

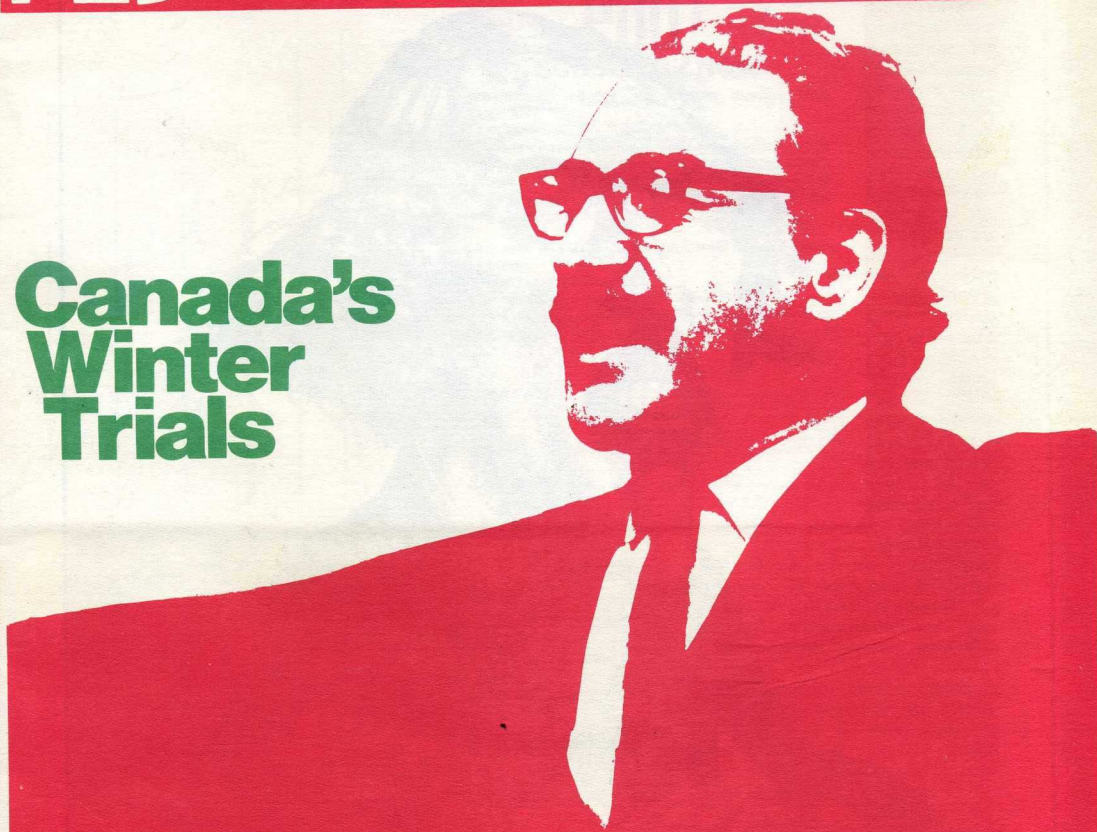
**LADY
POD**

THE LAST POST Vol. 1 No. 6

Price 50 cents

**LADY
POD**

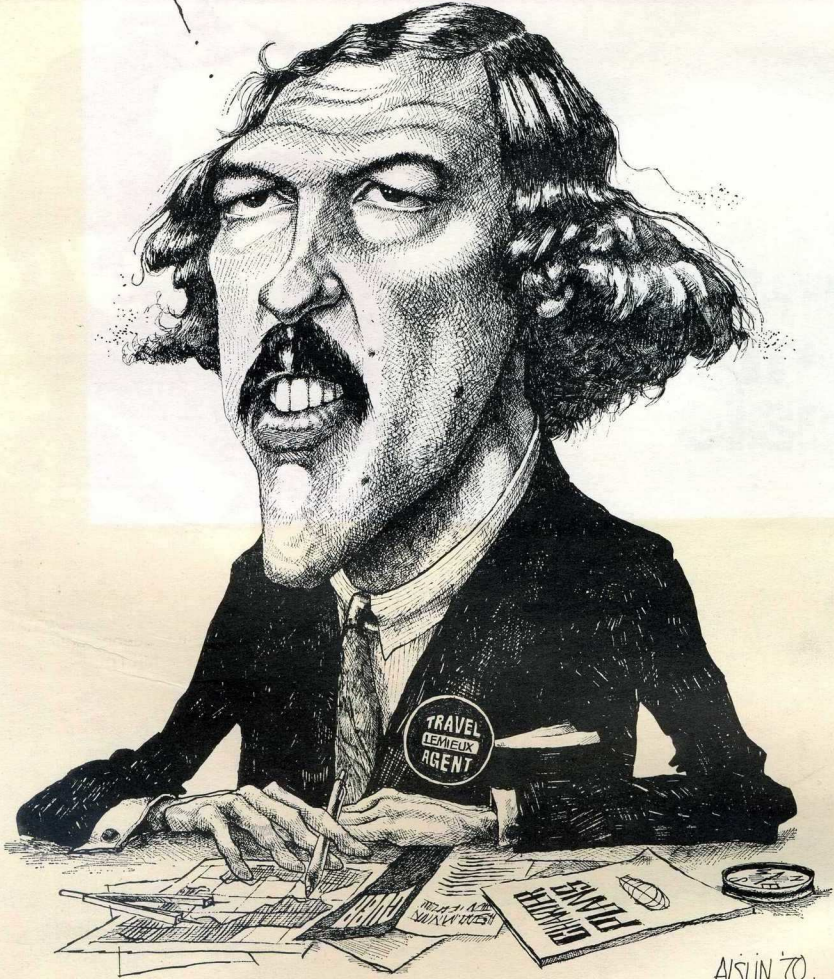
Canada's Winter Trials



- **political prisoners**
- **economic prisoners**

Michel Chartrand

GETTING THERE
IS HALF THE FUN!



FLQ NEGOTIATOR, ROBERT LEMIEUX

CONTENTS

News Briefs	4
Marginalia	12
Report on Business	14
Michel Chartrand's 30-year conspiracy by <i>Simone Chartrand</i>	16
Economic Prisons	23-43
The Rexdale plant by <i>Rae Murphy</i>	24
Women and the labor market	28
Waiting down East	34
Sudbury's trailer camp by <i>Richard Liskeard</i>	39
Reviews	44
Letters	50

The Last Post is published by an editorial co-operative. Production this issue: Nick Auf der Maur, Frank Brayton, Drummond Burgess, Robert Chodos, Tom Clasper, Margaret Davidson, John Dufort, Clara Gutsche, Richard Liskeard, Patrick MacFadden, Brian McKenna, Terry Mosher, Rae Murphy, Marc Raboy.

Published by The Last Post, Post Office Box 98, Station G, Montreal 130, Quebec. Typeset by Northern Press Graphics, 750, rue Lucerne, Mount Royal, Quebec. Printed by Les Editions du Richelieu, 100, rue Boutillier, St. Jean, Quebec. Manuscripts and correspondence should be addressed to The Last Post, Post Office Box 98, Station G, Montreal 130, Quebec. Contents Copyright, 1971; Second Class Mailing Registration No. 2315. Postage paid at Montreal. Subscriptions sent free to prison addresses. Issue of September 1970. Publication date: January 1971.



There isn't much of a leap from the political prisoners of the War Measures Act on trial in Quebec, to the trailer camp in Sudbury housing migrant Maritime laborers, to women thrown onto the employment market as cheap labor.

The War Measures Act and the trials are kin to the unemployment statistics. The difference between the political prisoners and the economic prisoners is primarily that the former have been outspoken, while most of the latter are a silent mass. Otherwise, their prisons are not substantially different. We hope to illustrate in this issue that the economic prisons are similar to the trials in that both are the results of political decisions—that unemployment is not just like an unusually cold winter created by a freak climatic pattern.

For these reasons, we have tried to merge these two streams in this issue—the background to the trials and the portrait of Michel Chartrand, and some aspects of the economic garbage can into which millions of people have been thrown.

In passing, we'd like to thank those who took the trouble to express their thoughts on our last issue, immediately following the imposition of the War Measures Act. The response to Vol. 1, No. 5 was gratifying beyond our wildest hopes—the magazine sold out in almost all our outlets. That response has been one indication that English Canadian support for the government's Quebec policy is not as unanimous as Mr. Trudeau would have us believe.

Finally, another word of thanks to those who have contributed money to the magazine. We survive entirely on reader-support, and with these thanks, we add a further plea for continuing support from all of you...



p. 6: Poigné

* Cover by Jessica



p. 16: Chartrand



p. 24: 15KY8A



p. 28: Women

QUEBEC

The plot against Quebec—II

After the immediate shock of the War Measures Act died down, Quebec entered its winter of silence. It was an eerie, unnatural quiet, punctuated occasionally by the angry courtroom speeches of the province's political prisoners. Groups that would normally be in the streets thought it better to lie low. Newspapers, which had poured out reams of copy on the crisis, again found themselves groping for news.

Now, the atmosphere has begun to change. On Christmas Day, the first public demonstration since the War Measures Act was passed took place outside the jail where the male prisoners were being held, and it was followed by a similar demonstration outside the women's prison on January 1. Within the next two weeks, two groups of Université de Montréal students demonstrated outside the so-called New Courthouse in downtown Montreal. And there were signs that there was more to come.

Larger demonstrations were being planned to protest the imprisonment of Michel Chartrand, the trade union leader who was arrested under the War Measures Act, charged with seditious conspiracy and membership in the FLQ, denied bail, and sentenced to a year for contempt of court before even coming to trial.

Meanwhile, Quebec artists and entertainers organized a new version of *Poèmes et chants de la résistance*, which had successfully toured the province in 1969 to raise money for the defence of Pierre Vallières and Charles Gagnon. Now, a wider spectrum of artists was getting involved—people like Gilles Vigneault, who sings of rural Quebec and its people and had previously been tri-



ROBERT LANGEVIN

cent to become involved in political action.

The focus of all this activity is the courthouse, and the showcase trials that will keep the courtrooms busy for the next several months at least. Already, daily television reports on French stations in Montreal have taken on the air of a sports rundown, featuring highlights, points scored, and dramatic reports direct from the field.

For it is not only the fifty-odd political prisoners who are on trial. It is also the federal and Quebec governments, which have yet to prove their thesis that a coup d'état was about to take place in Quebec in mid-October—the 'apprehended insurrection' on which they based their introduction of the War Measures Act and the subsequent Public Order (Temporary Measures) Act.

Previous attempts by the governments to back up their claims have melted under any sort of close examination. There were Jean Marchand's 3,000 terrorists, Robert Bourassa's four-stage plan, the provisional government plot. None of them turned out to have any substance. Now, the governments are presented

with another chance—perhaps their last—to bring forward concrete evidence of a narrowly-averted October coup d'état.

The first person to go on trial was Robert Langevin, charged with having written and published a seditious libel. The prosecution's entire case was based on a high-school notebook, which the 21-year-old student had filled with his fantasies and then shown to a friend.

Extracts from what was called a blueprint for revolution include:

"The movement would comprise: one supreme committee with 10 members; one level of staff officers, 50 regional commanders; 10 cells in each region, 50 members; 10 regional cell leaders, 50 members; across Quebec, 500 cells. Five members in each cell equals 50 members per region; 500 cells equals 2,500 members. The entire movement would equal 3,060 members.

"Each region would have one regional commander, 10 cell leaders and 50 members for a total of 61 patriots. Sixty-one multiplied by 50 equals 3,050 patriots in the province, plus 10 in the supreme council equals 3,060. And there would never be one member more than 3,060. The movement will remain at that number because it will only comprise trusted members and will thus be able to prevent any reason that would be fatal to Quebec."

So much for the specifics. The rest of the "detailed plan" explains how the 3,060 men are to accomplish the revolution:

"The biggest cleanup has to be made in all the rural regions. When not a single police station and nothing capitalist remains in the rural regions, we will

be able to gather our cells in the cities and launch our attack on whatever is left. Operation Revolution... consists of rallying various groups and turning them into battalions. This will have to be done very quickly. We will lead all those people against the remaining enemy forces. After that we will reorganize all our forces and prepare our defence."

To the police who uncovered the notebook in a friend's apartment, this was a serious strategy for revolution. In fact, the entire document bore more of a resemblance to a small town pop group's dreamy plans for getting to the top of the hit parade.

Langevin's lawyer cited "l'air un peu cowboy" of the writings, and argued that they were little more than the day-dreams of a student, that it was impossible to accept the document seriously. No evidence was offered that anyone even considered implementing it, let alone acted on it. The jury evidently agreed and acquitted Langevin of seditious libel, although he still faces charges of seditious conspiracy and membership in the FLQ.

The Crown's opening case would have been greeted with amusement if it were not becoming increasingly obvious that this was the kind of evidence on which the War Measures Act and the crushing of political opposition in Quebec was to rest. The Crown's firm belief that Langevin's alleged plan was serious and meant to be carried out was demonstrated by its decision to appeal his acquittal.

The opening blast in the court battles actually came a week earlier, when Judge Roger Ouimet sentenced Michel Chartrand to a year in prison for contempt of court. Chartrand had requested that Judge Ouimet excuse himself from his trial because of partiality. In his now-traditional courtroom manner, he cited personal remarks against him and other accused made by the judge in the corridor.

Several other contempt sentences have also been handed down at the judicial proceedings arising out of the trial, and liberal use of this arbitrary power is expected to continue.

Roger Ouimet's acquaintance with Michel Chartrand goes back a long time. They worked together in the Action libérale nationale, a group that broke away from the Liberal Party in the 1930s. Ouimet later went back to the Liberals, and after being defeated as a Liberal candidate was made a crown prosecutor and later a judge.

He has developed a reputation for being exceptionally severe in trials and hearings with political overtones. Two

years ago, he sentenced Pierre Vallières to seven months for contempt.

Ironically, he is a direct descendant of André Ouimet, a Patriote who was hanged for his part in the 1837 rebellion and after whom an FLQ cell is named. He is also a son-in-law of Mackenzie King's old justice minister, Ernest Lapointe, and a brother-in-law of Hugues Lapointe, lieutenant-governor of Quebec.

Defence lawyers and accused have charged that the political powers, and particularly Justice Minister Jérôme Choquette, have seriously compromised the principle of judicial independence from government control. They say that the timing of the trials and the choice of judges is being carefully orchestrated for maximum effect. The justice department has also removed from the courts the final power of deciding on bail.

On another front, the Quebec government's attempt to institute strict controls on what is said in the province's schoolrooms has, on the surface, amounted to very little.

At the height of the October crisis, the government hinted that several hundred teachers were actively brainwashing students into becoming revolutionaries. An Inquiry Commission was set up to examine political complaints about teachers. While teachers' associations and even the Montreal Catholic School Commission belatedly protested the presence of a government-appointed commissioner investigating classroom utterances, government spokesmen indicated that the problem was serious and big.

But the government's revolutionary teachers ultimately met the same fate as its apprehended insurrection. After sifting through all the complaints the commissioner, Abbé Gérard Dion of



JUDGE OUIMET
Partial to contempt

Laval University, reported at first that maybe 200 complaints merited a second look. Later, he found only ten complaints substantial enough to go to the complaints committee. To date, no teacher has been found guilty of indoctrinating his youthful charges.

Nevertheless, the Inquiry Commission's purpose had been served. In the present atmosphere, teachers holding other than the official position on the events refrain from discussing anything topical in the classroom.

(Reportedly, Commissioner Dion did not look into the case of the Protestant School Board of Greater Montreal, which marched all its children into auditoriums to hear a reading or a tape of Prime Minister Trudeau's October 16 address to the nation justifying the War Measures Act.)

Now that the danger of insurrection has passed, Premier Bourassa has announced that the Public Order (Temporary Measures) Act will not be enforced,



MORE TO COME?

although on the other hand, it will not be repealed either. Leaving the Act on the books appears to be part of the institutionalization of the new powers that were adopted during the crisis.

In Ottawa, new legislation is being prepared to replace the Act when it expires April 30. Another report out of Ottawa is that a new federal undercover police branch is about to be set up. And Prime Minister Trudeau said in early December that Canadians can expect "more permanent checking on people" coupled with "more sophisticated police methods."

In the Montreal area, police activity on campuses and in left-wing circles has been stepped up. The RCMP has reportedly been recruiting informers at a going rate of \$150 per week.

Government thinking on the matter was perhaps best illustrated by a recent statement by Jean Cournoyer, who succeeded Pierre Laporte as Quebec's Labor Minister. Commenting on the latest unemployment figures, he said the province may face revolution because the suffering resulting from being out of work might lead unemployed people to the conclusion that "this society is no good for them.

"...What I am afraid of is that we will not have a sufficient number of policemen to control the probably natural attitude of the people who will have suffered by the system."

It was an entirely different approach to unemployment from the one the government had adopted during the election campaign last April, when Robert Bourassa had swept the province with his promise to create 100,000 new jobs. Early in January, the department of industry and commerce released figures showing the balance sheet for 1970: a total of 10,000 new jobs had been created, while 23,000 more people had been added to the swelling ranks of the unemployed.

Government spokesmen followed this up by saying that the 100,000 new jobs mentioned in the election campaign represented an objective, not a promise. At the end of 1970, the government's hopes of meeting that objective were on the skids. Nor could it blame the whole problem on separatism or the FLQ, unless the Front could also be blamed for similar rates in the Maritimes, British Columbia, and parts of the United States.

The outlook for 1971 doesn't appear much more promising. Among the first job casualties were the waiters, cooks, and musicians at Mayor Jean Drapeau's luxury restaurant in downtown Montreal, le Vaisseau d'Or.

Without any prior announcement, the

restaurant closed its doors at the beginning of January. When asked about it, the Mayor assured the public that the closure was for renovations to make the restaurant even better, closer to the people. There was absolutely no truth to the rumors that it was in financial trouble.

But for once, Drapeau's PR efforts and wishful thinking were crushed by harsh reality. A week later, the Windsor Hotel, in which the restaurant is located, slapped le Vaisseau d'Or with a \$42,000 suit for unpaid back rent.

How the Mayor will respond to this particular embarrassment is still not known. For the moment, he has become one of the first people of the new year to realize that if you can't stand the heat, you have to get out of the kitchen.

A matter of evolution

The word that best describes Jacques Lanctot and Marc Carbonneau is **poigné**.

There is no single English word that quite conveys the meaning—single-minded, seized by something, completely committed to an idea. Lanctot and Carbonneau went about doing what they felt they had to do with an all-consuming passion. They gave up everything. Their family lives were shunted aside. All their time, all their energies, all their skills became devoted to one cause. In the words of James Cross, a man who came to know them rather well, they are "dedicated revolutionaries."

Their commitment led them to carry out an act that others had only talked about. And their kidnapping of James Cross touched off Canada's most profound political crisis in a generation. How Lanctot and Carbonneau became **poigné**, then, is a matter of importance.

According to the commercial press, it's a matter of their being criminally demented, or victims of tragic circumstances, forced into criminality. Carbonneau is reported to have become what he is because he failed in his lifelong dream of owning his own taxi, and because his wife started running around with other men. Neither stands up to examination.

According to Lanctot and Carbonneau, it was a matter of evolution.



MURRAY HILL, OCT. 7, 1969

In any case, both of them became politicized early in their lives.

Marc Carboneau, the older of the two, was active in left-wing groups in Quebec in the fifties. He was politically active for 15 years, as a worker, before finally joining the FLQ.

Jacques Lanctot wrote poems when he was 17 years old, about establishment power and social justice.

A year later, in 1963, he wound up in jail for being involved in what was called the mini-FLQ, kids whose imaginations were caught by the original FLQ, which they attempted to imitate by throwing molotov cocktails at federal armories.

Later, both Carboneau and Lanctot were taxi drivers, activists in the Mouvement de Libération du Taxi (Last Post, Vol. 1, no. 3). At first, the taxi drivers had tried to accomplish their goals legally and democratically, but they found it was only when violence flared that the politicians sat up and took notice. And the drivers felt that when reforms were proffered, this was not done from a sense of justice, but only to keep them quiet, to mollify them. According to friends, their MLT experience taught Lanctot and Carboneau that the powers that be won't change anything for the little man unless they are forced to.

During the St. Jean Baptiste Day demonstration in 1968, Lanctot was arrested and beaten by the police. (Montreal police have since learned how to deal with crowds intelligently.) When he arrived at the station, there was more to come. Rumors were circulating that several police were killed (in fact, no one was) and the police were incensed. Lanctot was forced to run the gauntlet between two lines of police and was beaten severely. It took nearly two months for him to recover from his injuries.

During the Oct. 7, 1969, attack on the Murray Hill Limousine Company garage, both Lanctot and Carboneau were shot by company guards. The latter got a load of buckshot in his rear end and couldn't drive a cab for weeks, while his buddy ended up on crutches. Carboneau's brother was shot in the back and ended up in hospital, and a plainclothes policeman was killed by a shotgun blast. Another 25 demonstrators were wounded.

At the Coroner's inquest, it was demonstrated that Murray Hill guards were armed with shotguns. One demonstrator had gone home and returned with a rifle. The Coroner failed to attach blame for the policeman's death.

Carboneau and Lanctot saw this as proof that the system was prepared to

legalize murder, that laws were a farce because they were only enforced against the little guy without power.

This personal experience, along with extensive knowledge of Quebec history, brought them to the conclusion that violence was justified.

Politics became their overriding interest. Sometimes Carboneau would engage a customer in a political discussion, and then spend an hour or two parked in the taxi in argument. The more active he became, the less revenue came in.

Lanctot and Carboneau described their experiences in a tape recording sent to *Choc*, a Quebec monthly tabloid.

"What led to me join the Front," said Jacques Lanctot, "and to take action, the direct means to change government and its institutions, was, let's say, a progressive discovery which came about especially during the last two years when I started driving a taxi.

"I think, like all Québécois and Mont-realers who live in the East End and who haven't seen much, that when you enter the labor market, you discover a world you never knew before. I began to drive a taxi. It was a totally new world. I discovered unknown places... like the Town of Mount Royal. I discovered Hampstead, these little-known places for the rich, places we vaguely knew of. I discovered people I never even knew existed, who I began to rub elbows with: 'big bosses,' financiers, judges that we drove around everyday in our taxis... we saw how they lived, where they 'stayed'... and that opened my eyes. It was a hell of a discovery, a

pretty brutal one.

"At the same time we, that is to say the taxi drivers, we discovered solidarity. We met and talked about all that and understood that we were all the same, we had the same problems and we transported the same clients... we were the scum, dirt, nothings."

Friends of Lanctot said that he always preferred working in the English west end of the city, that he liked to observe how 'they' lived.

At night he used to pick up fares at the clubs. One place he remembers was the New Penelope, a folk and rock coffee place, what is commonly called a youth hangout. A friend commented: "He used to say that he found it funny that they wore old, dirty clothes and then paid with a \$20 bill when he drove them home. He became friendly with some of them. But they found it peculiar that he liked to wear a suit and a white shirt on Sundays. They didn't understand that working-class people like to feel clean on Sundays.

"They were English and they smoked pot. They tried to turn the French kids on. That was fine for the English but Québécois have different problems. Frantz Fanon (Wretched of the Earth) had a very important influence on him. It taught him the meaning of colonization. It also taught him there's a huge difference between French radicals and English radicals. He didn't like their softness and detested their drugs."

According to Lanctot, the road to being a revolutionary lies in identifying with the people. "We (the FLQ) had to



Lanctot and Carboneau were interviewed on television the day after the 1969 police strike



Carbonneau and friends meet Montreal alderman John Lynch-Staunton (grinning)

stop being on the fringes, that is, guys distinguishable from others by our hair, our beards, attitudes, styles of dress or the places we hung out. We realized that to be truly effective, we had to stop being different from everyone else...we had to be like fish in water, moving imperceptibly. That means we could be the most revolutionary of revolutionaries while remaining the same as others, having the same problems, living the same, dressing the same as everybody else. That's very important."

Both described the kidnapping of Mr. Cross in the tape recording to *Choc*.

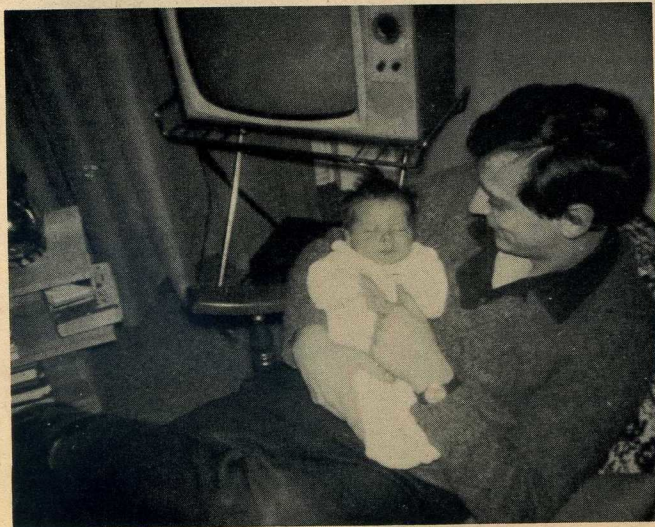
"It was our baptism of fire...nevertheless everything went smoothly. Three of us went into the house to get Mr. Cross. At first, we were fairly nervous. We went in with a package, a parcel for

his birthday...we got him while he was still in bed, took him out, dressed him...then we left the house and carried him off...

"One thing that was funny about that operation, was that we made one error, one single error...some will say it was a big error...no one put on his mask like we had planned to do.

"Each of us had a hood in our pocket, but, due to our nervousness, nobody thought of putting on the hood to cover his face."

Mrs. Cross was able to identify her husband's kidnapers. Now Carbonneau and Lanctot are in Cuba. Others are in jail. But exile and jail have never deterred those who are *poigné*, or stopped more people from becoming like them.



LANCTOT & SON BORIS

Nice place to visit

There's a magazine printed in Quebec that few Canadians will ever see, unless they happen to be policemen. It's called *Scanlan's*—an American monthly devoted to investigative reporting run by an ex-reporter of *The New York Times* and an ex-publisher of *Ramparts*.

If Timesman Sydney Zion and Ramparteer Warren Hinckle III are unlikely bedfellows, so are the American government and the Montreal police. But Zion and Hinckle put out *Scanlan's* together every month. And the Americans and the police have just ended a joint venture of suppression in Quebec.

Scanlan's was seized by Montreal police in early December: 80,000 copies from a Montreal bindery warehouse and another 22,000 on their way to New York aboard a transport company truck. They were taken because the Americans wanted them taken.

"I talked to some American officials who I can't name, but they told me the magazine would be seized at the border. So it didn't matter who took them, us or them," said Guy Toupin, an assistant chief inspector of the Montreal police.

Then, was he working with the American officials?

"Well, you might say that."

Was there co-operation?

"Yes."

Who talked with the Americans?

"I'm not sure but they were higher up than me."

According to Toupin, the magazines were "terrorist". The December issue was devoted entirely to the urban guerilla and, on several of its pages, reprinted a manual explaining how to make a bomb or mount a successful crossfire. In short, what's readily available on the shelves of most Canadian libraries, in any number of army training manuals. Toupin, though, had a more personal complaint: "They call policemen pigs. That's no way to treat our public servants...we can't allow that in Canada."

Perhaps a predictable reaction from an affronted policeman.

But it came ten days after the magazine had been checked by the RCMP, the Quebec Police Force and the Montreal Police, all of whom said the magazine contravened no statute and was

acceptable under the terms of the War Measures Act. Why did Inspector Toupin—ten days later—decide it was “terrorist”?

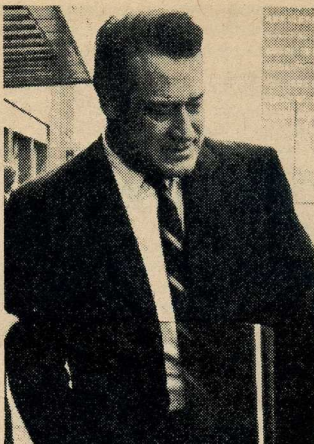
He couldn't explain his late start but did say the magazine hadn't come to his attention before then. Who brought it to his attention? “Ah, that I can't say.”

Inspector Toupin had made Scanlan's the exclusive property of the Montreal police on Thursday night, December 10. Several hours earlier, American customs officials confiscated 6,000 copies of the magazine that had been airfreighted to the West Coast. Threatened with legal action by Scanlan's, the customs people released the copies two hours later.

It was left up to the Montreal police to make sure that Americans didn't learn how to make a bomb. Of course, if there is a country in the world where libraries carry more how-to manuals than Canada, it is the United States.

The Montreal police got a chance to dictate to American readership when Scanlan's hired a printer in St. Jean, Quebec. Union shops in the United States had refused to touch the magazine because it had offended American labor an issue earlier by photographing a group of union leaders luncheon with President Nixon. It also ran capsule biographies of each man and, in doing so, produced long records of criminal and strong-arm activities among members of the group.

The printing shops said they weren't happy about the hatchet job done on their leaders. Presumably the issue offended Nixon as well. Sydney Zion said Nixon's reaction was behind the American intervention. But Inspector Toupin



JEROME CHOQUETTE
*Let Scanlan's out,
but not back in*

didn't have much to say about that. His interest was in stamping out terrorism.

So he held the magazine for five weeks, all the while talking about the sedition charges the city's lawyers were preparing against Scanlan's.

But for all the righteous discussion of terrorism and the need to protect Quebec during its time of crisis, the charge finally came down to Scanlan's failing to register for printing in Quebec. Maximum sentence? Twenty dollars.

The magazine paid the twenty and that—after a couple of weeks of red tape—was that. In all, it had been delayed six weeks, a lengthy period of time for a monthly magazine with distribution commitments.

Gradually, the affair had become embarrassing for the police and city administration. Uncomfortable questions were being asked by the media and perhaps everyone thought it better to be rid of the problem (no sedition charges), letting the obscured issue—hands across the border—die quietly.

Quebec Justice Minister, Jérôme Choquette, helped ease the embarrassment, treating the whole affair very simply: let the magazines out but don't let them back in. His department refused a Montreal distributor permission to handle the magazine. Every other Canadian distributor contacted by Scanlan's has refused to touch it as well.

So the police/American-officialdom alliance was satisfied. The Americans were able to harass indirectly and painlessly. The Montreal police are owed a favor and Inspector Guy Toupin can sleep quietly. He did a good job.

CANADA

'A little service'

A couple of days after Jim Bryson, a 21-year-old unemployed youth, blew into Moose Jaw last December, he was stopped by a uniformed cop in a marked car who went through the usual routine questioning about drugs, and how much money he had, and why he was visiting this metropolis of the Canadian west.

All pretty routine until the questioner swung his attention to a house, a co-op, not far from where Bryson was residing. Did Bryson know them? Did he know whether or not they were doing drugs? Finally—would Bryson be willing to perform the police a service? Yes, Bryson knew them. No, Bryson said, the guy who runs this particular co-op is pretty down on drugs. Yes, said Bryson, curious about what the police might be after, he might be willing to perform the Moose Jaw police force a service.

Bryson went to the co-op and recounted the interview. They urged him to play along with the cops, in the hope they might be able to get enough information to expose certain tactics of the force.

Two days later, Bryson was again contacted by a plainclothesman, a detective sergeant, by phone. The detective arranged to pick Bryson up at his place in 15 minutes. When he arrived, the detective began talking about “the household” down the block, and repeated the request that Bryson perform a service for his force.

Would Bryson help his force in getting these people arrested on a drug charge? Bryson played along, but immediately got in touch with John Conway, a well-known New Democratic Party organizer, people at CBC news in Regina, and the Civil Liberties organization.

The next day Bryson was phoned by the detective again, who asked that he meet him a second time. Bryson went, but this time he was armed with a tape recorder.

The detective asked him—and the conversation is recorded—if Bryson would take narcotics into the house so

Scanlan's

Volume One Number Eight

January 1971

Price: \$1.00

SUPPRESSED ISSUE:

GUERRILLA WAR IN THE USA.

that a raid could be staged, and give the cops an airtight case.

The detective offered his help in obtaining the drugs, and discussed the eventuality that Bryson would be in the house when the raid took place. When the house was raided, the detective assured Bryson, he would be completely immune. Certain pressures would be applied to Bryson in order to cover up to the other people that he was the plant, but that he would not be charged. Bryson would be paid handsomely for his spirit of civic duty. The sum of \$500 was mentioned.

After the meeting Bryson took his tape back to CBC and Civil Liberties, and at this point it was decided to bring the authorities in. The attorney-general's department decided that it would be best to apprise the chief of the Moose Jaw force about doings in his department, and ask the RCMP to do an investigation.

Bryson went to his last meeting with the detective armed with an RCMP tape recorder (the RCMP insisted on its own machine being used) and found his contact had suddenly switched tunes. No longer was the detective using his salty vocabulary, dotted with obscenities, as in previous meetings.

Instead he was speaking slowly and clearly, expressing shock at the idea of planting drugs, that a police force never operates that way, and very clearly: "No, I will not do this type of thing." The detective seemed to be speaking on the public record.

The chief of the Moose Jaw police vigorously denied he had informed the detective of the trap, and his protests have a credible sound to them. If it wasn't he, that left the RCMP and the attorney-general's department.

The story got out, after a fashion. Bryson was interviewed on CBC twice, though his face was not on camera and he was not named. Saskatchewan newspapers passingly mentioned that there was an investigation into a police force going on, but no one, including the CBC, named Moose Jaw, referring instead to a "small Saskatchewan city." And that's where it all died.

But one central point was never brought out.

The detective, in his earlier conversations with Bryson, demonstrated an undue interest in John Conway, the New Democratic Party organizer and member of the party's National Council. He asked Bryson if he thought there was a good chance that Conway would be in the co-op at the time of the raid, and when Bryson replied in the affirmative, the detective expressed some delight.

The incident still remains under "in-

vestigation", with no apparent haste being exercised on anybody's part.

Over to you, Gerald . . .

The quiet revolutions that bring technocratic liberalism to power after long Duplessis-style blackouts are never quite as revolutionary as they seem. And so it is in Nova Scotia, where 14 years of backwoods Tory oligarchy was upset by a slim margin by Gerald Regan's urban-based Liberals in October.

Take jobs on the road. Leaned-on heavily by NDP leader Jeremy Akerman (the NDP's two seats constitute the balance of power in the 46-member house: the Liberals have 23 seats, the Conservatives 21), the Liberals announced grandly that there would be none of the usual "stone age" political firings in the department of highways. Instead, confessed Highways Minister Garnet Brown meekly when it was discovered the axe was falling anyway, some firings will have to take place for reasons of "efficiency." It is apparently true, however, that those being fired are mostly Tory hacks occupying foremen's positions (albeit, to be replaced by Liberal hacks). But if there are few firings among the rank and file of road workers, this has little to do with the beneficence of Liberalism. Quite simply, the roads workers have unionized and were poised to walk out en masse if even one of their members was touched.

Although there was little dancing in the streets over the Liberal victory, in a negative sense it was at least a short-term victory for labor. The former Conservative government's strategy for the election was largely anti-labor muscle-flexing—retaliation for a threatened general strike last summer which made the government back down on Supreme Court sentences handed the striking fishermen of the Canso Strait area (Last Post, Vol. I, no. 5), and retaliation for heavy strike activity in construction over the summer.

Leonard Pace, the lawyer who defended the fishermen at their trial, has been made Labor Minister and Attorney-General in the Regan cabinet. Although he was a lawyer doing a job rather than a crusader for fishermen's rights, labor

in this case has been relieved to receive even the small comforts of Liberalism.

The Conservative alternative was downright ominous: Labor Minister Tom McKeough had flatly refused to give traditional Labor Day greetings to the workmen, and Malachi Jones, the prosecutor in the fishermen's case, was elevated to the Supreme Court shortly before the election reading. (This is in keeping with Nova Scotia tradition. Justice Gordon Cowan, the man who sentenced the fishermen in a display of sheer spite, was himself elevated after a job well done in the 1940's of prosecuting J. K. Bell, the secretary general of the N.S. Federation of Labor and known as "Mr. Labor" in the province, as a Communist).

But if Pace offers hope for some, there are plenty of porky fists, fish plant owners and assorted old-guard Liberals and plain lunkheads lurking in the background of the party. With a tenuous hold on power, Regan has had to pay fealty to his rural seats. For instance, Benoit Comeau, an old party hack from Digby, has been made Minister of Lands and Forests.

Asked what he intended to do about clear-cutting practices by foreign pulp firms, Comeau said: "I don't know anything about that." ("Clear-cutting" of forests is a fast buck scheme whereby everything is cut down. Instead of choosing good standing trees and letting the young ones grow, you cut everything down, choose the good wood on the ground and let the little ones rot. It's faster. The practice is universally condemned by forestry services elsewhere, and by unions in Nova Scotia. The pulp companies don't care; once there are no more trees they move on.)

What he did know, Comeau volunteered for the TV interviewer, was that the people of Main-à-Dieu, Cape Breton, had been raising a ruckus because a sand and gravel company was freeloading on the local beach and thereby depleting it.

As his first ministerial duty, he went there. His conclusion in his very first big decision: well, there's nothing much we can do about that, is there, because after all where would the company get its sand?

The Liberal government has also instituted a fun thing: an inquiry into the wheelings and dealings of Industrial Estates Ltd. (remember Quebec Premier Jean Lesage's Salvas commission inquiry into Union Nationale corruption after coming to power in the early 1960's? Liberals like to keep themselves clean). IEL is the government organ run by private businessmen that was created by Robert Stanfield 15 years

ago to bring industry into the province. What is known about funny stuff in IEL is amusing enough, what is not known would doubtless boggle the imagination.

But Regan will be going to the polls again within the next two years to get the majority he thinks he deserves. A few good scandals about that time might give him the extra base hits he needs in the continuing game of Liberal-Tory, a product of Liberal-Tory (Canada) Ltd.

Quiet riot in Regina

One of the noteworthy incidents which passed quietly into history during the early days of the fall excitement was the courtroom conclusion to a political experience which began outside a Regina high school last May 14, when a small crowd of students and other young people told the U.S. Army it was unwelcome in their town.

It was only days after Richard Nixon's troops had invaded Cambodia, Kent State was not yet a memory, and

the United States Army Field Band and Soldiers' Chorus was in Regina, invited there by the local branch of the Kinsmen's Club.

Like their counterparts elsewhere in Canada and around the world, much of the youth of Regina has been impressed with the recent activities of the American empire, and when they learned the army was coming, students from the University of Saskatchewan announced they would protest.

As the Kinsmen and their friends arrived at Sheldon-Williams Auditorium on the night of the concert, a crowd was on hand to greet the patrons of "Uncle Sam's Murderin' Army Band".

They numbered some 200—sizable, by prairie standards—and included not only college students, but a large contingent of other Regina young people, from the high schools and the streets.

Many had obtained tickets beforehand, and intended to enter, although there was no plan for action once they were inside.

As the chorus warmed up, the crowd moved towards the door. Soon some were inside. Tickets were not recognized, but then, not all had tickets.

Outraged Kinsmen rose from their seats to meet the demonstrators and block them from getting any further. (The Regina *Leader-Post* reported that they were defending their wives and children).

The demonstrators resisted the Kinsmen, some more vigorously than others. There were blows, noise, scuffles and confusion before the crowd left.

They proceeded around the back of the auditorium, where they discovered members of the band outdoors, enjoying the warm spring air while waiting to go on stage.

Some, they found, were eager to talk, and said they had joined the band so they would not have to kill Vietnamese.

After a short while the demonstrators left, and one month and a day later twelve locally well-known left-wing activists were charged with participating in a riot.

During the intervening time, Regina city police and the Saskatchewan attorney-general's office had studied photographs of the event, interviewed witnesses, and reviewed their files on other recent radical activity. The RCMP's Security and Intelligence Division provided a list of its Regina favorites to see who could be included in the grab-bag.

The combined research efforts of the various police and state intelligence networks made at least a few mistakes. One person indicted had been in Mexico at the time of the demonstration, another had spent his time taking photographs and went to reload his camera when it ran out of film, and a third had never entered the building and left the demonstration early because he disa-



greed politically with the nature of the action.

The police also suffered from some unavoidable oversights. Many of the more physically militant participants were among the street people who had allied themselves with the more identifiable university students.

Already that spring there had been a number of clashes between police and youths, notably after a teen-age boy was killed by a police bullet. But legal action of this sort was an innovation.

An unusual aspect in the police procedure this time was the role played by the Saskatchewan attorney-general's office.

Normally, alleged infractions within the Regina city limits are handled by city police and the local prosecutor both under city control.

It is known that within days of the demonstration the attorney general's office decided to proceed with riot charges. A few senior officers on the Regina force flew into a rage. They felt the riot charges were unsupported, and were itching for lesser counts on which they could be assured of nailing the accused. They saw themselves as being called on to do the government's political dirty work, and then face the brunt of public criticism.

The RCMP's S & I wing and the attorney-general's office jointly drew up the list of those to be charged. The common denominator among the accused was singular: known previous radical activity.

Once the indictments were issued, Regina radicals mobilized a defence committee which spent the next months lobbying to have the charges dropped, and conducting an information campaign against government repression. The committee's approach, shared by ten of the accused, was that there had been no riot, and the accused were not guilty. The other two defendants planned to rest on the political justness of the May action.

Throughout the pre-trial summer days, support for the accused grew, from Regina citizens, union locals, and outsiders. A group of liberal intellectuals and politicians from Toronto sent a telegram to Mayor Henry Baker, describing the charges as political and urging that they be dropped. Baker said the telegram was misdirected—it should have gone to the provincial legislature.

By the time the trials began the government and police had shifted their field, because of a combination of public pressure, questionable evidence, and their own reassessment of the political climate.

Only one riot case reached a decision—the rest of the charges were either dropped by the prosecution on the first day, or dismissed by the judge after the

prosecution rested its case. The state was either unable to secure convictions, or it chose not to.

Marginalia

DANCING AROUND THE WAR MEASURES ACT

The night of Oct. 15, the eve of the passage of the War Measures Act, is known as Black Thursday in the Toronto CBC, where a presidential order to cut out all commentary and have news reports approved caused an uproar among the news and public affairs staff. Facts are still scarce, and Toronto and Ottawa CBC management is scared stiff of discussing it, particularly since at least two programs were unceremoniously thrown out before they went on air. But it is becoming clear that the man behind the censorship move was Director of Information Knowlton Nash, an intimate of several leading Liberals, who was in Ottawa at the time, and masterminded the clampdown. It is reliably reported that a total blackout of all news reports from Quebec was on the verge of being ordered, until a staff near-revolt caused second thoughts. But there was no lack of willingness by CBC brass to act out the expressed whims of cabinet ministers.

During the height of the October crisis, the Ottawa cocktail circuit bravely managed to keep up their humor and repartee.

At one party, a group surrounding Kildare Dobbs, an eminent poet, literary critic and freelance journalist as the CBC's Viewpoint describes him, was talking about the "provisional government" rumors and Claude Ryan's supposed role.

"Well," Kildare Dobbs smiled knowingly, "As Lord Acton said: 'Lack of power corrupts and absolute lack of power corrupts absolutely.'"

Everybody, including high-ranking civil servant Alan Gottlieb, chuckled at the clever misquote. Later, Mr. Gottlieb related the witty epigram to Marc Lalonde, Prime Minister Trudeau's right-hand.

The next day, before the television cameras, Mr. Trudeau was asked about the spurious provisional government rumors and Mr. Ryan's role in the whole affair.

"Well," answered Canada's Prime Minister, "to paraphrase Lord Acton, lack of power..."

Thus wit is born.

Several people in the New Democratic Party's federal office are convinced there's an excellent chance that a federal election will be called in the fall of this year. Their reasoning is that the Trudeau government will announce elaborate plans for the nation's youth to train and study this summer, helping it to get that vote, and that when school starts, the unemployment figures will be at their lowest. Therefore, the ideal time for an election is in that lull between summer unemployment and impending winter unemployment, giving the Trudeau government the opportunity to say it's making headway in fighting the job scarcity.

Also, unless an election is called then, unemployment might be worse in 1972, which would be disastrous for the Liberals.

Besides, the support gained by Trudeau in imposing the War Measures Act on Quebec might have diminished by 1972, by a process of attri-

tion. Some NDP chiefs claim to have detected signs of the Liberal fund-raising machine preparing to roll into action.

Soviet defector Yuri Krotkov's repertoire of spicy stories in Washington about the KGB's use of curvaceous blondes to compromise Western diplomats in Moscow has caused a bit of a flurry in our External Affairs Department.

According to Krotkov, a former military attaché, there was once a Canadian diplomat who had a thing going with a young lady named Prokofiev.

"I guess the Canadian Secret Service—when I defected—tried to (discover) who he was," explained Krotkov candidly to a Senate subcommittee.

Now it's a commonly-known fact that Canada, of course, has no Secret Service. Mitchell Sharp has always boasted we're not in the spy business, and Trudeau flatly rejected the Royal Commission on Security's recommendation that such a service be established. So what's going on here?

Well, Canada does have a Secret Service, although presumably we're trying to hide the fact from the Russians or something. The *Globe and Mail* names it as going under the innocuous title of Defense Liaison II division of External Affairs, but that title has been abolished for that of a subsection of the Security and Intelligence division. Its job is to protect our diplomats, to sift through intelligence made available to Canada by the United States, Britain, and other friendly countries, and to keep its hands in the information-gathering business abroad, though it has no spies of its own beyond diplomatic personnel. Whatever else its responsibilities, it does a good job of pouring a bucket of cold water on overheated young attachés dragging our maple leaf into the bedrooms.

Much interest has been stirred in Toronto by the curious appointment of an ex-official of the US State Department to the top post of director of public relations of the CBC. Nicholas Volk Jr. is a 36-year-old American who served as a director of public affairs for the US Government in Cambodia, Thailand and East Pakistan, and finally as information officer at the US consulate in Toronto, where he once got a group of CUSO volunteers destined for Thailand together into a propaganda session with a Thai cath-



TRUDEAU
Wit by committee

olic bishop who tried to persuade them Christian duty required destroying the Reds.

In September, we predicted that the Committee for an Independent Canada, organized by Peter Newman, then *Toronto Star* Editor, Jack McLelland of McLelland and Stewart, and ex-Finance Minister Walter Gordon, would become a threat to the Waffle's tenuous leadership of nationalist sentiment. A recent article on the committee says it has 12,000 members and donations totalling \$23,000, and goes on to give the impression this has come from the

nickels and dimes of true Canadians from coast to coast. A large chunk came from Walter Gordon himself, and an equal if not greater chunk of the \$23,000 came from Jack Moore of Brascan Ltd.—its specialty being a cosy relationship with the right-wing Brazilian government, and a distinct lack of enthusiasm for Brazilian nationalism. At least one prominent Toronto figure balked at working with the Committee because of that particular source of its funds. Committee speakers will soon fan out across the nation to drum up membership and support. Walter Gordon, on Jan. 13, tersely set the aim of the Committee: "... We've got to keep the issues of independence and socialism separate."

An upcoming book entitled "*Abortion in Canada*", published by New Press, finally throws some statistical light on the results of Trudeau's "liberalization" of the abortion laws. It points out that chaos has been caused in hospitals by the requirement that a board be set up to pass on each abortion request, and that only one-third of Canadian hospitals have even set up such boards. It uses DBS statistics to demonstrate that after 15 months of the new law, only a small number of women have been helped, and that only 4,375 legal abortions have been performed to date.

The application of the law has been grossly disproportionate: Hamilton General Hospital, for example, performed 511 abortions in the first eight months of 1970, while in the entire province of Saskatchewan there were fewer than 100. Some conservative hospital administrations are sabotaging their own therapeutic committees by limiting the number of beds made available to abortion patients.

Finally, a realistic estimate of deaths arising from illegal abortions is put forth. A study by Dr. Edmund Overstreet of the Dept. of Obstetrics and Gynecology, University of California School of Medicine, presented to the world congress of the International Planned Parenthood Foundation, conservatively estimates 1,000,000 illegal abortions a year in the US, which result in 3,000 to 4,000 deaths annually; in the US this accounts for 45 per cent of all maternal deaths. Taking Canada, whose population is 10 per cent of the US, there would be roughly 100,000 illegal abortions, and a probable 300 to 400 deaths annually.

REPORT ON BUSINESS

Stop polluting, you nasty fellow-businessman



DEPUTY MINISTER SHAW
The environment's white knight

When Robert Shaw was appointed deputy minister in Ottawa's new watchdog department of the environment early in the new year, his proven ability to get tough with businessmen was cited as his major qualification.

When he was deputy commissioner-general of Expo 67, at one point "several construction contractors, not workers, threatened to strike," reported Norman Pascoe in the *Montreal Star*.

"He laid it on the line in plain language and the contractors backed down. He had no serious trouble after that.

"The same tactics will be applied in his new job, if necessary," Pascoe concluded.

The gruff, cigar-chomping former engineer and executive also once got tough with the Cargill Grain Company, but with less fortunate results.

He was executive vice-president of the Foundation Company of Canada then (he was later president), and Foundation had contracted to build an eleven-million-bushel grain elevator at Baie Comeau, Que., for the Winnipeg-based firm.

It turned out to be an expensive contract. On August 28, 1964, Judge Marcel Gaboury found Foundation guilty of defrauding Cargill of \$61,000, and ordered it to pay that sum, plus \$15,415 in interest that had accumulated since the incident had occurred in 1959, plus a further \$150,000 in fines.

(Cargill also sued Foundation and several other companies for failure to meet the terms of the same contract, and was awarded a total of \$1,537,107.)

It seemed that engineer Horst Reichert had been sent to Baie Comeau with instructions "to do his best to get every cubic yard, every inch and better..."

Reichert told the court that "he was expected to get the last cent on extras." He produced a memo from the Foundation Company head office that indicated "...the sky's the limit."

Shaw, in his testimony, had his own interpretation of the sky's-the-limit

memo, but he did not succeed in explaining it to Judge Gaboury's satisfaction. "As president of the company", the Judge said, "he is too intelligent to pretend ignorance as to its true meaning, let alone trying to distort it."

No one ever accused Robert Shaw of stupidity. By this time, he had left Foundation for Expo, and as second-in-command of Canada's great centennial project was something of a public figure. He had to fight off suggestions that he should resign his Expo post, and told a Toronto Rotary Club that "I'm completely at peace with my own conscience."

The big six-month Expo bash of 1967 was undoubtedly Shaw's finest hour. But like all celebrations, Expo had its morning after. Some permitted themselves to be unimpressed with its management.

On March 26, 1969, Auditor-General Maxwell Henderson reported that costs for the Habitat project at Expo had soared 71 percent above the original estimates of \$10.5 million.

Contracts for the Man the Producer and Man the Explorer pavilions had been awarded at \$11,236,000, but the final cost was \$20,560,000, including \$2,268,000 in fees for consulting architects.

Expo revenues were recorded so poorly that the joint auditors—Henderson and the Quebec provincial auditor—refused to certify the correctness of \$101,438,000, out of total revenues of

\$140,984,000.

"Not a damn thing new in the report," said Shaw. "The control, in my view, was exceptional."

But Shaw had moved on again, and had more immediate tasks at hand than commenting on Expo's complicated account-books. A year earlier, he had accepted the unlikely position of vice-principal (administration) of McGill University.

The appointment of Shaw had coincided at McGill with a decision to throw off the institutional liberalism represented by vice-principal (academic) Michael Oliver, former federal president of the NDP. So the self-confessed "freshman at university and academic problems" found his influence growing rapidly.

He defended the university against the raucous demands of radical students. (He once dismissed a student proposal that a student co-op, rather than a building to house McGill's new Faculty of Management, be built on a choice piece of university property by saying "it doesn't make sense. It doesn't make management sense.")

He was chief administration strategist in its proceedings against a troublesome political science lecturer named Stanley Gray.

And he was chief administration spokesman against a more serious threat. A broad coalition of Quebec radical, nationalist, and unilingual groups was planning a march on McGill for March

28, 1969, demanding its conversion to a French-language university. It was Shaw's task to help whip up hysteria in English Montreal, telling the public that the 'McGill français' movement was the work of a-half-dozen-or-so revolutionaries.

Meanwhile, he reassured doubters by pointing to McGill's great achievements, some of them, even, in the French language. "The French Canada Studies Institute has done wonders on a restricted budget," he told the Montreal Bar Association four days before the march. But the Institute's own director, Laurier Lapierre, had already publicly attacked the administration for maintaining it only as a "token" to the natives, and was to resign in frustration a year later.

Despite the vigor with which he plunged into university politics, there were recurring reports that Shaw was only marking time at McGill. His real ambition, the reports went, was a high Ottawa position. So it did not come as much of a surprise when he finally bagged one.

It is peculiarity of the system once described by the new deputy minister of the environment as "a socialist democracy with some free enterprise" that it is necessary to have government departments to deal with an industrial pollution problem that, in the realm of pure theory, is not supposed to happen in the first place.

It is a further peculiarity that such departments find themselves in the hands of businessmen.

Not so much the FLQ as the White Paper

If the government could afford to pay all the extra police and soldiers during the October crisis, one caller asked Prime Minister Trudeau on a province-wide open-line radio program in Quebec in December, why couldn't it afford to help people in lamentable circumstances?

The PM replied that the living conditions of the people depend largely on capital investments made in Quebec. But the events of October and similar disturbances had scared investment away from the province.

"The fall of investments has been many times greater than the extra expenses needed to pay policemen overtime," Trudeau said. "Don't blame the police for poor living conditions. Blame the FLQ whose activities have caused investments to fall."

That's the common wisdom of the federal and Quebec governments, but recent statements by a leading American

expert on US investment in Canada suggests a much different tale: many US corporations remain less perturbed about kidnappings and deaths than about Benson's white paper.

John B. Dempsey, president of the Canadian Enterprise Corporation, a holding company, and also publisher of a widely-read bi-weekly newsletter designed to inform US executives on the Canadian investment situation, noted that "several of the Americans interviewed by me (for the newsletter) stated, in one way or another, that they hoped Mr. Trudeau would deal with the white paper on tax reform in as objective a manner as he has the Quebec situation."

"In terms of Canada as a whole, its attraction as an area of investment opportunity remains threatened by the continuing uncertainties over the white paper."

On a CBC radio program Mr. Dempsey reported that a poll he conducted of

business leaders demonstrates they have been unshaken by the events in Quebec, and in fact, "the confidence of some has increased" because of government action. He remarked in the same broadcast last October that "it boils down to one line—the degree of safety of money," and that has not been lessened.

Soon afterwards, he revealed elsewhere that "... the chairman of Hanna Mining assured me that Premier Bourassa's position on the mining aspects of the white paper, which had the effect of triggering Mr. Benson's substantial modifications of the original text in turn enabled Hanna to announce its \$200 million expansion in Quebec. The premier himself assured the Hanna people that he would deal sternly with Quebec terrorists, which action has subsequently been implemented, and hence the basis for that company's confidence in the future of the province."

➔ D'la boîte des
punitious:



Michel Chartrand in the penalty box, after Union
Nationale Justice Minister Rémi Paul charged him
with sedition in October, 1969.

A.S. IN '69

When labor leader Michel Chartrand was charged with seditious conspiracy between 1968 and October, 1970, he told the court: "That charge should read since 1938."



by Simone Chartrand

This is the story of the 30-year conspiracy

It was in 1940, outside my office at Palestre Nationale of the Jeunesse Etudiante Catholique, that I first met Michel Chartrand. I was standing in the hallway with Alexandrine Leduc, who is now the wife of Gérard Pelletier (today State Secretary in the Trudeau government). We were chatting when we heard a door slam with a great clatter down the hall.

"There's only one person who can slam a door like that," said Alex. "That's Michel Chartrand."

He came stomping down the hall.

"You must meet him, Simone," she said. "He's quite extraordinary... very virulent and intelligent."

She introduced me—I was 20, he was 23—as Simone Monet, daughter of Judge A. Monet.

"Ah, a judge's daughter, ma jolie bourgeoisie," he snorted. "A judge's daughter, you think that's impressive?"

Alex protested mildly, but he went on in that sort of vein, very mocking and very sarcastic.

He had just resigned from the Jeunesse Indépendante Catholique and the Association Catholique de la Jeunesse Canadienne and perhaps that explained his attitude. He struck me as very belligerent, very strong-willed, very interesting.

I didn't realize it at the moment of course, but Michel was going through a turning point in his life; up until then, he was what you could call a French Canadian Catholic nationalist.

He was the 13th of 14 children, son of Louis Joseph Chartrand, an accountant in the provincial civil service where he worked for 43 years. He was born in Outremont five days before Christmas in 1916. He had a typically Quebec Catholic education and studied under the Marist Fathers and then the Jesuits at Jean-de-Brébeuf College. He entered Ste. Thérèse Seminary, and, later, at the age of 16, ended up at the Trappist Monastery in Oka, near Montreal. He stayed with the Trappist monks for two years. It was a cloistered monastery where the monks held a vow of silence. Perhaps this experience accounted for his later volubility.

When he was 18 he left the monastery and got involved with the Jeunesse Indépendante Catholique and the Jeunesses Patriotes and took courses at the Université de Montréal under Abbé Lionel Groulx, French Canada's great national-

ist historian. Abbé Groulx had a considerable influence on Michel's formation as a nationalist. It was he who wrote: "It is not a question of whether we'll be rich or poor, whether we'll be great or small, it's a question of whether we'll be."

In 1938 Michel became a 'colon.' At that time, Duplessis' Ministry of Colonization, along with the Association Catholique de la Jeunesse Canadienne, was urging the "Retour à la terre." They sent volunteer 'colons' to build roads and establish new settlements in the Quebec interior.

Michel went along with the unemployed, who were sent to open up the Abitibi in northwestern Quebec. These were people from the cities with no idea of rural life.

He saw men die from eating rotten meat and of typhoid fever from drinking polluted water in the Davie River. "It was then," he said later, "that I realized it wasn't the English, nor the Jews that were killing us, but a French Canadian Catholic government called the Union Nationale."

He worked as a lumber jack, but he wasn't very good with an axe. He cut himself in the leg and returned wounded in body and spirit to Montreal.

He prepared a memoir for the ACJC calling for a denunciation of the government's colonization policies, which emphasized agriculture, the parish, the family, the clergy and the old values rather than industrialization. He saw in this the old ultramontane spirit in which the fossilized values of the rural clergy and bourgeoisie colluded with the state to produce retrograde policies instead of modern programs to develop skills and the economy. When they refused to accept his report complete with photos, and to make it public, he resigned and stormed out, slamming the door behind him.

The day after I met Michel, I returned to my office—which I shared with Gérard Pelletier and Daniel Johnson (Union Nationale Premier at the time of his death in 1968) and found wild flowers on my desk. They were from Michel.

After quitting Catholic Action, Michel joined up with the Action Libérale Nationale with Paul Gouin (who later co-founded the Union Nationale) and plunged headlong into politics.

We all saw a lot of Michel after that. He was very active, always going to meetings, conferences, classes—and working as a typographer. Politically he was a nationalist, with progressive inclinations. He was also very religious. It was as much a cultural as a spiritual feeling. But for him, his religiousness wasn't the Vatican or the curés. His was Catholicism as internationalism, a fraternity and communion of people. Nor did he draw a distinction between the temporal and spiritual things of life, as French Canadian society stressed at that time.

Shortly after we first met, he invited me to go to a concert.



Chartrand in 1941

I accepted and said we could use my family's season tickets. He refused and bought two tickets. I went with my two tickets to meet him at the concert but he refused to sit in our seats, preferring to sit alone in the seats he bought. We met at intermission and agreed to sit in his seats.

After the concert, I asked if I could drop him off somewhere in my father's car. "Ah, mademoiselle has her father's car," he said mockingly, implying bourgeois decadence.

He insisted on driving. When I asked him if he had a driver's license, he said "Oh, you're really a judge's daughter. You like legality."

Despite such comments and rude remarks, he was very gallant, very polite. But he had quirks.

Sometimes at a movie he'd jump up after 10 or 15 minutes and say loudly: "This is damned propaganda" and stomp out.

He showed up at my home on Côte Ste. Catherine Road in Outremont on my 21st birthday, accompanying Alex Leduc. He brought me chrysanthemums. He was quite silent for a while, sitting in a corner.

Most of the people there were law students, young men who were going up in the world. A lot of the intellectuals who worked with the Jeunesse Catholique were also there.

Michel had little sympathy towards them and let them know he thought they were all in law to become agents of the status quo. He talked a lot about the status quo then and sounded quite revolutionary. He said things—health, education, the economy—weren't organized for the majority of people, but for a minority. He was quite different from other young men I met at that time. There weren't many like him. He was very profound, very serious. Even his French was

very studied, almost pretentious. His syntax was perfect.

He approached my father and told him what he thought about judges. Just like that. He said he wasn't interested in law or being a politician—my father had been a Liberal deputy under Premier Taschereau. He disagreed with Taschereau's policies, but he had nowhere to go. As a compromise he quit and was named a judge. Michel thought he should have battled for his ideas instead of becoming a judge. My father thought this attitude showed Michel to be impractical and incapable of understanding realities. Michel said he was going to stay active in politics but in the opposition. He added he'd probably end up in jail for his ideas.

My father admired his principles and ideals but didn't consider him a good prospect for a son-in-law. He worried about material security and that didn't happen to be one of Michel's preoccupations.

When we decided to get married, three bishops with whom I worked at the ACJC interceded and asked my family to block the marriage. They said Michel wasn't practical, that I would be unhappy and poor with him. My family agreed, but when you're in love you don't take anybody's advice.

Our parish priest at St. Germain d'Outremont refused to marry us, as did another Outremont church. We finally went to Abbé Groulx to ask him to marry us. He liked Michel and said he was courageous, dedicated, religious but a bit of a fanatic.

I asked him what a fanatic was and he said it was somebody who believed in one idea and put everything, everything into it. I told him that we need men like that, that I thought Christ was a fanatic and that anybody who ever accomplished anything for their country was a fanatic. He agreed to marry us in the Sulpician chapel at Notre Dame Cathedral in February, 1942.

The day before the marriage Michel was driving my father's car when he went through a red light. The police stopped us, then wanted to let us go when they found out the car belonged to Judge Monet. Michel insisted he be taken to the station and given a ticket.

"They're not even married yet and it's already started," my mother said when the police phoned.

The next day we had a blizzard. The weather couldn't have been worse. "Le Bon Dieu couldn't give a better sign," my anguished mother commented.

By this time, Michel was deeply involved in politics, especially with the conscription issue. French Canadians had risen up in 1901 to protest the use of Canadian troops to fight for British imperialism in the Boer War. My grandfather, Dominique Monet, resigned from parliament as a Liberal in Sir Wilfrid Laurier's government over Canadian participation in the Boer War. He later became Minister of Public Works in Quebec and afterwards was named judge of the Superior Court.

In 1917 there were riots against conscription because French Canadians didn't see the justice in fighting for an imperial power which controlled Canada. It was a war between imperial powers. The nationalism in those days was directed at securing Canadian autonomy and an end to being a colonial appendage.

When Britain declared war in September, 1939, Canada quickly followed its lead. The same issues arose. The War Measures Act was imposed. During the 1940 general election, the Liberals under Mackenzie King promised there would be no conscription. After they won, with support from Quebec, they changed their minds. The Throne Speech in January, 1942 announced a national plebiscite on the conscription issue.

Michel helped to organize the 'Non' campaign.

The nationalists of the time, André Laurendeau, François-Albert Angers, Gérard Filion, Jean Drapeau, René Chalout, Marc Carrière, and many others formed the Ligue pour la Défense du Canada (Michel proposed the name). Even Henri Bourassa came out of retirement to take part.

It was a very hectic time, with rallies and meetings being held continuously. Michel poured all his energies into the campaign.

At the end of it, on April 27, 1942, Quebec voted 75 per cent 'Non'. The rest of Canada voted differently. Conscription was imposed and the War Measures Act enforced against dissidents. Many were arrested, even the Mayor of Montreal who spent the rest of the war in an internment camp.

The league prepared to fight the November by-election in Outremont, intended to provide a safe Liberal seat for the Minister of National Defence, Major-General Lafèche. Jean Drapeau, who had just graduated from law school, was chosen as candidate. Michel was his organizer.

That fall, we started seeing Pierre Elliott Trudeau a lot, as he became increasingly active in the campaign. Michel and Pierre were friends, having been school chums, and liked each other although Pierre said he thought Michel a bit unrealistic. He said Michel was a dreamer, a mystic and wasn't pragmatic enough. Despite his good intentions, he said, Michel would never get anywhere.

There were many meetings to attend and we all worked feverishly. I was five months pregnant at the time, and sometimes the meetings could get pretty rough. Police in plain clothes were at every meeting taking notes, keeping tabs on things.

Gen. Lafèche's meetings, attended by several cabinet ministers and MPs, were particularly tumultuous, since he attracted a large number of young conscripts who had a lot of questions. Unfortunately questions weren't accepted at that time—whether in the church, the family or before authority.

At one meeting, Michel asked Pierre Elliott Trudeau to keep an eye on me, to sort of act as my bodyguard. It was a Liberal election meeting and the conscripts wanted to know why the Liberals went back on their promise of no conscription. Everyone who posed a question was ejected. Pierre became very indignant, and demanded to know how a policeman could push a pregnant woman. He was very gallant, with his cultured language and nice manner, as he came to my defence. He became extremely upset when we were asked in no uncertain terms to leave the hall and were ushered out.

Because of the War Measures Act, the issue of conscription couldn't be discussed openly on the radio and in the press. Pierre said it was intolerable that there couldn't be free discussion, that the police were being used to crush civil liberties.

"Today, as in the time of Duplessis, when you attack the regime, you are treated as traitor to the country and the State. Mr. Bourassa said it on television: what the youth are seeking is to change the regime in Quebec and not to keep the regime which exists throughout North America.

"The crime of those who are in prison is wanting to get rid of capitalism which has killed hundreds and thousands of people thanks to the international bandits in Washington whose faithful servants are Messrs. Trudeau and Bourassa.

"The basis of the problem is that all these charges

As we were thrown out, he complained about the state using police force to enforce its power. He was very indignant and upset about the federal Liberal Party, although both our fathers were Liberal militants.

Today, when people in Quebec complain about what the state is doing to people, he knows exactly how it feels. This is what is extraordinary about what he has done. Watch him.

But, in those days my husband and he were good friends.

Michel worked for Drapeau but never had the same feeling for him. They were never really friends, didn't share the same temperament or ideas. Drapeau was a right-wing authoritarian in a coalition of nationalists. He used the election as a political platform in a very calculating way. He used to say, quite openly, that he was "a man destined for power." Soon after, he got involved in fighting gambling, prostitution and municipal corruption. But he was only interested in legal cleanups. The necessity for social reform never struck him. He wasn't out to change structures.

During this time, Michel continued to work as replacement typographer, was active in the co-operative movement, and took part in the formation of the Bloc Populaire Canadien, of which he was director (André Laurendeau, who later helped to head the B & B Commission, was secretary-general of the Bloc. The Bloc rallied support against Canada's subordination to Britain in the war). In addition, Michel took courses at the Université de Montréal.

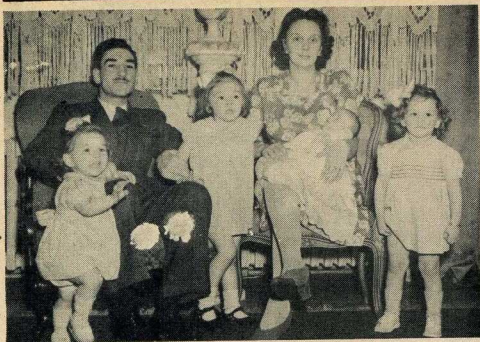
Michel was asked to report to the Jacques Cartier military depot where he said he was willing to fight for Canada, but only on Canadian soil. At any rate he refused to sign his medical examination papers because they were written only in English. When asked what corps he wanted to go in, he replied: "the diplomatic corps." He refused to report a second time. He was never bothered again during the war, except for being arrested once for passing out anti-military leaflets.

It was a very stimulating and active time in our lives. Michel had already developed his rapid, boisterous speaking style, standing up there on the platform with the young lights of the day—Jean Drapeau, now Mayor of Montreal, Trudeau, Marc Carrière, who was arrested and is now head of Dupuis Frères department stores, Gérard Filion, later publisher of *Le Devoir* and now president of Marine Industries in Sorel, Laurendeau and all sorts of people who today are judges, deputy ministers or company directors.

In his book on the conscription crisis, André Laurendeau wrote: "The battle was raging in November. It was a young and bristling audience that they addressed with passion. Michel Chartrand attacked Abbé Sabourin, the military chaplain who had just become a sort of celebrity for his long discourse on the glories of Great Britain. 'I love England because...' Sabourin had said. I like England, Chartrand responded, but his because varied from those of the chaplain;

(against us) are as foolish as those that Duplessis made against all the officers of the union federation during the Asbestos strikes. The conspiracy which exists is a conspiracy against the economic dictatorship—the tiny minority which governs our economic life and decides to leave unemployed hundreds and thousands of people. That is the root of the problem—it's not a question of new powers, it is a question of changing that government of getting rid of the economic dictatorship. It's an old story which will be settled some day and sooner than we think."

Michel Chartrand
(December 1970)



The Chartrand family in 1946

all the grievances that we hold against 'Mother England.' He answered in his virulent style, acridly, with a violence that seized us all. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police had representatives in the crowd: Chartrand recognized them, called to them, and repeated certain of his more inflammatory phrases, repeating them slowly so that the journalists present would have time to write them all down. We were all convinced that Chartrand would be arrested. . . ."

Needless to say, Jean Drapeau lost his first election in the fall of 1942 as an anti-conscription candidate in Outremont, one of the few ridings in Quebec to vote in favor of conscription in the earlier referendum.

In the summer of 1943, Michel ran Paul Massé's campaign in Montreal-Cartier in a federal by-election. They lost by 150 votes—to Fred Rose, the only Communist ever to be elected to the House of Commons. (In another by-election Bloc candidate Armand Choquette defeated a Liberal by the name of Louis Stephen St. Laurent.) In the 1944 provincial elections, the Bloc received 16 per cent of the vote and elected three deputies, including Laurendeau. But the Union Nationale and Duplessis won. Michel himself was a candidate.

Once the war was over, the Bloc died and Michel prepared to re-direct his energies, this time against the provincial government.

Meanwhile, we had five children in our first five years of marriage and Michel devoted himself to the co-operative movement, typography, and his family. He proved himself to be a very good family man and was much more the educator of the children than I was. Five children in five years might seem a bit exaggerated, but Michel liked children and it never bothered him to get up in the middle of the night to feed them. He was very attentive and helpful. As a result, I never found it too hard.

In the early part of 1949 we were leading a fairly settled life. Michel was still active in things, but he held a steady job and our family was growing. He belonged to the typographers' union, (which he considered too tame) but he hadn't been very much involved in union activities, preferring his work in food, housing and savings co-operatives. He even set up a Caisse Populaire.

A strike broke out that year in Asbestos, Quebec, at the Johns-Manville Co., an American-owned mining outfit. The union was trying to get recognition and Premier Maurice Duplessis was determined to crush it, in order to keep his promise of cheap labor and high profits for American capital.

One evening, just after we had finished supper, Gérard

Pelletier, who at that time was a reporter for *Le Devoir*, dropped by with Philippe Gérard, one of the best strike organizers with the old Canadian Catholic Confederation of Labor, the predecessor to the Confederation of National Trade Unions.

They told Michel they were on their way to Asbestos. The strike was going badly, the workers were becoming a bit discouraged. The strike was considered illegal, the police were brutal and the clergy was against the union. They asked Michel to come along and speak to the workers, show them they had outside support.

I told my husband that we now had a family and that perhaps he might lose his job if he got involved in the strike, because in those days employers and authorities took a very dim view of such things. But Pelletier and Gérard didn't have a difficult time convincing Michel he should go. Two days later, Philippe phoned up and said Michel was in jail. That was his beginning as a union man. He has never looked back since.

When the three of them arrived in Asbestos, they went to a meeting in a church basement. Duplessis police raided the meeting and proceeded to club the strikers, arresting several men. Michel and the others collected bail money and the next day went to court in Sherbrooke to bail them out. While in court a provincial policeman was asked to give an account of what happened.

He proceeded to perjure himself.

Michel was incensed. He recalled that my father, the judge, had once said that police were the greatest perjurers of all.

Michel jumped up and shouted: "You're lying, tell the truth."

The judge asked him to keep quiet, but Michel said the policeman was still lying. That was the beginning of Michel's courtroom manner. The judge found him in contempt of court and sent him to jail for the weekend. When he came home the following week, he was furious—furious at the government for using naked force to crush the workers, furious at the judiciary for playing the Duplessis game, incensed at the system based on violence for the benefit of power and profit.

His employer told him to stay out of the strike. He lost his job and went back to Asbestos.

Michel said: "Before we got married, I told you I would be on the side of the working people, that I was a bit of a fanatic. Yes, I am. I'm a fanatic for the workers, for anyone getting the short end of the stick, for the rest of my life, no matter what the consequences."

The strike quickly became a cause célèbre in Quebec, as the intellectuals rallied behind the union. Archbishop Charbonneau came out for the strikers. (Duplessis quickly arranged for his removal from Quebec.) Trudeau showed up to do a social science research project at Asbestos and helped the cause by writing articles. In the end, the police crushed the strike, smashing picket lines, wrecking the union offices, bringing in truckloads of scabs.

Before his involvement, Michel had been a bit of a theoretician, an active middle-class intellectual sort who read books and made an analysis and went into action on the basis of principle. But this experience changed him. He became much closer to the workers, much more earthy. He even lost his semi-pretentious French and started speaking the language of the workers. He was out of work for five or six months, but he spent his time reading up on unions, on labor organization and ended up working for the Catholic Confederation of Labor. He became involved with the textile workers, the shoe workers, and the clothing workers and was a technical advisor to the Conseil Central in Shawinigan.

Before long, he became an expert strike organizer, putting his talents to work with a clothing strike in Sherbrooke in 1950, Wabasso in Shawinigan in 1952, Louiseville, the same year, Dupuis Frères, the same year. During this period he was arrested several times. In Shawinigan during one strike he was arrested six times, and again in Trois Rivières. He negotiated numerous collective agreements, worked on political education committees, unemployment committees, helped out the milk producers in the Montreal region and, of course, he remained active in politics.

The fifties were a time of intense union activity in Quebec. Trade union development was behind the rest of North America and Quebec workers had to fight the same battles other workers had won in the thirties, and in some cases before that. At that time, making a strike in Quebec was like making a revolution. It was insubordination, refusal to submit to authority. The newspapers and the clergy didn't call you a socialist or an FLQer, they called you a Communist. And in Catholic Quebec that meant you were going to shoot the priests and rape the nuns. And it wasn't made any easier by Duplessis' iron-fisted, anti-union attitude or his labor relations board, nor by the Padlock Law.

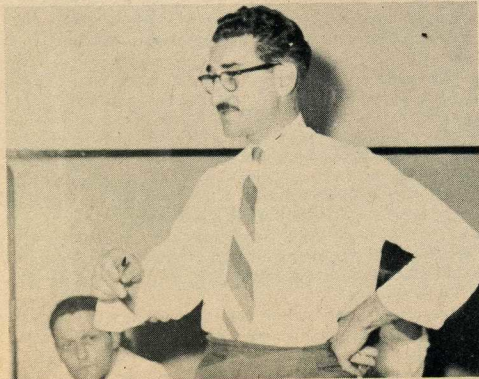
During this time Michel was drawn to the CCF where, for the first time really, he met English-speaking Canadians he respected. He used to say, here in the CCF there are people who are really Canadian, not British.

Mme. Thérèse Casgrain, who is now a Canadian Senator, invited some people over to her house to get them to take part in the CCF on the federal level. At one meeting, Gérard Pelletier, Maurice Sauvé (who later became Liberal Minister of Forestry), Pierre Elliott Trudeau, along with various intellectuals and university types asked to join up. Michel was the only one who actually took out a card and ran for election.

Trudeau again was the individualist, who refused to join. It was the same way during strikes. He would show up, lend sympathy, and then disappear. Never anything concrete. He was too much an aristocrat to be a democrat, he couldn't work with others.

Michel ran several times for the CCF, and came close to getting elected twice in Lac St. Jean and Lapointe. He tried to interest Trudeau to head the CCF in Quebec. He told him: "You're free, financially independent, you have no wife, no family worries... you could head up a clearly radical party, a clearly socialist party..."

Michel counted on Trudeau. He had faith in him. He hoped



Emphasizing a point

I could never spit on those guys who plant bombs. They have reason not to be happy with the capitalist system. The capitalist system is based on violence which necessarily engenders violence. Right now the government is creating more violence against the unemployed, against the welfare recipients, against the people who live in slums and against the young, than all the damage that those guys can do to the property of the bourgeoisie. Stealing an election with money and economic terrorism is much more hypocritical and anti-democratic than dynamite. Nevertheless, it is still possible to create a popular consensus capable of radically changing capitalism in a democratic manner.

Michel Chartrand

he would become more involved. Even if he was rich, we used to say, he's still a socialist. At one time we all agreed. We were fighting Duplessis.

One of the most important events of the fifties in Quebec was the Murdochville strike. Michel had just finished the Dupuis Frères strike, and we were due for a 15-day vacation, our first in nine years. The strike coincided with our vacation but Michel went there straight away and at first spent three weeks in the town. It was a United Steelworkers strike and, because of inter-union rivalry, the Catholic Confederation didn't like him working with them at first.

It was a rough, long-drawn-out strike. In addition it was a company town. Most of the workers lived in outlying towns, but those who lived in Murdochville lived in company-owned houses, ate from the company store. And the employer, Gaspé Copper, a subsidiary of Noranda Mines, was determined to keep the Steelworkers Union out. They finally did, with the help of scabs and the police. Two workers were killed, the Steelworkers were smashed, homes and offices of the strikers were destroyed, and most of the men lost their jobs.

I went out, as I did in other strikes, and helped with the women's organization. These people were really heroic. There were no other jobs around for the men. It took courage to stand up to the company.

Like Asbestos eight years before, Murdochville became a cause célèbre in Quebec. Again the same battle lines were drawn: on one side, the company, the government, the courts, the police, the newspapers (except *Le Devoir*) and on the other, the unions—in a common front for the first time—with intellectual support. Time and time again over the years, Michel went through this. It's hard to understand exactly what it is unless you get into it yourself, unless you see it for yourself. If I hadn't been there, I wouldn't understand how a man can become violent.

This background made Michel what he is today.

He stayed with the CCF, ending up on the national executive of the CCF. Later, at the founding convention of the NDP, he was one of the principal spokesmen demanding recognition of the French Canadian nation. In the end, he didn't go with the NDP, and helped to found its Quebec offshoot, the Parti Socialiste du Québec.

At the end of the fifties, Jean Marchand tried to have him ousted from the Canadian Catholic Confederation of Labor. He was too radical for them. Marchand actually had him fired twice, but Michel took it to arbitration (Michel helped to organize CCCL employees back in '57.) He won both arbitration cases (Pierre Elliott Trudeau was the arbitrator in one case) and was reinstated. Then the Metallurgist Federa-



CHARTRAND AT MURDOCHVILLE

tion of the CCCL, under the chairmanship of Marcel Pépin, passed a resolution condemning him for his public political activities in the CCF. In effect, he was told to quit politics or leave the Federation. He left.

Michel stayed with the PSQ for a while but left union work to run a small printing plant we had established in Longueuil. For several years he stayed in the background, out of public sight, running the printing business. He followed union developments closely, becoming increasingly interested in the construction industry. In Quebec, construction workers are in a fairly poor position and get the least amount of service from their unions.

He was particularly upset about the Turcot Yard affair. In the winter of 1965-66, a highway inter-change construction site in Montreal collapsed, burying the workers in wet cement. Seven died. The workers always felt it was the fault of cost-cutting contractors who ignored safety precautions and construction norms to increase profits. Michel always felt it was pretty close to murder, the death of those seven men, if not actually murder. An inquest was held (under Judge Jacques Trahan who in 1970 presided at the Laporte inquest), which rendered a verdict of accidental death.

Shortly after, Florent Audette, head of the construction workers in Montreal, asked him to come back and help the union. He accepted. It wasn't long before they elected him

as the Montreal construction workers representative on the CNTU's Bureau Confédéral, as well as the Conseil Central in Montreal. Two years ago he was expelled from the Bureau Confédéral because of his position in a complex construction dispute with the CLC's Quebec Federation of Labor. Shortly after, the rank and file in Montreal elected him president of the Conseil Central, a more important post than the one he lost.


Once again he was back in the public eye.

Because Michel believes that collective bargaining is only a small part of a union's duty to defend the interest of the workers, he had to take many political positions, not many of which endeared him to the establishment. A little over a year ago he was accused of sedition during the Bill 63 affair. The charges were dropped.

Now he's in jail again, essentially for the same things he and Trudeau and others were doing 30 years ago. They chose to go on to power. Michel chose to stay in the opposition, to be true to himself and what he's believed in all his life.

The others make the laws. I know what it is because my father was a judge and his father before him was a judge and my only brother is a judge. The law is made by men, but justice is a moral thing.

The jails are made by men, but Michel is free in his mind, his spirit, and his soul.



AUCUNE AIDE
REQUISE
NO HELP REQUIRED

On the night of December 10, Prime Minister Trudeau took part in a 75-minute radio phone-in program carried by stations throughout Quebec. Speaking to one caller, he said it was impossible to eliminate unemployment, and declared: "That's the price we pay for living in a free society."

- The price for General Electric "rationalizing" its booming electronics production was paid by all the employees of its Rexdale, Ont. plant, who lost their jobs.

- The price for the economic crime of being born a woman is statistically incalculable.

- The price a town like Glace Bay, N.S., is paying for being part of the Maritime region, is well over 23 per cent unemployment among its population, and forced emigration of its labor force.

- The price of leaving towns like Glace Bay to look for a job is being paid by almost 1,000 men in a barren trailer camp just outside Sudbury, Ont.

The Rexdale plant wasn't inefficient —just inconvenient

by
Rae Murphy



PHOTOCELL

Strange as it may seem, while the Canadian market for television and other products of the electronic industry remains strong—Canadians bought 400,000 color TV sets last year—the Canadian electronics industry is just going the way of the buffalo and whooping crane.

The whole sad story can perhaps be summed up in the saga of 15KY8A. 15KY8A is the name of one of those little tubes which twinkle in the back of everyone's television set. It is a "bread and butter" tube—two, three, sometimes four of them are designed into every set. Up until three years ago they were all stamped—"Made in Canada"; now they are all stamped—"Packaged in Canada."

And thereby hangs a tale.

Sometime in early December an unsung hero of our consumer society flicked a switch and became the one millionth Canadian to receive the world of television in living color.

Color television, from a sales, if not an aesthetic, point of view, has become an unqualified success in Canada. Transmission began on an experimental basis only four years ago. As recently as 1968, a mere four per cent of the market was represented by color sales. Yet by the end of 1970, when Mister Million bought his, 20 per cent of all television sets sold in Canada were color. Moreover, The Electronic Industries Association claims "the dramatic upsurge during this (two year) period in color TV sales—especially in the popular large-screen sizes—has been developed primarily by Canadian designed and manufactured units."

Great news, it would seem, for the Canadian electronics industry, and if one was interested in the fortunes of one particular manufacturer—Canadian General Electric—the spirit is strictly gung-ho.

GE's employee magazine *Progress* quotes the "fighting words" of its General Manager, Jack Pollock: "We are definitely in the home entertainment business and intend to stay in the home entertainment business. Furthermore we have aggressive plans for increasing our share of the market and building a bigger business."

"A lot of guys were pissed-off when they read that in the company's magazine," says Neil Young, a leader of the union representing the workers at General Electric in Toronto. Small wonder. For they had recently been told by the company that when the old year was finished, they were finished too. As of January 1, 1971, the company was abandoning color picture tube production in Canada and its Rexdale plant was going to be turned into a warehouse.

No one, of course, has any doubts that General Electric is going to remain in the "home entertainment business", but it is becoming increasingly likely that its branch plants in Canada will be going out of business. The closure of the Rexdale plant—which originally produced black and white picture tubes and recently switched to color tubes—is the latest example of production cut-backs and plant closures that have brought employment at General Electric and Westinghouse to approximately half of what it was two years ago.

Last year, domestic production of electronic tubes was 9.5 million units and imports numbered 14.1 million units. In 1965 domestic production was 15.2 million units and imports were 11.1 million. Since 1965, Canadian production has dropped 5.7 million and imports have jumped by 3 million.

The story was told quite graphically by the Electronics Industries Association in a brief to the Federal Government last year. According to the EIA, in 1963 more than 61 per cent of the entertainment receiving tubes sold in Canada were domestic and 1,427 people were directly employed in their manufacture. By 1970, 31 per cent of the market was domestic and 435 people were directly employed. By 1972, they estimate, about 25 per cent of the market will be handled at home, giving employment to only 200 workers.

One of the problems with the abstract world of statistics and percentage points is that it often obscures the real world, and the lives of men and women who have to make their way in it. The difference between 1,427 jobs and 200 involves the plight of workers, many of them highly skilled and with years of experience—the majority of the workers affected by the cut-backs at General Electric in Toronto have between 15 and 40 years seniority—suddenly they are without work and without a "marketable skill."

Government and industry spokesmen generally explain layoffs in the industry by talking of "technological change" and there is no doubt that electronic tubes are becoming obsolete. However the decline in the use of electronic tubes has not been all that rapid, and even industry spokesmen state that tube production, given tariff protection, could remain economically viable for up to ten more years. Yet, as an "anti-inflationary measure", the Federal Government telescoped the Kennedy Round tariff agreement reductions, and dropped the tariff on imports three percentage points in one year, rather than over the originally scheduled three years. In the meantime, the United States increased its own tariffs.

Moreover, it is one thing to recognize the fact of technological change and quite another to do anything about it: that is, to reorganize the industry so as to take advantage of our skills and machinery in developing future growth areas. In this area, the government and the branch-plant managers are either unwilling or unable to do anything—except talk.

An article in the *Financial Post* in June 1969, announced: "Electronics industry will adopt more mature outlook." This "mature outlook" involved mainly mergers and concentration of production. "Gone are the days", the article stated, "when it (the electronics industry) relied basically on the manufacture of radio and television as its main props. With the thrust into space communications, data processing equipment, automation, flight simulators and integrated components—to name but a few of its newer products—the industry must restructure itself to become economically viable and more proficient. Otherwise there is a danger of the industry's position in the economy fading."

It was expected by the author of the article that the "more mature outlook" would involve a number of mergers and, "there may be some interesting takeover bids and a tendency to agglomeration."

The "in" word now is "rationalization"—the pooling of production facilities and increasing specialization. However, this has been going on in the industry for a number of years. For example, the late General Electric Rexdale plant was a runaway plant that used to be called Radio Valve Company, producing tubes for a number of manufacturers. It didn't run away too far—from southern Toronto to the north end of Metro to avoid unionization—but in the process of its reorganization, Radio Valve Ltd. became the exclusive property of Canadian General Electric.

As this shows, Canadian television and radio manufacturing industry was always highly rationalized—tubes and component parts are, for the most part, quite interchangeable and the really distinctive feature of most makes is the trademark.

Rationalization has a nice progressive ring to it, and conjures all kinds of visions of efficiency and business-like dispatch. But it did not save television manufacture in Canada, and in the context of our economic relationship to the United States it simply means that instead of many branch-plants we will have few. The Canadian section of the industry will specialize in the manufacture of certain components—until these components either become obsolete or can be produced with greater economy in some other part of the American Empire. Then they will be phased out of business just like the electronic tube.

Such decisions about obsolescence and efficiency are not made in Canada. And there can be quite a distinction between the elements that determine what is efficient from the national interest of a given country, and what is efficient from the viewpoint of a "multi-national"—but Yankee to the core—corporation. There is the old story about American

government subsidies to its "inefficient" watchmaking industry, because the watch industry is essential to the manufacture of sophisticated weapons systems. The Americans calculated that some day they might want to bomb somebody. Perhaps Canada should look at its electronic communications industry with the vision that maybe, some day we may want to tell somebody something.

Meanwhile the *Financial Post* noted the disturbing fact that Canada imported more than \$440 million worth of electronic equipment in 1967, and declared that: "... the industry is feverishly trying to get more co-operation among its own members to co-ordinate... the various and complex requirements of the front end manufacturers. In this way, more economy could be effected by higher volume purchases even manufacture...."

The Canadian electronics industry has developed as a branch-plant of the American parent and has never been completely self-sufficient. The rationale was stated by an official of CGE: "... it is important to realize that the importation of tubes into Canada is, and always has been, necessary. This is because Canadian manufacturers only produce those types which present enough volume to make production in Canada economically viable. Historically, about 250 types are made in Canada, while our price list contains 2,000 types. The difference is represented by all the types used in relatively small quantities and imported, mainly from the USA."

The author of this company memo goes on to discuss the general problems of the electronic tube market and ends with this forecast: "In this free trade environment, the basic manufacturing of goods will move to the location in the world where the particular commodity can be produced most efficiently. The rate at which this happens can only be influenced by the short term attitude of the governments involved and the utilization of controls like tariffs, non-tariff barriers, quotas, subsidies, etc. The current attitude of the Federal Government in Canada does not reflect any particular concern for the electronic component industry."

This is the process by which the branch-plant economy becomes the warehouse economy.

If it was only the problem of electronic tubes for the "home entertainment business", even this would be serious enough. But in fact this is only the symptom, and judging by the noises emanating from the industry, the writing is on the wall for all its branches.

Now, spokesmen for the troubled industry have found a new scapegoat to blame for the troubles at home—the Japanese.

Last fall, Léon Balcer, President of the Electronics Industry Association (and former Conservative cabinet minister), read in the *Canada Gazette* that the government would investigate allegations that TV sets from Japan are being dumped on the Canadian market. "We are gratified," said Mr. Balcer; "it is a very encouraging initiative."

The EIA has been after the government concerning Japanese imports into Canada, and throughout the industry the battle of the briefs has been joined. Statistics roll from the papers of researchers and economists, while the PR men issue thunderous Churchillian statements about fighting foreign competition, cost and quality control, and maintaining jobs for the good, sober, Canadian working class.

An example of this was in the *Toronto Star* of August 15, 1969 which headlined an article on the electronic industry: "Canadian radio-TV tube makers begin hitting back at imports." The article noted that 75 per cent of the market is now captured by foreign imports and said: "Although the

bulk of the imports are from the United States, sold by Canadian General Electric and other U.S. subsidiaries, Japanese tubes are causing the real concern."

Why are they so mad at the Japanese?

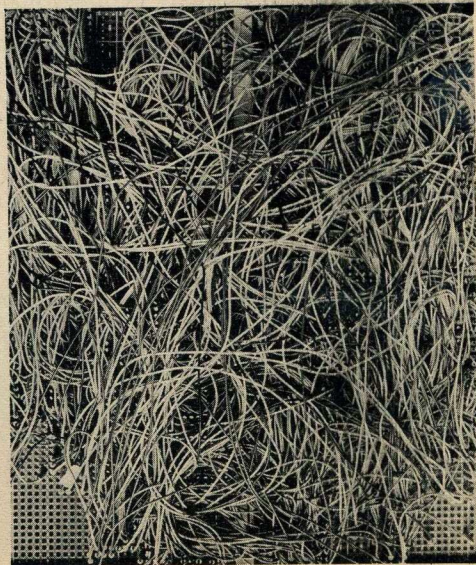
Because, says Jim Smart of CGE, "the Japanese have concentrated on tube types made in Canada and they are 20 per cent cheaper."

The fact that Japanese tubes are cheaper doesn't affect the Canadian customer in the least, as the EIA points out: "The Canadian consumer does not benefit from these low cost Japanese imports since extra margins go only to service dealers who supply the consumer at Canadian-made list prices."

Cheaper Japanese prices may not mean anything to the consumer but there is plenty of money in them for the wholesaler. Thus, both Westinghouse and General Electric, after a ritualistic protest about Japanese "dumping" in Canada, decide that if you can't beat them, join them. This patriotism mixed with a solid business approach to the fast buck was expressed by Earl Smith, marketing manager for Canadian Westinghouse: "We wish the voluntary quota was one tube, so Canadian industry would be more protected. But if Japanese tubes are going to be sold in Canada it might as well be by us." Very clever, these people at GE and Westinghouse.

The speed with which both CGE and Canadian Westinghouse have made deals with Japanese manufacturers to import tubes into Canada shows up the "seriousness" of their opposition to Japanese "dumping". But further, it is American tube imports into Canada that caused the greatest problems, and on this matter neither of these giants has anything to say—mainly because it is their parent firms that are doing the dumping. CGE and Westinghouse are the largest importers of American electronic tubes into Canada.

Between 1963 and 1969, while Canadian production had dropped in half to about 31 per cent of the market, the Japanese share rose from 13 to 27 per cent. However, this still leaves about 42 per cent of the market controlled by, as the





brief states, "others". Since the EIA is dominated by such so-called "Canadian" companies as General Electric and Westinghouse, it is perhaps not so strange that they seem unconcerned about the other 42 per cent. For the most part the "others" are imports from the plants of the parent company in the United States or their European subsidiaries.

Both General Electric and Westinghouse import and export to themselves around the world. GE, for example, operates 309 subsidiaries in 30 countries and Westinghouse has 68 in 12 countries. One plant, or for that matter one country, is neither here nor there. They appear to be quite up-tight and "nationalistic" when it comes to Japan, but generally speaking they are "internationalist" in their outlook. In the conclusions of their brief, the EIA appealed for government action only against the Japanese.

Moreover, since the government is only investigating the dumping of complete TV sets on the Canadian market it will presumably not be concerned with the lucrative arrangements Westinghouse and GE have made with the Japanese exporters of tubes and component parts. No wonder the EIA is "gratified".

In the meantime, the real problems that the Canadian electronics industry faces are completely ignored. The Canadian government simply doesn't give a damn what manufacturers do or "reflect any particular concern for the electronic component industry". No PR man has thought his way around that yet. Perhaps someone can evoke an Emergency Industrial Measures Act.

For several years the government has been bombarded with appeals and briefs by the United Electrical Workers Union, whose members must now bear the brunt of the collapse of the industry.

In 1969 the union told the government: "There appears to be a trend towards rationalization of production on the part of these multi-national corporations on a world-wide scale. We think the almost total manufacture of portable, transistorized home entertainment products in Asia is evidence of this. It is our opinion that a decision has been made to phase out tube manufacture in Canada and we have little evidence to show that other product lines are being introduced to provide continued employment for the workers involved, as was promised by the companies at meetings in the past."

The government said and did nothing.

In 1970, after General Electric announced plans to phase out manufacturing of electronic tubes at one of its Toronto plants and to discontinue completely its manufacture of color picture tubes in Canada, the union was back to see the government and said:

"The multi-national corporate parents of the Canadian Companies involved have seized upon government inaction in relation to the import problem facing the industry as an excuse to summarily chop off production in Canada. This is the case even though a viable market exists for another seven to ten years. This is time in which new products could be developed that would utilize the skills or allow the re-training of those presently employed in the industry, transferring them gradually as tube manufacture tapered off."

Again the government did nothing, although a week earlier the minister in charge of astute observations on self-evident truths, J. J. Greene, did tell his friends in the oil business something which could be construed as supporting Canadian industry: "If we want to use cheap dumped goods from all over the world we won't have any kind of industry anywhere," the man said.

The union again issued an appeal: "Tube manufacture is only the tip of the iceberg. Once it goes, other sections of the industry will be chipped away. It is vital that Canada maintain an independent, comprehensive electronics industry if it is to be a technologically advanced industrial country."

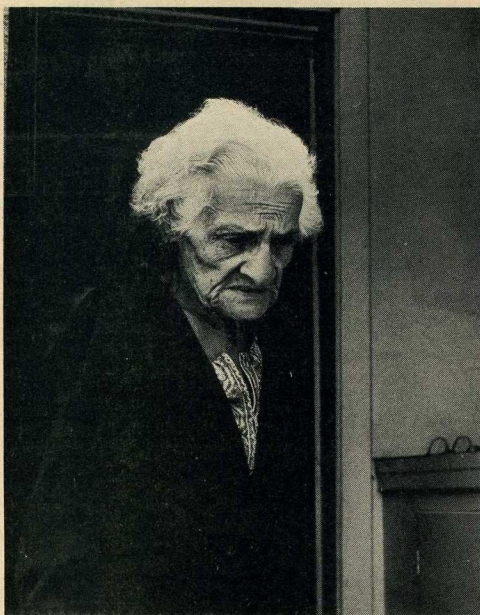
This appeal was received with thunderous waves of apathy by the Cabinet.

Now, down at Canadian General Electric, where progress is the most important product, layoffs are the most important by-product of progress.

Laid-off workers get their subscriptions to the company magazine cancelled so they won't even be able to read how great CGE's sales of color television continue to be.

And, if one still happens to be employed at Canadian Westinghouse, where one can always be sure, one can't be sure of anything any more.

Rae Murphy is a member of the Last Post editorial co-operative based in Toronto.



PHOTOCELL

The last let in and the first sent home

**Women in the labor market,
based on case studies in Quebec**

After the Second World War, soldiers returning from overseas came home expecting to get their old jobs back. But they found their jobs occupied by women, who had been pressed into service, at lower pay, to fill the needs of the wartime economy. Trade unions became concerned about the high rate of unemployment among the returning soldiers who were faced with "unfair competition" from women.

The Trades and Labor Congress of Canada asked that "the federal and provincial governments enact legislation to enforce a policy of equal pay for equal work and thus eliminate this competition and give those citizens from our Armed Forces who have already sacrificed a fair chance to sell their labor power."

And so the campaign for wage parity between men and women got off the ground.

The laws were passed. Women were driven back into the home and into low-paying 'women's jobs', from which the war had temporarily freed them. When they did drift back into the economy, the laws were circumvented; women had to be paid the same as men doing the same job—so they were defined as doing different jobs.

Nursing orderlies, for example, got more than nursing assistants. Having regained their foothold in the economy, men lost interest in equal pay for equal work.

The imperatives of economic life, spurred by social tradition, kept women at home for nothing, or left them on the labor market where they were generally used as a source of cheap labor.

The Quebec hospital workers' strike of 1966 brought everyone affiliated with la Fédération nationale de services a little more money. But when the 40,000 public hospital employees returned to work after a government strike-breaking order, one of their major demands had been ignored. The légumières—women vegetable-peelers—still took home less pay than their male co-workers, the légumiers; female canteen workers, employées de restaurant, continued to enjoy a lower wage scale than male employés de restaurant.

In addition to its regular pay demands, the union had called for job reclassification. It was seeking the removal of the sex-based distinction in job titles for tasks in which men and women performed exactly identical functions. This distinction had been costing the female hospital workers an average of \$8-\$11 a week.

For twelve summer days, Premier Daniel Johnson's Union Nationale government told the public the union was "hung up on mechanical clauses". They were prepared to offer the workers a \$7 weekly hike over two years, instead of \$8 over one—but job reclassification was just out of the question. It would be too expensive.

Before the strike, the average hospital worker was earning \$68.50 a week. But no man was taking home less than \$61,

while the lowest-paid woman's wage was \$47. If they were to give in to the union's pushiness, the government said, the pay of some female workers would have to be adjusted upwards by as much as \$26 a week. The total cost of this adventure, the government estimated, would be \$12 million for the duration of the contract, and that was just \$12 million too much.

In the public eye, the question of equal pay for equal work did not figure prominently. Editorialists deplored the "suffering human life" in the hospitals, which had been deserted by the "non-professional workers". The strike was described as the "irresponsible action of misguided organizations", while the press lauded the courageous legions of volunteer workers who went into the hospitals to take up the dishes, the brooms and the washboards.

Occasionally, the French press was more sympathetic and put the strike in a perspective: "We can no longer live on \$50 a week. And not much better on \$65. The abomination is to have reached the stage of a strike so that such evident truths can be known and so that we can realize that they need to be rectified."

Johnson was not impressed. With tempers flaring across the bargaining table and the cabinet wearied of the union's persistence, he announced that while negotiators would sit all night the cabinet would not. On July 26, he brought in special legislation, ordering the workers back to the hospitals. They held off for eight days, but after a strike vote August 3, they returned.

The workers would receive more money, about half what they had been asking in the basic pay package. But the job reclassification demand was smothered. For the women strikers there was a lesson: when there's not enough cash to go around, they'll be the first to find out the hard way.

Early in 1967, the discrimination charges of other women began to be directed into the bulging portfolios of Florence Bird, as she winged her way across Canada, commissioned by then Prime Minister Lester Pearson to inquire into the status of women. During the four years in which she conducted her investigation, the women's liberation movement in Canada was born, with independent local units in a dozen cities, while analogous groups developed in Quebec.

When the report of the Royal Commission on the Status of Women in Canada was tabled in the House of Commons on December 7, many of the women's liberation demands gained a sudden respectability. The movement had been bringing public attention to the situation of women for some time, and the government-ordered report confirmed their angry claims that women are cast in a badly-fitting mold, economically relegated to traditional niches where they are expected to be supported by their men.

No real estimate exists of the rate of unemployment among women, although as the Bird Report noted, the official unemployment percentages are consistently lower for women than for men. For the unemployment figures are based on the number of people actively seeking jobs who cannot find them, and circumstances dictate that most women never even get to the stage of looking for work. Ginette, a mother of two whose husband earns \$3,000 a year, is one of the large minority of exceptions. She shares economic responsibility for the family by working part-time as a waitress. "I don't really feel like working," she told a government social worker. "But I feel that it is my duty."

With the economic situation tight and unemployment at the highest level in eight years, entering the labor force is likely to be a discouraging experience. When jobs are scarce, they are even scarcer for women.

Mona has lost her job, and is trying to get \$34 a week unemployment insurance to survive the winter in Montreal. She had been working as a typesetter in a small, non-union printing shop when an older man was brought in to work the perforating machine beside her, for exactly twice the pay. Mona attempted a work-to-rule schedule, demanding wage parity, and was fired three days later.

She then consulted the International Typographers' Union about the possibility of becoming a union member. Without asking to see a sample of her work, or checking any of her references, the union told Mona she was not experienced enough to get a union job, and suggested that she go back to being a secretary. The I.T.U. presently has its back against the wall—for six years many of their workers have been on strike, and they are being replaced neatly with new machines needing less-skilled workers. With most of their members out of work, the union is defensive about helping others, and is not too responsive to women who have learned the trade.

At the Canada Manpower Centre she heard the same story: she had little chance of being hired as a typesetter; her application would be put in for secretarial work. Then Mona's Manpower counsellor left for a two-week winter vacation, leaving the 20-year-old woman to her own job-seeking efforts.

Still confident in her abilities, she approached *The Montreal Star*, where a personnel secretary carefully explained that *The Star's* composing room has always been exclusively male, but her application would be entered in the clerical file. The personnel manager later called to say that he had read over the contract and that although there are no women in the composing room, there is no actual law prohibiting their entry.

To Mona the whole affair is ludicrous. She is well aware of the direct attempts to force her back into a field traditionally glutted with women, where her earning power would be less, and she would have to live at an economic level well below that generally awarded to men.

Fortunately for Mona, at the moment she has only herself to support. For Rudy, a divorcee with five children, things are more difficult. Rudy went to work as a clerk at Eaton's last year. On the recommendation of her immediate supervisor, she took after-hours job advancement courses. But the promotion she was aiming for went to a man. She applied for another senior position for which she felt qualified, but that job went to a younger woman. Now she is working at another department store, at the bottom of the ladder, and hoping for better luck.

According to the Bird Report, 80 per cent of department store clerks and cashiers are women, while 72 per cent of the higher-paid sales jobs are held by men. In chartered banks, it's a similar story: 89 per cent of women bank employees earn less than \$5,000 annually, while 72.3 per cent of the men earn more than \$5,000. Although women make up one-third of Canada's labor force, the Report shows they are consistently paid substantially less than men, from fish-workers in British Columbia to university professors in Toronto.

Rudy's experience revealed another barrier many women face—the inclination of employers to prefer young, attractive women to older women with families. Yet thousands of families are supported solely by women and one-third of these families fall well below the poverty line, according to the report. Data for 1967 showed that the average income for all women heads of families was \$2,536 compared with \$5,821 for male heads of families.

Society makes no provision for working mothers, whether they are single or whether they must work to supplement their husband's income, although they total more than



PHOTOCCELL

500,000. Day-care centres are non-existent or prohibitively priced; paid maternity leave a non-entity; and legal abortion a farce. Catholic hospitals in Quebec performed a total of one abortion in 1969.

Noted the Bird Report: "There has been what we believe to be misguided opposition to the suggestion that the state play a part in the care of the child... It was not always true that the mother carried the total responsibility for the care of the child as she does today. This is a relatively recent phenomenon in western civilization."

Marie worked as a clerk in a Montreal wallpaper store until she was forced to quit in the fourth month of her pregnancy because she was refused maternity leave. Soon after the baby was born she separated from her husband, and has been receiving a small food allowance as part of the settlement. Her husband, however, is about to leave the country, making the food allowance an unreliable source of income.

She began looking for a job through local employment agencies, and has been told that she should apply through newspaper advertisements instead, because agencies consider single mothers a bad employment risk. One agency told her that separated women with children are unreliable because they leave their jobs if they can't find a babysitter.

Marie began answering want ads, but was consistently told the openings were filled after she admitted her mother's status. One potential employer told her she would be better staying home and living on welfare, because it could be harmful for her child to be attended by strangers. The gist of the conversation was that a single mother could not be counted on as a conscientious employee, but a single father could, because he would doubtless arrange for a housekeeper and would show more interest in his work than in his family situation.

Marie temporarily solved her problem by moving into a small co-operative house with three other people. Since the

other members of the household, and Marie herself, can get the occasional part-time job, there is enough money around. Other women in similar positions are generally forced to rely on parents, sisters, or neighbors to help them out. In some cities, women's liberation groups have set up free day-care centres, operated on a rotating basis by the mothers themselves and volunteers, since day-care centres cost too much. The median weekly wage of working mothers is \$50.

The lack of adequate social facilities for child care leads thousands of women to take on work that can be done in the home. Generally paid on a piecework basis, these women work under conditions that strain belief. The Bird Report described industrial homework as "convenient for the woman tied to her home by family responsibilities" or in more direct terms already holding a full-time, non-paying job. The report also noted that homeworkers are unusually highly concentrated in Quebec, where rural housewives work in the winter months to supplement family income. But city women and large numbers of immigrants work at home as well.

Louise, who lives in the poor Montreal district of St-Henri, glued encyclopedia covers for a while at the rate of \$4 per 1,000. To be done properly, the job required four people: to hold the cardboard backings, affix the glue, and place the volumes in their covers. It took four women four days to produce 1,000 covers. Louise and her friends soon gave this up.

Next, Louise sealed plastic bags, at the rate of \$2 or \$2.50 per thousand, depending on their size. Again using the occasional voluntary help of friends, she often worked 19 hours in a day to earn \$2. She did this for two years, rising at 6.30 am every weekday, with no time to care for her children before they went to school. In this period she earned an average \$10 a week—a pittance which made a critical difference to the

family's standard of living, as her husband was bringing home \$55 weekly. The machines Louise had to use to seal the plastic bags cost her \$11 a month in electricity; the company's rate of profit was \$6 per 1,000 bags, three times her share.

The Bird Report was "unable to propose action to ensure equitable treatment of homeworkers," pleading a lack of information. It did observe that homeworkers receive none of the benefits of outside workers; they are not considered a part of the labor force, Manpower will not recruit or place them, and there exists no collective means of articulating traditional labor demands.

At one time, says the Report, there was "notorious abuse" of homeworkers, and "homework is still considered indefensible by many in Quebec." In fact, the Confederation of National Trade Unions is urging that this form of work, as it now exists, be abolished, and that women working at home be granted all the benefits they would have if they were doing the same job outside. The Commission suggested a survey.

The frustrating combination of no jobs and less day-care leaves many single mothers no alternative but welfare. "Many more women than men must apply for public assistance," says the Report. "... They suffer the humiliation of feeling they must account for everything they do, particularly to their neighbours."

And even the welfare agencies are often less than hospitable. Because of the unwritten law that women are supposed to be dependent on men, single women are often put through the meat grinder when they try to assert their rights. A Montreal organizer of welfare recipients (herself a young woman on welfare) says recipients are repeatedly asked: "Why don't you wear some make-up, do your hair, go out with some nice young men, buy better clothes?"

This attitude goes unquestioned by Florence Bird and her assistants who state: "A poor mother must remain a mother, keeping up her traditional functions of home-making and child care. This may account for her seemingly greater ability to undergo the many strains associated with poverty."

Welfare's most cautious corner-cutting appears to be around these women. Single people on welfare in Quebec are entitled to \$75 a month. However, if a man and woman are living under the same roof, regardless of their relationship, they must

register as a common-law couple. Welfare officials will then accept an application only if it comes from the man as head of the family. The financial effect is \$20 a month less for the two people, and the social effect is a case-book full of nuclear-family units.

Actually receiving welfare is also a problem if the agency feels it can pull a fast one. When Linda became pregnant, her parents threw her out of their house. Penniless, she applied for welfare, to which she was fully entitled, although she did not know it. She believed a welfare officer who told her that she could not receive welfare but could live in a "wage home". "A wage home is just cheap labor," said Linda, "You live with a family, have a room to live in and they give you \$15 a week to be a live-in maid."

Renée was in a similar position when she arrived in Montreal, pregnant, last spring. She was denied welfare because she had not been in the city three months and because of her pregnancy. She was able to receive some help from a sister, and also worked as a domestic until six weeks before delivery, when welfare finally relented.

Since her child was born, Renée has been on welfare, and has started a Single Mothers' Group with other Montreal women in her situation. Together, the mothers have worked out arrangements for collective child care, and for pooling money, clothes, and toys. The group has also gone to see welfare officials several times, to demand that they carry out their functions according to the existing welfare laws.

The practices they are opposing extend to the personal behavior of some welfare agents. Pretty, single women welfare applicants in Montreal are often told to expect a visit from an "inspector", who frequently turns out to be the original interviewer. The inspector turns up at the woman's home, invariably in the evening (outside office hours), and in many cases has been unabashedly direct: sleep with me and you'll get your cheque. Several desperate women have felt they were in no position to argue with this approach.

The single mothers' group has also met recently with Jean Séguin, director of the City of Montreal's social welfare department, to discuss the possibilities of educating themselves for entry into the labor market at some later date. They requested subsidization of a day-care centre and job-training



PHOTOCCELL



PHOTOCELL

courses, in addition to the welfare payments they are already receiving. They were advised to return to their families, and to let their parents pay for their education—a ludicrous proposition to women in their twenties and thirties who have not been dependent on their parents for years.

What often appears superficially as simple discrimination against working women takes on a second, purely economic dimension in the context of a system which depends on unemployment and the maintenance of a cheap labor pool. For the majority of women in Quebec there is a third level of oppression, but you won't read about it in the Bird Report. Canadian women have to cope with the difficult enough problems created by male privilege. But Québécoises have to deal as well with the brutal economic fact that in Quebec, it pays to be born English.

Waitresses, cleaning women, factory workers, sales clerks, telephone operators, are almost always of French-speaking (or immigrant) origin. In virtually every field where contact with "the public" is involved, bilingualism is a requirement. These jobs are, of course, available to English-speaking women as well, but a much smaller percentage of English women are forced to work out of economic necessity. If she is attached to a man, a French woman is from the start much more likely to be pushed into the work world than an English woman in the same family situation. Her husband's income is far less likely to be sufficient to support the family.

The range of jobs available to a Québécoise is narrower, too. The privileged position of the English language in Quebec has been an acknowledged fact for some time, and there are countless examples of its practical effect. Almost any Qué-

bécoise would be able to relate a tale like that of Francine, who applied for a job arranging group air flights to Europe. She went through an interview and filled out an application form in French, and was soon advised that the job was not open to her because the agency was looking for a bilingual person. A week later she applied for the same job in English and was hired.

A stroll through the premises of a typical Quebec factory reveals the way class, sex, and national origin intermingles in the standard work situation. Jocelyne takes such a stroll every day. She works at the north-end Montreal branch of a company which prints and stuffs commercial envelopes for mass form-letter mailings. It is a small operation, and to get to her post in the stuffing room, Jocelyne has to pass through the pretty, if plastic, carpeted office section.

Most of the office workers are mini-skirted bilingual secretaries, but there is also a minority of English men, sternly conducting the wheels and deals which keep the business functioning. At the back of the office is a heavy, steel door, through which Jocelyne enters the factory. The door prevents the factory noise from interfering with the affairs of the company.

The factory air is fetid with the hot smells of ink and paper, and the clatter of the ten envelope printers predominates the environment. Jocelyne works at a wall opposite the machines, along with rows and rows of women, stuffing envelopes for \$1.50 an hour. Every worker in the factory is female and French, with the exception of the stock boy and a handful of male supervisors whose job is to note production speed. "I'd leave in a minute," says Jocelyne, "But there are nine children at home."

The Front de libération des femmes feels that the liberation of Quebec women is inseparable from the national question, and that freedom for women will depend ultimately on the end of Quebec's colonial status. The FLF's political action is consequently aimed at the third obstacle facing Quebec women as well. Its work includes providing otherwise unavailable services (like day-care and abortion referrals), and agitation around particular labor situations. But it is also involved in groups like the defence committees for Quebec's political prisoners, as an active branch of the movement for national independence.

The Report of the Royal Commission on the Status of Women in Canada has pulled the rug out from under the employers, editorialists, and politicians who have tried to pretend that discrimination against women does not exist. Its 488 pages are packed with documentation of the extent to which women continue to be used as a labor reserve and suffer day-to-day social humiliation and economic exploitation. In its recommendations, the Commission's approach is simple: if something is wrong, then laws should be passed to change it. If equal-pay-for-equal-work laws are inadequate, then they should be toughened and their loopholes plugged. Where good faith cannot be presumed, "penalties should be sufficiently heavy to be an effective deterrent."

In the social sphere, the Report has made several recommendations which, if implemented, would give women some of the basic human dignity they are now denied: abortion on demand, mandatory maternity leave from work, an end to ostracism of single mothers, establishment of day care, equal partnership in marriage, decent portrayal in school textbooks. It further acknowledges that changes in social attitudes toward women cannot merely be legislated, but "can only result from radical changes in our way of life and our social organization."



PHOTOCCELL

In its look at the economic arena, however, the Report has treated discrimination against women as some sort of abstract sexism, an anomaly that has somehow survived into the twentieth century. Unfortunately, the commissioners did not analyse the real reasons for the present condition of women. If they had, they would have discovered that the cheap (or, in the case of housewives, unpaid) labor pool provided by women is a crucial component of the economic machine. With constant unemployment, it is impossible for women to be decreed into the labor force. With no money, it is impossible for them to be paid properly for the work they are allowed to have.

Many of the recommendations aimed at curbing the exploitation of working women seek equal pay and equal opportunity for women in the public service, or in other areas normally regulated by governments. In the odd case where the report does venture into private enterprise, its observations take the following curious form:

"We have received the complaint... that a form of labor exploitation of women is taking place in some retail stores. It is claimed that many part-time workers are employed on a day-to-day basis and that care is taken that they do not work for periods of such a length as to require the employer to provide fringe benefits.

"In such circumstances, the part-time worker can do nothing to improve her situation. If she lodges a complaint, she may not be called in to work. We have also been told that some stores prefer to hire part-time workers who are below the age that would make payment of the minimum wage necessary.

"Therefore, we recommend that retail stores review their practices to ensure that exploitation of part-time workers does not exist."

This failure to challenge the economic power of the sacred private sector leads the commissioners to statements like:

"There is no doubt that changes should be made in the composition of boards of directors of corporations so that there will be a more equitable sex distribution of decision-making power in the business world." The underlying assumption is that, of course, decision-making power belongs in those board rooms in the first place.

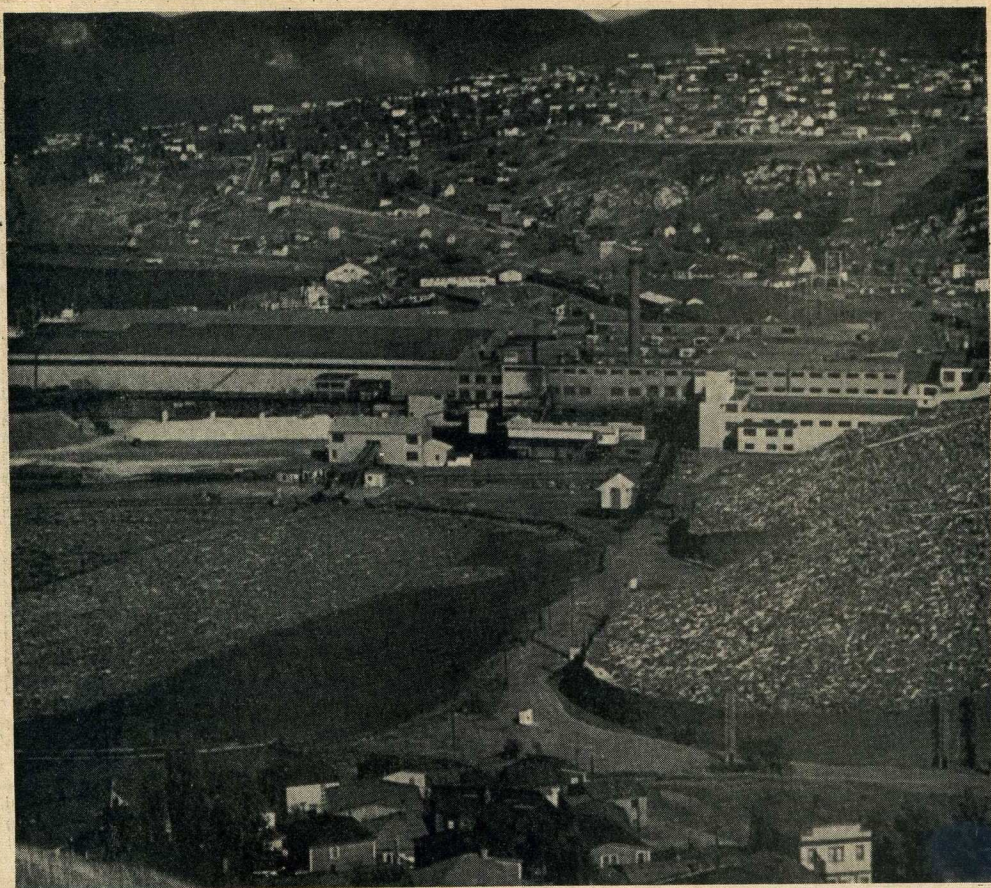
What we end up with is a set of recommendations which, even if implemented across the board, would not change a system based on privilege but would simply permit a minority of women to join the minority of men at the top of the economic pyramid.

Despite its simplistic approach to the root issues which have created the present status of women, and its fundamental dedication to existing economic relations, the Commission has still performed a genuine service. The data it has compiled will not go unused and the situations it has uncovered will be attacked, even if the Report itself winds up in the dusty archives of the federal government (its likely resting-place, according to every indication from the Prime Minister).

The present government is not likely to remove the barriers to a full, productive life for women, even now that they have been painted bright red. Nor is any future government that uses its power to protect the interests Canadian governments have always protected. Many women have already recognized this, and are directing their energies elsewhere.

Even the Report could not overlook this trend, and described it in a surprisingly candid comment on the various groups making up the women's liberation movement: "Some of them are not merely reformist but revolutionary in their aims, seeking radical change in the economic system as well as in the institution of marriage and the nuclear family."

Researched and written by Marg Verrall of Montreal Women's Liberation and members of Last Post staff.



Everyone is waiting . . .

Glace Bay, N.S.

Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, was once a bustling mining community employing 7,000 miners in as many collieries. Now it's one of the many areas in the Maritimes where unemployment is taking a deadly and lasting toll on human resources. There are two industries worth speaking about: the two remaining coal mines, which employ fewer than 2,000 men. The Cape Breton Development Corporation, which was established by the Federal Government to operate the coal mines and phase them out over 15 years, has enforced a rigid "no hiring policy", so as men re-

tire from coal mining the industry sinks a little further into oblivion.

The New Industry wing of DEVCO, as it is called, does not offer much more hope than its Coal Division. It has been plagued with little industries which have either gone bust or have been racked with internal fights. The new industries which are established are invariably precarious and pay extremely low wages. One industry brought in by DEVCO saw a running battle between Cape Breton and California in which rival groups of shareholders used the Sydney plant as

a pawn in the struggle for control. Another declared bankruptcy and still another DEVCO-sponsored industry has recently circulated letters accusing the development corporation of allowing them to sink into financial disaster.

The point is that various levels of government have not yet realized or have refused to realize, that any industry which is lured into a depressed area is almost inevitably going to be a fly-by-night outfit or, at best, a company whose motives are questionable. Since the only reasons for a New Jersey company's moving to Cape Breton can be tax incentives, apprenticeship allowances, outright gifts, or the exploitation of cheap labor, it is hardly surprising that the economy of the area is worse off than ever before.

When the DEVCO bill was before the House of Commons, the government rejected out of hand the suggestion that the corporation be given the power to make massive infusions of public money through public ownership. Since that time the government has shown no indication that it has changed its mind and the economy of Cape Breton drifts from bad to worse.

For a town like Glace Bay, with a population of 24,000, this means that in January of last year 1331 men and 502 women were unemployed, which would probably work out at a twenty-per-cent-plus rate of unemployment. This winter, the figures are higher, but the social and economic implications of this really hit home when it is known that 622 men are on "early retirement" and over 1,000 on pension from the old Dominion Coal Company, which ran the collieries before DEVCO. Other coal-mining communities in the area are as badly off as Glace Bay, or worse. Of all urban centres on Cape Breton Island, only Sydney barely holds its own.

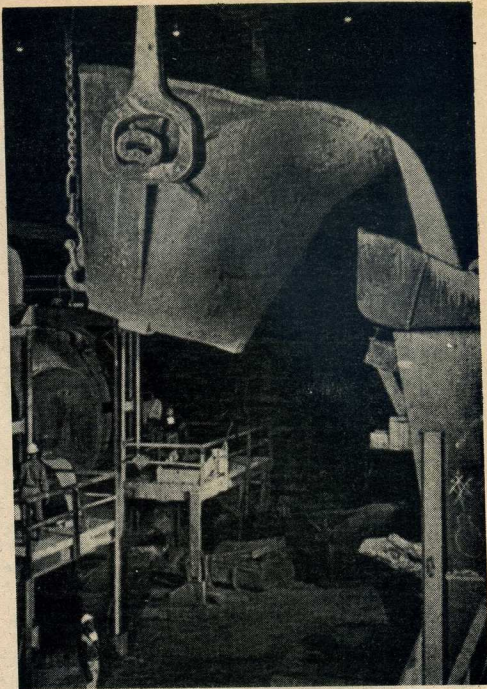
Not long ago it was the accepted practice to send the sons to Toronto, where, the legend said, the streets were paved with jobs. Not any more. Today the sons are returning, for even the table-waiting and dish-washing jobs traditionally reserved for Maritimers are no longer to be found. Bernie, 26, is married with three young children, and they live with his widowed mother in a tiny four-room bungalow. Recently Bernie's Uncle Dan moved in with them, adding to the overcrowding, but they needed Uncle Dan's Old Age Security cheque.

Last year Bernie took a heavy equipment operators course and when he graduated looked forward to the big pay for which the construction industry is fabled. Bernie found a job trundling an earth moving machine, but was laid off after two weeks. When his unemployment insurance ran out they lived on Uncle Dan's cheque and his mother's Social Assistance cheque of \$75 monthly. Later, Bernie managed to get a municipal welfare order of \$14 a week and later still was given "a few shifts on the town".

After a week of working on the roads and a week on the town garbage truck, Bernie was back on the street because the town councillors, wanting to keep as many friends as possible, spread the town work as thinly as possible around the community. Bernie searched high and low for odd jobs until eventually he confessed it "was getting to him" and he went to see a psychiatrist.

Acting on the psychiatrist's advice, Bernie went to Northern Manitoba to work in a mine. The pay was fair, but the life was rugged and when he sent money back home for his family's passage, they wouldn't go. Bernie is back home again, living on fried foods, walking the streets and worrying himself sick in case he has to go back to the psychiatrist. "If a fella's gonna starve," he says, "he may as well be among friends."

One of Bernie's buddies, Robert, was laid off his job as a delivery van driver for the local supermarket just two weeks



after he got married. Robert fell for the propaganda luring young coal miners to Alberta's Smokey River where impressive paper wage scales obscure real facts of life. He went, found it rough going, unsuitable for his wife and, horrified at the cost of living, came home shaking his head. He kicked around town for a month or two then took off for Toronto where finally his brother found him a job in a bakery. Robert is one of the lucky ones.

Nova Scotia's NDP Leader Jeremy Akerman, newly elected as Glace Bay's MLA in the October 13 provincial election, says that over 60 per cent of the calls he receives are from people looking for work. He says that in the weeks following the election he was swamped with requests from young married men who felt that Akerman had a back pocket full of jobs to dispense to anyone who assured them they had voted for him.

"The sad thing," said Akerman bitterly, "is that people around here no longer consider a job a basic human right, but rather as something which is obtained only by the largesse of the politicians. This degree of unemployment almost kills any dignity men have."

In the Cape Breton area, young men have few avenues to explore, and the ones that exist are all disappointing. The construction at the Straits of Canso is well advanced and is being trimmed back. Even the *Halifax Chronicle-Herald*, which had crowed for so long about "the booming Straits," had to admit on December 22 that there was "a severe construction slowdown now looming over the Canso Strait industrial area."

More than 2,000 men were about to be laid off, the *Chronicle-Herald* reported. "The jobs will disappear over the next

six months—threatening an unemployment squeeze on the whole provincial economy.”

It is noted that Port Hawkesbury, the centre of activity of “the booming Straits,” would be hit particularly hard. “Completion of two major industrial projects will cause the slowdown: Gulf Oil Canada Limited’s \$65 million refinery and Nova Scotia Pulp Limited’s \$60 million pulp mill expansion.

“Meanwhile, prospects for replacing construction work are not bright.”

The two electronics plants in the Sydney area are paying around \$1.10 an hour and employ chiefly women—even then. It is claimed, only those with some “drag”. The Sydney Steel Corporation, in its third year as a publicly owned enterprise, is besieged with job applications, but the \$94 million modernization program promised since last March still has not materialized and recently the plant has been laying off men.

Waiting lists for Trade School are enormous but for younger men who have not been out of school for at least three years this is useless since under present regulations no allowances are paid. Jeff is nineteen and has been this route. He says: “You got to be out of school three years and on the labor market before you can go to Trade School. To survive on the labor market for three years you got to have a skill. To get a skill you got to go to Trade Schools. Who do these bastards think they’re fooling?”

Prior to the October 13 election, the Conservative Government of Isaac Smith made much of the fact that the unem-

ployment rate in Nova Scotia was down to around seven per cent. The critics pointed out that had the out-migration figures been taken into account, the rate would have been twice as high since all the people who left the province did so because they could not find work.

Sensing that the public was not being fooled on the issue, Liberal Leader Gerald Regan went to the electorate with an attractive platform which promised “more jobs and better pay.” Now that he is Premier, Mr. Regan has not explained how this is to be done. Still less has he explained how his platform could be reconciled with the national policies of Mr. Trudeau which have themselves been responsible for unemployment.

NDP Leader Jeremy Akerman recently predicted “one of the most bitter and cruel winters in many years” for the area and appealed to Premier Regan to launch an emergency public works program to help overcome the problem. Considering the new government’s stated priorities—streamlining of labor laws and an appointment of an ombudsman among them—and in view of the utter financial chaos which the Liberals found they had inherited, it is unlikely that the Premier will respond favorably.

Without exception, all municipalities in Cape Breton have already far exceeded their welfare budgets and the word is out to tighten the belt. Just about everybody will be doing the same.

by Donald Ross

Caraquet, N.B.

Last September 14, Royal Forest Products Limited of Sussex, New Brunswick, 40 miles east of Saint John, closed down. Twenty-six men lost their jobs and the provincial government lost a pack of money. The NB Industrial Finance Board had guaranteed the firm loans valued at \$373,333, of which \$253,333 was outstanding; in addition, it had authorized direct loans in the past six months amounting to \$120,000. The firm was established just four years ago.

On November 17, a lack of orders forced the shut-down of the pulp and paper mill at Atholville, in Restigouche County. About 250 men, making up most of the town’s work force, were laid off for what proved to be three weeks. They received no unemployment insurance during that time because of the week’s waiting period required before benefits can be applied, and because “payment is normally made to claimants in the third week after application.” So, the workers got a three-week vacation, unscheduled and unpaid. The mill is owned by the Fraser Company, which also operates a much larger mill at Edmundston.

About forty miles from Fredericton, 200 unemployed miners at Minto have organized to express their dissatisfaction with the Grand Lake Development Corporation. This provincial agency was established in 1968 with the help of \$19.7 millions in federal funds intended to ease the hardships caused by phasing out the strip-mining operation. Two new companies have moved into the area, including a charcoal plant. According to one resident, it is not employing any miners; 75 percent of its work force are women. Government spokesmen have denied this allegation.

These three examples illustrate temporary and permanent unemployment in New Brunswick’s urban and semi-urban communities, a product of the government’s attempt to deal

with the province’s deep-rooted, crippling poverty through industrialization. Nearly twenty per cent of New Brunswick’s 625,000 people live on welfare or unemployment insurance. For years, provincial political leaders have argued that the cause of these problems can be traced to the terms of Confederation: New Brunswick and its sister Maritime provinces got a bad deal. Just give us the investment capital and we’ll show Central Canada how to industrialize. But industrialization has brought new problems. And in the countryside, hard core poverty still exists.

The village of Ste. Rose, in the heavily Acadian northern part of the province, is scattered along a dirt road seldom seen by summer tourists and avoided by most New Brunswickers in the winter. Edmund Boucher lives there with his twenty-five-year-old wife and two young sons. Their home is a fifteen-by-eighteen-foot shack, framed with hewn timbers and lacking any insulation or plumbing. Boucher hasn’t worked for two years because of intestinal ulcers: His only income is a \$69-a-month welfare cheque. “A poor person,” says Boucher, “is someone who has a lot of misery.” Boucher has known nothing but poverty.

Kilarney Road on the outskirts of Fredericton is an area that that rich white-collar town would rather forget. Officially it has forgotten it, by refusing to amalgamate the area and thereby escaping the responsibility of providing services like sewage and water. Running alongside of Kilarney Road is the St. Mary’s Indian Reserve. Some of the Kilarney Road residents are part Indian; others are the descendants of the slaves who accompanied their United Empire Loyalist masters to this region nearly two hundred years ago.

Most of these people work most of the time—as janitors, waitresses, semi-skilled garage mechanics—jobs lacking union protection and often the first to go when companies

'tighten their belts.' Most Kilarney Road mothers are available as housekeepers and cleaning women; they leave their children at home, often regardless of age. "We aren't a village," one said recently. "We are just a road and we are just poor people." And most of them have to carry their water supply.

An Acadian family in Caraquet, on the Baie des Chaleurs about twelve miles north of Ste. Rose, illustrates another side of unemployment in New Brunswick. The father has grade-six formal schooling; his two sons, both over twenty, have about the same. From May to October, the two young men worked the night shift in a nearby herring-reduction plant. Now that it is closed for the winter, they are unemployed: that is, they receive no regular wages, but each morning, barring bad weather, they head for the woods to cut fuel to feed their home's wood-burning furnace.

They are well-housed, well-clothed, and well-fed. They will be receiving some unemployment insurance until their stamps run out in early March. They are not poor but their limited skills can only be marketed in their own rural environment. If they join the Acadian migration to Montreal and eastern Ontario, they could taste real poverty—the kind their father and uncles knew a generation ago when they boiled oats to make tea.

But now, the government is trying to superimpose an industrial complex on New Brunswick's rural people. The most expensive and elaborate effort has been the Mactaquac-Nackawic development, about twenty miles north of Fredericton on the St. John river. First a giant \$120 million hydro dam was built at Mactaquac, displacing about 1200 farmers and creating a fifty-mile long headpond. The government of Louis Robichaud, then in power, claimed that thousands of jobs would be available once the Montreal-based construction firm began the job, but the locals lost out to heavy equipment operators and hundreds of other workers who came in from Quebec.

Shortly before the hydro turbines began turning out their product (mostly for export to Quebec and Maine) Robichaud announced that New York financiers, Parsons, Whitcomb & Lytton, would be building a hardwood pulp and paper mill at Nackawic, a few miles from the dam. This certainly would provide hundreds of permanent jobs for the displaced farmers. A new townsite was carved out of the bush and once-peaceful farmland, but most of the New Brunswickers refused to become machine-tenders, and the mill-workers have been streaming in from Quebec.

The Nackawic mill is reputed to have cost \$72 million, although an engineer who designed three of New Brunswick's seven pulp and paper mills reported after a tour of the Nackawic plant that he thought the actual cost would be closer to only \$40 millions. The other \$32 millions probably represent inflated promotional costs and 'risk profit'. New Brunswick governments seemingly will do most anything to bring in industry—so long as the public pays. Here are several other examples:

- By an order-in-council dated June 24, 1970, the Robichaud government authorized payment of a \$1,200,000 direct grant to Fundy Forest Industries Ltd., which is constructing a \$16 million pulp mill near St. George, on the Bay of Fundy.
- By October 2, 1970 a total of \$2,020,000 had been spent on options for tracts of land to be used for industrial and residential purposes, including 450 acres in the Lorneville area of Saint John, the likely site for a multi-industry complex.
- A \$20-million thermal plant was officially opened last June on a 75-acre site near Dalhousie. It would be "a very important asset", Premier Robichaud told the crowd, "in attracting new industry".

This is the kind of news the citizens are fed through the many facets of the Irving media. They rarely hear about the poor and the unemployed. However, the have-not citizens did get a chance to talk and to be reported during this past year, thanks to two government investigating bodies.

Last spring, the Robichaud government established a provincial task force "to carry out a dialogue with the people on the problems of Social Development". Its members included a former welfare recipient and the hearings have been held throughout the province. "We note your problems. We sympathize with you," Emery LeBlanc, the commission's co-chairman, told the spokesmen for Kilarney Road. "I wish I could give you a secret formula to get you your water."

At the same time, the Senate Committee on Poverty was making its rounds, but meeting more with the Chamber-of-Commerce set than with the actual poor. One of its New Brunswick members, Senator Muriel Ferguson, did not need to be a member of any Senate body to discover one fact she mentioned to a Saint John service club: "Poverty in New Brunswick is as bad as, or worse than, any other area in Canada." She described some housing in the Tracadie area as "atrocious" and then asked: "Can we say, when we have people living like this in our province, or in Canada, that we are making progress toward an equitable distribution of our rising incomes?"

As winter progresses, we are getting more reports about unemployment. A story in the Saint John *Telegraph-Journal* recently said that Fredericton was "taking the brunt of the growing unemployment crisis in the province". The number of job applicants and the number drawing unemployment insurance through the Fredericton district UIC office during November increased thirty percent over 1969.

If recent charges made by the Canadian Union of Public Employees are correct, part of the explanation can be attributed to the recent change in government. According to M.A. Hughes, regional representative of CUPE, "political hatchmen" are responsible for a large number of layoffs among CUPE locals for about 1900 highway and public works employees. Premier Richard Hatfield personally had promised CUPE that there would be no dismissals because of political patronage, and his Minister of Highways and Public Works claims he knows nothing about any lay-offs.

One thing is clear: times are tougher than usual in New Brunswick. Everyone is waiting—waiting for Ottawa. Scores of private contractors have gone under in the past two years (you can see the idle and rusting road equipment at the entrance of most major towns); highway expenditures were cut back in 1968 and 1969; hospital construction has been frozen for three years (ostensibly to wait for the report of an independent study, but it was released last July); large school complexes under the centralizing program of Robichaud's Equal Opportunity Program have been moving ahead but slowly, amid reports that contractors want to renegotiate later phases of their agreements because of higher costs.

Now there is a new government, and what appears to be the first glimmer of awareness of priorities other than bringing in more industry. Finance Minister Jean Maurice Simard, one of two French members of the new cabinet, commented unfavorably on the decision of Jean Marchand, federal minister of regional economic expansion and chief apostle of urbanization and industrialization, to broaden the designated-areas program to central Canada. He urged federal cash grants for public works and higher federal capital spending.

He also wants Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation to deal with rural as well as urban housing problems. "This is where the largest proportion of our population lives, and

their housing needs are just as real as those in urban centres." Specifically, Simard wants CMHC to subsidize shell housing in the rural areas, and to extend this to include individuals as well as co-operatives.

Still, the overall orientation of the new government is toward industrialization, and a hundred years of failure to achieve this goal doesn't deter Hatfield, the wealthy bachelor Tory premier. He said during the election campaign that he would give industrialization first priority—not an unexpected

outlook for one whose family sold out its potato-processing factory to Humpty-Dumpty of Montreal, reportedly for more than a million dollars.

Recently, Hatfield took off for a two-week post-election vacation in Morocco and Paris. In the meantime, Edmund Boucher and his young family waited out New Brunswick's third storm of the winter.

by Richard Wilbur

Gaspé, Que.

Just across the Baie des Chaleurs from New Brunswick lies a region that lives with the double burden of being part of underdeveloped Atlantic Canada and also part of Quebec. It's the Gaspé peninsula, and not surprisingly, it has the highest rate of unemployment in the whole country.

The growing season in the Gaspé is too short for people to sustain themselves by farming, and so fishing and forestry are the economic mainstays of the region. But both of these are seasonal, and when winter comes there's not much for people to do except go on unemployment insurance or welfare.

What little industry there is, is also tied to the sea or the forest—a British Columbia Packers Ltd. fish-processing plant at Gaspé, a Price Paper Co. mill at Chandler, a Consolidated-Bathurst paper mill at New Richmond. But most of the towns along the coast have no visible means of support, and many of them are slowly dying.

Somewhat different is the little company town of Murdochville in the otherwise uninhabited interior, where the Noranda Mines Ltd. mine and smelter brings relative prosperity. But Murdochville provides no prospect of new employment; in fact, it provides fewer jobs than it did when the mine opened in 1954. In 1957, the miners went on strike when a union leader was fired and reports circulated that two hundred

more workers would be laid off; the company denied the reports, but there are now several hundred fewer workers than there were before the strike.

The coast has a junior college now, a bilingual one at Gaspé, but young people who acquire skills all go somewhere else. "The youngsters leave for the North Shore or Montreal, there's no work here," says Rosario Labrie, mayor of Ste-Paula, near Matane at the western end of the peninsula. "We send them to school, they get big fat diplomas and then nothing."

Pierre de Bané, the federal Liberal MP for Matane who was the only member of his party to oppose the Public Order (Temporary Measures) Act, says his constituency holds a disproportionately high number of blind, crippled, and infirm people. "The society is not properly balanced, because the strong dynamic people have left to find work elsewhere."

Like the Maritime provinces to the south, the region has its own Redevelopment Plan, signed, sealed, but not delivered, in this case a \$258-million federal-provincial agreement signed in 1968. The people have been hearing promises for a long time; from 1963 to 1966, the Eastern Quebec Development Bureau, a pilot research project, surveyed the region, and its social animators began to teach people how to help themselves. Hopes were raised, but never fulfilled.

Last summer, a rash of incidents (in Cabano, in the adjacent Lower St. Lawrence region, the townspeople threatened to burn the surrounding forests, owned by K. C. Irving's d'Auteuil Lumber Company, unless d'Auteuil built a promised pulp mill; in a similar incident at Barachois, just south of Gaspé, a roadblock was set up to prevent a lumber company from hauling wood) brought both Prime Minister Trudeau and Premier Bourassa on whirlwind visits to the coast to assure the people that their respective governments cared about them.

The visitors' reception was polite, but not many people took them seriously. A few months later, nineteen parish priests signed a manifesto denouncing the "immoral" neglect of the region by governments and warning of a possible "unfortunate confrontation." One of the priests, Curé Charles Banville of Ste-Paula, said that "by and large a majority of the population and of the priests in the counties of Matane and Matapédia are fundamentally in agreement with the social demands formulated in the manifesto of the FLQ."

That is a new mood in the Gaspé, and it has much to contend with—notably the traditional deep cynicism about any hopes for change, the Gaspesian resignation that is as characteristic of the coast as the Gaspé salmon for which American visitors come to fish on their private estates.



CABANO: The government doused the flames before they spread



A little like a campus, and a lot like a prison

by
Richard Liskeard

Sudbury, which most Canadians knew only as the nickel capital of the world, has recently begun to gain the prominence it deserves in other areas — as the home of the International Nickel Company of Canada, one of the most ruthless corporations in the country.

But there is a larger significance to be found in this barren city, beyond the pollution and the hourly wage statistics. You find it among the 16,500 men who work for Inco, when you ask where they came from and why.

Sudbury is an economic prison zone, built largely on the floating labor pool of this country, on men pried loose from their homes and set adrift by unemployment.

Some 1,000 of them end up in Waters Staff Village — “Stalag 13” as its residents baptized it. It’s a good place to learn economics.

Reggie Praught got laid off the construction site in Summerside, Prince Edward Island, somewhere around the time he turned 21. With ten brothers and sisters back home in Richmond, about 12 miles away, it didn't take a lot of imagination to convince him he'd better find a job.

He had finished grade 10 and studied plumbing, but even an MA wouldn't have helped in P.E.I. last fall, and no one was interested in fledgling plumbers. Friends his age like Walter Rathlie, Ed Goodie, or Charlie and Danny McNeill were picking up odd jobs here and there, mostly slinging sacks or crates at \$1.50 an hour. Even that wasn't steady.

“I dunno, most everyone I knew was just sitting around, working a couple of days, or drinking, or sleeping a lot. Mostly we hung around together. There's no work back home.”

The ad that was running that week in the *Journal-Pioneer*, therefore, caused a bit of excitement: **MINERS WANTED, \$3.24 to \$3.48 an hour; start October.** The ad was running everywhere across Canada, and a lot of Manpower officers were shrugging and saying “Sorry, can't help. But if you're willing to go to northern Ontario...”

Though it seems a characteristic of Islanders that they kind of like it where they are, Reggie, Walter Rathlie, Ed Goodie and the McNeill brothers were still pretty excited sitting in the large waiting room of a Manpower office in Charlottetown. And when the Inco man doing the inter-

views there asked them why they didn't prefer to work on the Island, he seemed satisfied with the obvious answer: "No jobs."

So on September 11, four of the original five (Charlie McNeill, 17, was turned down as too young) were in great humor, piled into Reggie's sister-in-law Sheila's car, on their way to Charlottetown again. At the airport, they joined a group of 15 other guys their age and boarded the plane for Sudbury, where they awaited the high-paying job, and the promised room and board provided by the company.

After a layover of a couple of days in a second rate Sudbury Hotel, they were driven out to the Staff Village, about 20 miles out of town. There, the illusions began wearing.

George Giles, 22, heard from people back home in Swift Current, Newfoundland, that there was work in Toronto, and that he should try going when school started, "when it should really open up."

Seven — he and six guys who had jobs in Toronto factories but had come home for a couple of days — took the train to Toronto. It took George ten days and about 20 attempts to find out things weren't opening up at all last August. He had a letter from Manpower saying he could get a job up in Churchill, so he went up and found out there wasn't a hope in hell for a job there either.

Soon he was back in Newfoundland, reading the Help Wanted columns of the St. John's *Daily News*. There he saw the Inco ad, and ended up in a large room at the St. John's Manpower office — with 100 other men. "The guy at Manpower said 100 men a day turned out when ads like that ran in the paper."

Same speech from the Inco man — housing was rough in Sudbury, but you'll get room and board and recreation, tennis, pool, a gym...

Thirty-one guys, mostly in their early twenties, loaded up on the Air Canada flight along with George, bound for Sudbury. They went through the routine of X-rays and forms, and two days later the 31 were herded into the Staff Village. That was September.

Of the 31 that came on the same plane with George, two others still remain at the camp, four managed to find rooms in town, and 24 are back home.

* * *
Allan MacDonald — "I'll be 20 in February" — was a friend of Reggie Praught's in Richmond, P.E.I., and since he got laid off a construction job just before winter, he looked up Reggie when Reggie came home to Richmond over the Christmas holidays. Since Reggie told him Inco was desperate for labor, he decided to return with his friend to Sudbury and apply for work at Inco.

"I guess the guy at the Inco employment office in Sudbury figured I was just passing through and wouldn't stay on the job very long. I was crazy not to apply back at home."

Allan didn't get the job, and now lives at the Staff Village with the Inco employees because he managed to scrape up a job with Crawley-McCracken, the caterers that run the Village, at \$60 a week. He's a janitor.

When an argument developed between Reggie, Allan, and a couple of others about how many Villagers went home for Christmas to their families and never came back, Allan won the argument with one question:

"How many guys you figure were in section C three weeks ago?"

"Eighty," Reggie replied.

"Well, it's empty now."

Inco is nothing if not expedient. So when a small cemetery was found to be situated over a modest vein of ore, Inco moved the cemetery, coffin and headstone, out towards the barren black-rock flatland a few miles past the Copper Cliff smelter whose fumes make the area look the way it does. Turn right onto the side road immediately past the new cemetery, and you've arrived at Waters Staff Village. It does not take long to observe that much the same expediency went into the setting up of the "Village."

It consists of a large grouping of long trailers, three or four joined together to form a section. A "street" comprises about ten sections on each side, and there are some ten "streets".

In the summer, the streets were ankle-deep mud flats after a rain, and looked like a grouping of migrant-workers' homes in California. In winter, about four feet of snow have bestowed a monotonous serenity on the Village, suggesting a series of construction shacks somewhere on the DEW line.

Each section, with its three or four trailers joined together, can house from 40 to 80 men. A trailer is divided up into ten rooms, six by eight feet, and two men, each with a cot, are put into each room. There is one tiny dresser, one chair sometimes, and a shallow closet inset into the plywood walls. The effect is equivalent to housing two men in the bathroom of an average-sized house.

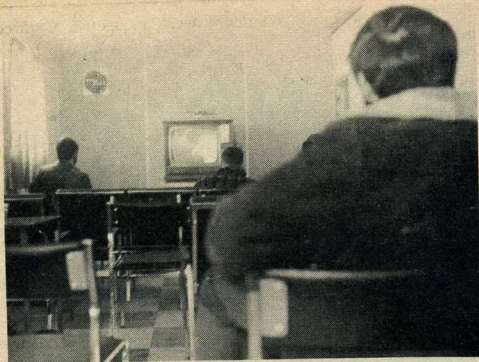
One centre trailer, placed like the centre-bar in an H, has three toilets, and three wash sinks, and a water-squirter in case of fire (Complete with instructions reading "When you see a fire, yell Fire...").

The promised entertainment consists of a couple of TV trailers, with a set on one wall, and a scattered series of chairs. There the men can be seen on a Sunday morning watching the set from the local Italian program (there was no one who spoke Italian in the room), through the Hymn Sing to Country Canada — anything. There is no other form of entertainment beyond getting drunk and starting fights — which are prevalent. There is a laundromat with half the machines out of order, and a series of tables in a long trailer that serves as the dining room. The food is good if monotonous, the men say. Men on early morning shifts can't get to breakfast, and end up eating only one meal a day, supper.

There are no women allowed on the property. The nearest town, Sudbury, is 20 miles away. The only dependable bus to town, costing 50 cents, was recently cancelled. It now costs \$4.50 one way by cab to go into town. Some men hitchhiking at the juncture of the Village side road and the main highway have been killed by cars speeding by.

The men will be the first to admit, however, that it's probably no worse than construction or lumber camps, and probably better — though Sudbury, population 90,000, is no northern bush camp.

Burwash Industrial Farm, a federal minimum-security prison 20 miles away, houses people in larger rooms, has equivalent food, provides entertainment, hockey rinks, craft shops, and substantially more pleasant surroundings. You can also learn a trade there, while the residents of the



Village are acquiring no marketable skills, most of them working as straight manual labor.

For these Village accommodations, and the food, \$32.55 a week is deducted from each man's cheques. It was lowered from \$35 a week when the Steelworkers' union started raising some hell.

Sudbury is an almost impossible place to find accommodations at a normal rate. Inco is getting some housing built in the area, though. A realty firm associated with the company built a series of relatively modest but attractive town houses on Inco property near the Copper Cliff smelter. The rent is \$225 a month. Housing is somewhat cheaper in towns like Lively, some 30 miles away. But the worker has to get a car to be able to commute to Sudbury.

"It's not the camp so much, it's the boredom," said Reggie Praught.

"All you do is sleep, go down to the diner for a meal, watch hours of TV—shit, you'll see twenty miners watching some women's cooking program—and sleep more. You talk with the guy in your room, but after a while he gets on your nerves.

"You do as much overtime as you can, of course, because all you're here for is the money, and because it beats sitting around here."

Allan MacDonald agrees you can go into town, if you can afford the cab, "but there's not a hell of a lot to do there either. You start talking to some girl—which is tough since there's about five guys for every girl in town—and as soon as you tell her you're just some shovel pusher at Inco she loses interest. They're too good for you in these parts. 'Sides, you can't bring them back to the camp. None of the students at the university bother with you either."

Reggie Praught grosses \$138.80 a week, which he'll freely admit is almost three times what he's likely to make at some job back home in P.E.I., were he able to find one.

These are his weekly deductions:

Income tax	\$28.66
Unemployment insurance	1.40
Canada Pension	2.39
Room and Board	32.55

Another \$5 is deducted toward fare for the plane ride when Inco flew him in from P.E.I. to start work. It will be deducted for four months, but he'll get it back after that. It's calculated to pressure workers to stay the minimum period. If Reggie were to leave after three months,

he'd forfeit the entire fare, and not get any of his weekly \$5 deductions back.

He'll therefore clear \$68.80 a week on a 40-hour week. This does not count having spent some \$15 on work boots, \$3.50 on gloves, and \$7 on a safety helmet — mandatory on the job, but the employee has to buy them.

He'll buy cigarettes, some beer occasionally, some clothes. He rarely goes into town — "You end up spending about ten bucks when you go in, so I stay here to avoid getting tempted."

He managed to send his family \$200 he had saved for Christmas, and is back to being broke. He figures the \$200 would keep his family at home for a month or two, since his father can't make extra money farming in winter.

Allan MacDonald works for Crawley-McCracken, not Inco, and he earns \$1.50 an hour, which is the legal minimum wage in Ontario. Out of that he clears \$40 a week. "I can make that much hauling spuds back in P.E.I. If I don't get a job at Inco soon, I'm heading back."

He had come to earn enough money to be able to go through trade school and send some back to his family. He's achieved neither, "but you don't feel like coming back home with nothing to show, especially when they have it rough enough without you." Allan comes from a family of six, which is supported by the \$90 a week his father makes as a carpenter in P.E.I.

Alex McLean, 26, who flew in with Reggie September 11, is married and has four kids. It took him two weeks to figure out he wasn't going to keep his family out of debt if he cleared no better than \$70 a week, and he hitchhiked home.

"Some guys with families can do better staying at home on welfare, and not having to work their asses off in mines or in the smelter," one said.

The basic wage at Inco for a surface worker (like Reggie) or a miner, thanks to Local 6500 of the Steelworkers' union being the most powerful local in the country, is one of the best basic wages in the industry, at \$138.80 a week.

Most of the men were able to add about \$18 on an average to their weekly take-home pay through working overtime. "That just barely made it worthwhile for a single guy," George Giles said. But in the week of January 4, Inco announced that all overtime was being cancelled for some time to come. It offered no reasons.

It's estimated that 150 to 200 men will abandon the camp to look for other work. About 150 never returned after going home for visits at Christmas—"When you've been away from your wife and kids for three months, and come back for a couple of days, it's more than most people can do to leave again. Especially if it really isn't worth it."

Pierre Beaulieu, 36, father of five kids between six and twelve years old, is typical of the numerous Quebecers working at Inco and living at the Village.

He had been laid off a job as stationary engineer at \$100 a week gross in Montreal, and hitchhiked to Toronto. Manpower in Toronto suggested he go to Sudbury, so he hitchhiked up and got a job at Inco, where he works at the blast furnace. He clears \$82 to \$85 a week. He'll spend \$30 a week on beer, cigarettes, or going into town now and then, and send \$50 a week home. He is never able to save anything, and says he cannot return to his family until the job market in Montreal opens up again. And his wife and kids don't do too well on \$50 a week either, even though they only pay \$80 a month rent on an east-end Montreal flat. Since overtime has been cancelled at Inco, he's thinking of moving elsewhere to look for a job, and says somebody told him the money was good in Alaska.

Going home for Christmas by bus, for three days counting travel, cost him \$100 for the trip and some presents, and the \$75 he would have earned on three shifts. "It took me three weeks after Christmas to get out of being broke again." As a stationary engineer, he is classified as a skilled laborer, but can only get straight manual work like at Inco.

He says frankly he likes the Village. "If you lived in town there'd be temptations like going out to movies and things. Here, there are no temptations." The separation, he says, has been hardest on his kids: "They need a father around."

The most striking thing about the Village is the youth of the vast majority of the residents. It's like some surreal university campus—the average age is about 23, there are young people, some complete with sideburns and fairly shaggy hair, from every part of the country, about 800 of them, and at peak times, 1,000; there are young foreigners too, Czechs, Germans. But most are from the Maritimes and Quebec. They know each other from their high schools and home towns, as students on a campus do.

Sometimes inside the rooms it strikes you you're in a dorm, albeit a miserable one.

Up on the hill overlooking Sudbury there is a real campus, that of Laurentian University. The people on campus don't look much different from the people in the Village, except when you see the students in the pub lounge of the President Hotel, which resembles a Holiday Inn, on a Saturday night. Most of the Villagers stay in their rooms or just get drunk on a case of beer in the camp. Still the strange equation recurs. All that differentiates those in the Village from those on the campus is where they came from, the fact they work in a smelter eight hours a day, and the fact that the money between them and the family flows in the opposite direction. And of course, where they'll end up in five years. The ambitions are to become a plumber, a carpenter, or just a miner, and to be able to return home and earn the same they earn here.



PAUL FALKOWSKI

"A lot of prisons have better facilities."



GEORGE GILES

Of 31 who came, seven stayed.

The only person who has seriously tried to get the conditions of the camp improved is Paul Falkowski, Chairman of Safety for United Steelworkers Local 6500, and probably chief *bête noire* for Inco, the Sudbury municipality, and the Ontario Government. He has made sure that visiting politicians don't miss the Village in their tour of Sudbury, and has succeeded in winning many substantial improvements.

But in his eyes, the significance of the camp transcends its conditions.

"This camp is an incarnation of something much more significant," he said, "namely that we're in an economic prison zone."

"Obviously, for starters, none of the men in here really want to be here, they'd rather work at home. All are deprived of their families, be they sons or fathers, and live in 90 per cent isolation except from each other."

"They're here for the money. Not for any particular luxuries, but to provide their families basic necessities, or to save up to be able to go through a trade school, or something. And they're consciously spending a few months, a year or more just sweating towards that end."

"What more do you want in a prison? They're isolated except from fellow prisoners. They're serving time, economic time. This is a prison zone. Not just for the guys in the camp, but for a hell of a lot of the 16,500 other workers at Inco. In five years this or that guy will have his family up here, will be shelling out about \$150 a month rent at least, will most likely have to have a car for practical purposes. So that guy is almost as much in bondage to Inco as the guys in the camp."

"Their only alternative is to leave, going back home with their tails between their legs, or to hope for a lucky break and a job in Toronto or back home. And those are scarce."

"The only difference between this camp and a minimum- or medium-security federal prison is that they can go into town when they feel like it. And they usually end up being able to do that only once a week or every two weeks. Big deal. And a lot of prisons have better facilities than this."

Sudbury, particularly Inco (though Inco is Sudbury), could not function and produce efficiently if Richmond, P.E.I., or Swift Current, Newfoundland, or east-end Montreal did not exist. It survives on the available, cheap labor pool of the country. On the pressure in the Maritimes that drives Reggie Praught or Allan MacDonald out and makes him take what he can get.



ALLAN MACDONALD & REGGIE PRAUGHT
Going down the road

Inco, one of the largest employers in Canada after the government and the railways, keeps the little ads appearing in the *Journal-Pioneers* of the country, the hiring agents in the Manpower offices of Eastern Canada, because it is in desperate need of fresh transfusions of such labor.

The men in Waters Staff Village are employed, and don't show up on ugly statistics. Nor do they show up on poverty-level statistics because on the surface, the wages seem pretty good, and compare very favorably across the country. The men here show up on the \$7,500-a-year income charts. There's no particular statistical category that portrays this situation accurately.

Charlie Davis, who's been here four months, shows pretty well when compared to the unemployment statistics. But there's a little more to it.

He was 29 on January 8. He had been a stonemason for



CHARLIE DAVIS
"I don't know if this can last..."

nine years back in St. John's, Newfoundland, but the work ran out when winter started setting in. He was working on tearing buildings down in Fredericton when his employer went broke and left him with \$118 in salary unpaid. Here he makes \$3.47 an hour, which looked pretty good to him in the ad in St. John's.

He was reluctant to talk at first, much less have his photo taken, but after a time pulled out the letters he has been getting from his wife, which he has clipped in a pile.

He has two children; one, Charlie, Jr., is five years old, the other is a baby. He clears between \$80 and \$85 a week, and sends \$50 or \$60 home each week. That keeps things afloat, but he's stuck here, his wife and kids are in Newfoundland, and he can't afford to bring them up.

The letters account a mounting tension on his wife's part. She's having a hard time bringing the kids up alone—"Charlie's so fiercely independent, and is rebelling. He's a strong boy, but he needs a father now, not just a mother... I don't know if this can last, Charlie, you've got to bring us up as soon as you can... I miss you more and more and it's so hard being without you..."

With the overtime cut out, he hasn't a chance of bringing his wife and children this winter. If they reinstate overtime and he does bring them up, and finds a house at around \$150, he may manage if he goes into debt. But he won't leave Sudbury for years, and admits that he would be happy if he could just live decently here.

If he doesn't bring his family soon, the tension of separation will wedge into the marriage, and he may join the hundreds of others who ended up leaving their families while the wives returned to their parents with the children.

Charlie talked at length about his children, his wife, he passed pictures around, he reminisced about home, and on the way out of his room Allan MacDonald muttered "He's screwed."

Richard Liskeard is a member of the Last Post editorial cooperative, based in Toronto. We gratefully acknowledge the aid of members of the United Steelworkers of America, Local 6500, in researching this article.

REVIEWS

... AND THE GLORY

As a country, we have long made a habit of feeding the hand that bites us. Nowhere is this gnomic practice more evident than in the pride of place afforded the *New York Times* in our national life.

By plane and train its early edition, zig-zagged with transferred type and misplaced headlines, is shovelled and pummelled on to government desks in Ottawa and Quebec City, laid like stone tablets on the mahogany of Bay St. and Rue St. Jacques.

And year after year millions of Quebec confiers, vertically integrated into the *Times* enterprise, bow their heads to the buzz-saw, disappear like doomed pretzels at a faculty bash, transferred into reams of grubby come-ons for all-inclusive pleasure cruises to the lesser Antilles in leaky, Greek steamers; and PR handouts from the Mafiosi of northern New Jersey; and lunatic jabberings on the aesthetics of panty hose.

For the *Times* is our national daily; it is present wherever the faithful congregate. Along with the CPR and the Kennedy Round, it is our ultimate psychic backstop. To question its imprimatur is to fart in church. It is, quite simply, not done.

And yet, despite its overall poundage the paper's news copy is slim, often crimped into a single-stretch column, almost edged off the page by bulging advertisements from rag-trade and raucous counting house; sliver-like snippets of rogue facts seeking *lebensraum*, reminiscent of those thin and forlorn strips of decayed linoleum that directed

the weary traveller into the less salubrious stews of New Orleans in the Roaring Twenties. In the perspective of a *Times* layout, the doings of men complement the selling of things. The paper is a visual microcosm of our larger arrangements.

The *Times*, in a word, is a vast put-on. Mae West laced creakingly into the sober buttonry of New England corporate Calvinism. A clothes horse tricked out as Pegasus.

And yet it is taken seriously by those who take such matters seriously. During the recent Polish disturbances it was heard editorially to cry out for "a working-class revolution" in Gdansk, a ploy the only equivalent of which might be the Generalissimo's rooting for a Spartacist *putsch* in, say, Bilbao.

Altogether, when the *Times* faces east, it affects an antic posture quite out of keeping with its cachet as a "journal of record." Sometimes, of course, it just lowers the curtain. As in the case of the extraordinary story filed December 21 from the London bureau of Associated Press:

Quoting from the just-released official minutes of the Combined Chiefs of Staff of the Allied forces during the Second World War, AP revealed that US and British generals had, in August of 1943, discussed the possibility of using the German Army against the Red Army.

The actual approach had been made by U.S. Chief of Staff General George Marshall (he of the Plan) to Sir Alan Brooke, Chief of the Imperial General Staff. The latter replied that he'd been thinking along similar lines.

The interest of the story is, to put it mildly, obvious. And by and large the Canadian press reported it. Apart entirely from the substantive issues involved, the publication of an authenticated example of warlord wheeling-dealing is of some moment.

But not for the *Times*. Bravely rising to its role as social prophylactic, it looked the other way. The story did not run.

(Fascinating questions are raised by the date of this meeting, August 1943. Had the US-British exchange taken place a year earlier, after the failure of the Soviet counter-offensive, it might at least, however loathsome, be excused in terms of *realpolitik* and self-interest. But in August, after Stalingrad and after the clinching Red Army victory at Kursk in July of that year, to have entertained a stratagem that would have sent millions more—Americans, British, Russian and Germans—to the slaughter house, was to have entered the realms of cold war criminal pathology.)

(A disease, it goes without saying, to

which journals of record are by definition immune.)

When it turns from the east, the *Times* relaxes. And never more so than when it faces north. Understandably, for the *Times*' man in Canada is Jay Walz, the essence of relaxation, charged with informing the Republic with activities in the Dominion.

It is not the most demanding or exciting of postings. Or at least it wasn't in 1964 when Walz was first sent up. Yet for this elderly and amiable Hoosier—born ten years before the Russian Revolution and counting among his accomplishments the presidency of the South Bend Symphony Orchestra—it was a change of pace after the Middle East and Washington.

In any event, Head Office, after initial briefing, asked little from Walz: Ottawa has long been regarded on West Forty-Third as a kind of duller Tashkent. A listening-post, a place perhaps where a man might Find Himself—indeed there would be little else to find—even maybe get that book off his chest. (Walz had already done so: in 1950, together with Mrs. Walz, he had authored a tome called "The Bizarre Sisters," an account of skull-duggery among the Virginia aristocracy.)



Jay Walz

The 1967 palace revolution at the *Times* came and went, bringing insecurity to some of the oldsters, and Seymour Topping to the Foreign Desk. (The paper favors the nomenclature appropriate to nineteenth-century diplomacy.) But the shifting fortunes on Forty-Third Street wreaked no havoc in the Ottawa outpost. Everything was as before; discreet lunches with appropriate ministers, occasional copy on inflation, back-grounders with friendly kite-fliers, not-for-attribution fill-ins. It was all very painless.

Then the National Arts Centre erected: Jay and all the Walz's were enthusiastic supporters, applauding, approving, clutching decks of complimentary tickets. Tashkent was becoming St. Petersburg.

A minor irritation presented itself at the gala opening of the Centre. Head Office had sent Clive Barnes, its resident Englishman, to pronounce on the state of *kultur* at the periphery. Embarrassed in equal measure by the fawning reception afforded him and the undeniable nouveau riche vulgarity of the NAC's interior accoutrements, Barnes nevertheless in his public utterances remained splendidly equivocal, after the British fashion.

But his appearance opened the first crack in the glacial curtain.

Could it be that the Dominion was too big for one man? Even for a Hoosier with a Notre Dame BA and a yearning for the Higher Things? Could Thoreau at Walden become Trotsky at Alma Ata with one wave of a Topping memo? Such techniques of unsettlement are not unknown.

Things were happening. Admittedly friends were still in power in Ottawa and along La Grande Allee. But there was Lévesque. And the FLQ. And the bombs. And the rude nationalism.

And then along came Cowan.

Edward Cowan. Younger man. The *Times* was beginning to splash. Two heads better than one, etc.

More copy gets filed these days. The voice of Cowan is heard with increasing assurance.

Walz finds himself travelling more. Most recently to Halifax to interview the managing editor of *The Fourth Estate*, who earns \$50 a week.

From South Bend to Cairo to Washington to Ottawa Bureau Chief. And to end up in Halifax, shivering dimly among the visceral smell of old cod, there to have to talk to a 27-year-old who makes fifty bucks a week. That it should come to this. The wheel of fortune is cruel.

In reference to this journal (*Times*, January 4) Walz names it the *Last Report*, then the *Last Post*, then finally, exhaustedly, the *Last Resort*.

He says the *Report-Post-Resort* is "eager" to be the Canadian *Ramparts*.

Miraculously, the exact colonially-tinted simile used by the fashionably radical *Time* Magazine in its note on the *Last Post* some months ago (March 2, 1970).

And Walz goes on to chastise the R-P-R for specializing in "exposés which often are public knowledge."

The same wrist-slap from *Time*: "much ado about matters of public record."

As example, Walz quotes this journal as having pointed out "as everyone knows" the Bourassa-Simard connection.

The very same example that caused *Time* to frown.

But, Walz adds, the *Report-Post-Resort* did well to expose "Canada's arms-export business, which, the magazine said, grossed \$145 million in 1969."

Exactly the same plaudits as those received from *Time*: "Canada's arms-exporting business, which the magazine claims grossed \$145 million last year."

Well, nobody's perfect.

And there comes a time when a man, his work done, wants to come in from the cold.

By Patrick MacFadden

Silent Surrender, The Multinational Corporation in Canada, by Kari Levitt, with a preface by Mel Watkins. Macmillan of Canada. 185 pp.

If the facts revealed by Mrs. Levitt in her book were generally known to the Canadian public, there would be an explosion of anger which would change the social framework of politics in this country.

Mrs. Levitt shows not only that the sellout of the country to the Americans was unnecessary (on economic grounds), but that it has nearly all been done with Canadian money. Under St. Laurent, Pearson and Diefenbaker, the nation's economy was sold off; whether through the stupidity or cowardice of Canadian governments is hard to establish, but certainly for the lack of the sort of simple establishment controls which a country like Norway, for example, has had almost since it was formed.

Between 1957 and 1964, U.S. direct investors in Canadian manufacturing.

mining and petroleum secured 73 per cent of their funds from retained earnings and depreciation reserves (earned with the sweat of Canadian brows), 12 per cent from Canadian banks and other intermediaries, and only 15 per cent in the form of new funds from the United States. In 1964, of \$2,557 million invested by U.S. subsidiaries in Canada, only \$126 million came from the United States. In 19 years the accumulation of undistributed earning of foreign subsidiaries added \$5.2 billion to Canadian external indebtedness.

In fact, the U.S. has taken capital out of Canada: 1960-67, remitted profits of U.S. subsidiaries in Canada were \$5.9 billion—more than the capital inflow of \$4.1 billion.

The British capital by which Canada was largely developed was portfolio investment—loans to Canadian entrepreneurs who could pay them back and retain control of the developed businesses. The liquidation of this investment by Britain to pay for the First World War gave the U.S. its chance, and from the first they didn't mess around. The went immediately for direct investment, which implied the setting up of subsidiaries of U.S. companies, the transfer not merely of capital but of personnel, methods, life styles and, of course, control.

Without stopping this investment, Canada could easily, through her Parliament, have controlled its nature. But maybe it is now too late to do so, the essential element of national control having been already, in the words of Mrs. Levitt's rather creepy title, silently surrendered.

Was it necessary? Not at all. Canada

THE CANADIAN FORUM

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF OPINION AND THE ARTS

FREE to new subscribers — the special January issue on THE CRISIS IN QUEBEC. Political analyses by 10 leading writers.

.....

The Canadian Forum
56 Esplanade St. E., Toronto 1

Name

Address

1 yr. (12 issues) \$5
 Student rate: \$2.50 per yr. if payment is enclosed

is not short of capital. In 1965, a heavy year for capital investment, the flow of new funds into Canadian subsidiaries was only five percent of Canadian domestic savings. Canadian governments have also refused to interfere with the free exercise by Canadian capitalists of their money.

Even today, when the housing situation of low-income people in the cities is becoming desperate, those who control huge insurance and pension funds are running round like chickens with their heads cut off desperately looking for some money-making business to invest in. In Sweden, they are directed to invest a high proportion of their money in housing and bonds. They could be in Canada, too, but the prospects that any Canadian government will ever really face up to the need to redistribute income, to inject a public interest dimension into the investment decisions of the rich, at present seems extremely remote.

Mrs. Levitt argues from the viewpoint of Canadian capitalism. Entrepreneurship in this country has, she says, been distorted by the branch-plant economy, so much so that there is now hardly any Canadian enterprise in which capital-holding Canadians can invest. That is why Canadian money has flooded away to the New York market. In 1962 Canadian mutual funds held only 17 per cent. By the early 70s, foreign equities held by Canadian financial institutions could be up to \$5 billion. And now provincial and municipal governments have to go to the New York market to borrow money.

"Not only are the Americans buying up Canadian industry with Canadian

savings," says Mrs. Levitt, "but they have in effect mobilized Canadian savings to assist in the expansion of the U.S.-based multinational corporations."

The facts on which Mrs. Levitt bases her arguments have never been made known to Canada because, as she so clearly shows, we are in the grip of huge financial interests which are dictating our life styles and even our tastes. (Watch TV for one night for example.) They depend on the consumer society; since these interests control the major media of communication, they are certainly not going to mount an attack on any of the basic assumptions under which the North American continent is being reaped.

Mrs. Levitt's book is stimulating on all of these subjects, and should be read.

By Boyce Richardson

VISIONS 2020; Fifty Canadians in Search of a Future, Edited for the Canadian Forum by Stephen Clarkson. M. G. Hurtig Ltd. 290 pp paperback. \$2.95.

There was a launching party in Toronto sometime in December for *Visions 2020* and I was really sorry that circumstances prevented me from attending, because I had been eagerly looking forward to it ever since I saw Stephen Clarkson's mimeographed letter announcing the book late in November lying in various wastebaskets around Toronto.

The highlight, I'm sure, would have

been Stephen Clarkson, himself, editor of the book, the University of Toronto political science professor who apparently believes that if he writes enough letters to the editor of the Toronto Star, somebody in the federal Liberal Party, which he has the audacity to aspire to lead someday, will take favorable notice of him. Or give him a small royal commission to head, or a Senate seat, or... anything, fellas.

One Toronto magazine editor recently described Clarkson by pointing out that he always pronounces the "c" in appreciate, and is, consequently, "not to be taken seriously." Calling Clarkson the Lord Faunteroy of Toronto politics, this man observed that "Stephen always struck me as having the thundering political imagination of a, say, Mitchell Sharp."

Clarkson belongs to the same genus of Toronto Liberal intellectual as historian Ramsay Cook and "economic nationalist" Abe Rotstein — persons I have always suspected of lining up at the front doors of the CBC building early on a winter morning after some political crisis, before the CBC staff comes in, in order to get on the radio and explain it all.

Clarkson, Rotstein, Cook rank with giants like Arnold Edinborough (they would be much offended by the comparison) in always seeming to turn up as fourth panelists on CBC public affairs discussion shows, sort of like Morley Callaghan on Fighting Words. Call them the Front Page Challenge Panel of the Toronto intellectual elite.

Needless to say, Cook and Rotstein have essays gracing *Visions 2020*, and they would have matched Clarkson as highlights of the launching party. With any luck at all, Peter C. Newman would have shown up chewing his pipe lumber, but then again, he probably was laying low since he had sent half the country into stitches with his report of Claude Ryan storming the Winter Palace. Though Peter doesn't have an essay, his wife Christina lays the word on us about women's liberation.

I had hopes of seeing Claude Bissell, president of the U of T showing up as he did in the book, but probably looked toward more to seeing John Robert Colombo, poetic darling of the Canada Council. I have heard that he has such a high regard of his own writing that he even sells his letters to collectors as literary jewels (if this story isn't true, it should be).

But to be frank, I doubt any party could be as delicious as this book. We have on our hands the greatest product of Canadian socio-political literature

OUR GENERATION SPECIAL ISSUE QUEBEC / CANADA THE OCTOBER EVENTS

A RADICAL ANALYSIS OF THE
EVENTS THAT SHOOK QUEBEC AND CANADA

\$1.50 per issue

Subscription is
\$5.00 per year

(4 issues per year)

ORDER NOW
WRITE TO

OUR GENERATION
3934 Rue St. Urbain
Montreal 131,
Quebec.

What is happening to Quebec?

since Lady Eaton wrote a book about her fishing trip to Quebec and the Maritimes, and it makes "Canada in Bed" and "Canada, Such a Mechiah" pale indeed by comparison.

They're all there: Ian Drummond, Dennis Duffy, J.L. Granatstein, Thomas Hockin, John T. McLeod, Kenneth McNaught, John O'Neill, Joseph R. Starowin — all the academic heavies from the U of T and York faculty smoking lounges and the lush pages of *Canadian Forum*. For some class we throw in Walter Gordon, Melville Watkins, Robert Fulford, and for some comedy *Globe and Mail* Literary Editor William French.

I was bitterly disappointed to note the absence of Larry Zolf discussing North Winnipeg society, or Barry Callaghan on "Me and the Al Fatah" or "How I saw it all out of my hotel-room window", but then, I can always catch their act every week on *Weekend*.

To show the editors have pull (though apparently not much) we have an essay by Eric Kierans and one by Robert Stanfield, who you may remember, is leader of the Opposition ("Mr. Stanfield, about this request from the *Canadian Forum* people for an article for this book, I think it would do your image good to have you appear among all those Toronto intellectuals. Trudeau wrote a lot of essays and it did his image good," said the assistant who thought up the White Cape caper and Stanfield's visit to a Toronto apartment block for three days to study the pressures of urban living. "Good idea, write me up one," Bob replied.)

The entire concept of the book, of course, is a stunning triumph of imagination. The *Canadian Forum* wishes to celebrate its Fiftieth Anniversary, and so it writes to about One Hundred Prominent Intellectuals, Literati and Student Radicals and poses this enticing riddle to them: Whaddaya think Canada's gonna be like in fifty years? And Stephen Clarkson thought of that, I guess. All by himself.

Now in the return mail some fifty rehashed Viewpoint scripts and rejected poems come pouring as out of some malevolent Cornucopia, forming a Greek Chorus of coffee-table nationalisms, lukewarm new feminisms, anguished arias over Indians, pollution, The Bomb, The French, The Americans. The Waffle, all of which will be dispatched to Mel Hurtig in Edmonton who will enrich the batter with the drawings of darling Harold Town and finally fashion this magnificent manifesto of the Nouveau Gauche, while a hushed public sits in eager silence awaiting the annual spec-

tacle of a bunch of tenured academics and political and literary aspirants making semi-public fools of themselves.

It is a ritual which each year signals the beginning of Winter in Canada.

By Mark Nieznany

Famille sans nom, by Jules Verne. La Maison Réédition Québec, 2220 Avenue Beaconsfield, Montréal 261, Qué. 420 pp. \$3.50. Reproduction of original edition; in French only and outside Quebec available only from publisher.

It's enough of a curiosity to discover that Jules Verne, the late 19th century creator of Captain Nemo and the first voyage to the moon, was also, if not primarily, a popularizer of various national minority struggles and liberation movements around the world, one of them being the 1837 revolt against British rule in Quebec.

But when a small Quebec publishing house reprints Verne's obscure epic about Quebec and it climbs to the number four spot on the Quebec best-seller list, and is hustled into a second printing, one's curiosity can be allowed to rise above the merely academic. Especially when number one on the Quebec best-seller list is *Le Petit Manuel d'histoire du Québec* (The Pocket Handbook of Quebec History), a punchy and well-written little paper-back that, one might suggest, does not belong to the Creighton school of Canadian history either. When the history of Quebec displaces Maigret, machinations are afoot.

The sumptuously-illustrated novel ("The Family Without a Name" is probably the best translation of the title) emanates from the period of strident nationalism in France around 1880-1890 that culminated with the Fashoda incident and the humiliating British eviction of the French from east Africa. As the introduction to *Famille sans nom* gracefully concedes, "...the novel is not tender towards England." Neither are two other books of the same period by Verne, *P'tit Bonhomme*, which describes Irish miseries and aspirations, or *Mistress Branican*, which wades through an account of British colonial atrocities in Australia. In a chauvinistic and humiliated France of the 1890s, no one could accuse Verne of not knowing what his audience wanted. In *Famille sans nom*, the English officials are arrogant and brutal, steeped in a Saxon mistrust of their francophone subject. The English soldiers, the "habits rouges", are the violent repressors of national aspirations, and go so far as to massacre the sleeping occupants of the steamboat Caroline, last refuge of the insurgents. The English civilians, grouped into fanatic "loyalist" volunteers, form a fascist rabble running through the streets hunting the "tuques", the French habitants. All this is based on historical fact, but highly exaggerated.

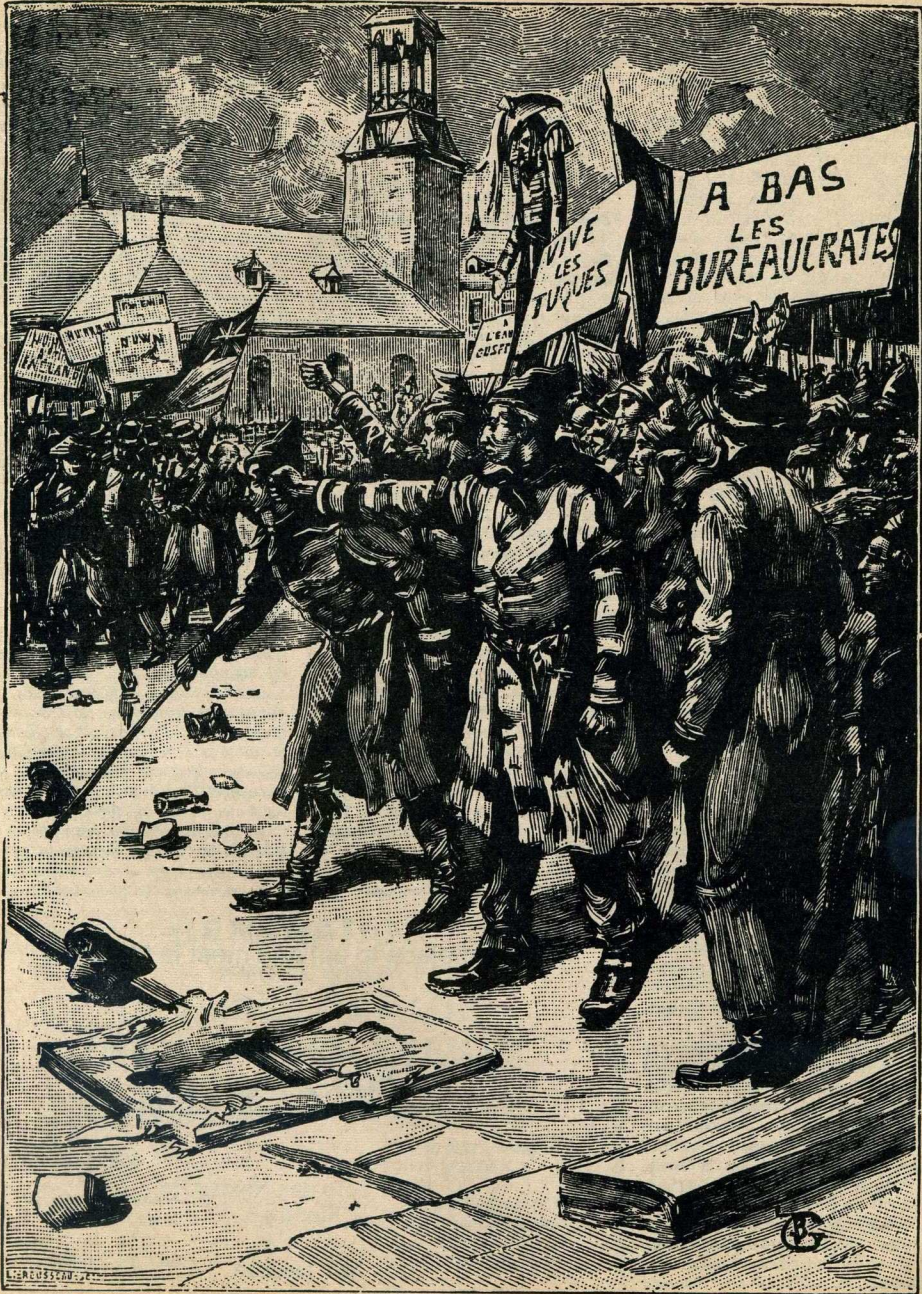
However Verne, unquestionably one of the greatest popular novelists of all time, cannot be written off as a panderer to late 19th century national psychoses in France. His works are also an expression of much popular sentiment in favor of rights of national minorities at the time. Verne is on the side of the Quebec insurgents just as

A great place to eat and meet in Montreal

Chez Vito

5412 Cote des Neiges Rd.
Montreal

tel: 735-3623



Familiar scenes . . .
French demonstrators face English in streets of Montreal.

he's on the side of the Greek rebels of 1820-1825 (*L'Archipel en feu*), on the side of the Hungarian insurgents (*Mathias Sandorf*), on the side of the Boers run off their lands (*L'Etoile du Sud*), on the side of the Slavs oppressed by the Baltic barons (*Un drame en Livonie*), on the side of the Irish Fenians (*P'tit Bonhomme, les Freres Kip*), on the side of the Bulgarians restive under the Turkish heel (*Pilote du Danube*).

It's a strange experience to read *Famille sans nom* in 1971, because one swings from smiling at stereotypes to feeling uneasy about uncanny parallels. The hero is Jean sans-nom, son of a French traitor in a previous insurrection that was, as a current parlance has it, "apprehended" before it ever started. Jean, obviously trying to repair his father's sins, is a shadowy peasant guerrilla leader, popping up here and there, the *eminence grise* behind the Papineaus and Cheniers and the Nelsons.

The real main actor in the novel, however, is the Quebec peasantry, the Catholic farmer struggling to maintain his land and his culture. The forces are almost modern—guerrillas sheltered by the people; Jean is a Guevara, the armed peasantry are like Viet Cong, Jean's brother Joann, a priest, prefigures Camillo Torres and the modern militant priests of Latin America.

The first few chapters of the book describe the extreme police activity and the "loyalist" crowds as the English régime tries to suppress an imminent explosion, while Jean sans-nom narrowly misses arrest and weaves secretly through the police net while others are being arrested wholesale. They give the reader who was in Montreal last October the same feeling as when he's reading an implausible murder mystery and suddenly hears a burglar downstairs going through the family silver.

It's possible Jean Marchand read Verne's book the day before the Liberals passed the War Measures Act. It would explain where the Liberal cabinet unearthed the evidence for an apprehended insurrection. There are no Drapeaus or Choquettes or Trudeauus in this account of 1837, however, which suggests that not everything changes for the better.

There is one parallel in Verne's book that transcends novelty or coincidence, and is food for some reflection. A dominant theme of *Famille sans nom*, as also of many of Verne's other books, is a great idealization of the United States culturally and politically, the suggestion that the future of Quebec lies with the republic.

American arms and money, as well as



Jean sans-nom
A sort of French
Che Guevara . . .

agents from the New England states, aid the insurgents against the British. Though the American material support for the 1837 revolt failed to come through (one of the reasons for the failure of that revolt), Papineau idealized the United States in 1837, as did William Lyon Mackenzie in Ontario. The Patriotes' demands amounted to an overnight rewrite of the American constitution.

On one level, of course, the ideals of the American revolution were revolutionary in 1837, be it in Quebec or in Ontario. Republicanism and Jeffersonian democracy were the ideology of the insurgents, though much more so in the case of Mackenzie.

But it is not this that constitutes the parallel. Verne idealized the United States as some Saint-Simonian paradise (remember *The Mysterious Island*), the incarnation of the future. The Québécois at the time also idealized the United States in the same manner. Papineau and the Patriotes are not the only evidence of this, but the massive emigrations from Quebec history, literature and popular myth.

This remains a dominant reality in the Quebec of today. Not just in the statements of René Lévesque, or in the sentiments of much of the Parti Québécois membership, but also in the appeal of the men like former Union Nationale finance minister Mario Beau-lieu, who is stumping the province proposing economic union with the United States.

It's always been an uphill battle for the Quebec left to convince others that their enemy does not reside in Ottawa or Westmount alone, but more significantly, in Washington. The sentiment, of course, is the natural corollary of an economically subservient people facing the economic giant across the border. (Jules Verne, it's believed, probably never set foot in Quebec, though he may have peered across the border when he went on an afternoon outing to northern Vermont once.)

Whatever the reason for the popularity of the book in Quebec today, it is certainly part of the current lionization of the Patriotes of 1837 in the province, expressed in the proliferation of Patriote tuques and flags, the naming of FLQ cells after Patriote leaders, and the popularity of accounts of the period. In Ontario, the nouveau-nationalists of the lop-it-off-at-the-49th variety are doing a creditable if amusing job of trying to blow some hot breath back into the cold bones of William Lyon Mackenzie.

Some poor student may be sitting around Montreal flying on a nationalist acid-trip reading Verne's opus, but most people will read the last part as Jean and his beloved rush off the edge of Niagara Falls in a boat, fleeing the British, dark oblivion engulfing them, and hope that the next time he cuts the crap about ducking in and out of shadows with his girl friend, and does a better job.

By Richard Bergeron

LAST POST

LETTERS

Dear Last Post:

In view of the fact that one of the main objectives of your magazine is to write and publish articles of substance and in view of the fact that the contributors to your magazine seem to be people of integrity, I feel confident that you will be pleased to note the following facts.

Despite what was written in an article appearing in the November issue of the *Last Post*, I can state categorically that at no time did I speak to Peter Newman concerning the possibility of a parallel or provisional government being established in Quebec during the recent crisis. Nor did I at any time discuss the rumour of such a possibility.

I was not the source of the news story that appeared in the *Toronto Star*, nor of course have I any knowledge as to whether or not the story was in fact written by Mr. Newman.

I was not present at a party on the Saturday evening mentioned in your article, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ostry, nor for that matter was I invited to such a party. Rather, if my memory serves me correctly, I attended a hockey game in Montreal on the evening in question.

I have no intention of commenting further on other issues raised in the article. Conversations that I may or may not have had, with people whom I consider as friends, in my office or for that matter anywhere else, are nobody's business but my own and that of my friends' of course.

The errors in fact that I have already pointed out, indicate I am afraid the degree of inaccuracy of the total story.

I do believe there is a need for a magazine dedicated to the best ideals of hon-

est journalism. A magazine free from the normal restrictions usually imposed by inference or design in most fields of communication, but a magazine that must maintain a level of integrity that insulates it from the charge of "yellow journalism".

The article to which I have already referred is unsigned, stating only that it is the collective result of the general staff, contains errors of fact that basic journalistic practices could have avoided and in my opinion, simply substitutes "informed sources" to "according to a leading journalist". The result of all this is ironically to smear me although I am sure the article intended only to take issue with the spreading rumours that could conceivably smear other Canadians.

Thanking you for your courtesy.

Bryce Mackasey
Ottawa

ed. note: The Last Post regrets saying Mr. Mackasey attended the Ostrys' party. He wasn't there.

Dear Last Post:

With reference to your advert in the most recent *Last Post*; I'm within months of being 40, so I only need half a perpetual sub to *Last Post*. Enclosed, please find a cheque for 25 dollars. You can use my name, if you like.

Mordecai Richler
England

Dear Last Post:

I enjoyed the sample copy of your periodical and might say that we need more of such in this country to inform the population. However, you know as well as I do that Big Business will not give you any support with advertising revenue. So you have to rely on the support of friends and readers who are already much pressed with the present inflation. Anyway, I wish you the best of luck in your venture.

You had better take care what you print or you are liable to be arrested under the War Measures Act. It seems as if you folks are having a lot of "fun" down there in Quebec and I for one am not surprised. At one time I lived in Montreal where I was a chemist with the Ogilvie Flour Mills Co. There I had a chance to observe the social conditions and slums of the working population and it did not take me long to decide that life in such a place was not for me.

The trouble down there is economic, not racial or ethnic or religious. In Montreal you have the very rich and the very poor and you cannot expect any peace and quiet under conditions where a person is just as well off in jail as out

of it. Of course, you cannot expect Trudeau or Stanfield or their henchmen to willingly do anything about it except under pressure.

This pressure will be provided when the English and French working people get together and raise hell and put a prop under it.

A.E. Baughen
Maryfield, Sask.

Dear Last Post:

I found your issue dealing with "the plot against Quebec" a refreshing change from the mindless clichés dealing with this complex problem which have appeared in the popular press. As an American, Canada was always characterized for me as the country adjacent to the United States which "had the longest undefended border in the world." It is only after I became a resident of Canada that I understood the reason for this: there are American troops on both sides of the border.

Allen Herzog
Yarmouth, Nova Scotia

Dear Last Post:

If I may make one suggestion—I trust it is within the bounds of possibility to have some of your contributors supply you with pertinent but, less serious, items as per the format of the New Yorker's "Talk of the Town" section, and to have such dispersed throughout the format between the deadly serious items, viz Eatons, if only for contrast and to relieve the monotony. Continued "anything" can become boring, hence, less effective. I believe it would increase the appeal of your publication and add immeasurably to its acceptance by a wider circle of readers.

Wishing you continued success,

John Devlin
Victoria

Dear Last Post:

Since you say you are open to suggestions for articles, an interesting one might be a piece on the lobbies at work in Ottawa—lobbies in general as well as a rundown on those at work at the moment. It seems to me that one of the MPs suggested, a few months ago, that a list of such lobbies be made public at frequent intervals, but his good suggestion seems to have been disregarded.

Good luck with *Last Post*; I'll continue to read it with interest.

E.H. Hausmann
Toronto

Dear Last Post:

No thank you—cancel immediately.

Mr. & Mrs. T. Sorsdahl
Regina

RADICAL AMERICA

a Marxist theoretical journal from down in the heart of the monster had the following special numbers in 1970:

- **Surrealism**, 1970. 96 pp, \$1.
- **Anthology** of writings by CLR James. 120 pp, \$1.
- **The Spectacular Society**, profusely illustrated Situationist text. 120 pp, \$1.
- **Lenin-Hegel Philosophy Number**, 96 pp, 75 ¢

Get all four for \$3 with this ad. Or get a new sub (\$5 for 10 numbers) and a free copy of Paul Lafargue's **Right To Be Lazy** 1237 Spaight St., Madison, WI 53703.

Mouvement pour la Défense des Prisonniers Politiques Québécois (MDPPQ)

The Movement for the Defense of Quebec Political Prisoners urgently requires funds to help pay legal costs for those arrested and held under the War Measures Act.

All contributions—cash, cheque or money order, anonymous or signed—are welcome. Please send to:

MDPPQ
c/o Dr. Serge Mongeau
5285 Aurèle
St. Hubert, P.Q.

A pamphlet containing the MDPPQ statement of principles is available in French.



Back Issues Are Still Available

Vol. 1 No. 1

including reports on Canada's leading role in Chemical-Biological Warfare, the struggle in Quebec, and the politics of wheat.

\$1.00

Vol. 1 No. 4

including how *Time* controls the Canadian magazine industry, CPR's attempts to get out of passenger service, and the Ottawa Press Gallery.

\$.75

Vol. 1 No. 2

including the history of Eaton's, Canada's arms trade, and busting the Murdochville strike.

\$1.50

Vol. 1 No. 5

SPECIAL REPORT ON THE QUEBEC CRISIS
also, the complete story of the Maritime fishermen strike

\$.75

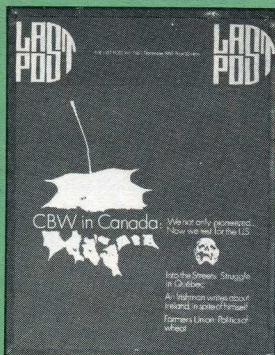
Vol. 1 No. 3

including a report on the "under-developed" Maritimes, the Canadian oil sell-out, Montreal's guerrilla taxis, and Canadian imperialism in the Caribbean.

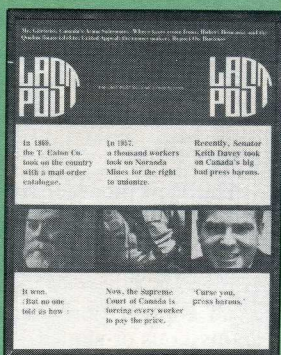
\$1.50

PRICE FOR ALL 5: \$4.50

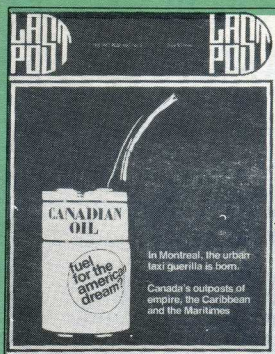
Address cheques and money orders to:
The Last Post, Box 98, Station 'G'
Montreal, Quebec



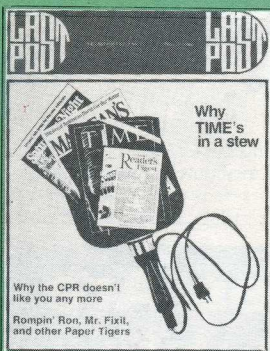
Vol. 1 No. 1



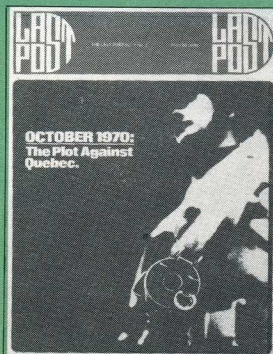
Vol. 1 No. 2



Vol. 1 No. 3



Vol. 1 No. 4



Vol. 1 No. 5

“Last Post tackles subjects that are important, and usually handles them with flair, wit and professionalism.”

—Davey Report on the Mass Media

BUY CANADIAN • SUBSCRIBE

Use the convenient cheque and reply card inside back cover.