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MAY
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content

for Canadian Journalists

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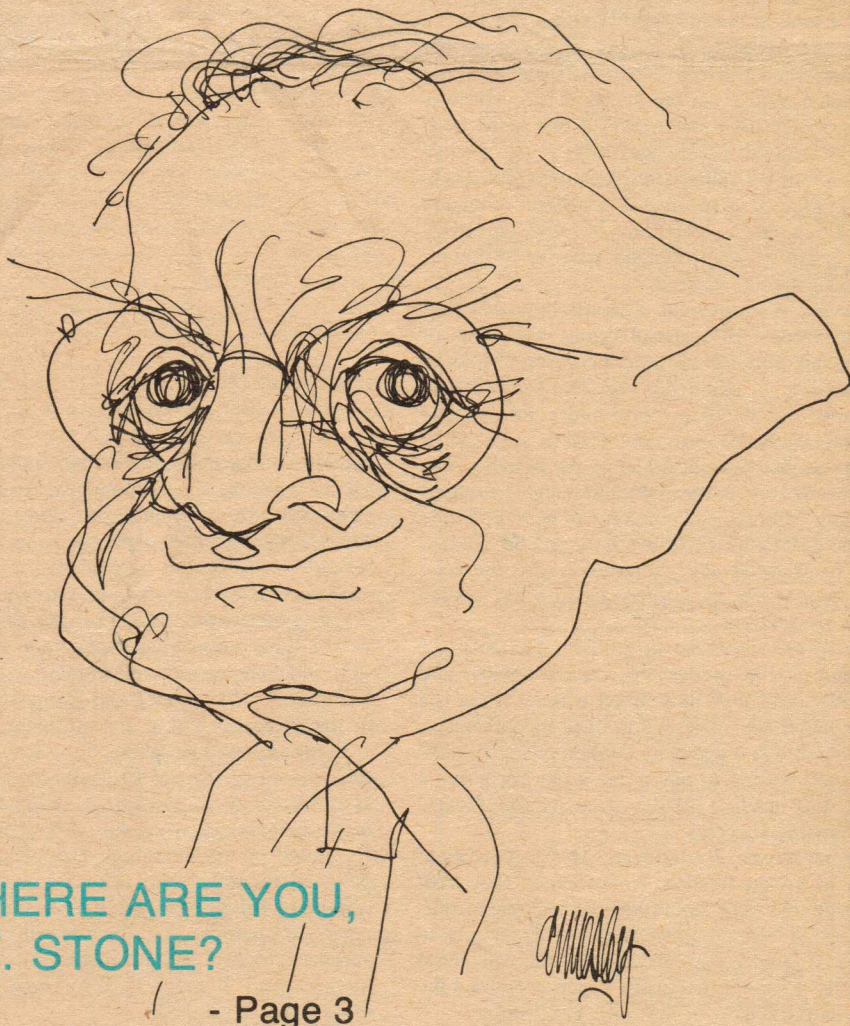
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FERGY, THE DEAN, HAS GONE

by GEORGE HANSON

Elmer Ferguson was a throwback, one of the few tenuous links we had with a robust and sometimes romantic journalistic past.

When Fergy died in April, it was the removal of another link from the long chain which has forged the legends of the trade and spelled out its evolution. That Elmer dwelled in the world of sports gives him a special place in the legends and romance of that progress.

All branches of the business have their 'deans' and trendsetters. The list is long through the Roaring Twenties, the Depression era, the Thirties and the Forties. The Winchels, the glamorous foreign correspondents who worked Europe in the pre-war and then the war years, the itinerant newsmen who sat in the cafés of Paris . . . interesting men, often enviable men. Most were talented, many left their marks, and all appear when the beer mugs froth at press clubs around the world.

Sports people had their own troupe; in the United States the men who stayed with it, such as Grantland Rice; those who went on to more literate pursuits, à la Damon. In Canada, for longevity, talent, and tales over beer, there were few beyond Fergy, Toronto's Ted Reeve and the late Baz O'Meara. All charted different courses but each was held in esteem for ability and his own brand of color.

This is about Fergy, not purely a eulogy but rather a look at the man and his times.

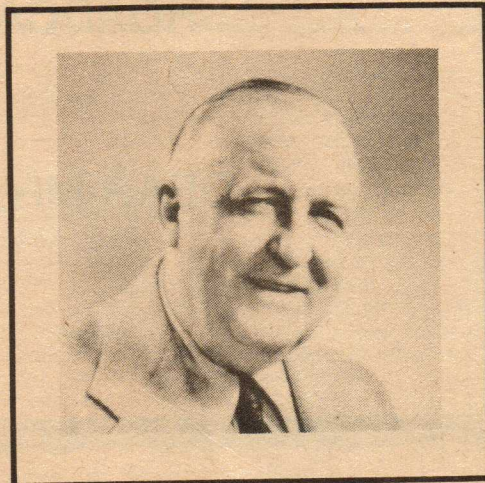
The one certainty in talking of Fergy is that he represented a breed which will probably not ever again appear on the sports scene. His was a story which isn't uncommon if one leaps from point A to point Z. He was born poor, worked as a newsboy on trains in the Maritimes and, eventually, parlayed an astute and observant mind and a quick pen plus an awareness of living legendary and a grasp of where dollars were to be found, into a substantial lifestyle.

One doesn't desecrate in mentioning that Fergy's awareness of material things were part of the legend because the late Ferguson, himself, was the first to admit that one had to be insane to ignore the abundant opportunity surrounding the profession. He was renowned as a friend of owners as much as of athletes; for being a man who was as close to the nightclub scene in another, halycone Montreal generation, as he was to the athletic games; as a fellow who could be counted upon to show at any gathering where the food table bent under its burden and the bar spilled out its temptations.

His spirit carried out of the 20's and 30's and 40's and into the modern era without a pause and with few critics. A new breed was invading the scene; better educated, conditioned by the conscience of radio and television and more severe publishers — willing to pay a day's pay for a day's work, thus heading off the necessity for 'favors' from outside sources.

I think I was a confidante of Fergy without being in his confidence, to the extent that most things be said were 'on' rather than 'off' the record. His candor was amusing at times, especially to a relative neophyte at the trade and one who could not fully grasp the necessity which prompted the ideas and practices of the 'old' generation.

Most people felt the same way about Fergy. When he criticised a given group for being paltry at the bar, he was forgiven because 'he's Fergy.' His was a generation where publishers, so they tell us, kept salaries at levels worthy of coolies



and took into account that outside influences were part of the game . . . keeping a writer fed, reasonably well lubricated and a bit fatter in the bank account than he could expect to be by the strictest rewards of his craft.

Shrewd, and educated, investment made him possibly the world's only chauffeur-driven sports-writer. It gave him a superb home in Westmount, sold and later resurrected through a purchase in Hampstead. Westmount and Hampstead are two of the Montreal area's most affluent burroughs.

Fergy often spoke about his associations with such places as the old El Morroco, in which — as publicist — he became a shareholder and a major beneficiary when the nightclub was sold. He spoke of his gambling days when, because of his charm and writing influence, a track official offered to write off his debts if he promised never again to gamble. He happily, in his words, accepted the deal and never did "throw away my money again. It is too hard to come by and one must guard it jealously."

Ferguson, like many people who rise from humble beginnings, developed fine tastes. His clothing, his shaving lotion, his home, his car, his tastes in wine and food, became high class. He was proud of his writing ability and felt he could

always learn something from novels. Hence, he was a voracious reader and many of our hours together were spent discussing the merits of various novels and novelists. Like many people who enjoy well constructed plots, his most enjoyable reading hours were spent with the mystery writers.

The composite Fergy couldn't be covered in anything less than a novel. He enjoyed reminiscing about when he worked as a reporter in homicide cases, to when he augmented his sportswriting income by accepting employment as an official at race tracks and hockey arenas. His was an era when one could serve two or three or four masters with impunity.

As one judges it, it was a romantic era, one starved for heroes. In the United States, they had a Lindburgh and few others so they built and weaved legends around the athletic people of the day. In this country, the same was true and Fergy was among those who happily bent to the task of helping folklore along. There is little doubt that those of whom he wrote were authentic talents in their fields, but his lively pen and imagination gave them an added dimension.

It is common knowledge, too, that Fergy was among the first of those in the craft to recognize the impact of radio and he quickly accepted the offer to be part of hockey broadcasts — being credited with developing the Hot Stove League idea, a homey, spontaneous extension to the play-by-play broadcasts. Anyone in my generation still can thrill to Saturday night baths and then the big broadcast with those greatly authoritative men, so close to the action, actually telling what they knew about these demigods who skated swiftly and shot pucks with unerring accuracy.

All in all, the lifestyle of Fergy and so many men of his era is totally foreign to today's breed. But it was pleasant for those of us who criss-crossed with them. It was educational and a bit romantic . . . like the vets of the new wars talking to the ancient survivors of the Civil War. It was another time and another environment and one which, in this rapid paced, streamlined world, could occasionally fill a 'new' heart with longing.

The product of it all showed best at the funeral, a large and traditional Roman Catholic service at the massive, old and revered Mary Queen of the World Basilica.

The archbishop celebrated the mass, a grand gesture towards a man who had only recently converted to Roman Catholicism. A leading rabbi spoke a brief eulogy; the president of Blue Bonnets racetrack, Raymond Lemay, was the man who gave the epistle. It was a gathering of the little people, news vendors and ordinary readers and they stood shoulder to shoulder with great and near-great athletes of the past and present, with the mayor and MLAs, with publishers and league presidents.

An Elmer Ferguson is a rare breed and growing rarer. The society and the profession which spawned his particular lifestyle has all but ceased to exist. We don't have time for characters any longer and that is probably unfortunate because their presence and existence brings out the little boy in all of us, the lingering fantasy world which is too often crushed by harsh reality.

The Canadian journalistic community has lost one of a kind.

George Hanson is in the sports department of the Montreal Star.

I.F. Stone's Weekly: A legacy

BRUCE GARVEY

Washington—There was something missing somehow during that second mad week of May, as the American mines plopped into Haiphong harbor and the cloud of crisis hung heavy over Washington.

In these tense gatherings preceding the news conferences and the briefings, one familiar line was missing from the ominous mutterings of this city's crisis-trained journalists . . . , "Did you see Izzy Stone today?"

Because *I.F. Stone's Bi-Weekly* doesn't arrive in the mail any more. After 19 years, Stone's brilliant pamphlet is no more and his savagely brilliant advocacy journalism on the Vietnam war no longer on Washington's menu of South East Asian fare.

It was Vietnam that had dominated Stone's work of late, and long before it became the fashionable liberal cause that it is today. And it went back long before Vietnam, back to Korea, in fact, and more — a career of investigative reporting that is legendary in America.

And this year Isidor Feinstein Stone, 63, ended it with a simple notice in his paper.

"Dear Friend and Subscriber:

"In some ways this is a sad letter for me to write, but I also feel that it marks an exciting new beginning.

"After 19 years of independent reporting and publishing, I will be discontinuing writing and publishing *I.F. Stone's Bi-Weekly*"

Independent is the key word.

Stone started that way, because he had no choice. Nobody would touch him.

But he ended it that way, too — although he could have named his price to scores of publishers. It began back in 1953.

Stone had been a Washington correspondent for the magazine, *The Nation*, and reporter, columnist and editor for a string of New York papers.

He was with the *New York Daily Compass* when it folded it 1952 and nobody seemed very interested in picking up Izzy Stone.

So *I.F. Stone's Weekly* — it became fortnightly in 1967 — was born.

"You've got to be desperate to start something like that. I didn't think it would last very long," he recalls, "But I had to do something. I enjoy the fight for its own sake."

Stone doubted it would last, because he wasn't planning to hold back;

"The only way to get the truth is to be irresponsible, so to speak. And if you do that you know you'll lose 365 papers who won't print you. Do you save your fire for when you can get results, and that's usually like trying to reform a whorehouse by getting the maid to put paper cups in the latrine."

By the time the weekly folded this year, Stone's paper had gone from a first run of 5,300 to more than 70,000. And the views and reporting that had seemed so radical and untouchable years before had become respectable.

At the beginning, Stone had been an outcast. He was refused a congressional press gallery pass, credentials for the State Department and other agencies, and they kicked him out of the press club here when he took a black in for lunch.

It didn't bother Stone.

"I owe my eminence as a reporter to being barred from State Department briefings. It saved me so much time," he said once.

As for the gallery, they allowed Izzy to attend — except on days when the president visited congress. On those occasions, presumably for some notion of security, he couldn't get in.

Not that he would have wanted to.

As *Washington Post* columnist Nicholas von Hoffman says: "Izzy demonstrated that you can send a copy boy to cover the White House — a reporter you need for more valuable tasks."

But radical as his reputation was, the FBI and congressional committees never tried to lean on Stone. "How could, they," he says, "How do you expose Gypsy Rose Lee? I've always had it all off."

Stone's biting advocacy journalism — bolstered by the facts that it seemed only he could dig out of the bureaucracy — never claimed the illusory objectivity that modern journalism professes as its purpose.

His brilliant critical analysis always had its bias, but so often he was right on target.

A classic example was the infamous Gulf of Tonkin affair, now generally accepted as a fraudulent event on which Lyndon Johnson could launch his escalation of the war.

The doubts — subsequently confirmed in congressional testimony and other journalists' research — were first raised by Stone as to exactly what happened that night on the dark waters of Tonkin.

Inevitably, Stone's reporting made him enemies — he was made a member of the legion of liberals who have been dusted with Vice-President Spiro Agnew's semantical gibberish. And one that really must have hurt — Nixon's son-in-law David Eisenhower refused to attend his own graduation from Amherst College when Stone was engaged as the speaker.

He lost 400 copies — and that probably did hurt — when he visited Russia in 1956 and concluded: "This is not a good society and it is not led by honest men."

He lost more circulation by accepting the plight of Palestinian refugees as a just cause, and noting the valid goals of Arab nationalism.

And he confounded his own admirers by rejecting the flood of conspiracy theories surrounding President John Kennedy's assassination and accepting the verdict of the Warren Commission, that Lee Harvey Oswald acted alone and unassisted, unmotivated by others.

But now the \$7.50 subscriptions for the weekly will be renewed no more and only *I.F. Stone's* books and the *New York Review* carry his wisdom.

"This town is like a 50-ring circus," he said as he folded the weekly, "If you're a one-man bureau, it's hard. By changing my pace, I think I can last longer, I won't have to follow everything at once. I can concentrate on one thing at a time."

But came the second week in May and it was still the same old thing and Stone was writing in the *Review*:

"We may still be drifting towards the world's second nuclear crunch if wiser second thoughts do not prevail.

"In the first, world peace was saved because Khrushchev backed down. Khrushchev soon after lost his job. Kennedy, had he lived, would have found it hard to keep his had he 'blinked' leaving Soviet missiles aimed at us from Cuba.

"Now again, as then, the desire not to appear a pitiful, helpless giant, a patsy in office, is predominant.

"The risks to the leader's political future outweigh the risks to his country and the world.

"Crunch may become the catastrophe because the man in power would rather risk a nuclear showdown than lose the next election or his majority in the Politbureau. This is not a rational planetary order. But it would be too easy to blame it on the politicians — their calculus of political expediency rests on the existence within each nation's boundaries of a sizeable population of small boy mentalities and primitives who still see war as a test of their virility."

The weekly may be gone; but *I.F. Stone* is still around.

"I'm going to haunt the Pentagon," he promises, "Maybe they'll make me a general, so if you see me with three stars on my shoulder, don't salute."

Bruce Garvey is at the Washington bureau of the Toronto Star.

STAR BLITZED, CERTIFIED

by DICK MACDONALD

Probably one of the quickest organizing jobs ever undertaken by The Newspaper Guild was at the Montreal *Star*. Certification for the paper's editorial staff was granted this month — roughly a month after a weekend blitz which signed up at least two-thirds of the eligible employees.

For the guild, it was something of a lose-one, win-one situation. Last fall, when the Toronto *Telegram* folded, the guild lost a fair chunk of revenue and representative power. Moving into the *Star* helps the treasury and the power base which goes with numbers of members, and it gives the union a significant position in Quebec. Hitherto, the guild had represented the delivery section and maintenance workers of the *Star* and UPI.

For the Association of English-Media Journalists of Quebec — whose prime interest was the standards of work in the profession — the guild's arrival in the editorial department of the *Star* may have negative consequences. The bulk of the association's membership has come from the *Star* and already people have been complaining about the \$48 annual dues — this includes a \$36 individual fee for the Fédération professionnelle des journalistes du Québec — and now that union checkoffs will be instituted it is likely that recruiting tactics by the association will be in vain.

That's unfortunate, because the association has tried to take philosophical and theoretical look at journalism, with more concern about the way the job is done than about salaries and pensions.

It would be desirable for the guild in Canada, and the United States, to start paying attention to such matters, and to the whole question of editorial policy. But the current nature of the guild indicates that this concern is not about to be taken too seriously; at least, not immediately.

To understand — partially, anyway — why the guild was successful in its most recent organizing task requires an understanding of the atmosphere in the editorial department of the *Star*.

It was only about four years ago that major

changes in the hierarchy of the afternoon daily were made, and with those changes came a new editorial direction. It meant that major series of stories of the so-called analytical sort were written frequently and that the paper, as *Le Magazine Maclean* said at the time, became a Quebec paper printed in English — rather than an English-language paper which happened to be printed in Quebec.

Somewhere, there was a reverse, a shift in attitudes; some would attribute it to economic interests, others to the reaction to this rather sudden change in approach to information. A little more than a year and half ago, not long after the Bourassa win at the polls, the Montreal *Star* began to develop a new complexion. Some accused it of reverting to the English-speaking ghetto it once was in, with story overkill in matters français.

The rate of editorial staff turnover at the *Star* during the past year and a half probably is unprecedented in the paper's history. People have moved off to free-lancing, the CBC, and the French-language papers.

So it was that early this spring Robert Rupert, international representative of The Newspaper Guild, got together with several *Star* reporters and discussed the prospects of the guild's attempting an organizing job. There had been attempts before, all of them unsuccessful, and until a year and a half ago or so there had been efforts by a few staffers to establish an editorial association, none of which were fruitful.

There were reservations from those with whom Rupert talked, but the first lengthy meeting ended with reporters agreeing to sound out their colleagues. There was a thought, too, of checking on the Confederation of National Trade Unions, the major Quebec union group, to determine whether its syndicat général des communications would be interested in an organizing attempt at the *Star*; that idea was dropped, presumably because it would be difficult enough to sell people

on the guild let alone the CNTU.

The reaction from staffers was favorable during a two-week sounding period. An organizing committee was created and for an element of surprise it was decided to try the Friday-to-Sunday blitz. Roughly 20 people worked that weekend in April to contact *Star* editorial and library employees, working from a list of 70 staffers who were categorized as "yes" in a scale of acceptability of "yes, maybe and no."

The majority was obtained by the Saturday afternoon. Helping the *Star* core group were about 20 guild members from Toronto and Ottawa locals, and a person from the Toronto *Star*'s Washington bureau.

The petition for certification was issued and authorization came through before mid-May. Excluded from the bargaining unit are 23 people considered to be in the management area. Bargaining is due to start shortly.

Needless to say, the blitz campaign took management by surprise, for all on the organizing committee had been discreet in their work. But the *Star* is, despite criticisms, a lenient and rational organization, and executives don't want an employee-employer confrontation. That's a commendable position, and one which most guild people would support. There are a few, however, whose methods of organizing during the blitz involved grandiose promises about reporter power, as it is called who could learn a lesson.

What's needed is an element of trust, of fairness, and a realization that both sides — if they can be called sides — should be working toward the same objective: a better supply of information for the public.

Dick MacDonald is Editor of Content.

LETTERS

INFO CAN

Editor:

I have read with deep interest the excellent article by Ron Coulson in the April issue entitled "Professional PRing".

Ron, as former executive director of the Canadian Public Relations Society is, of course, a knowledgeable and well-informed writer who has been closely involved in the CPRS accreditation program. His article is basically sound, but there is a major omission which tends to distort the picture.

Ron's article delves deeply into the Government of Canada Career Development Program, and implies that it was organized and carried out entirely by the Treasury Board. Not so. Information Canada was deeply involved in all aspects of the

study from the very beginning, and co-sponsored the project with the Treasury Board. Information Canada was, in fact, the agency charged by the Cabinet to undertake the study and to report on it to the government. The final report to the government came from Information Canada.

This is not to discount in any way the role played by the Treasury Board, or by the many other departments which contributed time and expertise to the study. But I felt that after some of the stern things which have been said and written about Information Canada, *Content* would like to give credit where credit is due in this major — and highly successful — undertaking.

Jean-Louis Gagnon,
Director General,
Information Canada

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La Patrie, Montreal

The Canadian Press, Toronto

The Globe and Mail, Toronto

Canadian Churchman, Toronto

The Globe and Mail, Toronto

Congratulations and best wishes are extended to these five journalists.

The Southam Newspapers



CROSSING IDEOLOGICAL BARRIERS

by BEN SWANKEY

It was my good fortune this spring to be the guest of Olrich Bures, editor of the *Democratic Journalist*, in Prague. This monthly magazine is the official organ of the International Organization of Journalists, and circulates 16,000 copies in four languages, in scores of countries.

I had been looking forward to meeting Bures for some time and when writing assignments took me to Berlin I took advantage of the trip to stop over in Prague. Olrich Bures is a well-known and highly-respected journalist in eastern and western Europe, with a wealth of experience that started with the Nazi occupation of his country and which now includes contacts with journalists from more than 100 countries.

As a young student of history and literature at Charles University in Prague he was conscripted into forced labor by the Nazis and sent to Erfurt. After a year of this he escaped and made his way back to Prague by way of an underground route, no small feat in itself. His artist-actor father also joined the Resistance, was thrown into a concentration camp and murdered by the Nazis in May, 1945, just days before the war ended.

Aside from my wish to meet Bures was the desire to learn more about the International Organization of Journalists. Most Canadian journalists, if Media 71 and 72 are any criteria, have been so immersed in the search for their own identity and role (not to mention the hardly unimportant struggle for a decent level of income in keeping

with the profession) that they haven't looked much beyond the borders of Canada, except to the south, of course. Yet, to a greater or lesser degree, journalists in other countries have similar aspirations, responsibilities and problems and so we really have a lot in common. And while the great ideological struggles of our times have tended to divide the world into opposing camps, the common needs of journalists have crossed these barriers too.

The International Organization of Journalists is one of those world-wide organizations that has affiliates in both the east and west. It originated in London in June, 1946, at a congress of progressive and anti-fascist journalists called on the initiative of the International Federation of Journalists of the Allied or Free Countries. This was an international organization of journalists established in London in 1941, when the International Federation of Journalists, which had been organized in 1926, ceased to function due to the war.

Journalists representing 21 countries attended this first constituent congress. It was decided to abolish the old International Federation of Journalists as well as the International Federation of Journalists of the Allied or Free Countries and set up a completely new group called the International Organization of Journalists (IOJ). The aims and tasks of the IOJ were outlined in a special resolution and a provisional constitution adopted. Archibald Kenyon of Great Britain, former president of the IFJAF, was elected president and Keith Bean of Australia as secretary. London was chosen as the provisional headquarters.

The second congress of the IOJ held in Prague a year later, in June, 1947, attracted 208 delegates from 28 countries. The membership of IOJ affiliates in 24 countries by this time had reached 58,000. Prague was selected as the permanent headquarters and Jiri Hronek of Czechoslovakia succeeded Keith Bean as general secretary.

A resolution endorsed by the congress on freedom of the press appealed to journalists and newspaper publishers to see that press freedom remained intact "with the exception of steps envisaged in cases of defamation or corruption or undermining of democracy through fascist propaganda or propaganda encouraging racial discrimination."

Another resolution pledged support to journalists prosecuted for their refusal to disseminate false news or distortions and took the position that "freedom of the press would not be fully guaranteed as long as newspapers, news agencies, and radio stations are owned and controlled by individuals or private monopolies that bear no responsibility to the nation."

Between the second IOJ congress in Prague in 1947 and the third congress in Helsinki in 1950, a serious split developed in the IOJ. It was already evident at the second congress when Milton M. Murray, the U.S. delegate, opposed the selection of Prague as the headquarters of the IOJ. The split was intensified when Harry Martin, president of the American Newspaper Guild, walked out of the meeting of the executive committee held in Budapest in 1948, and when, a year later, journalists' unions from the U.S.A. England, Austria and other countries left the IOJ.

The basic source of the split was the growing Cold War, kicked off by Winston Churchill's Fulton, Missouri, speech in 1946. The divisions which developed within the wartime allies soon

made themselves felt in most international organizations.

By 1952 a number of international journalists' unions, under U.S. guidance, formed the International Federation of Journalists at Brussels. The split of journalists into two world organizations still is with us today. In spite of the split, however, the IOJ continued to grow. The losses in affiliations from western countries were compensated to some extent by the growing number of affiliations from Asia, Africa and Latin America.

At its third congress in Helsinki in 1950, five more journalists' organizations were admitted, bringing the total to 30. Jean-Maurice Hermann of France became the president. The fourth congress in Bucharest in 1958 approved a proposal to build a Rest Home (holiday resort) for journalists at Varna, Bulgaria, on the shores of the Black Sea.

The fifth congress in Budapest, 1962, attracted 166 delegates, observers, and guests from 59 countries and all continents.

By the time of the sixth congress in Berlin in 1966 the number of countries represented in the IOJ through member associations, groups or committees rose to 49 and the membership reached 140,000.



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The Berlin congress noted the lack of contact with Canadian and American journalists and urged that steps be taken to bring about contact and co-operation. "The IOJ contacts in North America are extremely limited," said general secretary Jiri Meisner in his report to the congress. "Representatives of the (French language) Canadian Union of Journalists have participated in some of our meetings. We maintain contacts only with individual journalists in the United States. We must succeed in bringing about co-operation with journalists in this area in professional and social problems of journalism."

Meisner also reported that an appeal made to the congress of the International Federation of Journalists held in West Berlin in May of that year calling for discussions and co-operation had been negatively replied to by the IFJ.

At its seventh and most recent Congress, held in Havana in 1971, the IOJ celebrated its 25th anniversary; 326 journalists (187 delegates, 71 guests and 68 observers) from 84 countries participated. At the opening of the congress it was officially announced that 20 new member organizations and groups had joined. The three incumbent officers, Jean-Maurice Herman (France), president; Jiri Kubka (Czechoslovakia), secretary, and Norbert Siklosi (Hungary), treasurer, were re-elected for another four-year term.

In his report to the Congress, Jiri Kubka reaffirmed the aims of the IOJ:

"The statutes of our international organization state," he declared, "that its main aim is the struggle for peace in the whole world and for a better future for mankind. Our mission is the defence of peace and the strengthening of friendship among nations, the promotion of international understanding, the flow of free, true and honest information. Our mission is the struggle against the spread of war psychosis and war propaganda, against every kind of fascist propaganda, against national and race hatred, against the creation of international tension. It is our purpose to fully support, defend and protect all journalists who are fulfilling this noble mission."

To this brief review of the history of the IOJ should be added some information on its aims, structure and activities.

The aims and tasks of the IOJ are laid out in its statutes. They include "the struggle against the spreading of war psychosis and war propaganda of any sort"; opposition to "nationalist or racial hatred"; "protection of freedom of the press and of journalists against the influence of monopolist and financial groups"; the struggle "for the bettering of the material conditions of their (journalists') existence" and support "for the trade union movement in the struggle for journalists' demands."

Membership of the IOJ is open to national unions of journalists, national IOJ groups, and individuals. The leading body of the IOJ between congresses is the executive committee. It is elected at the congresses from among members proposed by the affiliates. The congress also elects the president, vice presidents and general secretary.

The activities of the IOJ include assistance to affiliates, exchange of experiences and information, publications, the operation of rest and holiday homes, schools of journalism, and co-operation with various agencies of the United Nations. In



addition it has a number of clubs and sections including the International Photo Section, Interpress Auto Club, Interpress Graphic Club and the International Club of Radio and Television Journalists.

The IOJ operates three international schools of journalism, all beamed at students from newly developing nations. The CTK International School of Journalism and Press Technique in Stare Splavy, Czechoslovakia, was established in 1961. The School of Solidarity in Berlin has operated since 1963. The International Centre for the Professional Training of Journalists in Budapest was founded in 1964. The latter concentrates chiefly on radio and television; the language of instruction is English.

As mentioned, the International Rest Home for Journalists at Varnia, Bulgaria, has been operating since 1959. In 1966 a second hotel was added. Another International Rest Home was opened in 1965 on the shores of Hungary's most famous lake, Lake Balaton. While these rest homes are used mainly as holiday centres, special consideration is given to journalists who have suffered ill health due to persecution, e.g. from South Africa, Greece and Spain.

In addition to the *Democratic Journalist* pub-

lished since 1951, the IOJ *Information Bulletin* has been published fortnightly since 1953. Also published in four languages, it deals mainly with news of the activities of member organizations.

In 1969, *Interpressgraphic* was established as a specialized magazine aimed at raising the professional qualities of technical and graphic editors of newspapers and magazines. It publishes 5,000 copies in Russian and English.

Other publications include the *Handbook of News Agencies* containing the basic facts about more than 60 agencies in the world, printed in English in 1970 in an edition of 1,200 copies; and *Television Journalism*, written by a Soviet journalist and appearing in an English translation in 1970 in an edition of 5,000 copies.

Canadian journalists' organizations or individual journalists wishing to secure more information about the IOJ or to get its publications can write to: Olrich Bures, Editor, *Democratic Journalist*, Parizska 9-11, Prague, Czechoslovakia. He is interested in developing contact with Canadian journalists and will reply promptly to all enquiries.

Ben Swankey is a free-lance journalist in Vancouver.

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MOSTLY FOR FUN

"I am not a photo-journalist — a pretentious term for a dying profession," says Geoffrey James, a writer for *Time* magazine in Montreal.

"The idea of telling a *story* in pictures seems to have been superseded by television. Hence, the lingering death of picture magazines.

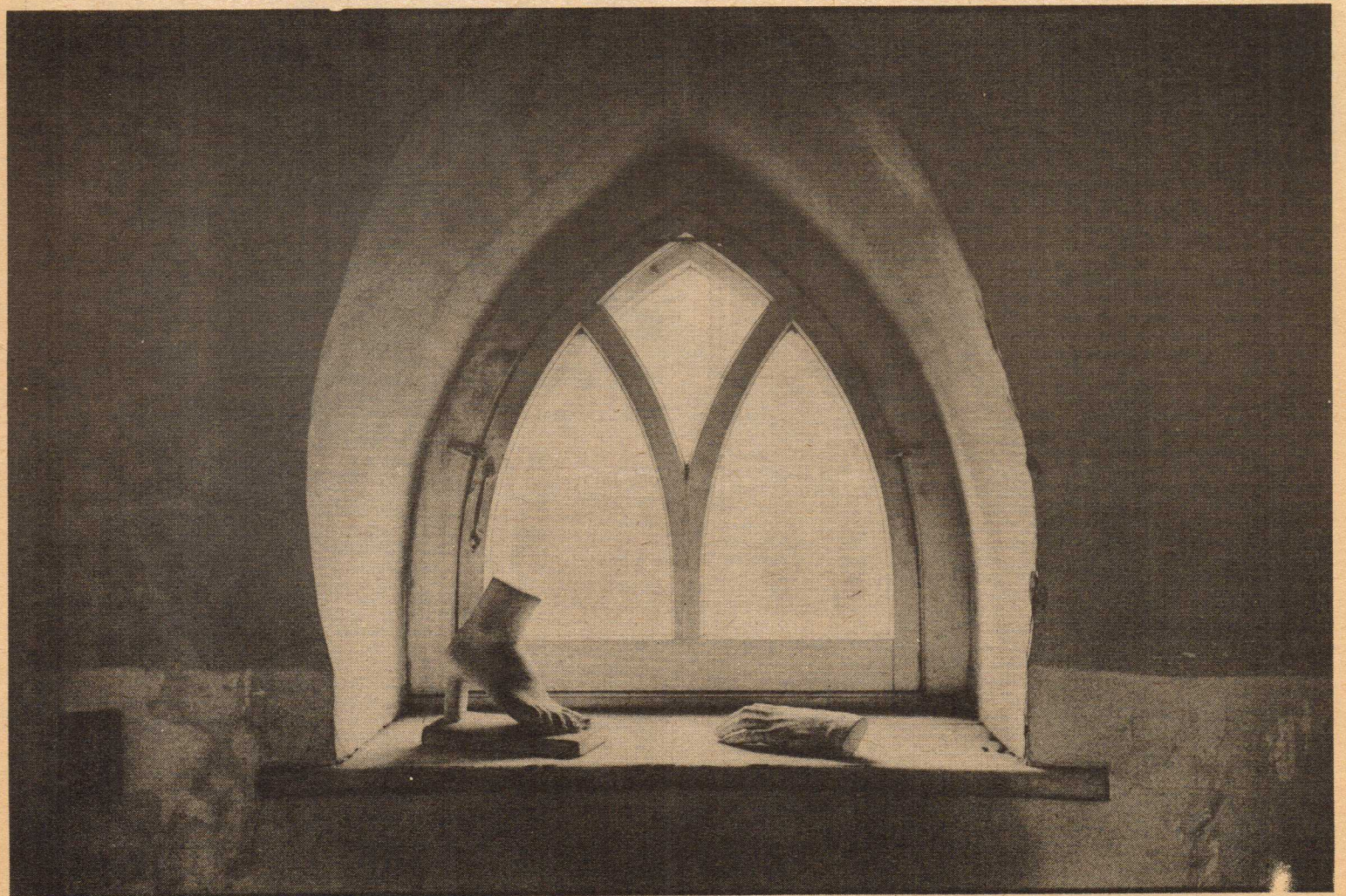
"The markets for editorial photography are shrinking, but there are more photographers than there ever were. So, partly by necessity, they are finding new outlets: in books of photographs (a recent and booming business), in exhibitions and in the selling of photographs as desirable objects in themselves (a case of one generation's popular medium becoming the next generation's art form)."

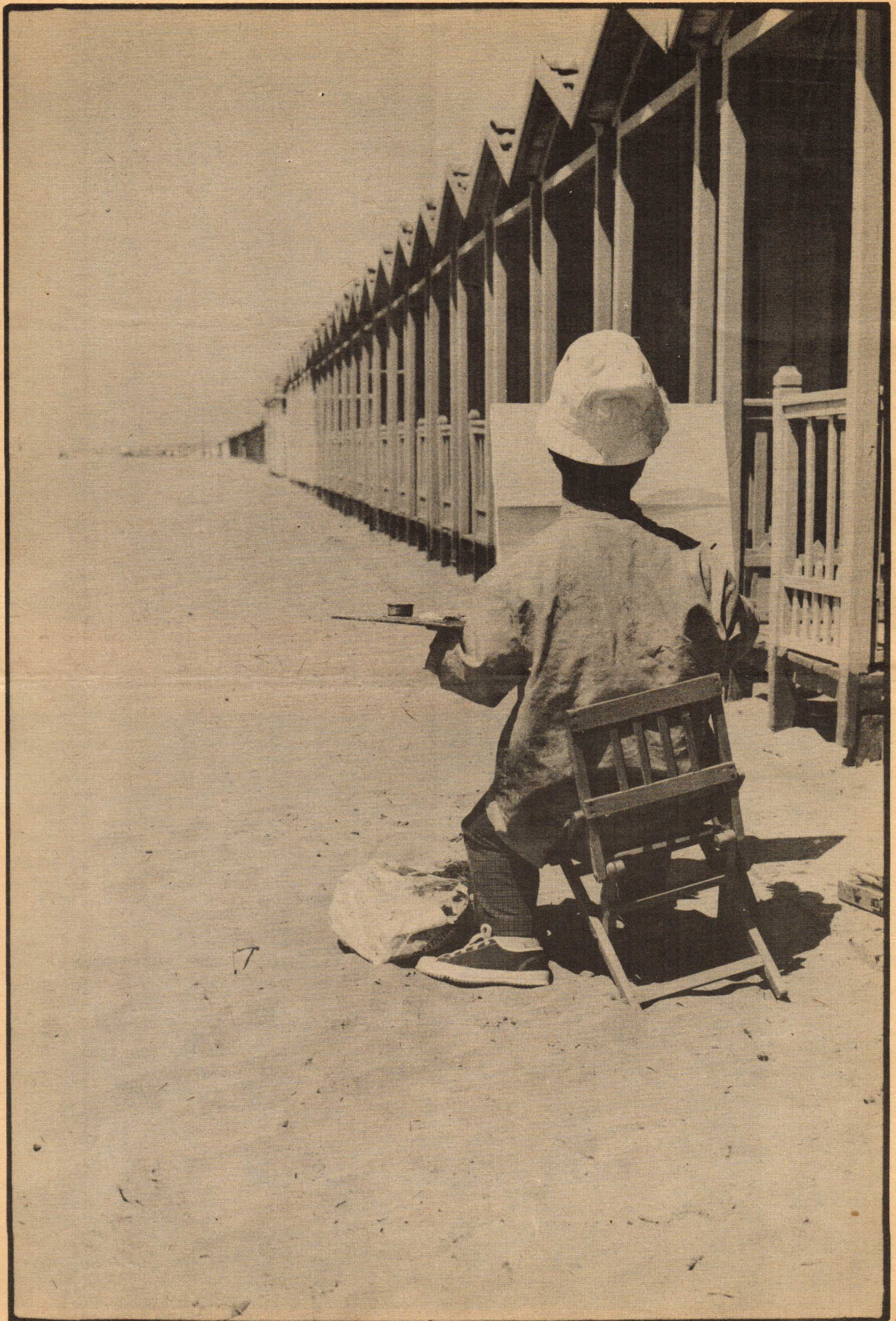
Geoff James shoots mostly for fun, rarely for profit. Sometimes he shoots for *Time*, especially when writing about an artist.

"The photograph of Alec Colville on the Tantramar Marshes was done during a couple of days I spent with him. The telephone booth was taken on the Lower Main in Montreal when I was doing a story on the remarkable stores there. The others are merely the result of poking about. The hand and foot in the window I came across in the attic studio of one of Quebec's few remaining seigneurial mansions. There is a snapshot of a Sunday painter on the Italian Riviera.

"Mainly, I suppose, I take photographs as a relief from weekly journalism. Put it this way: as a *Time* writer, I am unlikely to go home at night and start playing scrabble or any more word games."

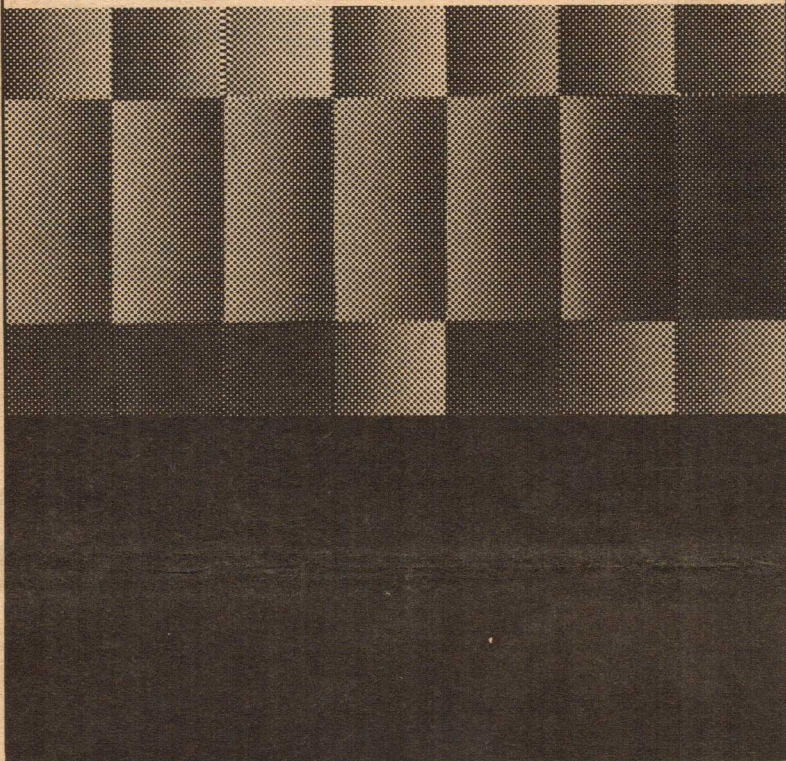
(Continued overleaf)





DATELINE: GLOUCESTER POOL

*selected writings of E. U. Schrader
compiled by Dick MacDonald*



Ted Schrader touched hundreds, indeed thousands, of people during his career in journalism before he died late in 1971.

A selection of his writings has just been published. It's of interest to those who read his work in Winnipeg, Regina, Vancouver, Montreal, Toronto and elsewhere in Canada . . .to those who studied with him at Ryerson Polytechnical Institute . . .to those who knew him as a friend . . .and to all who appreciate wit and warmth.

There's poetry he wrote as a boy, material from his own *Teddy's Times*, stories from his Gloucester Pool retreat in Ontario, essays on the news business . . .

everything chosen to tell the Schrader story through his own words, including a personal credo he wrote in 1938 and which remained virtually intact until his death.

Compiled by Dick MacDonald,
Editor, *Content*, for Canadian Journalists
Published by Reporter Publications Ltd., Montreal
200 pgs. \$2.95

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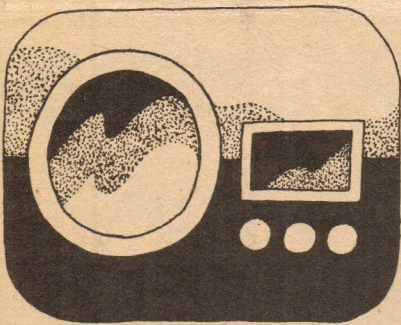
STILL SUCKING AT THE END OF THE PIPE

by PETER ZIMMER

"Like an ocean-bottom meeting of crabs, with all good intentions they pledge to go forward into the future, pounding their claws on the bottom in affirmation and good fellowship. Then comes the time for action, and they set off to meet the future, crabwise, backwards, sideways . . ." was the summary of one observer at the annual meeting of the Canadian Association of Broadcasters in Halifax this month.

The theme of this year's conference was "The Business of Broadcasting"; the role the CAB should take in the next ten years was the main concern. Don Hamilton of *CKLG*, Vancouver, incoming CAB president, said the "trade association . . . has decided to concentrate a substantial amount of its resources on representing the industry to governments and commissions as well as conveying to the public the concern we have for their welfare as the listeners and viewers of Canada." Just how such terms as 'welfare' are to be defined without reference to programming was left very unclear.

For the most part, the 150 delegates were representatives of the property — the owners, the presidents and vice-presidents, the station managers, people whose prime concern for the most part is property rather than communication, whose commonality seemed to be money rather than any professional qualification.



The CAB's final dinner was given over to the awarding of prizes for excellence. As a first-time observer of the CAB, my first impression of the operation was that it was rather like awards at a county fair: what was being judged was self-selected, especially groomed for the competition. The prize winning spuds might come from three special hills, and all around would be acres of mediocrity. But then I realized it was not like a fair; at a fair, even if you don't quite know the judging standards, you can at least see what is judged, and venture (perhaps misguided) your own opinion.

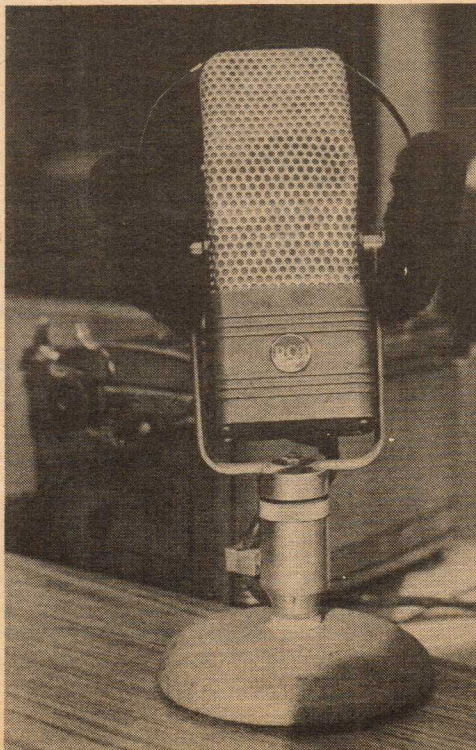
I don't know, and I'm unlikely to know, and I know the vast majority of CAB members did not know, what content those prizes were recognizing. For the most part, the prizes were about content and its relation to the community receiving the broadcasts. Disturbing.

The big winner was Moffat Broadcasting's *CKLG* and *CKLG-FM* in Vancouver — AM station of the year, FM station of the year, and the H. Gordon Love News Awards. *CKLW-TV* in Windsor was the TV station of the year. The Colonel Keith S. Rogers Memorial Engineering Award went to Western Broadcasting, Vancouver. The L'Association Canadienne de Radio et Télévision Français Trophy went to *CHFM*, Calgary, for its program "Canadian Français." And *CKVL*, Verdun, won the award for the French-language station.

Much of the business session revolved around the CRTC and its regulation of the industry. Motions asking the CRTC to clarify certain of its policies were defeated, perhaps on the premise that sleeping dogs should be allowed to lie, or what the CAB doesn't know as "policy" can't hurt them.

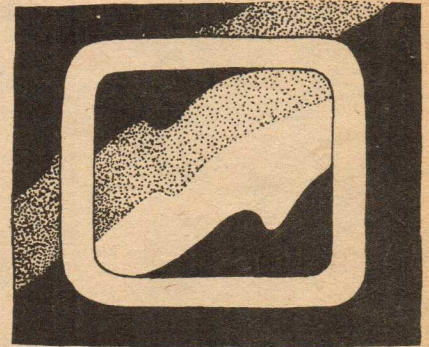
Two resolutions did come out of the session. One recorded the CAB's "pleasure at the CRTC statement of policy that the broadcast of editorial and commentary material will continue to be governed only by applicable existing law and regulation."

The other expressed the CAB's "deep concern over the CRTC release of March 28th, 1972 in connection with radio broadcasting station *CHNS*, Halifax." This release publicly chastised *CHNS* for, as the broadcasters (and some newspapers) saw it, violating a regulation that did not exist, and infringing on the right of the station's "freedom of speech." The response seems to be part of a vestigial reflex system built into entrepreneurs that causes instant and mindless recoil from anything that smacks of regulation.



Viewed from Halifax where the content of the broadcast was heard, and the repercussions experienced, the CRTC action looks to be quite mild.

Harry J. Boyle, CRTC vice-chairman, spoke to the Atlantic Association of Broadcasters which held its annual meeting the two days preceding the CAB meeting. Some of his remarks make a response to the "deep concern" of the CAB.



"I am annoyed beyond words by those who seek to interpret the CRTC as punitive. Stop trying to find restrictive interpretations where restriction is not intended. I pledge to you that this commission is dedicated to as much freedom for broadcasters as possible — and control, only to the degree it is absolutely necessary to further the objectives of the Broadcasting Act.

"The most practical method of coping with the situation, even if it carries the onus of pain and penalty on regulator and regulated is the greatest openness, the least propaganda, and the most dialogue. I am uneasy when those we regulate are passive. It must be both an adversary and a co-operative situation."

Later, Boyle observed that even after forty years of regulation, there are those in the industry who regard regulation as intruding on natural rights. The other main thrust of his remarks concerned content. "Technology now makes possible the diffusion of American television signals to a majority of the Canadian population. What justification, culturally, or even economically, can there be for a Canadian broadcasting system relaying American programs wholesale — most of which will be available on cable?"

"We are entering a period of competition, a period where our cultural expression, our creative processes and the presentation of public issues and interests will be indirect competition with American ones, and ultimately with world products."

Some of the broadcasters obviously are looking into this future. But the CAB seems determined to remain a trade association, to deal in property and form, to manipulate and generate money, and to consider content only as an economic variable.

Peter Zimmer is a Halifax free-lance writer.

A QUESTION OF TIME AND PLACE

by CHRIS GERULA

Editor, *The Free Press*:

On looking through a scrapbook of cobweb-collecting artifacts the other day, I happened upon an old newsmagazine. It was a small countryside edition from the Brooks district, which, as far as I know, is not regarded as a liberated literary community — even as far as rural publications are concerned.

In this antiquated yellowing journal I came across an article on a local social function. The style and manner in which this occasion was treated tends to make me think that an open-minded press is not necessarily a contrivance of our modern age, as we are sometimes led to believe.

Indeed, it would seem after reading this particular article, the controversies we have erected around the editorial policies and material which journalists should or should not be allowed to print are greatly over emphasized and, at best, mediocre.

I do not consider myself an expert on the subject but as a constant observer of the substance to be found on the newsstands; I do believe the newsmen of forty years ago were inclined to be as open in their opinions and interpretations of news coverage as most radically minded reporters are today.

I am enclosing the article that you may consider for yourself whether or not 'freedom of the press' was an accepted prerogative almost half a century ago:

August 7, 1928 Summer Fallow Weekly P. 4

SOCIAL EVENTS by Bobby Gimps

Teaparty at WillowBrook — It was a lovely summer's day at the WillowBrook Estates for a gala occasion last Friday. The gentlemen were all present in their topcoats and hats, and the ladies in their frilly petticoats and flowery hats.

The occasion was a teaparty given on behalf of the owners, Mr. and Mrs. Jermaine, who run this town's flourishing hotel (as you know all too well). The affair took place on the gracious lawns provided by the hosts for the benefit of the guests, at their expense. A delightful tea was served and accepted by the company.

The ladies played croquet on the magnificent green grasses and the gents gathered on the balcony to discuss and observe points of interest befitting them—the nature of the heavens overhead was a topic held in hand.

After a length of time it was evident that the party was a smashing success. The ladies cavorted

merrily in nymphic joy. The men pondered the assumptions which arose — seemingly the most suitable color for the sky appeared to be a shocking pink. Drinks were served while the ladies in their healthy complexions amid ringlets of freeflowing hair and the men sat in wonder, having concluded there was no more suitable color for the sky to be at this time.

By now, delirious with drink, the men retired to the track; an exciting time was then had: a race between Mr. Jermaine's prize and Mr. Greer's best. Mr. Snaird was selected time keeper and race conductor, having his official stature to draw experience from. He conducted the race with the great gusto his style and wit allowed him:

"The horse powers are at the gate, and they're off . . . they're in a cold sweat . . . it's a dead heat up the home stretch . . . and Mr. J's takes her by the nose. Mr. Jermaine wins again."

Afterward everyone shook hands and thanked the hosts for their conviviality, then went their separate ways.

—B.G.C.

B.G.C. — The fact that virtually anything can be put into print does not necessarily indicate a liberal viewpoint or attitude. Open-mindedness is a desirable attribute of progressive thought but consideration of those values and ideals which we cherish is a necessary function of any journalistic endeavour. To preserve our freedom of expression we must continually scrutinize our position and the course we are charting.

It seems that Bobby Gimps, the man who wrote this particular article and was dismissed soon thereafter (for printing libelous material), had worked his way into a place of position on the staff of the *Press Daily*, forebearer of this very newspaper.

At the time of his dismissal he was in charge of incoming news wire information gathered from accredited news wire sources around the globe. As head of the news wire department he had access to virtually all wire information. Upon careful scrutiny of bulletins and news stories a marked discrepancy was found between information received via the wires and the finished copy which he had been submitting as final copy.

As a result of his "liberal" attitudes, the news wire service was rendered a polluted source of information. Taking and-twisting the facts, he deluded the public and endangered the respectability of the publishing industry as an integral community service.

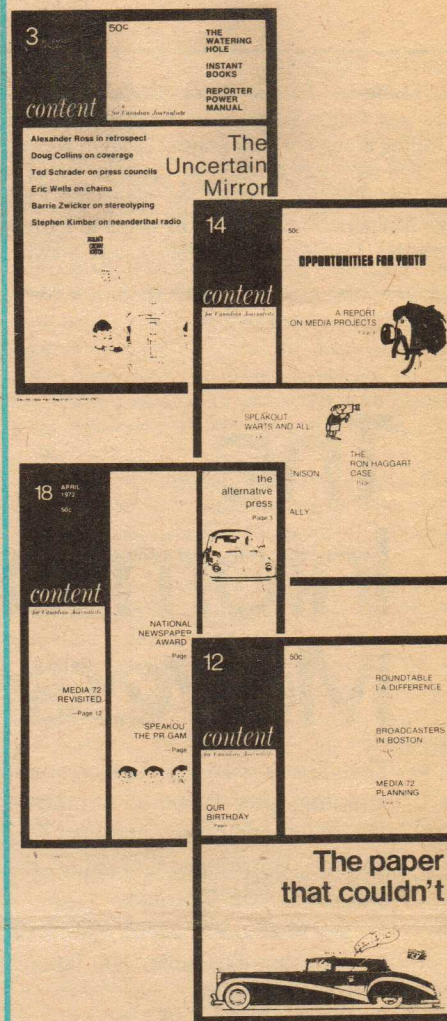
By virtue of his obvious and deliberate contempt, not only for his associates but the general audience who were witness to the fact that he had taken the news service into his own hands, he and those like him will be remembered as a menace which always is a possible threat to the existence and well-being of trusted informational outlets.

Through his abuse, be it only a rural social function, he has shown that loose and indiscriminate news coverage actually restricts our freedom by throwing shadows of doubt on the legitimacy of responsible editorship.

—Editor

Chris Gerula is a Vancouver freelance writer.

BE A FRIEND OF *content*



The magazine now is more than a year and a half old and is getting pretty fair response from readers. And we thank you. But there is a slight problem of developing paid subscriptions and an advertising base . . . which limits the editorial material we can and should carry.

So we're wondering whether some of you would care to become *Honorary Subscribers* — which really means we're asking you to make a contribution to *Content's* future.

We know there are some of you who believe the magazine should continue its efforts to improve the quality of journalism in Canada . . . and basically to be a forum of information about the media for media people.

So, if you'd care to be an *Honorary Subscriber*, we'll be grateful. Other magazines do it . . . we might as well. It'll help keep us going.

892 Sherbrooke W.,
Montreal 110, P.Q.

The Montreal Men's Press Club soon will be 25 years old. Some of its founders probably are rolling around in their graves, though, because this year the club decided to open its doors to female membership and, in fact, change the name to the Montreal Press Club. The name in French, *Cercle des Journalistes*, did not require a switch

because the word male or female never did exist in the French title. Which probably explains a lot about our founding French-speaking fathers.

There are few in the so-called news-writing fraternity in Canada who have never been into the Montreal club. Certainly there are none who have never heard of it. The *Gazette's* Dink Carroll

still holds credit for giving it its best definition: it's the only tavern in town with a board of directors. And Dink is the only guy in Montreal who actually has a gold name tag on the back of a bar chair, a decision made when he quit full-time column writing on the paper for his current two-a-week stint.

There are hundreds of stories about the club and when a bunch of guys gets together and starts thinking back, someone always says it's time a history or a book was written. If everyone in Canada with a story put it down on paper, the club would be able to start, but, let's face it: too many guys after slugging it out all day are too goddamn lazy to do it. Maybe this piece will give a few of the old-timers — people we never see anymore — the idea of actually sitting down and doing something.

The club had its beginning in the spring of 1947. At that time, most of the news guys did their drinking in a place called Slitkin's and Slotkin's, a good eating spot on Dorchester street. The same place still exists, as the All-American Bar and Grill with the go-go girls in action as of 8 o'clock in the morning. La Belle Province, you know.

Most of the so-called regulars at Slitkin's at that time said, 'who needs a press club.' Like, who wants to drink in a place with guys you've been with all day. As a result they did not become founding members.

This thinking lasted a little while. It wasn't long before most of the guys decided, 'what the hell, I'll join;' the price was right and they started coming in. The late Ed McNally did a marvelous sketch of the houses along Dorchester, with the whores hanging out of windows sort of saying 'there they go' . . . to the press club. The joint made it, because it wasn't too long afterward that Slitkin's folded.

While we say there are hundreds of stories about the club, many of them can now be told but with some of the others, names cannot be used. They have managed to crawl into the ivory towers and I imagine they would hate to see some of their earlier escapades in print. Such as one founding father who really did his best to make sure the club would succeed and when as chairman of the house committee walked in one noon-hour and asked Eric Weber, long-time chief steward, if he should be suspended for his behavior of the night before. He had a sort of alcoholic total haze. Assured he was the model of decorum, he immediately ordered a double bloody mary.

Poker — *wild poker* — has become a standby at the club. Craps are out. The reason craps are barred — although God only knows if now and then someone rattles the bones — was due to a Pier Six brawl in the place in its early days. A few people were really belted, there was a number of suspensions for something in the constitution dubbed 'conduct un-becoming a member' and the board of this time said 'no dice.'

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**NEW ADDRESS?
CHANGING JOBS?
TELL CONTENT**

The club started out in the basement of the Laurentian Hotel. Now it's in the Sheraton-Mount Royal Hotel, on the ground floor sub-level. There's still talk that some day we may make it to the mezzanine.

In its early days, the Montreal club allowed members to bring in the girls only on a Saturday night. This was before the days of television, so on Saturdays the place was packed. The entertainment committee would find some night-club in town with a magician or something, and get the joint to send the guy over in hopes he would get a plug in somebody's night-club column. It always worked.

So the guys would turn out in their clean shirts with the chicks and everybody had a ball. But from Sunday through Friday, it was the Men's Press Club and don't forget it. It seems a little strange in thinking back that so many of those early members finally did get married and even buy a car and a house in the suburbs.

The publishers in town at that time were not too sure about the club. They were convinced that it would become a meeting place for labor activity. And that did happen. The Newspaper Guild had some people in Montreal rather fast and, let's face it, it was pretty easy to sign up young guys who at the time were making \$22 a week with a promise that if and when the union came in we'd all be making \$75.

This stuff stopped pretty damn soon. And the guys in authority on the *Gazette*, *Star* and *Herald* who were helping were either fired or demoted. Cubs looking for jobs in town at the time were first asked if they had signed a union card. All, looking very serious at their prospective city editors, said 'no sir,' knowing damn well they had their membership card in their thin wallets.

One thing the old club had that our new location does not was the stuff on the walls. I don't mean pictures of club directors clutching trophies or greeting some guy who made it big in Hollywood, but good solid work by Montreal's own.

We had a set of footprints on the ceiling leading into the crapper. We had a Lapalme original of a fleet of bridal ships arriving in New France with all the girls rushing off the boats with their skirts held high while the Québécois were coming out of the woods with the biggest erections in the world. We had a weird thing — modern art, the experts said — hanging on the wall that soon satisfied the regulars when they were told it was a good painting of Lily St. Cyr's ovaries. A lot of that died when we were forced to move.

The new club is rather astere with little of this around, but the current board assures us that it will return. As a member of the board for 10 years, I tried at one stage to get the papers to give us a copy of one of their best front pages. This would be blown up and made part of the decoration.

We didn't get a reply.

Russell Gilliece of the *Gazette*, who died before he was 40, was lurching against the bar one night when a kindly gent offered him his bar chair. 'Thanks,' said The Tiger — as he was known for once hitting a professional prize-fighter in Slitkin's — 'I need the exercise.'

The time a French-speaking member brought in a hustler and then got loaded and left her there: she got up and made a round of the tables and some moralist complained that he was approached while his wife was in the can — you can imagine what he would have done if she hadn't been there — and the poor girl was bounced.

Once upon a time we used to allow members to come in with their dogs. There were a few complaints but nothing ever came of it. There was one little white thing that must have really looked forward to his visits. He'd amble about the floor and then tried to work himself off on members' legs. But the decision to bar the canines came about when Ken Johnstone's boxer was fed

some pickled tongues, ham, probably some pickled eggs and god knows what-else. It was a rather crowded bar and the food didn't settle too well. The dog barfed. End of dogs in the club.

There's another incident which involved Paul McKenna Davis of the *Star* and I'm sure he won't mind my repeating it here. He was a little short of funds and invited his bank manager to the club for a drink at noon. The bank manager, as with many people on the outside, thought it might be rather glamorous to sit with the famous, the people he read every day.

Paul McKenna, known as Dodo to all, was doing very well drinking his typical Dow shelf and the manager was asking how much when there was a terrible clatter at the bar. A member had toppled off onto the floor. My Gawd, said the manager, who's that? That, said Dodo, is our president and at the same time he could see his loan going out the window. The guy had another, a double probably, and Dodo got his loan.

The press club operated for a very long time without a liquor license. This was established at the outset by the late Maurice Duplessis, then premier of the province. The founding fathers were told that we were a gentlemen's club and why bother with things like legalities.

Jean Drapeau, then the crusading mayor against vice in Montreal and Pax Plante, the vice-busting chief of the morality squad, happened into the club one night and got a little disturbed about the closing hours. They promised action. Our senior directors were advised and a trip was made to Quebec. Duplessis acknowledged it was nice to see them but this was nonsense. The club continued. There was no raid. We went legit when Jean Lesage became premier.

However, one of the stories the guys like to tell is the night of the raid.

The Pope had died. For some reason the Quebec government decided that all saloons and bars in Montreal must remain closed on the day of the funeral.

This was great cause for alarm. It's bad enough that we have to close on elections — but for a Pope's funeral? This was too much. I was chairman of the house committee at the time and Jean Lesage was the premier of Quebec. I made the phone call to his office in Quebec City and was told that seeing we were a private club the edict on closing did not apply. The happy word was spread around and we stayed open. The place did fantastic business on the day they planted the pontiff.

But that night, a couple of cops were checking out the Mount Royal Hotel to make sure the bars were closed and they walked into the Kon Tiki. They too had opened and when the fuzz said they had to close, a waiter said, 'what about the press club downstairs'. The club was not on the list of places to check so the cops had no other choice but to follow the waiter and see where this press club was located. They walked into a very crowded place and walked up to the bar, complete with their hats on. They asked for a drink and were immediately asked if they were members. Otherwise, they were told, no drinks.

They then made the announcement that the club must shut down, sale of liquor was illegal. A number of guys seeing what was going on fled. There were cries of anguish from many who were just settling in. But the stewards had no choice. The club was closed.

That same evening, the Liberal Party was having a party of its own at the Windsor Hotel. Telephone calls were made and sure enough, the politicians had a bar and it was open. This in turn resulted in some members sitting down and firing off letters to the government, complaining about the unfair treatment. Copies were sent to the leader of the Opposition.

The board of directors was terrified, thinking the whole issue might come up on the floor of the

legislature. But it never did and the guys who did take to their typewriters were hauled before the board and a number were suspended, others were rapped over the knuckles and the club survived the day of the raid.

Press club parties and the things that have happened at them could fill a book, especially when you take in our golf parties. Liquor or home-made brew is always in a member's golf bag and the socializing afterwards, plus the bloody mary parties on the day after are all part of the tradition.

It is sometimes surprising that the country clubs we go to actually bid for our business afterward. We generally stay pretty close to Montreal but one year we ventured to Plattsburg, New York, roughly 70 miles south of Ourtown; a drive, at the most, of about an hour and a half.

I was a member of the golf committee that year. On the way home I had a car full of people and we stopped at every bar en route back to play shuffle-board. Drinks, of course, were mandatory at each game. I had the late Don Brown of Canadair with me and he had a very hard time when we stopped for dinner. He wanted a bottle of French wine. The waitress had never heard of such things. She did manage to find a cob-webbed jar in the basement and while it was not excellent, we did not dare send it back.

The drive took 12 hours.

This is but a brief review of one of Canada's better watering holes. There is much, much more. I think we still have the best one in the country.

Doug Williamson, news director at CJAD in Montreal, joined the Gazette in the spring of 1947, moving to the Herald in 1950, and joined AD in 1956.

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Canada has a new national magazine, *Quest*, devoted to male interests. The first issue, this month, went to 400,000 men on a controlled-circulation basis; the second, in October, should reach nearly 600,000. Editor is Nicholas Steed and it comes out of Toronto. The first issue contains a profile of former *Tely* publisher John Bassett, by Jon Ruddy; a beating-city hall story by Ron Haggart, late of the *Tely* and the *Star*; a pro sport piece by Jack Batten; and an account of how more Canadians are dropping out of the rat race, by Paul King hotel employees in several Vancouver spots were hot-footing it through rooms this month, trying to retrieve hundreds of copies of *MacLean's Guide*, which contained liquor and cigaret advertisements — banned by the B.C. government. The Supreme Court in the province ruled in favor of the government and clarified the W. A. C. Bennett legislation by saying it applied only to magazines published or broadcasts originating within B.C. . . . more changes at the Montreal *Star*: John Gray is leaving as Ottawa bureau chief to write for *Maclean's* magazine and Terry Moore has returned to the newsroom in Montreal. Joining the capital bureau are Peter Rehak and Peter Thompson. Michelle Veilleux has moved to the *Gazette* Noel Buchanan, general news reporter at the Red Deer *Advocate*, now is editor of Ad-Viser Publications, a twice-weekly Central Alberta shopping flyer former Winnipeg *Tribune* editor Eric Wells spoke on the newspaper in the 70s at a Winnipeg seminar sponsored by the Canadian Public Relations Society in Manitoba. Special guest speaker was Prof. Scott Cutlip of the University of Wisconsin, who talked of public relations in the 70s that vote finally admitting women journalists as bonafide members of the Montreal Men's Press Club is being questioned. There seems to be some constitutional question involved, so members cast ballots again at the end of this month for the second consecutive year, the CBC has won the Michener Award for Journalism — this time for the TV documentary series *The Tenth Decade*. Last year, first year of the Michener Award, the corporation shared the honor with the *Financial Post* for a joint print-television investigation of charter air flights. The award is administered by the Federation of Press Clubs of Canada, and is given for meritorious public service in journalism. *The Tenth Decade* was a series of CBC-TV documentaries dealing with the 1957-69 period, the era of Diefenbaker and Pearson. Honorable mentions went to the London *Free Press*, and Windsor *Star* and the Ottawa *Citizen* for a joint investigation of land acquisitions in the Niagara Escarpment, and to the *Citizen* for an investigation of local irregularities in the Ontario government's low-cost drug prescription program. Judges were Carleton University president Davidson Dunton, Laval University communications director Yves Gagnon, retired Vancouver radio news correspondent Sam Ross, and Norman McLeod, retired senior executive of United Press International in

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Ottawa. The Michener Award goes to a news organization, not an individual Robert Russel is a Montreal film-maker and communications consultant whose firm, Orba Information, has launched a project which is a sort of print-demand facility. The service is as personalized as the subscriber wishes and the cost — in the vicinity of \$300 yearly for daily or twice-weekly packets — is incredibly low when compared to the news-monitoring operation that Information Canada is planning, and whose highest-priced service runs to about \$24,000 a year. Russel's firm abstracts dozens of publications for summaries of developments and trends in communications *Book World*, the weekly literary review which the *Washington Post* and the *Chicago Tribune* have put out for the past five years, ceased publication last month. Financial considerations and charges of too much coverage of New York authors were given as reasons. The *Post* will publish its own literary supplement, also called *Book World* *Le Monde* of Paris has attacked the insufficiencies of France's laws regulating journalists and their profession. The paper pointed out two court cases where the law does not adequately determine the rights or role of the College of Journalists. It said the laws concerning journalists, which date from 1936, no longer are applicable and need to be overhauled J. Martin Ritchie, chairman of Bowater Corp. Ltd., has forecast an upward trend in the demand for pulp and paper in the world, ending a recession and possibly creating a newsprint shortage by 1974. Consumption was up five per cent in the first quarter. U.S. stockpiles of newsprint are nearly exhausted CBS-TV has ordered a strict crackdown on violence in its dramatic series as a reaction to criticism of violence on TV. "Teasers" are to be eliminated and no one can be seen being shot. Some producers have called the move the worst in the network's history and are afraid that ratings will sag, since other networks have not, so far, announced similar action North America's first-ever international book fair was held in Quebec City this month. Some 100 stands displayed books of mainly Francophonous origin, though there were

a few in English, German and Spanish. Still, the Canadian Independent Publishers Association was pleased at the several hundred volumes written by English-Canadian authors and published by English-Canadian-owned houses. In all, the fair displayed 70,000 titles . . . the Elizabeth R. television series, a BBC production which ran in Canada last winter, gave its General Foods sponsor some valuable lessons. GF vice-president Donald Gibson told the Association of Canadian Advertisers that the series showed consumers will listen to three-minute commercials — if the message is interesting and informative. For the six-part series, GF created two commercial formats. One showed an unrehearsed dialogue between a consumer panel and GF management, the other showed the product development stages for the company's Tang orange juice powder. For the dialogue commercial, viewer recall was about double commercial norms. Viewer recall for Tang was three times commercial norms John Bassett, who published the now-dead Toronto *Telegram* and owns *CFTO-TV*, told the Canadian Radio-Television Commission that media ownership in Canada should be diversified. He specifically criticized Maclean-Hunter and Southam Press. Bassett, who said he had no intention of building his own broadcasting empire, has been trying to buy holdings in Ottawa and Saskatoon. . . . all Montreal dailies suspended publication for a day this month because of the volatile Common Front of unions situation. In a couple of cases, the action was taken at the urging of sympathetic employees; in others, out of a fear for safety of staff. Next month in *Content*, a report on the media's role in the Quebec labor scenario Malcolm Reid, formerly of the *Globe and Mail* in Quebec City and now Quebec correspondent for the periodical *Last Post* and a CBC free-lancer, has a new book on the market — *The Shouting Signpainters*. Publishers are Monthly Review Press in the U.S. and McClelland and Stewart in Canada. The book deals with parti pris and the leftist movement in Quebec.

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Published monthly by
Reporter Publications
(president: Harry E. Thomas)
892 Sherbrooke West
Montreal 110, P.Q. Canada
Tel. (514) 843-3094
Subscription rate: \$5.00 per year
Advertising rates on request.

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