

# Russell Review

VOL. 1 NO. 5

E D I T O R I A L

AUG. 8, 1975

Do you remember when bread came in waxed paper? You probably remember what happened to the stuff. A bit of it was used to polish the top of the stove, but the bulk of it became sandwich wrap. And, if my memory is correct, it was shaken out, folded, and carried home in the old black bucket.

Parcels used to be tied up with string, and that, (remember?) was carefully rolled up in a huge ball. Goodness, even Eaton's catalogue was recycled in its own special way.

Now don't tick me off as a reminiscing old codger. I'm still on the innocent side of thirty. But sometimes, somehow, I keep getting this uncomfortable feeling that we are becoming an extravagant people.

Today, the sandwich goes into a little plastic pouch (to keep freshness in, you know) and the pouches go into a brand new lunch bag and at about twelve-twenty the whole business (including the orange you didn't really want) is dropped into a plastic garbage bag.

Today we've gotten away from those noisy bottles to throw-away milk cartons. We open our cans and sharpen our pencils with electrical gadgets. We throw out our pens and our lighters. In fact, I've seen people drop coins and not go to all the bother of picking them up (quite reasonably, of course.)

Now, I know life is tough these days, but next time you plug in the bun-warmer, just try not to think of the kid in Ethiopia that's not going to make it through the week. His life is tough, too.