



# RADIO

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RADIO  
CANADA



Vol. 2

No. 5

CBR VANCOUVER

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WITH THE HANDS

1946 ELECTIONS

MAY, 1946



# 1946 ELECTIONS

HEREWITH NEW STAFF COUNCILS ELECTED BY PRESS TIME:

1. Chicoutimi: Robert Quenneville, secretary; Roland Dallaire, chairman; Paul Garon, vice-chairman.
2. Halifax: Carl MacCaull, programs; Hildgarde Morrison, administration; Keith Morrow, programs (vice-chairman); Syd Kennedy, chairman; Arleigh Canning, engineering; Marion Ritchie, administration (secretary); Fraser Cooke, engineering.
3. International service: Max Mosher, Jim McBurney, Mireille Beullac, Gabriel Archambault, Jacqueline Brunet, Chairman J. M. Marcotte. Absent—Pat Waddington, Mavor Moore, Doug. Henderson.
4. Winnipeg: standing—Gordon Fraser, Chairman Esse W. Ljungh, Vice-Chairman Dick Halhed; seated—Secretary Jean Hinds, Treasurer Rita Glennie.
5. Vancouver: standing—Tom Leach (administration), Tony Geluch (engineering), Basil Hilton (engineering), Don Smith (newsroom), Bill Herbert (announcing); seated—Beth Crowe (clerical), Chairman Marce Munro, Dixie Gibb (clerical).
6. CBO, Ottawa: Jack Sterling, Secretary Doris Hopper, Fred McCord, Chairman Joe Pickard, John Benson, Lillian Wadsworth.
7. Watrous: Secretary I. J. Smith, Chairman H. H. Simmonds, Treasurer N. F. Micklewright.



## LATE RETURNS

Sackville transmitters and Keefe reported just at press time. E. F. MacDuff is the new chairman at Sackville. Other executive members there are Margaret L. Ford, E. C. Hughes and G. R. Backhouse.

Keefe executive comprises Miss Cecile LePage, James Carlisle, E. C. Stewart, J. E. Hayes, P. E. Lambert, R. Frenette, Miss P. Duffie, P. V. Tremblay. Chairman was not elected at press time.



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RADIO a pour objet de faciliter l'échange d'opinions et de renseignements de nature à contribuer au progrès de la radiodiffusion nationale.

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## YOUR VOTE AND MINE

*(Contributed by C. R. Delafield, national chairman Staff Councils.)*

The national vote on employee representation has now been taken. You have the results both in local terms and in national terms.

You know that at most points Staff Councils won by a good majority. But you know that at some points the majority were in favor of an employees' association or of union affiliation. You know that nationally a clear majority were for continuance of Staff Councils. But you know that at one point there was a large number of spoiled ballots, due apparently to lack of sufficient information to vote intelligently.

On the one side then we can say Staff Councils will continue with the pledged assurance of majority staff support. Apart from the spoiled ballots, we the staff voted directly, as a result of careful consideration. Figures do not lie.

But figures can mean several things. Read them over

again—think them out by locations again. Now is no time to sit back and say—we voted, all's well! A new employee year is ahead. You are electing or have elected a new executive. What is it going to do for you? What are you going to do for it?

Figures by themselves mean nothing. Local executives mean nothing, procedures mean nothing—unless there are two things present. And these two things are *vision* and *will*.

What is *vision*? *Vision* is *leadership*. That is why you elected an executive. They are people to whom you have entrusted a special job—the job of *leadership*. Make sure they do it!

What is *will*? *Will* is *response—your response*. That is the job of every one of us—including the executive.

Nothing will work if you leave it to Joe—or Joan. You don't know the answers? Ask! You did, and didn't get

*(Continued on page 5)*

OUR COVER THIS MONTH  
P.A.B.X.

**You pick up your phone . . . dial 216, 217 or whatever inter-office number you're calling. Or you dial 9, then the outside number you're hoping to call. And if your party is in his office, or if the line isn't busy, or his phone out of order, or disconnected . . . that's all there is to it! Our Cover This Month shows R.N. (Newt) Smith of P.B.X. installation department of Bell Telephone Company testing the new P.A.B.X. (Private Automatic Branch Exchange) installed at CBC Toronto offices by Northern Electric for the phone company.**

# THINKING IS NOT ALWAYS DONE WITH THE HANDS

(Contributed)

**I**F there is one supremely important thing in radio, something that matters more than anything else, it is creative thought.

Creative thinking means imagination, the development of new ideas and techniques, the improvement of old ones.

It should have some part in every job in the CBC, if the CBC is to mean what it should mean in Canadian life. Creative thought plays a bigger part in some jobs than in others, but wherever it is found, in whatever degree, it should be encouraged.

If you agree with this rather portentous opener, I can get down to what is really on my mind.

Concentrated thought, applied to the problems and objectives of one's job, is—or should be—the principal justification for the monthly pay cheque.

Did you ever look at anyone who was just thinking?

With some people, thinking may be combined with physical activity—writing, dictating, phoning, discussing. There is even a type of “manual thinking” which educationalists recognize: Those who think, in a sense, through their hands, often develop amazing technical skills.

There are, nevertheless, other types, who do their thinking with the brain alone, unembellished by any outward and visible signs of activity. These are the unhappy ones who have a tough row to hoe in any modern office on this continent. For some reason, brains of this sort function most effectively in an environment that is free from racket, phone calls, casual visits and musical backgrounds. Imaginative thinking about a program idea, or about a tricky engineering problem—thinking of this kind is not usually accompanied by rapid motions of the hands and feet.

On the contrary, it requires physical relaxation; leaning back in one's chair, lighting a cigarette or pipe, and if so inclined, elevating the feet to the desk.

Or just standing in front of the window.

## A Bit of Snoot

Suppose that this Thinker (who may regard the Rodin posture as too exhibi-



tionist) decides to protect himself by shutting the door. That would probably be regarded as a bit of snoot in CBC circles, since we're all on a pleasantly pally basis, and a fine thing. Everyone likes to be able to drop in on anyone else, and many useful ideas are developed and improved through such casual talk, over and above the exchange of grapevine tid-bits and Willis' latest.

Suppose you stick your head in the door. If he (or she) is phoning, dictating, pawing around with files and papers, or talking to someone, you know that he (or she) is “busy”. If he is leaning back in his chair, feet on the desk, looking a trifle abstracted, that is the Open Sesame, the Green Light, the Come-On.

If you say “Busy?” and he says, “Well, as a matter of fact I am . . . just got a grip on an idea . . .” you would think (and who wouldn't)—“What's he trying to give me, anyway?”

Besides, the guy may just be loafing; you never know.

Wherein our sociable contributor, who prefers to remain anonymous, sets forth the case of the quiet thinker—that not-too-timid soul who dares to close the door.

Or he might be reading a magazine, or checking through the paper for those cues that sometimes spark off an idea; or he might be having a catnap on the office floor (couches are not provided and not many thick rugs) trying to clear his brain so that it will work on all cylinders for the rest of the afternoon to the advantage of the CBC and the Canadian listener. Some brains need this kind of a pick-me-up, but they don't often get it.

Of course, this joker could put on a show of being busy in the office, and do his real thinking about his job at home. But that isn't a good thing, or a fair thing, either, for him or for his family, if he happens to have one.

All this is not a snide attack on the person who looks busy, and is. Someone who is hard at it from nine to five, and often longer, dealing with correspondence and memos, talking to innumerable people, answering phone calls, and making quick decisions, is not usually putting on an act to impress people. He may often be too busy for his own good, and a more leisurely approach to some of his problems might be a fine thing. But the man or woman whose job does not demand this sort of busy-ness—or only a small amount of it—and whose biggest, hardest and most important assignment is just straight thinking—looking for ideas, developing them, mulling them over critically, polishing them up—there's the frustrated victim of the average office environment, where most people are expected to “look busy” or it is taken for granted that they aren't.

In Britain and Europe and Latin America, the leisurely and more casual approach—the uninterrupted times for discussion, for undisturbed thinking, the long lunch and the long week-end—has always been recognized and valued. In radio, where creative capacity is the one great thing to cherish, such an environment might be a stimulus—or it might be something to be exploited by those who are just bone lazy. Like the writer of this article, for instance, a person with great and not fully developed capacities for loafing, whose Canadian guilt complex insists on getting it all neatly rationalized.

Miss McGuinness, will you please put that stack of files on my desk, so that I can reshuffle them?

# "FOR I DIPPED INTO THE FUTURE"

By PETER FRANCIS

**M**USING in the state of work-drugged apathy that comes over continuity writers in the interval between five o'clock and the later hour at which public transportation becomes practicable, I breathed deeply of the fumes that flow into the office through various cracks in the walls and floor, and so, like a Delphic priestess, I fell into a trance, and dreamed a dream. I envisioned a wonderful device that would relieve me and my fellows from the drudgery of mental labor, and establish us as happy attendants of the machine.

This device—I saw it plain in my vision—was built of gleaming chromium and transparent, brightly colored lucite. Rows of buttons adorned its face, each accompanied by a printed label. On one label I could see the inscription, "Paloma, La"—on another, "Kreisler, Fritz"—and on another, "Danube, Blue".

I dreamed that I saw a smiling worker, neatly garbed in a clean, white jacket, go up to the machine, and push a button from which most of the chromium had been worn away, revealing the brass beneath. The machine whirred and clicked, and shot a slip of paper into a slot directly under the button. The paper fell into a basket, and the worker retrieved it, and held it up to examine it. As he did so, I was able to read these words: "SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES. . . And now, one of the best-loved melodies by the late Jerome Kern . . . the romantic hit of the musical play, 'Roberta' . . . 'Smoke Gets in Your Eyes' . . . (sung) (played) by (blank)."

While the first worker pasted this slip to a larger sheet of paper, another white-jacketed figure, equally contented, to judge by the expression on his plump, rosy face, was repeating the operation with another button. His slip read: "SPRING, VOICES OF. . . Appropriate to the season is the immortal music of the Strauss waltz, 'Voices of Spring' . . . played now by (blank) and his orchestra."

The second worker looked at the February sheet on the calendar, and his smile faded. "Look at this," he said to his

*Peter Francis, the author, is a continuity writer at CBC Toronto studios.*



fellow. "It says 'Voices of Spring' is appropriate to the season, and it's only February. At least, it is if that calendar's right."

"It's right, all right. I saw them change it a few days ago. But don't let this worry you. Put it through. It's none of our business, and no one will notice it, anyway."

A stubborn look appeared on the second worker's expressive face. "That wouldn't be right," he said. "It would be against the Orphean Oath I swore as a condition of my employment."

"Oh, that!" The first man spoke in patronizing tones. "You'll forget about that nonsense when you've been here as long as I have. Besides, your attitude shows a lack of the respect and gratitude due to this marvellous invention. You new chaps don't know when you're well off. Do you know that continuity writers once had to think of these quotations themselves?"

The color drained from the second worker's rosy cheeks, leaving them white in the soft fluorescent light. "No. Surely not. They could never have treated anyone like that!"

"They did, though," his companion said. "I once met a man who worked here in those days, and he told me all about it. Poor fellow—he couldn't have been over 35 but his hair was snow-white, and he talked continually in clichés. He told me that he stood it for five years before they had to replace him. But most of them didn't last that long. That's why they had to develop these machines. When they first installed them, the writers went mad. They couldn't understand why they didn't get ekes from them, and so they tried to break them."

The second worker's obduracy had vanished. "I'll send this 'Voices of Spring'

thing through," he said.

"You should," said the other. "But I'll show you how to fix it up—just this once. Here. Press this 'Vienna Woods, Tales from' button."

"But that isn't the right composition!"

"No, but it'll do. You'll see."

The machine whirred and clicked, and a piece of paper fell into the basket. It read: "VIENNA WOODS, TALES FROM. . . The lilting music of a Strauss waltz, conjuring up nostalgic memories of the gaiety of Old Vienna. (Blank) conducts the Strauss dance rhapsody, 'Tales from the Vienna Woods.'"

"Look," said the first worker. "You just cross out 'Tales from the Vienna Woods', and write in 'Voices of Spring'. Most of these quotations are interchangeable, if we only stopped to think about it."

"But we aren't supposed to stop to think about it, are we?"

"No. And don't you let this go any further. If they of the third level knew that we were thinking. . ."

And my vision faded.

## YOUR VOTE

*(Continued from page 3)*

anywhere? Stick to it! Be active—it's your own organization, it's your own welfare!

Vision and will—with your individual will, with a bit of vision by executives, your collective representation as employees will really do a job. And from that, your individual problems, adequate procedures, functional representation, further improvements, and above all, lack of information—all these will take care of themselves.

Figures are only figures. But you, the employees, together, make things happen.

# LA PREMIERE RADIO INTERNATIONALE

Par JEAN-MARIE MARCOTTE

Quand on m'a demandé de faire un papier pour "notre" magazine, j'ai d'abord pensé vous raconter quelque histoire d'Afrique ou de Palestine; puis, me ravisant j'ai cru qu'il serait plus intéressant de consigner en quelques notes les origines assez obscures de la première radio internationale.

Au fait, vous ne savez peut-être pas qu'il a existé durant la guerre un poste qui portait le nom de "Radio des Nations Unies".

"Ici la radio des Nations Unies".

"This is the United Nations Radio, Station UNR..."

Cette identification, que peut-être vous n'avez jamais entendue, a d'abord été lancée en 1943 par deux Canadiens qui ne m'en voudront pas, je l'espère, de les nommer: ce sont François Bertrand et René Lecavalier.

Revenons un peu en arrière et voyons ce qui se passait à Alger au début de l'année 1943. Je crois que mes souvenirs sont exacts et je confesse n'avoir pas suivi de très près les débuts de la première radio internationale. Ce n'était pas alors ma fonction et ce que je vous en dirai pourra sans doute être complété par mes compagnons de l'hôtel de Cournouailles.

A ce moment-là, le chef du service était un Américain. La rédaction des nouvelles était assurée par des Algérois, les speakers étaient canadiens, les ingénieurs français et les musiciens des indigènes.

Situons maintenant les lieux. Nous sommes à Alger, rue Berthésène, en contre-flanc de la colline d'El-Biar. Les studios sont aménagés (évidemment un euphémisme) dans un entresol de l'édifice du gouvernement général de l'Algérie. Un Sénégalais, baïonnette au canon, garde la porte d'entrée et presque tous les soirs, les raiders allemands viennent interrompre notre dessert.

Je revois René Lecavalier aux prises avec le chaouch indigène qui lui refuse l'entrée des studios parce que dans sa distraction il a oublié son laissez-passer. Par surcroît, il avait failli être arrêté le semaine précédente dans un des grands théâtres d'Alger sur la méprise d'un inspecteur de police qui le prenait pour un espion italien. René, qui sait toujours y faire, a réussi à convaincre la sentinelle et... à arriver en retard au programme.

Mes souvenirs de cette époque sont assez confus, mais je me rappelle distinctement l'aménagement des deux studios temporaires, où j'avais été convoqué à titre d'officier canadien pour une interview. Des cloisons de blocs de ciment partageaient les studios, et des couvertures de l'armée américaine servaient d'amortisseurs de sons. Au centre, une toute petite table, avec un micro et deux chaises. A travers la lucarne, on pouvait voir l'opérateur et un deuxième studio rempli d'Arabes. Leur musique monotone durait depuis des heures et leur nonchalance nous surprit. Il y avait un grand diable habillé à l'européenne et coiffé d'une chéchia, qui pianotait sur trois ou quatre notes seulement. Assis par terre tout près de lui, un

indigène en gandourah blanche jouait de la raïta, ou flûte indigène, tandis que sur le coin d'une chaise, un gosse de 13 à 15 ans tambourinait sur une derbouka. Ils étaient là, impassibles et insouciantes, reprenant sans cérémonie et sans suite les mêmes airs, les mêmes danses.

Quand ce fut mon tour, on coupa tout simplement la musique arabe et l'on dit: "Voici maintenant une interview avec un officier canadien..."

Evidemment, c'était les débuts de la radio internationale—dans un studio. Car il faut situer ses véritables débuts à quatre ou cinq mois auparavant alors que de Gibraltar, Eisenhower adressait "fictivement" un message au général Giraud aux garnisons françaises d'Afrique du Nord. Cet épisode cocasse a été raconté en détail par Renée Gosset dans "Le Coup d'Alger".

C'est cette même radio anglo-américaine qui s'installa à Alger et se transforma rapidement en radio internationale. L'en semble du personnel, chargé de la rédaction des bulletins de nouvelles, des textes, des programmes, constituait une véritable société des nations. Je relève ici le nom de deux autres Canadiens de la province de Québec, Madeleine Mounet et Raymond Grenier (de Québec), tous deux préposés aux dépêches. René Lecavalier était la vedette des speakers bilingues et François Bertrand était devenu la coqueluche de toutes ces dames d'Algérie: Fatumas, Moukhers, Algéroises, Tunisiennes, Marocaines et petites demoiselles "zazou". On lui écrivait de toute part, du bled, des oasis et des casbahs pour lui demander toutes sortes de choses.

Me permettrai-je d'intercaler ici une toute petite aventure qui lui est arrivée un soir de bombardement. Sans doute ne se connaissait-il pas lui-même cette vocation de héros qui l'imposa à l'admiration de tous ses collègues.

Il était peut-être huit heures du soir, les hirondelles tourbillonnaient dans les feux du crépuscule avant de regagner les dunes. Comme François s'appretait à se rendre au studio, l'alerte est donnée et la D.C.A. ouvre un violent tir de barrage. Surtout préoccupé de son émission, François défie les règlements de la défense passive et s'aventure dans la rue. A ce moment précis, les bombes commencent à tomber et des shrapnells de la D.C.A. chantent sur le pavé comme les gouttes de la pluie. Il serait témérairement inutile de poursuivre sa route et bien logiquement, François cherche un abri dans l'encognure d'une porte. Il se trouve face à face avec un de ses collègues américains qui a une de ces trouilles!... Tellement trouillard ce collègue qu'il s'accroche à François pour s'en faire un bouclier et s'écrase tout petit à l'abri de son postérieur.

C'est ainsi que sans le vouloir, François Bertrand est devenu au yeux des gens de la radio internationale un solide gaillard qui ne tremblait pas durant les raids allemands.

Mais revenons à notre sujet. Avec les mois, l'installation grossissait et l'im-



*Jean-Marie Marcotte, attaché au Service International de Radio-Canada, à titre de producteur des programmes, "La Voix du Canada", à l'adresse de la France et des territoires français. Au moment de sa démobilisation, il avait le grade de capitaine dans l'armée britannique. Ses souvenirs de voyage paraîtront bientôt en volume sous le titre de "Mektoub", mot arabe qui résume toute la philosophie fataliste des Musulmans: "C'était écrit".*

portance du poste de la radio des Nations Unies augmentait. Je crois qu'à la fin de l'année 1943, ce poste comportait trois émetteurs d'une puissance totale de 50,000 watts. Les programmes étaient rédigés en anglais, en français, en italien, en allemand, en espagnol et en arabe. Le personnel était à la fois civil et militaire, puisque déjà on avait organisé les "commandos" de la radio. Ces équipes volantes, commandées par des officiers de l'armée américaine, avaient pour mission de s'emparer des postes de radio en Tunisie et, plus tard, dans les autres territoires, à mesure que les combats s'engageaient pour leur libération. Dans presque tous les cas, ces "commandos" ont réussi, et au début de l'année 1944, la radio des Nations Unies possédait un réseau imposant de relais qui s'étendait depuis le Maroc jusqu'à la Tunisie, la Corse, la Sicile et l'Italie.

A chaque débarquement en Italie, et plus tard dans le sud de la France, les équipes de volontaires prolongeaient le réseau et organisaient localement la distribution des informations et des consignes par radio. Aujourd'hui la plupart de ces postes permanents ont été remis aux autorités locales, et la radio des Nations Unies n'est plus qu'un souvenir, presque une épopée. Si un jour, l'O.N.U. devait mettre sur pied un poste de radio internationale, il pourrait s'inspirer de l'audace, de l'esprit d'initiative et de la franche collaboration qui ont marqué la première radio des Nations Unies.

Et je termine sur cette note, pour les archives de Radio-Canada, à savoir que plusieurs Canadiens, dont quelques employés de la Société, étaient là aux tous premiers jours de la Radio des Nations Unies.

# Le Personnel En Vedette

## Jean Beaudet à Prague

La vedette incontestable de ce mois, c'est Jean Beaudet. Tous savent qu'il est parti à la fin-avril pour se rendre au Festival International de Musique, à Prague en Tchécoslovaquie, où il a été invité à faire connaître au monde la musique canadienne. C'est un grand honneur pour nous de Radio-Canada de compter chez nous un homme de ce calibre. A la réunion d'adieu du personnel, le 26 avril, sous un masque de bonhomie il ne laissait pas de laisser percer son émotion.

Il n'est pas dans nos habitudes ici de faire du sentiment, surtout quand il s'agit des patrons, mais Jean Beaudet c'est beaucoup plus qu'un patron. Il est un des nôtres et l'a toujours été malgré son travail formidable et ses responsabilités à +6. Et voilà pourquoi chacun est si touché de la bonne fortune en même temps que du lourd honneur qui lui échoient. Nous sommes convaincus qu'on n'aurait pu choisir meilleur représentant de nos musiciens. En attendant qu'il revienne, nos vœux les plus chaleureux l'accompagnent.

## Pour... contre... ou neutre

La votation a manqué de couleur, en ceci que les vieux de la vieille remémorent avec nostalgie les furieuses élections de jadis avec cabales et "télégraphes", etc., avant que le conseil du personnel prenne sa forme définitive. Dans le temps, un bon votant ne manquait jamais de remplir au moins sa demi-douzaine de bulletins, grâce à une organisation assez peu pratique quant aux résultats, et très, très élastique, quant à la conscience professionnelle des présidents de scrutin. Le slogan fameux, sinon bien honnête: Votez de bonne heure et souvent, marchait alors à plein rendement et impunément. Mais dans le temps, les problèmes n'étaient pas sérieux comme ceux d'aujourd'hui. Bien entendu qu'un tel état de chose serait inadmissible actuellement, n'empêche cependant qu'avec le progrès, les couleurs s'en vont. De partout on nous signale: le vote a été calme, aucun incident, etc.

## Toujours la cigogne

La petite famille du chef du personnel technique à CBJ s'est enrichie d'un



*Cette photo a été prise à la clôture du grand Concours Littéraire radiophonique à l'Ermitage à Montréal, le soir du 14 avril. Sur le plateau de l'Ermitage en cette occasion, en plus des douze concurrents et des comédiens, avait pris place le jury composé de quatre personnalités du monde littéraire et radiophonique, monsieur Davidson Dunton, président du bureau des gouverneurs de Radio Canada; monsieur Augustin Frigon, gérant-général; monsieur Jean Beaudet, directeur du réseau français; Mlle Louise Simard, secrétaire du Concours et plusieurs autres.*

*Le grand Concours Littéraire et Radiophonique a été un plein succès tant par la quantité des textes soumis que par la valeur de leur présentation.*

*A cette occasion Radio-Canada a versé \$900.00 en prix pour encourager les jeunes Canadiens à embrasser la carrière des lettres.*

*On leur a aussi commandé pour \$900. de sketches.*

nouvel héritier dernièrement. Inutile d'ajouter que Jim Roberts jubile d'avoir maintenant deux gars à taquiner. Un autre du personnel qui vit l'extase de la paternité, c'est François Bertrand de

Montréal. Nos plus chaleureuses félicitations à la mère, que ceux de CBF-CBM ont bien connue alors qu'elle était simplement Jacqueline Baillargeon.

## Perspectives de noces

Outre un soleil guilleret, des oiseaux pleins de chansons et un lapin en chocolat, Pâques a apporté à Lucie Goudreau, réceptionniste à CBY, un merveilleux diamant aux mille scintillements. Débordante de reconnaissance, Lucie a donné sa parole à Majella Cantin qui très habile, avait enfoui le bijou agaçant dans une gerbe de roses. Leur problème commence: ils se cherchent un appartement. Tout comme Lucien Côté, annonceur suppléant à Québec et Rita Emond, le "Couple 1946" de la radio québécoise.

## L'Incendie du "3"

C'est une histoire épique dont se feront gloire les annales de Radio-Canada. Trois heures... l'heure du savon! Au troisième étage! Pour la troisième fois, on vante les mérites de Camay quand une odeur louche vient chatouiller les narines de l'annonceur. Tellement louche, qu'il suffoque presque. Les auditeurs ne l'en croient que plus convaincu. 33 femmes appellent à l'instant leur épicière et implorent qu'on leur vende de grâce de ce savon! Pendant ce temps, l'odeur a pris corps et s'est faite fumée dense et opaque. La brigade des pompiers s'amène, échelles, piques et haches; casques, bottes et manteau d'amiante. L'annonceur tient son poste. Il y a un tintamarre du diable pendant que la fumée devient de plus en plus forte. A Chicago, où on ne se sait pas que CBM est en feu, le bonimenteur bonimente. Bientôt s'approche la minute fatidique où encore une fois, l'annonceur montréalais devra parler. Il lance un cri terrible en se jetant sur le bouton du microphone. Les spectateurs se taisent, les pompiers se taisent, personne ne toussé. 30 secondes d'un boniment convaincu. L'annonceur coupe le circuit du microphone. Tout le monde toussé et les pompiers trouvent le corps flambant du délit qui brûlait benoîtement entre deux murs. L'incendie a menacé de dégénérer en une véritable conflagration... mais le programme a continué et l'honneur a été sauf...

(Suite à la page 11)

"THE CBC Fishermen's Broadcast for the Maritimes."

First spoken on February 11, 1946, those words opened up a new field of public service on the part of CBC. Fifteen minutes a day, five days a week, the Corporation now keeps fishermen of the Maritime Provinces up to date on the weather, fish prices, market conditions, catches, changes in rules and regulations, and the doings of fellow fishermen. The information might be picked up by the owner of a 40-foot motor boat used in the inshore fisheries, or by the skipper of a high-line Banker, hundreds of miles off the coast.

Letters have poured in from practically every town and hamlet along thousands of miles of Maritime coastline. Seven independent radio stations are co-operating with the Corporation's two Maritime transmitters in providing coverage. They've brought in letters from places with such picturesque names as "East Side of Ragged Island" and "Duck Island Fog Alarm Station". Names which reflect the colorful, rugged past of the sea-faring Maritimes. Hamlets where the surge of the surf pounds in above the opening strains of "Life on the Ocean Wave"—theme of the Fishermen's Broadcast.

Radio is bringing the world's markets right into the homes of our fishermen ashore and at sea.

If the price of fish drops in Halifax the fisherman at sea knows it almost as soon as the fisherman tied up at a Halifax dock.

If the Spring run of herring strikes at Cape North, the men at Cheticamp get their nets ready. They know the run will hit their shore in a day or so. When ice pours out of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, skippers at sea get the word from the Fishermen's Broadcast, and keep out of the way.

With a heavy gale due to strike tomorrow, the Banker knows about it today. Even though the hold is only half-full of fish, he knows it's wise to batten down the hatches, call in the dories, and head for port. Returns on half a catch are better than stove-in timbers. He gets that information from the special morning weather forecast carried on every program.

The Dominion Public Weather Office at Halifax—under officer-in-charge R. A. Hornstein—has worked overtime to provide CBC with this information. A direct teletype line from the meteorologist's office carries marine forecasts right into the Halifax newswroom three times daily. Aside from its Fishermen's Broadcast, CBC Halifax gives the men at sea fresh weather forecasts at 7.33 a.m. and 12.00 midnight daily—with special service on

# "LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE"

By  
RON FRASER

Saturdays and Sundays. It was the first region and organization in Canada to request and obtain special weather forecasts for fishermen and those at sea. All this is in addition to the four inland weather forecasts broadcast daily by CBC Maritime transmitters and the Maritime network.

Encouraged to make suggestions for improving and expanding the service, listeners have sent in many suggestions. Boards of Trade have advanced suggestions. Words of commendation have come from private business and co-operatives. All this shows that the broadcast is filling a needed service and building goodwill for CBC. Listeners write that they appreciate the part played by those independent Maritime radio stations which carry the broadcast.

Letters also roll in from city and town dwellers. They first started tuning in to hear the weather. Now they tell us they're beginning to get interested in fishermen's problems. In this way the broadcast is serving a double-barrelled purpose—serving the fishermen, and, at the same time, promoting a higher understanding among our citizens. The same thing has happened as a result of CBC farm broadcasts.

The offshore Bankers get a daily bait and ice report. The broadcast advises them at which ports bait is scarce and where it's plentiful. The same thing applies to ice. They no longer waste time in guessing where bait and ice are available.

The Dominion Department of Fisheries lends every possible assistance to CBC in providing fishermen with various types of fisheries information. Departmental men send us daily wires from various parts of the Maritimes giving information on bait and ice supplies and vessel arrivals. They hope soon to be in a position to provide additional quotations on prices from various ports.

There is also a direct tie-in with American markets. The Boston market has an effect on the price of fish in the Maritimes. Consequently, arrangements were made with the Boston office of the Fish and Wildlife Market Service of the United States, for a daily wire on Boston prices and landings. In the old days, fishermen sometimes were late in hearing of a price rise—quick to hear of a price drop. Not today. Now they hear about it three hours

after it happens. They know when the Boston market is glutted, and when fish is scarce; when to ship fish, and when to hold.

The Department of Transport—with its Marine and Radio Divisions—is co-operating with CBC by supplying a daily check on the movement of heavy ice out of the Gulf of St. Lawrence into the steamer and vessel tracks. These reports continue through April and part of May—the dangerous ice season. They also provide the information that Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island lobstermen need before picking the grounds for their lobster traps.

Nova Scotia and New Brunswick Departments of Fisheries contribute information while the Fisheries Research Board of Canada provides the latest information on the catching, handling, storing and processing of fish.

News items come in from Canadian Press, British United Press and the occasional volunteer correspondent. Fisheries Journals and other publications are scanned daily for additional information. Fisheries information bulletins are received from the United States.

The CBC farm broadcast staff at Halifax select the best from all these sources of information and funnel condensed versions to Maritime fishermen through the fishermen's broadcast. The broadcast informs only, doing its best to present both sides of any controversial question that may arise. Final decision of any listener must rest with himself. Our job is to present facts only.

Perhaps the average fisherman has heard little of what his industry is doing in other countries such as the United States and Norway. We try to present news items from those countries in a way that brings about realization of the effect action taken there can have on our Canadian fisheries.

We're moving into an age when understanding is vital between all nations. Understanding is impossible without information. Through presenting varied information to Maritime fishermen we hope to add something to this necessary understanding.

The CBC fishermen's broadcast is a public service. Listeners have said this in well over one thousand letters received to date.

## CBR VANCOUVER

By  
RAY MACKNESS

# This is the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation

1 Operators Elmer Winton and Jim Laurie in master control.

2 In CBR lobby: Operator Archie Paok, Switchboard Operators "Bert" Frost and "Bubs" Bosquet, and Operator Clayton Wilson just back on civvy street.

3 In regional engineer's office: Assistant Dixie Gibb, Chief Operator Basil Hilton, Regional Engineer Arthur Ellis, Supervising Operator Tony Geluch, Secretary Mary Woodward.

4 Regional Secretary Edna Neilson, Program Director Kenneth Caple, Regional Representative Ira Dilworth.

5 At CBR transmitter: Operator Don Hawse, Janitor Monty Connor, Veteran Operators George Humphries and Fred Wilson.

6 In front of switchboard: Cashier Bob Prissick recently of army, Commercial Manager Harold Paulson, Secretary Enid Eaton, Switchboard Operator Edna Bennett, News Editor Pat Lewis, Janitor Charlie Summers.

7 Grouped in newsroom: standing—Senior Editor Dick Elson, Announcer Ray Mackness, School Broadcasts Director Phil Kitley; seated—News Editors Don Smith, Elmer McLelland, "Bobbie" Patrick.

**T**HE story of CBR Vancouver is one of Progress and expansion, covering its life span of nine years.

On February 16, 1937, CBR went on the air from its brand new studios in the Hotel Vancouver with a staff of 16 who occupied two offices and worked out of two studios and a makeshift announce booth. For some weeks prior to this the staff worked out of one studio and even less office space in the CNR depot.

Today CBR has 64 employees, 20 offices, a short-wave receiver, newsroom, recording room and three studios. The engineer-

ing department has added to its worries nine low-power relay transmitters scattered throughout the province, that take members of the staff on periodical inspection trips throughout B.C. covering many thousands of miles in the remote parts of the western region.

Eastern visitors to the west coast region usually remark upon the smart up-to-date setup of CBR Vancouver and the compact layout, but members of the staff seldom agree with this view. The cry in this region is for "lebensraum".

In spite of its cramped conditions, CBR

originates nearly as many programs as Toronto. It is the only region to maintain a symphony orchestra. The CBR symphony under its regular conductor, the distinguished British Conductor-Composer Arthur Benjamin, has been performing for western network listeners for five years.

Dominion network features on the west coast are handled by CJOR which recently celebrated 20 years of broadcasting.

Since 1938, Ira Dilworth has been regional representative for B.C. It is due to his leadership that this story of CBC progress in the west is made possible.



# RADIO-CANADIENS A L'HONNEUR

## LE PERSONNEL DE RADIO-CANADA DECROCHE LA PLUPART DES DISTINCTIONS

### Belle initiative de Radiomonde

Ce sont les Radio-Canadiens qui ont réussi à décrocher le plus grand nombre de Trophées et de Plaques de Bronze lors du concours annuel du populaire hebdomadaire montréalais "Radiomonde".

Pour ceux qui ne le sauraient pas, ces honneurs sont aussi convoités dans notre province que les célèbres "Oscar" à Hollywood.

Le choix des annonceurs les plus populaires (un de langue française, l'autre de langue anglaise) se fait par vote populaire. Quant aux autres honneurs, c'est un jury spécial qui les accorde.

Encore cette année, la distribution des trophées et des plaques s'est faite durant le bal annuel des artistes, alors qu'on a couronné Miss Radio.

Aucun membre du personnel n'a pu réprimer son orgueil à la pensée qu'un si grand nombre de ses camarades voyait ainsi publiquement reconnus leurs efforts pour la cause de la radio. Signalons en même temps que seize postes ont décrit les cérémonies.

Voici la liste des gagnants chez le personnel de Radio-Canada:

1. Jean Beaudet: Trophée Lafèche pour son travail magnifique comme chef d'orchestre.
2. Alain Gravel: Trophée de Radiomonde décerné par vote populaire à l'annonceur de langue française le plus estimé du public.
3. Lamont Tilden: Trophée de Radiomonde, décerné à l'annonceur de langue anglaise le plus estimé du public.
4. Marcel Ouimet: Plaque de Bronze pour ses magnifiques reportages sur les champs de bataille, de 1943 à 1946.

*Paul Leduc viens de recevoir le trophée Lafèche pour le programme "RADIO THEATRE". De gauche à droite sur la photo: Mivile Couture, Miss Radio 1946 (Nicole Germain), Paul Leduc et R. O. Boivin, rédacteur en chef de Radiomonde.*

5. François Bertrand: Trophée Lafèche, comme annonceur choisi par les réalisateurs.
6. Roger Baulu: Trophée Lafèche, comme maître de cérémonie.
7. Rupert Caplan: Plaque de Bronze pour son dévouement à la cause du développement des arts radiophoniques et des programmes.
8. Berthe Lavoie: Trophée Lafèche, comme réalisatrice.

En outre, deux programmes de Radio-Canada ont mérité des honneurs. "Radio-Théâtre" gagne un trophée Lafèche et "Qui Suis-Je" une Plaque de Bronze.

## PERSONNEL EN VEDETTE

(Suite de la page 10)

### Délicatesse féminine

Judith Jasmin, réalisatrice aux studios de Montréal, s'est faite dernièrement l'instigatrice d'un mouvement qui devrait atteindre bien au-delà des plus beaux espoirs. Voici de quoi il s'agit:

La directrice d'un lycée de Paris a remis à Mlle Jasmin une liste d'étudiantes pauvres et intéressantes, soit par leur talent, soit par le cas tout spécial de leur dénuement.

Or, ces jeunes filles pourraient être adoptées par des jeunes filles canadiennes d'âge et d'éducation semblable. Une fois par mois, ou plus souvent, "la" ou "les" marraines envoient un petit colis contenant des objets de prime importance tels que: cahiers, crayons, vieux souliers, vieux chandails, vieux gants, ou des provisions telles que: savon, chocolat, thé, fromage, miel, etc. . .

Les jeunes étudiantes françaises, (elles ont de 17 à 25 ans) répondent par lettre, envoient des journaux, des revues, des livres, etc., et voici un contact d'établi. Cette forme de charité facile et agréable a deux buts:

1) Aider des êtres humains absolument dénués.

2) Accroître à l'étranger notre réputation de générosité.

Alors, que ceux ou celles qui sont intéressés par ce projet communiquent avec Judith Jasmin, au King's Hall à Montréal. Elle se fera une joie de présenter la liste des jeunes filles "adoptables" ainsi qu'une série de modèles de colis pratiques et faciles à faire.



# Grapevine Network



Photo by Dave Ward

Standing—Carmen Séguin, Percy Palef, Cecile Laflamme; seated—Dorothy McLean, Douglas Stockley.

## Ottawa Champs

Percy Palef's team, the "Parrots", captured the Gladstone Murray Trophy with a total pin-fall of 2,613 by defeating Betty Keogh's team, the "Kingfishers", with a total pin-fall of 2,295, in the bowling finals for head office championship. This is the fourth time that a team captained by Percy has won this trophy since its donation seven years ago.

## Wedding Bells

Barry McDonald, chief announcer, Halifax, is going to cash in on his annual leave and special marriage leave, sometime in May. He expected to leave early in the month for England to be married. As soon as passage facilities will allow, the new Mrs. McDonald will come out to Canada.

Jeff Lareau (Keefer) was married to Miss Marguerite O'Mara, May 4, in Montreal.

## Completes Course

L. C. Harrop of the Vancouver technical staff has successfully completed the advanced course of the Capital Radio Engineering Institute.

## DID YOU KNOW?

### Retiring Allowance

According to a section of the Income War Tax Act—you may spread your "retiring allowance" over a period of five years for income tax purposes. That is, although the allowance is paid to you in full, only one-fifth of the amount may be considered as taxable income in the current year if you so desire. An equal amount may be taxable in each of the succeeding four years.

### Watrous Hams

Three Watrous staff members are now operating their ham outfits:  
HARRY HEYWOOD, VE5HHI, 50 watts, on 3.950 and 29.160 megacycles.

GEORGE McFadyen, VE5MP, 50 watts, on 28.210 and 3.859 megacycles.

HOWARD SIMMONDS, VE5HF, 100 watts, on 29.004 megacycles.

Two others, Stan Davis and Jack Smith, have applied for licenses.

### 1700 Times

The "Craigs" (farm family on the Ontario-Quebec farm broadcast) made their 1700th appearance on the air Tuesday, May 7.

Dean Hughes has been scripting the Craigs and the same basic cast have been used since the first appearance.

### Newcomers

Steno Jean Phinney with farm broadcast department in Maritimes replacing Winnie De Young... George Archambault replacing Raymond Aubé in ISW central records; Bob Allen and Susan Gregovsky also meeting staff at ISW... Toronto greeting Steno Eileen O'Connor (ex-WD, RCAF) and Stuart Grafton in newsroom; Elizabeth Prescott in P. & L.; Alfred Whitworth in central records; Vernon Dowker in statistics and coverage; Jim Crawford in commercial; Helen Bessey in production; Dorothy Robb in continuity.

### Departures

Announcer Ned Conlon from Halifax to join a commercial firm; replaced by Ralph Flitton, ex-navy, from Montreal... From international service: George Powell to attend McGill; Fred Boger and Dorothy Welsh to Vancouver; Operator M. S. Ferguson; Renée Morin to Mexico; Germaine Paquette with pearls and gloves presented by staff... From Toronto: Jane Patterson to housekeeping; Continuity Writers Wing Winters and LeRoy Davis; Frank Mosbaugh for rest cure... Lorenzo Potvin from head office accounts, with an album of Chopin records presented by staff.



Photo by Ruth O'Halloran

### MARRIED IN OTTAWA

Florence MacLennan, head office, has resigned after almost nine years' service with national radio to marry Francois Caron, K.C. on May 15 in Ottawa. The head office staff presented Florence with a Presto cooker.

### Born:

To Mr. and Mrs. Harold Tobin (commercial division, Toronto) March 22, daughter Theresa Mary... To Mr. and Mrs. Herb. Steeves (Sackville transmitters), daughter, Angela Mary-Ann... To Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Bernard (Keefer) daughter Lise, April 19.

## Fire-Eaters

All the world loves a good fire . . . and CBO staffers are no exception.

On March 29 the Interprovincial Bridge at the rear of the Chateau Laurier caught fire . . . spreading to the E. B. Eddy Company pulp piles, thus creating one of the most spectacular blazes in that district for a good many years.

Lillian and Harold Wadsworth started out from home to find the fire . . . and upon arriving downtown found that the perfect view was from CBO's back door. It was such a rip-snorting blaze that they decided to inform Phil Carscadden at CBC's Toronto newsroom about CBO's grand-stand seat. That was at 9.50 p.m.

At 10.15 Bill Beatty was ready to go on the air with an on-the-spot description. Later Don Pringle and the Wadsworths went on a tour of the fire area . . . with police protection . . . they were within forty feet of the flames on the bridge. Then a wild ride to get Don back to the studios before closing time, where he gave an eye-witness account of the sight from the Quebec side.

ANYBODY KNOW WHERE THERE'S A GOOD FIRE? Firemen Pringle, Beatty, Wadsworths . . . standing by!



### HONORED BY SYMPHONY

A member of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra for 23 years, first as viola player, then as librarian, Louis Waizman, musical arranger at Toronto studio, was recently honored by his fellow musicians during the final program of the Toronto Symphony Pops concert. Mr. Waizman was brought to the stage before a capacity audience by Sir Ernest MacMillan, conductor of the orchestra, and presented with a tobacco humidior and pipe by W. G. Watson, president of the Toronto Symphony Association.

## To Czechoslovakia

Jean Beaudet, CBC supervisor of music and director of the French network, was scheduled to fly to Czechoslovakia to conduct a concert of Canadian music on May 13 at the first international music festival held in Prague since the war.

The invitation was extended to Canada through Czech Minister to Canada, Dr. Frantisek Pavlasek, who suggested that a representative of the CBC be sent because of the great popularity of Canadian radio programs in Czechoslovakia. The program will consist of works by French and English speaking Canadians, among whom are Claude Champagne, George Emile Tanguay and Alexander Brott, of Montreal; Sir Ernest MacMillan and Healey Willan, of Toronto; and Maurice Blackburn, of Quebec.

While overseas, Mr. Beaudet will make a survey of musical tastes and facilities of several European countries for the CBC international service which is engaged in short-waving Canadian radio programs to Europe and Latin-America. This information will assist in planning programs for listeners abroad.

## Obituaries

The sincere sympathy of the Keefer staff is extended to J. E. Hayes whose father died in Ottawa on April 23.

Betty Smith, who recently joined the commercial division in Toronto, died suddenly Monday, April 15 after an illness of two weeks. Betty had just about recovered from a severe cold and telephoned on Saturday to say she would be in the office on Monday and had even arranged a luncheon date. Sometime Saturday night she suffered a relapse from which she did not recover.

Jack Carlyle of the national traffic department received news of the death of his father in Philadelphia.

Arthur Browne, father of Ruth Browne, Toronto receptionist, died on Tuesday, April 16.

Sympathy is extended to Charles P. Wright, manager of CBO, whose father, J. B. Wright, died in Winnipeg on Saturday, April 20.



Photo by Ruth O'Halloran

### MARRIED

Madeline Bance, head office, was married to Joseph-Hébert Carpentier, DEC, on April 22 in Ottawa. Head office staff presented Madeline with a bridge table and chairs.

## Toronto Bowling

The final curtain was rung down on Toronto bowling activities on April 1.

In the playoffs for the "Stovin" Trophy, the "Dead End Kids" captained by Art Barr eliminated the "Eager Beavers" and the "Tadiaks" to become champions for the 1945-1946 season. This is the third championship for a team captained by Art in four seasons. The teams have been made up of different players each year, so Art thinks it must be the name of the team that does the trick.

"Dead End Kids" this year were: Joan Annand, Vi Kilgour, Joan Reany, Loren Walton, Wells Ritchie, Edgar Stone, Art Barr.

In the Consolation playoff series for the "Don Fairbairn" Trophy, the "Phillies" captained by Jack Leroy showed a burst of real bowling to come from behind to win.

Individual honors for the regular schedule were as follows:

### GENTLEMEN

Average . . . . .	Art Barr . . . . .	210
High Three . . . . .	Art Barr . . . . .	853
High Single . . . . .	Wes Dority . . . . .	369

### LADIES

Average Three . . . . .	Gloria Hill . . . . .	186
High Three . . . . .	Gloria Hill . . . . .	712
High Single . . . . .	Dot Wilson . . . . .	277

# YOU NEVER KNOW

By

DON SMITH

**I**T'S NOT what they don't know, it's them knowing so many things that aren't so."

The sage who spoke those words is sleeping these long years beneath the turf, but you lift the phone and a quiet voice says in your ear, "Do you really think any good purpose is served by using your bulletin to repeat all that propaganda from over there?"

And you put down the phone and you think.

You think. For you knew when you wrote the story for the news bulletin that the speech was indeed mainly propaganda. You took up time in the bulletin to spread statements which you were fairly sure were quite unfounded. You helped to spread lies around the world.

So you sit there and think.

You had plenty of other material to write. You didn't report the speech just because you were short of stuff to fill out the two thousand words of the bulletin. There was that accident across the line which you might have reported. There was the trek of those geologists into the northland. There was the unusual weather on the prairies. Not important stuff, but interesting—quite worthy of a place in the bulletin.

But you reported that propaganda speech from across the world, and the announcer repeated the words faithfully to thousands of Canadian people over a CBC network.

So you sit there and think.

Why did you write the story?

Because you are writing news, and the hell mark of what is newsworthy is not necessarily Truth.

The truth must lie in the faithful reporting of the material. But whether truth is inherent in the material itself is not primarily the concern of the news writer.

News is the record of what is being done and said, provided that what is being done and said is of interest or is likely to affect the lives of those who are going to listen to your words.

That is the function of radio news, as of the printed kind.

Not to sit in judgement on the true and the false.

Not to sift the prophets from the false gods.

Merely to tell of what is going on.

Merely, we said . . .

The lie of an unscrupulous leader may burst into a world storm while a million words of truth drift unheeded down the wind.

News is concerned with the storm, not with the things that drift unheeded.

It is only ten years ago since the peace of the world was under threat from a man who believed that his destiny lay beyond the horizon to the music of marching feet.

His words were picked up precisely and reported by the news writers of the continents—the radio writers and the newspapermen.

And quiet, reasonable voices said, "But this man is just shouting propaganda. Why repeat such ridiculous stuff on your broadcasts? Why waste time on such nonsense? Surely you can use your broad-

casting facilities to a better purpose?"

The viewpoint was so obviously sane and sensible . . . the logic was unassailable. Why indeed repeat ridiculous nonsense on the air waves?

But the moment came when the people who had pointed out the right path for the news writers in their quiet, reasonable voices were crouching in front of their radios and Big Ben was toiling the long last sad hour and the announcer was saying, very gravely, "The Right Honorable Neville Chamberlain . . ."

And then those quiet, reasonable voices, or shall we say some of them, took on a bewildered, slightly reproachful note and said, "But why weren't we warned of these things—why were we left so unprepared?"

Yes, indeed . . .

But the warning had been there in the words that were ridiculous nonsense, the words on which time in the news bulletins and roundups shouldn't have been wasted, the words that shouldn't have occupied radio facilities when there were so many

(Continued on page 16)

## TIME ONLY WAS RESERVED

By

CARL MacCAULL

**P**ART of the regular duties of a talks producer in the Maritime region is the business of discovering and digging out new talent. This calls for considerable travel, and some of the experiences of a producer on the prowl are funny to anybody but the participant.

For instance, Dorothea Cox, Maritime talks producer, didn't mind at all the time she missed the bus during a visit to Cape Breton and spent the night walking seven miles along the shore of St. Anne's Bay to get to her destination. It was a nice night. But there are nights and nights. And one night a few weeks ago things weren't quite so pleasant.

Arriving in Fredericton, N.B., at 12:20 in the morning, Dorothea grabbed a taxi for the Queen Hotel where she thought she had a reservation. They were full, as you no doubt guessed, but obligingly called several private hostels. All were full. She then inquired if she could curl herself up on a chair in the lobby. Sorry, that was against the rules.

Commandeering another taxi our heroine tried four other hotels in succession. No results. Stopping a policeman, Miss C. inquired if she could spend the night at the police station. When she convinced the strong-arm-of that she wasn't kidding, he said they were full, too . . . permanent

guests.

The taxi man tried to help by offering the back seat of his car, if he could find the man who had the key to the garage. If he had to leave the car in the street all night it would be too cold to sleep in. They couldn't find the key-man.

By this time it was one-thirty and Dorothea was feeling pretty beat. A light over the door of the Salvation Army Citadel suddenly caught her glazed eye. Entering, she finally roused a S.A. Major and his wife. They couldn't give her their spare room . . . there were two travellers bunking there already. However, if she'd like a cup of coffee, perhaps the chesterfield could be fixed up . . .

When morning dawned Dorothea declined an invitation by the Major and his wife to partake of a savory breakfast. She didn't wish to impose further on their hospitality. When she asked what the bill would be, they refused payment. Miss C. felt obliged to make some return for their kindness, so she made a contribution to the Salvation Army. Miss Cox says further, "The little lady with the bonnet and collection plate will get her contribution with a right good will next time she visits my office!" But she also says . . . "Now, if the Maritime talks department only had a trailer . . ."

# HERE'S A HOBBY

So you think you have a hobby!

Well, take a glance at one of the products of Hobbyist Harry Allin of CBC's Toronto shop.

Harry builds things for the CBC during the day (Radio, December, 1945) and "plays" at building things for himself at night.

For instance, Harry thought he'd like to own an automobile. No sooner thought than he set to work to build a tiny bus that toted him all over the town of Oakville, Ontario.

More lately, Harry has turned his talent to locomotives. His model tanker (2,000 hours in building) hauls a ton around the model railway of the Toronto Society of Model Engineers. It is an exact miniature of a Boston & Albany "400" tank engine.

Harry made all the parts by hand (even nuts and bolts). Altogether there are more than 2,000 parts.

The locomotive is coal fired; uses about a pound of coal and a gallon of water and travels 18 miles per hour.

## "OPERATION EASTER"

In the Maritimes, Easter came in like a lion.

Scrambling out from under the lion's paw, the Easter Bunny paused long enough to lay an SOS at the doors of News Editors Margaret Macdonald and Fred Brickenden. Their Easter parade began with a news bulletin at nine o'clock Sunday morning, and so on far into the day.

Up Sackville way, the lion huffed and he puffed until about two hundred telephone poles snapped and sagged over the bleak snow on the Tantramar marshes. Nova Scotia was fresh out of communications of any kind.

*Canadian Press* news from Montreal had to be routed by cable to London, to Newfoundland and then to Halifax. Sometimes it went by way of Bermuda. It was the long way home—about two thousand miles.

*British United Press* whipped up a similar service from its New York office, routing news by way of London and Newfoundland to Halifax.

Pencils flew when the BBC news came through the speaker in the Halifax newsroom. Some of the notes went into the "Operation Easter" bulletins.

But the national news summary from Toronto reached CBH listeners at the regular time Sunday night. It was picked

## Round House

*Model engineers work out on 550-foot track near Toronto. Harry Allin is oiling his tanker, assisted by Daughter Joyce and Son Bobby.*



up by Geoff Fish at the CBC's short-wave receiver at Dartmouth from radio station CHSJ in Saint John, and relayed across the harbor to Halifax.

It was much the same story on Monday—punctuated by hit-and-miss efforts by both CBH and CBA to carry network programs.

Prostration was the password in the announcers' hutch—after the first sixteen hours sprinting from record library to booth. Due to Circumstances Replacement Programs and a diet of fingernails and pop, the golden voices were beginning to show a tinge of tarnish.

By Tuesday, everyone called it one of those things and decided to wear their Stanfield's Unshrinkables\* for at least another month, out of deference to the lion.

\**F.Y.I. Stanfield's Unshrinkables are an old Maritime habit, all wool, and long enough.*

"MAC" MACDONALD.

\* \* \*

## SO THAT'S THE REASON!

*Radio Ham's wife:* "What's that you're making dear?"

*Ham:* "I'm winding a coil for my radio."

*Wife:* "What's the coil for?"

*Ham:* (With a sigh) "Well . . . the signal is picked up on the aerial and then passes through the coil . . . etc., etc."

*Wife:* "You mean it has to go around that coil through the wire?"

*Ham:* "Yes."

*Wife:* "Oh! So that's why it takes a radio so long to warm up!"

\* \* \*

## WHAT'S IN AN EGG!

It all started when a listener sent a huge egg to the Prairie farm broadcast commentator, Peter Whittall, and his assistant, Bob Knowles.

Pete and Bob decided to "blow" the contents and preserve the shell for posterity. Not being experts at egg blowing, the inevitable happened, and both the egg and shell were a total loss. This fact was mentioned during the course of a Poultry Day broadcast and within a day or two the mail was literally loaded with eggs . . . large eggs . . . tiny eggs . . . fancy shaped eggs . . . even a few scrambled eggs.

With each egg the sender included a note stating that it was the largest (or tiniest, or fanciest) he had ever seen, and also stating who was to eat the egg. After a week both Pete and Bob began turning green everytime anyone mentioned eggs. But they're still coming in and now the boys are considering roping off one corner of their farm broadcast office and going into the hatching business. They're looking for a nice broody old setting-hen. But Pete and Bob say: "Please don't breathe a word about this on the AIR."

## TORONTO CANTEN

Toronto studios' brand new staff canteen opened for business April 25. The food is excellent and you can get anything from a cup of coffee to a full-course meal. The idea for the staff canteen originated with Staff Council. Management co-operated to the fullest, installing about five thousand dollars worth of new modern equipment, and smart, up-to-the minute furnishings. The canteen is on the cafeteria style and it will seat fifty-two.

The concessionaire is W. H. Pooler, who has had about twenty years of restaurant experience and was messing officer at the RCAF station at St. Thomas, Ontario. Mr. Pooler has a staff of eight. Canteen hours are from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.

For about a week before the canteen opened officially, the staff was served free coffee to try out several kinds of coffee and settle on the one liked best.



#### NEW APPOINTMENT

*Arthur Phelps, in charge of the United Kingdom section, has been appointed assistant general supervisor of the CBC international service. He will carry on his duties as head of the U.K. section together with those of his new office.*

### YOU NEVER KNOW

*(Continued from page 14)*

worth while things to transmit to listeners.

The warning lay in that stuff—the obvious lies and the nonsensical charges and the distortions of fact—which so many had wanted thrown into the waste paper baskets of the world.

The warning had lain, not by design nor again by accident, in the free presentation of the news, without suppression.

Yes, of course the distortions of fact had often sounded so fantastic that they'd been funny. The words had often been too funny to be taken seriously by anyone but another fanatic with a lust for power on any pretext.

Czechoslovakia slaughtering Sudeten Germans! The borders of the mighty Reich menaced by shivering countries which lived only in dread of her! The quiet voices were echoed so staunchly in the halls of reason.

The words weren't quite so funny, they weren't quite so humorous, as peace died with Big Ben, and Neville Chamberlain, who had listened so long to quiet, reasonable voices, started to speak.

But the quiet, reasonable voices are still in the land, and on occasion they speak in your ear and you put down the phone and you think.

And then you take a sheet of paper and you put it in the typewriter and then you study again the despatch in front of you; and on whether you write or whether you drop the despatch into the waste paper basket may depend—well, who shall say?

### MACKNESS OFF AGAIN

Now you see him . . . now you don't. Ray Mackness and wife, Edna, are off to Britain.

It was just a year ago that Ray arrived back in Vancouver after serving with the RCAF overseas. And he no sooner gets settled back into the humdrum habits of a civilian career and becomes what has been referred to as a "stationary announcer" (as distinguished from the "wandering" or "errant type" announcer) when he puts his car up on blocks, sells his house, says goodbyes and leaves again.

But he'll be back. It seems he's on a three-month leave of absence to attend to some personal business in England, during which time he'll undoubtedly revisit a few of his wartime haunts in Yorkshire and Lancashire where he was stationed with the Sixth RCAF Bomber Group.

CBR is a sadler place without him, and his departure necessitates the appointment of a new RADIO correspondent who'll have to go some to maintain the standards of reporting established by Ray Mackness.

### NEW CORRESPONDENT

With the departure of Ray Mackness for Great Britain, Peter McDonald of the CBR announce staff will take over the duties of reporting to RADIO from Vancouver.

Peter is a comparatively new staffer but an old timer in the Western region. Before joining the announce staff recently, he was writing and acting in the B.C. farm broadcast serial, "The Carsons", and taking part in other dramatic productions.

Before he got mixed up in this "thing called radio", Peter was a theatre doorman, shoe salesman, insurance agent, mill hand, soda jerker, clothing salesman, and school teacher.

Peter was born in Glasgow and came to Canada in 1929, but left his Scottish accent behind him, although he was reviving it for a small fee on dramatic broadcasts before he joined the staff.

### PREMIUM PARKING

Toronto studios have a nice big parking lot for staff cars, and Toronto studios are just a block from Maple Leaf Gardens.

The last night of the Winnipeg "Monarchs" - Toronto "St. Michael's" game there were 15,803 people at the Gardens, and a lot of them drove down in cars. That meant that parking space was at a premium.

W. A. (Bill) Reid heard a lot of cars driving into the lot and left the night manager's desk to investigate. He found a couple of enterprising youngsters directing cars into the lot with flashlights . . . and collecting two bits from each customer. Bill chased them away. By the time he got inside the door the flashlights were waving again.

Bill estimates that the boys must have picked themselves up five or six dollars. The people that suffered were the staffers. When they tried to get out they just couldn't wriggle past the hockey fans' cars. They had to wait until the game was over and creep out with the fans into the usual long, tiresome traffic jam.

### TO LONDON

Fergus Mutrie, CBC supervisor of farm broadcasts, is attending the International Conference of Farm Organizations, which opens in London on May 21.

Arrangements for the conference were made by the United Kingdom National Farmers' Union; and among the countries represented are the United States, New Zealand, Holland, Australia, Denmark and France, in addition to the United Kingdom and Canada.

The Canadian party includes 13 delegates from the Canadian Federation of Agriculture, three representatives of the Canadian farm press, and the CBC representative.



#### WINS AWARD

*Earle Birney, supervisor Central European section and foreign languages, international service, was recently awarded, for the second time in three years, the Governor-General's Medal for Poetry. In 1942, Mr. Birney received the award for his book of poems entitled, DAVID AND OTHER POEMS. His most recent award was gained on his book, NOW IS TIME, a publication of Ryerson Press.*