

ALL PHOTOS THIS PAGE BY MILAN II NYCKI



KELLY CROWE

A few blocks away, at CBC headquarters, I was ignoring my own impending deadline

Reporters Without Deadlines

ALL PHOTOS THIS PAGE BY MILAN ILNYCKYJ, EXCEPT FOR PHOTO OF KELLY CROWE BY LISA SAKULENSKY



JOURNALISM FELLOW JOSÉ PERALTA DANCES AT MASSEY COLLEGE WITH HIS PARTNER ANA LAURA SPÓSITO



JOURNALISM FELLOW KELLY CROWE

... CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

she said ‘Well,Véronique we are happy to welcome you at Massey College this September.’

‘I am sorry, I didn’t hear well Anna, please, could you repeat?’ ‘Véronique you got it!’ Shivers and deep breath ...”

Anna Luengo’s musical voice was bringing the same good news to the other future Fellows. David Rider was covering a Toronto City Council meeting.

“My cellphone rang and a woman with a lovely Trinidadian lilt said ‘Dave, it’s Anna, are you alone?’ I was so excited I didn’t even ask if she was being sexy. ‘There are about 300 people around me but go ahead,’ I said. I listened, closed my eyes and then gave a quiet scream of joy.”

Back in Freetown, getting the fellowship turned out to be the easy part for Amara Bangura. He still needed a Canadian visa. The closest Canadian High Commission was an entire country away, in Accra, Ghana, and civil servants there were on strike. For the next three months, his visa application kept coming back like a boomerang, always with some new form or urgent detail that needed attention. He made so many frantic calls he was sure the High Commission was recognizing his number and avoiding his calls.



JOURNALISM FELLOWS AMARA BANGURA AND JODY PORTER WITH JODY’S VISITING DAUGHTER MADDIE

“I started calling from different phones,” Amara said. Finally, the visa was ready but it would take two weeks to mail it to Freetown. Three weeks late for the start of U of T classes, he flew to Accra with a new passport, hoping to pick up his old one with the precious visa, and then carry on to Canada. But when he got to the Accra office he was told the passport had already been shipped back to Freetown by courier, likely passing him in mid-air.

“I cried,” he said. “I called Anna and said ‘I am fed up. I will just go back to Sierra Leone.’” Heartbroken, he stopped by the DHL courier office the following day, just in case. The woman told him the packages had already shipped. “Now I am screwed,” he thought. But fate intervened. The Sierra Leone shipment was late leaving. The passport was still there. Finally Amara could join the others in Toronto.

Once all the Fellows were finally gathered in the serene refuge behind the Massey College walls, far from the ringing phones and hammering deadlines, we all realized how incredibly lucky we were. We had just won a lottery and the prize was eight months of our own time to choose whatever captivating knowledge beckoned from the U of T’s thick course catalogue. What do you do now that you can do anything you want? One thing you don’t do is sleep.

“I was expecting to ‘disconnect’ for a while,” Véronique said. “Au contraire!!!!”

Amara Bangura filled his schedule with courses on gender studies, African studies and public service broadcasting. David Rider braved constitutional law. I tried, not entirely successfully, to wrap my brain around theoretical physics. Véronique investigated the world of cybersecurity. José survived winter storms on the bus to the Mississauga campus where he studied digital media. Jody grappled with semiotics and treaty law, and in her non-existent spare time became the first journalism fellow to apprentice in the Massey printing office.

And for all of us, every Thursday, a private door opened on a mysterious world. A distinguished guest joined us for an off-the-record lunch in the sanctity of Massey’s private dining room, with John Polanyi’s Nobel Prize medal on the wall for inspiration. Here, we fortunate journalists had the bizarre experience of hearing secrets and NOT telling the world.

“I have never before broken bread with important newsmakers and talked as people, solely to learn things, without thinking: ‘I have to tell other people’; ‘How can I get more out of them?’; and ‘When can I file?’” David Rider said. “It felt strange at first, almost a betrayal of my craft, but I learned



JOURNALISM FELLOW VÉRONIQUE MORIN

so much.”

The weeks flew by — a kaleidoscope of conversation with junior fellows, senior fellows and Quadranglers, and breathtaking moments of wisdom and insight from scholars including Ursula Franklin. “That is among the most significant moments during my time at Massey,” Jody Porter said.

There were the highs and lows, of tables and other things. “Where to start!” José Peralta said.” Gowns, Graces and High Tables, as something I saw. An immense sense of community, as something I experienced.”

“My fellows are as diverse, yet complementary, as a group could get,” Véronique said. “I have no doubt that if we were stuck on a drowning boat, or a burning house, that we would help each other out. Altogether, we are a pure balance of caring independence.”

Any secrets to share from the year at Massey? “Yes, yes and yes,” José said. “Of course!” said David Rider. “We journalism fellows spent massive amounts of time together, in foreign countries where alcohol may even have been present. We bared our souls and, I’m sure, learned things that would surprise our spouses. No bad secrets. Some good, some sad, all of them sexxy.”

Really, David? Is it true that journalists, when they’re talking about themselves, are not as keen to spill the beans?

One cruel reality of the journalism fellowships is the fact that they eventually end. Abruptly. Bluntly. We heard in the distance, during those glorious days of questioning, studying and wondering, a clock ticking. Behind the Massey walls, in the glow from winter moonlight, we caught tantalizing glimpses of the insights we’d been seeking.

“I was putting away type in the print shop last week,” Jody said, “and for a moment I held t-r-u-t-h in my hands. Then I broke it down. That has been my Massey experience.”

Amara Bangura leaves Massey with a particular legacy few of his West African colleagues can match: a personal collection of toques, each field-tested in the worst Toronto winter in recent memory. His favourite looks like a Canadian flag.

“I want to show it to people when I’m old,” he says “It’s part of my history, now.”

“One Last Word (or Two)”

JOHN FRASER

After 19 years at Massey College, there actually isn't a lot left to say, even for the wordy departing Master. Just a lot of thanks and one act of minor vanity.

Thanks, of course, to all the journalism fellows over all these years I have been here. I believe the number, both Canadian and foreign, is 99, and all of you have been my boon companions amidst this ocean of high scholarship. It always amused me that I left a profession that deployed the adjective “academic” rather negatively to describe a tribe of nitpickers or navel-gazers who brooded too long on esoterica, to join a profession that looked upon the word “journalistic” as something describing superficiality and sensationalism.

In the meetings between the representatives of both adjectives, there has been a lot of mutual discovery and corrections of misapprehensions. It has been a good discovery for both sides!

I'm happy that the powers-that-be (the new University of Toronto president, Meric Gertler) and the next Master (Hugh Segal) have kindly agreed to let me use Robert-

son Davies' wonderful “retirement” suite in House III (where, in retirement, he wrote three books, numerous essays and a hell of a lot of letters). I shall stay away from it during the academic year 2014-2015 and hit the road with Elizabeth MacCallum (we are lusting to explore Africa), but shall return by the fall of 2015 and will look forward to visits from any and all of you if you are around this good place which has nurtured and sustained us all in a whole variety of ways.

It was my good fortune to have landed at Massey College first as a Senior Fellow under Master Ann Saddlemyer in 1988 and then as her successor in 1995. The Founding Master, my mentor Robertson Davies, believed firmly in Carl Jung's theory of “synchronicity” by which, as I understand it, if one leaves oneself open to the opportunities and mysteries of life, both opportunity and mystery will enter into it. That has been my happy case. I had a chance to make a difference to the troubled Southam Journalism program in the late 1990s when annual support for it was precipitously scrapped by the Asper family, whose members gave synchronicity a pass.

Working with fellow journalists, benefactors



MASSEY COLLEGE MASTER JOHN FRASER RAISES A GLASS

and the college staff to rescue, revive and endow this extraordinary program has been deeply satisfying.

Our world of journalism is still on a rollicking roller coaster ride, the next destination of which is not quite known except that people will always want to know the stories of their own time, and the journalistic instinct in a very special breed of person will never go away.

The revived William Southam Journalism Program at Massey College, which tries hard to support, embellish and sustain that breed, has good seats on the journey. Believe me: simply being able to deploy that metaphor (almost beyond its usefulness) in my final appearance as Master in The Owl, is a source of immense satisfaction and pride.

Thank you again, dear colleagues, for joining me on the ride.

PHOTO BY MILAN LUNCKYU

Journalism Fellows invited town to gown

News professionals spoke at popular weekly “salons”



DR. ANTHONY FEINSTEIN, A PSYCHIATRY PROFESSOR AND EXPERT ON THE PSYCHOLOGICAL TRAUMA SUFFERED BY WAR CORRESPONDENTS, SPEAKS AT A MASSEY COLLEGE JOURNALISM SALON

DAVID RIDER

The Toronto Star's Robyn Doolittle described sitting in a drug dealer's car watching an iPhone video of her mayor smoking crack. Jonathan Goldsbie revealed how Twitter landed him a NOW Magazine columnist gig. Alanis Obomsawin inspired with her tireless determination to educate Canadians about aboriginal life through documentary film.

All of them, and more than a dozen other journalists invited to Massey in 2013-14, talked about the profession's great upheaval and how, in the future, news and current affairs might be funded, produced and consumed.

Journalism Fellow Kelly Crowe first suggested hosting informal weekly “salons.” She and her colleagues made it happen, inviting storytellers of all stripes to tell Massey community members about their work and take questions from around the table.

George M. Logan, a Senior Fellow and Queen's University Professor Emeritus of English, was lured to the sessions by his interest in both current events and the critical role of good journalism in civil society.

“I think the series has been invaluable,” he said, “both in throwing light on a range of important current and recent

events and also on how journalists work and, especially, the problems they — and their employers — face in this era of unprecedentedly rapid change in the media platforms available for journalism and concurrent erosion of the traditional financial base for journalism.”

Sabrina Tang, a resident Junior Fellow, said exposure to journalists at Massey made her realize she didn't understand how their business worked. The salons revealed the hard work and risks that go into producing good journalism, she said.

“I also think it is interesting to learn about industries that are in a lot of flux and what they are doing to adapt, but also what they are afraid of losing,” said the Masters

of Health Science student in clinical engineering.

Brent Jolly, a resident junior fellow and business journalist, said the guests helped connect the Massey community while lifting the lid on day-to-day journalism.

Asked for his favourite guest, the political science student pointed to NFB filmmaker Obomsawin — “an incredible spirit who never accepts 'no' for an answer.”

Guests included one non-journalist — psychiatry professor Dr. Anthony Feinstein, who showed his riveting documentary “Under Fire: Journalists in Combat” about the mental trauma experienced by war correspondents.

Other salon guests included:

- Amara Bangura, Journalism Fellow, BBC Media Action
- Andrea Houston, Xtra Magazine
- Peter Edwards, Toronto Star
- Trudy Lieberman, Columbia Journalism Review
- Gene Allen, author of Making National News: A History of Canadian Press
- Naheed Mustafa, CBC/Freelancer
- Wendy Mesley, CBC-TV
- Kevin Donovan, Toronto Star
- Ivan Semeniuk, The Globe and Mail
- Tim Falconer, Ryerson School of Journalism
- Robert Steiner, Munk Fellowship in Global Journalism Program
- Edward Keenan, The Grid
- Connie Walker, CBC Online
- Helen Branswell, The Canadian Press
- John Whitten, CBC News

PHOTO BY DAVID RIDER



Between Havana and a hard place

BY JOSÉ PERALTA

Our first trip was to the wonderful Island of Cuba. We decided that was going to be a bonding experience between us, as we had been told, to then face the whole academic year much more united and close to each other.

The experience of four days in Havana, Cuba's capital city was extremely moving. We had the chance to walk through its little streets, get into various neighbourhoods and talk to Habaneros on the street. We also went to the Museum of the Revolution and the Old City. And we had one mojito or two ...

Overall, the political and social situation in Cuba is still harsh. As the Spanish speaker of the group I did most of the talking with the locals and was astonished to hear that people still die attempting to escape the island. In contrast to that is the society itself where people smile, relentlessly, at adversity and dance their sorrows away.



Postkarte

5 days in Berlin with the Master

BY VÉRONIQUE MORIN

The journalism fellows' December trip to Berlin with Master John Fraser, in their own words:

"History, learning, reconciliation. Laughter tears and hugs. This was Berlin in six words," says José Peralta.

At the "Topography of Terror" museum that chronicles Hitler's rise, Kelly Crowe points to the haunting question:

"What use is democracy if the people don't want it?"

Jody Porter was struck by Germany's acknowledgement of a difficult past: "The bullet holes in the walls at Museum Island, the Russian graffiti unchanged in the parliament building...the demands of a tragic past to create a better future."

David Rider was moved by tour guide Hans-Jochen Scheidler's words in front of a disguised delivery truck like the one that whisked him to the Hohenschönhausen prison where East German political prisoners suffered dehumanizing psychological torture: "I was delivered here as fresh fish. When I was delivered away, I was fruit and vegetables."

Amara Bangura fondly recalls our road trip to Erfurt, an ancient town where a broadly smiling tour guide told us: "This is the University that Martin Luther attended. Do you know why it is painted in pink colour? Because pink is very attractive and even ladies love pink. Martin Luther's uniforms were pink as well."

I sing my memory, of our chance to attend a performance of "The Magic Flute" at the Berlin State Opera: "Pa-pa-pa pa-pa-pa Papageno!"



Political drama in Helsinki

BY JODY PORTER

We were sipping coffee and nibbling dessert after a tour of the Finnish Parliament.

Green MP Oras Tynkynen was saying, "Canada used to be a great country," and launching into an explanation of the ways Canada's international reputation is being tarnished.

We leaned in, listening closely.

Suddenly the door flew open.

A man in a grey suit and pink tie rushed into the room and looked around expectantly.

Tynkynen abruptly stopped talking.

The director of communications for the Parliament gave up his seat in the middle of the table and Ilkka Kanerva sat down, as if expecting applause.

Kanerva is the former Foreign Affairs minister and Finland's longest serving MP.

He immediately zeroed in on journalism fellow Amara Bangura, saying he must be "the one" who was not from Canada.

"So how are things in Sierra Leone," he asked, in a patronizing tone that made us all squirm.

Amara leaned away from the table, swung an arm over the back of his chair, sighed and said "It's good", leaving no doubt that would be the extent of his response.

Then Kanerva talked for about five minutes about nothing in particular.

We were relieved when our hosts said it was time to move on.

On our way out, they were apologetic.

Kanerva was supposed to meet with us an hour earlier, we were told.

Instead he showed up during Tynkynen's scheduled time.

That could have been chalked up a political ploy, but there was something else about the guy that jarred our journalistic instincts.

On the way to the next presentation, we discovered it.

A story in Der Spiegel informed us that Kanerva lost his post as Foreign Affairs minister after a sexting scandal with the leader of the 'Scandinavian Dolls' erotic dance troupe.

Sure he was no crack-smoking mayor, but after days of squeaky-clean Finnish positivity, it made us feel a little more at home to know Finland has its scoundrels too.



What happens in the Dining Room ...

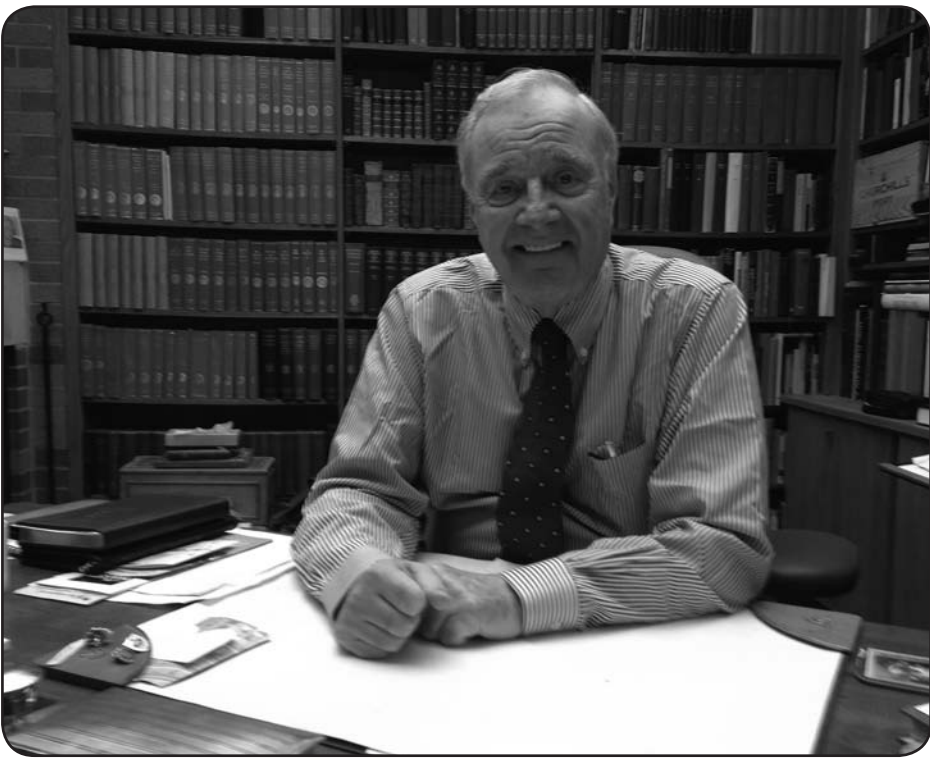
A few scraps from the journalists' lunch table

PHOTO BY DAVID RIDER



TORONTO CITY COUNCILLOR DOUG FORD, THE BROTHER OF MAYOR ROB FORD, WAS ONE OF OUR THURSDAY LUNCH GUESTS

PHOTO BY JODY PORTER



FORMER PRIME MINISTER PAUL MARTIN WAS ONE OF OUR THURSDAY LUNCH GUESTS

PHOTO BY JODY PORTER



URSULA FRANKLIN, MASSEY SENIOR FELLOW, PROFESSOR EMERITUS AND PEACE ACTIVIST WAS ONE OF OUR THURSDAY LUNCH GUESTS

JODY PORTER

From a former sex trade worker to a former Prime Minister; from one of the country’s most conservative politicians to one of the world’s biggest champions of social justice, our lunch guests brought us perspectives that stretched the limits of our experience and our thinking. You could call it Extreme Dining.

The great food and formal setting was such a contrast to the feeding frenzy of a media scrum that it took a while for six seasoned reporters to get the hang of more conversational interrogation. The lunchtime discussions are off-the-record, but here are some highlights:

Bridgette Perrier spared few details about her former life, lured into the sex trade when she was a child growing up in Thunder Bay. (You could almost hear the former Masters’ portraits rattling on the wall at the explicitness of that lunch.) Bridgette’s experience shines a light on the growing concerns about missing and murdered Indigenous women in Canada.

In a reflective mood, former Prime Minister Paul Martin mused about the coalescing of western science and Indigenous worldviews, and asked us to weigh in on what that could mean for the environmental movement in Canada.

Former CBC foreign correspondent Brian Stewart had us spellbound with his stories and inspired by his optimism about the future of journalism, a much-needed antidote to the challenges facing the industry laid out by Torstar board chair John Honderich and CBC president Hubert Lacroix.

Doug Ford stood by his brother Rob, months before we knew whether either of them would be running for re-election. But it is clear that junior fellow Jennifer Kolz didn’t take any campaign advice from

the Fords when she later ran for Don of Hall. At lunch, Doug begged Jen to join the conversation and ask him a question. Her silence said a lot.

Ursula Franklin also sat quietly through a lunch with the German Consul General in January, but then she let us have it after the coffee was served. Her eloquent, impassioned critique of the weak response to government attacks on science left most of our chins on the table. Her willingness to spend time with us, and share her wisdom is a highlight of the fellowship. May future journalism fellows be so lucky.

Other lunch guests included:

- Former Senior Journalism Fellow Abraham Rotstein
- Toronto Star columnist Haroon Siddiqui
- Greenpeace campaigner Richard Brooks
- Freelance journalist Laura Robinson
- German Consul General Walter Stechel
- Director of the Canada Centre for Global Security Studies and the Citizen Lab at the Munk School of Global Affairs, Ron Deibert
- Senior Journalism Fellow Robert Johnson
- Mathematics Professor Emeritus Chandler Davis, who was jailed in the U.S. during the McCarthy era
- Artist and environmental activist Franke James
- Jack Diamond, architect
- City of Toronto Ombudsman Fiona Crean
- Finnish Ambassador Charles Murto
- Toronto mayoral candidate Karen Stintz
- Journalist Tony Burman
- Director of the Program on Water Issues at the Munk School of Global Affairs, Adele Hurley
- Truth and Reconciliation Commission executive director Kimberly Murray

Putting on our thinking caps

The journalism fellowship's real prize is the ability to study any subject at the University of Toronto. We asked each fellow about their experience:

1. *Was your journalism fellowship what you expected?*

Kelly Crowe: The fellowship exceeded all of my expectations. It occurred to me, sitting in the leafy Quadrangle on a warm October day, between classes, at an hour when I would normally be trapped at my desk, filing madly for a deadline, that I hadn't appreciated just how rare an opportunity this would be when I first applied. I had never imagined I would one day be spending afternoons sitting in a library, sun streaming through the window, reading the original writings of Galileo, Newton and Einstein, for the sheer joy of learning, free from the need to write an essay, pass an exam or file a two-minute item for that night's television newscast. For eight months I was able to follow my curiosity, as it led me down so many twisting paths, and I often found myself lost in the stacks of the Robarts Library, my arms aching from the pile of books I had stumbled upon as I searched for a particular volume. I will certainly miss that library card!

Amara Bangura: I got far more than what I was expecting. The High Tables, Winter Ball and Massey Talks were not in my dreams when I applied for the fellowship but they were all part of what made my fellowship a

wonderful one.

José Peralta: No. It was much more than that. My expectations were high but the experience turned out to be even better!

Jody Porter: All the former fellows I talked to said Massey was the best year of their lives. I didn't believe them, until I got there. Far exceeded my expectations.

Véronique Morin: In many ways, the fellowship turned out to be different than I anticipated. I thought I would “unplug” for 8 months, instead I got more connected than ever. The balance between social gatherings and intellectual work was a pleasant surprise and part of the mind-opening experience.

David Rider: I expected a great mind-broadening experience and a break from deadline madness. Most surprising was the chance to bond intensely, and make friends for life, with five people I would otherwise have never met.

2. *What was your favourite course and why?*

Kelly: My favourite course was Philosophy of Physics, taught by the amazing professor James Brown. I have long held an interest in physics, although I lack the mathematical background to really grasp the mind-bending theories. I was hoping to find a tolerant professor who would let me fumble along trying to wrap my brain around the theory, even though I could never hope to follow the mathematical calculations. Enter Professor Brown, announcing that the theories of

mathematics and physics are among the "great achievements of humanity" and a "truly cultured person would know the basics of Einstein's special relativity just as they would know Shakespeare or Beethoven." He then proceeded to teach us that beautiful theory in a single two-hour class. Likewise with Cantor's diagonal proof, something I was thrilled to learn although it's rather hard to fit into a conversation.

Amara: “Gender Stereotyping” at Victoria College. Prof. Rebecca Cook gave me a good introduction to the various forms of stereotyping affecting women. It became my best course when she donated some expensive books to me.

José: A course about social media, because it showed me where our profession is heading and gave me new tools I'll need in the short term to deal with that.

Jody: My semiotics class was the most fun because Prof. Marcel Danesi is as much entertainer as prof. My 'Canada by Treaty' history course was also among my favourites as it is so applicable to my work.

Véronique: All my courses were valuable, but my favourite was a Research Ethics seminar with Trudo Lemmens. The content was extremely valuable, and I was also impressed by the attendance — health care professionals, doctors, midwives, hospital administrators, people with tremendous experience and gut wrenching questions.

David: Freedom of Expression and the Press taught by the brilliant David Lepofsky. I read

200 pages per week and tried to keep up with 3rd- and 4th-year law students. Every class felt like I was going into a knife fight. I loved it.

3. *What was your favourite place at U of T?*

Kelly: The Laidlaw Library at University College became my go-to hideaway, with its cathedral ceilings and high windows. It was blissfully quiet and close enough to Massey College that I could slip away for some reading and yet get back in time for whatever Massey event popped up next on the calendar. And there was always something fascinating happening at Massey that I did not want to miss.

Amara: My favourite place would be New College, there's a bar just on the side of the street where colleagues and I would catch up after class to sip wine and discuss our course work. They actually owe me a \$5 wine charge that I was suppose to collect before leaving.

José: Well Massey ranks very high, specially the round room. Another place I loved was old Victoria College.

Jody: The roof of House I.

Véronique: Ondaatje hall, where I loved meeting fellows, professors, great minds and spirited people.

David: The Junior Common Room. Settling down there with a coffee and my books or a newspaper, chatting with other Massey folks or visitors, was like a day at the (intellectual) spa.

Acknowledgements

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Layout and production by Diana McNally.

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CONGRATULATIONS!

winners of the

William Southam 2014 – 2015 Journalism Fellowships



CATHERINE SOLYOM

Webster McConnell Fellow
Feature Writer and Reporter,
The Montreal Gazette



LISA GODFREY

CBC/Radio Canada Fellow
Senior Producer “Q”,
CBC Network Talk



SAMMY AWAMI

Gordon N. Fisher/JHR Fellow
The Citizen Newspaper,
Tanzania



SARAH LAZAROVIC

Kierans Janigan Fellow
Freelance Visual Journalist



ANGELA STERRITT

St. Clair Balfour Fellow
Reporter/Editor CBC North

Good Moon rising



Peter Moon has been awarded a Clarkson Laureateship in Public Service. Named in honour of former Governor-General Adrienne Clarkson, the award “seeks to honour each year a member of the Massey College community whose conspicuous commitment to public service is worthy of emulation and appreciation.” It is the highest honour the College can bestow. Peter, a Massey College alumnus, was cited for his 38-year career as a journalist and, since his retirement from The Globe and Mail, for his 14 years of military service as a Canadian Ranger in the Canadian Army. He is Canada’s oldest active soldier, turning 80 in June.

8. ^{The}Owl

— Journalism Fellow travels back in time —



ALL PHOTOS THIS STORY BY JODY PORTER

BY JODY PORTER

Imagine a job where only the words matter; where your hands get too dirty and the rhythm of your work too entrancing that, for hours, it's impossible to even consider consulting your smart phone. I found such a refuge in the Massey College print shop. No one can remember the last time a journalism fellow apprenticed in the 'bib' room. For me it made perfect

sense. The physicality of the work was a balm for days spent spinning stories into air in the 'real' world of radio journalism. The press, after all, is the foundation of our craft. I handled actual 'slugs', set type from both the 'lower' and the 'upper' cases and made certain when I 'put it to bed' not to go past the 'deadline'. The smell of ink, the 'kiss' of the press and the sweet satisfaction of turning words into art are among my fondest Massey memories.



Massey After Dark
College goes bump (and grind) in the night



AMARA BANGURA AND JOSÉ PERALTA

It happens now and then that, when the lights go off, other things go on. During this Massey College 50th anniversary, The Owl can report celebrations of all sorts at all hours. Master Fraser duly warned us. He has, over the years, stumbled upon trysts in the Junior Common Room, study carrels — even the chapel. Rather than cough discreetly and walk away, he would stand over them and say something both stern and witty, triggering screams and dashes to dorms. We like to think he then adjusted his bowtie. Here is the result of The Owl's nocturnal observations. High Tables have a twin (some say “evil”) sister named Low Tables. A chance for Junior Fellows and other participants to converse and drink in a relaxed environment. Such dorm parties spark “After Dark” magic. People vanish together only to reappear an hour later. Party hosts make all but one guest

disappear from their room. While undoubtedly special, however, such connections were not restricted to special occasions. Journalists who made Massey home had cause to roam hallways and passages at all hours. We spied junior fellows slip out of each other's rooms to make the “walk of shame” home, and heard strange noises emanate from the computer room. Prime perches for The Owl's “After Dark” observations were the upper and lower libraries. They provide excellent space for fellows to research and write papers, with perfect quiet and comfortable chairs. They are also excellent rendezvous spots. Their tracks led to the aforementioned computer room and carrels. The laundry room is also, like those spots, often unlit. That results in some energy saved, and other energy expended. In conclusion, we advise future fellows to tread carefully, cough loudly and, in the morning, just smile and nod.



PHOTO BY MILAN ILNYCKYJ