

Comment

Ian's Shaggy Dog story...

By Ian Darragh

'Tis the season when the sump pumps are working overtime, mud gets into everything, and a young dog's fancy turns to roaming the streets. "If dogs run free, then why not me?" Bob Dylan asked in one of his pre-brain-again Christian songs. Was he thinking of Russell Township?

On a fine Sunday in March I took my brother-in-law and sister-in-law out to show them the sights and sounds of the village of Russell. First stop was the outhouse sitting in two inches of

water on the ice of the Castor River.

After marvelling at this wonder, we continued over the village's puddle-filled byways and backstreets. At almost every corner our arrival and departure was signalled by a hue and cry raised by the various breeds, shapes and sizes of the village's canine population.

At one farm just out of the village, a large doberman pinscher rushed to the edge of his driveway to give us a hair raising "welcome" to his territory. The

sight of a black doberman, saliva dripping from his thin lips, always brings to mind a Clint Eastwood movie, where he is pursued by a pack of the howling beasts.

Just as we thought this doberman was going to make us a gift of his dental impression on our shins, his mistress, in her dressing gown, poked her nose out around her door and called "Rover" in. He trotted back down the drive, placid as a kitten.

Back in the village, just as my sister-in-law was recovering from the doberman, a large black

mongrel leaped over a fence onto the street and rushed us. He bared his fangs and kept coming, even after we turned to face him and shouted at him to back off. He looked like he had a bad case of the munchies which Gravy Train or Gainesburgers weren't going to satisfy.

Once again the owner intervened, just as the mongrel was within a foot of my ankle, and I was thinking about where to go for rabies shots.

After that we made it home safely, except for being barked at by a dirty white poodle near the Legion Hall. Our pleasant little Sunday walk had become like a stroll through an SPCA dog pound.

We were beginning to feel like convicts on the run from Joyceville, tracked in hot pursuit by a posse of bloodhounds. Dogs challenged us on every street corner.

"Dog-gone it, old chap, Russell's gone to the dogs," my brother-in-law muttered as we went inside. "I can see why there's no door-to-door mail delivery," my sister-in-law quipped. "A postman wouldn't last more than two hours — his pant cuffs would be in shreds and he'd need an ankle transplant."

The moral of this shaggy dog story? It is against the law for dog owners to let their pets run free. The township by-law officer, Gerry Belisle, wants to hear about any stray dogs that have bothered you or your children. He can be reached at 443-3066.

By the way, the fine for not tying up Rover is \$50. Not a vast sum, but it still buys a few cases of beer. Also, dogs which roam the countryside often chase deer. Or they pick up rabies. Then the dog has to be destroyed. And some poor kid may have to undergo a painful series of rabies injections.

Castor Earl

Spring is springin'

Spring is springin' and ol' Earl is comin' out of hiber...hib...wakin' up and rarin' to go. Rarin', I tell ya.

Maybe it was all them bells clangin' their fool heads off up on Parli..Parla...the Hill that finally woke this ol' boy out of a deep winter's sleep. Maybe it was just the hunger pangs.

Weren't that some spectacle what with them bells ringin' day in and day out and everybody payin'



no never mind. That was the best dang show they had there for years.

How do I know spring is near? Well, it ain't 'cause I saw a crocus and it ain't 'cause the geeses are flying overhead. When you're a Russeller true blue like yours truly and bluely, there's only one way you know spring is comin' for sure.

That's when the little S.H.I.T. house is almost through the ice.

I've been watchin' that house real close lately and all the signs are there. The snow around 'er is all but gone and there's a little puddle shapin' up around 'er.

Pretty soon — maybe even before you read this thing which will make me feel like a dang jerk — she'll be listin' over to one side there and settlin' through the ice.

But I wonder if she'll ever get down to the red line where she'll have to get before someone wins the lottery. Seems to me the water's too shallow right there behind Bruno's and she'll hit bot-tom before the line goes under.

Anyhow, whichever way she goes it'll be better than last year when the blue S.H.I.T. house went down it seems like 15 minutes after she was put on the ice and ain't been heard about since.

By the way, whoever said you couldn't write S.H.I.T. in the paper.

Letters

Thanks

I would like to thank you for providing us with a chance to sell more tickets for our Sure Hope It Tips Lottery through your insertion of a photograph and caption in *The Castor Review's* last edition.

I would like to point out that the tickets cover a half hour period rather than the 15 minutes you mentioned.

Tickets are still available.

Charles J.G. Verge
Treasurer
Russell Figure
Skating Club

I'm disappointed

I wish to congratulate you and your staff on your publications of *The Castor Review*. I have always enjoyed them in the past as I am sure I will in the future. However, I am writing you this letter to express a disappointment I had in your last issue.

There was no coverage on the Official Opening of our new Curling Club. Being Chairman Club. Being Chairman of the Building committee and I am sure I speak on behalf of one hundred plus, Curling and Agricultural Society members, in saying that we are all very proud of our facilities and we were looking for some publicity.

This building has been financed by the aid of the Wintario Program and a lot of hard work and monetary donations by members, friends and organizations, and not like many of such programs in this Township thrown to the Council so as to add it to Municipal Taxes and increase our Township debt.

The night of our Official Opening we had people representing the Royal Caledonian Curling Assoc. from Montreal with us along with

representatives from Curling Associations in Ottawa, and Presidents from neighbouring Curling Clubs to name a few.

Trust I am not being too harsh but I was disappointed.

Looking forward to your next issue.

Yours truly,
Keith M. Boyd
Russell

Good luck

Dear Castor Review:

Reference to your article on the recreation association in the February 1982 edition of the *Castor Review*.

Good idea; good luck; but watch out for potential "conflicts of interest" ie: one person or one person's spouse wearing more than one hat, will cause/has caused, the R.A. problems in objectively establishing priorities/making decisions.

As a former taxpayer and member of the R.A. Board, I witnessed a few examples of the aforementioned from a frustrated

corner.

Suggestion: Incorporate a "conflict of interest" clause into the revised constitution, ie: if A is a board member of the R.A., his/her spouse cannot hold an executive or Board of Director's position in any such committee, which receives funding from the R.A.

There are lots of capable people in Russell to occupy the many positions of power on those committees.

Keith Boothe,
Amherst, N.S.

I agree


Please find enclosed my cheque for a year's subscription to the *Castor Review*. Having been born and raised in Russell, I take great interest and enjoyment in reading *The Castor Review* whenever it is sent to me by relatives.

I agree one hundred per cent with your article in the February issue that the last thing we (as readers) want to see is the death of this worthwhile project.

George Martel
Winnipeg, Man.

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HELP

This letter is for people who want to get involved in the paper.

We'd like you to consider lending a hand. In one of four ways:

ONE:

Municipal Council Reporter — This is a fancy title but it's a job that really needs doing. Somebody simply has to keep an eye on our municipal politicians. This requires a bilingual person. We don't expect that person to walk in and know everything that's happening. We all learn together.

The person who assumes this position will be smothered with affection. Guaranteed.

TWO:

River Writer — Anyone interested in doing some work on the Castor River? What it is, where it comes from, where it's going, what can be done to improve its quality.

We have a series of articles on the river planned — leading up to a public meeting to be held in this area by the South Nation River Authority (this summer). We already have stacks of research material on hand (historical, wildlife, agricultural, etc.) on the watershed area.

We need a researcher and/or writer willing to stick with this topic for a while and pull all this info together.

We think it should make very interesting reading.

THREE:

Sports Writer/Photographer — Our intrepid Gary Ris had his camera stolen recently (in Ottawa) and took that as a sign — that it's time he took a break. Now we need someone to help Jack McLaren fill our sports pages.

It's a great way to meet new people and get in, free, to sports events. No experience necessary. Free pizza on paste-up night.

FOUR:

General, all-round, good folks — Meaning anyone interested in joining this group of cuddly people back of Bruno's.

We need any help you can offer — if only moral support.

It's been a long winter and we're losing enthusiasm. Please give this serious thought. *The Castor Review* hasn't realized its potential but, with your help, it can come a helluva lot closer.

If you're interested in helping out, please give me a call at 445-3108. Quick. Do it now, don't think about it any longer.

On behalf of all of us,

dennis

Dennis McGann,
Editor

The Castor Review