



# Castor Earl

## White arm-pit flyin'

You talk about your white-knuckle flyers! Well, I'm one of them.

Sure, I know both of you who read this sparklin' column regularly get the impression that I'm one of them macho types, kind of an older, shorter, fatter, uglier version of Burt Reynolds, and that nothin' except World War Three would scare me.

But it ain't quite the truth. Close, mind, but not quite.

Flyin' scares the daylight out of me. I get white knuckles right up to my arm pits. Even the seat handles turn from black to white because I grab so tight.

I say that if God would have meant for man to fly, He would have given him landin' gear. There's only one thing that can get me into the air — the missus.

Every year right after Christmas, it's the same story: the missus starts talkin' about travellin' to some far-off land, like England or France, come summer.

Right away, I break into a cold sweat and start twitchin' like I had latched on to a live power line or somethin'. That's 'cause I'm thinkin' about the cost. I get almost as worked up when I think of the 15-odd hours I'll have to spend in the air to get to Europe and back again.

"Lulu," I says (I call the missus Lulu 'cause that's her name), "I don't care if you go gallavantin' all over the world, but why do you have to drag me along?"

"Earl," she answers (she calls me Earl 'cause it sounds better than if she called me Castor), I take you along for comic relief."

As take-off time draws near, I start pacin' the house, mumblin' things to myself like "I'm too young to die", and "Why me, Lord?"

I try my usual tricks, but they never work. First, I lock myself in the bathroom and tell the missus I'm never comin' out and that she better hurry and leave without me or she'll miss the plane. But she just kicks the dang door in and drags me out by the ear.

On the way to the airport, I try to jump out of the car. But she drives with one hand and throws a hammer lock on me with the other hand and I'm helpless.

Once we're there, I tell the airline people that they shouldn't let me on the plane 'cause I've got a contagious disease called the Castor Croup. But they just laugh 'cause the missus has already called and told them to pay me no mind. They laugh even harder when I say I'm goin' to blow up the plane over the Atlantic.

I throw tantrums, I make promises, I threaten, I plead . . . nothin' works and I'm finally strapped down, and before you can say "make mine a double", we're up in the wild blue yonder and I'm screamin' at the top of my lungs: "Keep this big buzzard up in the air, lads. You can do it."

I'm not so bad once we're above the clouds because it's on your landin's and take-offs when you get your crashes. Comin' in for a landin' is the most nerve-wrackin' with the plane bobbin' up and down like a float on a trout pond.

I usually watch the help and if they look nervous, I get all the more worked up. We were comin' back from France about a month ago and we had this young steward fella who could hardly sit still he was so nervous. We had just about put down at Mirabel — the paved cow pasture hard by Montreal — and I thought he was goin' to jump. Had he done that, I would have been close behind.

Well, anyhow, it's all over for another year and I'm still here to tell about it. Maybe I can talk the missus into a canoe trip down the Castor next summer?

## Bell Blowup

# Wyss vetoes mediator

The complainants in the Marionville cow bell controversy have turned to the public in a desperate attempt to settle their dispute with neighboring farmer Erick Wyss.

However, farmer Wyss told the Chester Review that a move by his neighbors the Lukaces and the Chaloux to seek third party intervention in the fracas is misguided because he has no intention of changing his position on the issue.

"I don't see the need for a third party," he said. "If I bend in front of this injustice, I'll have nothing but trouble from them every time I do something."

The request for third party intervention is the latest episode in a four-month feud over the sound from the bells clinging from the necks of farmer Wyss' cows. The two neighbors say the ringing of the bells — which vary in size from teacups to tea kettles — keeps them awake at night.

Wyss, a recent immigrant, says the bells are music to his ears and a precious part of Swiss folklore allowing him to keep track of his ranging cattle.

The request for a "neutral party" is transmitted to the public in a letter from Mary Lukace on page 2 of this issue.

"As you said in your editorial, we should be living side by side in harmony but it's at the point now that we feel we can't achieve this on our own," Mrs. Lukace said.

"I'm sure some compromise can be worked out with someone's help. I still don't understand . . . if I went to Switzerland and went completely against the grain of local custom, I just don't feel I could live there if I was antagonizing everybody."

Various solutions have been proposed, including removal of the larger bells and shifting the cows to more distant pastures at night. Farmer Wyss has balked at all the proposals.

"If they had come to me first instead of going to the paper perhaps something could have been worked out but Mrs. Lukace lacked the courage," the farmer said.

"They set the rules of the game and I submitted to their rules and now they want a third party. A man has his pride, his honor."

He said Russell township council was the only body that he felt compelled to listen to. Council at one point sat on the issue but ruled that its hands were tied.

"Council felt that it could not draw up a bylaw solely to ban ringing bells nor could it incorporate the sound of bells in its existing noise bylaw. It was afraid of setting a precedent that could have resulted in all farm noise being banned," Mr. Wyss said. "I will abide by council's decision."

"Council's attitude," said Mrs. Lukace, "is that, short of helping us, they'll do what they can."

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### NEW FACE OF BNS

R. H. Morin, manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia in Russell, proudly stands in front of the bank's new building which is quickly taking shape on the main street of the village. Bank staff are now gearing up for the move to the new building which is expected to be receiving customers in several weeks. The bank is currently housed on Mill Street. (Photo by Rowsell).

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