

content

Canada's National Newsmedia Magazine

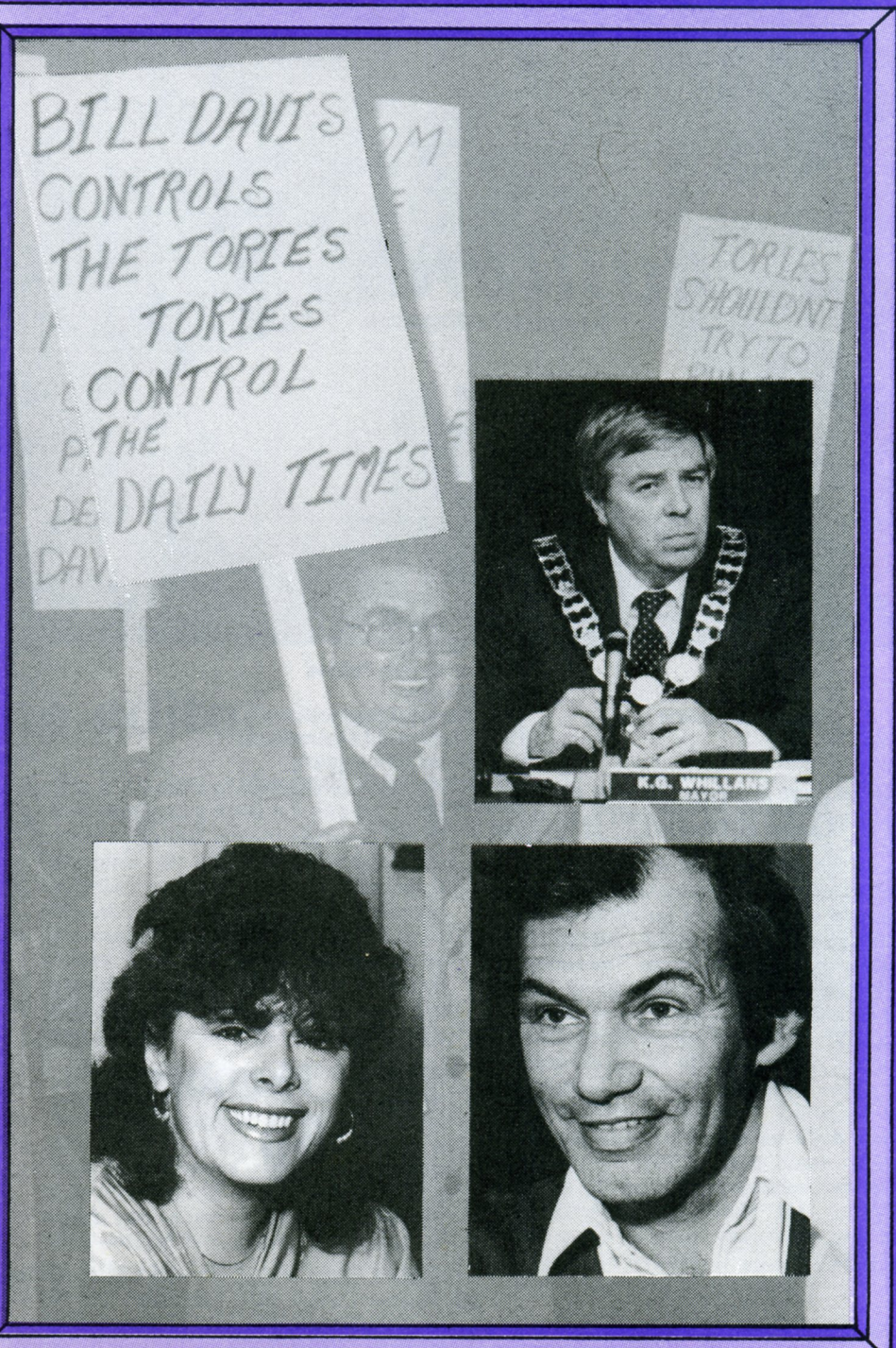
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Canada's Newsmedia Magazine

Second class privileges pending

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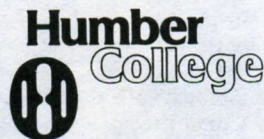
Cover

"Foul and slanted" was what wounded local Tories called the McLeods' work, but in the midst of the storm at the *Brampton Daily Times*, Judi was named winner of the Western Ontario Newspapers' Award for excellence in beat reporting — a first for the paper.

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A note from the editor

Is the proposed National Newspapers Act a mere figment of Jim Fleming's imagination? Or, from the point of view of the Canadian Daily Newspaper Publishers' Association, merely a bad dream brought on by a touch of political indigestion? No one really knows. Fleming, Minister of State for Multiculturalism, charged by Cabinet with responsibility for shepherding the government's response to the Kent Commission through the legislative process, has been teetering for months on the brink of introducing the proposed legislation.

Fleming, a former journalist, can apparently go either of two directions. The

first is the route of tabling and referral to Committee to get the bill into the public realm. "So that interested groups and individuals can crank up their briefs and submissions," as a Fleming aide put it. Would that mean that anyone interested in making a submission could appear before the committee, at government expense? Not likely, says George Brimmell, although there are few guesses as to how long the committee process might take.

Also in doubt is which Parliamentary Committee will have the fun of examining the legislation in detail. Social Development offers one possibility, as does Committee of the Whole, or maybe even Justice and Legal Affairs. All of which add to my growing suspicion that the National Newspapers Act ranks low on the totem pole of the federal government's political priorities.

The second possibility, according to Brimmell, is that the Minister "wait his turn to give the bill first reading."

The current phenomenal birth and

growth rate of voluntary press councils has, says Fleming, nothing to do with the delay. Should voluntary council activity continue so that there is a "viable" council in each geographic area, the government's proposal to establish a National Newspaper Advisory Council could be "severable" from the rest of the legislation. Everything is ready, says Brimmell, except for one pesky legal definition for which the Minister is waiting. "The call could come this afternoon, but," admits Brimmell, "it could also take weeks."

Jim Fleming squirmed a little on the hot seat at a Toronto Press Club media forum last month. And some of the critics of the yet unrevealed National Newspapers Act made the occasion sound like feeding time at the zoo, but it's difficult to rationally discuss a bill for which we wait and wait and...

E.W.P.

Local journalists eaten by politicians — a case history that the Kent Commission didn't see.

**If pressure
is a misnomer,
dissatisfaction
is a euphemism.**

by Dave Silburt

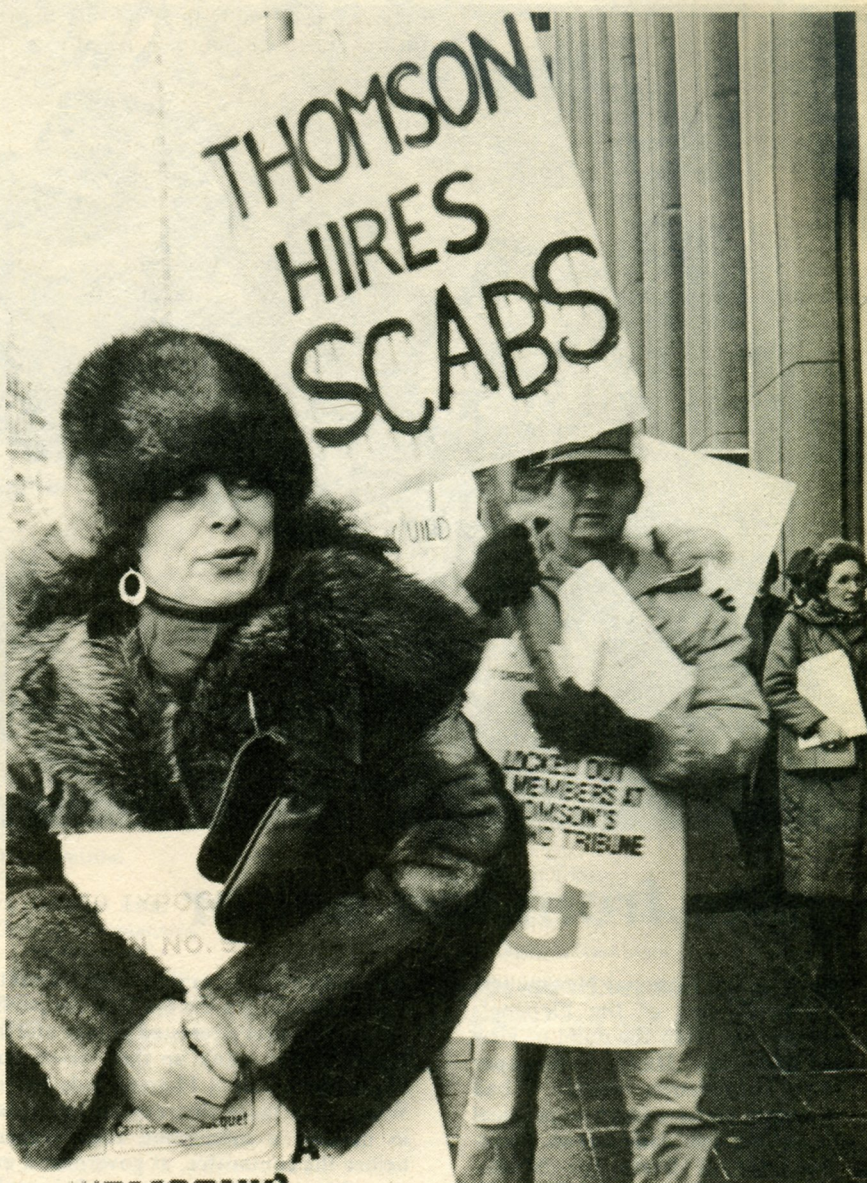
It's a pity that the Kent Commission didn't get to see Judi and John McLeod battle the Brampton establishment and Thomson newspapers. That particular animal act was noting less than the Royal Commission's recommendations distilled down to a case history, with a 72-point headline: "Local journalists eaten by politicians."

Brampton, a northwestern appendage of Toronto, is the home of Ontario Premier William Davis, and as Conservative as a place can get without being crushed by its own moral weight. And when veteran journalist — and *Ottawa Journal* alumnus — John McLeod and his wife, Judi, a veteran reporter of 18 years experience, brought tough journalism to the Thomson-owned *Brampton Daily Times*, they found out something about political cliques: the bigger they are, the harder they hit.

What happened? Briefly, it appears that *Daily Times* managing editor, John, and city hall reporter, Judi, were yanked unceremoniously from their jobs like a vaudeville act getting the hook. Their crime: having tap-danced on local political toes with golf shoes, in their aggressive coverage of municipal politics.

'Foul and slanted' was what wounded local Tories called the McLeod's work, but in the midst of the ensuing firestorm Judi was named winner of the Western Ontario Newspapers' Award for excellence in beat reporting — for the very articles that got her and her husband fired.

The firing of the McLeods on the first day of spring, 1983, was the final shot in a classic confrontation. *Daily Times* publisher Victor Mlodecki, waved off all controversy with bland assertions that his dealings with the McLeods were purely "an internal staffing matter." But accusations that he allowed local power brokers to emasculate his paper, found their way into most major Toronto media, together with two sets of opposed politicians, one bereaved widow, scores of people with picket signs, and a Scot-



tish bagpiper in full Highland regalia — but let's reign this thing in for the moment, because it's running amok.

Let's start from the beginning. Thomson's troubles with the McLeods began in the summer of 1980, when then-publisher Bob Gorman hired John as managing editor of the *Daily Times*. Formerly managing editor of the *Oshawa Times*, where he first met and later married Judi, John had been with the *Ottawa Journal* for ten years and had been a member of its editorial board. During a two-year stint as a consultant to Thomson Newspapers, he had designed

their training program. He was a heavyweight.

His job was formidable. Circulation of the *Daily Times* was, in the words of one observer, "doing a duck-dive." In a town of 155,000 souls, circulation was hovering at about 6,500.

His methods, born of two decades of experience, worked. The paper's circulation peaked at 10,000 during his editorship — and were not challenged until Gorman was replaced by Mlodecki in September, 1981. They were typified by one of his early moves.

When John joined the *Times*, the

paper had a cosy tradition. Each year, Premier Davis would be received as an honored guest. He would tour the building, press the flesh and then be interviewed. To McLeod, this must have seemed an act of establishing dominion over territory, like a tomcat applying his scent to bush — which is exactly what it was. McLeod cancelled it. The decision was typical of his big city style, and went down in small town Brampton like a dose of castor oil.

Shortly after he was hired, John suggested his wife as a candidate for a reporting job. Because of their relationship, her hiring had to be approved by Thomson executive Kerry Lambie. A few months later, she was assigned to city hall, and that's when things began to get interesting.

According to Judi, municipal politicians greeted her with an invitation of dinner and drinks, to "get to know" one another and cement friendships. "I said I was there to cover the beat, and it would be unprofessional," she recalls.

Little wonder the pols wanted to be pals. City politics proved to be characterized by in-camera meetings and even informal meetings in private homes, where city business would be discussed in secret only to have the decisions later fired, as if from a cannon, through open meetings with minimal discussion, and therefore, minimal flak.

As would any good reporter, she found ways to report. Recalls Judi, "If they had a (secret or in-camera) meeting on Monday, they'd read about in in the *Daily Times* on Tuesday."

Needless to say, council didn't like it. When they saw the paper on December 1, 1981, they liked what they read even less — though possibly not less than the public liked it. In a front page story under Judi's byline, the *Times* reported that members of a city council committee, having secretly agreed that they should have a 47 per cent pay hike, would recommend it formally to city council.

"We stormed city council," says local citizen and activist Kathy Dinely, one of the McLeods' vociferous supporters. "They pulled back to 12 per cent."

But getting caught with one's arm 47 per cent up to the elbow in the public cookie jar is embarrassing. Enemies were made.

During the October municipal election, more enemies were made. Hard hitting stories of closed council meetings were accompanied by editorials accusing the famed Tory Big Blue Machine of working to fill council, and the Mayor's office with Conservatives. Admits John, "The *Daily Times* had the effrontery to come out for an anti-establishment candidate for Mayor."

As a result of this "effrontery," an expected 18 per cent voter turnout jumped to 38 per cent, and the anti-establishment candidate, who was ex-

pected to get only five or six kilovotes, scored 17,000 while coming within 3,000 votes of winning.

Yet even while the campaign was in progress, a "kill the *Daily Times*" campaign was also in progress. Alderman Terry Piane wrote a letter to Thomson headquarters, in which she said many recent articles were "causing much anxiety to the families and supporters of the candidates," evidently thinking this an indicator of poor journalism. She also wrote: "This nonsense must be stopped immediately and the McLeods should be run out of town."

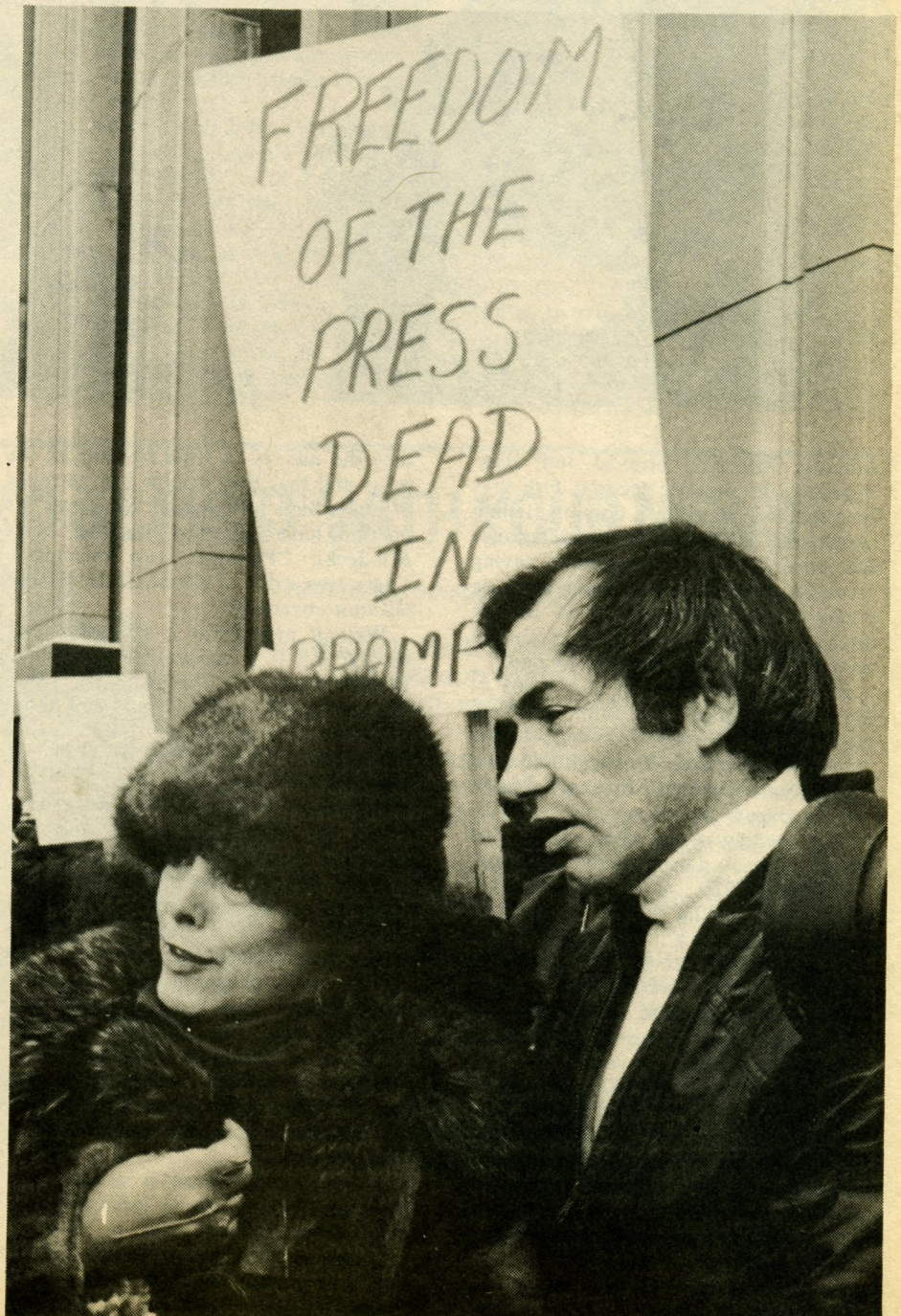
Death threats came by telephone, Judi says. They were not anonymous.

Councillor Peter Robertson filed

notice of intent to sue the McLeods and the *Daily Times* for libel October 27th. The basis of the lawsuit, according to John, was not that the stories written about Robertson were untrue, but that they were written with malice. What the lawsuit was to Robertson himself is a secret, because he's not talking to *content*.

In December, 1982, Mlodecki admitted he was under intense pressure to "do something" about the McLeods, but said he was not moved by pressure. Oh, by the way, he did ask John to remove Judi from her beat, but not because of pressure, he insisted. He refused to supply an alternate reason.

John refused to reassign Judi. In





January, Mlodecki ordered Judi reassigned to the lifestyle section; Judi says he asked her to write a column, telling readers she left the city hall beat, because she found it boring. She refused, saying "it would be an insult to every working journalist." Mlodecki denies having made the request, and says he cannot imagine why Judi would say he had.

In early March, with the sword of Damocles hanging over John, and Judi steadfastly refusing to write vapid "lifestyle" pieces, the McLeods and their supporters — led by the mean-eyed Scottish bagpiper, shivering in the chilly March evening — marched on Premier Davis' home to garner media attention.

On March 21st, Judi filed a story out of city hall, saying the old 47 per cent committee was back in business. John accepted it. Mlodecki killed it and fired them both. The next day, protesters marched on Thomson headquarters in downtown Toronto, joined by striking staff of the *Welland Tribune*, who have an unrelated beef with Thomson Newspapers.

And with that chronology firmly in mind, it's time to go back and see what happened, because this story has more conflicting statements, false trails and strange doings than an Agatha Christie mystery.

Early in the controversy, Brampton city council passed a resolution saying

they did not try to stifle freedom of the press and that they are, in fact, in favor of same. Says Mayor Ken Whillans, "At no time have I exerted pressure." Says Mlodecki, "Pressure is a misnomer. There was a lot of dissatisfaction (with election coverage)."

Well, if pressure is a misnomer, dissatisfaction is a euphemism. Alderman Piane's letter to Thomson HQ, suggesting the McLeods "Should be run out of town," was written on City of Brampton stationery and carried the full weight of Piane's title. Explains Piane: "The letter represented my views and the views of my constituents," and was therefore fair play, even on a city letterhead. This in spite of her claiming the letter did not express the views of council, and was not to be taken as such by Thomson management.

The words of Thomson management came from assistant general manager Kerry Lambie, and echo those of Gayla Johnson, a Brampton citizen, who addressed city council on March 7, saying no, she didn't believe council tried to bully the paper, and no, they couldn't have if they wanted to.

Johnson: "Thomson is a very large company...I don't think influence could come from Council."

Lambie: "The resources that publisher has behind him to deal with political pressure...are considerable." He alludes,

of course, to the Thomson financial might.

Even Bill Davis, cornered by a *CITY-TV* reporter, said in his convoluted way that it was incredible to think a big, tough outfit like Thomson could be pushed around.

Mlodecki, according to Lambie, could not be pushed. "The guy's like a bloody rock," said Lambie. "Hardly a cowardly lion."

What he means is that Mlodecki stood firm while being pressured from both two sides, not one — and he's quite right. One group said the *Times* was knuckling under to political pressure, while the other group — the "who, me?" chorus at city hall, backed by Johnson — urged him to hang tough and said no, city hall is not involved, and if Mlodecki wants to reach over the editor's head to pull a reporter from a beat, we sure don't want to mix in, even if the woman has been pesky.

Offered Johnson, somewhat naively, "It's municipal politics we're talking here, not party politics." Hmmm.

During the election campaign, one Morris Smith, a Davis bagman who helped elect the Mayor of Brampton, joined voices with Peter Robertson of the libel suit, to accuse the paper of bias.

On January 18th, Robertson met Mlodecki and Thomson lawyer, Michael Dooty. He brought along his lawyer, Stewart Gillis, of the law firm Davis (yes,

that Davis) and Webb (Ron Webb, chairman of the local PC riding association). The McLeods, also targets of the lawsuit, were not present. John says he asked to have legal council there, but was refused by Mlodecki.

At the January 18 meeting, Mlodecki was told the firing of the McLeods would short circuit the libel suit. A day later, John was present at a meeting in Kerry Lambie's office, with Lambie, Mlodecki and Dooty. There, John says Lambie gave the order to pull Judi from city hall.

Not true, says Lambie. He gave no orders; Mlodecki did. And what does Mlodecki say of the affair? He says he played only the role of a mediator; staffing problems are normally handled by the department head, in this case, John, but since the 'staff' was his wife, Mlodecki intervened as a referee.

Lambie casts himself the same way, mediating an editor-publisher dispute. "I'm sitting at a meeting (January 19) as a peacemaker. I didn't take notes on what I said." But he is sure he gave no orders, only agreed Judi should be moved.

Going a step further than Mlodecki, Lambie says "internal staffing relationships" were the reason Judi had to be moved, and implied the husband and wife relationship caused problems. (Although off-the-record voices say there was an undercurrent of resentment

toward Judi as a result of her meteoric rise to city hall reporter, the staff support her publicly, though carefully).

According to Mlodecki and Lambie, there was no disagreement between editor and publisher over whether Judi should be moved. "The only area of disagreement was when to do it, to put the

In December, 1982, Mlodecki admitted he was under intense pressure to "do something" about the McLeods, but said he was not moved by pressure.

best public face on it," says Lambie. In other words, to avoid the appearance of bowing to the pressure Mlodecki claimed to be ignoring.

Balderdash, says John. "At the end of the conversation, Lambie said, and he may have prefaced it with 'I think,' Judi had to come off city hall. That was the end of the discussion."

"What Lambie says is the old thing about Thomson not interfering with the operation of its papers. Which is bullshit. I worked out of Thomson head office for two years, and I know the effect of sending a letter saying, very politely, 'I recommend this or that.'"

The entire progression of events, says John, was characterized by a steady encroachment on his editorial turf, by the publisher. First, it was the publisher determining who would cover what beat. Then, it was the publisher interviewing candidates for a reporter's job. What next, wondered John. Ordering sycophantic stories for favored advertisers? News should remain the province of the editor, insists John.

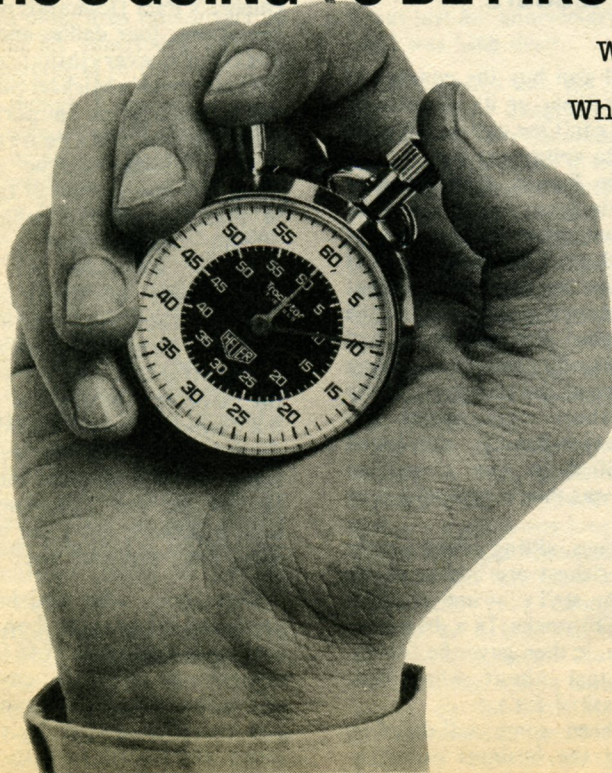
"I was hired, in effect, by Kerry Lambie to take this little rag which was going down the tubes and turn it into a real live newspaper. As soon as I did, I was fired."

It should be noted here that all pro city hall sources in this story accurately described instances of factual errors in *Daily Times* coverage. For example, Frances Niblock, a radio reporter for Brampton's *CKMW*, said her station had to be wary of using the paper as source material. Nevertheless, all the pressure brought to bear against the paper smelled very, very political.

Leo Archdekin, a local Tory, Justice of the Peace, and funeral director, was quoted in *The Globe and Mail* as saying that *Times* coverage was "foul and slanted," and adding, "To me, the McLeods were out to challenge the establishment...and yes, the establishment is Conservative. This is a Conservative

■ continued on page 24

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UNITED
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NEWS &
PICTURES

in which Journeyman Marshall learns about unions, drama and wrestling criticism and bias in writing.

by John Marshall

They were hardrock miners. Big men. And looking bigger in bulky parkas as they blocked the sidewalk door to the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers Union offices where Noranda Mine strike-vote ballots were to be counted.

"No Jones boys in here!" barked one, barring me as he let other newsmen in for the biggest story in the north at the time.

For this groping innocent who had been cloistered in the artificial world of Depression-period schools and the prosperity-generating military for most of his thinking (thinking?) life, it was the genesis of an educational process that I hope comes more quickly to today's neophyte journalists. I was beginning to learn the facts of life about the Canadian newspaper business and its position in society, though it was to be a long time before it was really consciously perceived.

The blunt words of the guard at the door and the rumbles of concurrence from other miners on the crowded sidewalk of the Rouyn street were as cold as the day itself under the plume of smelter smoke from across Lake Osisko. It was late in November, 1946, and it was my first important assignment since I'd moved from the no-conflict routine of Toronto's *Daily Commercial News* just a couple of days before.

Like generations of reporters before and since, I talked fast. (Tough role-playing encounter sessions in journalism schools should be obligatory preparation for such vocal foot work). So okay, I conceded, I worked for Dan Jones at the weekly *Rouyn-Noranda Press* (which was only marginally more anti-union than any other establishment newspaper prior to the rising of the *Toronto Sun* 25 years later). But, I argued, I was just a worker, no different than any miner blasting out gold and copper for the guys in the big houses on the hill over in Noranda. Just doing my job. And did they want to force me into reporting only management's side?

Thirty-six years later in June, 1982, I experienced an ironic reminder of that long ago day. I heard a staffer of my own union, the Newspaper Guild, in effect say to a *Toronto Sun* reporter, "No Creighton-Worthington boys in here." I

was participating in a protest against the layoffs of 50 of Lord Thomson's employees at *The Globe and Mail* while it was still making a profit, and just after the British peer had just increased his newspaper-chain dividends a whopping 15.1 per cent for a total 1982 take for the Thomson family of more than \$30 million. The Guild, like some other unions, was boycotting the *Sun* because of its anti-union stance. I still think the idea is

There had been some self-deluding thinking within the business establishment of this 24-year-old community of about 20,000 that the "real" miners would reject their trouble making union leaders.

self-defeating. I can buy the concept of not buying the paper or its advertisers' products, but I can't see cutting off your nose for news to spite your face.

Back there in Rouyn, this beginning newsman did win the co-operation of the unionists and witnessed the counting of ballots. Like others, I was able to report to the sceptics like my new employer that it had been an honest count and that the union they labelled Communist-led had the solid support of its members against the intransigence of the company. Many of those members were recent immigrants, Soviet-hating displaced persons, identified in our stories as "D.P.s" which was then a non-pejorative term.

(Noranda Mines, sitting complacently on one of the richest ore bodies in the world, broke the strike — and in effect the union — in 10 weeks. In a display of cruel arrogance, it then gave the frozen-out workers just about what they originally had asked for.)

There had been some self-deluding thinking within the business establishment of this 24-year-old community of about 20,000 that the "real" miners

would reject their trouble-making union leaders. It was a view shared by my publisher and editor, Dan Jones, whose black-vested watch-chained girth was always salted by ashes from the cigarette that never left his lips when he labored over his lengthy hand-written editorials. Though I didn't realize it at the time, he was of course shielded from the realities of the world by biases built up from his Kiwanis Club and mine management circles. And the views of this imposing and likable Sydney Greenstreetish patriarch were founded on a commodious foundation of conflicts of interests.

In his mining-town publishing puddle they were as relatively wave-making as those of the *Toronto Telegram's* John Bassett with his Eaton dynasty obligations, political ambitions, private club and sports club accountabilities; or those of New Brunswick's gothic trio, the Irving brothers, with their ownership of most of the province; or those of Quebec's Paul Desmarais with his Gesco operations, four dailies and Power Corporation's everything; or those of Saskatchewan's Michael Sifton with real estate enterprises, airport operations, radio stations, and a desire for more newspapers; though maybe not as tidal-wavish as the conflicts of Lord Thomson of Fleet, the Baptist publisher, realtor, oilman, trucker, tour operator, retail merchant, wholesaler, etc. All these, of course, were revelations for the future. Kenneth Thomson — as he so edits his signature for his Canadian affairs — was, in the 40's, like me, just starting out in the newspaper business in the north. At the *Timmins Press*. Somewhat more successful than I was. He was his father's son — a father who told me in a 1968 interview for the *Telegram*, "Sure I've been a success, but I did it by taking it away from someone else."

Dan Jones, who sold his prosperous paper and job printing shop to a diamond drilling contractor in 1948 (and I became something called a co-editor with editorial writing added to the usual work) had one particular major conflict of interest. He'd come from the Ottawa Valley with the blessings and financial assistance of Noranda Mines. Its principals



John Marshall hard at work on one of his wrestling reviews.

wanted a friendly English print voice in their bailiwick. His printing contracts with them and other area mines were as vital to him as his advertising links to every major enterprise in the district.

Therefore, though I learned a great deal at the *Rouyn-Noranda Press*, it was no place to acquire a background in crusading journalism. Oh, there were moments. Like the time I covered the wrestling matches, very popular events, even advertised in the undertaker's windows. (His irreverent son answered my calls for obituary information with a sepulchre-toned imitation of a radio comic of the day, "Digger O'Dell speaking.") I fearlessly satirized the wrestling by reporting it in the form of a drama review. I found out just how intimidated a skinny young reporter could be when two extremely large and irritated men leaned over his desk with an eminently sound idea that in future their Thespianic athletics might be treated with greater respect.

I was learning the hazards in the business, as when I responded to a woman's suggestion that I write about her 50th wedding anniversary. She and her husband insisted I participate in the celebration that morning — with a

kitchen tumbler filled to the brim with un-iced rye! Cheap rye. And it turned out it was just *her* anniversary. Her first husband was long dead.

Enthusiasms can get a reporter into some genuine dangers. I once followed the firemen into the second storey of the big town hall-police station-jail-fire hall to help salvage municipal records as they fought a furious blaze in the peaked roof above. Soaked when a ceiling collapsed on us, I left to change clothes, the originals immediately freezing in the 25-below wind. Back 15 minutes later, I found no second floor. The flames had been in the walls all around us, having been started by prisoners in the walls of the cells below.

As for so-called investigative journalism — well, there was the time I learned how to backtrack a rumor through a grapevine jungle. It was about a man who had been castrated in a hotel room by the boyfriend of the woman he was with. True enough, there were witnesses attracted by a woman's screams who, before the door was closed on them, had seen a naked man writhing around on the floor, hands clutching at his vulnerables, another man kneeling over him. But, it turned out, the other

man had been trying to help. The man on the floor, preparing for an encounter with a prostitute, had been too eager with a fast-working faucet and had scalded himself seriously by flooding water into and out of the room's tiny wash basin. The story didn't make the paper.

But a wrist-slapping report of how most of the local hotels were breaking liquor laws did get into print. (No, it did not refer to the standard payoffs that were part of the Quebec liquor laws, fish and game laws or public works projects.) However, mild as it was, the report aroused irritated official action. It began with a summons to a press conference by the MLA, who told us we would accompany municipal, provincial and special liquor police on a surprise inspection tour. It was conducted primarily on foot because, with more booze joints than you could shake a swizzle stick at, most were at easy pub-crawl, intervals.

The only thing lacking was an advance trumpeter to announce our arrivals. At one place notorious for its ladies of the evening (and morning, and afternoon) only males were present, grinning at our parade over their Black Horse ales. But lipsticked butts were in every other ashtray, still smoking. I suggested with

great innocence that we check upstairs. We moved on instead.

At the last stop, a respectable night club on the outskirts owned by two prospectors, there was just the right number of lobsters prepared and waiting. On the house, naturally. Even the official party had the abashed grace to be amused by the whole charade.

It was reported tongue in cheek, not lance in hand. The press has always had to learn to accept what has become socially acceptable — like joints at a rock concert or nudes on a Vancouver beach — while always reserving the right to righteously take umbrage.

But what about those free lobsters, and the drinks that accompanied them? Well,

in those days we never considered the possibility that free loading might prejudice our reporting, diminish our credibility. There were no Gerry McAuliffes taking on *Hamilton Spectators* for not identifying glowing travel pieces as being the products of expense-paid junkets. There were no Kenneth Sitters blowing the whistles on the failings of their own *Thunder Bay Chronicle-Journal* employers. No *Content* for that matter, or Davey committee, or Kent commission. There weren't even any of the tame press councils — except in Sweden.

It was routine to get railway passes for vacations or job-change trips. Like politicians, we thought they came with the territory. I beat Trudeau to the punch by

sharing in the borrowing of a luxurious private railway car complete with chef and stocked bar to travel to and from a Canadian Legion convention that just had to be covered. And more than once my catch-all column, Rouanda Ramblings (cute?), complained about those who sought publicity for various events without providing passes.

But what could our readers expect? After all, they could get a year's subscription anywhere in Canada for \$2.50, anywhere in the world for \$3. Canada's newspapers have come cheap, maybe too cheap to develop the kind of critical respect from the community that could have made them into something justifying the unique privileges and profits that have accrued to most of their owners.

I don't recall anyone ever complaining or even making jokes about the movie "reviews" we printed in the *Rouyn-Noranda Press*. They were taken word for word from the studio flack sheets without the source being cited. "Easter Parade" is a grand parade of stars, hit tunes and a skylarking story of two people who dance their way to love.' Honest!

And then there were the gratuitous puff pieces, generally in special advertising sections. Of these we were guilty, though not as often nor to the same extent as are most of today's small-town newspapers, particularly Thomson ones, and some big-towners like the *Toronto Star* and *The Globe and Mail*.

In the big time, the guilt is in those let's-pretend-it's-news in the real estate sections, although it pops up, too, in the *Star's* never-ending trade-show specials, and in the soft-touch approach in the *Globe's* Report on Business advertising forays into various provinces and other lands.

As I'm writing this, I can enjoy, if not justification for our dreadful weekly-paper journalism of the 40's, the comfort of "good" company. The *Globe* puts out "Homes" labelled as a "special advertising supplement." There is nothing to indicate to the casual reader sliding from the editorial or comic pages into this part of the paper that the "editorial" content between the display ads is part of the advertising. And the first two issues this year contained a two-part cartoon-strip-accompanied feature on rent controls. One beautifully objective head said, "Sometimes unfair to tenants, landlords."

Then, like something out of Cuba's daily, *Gramma* (though not so brightly laid out), came the propaganda, in reverse naturally. It was the most outrageously manipulative pretense at objective journalism since the *Toronto Star* used a three-sentence press release to announce its owner's takeover of the main

Would your newspaper use this picture to describe what a labour union is doing?



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- Getting a fair wage and decent fringe benefits to protect you and your family in times of illness and need;
- People helping other people, regardless of race, creed or colour, and . . .
- A union is an organization made up of people much like yourself, who coach hockey and baseball, help senior citizens, belong to ratepayers organizations and so on . . .

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PS: Next time you're stuck for a story idea, why not find out what the local unions in your community are really up to!

■ continued on page 26

by Stephen Ostick

It was an October morning in Aurora. The fire department trucks arrived at the house within minutes, but smoke was already pouring from the windows. Two firemen entered the blazing home and made their way upstairs into the main bedroom where they found a terrified woman cowering under the bedsheets, literally too scared to move. They had to physically drag her from the house. Had they not acted so instinctively and bravely, the woman would almost certainly have perished.

What a great front-page story for the *Aurora Banner*! One can imagine the quotes of the heroes, humble and somewhat puzzled by all the fuss. The color picture of the blaze on the front page, the headline of the "Daring Rescue," and the mayor saying the fire department is one of which all Aurora's citizen should be proud.

The only drawback was that the fire broke out on a Wednesday, the day the weekly *Aurora Banner* hits the street. So the urgency would be lost. But on the other hand, the staff had six days in which to work up a great story.

Seven days later, the *Banner* came out. Did the picture grab you? Was the headline a hit?

No, to both questions; in fact, the story was not in the paper at all.

The *Banner* staff wasn't really to blame. You see, there are only two news reporters working at the *Aurora Banner* now, and they can't be everywhere at once. With three weeks remaining until the municipal elections, there were stories to be written concerning the candidates. In short, these two harried reporters were probably too busy to even hear the sirens.

It wasn't always like this; it wasn't like this until January, 1981 when Metrospan (owned by Torstar), owners of the *Aurora Banner*, bought out Inland Publishing, owners of the *Newmarket Era*. Suddenly Metroland — as the merged company was called — owned two competing newspapers. So, in the corporate interest, the papers were consolidated; they virtually became one.

Aurora is my home town. I moved there when I was too young to go to school, and the town had a population of about 3,000. I remember reading my

name in the *Banner* for winning second prize in a Hallowe'en contest in grade six. I guess that's also when I became aware of that other town to the north about two miles, that scourage on all that was good, that place of ill-repute known as Newmarket. Don't ask me why I felt that way — I just did; we all did. When we played against them in hockey or

One can only hope for the day when citizens of a village, town or city will read a paper for the superior quality of its composition and presentation, not because it's the only one in town.

football, winning was a matter of decency rather than pride. The only acceptable excuse for a trip to Newmarket was seeing a movie — they had a theatre; we didn't, darn it.

As I grew older, I saw this rivalry in a different light.

I saw pride, pride in our town and its people, pride in our newspaper.

The *Aurora Banner* was Aurora's. We neither expected nor wanted to read Newmarket in our paper. The competition was fierce. Miss a daring rescue from a fire in Aurora? Are you kidding? Let the *Era* get the story first? God forbid!

The result was a good paper, in fact two good papers. Every year each would proudly announce the awards won for excellence.

Competition.

Who had the better quality photographs?

Better editorial copy and cartoonists?

Better pictures and copy of the Aurora Tigers vs. Newmarket Flyers hockey game?

Competition...

The *Banner* had a Newmarket edition, trying to beat the *Era* at its own game, and the *Era* accordingly had an Aurora edition. With the takeover and merger in February 1981, several things happened: the typesetting and composing for both papers moved to Newmarket; *Banner*

reporting staff shrank from eight to two; out-of-town editions stopped; advertising became common to both papers — rates jumped. (A classified ad costing \$7.50 per column inch was about \$6.30 before the merger.) Newmarket ads became more prevalent in the *Aurora Banner*; the advertising/editorial ratio climbed to 70/30. This had been gradually increasing since 1965 when the ratio had been about 50/50.

Costs were reduced; revenue was increased. As Ray Padley, who was until August 1982 director of advertising for five Metroland papers including the *Banner* and *Era*, says: "The papers were streamlined to give a better return on investment. Speaking as an outsider, I'd say that has been achieved. If there was no return, there'd be no paper now."


Successful? An exercise in cost cutting and the bottom line that, God help us, would serve as a fine example to other

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members of the Metroland "family."

So what's the big deal? Why all the fuss? Why do I, as a 25-year-old Aurora citizen who cares about his local paper, feel cheated?

I skim through the *Banner* and I see Aurora news, but the house-fire rescue again comes to mind. What else has been missed?

I turn to the masthead: eight advertising staff, two reporting staff.

I find the community news section dominated by three full pages of prepaid advertising and accompanying columns, which are neither labelled as advertising, nor written by anyone on the local staff. They all attribute their information to various automotive information agencies.

I suggested to *Banner* news editor John Cole that it might've been good community relations to have Aurora's gas station operators contribute to pages such as these. He conceded that my idea was a good one but then he hedged, and explained that these "lost pages are sold complete, and I can't really change them."

Cole worked for the *Newmarket Era* from 1973 to 1976, and remembers the friendly rivalry.

"Now, it's like going out with your sister," he said. "You try to help the other guy."

Cole told me that he'd work to establish and maintain close ties between the community and the *Banner*. He said he's prepared to stay, and wants to stay in Aurora.

In May of this year, former *Banner* editor Ron Wallace was transferred, despite his objections, to another Metroland paper, the *Etobicoke Guardian*.

I asked Cole why he thought he'd be victorious in fighting a transfer order,

when five months earlier Wallace had been unsuccessful.

"There are ways," he said. But he conceded that major changes are management's decisions.

These bottom-line decisions are for the good of the corporation, certainly not for the good of the *Banner*, and definitely not for the good of the citizens of Aurora.

For instance, Cole has lived in Aurora for three months. *Banner* sports editor Steve Buffery has lived in Aurora for four months. They may live in Aurora, but they weren't raised here; they

I turn to the masthead: eight advertising staff, two reporting staff.

couldn't know the town's history, the inconsistencies and sensitivities of its population. These intangibles lie beyond the realm of good reporting.

To ensure that I wasn't succumbing to "the good old days" syndrome, I surveyed Aurora residents — of varied ages — who had lived here 15 years or more. They were all familiar with the *Banner* and had read it regularly since moving here.

The responses are alarming in their unanimity.

We agree that competition between the *Banner* and *Era* is gone, and we miss it. With it went the color, the concern, the sense it was "our paper." We agree and regret that the *Banner* is no longer uniquely Aurora's.

We (including *Banner* editor Cole) agree that from the reader's point of view, the quality of the *Aurora Banner* has substantially decreased in the last 15 years, and that this is largely due to the steadily decreasing competition between the two papers. The hunger to produce "a

better paper than those guys in Newmarket" is gone.

In the area from Oshawa to Hamilton, and from Lake Ontario to Newmarket, Metroland owns 17 community newspapers with a total circulation of 478,800.

I'm apprehensive at the number of these people who may have similar sentiments to those expressed by these readers of the *Aurora-Newmarket Banner-Era*.

Perhaps there is some room for optimism, although apparently not in the hope that change may come from within the Metroland conglomerate.

In Unionville and Stouffville, two small towns near Aurora on the northern fringe of suburban Toronto, competition for the Metroland papers has emerged.

The Markham-Unionville Times and the *Stouffville Sun* are independent papers that are trying to survive despite Metroland's undercutting of their advertising rates, attempting to squeeze them out of the market.

Time will tell, I suppose, but it's inspiring to see community-minded individuals taking on "the big guys", certainly not for the financial gain — should they survive the retaliatory moves of the chain — but rather in the interests of serving the community and its needs.

Aurora's situation is not unique.

One can only hope that we can reach the day when citizens of a village, town or city will read a paper for the superior quality of its composition and presentation, not because it's the only one in town.

Stephen Ostick is a journalism student at Ryerson Polytechnical Institute in Toronto, and has lived in Aurora for the past 25 years.

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Some implications of the new desperanto

by Christina Spencer and Gerard H. Hoffman

A few years ago, a cartoon in an American magazine showed two doctors in an operating room. Said one to the other: "Living-wise how is the patient doing?" Such wild and uncontrolled changes in speech have produced the New Desperanto. That muddy and ugly language leads to disordered thought which, in turn, has far reaching political consequences; Orwell foresaw them well.

Before dealing with the strictly political aspects of the matter, let us look at a few examples of how the New Desperanto has pervaded some other aspects of culture and life.

Here are educational psychologists "communicating" with each other:

"After identifying several correlation changes incorporated in successive iterations of an demonstration which would adaptively evaluate when a particular technological strategy will be most efficacious under what circumstances..."

Such verbal obscurantism goes further than mere ambiguity. What the psychologists cannot clearly state, they cannot possibly know. The double link between thought and language is obvious: woolly thought gives rise to senseless language and impairs the ability to think straight. "An effect can become a cause," remarked George Orwell.

The New Desperanto has other traits. Apart from ambiguities and sheer gobbledegook, bureaucrats have spawned such monstrosities as "agroamenity units" (i. e. farms). Economists believe that "revenue enhancement" will be less burdensome than tax increases. Employers no longer fire employees but "eliminate redundancies in the human resource area". The medical profession has decided that "occasional irregularity" is less troublesome than constipation. Doctors no longer botch operations: patients are simply "lost on the operating table". The old fashioned car mechanic has been promoted to "automotive internist". That there is no better device for solving problems than to alter their names can be seen when grandma no longer dyes her hair but merely "tints" or "rinses" it. Dying is out, "terminal living" is in. Lies have given way to "inoperative statements".

Airlines accept no blame for overbooking — they merely engage in "space planning". Pupils do not labor at school desks but proudly take up positions at "learning stations". One does not go to a restaurant to eat, but to be blessed with a "dining experience". War has been suppressed by "hostility" and "protective reaction strikes" have made bombings less fearsome. Nor do soldiers have to retreat now that they can be "tactically redeployed". Overthrowing somebody else's government is "out"; "destabilizing" it is "in".

The corruption and abuse of language is the cornerstone of every totalitarian

The corruption and abuse of language is the cornerstone of every totalitarian ideology. "Liquidating undesirable elements" was the Bolshevik euphemism for killing non-Communists.

ideology. "Liquidating undesirable elements" was the Bolshevik euphemism for killing non-Communists. Today, political dissidents in the USSR are "only" put away as "mental cases".

The Nazis never referred openly to the extermination of the Jews. Instead, the "Final Solution" became the code for the murder of six million Jews. Two lines of a little-known limerick express the idea: "Let your morals be loose as an alderman's vest — as long as the language you use is obscure.

By the use of elastic words and euphemisms the grisliest atrocities can be elevated into almost benevolent programs. Stephen Tonsor remarked that the destruction of nuance is a regular feature of totalitarianism. Emotionally loaded phrases such as "the people demand", "the toiling masses plead", etc., enable various demagogues to convince gullible folk that such lofty aims are worthy of support. On the rare occasions that evil deeds are admitted, albeit in a roundabout way, people are then left with the impression that such acts may

have been justified after all. Unfortunately, the same phenomenon has befallen Western politics. In an anthology of fine essays on Watergate, the National Council of Teachers of English (Illinois) showed how the decay of language helped corrupt public officials and mislead a nation. If one of the Watergate actors did nothing more than pay "increments...in the form of currency", how could he be guilty of illegal or immoral conduct? After all, respectable economists study currency and nimble statisticians manipulate increments. This phoney language enabled Nixon to raise political tricks to a new pitch of excellence. And the New Desperanto almost succeeded in making America mad and bad.

But Watergate was not the end. When President Carter called the Vietnam War a "racist war", he supplied a typical example of how the Left manipulates language. When President Reagan (who believes that "trees cause most air pollution") says that the USA is a friend of both Argentina and Britain, he uses verbal aggression of the Right. Having equated an old parliamentary-style democracy with a bunch of neo-Nazi thugs, he implies that the latter are really on the side of the angels. Even Galtieri is "amazed" at Reagan's acrobatics.

When former Secretary of State Haig observed that both his country and Argentina believe in God, he implied that the early support for a regime where thousands have vanished without trace was justified. Belief in the same God washes away all sins. No wonder that even the Argentinians viewed him as a "clown". If the Watergate brigade dreaded being understood, Messrs. Carter, Reagan and Haig did not wish to be too clearly understood either.

Armed with such technical jargon as "parameters", "inputs", "outputs" and "programming", our power-drunk politicians are able to un-aesthetize our minds by creating the myth of "expertise" and omnipotence. We mistake their duplicity and cunning for experience and intelligence. Many of their policies and so-called solutions are camouflaged in mechanistic terms so that the problems can be made to look more complex than

they actually are. At the same time, every effort is made to provide us with lively circuses. As Kierkegaard already knew a century and a half ago, people can be "tranquilized...with the trivial."

The constant use of clichés has turned people into intellectual dwarfs. They no longer think own thoughts but regurgitate the asinine formulae and prefabricated inanities of those aiming for control of their lives. Ignazio Silone was right to observe that "many violations of freedom have been sanctioned by universal suffrage."

It is often held that public opinion is everybody's own idea multiplied by "x" and then averaged to mirror "the true pulse of the nation." Unfortunately, public opinion is highly imitative. Man's passion for authority and mental contagion were beautifully described in Freud's *Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego*. Fenichel later referred to the same idea as the "longing to be hypnotized". We surrender our independent judgments, lapsing into intellectual lethargy and docile acceptance of advertising jargon and propaganda slogans. The manipulating phrases and buzzwords of so-called opinion leaders and opinion-makers set the tone.

Take the words "racist" and "minority rights". No one wants to be suspected of being in favor of "discrimination". By repeating such clichés, people try to ingratiate themselves with chic leaders movements, regardless of whether they really believe in the political package-deals for which the words are the shorthand. We surrender our own character when we parrot ready-made phrases and the unexamined assumptions for which they are symbols.

Of course, all citizen should have the same rights. But when pressure is

brought to bear on people to give special protection and eventually even privileges to those of an "alternate (sic) lifestyle", the problems created by these buzzwords become obvious. If an employer rejects a Ruritanian for a job because he is unqualified, the cry is immediately raised that the man's "human rights" are being violated. To avoid even the faintest suspicion of discriminatory practice, as many unsuitable people as possible have

The words are the main carriers of meaning, it is people who determine what words mean. A communicator relies on the context in which words are used. Even when careful speakers utter a sentence the quest for meaning is never easy.

to be hired by employers. The presumption of innocence no longer applies to them.

We all know that totalitarian regimes cannot exist without control over the mass-media. But even in societies such as ours the ruling cliques constantly manipulate information. The old practice of merely prohibiting unpopular or critical views has given way to using the media as instruments of mind-control and "conditioning". And the New Desperanto helps politicians of all stripes to obfuscate language. People become so bored and befuddled that they no longer keep their wits about them. Universal education in the West and the "wiping out of illiteracy" in Third World and Communist countries are not incompatible with credulity and blind followership.

Lest people wishing to take up arms against the New Desperanto might worry about slips of grammar, they must be reassured. The New Desperanto cannot be attacked through purist rules in grammar or the scrapping of all "foreign" roots. Errors in grammar cause far less confusion than the counterfeit verbosity and muddy language. What is needed, therefore, is an appreciation that one level of language is not as clear or pleasant as another, and that the "fingerprints" or special "auras" of individual words should not be corrupted. The task is not easy.

Though words are the main carriers of meaning, it is people who determine what words mean. A communicator relies on the context in which words are used. Even when careful speakers utter a sentence, the quest for meaning is never easy. For example: "democracy is the best form of government" conveys little, unless we are told what the speaker understands by the quasi-magical word "democracy". The manner of saying something, and even the whole circumstance of utterance are crucial to understanding. Because of the penumbra of uncertainty, even normal language, written or verbal, presents us with plenty of room for ambiguity and vagueness. Worse still, today's difficulty is not so much that a word rarely means the same thing twice but that many words of the New Desperanto no longer mean anything at all.

The difficulty of using such concepts (e.g. "democracy") at the best of times is one reason why politicians and other baffle-gabbers can get away with language brutality and obscurity.

When Winston Churchill won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1953, the *New York Times* commented that: "words well chosen, uttered at the right time, bravely spoken, are the most powerful things in the world. They are powerful because they appeal to the hearts of men. They can drive men to madness, as Hitler's words did. They may inspire them to acts of utter heroism and self-sacrifice, as Churchill's did."

Could the verbal horrors of military bard Haig inspire us to heroism? Can the New Desperanto's palliatives and euphemisms appeal to the hearts of men? Are the horrible metaphors and fashionable pomposities the most powerful things in the world?

Plato spoke of the *Tyrannopoioi* or tyrant-makers, demagogues who stirred up youth's violent passions. He saw a "tyrannic" generation as one that caused political disorder prior to a *coup d'etat*.

Today, disorder of the mind again threatens to pave the way for the authoritarian nightmare which Orwell foresaw so clearly.

Christina Spencer is a staff writer for the Ottawa Citizen. Dr. Gerard Hoffman has recently retired from academic life.

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by Richard Phinney

The grad lounge at the University of Western Ontario is conveniently located — for some students.

It's just two floors below the Journalism School, with its bright yellow walls emblazoned with embarrassing quotes from famous writers. "A journalist is the noblest work of God," Rudyard Kipling is accused of saying, and every afternoon at least a few students — inspired by the legends of great, drunken reporters of yesterday — do their best to prove that God was an alcoholic.

But law students aren't allowed in the grad lounge, a matter of some satisfaction among incipient newshounds. In fact, the law school is at the opposite end of the Western campus, and its hallways, needless to say, aren't painted in bright yellow. Not surprisingly, the students of law and journalism rarely mix at Western — as one group is groomed to take a place in the establishment, the other is being trained to make sure the establishment is held accountable.

Yet there is a link between the two schools — a 43-year-old, jean-clad link, who sports a wild beard and is a graduate of the Royal Military College in Kingston, the law school at the University of Toronto and a dingy jail cell in Kenya.

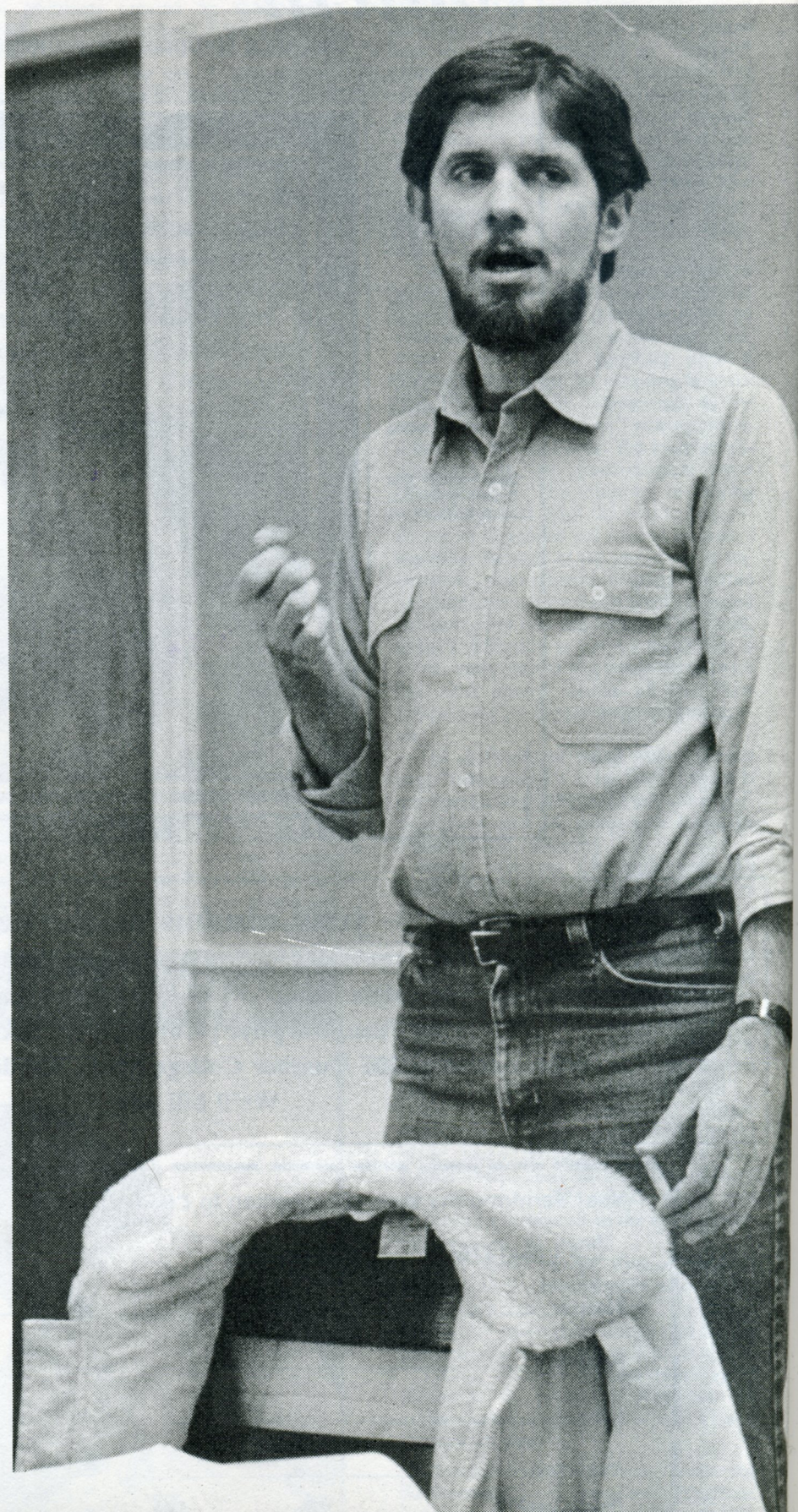
This bundle of contradictions is Rob Martin, and though he has never worked in a newsroom he is fast becoming one of the most important teaching forces in Canadian journalism. Martin is the only professor in the country jointly appointed by a law school and a journalism school. But more importantly, he organizes and helps teach Western's Short Course in Law for Journalists. For two weeks each June professional reporters, editors and freelancers are cooped up in a university residence and given 1,100 pages of finely printed legal jargon to digest, discuss and understand.

Miraculously, the overwhelming majority think it's *fun*.

"I honestly think it's a superb course," says Barrie Zwicker, freelance broadcaster and writer, who attended in 1982.

"And it was ridiculous it was such a good time. We stayed up so late, burned the candle at both ends and drank incredible amounts of various alcoholic drinks."

One reason Martin's course is important is that while specialists in fields such as politics, business, education, labor and religion are now common in Canadian newsrooms, most legal stories are still covered by reporters with absolutely no training in law. Too often the distance



between journalism and the legal profession — so evident on the Western campus — never closes.

“One of the biggest problems a reporter faces is going into a court cold,” says Beverley Spencer of the *Halifax Chronicle-Herald*, who also took the course last summer. “We’ve had cases where reporters — and it’s not that they’re bright, intelligent and capable — go down (to the courthouse) and get into hot water because they just don’t know (the rules).”

Talking to Martin in his office, one begins to understand why he is uniquely suited to the role of demystifying the legal game. Articulate and calm, Martin speaks in long organized paragraphs, rarely changing pitch or volume, and rarely exaggerating. If the law books on his office shelves could talk, this is how they would sound.

But up above the law books is a poster that predicts “Namibia Will Win,” and on the door, stickers say “no” to wage controls and “oui” to Quebec independence. And before long Martin’s monotone is generating provocative and highly critical comments about both the Canadian judiciary and media.

“Lawyers don’t speak English,” he says. “It looks like English, but anyone who has anything to do with it knows it isn’t English. And one of the things we try to do is persuade journalists that law is not magic. So we force the people in the course to read tons of material written in this legal jibberish.

“What happens is that while people spend hours sweating over it they discover that when they apply themselves they can master it. They discover it is intelligible.”

When Martin devised the course six years ago it was three weeks long, with a week each devoted to a general introduction to the legal system, a study of criminal law and a study of media law.

“It was nice from an organizational point of view, but we had some problems attracting people,” Martin remembers. “I think a lot of middle level managers in the media were reluctant to let people go. I’ve noticed a change since we began this course...but still don’t think it’s generally accepted that a necessary and integral part of the job of a working journalist is to take part in continuing professional education.”

After seeing enrolment drop to only 10 the third year the course was offered, Martin cut it to two weeks but maintained the content. The strategy worked.

“After three years the word was starting to get around that, if I may say so, this was a hell of a good course, and in the fourth year we had 17 people and last year we had 22 people and turned a number of people away.”

The vast majority of “students” who take the course have their tuition (\$450 — which includes a dormitory room and

dormitory food) paid for by their employers. Classes are held from 9 to 5 six days a week beside a large coffee pot in the faculty lounge. The teaching chores are shared by Martin, who does media law, and two other law professors from Western. And the discussions don’t stop when the sun goes down — only the beverages change.

“It was less formal than I expected,” recalls Spencer. “We sat around the table and discussed the issues without being talked at all the time. And afterwards everyone got together...We worked hard and we partied hard.”

Martin says he consciously promotes the social aspect of the course and that “what happens is that people go flat out for two weeks. But everybody survives and I’m always astounded by the fact that everybody does the reading and everybody does the work. It’s amazing how much work they do in two weeks.”

It is permissible to be critical about the way the system works.

“Just when he was supposed to be teaching classes at Western, we find out he’s in the clink in Africa.”

The course was created, Martin says, in response to “some remarks Chief Justice Laskin made at the annual dinner of The Canadian Press in 1977 where he was very critical about the reporting of legal matters in this country. We at the Faculty of Law and at the School of Journalism here thought we had a responsibility to do something about this.”

And after five years Martin sees signs that the course is having an impact.

“I was very pleased in August to see articles in the *Ottawa Citizen* and in the *Toronto Star* by reporters reviewing decisions made by lower courts regarding the Charter of Rights, and speculating on the effects of the Charter.

“The people who wrote those articles (Jane Taber and David Vienneau) took the course two months previously, and they were very well done, well-informed pieces of writing.”

Most editors don’t expect their city hall reporters to be legal experts, but Florence Sicoli, who covers municipal politics in Hamilton, says “the approach I took to convince the *Spectator* to send me to the course was that the scope was so large. There are enough by-laws to make it worthwhile.”

Sicoli says a good example was a recent Ontario Supreme Court case she covered on a by-law restricting the sale of pornographic magazines: “Not only did I

take down information, I was able to address myself to the legal principles of the two lawyers."

Barrie Zwicker, who syndicates a commentary on the media to 23 radio stations across the Canada, says one of his hardest hitting segments arose directly out of Martin's course. When a Manitoba judge said he was going to ignore a ruling by the Ontario Supreme Court that the press should be allowed in juvenile courts, Zwicker took him to task.

"I immediately knew from the course that a judgment of the Supreme Court in any province is considered a precedent in any other province," he says. "In my commentary — and I think I used phrases 'out to lunch' and 'totally wrong' — I said everyone in Manitoba should give (the judge) hell.

"The thing was, I knew I could do it. I was on firm ground and better able to be courageous."

Martin says strong positions like Zwicker's are taken far too rarely in Canada: "I think many reporters in this country are very reluctant and often fearful to say things that they know to be true about judges. Most Canadian judges write judgments, for example, that aren't literary gems — they're often unintelligible. A lot of judges are very oppressive in court; they're rude to witnesses and overbearing and often downright insulting. Reporters will talk about it in a bar, but you never see it in print."

"We try to get across to journalists taking the course that it is permissible to be critical about the way the system works.

Martin's non-conformist attitude seems unusual coming from an RMC graduate, and he attributes his flirtation with the army to a desire to emulate his father. "But it occurred to me one day that when I was 40 years old I didn't want to be worrying about whether people's boots were properly shined." So it was off to law school in Toronto, where once again Martin found that a conventional career held no appeal for him.

"My third year of law school was 1967, a strange period in our cultural history, I was overwhelmed by this desire to get out of North America," he remembers.

Martin made his escape by joining CUSO, which sent him to Africa to teach law. He spent most of the next seven years there, and published a book on the Tanzanian judicial system. When he finally decided to return to Canada ("Only Luck Can Save Tanzania" reads a sign in his office) it just happened that Western was looking for a special kind of law professor. And while Martin had precious little grounding in media law, he did have plenty of unorthodox views.

"The Dean of Law at the time had as

his standard or slogan for running the law school: 'Balance and Diversity,'" Martin says. "I think I was the diversity."

Andy MacFarlane, then Dean of the Journalism School, was also in on the appointment process and says that while Martin's radicalism was considered a plus, it also threatened to scuttle the appointment even before it began.

"You see, just when he was supposed to be teaching classes at Western, we find out he's in the clink in Africa," he recalls.

In Kenya to be exact. Martin, who had returned to Africa after winning the Western job, was charged with inciting a riot at a university.

"I wouldn't say I was entirely blameless," he says wryly. "Initially I was quite frightened because the police felt I was responsible for all of this. Some of the more indelicate ones started beating me with sticks and clubs and I

Judges don't like reading in law journals that their judgments sucked, that they're badly written, illogical or mistaken.

really thought they were going to kill me."

However, thanks to some plea bargaining and a bit of international media attention, Martin was released, battered but alive, a couple of weeks later.

If Western's pretty campus seemed a paradise in comparison, Martin still had to scramble as he attempted to learn about and teach media law at the same time. Like most lawyers, Martin had received virtually no media law training in law school, and he says journalists are the ones who suffer from this oversight.

"One of the standard things one hears during the course is that lawyers tend to give advice that is too cautious. You see, lawyers are told right from the outset that the greatest service you can render your client is to keep him out of court, which I think makes sense except when you're dealing with media clients."

"The cautious legal advice is to say don't publish it. But what a news editor or publisher wants to hear is how can we get this in, not that we should keep it out."

In just seven years at Western, Martin has become one of Canada's leading experts on media law, but his most important function may be in equipping the people whose job it is to explain the legal system to television viewers, radio listeners and newspaper readers across the country.

"I'd rate him as highly as I could," says MacFarlane, who has returned to

Western after a leave of absence. "In all my travels around the world in this business he's one of the guys I have the greatest respect for."

"And what the hell, I like him too."

Echoing many other journalists who have taken the two-week law course, Barrie Zwicker says he found Martin "a marvelous teacher. He's knowledgeable, articulate and he has ideas of his own. But he doesn't shove them down your throat. He's the very soul of a democratic teacher."

If journalists can relate to Martin, it's probably because the feeling is mutual. Martin who says he spends "far more time" with journalists than lawyers, writes magazine and newspaper commentaries and is an active member of the Centre for Investigative Journalism. However, he believes that in some cases the mass media is not always the best place for him to make his point.

"Judges don't like reading in law journals that their judgments sucked, that they're badly written, illogical or mistaken. They take that seriously because that's really hitting them where they live. Those are their professional peers."

Martin has just finished an academic paper on everybody's favorite legal topic — the new Constitution. He says there's "a kind of free-for-all going on in the lower courts right now. But what happens in these individual cases doesn't matter a hell of a lot, what matters is how the Supreme Court of Canada interprets the Charter (of Rights).

"And in my opinion what we will discover is that the Charter is not going to mean a major transformation in our legal system."

Toronto lawyer Morris Manning (author of *Rights, Freedoms and Courts* to be published this spring) doesn't entirely agree. "The Supreme Court is composed of people that are more realistic about Canadian society than people think they are. I have a lot more optimism than most of my colleagues. I don't fear that they will follow the pattern of what happened to the (Diefenbaker) Bill of Rights. They'll be cautious, but they won't be ultra conservative. At the moment, the courts are trying desperately to get a handle on this. Canadian courts are not used to being the final arbitrator."

But regardless of its eventual impact, the new Charter will generate countless news stories in the coming years, and this summer the Constitution will be a major subject of discussion during the course for professional journalists. Martin, for one, can hardly wait.

"For me, it's the highlight of the academic year. Quite seriously, I just love that course — it's always a hell of a lot of fun."

The annual conference of the Centre for Investigative Journalism.

by Gord McIntosh

Just like spawning salmon, Canada's investigative journalists (and those who would like to be) find their way to a major city at the end of every winter for three days of navel gazing, drinking and hand-wringing about the state of journalism.

This year's version of the Centre for Investigative Journalism's annual conference didn't deviate much from what's become a yearly rite over the past five years. All of them have been held in Montreal, with the exception of 1982, and will continue to be after what many consider was an ill-fated venue in Toronto.

There were plenty of how-it-was-done and how-to sessions for the 500 delegates to attend, Big Bylines wandering about to be fawned over and, of course, the CIJ's great concern for the issues. That was reflected in everything from the approved by committee selections at the convention bookstore to the acid rain films shown to the tiny, captive audience in the day care centre.

But there was a self-serving twist to this year's convention. Many CIJ members, in past years preoccupied with how to make the most of opportunities for investigative journalism, turned their attention to the dwindling number of jobs available in the industry.

In past years, news executives brave enough to face the CIJ hordes were often forced to defend themselves against charges they weren't encouraging investigative work for journalists. This year they were castigated for not employing enough of them.

The theme of this year's conference was Hard News: Hard Times, and there wasn't any doubt about it. Freelance writer Anne Pappert bluntly told Patrick O'Callaghan, publisher of the *Calgary Herald*, there were a lot of unemployed journalists sitting in his midst, and asked what he was planning to do about it.

La Press publisher Roger Landry, under attack for laying off four editorial employees, urged the angry crowd to have some sympathy for the 100 employees from other departments his newspaper fired. *The Globe and Mail* was attacked several times for being "Thomsonized" into a big Guelph Mercury. Convention delegates were informed that the committee responsible for selecting outstanding work for the an-

nual *CIJ Review* could not find one worthy piece from *The Globe* in the past year.

The keynote session at the opening was a three-hour affair at which O'Callaghan was the roaste on the economic state of newspapers. The closing session was an equally drawn out affair on the *CBC* and its continuing budget crisis. Bill Morgan, director of English language *CBC* television news and public affairs, was on

"Don't turn your nose up at the economics of the news business. When the boss says there's no money, you should know enough about the business to argue with him."

the hot seat for this one. Colleague Pierre O'Neill, director of French language radio and television news, ducked out. A letter read to the convention explained that O'Neill wanted to avoid an open debate on the network's news and public affairs policies and operations with Radio Canada employees in the room.

And while the convention opened and closed on a note of gloom, there was plenty in between as the walking wounded from various newsroom cuts around the country wandered about the hotel asking people if they knew of any openings.

A particularly sad case was that of a 12-year veteran whose work had appeared in last year's *CIJ Review* and was generally regarded by peers as a comer. He wasn't working this year after being cut by a Southam paper.

At the newspaper session, Nick Fillmore, former publisher of *The Fourth Estate*, the late Halifax alternative weekly, and now a producer at *CBC-Radio's* "Sunday Morning," accused the publishers of conducting a phoney recession of their own.

Newspaper chains, he charged, still managed to make healthy profits despite a recession that crippled many other industries, and the wave of newsroom cuts that swept the country was an over-reaction.

But Fillmore turned his sights on journalists themselves, who, he said, should learn more about where their pay cheques come from and how to haggle with

their employers to get assignment expenses approved.

"Don't turn your nose up at the economics of the news business. When the boss says there's no money, you should know enough about the business to argue with him."

There's a big difference between what the boss means when he says there's no money and what a journalist might mean by no money.

O'Callaghan, also president of the Canadian Daily Newspaper Publishers Association, replied to all of this by reflecting on his days as a cub reporter in Yorkshire, England, making 33 shillings a week and blowing his own newspaper's horn.

O'Callaghan said that although the *Calgary Herald* lost more advertising lineage last year than any other Canadian newspaper, it managed to run three pages less news per day than the year before — and break some crackerjack stories too.

The audience was not amused.

Mike Duffy, a *CBC* television reporter in Ottawa, put the final touches on the gloomy weekend by calling on one and all to come to the aid of the *CBC* in its hour of need, saying he feared for its future.

"The peril is real and now. The danger is present."

It was that kind of conference.

Gord McIntosh is a financial writer with Canadian Press in Toronto.

ATTENTION

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The paradoxes that are George Bain.

A shy man who craves glamor and excitement. A refined and learned man who never finished high school. A teacher who feels out of place in class. A man who's often hilariously funny on paper, yet reserved in person.

by Dean Jobb

The course is called "Analytical and Interpretive Reporting," and for the past hour or so George Bain has been outlining various approaches to the writing of news stories. As usual, he draws his examples from recent articles in *Time*, *The Globe and Mail*, and other publications. "All the best textbooks on writing methods are available in any newsstand," he reminds his students.

Bain seems uncomfortable, almost shy, as he delivers his lecture. He paces back and forth slightly and refers to his notes often. He looks like a man who feels more at home in front of a typewriter than a room full of students.

At one point he looks up and takes off his glasses to acknowledge a question. One student is troubled by something she's read; a story from *The New York Times* contains a sentence beginning with a conjunction. "I thought that was a universal *faux pas*" she says.

Bain doesn't dispute the existence of such a rule of grammar. He's more concerned with good journalism and that, he believes, depends on only one rule. "If it gets the job done — gets the reader to read your writing — it's right," he explains. "If it works, that's all that counts."

For close to 40 years now, Bain has been applying that philosophy to the practice of journalism. And it works.

After class Bain returns to his office at the University of King's College in Halifax. He sits at his desk, sometimes hunching forward as he speaks. His brown hair is neatly groomed and just beginning to show a touch of grey at the edges. He is conservatively dressed, but the rather sombre appearance of his dark brown suit is offset by a bright yellow tie.

On one wall of the office hang the momentos of a long and varied career in journalism. There's a photo of *The Globe and Mail's* newsroom dating from the late forties; another of Lilac, the tiny Saskatchewan town he made famous in his columns; a caricature of Bain from his days in Ottawa signed by, among others, Pierre Trudeau. There's even a dummy page that was made up when he left the *Toronto Star* in 1979. The lead editorial proclaims: "We want the Bain Touch."

The trim, dignified man behind the desk has done it all: foreign correspondent, member of the Press Gallery, *The Globe's* first Ottawa columnist and, briefly, editorial page editor of the nation's largest circulation daily, *The Toronto Star*. Along the way, he found time to author four books, become a noted expert on wine, and collect the Stephen Leacock Medal for Humor. Now he's passing that wealth of experience on to the next generation of journalists.

"The transition to teaching wasn't easy," admits Bain, who's in his fourth year as director of the School of Journalism at King's. "I don't know that I'm a particularly natural teacher...it's sort of an unnatural act as far as I'm concerned, getting up, standing and talking to students for an hour and a half."

Bain's real strength as a teacher is his ability to communicate with his students outside the classroom. "George isn't a professor," says a fourth year student, "but he's always available and his presence more than makes up for his lack of professorial skills." Former student J. P. Mason, now a reporter for the *Halifax-Dartmouth Daily News*, still finds he can approach Bain if he has a problem with a story. It's "excellent that you can plug into a resource like that," he says.

At 63, Bain shows no signs of slowing down. In addition to his duties as administrator of the journalism program, he teaches six hours of classes a week and spends many more preparing lectures so he won't end up "reeling off the same old stereotyped stuff one year after another."

On top of that he produces an amazing amount of copy. He writes a column for *The Globe* on Mondays, regular columns for *En Route* and *Quest* magazines, and the occasional piece for other publications. In January he launched a "Media Watch" column for *Maclean's* to offer his views on the performance of his fellow journalists.

"I think it's useful to me as teacher if the students are aware that I'm somebody who functions, today, in the media," says Bain. "I think that a journalism teacher could get too far away from the day to day practice of journalism."

That's only part of the reason. "I like

to write," he confesses. "I don't want to be a non-writing person. I have been writing all my life and I like to appear in print."

In fact, Bain can't remember ever wanting to do anything else. By the time he reached his teens he had discovered a career that offered just what he was looking for — excitement, glamour, and a chance to travel. He recalls going to see "The Front Page" and other movies that glamorized the life of the reporter, and avidly followed the adventures of Gordon Sinclair, the *Toronto Star's* globe-trotting correspondent. "At that time, journalism was a very romantic sort of business," and he wanted to be a part of it.

He pored over journalism texts borrowed from the public library and at 16 landed a summer job as a copy boy at the *Toronto Telegram*. He intended to return to high school, but his father's death later that summer "radically changed things." The year was 1936, it was the Depression, and there were three children younger than him in the family. He could at least pay his own way on the \$8 a week he earned at the Tely, so he stayed on and in a couple of years became a full-fledged reporter.

Bain spent most of World War Two in the RCAF as a bomber pilot ("It seemed more glamorous" than the army or navy, he says) and returned to his old job at the *Telegram* in 1945. When the rival *Globe and Mail* offered him a position and more money in the fall of that year, Bain accepted. He was to remain on the staff of *The Globe* for almost 30 years, most of them spent in Ottawa and abroad.

He's reported from some 50 countries for *The Globe* and later the *Toronto Star*. "Nothing really very noble about it," he says, "I just wanted to see a lot of places." That in turn led to another passion — wine. "Quite often on assignment I would contrive to route myself by way of wine areas. Wine really has been the excuse for the travels."

Back in Canada, the Ottawa column he began writing in the 50s, established him as one of the foremost commentators on the nation's political scene. It was also the forum for Bain's special brand of humor and satire. Former *Saturday Night* editor Arnold Edinborough once described him as a "very



dangerous blend — a serious columnist and a comic. One of these days Bain is going to write a very solemn piece about the Queen and everybody is going to think it's hilariously funny."

"I've always felt a column ought to be sort of a conversation with people," Bain says in his own defence, "and if a conversation is always dead serious then you become a bit boring."

Bain at his best is far from boring. A recent example: one aim of the Prime Minister's Asian trip last January was improved trade; in his *Globe* column, Bain treated his readers to the spectacle of Trudeau arriving at a state dinner with a 2x4 under his arm, eager to flog Canadian lumber to his hosts.

Then there's Lilac. On occasion Bain uses a letter from that intrepid reporter for the *Lilac Advance*, Clem Watkins, Jr., to satirize some aspect of Canadian politics in *The Globe*. It's a device he hit upon in the 60s and over the years he's built up a cast of fictional characters whose antics allow him "to poke a little fun at the seriousness with which official Ottawa regards itself."

It's a little bit like doing an editorial

cartoon," he explains. "There's a certain amount of caricature. You caricature events for the purpose of making a point."

"Some of the things that we do in government are just painfully funny," he adds. "You've got a choice, either you're gonna cry or you're gonna laugh. You might as well laugh."

He may choose to laugh on paper, but in conversation Bain tends to be intense and rather serious. Only occasionally does he flash a brief smile and chuckle at something he's said.

"I think I'm essentially pretty serious, and I'm certainly no great bag of laughs in class," he freely admits. "Con conversationally, or in class, or in a group of people I'm not naturally, spontaneously funny."

But "there is a kind of fun-nutty streak to him," says Toronto scriptwriter Alex Barris, who's been a close friend since he and Bain worked together at *The Globe* in the late forties. While "he certainly isn't humorless," notes Barris, he has "a great sense of decorum and innate dignity."

King's president John Godfrey, the

man responsible for luring Bain to Halifax and teaching, describes him as "a sort of private person." There's "a kind of shyness" about him that disappears somewhat "once you get to know him."

Above all, George Bain is a man full of paradoxes. A shy man who craves glamor and excitement. A refined and learned man who never finished high school. A teacher who feels out of place in class. A man who's often hilariously funny on paper yet reserved in person.

For the future, Bain plans to continue writing and teaching. His contract will keep him at King's at least until the spring of 1985, and he's in the process of making the Nova Scotia connection permanent. Last fall he sold his summer home in the south of France and he and his wife, Marion, are building a new house on Mahone Bay just outside Halifax.

"We can get anywhere we want from here, we like the countryside, we like the people," he says. "We're here to stay."

Dean Jobb is a free-lance writer based in Halifax.

Public and private television come to Mount Allison.

by Dean Jobb

Former CBC president Al Johnson has dismissed as "nonsense" a suggestion by the Applebaum-Hebert Committee on federal cultural policy that the corporation cease production of all programs except news. Such a move, he says bluntly, would spell the end to the CBC's role as an outlet for Canadian culture.

Interviewed after receiving an honorary Doctor of Laws degree from Mount Allison University in Sackville, New Brunswick, on October 17, 1982, Johnson said Canadians are now past the time of "simply savaging the CBC" and demand that "we do something about cultural expression and bringing the country together."

In a draft of the Federal Cultural Policy Review Committee's report, leaked to the *Toronto Star* on October 16, chairmen Louis Applebaum and Jacques Hebert recommended that the CBC turn over production of all non-news programming to private studios and drop all commercials in order to provide more of an alternative to American broadcasting.

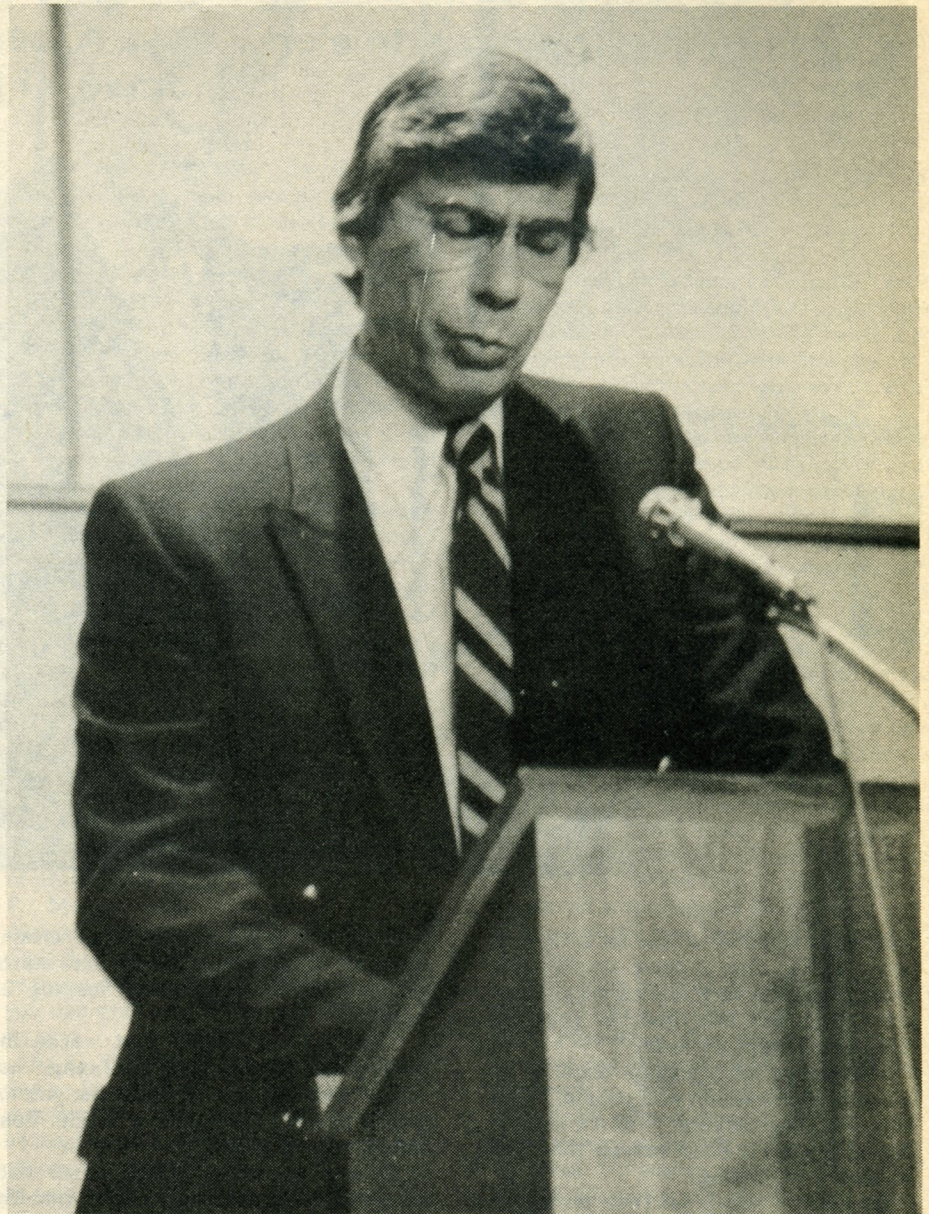
"The reason why a public broadcasting corporation was established was for the purpose of enhancing cultural expression in Canada," says Johnson, who, as head of the CBC from 1975 until early in 1982, was committed to more Canadian programming.

"It would be the sheerest nonsense to dismantle this."

Johnson was one of four prominent Canadian broadcast and cultural figures awarded honorary degrees by Mount Allison at special convocation exercises in celebration of 50 years of public broadcasting in this country.

Also honored were Graham Spry, one of the chief promoters of a publicly-owned broadcasting system in the 1930s; Canada Council president Mavor Moore; and actor, playwright Don Harron.

With the transmission towers of the CBC's international shortwave service on the nearby Tantramar Marshes as a fitting backdrop, Mount Allison marked the Fiftieth anniversary of the passage of Canada's first national broadcasting act. That bill established the Canadian Radio Broadcasting Commission (CRBC), the forerunner of the CBC.



Peter Trueman delivers the keynote address

But the celebrations were dampened by the Applebaum-Hebert proposals, and announcements of cuts in jobs and programming in the CBC's English-language services. The CBC plans to trim 180 jobs and cut episodes of such top-flight shows as "The Journal" and "The Fifth Estate" to offset a projected \$10 million shortfall in advertising revenues.

Despite the dark clouds on the horizon, Spry maintains that "the CBC is more and more essential" to Canadians, particularly in the face of competition from burgeoning cable and satellite systems.

Prior to the establishment of the

CRBC in 1932, Spry criss-crossed the country as a member of the Radio League, preaching the need for public ownership of a national broadcasting network. "Radio broadcasting is not to be considered or dismissed as a business only," he said at that time. "As a public and national service it should be controlled."

But Spry is quick to dismiss the Applebaum-Hebert Committee's suggestion that the CBC be run solely on a non-commercial basis. "The system, as we suggested it (in the 1930s), was always a

■ *continued on page 30*

Society of Professional Journalists' national convention

by Esther Crandall

Names and places were different. So were accents and faces. It took a luncheon and a banquet to award what seemed like an endless list of prestigious prizes and honors. And the organization's annual budget — expected to top the one million dollar mark this year — would have done many a group proud.

Otherwise, content of the 1982 National Convention of the Society of Professional Journalists, Sigma Delta Chi (SPJ,SDX), held in Milwaukee last November 10 to 13, was not unlike what you would find at a meeting of Canadian journalists.

The 800 professional journalists, journalism students and professors who attended the 28,000-member Society's Convention, listened to speakers criticize the news media's handling of news, fretted over the future of daily newspapers and moved about, almost constantly, through the sprawling MECCA Convention Hall to some of the 32 workshops, and to two hotels down the street where other events took place.

But when the Convention began, the national executive, headed by president Charles Novitz, gave top priority to protection against any erosion of the First Amendment of the Constitution of United States, which says in part that Congress shall make no law...abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press.

The immediate concern was with the U.S. Freedom of Information Act, an earlier order, issued by President Ronald Reagan. In its 1982 report, published as an 80-page tabloid, the Society's Freedom of Information Committee said the President's order permitted bureaucrats greater latitude to stamp documents as secret. Along with detailing, State by State, battles which news people had won or lost in the last year, the report also faulted Reaganites for their slickness in shielding the President from the press.

At an FOI Committee meeting in Milwaukee, lawyer Bruce Sanford said, "One argument they could begin to use is, we have to do more about keeping out secrets in the U.S., about others stealing them and beating us at our own game."

Committee chairman Robert Lewis, Newhouse News Service, Washington, said regulations which now govern the electronic media could eventually spill over into the print media. "Ten years from now, things will be completely blurred between print and electronic because of forms of delivery, satellite, and we must consider whether government is go-

ing to get into an area of regulating content of the media and ensure what ought to be done."

Lewis, the Society's newly-elected treasurer, said in his campaign speech, that the organization spent \$70,000 on FOI and Freedom of the Press last year, but would exceed that amount in 1982-83.

For example, instead of getting cash prizes, two award-winning journalism students will go to Washington to work with Society staff people who research legal and other aspects of FOI and FOP. And lawyer Sanford said the Committee will soon start lobbying in Washington.

The FOI Committee budget includes a \$1,600 legal defense fund, which increased by \$3,000 when journalism students staged a revue at the Convention ("First and Last Amendment Follies").

"Ten years from now, things will be completely blurred between print and electronic because of forms of delivery, satellite, and we must consider whether government is going to get into an area of regulating content of the media and ensure what ought to be done."

Journalism students in campus chapters account for about 60 per cent of the Society's membership.

Dinner speaker William P. Tavoulaareas, president of Mobil Corp., said, however, he would not contribute to the fund by putting change in beer cans, which were placed on the dinner tables for that purpose, because the *Washington Post* used the FOI Act to get much more information about himself and his family for use in the pre-trial hearing in the libel suit he launched against the *Post*.

Last summer, Tavoulaareas was awarded \$2.05 in the case involving the *Post's* story, which alleged that the company president had established his son in an oil-shipping business.

In a hard hitting speech, Tavoulaareas lashed out at the *Post* for making charges against him without, he claimed, giving him a chance to respond to the charges before they appeared in print. He said the Society, by failing to take a stand in the *Post* affair, was violating its own Code of Ethics.

Milwaukee Mayor Henry Maier said that journalists should be investigating

"the continuing story of rotting infrastructures (bridges, streets, sewers and water mains) of urban America."

When journalists worried, out loud, about the future of the newspaper industry, Donald B. Abert, board chairman of The Journal Company, which publishes the *Milwaukee Journal*, said that most people will continue to want their news in a form that is portable and which they can pick up or put down at will.

Abert and Robert H. Wills, who is the editor of the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, said their dailies (*Milwaukee Journal*, *Milwaukee Sentinel*) are 90 per cent owned by employees and retirees, and that this accounts for much of their papers' success. According to Wills, the papers collaborate for the *Sunday Magazine*, but the "rest of the week, we are at each other", operating out of separate buildings.

With newspaper advertising up by 12.1 per cent in the U.S., for a total of \$17.4 billion, the picture is bright, nationally, Wills said. He declined to compare the U.S. situation with that of Canada, saying it was about two years since he had surveyed the Canadian newspaper business.

The number of new newspapers exceeds the number that have folded or merged in the U.S. Some editors were concerned with competition they expected to get from one new national daily, *USA Today*, which last October exceeded the daily circulation of 200,000, which it had earlier projected for year's end. But editor John Curley said that as a national paper, *USA Today* would carry national news and national advertising and would not be in competition with local newspapers. In response to a question, Curley agreed that he looked for *USA Today* to be to his country what *The Toronto Globe & Mail* is, nationally, to Canada.

Andy Rooney, syndicated columnist and CBS-TV commentator (*60 Minutes*), said "I don't want my newspaper in four colors." Curley was criticized at the Convention for the amount of color that's used in *USA Today*.

"We are spending money on things have nothing to do with news," Rooney said. "Television salesmen get \$150,000 a year while writers get \$50,000." And salesmen who spent money and time in packaging the product instead of improving it while "pretending to be on our side, they're the enemy," Rooney said. "It's the good honest newspapers that stick to the news that survive."

■ continued from page 7

town. The Premier comes home here.” (Subsequently, in an interview with *content*, Archdekin denied saying those things. But *Globe* reporter Zuhair Kashmeri, formerly of the *Brampton Daily Times*, could not be interviewed to verify the Amazing Retractable Quotes or to plumb his opinions on editorial freedom in past *Times*. *Globe* city editor Warren Barton refused to allow Kashmeri an interview with *content*, saying the news must take a back seat to a reporter’s opinions. Anyhow, the *Globe* never retracted those quotes).

Archdekin’s involvement stems from a letter he sent to Thomson headquarters, complaining that John McLeod had called the widow of his late brother, former Brampton Mayor Jim Archdekin, a “merry widow” at a local election meeting. His letter accuses John of making the remark, but in interviews he said Judi made it. And, although a *Globe* report said Mlodecki discovered the remark was not made by either McLeod, this is one story Archdekin does not retract. There could be no mistake in identification, he says. Yet his letter, accusing John, differs from his accounts, accusing Judi. In any case, the bottom line of his letter was, “I trust...action will be taken to remedy this situation that exists with Mr. McLeod in Brampton.” And that was the bottom line on all complaints directed at both McLeods.

Were the McLeods thrown to the wolves? Insists outspoken Councillor Ellen Mitchell, “Most definitely.” Councillor Bob Callahan, the only surviving Liberal on Brampton City Council, agrees.



“It’s really a very dangerous precedent that reporters who speak out can be axed.”

In an almost comic counterpoint, the week before the axe fell, Judi’s work was selected by no less a journalist than Peter Desbarats for the Western Ontario Newspaper Award in beat reporting (the first time, according to a recent story in *Macleans*, that a small Thomson paper has won an award for journalism). Noting that “the main characteristic of a good beat reporter is that he or she gets ‘beats,’” Desbarats said her stories were “all the more remarkable in view of the fact that she was working for an organization not noted for its support of enterprise journalism.”

Of the McLeods being sacked, he said, “On a professional level, it simply underlines the sort of recommendations the Kent enquiry made. If those recommendations had been in effect, that editor would have had a written contract.”

“It will be interesting to see if another publication or a TV station picks that couple up. They are obviously competent. But I’d bet my bottom dollar another chain newspaper does not.”

And what of the *Daily Times*, its circulation now down to 8,000?

Says Callahan, “Now that Judi’s gone, I wouldn’t wrap fish in it.”

Dave Silburt is a freelance writer based in Toronto.

IN MEMORY OF BORDON SPEARS

by Dick MacDonald

I knew Bordon since before the days of Keith Davey’s Senate Committee on Mass Media, on which he did such a marvelous job of helping to draw attention to the weaknesses in Canada’s press.

I have a particularly fond memory of him, because he was among the earliest supporters and allies of *content*. He recognized what it was endeavoring to do, namely, to raise standards in journalism. And that, perhaps more than anything else, is why his death will leave such a hole in the efforts to improve this craft.

I guess I came to know him best, and to fully appreciate his commitment to better journalism, in our time together with the Royal Commission on Newspapers. With all due respect to the other commissioners, and the rest of the staff, I am convinced we would have been much more the poorer without the dedication, professional direction, and yes, the spiritual guidance of Bordon Spears. I think what commanded wide respect for Bordon was that his deep concern about the quality of journalism in this country was an inward-looking desire to see the profession improve, simply for the sake of improving out of self-pride. His concern ultimately was that the highest standards in journalism would directly benefit the Canadian people.

And that’s an attitude which is far too rare these days.

Journalism education in Canada

A new study reveals some pitiful statistics.

by Dick MacDonald

The city council decided they would here representatives next week of the human rights League who are going to come to the next municipale meeting and make arguements about police bruality at a demonstration of picketers that was held last week outside the public works departement over their decision not to hyke salary offers made by the town's bargining officers.

Regretably, this is a fairly accurate paraphrase of a chunk of story — the lead! — produced by a first-year journalism student. It's small wonder, then, that most journalism educators in Canada find applicants seriously deficient in grammar.

To be exact, fully 62 per cent of those who responded to a Canadian Daily Newspaper Publishers Association (CDNPA) questionnaire cited grammar as the worst deficiency among students. Among community college students, the figure reached 81 per cent.

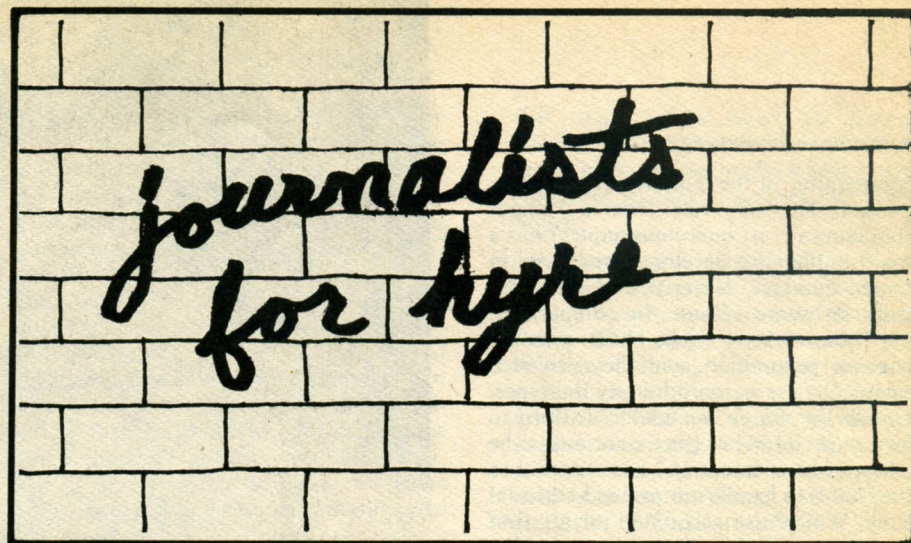
Yet, grammar is cited by educators as the second most important attribute in a journalism student, just behind motivation and just ahead of writing skill.

It takes a lot of motivation — and remedial classes and hard work — for that deficiency to be overcome in time for the student to enter the media work force a couple of years hence.

Amazingly, many of the students will be ready, as they go through a remarkable transformation on the way from high school (in most cases) to the news room — via university or college programs of varying scope and substance.

Partly to plot that transformation, CDNPA in 1982, conducted its second study of Canadian journalism schools; the first was done in 1977. Judging by the changes made to the curricula of many schools, it appears educators paid close attention to the results of the first study and to the companion and subsequent studies of managing editors and of graduates themselves.

The 1982 study — which had a response rate of 87 per cent, up from 69 per cent five years earlier — was conducted with the help of Data Laboratories of Montreal. The 160-page report was released late in the year and by now should have been digested by deans and directors. And by the in-



dustry itself, for among the tangible accomplishments of the 1977 study was a much closer relationship between schools and editors.

(Additional information is available from: Bryan Cantley, Manager of Editorial Services, CDNPA, 321 Bloor Street East, Toronto, Ontario M4W 1E7.)

Grammatical limitations notwithstanding, students can expect to earn \$14,600 annually if they are university graduates, \$12,500 with college diplomas.

Most university graduates (73 per cent) going into newspapers find jobs with dailies, while most (65 per cent) community college graduates going into newspaper work at least start with weeklies. The study projected that 800 young people graduated from 30 journalism schools in 1981-82; some 61 per cent were female, up from 53 per cent in the 1977 study.

The survey showed that community colleges now have 40 per cent of the enrolment of 2,500 across Canada, up from 33 per cent. Of those enrolled, 58 per cent are women, continuing a trend first noted in the mid-1970s.

The study showed that more than 4,000 students applied for admission to journalism schools, with fewer than 25 per cent of these accepted. The study says the ratio of applicants to admissions is increasing and suggests this is because the schools are becoming more selective. More likely, it is because there are more applicants, itself a reflection of uneasy economic and general employment conditions.

Other highlights of the CDNPA study:

- A total of 250 people teach in Canadian journalism schools, 45 per cent of

them full time. Males are a majority at 84 per cent.

- Ontario is the "supplier to the nation" in terms of graduates entering the newspaper field. Ontario schools supplied 86 per cent of the graduates employed by papers in 1981-82.

- Half the schools (50 per cent) believe the market for journalists will increase, while 35 per cent think it will diminish. Only 12 per cent thought newspaper-journalism prospects would outperform the market, while 42 per cent thought the newspaper-journalist market would worsen.

- Reporting techniques courses usually feature politics (88 per cent), police and courts (88 per cent), urban affairs (81 per cent). Subjects such as science/technology (38 per cent), international affairs (38 per cent), and medicine (15 per cent) are featured much less often.

- Nearly 58 per cent of schools demand internship on a school paper and 69 per cent require internship on an outside paper as a condition of graduation.

- Almost all schools consult professional journalists about the design of courses and more than three-quarters of them have advisory boards of industry representatives.

- Schools ask newspapers-chains for funds more frequently than they ask other media, but broadcast firms are more likely to respond favorably to solicitation. Foundations are the primary extra-institutional funding source.

Dick MacDonald is the founding editor of Content. He was research editor for the Royal Commission on Newspapers. He is co-editor with Barrie Zwicker of "The News: Inside the Canadian Media," and currently teaches journalism at Humber College in Toronto.

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competition in the Toronto-area weekly market. The only view from a "tenant spokesman" (*my querulous quotes*) was a multi-millionaire developer who lived in rented quarters. He criticized rent controls for some reason. In comparison, our little weekly's movie blurbs were innocence personified, and they provided early copy for our two hungry linotypes. Unlike the *Globe*, we couldn't afford to hire a special writer (theirs not under the editorial department and not reported to the Guild) to handle our pretend-editorial copy. Which also accounted for my first practical lesson from Dan Jones — in the art of scalping. We had to fill at least a page with mining news. The bulk of it was lifted from the *Northern Miner* without credit. My job was to rewrite the first sentence or so of each item. Our masthead bragged, "Mining news from the field."

I also learned to help out in the backshop. Even had my own makeup rule. I could drop little strips of thin card between the lines down a galley of type with the best of them when the cast lines were "off their feet" (unevenly cast). And of course I learned to read type upside down and backwards, which helped to develop a later more contemptible ability to read documents upside down on an interview subject's desk.

But I can neither credit nor blame Dan Jones for everything in the shaping of my early press personage. Such headline phrases as "Indians on Warpath" (a drunk tank case) and, believe it or not, "Nigger in the Woodpile" (a woodlot cutting scam), came naturally out of a childhood where British immigrant-family kids sang about "Chinky, chinky Chinaman sitting on a fence..." But then, it was only a year or two ago that the glossy *Toronto Life* had a heading about someone not having a "Chinaman's chance." We learn.

And it is with no pleasure that I now read a poorly-written page-one story about a survey we made of the "Communist situation" in Northwestern Quebec. "Reds Active But Said To Be Losing Fight With Anti-Communist Groups," said the first deck from the two column drop from the eight column banner. Then, "Go underground," and, the second deck (we were as head-happy as the *New York Times*), "Last Year Foreign Born Terrorized, Now Can Live As Please."

After a lengthy bold-face back-patting precede, the "expose" began, "To start with, *The Press* is not out to wave an



Skinny, young reporter John Marshall.

hysterical Red flag." Then, waving the flag, we said there really wasn't a problem any longer, because the citizens had become aroused enough to recognize there was a problem. (In one case four anti-leftists had stones thrown at them when they tried to disrupt a leftist picnic).

Actually, we had a legitimate reason to investigate the subject because of wild stories from the Duplessis government that included allegations that Communists had great caches of sub-machine guns in the North. At least we were able to denigrate that. But our report was, in retrospect, embarrassingly naive. Lots of quotes from anonymous "foreign-born gentlemen" and "D.P.s."

Now, having been involved in extensive research into war criminals in Canada, I wonder with regret how many of my friendly contacts then were in fact the real recent-enemy of the time. I even noted critically then that the *Canadian Tribune* said some immigrants were

Fascists and Nazis. I now know they were right.

But I was a growing boy (mentally, that is) and consuming food for the brain as indiscriminately as a teenager in a junk food franchise. There was some glimmering of hope, though. In January, 1949, I even took on that journalistic icon, Grattan (I spelled it wrong) O'Leary. I said it had been a "somewhat dubious pleasure" to listen to an address he made on behalf of the Progressive Conservatives. I said its "soporific effects were only counteracted by one or two interesting inconsistencies." I indicated he was badly out of date in his political thinking. There I was. In my glass house throwing stones.

Shortly afterwards, I accepted an offer to become editor (and a lot of other things, it turned out) of a weekly in Val d'Or. There, among other things, I learned to be an ad salesman — and a fish poacher.

by Doug Fetherling

The current lot of books on the media is uncharacteristically thin. But such as it is, it does point up an old truth. And that is that social scientists and bureaucrats don't write very well and don't know much about the subject whereas people who know the media from the inside, though they may write somewhat better, don't know how to think. By sheer coincidence, these two categories this time around, break down exactly along lines of nationality, as the new Canadian books on the subject are either sociological or economic in approach.

Two come in a series produced for the Canadian Institute for Economic Policy, a left-wing think tank. The first is *Canada's Cultural Industries: Broadcasting, Publishing, Records and Film*, by Paul Audley, which tries to see the media as a whole and speaks in terms of an industrial strategy, or the need for one. Audley's job is largely one of marshalling statistical information from a variety of sources (there are scores of tables). Thereby hangs the usefulness of the book, though there's a sense in which it's also a ready reckoner. Each medium or sector has a chapter, each identical in form to the one before, listing, among other things, the current policy issues. Audley seems to me less successful in one of his stated aims of showing how these relate to Canadian culture, with a small-c.

In his preface, incidentally, Audley argues mightily against the concept of free flow of information on the grounds that, in Canada's case, the flow is all one way. He then goes on to conclude "that Canada has been a world leader in developing communications technology in large measure as a result of government initiatives designed to overcome the problem of reaching a scattered population in an enormous country."

The same thought underlies another book in the series, *Canada's Video Revolution: Pay-TV, Home Video and Beyond* by Peter Lyman. It's of the same construction as the other and proceeds from similar suppositions. There's a lot of useful information about such matters as the future of cable in view of DSB and the implications of an open sky future which the CRTC, by its actions, has tended to acknowledge as inevitable. By comparison, Arthur Siegal in his *Politics and the Media in Canada* limits himself to the news media and takes a view that's more historical. But he still arrives at

many of the same conclusions about the role of the media in literal and figurative nation-building. His thrust, however, concerns government control of information not only through licensing bodies but through such legislation as the Official Secrets Act. Once again, preternaturally dull, but a book from which stuff can be gleaned.

Tony Schwartz's *Media: The Second God* is Canadian in inspiration if not fact. Schwartz is a consultant who advises American political candidates about media matters, and his book, which first appeared in cloth two years ago, contains no precepts unfamiliar to

By one of those coincidences that drive publishers crazy, two titles about the *Wall Street Journal* have appeared simultaneously to mark the centenary — not of the *Journal*, but of the parent company, Dow Jones.

students of McLuhan. The title, for instance, derives from Schwartz's observation that electronic communication has created a post-literate society in which television is as omnipresent and powerful as the Church was in earlier times. This idea that social patterns have broken down under the spread of electronics has come to Schwartz from McLuhan, who got it from Innis, though Schwartz's particular religious implication would have astounded and probably angered McLuhan, who was mainly, of course, a confessional writer. It's well to remember that McLuhan wrote almost nothing until he embraced the Catholic Church. Then he was first a standard-issue literary critic who admired Chesterton (hence McLuhan's one-liners and paradoxes) and James Joyce (it was Joyce who said, "To thine own image be true"). Being a Catholic naturally heightened his interest in symbols and systemization. So public symbols became the basis of his absorption in media. It's not coincidental that he came to attention, not just at a time when communications was undergoing its latest upheaval, but when the Church itself was changing its liturgical standards.

Anyway, Schwartz understands little or none of this, but has a wonderful time. His presentation is anecdotal and ironic;

the tone harks back to Edward Carpenter, though there is an abiding interest in American media history, which compares to that of writers like Robert Sobel.

In short, his is a recognizable type of book, as in *Newswatch* by Av Westin. In fact, *Newswatch* calls to mind that line in Paddy Chayefsky's film *Network* when William Holden, the aging news executive who is all integrity and shopworn Edward R. Murrow anecdotes, threatens to retire and write the book all such people decide to write at a certain point in their careers. Westin, the executive producer of *20-20* at ABC-TV in New York, is attempting to discourse on the nature and utility of television news, as per his subtitle, "How TV decided the news."

In actual fact, this is a thinly disguised autobiography, though it does show how the process of television news, and its relationship with the audience, has changed over the past 30 years. Far and away the longest chapter is a minute-by-minute account of putting together a network evening news show. Westin takes the "daily miracle" viewpoint so familiar from old books on newspapers, a viewpoint also found in the pair of books to come.

By one of those coincidences that drives publishers crazy, two titles about the *Wall Street Journal* have appeared simultaneously to mark the centenary, not of the *Journal* (founded in 1889), but of the parent company, Dow Jones. The officially sanctioned one is *The Wall Street Journal: The Story of Dow Jones & The Nation's Business Newspaper* by Lloyd Wendt. Its virtues are caution, completeness and an almost Augustan tone. The combination is so reminiscent of the *Journal's* make-up that, admirable as it is, I found myself preferring the unofficial book, *Inside the Wall Street Journal*, by Jerry M. Rosenberg, despite its considerably more utilitarian prose.

Naturally, both cover the same ground, and the story can be told simply. A hundred years ago, Charles Dow (1851-1902) and Edward Jones (1856-1920) conspired to begin a financial news service in New York. Jones was a *Wall Street* hack whereas Dow — it's an important distinction — was "a journalist who happened to specialize in business news." A third man, Charles Bergstresser, was just as important but his name didn't become part of the logo. The *Journal*

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OMNIUM GATHERUM

VANCOUVER

- The first issue of *Talent Plus Entertainment* came out in February in the Victoria area. Peter Dee is the editor and publisher. The publication covers the movie and entertainment scenes.
- A new consumer magazine called *Uni* is to be published in June and will cover a circulation of 513,000 in Vancouver. It is published by David Hubbard.
- Launched in 1982, *Sailing Life* is now defunct.

CALGARY

- Don Thomas has been appointed vice-president and general manager of *CFCN-Radio*. A former station manager at *CFCN*, Thomas returns to Calgary from Chatham, Ontario where he has served as vice-president and general manager at *CFCO-Radio* since 1972.

WINNIPEG

by Edmund Oliverio

- On Feb. 11, Quebecor Inc. purchased 60 per cent of the daily, *Winnipeg Sun* for an undisclosed sum. There are no plans to change management or editorial departments. Quebecor's Pierre Peledeau says he is confident that the *Sun's* present daily circulation of 38,000 can reach 10-0,000 by 1985.
- Dave Sidaway, formerly a freelance photographer at *UPC* in Montreal, is now at the *Winnipeg Sun*.
- The Fiftieth anniversary of Beer & Skits, founded by the Winnipeg Press Club, will be held on May 7. Chairman Harry Mardon's committee are holding a homecoming reception and dinner in honour of this media institution (men only).
- Tom Oleson of the *Free Press* has been elected president of the Winnipeg Press Club — Canada's oldest press club. Vice-presidents are David MacDonald of the *Free Press*, and Dwight MacAulay of Government Information Services. Secretary is Joan Elson of ACTRA, and the treasurer is Phil Anwyl of the *Free Press*.

WINDSOR

by Brian Bannon

- Grant Cameroun, formerly with the *Windsor Star*, part time, has been given a full time position at the *Chatham Daily News*.

TORONTO

- Robert Holiday has been appointed general manager of *CJCL-1430 Radio*. Holiday will also continue to hold his present position of director of programming at the station.
- At Rogers Cable Systems: Virginia Jones has been appointed manager of network relations; Susan Ross has been named information co-ordinator of marketing services.
- Norn Garriock, managing director of *CBC-TV*, has been named assistant general manager of the English Services division. He succeeds Clive Mason, who is on an extended leave of absence for health reasons.
- Jane Gale, editor of *Homemaker's*, has been appointed executive editor of Comac Communications. She will continue to be editor of *Homemaker's* as well as overseeing the editorial development of all Comac corporate development projects.
- John Migicovsky has been appointed vice-president and general manager of Columbia Pictures Television Canada.
- United Press Canada is spending one half million dollars on the latest in microchip technology for its wire services. The modernized *UPC* system will move news ten times faster than the teletype delivery system, and will be in place by the summer.
- Hugh E. Quetton, manager, information services at BP Canada, is retiring in May.
- Ann Rohmer has joined *CBC* television sports as a network sports commentator. Well-known as the co-host of *Global-TV's* "That's Life", Rohmer will assume her duties in late May.

- Ric Miller, news director of *CKEY*, died recently of cancer. He was 34. Miller began his career at *CFBK* in Huntsville. Before coming to *CKEY* as a city hall reporter, he also worked for *CFTO* in Toronto and *CKOY* in Ottawa.

OTTAWA

- A new bi-monthly national magazine entitled *Goodwin's*, has been launched. Editor Ron Verzuh says it "covers social and economic alternatives through investigative journalism and thorough analysis." The magazine is a vehicle of the non-profit Goodwin's Foundation.
- Hal Blackadar has been appointed vice-president and general manager of *CKOY-Radio*. He was formerly with *CHNS* in Halifax.
- Evert Communications announces the following appointments: Greg Barr, editor, and Dianne Dodds, writer of *The Electronics Communication*, a weekly newsletter covering the Canadian electronics industry; Lawrence Surtees, executive editor of *Communications Week*, a journal of telecommunications regulation and policy.
- The first edition of the independently published *Sunday Herald*, was launched on March 27 with a press run of 25,000. The editor of the weekly tabloid is Mike Pasternak, formerly with the *Ottawa Citizen*, and the publisher is Lowell Green.
- Marguerite McDonald, social affairs specialist with *CBC* national television news in Toronto will be based in Ottawa, effective April 1. As a social affairs reporter, her responsibilities include coverage of newsworthy trends, issues and events on the Canadian social structure.

MONTREAL

- Publicite BCP President Therese Sevigny is moving to Ottawa to become vice-president of audience relations at *CBC*. She will be replaced by Jacques

Bouchard currently chief executive officer at BCP.

- Alan Fryer joins *CTV-News* as a national correspondent based in Montreal. Fryer has been involved with the Quebec news scene for almost ten years.

- Yvon Lariviere has been appointed general manager of *CKTM-TV* in Trois Rivieres. Having spent 20 years in radio and television, he is well-known in the broadcast industry.

- The French language daily, *Le Droit* has been bought by Unimedia, owners of *Le Soleil* in Quebec, and *Le Quotidien* in Chicoutimi.

NOVA SCOTIA

by Peggy Amirault

- Jim Nunn of *CBC-TV*, Halifax, incurred the wrath of his employer, the Press Gallery and the Nova Scotia legislature, for broadcasting simultaneous audio and video coverage of the Legislature's proceedings. Television stations can film for file footage or tape audio, but cannot film live coverage of the House. Nunn was suspended for five days by *CBC*, and for two days by the Press Gallery. The Legislature banned the *CBC* from filming for one day. The Press Gallery and the *CBC* apologized to the Speaker of the House.

- Dennis O'Neill has been appointed vice-president of Maritime Broadcasting Co., and general manager of Halifax radio stations *CHNS* and *CHFX*. Prior to this, O'Neill was general sales manager of *CHYM* in Kitchener, Ontario.

SAINT JOHN

by Esther Crandall

- Dan Woolley, news editor, of *The Grand River Sachel*, in Grand River, Ontario, has returned to New Brunswick to become senior reporter and desk editor with *The Daily Gleaner*, in Fredericton.

- In Saint John: *The Telegraph-Journal* and *Evening Times-Globe* transferred Mike Camp from Saint John to Bathurst, and Janet McGinity from Edmunston to Saint John. After a stint with *CKBI-Radio* in Prince Albert, Mary Jane MacLennan is back with the Teley, and former Teley reporter Kimberly Hunter is now assistant manager of the Saint John Board of Trade.

- At ATV: Howard Green was transferred from Halifax to Fredericton replacing Pat Ryan, who transferred to Charlottetown. And Bill Jessome moved to ATV Halifax, after 19 years with ATV's *CJCB-Radio and TV* in Sydney, Cape Breton.

- Mike Crawford, formerly with *CBC-Radio* in Saint John is freelancing for *CHSJ-Radio and TV*, Saint John, while attending university in Fredericton.

- Jeff Collins, *CBC-Radio* Sudbury, is now announcer for the Saint John *CBC* "Rolling Home Show."

- Ralph Errington, news director for *CKCL-Radio*, Truro, is now news director for *CBC-Radio* in Fredericton. He replaces Neil Stairs, who moved to *CBC-Radio* in Saint John.

- Mike Cameron, *CFGP-Radio*, Grand Prairie, Alberta, is now in the *CFNB-Radio* newsroom, Fredericton. He replaces Glennie Langille, who is now with *CKCW* in Moncton.

- Ralph Costello, publisher of the Saint John dailies, resigned as president of New Brunswick Broadcasting Company a week before the CRTC was to deal with cross ownership by the Irving interests of the papers and *CHSJ-Radio and TV*. Costello remains as president of New Brunswick Publishing Co., publisher of *The Evening Times-Globe* and *The Telegraph-Journal*, which owns the broadcasting company. The publishing company is owned by J.K. Irving and A.L. Irving with 40 per cent each, and by K.C. Irving Ltd., which has a 20 per cent interest.

With Costello's resignation, Kenneth B. Clark, general manager of *CHSJ* for three years, becomes president of the broadcasting company. Clark, with 23 years in broadcasting, has been a *CBC* producer and director and has worked in sales with the Atlantic Television Systems.

- A seven week strike by employees of *CHSJ-Radio and TV* ended a few days

before Christmas when the members of Local 98, National Association of Broadcasting Employees and Technicians, settled for about half of what they wanted in wage increases. The employees, including about a dozen news people, were making from \$135 to \$400 per week when they began their legal strike last October 26th. Spokesman Paul McLaughlin said at the time that they wanted \$100 across the board over a two-year contract so they would have parity with their counterparts elsewhere in Atlantic Canada. When the strike ended, McLaughlin said that union members received \$30 to \$40 less than their goal for an average of around \$185 per week in wages.

- Amalgamation of the *Moncton Times* and *The Transcript* into the *Moncton Times-Transcript* cost around 27 production jobs, but there were no layoffs in the newsroom where staff has remained much the same for about a year.

- Assumption Mutual Life Assurance, Moncton, moved early in January to liquidate *L'Evangeline*, Atlantic Canada's only French language daily. But the directors announced a new French daily would be founded and that Assumption would subscribe \$100,000 in common shares of a new company which would publish the new paper. Simon Bujold, president of Assumption Mutual, said he hoped different levels of government would respond favorably to requests for financial assistance.

AWARDS

ACADEMY AWARDS

- "If You Love This Planet," co-produced by the National Film Board and Edward Le Lorrain, for best documentary short subject.

- "Just Another Missing Kid," Produced by John Zaritsky for *CBC's* "The Fifth Estate," for best documentary feature.

NATIONAL NEWSPAPER AWARDS

Established in 1949, the NNA's (which are made up of certificates and \$1,000

cash prizes) are made possible by a self-sustaining fund from contributions by Canadian newspapers. The winners are chosen by a committee of the Toronto Press Club.

Three of the 10 awards for excellence in journalism went to *The Montreal Gazette*. *The Toronto Star* won two, the others going to the *Hamilton Spectator*, *Ottawa Citizen*, *Edmonton Sun*, and *Southam News*.

Citations for merit for feature writing were awarded to Judy Steed of *The Globe & Mail*, and in editorial writing to John Defoe of the *Winnipeg Free Press*.

The other winners:

- Enterprise reporting: "The Olson File," the *Vancouver Sun's* detailed account of events leading to the conviction of Clifford Olson for the slaying of 11 children. A team of 13 reporters and editors worked for six months to put together the series of articles.
- Spot news reporting: Chris Young, *Southam News*.
- Feature writing: Glen Allen, *Montreal Gazette*.
- Editorial writing: Joan Fraser, *Montreal Gazette*.
- Critical writing: Peter Goddard, *Toronto Star*.
- Column writing: Joey Slinger, *Toronto Star*.
- Sports writing: Michael Farber, *Montreal Gazette*
- Cartooning: Blaine, *Hamilton Spectator*.
- Spot News photography: Robert Taylor, *Edmonton Sun*.
- Feature photography: Bruno Schlumberger, *Ottawa Citizen*.

SOUTHAM FELLOWSHIPS

Financed since 1962 by Southam Inc., these eight month fellowships provide two-thirds of the winner's gross annual salary for study at the University of Toronto. Applicants must have at least five years experience in the media and are chosen by a committee of journalists and academics. The 1983 winners are:

- Murray Campbell, day city editor of *The Globe & Mail*.
- Wendy Koenig, an *Edmonton Journal* reporter.
- Linda Hossie, city hall columnist for the *Vancouver Sun*.
- Bill Peterson, editorial writer at the *Saskatoon Star-Pheonix*.
- Joann Webb, a former editor of *Harrowsmith*, and now a freelance writer in Toronto.

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competitive one," he recalls today. "It was both public and private."

Peter Trueman, news anchorman of Ontario's Global Television Network, delivered what proved to be the keynote address of the weekend to a university audience on October 15, 1982. Although presently working for a privately-owned network, Trueman said he supports public broadcasting in Canada because "without it, we stand very little chance of continuing as a nation."

Private broadcasters, he explained, "have neither the will nor the ability to protect that which is distinctively Canadian," for the simple reason that Canadian programming is uneconomic.

It costs a Canadian network far more to produce original programs than to buy cheap American-made sit-coms, which tend to attract more advertising. For private broadcasters, whose first responsibility is to make money for their shareholders, the choice is obvious.

Trueman rejects outright the Applebaum-Hebert formula for a scaled-down CBC. "The CBC should be doing the same thing for documentary film, television news, music, drama, and the variety of cultural entertainments," he argues, as other national institutions do for cultural activities such as the ballet and fine arts.

What lies ahead for the CBC and public broadcasting in Canada? Johnson thinks the federal government's new strategy on broadcasting supports his

own pet project, a second non-commercial CBC network to carry only Canadian programming.

Despite the uncertain economic climate, Johnson is confident this would put the CBC-2 idea back on the public agenda. "The CRTC would then be in a position of having to license CBC-2," he says, "and I think would want to license it."

"Private broadcasters ...have neither the will nor the ability to protect that which is distinctively Canadian, for the simple reason that Canadian programming is uneconomic."

Trueman agrees that "there is a real need for the CBC to get out of commercial programming and get serious." He describes CBC-2 as "a worthy ambition," but unlike Johnson and Spry, he would like to see the CBC abandon commercial operations completely. "CBC-1," he believes, "should be CBC-2," committed to the production of "expensive, high quality" programs by and for Canadians.

Whatever the future holds, all three agree that, in Trueman's words, "there will be a place for an all-quality, all-Canadian CBC."

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rose quickly, because it was unbribable and its reports unemotional and nonpartisan. In 1902 the company was sold to the *Journal's* Boston correspondent Clarence W. Barrow (1855-1928), who bore a strong resemblance to Edward VII. It was he who added the weekly *Barrow's*. With his death, when control passed through his family, the *Journal* displayed the enterprise which is now so striking. As early as 1929, for instance, there was a separate West Coast edition, a precursor of the satellite network, which so influenced *The Globe & Mail* in its own national edition. Other than that, the tale is what one would expect. The place nearly went under in the Depression, but has risen steadily since then, with occasional sad notes, such as the death of a sister publication, *The National Observer* (1961-1977). Wendt and Rosenberg dispatch the history quickly so that they can fill the rest of their books with guided tours of Dow Jones. Neither book is without value.

Canada's Cultural Industries: Broadcasting, Publishing, Records and Film. Paul Audley (James Lorimer, \$12.95, paper).

Canada's Video Revolution: Pay-TV, Home Video and Beyond.

Peter Lymon (James Lorimer, \$7.95, paper).

Politics and the Media in Canada.

Arthur Siegal (McGraw-Hill Ryerson, \$10.95, paper).

Media: The Second God.

Tony Schwartz (Doubleday, \$10.50, paper).

Newswatch.

Av Westin (General Publishing, \$23.95, cloth).

The Wall Street Journal: The Story of Dow Jones & The Nation's Business Newspaper.

Lloyd Wendt (Thomas Allen, \$22.95, cloth).

Inside the Wall Street Journal.

Jerry M. Rosenberg (Collier MacMillan, \$22.95, cloth).

content

Canada's National Newsmedia Magazine

November / December 1982. No.H5 \$2.75

Distributed December 1982

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Journeyman — one
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