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1946 ELECTIONS

MAY, 1946
1946 ELECTIONS
HEREWITH NEW STAFF COUNCILS ELECTED BY PRESS TIME:

1. Chicoutimi: Robert Guenette, secretary; Roland Dallaire, chairman; Paul Genon, vice-chairman.

2. Halifax: Carl MacCaull, programs; Hildegarde Morrison, administration; Keith Morrow, programs (vice-chairman); Syd Kennedy, chairman; Arleigh Canning, engineering; Marion Ritchie, administration (secretary); Fraser Cooke, engineering.


4. Winnipeg: standing—Gordon Fraser, Chairman Erse W. Ljungh, Vice-Chairman Dick Halhed; seated—Secretary Jean Hinds, Treasurer Rita Glennie.

5. Vancouver: standing—Tom Leach (administration); Tony Geluch (engineering), Basil Hilton (engineering), Don Smith (newroom), Bill Herbert (announcing); seated—Beth Grove (clerical), Chairman Marcel Munro, Dixie Gibb (clerical).

6. CBO, Ottawa: Jack Sterling, Secretary Doris Hopper, Fred McCord, Chairman Joe Pickard, John Benson, Lillian Wadsworth.

7. Watrous: Secretary I. J. Smith, Chairman B. H. Simmonds, Treasurer N. F. Micklewright.

LATE RETURNS

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

Keefer executive comprises Miss Cecile LePage, James Carlisle, E. C. Steward, J. E. Hayes, P. E. Lambert, R. Frechette, Miss P. Haffie, P. V. Tremblay. Chairman was not elected at press time.
YOUR VOTE AND MINE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nothing will work if you leave it to Joe or Joan. You don't know the answers? Ask! You did, and didn't get (Continued on page 5)
THINKING IS NOT ALWAYS DONE WITH THE HANDS

(Contributed)

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

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

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

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

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

Did you ever look at anyone who was just thinking?

With some people, thinking may be combined with physical activity—writing, dictating, phoning, discussing. There is even a type of "manual thinking" which educationalists recognize: Those who think, in a sense, through their hands, dictating, phoning, discussing. There is something to be exploited by those who are just bone lazy. Like the writer of this article, for instance, a person with great capacities is just too timid to develop them, nulling them over critically, polishing them up—there's the frustrated victim of the average office environment, where most people are expected to "look busy" or it is taken for granted that they aren't.

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

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

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

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

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

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

A Bit of Snoot

Suppose that this Thinker (who may regard the Rodin posture as too exhibi-
"FOR I DIPPED INTO THE FUTURE"

By PETER FRANCIS

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

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

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

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

The second worker looked at the February sheet on the calendar, and his smile faded. "Look at this," he said to his fellow. "It says 'Voices of Spring' is appropriate to the season, and it's only February. At least, it is if that calendar's right."

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

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

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

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

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

The second worker's obscurity had vanished. "I'll send this 'Voices of Spring' thing through," he said.

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

"But that isn't the right composition!"

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

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

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

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

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

And my vision faded.

YOUR VOTE

(Continued from page 3)

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

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

Figures are only figures. But you, the employees, together, make things happen.
LA PREMIÈRE RADIO INTERNATIONALE

Par JEAN-MARIE MARCOTTE

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

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

“ici la radio des Nations Unies”.

“This in the United Nations Radio, Station UNR . . .”

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

Revenons un peu en arrière et voyons ce qui se passait à Alger au début de l’année 1943. Je crois que mes souvenirs sont exacts et je confesse n’avoir pas suivi l’année 1943. Je crois que mes souvenirs ce qui se passait à Alger au début de l’année 1943. Je crois que mes souvenirs ce qui se passait à Alger au début de l’année 1943. Je crois que mes souvenirs ce qui se passait à Alger au début de l’année 1943.


C’était cette même radio anglo-américaine qui s’installa à Alger et se transformait rapidement en radio internationale. L’en semble du personnel, chargé de la rédaction des bulletins de nouvelles, des textes, des programmes, constituait une véritable société des nations. Je relève ici le nom de deux autres Canadiens de la province de Québec, Madeleine Monnet et Raymond Grenier (de Québec), tous deux préposés à la rédaction des nouvelles.

Assis par terre tout près de lui, un pianiste jouait de trois ou quatre notes seulement. Assis par terre tout près de lui, un pianiste jouait de trois ou quatre notes seulement. Assis par terre tout près de lui, un pianiste jouait de trois ou quatre notes seulement. Assis par terre tout près de lui, un pianiste jouait de trois ou quatre notes seulement.


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

Mes souvenirs de cette époque sont assez confus, mais je me rappelle distinctement l’avènement de ces studios, ces couvertures de papier, ces espace de fortune, ces trouilles! . . . Tellement trouillard ce François cherche un abri dans une encognure à l’abri de son postérieur. Il se trouve face à face avec une toute petite aventure qui lui pose toute la question de héros lui l’imposa à l’admiration de tous ses collègues.

Il était peut-être huit heures du soir, les hirondelles tourbillonnaient dans les feux du crépuscule avant de regagner les dunes. Comme François s’apprêtait à se rendre au studio, l’alerte est donnée et la D.C.A. ouvre un violent tir de barrage. Surtout préoccupé de son émission, François se trouvait dans le centre même des combats qui s’étendaient depuis le Maroc jusqu’à la Tunisie, la Corse, la Sicile et l’Italie. A chaque débarquement en Italie, les forces françaises de l’armée américaine, avaient pour mission de s’emparer des postes de radio en Tunisie et, plus tard, dans les autres zones de combat. Les combats n’engagèrent que les combats n’engagèrent que les combats n’engagèrent que les combats n’engagèrent que.

Feux de barrage, bombardement, coups de feu de l’armée américaine servaient d’amortisseur et un deuxième studio rempli de couvertures de papier, de couvertures de papier, de couvertures de papier, de couvertures de papier.

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C’est ainsi que sans un sou, François Bertrand est devenu au yeux des gens de la radio internationale, un véritable héroïque qui ne tremblait pas durant les raids allemands. Je crois qu’à la fin de l’année 1943, ce poste comportait trois émetteurs d’une puissance totale de 50,000 watts. Les programmes étaient reçus en anglais, en français, en italien, en allemand, en espagnol et en arabe. Le personnel était à la fois civil et militaire, puisque déjà il avait organisé les “commandos” de radio. Ces équipes volantes, commandées par des officiers de l’armée américaine, avaient pour mission de s’emparer des postes de radio en Tunisie et, plus tard, dans les autres zones de combat. Les combats n’engagèrent que les combats n’engagèrent que les combats n’engagèrent que les combats n’engagèrent que.

Et je termine sur cette note, pour les archives de Radio-Canada, à savoir que plusieurs Canadiens, dont quelques employés de la Société, étaient là aux premiers jours de la Radio des Nations Unies.
La votation a manqué de couleur, en dépit de la présence en studio de Marjorie Mathews et de la chanson que le public a pu dédier à Jean Beaudet. Le public a voté à l'unanimité pour que Jean Roberts jubile. Jim Roberts a jubilé pour avoir été un guilleret, des oiseaux et des canards réunis pour l'occasion. Le slogan fameux, "Life on the Ocean Wave"—theme of the Fishermen's Broadcast—remarque encore par ses couleurs vives et sa musique percutante, Lucie a donné sa participation à la mère, que ceux de CBF-CBM ont appelée "la mère". Les auditeurs ont encore cassé l'ambiance de l'émission par les annonces de publicités. Les auditeurs ont de nouveau demandé à être rappelés pour les émissions de la semaine suivante. Le public a distribué des tickets de tirage pour les premiers qui ont tenu à participer à l'hommage à Jean Beaudet...
This is the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation

By
RAY MACKNESS

The story of CBR Vancouver is one of progress and expansion, entering its life span of nine years.

On February 16, 1927, CBR went on the air from its brand new station in Hotel Vancouver with a staff of 16 who occupied two offices and worked out of two studios and a makeshift announce booth. For many weeks prior to this the staff worked out of one studio and even less office space in the CBR depot.

Today CBR has 50 employees, 20 offices, a short-wave receiver, newsroom, reporting room and three studios. The engineering department has added to its worries nine low-power relay transmitters scattered throughout the province, that take members of the staff on periodic inspection trips throughout B.C., covering many thousands of miles in the remote parts of the western region.

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

In spite of its cramped conditions, CBR originates nearly as many programs as Toronto. It is the only region in Canada to maintain a string orchestra. The CBC Symphony, under its regular conductor, the distinguished British Conductor Arthur Benjamin, has been performing for western network listeners for five years.

Domestic network features on the west coast are handled by CBR which recently celebrated 20 years of broadcasting. Since 1938, Iris Hilsdon has been its regional representative for B.C. It is due to her leadership that this story of CBR progress in the west is made possible.

Raymond
May, 1936
RADIO-CANADIENS A L'HONNEUR
LE PERSONNEL DE RADIO-CANADA DECROCHE
LA PLUPART DES DISTINCTIONS

Belle initiative de Radiomonde

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

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

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

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

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

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

1. Jean Beaudet: Trophée Laflèche pour son travail magnifique comme chef d'orchestre.
2. Alain Gravel: Trophée de Radio-monde décerné par vote populaire à l'annonceur de langue française le plus estimé du public.
3. Lamont Tilden: Trophée de Radio-monde, décerné à l'annonceur de langue anglaise le plus estimé du public.
4. Marcel Ouimet: Plaque de Bronze pour ses magnifiques reportages sur les champs de bataille, de 1943 à 1946.
5. François Bertrand: Trophée Laflèche, comme annonceur choisi par les réalisateurs.
7. Rupert Caplan: Plaque de Bronze pour son dévouement à la cause du développement des arts radiophoniques et des programmes.

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

PERSONNEL EN VEDETTE
(Suite de la page 10)

Délicatesse féminine

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

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

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

Les jeunes étudiantes françaises, (elles ont de 17 à 25 ans) répondent par lettre, envoient des journaux, des revues, des livres, etc., et voici un contact établi.

Cette forme de charité facile et agréable a deux buts:

1) Aider des êtres humains absolument démunis.
2) Accroître à l'étranger notre réputation de générosité.

Alors, que ceux ou celles qui sont intéressés par ce projet communiquent avec Judith Jasmin, au King's Hall à Montréal. Elle se fera une joie de présenter la liste des jeunes filles "adoptables" ainsi qu'une série de modèles de colis pratiques et faciles à faire.
Standing— Carmen Séguin, Percy Palef, Cecile Laflamme; seated— Dorothy McLean, Douglas Stockley.

Ottawa Champs

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

Wedding Bells

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

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

Completes Course

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

Did You Know?

Retiring Allowance

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

Watrous Hams

Three Watrous staff members are now operating their ham outfits:

Harry Heywood, VE5HI, 50 watts, on 3.950 and 29.160 megacycles.

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

Howard Simmons, VE5HF, 100 watts, on 29.001 megacycles.

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

1700 Times

The "Craigies" (farm family on the Ontario-Quebec farm broadcast) made their 1700th appearance on the air Tuesday, May 7. Dean Hughes has been scripting the Craigs and the same basic cast have been used since the first appearance.

Newcomers

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

Departures

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

Married in Ottawa

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

Born

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

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

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

Lillian and Harold Wadsworth started out from home to find the fire ... and upon arriving downtown found that the perfect view was from CBO's back door. It was such a rip-snorling blaze that they decided to inform Phil Carscallen at CBO's Toronto newsroom about CBO's grand-stand seat. That was at 9:30 p.m.

At 10:15 Bill Beatty was ready to go on the air with an on-the-spot description. Later Don Pringle and the Wadsworths went on a tour of the fire area ... with police protection ... they were within forty feet of the flames on the bridge. Then a wild ride to get Don back to the studios before closing time, where he gave an eye-witness account of the sight from the Quebec side.


O b i t u a r i e s

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

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

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

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

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

To Czechoslovakia

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

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

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

Toronto Bowling

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

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

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

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

Individual honors for the regular schedule were as follows:

<table>
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<tr>
<th>GENTLEMEN</th>
<th>LADIES</th>
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<tr>
<td>Average................</td>
<td>Gloria Hill.........</td>
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<tr>
<td>High Three...............</td>
<td>Gloria Hill.........</td>
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<tr>
<td>High Single.............</td>
<td>Dot Wilson...........</td>
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Obituaries

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

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

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

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

Sympathy is extended to Charles P. Wright, manager of CBO, whose father, J. B. Wright, died in Winnipeg on Saturday, April 20.
YOU NEVER KNOW

By DON SMITH

"It's not what they don't know, it's them knowing so many things that aren't so." The sage who spoke those words is sleeping long years beneath the turf, but you lift the phone and a quiet voice says in your ear, "Do you really think any good purpose is served by using your bulletin to repeat all that propaganda from over there?"

And you put down the phone and you think.

You think. For you knew when you wrote the story for the news bulletin that the speech was indeed mainly propaganda. You took up time in the bulletin to spread statements which you were fairly sure were quite unfounded. You helped to spread lies which you were fairly sure were not important stuff, but there was that accident across the line from over there?

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

But you reported that propaganda speech from across the world, and the announcer repeated the words faithfully reported by the news writers of the continents—the radio writers and the newspapermen.

And quiet, reasonable voices said, "But this man is just shouting propaganda. Why repeat such ridiculous stuff on your broadcasts? Why waste time on such nonsense? Surely you can use your broadcasting facilities to a better purpose?"

The lie of an unscrupulous leader may burst into a world storm while a million words of truth drift unheeded down the wind. News is concerned with the storm, not with the things that drift unheeded.

It is only ten years ago since the peace of the world was under threat from a man who believed that his destiny lay beyond the horizon to the music of marching feet. His words were picked up precisely and reported by the news writers of the continents—the radio writers and the newspapermen.

And quiet, reasonable voices said, "But this man is just shouting propaganda. Why repeat such ridiculous stuff on your broadcasts? Why waste time on such nonsense? Surely you can use your broadcasting facilities to a better purpose?"

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

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

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

Yes, indeed...

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

(Continued on page 16)

TIME ONLY WAS RESERVED

By CARL MacCAULL

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

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

Arriving in Fredericton, N.B., at 12.20 in the morning, Dorothea grabbed a taxi for the Queen Hotel where she thought she had a reservation. They were full, as you no doubt guessed, but obligingly called several private hostels. All were full. She then inquired if she could curl herself up on a chair in the lobby. Sorry, that was against the rules.

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

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

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

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

"Now, if the Maritime talks department only had a trailer..."
HERE'S A HOBBY

SO YOU THINK YOU HAVE A HOBBY!

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

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

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

More lately, Harry has turned his talent to locomotives. His model tanker (2,000 hours in building) hauls a ton around the harbor to Halifax.

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

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

"OPERATION EASTER"

In the Maritimes, Easter came in like a lion.

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

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

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

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

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

But the national news summary from Toronto reached CBH listeners at the regular time Sunday night. It was picked up by Geoff Fish at the CBC's short-wave receiver at Dartmouth from radio station CBHJ in Saint John, and relayed across the harbor to Halifax.

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

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

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

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

"MAC" Macdonald.

SO THAT'S THE REASON!

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

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

Wife: "What's the coil for?"

Ham: (With a sigh) "Well... the signal is picked up on the aerial and then passes through the coil... etc., etc."  "Oh! So that's why it takes a radio so long to warm up!"

WHAT'S IN AN EGG!

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

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

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

TOKONTO CANTEEN

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

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

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

MAY, 1946
YOU NEVER KNOW
(Continued from page 14)
worth while things to transmit to listeners.
The warning lay in that stuff: the obvious lies and the nonsensical charges and the distortions of fact—which so many had wanted thrown into the waste paper baskets of the world.
The warning had lain, not by design nor again by accident, in the free presentation of the news, without suppression.
Yes, of course the distortions of fact had often sounded so fantastic that they'd been funny. The words had often been too funny to be taken seriously by anyone but another fanatic with a lust for power on any pretext.
Czechoslovakia slaughtering Sudeten Germans! The borders of the mighty Reich menaced by shivering countries which lived only in dread of her! The quiet voices were echoed so staunchly in the halls of reason.
The words weren't quite so funny, they weren't quite so humorous, as peace died with Big Ben, and Neville Chamberlain, who had listened so long to quiet, reasonable voices, started to speak.
But the quiet, reasonable voices are still in the land, and on occasion they speak in your ear and you put down the phone and you think.
And then you take a sheet of paper and you put it in the typewriter and then you study again the despatch in front of you; and on whether you write or whether you drop the despatch into the waste paper basket may depend—well, who shall say?

MACKNESS OFF AGAIN

Now you see him...now you don't. Ray Mackness and wife, Edna, are off to Britain.
It was just a year ago that Ray arrived back in Vancouver after serving with the RCAF overseas. And he no sooner gets settled back into the humdrum habits of a civilian career and becomes what has been referred to as a "stationary announcer" (as distinguished from the "wandering" or "errant type" announcer) when he puts his car up on blocks, sells his house, says goodbyes and leaves again.
But he'll be back. It seems he's on a three-month leave of absence to attend to some personal business in England, during which time he'll undoubtedly revisit a few of his wartime haunts in Yorkshire and Lancashire where he was stationed with the Sixth RCAF Bomber Group.
CBR is a sadder place without him, and his departure necessitates the appointment of a new Radio correspondent who'll have to go some to maintain the standards of reporting established by Ray Mackness.

NEW CORRESPONDENT

With the departure of Ray Mackness for Great Britain, Peter McDonald of the CBR announce staff will take over the duties of reporting to Toronto from Vancouver.
Peter is a comparatively new staffer but an old timer in the Western region. Before joining the announce staff recently, he was writing and acting in the B.C. farm broadcast serial, "The Carsons", and taking part in other dramatic productions.
Before he got mixed up in this "thing called radio" Peter was a theatre doorman, shoe salesman, insurance agent, mill hand, soda jerker, clothing salesman, and school teacher.

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

PREMIUM PARKING

Toronto studios have a nice big parking lot for staff cars, and Toronto studios are just a block from Maple Leaf Gardens.
The last night of the Winnipeg "Monarchs"-Toronto "St. Michael's" game there were 15,803 people at the Gardens, and a lot of them drove down in cars. That meant that parking space was at a premium.

WINS AWARD

Earle Birney, supervisor Central European section and foreign languages, international service, was recently awarded, for the second time in three years, the Governor-General's Medal for Poetry. In 1942, Mr. Birney received the award for his book of poems entitled, DAVID AND OTHER POEMS. His most recent award was gained on his book, NOW 18 TIME, a publication of Ryerson Press.

TO LONDON

Fergus Mutrie, CIBC supervisor of farm broadcasts, is attending the International Conference of Farm Organizations, which opens in London on May 21.
Arrangements for the conference were made by the United Kingdom National Farmers' Union; and among the countries represented are the United States, New Zealand, Holland, Australia, Denmark and France, in addition to the United Kingdom and Canada.
The Canadian party includes: 13 delegates from the Canadian Federation of Agriculture; three representatives of the Canadian farm press; and the CIBC representative.