

SEE YOU AT CHURCH



THE CHURCH OF CHRIST
(Christian Chapel) Selkirk
Dr. Ben Woodruff
9:55 a.m. Bible School
11:00 a.m. Worship
7:30 Evening Services
(1st and 3rd Sunday)
Bible Studies at 7:45
Thursday.
ALL WELCOME

PRESBYTERIAN
(Phone 587-2565)

CHALMERS
(The Stone Church Hwy. 3
& Cheapside Sde. Road)
10 a.m. Family time

KNOX - Jarvis
(42 Main North)

Joint services
Wesley at Knox
11 a.m. worship

Rev. Taylor-Munro's theme
"TRAGEDY OF THE COMMONPLACE"

ANGELIC CHURCH
Niagara Diocese
Centennial Year
Rev. Arthur J. Tribe
Phone 587-2543
July 13th TRINITY 7

Christ Church,
Naticoke
10:00 a.m. Holy Communion
St. Paul's,
Jarvis
11:30 a.m. Morning Prayer

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Cheapside news

A shower was tendered to newlyweds Jim and Nancy (Bassindale) Lamb, at the Community Hall, Cheapside, Saturday night.

The family of the late Gordon and Mrs. Bartlett has

their annual family reunion and dinner at the Cheapside Hall on Sunday noon.

Reverend Earl M. Sider was supply minister in the absence of the holidaying pastor Rev. Ronald Loft-

house at the Winger-Wainfleet BIC Church Sunday morning, his former home church.

Mrs. Sider also accompanied him. They had dinner with his sister, Mabel and husband Frank Tucker of Wainfleet.

Luella Lofthouse and Marjorie Heise attended the funeral of their uncle Paul Sider, brother of Mrs. Ida Heise, at Wainfleet Church, Monday afternoon. Sympathy is extended to the sister

and family in the loss of a brother and uncle. Reverend Earl Sider, a cousin, and Mrs. Sider, also attended.

for a family. Women's Institute Club or church picnic. Anyone is welcome to make an appointment or book a date with the curators.

Bruce Cronk a native of Cheapside Community, his wife and family of Buffalo, New York, and Raymond, his brother, and wife of Selkirk, both pupils at SS No 2 Walpole, now the school museum, came back Sunday p.m. for a browse around the old school - many memories are recalled, pictures of teachers and pupils and inspectors take you back - "down memories lane." To the young, the newness of the old, is something to remember. Others came from Hagersville and Hamilton despite the July heat.

Birth

COLUMBUS - Kathy is happy to announce the birth of her baby sister, Karen Christine, 8 lbs. 10 ozs. on July 4, at West Haldimand General Hospital. Proud parents are Charles and Karen of Jarvis.

JOHNSON - George and Debra of R.R. 2 Oshweken are proud to announce the birth of their son, 8 lbs. 15 ozs., on July 6 at West Haldimand General Hospital. A brother for Verna and Jason.

MAXWELL - Norman and Maureen of Hagersville are happy to announce the birth of their daughter Deborah Anne, 7 lb. 13 ozs. on July 7 at West Haldimand General Hospital. A sister for Diana.

The Faith Centennial United Church women had their picnic in the form of a noon pot-luck dinner, on Wednesday at the school museum. The cool tree-shaded park in this quiet setting is a delightful place

After the printed columns have dried, they must be trimmed down to 1 1/2 inch widths. A proofreader reads the columns to check for spelling mistakes or other errors made by the compugraphic typist.

Sunshine club

by Ruth Hagan

The Jarvis Sunshine Club met in the I.O.O.F. Hall on Thursday July 3 with four tables of Hoss in play. The Hoss winners were as follows: ladies high went to Nina Stone; ladies low went to Clara Fields. Men's high

Our next card game will be July 10 at 1:30 p.m.

Editorial

How many of you have wondered, when the Record falls out of your mailbox or slaps into the gravel driveway outside your home, how it gets there? How is a paper made and how much time does it involve?

Step one, of course, is getting news. What you see in the Record, comes to the office in a variety of ways. Correspondence makes up much of a weekly newspaper. Columns like the Cheapside News, the Hagersville Highlights, the Selkirk Scene, and reports on women's institute meetings and lion club reports, are sent in by people who wish to inform others about what is going on in their area.

Most of the correspondents are paid at the rate of 20 cents per column inch for what is used for publication. Some correspondents refuse to take any payment. They are all, however, dedicated people and the 20 cents does not go too far in offsetting the costs and time they incur in writing up weekly columns. The rest of the material is written by the reporters who work for the paper, or are press releases.

Most of the copy, as it is called, is mailed in. This copy must be edited for spelling, grammar, punctuation, and sentence structure. It must also be edited for libelous remarks or statement which might offend anyone.

The edited copy then goes to the compugraphic typist for setting into cold type. A compugraphic machine looks much like any typewriter, but instead of typing onto a sheet of paper, the words are typed onto photographic paper, which is developed as if it were a roll of film, in the darkroom. The finished product, which is set into columns of print automatically by the compugraphic machine, is hung up to dry.

This process is called cold type, or offset, because it replaced the old method of hot type, or letterpress. Before the compugraphic machine was widely used, most small papers were content with letterpress. Using this method, words were typed onto a machine similar to a typewriter, but instead of coming out on paper, as previously described, the words came out as raised surfaces on strips of lead. The offset method replaced letterpress because it was cheaper and much easier to handle, as well as giving a better looking finished product.

After the printed columns have dried, they must be trimmed down to 1 1/2 inch widths. A proofreader reads the columns to check for spelling mistakes or other errors made by the compugraphic typist.

The next step is to take the columns to the waxing machine. The waxer contains liquid wax, and the printed columns are run through the machine so that a wax film is built up on the back of the columns. This is an essential step in what is called paste-up.

In paste-up, the editor or layout artist must decide what each finished page will look like. The stories, or columns, and pictures are then arranged on 16 by 10 and three-quarter inch sheets which are called flats. The process is called paste-up because the wax acts as a type of glue, so that the columns stick to the flats.

When the flats are completely pasted-up, they are photographed and developed, again, as if it were a roll of film, only on a larger scale.

The final step before the paper goes to the presses, is platemaking. Flat metal plates, usually, made of aluminum or zinc, and about the thickness of tin cans, are made light sensitive. The flat is fastened to the plate with cellophane tape and then "printed" as if it were a negative. The metal plate is then developed.

The metal plates are fed into the press and the newspaper is run off. The finished product arrives in your mailbox or in your driveway.

Now that you know how we do it, would anyone like a job? Seriously, however, if you or a small group would like to see the operation firsthand, give me a call and I will arrange to take you through and give you a better look at the newspaper business. Ms. Trisha D. Banks

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Permit No. 1124



People are born with a green thumb.

Almost everything they touch will grow. My father was a grower for more than 40 years. As a greenhouse man, he grew some of the best cyclamen, snapdragon, stocks, geraniums — you name it — especially carnations, in Victoria County.

I did not inherit his abilities. Nor did anyone else in my family.

Everything we touch in the plant world tends to die. I have a box of begonias in the front garden. When we got them a month ago, they looked healthy enough to eat. Beautiful, delicate red blooms. Lush, dark green foliage. I followed the directions right to the letter. Dug the hole. Put a cupful of 20-20-20 fertilizer into the hole. Planted the begonias. Watered them.

In 10 days time, they looked like a cow had stepped on them.

Droopy. Off-color. Losing petals.

I even went out and talked to them a couple of times but they didn't like my voice.

Again, a sister-in-law gave us a couple of slips of ivy to brighten the house. Her vine has taken over the livingroom.

It winds around an archway, down the wall, across a chimney and up another wall. We thought the children of that vine would brighten our family room. We put them in a pot and they just sit there. They don't grow. They don't die. The just sit, green with envy as they look out the window at the grass.

I think the cat scared them. She — the cat — sat beside them in the window sill and nibbled at them now and again so they decided to remain almost hidden in the pot.

Vegetables are different. We can grow them. But not flowers.

I have a brother-in-law with a green thumb. Fact is, his whole hand is green. He talks to plants. He has them coming out his ears. He has a monstrous, ugly brute of a philodendron in his livingroom, a massive plant. No matter what my sister does to that plant, it continually grows out from the wall so that it can

One foot in the furrow'

watch television.

Sometimes it hangs almost over the screen, especially during Mannix. Some shows, it doesn't bother watching. My sister has tied it to the wall with strong cord but it manages to hang over the screen for Mannix.

I don't know what will happen when that brute finds out that the Mannix shows have been cancelled by the network this year. I've never asked whether it likes re-runs.

That same brother-in-law has a garden that is lush and green throughout the growing season. He loves to go out and sing to them and he can't carry a tune in a locked suitcase. He takes an old kitchen broom out in the garden with him and strums it like a guitar. And he sings to those plants. They love it.

Some years ago, I took singing lessons and even if I do say so myself, I was Canada's answer to Enrico Caruso. Few people agreed with me, mind you, but I could at least carry a tune. All the plants at our place did was wither and die when I sang to them.

A few years ago, we read an article in a gardening magazine about how to plant bulbs in pots at certain times of the year and have beautiful daffodils at Christmas time. We tried it. Followed all the directions. Nursed those things right from bulbs to puberty.

The green came up and then stopped. The flipping bulbs rotted in the soil until one day, my wife decided to scare them into growing.

She shouted Fire! Fire! Fire! Three times as loud as that.

To a stalk, those green shoots turned black and died. A fellow from the Madoc area has asked me where to buy fertilizer in a special mixture so he can follow the directions for his gardening efforts.

I'm sorry, sir. Taking gardening advice from me is like asking a child of three to explain Einstein's theory of relativity. Go to your closest farm supply store and let them guide you.

If you take my advice every plant in your garden will thumb its nose at you.

Record correspondent in Ottawa

by John Storm

Most Canadians are cynical when a political leader speaks about his life and his thoughts. We have been conditioned to believe that the prime function of a politician is to be re-elected at any costs.

This cannot be said of retiring New Democratic Party leader, David Lewis, during the past week. Mr. Lewis spoke to 1,500 party supporters in Winnipeg during the NDP leadership convention to relate the happiness and difficulties of his life.

Unlike most politicians Mr. Lewis was not attempting to win votes in an election. He decided to step down as a leader of the party several months ago and consequently spoke for the party's future, not his own.

Mr. Lewis came to Canada when he was 12-years-old, the son of a Polish leather worker. He attended McGill University and later graduated as a Rhodes scholar from Oxford University in England. He is currently back in the academic community, teaching at Ottawa's Carleton University.

The political life of Mr. Lewis stemmed from his father's concern with people's rights. During his final speech to the party, Mr. Lewis said his first taste of freedom came when his father was nearly killed by

Soviet police for his political work, had it not been for the insistence of the many neighboring citizens who pleaded for his life to be spared.

In later years Mr. Lewis left a promising law career in Montreal to work without pay for two years with the CCF until he took over as national secretary in 1938. He held the post until 1950 when he became national president. In 1971 he replaced T.C. Douglas as national leader.

In his last speech to the party Saturday evening Mr. Lewis echoed his familiar plea to the supporters of the current socialist movement in Canada.

"We must fight for an effective transfer of power from the corporations to the

people. It is the goal of our party; it is the reason for its existence."

With his family on stage behind him, Mr. Lewis spoke of the bitter years of frustration in attempting to reach the working Canadian. He spoke of the sacrifices his wife, Sophie, had to endure in the early years of the party and the periods of election fever. The 66-year-old grandfather turned to look at the tears trickling from his wife's face and felt proud of his children and their lives.

We too often dismiss politicians as being calloused bitter people who employ corrupt means to achieve their ends. But we must remember they too have personal lives which see

many joys and sorrows brought on in the competitive world of politics.

The game of politics is not an easy one. Perhaps we should be cynical of what politicians tell us when they're looking for votes.

But when they retire and no longer have to count on the voter who doesn't know the issues, we should recognize the sacrifices they have given.

David Lewis may now teach young people in the university courses and use all his wisdom and experience in explaining why the community of politics is so important.

Good-bye Mr. Lewis and thank you. Old politicians never die.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor:

Thanks for mentioning our grandson's (Larry Ryder) graduation in your valuable paper. We have many relatives and friends in Jarvis and Walpole townships. Thanking you again, Theresa Ryder

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