Free thinkers and poachers and scoundrels,” is how John Crosbie, Lieutenant-Governor of Newfoundland and Labrador, described people from ‘The Rock.’ “Every Newfoundland believer it’s his goddamn right to shoot or kill anything that he goddamn well wants,” he told us. Crosbie, the retired Conservative Cabinet Minister famous for his off colour comments, had his tongue planted firmly in his cheek when he described the pluck and resolve that set Newfoundlanders apart.

I always knew that Newfoundlanders were different, and it wasn’t just their accents. This was clearly a distinct society, tied to land and place with its own special history. But though I thought I knew something about this province, I soon realized that many of my preconceptions were mistaken.

The journalism fellows took our first trip in November, flying out to Newfoundland, a place that only one of us had ever visited. The late November trip was not the typical time to be visiting the place, with the constant biting wind and cold crisp air keeping most tourists away from this picturesque spot. On the plus side, the lack of visitors makes us feel like we had the run of the province.

Crosbie met us at the august Government House, his place of residence bedecked with dark wood, lots of local art, chandeliers and high painted ceilings. Among other things, Crosbie is famous for telling the then thirtysomething Liberal Member of Parliament Sheila Copps in Parliament that her behaviour reminded him of the song lyric, “Pour me another tequila, Sheila, and lie down and love me again.” If this was how the Queen’s representative in Newfoundland spoke then this was going to be a very interesting trip.

Throughout, we were struck by how random it was for a group of journalists from all over Canada, Malawi and Venezuela to find themselves here on the Rock, Canada’s easternmost province and in many ways, its most exotic.

That night, in our hotel room at the Quality Inn St. John’s, perched at the mouth of St. John’s harbour, with the cold November wind whipping against the window we looked at the ships passing back and forth through the opening of the port. We tried to figure out what might connect us to this place, when the conversation turned as it often does, to food. Where were we going to have dinner tomorrow? Someone suggested we go to Bacalao, for ‘nouvelle Newfoundland cuisine’ (a funny idea in a place that had been so poor that at one time more than half the women in the province wore underwear made from Robin Hood flour sacks). And while I snickered Teresa Tembeeka Chimwa, the African radio journalist said excitedly, “bacalao! That’s the word for salt fish in Malawi.” “Bacalao is also the word for salt cod in my country!” Mary Mena, the fiery Venezuelan investigative journalist said excitedly.

Well this was just plain weird. I had hardly heard of salt cod or even tasted it for that matter. I did though vaguely recall some black and white pictures from my grade nine Canadian history book of burly fishermen in overalls drying cod in the sun. They were doing it somewhere remote. Ok, so maybe I got Newfoundland all wrong. Rather than victims marooned on a hunk of granite on the eastern edge of North America, the fish harvesters in the old pictures were the ultimate survivors, global citizens long before any globetrotting corporate tycoon thought they invented the concept. They were the original international seafaring people, and some... CONTINUED ON PAGE 2
Global citizens of Newfoundland

TERESA TEMPERA CHWIA, MARY TRINNY MENA and GIL SHOCHAT, CAPE SPEAR, NFLD

... CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

of their forefathers fished the Grand Banks even before Samuel de Champlain and John Cabot. The hard men in the old pictures probably shared more historically with their Irish, English and European cousins than they did with many in central Canada. They were the sharp edge of the globalization knife. This was at a time when most Canadians and Europeans were subsistence farmers venturing but a few miles from home. Glimpses of this life could still be seen in St. John’s harbour where fish cargo vessels registered “the Baffin Islands – Iqaluit” sat next to massive boats registered to Montréal whose job it was to service the Hibiscus oil platform.

It was pluck and drive that seemed to imbue its people with an ability to adapt that gave it an edge over other parts of the continent. As a 2003 Newfoundland and Labrador Royal Commission report points out, people from The Rock were the ultimate survivors. “When the need for employment dictated they should leave this place, they did so… our people became sailors and fishermen under American skippers. They became first-class riggers of steel, sailors and fishers under American skippers. They did so…. Our people became capable of successfully undertaking almost anything.”

If adapting meant doing as John Crosbie put it “whatever you goddamn well pleased” this free spiritedness was what allowed them to survive. As we journalism fellows walked around the moonlike landscape of Cape Spear, and saw for ourselves the rugged beauty, and absolute starkness, that define this place, I realized that we had stumbled upon a very distinct community that was tied to land and place. But rather than making it parochial, this spot imbued Newfoundlanders with a unique worldly character found nowhere else in Canada.

Gil Shochat grew up in Montreal. Today he is an investigative producer with CBC Television in Toronto.

The Owl

Sightings of Scotopelia at Massey College

Those who have wondered why this annual journal is called “The Owl”, wonder no more! In April The Owl cast out the following appeal on the Massey lister:

“Word is that a real owl has been hanging around the quad this year and even decapitating goldfish. If anyone has time to put together a few words about this owl, consider them published.”

We got back this response:

Novel hunting behaviour observed in *Strigiforme massiensis rectilinearus*

T. G. Plint, L. E. Klather, M. Rotenberg.

Fishing owls (of the genus *Scotopelia*), are well known to the scientific community, but to date have been observed primarily in central Africa. To date, there has been relatively little evidence to support fishing behavior in their North American counterparts. We report the first direct observation of “live-catch” fishing behaviour in *Strigiforme massiensis rectilinearus*. A casual survey of existing footage of Blakiston’s fishing owl (*Bubo blakistoni*) indicates similar fishing technique; observation from a fixed position, a slow gliding approach, followed by a sort of fluttering “hover”, while the capture is made, with the kill being made on dry land immediately afterward. Interestingly, in this case only the head was eaten, leaving the meaty rest of the body (Figure 1).

It is hypothesized that due to the unusually elevated Owl IQ (OIQ) of the species (n=1, p=0.05), their diet requires a much higher concentration of neurotransmitter protein precursors (2013: J. Anderson). In the minutes following decapitation, the body of the goldfish was abandoned in order, apparently, to pursue tatter game in the form of a Greater Black Quad Squirrel (*Scurus vulgaris rectilinearius*). In spite of a half-hour postmortem observation in low lighting conditions, the authors observed no successful kills made (n=1, p=0.05). Approximately forty-five minutes after the initial fish kill was observed, the owl was observed flying cast towards Trinity College, known habitat of the less agile and less observant Strachan’s Squirrel (*Scurus terrimus* undergrothshidae*). We therefore point based on rigorous statistical sampling (n=1, p=0.05) that this species subsists on a mixed diet including both mammalian and fish components. It is not currently known whether this species enters into competition with that other great Massey night owl, *Strigiforme fraseridae*, but the authors hope to shed light on their interactions in a subsequent study.

The authors gratefully acknowledge the editorial contributions of world-renowned owl expert and web journalism pioneer P Kuitenbrouwer in the publication of this study.

Congratulations! winners of the William Southam 2013 – 2014 Journalism Fellowships

In association with Canadian Journalists for Free Expression, Journalists for Human Rights and the Canadian Journalism Foundation, Massey College is grateful for the generosity of CBC/Radio-Canada, the Alva Foundation and the Fisher Family, the estate of St. Clair Balfour, Lisa Balfour Bowen Family, the estate of St. Clair Nicholl’s daughter Alva Foundation and the Fisher Family, the estate of St. Clair Balfour, Lisa Balfour Bowen Family, the estate of St. Clair Nicholl’s daughter. The William Southam Fellowships are made possible through the support of the J.W. McConnell Family Foundation, the William Southam Foundation and for the generosity of past Journalism Fellows.

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Sierra Leone
Gordon N. Fisher Fellow

CBC/Radio Canada Fellow

Teresa Tempera Chwia, Mary Trinny Mena and Gil Shochat, Cape Spear, NFLD
**FIRST IMPRESSIONS**

How I learned to love CanLit

**TERESA TEMBEKA CHIRWA**

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As I was covering Mutharika's death that April 5 shall, Teresa Temweka Chirwa in The fine points of sniffing snuff (I have the disease teleological, praxis. Normative was the big one. I heard it in nearly every class, from history to urban planning. One comically pretentious professor actually used the word "demyssificatory" into a story in the Winnipeg Free Press one day.

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**Normative, teleological, and other words I learned in school**

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Robots, prisons and the Bauhaus

Snowy Germany sparkles during fellows’ visit

In December the journalism fellows traveled to Berlin, a journey that’s become a mainstay of the program, and lucky thing: Our Canadian humour, taught us German and graduate student who proved tireless, tolerated our New Brunswick bouffant. In homeless shelters, they turned to art late into the night.

Tuesday, December 11

The rest of the grumpy fellows arrived, delayed but otherwise intact. Then the remnants of the blizzard that had crippled Frankfurt rolled into Berlin, dumping 10 cm of snow overnight while temperatures dropped to -10 C. The morning ritual — quick coffee, ham sandwich and granola bar on the bus — began in earnest. We headed to a nearby suburb for a close-up view of Germany’s commitment to sustainable energy. First, a tour of Younicos AG, a world leader in renewable energy storage, with designs for islands and other remote areas worldwide; then we ogled the robots at the manufacturing facility of Solon SE, a leader in German solar panel development. After a lunch break at Restaurant Tucholsky on the city’s trendy Torstrasse, the group boarded our bus with Rolf, an art historian and urban history buff who toured the city’s centuries-old history. A huge part of this history, of course, is how the city was razed centuries before the 40-year occupation. Rolf showed us city models and aerial views at a museum tucked into an old school in West Berlin.

Wednesday, December 12

A packed day. First to Hohenschönhausen, an old school in East Berlin, now the State Museum of the Stasi. A huge part of this history, of course, is how the city was razed — wiped clean first by Allied bombs and then the 40-year occupation. Rolf showed us city models and aerial views at a museum tucked into an old school in West Berlin. Next stop, the Stasi prison. After World War II the Soviets imprisoned many Natio here, but it is quickly dwarfed to a hush of incarceration and psychological torture for any the Soviet regime suspected as opponents of socialist rule.

Thursday, December 13

We board the bus at around 7:30 a.m. for Tempelhof Project, which includes the Tempelhof airport building and the former airfield. In 1923, Tempelhof airport grew in the 1930s under Nazi rule to become one of the biggest buildings in Europe, with 10,000 rooms in total. A statue out front commemorates the airport’s role in replying starving Berlin during the blockade of the city in 1948-49. The airport ceased operating in 2008.

German authorities are currently trying to figure out what to do with Tempelhof, its field and the surroundings. The head of communication at the project, Mr. Martin Pallgen told the journalism fellows group that it is more likely that they will have residential areas around the site, an events venue, a public library, sports area and the Allied Museum. After a tour of Berlin’s once edgy but rapidly-gentrifying neighbourhood of Kreuzberg, we were treated to a fancy lunchbox by Berlin’s Foreign Office. It was a great opportunity to meet the people working in the ministry that sponsored our trip.

In the afternoon some fellows visited the Topography of Terror Foundation, a permanent exhibition of Nazi persecution established in 1878 at the headquarters of the Secret State police and the Reich Security Main office. This museum brings you back in time to witness one of history’s worst persecutions of the human race. Nearby runs what remains of the Berlin Wall.

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Dear Athalia,

Here is why I left you in Africa

TERESA TEMWEKA CHIRWA

In September of 2012, Teresa Temweka Chirwa, 30, left her daughter, 17-month-old Athalia, in Malawi, to pursue a one-year educational opportunity. Teresa flew first to Nairobi and then to Amsterdam, on an invitation to begin her eight-month journalism fellowship at Massey College. In Toronto, one of her first stops was Mountain Equipment Co-op, where she bought long underwear to help her through the (for her) arctic winter at the notoriously drafty college. In December Teresa joined the other journalism fellows on a week's trip to Berlin, Dessau and Leipzig. After the trip, she flew to Toronto to begin her eight-month fellowship as a Berlin-based journalist for the German newspaper Die Zeit.

The Owl asked Teresa to explain to her daughter what justified her decision to leave the toddler for eight months.

Dear Athalia,

I am certain my daughter that you believe I am a terrible mother for leaving you when you were only 17 months old. I don’t blame you, but I shall try to explain why this was so important.

My daughter, my career is complex. You sometimes have to know a bit of everything to be at your best in journalism. It is important at this point in my career to have as much knowledge as possible about the donor partners of my country, Malawi.

This fellowship is allowing me to do that. From December 10 to the 16th, 2012, I visited Germany. This is one of Malawi’s biggest European donor nations. During this one week, I learnt more about Germany than I did in two years of high school history class, all I remembered from high school was that Germany once colonised Malawi’s northern neighbor, Tanzania.

I never liked history but it was mandatory; once, when I confessed in my history teacher my goal of journalism, he advised: “If you want to become a journalist, learn to like history.”

This was so important. I am certain my stories will make Malawi a better place for all Malawians, including you my dear daughter Athalia. Then, perhaps, you will only imagine the story ideas filling my notebook and the quality of stories to be produced. I am certain my stories will be more interesting than learning in class. They are actually paid for their work by an organization called Berlin Hochschulhaus Memorial.

Where are Malawi’s own small heroes who suffered 30 years of dictatorship? They are forgotten and rotting in poverty. Germany is the only country I know that has been very open about its history. Several museums tell its complex history in detail and yet most Malawians remain in the dark on the simplest details about the dictatorship and even the first president. The Amnesty syndrome still reigns supreme in all the governments that have held power in Malawi.

Journalists have the power to ask whatever questions they want in Germany at the thrice-weekly press briefings known as the Bundespresskonferenz, where representatives of all government departments are present. Journalists are so respected in Germany that no government department dares skip this event.

It is not so in Malawi. In our country, dear Athalia, politicians still think they are doing you a favour by giving an interview where they choose what to say and what questions you should ask.

Germany treats its artists with respect, artists make a living from their work. In Malawi, art is more a hobby than a job. Do you have an idea how far behind Malawi is? You can only imagine the story ideas filling my notebook and the quality of stories to be produced. I am certain my stories will be more interesting than learning in class. They are actually paid for their work by an organization called Berlin Hochschulhaus Memorial.

In Berlin, authorities even once considered constructing a mountain at an old unused airport, Tempelhof, just to boost tourism. Y et my country doesn’t see the value of mountains and recklessly destroys the natural beauty on them.

Germany has no oil and yet the country is an energy leader. The Germans do not have the gift of plenty of sunshine as Malawi but solar energy is still thriving. In visiting a Berlin factory where we watched robots manufacture solar panels, we learned that 1 million Germans have solar panels on their homes. Malawi has power interruptions every day such that when there is power all day, it is worth wasting about it. I still do not understand why we do not use solar energy.

Let’s talk of another kind of power: political power. Both Germany and Malawi, for the first time in their histories, have females at the helm. And yet not once did I hear German doubting the capabilities of their leaders, Chancellor Angela Merkel, based on her gender. Criticism of Merkel’s government is based on policies; in Malawi critics freely attack our president, Joyce Banda, because she is a woman.

Germany has respect for the victims of political prisoners who suffered under the State Security Service (Stasi) during the Socialist Unity Party of Germany rule of East Berlin. A former prisoner of war took my colleagues and me on a tour of a Stasi prison in the former East Berlin. A recount of his personal experience in the prison made much more sense than learning in class. They are actually paid for their work by an organization known as Berlin Hochschulhaus Memorial.

In Germany, at the invitation of the German government.

Y et today the people live as one. By contrast, Athalia, back home in Malawi, over 45 years after we gained our independence, Malawi’s political terrain remains divided by regions. Invisible walls divide the small country into three regions.

With all its natural resources, mountains, minerals and water bodies, Malawi still fails to cut its umbilical cord from donors. With the national beauty, Malawi can’t sell itself for tourism purposes. But Germany is using its history as a tourism boost.

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Ah, yes, lunch! That celebrated Massey ritual. Each Thursday the journalism fellows invited up to three junior fellows, plus Anna Langaro, the administrator, and either Prof. Stephen Clarkson or John Fraser, the master, to lunch. We gathered at 12:15 in the private dining room for an off-the-record discussion with a distinguished guest. Clarkson, the academic advisor, greeted arrivals this way: “Red or white?” The wine came from Peler Island, the white sat cooling with the Perrier in a silver tureen of ice on the sideboard, near John Polanyi’s framed Nobel Prize for Chemistry. Greg Cerson, the college steward who always wears a bow tie, would serve: the main course, then dessert, coffee and tea. The silver flashed as the debates began.

Here is just one sample menu, from the lunch before I go into battle.”

She refused her lunch, saying, “I never eat lunch before I go into battle.”

“Weather glass is empty; his

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“Weather glass is empty; his
a delightful custard for Valentine's day

declined his lunch.

sector, and Hugo Chavez. Mr. Lewenza also union movement, labour politics, the auto

KEN LEWENZA

Chair, Toronto Transit Commission Jan. 31, 2013

Stintz came within a hair's breadth of an- nouncing at Massey that she will run for

KAREN STINTZ

Chair, Toronto Transit Commission Jan. 31, 2013

She broke her vow because after opposing former mayor David Miller

BERNARD FUNSTON

Chair of the Canadian Polar Commission Feb. 14, 2013

A DELIGHTFUL CUSTARD FOR VALENTINE'S DAY

FUNSTON offered us a tour of Arctic issues – climate change, Inuit and First Nation self-government, sovereignty and oil and gas exploration.

KEN LEWENZA

President, Canadian Auto Workers Feb. 28, 2013

Lewenza was the center of a candid and high-octane discussion of the state of the union movement, labour politics, the auto sector, and Hugo Chavez. Mr. Lewenza also declined his lunch.

MARY AGNES WELCH

Really, Finland was stunning. It was so much like Canada – the Arctic at your back, an economy based mostly on trees and mines, the bullying super-power next-door, a reputation for reserve and righ- teousness, a homegrown smart phone maker struggling to survive. Finland even looks like the drive to Thunder Bay.

MARRY AGNES WELCH STAYS CLEAR AS ANNA LUGENSO MAKES A POINT, WHILE COLLEGE STEWARD GREG GERSON BRINGS ON THE LICKS

ROBERT DEIBERT

Director, Citizen Lab March 7, 2013

Deibert talked about his lab at the Munk School of Global Affairs which does research at the intersection of digital media and hu- man rights. He also discussed the commer- cialization of digital spring.

ANNI SÄTHLE

Head of Public Diplomacy, Embassy of Finland March 21, 2013

Mr. Stable prepped the fellows for their trip to Finland, speaking about koskenkorva (vodka made from potatoes) saunas, bathing, crazy Finnish fashion and the great number of Canadians, especially in northern Ontario, who have Finnish roots. Honorary Vice- Consul Laura McSwiggan joined her.

WILLIAM BLAIR

Chief, Toronto Police Service March 28, 2013

Much of his discussion dealt with the after- math of the 2010 G20 Toronto Summit pro- test. Chief Blair said he does take the blame for what happened during the summit when nearly 1,000 people were arrested only be- cause the incident happened in his territory. He said that although he was named chief of command, he was not entirely in control of the situation. Facing some tough questions, Chief Blair also defended his decision not to resign, saying he had done nothing to war- rant a resignation.

HUBERT LACROIX

Chief executive, CBC Radio-Canada April 4, 2013

Lacroix discussed both the challenges facing the CBC (whose staff has declined in five years from 11,000 to 8,500 employees) and his vision for its future over the next five years. Lacroix is positioning the CBC to invest more heavily in its regional bureaus and the net- work’s online capacity. He also discussed the need to make important choices and sacrifices to cope with government budget cuts.

MAY 2013}

How Finland kicks Canada’s butt

MARY AGNES WELCH

About all Canada does better than Finland is multiculturalism and gay marriage. We have both. They have neither. But they have Moussinis, so they’re still ahead.

Other Finnish highlights include:

• The Finns showed us almost no Power- point presentations, assuaging our worst fears.

• Finland puts extraordinary focus on good design, from concert halls to library reading rooms to school drinking fountains. Even the yogurt served at the hotel’s breakfast buffet came in colour lintila glassware.

• Some journalism fellows invoked a discriminatory ban on too many nerdy questions during factory tours, forcing some of us to betray our better natures.

• We heard of innovator use of crowd- sourcing by investigator reporter Tuomo Pentiläinen to uncover an epidemic of illegal trading among Finland’s bankers. Journalism fellow Gil Shochat asked a lot of questions. Also on this visit to Helsinki Sanomat, the country’s largest newspaper, we discovered that Finland’s newspapers are so lucrative they serve fancy hors d’oeuvres (including shot glasses of spicy cucumber purée) to visiting journalists.

• We danced with Foreign Affairs attaché Marja Suhonen and her boss in an empty beery ball bar late at night.

• Russian men (possibly mafioso) cooled off with beer on the stoop outside the public sauna.

• We gawked at soft-core porn on the TV in a country-music dive-bar.

• The Canadian embassy served us traditional cloumflavoured borscht, which helped some of us retreat to our “quiet place” during the ambassador’s talking points.

• We enjoyed the Master and Elizabeth MacCallum’s excellent company, the heart of some fabulous meals, including one at what appeared to be the Helsinki version of Applebees.

• And sadly, we bade farewell in the Hotel Glö lobby where Murray hugged us all, and Teresa cried again.
MARY TRINY MENA

The Massey College Generation of 2012-2013 is recorded in a single photograph. This framed colour photo, which hangs on the wall in the foyer to the Common Room, depicts three rows of students, junior and senior fellows gathered in their black gowns on the lawn in the Quad, smiling. They studied here, they ate and drank, they lived in the College. If you closely examine the first, second and the final row you will be sure not to find me there. But I was there, and I enjoyed every minute of it.

This is my story
My name is Mary Triny. I am from Venezuela. I was one of the six Southam Journalism Fellows of 2012-2013. I was the last one to arrive. The process to obtain a student visa to enter Canada lasted almost five long months. The medical exams, the many application forms, the calls to the Canadian Embassy and the multitude of emails sent were all worth it. After all that process, I finally obtained a visa at the end of October. Toronto, Canada, was my new destination. On Nov. 7 I left Venezuela’s capital city, Caracas with many dreams and great expectations.

In one day, my daily routine changed drastically.
Let’s start with the weather. For the first time in my life I got to experience winter. The 29 degrees Celsius characteristic of Venezuelan weather seemed like a far away dream when temperatures dipped below zero.

There was also a change in the level of safety. I come from one of the most dangerous cities in the world. In 2012 alone 21,692 murders were reported in Venezuela. The 29 degrees Celsius characteristic of Venezuelan weather seemed like a far away dream when temperatures dipped below zero. Although I was unable to completely get rid of the fear and the cautiousness, I was able to make walking one of my favourite activities.

Thanks to the Fellowship, I went back to being a student for six months. To be once again in a classroom as a student allowed me to acquire new knowledge, update myself in some areas and realize that it is never too late to learn. Every day at Massey College I had a chance to talk to students. Every lunch and dinner was an opportunity to exchange a few words with a new person. From being the interviewee I came to be the interviewer.

My halting English began to flow smoothly across the tables of Oshantai Hall.

Many students wanted to know more about my country, its culture and even about its complicated politics. I was glad to answer every question I was posed. Some of the most interested interviewers even promised a future visit to Venezuela.

I too had an opportunity to share many experiences with the fellows and from each one of them I learnt something. From Peter I learnt his passion for traditional journalism, the kind that depends not on technology. From Murray I learnt his passion for the arts. From Mary Agnes I learnt the art of the light of day. From Gil I learnt to have an inquisitive mind. From Teresa I learnt the art of the hard-hitting question. And finally from Mary Agnes I learnt that a great friendship can overcome any distance Venezuela and Malawi now look so close on the map.

One simple walk to the Toronto City Hall nearly brought me to tears, when I realized that a simple thing like doing interviews in a government building is allowed in Canada yet forbidden in Venezuela.

Having so many restrictions working as a journalist in Venezuela is not easy, but these few months in Toronto will allow me to return feeling renewed, having gained back the pride of having this beautiful profession. I will leave Canada with the spirit of Robertson Davies, a journalist who loved his work and allowed many generations to continue his legacy. It is a great honour for me to be part of this story.

So next time you have a chance to look at that picture in a corner of Massey College, even if you do not find me, remember I, too, was there.

I may not appear smiling in the picture along with the rest of the generation, but the beautiful image of this experience will remain in me forever.

Mary Triny Mena became a celebrity on CBC radio and television in early March, 2013, after Venezuelan president Hugo Chavez died. She returned to Caracas in May.

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