs in the normal way."

"Fools!" He ground out between clenched teeth. "If they only knew what was hanging over their heads." His voice rose an octave. "Have you ever seen a piece of metal as big as a panel truck hurtling toward you faster than the speed of sound? How do you get out of the way?"

"How many of these big pieces will there be, doctor?"

"Maybe a dozen. Maybe more. What is a big piece? Suppose a piece is no bigger than the kitchen sink and it goes through the roof of our house after travelling a hundred and fifty miles through space. Suppose, for the sake of argument that a piece no larger than a hammer strikes some poor, hapless individual. He's a gonner."

"This is not a pretty picture you paint, doctor. I think I'll have another drink. How about you?"

Don't mind if I do. I have narrowed down the possible

contact points to thirteen in the Gobi desert, six in the South Pacific and two in Eastern Ontario."

My heart skipped a beat. "Can you tell me places you have pin-pointed in Eastern Ontario, doctor and how large the pieces will be?"

"Most of the really big pieces will fall in the Gobi desert, along with a considerable amount of debris. Nothing to be excited about, unless you happen to be directly in line with a piece about the size, say, of a baby grand piano."

"That's very encouraging."

"Now, as to the South Pacific, we are talking here mostly about random debris. Small, flying objects about the size of a crate of oranges, or a large sofa cushion, although considerably more solid, of course. Now, coming to the last contact point, the computer tells with reasonable certainty, that what will come down in Eastern Ontario will be two fairly sizeable fragments, I would say about the size of the average privy. They will be travelling at 2,400 miles an hour when they hit."

"Yes, yes," I blurted, hastily downing two Planters' Punches, my own and the doctor's, almost in the same gulp. "But where doctor? Where in Eastern Ontario are these flying privies to descend?"

"Ah, here we are." He drew from the capacious patch pocket of his seersucker jacket, a world map folded many times, and began spreading it out on the bar.

Finally, he found it. Eastern Ontario. The moving finger moved, following a narrow, wavy streak. It stopped.

"My God," I said. "What is it?"

"Right in the middle of the Castor River," I said. "Almost on the Russell dam."

"You don't say so? How very interesting.

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