

New Russell doctor eager to take over 100-year legacy

By Estelle Yaternick

Doctor Gerry Heymans will take over this May as Russell's third family physician in almost 100 years. Both Gerry and his wife Pam are looking forward to coming to the growing rural community.

As husband and wife, they would like to become actively involved in this growth. Doctor Heymans sees a medical building housing a doctor and dentist as a possibility with the influx of new people to the Russell area.

With her business background, Pam feels Russell will offer opportunities that she would not have had in Ottawa. She would eventually like to open a small shop in the village.

Most of all, it is the Russell community itself that is behind their decision to move. Pam sees Russell as a safe place where she can get to know all her neighbors. The couple will be introduced to Russell area residents at a meeting sponsored by the Lions Club at the Doctor Frank Kinnaird community centre, Feb. 27, at 8:15 p.m.

The community centre was named in honor of the very doctor who will turn over the legacy of the family physician in the village to Doctor Heymans. Doctor Kinnaird has been practicing in Russell for 40 years.

Gerry Heymans is no stranger to Russell. He spent most of his youth in the village and will come home with a degree of Doctor of Medicine from Toronto University. Most recently, he has been interning at the General and Riverside Hospitals in Ottawa.

Residents can expect the same kind of personal consideration from him that they got from Doctor Kinnaird. He says he enjoys establishing a one-to-one relationship with a patient because it ultimately translates into better care and service. The age of specialization is potentially harmful to the patient because there are too many doctors involved, he says. As a result, one doctor may not even know what another has prescribed for the same patient.

His office will be located in the new home that he and Pam will build near the corner of Mill and Castor Streets in the village and he plans to have evening hours.

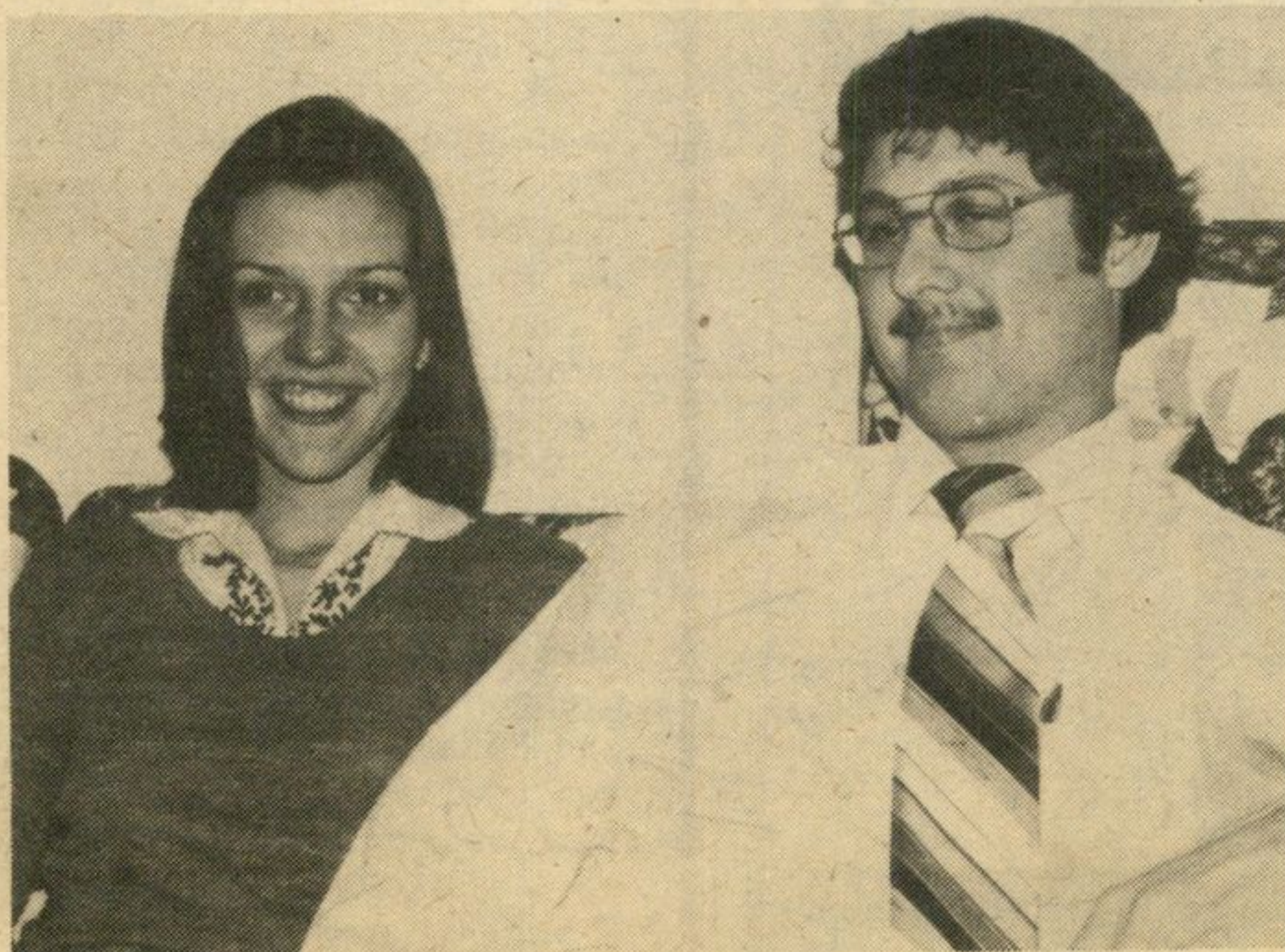
His background includes pediatrics and most other specialties, something, he says, local residents might want to take advantage of rather than travelling to Ottawa's emergency rooms.

Although he intends to stay with OHIP, he says it is difficult for some doctors to break even under the program because of the high cost of expenses. A doctor must also be a businessman — "a difficult mix" — to survive, he says.

It is a myth that all doctors are overpaid and millionaires, adds Pam; the cost of establishing and running a practice is steadily increasing.

"The only ones who might be well off are specialists because they charge high fees," she said.

If such things as a modern medical clinic are in their future plans, Dr. Heymans says the immediate goal is to provide the quality service to which local residents are accustomed.



PAM AND GERRY HEYMANS

(Estelle Yaternick Photo)

Market value tax blasted

At least one Osgoode Township resident is steaming over council's decision to move to assessment based on property market value.

Dick Overell of Greely says the new method of computing property taxes could boost his bill by \$253 over last year. In 1979 he paid \$553 and anticipates an \$806 charge under the market value system.

"The bureaucrats have gone wild," Mr. Overell complained. "If this kind of thing keeps up, residents will have to band together and refuse to pay."

He noted that he moved to Greely from Ottawa in 1975 to escape high taxes and now "they're climbing up to city levels."

"I might have no alternative than to move into a city apartment."

Mr. Overell also complained that neither regional government or the township would tell him his new assessment although at least the region had the information on hand. He was told he would have to wait until notices were mailed out.

"It looks like they don't want people to know about their new assessments too soon in case they raise hell."

He plans to file a complaint Jan. 23 when a regional assessor will be on hand at Greely Community Centre to discuss the new system.

An assessor will also be available at Osgoode Odd Fellows Hall Jan. 24, and Metcalfe Township Hall, Jan. 25 and Jan. 26.

Had equalized assessment been in effect in 1979, the residential public mill rate would have been 251.32 mills and the commercial rate would have been 286.40 mills.

Ratepayers wishing to calculate their 1980 taxes should multiply assessments according to their

notices by the residential or commercial rate. For example, a \$5,000 assessment multiplied by 251.32 would produce a tax of \$1,256.60.

The last day on which a complaint can be lodged against

altered assessments is March 7.

Mr. Overell doubts anything will be done to ease the burden for those who stand to suffer under the new system. But he plans to do what he can to fight his drastic tax hike.

Firemen help burn victims

Three Osgoode Township firefighters are looking for local support for their effort to raise money for young hospitalized burn victims.

Greely Captain John Smiley, Metcalfe Captain Bob McCooey and Osgoode firefighter Barry Cowan are looking for pledges to help make their participation in this year's Sno-do 100 as worthwhile as possible. The annual skido-a-thon from Lakeside Gardens to Fitzroy Harbor and back along the Ottawa River takes place Feb. 2, snow permitting.

The Ottawa Civitan Club, organizers of the event, hope to raise \$75,000 for the Eastern Ontario Children's Hospital burn unit which was established through the efforts of the Ottawa-Carleton Mutual Aid Association of fire departments. Osgoode is a member of the association.

John, Bob and Barry are accepting pledges at 821-2936, 821-2630 and 692-2322, respectively.

Backtrack



The New York Central yard and station, located on the northern edge of Russell Village, was a busy spot 70 years ago. In this photo, cheese makers are seen waiting to load up their product onto freight cars for shipment. The New York Central line and its stations disappeared from the scene several years ago but, with the surge of interest in local history, Russell Township council wants to commemorate the railway's important role. Council plans to move a battered NYC station from Berwick to Embrun and restore it on the former station site. (Photo courtesy Jessie White and Lola Woods).

Lost in the wilds of the Pontiac

by Michael Van Dusen

It can take hours before you realize your lost — hours of struggling through bush that clutches at your feet and turns into swamp before you know it.

The excursion started out as a hike into the backwoods of the Pontiac, a county north-west of Hull containing some of the most beautiful forest imaginable. Along with the beauty was the beast, the beast that hid roads from sight, that made it nearly impossible to see through the dense maze of brush.

I had been there several times before and had enough confidence to leave the road at a familiar spot and head into the woods. It didn't take long before I realized that things weren't quite as I remembered them. Trails that should have been there had suddenly disappeared and I found myself following the easiest path through the bush and hoping that it would eventually lead to a clearing. For some unknown reason, the three other men with me had the utmost confidence in my decision making abilities. If I said let's go this way they followed, no questions asked. I wish they had been more critical; perhaps if I had stopped to think for five minutes, I would have decided to turn back. As it was, we just kept advancing deeper and deeper into the heart of the forest.

When we came to a small clearing in a dried out creek-bed, I found a log and held court. "Boys," I said, trying to put them in a friendly mood, "I've got some good news and some bad news. The good news is that we're not dead. The bad news is that we're lost." Strangely enough, there wasn't a hint of surprise on any face. "So where do we go from here," asked Ron. It was a good question but unfortunately I didn't have a good answer. After a ten-minute rest, we decided to circle back and try to pick up the road.

An hour and a half passed and still there was no sight of the road. Plans were made to divvy up the worms and we promised not to eat one another should desperation set in; well, all of us except Rob. Rob had an appetite like an army of soldier ants and wouldn't promise anything.

As we walked, stories I'd heard about people being lost for weeks

at a time ran rampant through my mind. I had visions of the four of us, our clothes ragged, living like wild animals with only our wits to keep us alive.

Then, off in the distance, a wailing noise . . . a chainsaw . . . people. We were saved. The feeling rose up inside us like a volcano about to erupt. All at once the bushes seemed to thin out and we were running instead of crawling through the underbrush. There was light ahead; we could taste freedom like a fine glass of wine quenching our parched throats. Then it stopped. No more noise, no more wine . . . I reached for the worms.

The din three grown men can make when they scream for help right behind you is unbelievable. We inched our way forward, keeping up a chorus of the age-old KEEPS, when from out of nowhere came the long awaited: "Hello in there." We were out.

Our saviours were two woodcutters in the bush collecting fence posts for a friend. At first they couldn't believe that we had gotten lost but the scratched faces bore testimony to my misjudgment. As it turned out, we had come out at the point that we set out for in the first place. I tried to convince the others that it was pre-arranged and that I just pretended to be lost. Did they believe me? Take a guess.

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