



Beaver Bob

The Village of Russell became engulfed in a frightful paroxysm of cultural spasmodics recently when a prominent section of the population flung itself into Benny's Hotel with a view to eyeballing a curious and provocative phenomenon known as a male-stripper.

Days and even weeks later, this cataclysmic visitation was still being talked about with bated breath and upward rolling eyes.

The impact was considerable on the female population of the town. Without being sexist, we have to admit there is a female population which numbers, roughly half of the male population. In Russell, we have it on reliable authority, there is nothing in between.

A definite fluttering was noted among the ladies of the Castor Capital in the days preceeding the above-noted phenomenon. It is understood, we trust, that we are attempting to report these events in the most tasteful manner possible in keeping with a family periodical.

In spite of everything Benny could do to keep it quiet, word got around that Mister Big was coming to Russell and on the appointed night, both Mill Street and Concession Road were jammed with cars. The crowd was made up of a surprising number of ladies, some of them quite respectable. They appeared to be in search of enlightenment.

Most of the ladies surged into Benny's Bar, sometimes known as

a lounge, where the catastrophe was about to take place, while the males rather sheepishly went to the other side where they could drink quietly and at the same time be apprised by occasional scouts of what was going on.

Well, it was more excitement than the last blow-up of Mount St. Helen. Our correspondent was so overcome that he crept out on hands and knees apologizing profusely to the assembled ladies for having had a mother.

As he struggled into the room where the males were assembled gloomily, shaking their heads and uttering uncouth interjections, he heard a voice from the ladies cry out, "Well, I never!" Various other exclamations, such as "Laws a mercy!",

Fluttering females

"Hi-diddle-diddle" and similar folk pronouncements drifted out of the lounge where the ladies were in a state of rapt stupefaction at the sight of something they had heard so much about and seldom encountered.

One noted Russellite, frequently encountered on the street, said in the hearing of our correspondent, "Russell doesn't need this." Apparently, the ladies thought otherwise. Some were quite overcome. Those who fainted or collapsed were simply left lying at their places, so as not to disturb the others.

This event took place on a Thursday night. By Saturday, Russell had almost returned to normal. There were a few ladies on the street Friday. On Saturday

those that one encountered, walked by with averted faces. Most of the males had a sneer of defiance on their rugged but homely faces.

Nevertheless, the stripper got out of town without an accident. He said that the reception he got in Russell was bigger than anything he encountered anywhere else.

One Russell male summed up the attitude of the male population, a mixture of uneasiness and built-in obsolescence.

"I don't like the way my wife looks at me, since that male stripper did his stuff."

"She just shakes her head sadly."

Next to the early spring breakup, this was the biggest thing to hit town this year.

Neighbors

by
Julie Van Dusen

Jack Tyo — almost never burnt

Hey Squirrely! how's fishin? Caught any pickerel? This is not tavern talk of two men over a beer, but the words of a man in the midst of his day's work.

Jack Tyo, 43-year-old proprietor of Russell's Red and White general store, knows his customers. "Sometimes I feel like a bartender" says Mr. Tyo. "People often tell me their problems. I know pretty well everyone in this town" says the heavy-set bearded shopkeeper.

Unlike his city counterparts, Mr. Tyo cashes checks, and at times gives credit. "I've never really been burnt, well maybe a couple of hundred a year, but even that's pretty rare", he concedes.

Mr. Tyo lives about five miles from work in the town of Embrun. He bought the 100-year-old store three years ago, and proudly

declares that he's tripped the last owner's earnings. This isn't due to sheer luck, but to an extensive background that spans 23 years, and began in his hometown of Cornwall.

Mr. Tyo's store is open twelve hours a day, seven days a week. He devotes more than twice the amount of time to his job than the average civil servant. "I love the fact that I'm under very little pressure, and there is never anyone looking over my shoulder."

Though the hours are long, Mr. Tyo says the days go by very quickly. His customers and the more than 20 suppliers he deals with daily allow for little leisure time. "When it's not too busy though, I sometimes slip out for a couple of hours, and either fish or play a little golf". Mr. Tyo's four children also assist their father in

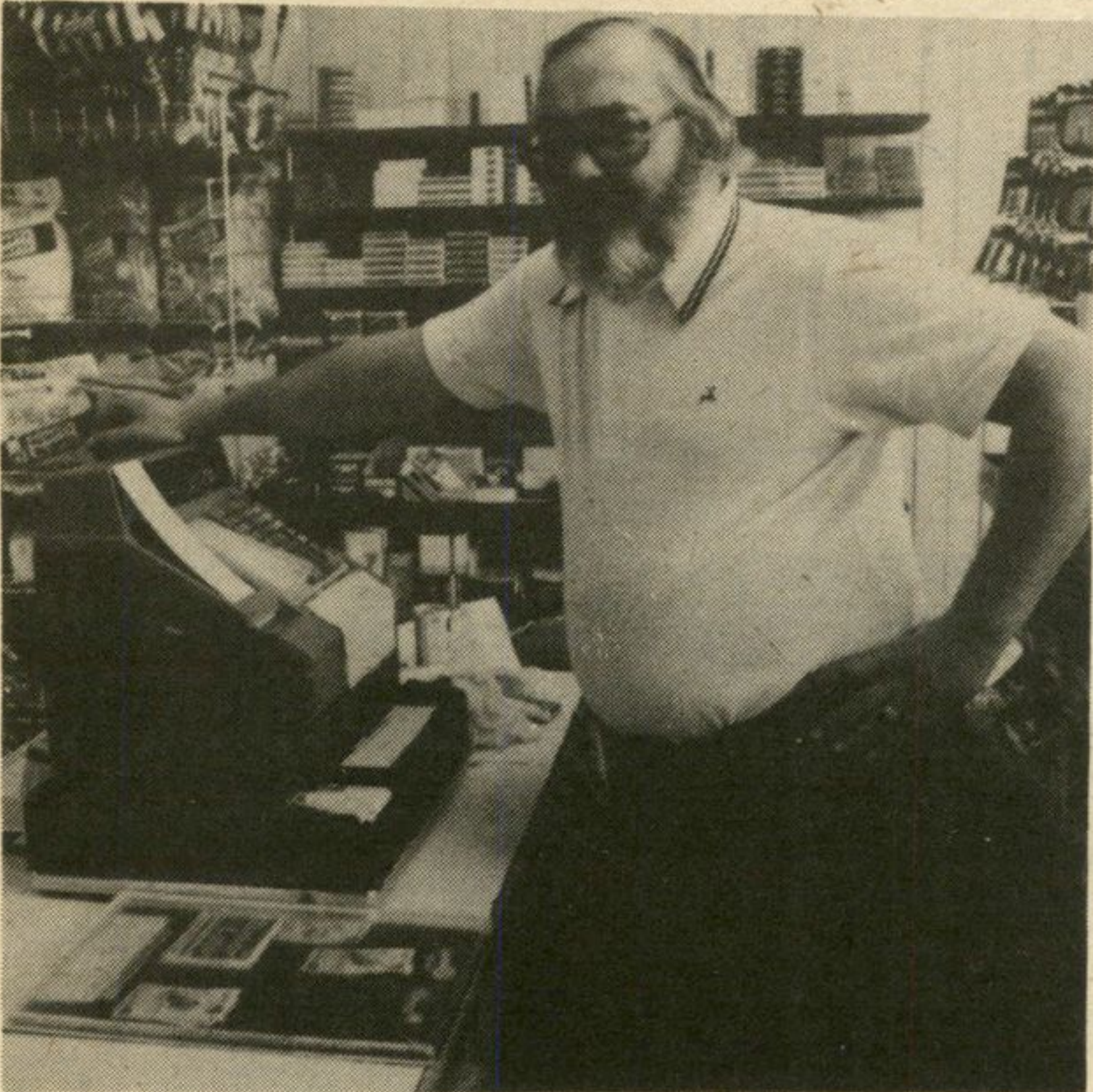
their spare time. His eldest son Jean-Paul, is part-owner, and will no doubt take over the business when his father retires.

In the course of an hour, there was a steady stream of customers, many wanting fresh meat that Mr. Tyo cuts himself on the butcher's block at the back of the store. Cleavers and knives of various sizes and large saw bedeck the bright yellow wall. Tyo chops away while the sound of country and western music wafts from the back supply room.

Once the meat is cut, he marches some fifty feet to the cash at the front of the store, all the while chatting away with his customers. He finds this aspect most appealing about the job. "I never really get sick of being nice to people" he says. "Part of the gratification of this job, is knowing that my customers are satisfied with the service".

"People in the country expect more than city people, and they usually get it." He recounts the time a woman called him at home on Christmas day, wanting to know if he would open the store so she could buy some detergent for her new dishwasher. He did.

Mr. Tyo's accommodating disposition obviously pays off, his business is thriving and he loves his work. "If I had to do it all over again", he concedes, "I wouldn't change a thing".



Jack Tyo

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