

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Why Shortage of Ministers?

The Anglican church is faced with a desperate shortage of men training for the ministry, according to information relayed on Sunday morning by a local man who is studying theology.

And while we have checked with no other churches, it is reasonable to assume that all are faced with this shortage.

What to do about it?

There are many reasons for the shortage, and many measures which can solve it, but to our mind one of these is money.

The sad fact is that, for the training period and the money involved when a man plans to enter the ministry, he is much better off if he enters another profession. To be sure, there are more reasons than money why a man would want to be a minister. But we are living in a practical age today, and faith, no matter how strong, doesn't put food on a minister's table or clothes on his children's backs.

A few decades ago, it was customary for ministers to receive little cash, and to

subsist on invitations out to dinner, hand-me-downs of used clothing and an odd present when a member of the congregation felt so moved.

People in those days got just what they deserved. For every minister who felt his faith stronger than his physical needs, there were others who sneaked in the back door of the theological colleges as a last resort after failing at other jobs, and who were graduated because men were needed so badly that half a man was better than none.

The situation is changing today, but not as fast and not as radically as it should. If our churches are to continue strong, they must have strong leaders, men who do not have to fight a constant battle to keep the wolf from the door, and who can live on the same social plane as an average parishioner.

Set a decent salary scale for ministers and there won't be many shortages, we wager.

Good Response in Letters

An appeal for letters to the Mail Bag has brought some interesting ones which appear in this issue of the Herald.

We hope other readers will use the Herald pages to express their views in future.

The Herald, as we have said on many occasions, is not only an instrument of purveying news of the community. It can also be a vital force in promulgating ideas and in constructive criticism of local and national institutions.

One writer has a point when he says we are today becoming lethargic in our thinking. It is easier to watch television

than to read. We have so many modern conveniences that it is easier to drive a block in the car than to walk. The days when everyone took their politics seriously seems to be on the wane and we have a great number of people who are not interested enough in who speaks for them, be it national, provincial or local affairs.

We reiterate that we are pleased to print all letters received — with the proviso, of course, that writers keep within the bounds of good taste and refrain from libel and too-personal attacks on their neighbors. And provided also that the writer's name appears with his contribution when it is printed.

Our Apologies, Mr. Trott!

A mail bag letter from photographer Charles Trott notes poor reproduction of a couple of front page pictures of a Masonic lodge installation recently, and we are pleased to comply with his request for an explanation.

The pictures were printed again in last week's issue, this time looking as they should, and while we meant to write an explanation, this we neglected to do. Here it is!

Pictures in the Herald are prepared for reproduction on a scanengraving machine. An electric pencil etches the picture on a piece of plastic which is buckled around a cylinder on the machine. There is a 'set' on the scanengraver for light and dark. A num-

ber of pictures are scanned at one time, and the operator groups these as much as possible to get setting which will give best reproduction to all the pictures.

Sometimes he slips, and in this case too light a set was used for the lodge pictures and the lodge officials came up with blank faces. To add to our troubles, when the Herald is printed, addition of the plastic pictures is the last operation, and if, as in this case, reproduction is not good, it is too late to scan another plastic.

It is an equal disappointment to us when mishaps occur and with this explanation, readers will realize what happens on those occasions when pictures do not turn out as sharp as they should.

THE MAIL BAG

Thinks Editorials Could Stimulate Letter Writing

36 Byron St.

Dear Sir:

In last week's issue of the Herald you expressed your concern of the lack of Mail Bag letters during recent times. I am sure that your readers must have noticed this too, but I wonder if anyone has taken the time to discover the reason for it.

The lethargy of the public is not local but nationwide, and is not confined to letter writing, a general attitude of 'let conditions be as they are' is very predominant among the Canadian people. It is my contention that it has been brought about in part by the lack of inspirational leaders.

One cannot exclude, of course, television, the mechanization of simple domestic chores and our general high living standard that is causing us to be overweight and short of physical stamina. Exercise is viewed as distasteful and unnecessary, because there are new machines available to stimulate our muscles without exertion.

But however to return to my former contention, it is my belief that if President Kennedy proves to be the great leader he appears to be in embryo when I am sure he will become more endearing to the Canadian people than will our own national leaders.

I would not attempt to argue the pros and cons of this situation but it would be a short step from it to becoming entirely

politically and economically integrated with the United States. It seems that I am drifting away from my original intention in writing this letter, but the point I am trying to make is that the public must be awakened to take an interest outside their own private lives, the people must be made to realize that it is their democratic right to speak their mind and a good healthy exchange of ideas can do much good.

Because of the present administration's large majority I believe they consider themselves to be beyond reproach, and do not have to discuss in front of the general public why the economic growth has stood still since 1956, why they have failed to produce a balanced budget since they came into power, but indeed have borrowed \$2.5 billion to supplement taxation and what they intend to do to combat unemployment on a short term basis, since it is no comfort to those who are out of work today to know that long term policies are being implemented to increase employment possibly in a year or so.

Your recent synopsis of a speech given by our own federal MP was typical of what we have come to expect from the Conservative party. It appears as something written by a political machine, contains no constructive ideas to combat our most serious problem, it does attempt to discredit a

Liberal party that has such a small representation that its voice can scarcely be heard, let alone carry any weight. The fact that there are to be further Royal Commissions of Government sponsored Societies set up as if little consolation to those people who are out of work or for those who have work today but are not sure that they will have a job tomorrow or next week. I feel sure that the economy would be given a shot in the arm if the working man felt his job was more secure and he could finance his needs with more confidence in the future.

So now you may ask what does all this have to do with your Mail Bag? My point is this, people have to be encouraged, cajoled and even provoked into doing anything in these times. Encouragement could be in the form of cash prizes to the letter writer evoking the most response. Provocation could be in the form of stirring editorial columns and more controversial columns with political and international incidents being more conspicuous.

I am not casting any aspersions on your format, but hoping my comments will be helpful in providing you with ideas for a stimulant.

Yours truly,
Brian T. Boyd.

CALENDAR CHANGES

The year 46 B.C. was known as the "year of confusion," because the calendar was three months ahead of the seasons. World Book Encyclopedia explains that the Roman calendar was changed at the whim of politicians. To adjust the calendar to the seasons, the year 46 B.C. was given 15 months.



"TOUCH" FOOTBALL ANYONE

Controversial Corner

by Ian Cass

A DISTURBING ASPECT OF AIR SAFETY

The last two months have produced an alarming loss of life in plane crashes. There is little doubt that present day travel at high speed, both in the air and on the ground, contains a certain element of risk which most of us appear to accept on a "it won't happen to me" basis. We also assume, I imagine, that everything that can be done to make flying as safe as possible is being done. On this point I am not completely convinced.

Indicates Visually

There is in existence a device which indicates visually to the pilot of a plane or a ship exactly where he is at any given time. This indication is given both by instruments and on a chart. An electronically controlled pen traces every move of the plane or ship on a chart of the course which unravels automatically in front of the navigating officer. He can see continuously and accurately if there is any deviation from his route plan or holding pattern. The system depends on a lattice beam network set up by electronic ground transmitters and is independent of visibility or voice control.

Decca Navigator

The system is called the Decca Navigator and its lattice network already extends from Canadian Eastern waters over the Atlantic, all over Europe and more recently, right into the heart of Russia. In airline practice, this system was used in 1957 in a test in which the margin of error in the Decca system over the duration of an Atlantic crossing seldom exceeded the length of the runway!

Used by All

This system is enthusiastically supported and used by all the major European airlines and is now being installed in Russian TU 104's. It was used as far back as 1944 to guide the Allied landing craft on D-day. It is used by Canada for marine navigation. It was favored by the United States Pilot's Association which stated officially that they preferred the Decca system to any other navigational system. And now comes the disturbing fact regarding N. American airlines.

Rejected System

Two years ago, at the meeting of the International Civil Aviation Organization (ICAO) this body rejected the Decca Navigation System. The reasons for its rejection were, to many people involved, including myself, political and not based on merit.

The Decca system was conceived in principle nearly 20 years ago by two Americans. They received no support from the U.S. government and took their ideas to Britain, where they were warmly welcomed with open arms. There the Decca system was developed and produced and proved effective. At the ICAO meeting, despite strong protests by Britain, an alternative U.S. system was dogmatically supported by America and finally adopted by that body. Canada, as so frequently happens in triangular disputes involving Britain and the U.S., failed to provide any real support for the Decca system. In my opinion there were too many political overtones to this decision. N. America is the only air travel area where the Decca system is not in use.

Conduct Enquiry

As a result of recent tragedies, the U.S. is to conduct an enquiry into the whole field of air navigational and control aids. It is to be hoped that this enquiry will consider the real technical merits of the equipment and the recommendations of the men who fly the

aircraft in making their decision. The safety of the flying public of the free world cannot be jeopardized by decisions made in an aura of nationalistic fervour.

A DISSAPPOINTING EXHIBIT
Library officials are to be congratulated for their efforts which resulted in the exhibition of paintings by the Group of Seven — a group of Canadian painters active in the first half of this century.

Quite Commonplace
I confess that I found the reproductions and original sketches to be quite commonplace and pedestrian. This was a collection of paintings done by hard-working artists who had succeeded in achieving pictorial portraiture and almost photographic accuracy but precious little else. There was a depressing absence of individuality and characterization. There was little emotional appeal or artistic communion — not even tinged with the use of color or original application techniques. If this was a representative exhibition of the "Group" work, and I must assume it was, I am at a loss to understand why they have or had an authoritative voice in the development and direction of Canadian painting.

More Lively Talent
I sincerely hope that the administration of our galleries and exhibition rooms are now looking for a more lively talent from painters who have something to say.

Of course, almost anybody can set themselves up as an art critic regardless of ability. I recall, with some relish, an event of a few years ago when a world renowned artist, over which the critics and experts had raved, were finally exposed as forgeries produced by a quite unknown painter.

Number of Phonies
At the same time, I feel there are quite a number of phonies and charlatans existing on the fringe of the visual arts. The finger dabbers, the paint splashers, the painters on old sheets; and in a different manner, many of the self-appointed cubists, abstractionists, surrealists, futurists and so on, all full-time to achieve the only purpose and raison d'être of any artistic creation.

Basic Integrity
Any artistic medium, whether it be painting, sculpture, writing or music, must have a basic integrity or it is worthless. The painting, the music or whatever medium is used, must convey some message or emotional experience. It must be used to communicate. If it stirs the viewer or the listener, if it has impact, if something of the artist is contained in his work, then it may be great art. If it is pretentious, water-colours of the river-side, articles in the better magazines or being sugar figures on a cake, then it is craftsmanship. If it is rock-and-roll music finger-daubing on canvas, meaningless chunks of badly moulded clay, then it is probably junk.

Inner Force

Many of the extremists in the artistic world, when asked why they produced this or that monstrosity, are apt to say, "Some inner driving force would not let me rest until I had done it." Well now! I have a five-year-old daughter and she used to have an inner driving force which made her cry on the bedroom walls. I wonder if instead of stopping her we should have had the walls framed.

Be this as it may, I still hope that we will have more exhibitions at the library.

THE MAIL BAG

Why the Blank Faces In Front Page Pix?

27 Norton Crescent, January 29th, 1961

Dear Editor:

Perhaps through the medium of your paper, via the "Mail Bag" you would be so kind, and explain to our friends, locally and throughout the world (This is actual fact, as to my knowledge, your paper is read in Great Britain, New Zealand and U.S.A.), the reason for the blank faces on the people reproduced on the front page of your paper published January 19th, 1961, and perhaps exonerate me from blame.

As I was credited with the photographs, my phone played a merry tune that evening, jingled by folks enquiring "What had gone amiss?" Someone asked, "if the faces had been erased to protect the innocent?" One suggested that the plates must have been made by a "Knight of Columbus," and one consoling gentleman said, "The same would have happened to a Karsh photograph."

Being an "enthusiastic amateur," it has not enhanced my reputation, although after seeing the reprints in this week's issue of your paper, I am sure O.K.R. friends will again have confidence in us.

Thanking you, in anticipation of a printed reply, I remain,
Yours truly,
Chas H. Trott.
(Sorry, Mr. Trott, see editorial page, this issue — Ed.)

10 and 25 YEARS AGO

ECHOES

10 and 25 YEARS AGO
From the Pages of The Herald
January 31, 1951 and February 5, 1936

10 YEARS AGO

A former employee of Provincial Paper Ltd., here — Allan Law, has a new position as chief engineer with a new paper mill which has opened in Nanaimo, B.C.

A local couple, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. McBride were interviewed on a Hamilton radio show Saturday while dining at the Chicken Roost in that city. For Mr. McBride, it was the first day out of hospital at Hamilton San where he had been taking treatment for two years.

25 YEARS AGO

On Monday evening the local Lions club had the finest and best attended meeting since its inception five years ago. The first president of the club Lion W. V. Grant was toastmaster and Lions president W. H. Long extended a club welcome to all and read a telegram of felicitations from District Governor Reid Murdoch.

SUGAR and SPICE

By Bill Smiley

If there is one thing above all others that I loathe, despise, detest and abhor, it is a household budget. I know this is wrong. I know it is a weakness. I know my bank manager will wince when he reads this. But I can't help it. I would rather end in a prison for paupers than have anything to do with a budget.

There is a reason for my strong feelings toward these harmless household hoaxes. Periodically, my wife insists that we draw up a budget. It happens about twice a year, and around our house it always produces strained relations, mounting tension, and a roaring fight, in that order.

During the year, I have a rough idea of where we stand financially. And I keep it deliberately as rough as possible. It doesn't take the mind of a magnate to figure out that five from four doesn't produce a plus sign. All right, so I'm an escapist. I bury my head in the sand. And if there isn't any sand around, a beaker will do.

I know the mortgage wasn't paid last year, the taxes are overdue, we've had five bills in a row from the dentist, and I've missed the discount on the hydro bill which has been in my hip pocket for three weeks. But these things don't really bother me too much. It's when my wife gets on one of her financial-genius kicks that life becomes pretty ghastly around our place. She invariably does it when she's in one of those owly moods in which she won't even take "yes" for an answer.

She had one of those attacks this week. They often come in midwinter, when my resistance is low anyway. She sits down firmly and produces lots of paper and a pencil. Then she compiles fantastic lists of stuff, everything from tires to toilet paper, from oil to oranges, puts a price on everything, and adds it all up.

This takes about two hours, during which we discover the following: that I don't know how much life insurance I have, that I don't know how much the taxes are; that I can't remember whether or not I've paid the interest on the mortgage, and such-like.

Perhaps that's why I dread these sessions so much. With a few strokes of the pencil, I am transmuted. Instead of the firm, kindly mentor of the family, the only one with both feet on the ground, the rock

on which the cruel waves of life are shattered, the bringer-home of bacon, the captain of our little ship, I am revealed as a sort of village idiot, an inept burden on the slim shoulders of a spouse, a clay-footed idiot, a jigger with shabby hands, and an utter economic flop.

Don't ask me how all this comes about in the mere drafting of a budget. It's uncanny. My wife sits there, scowls deeply, and the evidence mounts. I squirm lower in my chair, while trying to look keen, interested and dedicated to balancing the thing. Every time she thinks of a new item for the "expenditure" column, my lights up like a pinball machine. When she comes to the refreshment and tobacco departments, her eyes glitter like those of a snake about to harpoon a hypnotized rabbit.

After this week's ordeal, she announced triumphantly that we were going in the red at the rate of \$50 a month. That seemed to make her feel better. "It made me feel a lot better, too. From the way you'd been acting, I figured they were about ready to send me off to a place for retarded children."

Then she went into the next part of the ritual, which never varies. Where were we going to cut down? I always suggest paring the food bill. "Those kids would be a lot better off if they ate more porridge and cheap, healthy stuff like that," I always say. This merely leads to an outburst in which she claims that I have just accused her of being an extravagant and wasteful cook. This puts me on the defensive.

And that's exactly where she wants me. Now the pencil stabs the paper relentlessly, and comes the inevitable question, "Do you realize how much you spend on cigarettes?" And it turns out, as it always does, that if I stopped smoking, and gave up my pre-dinner bottle of ale, the budget would balance, the sun would shine every day, and my family would love, respect and obey me. So I promise to do it.

Next day, the Old Lady feels so good about having balanced the budget and reformed me, that she buys a new dress. So I reckon that if she can afford a new dress, things aren't too tough, and I slip downtown and pick up a large deck of weeds, and a small box of beer. And we're off for another happy budget-less six months.

Sugar & Spice Writer Most Widely Syndicated

Canada's favorite humorist, Bill Smiley, whose column "Sugar and Spice" appears each week in this newspaper, has won the distinction of being syndicated in more papers than any other Canadian columnist.

He is now being read in 111 newspapers throughout the country.

Smiley is 40 years old and says he feels every day of it. A native of Perth, Ont., he grew up there, and graduated from high school when he was too old to play on the football team any longer.

He went off to University of Toronto, and commenced a course in honor English. In 1941 he joined the RCAF, and trained as a fighter pilot. He flew with the Tactical Air Force in Normandy, and was shot down on Friday the 13th of October, 1944. He spent the rest of the war in a German prison camp.

Returning to university in 1945, he fell in love with a girl who has since become famous in Sugar and Spice as The Old Battleaxe. A serious illness delayed graduation until 1949. In that year, he fell into the weekly newspaper business and for the next decade was editor of the Windsor, Ont., Echo. During that period, he began writing, just for fun, a column in which he said exactly what he pleased.

A neighbouring editor, George Cadozan, of the Durham Chronicle, asked if he might use the column. Soon half a dozen editors were doing the same. The Herald was one of them. Steadily the column increased in popularity.

A year ago, the problems of distribution became so big that Smiley contracted with the Toronto Telegram News Service for national syndication of the column. Since then, its circulation has increased steadily.

Last year, Bill decided to try something new, went to teach at a college, and is currently regaling the students at Midland Ontario, high school with his own peculiar brand of English. He claims that teaching is about as restful as working in a steel mill.

The Smileys have two children, Hugh and Kim, 13 and 9, who have provided a lot of material for the column, in the past.

Readers of Sugar and Spice are sometimes infuriated, often amused, but never bored, as they peruse the prose of a man dedicated to looking at life without benefit of rose-colored glasses.

The second annual Burns Supper was held at the arena last Thursday night under the auspices of the Georgetown Pipe Band. There was an abundance of haggis and all the essentials to satisfy the upward craving of any Scotsman.

At Monday's council meeting, January accounts for relief paid to local residents totalled \$730.00. Dr. Learmonth was re-appointed milk inspector at a salary of \$200 per annum.

The local Board of Health reports 34 cases of German Measles this month and 2 cases of chickenpox.

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