

ASTOR COMMENT

More acid rain

Recently, the International Nickel Company in Sudbury took out full page advertisements in Toronto newspapers to pat themselves on the back about the extent to which the impact of sulphur dioxide emissions over Sudbury has been reduced in the past decade, since installation of the 380-metre "Super Stack".

While it is true that fallout has been diminished over Sudbury, this has been at the expense of surrounding areas. The estimated 2,000 tons of sulphur dioxide emitted every day from the Sudbury stack no longer drops in its entirety on the city, but is carried for a distance of some 200 miles northward (and sometimes southward) by prevailing winds.

Because of the gutlessness of the Ontario government's anti-pollution posture the poisoning of air, earth and water at Inco and Falconbridge is still going on and will continue to go on until such time as the government musters up the courage to call a halt. Meanwhile, the tourist industry suffers, northern Ontario is turning into a wasteland and Inco's profits are accruing.

Don't keep truckin

You have to wonder about those truckers.

The mammoth 18-wheel rigs lurch through Russell in the dead of night as if they thrive on narrow streets and sharp corners.

There's just no pleasing them. You'd think Highway 417, paid for with tax dollars collected from every Castor resident, would be perfect. No corners or high speeds or flashing lights or stop signs to slow a man down.

But during the past year, the truckers have become ornery... the 417 is no longer good enough. They've taken a liking to screeching by darkened village homes.

Russell Township council doesn't know why truckers prefer village streets, where they're coming from, or where they're going. It has promised to find out before and promised again during a recent meeting.

Is it too much to ask council to stop a driver or two, and ask why they like Russell and other villages so much?

Billy gate

One thing that must be said for Billy, the President's brother, is that he doesn't mince words. On television the other day, he said, yes, he'd "borrowed" \$200,000 from the Libyan government and he'd taken the Libyan delegation around the United States, acting as guide, counsellor and friend. To still the misgivings of his brother, the President, Billy agreed to register as a foreign lobbyist in the face of a Justice Department investigation.

As Billy explained, Libya's image needs bur-nishing. According to Billy, he really did nothing to earn the \$200,000, except to escort the Libyans around and smile. Jimmy Carter's smile, which has not been seen as often lately, was worth an election. Perhaps Billy's is worth \$200,000.

Canada's foremost Scot

Eastern Ontario was given a glimpse last week of the style and personality of Alan MacEachen, a big man in this country and one who despite demands of high office has maintained strong ties with ordinary Canadians. Unspectacular, lacking glamour, occasionally a bit gawky — a quality not unbecoming in a Scot or a Minister of Finance — Alan MacEachen has retained a feeling for ordinary things and ordinary people.

At the Glengarry Highland games, this man, probably Canada's foremost Scot, was in his element. The Gaelic flowed like wine as MacEachen, kilt whipping in the breeze, pronounced the games officially open. Lending a spice to the proceedings was the presence of Hamish Davidson, Scotland's foremost exponent of the delicate art of tossing the caber.

MacEachen, who has tossed a few political cabers across the floor of the House of Commons, is not one of those celebrities who dashes in and dashes out, as though he scarcely has time to enunciate the platitudes supplied by a ghost writer. He sat, with every appearance of enjoyment and discerning interest, through the highland dancing, foot races, shot putting, hammer tossing and the dramatic and formidable march of the massed pipe bands.

A few years ago, it was said of

Alan MacEachen that he was a coming man. Now, it may be said, we suppose, that he has arrived. He holds the next highest position in the land, Minister of Finance, behind the Prime Minister. He has held all the great positions in Cabinet. He master-minded, manipulated and manoeuvred his party from a minority position in the House a few years ago to an election victory in 1974. His was the brain a few months ago, which saw the possibilities of disaster and eventual defeat in Joe Clark's government clinging to the Crosbie Budget after it was defeated by the House.

With a series of lightning strokes worthy of a Robert Bruce, MacEachen brought Trudeau out of retirement, defeated the Budget, brought down the Conservatives and created a situation in which his party was re-elected. At the same time, by a curious concatenation of forces, it appeared that all of those who might have been considered aspirants for the Liberal Party leadership were instantly and almost painlessly eliminated. As a result a series of ostensibly unpremeditated and guileless strokes largely authored by MacEachen, with the occasionally enthusiastic cooperation of Trudeau, when the election dust had settled, the only person left in the field with impeccable credentials as Trudeau's successor was Alan J. MacEachen.

Correspondence

Editor, Castor Review:

In reference to the article on the Embrun Fire Department of July 18, 1980: It has been generally acknowledged that International Women's Year (1975) did little to change the status of women. However, I find it appalling that in 1980 the Chief of the Embrun Fire Department has the power to deny employment to a female applicant because "she was just too sexy." It would appear that despite an extensive media campaign on the part of the provincial government of Ontario, Fire Chief Gregoire has ignored the fact that not only is it unfair to deny employment and equal pay to women on the basis of their "sexiness" it is against the law.

Tina Van Dusen,
Russell.

Editor, Castor Review:

We would like to bring to public attention the excellent job being done by the staff at the Russell pool. We are especially impressed by the confidence and enthusiasm they instill in the children. Three cheers!

Sincerely,
Donna and Joel
Nordenstrom,
Russell.

Editor, Castor Review:

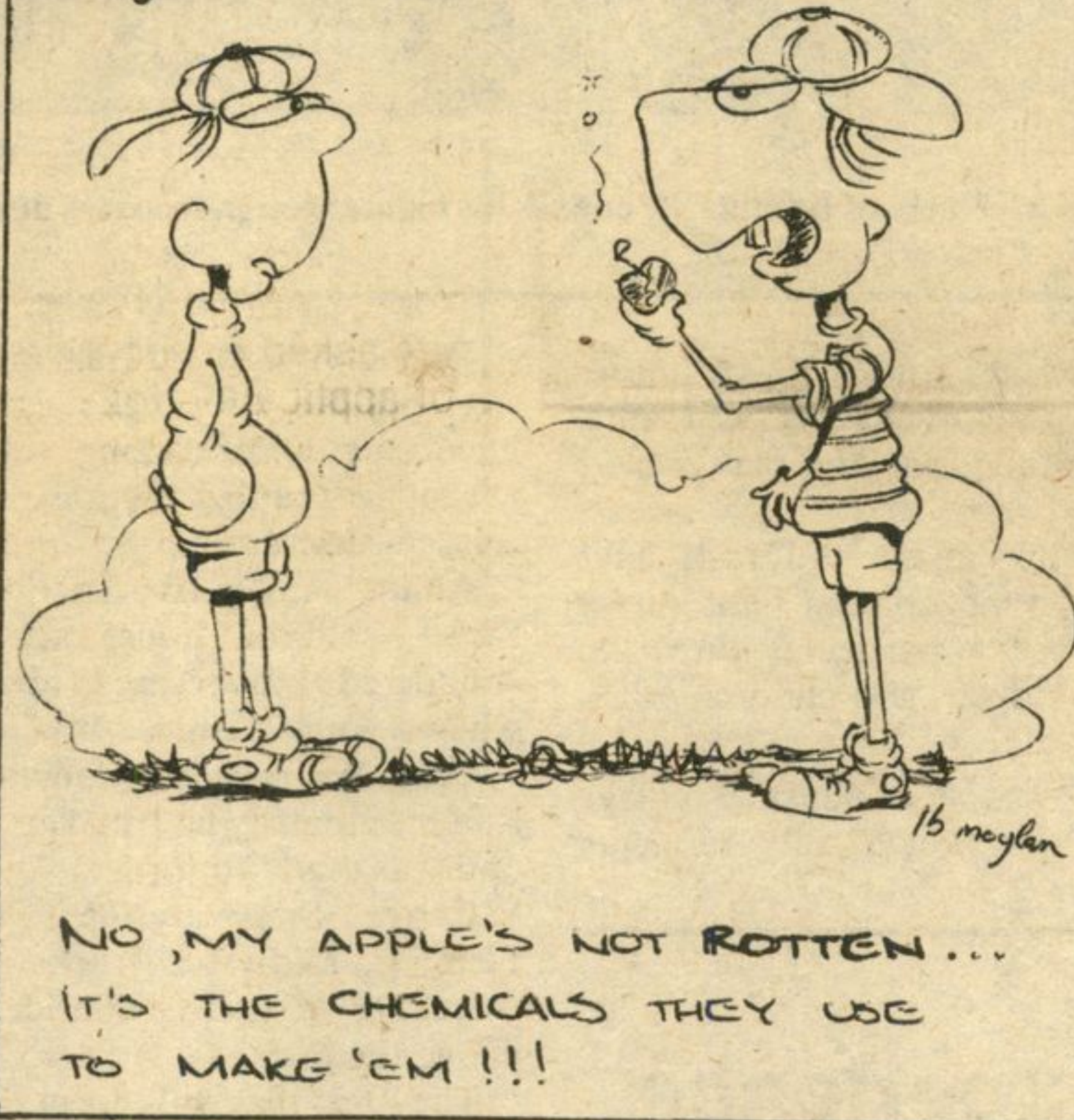
By separate cover I am sending two older photo's or pictures of my late Dad, Mr. Russell Dempsey, formerly of the Russell, Ontario area.

My Dad died in 1966 when he was 90 years old. For 60 years he was a member of the Loyal Orange Lodge, first for several years with the first L.O.L. 268, North Russell and later with the first Orange Lodge in Canada, L.O.L. 1, in Brockville, the latter being established in 1830.

I notice in the Castor Review you have a feature entitled, "Backtrack", regarding items of bygone days. So I would appreciate these two pictures of Dad in your paper.

Sincerely,
James R. Dempsey
Mississauga, Ont.

Moylan



Beaver Bob

The Government is a Litterbug

I am very disturbed at reports the federal government has gone in for wholesale littering of the drives and promenades in the area of the National Capital.

There were reports from Rockcliffe that the picturesque and scenic driveways in that favoured location were being desecrated by ungainly chunks of old iron, pieces of obsolete machinery and various lengths of piping and wires deposited here and there by minions of the federal government without so much as a by your leave. The local folks were disturbed and with every right.

You notice this kind of thing around a farm yard. Parts of obsolete or broken down machinery left here and there, usually back of the barn. Old balers, threshers, harrows, butter churns and things of that kind. Today, some of these rusty old parts bring fancy prices from city collectors. What they do with their money is their business.

But to see the government of Canada dumping this stuff beside the public highways where people driving by can see it; why, it sort of makes you sit up. Some of this junk is viewed by strangers, out-of-towners, people from the U.S.A. Some of them might think this old junk is piled up here and there around the Capital because people want it there.

The other day I was driving along the Airport Parkway, as they call the parkway leading to the Airport and here, right smack-dab against the road somebody had left a bunch of strange contraptions made of old angle iron painted red. Looked like big iron gates bent and twisted out of shape. Probably came from the old railroad line. All I gotta say is if the railroad is through with these contraptions and the government has no use for them, why they ought to sell them off as old iron, not leave them lying by the public thoroughfare. Looks unsightly

and gives the country a bad name for untidiness.

Down on Elgin street, opposite the Lord Elgin Hotel, there is a park with statues of Boer War soldiers. Now, I don't mind the Boer War. From what I understand, it was one of our finer wars. A lot of people went from Ottawa and they had a fine time. But somebody in the government saw fit to leave lying out in that park a great mass of unsightly, twisted piping. Left over, I suppose, from some government heating project.

The government shouldn't leave things lying around like that. If you and I did it, we would soon be sent for. They just don't seem to care. There was a funny bunch of junk in front of the new buildings in Hull. A vast, indescribable mass of concrete cheesecake unbeknownst to man or beast. What it was doing there, nobody knows. Left over from some construction job, I suppose.

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
238-4142.

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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