

The world's most exciting job!

There is nothing in this world quite like a newspaper.

We have been around newspaper offices, large and small, for more than thirty years but we still have the same feeling of excitement and anticipation when we pick up each day's first edition.

Everybody who is interested in life at all feels that way about the newspaper he reads.

We found that out back in the days when we used to deliver the Saskatoon Star-Phoenix. Children from houses on our route would race each other down the block to get the paper first. And if we happened to miss a customer there would be a phone call to the office in the evening, another call to us and then we would have to hustle our own copy over to the bareft reader's home.

Our customers liked their newspaper; and they liked us because we brought it to their door every day, rain or shine. In cold weather they would invite us inside to warm our hands and feet and have a cup of hot chocolate. At Christmas they gave us tips.

News gets around in other ways; of course - by radio, TV, newsreels, word of mouth - but it is as true today as it ever was that if you want all the news and want it in detail you have to read a newspaper.

That's because publishing the news is still the newspaper's principal concern. The features, the comics, the advice to the lovelorn are added attractions. News is the heart of the newspaper.

The most frequent complaint made against today's newspapers is that they are "full of ads." But ads are news, too, and important news at that. A newspaper without ads would be only half a newspaper, for all of us are engaged in commerce of one sort or another and news of commerce is vital information.

Ads report on the activities of human beings and therefore have a rightful place in the paper. For our newspapers are a day-to-day chronicle of man's life on earth; unblinkingly they record the splendid things he does and the mean and the foolish.

And newspapers are created by human beings; not by electronics, light images or sound waves. The technological side of publishing, though it is wondrously complex these days, is still secondary to the human side.

No matter how fat and sassy your newspaper may be it is still essentially a communication from one person to another. It is this unique relationship between writer and reader that keeps newspapers going despite all the flashy gadgets that were supposed to have made them obsolete.

A reporter goes out and gathers the news; he

wide but they are still his words:

Although they are the key men in the field of public information, reporters are themselves relatively unknown. They have often been portrayed in fiction and on the screen, but seldom with accuracy.

We have known hundreds of reporters in our time but even so we couldn't give you much of an idea of what they are like. They don't have any particular distinguishing marks or scars. But if we can't tell you what reporters are, we can tell you some of the things they're not.

Reporters are not loudmouths; most of the best ones we know are quiet, even shy. They are not given to riotous living and all-night poker; but neither are they prudes. And let us bury forever the myth that reporters are hard-boiled. They are the biggest softies you will ever meet. One more thing: they work hard, despite appearances.

What all reporters share is an intense interest in the news and a conviction that there is nothing in this world as important as seeking it out and giving it circulation. They are never bored by events, great or small.

That is true of everybody connected with getting out a newspaper. Even clerks in the accounting department know they are part of a very special enterprise. They are newspaper people too.

Our friends in radio and TV have shown that there are faster ways of getting the news out; but with all due respect to their fine work we must say that they haven't made newspapers less necessary than they ever were.

For if news is important it must be given in detail and only newspapers can do that job. There is no substitute for the magic a reporter creates when he sits down at his typewriter to write his story. He is fresh from the scene; the smell of the news is still clinging to him. He alone can tell you what it was like, how it happened and why.

And what he writes comes straight to you; in neat columns, under attractive heads and with pictures. All of the newspaper's resources, its presses, its paper, its ink and its people, are geared to the task of laying that story on your front porch.

Publishers know that if they can get the story to you fast enough and in full you will want to read their paper. Even aside from the profit motive there is the challenge and stimulation of covering the news. It hits the publisher too.

Maybe we're prejudiced, but we happen to



writes down what he sees and hears and what he writes is printed on paper.

That, in essence, is all there is to a newspaper. But what a great deal it is, after all! In every age, what reporters have written has become the record of the time.

In this day of public relations and promotion all sorts of people come under the loose heading of "members of the press." But in most towns and cities and in every village and rural area the newspaper reporter is the only bona fide news-gatherer.

Only he comes in contact with the raw news; his words are picked up and broadcast far and

think it's worth a good deal more than you pay for your paper to get all the news and to get it first hand - before the commentators, the pundits and the axe-grinders get through with it.

Everything you get in your paper besides news, and most of it is pretty entertaining stuff, is pure gravy.



Dennis Braithwaite, a top newspaper man, has at one time or another covered every major beat: police, fire, politics, general and editorial. Currently he is best known for his witty "Nobody Asked Us" column, which appears regularly in The Toronto Star.

Number four in a series on the right of the public to be informed

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