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TARA-LEE RODIER, 2, AND BROTHER GRAY, 4, GET INTO HALLOWEEN HIJINKS EARLY

(Photo by Michael Van Dusen)

Halloween Help Wanted

Ontario Provincial Police are appealing to Castor area parents to help put a stop to annual Halloween destructiveness by youths in Russell Village.

"We are asking parents to keep track of where their children are and what they are doing Halloween night. We are asking them

not to encourage acts of vandalism and property damage," a Casselman OPP spokesman said.

"We want to diffuse an escalating situation. It's only a matter of time before someone is seriously hurt or before a house goes up in flames."

Each Oct. 31, Russell Village is the scene of wild forays by youths who set fires, impede public passage on streets, destroy public and private property and flaunt lawlessness in the face of police and law-abiding residents, he said, "And sometimes this is done with the open encouragement of parents."

While the police will be out in force Halloween night, he said, "the message we are trying to get across is that the problem gets more serious every year and that the extra step needed to control the situation is for parents to make sure their kids are not participating in vandalism."

"Right now, we're doing as much as we can. We need the cooperation of parents. There has been an awful lot of apathy."

The spokesman said that while the Halloween problem has improved in neighboring communities, Russell retains the reputation as "the worst for this sort of thing."

Police estimate many youths come from outside the village to engage in Halloween destructiveness in Russell. "This is not just Halloween hijinks."

"We are counting on parents to know where their kids are, to report any acts of vandalism and to be prepared to go to court to protect their community," he said. (See Block Parents, Page 6)



Sidewalk Talk

By Mark Van Dusen

Enlightening Experience

It is reassuring to know that, while most of the rest of the world races around like the proverbial headless chicken, we people of the Castor can find meaning in something as simple as the installation of a traffic light.

While hyper humans around the whirling globe were feverishly biting their nails a few weeks ago over a shaky SALT; the presence of armed, uniformed (but somehow non-combattant) Soviet troops in Cuba and the bursting point of the glorious gold bubble, people of the Castor huddled humbly in the rain to inaugurate their first traffic light.

Imagine for an instant that through some mischievous genie's intervention the story of the light suddenly appeared on the front page of the New York Times or the Globe and Mail:

"EMBRUN (Special)—Local residents turned out in the rain Friday to inaugurate the area's first traffic light.

The light, a suspended yellow affair that blinks red, amber or green to signal stop, caution or go, respectively...."

Imagine the reaction on Parliament and Capital Hill.

"Traffic light? Heh, heh, heh. Maureen don't these good citizens realize we've got a boxful of crown corporations on the auction block and that we've just dropped a \$2 billion Canada sale to Argentina? This story was planted to make it look like nothing important is happening in this country since I became prime minister. I bet Diefenbaker had something to do with this. Castor? Isn't that something you put under chairs to make them roll?"

"Haw, haw, Walter, look at this. Modern technology is finally catching up with the Canucks. Hush my peanut-loving mouth, maybe they've gone and done something again without telling us. Could be a new, maybe he knows, they're good at that. Get Kennedy on the line, maybe he can, they all love him up there. Better still, I'll get Rosalynn to ask the Pope; he should know. That new boy up there is out to hurt me, I can feel it. What's his name, Joe Diefen—something? Embrun, isn't that a football play?"

People in the big cities would think it really hokey and they'd laugh. They'd laugh even harder if the story described how the Castor politicians, police, press and public mingled at the township hall following the inauguration ceremony to talk about the new light. They'd fall out of their chairs if they knew that other topics of discussion included the two neighbors who weren't talking because of noisy cow bells. Senses regained, they'd switch on the burglar alarm, pop a vallium and go to bed.

Poor paranoid power brokers, poor paranoid people.

Best if we people of the Castor keep the new light a local secret. It's inauguration is too simple for the runaway world to handle.

Upper Canada Eager

Metcalfe House to move?

Metcalfe's old Iveson house carted away and set up in Upper Canada Village?

That's a possibility the folks at Upper Canada hope materializes. They want to make the historic frame home and shop part of their inventory of restored heritage properties.

But, says William Patterson, chief of historical sites at Morrisburg's Upper Canada and Kingston's Old Fort Henry, they haven't got the funds to pay for the Metcalfe landmark, now listed for sale by Gerald Morris. It's owned by an Ottawa resident.

"We would attempt to rescue the building should the new owner plan to tear it down," Mr. Patterson explained. "We could probably scrape up the money to do that much."

He emphasized that Upper Canada's acquisition of the home would depend entirely on the generosity of the new owner.

Why are the pioneer village people so interested? The Iveson place, Mr. Patterson revealed, is one of the few salvageable samples of an early Canadian tinsmithing shop.

The main part of the yellow-painted house, fronting on Victoria Street, was built about 1850 and includes a storefront as well as living quarters. Although the store was put to other uses in later years, it originally served as the village tinsmithing shop.

A kitchen extension was added to the rear about 80 years ago. Upper Canada is not interested in that portion.

If they were lucky enough to acquire the building, Mr. Patterson said, Upper Canada experts would

try to remove the older portion in one piece and restore it on the pioneer village site.

Gerald Morris, who during his years in the real estate business has become interested in the history of the area's older homes, obtained a picture from the National Archives showing the Iveson place about 1861. It's reproduced elsewhere in this issue.

Mr. Morris is one local resident who would like the former showplace to remain in the community and be restored to be enjoyed by future generations.

Until recently, Mr. Morris owned the beautifully-preserved white frame home two doors down from the Iveson property. That house is one of the finest samples around of mid-19th century construction.

The Iveson place is listed at \$32,000. Mr. Morris agrees that it needs extensive repairs—including stabilizing a support wall—but feels that it could be saved and returned to a useful role in the community.

It also needs full heating, plumbing, and electrical installation so the prospective restorer is looking at an expenditure of about \$20,000 on top of the purchase price.

The house is one of three in the village included on the National Capital Commission heritage list. The others include the former Morris residence and the one between it and the Iveson house.

The most recent addition to Upper Canada was the printing shop and newspaper office officially opened by Queen Elizabeth in 1976. (See pictures, page 3.)

Call to Castor poets

The Castor Review is inviting original poetry for publication in an illustrated booklet for release at Christmas.

It is hoped the booklet will capture part of that unique heart and soul of the Castor in style and verse equally as poetic.

Classical or free-flowing, moody or whimsical, each poem should lock in time an experience, a feeling, an impression of the life of the Castor. The subject is the author's but keep in mind the Christmas season, the winter months.

Although length is not necessarily a concern, also keep in mind the booklet is for interspersed.

The booklet will be interspersed with original sketches, enhancing the special character of the contents. The cover will be similarly illustrated.

Designed as a Christmas stocking stuffer, a coffee table keepsake, a collector's item, the booklet will be sold at area stores or through the mail, care of the Castor Review, which is looking at this as the first of a series of booklets on Castor life.

Deadline for contributions to the poetry booklet is Nov. 12.