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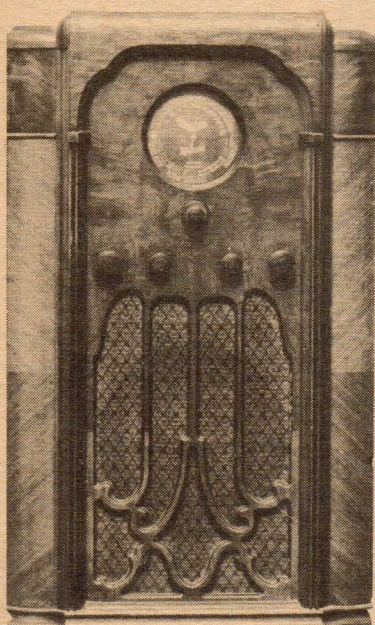
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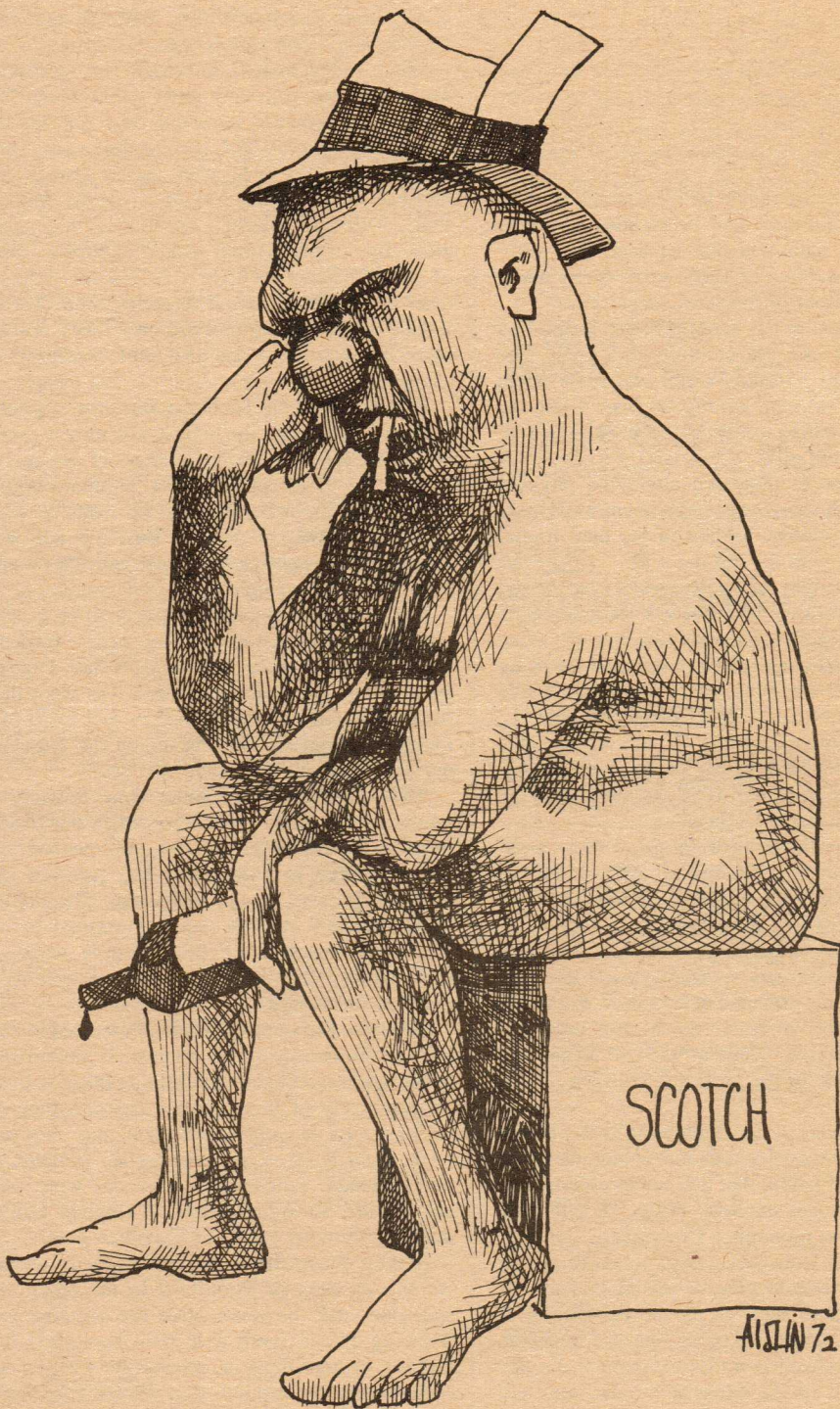
*for Canadian Journalists*

BROADCASTING'S  
CHALLENGE

— Page 13



# THE JOCK CULTURE



'THE THINKER.'

TEAM — CANADA/U.S.S.R.,  
AND AMATEUR SPORT

— Pages 2-6



# THE SPORTSKIES: COLUMNS FOR LUNCH

by ROBERT STEWART

Breathes there a newsman with social life so dead that never to himself, and to anybody else who would listen, hath said that he hath seen some awful funny stuff — or rather some funny awful stuff — come out of the sports department?

Who amongst us has not enjoyed an unsporting snicker at the expense of those colleagues who call themselves "scribes" and who write about twanging the twining, belting the biscuit into the basket, and pelting, pasting, or positively pulverizing that old pill?

Who has never pondered aloud the physical aspects of such sports page phenomena as tightening up in the clutch, folding in the final frame, or coming up with the big one?

Ah, the fatuities of sportsugese: what would we do without them when the conversation starts to fail like a pulled hamstring, when we come around to the closing stanza of our bull-throwing contests, our bouts, our jousts? And we in Canada are especially blessed: Think of the Hewittisms, The Galavanisms, the Old Esaws we are able to gather. What he is saying to the referee is electronically unprintable! He's skating over to the bench now, favoring his head!

So I am sure that I speak for all of us — well, for some of us? ... A few of us? — when I say that it was with justifiably towering hopes that we awaited that most Epic Tilt of them all, the Canada-Russia hockey series. And the Hand of Fate — which, any sports page can tell you, often governs the outcome of Events in the World of Sport — did not let us down. Not only was the series a Classic Clash in itself, it added volumes to the lore of the scribes, and of the sports-casters.

Within minutes of the Opening Whistle, Foster Hewitt had already given us a new National Pastime of sorts: Finding that it is impossible to pronounce Cournoyer the way Foster Hewitt finds it impossible to pronounce Cournoyer.

Then Brian Conacher, who, after all, is an expert, proceeded to give us the first of an exhaustive series of lectures on the fine points of the game. He told us why puck control is so important (because if you don't have the puck it's difficult to put it in the other guy's net, see) and why a player needs something called "concentration" (because, presumably, if your mind is not on the game but on, say, Andy Warhol's latest flick, you might wind up flat on your ass).

That first game might have been what the guys on the sports beat call the Opening Chapter, but they already had provided a lengthy preface. Almost all of the guys got their signals a bit crossed while covering Team Canada's training camp, assuring us that the Russians were going to rue the day they ever learned to skate — if, indeed, they ever had.

Naturally, the big question before the Opener was whether the Canadian Stalwarts would be Up for the series. When the Russkies, as the scribes liked to call them, beat the Canadians in the first

game, you, you fool, might have thought that Canada's best had simply taken a licking.

What had actually transpired, the sportskies assured us the next day, was that Canada lost because the players were not only Up for the Game, but were OVER-Up. At that point, Dick Beddoes (or Old Bedclothes, as he used to call himself) of the *Globe and Mail* (or the Mop & Pail, as Richard Needham used to call that paper) ate a copy of his column soaked in borsch. Most of his colleagues declined to follow his example even figuratively: instead of eating their characteristic words, they embarked on a fancy skating spree that would put the aforesaid Cournoyer to shame.

Red Fisher of the *Montreal Star*, for example, protested that, what the hell, it was only a game, wasn't it? Red then deployed that old newspaper device, the BNS, or Big Non Sequitar, stating that if one crippled kid could be made to walk again by a Russian victory, then the Russians could have an eight-game sweep: hell, they could have the Stanley Cup!

From other scribes we learned that one trouble with the Russians was that they hadn't read the Canadian sports pages and therefore didn't understand about Footsteps. Footsteps was what they were supposed to hear when they met those big, tough, Canadians. Not only could the Russkies not read English, they were also deaf.

They temporarily regained their hearing, it seems, in the second game, after which Ted Blackman of the *Montreal Gazette* informed us that they had been so intimidated they behaved like ... you guessed it ... Pussycats. The burden of Blackman's column that day seemed to be: okay, the Russkies are finally doing what we sportswriters said they should, so everything is going to be all right.

When the Russians subsequently refused to Follow the Script, the scribes began behaving like passengers on a boat that is sinking because there are too many of them on one side, so they all rush over to the other. Not once, but over and over. Canada loses: our players are a bunch of undisciplined roughnecks. Canada wins: our players are an Aggregation of Rugged Individualists, showing good old Canadian guts.

In their dashes from one side of their — shall we say it? Ship of Fools? — to the other, the sportskies did, however, give the Reading and Viewing Public more than they bargained for. By dint of hard-digging, albiet after many years of surveying the ground, they started coming up with exposés.

Flash: professional hockey players are merce-

nary. Bulletin: some drink, some smoke, some keep late hours, some even ... well, never mind. It was even revealed that some — only some, mind you — Canadian players go so far as to practise Chippy Hockey. Not as Chippy as the Swedes and the Russians — but they're foreigners, after all.

Not only did the sportskies produce exposés, they dutifully followed through with back-grounders to put the situation into perspective lest the public be overly upset by their revelations. The discussion of foul play, you see, was complicated by the Unwritten Rule that it is all right to employ low tactics that make your adversary Hear Those Old Footsteps, but it is not permissible to get caught unless you can convince the Reading and Viewing Public that those dumb referees (foreigners, too) made a Bad Call, and that, anyway, your adversary was an even dirtier player than you.

An even greater subtlety arose because of the Spirit of the international matches. Remember that the series was a Clash of Systems, too. So if a Canadian got away with some really sneaky trick, then he was sort of practising free enterprise. If he got caught, he was being TOO enterprising — he was letting down the tenet of our system that decrees that while dog may eat dog, these figurative canines must also Pull Together as a Team.

But the Big One — the big exposé, that is — came before any of this. It dated to when it was announced that Bobby Hull would not be allowed to play for Canada.

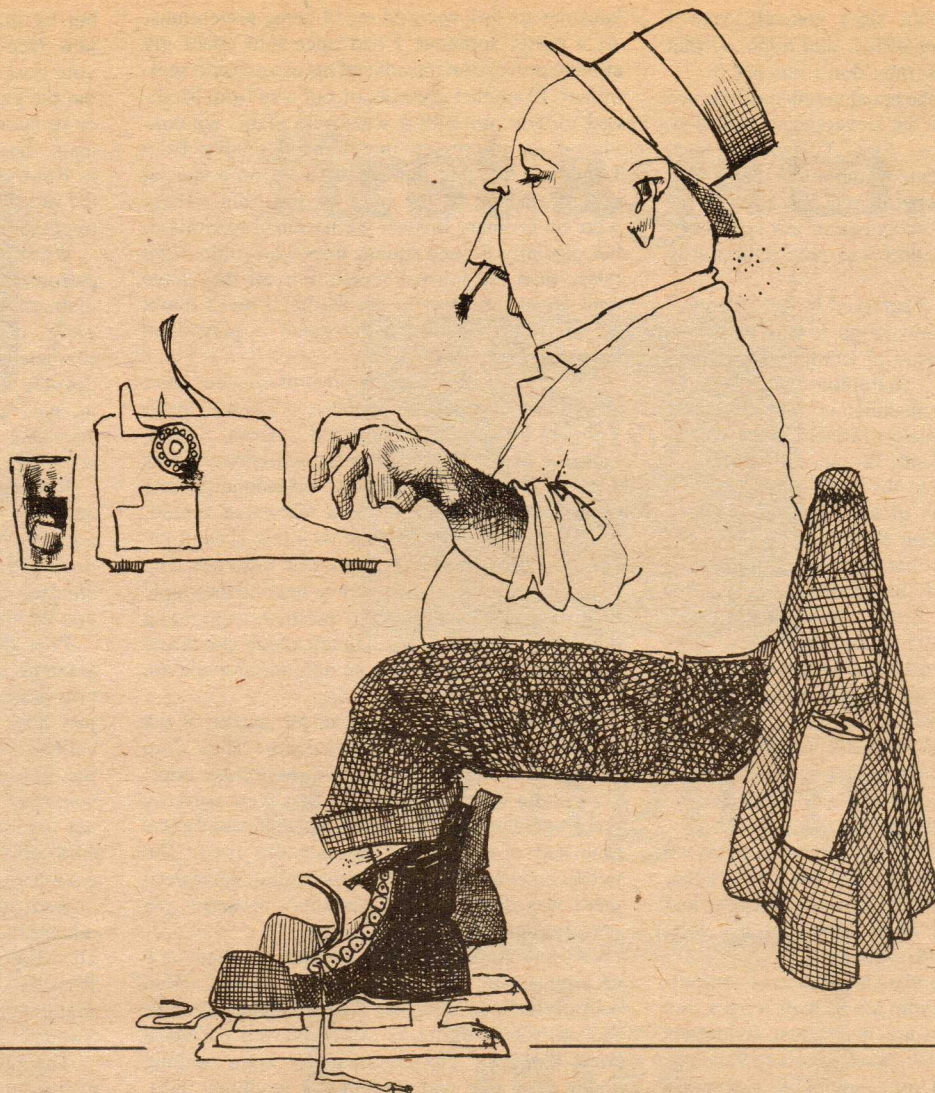
It was then that our guys on the sports beat let the Canadian public know in no uncertain terms that the National Hockey League is not an altruistic organization like the Salvation Army. This, of course, has been one of North America's best-kept secrets for years — so closely kept that the scribes themselves, over all their time on the beat, presumably never twigged to.

But the cat is out of the bag now, boy. Thanks to the scribes, we all know now that NHL owners are a lot of hard-headed businessmen who will resort to almost anything to achieve their objectives — not, come to think of it, unlike their employees.

It only shows that you can't pull a sweater over the eyes of Canadian sports reporters. The truth will come out — if it takes fifty years.

*Robert Stewart is a contributing editor of Time magazine, Montreal.*





Sketches: Aislin

## PART 2

# The Sportskies: Jock Culture

by ROBERT LANTOS

Being an amateur athlete in Canada is not very rewarding. You have to cope with poor facilities, low budgets, mediocre competition, bush-league coaches and no incentives.

Then, there is the most discouraging obstacle of all: The indifferent, often hostile and always arrogant media. The channels of mass communications, with their influence on public opinion and government policy, could play an invaluable role in turning Canadians on to athletic competition, in familiarizing them with the nuances of each sport, in mobilizing interest at a grass roots level, in drawing crowds to contests, and in motivating athletes with publicity.

In Canadian culture, sport has a low-brow rating. A rigid distinction is drawn between mind and body, between intellectual and jock. Sportswriting, with its gossip-oriented, locker-room style, well reflects this split. The tone of much of Canadian sports-reporting is offensive to anyone who expects good writing and accurate information. The reader is, instead, treated to formulaized, rehashed phrases, and must plough through endless columns of small-talk to get at hard-core information.

One well-known Montreal sportswriter gratuitously regales the reader with detailed accounts of his personal mishaps while on assignment. The standard fare is some variation of the hotel and airplane mix-up theme, told with unconvincing humor. After following him around on a few trips,

one gets the feeling that the eager-to-please airlines, hotels and restaurants stage the predictable mishaps to give him padding material for his columns.

The picture of the typical sportsfan which emerges from the sportspages of Canadian dailies is someone who reads nothing but the sports-columns, not even the rest of the paper (except for the Sunday comics), who spends most evenings transfixed in front of his TV set munching on popcorn and sodapop, interrupting his favorite show only with an occasional spontaneous 'gee-whiz'. Someone who loves hockey best when the players are fighting.

In journalism, the sports department is not exactly the most desirable place to be for an ambitious reporter. In fact, by using inversely proportional measurements, one can often predict the quality of a newspaper by the amount of space it devotes to sports. Thus, picture-papers and daily tabloids tend to have the most emphasis on sport events, along with the worst standards of journalism.

Although Canadian newspapers as a rule devote a fair amount of space to sports, it's amazing how few sports they cover. The Big Three — professional hockey, football and baseball — are the main attraction. Golf, horse-racing, boxing and car-racing (all professional) get second billing. All other sports are kept at arm's distance, well in the background. One at a time, they are periodi-

cally pulled off the shelf for a change-of-pace feature. These pieces on one "obscure" sport or another invariably are characterized by a condescending, "human interest" approach, with the writer making sure the reader understands that he is fully aware of the weirdness of the sport in question, and is just being a Good Samaritan by giving it space.

Amateur athletes, except the handful who reach stardom (Elaine Tanner, Nancy Green), are ignored by the media. If they want press coverage, they have to beg for a few dull inches full of errors. Thus, Canadian championships in many Olympic sports slip by unnoticed, with only a one paragraph notice (and sometimes not even that), recording they ever happened.

As a one-time waterpolo (what's that?) player, I know the tribulations of struggling for the media's attention, and the frustration of getting shut out, despite winning national championships.

If a reporter finally does a story on a "minor sport," he is sure to get it so muddled and studded with mistakes that not even a fanatic enthusiast could be bothered to read it. He seldom even gets names, dates and times straight, so that the rare satisfaction of reading about your accomplishment in print is inevitably spoiled by the fact that the name given; and your real name, have only a couple of letters in common, that the times attributed to you are absurd, and the age assigned to you, about a decade off. If you insist on accu-



racy, you must write the story yourself, take it down to the newspaper office, and hope, a) that they run it and, b) that they don't butcher it.

A rare exception to the usual media indifference to amateur sport was the coverage accorded to the Munich Olympics. Most Canadian papers devoted an unprecedented amount of copy to it — for a non-professional event. But even at the Olympic Games, the arrogance of our sportswriters towards amateur sport was only temporarily humbled.

In a few instances, it surfaced in full splendor. Complaining about how tough it was to get an interview with Kip Keino of Ethiopia, the 3,000-meter steeple-chase champion, 1,500-meter silver-medalist (gold medalist in Mexico City), in short, one of the greatest runners in the world, the *Montreal Star's* Keith Woolhouse wrote:

When it gets down to the basics, there are too many prima donnas in the Olympic Village. Too many consenting to talk and giving the distinct impression that they are doing you a favor . . . . One of the reporters waiting for Keino was from a British daily. He summed it up for everyone. "For two weeks these jerks are on top of the world. And between Olympics they are grovelling after you to give them publicity. Who needs it?"

No reporter in his right mind would dare talk like that about the Big Three, not even a last-place team. Amateurs, however, are a different matter. With them, everything goes.

Thanks to our conscientious sportsreporters, we know instantly when Bobby Orr has a bellyache, we are up to date on Phil Esposito's moods, and we are familiar with Peter Maholovich's golf-handicap during the off-season.

On the other hand, only a tiny circle of committed enthusiasts knows who are Canada's track and field champions, who are the fastest swimmers and what are their times. Such sports as fencing, pentathlon or handball, don't sound like real sports at all to many Canadians who only vaguely suspect what they are all about.

I still remember the blank expression on the faces of people who heard me mention waterpolo. I was more than once suspected of talking about weird things just to attract attention.

Others, convinced that this polo thing was the

latest jet-set fad, accused me of being pretentious. At a party, someone I had once told about my athletic perversion introduced me as an expert seal-trainer. In another episode, on our way from Montreal to Toronto with a waterpolo team, we convinced an impressed middle-aged couple from London, Ont. that our horses were on a special coach attached to the back of the train. These were no ordinary horses, we hastened to explain, but specially-trained aquatic ones who could swim faster than the normal breed. For all they have read about the sport in the media, I don't doubt they are still persuaded the game is played on horse-back.

The attitude of our media towards amateur sport is unmistakably xenophobic. Those queer "minor" sports, imported from God-knows-where, are treated as second-class citizens even as un-Canadian. When, occasionally, one of these sports makes it to a television screen, it's handled like the pastime of a few eccentrics, not as serious sport. There are few reporters who know enough about any sport — beyond the staple of professional sports — to produce captivating reportage on them. Canadian television crews and commentators, faced with an unfamiliar event are a disaster.

In 1968, the CBC filmed all the games of the Canadian Waterpolo Championships. They were scheduled to be shown unedited on Sunday afternoons. But without exception, they were partially pre-empted by other programs, so that usually less than half of each game was actually aired. The public response was not overwhelming, the experiment was dropped, and waterpolo relapsed into profound obscurity.

No one could reproach viewers for their lack of enthusiasm; they never had a chance. With a totally-callous crew, the CBC managed to make the sport as exciting as Andy Warhol's *Empire State Building*. The commentator knew nothing about the game and seldom got anything right. The cameramen were more startlingly incompetent. Their lenses consistently trailing the ball by four or five seconds, they invariably managed to miss the action.

Picture the feeling of watching yourself swim down the pool from end to end, catching a pass and scoring, while the camera is glued to a loving close-up of an empty seat in the gallery, and the announcer is trying, for the upteenth time, to explain the rules of the game (which he doesn't himself understand), and sounding like John Diefenbaker speaking French.

Then, when someone notices your goal, the camera quickly jerks back to focus on the play,

but by that time both teams are lining up for a new face-off. The commentator announces that your goal was scored by a team-mate who is sitting out the game nursing an injury. Perhaps a minute or so later, as a goal is being scored by the other team, he corrects himself and credits you with it. But by then it's not clear which goal he means, the one you scored or the one just tallied by the opposition.

While amateur sport-reports are sketchy and patronizing, coverage of professional sports is the diametrical opposite. Aside from the rare critical piece, newspaper stories on Big Time pros are shamelessly adulating. Often, the amount of space devoted to a specific sport is commensurate with its gate receipts, and the amount of publicity accorded to an individual star is proportional to his salary.

Judging from the reports, the truly outstanding athlete is the one who hits that million-dollar contract. Open any Canadian daily at the sports section, and you'll be struck by the different ways amateur and professional sport is handled — if you can find any mention of the former.

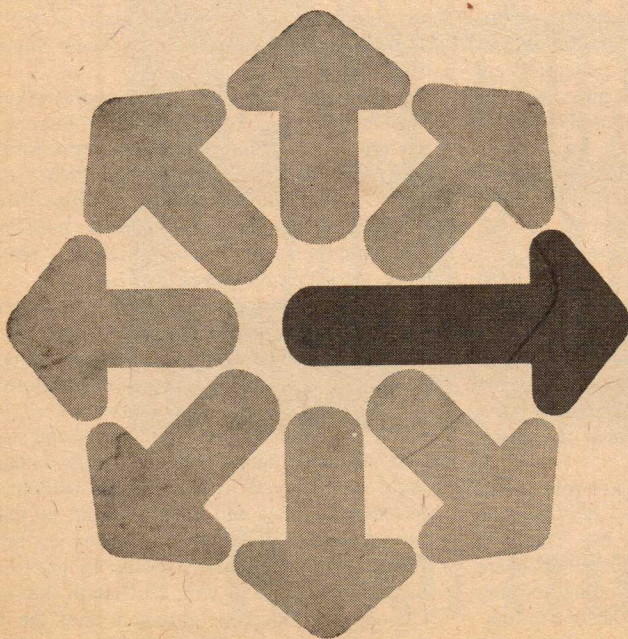
Pros are *real men* not to be taken lightly. The amateur, on the other hand — with special exemption granted for multiple world-champions — is just the kid-next-door folling around. When calibre is measured by the size of your paycheck, the kid-next-door just doesn't rank. Not even being the best in the country in your discipline, not even training twice as much as the average \$100,000 a year pro helps. His marketability is considered minimal, so he gets minimal coverage.

As it turns out, despite ferocious publicity and adulation, professionals are nothing special after all. The final outcome notwithstanding, the Russian-Canadian hockey series shattered that myth once and for all. (The tied games with the Swedes and Czechs dealt the coup de grace.)

The most glamorous team of hockey super-stars ever assembled fumbled time after time. To finally finish on top, they had to give everything they had. Next time, it will be even tougher. Having exposed their bag of tricks, the Canadians no longer have any surprises for their opposition. The Russians (or Czechs), can master the same tricks in no time — which is really a pity, because we deserve to reign supreme in at least *one* thing.

The most amazing aspect of the series was the avalanche of chauvinism unleashed by the press. The advance publicity, hailing the Canadians as the unbeatable vanquishers before the first puck had struck the ice, mocking the "helpless" Russians and shedding cataracts of crocodile tears over the thrashing they were about to get, had under-

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tones of racial superiority. The only ones in the world who would have reason to feel that self-confident in any sport event are the Chinese in ping-pong, but their understanding of decorum would never permit them to boast so pompously.

Our press behaved with the cordiality of drunken cowboys in a saloon, once again proving that sportswriters are not equipped to handle events of unusual importance, such as the Team Canada-Russia series, or the Olympic Games. They wanted their team to win so badly they lost all sense of judgment and propriety.

The few who retained their sanity, say the *Montreal Star's* John Robertson, were lambasted for high treason. After the first game, the orgy of arrogance waned and many bloated egos were punctured.

But why was the nationalist hysteria ignited in the first place? Could it be that the sportswriters loved their country so much they simply couldn't bear the prospect of defeat?

To an extent, that may have been the case, but I suspect there was something more important at stake for them. The Russians were not only challenging Canada's prestige, but the reputation of Big Time professional sports. If their superstars were trounced in their debut in international competition, the golden image they had built for them over the years would be demolished like a card-castle. How could they continue to justify their infatuation with them, the amount of praise and copy they had lavished upon them? They, the writers, would look ridiculous, as if they didn't know their job. So they were not rooting for their country as much as for the untarnished preservation of the glitter of Big Time professionalism.

They had invested their careers in promoting (and creating) super-stars and catering to professionals. If their side had lost, their whole worldview would have been shaken. This time, luck was on their side, and they could breathe a collective sigh of relief after the last game.

What our media tend to overlook is that their sports departments are not the hired-help of professional sport. Their job is not only to pamper the stars so that they can draw larger gate revenues

for their owners and fatter dividends for themselves. They have a responsibility — if not to the public, then to the amateur athletes who work without remuneration — to provide competent and readable reportage of all sport events. With the exception of the past Olympic Games, the space devoted to amateur sport in Canadian papers has been negligible.

In its July 18, 1972 edition, the *Montreal Star* carried the customary four pages of sports. There were four pieces on hockey (although the season was nowhere in sight), six on baseball, three on football, four on horse and harness racing, two on tennis and two on golf — all professional sports. The sole evidence attesting to the existence of amateur sport was a two-paragraph blurb: "Russian Runner Sets World Mark."

The four sport pages of the July 24 issue of the *Calgary Herald* contained a single, two-column report on the naming of the Canadian Olympic Team — the rest was reserved for the Big Time. Similarly, on September 28 the *Toronto Globe and Mail* featured a buried mini-story on sailing, out of a four-page section. Not to be outdone, the *Montreal Gazette* on October 11 allowed only one non-professional article to slip into its sports section, this one about a British doctor who contends that sex is good for athletes.

I mention these examples at random, but, those who remain unconvinced, can easily check for themselves by looking at almost any issue of any Canadian newspaper.

Uncritical, gossip-mongering and locker-room-style reporting earned Canadian sportswriters the undistinguished role they now play in the media and communications network. Incompetence in dealing with amateur sports secured them the disrespect of many athletes. Their approach has brought the most despicable aspects of sport into the limelight: profeteering and megalomania. Their glorification of violence in such sports as hockey shifts the emphasis away from athletic excellence to a contest of brutality. No wonder athletes are frequently referred to as mindless jocks and sports are banished from serious culture.

In the final analysis, sports reporters are not

the domestic servants of professional sport interests. If they refuse, on their own initiative, to extend equitable attention to all serious athletes and persist in maintaining the lowest common denominator as the standard for sports reportage, it is perhaps up to the government to take some form of action. To inspire independent and intelligent sports coverage, a ruling similar to the one enforcing Canadian content may be appropriate.

*Robert Lantos is a Montreal freelance writer who has contributed previously to Content.*

## LETTERS

### IMPROPER

*Editor:*

I have read with close interest Bill Morgan's account of the *Brandon Sun's* battle with local officialdom over the report on "Problem Metis Families" (*Content*, September).

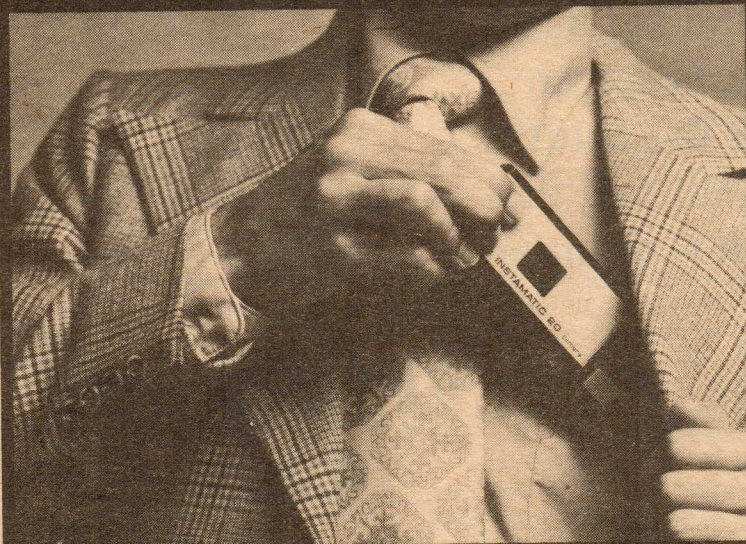
But why did Morgan say that Brandon's mayor, having accused his opponents of using communist agitator tactics, "might have got on better with the *Sun* back in the days when Lubor Zink was writing its editorials"?

I worked with Lubor Zink at the *Sun*. He was a fearless commentator on all issues. Indeed, he won a National Newspaper Award and several honorable mentions for his work.

Any suggestion that, because he is considered right-wing, he might have had some fellow-feeling with city officials in a matter involving discrimination against Indians or Metis is mean-spirited, unfair and totally improper. I can't see why Morgan wanted to drag Lubor Zink into this at all. Bad journalism, if you ask me.

Charles Magill  
Reader's Digest Assoc. (Canada)  
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# INHUMANITY TO MAN, MEDIA-STYLE

## Speak out

by CHARLES BARTLETT

In the Thomas Eagleton affair, the United States had a taste, more of a taste than it liked, of the media's capacity for inhumanity to people.

There was *Time* magazine publishing on its cover a close-up so tight it made beleaguered Sen. Thomas F. Eagleton look like a feverish idiot. There was George Herman on a CBS quiz show asking him, as he battled to save his career, why he trembled and perspired. And, finally, there was NBC's Barbara Walters asking, after it was all over, how he was going to tell his son.

But the prize for brutal treatment had to go to Jack Anderson. He maintains now that he had to pry the account of Eagleton's drunken driving arrests out of his 1968 Senate opponent, True Davis, but Davis was in fact telling his story freely on the cocktail circuit and had offered it to two of the capital's best society reporters before Anderson put it on the air.

But the apogee of Anderson's brutality was the Sunday television interview in which he conceded to Eagleton that he had found no proof of his original charge. He apologized and Eagleton commended him for his courage. Then Anderson, in an astonishing hedge, which left Eagleton still impaled on the hearsay, said he couldn't retract the story because he was checking it some more.

Arthur Krock once observed that in this curious business, a reporter often gets more credit for retracting an untrue story than for writing a true one. In this spirit Anderson maximized the virtue of his ultimate retraction, some two days after Eagleton went off the ticket. He said he believed, unlike some of his colleagues, in making the retraction as prominent as the original charge.

But this is not Anderson's record. He badly maligned a Nixon official, Donald Rumsfeld, in September, 1969, by publishing that he had, as new head of the poverty program, cut back expenditures on the poor so he could add plush embellishments to his office, a private bathroom and a carpeted bedroom with costly lamps. Rumsfeld, feeling badly damaged, invited Anderson to come over and inspect his offices.

The columnist was unable to find any of the alleged improvements. But he begged off an immediate retraction, saying he had just inherited the column from Drew Pearson and might lose some papers. Rumsfeld was given to understand the retraction would come a little later, but it never appeared.

Anderson's role in the Eagleton affair has hurt the entire press because he explained his error as one that arose from competitive pressures. This fits the most deprecatory impression the public has of the newspaper business, madly and irresponsibly competitive and committed to any reader-titillating line, no matter how mean or damaging.

One of the more humanistic members of the president's inner circle recounts how he opposed the original notion of an offensive against the press. But he was outvoted and as the notion blossomed into speeches by Spiro Agnew and a new mood of self-examination within the media, he came to believe the idea was a good one.

But the self-examination has not yet inspired the media to try to reclaim its largely missing attributes: good manners, a modicum of respect for the basic dignity of human beings, even public officials, and an occasional show of compassion. The media have to learn to avoid boorish behavior

in pressing on to the nub of an issue.

Meanwhile, one mark of Eagleton's grace under awesome pressure is that he looked considerably better, when it was all over, than many of those with whom he tangled.

*Charles Bartlett is a columnist for Publishers-Hall Syndicate, working out of Washington, D.C. This column, reprinted from Quill, originally appeared in the Chicago Sun-Times.*

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# PUNCTURING THE SECRECY TANK

by W. A. WILSON

The fundamental tension that exists between the alliance of politicians and officials on one side and journalists on the other stems from the vested interest one has in concealment and the other in exposure of information.

Each side will raise his vested interest to the level of a moral obligation and will defend it in those terms.

In a recent paper for the Royal Society of Canada the secretary of the cabinet, Gordon Robertson, made a skilled defence of the need of governments for an element of confidentiality, or secrecy, in their activities.

Robertson dealt as well with the unusually frequent leakages of confidential documents that have taken place lately and made a useful attempt to explain why this has happened.

There is much in Robertson's argument that many journalists, probably most of them, would accept and he himself concedes that current official practice is deficient and in need of revision. There are some aspects of his paper, however, where Robertson has too easily accepted traditional arguments without subjecting them to sufficiently critical examination.

It is clear, for instance, that Robertson does not question that one reason for secrecy is the doctrine that the adviser should be anonymous and he puts forward the standard argument that the anonymity of the public service should be protected because "it is the ministers who decide." That is simply not as broadly true as Robertson implies, although he argues with the great advantage of having the key inside position from which he has had an excellent over-view of events.

The most serious qualification to be entered against this traditional stand is that many decisions of detail, say from about the second level of importance downwards, actually are made by officials with at best no more than cursory reference to ministers.

The policy-making system, however, has been altered under Trudeau and now is much more on a committee basis than four years ago. An incidental result is to strengthen Robertson's view that "it is the ministers who decide." It takes a strong minister to hold out against this spread of the committee system and such men are less likely to let their deputies, in reality if not in form, make the vital decisions. The weak ministers are likely to leave it to the committee.

There currently is one department in Ottawa where both the minister and his deputy notoriously detest making any serious decisions. It would be fascinating if Robertson's oath of office did not prevent him from revealing how decisions ever do emerge from that pair.

But the basic fact remains: Senior officials in Ottawa possess great power still.

I could not possibly disagree more strongly with Robertson's argument that they should remain anonymous. That is the poorest of all arguments for secrecy in government, for no man who wields power over his fellow citizens ever should be left in anonymity. His identity and his actions should always be known. Even in a purely advisory capacity the degree of confidentiality surrounding his activities should be very limited. If he is a source of bad or dangerous advice this, too, should be known, for the welfare of both the state and the nation demands it.

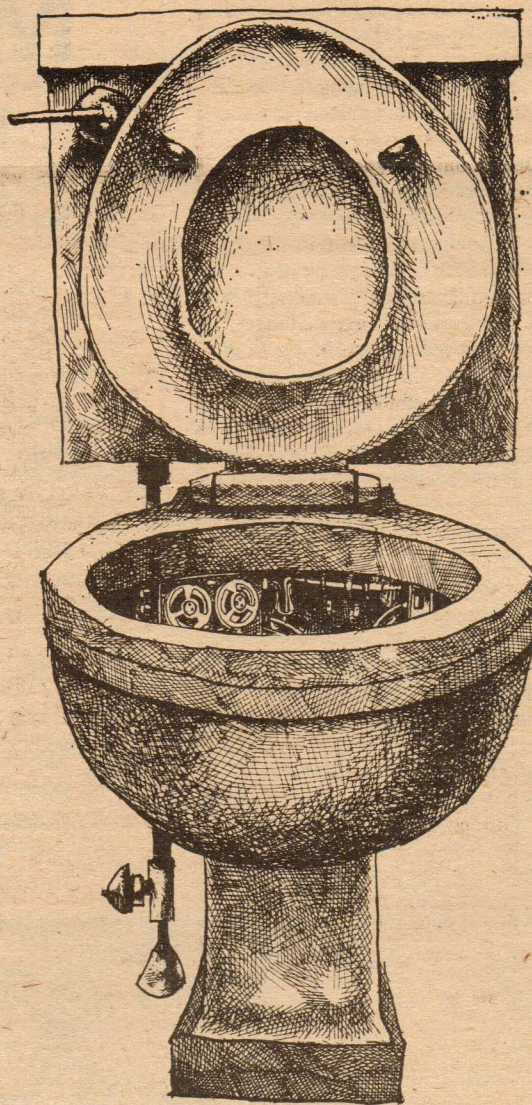
Robertson, however, is surely correct in suggesting that much of the document-leaking that goes on reflects current social forces. A great many accepted ways of doing things are breaking down in the contemporary world, including, particularly, respect for authority and, evidently, respect for oaths of office. Some of these social forces are extremely strong and it is still far from clear where they will lead.

There is, however, faddishness involved as well and by no means everything done in the name

of individual consciences is anything better than an ego-trip.

The sensible response to powerful social forces is rarely to dig one's heels in and resist fiercely. Robertson clearly recognizes this in some of his own suggestions for change but on this particular topic the same cannot be said for the government he serves.

The prime minister began his tenure of office with an instant attempt to impose greater secrecy over the processes of government. He did it in



ARSLAN 77



the way that most effectively challenged correspondents to penetrate the new walls if they could and, perhaps even more important, challenged dissident men within the government apparatus to penetrate the walls from their side.

It is in large part to pay off Trudeau for his secrecy penchant that cabinet leaks today are normally flaunted in the government's face as conspicuously as possible. In politer times, even a few years ago, correspondents would have used the information and done their utmost to conceal the fact that they had sources who would show them cabinet documents. In this particular area, the increase in leakage may be a little more apparent than real.

Robertson concedes that it is essential to keep secrecy in government to a minimum. But a fundamental change of mentality is also necessary. It is genuinely important that as much as possible should be known about the decision-making process, not in the sense that Cabinet Minister X is fighting with Minister Y, but in terms of the factors that go into the decision. Unless these become known during the decision-making process the result is the presentation of a fait accompli to the public.

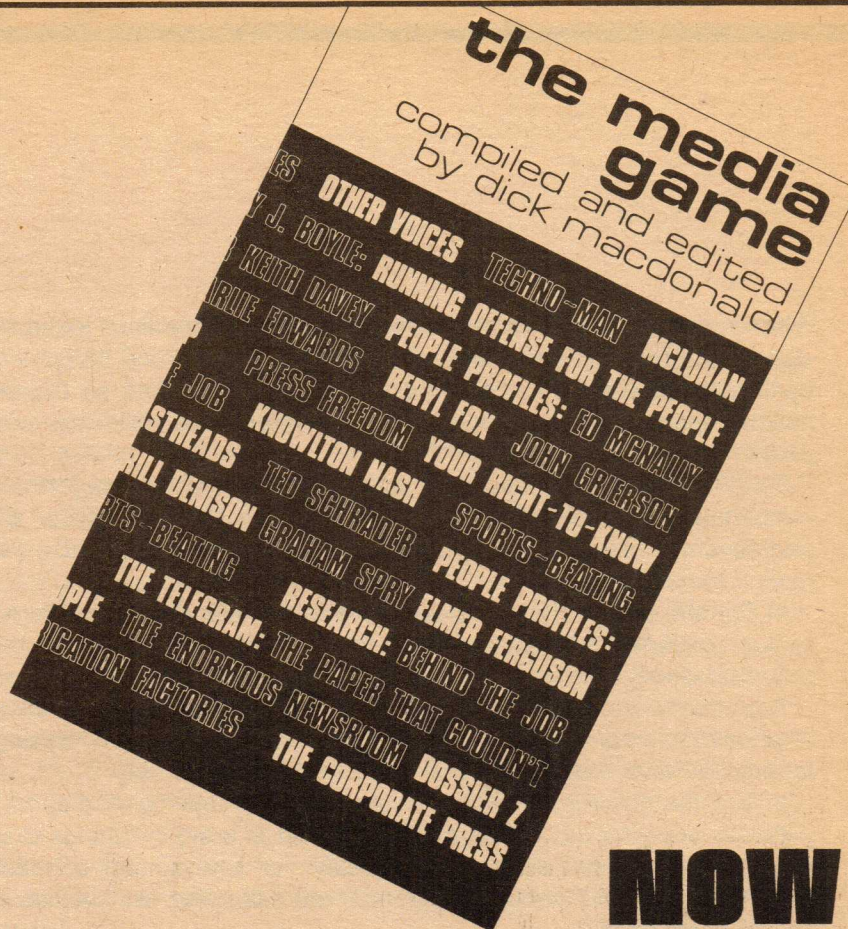
The white paper technique, for many reasons, is not an effective answer to this problem and Trudeau has made it much harder than it used to be to uncover the basis of decision-making.

The measure of Jean-Louis Gagnon's dismal failure at Information Canada was that he built a ridiculous empire instead of coming to grips with fundamental problems such as this. By rewarding his failure with a particularly cushy ambassadorship and appointing an administrator to succeed him, the government did not indicate that it wants, or even sees a need, for a solution to basic information problems. Until it does, the result will be a continued nose-thumbing display of each leak deliberately intended to embarrass the government as much as possible.

All governments, even the open ones, keep a lot secret. But our philosophic approach to information, although tempered with time, goes back to the authoritarian doctrine of the divine right of kings. It is that things in the administrative and executive sides of government should be resolutely kept secret unless there is a positive reason why they must be disclosed. The alternative is to accept that the affairs of government should be public unless there is a positive need to keep them secret.

Robertson might ponder the fact that the Japanese government does not seem to suffer from the fact that there is no Official Secrets Act in that country. It is only the foreign embassies who deplore the omission.

*W. A. Wilson is with the Ottawa bureau of the Montreal Star, where this article first appeared.*



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# Your Content is now

When a magazine turns its second birthday, a public relations friend said, it augurs well for the future. Others have intimated much the same thing — that the trial-by-time, as it were, has been passed successfully. And so *Content*, the only national magazine for journalists and for other media folk, now enters its third year of operation.

To those in the country who are associated with multiple-magazine corporations — there are a couple of leading ones, such as Maclean-Hunter and Southam, and several somewhat lesser ones — a third anniversary doesn't come as any reason for enthusiasm.

In *Content's* case, not so. Because, without intending to be immodest, it had no real precedent and has managed to exist on limited resources and apparently unlimited energy on the part of those closely connected with it.

A gradually-growing base of paid circulation, patient creditors, loans, thousands of unpaid hours and last but certainly not least a steadily-increasing advertising foundation have brought *Content* to its second anniversary.

In fact, the advertising content of the magazine this month may be the greatest yet in its two-year old life, and hopefully that is a sign of things to come. Some companies have not been able to justify, for any number of reasons, regular support for *Content*; consequently, they are extending best wishes on this page, at a nominal price.

Rather expanded efforts now are being made to develop the advertising support for *Content*, but this only can be done in concert with a continued increase in paid circulation. Remember, that is merely \$5 annually for 12 issues, which does not seem an extravagant amount when placed adjacent to the encouraging written

and verbal response the magazine has

*Content's* first year partly constituted catchup in awareness to the standards or what you will. The second year maintained to go somewhat beyond — beyond and into the events and processes underlying and large has accomplished that objective.

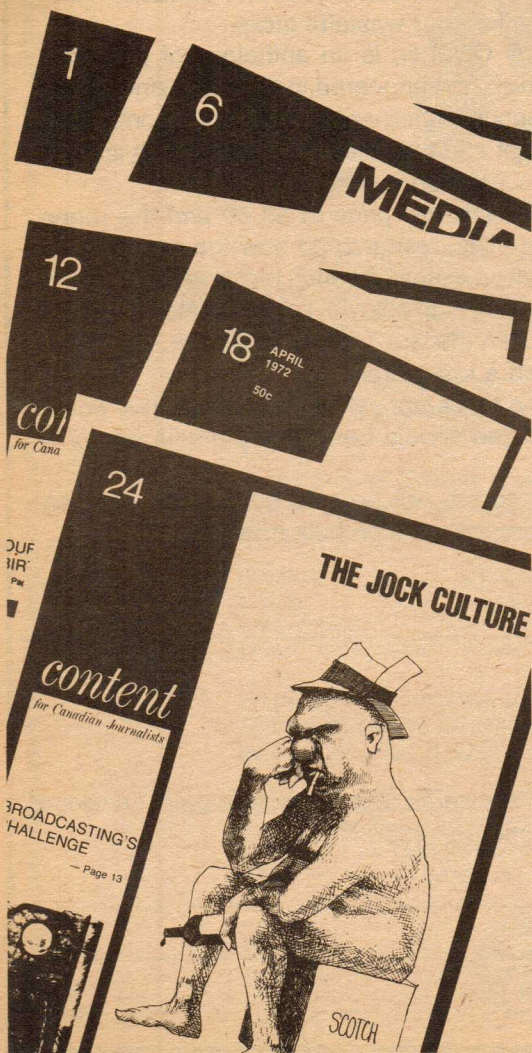
Now we must refine that dual role; with a mix of techniques, must be blended in the direction of media in the past is considered regard that direction as inappropriate for responsibility to the public and the whole. The former is an assumed function, the latter a new one.

During the past year, we have had many in Ottawa.

Plans still are being made for a '73 editorial whether it will be warranted. Whether a recession in media self-analysis during now going through a levelling-off period wonder, was my prediction about an Age or premature? The fact that I ask, may

Since *Content's* first anniversary, there and the birth of the *Toronto Sun*. A three

## Best wishes from u



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# a full two years old

ceived.  
an attempt to *catchup* in journalism, to  
nd problems of the trade or profession  
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d the philosophical, which is essential,  
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must develop it. A mix of ideas, and  
such a manner that the off-haphazard  
d obsolete; at the very least we should  
this day. Implied here is the media's  
otion of the public's right-to-information.  
r a vital concept inherent in the democra-

dia 72, a successor to the 1971 event

on, although some persons have won-  
n raises this prospect: Has there been  
g the past couple of years, or are we  
— or are they one and the same? I  
of Media Awareness a year ago naive  
answer the question. It is hoped not.  
was the death of the *Toronto Telegram*,  
month strike at *La Presse*. The Quebec

*Chronicle-Telegraph*, a daily, went weekly. The *Montreal Star* was organized by  
The Newspaper Guild. The federal computer communications task force delivered  
its report, adding to the wealth of data now in the hands of the federal government  
and awaiting reorganization into legislation.

The managing editors and the publishers and the broadcast owners and their  
news directors met again, as did the weekly, er, community papers. Toronto  
launched UHF Channel 79, an experiment worth watching, and the Canadian  
Radio-Television Commission gave approval to Al Bruner's Global Communica-  
tions, what could be a competitor with both the CBC and CTV networks.

There was a change in the corporate ownership of *Content*, which won't affect  
the substance of the publication. And, coincidental with this second anniversary,  
*The Media Game*, essentially an anthology of some of *Content's* best contents,  
is being published. I think it's worth buying.

Really, the only thing to lament this past year, where *Content* is concerned,  
is the fact that the Canada Council turned us down for a paltry \$3,000 grant,  
which would have helped develop editorial and advertising content. I'm not so  
much complaining about the grant being denied as wondering about how an organi-  
zation such as the Canada Council defines communications/information/journalism,  
and what that definition has in common with the development of this nation. It's  
a fascinating query.

For the coming year(s), I trust I can count on your continued co-operation and  
ready assistance.

-Dick MacDonald  
Editor

# s as *Content* enters its third year



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SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM

CARLETON UNIVERSITY



# YES, VIRGINIA, IT CAN BE TAUGHT

by ALEX ANGIOLI

The Orwellian Arts Tower looms brown and impressive against the clear Ottawa sky. In Room 1111, two dozen typewriters are furiously clicking to the tune of 24 different versions of the drowning death of John Smith, as the deadline draws dangerously near.

You wipe your sweaty palms on the nearest sheet of newsprint, wondering if you've got all the facts straight, and glance at the clock. Ten minutes to go. The opposition seems in a dither, too — so maybe you should stop sweating.

As the last few words appear on the page (in duplicate please, and ready for publication), you heave a sigh of relief and light the fifteenth cigarette of the day. And it's only eleven o'clock.

Ten minutes later your story flashes up on a screen at the front of the room and you feel pretty self-satisfied. Good lead. Good, tight, chained construction.

Aarrgghh! Suddenly there's a sinking feeling in your stomach. You scream inside. You have crossed the tenuous line between fact and fiction. The third paragraph. The kind of thing that makes an editor crush your copy into an angry little wad and throw it into the most obscure wastebasket. You cringe with self-recrimination.

But then, that's the whole point.

"We try to induce a frenetic atmosphere. It teaches you to cope with stress — that's somewhat

the point of the school," says Carman Cumming, associate professor of Carleton's School of Journalism. "I think the competition is healthy," he adds with a knowing twinkle.

Ever since Carleton instituted its one-year journalism program in 1945, struggling through the post-war depression, drifting through the gray Fifties, picking up speed in the electric Sixties and turning on in the screaming Seventies, its graduates have had something like 74 per cent employment in some form of journalism. That's a pretty good track record by any standard.

Nevertheless, the rest of the university still sees journalism as a kind of glorified trade school, perhaps because of the school's intensely practical applications. Cumming says: "When we become respectable to the university is probably when we cease to be useful."

From an academic point of view, the school has relatively high standards of admission. The one-year program is open only to graduates with at least a B-average and, preferably, "some background in the media" or "other special skills and experience," says the school's handbook. "Demand for the course has risen sharply in the last year and, as a result, our admission standards are also getting more stringent."

"In the real world," Cumming settles back in his chair and lights up a cigarette, "selection is

based on skills, and we are interested in maximizing the number of people going into the media."

He agrees, however, that the time for the course is inadequate and that a year of professional work teaches you more in terms of technical skills than the one-year course.

The point of the school, he emphasizes, aside from providing a certain degree of practical proficiency, is to put the neophyte journalist in a better position to cope with his biases. "Anyone coming out of here *knows* he has a bias and is in a better position to cope with it than someone who has been with the same organization for years and has come to accept its policies implicitly.

"Students are taught to evaluate their work and to explore the operation of media in society. A good journalist must have an independent set of values."

And nerves of steel. Which is why the first week of the one-year course is so intensive. "The students have to think quickly and adjust to quick writing. They must begin to operate as a group, develop their own ideas and learn to object to ideas," Cumming says.

Students are encouraged to approach their exercises as professional journalists, and are marked accordingly.

"I look at the copy," Cumming says, "as though I were city editor. And I mark on content and style."

In fact, Carman Cumming, as the majority of the school's other instructors, has wide experience as a working journalist. He has held positions as news editor with The Canadian Press in Toronto and New York, as United Nations correspondent and CP parliamentary correspondent, and is a graduate of Carleton's School of Journalism (1955).

Among its notable instructors, the school also has Anthony Westell, winner of three National Newspaper Awards in editorial writing, column writing, and reporting, and Cameron Graham, winner of the Newsman of the Year Award.

The school's technical facilities include radio, TV, video tape film, print media and a host of cantankerous typewriters.

The one-year program consists of five compulsory courses:

Reporting 440 with five weeks of radio news and five weeks of TV news in addition to intensive print reporting ("the most important course" says Cumming, who teaches it); Public Issues 401/402 with emphasis on interpretative writing and editorial work; Media in Society 410, a theoretical course dealing with the way of media operation, public ownership, press in society etc.; Media Practices 430, a catch-all course including layout, law of the press, semantics and other topics; and the Honors Research Project (499), which allows the student to undertake sustained work in an area of interest in any medium. The projects can be broad in scope and allow much flexibility. Each student has a project supervisor and the project must be approved by a board of professors.

There are non-credit options catering to specialized interests such as TV and Radio Documentary, Documentary Analysis, Community Journalism, Photojournalism and Magazine Writing.

In addition, all students must serve a two weeks' apprenticeship in the print media or radio-TV.

After all this, bright-eyed and confident, the graduates (74 per cent of them) are all set to swarm the country's newsrooms, night desks and editorial offices, adamantly confronting cigar-biting editors with "That's the way we did it at Carleton." And often succeeding in their persuasion.

*Alex Angioli, originally of Naples, has been in Canada since 1956. A freelance journalist, he now is enrolled in Carleton University's one-year journalism program for graduates. He's worked for UPI, the Canadian Citizen, and graduated from McGill University, Montreal.*



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# from crystal set to satellite

by HARRY J. BOYLE

I suppose only those who experienced it can appreciate pioneer broadcasts. I suspect the old-timers got more kick out of those early broadcasts than even when watching the "moon walk" on television. Yet, so many things have happened, in the past fifty years, it may be a good idea to take a look at some of them . . . to have a kind of stock-taking.

On May 5, 1922, *CFAC* in Calgary was advising patients at the Keith Sanitarium they would receive "a radio concert tonight from 8 to 9 P.M." May 18, 1922, "The Voice of the Prairies," *CFCN*, sent out 1,800 invitations to people to listen in to the opening concert of Allen's Palace Theatre.

There weren't many receiving sets so people gathered where they could. Of course, the important thing was for listeners to let broadcasters know they heard them.

Was there ever a Board of Broadcast Measurement to match getting a postcard from a listener ten to twenty miles beyond where you had heard before . . . to say nothing of the ones that came from Australia or New Zealand!

What a fifty years! What a time to be living in!

In our part of the world, where technology and industrialization have taken hold, we are in a kind of shock. Our century is a median dividing human history — a median within living memory. Think of it this way: The world of today is as different from the world in which those radio stations began in Calgary as that world was from the world of Julius Caesar's. Almost as much has happened in this world since High River was linked to Calgary on the radio telephone as happened before.

Think of the last 50,000 years. For about 40,000 years, man lived a cave-like existence.

Writing has only been around for 4,000-or-so years. Newspapers in some form or other have been around for the past 400 to 500 years.

We have measured time precisely in the past 250 years. In the last 125 years we've used the electric motor. The vast majority of the consumer goods we use were developed in this present 50 to 60 years — my lifetime.

I was born in 1915. I suppose the horse collar was then still the most important technology — although it soon would yield to the steam-traction engines and the old Rumley oil-pull tractors that began out here breaking the prairie sod. Today, we have a new technology of communications.

Do you remember the first broadcasting call-letters you heard? I remember, after four or five hours of squealing and noise, hearing a burst of violin music and the announcer saying, "KDKA, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania."

How many remember the abdication speech of Edward VIII or the deadly silence when the buzz bombs cut out just before a hit on London?

There was a buzzing, insidious sound. The cutoff and silence and then the explosion. Today we see in living color the horror of napalm and bayonet in Vietnam!, savagery in Bangla-Desh, the negation of Christian principle in the fratricide of Northern Ireland. We see it as it happens by satellite.

Four hundred and seven years ago the city government of Venice began posting bulletins of news charging citizens a gazetta — a coin for the privilege of reading them.

But it is just fifty years since *CFAC* and *CFCN*

began broadcasting. So, while the gazettas or newspapers had 400 years to evolve, our electronic communications has had only a half century to develop.

When I was a child 50 years ago, permanence was a virtue — even with a bank. A man who moved more than twice in a lifetime — once when he was married, and once when he retired — was considered a restless gypsy. Today, one out of every five Americans moves once a year — lock, stock and barrel — and Canadians have almost as high a propensity for moving.

We are being transformed by electronic media. An older generation devoted to print thinks about its world bit by bit as it looks at the world through a newspaper. A child of television, to which he devotes more hours usually than school, is surrounded by the world.

Radio and television revolutionized communications. It's safe to say, too communications has had a tremendous effect in revolutionizing society. What do we know about the revolution?

The effect of TV as a means of transferring information was sharply explored by journalist Henry Fairlie:

*"Not only is the core of television the public and the spectacular but there is an important sense in which television has a vested interest in disaster. From the point of view of a good story, both newspaper and television prefer covering a major strike to negotiations which prevent a strike. But is it possible for a newspaper reporter to make negotiations almost as exciting a story as a strike itself? What can television do with negotiations? It can only show pictures of people arriving at a building and people leaving it."*

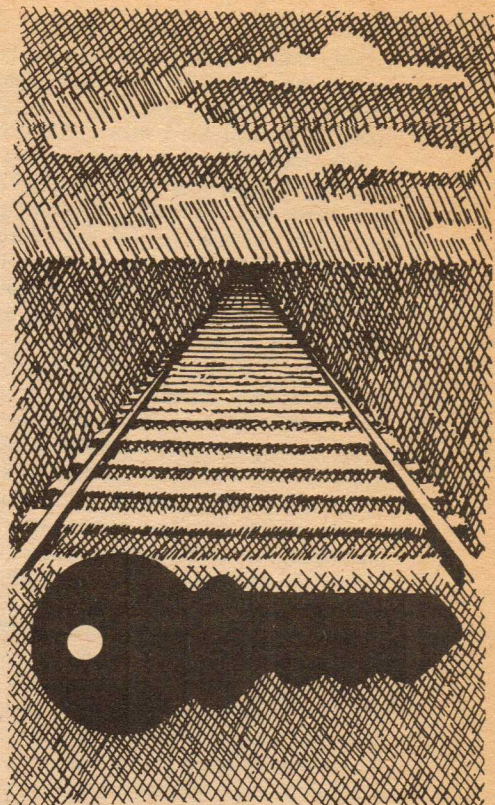
This is not a lament — it is an account of facts, for the instruments of communication have moved from simple experiment and passivity to become powerful realities and influences in the social, political, economic, and educational climate of our country. And they are destined to become even more vital and powerful, because of technology.

Where on Earth is this leading?

In the first place, I maintain broadcasting in this country has a credible record of responsibility during times of almost incredible development. But, with all the technology that surrounds it and the possibilities that await it, broadcasting may be in the eye of the hurricane of cable, computer, holograph, laser, data banks — and so many other things that whirl around it . . . with new promise and new challenges. Sometimes it's hard for us to be aware of change.

Since moving to being a regulator from being amongst the regulated, I have often speculated on how stubborn we human beings can really be. In broadcasting it's nonsense to cast either side as the villains. It's also arrogant for either broadcasters or regulators to assume they are always right, but there is one common denominator binding us: *The Will of Parliament* and *The Broadcasting Act*.

Broadcasting, like so many other institutions in this country, is a compromise. Neither private nor public completely, but a combination of both. For instance, the original CBC was never completed as a separate entity but it is at one time an associate and at another a competitor with the private broadcasters.



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Forty to fifty years ago, private radio broadcasting was the prerogative of the individual and the entrepreneur. Often it began out of technical curiosity. I worked for a man in 1936 who built a radio transmitter from plans in a twenty-five cent copy of *Popular Mechanics*. It was contained in a cheese box. He used it as a selling arm for his dealer franchise to sell Stromberg-Carlson radios. When he learned he needed a license to operate a commercial station, he sought and was granted one for his community. Thus, he entered the world of regulation.

Now he is dead, as are most of his kind. The institutions they founded still are licensed to a community but the ownerships are, one by one, being incorporated into national corporate structures. Death, taxes, and the fear of succession duties take a continuing toll of individual ownership by people who live and work in the communities for which broadcast licenses continue to be issued. Managers replace entrepreneurs and owners in a community.

Broadcasting becomes more and more an activity of corporate man. This is not a criticism. It's a fact of economic life which is now becoming apparent in broadcasting. So the local manager of a broadcast undertaking may find himself in the position of being responsible to the rules and regulations of a corporate structure — and of having to adhere to the provisions of the Broadcasting Act.

Regulations are not drawn up primarily in broadcasting to protect stockholders. But stockholders are an important factor in much of today's broadcasting — something which my original employer in 1936 would never have imagined happening.

I do not subscribe to the theory that broadcasters or their stockholders are villains. They are not. But, let's face it, they are operating in an area which has been the subject of legislative concern of this particular nation for more than forty years.

Examine broadcasting regulation in Canada and you get an insight into our society — for it reveals our concerns, our worries, our fears, our hopes, our cultural ambitions, and as technology opens up new prospects so the list will increase.

How realistic is it to insist by gentle persuasion that broadcasters accept social and community responsibilities? Failing that, how much can be done by regulation? If the regulations were to go beyond anything but a fairly broad interpretation, reinforced by reviews such as those of the parliamentary committees responsible, what concerns would you hear expressed?

The phrase would be "freedom of expression," the cry would be "state control." Now, I, for one, agree about the possible tyranny of "state control" but I am also aware, as you are, of the tyranny of "control by ratings."

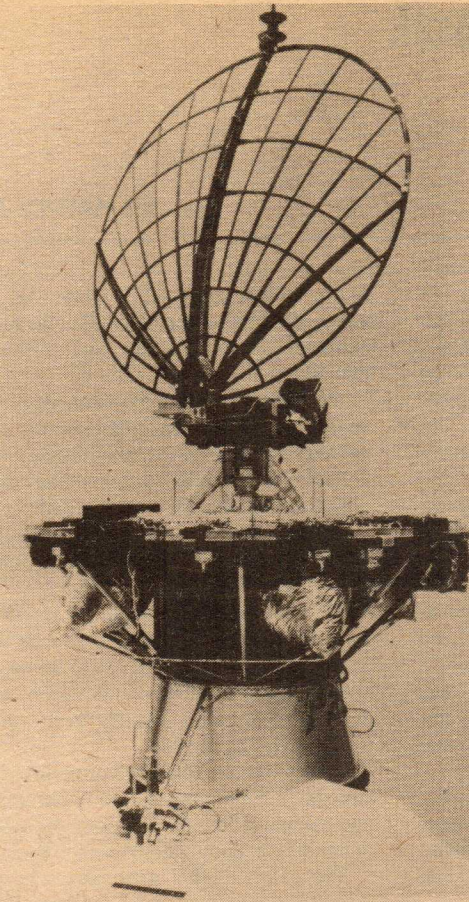
What can radio and television and the expanding capacity of cable television contribute to humanity, and still maintain reasonable profits for licensees and stockholders? Charles Sieppman, a broadcaster and teacher, lists these needs, if we are to transcend the beast that lurks in us:

"1) *The need for relaxation. Laughter, amusement, even idle frivolity ... are legitimate needs because they are psychological necessities.*

"2) *The need for expansion of our horizons of knowledge and awareness of people ... and their interaction with one another.*

"3) *The need not only for knowledge but for experience in depth, comprising all that invites our understanding of what lies below the surface of events and of all meaning, including the meaning of life itself. This, pre-eminently, is the realm of the artist, the philosopher, the divine. Awe, suffering, love, ecstasy are the elements of this experience.*

"4) *Practical needs in our day-to-day living. There exists a storehouse of knowledge and ex-*



*perience here which, if made the property of all, would transform the happiness and health of millions."*

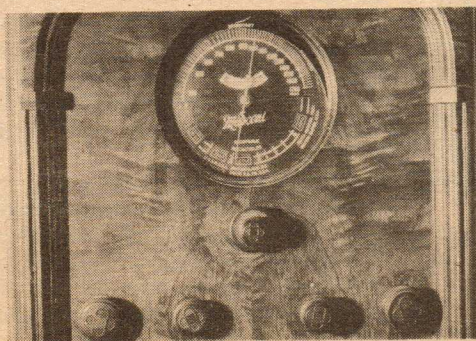
He says if we exclude any of these four points we risk intellectual and emotional pellagra.

I agree, but it's an awesome task for the broadcaster and for the regulator. In for first place, broadcasters must have freedom, genuine freedom. Take the matter of culture! How does the broadcaster show it? Will it be an aesthetic view of a cultivated, educated class? Will it be dominated by a constant and overwhelming obsession to provide mass consumers with programs to pacify and soothe?

Broadcasters — all mass media — in revealing society to itself must constantly make choices. They adjust between the status quo and the advocates of change — making some kind of sense out of labels and slogans. They must sort out between educated, cultivated, intellectual, middle-class, the poorly educated — in effect, act as good agents in the pursuit of understanding rather than reinforce inherent prejudices.

This cannot be regulated into being. It happens when those who operate and control the instruments of mass media deliberately set up a climate of freedom. This encourages talent which has a desire to explore both old and new forms and technology in the pursuit of those three terms so firmly attached to broadcasting — education, information and entertainment.

The omissions in all mass media bother me



Photos: Dan Wiener

more than the commissions. For a short period. I worked for an editor who was constantly studying cryptic notes from the publisher and interpreting them as "don't's."

An idea would be squelched because, "I don't think he would like it." I faced that publisher and learned he had no such ideas at all. He liked quality and style in writing and concentrated on it. He wondered why this particular paper was so gutless. He had an editor who perfected the art of omission — and we had a paper that style-wise was a model, but it had no more commitment to the community than a handbill.

I don't think broadcasters want that.

One of the major difficulties facing any regulatory body arises from the flexibility needed in interpreting and enforcing policies and rules under widely varying conditions.

Let's take one example. Promises of performance have been for a long time considered conditions of licenses where other specific conditions have not more clearly spelled out a broadcaster's responsibilities. The Fowler Committee in its report underlined some considerations for the licensing of stations when it said: "A more positively excellent performance is difficult to enforce by regulations of general application to all broadcasters. Individual stations vary greatly in size, location and wealth. A regulation setting a performance level adequate for a large metropolitan station will be intolerably burdensome on a small rural station. Conversely, a regulation setting program standards within the practical possibility of achievement by a small station is meaningless when applied to a large and wealthy station."

Included among the programming objectives are, "a good news service, some discussion of public affairs, a reasonable content of music and drama, some development and use of Canadian talent, and the need for a varied and imaginative local service to the community coupled with some regional, national and international activities."

Broadcasting is a kind of mystery to the general public — complicated and technical. The phenomenon is that while it is labelled as communications it has provided less and less access to the general public as it has developed.

The CRTC is attempting to help cable develop while, at the same time, supporting conventional over-the-air broadcasting. You must remember that the promise of bringing radio and television to the remaining million-odd people without it, and living in settlements of 500 or over, did not come until the Throne Speech at the last opening of the federal Parliament.

It is forty-odd years since the Aird Commission on Broadcasting and the Canadian Broadcasting League prompted Canada to accept a truly national broadcasting system — for all Canadians.

Meanwhile, in our large metropolitan centres, cable operators with a multiplicity of channels and more promised search for new services from background music, time, weather and announcements to one where a camera roams back and forth on the smoggy outlines of the city. The computer is a companion to the future of cable for moving information. Home information centres have the potential, we are told, to give man a new freedom.

When automobiles were first introduced they promised us freedom as well. This is what one magazine said about the coming automobile:

"The improvement in city conditions by general adoption of the motor car can hardly be overestimated. Streets clean, dustless, and odorless, with light rubber-tired vehicles moving swiftly and noiselessly over their smooth expanse, would eliminate a greater part of the nervousness, distractions, and strain of modern metropolitan life."

We allowed the automobile industry to proliferate and become colossal — generally unregulated. The regulations and the laws were and still are being imposed on the users of automobiles. The



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results do not have to be spelled out: You get the answer after every holiday weekend! You sense, smell, and feel the lethal effects on our social and physical environment. Who would say now that consideration should not have been given to regulation of the technology of automobile transportation in the public interest at an early date in its development. Now, of course, the automobile industry is a colossal industry, entrenched to a point where it challenges governments and can virtually ignore regulatory agencies.

Today, we have a new technology promising new freedoms. One of today's delusions, however, is that more communications is necessarily better communications. Forty or more channels will not help if they are simply more and more voices pleading or screaming for larger audiences in mindless competition.

The Wired City, unless it is planned with foresight, may be worse than the physical city of today — a hindrance rather than a help to man in his great dilemmas of the seventies!

There is at least in CATV the subscriber, and the subscriber's fee, and the options which for the first time viewers may demand and pay for.

In the seventies, in an age of individualism in the young, there is certain evidence that many people are concerned. I believe there are many concerned individuals in our shop; advertisers and many broadcasters realize and are trying to bring advertising in line with concern and respect for the consumer in place of regarding him as an impersonal digit in the cost-per-thousand figure.

In preparing a Royal Society Symposium paper, I asked a creative man who has resisted going to Hollywood what he thought about regulations. He said:

"The whole of broadcasting does not do enough but it is also a goat for inadequate encouragement at all levels of government in this country of the intellectual and the artistic and the entertaining — because in my book, Stompin' Tom Connors, Gilles Vigneault, and Karl Ancerl are all important. But you can't regulate that into being any more than I can, as a school trustee, make the Department of Education in my province see that in place of fussing so much about getting broadcasting equipment they should be developing adequate twentieth-century Canadian history books."

There are those who say the commission is wrong in its determination to move broadcasting to produce more Canadian programs and to encourage local participation and access on cable systems. They say it's hopeless unless you close out American programming.

Now, I am not one who agrees that you can put a ring around culture.

We live next door and are bathed in the overflow of a commercial democracy. Its broadcasting carries some great intellectual and cultural strengths, but it is often trivial and tells lies about the society and the terms of life. Some of us want to hear those lies, and we want to be free to listen or not — to reject or to accept. We have been exposed for a long time to it. We have been told for a long time it would destroy us, and yet, without an excess of regulation or a drive to restrict the American influence, we have survived.

I am convinced that the export drive of the big business of American mass culture has made most thoughtful men, women and especially youth, of not only Canada but of many countries, determine that the world must *not* be shaped by American business principles.

Deep within us, most feel our individual society to be supreme to others. We are closer to American society than to any other. There has been a certain ambivalence on our part about it, but beneath all that, when you strip away the caution, you'll find most Canadians consider their society to be superior — and you notice it in comparison about speech, law, politics, justice. And many other

things — and, rightly or wrongly, but naturally, it is the heritage of our personal relationships and national environment. It seemed for a time to be smothered by the sheer mass of American information, especially in media, but now we find it emerging — not just in economic terms but in the gut-issues of feeling and being.

Our culture, and we do have one, hasn't the total truth, nor will it be destroyed if we know it in a sensible and informed way. Talking to each other, locally and nationally, in the process of communications will reflect the root strength that will give us the understanding to cope with the cultureless, neutered internationalisms that threaten to invade the great capacities opened up



by the technology of computer, satellite and cable. The problems of regulation become not different, only more difficult.

But, how do you accept your responsibility as broadcasters? There's no sense in evasion because radio and TV are powerful and pervasive. Think of the mother scolding her child for not kneeling to say his prayers. The youngster triumphantly punched a button and said, "I don't have to. Listen. I taped last night's prayers."

Fifty years is a good time for stock-taking!

For instance, a broadcaster said to me: "We are impartial observers. We simply report on what is happening." That sounds good, but then examine it.

Suppose reporting on what is happening consists of carrying handouts of press offices, of corporations and vested interests in the community — showing elected officials and reporting their views and so on. Now, doesn't that in effect constitute an editorial opinion — in reality, doesn't it portray the *status quo*?

How serious do owners and managers regard their news operations? How well equipped are the news editors? Plainly, who will win in the long run if there is a confrontation between sales manager and news editor or program director? And, if such confrontations don't happen, why not?

They've been happening in newspapers for a very long time — and now that more and more people are finding information in electronics media — they must happen in your operations.

We live in complexity. We are confronted by new problems every day: The health of our society depends on the information we have to cope with our problems. Our media will probably never be able to fully cope with illuminating the problems — but the people involved must be well trained, keen and free of commercial bureaucratic or governmental influence in the discharge of their responsibilities to the public.

Some broadcasters simply do not understand, or refuse to comprehend, the tremendous potential of broadcasting as a communications force — preferring, and even insisting, it is merely another commodity in an industrial sense.

Many ascribe traditional authority, power and influence to print. They do not see an inconsis-

tency in selling for profit the influence of commercial broadcast time while maintaining that their programs are somehow passive and entertaining. Promises of performance too are often rituals tailored to what they feel may satisfy the licensing body.

To regulate is not easy. To supervise is a tremendous responsibility. Broadcasting exists with a measure of freedom and a measure of control. How much freedom? How much control? That is the continuing concern.

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 cooperative situation.

I am annoyed beyond words by those who seek to interpret the CRTC as punitive. That's rubbish! We have made mistakes — we will probably make more — but I can assure you that pettiness is abhorred by the commission. Shunned by it — as it should be!

I pledge that the CRTC 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.

You must accept the challenge to make broadcasting alive and vital. Stop trying to find restrictive interpretations where restriction is not intended. The Broadcasting Act calls for a predominantly Canadian broadcasting system — Parliament can't make it Canadian in character, the CRTC can't make it better, regulations can't make it more relevant to listeners and viewers. Only you can do that, only you, who are the broadcasters.

Technology now makes possible the diffusion of American television signals to a majority of the Canadian population. What possible 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 in direct competition with American ones, and ultimately with world products of a similar nature by way of satellite.

In a world where we are moving from a limited supply of channels and frequencies to a technological abundance there is a greater onus than ever on broadcasting to be relevant, aware, and significant to viewers and listeners! Can you do it? Yes, and the way lies in a fuller development of what lies in your licensed areas — a cultivated communication with your constituent listeners and viewers.

The late Ralph Draper, the advertising executive, worked with the CRTC. This is a paragraph from one of Ralph's last reports:

*"The U.S. has about 204,000,000 people and only one official language. Canada has about the same land area, only 21,000,000 people and two official languages. In other words, we have to produce twice the programming for a total of about one-tenth the people. Perhaps we are a country which should not exist, but we are all determined that we are going to keep on existing."*

And so I say — and so say most Canadians, and the fact that we do is in large measure because we do have a good broadcasting system which I believe is going to be even better in the years ahead.

*These remarks by Harry Boyle, author and vice-chairman of the Canadian Radio-Television Commission, are drawn from a talk last month to the annual meeting of the Western Association of Broadcasters in Calgary.*





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## NEWS: AS BAD TO CATCH AS LIGHT

by FRANK B. WALKER

Ben H. Bagdikian  
*THE EFFETE CONSPIRACY  
And Other Crimes by the Press*  
Fitzhenry & Whiteside  
159 pp. \$6.85

Ben H. Bagdikian comes to his task equipped with imposing credentials. He has not only won major prizes for national reporting in the United States but has been the national editor of a major American newspaper.

But, despite the validity of much of his criticism, the overall effect of *The Effete Conspiracy & Other Crimes by the Press* is to leave one who works in this same trade not so much inspired as bewildered. For what he has to say most working press people have not only known but fought for and against, with a measure of success, for most of their working lives.

The problem of the press used in its broadest sense, i.e. print, radio and television, is not something unique. It is exactly the same problem which confronts every aspect of contemporary North American and Western European society: How to cope with an increasingly complex world within the limits imposed by institutions designed specifi-

cally for an earlier and less complicated period.

The newspaper, like radio and television, is torn apart by these complexities, by an inability of those who work for newspapers, of their sources of information, and of their readers to get a firm grasp on an essentially difficult and constantly changing situation. It is a truism to say that we now know less and less about more and more, but we do. The sources of information become more expert and less informative. So much of what passes for news is understandable today only to the specialist, and yet to ignore it would be to fail in one's function.

Hence, while the educational level of the press is being raised and its accuracy improved, the effectiveness of communication appears to be lessening.

It is a problem which confronts governments made up essentially of non-experts when dealing with subjects which require expertise. What a newspaper or a television station or a radio reporter can hope to do nowadays is to cast no more than a pale glow on a situation, to forewarn and, within limits, to explain.

Meanwhile, the reader or viewer, often with a so-called primary source in television, is drawing

his own conclusions, based upon his own prejudices, with the gap seemingly inevitably widening.

This does not excuse the kind of performances dealt with by Bagdikian: The examples of dishonesty, whether overt or covert, the increasing role of the public relations man, often however an expert in the particular kind of news, the laziness and lack of imagination which is the mark of so much present day journalism.

Bagdikian aims much of his thrust at owners. It would be closer to the truth to aim it at the whole trade, from top to bottom, for dishonest owners require dishonest staffs to work for them. They cannot do it all alone, just as lazy owners require lazy staffs. Much of the criticism nowadays from within the trade is aimed upwards, which is natural enough, though not responsible. Just as much it should be aimed horizontally across the newsroom floor.

Nonetheless, few trades have subjected themselves to such self-analysis and few have struggled as hard and as honorably to do something about the more obvious imperfections, as contemporary journalism.

Good papers, Bagdikian points out, are run by "by strong individuals, almost never by a committee or by trustees or by absentee owners. Their papers mean more to these individuals than any other enterprise in the world and they are driven by the obsession that whatever important happens in the world must be told to the readers by their local paper and that paper alone."

Most American papers, he suggests, fail this standard, as indeed do most Canadian, but Canada has some good papers as indeed does the United States and any other country. It also has some good universities, as does the United States and any other country, some good businesses, some fine government departments. Excellence is not a standard easily achieved and it is no more rare in journalism than it is in every business, from the picking of pockets to the writing of poetry.

It is this that is bothersome about Bagdikian's book. Because he is an unabashed lover of the press he asks more of it than one is entitled to ask of any one activity, though because the functions of the press are becoming more vital and the pressures on it more extreme one should support him in the search for the ideal.

Editorial creativity is one area where all papers fall down, not for lack of trying but for the much more simple reason that the unrelenting nature of daily publication wears out the imagination at an incredible rate. There is also, it is fair to say, a similar lack of creativity in the public at large. Too often, experiments within newspapers are opposed by readers who have deeply conservative instincts about the content of what they rightly consider to be their paper. A newspaper also must parade its mistakes for all to see every day before an audience which includes a number of well informed critics. Unlike doctors, newspapers cannot bury their mistakes. They must live with them.

On one aspect we would agree entirely with Bagdikian. That is that at this stage in society there has developed a deep involvement of the reader in community news, which is one reason why other critics would charge the press with increasing provincialism. But provincialism in North America is not the provincialism of Europe.

North America lacks national newspapers "not

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# THUMBTRACKS FOR SALE

About two weeks before the employees of Victoria Press Ltd. were to move into their new building, the management posted a memorandum which stated that parking by employees would, in many cases, have to be paid for by employees at the rate of \$5 a month. In the old building, parking had always been free.

A number of employees were frustrated by this announcement, and during the next two days, the following memos went up on the *Colonist* editorial bulletin board.

\* \* \*

primarily because of its vast geography but because, unlike any other modern country, it organizes some of its central institutions — schools, police power, property taxes, etc. — on a local basis, voted on by the local citizen.

Increasingly, the American (Canadian) citizen has children in the public schools and worries about them, owns his own house, drives his own car, fights over zoning and city hall. No national paper, magazine or broadcasting network can tell him what he wants to know about such things."

Public regard for journalism is probably not much lower today than it was 100 years ago and the little outbursts of a Spiro Agnew are no different from similar outbursts in the 19th century.

It is easy to develop a new social whipping boy among those whose task it is basically to throw light on what many would like to keep in darkness and who inevitably find a primary role in opposition, not support. It also is a little easy to criticize papers for failing to make simple what should be left complicated and for serving up the unpalatable because it is important.

But Emerson said all that was to be said, really, about this attempt to present the facts: "Truth is such a fly-away, such a sly-boots, so untranslatable and unbarrelable a commodity, that it is as bad to catch as light."

*Frank B. Walker is Editor-in-chief of the Montreal Star, where this commentary first appeared.*

"To all staff members: Pay telephones will be installed in our new editorial offices. Reporters are entitled to 10 free dimes a week which will be supplied by management every Monday morning."

\* \* \*

"Memo to all employees: Due to the high cost of construction, the company has reluctantly accepted a proposal by the architect to install daylight-blackout devices in the windows of the new building. However, the company recognizes that employees are entitled to see the light on occasion; therefore, the shutters which black all light effectively, will lift for a five-minute period upon deposit of a 25 cent coin in a slot machine provided for this purpose."

\* \* \*

"Contrary to popular belief, Victoria Press Ltd. does not intend to tolerate free love in the modern lounge that is included in the new building. Pay machines will be installed for items essential to such an undertaking. It will also be necessary to deposit 50 cents in arm of full-length leather chesters to prevent spikes from springing out of cushion."

\* \* \*

"The copyboys, recognizing a good thing when they see it, would like to announce the all-new stationery pool. Copy paper, carbon paper, and teletype rolls will be available at reasonable rates from noon to midnight daily. Prices as follows: paper, 2 cents; carbon paper, 5 cents; teletype rolls, \$1.00 (with to your car delivery)."

\* \* \*

"Notice to all Victoria Press staff: Management is perturbed at the use of this bulletin board for unauthorized bulletins of a somewhat sarcastic, cynical nature. In future all bulletins, excluding the usual Guild propaganda, will be subject to a fee of \$1.00 with additional cost for display advertising and the like. Display ad people at Vic Press will assist in presenting bulletins where

necessary at further minimal cost."

"P.S.: This bulletin has been paid for."

\* \* \*

"All found property becomes the property of the Management."

\* \* \*

"After much soul-searching and checking with its principals, the management has graciously decided that admission through the building turnstiles will cost only 15 cents (each way). Reporters, photographers, ad salesmen and district managers will be exempt from all but one charge (each way) daily."

\* \* \*

Last, but not least, went up a petition:

"Anyone who feels that Victoria Press is NOT a ripoff champion, please sign below:"

The only writing below was a note:

"How much does it cost to sign?"

\* \* \*

## THE LITTLE MARKETPLACE CLASSIFIEDS

### NEED A WRITER/EDITOR?

Young man, MA journalism, eight years' experience—company publications, daily and weekly newspapers—seeks challenging position. Write Box Q, Content, Room 404, 1411 Crescent St., Montreal 107, P.Q.

**EXPERIENCED U.S. REPORTER**—feature writer-cartoonist with large metro daily, wire service, wide freelance experience, seeks opportunity in Canadian journalism. Family man, bilingual, apprenticed on smaller dailies. SDX member. Will relocate in smaller community. Details: T. F. Pawlick, 1217 Royal Ave., Royal Oak, Michigan 48073 U.S.A.

**HANDWRITING** analysis reveals personality, character. Send manuscript and \$10. to: Dr. J. Hajek, Box 5684, Toronto 116 Ont.

Independant agency needs **RESEARCHERS**, writers for print and broadcast special projects. Contact Bob Carr, Press Gallery, Queens Park, Toronto, Ontario.

**RELIGION COPY** from Alberta Bible Belt. What can Noel Buchanan offer? (403) 346-3039, 4601 47 Avenue, Red Deer, Alberta.

**WISH TO RETURN** to journalism. Young man, 28, now an immigration officer with some experience at *Globe and Mail*. B.A., Russian language, history. 1-year TV-production, Ryerson. Speaking ability in several Slavic languages, reading knowledge of French. Competency in speed-reading and comprehension. Excellent references. Reply Box J, Content, 1411 Crescent, Montreal 107.

**UNIQUE CHESS** catalogue. Everything in chess. Send \$1 to: Chess Nut Reg'd., Room 101, 5500 Queen Mary Road, Montreal, Que.

**REPORTER-PHOTOGRAPHER:** Northwestern Ontario's largest weekly newspaper is rapidly expanding. We now have another new position for a reporter-photographer in our editorial department. Apply in writing to the Managing Editor, Kenora Calendar, P.O. Box 810, Kenora, Ontario.

**EARTH & SUN & HIGH-RISE RECIPES FOR SINGLES**, by Pauline Rhind, drawings by David Shaw. Order from: KAKABEKA Publishing Co., P.O. Box 247, Stn K, Toronto 12, Canada. Price \$2.50.



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Parliamentary Press Gallery personnel changes are not uncommon, and one of the most recent is the move to CTV from CBC by Mike McCourt. His private network predecessor was Max Keeping, who was running on the Conservative ticket against Transport Minister Don Jamieson in Newfoundland . . . editorialist Rod Blaker of *CJAD* in Montreal, who has been campaigning as a Liberal in the Lachine riding, was replaced on air by a series of city journalists before Neil McKenty of Toronto took the regular slots.

Speaking of journalists influenced in one way or another by government, where jobs are concerned, the transfers to executive assistant and information or public relations positions seem to have been increasing these past couple of years. A story on the drain from active professional journalism to borderline government functions now is being prepared for a forthcoming issue of *Content* . . . the U.S. pay board ordered Washington's daily papers to reduce wages and salaries on the grounds that contract increases could not be justified in light of the Nixon administration's wage-price controls program.

The production unit for Grand River Cable TV in Kitchener, Stage 12, last month began shooting its first comedy for television. The half-hour program, *Nothing Changes Much* by John Meyer of Tillsonburg, was being produced in co-operation with Hans Mantel of Dynatel Systems in Toronto, on videotape in color. Mantel developed in Canada the basic system used for editing videotape electronically, frame by frame. Producer-director David Battle is looking for additional scripts.

Dead at 84 is Frank Lendrum, whose first newspaper job in Canada was with the Cobalt *Nugget*, forerunner of the North Bay *Nugget*. He had a ringside seat for the mining discoveries in north-eastern Ontario which led to the birth of such communities as Timmins, Kirkland Lake and Noranda . . . Canadian Radio-Television Commission chairman Pierre Juneau called for more coverage and discussion of Quebec's political, economic and social issues by the province's privately-owned French-language broadcasters. He told the broadcasters, at a conference, they must identify themselves and their stations with Quebec life and said they can no longer consider their enterprises as purely commercial.

The Toronto branch of the Media Club of Canada, always prepared to encourage professional upgrading, this month sponsored a writers' workshop at Belleville's Loyalist College. The one-day seminar gave participants an introduction to writing for newspapers, magazines, radio and television; public relations and photo-journalism also were covered . . . Ken Lines has moved to British Columbia to go into business for himself, having previously been director of special services for Frosst Pharmaceuticals in Montreal.

The Southam-owned *Gazette* of Montreal is getting a new publisher. Mark Farrell, who moved to the Windsor *Star* as publisher before it was bought by Southam, is succeeding Charles Peters. Farrell was chief at *Weekend* magazine before moving to Windsor . . . Imperial Tobacco Products new information kit was granted the best-

## MISCELLANY

of-the-show award of the 1972 Industrial Graphics International Exhibit of visual communications for industries, held in Los Angeles. The kit is a series of six folders, each describing a different aspect of the company's activities.

The federal government should consider a Canadian content ruling for films similar to that applied to the broadcasting industry, the Committee for an Independent Canada was told by its research and policy group. The group also recommended expansion of the Canadian Film Development Corporation or establishment of a new agency, fuller use of the National Film Board and creation of a national film school . . . *Quest* magazine, a glossy controlled circulation magazine out of Toronto and directed at men, launched its first national issue this month. The first issue, published in May, had a regional circulation in six eastern cities. The national printing was nearly 600,000. *Quest* is owned by Comac Communications, which also publishes *Homemaker's Digest*.

Bruce McLeod, former boss of *CKAT-FM* in North Bay, now is promotion manager for Mainway, the downtown businessmen's association . . . quite a few radio and TV stations refused to carry a series of public service announcements explaining voting and other electoral procedures for the Oct. 30 election, because, they said, they were being asked to run items free-of-charge while print media were being paid.

Looking for some delightful reading, a sort of anthology of unusual characters in Montreal (and there're plenty)? Pick up a copy of *Saturday Night at the Bagel Factory*, a collection of Don Bell's stories, published by McClelland and Stewart. Bell has written for a raft of papers and magazines here and abroad and his byline perhaps is best known from *Weekend*, *Saturday Night* and *The Montrealer*. Bell is at once a fine reporter and essayist-humorist.

Macleon-Hunter has purchased *Building Development*, *Canadian Real Estate Annual* and all rights to the *Property Forum* from Greedy de Pencier Publications of Toronto. *Building Development* will be merged with M-H's *Canadian Building*. The de Pencier group will devote more time to such flagship publications as *Toronto Life* . . . on the subject of publishing, it might be mentioned that *Content* plans several book titles before Christmas, apart from *The Media Game*, which now is available. Included is a novel by magazine writer and newspaper sub-editor Jack Mosher. Illustrations will be by Terry Mosher, the author's son, otherwise known as caricaturist Aislin. The Mosher book is a risqué piece of Canadian humor entitled *Some Would Call It Adultery*.

Mrs. Rose Tatlow, editor of the Squamish *Howe-Sound Times*, won MacMillan Bloedel's

1971-72 journalism competition for writers on British Columbia weekly and semi-weekly newspapers. Mrs. Tatlow received her \$500 award for a series of articles titled "Whither Squamish?", which explored and analyzed the future growth of Squamish. Chris Foster, editor of 100 Mile House *Free Press*, received the second award of \$250 for a series of articles and editorials about a crisis at the Indian school at Canim Lake which his editorial efforts helped to resolve. Honorable mention awards of \$100 went to Miles Overend of the Kelowna *Capital News* and Dennis O'Rourke of the Kamloops *News Advertiser*. Overend's entry was an in depth examination of the problems of the Okanagan Valley fruit growers and O'Rourke won for articles and an editorial which studied the illegal use of narcotics in Kamloops. The awards were presented by Peter M. Downes, MB's vice-president of Corporate Communications, at the annual meeting of the B.C. Weekly Newspapers Association. It is the tenth consecutive year MB has made the awards. The independent panel of judges who selected the winners were Robert McConnell, editor of the Vancouver *Province*; Thomas Elliott, manager of the B.C. and Yukon Chamber of Mines; and Nick Russell, head of journalism, Vancouver City College.

The prospects of a \$30,000 scholarship to send a working journalist to the university of her or his choice, anywhere in the world, are being considered by the Federation of Press Clubs of Canada. Ken MacGray of the Kitchener club, outgoing president, told the Federation's annual meeting he is searching for a sponsor for the scholarship, which would be awarded for excellence in journalism. At the meeting, Larry McInnis, former president of the Montreal club, was elected 1973 Federation president. New vice-president is John Downing of the Toronto Men's Press Club, and secretary-treasurer still is Barry Mather, NDP MP for New Westminster in the last Parliament.

Freelancer Brian Brennan has joined the Prince George *Citizen* as city hall reporter and entertainment writer . . . also on the West Coast, Duncan Cumming now is editor of the *B.C. Lumberman* . . . Pat Young, editor of the *Broadcaster* for the past two years, has joined Scott-Atkinson, Viccari, Only, International Limited, public relations consultants. She will work on a group of communication industry accounts including the new television network of Global's Al Bruner. . . the Toronto local of The Newspaper Guild has formally objected to the structure of the new Ontario Press Council, contending the Guild should be represented and that members of the public should outnumber press representatives. The Guild also said delegates from the press should be apportioned equally between publishers' appointees and appointees of working journalists, with the latter to be elected by the editorial staffs of participating papers. The Guild said the existing structure of the council — by which publishers of participating papers name their own representatives who in turn name an equal number of public representatives — makes a mockery of the concept of a press council.

content

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