

CASTOR REVIEW

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ONE CANADA

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**The Boat People—
—see scrapbook, P. 7**

The new look

Here's the new-look Castor Review.

We've gone off heavy white paper and on to traditional newsprint.

It's partly to cut expenses and partly a look to the future. If we're going to grow, we have to be on newsprint.

We realize that many of our readers have grown accustomed to the white paper with its easy readability. But we're sure you'll grow used to the new look.

We've changed printers as well. Performance Printing, Smiths Falls, is now putting out the Castor Review.

WYSS GONGS CRITICS

The man at the centre of the Marionville cow bell controversy says he will remove the big gong from his herd if ordered to do so but "I'll never be able to understand why."

"It saddens me to think that anyone could consider such a beautiful sound as noise. It hurts, it hurts," farmer Erick Wyss told the Castor Review.

"It would be a grave injustice if I had to remove my musical bells."

My Wyss was referring to an appeal now before township council that the large imported Swiss bells be removed from his cows necks because the ringing is disturbing his neighbors. The appeal which was to be heard Aug. 7 was launched by two of Mr. Wyss's neighbors who likened the sound of the bells to that of a steam train leaving the station.

Meanwhile, council has ordered its legal advisor to send Mr. Wyss a letter informing him that the existing anti-noise bylaw could be amended to put a stop to the bell ringing. A council spokesman said the letter was sent as an encouragement for the Swiss immigrant farmer and his neighbors to reach a compromise on their own.

"It would be a shame if council had to step in and order an end to the bells. It wouldn't do anything for these people as neighbors," the spokesman said.

Mr. Wyss said that it was regrettable that it was unfortunate that he and his neighbors could not have resolved their disagreement of the sound of the bells between themselves.

"I did not choose to make war with my neighbors. I was only trying to protect my herd. In Switzerland the sound of the bells is considered very musical. They are of different sizes and weights

so that they play on one another and enhance the musical quality. They are part of the folklore," he said.

"If my neighbors had come to me, I'm sure we could have worked something out. It may be too late now because I am reluctant to have anything to do with people who have insulted me in the newspaper. The way they are going about it is not just."

He rejects suggestions that the large bells are not necessary in Canada, claiming that their gonging has alerted him to dogs chasing his cows on several occasions.

"The herd is everything to me and my family. If anything happens to the herd it is hard on the pocket book. They are all valuable animals," he said, adding that only 23 animals out of his herd of 75 wore bells.

"It can't be true that these bells can make that much noise at night unless the cows are disturbed. The cows sleep too." For her part, Mary Lukace said the noise of the bells has forced her son to quieter sleeping quarters in the basement of their home.

Although admitting that she had not approached Mr. Wyss about the bells, she said that neighbors Antoine and Debise Chaloux complained to him with little effect.

Relations between the neighbors reached rock bottom when five of the bells disappeared one night and the OPP was called in. A search was made of the Chaloux's house but none of the ringers were found. Mr. Wyss said the largest of the bells is valued at \$200.

"I would be glad to get the bells back and forget the whole thing. I cannot accept that people cannot sleep with these bells," Mr. Wyss said.

See picture p. 7.



(Mike VanDusen photo)

Cow with clanger



Sidewalk Talk

By Mark Van Dusen

Four for the road

Just spent a week travelling down the U.S. eastern seaboard in a motor home—what a great way to travel.

Three other adventures and myself rented the "big rig"—as we affectionately dubbed the 23-foot vehicle in the parlance of the truckers—from an Ottawa resident who had advertised it in the classifieds.

We had been planning the voyage for months and had decided early that an RV—recreational vehicle—would be the most practical and economical way to do it. Relatively speaking, this proved true.

Thing was, we waited until the last minute to go looking for one of the things and had to scramble around frantically the week before we were supposed to leave. Fortunately we saw John Gillmor's ad.

Mr. Gillmor is an easygoing guy who, with his wife, has chalked up thousands of miles in Canada and the U.S. in his motor home during the past several years. When he's not using it he makes it available to others—for a fee, of course.

Yes, he said, we could have the wagon for the week linking July and August. By chance it was the

only week for most of the rest of the summer that the vehicle hadn't been booked.

We had called other private and commercial renters and had discovered almost to the abandonment of our holiday that RVs are in tremendous demand. You normally have to reserve months in advance.

There were four of us, four guys who have been getting together every year now...you know, just like the beer commercial. Last time, we rented a cabin cruiser and sailed through the Rideau Lakes to Kingston and

back.

Our wives seem to respect the tradition of the thing and sent us off with their blessing, a clean shirt and a list of gifts to bring back.

Mr. Gillmor gave us a quick tour of our road residence—room to sleep four fairly comfortably and six in a pinch, removable-storable games and dining tables, propane four-burner stove with oven kitchen sink, propane fridge with freezer, flush toilet, shower stall, hot and cold running water, four-speaker radio plenty of overhead lighting, air-conditioning...we were on our way.

We were slightly intimidated by the bus at first since none of us had ever driven a vehicle that size but we soon found that it was very comfortable and easy to handle what with the big adjustable power steering wheel, bucket seat and cruise-o-matic. The driver's seat was probably the most comfortable seat in the house and Steve, Tom and I got to the point where we eagerly waited for our turn behind the wheel. George was the official navigator.

Naturally, when you're new at something there are bound to be surprises. Like a wild assortment of bottles of after shave, shampoo