

## CASTOR COMMENT

### Road to Igloolik

Prescott-Russell Council has seen its duty and done it. It has completed final paving of the North Russell road, from the village all the way to the boundary with Cumberland Township, making life easier for area drivers seeking access to Highway 417.

We wish we were in a position to heap equal praise on Cumberland. Regrettably, to this moment, we are not. Cumberland obviously has very little interest in its section of the boundary road. This is one of the most neglected, most poorly maintained stretches of road this side of Igloolik. In several places, the road sags with a bone-jarring thud, shaking the unwary driver to his back teeth.

We feel that we speak for many motorists when we say that if Cumberland is not prepared to maintain and pave the two or three mile stretch, then it should be turned over to regional government.

### Strange words

Those were strange words from the Prime Minister of Canada at the Liberal Convention in Winnipeg the other day.

"Quebec has delivered the goods," stated Mr. Trudeau. "Now it is up to the rest of Canada."

If voting to stay in Canada means delivering the goods, then Quebec indeed delivered the goods in the recent referendum to which Mr. Trudeau was presumably referring.

Probably the people of the other provinces would have voted the same way. Does this entitle them to special privilege? Is Mr. Trudeau suggesting, nay, demanding, that people who voted to stay in Confederation should be suitably rewarded?

Perhaps he was thinking of the promises the Liberal Party made in Quebec, among them the assurance of constitutional change involving the transportation of equal language rights from coast to coast. Is the Prime Minister telling the people of the other provinces that he expects them to pay his political debts in Quebec?

That would be a crass and not entirely accurate way of translating Mr. Trudeau's present posture. The Liberal Party did indeed make promises. The time has indeed come to deliver on those promises.

### Living Theatre

George Blackburn deserves well of all of us who inhabit the towns and villages between the Seaway and the City of Ottawa. His lively and entertaining play, "A Day To Remember" has received high praise from hundreds who viewed it at Upper Canada Village. It deserves the description of living theatre in the very best sense, because it portrays an episode of local interest in a way that makes the portrayal universally appealing.

We find it incongruous that George Blackburn, having contributed to the colour and imagery of the Seaway area, should have to go about hat in hand in order to find support. His idea of a theatre at Upper Canada Village is worthy of backing, not only from the town of Morrisburg and the City of Cornwall, but by all of us in this area who stand to benefit from a wonderful addition to the Seaway's capacity to attract visitors.

## CASTOR REVIEW

"One Canada"

Box 359, Russell, Ontario

Editor: Tom Van Dusen,  
Associate: Mark Van Dusen,  
Sports: Jack McLaren, Editor,  
445-2131; Gary Ris, Columnist  
445-2069.

News: Suzanne Schroeter,  
445-5709.

Photographs: Suzanne Veh.

Advertising: Tina Van  
Dusen, 445-5770.

Layout: Paul Rodier

Subscriptions: Freddi Rodier,  
445-2805.

Bookkeeper: Joan Van Dusen,  
445-2080.

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# The legend lives on

The John G. Diefenbaker Centre, University of Saskatchewan, was officially opened recently. Castor Review publisher Thomas VanDusen was there and filed this report.

It's a fine place, the new Diefenbaker Centre at the University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon. This was the Chief's University, the place he left in World War I to become a soldier. He was an arts graduate in a platoon of arts graduates, one of few to return alive.

The university is built of sandstone resembling the Nepean sandstone in the House of Commons, containing the same fossilized vertebrae that are common in the walls of the House or,

for that matter, in the coral rock of the Caribbean. It is the newness of everything that strikes the viewer. The sandstone has not even had time to darken with age.

It is an attractive campus with winding paths, looking down on the valley of the Saskatchewan. A simple granite block on the grounds of the Centre marks the grave where John and Olive Diefenbaker rest.

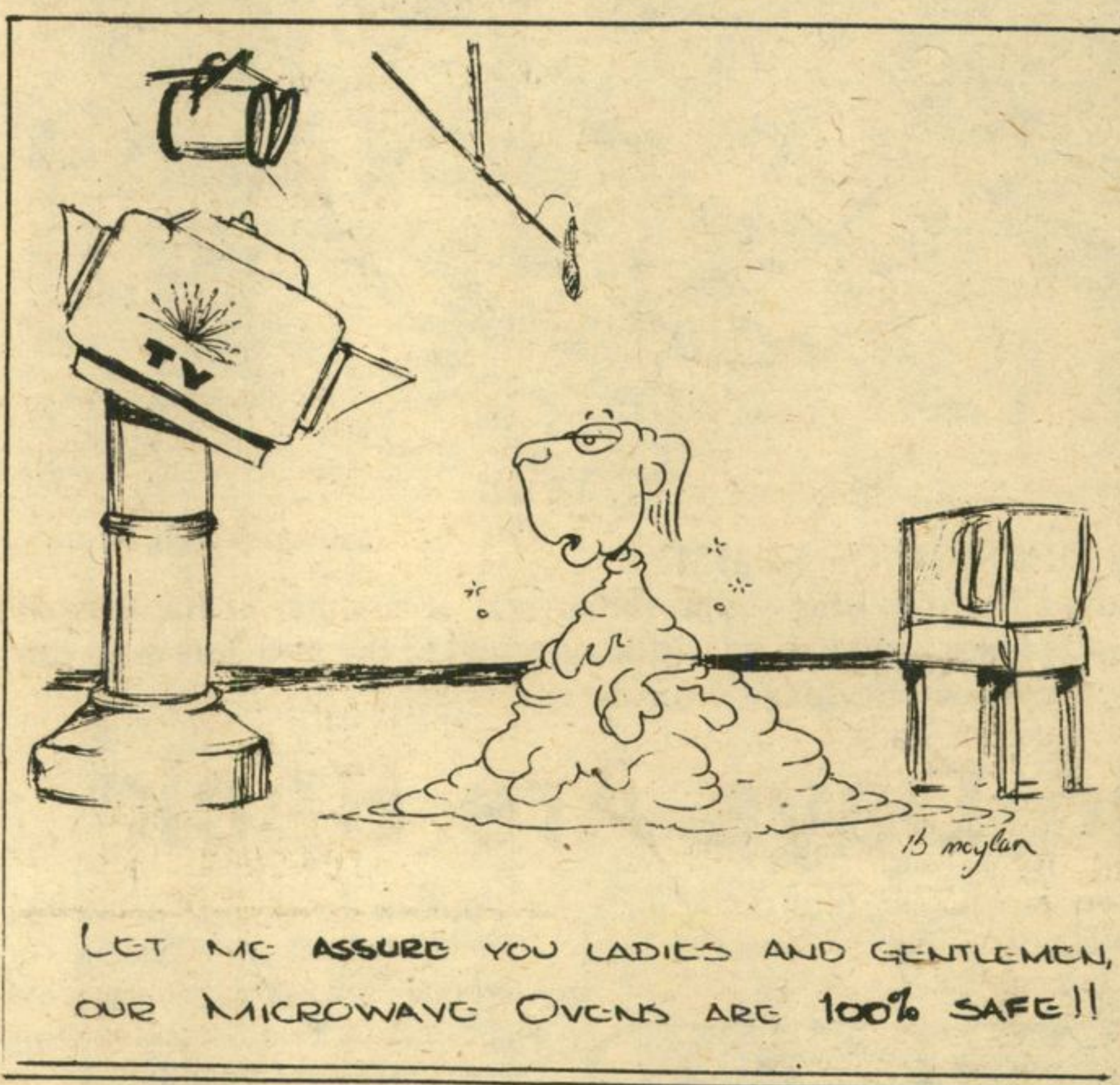
The Centre contains a replica of the Federal Cabinet room as it was when Dief presided from 1957 to 1963. The rooms are filled with mementos and memorabilia of the Chief, his government and his early days. There are plaques and medals of every kind, a tribute to the fascination this man exercised

on citizens' groups in Canada and elsewhere. There are videotapes of the Chief being interviewed, the Chief mainstreering, the Chief speaking in the House. All of these touches tend to preserve the legend of the living Diefenbaker. In fact, after twenty minutes in the Diefenbaker Centre, it is difficult to believe that the Chief is still not with us.

In Saskatoon, the legend lives on, the man who fought for the little people; the man who was always, somehow, larger than life; the man who refused to go away, who fought for the things he believed in, in good times and bad. The man said: "I have often been wrong, but never on the side of wrong."

### Cartoonist dabbles in drafting

With this issue, the Castor Review introduces the prickly pen of cartoonist Brian Moylan. Just 18, Brian is a recent high school graduate and is now doing some drafting work for a aeronautical engineering firm. The young Ottawa resident is looking to a career as a commercial artist. His first panel appears below.



### POETS OF THE... CASTOR

#### Night at the office

This hand-varnished swivel chair,  
The scarred pine table, heavy oaken desks;  
Filing cabinets, bulletin boards;  
Great empty, staring windows, looking out on the dark and the river;  
The casual mosquito that torments increasing with his nasal whine  
Until I stun him with a blow;  
The veranda light and the odd, passing truck breaking the silence of the lighted street;  
The rattling noise of the old typewriter;  
These are the boundaries of my world.  
All life at this moment, holds nothing more.

Thomas Van Dusen

### Correspondence

Editor, Castor Review:

During this past week I had a visit with Don MacKeracher ex Russellite now living in California and he told me of tentative plans for a re-union of some type in 1981. I am a Review subscriber but I must have missed the comments.

Don is planning on coming east if there is a re-union and having attended a school re-union at the old Russell School some years ago (and enjoying it immensely) I would plan on being there. I would certainly approach a few others living in this area.

I can't make any specific suggestions as to the format of a re-union, but if you can enlist the aid of some of those who handled the school affair I'm sure you will have no problems setting up an "agenda".

I hope you're successful.

BRAD PROUDFOOT  
Baie d'Urfé, Québec

P.S. I was brought up in the house recently occupied by Mrs. Steele on Mill St. — father was the local dentist.

Editor, Castor Review:

Speed limit signs mentioned in the June 13th issue for the edge of the village is a great idea. I hope while they are at it they will post some around Heritage Road and Trillium Crescent. We certainly need something to slow the drivers down. It looks like Indianapolis Speedway at times. We have a lot of small children in the subdivision and would like to see them grow up.

Thank you,  
N. Mead,  
Russell



## Beaver Bob

### Suckers and cord wood

Dropped by the Castor Review office the other night to write this column. The new office consists of two palatial rooms in the old bank building. It's quiet there at night and cool, with the Castor gurgling nearby. The big suckers were spawning in the Castor, agitating the silent waters with their efforts.

Since the installation of town sewers a year ago — most of them connected this spring — there is a noticeable difference in the water. Water lilies are beginning to make their appearance and the usual green scum has failed to appear.

There are more birds skimming the water, kingfisher and swallows, arguing the presence of minnows. Perhaps in a year or so, the Castor will be what it was intended, a limpid country stream,

flowing unvexed to the sea.

I have about a cord and a half of Manitoba maple, regarded as a weed by some experts; and not a really good fireplace wood. It needs something else to keep it going. But after it's been seasoning in the yard for a couple of years, it puts up a pretty good fight of keeping the fireplace going.

My present wood supply came from one old tree in front of the house, which dropped its branches, one by one, under the impact of fall storms in the last few years. It stands a huge, solitary stump at the edge of the driveway. But, curiously, that big, old stump is now sending forth a profusion of greenery, including new and healthy branches.

There are a couple of dead elms down by the river which will even-

tually wind up as firewood. And there are three or four elms very far from dead. Rather surprising, considering the ravages of dutch elm disease. Some of the elms seem amazingly healthy and even defiant. I wonder if they are producing a defense against the insidious disease.

This may be the place to thank Lorne Wade for doing a fine job — putting together a new axe handle from Ted Leowski hardware with an old ax head kicking around for several years and badly nicked from various unauthorized exercises — like chopping ice from a cement walk. An axe is essential in these parts, especially in winter; and with woodstoves and fireplaces coming back, it's one of those things you don't want to be without.