

*Non-Canadian Publications*

I agree with the hon. member for Burnaby-Seymour that Canadians would probably buy American editions of these two magazines, so there would be a net loss, not a net gain, to Canadian nationalism because we would lose the Canadian content, particularly in *Reader's Digest*. I know there are Canadians who are concerned about the nature and state of the material available on our newsstands, always at the lowest level where the smallest child can reach out. These stands are seldom supervised, and there is a real concern about that. The minister might address himself to that question when he is finished with the one with which he is dealing now. My constituents wrote to tell me that *Reader's Digest* fits into old hands; that it is of a size that they like to hold; that they can read it comfortably; also, that it can be re-read. The measure of *Reader's Digest* is that there are not all that many publications that one can return to after a year or two and find them of continuing interest. But over and over again people referred to re-reading the magazine to which they have subscribed for up to 30 years.

As you may gather from my remarks, I have very little belief, personally, in *Time* magazine, and the pairing of the two magazines in the bill and in the pronouncements made by the minister caused me some difficulty. I suppose I am somewhat prejudiced against *Time* since the thirteenth year of my education when the teacher I had used to bring it to class and read verbatim from one end of the periodical to the other until the bell went. She swore by it. I was rather skeptical of it at that time and remember taking to class a clipping from a newspaper which said that *Time* magazine had a great bias. I presented it to the teacher who, not realizing the nature of the clipping and being very glad to have received an offering from a student, began to read it to the class, discovering, too late, that it was knocking the magazine that was so precious to her.

I have had many qualms about my rudeness to the teacher in years gone by, particularly since I became one myself, but I have never had that much doubt about my early judgment of *Time* magazine, and certainly least of all in 1963 when I bought an issue in Tokyo in the hectic weeks preceding the election of that year. On the cover of that international issue of *Time* I saw a picture of the then prime minister of this country, the right hon. member for Prince Albert (Mr. Diefenbaker), in a caricature so grotesque that although I was not then a member of the party that I represent now, I was shocked by it, disturbed that a magazine that was, in a sense, a guest in the house could intervene so dramatically and so drastically in the electoral process of this country.

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I was struck by something of the same thought in the election just passed when the issue in the week just prior to the election, an influential week when every publication in this country endeavoured to exert the maximum influence on the Canadian electorate. A cover was produced, and I cannot believe that it was entirely by accident that on the cover the Prime Minister (Mr. Trudeau) appeared on the ace of hearts and the Leader of the Opposition (Mr. Stanfield) appeared on the ace of spades. I resented the inference then. They may have learned something since 1963, but to attempt to direct the voters of

[Mr. Johnston.]

this country does not, to me, fit the nature of a publication that has been a guest in the house and has not moved through the years to alter its nature or to increase its Canadian ownership; and certainly its Canadian content has always been a token gesture in this land.

I am not concerned about the welfare of the Maclean-Hunter empire in this country. I have grave reservations about the editorial policies of *Maclean's* magazine. I have nothing but congratulations for *Chatelaine* and its editor, Doris Anderson, who is an inspiration to all the citizenry of Canada for the way she has livened up that magazine and addressed it to the issues of today. I think all Canadians can give credit to Doris Anderson for presenting the Murdoch case to this country, a shocking decision which lacked everything we consider basically just. Bringing it before the Canadian public was important and *Chatelaine* did important work in that regard.

With regard to *Maclean's*, and particularly the editorship of Mr. Newman, I have objected to its persistent attack on basic Canadian institutions, particularly the RCMP and the monarchy. Through a variety of subtle and sometimes brilliant covers and articles, this attack has gone on and has been refined by that magazine in a most extraordinary way, because some months after the attack the magazine will refer to its own attack as proof of the fact that the Canadian public is no longer concerned about these traditional institutions which have served us so well for so long. This is a kind of aid and assistance to the promoters of change for the sake of change in this country which I find reprehensible.

The question is often raised whether the bill will revive Canadian magazines. *Saturday Night*, one could say, has already been resurrected. The cover of the new issue says, "Reborn". I do not know whether that quite fits—I will return to it—but I was greatly heartened, on receiving my issue of this republishing of *Saturday Night*, to read in it these words:

Driving into British Columbia's Okanagan Valley for the first time—especially in spring or summer—is like hearing for the first time the *Andante cantabile* from Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 5. It's all so sweet and beautiful and the cynic inside can't quite believe it's real. The Okanagan runs for about a hundred miles, from Sicamous at the north end to Osoyoos on the Washington border. The Selkirk and Monashee ranges shelter it from the east, the North Cascades from the west.

It's particularly astonishing when you drive from the east. For days, you've been travelling across the prairies, then through the Rockies. Spectacular skylines and landscapes, but a little overpowering after a while. Turn left from the Trans-Canada at Sicamous and suddenly things begin to resume human scale. Soon you spot an ancient weeping willow, not a very common tree this far north. Then, just south of Mara Lake, the valley opens out to reveal mile upon mile of orchards. Pears, apples, peaches, plums, cherries. Vineyards, too, claimed from the soil by decades of irrigation. Springtime must be fantastic.

Madam Speaker, this is a magazine which will survive if it can be so poetic about such a constituency as the one I serve and can write with that quality. I am sure that its future is indeed secure. But that is not the only thing which gives me hope that it will survive, because as I looked through the articles I found that the magazine seems to be, if I may use the expression, on the right track. It carries an article by the hon. member for Edmonton-Strathcona (Mr. Roche), and it is well worth reading. I must say the little joke of last Friday afternoon, when the gallery filled during the speech of that hon. member, was a