

CASTOR COMMENT

Arrest police villages

Police villages are redundant. The system of trustees overseeing village affairs was long ago overtaken.

They have neither the power, the authority, or the financial resources to maintain services at a reasonable level.

Russell and Embrun are such villages. Russell Township council is anxious to abolish their special status.

Three trustees in each village will be up for election in November. At one time, they actually supervised village services. But now, they act as nothing more than hydro commissions.

Ratepayers' associations in both villages would be more effective tools for bringing residents' concerns to the township level.

Archaic police villages should be abolished before the next election.

Fox fight

This is the stuff horror tales are made of. There is a difference though. Not even the most fiendish of writers could have conceived such a morbid twist as betook the Terry Fox saga this month. What price courage? It is clear the young man from British Columbia is paying dearly, perhaps with his life. There is a touch of irony in this latest tragic development. Imagine. While young Fox was struggling across the country from St. John's Newfoundland, jogging mile after mile, with each step, the disease that had earlier taken his leg was marching through his lung.

Those who had not been following the story that closely, suddenly became aware of this young man's immeasurable courage. Terry Fox has done what he set out to do; focus attention on his Marathon of Hope to fight cancer. Unfortunately, that attention came with the shocking reality that Terry Fox may now die of cancer. When a cure for cancer is achieved, the name Terry Fox will be synonymous with victory.

Castor Harvest

The harvest is nigh in and the earth free of its summer labors stretches gratefully in the bright light of coming Autumn. More than a century ago, John Greenleaf Whittier sang of the corn harvest. "All through the long, bright days of June Its leaves grew green and fair, And waved in hot midsummer's noon Its soft and yellow hair.

"And now, with autumn's moonlit eves, The harvest time has come, We pluck away the frosted leaves, And bear the treasure home."

Today of course, the "frosted leaves" are plucked by enormous machines costing fifty thousand and up. The corn is the same, the moon is the same enigmatic globe as in Whittier's day and the autumn silence lies crisply on the fields as the moon snips a slice of light in the sky.

In spite of the price of gas, we extend a cordial recommendation to the cliff-dwellers in town to come and share the golden days.

CASTOR REVIEW

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Joy of The Journal

By Thomas Van Dusen

Editor's Note: The publisher of the Castor Review was a reporter with the deceased Ottawa Journal during the '40s and '50s. Here are his reminiscences.

After nearly a century of service to the community and the nation, the Ottawa Journal is no more. It is dies sad when a newspaper dies. It is sadder when the death comes about through a combination of blockheaded union tactics and absentee ownership. It is still sadder when the death of a newspaper results in the population of a city being deprived of an opportunity to vet the objectivity and news judgment of one paper against another.

The Journal was quietly put to sleep by the Thompson interests a few short months after acquiring the paper — once the most quoted in Canada — because its performance was heavily on the red side of the ledger.

The Journal demanded a great deal of its young men and women and got a great deal. It was not unusual to work all night and turn up for an early morning assignment. You worked until the story was finished. If it ran through three days and nights, you worked three days and nights.

The Journal desk in those days was like the bullpen of the New York Yankees when they had Ruth and Gehrig and Jimmy Foxx.

Charles Ivers Lynch, a scion of Pontiac County, an intimate of Maurice Duplessis and George Drew, who had a bridge named after him by Duplessis, was city editor. T.G. Lowrey, a Manotick Irishman, who once played hockey for the Silver Seven, with S.P. Quilty and Frank Nighbor and others, was managing editor.

To a new reporter, on his first day, T.G. would say, "The Journal doesn't mind paying in order to get a story. If it looks like something important come and see me. Don't hesitate to ask for a street car ticket." That set everything in perspective.

The sports editor in the thirties, a legend in his own right, Walter Gilhooly, trained as a lawyer but unable to resist the lure of writing, left during the war to join the Navy. A lieutenant commander,

he was once seen walking across Picadilly, immaculately uniformed and wearing bedroom slippers.

On the Journal of the thirties and forties, there was one iron-clad rule. Get the story, get it first and don't leave anything for anyone else.

When the first arrests were made in the Gouzenko spy probe, a young reporter told by city editor Lynch to get pictures of those arrested, asked, "How do you want me to get the pictures, Mr. Lynch?"

Back came the roar, "Get them any way you can, for God's sake. But get them."

A couple of hours later, after having feloniously broken in to several dwelling places under guard by the R.C.M.P., the young reporter was back with pictures, all the pictures, leaving none for a rival paper.

The Journal's demon photographer was T.V. Little who on occasion was known to call out to the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Ottawa, "This way, Bish. Smile now. That's it, Bish. Watch the birdie." In return, he got only a pained smile. Even the higher clergy knew better than to argue with Tommy Little.

Little had a private plane and before taking off, was wont to fuel both himself and the aircraft, with the result that flying up the Gatineau looking for lost campers was a hair-raising exercise in tree-top scanning, accompanied by wild hoots from the pilot who was busy trying to control the aircraft and take photos at the same time.

Another great Journal stalwart was E.V. "Eddie" O'Meara. No bigger than a minute, Eddie covered all beats in a long overcoat dragging on the ground, stuffed with newspapers from all over the country. He covered important funerals whether assigned or not and only stayed long enough to identify the pall-bearers, after which he proceeded to run long lists of mourners, including with

those who had been there, all those who weren't and should have been. Many people felt if Eddie didn't cover the funeral you just weren't properly buried.

The Ottawa Journal was in a different class. It was a local paper, with all the peering, prodding interest of a local paper in local affairs. It was published in the Capital of Canada, with a penchant for ferreting out weaknesses of cabinets and escapades of government. It was an opposition paper at Ottawa and a government paper at Queens Park when both the opposition at Ottawa and the government at Queens Park rejoiced in the name of Conservative.

Prior to the war, the Journal walked softly and carried a big stick. Its opinions were respected and the scintillating, sometimes savage editorials of M. Grattan O'Leary were studied by politicians and scholars alike.

It was not a paper like the others. It had a name, a cachet, a panache. To work on the Journal was something. It meant that your mentors were recognized newsmen of the calibre of Grattan O'Leary, who was a contributing editor to Collier's Magazine and E. Norman Smith, a power in the newspaper world. In the early forties, it was not unusual to see the grand old man of journalism, P.D. Ross, stroll into the office looking exactly like the oil painting of himself which hung in the lobby.

The magnet of O'Leary's fame drew bright young men to the Journal. They were underpaid and overworked but by God, they were learning to be reporters and writers. The others got better pay but the news columns of the other papers contained no such writing as the Journal's. Before there were schools of journalism, there was the Journal. It gave what no school of journalism could give, the stigmata of greatness.

Correspondence

corresponding
Editor, Castor Review:

We wish to congratulate you on the steadily improving and interesting publication. News from your childhood home is always special.

We have a "Russell Leader" dated Nov. 1915. Wishing you continued success and with thanks.

Sincerely,
Wilfred and Dorothea
(Kyle) Latimer
Ottawa, Ont.

Editor, Castor Review:

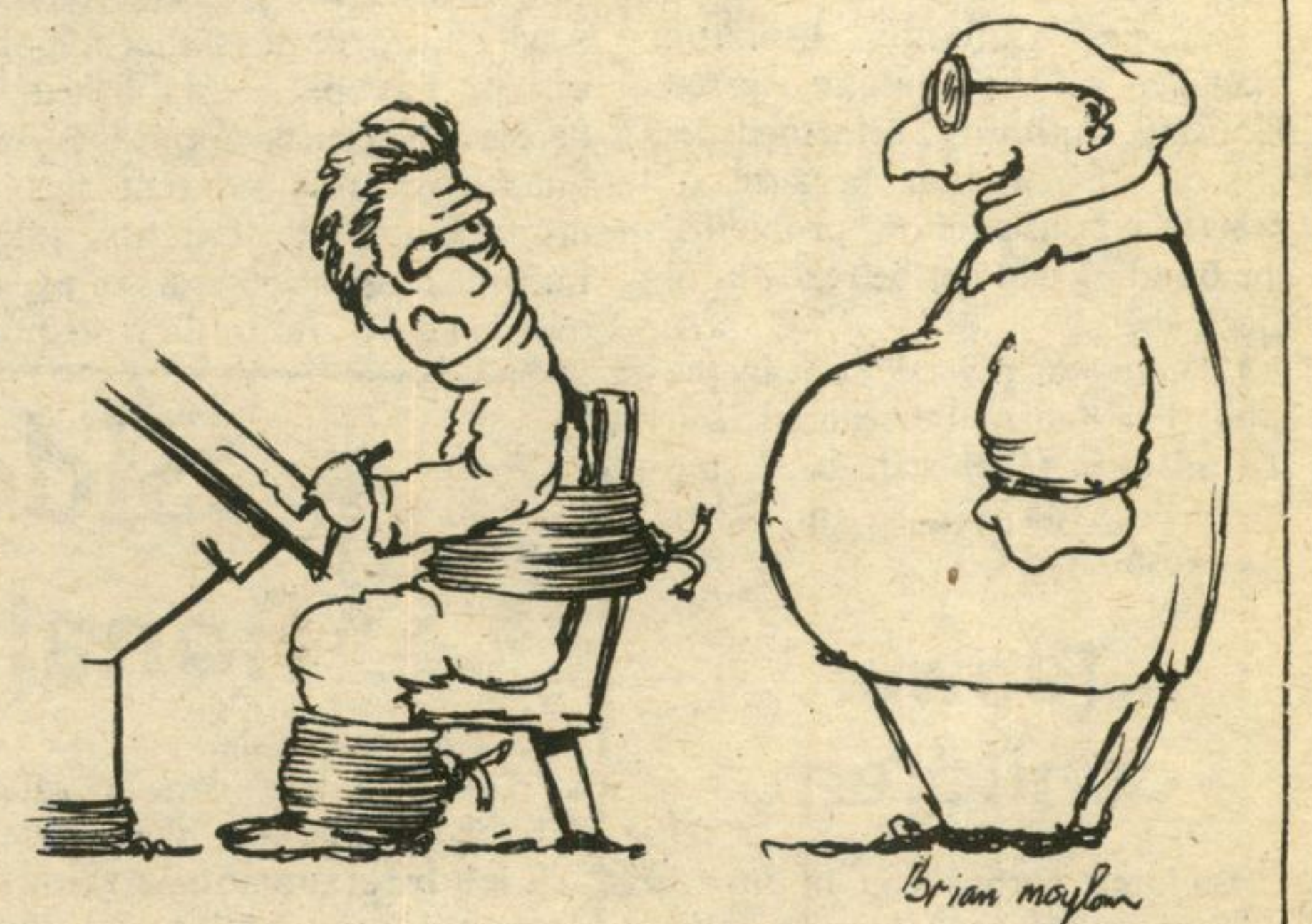
I enjoy the Castor Review very much and was interested in the story of the Kinkaid house built by Isaac Johnston, the stone cutter slave.

My father John B. Baker of Winchester was a stone cutter and worked with Mr. Johnston on many churches, houses, etc., he often visited at our house. He married a Winchester girl and wrote the story of his slave life and I still have the book. His father was white, lived with a negro woman and had quite a family. When they were old enough he had a sale and sold them — even the mother.

I am the widow of William L. Fetterly, son the late Mr. and Mrs. Herman Fetterly from Russell and sister in law of the late Phyllis Young.

Sincerely,
Loula G. Fetterly

Moylan



GEE, PERKINS ... I HOPE YOU
DON'T FEEL OBLIGATED TO
WORK LATE !!

POETS OF THE...

CASTOR

BEAUTY

I travelled the '31' Highway to-day,
Out on a sixty-mile run,
Thirty miles out and thirty miles back,
Getting home as the day is done.

I have no hunger for supper
No matter how tempting the fare,
For I have been feasting along the way
On the beauty growing there.

Do you know the names of the flowers?

Or Who placed them for us to see?
Along the fence rows and ditches,
A parade route lined for me!

They beckon in pink profusion,
Or from Black-Eyed Susan's field,
Blue Chicory shaded by Queen's Lace
A paradise revealed!

If you keep your eyes wide open,
As you travel on Life's highway,
It's there in one form or another,
God's Beauty is there every day.