I have just spent a little while reading through some previous issues of Cinema Canada and I noticed that, in the CFE News section, I have made considerable mention of the new Canadian Professional Film Directory and that you would 'have a copy soon.'

Thank you all for being so patient because the 'soon' turned out to be 'later.' I assure you that the delay was not by choice but by necessity as so many factors go into compiling all the information that people rightly expect to be contained in such a publication. By this time, everyone entitled to a free copy should have received it. If you haven't got yours yet, write: Filmcraft, 116 Earlton Road, Agincourt, Ontario, M1T 2R6, and I'll try to remedy the situation for you. If you are not a member of one of the contributing organizations, and would like a copy, please send $2.00 to the same address and a copy will be sent by return mail. The postage is included in the price.

I was recently informed that a number of members have been omitted, by accident, from the original listings in the directory so I have found it necessary to have a supplement printed of which copies are either on the way to you or will be sent out shortly. In the supplement, I have also updated other listings and have included changes of address and new telephone numbers where I have been informed of them.

Guild business? Not too much is happening at present owing to the annual summer recess, although the Executive still meets on a monthly basis. The next general membership meeting is planned for Monday, 24th September. Details have not been finalized as yet but all members will be notified, hopefully in time (?), as soon as possible. At the time of writing, we are busy arranging details of our annual CFE Awards to be presented at the Dinner and Dance which will be held in November. If you have a film which you would like to enter, in any category, please write or telephone a member of the Executive, (details in the directory), immediately.

One of the things that we, the Executive, have been discussing, is the old problem of members (and others) who do a particular job for an agreed amount and, after satisfactory completion, find that they cannot obtain payment. It is not a simple matter to remedy as some of you have found out (join the club). As part of a solution, we hope to establish some sort of 'black list' that members can refer to before agreeing to work for a producer. Because of legal complications, we can't actually publish such a list, but if we can set up a situation whereby a particular person holds the list and passes out information about certain producers; then it may become a case of 'forewarned is forearmed' and all you will have to do then, is decide whether, or not, to accept an assignment. Its success will depend largely on your cooperation in supplying information to allow us to prepare such a list. More about that when further investigations have been made.

I'm sorry folks, but, this it it! Many times in the past I have asked for contributions from members and for some kind person to take over writing this column. I am sure that one of you is far more able to write than I am and, frankly, I am just too busy to continue with it. So, I have to attempt to force a situation — this is the last time I shall be writing for you, apart from possible occasional contributions. Any volunteer, please apply to the Guild immediately or, I'm afraid, there may be a blank space here in future.

Thank you all for your attention in the past, and, particular thanks to David Adolphus cfe who has been the only consistent contributor.

Yours very sincerely,
Phil Auguste cfe

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Look what happens to those who remain

MAURICE ROOTES was a favourite with many people in the industry during his two and a half years in Canada as Supervising Editor on Forest Rangers and Seaway, so I thought some might like to see the picture of him that Jerry Quinney (Alex L. Clark Ltd.) took on a recent trip to England, and hear what Maurice is up to now.

His years of "COPING" are over. Maurice decided to chuck it all in and become a country squire. He bought a couple of old houses, fixed them up and is renting them out. He then retired to an ancient farm in a part of England that juts out into Wales. He, his wife Nina, and their son Marcus are thoroughly enjoying country life and are having a ball fixing up the farm house. According to Jerry Quinney, the life style suits them to the hilt. . . . and they lived happily ever after! I'm sure there's a lesson in that for a few of us!

— George R. Appleby cfe
meeting in an air conditioned tavern, & stoned three bird brains with five rounds. He then suggested they get a good night's rest, & be ready early for the races. However, the cameraman, his assistant, & the soundman remained in the tavern until the police arrived.

The sun shot through a chink in the motel room curtain like a laser beam. There was a knock on the door, followed by a muffled voice, & the director rose from his bed like a hippopotamus rising out of the ooze.

By the time the first planes lifted off the air strip, the director realised his film was visually in trouble. Only the soundman had arrived, & his story was full of fuzz.

Still not able to accept failure, the director drove to the local Police Station. They would not release the cameraman because in his hammered state, he had nailed a copper. The police, however, did release the assistant who was helped out to the car.

The film crew felt badly about their sins, & in repentance worked like dogs; the camera at one end of the field, & the sound man at the other.

Meanwhile, in Toronto the film editors were looking for work. When the Navelcoke footage arrived, it was placed quietly in a box in the producers office. The months rolled by without a care, then it hit.

All of a sudden films came out of the woodwork. The Navelcoke box was dusted off & presented to one of the now overworked film editors. The production assistant (who directed the shoot) outlined the story until the editor saw the date on the film. Realising that it could have been edited when there was no work, he blew his stack at the production assistant & the producer. It was like belching hot air at two balloons. They left & got high.

Only one part of the film was unusable, & that was the air race itself. No one in the sports department was able to tell which plane was which. On the basis that the audience wouldn't know either, the editor prepared a mostly musical item, & he was privately complimented for it. Although the film played coast to coast, the biggest audience would be in Navelcoke. But, based on a wide survey, there found to be no audience reaction.

The series may soon be given to the Eskimos, some of whom, Lord help them, may become film editors.

— David Adolphus CFE