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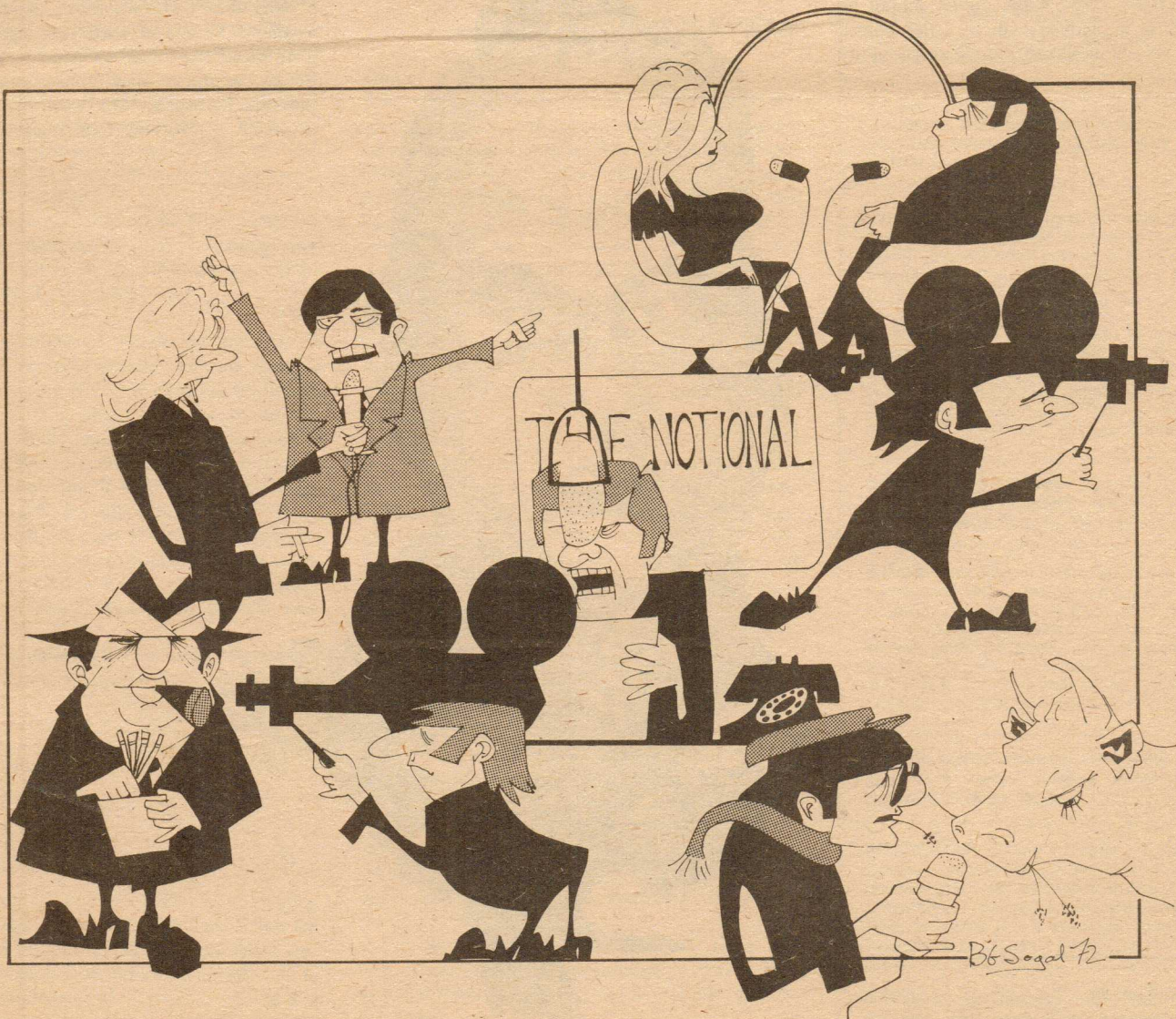
*content*

*for Canadian Journalists*

# davey, two years later

OPENING  
MORE DOORS

(CP)  
CUISINE





# DAVEY REPORT, TWO YEARS AFTER

by DICK MACDONALD

Royal commissions and Senate and House committees never die; their reports are just tucked away on a shelf and forgotten about.

That seems to have been the case with the three-volume study produced by the Senate Committee on Mass Media, which was tabled in Ottawa two years ago this month. From the government point of view — and the media industry's, too, to a large extent — Keith Davey's Senate committee might as well have not existed at all.

Can you recall those heady days of early December, 1970? Having first scorned the creation of a Senate committee to look at Canada's mass media, and then reluctantly accepted its probing, the publishers and broadcasters, perhaps in a flurry of guilt, outdid themselves in reporting on the Davey Report. For the day or so after the report came down, only.

There was precious little follow-up by papers or stations — either because the subject didn't warrant further discussion, as some probably thought, or because one shouldn't wash one's linen in public view, as many undoubtedly believed.

In fact, an on-going discussion of the media in full and frank view of the public should be an objective for the industry; the so-called Fourth Estate does not, or should not, imply an immunity from criticism.

It is unfortunate that the federal government chose not to act on some of the Davey Report's recommendations; it is doubly so that the media themselves have been tardy.

Senator Davey sent his report to Cabinet, and theoretically the observations and suggestions made by his committee were being considered. Yet nothing was done. One can assume that such notions as the information fed to Canadians — the amount, kind and quality thereof — is of basic importance in the development of this country didn't strike a sensitive chord in Prime Minister Trudeau's Cabinet.

Indeed, that is more than assumption: Although Trudeau's first four years in office saw an unprecedented amount of attention paid to the whole spectrum of communications, the government

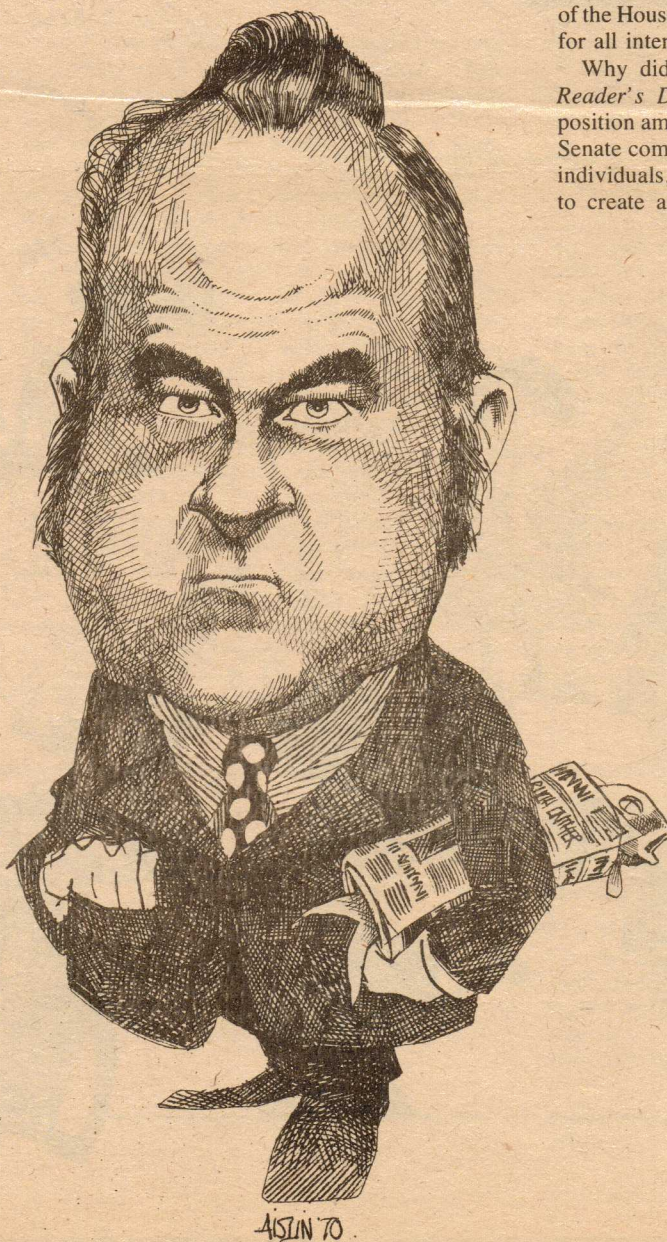
really has not gone far beyond the stage of philosophy.

Point: Those capable of judging have pretty well mapped out an abstract communications frame of reference for Canada, so why not start making decisions based on that overview, even if they must be revised later in the light of new information.

There's no doubt — and it is justifiable — about concern expressed toward increased government involvement in media affairs (though surely most would agree that what the Canadian Radio-Television Commission is laying down for broadcasters is only reasonable). Even Senator Davey, before the committee's report was made public two years ago, did not want to see any further erosion of the concept of a free press.

However, there were recommendations in the Davey Report upon which a majority government could have acted. In the current parliamentary circumstances, a few measures which might be branded extreme probably won't get near the floor of the House of Commons — so the Davey Report, for all intents and purposes, is dead.

Why didn't Ottawa move to shed *Time* and *Reader's Digest* of their privileged advertising position among Canadian magazines — which the Senate committee, among many other groups and individuals, urged? Why wasn't something done to create a revolving loan fund for financially-



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marginal yet socially- and culturally-useful publications?

Those are only two areas where the federal government could have taken a position, without infringing on a free press, but did not.

And the media themselves, what have they done in response to the calls made in the Senate report? Virtually nothing.

When the Davey committee revealed (though most of us knew it) that the media hadn't been looking in their own mirror, everyone skittered about trying to find fast solutions to age-old problems. It didn't work. In retrospect, those papers and stations which attempted significant editorial changes have since been marking time, so the net gain is difficult to measure.

Journalists went ahead and held Media 71 as an immediate response to the Davey Report — a report which devoted a mere dozen pages to the people who churn out the copy. Media 72 followed.

But there has been lethargy recently; perhaps

it's a levelling-off period after so much media self-analysis in 1970 and 1971. It's not apathy, hopefully, but an intellectual recession; we cannot afford that.

Educationally, the journalism schools continue their good work, although Davey's job forecast now seems to have been rather optimistic.

One of the Senate committee's main recommendations concerned the establishment of press councils, by city, region and possibly even nationally. Not much to report in this corner, either.

The Quebec press council, which began to take shape well before the Davey Report was completed, has yet to hold a formal meeting. Ontario does have a working council — largely at the instigation of the Windsor *Star*, which set up Ontario's first municipal press council. And Alberta is heading in that direction.

At that, press councils by no means offer an ultimate solution to the media's ills, but they are one step in the right direction — toward a more conscientious and responsible press.

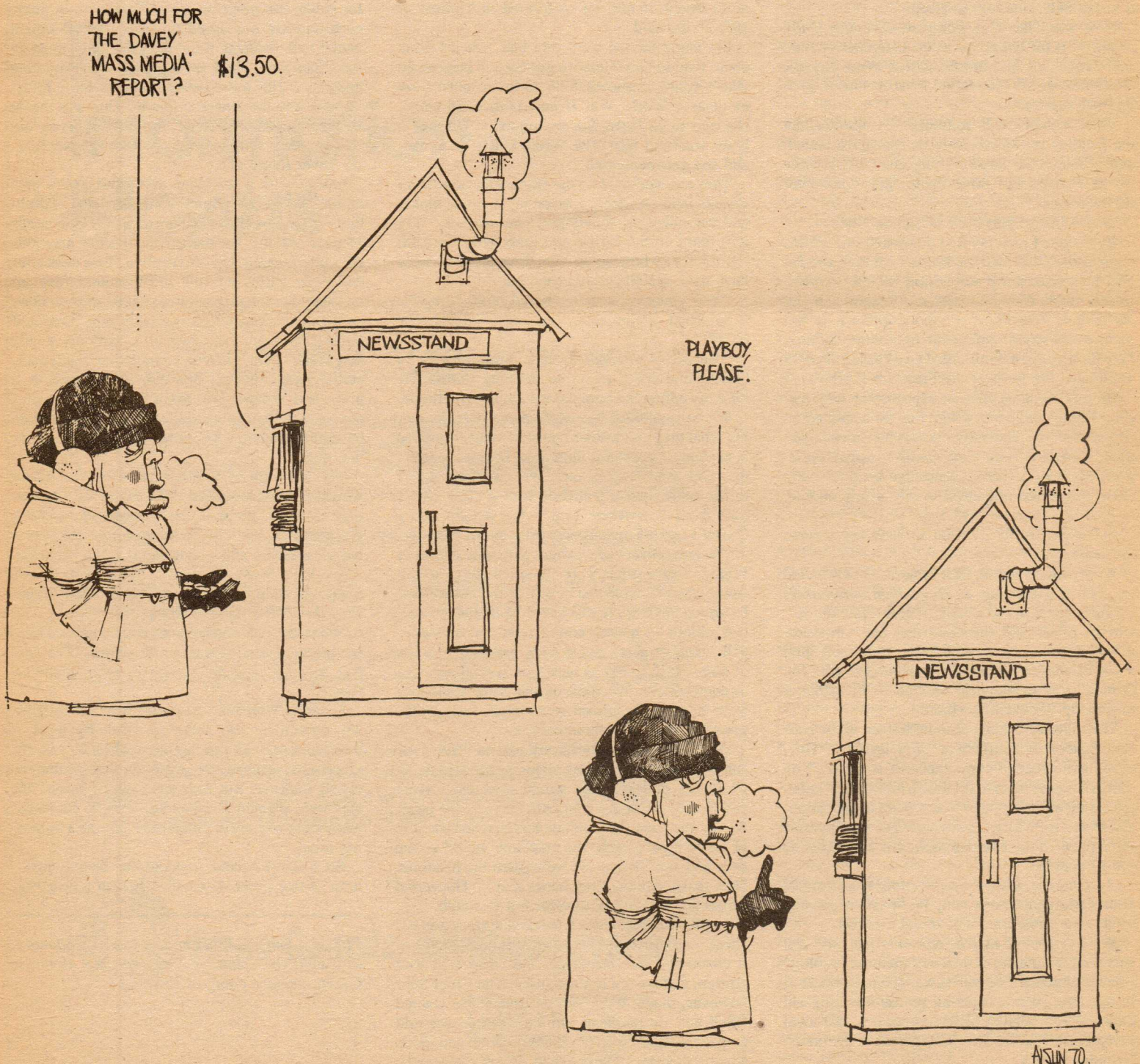
Keith Davey, through his Senate committee report and in dozens of talks across the country since 1970, generated a fair amount of debate about the mass media — their ownership, control, impact and influence on the Canadian public.

In a sense, Davey has been something of a Johnny Appleseed — a man with a mission, endeavoring to sow oats where before only thistles grew. Maybe he's had other motives, but what matter; the main focus has been on encouraging an upgrading of standards and a flexibility of attitudes in the media.

He and his committee did their job rather well, generally without malice and often with some naiveté. It is we in the media, and government partly, who have been slow to take up the challenge.

And mediocrity thrives.

*Dick MacDonald is Editor and Publisher of Content.*





# ENTERTAINMENT, OR INFORMATION?

by CLAUDE ADAMS

The most frivolous argument in the world usually begins: "Now see here, the British press is miles ahead of the Canadian variety . . .," or conversely, "Canadian newspapers may not have the chutzpah of the U.K. rags, but at least they acknowledge that their readers have a mind . . ."

We've all heard this kind of garbage bandied about, wherever journalists gather to chew the fat. Somebody will whip out a copy of the *News of the World*, sneer triumphantly, and rail against the three Sacred S's: Sex, Scandal and Soccer. Then somebody who's worked "over there" will wave the *Montreal Star* under your nose and say it unflinchingly puts him to sleep.

How does the *Gaz* compare with the *Daily Express*? Is the *Globe* too avant-Guardian? Would Joe Canuck of Sherbrooke Street West buy the *Daily Mirror*? Is circulation a barometer of quality? Ad nauseum.

Then somebody will volunteer the opinion that the English are obsessively newspaper-oriented, and besides they have nothing else to do, while we in Canada can drive up to Ste. Agathe for the weekend . . .

Which brings you back to Square One.

Ever since I read my first dog-eared, air-mailed copy of the *Daily Mirror* in 1965, or thereabouts, I've had a sneaking admiration for Fleet Street. In my mind, it ranked with the Reeperbahn and Marakeesh as a Place of Major Interest. It had glamor and style and, most important, infamy. I devotedly read a book called *Grub Street Writers* and traced the roots of the Fleet Street ethos.

Here (I thought) were newspapermen with true grit. Right-wing, left-wing, non-partisan, populist, aristocratic, eccentric, monarchist, downright-pink, scurrilous, Victorian, stodgy, arrogant, priggish, Stepney-raised, Cambridge-taught, avuncular. Ah, to be immersed in this whirlpool bath of life! Seek and ye shall find.

In the fall of '72, I went to seek my fortune in London.

What I found was an East London weekly called (ready?) the *Barking & Dagenham Advertiser*, circulation 7,138 and steady. "Best Value for 3p" was its motto. All the news that fits. Oh, sure, it was a measly provincial (basic wage, 34 quid a week) and its lifeblood was classified ads. But (I reckoned) it was near enough to Fleet Street to pick up the exciting vibrations.

The reporters, many of them trained at the Harlow School of Journalism (first lesson: "This, class, is a sheet of copy paper. It is blank. You will eventually learn to fill it with news."); flogged the cream of their stories every week to the nationals. If you were lucky, you might get an unbylined three paras in the *Evening Standard* and a cheque for 10 pounds.

And, maybe, a big-time city editor would notice your sterling prose one rainy Friday afternoon and invite you down for "a chat and a cuppa."

We had a staff of five reporters and my beat was feature / industrial / crime / medical / ecology / human interest / labour news. (Human interest, in this case, was a catch-all phrase covering old ladies whose heating had been cut off, and local paraplegics who won 10,000 pounds in the pools. Gripping stuff.)

I also wrote a weekly column, meant to be outrageous, cynical and probing. A colonialist, I was to be the voice of the disgruntled little man.

One week, they sent me out to interview Vera Lynn. "This is your big chance, Adams. Do a page on Vera Lynn."

"And who the hell is Vera Lynn," I probed, outrageously. "Mike Jagger's latest?"

"YOU DON'T KNOW VERA LYNN!!!! The Sweetheart of the Forces! The fresh-faced girl who sang the White Cliffs of Dover while our boys sweated it out in the trenches."

"Well, I know Tokyo Rose, but I never heard of Vera Lynn."

I interviewed Miss Lynn, and it cost the firm \$8 in expenses. Like a fool, I admitted that I'd never heard of her. "I performed in Toronto in 1956," she said.

My angle for the story (not bad, when I think about it now) was: Here's a girl born in Dagenham who's trying unsuccessfully to break out of her mold as a World War II entertainer. On stage, she tries to do Frank Sinatra numbers, but everybody wants to hear The White Cliffs of Dover, and she gets depressed.

They enjoyed sending me out to interview Communist labor leaders. I went to see one bloke, and we ended up shouting at one another. "My wife and I visited Russia five years ago," he said, "and it really bowled us over. I mean, they really have their society straightened out."

"Did you ever hear of forced labor camps?" I hazarded. "Repression of intellectuals? The KGB?"

"Rubbishy propaganda and poppycock," he huffed, and that's when the shouting started. He rang my editor and complained about my attitude.

We had a staff of five at the *Advertiser*, including what they call a chief reporter, whose function is to shout: "Awright, dummies. Digitalis extractus. Get your fingers out. We got three pages to fill today, and it's already four o'clock. Let's hear those typewriters sing." We bought him a Cassel's Latin-English and a whip for his birthday.

The *Advertiser* had 64 pages and came out every Friday. Thirty pages were classified ads. The rest were largely devoted to news, or the equivalent. In format anyway, it was a typical British provincial tabloid — meaty, commercial and an inevitable moneymaker. Every day, we had a quota of pages to fill. No agencies or special services or contributors. We were on our own. Deadlines were flexible, headlines were huge, and photos spread over at least three columns.

At all times, reporters were told to inform the sub's desk of any stories about to be written. In 25 words or less. This would give the Layout and Headline Corps a chance to make up the page. So, by the time the reporter had reached the end of his first paragraph, the chief sub would gallop over and say "Right, we've written the headline. Now make sure the story backs it up." The verbal acrobatics that followed were fun to watch.

I still shudder when I recall the story we did about a controversial local government decision. It concerned rent increases. The story was well written, and passed to the editors. The Chief Sub, however, diagnosed a lack of drama. He wanted "Sell-out" in the head. So the reporter was told to get in touch with a tenants leader and elicit a punchy quote. "Do you think this is a sell-out?" he asked matter of factly. "Ya, um, I guess you could call it that." Presto. A good story becomes a Great Story.

In the furious scramble for circulation, the First Commandment was: Thou shalt stir the public.

This meant slaughtering sacred cows, and attacking the powers-that-be at every turn. We were trained snipers. Gadflies.

Homosexuals were sick criminals, drugs rotted the mind, judges were too lenient, public officials were hypocrites. Hard and fast rules.

Of course, we didn't believe it. But we wanted feedback. Notoriety sells papers. One of the columnists on a sister paper unabashedly accused old age pensioners of wasting "our tax money" on beer and horsebetting. Everybody over 65 was a lazy parasite on the national treasury. He was about to encourage widespread euthanasia when the editor confiscated his typewriter.

The slightly toned down column created an incredible storm. The columnist received telephone threats and hate letters, and war veterans wrote up petitions demanding that he be sacked. Circulation climbed.

One page a week in the *Advertiser* was set aside for Letters-to-the-Editor. It was the weakest page in the paper. We got an average of one letter a week, despite all the flak that was thrown up for public consumption. So on Tuesday mornings, each reporter was asked to write a letter, signed Name and Address Supplied, and pass it on to the Chief Sub. The Cardinal Rule was: Anything goes . . . The most bewildering garbage found its way into the letters columns. This was meant to generate the public bile. It didn't. Whether our readers were illiterate, or saw through our ruse, we never found out.

Stories with a sex slant were always at a premium. As were photographs of local "dolly birds". One week we carried a picture of a pretty 15-year-old girl, hot-panted and heavily mascaraed. Fully dressed, but provocative. Two days after the paper came out, the girl's mother rang up and said that the girl had been asked to pose nude by a "mysterious telephone caller who identified himself as a photographer for a national men's magazine". The girl was to meet the gentleman, alone, under the big oak tree in the park at 8 p.m. next Wednesday. Mom called the cops, of course, and they collared the dirty old man before he could unbutton his raincoat. Quite a scoop, that one.

The Borough of Barking had a pervert whom we affectionately dubbed "The Sex Pest". At least once a week, he could be counted on to shock the citizenry with his exhibitionism. He was a harmless bloke, and a dependable source of news. "Sex Pest Strikes Again." "Sex Pest Prowls Shopping Area." "Ghoulsh Pervert Shocks Mrs. Crawley." That kind of thing.

When the local constabulary finally nabbed him, we reported it with a tinge of sorrow. The well had run dry, and we turned to more mundane topics.

I stayed with the *Advertiser* for ten months. My credibility was suffering week by week. I devotedly read all the big nationals and, yes, the vibrations reached me even in that hinterland called Barking. But they were out of reach. My feet were planted in concrete, and the feast was just inches beyond the fingertips. In was a punishing thing.

So I left England, content for tasting just a drop of that great stew called British journalism.

*Claude Adams, now working in British Columbia, was with The Canadian Press and the Montreal Gazette, before going to England.*



# Pre-poll mileage

by JOHN R. KESSEL

When politicians look back at elections, they usually do so in a way where they examine their steps to see what they did wrong — or in a way where they try to remember what they did right.

When civil servants look back on elections they are either elated at the town idiot being defeated or relieved that their efficient master and provider was re-elected. They also look back in relief if they know their job is on the line no longer, or become terribly efficient-looking to ensure they'll be able to keep that two-bedroom apartment and the car for the wife and occasional weekend with the mistress.

Meanwhile, when the voter looks back on an election, he usually stands back in fear and mistrust and tries to think of where the next tax increase will come from or what great and wonderful things like parks, arenas and pay increases the new breed of politicians will come up with. He also looks back in relief that it won't be another two years before that familiar awakening knock sounds on the door and a smiling-handshaking potential mayor, councillor, alderman or reeve pops his foot in saying: "Hi. My name is . . . I hope I haven't disturbed you . . . but I'm running for . . ."

He's talking to a guy in his underwear, but ignores that fact and continues.

When newsmen or the so-called watchdogs of the public purse look back on elections, it's usually with the cynical comment: "Christ. Thank God I won't have to look at another picture of Skinhead again for a while," or after analyzing why the incumbent mayor lost, he may be heard saying: "Hell, if he ever uses the gavel or sits down in the mayor's chair, Fatso will go right down to the basement."

Anyway, elections provide a newsman with a raft of memories that he or she will be able to retell to countless staffers and gaffers for decades to come.

A city editor receives a call telling him of a woman that will be donating a book to the county museum.

The caller, naturally, doesn't mention that the woman has had the book for some years. It's the minutes of the meetings of town council from 1924 . . . something that her uncle probably stole then and she's being kind-hearted enough to return now. But no, she discovered it in the attic and found it her civic duty to place it in the hands of the curator of the museum for proper care, making sure she phoned the newspaper first though.

Coincidentally, she too was running for political office — an inspiring councillor this one presumed to be (conspiring was more like it though). A picture of the handing-over ceremony is again called for.

The editor's mind is boggling: He knows what agonizing torture the photographer and he will be put through before election day rolls around.

The phone rings. It's the public relations officer of one of the town's biggest industries, a cigarette company, and he's announcing that his company will be contributing a \$250 scholarship to Centennial secondary school.

This has been kept under wraps for a little while, he says, but since an environmental science teacher (that's a new breed of teacher) at the school suggested it be announced now, the company has stepped forward to display its good corporate citi-

zenship.

Then Joe PR comes across with the name of the environmental science teacher who is already a councillor but is vying for the reeveship against the matron of council.

A story in the town's newspaper would be a good idea, he suggested. "Afterall, it isn't often you hear of a U.S.-based company taking such an interest in the community." (Besides, the company just announced a price increase in the price of tobacco.)

"Not all of us are part of the big corporate rip-off," he hazards to say.

The phone rings. It's the den mother of a local Cub-Scout troop. She's got a little piece of "human interest" news for the editor, she says. (A little piece, my ass.)

Little Johnnie Smith has achieved his five-star award. "It's a rarity in Cub-Scouting," she assures the editor.

Johnnie will be receiving his award on Thursday evening and the national Scoutmaster (you know, Lord Baden-Powell's sidekick) will be there to make the presentation.

"Johnnie's father will be standing proudly beside him if you should want a photograph," she says.

The editor forgets to ask her name, but as he hangs up, he's sure it's the runt's mother, Mrs. Smith. He also forgets to throw her the curve that — of course — John Smith is incumbent deputy-reeve. Convenient?

The phone rings. An exuberant woman says she has finally received the zoning change her husband and her have been fighting for for four years. (This is news? the editor thinks.)

"Oh," says Mrs. Exuberant, "what your paper needs is some good news . . . we want to thank the town," she says humbly.

So, Mrs. Exuberant thinks the paper needs good news? Perhaps she hasn't read the comics?

This time the editor knows what's coming. He's had dealings with Mrs. Exuberant before . . . when her husband ran after her with a butcher knife threatening he'd kill her. The police finally broke that one up. Now, knife-wielding hubby is running for council.

Thinking that perhaps she'd go into an epileptic fit if "the good news" wasn't recorded, a photographer was dispatched.

Half an hour later, Mrs. Exuberant was on the line again. "Where's the photographer? He's late, My husband hasn't got much time. He wants to get out and do some campaigning.

"What kind of business do you run there?" she demands.

The dial tone suddenly sounds.

After that last comment, the editor was seething. What a bloody nerve. He finally figured out the photographer had arrived at Mrs. Exuberant bitch's place as the dial tone sounded.

What kind of insult would be fired at him next?

One day. Two days. Three days passed. What's this, nobody needs publicity.

Ah, but these three days were all jammed with all-candidates meetings. Nobody had time to harass the paper. That's what it was.

So for three days, the editor was left to his own thoughts and all he could think about was Hammerhead.

Bruce Hammerhead was a candidate for deputy-reeve. But, he knew Bruce would never call. Yes,

good ole Hammerhead had had enough publicity from this newspaper. He wouldn't have the guts to call.

Hammerhead got his mileage during the federal election as an independent candidate, knowing he hadn't a hope in hell of winning. But, for \$200 he knew that when he ran as deputy-reeve, he wouldn't have to spend another penny. He could even use the same posters: Elect Hammerhead.

The coverage was terrific. Who else could think of "selling his horse" for campaign funds and registration fees. Only Hammerhead could do that in order to make the national news. Hammerhead's episode was also picked up by all the wire services. He was a celebrity for his own short moment.

For three days the editor thought of Hammerhead and hoped that voters had seen through his hosing.

The three days passed. Things were looking up. Or at least, things were looking *too good*.

The editor also wrote a column. The previous Wednesday, since it was close to election time, he wrote on the politicians he had known and met throughout his 15-year career. He called the condition he got around election times "a jaundiced eye." The jaundice was caused by the politicians he had learned to despise, and he said two of the three included in that category were from Ourtown.

How anyone had the guts to approach him after that for an endorsement is beyond explanation.

The mayor's campaign manager came in on the fourth day. He said he had enjoyed the column. Laughed over a couple of politicians he had known and struck up a long conversation. But when the conversation ended, he was a hair's width away from being turfed out of the office bodily.

He suggested that the editor, since it was the editorial policy of the paper not to endorse anyone through an editorial, endorse the incumbent mayor through his column.

Guts!

It hadn't dawned on this dummy campaign manager that perhaps the jaundiced-eye column had already referred to the mayor. If only he had realized that one of the three politicians the editor had grown to despise was . . . yes, good ole Skinhead himself.

Guts.

Only two days left before E-Day. It was getting close and those who wanted some mileage had to act fast.

The phone rang. It was Rev. Warren. Innocent as that name may sound, it really wasn't. The Rev., as most people knew him, also sat on council. Today was St. Andrew's day, and he, as a good member of the St. Andrew's Society, had invited several well-known members of the society to join him in a dinner. Haggis, of course, was on the menu. The Rev. also was the far-from-fierce Presbyterian minister who had fallen somewhat in popularity in Ourtown.

He suggested that since these people, prominent members of the St. Andrew's Society were coming, a picture would be a good idea.

The editor's belief in atheism was given new life.

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*John R. Kessel is news editor of a Thomson daily in Ontario; he prefers that the name of the newspaper remain undisclosed.*



## NO ROOM FOR SLOPPINESS

by JOHN CURRY

Reporters are their own worst enemies. Not because they are hung over from the previous night — although they may well be — but because good reporting requires a degree of integrity and self-criticism that is almost inhuman and thus frequently misplaced.

The need for and importance of reportorial self-criticism was made extremely evident in November at the Ontario Weekly Newspapers' Association first-ever editorial seminar for reporters and editors. The one point which became startlingly clear to the more than 40 weekly newspapermen — and women — who attended was that sloppy reporting and writing, while as easy to catch as the common cold, must be avoided like the plague.

The first day of the seminar was ego-deflating in the extreme. Not one of us walked out of the seminar room at the Lord Simcoe Hotel in Toronto without feeling that we should be looking for new jobs — preferably in a totally unrelated field such as politics where accuracy, integrity and constant self-criticism are unnecessary.

The seminar leaders — Mel Morris, Bob Johnstone, and Rae Corelli, all of the *Toronto Star* — had ripped our copy apart, not only the words we used but also how we assembled them.

Our copy wore a superficiality born of an unquestioning attitude. Oh sure, at two press conferences with Ontario cabinet ministers, we asked many questions. But we failed to penetrate their polished exteriors with our questions — in other words, we got exactly what they wanted to tell us and no more.

Granted, such massive press conferences are foreign to most of us weekly newspaper people because we usually meet and interview our news sources in smaller groups in or home environments.

However, it would not have mattered had there been only two reporters at each of these press conferences instead of the herd which actually was there. The same superficial questions would have been asked.

All this made apparent that in the weekly newspaper field, as elsewhere in the world of journalism, the desire for copy is so pervasive that its qualitative aspect is neglected.

Reporters are under tremendous pressure to fill space — to get enough stories to make a decent front page. The very words of a cabinet minister or a local politician provide voluminous copy — but often this copy is not newsworthy.

Here is where reportorial integrity and self-criticism are involved. A reporter has to rely on himself for the conviction that what he is reporting is not just so much B.S. He has to make sure that the story is balanced and fair, not only the expression of the interviewee's opinion pawned off as the one and only answer. In other words, a reporter has to make sure that the story which he is reporting is the story that *should be* reported.

Press releases are a case-in-point. They are frequently used verbatim with the premise — very dangerous, yet very common — that what is said in the release is implicitly true.

The OWNA seminar clearly revealed that reporters fall into the complacent trap of producing copy, rather than producing news. It is only a questioning attitude of every statement which can produce news. This is a difficult posture to assume constantly but such has to be the case if news is going to be reported.

Once the news has been discovered, the next step is writing it properly . . . again a process requiring extreme self-criticism and integrity.

Let's take an example. After searching for a few minutes, a lead is struck upon for a news story. This lead might be "Community affairs are the birthplace of the politician." You look at the lead and find a stumbling block. "Birthplace" is not the word you want.

There are two ways of going from here. One is to say "What the hell" and continue. This will produce a good story and no one will complain about the insufficient lead because only you will know its deficiencies of origin.

Yet a few minutes of thought might have produced the phrase "proving ground" as a substitute for "birthplace." A sloppy reporter would argue that there is no difference in the words. Yet there is.

"Proving ground" is more exact, more tantalizing, just plain better. It is better because it makes more of an impression on the reader; granted, only fractionally more but still more. Since the reporter's function is to communicate, he must opt for this more tantalizing word to improve the communication process.

Of course, the sloppy reporter has an excuse for his actions — the old reliable "I don't have the time for all this. I have deadlines to meet."

Such an excuse is a fraud — there is time. The only ingredient missing is the reportorial desire to think. This thinking is a habit to be cultivated by reporters, cultivated until it achieves the status of a second nature.

It is difficult to stand back and dissect a lead or a story written by yourself. The search for better words is tough as personal involvement — after all, you wrote it — stands in the way of justifiable criticism. A good reporter must be able to abandon himself and examine copy with a dispassionate eye. This is hard to do, it takes years of practice, yet must be done.

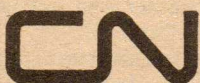
The OWNA seminar sent us all back to our papers with firm resolves to pick up our socks and begin writing more incisive, catchy stories. It will take a little more work, a tough order to fill, especially when it is self-imposed, but an order that must be filled if we are to be reporters in any true sense of the word.

*John Curry is Editor and Publisher of the Torbolton and Township Cottager, Arnprior, Ont.*

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# OPENING A FEW MORE DOORS

by SAM ROSS

Proposals of Premier David Barrett to permit note-taking in the public galleries of the British Columbia Legislature would break a tradition in 700 years of parliamentary history. The result could be of questionable nature, even in a fast-changing world of communications.

Other changes also are included in the government's move to provide greater freedom in wider dissemination of debates and proceedings of the legislature. Televising the sittings starting with the 1973 session is a possibility.

Speaker Gordon Dowding has appointed committees to make the overall review, including an oral question period as in Parliament in Ottawa, and more consideration of private bills to bring them to a vote.

If fully carried out, the proposals would make major changes since Parliament started to evolve in Britain in the 13th century when ancient councils first included citizen representation from the towns.

The Parliament gave its presiding officer, Mr. Speaker, sole authority in the 17th century to keep records and speak for Parliament because lives of members became endangered by threats from the Crown.

That is why the man selected to be Mr. Speaker had to be dragged from his place to Mr. Speaker's chair in fear it might cost him his life. It is a traditional ceremony in some parliaments even today.

The fight for freedom of the press also won freedom for journalists to report debates and proceedings of parliament without interference; and freedom for printers to print and publish the reports.

But it did not upset or erase the authority of Mr. Speaker as the sole spokesman of Parliament.

Even as late as 1949, a committee of the British House of Commons quoted a resolution of parliament of March 3, 1762, declaring "any publication of reports of speeches of honorable members is a breach of the privilege" of the British Parliament. It then proceeded to write a report maintaining authority of Mr. Speaker and freedom of the press . . . and pleasing everyone.

There is no record of action in Britain or Canada permitting taking notes by the general public in the public galleries of parliament or a legislature, and reporting of debates and proceedings is confined to members of the Press Gallery or under special dispensation to individuals by Mr. Speaker.

The way Mr. Barrett is moving, a committee of the legislature will be assigned to study the problem, but Mr. Barrett himself feels that permitting note-taking in the public galleries would be a step toward greater freedom in wider dissemination of debates.

Broadcasting itself creates an interesting situation. If proceedings of the legislature finally are broadcast by radio and television or both, what is there to stop anyone in his home from taking notes of the debates or proceedings; or even turning on a tape recorder to record everything that happens, including the interruptions?

If it can be done in the home via radio or television, then why not permit the taking of notes by persons actually in the public galleries and seeing as well as hearing?

There are problems, though. The public galleries could become available to fewer of the general public by early arrival of political hacks, special pleaders, lobbyists and a host of others to take note of the speeches and to note also who applauds the remarks on either side of an argument and who sends suggestions by note to the MLA making the speech.

An example worth study lies in the early days of Social Credit in Alberta when representatives of the banks, mortgage and finance companies and business in general crowded Edmonton to keep a sharp eye and ear on what was going on, and to relay information to head office. Some at times were in the public gallery, but never to take notes . . . just to stay within the rules and see and listen.

If they had been allowed to take notes, the situation would have been very awkward, and some undoubtedly would have brought along secretaries or even court reporters to get the speeches in detail. The government of British Columbia could face such a situation if the ban on note-taking is ended.

In events of high interest, special pleaders would be on hand to listen, note and relay information to decision makers back in the office. There is always a possibility, maybe a likelihood, of special pleaders hurriedly writing notes to the MLA's, trying to point out errors during the debate in the hope of a prompt replay on the floor of the house.

Even Mr. Speaker's authority under the resolution of the British parliament of 1762 might not be of much use where anyone in the public galleries could take notes and use them as he saw fit. But the argument again arises in the ease with which the same thing could be done listening to radio or watching television, except that the radio microphone can pick up just so much . . . and the television camera must concentrate to get a good picture and a good sound recording.

The eye and ear in the gallery itself can move faster and get a wider view . . . so even radio and television doesn't quite equal personal presence in the gallery. And that, of course, is one of the areas where broadcasting proceedings is going to bring as many complaints of prejudiced reporting as frequently heard about newspapers at the present time.

Andy Stephen, president of the B.C. Legislature Press Gallery, foresees problems but doesn't detail them because the Gallery plans a brief to the legislative committee when it sits, possibly early in 1973.

Speaker Dowding has been a member of the B.C. Legislature since 1956 and is well aware the problems undoubtedly will increase if and when the change takes place. Mr. Dowding's experience in the legislature, especially during some of the wilder scenes of the past 20 years, will be a great aid in making judgements, but there undoubtedly will be situations where even experience won't be of much help.

Mr. Speaker must be both critic and advocate of the Press Gallery, its boss and its guide.

It was Senator Alan MacNaughton, then Speaker of the House of Commons, who finally told the Parliamentary Press Gallery that it had to move out of its quarters on the third floor of the Centre Block because of fire hazards created by too many members with too much paper in too small a space.

The Gallery finally moved . . . but it found separate offices in the National Press Building across Wellington street and, with the help of Mr. Speaker Macnaughton, retained the same third floor space as a special area for fast reporting of day-to-day news breaks.

Another example was the on-and-off debate in the Ottawa Press Gallery on admission of broadcast representatives to active membership. The active membership at that time, 1958 and 1959, was limited to daily newspapers and news agencies, and associate membership for representatives of national magazines. Broadcasters covered parliament only through visits to cabinet ministers of MP's in their offices, but could not attend in the galleries of the Commons or Senate to take notes.

Mr. Speaker Roland Michener, now Governor-General, recognized the problem and knew also that two broadcasters were waiting and covering parliament as best they could.

The alternative to admission of the broadcasters to the Press Gallery was an application to form a separate gallery for broadcasters, and such steps were under consideration by the broadcasters.

Mr. Speaker Michener solved the impasse by assigning four seats in the diplomatic gallery to broadcasters assigned to full-time coverage of parliament, and with the right to take notes. The security officers were informed, and for six months the two broadcasters sat in the diplomatic gallery and covered parliament.

But the permission did not include press conferences in the Press Gallery proper, not even when the late Hon. George Nowlan went to the Gallery to explain the new Broadcasting Act setting up the Board of Broadcast Governors.

The Press Gallery vote on the constitutional amendment opening membership to full-time broadcasters came in April, 1959, and it was the print journalists themselves who made the decision because they were the only ones with power as



members to make a constitutional amendment.

Men in the office of Mr. Speaker have defended and aided the press in their duties and one instance was in the early days of Social Credit in Alberta. A reporter, the late Don Brown, was accused of breach of privilege and some senior members in the legislature and in the cabinet wanted to bring him before the bar of the house and have him placed in custody.

It didn't happen, chiefly because Mr. Speaker Peter Dawson let it be known that he would not confine Mr. Brown to the tower.

The Press Gallery in Victoria has a great tradition in freedom of the press and its role in reporting the news on the B.C. Legislature. The late Bruce McKelvie — much better known as Pinkey — was for years the key man in explaining to newcomers to the Gallery their rights and responsibility and the procedures of the legislature.

The Victoria Press Gallery was among the first to admit broadcasters to full membership. That was in 1945, and 13 years before the Ottawa Press Gallery. One reason was the earlier applications to the Victoria Gallery but all were turned down until applications were made on behalf of reporters assigned to full time to coverage of the legislature.

That is the key to broadcast membership as well as for all other memberships in galleries. It must be full-time assignment, and not just popping in for a day or two to cover a story and then disappearing for another six months or a year.

The Gallery argued, and still does, that greater care and responsibility is shown by those assigned full time than those who pop in and pop out again. And that could be one of the problems to develop from permitting note-taking in the public galleries, especially by part-time reporters or students looking for a chance to make a dollar or two.

Another absence that could permit great difficulties if an MLA complained of inaccurate reporting is the lack of an official Hansard for the texts of debates and proceedings in the B.C. Legislature. There could always be the answer in defence — “that is the way I heard it,” — plus the additional explanation that the area in the public galleries was a bit noisy at the time.

It was a claim of inaccurate reporting that caused the committee inquiry that brought the quote of 1762. William Barkley, chairman of the Press Gallery in New Westminster in 1946-47, reported the incident this way in his contribution to the booklet on The Press Gallery at Westminster, published for the Gallery by the Kemsley Newspapers Limited:

“An MP complained to the Speaker in July, 1949, that he had been misrepresented in a newspaper report. The question was referred to the Committee on Privileges.

“This was an embarrassing issue because even if the report had been verbatim, it would still have been improper. The Committee of Privileges faced their task manfully. Their report, published October 20, 1949, begins:

“By the resolution of the House of 3rd March, 1762, any publication of reports of speeches of honourable members is a breach of privilege. Therefore, the publication of a report [in the newspaper complained of] of the speech by the honourable member [in question] was technically a breach of the privileges of the House.”

“The committee added that in their opinion the report in question called for no action by the House. The committee's approach was regarded by some as in the nature of a jest. In fact, they had no opinion, under the strict rules.

“No doubt, if they chose to stigmatize an inaccurate report, they would find means of differentiating the degree of the breach.”

---

*Sam Ross, a retired radio newsman formerly based in Ottawa, now is a Vancouver freelance writer and teacher.*

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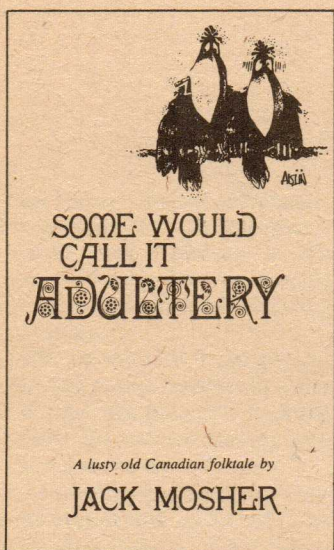
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## BOOKS FROM CONTENT



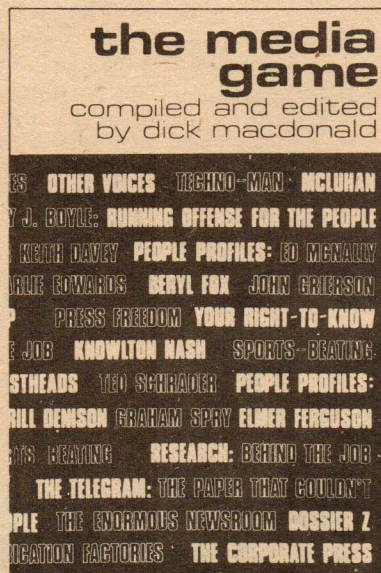
Jack Mosher's first novel "bulges with history, yet there is no apparent attempt to inform. Quite a feat," says Richard Doyle of the Toronto *Globe and Mail*.

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*Mother Was Not a Person* was compiled and edited by Margret Andersen, Ph.D., an associate professor at Loyola of Montreal. Her previous works include *Paul Claudel et l'Allemagne* (Ed. de l'Université d'Ottawa).

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# THE (CP) COOK (?) BOOK

by CHARLES GORDON

In my mail the other day comes this huge cook-book. *The Associated Press Cookbook*.

It's, as I said, *great* big. And it has recipes from all over, pictures in full color. I don't know anything about cooking, except the eating part, so I can't recommend that you buy it. But I can recommend that if it comes in *your* mail, don't throw it out.

That's not the subject of this essay, however. The subject of the essay is *The Canadian Press Cookbook*. Which hasn't been published yet. But sources close to the general manager say that it's in the works.

This one won't be quite so lavish, member publishers being what they are. But it will follow CP style, of course. To the letter.

What happens is you open up this book, and a great pile of folded teletype paper falls out. You start at the top and find a fine looking recipe for pheasant under glass, which carries the appetizing description

WG053

321

DL Pheasant

A fine-looking recipe, beginning, of course with

the pheasant and glass, and proceeding into tar-ragon, nutmeg, egg yolk and vinegar, which you proceed to put together in the prescribed fashion, stirring, bringing slowly to the boil, passing over the

MORE LATER

and skipping impatiently past the

WG054

319

New lead lasagna

with only a slight twinge of premonition to

WG055

334

1st add pheasant

where you find that you should have preheated the oven to 325°. Having done that, and having taken account of

WG056

326

INSERT 321 after para one . . . salt which tells you that you can only use a stainless steel pot and skipping over

WG057

745

2nd add 2nd lead 2nd course NL

alkaseltzer and noting

WG058

963

!!! CXN para 2 321 DL pheasant which rectifies "peasant under grass", and leafing through the Toronto calorie closings and a message from the Winnipeg bureau that it's chafing dish *not* chafeing dish, and the French-language recipes and Sandwiches from Britain and Entertainment Hors d'Oeuvres, you come to

2nd add pheasant

which tells you about basting.

But you've had the radio on and you've already heard it on BN.

So you wait for

WG168

124

wine (with DL pheasant 321)

and open the Chablis, pausing only slightly to read

WG169

386

EDMONTON (CP) — A new recipe for chicken breast

**BUST BUST BUST**

and flipping over to the dessert section where you find

4y 4y 4y 4y 4y 4y 4y 4y

4y 4y 4y 4y 4y 4y 4y 4y

4y 4y 4y 4y 4y 4y 4y 4y

Everything is ready, the dinner, the inserts, bulletins, new leads and corrections are fine, the dessert ready to be served, when a gradually increasing feeling of discomfort impels one, at first casually, then rapidly, to the bathroom.

Upon returning, you check the book again, and just after

WG179

324

NL ptomaine

there appears

WG180

115

**BULLETIN**

Eds: Kill 321 pheasant. Denied at source. CP Toronto.

Charles Gordon is managing editor of the Brandon Sun.

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# LETTERS

## JUNKETS

Editor:

I would like to bring to your attention two inaccuracies in David McKendry's article "The Junket Press" which appeared in your November issue.

First, however, I would like to explain that I am writing as a Public Relations consultant and reader of *Content*, not as a representative of Volkswagen Canada Ltd., where I was engaged as Manager of Public Relations from 1964 until Sep-

tember, 1971, when I resigned and opened my own Public Relations counselling firm. (I had submitted a three-month notice of resignation early in June, just prior to the start of the press tour mentioned in McKendry's article, which took place from June 18 to 26.)

McKendry wrote that Volkswagen Canada Ltd. invited him to join the tour group.

More accurately, he was selected by Carleton University's School of Journalism. I had recommended to the company that journalism schools at Carleton and the University of Western Ontario be invited alternately to select a student to join the press tours which the company at that time had been conducting regularly to Europe.

I felt that this would benefit promising journalism students by giving them an opportunity to gain some useful background and experience working with senior journalists on an overseas assignment. Both schools agreed that this would

indeed be beneficial, and five students, including McKendry, have participated since the idea was initiated in 1966.

The other inaccuracy, which is written in such a way that it could present a more serious and false implication, is McKendry's statement: "Volkswagen introduced us to people ranging from West Berlin journalists to the Canadian Trade Commissioner to ladies, who, according to one of them 'slept with men for money.'"

I assume that McKendry was referring to a visit one evening to a night club in Berlin, one of many such clubs on the regular bus tour route for tourists. (This was not part of the regular press tour, which had ended for that day at dinner with Berlin journalists.)

At the night club, girls hired by the management were engaged in their obvious and tasteless task of hustling drinks — a common practice in many European night clubs. Some of them may have moonlighted in prostitution. However, I cannot truthfully say that I know this to be a fact. In any event, as drink pushers at the night club they were not invited to join the group (for which I picked up the tab) and they certainly were not "introduced" to any journalists in the group.

Any suggestion, however remote, that I had anything to do with introducing journalists to prostitutes is particularly repugnant to me. In all the years I have been practicing Public Relations I have never (and I don't know of any other professional Public Relations practitioner who has) resorted to that sleazy sort of tactic.

Furthermore, I am certain that the journalists on the tour and on the other tours I have conducted share my disdain of this sort of thing and would have been insulted by and have strongly resented any such approach.

Apart from the five students, 58 senior Canadian journalists have participated in eleven press tours which I have conducted to Europe since 1965.

They all visited Wolfsburg, headquarters for the Volkswagen organization. In addition, for some we also arranged press conferences with top officials of Commerzbank, one of the top three banks in Germany, and conferences with German government and Canadian embassy officials in Bonn. For a group of automotive journalists we arranged side trips to a car club national rally near Rugby in England and to the Industrial Museum in Munich, in addition to more intensive tours and interviews in depth at two of Volkswagen's plants in Wolfsburg and Hanover. For another group, with a particular interest in shipping information, we arranged a special tour of Hamburg Harbor.

For a group of leading women journalists whom my wife and I conducted on one of the tours, we thought it would be useful to have them see a special, exclusive, advance showing of fashions by Heinz Oestergard, one of Europe's leading fashion designers. They also had a special inspection tour of the world's largest production house for dressing gowns, in Berlin, and interviewed the woman who had built and owned the business. They had an opportunity to exchange ideas with Germany's leading women's magazine editors at dinner in Hamburg, and they were entertained individually in the homes of Wolfsburg families as well as at a dinner with the Wolfsburg Rotary Club and their wives.

One member of the women's group had a perceptive interview with several German youths who had been to North America on a youth exchange program. Another interviewed a woman executive in industry on the slowly emerging status of women in Europe.

Another group of women journalists visited one of the several church-operated kindergartens scattered through Wolfsburg.

Since they were started in 1965, the tours have covered many important facets of current German life. They have touched on the economy of the

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country, on its political development, on its industry and its commerce, as well as on both the traditional and changing patterns of its family and social structures.

While I have consciously avoided soliciting comments from journalists following the tours, I do believe that every one of them got something worthwhile out of the experience.

All of the tours provided solid, useful background information, which would have been very difficult, and in some cases impossible, to obtain otherwise.

Usually, the tours also provided interesting, meaningful material for magazine and newspaper articles and for TV and radio interviews. But every journalist who went along on one of the tours knows that I never pressed for coverage, by subtly suggesting story ideas or by any other method.

And I have too much respect for the sound judgment and professional integrity of the journalists who took part to believe that they wrote or slanted anything through any sense of obligation, gratitude or friendship.

Because I am aware of and agree with the healthy skepticism with which the press must assess each offer of an expense-paid trip, I always made a specific point of declaring my intentions and my point of view, as the authorized host, to publishers and managing editors before they assigned journalists to one of the tours. I made it clear — with the full knowledge and prior approval of the president of the sponsoring company — that from my point of view these were absolutely "no strings attached" press tours.

It has been my credo that a good press tour reveals facts and opens doors. Each journalist writes it as he or she sees it.

V. Frank Segee,  
CPRS Acc.,  
Public Relations Counsel.

## OTTAWA INCEST

Editor:

Of course, Peter Johansen is right in arguing that television cameras and microphones should have access to Parliament (*Content*, November).

As a reporter covering that scene for a newspaper I would welcome it. It would quickly weed some of the worst MP's out of the Commons and might even weed some of the worst reporters out of the press gallery.

But I can't buy his argument that the Parliamentary Press Gallery, as such, should lobby for it.

The gallery is probably a necessary evil, but it's still an evil, the child of an incestuous mating of Parliament and media.

Somebody has to control the number of bodies entitled to access to the limited space in the galleries and working facilities, for the simple physical reason that there is only so much space available. The Commons Speaker delegates this essentially undemocratic job to the press gallery executive. That's all the press gallery, as an organization, is for: To do a job that is in principle indefensible but in practice essential.

Going beyond this, to do any sort of lobbying, would be carrying the incest too far, as the print reporters did when they fought to keep out the broadcasters.

Their motives for that fight were obvious: Letting in the broadcasters meant the loss of a lot of fat freelance paychecks from the CBC. The print people wanted to keep all the broadcasting work out of Parliament for themselves.

The Parliamentary Press Gallery is not a College of Journalists, or a union, or in any way a professional body. It is only a housekeeping committee,

set up to do an essentially negative job, that is to decide who has, and who hasn't, a legitimate claim to use of the press facilities on Parliament Hill.

Going beyond this in any way is pushing the incest too far. And if Peter Johansen knew anything at all about the press gallery he would know that the last thing its members need is any encouragement to think of themselves as more important and more influential than they really are.

Stan McDowell  
Globe and Mail  
Ottawa Bureau

## ELXN FEEDBACK

Editor:

I found the Joe Scanlon article in *Content* (November) well-done, intelligent, and valuable. One thing we miss in TV is good feedback to see if the image we think we are projecting of ourselves actually is the one the public is receiving.

The article on our (CTV) election campaign coverage, compared to that of the CBC, will be of great help to us in achieving that delicate balance of fairness and truth that is difficult to achieve in hectic times like the election. Telling the truth is sometimes not fair. To be fair sometimes means deceiving (or worst yet, in TV terms, boring) the audience.

I will not waste time quarrelling with the value judgments nor interpretations — we can differ on these without either of us being wrong or right. However, there are a couple of questions of fact I think Scanlon might be interested in rectifying, and some explanations of our behavior in which other readers of *Content* might be interested.

Although the assessment of CTV's coverage in Quebec was, on the whole flattering (and perfectly justified so, may I hasten to add), two statements must not be left unchallenged.

Scanlon says there was no coverage of the NDP campaign in Quebec on CTV.

My cue-sheet files show the following:

Sept. 9 — NDP POLICY CONVENTION. 1:30. Hustak voice report, Laliberté sound on film.

(Story concerns patching of Quebec and federal NDP party differences so as to present united front in federal election; opening of Laliberté campaign).

Sept. 11 — LEWIS ADDRESS — sound on film. Lewis. Frajkor report. 50 seconds.

(Story concerns Lewis visiting area, bitching about corporate welfare bums).

Oct. 6 — LEWIS IN MONTREAL. 1:10. Frajkor voice report, Lewis sound on film.

(Story concerns Lewis visit to Sir George Williams University, Westmount riding headquarters, Hochelaga riding headquarters).

Oct. 19 — HOCHELAGA ROUNDUP — 2:08. Frajkor voice report, Laliberté, Pelletier sound on film.

(Story concerns campaign styles of NDP leader, Pelletier, PC candidate. Suggests that Laliberté strong, but Pelletier and Lavoie will finish ahead of him.)

Another statement made is that only *once* did Quebec CTV mention the campaign being run by the Social Crediters; and that in general, we never gave any indication that Social Credit would be strong. I find the following in my files:

Sept. 1 — QUEBEC ELECTION PROSPECTS. Frajkor voice report, graphics Pépin, Chrétien, Marchand, Wagner. 1:30.

(Story is election forecast. Suggests Liberals secure in Quebec; Créditistes claiming to be picking up strength rather than losing; Créditistes threatening Pépin, Chrétien, Marchand; PC hopes depend entirely on landing Wagner as leader).

Sept. 18 — CAOQUETTE SHAWINIGAN. 1:30. Hustak voice report. Actuality Caouette.

(Story is opening of Socred campaign in Quebec. Suggests Caouette not lost old fervor; faithful followers still cheer him, colorful oratory undimmed by illness and fatigue).

Oct. 9 — CAOQUETTE in MONTREAL. 1:35. Frajkor voice report. Caouette sound on film.

(Story is Caouette rally in Montreal. Good reception in area where Socreds have had little strength. Party attracting youth for first time. Caouette says Wagner no threat at all).

Oct. 27 — CAOQUETTE Radio-TV. 1:23. Hustak voice report.

(Story is how effectively Socreds pioneered use of radio and TV. Suggests Caouette may be on last campaign but building from a position of strength).

In addition to this, on the day before the election itself, I said on CTV's pre-election program that the Liberals would continue strong in Quebec, that the Créditistes were the only real opposition, and that one could expect the status quo to prevail.

Scanlon implied that CTV allowed opinion into its reports on the Quebec election campaign, and cited the Harvey Kirck lead to a Hustak report



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(that the Conservatives were in bad shape and Wagner in trouble) as an example.

That lead was dictated by me. I concurred in Hustak's judgment — not opinion — that the Conservative campaign had failed. By the time this report was done, the Conservative failure was not a matter of opinion, any more than the landslide at St. Jean Vianney was a matter of opinion.

It was clearly visible to us and to just about every newspaper and radio station in Quebec that the foundations had slid into the pit. This may be one of the cases where to tell the truth is to be unfair. But someone had to tell the emperor he had no clothes. Our interest was in NOT deceiving our audience outside Quebec — rather than protecting the Conservative image.

I think I can say, with some pride, that if you had relied on CTV alone for your information about the Quebec election, you would NOT have had the impression that the Socreds were weak in Quebec. We never said, directly or indirectly, at any time, that this was so. It was a popular impression around the Ottawa press gallery and Toronto newspaper circles that this was so, and you might not have noticed that we were different.

Ask Dennis McIntosh of CTV's *Canada A.M.* show what the Montreal bureau's impression of Creditiste strength was, and how early in the campaign that impression was formed. The welcher still hasn't paid me off!

One little usage bothered me. Scanlon said "CTV was *surprisingly* accurate in its assessment of Conservative strength . . . ."

I think what he meant is that he was surprised. This perhaps reflects a commonly-held assumption that CTV is inferior to that great, government-owned octopus which competes with us. He ought not to be surprised. CTV's Quebec staff members, past and present — I mention Peter Kent, Dennis McIntosh, and Allan Hustak — have *always* been accurate.

In the light of the above comments, I wonder if Scanlon might amend some lines of his report — I am looking forward to the day when it will be enshrined in the Journalism Hall of Fame — to read something like:

"There was no mention of the NDP campaign in Quebec by the CBC. CTV's coverage was perhaps more generous than the party's efforts in Quebec actually deserved"

and  
"CTV's assessment of Creditiste strength in Quebec suggested consistently from the opening of the campaign to the close that the party was in no trouble, and that, contrary to reports elsewhere, it would be the main opposition to the Liberals. However, neither CTV nor anyone else expected the Socreds to be as strong as they proved to be in the Montreal urban area."

I must say that we tried at all times to present *facts*, rather than interpretations or opinions. Those things which may have sounded at the time like opinions proved, at election day, to have been simple statements of fact.

Please take nothing in the above as serious criticisms of the Scanlon article. We need more like it.

George Frajkor  
CTV News  
Montreal

Scanlon replies: 1. I should point out something the article makes quite clear and that is that the study is based only on 20 late evening newscasts and that the dates covered were October 8 to October 27 inclusive. This means then that a number of reports you cited were before the study period and therefore many of your comments may be completely valid but don't apply to this particular study. I would agree with your inevitable

reaction that I should have covered the entire election period but in my defence I would say that the job was voluminous enough already.

2. In terms of Caouette, the reports of October 9 and October 27 that you cite are, in fact, in my files. I discussed the October 9 report as an atypical one because, in my opinion, the report did not show the kind of strength in Quebec or (as did the later report of October 27) the kind of campaign being done in Quebec. The October 27 report, in my view, is the closest anyone came to preparing a viewer for what happened to the Creditistes in Quebec.

3. I think you should realize that the two parts of the article — written before and after election — do contrast and my paragraph about CTV's comments on Quebec and CTV's assessment of Conservative strength (quotes from Harvey Kirck) make very clear that's the way it was. Therefore I accept your defence that the opinion was accurate but I still maintain you should provide more information to show me that it was true.

4. Your comment about my use of "surprisingly accurate" I accept as a valid criticism. You *were* accurate and indeed I should not have used that particular adjective.

I hope this clears up one or two of your complaints and I hope, too, others will take the trouble to examine carefully what I have found and ask whether or not the criticisms offered were legitimate and reply to them where it was felt they were not.

## GROKINGLY

Editor:

Who could deny Robert Lantos' charge that most major Canadian dailies stint coverage of amateur sports? I won't. I only wish he'd looked at some of the smaller papers before writing ". . . the space devoted to amateur sport in Canadian papers has been negligible." (Jock Culture, *Content*, November).

Two of these smaller papers, the *Daily Press* of Timmins and the *Sarnia Observer*, have a local sports section equal in inches on most days to the amount of space allowed "Big Time" professional sports. And for the variety of amateur sports covered around town these papers get full marks.

The November 21 issue of the *Daily Press* had two sports pages, one devoted to local amateur sports including broomball, minor hockey, commercial league basketball and bowling, plus curling. The other page held a local amateur hockey story and wire stories on the pros. The ratio was 1:1 — 117 local inches and 128 "Big Time".

When I worked as a sports reporter in Sarnia, various amateur sports were then (a year ago), as I'm sure they are now, of prime importance. I recall doing one of those "change of pace" features about the Sarnia-based Canadian Modern Pentathlon team and then promising to keep up with the team's activities. I left Sarnia, but I'm sure the *Observer* did follow through.

Perhaps the larger dailies, faced with a variety and amount of amateur sports activities not found in smaller centres, find themselves concentrating on the crowd-pleasers and letting the rest go by. No excuse here, but maybe some sort of explanation.

The *Sarnia Observer* and the *Daily Press* are both Thomson papers, incidentally. Maybe that much-maligned organization has something to its credit after all.

Unfortunately every charge by Lantos about cliché-ridden writing is true, regardless of newspaper size. I was guilty of it too. But Lantos must

be aware there are only a limited number of ways to add variety and spice to a description of the same event or series of actions. How many ways can you score a goal?

Describing his waterpolo goals, Lantos, after using "scored" three times in three sentences, then switches to "tallied" for relief. He thus avoids four-scoring himself and escapes with a hat-trick, a neat feat by any sportswriter's standards.

So some cliché-laden prose is inevitable. Maybe a sports reporter should take a day off (if he can get one) and invent a new vocabulary for sports. It's been done in the science-fiction field by Robert A. Heinlein, whose favorite characters "grok" what you say rather than *understand* it.

Gordon W. Reynolds  
Timmins, Ont.

## THE LITTLE MARKETPLACE

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*Content* must be doing something — right or wrong — to rate an editorial in the *Toronto Globe and Mail*. Even if the editorial, as is the custom with that section of a newspaper, wobbled about, first commending the magazine, then lightly slapping it on the wrist. The thrust of the *Globe's* complaint centred on *Content's* second anniversary statement, in which Editor Dick MacDonald referred to the Canada Council's refusal of a \$3,000 grant for the magazine and wondered what the Council uses as guidelines for handing out assistance. The denial of the grant, frankly, is neither here nor there. *Content* will carry on, regardless, but the question does remain: What is the basis of Canada Council decisions. The *Globe*, in what came across as a rather self-righteous attitude, said journalism and journalists cannot ask favors of other institutions and individuals; if they do and are refused, they are doubly unwise to snap at the unopen hand. Fair enough; it is agreed that journalists should not jeopardize the concept of objectivity by taking gifts, although surely most have sufficient integrity so as to not be influenced by, say, a Canada Council grant. And, yes, *Globe*, *Content* would have raised the question even if the Council had offered a grant. In the meantime, those at the *Globe*, and others across Canada who are worried that *Content* might be sullied by aid from non-journalistic sources, should take out or renew subscriptions to the magazine. And here's a query we'd like answered sometime: Are Canada's dailies never guilty of accepting some form of government tax concession or private enterprise aid over and above that which is considered legitimate? Those who live in glass houses, etc . . . .

*Life* magazine has died. A pioneer in the field of photo-journalism, *Life* was unable to compete with television and a disintegrating mass market. For the past few years, *Life* had been losing substantial sums of money, about \$30 million, and was forced to cut back on staff and circulation. Forced to depend on advertising revenues, but with an unspecialized circulation area, it found itself in direct competition with television. The distribution and production costs of such a magazine are so great that in the past two years circulation was cut from 8.5 to 7 to 5.5 million. The staff dropped from 680 three years ago to 320 at closing this month. Postal rates, also, were dealing a death blow. The demise shows how serious have been the inroads of television. Newspapers rarely command the quality of staff or the range of reportage found in *Life* and are rarely as entertaining as *Life*.

Former Montreal Press Club president Larry McInnis has left the *Gazette* and is now a major with the Mobile Command Headquarters of Canadian Armed Forces . . . . the Storer Broadcasting Company and the Boston Garden Arena Corporation have agreed in principle to a merger in which Storer would come up with 100 per cent interest in the Boston Bruins of the NHL.

From Jack Wasserman's column in the Vancouver *Sun* Nov. 2, 1972: The two Victoria city

## MISCELLANY

policemen looked embarrassed and *CFAX* station manager Clare Copeland was thunderstruck, but there were the cops in the radio station carrying out an investigation of a complaint lodged by a listener under the Elections Act and the Broadcasting Act that *CFAX* had violated the ban on political advertising on election day. Yes, Copeland admitted, the station had indeed carried advertising for Stanfield underwear on Election Monday. The underwear commercials had been going on for some time. The detectives noted down the details in a notebook and left, to report back to the prosecutor's office for further advice. Only in Victoria!

Newly-appointed Secretary of State Hugh Faulkner has announced that he and his top officials will hold regular informal briefings for newsmen on the activities of his department. The announcement marks a first in federal politics. While MP's are generally available during the Question Period or for informal interviews with one or a few reporters, this is the first time that a real effort has been made on the part of any government to make information regularly and generally available to all reporters who choose to go the sessions. This is in lieu of announcing conferences only when the minister has something specific to announce.

*La Presse* of Montreal favors Quebec staying in Confederation. Following three and a half months of labor unrest, the board of directors at *La Presse* was changed. It now includes intellectually- and politically-prominent Québécois. The policy statement was prepared in September, but release was delayed so that it would not constitute electioneering.

Elsewhere in Montreal, there has been an executive shuffle at the *Gazette*. Denis Harvey, executive editor, is leaving in January to become chief news editor of CBC-TV news, Toronto. Malcolm Daigneault, currently managing editor, will take his place. John Meyer is resigning his editor position in February and Tim Creery will assume his functions, with the title, "editorial page editor." Meyer will continue to write his column "Your Business" while he is the vice-president of the Trizec Corporation. The *Gazette's* new publisher is Mark Farrell, who succeeded Charles Peters.

Here's the eight-column headline from the Vancouver *Province* on the October 30 election result: *Oh, Fuddle Duddle* . . . . Bruce Jessop of The Canadian Press won the sixth annual grand award of \$300 in the Press Photo-of-the-Month contest conducted by the Cigar Institute of Canada. His photo showed Prime Minister Trudeau handing

out cigars to newsmen after announcing the birth of son Justin last Christmas. Second prize of \$200 went to Gordon Karam of United Press International, for a picture of Jean Beliveau, Gordie Howe and Bernie Geoffrion celebrating with cigars. And third prize of \$100 was won by André Audet of *Le Droit*, who snapped the cigar-smoking mayor of Touraine.

The Canadian Radio-Television Commission is considering setting up third French-language television stations in Montreal and Quebec City and a second French-language station in Sherbrooke. Applications are being sought. Deadlines are June 29, 1973 for Montreal and Quebec City and March 1, 1973 for Sherbrooke. CRTC chairman Pierre Juneau voiced the commission's desire for the setting up of second French-language services for the North Shore and lower St. Lawrence River areas, the Gaspé region, northern New Brunswick and northwestern Quebec. Third English-language stations are economically feasible in Winnipeg, Edmonton and Vancouver.

There is a new industry-wide sales plan being formed for advertising in daily newspapers. Representatives from about 40 dailies across Canada are forming the organization which any Canadian daily may join . . . . Southam Business Publications bought C. O. Nickle Publications Ltd., a Calgary-based firm that publishes *Nickle's Oil Bulletin* and *Canadian Oil Register*.

Approach shares of Standard Broadcasting Corporation Limited of Toronto with caution, advises Bankers Securities of Canada Limited, Toronto. Although the company is supposed to be in a relatively healthy position, it even may require government assistance in the future, for *CFRB-AM*.

Gus Garber, Montreal reporter and advertising executive, died at the age of 58 . . . . the CRTC has decided to allow some changes of ownership of radio stations in Wetaskiwin and Vancouver. Buyers represented by CHUM Ltd. of Toronto are hoping for *CKVN* Vancouver, now owned by Radio Futura. A. E. Toschach is after *CJOI* Wetaskiwin.

The British House of Commons may ban Tom and Jerry cartoons from the BBC. The member who made the demand, William Price, Labour, stated that it is "one of the most violent programs on television. These cartoons exist on a formula of appalling violence and nothing else. They set the worst possible example."

The Winnipeg *Free Press* was a first prize winner in the American *Editor and Publisher* Color Awards advertising competition for its circulation class. Spitzer, Mills and Bates, Toronto placed the winning ad for Nestle (Canada) of Toronto. No other Canadian paper won a first prize award.

Elsewhere in communications: A chimpanzee is learning a sign language. Not only does he understand what is said to him, but he can reply. *Scientific American* ran an article last fall explaining the system. It involves colorful plastic symbols for concepts as well as for things. The animal can form complete sentences with the symbols.

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