



RADIO

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No. 2

TRANSMISSION AND DEVELOPMENT

PER ADS AD ASTRA - - - - Don Smith

RÉPONSE À L'OPÉRATEUR QUI BAVARDE
Lucien Thériault

UNESCO AND RADIO - - - R. S. Lambert

FEBRUARY, 1947

All About Canada

These are the impressions of Athol Stewart, unknown Canadian playwright, poet, short story-writer, essayist and unfinished novelist, on being urged to write a half-hour radio play for the international service.

THEY FONE you from the international service and say how about a script.

You ask them what about, and they say all about Canada. (It's for the "Canada to Britain" series.) You put down the fone thinking how last week it was a short story about Manitoulin and the week before a short on Memphremagog, and the Dutch section had to have fifteen minutes on the Mackenzie River. You should be able to figure a play out, you figure, seeing Canada is such a big jernt; twelve million people and three and a half million square miles all of them living below the Trans-Canada railway. After a while you think up a story, and then you wonder if it should be a murder or a comedy like you do for Canadians to listen to, or a psycho-variety-drama-pastoral, or maybe they just want a documentary explaining everything. You figure that is what they want and you think of a nice place to write about: the

Okanagan Valley. Then you wonder if people will know where the place is, so you take a couple of pages explaining it, and then you get involved with Indian language derivatives and different tribes and you tear the script up.

Then you take another romantic place like the Pre-Cambrian Shield in the north, and you have the same trouble only this time you don't know what it is yourself.

Then you pick out a small Ontario village you were in one time, and you make your lead a tourist from the city and put in a lot of nice folksy small-talk in the village jargon. Then you try to explain why they say churchous instead of treacherous and you get all mixed up explaining how the place was settled a hundred and fifty years ago and who settled it and why.

After you scream with rage for a while you decide that it is very easy to write about Canada for Canadians but very

hard to write about Canada for people who don't live here. You have to explain that a kick is a chorus girl, and when you say that a Herrin' choker flattened a Yuk from Ontario, people don't know that a Nova Scotian gentleman gave an Ontarion a sad blow in the beak.

You begin on the village script again—to hell with the jargon—when a line crops up where a man is expecting his wife to get in to Montreal Central on the ten o'clock from Toronto Union. Then you use up eleven pages explaining that it's three hundred and fifty miles from Toronto to Montreal and that the wife will be on the pool Canadian National and Canadian Pacific train, when it's ten o'clock in Toronto it's three next morning in West Wittering and it's five o'clock the previous afternoon in Vancouver where the wife's father lives; Vancouver is on the mainland and not on Vancouver Island. Then you figure you'd better explain about Captain Cook and the time lag between Eastern Standard time and Rocky Mountain time, and how the Rockies start way up north and end way down south somewhere. You tear all this up and start again by having the husband expect the wife by boat up the Trent Canal that the village is built on. Before

(Continued on page 13)

THEY DO A JOB

by Dick Halhed

MOST PEOPLE concerned with production are familiar with the duties of program-operators. Most of us have a high regard for these knob-twisting VU-watching experts.

But perhaps not so many of us have had an opportunity to watch those other operators at work—the transmitter-men who spend their days in seemingly dull routine at isolated points. Let us consider Mr. Average Transmitter Operator. Let us consider a man at CBK, Watrous. Suppose we set the day of our observation as January 3, 1947. The snow is ten inches deep; the wind is from the northwest at a velocity of 25 miles per hour; the temperature is 17 below. The time is noon.

There is a dull rumbling sound as the overhead door of the garage swings up, then down. Then, two distinct slaps are heard, as a pair of overshoes are tossed into the corner. The door into the main transmitter building opens and a bulky brown bear enters. The bear places his lunch-bucket in a locker, removes his fur hat and fur coat and mitts, unwraps the scarf from his neck, and out steps—

(Dick Halhed, producer at CBC, Winnipeg, recently spent five weeks at CBK, Watrous, Saskatchewan, relieving Announcer Norm Micklewright while Norm was on vacation. On his return Dick wrote this report of his impressions of Mr. Average Transmitter Operator.)

Mr. Operator, reporting for the afternoon shift.

Our hero pokes his trouble-shooting nose into the small but immaculate kitchen. On the electric range a pot of coffee beckons invitingly to those having a common hatred of things 17 below. The operator sniffs disdainfully and grumbles: "Coffee! That stuff!" He's a tea man. Oh, well, it will be time for more coffee in three hours; then he'll make tea.

He walks through a doorway set into a curved glass partition.

Does he straighten his shoulders or is that merely a figment of our imagination? He's on sacred ground now. He's on the

main operating floor. He's in the heart of the modern building which houses the fifty kilowatt job. This is where he works, seated at the control-console in the centre of the room, facing the broad expanse of the transmitter panel with its neatly inset meters and its two circular windows through which the operator can view the integral parts of the transmitter while the station is on the air.

The operator who is about to go on shift nods a greeting to the man who is about to start the trek homeward and says:

"Hi, Doug."

"Hi, George."

"Gettin' colder."

"Yeah. Seventeen now."

"Anything new?"

"Had an outage this morning—three seconds."

"Yeah, we heard it kick off at home."

"Well, I might as well push off."

"O.K., Doug. See you tomorrow."

"So long."

One goes off-shift—another comes on. He takes his meter-readings then settles

(Continued on page 13)

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UNESCO AND RADIO

Contributed by R. S. LAMBERT

FIVE MONTHS service with UNESCO has left me decidedly sceptical whether it will accomplish anything effective in the radio field.

To use radio for the promotion of international understanding and the spread of education and culture among the peoples of the world, there are in my opinion two prerequisites: first an appreciation of the limitations and possibilities of the medium, and secondly, enough money. So far UNESCO lacks both of them.

The secretariat of UNESCO, of which I was temporarily a member, is not at present organized in such a way as to give radio a reasonable chance. When UNESCO was first set up, its promoters wished to avoid the reproach levelled against

its forerunner, the Institute of Intellectual Cooperation (of the League of Nations) that its scope was limited to the academic élite, and did not take in the masses of the peoples

of the world. Therefore, upon U.S. initiative, there was included in UNESCO's work a section entitled "media of mass communication", under which strange term were to

be comprised film, radio and the popular press, to be used as instruments for carrying UNESCO's educational and cultural message to the world as a whole. However, this step was made without taking account of (a) the educators' inherent difficulty in grasping the practical applications of these media; and (b) the suspicion around among many European countries that the new section might be used as a vehicle for American "cultural imperialism", i.e. to deluge European culture with more Hollywood films and U.S. commercial radio. This suspicion was intensified by the constant

harping by U.S. State Department officials in all of their pronouncements on UNESCO upon the necessity of using

(Continued on page 7)

OUR COVER THIS MONTH

Field Intensity Gear

Our Cover This Month pictures a corner of the transmission and development lab at Keefer, showing the field intensity gear in for a check-up after having covered about 14,000 miles on site surveys in Alberta and Manitoba. The actual site has now been chosen for the Alberta 50 kilowatt near Lacombe, and work has started on construction of the station. Staffers are C. W. Shearer and Rene Frenette.

Per Ads Ad Astra

by

Don Smith

Being a treatise on a simple art

I SEE that they've conferred an honorary Ph. D. on Whickham Wylie and I am glad.

Too infrequently does honor fall to those to whom honor is due.

I can see Whickham as he addresses convocation. His fingers will be resting lightly on his right lapel and there will be a suggestion of a far flung look in those fine grey eyes.

I am glad that he is being so honored.

I was with him the morning that it happened—the start of it all. We were rather late getting into town that morning and we were walking rapidly towards the advertising agency where he worked when he remembered that he'd lost his cigarette lighter while playing golf the previous evening.

He stepped into a corner cigar store to buy a new one.

The young man behind the counter had light wavy hair on top of a pair of shy blue eyes, and when Whickham asked him if he could recommend a good lighter he shook his head wistfully.

"I can sell you one, but I can't recommend it. To tell you the truth I haven't the least idea whether it'll stand up or not. You'd surely expect it to at the price, but what does price mean nowadays? Still, if you're in a desperate hurry for one, perhaps you'd better risk it . . ."

Whickham's mouth was slightly open. He handed over his money mechanically, staring at the young man. We were half a block down the street before he spoke.

"Did you hear what that young man said?"

I laughed. "Rather an ingenuous salesman! I'm afraid he won't last long in all the ballyhoo . . ."

Whickham turned and stared at me and that was the dawn of the far flung look.

YES, THAT was the beginning of it all. I remember the sensation when, four days later, Whickham Wylie wrote his first piece of advertising copy in the new style.

Just a simple little piece, to start with.

"Our shoes are the best in town? Of course they're not! We sell them a lot too cheaply for that. All we can do is try to make them as good as we can for the money . . ."

That was all.

It was enough.

Apparently it was touch and go for Whickham all that morning after the copy had been broadcast.

An extraordinary executive session of the advertising agency was called for 11 a.m. at which Whickham was informed he would be permitted to make a brief statement in his defense, if he so wished. He was just trying to explain things to a semi-circle of grim, bewildered faces when the phone rang.

It was the proprietor of the shoe store.

He'd just sold half a dozen pairs of shoes in fifteen minutes.

Maybe that wasn't particularly significant, but the customers had come in chuckling and had gone out laughing with their shoes tucked under their arms.

Two of them had even slapped the shoe store proprietor on the back.

ONE of the local newspapers took a Street Consensus next day.

"Bit of a change from all the ballyhoo, I'm all for it," said George Pottinger, article clerk, 237 E. 26th St.

George had a fine straight-forward look about him in his picture which they ran, half column, beside his words.

"There was something—well, just awfully fine and sincere about it all," said Miss Sophie Lewedon, psychologist, 16 Victoria Place. "You just felt they wanted to treat you squarely instead of trying to push something down your throat, if you get what I mean."

"That guy sure hit the nail on the head—why, I went and bought a pair of shoes myself," said Thomas Barrow, bridge night watchman.

"We need more of that kind of talk," said Edward Locksley, personnel director.



The Author

Don Smith is associate editor of the CBC Vancouver newsroom, and one of RADIO'S Writers' Contest winners last year.

"It's my candid opinion that if we don't get more of it the United Nations will fail."

So it went. Whickham was invited to address the local Better Business Bureau and from there he went to Minneapolis to the Convention of the United Copy Writers of America (C.U.O.)

The president made no bones about it in the keynote address.

"An epoch has ended in our profession—a new one has dawned. A new era in which the tawdry, cheap hogwash of yesterday will be as the sowing of wild oats. From now on we write the Simple Truth."

Whickham told me that a distinct shudder ran through him when the president said those last words, as if someone was walking over his grave. They thought they'd discovered a new bell-ringing line of baloney. The Simple Truth, as it happened to be this time, and he was afraid they'd not only get their snouts in the trough but both feet, too.

The climax came with the Bolsover's Better Baking Powder Broadcast over a coast-to-coast network.

THAT SUNDAY afternoon the copy writers played the New Principle (Truth) for a fare-you-well.

The announcer started quietly enough by saying that the makers of Bolsover's Better Baking Powder wished to make a

frank statement to their public.

The truth was, he said, that the baking powder hadn't been quite all it had been cracked up to be.

They wanted to be quite frank about it.

(The words 'frank' and 'sincere' and 'candid' occurred eleven times in one brief spiel by the announcer.)

To tell the Truth, went on the announcer, they'd received a hell of a lot of complaints about the baking powder in the few years that it had been on the market. Copies of the letters could be had on request or the originals could be inspected at the head office.

John Charles Thomas then sang Trees, after which the announcer came back with still stronger stuff.

The fact was, he continued quietly, that in the past many homes had been wrecked because of the fatuous and blurbous language used in describing the baking powder.

Parties had been ruined when the bread had failed to rise.

Tired businessmen had come home to cakes like rocks.

Children had cried all night.

The truth was, the announcer said, that all the silly blurbs about the baking powder had caused a lot of heart-break in a fair land. The wreckage of many a romance had lain, not in the dust, but in the baking powder.

By this time W. W. was wilting in his chair.

They were so deeply immersed in the trough that he didn't see how in the name of creation they could drag themselves out.

Then, just when you figured that Bolsover's Better Baking Powder was through for good and all, there came in the far distance the faint note of a bugle.

It was tremendous. There'd been nothing like it, not even in The Birth of a Nation.

The voice of the announcer died away in despair, there was a moment's awful silence, then far, far away there came the first timid notes of that bugle.

Timid because it wasn't certain at first whether there could be any resurgence from those terrible depths.

A blatant, shrill clarion call to action at that moment would have shattered everything. People would have said, "Oh, they've confessed their sins, but

they don't really care a damn—they're coming out bolder than ever. It'll be Bolsover's Better Than Ever Baking Powder!"

But nothing of the sort. The hand of an artist was on the throttle.

Just a teeny weeny little whimper of a bugle in the far distance. Could there be any chance of a comeback? That was the whole tenor of the thing. The Public had been given such a bellyful of fatuous burbling advertising junk between the items they wanted to hear on the radio—was there any chance of expiation?

The bugle grew a little stronger—hopefully, yet fearfully. And you could feel the reaction in the homes, in the kitchens, in the sculleries, of America.

You could hear a woman in Saratoga saying, "Oh, heck, there's nothing perfect after all—what if it did ruin that party when our Emily got married?"

And you could hear the relatives of the woman who'd thrown herself out of the window in Springfield, Mass. (It wasn't Springfield, Ill. as at first reported) saying, "Well, our Josie always did feel things too keenly. If it hadn't been the baking powder it would have been something else . . . a man, probably. . ."

The reaction was felt from ocean to ocean. Next day mass meetings were held in Peoria, San Antonio, Chilliwack, and South Market Street in San Francisco.

It took a few hours for public opinion to crystallize, but when the continent spoke, there was no mistaking the note.

As a speaker said in the great rally at the Maple Leaf Gardens, "Canada and the continent were at the cross roads."

"They have sinned," the chairman concluded at that great gathering, "the ballyhoo artists have sinned but let us give thanks that the Nauseating Night of Blurbism is all behind us, and that henceforth the junk between the entertainment will at least be worthy of the way of life which has made us what we are."

The audience then stood for two and a half minutes and Beautiful Isle of Somewhere was sung.

Next day the trains were roaring north, south, east and west with the first consignments of Bolsover's Much Better Baking Powder and back in his office Whickham Wylie was sitting with his hands clasped behind his head and looking out of the window with a far flung look in his fine grey eyes.



Commercial Change

Formerly sales representative with the CBC, W. R. Johnston has been appointed supervisor of commercial acceptance and production, replacing Edgar Stone who retired February 1.

Mr. Stone, who joined CBC in 1937 as Commercial production supervisor, plans to rest for a year to regain his health.

To UNO Staff

Don Pringle, who has been on loan to UNO, has resigned from CBO staff to become a permanent member of the radio division, department of public information, United Nations. Don will be presentation director and senior English announcer.

During the past three months Don was English language commentator at the General Assembly plenary sessions and committee meetings which were broadcast via short-wave to the peoples of Europe. For these and other broadcasts the United Nations used powerful transmitters placed at their disposal by the CBC and the U.S. State Department, Radio.

One of Don's hectic experiences occurred during a meeting of the General Assembly. In the procedure of electing members of the Economic and Social Council, the General Assembly was unable to get the two thirds majority vote necessary to install new members. Proceedings came to an abrupt stop, so Don took over the mike and ad libbed for an hour and forty minutes while the ballots were counted and recounted.

N. D. L. R.

On se souviendra qu'à un numéro de décembre de "Radio", Jacques Soulière a lancé une amorce très spirituelle aux confrères de la salle de contrôle, les réalisateurs. D'un trait de plume amical et sans méchanceté aucune, il a concrétisé ce que pensent les opérateurs au hasard des longues heures de répétitions et des courtes heures d'émissions. Et la chose n'a pas été sans chatouiller l'ire des réalisateurs.

Lucien Thériault a relevé le gant et voici le résultat. C'est un vétéran de la maison que tout le monde connaît pour sa modération et . . . sa passion pour la peinture. Ceux qui ne savaient pas ce penchant de Thériault s'expliqueront mieux ainsi les images de style 'picturales' qui parsèment son travail.

En page II, une autre réponse à Jacques Soulière, qui vient celle-là d'un ex-réalisateur de l'extérieur, Gabriel Langlais.

POUR une fois (je dis *une* fois, par politesse) un opérateur avoue qu'il bavarde. Voir votre revue "Radio" de décembre dernier.

Comme Jacques Soulière sait causer et sourire très élégamment, la contagion s'empare de l'un de ses compagnons de "la prison de verre". D'ailleurs n'a-t-il pas écrit: "consins réalisateurs, relèvez-vous le gant?"

Donc M. l'opérateur bavarde et tout cela, il semble, afin de savoir quel est le rôle exact de celui qui "gesticule à ses côtés durant une émission". Curieux, très curieux! . . .

Sa plume alerte a bien réussi photographiquement à tracer la silhouette du réalisateur ou directeur d'un programme mais un peintre qui ne sait rendre que la représentation physique d'un personnage n'atteint son but qu'à moitié. Le grand artiste s'attache plutôt à rendre les traits essentiels des âmes. Je ne permets de lui proposer comme maître, le génial caricaturiste Honoré Daumier dont les avocats et avoués, gesticulant d'un coin du tableau à l'autre, ne manquent jamais d'impressionner la Justice.

Nous savons par le fusain de Jacques Soulière que le metteur en ondes ou

RÉPONSE À L'OPÉRATEUR QUI BAVARDE

par

LUCIEN THÉRIAULT, RÉALISATEUR

"maestro sans bâton" (parions qu'il a vu Toscanini diriger) tient un chronomètre dans sa main et écoute ce qui se passe au micro. C'est tout et c'est maigre. Ce que l'opérateur ne sait peut-être pas, c'est qu'avant son arrivée dans le studio pour placer ses microphones, le réalisateur a déjà fait une partie importante de son travail artistique avec les musiciens et les comédiens. Son programme est déjà à moitié réalisé. Il a choisi les oeuvres, il a fait la distribution des rôles indiquant à chaque interprète son caractère, il a fait une première lecture de la musique ou de la pièce avec tous les personnages.

Une fois l'amplificateur du son réchauffé, l'opérateur sourit car il a maté sa monture d'acier et nous "embarquons" pour une répétition générale. Sa machine a quelquefois des caprices de vedettes mais passons. . . . Nous sommes en route. Le Pégase ailé du réalisateur s'allie au Pégase à "volts" de l'opérateur.

Certes Jacques Soulière a raison de parler de *compagnon* de travail; il devrait même aller jusqu'au mot idéalisé par la guerre: *équipe*. Oui, le réalisateur et l'opérateur doivent faire équipe et dès la première répétition.

Donc le réalisateur a préparé avec les artistes et le bruiteur le programme qu'il veut entendre — maintenant dans la chambre de contrôle, afin de faire une mise au micro judicieuse. Il n'a pas à savoir si le micro doit être rond ou carré,

d'accord. Mais il écoute et il juge, ce qui rend la mesure de sa fonction, car il a la responsabilité du programme. Et il reçoit un salaire précisément parce qu'il a la compétence de juger et de corriger.

La radio existe à seule fin d'émettre des programmes. Et la qualité de ceux-ci, seule, crée les auditoires et multiplie la clientèle. Le réalisateur signe la marchandise, si je puis dire, et joue par conséquent, en termes d'affaires, le premier rôle comme publicitaire et comme vendeur. Ce dernier mot est employé dans son sens le plus large et veut dire: responsable d'une opinion publique favorable. Donc, les attributions de chaque membre de l'équipe sont bien déterminées: Le réalisateur est responsable du message artistique ou d'informations, et l'opérateur le diffuse par sa science mathématique et par sa maîtrise à contrôler la masse électrique qui sert de véhicule.

Sans doute l'opérateur est un homme de goût et de culture. Jamais il n'étonnerait, les yeux fixés sur l'aiguille de son potentiomètre, le crescendo de l'orchestre qui doit atteindre un "forte" final; il sacrifierait plutôt le zéro du cadran et affronterait les foudres de l'ingénieur du *Master Control* qui ferait rapport à l'assistant de l'assistant ingénieur en chef. . . . Jamais, au grand jamais il ne se permettrait de lire le détail de la dernière partie de hockey durant une répétition. . . .

(Suite à la page II)

L'AUTEUR

(Photo Marcel
Heury, opérateur,
Montreal)



This is the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation



P. A. Field and A. Blache puzzle over a particularly troublesome field intensity map.



A section of the transmission & development department's office showing Miss Therese Gravel, stenographer and clerk, W. G. Roxburgh solving a transmission line problem, and W. E. Chevrier, departmental clerk and secretary of various C.S.A. panels.

To the uninitiated staffers, the work of the transmission and development department, engineering division, is probably something of a mystery. Perhaps the best way to give you an idea of how this department functions is to outline a typical job. Let's take, as an example, the new 50 Kw. transmitter which is presently being constructed in Alberta.

Have you ever wondered why a station is built in a particular area—in this case near Lacombe, Alberta, and not somewhere else? Here are the reasons: First a study is made of the known factors about the general territory, including the geology of the district and soil characteristics, if soil data are available. Then a preliminary design is made, the purpose being to decide on the general location or area in which we should erect the station to serve the largest

number of people. Due consideration is given at this time to service areas of existing stations. At this stage other departments within the engineering division are consulted as to requirements for power, telephone lines, water, staff quarters, etc. When the preliminary antenna design has been made to see where the contours might go, a check is made with the department of transport to see if the area is acceptable from a "blanketing" standpoint, as well as from the standpoint of air navigation.

Now the T. & D. department is ready to start the actual field work. When choosing the sites for the Alberta and Manitoba stations, Percy Field, Bill Shearer and Rene Frenette covered a total distance of approximately 14,000 miles. Bill Roxburgh's slide rule and Eric Blache's drafting pens covered almost as many miles on the office end of correlating and designing from the field data. A portable 40-watt transmitter was used to make these site surveys. This was set up in likely-looking spots and kept going while one of the men drove around in the car making measurements here, there and everywhere.

When the final site from a radio transmission point was picked near Lacombe, Alberta, arrangements were made with the properties department for soil tests to be taken from a building standpoint. When the site was finally chosen, it was submitted to the department of transport for approval and then the complete design of the antenna was undertaken. This design, by the way, must not only meet domestic requirements, but also international regulations. A little known fact is that other countries on the North American continent have thirty days in

which to protest any antenna design or frequency allocation if they believe their service is being injured in any way.

After the building is constructed, the transmitter installed and the antenna erected, the transmission and development department will go back on the job to conduct proof of performance surveys; in other words, the T. & D. group have to prove that the antenna actually does what they predicted it would do. This is a more intensive survey than the original site survey because, in the case of a 50 Kw. transmitter, such as that being constructed in Alberta, a large area, probably from the U.S.—Alberta border to Peace River, will have to be covered, wherever there are passable roads. All the data gathered on these proof of performance tests are calculated in the office and a final report sent to the department of transport.

Apart from the antenna designs, field intensity surveys, etc., a great deal of time is spent by the members of the T. & D. department on research and development problems. From the pictures herewith, you can see for yourself that the T. & D. lab, located on the second floor of the Keefer building, is filled with all kinds of weird and wonderful equipment—the conversation in the lab alone is enough to make the average person's mind go round in circles.

In this lab you will find Bob Santo perfecting his light pattern meter, which is used for checking recording heads. This meter is believed to be the only one of its kind in the world, and the BBC has shown considerable interest in it, and also in the work being done by Doug Bastin on microphone testing. Oscar Marcoux spends a great deal of his time in the lab doing development work on recording

equipment. Extensive research work on FM transmitters and transmission, and related equipment, is being carried on by Maurice Rousseau, Bud Fairley and Hal McCrae.

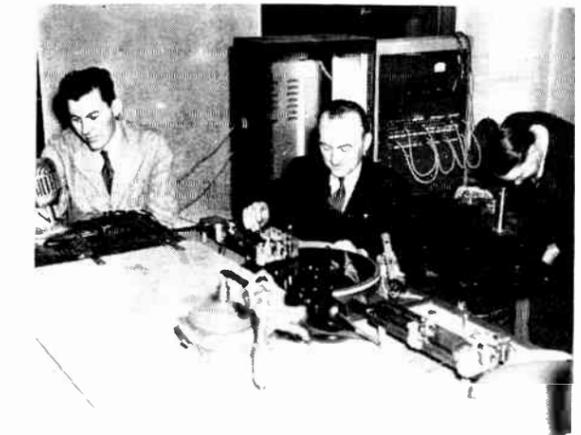
Swinging back up to the eighth floor of Keefer, we meet the head of the department, W. G. "Bill" Richardson, and his assistant, J. E. "Eddie" Hayes. Apart from the actual supervision of all the activities of the department, their work involves a great deal of study, calculations, etc., before a job can be tackled. In addition to this, Mr. Richardson is a member of the Joint Technical Committee and attends all CBC board meetings as a technical advisor. Both he and Mr. Hayes are members of the Canadian Radio Technical Planning Board, the Canadian Standards Association, the American Standards Association, and are observers on the U.S. Radio Technical Planning Board. Both Mr. Richardson and Mr. Hayes also attend many international conferences to do with allocation of channels, as well as FM and television, all adding up to lots of travel.

The work of carrying on the considerable amount of office routine involved in the departmental work is left in the very efficient hands of Cecile Lepage, secretary to Mr. Richardson, Therese Gravel, stenographer and clerk, and W. E. "Bill" Chevrier, who acts as secretary for various panels of the C.S.A., the wire lines committee, looks after time sheets, etc.

All in all, this adds up to a busy and efficient group doing a very difficult and thorough job for the engineering division and the CBC.



The second floor lab showing Maurice Rousseau, R. D. Fairley, and Harold McCrae doing some research work on frequency modulation equipment.



The recording and acoustics lab. From left to right: Doug Bastin who is doing research on studio acoustics, Oscar Marcoux making a test record, and R. E. Santo operating the light pattern meter which he designed.

**TRANSMISSION
AND
DEVELOPMENT
DEPARTMENT**
by
MARGARET McCRORY



W. G. Richardson, transmission & development engineer, talking over a knotty problem with J. E. Hayes, assistant T. & D. engineer, with Miss Cecile Lepage standing by to take down notes.

Le Personnel En Vedette

Québec raconte . . .

Guy Fontaine, technicien de CBV, en compagnie de sa femme, a passé le congé des Fêtes dans le pays de Madame: la ville d'Ottawa. Entre autres items, Guy citait l'autre jour, l'offre d'une envolée en avion qui lui a été faite durant son séjour. Il a dû refuser, prétextant un engagement antérieur. Est-ce que ce ne serait pas plutôt le sens de responsabilités neuves qu'il a assumées par un récent mariage qui a retenu son élan . . . *Chi lo sa?*

Lucien Côté, speaker à CBV, est au comble de la félicité. Tout ça parce qu'il croit avoir accompli un grand pas dans la *situation appartement* . . . Lucien ne détestait pas, loin de là, son petit coin de lune de miel . . . mais l'occasion se présentant, il a sauté sur l'aubaine qui lui offrait beaucoup plus d'espace vital. En compagnie de sa Rita (Emond), il a procédé avec une célérité bien naturelle à l'opération du déménagement, le sourire en coin et la tête débordante de projets . . . assortis . . .

L'autre soir, Léon Baldwin, du personnel technique de Québec, semblait avoir décroché le gros lot. Sa satisfaction provenait de son violon d'Ingres: Léon est un *amateur*. Il venait justement de capter une petite ville d'Angleterre où il avait déjà habité quelque temps, étant encore adolescent. C'est sûrement une compensation intéressante de pouvoir abolir ainsi les distances et de fouiller les vieux souvenirs . . . électroniquement.

Marjorie Shink, des archives de CBV, nous avouait récemment souffrir quelquefois d'insomnie. Et ce qu'il y a de consolant dans son cas, ça ne l'ennuie pas. Pas tellement . . . Ah! ces beaux songes qu'elle doit faire les yeux ouverts dans la nuit!

Roland Beaulieu et madame, de l'émetteur CBVien à Charlesbourg, se sont retrempés à l'occasion des Fêtes dans l'atmosphère de l'ancien patelin, quelque part autour de la Métropole.

Montréal fait son compte . . .

A Montréal, c'est un va et vient continu. On entre, on sort, on arrive, on s'en va et le pauvre chroniqueur ne

manque jamais de se le faire dire de la belle façon parce qu'il a oublié d'annoncer la première dent de la petite Tartempion ou le zircon de mademoiselle Chose qui a enfin attrapé son homme. C'est que la population est considérable et les faits divers, à l'avenant. Et puis, d'un mois à l'autre, la première dent de la petite Tartempion est devenue 'deux' et le zircon de mademoiselle Chose ne s'est pas matérialisé parce que l'amoureux transi s'est aperçu qu'il n'y avait pas de dot. De sorte que le patron ne cesse de crier: "C'est ton métier de vérifier, eh bien, vérifie!" Et le temps de vérifier une piste en fait manquer vingt-trois autres. "Bien patron, bien . . . vous avez raison. Je vérifierai à l'avenir et vous aurez les vingt-trois autres nouvelles toutes vérifiées. Vous avez raison patron. Toujours raison. Le meilleur des patrons. Et j'ai besoin, moi et mes confrères chroniqueurs de la cravache cinglante de votre ire, "Ire" comme dans les mots croisés, vous savez? Bien patron . . . Nous vous apporterons un flot de nouvelles intéressantes et vérifiées. Et à date, par-dessus tout ça, les nouvelles. Bonjour patron!"

Alors, pour débrouiller le marasme, car dans la vérification on a tout mêlé, nous irons tout d'abord saluer deux excellentes camarades de toujours, Clotilde (Clo) Salviati et Jeanne Sauriol.

Clo nous avait laissés depuis une éternité. Aux intimes, elle raconte que le boulot du trafic avait fini par s'immiscer dans sa constitution organique. Pour avoir commandé des circuits pendant des années, tout n'était en elle que lignes téléphoniques et sonnerie de télétypes. Un beau jour du printemps dernier, Clo a décidé d'aller défaire tous ces noeuds et revenir à la norme. C'est étonnant comme elle a réussi . . . et avec dix livres de bonne chair en plus. Et un sourire d'où est exclus tout souci de "round robbin".

Jeanne (comtesse de) Sauriol nous est revenue à brûle-pourpoint le 20 janvier d'une absence qui durait depuis le 12 septembre. Notre charmante réceptionniste du King's Hall venait de passer par toutes les péripéties d'un mal inconnu et qu'on n'a pas encore diagnostiqué. Cependant

durant cette période, Jeanne (comtesse de) s'est payée des tonnes d'ozone et moult pintes de bon sang en voyageant ici et là, dans les endroits où se trouvent ces excellentes choses.

Monsieur Beaudet a laissé pendant quelques jours les soucis administratifs pour une retraite profitable en chambre d'hôpital. A en juger par la vivacité de son pas et son regard qui ne manque rien (pas plus les rapports que les bonnes histoires qu'on conte dans un coin) ces messieurs de la faculté nous l'ont rendu intact.

Sur quoi, il est dans l'ordre de souhaiter la bienvenue à mesdemoiselles Monique Chevalier (Pool) et Madeleine Papineau (publicité) qui viennent tâter de l'atmosphère du King's Hall. Bienvenue encore au King's Hall à Rémi Riendeau qui a laissé l'émetteur de Verchères pour ne jouer que dans l'audio, et à Jacques Lalonde, un nouveau dans le métier de technicien qui nous apporte une science toute neuve acquise à Polytechnique. Du côté "son", on ne sait pas encore s'il parviendra à en faire autant que ses confrères, qui sont bruyants (pardon . . . bruiteurs) par métier, mais Fernand Quirillon semble heureux de son dernier emploi.

Un qui n'a pas fait de bruit, c'est Jean Charles Chapais, qui de technicien a sauté la triple fenêtre pour être annonceur.

Une naissance seulement dans tout un mois, c'est presque de la magie, mais la chose se comprend quand on saura qu'elle est arrivée à madame Robert Hébert, l'épouse du magicien en titre du King's Hall. Nos meilleurs vœux au petit gars, à la maman et au papa.

Et Chicoutimi nous dit

LA DERNIERE quinzaine de l'année '46 et le début de '47 resteront dans la mémoire des CBJ-istes comme un bon souvenir d'activité intense. Chacun a collaboré dans la pleine mesure afin de réaliser avec succès programmes spéciaux, reportages et interviews pour le plus grand bénéfice du Grand Argentier de la Société. (Suite à la page 11)

UNESCO AND RADIO

(Continued from page 3)

UNESCO to remove the barriers that hinder "the free flow of communications" between the peoples of the world. Add to this the fact that the State Department, at its own expense, lent one of its officials to serve as head of the section on mass communication in UNESCO secretariat; and you will see what natural grounds for misunderstanding existed.

Inside UNESCO's secretariat, the section on "mass communication" ranked administratively on a level with "Museums and Public Libraries", "Creative Arts" and "Social Sciences". In my opinion any one of the three subheads of "mass communication"—films, radio or press—is of sufficient importance, educationally, by itself to rank at least on an equality with these other sections.

A result of these limitations was seen when UNESCO General Conference met in November, and attempted to work out a program of action for all three media at once, in one sub-commission. The leading delegations (Britain, U.S.) included no practical radio experts, though strangely enough they brought along rows of freelance and documentary film experts. Hence UNESCO's radio policy was largely decided, and drafted, as a by-product of Mr. John Grierson's ideas for the future of the documentary film. I found this confusing and even ridiculous.

The British delegation's radio spokesman was that redoubtable litterateur, Mr. J. B. Priestley. At his insistence UNESCO committed itself to airy schemes for a "World University of the Air" and an "International Forum", i.e. talks by eminent people like himself to be translated into umpteen languages and rebroadcast all over the world. Scant attention was given to the secretariat's less colorful plans for (a) Co-operating in the use, for cultural purposes, of the short-wave facilities controlled by the UN organization at Lake Success; (b) developing a service of ideas, transcription material, and information to be put at the disposal of existing radio networks and stations throughout the world.

Lastly, the budget of UNESCO for 1947 was severely cut. The secretariat had asked for \$7½ millions, to carry out the



R. S. Lambert, CBC schools supervisor, has returned to Canada after serving for five months as counsellor on the media of mass communication to the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, whose headquarters are in Paris.

plans it had taken a year to draft to cover education, natural science, social science, the arts, museums and libraries, and "mass communication". The Conference cut this to \$5½ millions, in order that various delegations might be able to return home and gain political kudos for economizing on education. But how much "world education for peace" can you buy for \$5½ millions, in this atomic age? A single medium sized American University spends more per annum. Yet the American delegation took the lead in cutting UNESCO's budget. The cut falls with especial severity on radio and film. These are media where, in order to make a practical start at all, a substantial personnel and considerable expenditure are required. The paltry sum now available for UNESCO's radio work will not allow for the undertaking of more than research and survey work. This will add to the world's paper shortage, but not to the capacity of radio to strengthen international understanding. It is like using a thimble to bale out the Atlantic.

Public opinion should not delude itself with false hopes about UNESCO. A lot more hard thinking and the taking of practical advice, instead of bending to political expediency, will be necessary before it can start off on the right foot, at least so far as using radio is concerned.

Fans

U. S. Fan

CBC,
Vancouver, B.C.
Gentlemen:

I was listening to your radio program "Eventide", on January 2nd, and heard the choir sing "Oh Jesus I have promised". I have been searching for that tune since I was 16 years of age, when we sang it at my confirmation in the Church of England. I am now 83 and have been in the United States for 54 years. I have looked in every hymn book that I came across and could not find it. It gave me so much pleasure to hear the tune again that I am writing to ask if you could tell me where I could get it. I will very much appreciate a reply.

Respectfully,

MRS. A. A. CROMLEY

Chinook, Montana, U.S.A.

No Reservations

CBC

My tribute to the men who give the news, the News Roundup and all in connection with world-wide information. Just what would we do without radio and you people! Through storm as well as fair weather we know what's going on from here to Jerusalem. Our forefathers would turn over in their graves at the wonders of this age, radio being the *greatest*—and the greatest teacher.

In everything, radio gives us its best for less than the asking. We take our hats off to you all. We like every program and admire your professional people of radio and stage more than words can tell.

I would like to mention each program separately, but this goes for all.

Sincerely,

Orkney, Sask.

L. WARNER

(MRS. ELMRE WARNER)

On and Off Sick List

Armand Rousseau of purchasing and stores back after extended illness; Miss Louise Simard, assistant to general manager (Québec), back at the office after extended leave . . . "Curly" Garrod, operator at Britannia Heights, is on extended sick leave . . . Anne Bergin returned to Toronto commercial after her illness; Lois Bowers of school broadcasts fully recovered from motor accident.

COMME QUOI LA MUSIQUE EST ANDROGYNE

par J. J. GAGNIER, réalisateur



Le capitaine J. J. Gagnier, docteur en musique

Elle est hermaphrodite. Par ses lignes—la mélodie, ses formes—l'harmonie, ses courbes—le contrepoint, la musique est féminine. Par contre par ses accents, ses chants, son rythme elle est masculine. De plus la musique est androgyne, parce que les femmes ont naturellement un faible pour la musique mélancolique, la musique symphonique et les chants d'amour. Preuve: les patronnesses des grands

mouvements symphoniques et cet engouement pour la voix et les sérénades des Tino, des Clément, des Réda-Caire.

Et les hommes? ne préfèrent-ils pas les chants guerriers, les musiques militaires, les développements tintamaresques des oeuvres à la mode?

Il est donc facile de déduire de ceci, que les femmes en musique préfèrent ce qui est féminin et les hommes ce qui est masculin. Donc, étalage scandaleux de préférence Paulettémauxiennes et Tinorosiques.

Comme quoi la musique—et surtout de nos jours—est troublante à plusieurs points de vue par ses audacieuses harmonies, ses formes moins définies que jamais, son caractère imprécis et qui pourtant séduit quand même. La question n'en garde pas moins son mystère. Qui pourrait en déterminer le sexe? Et puis après tout est-ce bien nécessaire?

La musique est la musique. Elle dit encore quand le poète a fini de parler la symphonie de César Franck. Elle brosse de larges fresques quand le peintre a séché ses pinceaux—La Chevauchée des Valkyries—La Cathédrale Engloutie. Elle crée des monuments quand le sculpteur a jeté sa glaise au baquet Toccata et Fugue en sol mineur de Bach.

(Suite de la page 10)

de Vilmond Fortin et de son adjoint Roland Dallaire.

Le grand patron, Jean Beaudet, est venu célébrer les Rois au milieu de sa petite famille CBJiste. Dire que si l'avion avait eu une heure de retard, le traditionnel gâteau des Rois lui aurait peut-être valu de partager le règne d'une Majesté Chicoutimienne...! Sa présence à la réception donnée par la très charmante hôtesse *Huguette* a été vivement appréciée de tous. Cette royauté toute éphémère échoua par pur hasard... à Vilmond Fortin qui porta la couronne avec beaucoup de dignité.

Lorenzo Campagna de retour d'un séjour de quinze jours dans la Métropole garde le meilleur des souvenirs de ses pérégrinations à travers les studios de CBF. Tout le monde lui a fait bon accueil dans son besoin de savoir les secrets de la réalisation et il rapporte un petit bagage de connaissances qu'il pourra mettre en

pratique aux studios de la ville-reine du nord.

Roland Dallaire est maintenant convaincu qu'on pourrait lui décerner un diplôme de comptable licencié. En attendant, on peut tout de même dire qu'il est passé maître dans l'art de compiler les factures...!

Après une vacance qu'elle dit "méritée" la jolie Françoise a repris ses responsabilités de secrétaire du patron.

Nos meilleurs voeux de succès accompagnent notre camarade Gaston Voyer qui a résigné ses fonctions à CBF pour prendre la direction de la nouvelle station radiophonique CKRS Jonquière qui sera sur les ondes vers la mi-juin.

Le comité des loisirs du Conseil du personnel prépare fébrilement le grand *paté-vent* qui réunit chaque année la famille CBJiste sur la colline de l'émetteur. Si on en juge par l'enthousiasme le party sera un succès.

LETTRE OUVERTE À JACQUES SOULIÈRE

Réponse de l'extérieur.

Ignore si le gant que vous avez lancé dans votre article de la livraison de décembre de "Radio", intitulé "Un opérateur bavard", peut être relevé par un profane, mais l'occasion était trop belle de le faire pour ne pas risquer le coup et satisfaire le besoin que je ressens de vous dire tout le bien que je pense de votre papier.

Je tiens à vous rassurer au tout début qu'il ne s'agit pas d'une polémique, non pas que j'aie horreur de la polémique, mais tout au plus d'une mise au point qui, je le crois, s'impose.

J'ai éprouvé, à lire votre article, une surprise d'autant plus grande que je n'aurais jamais cru que l'homme tranquille et quiet que je vous ai toujours connu ne m'aurait jamais laissé l'impression de pouvoir s'extérioriser d'une façon aussi agréable. Tant il est faux qu'il ne fait pas bon réveiller le chat qui dort.

Votre article est marqué au signe de la gentillesse et je vous en félicite. Mais s'il passe au creux les actes parfois plus ou moins gracieux de certains réalisateurs, j'ai bien apprécié la teneur de votre article que je serais tenté d'intituler moi-même: "La complainte d'un opérateur".

Nous sommes donc d'accord, l'opérateur, pour n'employer qu'une seule expression, est un grand incompris. On ignore trop souvent l'importance de son rôle dans la boîte. Le réalisateur oublie égoïstement que l'opérateur, loin d'être un concierge, est en réalité un collaborateur et que les deux devraient travailler de pair. Bravo! Vous avez raison!

Mais pour la décharge du réalisateur, que je suis, ou plutôt que j'ai été, je tiens à préciser un point. Quand vous le lâchez par exemple d'abuser trop souvent d'effets sonores filtrés ou à l'écho, vous oubliez peut-être, dans une ire qui vous honore, que la plupart du temps, le réalisateur ne devient, à vos côtés, que l'interprète du rédacteur du texte. C'est le rédacteur, s'il a du métier (ou s'il en a moins, ne direz-vous?) qui indique tous les bruits, les effets sonores, c'est lui qui prescrit l'écho des voix d'outre-tombe, ou les filtres des surréalistes téléphoniques. Et alors? M'est avis que dans les cas où l'opérateur considère qu'il y a abus, il devrait amicalement discuter avec le réalisateur de la possibilité de "tranquilliser" un peu le texte, et l'émission, à mon sens, ne s'en porterait que mieux.

Il resterait évidemment au réalisateur, au lendemain de l'émission, à expliquer à l'auteur en furie, pourquoi on a coupé dans ces bruits, mais ça c'est une autre histoire que je ne veux pas entreprendre de raconter ici.

GABRIEL LANGLOIS

REPONSE À L'OPÉRATEUR

(Suite de la page 6)

Jamais il ne demanderait à haute-voix un "time-check" au moment le plus compliqué et le plus pathétique d'un drame...

Et c'est pour cela que le réalisateur lui sait toujours gré de sa précieuse collaboration.

Tous les deux, ils sont les bras essentiels qui tendent au public les enfants adulés des poètes et des musiciens. Si une oeuvre d'art immortelle leur doit d'avoir vu le jour sur les ondes, puissent les générations futures leur en garder un souvenir reconnaissant...

Grapevine Network



"... into
plough shares."
CBC overseas van
seen behind staff-
made plow at
Toronto studios.

Newcomers

To head office: Miss O. Rutherford, secretary to the assistant general manager; Switchboard Operator Lillian Kelly . . . To I.S.: Mrs. Marina Howson, assistant to policy editor; Robin Edith Murray in steno pool . . . To Toronto: "Rusty" Bennett from CJAD to drama; Ann Bennett to production; June Gibson to P. & I.; Marjorie Rea, Elizabeth Davidson, Helen Bromley, Annabel West to talks; Howard Francis, Don Mortimer, Charlie Thomson, Harry Foster to central records; Audrey Wilson to secretary to Dominion network manager . . . To Vancouver P. & I.: Betty Brewis.

Stork Stuff

Born to "Rollie" and Mrs. Robitaille, Halifax, second daughter Judith, January 22.

Transfers

I.S. Steno Pierette Emond to central records . . . In Toronto: Anne Bonechyn to broadcast regulations; Joyce Beach to statistics; Mona Stopford to budget; Bill Beatty from CBO to continuity.

Bereavements

Sympathy of the staff is extended to Miss Cecile Lepage, Keefer, on the death of her mother, January 8; to Stan Davis of CBK Watrous on the death of his mother, New Year's day; and to R. L. Punshon, whose father died January 3.

Back in Fold

Marion Ritchie is back in the C.R. fold at Halifax after a week's holiday in Montreal.

I.S. A Name

RADIO has been asked by staffers at I.S. to make it known far and wide (millions of readers!) that I.S. stands for International Service — not International Short-Wave.

It is now made known!

—ED.

While Percy Paley was in Chicago recently he got up at the crack of dawn to attend the "Breakfast Club" broadcast. Note "Fiction-Fact" Sam's face covered with lipstick from an admiring fan.



Engaged

Joyce Everingham of Toronto to Sven Sundstrom . . . Vancouver Announcer Bill Inglis to Phyllis Dilworth; Vancouver Treasurer's Cashier Steno Pat Patterson to Kenneth Adams.

Roller Skating

CBC Toronto officers had a successful roller skating party at Mutual Street Arena January 21. Thelma Chappell and Arlene Mead were in charge.

War Bride Runner

Don Northup is back at the Halifax offices after several years with the Army. He was on the "war-bride" run from England to Canada these last few months and was on board the bride ship that collided with a cattle boat in the Mersey river recently. Previously with the newsroom, Donnie has transferred to main office.

Married

Lois Desormeau, secretary to the assistant general manager, to Gordon Peters. Presentations included lamp table from staff and picture from the "tea" gang . . . Head Office Steno Dorothy Corkery to Earl Berrigan January 8, after staff presentation of Moorcraft pottery.



Back from Europe

Tuesday, January 21, the liner "Aquitania" docked in Halifax after a stormy crossing, bringing home several thousand war-brides, children and servicemen . . . the last large contingent of Canadian servicemen to return from Europe. The voyage also marked the final trip by the veteran "Aquitania" as a troop carrier; and in honor of her long service in both wars, her captain was presented with a bronze plaque by representatives of the three armed services. The photo shows "Aquitania" edging up to her berth at Halifax, while Commander Briggs and Syd Kennedy broadcast the event.

**ALL
ABOUT
CANADA**

(Continued from page 2)

you know it you are explaining that the Canal begins at Lake Ontario and runs up to Georgian Bay; then you explain where the Lake is, and where the Bay is, and you fidget around with some maps and figure out that the Trent Canal is as long as England, and you go all the way around the map measuring things. When you get back you remember they may use the script for the West Indies transmission so you put down that England is four times as long as the island of Jamaica.

By this time the half-hour play all about Canada is finished and you read it through for errors. Then you jump out of the window fifteen stories to the street to commit suicide. You land in a snow bank and before you know it you are explaining all about a snow bank and what stories are to a Yuk in a flowing white robe with wings and a harp.

As the announcer says: "This is Canada."

FEBRUARY, 1917

**THEY
DO
A JOB**

Last Home

(Continued from page 2)

back in the comfortable chair behind the console. Anything to read? Ah, a new magazine! This article on . . . just a minute . . . that sounds like unbalance on the line. How's that relay? There's distortion on that program. Line-voltage is down again . . . hope it doesn't kick out the relays. Wonder what caused the trouble in the finals? Might as well check . . . guess the magazine will be here tomorrow.

Interesting people, these technical gentlemen. Interesting and interested. Interested in their work and network and proud of their equipment. Evenings are quieter. With an ear cocked in the direction of the monitor, the operator talks at length of technical details, scientific developments, new circuits, his views on television and FM. He talks of "hamming" and sketches a diagram of his new "rig", now in an embryonic state in his basement.

When I was at Watrous, the operators were fully aware they were talking to a program man. But they knew I was interested and they were determined to show me that antennas and push-pull circuits are extremely fascinating and indispensable. I am firmly convinced that they are.

So are operators.

Departures

From head office: Office Boy Norman Sweezy; Irene Robertson of accounts with staff presentation of an electric clock . . . Blanche Billot from I.S. record library . . . Peter Tremblay, former RCAF pilot, from purchasing & stores, Keefer, to become a TCA pilot; presented with smart pair of sun glasses by department staffers; Jeff Lareau replacing Peter; Maurice Pilotte replacing Jeff . . . From Toronto: Joan Boulton from budget; Dorothy Kerr and Betty Jones from commercial; Bert Morris from cashier's office; Helen Riley as secretary to Dominion network manager; Anne Bell from statistics; William Freeman from P. & L.; Doug Dauphinee from central records to work for Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company.

From Red Cross

Peggy Edwards, who has just returned from overseas having spent the past year with the Red Cross, has been appointed secretary to the treasurer at head office.

Professor Bernard Heinze, noted Australian musician now visiting Canada at the invitation of the CBC, prepares to add his name to those of other distinguished visitors registered in Toronto's guest book. Left to right: E. L. Bushnell, Professor Heinze, and Toronto's Mayor Saunders, snapped during civic reception for Heinze at the Toronto City Hall.





DR. A. FRIGON

Management Memo:

Suggestion Box brings up worthwhile points • Governors visit U.S. television centers • Ouimet and Walker to report • New construction started •

RETURNS from the suggestion boxes, which were placed at all of our operating points in November and which were closed on December 31st last, show that twenty members of the staff have submitted thirty-two suggestions in all. If only a few of those are really original, all reveal a real desire to cooperate and all bring up points worthwhile considering. As a matter of fact, some of the problems raised are amongst important ones we have been considering for the last ten years. I propose to answer each writer, submitting my comments on their suggestions.

You may be interested in knowing what was suggested. Here are a few examples taken at random: Reduce working hours and increase salaries. Improve relations with the public, especially with private broadcasters. Introduce more effective means of controlling expenditures. Adopt new practices in respect to fading programs in and out. Use the "closed circuit" for informing stations on program content. Use the annual license fee collection to make a survey of public opinion. Accelerate payments to artists and musicians participating in certain types of programs. Home movies on television stations. Improve regional programming. Numerous points pertaining to administration methods, conducive to better co-

ordination between all divisions. There was one suggestion that married women be permitted to work for the CBC, and none against the principle. Add a permanent French-speaking liaison officer to the Toronto staff to represent the French network permanently. Fewer commercials and more sustainers on our networks. Participation in commercials or paid sustainers. Better care of levels in the control booths. Organization of listening groups among the staff. Co-ordination of announcing staff between domestic and international services. Drama Workshop over CJBC. A number of suggestions concerning program content. The maintenance of a permanent suggestion box, and many others.

Although it would be most interesting, it would be impossible for me to discuss these varied suggestions in this Management Memo. I will forward to the editor of *RADIO* a copy of my answers to those who have contributed to the suggestion box survey, and I hope he will find space and time to use some of the material in the magazine. Taking everything into account, the results of this Suggestion Box idea have been very satisfactory and I want to offer my sincere thanks to all those who have taken the trouble to write in.

OUR GOVERNORS have been considering the problem of television in Canada and in order to familiarize themselves with the situation they have paid a visit to New York where they inspected the studios of NBC, CBS and Dumont. Of course I am not authorized to speak in their name, but I think I am safe in saying that they were greatly impressed with the possibilities of television. But they also had a first-hand opportunity to look into the cost of its upkeep; which, considered on our scale, is really tremendous. We are still working on the problem, however, and we still hope that we will find some means of making a television service available to our listeners. When? No one can tell yet.

For the time being, J. A. Ouimet, assistant chief engineer, and H. G. Walker, manager of the Dominion network, have been assigned the duty of submitting a full report on television—on the technical and program side respectively.

They will make a thorough inspection of facilities in other countries in order to obtain first hand information.

WE HAVE actually started construction of the Alberta center and new CJBC outlet in Toronto. A site has been bought for the new CBJ transmitter, and negotiations are being completed in respect to the 50 Kw. transmitter at Winnipeg.

PLEASE DON'T
TREAD
ON THE FLOWERS



Being a series
of remarks on
English usage
by
W. H. Brodie,
CBC supervisor
of broadcast
language.

Consensus. This word means a general agreement or concord. Such expressions as "the consensus of opinion", "the consensus of authority" or "of testimony" are perfectly correct. The word is sometimes misused; it does not mean a count, it has nothing to do with "census" (note that it is spelt -sen not -cent). Here are two examples of the use of the word, the first one right, the second utterly wrong.

Right—"To gather accurately the consensus of medical opinion would be impracticable without polling the whole body of physicians and surgeons."

Wrong—"A consensus of students at the University revealed that four out of five are in favor of"
(Quoted from a newspaper.)

Comprise. Apart from certain archaic meanings, "comprise" means, according to the Shorter Oxford, "to include, embrace, to comprehend compendiously; to contain, consist of, to extend to, to cover." The word is very frequently misused, particularly in the passive; such an expression as "the work is comprised of" is wrong and illogical. The dif-

ference between "comprise" and "include" is one of degree. "Include" suggests that there are other things than those mentioned, e.g. "the book includes a chapter on home-cooking." "Comprise" connotes totality; "the book comprises an introduction, a biography of the author, his complete works, and an index." Comprise is a literary rather than a colloquial word. Perhaps so far as the spoken language is concerned, at any rate for radio purposes, the word "comprise" might well be forgotten; there are so many convenient and euphonious ways of evading its use.

Patent.

The basic meaning of the word *patent* is open, public, obvious. Its most usual application today is to certain kinds of rights granted by "letters patent"—by a public document, and by extension to the goods or articles so "patented". In this sense the first syllable of the word may be pronounced either *pat* or *pay*; *pat*—is more usual in North America, *pay*—in England, but even in England the *pat* sound is used in the expressions *letters patent* and the *Patent Office*.



Jack Radford To Own Station

Manager, Broadcast Regulations Jack R. Radford left the CBC on February 1st to become the owner and operator of CFJM in Brockville, Ontario.

He is one of the best-equipped men in Canada to run a radio station. He's been in the game since 1928 and has been an announcer, master of ceremonies, commercial announcer and dramatist. He wrote radio publicity and continuity at old CKNC in Toronto. When the Commission was set up he was put in charge of traffic for two Toronto stations. In 1935 he became manager of the Commission's station at Windsor. Later the same year he was transferred to Vancouver as manager of CRCV.

In 1936 he was transferred to Toronto as manager of CBI, and later became Ontario regional representative as well.

Two years later he was made supervisor of station relations and when the department was divided in November, 1945, Mr. Radford became manager, broadcast regulations.

An example of his popularity is the fact that he attended parties every night of the week before he left, and every party was in his honor.

Mr. Radford was born in Cambridge, England, and came to Canada in 1907. His first appearance before the public was at the age of nine, as an elocutionist.

In 1915 he joined the army and served until 1919. Then he started in the advertising game and travelled from New Zealand and the Fiji Islands to Newfoundland— with concert work as a sideline.

The radio bug caught him in 1928. The "own-my-own-station" bug worked on Jack Radford for well over a decade before the patient finally gave in.

Life With Father

The manager of P. & A. services, Toronto, Dick Claringbull, has been in hospital to have a knee attended to.

He was playing with his small son, Jamie, aged 3, around the dining room when he slipped and knocked his knee against a table leg. Complications set in later, necessitating a trip to the hospital and about six weeks off work.

Jamie felt sorry about his father having to go to the hospital and tried to ease things by slipping a number of his books into his father's suitcase. Papa discovered them in time and quietly removed them.

However, when he got to the hospital and started to unload his suitcase he had a little difficulty trying to explain to the nurses why he had brought along the little toy cars to play with.

Remote Gear



On Friday, December 27, the staff of CBO held a party in studio "A" for wives and friends. Games, dancing, exchange of gifts and a buffet supper made up a most enjoyable evening. In upper pic, everybody "mugs" for the camera. Lower left—Peggy Hickey encourages Mr. and Mrs. Wadsworth under the mistletoe. Lower right—Charles Wright collects game card from guest Rupert Caplan dancing with Janie Ovens.

And Photo to Prove It. . .

We've been on remotes before . . . we know what equipment to take. Why the very word "remote" implies a taxi full of bags, pocket full of mikes, a spare mike cord and a hand-set. But wait . . . what's this huge piece of equipment standing here . . . I thought we were going on a remote . . . you mean this panel-rack goes along, too . . . why off hand I'd say it would require at least two producers to carry the rack alone. And so the rack went off to New York on a remote and just to prove it we submit the above photo.

But this was different. This remote would have to stand above all others. There could be no slip-up here, no failure. This last was a word which had no place in either the proceedings or the equipment sent to cover them . . . this was the United Nations. So with this in mind, our engineers at Keefer set about to design and construct a piece of equipment which would stand in its dignity, impressive, lasting and symbolic of the high aims of the mission it was about to cover.

During the two months of United Nations CBC reporting, programs were directed through the CBC booth at Lake Success, New York, to domestic and French networks, the international service and BBC overseas services.

Plans for this project were submitted to Keefer for approval by the engineering division of the international service.