

**FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD** — The Castor River, swollen by the fall runoff, gathers in a deep pool at the Kenmore bridge, before hurling itself in a mad dash through Russell Village. Before long, even this tranquil scene will be locked in by the iron fist of Winter. (Photo by Garey Ris)

## Break in artist at work

by Brenda Stewart

Two breakins have occurred in Russell in the last month according to Sgt. Fred Longchamps of the OPP in Casselman.

A stereo system, a television set and part of a dart game were among articles taken from the senior citizens' club according to Mildred Harrison, one of the members. So far nothing has been done about replacing the items.

Don's Gas Bar lost cigarettes and chips in its breakin, according to the OPP.

Two unsuccessful breakin attempts were made on Loral's Home Hardware and Tyo's Red and White. In both cases the person breaking in was scared away before he could enter the premises.

Sgt. Longchamps says he would not be surprised if the breakins were all done by one person.

"We have some idea who it is, but we have no proof. The minute we have proof, he'll be in here."

### Contributors

We suggest that material for the special Christmas issue be forwarded early. We are looking for poems, drawings, photos, stories and articles embodying the Christmas spirit. Make sure of getting your Christmas Castor Review.

### Advertisers

The Castor Review will publish a special Christmas issue, chock-full of poems, photos, stories, news, recipes and other good things for adults and kids alike. We would appreciate having pre-Christmas ads early.

# CASTOR REVIEW

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## The Sting

### The bees' knees for Greely cow

by Linda Kessler

"After 70 stings, she is still alive but has a long way to go," said Greely farmer, Andy Shields. He was referring to his cow.

The first grade Holstein heifer apparently lay on a beehive sometime during the night of Oct. 16. The front and hind legs, hips and chest were heavily stung.

The skin on all these areas is now lifting, leaving the raw hide exposed. Mr. Shields' concern is that if the hair does not grow back before the onset of winter, the cow may die from the cold.

The case is further complicated because the cow is expected to calve in late March of next year. Veterinarian Dr. A.C. Ratwell, examined the cow Oct. 28 and said the calf was still alive.

Mr. Shields who is allergic to bee stings, is pretty sure the calf will survive: "Usually if the calf is all right after nine days it will live."

Mr. Shields' biggest fear is that the Humane Society will have the cow destroyed: "We are doing everything possible to save her and I don't think she is suffering. She has lost a lot of weight, but she is eating and drinking well."

The accident has blocked the sale of the cow, as the meat may be poisoned. The lost sale will cost about \$1,250. But Mr. Shields says it's part of being a farmer.

"You learn early in this business that 'you can't sell your losses, only your profits'."

## Bruno Beefs

with Bruno Santilli

**Editor's note: Politicians take cover!**

Starting this issue, the Castor Review introduces a new column which pierces the heart of political two-facedness, kicks the pants of public apathy.

It's straight from the hip, no holds barred. It's Bruno Santilli, well-known local pizza pro and submarine sandwich savant.

And, from here on in, Bruno's Beefs will cut to the quick of the democratic nerve as sharply as his knife slices through the meat on his cutting board.

Shudder!

We the Canadian people demand knowledge in every respect of our existence as a nation and a people. We wish to participate in every transaction that is relevant to our future survival no matter how trivial it seems.

Once you read the preceding paragraph you will ponder the immense paper work in carrying such an assignment and the bother, of course, to ourselves.

I agree that it would occupy some of our free times. Answer this to yourself: If you had a roof that leaked would you not repair it or hire someone to repair it? I believe the majority would answer yes. How it is then that we watch idly as politicians on every level do just as they please once they have a mandate?

Do we not see the signs? We Canadians are on the verge of total collapse. How can you stand and watch without a single utterance of disbelief in the way our affairs are handled.

Let us participate in progressing this nation to the greatness that can be achieved.

### Scouts, Cubs, Brownies, Girl Guides

An attempt is being made to inject some life into the movement founded by Lord Baden Powell which has become listless in the Russell area. Anyone interested in any way should call Bob Girvan, 225-1212, or Paul Hart, 445-5531.

## Sidewalk Talk

By Mark Van Dusen



### Let's go nuts

And now peanuts. Has it really come to this?

For the past decade we've been slapped and slapped again with price hikes in oil, electricity, housing, eggs, bread, milk, socks, shorts, shirts, cumquats, lettuce...the sting goes on and on.

And now the ultimate ignominy, peanuts.

We're told because of an early frost somewhere in the Southern States much of the peanut crop has been spoiled.

Well I don't care what the excuse is, I'm tired of excuses. In fact, I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to take it any more. I can't even dip into a jar of peanut butter without it costing me fifty cents a glob.

So here's what we're going to do. We're going to grow our own peanuts right here in the Castor, we're going to beat the system, show those peanut pitchmen south of the border that we're not going to shell out any more.

Here's the plan. But first let me say that it will take the par-

ticipation of every man, woman and child in the Castor.

What has to be done is this. Get yourselves some unhusked peanuts (you probably have loads left over from Halloween). We don't have the climate, you say. Chicken poosh, I say.

Bed yourself some earth in the basement, hang some grow lights, crack the kernels from the shells (these are seeds like anything else) and plant them about an inch deep. If we do this together and we do it now, by spring there will be peanut vines sprouting in every dwelling from Morewood to Greely, Metcalfe to Limoges.

Think of the possibilities. In no time we'll have a flourishing factory bottling peanut butter under the Castor label. We'll employ several hundred people, the economy will soar. Our peanuts, because they will be grown in controlled climates, will be plumper, sweeter, they'll be known far and wide. We'll put the big, money-hungry nuts out of business.

Let's do it. People of the Castor, go nuts!

## X marks the spot

The municipal elections will be held Nov. 10.

But if you live in the Castor area, the X you cast is not going to decide the top spot on any of the three local township councils.

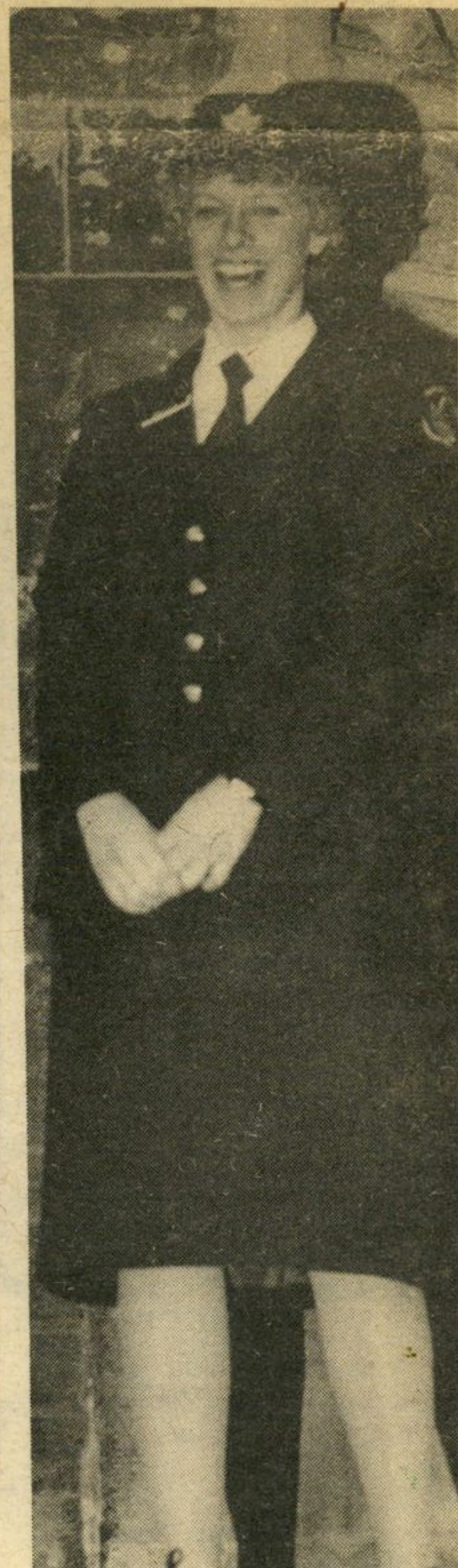
All three Reeves in Russell, Osgoode and Winchester have been acclaimed, so have the deputy-reeves in two of those townships.

In fact, Osgoode is, pat; all of the five members of council waltz-

ed in. But, while that relieves voters there of any hard decisions, one retired councillor bitingly warns that they must not be complacent.

In Russell, a total of seven candidates are grappling for the three open spots on council. And, in Winchester, there is also a wide-open race, including a two-way match for deputy-reeve.

Details on page 7.



### LOOK AT ME

Russell's Rose Marie Bols has every reason to smile. As one of three young ladies to be appointed to the Protective Staff of the House of Commons — the first women in history to be named to provide security for MP's — she represents a historical breakthrough in the men-only Parliamentary tradition. One of Rose Marie's problems may be that too many men will want to be arrested! (Photo Mike Van Dusen).