

CANADIAN BROADCASTER

AND TELESCREEN

Vol. 7, No. 23

50c a Copy — \$3.00 a Year — \$5.00 for Two Years

December 11th, 1948





Merry Christmas



THE GOOD NEIGHBOR STATION WINDSOR

CANADIAN BROADCASTING CORPORATION

MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM

MEMBERS OF CANADIAN ASSOCIATION OF BROADCASTERS

Merry Christmas. Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, goodwill toward men. This is the feast of the Nativity—a time when men great and humble, pause in their daily toil to sing out the great tidings of joy bestowed on them by Him Who rules the universe. Thoughts of our friends are foremost in our minds at Christmas. To those in the Radio Industry, the Newspaper and Advertising profession, we sincerely hope you enjoy a good old-fashioned, truly Merry Christmas.

We hope also that with 1949 will come an era of peace and prosperity and that you will have your full share of success and happiness.

CKLW

WATCH FOR GREAT CKLW DEVELOPMENTS IN 1949

AM AND FM

REPRESENTATIVES: H. N. STOVIN, CANADA • ADAM J. YOUNG JR. INC., U.S.A.

RADIO R/Bs



REC Christmas Party

Toronto.—The Radio Executives' Club of Toronto will be holding its 1948 Christmas party in the Yellow Room of the King Edward Hotel, Wednesday December 15, with Christmas Tree, Santa Claus, turkey-with-the-trimmings, Eega Beevas, and something added in the "form" of Mary Christmas, female assistant to old St. Nick. President Sid Lancaster's release continues with the information that — and we quote — there will be copious quantities of lubrication for whistle-wetting and all the fun associated with the festive season— close of quotation.

Forgetting the current amnesty on price mentions, the club missive goes on to say that space is limited and tickets will be offered on a strictly first-come-first-served basis.

The function is being staged under the chairmanship of Harry MacLay, National Broadcast Sales.

Funds For Shut-Ins

Winnipeg.—Some 20 artists are rounded up every Sunday by CKSB and make a jaunt to a rural part of the province where they put on a variety show for the local citizens.

Two shows are staged as a matter of fact — one for the children in the afternoon and a second for the grown-ups at night.

Prior to the visit, the particular town is alerted and children are asked to take part in an amateur show. CKSB donates \$1 for every contestant taking part and all the money raised goes towards the current Happiness Campaign — a campaign to raise money for children in the sanatorium.

Station technicians record each Sunday show, afternoon and evening, and they are aired over CKSB a few days later.

BUD BLOOMS

Vancouver.—Small Bud Smalley, author-narrator of "The smallest show in the world" on CKMO, has been appointed continuity editor of the station.



Nine-Eighty Greet's You!

One of the nicest things about Christmas is that for once we can forget about Messrs. Elliott-Haynes, B.B.M., market research and availabilities.

(We're not even going to boast about that clear, strong signal we'll soon be pushing out on our brand-new dial position of 980 kilocycles.)

Instead we just want to think about all the nice folks with who we've done business — the hundreds of clients and the thousands of listeners who have helped make 1948 the greatest year in our history.

To ALL we send two fine old greetings on which neither time nor the cunning hand of the continuity writer has ever improved:

**A Merry Christmas!
A Happy New Year!**

CFPL

5000 WATTS DAY AND NIGHT

and

CFPL-FM LONDON

Western Ontario's Most Progressive Radio Station

For availabilities, rates and full information . . .

CANADA - All-Canada Radio Facilities Ltd.
U.S.A. - Weed & Company.

THE RADIO ANNOUNCER'S HANDBOOK

by

BEN G. HENNEKE

Director of Radio - University of Tulsa

Recommended Reading for Announcers
and Aspiring Announcers.

\$5.50

Cheque with order please
and we'll pay the postage.

BOOK DEPT.

CANADIAN BROADCASTER

371 BAY STREET

TORONTO

MERRY CHRISTMAS

1948



Do note that Christmas is again upon us, a festive and goodly season wherein it is fitting to make merry with our friends and to wish them well. Which, with right goodwill, we do—on behalf of the stations we represent and for our whole organization.



HORACE N. STOVIN

& COMPANY

Radio Station Representatives

MONTREAL

TORONTO

WINNIPEG

VANCOUVER

CANADIAN BROADCASTER

AND TELESCREEN

(Authorized as Second Class matter at the Post Office Dept., Ottawa)

Published by

R. G. LEWIS & COMPANY, LTD., 371 Bay Street, Toronto 1, Canada

Printed by Age Publications Limited, 31 Willcocks St., Toronto 5, Ont.



Editor: RICHARD G. LEWIS
 Production Manager: ARTHUR C. BENSON
 Art Editor: GREY HARKLEY
 Editorial Assistant: IAN THOMSON
 Photography: AL GRAY

Correspondents

Toronto	-	-	-	Elda Hope
Winnipeg	-	-	-	Dave Adams
Vancouver	-	-	-	Robert Francis
New York	-	-	-	Richard Young



Member of the Canadian Circulations Audit Board and the Business Newspapers Ass'n.

Vol. 7, No. 23

50c a Copy — \$3.00 a Year — \$5.00 for Two Years

December 11th, 1948

Business Needs Britain

The continuing predicament not only of Great Britain as a power, but of every man, woman and child who lives in the United Kingdom, has to be the concern of at least all English-speaking people for far more reasons than those of human compassion, though these should surely be reasons enough.

We, in Canada, are tied closely to the United Kingdom by ties of blood and fundamental ideals. It should therefore not come amiss, at this Christmas season, to remind ourselves that quite apart from this, there is a tremendous advantage to our own prosperity in restoring Britain to the position of leader in international trade, and that the morale of the individual is a prime factor in accelerating this restoration.

It may be said, and not without some reason, that Great Britain has cast aside the competitive system of business in favor of socialism, that she did it of her own free will in the 1945 elections, and that if this is the way she wants it, it is no affair of ours. This theory is not however quite fair when we consider the conditions under which those elections were held; when we remember that they were forced upon the country at a time when she was stunned by five years of a devastating war which was still not quite over, and which had subjected her people to greater hardships than we can possibly imagine; when we realize that any ideology a little off the beaten track looked deliriously like the fruition of all our dreams for the post war period.

In electing a socialist government, it is now apparent that Great Britain made a grievous mistake. This mistake, we earnestly believe, will be corrected by the British electors in 1950. But had Britain not turned to socialism in her extremity, it does not follow that her problems of today would never have materialized. Economic chaos for a time was inevitable. The length of that time may have been—probably was—extended by the manner of government she chose. But all this is supposition.

Continued dire shortages of both food and clothing, besides most basic commodities, are facts, and Britons cannot be made over into Canada's best customers without food to eat and clothes to wear.

Facts to be considered by "people who reach people" are that eternally dull

menus have warped the British individual's outlook to the point where John Bull is travelling perilously close to the dangerous mood which says: "What's the use?" An unbelievable shortage of clothing means more than that people are going around in shabby attire. It means that there are actually people who could accept jobs which have been offered them if they had a suit or a dress to wear to the office. It means that there are people, elderly ones especially, who will be kept indoors this winter, because their clothing is not adequate to keep them warm.

Whatever we, as individuals, can do to restore incentive to British people, whether it be a parcel of delicacies or a discarded but wearable garment, sent to a friend or a friend's friend, we are not only helping an individual keep on going in the face of what cannot be far removed from despair, but we are also hastening the return of peak international trade, which is the prime essential to international peace.



Selective It Is

The campaign to remove the word "spot broadcast" from radio's vernacular and to supplant it with "Selective Broadcasting", which was sparked in Canada by three All-Canada men, Guy Herbert, John Tregale and Spence Caldwell, and in the United States by Paul Raymer, started an industry-wide and international debate which seems to be bearing fruit.

SPONSOR, an American broadcasting magazine, announced a contest in its August issue, in an attempt to supplant the offending "spot" with a better word. The entries rolled in, including such brainwaves as "Buckshot Radio", "Airblurb", "Pinhead Programming" and "Tellvertisement". There were 1931 suggestions in all, and the judges brought it right back to where Messrs. Herbert, Tregale, Caldwell and Raymer had started, when they announced the winner — "National Selective", with six runners-up suggesting "Selective".

There has been some passive resistance and not a little nonchalance, but all in all the industry seems to go along with the idea that "spot broadcast" and "spot announcement", with entirely different meanings, cannot fail to confuse laymen, and, still worse, time buyers, besides dis-

playing a vocabularic deficiency which seems out of place in radio.

This paper, though lacking the courage of its contemporary, SPONSOR, in summarily rewriting the dictionary to suit the convenience of its advertisers, bows to popular demand, and, henceforth will discard the misleading "spot", in favor of the slightly more cumbersome but nevertheless more explicit — "Selective Broadcasting".



The Light That Failed*

In and out of Toronto, Ontario radio stations have been doing a good job, with results to prove it, in getting it across to the people that electric power has to be saved, or everyone is going to suffer even more seriously than they are suffering now. It is gratifying to know that not long after radio moved in, it was possible to reduce the number and duration of the shut-offs, and, remembering the instantaneous effects of radio in all manner of emergencies during the war, it is reasonable to hope that the situation will continue to improve.

Because it has been deemed most practical to use commercial style announcements to get this message across, the impression has got around that the hydro is buying these spots, and this erroneous conception should be corrected, but without radio seeming to be doing an "oh-what-good-boys-are-we" act.

The obvious way to do this is not a good one. That is to close the spots with some such statement as: "This was a public service announcement of Station ABCD". Such statements sound too self commendatory. Rather we should suggest something like this: "This announcement was part of ABCD's share in the save-the-power campaign. Won't you do your share too?"

Blowing our own trumpets in our own media is both good and bad; good because it is what the medium needs to counter its critics; bad because it is liable to boomerang as an ill-mannered self-puff unless it is done dexterously and convincingly.

*Suspension of cut-offs notwithstanding, Ontario radio's help is still needed.

Richard G. Lewis.

EDITOR.

Now
A Full
Thousand Watts

of
Christmas
Greetings

from

CFAR

FLIN FLON
MANITOBA



R.S.V.P. in care of Stovin in Canada
or McGillvra in the States.

BEST WISHES

for a

BRIGHT & HAPPY NEW YEAR

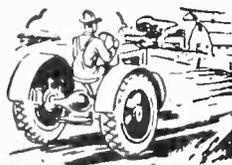
and a

★ **M**ERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

★ And with our new B.B.M. figures it really
will be a Merry Christmas this year.

Full information from our
National Representatives

CJGX
YORKTON



WESTERN CANADA'S FARM STATION

Dominion Network

Representatives:

HORACE N. STOVIN & CO. - Toronto, Montreal
INLAND BROADCASTING SERVICE - Winnipeg
ADAM J. YOUNG, JR., INC. - U.S.A.

OVER THE DESK

There was something I was going to write about in the column this time and I can't remember what it was. It had something to do with this issue which is a "special". I know it's a special because I just counted the ads. God bless them, each and every one, as Tiny Tim said. That's it. It's Christmas.

It must be great to be in the broadcasting business, where you just splutter a few blobs onto a piece of paper as it wafts itself to the microphone, somebody with very high-class con-sils pronounces it into the contraction and you can go to bed until next week's program. But I'm not supposed to be sounding forth like that this issue. It's Christmas . . .

This is the time of year when everyone loves everyone, even the CBC. I wonder if anyone told them. Oh yes they must have, because they've cancelled all their commercials for it's Christmas . . .

* * *

It's pretty hard to get into the spirit of the thing as early as this, because the radio hasn't started playing *I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas* yet. We may not get a White Christmas. If we don't, they'll no doubt blame George Drew. But whether we get it or not, we'll be dreaming of it. You just can't get away from it. Two years ago I thought I'd found a way. I went to England for Christmas. It didn't do any good though. They dreamed of a white Christmas with broad A's and silent R's over there. It was only a dream though. You almost got drowned wading over to the radio to turn it off.

Christmas must be something



else besides white. Couldn't they declare a moratorium or amnesty or whatever you call it, just for one year? Even Jingle Bells — from which deliver us also, but they won't — has a certain quality of happiness in it. White Christmas is such a doleful affair. Reminds me of the days when I used to drool poetry into the mike at two bits the stanza, and the money was certainly worth it. One day a lady listener phoned to tell me how much she enjoyed it. "I just cried and cried", she said, adding through convulsive sobs: "Next week will you do the one about the little boy who died?"

Why doesn't the CBC make a regulation about White Christmases? They've made them about everything else. Can it be that Dave Dunton and the boys like to go into the back room and gaily chortle the doleful ditty after the Governors' meeting? Radio depends quite a bit on what the Governors like. It must be because the CBC puts on so many programs that only a Governor could like. They are a little like sponsors' wives in directing what listeners should hear. When they started the CBC they thought they had overcome this problem, but they got the Board of Governors in-

Did You Know?

That the average value of owner-occupied homes in Truro is \$3,676? This is the second highest average of all cities, towns and villages in the Province. Over 150 local advertisers have found CKCL the logical means of tapping this important market.

CKCL

TRURO BROADCASTING COMPANY LTD.

J. A. MANNING
Manager

WILLIAM WRIGHT, Representative
Toronto and Montreal

stead. Personally I prefer wives to Governors.

Isn't this column a lot of bilge?

* * *

A touch of vitriol might not come awry. THE FINANCIAL POST, a publication of Maclean-Hunter, came up with a doozer in its issue of November 27. It asked thirteen people: "In recent years are you listening more, or less, to your radio; and why?" "Not a bad question" you will say, to which we shall reply: "Not a bad question". Having read the thirteen replies printed on page 15 of that issue, and having found them all adverse to broadcasting, we begin to break down the respondents and find that seven of them, no less, are either publishers, publishers' representatives, or in some other way connected with radio's Number 1 competitor. Quite coincidentally, of course, they carried a seven hundred line paid advertisement, promoting the use of magazine advertising, on the self-same page. For a moment I thought I was reading the TORONTO STAR.

Radio should be flattered to know that The Magazine Bureau of Canada and THE FINANCIAL POST are so frightened of the broadcast medium that they feel justified in stooping to such depths as this.

We could suggest a follow up. Why doesn't THE POST comb the country to find a handful of people who don't read magazines published by Consolidated Press or Hugh C. Maclean? It would be precisely the same thing. Or here's another idea. Let us do something along the same lines. Are you reading the Financial Post more, or less, and why. Well, are you?

We asked Mrs. Carmine Miranda Brown, who cleans the

office. "Brother", she said, "if its fah-nanshul it's okay bah li'l Carmine!"

We got another favorable reaction from Sam's Olde Fische and Chippe Shoppe. "You're darn right I like THE FINANCIAL POST", said Sam. "It's the only paper the ink doesn't come off of."

A prominent radio announcer's comment was: "Why don't they put out a transcribed edition for us?"

We are pleased to extend to THE POST our permission to reprint this piece, in full or in part, with or without credit.

* * *

Benson just came raring in to say he needs another couple of inches to fill this space. This reminds me of a topical story, topical that is because it is neither radio nor Christmas. It seems that an inebriate gentleman staggered to the front door of a house, rang the bell, waited while nothing happened, rang it again, with the same results, and then sat on the doorstep and burst into tears. "What's the matter?" enquired a passer-by. "They don't answer me when I ring the bell", hicced the drunk. "Maybe the bell's out of order", said the other. "Why don't you try knocking?" The drunk gazed at him thoughtfully a moment and then said: "The hell with 'em. Let 'em wait."

... and the same to you.

SPEED THE NEWS

Vancouver. — Short wave transmission has speeded up exchange of news between Canadian university newspapers. The UBYSSY, paper of the University of B.C., carried its first credit line last week for "Canadian University Press, via radio."

The news copy is handled by members of the Amateur Radio Operators' Association at each college, who exchange news with other campus operators in time for newspaper deadlines.

"Ten thousand words to choose,
Yet cannot say
How well we wish our friends
This Christmas Day."



Season's Greetings

to our sponsors,
agencies and
representatives

from

ERIC AYLEN AND STAFF OF

CJAT

TRAIL, B. C.

Mon
it has everything!

SAMPLE: RETAIL SALES \$47,625,000 — Lethbridge ranks 25th in Retail Sales among Canadian cities. ONE station . . . CJOC . . . has the lion's share of listener-buyers. Want proof? See your local A-C man!

CJOC

NOW 5000 WATTS
LETHBRIDGE ALBERTA ALL-CANADA STATION

GIVE A "CHRISTMAS" TO YOUR PRODUCT
BROADCAST YOUR MESSAGE THROUGH

CJSO

S O R E L

— 1400 Kc. —



Covers Industrial Cities Like

SOREL, BERTHERVILLE, JOLIETTE
ST. HYACINTHE

Ask Omer Renaud & Co., 1411 Stanley St., Montreal

Now available for LOCAL Sponsorship*



“Opera for the people”

● A distinguished series of half-hour productions, presenting the world's great operas sung and spoken in English . . . each performance a masterful production that converts the “class” appeal of opera into the “mass” appeal of other forms of music and drama.

John L. Watson, radio critic of SATURDAY NIGHT:

“I have never been an advocate of opera in English, on the grounds that the libretti usually sound even sillier when you can understand them than they do when you can't. However, the performance of 'I Pagliacci' on the new series, 'Opera For The People', demonstrated how good an English version can sound when it is intelligently handled. . .”

OPERA FOR THE PEOPLE is now available at low, syndicated rates as a brilliant station presentation, or as a locally sponsored series.

AUDITION IT NOW!

*To non-competing advertisers in the markets not included in the OPERA FOR THE PEOPLE series for Philips Industries Limited.

NEW YORK'S RADIO ROW by Richard Young

New York, N.Y.—Well, the CBS network did it—but exactly what it did isn't too clear at this writing. True, beginning Jan. 2 it will carry the Jack Benny show over its full network sponsored by Lucky Strike cigarettes, but as to any further details, CBS ain't talkin'. And that has been the policy of all personalities involved throughout the weeks of negotiations.

As reported here in recent issues, ever since the announcement that CBS had acquired *Amos 'n' Andy* from NBC on a capital gains deal (whereby the talent pays a lower 25% tax instead of the usual much-higher regular income tax), there have been many rumors revealing that Columbia has approached several other National stars with similar proposals. Among those were Mr. Benny, Phil Harris and Alice Faye and Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy. After weeks of these rumors, CBS finally made its first news release this week—that Mr. Benny had entered the CBS stable. Is it a capital gains deal? Did CBS purchase the Benny-owned Amusement Enterprises, Inc.? Will the Harris-Faye and Bergen-McCarthy combos also switch to CBS? There, my friends, are a few sticklers that are currently going unanswered—officially, that is.

There is some hope that the situation will be cleared up shortly as one CBS official hinted today that the deal will probably be clarified in the very near future. Anyway, here's how it looks from this corner:

Mr. Benny has signed a capital gains transaction and it probably includes his program package company. It's safe to assume that the Harris-Faye duet wanted to move with Mr. Benny and it's equally safe to assume that this husband-wife team wanted to keep its time slot—7:30 p.m. following Mr. B. However, and here's the obstacle, the 7:30 segment on CBS is now filled by *Amos 'n' Andy*. They say Columbia tried to get *Amos 'n' Andy's* sponsor, Lever Bros., to move to the 8:30 time but apparently the brothers Lever didn't think too highly of bucking the opposition on NBC at that time a lad bearing the name Fred Allen. Thus as this issue goes to press, the Harris-Faye show is still on NBC.

As we said last issue, the capital gains arrangement is being studied

by a number of Congressmen, the Treasury Department and Internal Revenue Bureau. It is understood that the Bergen-McCarthy combo has chosen to sit tight on NBC until one or more of these groups releases a statement or decision on such agreements.

Meanwhile, this program-stealing routine, no doubt caused by the highly-competitive market among all media, has brought about much ill feeling on the part of the two veteran networks concerned. Following the CBS announcement, NBC prexy Niles Trammell issued this statement: “Until the U.S. Treasury says that such transactions are lawful, NBC will continue to refuse to purchase stock in so-called production corporations where the artists who control such corporations are performing on the NBC network. Such arrangements are bound to lead to charges of discrimination between artists who are paying income taxes at the regular rates and those who are paying at the lower rates of only 25% based on so-called capital gains.”

Back came a CBS spokesman with: “If and when any deals are made for the purchase of radio production companies or radio properties, all details of such transactions will be submitted to the Treasury Department for approval or disapproval. Thereby, how by any stretch of the imagination can there be any question as to the propriety of such transactions? Mr. Trammell's statement is unwarranted and reflects unfairly on many creative artists who have done no more than abide by our tax laws like any businessman or corporation.”

Now you see how a couple top-ranking radio executives react when a couple million bucks is their major concern.

But seriously, we believe this type of battle lowers the prestige of all broadcasters in the eyes of businessmen (and advertisers) as well as the public. And we'll bet that this fight is only a sample of things to come. There's no better illustration of how competitive radio has become. Competition within the industry that is. And as is the case in all media—this is only the beginning. Here we have two of the broadcasting industry's two giants—two guys who have agreed to work in co-operation with all broadcasters in the promotion of radio as an ad medium—fighting like cats and dogs over a couple half-hour programs. We think the sponsors of the hundreds of other half-hour shows on the air deserve a better fate.



Season's Greetings
from
THE MANAGEMENT
and STAFF of
CJOY
GUELPH

ALL-CANADA PROGRAM DIVISION
VANCOUVER • CALGARY • WINNIPEG
TORONTO • MONTREAL

The annual report that Fred Allen will quit radio is once again with us. And once again it is Mr. Allen who has made the announcement. However, the comic's better half, Portland Hoffa, has qualified the report by saying that Mr. A. always feels that way until the month of March rolls around. She says she'll have to wait till next March before she believes it.

And so will we.

Tradesters are currently all agog over the revelation of negotiations for the sale of the ABC network to 20th Century-Fox film studios. The deal was announced last week by 20th's president, Spyros P. Skouras and to date ABC officialdom has remained mum. Which is a favorite routine these days of the usually publicity-hungry networks.

Naturally enough, it is understood that 20th's main interest in ABC is its rapidly-expanding television facilities. As a matter of fact, apparently Hollywood is at long last giving in to video since at least three other cinema producers have reportedly approached ABC with bids in hand.

There were reports that a final decision on the sale would be announced by Edward J. Noble, chairman of the ABC board, this week. However, we've been told by an authoritative spokesman that no decision will probably be reached and released until near year's end.

The executive functions of the Broadcast Measurement Bureau have been realigned, but the changes are hardly as drastic as forecast by some trade mag headlines. As a matter of fact, when this reporter visited the BMB inner sanctum last week at the conclusion of the board meeting, all was sweetness and light.

Be that as it may, here's the most important switch. Cort Langley, formerly director of subscriber service, has been named to the newly created post of assistant to the president. Under this new set-up, Hugh Feltis, BMB prexy, will assume responsibility for the Bureau's policies, general management, sales of subscriptions and industry relations with the three member groups, the American Association of Advertising Agencies, Association of National Advertisers and the National Association of Broadcasters. Mr. Langley will have charge of operations and the co-ordination of activities in

television, mechanical and electronic devices.

Incidentally, Mr. Feltis lauded the BMB board's recent approval in principle of the divulgence of non-subscriber data for the restricted use of subscribers as one of the most constructive steps that could be taken at this time because it will make their subscriptions more valuable to the subscribing stations.

No battle there!

on the cuff notes . . . We hear General Foods will drop the *Mr. Ace and Jane* series over CBS and replace it with *My Favorite Husband*, starring cinema actress Lucille Ball. The Goodman Ace show is expected to continue on the net as a sustainer. It's also said that the same sponsor will bankroll *The Gangbusters* (now on ABC) when it moves to Columbia starting Jan. 1 or 8 . . . As predicted in this space recently, the *Mayor of the Town* program, featuring Lionel Barrymore, is headed for the MBS network beginning Jan. 9. Incidentally, MBS has initialled the National Biscuit Co. as sponsor of three new shows all bearing the title, *The Straight Arrow*, beginning Feb. 1 . . . They say NBC is launching an extensive talent hunt for young comedians worthy of a buildup by the veteran chain. No doubt a result of the loss of *Amos 'n' Andy*, Jack Benny and possibly Edgar Bergen . . . Procter & Gamble will pick up the tab for *What Makes You Tick?* over CBS effective Dec. 27 . . . and that's the news till now . . . Merry Christmas to you and yours.

WHITEHALL REORGANIZED

Montreal. — Conflicting stories abound here on the recent sale of Whitehall Broadcasting Ltd. The BROADCASTER is informed that W. L. Charland, who succeeded Vic George as manager, will become president and managing director, and Charland says that "Whitehall will do business strictly as an independent outfit, retaining the majority of its old clients." He also insists that no other agency is involved, presumably to refute the story which has it that control has been acquired either by McKim Advertising Agency Ltd. or a holding company associated with McKim's.

The biggest "single shareholder" will be Charland.

To
All My Friends
From Coast to Coast

A
VERY
MERRY
CHRISTMAS

and a

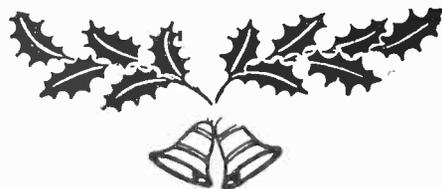
HEALTHY
PROSPEROUS
★ NEW YEAR ★

Stan Francis



CKCW
MONCTON NEW BRUNSWICK
The Hub of the Maritimes
REPRESENTATIVES: STOVIN & CO. TORONTO MONTREAL

"VOICE OF THE FRASER VALLEY"
CHWK
CHILLIWACK
REPRESENTATIVES
ALL-CANADA RADIO FACILITIES • WEED & CO. U.S.A.



What with the world going mad over Shmoos, blues, television, atomic fission, ultrafax, income tax and 20th Century sins, new looks, bosomy books and un-toni-ed twins, it comes as a distinct pleasure to be able to extend to one and all something that has remained unchanged down through the years. Just a good old fashioned wish for a **VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.**

Broadcasting Station CKBI
Prince Albert, Sask.
5,000 Watts



Merry
Christmas

to

all our friends everywhere

from

Jim Browne

and the staff of

CKOV
KELOWNA

"The Voice of the Okanagan"

LAUNCH FM STATION

Windsor, Ont.—Station CKLW recently joined the list of stations operating an FM outlet with the opening of their FM transmitter on November 24.

The transmitter, which is installed atop the Canada Trust Building just above the station's 10th floor studios, is a Standard General Electric 250 watter operating on 93.9 megacycles. Coupled with a two-bay antenna it will cover an urban audience within an area of 6.25 miles. The rural area coverage increases to 23.6 miles, with reports coming in of reception outside these areas.

NEW VEE-PEE



Toronto. — George T. Berthon, manager of the Toronto office of Young and Rubicam, Ltd., has been appointed a vice-president of the advertising agency.

Well known in Canadian advertising and sales fields for the past 20 years, Berthon was associated with A. McKim, Ltd. in Winnipeg, Montreal and Toronto, was general manager of Ex-Lax Ltd., and later was sales manager for Oxo (Canada) Ltd. He joined the Montreal staff of Young and Rubicam, Ltd., in 1943, holding the position of Supervisor of Merchandising until moving to the company's Toronto office as manager one year ago.

TO:

- - - the six networks, several private stations, and more than 10 national advertisers who have been associated with broadcasts using the services and personnel of this Office,
- - - the 10 progressive Western stations who co-sponsored the Talent Quest, and
- - - all those connected with radio and advertising and our friends everywhere,

**HEARTIEST
HOLIDAY
GREETINGS**

From:

THE OFFICE OF
MART KENNEY
125 DUPONT STREET
TORONTO, ONTARIO

NEW TIME BUYER

Montreal. — McKim Advertising Ltd. recently appointed Jack Busby radio time buyer for their Montreal office.

Busby, previously in the copy department, is also currently working on productions with Emil Genest. He takes over from Jimmie Tapp who left the company for a sales job with National Broadcast Sales.

George Lamont, Montreal office manager for McKim's, has left the agency to join the media department of Cockfield Brown's Montreal office.

JOYEUX NOEL

ET

BONNE ET HEUREUSE ANNEE

from

CHNO

ONTARIO'S BILINGUAL STATION

1000 WATTS

1440 KCS.

SUDBURY DISTRICT 56% FRENCH
44% OTHERS

Representatives

C. W. WRIGHT - Toronto, Montreal ADAM J. YOUNG - New York

GREY CUP FINALS



Photo by Al Gray

Toronto.—The greatest bevy of sportcasters ever assembled for one game carried the story of the Calgary-Ottawa football finals over thirty-one stations of the Dominion Network augmented by a further eleven independents on November 27. Sweet Caporal Cigarettes, through Harry E. Foster Agencies Ltd., sponsored the broadcast.

Pictured above, from left to right, are: Jack Wells, of Winnipeg, who did half the play-by-play; Ted Root of Ottawa, who did the Sweet Cap commercials; Tommy Shields, of Ottawa, commentary; B. Fitzpatrick, advertising director, Imperial Tobacco Co. Ltd.; Wes McKnight, Toronto, play-by-play; Harry E. Foster, former football star, now in the advertising business; Gordon Forsyth, Foster producer; Ken Foss, Calgary, commentary.

greetings

ross millard

You'll go a long way before you find a business with as many good fellows in it as radio.

We hope every one of them (even the few stinkers) has a MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR.



WALTER A. DALES
Radioscripts



Christmas is for Kids

I'm glad I have some

and as for

New Year's

I hope you have a happy one

Barry Wood

"So now is come our joyfull'st feast
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest
And every post with holly."

Once again we wish our friends and sponsors

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year

And when our Christmas messages go out over the air, remember that 92% of the night-time radio audience (96% day-time) of Kenora-Keewatin will be listening. Our new B.B.M. rating tells us so!



DOMINION NETWORK

National Representatives:
Horace N. Stovin & Co., Toronto and Montreal
A. L. Garside, Winnipeg
Donald Cooke Inc., U.S.A.

RADIO ARTISTS
TELEPHONE
EXCHANGE
AND ALL
ITS
SUBSCRIBERS
INCLUDING

- Pat Barry
- Lloyd Bochner
- Roxana Bond
- Sydney Brown
- Bernard Cowan
- Joy Davies
- Laddie Dennis
- Marcia Diamond
- Michael Fitzgerald
- Lee Hamilton
- Donald Harron
- Beth Lockerbie
- Larry McCance
- John Mantley
- Dick Nelson
- Barry Nesbitt
- Mona O'Hearn
- Kipp Oldfield
- Maurice Rapkin
- Ruby Ramsay Rouse
- Sandra Scott
- Frank Wade
- Elizabeth Walsh
- Barry Wood

WISH YOU
COMPLIMENTS
OF THE
SEASON



Long and complicated words are out of season when the calendar is about to lose its last sheet and even in our glorious days no one can improve on this two-word combination:

Merry Christmas
(except by adding)
"To You All"

610 KCS. **CHNC** 5000 WATTS
NEW CARLISLE QUEBEC

Merry Christmas
from
"Community Shower Time"
and
"Mike" Fitzgerald

DIRECT MAIL PUBLICATIONS and RADIO

New Dawn Productions Limited
61 AVENUE ROAD • TORONTO • PRINCESS 1464
Sponsors of the Popular Community Shower Service



This year is old enough for us to suppose that many disc jockeys are taking a sample recording of "White Christmas" from the shelf and dusting it off in preparation for a few (we hope) airings. Soloists also are gearing their tonsils to give with this number, no doubt. While "White Christmas" is rather acceptable, if not killed, I'll settle for Bing Crosby doing his yearly soloing of "Adeste Fideles".

Without a doubt that old guy with the whiskers, red suit and jolly laugh has sneaked up on us again. We may as well be brave and brace ourselves for it — it's here. Ask any junior who listens to Eaton's quarter-hour on CFRB three times weekly.

This is the time of year we particularly miss script writer Babs Hitchman who left us last year for Vancouver. Each year she wrote such intriguing material to appeal to children as well as the Santa Claus broadcasts. Last year her shoes were ably filled in that role by Roxana Bond, who, I suppose, is repeating this year.

Now that we have the Christmas business all tied up, let me tell you that I've never known any newscaster to be so solidly entrenched as Jim Hunter is here at the hospital. It seems that some patients actually prefer to miss their breakfast rather than miss Hunter. Personally, I am pretty strong on the day's first meal and Hunter too. Incidentally, I'm keen on Jack Dennett's manner. Newscasts have a tremendous following and it is not amazing to find that a strong and sincere delivery wins.

It is strange but very true that one of the major conversation pieces among people is radio. The remarks aren't always complimentary and a listener inferred that she was quite through with the CBC since they have cancelled one of their most listenable shows — *The Martins*. There was a program that was humorous, down-to-earth and yet sincere. Then this lady asked me if I knew why it was cancelled. When I suggested it may have been financial, I really got in deep. It would be interesting to know if program directors realize the true value of catering to an appreciative audience. In this case, the listener simply switched to another station. The opposition station has made what might well be a permanent gain at the expense of the CBC.

It was really encouraging to hear that Bill Agnew and several of the boys at Runnymede Hospital read this column and give it the thumbs-up sign. A mutual friend, our librarian, let me in on the news and now I'm anxiously anticipating reading Bill's editorials in the "Shut In's" paper.

Merry Christmas to everyone,
ELDA.

SEASON'S GREETINGS



ROXANA BOND



My Sincere Good Wishes

for the

FESTIVE SEASON



BETH LOCKERBIE

Greetings



RUBY RAMSAY ROUSE

Best Ever!



EDDIE LUTHER



THERE'S NO STOPPING JOEL ALDRED....



... Wishing You

A HAPPY HOLIDAY SEASON

and a

GREAT 1-9-4-9



Sincere



Good



Wishes

MONA O'HEARN

Greetings



Jaff Ford

Wishing You All a very Prosperous Season

DORIS ORD

"Season's Greetings"

express

"The Mood I'm In"



DORIS VEALE



Season's Greetings

Kenny Graham

Season's Greetings



Lloyd Bochner

A RECORD CHRISTMAS TO YOU!



MAURICE JOHNSON

"Top o' the Season" to You

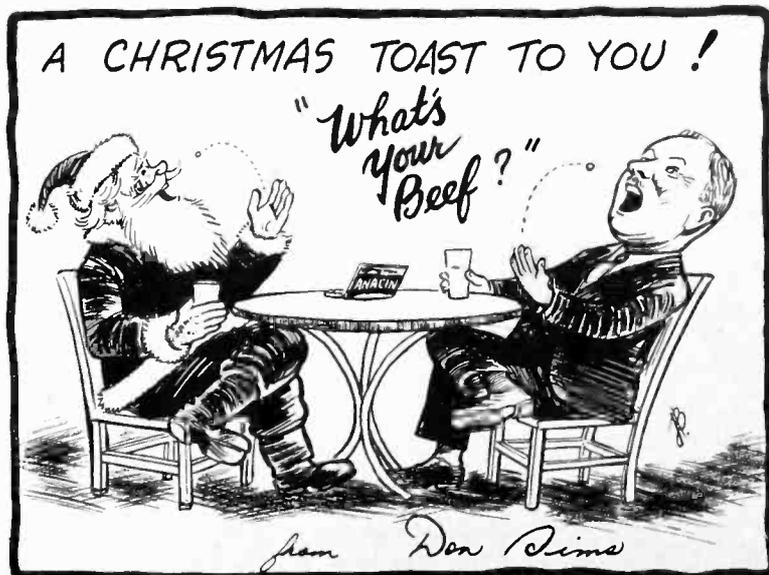


WALLY CROUTER

Hope Your Christmas too will be "Out of this World"



Bob Christie



Sam Don Sims

NOW 1000 WATTS!

L'ÉCHO FRANÇAIS DE MONTREAL

CHLP

Covers PARTICULARLY THE MONTREAL FRENCH MARKET

Representatives:
 Canada: James L. Alexander
 U.S.A.: Joseph Hershey
 McGillvra Inc.

**C
K
M
O**

Compare:

Our higher ratings
 lower costs
 top availabilities

1410 VANCOUVER
 NATIONAL BROADCAST
 SALES - Toronto, Montreal
 DONALD COOKE INC. -
 New York



PRELUDE

Just overflowing with the joyous spirit of Yuletide, brotherly love and the milk of human kindness, writing this column presents a problem.

• • •

PLEASE BITE DOG

Will Dick Diespecker please do something newsworthy to permit us to use the cut of him which got inadvertently squeezed off page 32 of this issue.

• • •

EXPECTANT

Don Copeland was guilty of stating that the decorations for his new Sherbourne Street office cost him twice as much as he expected, but that was just what he expected.

• • •

DEPT. OF DEFINITIONS

A communist is one who has given up all hope of becoming a capitalist.

—Women

• • •

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY

Commercials cut on Christmas Day —
 The CBC's to blame.
 But they're running their sustainers,
 So the boys work just the same.

• • •

UNDER THE DESK

It has been suggested that we set up a row of cots in our office during the week before Christmas to save revellers the trouble of going home between parties.

• • •

HELP WANTED

Top flight comedian wanted. Apply CBC, any Wednesday night.

• • •

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

There is a definite opportunity along Radio Row for someone to open a school of instruction to instruct instructors in schools of radio instruction.

• • •

SEASON'S GREETINGS

To all our friends, using the word in its broadest sense, a Merry Christmas.



*Season's
Greetings*



CKNX
WINGHAM

The **ONTARIO FARM STATION**

REPRESENTATIVES JAMES L. ALEXANDER TORONTO & MONTREAL

CANADIAN TELESCREEN

Vol. 1, No. 14

TV and Screen Supplement

December 11th, 1948

TV SPEEDS IN SLOW MOTION

Television's first official mention in 1948 was in a statement, issued on May 17, by the CBC Board of Governors, which pointed out that the Board "sees great potentialities in television"; also that "it believes that Canada should not lag behind, particularly in view of widespread developments in the United States".

The CBC had, according to the statement, devoted "much study" in recent months to TV, and it had been in touch with development in other countries. Officials had made on-the-spot studies of TV operations in Great Britain, and they had visited France and other European countries where work is proceeding. They had also studied "at first hand" developments in the U.S.

The Board said it believed Canadian TV should be devel-

oped in Canada "so as to be of benefit to the greatest number of people; so that public air channels should be used in the public interest".

Claiming that it could see many problems, especially of an economic nature, in TV development, the Board decided that a television set license fee should be instituted, this fee to be "considerably higher" than the present radio set license fee, because of the higher cost of TV and TV programming.

It was also pointed out that special financing would be necessary in the initial development period, and that the Corporation would proceed as soon as this financing could be arranged.

The three applications for TV licenses which were filed at the May meeting by Station CHML, Hamilton, and Station CKEY and Al Leary, both of Toronto, were deferred except for the Hamilton application, which was recommended for denial on the grounds that there was only one TV channel available for the city, and that this channel should be reserved for the national system. The Toronto applications were recommended for deferment owing to there being only three channels available, and as one of these was also ear-marked for CBC use, the Board felt that other interested parties should have an opportunity to file applications for the remaining two frequencies.

The Board therefore stated that it would accept and consider Toronto TV applications at its first meeting after October 1, providing they were filed with the Department of Transport before September 15. It later announced that it was prepared to consider applications from Montreal.

Six applications were lined up for consideration when the Board met in Ottawa, October 27-29, and after hearing briefs from the four Toronto and two Montreal applicants, the Board deferred all six with no mention as to when they would again be considered.

The Board's second TV state-

TEE VEE ACTION

New York.—A couple weeks ago, the Columbia Broadcasting System demonstrated its mechanical color television for the benefit of those new members of the Federal Communications Commission who had never viewed the project. At the time, CBS president Frank Stanton issued a statement saying that his network did not intend to renew its million-dollar "color-video-is-here-now" campaign. However, it now seems that the situation has been taken out of Mr. Stanton's hands.

Speaking at Ohio Northern University, FCC Commissioner Robert F. Jones went all out for color in sight-and-sound. Said Mr. Jones: "I am one Commissioner who believes color television is not for the next generation or the next five years. I think it is not necessary to wait for perfection before launching a

ment followed this meeting and it reaffirmed the May statement regarding development "aimed at serving the widest possible public interest by the national system". It cited the lack of provision of funds, and lack of decision to have TV set licenses, as the main reason for deferment. The Board viewed the Toronto application of the Famous Players Canadian Corporation as the most favorable, but said it had noted the strong objections forwarded by the CAB regarding granting licenses to motion picture interests.

The statement expressed the Board's desire to study the possibilities of "initial co-operative development in which private stations would participate in the national system." In this respect the Board favored such a suggestion for it believed that "sound development of television broadcasting in Canada, particularly in the early stages, will require a concentration of economic resources through public and private channels."

In a statement given the press immediately following the October meeting, CBC Chairman A. D. Dunton said that it will be two years at least before the first Canadian station could go on the air.

new service. Thomas Edison's first light bulb was a pretty dim affair. American industry and genius have made it the fairyland of lights it is today."

In disclosing that he has viewed two systems in the laboratory stage, Mr. Jones stated that "if color can work in actual practice as it does in the laboratory, and will utilize the same channel space, should provision not be made for it promptly? Should we not let the American public as listener and investor decide what it wants?"

The ABC network's telecast over its East Coast hook-up of the Metropolitan Opera's premiere this week has been lauded by all and sundry—including the press critics. Jack Gould, radio and tele Ed of THE NEW YORK TIMES, described the video version of Otello as "an exciting and rewarding achievement, the Verdi masterpiece being brought into untold hundreds of thousands of homes with a new and arresting quality of intimacy . . . The view of Otello that came into one's living room frequently was more detailed and more revealing than that obtained from a seat 'down front' in the Metropolitan auditorium."



I'll Be Wishing You

HAPPY
CHRISTMAS

over

"Find Your Fortune"

and

"The Wrigley Show"



MONTY HALL

Happy
Christmas



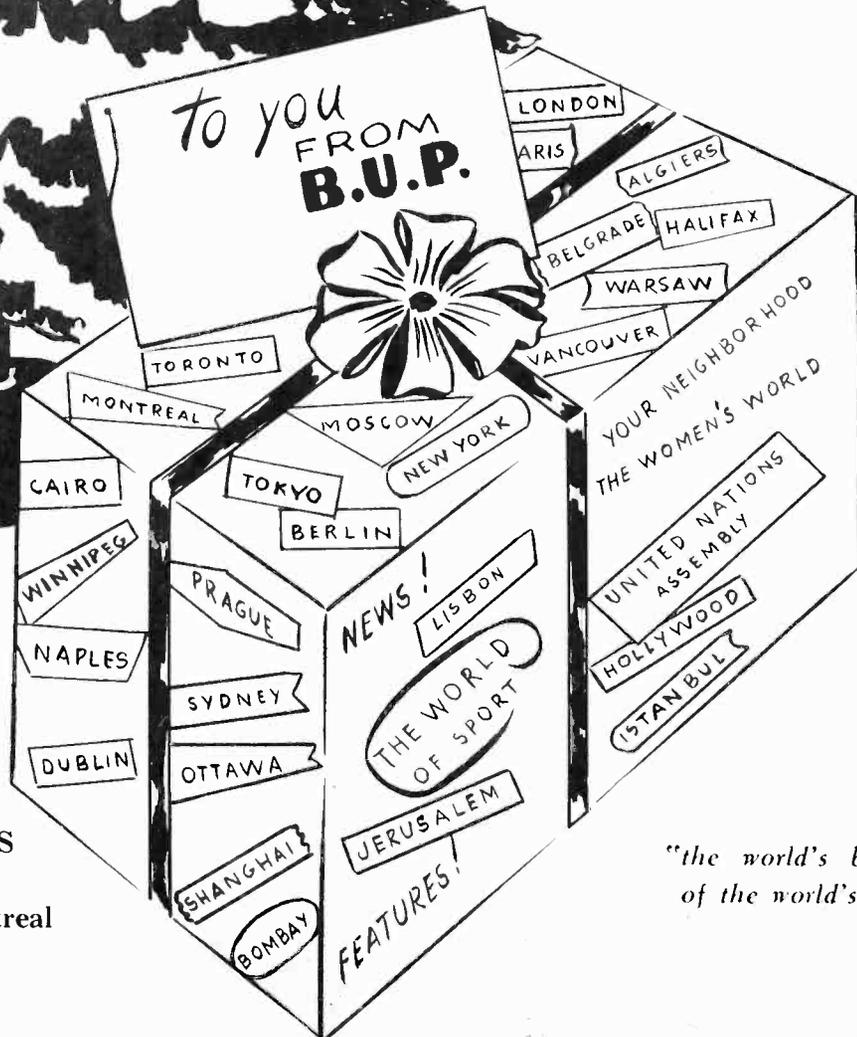
SEE YOU
AROUND
IN 1949



Jack Dawson



A CHRISTMAS PACKAGE THAT COMES EVERY DAY



newscasts aimed at your deadlines and tailored to your needs.

a revitalized radio wire that brings you news that sells . . . national, regional and foreign on a snappy one-two-three basis 24 hours a day.

ten and fifteen minute newscasts complete with regional news . . . five minute newscasts . . . the sports results as they happen . . . five minute features . . . weekend features . . . spot news.

all of it aimed at the heart of the matter—your sponsor.

BRITISH UNITED PRESS
Head Office:
231 St. James St. West, Montreal

*"the world's best coverage
of the world's biggest news"*



R E T R O V I E W



● At this nostalgic season, we thought you might like to travel with us through some of the back numbers of the Canadian Broadcaster. With this thought in mind, we have chosen a dozen articles which appeared in our pages in 1944 and 1945.

● We have tried to blend the humor of Ross MacRae and Gordon Howard with the hard tack treatment of Walter Dales and Larry Rogers, to steal a leaf from our friends, the broadcasters, in combining information and entertainment. We hope you will like it.

Christmas Is Corny

By RICHARD G. LEWIS



you are getting acquainted with your folks all over again. You get all worked up over seeing each other, and only succeed in making it harder to part when the time comes. Christmas is corny.

Then take all those pre-Christmas parties, when you forget all about the most important thing in life—making money—and give over to just being pleasant to your friends and business associates. Sometimes you spend hours in the company of people you have scarcely seen but have yelled at over the telephone all year through, and kid yourself that they are human beings with problems just like your own. Of course it's only the spirit of

the season anyhow, and what if you do get to meeting over the bridge table every Friday until the fishing season opens. It only means you're going to waste a lot of time enquiring about each others' ailments every time you phone in an order for a such-and-such in a helluva hurry. Business is just hard cash, that's all that counts. Gosh, but Christmas is corny.

Then there's the office party, when the big cheese makes such a fool of himself—the big cheese—pretending to be a good guy to everyone from Miss Murgatroyd at the switchboard to old man Skillings, the vice-president. The chief pays you for what he gets out of you, doesn't he? You aren't interested in

him being interested in you beyond your pay envelope. Certainly Christmas is corny.

Next all those presents you send and receive. If you just went out and bought something for yourself—something you always wanted—wouldn't it be a whole lot cheaper, and more useful? This anxiously watching the mail the first three weeks in December is just so much show. People expect you to spread your Christmas cards all round the apartment, and pile up the parcels under the tree, so you do. It's expected of you. Christmas is for the children and you do it for them. Just so much wasted time that any efficient business man has to make up some way if he's going to get anywhere in the world. Pah! Corn!

Now take those guys left over there in the Army of Occupation. They aren't pestered with Christmas trees and tinsel, littering up their places, and senseless cliches printed on pasteboard in red and green ink, and parcels of socks and cake and white cotton handkerchiefs their kid sisters hemstitched their initials on, or electric razors or watches. Heavens no, they aren't bothered with this stuff—not much of it anyhow. They haven't time to be cluttered up with maudlin sentimentality, kidding children about Santa Claus and all that. They have a peace to win. That's what they've got. Christmas. Corny? You said it brother.

Oh I nearly forgot. I must remember to order some more corn. I love it

—Christmas 1945

RETROVIEW INDEX

"Christmas Is Corny" By Richard G. Lewis	17
"Musical Slangage" By Lucio Agostini	18
"So You Want To Go To Toronto" By Ross MacRae	20
"The Profitable Art Of Selling Nothing" By Walter A. Dales	22
"English As She Ought To Be" By W. H. "Steve" Brodie	24
"There'll Always Be An Ottawa" By Hugh Newton	26
"Sport Makes Big League Radio" By L. J. Rogers	28
"Slips That Pass In The Mike" By Gordon E. Howard	30
"Producer! Producer!" By Dick Diespecker	32
"He Shoots! — He Scores!" By Richard G. Lewis	34
"If You'll Pardon The Expression" By David M. Adams	36
"Business Rules"	38

It's like writing your own obituary notice to caption your own mug, but this is "us", as if you didn't know, and we are re-running this Christmas 1945 editorial, first because it angered some of our dear readers three years ago and also because our advertising department forgot to sell the space it occupies. The picture, incidentally, is by John Collingwood Reade, recently named director of public relations for the Toronto Hydro, who is an excellent news commentator.

This editorial will probably strike a new high in corn. But then Christmas is that anyhow.

Take all this family reunion stuff. You eat too much. You drink too much. You prance around like a blithering idiot in a paper hat. You bust Junior's new electric train and buy him another even if you don't really have to. You remember when you were all kids together in the old days, and the time you and your brother caught the old man sneaking into the bedroom to fill the stockings, but you never let on. You forget that you are going on forty-four, and get all undignified and all that sort of thing. You fool yourself

From the Voice
of the Alberni Valley

Christmas
Joy
And
Very
Best Wishes



Serving the
Alberni's CJAV
Port Alberni, B. C.

MUSICAL SLANGUAGE

By LUCIO AGOSTINI

In the second and third decades of this twentieth century, not only did the old harmonies take a trend to the modern, but the old musical expressions and terms have followed suit. Yesterday's graceful harpist is *hep* today. Such old tempo indications as *Andante*, *Lento* or *Largo* have been replaced by more streamlined expressions, like *with a slow racking rhythm*, *Beguine tempo with much feeling*; or *Slow Boogey*, and believe me, man, if you don't understand what all this means you're an *Ickie*, you're *corny*, you ain't got no boots.

There is no better way to get an idea of danceland jargon than to take an evening off when one of the famous colored bands hits your town. Words like *Peck-Horn*, *Gob-Stick*, *Book-man*, *Git-Box*, *Suit-Case* and thousands of others will be coming at you from every corner of the joint and when you get home with the worst headache you've ever had, you'll be wondering whether you've been to hear a dance band or if you have just come back from some little town in Turkey, Lat-

via or Darkest Africa.

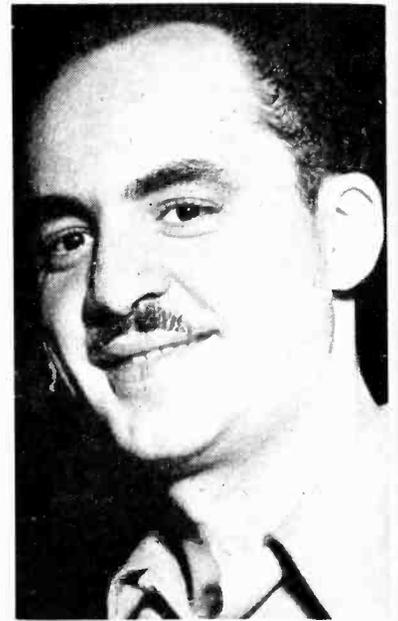
Every possible instrument or term of music has its own place in the language of the jive man. A *Dog-House* is a string bass; a *Suit Case* is a drum; a *Gob-Stick* or *Licorice-Stick* is a clarinet; a *Git-Box* is a guitar, and a *Slip-Horn* or *Slush-Pump* is a trombone. There are enough others to fill an extra edition of Webster's dictionary.

A performer or an arranger who does a very successful job is said to be *Hep to the Jive*. He has done a *Good Deal*. His performance was *Right down the Centre*. When he plays very well he's *In the Groove*. When he always plays *In the Groove*, he's got *Boots up to his ears*. Of course if he can't play anything except what's written down on the paper he's a *Book-Man*. If he's a piano player he sits at *The 88* and *tickles mean ivories*. If you like him, he *Sends you*—if not he just plainly smells in any language.

The dance-man's greatest fun is to have a private *Jive-Session* at the end of the evening. It's something of a postman's holiday, but he not only likes to feel that he *Sends you*; he also wants to be *Sent* himself. He'll go way into the wee hours of the morning taking choruses of *Honey-Suckle Rose* himself, and then listening while others *Give* on their instruments. He likes the trumpet player, so he says he *Plays a mean Horn*. His favorite drummer is a *Solid Stick Beater*. The *Groove* feeling is established mostly by the drummer.

This Musical Slanguage originates mostly from New York's Harlem. However, we can only guess at the reason why it exists. The Jazz Musician has never had much respect for *long-hair* (concert man). So, it is our guess that in wanting to cut himself away from the symphonic musician entirely, he is even attempting to create a language of his own.

The dance-man feels that his work is different to his rivals that it is almost a different profession. Joe Jazz feels that Joe Concert hasn't the feeling of rhythm that is necessary for the correct playing of any musical composition whether concert or dance. However Joe Concert has the impression that only classical music is good music and that Joe Jazz is nothing but a frustrated symphonic musician. In defense of the Joe



Almost as facile with his words as with his music, Lucio Agostini, heard all too infrequently on the air, has graced our columns often. In this piece, which appeared in our issue of July 22, 1944, he gave our readers the last word on the argot of the noisemakers. Experts assure us the article is still topical, and as Lucio is never dated in this office, we've dish'd it up again for you, just as he did it originally, on the clean side of a used paper towel.

Jazzes, however, we must express our opinion that Joe Concert has never really cared to extend himself very far in trying to understand what makes a guy like Joe Jazz run.

Joe Jazz is musically as good an artist as anyone else. His work is very difficult and demands real accuracy—The fact that he plays for dancing rather than for straight listening does not make him a second-rate musician. He really has thrilling fun in his work and is as serious about it as Joe Concert. He is very proud of the fact that many of his pals have attained the heights of being able to perform with the world's best symphonies, and he chuckles softly every time he thinks that very few of the great classical artists have ever been able to give a commendable performance amongst their fellow musicians, as does Joe Jazz.

Benny Goodman and others have played at Carnegie Hall with the New York Philharmonic, but we're still waiting to hear Michael Piastro perform with Cab Calloway's *Jungle Jitter-Jivers*—probably a silly comparison, but it still can't be done.

Well, I guess this will have to be the *Coda*. I gotta get in the *Groove* for a *compo* on a new *combo*, and I gotta make it a *new deal* on the *ether* next week. Gee, I hope I can *send the sucker*; it means plenty of *mazooma* for me so long as I keep *batting a hundred*.

July 22, 1944

May your Christmas
be merry . . .

your New Year
filled with happiness
and prosperity.



the gang at

NATIONAL BROADCAST SALES

Toronto and Montreal



Kay Dace



Ed Thomson



Daniey



John Hoyland



Al Selt



W.D. Paulin



John



Rita O'Brien



W.D. Paulin



Hugh Holly



W.D. Paulin



W.D. Paulin



W.D. Paulin



Fay Houston



Paul Ferriss



Harry O'Connor

Greetings

To our radio friends across Canada - we send our hearty thanks for their outstanding support throughout the year and extend our best wishes for A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

MACLAREN ADVERTISING COMPANY LTD.

TORONTO · MONTREAL · WINNIPEG · VANCOUVER

★
"KEMP CALLING"

AND

Wishing You

A

Merry Christmas

AND A

Happy New Year

★

So You Want To Go To Toronto

or

What Do They Do For Their Fifteen And Two

By ROSS MacRAE

Out west we think Toronto is a dizzy burg. We are wrong. Toronto is quite a normal city — a little over-grown for its hat perhaps, but otherwise quite ordinary. The funny part is the people, most of whom are westerners who have come east to make their fortunes in the radio broadcasting business.

During my first fifteen minutes in town I met Barry Wood, now a full-fledged blimp, Jack Dennett and Earl Cameron rehearsing a newscast duet outside the King Eddy, Lyman Potts over from Hamilton for the day to smell the smoke: interrupted a tête-à-tête between Guy Herbert and Yvonne de Carlo, had a golf lesson from Horace Stovin, lunched with George Arnot, had a coke (straight) on Spence Caldwell and Fred Cannon, and listened to Bernie Braden delivering Hamlet's Soliloquy to a tree in Queen's Park.

Speaking generally, Toronto is filled with "characters". This is a Toronto expression meaning anyone who changes his shirt every other day. Some Torontonians, during the summer, change them every day; a remarkable achievement due mostly to a place advertised as "Good Old Dufferin", where the horses not only eat hay, but are liable to top off the meal with your favorite "Sanforized Shrunken."

It takes very little time to run into some of Toronto's characters. There are plenty of them in the radio business. This particular species reminds me somewhat of the Missouri Mule. It takes its dismal lot in an amazingly cheerful and stoic manner.



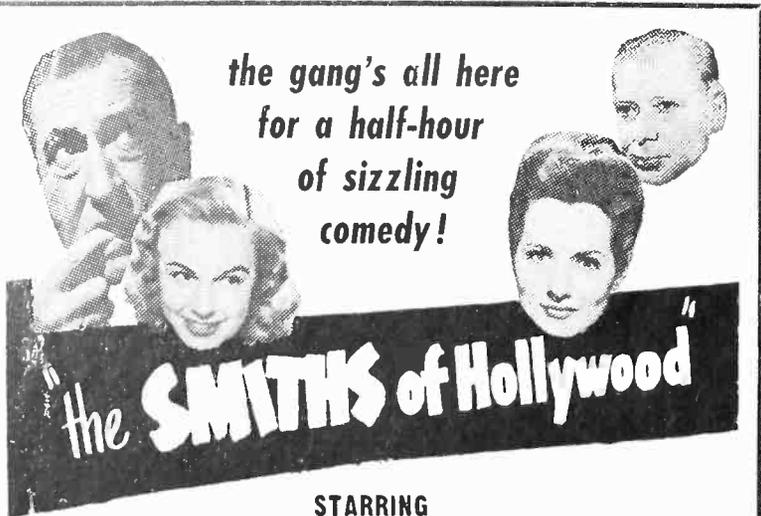
Ross MacRae, then newly arrived in Toronto from CKCK, Regina, did not know that he was going to work for Cockfield Brown when he wrote this piece for our issue of June 23, 1945. He did it though, and now declines to admit he is sorry. Incidentally, Ross picked himself up a Beaver Award on the way.

For instance, one hears that in Toronto there is a certain amount of time spent in the gentle art of knife-throwing. At first I thought this was simply a figure of speech. But I asked Barry Wood if he had ever been a victim, and he said: "Oh Hell yes, Once I went around with a knife in my back for three days after I'd won out in an audition to do a whistling commercial."

Picturing Barry rolling around for three days looking like an overgrown hors d'oeuvre at a cocktail party, I questioned him further.

Said I: "Look! Didn't that knife in your back for three days bother you? Didn't it hurt?"

He looked at me scornfully



*the gang's all here
 for a half-hour
 of sizzling
 comedy!*

"the SMITHS of Hollywood"

STARRING

arthur TREACHER, brenda MARSHALL
 jan FORD, harry VON ZELL

IT'S TESTED! IT'S PROVEN! IT'S TERRIFIC!

\$10,000 worth of top comedy talent at
 LOW, LOCAL RATES!

Currently on CKRC, Winnipeg — and look at its Elliott-Haynes record:

September - 8.6 October - 11.9
 NOVEMBER - 17.1

ALL-CANADA PROGRAM DIVISION

VANCOUVER CALGARY WINNIPEG TORONTO MONTREAL

**THE RYERSON INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
 TORONTO**

Offers a Course in

ANNOUNCING and PRODUCTION

Commencing 3rd January, 1949

Applicants should have an Ontario Secondary School graduation diploma or equivalent, and will be required to successfully qualify in an audition test prior to acceptance.

Enrol now - Fees \$50

Write, Phone or Visit - the Registrar

50 GOULD STREET

WA. 2631

and said: "Nah — only when I laughed."

So you see, Toronto characters must be tough, especially if they are in radio.

Perhaps you've heard that Torontonians are cool and reserved.

This is a lie.

Actually they are warm-hearted, friendly people, who playfully trample you to death in a race for a street car or in the line-up at the liquor store, all in the spirit of good clean fun. This carries you along like a bubble, or, more accurately, like a medicine ball at the senior men's class of the YMCA back home.

Another thing I have discovered about Toronto is that ad-agency people are as elusive as ghosts. Wis McQuillin agrees, and says the switchboard girl doubles as ghoul-keeper.

Of course, the summer season is a slack time for agency people. Some of the girls in the ad-factories are at their best in the slack season. Others "shoulda stood" in skirts. Jack Horler, at Baker's, says, "If they wear their slacks, I'll wear my shirts."

Advertising agencies, in most instances, give forth a chilling aura, somewhere between a cathedral, a swimming pool and the men's wash-room at the Saskatchewan Hotel.

This effect is planned to impress visiting firemen.

One such wide-eyed visiting fireman walked into one reception foyer, and his first thought was: "How can they do it on fifteen per cent?" They tell me the bookkeepers and accountants (they call themselves comptrollers) wonder too.

Probably the original broadcasters in Toronto are the newspaper street-salesmen who set up stands on busy corners, and trip you as you go by. You stop, look up, and then you — go buy (Ouch) Ed.)

You can buy almost any kind of printed matter at these stands, except a book on sun-bathing for health, which no radio people ever read, although some of them like the pictures.

I asked one news-boy (he must have been 68) which were the most popular magazines. He handed me a publication that looks something like a railway time-table. It's called the "Racing Form".

I asked if he had many calls for the CANADIAN BROADCASTER. "Nah", he sneered. "It'll never sell. No sex! Nothing but politics."

Impressed by his insight into public taste, I hustled up to the Broadcaster offices and had words with Dick Lewis, who runs the sheet over an unbelievable pile of papers, ashtrays and cast-off clothing, under which is a desk—he says. I told him he could increase his circulation, raise his advertising rates, even move into new offices, simply by taking that friendly news-boy's suggestion to heart.

Dick said I was an interfering western so-and-so, but that it was a "hell of a good ideah". Then he reached into the debris and came up with a picture of Mae West, just like he'd known it was there all the time.

He called in the artist.

"Run this in the next issue", he requested.

Distinguished-looking gray-haired Grey Harkley shook his head.

"If we run this, the Broadcaster'll be a complete bust," he said.

I left Dick Lewis brewing a new batch of Lewisite.

* * *

Actually Toronto is a very nice place. Even the name "Toronto" is a pleasure to pronounce. Natives call it "Tranna". But me, I like to say it right. Try it yourself. Say it over and over again: "Toronto — Toronto — Toronto". Let the liquid syllables slip off your tongue: "Toronto — Toronto — Toronto."

After a while, you'll find this gets tiresome. Then you drop in at the Broadcaster office.

Dick Lewis will buy you a beer.

—June 23, 1945

Top Name in Communications since 1909

NOW AVAILABLE TO CANADIAN Radio Federal Broadcast Equipment

Warmest Wishes for Christmas and the New Year

- Federal FM & AM Transmitters
- Federal Transmitter Tubes
- Federal Square Loop FM Antenna
- Federal FM Mobile Radio Units
- Federal Transmission Lines (AIR AND SOLID)

Federal Electric Manufacturing Co., Ltd.

AN I.R.T. ASSOCIATE

9600 ST. LAWRENCE BLVD., MONTREAL 14, P.Q.

SCRIPT AND PRODUCTION MANAGER
FEMALE COPY WRITER

Established radio agency in Montreal requires experienced man to take complete charge of script, continuity and production departments. Excellent salary and working conditions. Same agency also requires female copy writer preferably with agency experience. Salary will be commensurate with experience and ability. Applications for both positions should be addressed in full confidence, giving complete details to

BOX Y
CANADIAN BROADCASTER, 371 Bay St., Toronto



Joe Hardy
Talks
ON

QUEBEC MARKET NO. 2

Once a year it is good to pause in the rush and hurly-burly of business, to take stock — not of worldly goods — but of the many kindnesses one has received during the twelve months past.



"To my many friends, in Agencies and among Clients, I would like to express my gratitude for all the pleasant contacts I have enjoyed with them, and also for the business they have entrusted to me for the French stations I represent.



"To all of you, my warmest greetings at this festive season, and may 1949 be a Happy and Prosperous year for you.



"It will be a pleasure to serve you in 1949 — as it has been for nearly twenty years now. And "Hardy Service" will be, as always, a cheerful, prompt and efficient one."



For any information on
Quebec Market No. 2
Telephone, Wire or Write to

JOS. A. HARDY & CO. LTD.		
MONTREAL	QUEBEC	TORONTO
CHRC	REPRESENTING	5000
CHNC	QUEBEC	WATTS
CHLN	NEW CARLISLE	5000
CHLT	TROIS RIVIÈRES	1000
CKRS	SHERBROOKE	1000
	JONQUIÈRE-KENOGAMI	250
		WATTS

THE PROFITABLE ART OF SELLING NOTHING

By WALTER A. DALES

There is a great deal of misconception about the term "advertising". Too many think of it as a picture of silk panties above a blandishment reading: "Half off today 59c", or a radio blurb saying "Prices are extra-special unbelievably low on shoes, socks, red flannel underwear, garden hose and old lace."

Admittedly that is advertising. It is important and it is profitable, but that is only scratching the surface of the word.

Advertising is education . . . the dissemination of information . . . a service to consumers . . . a tool for expansion of industry. Advertising sells ideas, mental attitudes, rationing, conservation, military service, as well as, if not better than it sells pork and beans, coffee or floor wax.

Today business is faced with the problem of selling nothing.

G. F. Brayden, president of CCM, recently declared, "Advertising during wartime is, in our opinion, sound judgment." Companies such as these use their advertising to say: "Sorry we can't supply you, but we want you to keep on watching for our product. We'll be look-

ing for you when we've more bikes to sell".

Such companies will reap the harvest.

Advertising also has an important effect on the personnel of a business, from the boss to the delivery boy.

Here is an experience I had with a druggist who had a fine store, a fair stock, but lacked one thing — customers.

On my first approach I was turned away with a "No. I don't want any." I wrote some copy anyhow and went back. This time he said: "You tell me why I'm not getting the business. Then I'll buy some advertising from you."

I went back to him in several months, and told him the reason. He didn't curl, golf, belong to any club or lodge, he was a semi-recluse in the eyes of many. They called him a sourpuss.

I told him these things frankly, for he had committed himself to advertising if I came through with the answer to this question — and I wanted advertising — boy how we wanted advertising in them days.

"Okay", he said, "I'll buy. But I'm no mixer — never will



Walter Dales was still managing CJAT, Trail, when he came through with this piece for our issue of July 22, 1944. Now he is functioning as Dale-scripts in Montreal, and is responsible for the ablest writing about radio that crosses this desk — a monthly called "Station Break".

be. I'm like a fish out of water in a crowd."

The druggist finally admitted he liked to talk business. He was bursting with information about the new Vitamin Pills.

So I wrote his copy this way.

I called his store a medical information bureau, told how he enjoyed chatting about new developments in the drug trade, vitamins and the new methods of reducing without dieting, how he often performed slight services on minor injuries or accidents until a doctor was available — how he enjoyed giving that service. It was all true — it was up his alley.

He's still doing business at the same stand—plenty of business. As he started warming up to customers, we started warming up our copy about him and his store. And he lived up to it, every word of it. He's a club member — still a bit shy, but people think of him as one of the amiable men in his city. Advertising did a lot for that man. He committed himself publicly to an attitude of friendliness, and lived up to it. Advertising was the oil that eased the friction between seller and buyer, and dollar and cent profit was the smallest thing that came out of that transaction.

Advertising should be a warm human proposition. If you've a fellow in your store who is a good shoe fitter, put his picture in the paper and his name on the air. Personalize him. Present him to the public as the kind of a man you think he can be, and if he doesn't live up to the reputation you give him, he just ain't human.

Boast about your friendly pleasant, eager-to-help clerks, and watch the others fall in line. You'll increase your business, but, more than that, you'll

CKNW
CHNW

THE *Only* STATION THAT COVERS BOTH HALVES OF THE "VANCOUVER AREA"



Mighty Mike Sez:

Merry Christmas
and
Happy New Year

FROM THE

First
STATION IN SASKATCHEWAN

CKCK REGINA 5000 WATTS

perform a service to the boys and girls who work for you that will benefit them as long as they live.

Think of advertising this way. Advertising is a means to a larger acquaintance; acquaintance leads to fellowship; fellowship begets friendship; friendship inspires confidence; and confidence is the bedrock on which the whole structure of business rests. Therefore the privileges of advertising should never be abused, and as sure as night falls, profits both concrete and abstract will come to him who advertises skilfully and with honesty, especially when motivated by a desire to be helpful to others.

If you will think of advertising that way, as many people have started to, then you will help us fellows in the advertising business to raise the prestige of advertising and add to its dignity. Be completely honest in your advertising, otherwise it can boomerang on you, and on us.

Simple advertising is best; straightforward, honest, enthusiastic statements.

Now for the question of rehabilitation.

Sixteen rules and regulations won't produce one single pound of butter. You can't make prosperity out of nothing. When you keep stock turning over fast you are creating something, you are creating employment, keeping factory wheels turning, keeping men at work.

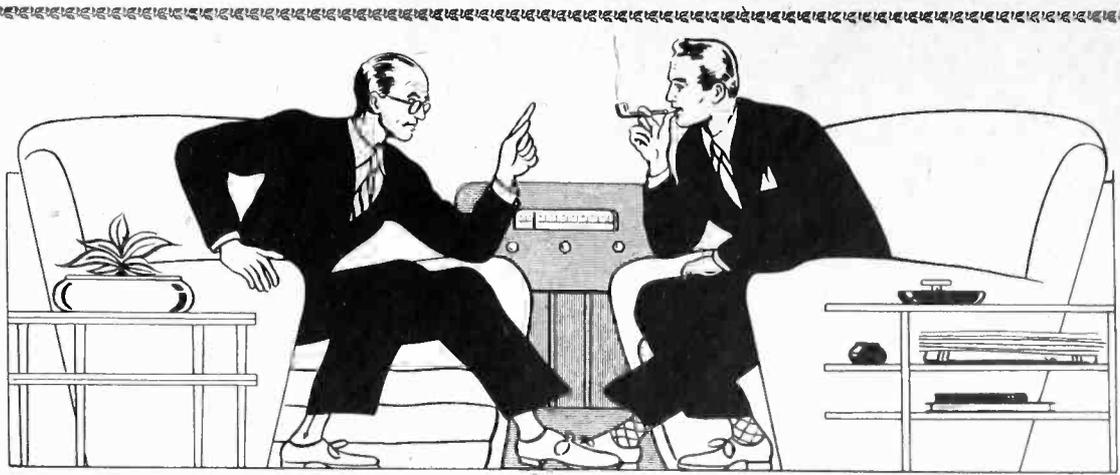
Every cigarette you or I smoke means 45 seconds employment for a workman. Labor is the greatest single item in almost every item you sell. More sales, more production lead to greater employment. Advertising makes sales; advertising can help you create jobs for the millions when normal times return. Smart, aggressive merchandising does more in ten minutes to help employment than all the non-productive planners packed in government offices can achieve in years.

—July 22, 1944

Young Experienced Writer

Two years high standard news training — desires position with Public Relations office or P.R. department of advertising agency. Eager to advance.

Box Z
CANADIAN BROADCASTER
371 Bay Street - Toronto



"And Bill Speers, Bruce Pirie, Jack Hill and all the staff of CKRC want to wish everyone a

VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS

and a

HAPPY and PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR."



PRESS NEWS
SERVES 82 CANADIAN STATIONS

ENGLISH AS SHE OUGHT TO BE . . .

By W. H. "STEVE" BRODIE
CBC Supervisor of Broadcast Language

In tackling strange foreign names, the announcer may as well make up his mind that, whatever line he adopts, some people are going to think he is wrong. Some will say he is ignorant, others will condemn him for showing off. To find a middle way is no easy task; it calls for both knowledge and good judgment.

There are, of course, certain names about which there is no doubt — names which are household words in the English language, of which it may be said that they have come to form a part. These names are of two kinds; those which have acquired an English name different from their native name, e.g. Florence for Firenze, Leghorn for Livorno, Vienna for Wien, Copenhagen for Kjobhavn, etc., and those which, while retaining their native spelling, have acquired a purely English pronunciation, such as Paris, Madrid, Sebastapol, Na-

oleon, etc. They are, and have been, in such common use in our language that to pronounce them with any foreign sound would be an affectation.

Unfortunately the line is not an easy one to draw; logic seems to play no part in determining what is right or wrong in spoken English. Beethoven is as commonly mentioned in conversation as Napoleon, but nobody would dream of giving his name an English pronunciation — 'Beeth-oven' with the sounds of "teeth" and "oven". The only guidance is the standard, if any, prevailing in the speech of educated people, and that is not always easy to determine.

These familiar names, however, are only a small part of the main problem. News generally, but particularly news of the global war, is constantly introducing names which the ordinary listener may or may not have seen on a map, but which he has probably never heard or

uttered. On the other hand there will always be many listeners who, either through acquaintance with the place or through some knowledge of the language concerned, will know roughly how it should be pronounced. To names of this kind the announcer cannot apply the ordinary principles of English pronunciation. He cannot call Saint Michel, "Saint Mitchell", or pronounce Chalons with the "ch" as in "church" and rhyming with "gallons"; to do so would arouse a storm of protest. Similarly to pronounce the name of Croce, the Italian philosopher, so as to rhyme with "gross" would be unforgivable.

* * *

In order to deal with such problems, the announcer should be thoroughly familiar with the rules for the pronunciation of the principal languages of European culture — French, German, Italian, Russian, and Spanish. It is not suggested that the announcer must be able to speak these languages; all he needs to do is to make himself master of the three or four pages devoted to pronunciation at the beginning of almost any good elementary textbook of the language in question.

Having acquired this knowledge, the announcer has to apply it in a reasonable way. Sounds like the "gn" and "gi" in Italian, the "eu" and "au" in French, the "ei", "ie", "au" and "eu" in German, and so forth, will be pronounced in accordance with the rule that applies. But the announcer should not lean over backwards in an attempt to sound like an Italian, a Frenchman, or a German; he won't sound that way in any case, and he will certainly be accused of showing off. Nobody wants, for instance, a Parisian "r" to be sounded in French



Topical now as then, Steve Brodie's article on pronunciation rates a place in our "Retroview" section just as it did in our issue of November 4, 1944, at which time he wrote it for us. Steve continues at the CBC as the oracle of oratory, and doubles as speech instructor at the Academy of Radio Arts.

words, nor the meticulous pronunciation of doubled consonants in Italian. What he needs to do is to give the words such an approximation to the correct native pronunciation as will show that he is neither ignorant nor conceited.

The better an announcer's general education, and the wider his knowledge of the world, the more likely he is to give a satisfactory performance in this respect. But whatever his background and general knowledge may be, they should be reinforced and enlarged by frequent and diligent consultation of suitable reference books.

* * *

An announcer whose job it is to read news should try to keep abreast of what is happening in the world. For instance, as the Allies approach the Rhine, he should study a good atlas and familiarize himself in advance with the names of places they are likely to reach. Such a study of maps and reference

CFCY



OUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT TO YOU

Our Sponsors!

A BONUS INCREASE IN AUDIENCE
of 50.39% daytime and 39.59% night-time

ACCORDING TO THE 1948 BBM SURVEY

CFCY

Maintains its Six Year Lead in Audience
Over All Private Stations East of Montreal

THIS IS WHAT YOU BUY
WHEN YOU PURCHASE TIME

on

5000 W. **CFCY** 630 KC.

"The Friendly Voice of the Maritimes"

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

Canada: All-Canada Radio Facilities — U.S.A.: Weed & Co.

Merry Christmas!

from an in-and-outer but a faithful
listener to you-all, Kids!



Gregory Clark

books will help him to overcome what is undoubtedly a difficulty; teletypes and ticker-tapes do not print diacritical marks (such as the French cedilla and accents, the Spanish tilde or the German umlaut). As these govern the pronunciation of the word, it is important for the announcer to know when and where they exist, and this he can find out by seeing the word printed properly; and he will seldom see this in a newspaper.

It would be quite wrong for an announcer in quest of popularity to give way to the clamour of the ignorant. Because a well known sausage is called "Baloney" is no reason for pronouncing Bologna, the city, in the same way. By that reasoning we should call Vienna "Weener". If the general public

are to hear new names, they may as well learn to know them by their proper pronunciation. Announcers have a great responsibility in guiding people to better and more educated speech standards. If they think listeners will not recognize a place on the map, they can (and should) spell it out when it first occurs, e.g. "we have captured the city of Caen — that is C-A-E-N".

One thing is certain. Owing to increased opportunities for travel, to more rational teaching of foreign languages, and to a wider spread of general knowledge, more and more people have become aware of the spoken form of foreign words, and expect an educated and informed standard of speech on the air.

November 4, 1944

Good Food and Wine Be Yours and Mine In '49



Gordon Sinclair
(Poet Laureate of CFRB)

STRICTLY "ON" THE RECORD MERRY CHRISTMAS and STUFF

MICHAEL WOOD



JIM CROWE



BARBARA HAMILTON



From Winnipeg



UNA FEARIE



ERNIE HOLLAND

TONY MESSNER and STAFF

Send you BEST WISHES for a

Merry
Xmas



Happy
New
Year



MURRAY MESSNER



VIC HUGGINS



JACK SMITH

There'll Always Be An Ottawa

or

A Peep Into The Clouded Crystal Ball

By HUGH NEWTON

Mrs. Robinson looked up from her knitting at the video-timer on the mantelpiece. One minute before ten, it said. She cleared her throat.

"Henry."

Henry Robinson rattled his evening paper and humphed at her over the top of it.

"Now what?"

"Henry, it's time for the mid-evening bulletin. We have been asked to listen to it. The circular directive on the facsimile this morning said all Canadian citizens must tune it in. Will you turn on the machine, please?"

Henry humphed again, and snapped the button on the end

table beside his chair. The screen on the wall hummed and then glowed after a moment. Mr. Robinson adjusted the audio-focuser at his side, and the face of an intent young man with horn-rimmed contact lenses filled the screen. Mrs. Robinson disliked this young man's face and secretly detested his voice, but she couldn't help but be fascinated by both. Especially his eyes. She always felt, she had confided to her neighbor and best friend, Amelia, like a wrinkle on a pin when confronted by those eyes.

"This is Fanson Gregworth, your Central Director of Information" the young man was saying. She had heard him saying that so often that she thought she might be listening to one of those old fashioned phonograph records. Mr. Robinson was carefully laying aside his paper, as if trying not to disturb *The Voice*, and she had put down her knitting. Both were acting as though the intent young man on the screen was in the very room and watching critically each move and demanding that they pay attention . . .

" . . . I am speaking to you tonight from my offices in the Howe Building in the nation's capital. I have just returned to Ottawa after a three-day inspection trip that took me 5,000 miles from the border of the re-surgents' area north of the Quebec Control District, to the Far West, and back again . . ."

Mrs. Robinson averted her eyes for a moment and tried to remember back to those days before 1957 when there were both government and private transmitting stations and you had a choice in your listening. Funny how you still called it "listening". It sounded so old-fashioned. She looked back at the screen again.

"To-night I have some very important new bulletins and directives for the Canadian people. This, you know, is a momentous anniversary. It is five years ago tonight that the unwieldy legislative body, that old-fashioned talking machine known as "parliament" was abolished. It was indeed a momentous constitutional discovery of the great J. L. Ilsley that the "authority of Government was delegated by The Crown and not by Parliament." The Crown, per se, is out of fashion now, too, of course, and government by Directive-from-Council—it used to be called "Order-



Since he wrote this piece of satire for us (or is it satire?), Hugh Newton has stayed with his then embryonic job as editorial writer on the *Globe & Mail*. He is now also joint-publisher and editor of *Canadian Radio Yearbook*.

in-Council"—is now in effect. Properly, and as it should be so.

After all, my friends, it has been proven in the Round Chamber courts that government via bureau is constitutional. And it works so smoothly and so effectively. Let me not digress, however. I wish to announce, on authority of the Supervisor of Cultural Affairs, that Saturday, the 18th of Finmonth — that used to be called December, remember — will be a public day of Rejoicing and Celebration. All workers but those designated under Article 31655493 as "Class B Workers" will be required to take a holiday to mark the occasion. Everyone must wear a red and white badge of celebration on their coat. These may be secured from your nearest Report Bureau at a nominal sum."

Mrs. Robinson sighed. That would mean another line-up, she thought. Everything was a line-up now. And to line-up for a silly badge! But those government offices were only open for three hours a day.

When she looked at the screen again, she found that the control operators had shifted the focus and were playing the

Thanks . . .
FOR A GREAT '48
My Best . . .
FOR A FINE '49
LEE HAMILTON

THE U. T. S. LIBRARY
Will Improve Your Programming

Ask Our Subscribers:

CFJX Antigonish	CKPG Prince George
CKPC Brantford	CKCV Quebec
CHWK Chilliwack	CJBR Rimouski
CFRN Edmonton	CHLT Sherbrooke
CFCN Calgary	CKTB St. Catharines
CKPR Fort William	CJCB Sydney
CHEF Granby	CHSJ Saint John
CHML Hamilton	CHLN Three Rivers
CHNS Halifax	CKVD Val D'Or
CFJC Kamloops	CJOR Vancouver
CKCR Kitchener	CKVL Verdun
CKCW Moncton	CKLW Windsor, Ont.
CHEX Peterboro	CFAB Windsor, N.S.

CJNB North Battleford

Or let us tell you how.

United Transcribed System
 Sales Representatives
Exclusive Radio Features Ltd.
 225 MUTUAL STREET - TORONTO, ONT.

CJAD
 MONTREAL
 Covers the
QUEBEC
ENGLISH MARKET
 1000 WATTS - 800 KILOCYCLES
 Offices and Studio
 1191 Mountain St., Montreal
 Represented in Montreal and Toronto by National Broadcast Sales, in U.S.A. by Adam J. Young Jr., Inc.

fluorotelerecorders from a high angle, using a flattering high-lighting on the young man's face. He was handsome she thought, in a brutal sort of way. But handsome . . .

" . . . I now will give you the latest bulletins and directives", The Voice was intoning, "from the Central Bureau of Government. Here is order No. 63A51-4907B from the Bureau of Trade and Commerce Investigation and Control: "As from this date the 8th inst., commencing at 2400 hours, no person shall sell or offer for sale, new or used, wholesale or retail or for trade-in, credit or re-purchase, any piece of goods, material or cloth of synthofibrous wool manufacture, for clothing for any other than Class A, A-1 and D-Special workers for the use of without written and certified permission of the BTCIC. Anyone violating this rule will be punished summarily, without hearing, before the local division of the Round Chamber Court, and is liable to a fine of not less than \$10,000.00 or ten years in the Labrador camp, or both."

Mrs. Robinson thoughtfully fingered the lapel of her new syntho-suit and was quietly thankful that she had bought it last week. Even if it had taken 18 re-purchase points of her grey coupons, it was worth it, she thought. She wondered about Amelia, though. She had been hoping to get one, too . . . Now . . .

"There was a number of lesser directives issued during the day, and they will be found in detail in your morning Government Newspaper," the man was saying. Mrs. Robinson tried to remember the old papers with their big department store ads and their comic sections, but she couldn't. She had often wondered what had become of the Milton Caniff strip. But all that was banned now. Sunday papers used to be fun, too; but Sunday was so different now. No weekend papers, only government sponsored recreation and health hikes, and that sort of thing. It was all getting so confusing.

She looked at her husband. He was lighting a government syntharette. Extravagance, she thought momentarily, with the price at 97 cents a package. At least they saved however, by not buying liquor any more. After all, at \$11.80 a pint, "and only 21.98 proof too", as her husband had pointed out, "what was the use."

She wished secretly she could reach over and switch the man off. But that would show on the audio-telelog in the set's meter, and they would have to fill in a report as to why they hadn't listened, she realized. She turned her attention once again to *The Voice*.

" . . . one final announcement", it was saying. "This is the last week in which this year's tele-licenses are valid. You must renew your license at once, if you have not done so. The cost, I would like to remind you, has risen again this year, to take care of the greatly expanded Canadian Radio Amplificast Plan and CRAP must be maintained if the government is to function. The new cost is \$22.50, unless you are a Class J dweller, when, of course, the price is \$27.50. Go to your nearest Report Bureau immediately, if you have not done so. And don't

forget your Citizenship Classification Card and your Habitation and Allowance Permit for proper identification.

"That is all for tonight, my friends. A good night to you all. And don't forget the new slogan: 'Everyone must get behind everyone else for a great big push if there is to be re-appli-

cation and co-ordination everywhere!"

The screen hummed for a moment as the night bulletin ended. Mrs. Robinson waited till the intent young man's eyes faded off the screen before she dared pick up her knitting again.

CHAT

A

Merry Christmas

AND A

Happy Monday thru Sunday

FOR 52 WEEKS

J. H. YUILL R. J. BUSS

MEDICINE HAT

Everybody's at home listening to CKCO

the station Ottawa people listen to because of its special local appeal.

CKCO reaches over 53,460 radio homes in the Ottawa area. These families have an average income of \$5,417.00 — 41% higher than Canada as a whole.

Last year these families spent \$3,537.00 on Food, Drugs and General Merchandise — Your Products.

You can't afford to overlook the pulling power of CKCO, when you want to reach the \$196,000,000.00 Ottawa Market.

CKCO

Canada
William Wright

Dominion Network Affiliate

5000 WATTS DAY — 1000 WATTS NIGHT

Representatives

U.S.A.
Joseph Hersley McGillvra

SPORT MAKES BIG LEAGUE RADIO

By L. J. ROGERS

When V-J Day succeeds V-E Day, there'll be boom-times in store for quite a variety of businesses. One business that's a certainty to boom is the business of spectator sport in all its phases — hockey, horse-racing, baseball, boxing, football and virtually every other form of play-for-play that can draw a crowd.

Remember the sports boom of the Torrid Twenties after World War One — when names of men like Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey, Bill Tilden and Bobby Jones had front-page priority over wars, revolutions and the deaths of dynasties?

Men who know the sports business best, predict that the

boom coming up when Germany and Japan are counted out will make the fabulous era of the Twenties fade into significance. And these men are already investing good hard cash in completing their plans to reap this golden harvest.

Canada's radio industry showed the way for the rest of the world in the field of sports broadcasting — although few outside the industry realize this fact. The NHL Hockey broadcasts for example — as inaugurated back in 1931 by General Motors and later taken over, enlarged and improved, by Imperial Oil — were the first national broadcasts in the world to commercialize successfully

the seasonal coverage of any big-time sport. U.S. radio's Ford World Series Broadcasts and Gillette boxing shows are Johnny-come-latelies in this field — when compared with the Saturday night airings of Foster Hewitt & Co. And in the realm of sports commentary, CFRB's Wes McKnight is recognized to be the first to launch a successful day-by-day sports column of the air. When Wes aired his first edition of "Sport-views" back in 1929, there was just one other daily sports columnist in radio anywhere on the North American continent — and this rival soon fell by the wayside.

With this background, you



Then Central Division Manager of British United Press, and now hacking it out as a freelance, besides working often as a writer-commentator on the CBC International Service, Larry Rogers had some harsh charges to lay at radio's door when he wrote this article for our issue of May 5, 1945. With radio three and a half years older and wiser, it is interesting to look back and see how the industry would stack up if Larry were to rewrite his piece today.

RADIO STATION CHOV

PEMBROKE. ONT.

Dear Dick:

Got your memo, reminding us that it was high time we sent in our Christmas ad for your rag. It came right in the middle of meetings to set up for power cuts. I guess we're lucky because Ed, our chief engineer has rigged up a complicated bunch of gadgets that will keep us on the air no matter what they do to us.

Anyway, as you know, we put our new 1,000 watt station on the air May 1, and we've been going like blue blazes ever since.

We haven't even had time to raise our national rates, even though we've had mail from as far as New York and Brooklyn to the east and Sudbury, Gogama and Espanola to the west.

Our damn sponsors (bless their hearts . . . local that is) have been keeping us rushed off our feet . . . (and bless our national sponsors too) so that we haven't had time to sit down and figure out a nice Christmas card with a significant picture.

Anyway, with our little problems, good and bad, we can all feel pretty lucky to be here in Canada and I hope we do.

We'd all like to take time to say "Merry Christmas" to the whole gang in radio, and that means advertisers, agencies, station reps, producers, announcers, engineers, in fact everybody, Dick, including you and your gang.

MERRY CHRISTMAS,

Gord Archibald

CHOV, Pembroke
1,000 watts on 1350

might think that Canadian radio would be all set for the coming sports boom—but, from where this observer is sitting—such is far from the case. Ever since Canadian radio came of age and became big business—around 1939-40 — the average listener has found it increasingly hard to pick up sports broadcasts from Canadian stations. And it is not because his tubes are getting weaker either. There just aren't as many sport broadcasts as there used to be.

The reason isn't hard to grasp — more standard commercial shows, either network, transcribed or recorded, mean fewer live local broadcasts. Almost any station manager finds it easier to sell and handle a disc or network show than to stage a live sport broadcast. Each year the sponsors of NHL Hockey Broadcasts find it harder to get the stations they want and the time they want for their networks — particularly for play-off games, even though public interest in hockey is then at its peak.

To say that Canada's huge present-day radio industry is built on a foundation of sport broadcasting is hardly too broad a statement — yet all too many men in both private and "public" radio seem to have either forgotten or never to have learned this fundamental fact. They dismiss Imperial Oil's two million faithful Saturday night listeners as a broadcasting "freak"—and con-

tinue their search for "programs with Canada-wide interest", through the weary gamut of quiz-shows, soap operas, give-away programs or tributes to Latin America.

Yet Canada's daily newspapers, traditionally conservative in their methods, and regarded by most radio men as hopelessly behind the times, are far ahead of radio and their attitude towards sport, and in their appraisal of public interest in this form of human activity. Even the smallest of Canada's daily newspapers has a full-time sports editor — a man who is an expert in his field with a full knowledge of his subject. I know of at least one Canadian newspaper with a four-man staff — made up of an editorial writer, a city editor, one reporter and a sports editor.

In Canadian radio on the other hand, all too many stations still handle sport as a kind of special-events activity, to which commercial announcers can be assigned if sports coverage is unavoidably necessary. This is not by any means a weakness of only the small private stations — since many of the smaller stations can show the way to their metropolitan rivals in this regard. CKNX at Wingham, Ontario, is a good example of a pioneering station — where station owner W. T. "Doc" Cruickshank has shown how a radio station can revitalize sports activity in a whole region. (CB March 24, 1945) Since Cruickshank and CKNX took over the Wingham Sports Arena, amateur hockey in his section of Western Ontario has staged a revival that sets the pace for the rest of the industry.

The far-flung and wealthy Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, on the other hand, does not have such a title as that of sports editor throughout its lengthy "honors list". It is true that Toronto listeners can tune in Clary "Old Observer" Settell's daily sport commentaries on CJBC and that his weekly "Clary's Gazette" on the network reminisces about sport of yesteryear, but even if he does few if any other programs, he operates as a free-lance and not as a staff expert. In the football season, excellent "play-by-plays" are delivered over the same station by Roy Dilworth, whose broadcasts are a sideline to his profession of teaching. Certainly there are other CBC sports broadcasters but there are very few who pretend

to have anything but an amateurish knowledge of the sports field or whose programs are aired other than locally. To the CBC, sports coverage falls somewhere between the department of news and special features. When it's decided to do a CBC coverage of a major sports event on a public service basis — an occurrence of increasing rarity — a special events broadcaster is generally assigned to the job, the choice being determined apparently by who is on duty.

Contrast all this with the sports approach of the British Broadcasting Corporation and the big US networks. The BBC employs full-time sports experts on its program staff even in wartime, and hires the best people available, in adequate numbers, to do broadcasts and commentaries on each specialized sports field. Each of the top four American nets employs a highly paid sports chief like Bill Stern or Ted Husing to direct sports policy—and prides itself on outbidding its rivals for the services of sportcasters like Clem McCarthy, Bryan Field, Red Barber, Bob Elson or Don Dunthly.

World radio in this regard has long since caught up to and passed Canada — the country which pioneered in sportcasting as in so many other phases of broadcasting. To illustrate how little this fact is appreciated in high CBC circles, here is what a top CBC executive said to me when I asked why certain junior hockey finals were not being broadcast this year — and I quote — "We decided to drop these broadcasts this year — they play the very devil with our network schedules." Here would seem to be an opportunity however which was missed, in this case at least.

Obviously there is more than a good chance that Canadian radio will miss the sports bandwagon when it starts to roll after the war—unless the CBC and most station owners get back to studying what the public actually wants to hear. Competition from new media like television and FM will be particularly keen in the sports field, judging by present indications, and if U.S. stations get the jump in these new media, Canadians will soon find themselves dominated by their southern neighbors in sport just as they are now in literature and the arts.

Such a development would be doubly unfortunate, since

sport seems to offer the best post-war pathway to national unity that this nation can choose. Economic, racial and religious differences act to split east from west, to pit Ontario against Quebec, the Maritimes against Upper Canada and British Columbia against "the Rest" to use the cricketer's phrase.

Yet every section of this Dominion has one great common denominator — an enthusiasm for all sporting activities that's equalled by few countries in the world. A high-scoring hockey team is admired equally by Ontario Orangemen, Quebec habitants, Nova Scotian fishermen and Prairie wheat farmers. The present war which has scattered amateur and professional hockey stars into every corner of the land has proved that capacity crowds will turn out to watch good hockey wherever it is played. Interest in baseball, football and horse-racing is less universally shared — but each sport is widening its hold very rapidly every year.

From personal observation, I know that sectional animosities and prejudices which stand between Canada and her true National greatness, can be wiped out in no way more easily than

through the exchange of goodwill and hospitality fostered by national sporting competition. Young prairie hockey or football players, who have been "shown the town" by their eastern hosts are better ambassadors of national goodwill on their return home than half a dozen books by L. W. Brockington or Bruce Hutchinson.

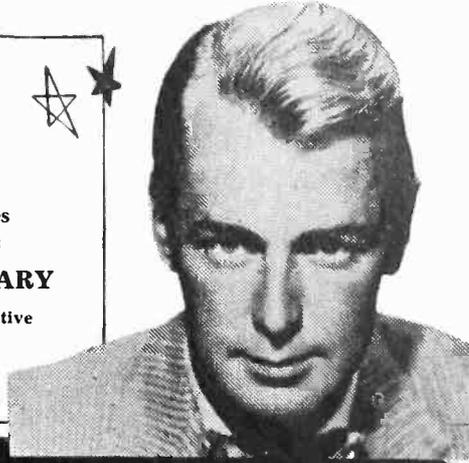
The Dominion government, through its National Physical Fitness program has already indicated its awareness of the importance of sport to the nation's well-being. "Public" and private radio can perform an important service to Canadians if the twin obstacles of inertia and ignorance can be overcome.

The CBC can do its part in one respect by helping private stations obtain transmission facilities at low cost to handle out-of-town broadcasts when the home team moves down the play-off trail. Another important step would be the appointment of a CBC national sports editor who could modernize the Corporation's attitude towards sport and convince the men who rule our radio destinies of its importance in our way of life.

—May 5, 1945

Alan Ladd

Elliott-Haynes
(November):
27.2 IN CALGARY
(highest competitive
rating: 10.3)



BOX 13

Alan Ladd—Paramount's great star—plays the daring, resourceful fiction writer who advertises for adventure. And gets it—the hard way!

● The top adventure-mystery buy of the year! Audition it now!

ALL-CANADA PROGRAM DIVISION

Vancouver Calgary Winnipeg Toronto Montreal



*Best of Everything
for Christmas
and through Forty-Nine*

ALLAN McFEE

*Warmest Wishes
for
Christmas
and
The New Year*



Jimmy Shields



*We at CFCN join with our
representatives in wishing you
and yours a very Merry
Christmas and a Happy and
prosperous New Year.*

CFCN

VOICE OF THE
PRAIRIES IN
CALGARY, ALTA.

DIAL 1060

10,000 WATTS

**SLIPS THAT PASS
IN THE MIKE**

By GORDON E. HOWARD

Three hundred years ago the Earl of Roscommon made the very sage observation; "Words once spoken can never be recalled". Certainly the poetic Earl wasn't thinking of radio, but his words were indeed pro-

The same Ramsay Lees volunteered the first one and unblushingly admitted it was a faux pas committed by none other than Ramsay Lees.

* * *



The "E" is for Earls court, but the "G. E. H." combination stands for Gordon Howard, a radio man who has, in his less than half century, accumulated a store of knowledge of everything from sport to cooking, with a keen observation of radio programs thrown in for good measure. Here we are reprinting Gord's boner article, which first appeared in our issue of June 9, 1945. Howard has just attached himself to the Alford R. Poyntz agency as radio director.

Ramsay was on duty at the time Edward VIII made his famous abdication speech and his duties as combination announcer and engineer apparently got him slightly flustered. Edward's speech was short, and a fill was necessary, so Ramsay selected a record at random to supply the music. To his amazement and the undoubted amusement of his listeners a vocalist started crooning 'Crazy with Love'. Would you leave the record on or quickly change it to something more appropriate? Ramsay left it on, and why not, says me.

Before recounting more of these faux pas, it would seem appropriate to nail one popular canard to the mast. I am referring to the announcer on a children's program who completed the plug and presuming the engineer had cut the mike, proceeded to say "That ought to hold the little so-and-so's". And, by the way, dear reader, to which announcer have you heard that one ascribed?

* * *

phetic. For instance, a few weeks ago Jack Dawson, one of CFRB's top-notch announcers, gave his listeners quite a chuckle with a few words he would like to recall. Here they are: "It is now fifteen seconds before 9.00 p.m. L-o-r-i-e, Bulova watch time". But that was far from the first time an announcer or radio artist had made a slip in the mike. It did however recall many other boners which Ramsay Lees aptly terms "Slips that Pass in the Mike", and prompted me to gather a few of them together.

I have talked to quite a number of people who give the palm to Maurice Bodington, whose history in radio goes back to CKGW and for my money one of the most human announcers in many a year. It rather taxed my credulity, so I decided to give it a verbal toss over my shoulder and wait and see. It didn't take long. My next infor-

THE LIST GROWS!

FIRST
Canadian Chewing Gum's
"TAKE A CHANCE"

AND NOW
Tamblyn's
"KATE AITKEN SHOW"
P.S.—Under the circumstances . . .

HAPPY CHRISTMAS
EVERYONE!

DOC LINDSEY
REdiern 5243



mant on the subject didn't know about Bod having made the history-making blunder, but he recalled with definite assurance that Norman Brokenshire of the NBC fame had pulled it on one of the many programs he announced in the earlier days of radio. In fact this chap said he was listening at the time, so I didn't need to worry about the authenticity. So there, I was just about to rebuke Uncle Bod for plagiarism, when I bumped into a radio man from the West Coast, Vancouver to be exact, who definitely added to my confusion. When I told him that I managed to keep the wolf off my front step with radio activities, including a few announcing chores, he asked me if I ever pulled any boners on the air. This query was also given a discreet verbal toss over my shoulder. Then without any solicitation on my part he proffered a dandy that he'd heard on a Vancouver station and once again I was all ears. Yes, you guessed it. He would never forget the time that George Taggart, then in Vancouver, signed off a children's program with the afterthought — "that ought to hold, etc., etc." All of which seems to prove nothing and leaves me firmly convinced that either many announcers lack originality or the listening audience occasionally suffers hallucinations: I choose to believe the latter.

* * *

And now for some of those slips.

It would seem that the transposition of vowels and syllables rather than mental lapses, leads the field in funny situations, and the first one that comes to mind goes back a long way.

Pop Howells was the man of the hour on the hour for this one which came from old CKCL, Toronto. Pop was station manager and volunteered to fill in for an announcer off duty. He was doing fine until it came time for the on-the-hour time signal. That was his undoing, for instead of saying "at the word LORIE it will be exactly nine o'clock" he calmly told his audience "When you hear the Lord worry it will be nine o'clock."

Lowell Thomas, NBC commentator, was guilty of another transposition with amusing results when he spoke of the British diplomat as Sir Stifford Drapps. Alan Savage, usually a model of top-flight announcing, confesses to speaking on the merits of a certain brand of to-

bacco, addressing his remarks to men who "smike a pope". I have heard too, but without verification of the Calgary announcer speaking for a local department store, having some trouble with the "rug and draperies department" and I'll let you transpose that one without comment. And just in case you think my education hasn't been complete, I have also heard about the announcer on a breakfast food program asking the very pertinent question—"ladies, do your husbands wake in the morning dull and lustless?" This latter one by the way has been credited to several announcers — who's your nominee?

Thanks to Russ Gerow for this one from his fine program "Reminiscing". Announcer Ted Rust, introducing the vocalist Joan Green, began this way: "And now our charming young singer of songs Green Joan—uh-uh—Groan Jean, I beg your pardon, Jean Groan". His confusion was lost in a hurried down beat by the Maestro and Miss Green was on the air amidst very audible snickers.

Bill Kemp, former CFRB announcer, overseas for the past few years, will no doubt long remember his classic slip at the expense of a sponsor. The program was the "Quiz of Two Cities" for Noxzema, and this evening the show was running late, so much so that the final commercial should never have been attempted. But Bill, then fairly new to radio, wasn't for leaving his sponsor out, and started a fairly long plug just about the time he should have been signing off. Doc Lindsey, M.C. and producer, was circling a frantic finger, cutting his throat and generally behaving like a man with the shakes. But Bill continued undismayed. However, Lindsey's discomfiture finally had the desired effect on Kemp and he closed his commercial with these rapid-fire words: "So remember ladies there'll be a thrill awaiting you — put Noxzema on your face before bedtime tonight and watch the skin come off in the morning". Was the sponsor listening? Indeed he was, in fact company representatives were right in the studio. Their comments deponent knoweth not . . . deponent sayeth not.

Quiz programs and all others where dialogue is ad lib provide many illustrations of the unusual and "Treasure Trail" has many happy (?) memories of embarrassing moments, per-

haps none more vivid than a lady contestant's description of the Scottish sporrán. If you never heard, ask someone who knows to take you off in a quiet corner. The merriment caused on "Take It or Leave It" a short while back left the entire cast in such a paroxysm of laughter as to stop the show. It all happened when M.C. Phil Baker was quizzing a soldier contestant on a category covering slang names for army food. Red lead had been identified as catsup, battery acid was recognized as coffee and then came the payoff on the eight dollar question. "What food is known as noise?" asked Phil, smilingly anticipating the answer celery. But the contestant had other ideas and his startling reply was BEANS! There was a silence you could almost hear, for a fraction of a second; but the ensuing laughter was lusty and prolonged. Under the belly laughs Phil Baker was assuring the contestant that he had won \$64.00 and on this happy note, and with no let-up in the laughter, they went on to the final or jackpot question. However nothing was understandable for that last long minute, and it's doubtful if the Blue Network was ever signed off so hilariously.

Phraseology can often put strange interpretations into an announcer's mouth and for that reason I am constrained to recall a startling announcement made by the late Graham MacNamee, or at least frequently credited to him. I refer to his eulogy of the Gruen watch and his sincere advice to give your wife one for Christmas. So far so good, but the script writer's choice of adjectives had surprising results. Oh yes, that adjective was 'gorgeous'. I'll leave it to you to apply it!

I am reminded of an eventful

incident on Hamilton's CHML a few years ago. Frank Burke, now at CKLW Windsor, threw a monkey wrench into the decibels and megacycles with a surprising announcement just as the station began its daily schedule. Burke arrived at the studio one Monday morning, yawned a typical 7 o'clock yawn, opened the key, and delivered to his great unseen audience this momentous announcement. "Good morning ladies and gentlemen. This is CHML at Hamilton, Ontario. We now leave the air to return at the same time tomorrow." It is said that this was the incident which led to the then proprietor of the station to march angrily into the station and, in keeping with his ardently prohibitionist views, smash the recording of "Cocktails for Two".

In my search for material for this article I have been regaled with many other humorous stories about the fifth estate, but, as your editor has pointed out, there is a limit to just how far a paper will go, even the CANADIAN BROADCASTER.

If there's a moral, I haven't found it, but the many incidents lend conviction to the words spoken nearly one hundred years ago by Will Carleton in his poem "The First Settler's Story".

"Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead;
But God himself can't kill them when they're said."

June 9, 1945

\$3.00 a Year
(\$5.00 for 2 Years)
insures regular
delivery of the
**CANADIAN
BROADCASTER
and TELESREEN**

May
The Season's Best
Be
"YOURS"
(musically, even)
Woodward



*Best of Everything
for Christmas
and through Forty-Nine*

ALLAN McFEE

*Warmest Wishes
for
Christmas
and
The New Year*



Jimmy Shields



*We at CFCN join with our
representatives in wishing you
and yours a very Merry
Christmas and a Happy and
prosperous New Year.*

CFCN

VOICE OF THE
PRAIRIES IN
CALGARY, ALTA.

DIAL 1060

10,000 WATTS

**SLIPS THAT PASS
IN THE MIKE**

By GORDON E. HOWARD

Three hundred years ago the Earl of Roscommon made the very sage observation; "Words once spoken can never be recalled". Certainly the poetic Earl wasn't thinking of radio, but his words were indeed pro-

The same Ramsay Lees volunteered the first one and unblushingly admitted it was a faux pas committed by none other than Ramsay Lees.

* * *



Ramsay was on duty at the time Edward VIII made his famous abdication speech and his duties as combination announcer and engineer apparently got him slightly flustered. Edward's speech was short, and a fill was necessary, so Ramsay selected a record at random to supply the music. To his amazement and the undoubted amusement of his listeners a vocalist started crooning 'Crazy with Love'. Would you leave the record on or quickly change it to something more appropriate? Ramsay left it on, and why not, says me.

The "E" is for Earls court, but the "G. E. H." combination stands for Gordon Howard, a radio man who has, in his less than half century, accumulated a store of knowledge of everything from sport to cooking, with a keen observation of radio programs thrown in for good measure. Here we are reprinting Gord's boner article, which first appeared in our issue of June 9, 1945. Howard has just attached himself to the Alford R. Poyntz agency as radio director.

Before recounting more of these faux pas, it would seem appropriate to nail one popular canard to the mast. I am referring to the announcer on a children's program who completed the plug and presuming the engineer had cut the mike, proceeded to say "That ought to hold the little so-and-so's". And, by the way, dear reader, to which announcer have you heard that one ascribed?

* * *

phetic. For instance, a few weeks ago Jack Dawson, one of CFRB's top-notch announcers, gave his listeners quite a chuckle with a few words he would like to recall. Here they are: "It is now fifteen seconds before 9.00 p.m. L-o-r-i-e, Bulova watch time". But that was far from the first time an announcer or radio artist had made a slip in the mike. It did however recall many other boners which Ramsay Lees aptly terms "Slips that Pass in the Mike", and prompted me to gather a few of them together.

I have talked to quite a number of people who give the palm to Maurice Bodington, whose history in radio goes back to CKGW and for my money one of the most human announcers in many a year. It rather taxed my credulity, so I decided to give it a verbal toss over my shoulder and wait and see. It didn't take long. My next infor-

THE LIST GROWS!

FIRST
Canadian Chewing Gum's
"TAKE A CHANCE"

AND NOW
Tamblyn's
"KATE AITKEN SHOW"

P.S.—Under the circumstances . . .

HAPPY CHRISTMAS
EVERYONE!

DOC LINDSEY
REdfern 5243



mant on the subject didn't know about Bod having made the history-making blunder, but he recalled with definite assurance that Norman Brokenshire of the NBC fame had pulled it on one of the many programs he announced in the earlier days of radio. In fact this chap said he was listening at the time, so I didn't need to worry about the authenticity. So there, I was just about to rebuke Uncle Bod for plagiarism, when I bumped into a radio man from the West Coast, Vancouver to be exact, who definitely added to my confusion. When I told him that I managed to keep the wolf off my front step with radio activities, including a few announcing chores, he asked me if I ever pulled any boners on the air. This query was also given a discreet verbal toss over my shoulder. Then without any solicitation on my part he proffered a dandy that he'd heard on a Vancouver station and once again I was all ears. Yes, you guessed it. He would never forget the time that George Taggart, then in Vancouver, signed off a children's program with the afterthought — "that ought to hold, etc., etc." All of which seems to prove nothing and leaves me firmly convinced that either many announcers lack originality or the listening audience occasionally suffers hallucinations: I choose to believe the latter.

* * *

And now for some of those slips.

It would seem that the transposition of vowels and syllables rather than mental lapses, leads the field in funny situations, and the first one that comes to mind goes back a long way.

Pop Howells was the man of the hour on the hour for this one which came from old CKCL, Toronto. Pop was station manager and volunteered to fill in for an announcer off duty. He was doing fine until it came time for the on-the-hour time signal. That was his undoing, for instead of saying "at the word LORIE it will be exactly nine o'clock" he calmly told his audience "When you hear the Lord worry it will be nine o'clock."

Lowell Thomas, NBC commentator, was guilty of another transposition with amusing results when he spoke of the British diplomat as Sir Stifford Crapps. Alan Savage, usually a model of top-flight announcing, confesses to speaking on the merits of a certain brand of to-

bacco, addressing his remarks to men who "smike a pope". I have heard too, but without verification of the Calgary announcer speaking for a local department store, having some trouble with the "rug and draperies department" and I'll let you transpose that one without comment. And just in case you think my education hasn't been complete, I have also heard about the announcer on a breakfast food program asking the very pertinent question—"ladies, do your husbands wake in the morning dull and lustless?" This latter one by the way has been credited to several announcers — who's your nominee?

Thanks to Russ Gerow for this one from his fine program "Reminiscing". Announcer Ted Rust, introducing the vocalist Joan Green, began this way: "And now our charming young singer of songs Green Joan—uh-uh—Groan Jean, I beg your pardon, Jean Groan". His confusion was lost in a hurried down beat by the Maestro and Miss Green was on the air amidst very audible snickers.

Bill Kemp, former CFRB announcer, overseas for the past few years, will no doubt long remember his classic slip at the expense of a sponsor. The program was the "Quiz of Two Cities" for Noxzema, and this evening the show was running late, so much so that the final commercial should never have been attempted. But Bill, then fairly new to radio, wasn't for leaving his sponsor out, and started a fairly long plug just about the time he should have been signing off. Doc Lindsey, M.C. and producer, was circling a frantic finger, cutting his throat and generally behaving like a man with the shakes. But Bill continued undismayed. However, Lindsey's discomfiture finally had the desired effect on Kemp and he closed his commercial with these rapid-fire words: "So remember ladies there'll be a thrill awaiting you — put Noxzema on your face before bedtime tonight and watch the skin come off in the morning". Was the sponsor listening? Indeed he was, in fact company representatives were right in the studio. Their comments deponent knoweth not . . . deponent sayeth not.

Quiz programs and all others where dialogue is ad lib provide many illustrations of the unusual and "Treasure Trail" has many happy (?) memories of embarrassing moments, per-

haps none more vivid than a lady contestant's description of the Scottish sporrán. If you never heard, ask someone who knows to take you off in a quiet corner. The merriment caused on "Take It or Leave It" a short while back left the entire cast in such a paroxysm of laughter as to stop the show. It all happened when M.C. Phil Baker was quizzing a soldier contestant on a category covering slang names for army food. Red lead had been identified as cat-sup, battery acid was recognized as coffee and then came the payoff on the eight dollar question. "What food is known as noise?" asked Phil, smilingly anticipating the answer celery. But the contestant had other ideas and his startling reply was BEANS! There was a silence you could almost hear, for a fraction of a second; but the ensuing laughter was lusty and prolonged. Under the belly laughs Phil Baker was assuring the contestant that he had won \$64.00 and on this happy note, and with no let-up in the laughter, they went on to the final or jackpot question. However nothing was understandable for that last long minute, and it's doubtful if the Blue Network was ever signed off so hilariously.

Phraseology can often put strange interpretations into an announcer's mouth and for that reason I am constrained to recall a startling announcement made by the late Graham MacNamee, or at least frequently credited to him. I refer to his eulogy of the Gruen watch and his sincere advice to give your wife one for Christmas. So far so good, but the script writer's choice of adjectives had surprising results. Oh yes, that adjective was 'gorgeous'. I'll leave it to you to apply it!

I am reminded of an eventful

incident on Hamilton's CHML a few years ago. Frank Burke, now at CKLW Windsor, threw a monkey wrench into the decibels and megacycles with a surprising announcement just as the station began its daily schedule. Burke arrived at the studio one Monday morning, yawned a typical 7 o'clock yawn, opened the key, and delivered to his great unseen audience this momentous announcement. "Good morning ladies and gentlemen. This is CHML at Hamilton, Ontario. We now leave the air to return at the same time tomorrow." It is said that this was the incident which led to the then proprietor of the station to march angrily into the station and, in keeping with his ardently prohibitionist views, smash the recording of "Cocktails for Two".

In my search for material for this article I have been regaled with many other humorous stories about the fifth estate, but, as your editor has pointed out, there is a limit to just how far a paper will go, even the CANADIAN BROADCASTER.

If there's a moral, I haven't found it, but the many incidents lend conviction to the words spoken nearly one hundred years ago by Will Carleton in his poem "The First Settler's Story".

"Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead;
But God himself can't kill them when they're said."

June 9, 1945

\$3.00 a Year

(\$5.00 for 2 Years)

insures regular
delivery of the

**CANADIAN
BROADCASTER
and TELESREEN**

May

The Season's Best

Be

"YOURS"

(musically, even)

Woodward

Season's Greetings

from

The Madmen of Distinction

(who have switched to Toni)



and

The Wayne & Shuster Show

Terry Dale Herb May

Samuel Hersenhoren & his Orchestra

Eric Christmas Dick Nelson Johnny Dobson

Jackie Rae Don Bacon Dave Tasker

and Ralph Hart and the staff at
Spitzer & Mills



Johnny Wayne
Frank Shuster

PRODUCER! PRODUCER!

Therefore Art Thou Ulcerous

By DICK DIESPECKER

All right, just pay attention please,
We'll go through sound and music now.
The opening stinks, you'll have to change it;
Sam, the music stands as is . . .
I want a socko cue in here,
And keep the strings B.G. in here, and make them sweet,
Make 'em sing like angels, Sam,
This is the place we jerk the tears.
O.K., now sound, are you all set?
A door . . . a door? Why must there always be a door?
I've never seen a script that didn't have a goddam door . . .
MUSIC FADE . . . SOUND . . . DOOR OPENS . . . DOOR
CLOSES . . .

Why in hell don't you write just one without a door?
Now what? Seagulls and surf? My God, again?
All right, I know it's got to be in there.
What else? Yes, auto horn and train . . . that's all.
Let's break it up . . . cast at one and dress at three . . .
Come on, let's eat.

No Peterson, for heaven's sake, you're making love,
Not calling hogs.

Now read that line again . . . and take it off the paper please.

Miss Felton will you give the guy some help . . .

That's better . . . now it's coming . . . VOICES OFF . . .

Where are they? What? Outside?

We'll get them in the studio,

What do they think they're being paid for?

Play that scene faster . . .

Now play it slower . . .

Don't eat the mike . . .

Move closer in . . .

Don't sing your lines . . .

Harry, the word is "ah".

That's what you said?

I beg your pardon, I thought you belched.

All right for now . . . let's break it up,

We'll take the dress at three-o-five.

OK. shut up that racket. Off the top

In thirty seconds . . . twenty . . . fifteen . . . five . . . now:

Lift his level; fade the band;

Sound upcoming; take it out:

Give me more music; fade the band;

Cross-fade coming; kill that mike . . .

(How's the time, Kay?)

Oh my God, he's missed his cue;

Lift that music; final cue . . .

What's the timing? Thirty-one?

Thank the Lord . . . now we can cut the door scene out.

Pay attention everybody . . . here are the cuts.

Page two, the whole scene's out,

From "Door Opens" to "Goodbye Joe."

Mary's speech on seven's out . . .

"No John, it isn't true," to John's

"Well, let's not fight about it now."

That will do it . . . five to go.

One minute left . . . stand by . . . thirty seconds . . .

Twenty . . . fifteen . . . ten . . . five . . . we're on!

Watch that gain; crossfade here;

Sound upcoming; music out;

Actors mike . . . (How's the timing . . . under? . . . over?)

On the nose? That's good).

Ye God's, she's fluffed again!

Why don't she take the mush out of her mouth?

Cap it with music; hold it . . . fade;

Faster; slower:

Higher; lower:

Give me more background; fade it out:

Commercial stinks; (Time? That's good, we'll make it, kid.)

Twenty-nine thirty, network cue,

We're off on time . . .

Thank God that's over . . . oh my guts . . .

Gimme an aspirin someone. quick!

February 10, 1945

announcing

Greetings

from

John J. Rae

Jack Scott

Larry McCance

Bill Bessey

Gordon Cook

Bill Reid

Dick MacDougal

Herb May

Michael Fitzgerald



“Good Christmas Morning, EVERYBODY!”

JIM HUNTER

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO EVERYONE IN THE BUSINESS
 GEORGE MURRAY

“HE SHOOTS - HE SCORES”

By RICHARD G. LEWIS



Here he is—hockey’s Mr. Big, Foster Hewitt, in action during a broadcast. It was wartime when we ran this piece in our issue of February, 1944, and Foster’s voice was heard, not only in Canada and the U.S.A., but all over the world, wherever Canadians were serving their country. Immediately below, the broadcast crew clocking, watching, logging the game in the gondola; bottom left, 14-year-old Billy Hewitt, who broadcasts part of the annual “Young Canada Night” game; bottom right, the “Hot Stove League” in a between-period session; and just above them, Elmer “Fergy” Ferguson, outstanding Canadian sportswriter, who, without fear or favor, calls the three stars of the game.

BMI CANADA

May this be your Merriest Christmas ever . . .

I was a privileged guest of the “Hot Stove League” at the Maple Leaf Gardens, Toronto, not many Saturdays ago for “Hockey Night in Canada”. I saw the game from a new angle, way up above the Gods in the Imperial Oil gondola, and afterwards I saw them do it over at CBL for the short-wave broadcast to the troops overseas.

If you think the Clancys and the Shores have made NHL Hockey, you’re wrong. Sitting in that gondola with the cans on my ears, I watched the players way down there, while my ears rang with the hair-raising description of the game as it was being broadcast. Then I knew to whom hockey in Canada owes its popularity, — that voice of dynamite, resounding through the lungs of five feet something of manpower, Foster Hewitt.

Often, sitting at home, I’ve had an “oh yeah” feeling as I’ve heard Foster declaim: “So-and-so passes to Such-and-such . . . he takes the puck up the ice . . . they’re at the blue line . . .”

What does it matter, thought I, as long as he ends up with the goals, more or less as they are scored? But never no more! I’m telling you that guy is a verbal Dunninger. The way he starts a sentence without knowing how it’s going to end, and keeps it trailing along a fraction of a second behind the puck, is nothing short of a miracle. Check the time that elapses between his famous: “He shoots — He scores!” and the fans’ applause, and you’ll see what I mean.

* * *

It was in March, 1923, Foster Hewitt did his first mike job on a hockey game, a Senior OHA play-off in Toronto. “I was pretty green then, I can tell you,” he said, “but I decided that maybe radio had come to stay, so I thought I’d trail along as a sports broadcaster and see what happened.” The rest of it is hockey history. Foster Hewitt has broadcast over 1,500 games now, and besides his thousands of Canadian fans, he has built up a tremendous fol-

lowing south of the friendly border.

Did you hear the Christmas night game? It was "Young Canada Night", and, as he has done for several years past, Foster turned the mike over for part of the time to his 14 year old son, Billy. Already a chip off the old block, though not quite as fast as the *Old Beezer* on the uptake, he has the same *oomph* in his voice that has made his dad's just about the best-known larynx in sporting Canada.

It was the week before Christmas, that night I grunted my way up into the rafters, and during the first period, before the game had gone on the air, I found young Billy yelling his head off into a dead mike . . . "just rehearsing for next week," his father explained.

Before the second period came to an end, I clambered down from my exalted seat, skirted the ice, and made for the padded cell next to the hospital, where holds forth that hen party of hockey, "The Hot Stove League."

They were all there — Austin Willis, in naval lieutenant's uniform, pinch-hitting, as he frequently reminded the audience, for Court Benson now with the Canadian Army overseas — Elmer "Fergy" Ferguson from the MONTREAL HERALD — Bobby Hewetson from the TORONTO TELEGRAM — Harold Cotton, old-time hockey player — Wes "Records" McKnight, CFRB's coast-to-coast sports commentator — and C. M. "Pas" Pasmore (note the single "s", please) from MacLaren Advertising Company, Imperial Oil's agency.

They held forth in a chatty way — it was goal keepers they were discussing. They were sitting around a table with the mike buried in the middle, their scripts consisting of only a few catch lines to bring them back to earth if the conversation wandered. The weekly war appeal was "Christmas Toys for British Children". It is perhaps worthy of note in passing that throughout the war, from field glasses to books for the forces, from Red Cross to Victory Bonds, more than twenty-five war agencies have had the benefit of Imperial Oil's immense audience.

* * *

After the game we went up to CBL. There we met Gordie Howard, one time professional baseball umpire and hockey referee, now a radio sports writer with this one special

Saturday night assignment eclipsing all his other activities.

Saturday nights, from the close of the game, way into the wee small hours of the Sabbath morn, Foster, Pas and Gordie, assisted by Nairn Mogridge representing the CBC and the CBC recording engineers, re-enact the night's game onto a fifteen minute disc for broadcast by short wave to the troops overseas.

High spots of the evening's game are carefully selected from records made of the original broadcast. Throughout the game Gordie and Nairn have logged the actual game. Because of the limited time into which they have to squeeze the broadcast, they develop from the game a short feature story. Maybe it's Paul Bibeault's dramatic performance in the Leafs' net the night he shut out his former teammates, the Montreal Canadiens; possibly the perennial dogfight between the Leafs and the Detroit Red Wings.

First choice of what the troops are to hear goes to Gordie and Nairn. After that it's anybody's fight, with Pas holding a listening brief, a stopwatch and a secret weapon to trap the Gremlins.

The decision made, Gordie pounds out the "story plot" with which Foster introduces the play sequences that have been taken from the game. Eventually the evening's drama is committed to wax, and then they go home—maybe. Actually the night I was there, the Gremlin crossed them up on the timing, and they had to do the damn thing over. This is a rare occurrence (they say) and usually the whole proceedings, including a good-morning coffee, let the boys hit the hay by half past three.

* * *

Sunday mornings CBC beams the show across the Atlantic, and the BBC passes it along to the troops.

The Imperial Oil Hockey broadcasts need no plaudits from me. "Hockey Night in Canada" has always been a North American institution — the war has carried it farther afield.

To the fellows who work into the wee small hours to provide the boys overseas with a weekly description of "what's cookin' at the Gardens" — one well-deserved orchid for a grand job done well and quietly. More power to your elbows, and isn't it swell to sleep in Sundays?

—February, 1944

The Season's Detailed Weather Report will follow in seven seconds.



Clear and Bright . . .
Remaining Warm
and Sunny at
Christmas and
throughout 1949 . .

Jack Dennett

1000 WATTS
970 KC

CKCH

THE
French Voice
OF THE
OTTAWA VALLEY

STUDIOS . . .
121 NOTRE DAME ST., HULL, QUE.

**PROGRAMMING ESPECIALLY FOR THE
FRENCH LISTENERS IN THE OTTAWA VALLEY**

Canadian Representative
■ Omer Renaud & Cie,
1411 Stanley Street,
Montreal.
Toronto Office, 53 Yonge St.,
American Representative
■ Adam J. Young, Jr., Inc.,
11 West 42nd Street,
New York 18.

IF YOU'LL PARDON THE EXPRESSION

By DAVID M. ADAMS



The "M" is important, because it separates David M. Adams from just plain Dave Adams, who is our Winnipeg correspondent. David M. wrote this article when he was on the *Broadcaster* staff. It appeared December 8, 1945. Since then he has been working with Elliott-Haynes Ltd. Here he berates radio for being trite with its clichés and well-worn phrases.

Take TIME to Make Money . . . TIME over CHNS

You're SURE of a good share in the \$230,100,000 retail market of Nova Scotia when you advertise over CHNS. For CHNS reaches most people on the mainland of the province, including those in the area where the concentration of radio homes is most dense—Halifax City and Suburbs.

So see the All-Canada man or enquire direct for available spot periods.



Broadcasting House, Halifax

MARITIME BROADCASTING COMPANY LIMITED

WM. C. BORRETT, Managing Director

"Ladies and gentlemen . . . unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I feel it incumbent upon me to take the bull by the horns . . . to put it in a nutshell, and get down to brass tacks, I have great pride and pleasure in addressing you on this auspicious occasion."

You've heard every one of those phrases so often that they either make no impression on you, or else you probably find them faintly nauseating. Politicians use them, after dinner speakers rely on them, journalists write them into their stories and, yes, even some broadcasters have been known to slip them into their scripts.

Hackneyed phrases like these are known as 'clichés'. Careful writers and speakers "avoid them like the plague", because they represent someone else's thinking put into someone else's words. And a good writer or speaker strives for originality both of thought and expression.

Why do people so often use clichés? The after-dinner speaker likes them for the assurance they give him. Politicians and demagogues resort to them because they give an impression of ready eloquence, and their familiar ring finds an echo in the minds of many of their listeners. Radio writers and journalists often work under such pressure of deadlines and time schedules, that lack of time forces them to fall back on prefabricated phrases and mass-produced language. The "man-in-the-street" feels that clichés add colour to his conversation, like the man who, on reading the bible for the first time, said it was full of familiar quotations.

Our vocabularies have become cluttered, especially during the war, with too many outworn expressions and empty phrases, which should be eliminated contends Cyril Connolly in *HARPER'S MAGAZINE*, by granting dictatorial powers to a Word Controller. One of his functions would be to publish lists of forbidden words and clichés, with a scale of fines and penalties for their use. His aim would be to reshape the English language to its original purpose as an instrument of communication, and an invention for expressing thought.

Broadcasters are among the most prolific users of clichés. The speed and regularity with which they must turn out their scripts accounts in part for this fact. Radio being an extremely personal medium of expression, reaching large groups of listeners in all walks of life and on all economic levels, a broadcaster, like a political speaker, has to seek a language that all can appreciate and understand. Clichés, recognizable by all, may seem to "fill the bill". "The attraction of the cliché" writes V. S. Pritchett in the *NEW STATESMAN AND NATION* "is its familiarity, and to the familiar one warms".

A cliché may start out as a proverb, or a quotation (the

Bible and Shakespeare are by far the most popular sources), an apt remark on some particular occasion, or a slogan. Most clichés can be replaced by a single word or a shorter, simpler phrase. Sometimes the meaning of a passage is unaltered if the cliché is eliminated. Sometimes it is made clearer by the omission.

A good radio artist knows that one of the most desirable qualities in broadcasting is sincerity. A cliché may be particularly fitting at some point in his script, but a phrase whose point has been blunted by too much repetition echoing the thoughts and imagination of some other person, can hardly be sincere. To use a cliché derived from Shakespeare's Hamlet it may even "smell of heaven", and he would do better to strike it ruthlessly from his script.

Now, to conclude as we began, let us admit frankly that we frequently find ourselves with a cliché "on the tip of our tongue", and that we do not wish to "cast the first stone". However, we shall try very hard to set "our own house in order", or we may be "hoist with our own petard."

—December 8, 1945

**SAME WORDS
SAME MUSIC**

from both sides
of the

CKRM
MICROPHONE

We Wish You a

Merry Christmas

and another

Successful New Year

CFCO — Chatham

now covers "Southwestern" Ontario like a blanket with the 1 Kw. Northern Electric day and night all-Canadian coverage directive array. Ask anyone.

JOHN BEARDALL,
Manager Owner.

Greetings

to Our Graduates

- **ANDREW ANTHONY**
Toronto Repertory Theatre
- **BILL ARNOLD**
CJBQ - Belleville
- **ELIZABETH AUSTIN**
CBR - Vancouver
- **JACK BENNETT**
CFPL - London
- **BART BROWN**
CHAT - Medicine Hat
- **ALEX BEDARD**
Radio Reps - Toronto
- **MIRELLE BEULLAC**
CKTS - Sherbrooke
- **GEOFF BINGLE**
CJCS - Stratford
- **FRANK BIRD**
CKBI - Prince Albert
- **ROSEMARY BOXER**
Fashion Commentator - Toronto
- **JOANNE BUCKERFIELD**
McKim Advertising - Toronto
- **BERNIE BARRIS**
CKDO - Oshawa
- **BARBARA BASHAM**
New Zealand State Broadcasting
- **ALFRED BIRD**
Reporter - Weston Times
- **TOM BIRD**
CFCO - Chatham
- **MARG BRENTON**
Entertainer - Toronto
- **LEN CHAPPLE**
CBC - Montreal
- **JOY CRAIG**
CBC - Toronto
- **DREW CROSSAN**
CBC - Toronto
- **ROY CURRIE**
CFQC - Saskatoon
- **JOHN COUGHLIN**
CKFI - Fort Francis
- **ALAN CUNNINGHAM**
CHOK - Sarnia
- **TIM CURRAN**
J. Walter Thompson - Toronto
- **ERIC CANDY**
CFRN - Edmonton
- **DUNCAN CARTER**
WTHH - Port Huron
- **JIM COUGHLIN**
CFRA - Ottawa
- **JIM DOOHAN**
Fellowship - New York
Faculty of Playhouse
- **DON DAVIS**
Guild Prod. - Toronto
- **FRED DAVIS**
CFRA - Ottawa
- **HAL DAVIS**
CKNW - New Westminster
- **LOLA T. DAVIS**
CBC - Toronto
- **AL D'EON**
CJLS - Yarmouth
- **DAPHNE DYER**
CFPL - London
- **LLOYD DAFOE**
CJOY - Guelph

- **PETER DICKENS**
CHLO - St. Thomas
- **LANGFORD DIXON**
Music Critic - Writer - Toronto
- **GRAHAM EMSLIE**
CHOK - Sarnia
- **KEN ELLIS**
CJCS - Stratford
- **PHIL FLAGLER**
CJBQ - Belleville
- **JOAN FOWLER**
Academy Staff and Actress
- **EDNA FORMAN**
CJOY - Guelph
- **KENNY GRAHAM**
Emcee - Actor - Toronto
- **DON MURRAY GODBOLD**
CFOR - Orillia
- **ROSS GRAY**
Radio - Vancouver
- **WM. GALBRAITH**
CJKL - Kirkland Lake
- **JOHN GUNN-FOWLIE**
CJIB - Vernon
- **BEN GANS**
Playhouse - New York (Scholarship)
- **WELDON HANBURY**
CBC - ISW - Montreal
- **TOM HARVEY**
Radio - St. Louis, Mo.
- **NEIL HARRIS**
National Film Board - Ottawa
- **ANDY HALMAY**
CKCR - Kitchener
- **STAN HOWARD**
CKOC - Hamilton
- **DON HAMILTON**
CKNX - Wingham
- **BILL INGLIS**
CBC - Vancouver
- **WM. KERSHAW**
CHVC - Niagara Falls
- **J. KIRKCONNELL**
CKCR - Kitchener
- **GUS KRISTANSON**
CBC - Toronto
- **ROSS LAWRENCE**
CBC - Winnipeg
- **CECIL LINDER**
Hamilton Station
- **DON LEBLANC**
CJOY - Guelph
- **LAURIE LOHMAN**
CJOY - Guelph
- **LESLIE LYE**
CFRA - Ottawa
- **WM. LISKA**
CJGX - Yorkton
- **CLARY MACK**
CFAC - Calgary
- **DON McDONALD**
Edmonton Station
- **BOB McALISTER**
Actor - Toronto
- **DON McDOUGALL**
Actor - Toronto
- **FRAYNE MURRAY**
Vocalist - Toronto
- **ED McCREA**
Free lance - Winnipeg
- **BOB McGALL**
CBC - Toronto
- **RAE McAPLINE**
CFPL - London

- **HOWARD McEWAN**
CJOY - Guelph
- **JOHN McKAY**
CFPA - Port Arthur
- **N. McKINNEY**
CKCR - Kitchener
- **ANDREW McLELLAN**
Television Workshop - New York
- **BRUCE MARSH**
CKOX - Woodstock
- **DON MARTIN**
CHLO - St. Thomas
- **BRIAN MILLS, Mgr.**
New Play Society - Toronto
- **LES MOLSON**
CFCF - Montreal
- **MARTIN MEYER**
CKOX - Woodstock
- **IRENE MAHON**
Actress - Singer - Toronto
- **BETTE MORRISON**
ZBM - Bermuda
- **HOWARD MOUNTAIN**
Writer - Toronto
- **MURIEL NORMAN**
Dance Studio - Toronto
- **LES NEILSON**
Playhouse - New York
- **JACQUELINE NEAR**
CHLO - St. Thomas
- **GRANT PATRICK**
Radio - Halifax
- **CARR PECKNOLD**
CBC - Winnipeg
- **DONNA POWERS**
Young & Rubicam - Toronto
- **JUDY RUSSELL**
Child Training - Toronto
- **JACK RASKIN**
CBC - Montreal
- **JOHN RICHARDS**
Writer - Vancouver
- **PAUL RODNEY**
CBC - Montreal
- **JAMES SCOTT**
Radio Reps - Toronto
- **ELSA SHAFFER**
Playhouse - New York
- **JOHN SHERMAN**
CBC - Ottawa
- **ALAN SHAVER**
CJCJ - Calgary
- **ROBIN SMITH**
CJRL - Kenora
- **ALFIE SCOPP**
Actor - Toronto
- **GERRY SARRACINI**
Actor - Toronto
- **GEORGE SULMAN**
CFCO - Chatham
- **ANDREW STEPHEN**
CFRA - Ottawa
- **WALLY SLATTER**
CJOY - Guelph
- **GORDY TAPP**
CJOY - Guelph
- **TOM TAYLOR**
CHLO - St. Thomas
- **RUSS TITUS**
Singer - Actor - Toronto
- **KRIS THOR**
CKGB - Timmins
- **HARRY TROUSDALE**
CBC - Winnipeg
- **ROD WALTER**
CHLO - St. Thomas
- **GEORGE WILSON**
Radio - Bakersfield, Calif.
- **TOM WYNNE-JONES**
CHOK - Sarnia
- **JOYCE WILSON**
CJOY - Guelph
- **ELDON WILCOX**
CKPR - Fort William

"If your name has been omitted, or the locale is incorrect, it's because we haven't heard from you recently — and we'd like to."

ACADEMY OF RADIO ARTS

Lorne Greene

Edna Slatter	-	Joan Fowler
Lister Sinclair	-	Marjorie Leete
W. H. Brodie	-	Mavor Moore

447 JARVIS STREET, TORONTO



Merry Christmas
Happy New Year



DOMINION BROADCASTING COMPANY
4 Albert Street - Toronto, Ontario

- God Rest Ye -



Merry, Gentlemen

THE

Season's Sincerest

from the

WRIGHT STATIONS

CKAC
CKCO
CKCR
CKSB



CKOX
CKCL
CHNO
CKOK

BUSINESS RULES

of

Ayer & Son's Advertising Agency
Philadelphia, 1884

Reprinted from Ad-Sales Events

1. The offices shall be ready for business occupancy by 7.55 a.m.
2. All employees are expected to be at their respective desks ready for business at 8 a.m. We appreciate punctuality. The sounding of the gong will be the signal of commencing and stopping work in all departments.
3. Employees who find it necessary to be absent from business even for a part of a day, are expected to advise the firm at the earliest opportunity. Failure to do so will be accepted as indicating a lack of interest.

4. During business hours, loud talking, jesting, laughing or smoking will not be allowed, and the employees are particularly requested to avoid conversation about any matters, and intercourse with any other employee during business hours must be as infrequent and of as short duration as the exigencies of the case will permit. Letters or papers concern those only in whose possession or on whose desk they may be.

5. The hours of business will be from 8 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. and from 1.30 to 6 p.m. unless otherwise specified; any person desiring to leave earlier must first obtain permission from the head of the department, or from one of the firm.

6. All employees are requested to wipe their feet before entering, to cultivate neatness in personal appearance, to keep their desks clean and tidy, externally and internally, and especially to avoid loitering about the halls or entrance. Remember! ours is a business place; we mean business; and we desire all our employees to look and act business.

May 19, 1943

S
E
A
S
O
N
S

★
G
R
E
E
T
I
N
G
S

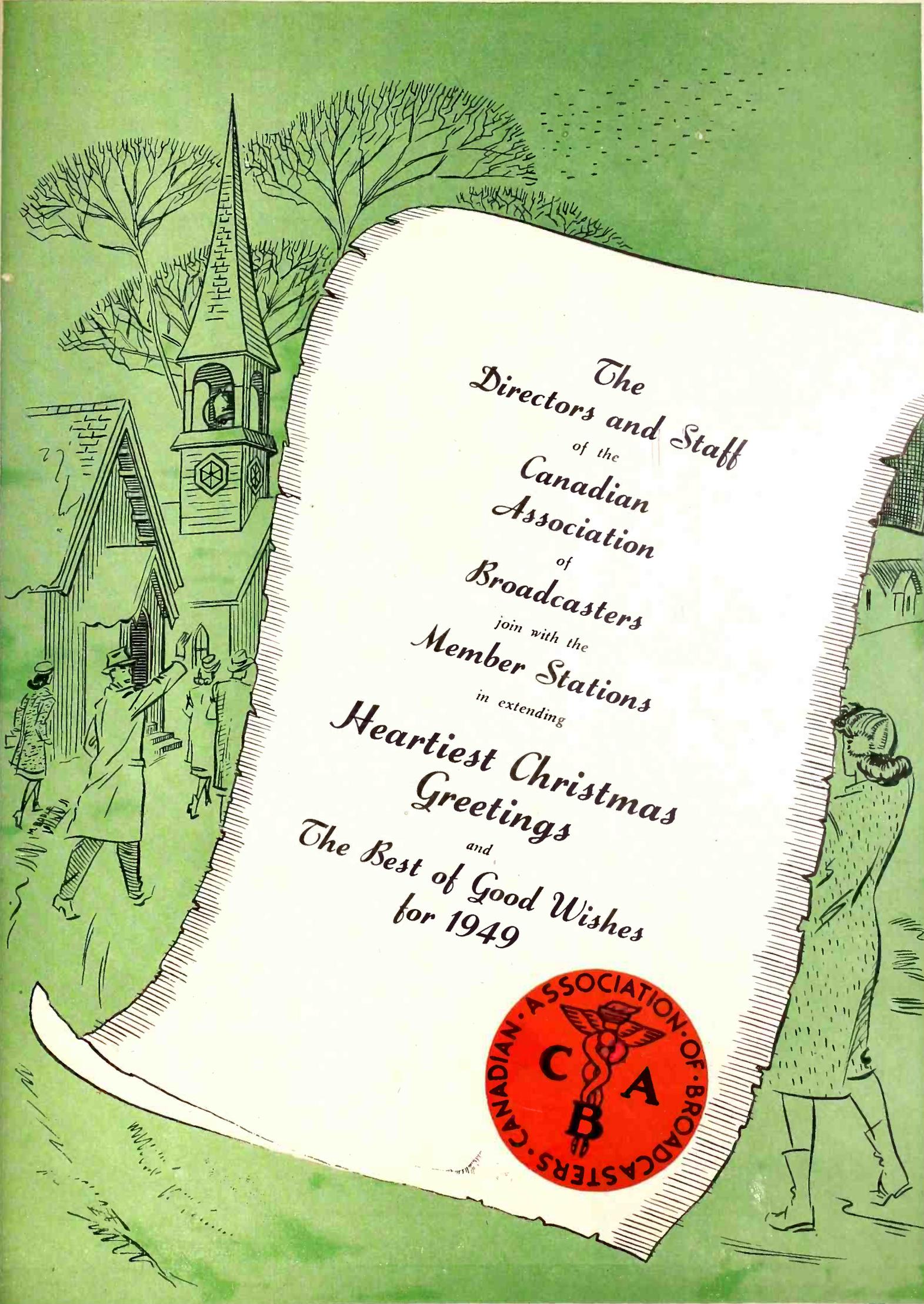


Cheers!



5 0 0 0 W A T T S

Cy
Strange



The
Directors and Staff
of the
Canadian
Association
of
Broadcasters
join with the
Member Stations
in extending
Heartiest Christmas
Greetings
and
The Best of Good Wishes
for 1949





HARRY SEDGWICK



ELLSWORTH ROGERS



LLOYD MOORE



WES McKNIGHT



WALDO HOLDEN



WISHART CAMPBELL



KEN MARSDEN



JIM HUNTER



GORDON SINCLAIR



KATE AITKEN



REX FROST



JACK DENNITT



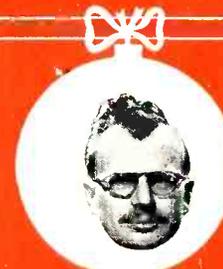
FRANK GRANT



JACK DAWSON



EDDIE LUTHER



GORDON COOK



LOY OWENS



WALLY CROUTER

Merry Christmas

*From all the Gang
at*

CFRB

Ontario's favourite radio station