

# CASTOR COMMENT

## Fifty weeks since

Only two weeks until Christmas. Think of it. To put it another way, only fifty weeks since Christmas. Think of that!

The arrival of Christmas is being viewed on the Castor this year without the usual mixture of bitterness, animosity and jealous rivalry. Some have even been heard to say it may be a good thing.

We have never been against Christmas. Our only complaint is that it comes at the wrong time of the year, like winter. If winter came in the summertime, it wouldn't be half as bad.

There are people who would give up all this to spend Christmas in places like Florida or the Caribbean. Think of it! The beautiful, sparkling snow. The giant drifts on 417, where you need a conning tower and periscope. The warm fireplace, the roasting chestnut. Hands up, anyone who's had a roasted chestnut in the last ten years. Peanuts don't count. Give up all this? Not likely. The soft tinkle of the bells. What bells? There hasn't been a horse and cutter around here since 1921.

They give up all this — the furnace that suddenly stops, always at 2 a.m. and only when its twenty below. They give it up for some kind of a condominium apartment on a beach somewhere, within sight of the Gulf Stream or the Caribbean, the rustling of the palms, the sun on a golden beach, the soft tinkling of ice cubes in a glass.

Give up all this for that? The lucky stiffs!

## Ward system?

The result of the municipal election has been to leave the Village of Russell without resident representation on the Township Council.

Len Marion is a good councillor and can be expected to take an interest in the affairs of Russell but his first concern will naturally be the community he comes from.

The situation which leaves a village of 1,700 without adequate representation illustrates the inefficiency of the present municipal system of representation. Anybody, from anywhere in the township can vote for any or all of the candidates for councillor. This is an exercise in negative democracy.

A ward system should be introduced in order to give adequate and continuing representation to every area and prevent the kind of result we have just witnessed.

## Patriotism not odious

There has been a growing tendency toward fragmentation in Canada. First the Quebec referendum, then the Newfoundland off-shore oil controversy, and now Western alienation.

Nepean-Carleton P.C. Member Walter Baker sympathizes with Ontario citizens who want a steady supply of oil at a reasonable price. But he feels that Ontario and Quebec are prepared to adjust to higher prices, as most industrial countries have had to do.

Mr. Baker regrets that Prime Minister Trudeau's failure to reach an acceptable compromise on oil-pricing policy will damage the Canadian manufacturing industry. But he believes the rage of Westerners should be directed at the Trudeau government rather than at the people of eastern Canada.

And he is right. Surely the main thing all Canadians should remember is our common heritage of freedom and equality. The word "patriotism" may be odious to some, but it remains an essential part of being Canadian.

# CASTOR REVIEW

"One Canada"

Box 359, Russell, Ontario

Editor: Tom Van Dusen  
Associate: Mark Van Dusen  
Sports: Jack McLaren, Editor, 445-2131; Gary Ris, Columnist 445-2069.

News: Suzanne Schroeter, 445-5709.  
Photographs: Suzanne Veh.

Advertising: — Jude McGann 445-3108.

Subscriptions: Freddi Rodier, 445-2805.  
Bookkeeper: Joan Van Dusen, 445-2080.

Coming events: Jude McGann

Second Class Mail Registration  
No. 4218 ISSN 0707 — 4956

Submissions preferably typed, double-spaced are welcomed, publishable at the discretion of the editor.

Published by Castor Publishing, Russell, Ontario.

President: Thomas W. Van Dusen.

Subscription rate: \$3.50 a year; \$4.50, out-of-country.

Printed by Performance Printing, Smiths Falls.

NEXT DEADLINE  
JAN. 12  
NEXT ISSUE  
JAN. 24

STAFF MEETING  
DEC. 18



# Beaver Bob

## Christmas is Christmas

Christmas is Christmas anywhere, but Christmas in the country has a peculiar quality of its own. When you step outside on Christmas eve, the stillness grabs you. The stars are pin-pricks of golden light in the blue-black sky. The sharp-edged cutouts of the trees worship Heaven in their own way. There is a singing in the night in which the heavens and stars seem to join.

Sometimes a moving light indicates a man-made star, a satellite, tracing its puny course across the universe, even less significant than the balsa rafts which marked the first migrants by sea.

If you are fortunate enough to be near a village, the church steeples in the falling snow send up their own special appeal under the stars.

Memories stir, the jingle of bells, the clip-clop of forgotten hooves, the swish of runners in the

snow. Up in the morning by lamplight, putting on winter woolies and heavy boots, out to the barn for the chores still had to be done; and wasn't there something symbolic about hay and straw and the smell of the animals on a Christmas morning?

Of course, Christmas was the climax. Before Christmas there was the journey to town on the train with Dad and Mum, to pick up presents. The fairy land of crowded department stores, the jostling shoppers on the street with sparkling eyes and smiling faces, not worrying about the money they were spending, just thinking about the pleasure it would bring. These strange folk who got on big, red streetcars and

rattled off to their homes on the outskirts, where Christmas carols came pouring in from the table radios and the tree stood sparkling in the corner.

In the country, you got a toboggan and an axe and went out to the woodlot and cut down a nice spruce or fir for Christmas. Sometimes trees looked better in the woods than the living room and you had to go back more than once to get one that sat just right. However, it was worth it when Christmas Day came and everyone gathered, warm and snug round the table with its glistening, golden turkey and cranberries and red wine and pull-crackers with fortunes inside them.

Church services were an important part of the observation of Christmas and it was then, wading through the snow, with the sound of the old carols ringing in one's memories, that present, past and future seemed to come together for one blinding moment in the world's story. A moment that came back each year. Christmas was Christmas. And still is. God Bless us, everyone!

# Bruno Beefs

With Bruno Santilli

I think that some knowledge of me by the reader, as well as issues which will be tackled to be able to reach a certain plateau are imperative.

I have been a Canadian citizen for 15 years. I love the beauty of this land as well as its people. I am proud to be counted among them.

At present my wife and I operate the Feed Store Pizzeria and Maria and Bianca's Gift and Variety Store and enjoy serving the community we live in.

Although I did not remain long in school, I have a need to follow political issues the same as sports fans require to follow their particular sport.

I do not long for a political career but do want my rights as a citizen and taxpayer respected. The only way to guarantee this is not to be shy about voicing my opinion.

Issues which we will cover are, our trade policies, government measures against inflation and unemployment, government spending, foreign aid and immigration policies.

Harmony within the governing bodies i.e., Federal vs. provincial; provincial and municipal.

In other words, we will cover everything from soup to nuts.

For the people who desire to become involved and hopefully

help get the country back to the people as equity rather than a mortgaged asset, write to me. Box 520, Russell, KOA 3B0.

## POETS OF THE... CASTOR

### COMPARISON

Many a night  
Have I lain by your side,  
Recalling fond memories  
Of our encounter.  
I know that sometimes  
Our devotion for each other  
Is diminished by our burdens  
But just a moment longer  
And eternity will be  
Within our grasp.  
Ponder but for only an instant  
The expanse of the universe,  
And know the depth of my desire.  
Listen to the stillness  
Feel its intensity,  
And know my love.  
Sleep my love  
Do not let my hand  
Waken you  
As it slowly travels over your  
breast,  
To feel your heart beat  
So that it may rejoice  
Just like an infant  
From its mother's  
Touch and laughter.

—Bruno Santilli

### Christmas Eve

Slowly, slowly falls the snow  
On Christmas Eve,  
Past the old church tower,  
Rising like a ship where  
The snow falls softly in the night  
Gently whispering of days that used to be;  
Laughter rises easily  
On Christmas Eve,  
Echoing under winking stars  
And trees burdened with a canopy of snow;  
Laughter rises and floats in the air  
Playing a tune on the icicles hanging from the eaves  
Of the old, red brick church  
Where light glows softly through coloured panes  
And the snow falls softly down  
And laughter rises  
And echoes under the stars  
And the moon is early abed  
Like a Roman coin in the glittering sky.

—Thomas Van Dusen

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