



Castor Earl

Snuff out fancy pants

Some fancy-pants scientists over to England say that somethin' they call snuff is good for you.

Well, they don't quite say that it's good for you. They say it's better for you than cigarettes, cigars, and such like.

I did a little researchin' and found out that snuff is just the polite version of good ol' chawin' tobacco. Snuff is what your hoity-toity types call it.

From what I can tell, they grind down chawin' tobacco to powder, put a little dab on their wrists, and snort 'er right back. You get the same charge out of the stuff with the nicotine and all but without the smoke tearin' your lungs apart.

After your snuffers take a snort, they sneeze their brains out and feel good all over. I wonder if they wear frilly shirts and knee-high pants while they're doin' it?

It's all a little too prissy to my mind. Give me your chawin' tobacco any dang time; that's somethin' a man can really sink his teeth into.

You buy a tin of the real coarse kind, the coarser the better. Bite off a big chaw and get 'er rollin' around in your craw. You keep chawin' away, workin' 'er over real good, until you get a big blob of brown mush.

You play 'er with your tongue, push 'er behind your teeth, choke 'er down, and cough 'er up again. Just keep workin' that big blob around.

Finally you get the juice comin'

out the corner of your mouth and down your chin and there ain't a finer feelin' on earth.

Then when all the juice is out and she's kind of dryin' out, the real fun comes. That's when you spit the blob out.

If you've got a spittoon, you stand over to the other side of the room and aim for the hole. Sometimes you hit it dead on, sometimes you miss. It don't really matter.

If there's no spittoon handy, you aim at any target. It's even better if it's movin'; the dog, the cat, a spider on the floor, the missus. Anythin' will do. There's no point wastin' a good blob just spittin' 'er out on the floor.

Ain't that somethin'. You can have all that fun and it's good for you too.

A Village Auction

Not the bargains, it's the people

If you've been to a village auction, you know it's not the thought of unbelievable bargains that attracts the folks from the city but the chance of rubbing shoulders with country people in their own element. Scratch a lot of city folks and you find they are one or maybe two jumps off the farm. As they say, you can take the boy away from the farm but you can't take the farm away from the boy.

Even before the auction starts, folks gather round, lining the shaded street with their cars, flowing into the yard and on the grass, passing in slow, thoughtful review, the various items accumulated over the years, which seemed so precious in their day, now so many moments of those moments which have slipped away in the hour-glass of time.

There is irony in the thought that things that were once so necessary and useful are no longer of concern because he who collected and used them has been laid to rest in the village churchyard where the first rays of morning

and the last of evening smile upon the slope and the crows sway in the elm-tops.

The crowd gathers as the auctioneers, masters of their craft, begin to warm to their work, the rattling cadence of the words like a machine gun in the afternoon. The strange, almost eerie telepathy whereby the bids are signalled, a twitched eyebrow, curled lip, a wink, a shrug, a leer and the auctioneer has another boost; cleverly, with absolute mastery of the art, they take the bidders with them up a sliding scale of values until ordinary objects assume the precious rarity of pearls and diamonds.

As the bidding grows hectic and the flat-bed is speedily emptied of its detritus and the action moves around the yard, stopping before each station like a pontifical ceremony, the ladies of the Institute are in the garage doing a land-office business. Such a consumption of pies, cakes, cookies, coffee, orange ade has not been since the last Russell Fair.

All the folks from the world of the high rise and split-level, jaded and palsied from a diet of mixes, substitutes, glutamates, instant this and instant that, see how the colour returns to wan cheeks and briskness to tired muscles, the brightness to glazed eyes when confronted by food that is the real thing.

Slowly, the last rays of the sun send the crowd reluctantly homeward. The mad patter of the auctioneers slows to a canter; the city folks pack their trophies and their kids into their Toyotas and Datsuns and soon the street is clear and the dust is settling red in the sunset and the restless wind ruffles the tops of the gnarled trees and the auction becomes a memory on top of all the other memories.

Red Cross goal 150

The Red Cross will be looking for 150 pints of blood from local residents at a donor clinic May 22 from 2 p.m. to 4:30 p.m. and 6 p.m. to 8 p.m. at the Dr. Frank Kinnaird Community Centre. Organizers are confident that the goal which is 50 pints higher than last year's result, can be achieved.

HORSE BITS

With Lola Wood



To use the hands effectively on horseback is somewhat equivalent to controlling a spirited mount with silk threads. The rider must be in balance so that the reins can be used independently to guide the horse and not to hang on.

At the Spanish Riding School, of Vienna, the young "bereiter" work on the longe without reins or stirrups for up to a year or until they are secure and maintain the correct position at all paces and through all transitions.

With a young horse it is important to keep a steady light contact allowing the horse to stretch down and from there bring him up into the bridle. A horse should be ridden with the hands apart to push him forward between the reins. If the rider stands with arms relaxed beside him and raises closed hands to the riding position they will be the correct distance apart because this is the most natural position and therefore the arms are relaxed.

This is important when posting because the hands will be still and not go up and down with the rest of the rider. Also, imperceptible vibrations with the hands will encourage the horse to mouth and accept the bit. A dry mouth is a sign of resistance.

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RUSSELL FIRE DEPARTMENT 1950'S

The Russell Fire Department as detailed on page 9, has won many awards during its long history thanks to well-trained, able-bodied volunteers. Above are some of the men who ran the department in the '50's. They are, from left, Eugene Bérubé, Andy Cousineau, Victor Provost, Bert Morrow, Deputy-Chief Hector Diguère, Art Morrow and Chief Russell Phair. Mr. Phair, who was with the department from 1929, was chief from 1952 until his retirement in 1975. (Russell Fire Department Photo).