

# CASTOR REVIEW

Vol. 4 No. 1

ONE CANADA

October 1980



FACES OF FUN AT THE METCALFE FAIR. SEE STORY PAGE 3.

Dennis McGann photo

## FUNNY MONEY TO MARK EMBRUN CELEBRATION

By Mark Bourne

Next year, Embrun will be stamping its own money.

Canadian money will still be accepted in village stores but during 1981 a special \$1 Embrun token will be de rigueur.

It's not illegal, it's not underhanded. It's all part of the village's 125th birthday celebration.

And that's just a small part. A village coat of arms will also be designed to commemorate the occasion.

Beginning in January there will be monthly events leading up to the main celebration at the end of June. From June 25 to July 1 daily festivities are scheduled and, on June 28, the birthday parade will roll.

July 1 will be a big day starting with a family picnic, entertainment in the afternoon and a fireworks display in the evening.

Terry Belisle and the anniversary committee have many activities planned to mark the occasion.

sion.

These include the creation of the coat of arms, the casting of the token and possible dedication of a pioneer monument.

The most ambitious project is the printing of a book depicting the history of Embrun from the first settlers to present day.

Historian Jean-Pierre Proulx is writing the book using material from provincial archives, interviews with older residents of the area and locally contributed

photographs. The book is now being typed and will be available next May.

Projects of this scope are not cheaply undertaken. To help offset the cost of printing the book Embrun has obtained a \$15,000 loan from Russell Township. Committee president Belisle an-

icipates no difficulty in repaying the loan.

A celebration of the magnitude requires a lot of legwork and Belisle has nothing but praise for the volunteer efforts of the community.

## \$100,000 D'Aoust Fire

By Thomas VanDusen

Arson is suspected in a \$100,000 fire at Henri D'Aoust Lumber, Embrun.

The fire broke out in the early morning hours Oct. 2 in the D'Aoust office and show-room and was confined by Embrun firemen to the office building.

Embrun fire chief Maurice Gregoire said the fire was well under way when firemen arrived at 2:45 am. and appeared to have broken out in more than one place.

Because of this and other indications the Embrun Fire Chief called for an official investigation. OPP constable Gilbert Deschenes

was on the scene and Marcel Lalonde of the Ontario Fire Marshall's office is leading the investigation.

Sixteen Embrun firemen prevented the fire from spreading to tinder-dry lumber in the yard. Two pumpers, a tanker truck and a service truck were on the scene until the fire was brought under control around four am. "We managed to save the office records and papers," Chief Gregoire said. "The building was also saved. The men did a terrific job, even though some were overcome by smoke." (See photo P. 3)



## Sidewalk Talk By Mark Van Dusen

### Duck Tails and Tall Tales

I got my first real taste of duck hunting recently; not far from the Castor, Lake St. Francis, down by Cornwall.

The lake is a widening of the St. Lawrence River, stretches east from the seaway city all the way to Valleyfield, a good long piece.

It's most famous for that plentiful and finny delicacy, Lancaster Perch. Lancaster is a village just inland but its neighbour, South Lancaster, is right on the lake. It's in this latter hamlet that Ian Macintosh runs the Lancaster Inn (they're that close, so what the heck).

Ian believes the perch are so extraordinarily succulent from the lake because of the abundance of snails which forms a large part of their diet. Whatever the reason, succulent they were when I got a taste of them at breakfast at the inn where I stayed for two days while observing the annual hunt.

I didn't do any actual shooting. Not that I'm against it, it's just what I get enough pleasure being in the outdoors, listening to the tall tales, getting into some serious jawing as well.

Ian's Inn is a cozy spot, hung with pictures of hunters and fishermen from the past. You know, the faded black and white one, make you wish you were there.

At the inn, he puts up a good number of visiting hunters this time of year, some from different spots south of the border. And from his marina, he puts them out on to the lake in search of the wild ducks.

Those reedy, island-dotted waters are a stopover for at least 15 different species of ducks on their migration south — blacks, redheads, bluebills, canvas backs, mallards, greys, shovellers and more.

I went out twice with Ian and his long-time hunting and fishing partner, Danny Bourdon. Danny used to guide others to the best spots for bagging ducks but now goes out mostly for himself (and for the 10 kids he has to feed).

The first time out, I found myself shivering in a duck blind, staring stupidly back at the stupidly-staring decoys while our only look at real ducks was a flock of black specks in the sunset.

That, it was quickly impressed upon me, is very much a part of the hunt. You don't just go out and baze crazily away until your shotgun barrel melts from the heat and the dead ducks pile up so heavily in the water you could skip home on them.

No, you watch and you wait and just as often as not you come home empty-handed. Then again,

as Ian and Danny agreed, bagging your limit (each hunter is allowed six per day and no more than 12 at a time in his freezer) is not the main incentive.

"The camaraderie, watching the birds on this miraculously-long journey each year, getting to know them and their habits, that's what it's really about," Ian said. "I often go out just to watch them, don't bring a rifle at all!"

Ian and Danny belong to Ducks Unlimited, an international group of conservation-minded hunters. Local hunters recently raised more than \$8,000 for the group.

And even when we went out the next morning and fell one duck short of bagging our limit, there seemed little wasteful about it, little offensive. For each one downed, many more got away. Wildlife experts agree that if the ducks were allowed to overpopulate they would soon die of starvation and disease.

Besides, hunting is as old as man himself, there is something compulsive, infecting about it to guys like Ian and Danny, it's their way of life.

And it's worth the tall tales. Sometime I'll tell you about them, if I ever get enough room.

## Pool Shack Ramshackle

The ramshackle building which serves as change room and storage area at the Russell Village swimming pool will soon have to be replaced at substantial cost.

That's the word from Dick Sherwood, chairman of the Recreation Association's pool committee, who said the building has been criticized by the Eastern Ontario Health Unit.

At the moment, there's no question of the plywood structure being condemned but the possibility looms on the horizon, Mr. Sherwood said.

The building was erected by volunteer labor as a Centennial project and time has caught up with it.

"It's seedy looking and inadequate," the chairman said. "Chemicals have to be stored in it and security is a continuing problem."

"There's no means for staff to control entry to the pool area. Guys in gum boots covered with cow muck wander in to pick up their kids."

Mr. Sherwood would like to see a concrete building similar to ones at Winchester and Chesterville erected at the Russell pool.

He estimated the cost at about \$20,000.

While the pool building is in disrepair, the quality of water was excellent during the past season. The water passed regular health unit tests with flying colors.

That's largely due to the installation of a \$4,000 filter system, part of the cost of which was covered by the Old-Time Music Makers.

The pool is popular with Russell residents; 8,565 swimmers went through the gates this summer.