

# THIS WEEK AND NEXT

by Ray Argyle



## To Clear The Air

Radio and television broadcasting in Canada began to get another going over this week as Prime Minister Pearson put a seven-member cabinet committee to work on a new broadcasting act.

As a measure of importance attached to the future of broadcasting, the PM himself headed up the committee.

The pressure for a new act has grown largely out of the Royal Commission report turned in last September by Robert M. Fowler.

In it, Mr. Fowler levelled a wide-ranging indictment of both public (CBC) and private broadcasting. Among other things, he called for a new policing body to replace the present Board of Broadcast Governors. He also attacked the patchwork in broadcasting which has grown up the past 40 years since radio got going in Canada, but especially since 1937 when the CBC came formally into existence.

Curiously enough, it was never intended by the first minister responsible for the CBC that the Canadian government should rush into the broadcasting business. C. D. Howe, who left his mark on so many Canadian institutions, thought that the CBC or its equivalent should be privately-owned and that public ownership was just "an idea to be achieved ultimately." He was obviously overruled.

Canada's first TV station went on the air in 1952 and the last big change in broadcasting occurred when the CBC lost its policing powers over private stations. The formation of the Board of Broadcast Governors to supervise both the CBC and private broadcasters had long been sought by owners of independent stations.

The Fowler Report, as the latest Royal Commission study is known, is bound to lead to many big headlines in the upcoming session of Parliament. When the PM's committee brings in the new broadcasting act, it will go to the House broadcasting committee where the violently anti-CBC Tories from the prairies will (along with such critics as Liberal Ralph Cowan of Toronto) once more tee off on their favorite whipping boy. And with Judy Lamarsh now

the minister responsible for the CBC, the headlines are sure to be big and bold.

Despite the hoop-la of the coming parliamentary circus, it is doubtful whether the House committee will ever get down to the two basic facts of broadcasting in Canada:

The first of these is that broadcasting has made tremendous achievements in this country, stretching together through micro-wave transmission the entire nation, bringing the world into our living rooms.

The second is that while the combination of CBC public broadcasting and private competition has given viewers a choice of TV and radio programs in most centers, there is tremendous overlapping between the two.

It has rightly been the function of the CBC to cater to diverse tastes, to deliver soap opera for the soap fans and serious educational and information programs for our more discerning viewers.

The question could be asked, however, whether CBC is serving any real function by bringing Canadian viewers cheap, low taste comedies from U.S. networks that serve only to rake in the advertising dollar.

The CBC has been diverted from its main task by going partly commercial in order to recover some of the tremendous costs of public broadcasting. But in so doing, it has made life harder for private broadcasters, and robbed choice TV time for better programs.

In every area except live coverage of great news events, the current TV season is probably the worst on record.

It is to be hoped that the Prime Minister's committee will consider resolving this paradox by eliminating all advertising from CBC to fulfill its real function... delivering the kind of programs which private stations can't or won't provide because of the tyranny of the ratings system. But are we prepared to pay the cost of such a service?

The year will also be critical in Canadian television because of the advent of color programming this summer, and the decision of 11 affiliate stations to purchase outright the CTV independent national network.

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## ANNUAL MEETING - CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

The Annual Meeting of the Terrace Bay Chamber of Commerce will be held Thursday, January 20, at 7.30 P.M. in the Large Meeting Room of the Rec. Centre. This is an important meeting and all members are asked to make an effort to attend.

# SUGAR AND SPICE

by Bill Smiley



## The Sturdy Ones Remain

This is the time of year when we get rid of all the undesirables in the community. By undesirables, I mean people with more money than I. They leave our northern community for Florida, Mexico, the West Indies.

In one fell swoop we get rid of all the softies, the cowards, the sybarites. In short, the rich white trash.

It's as much a part of our heritage as the Saturday night bath, or spring cleaning. And I think it's a good thing.

When the last barber or bricklayer has bragged about being off to the Bahamas, when the last druggist or doctor has informed me pompously that "We'll probably take in Acapulco this year", I feel a sense of relief.

**The rats have left the Freezing ship, and there's only the hard core, the sturdy pioneer types, the rugged individualist and the poor people, left in the temperate (hah!) zone.**

The rest of us, the best of us, can get down to the real glory of winter living, without stumbling over a lot of sissies who are better off down there getting sand in their navels.

As one of the old true-blue breed, fighting it out with the elements, I am inclined to scorn them. As a humanitarian, I can only pity them. Think of what they're missing!

What is there in the soft and sensuous south to equal that crunch of toes breaking off, that crack of bursitis in the shoulder when you throw the first curling stone, that snap of thigh bones on the ski hill?

Let's take a look at a couple of these hot-weather hounds. Look at this bird in Florida. Gets out of bed and there's that same old crumbly, monotonous sun blazing down, just like all the other days. Same old routine. The inevitable orange juice on the inevitable patio; the inevitable trip to the beach with the inevitable obscenely fat softies lying all around. Or the inevitable sweating it out on the golf course with a lot of other middle-aged liars.

And here's our pal in Mexico, just getting up at 10.30. He hasn't paid last year's income tax yet, but he borrowed

\$1,500 from the bank to make the trip. He has a hangover from those six-ounce, forty-cent Mexican drinks, and a twisted back from trying to tango.

His wife, in the other twin bed, looks like an inmate of Belsen, because she's had Mexican complaint, commonly known as dire rear, ever since they crossed the border. She whines, he snarls. They totter out into the muggy heat. And another horrible day in Acapulco has begun.

It's not like that around here. My daughter wakes me at six-thirty and I call a cheery good-morning. It may sound a bit more like "RUMPH" but it's well meant. My life's partner shoves me out with her foot ten minutes later.

Down to a jolly breakfast: vitamin pills, cuppa tea and half-slice of toast. There's the thrill of variety as you prepare for the day. When dawn comes, will the sun be shining, the snow falling, or a blizzard howling?

Out into the wild white yonder. Grab the shovel and make the snow fly, chuckling heartily all the while as you think of those poor slobs in the south, with nothing to do every day but the same old things.

The clean, fresh, northern air hits your lungs like a dum-dum bullet. Bark seal-like greeting to neighbour, whose head is just visible over his snowbank.

Off to the garage. Excitement of wondering whether the car will start. The sheer, demonic joy of belting out the driveway backwards and trying to smash through the bank the snowplow has thrown up. Sometimes you make it.

The skidding, slithering adventure of the drive to work. Wheels spinning, visibility twelve feet, every man for himself.

The goodfellowship and vivacity of the teachers' cloakroom, everyone stamping, cursing, and running at the nose.

And another day of glorious winter living has begun. Don't try to tell me about the seduction of the languorous southland. Just give me the crisp, virile challenge of living where men are men. And you can tell them from women. When you get them thawed out.

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## ART CLUB NEWS

A fine art film was shown at the last meeting and plans were made for a still life study for Thursday, January 20th. Members may draw or paint using any medium they wish. This is the first work session of '66. Let's start the season off with a bang!!

One way to save face is to keep the lower half shut.