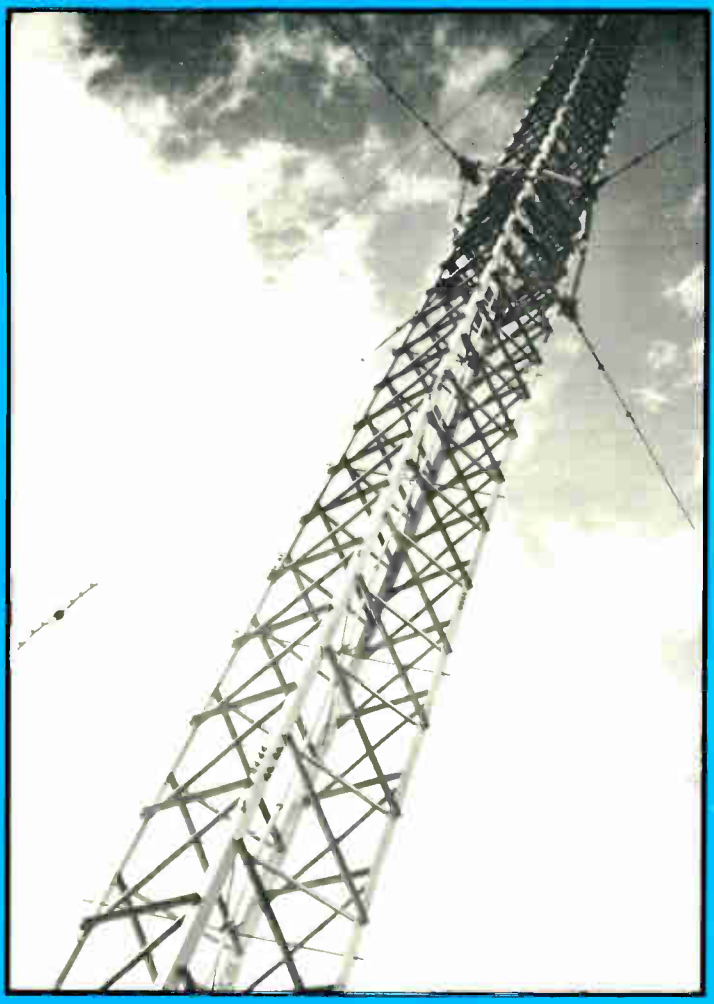
—RADIO—

THE REMOTE YEARS



RADIO CANADA

Dick Halhed

RADIO—THE REMOTE YEARS

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Canadian Cataloguing in Publication Data

Halhed, Dick, 1914-
Radio: the remote years

Includes index.
ISBN 0-9690785-0-1

1. Halhed, Dick, 1914- 2. Radio broadcasters—Canada—Biography. 3. Canadian Broadcasting Corporation—History. 4. Radio broadcasting—Canada—History. I. Title: Radio: the remote years.

PN1991.4.H34A35 384.54'092'4 C81-094574-6

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PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

Printed and bound in Canada by
Webcom Limited, Scarborough, Ontario

RADIO—THE REMOTE YEARS

(Recalling a quarter-century of local,
English Network and international programming
from the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's
fifth year in 1941
to Canada's Centennial in 1967.)

by
Dick Halhed

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For my wife Vera

and

for my friends and former colleagues
in Canadian broadcasting

PREFACE

This book is an assortment of memories of Canadian Radio Broadcasting from the early 'forties to the late 'sixties—a span of rather more than a quarter-century.

It is necessarily autobiographical since I was involved with English language on-air activities at a number of locations and wanted to devote some of these pages to recalling a few experiences my colleagues and I had on both sides of the microphone.

This is scarcely a history of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation—although it is a small part of it. It is more a recollection of life in the CBC based on associations in those programming fields in which I was privileged to earn a living.

If you are puzzled as to why some people went in for broadcasting, welcome to the club. I doubt whether it was for the money. All I know is that many of us who broke in to radio (for some reason, one always "broke in" like a marauder in the night) found it to be such an intriguing vocation that we simply did not manage to break out again.

My initial three years in the business were spent in private commercial stations where I learned how to write "plugs" and to operate consoles and where I played endless hours of recorded and transcribed music and mispronounced an assortment of words on the air.

The next 35½ years were passed in the cloisters of the CBC in a variety of mostly radio-oriented jobs.

Perhaps I should explain the word "remote" in the title. In broadcasting, it is a term which refers to a programme that originates at a "remote" distance from the comfort and stability of a control-room/studio suite—often at a locale less than ideally suited to production. This type of radio undertaking also was, and still is, known as a "special event." We sometimes called it other things, too.

"Remote" perhaps suggests that this entire book is about broadcasting from strange places. It is not. But considerable space has been devoted to remotes since we spent so much

time doing these 'specials' which many of us considered a particularly challenging type of production.

I have taken the liberty of naming a number of CBC staff technicians, announcers, producers and executives as well as a few artists with whom I rubbed shoulders. Most of what we put on the air was a team effort and my former colleagues quite properly must share in any kudos for whatever successes we managed to chalk up.

Every effort has been made to avoid being unfairly critical, to give credit where it is deserved and to be as accurate as possible in describing our experiences when we were operating, announcing, creating, producing and supervising our share of the programmes aired by the Corporation.

Since I first was confronted by the CBC in 1939, may I suggest we journey backward in time to that year. And please don't be nervous. There simply is no point in both of us getting all twitchy over what is described on the first two pages of the short prologue. After all, it is something that every aspiring CBC announcer had to endure. All you are invited to do is read about it.

D.H.

Toronto, Ontario.
1981

PROLOGUE

It was a bit like sitting in a dentist's waiting-room anticipating the extraction of an impacted wisdom-tooth. Of course, this appointment would not cause any physical pain. After all, it was merely an audition. Well—not "merely." It was a mightily important *CBC* audition. Having had more than a year's experience on air, chances were that I would sail through it with flying colours. (Why, then, did I have those annoying butterflies as I sat alone before the microphone?)

My mouth was dry. My tongue was a block of wood. My hands were damp with sweat and my heart was pounding. In there, behind the drawn heavy drapes, they were waiting for me to get started.

I cleared my throat and tried to swallow, took a deep breath and began:

"Four men—alone on a wind-swept sea! Four men—their faces sick with terror and despair—watching their ship go down! Their lifeboat was their sole hope for survival. . . . ."

Dramatic Reading # 1 continued for several paragraphs.

A short pause—as instructed.

A promotional announcement for a CBC Symphony broadcast.

Pause again.

"From the CBC Newsroom in Vancouver, here is a brief news summary. It was announced this afternoon that the political situation in Prague appears somewhat less tense. . . . ." The bulletin lasted about three minutes.

Then a time-signal with a commercial plug for Bulova watches. Another for Nabob food products with a reminder to conserve supplies of tea, coffee and sugar. In accordance with the broadcasting regulations of the day, there was no mention of prices.

Finally, after another pause, an endless list of words commonly mispronounced. I found most of them fairly easy although whoever had devised the test had inconsiderately included the names of such illustrious musical figures as Berlioz, Shostakowitch, Prokofieff, Masgagni, Liadow, Albéniz and

Cherubini; yes—and de Falla, Hindemith, Kreutzer, Moszkowski, Saint-Saens, Ponchielli, Ippolitof-Ivanoff and a few others.

After what seemed an eternity, I reached the bottom of the final page.

The CBC audition was finished.

Despite my initial nervousness, I felt I had done moderately well. I had altered my approach with each section of copy and had given each the appropriate attack, stresses and nuances.

My intuition was that an announcing position with the CBC was as good as in the bag.

Don Wilson, the Chief Announcer, came through the sound-lock into the studio and give it to me straightforwardly and as gently as he could. "You did fairly well—quite good voicing. The dramatic readings and news presentation were not too badly handled and most of your pronunciations were correct. You were pretty nervous, of course, which might have accounted for your stiffness. You'll have to learn to relax, to smile, to enjoy yourself when you're on the air. But you have potential. I'd suggest you try again—say in six months or so . . ."

For the past year, I had been an announcer-operator (we weren't called "disc-jockies" in those days) at a shaky private station in Victoria where our pay was practically non-existent. Of course, we did derive considerable pleasure from playing the pop tunes of the day such as Bunny Berigan's "I Cried For You," Freddy Martin's "Scatter-Brain" and a brand new hit done by Sammy Kaye called "The Umbrella Man." Fun—but not much to show for it.

I had foolishly judged myself ready for The Big Time but seemingly I was not yet sufficiently sophisticated to handle an on-air job over CBR Vancouver much less on the CBC Network.

Well, I would try to broaden my experience at some other private station and in due course have another go at the Corporation.

It might be explained that in the late 'thirties the requirements for anyone hoping to land a private station announce job were straightforward: The candidate must have a strong, clear voice (devoid of a lisp, stutter, stammer or accent); he should be a glib talker who could communicate with ease and he must have picked up some experience at another station. The trick, of course, was for him to get his foot in the door of that all important *first* station. Often, this was accomplished

by a willingness to sweep the floor, put in long hours "on the board" and work for nothing, or practically nothing, in return for an opportunity to exercise his jaws and tongue in front of a microphone.

By no means everyone employed in the comparatively few affluent commercial stations of that era was interested in quitting the high pressure, competitive milieu of spot-announcements for the bureaucratic and cultured sanctity of the CBC. The Corporation simply was not everybody's cup of tea.

Yet, to many who had been eking out a living at any one of the struggling minor operations, being offered an announcing role by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation was tantamount to a sand-lot ball-player being tagged by a scout from the major leagues. The CBC would provide one with security, pleasant working conditions, opportunities for advancement and highly desirable pecuniary advantages. It might give us some prestige—even a modicum of national notoriety. After all, announcers were first and foremost extroverts. Otherwise, we should not have been announcers.

I moved to CKLN in Nelson in the West Kootenays where I became involved in outdoor ad lib work or special events and played a few hundred hours of music from electrical transcriptions containing eight or nine pieces on each side—tunes like "Blueberry Hill" done by Glen Miller's band, Artie Shaw's rendition of "Frenesi" and "Imagination" by Tommy Dorsey.

In due course, I cut a new and improved audition disc and, with fingers crossed, posted it off to the CBC.

Later, I found myself on the announce and copy-writing staff of CKOV in Kelowna in the fruit-growing valley of the Okanagan where the hours were longer but the salaries somewhat more generous. This, it transpired, would be the third and last of my "privates."

In June, 1941 I received a letter from someone at CBC Head Office in Ottawa named Colonel R.P. Landry advising me that there would be a vacancy on the Vancouver announce staff, that I should let him know by return whether I would be interested and, if so, whether I could report for duty on the first of August. The salary, he wrote, would be $150.00 per month. That would be $37.50 weekly.

Chapter I
VANCOUVER

According to the CBC Job Specifications Manual, it was necessary for a staff announcer to possess a university degree (preferably in arts or music) or "the equivalent"—complete proficiency in reading and writing English plus a minimum of three years on-the-job experience in private broadcasting stations.

I discovered that quite a number of my fellow announcers had gained entrance to the Corporation via the degree route but many of us were accepted on the strength of our having had on-air experience in the boondocks. We had, upon leaving high school, taken whatever jobs we could get to keep body and soul together until we accidentally or deliberately stumbled into broadcasting. One had been a miner, another an embalmer (so we were a bit in awe of him), still another a taxi-driver. As for me, I had spent some time toiling in a coastal sawmill—which had enriched my vocabulary but had contributed not at all to my diction or articulation.

In making the transition from private to public radio, one became aware of three differences: (1) Rather than working with occasional amateur (and therefore unpaid) actors, vocalists and musicians we would be associating only with professionals. (2) Instead of directing our own shows as we had done in the booths of small stations, each time we announced in a Corporation studio there would be a person of authority, The Producer, in the control-room; he was in charge of that programme and gave us various finger and hand signals throughout the production then, after it had ended, he would compliment us for having performed creditably or would chastise us for having turned in a sloppy job. (3) We would not be catering to a few hundred or a few thousand listeners in a small area but to countless thousands in a great metropolis as well as to several million living in far-flung centres served by the CBC Network.

"Network" simply meant a number of broadcasting-stations owned and operated by the Corporation plus certain privately-owned "affiliates" (which by contract were obligated to

carry CBC programming at certain hours of the day even if that *did* sometimes interfere with said private stations' precious local commercials) plus numerous unattended Low-Powered Relay Transmitters (LPRTs) of 20 or 40 watts which served small, isolated communities . . . all linked together by telephone or telegraph landlines with line company "boosters" or repeater amplifiers fifty miles or so apart to speed the programmes on their way with a bit of extra impetus. Some broadcasts would be confined to a "regional" network while others would be carried on the "national" network and would be heard by listeners tuned in to network stations (CBC, private and LPRT) from Prince Rupert to Halifax.

Each CBC-owned and operated station had its own call-letters or identification such as CBH Halifax, CBL Toronto, CBW Winnipeg and CBR Vancouver and the appropriate call-sign was announced many times each day at each location —and always "live," of course; never ever recorded.

In British Columbia's largest city the CBR (or CBC if you prefer) announce-booth, master-control, recording-room, Studios "B" and "C" and the music library as well as a number of offices were located on the mezzanine floor of the Hotel Vancouver—with a private entrance off Howe Street.

These facilities, especially the booth, were permeated at certain times of the day with aromas of cooking food. Since the big broadcasting-station shared heating-vents and air-ducts with the hotel proper and since the hotel's kitchens were in close proximity to where we worked, one could hardly remain oblivious to what the chefs were preparing at meal-times. In the booth, the announcer on sign-on always was tantalized by bacon, egg and coffee fragrances as they wafted past his nostrils.

Being the junior performer, I was usually assigned to the evening shift (which nobody else wanted) where I sat like an obedient puppy monitoring the network in case of trouble, giving station-breaks and time-signals occasionally and sometimes announcing and operating a recorded musical programme.

What I enjoyed about the evening shift was that it included reading the sign-off news. If I was better at one thing than another I suppose it was "doing the news." There was no call to be nervous since one was strictly on one's own in the booth. It was simply a matter of reading aloud what the night editor brought down from the newsroom on the second mezzanine at the opposite side of the hotel. One thing that required a modicum of judgment was bringing the newscast out "on the

nose" since it was being carried by all the regional affiliated stations and we could not let them think we were sloppy. But timing the news was not difficult as there were usually two or three brief "filler" items near the end and one could tighten these by eliminating a non-essential paragraph or by skipping the final story completely.

Naturally, the individual on booth duty did not merely begin talking whenever he had the urge. There was a master schedule which listed precise starting and ending times for all programmes, network and local, in hours, minutes and seconds on the control-desks in the booth and in master-control.

Besides patching the booth or individual studios to the outgoing circuits which carried them to our local transmitter and to the network, keeping an eye on levels and an ear to all programmes, the man on shift in "master" was required to keep extremely exacting records of any imperfections his critical ears took exception to as he monitored incoming network programmes. He would type his criticisms into his log and enter them in his fault report. Then he would pick up a special direct telephone and notify the line company that he had noticed distortion or cross-talk or imbalance or compander-pumping or some other trouble on the network circuit and would they kindly hop to it and try to alleviate the situation?

The announcer in the booth also maintained a log but he was less concerned about network quality than about programmes beginning or ending a few seconds early or late, production or announcing errors of various kinds, dead air—in short, just about anything that detracted from a broadcast due to human error in a control-room, a studio or both.

So, as you can imagine, with a master-control technician and an announcer monitoring critically at each CBC-owned station across the country, as well as someone at each of the affiliated network stations, there was precious little chance that any error on the network might go unnoticed.

The booth was "dead" unless the operator in master pushed a button which activated a red bull's-eye light practically under the nose of the announcer, which was his cue to get off his fanny and open his microphone-key or play a recorded fill, as dictated by the schedule. If a fill was found to be necessary either due to a breakdown somewhere or in case a programme ran short (which meant the producer responsible would be hauled over the coals) there was a strict rule that the only thing acceptable would be orchestral music. It was considered extremely bad taste to fade out a vocal.

To ensure that the CBC Vancouver staff kept its collective

nose clean and to the grindstone, we had a number of executives who rode herd on all our activities.

Ira Dilworth, at the top of the heap, was the B.C. Regional Representative—sandy-haired, formal and, to those who did not know him well, remote and austere; a former University of British Columbia English professor, he was a gentle and cultured gentleman of impeccable manners yet could not be taken lightly and always, always was addressed as "Mr. Dilworth" or "sir." Gracious and kindly as he was, he could be hard as nails and caustically biting to any staffer so unfortunate as to be called on the carpet for a misdemeanor.

The Programme Director and second in the pecking order was short, suave and charming Ernest Morgan; this delightful Welshman was responsible for programme policy, for the over-all "sound" of the station's output and for accepting or rejecting programming ideas. He was seldom in other than a good mood and outwardly was completely relaxed.

Roy Dunlop was the Production Manager and his job was to oversee all plant production activities and to maintain high production standards whether programmes were local, regional or national. His consuming interest, besides his work, was in things Oriental. He collected Ming vases and Chinese prints, had a passion for chop-suey and noodles and numbered among his friends many local prominent Chinese who occasionally would drop into his office for a chat at the end of the day.

Bill Herbert, my immediate boss, was an ex-newspaper reporter who had been among the first to join the Corporation as an announcer and who, by the time I entered the sacred precincts of CBR, had inherited the responsibilities of Chief Announcer. He ruled his staff with a rod of iron, yet criticized only to be constructive. A relaxed and self-assured on-air man, Bill was equally at home reading a script in the studio, handling a newscast, participating in a comedy skit or extemporizing on a complex special event or actuality. He was a broadcaster's broadcaster and he moulded us all. Bill was the original ball of fire—always going at top speed. He kept a packed suitcase by his bed—ready for any emergency in or out of town.

Eventually, I was acknowledged to be a fair-to-middling announcer and was permitted to work the other booth shifts—especially sign-on. Being a "day person," I found it no problem tumbling out of bed at an early hour.

During my first year, I was assigned several network shows —mostly recitals from Studios "B" or "C" and occasionally

something more demanding and prestigious from our large Studio "A" downstairs—the one with the control-room ten feet above the floor from which the producer and technician looked down obliquely at the performers. When an announcer on the studio floor directed his attention upward for the producer's finger cue, it sometimes was difficult to see as the lights created an annoying reflection on the triple-glass window of the control-room.

One of Bill Herbert's customs when broadcasting was to cup a hand around one ear so that he could hear his own voice externally and not simply through bone conductivity inside his head. He claimed it helped him to control his modulation.

Before long, several of us monitored our voices in the same way, especially when we were performing before a "live" audience.

I must confess that I personally did not find it especially helpful. Perhaps some of us did it more for affectation than anything. We had seen pictures of announcers cupping their ears in the days of carbon microphones and thought it an impressive thing to be seen doing—part of the mystique of broadcasting!

Among the producers, Andrew Allen—a broadcast drama specialist—(certainly the best in Canada and some said in North America) was one who struck fear into the hearts of tyro announcers. British born and educated at the best schools, culture fairly oozed out of this tall, distinguished-looking man—always faultlessly groomed and dressed right down to the white linen handkerchief tucked into the cuff of his left jacket sleeve. What Andrew said was law. He was omnipotent. He was *Mr.* Allen until one had caroused with him at least once. By the same token, he always addressed the performers on the studio floor as "Mr.," "Mrs." or "Miss." All right—no sloppiness, if you please. We shall not waste time. Kindly step a foot to the right. That's better. Now, let's try that scene again. (Fussy? Of course. Respected? Like God.)

Most of the producers (who considered themselves and indeed were a notch above announcers) were former on-air men. There were Stan Catton and John Barnes who produced the symphonies and most of the top calibre serious music programmes. There was Phil Kitley who master-minded the B.C. School Broadcasts and Ada McGeer who did recitals and talks broadcasts and who handled most of the instrumental and vocal auditions of would-be stars whose families had spurred them on towards fame and fortune. All were efficient

people who knew the business. There were producers of another kind, too.

There was a weekly musical show I had announced for several months when a newly hired producer was assigned to it. From the start, this innocent proved a total disaster. He was the sort of producer we referred to as a "stop-watch holder" or a "finger-pointer." He could not even figure out the elapsed time and the remaining time when he was in the control-room. After the opening selection, he would give the announcer a rotating finger or speed-up signal. After the second piece, he would give a stretch or slow down sign. Then speed up, slow down, speed up, slow down throughout the half-hour broadcast. While the music was being performed, instead of listening critically as he should have been doing, he would be madly scribbling additions and subtractions on a bit of paper, trying desperately to figure whether the production was on the nose, running fast or slow. He so obviously had not the remotest idea of what he was supposed to be doing, or how to do it, that eventually announcers assigned to his shows ignored his frantic signals almost entirely. This ex-schoolteacher (who undoubtedly must have been a friend of someone in the CBC utterly lacking in good judgment) at length saw the light and resigned. I hope he didn't get a job teaching mathematics.

Ada McGeer, a competent producer, usually wore a flowered hat in the control-room. Moreover, she rolled her own cigarettes—the kind that have untidy shreds of tobacco protruding out beyond the paper. On one occasion, just before her programme was due to go on air, she was lighting one of her home-built smokes when the loose tobacco went up in a puff of flame, as did the half-veil on her hat. Ada was a bit shaken for a few seconds but fortunately only her eyebrows were singed. The show went out on time.

During the first week of December, 1942 operator Jim Gilmore (much later to become acting President of the Corporation) and I were summoned upstairs. Dilworth was parked behind his huge desk, his everpresent cigar poised between his fingers.

"I have an assignment for you gentlemen," he murmured in his quiet voice; "it's very important to the Corporation, to our armed forces, to Canadian-American relations and to our listening audience at another location. I'd like you to take charge of the station at Prince Rupert which the CBC has just leased. There are 20,000 troops stationed there and it is essential that our service to them be improved. It is a small opera-

tion but a key one at this difficult time." He took a pull on his stogey and went on: "CFPR is a 50-watt station with a staff of two men and a secretary. It is on the air six hours daily—three in the morning and three in the late afternoon. Your responsibility will be to provide seventeen hours of programming daily, to give your full co-operation to both Canadian and American troops and to represent the CBC in the best possible manner. Mr. Gilmore will have charge of all engineering and operational aspects of the station. Mr. Halhed will be responsible for administration and programming. You will both report to me personally." He paused and regarded us concernedly: "If for some reason either of you would rather not accept this challenge, I should like to know tomorrow."

"When would we have to leave, sir?"

"In two weeks."

"And how long would the assignment last?"

"I should think three months—hardly more."

One point bothered me. "I don't see how we could maintain a seventeen-hour daily schedule, sir."

"We'll record all our major Network shows, incoming and outgoing," the chief explained, "and these will be shipped up to you by boat each week. Furthermore, all the United States Armed Forces shows such as Jack Benny, Lux Radio Theatre, Charlie McCarthy and so on, with the commercials deleted, will be made available to you regularly. And of course you'll be expected to do your own productions with the forces."

The two-days-and-a-night voyage up the Inland Passage from Vancouver to Prince Rupert was memorable. Jim had departed a few days in advance of my leaving. At night, ships were blacked out since there had been reports of a Japanese submarine snooping around the Coast. Because of tight bookings, I was forced to share a miniscule cabin with a stranger who insisted on reading in bed, which meant that the porthole had to remain closed and curtained. The place became oppressively hot and stuffy. What was more, it was beginning to blow and our little vessel was performing a crazy figure eight dance—up and down then sideways. From my upper bunk, I could feel the first warnings of mal de mer. Nauseated and hot, I threw on some clothes and dashed upstairs to the deck. I walked to the stern and hung on to the railing, watching our phosphorescent foaming wake churning away behind us. After an hour, thoroughly chilled and with my stomach's equilibrium restored and my head clear, I descended to my cabin and was soon dead to the world.

Chapter II
MESSAGE FROM RUPERT

There were broadcasting-stations and broadcasting-stations. CFPR Prince Rupert was in a class by itself. It was housed in a cramped wooden building with weathered yellow paint and a false front. A single window which faced the street bore the stencilled letters "CFPR" in the middle; the front door was at one end.

The antenna system consisted of two wooden masts 300 feet apart which supported the antenna itself about 80 feet above the ground and another horizontal wire some 20 feet above the dead grass and weeds; this was called a counterpoise and it was essential because, due to the muskeg, a traditional ground system could not be used.

The interior of the structure did not inspire pride. The street door led into a small office with a counter in the centre, a steno's desk in one corner and a pot-bellied coal-burning heater in another.

The single studio, with a water-stained ceiling of Ten-Test panels, was twelve feet square with a window on one interior wall providing a view of the control-room.

The latter contained a standard console (but lacking a VI-meter for indicating volume) and a pair of turntables. From behind the console, two rigid copper wires reached toward the ceiling, turned horizontally and, at the opposite side of the room, bent down again to join the top of the bulky but low-powered transmitter. Half-way between console and transmitter, a small light-bulb dangled from one of the aforementioned copper wires; when operational, this light flickered weakly indicating that the audio level leaving the console was satisfactory. When it glowed brightly, it meant that the operator was overmodulating or running too high a level and that, unless he reduced his gain, the signal would distort and the transmitter might kick off the air.

The station did not boast water or sewage of any kind. There were absolutely no facilities—neither a tap to furnish a drink of water nor a john for other and more desperate needs. Of course, if one did not have the first there was less likelihood of requiring the second.

On my first day at the place, I was advised that there were limited public facilities three blocks distant. I hurried there but discovered that the "men's" was out of order; so, after glancing up and down the street to make sure that I was unobserved, I availed myself of the ladies' powder-room. But I did that only once. It was simply too risky a procedure.

When one was alone "on the board" and felt a dire need to have a bowel movement, there were two choices: should the weather be fine (seldom) one could grab some copy paper and dash out the rear door to the edge of a cliff a hundred feet away, hold on to the trunk of a conveniently situated small tree and trust that one's objective could be met before the record revolving on the turntable had run its course; should the rain be teeming down (usual) one gritted one's teeth and employed mind over matter which resulted in a splitting headache and constipation. Averaging it out over our three and one-half months at CFPR, Jim and I were a pretty bunged up duo.

Our tenure was a totally wintertime experience and it rained literally almost every day—all day. Sometimes, for variety, it snowed. It rained when the temperature was below freezing which transformed the sidewalks into instant skating-rinks.

There were no street-lights due to blackout regulations so the man on sign-on always walked to work in pitch darkness. One morning, I inadvertently stepped off the high sidewalk and landed on my hands and knees on the gravelled street a foot below—which was more like a river. It had rained all night and it was still pouring. After reaching the station, I turned on the transmitter. Since my shoes and heavy socks were soaked through, I removed them and hung my socks on top of an electric heater immediately behind the operator's throne and proceeded to entertain the populace. An hour later, I became aware of an unpleasant odour and discovered that the feet of my socks had turned black; I picked them up, gave them a shake and the feet disintegrated. I did not try that clever stunt again.

Shortly after our arrival at Prince Rupert there was a civic election and we were broadcasting the results, poll by poll, as they were telephoned in. All the candidates were sitting in the studio, ready to say their pieces over the air as soon as the winners had been confirmed. It was an hilarious scene—with these distinguished civic leaders sitting on wooden chairs in the carpetless studio, listening anxiously as Clarence Insulan-

der, Gilmore and I read out the returns to the accompaniment of loud plops as rain-water dripped from the ceiling into three galvanized buckets on the floor. But nobody smiled. It was perfectly normal.

There was the morning a United States Army public relations major visited us and asked in a Georgian drawl whether we would consider doing a Saturday evening broadcast of their dance-band, "The Aristocrats," from the company mess. He said the Army would pay for and install the remote-control circuit—a distance of about four miles. We acquiesced. The band proved to be excellent and loud and ran the gamut of latest hits from "Strip Polka" and "Jingle, Jangle, Jingle" to "Blues in the Night" and "When the Lights Go On Again All Over the World." The dancers and spectators applauded and shouted vociferously after each number. We all enjoyed the experience and I expect our listeners did likewise.

Next day, the major reappeared. "That was real fahn," he remarked ardently; "it was such a success that ah'd lak for us to broadcast tha'at ba-and ever' Sat'day long as we're heah."

Jim and I agreed that it should be possible and suggested that the Army make a permanent installation of the circuit from the mess to the station.

"Oh, no," the officer replied, "we couldn't do tha-at. Y'see the da-ance is he-eld in a diff'nt mess each week so's to avoid jealousy. We'll jus' install a new circuit each week. No trouble. Got plenty ole copper wahr."

But they did not use "ole wahr." Each week, U.S. Army Signals strung several miles of brand new shiny copper wire from whichever mess was to originate the music of "The Aristocrats." They seemed to think the results and goodwill warranted the expense.

Nearly every broadcasting station had its own unique form of public service activity. Since Prince Rupert was 550 miles north of Vancouver and since there were many who lived on islands and in other isolated spots inaccessible to commercial telephone or telegraph, CFPR handled a free emergency message service each morning and afternoon.

One morning, the door opened and an ancient Indian propped himself against the counter. He wore a shapeless brown canvas hat and a worn red and black checked mackinaw. His face was like old leather and creased with wrinkles. As I walked toward the counter, two black button eyes regarded me suspiciously. There was no smile nor greeting of

any kind. Then the thin, grey-brown lips parted, revealing three splendid gold front teeth. "Message," mumbled the visitor.

I reached for pad and pencil and gave him a reassuring smile. "Who's it going to, please?"

"George." The man sighed.

"George who?"

"George," the Indian persisted.

"George Smith? George Brown? George who?"

"George Grey."

"Which reservation?"

"Metlaketla."

"What's the message?"

"Eh?"

"What message you like to send?"

"Poor—Willie—very—sick. Stomach—all—broke." The old man searched the ceiling for inspiration. "In hos-pital." His eyes bored into mine.

"Is there anything else?"

He shook his head.

"Who is the message from?"

"Eh?"

"What is your name?" I pointed to his chest.

"Jimmy Moses." A veined hand with broken finger-nails reached up and adjusted the brim of his hat.

"All right, Mr. Moses. We'll broadcast your message in half an hour."

The piercing eyes glared at me. Then, without so much as a thank you, the Indian turned his back, opened the door and departed.

Jimmy Moses returned after lunch, accompanied by a skinny woman who was equipped with only one gold tooth. Again the message was to George Grey. Poor Willie was much worse.

Next morning, the CFPR message period included another Moses report. The doctors had given up hope. Things were in a bad way for Willie.

That afternoon, Mr. Moses leaned sadly against the counter. "Poor Willie die at two o'clock. We bring body home tonight." He was back a scant ten minutes before the broadcast time for messages. He dictated: "Willie body not ready yet. I bring it in the morning."

Yet another rainy morning and the final chapter was sent to

George Grey: "Bringing Willie about noon today for sure. Meet me at bottom of the hill with truck and some men. Jimmy Moses. . . . ."*

Life at CFPR was never dull. The American fighter pilots, constantly training, scared the pants off us on a number of occasions by deliberately displaying their skill and nerve as, at full throttle, they would roar past our control-room's rear window through the rectangle formed by the two vertical poles and the pair of horizontal wires a mere 60 feet apart. Their P-40s made a terrific scream and, if we happened to have an open microphone, the racket drowned out whatever was being said on the air.

Another daily hazard to our programming was the vibration created by gargantuan trucks laden with mammoth boulders, as well as immense earth-movers, which roared past along the street on their way to where a new link with the Alcan (now Alaska) Highway was being cut through the bush. Each time one of these behemoths trundled by, the operator would put his hand on the turntable pickup arm so it would not jump the grooves and skid across the surface of a record or transcription. An audio purist would have shuddered at our operational idiosyncrasies! But we became accustomed to little annoyances. They made life interesting.

So time passed with rain as a constant companion. We usually worked seven days a week as there was not much else to do anyway. December, January, February, March. The long, dark months.

We managed to put out three news bulletins a day—thanks to the co-operation of Canadian Army Signals. The 11:55 p.m. bulletin copy prepared in our Vancouver Newsroom was given to a CAS despatch-rider and, during the slack night period, was sent in code to the Signals station at Rupert, where it was converted from dots and dashes back into type. A Prince Rupert despatch-rider would deliver it to CFPR prior to sign-on each morning and we'd read it on the air. It would be repeated at noon. The same system was employed to provide us with updated material for our 6:00 p.m. newscast. Our news was not always as completely topical as it might have been but it was aired quite consistently.

Except for the morning of January 1, 1943 when the Vancouver (or Prince Rupert, or both) Signals people obviously had celebrated to excess. The copy handed to me was com-

* George Grey and Jimmy Moses were not their real names.

pletely incomprehensible, making no sense whatsoever. The material was just so much gibberish and we did not attempt to air it. We simply announced that, "due to circumstances beyond our control," there would be no news that morning. I suppose people were understanding or were too weary and hung over, after a successful New Year's Eve, to complain about a missing newscast. We did not receive a single call.

On March 10, a Canadian Army Signals sergeant and former broadcaster reported for duty with us and, after a break-in period of a week, Jim Gilmore and I boarded the ship for the south. We left behind a nicely-balanced 17-hour daily schedule of recorded CBC and American networks entertainment and we believed a lot of goodwill.

And the eternal rain.

Chapter III
TICKLISH NEWS AND SOAP LATHER

Many people in the '40s believed that broadcasters earned immense salaries. Actually, starting at $150.00 per month with a miniscule annual increment, we were scarcely wealthy. Most of us had grown up during the depression so, although our salaries permitted us to get by only with careful budgeting, we were reasonably satisfied.

By modern standards, I dare say we were somewhat on the "square" side. Being properly turned out for work was essential. Good grooming, frequent haircuts, a freshly pressed shirt (not infrequently with the collar turned) and tie and a conservative suit constituted the CBC "uniform." We took pride in being CBC broadcasters and made every effort to reflect with decorum the bureaucratic dignity of the Corporation.

We respected the authority of our superiors and seldom questioned it. We performed conscientiously because we were expected to and because we were totally dedicated to radio broadcasting—which was the only kind of broadcasting there was!

The Corporation itself was well-mannered and insisted that its writers and editors always employ correct titles and forms of address in its scripts and news copy when referring to the humble and the great alike—with a surname always preceded by "Mr." or "Mrs." or by "Dr." or "the Honourable" or whatever happened to be appropriate.

During that era, formalities were extremely important as were regulations. In broadcasting, it was mandatory for an announcer to say: "The following announcement has been electrically transcribed" immediately before he played a one-minute commercial spot. Sometimes we would repeat that statement a dozen times throughout the morning. To have omitted it would have meant a reprimand from the Radio Inspector. And he did listen. On-air people had to be on their toes at all times. Of course the most important qualification for announcers was correct English useage. Except when ad libbing a recorded programme, most of our on air talking was from scripts written by the announcers and news written by

the editors. We were formal to a degree but never pedantically or stuffily so.

The CBC had in its employ in Toronto one W.H. "Steve" Brodie, Supervisor of Broadcast Language. It was the responsibility of this popular, bald little Englishman to travel the country and drop in to each CBC plant once or twice a year and listen to, criticize and improve the standards of the announcers. His visits were always welcomed, his advice always heeded.

To improve our articulation, he taught us a series of mouth exercises in which we recited aloud all the vowel sounds, exaggerated and elongated, concluding with a mouth-stretching "Eeeeee-oooooo" which transformed the face from a broad grin to a pursed set of lips. Steve told us that, if we practised these exercises daily, our articulation would be much clearer. He was right. We all benefited.

I exercised my mouth each morning en route to work. Occasionally, as I hurried along Robson Street doing my "Eeeeee-ooooo" thing, I noticed a few passersby eye me suspiciously then look away quickly—probably thinking that I should be locked away until my sanity had been restored.

The CBC newsroom, as noted earlier, was located on the Hotel Vancouver's second mezzanine at the corner of Burrard and Georgia Streets, the equivalent of a block from master-control and our studios. Therefore it could almost be categorized as a "remote" location insofar as our broadcasting operations were concerned.

There was an editorial room with windows facing west overlooking Georgia, Stanley Park and the harbour; it contained editors' desks, typewriters and telephones and several news-wire teleprinting machines which clacked away all day and most of the night.

Adjoining was the news studio—a windowless inside room equipped with only a table, two chairs, a direct telephone to master, a red "on air" bull's-eye light and a '44 microphone on a table-stand.

One reassuring accessory was missing—a cough-button with which the news-reader could "kill" his microphone. As it was, that mike could be activated only from master. Nobody gave the matter much thought until one morning when I had one of the most embarrassing experiences of my life.

For months, I had been reading a five-minute bulletin Monday to Friday at 7:30 a.m. followed by a quarter-hour

regional news broadcast at 8:00. I had never experienced any problems. But on this occasion, after one of those tossing and turning nights resulting in an overwhelming tiredness, I despatched the 'quickie' bulletin then began to read over, mark and underline the quarter-hour copy.

Promptly at 8:00 o'clock, my red light flashed on and I began the newscast. After a couple of minutes I became aware of a slight tickle in the throat. I willed it to go away and continued reading. Then I just *had* to cough. There was no way to ask master to turn off the microphone so I simply turned my head as far off as I could and coughed my insides out—all over British Columbia! I read for another minute. I coughed again. For the remainder of that fifteen minutes (it seemed like sixty) it was read, cough, read, cough, read, cough. At last, one of the editors brought me a glass of water which helped a bit. My face was scarlet, I was perspiring and the throat tickle had become more pronounced—as though a mouse were crawling up and down my wind-pipe. After an interminable time, the big clock in front of me indicated that I might croak out the news sign-off and give the network cue.

When the engineering people arrived at 9:00 o'clock, I raised such a ruckus that a cough-button was installed and wired in that same day.

A major regional newscast meant 15 minutes of continuous reading. We did not have reporters bringing in eye-witness stories and interviews on tape (obviously, since tape was unknown) to be inserted into the news. The bulletins rattled in over the teleprinters, the editors re-wrote them for the air and the announcer read them. Not being in a position to so much as clear one's throat part way through a quarter-hour of nonstop reading did not as a rule bother us but it was disastrous if one developed a tickle.

We usually had 15 minutes in which to peruse our copy before airing the news and we habitually marked the material —underlining words to be stressed, bracketing phrases that should be "thrown away" or given no stress at all, pencilling in phonetically words that were tricky to pronounce and indicating where one should give a short pause.

News-reading required concentration. We all tried to get through a quarter-hour of news without a single error. I found that, if I managed to read without a "fluff" for the first three minutes or so, I usually could go through the entire period without a mistake. But if I fouled up a word or two near the start of the newscast, a nasty little gremlin in my head would

keep nagging me: "Hah, you blew it! You goofed! You're off to a bad start! Watch it, you're going to do it again!" And sure as shooting, I would.

We were well supplied with pronunciation guides but so many new foreign names kept cropping up that, unless we happened to know someone authoritative we could call, we usually had to "wing it" and hope that we were correct. Occasionally, following a tricky newscast, an informed listener would telephone and put us right when we had erred. We welcomed such co-operation but were embarrassed to have been caught out in a mispronunciation.

I remember when I encountered for the first time the name of an Italian individual called Bodoglio. On my newscast, I publicly exhibited my ignorance by pronouncing it "Bo-DOG-lio." A listener called after I was off the air and suggested that "Bo-DŌ-lio" might have been preferable. Indeed it might.

* * *

As might be expected during a war, we underwent a number of changes in the announce staff. Chief Announcer Bill Herbert was heading overseas as a war correspondent and Ray Mackness, another veteran on-air man, left to join the Air Force. I was asked to replace Bill as acting chief.

Marce Munro (destined to become Asst. General Manager of the CBC's English Services Division) and John Rae (honourably discharged for medical reasons from the RCAF and ultimately to be CBC National Supervisor of Announcing Services) became staff announcers. Another newcomer was Calgarian Gordon Inglis who had been blessed with a remarkably rich voice. Vancouverite Frank Williams joined our staff as did Jack Bingham. Another newcomer was a high-pressure and impatient mike-man from a private station in the Interior.

The latter was a pleasant enough chap but he wanted to run before he had learned to walk. At first, he was confined to booth shifts. But he felt these were beneath him and kept pestering me to assign him to a studio show. I told him to be patient—that that would come in time. At length, he was assigned a recital or two but he was far from satisfied. Then one day he accused me of discriminating against him.

"Not only you but the whole rotten announce staff is against me," he insisted, "and I won't take it any longer. Unless I get some of the big shows damn soon I'm going upstairs and raise particular hell. You're not going to treat me this way just because I happen to be Jewish."

No amount of persuasion could convince him that none of us cared a whit whether he was Jewish or Mongolian—so long as he turned in an acceptable performance.

Gradually he was entrusted with a few of the more prestigious shows but still he was not satisfied. Perhaps he wanted to do them all. Things went from bad to worse—all because of his king-sized persecution complex.

Then he stopped speaking to the rest of us. He would pass us in the corridor with his head down. A few weeks of this and the tension in the air became almost unbearable. At last, presumably having convinced himself that he could do better elsewhere, he resigned. On his final day, he was on sign-on. After two hours, I relieved him. He got up from the hot seat, put on his coat and walked out without a word. No goodbye—no anything. I wanted to shake his hand and wish him well but he didn't give me an opportunity. And I confess I didn't try too hard. That was the end of an unfortunate relationship that simply did not work out. We heard that he went to the U.S.A.

One of our best "mike-men" who wanted very much to make the move from the CBC to a big American network was a short, dark-haired and highly professional announcer named Geoff Davis. He was a top-drawer performer with about the deepest voice I have ever heard. He told us that he would be heading south "any day now." We all liked Geoff and secretly envied him his voice and his self-assurance on air but we did weary a bit of his habit of parading up and down the corridor in between assignments, announcing: "This is the National Broadcasting Company" or "This is the Columbia Broadcasting System" or "This is Mutual."

To the surprise of nobody, he succeeded in attaining his wish. Geoff, at last report, was announcing at a big New York station. All I can say is that Canada's loss was the United States' gain.

One day we heard a rumour that we simply could not believe. A *woman* had been hired! A female announcer? Working with us? Utterly ridiculous! The sole woman announcer on the Network was Madeleine Charlebois of Ottawa who told everyone that at the beginning of the long dash it would be one o'clock. Anyway, she had been there for ages and—well, Ottawa was so far from Vancouver that it really did not matter.

When we discovered that the rumour was indeed fact, we decided that no female was going to make *our* lives miserable.

We'd go right on telling off-colour stories and cussing one another and leading a normal existence. We heard that this lady was a member of the Junior League (whatever that was), came from a veddy, veddy social family and were told that "we were to be nice to her." Nice? Us?

The first day she met the staff, we were decidedly cool to obviously cultured Sheila Russell. The second day, our animosity turned to resigned acceptance. The third day, I think all of us loved her; without seemingly making any effort to be liked, she had simply become "one of the boys." Not only that, she was an excellent announcer. She had attended good schools and whenever one of us was a bit shaky on a pronunciation, we would ask Sheila. She practically always knew.

Being the new junior air person, she was given the night trick for a few weeks. Then I decided she should take her turn at early rising and she was assigned to "sign-on." Sheila was a spinster whose parents had been comfortable but had recently passed on and she lived in her cozy three-storeyed home in the West End, part of which she rented. She was an only child who had been brought up in a sheltered atmosphere and had been accustomed to a ladylike existence—none of this setting an alarm-clock business.

So I suppose the early morning chore was difficult for her, just as it was a challenge for the rest of us. Sheila always came to work in a taxi but it was obvious that getting in on time for sign-on was not her idea of how to face a new day. But it was a cross she had to bear.

When on early shift, Sheila had a set routine: (1) Get there on time somehow and put the station on the air; (2) Phone hotel room-service and order a full breakfast to be served in the announce-booth; (3) During the 7:30 news bulletin, dash to the Ladies and wash; (4) In between announcements, eat breakfast; (5) Pile all the dirty dishes and half-eaten crusts, the remains of fried eggs and other appetizing morsels on the large pewter tray and set it on the floor in a corner where nobody would trip over it; under no circumstances remove the tray from the Booth. Someone else would look after that—probably.

I took Sheila to task several times but the poor lady would look so crestfallen and repentant that I finally gave up and accepted the occasional scrap of egg on the VU-meter or crumbs on the console desk.

Periodically Sheila would telephone me at home around 6:00 a.m. just as I was breakfasting prior to heading down-

town for the first newscast. When the phone rang at that hour, I knew who it would be. Her voice would be a half-awake moan: "Dick, dear, this is Sheila. I'm dreadfully sorry but I simply can *not* get in today. I've got the curse."

Which would be my cue to call one of the announcers not prone to that malady and urge him to get down to the booth, pronto.

In the booth, our self-contained studio, all manner of exciting events took place—one of the most unusual being a baby shower.

Announcer Marce Munro had just become a father for the first time so the rest of us agreed that something appropriate should be done to mark this important occasion.

When Marce appeared just prior to 4:00 p.m. to take his shift, most of his fellow announcers coincidentally happened to be hanging around in the corridor anxious to shake his hand and (hopefully) receive a free cigar. When Marce opened the door to the booth and stepped inside, he took one look and proceeded to break up.

We had strung a clothes-line from one wall to the other above the console and from this we had hung diapers, a rattle, a soother, a pack of safety-pins, a tin of powder and other necessities. On his chair was a big vegetable-marrow dressed in a new bonnet and a miniature undershirt. On the front of the console was a sign: "Father!"

After a few minutes of banter, Marce glanced at the clock and shouted through the cigar smoke: All right, you guys—get out o'here! I've gotta give a station-call!"

We closed the door and left the new father to perform his mundane tasks, fold his diapers and gather up his playthings.

CBC Vancouver, like the Corporation's major production plants across the country, received an astonishing number of applications from would-be announcers. Astonishing because most of them could barely write an intelligible letter. Occasionally, someone who showed promise would surface, usually an announcer at a private station. Women for some reason seldom attempted to break into this traditionally male preserve of on-air performing.

In any event, it became my lot to take over the monthly duty of holding announcers' auditions. We would have from eight to ten candidates at each session—some self-confident, some nervous and still others who treated the whole exercise as something of a joke since they quite likely were taking the test on a dare or because some doting relatives had told them

they had splendid voices. Conducting auditions always was interesting though usually an utter waste of time.

As I sat in the control-room with the heavy drape pulled across the glass to afford each candidate a feeling of privacy, I was always reminded of the trauma a serious candidate often experiences in an attempt to land an announcing job. As I listened to the nervous voices coming through the loud-speaker, I scrawled notes about sibilance, sloppy diction, poor accentuation and inflection, lack of interprétation, mispronunciations and just plain dreadful reading. I thought to myself: I was one of the lucky ones.

The most unpleasant part of holding auditions was facing the unsuccessful, and in most cases hopeless, candidates after they had tried so hard. How do you tell someone he has an unpleasant voice or that his diction is shocking or that his English leaves much to be desired?

* * *

Regional Representative Ira Dilworth usually addressed me by my first name. At a formal meeting with others, I was Mr. Halhed. When he was in high dudgeon about something, he omitted the "Mr." It was the latter form of address that he chose to use during the soap-opera mix-up. And I couldn't blame him.

Four daily soap-operas—Big Sister, The Soldier's Wife, Lucy Linton and Road of Life—were fed from Toronto on a closed circuit each morning. They were recorded on disc in Vancouver and re-broadcast or "delayed" three hours later at a more appropriate listening-time in the west. Immediately after each show had been recorded, the 16-inch glass transcription was labelled and dated by the recording technician and placed carefully in a specific slot in the recording-room. It was the responsibility of the announcer on shift in the booth to pick up the four discs each day and play them back on the air. This routine never varied.

One morning, however, while one of the "soaps" was being broadcast, the switchboard lit up like a Christmas-tree as call after call came in—all from irate soap-opera enthusiasts. The nature of the complaints? Simply that the episode being aired was exactly the same as the one aired yesterday. Apparently the technician must have typed the wrong date on the label.

Anyway, the correct transcription was located quickly, placed on the turntable and, by means of good judgment,

fancy cueing and a sneaky cross-fade from one disc to another, the final two-thirds of the drama more or less made sense. The announcer on duty even brought the wretched show out on time by switching back to the previous day's commercial and back again to the current day's teaser for tomorrow's programme. (Will Mary's cousin's baby be found? Will Sandra be able to convince John that his suspicions are unfounded? Will Ellen have the courage to tell Fred that she is leaving him? Listen tomorrow!)

The thing was hardly off the air when my telephone rang.

"Halhed!" The angry voice was unmistakeable.

"Yes, sir."

"Kindly come upstairs at once!"

Without trying to put the blame on anyone, I told him that I would try to see that such a terrible mistake did not recur. I would take every precaution. I would write a memo. I would speak to all the announcers. I would talk to the Chief Operator and have him speak to *his* men.

"I suggest that you do, Halhed," said that icy voice as he dismissed me.

I did take every precaution, spoke to the Chief Operator and to as many announcers as I could contact that day.

The next morning, a different technician recorded and dated the soaps. The same announcer played them back on the air.

For the second successive day, the switchboard's lights flashed again and again. The correct disc was located in seconds. Again, the announcer performed his sleight-of-hand tricks and cross-faded from disc to disc.

Again, my telephone sounded. This time, he was seething .....

Chapter IV
MOSTLY IN THE STUDIO

Apart from those awful soap-operas, most CBC Vancouver programmes were produced "live" from our studios. There was no such thing as taping a show then doing a fancy editing job to expunge false starts or fluffs, an imperfect dramatic reading or a rough musical passage. As noted previously, we didn't have tape.

We would have a woodshed (a really arduous, extremely exacting rehearsal) then a full dress rehearsal followed by a quarter-hour smoke break, after which we would broadcast the show directly to the network—regionally or nationally.

Since everyone concerned knew that, when the producer's finger flashed out, there was no opportunity to hesitate or rethink what had to be done but rather to get down to brass tacks then and there and turn in as close to perfect a performance as possible, it usually turned out that way. Knowing that his or her announcing efforts were about to be heard by listeners from Vancouver to Halifax, the individual assigned to the show was psyched to perform at peak efficiency. Spirits were high and the adrenalin flowed and enthusiasm was unbounded because absolutely nothing mattered but a flawless performance. By the time the announcer threw the network cue at the end of the half-hour or hour, and when the producer had opened his talk-back to say: "Good show, everyone; thank you very much," all who had participated in the broadcast experienced a feeling of accomplishment, of elation, which nothing could approach.

Many distinguished programmes originated from Studio "A" down on the main floor and most of us handled them all at one time or another. One such popular show was "From Leicester Square to Broadway" featuring old-time music-hall tunes with actor Eric Vale playing the part of "the old stager" in reminiscent mood. Harry Pryce conducted the orchestra and the always delightful Isabel McEwan was the vocalist.

Isabel's beautiful soprano voice captivated most listeners and it so enthralled a workman in the Yukon that he scrawled a letter to her confessing his undying love and promising to

journey south to the big city to "take her away from all that." Of course no one took any particular notice of the letter, thinking it the writing of some old crackpot.

But one evening the dress-rehearsal was in progress when a bewhiskered face appeared at the visitors' observation window. It proved to be that of the unknown admirer from the north. Isabel was visibly shaken by this stranger's obvious concentration on her but it was not until the break that she became really frightened. So we all crowded around her as she emerged from the studio to go upstairs to freshen up and the invader lost sight of her. We escorted her back into "A" for the broadcast and heartlessly pulled the drape across the window or she never would have been able to concentrate on her numbers. Then several staff people went over to the Yukoner and told him that Isabel (who was a spinster, actually) was a married lady with five children and that her husband was a heavyweight wrestler who should be arriving any minute to pick her up.

Anyway, it all worked out. Isabel's would-be suitor, sadder but wiser, morosely took the hint and went off into the night—perhaps to drown his sorrows in one of the bistros in the block.

Jean de Rimanoczy, violinist, conducted "Serenade for Strings" from "A" each week across the network. Like other musicians, Jean enjoyed practising solos in the gentlemen's john, the ceramic tile of which reflected the sound thereby enhancing the tone of a musical instrument—or a voice, for that matter.

The hour-long weekly drama series produced by Andrew Allen for the National Net also emanated from Studio "A" utilizing such west coast stars as John Drainie, Claire Murray, Bernard Braden, Barbara Kelly and Fletcher Markle as well as John Bethune, E.V. Young, Alan Young, Alan Pearce and Frank Vyvyan.

"Music from the Pacific," a weekly national network show with good-natured and quite corpulent Percy Harvey leading the 25-piece orchestra, was one of my favourites. It featured light concert pieces and the slower-tempoed "popular music" numbers of the day arranged for a pleasant balance of strings, woodwinds, brass and percussion with the accent on the string section and a predominent solo oboe—providing a poignant, effervescent effect enhanced naturally by a superb pickup from precisely placed microphones by our operators.

"Music from the Pacific" always opened with the sound of mighty waves pounding against the rocks of the Pacific coast—an effective scene-setter and mood-establisher—out of which sneaked the introductory thematic strings with their simulation of rising and falling winds.

Fortunately, listeners across the nation could not observe the scene in the studio because those were not ocean waves at all. The effect was created through the utilization of a long, narrow closed black box suspended on a horizontal shaft. The bottom of the contraption was undulated. When the box was tilted first one way then the other, its contents (a pound or so of dried peas) rolled back and forth and, when picked up by the sound-effects microphone, the result was even more like an ocean than the ocean itself.

When you think about it, that is a pretty strange kettle of fish—a broadcasting-station situated practically on the shore of the world's largest ocean . . . and where it is necessary to fake the sound of waves. Don't try to figure it out. That's simply show-biz!

Several series of network recitals originated in Studio "C" on the mezzanine level. There was Clement Q. Williams, Australian lyric baritone (another frequent bathroom rehearser) whose closing theme was, as might be expected, "Waltzing Matilda."

There were the brothers Jan and Michel Cherniavsky, pianist and 'cellist respectively—a pair of polished Polish musicians who performed with unquestioned brilliance. Jan had a completely bald, pink pate framed by a wispy halo of grey hair which stood on end perpetually as though drawn upward by static electricity. Michel boasted a pair of enormous sideburns which framed his face from the tops of his ears to his shirt-collar.

Just as a dog circles three times before plunking itself down on the rug, and just as a bird twitches and adjusts its feathers before settling in its nest, so the Cherniavsky pair had its little ritual prior to giving a performance. They were compulsive furniture movers. There would be a number of short conferences in Polish punctuated with grimaces, shrugs, the nodding and shaking of heads, arm-waving and hand gesticulations. They found it necessary to reposition the piano-stool and 'cellist's chair a half-dozen times before they were satisfied. Jan would jump up suddenly from his bench and peer inside the piano, as though someone might be lurking inside it, then

sit down again. Michel would finish tuning his instrument, put it down carefully, stride quickly about the studio, seat himself once more, riffle through his music then nod to his brother that he was ready. When they had completed their routine of fretting, frowning and leaping up and down, broad smiles illuminated their faces which accentuated their pixie-like appearance.

When these two were doing a studio broadcast, they often unnerved their producer because they had a capricious habit of leaving their instruments and wandering about the room during the announcer's introduction to their next selection. Yet they always managed to resume their proper positions and to start off the next piece with complete professionalism.

I remember one occasion when they participated in a Victory Bond variety show in a downtown theatre. Most people had heard them perform on the air but not many had seen them in the flesh. When it was time for their entrance, they trotted on stage, sat down, stood up, adjusted their chairs a few times, tuned their instruments, stood up and bowed deeply. The audience howled with merriment, convinced that this was a surprise comedy routine! But it was simply the Cherniavskys getting organized.

Occasionally, world-famous guest artists would originate from our plant. They always were given V.I.P. treatment. One of the most down-to-earth and charming of these was violist William Primrose. Blind pianist Alec Templeton paid us a visit as did Paul Robeson, the bass-baritone who ultimately was to become a subject of controversy. The guest whose temperament practically turned the place upside down was the lass with "the biggest aspidastra in the world"—the inimitable Gracie Fields; she might have been everybody's sweetheart on the air but she always insisted on having her own way.

With few exceptions, our major musical productions were "sustaining" or non-commercial. The Corporation tended to entertain, to uplift and to provide culture for the masses with minimal vulgar commercial interruptions. So we announcers were surprised and rather elated when we were invited to audition for a new series of sponsored musical shows to be presented on stage before a theatre audience and carried on the network. It would be produced by a major advertising agency. Although all the announcers were qualified to handle any routine on-air job, it was considered only fair that anyone interested (which meant all of us since commercial talent fees would be paid) should have an opportunity to take this important test.

John Rae (who became one of the most sought after commercial announcers) and I were selected to do the new series with John being the personality who introduced the show itself and the musical numbers while I was given the mundane job of voicing the commercial blurbs for tea and coffee.

The series was known as "Harmony House" and was sponsored by Nabob, featured an orchestra directed by violinist-arranger Richmond "Ricky" Hyslop and featured vocalists Suzanne, baritone Pat Morgan and a girls' quartette which harmonized under the name of "The Nabobettes." "Harmony House" was a schmaltzy presentation of popular-type music arranged by Ricky for a pleasing blend of instruments. The theatre and network audiences seemed to enjoy it and, most importantly, so did the sponsor. At least, Nabob renewed its contract for another season.

One of Vancouver's previously mentioned stars was a comedian named Alan Young who was the featured performer on a monthly variety show which emanated to the network from Studio "A." Bill Herbert always played the straight man on the show until he departed for his war-correspondent duties, after which various announcers tackled the job. Eventually, Alan Young headed for Hollywood—and that was that.

Naturally, not *everything* produced originated in a studio. From time to time, we would dream up topics we thought might make worthwhile programmes and take our microphones and equipment to various locations in the city or out of town. Sometimes one would accidentally encounter a made-to-order subject that simply had to be dealt with. For instance, I was on a street-car one day when I happened to spot a Neon sign on top of a factory that identified the plant as "British Wire Ropes." Upon investigation, it transpired that this plant was working exclusively on a vital war-effort contract—turning out control-cables for fighter and bomber aircraft. So we toured the plant, recorded numerous machinery sounds and interviews with the mostly female employees and (scrupulously avoiding mention of the firm's name or location) made a useful propaganda half-hour out of it which we called "Rope for Hitler's Neck."

In those long ago days in Vancouver, we enjoyed the services of a publicity writer who reported on what *we* were reporting and wrote it up, sometimes with accompanying photographs, for the weekly programme schedule known as the "CBC Times." The young man in question, Pat Keatley, was head of our two-person publicity and promotional department. Whenever any of us was working on location in or

around Vancouver, Pat would be there with notebook and camera. Many of his stories and pictures appeared in the press to promote some upcoming programme we had put together. But, after a few years, this West Coast publicist departed Canada for London's Fleet Street where eventually he became one of Britain's most distinguished political reporters. He also found time to file stories for CBC Radio and his name became extremely familiar to all Canadians. We still hear him occasionally, this ace broadcaster and diplomatic correspondent for the "Guardian," whose signature (except when he is on assignment in some exotic land half-way around the globe) has seldom varied: "This is Patrick Keatley reporting from London."

"The Jack Benny Show" originated from the Pacific National Exhibition grounds on one occasion but we humble announcers were merely spectators. Benny's permanent announcer, large and jovial Don Wilson, chuckled his way through the star-studded performance as he did each week for years. But all the CBR announcers entertained Don at luncheon, one day; as we ate and listened to his anecdotes, I am afraid we stared at him like hero-worshipping idiots. I managed an on-air interview with Mr. Benny's famous butler-chauffeur—gifted comedian Eddie "Rochester" Anderson.

Naturally, we were involved in a good many war-effort and recruiting broadcasts. There was one important Red Cross show which originated from the Odeon Theatre stage which I had been asked to emcee and for which a tuxedo was in order. Since I did not own one, I rented the complete outfit at a personal outlay of $5.00. I was not happy about the expense but did not claim for it. To have admitted that I did not have a monkey-suit would have been a bit humiliating.

Victory Loan programmes came and went, often as summertime remotes on a large stage erected at Georgia and Granville Streets, where noon-hour strollers could stand around on the sidewalks, watch the proceedings and enjoy the music and comedy acts.

Then there was a weekly Saturday night chore which we took turns in handling—a pickup from the supper club on the uppermost floor of our hotel. Neither a producer nor a technician was involved; we began and ended with the announcer's stop-watch which he synchronized with the master clock prior to ascending to the club.

Up on the 15th floor, we ran a preliminary test and our microphones picked up the rattle of dishes and cutlery and the

hum of conversation and laughter—the background sounds of several hundred diners eager to begin dancing. The standard opening to our national network audience went something like this:

An introductory fortissimo eight bars by the band with the leader standing front and centre blowing his alto sax and with Bud Henderson's nimble arpeggios on the piano predominating as the baritone man provided rich obligatos.

The mood established, the band repeated the theme with diminished volume as the announcer, projecting above the music, proclaimed:

"From the Panorama Roof of the Hotel Vancouver, high above the twinkling harbour lights of Canada's west coast metropolis, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation brings you the music of Dal Richards, his saxophone and his orchestra—with the song-stylings of Juliette! From Vancouver, it's music . . . from the top o' the town!"

The announcer paced himself so that his final introductory word was emoted a mere second prior to the band coming up again with its final great punctuating chord.

Then, as if on cue, came the applause—for which the patrons of The Roof had been briefed shortly before air time.

No doubt about it, they did enjoy that big band.

And they loved Juliette.

So did her parents who unfailingly occupied one of the tables from where they inconspicuously chaperoned their talented blond daughter.

After all, Julie was just in her 'teens.

Chapter V
FROM FIRST POTLATCH TO LAST SPIKE

An announcement that must have puzzled and intrigued listeners on the B.C. coast was a "set piece" that originated in the booth twice daily: "Attention, all lightkeepers! Attention, all lightkeepers! A is for Apples! A is for Apples!"

This was a coded instruction of the utmost importance from Western Air Command. It went on for many months—unwavering in its verbiage. Only twice, on consecutive days, did we substitute "B is for Butter" for the apples message. There was also a letter C but we never did discover what it stood for nor did we have occasion to use it. I do not know to this day precisely what the significance of those announcements was. But we had a reasonable idea at the time. It was one of those things we did not discuss.

It might have been the "A is for Apples" blurbs that gave me the idea of doing a short series on lighthouses and the men who keep them. Accompanied by Chief Operator Basil Hilton, I visited lighthouses at several mainland coastal points and we recorded interviews with light-keepers and their wives and families and everything that had to do with their lives and responsibilities including descriptions of the rotating mechanism for the lamps. But I wanted one thing more—some material on the important manned beacon on Race Rocks—a reef in the middle of the Strait of Juan de Fuca midway between Victoria and Port Angeles, Washington. When I undertook this one, no operators were available and there was no such thing as a "do-it-yourself" portable recorder. So I decided to do the only thing possible—namely, to go alone with pencil and notebook and take notes of my interviews and observations then write them into the script when I arrived back at home base.

I took the boat to Victoria then chartered a 25-foot launch to take me out to Race Rocks. The farther out into the strait we chugged, the wilder grew the waves and the higher rose the spray. By the time we were within hailing distance of the lighthouse and its outbuildings, I was drenched to the skin and the tide-rip, wind and four-foot breakers rendered it im-

possible to dock the boat. Her owner said he would nose her in to the low cliff and, as soon as I had leapt ashore, he would reverse quickly and put to sea again, circling the rock until he saw me signal for him to make another brief touch and pick me up again.

The interviews at the lighthouse and my note-taking occupied three hours. En route back to Victoria I had a twinge of conscience at the amount of Corporation money I had spent while the boatman was circling about as I was talking to the 'keeper and his two small daughters. I thought perhaps if I had hurried a bit I might have completed my work more quickly.

I was so concerned about mis-spending my travel advance that, when I boarded the midnight boat for the return trip to Vancouver, instead of taking a snug stateroom, I rented a steerage-rate hammock and spent the night in a sort of dormitory far down in the bowels of the ship surrounded by a dozen or so unsavoury-looking characters who also were slumbering in hammocks.

Anyway, my expense claim was accepted so I assume my boating excursion did not totally deplete the Corporation's coffers. Most important was that the four-part series—"Lighthouse"—sounded all right.

One day I got wind of an Indian potlatch that was going to be held at Saanich, not far from Victoria. The chief in charge assured me there would not be a problem in our recording the proceedings so long as it was not for commercial purposes.

This time, in a CBC van loaded with our heavy Model "Y" recorder, batteries, microphones, cables and blank sixteen-inch discs, Basil Hilton and I boarded the ferry and at dusk found ourselves driving along a country road through heavy bush on the lookout for Indians. After a few miles, we could see the outline of a large barn (actually a long-house) and the orange cracks between the vertical dried out boards revealed that a sizeable bonfire was burning inside. We could make out people moving around outside the structure. We could hear drums . . . and chanting.

"This is it," I remarked.

"Hope we don't get scalped," muttered Basil.

We had almost reached the building when our headlights revealed four figures blocking our way. Basil stopped the van. The four men closed in.

"You from CBC?" asked the man who had spoken to me by telephone. His voice was unmistakable.

We said we were.

"You better park here and get out."

We obeyed without argument.

Basil asked whether they could give us a hand with our gear. The Indians looked at one another and did not deign to reply.

"Think we've got a problem?" Basil murmured to me.

"Don't know. We're not getting a very warm welcome."

While we stood waiting, the Indians stepped a few paces away and held an animated pow-wow punctuated with much gesticulating.

At length, the spokesman returned. "I'm Chief Dogfish*—the guy who telephoned. I think the CBC should broadcast our dances. Before, the other chiefs agreed but now they don't think so. They're ascairt you'll use our music for commercial things. I try to talk to them but they don't listen. Like me, they are big chiefs. But"—he shrugged—"three against one. I can't do nothin'." He added a rider. "You leave your recording stuff in your truck; then come in and watch the dance. That's O.K. But no recording. That's the way it is."

And that was the way it was. We argued and cajoled but to no avail. So Basil locked the van and we went into the barn and sat down disconsolately in a corner.

The dancers in their feathers and head-dresses pranced frenziedly about the blazing fire while the drums and rattles and the small bells fastened to some of the dancers' ankles made a fearsome din. On radio, it would have been exciting stuff. We watched the high jinks for an hour, then took our leave.

We drove into Victoria and managed to find a room at the Empress. I was disturbed. This time, I was spending travel funds but was taking back nothing to show for them. I racked my brain. Then I had an idea.

When I had worked in Victoria a few years earlier, I had a friend named Regan who toiled at the King's Printer. If I could locate him, he might arrange for us to do some recording there.

I succeeded in contacting my friend and the doors of the King's Printer were thrown open for us. We stayed over an extra day and recorded interviews about printing, ruling in

(*not his real name)

blue and red the broad sheets used in accounting, the many sizes and styles of type characters and when they were used. We recorded the SCRUNCH of the huge guillotine that sliced through several thousand sheets at a time and the clatter of the presses as they embossed letterheads on stationery and headings on government forms.

Instead of the Network being treated to an Indian potlatch, the B.C. Schools Department received and used a documentary about the art and techniques of printing. Sometimes circumstances caused us to be innovative. In this instance, our luck had been with us.

But I vowed that some day, somewhere, we would record a potlatch.

Meanwhile, the CBC had launched a new network. A Corporation-wide competition was held to find suitable names for the two webs. Of course the original mainstay one was called "the Trans-Canada Network" while the newcomer was dubbed "the Dominion Network." It went without saying that a second network would create more work for us all.

Then, sooner, than expected, it was back to the Indians.

It was mid-November that we learned there was to be a meeting of "the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia" on the islet of Alert Bay just off the north-east coast of Vancouver Island. True, no potlatch per se had been scheduled but there would be hundreds of Indians attending who spoke many dialects and who represented approximately twenty different bands from up and down the coast and from the interior. I reasoned that they would furnish some good colour and provide numerous worthwhile interviews.

With our trusty portable equipment, technician Ernie Rose and I flew up to Alert Bay in a chartered Norseman floatplane. I had already spoken with the Indian agent there as well as with members of the Indian Brotherhood executive, including the famous Rev. Peter Kelly. This time there was little likelihood of flies getting into the ointment.

The reservation at Alert Bay was jam-packed with Indians who were participating in all-day business sessions at which many aspects of the Indians' plight were discussed—though of course their problems were not solved. We recorded speeches, debates, round-table panel-discussions and interviews—one with a renowned totem carver. For our benefit, the several Indian clergymen present staged a rousing sing-song one evening—with hymns and Christmas carols sung both in English and in several native tongues. Just in case they should prove

useful, we also recorded Christmas and New Year greetings in a number of dialects.

The convention had one more day to run and Ernie and I had obtained all the material we expected to use on the air. There was just one thing missing.

I made discreet enquiries of several chiefs, the clergy and the Indian agent as to the possibility of having the Indians stage a dance for us but received noncommittal replies. Because of the controversial nature of a potlatch (since its host was honour-bound to present gifts to all who participated and then, if need be, request governmental assistance since he doubtless would have given away everything he possessed), the Indians were hesitant and not especially eager to perform. The government did not look kindly upon such carryings-on. The church frowned on them.

On our final evening, pleased with our success but disappointed at our lack of traditional native music, we were sitting having a coffee in the Indian agent's living-room. Darkness had closed in when there came a sharp rapping on the door.

A young Indian lad burst in. "Come now, come now! They dance! They dance on the beach! You make a broadcast!"

I could scarcely believe my ears. All our equipment had been packed away in a steamer-trunk, its lid secured with heavy straps. Now, having ignored our previous requests, the Indians had changed their minds at the last minute.

I stood up quickly. "Let's go, Ernie! This is it! This is what we've been waiting for! Probably the last chance we'll ever have!"

The night was black and the roaring fire flung its orange sparks high into the velvet sky. Drums were few but many of the Indians pounded with sticks on logs, boards and the sides of a sand-filled wreck. As they banged away, several hundred pairs of feet shuffled in the damp sand. The dancers became highly emotional with continuous hollering, moaning, screaming and chanting as they surrendered themselves to the hypnotic beat, beat, beat that filled the air.

"The Thunderbird Speaks" went to the full Trans-Canada Network on New Year's Eve, 1944. It was purported to be the first time ever that an Indian potlatch dance had been carried on Canadian air.

Incidentally, just before Christmas, we dubbed three 12-inch 78 R.P.M. discs of the "music" and sent them to Chief Billy Scow at Alert Bay. He had been particularly helpful and

had hinted that he would appreciate his own copies of the dancing accompaniment.

Some weeks later, Ernie and I received identical parcels in the mail—for each of us, a splendid Nimpkish Thunderbird totem fifteen inches tall—treasures that would remind us always of the night on a remote Pacific coast beach when we "did our thing" with the Indians.

* * *

1945 was a momentous year.

In February there was the official opening of the CBC International Service which was to beam its shortwave stories about Canada and Canadians to Britain, Europe and other parts of the world.

Then, one day about noon (it was March 6, to be precise) I was looking over my copy for the 12:30 p.m. newscast when there was a series of sharp explosions which seemed to come from the harbour. Rushing to the window, we saw plumes of thick, black smoke billowing upward, angry sheets of flame and brilliant scarlet flares shooting high above a big freighter anchored out in the stream.

I dashed for the direct phone to master. "Send up a technician right away with 100 feet of cable and a mike," I told the man on duty, "and for God's sake hurry!" In minutes, a maintenance man dashed in and hooked the cable connector into the amplifier while I took the microphone through the newsroom and sat on the window-ledge.

Master killed the programme that had been on the air and we took over with a non-stop description of the fire aboard the S.S. "Green Hill Park." She burned all day and far into the night, the drama of the event being intensified by explosions so powerful that most of the store windows in the downtown area of the city were shattered; each explosion was followed by the appearance of large smudges of black residue high in the sky which floated lazily downward.

Net morning, we saw a small flotilla of tugs tow the completely gutted and still smoking hulk across the harbour to a point near Siwash Rock, where it was beached.

I had assumed naturally that the "Green Hill Park" was a munitions vessel and that the red fireworks were tracers. It was not until long afterwards that the true story was revealed —the explanation of why eight men lost their lives and twenty-

five others were injured as a result of the fire and explosions. The formal investigation revealed that the ship did not have any munitions aboard; she was being loaded with lumber, paper and general cargo; moreover, the stevedores had been improperly stowing between decks certain incompatible commodities which included 1,785 drums of sodium chlorate, 28 drums of calcium silicide, 7 long tons of chemicals and drugs, 50 barrels of whiskey and 265 boxes of distress signals. Many of the containers had been incorrectly labelled and therefore had been stowed in a most dangerous manner.*

On May 7 the war in Europe ended and Vancouver, like every other location in Canada, went on holiday and carefully hoarded bottles were brought out of hiding in offices and homes everywhere as our citizens went wild. There was no need for us to go outside to record the crowd sounds on the downtown streets. We simply stuck a mike out of the window. We remained on the air most of the night carrying pickups from all parts of Canada.

On Dominion Day, at the B.C. interior town of Revelstoke, the local Kinsmen staged the most exciting celebration in their history to mark the diamond jubilee of the driving of the last spike of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Craigellachie in 1885.

Revelstoke, a C.P.R. divisional point, had spared no effort to dress itself appropriately for the occasion on that hot summer's day—the whole town decorated with flags and bunting and banners with the gentlemen sporting beards, stovepipe hats and string ties embellishing their dark suits and the ladies of all ages decked out in the bonnets and floor-length dresses of another century.

The re-enactment of the spike-driving formalities took place in the middle of the main street, where a symbolic bit of rail on two ties had been laid for the occasion. Everybody was there from miles around including honoured guest Col. Ed Mallandaine, aged 78 who, when he was 16, ran away from home and signed on as water-boy with the track-construction crew. (He's the lad shown in the historical photo taken when Donald A. Smith—later Lord Strathcona—drove in the original last spike.)

* Data extracted from the report of the formal investigation, courtesy the Public Archives of Canada, Department of Transport Records, Record Group 12, Volume 2676, File 9704-186.

CBC Technical Supervisor Tony Geluch and I covered the events of that red-letter day. Included in our "live" coast-to-coast broadcast was an interview with Col. Mallandaine and the sound of a C.P.R. train pulling out after the spike had been driven home.

It puffed off precisely on cue—as pre-arranged. The railway brass leaned over backwards to make that broadcast a success. If we had requested *ten* locomotives, they probably would have been placed at our disposal. The Revelstoke "Review" carried our script verbatim the following week—which we considered quite a compliment.

* * *

Five weeks later, The Bomb fell on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

V-J Day, marking the end of the Pacific war, not only was a day of wild celebrating, it was an especially busy day for us as the usually stolid citizens of Vancouver's Chinatown surpassed anything we had seen in the way of displaying exhuberance and this warranted, in fact demanded, full coverage. Toronto's Chinatown, too, was indulging in all manner of celebrations.

(The Chinese, after all, had good reason to celebrate, having endured in their homeland nearly two decades of aggression from the Japanese in Manchuria and north China and, since 1937, China and Japan had been plunged into a full-scale war. With the surrender of Japan, stripped as she was of her empire Inner Mongolia, Manchuria, Formosa and Hainan were returned to the Chinese people.)

So it was decided that there would be a half-hour Network broadcast with the first half originating in Vancouver and the second segment, with commentator John Fisher, in Toronto.

Several of us invaded Chinatown that day—Tony Geluch and senior operators Don Horne and Jim Gilmore being the technical brains who would see to it that we obtained the material we required.

The streets of Chinatown were clogged with frenzied celebrants milling about shouting to one another in their sing-song language, laughing, gesticulating, thumping one another on the back and participating in or watching the immense dragon parade which snaked up one thoroughfare and down another. All but the very old were setting off firecrackers; there were so many exploding on all sides that the entire area was filled with layers of black smoke and the acrid stench of

burned powder. Groups of young Orientals had climbed to the rooftops and were lighting their explosives then flinging them into the air, down into the surging crowds and onto the roofs of lower buildings. Pandemonium reigned! The long war was over!

Then the predictable happened. Chinatown caught fire. The stores and habitations were of old, dry wood and, like tinder, required but a spark to set them off. Soon, flames were shooting up on every side. The boisterous shouts of the Chinese residents turned to wails and screams which soon were drowned out by the penetrating sirens of fire-engines.

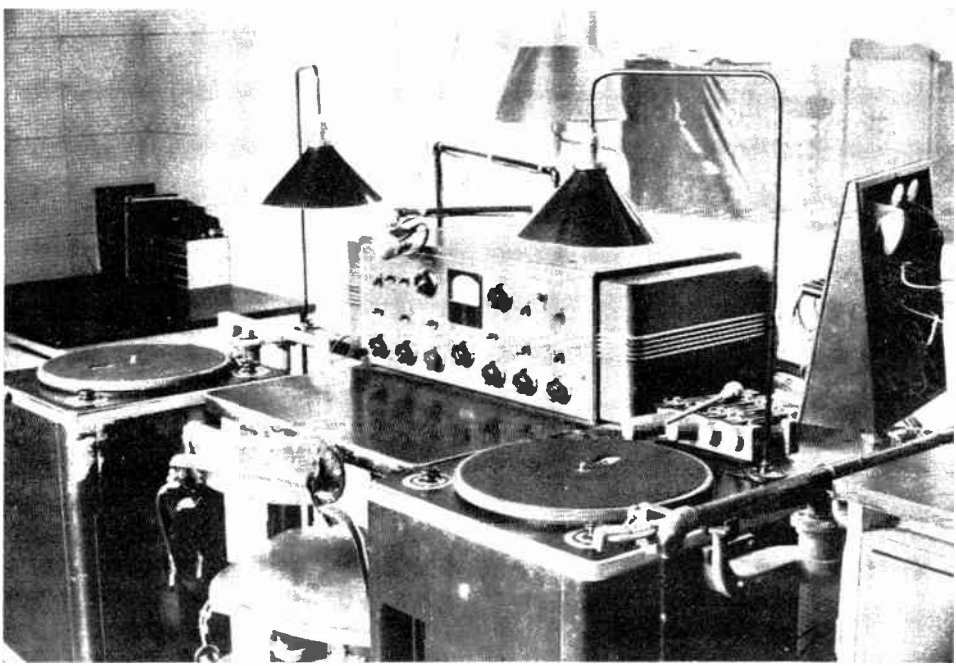
Throughout all this bedlam, the CBC technical crew performed its tasks with coolness born of long experience and professional know-how. They picked up the melange of sounds and did a perfect mix with the commentary then, when we had agreed we had recorded sufficient material, it was back to the studio for "lifting" the best of it and re-recording our package for the air.

The two-part Network release proved an unqualified success due to the team-work of the Toronto and Vancouver radio technical crews.

It was not long after that exciting day that my announcing responsibilities ended. It seemed about time to tackle something in the way of a fresh challenge. When I was offered a job as a staff producer in Winnipeg, it seemed only good sense to accept.

Besides, for the time being at least, I felt that I had talked quite enough.

Audition, anyone? W. Robinson



Eve Lethbridge

Typical one-man control-room setup of the early 1940s showing console and turntables and, through the triple glass, the studio.

Photo By Malak, Ottawa

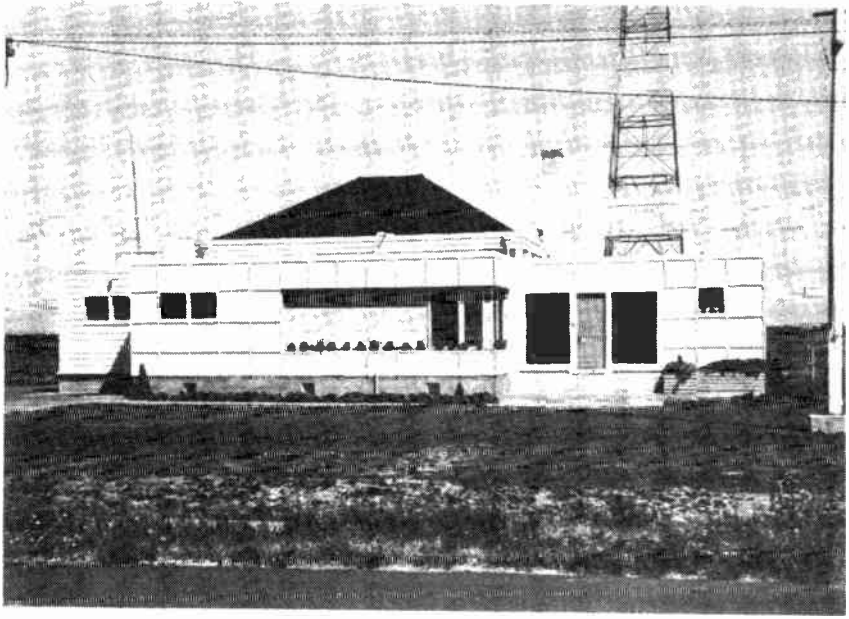
Ira Dilworth—British Columbia Regional Representative, later General Supervisor of the CBC International Service in Montreal and finally Director for the Province of Ontario and English Networks.

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

A huddle in a CBC Vancouver office—production manager Roy Dunlop, drama producer Andrew Allan, programme director Ernest Morgan and music producer Stan Catton.

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

Producer Ada McGeer in a new chapeau with clerk Jack Thorne, music librarian "Polly" Perkins, producer John Barnes and steno Hilda Wilson



Can. Broadcasting Corp.

CBC Vancouver's transmitter building and tower at Lulu Island. After a frequency change and power increase, call letters CBR were changed to CBU

Can. Broadcasting Corp

Part of CBC Vancouver's radio master-control in Hotel Vancouver. Patch-panel (r.) routes programmes from various studios to transmitter and networks.

CBC's studio/office operation occupied these premises in Prince Rupert in 1942. At rear, one of the twin towers which supported the antenna system.

Rear view of the CBC Prince Rupert establishment.

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

The West Coast's large studio "A" and window of studio "C" at top left and observation window from foyer at bottom. Major network music, variety and drama productions originated in "A." Mural on perforated transite provides sound absorption.

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

Percy Harvey, Vancouver conductor, led the orchestra each week on the national broadcast of "Music from the Pacific."

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

W.H. "Steve" Brodie, CBC supervisor of broadcast language. Critic, teacher, coach, he kept English announcing standards at a high calibre.

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

Announcers Alan Thompson and Sheila Russell in CBR announce-booth, Vancouver. Sheila was one of the first female voicers in the CBC

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

Ray Mackness—veteran announcer, show host, raconteur and popular Vancouverite.

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

Announcer Marce Munro, with a '44 microphone, mans control-console in Vancouver announce-booth

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

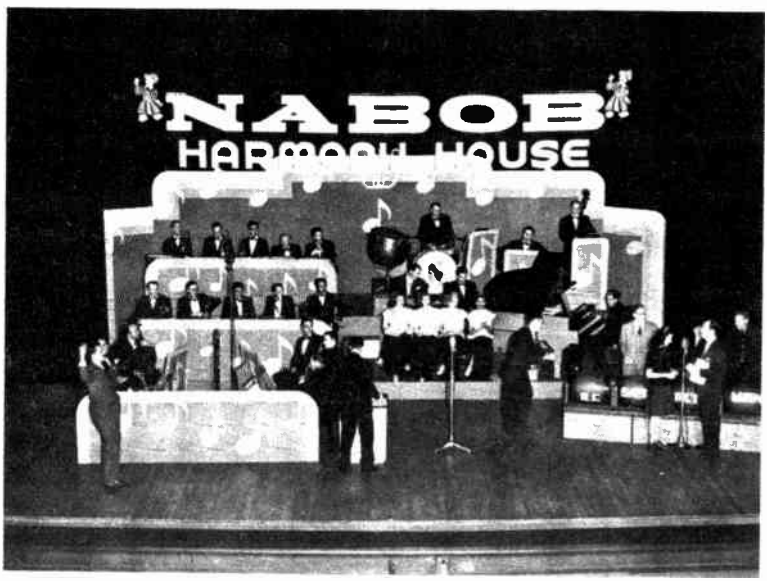
Announcer John Rae at a cardioid microphone

Can. Bdcstg. Corp. Photo By Franz Limboer, Vncvr.

Announcer Gordon Inglis scanning his copy prior to going on air.

Warner Photographic Ltd., Toronto

Ricky Hyslop, Vancouver violinist, conductor, arranger, composer.



Can. Broadcasting Corp.

Orpheum Theatre stage setup for weekly network broadcast of "Harmony House." Ricky Hyslop conducting.

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

Juliette, whose singing career began when she was in her 'teens, was vocalist with Dal Richards and his Orchestra at the Panorama Roof supper club in Vancouver

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

Operator Dick Presenz reflected in triple window of "A" control-room overlooking the large studio below. Microphone is used by producer when issuing instructions to performers, sound-effects man or orchestra leader

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

Roy Dunlop, 5'10" with bass-baritone Paul Robeson who, on this west coast visit, broadcast a talk but did not sing.

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

Senior operators Jim Gilmore (l.) and Don Horne doing some critical listening in "A" control-room.

A nocturnal interview with an Indian elder, shortly before the dancing began, as Ernie Rose records the conversation on his Model "Y" disc-cutting machine.

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

B.C. School Broadcast in progress. Adults, l. to r., actor/sound effects man Frank Vyvyan, actors Bill Buckingham and James Johnston. Note sound-effects paraphernalia including kitchen sink

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

Supervising operator Tony Geluch (l.) and chief operator Basil Hilton checking schedule

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

Patrick Keatley, publicist

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

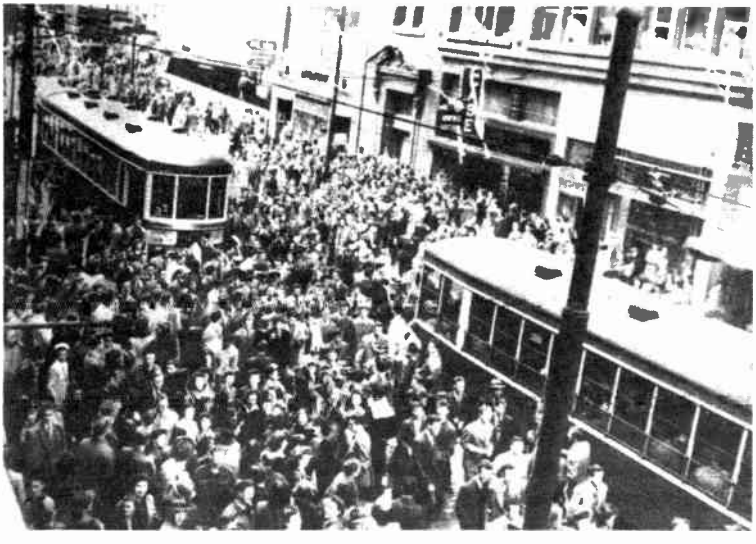
Fergus Mutrie, B.C. regional farm & fisheries commentator, later national head of Farm Broadcasts then first director of television in Toronto.

Revelstoke Review

"Live" network coverage of re-enactment of driving of the last spike of the C.P.R. at Revelstoke B.C. July 1, 1945 on 60th anniversary. At far left Col. Malandaine who was the water-boy in the photograph of the actual ceremony taken in 1885 at nearby Craigellachie.

Can. Broadcasting Corp. Photo:
Chas. M. Hiller, San Francisco

History in the making! Discussing final details in San Francisco of coverage of first meeting of the United Nations are (l. to r.) René Garneau—French network commentator, operator Jim Gilmore, CBC news chief Dan MacArthur, editor Doug Nixon and Ira Dilworth (April 1945)



Can. Broadcasting Corp.

V-E Day multitude on a Montreal street, minutes after CBC broadcast the first report of Germany's unconditional surrender May 7, 1945

Chapter VI
PRAIRIE WEDDING

When I jumped down from the train in Winnipeg, it was snowing. This seemed unreal as the previous week I had been swimming in English Bay. But the chilly weather was compensated for by the welcome I received from two men wearing heavy coats. One was Jim Finlay, CBC Prairie Regional Representative and, sporting a fur hat, Norman Lucas, the Senior Producer who actually was the programme director and next in seniority to the P.R.R. Both assured me that a mid-September snow-storm was most unusual for sunny Manitoba.

The Corporation's operation in Winnipeg was unique. It leased two floors of the Manitoba Telephone Company's building at the blustery intersection of Portage and Main and shared the master-control and studios with CKY—that 'phone company's own commercial station. The CBC also utilized the announcers and technical staff of CKY—all this on a purely temporary basis.

The Vancouver staff had numbered about 60, whereas only half as many CBCers worked in Winnipeg—producers, secretaries, clerks and an accountant. The producers occupied desks in the middle of a large shared office, with the secretaries ranged along the walls. ("Safely out of reach," as one wag was heard to remark.) Such an arrangement did nothing to provide privacy or peace for people trying to think and, when on the 'phone or when discussing programming business with a visitor, it was necessary to keep our voices subdued so as not to disturb our colleagues at the adjoining desks. Naturally, producers Catherine MacIver, Helen Magill, Dan Cameron, Sydney Dixon, Bernard Deaville, Esse Ljungh and I came to know one another rather well in that shared accommodation.

When we wished to book a studio and control-room, we consulted the CKY engineer in master, where the facilities schedule was maintained. D.N. "Nels" Gardiner, a recently returned army officer, was Chief Operator and he always managed to accommodate us and to assign a technician to handle CBC Network productions.

I soon discovered that I had a few things to learn about the routines of studio production. We had to make out the customary cost-sheets for the conductors, musicians, soloists and dramatic cast members to sign in order to receive payment then, after the broadcast, fill in the amount each performer was to be paid based on rehearsal time—ensuring that the total was within the budgetary bounds established by the front office. We had to be careful to avoid rehearsing longer than necessary since unscheduled overtime would increase expenditures and put us over budget. Then there were a few important artists who were habitually paid "over scale."

A producer handling a rehearsal never gave an instruction to an orchestra sidesman. Instead, he would open the talkback and ask the conductor to move the harpist a foot to the left or to try a mute on the trombone. The conductor would relay this request to the musician concerned (who already had heard the producer telling the leader what was required.) All this suggests an unnaturally formal relationship but actually it was not. The producer made it his business to be on the best of terms with all the musicians and, during rest breaks, we enjoyed many chuckles together. But in the studios we always observed the traditional formalities.

Producers, being people, were of several types and with widely assorted idiosyncrasies and personalities. There were the serious ones who carried the weight of the broadcasting world on their shoulders and there were others who thoroughly enjoyed every moment in the control-room.

A well-known and popular individual in the latter category was the talented drama and music producer—Swedish-born Esse W. Ljungh. One of his weekly network productions was "Prairie Schooner"—thirty minutes of jigs, reels, polkas and schottisches performed with much verve by a 20-piece orchestra directed by one Jimmy Gowler.

When in the control-room rehearsing that show, or when it was on the air, Esse would clap his hands, dance a little jig, nod his head to the beat of the rhythm section, grin and sing and thoroughly enjoy the performance. The conductor, vocalists, sidesmen and announcer could glimpse Esse cavorting uninhibitedly behind the glass and this spurred them on to even greater efforts.

Gowler had a profound and uncanny sense of timing. After a dress, if the producer told him the show was running 40 seconds long, Jimmy would —on the air—increase the tempi slightly on a couple of numbers or cut a chorus here or there

but unfailingly would bring the show out "on the nose." Throughout the broadcast, he would glance at the producer occasionally to ascertain that all was well, though that seldom was necessary.

Another of Esse Ljungh's productions was the daily Prairie Farm Broadcast. At that time, we were not preoccupied with consumer problems but rather with the welfare of farmers and agricultural specialists Peter Whittall (subsequently "Mr. Fixit" on television) and Bob Knowles would talk about the latest farm machinery, newly developed fertilizers, planting and harvesting conditions and of course current prices at the stockyards.

Highlight of each broadcast was "our daily visit with the Jacksons." This was a ten-minute serialized dramatic sketch depicting life on a typical (but entirely fictitious) prairie farm which was followed avidly by most farm families in Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba as well as by the non-rural public. The Jackson family and their neighbours provided plenty of emotion-packed entertainment for listeners since the dialogue ran the gamut of accidents, still-born calves, county fairs, romance and local scandal.

To the majority of farm listeners, "The Jacksons" and their day-to-day adventures were not radio drama; they were real people with equally real problems. When old "Dollar Dick" (a pretty tight-fisted individual) Jackson moaned in agony from the dreadful pain in his thigh where the skittish mare had kicked him—why, that sure wasn't no acting; you could hear him in his misery, poor feller. An' him no chicken, neither. Yessir, things was doggoned rough out there in Little Coulee and them Jacksons was pretty gutsy folks.

A few months after my arrival in the Manitoba capital, Esse Ljungh went on to greater things in Toronto and I inherited both "Prairie Schooner" and the Prairie Farm Broadcast. Both were great fun to produce. With actors such as George Waight, George Secord, Peg Dixon, Jack Mather, Helene Winston, Mildred Venables, Ed McCrea and young Billy Hammond, directing "The Jacksons" seldom was difficult.

On occasion, one of the farm broadcasters, a technician and I would visit a working farm or a city creamery and record material which we would edit then insert into the next day's farm show. Once we did a remote at a packing-house in St. Boniface where it seemed to me mooing or bleating animals walked into the long building at one end and a short time later sausages and other edible products were spewing forth

from the other. After that educational walk-about, I did not feel inclined to eat meat for a week.

Another time, Peter Whittall and I did a small documentary about a country grain-elevator. Inside that dusty and pleasant-smelling building I discovered why an elevator is called an elevator. Peter and I rode from the ground all the way up to the top of the structure on the "leg"—the endless chain with its evenly-spaced oblong buckets which automatically filled with grain as they passed through the sub-floor holding area then elevated it up to the topmost level where it spewed into the receiving end of a metal pipe which could be positioned so as to empty its contents into the filler vent at the summit of whichever of the eight or so vertical storage-bins was expedient.

Gradually, I became acquainted with certain Prairie colloquialisms traditionally used across Canada's grain-growing flatlands—expressions such as "the back stoop," "the drouth" and "the slough." I was introduced to that annual springtime condition known as "gumbo" across which one never walks while wearing rubbers since that gooey, sticky muck will steal the rubbers right off your shoes if you're not careful.

Perhaps gumbo might have been an effective adhesive in our radio studios where there seemed to be continuous troubles with the tiled floors. The foot-square white and green tiles were forever working loose and maintenance men were constantly re-glueing and re-laying them after which they would place weighty sandbags on top of them for a day or so in order to help them stick to the concrete sub-floor. This was an almost perpetual situation so that, when a producer was arranging his setup of risers, chairs, microphone-stands and other necessary bits and pieces, he was forced to work around these sandbags which it was forbidden to move. Nevertheless, we coped without difficulty despite these hazards.

A weekly endeavour of mine was producing the two-piano team of Parks and Burdette. Mitch and Percy had worked together so long that, after "miking" the two grand pianos pushed together in a curvaceous near-embrace in the middle of the big studio and achieving precisely the desired balance, I more or less gave them their heads. Working with old professionals was a treat indeed.

Radio producers were expected to be imaginative and to submit ideas for new programmes periodically. We experimented with just about anything which might result in a series. At times, we would rack our brains trying to devise something that had not been attempted previously. Less frequently, an idea would strike without warning.

One morning, I awoke before daylight with the wheels turning. I remembered an old game we used to play as kids—charades. Could it be adapted for radio? Instead of mime, could we substitute actors, sound effects, music and a prepared script? How would the listening audience participate? I lay awake thinking. I got out of bed and jotted down notes. Next day, I expanded my nocturnal thoughts on paper and submitted the plan to Jim Finlay for his consideration.

"Let's Play Charades" ran for 39 weeks on the Trans-Canada Network utilizing a fast-talking announcer, a dramatic cast, sound-effects man David Tasker and a 15-piece orchestra. A lively studio audience attempted to puzzle out the answers to the charades paraded before it, the magnificent prizes awarded the winners being a 25¢ War Savings Stamp apiece. A total of $15 worth of War Savings Certificates (worth five dollars each) was distributed weekly to listeners throughout Canada who submitted acceptable ideas for future charades we might decide to use. Despite our restricted prize budget, enthusiasm and mail response ran high. (At that time, there was no such thing as an on-air lottery worth several millions! Inconsequential amounts seemed to satisfy most people.)

Years later, a former Winnipeg announcer who had been involved with my brain-child remarked: "My God, that was a dreadful series you produced—that charades thing!" In retrospect, I suppose it was. Neither producers nor, I suspect, listeners were especially sophisticated back in the mid-'forties.

Meantime, frequency modulation had made its bow and the CBC's first two FM stations went on the air in Montreal and Toronto. It meant little to us on the Prairies at the time. AM kept us busy enough.

While on the Coast, I often had monitored an incoming Winnipeg show called "Soliloquy" announced by a gifted actress—Beth Lockerbie. Beth's warm personality was reflected in her delivery as she introduced each piece of music and intoned an occasional appropriate poem. "Soliloquy" was a relaxed and always pleasing show both for those working it and for those at home sitting beside the radio. One of my special pleasures was to take over production of this series for some months then Beth, too, headed East for more important roles.

Jim Finlay, the CBC's Prairie chieftain, decided one day to take the train up to Churchill to take a look at the loading of grain into the holds of vessels from European ports during the six-week northern navigation season. He took with him one of

those devilish and relatively new gadgets—a portable wire-recorder. (We still had not seen the advent of tape and Jim, a former producer, obviously had had the urge to try his hand at a solo production after endless months behind a desk.)

Some days later, he returned, filled with enthusiasm about the success of his self-assigned undertaking—a significant actuality which told the full story of moving wheat from the "breadbasket of Canada" as the huge hopper cars were emptied into yawning freighters which would carry the grain to a hungry Europe.

Several of us were as eager as Jim to listen to his material and to help with the editing and packaging. A CKY technician and I stayed late one evening, along with Jim himself, to tackle the job.

We had set up in a control-room when Finlay came striding in with his precious spool of wire—the thickness of human hair.

"Here it is," he said; "I suggest we listen to the whole show then we can do the editing; I think it's a bit too long the way it is."

We were in the act of loading the spool onto a larger wire-playback machine when it happened. Somebody's hand fumbled and the spool and its hard-earned programme material fell to the floor.

SPRA-A-ANG!!!!

Instantly, hundreds and hundreds of feet of continuous cobwebby wire exploded before our horrified eyes! It had a spring-steel quality and that small spool of wire blossomed in seconds into an enormous mass of tangled—almost hopelessly tangled—metallic froth. It seemed as though a silvery cloud had suddenly filled the room—a cloud we hesitated to touch lest the fragile wire should be bent or broken. We dared not move our feet for the same reason. Anyway, we could not have moved if we had wanted to. We were frozen into immobility. Poor Jim was literally speechless. A week's painstaking effort—and then this.

After we recovered from the shock, the three of us began the practically impossible task of re-winding the wire onto the spool. We spent several hours at it and, as we worked, our frustration increased. Frankly, I think it would have taken days to have succeeded due to the unbelievable tangles and the extreme delicacy of the wire. I do not remember whether the feature ever reached the air.

Earlier in this chapter, there was reference to the daily farm drama—"The Jacksons." On several occasions, we took the

show on the road and originated to the Prairie Network from a stage set up at a county fair or some other agricultural event. When the Jacksons and their friends dramatized a couple of their episodes at the Manitoba Provincial Exhibition at Brandon, an immense throng of farm people stood spellbound around our stage—obviously thrilled and fascinated at seeing and hearing their favourite farm family "in the flesh." What was more, hundreds had an opportunity to shake the hands of these radio celebrities.

The author of "The Jacksons" had devised a romantic relationship between old man Jackson's charming daughter and the handsome son of the family on the adjoining farm. This love affair developed gradually over many months until it could culminate in only one possible way—in marriage. So the writer penned a solemn nuptial episode which ostensibly took place in a small rural church. Certainly it promised to provide a moving few minutes on the air.

But we decided to carry it a step farther. Not only would the marriage be performed in a real church (to provide the desired acoustics and ecclesiastical atmosphere) but we would photograph the principals in all their finery as they posed on the steps at the conclusion of the ceremony. We would offer prints of this scene to interested listeners for a minimal charge —I think it was a quarter a shot.

The response was overwhelming. Not only did several thousands of listeners write in requesting the picture but an unbelievable number took the "wedding" seriously and mailed congratulatory cards and letters to "the happy couple." It is even possible that the young actor and actress received a few wedding gifts from members of the air audience. But they never would admit it.

Anyway, that publicity stunt exceeded all expectations. I dare say the Jackson wedding was, to numerous Prairie families, one of the highlights of the year.

Once in a blue moon, a producer would be handed an assignment on which he had virtually nothing to do. This happened to me only once.

Mart Kenney and his Western Gentlemen were on a cross-country tour of one-night stands and the CBC had contracted to broadcast these to the Network at certain locations. Jim Finlay advised me that I was to be the "duty producer" for the performance at Regina. He explained that the series was commercial and was being handled by an advertising agency with the agency's producer in charge. But it was Corporation policy, in such circumstances, to have a staff producer present.

Was it to substitute for the agency producer in case he had over-indulged? To check the script in case some obscene language had crept into it? To ensure that the show began and ended on time? To approve the microphone placements for the desired balance? To make sure the performers signed their cost-sheets?

No, I was told. None of those things. I was merely to be there and sit through rehearsal and broadcast. I was not to interfere in any way but to be pleasant to everyone. I was simply to represent the Corporation.

So, at what I considered an unnecessary expense to the taxpayers, I took the train to Regina, identified myself to the agency producer who seemed to be expecting a "duty producer" and sat through the afternoon rehearsal.

That evening, the floor of the huge ballroom was crowded with dancers. On stage, all was in readiness for the broadcast itself. Byng Whitteker from Toronto was the announcer—relaxed, suave and charming. The producer phoned for a final time-check, held up his arm and threw the cue. "The West, A Nest and You"—the signature so familiar to Canadians—with Mark Kenney on alto and the Western Gentlemen sweet, full-throated and mellow to perfection.

Each time svelte Norma Locke stepped to the microphone for a vocal, almost half the dancers would crowd about the stage to watch and listen, enchanted by this statuesque brunette in her glittering sequined gown with a voice, inflection, presence and rapport with an audience that placed her in a class by herself.

En route back to Winnipeg I relived the pleasure of the previous evening of old standards and new ballads done in the inimitable style of Mart Kenney's Orchestra with the unforgettable song stylings of Canada's Norma Locke.

* * *

Worthy of a brief mention is the CBC staff party held in the large production office a couple of days before Christmas. Liquor could be purchased only with the surrendering of ration coupons so six of us pooled our coupons and brought in a half-dozen bottles of gin for the punch. We poured five quarts into a large glass container—actually a spare bottle from our office water-cooler. One individual was in the act of emptying the sixth bottle into the demijohn, which rested on a chair, when without warning the unwieldy container slipped and

landed with a crash on the bare floor. Broken glass was scattered far and wide, while all that precious gin seeped through the floor-boards.

Six more coupons were rounded up and a second journey to the liquor outlet was made, this time without accident. Within a couple of hours, most of the staff was in fine fettle with the party proving that there's no sense crying over spilled gin.

When we returned to our desks the day after Boxing Day, all the telephones on our floor were lifeless. Apparently the gin that had vanished through the flooring had eaten away some of the insulation in the telephone wiring system, creating a "short."

* * *

On New Year's Eve, 1947 a telephone-call came through from my old friend Ira Dilworth who, some months previously, had been transferred to Montreal to take charge of the CBC International Service. I had let him know that production in Winnipeg had become routine and really did not offer much of a challenge, that if an opportunity arose I should like to tackle something which demanded a little more ingenuity. Ira explained that he required an editor/producer in Montreal and thought it might be up my alley.

Perhaps I could be there in a couple of weeks?

Chapter VII
THE VOICE OF CANADA AND A YUKON JUNKET

I stepped out of my Montreal hotel and hurried along St. Catharines Street to report for duty with "The Voice of Canada" or the CBC International Service which I knew occupied a three-storey building on Crescent Street but was uncertain where that was. The sidewalks were thronged with office workers all in a mad rush. I managed to stop a man and, hoping I would be able to communicate in this French-Canadian metropolis, asked: "Pardon, m'sieur, s'il vous plait, ou est le Radio-Canada maison sur le rue Crescent?"

He grinned and pointed. "Keep going for two blocks, turn left and it's half a block down." He added in traditional fashion: "You can't miss it."

So much for my introduction to bilingualism.

That morning I was destined to meet many CBC staffers who were fluent not only in English and French but in other languages. In fact, I found myself in the midst of men and women who had been hired because of their linguistic abilities. There were several language "sections" each with a head and a retinue of several writer-reporter-editor-broadcasters.

Jack Peach, head of the English Section and my new boss, escorted me on a familiarization tour on which I met Jean-Marie Marcotte—head of the French Section, Stuart Griffiths —supervisor of all European transmissions, German Section head Eric Koch and Ruth Auersberg who looked after Austrian broadcasts. There was Maja Van Steensel, lady-in-charge of programming to Holland as well as the three Scandinavian chiefs—Krabbe Smith who was Norwegian, Gunnar Rugheimer from Sweden and Henning Sorenson who was responsible for broadcasting to Denmark. Walter Schmolka ran the Czech Section.

There was a sizeable Latin-American Section directed by Hugh Morrison with the Spanish broadcasters headed by Eugenio Llano and those programming in Portuguese by José Hughes de Oliveira.

Kenneth Brown produced programmes in English which were beamed to the Caribbean islands several times each

week while Neville Friedlander did a twice-weekly transmission to Australia.

These shortwave broadcasters I soon came to know well were a colourful lot, each with a distinctive accent and all transmitting news, political and other commentaries and human interest stories about Canada to eager listeners far beyond our shores.

The shortwave schedule was rounded out with newscasts in English prepared by Patrick Waddington and his editors and with musical programmes featuring Canadian talent under the supervision of producer Patricia Fitzgerald—one of whose "stars" was Montreal folk-singer Alan Mills.

"The Voice of Canada" was financed by special parliamentary grants and functioned under the critically concerned eye of the Department of External Affairs while the actual programming and engineering were the responsibility of the CBC. In the light of the seriousness with which Canada's foreign transmissions were regarded, the senior I.S. executive spent a day each week in Ottawa conferring with the bureaucrats in "External," doubtless haggling over budgets and matters of policy. Policy was so important to the operation of the International Service that in the Montreal plant there were two people who gave it their undivided attention.

Sally Solomon was the queen of policy while the crown prince was Robert McBroom. She was an iron maiden while he was equally resolute but somewhat less overpowering. Both devoted their lives to worrying that something objectionable might go out over the air and to making certain that it did not.

Whenever an editor was the least concerned about a topic in which government policy or controversy or good taste caused some doubt, a visit to Sally's office was in order. Any story with an unfortunate phrase or a wrong slant might stir up a hornets' nest overseas. Sally was the supreme arbiter in such matters. If she said a certain phrase bothered her, it was changed. If she disagreed with the treatment in a script and the writer insisted there was nothing the matter with it, a battle ensued. Being a master at arguing a point and proving herself correct, it usually was a battle of short duration. The chastened reporter returned to his or her office and the required changes were made.

Some months after I joined I.S. a number of additional language sections were added: Slovak, Hungarian, Polish, Ukrainian, Russian and Finnish and the new programming to

eastern Europe added considerably to the headaches of Miss Solomon and Mr. McBroom.

There was one more department we called the Script Pool where, under Will Hankinson's supervision, most scripts were translated from the original languages into English or French and copies were circulated to sections which might want to translate them into their own tongues. If this seeming duplication of effort suggests that paper was one of our chief operational commodities, it was.

From Montreal, programmes were routed by landline to our giant transmitters five hundred miles to the east on the Tantramar Marshes near Sackville, New Brunswick where they were given a boost of 50,000 watts and "beamed" shortwave to Britain, Europe, the Caribbean, South America and Australia. The effectiveness of our transmission system and the popularity of our programmes were evident from the mail we received from listeners abroad. Especially in those countries which had been politically strangled before, during and after the war and where freedom of speech and freedom to listen was non-existent, The Voice of Canada was a constant source of hope, a reason for optimism.

My particular job was editor of "Canadian Chronicle" where I shared the work with another editor-producer—Ruth Dobrescu.

"Chronicle" was, as the formal on-air introduction explained, "a daily survey of people and happenings in Canada."

It was the responsiblity of "Chronicle" editors to keep abreast of all the news (we subscribed to most Canadian dailies for clipping purposes), decide which topics warranted special reports or interviews and assign these to staff announcers or to freelance journalists across Canada. We would monitor items as they were fed in two evenings a week via a closed circuit (to be recorded on disc in the recording-room) and finally select the most topical and appropriate stories for the two or more daily transmissions, write the scripts and go into an allocated control-room and produce them "live to air." Ruth or I would be in the control-room with a technician while the announcer in the studio might be Earle Fisher, Charles Gursky, John MacCrea, Ken Davey, Weldon Hanbury, Ken Haslam or Gordon Jones.

We had another semi-courtesy duty—to acknowledge in writing each report filed with us; if we felt the reporter had not turned in a first-class story, if there was a weak spot or if

the voicing was not up to standard, we would point out the failings constructively. Thus, we maintained a high calibre of reporting. All this correspondence kept secretary Muriel Kirby busy with her pot-hooks and typewriter throughout the day.

We also despatched two cables daily to the BBC in London to advise them what would be on the 'menu' of each show since they often recorded certain of our stories for rebroadcast on their domestic service or overseas service. (CBC and BBC were friendly and co-operative rivals!) These cables always began with the term "Sackwaving" which indicated that we would be "broadcasting from Sackville on shortwave" a number of specific items which we would list as succinctly as possible. We knew what we meant, BBC knew and the cable company accepted the term as a good Anglo-Saxon word. It did not infer that we were going to wave a sack at anyone.

Besides CBC staff announcers, reporters and commentators at all our main centres across the country, "Canadian Chronicle" utilized the skills of many distinguished journalists who also did some radio freelancing. To name just a few: Blair Fraser and Peter Dempson of Ottawa, Idabelle Melville-Ness of Saskatoon, Ernie Mabee of Saint John, Steven Brott and Roy Kervin of Montreal, Hugh Boyd of Winnipeg, Ruth McClintock who was a Reginian and Don McDermott—a native of Calgary. There was Eric Axelson of Toronto, James K. Nesbitt of Victoria and Florence Whyard up in Yellowknife. We received occasional reports from the Rev. Canon Harold Webster whose location was Coppermine in the Northwest Territories. Our stable of correspondents was large, with newcomers being tried out on a speculative basis every few weeks.

It is unlikely that any "Chronicle" reporters grew wealthy doing stories for us but they seemed to enjoy the association. The going rate for "a three-minuter" was $15.00.

"Canadian Chronicle" had as its theme at open and close of the quarter-hour show a band arrangement of "The Maple Leaf Forever." Even in those days, it was just as well that the lyrics about Wolfe the Dauntless Hero were not used—not that anyone in Canada normally would be apt to pick up our signal but some of our Francophone technicians might have raised their eyebrows.

A term that became common throughout the International Service was "slewing." The Sackville transmitters functioned in conjunction with giant arrays of wires suspended between sets of tall steel towers—a bit like two tremendous bed-springs upended and facing one another. When we had completed

our transmission to, say, Brazil it was necessary for the engineers at the Tantramar Marsh site to electronically swing, redirect of "slew" the antenna array so the signal would be beamed toward Britain or continental Europe or wherever happened to be next on our transmitting schedule. Since slewing required twenty seconds or so and since "dead air" was not tolerated, the slewing activity always was covered by the first four notes of 'O Canada' executed electronically and repeated several times. To all of us at the I.S. plant, these short musical intervals were known as "slewing signals." They also were familiar to listeners abroad as the identification of "The Voice of Canada."

After the first few months "Canadian Chronicle" became, like most jobs, routine. Day after day it was the same format but with a varying content.For us it was a case of deciding what was wanted, ordering stories, recording and cataloguing items as they came in, selecting about five pieces for each show, hammering out introductions and producing Can-Chron in a studio. Twice a day, every day. The routine seldom changed.

But occasionally something would break the monotony—something such as the memorable Yukon junket.

* * *

The RCAF Transport Command was making one of its routine flights to Whitehorse in late June and, on this occasion, I.S. section heads and editors had been invited to go along—the object being to expose them to the sub-Arctic and to give them an opportunity to file some stories about that isolated area of the country for broadcast abroad. (External Affairs obviously had taken a hand in arranging the invitation.)

Some dozen of us were selected to go on the trip. We were told that not only would our transportation be provided but that in the Yukon we would be rationed and billeted by the Canadian Army at its Whitehorse base. So, some tight-fisted I.S. officer decided, we should require practically nothing in the way of funds to take care of incidental expenses. I believe each of us was given an allowance of $15.00 for the week-long adventure.

Audio tape still had not made its appearance, wire-recorders had proved less than satisfactory and there was no such thing as a portable lightweight one-man disc-recorder. So we climbed aboard the big "North Star" armed only with note-

books and pencils. The weather was perfect and we were in high spirits as we thundered off the runway, climbed up over Montreal and headed west.

Our aircraft was essentially a cargo plane and we sat on jump-seats along the walls of the fuselage. The floor-space down the middle was crammed with crates, packages and spare parts—all secured by ropes to rings in the floor—required by the RCAF and the Army in Whitehorse. We took turns admiring the view below through the limited number of small windows. I began to make notes in my diary as we roared along at about 9,000 feet. In late afternoon, we touched down at Edmonton and checked in at The Macdonald.

In the lobby we ran into "Bush"—Ernest L. Bushnell, the CBC Assistant General Manager from Ottawa. He seemed to know what we were doing in the Alberta capital and about our junket to the Yukon. Later, we accepted his invitation to enjoy a nightcap in his room where he mentioned that he would be spending a few days in Edmonton then would be visiting Winnipeg. His final words that evening were significant: "If you run into any difficulties, don't hesitate to get in touch. Be glad to help any way I can."

Early the next morning, after taking aboard a number of wives and children of service personnel, as well as an RCAF public relations officer who had been assigned as our guide and mentor in the north, we took off from Edmonton and our transport pointed its nose to the north-west and began its climb over the Rockies.

The aircraft was not pressurized but there were a number of ozygen masks hooked up —each to be shared by two passengers should their intermittent use prove necessary for comfort. I was scribbling again in my book but, after an hour of attempting to describe the scenery below, my co-ordination had become so poor that I could barely hold my pencil let alone spell simple words.

Looking up from my scrawlings, I noticed that the oxygen masks were being put to good use. We were by this time at 14,000 feet. I pulled on a mask and, after a few minutes, felt my senses returning to normal. Everyone was feeling chilly so we donned sweaters and jackets and simply dozed as the four motors droned on and on. After a few hours of lethargy, buoyed up at intervals by a smash of oxygen, we began to lose altitude. Shortly afterward, we were disembarking at Whitehorse.

We found ourselves in a new and exciting environment and

there was much to write about: the Yukon River and Miles Canyon—the narrow gorge through which the broad waterway, compressed, boiled angrily in a thunder of white foam; the Indian cemetery—each grave sheltered within a miniature white house complete with curtained glass windows and a protective picket fence; the bars and their habitueés—some of whom had trudged along the Trail of '98 and had remained; the beached stern-wheelers, rotting in their anonymity, which once had transported to Dawson City their conglomeration of dance-hall girls, gold-seekers and confidence-men.

We viewed and interviewed and scribbled. We acquired a wealth of facts and figures and colour to be built into scripts, voiced and transmitted overseas in the weeks to come. Finally, sated with Yukon lore, we flew back to Edmonton. There our RCAF public relations officer took his leave which, it turned out, resulted in some criticism later.

Next morning, we flew eastward. A hundred miles west of the Saskatchewan-Manitoba border, one of the "North Star's" motors gave up the ghost and we cruised along to Winnipeg on three engines. Upon landing, we were ordered to gather together all our belongings and to leave the aircraft.

The skipper explained apologetically that the ailing motor could not be repaired there and that they would be forced to return empty to Montreal since, in accordance with regulations, they were not permitted to carry civilian passengers in an 'unfit' aircraft.

We stood and stared in consternation as the three motors were revved up and "our" aircraft took off for Montreal. It soon disappeared into the haze and we gathered up our luggage and walked over to the office of Trans Canada Air Lines. We were due back at our desks the following morning so it was essential we make whatever flight arrangements we could. We were not especially concerned as we assumed (incorrectly) that our credit would be good. I think each of us had about ten dollars in his wallet.

We were hunched up against the reservations counter trying to arrange a fly-now-pay-later passage home when a burly and extremely welcome figure approached.

"Got some trouble, boys?" asked Ernest Bushnell. He was awaiting the departure of his flight back to Ottawa.

We explained our predicament. Bushnell frowned and called the passenger-agent. "Look, I've got to get my men back to Montreal right away. This is an emergency. I'd like you to put 'em on the next flight if you can."

The agent mentioned our lack of funds.

"Look," Bush snapped in his best Bushnelese, thumping the counter irritably, "charge their flights to the CBC account. Work it any way you like—but these people must get back today."

"Sorry, sir, but who are you?" asked the agent innocently.

"I happen to be the Assistant General Manager of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation!" Bush flashed his I.D. card which had the same effect as a magician waving a wand.

Two hours later we were airborne.

We heard afterwards that, due to our "free" flight having cost the CBC upwards of a thousand dollars in Winnipeg-to-Montreal fares, there was some unpleasantness among External Affairs, RCAF and CBC brass. Who was going to reimburse the Corporation for those tickets? We never did find out —nor did we care particularly so long as they did not take it out of our salary cheques.

* * *

1949 was significant.

Newfoundland became the tenth Canadian province. "Canadian Chronicle's" first freelance Newfie reporter was broadcaster Don Jamieson (later an M.P. in Ottawa.) Personalities from our new province welcomed as CBC staffers were Harold Brown, Harry Brown, Dave Gunn, Dick O'Brien, Doug Brophy, Darce Fardy and Aubrey Mack—all of whom had been on the staff of the Broadcasting Corporation of Newfoundland which, with confederation, became absorbed by the CBC.

The International Service was relocated in the recently purchased and refurbished Ford Hotel on Dorchester Street West —a broadcasting palace compared to its previous cramped quarters on Crescent. The new glass-fronted master-control was a complex electronic showcase which soon attracted hundreds of fascinated visitors daily. "Canadian Chronicle's" suite was spacious and bright—its ninth floor windows overlooking the St. Lawrence River.

I.S. was joined in the new building by the staffs and operations of CBM and CBF—the CBC's local English and French outlets.

For many months, I had had as colleagues linguists whose accents left little doubt that they were with the International Service. But, with the arrival of the impressively large estab-

lishment of CBF, the constrained atmosphere with its numerous solemn-visaged producers was replaced by the boisterous, good-natured, devil-may-care camaraderie of the French-Canadian broadcasters who, especially down in the foyer, lent a refreshingly stimulating flavour to the milieu. Suddenly, unquestionably, this edifice was of French Canada. We were merely guests. Yet we felt that we belonged. We were all CBC.

Unlike our former premises on Crescent Street where the studios could be counted on the fingers of one hand, our new building boasted more than two dozen studios of various sizes. In view of the combined production demands of the French and English stations and networks as well as our continuing international programming, all studios (each with its essential control-room) were fully utilized. Isobel Kirby and Clotilde Salviatti and their Programme Clearance clerks were hard pressed throughout each day allocating facilities to the numerous producers.

I once had considered CBC Vancouver an impressive operation. And even Winnipeg. But neither could compare with the pace, the enormous staff, the work-load, the pressure and the sheer size of the Montreal plant.

Yet, strange as it seemed, the Ford Hotel was scarcely half filled. There were dozens of empty offices.

"We'll never use all this space," we declared knowingly; "they'll most likely rent half the offices to other businesses."

What we did not know was that the vague and intermittent rumours about television, which had been bandied about for months, were considerably more than wishful thinking on the part of CBC management. The Corporation had purchased and renovated the Ford Hotel knowing full well that television would be a reality in a couple of years or so. It transpired that, within a year of our moving in to the triple-towered, twelve-storey edifice, a great television studio block was rising inexhorably adjacent to the rear of the old hotel.

Many of us were not especially happy over the threat of television. We were radio people. We did not like the idea of this new medium usurping what had been the CBC's sole raison d'être for well over a decade. But we had our assignments to look after and we did not have time to be seriously concerned about the evil eye of TV. Anyway, who in Britain, Europe, Brazil or Australia could watch Canadian television? "The Voice of Canada" would prevail.

The devastating Winnipeg flood came the next spring and reports were fed to us twice daily to be beamed abroad. CBC

news and special events commentators, often risking life and limb, distinguished themselves by covering that awesome inundation with courage, determination and coolness.

We became increasingly involved with reports and commentaries from the United Nations. Flushing Meadow and Lake Success were datelines almost every day with King Gordon reporting.

Several of us were flown in an RCAF DC-3 to Centralia, Ontario to cover the graduation of NATO pilots who had trained in Canada. Maja Van Steensel, head of the Dutch Section and a lady of many talents and a colourful vocabulary, flew the aircraft most of the way back to Montreal. We mere passengers sat with white knuckles and thanked God after we had landed safely.

* * *

General Supervisor Ira Dilworth was understandingly popular with his International Service staff—always encouraging, sympathetic, congenial and genuinely interested in all we were doing, important or otherwise. It was with regret, therefore, that we learned he was being moved to Toronto to become Regional Director of Ontario and Director of English Networks.

We wondered who would succeed him and found out quite quickly.

The Canadian ambassador to one of the South American republics had been recalled to Canada prior to a European posting but the latter appointment would be delayed for almost a year. Someone in Ottawa decided in his wisdom that, in the interim, this individual should be placed in charge of the CBC International Service. We cynically observed that this was par for the course since, to the best of our knowledge, he had had no experience in broadcasting. However, since "The Voice of Canada" was an extension of the External Affairs Department, no doubt the Ottawa czar responsible for the appointment considered it a brilliant idea.

It might be mentioned that the ambassador-between-embassies was not to be humiliated by inheriting a mere general supervisory title. He walked into the Radio-Canada Building (as it was by then called) as the *Director-General* of the CBC International Service.

It was not a case of love at first sight.

Someone suggested that he be addressed as "Your Excellency"—a form of salutation which all of us scrupulously avoided using.

At one of our weekly department heads' meetings, he stormed in to the conference-room and shouted: "It is not true that I am a neo-Fascist!" (We had never heard it said that he was.)

On another occasion, at noon, a group of us including the new Director-General was awaiting the arrival of the habitually slow elevator. Suddenly the D.-G. pointed his finger at a particularly dignified lady producer, snapped his fingers loudly and beckoned to her to approach him. She was livid.

Not long after his arrival, the D.-G. must have written to a confidant at the embassy from which he had come. It was obvious that in this missive he had referred to I.S. in anything but complimentary terms because one day when he had journeyed to Ottawa a reply to his letter was discovered lying face up on his desk. A number of us happened to read its first page on which the writer had put down: "Hope you are enjoying your job of cleaning out the Augean stable." (Referring, without a doubt, to an I.S.-wide witch-hunt to determine whether the organization was crawling with Commie sympathizers.)

Anyway, after some months, "His Excellency" received his European posting and departed, probably to his delight and certainly to ours.

He was succeeded by Charles Delafield, an agreeable CBC veteran who had been Number Two in the I.S. hierarchy for several years.

* * *

The Canadian International Trade Fair was held for two weeks each summer for several consecutive years in the Coliseum at Exhibition Park in Toronto. Half the world's countries had booths there as they bent every effort to sell their goods and services to one another and to Canada. It was a heaven-sent opportunity for us international broadcasters and on each occasion at least one reporter (at long last equipped with an over-the-shoulder portable lightweight tape-recorder) from each language section would visit the big fair to record interviews, descriptions of the exhibits, general activities and the sounds of the Coliseum's bustling interior.

On one occasion, a day before the C.I.T.F. was to be officially opened by the Rt. Hon. C.D. Howe, Minister of Trade & Commerce, two of us chanced to stroll past Great Britain's booth. The invitation above it read: "Come to Britian." We

expected the two Brits setting up the booth would appreciate a constructive comment so I asked: "Do you realize your sign contains an inversion?" They came out to the front and gaped. "Good Lo'd," said one, "how the devil did that happen? Thanks so much." Within minutes, Britian had been converted to a much more acceptable Britain.

At another Trade Fair, the show was to be opened by the Belgian Ambassador to Canada. Following a trumpet fanfare and a fly-past by RCAF aircraft, this V.I.P. made an appropriate address in accented English concluding with: "I now pronounce the Canadian International Fair Trade officially open!" It did sound amusing as it blared out of the P.A. speakers.

Meantime, in Toronto, something had happened which was to have an effect on a number of people's careers including my own. A.E. Powley, a veteran newsman who had co-ordinated the CBC war correspondents' activities overseas, had been named the first Supervisor of Outside Broadcasts (or O.B., as it came to be called) and was in the process of selecting unusually talented CBC broadcasters from across Canada to join the new department. All were men who had proven themselves to be the "cream of the crop" insofar as writing and narrating were concerned; they were excellent "colour" men, innovative in the documentary field and were top-notch ad libbers who could extemporize brilliantly at any actualities or special events.

While Outside Broadcasts was to be administered from Toronto, and while it was to be a truly national group, each member of the new yet far-flung team was to work within his own geographical region most of the time. All naturally would contribute regional stories of national interest to the full network.

The first to join O.B. were my old friend Bill Herbert of Vancouver, Liston McIlhagga of Winnipeg, Thom Benson of Toronto, Norman McBain of Montreal, Ken Homer of Halifax and Doug Brophy of St. John's.

Thom Benson had been the International Service Representative in Toronto and, since he was moving to Powley's new department, his post would need filling.

Presumably the powers that be in Montreal must have decided that, after almost five years of handling "Canadian Chronicle," I must have learned *something*.

In any case, they transferred me to Toronto in 1952 as the new I.S. Rep.

Chapter VIII
TORONTO

The hub of the CBC English Networks and the Mecca to which most radio professionals from all parts of Canada were drawn was of course Toronto (usually pronounced T'ranna.)

Whether one was a freelance singer, musician, actor, commentator, comedian, writer or a member of the permanent staff be it as a producer, announcer, electronics genius, news editor or whatever, Toronto was the city that mattered.

It was where the majority of network shows were produced —the prestigious shows which were apportioned the fattest budgets, utilized most of the "big name" talent and commanded the largest audiences.

Once radio people who had made their marks in one of the regions were re-located in Toronto, the chances are that their futures would be assured. They would have access to the mandarins who controlled the networks, divvied out the funds and made the programming decisions. They would be able to join the Celebrity Club, rub shoulders with Canada's most illustrious entertainers and, perhaps in time, contract cirrhosis of the liver. Most broadcasts they would be involved with would be heard not only in Metropolitan Toronto but almost certainly would be carried on one of the national networks which would provide them with maximum exposure and, perhaps eventually, a share of the big money.

Considerable rivalry and some jealousy existed between the Toronto programme establishment and CBC employees in the regions. The Torontonians appreciated full well that they had the cream of the talent at their disposal and that it would be difficult for producers at smaller locations to compete; at the same time, they were forced to admit that there were some shows produced elsewhere in Canada, and on more limited budgets, every bit as good and occasionally better than those produced in the Ontario capital.

Many regional staffers were of the opinion that, despite their more limited technical resources, they had more imagination and out-and-out ability than those snobbish individuals in Toronto.

Certainly Toronto did not appeal to everyone. Some regional broadcasters derived the utmost delight in hating "T'ranna" and everybody in it, preferring to remain in the comfortable environment with which they were familiar. Some lacked the self-confidence to risk a move to Mecca—being concerned about the tough competition they would be up against in the big city. Many were happy in their work at one smaller location or another and could think of no reason to move to Toronto where they might earn more but would have to lay out more for living costs. And it is possible that a few regional personnel would not consider a transfer to Toronto because once, when they had had to visit the place to attend a meeting, they had had an opportunity to tour the Radio Building and decided that once was quite enough.

As everybody who is anybody knows, CBC Toronto's Radio Building formerly had been a young ladies' fashionable private school called Havergal College. That was back when 354 Jarvis Street was a snobbish address and not merely one of the few respectable buildings in a district known for its prostitutes, winos and derelicts.

Externally, the Radio Building was quite charming—a five-storey red brick pile festooned with English ivy and boasting an arched main entrance four steps above sidewalk level. Several dozen windows faced the street which afforded a view, and the sound, of non-stop heavy traffic.

Directly north of the Radio Building was a parking lot, originally reserved for employees' cars but later usurped to accommodate an increasing number of mobile cruisers and other broadcasting-oriented vehicles.

Adjoining the north side of the parking area was a three-storey grey brick building known as The Kremlin or, more respectfully, The Annex. It was the seat of power where the Ontario Regional Director and Director of English Networks and the National Programme Director and other betitled bigwigs held sway in high-ceilinged offices with bricked up fireplaces in what had been a magnificent private residence back when Jarvis Street echoed to the clip-clop of matched greys as they drew gleaming black carriages behind them in which rode genteel ladies and gentlemen of the era.

At the rear of the parking lot stood a new yellow brick structure of five floors—the Television Building in which the first equipment was being installed. To its south and directly west of the Radio Bilding was a red brick house of two floors known as The Hospital which actually had been the sick-bay

for the Havergal College missees. It now accommodated a number of small production departments.

Although it was the radio production headquarters and studio block for this country's Trans-Canada and Dominion Networks, the Radio Building's interior hardly would have inspired anyone—were he "in the business" or a casual visitor.

Mind you, it was clean; it could not help but be clean. There was a crew of painters who spent their entire lives redecorating the several CBC-owned edifices at the Jarvis/Carleton corner as well as a dozen other owned and leased antiquities in the downtown area which served as studios, rehearsal halls, archives, storage areas and goodness knows what else.

It was said that the Radio Building was held up by paint and telephone-wire. Whenever someone was moved from one office to another, and especially when an entire department was relocated, new telephone lines were strung around the walls of the areas concerned. Musical chairs had been a popular game in the Radio Building ever since the Corporation moved in. Quite often, someone would occupy an office for only a month or so then the "space committee" in its wisdom would decide to juggle offices. Occasionally this involved moving a wall in order to accommodate more people with more furniture.

This mausoleum was a veritable rabbit-warren with long corridors which led around corners into all sorts of intriguing places including a long forgotten cobweb-covered swimming-pool in the sub-basement.

The basement proper, known for some reason as the First Floor, contained the usually crowded staff cafeteria where a couple of mangy cats roamed beneath the tables, meowing for hand-outs. There was Programme Clearance where producers booked their studios from Nancy Boyd. Sound Effects occupied another area packed with bells of various tones, doors that squeaked or banged, windows that rattled or slammed on command, steps of stone or wood or iron, beds of gravel, wind-up phonographs, dishpans, crockery, swords, Chinese gongs and shelves of meticulously indexed sound effects recordings for use in cases where manually operated effects were impractical.

The same area accommodated the CBL and CJBC announce-booths, master-control, recording-room and maintenance—in which technicians held sway with soldering-irons, circuit-diagrams and trays filled with condensers, resistors and

other components as they de-bugged a Magnecorder tape machine or removed hum from a temperamental pre-amp.

The basement also was the domain of the night manager who received all the enquiries and complaints after 5:00 p.m. and who had to deal with everything from incoming and outgoing emergency feeds to a report that some idiot had climbed to the 300-foot level of the new TV tower and was about to find out whether he could fly.

The ground or main floor (usually called the Second Floor) was the production area and accommodated all the studios and control-rooms ranging in size from small (such as "J" and "K") to spacious, of which the only one was Studio "G" where concert orchestras and major dramas were produced. This floor also boasted a reception-desk immediately inside the main entrance. Adjacent to the receptionist was an artists' lounge which, over the years, shrank several times until it became little more than a waiting-room.

Since the Radio Building was without an elevator, one climbed a broad flight of stairs from the basement to the ground floor and again up to the second, third and fourth levels (known of course as the Third, Fourth and Fifth Floors.) The top three levels consisted entirely of offices for producers, production assistants and secretaries. Some were of generous size but were packed with people at desks, piles of audio tapes, filing cabinets and typewriters. Most were broom-closet private offices, equally cluttered. The top floor really was no more than converted attic space and each office had a single small dormer window and a sloped ceiling so there was inadequate head-room and elbow-room. Two or three offices each contained a small door which, with some exertion, could be pried open to permit the occupant to step out on to the roof to reach a fire-escape.

The building-inspector had been warning the CBC for years that, if one more filing-cabinet were placed in an office in the Radio Building, the entire structure might collapse. The fire-inspector had more than likely given up and occasionally might be seen shaking his head and mumbling to himself as he picked his way through the conglomeration of tightly packed furniture, bundles of papers, stacks of books, empty pop bottles and other specialties of the broadcasting craft.

When I undertook my new job in Toronto I was assigned an office at the front of the Radio Building overlooking Jarvis. Three months later, they moved me to a second-floor side office in the Kremlin—not as convenient to the studios but

satisfactory. Later, I was booted up to a smaller office on the top deck of that outwardly impressive old Georgian residence.

There was nothing the matter with that office except that I am 5′11″ and the doorway between it and the central stenographic pool area was 5′7″ since there were bearing timbers at that height. The secret of coping successfully was to remember always to salaam when approaching the doorway from either direction.

I shall always remember the morning I was perusing a memo out in the pool when, continuing to read, hurriedly walked back to my office. I was so intent on the contents of the memo that my concentration was rudely interrupted with a crash across my forehead as the wall above the doorway stopped me in my tracks. There were some stars before my eyes as, to the surprise of a couple of secretaries, I expressed my annoyance in rather strong terms.

Happily, I was soon moved again—to an office with a standard-sized doorway and a door to go with it.

We all had our little problems.

A colleague of mine on the fourth floor of the Radio Building was slightly put out one day when water began to drip from the ceiling onto his desk. (His office was directly beneath the ladies' W.C. on the next floor up.) This forthright individual was not one to fool about. He marched purposefully across to the Kremlin and into the office of the Regional Director and, after reporting the situation, stated that unless the problem were remedied immediately he would apprise the Toronto Board of Health of the facts. Needless to say, the matter was put to rights in short order.

But we really did not have a great deal of time to concern ourselves with low doorways and soggy desks. We had work to do.

Chapter IX
FEEDING I.S.; SOLAR ECLIPSE

Being the International Service representative in Toronto involved organizing closed circuit feeds to Montreal by which reporters (mostly freelance journalists who had been assigned to cover or to comment on topical events) traditionally routed their voiced material to I.S. for recording there and subsequent transmission abroad. The I.S. Rep. himself was expected to suggest stories for "Canadian Chronicle," to write and voice them and feed them down the line. Part of his work meant booking a studio and operator two or three times weekly and ensuring that the essential circuit had been ordered from Bell Telephone by Cec Hobbs of National Programme Clearance.

There was an established format for conducting feeds. As soon as the Toronto-Montreal circuit was "hot," the I.S. Rep. would sit at the microphone and give a rundown on what items would be fed. When the first speaker was ready, this routine followed:

"Hello, Montreal. This is Toronto. Here is our first item, attention Karl Sjoblom of the Swedish Section. Duration will be 3 minutes 10 seconds. The speaker is Eric Axelson and his subject is 'Toronto Harbour Improvements.' Start recording ten seconds from—NOW."

Ten seconds later, Axelson would state: "Here is a service message." Then in Swedish he would read a brief introduction to his story—ultimately to be re-voiced by a Swedish announcer in Montreal. After that, he would say in English: "I will pause ten seconds to give you time to spiral."

(The word "spiral" did not infer that a Montreal technician was about to pirouette but rather that he would turn a little crank on top of the recording-machine which on the disc physically would separate the introduction from the story proper. This would save time and would simplify cueing up the disc on the overseas transmission.)

Following the mandatory and important pause, Eric would read his story in Swedish.

The next speaker would proceed in the same manner, and the one after that until all had performed and their stories had been transferred onto discs in the Montreal recording-room. All that remained for the I.S. Rep. to do was forward the signed cost-sheets to Artists' Payroll where payments were processed.

Even after the advent of tape-recording, short I.S. items continued to be put on disc for some time; they were easy to handle, editing of short items seldom was necessary and everyone was accustomed to them. Eventually, of course, tape completely replaced the earlier disc recording system.

There were a number of tried and true broadcasters who were utilized each week: J.B. McGeachie and Willson Woodside—widely recognized political commentators, Peter McGillen who chatted about fishing and the outdoors as well as many other journalists who wrote and talked on a myriad of subjects.

I was involved with feeds from Toronto only, which kept me busy. Simultaneously, other feeds from other stations elsewhere were in progress, some regularly and others on an ad hoc basis.

Coincidentally with my becoming established in Toronto the new medium of television (which we radio people had expected yet somehow dreaded) made its inexorable and loudly acclaimed debut in Canada.

It was September 6, 1952 that CBC French television transmitted its first pictures over CBFT in Montreal. Two days later, CBLT in Toronto went on the air with this country's first English programme.

No longer was radio the influence it had been in our two largest cities. Audiences now would devote their relaxation hours to more than sound alone. They had been given a fascinating new companion—radio with pictures!

At least radio enjoyed a wider audience than the fledgeling upstart with the black-and-white pictures because, with our two radio networks, we covered practically every section of the country. Television boasted only two transmitters.

But that situation was to change considerably more rapidly than some of us had thought possible. Gradually, new studios and transmitters came into being across Canada; tall steel microwave towers marched from one side of the land to the other. Before we knew it, there was an alternative service to radio in every major centre of population. The new TV Network was a force to be reckoned with!

The focus of attention on television had a significant effect on those of us who had chosen to remain in radio. It gave us something of an inferiority complex. At joint planning meetings, for instance, television was the main topic of discussion while radio usually was relegated to a lower position on the agenda.

At first, this built up some resentment but at length, admitting reluctantly that television had come to stay and that the TV types really were a fairly decent lot, we capitulated and agreed that, if there was co-operation between the two rival media, both stood to gain. So we worked together whenever feasible and I like to think everyone benefited.

There were some television people who insisted on referring to radio as "the blind service!" We would retaliate by insisting that we were the *senior* service because we had been on the scene long before television. And so it went.

Television continued to expand yet radio still was an admittedly useful and significant service—especially at the dwindling number of locations as yet unserved by "the junior medium."

We radio people (who once had enjoyed a degree of limelight before the microphone) soon learned that the public's almost complete interest now lay in the medium which we insisted paid more attention to video than audio quality. At a social gathering, adulation was apt to peak when a well-known television personality was present. This was scarcely true in the case of radio, viz:

"I understand you're with the CBC?"

"That's right."

"I'll be darned! So you're in television!"

"No—radio."

'Oh." A sniff—a patronizing smile—and a turned back as the interrogator sought out someone with a little more glamour.

* * *

It was in early June, 1953 that the full impact of television was felt across Canada when the CBC became the sole North American system to originate the several hours of film of the Queen's Coronation. The CBC also distributed it to one of the American television networks.

Outside Broadcasts' Ontario Regional Supervisor producer-commentator Thom Benson and some other ingenious indi-

viduals, with the co-operation of the BBC and the Royal Air Force, organized a "shuttle service" whereby succeeding flights of RAF jet aircraft transported the film of the Westminster Abbey service from London to Montreal, from where it was released to the CBC Television Network and south of the border. This, without question, was television at its finest.

* * *

There were still many things that radio could do with aplomb.

On June 30, 1954 a total eclipse of the sun attracted dozens of professional and amateur astronomers to the village of Mattice near Kapuskasing in northern Ontario. Totality in this central path of the shadow was at 7:08 a.m. The co-operation of the CBC International Service had been requested by Radio Sweden to transmit certain technical information as the eclipse was being observed. Astronomers in Sweden were particularly interested in the positions and sizes of the solar flares at totality and they wanted to adjust their telescopes and cameras for the best results possible. Since Canada would see the sun's shadow 90 minutes prior to its sweeping across Sweden, our scientists were in a position to provide the Swedes with the requested data.

We originated our broadcast on the roof of the control-tower at Kapuskasing airport. In case local observations should prove unsuccessful, we had a fall-back plan. An RCAF North Star aircraft carrying another astronomical party would cruise high over Labrador and Miriam Burland of the Dominion Observatory would be aboard and would make her sightings high above the clouds, if any, and the important message she would compose would be transmitted in Morse code to Kap, decoded and given to us for reading via the land-line to our Sackville transmitters in New Brunswick. Should that not work out, the message would be picked up by the ground station at Goose Bay, Labrador then relayed to the RCAF Station at Rockcliffe near Ottawa, from there to Malton airport at Toronto and back up to us. We were prepared for any eventuality.

Our party consisted of technical supervisor Roland Anderson, Swedish announcer John Svedman, Dr. Donald MacRae of the David Dunlap Observatory at Richmond Hill, CBC cameraman Wally Donaldson and myself. We all went to bed that night with fingers crossed.

We were up at 4:00 a.m. The sky was clear except for a little cirrus in the west. Then gradually it began to move in—a procession of grey-black clouds 500 feet above us. Within an hour, to our dismay, we had a solid ceiling over and around us to the horizon on every side. After a quick discussion, MacRae and Donaldson dashed off to Mattice; they would go up in an amphibious plane and above the clouds.

We went on the air at 7:00 o'clock, feeding eastern CBC stations and the I.S. transmitters in the Maritimes which beamed us to Sweden—so that country's astronomers could monitor our signal.

Trying to view an eclipse, much less describe one, when the sky beneath it is a solid blanket, is difficult. So I just talked—not about the eclipse but about the low cloud ceiling turning a sickly greenish yellow, the sky growing darker and darker until suddenly all the runway lights below us flashed on as did a revolving searchlight over our heads. Almost pitch dark. An uncannily stifling atmosphere. The air quite chilly. The birds had ceased their singing. Deathly quiet. The moment of totality—59 seconds.

The birds began to come to life again. The lights went out. The eclipse was over. We on the airport roof had missed it.

MacRae's amphibian was nowhere in sight, nor had we heard it. He had not signalled us. (We learned later that they had been unable to take off.) We had not received anything from the North Star.

CBC producer Gordon Jones at Rockcliffe telephoned the Kapuskasing radio operator a warning just seconds before the first dots and dashes beeped their way across the miles. Svedman and I read the message into the microphone in Swedish and English a mere eight minutes before our broadcast period ended:

CORONA A EAST NORTH LONG RAY 090 265
PROMINENCES
010 SMALL FAINT

Which to the Swedish astronomers meant that the corona was much flattened in the equatorial plane and was brightest on the east and north; that there were long rays at 90 and 265 degrees clockwise from north; and that there was a small, faint prominence at 10 degrees.

A cable received the next day from Sweden advised that the weather over Sweden had been clear and that, thanks to the data Canada had been able to provide, the Scandinavian ob-

servers had enjoyed a fullfilling rendezvous with the black sun.

* * *

A month after the eclipse, several dozen radio and television men gathered in Vancouver to cover the Fifth British Empire and Commonwealth Games. My role was that of Commonwealth liaison officer which meant simply that I was to assist foreign broadcasters but more specifically to handle the nightly transmissions abroad. I worked most of the nights during those two weeks but had comparatively little to do in the daytime.

This nocturnal vigil was essential because pre-determined time slots had been allocated to each time zone to which Games stories were to be fed. I merely had to ensure that the proper reports in the appropriate languages were transmitted from tape to the participating broadcasting agencies in the countries concerned. With the help of bright technicians, it was not an especially arduous job.

I shall always remember two events I was privileged to watch on one of my free afternoons:

The first was England's Roger Bannister (with his famous "kick") and Australia's John Landy make sports history by breaking the four-minute mile.

The second was when the courageous English marathoner, Jim Peters, after having completed all but the final few dozen strides of the gruelling 26-mile, 375-yard course, re-entered the arena and commenced a staggering circuit of the oval track then, only a heart-breakingly short distance from the finish-line, collapsed and fell then hauled himself to his feet again and reeled dazedly forward. Unwilling to permit further punishment, compassionate hands reached out and grabbed Peters—this man who refused to quit. Of course this act disqualified him. But what an exhibition of sheer guts!

* * *

It was on October 15, 1954 that I had an all-day recording assignment in Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens—a huge ethnic gathering of some sort. At noon, I walked across Carleton Street to the bank; I had crossed that street hundreds of times but on this occasion I had to literally *wade* across. I discovered later that it had rained heavily all morning. It was still pouring and ankle-deep water had created a lake at the intersection of Church and Carleton which completely submerged the street-car tracks.

After leaving the bank and grabbing a sandwich, I splashed my way back to the Gardens. The rain was still pelting down.

We were kept busy taping until late evening and it was around midnight when I set out to drive home to Islington in the west end. It soon became obvious that my windshield-wipers were totally inadequate to cope with the still teeming rain.

Like many others, I was fortunate to reach my house in one piece because, shortly after having crossed Kipling Avenue bridge (its deck was under water) over swollen Mimico Creek, it was swept away.

That was the night that 82 lives were lost and property damage was assessed at $24 millions. Many bodies were not recovered.

In the days that followed, many of us filed stories on that tragedy and on the clean-up operations which ensued.

That was Hurricane Hazel.

The next week a Czech commentator, technician James Nihda and I visited the Ford plant at Oakville. We taped some sound material on the assembly-line and our Czech friend interviewed some Ford workers who had emigrated from Czechoslovakia. It was my final chore for the International Service.

I was transferring to A.E. Powley's Outside Broadcasts Department as assistant supervisor and sometime producer-commentator.

Chapter X
OUTSIDE BROADCASTS

"Outside Broadcasts" was a term borrowed from the BBC to denote any production that was not done from the comfort of a studio. It was practically always "live" and the very immediacy of a nemo (an old telephone company designation for Not Emanating Main Office) or a remote or an actuality or a special event—call it what you will—caused the occasion to be a time of tension and apprehension and more than a little excitement due to the nature of the event being covered and to the fact that there always was an element of risk, irrespective of how well the planning had been done and how expertly the technicians had wired up their equipment.

An O.B. might be anything under the sun—a royal visit, a lake swim, a plowing match, a state funeral, a political convention, a parade, a fire, a flood, a minor fair, a major exhibition, an air show or any of a hundred sporting events.

The commentators might be speaking extemporaneously from a railway-car, a launch, a tractor, a church, an auditorium, a skyscraper window, a roof-top, the back of an elephant or, as was often the case, a temporary observation-tower consisting of a wooden platform on top of construction-type steel scaffolding.

Whenever an O.B. was scheduled to go "live" to the network, it meant ordering from Bell Telephone a number of special circuits or "loops" from master control at the originating CBC station to the field control-console where the producer held sway. "Loops" could be anywhere from a few hundred yards to 25 miles or more in length and they usually included (1) a first-class "balanced" programme circuit on which the broadcast proper would be fed to the station, (2) a "cue" circuit so the field producer could hear the previous network show end and therefore would know whether to begin his production on time or a few seconds late or possibly on a word-cue from an announcer in a studio, (3) a "control" circuit which enabled the field technician at the mixing console to keep in touch with Master Control during pre-broadcast testing and throughout the broadcast proper and, finally,

(4) one or more general purpose telephones so the producer and commentators could call a taxi, have a pizza sent out, obtain some last-minute information from a researcher or advise their girl-friends what time they expected to be through work.

Whenever possible, the field control-centre was sheltered inside a convenient office or shed or tent—although on occasion we have had to locate it under the open sky and trust that the elements would be kind to us. As we became more sophisticated, we worked from the comfort of a "radio mobile"—a completely outfitted truck with its own mixing-console, inter-communications system, a line-input connection for all microphones in use, a tape-machine, patch-panel for the Bell line connections—everything one could possibly wish for.

Without question, the O.B. crew's most dreaded foe was a heavy rain-storm. We would manage to cope with wind (simply by placing wind-socks over the microphones) or hail or heat or cold—but rain could create all sorts of disagreeable conditions such as hum, distortion, cross-talk or short-circuits and complete equipment failure. Fortunately, the majority of special events seemed to take place under reasonably acceptable weather conditions. But occasionally we would be fooled by the capriciousness of an early morning cloudless sky and an unrealistically optimistic forecast.

Sometimes it would be impossible to broadcast an O.B. "live"—usually because the network already had been committed to schedule something which was not pre-emptable at the time our event was taking place . . . or because the event being covered was in progress at an unfavourable listening time. In such cases, it would be covered in the normal manner but simultaneously would be recorded (either on location or via the circuit back at the studios) for a "delayed broadcast" later in the day. This technique was called "live to tape." That meant that we did it but nobody heard it as it was happening.

O.B. broadcasts were in the main non-controversial. We had no axes to grind. Our programmes did not provoke our audiences to bitterness or anger, to write fuming letters of condemnation or to become all stirred up over current political issues. We left controversy to another department—Talks and Public Affairs.

Our specialty was Canadiana with a positive approach—outdoor events which for the most part were pleasant, exciting, uplifting or even inspiring. To a degree we were flag-wavers as we described a Dominion Day pageant or other

celebration, activities at the Royal Agricultural Winter Fair, the running of the Queen's Plate horse-race with, on occasion, the attendance of a member of the Royal Family which would put the icing on the cake. We covered Labour Day parades and the dedication of a new public building and the official opening of a new super-highway and international conventions. But we were far from being fair-weather broadcasters. We took our microphones to a variety of depressing and grim occurrences which warranted our attention . . . and the pre-empting of programmes of lesser significance.

While the coverage of special events throughout Canada was the Outside Broadcasts Department's raison d'être, we scarcely sat about waiting for something to happen. We devoted all our spare time to producing documentary programmes—a broadcast form that we all enjoyed almost more than anything else.

Unlike a major remote pickup which involved a large crew, a radio documentary practically always was the sole responsibility of one producer-commentator, assisted by an experienced technician. The former would hit upon a topic which sparked his imagination and which he believed would appeal to a network audience, would obtain supervisory approval to proceed, then would draft an outline of the story and draw up a working schedule for himself and plan an itinerary so the taping of raw material might be undertaken with his technician as soon as the preliminary research had been completed.

The planning, researching, taping in the field, editing, writing, voicing and packaging of a good documentary afforded immense satisfaction to the producer responsible. It gave him reason to take pride in turning out a product which he could sense was unusual, original and of high calibre—a feature which would win him the approbation not only of his fellow producers but of the network audience.

A documentarian would undertake his task in one of two ways. If he had done painstaking research at the beginning, he would write his script in the office (or more likely in the quiet of his home) and leave gaps for the meaty and colourful inserts to be taped in the field. Should the nature of the topic render this too difficult, he would spend approximately a week travelling and taping, bring back and edit the inserts and then write his script. Either method was acceptable and every producer had his favourite way of approaching the job.

A "special" considered of the greatest importance and prestige on occasion would be provided with an hour (59'30") on

the full network. Most documentaries, especially those in a long-running series, were of half-hour (29'30") duration. Quite often, "pocket" documentaries would be produced for magazine shows or for a low-budget series which warranted merely ten or fifteen minutes of network time.

One such series for which the O.B. Department was responsible and which ran for several years was "Roving Reporter"—Monday-through-Friday "minis" which ranged from minor documentaries to short interviews. Theoretically, each region had its established day of the week to originate a programme for this series but, in actual practice, it often did not work out that way. Since the subject-matter could include practically anything so long as it was topical, our office often would receive phone-calls from two or three regions on any given morning with "hot" suggestions for that evening's "Roving Reporter." Sometimes this resulted in difficult decision-making and occasionally in heated arguments. (Producers could become surprisingly jealous of one another's assignments!)

Programmes were often done by O.B. producer-commentators but in due course freelance writers and broadcasters were added to the list of contributors. If you ever heard "Roving Reporter" on the air, you doubtless did not concern yourself as to how a broadcaster managed to cram so much information, colour and entertainment into a scant ten minutes. He managed by mastering the skills of communication and by relentlessly editing out of his tape everything but the hard-hitting, essential facts. But I must not get carried away by "Roving Reporter" because, while it ran successfully for a long time, it could not be regarded as a series of prime importance. It was topical, it was varied, it entertained and informed and it filled a brief period in the Trans-Canada Network schedule.

"Canadian Scene" was a horse of another colour. A thoroughbred.

"Canadian Scene" was heard on the Network every Sunday afternoon for four years—a prestigious half-hour of wide popular appeal, each programme being devised with painstaking detail, extremely imaginative and delicate use of sound and over-all senstitivity. Since programmes in this series were planned far in advance, production responsibility rested with a specific region each week on a rotating basis. To attempt to list the approximately 200 "Canadian Scene" broadcasts would be unobjective but permit me to name a few of them:

Doug Brophy's "Highway in the Sky" about Gander air-

port and his "Sealing Fleets of Newfoundland"—(non-controversial at that time.)

Ken Homer's "Port Royal"—the 350th anniversary of the founding of Annapolis Royal.

Norman McBain's "Study in Sound" on the development of modern telephone communications.

"From Apples to Poultry"—Bob Cadman on the transition from fruit to chicken farming in the Annapolis Valley.

"Port of Montreal"—taped just prior to freeze-up by Robert Brazil.

Thom Benson's "Songs of the Marsh," "Songs of the Forest" and other ornithological treasures in sound and his "The Remarkable Sackbutt of Dr. LeCain" about early experiments in electronic music.

"Curds and Whey"—with Alex Smith on cheese-making in southern Ontario.

"From Birchbark to Steel"—Donald Sims' study of traffic through the twin locks at Sault Ste. Marie.

"The Lonely Defender" produced at the RCAF Station at Cold Lake, Alberta by Ron Hunka and his word-and-sound portrait on Eskimos titled "They Came from the Barrens" and another sound study—"Spring Comes to the Prairies."

Lorne Wallace did a show on "Ukrainian Christmas."

David Cruickshank flew north to produce "The Trail of '98" on the occasion of Dawson City's diamond anniversary.

Alex Moir contributed "The Town that Gold Built"—a look at Yellowknife; also "Aklavik"—including the then new town of Inuvik.

Bill Herbert crossed the Rockies in a locomotive cab for "The Big Hill", flew in an air-sea rescue chopper for "Samaritans in the Sky" and visited Belfast to cover the fitting out of HMCS 'Bonaventure.'

Telford Oliver put some exciting interviews into "Bush Pilots" and learned about ropin' and ridin' while producing "Cattle Drive" in British Columbia's Cariboo country.

These documentarians did programmes on the aluminum plant at Kitimat, iceberg warnings off Nova Scotia, theatre in Newfoundland, Ste-Anne-de-Beaupré, Customs inspection and smuggling, the restoration of Louisbourg, Manitoba's port of Churchill, training commercial air-crew in Montreal. The list goes on.

Bert Powley liked to say that "Canadian Scene" showed the middle of Canada to both ends of the country and both ends to the middle. It did this brilliantly, being first class Canadiana. Not a few programmes in the series won for the Corpora-

tion international plaudits—the Ohio Awards presented annually "in recognition of outstanding educational value and distinguished radio production." Thom Benson's "Birds of the Forest" earned the highly coveted "Italia Prize" presented by the press of Italy for the best documentary broadcast produced anywhere in the world.

Brief mention has been made of sports. Under the Outside Broadcasts umbrella, CBC Sports was headed by Jack McCabe and Allan Gilroy. This able and energetic duo was responsible for all English networks sports coverage—hardly an enviable job with not only schedules to worry about but contracts with freelance "specialist" commentators and broadcast rights to international championship competitions. They were constantly planning far in advance for summer and winter olympics, Commonwealth and Pan-American Games. Since, particularly in television, sports events were sponsored, this meant further administrative complications. Jack and Allan had their annual confrontations over football and NHL hockey broadcasts as well as such all-important events as the Grey Cup, the Stanley Cup and the Canadian Open which was a multi-pickup event of extreme technical complexity with commentators scattered far and wide over the enormous distances of an 18-hole golf course.

Yet, with all its difficulties, being in charge of CBC Sports must have been a satisfying vocation because one thing sports broadcasters could be assured of was a large and enthusiastic audience. Public interest in sports has, to my knowledge, never faltered. Whether it is a play-by-play description of the final game in a national series or a ten-minute commentary on sports summarizing that day's competitions and scores, the fans follow every word. They have in the past and undoubtedly will continue that practice in the future.

* * *

O.B. had for some months occupied the old Hospital Building in Toronto—at the rear of the Radio Building. Eventually, we were forced to evacuate the place which was to be demolished to provide space for television's new Studio 7.

To solve its immediate problem, CBC Toronto leased a three-storey rooming-house directly across Jarvis Street from the Kremlin (immediately north of the present Hampton Court Motel. Old and ramshackle though it was, this so-called White House was surprisingly roomy—the result being that several CBC departments, including O.B., were transferred to

these quarters. Our department was assigned the ground floor and the front part of the basement.

We had scarcely moved in and were unpacking cartons and sorting out our books and papers when several people, especially the secretaries, began to scratch. It was soon discovered that one of the former tenants had kept two dogs on the premises; when all the people moved out, including this individual and his pets, the animals' fleas remained behind.

Of course we complained at once to local management and on our first Friday in the White House we all went home in mid-afternoon and left the place to the tender mercies of a fumigating firm.

When we returned to work on Monday morning, we could smell the sulphury chemical fifty yards from the house. The fumigators quite obviously had done their de-bugging with thoroughness. They had left instructions with the CBC building maintenance people that all doors and windows were to be unsealed after twenty-four hours and left wide open throughout Sunday to permit the noxious fumes to escape. But that little job had been overlooked. Except for the front door, which someone had had the imagination to open a few inadequate inches an hour before we were supposed to be at our desks, the place was still sealed as tightly as a pickle-jar.

The stench was nauseating. None of us attempted to step inside; in fact, we did not even walk up the steps. Soon, some administrator dodged his way through the rush-hour Jarvis traffic, took one tentative sniff and told us all to take the day off—an entirely unnecessary directive.

We inhabited that flea-bag of a house for something like a year, during which time we roasted in the summer and froze in the winter. (The furnace was prone to malfunction at regular intervals.)

There was a ground floor office about 10′ x 10′ and, since it was to be shared by two employees who demanded a modicum of privacy, a plywood partition reaching half-way to the ceiling was installed down the middle—providing a tiny cell for each of these officers who happened to be Thom Benson and myself. Each diminutive office boasted a single narrow window and a large fluorescent light-fixture attached to the ceiling. The atmosphere was scarcely uplifting but at least we could see to do our work.

One noon-hour, Thom had just left for lunch when the quiet of the place was suddenly interrupted by a violent CRASH!! It had come from across the partition. I dashed around to Benson's office. The entire fluorescent fixture had

come away from the ceiling and had plummeted down directly onto his desk. Both it and the floor were littered with shreds of glass. The heavy fixture with its reflector reposed frighteningly close to where Thom's head had been a few minutes earlier.

Prior to our being relocated, the White House was visited twice more by the fumigators. The stink of their chemical never did leave the place but remained until the structure was demolished a year later.

Our next habitation was at 111 Gerrard Street just off Jarvis and a couple of blocks south of the Radio Building. The offices were comparatively new, clean and bright but the area was scruffy as were some of its often encountered "characters." There was one unfortunate old hag we unkindly referred to as Nightmare Alice who had some weird and wonderful habits. One day she was confronted up on our second floor carrying an armful of sticks and newspapers. When asked what she was up to, she replied in a matter-of-fact way that she was going to light a fire. When ordered to leave the premises, she became extremely perturbed. No doubt she thought she knew what she was doing, poor soul.

It was while working out of Gerrard Street that I bought a brand new black and white Pontiac of which I was immensely proud. There was a small parking lot for staff at the rear of the building. One afternoon as I left the office you can imagine my dismay when I discovered that some neighbourhood vandal had decided that my car's appearance would be enhanced by some additional decoration. On both sides, from front to rear, a series of four-letter words had been carved with a nail or a knife. That bit of unrequested art work cost my insurance company a new paint job.

As the number of CBC television production plants increased across the land, most of the Outside Broadcasts producer-commentators began to involve themselves with the televising of special events and sports although there were a number who were quite content to continue to concentrate on the familiar medium of radio.

While my work had been entirely with radio, I soon found myself undertaking supervisory responsibilities in the television O.B. area as a national programme co-ordinator and scheduling officer. This involved sending telexes, writing memos, organizing telecast dates and trying to cope with some of the endless paper-work that must be attended to in comparative anonymity far from the glare of the lights and the stare of the camera.

Chapter XI
BOY SCOUT JAMBOREE

In mid-August, 1955 a World Boy Scout Jamboree was held at Niagara-on-the-Lake in southern Ontario. I had been assigned as co-ordinator for CBC radio and television networks and for international radio.

CBC television had been requested by NBC in the United States to provide technical equipment and a full production crew for a "live" segment of twenty-five minutes to be inserted into its prestigious "Wide, Wide World" TV Network show.

Our organization was not the only one facing heavy responsibilities.

The Boy Scouts of Canada had to establish a camp for 10,000 Scouts and leaders from forty countries, setting up cooking areas, latrines, a hospital, transportation facilities, a press tent and much more.

Canada's Scouting authorities also had to organize a daily schedule of activities for the lads and to construct a stage where evening displays would be held. This stage was about 80 feet wide, 40 feet deep and had a vertical backdrop some 60 feet in height supported on an enormous framework of tubular steel, guyed at the corners, with the entire backdrop consisting of decorated sheets of 4′ × 8′ plywood which had been affixed to the scaffolding.

Less than a week prior to the opening, everything was ready: tent locations had been pegged out, woodwork had been stained and varnished, pits had been dug, boundary-lines striped out on the grass with whitewash and notice-boards and direction signs had been placed at strategic locations. All key co-ordinating officers had moved on to the site to oversee final preparations prior to the invasion by 10,000 eager boys in shorts, badge-covered shirts and broad-brimmed hats.

Then the rain came. It teemed down for two full days without letup. But it failed to dampen the enthusiasm of the Canadian Scouters although they splashed from one end of the camp to the other with understandably worried expressions on their faces.

The site was a sea of mud, boundaries had been erased, ditches and pits had overflowed their brown water, bunting and flags were sodden and administrative tents were soaked through. In short, the place was one God-awful mess.

Then the sun came out and with it the humidity. The temperature soared to 95 degrees Fahrenheit as the young men from the four corners of the earth alighted noisily from their buses and began to unpack their gear and put their allocated tents in order.

CBC television was set up with its boxcar-sized mobile control-rooms. CBC radio worked from a circus-tent in which two dozen ampliers and recorders and a staff of fifty were accommodated; with all the equipment turned on and with all the personnel operating it, the temperature inside the canvas control-room was driven up to 115 degrees F.

Boy Scout drums rolled. Boy Scout bugles sounded. The Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey, Governor-General and Chief Scout of Canada (dressed for some reason in a heavy blue serge suit) stood at centre stage in the intense heat and pronounced the Jamboree officially open. Everyone cheered wildly while O.B. commentator Bill Herbert stood to one side of the stage on the trampled grass doing his "live" colour broadcast to the Network, the sweat streaming down his face and dripping off the end of his nose. I thought he was going to pass out. He kept right on talking and chuckling and doing all the things he did so effectively. Nothing fazed Bill.

Coca-Cola probably sold more bottled drinks at the Jamboree than at any event before or since that ten days of prostrating heat. It was too uncomfortable to eat very much. Everyone subsisted on Cokes. There were automatic vending machines for the stuff all over the camp.

Two days after the opening ceremony, tragedy struck the CBC. It happened at 7:00 a.m. as the television crew was rehearsing the insert for "Wide, Wide World." It was a multi-camera production and several cameramen were located on steel towers. Ian Murray was to shoot from a particularly high position so as to get a bird's-eye view of the Jamboree activities. He and his camera were supported in a large metal bucket on the end of a rented "cherry-picker"—a vehicle with a crane device which could be adjusted to any position. Well into the rehearsal a chain, which held the bucket upright, snapped. The bucket turned bottom up and the 21-year-old cameraman plummeted downwards. He was rushed to hospital but died an hour later.

"Wide, Wide World" was a tremendous success and the most outstanding feature of that Saturday's coverage of North American events was the visit to the World Scout Jamboree. It was not until a day or so later that audiences on both sides of the border were made aware of the heart-rending cost of the insert from the camp at Niagara-on-the-Lake in Canada.

On the day of Ian's funeral the 10,000 youths moved about their tents noiselessly as, led by a Scout leader who was also a clergyman, the entire CBC contingent of upwards of a hundred held a memorial service on the grass.

The next afternoon, without warning, a tornado hit us. At first, a breeze came up and objects began blowing about—pads of paper, hats, branches. Then (and we did not care for this at all) some of the large plywood sheets began tearing loose from the stage backdrop and skimming through the air like monster kites. Several of us missed by inches being decapitated. People were rushing in all directions and taking shelter behind trees and beneath parked vehicles. Then, with an eerie groaning sound, the remains of the painted stage backdrop and its entire tubular steel support sagged drunkenly and plunged to the ground. As bad luck would have it, the big radio-control tent had been supported on one side by ropes attached to the stage's rear scaffolding. When the framework collapsed, it carried a section of our tent with it. We lost all our power temporarily but fortunately radio was not on the air at the time.

The remaining days of the Jamboree were uneventful. The principal attraction was a visit from Lady Baden-Powell—widow of the founder of the Boy Scout movement. Lady B.-P. was the subject of a number of interviews for radio, television and the International Service and naturally the boys themselves were thrilled to have an opportunity to meet and chat with this erect, constantly smiling lady who devoted the final years of her life to travelling the world as her husband had done and attending splendid gatherings of youth such as the one at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

* * *

On statutory holidays many broadcasters, especially CBC types involved with national shows, were required to work. On Victoria Day, Dominion Day, Thanksgiving and other holdiays there were "specials" to be devised and produced—programmes which would contribute to the significance of the day in question. Usually, the preparation of one of these

shows occupied several weeks. Programmes to be broadcast on Christmas Day were particularly demanding.

Two Yuletide specials with which I was involved were "Christmas Almanac" and "The Commonwealth Christmas Broadcast."

"Christmas Almanac" (a fresh edition of which ran on the full network on December 25 for five successive years) was to appropriate five full hours of network time and was produced by Norman Hollingshead from the control-room of Toronto's Studio "G" with J. Frank Willis as host and Samuel Hersenhoren conducting an orchestra and chorus; there were prominent Canadian soloists and novelty acts. I was associate producer responsible for organizing the numerous remote inserts (all "live" on Christmas Day) from many sections of the country which would be integrated with the studio entertainment. If this suggests it was a complicated programme, it was. Norm and I devoted several months to its planning and, because so many regional points would be involved, decided it would be useful if we were to meet with those who would originate the various remote inserts.

In late October we visited Quebec and the Maritimes. The first week of November we headed west for meetings in Winnipeg and Vancouver. We had anticipated enjoying a good view of the Rockies and had booked our flights so we would fly over the mountains in daylight. Our Winnipeg meetings took longer than expected so we were forced to catch a late flight which crossed the peaks in darkness. We were not too disappointed since our return flight was scheduled to depart Vancouver at 9:00 a.m. After our meetings on the coast, we climbed aboard a CP Bristol "Britannia" and took off on a clear sunny morning. Now for our view of the Rockies!

We were climbing at about 2,000 feet when we noticed that one of the plane's propellers had been feathered. Then the captain's voice, deliberately casual, intoned that "due to a minor malfunction in one of the engines, we'll cruise out over the Strait, dump our fuel and land again." An hour later, we were back on the ground. It transpired that, on take-off, a pheasant had been sucked into the engine and had fouled up the works. The engine would have to be replaced—a seven-hour job. We waited around all day. I phoned in a human-interest story which was used on the national news. At 5:00 p.m. we took off for the second time and darkness was closing in by the time we were airborne. So, again, we flew over the elusive Rockies in darkness.

We were over Alberta when the stewardess handed us our dinner menus and the main attraction was listed as "Roast Small Bird" which of course was Cornish hen. We asked the attendant whether this bird was the one which had met its untimely end inside our engine and, with complete seriousness, she assured us that it was.

On that particular version of "Christmas Almanac" we had a run-in with a flock of other and considerably larger edible birds. Our remote inserts were to be as diverse and as off-beat as possible so we agreed that it would be fun to have a commentator and a technician do a pickup from a major Ontario turkey-farm and "interview" some of the critters that managed to escape that season's one-way journey to the supermarket. Lined up several weeks in advance, that Christmas Day piece from the southern Ontario fowl factory, with commentator Alex Smith chatting with the farmer then asking questions of the gobblers and hens who kept interrupting him with their incessant noisy chattering, provided a spot of humorous relief on the big show which we, and doubtless our audience, thoroughly enjoyed.

A week later, I ran into our Toronto O.B. technician, Ken Frost. When I made a facetious remark about the turkey-farm insert, Ken did not seem especially amused. He told me it had taken him two full days to clean the turkey droppings off his long microphone cable and that he hoped he would never again be asked to do a remote from a turkey shed!

The "Commonwealth Christmas Broadcast" had been produced by the BBC for years, originally under the title of the "British Empire Christmas Broadcast." It, like "Almanac," contained ingredients from many locations only in this instance they originated from all parts of the Commonwealth. The CBC often had prepared inserts for this one-hour special but the time came when the Corporation was requested to plan, organize and produce the show from Canada.

Producer Keith MacMillan and I were assigned to the job and again there was a preparatory period of some weeks. We wrote to every country which would be expected to participate, outlined our plans and concluded by advising the broadcasters concerned that we would telephone them at a specific time and date to finalize details. This telephoning almost got me into trouble.

Using a time-zone map of the world, we worked out a series of conference calls at times which would catch all our international broadcasting associates in other parts of the

globe during *their* office-hours. The actual telephoning had to be done over a span of many hours; I would make the early calls and Keith the late ones. My first call was set for 3:30 a.m. Toronto time.

It was 3:10 a.m. when I drove into the parking-lot behind our office at 111 Gerrard Street and was just getting out of my car when a larger vehicle swung in behind me and stopped. It was a police-cruiser. Two burly constables walked towards me. It was obvious that they were on official business.

"Good morning," I said, wanting to put them at their ease.

"We've been following you for several blocks. What are you doing here?"

"Just going to work."

"At three o'clock in the morning? What sort of work do you do?"

"I'm with the CBC."

"CBC, eh? You always come to work this early?"

So, not wishing to become a guest of the authorities, I explained why it was necessary to come to work at such a ridiculous hour on this occasion. They still looked skeptical so I told them if they would care to come up to the office with me I could prove that I was not about to commit a felony. Finally, satisfied, they departed and I climbed the stairs to begin my telephoning.

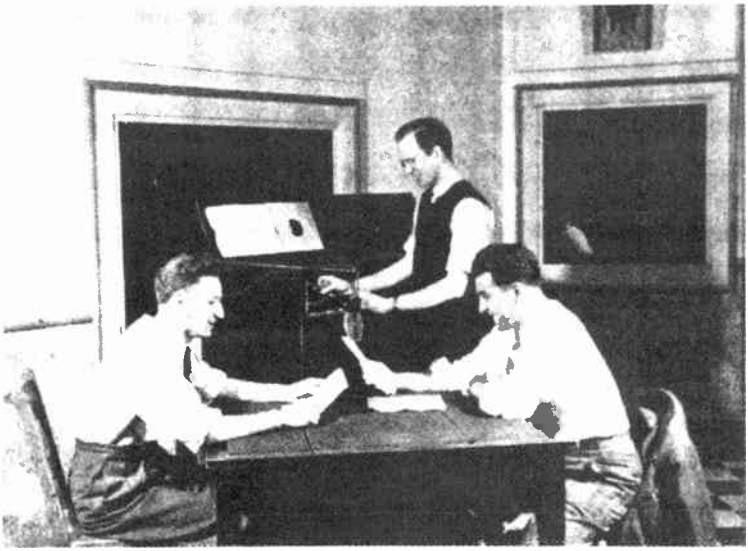
And a Merry Christmas to you, too.

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

James R. Finlay, Prairie Regional Representative for CBC.

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

Jimmy Gowler, Winnipeg conductor of the Prairie Schooner orchestra which was heard weekly on the CBC Radio Network.



Can. Broadcasting Corp.

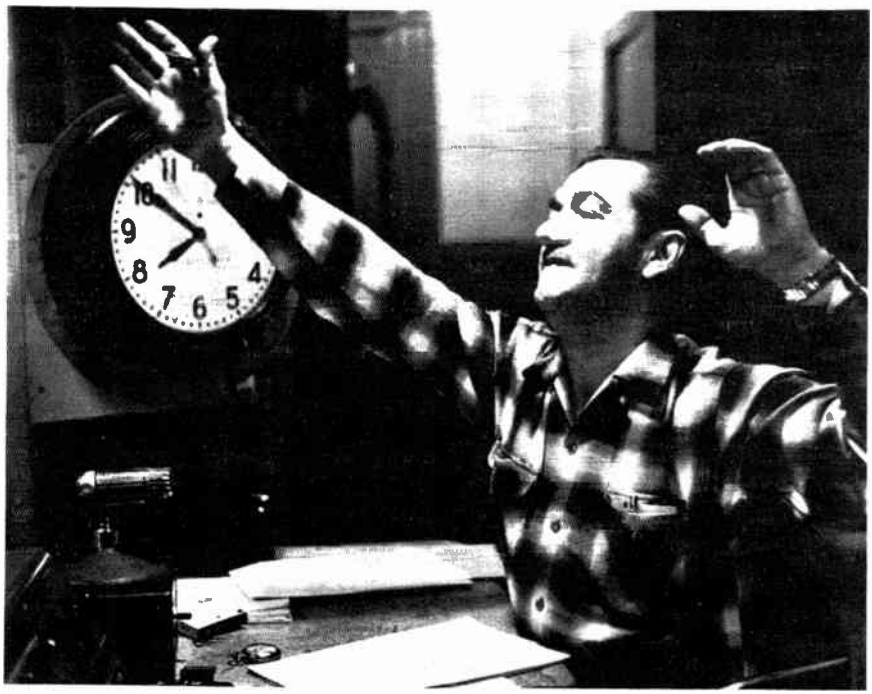
Bob Knowles and Peter Whittall, Prairie Regional farm commentators, on air. David Tasker at sound effects "cocktail-bar" for The Jacksons drama

Photo: Gauvin Gentzel, WPG.

Nelson Gardiner, radio technical director at Winnipeg, later TV asst. tech. dir. at Toronto then chief of operations at Expo.

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

Jean Hinds, morning commentator, Winnipeg



Cdn. Bdcstg. Corp. Photo: Robert Ragsdale, A.R.P.S., Tor.

Producer Esse W. Ljungh in action in the control-room.

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

The picture that convinced Prairie Region listeners that this wedding was genuine and not merely a fictitious event in the daily noon-hour drama.

The Wedding at Little Coulee

THE leading social event in Little Coulee recently was the wedding of two of its residents, Colleen Jackson, only daughter of Dollar Dick Jackson, and William (Bill) Davis, only son of Mr. and Mrs. James Davis.

HERE in this group are included most of the principals of the CBC's popular Prairie Farm Broadcast family —"The Jacksons and Their Neighbours." Reading from left to right we have Dollar Dick himself, Buddy Jackson, Mabel Whitney; Colleen Jackson, the bride; Bill Davis, the groom, and immediately behind him, Eddie Hanson, the best man; Sarah Davis and Jim; Beanie Hawkins; Violetta, Dick's newest housekeeper; and last, but not least, the man who knows everybody's business in Little Coulee, Ike Bailey, the postman.

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

At CBC International Service, Charles R. Delafield was asst. general supervisor and later director.

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

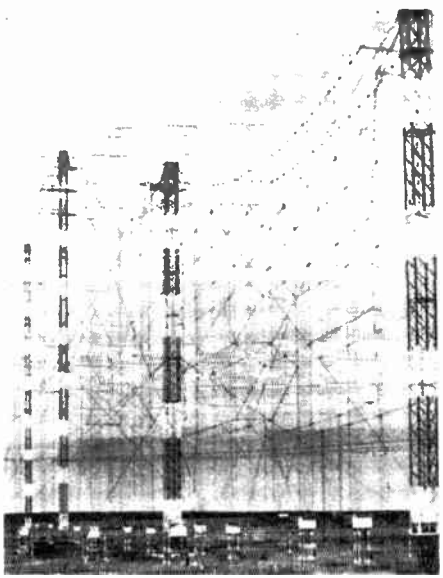
Radio-Canada Building, Dorchester Street West, Montreal.

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

Etienne Pelland operating disc cutting machines in the recording-room in Montreal. These lathes cut the modulated grooves onto blank platters

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

"Canadian Chronicle" staff. l. to r. Muriel Kirby, author and Ruth Dobrescu. Note disc monitoring machine at right.



Can. Broadcasting Corp.

Antenna array at Sackville, N.B. where two 50,000-watt transmitters sent abroad "The Voice of Canada" programmes in 16 languages.

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

E.L. Bushnell, assistant general manager of the Corporation

Can. Bdcstg. Corp. Photo: Herb Nott & Co. Ltd., Tor.

CBC Radio Building, 354 Jarvis Street, Toronto

CBC Annex or "The Kremlin." Note TV tower at right rear. Jarvis Street in foreground.

Can. Bdcstg. Corp. Photo: Robert Ragsdale, A.R.P.S., Tor.

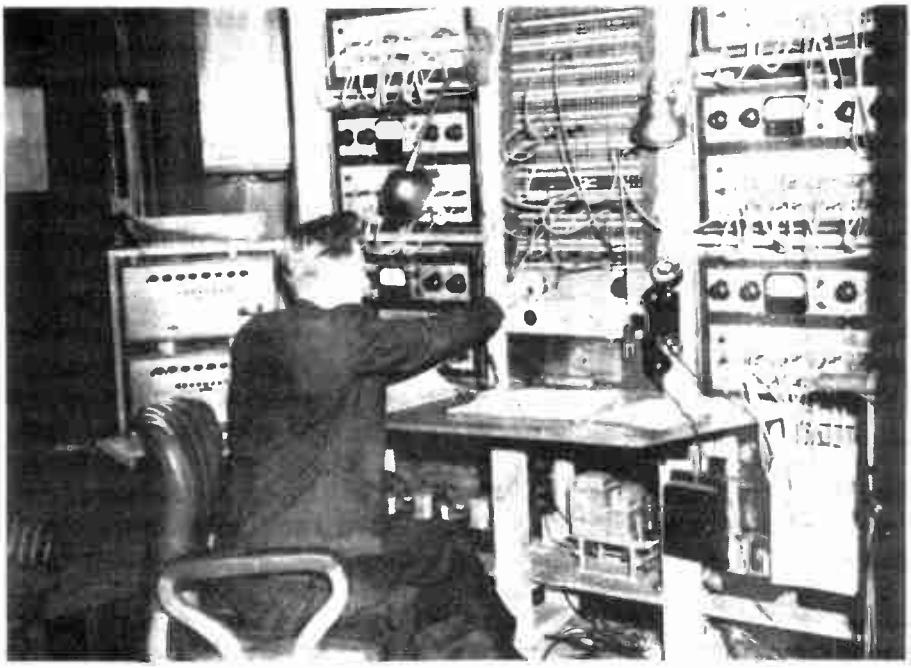
Harry J. Boyle, Network Programme Director in the 1950s, later Canadian Radio & Television Commission chairman, author.

Herb Nott & Co., Ltd., Toronto

Bruce Raymond, former actor, Network Programme Director in the early 1960s.

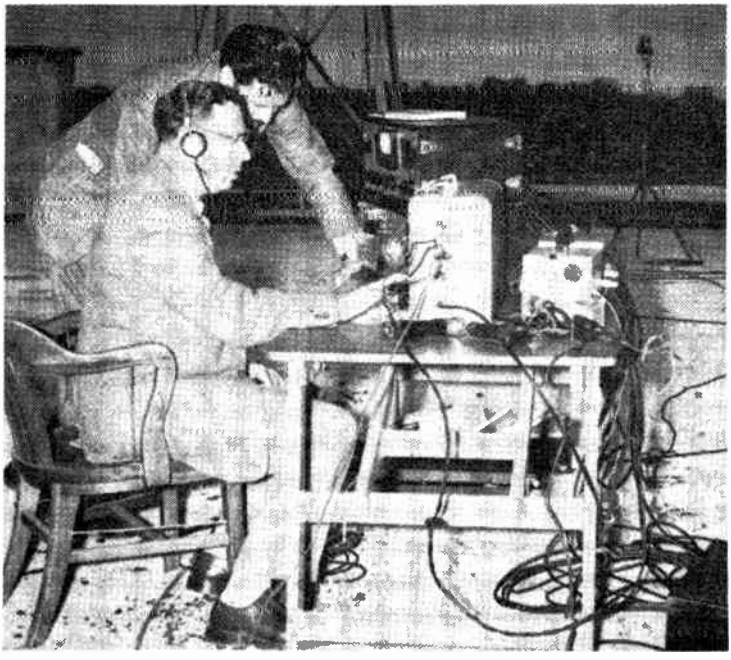
Can. Broadcasting Corp.

Political commentators, l. to r., Blair Fraser of Ottawa, Willson Woodside of Toronto, Elmore Philpott of Vancouver.



Can. Broadcasting Corp.

Mack Smith in the old master-control-room in Toronto, nerve-centre of the coast-to-coast radio network



Can. Broadcasting Corp.

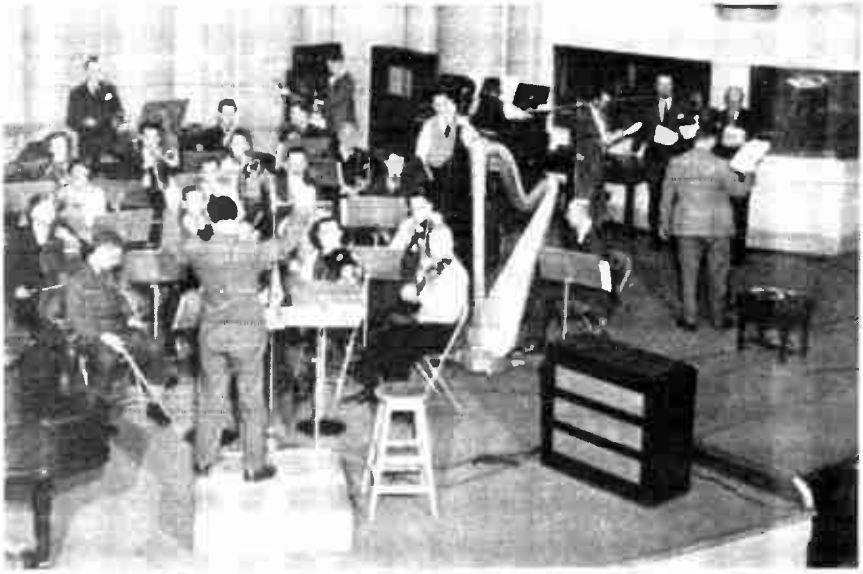
At the controls, on the roof of the control building at Kapuskasing Airport, are technician Roly Anderson and Swedish commentator John Svedman. They were in direct touch by land-line and shortwave with a receiving station in Stockholm.

Producer Andrew Allan directing a "Stage" drama from "G" control-room, Toronto

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

Lucio Agostini conducting the orchestra in Toronto's Studio "G" for one of the "Stage" drama broadcasts.



Can. Broadcasting Corp.

Musicians and cast in Studio "G" during a production of the "Stage" national network series

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

A.E. "Bert" Powley, former senior editor in CBC central newsroom later national supervisor of Outside Broadcasts or "O.B."

Can. Bdcstg. Corp. Photo: Robert Ragsdale, A.R.P.S., Tor.

Thom Benson, Ontario Regional Supervisor of Outside Broadcasts, distinguished documentary producer and later national head of TV Variety.

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

Covering events at the Northern Manitoba Trappers' Festival at The Pas are O.B. producer-commentator Don MacDonald and Prairie regional O.B. supervisor Liston McIlhagga. Both men were based in Winnipeg.

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

Robert Brazil, Outside Broadcasts producer/commentator, CBC Montreal

Can. Broadcasting Corp. Photo: CPR "Spanner"

Clayton Wilson using a wire-recorder on location. The hair-thin wire is wound on spools at top of machine. This was for a "Canadian Scene" documentary about railroading in the Rockies. Bill Herbert was producer-commentator.

Can. Broadcasting Corp. Photo: CPR "Spanner"

Technician Wilson operating a model "Y" disc recorder on a remote. He brushes away threads from newly cut grooves to prevent fouling the delicate stylus. This machine was a heavy brute to lug around.

Can Broadcasting Corp. Photo: Gilbert A. Milne, Toronto

Ken Frost, Bill Herbert, Don Sims and Norman McBain outside radio-control tent at Scout Jamboree.

Can. Broadcasting Corp. Photo: Gilbert A. Milne, Toronto

Some of the CBC crew trying to be Boy Scouts at the World Jamboree, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, August 18 - 28, 1955. Back row, l. to r., Roland Anderson, Don Sims, Bill Herbert, John Skillen, Bruce Ritchie, Nort Perry, Dick Halhed. Front row, two unidentified technicians.

Can. Broadcasting Corp. Photo: Gilbert A. Milne, Toronto

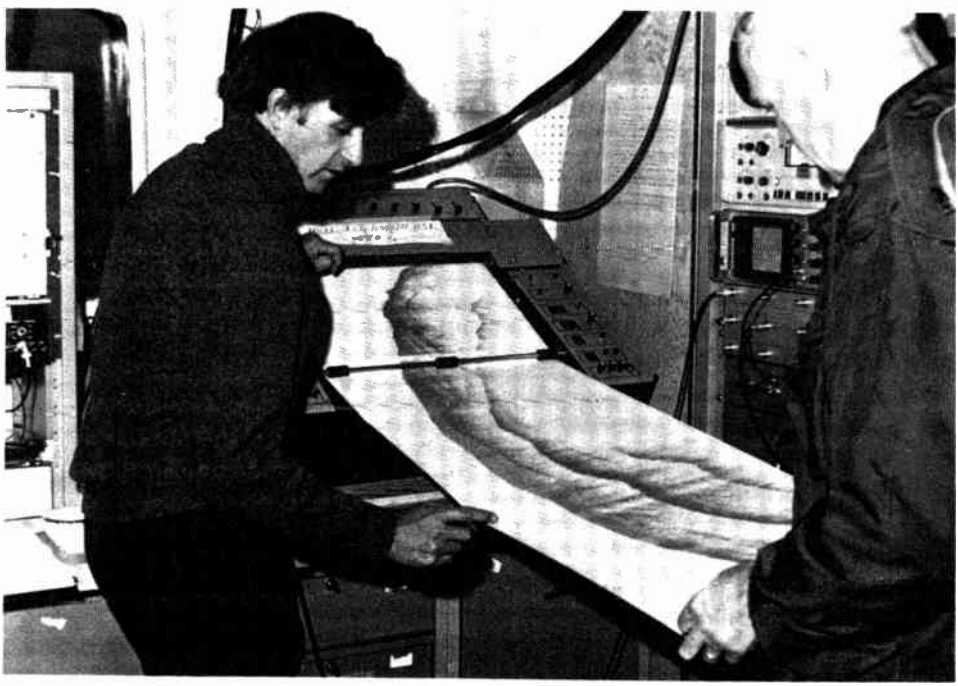
Lady Baden-Powell, widow of Boy Scouts founder, being interviewed by CBC's Gil Christie at the Jamboree.

Photo By Karsh

Dr. J. Tuzo Wilson, internationally acclaimed Canadian geophysicist who participated in CBC Radio Network scientific series.

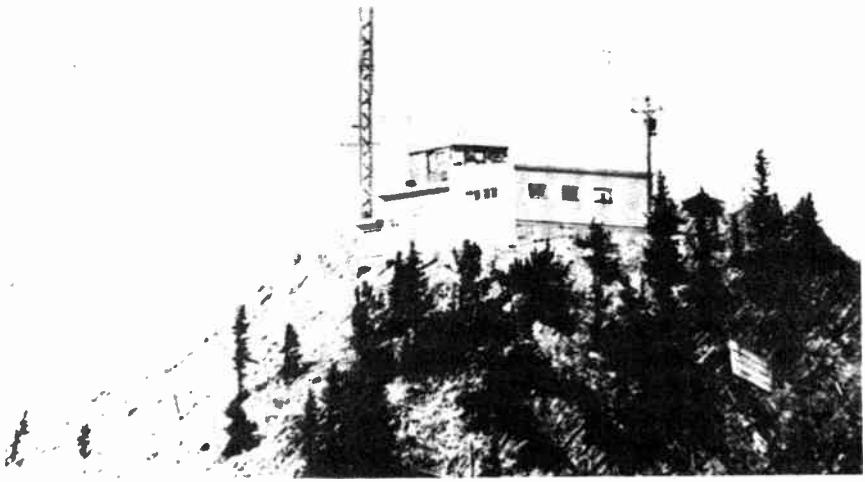
Dr. G.D. Garland, University of Toronto

Int'l. Geophysical Year scientist studying a crevasse, Salmon Glacier, British Columbia/Alaska border.



Dr. M.J. Keen, Atlantic Geoscience Centre, Dartmouth

Canadian geoscientists examining a continuous seismic reflection record of the eastern Arctic ocean bottom.



Prof. D. Vankatesan, Univ. of Calgary

Cosmic ray station, Sulphur Mountain, Canadian Rockies

Canadian I.G.Y. oceanographers collecting water samples off the Atlantic coast.

Dr. M.J. Keen, Atlantic Geoscience Centre, Dartmouth

Chapter XII
I.G.Y.

The second half of 1957 and all of 1958 were destined to become considerably significant to mankind—an 18-month period to be known throughout the world as the International Geophysical Year or the "I.G.Y." This elongated year was the most ambitious co-operative scientific study ever undertaken, with sixty-seven nations participating. Its objective was to probe the unsolved mysteries of our planet, to enrich man's knowledge of his ever-changing environment. For decades, scientific groups had mounted research projects in isolation. The I.G.Y. was infinitely broader in scope and potential in that any single discipline would be studied simultaneously in many parts of the world, permitting information to be pooled and comparisons to be made.

One of the moving spirits of the I.G.Y. was a Canadian—Professor J. Tuzo Wilson, renowned as a brilliant scientist. He was Professor of Geophysics and Director of the Institute of Earth Sciences at the University of Toronto, a member of the National Research Council and president of the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics. Dr. Wilson was a man of vitality and zeal and possessed the rare gift of being able to communicate on complex subjects in laymen's terms. Endowed with a keen sense of humour, he made science interesting by making it fun. He compared the earth to an egg and has been known to pluck an egg from his pocket to make a point! (That former Army colonel later became president of Erindale College then Director-General of the Ontario Science Centre in Toronto.)

As soon as I learned of plans for this 18-month "year" of scientific probing and found that one of its strongest proponents was conveniently in Toronto, I went over to see him. He told me that the I.G.Y. disciplines would include outer space, cosmic rays, the sun, glaciers, oceans, the aurora, gravity and the earth's wobble, earthquakes, the weather and his own theory of continental drift.

After being with this man of science for an hour, I knew he was the person we would need if we were to mount a series

which would present the story of the I.G.Y. in a way which would provide intriguing listening.

Dr. Wilson promised to provide any reference material we might require, to guide us along the complex paths of scientific endeavour and to participate on the air to whatever degree might be desirable. He brought out maps, pictures and charts. Enthusiasm for the scientific challenge bubbled out of him as he briefed me on the importance of the undertaking in which several thousand scientists throughout the world would strive together.

After considerable reading of borrowed material, I decided to undertake four half-hour broadcasts on the I.G.Y. which would concentrate on (1) outer space, (2) the aurora and rocketry, (3) glaciers and oceans and (4) magnetism, gravity and earthquakes.

Once the scripts had been roughed out, I notified our regional Outside Broadcasts producers of the undertaking and requested their participation. All were eager to play their parts —looking over the shoulders of some of Canada's foremost scientists as they carried out mysterious experiments both inside their laboratories and outdoors in the mountains, valleys and on the plains and waters of the country. While most of us had travelled across Canada numerous times, this endeavour would take us to places that we had not hitherto visited.

I parcelled out individual assignments according to which scientific disciplines we wanted to cover in each region. All concerned in O.B. studied their briefing homework, contacted various I.G.Y. team leaders and set out with their portable tape-recorders to capture in word and sound what some of these men and women of science were doing. In addition to previously scheduled broadcasts, the I.G.Y. kept a half-dozen of us busy most of the summer.

My first trip took me to Alberta where I met Dr. D.C. Rose and two other scientists who specialized in cosmic rays. We were to visit a permanent cosmic ray station perched on the summit of 7,500' Sulphur Mountain—directly above Banff. There was no chairlift then so the climb was made in a four-wheel-drive half-ton truck. The road up was of the switch-back variety and had been carved out of the rock for expedience rather than for the comfort of the infrequent traveller.

I sat backwards in the rear of the truck and, as we climbed, the vista far below expanded in magnificence. A quarter-mile from the top, our conveyance came to an abrupt stop. A family of seven or eight bighorn-sheep stood stolidly in our

path, seemingly not the least bit concerned that we wished to proceed. They looked at us. We looked at them. Having reached an impasse, the driver finally touched his horn and our shaggy friends casually ambled off into the bush. During the rest of our climb, other sheep ceased their grazing to stare at us.

Upon reaching the summit, my companions identified the most prominent peaks. In every direction, the view was awesome—hardly surprising in the Canadian Rockies. But we had not come to admire the scenery. We stepped inside the concrete-block cosmic-ray station into an environment of electronic equipment where automatic counters were tabulating the bombardment of rays from outer space. We taped some useful interviews punctuated throughout by the staccato clacking of the counters as they were activated by the invading electrons.

A few days later, I met nine young glaciologists who were en route to the Salmon Glacier which straddles the British Columbia-Alaska boundary where they would spend the summer. All their gear had been stowed aboard a coastal steamer which we boarded in Vancouver for the voyage up the Pacific coast. They seemed surprised that I was garbed in a business suit and low shoes and suggested that, when we reached Prince Rupert, I would be wise to get some footwear more suitable for walking in deep snow.

So I went in to CFPR, the local CBC station with which I was so familiar and the manager loaned me a pair of high gum-boots; they were a size 9 and I wore a 10 but I managed to pull them on.

Next morning, we boarded the ship again and soon were steaming north-eastward up the Portland Canal. That afternoon, we reached our destination—the ghost-town of Stewart which nestled at the foot of the mountains within a few miles of the Alaskan Panhandle.

The glaciologists had a busy time ahead of them—transporting all their food, tents, climbing equipment, skis and scientific paraphernalia from Stewart's dock to the top of the glacier (hidden from our sight by a mountain), establishing their work-camp and resuming their glaciological studies begun the previous summer. They epitomized the international aspect of the I.G.Y. since the team consisted of four Canadians, two Americans, an Englishman, an Austrian and a Swiss mountaineer—all highly educated young gentlemen who obviously were quite accustomed to roughing it.

To transport several tons of freight and ourselves to the top of the Salmon Glacier, a single-engine amphibious Norseman aircraft was used—a rugged machine equipped with wheels and skis.

The rear seats had been removed so the pilot was able to move all the supplies, with one or two passengers on each flight, in about six trips—taking off on wheels from a gravel strip near the salt-chuck and landing on skis on the glacier. The last to go up, I was urged to don my gum-boots before climbing aboard. When we slid to a stop on an immense snowfield, I stepped from the aircraft and sank up to my knees. No wonder they had disapproved of my shoes!

While crew members began to pitch tents and sort out supplies, their leader Dr. George Garland and I taped our first segment about why this particular glacier had been selected for study, the rate of its movement, the importance of taking snow samples, the heat exchange between the glacier and the surrounding air.

Then, a couple of the young men scooped a hole in the snow and inserted a dynamite charge while others set up geophones to record the echo of the blast. They fired the charge which I put on tape and the echo proved that the glacier's thickness was considerably more than a mile. Short interviews were taped with each member of the expedition then, at a pre-determined time in late afternoon, the Norseman returned and flew us back down to Stewart.

After dinner (I still garbed in my gum-boots) we drove in a stationwagon a few miles out of town to a spot where the road ended in the woods. Now came the second half of my job—to record at the foot or "toe" of the glacier. This involved a four-mile trek along a winding trail through bush, rocks and swamp. One of the crew carried a dozen blasting caps and several sticks of dynamite since they intended setting off another blast; others toted various scientific measuring devices while I lugged my recording-machine and a briefcase loaded with spare batteries, cable extensions, blank tapes and a book-ful of notes. We didn't talk a great deal as the scientists maintained a fast pace. I for one was becoming a bit short of breath.

Suddenly in the middle of a sparsely treed space we came upon a wooden hut in front of which was a flag-pole with the Stars and Stripes hanging desultorily in the windless air.

The expedition's leader pointed. "That's the American Customs and Immigration Building. We're about to step across

the boundary from Canada into the United States. You see, the foot of the glacier actually is in Alaskan territory."

A middle-aged uniformed guard came forward to challenge us. It was obvious that he recognized a couple of the scientists and, after satisfying himself as to our activities in his country, we were permitted to proceed. He warned us that we must return prior to midnight when he went off duty. We promised that we would.

Gradually, the terrain became more open and the surface more gravelly and wet in spots. Tiny rivulets of ice-water trickled this way and that beneath our feet.

"There it is!" yelled one of the men up ahead.

We had reached the foot or snout of the Salmon Glacier and from our position we could appreciate the vastness of this ice-cube which towered above us for more than a mile and stretched away beyond our vision. We were tramping and splashing across glacial morraine—an immense gravel bed with the stones washed clean by the melt-water.

Although it was approaching 11:00 p.m., darkness was not a concern; it was midsummer and we were at latitude 56 degrees North so it would remain relatively light most of the night. We climbed and slid about on the bottom reaches of the glacier and I marvelled at its brilliant and varied colouration from violet to blue to turquoise to white. From all sides came the sounds of flowing or dripping water and an occasional THUG! as a piece of ice was kicked over the edge into a crevasse and splashed into water far below. It was difficult to realize that this gargantuan body of ice was advancing across the land at the rate of eight inches per day.

We began to tape our interviews about glacial movements, how they are measured by photogrammetry, the fact that there was an additional one hundred feet of solid ice beneath the rocks on which we stood and the significance of micro-meterological studies of glaciers. More to achieve an effect than anything, I lowered a microphone a few dozen feet down into a narrow crevasse and recorded the sound of running water accentuated by a dramatic echo.

At length, weary but reluctant to leave this fascinating ice-field, we packed up and retraced our steps towards Canada. My only complaint about the scientists was that they were younger than I and it was only with difficulty that I managed to keep pace with them. Half-way along the trail I simply had to stop. Still wearing my size-too-small gumboots, my feet were beginning to feel uncomfortable. Goodnaturedly, the

others paused while I caught my breath. Then onward again. It was 3:00 a.m. when we reached the boundary-hut.

Out came the guard in a disgruntled mood. "You agreed to be back before midnight," he grumbled; "you realize I had to stay here an extra three hours?"

We said we were sorry but he insisted that some sort of recompense was in order. Since I had been responsible, I paid him for his three hours overtime and was given a receipt. American-Canadian relations were restored.

When we arrived back at the hotel, I tried to remove my boots—which indeed had proved invaluable. But they would not come off. So one of the scientists twisted and pulled and managed to divest me of them. My socks came off with them. "My God," he exclaimed, "look at your feet!" I didn't need to look. They were aching and swollen. But it had been a marvellous day!

A couple of weeks later, I was aboard the Canadian oceanic research vessel "New Liskeard" off the Nova Scotia coast while oceanographer Dr. Harry Hachey and other scientists ran Nansen bottles down a wire to the floor of the Atlantic to retrieve water samples at various depths from which they would make comparisons as to salinity, temperature and other qualities. During this taping, they explained that the oceans determine our climate's nature and that, to achieve better long-range weather-forecasting, more must be learned about deep ocean currents, their speed and direction; they must find out more about tides and about the contours of the ocean floor all over the planet. Analyses of the water samples were done in the ship's laboratory. I interviewed other oceanographers at work at the biological station at St. Andrews-by-the Sea, New Brunswick.

At Goth Hill, ten miles south of Ottawa, we taped the story of radio astronomy research at the Solar Noise Laboratory where an astronomer was recording the music-like sounds which reach the earth from the outer reaches of the ionosphere. There was solar noise from the sun, affected by solar flares, "whistlers" or storm echoes from space and, most fascinating of all, the Dawn Chorus which closely resembled the cheeps and twittering of massed birds. There was more to this endeavour than listening to these assorted sounds (audible only to a radio astronomer) which play across the heavens and we explained why the recording and analyzing of these distant voices is important to mankind.

On the roof of the University of Saskatchewan at Saskatoon

we spoke to scientists as they investigated the aurora borealis with an all-sky camera which snapped a photo of the entire sky automatically each minute and as they used an auroral intensity meter to measure the brightness of the Northern Lights not for fun—but to contribute to man's understanding of this phenomenon.

At a remote weather-station at Moosonee, Ontario near the south shore of James Bay, Indians I talked with did not think too much of the white man's way of forecasting. "Our ways are better," they insisted. Nevertheless, the weathermen there went on releasing their six-foot balloons at regular intervals which expanded as they rose until they finally burst 15 or 18 miles above the heads of Indians and weathermen and foraging moose in the northern Ontario bushlands.

Another O.B. reporter visited Churchill, Manitoba where American I.G.Y. disciples were firing rockets into the sky—rockets which, through telemetry, would send back data on a number of other scientific disciplines.

By the time my colleagues and I completed our field recording, we had accumulated a wealth of small tapes and the time-consuming job of editing began. Day after day we cut and spliced until all the material had been tied together in proper sequence on four large reels—one for each half-hour programme. With the guidance of Dr. Wilson, the four narrative scripts were edited and polished.

After weeks of work, we finally had our four packaged shows in the can: Voices from Outer Space, Northern Lights and Rockets, Ice and Water on the Move and The Earth's Pulse. "Tuzo" Wilson and I shared the studio narration—he as the scientific authority and I as the naive interrogator. Lamont Tilden was the announcer; our technican was Terry Rusling. Altogether, several dozen persons were involved including the various scientists who had participated in the series from their lonely vigils in the Canadian backwoods and on the high seas.

There can be little argument that the I.G.Y. was an important event well worth documenting. As Dr. Wilson subsequently observed, it was during that remarkable "year" that the first Sputniks were launched, leading to man's journeys to the moon and to the present-day use of satellites for communications and weather-forecasting.

It was gratifying to us all when "The International Geophysical Year" was awarded a "first" for the Corporation in the Ohio State University competition for educational radio programming.

Chapter XIII
RIPPLE ROCK AND SPRINGHILL

Early in April of 1958 CBC radio and television shared the thrills of covering what was purported to be the most powerful non-atomic man-made explosion in history. It was prompted by more than a century of shipwrecks with a total loss of 114 lives. The villain of the piece was a mammoth bicuspid called Ripple Rock.

Ripple Rock was a submerged double-peaked mountain located directly in the middle of the navigational channel of Seymour Narrows between Vancouver Island to the west and the British Columbia mainland to the east, some 110 miles north-west of Vancouver. It skulked unseen in this section of the "inside passage"—one sharp peak reaching to within 20 feet of the water surface at slack tide, the other to within a mere 9 feet. Even without the rock menace and the churning, sucking whirlpool it created, Seymour Narrows was in itself a treacherous stretch as the Pacific flood tide seethed through it at a dangerous 11 knots. Although mariners tried to steer clear of the angry ripple created by the hidden twin-fanged rock, smaller vessels especially would occasionally be drawn inexorably into the foaming vortex to meet their fates.

Each time a ship's bottom was holed by Ripple Rock, the repercussions could be felt as far away as Ottawa, where B.C. Members of Parliament shouted their demands for action by the federal government. Lives were being lost. Valuable cargo was being sacrificed. Shipping companies could no longer risk their vessels and crews. Insurance underwriters were furious. Something must be done! Enough dilly-dallying! B.C. has had enough!

During World War II someone came up with the idea of dropping a few block-busters over the rock—an idea quickly discarded as being impracticable.

A few years later, engineers decided on a more precise method of resolving the problem. They would anchor a drill-barge over the rock, bore numerous deep holes in the twin peaks, pack these with dynamite and blast the rock to smithereens. That plan proved unworkable since, as Bill Herbert

reported from the site, the current in the Narrows created so much vibration that the heavy steel cables which were intended to hold the barge in position snapped like violin strings.

Strange as it may seem, the most workable suggestion for removing Ripple Rock once and for all came from a retired admiral in England. He recommended attacking the hazard from beneath it and his scheme was adopted.

In 1957 on Maud Island which overlooked Ripple Rock's boiling white water, engineers established a drill-site. They sank a vertical shaft down 570 feet. Then, well below the sea floor, they cut a horizontal tunnel 2,400 feet in length. From the base or "roots" of the twin fangs, a 300-foot vertical shaft was chewed straight up into the centre of the undersea mountain. Total drilling time was approximately a year. Numerous secondary or "coyote" tunnels were drilled so that the giant tooth was rendered practically hollow. Finally, they packed all the underwater tunnels with 1,375 tons of a specially developed DuPont explosive called Nitramex 2H. (Since it is difficult to imagine the bulk of this much explosive, it would fill 100 freight cars in a mile-long train.) All was ready for the button to be pushed.

CBC, too, was ready. For months, Vancouver radio commentators Ray Mackness and John Sharpe had taped interviews with the engineers who had master-minded the drilling and the explosives packing and with navigators who had managed to avoid Ripple Rock on their voyages up and down the coast—and with others who had been less fortunate. Television had done the same thing on film; they also had a cutaway model of Maud Island and the unfriendly rock, complete with tunnels.

For our media, a complex pattern of microwave circuits was established to transmit sound and pictures from a safe position 7,000 feet from the blast site up to the Forbidden Plateau on Vancouver Island then across the Strait of Georgia to a receiving dish on Seymour Mountain near Vancouver. Microphones and cameras had been carefully positioned—all equipment resting on several inches of foam rubber for obvious reasons.

The project engineers themselves were not certain what the results would be—this undertaking being a "first." They knew many fish would be killed. They thought there might be a tidal wave. They expected the blast might cause some damage at the nearby communities of Campbell River and Elk Falls. It was thought the explosion would be heard 30 miles away.

All navigation was halted in the Seymour Narrows area. Warning flares were sent aloft minutes before the blast.

Radio producer Telford Oliver, technical supervisor Tony Geluch and technicians Elmer Winton, Bill Seeback and Jim Laurie were poised for action. At 11:45 a.m., PST, the story began to unfold on the Trans-Canada Network with Mackness and Sharpe "backgrounding" the explosion. Simultaneously, television set its scene with Bill Herbert and Ted Reynolds doing the narration.

The countdown began.

At the pre-determined time of 12:31 p.m. on Easter Saturday, the engineer in charge pressed the button, detonating $500,000 worth of high explosives.

Before television screens across the nation viewers gasped at the awesome picture—an enormous fan-shaped flower springing upwards for hundreds of feet, then spreading outwards—a mass of water and 370,000 tons of decimated rock which, even in black and white, surely will live for a lifetime in the memories of all who witnessed that spectacle.

The radio broadcast was exciting, too—though less dramatic. There was some disappointment because the water cushioned the explosion and it was not as loud as had been hoped. There was no tidal wave, at Campbell River and Elk Falls it did not so much as rattle a teacup and the blast was not heard many miles away.

Later that day, on a follow-up radio network report, it was confirmed that the operation had proved a complete success. The top 38 feet of one peak had been removed and the top 49 feet of the other—precisely as planned. The pulverized mountain tops lay on the floor of the Narrows and a clear and safe channel for coastal shipping had been created.

Ripple Rock is a menace no longer. Its twin fangs and the havoc they wreaked might warrant a small mention in the annals of the Pacific Coast.

* * *

Barely six months later, O.B. commentators reported on another movement of rock or, more accuately, on its aftermath, in western Nova Scotia. This was a story of horror, agony and death and of sheer guts and heroism following the big "bump" at Springhill.

Two years previously, the coal town of Springhill had experienced a tragedy in the form of an underground explosion leaving 118 miners trapped—some for more than a week

before they were rescued. The death-toll had been 39. CBC Radio had arrived on the scene quickly to tell the story. Jack McAndrew, then a CBC Information Services officer, happened to be closest to Springhill as he was doing promotional work at a fall fair at Amherst—15 miles or so away. Jack called Halifax for assistance and rushed across to the scene of the disaster, using makeshift equipment. He reported steadily for eight hours until he was joined by two Halifax announcers —Dave Orr and Bob Cadman.

Now, it seemed that history was repeating itself. This deepest coal-mine in North America had suffered a "bump" or earth movement or rockfall in its No. 2 colliery. Underground were 174 men. The coal seams were from 4½ to 10 feet thick, sandwiched between layers of sandstone 70 to 700 feet thick. The shifting of rock formations was explained as being due to pressures building up in the lower and upper rock layers as the veins of coal were mined. The force of the movement in this case was so powerful that conveyors and other machinery were rammed against the top of the mine. The three levels most affected sloped for 13,000, 13,400 and 13,800 feet. The last level was 4,260 feet straight down—nearly a mile below the surface. The "bump" had occurred at 8:05 p.m. on that October 23rd of 1958.

In the Maritimes Region, the CBC went into action immediately—first ordering up landline and microwave circuits from Springhill then moving radio and television remote equipment and crews to the stricken town of 7,000 souls. Jack McAndrew and Keith Barry, both Outside Broadcasts producer-commentators by this time, and Lloyd McInnes were the key on-air reporters working in both media. Theirs was not a job of a few hours or a day. They were on the air almost continuously for more than a week, day and night. Their voices were heard not only across Canada but throughout the United States as well. Reports were beamed overseas by the International Service and were rebroadcast by the BBC. The world stood by—waiting, hoping, praying.

They broadcast the good news that, during that first night and the next morning, 80 miners made their way or were helped or carried to the surface through the black passageways. 15 were taken to Springhill hospital. A body was brought up and by afternoon the death-toll had risen to six.

They told of the famous draegermen—professional, fully equipped mine rescue workers who searched that dreadful underground blackness hour after hour—as did the "bare-

faced" miners who risked their own lives without masks despite the constant menace of the deadly gas they called "firedamp." At any one time, 60 to 70 rescue workers toiled desperately to locate their friends and many attempts to reach the trapped ones were unsuccessful.

Days passed as CBC reported how assistance was coming from all parts of the Maritimes. Three R.C.N. ambulances had arrived and a Navy helicopter had delivered plasma. A mobile canteen had been set up. Red Cross trucks brought fifty beds from Halifax and Truro. RCAF aircraft stood by at Greenwood to bring in supplies and the Nova Scotia government had set up a disaster headquarters in Springhill and opened a relief fund.

Hour after dragging hour men, women and children stood around the pit-head awaiting news of their fathers, husbands and brothers. They were a courageous lot—fearing the worst, yet hoping for a miracle. They had been through it all before —these people of Springhill.

Then, after a week of gradually diminishing hope, the miracle occurred. Through a small pipe, a faint voice was heard. Some still lived! The rescue teams redoubled their efforts and 19 miners—injured, starving but alive—were discovered and one by one were brought up to the surface.

For the first time in days, the broadcasters' voices reflected the renewed optimism of the dispirited and desperately tired people by the pit-head. Listeners and viewers near and far felt buoyed up by the latest reports. Perhaps others would be found in other dark pockets. But it was not to be.

The Springhill "bump" had taken 75 lives.

Chapter XIV
WHEN ROYALTY CALLED

"The Queen is coming!"

The initial disclosure might be a confidential advisory from Government House or External Affairs to a Very Senior Executive at CBC Head Office. In due course, it would trickle down to a senior network executive in Toronto who, after careful deliberation, would leak the news to a select three or four middle-management people who eventually would be responsible for ensuring that HER activities would be adequately and correctly—especially correctly—covered.

Whoever was entrusted to impart the information unfailingly did so sotto voce behind closed doors. "I'm telling you since you'll be involved. For now, don't mention it to a soul and don't put a thing on paper. It's to be kept absolutely secret and confidential."

Actually, all the secrecy was balderdash. I suspect it bolstered the ego of the individual who had been privy to "secret" advance information concerning an as yet unpublicized event. But his period of glory usually was short-lived.

A day or so later the newspapers would carry the unshattering news that SHE would visit Canada "sometime in the summer" and that SHE "most probably would visit Ottawa and several other locations as yet unnamed." It might rate two or three column inches.

During the past four decades, members of British royalty (the late King, the Queen and assorted princes, princesses, dukes and duchesses) have visited Canada on nearly fifty occasions. CBC Radio was always plugged in.

Up to and including the late 'thirties they would travel by ocean liner to Halifax then would observe Canada and Canadians in easy stages as they threaded their way across hills, valleys and prairies and through the mountains in a Royal Train hauled by a freshly-painted steam locomotive which denoted its exclusive position by a huge gleaming golden crown on either side of its boiler. It was a time-consuming and undoubtedly wearing business for the royal travellers as it was for the broadcasters who covered their infrequently exciting but more often than not predictably repetitious activities.

My initial involvement with THEM was during the 1939 Royal Tour of Canada by King George VI and his charming consort Queen Elizabeth. That occasion might well have been designated "The Tour of the New Microphones" because the Corporation purchased close to a hundred new dynamic microphones for the use of the commentators who would be covering that visit literally from sea to sea. All these instruments were identical and the baffle of each was surmounted by a small permanently affixed gold-coloured crown. These so-called "Royal Visit mikes" were unique in appearance, had excellent characteristics for speech pickup and continued to be used within the CBC for many years. Yet they were by no means the most glamorous microphones used in 1939.

Two slightly larger microphones appeared that year. They were Western Electric 639-A jobs otherwise known as "cardioids" being uni-directional but combining in one instrument the characteristics of a mono-directional, bi-directional and non-directional microphone; they could be adjusted easily to suit the occasion. But this pair of beauties was gold-plated and was used only when His Majesty the King was scheduled to deliver a formal address to the nation—usually at a state dinner but occasionally from the royal suite. These microphones were always used together so that, if one should fail, the backup one would carry on. When not in use, these golden boys were locked away in foam-rubber-lined wooden cases.

As a matter of interest, at the conclusion of the 1939 Royal Tour one of the gold cardioid mikes was presented by the Corporation as a gift to the King.

Anyway, it was in connection with THEIR westernmost stop during that tour that (in my pre-CBC days) another CFCT Victoria announcer-operator—Don Horne—and I were hired by the Corporation as "temporary" operators. One of our chores was to lug microphones, cables, amplifiers and standby batteries up a spiral staircase which seemed to reach all the way to heaven; actually, it led to the bell-tower of Christ Church Cathedral. In honour of THEIR visit, the eight carilloneurs were going to ring the changes and, thanks to the Radio Network, all Canada would hear them. After the recital, we gathered up the equipment and wound our way down to the ground again without dropping anything.

As temporaries, we were paid $5.00 per day. But it was not just the money we appreciated; it was the prestige of rubbing shoulders with certain illustrious CBC commentators of the day—Charles Jennings, Gerry Wilmot and Ted Briggs—people

we had heard on the air but hardly expected to meet, much less work with and come to know as colleagues.

Since the arrival of the jet age, there have been more frequent drop-ins by THEM and of briefer duration, usually in conjunction with a significant Canadian anniversary or some event which warranted a Royal Presence.

Always, at Royal Tour time, one or two senior executives were named as co-ordinators. The most experienced and most talented extemporaneous broadcasters were seconded to the Tour and these on-air people—whose names and voices were well-known across the country—would be whisked in team formation from one end of the land to the other, from a State Dinner here to a Royal Ball there to a Gathering with Children wherever.

This sytem did not permit all broadcasters to participate in these grand events but it did ensure that the programmes would be handled by announcers whose skills were above reproach and who, by practically living with Royalty for weeks on end, could provide a desirable flow of continuity from one event to the next and make various comparisons.

On a lengthy tour involving a dozen or more communities, three or four teams would handle the coverage on a leapfrog basis: while the first team was broadcasting, another would be travelling while a third would be preparing for its performance at another location doing on-the-spot research and talking to local officials.

A Royal Visit or a Royal Tour was a complex operation for our medium. The first priority was to "pool" spare equipment from a number of CBC plants, to have it all serviced, labelled, packed and inventoried for shipment to wherever it might be needed.

As soon as the Royal Itinerary was available, we were able to estimate the number of personnel it would be necessary to assign—supervisors, producers, production assistants, commentators, technicians and clerks. Each of the selected employees was interviewed as to his or her availability (some had production commitments which could not be broken) then was despatched to a passport photographer for an instant sitting. A few weeks later, each person's accreditation I.D. card arrived from Head Office, bearing a code number, the words "CBC Royal Visit" together with the year and the employee's role on the Tour—radio technician or commentator or whatever term was appropriate; each I.D. also bore a photograph of the person in question—giving him or her the appearance of a

"wanted" criminal and hardly one to be attending a Royal Visitor.

Each accredited CBCer was assigned to specific events at various places, a co-ordinating officer made all the travel and hotel bookings, hired rental automobiles at each location; commentators' stands were rented to be erected in strategic positions and orders for special circuits were placed with the line company.

Once detailed itineraries with precise times had been released, the Royal Visit Co-ordinator met with the National Programme Director and they arrived at decisions concerning the broadcast times to be printed, put into the schedules and eventually publicized.

The Co-ordinators met with Protocol for more briefings then with the Security Chiefs to advise them of CBC's plans. Then the Security Chiefs—plainclothes RCMP bigwigs—met with our Royal Visit supervisors to acquaint them of the necessity for tight security and to give them an opportunity to recognize the faces of those few gentlemen of high rank and undisputed authority who might, on occasion, be forced to "suggest" that a certain commentator's stand or piece of equipment be relocated to a more desirable spot—(more desirable from a security, rather than a CBC, standpoint!)

Immediately prior to the start of a Royal Visit or Royal Tour there was an intense briefing session of a day or two for all commentators at which they were advised as to what they might say and what they should scrupulously avoid saying on air. These short refresher courses covered biographies of the Visitors, historical facts concerning the Royal Family, the significance of the Order of the Garter and other decorations which were apt to be worthy of mention on a particularly formal occasion, the identification of equerries, ladies-in-waiting and other senior members of the entourage. Printed fact sheets were distributed as were copies of the Royal Itinerary which included the names and titles of mayors and reeves and other civic officials at each city or town THEY were scheduled to visit. Should the occasion include the royal yacht "Britannia"—and it often did—proper naval terminology was explained (more fact sheets with diagrams) and all were warned never to refer to the pointed end of the vessel as "the front" nor to the squared end as "the back!" A fashion expert exemplified how to describe the Queen's costumes and how to avoid getting into difficulties by keeping such descriptions simple.

Actually, when the Visit or Tour was in progress, a female commentator often was used to provide a detailed word-picture of the Royal wardrobe. We always tried to prevail upon one of the ladies-in-waiting to despatch a note to us minutes before the Queen made her appearance as to what she would be wearing but, more often than not, this little request for co-operation was ignored. Jean Hinds, an especially gifted commentator from Winnipeg, often participated on Royal Occasions because, besides being a splendid colour reporter, she eyed Her Majesty's costume from the viewpoint of a narrator at a fashion show and made it all seem tremendously glamorous in a few brief phrases.

When Jean, or someone like her, was not available a mere male commentator struggled through the job as best he could —usually with an inadequate but safe description such as: "Today she is wearing a light blue dress with a pink off-the-face hat." (The reference to her headgear was easy because the Queen always wore off-the-face hats.)

Commentators were cautioned against being gushy and to avoid the over-employment of such adjectives as "charming," "lovely," "beautiful" and "exquisite." Yet, such is the awesome spell cast by Royalty on many mortals, when describing the Important Visitors a few broadcasters quite forgot the warnings and waxed overly loquacious:

"She is looking right at me!"

"She is smiling—such a gracious smile!"

"She is waving at us in such a charming way!"

"She is so beautiful—so lovely!"

We were told that, on a long and tedious motorcade through a city, the Visitors often would have the car-radio tuned to the local CBC station on which could be heard the saccharine comments of the broadcasters describing the procession and the Personalities involved. This of course afforded the Royal Personages considerable amusement and doubtless contributed to the expanse of their smiles as they waved their arms in that familiar, robot-like way which apparently permits them to acknowledge the cheers for long periods of time without becoming too weary.

Few Visitors from the Palace today are regarded with quite the awe that they were in years gone by. Crowds still turn out to see them but, apart from the children who scream their heads off as they wave their miniature Maple Leaf flags, one is aware of somewhat less spontaneity in the welcoming shouts; adults are inclined to be rather more restrained than

was the case when King George VI and his Queen were borne across Canada in their Royal Train hauled by a great panting, hissing steam locomotive.

Perhaps it is that jet travel has rendered Royal Visits more commonplace and the considerably more sophisticated populace has become blasé about such occurrences. At the same time, there is little doubt that some of the old magic still exists, actually can be felt, when we are in the presence of Royalty.

Remember the time when the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were to visit Ottawa and some enterprising individual erected wooden bleachers along the parade route to be made available to the public at $2 or $3 per seat? Ottawans and out-of-town visitors alike were not all that anxious to part with their money. On the day of the procession, thousands stood on the sidewalks or the lawns and enjoyed an excellent close-up view of the Royal Visitors as they passed directly in front of them.

While the thrifty crowd was large, the Queen and the Duke must have been puzzled by the bunting-draped but utterly empty rows and rows of seats!

We can only hope that the entrepreneur lost his shirt and became a wiser man.

Chapter XV
THE QUEEN, "IKE" AND THE SEAWAY

June 26, 1959 marked the most momentous event of a lengthy Canada-wide Royal Tour—the official opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway.

From a radio broadcasting standpoint, it was to be a very *special* special event for which we were expected to provide not only "live" coverage of the ceremonies that would take place at St. Lambert Lock near Montreal but also review the politics, the history and the almost unbelievable engineering accomplishments that had transformed the landscape and quieted the angry waters to provide access to mid-continental points for world shipping, at the same time establishing a hydro-electric source of energy for a power-hungry America.

When it became mandatory to produce programmes of an exemplary nature, cost was of secondary consideration. It was essential that we be given adequate time and talent to research the Seaway story, to track down facts and people who were part of it. Fortunately, whenever we were faced with a Royal Visit or Tour (particularly if the visitors happened to be Her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh) there was a certain little man at Head Office known for his munificence in times of need who would sweeten our programme budget thereby permitting us to be rather more adventurous in our approach.

It was under such ideal conditions that we undertook coverage of the 1959 Royal Tour of which the Seaway Opening was the major element. Thom Benson (an acknowledged authority on royal occasions) was in charge of television and Liston McIlhagga (captain, RCNVR) of radio. I was asked to produce the Seaway Opening, THEIR visits to Kamloops and Victoria, the ceremonial portion of the Queen's Plate race at Toronto's Woodbine racetrack and the departure from Halifax. We had a busy summer abead of us.

During the preceding four years, we had made several visits to Seaway construction sites to record interviews and sounds and to report progress on this immense project. Naturally, we had retained copies or "dubbings" of everything that had

been taped. We resurrected these precious tapes and used them as nuclei for our documentary treatment of the Seaway completion story. It had been easy to get facts and figures and construction details from engineers on the site; they had been eager to describe their accomplishments and had spoken quite matter-of-factly about how they had tamed the Long Sault rapids. Ontario Hydro experts talked about the pouring of the great dams in co-operation with the New York State Power Authority.

For the historical and political background of the Seaway in both Canada and the United States, we needed the statements of the giants who had prevailed in the face of opposition south of the border. These were the Atlases who had pushed the project through roadblocks of red tape and dissention in the Congress. We were especially anxious to obtain a statement from former President Harry Truman who had lent his full support to getting the Seaway off the ground.

I wrote to Mr. Truman but received an "I regret" reply, despatched another equally unsuccessful one to his secretary and finally another to "Harry Himself" which brought the desired results. He agreed to grant us thirty minutes in a week's time in Independence, Missouri. Writer Peter Stursberg and O.B. technician Ken Frost flew south, were graciously received by Mr. Truman and brought back his taped remarks —so significant to the Seaway story.

Lorne Greene had agreed to come up from Hollywood to anchor the Radio narration but, a few weeks before the gala occasion, he wrote to me that he would be obliged to cancel out as he had just been given a leading role in a new television series and shooting was to begin immediately; the series to which he referred was called "Bonanza." So Canadian actor Mavor Moore became our anchor-man and, as might have been expected, a thoroughly effective one.

We assembled our Seaway documentary so it could be aired as a continuous hour-long story or in three interruptable segments in case the "live" coverage of the formalities contained "waiting" periods which might warrant filling with something meaty. So the story was packaged on three reels to cover any eventuality.

I devoted part of a day to auditioning recorded cuts of music for an opening and closing theme and for "bridges" in what had been scheduled as a 2¼-hour network production. My choice was "The Tall Ships" with plenty of brass and strings—a perfect piece of musical onomatopoeia for the occasion.

Often, when undertaking a multi-voiced outside broadcast, we would deliberately assign commentators unfamiliar with the region in which we were to work. This brought a refreshing approach to the description of the locale to be delineated. It was reasoned that a visiting commentator would approach the subject with a more inquisitive mind. We decided to partially adopt this technique for the Seaway Opening.

We had selected as on-the-spot commentators the most experienced people from across the country. Irrespective of their positions in the Corporation, we requested and were granted the services of those whose backgrounds and knowledge were beyond compare. An example was Captain W.E.S. Briggs, whose distinguished war-time career in the Royal Canadian Navy was legendary and who happened to be the Maritimes Regional Director of the CBC. But Ted Briggs was not one to bask in the importance of his position. When I phoned him to ask whether he would consider working the show, he replied: "When do you want me?" Briggs was unflappable in a tight corner and described an event with a straightforward down-to-earth natural style. With his still noticeably English accent, his breeding and background so evident in his delivery and with his wealth of on-air experience and his enjoyment in participating in a "Royal occasion", he was an obvious choice as a commentator. At the time, Ted was getting along in years and, due to a painful leg problem, barely managed to get around with the aid of a cane. I was worried because he would have to climb a vertical ladder to a ten-foot-high platform from where he would have a clear view of the action. When I expressed my concern, Briggs said: "Don't worry about me; I'll manage—dammit."

(Permit me to digress to consider—of all things—salted almonds. Were you or I to attempt to describe Prince Philip eating nuts, we probably would feel and sound rather silly. But on an earlier Royal Tour, Briggs was describing a large reception and chatted away about what the Queen and the Duke were up to and he would insert little asides which we thought quite charming when done in the Briggsian manner. One such remark went something like this: "And now His Royal Highness is reaching into the bowl to select another salted almond. He obviously thoroughly enjoys salted almonds." Inconsequential? Trite? No. Not when voiced by Briggs.)

For June 26, CBC Montreal had reserved for English Network radio a well-equipped control-room and small studio.

The control-room had a special jack-board on which were the terminations of all the incoming circuits from the outdoor commentators while others brought in "international sound" (clear sound pickups free of commentary from key locations; these were pooled at another mixing point for distribution to English and French radio and television and to any accredited foreign broadcasting or film types who might require them.) We were able to mix as much or as little sound as we wanted with our own outside commentary and of course could control all levels so that at no time did any of the sound fight with or over-ride the commentators. As is mandatory on setups of this kind, the producer was able to give instructions to each commentator separately or to all simultaneously. Naturally, each commentator was able to hear every other commentator—essential since each would conclude his piece with a word-cue to the next man who would continue the narrative.

We cued up the musical theme on a turntable and our three-part documentary on the tape-playback machines and went through our final checks. I looked at the clock.

"One minute!"

In the studio, the narrator cleared his throat.

The red light on the console came to life. I pressed my stopwatch and cued the operator.

FANFARE!
THEME—The Tall Ships!
FADE UNDER . . .
MAVOR MOORE: Introduction.
ROLL TAPE #1—Seaway Documentary.
MAVOR MOORE: Introduction to HUNKA.

Ron Hunka of Winnipeg was located on a hangar roof at RCAF Station St. Hubert, headquarters of Canada's Air Defence Command. He described the readied fighters lined up at one side of the runway, the flags, spectators, the arrival of U.S. Secretary of the Army's aircraft and the White House press plane. He talked about the more than 200 photographers assembled near the 100-man RCAF Guard of Honour and the blue-uniformed Band of RCAF Training Command. He told of the American VIPs present—Secretary of State Herter and numerous senators and their wives.

Then, eight minutes late "Columbine III," the big Constellation, touched the runway and taxied past Ron's position, inboard engines growling, outboard ones stopped. The Presidential aircraft pulled up with its rear door precisely at the red

carpet. The door opened. Then, as the crowd cheered exhuberantly and the children's flags waved to the accompaniment of a 21-gun artillery salute, there they were at the head of the ramp—the President of the United States and Mamie, the First Lady. "Ike" grinned and both waved at the throng below. They slowly descended the ramp to be welcomed at the foot by Her Majesty the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and Prime Minister and Mrs. John Diefenbaker. The Queen, Hunka reported authoritatively, was wearing a blue, white and turquoise dress and a silken turquoise topcoat with white hat, white shoes and accessories. The dignitaries proceeded to the dais where Her Majesty invited the President to take the salute. At the conclusion of "The Star-Spangled Banner," the President and the Queen inspected the Guard. Then, into limousines for the six-mile drive to the site just downstream from the St. Lambert Lock where the Opening Ceremony would take place.

MAVOR MOORE: Introduction to . . . Seaway Documentary Part 2.
ROLL TAPE #2—Seaway Documentary.

And there were the voices of most of those who, over the years, had fought for the construction of an inland waterway and hydro-electric power development—Canadian Prime Ministers Meighen, King, Bennett and St. Laurent and American Presidents Hoover, Roosevelt and Truman; Premier Frost of Ontario and Governor Dewey of New York; other Canadians such as Gen. A.G.L. McNaughton, the Hon. Lionel Chevrier and Ontario Hydro's Robert Saunders; Americans Senator Wiley and Robert Moses and the engineering geniuses who brought it all to fruition. These were the voices of giants—preserved on tape for posterity. The story went on to tell of the physical wonders of the Seaway, the moving of towns, the subduing of violent waters, the construction of new bridges and dams and locks and immense power-stations on both the Canadian and American sides of the St. Lawrence.

MAVOR MOORE: Introduction to BROPHY.
SWITCH TO BROPHY.

Newfoundlander Doug Brophy was standing on a 15-foot platform a thousand feet upriver from the Jacques Cartier Bridge, three-quarters of a mile below the ceremonial site. Following a scene-set, he described the approach of the motorcycle escort then the Royal and Presidential party in open

limousines. They passed beneath a symbolic archway of cranes and earth-moving equipment to the accompaniment of wild cheering and a trumpet fanfare.

BROPHY WITH WORD CUE PASS TO BRAZIL.
SWITCH TO BRAZIL.

Montrealer Robert Brazil, too, was on a tall stand but directly opposite and overlooking the site of the ceremonies. He described the panoply of decorations and flags—the Union Jack, the Canadian Red Ensign and the Stars and Stripes as well as the house flags of the 230 world shipping lines which ultimately would be plying the new Seaway route. There was the Great Seal of the United States, the Canadian coat-of-arms, the shields of the Canadian provinces and territories and the seals of the fifty United States. A spectacle of colour indeed!

Passing below Brazil's stand—a car filled with RCMP and FBI officers. Then official car #1 bearing Prime Minister Diefenbaker and his wife, car #2 with Prince Philip and Mrs. Eisenhower and, finally, car #3 in which rode Her Majesty the Queen and the President of the United States. The crowds applauded and cheered, the youngsters waved and screamed their approval as did an assembly of Commonwealth students. The Queen and the President mounted the reviewing stand embellished by five gothic arches. The spectators hushed.

A pleasant and thoughtfully planned exemplification of international goodwill was that the Royal Canadian Ordinance Corps Band played "The Star-Spangled Banner" then the United States Marine Corps Band played "God Save the Queen."

The president of the St. Lawrence Seaway Authority of Canada presented to the Queen and "Ike" duplicate copies of an elaborately covered book containing the names of the 59,000 Canadian and American engineers, artisans and workmen who had shared in the construction of the project over nearly five years through summer's heat and bitter winter cold.

The Queen, then the President, delivered appropriately uplifting addresses, followed in each case by hearty applause.

La Jeunesse Musicale, the famous 70-voice choir, rendered "O Canada" in French.

Bob Brazil explained that, this being a maritime occasion, all equerries and aides were in naval uniforms and that, soon, the special guests would board the royal yacht "Britannia" for

luncheon. The gleaming yacht was moored a few hundred yards below Bob's position—actually just above the Jacques Cartier Bridge and immediately below the official entrance to the Seaway. The dignitaries entered their cars and departed for "Britannia" in a blaze of ceremonial trumpets, passing hundreds of Canadian sailors, soldiers and airmen in summer dress who lined the route.

BRAZIL WITH WORD CUE PASS TO BRIGGS. SWITCH TO BRIGGS.

Halifax commentator Captain Ted Briggs (who had indeed managed to pull himself up the ladder to his stand) was positioned at the embarkation point of the royal yacht. Since the guests already had assembled on the boat deck, aft, the onlookers on both sides of the canal were unsure as to when and where the Queen and "Ike" would make their appearance. They seemed to be running in all directions, unsure of where they should be to get a good view "looking," as the inimitable Briggs remarked, "rather like Japanese waltzing mice."

Her Majesty and the President were piped aboard while a 21-gun salute was fired from HMCS "Gatineau," moored just astern of the royal yacht together with the British frigate HMS "Ulster" and the American destroyer U.S.S. "Forrest Sherman."

"Britannia" was a pretty sight dressed overall with signal-flags, with her royal blue hull with gold stripe and with her white-uniformed ratings lining her decks.

The Queen and President Eisenhower ascended to the royal bridge. Bow and stern lines were let go and "Britannia" began to move majestically upstream. She passed between two symbolic gates or booms which swung open to receive her and, as she entered the Seaway proper, the sound of massed fireworks was almost deafening and thousands of multi-coloured weather balloons were released and polka-dotted the sky—announcing to all and sundry for miles around the entrance of the first vessel into the placid waters of the St. Lawrence Seaway. "Britannia" was followed closely by the Canadian, British and American naval ships.

BRIGGS PASS TO STUDIO NARRATOR.

We have trouble! Mavor Moore cannot hear Briggs' transferral cue! His headphones have gone dead. I dash into the studio, point to the cue in Mavor's script and throw him a "start" signal upon which he acts.

MAVOR MOORE: Introduction to . . . Seaway Documentary Part 3.

ROLL TAPE #3—Seaway Documentary.

As the four vessels pass along the first section of the Seaway, their crews and important passengers will not fail to be impressed—to starboard the metropolis of Montreal, to port the communities of the South Shore; then the great locks, the new lakes, eventually the new towns and parks; onward—yes, and upward, as they climb the remarkable water-course towards the Canadian and American hydro-electric power dams to be declared open the next day. A first voyage into the heartland of Canada and the United States—a voyage into history.

MAVOR MOORE: Closing (without credits because it is considered bad form to use credits in a broadcast involving Royalty.)

THEME—The Tall Ships. Up full to Closing Trumpets.
ANNOUNCER: Network cue.

Our production had been heard "live" across Canada on CBC, throughout the United States on ABC and throughout most of the world via the International Service. Later the same day, it would be rebroadcast on CBC, delayed to American listeners on CBS and again around the world by the Voice of America.

An hour after we were off the air, Ted Briggs and the other commentators joined us. Ted was bristling a bit.

"That bloody fool of an admiral in 'Britannia,'" he complained loudly, "why in hell did he have to take her upstream in such a hurry? She was supposed to wait another five minutes and then steam *slowly* into the Seaway. Slowly, my foot! She went out of there like a scared rabbit! I had pages of notes that I simply threw away . . . "

Sorry, Ted. He just wasn't a particularly admirable admiral.

Time did not permit us to participate in a lengthy post mortem of that broadcast. Duty called in Toronto and points west. We leapfrogged one another all the way to Victoria, then back again, describing to our Canadian audience—occasionally with forced enthusiasm—the Queen taking a salute, Her Majesty chatting with children with their little flags, Prince Philip visiting a new factory, the Duke of Edinburgh attending a cricket match, both of them entering a great banquet-hall for a State Dinner and the Queen and the Prince shaking hands with interminable lines of bowing gentry and carefully coiffed and fashionably gowned curtseying ladies.

We encountered few difficulties until the Royal Tour had its grand finale in Halifax.

My final production was to be the Royal Departure which, at first glance, appeared routine. There was to be a reception and a State Ball on the last evening. Her Majesty and His Royal Highness then would be driven from the hotel directly to the Royal Yacht which would head out of the harbour, homeward bound. Just a straightforward remote, we thought.

We used the Harbour-Master's office on the pier as our control-room; the circuits, already installed by the line company, were hooked up and tested through to the three commentators' positions and we went through a dummy rehearsal. Everything functioned perfectly. It should be a piece of cake.

The day prior to the departure we heard a disconcerting rumour. Owing to unfavourable weather forecasts, the Royal Couple *might* return home not by sea—but by air!

This would mean their being driven not to "Britannia" but to the Canadian Forces Base at Shearwater to board an aircraft.

Mind you, they insisted, nothing is certain. They still might leave in "Britannia."

Oh, fine, we thought. Do we toss a coin and hope for the best?

We did the only thing possible under the circumstances. We would still work from the Harbour-Master place but we would order additional long circuits to two commentator positions to be established at Shearwater Air Base, thus covering both flanks. More wire installations and another rehearsal from Shearwater. Fortunately, we had a couple of spare commentators.

On the day of the departure, we kept in close touch with the Security people. Still no firm decision, they said. More likely by air than by sea. Of course, should the weather do an about-face—but that hardly seemed likely; it had been pouring off and on all day.

It did not really matter. We had assigned commentators to both places. Still, it tends to be upsetting not knowing who is going to do his thing on the air and who will simply be on standby.

It was not until the State Ball was under way that we received our official directive.

They would return home by sea *and* by air.

Since huge crowds had been gathering in the Dockyard area throughout the evening, sheltering beneath umbrellas

and garbed in raincoats, sou'-westers and rubber boots, it would scarcely be fair to disappoint them. So the Royal Couple would proceed to "Britannia" and the Royal Yacht would slip away from the dock and transport them the few knots over to Shearwater where they would board their RCAF aircraft and be home in time for breakfast.

Which is exactly what happened.

So it transpired that three commentators went on the air to describe the damp but cheering throng speeding the Queen on her way as "Britannia" eased out into the stream and dissolved slowly into the blackness of the lashing rain . . . followed a little later by additional and rather anticlimactical farewells by the two commentators at Shearwater, with a description of the aircraft's lights disappearing quickly into the starless late night sky.

Quite appropriately, as the dean of Royal Visit commentators back again in his own region, it was Ted Briggs at Shearwater who wrote and voiced a moving and sincere farewell which concluded:

". . . and as you wing eastward, Your Majesty, may the prevailing wind of our admiration and love sustain you and, in its arms, bear you up. God–Save–the–Queen!"

Then, to add icing to the cake the famed Armdale Chorus of Halifax (which I just happened to have recorded two days previously for this very purpose) rendered its farewell–that lovely old Scottish melody "Will Ye No' Come Back Again."

So ended a six-week Royal Tour of Canada.

Ridiculous as it may seem, as the choir tape was playing, we all had lumps in our throats and mist in our eyes.

Undoubtedly it was time to visit the mess and drink a toast unto Her Majesty.

Chapter XVI
PEARY AND OTHER ADVENTURERS

In the fall of 1959, I embarked on the building of a one-hour documentary to mark the 50th anniversary of Robert Edwin Peary's ostensibly successful conquest of the North Pole. Such a programme would be possible only if we could locate a sufficient number of old-timers who were alive and well and who could speak from personal experience of the 1909 expedition. I thought it might turn out to be a fruitless search but was heartened to discover more than a dozen men who had been associated with the famous American were available and willing to participate.

When the vessel "Roosevelt" returned to Battle Harbour, Labrador in 1909 with the 53-year-old Peary aboard, there was considerable skepticism among the many reporters who had assembled there to interview the man—skepticism because Peary had had a lifelong ambition to reach the Pole, he had tried to do so unsuccessfully on previous expeditions, he wanted to win world-wide fame and on this final attempt he had seemingly reached his objective accompanied only by an illiterate black servant and a few Eskimos. Peary was unable to provide conclusive proof that the Pole was his. His claim lacked substantiation. Furthermore, another American, Dr. Frederick Cook, had reported that *he* had reached the North Pole a year earlier—a claim that Peary disavowed.

Anyway, I began to collect taped statements recorded by men who had known Peary. Delt Edwards, 86, of the New York "Herald," had met the explorer upon his return. George Carr, 93, of Prince Albert, Saskatchewan recalled the privations he suffered with Peary on an earlier Arctic expedition in 1893. Bob Bartlett, who navigated the "Roosevelt" for Peary, was dead but we obtained statements from his brother William, who had been a crew member and his nephew Rupert who had made a study of Peary. Another speaker was Geoffrey Hattersley-Smith, a Canadian glaciologist who had found the tattered remains of an American flag in the Arctic ice; Peary claimed to have planted a flag at the Pole but Hattersley-Smith's find, some distance from the Pole, neither con-

firmed nor denied Peary's having reached it, since the shifting of polar ice inevitably would have displaced it.

Two famous American explorers also participated in the programme—Vilhjalmur Stefansson, 80 and Donald B. MacMillan, another crew-member of the "Roosevelt" on Peary's voyage who later became an Arctic explorer in his own right.

Highlight of the show was a recording of Peary's own voice describing the epic journey. William Galgay, CBC Director of Newfoundland, had acquired this for his private collection and kindly loaned it to me. Naturally, the quality was scratchy but Peary's voice came through with surprising clarity.

Tom Fairley, editor of the now defunct "CBC Times" and a student of the Arctic, who researched and shared in the writing of the documentary "The Great Adventurer," observed: "The trouble is—the story (of Peary) doesn't end. And you are left with the feeling that it probably never will. While Peary's story is one of the most intriguing, it is also the most infuriating I know of in polar annals. You finish up with more questions than you started with."

The various people we taped for the programme said their pieces and we let them stand. We did not attempt to prove anything.

After the show was packaged, I listened to it twice and still was plagued with misgivings. I felt that the subject was a can of worms. So I asked Fairley and a group of producer colleagues to take a listen. They could find nothing the matter with it.

The show went on the full Trans-Canada Network November 29 at 5:00 p.m.

The next day I received a long-distance call from a female listener who had heard it in one of the eastern states. Her phone-call could hardly be described as friendly. She claimed to be (and I have no doubt she was) the daughter of Dr. Cook.

"I listened to your programme," said this irate listener; "now I think the least you can do is broadcast another programme on the *true* story of the first explorer to reach the Pole. My father has told me many times the details of his expedition and I demand that you play fair and give Dr. Cook, the *really* great adventurer, equal time and lay to rest once and for all the ridiculous claims of that man Peary."

I thanked her for her interest, sympathized over her concern and scrupulously avoided making any promises. Thank heavens, I heard no more from that explorer's daughter!

* * *

Have you ever wondered how a programme or a series gets on the air?

Of course every listener has remarked at least once: "How in God's name did that garbage get on the air?" But I am not referring to that—which concerns individual taste, preference and interest.

What I am alluding to is the process employed in converting an idea into a programme format and "selling" that particular concept to the network executives so that it actually materializes as a featured network attraction.

For one thing, it involves supervisory individuals. One of the jobs of a department head or sub-head is to concern himself with long-term planning. In the Outside Broadcasts Department, Bert Powley or I would write to the O.B. Regional Supervisors across the country and ask them to confer with their colleagues then telex us a list of topics they would recommend as future network features. Without exception, these people were first-class documentarians, experienced radio writers and splendid on-air performers. Yet, while they were also imaginative, they did not consistently come up with fresh ideas. Either they were tired old ones rehashed with a different approach or they were so expensive that they never would be acceptable to our senior executives.

So it often fell to me to try to dream up future programme ideas and to outline these on paper with cost estimates, the number of shows in each proposed series, the duration of each show, suggested formats and so on.

This exercise would occur two or three times each year and usually culminated in my being called to the office of the Radio Networks Programme Director to plead my case. Over the years, there were a number of individuals who occupied this senior post. One of them would, after scanning my submissions, give me an evasive reaction, promising to advise me in due course. How that infuriated me! Another would remark: "That looks quite interesting BUT . . . " That was frustrating.

In my view, a particularly efficient RNPD and an individual I enjoyed dealing with was Bruce Raymond. That black-haired, bespectacled officer would review my list of perhaps a dozen schemes, shake his head at two-thirds of them then tick off the balance. He might increase the budget for one series and reduce that for another. We would chit-chat about the approved plans for a half-hour, and I would leave—with firm commitments, working titles, broadcast dates and budgets irrevocably agreed upon.

Such forthright decision-making by a Programme Director simplified our activities since it allowed us to "get the shows on the road" without running into such obstacles as mind-changing, second thoughts, further discussions and general diddling about. It permitted us to firm up schedules, get our research started, assign producers and contact our publicity people so they would have ample lead-time to prepare releases.

One idea that worked out was "Frontiers of Medicine." These ten half-hour shows were written by a Montreal freelancer with production by Toronto's Alex L. Smith. With each show concentrating on medical research into one specific malady, containing interviews with research specialists in their laboratories and presented in laymen's language, it proved an instant success. With everyone's concern about health, how could it have done otherwise?

* * *

For more than a year, newspapers and magazines had been devoting space to the construction of the Trans-Canada Highway which was in progress—4,491 miles of paved all-weather road stretching from St. John's, Newfoundland to Victoria, British Columbia. I had read a number of these articles and had become intrigued. I began to wonder what it would be like to drive the new, albeit uncompleted route.

How would it sound? How long would it take? What would it cost? what sort of vehicle would one use? How many should participate in such a drive? How many would be sufficiently adventurous to *want* to do it?

I talked to Bruce Raymond and sold him on the premise that many Canadians might find such a journey, or a section of it, a novel vacation; anyone contemplating all or part of the drive naturally would be interested in hearing reports from people who were in the process of doing it. We brought in the Radio Sales people who thought the idea a made-to-order commercial vehicle.

In considering how best to schedule it on the air, we had several options: three or four hour-long shows, a single two-hour special, a weekly summary of the drive or, to achieve maximum topicality, fifteen minutes or so each evening, "live," Mondays to Fridays. I sounded out the RNPD and he came up with a typically bureaucratic solution: Do a nightly report, full network, in the "Roving Reporter" slot, pre-empting that series for the number of occasions necessary to complete the drive.

"But that's only ten minutes," I argued; "we need fifteen." Roving Reporter was our own department's series which we were not inclined to pre-empt.

"Why do you need fifteen?"

"So we can include more material. If the thing is sold, we'd have only six minutes for the highway story; the rest would be commercials."

"There are no other open spots and there's nothing else I can pre-empt. Sorry—but that's the way it's got to be. Ten minutes nightly for—oh, let's say a maximum of five weeks. If you can tighten a bit, I'd prefer it. How about we settle on twenty-three occasions?"

I was not happy but we settled.

PDs could be heartless at times. They seemed to think the networks belonged to them. Maybe they did.

The Trans-Canada Highway was being built by the federal government in co-operation with nine participating provincial governments. (Quebec had no need to be involved since it already boasted a paved two-lane highway extending from the Ontario border to New Brunswick which met the minimum standards of the Trans-Canada system.)

Specifications for the new highway called for a right-of-way 100 feet wide through rural areas and 66 feet in urban; a minimum finished width of 32 feet with 22 feet of pavement and 5-foot shoulders; curvature not to exceed 6 degrees except in areas in the Rockies; maximum gradient, with the same mountain exception, to be 6%; sight distance was to provide an unobstructed view 600 feet ahead.

I devoted many hours to telephoning engineers across the country and spent a few days in the Ontario Department of Highways offices in Toronto. These advisers filled me in as to the miles of highway being built in each province, how they were meeting their schedules and the locations of the most difficult and costly stretches—sections through the Rockies being the most challenging on both counts.

My evenings were occupied with pouring over provincial maps which showed the new route, listing the cities and towns through which it would pass, boning up on the history and physical aspects of each place, searching for data about ethnic settlements, industries, cultural peculiarities and any information which might prove of interest to anyone planning a motor-trip over the whole route.

An important phase of the research was working out the 23-day driving schedule in both miles and driving time—bearing in mind that the CBC crew would be doing a great deal

besides enjoying the scenery; they would be stopping to write reports and record interviews with other travellers, highway engineers and members of work crews, people living along the route and members of automobile and sports car associations. Our crew would need to edit tapes and package each show for the network from twenty-three different stations—CBC-owned and affiliates. All this information was put together in a grey booklet which became the bible of our highway adventurers.

General Motors of Canada signed a contract for exclusive sponsorship of the 23-part series. Furthermore, G.M. would furnish the vehicle—a new 1960 Chevrolet Impala sedan fitted with heavy duty shocks and springs and an over-sized battery that would drive our big Magnecorder tape-editing machine. The car, painted white, would be gussied up with brightly-lettered promotional signs: "St. John's to Victoria," "Listen Nightly to Reports on CBC Radio," "Trans-Canada by Car," etc.

I assumed incorrectly that every member of Outside Broadcasts would be eager to participate in the drive but contacted them all to make sure. The assignment would require two producer-commentators and a technician. One man said he would be interested only if there were commercial fees for the commentators; (there were—but I unkindly removed his name from my list.) Two or three did not drive. Some felt they would be absent from home for too long. A couple did not care to subject themselves to such an exhausting assignment.

Those selected were Ron Hunka (chef de mission) of Winnipeg, Doug Brophy of St. John's and technician Ken Frost of Toronto. All were eager to tackle the highway (a few sections still were unsurfaced and one short stretch in the Rockies would prove difficult) and to brave the risks, delays or accidents which could prove disastrous insofar as meeting their on-air deadlines was concerned.

General Motors shipped the white car, and CBC Toronto shipped new recording equipment, to the Newfoundland capital. This recording apparatus, with spare parts and several dozen small audio tapes, was placed in the trunk. Frost and Hunka flew east to join Brophy and the car.

On Tuesday, June 28, 1960 with the rear tires resting in the Atlantic waters at a pebbled beach, Doug touched the accelerator.

The trans-continental drive had begun!

The men carried with them a letter containing greetings from the mayor of St. John's to the mayor of Victoria and a flask of salt water scooped from the Atlantic which they

thought they might empty into the Pacific for no good reason at all.

That first week, the Impala carried them to Gander, Grand Falls and the other paper-mill town on Newfoundland's west coast—Corner Brook. These were short runs and network feeds were not until 7:45 p.m. (6:15 p.m. in Toronto.) South to Port aux Basques where they ramped aboard the ferry for the Cabot Strait crossing to Cape Breton.

At Sydney, in the Atlantic time zone, they had a 7:15 p.m. feed. Then south through the Nova Scotian countryside and a swing east to Pictou for the brief ferry ride across Northumberland Strait to Prince Edward Island and another network appointment at Charlottetown. Back to the mainland again, from Shediac to Moncton to the New Brunswick capital of Fredericton. Another origination then west and north through Woodstock, Grand Falls and Edmunston.

Crossing into the province of Quebec, they would be in the Eastern time zone which meant their programmes would have to be ready for release 1½ hours earlier than had been the case in Newfoundland. Still, they did their feed from Riviere-du-Loup without difficulty. The white car purred along the highway paralleling the St. Lawrence until it reached Quebec City, where the trio encountered a snag.

The Radio-Canada station which was to accommodate the feed was in the throes of being enlarged and was in complete disarray, the manager was out of town and nobody on duty had ever heard of an English origination. It would be "tres difficile" because they did not "'ave any horders." They were sorry. "Maybe you could try de repeater, eh?"

Precious moments were lost while the travellers were given directions as to how to locate the repeater office. (As mentioned in an earlier chapter, when a radio programme was fed to a network from any location, it was routed on a circuit from the broadcasting-station to the local repeater, usually set up in a telegraph office, where the signal was amplified and "plugged in" to the network.) Ken Frost telephoned the repeater attendant who fortunately was bright and co-operative. They found the repeater office, Ken hooked up his playback tape-machine to a connector from the repeater and, promptly at 6:15 p.m., "Trans-Canada by Car" was humming its way along the telegraph lines.

In planning the driving schedule, I had neglected to take into account the chaotic conditions which are the norm during rush-hour in Montreal. Quebec City to Montreal should have been an easy day's drive but, with their several stops for

taping, it was 5:30 p.m. by the time they nosed in to the packed, slow-moving traffic of the metropolis. They managed to extricate themselves from several bumper-to-bumper snarls —to the accompaniment of angry shouting from homeward-bound drivers and a cacophony of horn-blowing—and arrived at the CBC Radio-Canada Building with a mere quarter-hour to spare.

The eighth episode of the travelogue was cued up in a control-room. By the grace of God, some fast driving and by parking before the main entrance to the Montreal building, they hit the network on schedule.

When they returned to their white automobile, around which a group of spectators had gathered to examine the publicity-inspired lettering, they discovered an additional decoration affixed beneath the windshield-wiper. The traffic officer had done his duty as he saw it. Sacré bleu!

The next day was a piece of cake: the 125-mile romp from Montreal to Ottawa, plenty of packaging time, a relaxed 6:15 p.m. feed and a weekend ahead in which to attend to their laundry, have the car serviced and washed and simply relax.

Another week and it was onward to Peterborough and Sault Ste. Marie. At the Lakehead, they completed that day's editing and packaged their show then drove to the affiliated station at Fort William. Trouble again! The manager had gone on vacation and had forgotten to advise anyone of the CBC feed, of which he had been notified by letter weeks previously.

When the operator on duty began to argue, our crew wasted no words. They phoned the repeater, drove to that office and fed the net. (They had learned in Quebec City how to cope with delays caused by carelessness.)

Ron, Doug and Ken then adjusted their working schedule—starting each day an hour earlier and knocking off an hour earlier at day's end. As they departed the Lakehead and passed into the western limits of Ontario, they would be doing their origination from Kenora in the Central time zone with a 5:15 p.m. deadline.

On July 18, the white Chevvie was to be seen driving across the flatlands of eastern Manitoba. They originated their show from Winnipeg—Ron's home base. Then came the long, monotonous trip across the prairie and into Saskatchewan for a rendezvous with the network at Regina.

Another working-time adjustment for the next afternoon's 4:15 p.m. Mountain Time feed from Medicine Hat, Alberta. Then it was onward to the foothills, a Calgary origination, then the final commitment of the week—a gradual scenic

climb to the Rocky Mountain resort of Banff and into the most difficult highway construction area in the country where men with giant machines had challenged the seemingly indestructable rock and, with the aid of explosives, had conquered it despite the frightening cliffs where a single misjudgment could bring sudden catastrophe.

Here, obviously, the reporters concentrated less on human interest and touristy pieces and more on the dramatic engineering aspects of the Trans-Canada Highway.

It has been stated that one short stretch in the Rockies would be difficult. Actually, some weeks prior to the beginning of the drive, the highway engineers had made it clear that the stretch in question would be impossible for an ordinary automobile to negotiate at the time of the long drive. Nothing less than a four-wheel-drive vehicle would be able to lurch its way over the incompleted section of the new road across heaps of rubble, through bulldozed marshlands, around piles of loose gravel and by weaving between trucks, cranes and construction machinery which would tend to block the way. The roughed-out route through what was to become the famous and photogenic Rogers Pass lacked bridges across streams which would necessitate fording in places along this wild and rugged area of unearthed tree-stumps, earth-moving activities and organized chaos.

So it was that, on July 25, the trio wheeled its by then nationally known auto across the Great Divide into British Columbia and the Pacific time zone. At the town of Golden, the CBC crew was met by a British Columbia Department of Highways engineer in a tough little Land Rover.

Brophy and Frost headed north in the Chevrolet for a 190-mile drive along the horseshoe-shaped route of the gravel-surfaced Big Bend Highway.

Hunka, with his portable recorder, climbed aboard the Land Rover which the engineer would pilot over the rough 90 miles westward through the newly invaded virgin forests below that mightly sentinal Mt. MacDonald whose 9,400-foot peak soared nearly a mile above the highest section of the road itself—a mere 4,400 feet above sea-level. They passed the bases of 9,200-foot Mt, Tupper, 10,100-foot Hermit Mountain and Sulzer Peak, Swiss Peak, Fleming Peak and Grant Peak—every one more than 10,000 feet in elevation.

In early afternoon, Chevvie and Land Rover rendezvoused in the town of Revelstoke. There, the broadcasters performed a fast job of editing and packaging their material and fed the

network at 3:15 p.m., PDT which of course was 6:15 p.m. in Toronto and 7:45 p.m. in Newfoundland.

Next morning, after bidding farewell to their engineer friend, they set out on the scenic drive along the completed portion of the Highway westward through Sicamous, Salmon Arm and Chase into the arid sagebrush country of the Cariboo to the centre of Kamloops where they made another origination for network listeners at 3:15 p.m.

Then, overlooking the Thompson River, they swung south at Cache Creek and drove through Lytton where the Highway began its climb high above the angry waters of the Fraser and naturally the adventurers taped the river's powerful voice as it roared through Hell's Gate at Boston Bar on its descent to the ocean. Surprisingly quickly, the G.M. car was rolling through the verdant dairylands and market gardens of the Fraser Valley, with that night's rest at Chilliwack.

They wheeled into the bustling traffic of Vancouver, caught the ferry across the Strait of Georgia to Nanaimo and headed south on Vancouver Island, made a quick climb over the Malahat and descended into Victoria. They did not stop in the B.C. capital until they had found a convenient shale beach where they inched forward until their front tires were washed by the tidewater of the Pacific Ocean.

They paid their courtesy call on the mayor and presented him with the symbolic greeting from the mayor of St. John's. They also made His Worship a gift of the flask of Atlantic water that had made the trip with them.

After an elapsed time of one month and actual driving time of 23 days, after 23 successful nationwide broadcasts telling of the wonders of the Trans-Canada Highway and with 4,491 miles of road surface behind them, they had completed their assignment. And they were still speaking!

A postscript to their adventure warrants inclusion. Upon turning in the car to a designated dealer in Victoria, they were advised that G.M. would be willing to sell the practically new vehicle to any one of the trio who would like it—at a large discount; it was practically a gift. Hunka and Frost were not interested. Doug Brophy did need a new car. He was on the point of writing a cheque when it occurred to him that the automobile would have to be delivered to him in St. John's. The shipping cost would more than offset the discount. Of course, the dealer suggested with a smile, he could always *drive* it home. Brophy's reply to that does not bear repeating.

* * *

Whether you have driven across Canada or whether you do your travelling by reading in the comfort of your arm-chair this country's cities, towns and villages always prove fascinating.

While examining a map of Canada, I wondered how some of our gathering places derived such original names. We know that many of the English, Scottish and Irish names were brought across the Atlantic by early settlers.

But what about Mission, for instance? Was somebody there sent on one? And Rocky Mountain House? Was a specific domicile in the foothill country that important? It is common knowledge that a fictional figure, Flintabbaty Flonatin, inspired the early settlers of Flin Flon. It was assumed that Medicine Hat's origin concerned an Indian character whose chapeau possessed magical qualities. How significant are the names of Pouce Coupe and Heart's Content and Penetanguishene?

At all events, I was convinced that a radio series was waiting to be done if we could research these and other oddly named Canadian locales and come up with some revealing answers. Since all provinces shared the long list of unusual place-names, we might conceive a national series and rotate productions among the various CBC regions. Each show would be a quarter-hour in duration, we would concentrate on a different location each week and there should be a variety of information and local colour which would reflect the character and atmosphere of the place in question. Each town's odd name would simply be a hook to catch the audience's attention, stimulate curiosity. The bulk of the programme would provide information about the town and its citizens.

Each week, a producer-commentator would spend three or four days in the town in question and, with his portable tape-recorder, would tell the history and the story of the town's development through the voices of its mayor or reeve, its oldest inhabitant, a barber, a teacher, its "weekly" editor and anyone else who had something pertinent to contribute. Needless to say, we enjoyed the enthusiastic co-operation of all who participated, especially the various Chambers of Commerce.

"Name a Town" went on the air in April, 1961 and ran for 39 weeks. I thought it warranted continuing indefinitely but the N.P.D. thought otherwise and he ran the network. Still, for most of that year, our O.B. people enjoyed their repertorial visits to Souris, Antigonish, Tatamagouche, Trois Pistoles, Deep River, Moose Jaw, Shawinigan, The Pas, Sechelt

and Cap de la Madeleine and numerous other places which often were mis-spelled and mispronounced.

* * *

More than sixteen years had elapsed since that New Year's Eve of 1944 when we aired "The Thunderbird Speaks"—the story of the gathering of Indians at Alert Bay and the potlatch dance on a remote beach on the Pacific. We had intended doing something else about Canada's original inhabitants but, because of our other commitments, we unfortunately had neglected those whom the history-books referred to as "redskins."

Concurrently with our examination of place-names, we began work on a series of 13 half-hours devoted entirely to our Indians. For once we were dealing with a controversial subject—a sociological treatment of all aspects of Indian life across Canada from the histories of the various bands, their reluctant and gradual transition from their traditional ways to the ways of the "civilized" white man.

By the early 'sixties, Indians had become accustomed to being analyzed by newspaper and magazine writers, do-gooders and ethnologists alike. Now, they were to be focussed on by CBC Radio. We received the green light and a budget and once again were on the warpath after a fresh challenge. We believed our series would be of some value to the Indian cause and would enlighten Canadians generally about 'les sauvages' who were understood by few non-Indians.

I devoted some time to working out a format and a separate topic for each show with a suitable sub-title. Vancouver's Bill Herbert agreed to second his associate producer-commentator, a young and bright Englishman named John Robertson, to "The Way of the Indian" for three or four months on a full-time basis. John and I discussed details and engaged two anthropologists for some weeks—Dr. Douglas Leechman, F.R.S.C. of Victoria as adviser and writer and Rosalind Murray, M.A. of Toronto as researcher. I undertook taping copies of traditional Indian music which was made available by the National Museum of Canada in Ottawa.

John himself would do all production, interviews with Indians and a few non-Indians throughout the country and the selection, after many auditions, of an Indian who would co-host the series. (We had agreed from the start that we would use a CBC announcer and a native Indian whose typically clipped speech style would be effective.) We received consid-

erable help from the Indian-Eskimo Association of Canada, the Indian Affairs Branch, superintendents on reserves and many of the Indians themselves; actually, forty-five of them participated in the programmes.

In the process of gathering his material, Robertson visited every province except Newfoundland. There was little point in his going there since Newfoundland's Indians—the Beothuks—had been decimated by disease and attacks by Micmacs and white settlers some decades earlier. The last known Indian on the big island was a girl named Shanadithi who went to the Happy Hunting Grounds at the age of 22 in the year 1829.

John Robertson and the anthropologists did not mince words. They presented the Canadian Indians as they were—originally people of nature whose gullibility and naïvete prompted them to accept a few glass beads, guns and ammunition and false promises in exchange for their furs, their land and their freedom. We saw the Indians as a people to whom time had little meaning and who had small regard for alarm-clocks. We examined their culture, totems, legends, spirits, music and dancing and their inability to cope with demon rum. We substituted "the white problem" for the often heard expression "the Indian problem"—insisting that understanding and guidance were necessary rather than crutches in the form of hand-outs. We did not overlook the need for better education on and off the reservations. We tagged them as people who were not as they used to be nor as they might be some day with complete assimilation (if indeed that is what they desire) but, as the final show suggested, "halfway to tomorrow."

Co-hosts were announcer Douglas Campbell of the CBC and Chief John Albany of the Songhees Band of the Coast Salish tribe in British Columbia.

The Chief opened each of the thirteen broadcasts simply with the series title: "The Way off the Indian." (We liked the way his "of" was transformed into "off.") He introduced the first show like this:

"The way off the Indian isn't at all like the way off the white man. We want to tell the white man some off the things he doesn't know about us, the Indian peoples off Canada . . . our history, our origins, the way we live on the 2,200 reserves all across Canada, the jobs we do, the reason we are different from the eighteen million other Canadians and the way we are accepted or are not accepted by our white brothers . . . . ."

Shortly after the series had been broadcast, it was tran-

scribed, streamlined and published in a booklet for sale to the public. Later still, we learned that "The Way of the Indian" had won a first award in the 1962 American Exhibition of Educational Radio Programmes at Ohio State University. Producer John Robertson deserved to have been made an honorary chief but at least he has the coveted "Ohio" certificate to remind him of his adventures with the Indians.

* * *

A couple of housekeeping changes took effect July 1, 1961.

A.E. Powley, who had been Supervisor of Outside Broadcasts for more than a decade, was moved to another area which required his special talents. Our new chief was Robert McGall, former supervisor of Light Entertainment. He joined us with the title: *General* Supervisor of Outside Broadcasts. Since I continued on as his deputy, I automatically became Assistant *General* Supervisor. The significance of the term "general" escaped me since my duties remained the same, as did my salary. Of course, it did sound a little more grandiloquent!

Bob's office was on the second floor of the Basel's Restaurant building at 385 Yonge Street, a block south of College. By shuffling some other poor wretches, space was found for all of us O.B. people cheek to jowl with our new boss. Our offices were convenient to restaurants, shopping and public transportation and much *too* accessible to curious weirdos who periodically would tire of wandering "the strip" and would climb the stairs to our floor in the hope of discovering a galaxy of television stars waiting to receive visitors. Alas, no stars!

Chapter XVII
DAWSON FESTIVAL

"This is your captain. There are a couple of moose standing in a pond dead ahead. Hang on and we'll get down low and circle them. Anyone wanting to take pictures should get over to the left side of the aircraft."

A considerate man—the skipper of our DC-3. We were about a half-hour out of Whitehorse on a dogleg flight north to Mayo, where we would refuel, then west to Dawson City.

The full load of passengers—23 of us—was bound for Dawson and the 1962 Gold Rush Festival. There were radio broadcasters, newspaper reporters and a couple of professional entertainers.

The Festival had been publicized for months and would be officially opened on Dominion Day—just four days off—by England's Lady Peel, better known to patrons of the theatre as Beatrice Lillie.

Like the internationally acclaimed Stratford Festival in Ontario, the Dawson City Festival was the brain-child of that imaginative and daring theatrical promoter Tom Patterson. Unlike Stratford, Dawson City was not in a heavily populated and easily accessible location. Whether Canada's newest and financially riskiest festival could attract people from the "outside" remained to be seen, located as it was more than 200 miles north-west of Whitehorse which in turn was more than 900 miles north-west of Edmonton. As one reporter put it: "It's several hundred miles from nowhere."

Furthermore, its population had shrunk. At the height of the goldrush, after the hordes of gold-hungry prospectors had clawed their way up the forbidding Chilcoot Pass in 1898, Dawson boasted a population of approximately 30,000—"the largest city west of Winnipeg and certainly the rowdiest." Now, sixty years later, there were in the neighbourhood of 700 permanent residents.

It was to this ghost-town far off the beaten track that the indomitable Mr. Patterson and his Festival Foundation hoped to attract thousands of well-heeled vacationers to partake of first-rate theatre in a wilderness setting of mountains and swirling rivers.

Our plane descended to a dusty landing on the gravel runway, the end of which was dramatically marked by an eight hundred-foot mountain with a rounded top called The Midnight Dome. As we taxied into town, we noticed puddles on all sides as though the place had been flooded; which it had been the previous week when the unpredictable Yukon had overflowed its banks. We saw workmen cleaning up debris and loading it into trucks and other labourers with other trucks spreading fresh gravel in the low spots on the streets.

Here we were in a locale of turn-of-the-century history indelibly recorded by a bank-clerk named Robert W. Service —a nostalgic place of weathered and crazily-slanted false-fronted buildings, some of which had been renovated and painted while others had succumbed to old age and collapsed, their twisted and whitened bones exposed to the elements.

The town's outstanding structure to which the citizens pointed with pride was the Palace Grand Theatre—a former dance-hall which had been completely restored from foundations to roof. Once a sagging wreck, it now stood majestically with its exterior of new wooden siding and its interior equally new with wallpaper which matched exactly that pasted on six decades earlier. With a seating capacity of 501, the "new" Palace Grand was a proud old lady who had come into her own again; she would be the focal point of the Festival.

The few old hotels, also refurbished, would in no way be able to accommodate the inrush of visitors expected. So the Festival organizers had brought in from Edmonton over the Alaska Highway about two dozen boxcar-sized aluminum house-trailers, each divided into eight rooms; smaller trailers provided complete bathroom facilities. All these units were arranged in neat rows a mile from town on a high embankment overlooking the Yukon River.

Still other accommodation was to be found aboard the S.S. "Keno"—last of the old stern-wheelers which had been refitted and re-painted at Whitehorse and navigated north downriver to Dawson. Her staterooms were small but adequate and her main saloon had been converted into a night-club, complete with a large bar.

(The CBC Outside Broadcasts Department had shot a television film entitled "The Last Voyage of the 'Keno'" some months earlier. For her voyage to Dawson, it had been necessary to hinge her funnel so she could pass beneath a highway bridge which spanned the river.)

The Festival would have many attractions to offer: ragtime piano-player Bob Darch would entertain aboard the "Keno"

and at various bars; comedienne Pam Hyatt would perform nightly on the same river-boat; Robert Service's cabin would be open to visitors as would most of the historic buildings around town; "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" would be recited, with special effects, each evening in the community hall; there would be gold-panning expeditions on a known claim leased for the occasion. Advertised but not observed by the CBC were a midnight flight to Tuktoyaktuk to see some drum-dancing by Eskimos, another to the same area for a white whale hunt, helicopter rides over the goldfields where giant power-dredges were re-working the original tailings with obvious success, bus trips and berry-picking excursions in the hills.

The chief attraction was the nightly presentation on the Palace Grand's stage of "Foxy"—a musical adaptation of Ben Johnsons bawdy play "Volpone" about trickery and avarice but with its locale moved from Venice to the Yukon goldfields; Ring Lardner, Jr. and Ian Hunter had written the book, Robert Dolan had composed the music and the lyrics were by Johnny Mercer—a distinguished team indeed.

Heading the cast of 26 was veteran comic Bert Lahr of "Cowardly Lion" fame who would play the part of a foxy old prospector who evens the score with his two-timing partners. The Festival organizers assumed that, with the presence of Mr. Lahr and the other distinguished players reviving the life and time of the gold-rush, it would attract capacity houses. We hoped so, too.

To say that the CBC was adequately represented at the Dawson Festival would be an understatement. There were radio production crews from both English and French networks, an English and a French camera crew and close to a dozen linguists to cover the event for the International Service. Actually, the overwhelming presence of Corporation personnel was almost an embarrassment! It seemed that everybody in the field of communications had come to Dawson City. There were freelance commentators, including Fred Davis who was to do some feature film narration. Pierre Berton and his family had actually driven in a camper all the way up the Alaska Highway.

My first job was to visit the local telegraph office to see whether progress had been made in providing radio with a long-distance circuit of satisfactory quality. The requisite A.M. network quality for speech with music was 8 kilocycles. We knew before setting out from "the outside" that the only

circuit available from Dawson was 3.5 kilocycles which was unacceptable. Canadian National Telegraphs assured us that somehow they would manage to upgrade the line to 5 kilocycles—hardly ideal but all we could expect from such a remote location. C.N.T. had brought in a couple of high-priced engineers from the East to push the work along but my visit to the office was merely frustrating. "We're working on it," they told me; "we should have some news for you tomorrow."

My second chore was to get hold of some insul-board, lumber and a carpenter to erect a number of semi-private tape-editing booths in the space allocated to us in the R.C.M.P. headquarters building. In due course, the booths were constructed but, since the partitions cut off the daylight and since what additional lighting extensions we managed to muster proved inadequate, the booths were shunned by all who had been expected to use them. Editing tape could be done only under the best possible light with no annoying shadows. So the booths were torn out again and the editing tables were moved up against the windows. But other people had problems, too.

The day prior to the opening of the festival, we came upon Pam Hyatt walking about alone and looking terribly disconsolate. She was to have entertained daily aboard the "Keno" but there was a mixup in her contract and some question as to whether she would be permitted to perform. Fortunately, a day or so later, an able officer from Actors' Equity flew in, the young lady's problem was resolved and she became a tremendous hit in the floating night-club.

The CBC crews had been allocated rooms in some of the aluminum trailers. We did not sleep particularly well since it was light all through the night—the sun actually disappearing from view (from the top of the Midnight Dome) from about 11:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m. Several times during the hours when we *should* have been unconscious we would step outside, bleary-eyed, for yet another fascinated look at the broad, fast-flowing Yukon two hundred feet below us with logs, entire trees and other washed out flotsam twisting and upending as the brown torrent propelled them inexhorably down north to the Arctic Ocean.

Dominion Day dawned clear, bright and hot. The little town assumed the bustling air of a city as automobiles and campers from five provinces and seven states, plus dozens from adjoining Alaska, poured in. Soon, the bars were jammed and the sidewalks were packed. Bert Lahr appeared

on the street and at once was besieged by visitors anxious to see him, shake his hand and obtain his autograph. A small parade led by a local band of amateur musicians wound up and down the by now dry and amply gravelled streets. Everyone was excited—convinced that, despite earlier misgivings, this was going to be a summer such as Dawson City had not known for sixty years.

The Gold Rush Festival was under way!

The world premier of "Foxy" at the Palace Grand was a rip-roaring success. Several hundred visitors, all in their Sunday best and at least half of them in tuxedos and formal gowns, packed the theatre. The press representatives from "outside" and the CBC horde—all with "season" complimentary tickets—were present and accounted for. When the curtains parted, I could not spot an empty seat. "Foxy" was as zany, as fast-paced, as uproarious and as entertaining as the publicity had promised with good lines, catchy music and costumes of the era of '98. When Bert Lahr climbed up the curtain and disappeared into thin air, the audience howled its approval!

On the second evening, the theatre was by no means filled and on the third the audience had dwindled even more. By the end of that first week, "Foxy" was playing to half-empty houses. While there had been a steady stream of automobiles driving in to Dawson that first day, they now appeared in ones and twos. The sidewalks no longer were packed and the line-ups for restaurant service diminished.

Meantime, we had some radio network originations to do. By some mysterious means, C.N. succeeded in establishing the promised 5 kilocycle circuit. We were not entirely happy with it and producer Bill Herbert and I locked horns for the first and only time in our lives, he demanding that I prevail upon the line company to improve the service and I insisting that there was absolutely no way this could be done.

Our broadcasts were packaged and routed on the upgraded circuit to Edmonton, which they reached in good shape, and from there they were put on the Trans-Canada Network. Despite the high fidelity of the permanent network, the Dawson City programmes of course romped across the nation with their original 5 kilocycle quality.

We telephoned Toronto master-control and were assured that the quality had been acceptable, if a shade thin. There had been no evidence of distortion. So Bill and I ceased our shouting and ambled over to the Lady Gay saloon for a beer.

The place was not especially busy although many tables were occupied. We found an empty one and sat down.

At the adjoinging table was an elderly man with three black-haired women and, judging from their upraised voices, their gesticulations and the number of glasses on the table, they had been swilling down beer since the establishment opened its doors.

We were having a quiet discussion about the calibre of the programmes we had fed "outside" and were about to order a second round when we became aware of an unexpected sound. Our four neighbours were smoking and talking and imbibing animatedly despite the unmistakeable sound of running water. It was the old man. There he sat, unperturbed and unselfconscious, placidly letting nature take its course. There was a MEN sign across the room but obviously he had not been interested in making use of it. Bill and I did not finish our suds. We simply got out of there.

Dawson City was filled with local characters. One of them I met was an old sourdough who had journeyed north in '98 and was familiar to everyone as a raconteur. I asked him whether he would be willing to tape some of his stories for the CBC. He was agreeable so a technician and I headed in our leased station-wagon towards the old gent's home.

The grizzled pioneer, like a handful of other Ninety-eighters, spent his winters in the comfort of an old folks' home. But, during the summer, being hale and hearty despite his 85 years, he lived with his pet dogs in a shack with a strip of canvas dangling down in place of a door. I walked over to the cabin and called out. After considerable barking from the other members of his family, my interviewee appeared and held the canvas aside.

"Come on in," he invited.

I hesitated—having taken one whiff of the interior. I wanted a one-hour interview but I could not have survived in that atmosphere for two minutes.

"Perhaps," I suggested, "we might do the taping in the station-wagon. It might be easier to see out in the sunshine." It was a bit nauseating merely standing in the doorway.

"Sure, I guess that'd be all right."

I led the way to the car and we arranged things so that I sat in the front with the prospector while the technician sat in the back with his machine. Prior to starting the interview, we opened all the windows "so that," I explained, "we'll be able to pick up outside atmosphere."

All I had to do was pose an occasional question and my interviewee took the bit between his teeth. He proved to be a fascinating story-teller and he covered everything—his trek over the Trail, striking it rich, losing it all during a winter's gambling, filing another claim that went cold, nearly drowning in the river a couple of times, two encounters with unfriendly bears which the bears lost. He ended by explaining that he still had a claim—a little mine behind his shack—where he worked a few hours most days during good weather and was sure that, sooner or later, he would make another rich strike.

Eventually, I gave the one-hour tape to Don Sims for his late night show. I personally did not hear it on the air but I hope it was used. That was one interview I would not want to do over again.

As for the Gold Rush Festival, the administrators managed to keep it alive for its scheduled six-week run with government financial assistance. "Foxy" played to nearly empty houses but the cast received its pay. After all, each member had an iron-bound contract.

If only Dawson City could have been picked up and set down again at, say, Edmonton, the Festival might have become an annual Canadian attraction. As it was, like the famed rush of so long ago, it simply petered out—not from a lack of gold but from a lack of visitors with bulging wallets.

I read somewhere that the Palace Grand Theatre, restored at a cost of more than $200,000, is used occasionally by the Dawson Little Theatre Group for amateur plays put on for the edification of the town's 700 residents. How much longer it will be so utilized is a matter of conjecture because it is reported that already the edifice has been damaged by the action of the permafrost—that phenomenal element in the character of the Canadian Arctic.

* * *

Reference has been made to two CBC radio networks: (1) the Trans-Canada with 24 CBC owned and operated stations, 30 private affiliates and 81 Low Power Relay Transmitters servicing isolated communities and (2) the Dominion with a CBC key station in Toronto plus 49 affiliates.

Since the advent of television, evening radio audiences had declined. Something had to be done to retrieve those listeners. After a lengthy study, it was decided that the two competitive

networks should be merged into a single new one with improved programming which would reach a potentially larger audience of discriminating listeners.

So it was that on October 1, 1962 the two old "nets" passed into broadcasting history. They were replaced by the CBC Radio Network with 24 corporately owned and operated stations, 47 affiliates and those 81 Low Power Relay Transmitters —a total of 152 transmitting outlets across the land.

Apart from the Toronto-Windsor leg which used a Canadian National Telegraph circuit, the entire new web depended on the facilities of the individual provincial telephone companies which combine to form the Trans-Canada Telephone System.

Chapter XVIII
THE UPPER MANTLE PROJECT

As far as I am concerned, the outstanding event of 1963 was the Upper Mantle Project.

Six years earlier, when the International Geophysical Year was launched, world scientists in many disciplines had undertaken a comprehensive investigation into all aspects of earth science.

This time, they were going to concentrate on exploring the mysteries of the mantle—the interior "pith" of our earth—and its relationship to conditions within the crust—said to be 20 miles thick under the land and 3 miles thick beneath the oceans.

The upper mantle, with which the project was particularly concerned is, I was informed, that area through which earthquakes can occur and which, being active, can influence conditions in the crust. Since we dwell on the earth's crust and since its occasionally unstable condition affects life itself, it appeared obvious that The Upper Mantle Project would be a worthwhile topic for some radio broadcasts which should be both educational and entertaining.

From our experience with the I.G.Y. series (see Chapter XII) we knew that this undertaking would require considerable time and travel and the expertise of a scientist.

I again called Dr. J. Tuzo Wilson, Director of the Institute of Earth Sciences at the University of Toronto, who had been such an effective on-air performer on the I.G.Y. programmes. In this case, I wanted to engage him as host for the series.

It has been said that, if you want a job done, ask someone who is up to his ears in work. Tuzo Wilson was lecturing, holding scientific meetings, dashing around on business trips and becoming increasingly involved with the Upper Mantle Project in various parts of the world. As past president of the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics he also had to help plan and co-ordinate an international symposium of scientists to be held in California in the late summer. Nevertheless, he enthusiastically agreed to be the host of our series and to undertake some of the writing. This distinguished Ca-

nadian never said: "I don't have time." Somehow he always *made* time.

The talents of a number of Outside Broadcasts producer-commentators in the regions were put to good use and I personally undertook several field interviews. Not only was it enjoyable to be again observing and reporting on Canadian scientists at work, it was a legitimate reason for getting away from the desk and seeing sections of the country I had not hitherto visited.

The studies to be carried out in Canada fell into two groups —those within the field of the Department of Mines and Technical Surveys and those being undertaken by universities supported by grants from the National Research Council. This meant making numerous trips to Ottawa and to various universities across the country.

For our first show, we taped astronomer Dr. Peter Millman's evaluation of outer space then, at Springhill Observatory 25 miles south of Ottawa, we recorded Ken Dugan's description of observations of meteor showers. At the University of Toronto, we examined meteorite specimens and learned that one of the largest discovered had weighed 17 tons. Dr. C.S. Beales, the Dominion Astronomer, talked about meteorite craters and particularly the one at Deep Bay, 400 miles north of Regina and he told us that the south-eastern part of Hudson Bay may have been blown out by a tremendous meteorite explosion. Drilling into craters reveals much about their origins and we did one story on the large crater that was drilled into at Clearwater Lake, 60 miles east of Hudson Bay in Quebec.

In his narration, Dr. Wilson explained crater drilling like this: "One of the very large craters might easily penetrate the earth's crust and so reach the mantle. The heat from such an explosion could melt part of the mantle itself which would flow out as hot lava. In Canada today we have no active volcanoes but there have been many big ones in the past and, since their lava came up from the deep interior, it can tell us something about the upper part of the mantle."

Dr. Charles Smith, drilling into the chilled lava of an ancient volcano near Coppermine inside the Arctic Circle, told us about his project. A bold American undertaking was the deep drilling of a "Mohole"—a layer inside the earth where the speed of sound-waves undergoes a sudden change.

Our introductory show, then: "From Crater to Mohole."

Professor Wilson explained that exploring anything hidden

beneath 20 miles of rock on land and 3 miles under the sea bed is "pretty tricky" but one can learn about it by timing echoes or waves received back from the top of the mantle by creating explosions. We taped two of these.

One explosion was set off at the Defence Research Board's experimental station near Suffield, Alberta and, 100 miles away, CBC observer David Cruickshank waited with Dr. George Garland to record the blast's echoes.

The second experiment employed a series of explosions detonated from aboard a ship in the western waters of Lake Superior, with the explosives suspended close to the lake bed. Dr. Gordon West, in charge of this project, with CBC technician John Skillen and I, waited in a hut on the eastern shore of the lake where the scientist picked up the shock-waves on geophones (under-water microphones) which were simultaneously recorded by moving pens on rolls of graph-paper. We taped our interview as well as the sounds of the distant detonations. An interesting aspect of this work was that it was always done at night when wind was almost non-existent. Dr. West explained that wind which causes large trees to sway also causes their roots to quiver and such action could distort the shockwaves being studied, thereby ruining the experiment.

We returned to the nation's capital where Dr. John Hodgson, the Dominion Seismologist and a foremost authority on earthquakes, taped an account of his work.

I visited Father Maurice Buist, a Jesuit priest in Montreal who took me down into his underground seismic vault beneath St. Jean-de-Brebeuf College where a half-dozen moving pens recorded Richter readings continuously. That struck me as unique—a priest who was concerned with human agitations and with those deep within the very ground we walk on!

So went the ingredients for Programme #2—"Rumblings in the Crust."

The third show—"Our King-Sized Magnet"—described many experiments being conducted in this country: the atmosphere's magnetic field, how the earth's magnetic field is affected by the aurora, the use of airborne magnetometers (which involved a bumpy ride in a small aircraft which actually was a flying laboratory.) We watched and described a scientist near Penticton, B.C. as he drilled to a depth of 2,000 feet to determine how much heat escapes from inside the earth. At the U. of T. in Toronto we were given a demonstration of the use of a mass spectrometer which created a vaccum in which samples of crust and mantle were analyzed to deter-

mine the relationship of one to the other through the use of radioactive isotopes.

"Continents on the Loose" was our fourth programme which dealt with mapping and gravity studies on the prairies, our priest-scientist again who explained how he used tiltmeters to measure movements of the earth, Hydrographic Survey scientists who demonstrated their research with tide-guages and researchers aboard the Canadian Coast Guard vessel "Labrador" who were attempting to locate a submarine ridge between Greenland and Baffin Island. Our host, Dr. Wilson, detailed his theory of continental drift—how the world's land masses, once joined, continue to drift farther and farther apart.

The single mishap I had during The Upper Mantle Project tapings was in Alberta when I was recording inside an earth gravity laboratory. The place was operated by an elderly gentleman and his daughter—both geophysicists specializing in gravity. The one-roomed building was bare except for five four-foot pedestals located several feet apart. On top of these were mounted the gravity meters.

The only equipment I had with me was a Wirek—a lightweight portable tape-recorder which ran by spring tension; it had to be wound up by cranking a little handle on its side like an old-fashioned gramophone. (Difficult to believe yet true!) It would function at constant speed for a mere three minutes; if one wanted to record something longer it was necessary to wind it every couple of minutes which always proved disconcerting. (Actually, the Wirek was only suitable for use by an octopus since the interviewer had to hold it steady with one hand, crank it with another, clutch his notes in a third, the microphone in a fourth and a stop-watch in a fifth!)

After recording an interview with the scientist in charge, I wanted his daughter to walk around with me to explain about the five meters. At this point, the gentleman suggested that he would keep the machine wound which would simplify the procedure. I hooked a longer microphone-extension on to the Wirek, showed him how much to wind it and cautioned him against over-winding.

Away we went, I with microphone and notes in hand and the young lady beside me, the cable slithering along the floor in our wake. She explained about the five readings (for accurate checking purposes) and why these measurements would be important to the study of the earth's mantle and all seemed to be going along nicely when I glanced across the laboratory to see how my other friend was doing with his winding.

His left hand anchored the Wirek firmly onto the table. His right arm was straining, forcing, as he attempted to wind that delicate spring as taut as it would go. Obviously, he had quite forgotten my warning about not over-winding.

I opened my mouth to shout to him to cease and desist but it was too late. There was a loud SP-P-PRANG-G-G!

The three of us stood there, unable to believe that it had happened. I walked over to the table.

"I think the spring has gone;" murmured the gravity expert; "sorry, I must have over-wound it a bit."

What could I say? I was not too concerned about the interview as we had enough on tape. But the next day I was scheduled to record other interviews at the University of Saskatchewan. There I was with a damaged recorder twelve hundred miles from home base where our technical maintenance geniuses could have breathed new life into that Wirek. Talk about frustration!

I telephoned the first scientist I was to meet the following day and explained my predicament. He told me he had a machine I could use. So it all worked out.

Back in Toronto, we edited tapes for ten days and packaged the four half-hours. Each one was exactly three minutes short as I wanted to leave room at the end of each for a statement by a different non-Canadian scientist to provide an international flavour.

In due course, I found myself at U.C.L.A. at Berkeley, California where the aforementioned meetings of the world's most distinguished earth scientists were in session. Tuzo Wilson had lined up the four famous geophysicists we wanted, had established recording times and had reserved a room and taping equipment (which did not require winding!)

First came Dr. Anton Hales of South Africa who spoke about the Vredefort Ring—a series of hills in his country where it is believed a meteorite 1½ miles in diameter and weighing 30 billion tons struck the earth to form a crater with an explosion a million times greater than a large atomic blast.

Sir Edward Bullard, senior geophsicist at Britain's Cambridge University, recorded an equally dramatic piece about geomagnetic surveys.

Third to record was Professor V.V. Beloussov of the Soviet Union, past president of the I.U.G.G. which was convened upstairs. He spoke of the need for all scientists to pool their knowledge and to work together for the good of mankind and was proceeding splendidly, in his heavy Russian accent, when the borrowed university machine began to act up. I inter-

rupted his statement and apologetically asked him to relax for a couple of minutes. He shrugged, sat back with a smile and proceeded to fill his pipe while I succeeded in prevailing upon the recorder to co-operate. Next time around, the taping was completed to my, and Beloussov's, satisfaction. As he departed, he chuckled and remarked: "It iss goot!"

The final scientist to be taped was one Professor K. Wadati of Tokyo, director of Japan's Disaster Warning Service. His specialty was studying earthquakes ('earthcakes' as he called them) and anticipating and measuring resulting tidal waves or "tsunamis." Long before I met him, I had misgivings about this Japanese individual because I felt sure he would have a pronounced accent which might cause him to be difficult to follow. He was a polite, co-operative thirtyish man and the taping went smoothly; he expressed himself reasonably well but, as I had feared, all his Ls came out as Rs and he was a little hard to understand. But I took a chance and used his three-minute piece from "Berkerey, Carifornia."

The Upper Mantle Project ran for four occasions on the CBC Radio Network and on the National Educational Radio Network in the United States.

* * *

Five years prior to Canada's 100th birthday, I began doodling on my desk-pad as vague thoughts passed through my head about our forthcoming centenary. What kind of programming would we be expected to do in that special year? Maybe nostalgic stuff would be in vogue. Looking back to the early days. Stories from history. Reflections on the simple life. True experiences of pioneer Canadians. That would be fitting —pioneers who were able to remember vividly their ways of life with some hard-to-believe anecdotes and a few humourous incidents. Pioneers who could speak clearly without their false teeth rattling, without wheezing or forgetting. Pioneers who could relate their true stories accurately and colourfully.

Starting in '67, such a series could run indefinitely. It would be grass-roots Canadiana—first-hand accounts of the lives of Canadians who knew this country at the turn of the century or before. It would have appeal, especially for older listeners, hearing reminscences about "the good old days" voiced by pioneers. Perhaps that might be an appropriate title for such a series: "Voice of the Pioneer." It had a pleasant ring and would be recognized in newspaper radio-listings for what it was.

I thought it expedient to begin as soon as possible to gather the raw material and to stockpile the tapes, together with a biography of each pioneer we recorded. Biogs would be necessary for introductory purposes and for publicity.

After discussing the idea with the National Programme Director (who agreed with it in principle), I sent a memo to all Outside Broadcasts personnel across the country briefing them in detail and requesting their co-operation in locating old-timers (aged 75 or more) in their respective regions and getting their recollections on tape. In addition to staff members, freelancers also climbed onto the "Voice of the Pioneer"* bandwagon. All were enthusiastic about this new long-term project.

As the biographies and tapes flowed in I listened to each interviewee, wrote a "for quick reference" summary of each pioneer's anecdotes, indexed these historical treasures then filed them away carefully for future use. What a variety of tapes and what remarkable people those old-timers were—those early Canadians!

The first tape was by a former member of the Northwest Mounted Police who had been posted to a fort near Calgary, who had been ordered out in the dead of winter to bring in a pair of murderers, who had fought with Indians and had experienced a dozen other hair-raising adventures on the plains.

The second was by a Winnipeg physician who recalled that city's streets of wooden paving-blocks and horse-drawn tramcars; he told of removing a girl's appendix on the kitchen-table of her parents' homestead with the only illumination being a kerosene lamp held aloft by a quivering relative.

There was the genteel lady in Victoria who remembered the gala parties held in her mother's elegant mansion for the sailors when they came home on leave to their base in Esquimalt.

A former school-marm in Yellowknife talked about life in the raw in a frontier town, the suffering they endured in winter, how they overcame their loneliness and how much they appreciated the simple things of life.

*"Voice of the Pioneer" was not scheduled on the CBC Radio Network until 1968 with production by Bill McNeil and J. Frank Willis as host. After Mr. Willis' death, the series was produced and narrated by Mr. McNeil. It has been running continuously on a weekly basis for more than twelve years.

A Newfoundland sea-captain spoke of "goin' to de hice" on the annual seal-hunt, becoming ice-bound and losing some good men. An old fishermen from the same province remembered in detail the rigours of a life spent in a dory as they brought in the cod.

A Lunenburger who had been a master builder of wooden ships told of practising his craft when "wooden vessels was all they used" and when "all the work was done proper—usin' hand tools."

Month after month, the tapes kept coming. I was sorely tempted to use them but knew they must be held in inventory until the big birthday party which lay a few more years ahead.

There was little doubt in my mind that they would constitute one of the highlights of 1967 radio when nostalgia would come into its own.

Chapter XIX
THE '64 TRI-CITY ROYAL VISIT

At the end of September of 1964 a chartered Vanguard lifted off from Toronto's Malton Airport with some 50 CBC radio and televison personnel aboard, touched down at Ottawa to pick up another 15 broadcasters then at Montreal's Dorval where a French Networks group of 20 boarded. Then it was a direct flight to Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. Our equipment had been forwarded earlier and the TV mobiles had been driven down three days before. The English radio crew included producers, commentators and technicians from as far west as Vancouver and there was a strong representation from our National News Service. Other CBC people from Maritimes points were to meet us on The Island.

The occasion was another Royal Visit, this time of slightly over a week's duration, with three cities on the itinerary—Charlottetown, Quebec City and Ottawa.

This visit by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh was to mark the centenary of the historic meeting at Province House in Charlottetown in 1864 when the Fathers of Confederation convened to discuss the unification of the five eastern provinces, with further discussions taking place in Quebec City. To mark the 100th anniversary in a more permanent way, Her Majesty would open a new national shrine—the Fathers of Confederation Memorial Building—actually six adjoining hollow concrete cubes of modern design in central Charlottetown embracing the magnificent Festival Theatre, library, art gallery, museum and the Memorial Hall.

When our aircraft rolled to a stop beside the passenger terminal and its door slid open, a familiar figure appeared at the top of the ramp. It was Jack McAndrew, former O.B. Supervisor for the Maritimes and now press liaison officer for P.E.I. He announced loudly that everyone should board the buses alongside—everyone, that is, except Liston McIlhagga, Pierre Normandin and me. As the rest of the gang descended the ramp, the three of us wondered why we had been asked to remain aboard. Perhaps for some briefing. Liston was corporate coordinator for the visit, Pierre coordinator of television and I of radio.

McAndrew handed each of us a tall black hat styled after those in vogue for gentlemen a century earlier.

"You three," Jack explained, "are to be transported separately because all the buses are filled. You'll find your conveyance at the foot of the ramp. Enjoy your ride!"

We should have suspected that the innovative Mr. McAndrew might have laid on something unusual. Moments later, we were en route to Charlottetown in a horse-drawn open landau, complete with a uniformed coachman also replete with a "topper." People along the way waved, laughed, shouted and even cheered!

At the conclusion of the drive, McAndrew met us again and explained that all the television people had been allocated rooms in a large downtown motel while the English radio crew would be put up in a barn near the seashore a few miles away.

It was a barn indeed—converted into a quite attractive motel with two levels of rooms and with a large white farmhouse across the road where we might have breakfast. The proprietor handed us our keys and asked whether we would mind paying in advance—an unusual request to an entire "certified" group. Perhaps he was suspicious of broadcasting types or he might have been short of cash.

Sleeping in the barn was an experience. Each room was equipped with an electric heater although the converted building obviously had not been wired for such conveniences. Each morning, after I had awakened everyone at 6:00 a.m. and the lights had been turned on and the heaters plugged in, the fuses would blow. We complained to our host but he did not seem overly concerned. However, they gave us sumptuous hot breakfasts so we always started off in high spirits to begin each day's work.

I was fortunate in having such a good-natured, skilled and hardworking crew with me on this assignment—such CBC staffers as producers Doug Field from Halifax and Reid Forsee and Ronald Gordon from Toronto and Jackie Matan from Edmonton and commentators Lamont Tilden, Don Sims, Bill Kehoe, Bob Switzer, George Rich and Don McDermott, not forgetting our efficient secretary and clerk Giselle Mondou. They all hated me for so heartlessly disturbing their repose at such an early hour but they gave their assignments everything they had.

The sunny days and frosty nights had brought out vivid reds and yellows in the leaves and our quarter-hour drive to town each morning was a pleasure indeed.

But all thoughts of nature's attractions were erased from our minds when we gathered in our temporary office to face the problems of mounting our scheduled "live to full network" broadcasts. A sticky job lay ahead of us.

There had been rumours for weeks that the Queen would be coming to Canada. Then the visit was called off. Then it was on again. This indecision (ostensibly by the Palace and/or the Canadian government) scarcely permitted orderly planning of coverage. All we could do was to proceed as though the visit were firm—and hope for the best. Too, there had been suggestions that Her Majesty might encounter certain difficulties in the Province of Quebec.

Security, always tight where royalty is concerned, was extraordinarily so on this visit. There were R.C.M.P. uniformed and plainclothes officers everywhere. Senior "special assignment" security officials followed our activities closely—particularly in conjunction with the placement of equipment. Not only did they attach themselves to us like leeches but on more than one occasion they forbade us to use certain microphones for reasons of personal safety.

The chief culprits were a couple of uni-directional Electrovoice line microphones designated as a "642" and a "643" respectively. The police were not concerned about the effectiveness of these instruments but with their *appearance*. Both were highly sensitive and were mounted on heavy stands. Unlike conventional microphones, each consisted of a metal tube about the size and shape of a rifle barrel. When in use, the "barrel" was encased in a grey cylinder of foam rubber which altered the unit's appearance from that of a rifle to something more closely resembling a machine-gun. (We referred to them simply as "shotguns.")

The smaller "642" had a length of 20 inches while the "643" was about 7½ feet. The shorter instrument as a rule was pre-positioned to focus on a given sound source. The larger microphone was a manned one—that is, a technician stood on the back side of the stand and pointed the cylinder in whatever direction the producer ordered; sometimes he would "pan" across a crowd as does a cameraman.

The security men were concerned that, while a CBC technican was lining up for optimum sound pickup with his eye at one end of the tube and the microphone pointing at—well, the Queen, for instance, some idiot in the crowd might think the mike-operator could be trying to pull off something nasty... which meant that the innocent operator ran the risk of being

felled by a bullet from the gun of a would-be hero. Hardly likely, as the security chaps said, but possible. When we argued that it was essential to use the manned "643" on occasion, they usually agreed provided we decorated the barrel of the microphone with luminous yellow ribbon to make it obvious that we were not attempting to conceal our activities. Obviously, we had to use considerable tact as to when and where we utilized our "shotgun mikes." And always, but always, we pre-checked with Security.

As a rule on occasions such as this, radio commentators were stationed on their own scaffold platforms and television cameramen had separate ones. For some obscure reason, for the Summerside arrival ceremony commentators and cameramen shared the same stands. During rehearsal, someone accidentally caused one stand to jiggle momentarily. Afterwards, the TV co-ordinator complained to me that "your radio people are shaking my cameras." I warned the commentators for heaven's sake to stand still up there, which they managed to do. The Royal Party arrived by air on October 5 at 4:30 p.m., received the traditional artillery salute, the Queen inspected her Royal Guard of Honour then she and the Prince shook hands with the VIPs, after which they attended a reception, shook more hands and waved at the children who lined the route. They spent the night in the royal yacht "Britannia" which lay at anchor just off Summerside.

Next morning, "Britannia" steamed into Charlottetown harbour and there was another tumultuous welcome for Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh as they were paraded through Prince Edward Island's capital. That afternoon, the Queen was to officially open the Fathers of Confederation Memorial Building and unveil an inscription commemorating the first meeting of the "Fathers."

The latter formality posed a small problem for us. The inscription was engraved on the sandstone wall immediately inside the entrance to Memorial Hall behind a curtain. When the curtain was drawn aside by the Queen, the inscription would be revealed. We had been advised that, at the same time, it might be her pleasure to utter a few well-chosen words. It was important that we pick up her remarks but we had been told *not* to place a microphone near the inscription. We had only one alternative. Some 60 feet away on a low platform in an inconspicuous corner behind a potted palm we set up our long-barreled microphone, directed toward the precise spot where Her Majesty would stand to pull the cord. We

ran a test and the pickup was perfect. Then, a bare half-hour prior to the little ceremony, Prince Philip's personal security man walked through to inspect and he let it be known to us in no uncertain terms that we were *not* to point "that thing" at the Queen. That was an order. So we removed it together with the several hundred feet of cable we had strung and carefully hidden from the gaze of the Queen and the feet of the public.

In due course, Her Majesty swept in. She stepped toward the ceremonial curtain, smiled and gave the string a gentle pull, exposing the attractive bilingual inscription. She studied it, smiled again, turned and departed. Since she had chosen not to speak, we had not missed anything.

The next day, the Royal Couple met the children who had come from many parts of The Island to catch a glimpse of their Queen who they had been assured had made the long flight all the way from her palace in England especially to see them.

So ended the visit of the Queen and her husband—and ourselves—to the charming "garden province" of Prince Edward Island. We left it in the capable hands of the ghosts of the Fathers of Confederation and our friend Jack McAndrew.

Our technical crews remained in Charlottetown for some hours to "tear down" our setups, coil up all the microphone, power and camera cables and pack them for shipment to Ottawa where some would be required for the final phase of this visit. Meantime, the supervisory group and a number of producers and commentators rushed out to the airport.

Later that afternoon, we were in Quebec City to ensure that all had been put in readiness by another technical crew for the arrival of the Royal Party the next morning.

"Britannia" would sail from P.E.I. out into the Gulf of St. Lawrence then up-river during the night and would dock at the pier at Wolfe's Cove at 10:00 a.m. Of course she would not simply arrive. There would be *an arrival.* This meant flags, bunting, flowers, coats-of-arms, a brass band, a Royal Guard of Honour, an official welcome by provincial and civic dignitaries, a turn-out of Royal Canadian Mounted Police in dress uniform and, unrecognized by the spectators, the ever-present corps of plainclothes security officers.

Down at Wolfe's Cove, everything which concerned us had been taken care of by our dependable technicians. The production-control had been installed, all cables strung, stands and microphones put in place and tested and the telephone company had installed our business phones.

There was an evening rehearsal with troops, band, Royal Guard and stand-ins for the visitors. Our producer and commentators had done their homework. At dinner-time, our equipment was protected with plastic covers and the weary technical crew was free for the evening. Two CBC commissionaires took over to keep their eyes on the equipment during the night.

I was on the point of leaving for a bite to eat when two senior security officers asked me to accompany them up to the roof of the high freight-shed at one side of the dock. Up the ladder we went, then walked across to a point at the edge of the roof nearest the river where we had a tripod supporting one of our long "shotgun" microphones—a "643"—complete with bright yellow ribbons—aimed directly downward to the spot where Her Majesty would be piped ashore in the morning.

The senior officer asked: "Will you have a technician manning this?"

I replied that we would.

"Sorry, that's quite out of the question. I'm afraid you'll have to get it out of here."

"Is it O.K. if we substitute an unmanned microphone?"

"Yes—but not one of these or even the shorter one. The appearance bothers us."

One did not argue with these men. We removed the offending instrument and substituted with an ordinary dynamic microphone which I hoped would provide at least a reasonably good pickup.

The officers departed, satisfied.

I followed in disgust. Why didn't they like the "643" there? It bore the yellow regulation markings. Was it a safety precaution or was it because the Queen's security man had insisted we not point it at her? That other time it had been some 60 feet away. Here, it was more than four times that distance from where she would disembark. It was unlikely that she would see it, anyway. Of course, her security chap would. He saw everything—the s.o.b.

"Britannia" eased into her berth precisely on time the next morning; her naval escort vessels pulled in ahead of and behind her. The twenty-one-gun salute. The bos'n's pipe, piercing and clear in our headphones from the small mike on the shed roof. Royal Salute. Inspection of the Guard of Honour. Smiles. A bouquet presented by a little girl. Small talk. Then into black limousines, closed, for the drive up the hill to L'Edifice Legislature de Quebec.

The processional route was hardly jammed with onlookers. There were small groups here and there, a fair number of children waving bleu-et-blanc fleur-de-lis flags. Policemen standing shoulder to shoulder. Other policemen, mounted.

The lawn in front of the Legislature was crowded, mostly with men who wore neither welcoming smiles nor festive attire. Some bore placards. All could be heard like the rumbling of an approaching thunder-storm—boos, catcalls, raucous jeers, harsh and unfriendly sounds from the throats of resentful demonstrators.

These were not the happy-go-lucky, fun-loving and charming Quebecois whose gaiety and music and joi-de-vivre have given "La Belle Province" an enviable reputation as a place of hospitality. A few of these happy ones were to be seen, too, but they were in the minority—pushed into the background by a gang of hooligans intent on making itself heard and disrupting as much as possible this goodwill visit by a gentle couple who had come in good faith.

The Queen and the Prince were hurried inside the building where her Majesty addressed the Assembly in French and English.

While her speech was being broadcast to the nation, commentator Don Sims stood on a scaffold outside and taped a description of the demonstrations. I do not recall whether his piece was used on the air.

The insults became more strident upon the emergence of the royal couple from the Legislature but, thanks to the efficiency of the Quebec Provincial Police, the motor cavalcade departed without mishap.

After lunch, there was to be a gala event at the Citadel—the walled fortress and parade-ground overlooking the old city of Quebec. Here, Her Majesty would take the salute at a Trooping of the Colour by the Royal Twenty-Second Regiment—the famous "Van Doos." Then, after the final march-past, she would officially dedicate the Citadel's new Memorial Chapel.

We were unable to broadcast the afternoon activities "live" since the CBC already was committed to carry a world series game on both the radio and television networks. So we did a "live to tape" production for delay after the game had ended.

To the stirring music of the band, the crack regiment marched and counter-marched across the parade-ground with the colours snapping in the wind as the Queen, from her position on the dais, observed the military precision with obvious approval. It was a moving occasion for the several

hundred spectators whose seats lined the perimeter of the field and for additional hundreds who packed the bleachers above and behind the dais. It was an afternoon of colour and pomp and inspiration.

As the radio producer and I monitored the sound in our headphones, we became aware of distant and less pleasing sounds coming from somewhere below and outside the Citadel—shouting and yelling as trouble-makers did their best to mar the perfection of that splendid afternoon.

It was ironical when, later that day, CBC Radio broadcast to the network two programmes from Quebec City which, to a casual listener, might well have originated from separate locations on different occasions. There was the report by Radio News about the rioting with the sounds of angry shouts and general mayhem. There was the programme by Outside Broadcasts of a great royal event with all its pageantry and dignity.

We were accused by News of having seen only what we had chosen to see and had not presented an accurate picture of the Quebec Visit which included the unpleasant aspects. We contended that our role was to concentrate on the royal activities.

In retrospect, I suppose we both were right and wrong—News playing up the rioting almost to the exclusion of the Trooping of the Colour and O.B. turning its back on the actions of the undesirable element outside the Citadel walls and focusing wholly on the pageantry. Like the blind men who went to see an elephant, we "disputed loud and long."

That was not the end of the matter. There were heated phone-calls to Toronto and to Head Office in Ottawa. The Corporation's top brass listened to both sides of the argument. They deliberated. Then they despatched a "private and confidential" telegram to the corporate co-ordinator of the Royal Visit. In management's view, O.B. had been correct in concentrating on the pomp rather than the circumstance in this instance although they felt that in future we could afford to be less idealistic and somewhat broader in our reporting—provided we did not blemish the dignity of a Royal Visit.

Senior management was so concerned that that same evening Captain W.E.S. Briggs (by then Executive Vice-President of the Corporation) appeared at our hotel and met with all concerned, declared it had been a difficult time for everyone and that he felt O.B. had been justified in handling the broadcast as we had and that News, always expected to be completely factual, had done its job creditably. After these Vice-

Presidential views had been expressed, we all cooled off a bit. We hoped there would not be a repetition of the Quebec City controversy when the Queen paid her visit to Ottawa.

Naturally, there was not. In the nation's capital, Her Majesty carried out her duties with her customary charm and grace and received enthusiastic applause and cheers from the good citizens of Ottawa, who seemed delighted to have her in their midst again.

The evening of the departure, we were set up in the great V.I.P. hangar at Uplands Air Base to cover the final handshaking, bowing, curtseying, saluting, goodwill speeches, the last bouquet presentation and eventually the boarding of the RCAF luxury aircraft for their flight home to London.

Once the Royal Party was airborne, those of us who had worked on the visit heaved a mighty sigh of relief.

No doubt Her Majesty did likewise.

* * *

On December 10, 1964 Robert McGall, our general supervisor, was moved to a senior executive post and the Outside Broadcasts Department as a unit was phased out. The production of features and documentaries and the coverage of sports and special events continued unabated but these programme areas became the responsibilities of now independent national supervisors.

My title of "assistant general supervisor" went the way of the old department and from that day on I was called National Supervisor of Special Events (Radio.) With 1967 only two years off, I felt sure that I would manage to keep busy.

Chapter XX
PREPARATIONS FOR A PARTY

Preparing for Canada's 100th birthday party involved more than baking a cake.

More than 19 million Canadians would attend as well as thousands of others from many parts of the world. The party would last for an entire year. It would take three times that long to organize. Certain party ingredients would require four years to prepare.

Several key organizers were appointed to mastermind the celebrations on behalf of the Canadian government, with Secretary of State Judy LaMarsh parcelling out funds as they were required and generally keeping her bespectacled eyes on the total planning picture.

Early in 1963, former CBC broadcaster John W. Fisher (known as 'Mr. Canada') had been named Centennial Commismisioner. This magnetic communicator, fired with enthusiasm and eager to spread the gospel of Centennial throughout Canada and south into the United States, set off on a seemingly endless round of speaking engagements to whip up interest. He advised governments, communities and organizations how they might effectively mount Centennial projects according to their resources. What he preached was total participation. He spoke to clubs, visited schools, rode in parades, wrote articles and broadcast over the CBC. He did all this in addition to spearheading Centenary projects throughout the land. He had a popular product to promote—and what a promoter he proved to be!

Mayor Jean Drapeau of Montreal and a number of other politicians had felt for some time that a first category World's Fair would provide a focal point for Canada's birthday and that it would attract holidayers from the four corners of the earth. The mayor drew up elaborate plans and submitted these to the International Exhibitions Bureau in Paris. In due course, they were approved and permission was granted for Drapeau to proceed.

His idea was to enlarge Île Ste. Helene—an island park in

the St. Lawrence River opposite Montreal near the entrance to the Seaway—and to construct a second island to be known as Île Notre Dame. On those islands would be held the greatest exposition ever seen in the western hemisphere. It was an ambitious and a costly plan but, with financing by the federal, Quebec and Montreal municipal governments, it would be possible. Where would they find 25 million tons of fill to enlarge one island and build another? Simple. From the excavations for Montreal's new subway or "metro."

Mayor Drapeau was a man of action. The first truckload of fill was emptied into the river by Prime Minister Lester Pearson in August, 1963.

A few weeks later Pierre Dupuy, Canada's Ambassador to France, was appointed Commissioner-General of the exposition-to-be which would be known as "Expo '67" with the theme "Man and his World." Dupuy's job would be to travel the globe, to sell the idea of Expo and to persuade as many foreign countries as possible to participate by erecting their own national pavilions on the two islands with their scenic lagoons, canals and pedestrian bridges.

Month after month, processions of trucks emptied their loads of rock and rubble into the St. Lawrence River while gargantuan bulldozers pushed, spread and levelled it until the original island had expanded to the required size and another mountain of rock had emerged from the water to form a second island. When both islands had cleared the river's surface by a safe margin, further millions of tons of fill were trucked in—top-soil for landscaping and gravel for the beds of service roads and several miles of pedestrian walkways which would criss-cross this new miniature city.

Engineers and contractors in hard hats huddled over their blueprints and surveyors pegged out the perimeter of each of the 62 national pavilions and the immense "theme" buildings. Ready-mix concrete trucks rumbled back and forth across the Expo site. Vari-shaped foundations began to appear here and there. Slowly, steel and concrete walls began to rise from the brown muck of the two islands.

Robert Brazil and Robert MacGregor, Special Events commentator-producers in Montreal, broadcast regularly on the CBC Radio Network actuality progress reports from the Expo location. As the work advanced, their voices reflected their excitement and pride in the city of tomorrow which gradually was taking shape before their eyes. They described what had been a Jean Drapeau dream to skeptics east and west of the Province of Quebec—assuring their listeners that it was a

dream no longer—that, in 1967, it would be a new wonder to be seen and enjoyed and shared by all Canadians and countless other visitors. Their reports were transmitted abroad by the CBC International Service and the whole world was invited—in fact urged—to come to Expo in '67 to join in Montreal's celebration of Canada's birthday—the largest party ever conceived.

These broadcasters waxed eloquent about the unique designs of many of the national pavilions that were beginning to take on recognizeable forms—Canada's Katamavik or gathering-place which was an immense pyramid turned upside-down, the United States' geodesic dome—a Buckminster Fuller semi-transparent bubble 20 storeys tall, Germany's plastic tent supported by 8 steel poles and resembling a huge spiny caterpillar, Russia's glass-and-aluminum building with a roof like an ultra-wide ski-jump and the Netherlands' triodetic "space-frame" consisting of 57,000 pieces of aluminum tubing.

They interviewed construction-men working on Great Britain's octagonal-based tower with a stepped or broken top, Mexico's star-shell of wood and aluminum, Israel's fibreglass show-place with a geometric roof and cubist walls and Italy's futuristic building with its roof seemingly suspended in the sky. One broadcast dealt with the exotic Buddhist shrine of Thailand, another with British Columbia's enormous mountain of cedar shakes surmounted by an evergreen forest, the three white blockhouses of Greece and a like number of cubes painted in primary colours which represented Venezuela.

The two Roberts explained that the Third World countries of Africa would share a series of 20th century interlocking huts comprising a tribal village, that Japan's steel-and-concrete structure suggested a flat-roofed meeting-place of squared timbers, that Ontario had a great plastic tent with soaring tips and hidden hollows and that what appeared to be an immense and untidy pile of children's interlocking building-blocks was a new concept of dwelling-places called "Habitat"—354 separate housing units of concrete, poured on the ground then hoisted into position by an over-sized crane.... "a city in the sky."

They discussed the stylized tepee which reached towards the clouds and symbolized the Indian peoples of Canada and the "theme" buildings which represented Man the Explorer, Man the Creator, Man the Producer and other manifestations of human accomplishment combining to reflect the Expo theme of "Man and his World;" the latter were truncated tetrahedrons or pyramids with the points bitten off.

Expo was progressing dramatically by early 1965 when the Montreal mike-men did a detailed report concerning I.B.C.—the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's own International Broadcasting Centre on the Expo site which ultimately would provide radio and colour television facilities for domestic and international productions and transmissions from and about the forthcoming world's fair. I.B.C. would be a model communications centre containing ultra-modern studios and control-rooms and probably the finest electronic equipment available. Its exterior was a sixty-foot-tall oblong building of fluted concrete. Inside, it was a broadcaster's Elysium.

Later in the year, it became obvious that the co-ordination of CBC Centennial broadcasting would demand the undivided attention of a group of special events people. Thom Benson was named overall co-ordinator and, as head of television special events, was in charge of all televising of Centennial spectaculars throughout Canada. My job was to co-ordinate radio. For two years, Thom and I divorced ourselves from practically all day-to-day programming responsibilities and concentrated our attention on the coverage of Centennial and Expo '67.

Offices were set up for us in a suite on Toronto's University Avenue where we established a Centennial Broadcast Planning Headquarters with several full-time researchers and other key people including film production, engineering, budgeting and network scheduling specialists.

Organizing Centennial Year radio coverage was an exciting challenge. The Corporation's responsibility was to provide complete coverage of all Centennial events of major importance and of national or regional interest. Centennial programmes would warrant the highest priority in both media throughout 1967. Such being the case, I was in the enviable and unique position of being able to tell radio's National Programme Director which events would have to be carried "live" on *his* network! I am afraid my temporary authority did not win the approbation of other production departments since it resulted in the pre-emption of dozens of hours of regular programming.

Fortunately, funding did not pose a problem. For Centennial, we were given an ample budget which we were free to utilize as we thought best, provided we did not exceed its limitations. The Corporation demanded only one thing from us—the organization of exemplary programming on the networks for and about Centennial Year.

When embarking on anything as overwhelming as a full year of "specials" all across the country, the obvious starting point was to determine which events would be most important, the size and complexity of each and where and when each would take place. We had a number of meetings with Centennial Commissioner Fisher who provided us with the information we required.

Mr. Fisher had left no stone unturned to make Canada's birthday party the ultimate in imaginative, meaningful and many-faceted celebrations.

There would be the lighting of a Centennial Flame on Parliament Hill in Ottawa, a Confederation Train—a mobile museum of Canadiana and history—which would cross and re-cross the land throughout the year, 8 Confederation Caravans each consisting of 8 tractor-trailers also exhibiting Canadian artifacts and which would visit those locations not served by the railways, an Armed Forces Tattoo with historical overtones which would perform at most major centres, a Centennial Voyageur Canoe Pageant which would follow the fur-traders' route for 100 days, Pan-American Games in Winnipeg, a fleet review on each coast with ships from twenty nations participating, a Dominion Day extravaganza on The Hill and visits by Her Majesty the Queen and other members of the royal family as well as by more than sixty heads of state. Special music and ballets would be commissioned, cultural competitions would be established and Centennial Medals would be struck. As well as all these—there was Expo.

All the traditional (annual) Canadian attractions would be held and given Centennial motifs so that they would become integral parts of the birthday celebrations—the Quebec Winter Carnival, the Dominion Drama Festival, Edmonton's Klondike Days, the Calgary Stampede, air shows, parades and the great late summer exhibitions at Toronto, Vancouver and Ottawa.

There would be the first Winter Games at Quebec City, fifty folk-art festivals, a Youth Travel Programme in which nearly 50,000 Canadian young people would be assisted in travelling to other provinces to explore, to meet other youngsters and to exchange ideas. Nearly every town and village in Canada would have its own chosen Centennial projects. 1967 would be a year of events such as there had never been before. Radio would attend every one of them. At first, I was not sure how we would manage it.

We drafted a schedule using large sheets of paper—one for

each month—on which we listed in chronological order all major attractions. Secondary or less important events were grouped at the bottom of each sheet until we could decide how best to treat them.

We assessed the complexity of each major event and estimated the size of the crew and the amount of equipment we would require for each. Then we split this list into two sections: (1) Events which would occur once only such as the start of the Canoe Pageant, the opening of Expo and Dominion Day celebrations and (2) events which would be repeated on numerous occasions in various cities and which could be covered whenever it proved expedient such as during a dull week in the broadcast schedule. (Dull weeks turned out to be non-existent!)

At last we reached a point where we could estimate the number of radio remote crews needed. It transpired that we would want seven—one each from British Columbia, Alberta, Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec, Newfoundland/Maritimes and one at Expo. Each crew would consist of an average of seven programme personnel including a producer, a production assistant and five commentators including spares; for especially complex and time-consuming productions, we added a researcher and unit-manager who would have the fun of handling all non-production chores such as booking hotel rooms, making travel arrangements, renting U-Drive cars, paying bills and keeping an eye on our expenditures. The aforementioned seven programme people in each crew varied from event to event, from location to location. In some cases, two commentators only would be used; in other cases, as many as five. To complete each crew, an average of five technicians would be needed.

These seven broadcasting teams would be assigned to major Centenary projects as required. In between this priority work, they would be given routine duties at their respective locations. On occasion, a commentator with specialized knowledge might be seconded from one team to another. I was confident that our seven teams could cope with whatever came up throughout 1967.

In order to give the big birthday party as much exposure as possible on the full network, we decided to schedule a half-hour magazine show from a Toronto studio. To be called "Centennial Diary," it would be the on-air vehicle for coverage of the literally dozens of regional and local events which would not warrant more than regional, or even local, pro-

gramming yet which would be flavoursome ingredients in the total Centennial cake and which therefore warranted abbreviated national reference.

"Diary" would provide word-and-sound pictures of community-organized projects such as Nanaimo's bathtub race across the Strait of Georgia; the opening of a flying-saucer landing-pad at St. Paul in Alberta; the Shaunavon family's drive in a covered wagon from their Saskatchewan home to Expo; the restoration of the fortress of Louisbourg on Cape Breton Island and of S.S. "Beaver" on the Pacific coast.

There would be the burning of outhouses at Bowsman, Manitoba; an Indian Princess pageant; an international balloon race; a cross-country ski marathon from Montreal to Ottawa; the Raftsmen's Festival at Ottawa/Hull; assaults on hitherto unconquered mountain peaks by the Yukon Alpine Club; logging sports competitions; ceremonies in Citizens' Courts with immigrants becoming instant Canadians; folk-arts gatherings, fireworks displays, square-dance festivals, soap-box derbies, highland games, air shows, parades and countless other celebrations. In addition, the magazine broadcasts would repeat edited highlights from the major shows and interviews with Centennial project organizers and others who were contributing in one way or another to the great birthday party.

Contract producer Bill McNeil was given the job of coordinating and producing "Centennial Diary," assisted by Jean Bartels. It was a demanding task with "Diary" being on the air once weekly then, as the festivities accelerated, twice each week and, in mid-summer when the entire country was electrified with birthday fervor, it would be heard three times a week. Altogether we would air 96 "Diary" broadcasts for a total of 48 hours of Network time.

Meanwhile, Expo '67 was nearing completion. The national and theme Pavilions, the "Place des Nations" ceremonial square, the bridges, the lagoons, the minirail transportation system and the pedestrian walkways had been finished prior to the deadline. The two islands had been landscaped, lawned and planted with trees, shrubs and flowers. CBC's International Broadcast Centre headed by Robert Graham and operations director Nelson Gardiner was practically ready and installation engineers were working around the clock to complete their electronic testing before the fair opened.

While radio and television would be providing "live" coverage of most of the major events at Expo, we believed that this first Canadian world's fair warranted almost daily time on the

network. We finally decided that a Monday-through-Friday series of quarter-hour radio magazine shows would be aired. It would be produced and masterminded by Robert MacGregor assisted by Pat Michel, Jim Robertson, Lynn Jackson and Martin Bronstein. This May to October series became known as "Expo-dition." (Perhaps that was a corny title but we had to call it *something!)* No fewer than 127 "Expo-ditions" were broadcast, totalling 31¾ network hours.

Much of the Corporation's transportable equipment was outmoded and would be inadequate to cope with the demands of Centennial and Expo. A group of us, including Toronto's Radio Technical Director Arthur W. Holmes (who would take charge of all radio technical intricacies during 1967), drew up a list of our requirements and submitted it to the Head Office moguls who dug deeply into their money-chest and released the funds for whatever new equipment we had convinced them would be needed. Orders were placed for a large assortment of radio gear and we relaxed to a degree—knowing that we should encounter few problems insofar as technical facilities were concerned.

Manpower was another matter. We had drawn up colour-coded charts listing the number of broadcast specialists in each category who would be required the following year: 10 producers, 7 programme assistants, 1 additional writer-researcher and no fewer than 32 commentators plus 34 full- and part-time reporters and alternates for the magazine series.

Placing someone's name opposite each of these 84 positions proved tricky since CBC did not have anyone simply standing about awaiting Centennial Year assignments. All were fully occupied and had not had time to even think about 1967. As far as producers were concerned, we selected those who had had the widest broadcast experience with actuality remotes and put them on the roster.

Commentators created a dilemma because (a) sometimes both radio and television wanted to use the same tried and true voicers to describe the same events simultaneously, which led to a few arguments and eventually was settled by compromise and (b) due to the number of events we should have to cover, it would be necessary to use a dozen or so new and bright yet quite inexperienced CBC broadcasters who had been given basic remote training in their respective regions but who were far from ready to undertake descriptions of major events for a full network audience. There was only one thing to do. We established a school for commentators in Toronto.

Recommended announcers from CBC stations in many parts of the country would be enrolled in our crash course.

Instructors included A.E. Powley who lectured on how to utilize Canadian historical references, W.H. Brodie who taught the students how to improve their vocabularies, John Rae and Byng Whitteker who demonstrated how to inject colour, mood and style into their commentaries, Bill Herbert who improved their interviewing skills and Bill McNeil who briefed them on the preparation of Centennial Diary reports. I concentrated on special events production techniques. Ted Briggs and Liston McIlhagga reviewed such topics as protocol, proper forms of address and armed services terminology.

The instructing did not stop at classroom theory. We took the young men out to a number of busy areas around Toronto (one being a T.T.C. subway construction site) and, after the technicians had set up the equipment, producers Alex Smith and Ron Gordon staged practice runs to afford the students opportunities to demonstrate their skills—or lack of them. A few fell by the wayside but most developed into highly competent ad libbers—broadcasters such as George Finstadt, Bill Paul, Bill Kehoe, Jim Robertson, Orest Ulan, Doug McIlraith and Hugh Naldrett.

Art Holmes built a half-dozen pool sound teams comprising veteran technicians who would be responsible for "miking" separately each significant sound on each future broadcast occasion and for distributing these to English and French radio and television production crews, to film units and to foreign broadcasters—in fact, to any accredited group which required "clean" sound to mix with commentators' voices. Art had his problems in "borrowing" from the English and French Networks a sufficient number of experienced technicians who could be released to form the operating crews to back up the production teams. Somehow he managed and his men were destined to perform with distinction throughout the following year. There were supervisors Don Rea, John Sauder, Charlie Halberstadt and John Sliz, maintenance/installers Karl Enke and Harold Lane and technicians Bob Burt, Ed Scott, Herb Mais, Bruce Ritchie, Don Logan and Alf Spence—to name just a few.

Eventually, all our shiny transistorized equipment arrived—a far cry from the antique units we had managed with for years. There were three large two-tone blue mobile units or vans completely self-contained and equipped as production booths, electrically heated and air-conditioned; another asset (which I have cause to remember) is that each mobile had its

own independent emergency power source. There were a dozen so-called "O.B. Packages"—each consisting of an aluminum shipping case which held a console and mixer, an intercom. unit, unattended amplifiers, switching units, microphones, head-sets, associated gear, spare parts, tools and miles of microphone cable. There were compact suitcase-type carrying-cases containing lightweight portable recorders for the "Centennial Diary" reporters.

The year 1966 was drawing to a close. CBC television had begun daily transmissions in colour. Across the land Centennial projects, conceived by imaginative brains and fashioned by capable hands, were beginning to take shape. Expo '67 was all but ready to go. CBC's plans were complete for full coverage of the extraordinarily eventful year which lay ahead. Everything was ready.

Canada's birthday cake had been baked and iced. All that remained to do was light its candles.

Chapter XXI
CENTENNIAL!

First, on New Year's Eve, came the pealing of church-bells from somewhere in each of the world's time-zones saluting our century-old Canada. To set this up, we selected the countries we wanted then contacted the national broadcasting organization in each. We ordered undersea cable and landline transmissions in to Toronto from the originating points with greetings and bells to begin at midnight, local time in the participating countries. The CBC Radio Network remained on the air throughout the night and, with each hour's programming beginning with the wild ringing of bells from far-flung corners of the earth, considerable interest was aroused across this land.

There were good wishes and bells from Wellington, Noumea in New Caledonia, Sydney, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Bangkok, Dacca, Karachi, Manama on the island of Bahrain in the Persian Gulf, Tel Aviv, Rome, Reykjavik, Sao Miguel in the Azores, Rio de Janeiro and Apia in Western Samoa. In Canadian time-zones bells were pealed for this programme in St. John's, Charlottetown, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Vancouver and Dawson City.

As the clock in the Peace Tower bonged midnight and the carillon and all Ottawa's church-bells announced the arrival of 1967, Prime Minister Pearson touched a long-handled torch to the new circular concrete fountain on Parliament Hill.

Nothing happened.

He tried a second time without results.

On his third attempt, the gas which bubbled up through the water ignited. Canada's Centennial Flame burned brightly!

As Centennial Commissioner Fisher and the Secretary of State and finally the Prime Minister remarked in varying ways, the new flame symbolized the spirit of Confederation, enthusiasm for our birthday celebrations and the patriotism that filled the hearts of all Canadians. The Centennial Choir sang emotionally and the excitement and pride of being Canadian was reflected in the uplifted smiling faces of the thousands of spectators who had gathered on The Hill to see Centennial get under way.

On Sunday, January 1, 1967 we did our first pickup of Centennial Year from Ottawa's new Alta Vista railway-station where producer John McFayden and commentators Lloyd Robertson and Brian Smyth covered the dedication of the Confederation Train by Mme. Vanier—wife of the ailing Governor-General. The formalities ended with the sealing of the Train and its departure for Victoria, B.C. where its doors would be opened to the first crowds who would view its historical exhibits.

A week later at the station in Victoria, Bill Herbert produced another national show in which Len Chapple and George Finstadt described the unsealing of the cars. There was a Guard of Honour, Miss LaMarsh and Mr. Fisher beamed and spoke a few words and composer Bobby Gimby played his new song "Ca-Na-Da" on his elongated, decorated trumpet as the voices of hundreds of children joined in this rollicking tune that was to be heard at almost every Centennial function in the country throughout the year. A feature of the broadcast was a pre-taped descriptive stroll through the Confederation Train with Bob Willson interviewing John Fisher as they paused frequently to admire pictorial and symbolic highlights of Canadian history or to press a button which would illuminate the route of an early explorer or the natural resources of a province.

In late January, producer-commentator Alex Bollini braved frigid weather in Quebec City as he originated two half-hours from the always colourful Quebec Winter Carnival with its parade, its ice-canoe race and of course its merry snowman figure—Bonhomme Carnaval.

When Bollini, with commentators Bob Willson, Don Goodwin and Bob McDevitt returned to Quebec ten days later to handle the opening of the first Canadian Winter Games, the thermometer plunged again. It was so cold that some of our equipment became frost-bitten, causing a few seconds delay in getting on the air.

It was March 8 when CBC radio and television provided national coverage of a solemn occasion in Ottawa—the two-hour state funeral of Canada's revered Governor-General George P. Vanier. Again, icy weather created problems for our technicians who were stringing lines and setting up equipment. Lack of time resulted in radio's Bell Telephone circuits from the Ottawa Basilica not being installed soon enough. For the service itself, we were forced to "borrow" the television output. It all worked out satisfactorily but we considered it

humiliating at having to rely for our sound feed on the other medium. The chilliest part of that day for the technicians and commentators Lloyd Robertson, Len Chapple and Bill Paul was outdoor coverage of the long, slow cortege from the Basilica to the railway-station, where the coffin was placed aboard a special train for Quebec City. There, the next day, CBC radio broadcast the funeral mass from Quebec's Notre Dame Basilica.

On April 9 producer Robert Brazil and announcer John Rae flew to France to broadcast a special service marking the 50th anniversary of the Battle of Vimy Ridge. The programme was routed by landline from Vimy to Paris, by cable from Paris to London and from there to Montreal then by line again to Ottawa where, in a CBC studio, Raymond Robichaud inserted a simultaneous translation of the address by Canada's Associate Minister of National Defence and other dignitaries. The service was held at 11:00 a.m. in France, which was 5:00 a.m. in Ottawa and 2:00 a.m. in Vancouver so we taped and delayed it to the network at 8:00 a.m. Eastern Time which was late enough for at least some interested listeners to be up and about. Later the same day, we broadcast a second commemorative service "live" from the National War Memorial in the capital.

A week later, another state ceremony was broadcast to the nation when the Rt. Hon. Roland Michener was installed as Canada's 20th Governor-General. This was a short but stirring event with the dignified swearing-in ceremony and the address to the nation by the Queen's new representative, the emergence from the Centre Block of His Excellency and Mrs. Michener, the Viceregal salute by the Guard of Honour and the carillon—as it marked another milestone in Canada's history. John McFayden, who directed so many Centennial Year "specials," with commentators Lamont Tilden, Bill Paul and Walter Unger, made the most of it.

The proudest man in the country on April 27 must have been Mayor Jean Drapeau of Montreal when thousands of visitors assembled at Place des Nations for the official opening of Expo '67. Three years and eight months after that first truckload of rock was emptied into the St. Lawrence, what the American version of 'Time' magazine was to describe later as "the most successful world's fair in history" was about to open its gates to the first of more than fifty millions who would click through the turnstiles during its six-month run. Expo '67 was a place of magic, a brilliantly conceived wonderland of

imaginative structures each different from the next in form, texture and colour and all invitingly situated beside new bays and lagoons near treed and canopied rest areas, open-air restaurants and with convenient accesses to the blue-and-white minirail transportation system.

Producer Robert MacGregor covered the opening with commentators Robert Brazil, Norman McBain, Lynn Jackson and guest commentator Godfrey Talbot of the BBC. MacGregor and Talbot were the anchormen while the other voicers had pre-taped their descriptive stories and sound portraits so that they could be inserted during some of the repetitive speeches which tended to be less than inspiring after the same superlatives had been voiced by the majority of the day's orators.

This national (and international) broadcast was a credit to the team from the first fanfare until the multi-coloured flags of the 62 participating nations were broken at the tops of the poles which surrounded the ceremonial site, the Royal Canadian Air Force's "Golden Centenaires" screamed past in a low-level fly-over and fireworks exploded in a symphony of colour above the St. Lawrence. The ceremony ended, the turnstiles opened and the blue-uniformed guides gesticulated to the masses as they streamed in to discover and exclaim at the sights and sounds of Canada's most magnetic Centennial Year attraction.

Less than two weeks after his installation, Governor-General Michener officiated at a ceremony at Hull, Quebec—the opening to the public of one of the eight Confederation Caravans which became activated that day. For that broadcast, we used our new blue radio mobile cruisers for the first time; at Hull, we were linked to Caravans at Langley, B.C.; Milk River, Alberta; Atikokan, Richmond Hill and Rockcliffe in Ontario; Huntingdon, Quebec and Sydney, N.S. We called that show "The Caravans Are Rolling" and roll they did—all over rural Canada—until late in the fall. Like the Confederation Train, each eight-truck convoy of Canadiana and artifacts attracted seemingly endless line-ups of people wherever they stopped.

The first of the 1967 royal tours began May 14 with the late arrival at Toronto's Malton Airport of Her Royal Highness Princess Alexandra. Perhaps the best way to summarize our coverage (from the roof of the airport's administration building) would be to quote from my post-broadcast assessment:

"An example of thoroughly bad and inaccurate reporting. We had been advised by the control-tower that the royal

aircraft would be on time. It was not. A jet appeared out of the hazy sky, we assumed it was the royal flight and said so—but it proved not to be. The flight was extremely late and the broadcast dragged. We are not proud of this one. It taught us that 'usually reliable sources' sometimes are not."

A couple of mornings later the Princess—who became extremely popular with Canadians—visited thrilled schoolchildren in front of Toronto's city hall. This broadcast was better with good sound and pleasant colour commentary. (So much which various organizing committees had planned for this tour seemed to us frightfully dull.)

That same afternoon, Her Royal Highness was to unveil a plaque at the site of the Ontario Centre of Technology. We went on the air on schedule, commentators Tilden, Willson and George Rich did their scene-set. Then we filled with music. And filled. And filled some more. The fair Princess was exactly a half-hour late on that occasion.

(This experience caused us to wonder whether all future royal broadcasts should be taped and delayed—as one never could be sure whether these important personages would arrive on time! Mind you, it is doubtful whether the fault was theirs. Those who were responsible for the royal schedule did not seem overly concerned if things ran late—which not only was unfair to the crowds waiting to see the V.I.P. in question but it was a nuisance to those trying to provide coverage!)

Eventually, we covered Princess Alexandra's departure for the west. Happily, she was on time.

In Vancouver, Len Chapple produced a B.C. regional show as H.R.H. opened the British Columbia Trade Fair and there were two pleasant and folksy programmes on her visits to Whitehorse, Yellowknife and Hay River in the north where everything was delightfully casual. No time for stuffiness or obsequiousness there! Her final function was to present medallions to school-children in Old Kildonan Park in Winnipeg—unquestionably the dullest, draggiest event on her itinerary. Despite the heroic efforts of producer and commentators, this was the second worst broadcast of 1967.

* * *

During Canada's birthday celebrations, one of the most thrilling events was an endurance contest called the Centennial Voyageur Canoe Pageant. The idea was that twelve large canoes, representing our ten provinces and two territories, with a crew of six paddlers each, would race from Rocky

Mountain House fifty miles west of Red Deer, Alberta all the way to Expo in Montreal—a distance of more than 3,200 miles taking exactly 100 days—one for each year of Confederation. The canoes would follow the routes established by the explorers and fur-traders in the 17th and 18th centuries, portaging on numerous occasions and participating at the end of each day's lap in celebrations at cities, towns and villages along the waterways.

From a broadcasting standpoint, coverage of the May 24 start of the Pageant should not have been difficult. Both the English and the French Radio Networks had agreed that "live" programming was desirable if not mandatory but, despite constant pressure from the Corporation, the telephone company was able to supply a single circuit only from Rocky Mountain House. There was but one course of action, therefore—to have one network broadcast the event as it took place and the other to produce its show simultaneously then delay it immediately after the first programme had ended. I do not recall how precedence was determined—though probably *not* by the toss of a coin.

In any case, it was established and agreed upon by all concerned weeks prior to the event that the English Network show would go "live" 11:00:00 – 11:59:30 a.m. Mountain Time and that the French delay would be aired from 12:00:00 noon Mountain Time.

The two radio mobile control-rooms, linked to the outside world by a shared but split programme circuit, were drawn up parallel to one another and about ten feet apart on a flattish knoll overlooking the decorated V.I.P. dais and the North Saskatchewan River sand-bar where the canoes and their crews awaited the starting-signal.

English Network producer David Cruickshank and two technicians were seated before the van's console. Commentators Bill Guest, Garnet Anthony and Fred Diehl were at their designated positions where they had unobstructed views of the proceedings. Commentator Doug McIlraith sat with a technician, R.F. (wireless) gear and a hired pilot in an outboard-equipped rowboat close to shore.

In the French mobile, the producer and operator waited to start their production and to record the hour-long show. They, too, had commentators at strategic positions along the riverbank.

Our technical supervisor Arthur Holmes and some of his men had had the foresight to rope off the area surrounding

the two mobiles for, since it was not only a Victoria Day holiday but the site of a particularly exciting Centennial event, people from several hundred miles around were massed along the river and in the starting area to view the beginning of the longest canoe race in Canadian history.

The weather was anything but co-operative. Rain had been falling all morning and there was no evidence of a let-up. Like the canoeists, the spectators were a hardy breed and philosophical about the weather; they waited in their raincoats beneath a sea of umbrellas for the ceremony to begin. The sky was black as Bobby Gimby and his fancy trumpet and a chorus of youngsters defied the elements with "Ca-Na-Da."

Centennial Commissioner Fisher spoke briefly and the Secretary of State, huddled beneath a huge bumbershoot, wished the voyageurs God-speed. Someone handed her an ancient musket.

Ker-BANG-G-G!

The sound of that starting shot was still reverberating in our ears as the ten teams picked up their canoes, dashed into the water, climbed aboard and began to paddle as though their lives depended on it! We wondered whether they would be able to maintain that mad pace all the way to their destination. How cramped their legs would be! How their backs would ache! How weary their arms!

Our broadcast was proceeding perfectly. Splendid sound pickups and lively commentary by the three men on shore. Just as the bunched canoes were about to disappear around the first bend in the river, Fred Diehl turned it over to young Doug McIlraith who, with his R.F. mike in the power-boat, was by this time out in mid-stream fifty yards astern of the last canoe. His voice came through with perfect clarity and he was building to a scripted dramatic climax. I can hear him to this day:

". . . . . and now they are disappearing from my view as they round the bend, the paddles in each canoe in perfect unison—these stalwart modern-day Canadian voyageurs embarking upon an adventure such as this country has never seen before! There they go—the representatives of eight provinces and two territories, vying with one another not just for the big cash prizes, not just for the honour of winning this race but because they are determined to make the Centennial Voyageur Canoe Pageant the greatest highlight of the year. I'll be following those canoes across the rivers and lakes of Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario and into Quebec for the

exciting climax at Expo '67 and I'll be reporting on the progress of the paddlers three times each week on Centennial Diary for the next hundred days. So keep tuned to this station. This broadcast of the start of the Centennial Voyageur Canoe Pageant has come to you live from Rocky Mountain House on the bank of the North Saskatchewan River in Alberta. This is CBC Radio."

That was what we heard inside the mobile—crisp commentary which concluded precisely at 11:59:30 as required.

We were congratulating one another on the success of the programme when the van's door opened and Arthur Holmes, his face registering dismay, stepped inside and asked: "What happened?"

"Happened? What do you mean?"

"I was listening outside on the radio. At 11:58:33 McIlraith's words were completely drowned out by heavy hum. It kept up until he got off the air."

"We didn't hear any hum. Sure it wasn't your radio?"

"Definitely not." Holmes frowned. "How could hum have got in to the circuit—" He paused. "I bet I know what happened. The French . . . "

By now, the tape in the other mobile was feeding the delayed broadcast to Edmonton and out to the French Network. Holmes knocked discreetly then we stepped inside the French vehicle. The producer and operator, intent on monitoring, nodded.

"Hey," Art asked, "did you guys activate anything while the English show was on the air?"

The producer shook his head.

The technician remarked: "About one minute to twelve I t'rew on some tone for a tes', dat's all. Why? What's de trouble?"

So that was it. The final 57 seconds of our show—the dramatic finale—had been obliterated. If only that overly-zealous technician had waited until we had cued off.

In all innocence, he had caused the English canoe to strike a rock.

* * *

CBC Radio teams were kept busy during the next few weeks with President Lyndon Johnson's visit to Expo, the Dominion Drama Festival award presentations at St. John's, the visit to Ottawa of Prime Minister Harold Wilson of Great

Britain. There was the Canadian Armed Forces Military Tattoo with incomparably thrilling sound miked by supervisor John Sliz and his pool sound technicians, the opening of the Stratford Shakespearean Festival, the dedication of the National Library and Archives Building in Ottawa and coverage of the week-long Atlantic Naval Assembly at Halifax.

On June 29, a great blue jet called "Speedbird" touched down at Ottawa's Uplands Airport and rolled to a stop just short of the entrance to V.I.P. Hangar #11 which was, as Lamont Tilden told his national audience, "polished and decorated to the Nth degree" and was packed with dignitiaries and invited guests.

Her Majesty the Queen, who had chosen a yellow ensemble for this occasion, descended the ramp followed by His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. The Governor-General and the Prime Minister and their wives shook hands with their royal guests and the party made its way along the red carpet into the hangar. The Coronation Trumpeters sounded a fanfare. The R.C.A.F. Royal Guard of Honour stood at attention then, on command, presented arms as Her Majesty stepped onto the dais. The 21-gun Royal Salute boomed out in the distance and the Central Command Band played "God Save the Queen."

At midnight on June 30, the churchbells of Canada rang out and fireworks exploded as CBC Radio helped usher in our 100th Dominion Day.

And what a hot, bright Dominion Day it was on that Saturday of 1967 as thousands stood on Parliament Hill at an interdenominational religious service! Again we made use of our mobile from which John McFayden produced what proved to be a royal occasion at its best. A minute before airtime John, who had jumped out to give someone a final instruction, dashed back up the stacked equipment-cases which served as temporary steps to the van; they slipped and John fell, cutting his leg nastily. He did not have time to worry about it as, visibly shaken, he threw his opening cue and the broadcast began on time. A few minutes later, Her Majesty addressed the people of Canada:

"One hundred years of Confederation! What a simple statement but what a remarkable chapter in Canada's history! It is altogether right and fitting that Sovereign and people should meet together here at the heart and centre of Canadian existence to give thanks on this great occasion. Canada is a country that has been blessed beyond most other countries in this

world. Although there have been all the possibilities of human anguish and conflict, the pages of Canada's history during the last hundred years have hardly been stained by misfortune.

"The problems which faced the statesmen of 1867 and the national problems which have had to be met in the intervening years have been solved, with rare and minor exceptions, through discussion and through an effort of tolerance, goodwill and understanding. On this day of celebration, it is right that we should remember with gratitude the men and women who have held responsibility and authority at the time of Confederation and down through the years in the national capital as in the provinces for their contributions to the birth and growth of Canada.

"But we must not forget that we owe as much to the unsung work and steadfast lives of great numbers of more humble people—the men and their families who made the clearings and worked the land and who built the roads, railways and canals. The greatness and stability of this country also rests on these firm foundations. It is these, the ordinary people of Canada, who have given flesh and sinew to the plans of the Fathers of Confederation. . . . "

At the conclusion of her remarks, the Queen ascended a platform and cut the five-tiered, 20-foot-high birthday cake, its snowy icing ingeniously decorated with the coats-of-arms of the provinces and territories, its top layer bearing the number "100" and surmounted by the Canadian maple-leaf flag. Nobody ate a slice of this plywood cake or had a lick of its plaster icing. But dozens of amateur photographers found it extremely palatable.

By far the most involved Dominion Day radio broadcast was the one organized by Diana Filer, produced by Peter Lacombe and hosted by Allan Maitland in Toronto—a two-hour extravaganza of more than forty remote pickups from nearly everywhere in Canada with the first being a message from the Alert weather-station at the top of the world. It was a complex and difficult programme which came off without a hitch.

If there were any CBC Radio producers, commentators, announcers or technicians who did not have some role to play on that first of July, I was not aware of them. In fact, I doubt that any existed because, in addition to having to cover celebrations throughout the country, it was also "Canada Day" at Expo with day-long festivities and ceremonies at Place des Nations.

Picking up the July 2nd morning service at Ottawa's Christ Church Cathedral did not seem to pose a problem. (There was scarcely a broadcaster anywhere who had not done "a church remote"—a routine and relatively simple procedure in which the lectern, pulpit and choir are miked, the microphone cables are run into the mixing-console and the latter's output is connected to the telephone line or "local loop.")

Admittedly, this was to be a very special service—with the organist having devoted months composing new anthems for the occasion and rehearsing the choir until it was all but flawless, with the Queen and Prince Philip attending and with His Royal Highness reading the First Lesson.

To make certain that we would achieve the best possible balance between organ and choir as well as the congregation's responses and singing, we had agreed that one of the pool-sound crews would set up the numerous microphones (all of which had to be concealed so as not to detract from the sanctity of the occasion), run all the cables (also to be hidden) and operate the programme. We had been given a highly experienced and meticulous sound-crew from Montreal with Jacques Terroux in charge, assisted by Gerald O'Dowd and Joseph Gravelle. They spent the entire Dominion Day afternoon setting up their equipment in the vestry and the microphones where required. The microphone cables had been discreetly camouflaged.

Meantime, after the Queen had cut the cake on The Hill and we had gone off the air, technical director Arthur Holmes wandered over. "Do you want this mobile for tomorrow's church-service?"

"No," I replied, "we're setting up in the vestry. Plenty of room and the boys should be nearly finished by now."

"Well," remarked Holmes, "if you want the mobile you can have it. It won't be needed anywhere else. Remember, it has emergency power."

"Thanks all the same, Art," said I; "we'll work from inside the church."

Holmes shrugged. "Up to you."

Sunday morning, it was raining. In fact, it was pouring. The sky was completely obscured by layer upon layer of oppressive black clouds. And it was beginning to blow rather viciously.

Permission had been denied television to take its cameras into the Cathedral so national distribution of this important service was entirely radio's responsibility.

We had assigned two commentators. Brian Smyth, in oilskins, was on an observation platform against the side of the Cathedral facing the street. Lamont Tilden was located high up in the choir-loft.

We went on the network at 10:45 a.m., Lamont opening with a brief history of the Cathedral and a description of the interior scene—where all the pews were packed. Then he passed to Brian, whose notes had become soaked through as he awaited the arrival of Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh. Five minutes prior to the start of the 11:00 a.m. service, as thunder crashed and lightning flashed, the police motorcycle escort appeared through the gloom, headlights mirrored crookedly in the water flowing across the asphalt's surface. Two huge umbrellas were held above the heads of the Queen and the Prince as they hurried from the black limousine into the Cathedral's entrance. There they were welcomed by the Rt. Rev. E.S. Reed, the Bishop of Ottawa and the Very Rev. F.R. Gartrell, the Dean of Ottawa.

Moments later Tilden, sotto voce, described the procession as the Bishop, the Dean and other members of the clergy led the way up the aisle toward the altar, followed by Her Majesty and her husband. It was a memorable scene—the brightly illuminated Cathedral, the gowned choir, the candles gleaming in their polished candlesticks on the altar, the white-surpliced clergy and all the worshippers as the organist filled the great stone edifice with the rolling chords of the voluntary.

Lamont ended his description with these words: ". . . . and now Her Majesty has seated herself. His Royal Highness is seating himself. And I shall seat myself as the service begins."

Then the lights went out.

The voice of the mighty organ was stilled.

The Cathedral was in almost complete darkness with the only light being that cast by the altar candles.

There was deathly silence for perhaps a minute as organist and clergy, and everyone else, waited for the power to come on again. But it failed to do so.

The organist vacated his bench and stepped before the choir. He mouthed an instruction and lifted his arms. The choir rose to the occasion and, a capella, its members raised their voices in the first of the special anthems. The Dean led the traditional prayers.

Another choral rendition and then, as a cleric focussed a flashlight on the Book, the Duke of Edinburgh read the First Lesson.

Again, the choir.

Then the Bishop, without a flashlight but with a pleasing sense of humour, began his sermon with an adroitly quoted excerpt from Verse iii of the First Chapter of Genesis: "'And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.'"

The suggestion of a titter rustled through the congregation.

There was no amusement in the vestry. Only darkness. And no power.

The producer and technicians sat about their lifeless equipment. Not a thing they could do. CBO Ottawa filled to the full network with sacred organ recordings and apology announcements. We all felt ill.

It was not until the wardens groped their way down the aisle with the offertory plates that power was restored, the Cathedral lights came on blindingly, the organ came to life and CBO faded out its fill music and we managed to broadcast the final minutes of the service.

We discovered later that half the city of Ottawa had been plunged into darkness by the storm and a resulting transformer short-circuit.

As the technicians were morosely placing the covers back on their equipment in the again light vestry, the head of the pool-sound crew came up with a profound utterance.

"Dick," he said, "you should 'ave known that this broadcast would not work. You 'ave a bunch of French Catholic technicians from Quebec operating in an English Protestant Cathedral in Ontario! You expec' that to work?"

But I was thinking of what Art Holmes had said to me the previous day in the hot sunshine of Parliament Hill. "If you want the mobile, you can have it. Remember—it has emergency power."

I shall remember that to my dying day!

* * *

During the next few days, Her Majesty and Prince Philip spent two fun-filled mornings and afternoons at Expo and the Queen presented colours and guidons to Canada's Armed Services on Parliament Hill and unveiled an inscription at the National Arts Centre. Radio covered all their appearances without benefit of storm or power-loss!

At the end of their stay, there was another grand and glorious departure ceremony. Arrivals and departures were *always* grand and glorious—and not a little stimulating for the broadcasters.

Four days after a western radio team broadcast the opening of the Centennial Year version of the Calgary Stampede, we embarked upon our coverage of the third royal visit of 1967. This time it was the dearly loved "Queen Mum" who would share her warm smile and charm with Canadians in the three Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland.

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother arrived by air at Saint John, New Brunswick and, to add an imaginative touch to this broadcast, producer Doug Field had assigned one of his commentators to fly over the province earlier that morning to tape a description of the scenery and the towns and villages Her Majesty would view as her aircraft jetted in from the east.

The next assignment turned out to be a thrilling broadcast indeed as the Queen Mother visited with three battalions of the Black Watch Regiment of Canada at Camp Gagetown. Producer Orest Ulan turned in a fine job of co-ordinating and Lamont Tilden's commentary—the result of long hours of "boning up"—was packed with encyclopedic facts previously known to few. This 1¼-hour transmission came dangerously close to being lost. A few hours to air time, a bulldozer operator a few miles away accidentally plowed through, and severed, our broadcast cables. Luckily, linemen managed to restore service just in time.

The main royal event in Nova Scotia was the opening by the Queen Mother of the Sir Charles Tupper Medical Centre at Dalhousie University. Since the weather was "iffy," producer Field had little choice but to request a "wet and dry" set-up. This involved installing duplicate circuits and setting up duplicate production-control points both inside the building and out in the open. (The ceremony would be either indoors or outside depending upon the vagaries of nature.) It *did* rain, the formalities were confined to the great foyer of the Centre and our "outside" equipment, protected by layers of plastic and tarpaulins, sat neglected while the rain descended.

It was still raining three days later when "Mum" disembarked from the royal yacht "Britannia" at Charlottetown. She inspected the Guard of Honour, smiled and waved to the thousands of children from all sections of the Island who marched past her led by a surprisingly good brass band composed entirely of small fry. The royal guest's chief function in the P.E.I. capital was to open the Provincial Government Administration Building, which she did with her usual grace.

Then it was across the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Newfoundland where she attended the Trooping of the Colour by the

Newfoundland Regiment—another full-dress spit and polish occasion of precision and martial music.

When the Queen Mother was to board her jet at Torbay Airport for her return to London, we were rather taken aback by an occurrence which was amusing but for which some unfortunate artillery officer probably was raked over the coals. Either some of the Visit's organizers had neglected to sychronize watches or the good Queen's schedule went awry.

Anyway, all was in readiness for the farewell. The Guard of Honour was drawn up. The top-hatted officials were standing about, waiting. The crowd was all set to applaud and cheer.

From across the field, the 21-gun salute began to boom out. But a mere 12 rounds were fired. Then a few minutes of silence! When the beloved guest at last stepped from her conveyance, several minutes late, the remaining 9 rounds of the Royal Salute were discharged.

One of those things.

The next day, Canada received another of the numerous heads of state who came to our country during our birthday year. This man's arrival flaunted tradition and, instead of flying in to Ottawa, he landed at Quebec City. This tall, stony-faced individual was none other than President de Gaulle of France. The coverage was satisfactory but the inflammatory remarks delivered by this visitor were far from acceptable to the people of Canada—as our Prime Minister was quick to point out.

Meantime, another CBC Radio team, at work beneath the water-filled skies of Winnipeg, covered the opening by the Duke of Edinburgh (back for the occasion) of the Pan-American Games. Brief remarks by the leader of each participating country's athletes had been taped in advance and, as each national team splashed through the mud past the reviewing-stand, these pieces were played back on the air; it was an innovative technique and contributed to the success of the year's final broadcast of a royal event in Canada.

On September 20, the Queen officiated at a Clyde shipyard at the christening and launching of "Q-4"—a new ocean liner which had been abuilding for several years. She was given the name "Queen Elizabeth II." The event was covered by the BBC and the Atlantic cable had been leased so the programme could be heard in Canada. At Expo, the British Pavilion people had decided to have their own launching. They had been loaned a beautifully detailed model of the new ship and, immediately after the launching in Scotland, they staged a launching ceremony of the model before a good-sized

crowd. It was a unique publicity stunt and an added attraction at the towering white British Pavilion.

After a superlatively successful six months, Expo '67 came to an end on October 29. We broadcast the closing ceremony which reflected pride in the fact that the longest-running Centennial event had proved such an unqualified success . . . and regret that, like all good things, it was over. Most Expo attractions already had closed down when the formalities began in Place des Nations and, for the first time since this world's fair opened, the site seemed unnaturally subdued although there was a reasonably large audience in the stands to listen to the six speeches in both official languages, to watch the international flags being lowered and the presentation of medallions to those most responsible for Expo's success. For our English Network radio programme, much of the French oratory was covered off by pre-taped final visits to what had proven to be the most popular pavilions throughout the summer. There was no doubt about it—Expo ended, as it began, magnificently.

In early December, the Prime Minister lighted Christmas-trees on Parliament Hill as mobs of children deposited gifts for the underprivileged; the event ended with Canada's pied piper marching off the broad lawn trumpeting "Ca-Na-Da" as the youngsters trooped after him, singing loudly.

Then, with remarkable suddenness, it was December 31 and, for the last time in Centennial Year, we were on The Hill again. The night was cold and white flakes were feathering down onto the heads and shoulders of hundreds of Ottawans who stood on the snow-packed grounds facing the Peace Tower, the Parliament Buildings and the illuminated stage.

It had been another chilly night just like this, one year ago to the hour, when Mr. Pearson had touched off the Centennial Flame which had burned so significantly throughout 1967 and would continue to glow in the years ahead.

Just out of sight around the corner of the West Block were aligned the CBC vehicles—English and French radio mobiles and the much larger television mobiles—with the various production and technical crews. On individual stands fairly close to and at an oblique angle from the ceremonial platform stood our commentators with gloved hands clutching their microphones as they prepared to broadcast the final chapter of the Centennial story.

Despite the frigid weather of that New Year's Eve, the CBC Orchestra and contralto Maureen Forrester performed with distinction. Mr. Fisher and Miss LaMarsh spoke briefly and

Prime Minister Pearson addressed the nation. "Ca-Na-Da" rang out as Bobby Gimby and a chorus of his young devotees snake-walked through the throng. Everyone joined in 'O Canada' then, from behind the Centre Block, came the staccato sounds of fireworks with all the spectators ooooing and aaahing as the midnight sky exploded in dazzling patterns of colour.

Before anyone realized it, it was over. The crowds. Centennial Year. Canada's birthday-party. All gone. 1967—done with for all time. A few hundred extra special radio broadcasts —yes, and telecasts beyond compare—such as would not be known again in our time, all behind us. They, and the events which prompted them, would be part of history.....

Four technicians, bulky in their parkas, were coiling up cable below the steps of the Centre Block.

In the first hour of Canada's second century, two warmly dressed youngsters lingered by the Centennial Flame as its shimmering light oranged the snow. One of them, wearing a green toque, clutched a little transistor radio that was blaring out rock music from a local station.

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

Aerial view of Seymour Narrows navigational channel showing hazardous whirlpools caused by the twin peaks of Ripple Rock a few feet beneath the surface.

Du Pont of Canada Incorporated

Largest non-atomic man-made explosion fragmented twin peaks of Ripple Rock. Water pressure reduced loudness of blast, disappointing radio broadcast team. Compare blast effect to height of trees seen in foreground.

Miners' Museum, Springhill. Photo: Toronto Sun

Springhill. Relatives of trapped miners near pit-head await news of fathers, brothers, husbands—and many friends.

Miners' Museum, Springhill. Photo: The Telegram, Toronto

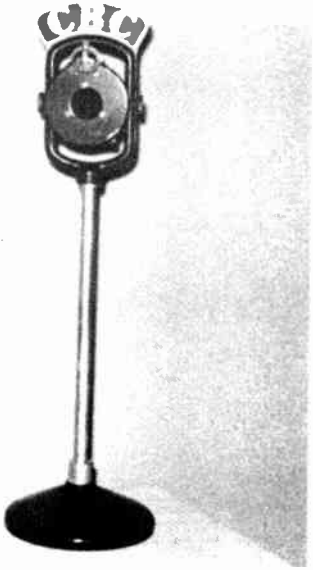
Springhill. Another victim is brought to the surface on a stretcher after 1958 "bump."

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

J. Frank Willis—commentator, producer and features supervisor—one of the "greats" of CBC broadcasting since the early days

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

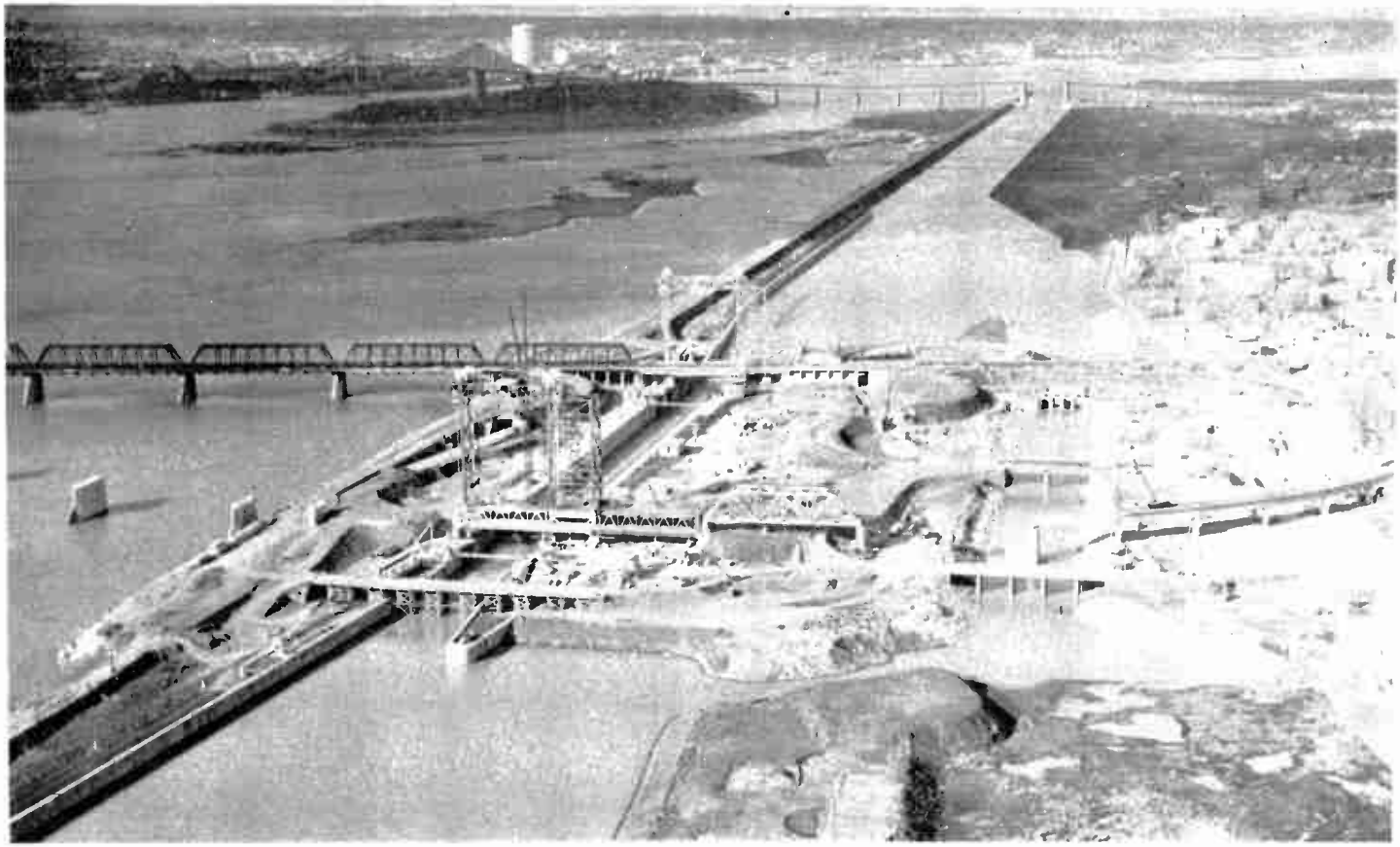
Captain W.E.S. "Ted" Briggs, Director of the Maritimes Region, later Executive Vice-President of the Corporation.



One of 100 "Royal Visit" dynamic microphones purchased for 1939 Royal Tour and in use for many years. Note the crown which surmounts it.

Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission

Broadcasters being briefed beside huge working model of St. Lawrence Seaway and Power Project at Islington, Ont. At left, Ted Dietrich, Ontario Hydro P.R. officer. Wearing horn-rimmed glases is A.E. Powley, head of O.B. for CBC. Charles Curran, kneeling, BBC representative in Canada, later became Director-General of BBC and was knighted.



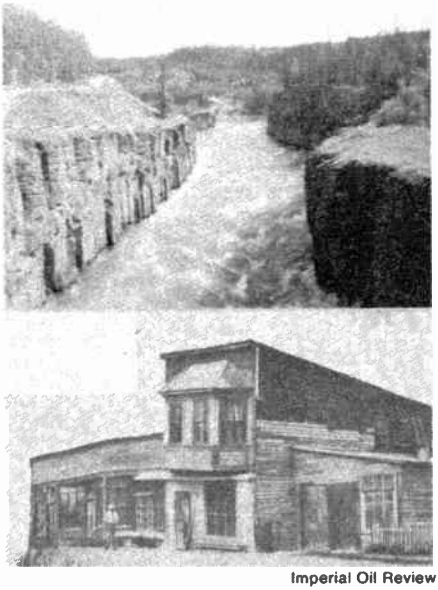
Hans Van Der AA, St. Lambert, P.Q.

Construction of St. Lambert Lock and bridge approaches nears completion shortly before official opening of St. Lawrence Seaway. This is the most easterly lock in the system and will lift ships 15 feet. You are looking east or downstream. Radio coverage was complex and involved many months of planning.

M. Jacques Terroux, Montreal

At end of 1959 Royal Visit to Victoria, Halhed helps technicians coil up mike cable while a woman seeks a memento on the lawn in front of the Legislature.

Miles Canyon, Y.T. (below) Old house, Dawson (center)

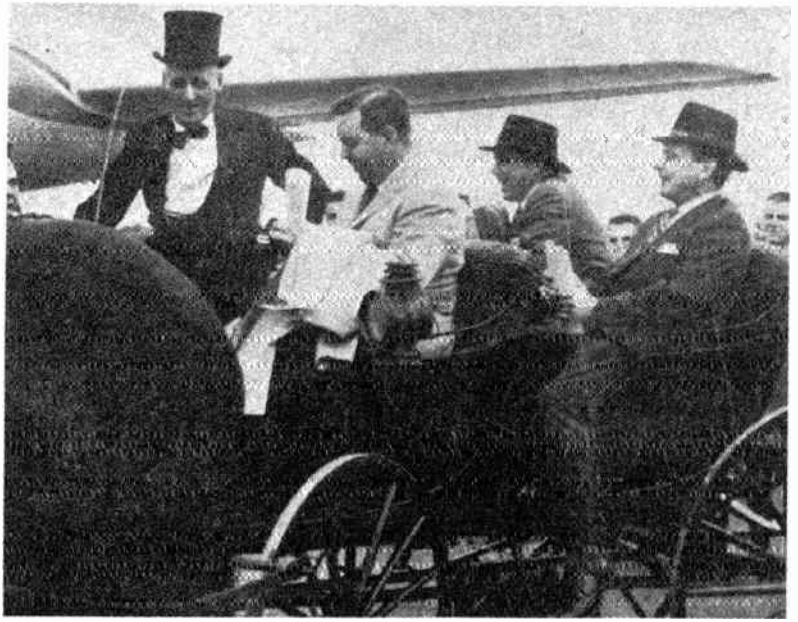


Imperial Oil Review

Restored Palace Grand Theatre, Dawson, Y.T. and focal point of the 1962 Festival. New exterior lumber was unpainted. Wallpaper inside matched exactly that which enhanced the old theatre in the late 1890s.

Ronald Hunka, Toronto

Technician Ken Frost and commentators Doug Brophy and Ron Hunka with Chevrolet 'Impala' which they drove from St. John's to Victoria over the new Trans-Canada Highway, broadcasting 23 national reports en route.

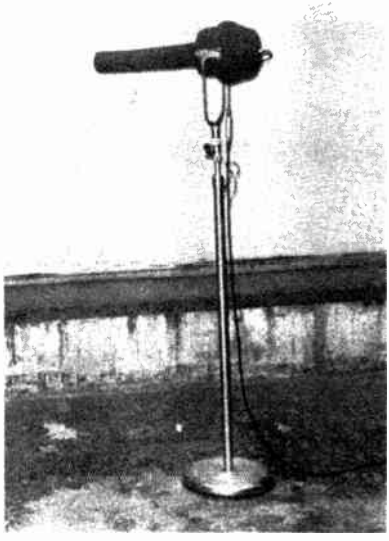


Guardian of the Gulf, Charlottetown

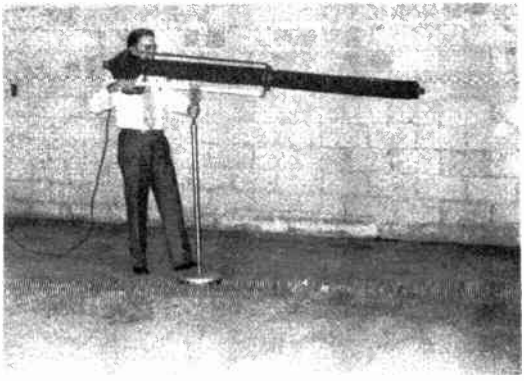
Two horse-power conveyance which met the plane and transported Pierre Normandin, Halhed and Liston McIlhagga in to Charlottetown. We were told there was no space on the bus!

Douglas Field. Halifax

CBC Radio crew unloading baggage outside The Barn, actually Shore Acres Motel at Cornwall, 8 miles west of Charlottetown: October 1964.



An Electrovoice "642" line microphone. This instrument is 20 inches in length.



An Electrovoice "643" line microphone 7'6" in length. Focused by a technician, it is unpopular with security officers since it resembles a weapon.

Confederation Centre of the Arts, Charlottetown

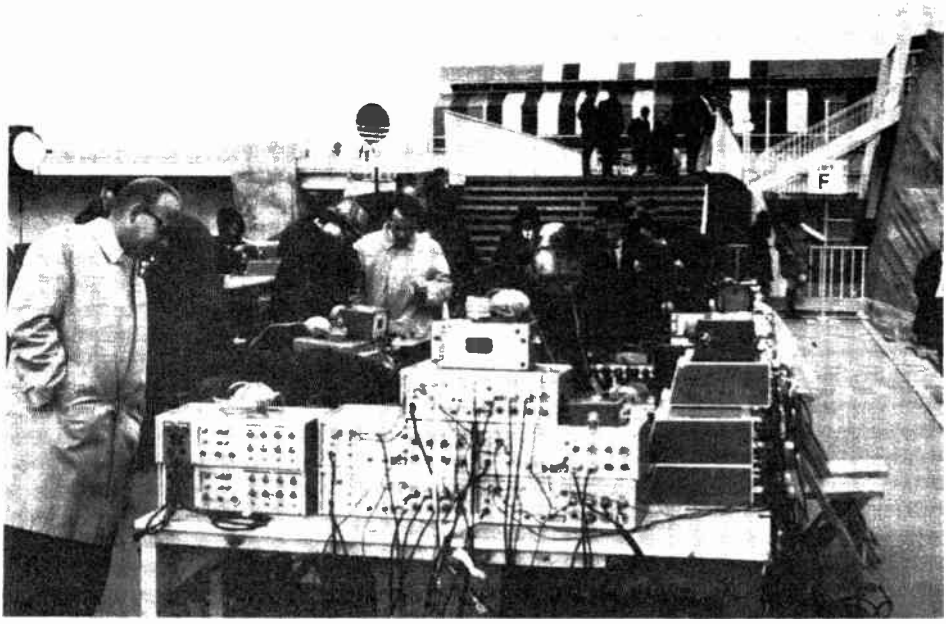
Fathers of Confederation Memorial Building, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Confederation Centre of the Arts, Charlottetown

Inscription inside the Fathers of Confederation Memorial Building at Charlottetown which was unveiled by Her Majesty the Queen.

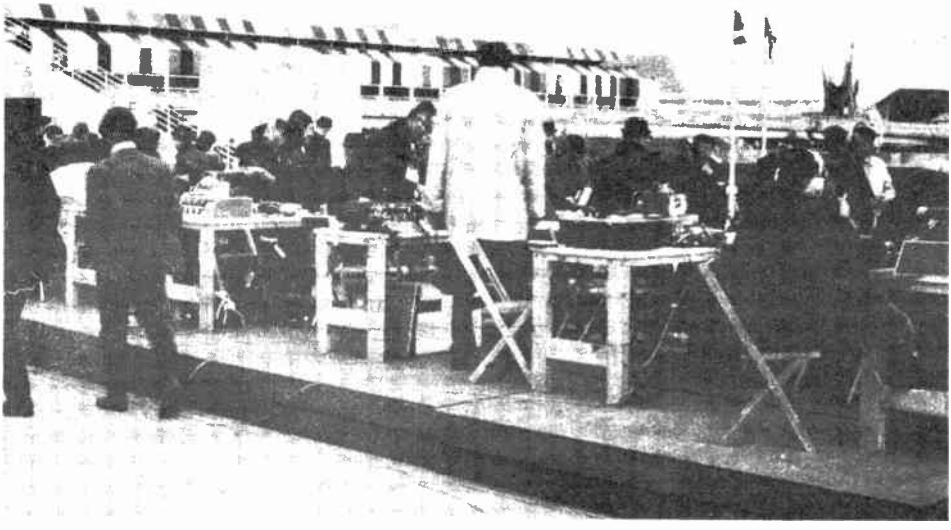
Can. Broadcasting Corp.

"Class of '66" Commentators' School, Toronto. Top, l. to r., Art Loucks, announce sup'vr., Jim Robertson, Bill Paul, Orest Ulan, George Finstadt, Hugh Naldrett, Doug McIlraith. Middle, instructor Byng Whitteker, Jim Schrumm, Pat Napier, Murray Parker, Mike Winlaw, Alex Moir. Bottom, instructors Alex Smith, Halhed, W.H. Brodie, John Rae, Ron Gordon.



Arthur W. Holmes, Toronto

Radio control set-up with new equipment for coverage of opening of Expo '67, Montreal. Technical Supervisor Hugh Barr at left.



Arthur W. Holmes, Toronto

Open-air setup for radio coverage of the opening of Expo '67, Montreal. Each network or service had its own table-mounted mixing equipment, sub-master, distribution system.

The Queen's Printer, Ottawa

Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson ignites the Centennial Flame on Parliament Hill December 31, 1966 ushering in Canada's 100th year.

Centennial symbol—11 triangles for the 10 provinces and Canada's North forming a stylized maple leaf.

Henry Fox, FRPS, Toronto

John W. Fisher, ace broadcast commentator of Canadiana, Centennial Commissioner and known across the country as "Mr. Canada."

Can. Broadcasting Corp.

A.W. "Art" Holmes who master-minded all radio technical arrangements in 1967 for Centennial remotes throughout Canada.

John Lewis Photo

John McFayden, producer of numerous "live" remotes in Centennial Year.

Arthur W. Holmes, Toronto

Two of the new CBC Radio mobile vans—each containing control-room, talks studio and emergency power generator. During 1967, they were used in many sections of Canada.

Arthur W. Holmes, Toronto

With their craft lined up on river-bank, Centennial Voyageur Canoe Pageant is about to begin at Rocky Mountain House, Alberta. Note CBC commentators on air from high stands at rear.

The Queen's Printer, Ottawa

Her Majesty inspects her Guard of Honour inside CFB hangar #11 as she and Prince Philip begin their Centennial visit to Ottawa in 1967.

The Queen's Printer, Ottawa

The giant birthday cake which the Queen "cut" on Dominion Day on Parliament Hill in Ottawa.

Expo '67 stylized symbol representing the exhibition's theme—"Man and his World" or international friendship.

Aerial view of Expo '67 at Montreal.

Photo: The Queen's Printer, Ottawa

The exciting conclusion of the Centennial Voyageur Canoe Pageant in a lagoon at Expo '67 after three months paddling from Alberta. "Katamavik," Canada's pavilion, in background.

The Queen's Printer, Ottawa

Top of a "theme" pavilion, the elevated minirail and part of the crowd at Expo '67.

The Queen's Printer, Ottawa

EPILOGUE

Those of us who were privileged to know them as colleagues and friends remember with warmth and respect those CBC staff broadcasters whose names have graced some of the preceding pages but who no longer are among us. All were ladies and gentlemen of noteworthy talent and each contributed uniquely to the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's enviable record of achievements as the national radio and television system of this country we call Canada.

Andrew Allen
W.E.S. "Ted" Briggs
W.H. "Steve" Brodie
Ira Dilworth
Sydney Dixon
Ruth Dobrescu
John W. Fisher
Patricia Fitzgerald
Reid Forsee
William F. Galgay
Anthony Geluch
Robert Graham
William J. Herbert
F.B.C. "Basil" Hilton
Jean Hinds
Cecil V. Hobbs
Charles Jennings
Gordon Jones
Norman Lucas
Catherine MacIver
Ray Mackness
Ernest Morgan
Ian Murray
A.E. "Bert" Powley
Terry Rusling
Sheila Russell
Peter Whittall
G.E. "Byng" Whitteker
J. Frank Willis

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I am indebted to the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation for authorizing the use of its original symbol in the cover design as well as for providing original photographs and reproductions of others from the long defunct staff magazine "Radio." I am particularly grateful to Messrs. Don Lytle, Bill Ross and Gerry Flaherty of CBC Head Office for their guidance and co-operation.

Thanks also to Mr. Fred Phipps and Mr. Sandy Stewart of CBC Toronto for their advice concerning photographic reproductions.

For the loan of photographs I wish to thank Mr. D.L. Bennett and Mr. N. Cowan of CBC Winnipeg, Mr. Ian Fraser of CBC Halifax and Mrs. Rosemary Digby of CBC Toronto.

Reproduced by permission of the Minister of Supply and Services Canada are six photographs from the book "Canada —the Best of Centennial in Pictures" which was produced by the Centennial Commission and published by the Queen's Printer. I am grateful for this co-operation as well as to the Confederation Centre of the Arts, Canada's National Memorial to the Fathers of Confederation, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island; to Mr. Bill James, curator of the Miners' Museum at Springhill, Nova Scotia; to Du Pont of Canada Incorporated of Montreal and Mississauga for the loan of the Ripple Rock photo.

Also for photographs, I extend my thanks to Dr. J. Tuzo Wilson, Director-General of the Ontario Science Centre; Dr. George Garland of the Geophysics Department, University of Toronto who also provided important information; Professor D. Vankatesan of the University of Calgary; Dr. Ian McDiarmid of the National Research Council, Ottawa; Dr. M.J. Keen of the Bedford Institute of Oceanography at Dartmouth.

I appreciate very much the co-operation of Mr. Ron Hunka of CBC Toronto for his photograph and detailed information on the automobile drive across Canada. My thanks to Mr. Joe Parkinson, Mr. Ivan Harris and to retiree Mr. Nelson Gardiner for invaluable photographic assistance. I am particularly

indebted to Mr. L.T. Jackson of CBC Vancouver for his efforts in locating old photographs.

I appreciate the kindness of Mr. Glenn Wright of the Public Archives of Canada for providing me with a photocopy of the report of the investigation into the "Green Hill Park" disaster.

Special thanks are due to Mrs. Elizabeth Jenner and her CBC Toronto Reference Library staff for the research material they supplied over many months, to Miss Agnes MacPherson and Mr. Allan Gilroy for maps and to Miss Gail Donald of CBC Toronto's Programme Archives for placing at my disposal innumerable recordings of network programmes of earlier times as well as providing monitoring facilities.

I am grateful to CBC retirees Mr. J. Alphonse Ouimet (former president) for technical information, to Mr. Arthur W. Holmes for Centennial Year slides, to Mr. Hugh W. Morrison and Mr. Eric Koch for some essential memory-jogging and to Mr. Jack Carlyle and Mr. Maurice Maden for network configuration data. Also appreciated was the cover photo provided by Mrs. Eve Lethbridge and the advice of Miss Sheila Skelley and Mr. Robert Weaver.

Warmest thanks to my aunt, Miss Katherine Mary Hill, of Chemainus, B.C. for co-sponsoring this publication.

Above all, I say 'thank you' to my wife Vera for her cover concept, her photographic layout, her assessing, editing, constructive criticism and especially for her constant encouragement throughout the researching, writing and preparation of this book.

To those identified and to others who have contributed in large ways and small, I am sincerely grateful.

D.H.

INDEX OF PERSONS NAMED

the author

F.R. "Dick" Halhed devoted almost four decades to Canadian radio broadcasting—the first twenty-nine years as an announcer, producer, editor and programming supervisor.

With the completion of his Centennial responsibilities at the end of 1967, he was named CBC Radio Networks Programming Officer and two years later became Director of Radio Operations. In 1971, he was appointed National Resources Manager—Radio, English Services Division—a position he held until his retirement at the end of 1976.

Born and educated in British Columbia, Dick is married and has a son and two grandchildren. He and his wife Vera are longtime residents of Toronto.

IAN KELSO, ETOBICOKE "GUARDIAN"

"Radio—the Remote Years" is a sort of diary—a retired CBC staffer's recollections of a memorable quarter-century of local, English Network and international programming from the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's fifth year in 1941 up to and including Canada's Centennial in 1967. Text and photographs combine to afford glimpses behind the scenes of CBC radio as it used to be . . . in this book which is a mixture of broadcasting history, Canadiana and nostalgia.