

## CASTOR COMMENT

### NO MAN'S LAND

If there is one piece of road worse than any other in this fine country of ours, it is the benighted stretch linking the North Russell Road to the Boundary Road. The Boundary Road, which belongs to Ottawa-Carleton Regional government, is beautifully paved. The North Russell Road, which belongs to Russell Township has paving of a sort. The five kilometre gravel link, belonging to Cumberland Township is not paved.

It is scarcely a road but more accurately resembles an extension of the adjoining pasture with the grass worn off by traffic. It is really an interminable collection of potholes joined together by mud. It is a poor excuse for a road which would be rejected by the most poverty stricken people in the most remote regions of the Australian Desert.

It might do very well as a testing ground for jeeps or other military vehicles; and our suggestion is that it be offered to the military for such a purpose. Any car which travels that section of road in Cumberland Township five days a week for six months will be fit only for the scrap heap, which, fortuitously is only a mile or two distant.

One can only wonder how any self-respecting roads department in any township in Eastern Ontario could let it be known that this road is one of their responsibilities. Obviously Cumberland Township cares little for the security of the travelling public and cares less for its own reputation.

### THE HALLOWEEN SYNDROME

In Almonte the police sat on their hands while 400 rampaging youths wrecked the business district. In Russell, after several years of Halloween carnage, the police were visible and willing to act. Result, the quietest Halloween in Russell for years.

The Almonte police were wrong; the police in Russell were right.

Nobody likes the kind of riotous disruption which took place in Almonte on Halloween and has taken place in Russell in the past. A great deal of damage was done; the main business district was torn apart and it took days to clean up the mess. People were terrorized and remained in their homes. This picture of a town out of control is not good for Almonte.

One of the reasons for the climactic disruption was the fact that for years authorities in Almonte have taken the attitude that nothing can be done. Once this gets around, the town becomes a target for hoodlums from all over the area.

The town officials and police in Almonte were derelict in their duty. Their job is not to make excuses but to protect people and property and maintain order on Halloween as on any other night.

### A SHABBY STORY

The sad, shabby story of the Reed Pulp and Paper operation at Dryden, Ont., is again in the news with the announcement of the purchase of the Reed plant by Great Lakes Forest Products. Significantly, the Ontario Government has guaranteed the new owners against responsibility for pollution damages over \$15 million.

The Reed story began when a high incidence of blindness, cancer and other illnesses was reported among the Indians of the Kenora district, early in the sixties. This was traced to consumption of mercury-poisoned waters in the English-Wabigoon river systems, where the Indians habitually fished.

These river systems are still irretrievably poisoned by mercury effluent in the water. Reed Paper was ordered to install pollution controls and apparently did so. The Indians are still forbidden to fish and the fish are still contaminated, nearly twenty years later. This is a story of untold human damage, contamination of lakes and rivers and the use by industry of waterways belonging to all the people as though they were industry's private property. Another example, closer to home, is the case presently in court involving the CIP plant in Hawkesbury and the contamination of the Ottawa river by sulphite effluents.

This has far too long been the story of the pulp and paper industry in this country; and for far too long, the lethargy and inaction of governments have allowed the people's resources to be wasted in a devastating and cavalier manner.

## CASTOR REVIEW

"One Canada"

Box 359, Russell, Ontario

Editor: Mark Van Dusen, 445-2080. After 4:30 p.m.

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.

Submissions preferably typed, double-spaced are welcomed, publishable at the discretion of the editor.

Published by Castor Publishing, Russell, Ontario.

President: Thomas W. Van Dusen.

Printed by Performance Printing, Smiths Falls.

NEXT DEADLINE  
December 7  
NEXT ISSUE  
December 14

Second Class Mail Registration No. 4218  
ISSN 0707-4956

## Correspondence

Editor, Castor Review;

A copy of the Review, April 6th has just come into my hands and I thoroughly enjoyed seeing Mrs. Katie (Robert) Hamilton's picture and story. I also enjoyed seeing familiar faces among the quilters, especially first cousins, Helen Boothe and Ida Magladry.

If you wish my input regarding the renaming of Russell Village and Russell Township, I would like to see them changed as suggested. Because Peter Russell was a "recognized slave dealer and land grabber", the names Duncanville and Castor respectively would have more dignity and meaning.

I have in my possession a rare book entitled *Twigs From the Oak and Other Trees*, by D.G. Cameron, D.D. (Regina: Commercial Printers, Ltd. 1933) concerning the settling of Osgoode Township by first families. One of the strong connecting threads between Russell and Osgoode is the Castor River, my home river in Osgoode.

There is one chapter in particular entitled *The Voyage of The*

Water Lily which you may wish to carry sometime in your paper. I will be happy to send a photocopy of this chapter (and others) which tells of a trip made down the Castor in a homemade craft about 1831 by three sons of Robert Grout, the fifth Osgoode settler. Their journey took them past where I was born on the boundary of the two countries to the flour mill at Crysler on the nation.

Sincerely,  
(Mrs.) Evelyn Pelton,  
(nee Dempsey)  
Brockville.

Editor, Castor Review;

If residents of Kenmore and environs would spay or neuter their cats, I wouldn't find abandoned kittens in my barn, looking for a bite to eat. People are not aware that one unsprayed female cat plus survival and reproduction of all offspring over a ten-year-period equals 2,300,000,000 cats.

Cruelty to animals begins when you allow the birth of litters of puppies and kittens, which you don't want. Incidentally, the male suffers much less than the female

### IN REMEMBRANCE

Where are they now—  
of fifty mates  
of fifty years ago?  
Workers, teachers, business-  
men:  
November brings them back  
again.

How do they fare—  
the class-mates  
of fifty years ago?

Men who build, and wreck and  
care,  
Men to make you cry or laugh;  
Doctors, lawyers, chiefs-of-  
staff—  
Men who reap and sow:

Some found what they  
were seeking for;  
And some, poor lads,  
went off to war....

Ruth E. Scharfe  
Ottawa

when neutered, and the cost is  
cheaper for males. Very cheap  
these days. And a social respon-  
sibility.

Kerry-Lynne Wilson,  
Kenmore

## The Energy Squeeze

The major contributing factor to pyramiding inflation is now the energy squeeze. The surge in energy prices, set in motion by the blackmail policy of the OPEC nations aided and abetted by the multi-national oil giants, if it continues unchecked will turn the clock back to the 1930s.

Gasoline, fuel oil, heavy crude are the lifeblood of our economic system. Of course, we were wrong to permit our industrial and social machine to become almost totally dependent on oil. The situation now is that whoever controls oil controls the economy of the western world and simply by turning off the tap, the OPEC nations are in a position to depress our standard of living.

The farmer needs oil to run his tractor, the transport driver depends on oil to keep the big trucks moving on the nation's highways. Ships, planes, trains,

have got to move on oil. The wheels of industry turn on oil and thousands of jobs depend on a ready supply of cheap energy.

The OPEC nations are trying to squeeze the west for everything they can. They are going about this with a single-minded and fanatical determination compounded of greed and an insane determination to charge all the market can bear. It is a situation which if pursued will lead to a major world disaster.

Premier William Davis of Ontario is showing courage and statesmanship by his opposition to any policy which would compel Canadians to pay Arab prices for Canadian oil. It is hard to believe that this kind of arrangement could be seriously advanced by anyone in a position of responsibility in this country. Nevertheless, the suggestion is being made in many quarters that Cana-

dians must be made to pay world prices for oil produced in Canada. This is not only unintelligent, it is perilously close to unintelligent, in the economy of this nation.

World prices are the prices set by the Arab oil monopoly, now joined by Venezuela and Mexico. They are blackmail prices made possible because the Western world was unrealistic enough to allow our economy to become dependent. Part of the reason for this was, of course, the glowing forecast by the multi-nationals promising sufficient oil to last for a hundred years. That time has now been foreshortened by our stupidity to a very short-term future. And the Arabs are chasing in. But surely, for Canadians to pay OPEC prices for oil that comes out of the ground in Alberta is only compounding the stupidity.



### Beaver Bob Pigs they're not

Like many other public spirited citizens I am shocked at a remark allegedly made by Princess Margaret comparing members of the Irish Republican Army to pigs.

In my experience, pigs are intelligent and rather loveable animals. According to scientists, pigs are second only to the elephant from the point of view of intelligence.

A famous writer, G.K. Chesterton, once wrote:

"I never could imagine why pigs should not be kept as pets. To begin with, pigs are very beautiful animals...The actual lines of a pig (I mean of a really fat pig) are among the loveliest and most luxuriant in nature..."

There is more, equally moving. Therefore, it is hard to see why Princess Margaret, if she said what she is said to have said, should have singled out one of God's noble creatures for the kind of unmitigated slur attributed to her.

I am in the fortunate category of those who once possessed a pet pig. We were living in an old cottage on Blue Sea Lake in the late depression years and it seemed a good idea to raise a young pig through the summer and eat him come fall. It didn't quite work out that way.

The pig arrived, all right, and was installed in an enclosure walled with chicken wire up to about 20 feet which might once have been used for bears or elk. The young pig, whose name was "Sookie", simply dug his way under and took off for the woods.

Perhaps my readers will bear with me if I describe this pig briefly. First, he was generally all black, except for a white bib on his chest. He was covered all over with long, dark hog bristles, as pigs are. One ear stuck straight up, the other lay over in a kind of friendly, ear-wagging fashion. His eyes were pinkish and contained the wisdom of the ages. He had long eye lashes which would have been the delight of Dolly Parton.

This pig got to know the sound of the car engine, so when my father drove in at night, out would come the pig, running down the lane, wagging his ear and sticking his corkscrew tail straight out (since that he couldn't wag).

The difficulty was that he wouldn't stay in his pen, so we gave up trying to keep him there and let him roam. At an early age, he learned to swim and used to go far out in the lake. Often a farmer, out in his boat, would rub his eyes as the pig approached, raising an in-

quiring snout out of the waves. Generally, they would lift the pig by the tail and bring him in to shore.

Like most pigs, he enjoyed fish and there was nothing he liked better than a feed of perch under the veranda.

He spent a lot of time in the woods and grew long and lean, like a whippet. Sometimes, when no one was looking, he would trot in the back door, down the hall through the house and out the front. He more or less made his own rules. Once the parish priest was sitting in the living room and the pig trotted through, waving his ear in a friendly way, confirming all the parish priest's worst suspicions of those with Irish blood.

Finally, after he ate my mother's green silk pyjamas off the clothes line, the pig went off to that bourne from which no pig returneth.

Perhaps this early association was the reason why, with pig fanciers the world over, I was extremely resentful of Princess Margaret's ill-considered and thoughtless reference in comparing pigs (most delightful animals when one takes the trouble to get to know them) with the boors, thugs and murderers of the Irish Republican Army (Provisional Branch).

We trust that the world-wide reaction aroused by her remark will be a lesson and that in future Princess Margaret will mind her royal tongue.