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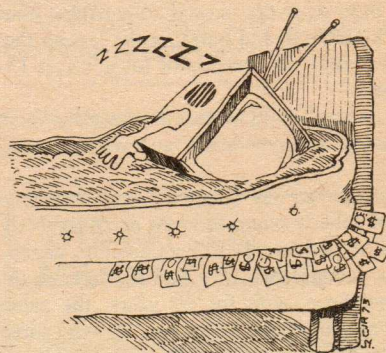
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IN MEMORY:
JENNINGS,
SPRY

SO MUCH
FOR SCHOOL

A SUNDAY
PAPER
IN TORONTO?

**DONALD
CAMPBELL
AND
THE
OCTOPUS**



SPEAKOUT:
SHIELD LAWS

THE TENTACLES AT 481 UNIVERSITY AVE.

by MARCI MCDONALD

Power.

The word smacks of panache and a taste for caviar in the boardroom and bedroom, of Puccini, Guccis and suits from Saville Row, of wheeling, dealing and reeling off arrogant memos, striking terror into the hearts of hirelings, the hungry glint of greenbacks always behind the bloodshot eyeballs that flash shrewdly through long fifteen-hour days, back-stabbing and building the legend that eventually brings the rewards of long, sweet 15-hour nights.

I mean, everybody knows that powermongers have enemies, idiosyncrasies, and what's more, anecdotes.

So what do you say about a communications czar whom nobody seems to know and everybody seems to love, a 47-year-old gentlemanly, genial, balding ex-accountant who's had the same high-school sweetheart wife for 29 years, the same "handy" neighborhood tailor for 20, who turns down a chauffeur-driven Cadillac, cocktail-party invitations and even an offer Howard Hughes couldn't refuse—the chance to be in *Who's Who*?

What do you say about Donald G. Campbell, who, in the three years since he's presided over Maclean-Hunter Ltd., that great gray flag-waving eminence on University Ave., has built it into probably the most powerful communications conglomerate in the country—not biggest in any single field—but just big enough and diversified enough to have become a \$79 million octopus with probably the most pervasive private cultural influence in the country?

Its tentacles reach from the prestigious *Maclean's*, *Chatelaine*, *Financial Post* and sixty-eight trade papers and shows, into radio, TV, cable-vision, business forms, call-boy communications systems, direct mail services and, most recently, the foundation for one of the largest book-publishing empires in Canada.

In the past year alone, Campbell has:

Gobbled up 100 per cent of Macmillan Co. of Canada, the solid, stolid wing of the old established British book firm here that represents such Canadian stand-bys as Morley Callaghan, Donald Creighton and Robertson Davies, for just over \$2 million;

Taken over controversial U.S.-based Metro News, the paperback and magazine wholesaler that controls thirty-five per cent of the country's newsstands with a virtual monopoly in Toronto, and which—together with Macmillan, its 49 per cent share of New Press, its own fine books, educational, library co-op and distribution divisions—makes Maclean-Hunter a power in the book business that already has smaller, independent publishers admittedly "nervous" and talking of unfair monopolies;

Put up a powerful \$1.4 million, thirteen per cent share of Global TV, the new network due to go on the air Jan. 1, which—with Maclean-Hunter's controlling interest in Calgary's *CFCN-TV*, a CTV affiliate—gives Campbell seats on two of the country's three network boards, a position his CTV colleagues aren't exactly ecstatic about;

Set up a video-cassette division designed to package TV programs for sale to either of these networks, or the CBC, not to mention its own 16 cable TV systems with 180,000 subscribers, the third-largest cable grid in the country;

And generally exploded forth so furiously that Maclean-Hunter's revenues are up sixteen per cent to \$79.8 million, its profits up to \$4.7 million, a whopping thirty-four per cent.

All that, and not a single anecdote?

"An anecdote?" ponders Peter C. Newman, editor-in-chief of *Maclean's*, and the man, if any, who should be able to dredge up a bit of color on his boss. "Believe me, I've tried, but he's just not the kind of guy who lends himself to anecdotes."

Still, if it weren't for a single anecdote, Newman himself wouldn't be sitting here now swiveling behind his three-quarter-moon desk between two jazz-stacked stereo speakers in his purple-and-Canadiana-appointed office, editor of a 68-year-old magazine which, a bare three months after Campbell was appointed three years ago, the new president was wondering whether to kill.

In 1970, when he succeeded the ailing Donald Hunter, Maclean-Hunter had, as Campbell puts it, "a lot of problems. The economy was off, profits were disastrous—with a great deal of scratching and I do mean scratching we ended up with \$3 million, a twenty-five per cent reduction—we were in some very tough times."

And not the least of the tough times were at Canada's National Magazine where they were going through an average annual loss of \$500,000 and practically as many editors as issues a year. Charles Templeton and Peter Gzowski had each stalked off in succession amid headline-grabbing horror tales of editorial interference from then vice-president Ron McEachern. Templeton had even leaked his four-page resignation diatribe to the press.

By the time Campbell took over—leap-frogged over the more senior McEachern who promptly stalked off himself that very day—there was no one at the helm but acting editor Phil Sykes. Campbell found himself suddenly in waters that were not only foreign but hot.

Two days before Christmas, with Sykes on vacation, he called Lloyd Hodgkinson, the *Chatelaine* publisher who'd put that magazine in the black twelve years before, then started both a French edition and *Miss Chatelaine*, and asked if *Maclean's* could be saved.

"I don't think *Maclean's* was delivering the editorial content people wanted," Campbell says now, looking back. "It became a second-rate publication for a number of years, too cute, too coy, too smart. I'm no critic but I know what I like to read. And there's no point in writing something that nobody's gonna read. But we have to take part of the blame for that—if there was more communication beforehand, it wouldn't have happened."

Hodgkinson, who took on the salvation more than a little reluctantly, isn't quite as delicate about it all. "I don't think there's any question that there was improper management interference. But I think they had at least four out of six or seven editors who never should have been editors."

Hodgkinson walked straight to the phone and called Peter Newman, political pundit, author and nationalist extraordinaire, who, as Campbell says, "was just our cup of tea." The cup was obviously mutual.

Last year, under Newman, with Hodgkinson himself personally pilgrimage to the city's ad

agencies to get their support, *Maclean's* chalked up its first major profit in ten years, a staggering forty-five per cent jump in ads and enough sober-sides respectability to lure ex-auditor-general Maxwell Henderson to tell all in a recent issue. They're currently studying the possibilities of increasing frequency.

If critics now sometimes find *Maclean's* just a little too respectable, responsible and even downright dull, that's just fine with Donald Campbell, who, during a staff seminar series designed to spur editorial interest, first met and heard Tom Wolfe, the electric kool-aid acid-tested media messiah of New Journalism, who showed up to talk more pop than shop to the assorted editors, including *Canadian Grocer* and *Bus and Truck*.

Campbell admits he'd "just" heard of Wolfe, never read him except as night-before homework—"It was one of those strange papers, I can't remember the name" (It was *Rolling Stone*)—and when asked if Tom Wolfe would ever write for *Maclean's*, answered with one of his favorite expressions: "No way."

Still, there hasn't been a whimper of editorial interference, not through a cover-story cut-up of TV talk-show cult heroine Adrienne Clarkson, a take-out on the Royal Canadian Mounted Police or even, in June, 1972, when *Maclean's* ran a piece called *How the Media Withheld the Message* in Kitchener, and one of the accused was Maclean-Hunter's own radio station there, *CHYM*.

"I felt there might be some conflict of interest there," Newman admits, "so I told him about it—and that's important. I told him, I didn't ask him. But he said, fine, as long as we presented both sides of the story."

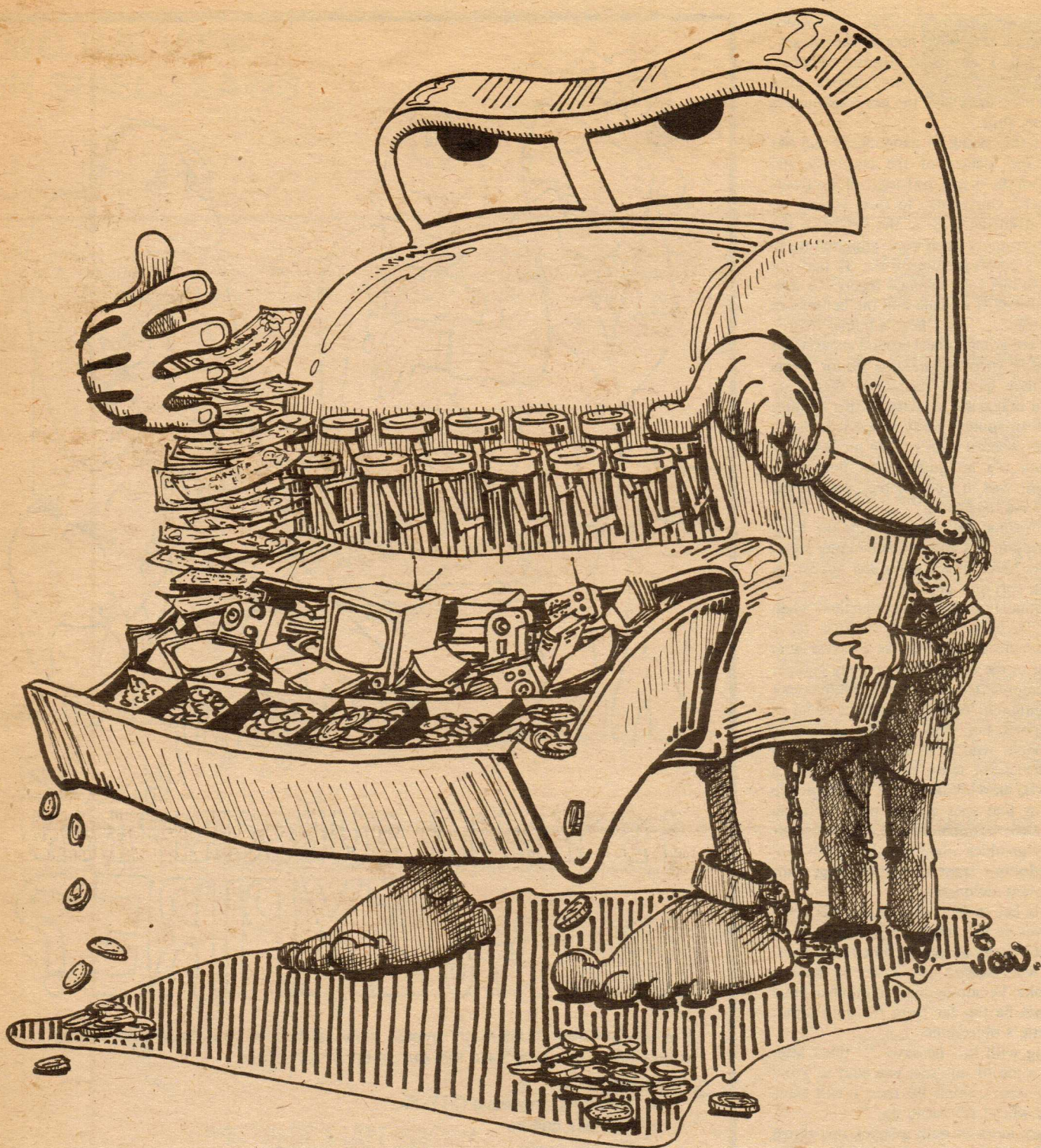
As Hodgkinson puts it, "Once he gives you a job to do, he leaves you free to do it. He doesn't stand over your shoulder. He lets you make your own mistake—too many mistakes and he fires you."

Not that there've been any firings. Campbell, in fact, is a listener, not a lasher-out, a man who chooses his words so carefully that if he disagrees with an employee at a meeting, all dressing-downs are done later, privately. No memos. In the planned computerization at Macmillan, he has assured that every displaced employee will be found a new job.

If there are three words used most to describe him, they are hardly the three most flamboyant: Fair, frank and approachable. In fact, Campbell was the one man who, in all of Maclean-Hunter, Gzowski felt he could talk to over his tumultuous editorship, though he wasn't even directly involved. "And he was the only one who gave me the story straight," says Gzowski, "who told me how management felt without taking sides."

He's the kind of tycoon who answers his telephone personally, a president who eats in the company cafeteria and can sometimes be found playing poker after-hours with a few of the boys, a man who's as open about his ambition for the company as for himself. "I like to win," he says. "I hate losing, whether it's at poker, bridge, golf or the CRTC."

It was an ambition cultivated almost out of fear by the boy who'd resolved to become an accountant at fourteen but who'd watched his own



father, for forty years an accountant at Dunlop Tire, turn down offer after offer. "He just chose to sit there and sort of rot away from an ulcer point of view. It was a horrible thing to watch. And it exposed me to the fact that I didn't want to get stuck in a job which was just going to go on and on."

Not that there was any danger. Straight out of Runnymede Collegiate at sixteen and the RCAF, he was married at eighteen, worked on his CA nights and his job days, graduating to prestigious Price-Waterhouse. By twenty-five, he was secretary-treasurer of Noma Lites, by twenty-seven secretary of the \$40 million Atomic Energy Commission at Chalk River, where he was "almost given carte blanche to start afresh, from a government department to a Crown corporation, built almost a whole town. I had glorious opportunities." But five years later, "things started to go round and round again. It was getting repetitive."

When former president Floyd Chalmers brought him into Maclean-Hunter in 1957 to

straighten out the company's antiquated finances, he was the first outsider ever invited to the cosy executive enclave of a business founded for \$3,000 in 1887 as *Canadian Grocer* by doughty Col. John Bayne Maclean, a family-style firm where everybody worked their way up, old secretaries stayed on for years watering the geraniums on the windowsills and all stock was held by family or old loyalists, for whom, when one died, Chalmers endeavoured to act as honest broker.

It was an air that even today one former employee describes as, "plastic-wrapped sandwiches—upright, upright WASP." The colonel didn't believe in debts and even as late as 1947, when they bought the four and a half-acre Willowdale printing plant at the top of Yonge St., three years before his death, it was paid for in cash.

Chalmers remembers that of hundreds of applicants he "took a fancy" to Campbell at once. "I didn't know he'd be the president of the company one day, but I knew he'd be someone who'd grow."

And grow he did—from turning the tiny break-even Canadian Press Clipping Service to a tidy profit, to leading their initial break into broadcasting that began with buying Chatham radio station *CFCO* in 1962.

It was a start into diversification of which Campbell now admits openly, "The whole world of communications is our oyster. We've just begun."

Not everybody, though, is as enthused about seeing the oyster grow. The CRTC has snubbed four Maclean-Hunter applications for radio, TV and cable, virtually saying, as Campbell admits, "You're big enough. But we'll go back at it again. We haven't given up."

Fellow CTV directors charged that his sitting on Global's board was a conflict of interest. "So I wrote them a snotty little letter back saying there wasn't really a director around that table who didn't have a conflict. I've never heard another word."

And independent publishers are watching warily their expansion into the book racks. "A monopoly is a monopoly," says James Lorimer,

"whether it's American or Canadian." To which Campbell retorts: "I think people should say, 'Jolly good,' not 'There's that gigantic octopus.' If we can't do a better job providing display space for Canadian publishers than the previous owners did, I'll eat my shirt."

Indeed, it's this streak of nationalism that has run through the history of the company and Campbell, from the maple-leaf-logo on the front-door-mat at 481 University, to their buying up Metro News from the U.S. at the behest of the provincial government royal book commission to the company's corporate objectives, as laid out by Campbell in this year's annual report: To contribute "to growth of Canada and the betterment of Canadian life" . . . to "bear a public trust."

"If people are going to hurl around accusations about bigness," snaps *Chatelaine* editor Doris Anderson, "they have to remember that there wouldn't be a magazine industry in this country without Maclean-Hunter. They supported *Chatelaine* for years when it didn't make money, then *Maclean's* and it's no great secret that when *Saturday Night* was in trouble, they carried the printing bill for a long time!"

It's not un-ironic then that perhaps the most incisive description of Campbell is by Peter Newman who calls him "good, plain and honest. A very Canadian sort of a guy."

He was cautiously Canadian enough that, when cutting costs, he turned down a Cadillac for a Buick Electra, and a chauffeur for a driver who works the rest of the day in the company garage.

Indeed, Campbell is a man who'd prefer steak to beef bourguignon, reading a balance sheet to a book, a sports nut who'd rather play—and win—than watch, who is so superorganized his wife says he's never tense or self-doubting, a family man who likes to relax at his big Etobicoke house with his five sons around the swimming pool or ski at their Georgian Peaks' chalet, a gambler who only gambles when it's safe, an expansionist who doesn't want to get too big, and, indeed, an ardent nationalist.

So ardent is he, in fact, that among his company objectives is the resolve to encourage its own employees to run for public office, even providing them with salaries and leaves of absence to do so—a plan he admits that, in another three years, may not be too far from his own mind, despite his wife's objections.

"I'm toying with it," he says. "I think after five years in a job of this sort you start to grind your wheels. And I think by then I will have accomplished what I set out to do."

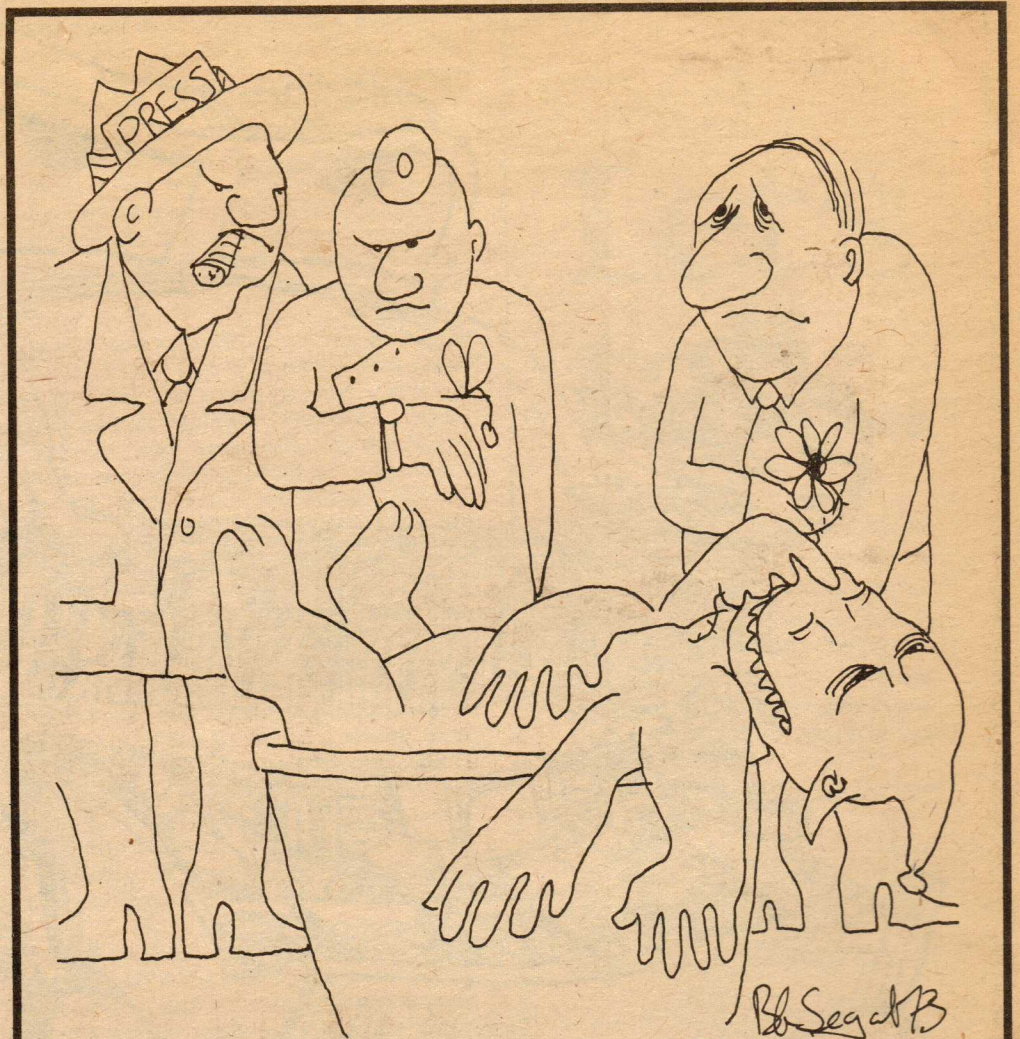
If so, it may loom as both a shock and threat to those inside the company, as well as out. For Campbell may have created a benevolent monster only he can control.

As Peter Newman says, "He's the guy who holds it all together. As long as Campbell's here I don't see any problems about conflicts of interest or getting too big. He has so much integrity. But a successor might not have that attitude. And frankly, I don't see a successor coming along."

Marci McDonald is with the Toronto Star, from which this article is reprinted.

Illustration by Jon McKee, a Toronto freelance artist who contributes frequently to Content.

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THE TRIBUNE

IS ALIVE

AND WELL

IN WINNIPEG...



THE WINNIPEG TRIBUNE
A SOUTHAM NEWSPAPER

Gone, but not forgotten

Canada was the poorer with the death in July of Charles Jennings. He was 64 and he left with us a view toward the media best expressed in a statement from the 1965 Fowler committee: "The only thing that really matters in broadcasting is program content; all the rest is housekeeping."

A bon vivant and tremendous practical joker, Jennings was resented by latter-day CBC authorities whose main emphasis was on hardware and housekeeping. They seemed to have forgotten his mixture of dedication and irreverence for sacred cows which became an ingredient of the infant CBC.

Jennings had an aversion to "creeping Americanism" and believed that CBC radio did much to develop a Canadian consciousness after United States radio threatened to engulf this country during the '30s. He believed, too, that a fully-subsidized television network — without advertising — could build a large audience for good programming. Such a system, aimed at improving the critical faculties of viewers, would need ten to fifteen years to show solid results. In that time, he thought, it would build a thoroughly respectable, decent-sized audience.

Jennings, whose son Peter and daughter Sarah carry on his tradition in broadcasting, here is remembered by Norman Smith, former editor of the Ottawa Journal, from which this essay is reprinted.

* * *

It was a summer's day meant for a country churchyard, finely attuned to the funeral service of Charles Jennings in Christ Church, Aylmer, hard by the country-side he knew and loved so well.

Charlie would have liked the service. The ritual was shorn of pomp and vanity. The friends who filled the little church were there because they liked (or loved) him, not because they felt they should turn out to honor the former CBC vice-president who had also been general manager of English regional programs.

Charles Jennings loathed pomposity in any form. He liked sunlight and it shafted in through the windows. He liked and knew the Bible, and we heard it read humanly. He liked music, and his friend Godfrey Hewitt had come from his great Christ Church Cathedral organ in Ottawa to play Jesus Joy of Man's Desiring on the limited stops, pedals and pipes of this ancient little organ — to play it as the simplest love song in the world.

Funerals have a way of overdoing things; but not Charlie Jennings'. Partly, one suspects, because his wife and children wouldn't have it that way, and still more because all who had a hand in it knew his taste.

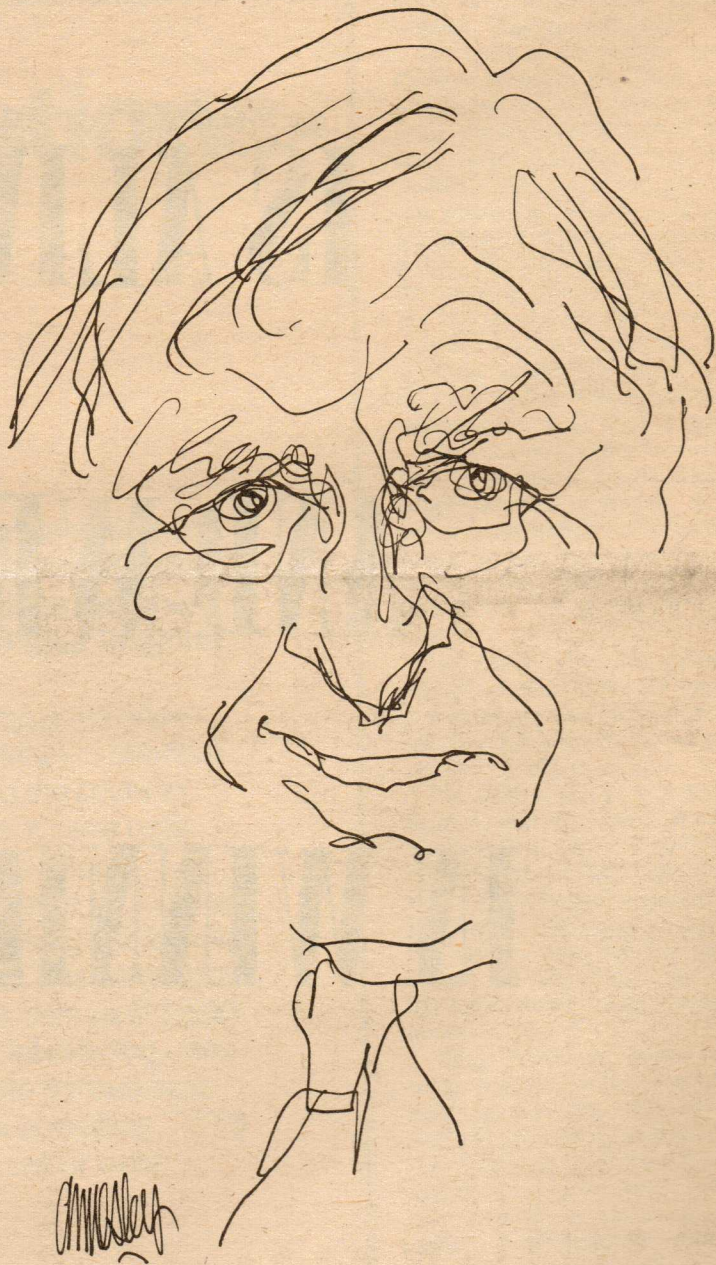
Some months ago, John Leblanc, in a very perceptive CP article on the life of Charles Jennings, said it all in one sentence: "Charlie Jennings, a single-minded devotee of program quality, spent most of his life trying to keep CBC affairs in perspective."

I cannot fairly claim to have been an intimate friend of Charlie's, yet I think we had that relationship that is so comforting to all of us in some of our friendships: We know the other fel-

low is there, we know what he means and stands for, we are richer because of that knowledge and we know that if ever we called on it we would find it ample and wise.

I think perhaps many of us were thinking that way in Aylmer's tree-graced church built in 1843 with fine square timbers and matching principles. Thinking not alone of Charlie Jennings, but of the friends he had brought into our lives and the easy way he did it.

"O Father of all, we pray to Thee for those whom we love but see no longer."



Eyes moistened. He had, it seemed, learned with his wife and children that the secret of living a full life was not to try to make it full for one's self. Johnny Leblanc might have said, "Charlie Jennings spent most of his working life trying to keep life in perspective."

The perspective includes dogs who knew their place and that was on the sofa, donkeys in the field of his farm home who had such names as Charlotte and Apricot, getting almost heart-attack mad at CBC's gaucheries but tall and cheery on deck next morning to try to do better. A tolerant

purist, an optimistic pessimist.

The perspective also included a sensitive concern about Canada, for he loved it; when MPs or yahoos would go beyond the bounds of sense he would pick up the phone and call to some of us, his friends, to growl: "Smith, what the hell do they think they are doing?"

And he was the man, anonymously, who at several periods in his career — even after he had got near the top — used to read passages from the Bible over the National Network. He read them in a way that moved many of us to say to ourselves, "I must read the Bible more often" — and even though we didn't he had enlarged our perspective of what we knew we'd find there.

But I must steady on, as Charlie might have said. How seeming unwittingly he would divert you if you tried to pay him a compliment! How he would laugh at himself, or at CBC, or at me! And none of us seemed the worse for it!

A simple thing I remember: He would listen to you, and when he listened he would look you right in the eye. I remember that eye business for the eyes would foretell that he was about to roar at you in fun or abuse. But always he would listen; and I'm told always in CBC he would listen, too, though not always would he agree, thank God.

Naval Captain Ted Briggs, sea dog but also a CBC vice-president, who flew from Halifax for the funeral, says flatly that Charlie Jennings had better program appreciation, a more unflagging yearning for quality than anyone in the service. He says, too, that though he was "old fashioned" by nature he was young in his ideas for Canada and broadcasting.

There it is again, perspective. His perspective seemed to spring from within rather than from some maxim that he must see big. And from a sense of humor — which is, as someone has said, really a sense of proportion.

That humor I saw and suffered from and was saved by many a time and oft away back around 1934, I think, when he was the gifted announcer who at eleven o'clock every evening got half of Canada to the radios to hear the news. I was with The Canadian Press in those days and wrote that ten or fifteen minute report in our office in the old *Mail and Empire* building. I'd run it up the stairs rather than risk the rickety old elevator and hand it to "Sir Charles" (we used to call him) who was waiting at the microphone in an office about the size of a large breadbox.

The source of our suffering was that being a reporter I wanted always to write the thing as late as possible so as to get in the latest news. Being an announcer, Charlie had a theory that he should have it in time to read it over at least once so that he might sound as though he knew what he was talking about!

Sometimes the bridge between those two "professional" points of view was hilarious, sometimes pure hell — but thanks to his humor we both survived, and so did the report, usually. I remember I used on "quieter" nights to sit in the breadbox and hear my banged-out awkward copy come from him like a sonata, sending me away thinking I was great stuff. It was later that I heard the fitting quip: "Though we speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not harlies, we are become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

Well, Charlie's gone now. It seems reaching to say I'll miss him, for we hadn't latterly seen each other all that much. Yet I will, as will all his friends, and with gratitude. So will Canada. His character and perspective are in short supply.

REMEMBER THE IDEAL

With Charles Jennings' death in July, the media lost a little bit of its conscience. This month, we lost another.

Richard Spry, a CBC radio producer and former producer of television's *Under Attack*, died in Winnipeg at the age of 29 of an incurable disease.

Wrote Joan Irwin in the *Montreal Star*: "The breadth of his interests, the quality of his mind, and the energetic enthusiasm he brought to such



productions as *Cross-Country Checkup* and *Quebec Now*, promised a brilliant broadcasting future."

Spry, a son of Graham whose interest in the public's right to quality media is historic, was an organizer of Media 71, the first of the annual journalists' conferences. He had taught at Montreal's Loyola and Dawson colleges. At the funeral in Ottawa, the producers and staff of the national public affairs department of the CBC expressed their thoughts:

"The loss we feel is not only that of a very close friend, always spirited and energetic, but also the loss of a man committed and devoted in all his fibre to the idea of public broadcasting, to the concept of a strong national network and the unity of the country.

"His death will make us and that ideal he strived for poorer. But even in the relatively short years of his work in broadcasting, he worked with vigor and accomplished much.

"His devotion to that ideal must remain a great pride to you (the family), an example that the rest of us who shared his ideal will not soon forget."

Richard Spry's last major production was a radio documentary on the life of Merrill Denison, playwright-broadcaster-historian.

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COLD TURKEY WITH DRESSING

by JAMES ORR

May 1. It was the evening of the second year Fundamentals of Reporting exam at Carleton University. The mock press conference and subsequent writing fever had ended. I was waiting for the elevator, eager to get away. Professor Joseph Scanlon, director of the journalism school, happened by and we began to discuss the exam. "The fellow you got for us to practise on was

insignificant", I said. "The professional media wouldn't have touched him. I couldn't apply myself, the situation wasn't real enough. Why didn't you get someone more newsworthy?"

"We were going to have the Happy Hooker, Xaviera Hollander", he replied with a grin.

My senses sharpened, "Why didn't you?!"

"We felt that some of the students might have

been offended, we couldn't be sure."

"But that would have been just right. It may have put some students in an uncomfortable new situation. We would have had to maintain an objective hard-news stance despite potentially intense moral convictions."

"Perhaps, but after all, they're just second-year students."

"I think you under-estimate second-year students", I said indignantly just as the elevator door opened.

When I pushed the ground floor button, I had escaped the school forever. I walked home content with the knowledge that I wouldn't be continuing in the journalism course the following year.

I had soured all year and become a known belligerent. My complaints were familiar to anyone within listening range. Style guides, thirty-word leads, inverted pyramids, whowhatwherewhen-whyhow, impersonality. Ugh!!

The heart of the problem beats slowly. The Carleton School of Journalism is anchored in the past, in that bog of Convention. Professors, many being Brenda Starr and Clark Kent prototypes, teach what journalism was like when they worked. "Did I ever tell you about the time I was working for the *Star* . . .?" The few working journalists on staff spout what the current media boasts. There is hardly a shred of sympathy for the future, as if journalists were capable of knowing only history and current events.

In the laboratory situation, professors act as academic editors who react as they remember their editors did; students, on the other hand, are eroding sycophantic slips of their former selves.

The Carleton teaching formula is a function of time. Convention equals Employment. What editors accepted previously, they no doubt will accept again. Simple but obviously stagnant logic and no fleeting co-efficient affects the equation's overall thrust. "Class, I will delete the word 'I' in any copy except when it is important to the story."

No matter what, the journalism course is market-oriented. There are employers out there and we'll give them what they want. Processed, pre-packaged journalists, twenty-seven of them last year. Look out world!

The sadness of it all is that if any institutional body or other noticeable entity can affect the currently narrow course of Canadian journalism, it is a journalism school. The potential capacity to lead the journalistic profession and expand the journalistic imagination is staggering. The school has students eager to enter the domain of pen, camera and microphone, and the opportunity to aid in their creative development but hardly takes notice.

Many professors teach such conventional media concepts as the inverted pyramid writing style, though they personally have no use for such outdated literary devices. The usual justification goes: One must learn the basics before one can reach out for the novel. Perhaps. But the danger of getting caught in an imposed groove is menacing. Consumption in the Bog can be fatal for both journalistic individual and journalistic nation. That proven mould's ambience may stifle creative and original conception rather than provide the spark from which it will flare.

Convention is habit-forming, and the addiction is not easily sweated out. Stylistic cold turkey can be a most bewildering and painful experience.

I left the Carleton journalism school for this very reason — in order to avoid the excruciating process of unlearning after graduation the substance of four years of media training.

James Orr is Editor of The Charlatan, the Carleton University student newspaper, and an Ottawa freelancer.

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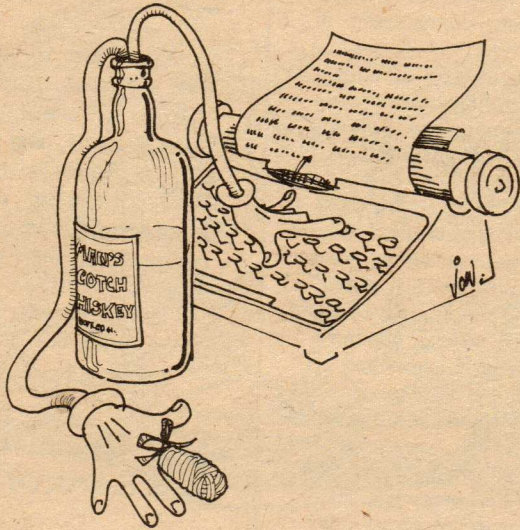
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TWO U.S. VIEWS ON SHIELD LAWS

spekout

(Jerome Waldie, a Democrat, has been a Congressman from California since 1966. He served in the California Assembly from 1959 to 1966,

most of that time as majority leader. Interested in constitutional questions, he is a member of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives.)

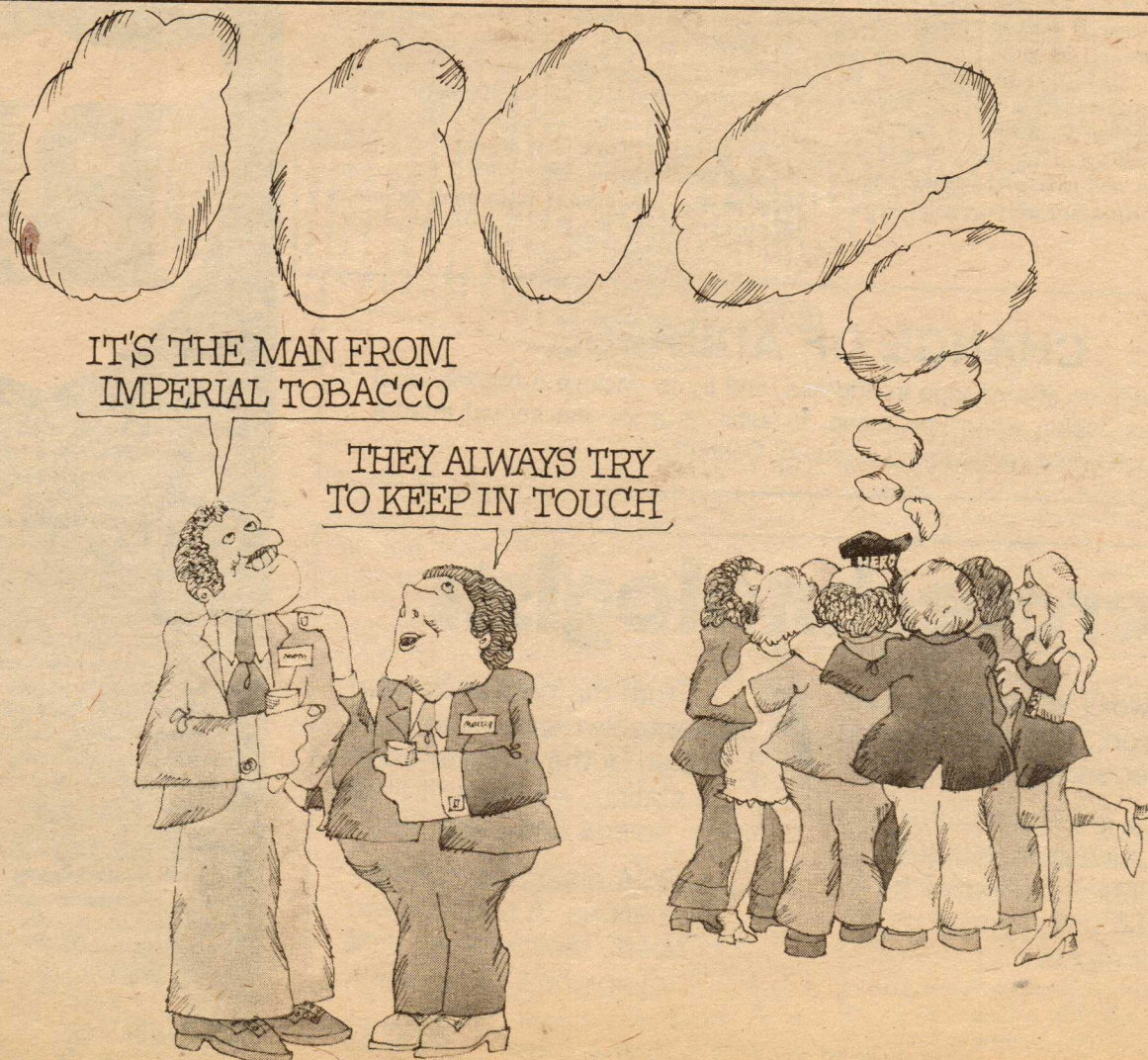


I favor legislation which guarantees the public the absolute, unqualified right to continue to receive news and information obtained through pledges of confidentiality. I say "continue to receive" because we always assumed in this country, until recently, that the ability to guarantee that news sources would be kept confidential was an integral and vital part of the function of the press in informing society, and that it held a *de facto* status as a corollary to the right of society to freedom of the press.

Now, however, the effect of the recent Supreme Court decision in the *Branzburg* and *Caldwell* cases about the right of grand juries to demand revelation of confidential news sources has opened the way to a wave of official assaults by prosecutors, grand juries, judges and others against this aspect of the public's right to know. There can be no debate about the value which confidential news material has had for our society until now.

The question is not whether we should pass laws extending the role of a free press in some way, but, rather, whether we should enact legislation preserving the sanctity of news relationships and news-gathering activities, something most law enforcement officials and courts respected in the past.

Congress, it is well to note, has never, to our



best knowledge, enacted legislation compelling newsmen to disclose confidential sources in whatever situation. Any new law now limiting the newsmen's right to conceal confidential sources will serve in effect as a requirement of disclosure, something which never before has been imposed by statute. It will be hard to call this anything but a diminution of press freedom. Anything less than full protection of the newsmen's right to protect confidential sources will be seen as an impairment of a vital source of public knowledge. We have always had bi-partisan recognition of this in the past.

Anything less than new legislation providing absolute protection for newsmen in this regard is a danger to our free society. If Congress sets any limits how will it know the cumulative effect such limitations would have in practice? How would it know when it had passed the "fail safe" point for press liberty and indeed for a free society itself?

If Congress takes no action, if it allows the Branzburg and Caldwell decisions to stand, it will permit the virtual elimination of that part of news work which is perhaps the most crucial, that part which is in no way subject to government control. On the other hand I see little abuse flowing from an absolute, unqualified, all-inclusive statute protecting news confidentiality other than what was always possible in the past. All that we seek, those who think as I do, is to restore the sanctity news-gathering has had up to this point.

The record of the past shows that we have nothing to fear. We should therefore act to reaffirm the freedom which is the sole real strength of our society.

* * *

(Senator Jesse Helms, a Republican of North Carolina, was elected to the U.S. Senate in 1972. Much of his career has been passed in journalism, as city editor of the Raleigh Times and as executive vice-president of WRAL-TV and of the Tobacco Radio Network, in North Carolina.)

I reject the notion that a "shield law" for newsmen is either needed or desirable. In fact, the news people who now are crying for such special treatment would do well to ponder whether they are now asking for handcuffs at some point down the road.

I have spent most of my life as a reporter, a city editor and a TV editorialist. I never found a need for a shield to get the facts. I have dealt with confidential sources all my working career and I have been subpoenaed before grand juries. On one occasion I declined to identify a source. The incident dealt with a story I had written disclosing malfeasance in public office. I explained to the grand jury that my source was completely innocent and that identification could endanger this person's well-being. Once explained, I had no trouble at all.

I have a hunch, without knowing definitely, that some of these people in trouble with grand juries have been self-serving newsmen and it has gotten to be a personal thing. I believe the reporters recently jailed for contempt in the much-publicized cases could have avoided such trouble.

I would never make any commitment of secrecy to a criminal.

Before making a special social order of journalists, we need to rethink some fundamental questions. I simply cannot favor giving newsmen any right, protection, privilege, or immunity, not enjoyed by all other citizens.

The few isolated arrests of reporters for refusing to divulge their confidential sources have brought on a falling-sky hysteria among some media people. The threat they see just doesn't exist. The danger lies in the singling out of any segment of our society for special treatment. Every citizen has a duty under our laws and the Constitution to give testimony in criminal and civil proceedings. The press should be no exception.

For 197 years, the First Amendment has been adequate in affording the free press guarantee. That seaworthy ship has carried us across much troubled water, and while at times it may appear to be imperfect it is a far better vessel than the frail, plastic boat of legislative shield.

If we allow the law to decide who can write, how soon will come the day when the laws tell us what we can write? Under a shield law, someone must legally describe the media. Do we want a committee of the Congress, the press, or the private sector to make such decisions?

The unanswered questions are endless. I would counsel my fellow newsmen that if the government protects you against performing the duties of citizenship, one day it will control you.

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NEVER ON SUNDAY?

by COLIN MUNCIE

There is no scientific name for the phenomenon that occurs every Sunday morning throughout the length and breadth of the British Isles. So, for want of an exact word of Latin or German derivation, I will call it The Rustle, an onomatopoeic word but a fairly accurate one nevertheless.

To understand this phenomenon peculiar to the British, a very peculiar people at the best of times, let's take a closer look at one small part of Britain on a Sunday morning. At say, a hamlet on the rolling wooded countryside of Leicestershire called Tilton-on-the-Hill, a pleasant bicycle ride from Melton Mowbray, the town that gave its name to the world's best meat pies.

There, in the kitchen of a white, two-storey house surrounded by roses and a privet hedge (just across the red-chip road from a genuine 18th-century coach inn), an English family is at breakfast. It is 10 a.m., and although the family has been out of bed for almost an hour, no one has spoken the first word of the day. Apart from the occasional clink of a teacup on a saucer, nothing is heard.

Except The Rustle.

Then the quiet is broken by the lady of the house, who can wait no longer: "'Ere Alf, give us a couple of pages of the bleedin' paper!"

And a small boy in pyjamas who has been reading the backside of the *News of the World*, behind

which his father is hidden, chips in:

"Hey mam, me dad's paper says: 'at this point intimacy occurred, it is alleged.' Wot does 'alleged' mean?"

He is quickly silenced by a look from his mother, a haarrumpphh from his father, and goes back to finishing his fried bread. His mother settles down to read the few pages unwillingly surrendered by her husband ("don't get the bloody pages out of order"), and once again there is quiet.

Except for The Rustle.

And everywhere throughout the land The Rustle is heard. In posh Park Lane flats in London. In stately homes in Sussex. In monotonous state houses in Manchester, Glasgow and Liverpool. In stone cottages on the Yorkshire Moors. In dreary one-storey row houses in Belfast daubed with the slogans of religious bigots.

Almost every man and woman (Mrs., Miss or Ms.) has his or her nose buried in a favorite Sunday newspaper. And in many cases, they will read several Sundays despite the fact the Brits are addicted to the tely as is no other nation on earth.

Ask immigrants from Britain — who, as a *Maclean's* writer once put it, "have given up a way of life for a standard of living" — what they miss most about the way of life back 'ome. And they will tell you that, next to family and a good pub, they miss their Sunday newspaper most of all.

The Canadian daily, they will tell you, in no way compensates for the loss of a favorite Sunday. To most Brit-Canadians, the Canadian daily as a genre has all the thrill of eating Tuesday's sago pudding on a Friday. Responsible and worth a dime, they are. Exciting, they're not.

On the Canadian media scene, the dearth of a Sunday newspaper — at least among the English-language press — is as much a phenomenon as the proliferation of Sundays is in Britain. The riddle is: Why?

To be sure, the markets are vastly different, but there have been people who at one time or another have thought a Canadian Sunday could attract enough readers to become a successful advertising medium.

John Bassett, who had both the money and the know-how, thought so — twice. Each time he did his marketing homework before launching a Sunday. Each time he failed, and as a result of these experiences came to the perfectly logical conclusion that the Toronto market would not support a Sunday newspaper.

Yet the Toronto *Sun*, the impertinent little daily which rose from the ashes of the *Telegram* and became a commercial success despite the cassandras, obviously thinks John Bassett was wrong. It thinks it can attract readers on a Sunday. And that, dammit, it can become a viable advertising medium.

The *Sun's* announcement, that it will launch a Sunday in the fall, should not be scoffed at. It came out as a morning, offering something that was an alternative and different to the *Globe and Mail*, forcing the Old Lady of King Street to hitch up her skirts a little and show a daring glimpse of ankle.

I have spoken to senior media people in several ad agencies and the consensus was: Yes, the *Sunday Sun* has a chance of making it, a slim chance, but a chance.

They agreed it would have a rough time getting started — but it could be successful if it provides something different, something between the *Globe* and the *Saturday Star*, the latter being so large that much of its content provides left-over reading for the next day, making it a surrogate-Sunday.

A former *Telegram* senior executive, trying to analyze the second failure of a Sunday *Telegram*, summed up: "The people just don't want a Sunday paper."

But maybe, just maybe, he was wrong. Perhaps no Sunday has ever made it in Toronto because readers were never offered a Sunday they really wanted.

And with a name like the *Sun*, ready-made for an advertising campaign. (This Sunday get up with the *Sun*, for starters), maybe it's already halfway to success.

All it needs is the right editorial product. Is that being built in, I wonder.

Colin Muncie is Editor of Toronto's Marketing magazine.

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Ownership in 17 Quebec newspapers, two weekend supplement magazines, two printing plants and a distribution company changed hands in three separate deals in one day this month. The *Montreal Star* became part of the FP Publications group, *Montreal-Matin* was bought by *La Presse*, and Societe Generale de Publication acquired the non-daily newspaper properties of Trans-Canada Newspapers, which include *Dimanche-Matin* and *La Patrie*. For FP, it represents a first entry into Quebec. (A story on media ownership — and, essentially, the economics of publishing newspapers — is forthcoming in *Content*.)

Paul Kidd, provincial editor of the *Spectator*, is the first Canadian winner of an American Psychological Foundation award for a series of articles on mental health in Hamilton Andrew MacFarlane, formerly executive editor of the *Toronto Telegram*, next January will become chairman of the journalism department at the University of Western Ontario. Bud Wild, who has held the position since 1954, is stepping down but will stay in the department. MacFarlane is, in effect, the dean-designate of a full-fledged school of journalism at Western. The undergraduate degree of BA in journalism will be dropped, as will the diploma course, and a master's program will be created.

Canadian winner of the World Press Institute fellowship, for study at Saint Paul, Minn., is Andy Moir of the *Brandon Sun*. He's the first Canadian selected for the program, which attracts candidates from around the world.

A few *Content* readers have kept their eyes and ears peeled for blunders or praiseworthy statements or acts within the media — as requested when, earlier this year, we inaugurated a *Darts and Laurels* column. But we haven't been getting sufficient response to turn it into the lively space it should be. You can pat someone's back for a useful, wise comment about the media, or rap someone else's knuckles for a display of silliness or downright incompetence. Please send your submissions to *Content*, Room 404, 1411 Crescent Street, Montreal 107, P.Q. In the meantime, a belated dart to Barrie Mayor Dorian Parker. She told city council she was concerned about a proposal to bring in a consulting firm to help design the shape of one of Barrie's largest parks. It was, she said, to be a "passive park." When asked where she had learned about the consultants, she responded quite tactlessly: "I seem to remember reading it in the newspaper last year. I don't know, I can't remember. I only know what I read in the newspaper." Council let her off the hook, and so did the *Barrie Examiner*. At least we know some people still believe what they read.

L'Action, a faltering daily Quebec City newspaper owned by the Roman Catholic diocese, has been sold to businessmen Jean Pelletier and Claude Royer. Asking price was about \$1.5 mil-

miscellany

lion Jacques Payac has left Montreal's *CFCF* to establish a magazine on crime and the courts The new contract between the *Toronto Star* and The Newspaper Guild calls for a minimum weekly rate for five-year reporters of \$280 by Sept. 1, 1974. It had been \$240 and now matches that at the *Montreal Star*. The possibility of a shorter work week is to be discussed by the guild and company representatives during the life of the two-year contract. In Vancouver, by the way, the international convention of the guild agreed to aim for a \$500 minimum for key classifications.

At that 40th annual convention, Provincial Court Judge Nancy Morrison said newspapers still display a prejudice against the women's movement. She said professional objectivity, expected of journalists and lawyers, is an impossible goal. "Why do we have this sham of 'we no longer have a women's page' . . . it's the same cat but a different color." Reports of her remarks were carried, perhaps not surprisingly, mainly on the 'former' women's pages of Canada's dailies. She also said the sports pages are the "best representation of bad journalism in North America today." (*Content* will welcome more arguments on the topic.)

George McBirney is leaving his news editor's job at the *Montreal Gazette* to travel The Canadian Public Relations Society will hold its 1974 annual meeting in Montreal. This year in Toronto, elected president was Jacques LaRivière, communications consultant with Towers, Perrin, Forster and Crosby. He succeeded David Orr, director of information at Bell Canada in Montreal.

Tom Sloan will be teaching at Carleton University this autumn, having left the Robert Stanfield group, though he will continue to do some con-

sulting work for the PCs Moncton is the site of Media 74, the weekend of April 26-28. Mark it in your date book. Among likely speakers will be Robert Campbell and Russell Hunt (editors of the defunct *Mysterious East* magazine) who have a forthcoming book on K.C. Irving (published by McClelland and Stewart). Their lengthy chapter on the Irving media will be carried in the September issue of *Content*. Good reading.

Jean Sisto is new assistant manager of Montreal's *La Presse*; he previously was news director. Albert Tremblay has become managing editor and Yvon Dupuis the news director. Sisto used to be with *Le Magazin Maclean* Not many cartoonists on Canadian dailies can claim to stir up 300 fast letters and telephone calls about one sketch, but the *Gazette's* Aislin did. And the reaction, down the line, was vociferously negative. Aislin portrayed Prince Philip perched on Queen Elizabeth's knee as a something of a puppet. The cartoon appeared as the Commonwealth prime ministers' conference opened. The power of the black felt pen!

A new Writers Union, formed at a meeting in Toronto in June, will hold a founding convention November 2-4 in Ottawa. Author Margaret Lawrence is national chairman until then.

Winners of the most recent MacMillan Bloedel journalism awards in British Columbia were: Robert Olver, *Victoria Daily Times*; Eli Sopow, *Trail Daily Times*; Gerry Bellett, *New Westminster Columbian*; Rollie Rose, *Alberni Valley Times*; Robert McMurray, *Vancouver Province*; James Spears, also the *Province*; Peter McMullan, *Nanaimo Free Press*; and Margaret Trebett, *Alberni Valley Times*. Deadline for entries in the 17th annual (1972-73) M-B awards program is October 31.

Adrian Waller, a *Gazette* feature writer, has his third Clarke-Irwin book coming out this autumn, entitled *Data for a Candlelit Dinner*. *Chatelaine* will be carrying an excerpt Frank Ogden (Vancouver think-tank, Montreal's *CKGM*, Ontario College of Art and sundry other adventures) is provoking considerable interest with his innovative talk-show on *CJBK* in London. The station is barely ten months old and Ogden's *Focus* originates from a mobile satellite studio with drive-in telephones for motorists. Ogden returns to the Caribbean in the autumn for a couple of future-oriented expeditions.

L'Echo Abitibiien of LaSarre and *L'Union de Victoriaville* were named best papers of the year by the Association of French Weekly Newspapers, meeting in Vancouver Pierre Pascau, until recently a key interviewer on CBC Montreal's *TV Hourglass* and moderator of CBC radio's *Cross-Country Check-Up*, is joining the Montreal bureau of CTV. Pascau, working with Alan Hustack, replaces Peter Kent who has gone to London, England. Kent will lend a needed hand to over-worked Michael Maclear.

content

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