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CANADIAN BROADCASTER

AND TELESCREEN

9, No. 23.

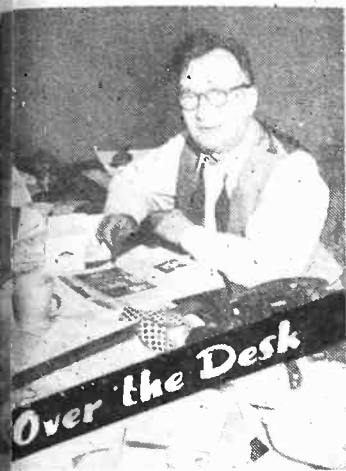
TORONTO, ONTARIO

December 6th, 1950





*A Very Merry
Christmas*



There are so many reasons why it might be taken off the air, yet for some reason or other it had to be for interviewing Toronto's Mayor Hiram McCallum. You see the Broadcasting Act forbids dramatized political broadcasts, which has been interpreted by the CBC to include interviews. This interpretation is contained in a document called succinctly "Canadian Broadcasting Corporation Regulations Bulletin BR 7 (Reprint)," which prompts me to say "BR 7 (reprint) yourself," first because very few interviews I have heard (and participated in) could, at the best stretch of imagination, be called dramatized; and second, because the CBC would like to think that its often extremely "political Citizens' and other Forums are dramatized too.

allowing—which I don't—that clause in the Act precluding dramatized political broadcasting reasonable, thought might be

given to revising the interpretation (or whatever you do to interpretations) so that 15-minute talks by aspiring politicians could be lightened from an audience standpoint by permitting them to be broken up into interviews. This would earn the deep gratitude of the listeners, who it is often said own the air lanes. It would improve political programming from their standpoint. But that raises the eternal question: "What have the listeners to do with it?"

For the record—and it is a slight to my personal ego—I have to admit that it was His Worship the Mayor and not I who was denied the privilege of completing the interview.

When, as and if the CBC launches its first telecasts, one out of three Canadians will have already watched TV, according to a national scale poll recently conducted by the Gallup Poll of Canada. While one third of the population seems to have seen at least one TV program, the average for the Province of Ontario is 61%, and the Prairies 16%.

What people think they may want to see and hear when the time comes, and how their choices will go then, may be quite different. But right now, 28% say the type of program they will be most interested in seeing when TV comes to Canada will be sports; 21% favor dramas and plays; 8% choose classical music and opera; 7% musical shows and musical comedy; 5% comedy shows, comedians; 4% educational programs (safety, cooking, farm methods, etc.); quiz and give-away programs rated a meagre

1%; only 14% expressed no choice. All we have to do now is get them to pull the TV plug, so we can find out if Ol' Doc Gallup knows his stuff.

SESAC Inc., 475 Fifth Avenue, NYC, has broken out in a new place with the announcement of a "greatly enlarged library with no price increase, offering subscribers almost 4,000 tunes with an initial release of 2,800 selections, including a new line-up of Collegiate band selections and Christmas music with added renditions by the Crane Calder Choir, Crusaders' Quartet, Choir Girl Trio and the Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel in New York." Other "inclusions" include American Folk Music (Hillbilly to you), Band Music, Concert Selections, Hawaiian Melodies, Novelties, Religious Music and South American and Spanish Rhythms. The library service carries a script service with it, with emphasis on daily 15 and 30-minute shows suitable for sponsorship. There are special children's shows, highlighting the "Mister Muggins Rabbit" series, and a new catalogue of moods, bridges and themes. So all you need now is a SESAC library, a microphone and a couple of hundred thousand working capital and you're in the broadcasting business.

A rather unique service is being offered to business by A. F. Wrenshall, 191 Islington Avenue North, Toronto 18, in the form of a mimeographed weekly bulletin entitled "The Listener." This sheet enables him to apprise his clients of what radio commentators and

other speakers are saying about "business" on the air.

Wrenshall says his service does a parallel job with that performed by press clipping services, except that he concerns himself with the spoken rather than the written word.

Jimmy Morris, CKNW, New Westminster's folk singer, has had a song of his own published. It is entitled "Your Birthday Song." Jimmy was the guy who won \$500 in the Northwest open vocal competition at the Pacific National Exhibition. He is currently doing a 25-minute turn for Pepsodent on the New Westminster station.

And now is the time to close off the column with a ubiquitous thank you to its readers whose kindly acceptance of its utterances—or at least their forbearance in not complaining about them—a happy Christmas, coupled with the earnest hope that, some time early in 1951, a solution will be found to the problems that beset the world today, so that it may once again revert to its normal and satisfying pursuit of happiness.

Muzzi Muzyllo (just call me Muzzi), erstwhile CHUM salesman and, before that, impresario in U.K. nightspots, says the door of the Elliott Hotel, Church and Shuter Streets, Toronto, which he is now managing, is open to Canadian talent with something to offer by way of entertainment. Says Muzzi: "From now on Canadian talent gets a listen at the Elliott on a par with U.S. entertainers—and gets the same price too—if it connects."

Our Best Wishes

for a

JOYOUS CHRISTMAS



CKRC

WINNIPEG

MANITOBA



Merry Christmas

1950

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

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

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Winnipeg - Dave Adams
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December 6th, 1950

Hope At Christmastide

Hark! The Herald Angels sing!

This year the Christmas bells will peal their carillons of peace and goodwill in honor key. Thoughts of threats of the assumption of world war cannot be dispelled from our souls as the carolling Herald Angel's voice is soured by the discordant clash of steel, while swords that were yesterday hammered back into ploughshares are beaten into swords again; while hearts whose breaks have barely healed are crushed anew; while families, joyously knit together after long and painful partings, seem soon to be rift apart once more.

Yet it is Christmas. Soon we shall be celebrating the feast of the nativity of the Prince of Peace. Hark! The Herald Angels sing!

Too late now to resort to bitter autopsies over the remains of what we once hoped would be a united body of nations, linked solidly in the cause of right and decency. Too late to examine and rue all our own individual acts of greed and cupidity that have not only kept the decent nations of the world in perpetual turmoil of disagreement, but have also torn up the inhabitants of those countries—including our country—into cliques and schisms of warring factions, each intent only on gaining the lion's share of industrial loot for itself. Too late now to chide ourselves for our apathy towards the one world of which we have sadly refused to admit we are a part.

■ ■ ■

Today we are paying the wages of our sins of yesterday. What is done is done. Yesterday is dead. Perhaps we are still only at the eleventh hour. But then again it could be that eternity's clock has all but run out its final sixty minutes. Because we cannot know, this question rates no thought.

What does require our concentration and effort is the present; how we may rally our-



selves spiritually; how we may cast off the greed and selfishness that have brought us to our present pass; how we may combine our efforts, every single one of us, to one purpose and one purpose alone—the cause of right.

■ ■ ■

It is Christmas.

■ ■ ■

Though His throne may seem wavering and insecure, the Prince of Peace still rules from it.

Not just faith, but active demonstration of faith is the only thing that can keep Him there.

Communism cannot kill Democracy, if Democracy will obey its own rules. The prime rule is the working in perfect harmony of every one of us for the good of the whole. This harmony is essential in nations' intercourse with nations. But that ideal can only be born of a like concordance in man's intercourse with man.

Past failures to obey this rule cannot be corrected as concerns the past. But a new-born adherence to the rule—however late the hour — is the one means of restoring hope, where only despair now exists.

The Prince of Peace is still on His throne. Hark! The Herald Angels sing!

Public Service . . Or Public Nuisance?

An editorial in a recent issue of the trade magazine "Canadian Broadcaster" has something to say about radio public service. It says in part: "One of radio's major contributions . . . is its willingness to give air time to the clergy, social workers, politicians and others without charge, to enable them to sound their pleas and air their views for the good of the public at large."

I'd like to stop right there and point out for the benefit of those listeners who may take the above statements literally, that few private radio stations ever give any politicians any free time on the air. The one exception that I know of is a program called Report From Parliament Hill, in which local members of Parliament report to their constituents at regular intervals by way of recorded talks. Some of these are good, and some are extremely dull and uninspired.

Which brings us to the second part of the "Broadcaster's" editorial where it says: "This public service (giving free time) is losing half its worth because of the inability of so many public-minded and benevolent people to address the microphone in an efficient manner."

The editorial then goes on to list some of their sins and to suggest that the Canadian Association of Broadcasters might prepare a handbook containing microphonic tips for such speakers. It is suggested, too, that though a list of these talks may look well in a station's "Proof of Performance" report to the CBC, they are not really performing a useful service . . . "if they permit inept speakers to use up air time, or allow others to drive their meaningless platitudes on the long-suffering listener."

That is the meat of the thing, of course. It is the listener who has to suffer. And the public is not being served.

■ ■ ■

I don't think that a book of tips issued by the Canadian Association of Broadcasters will do much good. You don't make a good broadcaster out of a bad one simply by issuing him with a handbook. You might just as well hand someone a medical dictionary and expect him to become a doctor after he's read it through.

Group discussions and lectures by experienced broadcasters are of some assistance.

In Vancouver, the United Church Committee on Radio and station CKWX have been working along these lines with some success. The UBC Radio Society is also attempting to gain specialized information for its members under a similar arrangement. This is well worth while.

But the real answer lies within the radio stations themselves. When groups and organizations approach them for free time, they should assess the needs of the group—audition its personnel as they would a prospective announcer, and if they do not meet broadcast standards, they should not be allowed on the air.

Far better from the listener's viewpoint to hear a well-written, well-produced program about some group which has been completely created by station personnel and is broadcast by professionals, than to hear the president of that group stumble self-consciously through a badly-written script. That is a waste of time and is certainly not good radio.

—Dick Diespecker
in The Vancouver Province.

AGRICULTURE

Long Distance Report

Bill Guild, manager of CJOC, Lethbridge, who, as chairman of the CAB spent many months of last year running back and forth across the country appearing and arranging appearances before the Massey Commission on Development in the Arts, Letters and Sciences, is back in the broadcasting business! To prove it, Bill brought his Farm Director, Omar Broughton, to Toronto to cover the Royal Winter Fair, and feed back to his Alberta listeners, via tape, telephone and telegraph, on-the-spot reports and interviews relating to the large number of Albertans who won ribbons and other distinctions at Canada's top agricultural event.

CJOC is moving into the agricultural field, according to Guild, because seven out of eight of the station's listeners are either farmers or ranchers. Besides this, Lethbridge boasts the second largest experimental farm in the Dominion, and is willing and eager to co-operate with this CJOC activity in every possible way.

Omar Broughton was chosen to fill the post of Farm Director first and foremost because he was born and raised a Central Alberta grass roots farmer, who knows the problems and speaks the language of the station's rural listeners. Further, he has the academic training which goes with the job. As evidence of his interest, Broughton, while overseas with the



RICKEY SHARPE, World's Wheat Champion, is interviewed by the press in the press room of the Royal Winter Fair. Omar Broughton, CJOC Farm Editor, is standing directly behind Sharpe.

RCAF, as an observer, took time out to take a look at farming methods in England, Northern Ireland, Scotland and West Africa, where his duties took him.

There was never a dull moment at the Fair for either Guild or Broughton, as they recorded interviews with many of the Albertans who distinguished themselves, and rushed the tapes to Malton airport where they were flown 1,638 air miles to Lethbridge by TCA and broadcast to local listeners 36 hours after the tapes left the machines. Several wires were sent daily from the grounds, and relatives of interviewees were advised by telephone of when they would be heard on the air.

A piece of the tape had to be cut out of the interview with John Davidson, who was handling a pen of winning steers, when he interrupted himself to ask for a drink and they handed him a glass of water. During another interview, a steer broke away from the pen, with Guild hot-footing it after him. Young Rickey Sharpe stole the show when he was crowned world wheat king.

As part of its agricultural activities CJOC's one and a half acre transmitter site is being transformed into ultra-modern community gardens, irrigated with an aluminum sprinkler system, to be tilled by the staff under the direc-

tion of Broughton. Various new varieties of potatoes and other vegetables will be grown and his teners will be given the benefit of experiments on them. The station hopes to be an exhibitor next year at the Royal Winter Fair.

"Public interest in Albertan affairs has been centred on the industry in the northern part of the province," Guild told the *Broadcaster*. "We are trying to remind advertisers that farming and ranching still constitute Southern Alberta's multi-million dollar industry," he said.

CKFH TO HIT AIR FIRST OF THE YEAR

Toronto.—Final approval from the Department of Transport for Toronto's sixth radio station CKFH, has been received, it was announced here last week by station president Foster Hewitt.

The 250 watt transmitter with directional antenna, operating at 1400 kc would be ready to go on the air "early in the new year," Hewitt expected. Work on the transmitter, located on one of the Toronto Islands, is going ahead as quickly as possible. Studios and offices are to be at 1 Grenville Street.

Hewitt also announced the appointment of Howard Caine, former radio director for Vickers-Benson, as station manager. Le Smith, formerly representative for CHML in Toronto, will be the station's sales manager.



Merry Christmas,
New Year too—

Pleasant Eastertide to you,

Happy Birthday, bright Thanksgiving,

May you know the joy of living—

Till Old Santa comes again . . .

I'll send you another greeting then!

Bonnie Brooks

Willowdale — Zone 8-213

NORTHERN ONTARIO'S

Greatest

ADVERTISING

MEDIUM

CKSO

NORTHERN ONTARIO'S
HIGH-POWERED
STATION

Ask

ALL-CANADA IN CANADA
WEED & CO. IN U.S.A.



I've just enough strength left to say:

*"Merry
Christmas"*

after reading the thousands of letters from kiddies all over the Niagara Peninsula, sent to me care of

Your Niagara District Station
CKTB
ST. CATHARINES
Now 620 ON YOUR DIAL

To Our Friends:
Try as we may . . .

It's hard to find a truly different Holiday greeting.
But we're sure that none can carry greater warmth and
more sincerity than the old fashioned . . .

“Merry Christmas
Happy New Year!”

Throughout the year we often think of all our friends.
But we seldom get an opportunity to shake their hands
and say the things we have in mind.

Ahead of us is a New Year. In it we hope there is
a bright future for you and yours, with each day filled
with good health, good cheer and happiness.

ALL-CANADA RADIO FACILITIES
Limited

VANCOUVER • CALGARY • WINNIPEG • TORONTO • MONTREAL

*Radio Artists
Telephone
Exchange
and all its
Subscribers
Including*

Herb Arlow
Roxana Bond
Joy Davies
Laddie Dennis
Johnny Elwood
Diane Ewing
Patricia Joudry
Beth Lockerbie
John Lyons
Margaret MacBain
Jack Mather
Howard Milson
Verla Mortson
Dick Nelson
Barry Nesbitt
Mona O'Hearn
Maurice Rapkin
Lee Russell
Meg Ruffan
Sandra Scott
Barry Wood

*WISH YOU
COMPLIMENTS
OF THE
SEASON*



ADVERTISERS

Sales and Advertising Go Hand In Hand

Toronto. — The one-day Fall Conference of the Association of Canadian Advertisers was so well and enthusiastically attended that it was felt by many that it should become a regular event—probably in Montreal — besides the full-dress three-day convention which has been shifted to May.

Although the meeting was a closed one, we were privileged to attend the afternoon session when a panel delved into the topic—"The Sales Manager Looks at Advertising," with a lively discussion led by C. B. Cooper, General Sales Manager, Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company of Canada Ltd. and J. F. Scruton, Vice-President, Sales and Advertising, H. J. Heinz Company of Canada Ltd. Mr. Scruton was assisted by Paul Gervais, Sales Promotion and Advertising Manager. The session was chaired by M. M. Schneckenburger of The House of Seagram.

A luncheon meeting, staged jointly by the ACA and the Advertising & Sales Club of Toronto, was addressed by the Chairman of the Board of the New York advertising agency, Benton & Bowles Inc., Clarence B. Goshorn. His address is digested elsewhere in this issue. A cocktail party was staged by M. M. Schneckenburger of Seagrams. This was followed by an informal dinner, without speeches. And the evening wound up with a film presentation of "Eisenhower's Crusade In Europe," the March of Time film story of World War II, presented by B. B. Gundy of Time-Life, Toronto.

Management of the meeting was in the hands of Bob Day, President of Bulova Watch Company and John Meldram, Advertising Manager of National Carbon Ltd., respectively Chairman and Vice-Chairman, Program Committee.

"There is no magic in advertising that will overcome the absence of merchandising," was the theme of H. F. Scruton's talk to the meeting, and part of the task of merchandising consists of selling the advertising to the retailers, so that the greatest possible results in sales may be obtained.

This speaker held forth at considerable length on the virtue of arming salesmen with proofs of

printed advertisements, because each salesman is the "manager" of his own territory, which he has to operate on a paying basis.

The Heinz Company uses considerable radio advertising, including *Ozzie & Harriet* on the English network, *Chansonette* on the French, and the Lorne Greene newscasts on CKEY, Toronto. It was not, however, until a question was posed from the floor that Scruton called upon his sales promotion and advertising manager, Paul Gervais, to tell the meeting what plans were used to merchandise the programs.

One of the most successful means of interesting grocers in the French program, this company has found, is to give prizes to the audience and also to the grocer from whom the winner bought the product. "We find," said Gervais, "that merchants tell people to buy the product, and then urge them not to forget to put their name on the back of the label."

Lorne Greene, their Toronto newscaster, appeared recently at a grocers' convention to address the trade, which they found a good boost for merchant interest.

■ ■ ■

Advertising departments, advertising agencies and sales departments must work together because success can only grow out of a mutual dependence, according to C. B. Cooper, general sales manager of the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company of Canada.

Every Goodyear salesman is not only sales manager of his territory but is also advertising manager, Cooper said. He must see that dealers co-operate in the company's advertising in ratio to the volume of sales, remembering, however, that the dealer is independent and should be persuaded rather than pushed.

"We expect our advertising agency to take an active and lively interest in sales development," he said. "Advertising men have to be sales-minded and salesmen must be advertising experts," he emphasized. The whole problem of keeping the sales coming in is keeping people conscious of the product, and "sales are not obtained on a continuing basis without new ideas to excite consumer appetite. Churches ring bells to remind people to go to church every Sunday, not just once a year," he pointed out, "and in business people must be continually reminded too."

VERBATIM

Advertising To Fit The Present Day Economy

Excerpted from an address to a joint luncheon of the Association of Canadian Advertisers and the Advertising & Sales Club of Toronto, by Clarence B. Goshorn, Chairman of the Board, Benton & Bowles Inc., New York.

Advertising expenditures in the United States during the four war years averaged about 20% greater than in the four years preceding the war. However, because of the great growth in gross national product, the percentage in relation to that total fell off about one third. In the four years subsequent to the war, through 1949, advertising expenditures were about double those of the four years before the war and 70% greater than during the war years, although still about 10% less in share of gross national product than before the war.

The Canadian experience was not dissimilar, although the grouping of years is not completely parallel, because you were in the war, but not in the height of the world war economy, during some of the time when we were not.

During the years 1942 through 1945, Canadian advertising increased, on the average (like ours), about 20% above the four years preceding, although in relation to gross national product it fell off about 25%. During the four years ending with 1949, advertising volume was (like ours) about twice the 1938 to 1941 period and the percent of gross national income about the same. Advertising for the four post-war years was (again like ours) about 70% greater than during the four years of world-wide war.

■ ■ ■

Two things about these figures should be borne in mind. During the war years when so much of the gross national product was devoted to the military, the advertising expenditures, in relation to national product available to civilian consumers, was importantly higher than the figures suggest.

To some extent during these years, but to a greater extent in the post-war years when price controls were relaxed and removed, inflation has padded the dollars amounts. In Canada, the percentage of advertising expenditures to gross national product is about the same as in the years before all-out war; in the United States it has not yet caught up with the pre-war average.

Perhaps it would not have caught up, even though the economy were not again to be distorted by defence production. Many appropriations are properly based, not on dollars but on units sold and families reached. Obviously a real effort was made to adapt advertising to the changed conditions of preparation for war and peace. The adjustment was more effectively accomplished than most of us would have thought possible in advance. These were not the happiest years for advertising, but they were not barren years. We contributed sig-

950 TEEN-AGERS . . .

... pack the Imperial Room of the New Royal Hotel to the rafters for Bill O'Brien's STUDENTS' NITE. Local police chief has to assign 2 policemen for every broadcast and they have their hands full. CJEM is the people's favourite around here for one of many reasons: it goes the limit in fostering teen-ager talent.

Your message is sure to be heard in the Republic of Madawaska, if you put it through CJEM.

Season's Greetings

From

C J E M

SOON 1000 WATTS
EDMUNDSTON, N.B.

"The Only Bilingual Station in the Maritimes"



supplies of their goods.

We are more experienced in finding ways to produce our products, in spite of material shortages. For a single example, common to many of us, we won't have to go through all the trial and error of substitute packaging that we experienced during the war. Many of you have even preserved machinery to be ready if steel fails you, or paper, or glass.

Our production people have certainly developed greater ingenuity in making substitutions without deteriorating products. And necessity, if it arises, will again mother inventions.

Looking forward to likely curtailments in products which demand scarce materials, many companies have broadened their lines of manufacture and introduced other products which do not. They realize that their franchises, with the entire distributing trade, as well as the public, are at stake. I am sure we will not have as severe cut-backs in advertising under any conditions we now see ahead as we faced during the war.

An increasing proportion of our advertising is designed to sell not products but institutions and ideas.

Institutional advertising was an invention of the First World War. It was stimulated, I am afraid, by the heavy taxation which made it profitable to try it, but it proved most effective for building the reputation of a company, and, through confidence in the manufacturer, acceptance for his goods. It was growingly important during the years between the wars and again given a vigorous boost during the last war.

Today, literally hundreds of companies consider their institutional or company advertising as important as their product advertising. One general news magazine in the United States, for example, carries regularly the advertising of no less than twenty steel companies. Processors of all sorts of consumer goods supplement their selling effort for their products with advertising to build up confidence in the integrity, ingenuity, efficiency and general reliability of the companies themselves and of any goods they offer for sale. We were bound to have more of this sort of advertising whatever happened. Under the conditions ahead, we will have still more, as a substitution for advertising of specific brands which cannot be produced and as background for new brands that

may be offered in their stead.

One good thing about institutional advertising is that top management always sees it—in fact, will usually volunteer to help write it—better. This has resulted in a broader appreciation of the contribution of advertising to the success of business.

Another kind of advertising that also dates back to the First World War is that in support of national objectives and morale. This idea originated in England when the challenge "Wake Up, England!" appeared almost overnight in every magazine and newspaper, on the billboards, in moving picture theatres, in flashing signs, on buses and private vehicles—and on sandwich men. Charles Higham became Sir Charles because of the effectiveness of this simple slogan.

Out of this developed the magnificent co-operation of national and local advertisers, advertising agencies and the proprietors of the major advertising media to execute wartime public service projects on a huge scale. In the United States, the Advertising Council developed over one hundred and fifty different home-front campaigns involving more than a billion dollars' worth of advertising space and time—five hundred fold the amount which backed the First World War.

Continuing into peace time these Advertising Council programs are now selling savings bonds, fighting tuberculosis, accidents, forest fires and group prejudice, promoting better schools, religion and the Red Cross, explaining our economic system and

political heritage and, through programs on CARE, overseas information and the United Nations, heightening interest in world affairs.

Often these themes have provided the most cogent kind of product advertising. They can also build good will and esteem for the advertiser beyond the acceptance of his products, when his goods are necessarily withdrawn from the market. This good will and esteem will carry over to the products when they return.



FRANCES JOAN FLINT (10-year-old actress)

I'd like to work for you.

Give me a call Sometime at GR. 7220.

ificantly to the stability of our countries, and I am sure we learned how to help even more to preserve, through periods of stress, their long range prosperity.

We have learned that brands of equities worth preserving even though output is temporarily curtailed. I won't rehearse the many stories which have appeared in the advertising trade press and elsewhere, giving the case histories of companies whose continuing product advertising during war time helped in the equitable distribution of scarce products and speeded the rebuilding of sales. If you have been following these reports, you will perhaps now recall numerous instances in which a distinct competitive advantage was constantly measurable for the manufacturer whose advertising was not stopped.

Since the effect of most advertising is over the long haul as such as in immediate sales, the soundness of advertising, even when demand exceeds supply, would seem axiomatic. Yet the constant reminder in these specific experiences is a reassuring stimulation to all of us who are responsible for the planning of advertising programs.

Some manufacturers of very well-established products saw this proved in a different way. Forced to discontinue their products entirely, they dropped their advertising. Yet when manufacture was resumed, sales picked up with little or no loss from the positions they had achieved before. Either of these experiences is a vigorous demonstration of the long run effect of advertising.

I am sure there will be fewer manufacturers dropping their advertising because of fluctuating

May these Greetings to friends,
Both near and far,
Tell
Of very best wishes
From CJR
L.

A Merry Christmas
and, in the New Year,
Happiness, Success
and Prosperity

National Representatives:

HORACE N. STOVIN & CO., Toronto and Montreal
INLAND BROADCASTING AND RECORDING SERVICE, Winnipeg
DONALD COOKE, U.S.A.

CJRL
KENORA ONT.
DOMINION NETWORK



Continuous Radio
Audience Measurements
Since 1940



Elliott-Haynes Limited

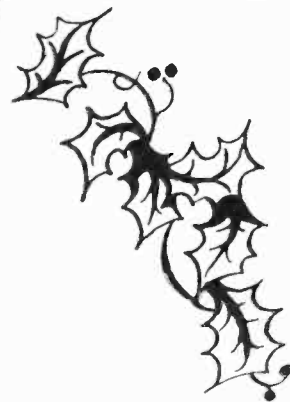
International Aviation Bldg.
MONTREAL
PLateau 6494

515 Broadview Ave.
TORONTO
GErard 1144

From British United Press

*Merry
Christmas
and a
Happy*

**NEWS
Year!**



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

SELECTIVE RADIO

Spreading Christmas Cheer

By Tom Briggs

A party with all the Christmas trimmings for close to one hundred children, all patients at the Queen Alexandra Crippled Children's Hospital in Victoria, B.C., is a big event, especially for the kids. The party will be the result of a successful campaign for funds started by CKDA's announcer Ed Carey on his afternoon and evening radio shows. Victorians have rallied around to subscribe over \$400 to date, which will provide the Solarium's inmates with a big turkey dinner, and everything that usually goes with it at Christmas—entertainment by a choir, the Rodeo Rascals Quartet, acts by entertainers, and presents. Firmly behind the plan is the C.E. Electric Company, which will donate all transportation, together with numerous organizations which are rounding up funds.

CKWX got in an anonymous Christmas good deed for 2,000 youngsters in the Orpheum Theatre when Eaton's staged their Good Deed Club broadcast, a talent show plus entertainment, for the kids.



Howard Hughes, the four-and-half-year-old youngster seen above getting a paper hat and a box of candy from Santa Claus, just happens to be the son of Ken Hughes, promotion manager for the station. The fellow with the beard is Jack Sayers, sales manager of CKWX, who claims he's molested every one of the kids, including Hughes.

Members of the Good Deed Club received prizes, watches, badges, and ribbons for telling old Kringle about their good turns.

The Senior Citizen's Christmas fund is on the march again for the fifth year from CJAV, Port Alberni. Last year a Christmas auction for the Senior Citizens brought in \$4,446. This year the objective is \$5,000.

The fund is distributed among older people throughout the Alberni Valley by the Welfare Department of the provincial government and, while the exact total of the fund can't be foretold, it is expected that those who will share the fund will receive cheques amounting to between \$15 and \$25, depending on their circumstances.

The idea originated with CJAV

during the Christmas season of 1946, and each year more money has flooded into the fund. As is the custom, the staff of CJAV will preside over the first auction of the season, and then the service clubs will take up the cause as official auctioneers. Again the response from these clubs has been "overwhelming." All merchandise for the auctions is donated by local business men and householders.

It is expected that orphans in the various institutions around New Westminster and Vancouver will celebrate another memorable Christmas, thanks to the many people who donate to a fund that CKNW has been promoting over the past six years. Each year warm clothing has been bought for any child needing it in the eleven institutions in the area, plus a special little gift each child has selected as being the one thing he wants above all others.

About 1,000 children are cared for in this way each year, and the grand total collected over the years for the fund is about \$50,000.

Children's choirs from nine of the rural elementary schools in the Kelowna area are to be featured in a series of quarter hour programs over CKOV. They will sing carols and take part in the special Christmas programs that the station has prepared. A choir from the Kelowna Junior High School will be doing two half-hour broadcasts from the CKOV studios as well.

The Santa Claus parade in Regina, sponsored by CKCK and the Lions Club, not only provides a riotous day for thousands of children but raises a helpful sum (last year \$800) for the Regina Leader-Post Cheer Fund.

On the day of the big event the kids from the city and surrounding suburbs, forewarned for days by Santa Claus programs and special announcements, line the streets and fill six theatres, donated for the occasion, while the old man with the whiskers, escorted by RCMP officers, floats and clowns, wends his way through the downtown area. At

the theatres and the hospital Santa stops off long enough to unload many bags full of gifts.

At the Junior Red Cross hospital in Calgary on Christmas morning, crippled children eagerly await the arrival of the CFON microphone which carries their voices over the air to their families and friends. Getting the chance to recite the verses they have learned, to sing little songs, or just to say "Merry Christmas, momma," has become an important annual event at the hospital, which is a co-operative effort of the station and the local Kinsmen Club.

Through the efforts of CJBQ and its annual Christmas Cheer Fund Show, another \$500 will probably be raised for the Belleville branch of the Salvation Army. The show is aired from the stage of the McCarthy Theatre, donated for the occasion, and is made up completely of local talent. Proceeds from the sale of tickets are distributed to needy folks by the Salvation Army.

It became apparent that many of the children in the new ward of Moncton's Tuberculosis Hospital would have radios this Christmas when the initial response to CKCW's drive brought in 17 sets. The sets aren't new, but when chief engineer Jim White completes overhauling them, they will bring some of the outside world in to the young patients.

In Cornwall, station CKSF is planning an evening-long program of local talent to boost its campaign for funds for needy children in the district. An orchestra, instrumentalists and vocalists will take part in a program of requested numbers where those hoping to hear their favorite selections must first pledge a donation to the fund.

The station hires the hall for a large audience, and provides much of the transportation and refreshments, while station staffers and artists give of their time and talent. If the total response matches the \$1,200 raised last year, it will be considered a successful evening.



JOS. HARDY
talks
ON QUEBEC MARKET No. 2

At this time of year, when the leaves on the calendar grow thin, and our minds turn to thoughts of Christmas, it is good to take stock of the twelve months we are leaving behind us.

Then it is we realize, perhaps more than at other times, how many are the good friends we meet in business, how pleasant the contacts with them have been, how many kindnesses they have extended during the year.

And that, inevitably, leads up to just two words, spoken very sincerely — the words "thank you." May your Christmas be bright, and may you enjoy the blessings of good health, prosperity and good companionship throughout the year that lies ahead, is the wish of your friend—Jos. Hardy.

For any information on
QUEBEC MARKET No. 2

and
"TRANS-QUEBEC" Radio Group
Telephone, Wire or Write to
JOS. A. HARDY & CO. LTD.
MONTREAL QUEBEC TORONTO

REPRESENTING

CHRC	QUEBEC	5000 WATTS
CHNC	NEW CARLISLE	5000 WATTS
CHLN	TROIS RIVIERES	1000 WATTS
CHLT	SHERBROOKE (French)	1000 WATTS
CKTS	SHERBROOKE (English)	250 WATTS
CKVM	VILLE-MARIE	1000 WATTS
CKRS	Jonquiere-Kenogami	250 WATTS
CKBL	MATANE	1000 WATTS
CKLD	THERFORD MINES	250 WATTS

A wonderful Christmas Gift

for an industrious
salesman

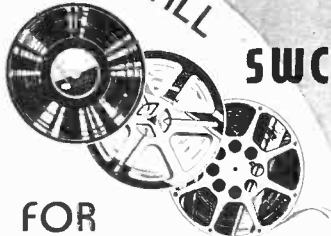


A year round campaign
on C F N B, reaching
76,370 radio homes to
help get more sales and
more commissions during
1951.

SEE
THE ALL-CANADA MAN



BETTER CALL SWC



FOR DISCS, TAPE & T.V.

Thanks for making
CHRISTMAS, 1950
Our Best Season on Record

In the New Year
Call Caldwell
for the Sellingest Shows

in '51
DANGER
DR. DANFIELD
26 Half-hours

Psychological Mystery-Drama
Dynamic-Commercial
for Disc and Data Call

S.W. Caldwell
LIMITED
2100 VICTORY BLDG.
80 RICHMOND ST. W.
TORONTO.

STATIONS

Form Central Canada Group

Toronto.—The Central Canada Broadcasters' Association (CCBA) was born here last week-end when some 50 broadcasters met in the Royal York Hotel to form a regional association of English language stations from Montreal to Fort William. Similar groups already operate in British Columbia, the Prairie Provinces, Quebec (French) and the Maritimes. Membership, it was decided, should be open only to member stations of the parent body, the Canadian Association of Broadcasters.

In taking office as the new association's first president, Ralph Snelgrove of station CKBB, Barrie, outlined some of the possible functions the group might perform. He said that the association will handle and take action on some of the regional problems of its members where formerly the assistance of the CAB had had to be sought. He suggested that it might prove effective in the future for the group to organize a regional sales office, supplementing the work of the CAB, and that meetings, open to all key personnel of member stations, be held as often as three times a year.

CAB general manager Jim Allard recommended that the group hold one of its meetings late in September or October so that suggestions and recommendations

which were to be passed on to the CAB for inclusion in its annual convention agenda early in the spring would be received in plenty of time. Allard suggested meetings of a day and a half in length—or two days at the most. He pointed out that here was an opportunity for program directors and sales managers to get into an association and exchange ideas, and give the whole industry the benefits of their experience.

Besides president Snelgrove, others elected to the board at this meeting were Lyman Potts, assistant manager of CKOC, Hamilton, as vice-president; and Tom Quigley, sales manager of CFCF, Montreal, as secretary-treasurer.

As its first official act, the CCBA named three of its members to sit on the CAB board next year. They are Harry Sedgwick, president of CFRB, Toronto and Bill Burgoyne, president of CKTB, St. Catharines, for another term, and, new to the board, Murray Brown, manager of CFPL, London.

Gordon Archibald, manager of CHOV, Pembroke, moved a vote of thanks to Harry Sedgwick for the time and effort he has devoted through the years to the betterment of the industry.

PANORAMA

REP SWITCH

National Broadcast Sales has added two stations to its list. As from December 1, they have added Toronto representation of station CHML. Previously they represented the Hamilton station in Montreal only. As from January 1, they will be repping CKNW, New Westminster.

POWER BOOST

Ontario Premier Leslie Frost

pulled the switch November 24 which transformed station CFOR, Orillia, into a thousand watt station. The station's new frequency is the clear channel, 1570 kc.

STORK MARKET

Tuesday, November 28, Doris presented Ev Palmer, of Walsh Advertising, with their first-born, a baby girl. Everyone is doing fine. The baby weighed in at over 7 lbs.

JOINS CBC BOARD

Vancouver.—A North Vancouver barrister, Ronald M. Howard, has been appointed to the Board of Governors of the CBC in place of Mrs. T. W. Sutherland of Parksville, Vancouver Island. Mrs. Sutherland resigned to take over management of CHUB, Nanaimo.

Howard studied law at University of B.C. and was called to the bar in 1937, later serving in the R.C.A.F. He has been campaign manager for James Sinclair, Coast-Capilano member in Ottawa. He is solicitor for District of North Vancouver.

AUTHORS BOOK

Vancouver. — Dick Diespecker, radio director of the Daily Province, has brought out his first book of prose, "Elizabeth," the story of his mother's life. It is published by J. M. Dent & Sons at \$3.00.

OMISSION FROM REP LIST

Under the National Sales Representatives listing published in issue of November 22 we inadvertently omitted Radio Time Sales (Ontario) Ltd. at 147 University Ave., Toronto, with Norman Brown as manager.



ANN ADAM HOMECRAFTERS'

Cooking School of the Air
PARTICIPATING PROGRAMME

Continuously

SINCE 1930

BY REMOTE CONTROL
OVER CFRB

9.20 A.M. Daily From Our Own Kitchens
NATIONAL ACCOUNTS ONLY

TORONTO 12

MOHAWK 2379

Sincere Thanks

*to all my friends for their
good wishes and kind thoughts
during my recent illness.*

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!

Joe Carr

To all our friends
in the business, old
and new, our warmest

Season's Greetings

CGOY

GUELPH

ONTARIO



Norm Patterson *Ed Homson*

W. Rosenfeld

James Inoran

Hugh Holy

Larry Tweed

Kay Dale

Jan Swallow

V. D. Dyer

Jocelyn Robb

Allie McBride

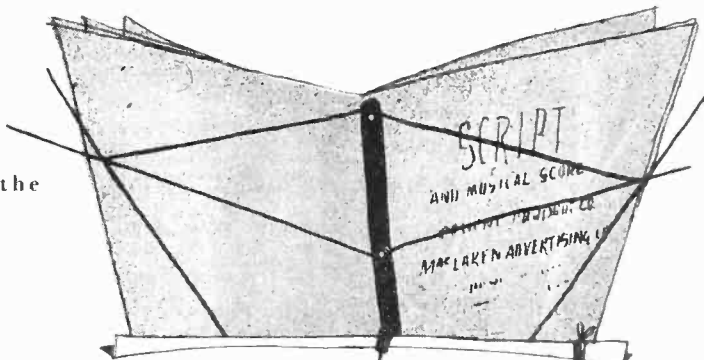
Rita O'Brien

Rosemary

Frank Peppert

Harry O'Connor

John Aylen



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 & TELEVISION DEPTS.
MACLAREN ADVERTISING COMPANY LTD.
 TORONTO · MONTREAL · WINNIPEG · VANCOUVER · LONDON, ENGLAND



RATES—6 Months (12 issues) 20 words minimum—\$24.00
 Additional words, add 10c per word, each issue.
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 Casual insertions—15c per word. Min. 20 words.
 (All payments are to be in advance.)
 Copy and/or classification may be changed each issue.
 Agency commissions cannot be allowed on these advertisements.

ACTING

TOBY ROBINS — Enguene — ME. 4144. (D)

RUTH SPRINGFORD — Ford, Wednesday Nights, Stages, Commercial Spots; 8 years' experience — Scotch dialects a specialty—LY. 6740. (I)

JANE MALLETT — Heard on most national programs since radio began, is available for some spots and commercials. HU. 4132. (P)

No globe-trotting for **LADIE DENNIS** this fall, staying on the job. Available for a c t i n g, commercials and commentating. WA. 1191. (L)

SEASON'S GREETINGS, may you have a happy and prosperous New Year. Lionel Ross—LA. 8612. (O)

VERLA MORTSON—Commercial—acting. Young, attractive, ambitious. Considerable commercial and CBC experience. WA. 1191 or HU. 0114. (P)

For warm, sympathetic voice type, call **IRIS COOPER** — RA. 0440. Also European dialects. Fully experienced. (X)

RENA MACRAE—Commercial — acting, mother-housewife type, testimonials, etc., substantial experience — Rinso, etc. Phone MO. 1593. (R)

BETH ROBINSON — 15 years stage—radio. Straight leads, boy-girl, 'teen parts a specialty — English, French, Scotch dialects. HY. 3603.

MARCIA DIAMOND — Enguene, leads, 7 years radio. acting. Chicago, Vancouver, Toronto. Commercials, many CBC shows. RE. 0319. (E)

LUCILLE BIRCHALL—Tops in child acting—has played all leading shows — Commands five dialects — Commercials —Acting—Phone 533W Richmond Hill. (E)

JOAN FOWLER—Enthusiastic young actress. Specialist in boy and girl parts, several years' experience at CBC — Phone PR. 4481. (L)

MARLENE DANIELS—Now in Toronto, available for calls. 'Teen parts and dialects, considerable CBC experience. RE. 3236 or RE. 9470. (X)

ALENE KAMINS—Now available for commercial calls—9 years' radio and film experience—specializing in 'Teen parts—KE. 7518. (A)

ROXANA BOND — WA. 1191. (L)

PETER LEGG—Characters and dialects, several years' experience overseas TV; CBC, etc. British dialects a specialty. Commercial, drama — EL. 7181—Jas. 267. (A)

JOSEPHINE BARRINGTON — A character actress and leading woman of experience in Canadian radio and theatre. Available for calls — MA. 3904. (L)

ACTING

BETH LOCKERBIE — Experience tells . . . MA. 2338 or WA. 1191. (B)

ANNOUNCING

LOY OWENS—A record of consistent sales through Ontario's long established and most powerful independent outlet—CFRB, Toronto. (X)

MICHAEL FITZGERALD — Kingsdale 0616. (M)

JACK DAWSON—PR. 5711 or OX. 2607. (L)

WALLY CROUTER—"Top O' the Mornin'" "Treasure Trail," CFRB Special Events —Call CFRB. (X)

BETH LOCKERBIE — Experience tells . . . MA. 2338 or WA. 1191. (B)

JAFF FORD—At your service. CFRB—PRincess 5711. (L)

EDUCATION

RYERSON INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY offers complete courses in all aspects of broadcasting—announcing, writing, production, technical. 50 Gould St., Toronto. (L)

ACADEMY OF RADIO ARTS — Lorne Greene, Director. Our function: to supply the Radio Industry with competent, trained personnel. 447 Jarvis, Toronto. (G)

ENGINEERING

MCGURDY RADIO INDUSTRIES—Broadcast station installation specialists — custom manufacturers of Audio Equipment — commercial Repair Service—33 Melinda St., Toronto—AD. 9701. (P)

TRANS - CANADA STEEPLE-JACKS—Painting and inspection of Transmitter Towers. Fast, dependable work. 530 King St. E. — WA. 0766 — Toronto. (L)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ANTHONY TRIFOLI STUDIOS — Personalized professional portraits and publicity shots. Appointments at artists' convenience — MI. 9276 — 574 Church St. (C)

WHATEVER THE SERVICE you have to offer Broadcaster readers, there is a category for it in our Professional and Service Directory.

PROGRAMS

METROPOLITAN BROADCAST SALES — Radio Programme Specialists — Producers of "Mother Parker's Musical Mysteries" and "Did I Say That"—AD. 0181. (P)

LAST CALL — You can still order Special Christmas Jingles and Seasonal Features from S. W. CALDWELL LTD., 80 Richmond West, Toronto. (O)

PRESS CLIPPING

ADVERTISING RESEARCH BUREAU — Press Clipping, Lineage Research, Checking Service. 310 Spadina — Toronto; 1434 St. Catherine St. W.—Montreal. (X)

RECORD'G SUPPLIES

IMMEDIATE RESHARPENING SERVICE—By special arrangement with Audio Devices Inc., we carry a large stock of Cappel's' resharpening sapphire needles. Mail us your used Sapphire Needles and we will immediately return to you re-sharpened a fraction shorter than those supplied to us. This remarkable service has already been tried by leading broadcast stations and has proven to be highly successful. Net price each . . . \$2.50 — ALPHA ARACON CO. LTD., 29 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

RESTAURANTS

LITTLE BIT OF DENMARK TAVERN — When in Toronto, eat in old world atmosphere. Famous for Danish Smorgaasborg. Dancing nightly from 9-12. 720 Bay St., Toronto. (O)

SINGING

FREDA ANTROBUS — Lyric Soprano—available for radio calls. KI. 3840. (L)

BRUCE WEBB—Versatile bass, singing pops, folk songs, commercials. Present shows: "Bruce Webb Show," "Danforth Radio Folks"—GE. 8360. (U)

HELEN BRUCE—International lyric soprano, 15 years stage, concert, radio. Popular classics, opera, etc. Audition disc available—Zone 8449. (U)

HOWARD MANNING — Baritone: "Howard Manning Show," CKEY 9.30 p.m.—Available for commercials, guest appearances. Phone HY. 7782. (G)

FROSIA GREGORY — Singing on the "Army Show"—available for guest spots, commercials, etc. Accompanies self on Auto-Harp—RE. 7718. (O)

SHIRLEY PACK — Soprano, New York, San Francisco, available for radio calls—RA. 2601 or KI. 2103. (B)

"TEX" BLOYE — Original western entertainment, songs, gags, etc. Just finishing "Who Am I?" Available for Radio, Stage, Recordings — LL. 5535. (R)

PHYLLIS MARSHALL — Experienced personality singer. Shows: "Moon Mist"—"Starlight Moods," heard on Dominion-Mutual outlets. Available for bookings — LY. 4862. (F)

REPS PLAN BRANCH OF NARSR



PLANS FOR FORMING a Canadian branch of the National Association of Radio Station Representatives were discussed at a meeting in Toronto this week attended by Russell Woodward, of Free & Peters, New York, executive vice-president of National Association of Radio Station Representatives. At the luncheon marking the meeting are shown, left to right, front row: Stu McKay, assistant general manager, All-Canada; Norm Brown, manager, Radio Time Sales (Ontario) Ltd.; Mr. Woodward; C. W. Wright and J. L. Alexander, who head up firms under their own names; back row, left to right: Horace N. Stovin, Andy McDermott, sales manager for Horace N. Stovin, and John Tregale, manager, time sales division, All-Canada Radio Facilities.

CBC

Board Decisions

Ottawa.—Requests for increase in power and change in frequency were approved for two stations, CKFI, Fort Frances and CJEM, Edmundston, by the CBC Board of Governors during a meeting held here last month.

The change recommended by the Board for CKFI is from its present power of 250 watts on 1340 kc. to 1 kw. day and 500 watts night on 800 kc. For CJEM the proposed change is from 250 watts on 1230 kc. to 1 kw. on 1380 kc. DA-1.

J. Reg. Beattie, seeking a license for a station at Cranbrook, B.C., with 250 watts on 1230 kc., had his application turned down by the Board.

The transfer of control in two stations was approved at this meeting. At CJC, Sydney, the control of the company, Eastern Broadcasters Limited, from N. Nathanson to his sons, Marvin and Norris, was okayed, as was a change in the control of La Compagnie de Radiodiffusion de Matane Limitée, affecting station CKBL, from Roger Bergeron and René Lapointe to René Lapointe

and any one of Octave Lapointe, Alphonse Lapointe and Roger Bergeron.

A transfer of license for station CFPL from The London Free Press Printing Company (Limited) to London Free Press Printing Company Limited was approved by the Board, along with a transfer of license from the Albertan Publishing Company Limited (CKXL, Calgary) to the Albertan Broadcasting Company Limited.

A proposed transfer of 4,000 shares in CJAV, Port Alberni, to the International Broadcasting Company Limited, which holds the license for CKNW, New Westminster, was denied by the Board.

An emergency transmitter license for CKX, Brandon, with a power of 1000 watts was approved.

A change in frequency for the Ryerson Institute of Technology's station, CJRT-FM, from 88.3 mc (channel 202) to 91.1 mc. (channel 216) was approved.

Transfers of shares affecting three stations were approved as follows: CKTS, Sherbrooke — transfer of 20 shares in Telegram Printing and Publishing Company Ltd.; CHLT, Sherbrooke — transfer of 4 shares in La Tribune Limitée; CHFA, Edmonton — transfer of 4 shares in Radio Edmonton Limitée.

WANTED

Production Manager with a proven record for progressive 5000 watt station in Western Canada. Salary most inviting.

Write in complete confidence to:

BOX A-67

CANADIAN BROADCASTER & TELESCREEN

163 1/2 Church St. Toronto



TALENT TRAIL

By Tom Briggs

On "Ford Theatre's" production "Don't Call Me Babyface" (Dominion, 10 p.m., Nov. 24), announcer Byng Whitteker didn't need to overwork himself beckoning for applause from the studio audience. The enthusiasm with which the Theatre-goers hailed the end of each of the three acts of the Jimmy McLarnin story was evidence enough that this Canadian story about a Canadian was skillfully presented by Canadians.

Prominent tenor George Murray, cast as the Vancouver boxer, Jimmy McLarnin, who rose to be the world's welterweight champion, is rapidly becoming Mr. Versatility himself. If anything, Murray slightly underplayed his part, which is certainly refreshing and unique when considering most radio drama, and easily walked off with top honors. Most people have probably never met a boxer, but it's a safe bet that Murray filled most preconceived opinions almost perfectly—and favorably—while at the same time quashing any ideas about the unsavorniness of the ring business, which was one purpose of the script. That, for my money, is good acting.

His was no simple role, either, but involved picking up in numerous places from Bruce Stevens, who did McLarnin as a boy, at the end of flashbacks, without any loss of essential character—essential in that, for the most part, there wasn't much put into the script.

It would be a break for listeners' ears if Murray is heard in more dramatic roles if they are as well done as his McLarnin. On the other hand, better that he is saved for the occasional surprise than run ragged with too frequent engagements, as so often happens to some other fine actors.

Stevens' role was one of those thankless things which is passed off lightly if done well, and at the most, irritating if it fails. So Stevens took the middle road and got lost in the shuffle, allowing the bright lights to fall on Murray and Tommy Tweed. This is the best thing that could have happened, although had there been more meat in the part, Stevens might have been out in front.

Pop Foster, McLarnin's wily old manager, played by Tommy Tweed, made the show. The rough Irishman was endowed with character and color in great gobs and producer Alan Savage took out insurance on the episode in casting Tweed in the part. It seems that he is at home with so many twists and quirks in speech and dialects that writers have thrown at him, that he is scarcely recognized from one drama to the next, and nearly all he does well. In fact, the best part of the show was the way all actors, and to some extent the female players too, underplayed the Irishness the script called for, and so made it sound genuine. (At least it did to me, without the benefit of a Belfast consultant.)

And speaking of the genuineness of the players, Joe Carr, who took time out from his role of CFRB's Santa Claus, rates more than a passing notice for his portrayal of McLarnin, Sr. Carr was first a father, and secondly quite Irish—both to the hilt—which is just what was needed.

The story was originally written by former sportswriter Ralph Allen, now editor of Maclean's Magazine. Max Braithwaite did a fine job of scripting until he got as far as the climax—the big fight and its description. This was painful enough to make every decent blow-by-blow announcer's toes curl. And it is certain that anyone who tried to describe any athletic contest with a multitude of "oohs" and "ahs" would find employers very scarce.

Production of Ford Theatre is by Alan Savage of Cockfield Brown & Co. Ltd., with music composed and conducted, very effectively, too, by Lucio Agostini.



May this be your
Happiest Christmas!

GENE
CORDAY



SOCIAL STANDING

Don't try to keep up with the Joneses, be a Jones.
—Bill Bramah, CFOR.

THEY ALSO SERVE

People who have other people write their speeches for them, might consider hiring a reader too.

NUT DEPT.

Then there's the old one about the drunk who stood ringing the door bell. When nobody answered, he plunked himself down on the doorstep and burst into tears. A passer-by pointed out that the bell might be out of order, and asked him why he didn't try the knocker. The forlorn one blinked at him a moment and said: "To hell with 'em! Let 'em wait!"

TRY AND STOP ME

On the subject of drunks, a pair of them took a hotel room with twin beds, and then proceeded to pile in together. There was a terrific fight as each tried to throw out the intruder and one of them complained that he had landed on the floor. Munificently the victor replied: "Tha's alri' ol' man. I got lossa room. You can sleep with me."

INGENUITY

A new idea is one nobody has caught you stealing.

FORWARD PASS

"If you have any questions after I have delivered my report, Jim Allard will answer them."
—Bill Burgoyne, CKTB.

SIMPLE ARITHMETIC

Stations can cut their payroll problems in half by paying twice a month instead of weekly."
—Ralph Snelgrove, CKBB.

TRADITION DEPT.

This is the season of the year when it is customary to take time out from the toil and turmoil of the humdrum hurly-burly of the bustle of business to go home and—nurse a goddam cold.

CFCO again goes over the top

with 77,420 Radio Homes at a cost to the advertiser of 39 cents per thousand homes.

The Lowest Radio cost in the whole of South Western Ontario. BBM Study No. 4.

CFCO - 630 Kcs - Chatham

CJCH HALIFAX

THE NUMBER ONE STATION IN THE MARITIMES' NUMBER ONE MARKET

CJCH

HALIFAX

24 HOURS ON 5000 WATTS

CANADIAN TELESCREEN

Vol. 3, No. 23.

TV and Screen Supplement

December 6th, 1950

PHOTOGRAPHY IS OPEN SESAME TO TELEVISION

By TOM BRIGGS

Bill Crampton is a man of mottoes who dropped a promising photographic business of his own in Toronto two years ago to get into television, made his start the hard way and is now one of the top men on a TV station that has an enviable record for making money and selling goods.

This film and television director for WSYR-TV in Syracuse, emphasized to a group at the Ryserson Institute of Technology last week that you don't go anywhere in television unless somebody pays the bills and in this medium it is easy to make bills too big to be paid off completely. "Find out who pays" is one of Crampton's pet mottoes, and with it his station, although but ten months old, is operating in the black, is completely sold out, and the original schedule of 2 p.m. to midnight is about to be increased by two hours.

And also in a ten-month period, the number of sets in the WSYR-TV area has increased from 12,000 to 87,000 and by no means has the figure hit the top, he said.

The main problem of television, after the technical operation is working perfectly, is to forget about how they do things in New York and find out how to produce commercials and shows cheaply for sponsors on the local level, Crampton says. He assured his audience that sponsors can be found so long as the price is right. Commercials can be produced by the station's artists and photographers for as low as \$50, compared with ten times that amount in New York where all costs are high.

This low cost production enables local merchants to use television at reasonable prices and they become the backbone of TV as they are with AM. They sell their

goods too, although Crampton cautioned that the great stories of complete and amazing sellouts haven't happened in Syracuse yet, and probably wouldn't. The fact that their time was completely sold, even to small inserts in the test pattern that sell for \$5 a minute, should be proof that they have contented advertisers, he pointed out.

WSYR-TV started with a minimum of equipment set up in temporary studios and manned, for the most part, by inexperienced men brought up from radio ranks. For a short time nothing was transmitted but films and slides—old western thrillers and wrestling films—so that everyone could become completely familiar with the projectors and balopticons, and the importance of time, Crampton said.

Through the co-operation of the University of Syracuse, it was arranged to have "live" studios set up in the university where technicians gained experience through telecasting shows put on by students under joint direction. Together they were able to produce good, low-cost shows.

Crampton pointed out that with temporary studios and only the necessary pieces of equipment to begin with, the station has avoided many of the mistakes which have meant the difference between profit and loss for some stations. As an example, he cited the case of a station which had included in its initial purchases a \$100,000 micro-wave relay unit for remote pickups. It costs \$300 just to take the equipment out, and in over a year it has only been used twice, he said, in one instance for a parade which had to be jammed so full of commercials to pay the way that the broadcast was a flop.

Permanent studios for WSYR,

when built, will be designed in the light of experience gained through use of present facilities, Crampton explained, and here they are more fortunate than some stations, which are stuck for a long time with faulty buildings and arrangements.

Crampton doesn't think that TV is related very closely to either radio or the theatre, but it is "photography that is the backbone of television." He may feel this way because photography and optics are an important part of his experience. He was at one time an optical technician and had built up a photographic business before going south to study TV, in 1948.

Crampton has made photography the vital instrument in both commercial production and news-gathering at WSYR-TV. In the station's photographic department there are now five photographers and two artists, where originally there were only two cameramen. The artists work primarily on the sketches and drawings for commercials and can produce almost everything but cartoons, Crampton said. Out of the artists' sketches the cameramen make anything from a simple slide to an animated one-minute commercial with flashing lights and moving scrolls. They are also the newsmen who take moving pictures, complete with sound track, of local events and can, if necessary, have the film on the air within 48 minutes of shooting. These men also rely on Speed Graphics for single shots, or in cases of extreme speed, a Polaroid Land Camera is used. Crampton also said that the 16 mm. camera comes in handy for filming commercials

"in the rough." "We don't make any \$2,500 commercials 'on spec' here and risk going broke if they are turned down as has happened in some cases," he said.

"When you go into people's living rooms, remember to take your hat off," was another key expression Crampton hammered home. He explained that with TV good taste and intelligent presentation are all important, and that some of the big names of screen and radio have fallen short on this count. He cited the case of Olsen and Johnson where, in a \$25,000 production, the two comics carried their antics too far for TV's privacy and ran foul of public opinion.

Crampton forecast that other advertising media, mainly radio and newspaper, wouldn't be affected greatly, if at all, by television. He pointed out that in the past, newer media have threatened to stifle the old for a time, but they are all still with us. Neither could he see any general rate decreases in radio.

As for color TV, Crampton again posed his question: "Who's going to pay for it?" Certainly not the advertisers, he said, while there are only a handful of sets. "Color," he predicted, "won't be here for at least three years, and then we can start to worry about it. Maybe then we can find sponsors to pay for it."

Finding sponsors to pay for TV in black and white, however, is the least of Crampton's worries. He bowed out waving a new WSYR rate card — the third showing an increase in a 10-month history—and contemplating a 12-hour schedule to accommodate new business.

DID YOU KNOW?

That this month we just want to repeat the age-old wish?
All the gang at CKCL say sincerely—

A Merry Christmas

CKCL

TRURO BROADCASTING CO. LTD.

J. A. MANNING
Manager

WM. WRIGHT, Representative
Toronto and Montreal

Increase your sales
in the vast Quebec market.
Retail sales 1949: \$377,155,000

Advertise via
CHRC
5000 WATTS 800 KC.
Your best French Seller

Representatives:
CANADA
Jos. A. Hardy & Co. Ltd.
U.S.A.
Adam J. Young, Jr., Inc.
"La voix du vieux Quebec"

TEE VEE ACTION

The Television Authority, that august body which represents five unions of actors and performers in the U.S., won what was termed "smashing victory" late last month in a squabble with the four TV networks that came whisker-close to a strike. When the last of the contracts was signed, all of them to be in force for two years, the employers came off in their first tussle with the Authority second best, and saw ahead nothing but increased costs.

Frank Stanton, CBS president who has had his hands full making statements and counter-statements about color, took time off to estimate that the new deal with employees would double program costs. The DuMont network precast an additional \$2,000,000 expenditure as a result of the action.

The TVA got for its members: \$170 minimum for five lines or more on an hour show (no extra charge for up to 22 hours rehearsal time); \$200 for one person in the specialty acts division, up to \$475 for four, and \$100 for each additional performer. Top flight sportscasters would now get \$200 per event, or a special package price of \$550 weekly for seven events in the same sport.

The American Television Dealers' and Manufacturers' Association wanted to boost TV sets for the Christmas splurge and not, as it did, bring the wrath of the nation's newspapers against it. For \$2,000,000 the ATDM bought full-page ads in 1,100 newspapers, urging parents to buy television receivers with such sales pitches as: "There are some things a son or daughter won't tell you . . . do you expect him to blurt out the truth — that he's really ashamed to be with the gang — because he doesn't see the television shows they see? . . . How can a little girl describe the bruise deep inside? . . . Can you deny television to your family any longer?"

Newspapers across the country blasted the campaign, saying, in words of the *Washington Post*, that it was "a vicious attempt to blackmail parents into buying a product." Angelo Patri, newspaper columnist and child authority, is reported to have sold out his column to the campaign with the statement that "youngsters today need television for their morale." At least one paper dropped his column. Patri later alleged to have withdrawn his endorsement and returned the cheque.

When the smoke cleared away, the New York agency, Ruthrauff & Ryan, designers of the campaign, admitted that the negative approach may have been the wrong tack. It announced that the second ad in the series had been withdrawn and replaced by one emphasizing the "positive, happy approach," captioned: "You'd give them the world if you

could—this Christmas you can."

In the color TV fracas, things were moving slowly and not too surely last week through the United States District Court in Chicago. Most observers here could see a long bitter fight being carried to the Supreme Court. They also saw time on RCA's side, and even CBS president Frank Stanton said: "Daddy may be proven innocent after he's hanged."

In its new petition, CBS contended that the only issue before the court is whether the FCC order "is reasonable and supported by the conclusion and the findings." In this case one month means tens of millions of dollars to the public, and many months may mean no color at all, CBS said. The network argued that the FCC, which has been entrusted with guarding the public's interest in the radio-TV field by Congress, has found that delay is irreparably injurious to the public.

In the meantime, RCA is presumably working hard to perfect its electronic color system, and a court order has stopped the scheduled general transmissions which CBS was to have started last week. RCA will again demonstrate its system this week in Washington, using a new tri-color tube.

Theatre television may be at the pay-off stage, if recent attendance figures at two Chicago theatres are any indication. Exclusive showing via large-screen TV of an Ohio State-Illinois football game drew capacity audiences to both houses and an estimated 7,000 hopefuls had to be turned away. Some \$6,200, exclusive of tax, was taken in at each place.

United Paramount Theatre spokesmen indicated that this is proof that TV in the film theatre can bolster drooping business. The big factor of the feature was exclusive rights to the game and while the football clubs, eyeing TV inroads on the box-office, may have something to say in future about telecasting games, it is certain that theatre TV is easier for the clubs to control and nets them more money than general transmission by individual stations or the networks. The clubs can either demand that only theatres outside the game area carry the telecast, or charge rates which will more than compensate for reduced attendance.

UPT officials for some time have been strongly advocating theatre TV and encouraging other houses to give it a try. They feel that there are definitely good times ahead on the basis of the Chicago results.

BBB To Fight False TV Ads

Vancouver.—A warning against questionable methods of advertising and selling TV sets in Canada was issued by William Templeton, manager of the Vancouver Better Business Bureau, in his annual report.

Templeton made his remarks in the course of a statement that the Bureau's big job for 1951

would be to fight "misleading, inaccurate and dishonest advertising."

He said he anticipated an attempt to "pass off obsolete sets in parts of Canada not at present served by real TV broadcasts."

Better Business Bureaus in the U.S., he said, were having trouble with the question of TV set advertising and selling.

With color TV promised, and expected by the public, he said, stores would "naturally want to get rid of black and white sets, particularly those which cannot be adapted to color."

"The question is," Templeton said, "whether they have the right to misstate the capabilities of these sets or withhold vital information on the subject of their convertibility."

Because the public was particularly aware now of the new medium, he said it was "subject to numerous questionable selling practices in that field." But he added much was being done to set up a body of rules governing the advertising and selling of TV sets.

He said Better Business Bureaus and leading manufacturers had got together in an effort to protect the public, and that Canadians were thus forewarned. But he nevertheless anticipated "an attempt to pass off obsolete sets in Canada."

CFJR

BROCKVILLE, ONT.



PLAYS

SANTA

TO ITS

SPONSORS

WITH

BONUS COVERAGE

THROUGH ITS

NEW AJAX TOWER

and NEW TRANSMITTER

LOCATION

AND SAYS

MERRY XMAS

TO ALL



Best

Wishes

for

a Merry Christmas

and a Happy New Year

to all!

THE OFFICE OF

MART KENNEY

125 DUPONT ST.

TORONTO — KI. 3147



**TO...
MY BETTER
HALF...**

the powers behind the scenes, who
REALLY put us on the air!

A very **MERRY CHRISTMAS** *and*
A GRAND NEW YEAR!

- TO... MY SPONSORS—** Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., and Tamblin's Ltd.
- MY AIR ASSOCIATES—** Horace Lapp, Cy Strange and Mac McCurdy.
- MY AGENCY—** Harold F. Stanfield Ltd.
- MY NETWORK—** A string of wonderful "Dominion" stations, from coast-to-coast.
- CFRB and CJAD—** Harry Sedgwick, Bill Baker and Arthur Dupont.
- MY CBC FRIENDS—** Executives, engineers and staff.
- MY PRODUCERS—** Gail Sheard and Don Wall.
- MY OWN PEOPLE—** Newspaper and radio writers across Canada.
- MY LOYAL STAFF—** We never would get on the air, without them!

**AND
ALL THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE THIS THE MOST WONDERFUL
(AND WHACKIEST) BUSINESS IN THE WORLD!**

Yours Sincerely

Rae Aiken

See Here, Private Enterprise

SELLING business to the public is a problem that the publicity crafts have approached from every conceivable angle. Every medium of advertising and informing has been used, every application of those media has been essayed.

None of us is competent to measure the exact amount of success with which these efforts have met. There will always be critics to tell people who have the initiative to try things where they fall down. The fact remains, however, that socialism, in its various guises, is still making headway.

In the following pages we have printed a series of ten articles, designed for public consumption, on the private enterprise topic. Some of these have

appeared in this paper. Some have been broadcast over the air. Some have been excerpted from speeches. All are emanations from the Broadcaster office, and all of them attempt to approach the problems of business on a general public level.

They may contain ideas which will inspire others, interested in continuing the fight, to fight more effectively. Inevitably shortcomings will be found, and it is our hope that these will lead others to correct them and set them right.

If they can, in some small measure, contribute to the growth and prosperity of the private enterprise system, by adding a chapter or paragraph to the story of business, they will have served their purpose.

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Smile, Smile, Smile

If you SMILE, SMILE, SMILE
 You will find it is well worth your while.
 SMILE, SMILE, SMILE,
 Be in style, style, style.
 At first you won't find it so easy;
 You may find it hard for a while.
 But you'll see by and by all your troubles
 will fly
 If you SMILE, SMILE. SMILE.

These words from Bob Wilson's beautiful song* express our thoughts for the coming year.

EVERY GOOD WISH

BMI

CANADA LIMITED

TORONTO
229 Yonge St.
ELgin 0040

* BMI Canada's No. 1 Plug
song for January 1951

MONTREAL
1500 St. Catherine W.
Fitzroy 2552

FROM:

All of Us

TO:

Each of You -

our best wishes for a

Merry Christmas

and a

Bigger and Better

1951

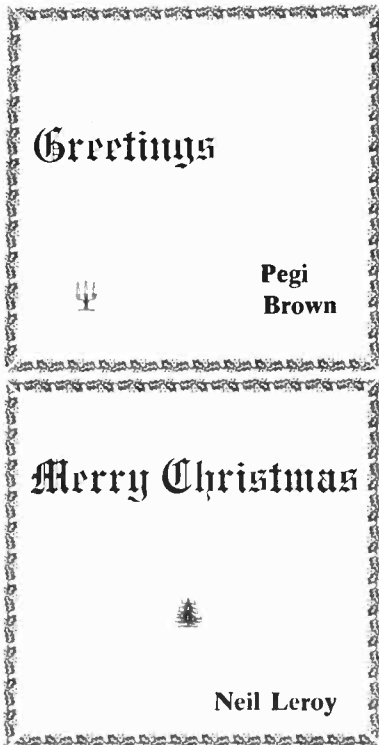


CALGARY, ALTA



Merry Christmas
Joyeux Noël

Gisele



SEE HERE, PRIVATE ENTERPRISE

If business is worth working at, it is worth talking about. Its enemies never let up from their sedulous campaigns to destroy it.

A businessman was sitting at breakfast with his family, when a telephone message sent him flying for his overcoat and down town to face the greatest crisis of his career.

At the time, all business was being set back on its heels by a succession of strikes. The message said that the man's office was being picketed.

Stunned by the ingratitude of the employees, whose friendship he thought he had earned by thoughtful treatment, he was determined to shut up shop rather than submit to the unreasonable demands of what he was quite sure were some labor agitators from the outside.

Hard thoughts tumbled over each other as his car sped from the house to the office.

Nobody had asked him to institute free hospitalization and medical attention throughout his staff; to give his people holidays with pay, life and sickness insurance. If this was the way they wanted it, he'd still give them what they deserved.

Long before he could read what they said, he saw men and women with huge placards hanging from their coats. He recognized Steve Brown, who had been with him over fifteen years. He and Steve liked to take their kids out fishing on days off in the fall. Tears, born more of hurt than anger, blinded his eyes as he reached the office, and he stood there blinking them away before he could read what those signs said. When he could see them, his eyes filled up again, but this time with tears of shame, because he read: "We work here because we like working for our boss," and other things to like effect.

We seldom read about things like that in the papers, or hear about them on the radio. No, stories of happiness and loyalty don't rate nearly the space given to the opposite kind, where a ruthless employer—or that is how he is painted—casts his entire staff out into the cold, because he doesn't need their services any more.

Hesitancy to proclaim our good works may be caused by some sort of national modesty, but only in part. I am afraid it is more of an inferiority complex, born of our close proximity to the world's number one press agent for itself, the United States of America. We find it hard to believe that anything can be really good unless it comes from south of the border. American magazines have a greater readership in Canada than they really rate. American books distributed in this country, outnumber the works of Canadian authors by many times the ten to one which is the ratio of population. It doesn't matter about actual quality of a radio program, play or movie. We'll be drinking it in, provided there's a top American name hung onto it as actor, or author.

This false modesty has affected our whole way of living. Organized labor in this country is controlled by American unions. Our entire system of business is geared to the American way of trade and commerce. The result is, we have buried our own personalities so far below theirs that we feel it is useless to blow our own trumpets because the sound will only be drowned by the blare from the south.

Canadian newspapers are half filled with comic strips and other features syndicated from New York and Chicago. Even our government-owned radio system feels it has to attract listeners to its own Canadian productions by bringing in American shows from across the line.

It is the same thing with Canadian business. Canadian industry,



which brought this under-populated country so gloriously through the production side of the war, and as given us our envied standard of living, must forever apologize or its existence instead of proudly proclaiming itself to the public it serves so well.

The United States' ability at telling the world" has made them the most talked about and so the most prosperous nation on earth. A little of the same medicine would go a long way in Canada too.

Canadian business, from the mighty manufacturer to the smallest retailer, has earned, by its service to its fellow Canadians, the right to have its story told. More than this, it owes it to its employees and the public at large, who rely on it, to keep shops and factories working.

While business sleeps—publicity-wise, that is—its enemies are at work.

In Great Britain and in the Province of Saskatchewan, Socialists are painting false but glowing pictures of happiness and prosperity under their regimes. Secondly, those others, who believe in beating the socialists by stealing planks from their platforms, are effectively tootling the nationalized horn too.

But business is under another gun as well.

Without waiting for socialism to come, Ottawa has gained control of finance, through its Bank of Canada. It has its tentacles wound around the business of transportation, through its Canadian National Railways and its Trans-Canada Air Lines. It even has a finger in road transport through the government-owned Polymer Corporation, which, long after the war, is still the only concern making the synthetic rubber required in the manufacture of tires, and so constitutes another vital government monopoly. These operations, implemented by the Canadian National Express and Telegraphs, are the supply lines through which government can and does control industry, without having to go through the motions of nationalizing your

business or mine.

As media of propaganda, Ottawa has its Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, regulating privately-owned radio and television with its complete control over programming, and at the same time competing with private stations in radio advertising. It has its National Film Board, with its talons well sunk into this other potent medium of information. So far, thank God, the press has escaped its claws.

All these government — or, as they prefer to call them, publicly-owned—activities either compete with business or at least impede its progress. Yet it is from revenues earned by business, and those who are employed in business, that funds, in the form of taxes, must be taken, to meet the costs, and all too often the losses, occasioned by these operations. And what are we doing to stop it?

Whether we own a business, or are one of its employees, it is our means of livelihood. If we aren't proud of it, we're spending our working hours in the wrong place. A father takes his youngster's picture out of his pocket to show it to his friends, with or without provocation. Couldn't we cultivate — and demonstrate — the same pride of ownership in our jobs? Wouldn't it be only a case of displaying the emotion we really feel?

If we don't, if we won't start spreading the story by word of mouth—and it will soon get into print and onto the air if we do—then we might just as well make up our minds to stand up and be counted, because Socialism, with its nationalization and regimentation, is in the air, and only we can stem the tide.

\$3.00 a Year

(*\$5.00 for 2 years*)

Insures Regular Delivery of the

Canadian Broadcaster & Telescreen

2 EXPERIENCED WRITER-ANNOUNCERS

(1 Day, 1 Night)

Good opportunity for future advancement.
Pension Plan and Health Insurance. Liberal holidays and other advantages.

CKSO — SUDBURY

To Broadcast is to Sow...!

REAP TOP RESULTS FROM YOUR ADVERTISING SEED ON BRITISH COLUMBIA'S PIONEER STATION.

"YOUR TWIN CITY STATION"

Season's Greetings!

COAST TO COAST

From Vancouver Island to Newfoundland, Press News helps radio keep Canadians in all provinces informed through these 88 private stations:

BRITISH COLUMBIA

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

QUEBEC

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

PRAIRIES

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

MARITIMES

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

ONTARIO

- CKBB—Barrle
- CJBQ—Belleville
- CKSF—Cornwall
- CKFI—Fort Frances
- CKPR—Fort William
- CJOY—Guelph
- CJSH-FM—Hamilton
- CKOC—Hamilton
- CJRL—Kenora
- CKWS—Kingston
- CJKL—Kirkland Lake
- CFCA-FM—Kitchener
- CKCR—Kitchener
- CFPL—London
- CFCH—North Bay
- CKLB—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



**THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
REUTERS
THE CANADIAN PRESS**

Three Great Services in One

PRESS NEWS

55 University Avenue

Toronto



Jack Slatter

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

EXTEND

*The Season's
Warmest
Wishes*



*Merry Christmas
Happy New Year*



CKBI

PRINCE ALBERT, SASK.

A DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

You can't extend a system of economic controls from wartime to peacetime, and expect them to continue working effectively.

Sometimes, when you are talking into a microphone, you wonder who, if anyone, is listening. Lately I've been convinced, and not unpleasantly, that across the country there are a great many people who can find no better way of putting in the time than listening to me.

There are the pleasant letters, which are nice to receive, of course. And then there is that other kind that takes exception to what I say, and accuses me of being everything from a propagandist for the Conservative Party, to an emissary of some fearful political faction which is so secret it hasn't even a name.

It is these second, unfavorable letters that I wanted to talk about today, especially those of them which feel that my talks lack conviction, when I don't give the ideals I am trying to convey a name.

So here is my declaration of what I am trying to promote, and it is first and foremost, as my title discloses, a declaration of independence.

■ ■ ■
I stand, and these talks are intended to show it, for what is called, for want of a better word, free enterprise. That's all. I don't want you to buy anything. There isn't anything for you to join, although that might be the basis for a good idea. I'm not coming around to kiss your babies, because I'm not running for any office. I just want you to take an honest look, with me, at our system of living—the free, competitive system — where each man makes a living by doing a better job of serving his community; and then I want you to try and persuade your political representatives in both the Federal and the Provincial Governments, that this is the way that you, who sent them there, want things to be.

You see, I feel, and I think there will be those of you who will agree with me, that present-day politicians, divided into three major parties in the Federal House, are all offering us different degrees of the same thing, and that thing is Socialism.

It started during the war, when the Liberal Government introduced all kinds of nationalization and welfare measures to help us beat the enemy, by keeping production at its peak.

This gave the Socialist CCF a terrifically powerful argument which said: "If it worked in the war, why won't it work in the peace?"

It was a good point.

The only thing is that it overlooked two facts: first, that in time of war, finding a market for the goods that are made is not necessary, because bombs and shells are exploded and planes and tanks destroyed much faster than they can come off the production lines; second, people are prepared to pay exorbitant taxes to gain victory, but they are not as eager to shell out in time of peace.

Anyhow, the Liberals, always a middle-road party, realizing that the Socialist CCF had the very potent argument of the plentiful war years as a weapon, decided to beat them at their own game, by simply stealing the planks from their platform.

The Conservatives, who, on the other hand, are traditional champions of the free way of doing business, felt they were getting left at the post, and so introduced their own brands of Socialism into their policies.

So, while the Socialists are trailing the field right now in our Federal Parliament, they have the satisfaction of seeing their own ideals made law by the Liberals, and of seeing others advocated by the Conservative official Opposition.

■ ■ ■
My position is, that no political party can represent the electors unless those electors are prepared to raise their voices and make it known what displeases them.

Because of our amazing national apathy, no government can be blamed for taking a firm stand on both sides of every problem that confronts it. We just don't tell them where we want them to steer us. So, in true democratic style, they can only do their best

Season's Greetings



CKCV

QUEBEC CITY

1280 KCS.

1000 WATTS

PAUL LEPAGE, Manager

please as many voters as possible.

But it doesn't end there.

After we've let a government— and I mean any government — limp home to victory, that's when we start beefing our heads off. But it's too late then.

Here is a question addressed to members of political associations— those local party groups which meet at election time, and then are forgotten until the voters' lists appear again. My question is: How active have you been in your association since last election?"

Here is another question — addressed to all of us.

How closely have we followed the news of the sittings of the House?

Again—how many times have we written our member when we think he has done us either pleased or displeased us?

How many of the party's election promises have been kept?

What kind of citizens are we if we just aren't interested?

It's an old story, the one they tell about the immigrant, who had just arrived on this side of the Atlantic. Somebody asked him what his political views were. He scratched his head and said he didn't know. Then he thought a moment and added: "Is there a government here?" He was told that there was. "Then that's my politics," came the reply. "If there's a government, I'm agin' it."

Being "agin" things doesn't help. It's what we are for that counts, and how vocally we ask for it.

And one thing I am unable to believe any of us want is a slow and stealthy march towards the state of post-war confusion which has been so much aggravated and prolonged by the well-meaning but hopelessly futile British Socialist Government.

I've been on visits to England three times since the end of the war, and I think I know what I am talking about.

From this side of the Atlantic, we are inclined to find out that some commodity — let us say a pound of meat—costs in Britain two shillings and sixpence. We mentally translate that into dollars and find it is a shade less than forty cents. Then we lift our eyebrows and say: "Good Heavens! We can't buy meat at that price in Canada."

Somebody else must have seen it the same way too.

While I was over on my last visit, an article appeared in one of the papers which shed new light on the cost of things.

This story showed the difference in time taken in England and the United States, by skilled craftsmen in the same trade, to earn the price of the same reward. In the States 12 minutes' work earns the price of a package of cigarettes; in the United Kingdom it takes 90 minutes. One hour's work in the United States earns the price of a pair of nylons; in Britain it's six hours. A gallon of gasoline costs 15 minutes in America, and just four times that time in the U.K. Three days' pay buys Uncle Sam a new suit of clothes, but it takes John Bull three weeks.

from the gang at

CKCK

this wish . . .



May Christmas, 1950 be

the most joyous

and

the New Year, 1951.

the most prosperous

EVER!

CKCK • Regina • Sask.

We at

CKLB OSHAWA

Wish YOU

The Biggest Christmas Ever



Yours for more and greater sales through '51

(Signed)

"The Biggest Little Station in the Nation"

MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR



IN WINNIPEG and MANITOBA IT'S

CKY

I CAME! I SAW! I SHUDDERED!

Before their socialistic government was swept into power in 1945, the people of Britain said: "It can't happen here."

from
CJAV

The Transit
Radio Station

COMES A

Bus  Load

OF

**GOOD
CHEER**

AT

**TIME
CHRISTMAS**

**PORT ALBERNI
VANCOUVER ISLAND**

Visiting my family in England last Christmas, I got a look at Socialism, just before the February election which nearly, but not quite, kicked out the Socialist government. To say that I shuddered is putting it very mildly. Before very long there will be another election over there which may end the present Statist regime, but which definitely cannot heal the scars it has left on the people. Why is this? Why is a Socialist government unlike any other in its aftermath? Why is Britain's plight one which should be of dire interest to us in Canada? These are the questions I want to answer for you.

My first day in London, spent renewing old acquaintances, brought forth unanimous "oohs" and "ahs" in admiration for a cowhide brief-bag I had recently acquired. These expressions of envy were accompanied by such remarks as: "You certainly don't want for much in Canada, do you?"

It was rather surprising because I had bought that bag in London for less than half the price I would have paid for one of lesser quality at home. Yet everyone thought that bag was a screaming testimony of Canadian luxurious living. They were so used to shortages brought on by controls, that they didn't know what was available.

It just went to prove, along with dozens of similar incidents, that when Socialism does finally bow out over there it will have left its scars on the country's countenance, penetrating deep down into the national soul, and these scars will not be effaced for many years to come.

■ ■ ■

This is a point that we should all give some thought to in Canada, where we have a government which has been adopting, over the past years, schemes identical to those of the British Socialists, but has contrived to hide its true shade by parading under the gross misnomer of Liberalism.

Arriving in the Old Country a couple of days before Christmas, I was struck right away by what appeared to be, and actually was, a restoration of something akin to Christmas revelry. This was occasioned by an increase of rations of meat and candy. Further investigation proved, however, that the meat increase (to 22½ cents worth a week) was only compensation for an increase in the ceiling price of what the Ministry of Food calls unappetizingly "carcass meat." Upping the vital sweet or candy ration, from one pound a month to one pound six ounces, was nothing but a temporary benefaction, with Christmas greetings from a loving government.

The amazing thing I found was that these benevolences are accepted by the people—all walks of people—as part of the prevailing scheme of living, without questioning by what right the government ordains what they may buy and how much they may pay for it. That is what Socialism has done to the soul of a people once known the world over for its traditional freedom.

■ ■ ■

Socialism might be likened to a sadistic psychiatrist, who took a group of healthy people and made them walk on crutches, until they imagined they could not walk without them. To render them completely dependent on him, he became their perpetual helper and provider, telling them what they could do and where they could

go, and then providing them with the money and means with which to do it. Then a doctor stumbled into the case and told them: "Your dependence is imaginary. You can walk just as you once used to walk." And the people looked at him. Then they looked at their crutches. They thought how wonderful it would be to walk again, unaided. But they also thought of all the worry and anxiety of which the psychiatrist had relieved them; how deep their ignominy if they found they could not stand on their own feet. And being human beings whose minds had forgotten the joy of self-dependence, they clung to those crutches and continued to do the bidding of their provider. None so blind as those who won't see. None so halt as those who won't walk.

■ ■ ■

The lesson to be learned by everyone who looks wishfully at State dependence, which is what Socialism must inevitably bring, is an awful one. Every cult, school of thinking, ideal, creed can be subjected to the test of trial and error—except one. And that one is Socialism, because, as I have pointed out before, eggs won't unscramble, especially eggs laid by Socialist hens.

■ ■ ■

Let me try and sum up what I saw on that trip to my former home in England. First, though, let me point out that these remarks are not directed against the country of my birth. They are aimed at an ideal, a mistaken ideal, which insinuated its way into British life, at a time when the people, worn out with war, were susceptible to anything. They are aimed at Socialism, which has already prolonged the suffering brought on by the war for nearly as long as the war itself lasted.

Over in England last Christmas, I found a country, the country from which I emigrated to Canada over 27 years ago, groaning under the thongs of Statism.

I saw people working for State-owned railroads, mines and docks, three enterprises which have been nationalized, and whose employees are now faced with no alternative

CFCY



OUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT TO YOU

Our Sponsors!

According To BBM The Greatest Radio Home
Circulation 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.

PLUS! New GE Transmitter and RCA Designed Directional
Antenna for 5 KW. Night-time Operation.

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

All the Best!



BETH LOCKERBIE

...bs should they be dissatisfied, because Socialism has eliminated competition.

I saw all kinds of businesses—legally privately operated—struggling for existence under the most fantastic government controls.

I saw housewives trying to cater to their families on 22½ cents worth of meat a week.

I saw business stripped of the initiative that spells prosperity.

I saw black markets flourishing as they always do when unenforceable regulations are applied.

I saw hard-working people taxed to the gills to pay for the government's so-called free hospitals, doctors, dentists, opticians and pensions.

I saw a country reduced to such a complete state of dependency on its government that the thought of cutting the thongs seemed out of the question.

■ ■ ■

Those things were obvious, but there were other things, under the surface. And they spelled frustration.

One evening, my sister remarked how nice it would be to drive to London to go to a theatre, but we hadn't the gas, or petrol as they call it. Her next remark was typical: "Oh, well," she said, "there isn't anything else to do so we might as well go to bed." (Gas rationing is off now their cars are falling apart.)

I mentioned to one man I met that some of the rationing seemed to be loosening up. He just shrugged. "Sure," he said, "now we haven't the price to buy things with."

Another man I know got delivery of a new car. In the back seat he found a label which read: "Shoddy. Not for export." In other words, had it been a grade A job, he'd never have got it.

A British businessman wanted to know why he should expand to create more jobs... sell goods for dollars... when all he got out of every pound he made was roughly sixpence.

A man who had built up a large fleet of trucks from nothing had his business taken over by the government for an arbitrary— which means low—price. He was kept on by the State as an advisor, whatever that is. Before long, they decided his services were not essential. So they let him go. End of story.

■ ■ ■

That, so help me, is an honest representation of what I saw in Socialist Britain. It's not a pretty story; not one I enjoy telling. It is one, though, which has to be told, if we are going to save ourselves from the same predicament. I've pledged myself to keep on telling it. I hope you are with me.

Greetings



Lou Snider

KITCHENER-WATERLOO'S FIRST STATIONS

CKCR 1490 KCS.

CKCR-FM 96.7 MEG.

YOU CAN BUY A BIGGER STATION - BUT YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER MARKET

For CKCR & CKCR-FM FACTS

See "Bill" Wright, Toronto & Montreal or Adam J. Young, New York

CFRA Covers Bermuda Too!



Photo above shows His Worship Mayor R. H. Williams of Hamilton recording a Christmas Greeting for the program "Bermuda Bound." With him is Special Events man Terry Kieilty while Commercial Manager George Gowling pinch-hits as operator.

Now don't stop reading... we're not suggesting that they're listening in Bermuda. But in the Ottawa Valley they're hearing about the Islands from CFRA...

HERE'S THE SUCCESS STORY OF THE PROGRAM...

"BERMUDA BOUND"

The Bermuda Hotel and Guest House Association bought 52 half hours on CFRA... they did it in co-operation with the Chamber of Commerce of the City of Hamilton. The first program was aired on Sunday, Nov. 12. In a matter of hours Travel Agents and CFRA had 24 requests for information... a day later Agents Gilbert and Morrison reported three confirmed bookings from Killaloe... A TOWN 120 MILES FROM OTTAWA! Bermuda knows now it made no mistake when it chose...

CFRA AS THE FIRST MAINLAND STATION TO BROADCAST ON A COMMERCIAL BASIS FOR THE ISLANDS!

The "Bermuda Bound" Series is typical CFRA... colorful... entertaining... spotted with interviews recorded on the Islands... the Governor himself, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Alexander Hood, will greet CFRA listeners on New Year's Day.

MORE COVERAGE - MORE LISTENERS
MORE RESULTS WHEN IT'S

CFRA

BANKERS ARE PEOPLE

If you cannot get what you want from the bank you deal with, it is good to know that there is another bank around the corner.

Yesterday I had lunch with my bank manager, who is what I would call "a very good guy."

This may sound like a startling statement. You don't often think of a bank manager as being good—or even a "guy," for that matter.

I think that when my mind turns to banks and such matters, I subconsciously think of an austere looking character—sitting formidably behind a mahogany desk—his head nodding sideways as you come into the presence, just in case you might want to borrow some of the money he makes a living lending, and outside his window, a sign in bold golden letters on the glass, which reads "\$84,000,000 paid up capital."

I also think of the bank's staff

as being a lot of people with little wooden signs in front of them with their names neatly printed in the middle. The only thing is, they invariably use initials instead of names, like Mr. H. Jones or Miss M. Smith, thus completely preventing me from doing what would be natural to do with people I come in contact with from day to day—calling them Harry or Mary.

It's that "84,000,000 paid up capital" that causes all the trouble, because really and truly the bank wants me to go to it with my problems, yet I can't think of anything quite as impersonal as \$84,000,000 to take my personal troubles to, can you?

■ ■ ■

Bank managers aren't really

like that.

I went into my manager one day and said: "I can't think of any reason why you should lend me two hundred dollars, and I wondered if you had any ideas." D'you know what happened? I got it. And, what is more, he started calling me Dick.

It was a bit of a stumbler. You see, I couldn't reciprocate very well, because his first name happened to be Barracuda. However, I settled for his first two initials. They were B. O.

Now I can't count as high as 84,000,000 and I don't think I'd want to anyhow. It sounds so cold and hard. But I've come a long way with my pal the bank manager, since I got him to start calling me Dick.

He still turns me down when I make outlandish demands in the shape of loans. But he explains why he has to do it, and often steers me out of some muddle without the necessity of borrowing at all.

Sometimes he lets me talk him into a loan which, according to the book of rules, I shouldn't really have. Once, when I was further into the bank than I really had any right to be, I said to him: "I hope you're not worrying too much about my overdraft, because I am." He looked me straight in the eye, and do you know what he said? He said: "Dick! I've known you long enough to know that if you assume an obligation, you know how you are going to meet it." That's all. It was quite a lot though, because, after all, a man who talks to you, man to man, like that—well, you could hardly let him down, could you, even if he does wear "\$84,000,000" as a halo.

■ ■ ■

People go around cussing the banks. They talk as though they were run by a bunch of skin-flints, who just love to have their customers crawl into their offices on all fours, and then sit and watch them squirm. Nothing could really be so ridiculous, and I think the facts bear looking into.

Banks—and by banks I mean banks that are operated under our system of competitive business, and not the kind that are run by the government—make a living by lending us the money with which to finance our affairs. In a sense it works rather like a fraternal organization, where the members put up so much a year each, and then there are funds available when they are needed.

In the case of fraternal organizations, calls usually come in case of death or sickness. With banks, it is more often a case of a man or a company which wants to expand his or its business.

A customer of a bank is going to expand his business, start manufacturing a new product, in addition to his regular line. He's tested his market and booked quite a few orders. Now he needs funds to finance manufacturing. So he goes to the bank.

Some people seem to think that in a case like this the banker should just credit the customer's account with the money he needs, and let him get along with the job. But it isn't as simple as that.

■ ■ ■

The money that banks loan is

to
GREET
you
and
THANK
you
with
much
ENTHUSIASM!!
then ...
to
GREET
you
and
THANK
you
AGAIN
and
AGAIN!!!!



Faculty
Staff
Alumni
Students



Academy of Radio Arts

447 Jarvis Street
Toronto, Canada



FROM
CKOV
"The Voice of the Okanagan"
to All
Sincerest Wishes
for a
Very Merry Christmas
and a
Most Successful 1951

Are YOU Selling ALL of the Ottawa-Hull Market?

CKCH IS USED BY 96 NATIONAL AND 103 LOCAL ADVERTISERS TO SELL THE 385,167 FRENCH-SPEAKING CANADIANS IN OTTAWA, HULL AND SURROUNDING COUNTIES.

CKCH

Studios—121 Notre Dame St., Hull, Que.
Canadian Representative: Omer Renaud & Cie.
Montreal—1411 Stanley St. • Toronto—53 Yonge St.
U.S. Representative: Joseph Hershey McGillvra, Inc.
366 Madison Ave., New York 17, Phone Murray-Hill 2-8755

sually the money of its other de-
 positors, which they have entrusted
 to it for safe-keeping. Banks
 make their livings lending out
 their customers' money and mak-
 ing it earn interest. When a mer-
 chant says he has had a good day,
 it may be because he has made a
 lot of sales, or perhaps several of
 his customers have come in and
 paid their bills. But a good day for
 the banker is the day he has made
 some large loans. And the day
 that several loans are paid off, is
 the day of depression for him,
 because that means that a large
 sum of money is going to be out
 of work, and therefore not earning
 anything, until he can find it an-
 other job.

This makes it very tempting for
 the banker to be over-generous,
 and not sufficiently cautious, when
 a customer wants to borrow. But
 he has to remember that he is not
 lending his own money, not the
 bank's money, but the money of
 his depositors.

Actually it adds up to this.
 When we go to our bank with a
 request for a loan, and after in-
 vestigating the project we have
 in mind, and also having looked
 over our personal records as busi-
 nessmen, if the banker does not
 feel he can give us the money,
 we should think twice before we
 try and make other arrangements
 to go through with our deal. We
 should remember that the banker
 wants to lend us that money, and
 that if he feels compelled to re-
 fuse it, it must be because, as his
 trained mind sees it, our prospects
 for success are not as rosy as they
 appear to us.

I actually know a man who has
 plenty of money, so much that
 he is well able to finance all the
 projects and deals he goes into
 without borrowing a cent. Yet,
 whenever a new deal crops up, he
 goes to the bank with all partic-
 ulars, asks for a loan, and if
 the banker says no, he just doesn't
 go through with the deal. He feels,
 you see, that if it isn't good enough
 for the bank, it isn't good enough
 for him.

Perhaps you are thinking right
 now about the remark I made a
 minute ago to the effect that I
 was speaking of banks operated
 under our system of competitive
 business, rather than government
 ones. Perhaps you are wondering
 why a government-owned bank
 couldn't perform this same service
 to its customers as a privately-
 owned or, as we call them in Can-
 ada, chartered bank. And here is
 the reason, or at least one of the
 reasons.

Whatever the nature of the
 business you are transacting, it all
 boils down to one individual deal-
 ing with another. This applies
 whether you are dealing with a
 privately-owned firm or a pub-
 licly-owned one. In banking espe-
 cially it is the man across that
 mahogany desk who gives your
 proposition the preliminary once-
 over and decides whether or not
 it is worthy of further considera-
 tion.

If this man works for an ordi-
 nary, legitimate business firm, and
 you feel that he is not treating
 you reasonably, you are free at
 any time to cross the road, call
 on his competitor, and see if he'll
 give you more sympathetic con-

sideration. If your request is an
 unreasonable one, you will doubt-
 less get the same answer as you
 already received. If, on the other
 hand, the first manager got out
 of bed the wrong side that morn-
 ing; had a row with his wife; and
 can't abide the way you part your
 hair; why then the second man
 may see your problem in an en-
 tirely different light.

Now let's look at the same set
 of circumstances, only this time
 the bank we are going to is a pub-
 licly-owned one, like the CNR,
 TCA and the other nationalized
 businesses which are so much in
 vogue today.

We have the same kind of man-
 ager sitting behind the same or a
 similar mahogany desk. He is em-
 powered to grant you a loan if it
 falls in line with an inflexible book
 of rules. The hearing you get
 from him may be courteous and
 considerate, but there's still that
 book, and what the book says goes.
 On the other hand, it is just as
 easy for the manager of a govern-
 ment financial institution to be
 feeling off color the day you make
 your call, just as easy for him to
 brush you off without giving
 proper consideration to your case.
 In fact, without the threat of a
 competitor across the street, it is
 even more likely than in the case
 of the private banker.


And don't forget, if the govern-
 ment banker says no, it's no use
 taking your problem elsewhere,
 because, sooner or later, there
 just won't be anywhere else to
 take it.



MOST
 SINCERE WISHES
 for a
 MERRY CHRISTMAS
 and a
 HAPPY
 NEW YEAR


Chas. Jordan

Season's
 Greetings



Howard
 Cooney

best
 wishes




barry nesbitt

HAPPY
 DAYS !




Gordon
 Cook

Greetings




RUBY
 RAMSAY
 ROUSE

Season's
 Greetings




Don Wright and Staff
 Metropolitan Broadcast
 Sales

Vocally Yours
 for a
 Merry Christmas




Phyllis Marshall

Christmas Again?
 All the Best!



EDDIE
 LUTHER

Wishing you all
 a very
 Prosperous Season




Stan Francis

Season's
 Greetings



Margot & Bob Christie


Greetings



Dick Nelson

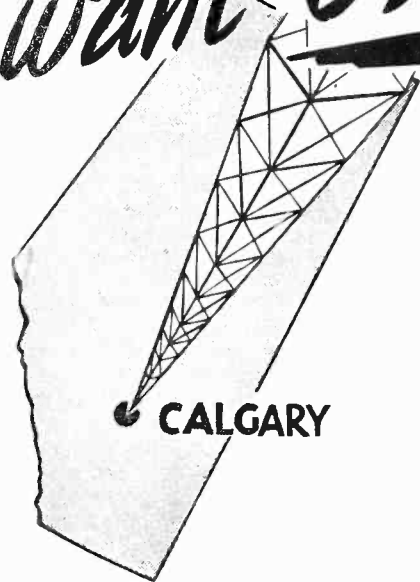
Terry Dale
 Wishes
 You-all
 The
 Season's Greetings

HAPPY
 YULETIDE



Joe Murphy

In The Calgary Market To Get the MOST AUDIENCE You STILL want CFAC



Again — Elliott-Haynes Audience Audits reveal that advertising on CFAC still reaches the lion's share of the listeners . . .

DAYTIME AUDIENCE AVERAGE MON. THRU. SAT., 9:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m.			
TUNED TO	TUNED TO	TUNED TO	
CFAC	No. 2	No. 3	5.1%
48.2%	26.6%	20.1%	
AVERAGE PROGRAM RATING 12.9	Average Program Rating 7.1	Average Program Rating 5.2	

Elliott-Haynes Audience Survey, October, 1950

EVENING AUDIENCE AVERAGE MON. THRU. SUN., 6:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m.			
TUNED TO	TUNED TO	TUNED TO	
CFAC	No. 2	No. 3	5.1%
43.3%	23.5%	29.1%	
AVERAGE PROGRAM RATING 18.4	Average Program Rating 10.0	Average Program Rating 12.9	

Elliott-Haynes Audience Survey, November, 1950

Small wonder that CFAC sells so many items and services for so many active advertisers — to the same people you regard as YOUR customers and prospects.

The Station
MOST
Listeners Dial



The Station
MOST
Advertisers Buy

For Further Information Contact ALL-CANADA RADIO FACILITIES LTD. — Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

IT SAVES TO ADVERTISE

Advertising gives us better goods at lower prices.

Not long ago, I had the privilege of addressing a meeting on the subject of advertising. It was a particularly interesting occasion for me, because instead of the usual stodgy businessmen, my audience consisted entirely of women.

After my talk, one of them rose to ask me a question. She wanted to know if it was true that in Great Britain, the BBC doesn't have advertising on its programs.

I told her that it was true and she gave me quite a surprise when she said: "I wouldn't like that, because I wouldn't know what sort of breakfast food to buy."

Here is a funny thing about advertising.

Even people who assure you they never read or listen to the ads actually do so, without realizing it. Don't make any mistake about it. You do both hear and read the advertisements, whether you think you do or not. And it is a very good thing for yourselves that you do.

The products we buy in the stores come in two classes. One is the "branded" goods, sold under a trade name. And the other group is unnamed merchandise.

Taking them in reverse order, when you buy unnamed goods you just get some cheese, butter, soap, soup or whatever it is you are after. You look at it, taste it, feel it, stretch it or smell it; hope it is as good as it appears; and take it home. Actually, it won't matter very much whether you like it or not, because it is unlikely that you will ever get the same one again, largely because it hasn't any name to call it by.

In the case of branded goods, the shoe is on the other foot. Branded goods are easily identified by their names. And what's more, you can probably buy them anywhere in the country, and often in other countries too.

When a manufacturer stamps a product with his name, it is like the hallmark on a piece of silver. It is the same thing to him as signing his name to a guarantee. He stakes his reputation on the goods behind that name. He has

hundreds of thousands — perhaps even millions—of dollars tied up in his factories and equipment. He employs thousands of men and women. And he—and they—can only keep on working and earning if you, his customers, approve of his product and buy it. If business drops off, the government doesn't hand him a cheque and say: "Here are a few thousand to tide you over," while he goes on turning out inferior stuff. He just has to be sure first, that his product is good; second, that it maintains its style, flavor and quality, depending on what it may be; and third, it has to be properly priced.

One reason why manufacturers "brand" or name their goods in this way is to enable them to tell you about them in their advertising. This starts with the label on the package or article, and goes on through all the kinds of advertising you know so well.

Obviously the reason why people want to advertise their goods is to make people buy more of them. But let's look into it a little further.

I just gave you three things a manufacturer has to do to keep you from his competitors and get you for a customer for himself.

First, the product not only has to be good, but it must be consistently good. With food and practically all other lines, insuring the consistent quality of what is offered for sale is carried on behind the scenes, but is probably given more time and costs more money than any other part of the proceedings. Companies employ whole staffs of chemists, dietitians or other practitioners, depending on the nature of the product, to do nothing but experiment and test whatever it is they are making. Only when these experts are completely satisfied that all standards of quality have been met, does the factory go into production; only then does the advertising manager and his staff meet with the advertising agency, which prepares its advertising, to present the plain facts about the product to you.

What I have just said sounds



says

Christmas Greetings!

and best wishes for your personal prosperity in 1950 . . .

with good luck from Norm Botterill and all the staff at 980!

ckrm Regina

SERVING SOUTHERN SASKATCHEWAN



Just a note

to say

HAPPY CHRISTMAS

Lucio Agostini



Best Wishes

from

The Directors and Staff

of

CKSB

ST. BONIFACE

"Western Canada's First French Language Station"

In The Calgary Market To Get the MOST AUDIENCE You STILL want CFAC



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Just a note

to say

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Lucio Agostini



Best Wishes

from

The Directors and Staff

of

CKSB

ST. BONIFACE

"Western Canada's First French Language Station"



After "Jingle Bells" THEN WHAT?

Let Carols ring! — Hymns resound! — Anthems echo! — Oratorios proclaim the season's joy! JINGLE BELLS ALONE WON'T DO THE XMAS TRICK! Holiday-wise Broadcasters use the **SESAC Transcribed Library** . . . go on the air with a top variety of Christmas Music . . . deck their programs with the kind of musical holly which builds bigger audiences. Yuletide selections in the **SESAC Transcribed Library** include outstanding renditions by:

The **TRINITY CHOIR** of **ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL**
of **NEW YORK**
CRANE CALDER CHOIR
CRUSADERS QUARTET
CHOIR GIRL TRIO

Christmas Music

SESAC HAS IT!

. . . . *plus* — almost 4,000 other sparkling selections in the complete **SESAC Transcribed Library** — American Folk — Band — Concert — Hawaiian — Novelties — Religious — Spanish and South American renditions. Categories to build profitable programs throughout the year!

LOWEST RATES !!

CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVE

GORDON V. THOMPSON, LTD.

**902 Yonge Street
Toronto, Ontario**

**SESAC INC.,
475 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK - 17, N.Y.**

pretty idealistic, doesn't it? Actually it is nothing but good business, and I can show you why.

Reputable firms which invite you to buy their goods by advertising, know that claims they make have to be true. Not only is this in accordance with the laws of the land, and also the best way to meet competition, but advertising is the show window of business. It is the one means that you, its customers, have of finding out what goes on in its shops and offices. And it is only by putting out advertising which informs you honestly about the facts of the product, instead of deluging you with a lot of meaningless superlatives, that it can win your trust and confidence.

My third point was that, in order to induce you to use it, the product has to be properly priced, and advertising plays a major part in keeping the cost of things down.

Look at it this way.

Mrs. Jones has to bake pies for the family to eat over the week end. She has a large family, it is a holiday week end, and they like pie. So Friday she sets to work and bakes 12 pies. Let us say that this gives Mrs. Jones four hours of work.

Valuing Mrs. Jones' work—and I'm sticking my neck out, I know—at 75 cents an hour, we find that the cost of labor for those 12 pies is \$3.00, or 25 cents apiece.

Mrs. Smith next door has a large pie-eating family to bake for too. So Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones decide to get smart about it. They feel it stupid for them both to spend Friday over their hot stoves, so they flip a coin. Mrs. Jones, who lost, did the baking for the two families, while Mrs. Smith, who won, took the day off and went to the beach.

After the week end, they compared notes. They found that making 24 pies instead of 12 only took one hour longer. In other words, while the labor cost for 12 pies was \$3.00, the cost of 24 was only \$3.75. That meant that while 12 pies cost 25 cents apiece in working time, 24 pies cost only a shade over 15 cents, showing a labor saving of 10 cents per pie.

Like Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones, the manufacturer knows that the more articles he makes, the less they will each cost. So he thinks up ways and means of doing the baking for more and more Mrs. Smiths and Mrs. Joneses. And the means he uses to get more customers—I think you've guessed it—is advertising.

So we have the healthy situation where Mr. Manufacturer is in a perpetual race with his competitors to make the best goods at the lowest prices, and so win you and me for customers.

Competition and advertising—they are one and the same thing—are the secrets, not only of prosperity, but of keeping prices down too.

The Socialists and their fellow travellers would like to control everything we do—what we earn—what we spend—what we buy—what we sell. They would take from us this whole system of competition where business can only prosper by forever striving to be more useful to the public.

Take your choice.

**there's
whiskers on
this one...**

Merry Christmas



**but our
bare faces
are still
hanging out**



at

CJOB

1340 on your dial

Sony Maxner

Joe Linn

God Bless...

Cy Mack

Season's Greetings



Francis G. Peddie,
Barrister & Solicitor,
708 Confederation Life Bldg.

THE KNITTING SCHOOL OF THE AIR...



Marjorie Chadwick
(Commentator)

wishes you
Season's
Greetings!



Nettie Sturdy
(Designer)

NOTHING FOR NOTHING

Nothing succeeds like success, and something for nothing is just a pipe-dream.

The weary druggist answered the phone for the twentieth time in the past hour. Now he was really mad. He didn't say so into the phone, however; just said: "Certainly, Mrs. Smith," hung up the receiver and snarled certain expressive words I won't bother repeating.

It wasn't just that Mrs. Smith wanted him to deliver a package of cigarettes seven blocks away, where she lived. It wasn't that he made less than four cents profit on such a sale. Neither was he annoyed because he knew she passed his store every evening on her way home from the office where she worked. The point was that whenever she did come in the store—and heaven knows it was rare enough — she was wafted through the door on a zephyr of an expensive perfume, which he sold—and very profitably—but which she never bought from him.

He was still mad when he got home.

"I don't know why you put up with it," his wife said. "If I were you I'd tell her to get her cigarettes where she gets her perfume."

The druggist just smiled. "If you had your way the customers would thank us for letting them pay for our home and sending the kids to school," he quipped.

"I'm not joking," said his wife. "I don't know why you can't shut the store at six, like all the other merchants do," she chided.

"I know, dear," was the reply. "But do you remember that night last winter when they brought in that hit-and-run victim just before closing time? I took care of him till the doctor arrived. He got better. Maybe if I hadn't—if the store had been closed—he'd have died."

His wife pushed back her chair impatiently. "That was just an isolated case," she said.

The druggist shook his head. "Sickness, babies and all sorts of

emergencies take place at all hours of the day and night," he went on. "Doctors are always on call. That is part of their job. If the doctors are there, I guess I have to be there too, in case they run out of something just when they need it."

His wife shook her head—sadly—affectionately.

"There's another thing too," said her husband, a little more relaxed now that he had climbed into his slippers and was lolling back in his easy chair. "Mrs. Smith may be unreasonable . . ."

"There's an understatement if ever there was one," was the comment which he let pass unnoticed.

"But the main way, the only way to succeed in any kind of business, is to make yourself useful to the people you hope will spend their money with you. See that they get the habit of coming in to see you, whatever they want. If you can get them to buy their stamps from you, a reasonable number of them will start dealing with you for their other more profitable needs."

"Like Mrs. Smith and her perfume?" his wife said pointedly.

The druggist didn't hear her. "You know, dear," he went on, "if business people would only concentrate on that one thing—being useful—we wouldn't be eternally threatened by groups of idealists slipping into power in Ottawa while we are all asleep, and taking over business on a nationalized basis; selling the public what they feel like selling them, at prices they feel like charging; operating in the wasteful way which seems inevitable when governments step into business; and then letting the poor old taxpayer—and that's you and me and Mrs. Smith and everyone—pay the losses in more and more taxes, until we can scarcely take it."

His wife was unconvinced.

"At least you'd work respectable hours," she said. "And another thing, isn't this nationalization, or whatever you call it, what has been happening these past five or six years in England? They seem to be getting everything they need over there from what I hear."

■ ■ ■

The druggist reflectively puffed on his pipe a moment. Then he said: "Steve MacMillan was in the store today."

His wife looked at him a moment, wondering what was coming next.

"He's been back a couple of months from visiting his family in the old country. He told me the same thing. Just as you said, people are getting everything they need. But that isn't the whole of it. His mother, who is an old lady of nearly 80, needed a pair of glasses. So she went to the specialist—there was no fee, of course—and got a prescription. Then she went to the optician, and asked him to make them up for her.

"Well," said his wife, "wasn't that a good thing to be able to do?"

"Oh, yes," replied the druggist. "I guess it is a good thing all right. But wait till I tell you



May "Harmony"
be your "Keynote"
for the coming Season!

The "Commodores"

what the optician said." He took three long puffs and then continued: "The optician thanked her for the order and said: 'We'll have them for you — in six to nine months.'"

He waited to let it sink in. "Six to nine months," said his wife, scarcely able to believe her ears.

"Steve was just as shocked as you were," he went on. "When he had gathered his senses, he asked the optician if he would mind giving him the prescription to take back to Canada with him."

"He wouldn't do that," said his wife. "That would be taking business away from him."

"On the contrary, my dear," came the reply, "Socialism kills the urge to do more business. The optician thanked him for saving his face. So Steve brought the prescription back to Canada, and four days later airmailed his mother the glasses she needed so badly."

The druggist's wife was speechless. "I never heard of such a thing," was all she could say.

"That isn't all," continued her husband, who had warmed to his subject. "The optician said: 'I'm going to give you a copy of the prescription. Then I can go ahead and make your mother a spare pair which she won't need in a hurry.'"

His wife thought a moment. "That was all right, wasn't it?" she said. "His mother was getting them for nothing, wasn't she?"

"That," said the druggist, "is the worst feature of the whole thing. Nobody gets anything for nothing, either under our competitive system of business or under the other plan, called Socialism or Statism. The only difference is, with our system, you pay for what you want, over the counter or at the end of the month when the bill comes in. The other way you pay through taxes, usually hid-

den taxes. A few cents on a package of cigarettes, a gallon of gas, a bottle of beer, besides a sales tax, hidden in the price of everything we buy, except food, so that we don't know we're paying it—except when we try to balance our family budget on what ought to be adequate incomes."

"I see what you mean," said his wife.

□ □ □

"The whole danger of the non-competitive, Socialistic way of doing things is that everybody, just like you did just now, thinks they are getting these things for nothing, when actually they are paying for them and paying for them through the nose."

With that the druggist's wife started rolling up her knitting. She didn't say a word until she had it tucked tidily in her work bag. Absently her hand fondled the bald patch on her husband's head. "At first I thought you were rambling a long way from Mrs. Smith's package of cigarettes, but I see what you mean now," she said.

The druggist looked up at her and smiled.

"The whole secret of business," he said, "is just being useful."

The telephone tinkled out in the hall.

The druggist and his wife looked at each other without saying anything. Then his wife broke the silence. "If that's Dr. Wilkinson, wanting you to go back to the store and mix him up 50 cents worth of medicine, dear, be sure and take your shoes off before you come upstairs to bed."



Yamada.

Warmest Wishes . . .

to all my new friends in this wonderful radio business!

IRIS COOPER

Warmest Wishes for a Happy Yuletide!



Lucille Birchall

Sincere Wishes

For 1951



Doug Master

Greetings

From

"The Martins"

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

Kenny Graham

"The Best!"



Dorothy Alt

Best Ever!



JOHN BRADSHAW

We still ain't mad with nobody

Greetings

from

Edmonton's



Gordon Sinclair CFRB, Toronto

Gordon Sinclair, Jr. CFNB, Fredericton

Season's Greetings

from

all of us

at

CHUM

The Friendly Station

MRS. MURGATROYD BAKES A PIE

When a manufacturer brands his goods, he is staking his reputation on the product, and the consumer must benefit.

Mrs. Murgatroyd made up a two-ounce sample of the filling for the pies she planned baking for her family. She poured it into a test-tube, took it upstairs to the private laboratory in the air-conditioned attic of her home, put on her chemist's smock, got about three hundred thousand dollars' worth of scientific equipment out of the cupboard, poured the filling into a sterilized flask, warmed it over a Bunsen burner, and then proceeded to subject it to twenty odd chemical tests to make sure it came up to established standards of hygiene before giving it to her family for lunch.

Isn't that the stupidest statement you ever heard?

Did any housewife ever have \$300,000 worth of scientific equipment in her attic?

Who, for that matter, ever heard of a housewife testing her food from a health standpoint?

But did it ever occur to you that to the food manufacturers—and manufacturers in almost every line you can think of, for that matter—this sort of thing is everyday routine?

Whether a manufacturer is making bread, candy, locomotives or silk stockings, it is extremely important to him that his products maintain the same quality whether it is flavor, wearability, color or what have you?

And why is this so important? Does he really care if his pickled pears bring grandma out in the hives? Or if little Willy gets the colly-wobbles after an inordinate orgy of Pirate Pecan Puffs?

Actually, I don't really think he does.

I think that, from the manufacturer's standpoint, all the things he does, the money he spends and the time he devotes to making his product a better one, is a plain matter of business. He knows that he hasn't a customer who isn't being coaxed to go over to a competitor of his; he knows that every competitor is doing everything in his power to turn out better products than his; he knows that he either has to follow suit or lose out. So what does he do?

He tries to develop his product along superior lines, higher quality, lower price, added usefulness and so forth. Then he writes these advantages into his advertising copy. And you and I of the public

get the benefit of "quick starting oil," "coffee that lets you sleep," "two-layer underwear," "shrink-proof shirts," "more insurance for your money," "soap that won't shrink woollens," "soap that washes whiter," "soap that floats," "soap that stands on the edge of the bathtub and sings 'If I'd Known You Were Comin' I'd Have Baked a Cake'."

The result of all this is that, in a free country, where a man can get an idea and develop it into a business, the public has the advantage of the brains of every enterprising individual who follows his right to make a living by developing his own brainchild, whether it is a jet-propelled locomotive or venetian blinds for bifocal spectacles.

It all works out by a process of trial and error.

After the first phase of experimenting, the finished product is submitted to exhaustive tests. Racing motor cars, scientific analysis of food products by experimental kitchens maintained for just that purpose, testing soap products in actual use; these are just a few examples of what a manufacturer, who has staked everything on an idea, and wants to assure himself that the public will accept it, has to do.

That, I think, is the keynote of success in competitive business. There is one test which every enterprise must pass. Without it the greatest invention will gather cobwebs in some attic: the most delectable food product will rot on the shelves. And that test is public acceptance.

That is why the pie filling Mrs. Murgatroyd buys for her family's week-end desserts will be surer, safer, better and even cheaper than the one she makes herself. It is competition between rival manufacturing concerns that keeps them forever on their toes, and, more than that, sees to it that no opportunity is passed up ever, to make good goods even better.

So what am I beefing about? That is the way things are, and it is a good way. Where are the grounds for discussion?

There is a growing tendency in Canada—all over the world, in fact—for governments to step into business, and play provider to the public, by supplying it with all its

Contentment, Peace,
Staunch Friends, Good Health,

Joy, Happiness,
your share of Wealth,

Good Cheer we send.
May these last through

Xmas Day—
and next year, too.



Bovine Bill



Wheat Stalk
Willie

— 940 ON THE DIAL —

YORKTON, SASKATCHEWAN

WESTERN CANADA'S FARM STATION
DOMINION NETWORK

The Voice of the Eastern Townships

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(FRENCH) 900 Kc. 1000 Watts

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(ENGLISH) 1240 Kc. 250 Watts

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Sherbrooke—the Queen City of Quebec's Eastern Townships—has made such rapid strides that the capital invested in its industrial and manufacturing firms has increased by 200% in the past ten years. The purchasing power of the average Sherbrooke family is claimed to be 31% higher than in any other average community in Canada. Tell your sales story in this important market — over CHLT and CKTS.

Representatives

JOS. A. HARDY & CO. LTD. - CANADA
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needs, or the more vital ones anyhow, from government factories and warehouses.

So, you ask, what difference does it make? Who cares whether the beef we buy comes from a privately-operated packing house or one that is owned and operated by the government?

■ ■ ■

When government steps in the door, competition flies out the window. And without competition, incentive disappears, because the urge to do more than an adequate job ceases to exist.

This isn't one of those rash statements of opinion which I am so often accused of making. It is plain, incontrovertible fact.

The system governments adopt when they get into industry is very similar to what they made the gasoline people do during the war.

Various grades of gasoline, each the pride and joy of its refiner, were eliminated. In their place, Ottawa gave the companies two formulae. They were called—with all the color of a government regulation—Grade One and Grade Two. It didn't matter what gas station you drove into, you could buy either one or other of these grades — compounded in exactly the same way — at all stations. So all the work that had gone into perfecting every brand of gas in the previously competitive field went by the board—for the time being—and instead, you could get only the take-it-or-leave-it brands. Either 1 or 2. This was a war measure and, thank heaven, it is over.

But it is also one of the so-called economies a socialized gasoline business would have to put into effect. And I use the words "so-called" advisedly, because such measures notwithstanding, government businesses never fail to end up with a financial loss, which has finally to be met out of our personal pocketbooks by means of more and more taxation.

■ ■ ■

Every luxury we have to lighten our lives has been produced as a direct result of tireless research on the part of some manufacturer to improve his product to the point where he would attract customers from his competitors. And of course, the competitors don't stand still either. They in turn are giving their product exactly the same treatment. And always, in the final analysis, the public is on the receiving end in terms of faster cars, tastier food, more effective medicines and so forth.

And who said it would ever be any other way?

Do I really have to tell you?

Well, here it is.

Ottawa still seems to think that the people of Canada want it to regulate and control their economic lives by appointing itself their provider of many of the essentials of life.

It operates the Bank of Canada, Trans-Canada Air Lines, the Canadian National Railways, the Canadian National Hotels, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, the National Film Board, to name just a few.

Power begets power, and there is absolutely no reason to believe that it will stop where it has already gone unless we the people speak our piece.

Merry Boxing Day To You And A Happy January Two

Barry Wood

"THE THING"

(Apologies to Phil Harris)

I was sitting alone in my office room,
When much to my surprise,
A magazine box materialized
Right before my eyes.
It asked a question that could mean doom—
What do you think of Boom Boom Moom?
Was it a pleasant surprise?

Phil Harris never does tell us what is the mysterious "thing," but we do know the secret of our own Boom Boom Moom, and it was "a pleasant surprise."

Thus at Christmastime, we urge that all of you — our sponsors, their agencies, our hard-working reps and even you, Dick — take time out for the merriest possible . . .

Hoping that early in January you will take time out to read our Boom Boom Moom, along with Canadian Retail Sales Index for Renfrew and Pontiac Counties.

We know that, if you do this, CHOV's national business for 1951 will go Boom Boom Moom.

CHOV PEMBROKE

HORACE N. STOVIN IN CANADA
ADAM J. YOUNG, JR., IN U.S.A.

PAGING JOE JUNIOR

Old people are stupid, but there isn't much you can do about it if you are trying to find your niche in the world.

Hold it, Joe! Don't tune me out for a minute. This is for you young guys—and girls too—who are beginning to wonder just how to set out to make a living in this peculiar world. You've done with school and you're ready to catch the world by the tail, and show us

old guys how it ought to be run. I think you can do it too. Your older brothers and sisters made a pretty good showing during the war, and now it's over to you. Sure you can do it. But where do you begin?

The best place to start in any

line of business is at the top. This saves all the gruelling years of working as office boy, filing clerk, or any other menial jobs that people who don't know any better say you should do first. Definitely, the one and only place to start in is at the top. The only thing is, it's sometimes a little hard to persuade the present president to roll over.

There is the first and last rung on the ladder of success in the world of business. All you have to do is answer the question: "How can I get the boss to retire in my favor?" As soon as you've shown him this, you're in, brother, head of a business empire, master of your own destiny and monarch of all you survey. But how do you do it?

First of all, you have to persuade the boss that he should put you on the payroll. You'll find he has old-fashioned ideas about starting in at the bottom, just because that's the way he got going. You know that he did it the hard way, that he started out as office boy, and by working and sticking slowly got up to where he is. You know that old-fashioned ideas like that are dated now, but you are wise enough to know that it might not go down with him so well if you pointed this out to him. So you make like you see things exactly the way he does, at that first interview, and tell him you want a chance to start in at the bottom like he did, and show him what you're made of. It's a lot of guff, of course. But he'll go for it. They always do.

But I think we're jumping the gun.

The first thing to do is to decide what kind of business you want to get into. Naturally—being wise guys and gals—you'll want to get into the game that will bring in the most salary for the least work. After all, a fellow has to have some fun. And what's the use of working for years until you can afford a car, and then finding you're too old to drive it?

Here again, the bossman may not see it that way. He may feel

that what worked for him should work for you and, as I just mentioned, he did it the hard way. Probably he knows what a sucker he was and all he wants is to find some guy like you to get even. He's still the boss, though, so it's pretty hard to disagree with him, at least until you can persuade him to let you take over his desk. Old people are stupid. There should be a law against them.

When you go into the chief's office looking for that first job, here is what he will want you to do. He'll want you to convince him that you are not looking for just any job, but that you have thought the thing through and decided that there is only one company you want to work for and that is his. It's just his vanity, of course, but he likes to kid himself that he'll really have a good man or girl if he or she really wants to work for him. Obviously he just doesn't know the score, but he's still the boss.

So, however stupid we may think it is, the only thing to do is play it his way until—well, for a while anyhow.

We've decided we want to work for the Blank Company, so the first thing we do is breeze into their office and ask for the boss. The switchboard girl will tell us he's out of town, in conference, or just too busy, and that will be our first setback. We'll stamp out of there wondering what sort of punk they think we are. We know that he isn't really busy, that he's really only putting on a show to impress us with his importance. But we'll realize that it's no use bashing our heads against a brick wall because—did I mention it before?—he is the boss. Old-fashioned people will tell you that he wants to make it hard to get in to see him, because if we work hard to do that and make the grade, he'll know that we do really want to work for him, and will really work hard for him if we ever get in. Oh, well! We may as well go along with the gag.

Getting that first interview is the number one problem. I can't tell you how to do it. The trouble with us old people is that our ideas are all crazy, and different. Sometimes it's a good idea to write him a letter. Obviously the sensible thing to tell him is how old you are, and how much money you want. But his old-fashioned ideas are going to cross you up here again. What he'll want to know is what you have to offer him in return for what you want him to offer you. This is taking very unfair advantage of you, of course, because when you come to add it all up, there isn't very much to offer, is there? That's the trouble with old people. They have absolutely no understanding for the young. They must have forgotten when they were kids themselves, or else they just want to make sure it's as tough for you as it was for them.

I'll have to pass over the details of just how to crash the gate, because it is an ingenuity test you have to solve for yourself. He knows this, and that's why he plays so hard to get. Unfair, but what can a fellow do?

If you don't feel you can make the grade, there's another way. You can just wait until the gov-

Newfoundland Coverage

by

CJFX Antigonish

The West and South coasts, including the communities of:

- Corner Brook
- Grand Falls
- Botwood
- Stephenville
- St. Georges
- Channel
- Port Aux Basque
- Rose Blanche
- Burgeo
- Ramea
- La Hune
- Bay D'Espoir
- Belleoram
- Fortune
- Garnish
- Marystown
- Placentia
- St. Albans

COVERAGE

10,000 Watts (direction) over salt water to the WEST and SOUTH coasts of Newfoundland.

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Hillbilly, old-time music shows, special Newfoundland program now under way.

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Season's Greetings

CKNX
WINGHAM



The ONTARIO FARM STATION

REPRESENTATIVES JAMES L. ALEXANDER TORONTO & MONTREAL



"Australia's Sweetheart of Song"

(Now Wooing Canada)

Wishes You a

MERRY CHRISTMAS

and

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Peggy Brooks

ernment—a socialist government—steps in and takes over. Then you'll just write an exam for whatever opening there is, and when you pass, you'll get a position—eventually. Then you'll know you are fixed for life. You'll start at a small salary, get small raises, not for what you do but for how long you've been doing it. Finally, you get a pension. Not a very large one, but a pension, anyhow, when you are too old to work. One day, if enough people are scared enough of the excitement of fighting their way through in business, the hard way, all the thrill and excitement of competition will disappear, and perhaps it'll be a good thing. After all, what does a fellow want to knock himself out for, trying to make more money for his boss, just so that he'll get paid more himself, and maybe one day take over the boss's job? But this is an old man—an old man of 48—talking, and what do I know about this modern age?

■ ■ ■

The whole thing is, youth, brought up with so many more advantages than the previous generation, is right, of course. The unfortunate part is that youth has to keep it to itself until it can jockey itself into the driver's seat. There's another rub, too. By the time it gets to the top of the ladder, there'll be another crop of youngsters trying to beat their way in, and by this time, you'll be just as obstinate and unreasonable to those kids as I and my generation are to you today.

So hadn't we better face the

facts as they are? This business system of ours has worked out pretty well for all of us who are willing to get in the hard way, and work our way—I said work—up to the top.

We only have two choices, really. Either we have to do it the hard, old-fashioned way. Or else we have to say: "Come on, socialism. Hang a number on us and tell us what to do. We haven't enough mind to decide for ourselves, and we don't like work anyhow. So show us the easy way to make a living and we'll go along."

The funny part is, this system has been tried in different countries of the world, and for some reason or other it just doesn't work. So could it be that the old-fashioned way, which worked so well for our grandfathers and fathers, and isn't doing so badly today for people who have given it a fair trial, is the best way after all?



Simcoe County has 25,410 RADIO HOMES (1949 BBM) and no daily newspaper.

Most of these homes depend for their news, entertainment and shopping information on

CKBB
 BARRIE ONT.
 RALPH SHELROVE
 Manager

REPS. NATIONAL BROADCAST SALES



TIME OUT FOR A WORD

from

SANTA

"Happy Christmas"

Jack Dennett



A
MILLION
WATTS
of
JOY and HAPPINESS
for the
CHRISTMAS SEASON
and the
COMING YEAR

CKAC
MONTREAL

*The Station that is
closest to the French Canadian family*

HELP WANTED

A forthright answer to the eternal question: "How are you going to get the experience you must have before you can get any experience?"

A youngster came forlornly into my office the other day. He was obviously hunting a job and I could see he was just about beaten.

I knew his type. He was about 22, clean-cut, well-groomed, nicely-spoken, and I could see that he knew how to smile even if the creases in his face hadn't had much exercise lately. As they all do, he started spluttering away, trying to translate his quest into words. I knew what he wanted to say long before he opened his mouth, but I thought I'd better let him get it out of his system while I tried to sum him up.

This kid was different.

He wasn't shy or embarrassed as most of them are. He just droned off his story in a monotone that was cold and dead, and I just sat back and looked at him. He was talking as though he was subconsciously incanting a dirge, which he had learned word-perfectly by sheer repetition.

His was a poor approach but it was no use telling him so. Besides I admired him for having the guts to stick, when he was sure it was hopeless.

I wondered about the other kids who have worn a track through the office door. I wondered how many of them were just the same, except that they had managed to bury the signs.

I decided to use this boy as a guinea pig, and made up my mind he'd come out on top before I was done with him.

Lunch seemed a good idea. But I had to talk him into it. He told me he'd had a big breakfast; wasn't sure if he was hungry or not. He succumbed, though, and, after the first embarrassment had worn off, managed to force down a bowl of soup, a steak and a slab of pie with ice cream.

After that he felt better; grinned at my jokes even.

He had his senior matric and a course in typing and shorthand. He had started out with the idea he wanted to write for a living—newspaper, radio, advertising, anything. He hadn't the slightest idea how to go about it. That was six weeks ago. Lately he'd decided he'd settle for a job—anything. So far it hadn't materialized.

Sage words of advice welled up inside me, but I remembered in time that a job-hunter wants work, not counsel.

I thought I was fooling him completely when I cooked up a thousand envelopes for him to address and casually paid him in advance in case I wasn't in when he finished them. He took it, but a couple of weeks later he came in to pay me back—out of his first pay check.

In the course of a couple of days, I learned a lot from that boy.

I had never thought of it before, but here, as accurately as I can put them into words, are the stock replies he received on his rounds and his reactions to them.

"Sorry, but we only employ experienced men."

(Sure, I know, but where do you get the experience?)

"Leave your name and address and we'll ketep it in the file."

(File! Pff! That's a new name for a waste-basket.)

"Take home this application and let us have it back in the mail."

(That's five today. Guess I can fill in another.)

"Why don't you join the Air Force?"

(They turned me down last week, but I'm not admitting it.)

"When I started out, I began at the botom and worked my way up."

(That was forty years ago. I want my start right now.)

"The way things are, we are laying men off, not taking them on."

(Can't he think of a better one than that?)

"Go out and get some experience and we'll see what we can do for you—son."

(I wonder what they'd do to me if I bashed him in the face?)

All these replies are reasonable ontes to make, or moderately so at any rate. And the boy's reactions were obviously all wrong. They displayed quite an astounding ignorance of the way any business must function. Yet how is a kid like that to know any better?

I tried this question on a man I know the other day, and he said: "That's what schools are for."

I agreed with him, or rather I agreed that that was what schools should be for.

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MERRY CHRISTMAS

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CKLW

extends warm greetings to all!

50,000 watts

AM - FM

THE GOOD NEIGHBOUR STATIONS
WINDSOR ONTARIO

800 on your dial

Out of the ether comes the merry old gentleman with the white whiskers to spread cheer throughout the land and to herald the advent of that most joyous of all seasons — Christmas. And it is fitting that on the eve of that great day which commemorates the Nativity, we pause to thank Him for the many blessings He has bestowed, and to rededicate ourselves to the continuance of the spirit of fellowship and goodwill which He so shingly exemplified.

May we, then, extend to all our friends in the radio, newspaper and advertising professions, 50,000 sincere wishes for a truly happy, old-fashioned Christmas, and a successful, prosperous and peaceful New Year.



REPRESENTATIVES • ALL CANADA RADIO FACILITIES LTD. (CANADA) • ADAM J. YOUNG JR., INC. (U.S.A.)

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
Eating his Christmas pie,
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum,
And said, "Heck! I ordered apple!"

Merry Christmas Greetings

"Stu" Kenney
FREE-LANCER

My next question ruffled him a bit. "What do the schools do towards teaching youngsters how to fit themselves into a career?"

He ruffled the papers on his desk impatiently and said: "How would I know? I left school thirty years ago."

I took my life in my hands and asked him one more. "Do you think that school teachers, who are obviously trained academically to impart knowledge to their students are also taught just what knowledge to impart?"

My friend reacted the way I hoped he would but was afraid he wouldn't.

"Lewis," he said, "you have something there. Something I'd never given a thought to before." He then proceeded to tell me, in about two minutes, just about everything I've tried to hand on to you. I sat listening — enthralled.

"Business," he said, "is so busy worrying about today's problems that it has been shutting its eyes to the future. We'll be looking to those kids to fill junior executives' jobs one of these days, and, finally I suppose, to fill our shoes.

"We can't expect to steal all our key men from other concerns. We have to develop half of them at least from inside our own organizations, and the kids we turn away because they have no experience might be just the material we want.

"We can't turn our offices into schools, but we could see to it that the schools know what to teach them. Yet how many businessmen really take an interest in what kids — not just their own kids, but all kids—are taught?"

"There's another thought too. Disgruntled youngsters are first class fodder for the cannons of the socialists. And a youngster's vote has just as much weight at election time as yours or mine.

"If socialism ever comes, it will be the fault, not of the people who vote that way, so much as the people who drive them to it.

"Socialism appears like a haven of refuge when everything else has failed. It has turned out, wherever it has been tried, to be just another pit, and it is a pit from which it is almost impossible to escape once you are in it.

"Business can save people from taking the false step by taking a wider interest in the schools and universities; by seeing to it that children are exposed to the con-

ceptions and ideals of decent capitalism as well as the mistakes and destructive doctrines of socialism and collectivism. Business can save people from that pit by showing greater consideration to the public, including employees, customers and would-be employees. It can save itself from the socialists by examining some of the socialistic doctrines and seeing if they hold water."

With this he returned to his papers.

■ ■ ■

There are those who would paint business a four-headed monster. This picture is a false one, as is clearly evidenced by the fact that we have grown to greatness under a system of competitive enterprise; that far and away the majority of our people flourish under the system.

Sometimes though, we let appearances, born probably by force of circumstances, give wrong impressions to people who have singled us out as leaders in the field of business, which they have been taught to believe is a very good thing.

Personally I'm going to remember what that man told me, next time a kid comes into my office to ask me if I know where he can get a job.



Greetings!

Mona O'Hearn

SEASON'S
GREETINGS

From

CFPL

Warmest Wishes

for

Christmas

and

The New Year



ALLAN McFEE

RADIO — CANADA'S GREAT GOODWILL MEDIUM

ONE WISHFUL WORLD

The world is broken up into conflicting ideologies. National and international unity lie in understanding among individuals.

People in the radio broadcasting business claim that the secret of successful broadcasting is to talk to people in their own language, but I believe that it is much more than that.

Properly exercised, an ability to talk to people in their own language bestows upon us the infinite happiness of an understanding family and circle of friends, because you can't know and understand anybody without finding something about them to love.

It provides us with the material basis for happiness in the harmony which prevails where we work because, whether we employ or are employed, we cannot be successful in our work unless we are happy in it.

It gives us the essential security, born of living in a world whose people are free from fear, because they are working in unison for the good of the whole. And you can't work with body and soul at the tasks of peace, and at the same time keep in perpetual readiness for the coming of war.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if such a state of happy understanding really existed? Yet all over the world we see nothing but disunity . . . discord . . . disaster.

One of the greatest tragedies in the world history which is being written today is the failure of the English-speaking people — Great Britain and the United States, Canada, Australia, Africa, and all the rest—to understand and accept each others' points of view, and so to make of themselves shining examples of what real peace might mean to the rest of the world.

■ ■ ■

If we could only look at one another and see our similarities instead of our differences! If we could only realize that understanding does not mean the destruction of our individual national characteristics! If we could only understand that to get along with our neighbors it is not necessary to foist upon them—and it is an expression I intensely dislike — "our way of life"! If we could smother our egotism and admit

that it is not a fact that there are two ways of doing a thing, our way and the wrong way!

Our inability to achieve this understanding is the reason why there are those who feel that here is their cue to utilize their hateful "isms" and "ologies" to gain domination of the world, by subordinating it, by force of hydrogen and atomic bombs, to their will.

If the idea of seeing eye to eye with them is absurd, then a truly united concourse of the remaining nations, those nations located outside the Iron Curtain, would show them that the world wants peace, but if they want to make trouble, it is there, ready and waiting for them.

But when they peer out into the outside world, they see very little that could be described as united. What they do see is our strongest bulwark, family life, split up in divorce courts by nothing but lack of understanding. They see the children of divorce cast out into the world alone, ready to lend an ear to any crackpot agitator who may crop up to pervert their minds when loneliness makes them susceptible to anything.

They see churches, preaching the gospel of unity and love, but rift asunder by trivial matters of ritual into so many factions and denominations that they defeat their whole purpose.

They see labor doing battle with management for more and more pay and privileges, while its wives keep an unending procession toiling up Parliament Hill to demand that prices be kept below their present cost level, which has been forced up and up by their husbands' demands.

They see management fighting mad, and determined not to give an inch as a matter of principle.

They see almost every country in the world avidly eyeing its neighbors' borderlines and possessions.

So what do they do? What is the most natural thing in the world for people to do who want to control the world?

In 1914, the German Kaiser saw his number one enemy, Great Britain, torn by internal discord be-

MERRY XMAS WISHES FROM THE NORTH

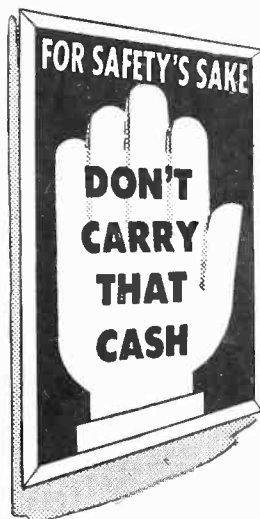


from all the gang at **CFAR** Flin Flon

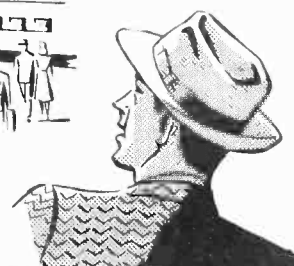
Season's Greetings to all



Roxana Bond



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Canadian Pacific Express **TRAVELLERS CHEQUES**

'Twas four weeks before Christmas
 And Dick Lewis is screamin'
 "Get that Greeting in fast,
 And stop all that dreamin'
 Neither phone calls or letters
 Would get my submission,
 'Till the dog finally cancelled
 My yearly subscription.

To be cut off like that
 Is completely unthinkable!
 And what I'd like to say now
 Is rather unprintable!
 But Tommy, Art, Bob, friend Harkley too,
 Speak to the — — —, see what you can do.
 And if there's room this year, do send my best,
 To your readers, yourselves, and
 That well-gravied "vest."

Wood Glue

cause of lack of understanding over the Irish question. So he struck his blow.

In 1939, Adolph Hitler saw Britain and the United States at variance over just how far he should be allowed to run his Nazi steamroller over Europe, and who should be called upon to stop him and with what. So Hitler invoked his pet adage, "Divide and Conquer," and tried his luck.

The war is dormant now, the shooting part of it, anyhow. So far the Iron Curtain seems to be shutting out any kind of overtures towards understanding. Will it be total war? Or can it be talked through? That is the number one question of the day. If it can be done by talking, and done to stay, it is understanding that will accomplish it. If, as so many people believe and fear, there has to be a World War III, then the need for this understanding between those of us who survive, is only postponed until that holocaust is over, unless, of course, we are also pre-

paring for World Wars IV, V and VI.

Only lack of understanding with one another, in the home, in the factory, or in God's great universe, can precipitate the kind of disaster that has been going on so long that the children of many of you, born in the last 15 years, believe it to be an ordinary part and parcel of this unhappy world, where plans must be qualified with some such phrase as: "Unless we have another war."

Now, then, what are you going to do about it?

I don't need to amplify what I just said about understanding in your home life, your church life, your club life. I am perhaps presuming not a little when I even mention it. But what about your life at work? Is it as productive, as fruitful, as happy as you can make it?

Understanding across the employment counter — that's the world's prime need for today. That, beyond all else, would assure lasting peace, if we could only find a basis for it. And I think that basis is right there, staring us in the face.

Whether you employ or are employed, you want everyone to have security for old age, and welfare in days of stress. This is just a question of common humanity. Yet the thing so many of us seem to overlook is that whether the money comes out of our individual purses or the coffers of the country, these things have to be paid for. Hospitalization, medical and dental services and all other welfare measures we have or would like to have, need to be paid for. Unless we pay for them ourselves, which many of us are unable to do, they finally get added on to the cost of goods, whether those goods are made by free enterprise or by government or those crown corporations, which show such an inclination these days to get into the field of business.

It is no use demanding that our landlords install radiant heat, oil furnaces, air conditioning and other facilities in our homes, unless we are prepared to pay more rent. By the same token, we cannot expect our hospital, doctor and other bills to be borne for us, unless we are prepared to face higher taxes and higher retail prices. In the final analysis we can only assure ourselves and our families the benefits of such security and welfare by truly earning the wherewithal to pay for them.

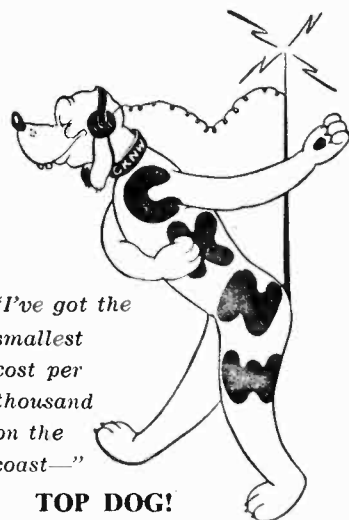
To all our
 old friends
 and...
 all our new...

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.

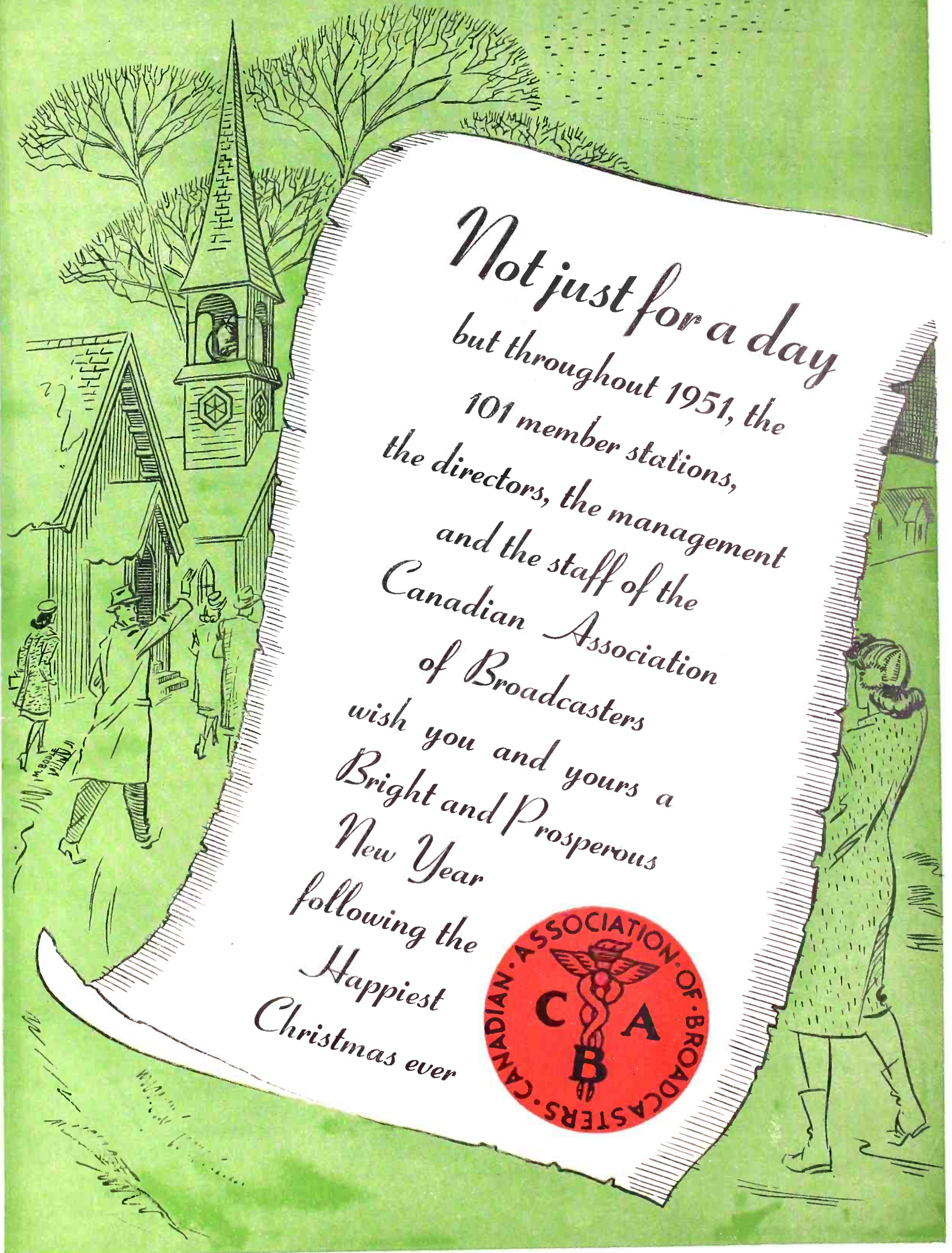
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"I've got the
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 on the
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TOP DOG!



*Not just for a day
but throughout 1951, the
101 member stations,
the directors, the management
and the staff of the
Canadian Association
of Broadcasters
wish you and yours a
Bright and Prosperous
New Year
following the
Happiest
Christmas ever*



Here's looking at you...



...and wishing you the season's best!

Merry
Christmas!

CFRB

