

DO YOU KNEW YE ...

WAS IT SPARK?

reacted in shocked disbelief at the sudden death of the President. Here are just a few of the editorial statements made by world newspapers at the time:

THE LONDON POST: "Who?"

THE LONDON POST: "Was it Spark?"

THE LONDON POST: "Wasn't he on the Kefauver Commission?"

THE STAR: "Didn't he play centre for the Maple Leafs?"

THE HERALD: "Listen, Obituaries is 5123. I'm only the editor."

THE HERALD: "Shit...does that mean we have to cut the HUB?"



Arrow marks spot where Spark's body landed.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

What were you doing on that tragic day last fall when an assassin's bullet ripped through the right front tire of President Jay Spark's official Toyota, sending the little yellow car careening into a parked ETS bus?

How did the tragic news reach you? Were you seated comfortably in your easy chair, watching Alex Moir talk about telephone rates on CBC, when the bulletin was handed to him and he fell weeping before the camera?

Frank Mutton, in his new book *Goodbye, Mr. Spark*, relates his own experiences on that mournful day. He had been assigned to cover the presidential motorcade (consisting of the Toyota and a Honda Civic) as it made its way through the streets

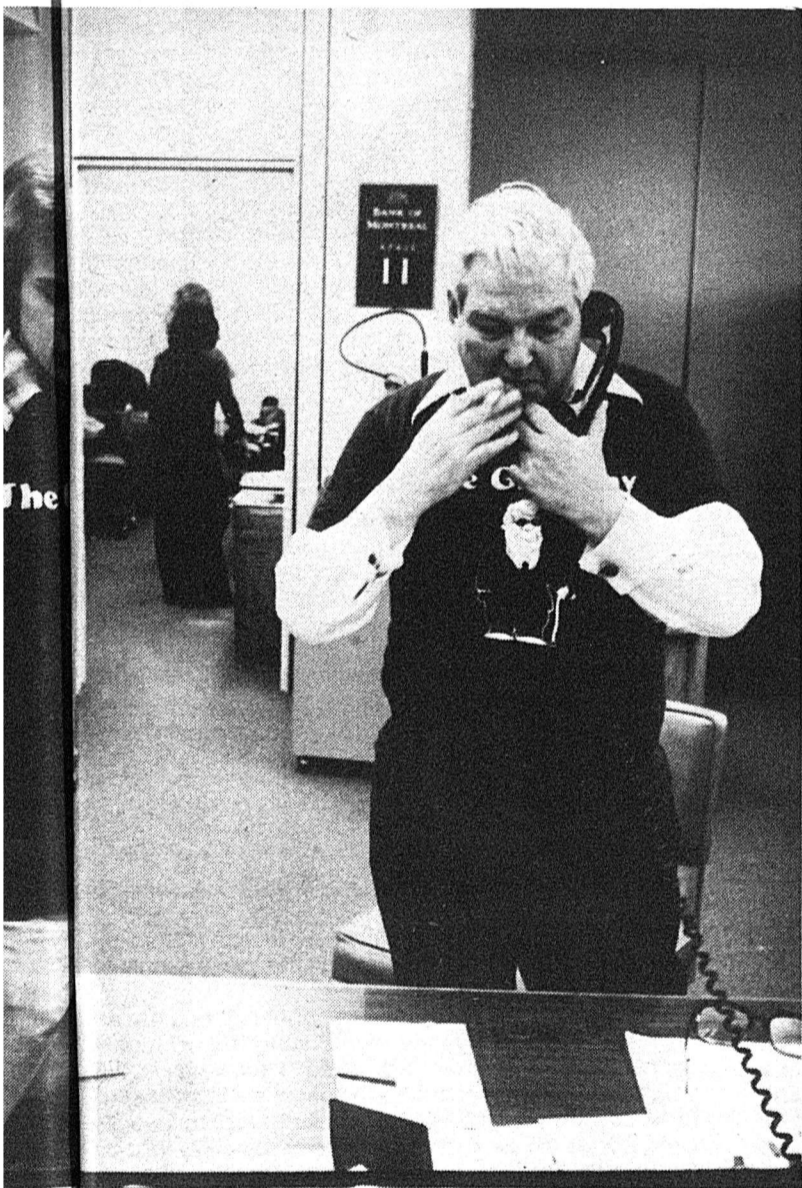
to the President's first GFC meeting. He tells us that, as he emerged from the bus shelter on the north side of 89 Avenue to get a better look at the President, a shot rang out, and then another. Before anyone knew what was happening, the Toyota had broadsided a 36 and Mr. Spark dangled from a tree, with fatal injuries to his nose and index finger.

The tragedy might soon have been forgotten, were it not for the film footage that a casual bystander, Dr. ZaGrude of the English Department, had been shooting at the time. We learn in Chapter 45 of the book that the professor's film reveals what looks to be a rifle barrel emerging from a second storey window in the Dentistry-Pharmacy Building.

Was this the assassin's weapon, or merely a broomhandle being waved about by a sloppy janitor?

Other interesting points are made by Mr. Mutton at this point. Why had the driver of the ETS 36 decided to stop a full fifty feet beyond the bus shelter? Why do we clearly see, in the ZaGrude film, a man with an umbrella dancing on the roof of Education North? Why was a half-open bag of Towne Cinema popcorn found clutched in the President's hand?

Unfortunately, Mr. Mutton doesn't answer any of these questions. But he has some really nice colour shots, and the type is really large and easy to read, and I think the cover is kind of interesting....

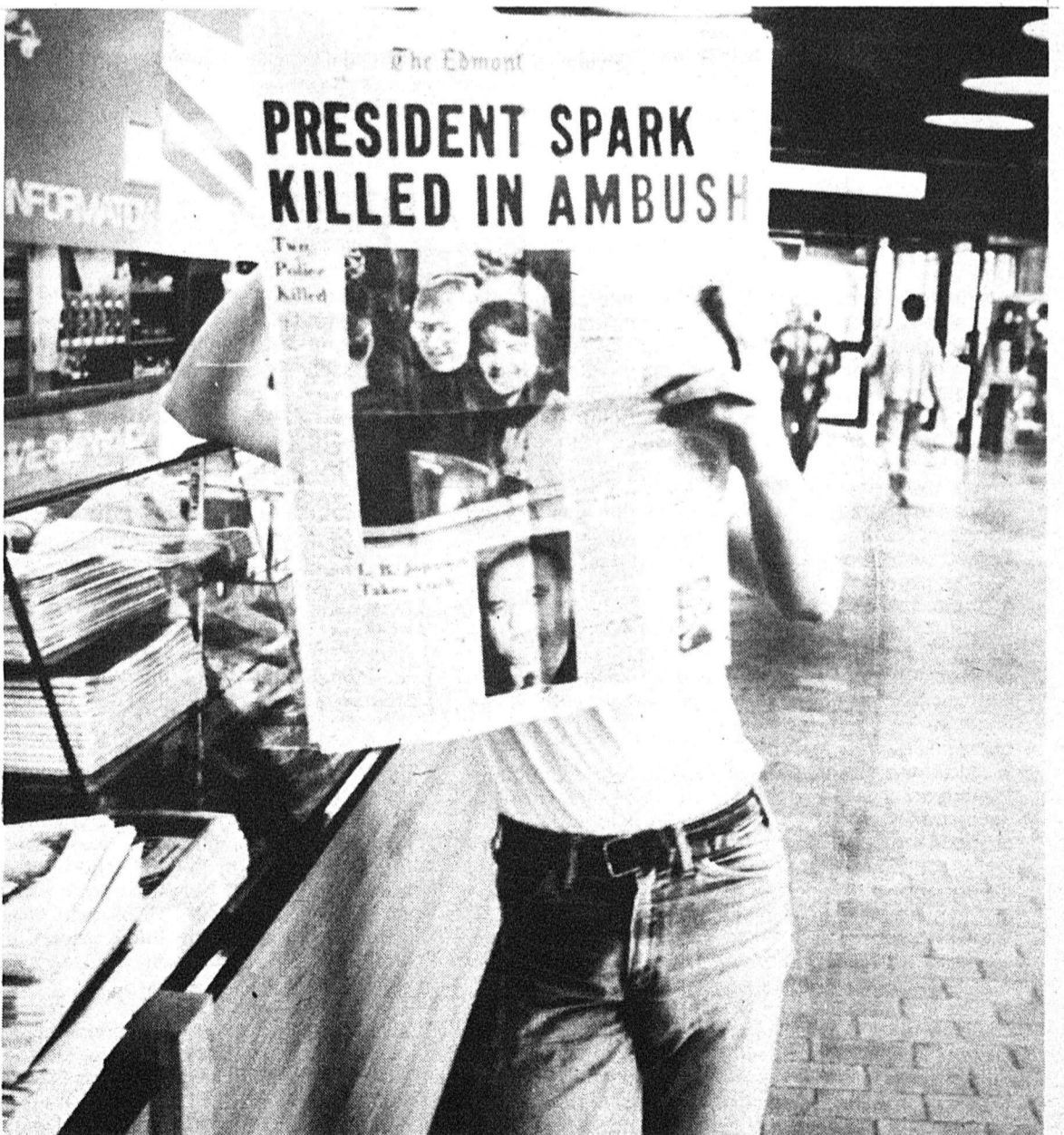


He meets Mutton

Frank Mutton of the *Getaway* and Frank Hutton of the *Edmonton Journal* met in disbelief as news of the death of U.S. President Jay Spark reaches them in the midst of a infernal newsroom. Mr. Hutton had just been assigned to have Mr. Mutton removed from the building when a bulletin was handed to him. Alert photographer Hutton and Mutton met in the midst of the horror of the assassination.

They had just finished announcing that they will be co-authoring a book to be tentatively titled: *The Cavanagh Papers: The Pirates*. The new work will rip the lid off the scandalous history of the misuse by aldermen of city hall.

Both Hutton and Mr. Mutton have had long and distinguished careers in journalism, although Mr. Hutton's has been somewhat less credible.



Where were you when the tragic news was heard? The Edmonton Journal outdid itself to get the news out, as the photo proves.