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content

ANOTHER LOOK
AT TABLOIDS
(and the
straights)

MUCH MORE
MISCELLANY

WHY ROCK THE BOAT?

The writer of the book,
and producer of the film
of the same name,
recalls the late 1940s



ROCKING THE BOAT, ONCE TOO OFTEN

by WILLIAM WEINTRAUB

Nowadays, I'm told, the managing editors of most newspapers are scholars and gentlemen. They treat their employees with tact and generosity. They are, so I hear, widely beloved.

But when I was a newspaperman, back in the 1940's, managing editors were tyrants, fire-breathing wild men who ruled through terror. They had beefy red faces and fog-horn voices, and they could fly into fits of rage vigorous enough to damage office furniture. Young reporters like myself took great pains to avoid rocking the boat, knowing full well that the managing editor would just as soon fire you as look at you.

One firing I remember very vividly was that of Mad Murchison, a careless proof-reader. He had allowed a colorful but obscene typographical error to slip into print, and when the managing editor saw this he exploded.

"You idiot!" he bellowed. "You're fired!"

"In that case," said Mad Murchison in a tragic voice, "I'm going to kill myself. I'm going to jump." And he started to walk

across the office, slowly, toward the window.

But the managing editor got to the window first. "Be my guest!" he shouted, opening it wide and gesturing down toward the street, four storeys below. Fortunately it was mid-winter, and the blast of cold air which came in through the window brought Mad Murchison to his senses. He stopped in his tracks, stared at the managing editor, cursed him briefly, and went out to get drunk.

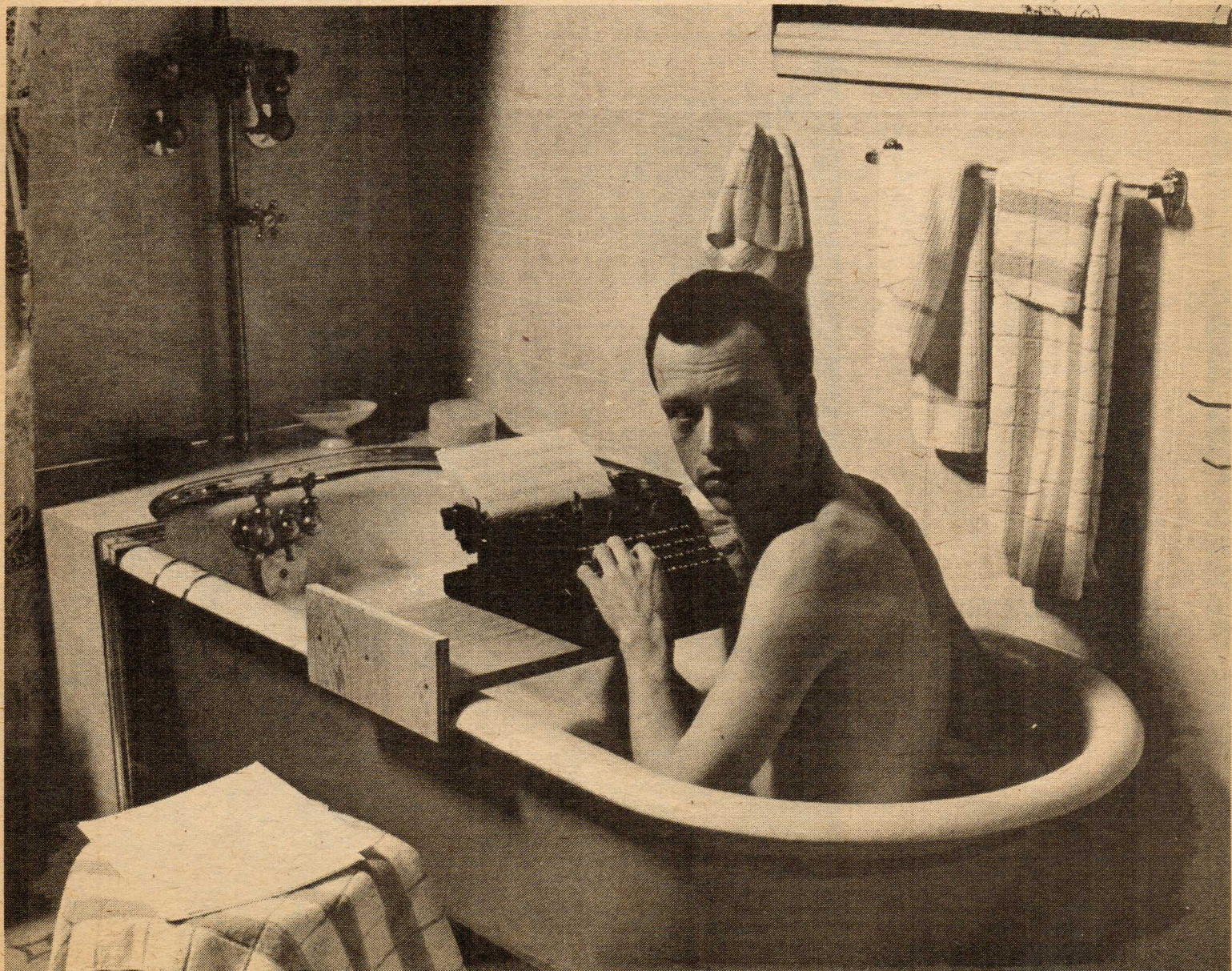
For weeks afterwards, we reporters debated the implications of this incident. One school of thought held that the managing editor was a true humanitarian who used brilliant industrial psychology to prevent a nasty suicide. But most of us disagreed with this theory. Mad Murchison had just been fired, hadn't he? Thus he was entitled to severance pay, wasn't he? But if he left the office via the open window he wouldn't be around to collect that severance pay. And for the managing editor this would mean yet another substantial economy effected on behalf of the company.

Philip L. Butcher is a managing editor in

that grand old tradition, and Canadians will be meeting him in *Why Rock The Boat?*, a movie about the newspaper business made recently in Montreal. It's a comedy about the adventures of Harry Barnes, a young man who has just landed his first job, as a reporter for the *Daily Witness*. Harry soon falls in love with beautiful Julia, who works for a rival paper, but in his pursuit of her he encounters many pitfalls. And, at the same time, he's chronically in trouble with Philip L. Butcher, a boss who eats young reporters for breakfast.

Harry, Julia, and Philip L. Butcher first appeared in a novel of mine that was published some years ago. And now I've had the pleasure of seeing Director John Howe turn the story into a motion picture at the National Film Board.

In addition to writing the screenplay for *Why Rock The Boat?*, I also served as producer, and I spent a good deal of time on the set, looking on as John Howe shot the movie. One day after John had directed a rather steamy love scene, Doug Bradley, the assis-



tant cameraman, came up to me with a broad grin.

"You must have been quite a sex fiend in those days," he said.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"That scene we just shot."

"I don't get it."

"Aw come on," said Doug. "we're shooting the story of your life, aren't we?" And he told me that the whole cast and crew believed that my screenplay was pure autobiography. They had come to that preposterous conclusion just because the hero of the movie is a nervous young newspaperman in the Montreal of 1947, and I myself was a nervous young newspaperman in the Montreal of 1947.

But, let me assure you that what you'll see up there on the screen is mostly fiction. Certainly the big scenes, the pivotal points in the story, are *completely* fictitious. At one point I *did* consider including some of the pivotal scenes of my true-life newspaper career, but I decided that they were too absurd for a movie. When you sit down to write drama of any kind, even comedy, you've got to remember the adage that says the audience will believe the impossible, but not the improbable. And the best of my real-life recollections are simply too improbable.

Take, for instance, one memorable night when we reporters were attending a party at the home of one of our colleagues. As I recall, we were drinking heroic quantities of King's Plate, a bargain-basement rye, and there was much song and argument.

William Weintraub, who wrote the screenplay for *Why Rock The Boat?*, based on his 1961 novel of the same title, is a member of the staff of the National Film Board, where he has been involved in the production of some 100 documentary films. A segment of this article is to appear in *Weekend* magazine. After graduating from McGill University in 1947, he went to work for the *Montreal Gazette* as a reporter and sub-editor. In 1951, he joined the staff of *Weekend* as a staff writer, later becoming chief copy editor, and moved into freelancing in 1955. He joined the staff of the NFB in 1965. His *Why Rock the Boat?*, when released by Little, Brown and Company in 1961, received critical approval almost everywhere except in Montreal. The book, a satire about Montreal newspapers in the late 1940s, sold out its Canadian edition and has been reissued by McClelland and Stewart.

Around 3 a.m. there was a lull in the noise and I suddenly saw the opportunity of becoming the life of the party. There was a

child's piggy bank on the mantel, a big glistening pig made of pink china, and I picked it up and held it high in the air. "I guess we all know who this is," I said, and there was much laughter and applause at my dazzling wit.

The next day the managing editor summoned me to his office.

"I hear you called me a pig," he said.

"No, sir, I didn't."

"You held up a piggy bank and said it was me."

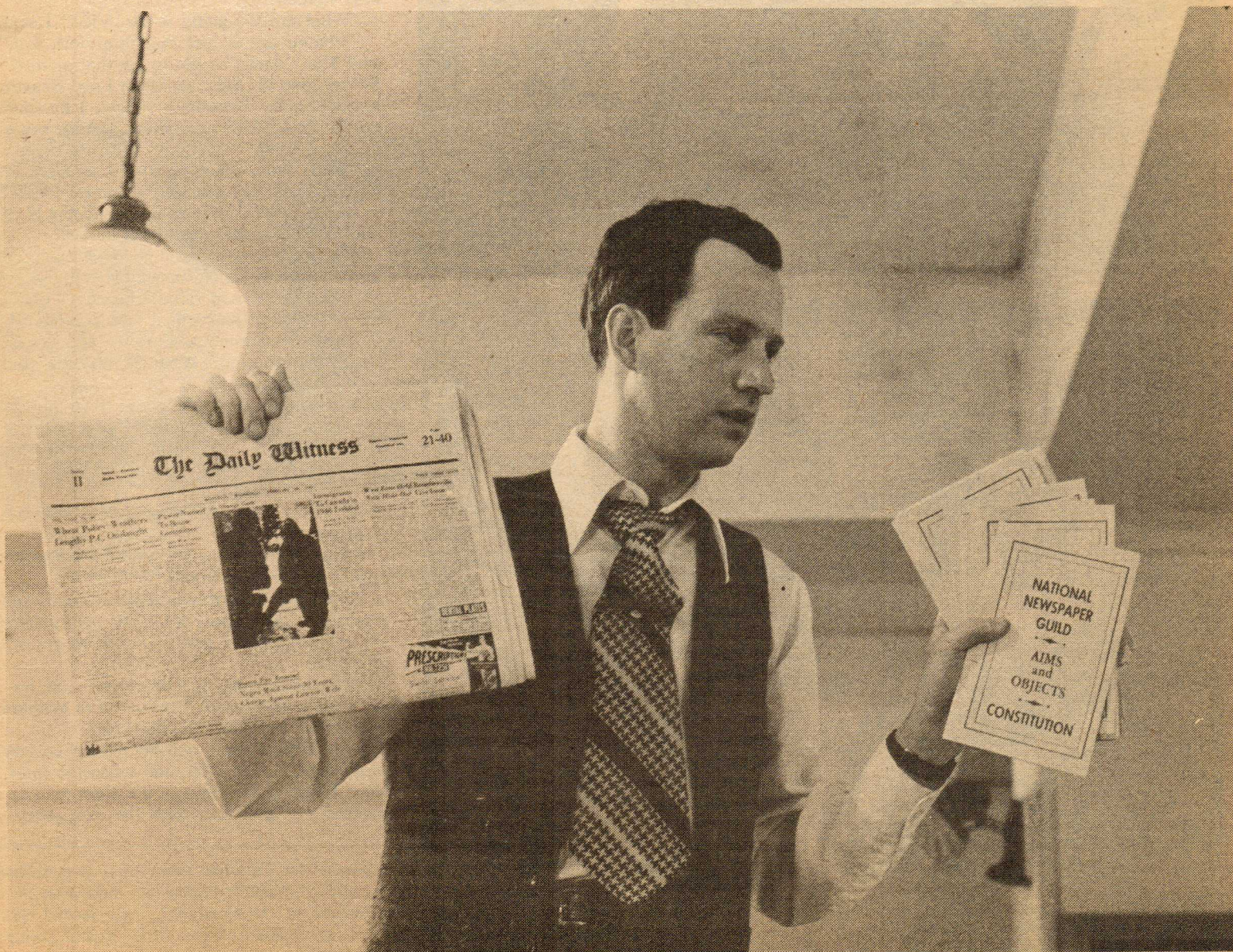
"No, sir. I held up a piggy bank and said, 'I guess we all know who this is.' I didn't mention any names."

"I was telling the honest truth, despite anything the managing editor's spies may have reported to him. But the truth didn't do me much good.

"I'm going to do you a favor, Weintraub," said the managing editor. "I won't fire you. I'll allow you to resign."

Feeling immensely grateful, I went to my desk and typed out my resignation. Only hours later did I realize that the managing editor had conned me. He hadn't invited me to jump out of the window, like Mad Murchison, but he'd still found a way to get rid of me without paying me that severance money. If you were fired, they had to give it to you; if you resigned, they were off the hook.

And that, on my word of honor, is how I came to leave the employ of the *Montreal Gazette*, in 1949. But it was too absurd to put into a motion picture, too improbable. Nobody would believe it.



Thus the incidents in *Why Rock The Boat* are *not* autobiographical, but the mood and atmosphere created for the movie by John Howe and his crew are amazingly true to life. I'd come on to the sound stage in the morning and have the uncanny feeling that I'd slipped back 25 years into an earlier existence. There I was, thanks to a splendid set designed by Earl Preston, back in Slitkin's and Slotkin's Bar and Grill.

The juke box was blaring and the tables, with their checkered tablecloths, were crowded with actors and extras, eating and drinking. It was just the way it used to be, back in the good old days when we'd all troop up the hill to Slitkin's after work, to drink Black Horse Ale and eat veal cutlets *milanese*. No, this was not the National Film Board sound stage in 1974, it was Slitkin's and Slotkin's in 1947, on that happiest of all days -- payday.

Mind you, on the day *before* payday we'd all be broke, and we wouldn't be able to afford those veal cutlets. On those hungry days, every reporter would hope for an assignment on the Hard Bun League, which is what we used to call the service club luncheon circuit. If the City Editor sent you out to cover the Lions' Club, or the Rotary, or the Kiwanis, you'd have to listen to a painfully boring speech, but at least you'd get a free luncheon of chicken pot pie, with green peas and a crisp roll (or hard bun) on the side.

The Hard Bun League was also brought back to life for me, most vividly, in a scene that was filmed in a big ballroom in the Windsor Hotel. Here our hero, Harry Barnes, is covering a meeting of The Bellringers Club and as he takes notes about the guest speaker's oration he also steals glances at the beautiful Julia, who is covering this event

for the *Montreal Telegram*. As the Bellringers applaud the dreary speech, Harry falls in love.

Again, the event is fictitious, but the setting is autobiographical, for I covered many such speeches in my day, and I devoured many a hard luncheon-club bun, tasteless but nourishing. Also, like Harry Barnes, I covered the hotel beat, tracking down prominent visitors to Montreal and interviewing them in their hotel rooms.

One hotel-beat incident stands out in my memory, but again it was too absurd to include in any fiction I might write. It concerns my encounter with Lord Beaverbrook.

The publishing magnate had just blown in from London and my city editor sent me up to the Mount Royal Hotel to interview him. With me came Vic Davidson, a staff photographer, to take the Beaver's picture. I was 20 years old, agog and a-tremble, for I had never in my life met anyone as important as Lord Beaverbrook.

In the hotel lobby, I picked up the house phone and called his lordship's suite. And the great man himself answered. I explained who I was and said I would be most grateful if he would grant me an interview.

"An interview?" said Beaverbrook. "Most certainly not! And what's more, I'm having dinner with the publisher of your paper tonight and I shall tell him that you're not clever enough to get an interview from me." And hung up.

I looked at Vic Davidson in dismay. How could anybody be so unreasonable, so wantonly vicious?

"What are we going to do, Vic?" I said. "You've got to get that interview, kid," said Vic. "And I've got to get that picture." So we took the elevator up to Lord Beaverbrook's suite. Trembling visibly, I knocked on the door. After a moment, a male secretary answered.

"We're from the *Gazette*," I said. "Lord Beaverbrook has graciously agreed to give us an interview." It was a very feeble ploy, but I couldn't think of anything better.

The male secretary told us to wait, and we did. Eventually Beaverbrook himself appeared, beaming. "Good, good!" he said. "That's the first law of journalism - be persistent!"

We followed him into the suite and he held out his hand to me. "What did you say your name was?" he said.

Now, you may not believe this, but by that time I was so terrified that I had forgotten my own name. After a few dreadful seconds I remembered.

"I'm Vic Davidson, sir," I said. "And this is our chief photographer, William Weintraub."

"Pleased to meet you," said Lord Beaverbrook, shaking our hands.

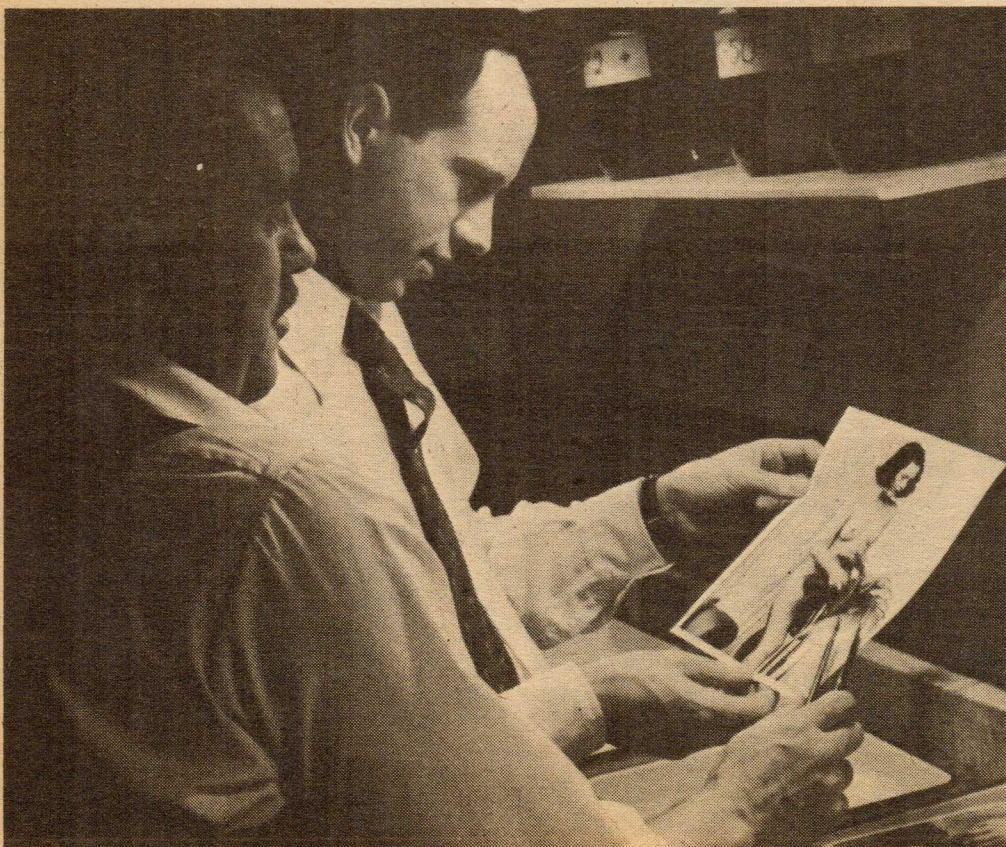
Now a more clever youth than I was would have let it go at that, but I was now regaining my composure and I saw fit to correct my error.

"Excuse me, sir," I said, "but I - ha, ha - got that a bit wrong. You see, I'm William Weintraub and *that's* Vic Davidson."

Lord Beaverbrook and his male secretary exchanged a long look, and when the interview finally got underway the great man answered my questions with the exaggerated



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4

slowness employed when dealing with an idiot.

The Beaverbrook Incident was the first

Photos:

1. Cub reporter Harry Barnes (Stuart Gillard) spends much of his spare time writing "practice stories" - some of which are libelous, and one of which ends up in print.

2. Reporter Barnes denounces the Montreal Daily Witness, the paper for which he works, as "the fearless champion of the overdog" and urges colleagues to unionize by joining the Newspaper Guild.

3. A policeman (Kirk McColl) accuses news photographer Ronny Waldron (Ken James) of a traffic infraction, as reporter Barnes looks on.

4. Our hero finds a modest degree of fascination in prints being processed by photographer Waldron, photos Waldron took the night previously. "You'd be surprised how many dames want to have their pictures taken in the nude," he tells Barnes.

Cover: The usually orderly city room of the Daily Witness erupts in a donnybrook that somehow precipitated by the antics of reporter Barnes.

inkling I had that I was not quick-witted enough to survive in the newspaper game. A few years later, the Piggy Bank Incident made it obvious, and after I was turfed out of the *Gazette* I never went back to daily newspapering.

But I look back on my *Gazette* years with affection and nostalgia. It was a great era. And it's been a great delight for me to see John Howe and his crew bring it all back by turning *Why Rock The Boat?* into a movie.

To help him, John had a splendid group of Canadian actors and actresses, including Stuart Gillard, Tiu Leek, Ken James, Patricia Gage, Sean Sullivan, Budd Knapp, Harry Ramer, Maurice Podbrey, Cec Linder, Barrie Baldaro, Patricia Hamilton, and many

others. Together they reincarnated all the preposterous and delightful people I used to know in the newspaper business, back in the old days.

But there's one actor I must single out for special thanks. He's Henry Beckman, who plays Philip L. Butcher, the managing editor of the Montreal Daily Witness. When I first saw Mr. Beckman at work on the sound stage, I was astonished. He could rave and rant and bellow with the best of them. He was a true managing editor, and I remember those wild men with great nostalgia. After all, it was they who made it so dangerous to rock the boat, it was they who made the job so stimulating.

Future talk

The future will present exciting developments and challenges to all of us. For you it may mean journalistic innovations such as the electronic newspaper.

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TABLOIDS: INVERTED JOURNALISM

by DAN LUCHINS

Weekly tabloids such as *Midnight* and *National Bulletin* are on every news-stand. No doubt most journalists find them ridiculous. They are the miscegenous product of a union between a newspaper format and pulp fiction content. But that they are read (and presumably believed) by millions is reason for pause.

Why are they read? What need do they serve?

The questions are interesting. Moreover, whatever answers we can find for them probably could apply equally to the newspapers which the tabloids parody. It is this which makes the tabloids so intriguing.

They are ridiculous, but once past the humor they allow us to see what is ridiculous in the legitimate press.

Simply stated, the tabloids' technique is inverted journalism. Instead of an event happening, being reported on and photographed, and finally a headline written, in the tabloids a headline is decided upon, photographs are found and then the article is written.

For instance, a feature entitled "Eight-year-old Rapes, Kills Mother" will be built around the picture of a boy, a woman, and a home, clipped from the foreign press or pulled out of the back files. It is really of no concern what he, his mother, or their home look like.

Yet it is these pictures that are offered as proof that the events described occurred. It is this which makes the story intriguing, that Oedipus' crime can be re-enacted in any home by any boy against any mother. The endless details as to person, place and time do not function to make this event finite and historical.

Rather, the specifics serve the function of religious relics, historic monuments, and other numerous objects.

The eight-year-old is only a boy, just as the piece of the cross is only a piece of wood, the home Washington slept in only a home, the idols no more than stone, wood, or metal.

But they are concrete expression for something which transcends their physical nature. They not only are proof that these qualities exist but they also are imbued with their aura. The reader studies the picture of the eight-

year-old, dressed as he was at the moment of the crime, because it is in this form that a timeless force has once again been manifested.

The legitimate press is replete with stories of crimes against equally unknown people in distant places. Their style is reminiscent of the tabloids. A murder story also will be built around photographs of a house - the scene of the crime, a high school graduation picture; the murderer, and an interview with the murderer's grade school picture; a psychological portrait.

All this is offered to the readers as if it captured or explained the event. Yet these details are irrelevant and the whole sophisticated apparatus which turned yesterday's murder into today's lead article is superfluous. What is being sold is the timeless tale of blood and guilt. They could have run "Cain Kills Brother" and it would have served the same purpose. The readers are not interested in history. Their world is understood in terms of a series of patterns.

The media's role is to turn current events into symbols that will fit these patterns. Unless it can be such a symbol an event remains meaningless.

The assassination of President John Kennedy had to be incorporated into a pattern consistent with the deaths of other heroes. A song showed the similarity between Kennedy's and Lincoln's assassination. America lost a Kennedy and gained another Lincoln. A play made the murder an act from *McBeth*. When the good king dies and the bad king ascends the throne foul play must be involved.

A score of books exposed complex and contradictory conspiracies. Great men, unlike you and me, cannot be killed by crackpots' bullets. The greater the man, the more involved the means necessary to kill him.

The tabloids went the whole way claiming that he had not been assassinated but really was still alive. Heroes are immortal - they do not die but live on. Kennedy and his death could not be seen as historic facts.

The media proved that they were the repetition of a pattern, the saga of the hero. Kennedy becomes a symbol, a timely marker

to fill the slot labelled martyred hero.

The general public accepted or at least showed temporary interest in all of these theories. In this way they are not different from the tabloid reader. Like him, they were not so concerned about niceties of fact or logic but with the broad framework. These theories are real to them, because they corresponded to their conception of reality and met their expectation. They were true just as tabloid stories are true because they fit an accepted archetype.

Here the tabloids and other media begin to merge. Admittedly, the events described by the media have occurred while those of the tabloids have not. But unless reported on most of these events might as well not have happened.

It is the media that makes them real, bringing them to our consciousness, allowing them to become our world. Although the media has limited itself to real events it, like the tabloids, finds what it is looking for.

When flying saucers were the rage, there were daily reports of them being spotted. When pollution was a fashionable topic, oil tankers were sinking off the coast of every interested nation. When drugs were mothers' nightmares, teens were overdosing in Harlem.

The media has the facilities to find these events in the real world, the tabloids have no such facilities so they must use their imagination. But precisely what is the difference? Now that these themes have lost some of their popularity, what has happened to the flying saucers, the tankers, the Harlem youth. Do they now exist in the same world into which Jack DeCarlo (a serialized tabloid gigolo) will retire when public interest in him fades.

Perhaps the difference is that yesterday's tabloid story will be forgotten while yesterday's newspaper's article will become history. By reporting and popularizing events that are consonant with certain themes - for instance, the apocalyptic vision implicit in pollution articles - the media shapes our view of the world, and indirectly our history. This is no clearer than in the student revolt of the 1960's. The techniques which made popular, and possible, this movement were all for media consumption.



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Doctor Reveals:
WHY WOMEN PREFER
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How to Succeed in Business
By Using ESP

Ford aide
resigns
in protest

Ari's Illness Serious:

What Jackie
Plans For
Her Future
Ladies Who Sell Pleasure By Night

Rotten-egg omelet
is 5 square miles

Rocky's \$33 million estimate
of fortune expected to rise

BALLS
Captains didn't scuttle their tankers in order to make headlines, but the rhetoric, demonstrations and occupations existed only because there was a press to report them. Without press coverage they would have been meaningless. A demonstration that no one hears about does not demonstrate. All the techniques of the movement were purely symbolic; they had no more chance of toppling governments than the exorcists had of elevating the Pentagon. But because of media attention they were allowed to take on significance, and to proliferate. Everywhere, students were in revolt, the movement was spreading, it was winning. Revolt became part of the student role; freshmen awaited their first demonstration as they had previously looked toward their first football victory. Experts tried to discover causes while the government searched for conspiracies. If there was any conspiracy, it was that of the networks. If they had not brought all those cameras and reporters to Chicago . . . ? Then it all stopped. Demonstrations no longer attracted media attention or student support. Students returned to their frisbees and the media went on to pollution. A set of acts, in themselves impotent, had been able to capture the headlines and alter history.

The demonstrations were staged and reported because they were able to be symbols for something that transcends the specific event.

The media, like the tabloids, is not interested in presenting unique historical events. Instead, it deals in such symbols.

An eight-year-old mother raper as well as a scruffy haired demonstrator are symbols to conjure up images of a destroyed social order - youth's usurption of their elders. Events are fit into such terms because it is thus that their audience views the world.

It should not be thought great effort is made to digest what is happening into a palatable form. The bulk of what is passed off as news is no more than a list of accidents, fires, crimes, scandals, and gossip. Along with these matters are the human interest stories.

For those who do not want to be burdened with the preceding, there is a special section for the day's important events the sports section. Like the events chronicled in the tabloids, these also have no social, economic, or political significance. They do not affect our collective history nor even the individual's daily affairs. The peoples' whose intimate lives are so regularly revealed are

just names, markers, unto which have been attached the tinsels of wealth, fame, and scandal. Those who die in the accidents are at most numbers, making their contribution to new records. It could have occurred in another planet, it need not have occurred at all. The tabloids understand this. Their world is all these people and events plus a few more that don't exist.

What is portrayed in the tabloids and much of the media is not so much news of our world but of alternate worlds. Since they impinge so little on the real world whether they exist or not becomes a moot point.

This is clearest in the case of sports. Here is a totally detached world. It occurs in proscribed places, follows its own rules and keeps its own cycle. The population feels obliged to go to games, watch them on TV and read about the results in a newspaper. All the attention no more effects the results than the results affect those who are paying attention. Still the fans follow every detail of their favorite sports, the fate of each team and every player, all the injuries, trades, and retirements. Statistics about all these matters are memorized and predictions by pundits entertained.

Over and above this, there are the thousands of records. The fate of these, also, like

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players and teams, are followed; every attempt to break one becomes a campaign in its own right. Each segment of the game takes on significance, not only in terms of that particular game, the players or teams involved, the final season's outcome, but also as a potential new record.

There also is the personal side of the sport. The players' reactions, their biographies, their private lives, and a rich store of anecdotes, legends and humor.

It is a complete world. It is also an historic one. Each year, the same acts repeat themselves, the way they are performed and their meaning change only slowly. It is this which allows one year's team to be compared with those before it, that allows records to be made and broke, and the old to communicate with the young and be understood.

Furthermore, each year is a new one, the record books close on the previous year and open on the new, the cycle repeats itself. For our urban society, sports have filled the place once occupied by crops. Sports are our common uniting concern, dividing years into seasons and beginning anew each year. In a technologically changing world they are a fixed measure, to compare with the previous years and to discuss with the old and wise.

How different is interest in this world from interest in Jack DeCarlo? Is the reader who follows DeCarlo's adventures, to the extent of wanting to know the exact position he assumes during a particular sexual encounter, less reasonable than the sports fan who feels the need to memorize batting averages? Is the Boston fan who places an extra emotional investment on whatever group of players are paid by the owner of the Boston franchise, any more realistic than the reader

who obtains a heightened vicarious pleasure from the work of a group of writers as long as it is signed Jack DeCarlo?

Sports is the most popular alternate world, but there are many others.

The followers of these worlds are not interested in history or reality. To expect them to use the criteria of either would be wrong. What is wanted is an alternate world, proscribed, orderly, understandable, with which they can exercise their intellects and emotions. For such an enterprise the media relies on reporting and the tabloids on imagination; both can be successful.

Concern with such alternate worlds is not limited to the uneducated. Although it may be more consistently felt among such groups it is not unknown to the enlightened. The slick periodicals' concern with the social minutea of the cultural elite are not much different. The eating, dressing and sexual habits of Paris' latest literary darling has no more significance than those of the rookie of the year, a movie star, or Jack DeCarlo.

The desire to impute historic significance to events is no longer restricted to a small group of intellectuals. The availability of higher education has created a large class of individuals who feel the need to interpret their interests in terms of historic trends. Since this groups' intellectual credentials are not based on a shared lifestyle, that of the middle class intelligencia, there has appeared in the media an increased tendency to impose upon mirror fluctuations in the leisure activity of this group profound historic interpretations. The food they eat, the clothes they wear, the books they carry around, have all become variables in a new form of divination which has replaced studying the stars or the innards of animals.

These efforts to confer meaning on everything that occurs imply an unwillingness to view any event as mere coincidence, of possibly happening otherwise, of having little relationship to other events, of being what it is - an ephemeral fluctuation in the tastes of a few. This is historicism carried to the extreme. From Hegel on, every effort has been made toward conferring value on this historical event as such. But when Hegel called "reading the morning papers a sort of realistic benediction of the morning" he was talking of the political events of the time and not whether groovy people are sitting under portable pyramids or nibbling ginseng roots.

One hundred and fifty years ago, perhaps fewer people were interested in making history and those who were may have had a greater chance to make it. Perhaps the prerogative of making history has since shifted out of Western hands to the East. Whatever the case, today what passes as news in the tabloids as well as the media seems less the cutting edge of history than the repetition of timeless myths.

Dan Luchins, now in medicine in Montreal, has worked on a book-length manuscript about the tabloid press.


FACTS

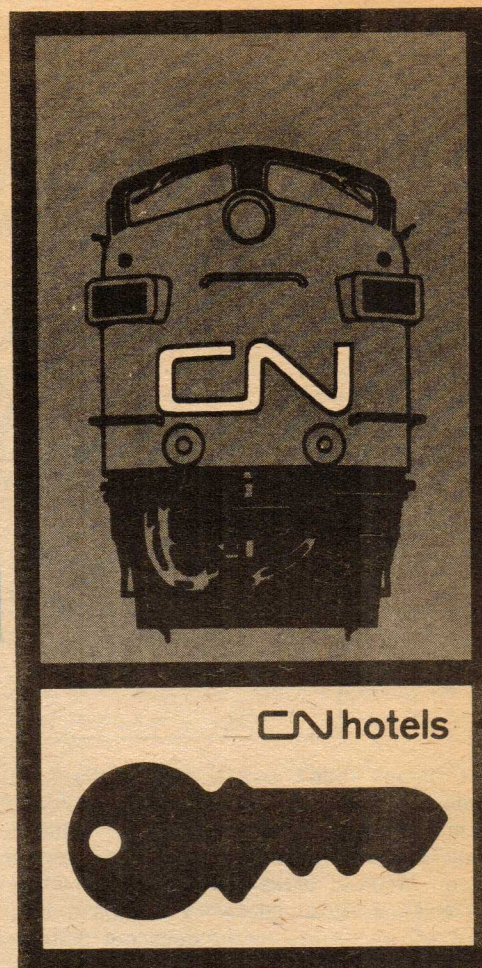
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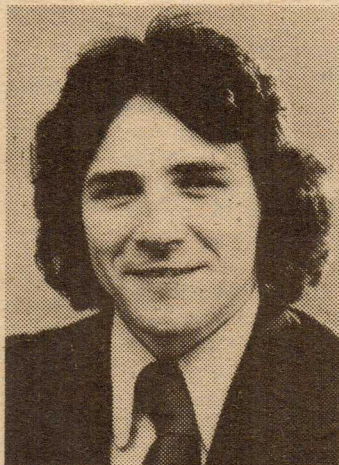
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ex-copy boy
joined program
after university



JANE NACZYNSKI

a top high
school student
also with us



JACK O'BRIEN

gave up
teaching to
be in journalism

The Spectator
HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

LETTERS

HEY, TIME OUT!

Editor:

In reviewing the U.S. -published book *Cultural Sovereignty* in your June issue, Barrie Zwicker refers to The Magazine Association of Canada as being "known to detractors as the Time-Digest Lobby."

Hey, fellows, that hurts! Taking it corporately, that means that Maclean-Hunter, *Saturday Night*, *The United Church Observer*, the *Legion*, *Country Guide* and *TV Hebdo* are part of the "Time-Digest Lobby."

Taking it personally, my lobbying activities are nil. I went to Ottawa to attend and speak when spoken to at the Davey Committee hearings. My only other trips to Ottawa have been to try and get various sections of government to put more of their advertising dollars in Canadian-published magazines as a medium. That's not lobbying, that's selling! Which is what I'm paid to do.

Our advertising sales are growing steadily. Last year was the biggest year in the history of Canadian magazines and this year to date we're ahead of that!

Who's got time to lobby?

John S. Crosbie
President
The Magazine Association of Canada
Toronto

SENATE REFORM

Editor:

Imagine, for a moment, that every member of the Press Gallery in Ottawa launched a concerted campaign to either get rid of the Senate or to have it reformed. The campaign would kick off with interviews of senators and MP's follow up with on-the-street reaction.

The Senate reform press blitz would continue with in-depth interviews and commentaries from political science professors. Imagine that instead of letting the campaign peter out -- something that always happens to Senate reform -- the Press Gallery members kept at it.

In my imagination, the inevitable result of the campaign would be Senate reform. The topic is an on-again, off-again one in Ottawa. This sombre chamber of second thoughts is, in my opinion, irrelevant. Senate reform produces a smile on the lips of the politically cynical, a polite cough of understanding, a "my dear boy, when you speak of Senate reform, do you know what you're speaking of?" You're speaking about nothing consequential . . .

The hoardings which surround new-rising buildings in Ottawa bear the posters of many causes. Abortion-on-demand, no abortion-on-demand, Yankee imperialism, Russian anti-Semitism. March for this cause. Demonstrate for that one. Rah rah rah.

I have looked in vain for one badly-printed poster urging Senate reform. That's the cause

I'll march for. I'll vote with my feet on that issue, since I can't vote for it in any other way.

Progressive Conservative and Liberal governments have come and gone and a hybrid Liberal - NDP effort lurched on for months. Except for some minor changes - lowering senators' age limit to 75, for example - the Senate goes on forever. Presumably it will be a good place to put some of the losers in the July election.

Suggestion "A" for Senate reform is to abolish it. Suggestion "B" is that it deal with the "constituencies" of youth, old age, farmers, fishermen, city dwellers, urban folk, English, French, third-force Canadians and native peoples. Everyone would be a token something or somebody.

As well as continuing as a chamber of "second thought," the Senate should be a chamber of first thought, too. A reconstructed Senate would include a lot of bright, outspoken people who would never make it through the hack, political route. However reconstructed, it should be subordinate to elected representatives, as is the present Senate.

Now, you can't threaten the Senate by itself. What about the House of Commons? How would the two chambers relate to each other? As I see it, the House of Commons should be an elected chamber on a representation-by-population basis.

Of course, Senate reform leads into that Canadian bogeyman, the British North American Act. One of the nightmares about the BNA is the spectacle of Canadian government leaders going on bended knee to the British Parliament like a clutch of colonial Oliver Twists asking for more. A British MP rises and says, "First question: Just where is Canada?"

The Citizens of Canada would survive the traumatic experience of their government taking over complete power of the new Canadian constitution. For those of us who think of the British Isles as our ancestral home, there would be the inevitable shock of separation -- but the shock, too, of recognition, the new time in the new world.

I feel that Members of Parliament would hesitate to do so because they don't truly represent Canadians and, if they don't feel guilty, at least feel uncomfortable. There are many "hollow" ridings in Canada represented by men who have as much power as MPs representing ridings with vastly more voters.

Call me idealistic, but I suggest that a House of Commons more honestly representative of the people of Canada could tackle the problem of Senate reform and the creation of a Canadian Constitution. In 1867, Confederation readied this country for the 20th century; now we need a political instrument to ready us for the 21st century.

I can't see this political reform coming from politicians, hence my "imaginings" about a Press Gallery campaign.

Harold Morrison
Ottawa

MOURN THE GLOBE

Editor:

Following is the text of a letter sent to the *Toronto Globe and Mail*:

The arrival of Brigadier Malone has certainly done marvellous things for Canada's "national newspaper." Not only have production values sagged disastrously (typos, transposed lines, curious hybrid words, etc.) since his investiture on the masthead, but the editorial and op-ed pages now have the ambience of a mid-19th century Prairie farm weekly.

I have tittered at the strange "Social-Creditesque" economic meanderings, smiled at the inadvertent humor of some editorials, shed a tear at the demise of the investigative drive of the news staff, but today could only moan quietly to myself.

To think that the *Globe*, in 1974, could run a lead article on page seven headed "The Red Wolf Waiting to Devour Southern Europe." It is, indeed, sad to see Toronto's one journal of record begin a slide into the type of mediocrity that is FP's diet of choice throughout the country.

I won't ask you to publish this, but to simply file it with your conscience for review at a later date.

Robin V. Sears
Ottawa

BEST WISHES

Editor:

I have just finished reading the June number of *Content* from cover to cover, and I am writing to tell you how much I enjoy your magazine.

It is topical and informative, and - more important - provides insights into the whole subject of communications in Canada and elsewhere which I do not find in any other paper.

Please accept my best wishes for your continued success.

Gertrude Laing
Calgary

Note from the Editor:

A funny thing happened on the way to the printer's. Stories were late in arriving, ads the same, and there was a holiday break. So we've combined the August and September issues of *Content* but resume regular monthly publication in October - which also is the magazine's fourth anniversary. Happy birthday to us.

more miscellany

(From page 12)

among all kinds of Canadians. Broadfoot was a newspaperman for 29 years until he left his feature writing job at the Vancouver *Sun* in 1972 to do *Ten Lost Years*. The book has been worked into a TV and stage play. The Toronto stage production will take to the road for 11 weeks shortly and the TV version will be shown on the CBC-TV network Dec. 8. Broadfoot currently is working on his third book, *The Pioneer Years*.

Montreal writer Adrian Waller has finished his third book *The Gamblers*, a novelized documentary based on the lives of six men, all compulsive gamblers trying to cast off their addiction. The book, to be published this fall by Clarke, Irwin of Toronto, is based on a year-long study of the problem at meetings of Gamblers Anonymous. Waller has written *Theatre on a Shoestring*, *Adrian Waller's Guide to Music* and *Date For a Candlelit Dinner*, which describes his experiences with computer dating.

Toronto public relations man and former full-time journalist Ted Morris has been appointed Canadian director of the Aviation/Space Writer's Association. He succeeds Hugh Whittington, editor of *Canadian Aviation*. The Aviation/Space Writer's Association is comprised of journalists and writers specializing in the aerospace field. The association's aim is to encourage accuracy and professionalism among its members.

Contemporary Dialogue, the Vancouver based speakers agency, is handling Mordecai Richler's speaking engagements in North America. In the coming year's program the agency lists 23 speakers, all but one of whom are Canadian. Among them are nationally - and internationally-known political and social analysts, environmentalists, education critics, top psychiatrists, medical researchers, experts in the human potential movement, writers, dramatists, mystics and entertainers. Contemporary Dialogue also is representing Walter Stewart, associate editor of *Maclean's* magazine and author of *Shrug: Trudeau in Power*; Barry Broadfoot; novelist Shaun Herron and Toronto psychiatrist Dr. Andrew Malcolm.

CFRB news commentator Gordon Sinclair was commended by delegates to the annual American Red Cross convention in Minneapolis, Minnesota, for his donation of an estimated \$200,000 to the Red Cross from the royalties he got from the sale of his hit record, *The Americans*. Sinclair was inspired to write an editorial last June when he heard the American Red Cross was broke. His comment was broadcast on CFRB June 5, 1973, and months later Americans were clamouring for transcripts. Sinclair agreed to have a record made and pledged the royalties from it to the Red Cross.

George Kolesnikovs, publisher at Brave Beaver Pressworks, has given up work on two publications he has founded, *Cycle Canada* and *Moto Journal*. Martin Levesque is the new publisher.

Columbia Journalism Review will accept

advertising as of January, 1975. The bi-monthly publication now has a circulation of 30,000 and ad rates will be \$600 per page, \$1,000 for color. Within one year, *CJR* will come out 10 times a year and within two years circulation should go up to \$75,000 or 100,000, predicts publishing director Harry Hochman.

A recent U.S. nation-wide survey conducted by the New York City-based Roper Organization revealed that a very small percentage of people polled had a poor opinion of the PR professional. Given a chance to check one or more of 10 possible words or phrases to describe PR people, only 16 per cent chose "slick" and "in it more for the money than anything else" and just five per cent selected "dishonest." Responses given by 36 to 48 per cent included "ambitious, hard working, concerned with public welfare, intelligent." In answer to questions about the main reason PR people are hired, the top one chosen by 57 per cent was news dissemination and the second by 46 per cent was keeping management informed about the public's interests and concerns. Whitewashing was felt by only 18 per cent to be a main function of PR and 11 per cent still believed that "to think up stunts and gimmicks and hire pretty girls to get publicity" is a major PR activity.

In the U.S., an *Editor and Publisher* survey revealed that science coverage was up in the States and that the emphasis has moved away from a pure "knowledge" viewpoint to look at science's application to everyday living. According to the survey of science writers, there is greater reader interest and coverage in medical and life sciences.

The prophet of the electronic age who foretold the end of the "linear era" of print has revised his position, somewhat. Marshall McLuhan, speaking on "The Future of the Printed Word" to Scandinavian publishers, pronounced that "the future of the printed work is secure".

Ottawa apparently is moving closer to ending the favored tax status of *Time* and *Reader's Digest*. The government may likely propose a change in the Income Tax Act preventing advertisers from entering ads placed in the Canadian editions of the two magazines as a tax deductible expense. The move virtually would double the cost of advertising in *Time* and *Reader's Digest*. *Time* Canada publisher Stephen LaRue said if this happened it would be very unlikely that *Time* would continue to sell advertising in Canada and would discontinue its so-called Canadian edition.

Bad times are begetting a boom in the religious book business. The United Bible Societies reported a 14 per cent rise in the translation, production and distribution of bibles . . . And in the U.S. the Christian Booksellers Association reported a jump of 22 per cent in 1973 of Christian book sales.

THE LITTLE MARKETPLACE

CLASSIFIEDS

The Little Marketplace offers categories for which no basic charge is made — SITUATIONS WANTED, STAFF NEEDED, RESEARCH AIDS, FOR SALE, WANTED TO BUY. For the first 20 words (including address), no cost. For each additional word, 25 cents. Indicate bold-face words. Display heads: 14 pt., \$1 per word. 24 pt., \$3 per word. Blind box numbers available at 50 cents. Cheque should accompany text. Copy must be received by the 5th of the month in which the ad is to appear.

FINANCIAL POST has two positions to fill:

(1) Makeup and copy editor, with experience, good judgment and a good sense of design. Primary responsibility will be layout of news pages, but the individual we want must have the potential to take over wider editorial responsibilities.

(2) Editorial assistant for editorial and op-ed pages, someone capable of careful editing of specialized material as well as doing some writing. Must have broad background to assist in planning and assigning topics. Layout of the pages included in responsibilities. We are looking for someone with experience, intelligence, university background, and, above all, good judgment.

Contact Neville Nankivell, Managing Editor, 481 University Avenue, Toronto M5W 1A7 (416) 595-1811.

PUTT-PUTT: Delightful poetry is Ron Grant's new book, *Let's All Light the Candle in the Putt-Putt Boat*. \$3. Orders: Alastair Ink Reg'd, Box 52, Pointe Claire-Dorval, P.Q.

RELIGION COPY from Alberta Bible Belt. What can Noel Buchanan offer? 956A 8th Street South, Lethbridge T1J 2K8 Alberta, (403) 327-8101.

SITUATION WANTED: Young man, 29, MFA writing, editorial experience, seeking position newspaper/magazine Ontario/Nova Scotia. R. Bernthal, 440 Riverside, New York City.

SITUATION WANTED: Young man, 22, bilingual, college-educated, seeking position as junior reporter with daily or weekly, anywhere in Canada. Availability: immediate. Contact: Serge Tittley, 896 Lafleche Rd., Hawkesbury, Ont. (613) 632-8417.

STU LOWNDES, vsw, alive and well and living in Montreal. Wire, metro, country, community, trade and PR experience. Open for assignment — freelance and otherwise. 514-389-6355.

REPORTER-COPY EDITOR with five years' experience on medium-size daily seeks media or related employment in or near Metro Toronto. Emphasis in city government, financial reporting and editing. Resume, clips, Box M, Content, Suite 404, 1411 Crescent, Montreal 107, P.Q.

REPORTER-COPY EDITOR, 5½ years' experience on medium-sized daily; features, bright heads, specialties; wants new position, any medium, Metro Toronto Area. S.E. Tomer, 6 Grant St., Utica, N.Y. 13501, U.S.A.

BORN AGAIN Christian religious writer with B.A. in honors philosophy and 12 years' newspaper experience including two years as religion writer for mid-western Ontario daily seeks position with Catholic, charismatic, inter-denominational or non-denominational publication or as religion writer for secular publication. Reply to Box D, Content, Suite 404, 1411 Crescent, Montreal 107, P.Q.

Media monopoly continues to creep over the Atlantic area. Halifax lawyer Laurie Daley, a key-in the company which runs the city's two daily newspapers, the *Chronicle-Herald* and the *Mail-Star*, now has a major interest in the weekly *Dartmouth Free Press*, leaving *The 4th Estate* the only "independent" newspaper there. Daley, long time friend and business friend of Herald publisher Graham Dennis, owns 10 per cent of the Halifax Herald Ltd. where his is vice-president, owns shares in CHNS radio, is president of the company which operates the station, and now is the new chairman of the board at the Dartmouth paper. *The 4th Estate*, which dug out this bit of news, says that the Daley involvement in the *Free Press* is bound to raise questions about the weekly's editorial and financial independence.

W.T. (Bill) Galt, 51, managing editor of the Vancouver *Sun*, is dead of lung cancer. Galt devoted most of his life to journalism, starting as a part-time reporter for the *Sun* and the old Vancouver *News Herald* before the war. After the war, he got his BA at UBC and then went to Columbia University in New York for his MA in science. In 1948 he joined the *Victoria Colonist*, where he was city editor and news editor. In 1960, he moved to the *Sun* where is served as the paper's Ottawa and Washington correspondent before becoming assistant managing editor in 1963, and managing editor in 1967. He was instrumental in promoting matters of editorial consequence with both the Canadian Managing Editors' Conference and the Canadian Daily Newspaper Publishers Association.

Hugh P. Buchanan, 54, editor of the *Hamilton Spectator's* editorial page, died of natural causes. Buchanan joined the *Spectator* 12 years ago as an editorial writer and associate editor. Before that he had been the publisher of the *Lethbridge Herald* in Alberta, a newspaper once owned by his father, the late Senator W.A. Buchanan.

Newspapering is profitable - for its owners, at least. Thompson Newspapers Ltd. of Toronto, for the first six months of this year, netted \$13,100,612 or 25.7 cents a share, up from \$11,913,456 and 21.3 cents a share for the same period of 1973. . . Toronto Star Ltd. reported \$6,955,000 profit, or 94 cents a share for the first nine months of its fiscal year. Earnings the previous year were \$6,371,000 or 87 cents a share. Increased demand for advertising in the *Star* accounted for improved earnings in the third quarter, president and publisher Beland Honderich said, and he expects that the profit trend will continue for the rest of the fiscal year.

Ontario community newspapers won 56 of the 79 awards in the Canadian 1974 Better Newspapers Competition. The Mississauga

miscellany

News won top prize for the best all-round newspaper in the class one category (circulation more than 9,000) and also received the award for the best front page. The *Era* in Newmarket got the trophy for best editorial page. The *Dartmouth Free Press* won the award for outstanding community service for its exposé of the feuding between rival motorcycle gangs, the easy availability of sten guns and the growing violence of beatings and shootings in the normally non-violent area. For its efforts, its plant was bombed, its staff threatened and told to stop the campaign. The *Goderich Signal-Star* of Goderich, Ont. placed first in the editorial writing category and won best all-round newspaper in the 2,500 circulation class. The *Campbell River Upper Islander*, of B.C., won the best newspaper picture award. The *News and Chronicle* of Pointe Claire, Que. came first for the best sports page. *Progrés-Dimanche* of Chicoutimi, Quebec was awarded the best women's news and feature content award. The *Burlington Post* was named best all-round tabloid. The *Canadian Champion* of Milton, Ont. won four awards in the class two category (4,000 to 8,999 circulation) for best newspaper, editorial page and two third places for best front page and best newspaper picture. The *Pentanguishene Citizen* in Ont. won three first awards in class five (1,500 or less circulation) and another Ontario paper, *This Week In The Madawaska Valley*, of Barry's Bay, got two firsts in class four.

More awards from two journalism competitions: The Vancouver branch of the Media Club of Canada gave more than \$1,000 to eight B.C. journalists at its second annual awards banquet and eight newspaper people won a total of \$1,700 in MacMillan Bloedel's 16th annual competitions. Winners: Alf Strand of *The Columbian*, best news story award for a murder trial series. Liz Bryan, editor of *Western Living* magazine for best magazine feature for *Ghosts of the Silver Slocan*; Herbert Legg, *Creston Review* editor, best newspaper feature for an article on the dangers of heroin; Nicole Strickland of the *Province*, best work of a first-year journalist for her story W.A.C. in '73; photographer Ross Kenward of the *Province*, best news photo for a picture of Justin Trudeau greeting his mother; photographer Dave Donnelly of the *Province* and *Sun* photog Brian Kent, a tie for best feature photo with pictures of a mother pack-sacking a baby and of a soccer player; Bob Egby of station CHNL in Kamloops, the best radio docu-

mentary award with *Overland Heritage*; Mike Grenby of the *Sun*, a \$500 award for a series of columns on family and business finances; Derry McDonell of the *Prince George Citizen*, top award of \$500 for a study in the Alberni Valley *Times* of logs drifting in the Alberni Inlet; Al Arnason of the *Province*, for a report on exercise and diet based on a personal three-month experiment; Dave Finlayson of the Kamloops *Daily Sentinel*, for a five-part series on the instant town of Logan Lake mining community; Sharon Churcher of the *Province*, now of the *Wall Street Journal*, for an article on mobile homes; Bill Graham of the *Prince George Citizen* for a story on a B.C. Fish and Wildlife Branch officer in the north; Vern Giesbrecht of the Alberni Valley *Times* for a series of profiles on candidates in the 1973 federal election.

Eastern Manitoba's community newspaper *The Beaver* is expanding, sprucing up its shop, its market area and adding more staff. Edmund A. Aliverio becomes *The Beaver's* managing editor and Jo Hiller becomes publisher and Ken Frissen, formerly with the *Lance* publications, is the new marketing director. *The Beaver* reaches a 30,000 readership in Eastern Manitoba communities of Beausejour, Pinawa, Lac du Bonnet, East Selkirk, and the Whiteshill.

B.C. publishers, members of the Canadian Community Newspapers Association are learning French - night courses have been under way for months - to prepare for their first meeting in Quebec with the French-language newspaper association in September. Last year, French-speaking publishers held their 41st annual convention in Vancouver. They hope that joint conventions of this sort will result in an appreciation of this complex two-language country.

Walter G. Pitman is the new president of Ryerson Polytechnical Institute and will take up his duties next July. Pitman, 45, now is dean of arts and science at Trent University, was a federal MP from 1960 to 1962 and served as an NDP member of the Ontario Legislature from 1967 to 1971. He was education critic for the NDP in the Legislature and was deputy-leader of the Ontario NDP in 1970-71.

Barry Broadfoot, the West Coast newspaperman whose depression era book *Ten Lost Years* was on the Canadian best-seller list for 35 weeks, has written a follow-up: *Six War Years, 1939-45*. The book, published by Doubleday Canada, deals with the lives of millions of Canadians, at home and abroad, in defense work and in the service in Canada, England and the fighting fronts. The story came out of scores of interviews

(Continued on page 11)

content

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