



# Castor Earl

## Food fun at the fair

Fun at the fair. Dang it all, don't it beat anythin'.

The thrills, the chills, the spills...and that's just walkin' along Main Street on your way to the fair grounds.

Like every year, I took in the Russell Fair last weekend. I'm not much for the rides 'cause they scare the bejeezus out of me. But I just love the games and the exhibits and especially the food.

The smell of the fair. Lordy, ain't it somethin'. The weinies roasting, the burgers broiling, the corn poppin', the candy flossin'...all the aromas just blend into one heady perfume that lifts this ol' boy right off his feet.

I suppose we're all the same. We try to eat right normally, easy on the fatty foods and sweets, heavy on the fruits and vegetables. But when we're turned loose in a fair, we just go right crazy. It seems we can't get enough to stuff in our faces.

I started right out in the ol' curling rink where I bumped into the North Russell Women's Institute food concession hard by the back door. Dad blame it, but can those ladies throw food together!

First, I had me a dish of baked beans. I grabbed the ketchup bottle and she was a new one. It took all manner of poundin' on the bottom to get the stuff out but she

finally came in a flood. Made the beans all the better.

Then I asked one of the good ladies for a sandwich I could really relate to and she said nothin' but turkey would do. I gobbled that in two seconds flat.

My oh my, but the pies were fine lookin'. I couldn't settle on pumpkin, raspberry, or lemon marangue so I had a fat slice of every which one of them.

By this time people were startin' to give me funny looks and commentin' on all the food that was disappearin' into my craw. I decided to move along and as soon as I stepped out the back door wouldn't you know but I ran smack into a hot dog stand.

I had one with mustard and relish then hurried on for some candy floss. I lapped 'er up without hardly gettin' any on my face. By this time I was feelin' pretty full and I almost cried when I went by the Russell and Area Sheep Club booth where they were dishin' out lamb kebobs. I just couldn't fit anythin' else into my stomach.

So I decided to take in some games. I stopped by one booth where all you had to do was hit a strawberry as big as an apple with a dart from five feet away to win a stuffed thinamajig. Nothin' to it, I says to myself. Well ya all know what happened, don't ya? I threw \$16 worth of darts and didn't hit the blamed strawberries once.

The next game looked just as easy. Throw two balls through a cardboard clown's mouth and ya win a mirror with writin' all over it. I blew \$12 on that one and didn't come away with no mirror.

But that bit of exercise worked up an appetite so I headed back for a new tour of the food concessions. That's really what the fair is all about, ain't it?

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## Moslems and Islam

by Leonard F. Hobley

Moslems, spreading the teachings of Allah, once wanted to rule the world. They almost succeeded. Their prophet Mohammed, was born in AD 752, in Mecca, a town on the Red Sea. By the eighth century, Mohammed's followers had managed to extend Moslem rule to the border of China in the East, all the way to Spain in the West.

### Book Review

Is it important to know what a religious leader did some 1200 years ago? Only if it affects you or I today. In a sense, it does. The ongoing turmoil in Iran is a religious and cultural revolution, precipitated by the people's desire to reinstate the Islamic way of life. Islam is the name Moslems gave their religion. It means Submission to the Will of God.

If you want a good grasp on the explosive situation in the Middle-East, there is book, now available in the Russell Public Library that you are sure to find interesting. "Moslems and Islam" by Leonard Hobley, is only a short book, 64 pages long, but Mohammed and his religion, is an extensive subject. As an introduction, it supplies what is essential for a good comprehension on the subject, plus enough to incite the reader on to further pertinent works.

Basically, we are introduced to Mohammed, and how he came to be a prophet of the Lord. He was, according to Islamic belief, visited by Gabriel, the messenger of God, who commanded him to call men to Allah (the Moslem word for God).

Mohammed felt that Abraham, Moses and Jesus, were great prophets, whose message had become distorted. He taught that he was the last of the prophets of God. The message of Mohammed was simple; all those who believed in God were to be rewarded in paradise if they led just and holy lives. The commandments if followed, provided the basis of this path to heaven.

Prayers were to be directed to Allah five times a day. Innocations were to be said in the mosque, the Islamic church, and all worshippers face Mecca, the holy city, during the recitation.

The rules of life and law, are all written in the Koran, the Islamic version of the Christian Bible. The

Koran, is believed to be the actual Arabic words spoken by God to the angel Gabriel, and then revealed to Mohammed.

All Islamic law is based on the Koran, considered so sacred, that it is kept in a special cupboard, and is not allowed to touch the ground. How a person is to be punished is detailed in the Koran. For example if one were to steal, the Islamic penalty is to cut off the hand. Sexual offenses, are punishable by death in many cases. Khomeini, revolutionary leader of Iran, has brought back stoning for this type of transgression. In Tehran, several people were buried in sand up to their necks, and rocks, some the sizes of oranges were pelted at them until they died. Two prostitutes in the group did not expire for some 15 minutes.

Mohammed also preached that one must be forever grateful for the goodness that Allah bestowed on one's life. To facilitate this appreciation, the ninth month of the Moslem year, called Ramadan, must be set aside for fasting. From daybreak until sundown, all food, drink and smoking are forbidden.

All Moslems, if at all possible in their life must make a pilgrimage to Mecca the holy city. Once this has been accomplished they are given the title Hadji. Moslem men can marry up to four or five times but they must treat all their wives with respect.

Women's liberation has obviously not reached the Moslem world to any great extent. It is not uncommon for women, even in this day and age to have their husbands chosen for them by family, and friends, someone they may have never even set eyes on until their wedding day. When a Moslem woman marries, she continues to keep her father's name. He is considered to be responsible for her.

Moslems believe that women should be covered from head to toe. The traditional dress for women is the shador. Only the eyes peek out. Women in Iran are now seeking university educations, and many work. The shador for the majority is considered outdated. Khomeini ordered that all women must wear the shador again, (even though many had discarded it) or they would not be paid by their employer. Naturally, this caused a furor, and many are not accepting the restrictions of Islam after being subject to the much looser Western way of life for so many years.

In Islamic law, if a woman is insulted in any way, it is taken as an offense against the whole family, who must retaliate to defend their honour. One of the Americans in Tehran who has been held hostage since November of 79 may go on trial for such an offense. He impregnated a Moslem woman, who in turn was murdered by her brother seeking retribution for the shame it brought to his family's name.

Islam continues to have converts throughout the world. Millions believe fervently in its teachings. Many to the point of fighting for it. In the early 50's for example, Pakistan was declared a Moslem state, because it's people were afraid that they wouldn't be treated fairly by the Hindu majority of India.

Others though are not so taken. Disenchantment seems to have set in recently in Khomeini's Iran. Not long ago, a pro Khomeini demonstration lured only 300,000 fervents into the streets of Tehran. A shocking contrast to the millions that were constantly crowding the city at the beginning of the revolution just one short year ago.

—Julie Van Dusen

## CASTOR CUPBOARDS

with Margot McCallum

### ICE CREAM GOODIES

#### INGREDIENTS:

Meringue Shell  
Micheline Pygas's old time ice cream (June 13/80 Castor Review)  
2 cups seasonal fruit or well drained fruit cocktail



Use any good Meringue recipe. Form a large shell or several small ones. Use immediately or store in a dry airy place. Place on pretty

plate. Mound ice cream by spoonful into shell. Arrange fruit over all. Cut with serrated knife with sawing motion.

Scoop really hard ice cream into balls. Provide cones and small bowls of raisins, half cherries, coloured coconut, chocolate sprinkles. Let each child create a clown or monster.

The McCallum's came to the Harold Young Farm in 1964, with six of their eight children. Margot enjoys the challenge of something new and is the current editor of Castor Cupboards. Call her with your favourite recipe. 445-5635.

N.B.: Tean Campbell's pancakes, call for 1 3/4 cup of milk. (Castor Review, July 18/80).

## Russell Hair Fashion

Call Jackie at 445-5497



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