

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Services We Could Use

Council's decision to seek an unemployment insurance office in Georgetown is one which we hope will be implemented by the federal government.

Job seekers and employers are handicapped when no office is located in a town of this size, and while the Brampton office does a creditable job, it cannot function as efficiently for Georgetown as one which would be located in the town itself.

There is another service, too, which a town of our size demands.

We notice that in some centres, the government establishes an income tax information centre for a week or two each spring, to answer questions and assist citizens in making out their tax returns.

This would be a welcome facility for small businessmen and individual taxpayers who need such assistance.

Student Shenanigans

Georgetown had a taste of university hijinks last week when the Battle of the Bed, as it may be known in future lore at McMaster University, took place in town in the small hours of a Wednesday morning.

The Mac students had pushed the bed from Huntsville, seeking to better the record of Guelph OAC in this newest form of sport when the Aggies ambushed them here. The bed had a brief stop in the local police office, was released later to continue on its way, and the story then assumed a sloop-and-dagger angle with a decoy bed going one way, the original another, and a further fracas up country.

It is to be hoped that no one will con-

sider this a reflection on university education. Such escapades serve as a release valve for students who spend long hours at their books. Human beings never quite get over their urge for childhood pranks, and when large groups of young people get together there are bound to be shenanigans which, at first glance, might appear childish, but which are no more foolish than any age group, when the opportunity, might indulge in.

Today's young people, we are sure, will grow into just as sedate members of society as those of a generation ago. And their memories will be the happier for just such incidents as the Battle of the Bed.

Discussion Group

Response to a recent suggestion for a mail bag letters was most gratifying to the Herald. And we were particularly impressed by the quality of the contents, and the thought which went into them.

Perhaps someone should form a discussion group in town—where opinions could be shared, topical questions debated and some mental stimulation added to homes which are too much ruled today by constant entertainment from television and radio.

None of us take our politics seriously

A Good Project

Mention was made in council recently of something which the Herald has mentioned from time to time—taking down signs after an event is over.

It would be a worthy project for a boy scout group to combine with a hike, for a service club, or the Chamber of Commerce.

On many posts and trees in town, one sees these indications of the past—politicians' pictures, posters for long-past events,

enough today. And too many people read too few books and skip the editorial pages of the daily papers for the comics and for the sports section. Social gatherings are too often of the cocktail variety, where serious conversations are impossible.

Melvin Jones started something when he inaugurated the first Lions Club. Adelaide Hoodless' name will live in history for her founding of the Women's Institute. It is not too much to expect that someone right here in Georgetown could give birth to the Discussion Club by starting the first Chapter.

in various states of decomposition. It is perhaps too much to expect that each organization would have its own 'poster taking down' committee which would function as eagerly as those entrusted with posting the signs in the first place, though this is something we would suggest.

But at least once or twice a year, we wish someone would take over the job of spring cleaning.

THE MAIL BAG

Ministers' Group Endorses School Religious Periods

Georgetown, Ontario February 16th, 1961 33 Queen Street

Editor, Georgetown Herald, Georgetown, Ontario.

Dear Sir:

At a recent meeting of the Georgetown Ministerial Association, it was requested that the secretary should forward your valued paper an account of our regular meetings which are held bi-monthly. I am therefore submitting to you a report of our meeting held this morning.

The Georgetown Ministerial Association met in St. Andrew's United Church on February 16. The main feature of the meeting was a discussion on 'The Teaching of Religion in our Public Schools', which was led by Rev. Ewart Madden. There has been a great deal said on this question, both from the pulpit and in the press. Following the presentation of the theme, the ministers freely exchanged their opinions, and agreed on these basic points:

1. The teaching of religion in public schools should be continued as there is a very definite relationship between religion and moral behaviour. Unfortunately a great many parents in every community are indifferent to the Church and Church School, thereby greatly reducing the attendance in these places. By teaching religion in the public schools a much larger constituency is reached, thus aiding the moral behaviour of the largest possible number.

2. It was also agreed that a great deal more could be done by the Canadian Council of Churches working in co-operation with the Provincial Board of Education in providing positive and constructive guidance and leadership in this field. Too much has been left for the individual minister or teacher to do as they please. There should be more uniformity about what should be taught, and what text books should be used. There should be a definite plan and programme outlined by those who are in a position to give leadership. It was also expressed that a meeting of the ministers, with some of the school principals and perhaps a member of the Board of Education, early in the school term would be a great help. At such a meeting suggestions could be given, methods and materials could be discussed. A teaching demonstration might be planned, teaching techniques could be presented. A question and answer period led by a Board member or a school principal would be helpful.

3. It was also agreed that only the basic truths of the Christian faith held by all the major Protestant communions, and found in the Bible, should be dealt with in the class room. There should be no place in the class room for denominational bias. The things upon which we all agree are so much more important than those things upon which we disagree. Denominational interpretations, and matters that divide

us should be strictly confined to the denominational Church School. The great revelations of the Bible and the moral implications of them should make up the content of religious education in the class room.

4. It was also felt that ample provision has been made in the law covering this aspect of teaching, for the children of parents who are against it. They have of late become increasingly vociferous, and yet make up a very small minority of the constituency. The Unitarians for instance make up only 16,000 people in our country of over 18,000,000 inhabitants. They are protesting far out of proportion to their numerical strength. Canada has been built upon the foundation of the Bible and the Christian faith. The vast majority of the people still claim affiliation with one of the major Christian communions as every census shows. Surely the rights of the majority should be respected, and the rights of the minority protected. The law provides them with such protection. This small group should be prepared to accept the inconvenience of their position. A Christian group in a land where Mohammedanism, Confucianism, and Buddhism prevail, must pay the price of non-conformity. We know that in many lands non-conformity often means suffering and persecution, but because of the Christian concept in Canada, such is not the case here.

Yours sincerely, E. A. Pinkerton, Secretary of the G. M. A.

WORDS OF THE WISE Difficulty is the excuse history never accepts. — Samuel Grafton.



OUR NATIONAL GAME

Controversial Corner

by Ian Cass

THE FACT REMAINS

With reference to last week's editorial comment, I have only this to add.

That the Georgetown Herald is prepared to print this column even while disagreeing, editorially, with its content is an indication of open-mindedness. That the Georgetown Herald's managing editor should be vitally interested in the financial stability of his paper is only right. That the Herald can turn out the best newspaper possible with no compromise towards its major source of revenue—the advertisers—is very much doubt. However, last week's column on the subject of monopolies, particularly monopolies in the communication field, did not have the Georgetown Herald in mind.

Improved Product

I think the amalgamation of small enterprises into larger ones frequently results in an improved product at a reduced cost to the public—this is good. The amalgamation of larger enterprises into monopolies and price control groups frequently results in reduced selection, inferior goods and price fixing—this is bad. When the monopoly is in the field of mass communication which results in presenting to the public a one-sided, slanted policy determined by one man or a small group of men, this is very bad. In fact, it is undermining the real bed-rock of democracy.

Uncritical Morons

Last week I mentioned groups and combines in the TV, press and periodical field, particularly in the U.S. and Great Britain. I said that many of these groups seemed to be dedicated only to increasing advertising revenue and to brainwashing the public into being self-satisfied, uncritical morons—I still think this is true. "These groups," makes reference to mass medium combines which individually influence the thinking of twenty million or more people. I am convinced that the power to mold the opinions of millions of people without competition and without the presentation of all viewpoints, should not be in the hands of one man or group of men.

Not The Question

That these men may use their power wisely or corruptly is not the question. That they can achieve this power, that they can ensure that their opinions on major issues are the only ones available, is a fact. That the survival of democracy in the western world may depend, to a great extent, on a well-informed, unprejudiced electorate is also a fact. Some people may think that the power wielded by the Time-Life-Fortune group by Reader's Digest, by the Hearst newspaper combine is democratic and justifiable. I think these are potentially the most dangerous type of combine in existence.

One Example

I will quote just one example, not of what can result from this but what has already happened. During last year's U.S. presidential campaign many of the largest cities were covered only by newspapers supporting the Nixon nomination. In other words the people in these cities could only buy newspapers dedicated to the support of the Republican candidate; could only obtain papers favouring that political point of view; could only read editorials with this slant; were bombarded with extensive favourable coverage of Republican affairs and

that the unlimited expansion of such power without democratic redress is wrong. I do not care to retreat from a position of belief into one of convenient compromise.

High School to Get New Encyclopaedia

Sets of the Encyclopaedia Britannica donated to the nation's high schools last year through the Canadian School Trustees' Association are soon to be replaced with 1961 sets. This was announced by A. J. Thiessen of Winnipeg, CSTA president.

Top Condition

When the Britannica donation was first announced, the hope was expressed that it would be possible to replace the sets from time to time to keep them in top condition and ensure students of continuous access to up-to-date information.

Most Extensive

"A reference work of this sort is good for many years," Mr. Thiessen said. "However, we have been told by the publishers that the 1961 revision of Encyclopaedia Britannica is the most extensive in more than a generation, and they feel that the 1961 sets in the school will remain current for a long time."

Were Donated

Sets were donated to more than 2,000 of the country's English-speaking and bilingual schools early last year, and to nearly 500 French-speaking schools last summer and fall. In most cases the presentation was made by the chairman of the local school board in the name of a benefactor of the school or the community.

Already Begun

In 1961 revision of the Encyclopaedia Britannica involves more than eight million words and nearly fifteen thousand separate articles, 135 of which are of specific Canadian interest. Replacement of the sets, a major problem in logistics, has already begun. Retail value of the 1961 sets involved will be \$1,000,000.

WORDS OF THE WISE

People forget how fast you did a job—but they remember how well you did it. —Howard W. Newton.



CANADA FOR ALL—RACES, COLORS, CREEDS

SUGAR and SPICE

By Bill Smiley

It isn't that I'm scared of my wife. It's just that she makes me nervous. As I darsay yours does you. And yours you. For example, last week, we had to make a trip to the city. Young Kim couldn't come. With some other piano pupils, she was making her radio debut on Saturday morning, on the local radio station.

Both of us had to go, so we organized a baby sitter and left without small daughter. We planned to hear her performance on the radio, over the car radio. There was the usual confusion. Our car radio either goes off when we hit a bump, or suddenly emits a great blast of music when we don't even know it's switched on. We weren't sure we would be able to get the program. My wife dithered. I reassured. A familiar pattern.

The program came through loud and clear. Our stomachs started to churn with that sick feeling, as the announcer introduced the children's numbers. Each played beautifully. Finally, he stated as calmly as anything, that Kim Smiley would now play an etude. We all turned and grinned triumphantly at each other.

Kim sailed into her piece, played a couple of bars, then stopped abruptly. There was a silence of about three seconds, during which I could distinctly hear the pulse in my wife's temple, hammering over the roar of the car's engine. Then the child attacked the piano again, and finished the piece creditably enough. But it was too late.

The Old Lady was so mad and disappointed that she wouldn't speak for forty miles. Just sat there like Lot's wife, glaring straight ahead, tears of rage coursing slowly down her stony countenance. Hugh and I nervously tried songs, jokes, funny stories, and pointing at the new factories. Nothing doing.

I have related this incident merely to explain that you don't pull any boners around our house, and expect to have them laughed off. That's why I had a few tense weeks over the tickets. I gave them to her for Christmas. She's a classical music enthusiast, and our son is studying piano at the Conservatory, so, at considerable expense, I organized tickets for two outstanding concerts this winter. She was delighted with the gift.

After exclaiming over my thoughtfulness, she put them in her purse, six reserved seat tickets. "Here," I said in a bluff, manly fashion. "You'd better let me keep those. You're liable to lose them." She's always leaving her purse at the movies, or at somebody's house, or in Toronto. So, I put them in my hip pocket, where I carry all the things I don't want to lose.

Well, a couple of days later, I was changing my pants, and

of course that entailed transferring the contents of my hip pocket. Yep. No tickets. In the intervening forty-eight hours, we'd visited a lot of people, wandered about in snow to my knees, and generally covered a lot of territory. At first I was alarmed, but not unduly so. I searched by trousers carefully. I checked all the bureau drawers. I explored my wallet thoroughly. I began going thro' all the pockets of all my clothes. No tickets.

I didn't have the nerve to say a word, of course. I checked with all the people we had visited. I searched our luggage. I combed the house from attic to cellar, pretending I was checking the insulation or something. No tickets. Finally, I began to panic. The next few weeks were a whirlwind of long distance calls, frantic letter-writing and middle of the night soul-searching.

As the deadline neared, the pressure built up. By this time I was ripping the lining out of my clothes. I had turned my wallet inside out so often that I had found a number of important documents, missing for years. But no tickets.

The day of the first concert arrived. Hugh and his mum were making big plans. Drive to the city, have a nice dinner and drive home, 180 miles in sub-zero weather, but worth it. I agreed, with a sickly smile. I was praying I'd have a heart attack, or that the first Russian missile would fall.

I went out to get gas and oil checked in the car. I tried to ram a couple of types on the way home, but they dodged me. At last, after six weeks of moaning, howling, the moment of truth arrived.

She was tearing around the house, doing those last minute things, and crying instructions to Kim and me. I slipped into the kitchen, took a big belt out of the medicinal brandy, emerged, put on my most humble look, and told her I had a terrible confession to make. She thought it was about a woman, so immediately sat down. All ears.

"I've lost the tickets, I blurted. "What tickets?" "The tickets for the concert tonight, and the other concert next month."

"What in the world are you talking about? They're in my purse. I took them out of your hip pocket the day after Christmas, because I knew you'd lose them."

I didn't know whether to slay her with the nearest blunt object, or run screaming into the frigid wastes outside. I compromised and took another big slug of brandy before I started to sob uncontrollably from sheer relief. As I say, it isn't that I'm scared of my wife. It is just that she makes me nervous.

10 and 25 YEARS AGO ECHOES

From the Pages of the Herald Feb. 21, 1951; and Feb. 26, 1936

10 YEARS AGO Kenneth R. Harrison, son of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Harrison of town has received his ARCT degree as solo performer in piano.

Georgetown will meet Burlington in the OHA Intermediate semi-finals.

Pay raises for all town employees were made at Monday's council meeting. The pay hike was 8c an hour. The four town workmen now get \$1.03 an hour.

Hit Parade records are available at McClures. Here are the current top ten—Tennessee Waltz, My Heart Cries for You, If They Made Me a King, You're Just in Love, So Long, Harbour Lights, The Roving Kind, It is No Secret, Aba Daba Honeymoon.

25 YEARS AGO The Gregory Theatre was packed to capacity last night when the annual High School commencement exercises were held. 1935 scholars were presented to Joy Laird, Lydia Snow, Harry Williams and Elizabeth Grant.

Thomas Ellenton, blind Georgetown resident, was knocked down and shaken up when a farmer's horse, frightened by an auto ran against him last week.

At the Gregory: The Last Outpost starring Gary Cooper: The Pay Off starring James Dunn: Farm Takes a Wife, starring Janet Gaynor and Henry Fonda.

PHONY BUSINESS

She watched the door of her new establishment open to admit her first client. Business had started! A good impression must be created! Hurriedly, she grasped the telephone receiver and became engaged in an animated conversation. Then, an appointment having been arranged, she replaced the receiver, and asked "What can I do for you, sir?" A moment's pause, and then, "If you please, Sir, I've come to connect the telephone."

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