

## A group of five people posing in front of a large sign that reads "The World Famous Cabot Trail". The sign is blue and yellow with a mountain graphic. The group consists of four people standing and one person crouching in the center. The background shows a scenic view of a lake and mountains.

*JIM LEBANS, HUGO DE GRANDPRÉ, RODNEY SIEH, MARTINE LABERGE AND KATIE DAUBS ENJOY THE SUNSHINE, WITH NO NEWSROOM IN SIGHT ON THE CABOT TRAIL.*

BY MARTINE LABERGE

I am reminded of the deadline as I sit in the warm March sun looking out my window into the enchanting Massey College courtyard, while sipping my coffee. The absence of a daily deadline since becoming a journalism fellow has been my salvation but today it's my fear. Today's deadline is writing the front page article for this year's edition of *The Owl*. Do I even still know how to write? Have I lost my ability to tell a story with (I hope) style and flare? As the ever-persistent Toronto wind frantically agitates the branches of the tree outside my window, I start reflecting on the Massey experience, deadlines and what comes next.

It would become clear, as weeks and months went by just how lucky we actually were. Not only because of the galas and the wonderful trips we got to take (Cape Breton, Germany and Finland)

—Rodney Sieh

This year, we watched as Donald Trump was elected but we also learned about a million other things that had nothing to do

That's the thing about Massey: It's learning but with a beautiful sunset in the background. It's participating in

interesting events and meeting incredible people and then actually having time to talk to them without an agenda. This is a great gift that has important ramifications. As **Katie Daubs** puts it: "I like to believe that I think differently – through the people I

As for deadlines, we will soon enough be back in front of screens, typing frenziedly as the countdown to air-time or publishing time approaches. I'm happy to report I think I have not lost my ability to write... and I am certain my very talented, newly found friends have not either.



PHOTO CREDIT: KATIE DAUBS



AFTER A LENGTHY DELAY WITH HIS VISA, RODNEY SIEH ARRIVES IN TORONTO IN EARLY OCTOBER TO THE WELCOMING COMMITTEE AT THE AIRPORT.

# The reluctant 'criminal'

BY RODNEY SIEH

**The dawn of Donald Trump** as the 45th President of the United States of America has offered Canada a perfect opportunity to stake its claims as the perfect alternative for many looking for an escape.

While Mr. Trump’s anti-immigrant stance has awakened the world to a new order of racism, discrimination and a heavy-handed anti-immigration policy, Canada is seizing on the moment to trumpet itself as a nation of compassion, fairness and great pride for Canadians.

Canada’s domestic refugee protection system and Resettlement Assistance Program have been hailed by the United Nations Refugee Agency (UNHCR) which has praised Canada for providing a haven for individuals with well-founded fear of persecution who are unable to return to their homeland.

I’m not a refugee but as one of five Southam Journalism Fellows this year I experienced firsthand the downside of Canadian government’s policy toward journalists.

In my homeland, Liberia I was sentenced to 5,000 years in prison for standing up to a corrupt government because I was unable to pay a US\$1.5 million fine. Although I was eventually freed after international pressure on the Liberian government, I went through months of back-and-forth tussle just to secure a visa for this fellowship.

The Canadian government declared me a criminal because of that sentence and initially refused to grant me a visa, delaying my arrival by a month.

It took some lengthy battles from several good people to convince the Foreign Office to see my conviction for what it was, a spoilt system putting a journalist in

jail for exposing the corrupt.

**Ahmed Hussen**, who was a strong advocate for overturning my visa decision is now the Minister of Immigration and Citizenship. It is ironic because he was born and raised in Somalia and immigrated to Canada in 1993. Hussen’s appointment and election to parliament shows that despite its many problems, Canada is doing the right things to position itself as the alternative to what is becoming increasingly wrong with America.

Much of that goodwill will also be lost if Canada continues to jail journalists for refusing to identify sources.

As far back as 1914, William McCurdy, news editor of the Halifax Herald, was briefly jailed for refusing to identify the author of a letter to the editor alleging political corruption. And in 1969, CBC reporter John Smith was jailed for refusing to identify a man who claimed to have taught members of the Front de libération du Québec (FLQ) to make bombs. According to the Canadian Journalists for Free Expression, some reporters have been forced to identify sources based on court orders although some judges have refused to make such orders.

I’m glad that efforts are being made to buck the trend as editors from some of Canada’s news leaders are pushing a Senate bill that aims to protect confidential sources from unwarranted police intrusion.

I really hope that perhaps in the not too distant future, Canada will join journalists like me from countries in Africa and elsewhere to become a champion against the criminalization of media figures for simply doing their jobs. I’m glad that this fellowship offered me a chance to see that perhaps there may be a silver lining underneath a thread of similarities, which for me, hits very close to home.

# Massey Press Club

PHOTO CREDIT: KATIE DAUBS



JOURNALISM FELLOW MARTINE LABERGE MODERATES A DISCUSSION WITH APTN'S PAUL BARNSELY, TORONTO STAR'S TANYA TALAGA AND CBC'S CONNIE WALKER.

BY KATIE DAUBS

**In the late 1990s**, when **Paul Barnsley** worked at Windspeaker, a magazine owned by the Aboriginal Multi-Media Society, he noticed that mainstream coverage of Indigenous people tended to fall into two categories – the "isn't it quaint" take on feathers and beads, and stories about troublemakers. When stories did appear in the news, he told the crowd at the first Press Club of the year, they were framed in vaguely hostile ways, or oversimplified.

Fast-forward 15 years. Journalist Connie Walker launches CBC's Indigenous unit in 2013. One of her tasks is to keep track of stories across the country.

"Now I can't keep up, and it's amazing," she said to the people gathered in the Upper Library in October.

The panel talk took stock of the media’s coverage of Indigenous people and asked how journalists can improve. “Building on good to do better,” was moderated by Radio-Canada video journalist **Martine Laberge**, who has extensive experience reporting from Northern Ontario’s remote Indigenous communities. Panelists included Barnsley, the executive producer of APTN Investigates, The CBC’s **Connie Walker**, and the Toronto Star’s **Tanya Talaga**.

The second Press Club, “Writing robots, fake news and the future of journalism,” at the end of March, looked at how emerging technologies and disruptive business models can further shape the industry. The spring panel, moderated by **Jim Lebans**, was a lively discussion with **Shannon Busta**, distributed and emerging platform strategist at the Globe and Mail, **Michael Gruzuk**, then director of news and digital at Vice Media, **Kevin Chan**, head of public policy for Facebook and Instagram (Canada) and **Jesse Hirsh**, a researcher, artist, and public speaker.

When talking about the shifting landscape of Indigenous coverage, The Star’s Tanya Talaga said that the CBC's creation of an Indigenous unit was a "good thing for all of us." Walker noted the importance of The Idle No More movement, the social media power of Canada's Indigenous people, and the impact of the death of 15-year-old Tina Fontaine in 2014. The panelists also noted a generational change – younger Canadians seem to have more of an interest than previous generations, they said. Laberge asked how the media could move

beyond their current coverage and tell stories that shift the political agenda.

Barnsley spoke of the difficulty of explaining complex bureaucratic systems, such as the Indian Act, in a television story. Most of the mainstream audience does not have that background: "We have 150 years of catching up to do," he said, noting that a crucial part of Canadian history that has been ignored. A "national case of denial," he called it. He also cautioned against "picking a side" before any reporting begins.

“Listen. Come to an understanding, then report about it fairly,” he told the crowd. "That's the least you can do."

The discussion turned to the importance of having Indigenous people telling their own stories. One recent Journalist for Human Rights initiative equips Indigenous people with the skills to report on the stories in their communities, with the goal of freelancing.

Laberge noted the efforts of CBC journalist **Duncan McCue** to create a curriculum for Ryerson students, and asked the panelists about how to report with cultural sensitivity. Talaga told the room that reporters can't just "show up" to communities. They need to be invited – which is a matter of calling the band office, and asking to speak to a Chief. "The more you do it, the more people you meet," she said, noting that Northern Ontario is a huge territory geographically, but a very small community. Barnsley said he learned many complicated lessons through trial and error, but he wouldn't give up that sometimes "painful" education. He told an anecdote about one elder who gave him purposely vague tips about a lawyer siphoning off residential school settlement money. (She worked within the system and hoped he would get it). It was a complicated situation, but Barnsley eventually wrote about it in a series of investigative stories that led to the disbarment of a lawyer. Still, he said he was slow on the uptake. "You white people don't know how to listen," he recalls the woman telling him. “I wasn't paying attention closely enough," he said.

One of the questions from the crowd was whether the reporters were worried that the recent surge of interest might fall victim to ever-tightening newsroom budgets.

Walker didn't think that was the case with the incredible demand she has seen. Barnsley was heartened to hear that.

"We're terrified that we're just the flavour of the week," he said.



# A stranger to the ice

BY RODNEY SIEH

I’ve always wondered what it would be like to put on skates and brave the ice.

As a copy editor at the Post Standard in Syracuse several years ago, I often overheard my workmates talk about skating on ice but I never dared giving the bloody thing a try.

In Monrovia, Liberia, where I was born and raised, the weather will never open up to ice – at least in my lifetime.

That’s just the reality because we have only two seasons: It’s either rainy or steamy hot. We have a tropical climate that makes it hot and humid all year round.

The contrast in weather was definitely on my mind when Katie, Jim, Martine and Hugo arrived at Nathan Phillips Square, near the seat of the city government, to introduce me to the ice.

I must say I was impressed. When I walked past here last September, there was no ice but a beautiful reflecting pool. I was told that had I arrived a couple of months earlier, I would have seen some beautiful concerts, outdoor art exhibitions and a magical haven for fun.

But wishful thoughts were far from my mind.

I had already been forewarned to watch out for Hugo, the king of the ice.

My competitive edge knew its limits. This was not dice throwing which we were introduced to earlier on the bonding trip in Nova Scotia, or anything like hiking a trail. It was a new territory for me.

It was a bit of trial and error but even amid my eagerness to get on the ice and get this all over with, I had broken the cardinal rule for beginners, I failed to make sure that my skating boots were tight enough to avoid a major disaster.

Both Hugo and Jim took turns making sure that my skates were tied well enough for the task ahead.

Then came show-time, my first walk on ice. It was a grueling beginning, I found it difficult finding my balance and the pains under my feet spurred a pinch I’ve never experienced before. The gang was right behind me being supportive. Behind every small slip and every missed fall, was a strong friendship amongst a band of journalists that have somehow managed to become brothers and sisters, taking time off our professional duties to bond in a rather unique but fun way. I got to see not just a beautiful part of Toronto but felt a sense of warmth and appreciation from some of the best of this beautiful city has to offer amid a sea of unlimited and endless possibilities.



HUGO DE GRANDPRÉ LACES UP RODNEY SIEH'S SKATES FOR HIS ON-ICE PREMIERE.



THE JOURNALISM FELLOWS TAKE TO THE ICE AT NATHAN PHILLIPS SQUARE.

# Meet Emily Mockler

**The Owl:** Who, who?

**Emily Mockler:** I am Emily Mockler, the new Programs and Events Coordinator at Massey College. This is my first year here at Massey College. Previously I worked with House of Anansi Press.

**Owl:** What attracted you about working at Massey?

**EM:** I had some familiarity with Massey College through the partnership of Anansi and Massey College, and am a huge fan of the broadcast version as well as the printed book of the Massey Lectures. I was really drawn to being in an intellectual environment. I am also the daughter of an architect and interior designer, and I love the aesthetic of Ron Thom’s design. The building is truly a masterpiece and a contemporary(ish) take on classical collegial designs.

**Owl:** How would you describe your role at the college?

**EM:** My primary role is to take care of the administrative side of the William Southam Journalism Fellowships, but I also manage the Scholars at Risk program. I do a fair amount of internal and external communications, I help to run the Polanyi Awards, Science at Massey, Public Policy at Massey, The Walter Gordon Symposium, the CIFAR Massey Talks and a lot of the other fantastic one-off events that we host.

**Owl:** Are there new projects or initiatives that you would like to work on in the future?

**EM:** I am very sensitive to all of the time honoured traditions that we have, and would never make change for the sake of change, but I do believe that there are a number of things that can be updated while still

embracing the spirit and essence of Massey. I have been a part of (along with **Amela Marin** and **Ainslee Beer**) working to bring Massey College’s website up to date and hope to have it launched in the very near future. Further to that, given my background in publishing, I’d really love to create some formal literary programming here at the college – maybe building upon or revamping our book club. One other really big goal of mine is to increase the scope of our Scholars at Risk program. I think now more than ever, it is important to support scholars and students who face violence, imprisonment, censorship and a whole lot of other challenges in their home countries. Massey College has a strong history in doing so, and I hope to build upon it.

**Owl:** Now, after a few months in that role, what are your impressions about the college?

**EM:** I’m really enjoying my time here at Massey. Every day is different and I love working with and meeting new people.

**Owl:** And is there something that surprised you – something that you didn’t expect?

**EM:** To be honest, I didn’t realize that I would have such an amazing office. But after 8+ years in an open concept office getting used to the quiet has been an adjustment. I get a bit lonely from time to time and I’ve even caught myself talking to myself... All that to say I’m always happy to have visitors!

**Owl:** Anything else?

**EM:** Nope, just thanking everyone for being so great and welcoming.

*This interview was conducted by Hugo de Grandpré and was edited for publication.*



EMILY MOCKLER INSIDE HER SURPRISINGLY AMAZING OFFICE.

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PHOTO CREDIT (THIS STORY): KATIE DAUBS

PHOTO CREDIT: HUGO DE GRANDPRÉ



# Five Fellows in a Van

PHOTO CREDIT: HUGO DE GRANDPRÉ



JIM LEBANS, RODNEY SIEH, KATIE DAUBS AND MARTINE LABERGE IN THEIR NATURAL FRIENDSHIP HABITAT, A MINIVAN.

BY KATIE DAUBS

The bonding began on an unseasonably warm October day in an airport parking garage: “Would you look at that,” Hugo said, admiring the 2016 Dodge Caravan that would ferry us around the Cabot Trail.

In Halifax, once the van was lovingly parked, we visited the Maritime Museum of the Atlantic, and watched the sun set from the Citadel as Jim explained the colours in the sky, in our first unofficial episode of Quirks and Quarks.

We left the next morning for the Cabot Trail with a playlist that was heavy on the

Cranberries, Rod Stewart, and Francophone classics. After a particularly emotional Robert Charlebois song, Martine told us that we were lucky to have francophones in our lives. We all agreed.

Just one day into the bonding trip, and we were already learning so much. Hugo loved vans. Jim can explain anything. Rodney has an addiction to chewing gum. At a rural gas station Rodney couldn’t hold off. He bought a pack but wasn’t impressed with the selection. He told the staff they needed to up their gum game.

It was the off season in Cape Breton. The cultural music centre was closed. Mabou’s Red Shoe pub was closed. Luckily,

the restaurant with “world-famous” caesar salad, and the Glenora whiskey distillery were both open.

After the van rolled into Cheticamp we took in a show from local fiddler **Colin Grant**. Rodney, who was jonesing for his favourite side dish, ordered two sides of rice. It turns out that Cape Breton is not known for its rice. Asked for his review, Rodney gave a lukewarm, “It’s okay.” (Rodney is still on a global hunt to find the very best rice.)

That evening, Martine taught us how to play dice. No one could beat her, and we played for hours, listening to music from a cell phone. “Hold on guys, I’ve got a song I think you’ll like,” Jim would say every hour or so, and then the opening strains of The Cranberries’ Linger would play and he would close his eyes and laugh. This went on until there was a knock at the door at 1:30am from the hotel proprietor in a bathrobe.

“I went to see him at breakfast, and I apologized for last night saying that there were three doors, we thought we weren’t making too much noise,” Hugo recalled back in Toronto, citing the room’s architectural integrity as related to its alleged soundproofing. “And he said, ‘Ah, don’t worry about it, I only had one complaint and I’m glad you had fun.”

Reputations restored, the van rolled onward to the Skyline trail in a thick fog. After an hour hiking through the fog, we made it to the lookout, where we imagined a beautiful vista of sky and ocean was somewhere beyond the thick soup of sky. We waited for 15 minutes, and then, as if out of a movie about five fellows bonding, the fog lifted, and we saw the

ocean, and Rodney took a few of his best selfies of the year.

At the end of the hike, Hugo remarked on the beauty of the trail, the wonder of life in general, and the fact that we were returning, “to a beautiful van.” Jim tore out of the parking lot like an east coast James Dean, and in a few hours, we were at the Bay St. Lawrence Community Centre for dinner, arranged by locals **David and Tamara Rasmussen**. The Rasmussens, who moved to the northern tip of Cape Breton several decades ago, offered us a cabin to stay in, and Martine slept in the master bedroom, which she won through a game of dice, in case you were wondering. (Rodney lost, and still maintains suspicions about the game.)

The next day the Rasmussens took us to Meat Cove where we hiked through a series of trails while they told us some colourful local history. Who would have guessed a consortium of German dentists once dreamed of an east coast dentist resort on the cliffs of Meat Cove?

After a hearty meal, it was on to Baddeck, where local musician **Keith Mullins** was taking requests at dinner. We were bonding so well that we accidentally drank the delicious wine we had picked up for Massey events coordinator **Emily Mockler**.

We spent the next morning learning about Alexander Graham Bell, restocking the wine, and returning to Halifax, where we said an emotional goodbye to the van. We returned to Massey College with a renewed love (or hatred, depending on who you talk to) of 90s pop, and a deep, abiding friendship for each other.

# Koko kokko!

BY KATIE DAUBS

When first attempting to speak Finnish, ask yourself, is it worth speaking at all? If yes, take a deep breath, soften your voice, and mumble with confidence.

"Kokoa kokoon koko kokko!"

"Koko kokkoko?"

"Koko kokko!"

“Gather together the whole lot? The whole lot? The whole lot.”

“I’m glad I’m a native speaker,” joked **Johanna Lahti**, a linguist who met with the Massey fellows for an entertaining crash course on the Finnish language. In only 30 minutes, we learned the importance of getting our vowels right.

Minä tapaan sinut huomenna: I’ll see you tomorrow.

Minä tapan sinut huomenna: I’ll kill you tomorrow.

Our time in Helsinki began with a bicycle tour in the snow and a sauna at Löyly, where everyone took a dip in the Baltic Sea, and Rodney screamed. The fellows learned about Finnish green energy companies, the importance of keeping the Baltic Sea free of ice (not just for refreshing dips after sauna) and we went back to school to check out the education system. Our wonderful guide **Ari Honkanen** from the foreign ministry not only kept us from saying “zoom” when

we meant to say “thanks” but also showed us the best of his country. We met foreign policy experts, journalists, and politicians, including former Finnish prime minister **Alexander Stubb**.

We also had an unscheduled chat with **Shia LeBeouf** at Kiasma, the contemporary art museum. The American actor was in Lapland on a video link, answering questions. “Are you lonely?” Martine asked. “I think we’re all perpetually lonely,” he typed. “It’s the last taboo of the western world.”

The trip to Finland was a wonderful mix of history, nature and design. At the Musiikkitalo, guide **Marja-Leena Lehtmäki** showed us around the Helsinki Music Centre, where the seats are designed to look like logs floating down stream. We met musicians **J.P. Piirainen** and **Maija Kauhanen**, and watched them perform, before transitioning to our own headlining event at karaoke, where Rodney brought out his own stool for Lady, and Ari brought down the house with a Finnish folk song, and Bob did Elvis proud with Suspicious Minds. We won’t go into details about the francophone duet, but as a francophile, I have to say it was amazing.

On our final day, we visited the design village of Fiskars, one of the first ironworks in Finland, and home of the ubiquitous



BOB JOHNSON AND THE FELLOWS KEEP WARM BY GOING FOR A BICYCLE TOUR OF HELSINKI, VISITING SIBELIUS PARK WITH ITS FAMED MONUMENT TO COMPOSER JEAN SIBELIUS.

orange scissors. We visited a blacksmith’s shop, and toured ceramic artist **Karin Widnäs**’ home and studio.

After lunch, we went to Nuukso National Park for a hike with **Pekka Väänänen**, who told of his exploits in the forest.

He told us that for the Finns, the woods is not a scary place, but a place of refuge and safety, and then eyes twinkling in the sun, wry smile on his face, said, “But now is time for sauna and no more bulls----.”

At our final sauna we went for our last dip in the ice covered water. I stayed in the water for 35 seconds, but I don’t want to make a big deal of it. Rodney would not

PHOTO CREDIT: ARI HONKANEN

# Facing Past and the Future in Berlin

BY JIM LEBANS

**Berlin, Late November:** Jet-lagged from the trans-Atlantic flight, we set out in the late afternoon, with our indomitable guide **Vincent Bozek**, and less than an hour of daylight left and a drizzle that soon became a cold and heavy rain. It was a dark and stormy night.

It says a lot about the Berlin that even in the dark, while sodden, frigid, and exhausted, it was easy to be impressed. Great buildings loomed out of the dark like the Berlin Cathedral with its illuminated dome and gilded sculptures, but there was also just enough light to see the repaired – and sometimes unrepaired – scars and pock-marks from World War Two bombs and shells. The conditions, indeed, seemed sombrely appropriate when we came to one of the city’s many memorials, the Neue Wache, dedicated to the victims of war and dictatorship. This Pieta-like sculpture, called Mother with her Dead Son, is enclosed in a massive stone guardhouse, but is constantly showered by the elements through an opening in the roof. It’s enormously powerful, and, we would discover, emblematic of the way that Germany confronts its difficult history.

This open-eyed view of history may serve Germans well through the difficulties of integrating more than a million refugees from the Middle East, the ongoing crisis in the European Union, and the alarming rise of domestic popular nationalism. We got glimpses of each of these crises – historical and present-day – during our trip.

A visit to the Sachsenhausen concentration camp and memorial in the small town of Oranienburg, not far outside of Berlin, cast light on the horrifying era of Naziism and the Holocaust. Sachsenhausen was among the oldest concentration camps, beginning as a small re-education camp for political opponents of the Nazis in 1933. It ultimately grew to house more than 30,000 prisoners at a time during the war – including 10,000 Soviet prisoners of war who were exterminated there. It served as a “model camp” for German officials and visiting diplomats, but was also a site for experiments in the techniques of execution that would be applied gruesomely and wholesale elsewhere. No one knows how many ultimately died at Sachsenhausen – the records were destroyed by fleeing guards. It’s a solemn and fearful place, still strongly redolent with the stench of psychic terror.

On a day trip to Leipzig we got a different perspective on cold war separation of East and West with a visit to the Stasi museum. There we got a first-hand account from **Irmtraut Hollitzer**, a member of the citizens committee that occupied the building of the feared secret police. As the communist order dissolved, her comrades moved in to save the secret records the East German surveillance state had so thoroughly assembled before they could be destroyed and lost to history. Ms. Hollitzer pointed fondly to one picture in the museum. It was a photo of her and her young daughter at a protest/folk-music gathering in 1989, one of the early demonstrations in Leipzig that inaugurated the “peaceful revolution.”

Having built a modern, unified, economically successful state, the Germans now find much of the rest of the world in crisis around them. With the UK’s vote for Brexit and rising nationalism in France, the European Union, which many Germans see as their hope for a peaceful and prosperous Europe, is threatened. Anxiety about this was reflected in many discussions we had with journalists, government officials and civil society observers. But while other nations seem to be closing the doors to the world at a time of crisis, the Germans opened theirs, taking in more than a million refugees from the Middle East and Africa. Another walking tour illustrated those challenges for us. Our guide was **Hamdi Al Kassar**, a Syrian television journalist, and one-time host of “Good Morning Damascus,” who had fled for Germany a year and a half before our visit, under threat from both sides in civil war. In Berlin he struggled to find accommodation, employment, and with the daily challenges of an unfamiliar culture. In turn German society struggles to accommodate him and hundreds of thousands of other refugees, and with the inevitable political backlash from those German citizens who would refuse them refuge.

Whether it’s the horrors of Nazi oppression, the Holocaust and the war, the traumatic post-war separation of East and West, or the challenges of reunification in the 90’s, Germany’s largest city doesn’t shy away from facing its history.

Nothing was more emblematic of Germany on our trip than a tour of the reconstructed Reichstag, home of the German parliament. The Reichstag was built to house the people’s representatives during Imperial Germany’s eminence in the 19th century. It was the site of the conveniently timed “anarchist arson” that Hitler’s National Socialists used as an excuse to inaugurate the Nazi State. It was bombed by the Allies, and occupied by Soviet troops at the end of the war in Europe. It stood largely ignored, in a strange limbo during the cold war. And finally in the 90s it was rebuilt in to be the new seat of government for a re-unified Germany. A glass dome was added to the top of the building, which visitors can walk in and observe the Bundestag chamber below, a metaphor for transparency that Germans hope their politics can live up to. They also preserved sections of several interior walls on which graffiti had been written by occupying Soviet soldiers in 1945. The Cyrillic words are unmemorable – Russian names, hometowns, and dates. But the preservation of the graffiti of a wartime foe – seems like a different kind of a metaphor for modern Germany. A metaphor for the gift some Germans seem have for looking unblinkingly at their history, and simply seeing it without trying to rewrite it.



THE JOURNALISM FELLOWS AND ACADEMIC ADVISOR BOB JOHNSON ON A ROOFTOP IN BERLIN WITH SYRIAN JOURNALIST HAMDİ AL KASSAR.



HUGO DE GRANDPRÉ AND MARTINE LABERGE ENJOY THE RIDE ON A DOUBLE-DECKER BUS IN BERLIN.

PHOTO CREDIT: VINCENT BOZEK

PHOTO CREDIT: KATIE DAUBS



Behind the closed doors of the journalists' lunches



PHOTO CREDIT: MILAN LILNYCKY

HUGO DE GRANDPRÉ, BOB JOHNSON, GEOCHEMIST BARBARA SHERWOOD LOLLAR, KATIE DAUBS, JIM LEBANS AND RODNEY SIEH. (MARTINE LABERGE MISSING).

BY HUGO DE GRANDPRÉ

What is happening every Thursday behind the closed doors of the private dining room? The short answer is: sorry, we can't tell you. The journalists are holding their weekly lunch with selected guests, and all conversations are off the record.

There is no great mystery here, though: the Thursday lunches feature people coming from all walks of life, and they basically get peppered with questions while attempting to eat lunch.

It may sound like an awful experience for the poor guests, but thankfully, most feedback we received was positive. "The sort of formal, but informal way that it brought a small group together to talk to one person and ask as many questions as they like, I think, was really great," says Kona Williams, Canada's first Indigenous forensic pathologist, who was invited in the fall.

It was "wonderful to engage with professionals who know journalism, yet are taking time to step out to gain a wider perspective for 8 months," wrote Janice Neil, chair of the Journalism School at Ryerson. "I was asked some questions about journalism education I hadn't thought about, so it has prompted deep thoughts for me."

For journalists, it is basically Christmas. Someone (somewhere) once said: journalism would be the best profession on earth if only you didn't have to file. Indeed, having the privilege to speak with people who are experts in their own fields and have fascinating stories to tell, without the pressure of producing any kind of report, is quite a treat.

The group, which often includes a few junior fellows, academic advisor Bob Johnson and the programs and events coordinator Emily Mockler, sits down at 12:15 p.m. Everyone briefly introduces themselves as lunch is being served. The guest is encouraged to start eating right away, before the questions start coming – and they do very quickly.

If you are in that seat, is there an art to skilfully balance eating with a lot of talking? This question puzzled, and sometimes stressed me out all year. "I did not feel stressed about the eating part! I love food, so will never let it sit idle no matter how engaging the conversation!" wrote Neil in an e-mail. Williams had a similar answer. "You have to remember that I spent 10 years as a medical student, and a resident, and a fellow, basically eating whenever I could," she said with a laugh. "So it was nice to actually sit down and eat lunch!"

These lunches are a central part of the Southam Fellowship program, and they require the journalism fellows to draft a list of potential "targets" at the beginning of the year. It is meant to be a collective effort, but as any such endeavour, natural leaders emerge of the pack, and we are therefore eternally grateful to fellow Jim Lebans for dutifully taking the lead.

So what is happening every Thursday at noon behind these closed doors? A longer answer is: some fascinating and very insightful conversations. And luckily, some guests seem to have found the exercise useful as well.

Guests at last year's Thursday Lunches

- Peter Fahrenholtz, German Consul General in Toronto
- Margaret MacMillan, Historian and professor, Oxford University
- John Fraser, Master Emeritus, Massey College
- Hugh Segal, Master, Massey College
- Alison Smith, Former Washington Correspondent for CBC
- Zita Cobb, Co-founder and CEO, Shorefast Foundation
- Sally Armstrong, Journalist and activist
- Robert Bothwell, Historian, professor, Munk School of Global Affairs
- Kona Williams, forensic pathologist, Ontario Forensic Pathology Service
- David Evans, Curator of Vertebrate Paleontology, Royal Ontario Museum
- John Polanyi, Chemist, Nobel Laureate, peace activist
- Janet Rossant, Senior Scientist, Developmental & Stem Cell Biology program (Hospital for Sick Children)
- Hubert Lacroix, CEO, CBC/Radio-Canada.
- Michael Cooke, Editor in chief, Toronto Star
- Ted Sargent, Canada Research Chair in Nanotechnology and vice-president (International), University of Toronto
- Barbara Sherwood Lollar, Geochemist and Massey Science Chair
- Jon Allen, Former Canadian ambassador to Israel and Spain, Fellow, Munk School of Global Affairs
- Janice Neil, Chair, Ryerson School of Journalism
- Ronald Deibert, Director of the Citizen Lab, Munk School of Global Affairs
- Tom Henheffer, Executive Director of Canadian Journalists for Free Expression
- Bob Rae, Former Premier of Ontario, Canadian lawyer and negotiator
- Adrienne Arsenault, Journalist at CBC
- Ahmed Hussen\*, Minister of Immigration, Government of Canada

\* The Thursday lunch was replaced with a Saturday meeting to accommodate the minister's schedule.

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St. Clair Balfour Fellow  
JIM RANKIN  
TORONTO STAR, TORONTO

Jim Rankin is a reporter-photographer at the Toronto Star specializing in investigations, data journalism and features. His work has been nominated for 10 National Newspaper Awards, many of them for group efforts on social justice issues. In 2002 he led a McKlenor Award-winning investigative series into race, policing and crime in Toronto, which led to repeated investigations into the police practice of carding. Jim has also delved into the cost of "tough on crime" Canadian penal policy, how school suspensions and expulsions lead to increased involvement with the criminal justice system and Ontario's antiquated child protection system. Born in North Bay, Ontario, Jim has degrees in Biology (University of Western Ontario) and Journalism (University of King's College), and studied photography at Ryerson University. Before joining the Star, he worked at the North Bay Nugget, London Free Press and New Brunswick Telegraph Journal. Jim lives in Toronto with his wife, Michelle Shephard – the Star's national security reporter, author and documentary filmmaker. They have two cats (Bernstein and Deepthroat, predeceased by Woodward) and a Labrador named after Dorothy Parker. In 2014, the city of North Bay added Jim to the city's Walk of Fame. You can step on his plaque outside the Pizza Pizza on Main Street.



Webster McConnell Fellow  
NATALIE ALCOBA  
VICE, TORONTO

Natalie Alcobra is managing editor of VICE News in Canada. She has been a journalist for 15 years, covering everything from Rob Ford's mayoralty, to the legacy of Argentina's dirty war; from gang intervention on Chicago's south side, to a soccer team of amputees in Sierra Leone. Most of these stories were produced while at the National Post, where she spent a decade reporting local, national and City Hall news. In 2009, she took a leave from the Post to freelance in India, where she wrote about slum tours, Valentine's Day rebellions and rural medicine. Natalie has also worked at the Hamilton Spectator, the Toronto Star and the Montreal Gazette; her articles have appeared in the UAE's The National and The Walrus, among other publications. In the spring of 2015, Natalie joined the intrepid team at VICE Canada, guiding coverage on national issues such as the opioid epidemic, weed legalization, and the crisis of unsafe drinking water in First Nations communities. Natalie was born in Buenos Aires, grew up in Mississauga and lives in Toronto. Her cat's name is Conrad Black, so make of that what you will. Above all, she loves documenting humanity – every loving, destructive, complicated facet that binds us together or pulls us apart.



CBC/Radio-Canada Fellow  
NAHEED MUSTAFA  
FREELANCE, TORONTO

Naheed Mustafa is an award-winning producer, writer and broadcaster. She began her career as a freelance reporter when she moved to Pakistan, where she worked for both local English language media as well as newspapers back home in Canada. After returning to Canada in the mid-90s, Naheed began working as a writer and researcher for documentary films and for publications in the early days of the internet. In 2000, Naheed added broadcasting to her list of media platforms by becoming a regular documentary contributor at CBC Radio and, later, the BJC and Radio Netherlands. While she works as a generalist, Naheed's particular area of interest is looking at the social and cultural consequences of conflict and war in Pakistan and Afghanistan and its impact on civilian populations has appeared in both Canadian and international media. Alongside documentaries, Naheed has also produced a variety of news and current affairs programs at CBC Radio including Dispatches, As It Happens, The Current and Ideas. Naheed credits her eclectic interests to her itinerant life having growing up between Canada, Sudan and Pakistan, and, from an early age, being exposed to a variety of cultures and points of view.



Scotiabank CJFE Fellow  
SILVIA REGINA ROSA  
VALOR ECONÓMICO, SÃO PAULO

Silvia Rosa was born in São Roque, a city located in the countryside of the state of São Paulo. A journalist with more than a decade of experience, Silvia currently works as a multimedia journalist covering the banking sector with Valor Econômico, a financial newspaper in São Paulo. Silvia has also covered financial markets, including monetary policy in Brazil, for the real-time news service Valor Pro and has produced videos on the Brazilian financial market for Valor Econômico Online. Previous to this, she worked for Gazeta Mercantil, Reuters and Newsline America. Rosa has exposed cases of abuse of power by the private sector in Brazil – specifically the fraud involving Bank BVA funds. She also freelances in English, writing about the IT market in Brazil. In 2012, as a member of the Valor Investe magazine team, she won the Abecyp Prize for an article on the housing bubble in São Paulo. Silvia is a graduate of UNESP University's Journalism Program and holds an MBA in Economic-Financial Information and Capital Markets. She has also studied digital marketing and the use of big data analytics tools on social media. In her spare time Silvia participates in a voluntary work project focused on providing financial education for a low income community in São Paulo.



Gordon N. Fisher / JHR Fellow  
ESTHER MNGODO  
THE CITIZEN, DAR ES SALAAM

Esther Mngodo is the current news editor at The Citizen – an English language newspaper in Tanzania. Esther started her career as a cub reporter, after which she moved on to managing The Citizen's teen magazine, worked as a freelancer for five years then as the sub-editor of The Citizen's health magazine. Esther has written extensively on women's empowerment and human rights, specifically examining how human systems affect individual wellbeing. In her most recent article "Why JPM lags behind on 99-50 gender issue", she analyses the place of women in leadership positions in the current Tanzanian government. She also recently had a one-on-one with Graça Machel, widow of former South African President Nelson Mandela, who is leading a movement of women advancing Africa. Esther holds a Bachelor's degree in Social Work from the Institute of Social Work, Dar es Salaam. When not writing for newspapers, Esther uses her pen to write songs, poems and short stories. She takes great pride in being the first winner of the Ebrahim Hussein Poetry Prize in 2014, an award that promotes writings in Kiswahili. Esther's short story The Goddess of Mwanu was published in the Caine Prize for African Writing Anthology in July 2017.



McLaughlin Centre Fellow  
SIOBHAN ROBERTS  
FREELANCE, TORONTO

Siobhan Roberts is a journalist and author whose work focuses on mathematics and science. She currently writes for The Walrus, The New Yorker, com, Quanta and Nautilus. Over the years, she has won National Magazine Awards for long-form features in Canadian Geographic, Toronto Life and Saturday Night. Her latest book is Genius at Play: The Curious Mind of John Horton Conway (Bloomsbury, 2015), which was longlisted for the BC National Award and the RBC Taylor Prize, and won the 2017 JPM Communications Award for Expository and Popular Books, bestowed by the American Mathematical Society and the Mathematical Association of America. While writing Genius at Play, Roberts was a Fellow at the Leon Levy Center for Biography at CUNY in New York City and a Director's Visitor at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton. Her previous books are Wind Wizard, Alan G. Dawsonport and the Art of Wind Engineering (PUP, 2012); and King of Infinite Space – Donald Coxeter, The Man Who Saved Geometry (House of Anansi, 2006), which won the Mathematical Association of America's 2009 Euler Prize for expanding the public's view of mathematics. She also wrote and produced a documentary about Coxeter for TVOntario's The View From Here.

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# OWL Investigates: *FIRE* Committee

BY MARTINE LABERGE

It is a sunny March Sunday in the quad and the FIRE Committee members are hard at work. **David Sutton** is scraping hot gooey cheese and serving it to eager Masseyites. **Owen Kane** is standing nearby, in case of a fire (or cheese) emergency while **Jason Brennan** is cutting a baguette in perfectly shaped cheese vessels. It is the annual Massey Raclette, beautifully orchestrated by the 2016-17 Cheese Master, **Elizabeth Rouget**. This very sought-after title was hard earned by Rouget, who was crowned by ex-Cheese Master **Adrian Deleon**. Unlike Rouget, the members of the FIRE committee were not given the title, nor did they fight for it. They just took it.

### Secretive beginnings

Indeed, the FIRE (Fireplace and Inglenook Reporting and Enthusiasts) Committee is an “unofficial” council that began in the 2015-2016 year, although the members profess the lineage dates back to 1962 “since the fireplace is the central architectural feature of the college,” as Jason Brennan, the inaugural co-chair likes to say. He insists that “In many ways, but especially chronologically, [it is] the original committee of the Junior Common Room.” Perhaps the autocratic nature of the committee can be in part explained by its secretive beginning. “We’re unable to comment on ‘elections’ or any kind of internal processes, only to say that the FIRE committee has an unbroken tradition of passing the torch,” Brennan says. “Some Fellows may find this lack of democratic transparency inflammatory, which is fine by us. The FIRE committee is mostly smoke and mirrors.” (And puns. So many puns.)

### Enthusiasm in fire-making

Like most children, immediate past president of the FIRE committee Owen Kane was forbidden to light fires in his childhood. “Coming from this place of dearth to a place where we could light fires, ignited my passions to start a fire at any opportunity,” recalls Kane. David Sutton’s interest started in the Northwest Territories, where he grew up. “We huddled around a small woodstove fire for warmth in order to survive the fierce, chilling blasts of the Arctic wind, so that fire was more than a comfort and a pleasure – fire was life,” remembers Sutton. As for Jason Brennan, it is said he just enjoys fires “absurdly much” which in some circumstances could ignite fear. Fortunately, there is no need to fear, as Kane insists that “I can safely say that whatever our sad beginnings were, our real enthusiasm set alight during cold winter nights when lighting a fire in the JCR to take solace in the possibility of throwing our collective marking into it, turned into a warm gathering of fellows setting each other’s mind ablaze. From here a top goal became igniting hearts and minds – a goal which I believe we have been widely successful in setting alight.”

### Techniques, tips, hopes and dreams

Anyone who has ever had the privilege of working by the fire in the Junior Common Room on a cold winter day has surely noticed the configuration of the fire: a “four-log starter with two logs on top of two others,” as Kane puts it. He likes it because it “goes off like a rocket,” releasing a lot of heat with little kindling and a lot of



PHOTO CREDIT: MARTINE LABERGE

MASSEY JUNIOR FELLOWS OWEN KANE, JASON BRENNAN AND DAVID SUTTON ARE ALWAYS WATCHFUL OVER THEIR FIRES, ESPECIALLY WHEN CHEESE IS INVOLVED.

paper. While it is not the best looking fire, the membership does not discriminate among fires. As Sutton says, “the hotter, the better!” So, what is the ultimate goal of our fire-loving friends ? “One day [we shall] achieve

our long-term goal of turning the entire College into a blazing bonfire whose heat will reach up into the heavens in a glorious tower of flame,” Sutton says. Now that’s enthusiasm...

# A night to remember... *vaguely*

BY JIM LEBANS

What could be the best way to mark a year of intellectual and cultural engagement at one of Canada’s most respected bastions of higher learning? How could we best celebrate, with the Junior Fellows who’d welcomed us so warmly, the richness and diversity of the Massey experience? Perhaps a poetry reading, to immortalize the experience in words? Or a concert of carefully selected classical music, played with sensitivity and artistry by accomplished artists? We might sponsor a lecture on some edifying subject of social and political significance. **Martine:** It’s Karaoke, no question. **Katie:** Ooooh, good call! **Jim:** Wait, so the best way to celebrate this wonderful year at Massey is to indulge in a ritual humiliation invented to inoculate inebriated Japanese office workers against the numbing tedium of their daily lives? **Katie:** C’mon Jim, it’ll be fun. We can do “Linger” **Jim:** Never heard of it. **Hugo:** Great Idea! Just one little tweak – an all Robert Charlebois karaoke evening!

**Rodney:** WHAM! 🎵 “Wake me up, before you go, go...” 🎵 **Martine:** No children, we’re starting with Copacabana. Barry Manilow is a god, and this will be our sacrifice to him. And we need choreography – we can act out the parts – use ketchup packets for blood when Tony gets shot – or was it Rico? – Anyway, it will be a spectacle! **Jim:** Over my dead body. **Martine:** We need costumes. Wigs! Makeup! Feathers! Sequins! **Rodney (to his phone):** Yeah, Hi, how are you doing? Pause. I’m not too good. I need your help. We’re having a karaoke party tomorrow night and we really need a Donald Trump hair. You have a blonde wig? Can you style it for me? (No.) Could a hairdresser do it for me? **Katie:** Rodney – it’s OK, I know a great wig place! Wait, Jim – are you having an asthma attack? **Jim:** It was a sigh. A very deep sigh. **Hugo:** 🎵 “Mon pays ce n'est pas un pays, c'est l'hiver...” 🎵 **Jim:** Please, kill me now. Use that butterknife. It’ll be so much less painful than singing Barry Manilow. **Rodney:** 🎵 “I’m never gonna dance again, Guilty feet have got no rhythm...” 🎵

On March 6, 2017, the JCR rocked with tuneful renditions of many classic popular standards, performed admirably by an assortment of talented and enthusiastic Junior Fellows. Copacabana happened. The Journalism Fellows insist that they all had a great time - and that there’s no truth to the rumour that Jim has entered therapy for Post Karaoke Stress Disorder wearing his Spock wig and matching ears.



PHOTO CREDIT (THIS STORY): KATIE DAUBS



TOP: RODNEY SIEH WORKS THE PHONES TRYING TO LOCATE A DONALD TRUMP WIG.

BOTTOM: MARTINE LABERGE AND HUGO DE GRANDPRÉ HYPE UP THE KARAOKE NIGHT AT THE IMPRESSIVE HANDMADE SIGN.



*Hard Answers to Easy Questions*



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: MARTINE LABERGE, HUGO DE GRANDPRE, RODNEY SIEH, JIM LEBANS, AND KATIE DAUBS.

GATHERED BY JIM LEBANS

*(These answers have been edited for length)*

*What was your best hope when you started the fellowship this year? What happened?*

**Martine:** My best hope as I embarked in this beautiful (and weird) journey was pretty simple: to deepen my knowledge of Indigenous history, law and policy. On a more personal level, I felt I needed a break from the daily news to reflect on where I want to go from here. This fellowship has given me all of that and so much more. I met amazing people and gained things I really needed: more self-confidence but mostly an idea as to where I want to go from here.

**Katie:** I was so excited to be a student again and I thought this time I'd do it right – enjoying the readings for their own sake, taking my time, not learning for an exam. But I also told myself I'd get to the Hart House gym at least three times a week. I learned that the occasional afternoon cocktail in the common room and the conversations that came with them, were a much better use of my time.

**Hugo:** Put simply, I was hoping to meet interesting people and to learn interesting things. These wishes were met and largely surpassed. This has been an incredibly inspiring and stimulating year. I am leaving Massey with expanded horizons and a genuine desire to keep feeding this curiosity.

**Rodney:** I guess I was looking forward to a great year of fellowship with a fun bunch – a year away from real journalism work. I never anticipated a late start and a rugged experience with Canadian immigration. But it ended up being a really great experience – one that I'll cherish for the rest of my life.

**Jim:** I'll admit to being hopelessly confused when I started the fellowship. I didn't know why I'd been chosen, what I was

meant to do, or how I was meant to do it. Fortunately, that turned out to be the point – an exploration of things I didn't know, an introduction to people I hadn't met and visits to places I hadn't been.

*What was your favourite or most unusual Massey moment?*

**Martine:** Favourite moments at Massey are looking out my window at the courtyard. It is so pretty. And also acting as the costume judge for the Halloween bash. Most unusual was sitting next to Harry Rosen at a Senior Fellow lunch.

**Katie:** The strangest moments have mostly been in the basement, where I once saw a group of Junior Fellows frozen in silence with imaginary swords.

**Hugo:** It's probably a collection of moments – the first look at Massey, at the rooms and the surroundings, during the interview in May 2016. The first visit to the round room. The first high table with gowns and everyone all dressed up. The first look at the Santayana quote in the dining hall... Massey is a very special place!

**Rodney:** I would say the Harry Potter-like high table aura caught me off guard a bit. It is always fun to attend but found the gown requirements somewhat strange but interesting, though I enjoyed every moment of the high table dinners.

**Jim:** Finding myself on stage at the Christmas Gaudy with the Massey Belles bluegrass band singing carols. I think the first note I sang on Mele Kalikimaka was about four tones flat, but I think I recovered somewhat after that.

*What was the most surprising thing you learned in the courses you did?*

**Martine:** In Medieval Relics class I learned how ecclesiastical vestments were made and the meaning of materials used.

**Katie:** How to identify the sex of a skeleton from the angle of its pelvic bones.

**Hugo:** Probably all the talks about how robots will take over and how the whole world will find themselves out of work – not only journalists! It was a recurring topic in a lot of panels and discussions throughout the year, and I audited a great law seminar on the impacts of these technological changes.

**Rodney:** I guess it would be the global journalism course's attraction of a wide range of students from various fields of work interested in learning about journalism. I was puzzled that so many are still interested in the workings of what we do despite the rapid decline of the print media and aggressive competition from social media.

**Jim:** I did a fascinating cognitive science course on consciousness which revealed that though many are exploring the idea, we're really still searching for an understanding of what consciousness is – which has interesting implications for Artificial Intelligence in the next decades.

*For each of your fellow fellows, imagine the place or situation you'd be in where you'd most like to have that person by your side.*

**Martine:** *Jim* – a game show! He would be the perfect partner. I could sit back and drink a glass of wine while he wins us a free trip around the world! *Katie* – a deserted island. The girl is hilarious! We would have a blast. She's also very positive and so being stuck on a deserted island with her would feel like the best field trip in the world. *Rodney* – anywhere where I could be asked a trivia question about movies. Rodney really knows his cinema and he does not like to lose! Also, anywhere where I would need to defend myself against a tyrant. Rodney is tenacious, courageous and very wise. *Hugo* – Having Hugo around during a zombie apocalypse would be great.

He would probably be able to charm his way into the hearts of the zombies and convince them to let us live and take care of us. He's pretty convincing.

**Katie:** Jim is a trusted advisor on the finer things at any liquor store, essential for translating conversations about CRISPR technology, ancient water and solar energy, and always good with a call back joke, even months later. If they ever bring back La Soirée Canadienne, I'd like to have front row seats with Martine by my side. She is also a good person to have in any situation requiring crafting or good French wine. Rodney and his vocal stylings are a must in any karaoke situation. It is a treat to be with Hugo in any situation involving a minivan. He appreciates them like Martine appreciates a fine Sancerre.

**Hugo:** *Martine* – To liven things up in any social event, especially in Hearst. *Katie* – As a co-panellist on a chip judging contest. *Rodney* – As a partner in a high intensity karaoke round-robin. *Jim* – Any time the internet breaks down, as my real life WikiJimmy.

**Rodney:** I could see Martine at a wine tasting event; Katie at a book reading; Hugo at a political fundraiser and Jim as the MC at a Science Fair.

**Jim:** *Martine* – facing down an angry wolverine in the dead midwinter in Northern Ontario. I have no doubt we'd be comfortably eating wolverine steaks around a warm fire in no time. *Katie* – backing her up on guitar on "Canada's Got Talent" as she belts out a note-perfect version of the Cranberries' "Linger." *Hugo* – feeding him the puck from behind our net, as he darts off on an end-to-end rush and scores. I'll just watch the number on the back of his jersey get smaller, and pick up the easiest assist ever. *Rodney* – anywhere there's trouble. Rodney's gotten out of more bad situations than I hope I ever even hear about.