

Comment

Bring water to Russell

Embrun is to have a water system costing \$5.1 million, of which the municipality's share is \$1.3 million. The water is to be piped from Marion's quarry south of the village. It would appear reasonable, since many Russell householders have water pipes already installed, that the system should be extended to Russell.

When sewers were put into Russell, many householders elected to install water pipes for a moderate extra cost. These pipes are in place, ready to be connected to water lines. It would have been intelligent and certainly a saving of cost if water pipes had been installed at the same time as the sewer pipes. In any case, serious consideration should be given at both the provincial and municipal level, to extending the water service to Russell at this time.

Living in the past

There was something sad about the pitiful little exhibition held in Hull during the Constitutional ceremonies in the Capital to demonstrate the Parti Quebecois' disdain for the Royal Visit and Constitutional Proclamation.

A handful of people gathered to hear Jacques-Yvan Morin, at one time the darling of the young Quebec intellectuals, as he elaborated on the wrongs and grievances of the province.

It is an old, familiar song; and one that René Levesque had decided to drop for a while. Since his abysmal performance at the Constitutional Conference a few months ago, Levesque has reverted to the past, the old slogan, "We were robbed", the cry for a separate nation.

There was no way Levesque could accept a Constitution for Canada and retain his status as a separatist leader, a proposal in which he obviously doesn't believe. After being rudely rebuffed by his own party at a convention, Levesque has now gone back to militant separatism to satisfy the die-hards who, fortunately, are fewer and fewer in number.

The absurd P.Q. performance was scarcely noticed amid the triumph of the Royal occasion and wouldn't be worth mentioning except for the fact that it represented a thinly-veiled insult to all those French Canadian performers who took part in the festivities at the National Arts Centre and who added such lustre to the occasion. They were there as Canadians and proud to be there.

Mr. Levesque is following a tortured and sinister course of political opportunism. He held a referendum in his province which he said would be decisive. The referendum overwhelmingly rejected separation. Mr. Levesque is flogging a dead horse and losing considerable stature in his own province. He will not be around after the next election, if the Liberal party can find a leader in whom Quebecers can have confidence.

From my kitchen window...

No more bare feet

By Maria Darragh

Both my husband and I have steadfastly maintained an aversion to wearing shoes in the house. Shoes are for going out — away from the home.

Also I've always been afraid of trampling on either one of our two toddlers who seem to spend most of their on-duty hours worshipping the floor.

Lately, however, instead of going about in stocking-feet, we've begun to wear thick soled shoes at all times in the house. It's become a matter of self-defence.

We discovered the soles of our wooly socks were encrusted with the debris of food languishing on the floor after each meal. Even after we'd taken our socks off they still retained the shape of our feet.

Somehow in spite of best intentions we've failed as yet to inspire in our two sons a Victorian respect for table manners. As a result, the table, their chairs and the floor are invariably covered in a mosaic of some of my best cooking efforts.

I used to sneer at my mother-in-law's oft-told story of how, at the end of each day, she had to get my father-in-law to take a chisel to the various hardened droppings my husband and his brother had coaxed off their plates on to the floor. Now that the chickens have come to roost I can see the foolhardiness of my attitude. We feel a little like Philistines

stomping about the house in our heavy footwear. (My size nine doesn't allow me to be delicate about it.) It sure is nice, though, not to feel the unique sensation of stepping on a well-chewed, slightly regurgitated piece of whole wheat bread which has been lavishly spread with peanut butter.

This phase is supposed to pass so I've been consoled. In the meantime, I keep hoping the Emily Post foundation will put out a children's book of etiquette appropriately illustrated and all. There is a lot to be said, though, for the good old hound dog method. One lick and it's all gone. Maybe we should get a dog.

The Castor Review

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Right off the top, thank you, thank you ... First, thanks to our new typists Lynn Ransome and Mary Ann Lauzon who came roaring in on a Saturday morning with nimble fingers, cheerful smiles and warm hearts (hope your neck gets better, Lynn) ... also thanks to Connie Scharf who would have been a typist but was diverted to dig up old photographs for us ... and thanks to all those who donated to keep this little paper going ... we think we'll make it — especially now that Spring keeps promising ... before going any further, here's the crew this month:

Marc Belanger (News) 445-3252; Jack McLaren (Sports) 445-2131; Donna Nordenstrom (For Kids) 445-2936; Barbara Overall (Grist) 821-1155; Tom Van Dusen (Comment) 445-5770; Lola Wood (Horse Bits) 445-2976; Greg Rokosh (Recreation) 445-2874; Eileen Hamelin (Calendar) 445-5335; Gillian Rokosh (Circulation) 445-2874; Ian Darragh (Photographs) 445-3092. Also here with us were Collen Petry, Maria Darragh, Bruno Santilli — and a rousing welcome to our new municipal council reporter Jean Desrochers ... and, no one who looks through this issue will miss the fact that Kathy Kelsey has been clicking her shutters on your behalf ... over in his Greely darkroom, Phill Potter exposed his enlarger for us all ... Tommy Van Dusen came in on paste-up night (the only time there's pizza). Connie Belanger hung in to the end ... oh yeah, so did little Kit Collins the mauve maurader ... well, the pizza's almost here, so it's gd'nite from us ...

Next meeting and deadline: May 19

Next issue: May 28



A male cardinal samples the goodies at a birdfeeder in Metcalfe. Birdwatchers report cardinals are becoming more and more common along the Castor. Kathy Kelsey photo

Beaver Bob

Does anyone remember February 14, 1957? A day that will live in infamy. On that day, the New York Central train passed through Russell and Embrun for the last time, to mark forever the end of the line and the end of a way of life.

The end of leisure, the end of dignity, the end of comfort.

Who would exchange a sleeper or compartment on a well-managed, well-run train for being hassled and cramped and fed with pasteboard food at 40,000 feet?

I have been looking into the history of the operation and I find the first New York Central train flashed through the Castor area at the bewildering speed of 30 m.p.h., in 1898. In the ensuing 55 years, a lot of miles were tracked, a lot of passengers and freight carried between Ottawa and New York with stops along the way.

It is not widely known but the citizenry of Embrun coughed up \$10,000 to persuade the New York Central to include that village on the line. The line went straight as a die, through Edwards, Russell, and then jogged off east to Embrun, before pursuing its swift course to the American metropolis, presided over at that date by one Boss Tweed and his minions at Tammany Hall.

When the New York Central surrendered its charter in 1957, Russell and Embrun reverted, transportation-wise, to the status of 1898. Except that we had trucks, passenger cars, good roads and recently, a bus service.

The price of gasoline has made

it clear that a commuter line from Winchester to Ottawa, or perhaps even from Morrisburg would be economical and even a moneymaker. The old roadbed is still there. It is only rarely that time turns backward, however and the chances of a "Go Train" from the Seaway to Ottawa may be counted among the remote possibilities of our time.

Now, what about that \$10,000?

We feel if the heirs and assigns and trustees of the New York Central are the gentlemen which history paints them to be, they will admit and acknowledge their debt to the town of Embrun. What could be more appropriate than returning that \$10,000 on the occasion of Embrun's anniversary? After all, they did tear up the road, thus depriving Embrun of a source of business, convenience and pleasure, after accepting \$10,000 from the town fathers.

While it is true that Embrun derived a certain benefit from the road for fifty years, it is doubtful whether the town fathers would

have been so eager to hand over \$10,000 if the New York Central had said that in a mere 50 years, the railroad would be taken away, tracks and all.

How about it, New York Central? Going to do the right thing by Embrun?

Letters

The Osgoode Township Museum and Historical Society is planning a special exhibit as one of many activities celebrating the 150th anniversary of the opening of the Rideau Canal.

We would be pleased to hear from anyone who has information, photographs, or historical materials relating to Osgoode Township and the Rideau.

Information about township residents who worked on the canal, who built boats of any kind, or who used the Rideau for hunting, fishing, or other recreation in the old days will be very useful.

We would like to see photographs taken along the Osgoode section of the river/canal of steamboats, barges, rowboats, canoes, wharfs, children fishing or playing, or any other recreational activities, as well as old views of any buildings along the river.

Items suitable for display, either temporary loans or donations to the Museum's collection, are needed.

We plan to have some antique toy boats, models of some river craft, and other artifacts relating to all of the above topics on display.

We hope to have special temporary exhibits on the Canal's history from Parks Canada, and on the restoration of antique boats from the Manotick Classic Boats Club on display during the summer.

Please contact the writer or any member of the museum and historical society.

Any help in this project from readers of the Castor Review will be most appreciated.

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Bruno Beefs



I'm sure that a few of us were glued to our television sets to catch a glimpse of Queen Elizabeth. Some of our more

eager fans of British Royalty motored down to Parliament Hill for the festivities. The weather complied — to some extent.

But for the people living in Russell Township that are not thrilled by the lavish display of disrespect for our hard-earned dollars, they will find no consolation in the local picture. We are facing a minor crisis of our own and unless, like I have often stated, people take more interest in their community, the situation of growing taxes and reduced services will be the only reality for the future.

Take an interest! Attend all meetings that are relevant to the prosperity of your community.

Inquire beyond superficial reasoning.