

CASTOR COMMENT

They Who Serve

At a recent planning meeting in the Russell Arena, Reeve Gaston Patenaude reminded his audience that elections to the Township Council were slated for October.

"If you don't like what the members of the present council are doing," Reeve Patenaude said, "now is your chance to get rid of them."

Spoken like a man whose conscience is not only clear but filled with the assurance of a job well done. As far as the citizens of Russell Village are concerned, there is little to complain about in the way Reeve Patenaude has been handling his job.

In recent months, the village has had new sidewalks, street paving and considerable work done on the North Road. A beginning will be made shortly on the access road to 417 from Cochrane's corner. The Senior Citizen's Residence is well the way to completion and should be ready before Christmas. Not a bad record as far as this council is concerned.

The Castor Review has not been backward in demanding improvements for Russell and the Castor area. Nor shall we be any more hesitant in the future. We will continue to be vigorous, vehement and unrepentant in our determination to secure a just share for the taxpayers of this area.

Since it is the essence of democracy, it would be a healthy sign to have a good field contesting each and every council position. After all, participation is the surest indicator of a healthy community. We are certain the Reeve Patenaude and the other councillors would agree with that.

Whose Benefit

Church Street is an old, historic street in Russell Village. At one time a church stood on the corner and from this large, red brick building the street undoubtedly derived its name. The Anglican church rectory, Canon Legge incumbent, is on Church street going east from Concession; and this was formerly the residence of DeLacey Rombough, now occupied by the humble writer of this editorial.

Township council apparently has plans to drive Church Street through to the first concession road east of the village, providing a through way for trucks on their way to Embrun and Casselman. We venture to say this proposal, about which residents of the area have not been consulted, is of dubious benefit to the Village of Russell.

It will provide a most annoying hazard for folks — some 60 of them — in the Senior Citizens Residence. Certainly one of the factors in the choice by provincial authorities of the present location was its tranquillity. We wonder what the Ontario officials will think of a through truck road running past the front door of the Senior Citizens Residence, particularly if additional units are to be built in the future.

Welcome relief

New provincial trespass legislation comes as a welcome relief to farmers and other landowners who have had to put up with unwelcome visitors for years.

Most of these violations have come from sportsmen. And, while the sportsman deserves some sympathy, a man's home is his castle, his property his domain.

The new legislation increases fines for violators and diminishes liability to the landowner for injuries suffered by trespassers. The thrust is that trespassers suffer at their own risk provided the owner exercises reasonable care.

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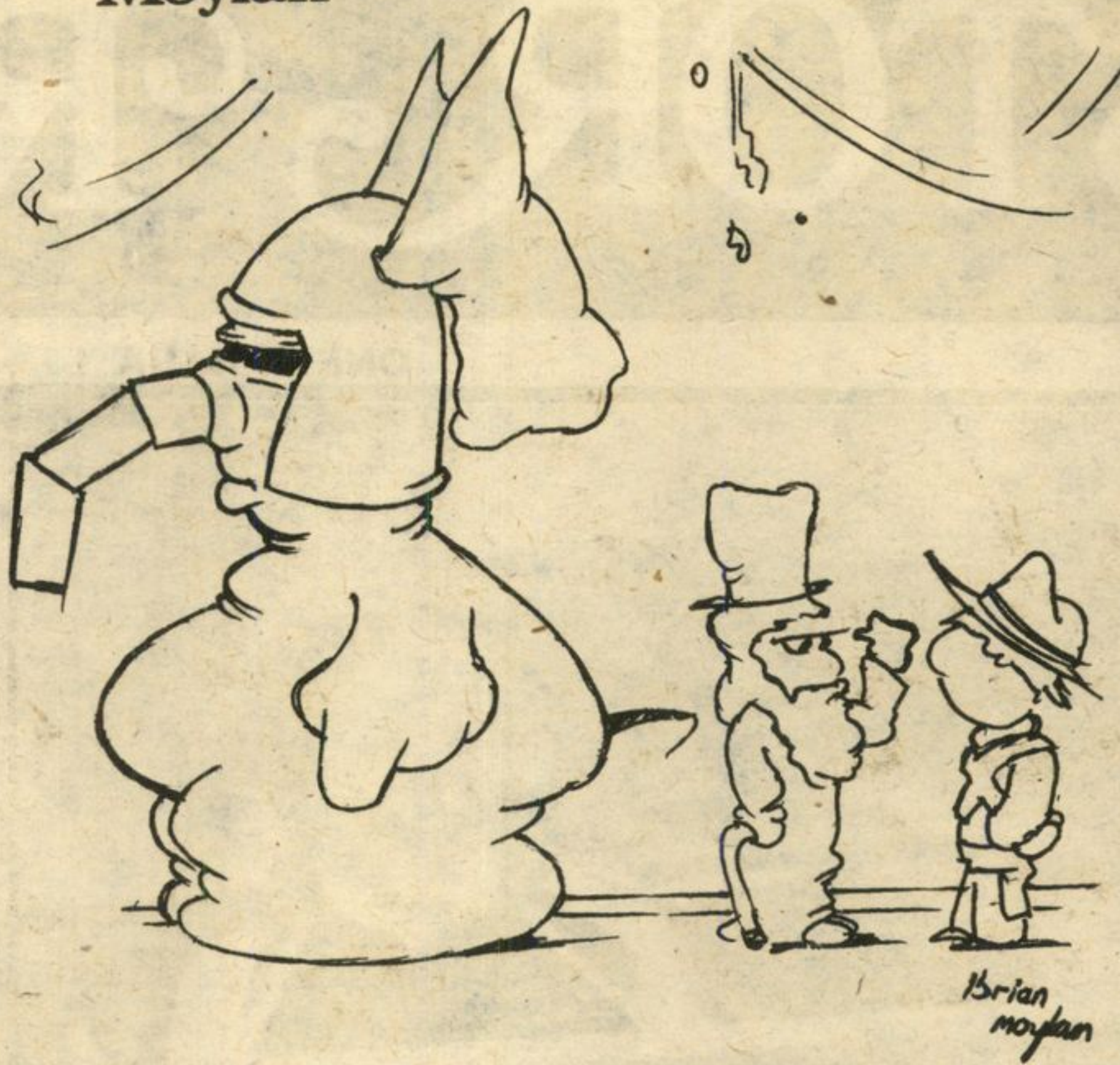
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EVERY HALLOWEEN IT'S THE
SAME THING ... DARTH ELEPHANT

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Beaver Bob

Oh for a Poe

Canada has no great literary tradition. No Edgar Allen Poe, no Mark Twain or Bret Harte, no Thackeray or Conrad or Dostoevsky.

Poe is known today by horror-movie fans as the man who conceived "The Fall of the House of Usher", "The Pit and the Pendulum", "Murders in the Rue Morgue" and a host of horror tales. Most tend to confuse him with Vincent Price.

As editor of the Southern Literary Messenger, Poe wrote trenchant and biting criticisms of the puffed up and pretentious literary figures of his day. He was literally born in a theatre trunk of illegitimate parentage. Like De Quincy and Coleridge he was a drug addict and an alcoholic.

The curious figure roaming the streets of ante bellum Richmond, cape flying in the wind, peering into a world of private fantasy whose horrors were known only to him is one that will live as long as literature lives.

Mark Twain was another weekly editor in the American West. He discovered that his tantrums and irritability were funny to others and that his memories of a Missouri boyhood spoke to people around the world. Stephen Leacock, of whom Canadians are rightfully proud, was inspired by him. Bret Harte's pieces on the California gold rush were relished by Eastern Americans, until Harte came east and found at close quarters his glamour and romance were no longer appreciated.

Stack up against these original, creative, authentic American figures, born in the womb of the time place in which they worked, without apology to man or beast, against the pale derivative figures of Mazo de la Roche and Gilbert Parker, gods of the Canadian literary pantheon and you see the difference between a thrusting, self-confident society rushing to explosive birth and a timid, creeping satellite nation.

Who is there to compare with Melville and Whitman, Hawthorne and Emerson and James and Longfellow? Of course, we have our Archibald Lampman and Bliss Carman and Duncan Campbell Scott. Some few of the things they did are unrivalled. Much of it can be passed over unnoticed. Charles G. D. Roberts and Ralph Connor, who made his way not far from here in Glengary County — are among our most authentic figures.

In this country, the writer, with one eye cocked on the Canada Council, the other on the waspish little men who do Globe and Mail reviews, is faced with the dual task of creating literary tradition while trying to live it.

CASTOR REVIEW OFFICE HOURS

The week of the
Castor Review
deadline, the office,
located at 97 Mill St.,
is open every evening
from 7:30 p.m. to 10:00
p.m., Monday after-
noon (deadline day)
from 2:00 p.m. to 4:00
p.m. and Saturday
morning. For informa-
tion call Jude McGann
at 445-3108.

Correspondence

Open Letter to Residents of Russell

On behalf of all members of the Russell Fire Department, I must air a complaint we have against the citizens of this community.

On Sept. 21 we received a call to a possible fire on the Forced Road. Our first responding apparatus was able to get to the fire scene with no trouble. However, our tanker truck did not have the same success.

The response to the fire scene by the village residents was overwhelming and, due to the weather conditions, the Forced Road became a one-lane road. Our tanker truck, as well as many of your firefighters, were stuck in a traffic jam almost one-quarter mile from the scene of the fire.

Fortunately, it was a minor fire that night — and the tanker truck was not required. Had it been needed, however, we would have been delayed getting to the scene.

We appeal to the citizens of Russell to use discretion when following our vehicles to a fire and let us have clear access to do the job we are trained to do.

Norman Inglis
Fire Chief
Russell Fire Department

Editor, Castor Review;

This was a 'sentimental journey' for my daughter Mary and I and her two little daughters. John and Florence Hudson are my husband's cousins.

Part of the Hudson homestead at Chelsea Que. has been claimed by the Provincial Government in order to allow a new highway to 'flow smoothly' along.

As Florence says "the new highway will come between the silo and the barn and right through the kitchen."

And so, the Hudson home, the old brick house with its timber window-sills and big, bright kitchen, which has heard the laughter and sorrow of five generations, bows to 'progress'.

Why? It tears me apart as though that road were going right through my heart! Such gentle people, methodically planning for the 'sale'. What is progress?

"The Sound of Beauty"

Florence ahead, John at the rear,
Mary and Sarah, Grandma and
Trish,
Bubbling sounds tell of water
near,
Our search for the creek fulfills
Mary's wish.

Tall yellow flowers, sunflower's
child,
"Watch your step," over logs
that rot!
John passes Sarah some blackber-
ries, wild;
Trish gathers 'Primrose' and
'Touch-me-not'.

Now we come to a flat-rock oasis,
Clear water tumbles and rushes
on;
Cameras immortalize happy faces,
Tales of the past, as we listen to
John —

"A popular place to wash the
car" —
"Let's think of a name", as we
turn for lunch,
The farm house beckons from
afar,
"The Sound of Beauty", is
Tricia's hunch.

Thyra Warner Hudson