

# CASTOR COMMENT

## Saving Face

Russell Village's new Scotiabank is a fine example of small town bank architecture. Modernistically sculpted of brick and glass, the building is interchangeable with any other village bank in Eastern Ontario...or Canada for that matter.

Small town bank architecture! It's the same school as village post office architecture, all the buildings assembly-line designed at headquarters with little thought of blending them into the communities they serve.

The design of Russell's new bank makes it a standout in the village core...a standout, not a blend-in. But we can't fault the Bank of Nova Scotia for erecting a building that has been accepted without question in other communities.

The fault lies with us, the residents of Castor Valley communities. We've never formally stated how we want our expanding villages to look. Our councils tell builders how high, how wide, how far back...all the practical things.

That's well and good, but as things now stand a builder could put up a faceless concrete block on any main street without serious intervention. The new Russell bank does not tie into village character in any way but it remains a handsome building; without controls, the next piece of construction could be an eyesore.

Castor communities will continue to grow as hodge podges of different designs until we require builders to meet certain cosmetic criteria. New buildings should blend and they should reflect the traditions of our pioneer past.

## Pettiness in Penetang

The demand for a French-speaking high school in Penetanguishene has caused heart-burning among the populace and evasive action by the local Council. The concern seems a bit far-fetched.

The education laws in this province provide for French language education when the number of persons requesting it and prepared to avail themselves of it, is sufficient to warrant a school. That appears to be the case in Penetanguishene.

The issue is important, because it strikes at the heart of freedom of education and the rights of taxpayers to have the kind of education they want. It is not the Penetanguishene council or even the school board which pays for education in Penetanguishene. It is the taxpayers of the town and of the province.

The taxpayers of the province have decreed, through their elected representatives, that, certain circumstances prevailing, French-language education may be provided. The requisite circumstances would appear to prevail in Penetanguishene. Then, why not provide the education desired by a substantial body of local taxpayers?

It should be remembered that the same arguments applying in the Penetanguishene instance, apply in the case of English-language taxpayers in the Province of Quebec; and that a refusal to provide a school under the same circumstances would be equally immoral.

## The Iveson Museum?

Upper Canada Village is anxious to get hold of Metcalfe's historic Iveson place, one of the first buildings erected in the Castor Valley.

It's reassuring to think that the combined home and shop, built about 1850, would be rescued by the pioneer village people if the new owner didn't want it.

But why can't it be restored, retained and used within the community. Why not turn it into an Osgoode Township museum displaying artifacts of the area's past.

We know that there already is a successful township museum at Vernon, but it's contained in an uninteresting former school building and it's overcrowded.

How much more appealing it would be to display that collection in a building with the right character. The Iveson place has been categorized by Upper Canada experts as one of the few remaining samples of an early Canadian tinsmithing shop.

The Vernon building could remain an annex to the Iveson museum and that would solve the space problem.

Osgoode Township should purchase the Victoria Street home and transform it into a local showplace to be enjoyed by all. Federal and provincial government grants are available to assist with such projects.

The house is on the National Capital Commission heritage list and that agency offers professional expertise to help with restoration work.

Nepean council is close to buying the historic Thomas Nelson home in Cityview and turning it into a museum displaying the city's heritage.

If it can be done there, why not here.

# CASTOR REVIEW

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Editor: Mark Van Dusen, 445-2080.

Sports: Jack MacLaren, Editor, 445-2131; Peter Van Dusen, columnist; Garey Ris, reporter, 445-2069.

News: Suzanne Schroeter, 445-5709.

Photographs: Mary Rowsell, 445-5244.

Advertising: Michael Van Dusen, 445-5770.

Layout: Paul Rodier, Stuart Walker.

Subscriptions: Tina Van Dusen, 445-5707, Lorrie Van Dusen. Bookkeeper: Joan Van Dusen, 445-2080.

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# POETS OF THE CASTOR

## Boredom

If you read this poem  
In your office or home,  
You may be able to relate  
To that build up of quiet hate.  
Boredom with its dulling ways;  
Minutes seem to last for days  
Doing nothing never ends  
Surrounded by similar friends.  
Sounds are slow and plain  
You even wish it would rain  
To lose this strange burden;  
Perhaps the singing of a wren,  
Relieving a dullness encompassing all  
Watching leaves turn the colour of fall.  
Nothing. Your active mind keeps asking,  
How much longer in dullness basking  
How much longer  
How much longer  
On and on for an eternity  
Until action returns your sanity.  
John Overell,  
Greely

## BEWITCHED!!!

BLACK CAT  
BLACK CAT  
Golden glowing eyes,  
Are you watching for a witch  
To whisk you through the skies?

(Now you look a different cat—  
Humped against the moon—  
Bristling out your scary tail  
Like a witch's broom!?)

Black cat  
Black cat  
Though you pet and purr,  
When you slit your golden eyes—  
Are you kin to HER...???  
Ruth E. Scharfe,  
Ottawa

# John Paul East, West

By André Potworowski

Mr. Potworowski, who visited the Castor area this summer, is a former correspondent for Radio-Canada International, Polish section, and is now studying at the Harvard Business School. He was a close observer of Pope John Paul 11's trips to Poland and the U.S. He sent us this comparison.

BOSTON—As the green and white 747 from Aer Lingus taxied toward the red carpeted ramp, a drizzle started falling on the several hundred dignitaries, journalists and media technicians gathered at Logan International Airport to greet John Paul 11 on the start of his first visit to the U.S.

A lot has been written on that trip, allowing for a more reflective comparison with his Polish visit this summer. For those of us who saw the Pope in both Poland and the U.S., there were a number of differences to be observed, not the least of which was the exceptionally warm and sunny weather which lasted throughout the former journey, his homecoming.

A more significant difference for a newsmen was that the papal visit was all but ignored by the Polish media because of censorship while in the U.S. it will probably be the media event of the year.

It is clear that the context of the two countries is profoundly different and that the papal visit, accordingly, was seen in a very different light. Since the war, the Catholic Church in Poland, under the wise and astute leadership of its primate, Cardinal Stefan Wyszyński, has succeeded in maintaining a relatively high degree of independence from the communist state with only one official party ideology, it assumed the role of the unofficial moral opposition. Hence the moral strength of the church among the people.

The constant pressures of Marxist ideology has also forced the church hierarchy in Poland to maintain a very clear picture of its spiritual and evangelical objectives. Under such conditions, it could not afford the luxury of a soul-wrenching identity crisis that has afflicted most western churches. This is one of the principal

reasons for the Polish church's comparative conservatism relative to its U.S. counterpart. The church in Poland is still very vulnerable to interference from the state.

It's easy to understand, therefore, why the election of Karol Wojtyła to the throne of St. Peter was seen by Poles as a near miracle and why some saw his visit not only as the triumphant homecoming of a hero but as the most important showdown between church and state since the war.

The visit placed the Polish government in a quandry. How can you welcome and relate to a pole, who achieved the highest visibility in history, without appearing to make too many obvious concessions to the moral opposition, i.e. the church?

This was the paradox that underscored the entire visit. As most western correspondents noted, the Polish government did everything to facilitate the visit at the official level while striving to minimize any mass impact it could have. If anything, the impact of the Pope's visit to Poland had the effect of unifying the country and may well bring about a "rapprochement" between state and church.

The Pope came to the U.S. as a very distinguished visitor where, unlike Ireland or Poland, the Catholic Church is only one among many. The trip was seen as having four objectives—two political and two spiritual: to build ties with the U.S., as an important political and moral leader; support and encourage the UN as a vehicle for international justice and peace, rally church professionals to their faith and the church and raise the morale of the church in the U.S.

His impact in the U.S. was unquestionable. His political initiatives, including his visit to the White House and his speech to the UN met with success. Whether his pronouncements on sexual morality, birth control, homosexuality, abortion and the role of women in the church will succeed in strengthening and unifying the American church is another question.

## Beavers

While, we are doing our best in this country to wipe out the beaver, there is a society in Britain dedicated to bringing the beaver back in that country. Their effort is to be commended. They are very serious about this thing; so much so that one of their officials is in Canada at this very moment, learning to live-trap beavers.

The beaver is extinct in Britain, like a great many other things, and so they are going to Poland for new breeding stock. The Canadian beaver will not do, because he is different from the European beaver. I have my doubts whether the European beaver is really a beaver. He may be something entirely different, perhaps a small musk-ox.

We are all, of course, aware that the beaver is an intelligent animal. Dam-builder, conservationist, engineer, irrigationist, his approach to nature is one that might well be emulated by humans.

But this does not explain the growing interest in Europe in bringing back the beaver. It may be that Europeans have come to realize the immense benefits which beavers confer on any area in which they establish themselves, by helping to maintain the water table, prevent soil erosion and ensure adequate irrigation.

There is a lesson in all this for us Canadians.



# Beaver Bob

## Education and beavers

What's gotten into those folks up there in Renfrew County? Actually want to save their one-room schoolhouse. Prefer it to the big educational factories with several thousand students and all the amenities, including the drug problem.

Does anyone remember the one room schoolhouse? Their empty shells are dotted around the countryside. Drive down almost any road in the Castor area and, sooner or later, you'll come on a small, rectangular building with a peak roof, often surmounted by a cupola. That is your one-room school, empty now these many years, closed up and locked, used rarely as a "recreation centre", but most of the time as empty as King Tut's tomb. Alone with its memories of childish voices, the sound of running feet and the lady school teacher's long hair in the wind. That was the one room school house; and let me tell you, it was hard to beat.

Education? Well, it couldn't have been all bad when it produced men like John A. Mac-

donald, Sanford Fleming, Adam Beck, Stephen Leacock, John Diefenbaker, Lester Pearson, Wilfred Laurier and a few hundred other leaders one could easily name.

Today, education means pushing back the frontiers, corporation research teams as dedicated as medieval monks, gigantic universities investing millions in a hunt for an obscure principle. The only problem is that the system has begun to dwarf the people who created it. The individual is lost in the complexities of the organization. That was not the way it was in the one room school house.

Drop down to Upper Canada Village. Go around to the little school where Ralph Connor, author of "Glengarry School Days" taught. Sit in one of the little desks, with the names chiselled on it by childish hands, listen to the sound of the crickets and the hum of insect life through the open window. Ask yourself, are we that much farther ahead?