

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Not Grounds for Succession

The local political pot continues to boil, and this week's headlines bring the possibility of residents of the Delrex area petitioning to break away and form their own town.

We hope they are not serotout. Attending a meeting on Thursday called to form a Delrex Ratepayers Association and to discuss a secession petition which had been signed by over 300 area ratepayers, we listened carefully to speeches and questions and answers.

And from what we heard, the reasons for forming a new town could be enumerated this way. Ratepayers claim that (a) with \$54,000 surplus tax revenue coming from Delrex area (it was also claimed that this figure is now \$16,000), the money should be coming back into the area; (b) Delrex ratepayers are being taxed without representation on council.

It takes no student of municipal affairs to overcome these as arguments for any major change in the present town status.

Ratepayers have a point for arguing for preferred treatment if the statistics are true about tax split-up. But they have no right to receive extra services any more than a childless couple can expect to be excused from school taxes.

The very make-up of our modern political structure is based on a sharing of costs, first over the dominion, second over the provinces, and so on down to the county and municipal level.

We would judge that at no time does every part of town get back exactly what it pays in taxes. Should this remedy prevail, an expensive home assisted at, say, four times that of another, should expect better sidewalks, more police protection, garbage collection every day, etc., etc.

Ward voting is a debatable subject too, and good opinions can be offered both ways. There was a time when the town had ward voting and ratepayers endorsed a switch to general vote. Council at present has ordered preparation of a by-law for a question vote this December, and it is probable that next year's council will endorse the will of the majority, whichever it may be.

If it is these two points which trouble Delrex ratepayers, then the ordinary processes of municipal government are ample to cope with them.

If there are other reasons to seek secession, then the petitioners are keeping it to themselves and it should be made public before any such petition reaches the town council.

What Ratepayers Can Do

Formation of a ratepayers group can, we think, be of great value to the newer residents of town, if leaders examine their duties carefully and plan a program which will bring the greatest benefits for everyone.

Establishment of recreation areas with playing fields, swings and slides could well be a major effort of council approach. Social evenings to get new residents acquainted with each other would pay dividends in happier citizens. Advice on road problems, always the plague of new subdivisions, could be given prior to individuals approaching council, and when justified, the association could present such requests on behalf of a group.

What Do We Do at the Herald

As many readers know, the Herald is printed at the plant of the Oakville Journal, an associate company of the Thomson organization.

But this does not mean that the Georgetown staff has only a minor part to play in production of the weekly issue.

It might be interesting to review the process by which words are converted into type, and to explain why the printing operation was shifted last fall to Oakville.

A newspaper is produced first in metal, and the Herald has two linotype machines which set the news copy and parts of the advertisements, a Ludlow machine, a hand-operated machine on the same principle which has large display-type for news headings and ads, and a stereotyping machine for advertising illustrations.

A five man shop spends three days of the week in these operations, and the balance of the time working on printing orders for office forms, advertising circulars, booklets and any printing which comes our way.

As each page of the newspaper is put together a 'mat' of the metal page is produced on a machine with a heavy cylinder which impresses the content of the page on an asbestos-like substance. Thursday afternoon, six to eight pages of the upcoming edition must be taken to Oakville; Wednesday afternoon, the balance of the week's newspaper must arrive there.

Here, the Oakville plant works in reverse. The 'mats' are converted back into metal cylinders and first thing Thursday

A primary aim of any association of new ratepayers should be to integrate with other parts of town as fast as possible. For here lies many of the dissatisfactions, large and small.

Georgetown is no longer a small town in the sense that everyone can know everyone by name. But we are not so large that any newcomer should be a stranger very long if he makes an honest effort to get acquainted. We have churches, lodges, clubs, public service groups in profusion.

And remember, when you meet a stranger, or when you pass someone on the street, it takes two to smile.

morning, these are buckled on rollers on a high speed press and in an hour the entire press run is printed and folded, ready for transportation back to Georgetown.

But why print in Oakville, you ask?

A matter of time and economics. Prior to last fall, the Herald was printed in our shop by a different process. Large flat sheets of newsprint were fed into a press by hand with four pages printed at once. Later, the sheets were turned over and printed on the reverse side for the next four pages. A 12 page paper means three such operations, a 16 page paper, four, and so on. And when all pages were printed, they were compiled by another hand operation on a folding machine.

As number of pages and number of copies printed kept increasing, it became an almost impossible job to get four pages on the press early enough in the week to maintain a tight production schedule. Contrasting with the hour's printing job in Oakville, was 20 or more man hours at home.

It is a printing switch which is becoming more and more common in the weekly newspaper field. High speed presses are expensive and it would not pay one business to have such a machine to print one paper. Publishers in such towns as Listowel, Hanover, Acton, Brampton have installed equipment and, besides their own publications, are contracting to print for neighbouring towns. It will be more common in future, as the days of the handied press draw to an end.

At the Gregory Theatre: 'Death on the Diamond', starring Robert Young and Madge Evans; 'The Country Chairman', starring Will Rogers, and 'For Saking All Others' starring Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, and Robert Montgomery.

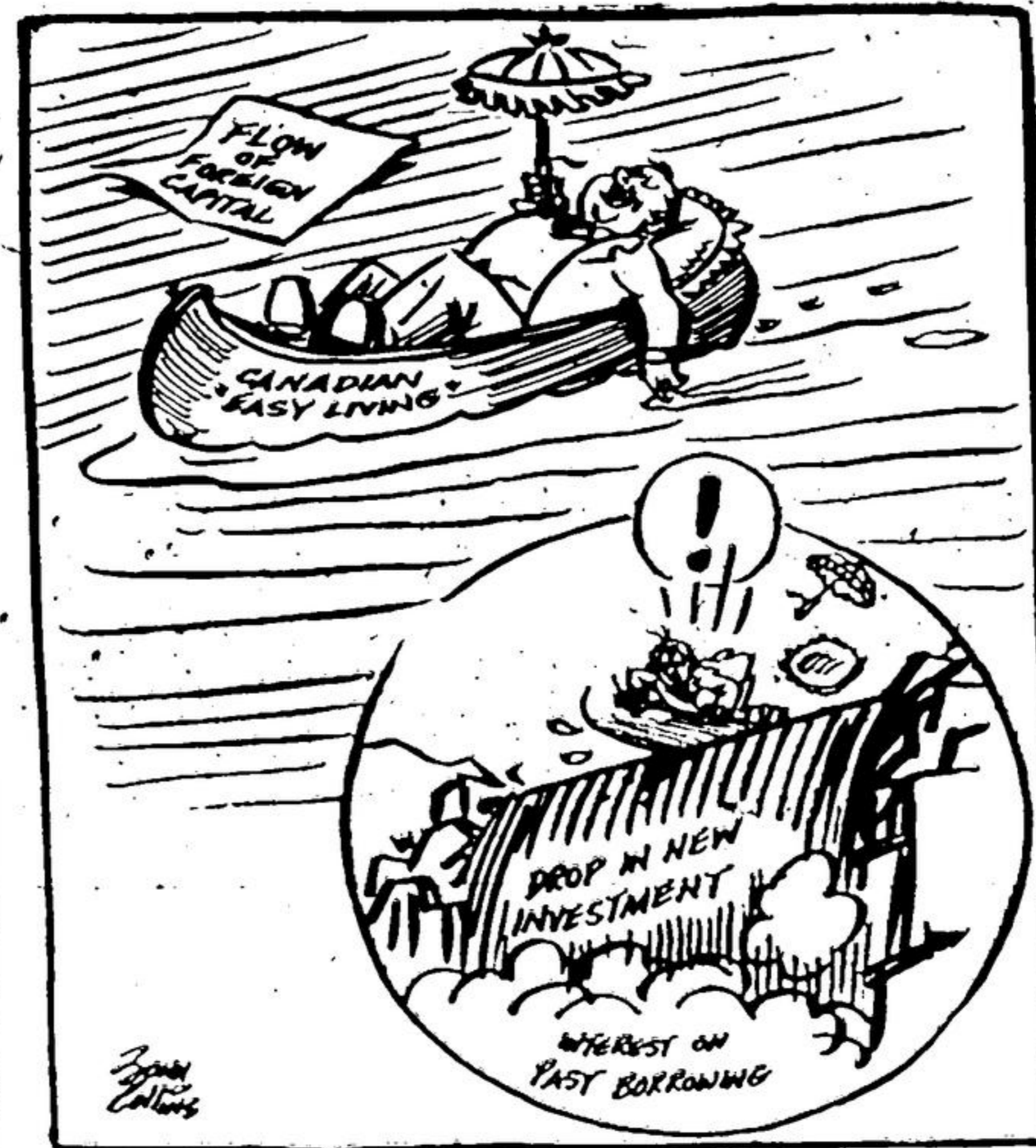
Mr. Sam Walker presented the Herald with a ticket which he discovered in an old drawer. It reads, 'Irish Relief Society', Wednesday, February 4th 1890, town hall, Georgetown, admission 25c. The ticket was printed by the Herald.

Long's Confectionery is celebrating its 5th anniversary this week. Medals and certificates were won by all pupils entered from Georgetown in the Halton Music Festival.

ECHOES

From the pages of the Herald, April 10th, 1935:

- Support the Lions in their drive to sell tickets for their revue 'Step Lively.'
Two cases of chicken pox and one case of measles reported in town this week.



WHERE "JUST DRIFTING" COULD LEAD

No Collection Problems, This Business Strictly Mail Order

First of a series of articles on industries in and around Georgetown.

"In Toronto near Georgetown" seems like a switch on the usual question, however, I was asked this very question down in the Maritimes one summer. And how had Georgetown become known in the Atlantic provinces? Through the Dominion Seed House catalogue, of course. A catalogue that heralds spring from Nanaimo to Newfoundland, and every hamlet in between. In fact the Seed House boasts that its mailing list covers every post office in Canada.

Don't go into that big white building, reminiscent of a Tudor mansion on Hwy. 7, to buy seeds or stock, expecting to be waited on hand and foot. It won't happen. This is entirely a mail order business, and they make no bones about it. In fact on one wall a sign reads "Please make out your own order, our business is designed to service catalogue mail order." While on another a similar sign reads "It will greatly facilitate prompt service to customers, if you do not request an attendant through the nursery and greenhouses, we cannot spare a man."

Defying all the laws of nature, the Seed House sprouted from a mail order electrical business, situated near the station. The late W. F. Bradley started a mail order business handling fireless cookers in 1922, gradually adding other electrical appliances as time went on. In an effort to overcome the seasonal slump, Mr. Bradley decided to experiment with seeds instead of appliances. In no time at all, much to everyone's amazement, orders were pouring in, in answer to the small advertisements scattered throughout the newspapers. In the words of the general manager, Phares Vannatter, whose name sounds not unlike a botanical name of a species "the tall was wagging the dog."

By 1930, they issued a beautifully illustrated one hundred and fifty page catalogue, a copy of which is always on display at the seed house. Mr. Vannatter handles it tenderly, and shows it with barely concealed pride. Mr. Vannatter, like most of the top staff, was with Mr. Bradley through the 'fireless cooker' era till now. He feels lessons learned in the dark days of the depression have stood them in good stead, and contributed greatly to their present success. The seed house and its seventy acres of fertile soil, sits on part of the old Bradley farm, where they moved after much soul searching about the gamble involved in constructing that big building.

The popular conception of a seed house is probably one in which pipe smoking men putter around planting and grubbing in the soil. Nothing could be further from the truth. This is a mail order business, specializing in fine seeds. Here "Parkinson's Law" has been repealed, or as close to it as humanly possible. The production line system is used throughout. Everything moves from the farthest buildings into the centre, or heart of the operation — the order office. The line flows from the large bulk stores, from which the others are supplied, on down to pound

packages, then to half pounds, then to ounces, and finally to grams.

Probably you didn't know that there are seeds costing from \$500 to \$1,000 an ounce. These seeds, the royalty, don't mix with the proletariat, of course. They are kept in a vault under controlled conditions of temperature and humidity. So don't bemoan the cost of a whiff of French perfume, the cost of smelling a "Tee Hee" is infinitely higher. Needless to say, these seeds are handled with extreme care. They are counted by hand into packets, by girls who use a knife and a white card.

Contrary to popular belief, the Dominion Seed House does not grow all its own seed. Their suppliers are scattered all over the world, but their names are a deep dark secret. While they may not go to "cloak and dagger" extremes, does Macy tell Gimbal? Neither do seed men. And little wonder, since local growers who devotedly spend a lifetime perfecting one type is probably the biggest headache in the business.

Seeds come here from Japan, Italy, Holland, England, Germany, United States and our own country. Both the suppliers and the Seed House must be satisfied, since the majority of growers have been supplying them since 1930, with 1200 different kinds of seed.

There are no gimmicks in this business, no ten per cent down and eternity to pay, no credit rating checks, simply because there is no credit. This is strictly a cash business. Many a businessman with a file full of accounts receivable would turn green with envy at this setup, or maybe in this case just his thumb would turn green.

However, to make sure all gardeners' thumbs turn green, a small laboratory right on the premises, tests the seeds for germination and quality. A test over and above government standards. In 1929, the first chemical treatment of seeds was started long before most other companies. This treatment could well be compared to the immunization of babies, an attempt to ensure healthy growth right through to maturity.

Not content with having their own laboratory, they even have their own printing press. Not a large one to be sure, but big enough to print order forms, and labels, thus obviating delivery delays — the bane of a businessman's existence.

With the parcels all ready to gladden the heart of the gardener, they proceed to the mailing desk. Here a large automatic postage computing machine tells postage rates all over the world. Be the destination Port Credit or Lower Slobbovia it only takes one glance to tell the amount. For the final send-off, the post office department has set up a miniature sorting room, where a post office employee expertly tosses parcels into their respective bags, hanging suspended from iron bars. So here again another delay is avoided, since the parcels go directly to the train.

While the Seed House handles both nursery stock and bulbs, seeds are their first love and the home gardeners are their people.

WORDS OF THE WISE

The only complete catastrophe is the catastrophe from which we learn nothing. —(William Ernest Hocking)

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MERRY MENAGERIE By Walt Disney



Sugar and Spice

Inspired by WILL SHIELDS of the Windsor Star

Took part in a debate on Canadian education last week and it got me thinking about the whole business. I'm afraid we parents don't give enough thought to the education our children are receiving, and how it fits them to enter society and look the world in the eye.

As long as our kids come home with reasonable marks and their own rubber boots, we are happy to leave education alone. Adults imagine they have enough trouble with the economic system, the political system, and the heating system, without taking on something as complex as the educational system.

And it is complex. Start a discussion about it and you'll find out. A lady who is known as a superb cook and housekeeper, for example will tell you flatly that teaching domestic science is an utter waste of time, that girls should learn it at home. She has forgotten that when she was married her piece de resistance was mushroom soup on toast, and it took her all morning to do the breakfast dishes and make one bed.

I think domestic science is a good thing. But I'd make some changes in the course. One thing girls should be taught is to get the top off a jar of pickles without going all feminine. They give a couple of intellectual twists at the dills, then hand them to big strong husband. This is good for his ego, but for his blood pressure as he will invariably lose his temper, sprain his wrist, and wind up pounding the thing on the edge of the cupboard, cursing like a Cossack.

Domestic science, to my mind, should be a course which would not only teach girls how to make an apron or a white sauce but how to make a happy marriage. They should be taught: tolerance, forbearance, patience, silence, thrift and humility, how to run a power mower and a stoker, that money does not grow on trees, either deciduous or coniferous. Why should their husbands have to spend the first ten years of the marriage pounding these things into them when they could learn it all in school?

Manual training, or shopwork, is another controversial subject in our schools. In my opinion, it should be taught only to those boys whose fathers have a workshop in the basement. My dad used to turn out lovely birdhouses and things for me, while I stood by and egged him on with admiration of his skill. But my son has a father who can't nail two boards together without making a hand sawdust of it. The kid gets a D in shopwork every term, and the house is filling up with half finished wall brackets and half laced key cases.

Something I would definitely chuck right out of the system, do it?

religious instruction. It destroys the respect of children for their parents. I'm as religious as the next fellow. But it's a blow to parental pride to have the kids quiz you and find you can't get through the Lord's prayer and know only about 4 of the Ten Commandments.

My prejudice against this course was confirmed last year, when my daughter, aged 7, asked me how many books of the bible I could name. So help me, all I could remember were Mark, Luke, John, and John. There was an insolent silence while I groped, I suggested Jonah. Her lip curled and I had to sit, shamed, while she recited them off, from Genesis to Revelations, in a triumphant singsong.

One thing I would like to see added to the curriculum in public schools is a course in ethics and manners. We could call it Social Behaviour or something fancy like that. It would start by teaching youngsters that practically everything they learn at home is wrong. At the same time, they would be taught to treat their parents with respect instead of derision. This, as you can see, could be a difficult course, and would require specialists to teach it.

For example, at home kids get the idea that (a) the world owes them a living and that (b) the old man will supply it until the old starts to kick through. At school they would be taught that it is a privilege to be alive and that they owe the world their best efforts and the old man something better than a room in a nursing home when he can't produce anymore.

In this course, children would learn the rudiments of kindness, generosity, trust and sympathy. To some extent this would offset the themes like "Never give a sucker an even break" and "Nice guys finish last," and "Don't trust nobody," and "Always look out for No. 1" which are instilled in them by well-meaning parents.

Girls would be taught that it takes more than a bust and a behind to make a well rounded woman. Boys would learn that good manners are more important in a man than good looks. Girls would be told that their primary role in life is not improving the character of men, but having healthy children and a good marriage. Boys would get a grounding in the fundamentals of their lifelong career — trying to handle women and children without resort to violence.

Aside from these few points, I can't find much wrong with our educational system except that the arithmetic, science and grammar are too difficult. I can't even do it myself. I have discovered when helping with homework, so how can the teachers expect the poor kids to do it?

Controversial Corner

by Ian Cass

THE TRAGEDY OF THE BOMARC MISSILE

Two items in the news of the past few weeks have provided further evidence that Canada's new defence weapon, the Bomarc missile, is a piece of useless hardware. More than a year ago, this columnist voiced doubts regarding the wisdom of the choice of this weapon and events have only proved that these doubts were valid. The situation which exists now is one in which the Bomarc B has failed seven times in seven tests and the U.S. army has lost faith in the missile to the extent that funds necessary for its complete development are to put it mildly, marginal.

Unfortunately, the Bomarc has been used more effectively as a political weapon than a military one. Right from the start of its development program the missile was involved in a bitter controversy between the U.S. army who favoured concentration on its Nike-Hercules anti-aircraft missile and the U.S. air force who wanted support for their Bomarc. During the controversy which raged over the cancellation of the Avro Arrow CF 105, the Bomarc was again used as a political weapon as the government implied that the missile would, in some extent, take the place of the cancelled interceptor aircraft. The latest attempt to use this ill fated firework as a political weapon was in recent newspaper articles which implied that the Government did not want to cancel the construction of the Quebec launching site until after a forthcoming by-election in that area. As a subject of political battle, the Bomarc has flown high wide and handsome, as a missile, those in the launching bay

would appear to be most vulnerable.

The most tragic aspect of the controversy over this weapon is that the Government's complete lack of any defence policy has been clearly exposed. It is a fact that Mr. Pearson and Mr. Diefenbaker provided some answers to questions which most thinking Canadians are asking about defence.

For the past ten years, the Canadian taxpayer has provided one and a half billion dollars per year for defence — at the present moment this money is being spent to foster a grand illusion — the illusion that Canada has any effective defence weapons of any sort.

If Russia were to attack North America tomorrow, it would be in one or both of two ways: by manned bombers or by missiles. Our air defence at the moment is completely in the hands of CF-100 squadrons who could not fly high enough or fast enough to deal with bombers of the type Russia has in large supply. The Bomarc is non-existent, operationally and even the most optimistic would scarcely forecast an operational Bomarc in Canada in less than a further eighteen months. By this time, on Mr. Pearson's own admission, manned bombers will be obsolete. So even if we have two Bomarc sites, with a hypothetical coverage of 800 miles, these would be a pass on a plate as far as the Canadian frontier is concerned, and by that time they also will be obsolete. The Bomarc, if it ever gets off the ground, will only be effective against bombers. In other words, we have no defence against either form of attack.

Now that the Bomarc is dead, by being ground into the dust, (Continued on Page Five)