

25c a Copy — \$3.00 a Year — \$5.00 for Two Years

CANADIAN BROADCASTER

AND TELESCREEN

Vol. 8, No. 23.

TORONTO, ONTARIO

December 7th, 1949





*A Very Merry
Christmas*



More Hope THAN CHARITY
by Elda Hope

Whether it's Bing Crosby's annual "Adeste Fidelis" or Colgate's "Happy Gang" singing "Let It Snow" or "Jingle Bells," or just anybody giving with "White Christmas," it still points toward the day we receive gifts Chris Kringle has left for us.

Naturally I don't listen to it myself all the time, but I've been told repeatedly what a bang the small fry get from Eaton's Santa Claus broadcasts on CFRB. One little girl told me what a kick she gets from listening to Punkin-head and, while I like the work of all the characters, my vote still goes to Joe Carr's hearty laugh—to me that simply makes the program.

No matter what the season may be it would seem that women commentators have plenty on the ball. One of the favorites in this hospital, both for her program and her pleasant personality, is Kate Aitken. Everyone here thoroughly enjoys that early evening quarter-hour over CFRB, sponsored by Tamblyn's. Just recently Mrs. Aitken had three assignments in three world capitals in as many days — for my money that is really getting around the globe. Then there is that versatile commentator for Christie Biscuits, on "Listen Ladies," Mona Gould, who may be heard on either CKEY or CHML.

The other night I got myself tangled up in a friendly argument about radio announcers. My informant argued that only the top men knew their pronunciation, enunciation and diction properly. She was telling me about a bad faux pas made by some announcer but unfortunately she could not remember even the station. When I suggested to her that she should listen sometime to Elwood Glover, her reply was "Now there is the ultimate." I suppose it all depends what we expect of an announcer and whether he is doing a commercial or a sustaining program. Personally I think CFRB's Jack Dawson is pretty terrific doing commercials. It seems to matter little whether the speech is long or short, Dawson gives it the right amount of punch.

There isn't any remark more kindly nor anything I'd like to say more than to wish you all a Very Merry Christmas.

STATION FOR SALE ON WEST COAST FULL PRICE \$35,000.00
Box A-41
Canadian Broadcaster & Telescreen
163 1/2 Church St., Toronto

C.B.C.

2.50 Yearly For No Service

Vancouver. — Complaints that 35,000 people in northern B.C. got no service from the CBC has started a "Who, me?" routine between CBC, the CNR and the Department of Transport.

The trouble started during the Royal Commission hearing when A. D. Dunton, CBC chairman, said there was no radio service in northern B.C. because the CNR, who, he said, operate the land-lines on which CBC transmits its programs, wanted \$30,000 a year.

Wire facilities involved are from Prince George to Prince Rupert, and Dunton said the CBC could not afford that much for the service.

W. M. Armstrong, general manager of Canadian National Telegraphs, replied that Dunton was misinformed and that the lines belonged not to CNR but to the Department of Transport, and are

used by the government telegraph service as well as for transmission of CBC programs.

The lines were built by the armed forces during the war, after which the Department of Transport gave CNR a contract to operate them.

"It remains an academic

wrangle." The Vancouver Sun commented in an editorial, "as to whether the money shall be moved from one government pocket to another. And the 35,000 people in the middle see nothing academic in their lack of radio service—a service for which they pay \$2.50 a year, regardless."



It Will Be A Merry Christmas At CFRA!

A. J. Freiman Limited . . .

Sponsors of Ottawa's Oldest Radio Program Have Switched To Ottawa's Newest Station



"THE ADVENTURES OF ALFIE and ANDY with SANTA CLAUS and LITTLE MARY" HAS MOVED TO 560 ON THE DIAL . . .

A 27-Year-Old Program Joins The Ever Growing Family Of C F R A Sponsors

AND HERE'S WHY . . .

- ★ GREATER COVERAGE
- ★ MERCHANDISING "KNOW-HOW"
- ★ FAMILY LISTENERSHIP
- ★ BETTER PROGRAM PROMOTION
- ★ MORE PRESTIGE
- ★ HUMAN PRESENTATIONS

. . . It's been the story right through the two and a half years CFRA has been operating . . . the distinguished department store . . . A. J. Freiman Ltd. . . . is reflecting the attitude the community has toward this station. CFRA is reaching right into the widely scattered homes of the Valley and . . .

CFRA Is Carrying More Advertising Than Any Station In The Area-Because It Does A Better Job!

ADVERTISERS KNOW—TO SELL WELL IN THE OTTAWA VALLEY—THEY NEED

CFRA





Merry Christmas

1944

Do welcome Christmas as a festive and goodly season wherein it is fitting to pause and be thankful for good friends, and many pleasant business contacts with them throughout the year. So, with right good will, we—on behalf of the stations we represent, and our entire organization—do greet each and all of our friends with the time-honored words

MERRY CHRISTMAS.



HORACE N. STOVIN

& COMPANY

Radio Station Representatives

MONTREAL

TORONTO

WINNIPEG

VANCOUVER

CANADIAN BROADCASTER AND TELESCREEN

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December 7th, 1949

Editor: RICHARD G. LEWIS
Business Manager: ARTHUR C. BENSON
Art Editor: GREY HARKLEY
Editorial Assistant: THOMAS C. BRIGGS
Research Consultant: G. E. RUTTER

Correspondents	
Toronto	Elda Hope
Ottawa	Stan Conder
Montreal	Walter Dales
Winnipeg	Dave Adams
Vancouver	Bob Francis
New York	Richard Young



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

It Is More Blessed To Give

Jane Gray does a five-a-week half hour show over CHML, is sometimes referred to as the "Dorothy Dix of the Airwaves," and two weeks ago, during the first part of her program, she constantly referred to a special broadcast to be made at the end.

The script for this special broadcast went like this: "A young woman, an English war bride, just 34 years of age, mother of three little children, was told last week that there is no hope. She has cancer. Thirteen times she has been to the operating room in Hamilton General Hospital. Surgeons have done all that is humanly possible to save this brave young woman. And now she is going to die.

"When the news was broken to her by her friend, the doctor, she didn't flinch, she didn't shrink. She said simply: 'I ask only one thing. That I may go back to England, to die in England, and that I can take my three little children back with me. They will be cared for the rest of their lives by my mother and my sisters. That is all I ask'."

The woman referred to was Mrs. Jean Irving and her grim plight was brought to the attention of Jane Gray by Mrs. Walter Elliott of Bartonville, a former neighbor of Mrs. Irving's who knew her story well.

In her broadcast, Mrs. Gray continued: "Jean is going to set sail for England within the next week or two. She is going to be home for Christmas, and there is no time to lose. Friends, we need money now. Jean really would have liked to have gone by plane because of her pain, but we can't hope for so much. But there is a ship sailing from New York on Dec. 2, and another, the Queen Elizabeth, on the 7th. All I ask is for you friends to give one dollar each."

■ ■ ■

Listeners were advised that Brig. E. H. Green of the Salvation Army had offered his services as treasurer for the appeal, and Mrs. Irving, with her children, was called into the station studio to say good bye to her Canadian friends, while Rev. E. Melville Aiken, pastor of First United Church, prayed for a safe journey for the little family.

And then the results started coming in.

Brig. Green was kept busy throughout the entire day answering the phone and compiling a long list of names of people who had pledged money to provide the necessary \$1,000 to send Mrs. Irving home. Bob Kesten, Toronto radio and newspaper man, contacted Rod McInnes, public relations officer of Trans-Canada Airlines, and seats for the mother and children were reserved on a plane to London.

It soon became apparent that everyone was willing to help in some way or another. A Hamilton department store offered to outfit the family with new clothing for the trip, while the Red Cross advised that its members in Canada and Great Britain would be ready all along the trip to help.

■ ■ ■

It will still be a tragic Christmas for the Irving family. Yet the tragedy will be lightened as they gather for it in England. It will be lightened by faith, born of the true spirit of Christmas giving which stirred hundreds of listeners when they heard the sad story told to them over the radio.

■ ■ ■

The Man Who Found A Friend

Once there was a man who had everything his heart desired. He had money galore, a town house and a summer home, several motor cars, a chauffeur to drive him, servants to wait on him.

When people saw him driving by they would stop on the street and say to one another: "Look! There goes Mr. B——. He's in his new limousine. My! I bet he's happy."

And so he was.

And then one morning he awakened to learn that there had been a terrible upheaval in the world of finance, and he was ruined. No longer were there cars to drive, no longer did servants come running to him whenever he saw fit to touch a bell. Soon men came and began taking the pictures from his walls and the furniture from his rooms. He was without a home, but worse still, so busy had he been making money that he had not found time for friendships, love, families, and now, it appeared that those he had considered his friends were in a decided hurry when he happened to meet them on the street.

Night after night he would leave the tiny room which was all he could call

home now, and he would wander up and down the streets, around the docks, back along the river, always alone, and always longing for someone to say hello.

One night, in his wanderings, he happened to notice a pile of old furniture displayed on the sidewalk outside a second-hand store. Something he could not control impelled him to stop, and to let his tired body relax into an especially dilapidated armchair. Somehow the tattered arms seemed to snuggle into his sides, deliciously, somehow there seemed something familiar about this worn-out article of furniture. Then it came to him. A smile—the first in months — extended itself across his stern face, he leaned back in utter contentment. He realized that this was indeed his own old armchair, he was happy in the knowledge that at last he had found a friend.

* * *

Calendar Encouragement

Here and there we hear complaints that the calendar distributors are somewhat rudely shoving 1949 into the discard by their early mailing of 1950 calendars. The protesters assert that while 1949 hasn't been perfect, there have been worse years, so why give '49 the bum's rush?

Our reaction is to the contrary. Not that we are in any hurry to enter the latter half of a century. But there have been times during 1949 when it looked as if the world might simply quit, in total discouragement. The happy confidence of the calendar-makers is therefore quite welcome. There is at least a growing confidence that there will be a 1950.—Chicago Daily News.



"... and the same to you ..."

HERE'S WHERE YOU'LL FIND ME IN 1950

- Canada's Biggest Newspaper
THE STAR WEEKLY
- Canada's Biggest Publication
THE TORONTO STAR
- Canada's Most Powerful Independent
Station
CFRB
- Canada's Biggest Magazines
MACLEAN'S, CHATELAINE,
NEW LIBERTY
- Canada's Biggest Libraries
SEVEN BOOKS

GOOD LUCK TO YOU TOO

Gordon Sinclair

PEOPLE

NON-PARTISAN CANDIDATE

Vancouver.—Mrs. R. J. Spratt, president of CKMO, has been nominated by the Civic Non-Partisan Association to run on the aldermanic slate in city elections this fall. She is the first woman ever put up as alderman by the Non-Partisans.

The station owner has been associated with the IODE, the Business and Professional Women's Club and other groups since she came here from Toronto in 1911.

SWIVEL CHAIR COWHAND

Vancouver.—Bob Tweedie, the swivel chair cowhand from the Rio Fraser who calls the shots on Rodeo Rhythm each noon over CJOR, has gone and recorded himself a hunk of song. It's "Tears of Shame," on one side of the disc, and "If the Moon Could

Talk" on the other. Stan Davie of Calgary wrote the first and Harvey Boileau of Cornwall the second.

It's Tweedie's first stab at singing for the records and Aragon Recording Studios of Vancouver are distributing it to 98 stations.

RADIO MAN MAYOR

Calgary.—With the slogan "Millions of Calgary to Millions," 35-year-old Don Mackay, manager of CJC here, rose to the mayoralty of this city during the recent election. Last year Mackay served as an alderman on the city council.

MANITOBA REP

Toronto.—Les Garside, of Inland Broadcasting Service, 17, McDermot Ave., Winnipeg, has been appointed advertising representative for Canadian Broadcaster & Telescreen.



Vancouver. — When English magician Robert Harbin came to town, CKWX provided not only air time but also the portly frame of veteran Fred Bass to be fall guy in the sawing act.

In the picture, from the left, are Bob Hughes, of CKWX; Joe Midmore, station promotion man; Bass lying down in the apparatus, and magician Harbin.

Unlike most magicians who put their saw victims in a box, Har-

bin uses only a frame, and his wife "cut" through the victim with a bucksaw between the two boards held together by wooden pegs.

The saw is pulled out from under the client when the act is over. Bass, the third radio announcer who has performed for Harbin in various parts of the world, declined to reveal how he got away with his skin. "It's a trade secret," Bass said.

WE at CFCN join with our representatives in wishing you a good old-fashioned Merry Christmas. May your heart be light, may your table be heavy laden, and may happiness flood your home now, and in the days to come.

CFCN
10,000 WATTS

THE VOICE OF
THE PRAIRIES

CALGARY
Alberta

MIND YOUR OWN ADVERTISING! Travel is OUR Business!

For Your
CONVENTIONS — BUSINESS TRIPS
VACATIONS

We'll make your reservations
to any part of

CANADA — U.S.A. — THE WORLD

*This service costs you nothing but
saves you money by saving you time.*

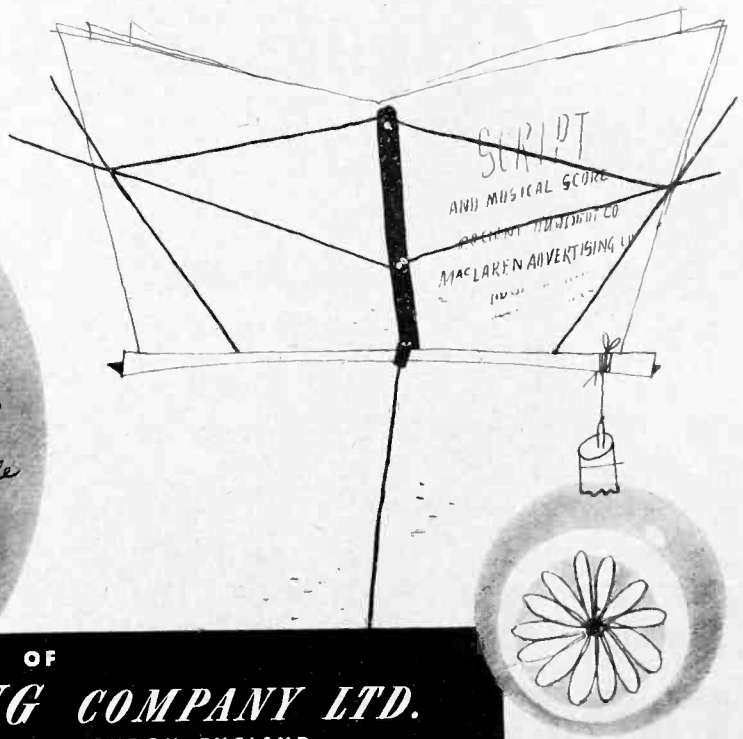
— ONE CALL DOES IT ALL —

OVERSEAS TRAVEL SERVICE

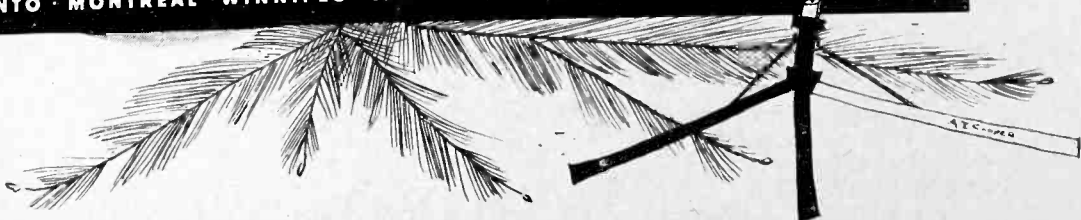
712 BATHURST ST. — TORONTO — ME. 6574



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



RADIO DEPARTMENTS OF
MACLAREN ADVERTISING COMPANY LTD.
 TORONTO · MONTREAL · WINNIPEG · VANCOUVER · LONDON, ENGLAND



A GREAT BIG XMAS WISH FROM THE NORTH



the staff
CFAR

Here's to thee and me an aw' on us!
May we ne'er want nought, none of us!
Neither thee nor me nor anybody else,
Aw, on us—nawn on us.

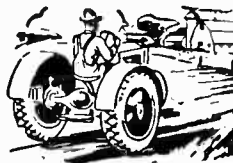
—Old English Toast



SINCERE wishes to all our friends
sponsors, agencies, and listeners—
for a Merry Christmas and prosper-
ity and happiness in the New
Year, from Western Canada's Farm
Station—

CJGX YORKTON

DOMINION NETWORK



Representatives:

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

Over The Desk

The trouble with Christmas issues is that you have to start working on them about the time the frost first starts kissing the punkin. You have to think about holly and mistletoe and stuff, and, what is worse, you have to drag in your advertisers from the golf course to discuss just how this year's greetings are to be phrased. Obscenely they refuse to be dragged, and then kick like hell when they're missed out of the issue. Oh well! Ah me! And likewise. Aw shucks!

I wanted to do something this issue in a true spirit of Christmas love and neighborliness. After a great deal of thought, I've decided to dedicate my "offering" to the banks. So here it is.

"Solid, sombre structures house fallow and often sinister souls, whose heads start nodding sideways as soon as we walk into their offices in case we might want to borrow some of the money they make a living lending.

"Bankers live like most of the rest of us, with their mortgages, their children's tonsils, their wives' fur coats, and perhaps a slight touch of pink tooth brush. But they think they have to growl as part of their daily work.

"I tried an experiment once. I went to my bank and said: 'I can't think why you should lend me two hundred dollars and I wondered if you had any ideas.'

"By God! I got it! Not only that, but from that moment the manager started treating me as if I was people. He even called me Dick. It was a little hard to reciprocate because his first name happened to be Barracuda. However, I settled for his first two

WANTED
For metropolitan station.
Experienced, capable commercial announcer. Retainer plus commissions.
Box A-38
Canadian Broadcaster & Telescreen
163 1/2 Church St., Toronto

initials. They were B. O. "Seriously though, I shouldn't be smacking at the banks, which are the backbone of our system of private enterprise. I often wonder just where I'd be today with my little business if it hadn't been for the bank. Through the long suffering patience of my friend the bank manager, who now calls me Dick, I've risen from absolutely nothing at all to a state of abject poverty."

(BRING UP SOFT ORGAN MUSIC TO CLOSE.)

Now what?

Oh yes!

Ruth Beatty, of CAB Toronto office, tells me about her brother Larry, who is filling in time in the Hamilton San making hand made leather goods, like wallet — business and otherwise — and ladies' purses. Ruth says she's been jilled into taking Christmas orders, to which we would add that she can be reached by phone at PRincess 3729. Why not buy the old bag a bag?

We're happy at the office to have Elda Hope back in our column this issue after an enforced absence for a month or so. Elda, by the way, is in the Queen Elizabeth Hospital, 130 Dunn Avenue Toronto, which is the place to address her Christmas mail, or better still, to pay her a visit.

News that the House of Commons is to be equipped with an internal public address system, to enable the members at long last to hear one another's speeches prompts this:

There's a deal of trepidation,
Up on Parl-i-a-ment Hill,
Which may shortly rock the nation,
Or, at least, we hope it will.

If a sewer in the Klondike,
Or a bridge in Labrador
Was what a member thought he'd like,
He'd say so from the floor.

The House could still be drowsy,
You can bet yourself a pound
For acoustics were so lousy,
That they couldn't hear a sound.

Just how they ran the nation
Is a mystery to me,
When I asked they said: "Damn nation!"

Season's Greetings

CKCV

QUEBEC CITY

1280 KCS.

1000 WATTS

PAUL LEPAGE, Manager

Go and mind your G.D.B."

Now the awful day approaches—
From The CP comes our gen—
When the cause of these re-
proaches
Will sound a loud amen.

When a Liberal or Tory,
Lets just a tiny snore,
While Labor tells its story,
You will hear a mighty roar.

Their charges of corruption
Will be bound, I'll be bound.
There'll be no interruption
With MP's all wired for sound.

As Grits and Tories listen
The times they used to snore,
They'll hear some things — not
miss 'em,
The way they did before.

They might even change their
notions,
As they join in song and say,
Over alcoholic potions,
"You b - - - -s are O.K."

"Would you like to stand for
mayor without your pants?" This
is the somewhat provocative
heading on a piece of promotion
which just reached us from
CFRN, Edmonton.

It seems that a regular cus-
tomer of a leading Edmonton
tailor bought a dress suit to be
worn the same evening but for-
got to tell the tailor he had
changed his address. It was half
an hour before banquet time. The
customer who is running for
mayor was frantic. The tailor was
frantic. Everybody was frantic.

Finally the tailor contacted
CFRN at 9.20 p.m. At 9.29 a flash
went on the air paging the truck
driver who still had the suit. Out
of a city of over 150,000 they got
him, his embryonic honor got his
pants, and CFRN won a friend.

Canada doesn't usually celebrate
Guy Fawkes Day (November 5).
In fact a communique from
CKBB, Barrie, doesn't even tie
in with the attempt to blow up
the British Houses of Parliament
in 1605.

What happened was this.
Bobby Robinson, who does the
CKBB sign-off shift and sleeps it
off in the morning, got jolted out
of bed when a fireman hammered
on his door to tell him he'd bet-
ter get out because the apart-
ment building was on fire. Ap-
parently Bobby sleeps au naturel,
so he resourcefully grabbed a suit
coat and did as he was told. Sud-
denly he realized he had just five
minutes to go to news time, so
he did the eight blocks to the
studio in nothing flat, went on
the air and started his news with
a description of the fire, punctu-
ated by coughs and splutters as
he got the smoke out of his sys-
tem. Then he rushed back to the
apartment house to help salvage
furniture.

Quiet returned to Barrie's
peaceful radio station, but not for
long. The alarms sounded again,
this time calling the firemen to
a blaze at the home of Jack Mat-
tenly, CKBB's chief engineer.

One angle, that did not get the
play it might, is that if it hadn't
been for the fire, the first one,
Bobby Robinson would have been
late for work.

A novel radio shopping service
has been inaugurated by CFBC,
Saint John. Listeners are invited
to phone CFBC and the switch-
board takes down their questions
about where to buy certain types
of food, clothing, etc. These ques-
tions are answered on the air
Monday through Friday by Bob
Bowman in his daily broadcast
from the City Market, or by wo-
men's commentator, Margaret
Williams, in her program from
10.30 to 11.30 a.m.

In a nutshell: En route to Galt,
where I was speaking to the
Board of Trade, Art Benson and
I ran the office hack up a tele-
graph pole and down again on
the Q. E. Highway . . . Dave and
Mary Adams, our Winnipeg cor-
respondent et ux, have been visit-
ing in Toronto . . . Alex Sher-
wood advises that the New York
office of Standard Radio has been
moved to 665 Fifth Avenue, New
York 22 . . . Walsh Advertising
have rounded out their Toronto

radio department under Ev
Palmer, with Chas Truman as co-
director (with Palmer) of the
Television Dept, and Gordon How-
ard as Supervisor of Radio Ac-
counts.

Given the green light by the
CBC Board of Governors, Dave
Armstrong, until recently man-
ager of Bill Rae's CKNW,
New Westmin-
ster, is moving
to Victoria to
begin construc-
tion of his own
station in that
city. Dave has
ten years' back-
ground in radio,
starting in his
native Victoria,
then Prince Al-
bert, Vancouver
(CKMO) and
CKNW.



Following Dave's resignation,
Bill Rea has reassumed manage-
ment of CKNW.

STRICTLY

"ON" THE RECORD

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

MICHAEL WOOD

I'm

STILL SEEING
YOU

in all the old
familiar places

HAPPY
CHRISTMAS



Joel Aldred

Greetings

Lou Snider

HAPPY
DAYS!



Gordon
Cook

A
"Double - Fresh"

Christmas
to you

Jaff Ford

"TOP
O' THE SEASON"
TO YOU



Wally
Crouter

The
Best!



Joe Carr

Season's
Greetings



Dianne
Foster



Prince Albert, Sask.,
November 15, 1949.

Dear Santa:

Plans already are well advanced for your visit to Prince Albert on December 10th this year and we hope you can make it in good time. Your visit to CKBI last year brought 5,738 letters from girls and boys in 280 towns of Northern and Central Saskatchewan. This year we know this number will be greatly increased, so please come prepared for a lot of work.

On your way across the country would you extend warmest "Season Greetings" to all our Friends throughout the Industry.

Sincerely,

BROADCASTING STATION CKBI
Prince Albert, Sask.



"EDUCATION'S OWN STATION"



—Ryerson School of Photograph

THE R STOOD FOR RADIO on "R Day" at the Ryerson Institute of Technology on the occasion of the official opening of the Institute's 3 kw. FM station, CJRT. Pictured above, Hon. Leslie Frost (left) and Hon. Dana Porter (right), respectively Premier and Education Minister of the Ontario Government, receive gifts of FM receivers from the Ryerson staff, which were presented to them by Principal H. P. Kerr. Below, a group of students in the present broadcasting course are mulling over a script. From left to right they are: Tom Hawkins, Ollie Mark, Neil McDonald and Alan Rowe.

Toronto.—Ontario Premier Leslie Frost and Minister of Education Dana Porter got an FM receiver apiece and the people of the province became owners of Canada's first educational FM radio station last month.

This became official fact on the evening of November 22, when Premier Frost clicked the switch which lit up the miniature towers, and declared that "Edu-

cation's Own Station" CJRT, Toronto, owned and operated by the Ryerson Institute of Technology, was on the air.

Opening ceremonies, which were broadcast simultaneously over the new station and station CJB6 Toronto, following a dinner in the restaurant of the Ryerson School of Food Technology, guests which included the Premier, the Minister of Education and th

Best Wishes

for a

Joyous Christmas

and a

Wonderful

New Year

CKAC

MONTREAL

KEY STATION OF THE TRANS-QUEBEC RADIO GROUP

"VOICE OF THE FRASER VALLEY"

CHWK
CHILLIWACK

Mighty busy constructing a directional* Kilowatt for the Fraser Valley, but takin' time out to wish the boys and girls of radio

Heartiest Holiday Greetings

*To where most people are.

REPRESENTATIVES
ALL-CANADA RADIO FACILITIES • WEED & CO. USA

Rev. Cooke Davies, Speaker of the Ontario House. Other guests at the dinner, which was presided over by Ryerson Principal H. H. Kerr, represented the Toronto Board of Education and the University of Toronto. CBC Chairman A. D. Dunton was unable to attend, and sent a disc for the broadcast. Director General of Programs Ernest L. Bushnell sat in the CBC seat at the dinner table, and commented good-naturedly on this provincially-owned station's inauguration being broadcast over the national system.

Inaugural speeches on the radio program were short, cordial and non-provocative. Following the speeches, a brief documentary, written by J. W. Barnes, director of the broadcasting school and manager of the station, entitled "CJRT Testing" was presented by a group of students in the current broadcasting course. The program was announced by CBC announcer Michael Wood, himself a graduate of the school.

The new station will provide an opportunity for educational broadcasting on a scale never known before in Canada, Premier Frost said in his inaugural address. Many commercial stations carry on educational activities, but their work is limited by economy and competition, he said.

"Our students today are entitled to the full understanding of the functions and special techniques of radio," Education Minister Dana Porter (who also holds the portfolio of Attorney-General in the Ontario Government) said. "In this day it is natural that educational institutions turn to radio to help them do a more effective job. Radio will have a more important place in our schools in future," he added.

In the course of the evening, Principal Kerr paid tribute to the ardor and tenacity of Eric Palin, director of the Ryerson School of Electronics, of which the broadcasting course is a part. He told how the idea of the radio station had germinated in Palin's head, and that it had become fact after months devoted to the disposal of doubts and misgivings.

Now in full operation from 6.30 to 8 p.m. daily, CJRT's first month's schedule includes "Your Architect," a series of Forum discussions presented through the Ontario Association of Architects; "Today's Children — Tomorrow's Adults," a series on parent education, featuring Dr. William E. Platz, child psychologist.

Hope Christmas
in your house
will be as merry
as in Cuckoo
Clock House.

Kenny Graham

MUSIC

Long Hairs Turn Disc Jockey

Out on Canada's coasts the task of jockeying a couple of "serious music" shows has fallen on the shoulders of two prominent composer - musicians from the classical world.

The first of the long-hair boys to spin 'em in the west, Jacques Singer, volatile conductor of the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra, does a stint on CKWX every Saturday evening at 7.30. Usually Singer plays and discusses records of music which he will conduct at the following week's pop concert, and ranges from Duke Ellington and Gilbert and Sullivan to the real heavy stuff.

Down east, at CFBC, Saint John, they are currently recommending Jesus Maria Sanroma for a platter-spinning job after he took over the "Afternoon Concert" of recorded music recently from regular announcer Dick Gallagher. Concert pianist Sanroma was appearing in Saint John for

a community concert that evening, and agreed to make a guest appearance on the CFBC show. One program after another was cancelled as Sanroma, with colorful comments about artists and composers, kept his commentary going, and made entries like, "as the surgeon said, may I cut in?"

Sanroma told the story about Gershwin wanting to study with Stravinsky. The composer asked Gershwin what he would be willing to pay for the lessons and was told that he would receive a blank cheque. Stravinsky was amazed and asked: "How much money did you make last year, Mr. Gershwin?" which drew the reply "about \$85,000."

"You can't take lessons from me," Stravinsky said, "I'm going to study from you."

Singer, on the other hand, has the patter for his CKWX program prepared beforehand and reads it off between records. He is so particular about having the stuff the way he wants it that he has gone through three writers in the month or so "Jacques Singer Conducts" has been on the air.

THIS IS MUTUAL

We are working 17½
hours a day to:

1. Serve Our Community
2. Sell YOUR Products
3. Sell Ourselves

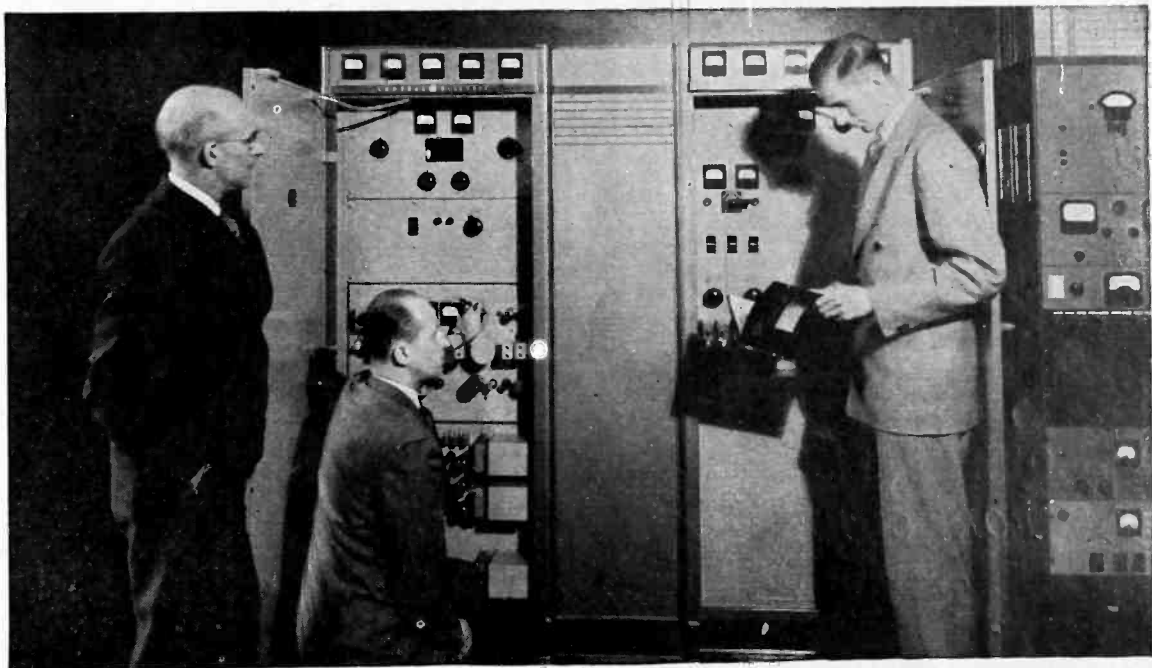
We would like to help ourselves by helping you.

CJDC

DAWSON CREEK

The Interprovincial Station

Ask Radio Reps.



E. L. Palin, director School of Electronics, with A. Kuflik and H. Jackson of the station technical operations staff, look over the new 3 kw FM transmitter, at the Ryerson Institute of Technology in Toronto.

Congratulations

CJRT-FM

"EDUCATION'S OWN STATION"

GENERAL ELECTRIC
FM ★ AM ★ TV
EQUIPMENT

Actual-on-the-air experience will now be given at the Ryerson Institute of Technology. Announcing, production, and technical study makes the new training programme extremely effective. The students learn by doing. The School's station CJRT uses the dependable new 3 kw General Electric FM Transmitter.

49-RT-7

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO — Sales Offices from Coast to Coast

TIME OUT FOR A WORD

from

SANTA

"Happy Christmas"

Jack Dennett



OUR WARMEST GREETINGS FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR

to the

65 NATIONAL ADVERTISERS

who made extensive use of our facilities this year to reach the prosperous trading area of

CORNWALL AND THE UNITED COUNTIES OF STORMONT DUNDAS AND GLENGARRY

and to our many friends in the agencies and other branches of the radio business.

CKSF and CKSF-FM

CORNWALL, ONTARIO

Representatives:

CANADA—HORACE N. STOVIN AND CO.
UNITED STATES—J. H. MacGILLVRA, INC.

OPINION

Press Scores Fee Boost

Toronto.—News of the proposal to increase the radio license fee from \$2.50 to \$5, as announced by the CBC in its presentation to the Royal Commission, has prompted editorial comment in many newspapers throughout the Dominion. That the suggestion of a 100% increase in the levy on receiving sets "will be received with a marked lack of enthusiasm by many Canadians" is the thought contained in an editorial from the "Winnipeg Tribune," which takes a healthy smack at the august state radio body.

Says the editorial:

"Some time ago A. D. Dunton, CBC chairman, said that operation of the nation-wide radio system in Canada is more expensive per capita than any other country in the world. Apparently the CBC is determined to do everything possible to retain this dubious claim to distinction.

"In 1938, the manager of the Corporation said that he could operate without advertising if the license fee were set at \$3, but since the fee was set at \$2.50 he would require a small advertising revenue, say \$500,000 a year.

"This small advertising revenue has grown with the years. For the year ending March, 1947, it amounted to \$1,781,290 . . .

"It should be borne in mind that while the CBC was lurching out for more and more advertising revenue, it has never ceased to press for higher subsidies from the Canadian public. It persuaded the Dominion Government to shoulder the cost of collecting license fees — about \$630,000 a year. It bills the Dominion Government to the tune of about \$1,250,000 for carrying on the international short-wave service . . .

"The CBC collects license fees from all the private stations in Canada. The Corporation also enjoys the fruits of a special tax amounting to \$4,000,000 a year levied on all listeners at \$2.50 per set.

"Canadians are, therefore, contributing handsomely toward subsidizing the CBC as a national radio system. At the same time the CBC is doing handsomely for

itself as a commercial enterprise in competition with private stations.

"Any move to increase the present license fee . . . would be most unwelcome to the Canadian public. Without going into the distasteful question of the quality of many CBC programs, the present fee is high enough in all conscience."



From the editorial pages of the "Montreal Gazette" comes this editorial headed "The CBC's Take-Away Program":

"Certainly the (license fee increase) rumor has met with a very poor reception across Canada. This criticism of it in Canadian newspapers has been based upon two grounds. The first is that the CBC, before doubling its fee, should recommend a greater effort in collecting the fee that already exists. The belief is widespread that only about 50 or 60 per cent of radio listeners in Canada are now paying the annual levy of \$2.50. Under these circumstances it appears curious that the tax should be doubled upon these radio listeners, when so many others are not being taxed at all.

"But resistance to the proposed increase goes beyond this. There is considerable questioning of whether an increase in taxation for the CBC's broadcasting would in any case, be justified . . . There is a general feeling that it is time for the CBC to live within its means, and by efficiency and retrenchment to make more of what it already has."



The "Niagara Falls Review" has this to say:

"Many people do not pay the license, never have paid it and it costs a great deal to collect it. It is estimated that more than a quarter of the income of the CBC is derived from advertising, although it was supported in the beginning because it was expected it would take no advertising.

"It would be far more popular to abolish the fee altogether or retain it at its proper level, that can be done by economies in administration. Why should we pay a tax to listen when already taxes have been paid . . . on the radios we have purchased? The new proposal will not make friends for the CBC."



Continuous Radio Audience Measurements Since 1940



Elliott-Haynes Limited

Sun Life Building
MONTREAL
PLateau 6494

515 Broadview Ave.
TORONTO
GErrard 1144

RESEARCH

Re-Tooling Radio Research

Radio And The Family

Vancouver.—"The influence of radio is widespread," the morning News-Herald admitted in commenting that "you do not have to be able to read to come under its spell."

The paper was discussing, in an editorial, a study of the social effects of radio broadcasting being undertaken by St. Andrew's University in Scotland.

"The woods are full of people who find out what station you are listening to and who your favorite comedian is," The Herald said. "But St. Andrew's . . . is the first university, at least in the Commonwealth, to make a scientific survey of the whole field of broadcasting as a social activity."

Those making the survey will have "plenty to look into," the paper went on. "The influence of radio is widespread. You do not have to be able to read to come under its spell."

"If the investigation reveals the effects of broadcasting on family life, children's activities, education, religion, buying habits and leisure time activities, it will add to our understanding of modern life, which is becoming increasingly complex. It will substitute facts for guesses about radio."



Greetings!

Mona O'Hearn

Season's Greetings

June Dennis

Terry Dale

Wishes

You-all

The

Season's Greetings

GREETINGS



RUBY RAMSAY ROUSE



HAPPY YULETIDE

Doris Veale

Greetings



Pegi Brown

Greetings From "The Martins"

Season's Greetings

Margot & Bob Christie

Best Ever!



EDDIE LUTHER

Wishing you all a very Prosperous Season

Stan Francis

Sincere Wishes for 1950

Doug Master

Vocally Yours

for a Merry Christmas

Irene Mahon

Greetings

Beth Lockerbie

Wishing The Best for this Happy Season

DORIS ORD





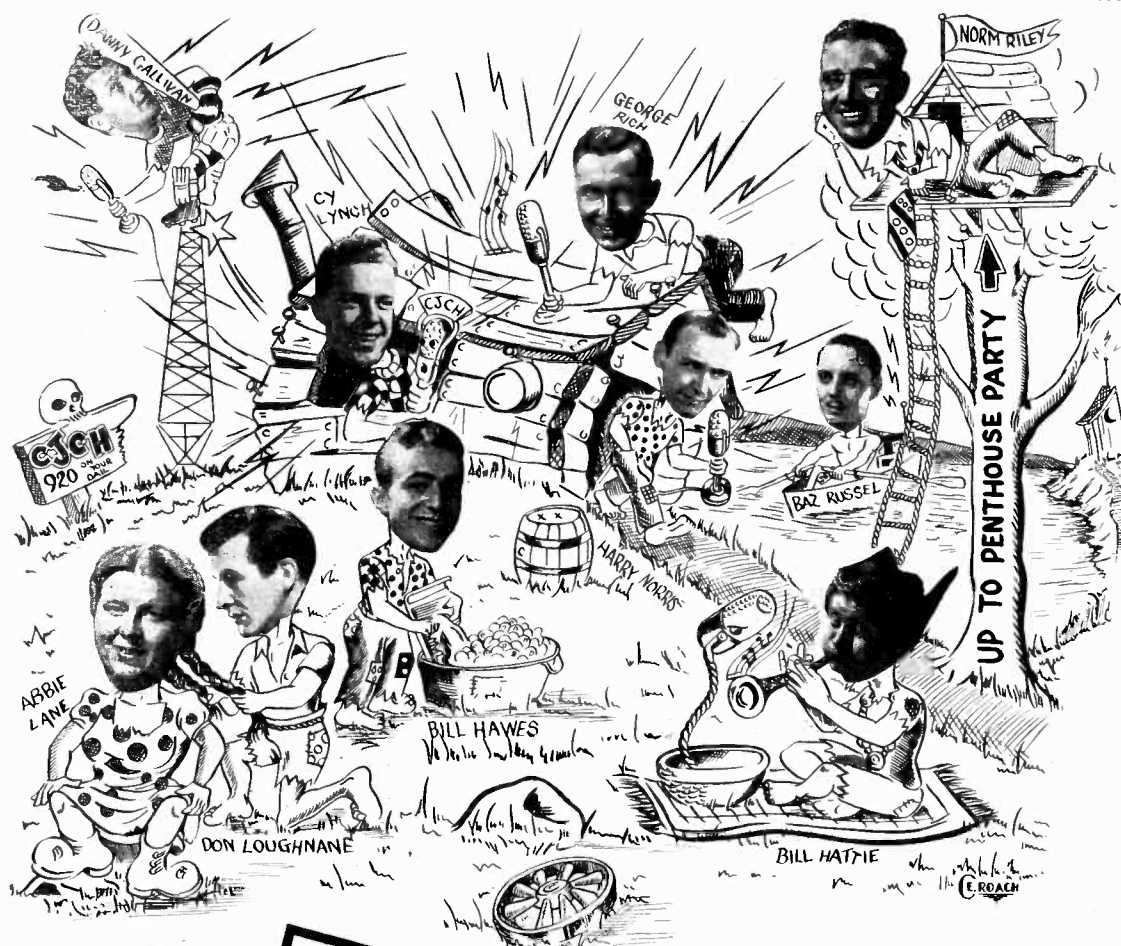
Thirteen Sure Ways Not To Have A Happy Christmas

1. Never take a cab if you can crawl to your car.
2. When the radio isn't blaring "White Christmas," put it on the record player.
3. Return from pre-Christmas parties well smeared with lipstick.
4. Get well corned Christmas Eve, and stay out cold till way into Christmas afternoon.
5. Tell your wife how you had your secretary pick her present.
6. Don't mail your cards early. Postal clerks get paid, don't they?
7. Wait till the last moment to get your tree. They have fewer branches and are easier to carry home.
8. Throw a staff party and harangue them for two hours on "devotion to duty" and the tough times that are ahead.
9. Just because your wife would never have a dog in the house is no reason why you shouldn't give Johnny a pooch.
10. Cram the kids' stockings full of drums and cap pistols, and then raise hell with them for making too much noise.
11. Tell the family not under any circumstances to touch the decorations because you want to do them yourself. Then stay down town and forget all about them.
12. Bring home that rubby-dub you picked up in the pub for Christmas dinner. The kids'll love him.
13. Always remember that it is more blessed to receive than to give.

Christmas is **UP** at the top of my list
 I hope it's up there on **YOURS**,
 And when New Years comes I hope
 you'll resist
 The urge to have **TOO** many mores.

Barry Wood

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS
 FROM THE NUMBER ONE STATION
 IN THE MARITIMES' NUMBER ONE MARKET



CJCH WHERE YOUR FAVORITES ARE!
 920 ON YOUR DIAL

CANADIAN TELESCREEN

Vol. 2, No. 23

TV and Screen Supplement

December 7th, 1949

MUST ACT ON TV NOW

Montreal.—Television for Montreal area is just as far in the future as it was six months ago, according to Ralph Hackbusch, president of the Stromberg-Carlson Company, Ltd., who addressed the company's 25th radio anniversary dinner-meeting in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel here last month.

The speaker said that, as the government has not yet provided the funds to permit the CBC to go ahead, and as the CBC itself has not yet acted favorably on the applications from private stations, he is doubtful if a television station will actually be in operation in Montreal before June, 1951.

"If immediate action were taken," said Hackbusch, "one or

more stations could be in operation here before the end of 1950, however."

Assuming that Montreal and Toronto had stations in operation by the end of next year, and providing that there was reasonably good programming by the end of 1951, a market for some 100,000 television sets should develop, assuring a business volume of approximately \$50,000,000 in those two areas alone," he said.

"Sales and excise taxes paid by the manufacturer and passed on to the consumer would amount to almost \$5,000,000. This would underwrite the heavy cost of programming if these monies were distributed among the CBC and private broadcasters," he explained.

VIEW COLOR BESIDES B & W

Washington. — The color TV comparison tests, with RCA and CBS color equipment receiving signals beside the black and white of DuMont, came off late last month during a session of the Federal Communications Commission's inquiry on the color TV problem. Observers at the showing report that the CBS mechanical color system was just as impressive as at an earlier test in October and some agreed that, but for its incompatibility with present black and white standards, it might offer immediate commercial possibilities.

RCA's all-electronic compatible system showed a marked freedom from flicker, it was said, but color variations, especially tendencies toward heavy pink and red influences, reduced enthusiasm for it.

There was little important variation in the quality of the signals as the two color systems and the regular DuMont black and white telescreened a wrestling match, a series of paintings and other difficult color tests. While the DuMont reception was invariably clear, it was exceedingly dull and uninteresting in some of the scenes, especially the show-

ings of colorful Van Gogh and other paintings.

While the presidents of RCA and CBS were praising their respective color systems, each claiming his to be the only one suitable for commercial consideration, Dr. Allen B. DuMont revealed that his laboratories are working on a new color system with 441 line definition, although it will be some time before it emerges from the experimental stage. DuMont said that this system offers greater color fidelity than either the RCA or CBS developments.

ANNOUNCER WANTED

Have opening for experienced all-round announcer.

Please apply:
Station CKRD
Red Deer, Alberta

CFCO — Chatham

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

JOHN BEARDALL,
Manager-Owner.

TEE VEE ACTION

New York, N.Y.—At the conclusion of the recent comparative demonstrations of the various color television systems, the FCC hearings are taking a hiatus until February 6.

During that time the various contestants, RCA, CBS, Color Television, Inc., and others, are planning further development and field tests in anticipation of additional comparative demonstrations in February. These demonstrations are expected to play a major role in influencing the FCC's final decision.

As things stand now, only after the color hearing decision is rendered, will the FCC begin hearings on very-high-frequency and ultra-high-frequency allocations.

The color battle between RCA and CBS has developed into a knock-'em-down-and-drag-'em-out cat and dog fight.

Early last week, Dr. Peter C. Goldmark, CBS director of engineering research and development, announced with fanfare that the BBC will launch color video experiments based on Columbia's system.

Not many hours later RCA issued a statement saying the BBC had denied the reports.

In at least this instance, television has proved it can be as childish as radio.

We hope advertisers missed the headlines.

NBC has completely split the network in two with the Television department being headed by Sylvester Weaver, vice-president in charge of television. Other teevee executives include: Carleton Smith, who continues as director of operations; Frederic W. Wile, Jr., director of production; George H. Frey, director of sales; and Norman Blackburn, chief of television operations in Hollywood.

Lucky Strike is planning to sponsor a new hour-long dramatic series starring Robert Montgomery on NBC-TV.



Merry Christmas
Happy New Year

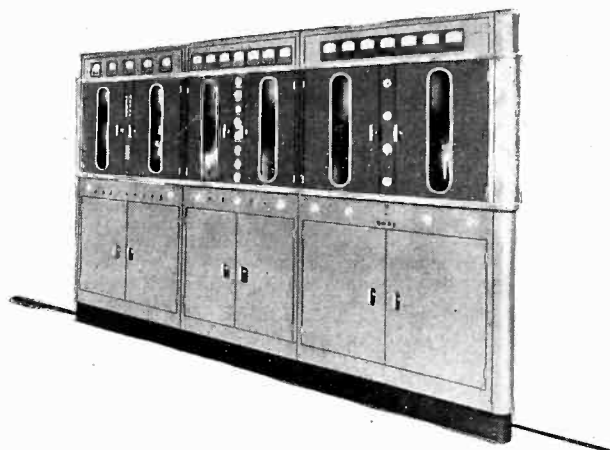


DOMINION BROADCASTING COMPANY

4 Albert Street

Toronto, Ontario

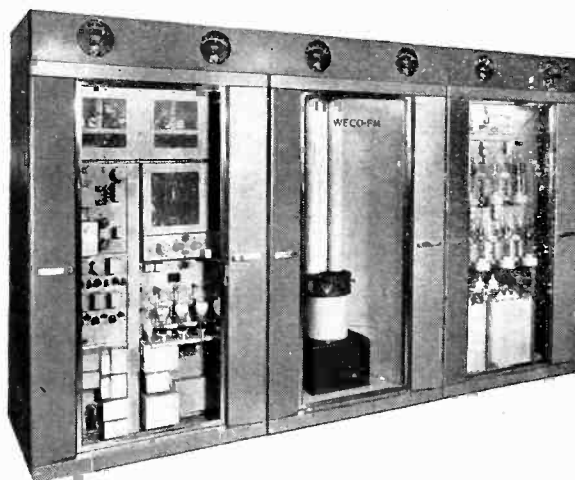
your
best
buy
in.....



Complete line consists of 250 Watt, 1 KW, 5 KW (shown) and 50 KW transmitters—Antenna Coupling-Phasing Equipment and Accessories.

YOUR BEST BUY IN AM! All Northern Electric AM transmitters offer stabilized feedback, maximum accessibility through central chassis design, attractive appearance and unusually low power consumption. These features, plus the Doherty *High Efficiency* Amplifier Circuit used in the higher powered units, have given hundreds of broadcasters years of dependable, economical operation.

your
best
buy
in.....



Complete line consists of 250 Watt, 1 KW, 3 KW, 10 KW (shown) and 50 KW transmitters—Clover-Leaf Antenna and Accessories.

YOUR BEST BUY IN FM! Only Northern Electric transmitters give you the striking appearance and full visibility of TRANS-VIEW design, plus the protection of the Frequency Watchman to keep your station on frequency, the Arc-Back Indicator to utilize full life of rectifier tubes, the new RF Wattmeter that gives constant direct reading of output power—and a new high in performance characteristics.

Northern Electric
C O M P A N Y L I M I T E D



RETROVIEW



A Selection of Articles Which Appeared in Canadian Broadcaster During 1946

Big Enough

By RICHARD G. LEWIS

RETROVIEW INDEX

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By Richard G. Lewis17

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We've said it before, and we'll say it again and again.
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"CAN'T HAPPEN HERE, EH?"
A satirical peep into 1972, or is it?
By Richard G. Lewis42

You have to be big enough to admit that a situation which is fundamentally wrong, even though it may benefit you for a moment, is still wrong. You have to be big enough to acknowledge that you will be a contributor to that wrong thing, if you turn it to your own advantage, even for a moment.

You have to be big enough to face criticism born of following your own convictions. You have to be big enough to separate constructive adverse comment from envy; helpful praise from empty flattery. You have to be big enough to be at least as vocal in your commendation of those who serve you well, as you are in your condemnation when they fail you.

You have to be big enough to sacrifice uncertain gain, for the certain security of those who depend on your leadership and judgment.

You have to be big enough to be a citizen of this great country, by being big enough to look at it through the long range part of your bifocals. You have to be big enough not to lower your eyes to the close-up, part of your glasses, thus shutting out the wider and farther view. Yet you have to be big enough to see the green pastures over the horizon without coveting their cool verdure.

You have to be big enough to predicate everything you do in the operation of your affairs on terms of usefulness to the people you serve.

You have to be big enough to let profit come of its own accord, as a direct result of your usefulness.

You have to be big enough to succeed in private business.

—August 3, 1946.

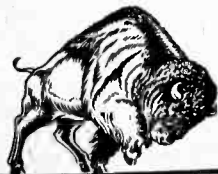
NOW! ON THE AIR!

The newest thing in radio! Power where you want it. Three-tower directional antenna covers all the rich Manitoba market.

MANITOBA'S NEW AND POWERFUL VOICE!

5000 WATTS 1080 KC.

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



CKY

IN WINNIPEG and MANITOBA IT'S

Warmest Wishes

for

Christmas

and

The New Year



ALLAN McFEE

WHEREAS: The New CKX, BRANDON, is now approaching its second Christmas in establishing itself as the Community Station for Central and Western Manitoba; and

WHEREAS: The Management and Staff of the New CKX, BRANDON, are — as always — ready, willing, able, and eager to serve you in 1950; and

WHEREAS: Christmas is the traditional Season for extending best wishes;

BE IT HEREBY RESOLVED: That the Management and Staff of the New CKX, BRANDON, extend heartiest Christmas greetings to all their friends in the radio industry.

MOVED BY:

[Signature] Managing-Director.

SECONDED BY:

[Signature] Commercial Manager.

[Signature] Production Manager.

[Signature] Continuity Editor.

[Signature] Chief Engineer.

Announcers:

[Signature] *[Signature]*
[Signature] *[Signature]*

Operators:

[Signature] *[Signature]*
[Signature] *[Signature]*
[Signature] *[Signature]*

[Signature] Salesman.

Writers:

[Signature]
[Signature]

Stenographers:

[Signature]
[Signature]

THE STAFF AT

CKX BRANDON

1150 ON THE DIAL

WESTERN MANITOBA'S COMMUNITY STATION

**DISTANT FIELDS
LOOK GREEN - - WITH ENVY**

By Lawrence Thor

Former Montreal Free-Lance Announcer Now CBS Staff Announcer in Hollywood

I am a free-lance announcer. I wouldn't change jobs with anyone. But just the same, free-lancing is not quite all it is cracked up to be. This isn't to scare you. It is to warn you if your ambitions lie along Free-lance Road.

Free-lancing is precarious in the beginning and it is only a start towards something more stable. The money earned is not fabulous, and the uncertainty of your income has made ulcers an occupational heritage.

To begin with, in order to become a free-lance announcer, you almost have to have experience. You have to work at announcing for many years. There is no substitute for this experience, and it is vitally necessary to the advertising agencies who use free-lance men. That is the most important requisite. Experience. Assuming you have this, the next step is to set yourself up in one of two places. Mind you, my subject is Canada, not the United States.

The two radio centres in Canada are Toronto and Montreal, in that order. It is in these two cities that network and transcription programs are prepared. Free-lancing to any extent is possible only in these two centres.

Having arrived, the aspirant must contact all the agencies. Unless he has been fortunate enough to make contacts before he left his former headquarters, this takes a long time and is one of the most discouraging aspects of radio announcing. Where the market is good, the competition is keen. And since you are in competition with men already established, you will find it difficult to prove yourself.

No agency representative will hire a new man for a show when someone else has been doing the job adequately. So about the only breaks you will get are on programs that have not been going so well. And in some cases, even where this is happening, the agency representative will not

admit, even to himself, that he has made a bad guess with his talent. So that makes him reluctant to a change, whether one is justified or not.

That's a big hurdle, but we'll assume we have cleared it, and that you land one show. Then another. With all, you're making a living, temporarily. Your next task is to prove you have staying power. You see, another thing a free-lance must have is at least one steady show, that carries on the year round. Otherwise the income acquired during the winter months is eaten up (literally) during the slow summer.

In order to do a show the year round, you must have staying power. You might say that it is just as necessary on a staff job. It is. But not in quite the same way. In free-lancing the competition is much keener, and the salary for that one show is high proportionately. So, if you are not always at your best, out you go. This may sound pretty drastic, but it isn't. It works out that way in actual practice.

Now, in order to go further along a line of reasoning that free-lancing is tough, we have to assume that the hurdle of staying power has been cleared, more or less. It is never so at any greater degree than more or less.

We come now to one of the greatest dangers and pitfalls of the entertainment business, which, to us, means radio announcing. In order to be an entertainer, you must be of a temperament somewhat different from average. You've heard it before, but it still goes. "You don't have to be crazy, but it helps."

The temperament that makes for a good entertainer also places a great strain on his normal business procedure and social activity. He has a hard time behaving himself. In his search for more work, he must meet clients. This meeting in many cases takes

DID YOU KNOW?

That all we want to say this month is

A Merry Christmas

CKCL

TRURO BROADCASTING CO. LTD.

J. A. MANNING
Manager

WM. WRIGHT, Representative
Toronto and Montreal

place over a friendly drink. In a highly nervous profession it is a pleasant and relaxing way of meeting your clients. But you have to learn to drink in moderation. And you have to learn to leave it alone when you are working on the air. Although liquor helps you in your business, it can boomerang pretty viciously. Liquor to the free-lance can be disastrous.

The free-lance announcer has more spare time on his hands than most people, and that spare time is an open invitation to drink. I don't think there are very many of us who have not, at some time or other, fallen into this trap. And there are not very many who have not, at some time or other, lost jobs or seriously undermined jobs because of it.

We regret it the morning after, and we try to offer our profound apologies to our clients, but that is not good enough. You cannot drink in excess when you are in such a highly competitive business. I found that out not too long ago, and I am sure the other free-lance men will support me in this contention.

I have shown you a few of the hazards of free-lancing. But, to get back to the beginning. You may remember I said that free-lancing is only a start for something more stable. We all know that nothing remains the same in this world, that we never stand still. We either go forward or we lose ground. You cannot be a free-lance all your life. It is only a beginning. When you plan to take it up as your job, you must also prepare to learn every phase of radio advertising, so that you may start in business for yourself. That *must* be the ultimate, the secure goal. Anyone who has ever tried, knows how rough the road can be.

I should like to warn all radio announcers, just as I have warned those I have met, that free-lancing is not easy. Don't be fooled by the surface indications of easy money, spare time and the illusion that you are your own boss. It just isn't true. Unless you are prepared for a nervous life, and a good deal of gastric convulsion, stay where you are, brother.

—August 3, 1946.

Season's Greetings



CKNX
WINGHAM



The ONTARIO FARM STATION

REPRESENTATIVES JAMES L. ALEXANDER TORONTO & MONTREAL

RADIO STATION CHOV

PEMBROKE, ONT.

AN OPEN LETTER TO EVERYONE IN RADIO

Dear Ladies and Gentlemen:

We have had Elliott-Haynes make surveys for us which show that our new transmitter plant (with an assist to the Programme Department) is giving us 74% of the average audience in our service area.

We have made other surveys ourselves. In fact we just completed one at great trouble and expense. It brought amazing results.

This was a study on "mood sequence," and we have found out that beginning about November 15, a strange physiological phenomenon begins a chain reaction that steadily mounts from that date until December 25. Its effects are not harmful to anyone. In fact they are very good for most people in business.

About the only physical symptom is a warming of the heart, a desire to be nice to folks and give things away.

We have tried to analyze this strange reaction and can find only one possible reason—Christmas.

Hell's Bells! It's getting us here at CHOV too, so here's hoping the little Yuletide bug gets you and yours, making this the Happiest Christmas season you have ever had. As for the New Year, may all your options be taken up.

Speaking for all of us here, we are,

Sincerely yours,


*Radio Station CHOV,
Pembroke, Ont.*

The Voice of the Eastern Townships

CHLT
(FRENCH) 900Kc. 1000 Watts

CKTS
(ENGLISH) 1240 Kc. 250 Watts

SHERBROOKE, QUE.



Representatives
JOS. A. HARDY & CO. LTD. — CANADA
ADAM J. YOUNG, JR. INC. — U.S.A.

INSIDE STELCO

by Ross MacRae



in Toronto. This was not a good move, as many of them had read "The Hucksters," and thought I must be a combination of a tom cat and Thomas A. Edison. Actually, I am the Casper Milque-toast-turtle type.

Steel workers are a good bunch of fellows, who speak a tongue which would make a city-editor shudder, or look to his lexicon of oaths, and catch up on his James T. Farrell novels. However, you soon become used to a pal saying "Hell, MacRae, you son of a Baptist Minister," or a reasonable facsimile thereof.

Having learned the names of several steel-stalwarts, I set out to discover how to make steel. This is accomplished in one quick tour through the plant. You make pig-iron out of iron ore in a blast-furnace. Then, you pour the pig-iron into an open-hearth furnace, add several tons of scrap steel. And, that's where the miracle takes place. For out of the open-hearth furnace comes a golden flow of pure steel. It's like if you could put a bunch of nickels in a pot, add a couple of quarters, shake 'em up, and get all quarters.

Now that you know how to make steel, you are probably wondering what part radio played in the Steel Strike. That, friends, is why I am here.

Briefly, here's the story: there were more than 2,500 men inside the Steel Plant. They lived there, sleeping on double-decker army cots. They ate there, and the food was well-cooked, although perhaps not as elegantly served as at your last staff picnic. They worked their regular shifts. Adding pleasure to business, a recreation club was set up with seating accommodation for 1,500 people. There, motion pictures were shown. There, the fellows themselves would put on shows slightly reminiscent of the gas-light era, boxing and wrestling shows, old-time shindigs, and all kinds of similar impromptu concerts. At one or two of them, the "Scabettes," six fellows becomingly attired in gaping shorts, and improvised brassieres (stuffed

Four years ago Ross MacRae left CKCK, Regina, came east to Toronto and joined the radio department of Cockfield Brown & Company Ltd. The next July an advertising agency performed a new job for its client when they flew Ross over the picket lines into the Hamilton Steel plant to act as liaison between the army of workers who had refused to lay down tools, and their families, by radio. Beneath the humor of Ross' narrative, we detect a strong under-current of a difficult job well done, by radio, and by a radio man who submitted to seven weeks of voluntary exile to do it, all of which he shrugs off with a grin as "a great experience with a great bunch of guys."

otic fiddle-player would say: "that's an 'E' Natural." Thanks.

Well, when you're the only cook, and are brewing up a broth of radio programs which is to tell a story to the outside world, no matter what the broth is like, some people who are interested in that particular radio-soup will enjoy it.

I was the only cook. When I was flown in to the Steel Company Plant, I knew nary a soul in the place. I told the fellows I was from an Advertising Agency

From the
Industrial Heart
of
Vancouver Island

Christmas
Joy
And
Very
Best Wishes



CJAV

Port Alberni, B.C.

After any conflict, some expert gets himself a pile of notes, a typewriter, and a publisher, and writes a book, telling all about said conflict. A bunch of the boys on his side say: "this is at last, the real McCoy on what went on."

The boys on the other side of the thinking-fence read the book, and say "Yaahhh," but with a touch of vitriol in their words.

No matter what side of the fence you may be on you have to admit that the big Steel Strike is over. What you may not know about it is this: for the first time in history, a series of broadcasts went on the air from a struck-plant, telling the story of the men who stayed on the job, producing steel.

The locale was the Steel Company of Canada, Hamilton Works, and the station used was CHML in Hamilton. Now, a few words from the "gee" who entered the plant, and got the broadcasts together. That "gee" was I. So, these words come straight from the horse's mouth. (Some of you will probably say I have my equine anatomy mixed up.)

Dick, may I write in the first person singular, rather than with the editorial "we"? It sounds like I am two people in one bunch. Actually, I am thin, with big feet. Stand me against a stove of music manuscript, and my my-

CFCY



OUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT TO YOU

Our Sponsors!

According To BBM The Biggest Audience
Of Any Private Station East Of Montreal

THIS IS WHAT YOU BUY
WHEN YOU PURCHASE TIME

on

5000 W. **CFCY** 630 KC.

"The Friendly Voice of the Maritimes"

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

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



It's a Happy Christmas and a
Prosperous New Year for all sponsors of

CFBC

SAINT JOHN

"Your Friendly Host on the Hundy Coast"

5000 watts energy transmitter!

Unlimited energy promotion!

with oranges), danced for the gang. Great applause at this point.

Where was I? Oh, yes. About those broadcasts. Well, the problem was: how can we convince people outside that the men inside are feeling fine? that they're living well? that they are sincere in their belief that the stand they are taking in staying at work, is right?

The answer was, of course, radio. Newspaper reporters could enter the plant, take pictures, and report on what the men said. But when you could get a guy on the air, and have him say of his own accord: "I'm here because I think this whole strike is a lot of nonsense, and besides the government says I should stay," you had a pretty powerful way of telling a human interest story.

CHML's Production Chief, Tom Darling, arranged to have lines put into the recreation club I mentioned earlier. He also brought an amplifier (the simpli-

fied edition for operation by Mac-Rae), and a microphone. Then, I was told to "go ahead and put on some programs."

So, remembering what mother always said: "Make your programs always informative and entertaining," I tried to find fellows inside the plant who would go on the air, mention their names, and tell, in their own words, their own particular attitude as far as the strike was concerned. They talked about the laundry problems they faced. One fellow attached a big tub to a hunk of machinery with a motor on it, and used it as a washing machine. As far as I know, the blue-prints are still available. The problem is to get that first big hunk of machinery. It costs about \$2,000.00.

Other fellows mentioned the fact that they were putting on weight, darning their own socks, writing letters regularly for the first time in their lives, and saying, "Hello, Wife, I'm fine. Hope you are. Junior, you help mother with the dishes, wash behind your ears, and cut the lawn on Saturday, and when Daddy gets home, he'll buy you a bicycle."

All this was during the "editorial" period of broadcasts by "Canada's Biggest Family," which happened to be the name we gave these shows.

But like all editorials on the same subject day after day (no offence, Dick), they got a trifle boring. Also, we were running out of songs to be sung in Community Fashion by the gang at the broadcasts each night.

Came Stage Number Two. This stage was the one where we, inside the Steel Plant, dug up the comedians in the place; the singers: the old-time fiddlers; harmonica-players; and one guy with a banjo and a repertoire of George Formby's most shocking songs. These fellows co-operated, all the time knowing that they weren't quite in the Kenny-Baker-Larry-Adler-Eddy-Peabody class. And the gang in the plant loved them for it. The folks at home seemed to like it, too, as they would write fan mail saying: "We rush home from the show, or Aunt Fanny's, or the beach, to hear your programs every night. It just makes us feel good to know you are being taken care of."

Also in stage two of these broadcasts by "Canada's Biggest Family," were quiz shows. Our prizes weren't refrigerators, or diamond rings, or new houses. They were socks, razors, chocolate bars, and cigarettes. On one quiz show, I asked the contestant if he knew the name of Barney Google's horse. He said "Silver," and that broke up the show.

Okay! Do YOU know the name of Barney Google's horse?

All told, these broadcasts by "Canada's Biggest Family" did the job they set out to do (it says here in small print). They did let the world at large, and CHML's primary coverage area in particular, know that the things inside Stelco were fine. That the men were quite content, and happy enough at a time when the CIO's propagandists were telling some pretty tall stories about

conditions on the Steel Company's side of the big fence.

Did someone say: "Were there any women in the Plant?" I thought so. Yes, there were. There were about 24 girls who worked in canteens. They were under the supervision of a Matron. Every day, one man was assigned to the task of seeing that two girls were kept out of trouble. They couldn't even go for a walk without this fellow along, keeping an eye on them.

And please don't ask "Who kept an eye on the guy keeping an eye on the girls?" That I don't know.

Anyway, we're all happy that the steel strike is over. Radio people should be particularly happy, because now you'll get your new transmitter sooner, or your new transmitter tower, or perhaps a new microphone.

The thing that the broadcasts from the Steel Company of Canada Hamilton works did prove, was that radio is still the most potent medium for telling a story to the people.

But you all know that. Look at all the pink-pills they buy.

—October 19, 1946.

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ONTARIO'S**

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ADVERTISING

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CKSO

Northern Ontario's
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ALL-CANADA
in Canada
WEED & CO.
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& Telescreen**



*Joe
Hardy
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ON

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

"To all of you, my warmest greetings at this festive season, and may 1950 be a Happy and Prosperous year for you.

"It will be a pleasure to serve you in 1950—as it has been for nearly twenty years now. And 'Hardy Service' will be, as always, a cheerful, prompt and efficient one."

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CKRS Jonquière-Kenogami 250 w.

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**Good King Wenceslas
Walks Again**

Yuletide is fast approaching and "glad and golden hours come swiftly on the wing." We join with our representatives in wishing all our friends

*A Merry Christmas
and
A Happy New Year*

Representatives:

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HAL DAVIS OF NW
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ROY CHAPMAN OF NW
Account Executive



AL KLENMAN OF NW
Account Executive

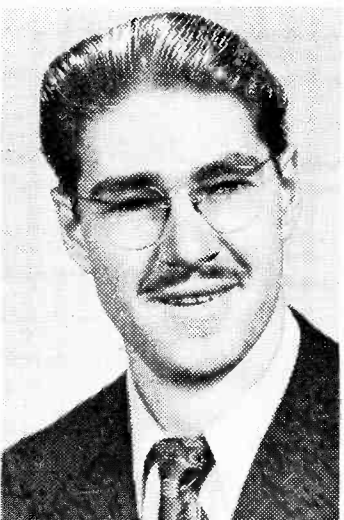


WARREN JOHNSTONE, NW
Account Executive

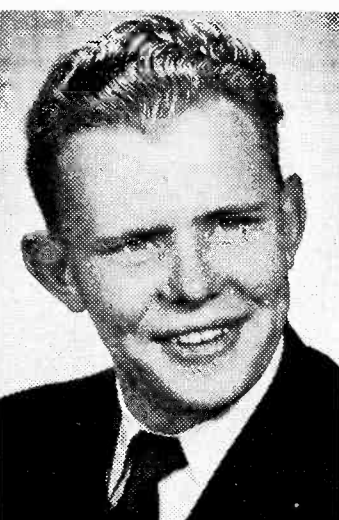
Merry
C
TOP STATION IN VANCOUVER
**WESTERN
GREATEST**



VIC FERGIE OF NW
Announcer



DES McDERMOT OF NW
Announcer



LEW FOX OF NW
All-Night Record Man



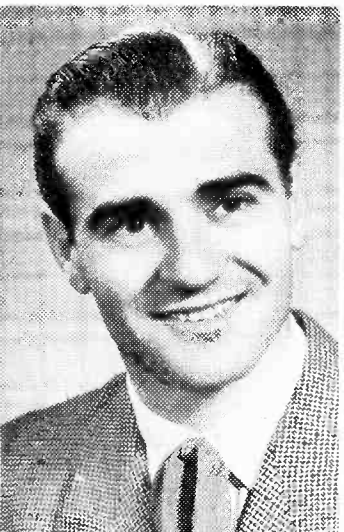
BILL FOX OF NW
Announcer



JACK CULLEN OF NW
Announcer "Ow"



MIKE FERBEY OF NW
"Rhythm Pals"



MARC WALD OF NW
"Rhythm Pals"



JACK JENSEN OF NW
"Rhythm Pals"



MARGARET REA OF NW
Continuity



AUBREY PRICE OF NW
Continuity



BAGLO OF NW
Music Director



BILL DUNCAN OF NW
Chief Announcer



BILL HUGHES OF NW
Day News Editor



JIM MAXWELL OF NW
Night News Editor



BETTY McCONKEY OF NW
Orphans' Christmas Fund

stmas

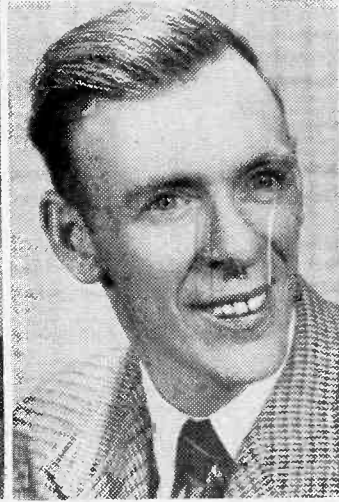
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HAL McINNES OF NW
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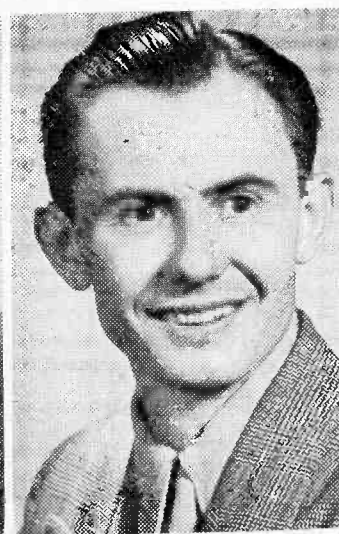
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BABINEAU OF NW
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May Your Christmas
be merry . . .

your New Year
filled with happiness
and prosperity.



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Safe to carry
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Canadian Pacific Express Travellers Cheques are the safe, easy way to carry money when you travel. Readily cashed — almost anywhere. Your signature is your identification. If lost or stolen before being countersigned, their full value will be refunded.

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ALWAYS
CARRY

Canadian Pacific Express TRAVELLERS CHEQUES

HE WARS WITH WHISTLERS

By JOHN FISHER

Radio Commentator, whose new book "John Fisher Reports" is now enjoying a wide sale.

I asked my friend the time. He didn't have a watch either. Just at that moment a short old man with grey hair and sensitive face came along the corridor. My friend turned to me and said: "We don't need a watch — here comes Louis Waizman."

Louis Waizman, the oldest employee in the CBC, has been running on an almost split second schedule most of his 86 years. Every morning at 11.15 he leaves his Spartan-like office and drops down to the CBC cafeteria for two cheese sandwiches and a raisin square. Raisins give him iron and Louis must have plenty of it, for he has never been sick a day in his life. He has never taken a holiday, and, although his job requires him to report at nine, he is sitting at his desk when the clock strikes eight. He leaves work at seven minutes to five. He has two smoke periods every afternoon, always at the identical time. There is no need of a clock when Louis Waizman is around.

Louis has devoted his life to music ever since his birth in Salzburg, Austria. He sits all day long arranging music for CBC shows. His hands are as steady as ever. To a stranger he is just a quiet pleasant old man. To the musicians who know him, and name one who doesn't, Louis Waizman is one of the most fabulous characters in the land. There are no legends about him. He doesn't need legends. His own life is the story.

He was born in the great Mozart's house in Austria. His father was third successor to Mozart's father as cathedral organist in Salzburg. One of his fellow students at Munich was the composer Richard Strauss. Louis travelled with an Austrian Army band for 10 years. He covered a great deal of the globe. Once, when on a trip to South Africa, he met a native doctor who told him that the secret of longevity lay in eating peanuts

every day. Louis has never missed.

Mr. Waizman has been associated with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra since it was first started nearly 25 years ago. He played the viola but in later years acted as TSO librarian. Last spring when he retired as librarian, Sir Ernest MacMillan referred to him as his "right-hand man." He can also play the piano, 'cello and violin. He has records of nearly 200 musical sketches which he composed in leisure moments.

In addition to peanuts and raisin squares Louis says a regulated life is the secret to health. He has never been known to be late or to break a promise. If he tells Geoff. Waddington that the arrangements will be completed at 4 o'clock, the last bar on the last line will be finished as the second hand sweeps to the top.

His personal life is regulated with the same clock-like perfection. He rises every morning at six, and that does not mean five past six either. He has a special time for his pipe or "furnace" as he calls it. His wife, whom he married in 1897, is not very keen on that pipe in the house. Louis retires to the cellar, and, while his pot of tea is being prepared, he shuffles around, taking great sucks on his "furnace." He is said to have a pipe given to him by the Czar of Russia. He puts the cat out at the same time every night. He never varies his diet. Louis goes to the show once a week at exactly the same time. He sits in the same seat and has done so for years. The ushers know this and have it ready for him. He never knows what is showing. He doesn't care. That trip to the movies is his treat for Monday nights. Other evenings he reads detective stories, and is in bed when most of us are thinking of going out.

One of the best stories about this grand old man of music is his aversion to whistling. He can work with radios or bulldozers around him, but, let someone



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"LA VOIX DU VIEUX QUEBEC"

whistle and color will rush to his cheeks and words will splutter from below his ancient mustache. "Who's visting?—Stop visting!" Despite his 50 years in Canada he still has traces of a rich Austrian accent.

Louis has reason to attack the whistlers. He has a very sensitive ear, and, while arranging, is liable unconsciously to incorporate the whistler's melody into the music. Once he was working on a suite for the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. He turned in a magnificent piece of work as always. Sir Ernest MacMillan was high on his podium. The rehearsal was in full swing. The orchestra was in the midst of a beautiful movement. All of a sudden the strings went: "Tum-tee-tum-tee-tum." Sir Ernest slapped the music stand with his baton. "What goes on here? Try that again, gentlemen, please." The melody was clearly that of the old ditty "Coming Through the Rye." Louis Waizman's face was red that day. He has been waging a one-man war against whistlers ever since.

Musicians will tell you that Louis is the only music teacher Percy Faith ever had. Sammy Hersenhoren studied with him, Paul Scherman took some lessons from him. And that very successful Canadian composer and arranger Bob Farnon studied with the kindly gentleman who likes to bow when he meets a lady.

Louis's office at the CBC is as bare as a breadboard. The only ornamentation is a picture of Winston Churchill. But, at home,

Louis keeps his souvenirs and treasures. — And prized among these mementos is a post card of the Mozart-Waizman birthplace sent to him from Austria by Sir Ernest MacMillan in 1933. Sir Ernest wrote on it in German: "Greetings from the birthplace of at least two noteworthy musicians."

If Louis' penchant for regularity has brought him notoriety, so too has his conscience. In all his years of work with Toronto's musical family, no one has ever heard him criticize another man's work. He is what one might call the "ideal" employee. He has never taken sick leave. He has never used his holidays, in ten years with the CBC. And if his work is interrupted, he considers it his duty to work overtime. Last year he did some special work for the Toronto Symphony Orchestra which took him away from the CBC for an hour or two. This bothered him, so he came back and worked Saturday afternoons, just to square his conscience.

Louis has a soft spot for pretty girls and kids. He bows with old world charm to the former and likes to act as Grandpop to the latter. When he heard that Dick Claringbull's little boy Jamie had no Grandfather Louis offered to fill the bill. Now, "Grandpop" is working on a book to teach Jamie music.

Apropos of his orderly life — Louis comes and goes always at the same hour and along the same streets. He never deviates. The same when he used to go to Massey Hall year after year. One day Geoffrey Waddington gave him a drive. They travelled down Church Street, which runs along the east side of Massey Hall. After they had been on Church Street for several minutes Louis asked Geoff where they were. He was lost. In his 24-year attendance at Massey Hall, he had never left his routine circuit of down Yonge Street.

So completely has this man mastered himself that within ten minutes of completing an arrangement he cannot hum the tune. He has trained his mind to shut down completely. He must do this, for, over the years, he has worked on thousands of pages of music. Louis arranges in the classical style. He has a thorough knowledge of harmony. He has taught his whole family. Florence sings with the Mendelssohn Choir, Mary is a pianist and Louis, Jr., plays flute.

He has no interest in Austria. Even if he took a holiday, he would not visit Austria. A few weeks ago the CBC International Short-wave Service asked him to speak to his native land. Louis consented, but his German was very rusty. He has visited many countries of the world, but he thinks Canada is so far ahead of them that there is no point in discussing it.

Louis is a great believer in radio. He says it acquaints listeners with the best in music and is raising cultural standards. When asked what were the highlights of his career, he replied: "De past is de past—today is big enough for me."

—December 7, 1946.

Season's Greetings!

COAST TO COAST

From Vancouver Island to Newfoundland, Press News helps radio keep Canadians in all provinces informed through these private stations:

BRITISH COLUMBIA

CJDC—Dawson Creek
CFJC—Kamloops
CKOV—Kelowna
CHUB—Nanaimo
CKLN—Nelson
CKNW—New Westminster
CKOK—Penticton
CJAV—Port Alberni
CJAT—Trail
CJOR—Vancouver
CKMO—Vancouver
CKWX—Vancouver
CJIS—Vernon
CJVI—Victoria

QUEBEC

CKCH—Hull
CKRS—Jonquiere
CKBL—Matane
CHLP—Montreal
CJAD—Montreal
CKAC—Montreal
CHRC—Quebec
CKCV—Quebec
CJBR—Rimouski
CHRL—Roberval
CJSO—Sorel
CHGB—Ste. Anne
CHLN—Three Rivers
CKVL—Verdun

ONTARIO

CKBB—Barrie
CJBQ—Belleville
CKPC—Brantford
CKSF—Cornwall
CKFI—Fort Frances
CKPR—Fort William
CJOY—Guelph
CJSH—Hamilton
CKOC—Hamilton
CJRL—Kenora
CKWS—Kingston
CJKL—Kirkland Lake
CFCA—Kitchener
CKCR—Kitchener
CFPI—London
CFCH—North Bay
CKDO—Oshawa
CKOY—Ottawa
CFOS—Owen Sound
CHEX—Peterborough
CHOK—Sarnia
CJIC—Sault Ste. Marie
CKTB—St. Catharines
CHLO—St. Thomas
CHNO—Sudbury
CKSO—Sudbury
CKGB—Timmins
CFRB—Toronto
CKEY—Toronto
CKOX—Woodstock

PRAIRIES

CKX—Brandon
CFAC—Calgary
CFCN—Calgary
CFRN—Edmonton
CJCA—Edmonton
CKUA—Edmonton
CFAR—Flin Flon
CFGP—Grande Prairie
CJCC—Lethbridge
CHAT—Medicine Hat
CKBI—Prince Albert
CKCK—Regina
CKRM—Regina
CFQC—Saskatoon
CJOB—Winnipeg
CKRC—Winnipeg
CJGX—Yorkton

MARITIMES

CJFX—Antigonish
CKBW—Bridgewater
CFCY—Charlottetown
CHNS—Halifax
CJCH—Halifax
CKEN—Kentville
CKMR—Newcastle
CHSJ—Saint John
VOCM—St. John's
CJCB—Sydney
CKCL—Truro
CFAB—Windsor
CJLS—Yarmouth

NEWS FOR 88* PRIVATE STATIONS FROM:

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and ... MONTY HALL



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74 COLLEGE ST.,
TORONTO.

From British United Press

Merry
Christmas
and a
Happy

NEWS
Year!



Today's NEWS in news is B.U.P!

BANG! BANG! YOU'RE DEAD

by David M. Adams

"Bang, bang! You're dead," shouts a boy playing cops and robbers, or cowboys and Indians. This is a natural, normal boy's idea of entertainment. But lately broadcasters have been accused of encouraging lawlessness and a thirst for excitement through certain programs. Civic and church groups blame radio, along with movies, for a boom in juvenile delinquency. And broadcasters have shown themselves sensitive to these accusations. When the Toronto City Council and other bodies recently called for a ban on radio thrillers, the CBC hastily promised to "clean house."

But there is nothing new about "horror" stories. They're as old as the hills. The tales of the Arabian Nights Entertainments were being told in coffee houses and bazaars of Persia and the Near and Middle East more than a thousand years ago. Those tales of Aladdin, Sinbad and Ali Baba are still great favorites with children of many countries, and yet they are full of people having their eyes torn out, or being roasted alive, or crushed to death by giant snakes. Ancient Greek and Roman mythology too is rich in stories that make some of today's radio thrillers seem pale by comparison, yet they are part of the educational curriculum. Prometheus, who stole fire from heaven, was punished by the gods by being chained to a lofty precipice where the eagles pecked out his liver. Perseus took on quite a job when he set out to slay Medusa the Gorgon, whose hair was a tangle of poisonous snakes, and whose face was so hideous that anyone who saw it was turned to stone. Many of our fairy tales which have delighted countless generations of children have their gruesome aspects. Hansel and Gretel, the dear little angels, coolly popped the witch into the oven; Bluebeard indulged in his pet hobby of murdering his wives; the wolf scared the daylight out of little Red Riding Hood after gobbling up her grandma; the giant in Jack and the Beanstalk recited his catchy but ominous ditty "Fee fi fo fum! I smell the blood of an Englishman" — and many more. Even some of our nursery rhymes have their casually unpleasant moments: "Jack fell down and broke his crown, and Jill came tumbling after." Favorite pastime of the Red Queen in "Alice in Wonderland" was chopping off people's heads.

Would those people who call for the elimination of radio thrillers outlaw all these stories too? What are the elements in, say, Captain Midnight or Terry and the Pirates to which they object? Is Stevenson's immortal children's story "Treasure Island" or Melville's "Moby Dick" any less thrilling, any less full of suspense, any less packed with

"blood and thunder" action? Where shall the line be drawn between what is harmful and what is to be permitted? Is such a sinister character as Captain Hook, in Barrie's children's classic "Peter Pan," to be kept secret from the young folks in case they have nightmares from thinking about him?

The main difference between thrillers on the radio and the older stories, is mostly in their presentation. Sound effects, music, voices and all the tricks of radio production make any story seem more vivid and real than if mom or dad just read it aloud. The urgent music of the William Tell Overture which introduces the Lone Ranger programs, and all the rigmarole about "a fiery steed with the speed of light" and "out of the past come the thundering hoof beats of the great horse Silver" help to build up excitement and anticipation in the minds of its young listeners. Maybe the thrills and the suspense in Gangbusters or The Green Hornet might stir an overly nervous child, but the story of the Indian Mutiny and the Black Hole of Calcutta or the Massacre of Lachine (Quebec), or many another historical tale, if well told, has just as much drama and excitement as the fiercest radio serial, yet these are served up in the name of education. Parents who are disturbed over their children's reactions to these healthy thrillers might be well advised to consult their physicians.

For normal, strong and healthy children, radio thrillers, like the comics, afford an emotional outlet, and a channel for their enthusiasms. It is noticeable how many of the radio shows introduce mechanical and scientific gadgets into their stories, satisfying most boys' avid interest in such things. Any young boy will have his heroes—people he will admire as his ideals, and whose marvellous qualities and abilities he will try to identify with himself. Superman with his X-ray vision is really a modernistic version of Sir Galahad, whose "strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure." The Lone Ranger is just another Robin Hood. And if the methods of some of today's radio heroes are sometimes open to criticism, so were Robin Hood's in the eyes of the law at least.

Much of the criticism directed against radio thrillers is apparently aimed at such evening shows as "Inner Sanctum Mysteries" and "The Falcon," and parents who allow their children to stay up late enough to hear them have only themselves to blame.

Banning or forbidding something only serves to sharpen the appetite for that very thing.

—March 23, 1946.

Just a note

to say

HAPPY CHRISTMAS

Lucio Agostini



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BY REMOTE CONTROL
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By Richard G. Lewis

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AIRMAIL, WIRE OR PHONE

AMBASSADOR RECORDINGS LIMITED

938 ROBSON STREET, VANCOUVER, B.C.
PHONE MARINE 7646

OR

BILL WARD

Station CKWX, Vancouver, B.C.

The best way to attract attention to yourself or your business is through the editorial columns, because editorial columns are generally regarded as impartial. It is the cheapest way, because no reputable paper sells editorial space. It is the hardest way because editors are fussy what they print.

It has taken Canadian business a long time to learn the value of the news columns, much longer than it has taken radicals and leftists, who use them to great effect against business.

A not too cordial press has actually worked in radio's favor, because a radio story must be exceedingly good before an editor will even read it. To accomplish this they are sending Lizzie Zilch back to the filing department and replacing her with experienced news men and women who understand that editors want news, not "puffs."

The prime point to remember is this. Editors want your story just as much as you want it printed. Only your desire and theirs are actuated by different motives. You want to get your activities into print. The editor only wants a story if it will interest his readers. He has no concern about your better mousetrap, and the dailies loathe radio. He will only print a story about it if he has to. As a matter of fact if he does print it, he will do so with the utmost resentment, that your story is so good that he has to give you a free plug. The advertising department will be after his hide, wanting to know how they are going to sell space if he is going to give it away.

Once space salesmen used free readers as bait for advertising contracts. The larger the ad, the larger the reader.

Today no self-respecting sheet operates on this basis. Tough editing breeds respect for a publication. Respect breeds readership. Readership breeds advertising.

"What kind of material do you want for your paper then?"

A very sensible question, but quite unanswerable.

If the editor knew what he wanted he'd write it himself. It is the items he doesn't know about that keep him awake nights.

It is the unusable material which keeps the top of his desk from view.

About a year ago, the manager of a western radio station backed me against the wall and said: "You don't want our news items, Dick. I sent you one once, and you didn't use it."

I don't know what the item was, but it was probably a "plug" something like this. "Radio station BUNK, ever on the alert to render an increasing public service, and always on the hunt for local talent, is now giving away, absolutely free, a twenty-five-cent war savings stamp every week to the amateur who does best on the "Ladies' Aid Hour." And then, as though to give the dead body a final jab, a self-satisfied blast at the end—"another forward step for community-minded station BUNK."

They think this is good. It gets the name of the station over—over the desk into the "hell-box."

What BUNK's over-enthusiastic press relations man does not realize is this. If the recital of the service rendered needs to be pointed up with adjectives, in effect he has to add at the end, "and this is a very good thing," then he should have thrown the story away, or, better still, never written it. Have someone go out and do something which can be reported in straight fact. Then it will be reported because it will be interesting, not to the beneficiaries of the plug, but to the paper's readers.

It takes dexterity to turn out a piece which will accomplish its purpose and still get something into print. Sometimes you may have to plan your news before it happens, so that it will make news after.

When Robin Hood Flour Mills sent Claire Wallace to the San Francisco Conference to do her commentary from there, they did it because they knew it would attract attention. It did.

A radio program is best pointed up by the "color" of its personalities. The broadcaster who gets caught speeding on the way to his "Safety Club" program gets mentioned, but in the wrong way though it's still a mention. The same character might make the

That face reminds me—today's the day
my kids are on CKTB with Santa Claus.

Mighty busy season at CKTB . . . Niagara District children appearing daily on Santa Claus Program . . . 2-hour live Hospital Drive Show . . . remote pick-up of Welland Legion opening . . . broadcast from art showing of historic Niagara . . . five-hour charity auction broadcast . . . daily carol singing from eight St. Catharines schools . . . float and pick-up Santa parade . . . High School and Ridley College Christmas broadcasts . . . Church Carol Services. And besides commercial business is at all-time high both local and national. "GIVE AND YE SHALL RECEIVE," say we at CKTB, St. Catharines!

news, and favorably, if he volunteered to do duty at the beach as a life-guard. Incidentally this story offers cheese-cake possibilities which should not be overlooked.

Good works, like professional entertainers singing or playing at hospitals, are always a lead. CKWX, Vancouver, keeps one man on the staff to produce entertainment by and for wounded veterans, and this is a news story in any man's language. It's always news when business or radio artists do something for nothing.

The circus freak show is not newsworthy as such. The fat lady's love story, though, might have an angle which would be welcomed by any editor. And it would be hard to write the love story of Olive O'Bese without mentioning her show.

There is no news value in a statement like this: "John Smith made a fine speech."

But how about this? "John Smith made a speech. After his introduction, he staggered to his feet, swayed perilously until two of the waiters stood, one each side of him, to keep him vertical. Then he began. For forty-five minutes he spoke as a man inspired. The audience sat dead still, scarcely daring to breathe. Then, as suddenly as he had begun, he was through. Stark silence for an eternity. Then an ovation of applause rang round the rafters for a full five minutes. As it died down John Smith sank blissfully to the floor. He awoke at three o'clock the following afternoon. Yes, John Smith made a speech."

Not long ago they nominated me for the board of a business club. I had to be out of town the day of the elections as did everyone who was likely to vote for me. We couldn't run a plug in the paper saying: "Vote for Lewis." Instead we slipped an item in the "Lewisite" column which explained the circumstances, and said that I was offering eight to five against my being elected. And was this subtle piece of propoganda effective? It was the most phenomenal public relations campaign I ever launched. I won forty dollars

There has to be a hook in your news releases.

Tell your whole story in the first sentence. That much may get in anyhow. Don't tell it about radio or the program. Talk about people. Write it so that it can be lopped off at the end of any paragraph. The complete facts come in the first.

"Mary Black, well-known soprano, was among the studio audience last night, when five young singers, all trained by the 'Vitamix' star personally, did a complete program over station BUNK."

There is your whole story in paragraph I. Then you might continue:

"Miss Black, who has just sung her five hundredth consecutive Sunday evening program on this station, has made a hobby of helping develop young voices for radio. For ten years she has made an annual tour from coast to coast at her own expense, seeking young voices with possibilities and giving them free training."

It is still a complete story, but let's go on:

"In the course of pursuing this hobby, Miss Black has personally trained over fifty young men and women, and at least twelve of them are now earning their living as radio singers."

Then, if you must:

"Writing in the Chronicle, C. W. Quaver, the well-known music critic, said: 'Mary Black, for the past ten years, has rendered yeoman service to the cause of music,'" etc.

Throughout the piece Mary is the story. Don't say Blankville's community-minded station BUNK has more listeners than any two other stations in Canada. That's not the whole story. Instead say: "750 listeners to station BUNK

(Concluded on page 30)

Dear Dick:—

The Greeting's late, but in its place, Please do your best to reserve this space, For the Season's Best Wishes to yourself and Arthur, And to all your dear readers (How many are there? ? ? ?)

Woodrow Wilson

(Ed. note. Never mind! !)

We make no comment!

LADIES COATS AND DRESSES
HOSIERY-LINGERIE

Houlton, Maine
October 11, 1949

CFNB
Fredericton, N.B.

Gentlemen;

BITHER'S & BITHER'S TEEN SHOP in Houlton wish to express their appreciation for the excellent manner in which you presented the advertising for our July clearance sale. The broadcasts were prepared by Bud Brown and Leslie Kelly and were very good. We feel that the results obtained from these broadcasts were better than any other advertising we have ever attempted. When our advertising budget permits we plan to use a regular spot on CFNB provided that the time comes when Canadians can purchase wds in the States.

Very truly yours
BITHER'S
by G. M. Stinson

NOTE: Air miles
Fredericton, N.B.
to Houlton, Maine,
---60 miles---

CFNB
FREDERICTON, N.B.

THE DOORWAY TO NEW BRUNSWICK



Jack Slatter
and all the members
of
**RADIO REPRESENTATIVES
LIMITED**

*EXTEND
The Season's
Warmest
Wishes*



FOUR STAR STATION

- ★ CJSO will be operating with a power of 1,000 watts and serving approximately 300,000 people as of January.
- ★ CJSO can do a good selling job in SOREL — JOLIETTE — DRUMMONDVILLE — ST. HYACINTHE and a great many other towns and villages.
- ★ CJSO is represented by OMER RENAUD & Company with offices at Montreal and Toronto.
- ★ CJSO wishes its sponsors, agencies and representatives a

Merry Christmas



CJSO

(Operated by by Radio Richelieu Ltd.)
72, rue du roi, SOREL, P.Q.

NOW 1400 KC.

SOON 1320 KC.

(Continued from page 29)
travelled an average of 25 miles each through the snow, with the thermometer at 34 degrees below zero, to be first at the studio when one pair of nylon stockings was given away." That has some news value. And then, if the winner has the right kind of gams, or even if they are essentially the wrong kind, send along a picture of her donning the priceless hose. But send it while the news is still news. Christmas stories don't make good reading in April. Also, if your competitor has already done this, don't repeat the gag even if your gal's gams are twice as shapely.

Don't judge the efficiency of your information man's work by the quantity of paper he grinds through the mimeograph. Add it up later—in your press book. That is where it counts.

Opinions of paid press agents are of no value. Tell the facts and let the reader judge for himself.

Use this yardstick to test your story: "Will it interest the paper's readers?" The paper is not edited for your mother-in-law.

Unadulterated words of praise neither convince nor impress. Many good public relations men only send out releases containing a little of the not-so-good to enhance the good.

Not long ago they did a piece about me on the radio. Gordon Sinclair wrote it and he described me like this: "Dick Lewis is sometimes wrong but never timid, often noisy but never arrogant." The part I liked was the "never timid" — and "never arrogant." Yet the use of the less complimentary "wrong" and "noisy," even if they made me winch privately, added both credibility and color.

Tell the whole story. Avoid such phrases as "another network," "one of our announcers,"

"a certain manufacturer." Generally speaking names make news. Let the editor cut them out if he wants to.

Quote authentic figures. Don't say: "the highest rating." Say: "a rating of 45.9." And then say who made the survey. Superlatives aren't news. Save them for your advertising.

Opinions are permissible when expressed by someone whose name carries some weight. Joe Doakes' opinions are not newsworthy unless Joe knows what he is talking about, and the reader knows he knows.

Type your releases on one side of the paper only, double spaced and with a good margin all round. This leaves room for editing and sometimes saves re-typing. Date your releases and never capitalize or underline. The editor will do this if needed.

Accentuate personality. Send live, bright, interesting and unposed pictures, instead of the inevitable "publicity stills." And don't ask for your prints back. Often they have to be cut down, pasted up for retouching or made into montages. So pictures marked "Please Return" are frequently returned—unused.

Most acceptable pictures are 8 by 10 inch sharp, glossy prints enlarged from quarter-plate shots, taken by a photographer with press experience and a flash gun. Fuzzy, off-focus and "arty" pictures, printed on mottled paper, belong on the grand piano. Tell your photographer to work for blacks and whites. They reproduce better than muddy greys.

Finally, don't be afraid of laughing at yourself. The eye-wash you sell is the most important thing in the world—to you. To anyone else it is just so much eye-wash.

—July 20, 1946.

WANTED
**Experienced Radio Salesman For Position
Of Assistant Sales Manager.**
— DON'T APPLY —
**Unless You Can Produce Results. Right Proposition To
Right Man. Address Applications And Credentials To
Manager, Station CKMO, Vancouver B.C.**

"WE'VE GOT A LOV-ELY BUNCH OF
GREETINGS" ★
TO ALL
FROM
CGOY
GUELPH, ONTARIO
★NOT COCOANUTS

Peace on Earth

TO MEN OF GOODWILL..



CHRISTMAS is a joyous season when in our hearts we should have a feeling of goodwill towards our fellow man. It is the time of year when we celebrate the Birth of Christ The King. And in churches throughout the land, we should gather to thank Him for the many kindnesses He has bestowed upon us during the past twelve months. The true Christmas spirit is the Christian spirit — to do unto others as you would have them do unto you—a way of life that should reign, supreme, forever.

Thoughts of our friends are foremost in our minds at this time. To those in the Radio Industry, the Newspaper and Advertising profession, we sincerely hope you enjoy a good old-fashioned truly Merry Christmas. We hope also that with 1950 will come an era of genuine peace and prosperity and that you will have your full share of success and happiness.

CWLV

AM AND FM

**THE GOOD NEIGHBOR STATION
WINDSOR ONTARIO**

**CANADIAN BROADCASTING
CORPORATION**

**MUTUAL BROADCASTING
SYSTEM**

**MEMBER OF CANADIAN
ASSOCIATION
OF BROADCASTERS**

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

YOUR ANNOUNCER IS A PITCHMAN

By Richard Morenus

**WARMEST
COMPLIMENTS**

of the

SEASON



Jack Dawson

Radio has a lesson to learn from yesterday's Medicine Man, says this writer and producer of literally thousands of programs such as "Myrt & Marge," "Stepmother" and "First Nighter," who, eleven years ago, left the bright lights of New York and took to his typewriter and thesaurus.

All day long the kids sauntered past the canvas-covered Conestoga drawn up by the hitching rail at the rear of the Court House square. Their studied nonchalance bespoke long familiarity with the big wagon whose garish red and yellow signs painted the length of each side proclaimed that Dr. Wizard's Magic Oil Medicine Show had arrived for its annual one-night stand. The only signs of life about the equipage were the two tired droop-hipped horses staring morosely at the cobblestones at their feet.

Ah! but came the night, and the dust-covered old wagon literally burst into splendor. The tail-board was dropped to form a stage. Two great gasoline flares hissed and smoked but nonetheless served more than adequately to bathe the proscenium in their red-yellow glare. The first to appear from behind the curtain shielding the wagon's interior was a man in a grotesque negro make-up, face blacked, except for the wide painted mouth, above an exaggerated wing collar. He plunked

a banjo and shouted coon songs at the top of his lungs. The crowd began to gather. The kids, of course, had the choicest spots up front. They'd been there all day, waiting. Following these leather-lunged renditions came the "class." That bit which "dressed" the act. She was usually Mademoiselle Somebody-or-other, and sometimes even an Indian Princess. But she was always dressed in above-the-knee-length multitudinous petticoats which switched and flared as she whirled in her dance. By now the upturned faces beamed like so many tiny well-scrubbed moons. Cat-calls, laughter and sporadic applause followed each turn on the platform. Then a hush fell over the crowd. And from behind the curtain, Dr. Wizard himself stepped into the light. Frock-coated, high-hatted, patriarchal of beard and bearing he gazed over the gathered crowd. He raised one arm as though to hold their silence in his hand. And then with ministerial violence he plunged into the amazing wonders of his Magic Oil, and promised cure, sure and everlasting, for everything from dandruff, toothache, to broken arches.

The medicine shows, of the horse-drawn variety, had their day. But they served their purpose. At least for their sponsors they did. They offered entertainment as a reason to be permitted to extol the questionable virtues of their product.

Such things as Pure Food Laws Drug Acts, etc., undoubtedly did much to protect the innards of a gullible public from the harmful and more often harmless concoctions, but they spelled doom to the Medicine Man . . . as such.

How these precursors of our own velvet-voiced radio announcers must laugh! How they must listen as our inspired writers of commercial credits lose themselves in a maze of seductive adjectives. The tantalizing superlatives are gone . . . most of them . . . the grammar is better, our friends of old hardly had more than passing acquaintance with schooling . . . but in, over, and under it all it's the same old pitch. Well, perhaps not exactly the same, for those old-timers of the Medicine Show most of them, had something we find rare in our radio prototype of today. The products they sold may have been as phony as their title of Dr.; their sales talks may have been 100 per cent pure hokum but you can bet everything from here to Thursday that those old guys were in there pitching, every second. They were trying. They had to. It was a question of sell or don't eat.

We can take some lessons from those old quick-pitch artists if only from their sincerity and their inherent untutored mastery of sales psychology. Their sales talks to those who have been fortunate enough to have heard them sounded as ad lib and unrehearsed

Our Best Wishes

for a

JOYOUS CHRISTMAS



CKRC

WINNIPEG

MANITOBA

as a babe's first words. But the carelessly intoned "so you say you're not satisfied . . . so you say that's not enough . . . so you say you want more? Then I'll tell you what I'm going to do . . ." was nothing short of sheer genius in primary sales build-up. In the entire selling pitch there was not an unnecessary word or phrase. Every syllable he uttered had been tried and retried for audience attention value. If he didn't need it, he cut it out. If it sold it stayed in. He studied his audiences as he talked. And he planned, studied and rehearsed those talks until they were pure unadulterated sales. Charlatan he may have been, a quack, mountebank, or hoke-artist, but whatever else may be said about him . . . he was a salesman. He wasn't in love with his own voice. He was just 100 per cent commercial. And he was trying.

Now what about our radio-medicine-show? The recipe is the same. Only the ingredients are more elaborate. Instead of standing, mosquito chewed, at the rear of an old wagon for their entertainment, our audience . . . and it's the same old crowd . . . sit in their homes in comfort before loudspeakers, and they listen. But now, instead of having but one show to hold their attention they have the entire range of their radio dial. So, in order to keep the attention of our audience during the entertainment build-up . . . our show has got to be good. If it isn't? Twist, turn, switch and your show might just as well be delivered in Sanskrit for all the interest it's causing. You see, our Medicine Show today has something the old-timers didn't have. We've got competition. He was sure of his audience. His show might be mediocre, but his sales pitch had to be tops. Nowadays we may have the greatest sales story on the air, but if we don't deliver entertainment of sufficient value to hold our audience . . . you write it from there.

The answer? The answer is simple. Entertain. Entertain first, last and always with material you *know* your audience wants to hear. Hold your audience in the face of all competitive entertainment, and then . . . sell. Sell to beat . . . well, anyway, sell. Radio is as commercial as a newspaper. In the old days a newspaper carried news. But today? The highest paid contributors to our newspapers are the comic artists. Why? Entertainment value. It's as simple as that. The entertainment value of the comic strips receive the attention of the audience - reader - listener to the point of the purchase of the paper. Once bought, the paper is read . . . and the advertisements are seen . . . and, it is hoped, read. So what price entertainment? Any price is fair so long as it accomplished the purpose of catching, and holding, attention.

But this started out to be about the sales pitch. Assume, then, that the 100 per cent commercially-minded radio station operator gives the public what the public wants in the way of the widest-appeal entertainment. In

(Concluded on page 34)

Best Wishes

for a

Merry Christmas

and a

Happy New Year

from

HAL CRITTENDEN
AND THE GANG AT
CKCK, REGINA

To all our
old friends
and . . .
all our new . . .

Seasons Greetings

Christmas greetings
take on a new importance
this year . . . the importance of many
new friends to add to our
many old . . . a Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year to all.

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO — Sales Offices from Coast to Coast

*Radio Artists
Telephone
Exchange
and all its
Subscribers
Including*

- Herb Arlow
- Bernard Cowan
- Joy Davies
- Laddie Dennis
- Marcia Diamond
- Michael Fitzgerald
- Susan Fletcher
- Dianne Foster
- Dorothy Fowler
- Mary Garden
- Herb Gott
- Joe Handley
- Donald Harron
- Peter Humphreys
- Joy LaFleur
- Beth Lockerbie
- Howard Milsom
- Dick Nelson
- Barry Nesbitt
- Mona O'Hearn
- Maurice Rapkin
- Ruby Ramsay Rouse
- Sandra Scott
- Elizabeth Walsh
- Austin Willis
- Barry Wood

*WISH YOU
COMPLIMENTS
OF THE
SEASON*



(Continued from page 33)
other words his audience is there ready and waiting for the pitch. Ever notice a real pitchman work? Ever stand at the edge of a crowd and listen to the sales talk of the sidewalk operator with his kiester on his tripod pitching gimmicks? There's your master salesman of today. If you have a chance, watch him, and listen . . . and learn about sales. He's always nattily dressed. Never a loud suit or a tie, for he's learned that such things take attention away from what he's selling. His voice is usually low-pitched, and confidential in tone. He makes you listen. And whether his gimmick is a patent can-opener-paper-hanger, or a combination spot-remover-hair-dye, he's first, last, and always sincere in what he says. He too knows his sales psychology. He too has a well-planned sales approach. And, he sells. He's selling every minute he talks, for like our old Medicine Man . . . it's sell or don't eat.

And is our radio announcer any different? Or should he be? It's always been an idea the title "announcer" is ill-placed. The commercial announcer is, after all, a salesman. During the time he has the attention of his audience he, as the representative of the company whose product he is privileged to present, should be the A1 top-flight man of the sales force. But, and here we must inject the element of the voice, if salesmen, good salesmen, were only microgenic, or if radio announcers were only good salesmen! Here we have the problem of a producer telling his sales story to a writer putting the story into words on paper to be read by someone who probably

neither knows the producer nor his product and has little interest in either except that in some round-about way they are responsible for his pay check.

Illustrations sometimes bring out the point. A number of years ago, on a station I was managing, a sponsor held auditions for the announcer of his new show. The man he selected from our staff had a beautiful voice, at least so the sponsor's wife thought. He was hired. At the end of several weeks of broadcasts we put a "hook" into the commercials to test their selling power. They had none. Yet the announcer read the credits like a college valedictorian. It was a food product we were advertising on this show. Canned foods. I asked the salesman (announcer) if he'd ever tried them. No, he ate in restaurants. Thereafter for supper before each evening's broadcast that announcer ate the product he was to talk about. He turned into a salesman. Why? He knew his product, he had confidence in it, he liked it . . . so, he sold it to others.

The same has been true of shoes, shirts, and soap. No announcer-salesman can be convincing to his audience if he's reading his copy merely for the job he holds. No commercial credit writer can write convincing sales copy unless he or she knows the product. And no sponsor in his right mind will buy a show unless the combination of those two things exists . . . and unless the show has the basic entertainment value for the audience to hold attention for the radio announcer-salesman to make his pitch.

You think radio isn't like the old Medicine Show? So what if Dr. Whoosits sold axle grease for

hair oil? They made you believe it was good. The only difference is that radio has fine, legitimate products to sell, but could do a better, far better job of pitching

—June 22, 1946

WHAT IS A PRODUCER?

"Pair of ears surmounting Index Finger rampant entirely surrounded by stop-watch," is CBC announcer Bill Beatty's partial answer to the question "What is a producer?"

Other answers, appeared with Beatty's in the February issue of CBC staff magazine "Radio."

Supervisor Arthur Phelps, of the CBC International Service gives this definition: "Producer—One who produces; question as to what often problematical. Alternatives—Nuisance, adjectival; inspiration; flat tire; harry's hope Habitat—Up in air; out of depth in hot water."

Montreal producer Tommy Adkins defends his species thus "Given 2 ounces of peanuts, at tempts to make 50 pounds of brittle, everyone else expecting Turkish Delight. An 'angel' to the artists he engages, and a 'H—' of a guy' to those he doesn't."

Another viewpoint is put forward by chief operator F. B. C. Hilton of CBR, Vancouver:—"An announcer whose voice was no good enough. An exhibitionist with no talent. One who inherited a stop-watch. A useful thing in radio because someone must see that the service sheet is signed; point at the musical director when the clock indicates the time for the program to start, and cue the announcer after he has started to talk."

Conductor Geoffrey Waddington summarizes the producer simply as "The key man in radio."

Writer George Salverson from Winnipeg says:—"A producer's function is to like your script. Certain odd jobs distract him from this function—matching actors to your characters, co-ordinating musicians, sound men, engineers, to bring your tale to life. Those are the incidentals. His secondary function is to take the blame. Your poetic hero turns pansy; your pixie heroine becomes a brat; your comedy is tragedy. Your fault? No—the producer's! He missed the whole point."

"A radio producer is essentially a person of understanding" is the view of Ron Fraser Maritime farm commentator "Knowledge is helpful, understanding essential. Add good judgment and ability to draw out the best in his co-workers."

—March 9, 1946

**1000 WATTS
970 KC**

CKCH

Selling 80% to 90% of all sets turned on during daytime hours, with 385,000 coverage area of Ottawa, Hull and all or part of 19 surrounding counties.

Canadian Representative
● Omer Renaud & Cie,
1411 Stanley Street,
Montreal.

Toronto Office, 53 Yonge St.

American Representative
● Adam J. Young, Jr., Inc.,
22 East 40th Street,
New York 16.

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

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

OPENING

For man experienced in national sales, able to handle and train sales force, qualified to earn \$5,000 to \$10,000.

Station CKNW
New Westminster, B.C.

It was the night before Christmas,
And all through the land
Our listeners were happy,
Reception was grand,
The Schedules were loaded,
The programs were new,
Our sponsors were happy,
The agencies too.
The staff was old sober,
And right on the beam,
But alas and alack,
Just a broadcaster's dream!

Merry Christmas

Tommy Munner

Jack Linn



Radio Station G.P.
Winnipeg.



The
Season's Sincerest

from the

WRIGHT STATIONS

CKAC
CKCR
CKOX



CKMR

CKCL
CHNO
CKOK

We Don't Want to Spoil
the Big
Metropolitan Stations'

Christmas

but

The Elliott-Haynes
October Ratings
gave us a weekly
average of
61.3%
of the Barrie Audience



CKBB

BARRIE

Represented by National Broadcast Sales

FOR WHOM THE KNELL TOLLS

By Arthur F. Wrenshall

Maybe I'm funny, but I'd like to work for the government. But why can't I just apply for a job and be accepted or refused on my merits?

So far I've learned a whole lot about baby bonuses, unemployment insurance and pensions. They have more things to offer a fellow which he doesn't have to work for. But I still want a job.

It seems to me that State paternalism is weaving its way into our lives as never before. Just cast your eyes over the benefits coming to the present-day Canadian who keeps his nose clean, and his initiative in his hip pocket.

From birth to the age of 16, he is worth from \$5 to \$8 a month to his parents, and if he should be fortunate enough to be a moron, this subsidy could probably be carried past the maximum age, as it would then be assumed that he was incapable of ever rising above the level of a Stenographer, Grade I.

Having graduated from a school of "recognized standing," he is eligible to enter the Civil Service, and settles down to siug it out with the rest of the boys in the East Block. At a suitable age, he retires on his Civil Service pension, or he may select the option of an Old Age Pension, "which-ever shall be the greater." Should this be frittered away in idle living during his remaining years, his relatives, or perhaps even some yet-to-be-formed government agency, can be counted on to see that he gets a decent burial. And so ends a life dedicated to the State.

Dealers in statistics are fond of describing what would happen if all the red-haired Chinamen in the world, or eligible bachelors under 60, were laid end to end. Our guess is that if all the civil servants in Canada were laid end to end, there would be a noticeable decrease in the number of Canadians standing on both feet. Picture for yourself the seething, writhing mass of humanity as nearly 100,000 men and women are laid end to end. It is not unreasonable to assume that they would cover, many times over, the well-worn paths between the East

Block, the Daly Building, to say nothing of the beverage rooms of the Chateau Laurier. And all this without any allowance for the co-efficients of expansion of shoe leather and the human head.

Priding myself on being an observant individual, I had noticed the trend some months ago. Taking the hundred thousand civil servants, and making allowances for natural increases, I sensed right away that before another generation had passed, the population would be heavily dominated by those whose grocery bills were paid by Receiver-General cheques. If I could get in on the ground floor, think of the seniority I could build up!

So I started haunting the Post Offices, where the "Wanted—for public service of Canada" forms were on display. There was no lack of variety in jobs; apparently the Government of Canada was in the market for just about everything in the book. I passed hurriedly over the opportunities to become a Federal Chicken farmer, an inspector of inland water steamships, or keeper of the Government hives, as these looked too much like stone-wall jobs, and I lacked the necessary qualifications. Finally I found it—"Editor, Grade II, Dept. of . . ." Just my dish. I might not be sure which end of the chicken the egg came from; my knowledge of inland waters, and the ships might be strictly landlubberish; my acquaintance with bees might be only a stinging one, but, by gosh, I could be an editor!

There are several clearly defined stages to be covered before a person takes the Civil Service shilling. In chronological order they read something like this (i) Filling out Form; (ii) Waiting; (iii) The Interview; (iv) Waiting. Let no one, however important, think that he can skate around Stages (i) and (iv). The only possible way of doing this is to be a life-long friend of at least a deputy-minister. To be possessed with some damaging knowledge of his private life would also be helpful. Those who were in either the Army, the Navy or the Air Force will probably feel that in the services the policy of "hurry

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Local Advertisers Have Invested Successfully In

CJEM - EDMUNDSTON

BECAUSE CJEM DELIVERS IN BOTH ENGLISH AND FRENCH TO ONE OF THE RICHEST MARKETS IN CANADA

Let Horace N. Stovin introduce you to MORE SALES

... IN THE HEART OF THE PULP & PAPER INDUSTRY (One company's payroll: over 2 million dollars.)

... IN THE HEART OF THE POTATO INDUSTRY (Oct. 49 Report: 64,175,000 bus.—Aroostook Co., Me.)

CJEM - EDMUNDSTON - N.B.

"The Only Bilingual Station in the Maritimes"

up and wait" was exploited to the limit. Compared to the Civil Service, the ponderous fumbings of the forces were models of efficiency.

The Form itself, to employ a bad pun, was formidable. I carried it home that night, and studied it carefully. There were 80 questions to be answered, commencing with the type of work I was applying for, and ending with the declaration that I had told the whole truth, so help me God.

The first two or three questions were straightforward enough, but Nos. 4 (a) and 4 (b) required a little thought. Either one by itself would have been quite simple; (a) asked for my home address, and (b) for my place of residence. The distinction, I felt, was a fine one. After a moment of deep thought, I put down my home address as the answer to both.

Question 7 asked how long I had lived there, to which I answered "15 months," but felt that the answer was not really complete if I did not add "thanks to WPTB regulations," as a subtle compliment to the efficiency of Government controls. A little flattery never hurts.

Passing on, the list wrung from me the pertinent details that my French was not good; that my color was white; that I was 27 years of age; that I was enjoying excellent health; and that my charlie horse didn't affect my snooker handicap. Then came the \$64 question, No. 22—"Sex."

In the light of information already given, this question struck me as bordering on the unnecessary. As far back as Question 3, I had stated that my full name was Arthur Fleetwood Wrenshall, and had refrained from answering Question 5, which required me to give my maiden name, "If Mrs." Surely, I felt, there was sufficient evidence to establish my claim to manhood. It seemed to me that there were only two possible answers: either "in moderation" or "never touch the stuff." Anything else would mark me as a wolf, and an undesirable character to be turned loose amongst stenographers, Grades I, II, and III.

From 22 to 44, the queries were apparently designed to find out whether or not I was an immigrant, a flaming revolutionary, a guy with a police record or anything but just another Joe looking for a job. They covered such things as port of entry, length of residence in Canada, willingness to serve in Ottawa or elsewhere, and number and types of offences I had been "called before a court of justice to answer." Question 53 was headed "Education," with several columns ruled for schools, subjects, dates and degrees. As a further aid to those whose minds could not fully grasp what was wanted, there was an explanatory note underneath which read, "This space should be used for 'Education' only." I couldn't help admiring the designer of this form—he was leaving nothing to the vagaries of either the intellectual or the bird brain.

And so, on it rolled through the rest of my private life, covering my employment history, my army career, and my post-war plans. Finally, after explaining that I was unable to pursue my pre-war avocation because the school would not take me back, I dotted the last "i," and took off for the office of a notary public.

The ceremony was brief.
"Do you solemnly swear that
(Concluded on page 39)

METROPOLITAN STATION
Requires fully experienced commercial manager.

Box A-39
Canadian Broadcaster & Telescreen
163 1/2 Church St., Toronto

WANTED
For metropolitan station. Experienced, reliable control operator.

Box A-40
Canadian Broadcaster & Telescreen
163 1/2 Church St., Toronto



CANADA'S FIRST
5 TOWER
WELDED
ANTENNA
ARRAY
●
CKLW - WINDSOR, ONT.
50,000 WATTS

DESIGNED, FABRICATED and ERECTED
by the MEN of CANADIAN BRIDGE

Regardless of your requirements in antenna towers — for AM, FM and TV — our facilities and experience are a permanent assurance of complete satisfaction. In the new CKLW installation, above, the towers as well as transmitter building structural steel work were completed well ahead of schedule. We are particularly proud of it, since it is one of the world's outstanding examples of up-to-the-minute radio station engineering.



A COMPLETE SERVICE
Fullest facilities for designing, fabricating and erecting
any type of structural steelwork—anywhere, any time.

The CANADIAN BRIDGE COMPANY Limited
WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO
Branches - TORONTO, MONTREAL, KIRKLAND LAKE Representatives - WINNIPEG, REGINA, EDMONTON, VANCOUVER

Thinking FM?



Think *First Marconi* and your station will be... first in performance... first with the latest equipment... first to receive the latest FM data. It will pay you to consult Marconi, first and greatest name in radio.

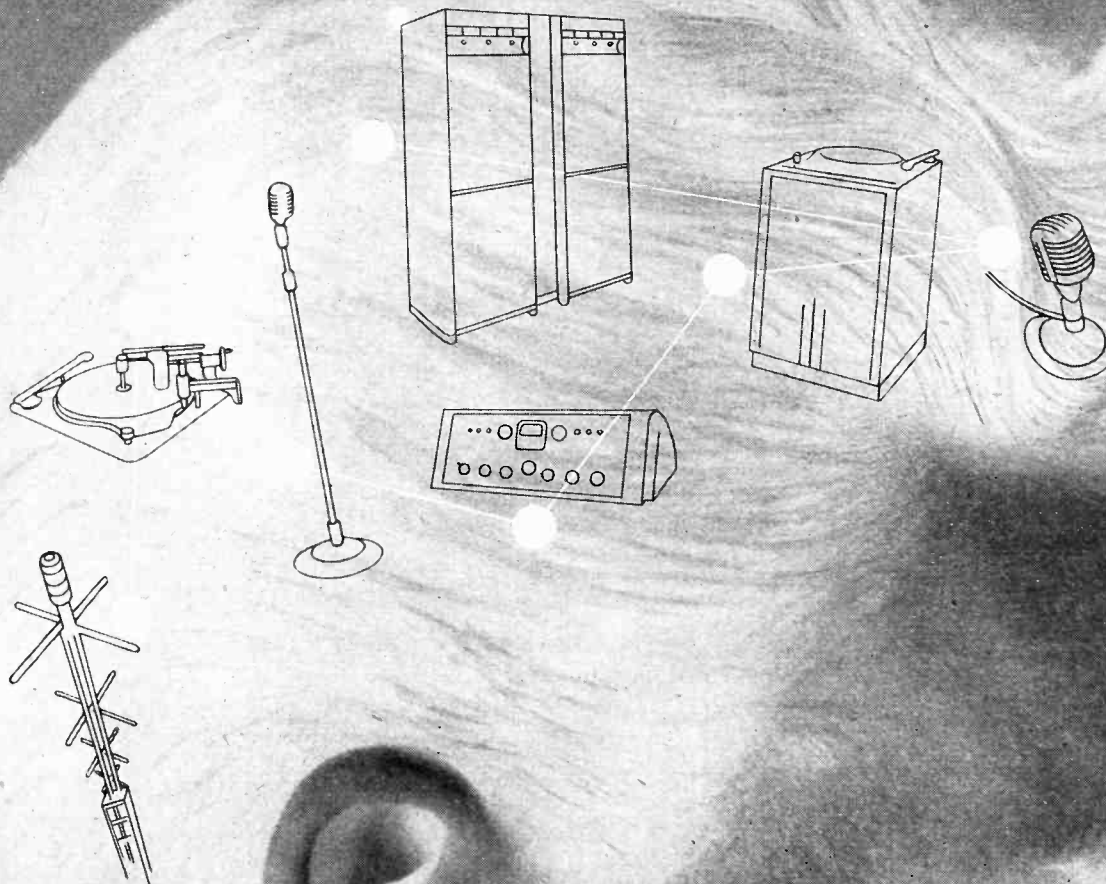
Marconi Engineering Consulting Service is available to help you with FM, AM and TV engi-

neering problems. If you are planning to establish a station or extend your present facilities, call or write Marconi.

CANADIAN MARCONI COMPANY

Established 1903

VANCOUVER • WINNIPEG • TORONTO • MONTREAL
HALIFAX • ST. JOHN'S



M A R C O N I — T H E G R E A T E S T N A M E I N R A D I O

(Continued from page 37)

this is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you?"

"So help me!"
"Fifty cents, please!"
And that was that.

Two weeks later I received a card through the mail, bearing the joyful tidings that my application had been received, that it would be given consideration and that I would be notified of the result as soon as possible. Being of the hopeful type, and as yet a stranger to departmental dithering, I foolishly looked for further startling developments within a matter of a week or so.

Time passed.
The verdant green of the trees took on the first delicate hints of autumn's coming splendor. The Nazi big boys were given the long stretch. The Cardinals won the World Series. The Soviet foreign minister threw a party at which Molotov's cocktails were consumed in honor of the Revolution. Prime Minister King went abroad. I sent my winter coat to the cleaners. Prime Minister King came home. I got my coat back. The radio promised snow.

Then it came.
One of those official brown envelopes that contain anything from a gentle prod about the income tax returns to a baby bonus cheque. It said that in reference to my recent application for employment in the public service I was to present myself, at my own expense, at 10.30 a.m., to appear before an examining board. To ensure that everyone had their cards on the table, it added: "This is merely a qualifying test to determine your fitness for employment of the above nature, and should not be interpreted as an offer of a position."

The day dawned wet and cold, promising a greasy gridiron. I parted with a nickel for bus fare, and a quarter for car tickets, at my own expense. On the dot 10.30 a.m., I strode into the official room, stepped over three pairs of legs, and presented myself at the counter. No reaction.

A door opened and a civil servant of obviously long standing came over to the counter.
"Oh, yes," he said, "you're the one who wants to be an accountant." I produced documents to prove that I wasn't, and at this a frown dulled his face.

"Let me see—editor, editor—oh, yes. Say, I'm afraid we won't be able to see you today. Probably next week sometime. Do you mind waiting for a while?"

I sat down and read the day-before - yesterday's newspaper, thoughtfully provided for the convenience of those waiting. At a quarter to eleven I lit a cigarette. At eight minutes to eleven I tucked the butt behind a convenient cabinet. At eleven o'clock I began to think. At ten after eleven I lit a cigarette. At seventeen minutes past, I stowed the butt behind the same cabinet. At twenty-seven minutes past I started to clear my throat, but got no further than the windup. The inner door opened again, and I was summoned before the Presence.

The board consisted of two men, a desk and my application form with the eighty questions answered in my own typewriting. Oh, yes, and a rubber stamp. All this I took in at a glance.

"And you," said one half of the board, "are Arthur Fleetwood Wrenshall." But he didn't say it in the way he might have said: "and you are Winston Spencer Churchill."

I admitted it.

"And you are applying for the position of editor?"

I refrained from pointing out that it was all down in the application form. Instead I said yes, I was.

"The qualifications call for post-graduate experience in the economic or statistical field. Have you had any such experience?"

I said no I hadn't. Both halves exchanged glances.

"You write very well," said the up-to-now silent member of the board.

I blushed prettily, and hung my head with appropriate modesty.

"In fact, I enjoyed the specimen of your work you submitted. I read them all—if you can call that a compliment."

I smirked.

"BUT—it doesn't seem to be quite the thing required for the position. Are you any good at figures?"

I murmured something about: "took higher mathematics at College."

"No, that's not what I mean. What I refer to is—if you were writing a press release about something or other, and you went to the men who handled that particular thing, would you know what figures were important, and what were irrelevant?"

That sounded vague, but easy, so I said yes. At least one member of the board was on my team, because he made a noise that sounded as though he thought I would, too.

We looked at each other. I

uncrossed my left leg from my right knee, and crossed my right leg over my left knee. Board member No. 1 coughed. Board member No. 2 blew his nose. I stood up. I smiled.

The interview was over.

You will now be expecting me to tell you how much I like my

new position, and what my Stenographer, Grade I, looks like, and if, when I write a press release, I am able to separate the important from the irrelevant figures.

Well, I'm afraid I can't.

You see, I'm still waiting.

—December 7, 1946.



May this be your
Merriest Christmas
ever...

KESTEN'S CORNER



Canadian Radio
Celebrates Christmas
December 25th

IT must be Christmas. Why else would I be doing a column for Canadian Broadcaster and Telescreen, and paying them their exorbitant ad rates to run it?

Quite seriously, it's a pleasure to take time out from the busy rounds of a radio hack to express the wish that Old Nick will be more than usually generous to the boys and gals of Radio and Huckster Rows, who make the work of doing a column a much lighter task by keeping me informed from day to day about their deeds and misdeeds. Thanks, kids, and many of 'em.

IT must be Christmas. Why else would I be using this scurrilous paper for the dissemination of sweetness and light, when I have said so many unkind things about it in the past, and anticipate doing even more so as soon as the holly and mistletoe get taken down?

As a matter of fact, only Canadian Broadcaster and Telescreen would print this ad, on the plea that however much it insults the editor and publisher, as he terms himself, I am paying for it, and freedom of speech is what it stands for, especially when it puts money in his jeans. That's when he really believes in private enterprise.

*Merry Christmas and Best Wishes
for a Successful New Year to
all my friends.*

Max Kesten

Bob Kesten

BROADCASTERS PLAY HIDE AND SEEK

This is
Jane Weston
Signing off
With the
Season's
Greetings

Every person connected with radio dreams of what he would do if he "had a little station of his own." After some 12 years in the business, I go and pick up a brand-new dream from a stranger in an airplane between Montreal and Halifax! This idea, however, seems so sound—to me, at any rate—that some station manager might want to try it.

I warn you, it is as different from block programming as day is from night. It bears faint resemblance to any program schedule published. But I'll wager, nevertheless, that a radio operator who gave it a fair trial would collect listeners and shekels in greater abundance than any competitor.

This idea is not copyrighted. Any operator is free to grab it and grow rich. Given a radio station with a good market, a reasonable amount of capital, and



By Walter A. Dales
Who heads up his own radio
hack-shop in Montreal called
Dalescripts.

the ideas about to be expounded here free for nothin', he may completely change the present-day pattern of radio programming and grow wealthy in the process!

The idea came to me through a conversation with a tired businessman. We reached a stage of camaraderie in a snowstorm above New Brunswick. Things were bouncy. I looked across at him with the sickly grin I affect when I want to say, "I'm not really nervous—it's just a weak stomach." He grinned back, slightly greener—and that started things. We talked.

He learned that I am mixed up in radio (not difficult to learn from radio people) and promptly told me, "Oh, I never listen to radio, except news." I wanted to know why. He told me, and how!

"The only thing permanent about radio," he said, "is the news and the 'Happy Gang.'" He went on to say that he knew when the morning paper landed on his doorstep he could turn to page 28 and get market reports; the weather would be on page one, and Major Hoople on page 12.

"When I turn on the radio," he continued, "it's like playing grab bag, and I tired of that game when I was 11. Radio schedules published in newspapers tell you nearly nothing; and anyhow, they are forever changing things around."

A few hours later, I was in Laurie Smith's office at CJLS, Yarmouth, and I told him about the conversation. He agreed that radio could use a Major Hoople or a Dagwood, or a Doc. Brady or Dorothy Dix—who could be counted on to appear at a given time daily.

The next week, driving to Windsor, I wanted to listen to CFAB. First, I asked the driver, "What could we get on the radio now?"

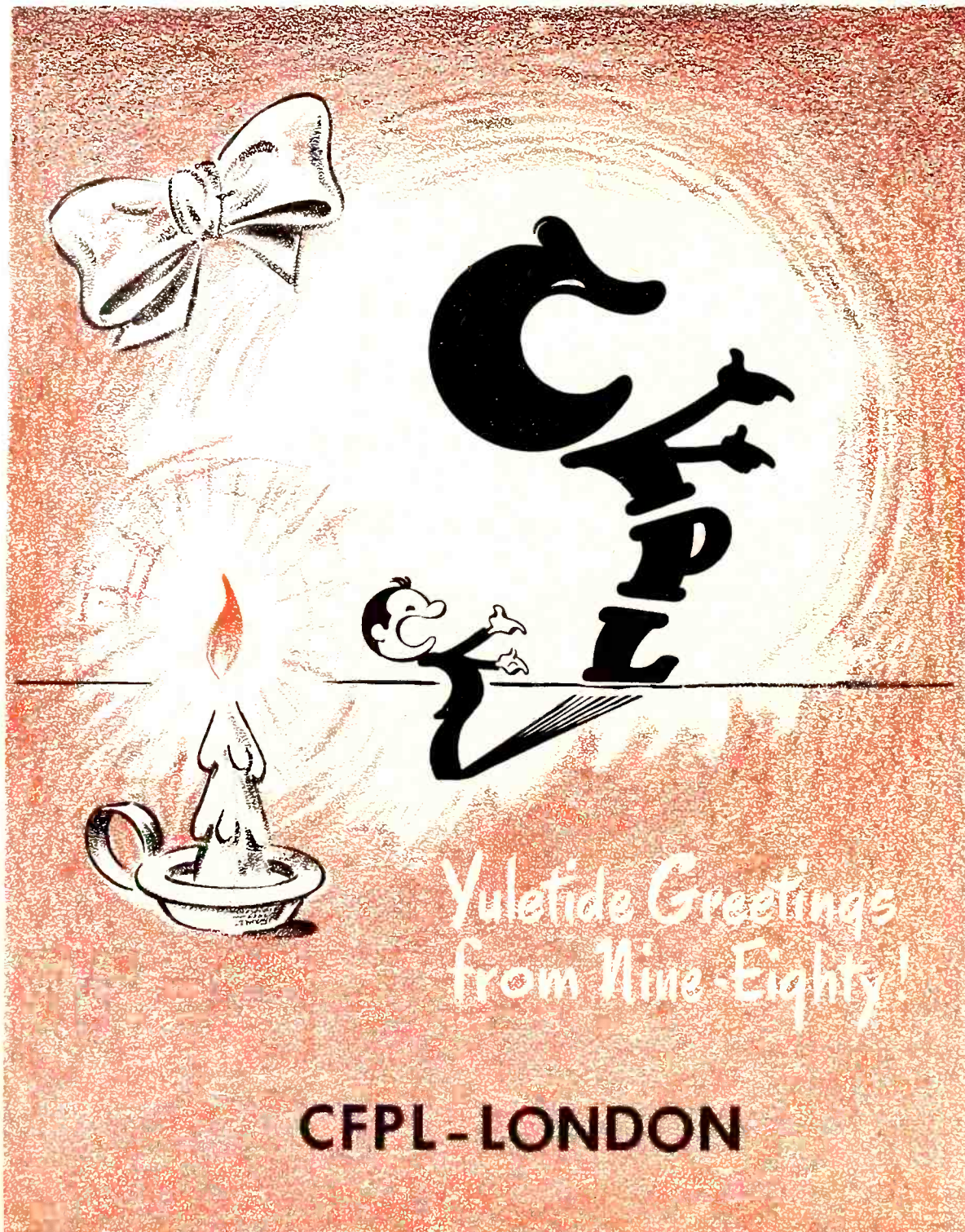
"I dunno," he said, "let's try it."

Get me?

Sooo . . . if I had a little station of my own, I should be tempted to try the newspaper technique. I would call this "Indexed Programming."

At a set time daily, I should have cartoons — word cartoons short and catchy, like the Happy Gang "Joke Pot." I would have brief health talks, by an expert. My station would be crammed with features paralleling the newspaper features so familiar to us all—from cross-word puzzles to "Your Baby." Most important these proven features would be broadcast at the same time every day.

Having built a schedule on this principle, I would then distribute my radio index, far and wide, by every modern means of distribution. My index, except when special seasonal and emergency events intervened, would be permanent. Most every feature, except the week-end rotogravure colored comic and book section would be daily. My listener would know that on their station the weather forecast could be heard, always, at a specific time likewise the cartoons, the health talks, and every other feature



musical, dramatic, or just straight talk.

Given this "layout" and proper distribution of my program index, I would then go after improvement to perfection in each feature. After all, they would be proven features, tested over the years. If the rating was low, I would make the feature better—not dump it out in order to try a new band or drama. Of course, if in the face of persistent efforts a show flopped, it would be thrown out.

Would this "Indexed Programming" work? Ask the Siftons or the Southams, the Hearsts or the McCormicks! Anyhow, for my money, it would be worth a try!

Naturally, no such plan need be hidebound. What I complain about is this persistent change, this everlasting kicking about of features, scrambling the schedule to the point where "nothing fits no place."

Some operators may be saying, "Oh, but we already have all those features you've talked about."

Maybe—but how can the listener find them? Sure you have talks on gardening. But where, and when? Jokes . . . yes, but peppered holus-bolus through the day. Looking for one's tastes in radio is like looking for a needle in a haystack. Only the idle man or the imprisoned housewife can take that sort of treatment. Busy men—let's face it—busy men just do not listen to the radio, except for news . . . *the one feature on the average station fairly well indexed.* Without newscasts on the air, with their location well publicized, I venture to say that the sets-in-use figures would be even lower than the present unsatisfactory figure. Busy people cannot fish for what they want. Our sponsors rarely listen to anything but their own shows.

All that could be quickly changed by Indexed Programming. Let us look for features as sure-fire as Li'l Abner or Doc. Brady — and then give them a break by letting listeners know where to find them today, tomorrow, and next year! Let us learn from newspapers — even though they've been slow to learn from us. Let's look at our favorite magazine—and learn a trick or two about layout! You don't find wise publishers playing hide-and-seek with readers. But broadcasters do with listeners!

The operator courageous enough to adopt Indexed Programming has to realize that his station cannot be all things to all people at all times. He will acknowledge readily that when his book section is on the air he will lose the attention of some chambermaids. People who like music in the background as they wash dishes may tune out at times. So what? Do you want listeners all the time—with no sales effect; or specific listeners to specific programs, who are listening with interest and affected by your message?

Indexed Programming would rid radio of a good deal of bitter criticism. Mrs. Brown of the I.O.D.E. would not be forever tuning in, by accident, on Superman and missing your Inspirational Corner. Or the jive fan would not, by accident, get stuck with a talk on the diffusion of light through a butterfly wing. Radio listeners would know what they wanted and where to get it, on your station.

Your spot on the dial would have extra weight. It would have personality. Over the years, it would take on a flavor of its own like Macleans, or Harpers, or Liberty Magazine. No competitor would dare to copy you to the extent that radio now plays copycat. I've heard two stations broadcasting in this manner. One ran a show called "Music For You." The other ran a program called "Songs at Eventide." They were both musical fills — that, and no more! You can't play that way with year-in, year-out features on which you base your whole success. "Index Programming" would raise the standard of broadcasting in Canada considerably.

Perhaps you're on a network, and can't adopt Indexed Programming throughout. That is no reason to ignore its value in those parts of the day where you are able to use it. If it is good in the whole, there are values in the parts.

Anyway—take a good look at your daily paper when you go home tonight. Then try to tell your wife what you are broadcasting on your station and when. The difference in your knowledge of the layout in your paper and on your own station would give you a dim idea of how confused is the average listener—and non-listener! —December 21, 1946.



The Program Man Sez —
WHY BE DIFFERENT?
 When It's So Easy To Be Sincere
Merry Christmas
 and another
Successful New Year

CKOV

KELOWNA, B.C.

630 KCS.

The Voice of the Okanagan

THE BEST BUY IN THE INTERIOR OF
 BRITISH COLUMBIA

SEE BBM and E-H Reports

CKRM

980

Saskatchewan's Favorite

Listening Post

Greetings

to Our Graduates who are

in—radio

advertising

motion pictures

television

professional theatre

publishing houses



as—actors

commentators

writers

announcers

producers

editors

program directors

managers



in—New York

New Zealand

Bermuda

England

Hollywood

and—other American cities

and — CANADA FROM COAST-TO-COAST

ACADEMY OF RADIO ARTS

Lorne Greene

Edna Slatter - June Murphy

Lister Sinclair - Andrew Allan - Marjorie Leete

W. H. Brodie - Terrence Gibb - Mavor Moore

David Tasker - Esse Ljungh - Eric Christmas

447 JARVIS STREET, TORONTO

CAN'T HAPPEN HERE, EH?

(Reprint of an article from "Canada Gazette" for July 6, 1972)

by Richard G. Lewis

Ottawa, July 5, 1972: Editorials appeared in every Canadian paper last night, under a Canadian Newspaper Corporation (CNC) date-line, commending the government for its twenty-five years of administration without putting the country to the expense of an election. The CNC article closed with an Ottawa directive to all employers, ordering an enforced holiday next Wednesday in celebration. Ottawa will join in the festivities, and a note of ironic entertainment will be introduced when life-like effigies are placed in the House, seated in what used to be called the "Opposition Benches," which have been cleaned and painted for the first time in twelve years especially for the occasion.

The CNC, owned and operated by the people of Canada, under the supervision of the Department of Knowledge Control, will blend its voice with those of all loyal citizens in the singing of the official "Doxology of Jubilation." This will be distributed without charge by the Canadian Choral Corporation (CCC), owned and operated by the people of Canada under authority of the Department of Special Events. It will be sung in the new official Canadian language in licensed churches from coast to coast during special services of thanksgiving next Wednesday. The services were ordered by directive 112/-XLIVX-127B of the Canadian Religious Corporation (CRC), owned and operated by the people of Canada under authority of the Department of Religious Beliefs and Observances. This will afford citizens an opportunity to hear a sermon especially prepared by the Department. In this sermon, stress will be laid on the progress of Christianity since all denominational differences were outlawed and all doctrinal policies were dispensed by the Corporation in its

capacity of Custodian of Public Morals.

The CRC, established in Canada over a quarter of a century ago immediately before the last election, was based on principle developed by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation (CBC) previously. This CBC, it is interesting to note, provided the principle on which all of the 167 "People's Corporations" now in operation were built. But it was not until our present Chancellor's election by acclamation during the infamous Battle of Bay Street in 1957 that such fascistic and monopolistic practices as private broadcasting and advertising were completely eradicated, to the glory of the people of Canada, to whom all Canada's resources rightfully belong.

Arrangements are being made for the collection of radio license fees. The fee this year has been increased from \$10.69 to \$12.80 to cover the cost of a new short wave transmission to the Canary Islands, and also to defray expenses in connection with the new compulsory "Health through Joy" program, broadcast by the Canadian Therapeutic Corporation (CTC), owned and operated by the people of Canada under authority of the Department of Physical Fitness. The exact time at which citizens are to appear at their Community Centres to make payment of their license fees will be announced over the Unified National Network during an early presentation of the regular "CBC All-Citizens Chamber Hour." Date of this announcement will be proclaimed on the regular 8-11 p.m. "Your Government" program, next Friday. All citizens will remain at home to hear this program. Citizens will be ordered to make their payments in numerical order under the new "State Index System" devised by the Canadian Statistical Corporation (CSC) owned and operated by the people of Canada under authority of the Department of People's Contributions to State Maintenance.

—June 22, 194

CJRW

wishes you a

Merry Xmas

and

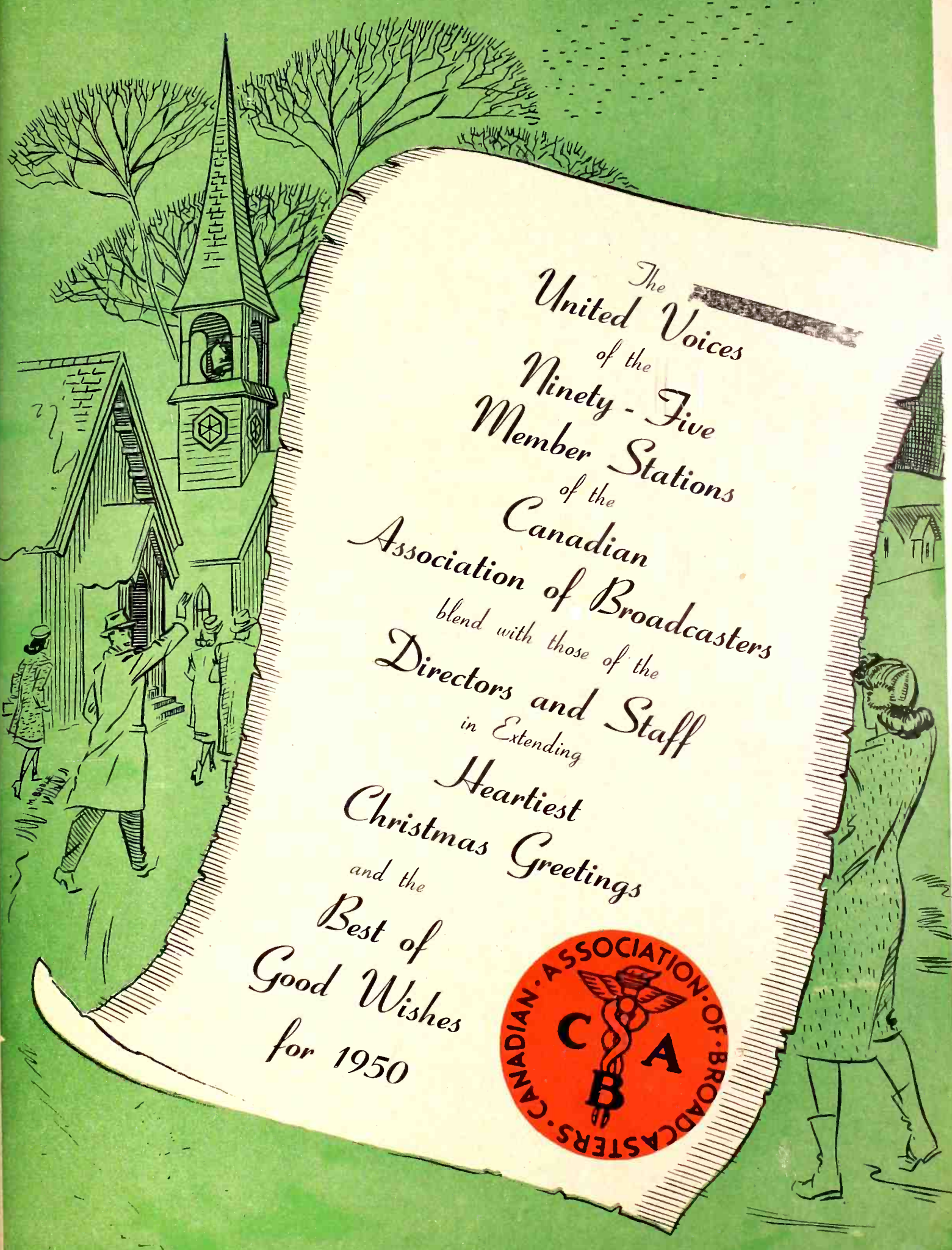
PROSPEROUS 1950



The Voice of Canada's Garden Province

Summerside, P. E. Island

The
 United Voices
 of the
 Ninety - Five
 Member Stations
 of the
 Canadian
 Association of Broadcasters
 blend with those of the
 Directors and Staff
 in Extending
 Heartiest
 Christmas Greetings
 and the
 Best of
 Good Wishes
 for 1950



Merry Christmas

From all the Gang

at

CFRB

