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Russell couple donate bush

A 10-acre bush, including a stream and ravine, in Russell village has been donated to the public for use as a park.

Longtime village residents Alex and Mabel Little and her sister, Mrs. Jean Hay, of Weston, recently signed over the bush free to the South Nation River Conservation Authority for management as a recreation area.

The bush is to be known as the J. Henry Tweed conservation area in memory of the sisters' father who bought the century-old, red-brick house on the north side of Craig Street at Mill Street in the 1890s. Mr. and Mrs. Little now live in the house. The bush along Forced Road forms the western boundary of the original 56-acre parcel of land purchased with the house and extends north to the former New York Central Rail line. A sign will be erected designating the bush as a park and commemorating its namesake and donors. An official opening is scheduled for early summer.

Because of the ravine running its length, the bush has never been cut for farming and is home to trees several hundred years old. One such tree bears the initials of Russell men who later went off to fight in the First World War. Yet another is carved with valentines generations old.

The bush has been popular with scouts, guides, hikers, skiers, snowshoers and snowmobilers. There are the ruins of a log cabin built by boy scouts. There are many species of wild plants, birds and small game. The meandering stream flows most of the year. James Henry Tweed tapped maple

trees to make syrup.

Mrs. Little hoped that, as a park, the bush would be even more important to future generations as the Russell area grows and undeveloped land becomes scarce.

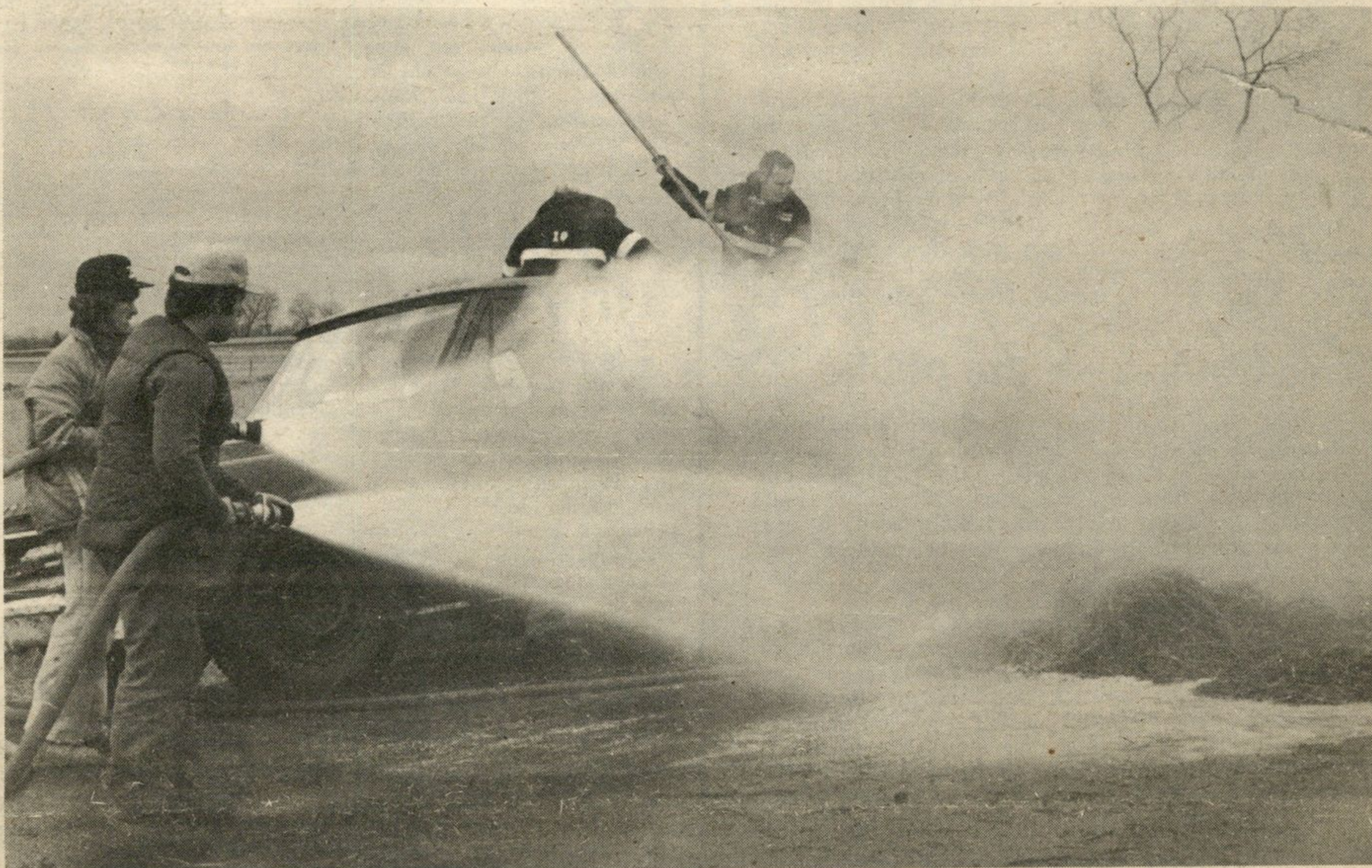
"People in the area have always

enjoyed the bush, the children have always played there. It would have been awful for the village if it was cut down," she said, adding she had resisted several offers to purchase it for its timber. "One man came with a certified check

and I said over my dead body."

Russell's Ernie Burton, member of the conservation authority, said the bush was "quite valuable" for its wood and that the Little's and Mrs. Hay "have been generous in donating it."

He said a combination of uses — picnics, nature study, bird sanctuary — were being looked at for the park but that the first priority was to trim some of the thicker undergrowth.



Where there's smoke, there's fire. But sometimes, the fire is hard to find, like when it erupted recently in hay bales being transported by pickup truck along the North Road. Billy Cherry (foreground), Ed Honey (inside left), and other Russell volunteer firefighters doused the fire they knew was in there somewhere. Cause of the fire was not clear. (Mark Van Dusen photo)



Alex and Mabel Little

New Greely P.O. First for solar heating

A new Greely post office to be built this year will be the first federal building to be heated by solar energy.

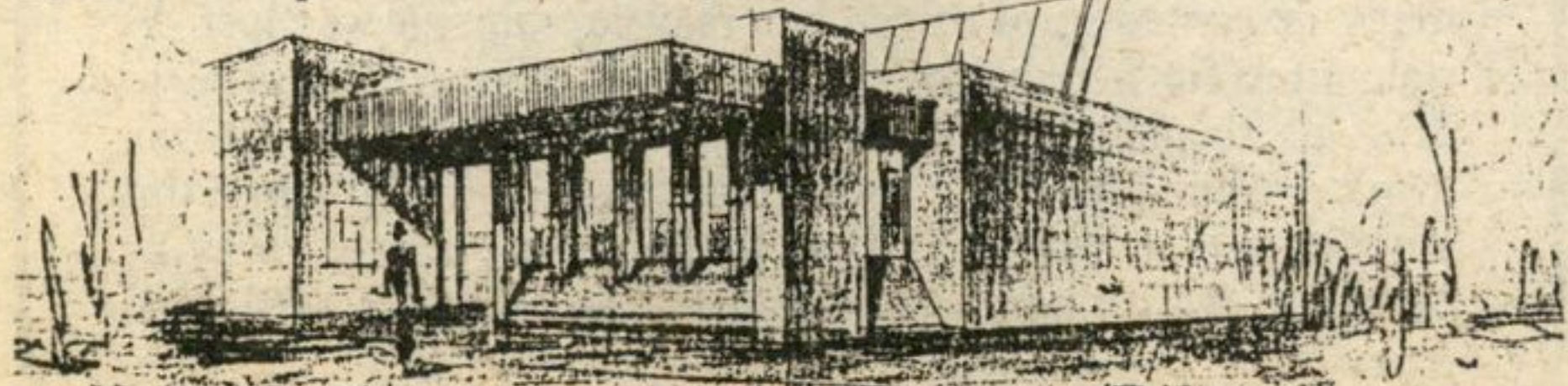
Federal public works spokesman Wendy Sailman said the new 114 square-metre office will be equipped with solar heating panels on the roof and will cost about \$200,000, including \$21,500 already spent on the 2,183 square metres of land.

The low angular brick building will sit on the site of the existing ball park next to Highway 31 at the east entrance to the village. The contract for construction is to be awarded at the beginning of August with completion set for the beginning of December.

The solar heating system is being installed as part of the government's PUSH program — Purchase and Use of Solar Heating. There will be backup electrical heating.

The number of employees at the Greely post office will remain at three — Postmistress Rita Vanderydt and two part-timers. There has been a post office in Greely for 35 years. It is now located in rented space next to Larry's Confectionery.

Land for the new office was purchased from Stewart Johnston, of Greely, and other family members. Mr. Johnston's father, the late Herb Johnston, originally donated use of the land for the ball park. Alternate sites for the park are now being discussed.



Sidewalk Talk By Mark Van Dusen The delights of muckless bread-making

The expression, "It's as basic as sliced bread," has taken on a whole new meaning in today's world of tongue-twisting, carcinogenic chemical additives.

Notice the ingredients listed on the package of a loaf of "basic" sliced bread bought at the store: enriched white flour, (thiamine mononitrate, riboflavin, niacin, reduced iron), sugar and/or glucose and/or dextrose, skim milk powder and/or whey powder, lard and/or shortening (beef fat and/or marine oil and/or palm oil and/or vegetable oil), salt, yeast, corn flour, soy flour, calcium sulphate, calcium phosphate dibasic, ammonium chloride, calcium peroxide, potassium bromate, mono and diglycerides, calcium propionate; may contain protease, ascorbic acid, calcium phosphate tribasic, L-cysteine hydrochloride, alpha amylase.

It's the "and/ors" and the "may contain" that get me. Seems the manufacturer (I'm hesitant to say baker) is never really sure what's going into his so-called bread, depending

on whether it's Monday or Friday. Point is, every time you take a bite you're ingesting everything from "enriched" (don't ask) white flour to alpha amylase (whatever that is).

The small town bakery is still the best bet for those wanting basic, fresh, wholesome, gunkless bread in return for their coin.

But why bet at all? You can have as much control as is reasonably possible over what goes into your bread by baking it yourself. It's easy, all you need is flour, sugar, salt, milk, yeast, butter and water (compare that with the gut-wrenching list above). Besides, it's a creative thing (no two loaves are ever the same); it's relaxing, a purgative.

It can take six hours to create a loaf of bread from scratch but more than half that time is devoted to dough rising when you can be doing other things. The rising is a sight to behold. Flacid, seemingly lifeless dough rises, swells, bubbles up to the action of the yeast until twice its original size.

It is you who have worked the life into the dough by the

initial process of kneading, probably the most important in bread-making. As you kneaded, the gluten in the flour flexed and encapsulated tiny bubbles of carbon dioxide released by the yeast. It is this that determines the texture, the airiness, the vitality of the loaves.

If you haven't worked up a slow sweat in kneading, you haven't put the right amount of vigor into it. You go after the dough with alacrity, manipulating it rhythmically breathing in cadence. Novice's will have sore pectoral and back muscles the next day.

The more feeling you put into kneading, the more life you give your bread. It's fun to have that power.

The ultimate joy in bread-making is extracting the piping hot, aromatic crusty brown loaves from the oven, — sinking your teeth into that first buttered slice and feeling your taste buds waltz. It is rich, scrumptious, genuine, nutritious, unmucked. It is certainly worth the effort. Try it; see *Castor Cupboards*, p. 5, for a recipe.