

# THE LAST POST

JUNE 1975/VOL. 4, NO. 7/75 CENTS

The selling  
of the Columbia

A black and white photograph of a man with dark hair and glasses, wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and patterned tie. He is seated at a table, looking towards the camera with a slight smile. On the table in front of him are several wine glasses and a newspaper. The background is filled with various indoor plants, including ferns and a large arrangement of white flowers. The overall setting appears to be an office or a formal dining area.

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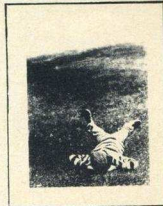
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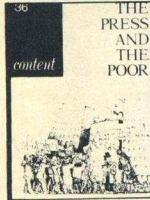
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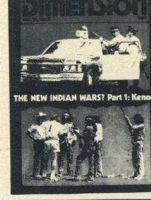
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# THE LAST POST

June 1975, Vol. 4, No. 7

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We wish to thank the Ontario Arts Council for its financial assistance under its periodicals program.

The Last Post is produced by an editorial board.

Production this issue: Ian Adams, Nick Auf der Maur, Patrick Brown, Drummond Burgess, Warren Caragata, Robert Chodos, David Crandall, Dennis Gruending, Eric Hamovitch, Oliver Irwin, Ron Kellestine, Margot Lamont, Richard Liskeard, David Lloyd, Patrick MacFadden, Terry Mosher, Rae Murphy, Carole Orr, Maryhelen Vicars.

Published by the Canadian Journalism Foundation, a non-profit corporation, 454 King St. W., Rm. 302, Toronto, Ont., M5V 1L6. Phone: (416) 366-1134. Address all editorial and business correspondence to the Last Post, 454 King St. W., Rm. 302, Toronto, Ont., M5V 1L6. Phone: (416) 366-1134. In Montreal: 4233 av. de l'Esplanade, Montreal, Que. Phone: (514) 288-6060. Managing Editor: Drummond Burgess; Business Manager: Elsie Murphy.

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# Letters

## The development question in northwest British Columbia

### Dear Last Post:

The article on northwest development in B.C. by Dick Betts in your last issue raises important questions on the nature of reporting on the part of all publications, let alone one renowned for its muckraking and progressive style. This piece is, to put it mildly, very disturbing, not so much for its content (which is oftentimes erroneous), as for the process which brought it into being in the first place.

Dick Betts left a lot out in his article, and his analysis of events in the northwest was shoddy.

Perhaps the major contradiction in the northwest now is the land claims question. There has been active and militant response on the part of native groups throughout the region as government agencies and railways attempt to encroach on traditional Indian land. The center of this activity is Nishga territory in the Nass River Valley north of Terrace (not Prince Rupert, as Betts reports). There has also been significant events in the Queen Charlotte Islands and the Lakes District, as well as Quesnel and Williams Lake. Other than two misleading paragraphs or so this entire question is neglected.

Furthermore, what is reported is factually wrong. The Nishga live along the Nass River north of Terrace, with only one of their villages anywhere near Prince Rupert. They are not a "band", but a nation, a sovereign nation, they would argue, with some justification. Betts further confuses two separate events when he refers to Nishga interests in ownership of a sawmill. I believe he is referring to the Gitksan-Carrier people of the Hazelton area who have been proposing part ownership in a government-owned sawmill, Rim Forest Products. And even here, Betts mis-analyses the issue when he says that Indian ownership of the mill has Resources Minister Bob Williams shaken. Quite to the contrary, sources close to the situation point out that Williams is quite interested in the whole idea.

This last point is no semantic argument, for there are very real differences between different segments of the local

population as to whether this type of local ownership would be a good thing, and how the process might be carried out. What role would the non-Indian working class play in the deal? What would be the relationship of the Status to the Non-Status people? Who are the main movers of the proposal? All these are essential questions which reflect on the broader developments occurring in the northwest. Betts not only ignores them, he mistakes the locale and the

## The status of Indian people in British Columbia's north

### Dear Last Post:

"Who will develop northern B.C.?" by Dick Betts missed the most urgent question: *How* should northern B.C. be developed? Many native people who always lived in northwestern B.C. and other people who *chose* to live there agree that it needs a slower pace and a more diversified and imaginative style of development, suited to the unique qualities of the area and the residents who appreciate it.

A major conference on northwest B.C. development and Indian land claims is now being planned at Terrace, B.C. for May 23 to 25 by a growing association of concerned northwest residents. The strength of this dedicated alliance may change the answer to Dick Bett's question, "Who will develop northern B.C.?"

Perhaps the powerful B.C. Government and powerful corporations will find it necessary and surprisingly beneficial in the long run to listen to the grass roots.

Although this new Northwest Study Session includes a great variety of organizations, community groups and individuals, it is significant that the first of several major points of agreement among them relates to the land claims of native people in northwestern British Columbia. This issue was badly scrambled in your article. Here is the point of agreement:

"(1) that there be no implementation of major development plans until the land claims in the northwest area are settled to the satisfaction of the Indian nations involved."

Dick Betts is not alone, unfortunately,

main protagonists.

One of the key thrusts of the government (both federal and provincial) in the area is the creation of local corporations owned and controlled by native people. Burns Lake has been touted by Alf Numweiler, Minister without Portfolio for Northern Affairs, as far away as Sapporo, Japan to an international conference on northern living. While the Indians of the area only got 8% equity in the mill, they got significant funding for community programs and native development schemes. But this is a two-edged sword, and one of the edges is the creation of a local elite of leaders. What is their relationship to Indians in the towns and on the reserves? How does their presence serve the interest of the mill's board of directors, who are drawn mainly from a large American firm,

among highly educated B.C. citizens in his misconception of basic historical facts of great significance to native people. It seems to me extremely important for *Last Post* readers to note that *there is no treaty with Indian people in Northwestern British Columbia*. Most of the land in the whole province, with the exception of a small section of Vancouver Island and some Treaty 8 land in northeastern B.C. has never been surrendered by native people nor acquired by other interests through any treaty or agreement.

Therefore, it was an exceptionally painful error when the article reported that Canadian Cellulose "is sitting on land which 'belongs' to white men through a very questionable treaty. . . ." The fact that there is *no* treaty is not in any way "questionable".

Indians in B.C. are engaged in a major struggle against genocide. Many are determined to survive with restored dignity and renewed identity. Their efforts could be strengthened by more careful attention to reliable facts, especially in connection with widely held misconceptions about Indian land claims and aboriginal rights.

There are many well informed and articulate advocates of high-quality, low-impact development in northwestern B.C. I hope you will receive and publish a whole series of articles on the more fundamental issues in this search for the best ways to build a durable and high quality life for ourselves and future generations.

Walter Taylor  
Williams Lake

Weldwood? What is the role of the provincially-controlled Cancel Corporation in the deal?

Perhaps the most significant organizational development to occur thus far is the bringing together of representatives of both "status" and "non-status" Indian groups, both CLC- and CCU-affiliated unions, environmental groups, church groups, homesteader organizations and interested individuals. Called the Northwest Steering Committee, this group is developing as a potent voice in the northwest, a broad coalition of northern residents trying to overcome the many contradictions between them. Nary a word about this in Betts' article.

The trade unions have been very active in the northwest, particularly in the Terrace area. They have formed a group called V.O.I.C.E. (Victims of Industry Changing Environment). They have been actively educating the people about the ramifications of the northwest development plans. Nothing about them either.

Betts tries to link the shopcraft workers who struck the B.C. Railway with the development scenario. This is, to be kind, clutching at straws. The struggle of the workers in the shopcrafts was a bread and butter struggle, and, while it could be remotely linked to northern living conditions, it did not arise out of the specific movement to organize people in relation to the northwest question. Incidentally, it is the CNR, not the BCR, that is encroaching in the Nass Valley.

It is fortunate that Betts did not provide a map with his article, for then it would be plainly visible that the Sukunka coal deposits lie near Chetwynd in Peace River country, which is in the northeast of the province, not the northwest, as Betts incorrectly asserts.

I find it disappointing that the author should begin his piece with a long, prosaic segment on Bob Williams, for it begins a thread which weaves its way throughout the article that somehow the battle is against Bob Williams. While Williams is certainly a kingpin in the planning process, the fact is that most of these plans have been on the drawing boards for years, long before the NDP came into power. While this is not put in defence of Williams or the Cabinet, it is to draw attention to the real process at work — an inexorable system of industrialization that is motivated by a much broader dynamic of international finance and market structure. However, Betts leaves out the actual behaviour of the provincial government in the northwest

— the public meetings, the Nunweiler newsletter, the Environment and Land Use Committee Secretariat, the NDP Northern Committee — which are variously seen as disguising the issues or (depending on the intensity of your affiliation to the NDP) responding to the public desire for information.

But what about the General Development Agreements signed between the province and the federal government? Or the numerous sector studies already underway? Who is conducting them and for what purpose?

The list, you see, could continue. The

### **CALA and business investment in Latin America**

#### **Dear Last Post:**

I have only just seen an article in your January issue entitled "CIDA Knows What's Good For Business" and feel that I should comment on some of your statements to set the record right.

You say that CALA is "a business lobby formed in 1969 to assist Canadian companies which have dealings with Latin America". In fact CALA is a non-profit making institution whose aim is to make Canada and Latin America know each other better in every way, to develop relations of every kind, and, of course within this general aim, to expand two-way trade and increase Canadian consultant services and investment in Latin American countries.

Secondly, you say that CALA is "an organization motivated less by any vague notions of the well-being of Latin Americans than by precise notions of high returns on investment". I can assure you that CALA has precise ideas of what constitutes the well-being of Latin Americans through long experience of working with and in Latin American countries and being well aware that not all foreign investment in the past has been for the greatest good of those countries. We are by no means motivated by the idea of "high returns" on investments though it is a fact of life that unless an industrial project makes profits, it will not survive and therefore will do no good to anybody.

Thirdly, you express surprise that CIDA as the Government's aid-giving agency should be concerned to increase Canadian investment in Latin American countries. Aid, in the form of grants and interest free loans for social infrastructure and technical assistance, is but a part of helping the less developed countries to grow. What is equally important, as those countries are well aware, is to de-

velop industries, (as well as agriculture and natural resources) which provide employment, save imports or expand exports or both, bring new technologies and management skills to the country, and expand the domestic market. It is only economically viable and self-sustaining industrial projects which can make this long-term contribution to the country's growth. It is therefore an essential part of "aid" that Canadian skills, technology and capital should be induced to enter into joint ventures of this kind and thus contribute to the long-term growth.

A later paragraph implies that such industrial investments are only made by the big multinational corporations. Apart from the fact that many of these large corporations have in fact brought considerable benefits to the developing countries, the principal objective of CIDA's Business and Industry Division and of CALA is to induce the medium and small Canadian companies to take part in such joint venture investments when they have the particular skills and technology which are appropriate and useful in industries which the developing countries themselves wish to establish.

Let me assure you that the timing of the conference on the Andean Community had nothing to do with the change of regime in Chile, and that the representatives of the six countries were invited on equal terms simply because they are members of the Andean Community. Finally, let me remind you that the initial divergencies between Chile's decree 600 and Statute 24 of the Andean Community have later been harmonized to the stated satisfaction of the other five countries.

**Michael Lubbock**  
Executive Director  
Canadian Association  
for Latin America

# THE MONTH



From these Montevideo streets to the streets of Toronto . . . a mysterious journey

## WHY IS HE HERE?

# A DEATH SQUAD COP COMES TO CANADA

by J. SANTIAGO

He is the Bardez of the film, *State of Siege*. The furtive, shadowy figure who, in the film and in reality, organized the meetings in the freelance photographer's studio where the Death Squad of the Uruguayan police forces met secretly with their CIA controllers, Dan Mitrione and William Cantrell; the meetings in which they systematically planned to kill, bomb, and harass Uruguay's socialist politicians, doctors, lawyers and student leaders.

His real name is Nelson Bardecio, a Uruguayan cop since 1963, and since 1966 a CIA informer who took part in the Death Squad maraudings, a self-confessed accessory to murder, bombings, and torture. Bardecio now lives in Toronto, where he has bought a condominium apartment, and with some successful behind the scenes string-pulling, has been able to obtain landed

immigrant status.

Why and how did he surface in Toronto? Because when he was arrested on Thursday, February 24, 1972, by a commando unit of the Tupamaros, the urban guerrillas of Montevideo, and taken to the People's Prison for questioning, he sang.

In all, he sang three songs of confession. The first detailed his own involvement in the Death Squad's activities. These included his complicity in the torture and murder of revolutionary leader Hector Castagnetto. He participated in at least five armed attacks with explosives to blow up citizen's homes. These included attacks and bombings on the homes of Dr. Arturo Dubra, Dr. Alejandro Artucio, and the home of the famous author and journalist, Dr. Maria Esther Gilio.

Bardecio's two other confessions listed the eight CIA officials working out of the U.S. embassy in Montevideo. It

was his information that led the Tupamaros to William Cantrell and Dan Mitrione. He described how his Department of Intelligence and Information, DII, in the Ministry of the Interior, had been formed, funded and directed by William Cantrell, ostensibly a U.S. AID official working with the Office of Public Safety, but in reality a CIA agent. (You may remember him in *State of Siege*. He was captured on the same day as Mitrione, but was released from a van and in a bizarre scene, went hopping down a street with his feet bound, asking for help and being studiously ignored by a passing businessman.)

It was through the OPS and under Cantrell's and Mitrione's direction that the DII formed the Death Squad, made up for the most part of right-wing fanatics in the police and armed forces.

Cantrell's and Mitrione's direct connection with the torture and killings of the Death Squad have already been documented by several sources. But the

most damaging revelation came when Alejandro Otero, former director of the DII, revealed in an interview in Brazil's largest newspaper, *Jornal do Brasil*, that he had been fired because he had disagreed with the activities of Mitrione and the other U.S. Public Safety officers whom he accused of instituting methods of torture and murder against the Tupamaros. Otero argued that it was not until Mitrione took charge as chief U.S. internal security advisor to the Uruguayan police that the Tupamaros used violence in defence and as a last resort.

Bardecio's other confession listed the officials of his own government and their degree of CIA involvement. There is no doubt that his confessions are authentic. At the Tupamaros' invitation, the president of the Uruguayan chamber of deputies visited and interviewed Bardecio in the People's Prison. On April 15, 1972, Senator Enrique Erro read the details of Bardecio's confessions into the nation's congressional record.

On the same day the Tupamaros took revenge by executing three members of the Death Squad, announced their intention of capturing 17 others and sentencing eight others of this para-police group to death. (*La Opinion*, the Buenos Aires newspaper, reported that same day four Death Squad members sought refuge in the Brazilian Embassy in Montevideo.)

Bardecio was released by the Tupamaros on May 16 after 86 days of captivity. He immediately got in touch with two Uruguayan senators who obtained from high military officials guarantees for Bardecio's life. Bardecio then disappeared into protective custody, an embarrassment to the United States and the Uruguayan governments who would shortly have to deal with the capture of Dan Mitrione by the Tupamaros. It is Mitrione's kidnapping that provides *State of Siege*, with the vehicle for examining CIA activities in Latin America.

Bardecio surfaced again on August 12, 1972 in Toronto, where he surrendered his passport and put up a \$500 bond. Almost immediately he reported to Metro Toronto police headquarters, where he told officers in the Intelligence Division he was interested in getting back into police and intelligence work. Senior officers were interested in hiring him. (Bardecio's knowledge of left-wing organizations in Latin America is said to be encyclopedic. And there are now more than 40,000 Latin Americans living in Toronto, many of them refugees from harsh and repressive fascist gov-

ernments.) But Bardecio had a great deal of trouble picking up English quickly enough to become useful. Nevertheless he was befriended by a couple of police detectives, who from time to time took him out on patrol in their cars.

By October 1972 he had got himself a \$150 a week four to midnight shift as a cleanup man at Galco Food Products, a fish packing plant at 76 Densley. And although he has never held an official Canadian driving permit, he owned two cars, and until last summer a 1966 Mustang convertible.

During the Project 97 Amnesty in the winter of '72 Bardecio came forward to apply for landed immigrant status. It was denied him. He waived the right to a formal hearing, and was ordered deported, which he appealed. (The right to formal hearing would have placed on public record the reasons given for allowing him to stay.) Not that he seemed seriously worried about being kicked out of the country. Because in July of '73 he went ahead and bought a condominium apartment, #1209 at 15 La Rose, in Etobicoke, for \$27,000, with \$1,500 down. Aside from occasional contacts with local police officers Bardecio seems to have kept to himself, mixing only with a couple of expatriate Uruguayans.

On May 28, 1974, the deportation order against Bardecio was quashed and the department of immigration was ordered to give Bardecio landed immigrant status. And this is where the Bardecio story becomes mysterious. Within a few weeks of receiving his landed immigrant status, he quit his job at Galco, sold his 1966 Mustang, sublet his apartment (he still owns it), and dropped out of sight.

There are rumours that he was caught in some minor misdemeanor and left the country voluntarily. Hardly likely, especially when that story comes from the police themselves. There are others, more plausible, that he has once again become a police agent.

That is more likely but the first and larger question still remains unanswered: how does a self-confessed accessory to murder, torture, bombing, and an agent of patently illegal CIA activity, obtain refuge and landed immigrant status in Canada? When at the same time scores of Latin Americans are denied entry simply because they have spoken out against U.S. policies and CIA activities in their own country. And in so doing, have ended up in CIA files which, in turn, are consulted by the RCMP when they screen applicants and visitors to this country.

### TIME MAGAZINE DIED FOR THIS?

The facts on our assistant-to-the-editor, Arlene Arnason, are rather impressive. After graduating from the University of Toronto with a BA in English in 1960, she hopped a Greyhound bus to New York City and spent 11 years in various publishing positions, including stints at *Time*, *Life* and *Look*, the three biggest . . .

And if she's working here happily, it doubtless comes from the fact that her all-time favourite big band is Stan Kenton's. Just like the editor's. Around here, giving Stan Kenton a piece of your heart is the equivalent of batting .600 and leading the press league in home runs.

— *Maclean's magazine*, April 1975

Cowan swivels in his chair as he talks. "We need to develop a new vocabulary for the magazine." He emphasizes certain words. "It's a premium book. We're going the premium route. And I want to take a tough, difficult line with the advertising community, in terms of: 'C'mon now, you almost let this thing go down the tube. Now be there, because we're going to deliver the environment.' . . ."

Edwards has an idea. "Suppose we said: 'Buy the first issue' — what the hell they gonna lose? — 'which we will sell to you at the eight-time rate. And if you don't like what's happened to SATURDAY NIGHT, we'll give you your money back.' . . ."

Cowan is waving his arms in the air. "It's crazy, but I love it, I love it. I love it. Love it. Love it. And it's no skin off our backs because nobody ever asks for their money back."

— *Ed Cowan*, publisher, *Saturday Night magazine*, quoted in *Impetus magazine*

# FERTILIZER: FARMERS CAN GET IT... FOR A PRICE

photo: David Lloyd

by DENNIS GRUENDING

REGINA — With world grain stocks at dangerously low levels this past winter, Canadian farmers were being told by federal Agriculture Minister Eugene Whelan that they had a moral responsibility to crop every available patch of ground. "Grain producers," the minister said at the Canadian Agricultural Outlook Conference in January, "have the whole world in their hands."

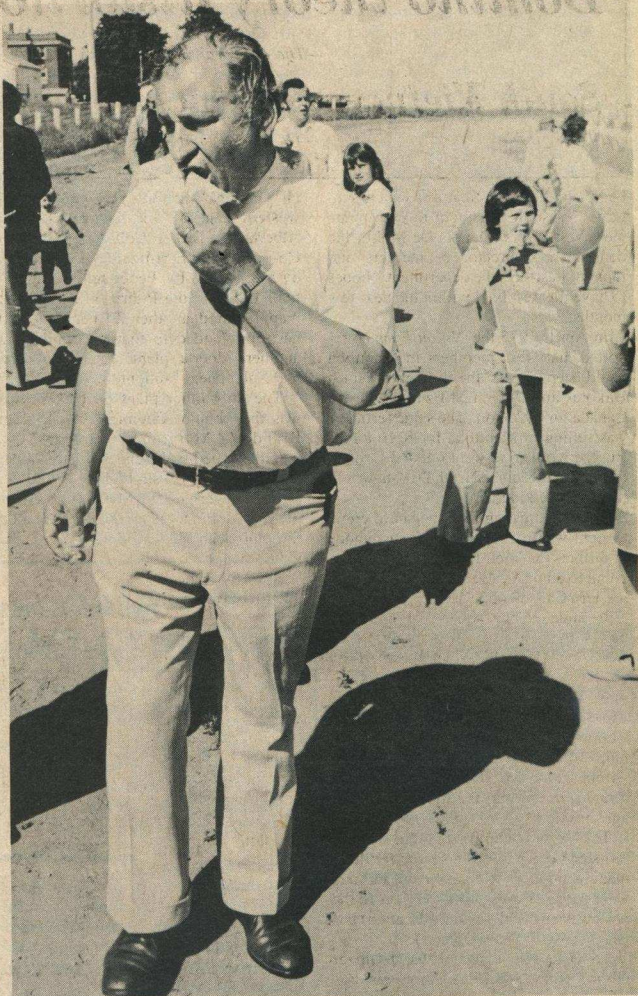
Canadian agri-business, always sensitive to the needs of humanity, could not resist such pleas to the heart. The earlier dire predictions by the Canadian Fertilizer Institute that there would be desperate shortages of their product in 1975 began to be replaced by self-congratulatory statements that, by gosh, due to their extraordinary mobilization of resources there might be enough to go around.

For a price.

Depending upon where they live in Canada, farmers are paying between \$180 and \$275 a ton for nitrogen-phosphate fertilizers which cost them about \$120 a ton only two years ago. The effects of price increases varying from 50 to 200 per cent become only too clear in the context of fertilizer expenditures of about \$500 million by farmers in the 1973-74 crop year.

In March, Mr. Whelan paid an unannounced visit to the fertilizer institute's annual convention in Ottawa. In language which makes good corporate citizens cringe, he told the companies they were gouging and ripping off the farmers. According to cost estimates prepared for him, Mr. Whelan said, the industry could produce ammonia (used in nitrogen fertilizers) for \$142 a ton and still get a 20 per cent return on investment. The going price in March was \$200 a ton. He asked the industry to justify that price.

B. T. Johnson, vice-chairman of the institute, did not think it would be "proper" for the companies to divulge their pricing policies and said he would be just as happy if he did not hear from Mr. Whelan again. He said Canadian farmers were getting a bargain because world prices for the same product were \$300 a ton (those prices now exceed \$450 a ton in some cases). Mr. Whelan said he knew: "Profiteering is the name of the game on the world markets."



Agriculture Minister Whelan denounced the price-gouging

If the practices of the fertilizer industry are new and startling revelations for Mr. Whelan, they shouldn't be. After the *Union Farmer*, publication of the National Farmers' Union, published several stories about pricing irregularities in the

industry in western Canada in 1972, investigators from the combines investigation branch seized the books of those companies.

Three years later, the consumer and corporate affairs dept. says it has not yet



# *Domino theory distortion of history*

—The Montreal Star, p. A11, March 20, 1975

## *South Vietnam provinces toppling like dominoes*

—The Montreal Star, p. A11, March 20, 1975

completed its investigation, which suggests that someone ought to investigate the investigators. Dennis De Melto, the department's director of mergers and monopolies, says the department "hopes to have this resolved within the next few months."

In April, 1975 the *Union Farmer* reported that NFU members in Manitoba could step across the line into North Dakota and buy fertilizer made in Canada for \$92 a ton. The same fertilizer was selling in Manitoba for \$116 a ton. But the word soon went out and farmers found that dealers in North Dakota would no longer sell to them.

Some interesting facts began to come to light which confirmed the suspicions of farmers that their fertilizer prices were being fixed by a cartel that controlled the western Canadian market.

In spite of the seizure of company books by consumer and corporate affairs, the Manitoba government wisely established its own commission of inquiry into fertilizer pricing in Manitoba. The consultants, Topecan Group Limited from Toronto, began their inquiry in January, 1973 and reported within six months. Their report provided a rare glimpse into the machinations of agri-business.

The report confirmed that Prairie farmers were paying more for fertilizer manufactured in Canada than farmers were paying for the same product in the northwestern states (that situation has changed in the last two years).

Topecan also reported that fertilizer pricing within the Canadian region was "characterized by non-competitive techniques initiated by the recognized price leaders when they publish wholesale lists each summer at the start of the fertilizer marketing season." Those prices, the report said, bore little resemblance to the costs of production involved but were established at whatever cost the market would bear.

Two companies, Cominco and Imper-

ial Oil, manufactured 55 per cent of western Canada's fertilizer in plants in Alberta and British Columbia. Western Co-operative Fertilizers of Calgary, owned jointly by Federated Co-operatives Ltd. and the Prairie Wheat Pools, manufactured another 20 per cent and has since added to that by purchasing another Alberta plant. Sheritt Gordon had a plant near Edmonton.

The only other plant on the Prairies was the Simplot Chemical Co. Ltd. in Brandon, Manitoba. It remains a wholly-owned subsidiary of the J. R. Simplot Co. of Boise, Idaho.

The concern of the Manitoba government was immediate. It had provided Simplot with \$23.3 million in direct loans toward construction of the plant. Simplot's location, 1,000 miles closer to the Manitoba market than some of its "competitors", should have allowed it to undersell them in Manitoba and eastern Saskatchewan as well. But as a late-comer to the industry in 1967, Simplot found it more convenient to play by the established companies' rules in Manitoba in exchange for other considerations.

Some of those considerations allowed Simplot to sell fertilizer to retail outlets of the other companies in Manitoba. Simplot retailed only one-third of its production in 1971-72. On the other hand, almost half of Cominco's sales in Manitoba that year were supplied by Simplot. The role of supplying retailers fitted well with the intentions of

Simplot's American parent company, which used the Canadian plant to supply portions of its American market. The arrangement also allowed Simplot to sell at the cartel prices in Manitoba where it had 15 per cent of the retail market in 1971-72.

The Topecan inquiry concluded that the substantial savings on freight which resulted from the companies' practice of buying from each other rather than supplying their retailers in a marketing region 1,400 miles wide were not passed on to the farmers.

The companies also engaged in "exchange" arrangements whereby Simplot, for example, might supply Western Co-operative Fertilizers in the Manitoba market in exchange for fertilizer in Alberta which could be shipped to Simplot's American market in Montana or Idaho. The companies paid each other "handling charges" which were really a division of the savings made on the full freight rates charged to the farmers.

A final, capping irony is that Federated Co-operatives Ltd. and the Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta Wheat Pools are partners in Western Co-operative Fertilizers Ltd. The co-operative movement is farmer-owned and constantly describes itself as a champion of farmers' interests.

But business is business. And if Canadian farmers have the whole world in their hands, agri-business has the farmers in theirs.

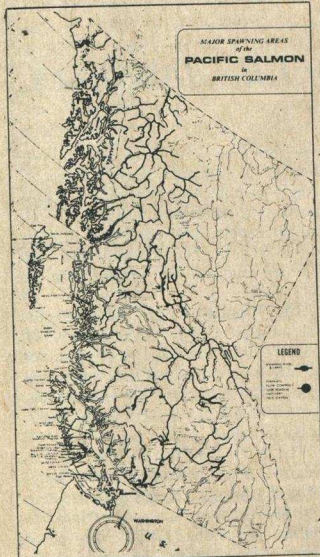
### **TUESDAY WAS CANCELLED FOR LACK OF INTEREST**

Because Christmas Eve falls on a Thursday, the day has been designated a Saturday for work purposes. Factories will close all day, with stores open half a day only. Friday, December 25, has been designated a Sunday, with both factories and stores open all day. Monday, December 28, will be a Wednesday for work purposes. Wednesday, December 30, will be a business Friday. Saturday, January 2, will be a Sunday, and Sunday, January 3, will be a Monday.

—Associated Press report on a Czech government announcement

# WEST COAST TALKS FISHERMEN FIGHT A SALMON SELLOUT

by WARREN CARAGATA



VICTORIA — If the United Fishermen and Allied Workers Union has anything to do with it, Canada may be spared yet another humiliating defeat at the hands of American negotiators.

The union has launched a campaign to mobilize opposition to the Canadian government's stance on a new U.S.-Canada reciprocal salmon agreement, which could cost Canadian fishermen as much as \$25 million a year.

The agreement regulates the number of salmon that each country's fishing fleet can take from the other nation's waters, but the union says that American fishermen annually take about 2.5 million more Canadian salmon than Canadian fishermen catch of American salmon.

Scotty Neish, a Victoria representative of the union, says the Canadian government seems prepared to give the Americans whatever they want.

If the agreement that Canada seems prepared to accept was signed, Neish says, it would be yet another sellout to

the Americans, but a "less dramatic" one than the Columbia River Treaty.

No agreement at all would be better than an unfair treaty, because, Neish explains, without a reciprocal agreement, Americans would be prohibited from taking fish from the waters around the Queen Charlotte Islands, where the Americans take about 85 per cent of their total catch of bottomfish, such as sole and cod.

Although Canada claims sovereignty over Hecate Strait, Dixon Entrance, Queen Charlotte Sound, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Bay of Fundy on the east coast, the United States does not recognize this claim and its fishing fleet takes large catches from these waters.

Canada prosecutes Japanese and Russian fishermen in those areas, Neish says, but American vessels are left alone.

Instead of meekly accepting American proposals, Canada — which could be dealing from a position of strength in the treaty negotiations — should threaten that, in the absence of a fair treaty, Queen Charlotte area waters and Canadian seas off the coast will be closed to American vessels.

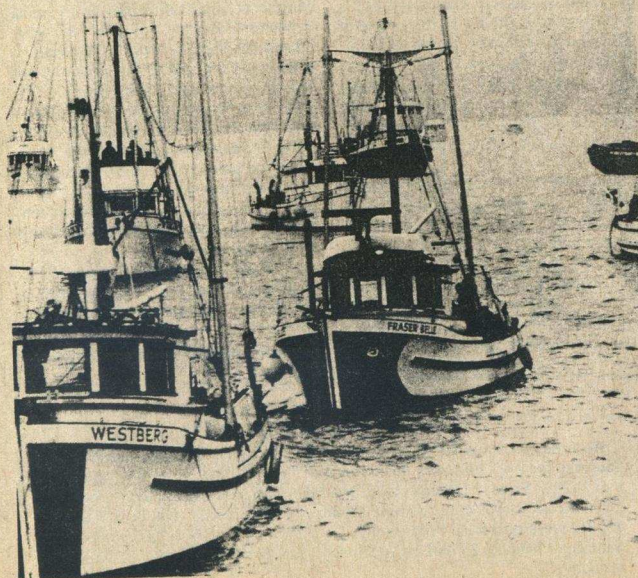
At the talks, the U.S. has stated that the imbalance in the salmon catch is in Canada's favour, and, Neish complains, Canadian negotiators have failed to challenge this position.

This American claim is based on the "goddamn ridiculous argument" that American salmon now intercepted by the Canadian commercial fishing fleet would be more valuable if caught by American sports fishermen.

Using this argument, the Americans contend that although they catch 2.5 million more of our salmon than we do of theirs, the monetary imbalance favours Canada.

In addition to large catches of Canadian salmon originating in the Fraser River, the Americans also take salmon that spawn in northern British Columbia rivers whose mouths are in the Alaska panhandle.

But the U.S. refuses to discuss the panhandle catches in relation to interceptions from southern B.C. and Washington, claiming that because these panhandle salmon are not being caught by Canadian fishermen at this time, they cannot be included in the total number of



Fishing fleet protests salmon treaty talks

salmon interceptions under consideration at the talks.

The American position that the panhandle fishery is uneconomical for Canadian fishermen is also challenged by the Canadian team, Neish says.

About 20 years ago, the Canadian government launched a pilot project to test the economics of a fisheries off the panhandle, and after flying the fishermen and the fish out, the government concluded that it wasn't worth the cost.

The UFAW has been acting as advisors to the Canadian negotiators and have been sworn to an oath of confidentiality about the talks, but now, Neish says, it is breaking that oath "to stop this sellout."

He also said that while the Canadian government is prepared to let the Americans fish in Canadian waters and take Canadian salmon, the fisheries department has proposed catch limits on spring and coho off the coast of Vancouver Island.

The Americans claim that about 70 per cent of the catches of these two species off the coast of the Island come from the American hatchery program, and, Neish says, the Canadian government has accepted it and is now prepared to ask Canadian fishermen to limit their takes.

"It's ridiculous in the extreme," Neish says, pointing out that there is no relation between American hatchery releases and Canadian catches. While the

releases increase every year, he explains, the catches vary widely from year to year.

"The U.S. State Department has the Canadian federal government in its pocket," Neish charged.

Standing off to one side in the dispute are the two major fishing packing plants, who Neish says, don't care who catches the fish because the companies have plants on both sides of the border.

The two companies are B. C. Packers, a George Weston company which has subsidiaries in the U.S., and the Canadian Fishing Co., which is owned by the New England Fishing Co., of Massachusetts.

## SHUCKS, WE THOUGHT IT WAS JUST ANOTHER IRISH AIRLINE

**all nude revue**  
Canada's Biggest & Best Live Nude Show!

**PANDORA'S BOX**

323 BANK ST. PROMENADE  
DOWNTOWN ■ 236-3500  
CONTINUOUS 6 PM to 1 AM  
Friday matinee 12:30 free hot lunch

**Starring**  
**connie**  
**lingus**

**X'CITING**

This week only!

—Ottawa Journal, March 18, 1975

**all nude revue**  
Canada's Biggest & Best Live Nude Show!

**PANDORA'S BOX**

323 BANK ST. PROMENADE  
DOWNTOWN ■ 236-3500  
CONTINUOUS 6 PM to 1 AM  
Friday matinee 12:30 free hot lunch

**Starring**  
**connie**

**X'CITING**

This week only!

—Ottawa Journal, March 19, 1975

## GOVERNMENT ADVERTISING:

# MACDONALD WARS AGAINST LE JOUR

by ERIC HAMOVITCH

*Democracy recognizes that one person can be right and 99 wrong, and that is why freedom of speech is sacred; the one person must always have the right to proclaim his truth in the hope of convincing the 99 to change their orientation.*

\* \* \*

*Certain political rights are inseparable from the very essence of democracy: freedom of thought, of speech, of expression (press, radio etc.) of assembly and of association; indeed, citizens are powerless to participate fully in the organization of the social order when these freedoms suffer the least restriction.*

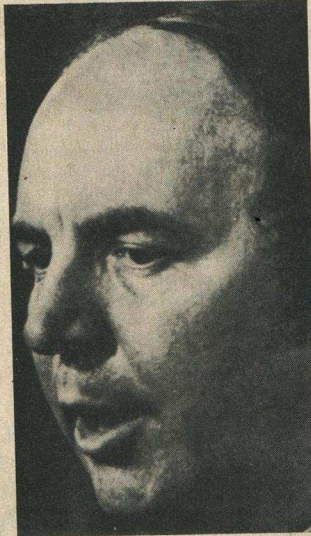
— Prime Minister Trudeau . . . in his younger days.

Never let it be said that Energy Minister Donald Macdonald is too busy pandering to the oil companies to take on those he sees as adversaries. In March he intervened personally to cut off advertising from his department to a Montreal newspaper whose editorial policy he disagreed with, and for this he was congratulated by the civil libertarian Prime Minister.

The newspaper in question was *Le Jour*, which advocates the independence of Quebec. *Le Jour* is the smallest of Montreal's seven dailies, with a circulation of some 25,000. Founded in 1974, it has been scraping along with only a modest amount of advertising, and had to appeal to its readers earlier this year for \$100,000 in donations to rescue it from a financial crisis.

Since then, other readers have bought space to publish Trudeau quotes such as those printed above in compensation for the federal boycott.

Each federal department looks after its own advertising, but there is a cabinet understanding that *Le Jour* is not to enjoy any federal manna. Like the other 100-odd daily papers in Canada, *Le Jour* carried on February 28 the first of a series of four full-page advertisements on energy conservation, with a large portrait of Donald "Thumper" Macdonald himself beaming at readers from the page. However, Mr. Macdonald apparently felt that *Le Jour's* readers, many of whom are separatists, should no longer be encouraged to conserve energy, and



MACDONALD  
Thumping *Le Jour*

he ordered Vickers and Benson, the Toronto-based agency responsible for placing the ads, to withdraw all further advertising from the paper.

"It seems to me that a newspaper which proposes the destruction of Canada . . . should not expect the support of the federal government for its efforts," he told reporters on March 25.

Senator Keith Davey, bemoaning the lack of journalistic diversity in many parts of Canada, recommended in his report on the mass media several years ago that the government set up a Publications Development Loan Fund "so that the loudest voice in town won't inevitably become the only voice in town."

Mr. Macdonald's views on press freedom are quite different. He seems to assume he has the right to manipulate public funds with the intent of helping to undermine the financial viability of a newspaper he disagrees with. Today the issue is Quebec's constitutional future. Will the next move be to punish newspapers which disagree with the Liberals on other matters?

The stated purpose of allocating public funds for advertising is to transmit in-

formation rather than to enrich newspaper proprietors (though this principle was compromised by Stanley Haidasz's spreads in the ethnic press a couple of years ago).

As little as Mr. Macdonald may have in common with the publishers of *Le Jour*, he owes it to that paper's readers — all of whom pay federal taxes whether they like it or not — to provide the same information services as are provided to readers of newspapers he may find less objectionable. "*Le Jour* is an organ of public information," stated the Quebec Press Council, "and as such should enjoy the same treatment from the authorities as that accorded to similar organs."

The government's logic is faulty: if it reserves the right to withhold services from those who hold contrary views, then by the same reasoning people should have the right to withhold part of their taxes if they disagree with a particular government policy.

If *Le Jour* were as intent upon destroying Canada as Mr. Macdonald suggests, it would be doing its best to hide the federal presence from its readers rather than seeking government support in promoting it. As it happens, *Le Jour* accepted about \$15,000 in advertising in its first year from as tainted a source as the federal government and is quite willing to accept more (which only goes to show that it has less ideological rigidity than the Liberals in Ottawa).

*Le Jour's* problems with government don't end in Ottawa. Many Quebec government departments boycott it, and prior to last fall's municipal election the city of Montreal bypassed a statute requiring that lists of candidates be published in every daily paper (the reason given was that when the advertising budget was prepared the survival of *Le Jour* was far from certain — at least they didn't have the gall to admit that it was for political reasons).

Next time Mr. Macdonald is in a combative mood, perhaps he can take on the oil companies he is responsible for dealing with rather than grant enormous concessions of the type that made him look foolish after the Syncrude deal, although seeing Mr. Macdonald look foolish is something Canadians have become accustomed to.

# International Report

compiled by the staff of the Last Post

## Population control — business has its reasons

by Maryhelen Vicars

When Latin American and Communist bloc countries moved at a recent UN World Population conference to reject American proposals for population control in overpopulated countries it was considered a position of unbelievable extremism.

*Time* magazine was quick to rue the action of the ungrateful dissidents and called them "unwilling as yet to accept . . . responsibility for coping with overpopulation and its resultant hunger."

*Time's* commentary is representative of the position often called neo-Malthusian, that overpopulation is the greatest cause of economic and environmental problems and that stringent and immediate control of population growth in Third World countries is the first and perhaps only solution.

This position is the one taught in schools and upheld on editorial pages everywhere. Prevalent as it is, there has always been some opposition to the simplicity of seeing world economics as a simple relation between numbers of people and the quantity of food required to sustain them.

The dissident voice is gaining strength, as evidenced by a recent OXFAM report which labels overpopulation a "phony issue". A growing number of people are now calling for a critical examination of neo-Malthusian thinking and politics.

Robert Malthus, the 18th century parson, captured the imagination and support of the landlord class when he made his famous statements on the inevitable miseries of the poor. They must not be fed when we have no need of labour, he said, as food and housing only allow them to breed, thus compounding their misery.

Malthus was writing soon after the French Revolution, and democratic ideas were beginning to take hold in England. His work was a

criticism of reformers who maintained that the peasants need not starve if only the landlord class could be made to share their great wealth.

The new theorists are more "scientific", more sophisticated in their approach, but the message is the same: the people are themselves responsible for their condition. This approach serves, as it did in the 18th century, to absolve the ruling class of responsibility or scrutiny.

American involvement in aid to

the Third World has dropped off in recent years, with the notable exception of birth control programs and conditional aid, that is, loans and other economic assistance offered only on the condition that comprehensive population control programs be established and maintained.

Credit for this policy is taken by U.S.-based lobbying groups, the so-called "Population Mafia".

Reading the expensively produced publicity material of one such

## Chile dismantles medicare system

by Patrick Brown

Newspaper reports from Chile since the military coup in 1973 have tended to concentrate on political developments there in the wake of the death of President Salvador Allende and the overthrow of his left-wing government.

But a report in a somewhat obscure American medical journal tells a story of one development that shows how the coup d'etat has directly affected the life of ordinary people in a most basic way.

Writing in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, Howard Waitzkin and Hilary Modell report that the present totalitarian regime has dismantled the health system carefully built up by the socialist government.

Under President Allende — himself a physician — Chile achieved health reforms that emphasized nutrition, maternal and infant care, increased services for the poor, and improved distribution of health care.

Spending was greatly increased, and the goal of the National Health Service was to provide curative and preventive medical and dental service free of charge to all Chileans.

Nutritional, educational and emergency treatment programs were set up through hospitals and neighbourhood clinics throughout the country.

The government also moved to require innovation in copper mining, to reduce the high incidence of occupational diseases caused by inadequate measures taken by the mining companies.

Many of these changes were resisted by the medical profession, and many doctors joined other strikers in the paralysis that preceded the coup.

But, on the whole, dramatic improvements had been brought about in Chilean health care with very few compulsory controls.

The Junta has reversed almost all the changes made under Allende.

Most neighbourhood clinics — the backbone of the system — are being closed, especially in poor areas.

Almost all the preventive programs, such as free milk for children, have been dismantled.

Most medical school departments of preventive medicine, public health and social science have been closed.

Chilean medicine is now almost completely back in the hands of private enterprise, and the Ministry of Health classifies medical personnel into three categories — politically trustworthy, uncertain, and "irredeemable".

Waitzkin and Modell report that low-income Chileans now have great difficulty in getting any medical attention at all.

group, the *Population Crisis Committee*, one is impressed by the preponderance of big business leaders.

Many of them are directors and presidents of big multinational corporations whose fortunes have been made from industry in the countries where population is seen as the problem.

The committee members include Frank W. Adams of Exxon, Eugene R. Black of IT&T, Lamot du Pont Copeland of Du Pont Chemical, Fowler McCormick of International Harvester, Ray Dinsmore of Good-year Tire and Rubber, and Mariner S. Eccles of Amalgamated Sugar.

Ellsworth Bunker, former U.S. ambassador to South Vietnam, Adm. A. W. Radford, former chairman, U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, and Robert McNamara, former Secretary of Defense and president of the World Bank are also part of a long list of committee members dominated by the rich and powerful.

These and other businessmen represent the most powerful American and international business interests.

All of them, the publicity emphasizes, are acting in a personal and individual capacity, and representation of the interests of their business affiliations should not be implied.

Critics are skeptical about their philanthropy, however. As economist Aaron Segal has said, the "Population Mafia" has oversold the U.S. Congress and general public on fertility as the cause of poverty, making birth control a cheap substitute.

Industry in the Third World is mostly extractive, resource based.

Raw materials are extracted from poor countries and exported to the rich for manufacture. In many cases, the finished goods are then imported by the poor nations which supplied the material.

In most cases, where some industries are labour-intensive, it is because the supply of labour far exceeds the demand and is consequently very cheap.

In either case, labour in the Third World is not only a surplus commodity, it is a threat. There is real danger to the established order when unemployed and desperate workers begin to examine the reasons for their condition. As a rule they will not blame

the babies for their poverty. They are far more likely to demand an end to the corruption that riddles so many Third World governments, and to fight for nationalist, anti-imperialist causes.

Revolutions are not good for business. Although business will not draw the line at direct military intervention to protect their interests in the Third World — CIA sponsored coups in Chile, Guatemala and oil-rich Iran, to mention a few — such intervention is unpopular and potentially dangerous.

Population control must be seen as a less dramatic, and more politically acceptable form of social control.

Internationally, the population crisis is a red herring. Real economic reform would pose too great a threat to business interests, so their support is given to birth control programs which appear humanitarian, but which in fact, may be the source of even greater hardship for the people.

Birth control programs, because they are pushed and subsidized by outside interests, may usurp scarce medical resources which could more profitably be used treating disease and providing basic sanitation.

In Latin American countries for example U.S. AID programs will pay local doctors and nurses far more to administer birth control programs than they could possibly make serving the essential medical needs of the people.

Whatever the economic benefits of a successful birth control program, which may include a smaller dependent portion of the population or reduced numbers of unemployed young people, they cannot be realized for several years after its establishment.

The aid itself is more immediate. It is usually in the form of loans rather than grants, repayable from scarce local revenues.

Reports of the effectiveness of population control programs vary. Without delving deeply into cost

## African-East Indian unity

Back in December, a *Miami Herald* reporter paid a visit to Trinidad and Tobago and pronounced that it was politically stable, as a happy by-product of its oil wealth.

That stability, like so much else in Trinidad, was deceptive, and the unfortunate reporter has since had cause to regret his words. For Trinidad has undergone its most serious convulsion since the epochal Black Power uprising of 1970.

The protagonists this time have been workers in the country's two key industries, oil and sugar. Three large unions — the Oilfield Workers Trade Union, the All-Trinidad Sugar Estates and Factories Workers Trade Union and the Islandwide Cane Farmers Trade Union — all firmly behind a militant leadership, banded together in February to form a United Labour Front. In March, they shut down the two industries, and virtually shut down the country, in a series of strikes.

This new labour unity is all the more significant because the vast majority of oilfield workers are black, while the sugar workers and cane farmers are almost entirely

East Indian, and although relations between these two ethnic groups (which between them make up more than 80 per cent of Trinidad's population) have never reached a point of open hostility as they have in nearby Guyana (*Last Post*, April 1975), they have nevertheless historically been cool.

The government of Prime Minister Dr. Eric Williams, like that of Forbes Burnham in Guyana, has always depended on maintaining the division between blacks and Indians to remain in power; there are some who argue that it actually helped to create that division. The strength of Dr. Williams' People's National Movement is in the black majority, and it has retained black loyalty by invoking the spectre of an East Indian government. The East Indians, for their part, have until recently remained loyal to their own party, the Democratic Labour Party.

Now, with the formation of the United Labour Front, that would appear to have drastically changed.

The OWTU, the ICFU and the Sugar Workers all have their own grievances. For the OWTU and the Sugar Workers, it is mostly a ques-

benefit analyses, however, it can be said that the most laudatory reports are suspect and that, in fact, the results have been generally disappointing.

In all evaluations, the most frequently reported obstacle is motivation. A major expense is production and dissemination of contraception propaganda.

Why should there be such reluctance on the part of parents to limit family size, when there is so little to offer their children?

In countries where the standard of living is lowest, economic and social factors tend to encourage families to have children. There is little incentive for women to do other work than child-rearing, and little income to sacrifice by devoting themselves to their children.

In fact, because of the value of child labour, and the "social security" which is assured by adult children supporting their elders when they are too old to work,

having and rearing children is the most productive labour available to women in most poor countries.

Existing population programs do nothing to affect this condition. Some American development agencies are attempting to include maternal and child health care in their birth control programs, partly to offset accusations of imperialism, and partly because it is recognised that when infant mortality remains high, mothers will have many more children to ensure that the desired number will survive.

It is an indictment of the population lobby that many of them are reluctant to support this approach, on the grounds that lowering infant mortality will have an immediate effect of increasing the number of live children until families learn to expect more of their children to survive.

In a society where children are not of direct economic benefit, where compulsory education, restrictions on child labour and social security

programs all exist, the resistance to birth control is due to a complicated interaction of social and cultural factors.

These elements are operating in poor countries as well, but their effect is masked by that of infant mortality and the financial security provided by offspring.

There are social and religious sanctions against birth control in the developed world, and this affects its availability, but the fact is, the demand for birth control exists.

More or less democratic distribution of resources, widespread provision of sanitation and disease control, social security, some emancipation of women — all are characteristics of countries where birth control is successful. To a great extent these conditions preceded and are a prerequisite to a significant demand for birth control.

Without such a demand no amount of pills and IUD's delivered in any fashion by any government, will be worth the money.

## erodes the base of Dr. Williams' regime

tion of getting for their members a fair share of the substantial increases in oil and sugar revenues that Trinidad is enjoying. With oil and sugar going for record-high prices on world markets and with the two industries bringing in fat profits, the unions figure that they are entitled to hefty wage increases; the companies — Texaco in the case of oil and Caroni Ltd. in sugar — disagree.

With the cane farmers, the issue is union recognition. The cane farmers have been represented by a government-created company union, the Trinidad Islandwide Cane Farmers Association. Led by former Lieutenant Raffique Shah, cashiered from the Trinidad Regiment for his role in an abortive mutiny at the height of the 1970 uprising, the ICFTU has challenged TICFA's domination. In early 1975, a ten-year-old law providing for a compulsory check-off to TICFA was ruled unconstitutional by the courts. The ICFTU is now demanding that it be recognized in TICFA's place.

But all three of the union leaders — Shah, George Weekes of the OWTU and Basdeo Panday of the

Sugar Workers — are making it clear that they are looking beyond the immediate grievances to a political confrontation with the state. Panday, the most ambitious and opportunistic of the three, has said that he sees the ULF as the basis for a political party, one which he is ready and willing to lead.

The ULF held its first mass rally in San Fernando, Trinidad's productive centre and second largest city, on February 18; it attracted 25,000 people, making it the largest labour rally in the country's history.

Early in March, strikes were called in both oil and sugar. Gasoline pumps slowly ran dry, and as Easter approached there was a shortage of sugar on supermarket shelves as well. Electric power blackouts — perhaps the result of wildcat strikes by OWTU members at the Trinidad and Tobago Electricity Commission — and consequent water shortages added to the tension.

On March 18, the unions organized a 'religious procession' in San Fernando; it was quickly broken up by police. Weekes and Panday were arrested, and Shah was sought

on a warrant and eventually gave himself up. Thirty people, including a pregnant housewife and three working newsmen, were beaten.

But except for that police action, there was no intervention by the state. Dr. Williams was out of the country, on his second visit to Asia in three months, until the end of February; nothing could be done in his absence and he seemed in no hurry to get back. Even after his return the government sat tight. For a regime that in the past had declared States of Emergency on much flimsier pretexts, it was a new strategy, perhaps reflecting a more pessimistic appraisal of its own strength in the country. As of the end of March nothing had been resolved.

In 1965 an early manifestation of African-Indian unity was effectively dealt with by the PNM. In 1970, 'African and Indian unite' was a slogan of the Black Power group, but it remained a slogan and was never seriously translated into action. This latest attempt to bring the two groups together is the most promising one yet; if it can persist, the final 'State of Emergency' of the PNM regime may not be far off.

# Mrs. Thatcher: what's behind the 'dazzle'?

by Brian Sedgemore, M.P.  
In The Tribune

It was a happy coincidence for Mrs. Margaret Thatcher, the humble daughter of a grocer who rose to become an ordinary suburban housewife, that the Finance Committee which met to consider the details of the November budget took place at the same time as the Tory leadership struggle. This enabled her to show that her physical stamina and mental agility were only rivalled by her mastery of debate and her understanding of the intricacies of high finance. Such at any rate was the story assiduously spread around by her campaign managers, Tory place-seekers and an obliging press.

The Finance Committee began its deliberations on January 23 and ended them on February 19. The first ballot for a Tory leader took place on February 4 and the second and final ballot on February 11.

Mrs. Thatcher herself explained on February 5 to George Clark, a reporter from *The Times*, that her campaign for the second ballot would be curbed by her duties on the committee. According to *The Guardian*, leading Tories were putting it around that her performance in committee was "dazzling." While Nora Beloff stated categorically in *The Observer* on February 9 that Mrs. Thatcher had "demonstrated a prodigious grasp of fiscal complexities" and that "she had spent a large part of almost every night in the last few weeks leading the Tories in the Standing Committee."

As alas is often the case the gap between myth and reality was enormous.

The committee which sat for 135 hours all told and saw the dawn rise over the river Thames on many occasions was exhausting for everyone except Mrs. Thatcher. On only one occasion did she sit really late. Like some fairy princess of old (and John Pardoe, the Liberal on the committee) she was usually off before the clock struck midnight. And even before midnight she was generously paired and absent for hours on end.

Nor could she claim to have done a fair stint of work when she was

there. On February 11, Mrs. Thatcher left the Committee having been called to higher things and having spoken for under 40 minutes in eight sittings.

It is of course possible for the brilliant to say a lot in a little time. The truth is however that Mrs. Thatcher did not dazzle anyone and at no time displayed any grasp, prodigious or otherwise, of fiscal complexities or anything else. Her contributions consisted of a few competent but desultory tidbits. On one occasion she failed to spot an obvious mistake made by the Government front bench and offered some pathetic excuse the following evening. Her very first words to the Committee at 4 pm on the first day were "three nights all night would be rather much week after week".

Clearly anyone who can be a party to a public relations lie on this scale and get the press to go along with it is likely to be a formidable adversary. Harold Wilson has been warned.

This is not to say that Mrs. Thatcher did not make some interesting comments about her social class and the circles in which she moves.

She was very concerned about the new capital transfer tax in the Bill — a tax on transfers of capital during a person's lifetime as well as on death designed to stop up the loopholes of the old estate duty tax. Under the Bill the first £15,000 in gifts out of capital is exempt as is a further £1,000 each and every year. A husband and wife both get the benefit of the exemptions so the first £30,000 is exempt as is £2,000 a year.

Mrs. Thatcher clearly found these exemptions were too small for her kind of people. In particular she found the annual £1,000 limit "too small for many ordinary circumstances."

The following quotations from Mrs. Thatcher made her the darling of the Tories in the Committee: "For example for a young person starting a career for the first time going away from home is best helped to buy a small property. One might be in a position to give £1,000 or £2,000 towards the deposit in that year. Such young people will undoubtedly

need a telephone, a couple of night storage heaters, some furniture. . . . This is a very ordinary circumstance. The alternative is to say I will not bother to help them. I will get them to apply for council accommodation."

"Parents might have paid £1,000 to charity or something like that."

"Let us talk in human terms. Let us take the example of a young person who reaches 21. One uses one's maximum gift (£1,000) to give him money for his 21st birthday for a car."

Under the Bill a parent can also give a wedding present of £2,500 free of tax to his or her child. When the Tories suggested that this was an absurdly small wedding gift and that the figure should be raised to £5,000 and some Labour members protested that their constituents did not have these sums to give away Mrs. Thatcher snapped from a sedentary position (the comment is unrecorded) "That's because they don't save."

In spite of Mrs. Thatcher's intervention the Committee proceedings were serious. The inordinate length of time spent discussing the bill was an expression of genuine Tory hatred of the capital transfer tax. They knew that this tax really would go some way towards breaking up the transfer of massive sums of capital free of tax in life and on death from one privileged person to another.

Their real front bench spokesman, David Howell, described the tax as "obnoxious." Nigel Lawson, who on the floor of the House of Commons had said that the tax would lead to the Marxist state, became confused in his anger and told the Committee that the tax would result in all small businesses being taken over by Arabs and Americans, thus presumably furthering the interests of the capitalist state. Nicholas Ridley, the highly articulate son of a Viscount who is infinitely more able than most members of Mrs. Thatcher's dreadful Shadow Cabinet, blew the gaff with: "What was so admirable about estate duty was that it wasn't necessary to pay it."

Mr. Ridley was right. Estate duty,



which has been with us since 1894, has been a voluntary and avoidable tax. Only those ignorant of tax law or unlucky in the timing of their death ever paid it.

The Tory opposition to this new tax was by any standards impressive though not as successful in practical terms as their propaganda would have the public believe. Instead of allowing their front bench spokesmen to make all the running as is normal, individual backbenchers were allocated specific sections of the Bill and allowed to get on with it

themselves. This was sensible because (the odd statutory idiot apart) their backbenchers were more intelligent than their front benchers. The theoretical role of the front benchers, and neither David Howell nor Mrs. Thatcher was quite up to it, was to pull the pieces together, add the definitive touch and pretend they had an amazing grasp of fiscal complexities.

Each Tory backbencher was then advised by a specialist in tax avoidance on the aspect of the Bill with which he was dealing. These tax

avoidance merchants gave advice both outside and inside the committee room.

Mrs. Thatcher, who was herself a tax barrister, is no doubt proud of the fact that she assembled in the House of Commons the finest team of tax-dodge experts ever — men dedicated to seeing that the privileged few avoid paying taxes thereby ensuring that others, less fortunate, have to pay more or as the alternative ensuring that the young, the old and the sick are less well cared for because the Revenue is short of funds.

## South Vietnam: the flight of the refugees

by Jean Lacouture  
of Le Nouvel Observateur

What is at stake today in Indochina is no longer the victory of the revolutionaries, but the use they are going to make of it. They were as surprised as we were by the breadth and the suddenness of their victory. Their advance was not intended as a "general offensive" as in February 1968 or April 1972. From what we can learn today, the general staffs of Generals Trung and Giap had set out to inflict humiliating defeats upon General Thieu in order to shake his grip and to assure themselves of the best departure base for the decisive operations of the next dry season, starting in October 1975.

The victorious leaders of the revolutionary army are asking themselves, as we are, about the meaning of the frightful exodus which transformed South Vietnam into a river of fear.

The exodus of about a fifth of the inhabitants of the southern provinces which passed under the control of the Provisional Revolutionary Government during the month of March has some aspects which are difficult to explain: easy as it may be to understand why the urban bourgeoisies of Hué and Da Nang fled the coming of a power which would be hostile to them, it is less easy to grasp the reasons for the flight of numerous villagers. What had they to lose?

Let us try to discover some reasons for this panic-stricken

cracking of a society. The collective flight began with that of officials of the southern regime. Among the million-and-a-half refugees must be counted at least 300,000 people, civilian or military, who were in some way the agents of power and who have reason to believe that the new power would subject them to "popular tribunals". If you consider that each civil servant and almost every soldier brings with him a family of three to five people, this provides a first reason.

A second reason is given by American reports which showed us the southern army itself organizing disorder and fright, practising extortion, pillaging, terrorizing a population which it holds in a grip of fear. It is easy to imagine the panic of a population which sees the arms of its defenders turned against it.

There is also, plainly and simply,

the deep-seated and intransigent anti-communism of certain sectors of the population . . . .

It is fashionable today in certain left-wing milieux favourable to the guerrillas to pretend that the P.R.G. and its army have nothing to do with communism but constitute a resistance as broadly-based as those who fought the Nazi occupation of France. It is true that it takes in various currents, including many non-Marxists, and has elaborated a moderate program. But it is important to recall that its most solid officials — and notably its military officials, its most effective and disciplined element — are pure products of a tradition of patriotic Marxism, which, from Ho Chi Minh to Tran Van Giau and from Giap to Madame Binh, formed the vanguard party and organized the armed forces which conquered French colonization, American imperialism and their local sub-products . . . .

## Washington, Moscow, Peking

The timing and the conditions of the process of "loss" were of extreme importance. For Washington. But also, as we shall see, for Moscow and for Peking. Hence the surprise and embarrassment of each of them. It is indeed a real equilibrium of world forces that has been upset by this precipitate victory. The zones of influence were more or less apportioned, at least for a time. As long as the Americans were present in Cambodia and South Vietnam, the Chinese could content themselves with keeping Prince Norodom Sihanouk in reserve and the Soviets could await their day in putting their stakes on Hanoi. The collapse of Lon Nol in Phnom Penh and of Thieu in Saigon has raised strategic worries which have nothing to do with our humanitarian sentimentalism or ideological preoccupations. The Soviets and the Chinese don't want to find themselves face to face in Southeast Asia, whatever their common sympathies for the Vietnamese and the Cambodians.

# Last Pssst



**Sign of the times:** Ottawa informants tell me that the Local Initiatives Program is putting in a request to the Treasury Board for half a billion dollars or so for its coming fall and winter season. This is based upon a projection of 12 per cent unemployment (seasonally adjusted) in September. **John Turner** may be muttering quiet optimism about a slowdown in the current slump later this year, but Ottawa is preparing for the worst.



**Swinging Henry capered in exotic Ottawa**

**Swinging Henry:** Ever wonder what goes on in **Henry Kissinger's** off hours during visits to those exotic foreign capitals? Well here's what happened a while back when he checked into exotic Ottawa. At a dinner party, he was introduced to an Ottawa TV personality who later invited him back to her place for a cognac, her boy friend being out of town. Unfortunately, the boy friend returned unexpectedly and called from the airport asking to be picked up. She replied that, uh, it would be difficult since she uh, had company and, uh, . . . Since it was his home, his cognac and, uh, his girl friend, the boy friend was naturally miffed, hung up the telephone and jumped into a cab. Within minutes he was pounding on the front door, calling his girlfriend's name. Within seconds, two U.S. Secret Service men

by Claude Balloune

seized him from behind, karated him and generally contributed to his physical discomfort. As our hero, who had been unable to mutter or demand any explanation, was dragged off in a totally bewildered state to the clutches of an RCMP contingent lurking in the wings, he spied **Henry Kissinger** hustle quickly out of his home, climb into a waiting limousine and speed off. The boy friend, completely confused and perplexed, lay spread-eagled on the ground as his girl friend waved goodbye.

**Guess who? Reader's Digest**, a journalist friend of mine tells me, has decided to do a special section or article on the ten greatest men of this century. After much debate amongst consultants, editorial staff and outside luminaries contacted by the rather conservative publication, their selection committee finally drew up the magic list of ten, which includes one Canadian. Try to guess who, you'll find it later on.

Ontario's **Premier William Davis** has a summer home on an island at quaintly named Go Home Bay in Georgian Bay. Not too long ago, some work was done to it and the tab picked up by friends in Sudbury.

**Summer enjoyment:** Quebec's **Premier Robert Bourassa**, convinced that the press is hostile to him, is concerned that somebody is going to print the scurrilous story that during his student days he worked one summer as a toll collector on the Jacques Cartier bridge, which links Montreal with the South Shore. Well over a decade ago, they abolished the toll collectors and installed automatic equipment for a while. The result was a vast increase in revenues. Seems some toll collectors had organized a system of "one for the bridge, three for me." An investigation showed that some of the lowly paid toll collectors had private yachts, planes and big summer homes. Years later, **Gerda Munsinger** told a Canadian reporter that her old friend **Willie Obront**, described by Montreal police as the local Mafia banker, once boasted of having organized the toll collection business.

Rumour out of Quebec City has it that two of Mr. Bourassa's trusted aides are about to leave his employ. One is the mental bane of journalists — press secretary **Charles "Ron Ziegler" Denis** — and the other their physical bane, bodyguard **Len Shorkey**. Mr. Shorkey, of the Quebec Police Force, has been Bou Bou's most devoted bodyguard, and gives kidney punches to people who get too close to the premier. He sleeps in Bob-la-Job's apartment, along with his gun collection — a .38, a .45 and a .357 magnum — which he delights in showing off to waiting visitors. (He boasts that he once gave a speeding ticket to **P. E. Trudeau** and failed to recognize him. How are your kidneys Pierre?)

# Last Pssst



General Pinochet and Ambassador Ross

**Still palsy-walsy:** Canada's ambassador to Chile, **Andrew Ross**, continues to be looked upon with special affection by the right-wing junta that runs Chile. The relationship was solidified by Ross's telegrams praising the junta to the skies at the time of the military putsch. A photograph of Ross and dictator **General Pinochet** was recently published in at least two of the right-wing papers that the junta allows to publish. The notorious paper *El Mercurio* says that Ross is presenting "a collection of engravings and a book which has coloured illustrations of the diverse fish that are found in his country." It adds that "the diplomat also gave the president replicas of medals which will be won by athletes during the Olympic Games to be held in Montreal in 1976." Ross is also said to have been "the bearer of greetings from his government to the President of Chile." The mind boggles at the thought of General Pinochet being interested in "diverse fish" and "replicas of medals". An illustrated book on sado-masochism, now, would really be a hit. Then Mr. Ross might get his picture on the front page of *El Mercurio*.

It's commonly known that since the U.S. refuses to have diplomatic relations with Cuba, Switzerland represents American interests in Havana. What isn't commonly known, is that Canada does the same for Israel.

**Keep guessing:** No the answer to the Reader's Digest riddle is not **Alan Eagleson**. Eagleson, head of the NHL Players' Association and an Ontario Tory, recently tried to blackball hockey journalist **Stan Fischer** and commentator **Ted Lindsay**, ironically one of the early players to get involved in starting the Players' Association. In the Players' newsletter recently, Eagleson advised them not to deal with the two gentlemen.

Since their job requires them to talk to players, this would jeopardize their livelihood. Some St. Louis player posted the notice on the club bulletin board; journalists noted it and Mr. Finger was forced to issue an apology saying it was a misunderstanding.

Back to the ten greatest men of the 20th century. The Canadian is specifically picked as being the greatest salesman of this century. Right, **Jean Drapeau**, Mayor of Montreal. **Howard Hughes** is apparently also on the list.

**Robert, meet Pierre:** During a bash commemorating **Jean-V. Dufresne's** 25th anniversary in journalism — he currently works out of *Le Devoir* — your faithful correspondent had the pleasure of introducing two noted Quebecers to each other for the first time — **Premier Bourassa** and **Pierre Vallieres**. They chatted civilly, almost politely.

The Montreal Expos symbol is usually thought to be an 'M' — period; but it also says 'cb' in lower case letters — that's for Charles Bronfman, scion of the booze family, who owns the club. Charlie is such a baseball fan he even has his own Expos uniform, number 83, standing for Seagrams '83' whisky.



In the previous issue of *Last Post*, you no doubt noticed that we printed an article on the tar sands by **Larry Pratt** accompanied by official documents outlining the finagling between the oil companies, Syncrude and the Alberta Government. The letters and minutes of meetings published were embarrassing to all parties concerned. Where did the documents come from? *The Edmonton Journal* refused to publish their contents, apparently on the advice of Syncrude PR man **John Barr**, a former right-wing student leader, *Edmonton Journal* man and executive assistant to Socred cabinet ministers. Barr, it seems, circulated the story that the documents were purloined during a break-in at Syncrude offices last year. Instead of looking into the contents of the documents, the *Journal* put a man onto the job of investigating Larry Pratt, *Last Post's* Edmonton correspondent who is proving to be a major irritant and critic of Alberta government policy. At any rate, the documents didn't come from any break-in, a break-in incidentally that police suspect Syncrude pulled on itself. There's a story circulating that the documents actually came from a disgruntled secretary who had had an affair with a Syncrude executive.

# Last Post appeal for funds

If the current PR hype is to be believed, 1975 is going to be the year of miracles for the Canadian magazine industry.

With *Time* and *Reader's Digest* finally losing their status as Canadian publications, there is supposed to be large quantities of advertising money up for grabs. *Saturday Night*, refuelled with Imperial Oil money, and *Maclean's*, which has announced its intention of going biweekly in October, are hoping to fill the vacuum.

Where does that leave the *Last Post*?

Right where it was before.

Advertising has not been a major source of revenue for the *Last Post* in the past and there is no reason to believe it will be one in the future. Even if the hoped-for cascade of advertising money to Canadian publications actually happens, little if any of it is likely to come here.

That's because the *Last Post* isn't the kind of magazine advertisers like. It doesn't run nice articles about them and their friends. When it does write about them, it's usually critical.

Any magazine that decides to survive without big business backing, in the form of investment or advertising, has to depend on reader support.

Reader support has always been the backbone of the *Last Post*. Our revenues have come from subscriptions, news stand sales, sales to schools and groups, royalties from *Last Post* books — and donations from our readers.

(With one exception. Last year, for the first time, we received a small grant from the Ontario Arts Council. The Canada Council, to which we also applied, turned us down.)

Ideally we would prefer not to have to ask our readers for financial contributions. But right now we are faced with higher printing costs due to escalating paper prices. And our tight budget still does not allow us to come out as often as we would like, which means that good articles have to be postponed, or, in some cases, not run at all.

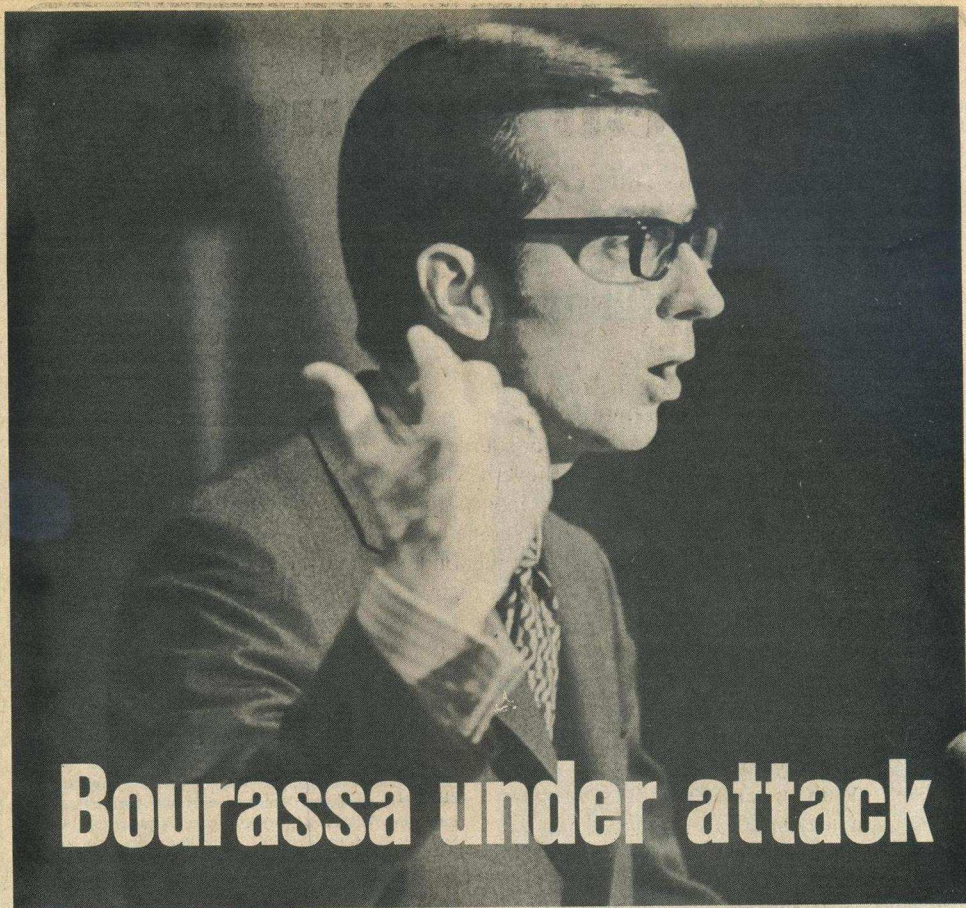
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454 King St. West  
Rm. 302  
Toronto, Ont.



# Bourassa under attack

by Nick Auf der Maur

"Violence, threats, blackmail, provocation, intimidation, extortion, discrimination, sabotage, corruption, influence peddling, electoral complicity, bribery, dealings and all sorts of compromising situations . . . illegal lotteries, loan-sharking, bootlegging, drug peddling . . ."

Those, in the words of Judge (Small Claims Court) Robert Cliche, former Quebec NDP leader, are a few of the things uncovered in his inquiry into the Quebec construction industry. And the names turned up weren't limited to industry officials and union men. They included Liberal party cabinet ministers, backbenchers and organizers and civil servants.

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**Nick Auf der Maur is Quebec editor of the Last Post. He is a member of the Montreal Citizens' Movement and a member of Montreal city council.**

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The Cliche commission report (as of this writing) was due out in the early part of May, a month of bleak prospects and little solace for the provincial Liberals. Aside from the construction report, the Inquiry into Organized Crime was due to re-commence public hearings — for the first time open to TV cameras and radio. And then there's the influence-peddling trial of Rene Gagnon, a key Liberal organizer and former aide to two cabinet ministers, including the late Pierre Laporte.

Gagnon, whose name has been linked in various inquiries to bribery and underworld figures, is said to be extremely disenchanted with seeing his career ruined. He has floated rumours to the effect that he is now holed up in a Trappist monastery in Oka, Quebec, writing his memoirs, memoirs that would cause a lot of grief to the ruling Liberals.

Most believe these rumours are more akin to blackmail, directed at the Liberals to ease the pressure. Although he was forced to resign his government positions, the Liberal party continues to pay him \$1,000 a month plus his and Jean Jacques Cote's legal fees for their appearances before the Crime Inquiry, the Cliche probe and before the courts. (Cote and Gagnon also face obstruction of justice charges, in connection with a South Shore gambling house operated by Nicolas Diorio and Frank Dasti, the latter now serving 20 years in the U.S. for heroin and cocaine smuggling.)

And then there's the continuing controversy over the lan-

guage issue, and Bill 22. Bill 22 was designed to undercut the Parti Quebecois, by giving the Liberals an image as stout defenders of the French language and, consequently, the French Canadian nation. Unfortunately, the Bill proved to be something of an abortion. It failed to satisfy nationalists on the education issue. Nor did it satisfy the trade unions and their allies on the language of work issue. It did however manage to further alienate the English of Quebec, once the Liberals' solid bulwark of support.

The Liberals, and Premier Robert Bourassa in particular, also are having problems because of their image of weak and

## Desrochers: still an eminence grise?

Until half-a-year ago when he quit his post as special advisor to Premier Bourassa, Paul Desrochers, 54, was widely regarded as the second most powerful man in the province. Some said he was The Most Powerful.

It was commonly known amongst civil servants, Liberal organizers and politicians, that Desrochers controlled the corridors of power in Quebec City. Throughout the Cliche Inquiry, witnesses repeatedly quoted people as saying "I'll have to see Paul about that," or "Paul wants..." Anything, big or small, had to go through him.

Desrochers's power stems from having been the architect of Bourassa's successful bid for the Liberal leadership, beating out the more popular Claude Wagner and Pierre Laporte. Although the young Bourassa was backed by the Ottawa triumvirate of Trudeau, Marchand and Pelletier, it was Desrochers that staged the leadership campaign and blatantly rigged the convention.

Afterwards, he, along with others such as Rene Gagnon, a Laporte man, successfully guided the Liberals to power on April 29, 1970. Before this entry to power, Desrochers was an old style "bleu" nationalist and a member of l'Ordre Jacques Cartier, known as *La Patente*, a quasi-secret society that for decades was a powerful and mysterious force in Quebec life. He had also been director of the Quebec Federation of School Commissions and secretary general of a text-book publishing firm which was sold to the Americans.

During the Cliche Commission hearings, it was revealed that Desrochers had built up a parallel hiring structure for the James Bay construction site to dispense patronage. He also negotiated a secret deal in New York City with the owners of Bechtel allowing them to take over engineering control of the project. In this he acted over the heads of James Bay and Hydro Quebec officials responsible for the project. Most of these officials later resigned.

Desrochers was and still is a director of COJO, the organizing committee for the Montreal Olympics and as such was in charge of negotiating the TV contract with ABC, NBC and CBS sources at the time said they were frozen out of the deal, claiming a condition for Olympic TV rights was a \$5 million contribution to the Liberal party.

Always a somewhat shadowy and mysterious figure, Desrochers, who wears a corset and claims to sleep only four hours a night, resigned from the premier's staff for obscure reasons, citing health problems. He appears to be still quite active, serving as vice-president for eastern Canada for Canada Permanent Trust. Aside from his

COJO post, he still holds important, though non-official posts in the Liberal party organization and treasury.

He also works for Sogena, a management company run by his good friend Marc Carrière, president of Dupuis Frères, French Canada's largest department store.

Coincidentally Sogena owns Place Dupuis, a huge, new ultra-modern three tower retail-office complex in central Montreal. Marc Carrière controls Sogena, and although Desrochers was an original founder of the company, he denied at the Cliche Commission he still owns 20,000 shares of the company he now works for.

This was brought up at the Cliche Commission because the James Bay Energy and Development Corporations happen to rent their head offices at Place Dupuis. In all, Quebec government outfits, including Hydro-Quebec, happen to pay roughly \$3.5 million annually in rentals at Place Dupuis.

Part of Place Dupuis is also owned by another man whose name surfaced at the Cliche Commission hearings, Normand C. Gagnon, another Liberal party stalwart. Mr. Gagnon's name was mentioned in connection with a \$50,000 loan he made to Pierre Laporte to finance his leadership campaign. The loan was co-signed by several Laporte friends, including Rene Gagnon and Gerry Snyder, a Montreal City Councillor who also sits on COJO's board of directors. At any rate, Laporte lost the leadership and, it is said, incurred \$150,000 in unpaid bills. Testimony at the Cliche Commission revealed that Desrochers ordered the Liberal party to take care of the \$50,000 owed to Normand Gagnon. At the time of the debt repayment, one of the co-signers, Maurice Landes, an ex-Civic Party councillor, received a \$50,000 cheque from Montreal Trust but was never sure of its origin. But he used it to pay back Gagnon.

Today, Desrochers and Marc Carrière, known and respected as one of the champions of federalism in Quebec, are happily installed in Place Dupuis, which also houses the Dupuis Frères department store and a Holiday Inn, recalling old times.

Like when Carrière got the Quebec Housing Corporation to loan him \$300,000 to build a student residence in Bromont, which doesn't have a university or college. But Bromont does have a private club reserved for Dupuis Frères personnel. Or the time Carrière held a press conference in Sept. 1968 before an important election and said he wouldn't build a new department store if Sept. 1968 voted Parti Quebecois. It didn't.

vacillating leadership. Bourassa's detractors — and there are an awful lot of them these days — accuse him of being indecisive, shallow and unprincipled. The government is viewed as a nest of patronage and nepotism.

Bourassa at times tries to mollify or cater to his critics by alternately sounding like a firm nationalist and a staunch federalist. This, of course, fails to impress either PQ supporters or the federalists in Quebec, particularly the English who have become thoroughly disenchanted with almost everyone.

Supposedly, Bourassa's strong suit is economics and bread-and-butter issues. Unfortunately, that suit doesn't appear to be terribly strong these days. The James Bay deal, the project of the century as Bourassa calls it, was intended to be to Quebec what the Aswan High Dam was to Egypt, a project that would capture the imagination of the whole population. But James Bay has turned sour.

First of all, the project failed to grab the imagination of anyone except the contractors, consultants, labour leaders, political organizers and anyone else who stood to get a piece of the now estimated \$12 billion budget. Then Indian rights were trampled upon, resulting in a long and unpleasant court case. Then there was a labour rampage which destroyed the main construction site and caused a \$35 million, one year delay. And now there are seamy tales of patronage and collusion emerging. Not the least of these involved the awarding of the main contract to Bechtel, the world's largest engineering company, a company involved in scandal and corruption in the U.S., India, Egypt and just about everywhere else it operates.

All in all, the Quebec Liberals appear to be in poor shape. Even old respectable types, like Gerard Filion — a sort of uncle figure to the Quiet Revolution Liberals of Jean Lesage, and a former president of Marine Industries (owned jointly by the Quebec government and the Simards, Bourassa's in-laws), and prior to that publisher of *Le Devoir* during Duplessis' time — have their troubles. For example, Marine Industries is being dragged before the courts in the dredging scandal.

The Liberals are losing friends fast. Even *La Presse*, owned by Paul Desmarais and Power Corporation, a good Liberal outfit, have turned against Bourassa. Editor-publisher Roger Lemlin, author of "The Plouffe Family", let loose with an unusual front page editorial, treating the Premier in terms similar to those directed at Saigon's President Thieu in his final days.

In the midst of all this shelling, the Liberal party of Quebec is holding a series of regional and party conferences devoted to the theme of "The Family". Yes, the family. Unfortunately, most Liberal militants seemed more preoccupied with the party's image and demanded to know when all these "enquetes" were going to stop. The premier and his various cabinet ministers invariably reply that "the Quebec government is the only government in Canada that investigates itself," citing that as proof of its basic honesty.

At a recent party conference in La Mauricie, the region around Trois Rivieres, Liberal militants demanded that all inquiries be held behind closed doors. Another complained that "at the moment we have a Justice Minister who treats us all like bandits."

The new Liberal party president Claude Desrosiers, who now says he won't seek a second term, said that maybe the Liberal party was a bit "masochist" but "since we are involved, and if we call them (the investigators) to order, the population will say we are trying to hide something."



Some Liberals complain Justice Minister Choquette "treats us all like bandits"

#### SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 7 ON PAGE 50

<b>Across</b>	<b>K11</b> Eggs	<b>A9</b> Nootka
<b>A1, A12</b> Parliament Hill	<b>M1</b> Ooze	<b>A13</b> In Total
<b>C1</b> Sanitation	<b>M6</b> Party Dress	<b>A15</b> Leper's Dung
<b>C12</b> Stop	<b>O1</b> Anno	<b>D11</b> Dunderheaded
<b>E2</b> Emir	<b>O6</b> Methodists	<b>E7</b> Ends
<b>E7</b> Elk Hunter		<b>F1</b> Assiniboia
<b>G1</b> Syncrude	<b>Down</b>	<b>H9</b> Axe
<b>G10</b> Addled	<b>A1</b> Post	<b>I3</b> Citizen
<b>I1</b> Incite	<b>A3</b> Rent Man	<b>I13</b> Ingress
<b>I8</b> Exertion	<b>A5</b> Interpreters	<b>J7</b> Escape
<b>K1</b> Interest	<b>A7</b> Met	<b>L9</b> Itch
		<b>L15</b> Asks



Rumours persist that federal Health Minister Marc Lalonde may replace Bourassa

Another militant, according to a story in *Le Devoir*, complained about the comportment of the members of the National Assembly in Quebec City, referring not just to their ethics; quite simply, some of them are a disgrace even to the Liberal party. Creditiste leader Fabien Roy blames it on alcohol and on several occasions asked that the bar in the parliamentary café be closed. The Liberals, with 100 out of 110 members, have a lot of backbenchers who don't have much to do except get into deals and drink. During the Official Language Bill debate, for instance, one Liberal backbencher, red faced and shouting, fell to the floor when he missed his seat.

All this has combined to create a political vacuum in Quebec, a vacuum which numerous people and political groups are manoeuvring to fill.

Bourassa himself is a consummate politician, in spite of appearances, and a man who has grown to enjoy political power. A recent visitor to Bourassa reports that the premier feels he is being isolated, attacked from all sides and that the people are turning against him. He told the visitor that the only thing left for him is "une fuite en avant," meaning literally a flight in advance, or that he has to take new initiatives to keep a few steps ahead of his political enemies. He hinted that this might take the form of some new constitutional fight with Ottawa. Some observers in Quebec feel that he may embark on a constitutional confrontation in order later to opt for some form of Quebec autonomy, in a desperate attempt to cut the Parti Quebecois off at the pass.

## Some Cliche commission accusations

Here is a partial list of accusations against men in public life made at the Cliche Commission recently (Does not include accusations made prior to January).

\* \* \*

**Premier Robert Bourassa, 41:** Accused of tolerating activities of his advisors, Paul Desrochers and Michael Guay, in setting up an elaborate patronage system for distributing James Bay jobs through the premier's office. Claimed it did not involve all that many jobs. Accused of allowing appointment of one Paul Joyal to Quebec Minimum Wage Board in Jan. 1971 after latter turned over \$2,000 in envelope marked "Mme. Laporte" in toilet of Chateau Frontenac to Rene Gagnon as a payoff. Police had whole story beforehand through telephone taps. Premier claimed he never heard of it until testimony at Cliche Commission this March. Justice Minister Choquette said he told Bourassa about it in Sept. or Oct. 1970.

**Jean Cournoyer, 40, Minister of Labour:** Accused of secret, illegal negotiations to give QFL labour monopoly at James Bay in return for a 10 year, no-strike contract. Collusion with QFL construction unions to legalize through decree QFL negotiations with contractors without presence of CNTU (as required by law). Intervened to keep Yvon Bergeron in charge of hiring at James Bay, against advice of his deputy minister. Refused to act in many illegal cases, such as traffic

in false trade competency cards and racket involving payoffs for equipment and courses at a private trades school. Claimed he knew vaguely of violence and extortion going on in construction industry but was powerless to stop it.

**Guy Leduc, 46, Pierre Laporte's cousin and backbencher:** Recently expelled from Liberal party after Crime Commission revealed links between him and underworld, sits as an independent. Used QFL construction heavies, notably Rene Mantha, to get elected in South Shore riding of Taillon. Election goon squad was arrested but released by Liberal intervention. Leduc and fellow South Shore MNA Andre Deom tried, with a federal MP and a judge, to get Mantha a pardon for his previous criminal record. Mantha faces perjury charges following evidence he offered \$500 to get rival union official beaten up (official wasn't home, so goons beat up his 16-year old son and killed his dog). Mantha lost union position, hired by Liberal member Deom, to work in Africa on a federal government contract obtained by a firm he (Deom) owns.

**Donald Galienne, 59, ex-Mayor of Sept Isles, MNA for a North Shore riding:** Along with ex-Liberal MNA Pierre Maltais, helped Fernand Mongeon, a specialist in false trade competency cards and pornographic material, open a massage parlour comme bordello in Sept Isles. Maltais, who lost his seat to the PQ, obtained 20 phoney competency cards from Mongeon.



There are reports that the premier and Prime Minister Trudeau met recently in Montreal and that the latter outlined his hope to bring a new constitution to Canada before he's finished with federal politics, one of his dreams for posterity. Apparently, according to these reports, Bourassa turned down Trudeau's proposal and the prime minister blew up. They parted company in a huff, or perhaps huffs is a better term.

This meeting was followed by various forays of federal ministers such as Pelletier and Marchand into Quebec talking about a "crisis of leadership" in the province. There were rumours that the federal Liberals were seeking ways of deposing Bourassa and pushing somebody more acceptable, like Marc Lalonde, as Quebec Liberal leader.

Meanwhile, some Quebec cabinet ministers appear to be preparing for the future.

Finance Minister Raymond Garneau, who recently brought down a new budget featuring popular tax cuts, made some peculiar remarks during the debate on the Speech from the Throne. He was full of praise for Paul Desrochers, talking about his having rendered great service to the collectivity. This could be interpreted as him feeling there's a leadership race coming up.

Francois Cloutier, the education minister and the man who presented Bill 22, during the same debate praised Canada's bilingual efforts. It is said he's angling for the Canadian Ambassadorship to France, to be closer to his chateau in Issertieux. It seems he wants out of politics and wants to live in France and retire to the little French village where he's known as Le Chatelain d'Issertieux and is a big wheel along with his buddy, the local Gaullist deputy. However, there are rumours Gerard Pelletier is after the same job. Cloutier may have to settle for becoming Quebec delegate-general in Paris.

At the same time, there's a new crop of Wagner rumours afloat in the province. Wagner wants the Conservative party leadership after Stanfield leaves, but is said to be worried about Alberta's Premier Lougheed, who's busily taking one-hour-a-day French courses. He feels that he may not be able to beat Lougheed, if the sheik decides to run.

In a recent trip through Quebec, Wagner also spoke about a crisis of leadership in the province. A reporter asked him: "What about Bourassa?" and Wagner replied: "I was speaking about leaders." Wagner claimed the province was adrift.

When he spoke at the Canadian Credit Institute in Montreal, it was vintage Wagner, as he was before he shed his crew cut and opted for a Kennedy image. "The family," he said, "along with respect for others, respect for laws, work, discipline and what else have become folklore . . . we have a dehumanized society where moral ambivalence reigns and in which efficiency has become a God at the cost of the most damnable sacrifices, including immorality and amorality." He made it clear he was referring to Quebec in particular.

Maurice Bellemare, leader of the nearly defunct Union Nationale party is reported to have offered Wagner the UN leadership on a platter, in the hopes of launching an alliance and a new party composed of UN, Creditiste and Conservative elements.

Should Wagner attempt to seek some provincial mandate, or even if he decides to go for the federal Tory leadership, his slogan will be "Peace, Order and Justice — there is no peace without order, no order without justice."

The Creditistes remain in disarray. Fabien Roy, one of their two MNA's, apparently now leans toward the Bellemare

## A little dollar sign between you and me

Contents of a police wiretap placed on Cliche Commission hearings. Conversation Sept. 18, 1970 between Henri Dion, then chairman of Quebec Housing Corporation and Rene Gagnon, then executive assistant to Pierre Laporte. Subject, a man who wants an appointment as full time member of Quebec Minimum Wage Commission.

\* \* \*

**Dion:** Uh, I'll name him right away, Paul Joyal.

**Gagnon:** Paul Joyal.

**Dion:** He's the brother-in-law of the brother of Mailloux.

**Gagnon:** The brother-in-law of the brother of Raymond Mailloux.

**Dion:** Raymond Mailloux, the member of the National Assembly [now Minister of Transport].

**Gagnon:** Good, that would be doing a service.

**Dion:** Uh, really confidentially, he wants it so badly that there's a dollar sign attached.

**Gagnon:** Yeah, but it, uh, I don't know what the organ——

**Dion:** You want to meet him?

**Gagnon:** I'd like to meet him.

.....

**Dion:** There's a little dollar sign between you and me.

**Gagnon:** Yes.

**Dion:** A two.

**Gagnon:** Right.

**Dion:** . . . with three zeros.

**Gagnon:** Right. Uh, I'm going to find out first how far along things have gone.

**Dion:** Yes.

**Gagnon:** And I'm going to speak to Pierre about it immediately this afternoon.

\* \* \*

Joyal ultimately gave Gagnon \$2,000 for this appointment. Oddly enough, although the police informed the authorities, no charges were laid until four-and-a-half years later. The tapes were made in a police investigation called "Operation Vegas II" into organized crime. Police reported regularly to Paul Desrochers, who doesn't recall ever being apprised of the above tape. However, in late 1971 he did tell Claude Desrosiers that Gagnon was keeping bad company. Desrosiers told Gagnon who deduced his phone was tapped. Shortly after, the police operation came to an end because, they said, it was apparent people investigated knew their phones were tapped.

proposed coalition, mainly because his arch rival Camil Samson, the other Sacred MNA, is making off with the party. Yvon Dupuis' Parti Presidentiel is going nowhere, while former Creditiste president Armand Bois has founded a new party called the Parti Reformateur. Quebec Creditistes now offer more factions and options than Italian Maoists.

That leaves the PQ — which is what a lot of people are saying all the time.

# THE SELLING OF

by Warren Caragata

During the years when the Columbia River Treaty was being negotiated and ratified, there were many accusations of a Canadian sellout to American interests, with British Columbia Premier W. A. C. Bennett fingered as the bad guy. In spite of some misgivings at the federal level on the part of both the Diefenbaker and Pearson governments, the treaty went through. Now, more than a decade later, it appears that the sellout was even worse than originally feared. And interestingly enough, new information makes it clear that in the scramble to sell at the expense of the Canadian public, at least one Canadian company did all right for itself — none other than that familiar old warhorse, the Canadian Pacific Railway.

\* \* \*

The Columbia is one of the world's most powerful rivers, rising in the Columbia's source but flows south, passing the Columbia within a mile at Canal Flats, north of Cranbrook. The Kootenay flows into the United States and near Libby, Montana, turns north and flows back into Canada, where it joins the Columbia near Trail, after first widening to form Kootenay Lake.

From this point, about 80 miles north of Kamloops, the river flows south into the United States where it eventually completes its 1,200 mile long course at the Pacific Ocean near Portland, Oregon.

One of its main tributaries is the Kootenay, which rises near the Columbia's source but flows south, passing the Columbia within a mile at Canal Flats, north of Cranbrook. The Kootenay flows into the United States and near Libby, Montana, turns north and flows back into Canada, where it joins the Columbia near Trail, after first widening to form Kootenay Lake.

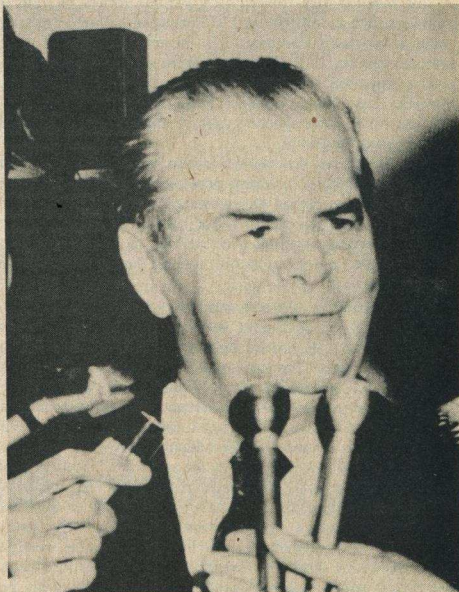
Including the Kootenay, almost 30 per cent of the Columbia River basin was under the sovereign control of Canada until Sept. 16, 1964, when that sovereignty passed into the hands of the United States through the vehicle of the Columbia River Treaty.

If Canada had developed the river according to plans worked out by the late Gen. Andrew McNaughton, minister of national defence under Mackenzie King and chairman of the Canadian section of the International Joint Commission, prior to the treaty's signing, Canada could have retained control over its portion of the basin.

But more importantly, McNaughton plan development could have provided about 70 per cent more power at less cost than under Columbia development.

As well, water could have been diverted from the Columbia system into the Saskatchewan River to provide water for the prairies.

The Saskatchewan Power Corporation had determined that such diversion was economical, but only if the diverted water could be used to produce power, offsetting the cost of pump-



**Bennett promised it wouldn't cost a nickel; in fact, it's costing hundreds of millions**

ing it over the continental divide. The river that would have been tapped for the diversion was the Kootenay.

However, the treaty made such a proposal unrealistic. Water can still be taken from the Kootenay, but can no longer be used to generate power.

The McNaughton plan called for diversion of the Kootenay into the Columbia, rather than allowing full flow through its natural channel. To do this, a large dam would be built on the Kootenay near Bull River, east of Cranbrook, backing the Kootenay into the Columbia and another large structure would be constructed on the Columbia at Luxor, near Golden.

This arrangement would provide maximum upstream storage in Canada, above Mica, which most experts agree is one of the best places on the Canadian system to locate a hydroelectric dam.

James Ripley, a professional engineer and editor of the Southam business publication *Engineering and Contract Record*, wrote that Mica is the "hub of any Canadian development . . . and the key to profitable development of Mica is to make sure it can be supplied with Kootenay water."

The amount of power that can be generated at a site is a function of head (the distance the water falls) and magnitude

# THE COLUMBIA



Gen. McNaughton said the Columbia sellout was the "ransom, not of a king, but of an empire"

of the flow. With more storage of water behind a dam, the flow through the turbines can be increased.

The reason why storage is important is that rivers don't flow at the same rate throughout the year. This high variation in flow results in poor economy of power plant operation and, in addition, poses a flood threat.

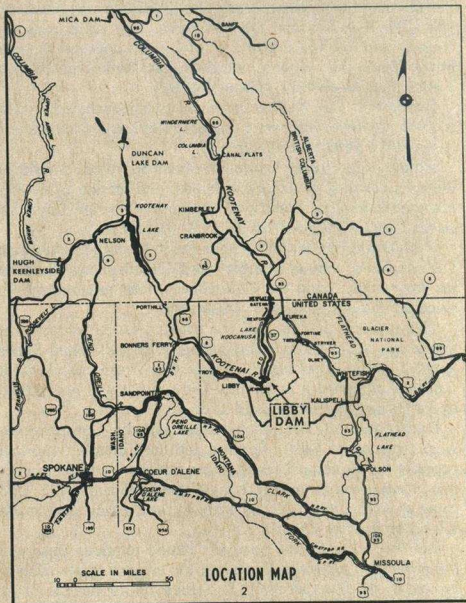
From May to August, 70 per cent of the total annual flow of the Columbia River enters the Pacific.

"It is as simple as this," Ripley said, "on a river such as the Columbia where storage is essential, you locate your main power generating plants at the high head sites [Mica], then arrange for upstream storage to keep up the head of water behind the power plants."

Although the Canadian section of the basin was almost undeveloped, the Americans had heavily developed their section of the river.

"The U.S. . . has seen to it that their treaty fulfills these requirements (maximum upstream storage) as far as the U.S. is concerned. The ten U.S. plants are located between Grand Coulee and Bonneville (near Portland) on the lower Columbia."

"The treaty gives them Canadian storage directly upstream from Grand Coulee — a perfect combination," Ripley exp-



Map locates what Justice Minister Fulton called "the greatest sellout since the Indians gave away Manhattan" lained.

Under a 1909 Canadian-American agreement — the Boundary Waters Treaty — it was totally within Canada's power to proceed with the McNaughton plan without reference to the United States, according to the principle that the upstream nation can develop its portion of the river as it sees fit.

As one critic of the treaty said at the time, Canada held all the aces, yet still managed to come out of negotiations with the Americans with a treaty that only benefits the United States.

Not only did the United States get a dam at Libby which, Ripley charged, transferred control of the Kootenay, which is "essentially a Canadian river, to U.S. hands and [which] represents 25 per cent of the storage capacity of the Canadian basin," but the treaty's main storage site is on the Arrow Lakes, north of Trail.

Storage behind the High Arrow dam, where no power will be generated, is entirely for the benefit of American plants.

"Arrow gives them effective control of the Columbia because of its location and because the criterion for its operation is to optimize output for the system as a whole, which, of course, is largely American," Ripley said.

Adding insult to injury, Canada lost money on the entire venture and B.C. taxpayers are now footing the bill for loans that have had to be floated to meet Canadian obligations under the treaty.

B.C. Premier W. A. C. Bennett said at the time that "power from the Columbia will not cost a nickel."

Instead it will cost millions.

Canada received a total of \$343 million from the United States, but undertook to build, at Canadian expense, the Mica, High Arrow and Duncan dams. The Americans, of course, paid for the Libby dam, but Canada does not share in power from that project, although, as Ripley noted, the Kootenay is essentially a Canadian river.

But now, B.C.'s NDP government estimates the treaty will cost the province well over \$1 billion, leaving B.C. taxpayers to pick up a \$600 million tab.

Although the treaty expires in about 50 years, control of the river remains in American hands: one section of the agreement states that Canada is required to operate Canadian storage to prevent floods in the U.S. forever.

Even Davie Fulton, justice minister in Prime Minister John Diefenbaker's cabinet and the chief Canadian negotiator at the treaty talks, said the Columbia is "the greatest sellout since the Indians gave away Manhattan."

The simplest evidence of the treaty's sellout nature was that it was ratified almost immediately by the United States Senate, after Diefenbaker and then-President Dwight Eisenhower signed it in January 1961, but it was not ratified by Parliament in Canada until 1964.

During this interval, Diefenbaker and the Conservatives were replaced by Lester Pearson and the Liberals, who had opposed the agreement while in opposition. Upon their election, the Liberals re-entered negotiations with the U.S. and came up with a protocol to the treaty, which they said, made it a better deal for Canada.

But the protocol was basically public relations floss and did nothing to substantially change the original treaty. This is proven by the fact that the U.S. Senate did not have to ratify the protocol, as it would have if any real changes were made.

The Columbia treaty was accepted by the federal government because Bennett's Social Credit regime insisted that it was the only pattern of development it would allow.

Although international treaties are a federal responsibility and the Columbia falls under federal jurisdiction because it is an international river, resources belong to the provinces, requiring federal-B.C. co-operation in the development of the Columbia-Kootenay basin.

The key to the entire basin was the Libby dam — with it built, diversion of the Kootenay into the Columbia — the heart of the McNaughton plan — was impossible.

The Libby dam ensured that Canada lost, and it was Bennett that gave the Americans and the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, which wanted the massive Libby project as a showcase, the opportunity to drop about four million cubic yards of cement into the Kootenay River near Libby, backing the river 42 miles into Canada, sealing off forever any Canadian attempt to develop the basin in its best interests.

Bennett gave the Columbia away because he said he didn't want the Kootenay valley flooded, which it would have been if the McNaughton plan had been followed.

But, what Bennett was conveniently forgetting was that Libby flooded 18,000 acres of the best farmland in the East Kootenay region, without providing any benefits to Canada.

And the High Arrow dam, which the Americans wanted to

provide storage for their existing plants, but which wouldn't have been built under a plan designed to serve Canadian needs, flooded out an entire valley and forced the often-bitter relocation of about 2,000 people.

Developing the Columbia to serve Canadian interests requires that part of the Columbia-Kootenay valley be flooded; developing the river to make Grand Coulee and other American dams more efficient meant the Arrow valley would be inundated and Bennett chose the latter course.

But W. A. C. Bennett was anything but a boring politician and the reasons why he sacrificed the Columbia are interesting, if not a little strange.

Bennett was a showman, and liked big shows — huge projects that would capture the imagination of the public long enough to secure their votes, and in the early '60s, political requirements of the former hardware-merchant-turned-statesman meant a big splash in northeastern B.C.

The splash would be created by a dam across the Peace River, now fittingly named after its creator.

However, the Peace project, while spectacular, wasn't very economical, and if huge amounts of Columbia power at low prices were available, there was no sense proceeding with it.

The man primarily responsible for negotiating the protocol to the treaty was Jack Davis, once the research director of B.C. Electric, later parliamentary assistant to Prime Minister Lester Pearson, subsequently energy minister, and then environment minister and fisheries minister; he was defeated in the last federal election. He estimated that the cost-benefit ratio of the Columbia was superior to that of the Peace River.

Bennett ordered the B.C. Energy Board to prepare a cost-comparison study of the two projects and, according to Derrick Sewell, a University of Victoria water expert:

"The terms of reference for that study loaded the dice in favour of the Peace."

When B.C. Electric told Bennett that it wouldn't buy the more expensive Peace River power, thus cutting the project off from the Lower Mainland market, Bennett took the company over — but at a more-than-adequate price.

Having disposed of the McNaughton plan, whose benefits would have been too great for Bennett to overawe with the Peace development, and now with corporate opposition taken care of, Bennett could proceed.

However, there is still one name missing from the entire scenario, and that is a name long familiar to Canadians.

The Canadian Pacific Railway was born of sellout and continues to grow and profit from sellout; in the case of the Columbia treaty, it was party to a sellout of astonishing proportions.

While W. A. C. Bennett was able to benefit politically from a treaty that hamstring development on the Columbia, the CPR was in a position to benefit financially from a treaty that provided storage in the right places.

Canadian Pacific is no longer just a railway, and part of the reason is that the federal government gave the CPR millions of acres of land as an "incentive" to build the railway. It also took over railways which governments had given land to as well, and by happy circumstance, some of the land had good stuff in it.

Like minerals.

Cominco, Canadian Pacific's mining arm, is a highly visible operation in the southeastern corner of B.C. Kimberley, just north of Cranbrook, is the site of a large Cominco mine, while Trail is dominated by the huge Cominco smelter.



**Spreading out behind Libby, Lake Kootcanusa, named by the Americans in the spirit of international co-operation (Kootenay-Canada-USA) floods some of the best farmland in southeast B.C.**

Canadian Pacific carries some political weight in British Columbia. Robert Chodos, in his book *The CPR: a century of corporate welfare*, said that by 1970, "it was estimated that Canadian Pacific owned or controlled at least a billion dollars in assets in British Columbia, making it by far the largest corporation in the province."

B.C.'s second-largest corporation, MacMillan Bloedel, is now 12 per cent owned by Canadian Pacific Investments, and although CP's investment in MacMillan Bloedel dates from 1963, after the treaty had been signed, J. V. Clyne, chairman of the forest products company, had been a CP director since 1959.

As well, according to 1960 financial reports, Gordon Farrell sat on both MacMillan Bloedel and Cominco boards, two other MacMillan Bloedel directors were directors of the Bank of Montreal, which is associated with Canadian Pacific, two others sat on advisory boards of Royal Trust — the Bank of Montreal's trust company — and two other directors were, at that time, directors of Western Canada Steel, a Cominco subsidiary.

One third of all MacMillan Bloedel directors had, as the Columbia River Treaty was being negotiated, at least one direct link with the CPR-Bank of Montreal group.

James Sinclair, now Prime Minister Trudeau's father-in-law, and once a powerful federal Liberal cabinet minister, was, during the early 1960's a director of the Bank of Montreal and a member of the B.C. Energy Board. And, when Bennett's Attorney-General, Robert Bonner, got tired of politics in Victoria in 1968, he crossed Georgia Strait to Vancouver and took over as head of MacMillan Bloedel.

Obviously, this much economic power must have left an impression on Bennett when Canadian Pacific informed him that development of the McNaughton plan would hurt CPR interests.

Running Cominco's Kootenay operations requires a lot of power, and to this end, a Cominco subsidiary, West Kootenay Power and Light, had built the largest power dam to that date on the Columbia system — the 270,000-kilowatt Waneta dam on the Pend d'Oreille River, just south of Trail, where it joins the Columbia — and had five hydroelectric installations on the West Arm of the Kootenay.

Any development of the Columbia-Kootenay was going to affect Canadian Pacific, and packing its usual political punch, it let both federal and provincial politicians know it.

Bill Gwyer, now chief executive officer of West Kootenay Power and Light (which, strangely enough was not "nationalized" by Bennett when he took over B.C. Electric), said in an interview that the McNaughton plan would have an adverse effect on power sites on the West Arm, and that Cominco's opposition to the plan was expressed in private negotiations with the federal and provincial governments.

Gwyer added that "opposed" is too strong a word to express the company's objections, but "we did point out certain disadvantages."

If McNaughton had been successful in pressing his scheme of development and the Kootenay had been diverted into the Columbia, West Kootenay Power's Kootenay sites would have gone to waste, but with Libby dam built, providing upstream storage for West Arm plants and thus maximizing power generation there, Cominco and the CPR could make some money.

According to some sources, Cominco stood to gain about \$3 million a year from the operation of Libby storage, and although under the treaty the Americans can regulate Libby storage however they want, Gwyer said there is "no way the upstream storage can hurt downstream power generation."

Releases from Libby and Duncan have benefitted both Cominco and West Kootenay Power, Gwyer said, and in 1973 the company concluded an agreement with Bonneville Power Authority, the American agency that operates dams on the U.S. section of the Columbia, reducing flows from Libby to a level that can be handled by West Kootenay Power.

Another West Kootenay Power spokesman, Joe Draman, said there has been a "substantial gain to our plants from Libby and Duncan."

Without the McNaughton plan, Cominco has been able to prosper in the Kootenay area of British Columbia. For Canadian Pacific, the treaty was good business.

The combination of Bennett's political myopia and the CP's desire for profit resulted in Canada being cheated out of a river, whose wealth McNaughton said was the "ragson, not of a king, but of an empire."

# Kaiso!

by Robert Chodos

*Woman — dance! dance!  
Ah tell you — dance! dance!  
And if you don't know how to dance  
You jump and prance.*

— Calypso Rose, 1975

If you think of an audience as a collection of people gathered together to listen to and watch an entertainment of some sort, not participating or contributing to the show except to express polite approval or disapproval, then you will encounter few audiences in Trinidad — rarely at a movie, and virtually never at a calypso program.

Certainly the crowd gathered in the Naparima Bowl in San Fernando, Trinidad's second largest city, on February 1, stretched the concept of an audience beyond the breaking point. The occasion was the semi-finals for the 1975 Calypso King competition, and according to the rules the 22 calypsonians who had reached this point, representing widely varying levels of skill and popularity, each had to sing two of their current calypsoes. There were few rules for what the rest of the people in the Bowl could or could not do, only a couple of rather harmless looking policemen strategically placed to keep them off the stage.

And so they crowded around in the pit just below the stage. They danced, either in the pit or standing at their seats. They provided an impressive choral accompaniment for the *Mighty Shadow*, *Lord Kitchener* and *Calypso Rose*. They started an impromptu rhythm section, beating on the railing in front of the stage with some disused construction materials. They heartlessly heckled a young calypsonian called the *Mighty Unknown*, who was not worse than most of the performers but had the misfortune to follow the immensely popular *Shadow*. When an unseasonal rain started just as Rose swung into her hit "do dem back", the jumping, swaying mass of people became, from above, a jumping, swaying mass of umbrellas.

"I sang in St. Catharines, Ontario, once," says the *Mighty Chalkdust*, "and the people applauded — but not too loud because they were afraid to interrupt anything the performer was saying. They didn't dance or sing or shout 'Kaiso!'"

Calypso is jump-up music, especially when played by steelbands in the streets of Port of Spain and the



**The Mighty Shadow**

island's other cities during the two days of Trinidad Carnival. But it is many other things as well. It is social comment, sometimes banal but often very clever and incisive. It is brass bands, choruses and dancing girls, earthy jokes, puns, double entendres and skilful use of language. It is a competitive sport with its origins in the ancient art of stickfighting.

Like hockey it is seasonal, and occupies a period of

roughly two months from the beginning of January until Carnival. During that time there are no Trinidadian content regulations needed to get the country's two radio stations to play calypso in a proportion that at times approaches a hundred per cent. Calypso can be heard at other times of the year too, except that then it is leavened with soul and other North American imports.

The calypsonians themselves lobby strongly for the preservation of their art. The *Mighty Sparrow* is biting when he sings:

*All year long you digging funk  
And spending your cash on soul records  
You deem our music bunk  
James Brown is your Lord of Lords.*

And letters to the newspapers lament the decline of calypso from its greatest days. But judging by the 1975 season, any mourning for the death of calypso is highly premature.

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*You getting you head bust  
And then you face bust  
And if you try to cry  
You getting you eye bust.*  
— The Mighty Shadow, 1975

What calypso is, where it comes from and why it is called that are all questions that are open to argument and interpretation. The term appears to be related to *kaiso*, which is used as both an alternative name for the form and a shout of approval for a calypso well done, but where *kaiso* comes from is less clear. Scholar Errol Hill traces its origin to West Africa; others find Spanish or Amerindian roots.

The antecedent of the calypsonian was the nineteenth-century *chantuel*, or lead singer of a roving band of drummers, chanters and stickfighters. Stickfighting, still accompanied by drumming and chanting, part sport, part dance and part ritual, survives in present-day Trinidad, but on a small scale. Most of the violence and combativeness for which it was an outlet have been sublimated into calypso.

The older calypsonians gave themselves names that suggested they were fighters to be feared: *Attila the Hun*, *Lord Kitchener*, the *Roaring Lion*, the *Growing Tiger*. Among more recent calypsonians, the names are more likely to be ironic: the *Mighty Sparrow*, *Mighty Chalkdust* and *Mighty Shadow*; a tall calypsonian calls himself *Lord Shorty* and a deadpan one calls himself *Lord Funny*.

Verbal wars between calypsonians are a recurring theme of the history of calypso. *Attila*, *Lion*, *Lord Executor* and the *Caresser* all sang against a calypsonian called *Houdini* in the 1930s. *Sparrow* and *Lord Melody* carried on an extended calypso war in the 1960s. And after 1970, *Shadow* sang repeatedly of his intention to depose the kings of calypso, *Sparrow* and *Kitchener*:

*If in '71 they beat me  
Find a piece ah chain and tie me*



### Lord Kitchener

*Leh me make it clear  
I coming back next year.*

While victory in the Calypso King competition is prized, the Stanley Cup of calypso is the Road March. For while the choice of Calypso King depends on the whims of three judges, who are not necessarily either expert or unbiased (*Chalkdust* characterizes the 1975 judges as 'a folklorist, a parliamentarian and the Prime Minister's hatchet man'), the Road March contains much more of an element of popular choice. On Carnival Monday and Tuesday, several dozen steelbands roam the streets of Port of Spain, each with a swarm of followers jumping up behind it. The tune beaten by the largest number of those steelbands as they cross the stage on the town's savannah becomes the Road March for the year, and the calypsonian who composed it becomes the Road March King.

The Road March contest reflects one of the functions of calypso, which is to provide the essential musical background for Trinidad Carnival. The importance of Carnival in Trinidadian life makes no sense in North American terms; it is the only thing into which Trinidadians pour the organizational talent, discipline and dedication they clearly have in abundance. It has been

said that Carnival helps divert attention from less innocent pursuits, such as politics; the ancient formula for keeping people content is, after all, bread and circuses, and Trinidad, where many people have only a little bread, relies heavily on the circus side of things. That is true, but it is not the whole truth. The history of Carnival is largely the history of attempts by rulers of Trinidad to suppress it and successful resistance to these attempts by the masses of people. The titles of two coffee-table books on Carnival perhaps capture something of what it is: *The Trinidad Carnival: Mandate for a National Theatre* and *Nobody in his Right Mind*. Nobody in his right mind should try to analyse it, says author and illustrator J. Newel Lewis, and I will certainly not try here.

A Road March entry is a certain type of calypso — bouncy, infectious, not necessarily with much content. The emphasis on the Road March is deplored by some critics and calypsonians — such as *Chalkdust*, whose calypsoes tend to be slower and more thoughtful. The subject matter of Road March calypsoes is often Carnival itself; not always though. *Kitchener*, who has been Road March King in nine of the last thirteen years, had as his entry in the 1974 Road March field a calypso called "Jericho", which dealt sympathetically with the guerrilla movement that was then fighting police and soldiers in the island's Northern Range. And "Jericho" likely would have won had it not been for the bassman inside Winston Bailey's head.

Now that *Kitchener* has passed into a period of semi-retirement and *Sparrow* is somewhat in eclipse, Winston Bailey, the *Mighty Shadow*, is the most likely heir to their mantle. And yet only two years ago, despite his braggadocio, his total impact on calypso had been tiny. After the 1973 Carnival and another failure even to come close to deposing the two giants, *Shadow* withdrew to his home in Tobago with the intention of giving up. But:

*'Twas one night in 1973  
I feel something strange in my body  
When I hear toom toom  
Toom toom toom toom toom  
From that night was music in the place  
Like somebody soloing a bass.*

"Bassman", *Shadow*'s description of his inability to stay away from calypso, became the 1974 Road March; while many Road Marches die the day after Carnival "Bassman" is still played more than a year later. Like *Sparrow* and *Kitchener*, *Shadow* is a consummate entertainer, but unlike them he entertains without seeming to try. A little dance or even a movement of his eyes are enough to put a crowd completely on his side; at the Naparima Bowl he sang most of his calypso "Rap to Me" while sitting on the stage. His stage *persona* is unique and totally engaging. His calypsoes reflect a preoccupation with the devil — in 1974 he identified the force inside his head compelling him to sing calypso as "Farrell, the bassman from hell" and he followed that up by claiming to be a "King from hell" in one of his 1975 calypsoes — and indeed there is something diabolical about *Shadow*. A fan of his describes him as "slightly mad," while *Shadow* himself in one calypso admits to being a "lunatic from a music

asylum."

*Shadow*'s 1974 victory opened up the Road March competition, which for eleven years had been a duopoly of *Sparrow* and *Kitchener*. But one class of calypso continues to exist largely outside the content of the big competitions.

Not one of the fourteen calypsoes sung on the stage at the savannah during the Calypso King final this past Dimanche Gras night commented in any way on the current political situation of Trinidad or the world. *Kitchener*, who is intermittently political, chose other themes this year; *Sparrow*, who is occasionally political, was not there. The consistently political calypsonians, such as *Chalkdust* and *Lord Valentino*, had been eliminated, the victims of a policy that says that their brand of calypso is not proper fare for the savannah and a crowd that includes many of the tourists who come to Trinidad at Carnival time.

The tradition of the outspoken political calypso is an extremely valuable one in Trinidad, and has survived repeated attempts at censorship. The British used to station policemen in the calypso "tents" or nightly revues (although the modest tent has long since given way as a venue to theatres and auditoriums, the name has stuck), but were never really successful in dictating to the calypsonians what they could and could not sing. Gordon Rohlehr, another of the scholars of calypso, says "the tent became a place where there was a sort of diplomatic or parliamentary immunity." And today, while the régime may ban *Chalkdust*'s scathingly anti-government calypsoes from the radio stations, he still sings them every night in the Regal Calypso Tent.

When he's not singing calypso *Chalkdust* is a schoolteacher called Hollis Liverpool and he regards his two roles as being "intertwined." He says he uses calypso "mercilessly" in his history and economics classes at Couva Secondary School and when he is on stage at the tent, instruction is clearly one of his aims. But there can be few teachers anywhere who give such entertaining lessons.

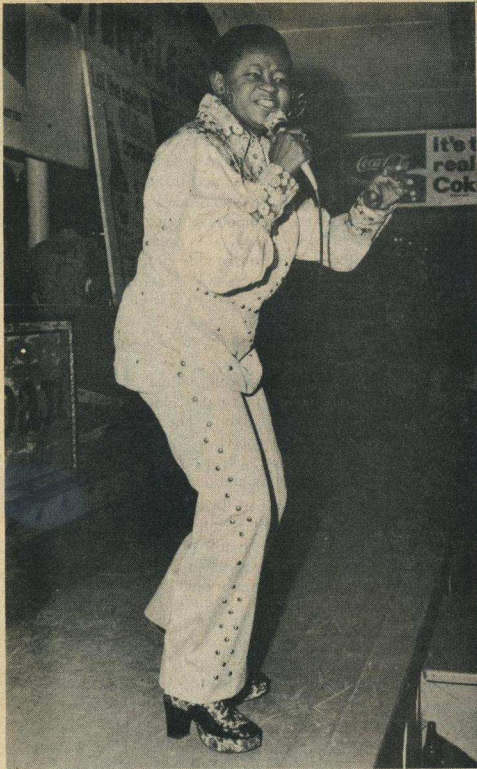
This season *Chalkdust* got his biggest response with a calypso called "Mr. Nixon's mistake". Watergate: a safe theme. Or at least it may appear so until *Chalkdust* tells you what Mr. Nixon's mistake was:

*Richard Nixon, you deserve your fate  
For breaking into the Watergate . . .  
But if you had studied Trinidad better  
You might have remained in power.*

He goes on to recount all the recent instances in Trinidad of breaking in, election fraud, and above all cover-up (illustrated with an eloquent hand gesture), with the added feature that in Trinidad Dr. Williams and his ministers and policemen have not been forced out of office for their sins. The calypso follows an established *Chalkdust* formula of using some framework (in this case Watergate) as an excuse to throw in a whole range of government scandals, and is not only apt and well thought out but also funny.

*Valentino*'s "Dis place nice" is in a somewhat different vein. It is addressed to the foreigner who comes down for Carnival and finds that "Trinidad is nice — Trinidad is a paradise." As the chorus repeats those words as a refrain, *Valentino* sings:





### Calypso Rose

*People not serious  
Very few conscious  
So I cannot agree  
With my own chorus . . . .  
But I hear some people talking about revolution day  
Changes on the way.*

The calypsoes of *Chalkdust* and *Valentino* are unusual not only (or even primarily) in their orientation but also in their mood. They are softer, slower, less assertive and not as brassy. They still, however, could not exactly qualify as reflective songs as they are known in cultures from Russia to Jamaica; "Dis place nice" is about as reflective as a calypso ever gets.

"The problem in white popular music," says Gordon Rohlehr, "is to introduce into it some semblance of reality. That's not a problem in calypso; the problem in calypso is different. It is being able to invest it with a certain amount of feeling."

There are hundreds of calypsoes dealing with sex, and they are usually direct and honest and often very funny, but there are virtually none dealing with love. "Sexual relations in calypso," Rohlehr says, "are part of a vast battle. One of the most interesting questions

about calypso is why sexual relations as expressed in it are so harsh."

Rohlehr suggests that the answer to the question might lie in the position in Trinidad of the male, and particularly the young unemployed male. Calypso has traditionally been a masculine form: it is only in 1975 that female calypsonians have had any significant impact. The man is on the whole the less stable of the two sexes in West Indian societies, the less able to conform to the stereotype that is imposed on him.

In any case the effusiveness of calypso can become a bit trying after a while for someone who is not used to it. I felt it particularly strongly one night at the Calypso Revue tent and realized how much I missed a certain mood; five nights later I was listening to Liam Clancy sing Irish ballads in a club in Ottawa and just what that mood was defined for me as sharply as it could have been.

---

*Don't make a row  
Yankee gone  
Sparrow take over now.*  
— The Mighty Sparrow, 1956

*Ah diggin horrors  
Ah diggin de blues  
Any time ah choose  
To peruse de daily news.*  
— The Mighty Sparrow, 1975

Slinger Francisco, the *Mighty Sparrow*, was digging horrors even more than usual when he perused the daily news in the week before this year's Carnival.

For all that he was upset at reading about murders and wars, *Sparrow* was at least used to reading good things about himself. In 1956, at the age of twenty-one, the native of Gouyave, Grenada had scored his first big success with "Jean and Dinah", a hard-edged, sparkling calypso about the departure from Trinidad of the American soldiers who had left a deep mark on the society, and ever since then his position as the top calypsonian had hardly been challenged even by *Kitchener*. "Jean and Dinah" had won him both the Calypso King and Road March titles and opened a whole new era of calypso that could fairly be called the era of *Sparrow*.

The year of *Sparrow's* emergence, 1956, was a turning point in Trinidad's history, for the same wind that brought *Sparrow* also brought the new government of Dr. Eric Williams and a new mood of nationalism and anti-colonialism. By the late 1960s and early 1970s Dr. Williams had worn rather thin, the hope and idealism of his movement long since gone; *Sparrow*, on the whole, stood up much better. He came to represent the establishment of calypso but didn't become a calypsonian for the establishment, someone who could be counted on to sing in support of the government; if there was a market for an opposition calypso *Sparrow* was capable of providing it and, like his 1972 "Good citizens", it could be as scathing as anything of *Chalkdust's*. But if his popularity did not decline anywhere near as precipitously as that of his political contemporary, it was nevertheless not difficult by 1975 to find people who

felt that *Sparrow*'s time had passed.

*Sparrow* is slicker than both what had come before him and what has come since; there is a roughness to *Kitchener* on the one hand and *Shadow* on the other that is missing in *Sparrow*. He not only composes irresistible tunes like *Kitchener* and writes clever lyrics like *Chalkdust* and has a riveting stage presence like *Shadow* but is a superb singer as well. No calypsonian can compete with him technically. He has become used to winning the Calypso King competition any time he deigns to compete; in 1974 many people believed that *Shadow* should have been Calypso King but the judges stuck with *Sparrow*. He was favoured to win in 1975 as well. In the meantime he had successfully cultivated a substantial following abroad as well as in Trinidad, made a lot of money, acquired a luxurious house in Petit Valley west of Port of Spain and more recently his own club. *Sparrow*'s Hideaway, nearby.

A week before the 1975 Carnival his Original Young Brigade tent (in the 1940s there had been an Old Brigade tent and an opposing group of calypsonians, *Spoiler*, *Melody*, *Killer* and some others, had set up the Young Brigade tent in competition) and *Kitchener*'s Calypso Revue combined for a big show, billed as a "Battle of the Giants", on the stage at the savannah. Singing an inferior calypso in what had turned out to be an off-year, *Sparrow* was booed, and booted again. He responded by suggesting that the crowd could "kiss my black Grenadian arse" and issuing other similar invitations.

And so the *Sparrow* issue was engaged; more than a week after Carnival, it had still not died down. He apologized immediately on stage but that was not enough; two days later he wrote a contrite letter to the Carnival Development Committee, which runs the show, and announced his withdrawal from the Calypso King competition. Later he was charged with disorderly conduct, convicted and fined \$12.

Some people took *Sparrow*'s part. They said he had been set up. And besides, if he had said the same things in the tent instead of in the savannah in the presence of tourists, nobody would have minded. Others disagreed. "*Sparrow* say 'kiss my black Grenadian arse,'" said one taxi driver, "and people say he right. How that could be right?" Still others said it was all a publicity stunt on *Sparrow*'s part. Some steelbandmen suggested that the steelbands boycott *Sparrow*'s tunes, but still one heard them.

The sudden departure of *Sparrow* threw the Calypso King competition wide open. The seven remaining calypsonians in the race, who had been selected as the best of the Naparima Bowl entrants (*Sparrow*, as reigning King, had been exempt from the semi-finals), were a diverse lot; the most remarkable and obvious fact about them was that three of them were women, and two of those, *Calypso Rose* and *Singing Francine*, were regarded as having a good chance to win the title (what that title would be if one of them did win was a new problem, and not resolved).

*Rose* and *Francine* have different strengths, and each has her partisans. *Francine* is smooth-voiced, pretty and a bit innocuous (the third lady in the final, *Singing Diane*, is in the same mould); her 1975 hit, "Saint Peter say", is a fantasy in which angels in

heaven make plans to come down to earth to attend Carnival and judge the calypso and steelband competitions: it implies some criticism of the judging of those contests but that is safe enough. So is the proposition that Trinidad is unfair to its musicians, the subject of a second calypso. "It's a shame".

*Rose* is big and husky-voiced and projects her sexuality in a humorous, sort of Mae-West fashion; her bouncy, sexy "Do dem back", which was a serious contender for 1975 Road March, is a simple plea to a woman standing on the sidelines to pick up the Carnival spirit:

*If dey jam you  
Jam dem back  
If dey bounce you  
Bounce dem back  
Anyting dey do you  
You just do dem back.*

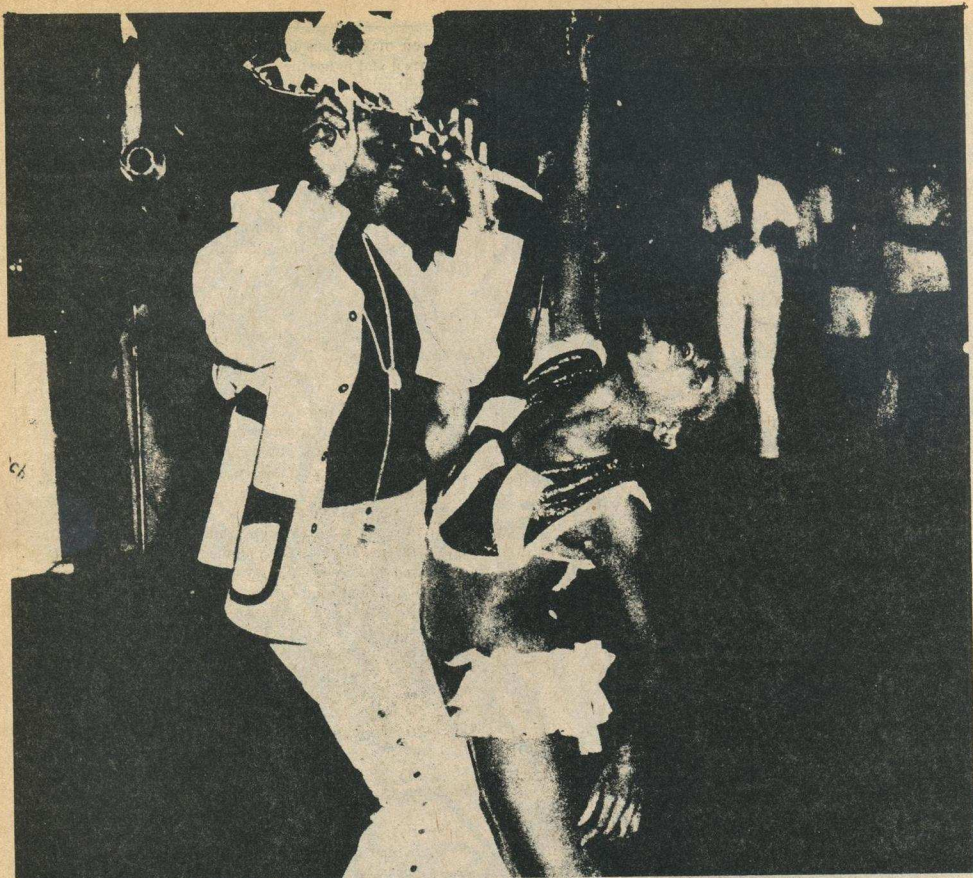
*Rose* was in top form in the final on the Savannah Dimanche Gras night, bubbly, full of life, throwing her shoes to the audience. She was placed third, behind *Kitchener* and *Francine*, and there was some grumbling that she had been robbed — there is always some grumbling about one aspect or another of the judging. But if there was some disagreement with the choice of *Kitchener* there was little rancour, for there is a pretty universal feeling that on the basis of his career as a whole if not on his 1975 performance he deserves to be Calypso King.

*Kitchener* was born Aldwyn Roberts in the town of Arima an indeterminate number of years ago (estimates of his age range from fifty-two to sixty) and has been singing calypso as long as anyone can remember. He has made the Road March his speciality; he has a better feel for the steelband than any other calypsonian and composes specifically for it. At one point in his career he lived in England and sent back the Road March every year by post.

He has less natural magnetism than *Shadow* or *Sparrow* but compensates by not simply singing his calypsoes but performing them with dance, mime and a frenetic activity on stage that leaves much younger people gasping. He is a trouper, a showman of a breed that has all but died in North America and even in such a theatrical society as Trinidad represents only a minority of the younger calypsonians.

There is also a strain of political criticism in his calypsoes that is clearly genuine and not open to the charge of opportunism as *Sparrow*'s forays into political calypso might be. Gordon Rohlehr says that the political calypso does not so much influence people as reflect what they are thinking; in recent years, *Kitchener*'s "No freedom" and "Jericho" not only reflected a widespread opinion but captured and crystallized it.

In 1975 *Kitchener*, like *Chalkdust*, adopted the cause of Winston (Spree) Simon, the inventor of the steelband who has been ill since he suffered a stroke a year ago and who many feel has been unjustly neglected. Typically, *Chalkdust*'s gently angry "To Spree with love" was accused by some of being sentimental, while *Kitchener*'s "Tribute to Spree" survived stiff competition from "Do dem back" to become the 1975



### The Mighty Sparrow and one of his assistants in a "Wine Back"

Road March. Now the possessor of both major titles, *Kitchener* announced his retirement from competitive calypso — but he would still sing, and he would still run his Revue tent, and in truth most people suspected that *Lord Kitchener* would be around for a while yet.

Back in the 1940s the Andrews Sisters stole a song from Trinidad; "Rum and Coca-Cola" became a big hit in the United States and led to a famous copyright case. A decade later Harry Belafonte introduced a rather denatured version of calypso into North America and it enjoyed a brief vogue. But calypso has never depended for its survival on the fragile caprice of the North American pop market. Even in the rest of the West Indies, outside of the tiny islands of the Leewards and Windwards that look to Trinidad for cultural leadership, one cannot find calypso in anything like its Trinidadian form. Groups from Barbados come to Trinidad every year to pick up the local calypsoes, adapt and rearrange them for the tourists who swarm to their holiday island; but that is not calypso. Just before

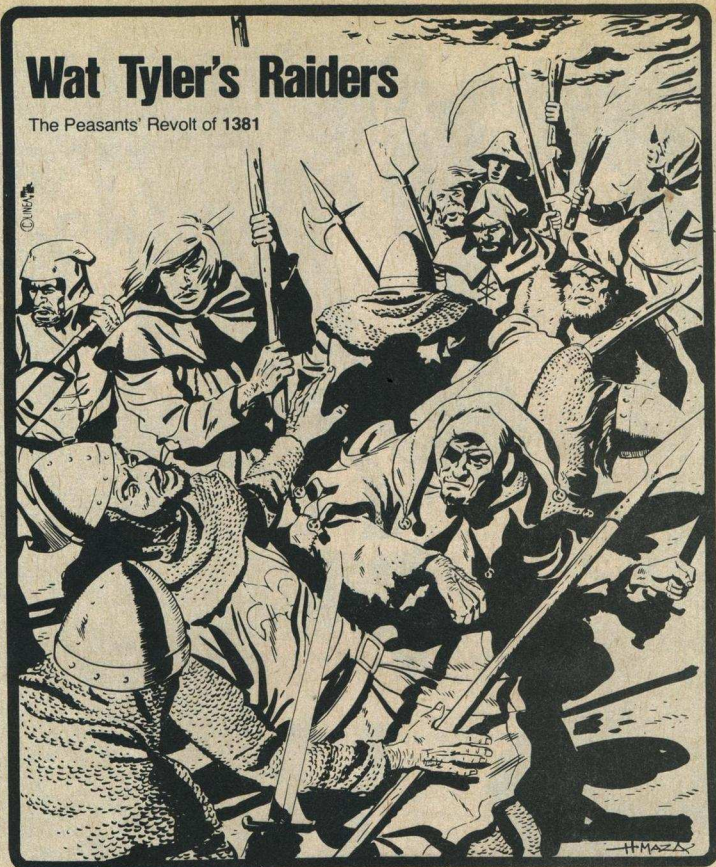
Carnival *Byron Lee and the Dragonaires*, a top Jamaican band, had an engagement in Trinidad and tried to satisfy the local craving for calypso music, but Trinidadians commented that that did not sound like calypso either.

Calypso is Trinidad's music, and to a large extent its journalism, sociology, historiography and political opposition as well. With a market of only a million people, and little official encouragement, it is the basis of a record industry, and four thriving revue theatres and an astonishing number of professional and amateur entertainers. "We have a nice culture," says one Trinidadian, "but they killing it." "They" may try, but it survives. Calypso and its associated phenomena, Carnival and the steelband, are the chief vehicles through which Trinidadians express their outlook on the world, their society and themselves, and likely to remain so.

A loud "Kaiso!" to Trinidad's calypsonians and especially to *Lord Kitchener*, Road March King and Calypso King of the world.

# Wat Tyler's Raiders

The Peasants' Revolt of 1381



## Part IV

### THE STORY SO FAR

Brian Hayman, under arrest for poaching the Duke of Kent's deer, was rescued by Wat Tyler and John Ball. Taking refuge in an old mine, they plan rebellion with small groups of family and friends. They are joined by Brian's identical twin, Richard, who managed to avoid capture by disguising himself as Tam-Tam, a hunchback who lives with the Hayman family. The Duke does not know of the identical twin, so Brian and Richard decide to confuse the enemy by leading simultaneous attacks in different parts of Kent, stressing the name Brian Hayman.

THE PHANTOM OF KENT.

The following day, the plan was repeated. Richard Hayman attacked the mansion of the commissioner for public works and rents at Whitstable...



While Brian attacked the Earl of Asford's estate.



Simultaneously at the Whitstable estate...

Off you go, scum, and tell the king's nobles that BRIAN HAYMAN...



The name of BRIAN HAYMAN rung through Kent. To the poor he was a saviour, to the rich a phantom.



Terrified nobles met in the Duke Of Kent's castle.

BRIAN HAYMAN has attacked my abbey, my granary and my house.

He's destroyed the Baron of Hever's harvest.

Ay, he's carried off my cattle.

Silence! Have you all gone mad? How could one peasant be in so many places at the same time?



And wiped out my estate.



Proximo Episodio: RINA DE LOROS

**THE WOLVES FALL OUT**

Are you sure all of these outrages were committed simultaneously?

I'm certain my lord. On Monday at three o'clock the Baron of Tambridge's estate was razed. The dog spared my life as if he were a king ... and I know it was Hayman because I took him prisoner before I was ambushed.

And he did the same to me on Monday.

But you know it's a day's journey between the two places. ... How could it have been the same man who you both know well?

I don't get it either, my lord, but this same man attacked both the Bishop of Tambridge and the Commissioner for rents at the same time on the same day ... and they're 20 leagues apart.

Idiots! Somebody must be lying, for only God can be in two places at once. You are guilty of Heresy!

I'm not lying, my lord ... perhaps the Earl of Arlington is a liar.

The word Heresy terrifies them all ... they start accusing each other.

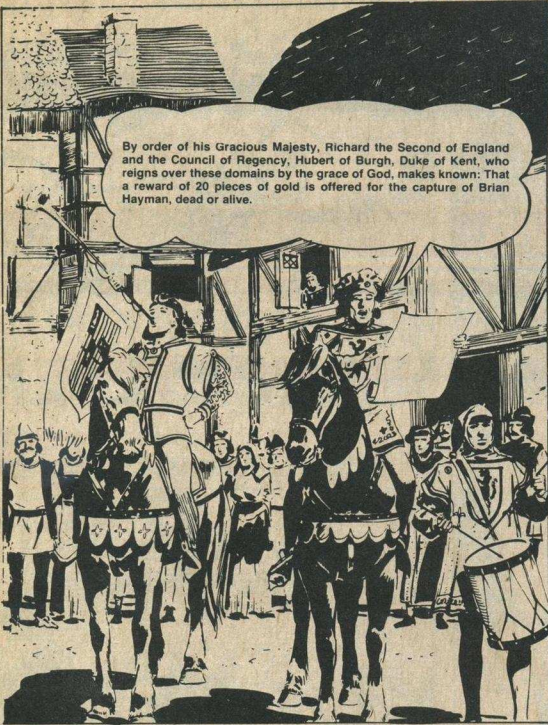
Ah ... You accuse me of lying ... you who have hidden your profits from him many times.

And you have conspired with the House of Lancaster against the King.

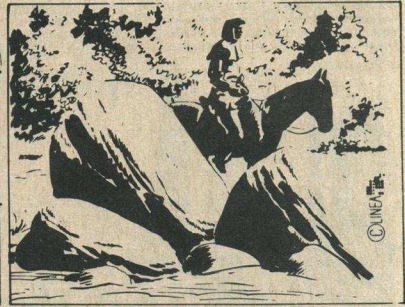
Brian Hayman's plan had begun to work. Faced with something they couldn't understand, the nobles began to fight amongst themselves, and more than one lost his life ...

The following day, the King's heralds proclaimed an edict.

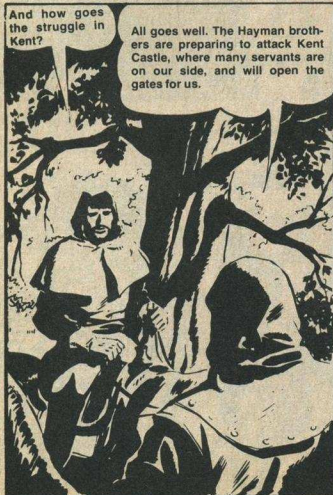
Our Lord the Duke of Kent also makes known that the rumours that BRIAN HAYMAN is a Phantom of Justice, who can appear like God in many places at one time, are false, and anyone spreading these rumours will be burnt alive for Heresy! BRIAN HAYMAN is a bandit and fugitive from justice who has transgressed the peace and order of this Kingdom. Amen.



The peasants and villagers laugh up their sleeves, and keep the secret. In the meantime, Wat Tyler and John Ball are preparing their march on London.



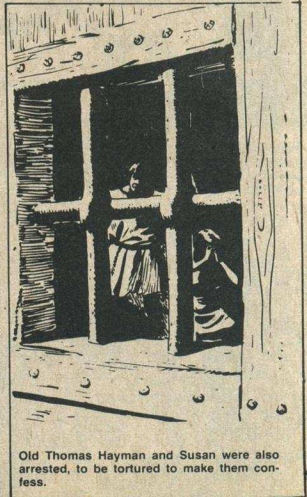
They meet near the River Thames.



And how goes the struggle in Kent?

All goes well. The Hayman brothers are preparing to attack Kent Castle, where many servants are on our side, and will open the gates for us.

The Duke's soldiers scoured the land, arresting farmers, serfs, artisans, millers and herdsmen and flinging them into the dungeons.



Old Thomas Hayman and Susan were also arrested, to be tortured to make them confess.

Proximo Episodio: LOS GITANOS

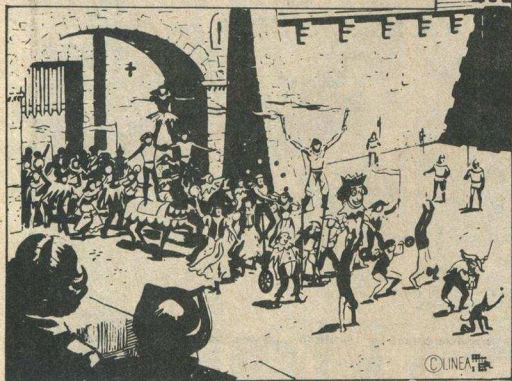
THE GIPSIES

The Duke of Kent, trying to show that his reign of terror was quelling the revolt, decided to hold a huge party, with entertainment by a troupe of tumblers and jugglers.

My friends, after the banquet we shall be entertained by the greatest troupe of Spanish Gipsies ever to set foot in England.



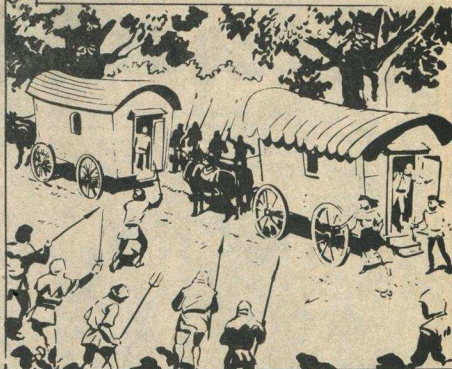
The rest of the troupe are forced to continue their journey to Rochester. The next day they arrive, with a flourish of trumpets, castanets and tambourines, entering the main gate of the castle led by a cowering hunchback with a drum and a monkey...



When the signal is given, the buffoonery turns to drama. Swords appear from under the jesters' costumes, and clowns are transformed as if by magic into heroic freedom fighters. The real gipsies run for cover, as the guards and nobles are attacked.

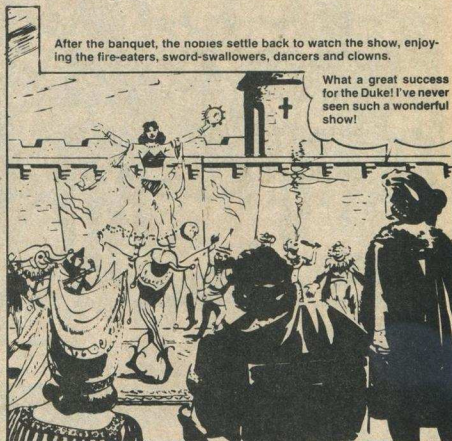


Meanwhile, the Hayman brothers intercept the gipsies, and force them to give up their carts and costumes... keeping some as hostages.



After the banquet, the nobles settle back to watch the show, enjoying the fire-eaters, sword-swallowers, dancers and clowns.

What a great success for the Duke! I've never seen such a wonderful show!



By the time they recover from their astonishment, the nobles find that the battle has spread throughout the castle.



Next: THE DUEL



# Rear View

- *Murphy* on the Du Pont family — p. 41
- Sing along with IBM — p. 44
- *Democritus* on science — p. 46
- *Kellestine* on Canada's corporate elite — p. 47
- *Carole Orr* writes from Europe — p. 48
- *Lamont* on 'benevolent' technology — p. 49
- Crossword — p. 50

## The family that preys together

by RAE MURPHY

**Du Pont: Behind the Nylon Curtain**, by Gerard Colby Zilg. Prentice-Hall. 568 pp. \$13.95.

"The power of the Du Ponts is so extensive that it permeates most aspects of our daily lives," says Gerard Colby Zilg, author of *Du Pont: Behind the Nylon Curtain*:

"If we buy high-test gasoline for our cars, we are helping to strengthen the Du Pont empire. If our shirts are made of Dacron, or our frying pans of Teflon, we enrich the Du Ponts. If we fly on a Boeing jetliner, ride the Penn Central, drink a Coke, eat a Chiquita banana, or sprinkle Domino sugar over our cereal, we have enriched the Du Ponts. Our ties may well be made of Du Pont rayon and colored with Du Pont dyes. Our cars may be upholstered with Du Pont artificial leather and finished with Du Pont lacquers. If we have an X-ray taken at a hospital or buy

see-through cellophaned packages at the supermarket, spread fertilizer on our lawns or Lucite paint over our walls, take home movies on vacation, and fish with a nylon line or hunt with a Remington rifle, we may have helped buy some Du Pont his next \$600 suit."

Zilg could well have added that if we are unlikely to read his book, unlikely to see it as a selection of major book clubs who usually go for voyeuristic glimpses of our betters and other assorted biographical confections, it is also a tribute to the persuasive power of the Du Ponts. Denying any "family" pressure, one major book club has already withdrawn *Du Pont* from its selection list and I haven't noticed it on any other.

*Du Pont* has been out now for several months and it appears to have sunk without a trace. This is unfortunate because it is a major study not only of the wealth and power of

one family but also of the integration of this power, intermingled with other private fortunes, with the state. In a sense, it is the background data for Charles Wilson's famous statement that what was good for General Motors was good for America (Wilson, at the time he made the statement, was president of General Motors and an employee of Du Pont).

The distinguishing feature of Zilg's work, and perhaps the reason why Paul Newman and Robert Redford aren't rushing out to buy the screen rights, is that it does not popularize, glamourize or in any other way fictionalize the history of the expropriation of a large part of the wealth of America by one family. Zilg's approach is expressed best by his "conviction that biography cannot stand outside of history" and his fulsome praise of the American Marxist historian William Appleman Williams. This approach to his subject underlies the book's strength. And yet it also appears to be the reason, or perhaps the excuse, for much of the over-wrought rhetoric:

"John Dos Passos perhaps conveyed it all in one sentence: 'The blood ran into the ground, the brains oozed out of the

cracked skull and were licked up by trench rats, the belly swelled and raised a generation of bluebottle flies.'

Pierre du Pont's belly also swelled during the war, but from cakes and wines."

A more serious consequence of Zilg's approach is that while a biographical work taken out of historical context degenerates into meaningless gossip, when the individuals are completely subsumed in the context of the times and circumstances, they become at best one-dimensional and often mere caricatures. When dealing with a family as complex as the Du Ponts over a space of time from their flight from France at the point of Madame De Farge's knitting needle to the present, Zilg's approach leaves a lot of unanswered questions while, at the same time, saturating the reader with more data than one can assimilate.

Zilg's book is not the easiest to read. The Du Ponts are a large family: 16,000 (at last count) were living, although only some 250 constitute the "inner circle" and, according to Zilg, "only about 50 make up the all-powerful inner core." Zilg also defines an "inner elite" of the clan, but let's not go into that now. The Du Ponts also have a very limited selection of first names and it is sometimes rather difficult to sort out the Lammots, Pierres, Irenees and Eleutheres from generation to generation. Moreover, they have a tendency to marry cousins, so keeping things straight can sometimes be a problem for the outsider. One suspects it can even be a problem for the family itself. Zilg describes a crisis faced by one of the duller Lammots who travelled to New York for a meeting only to forget whom he was to meet. Wiring home, "Have forgotten name my 4:00 appointment," he was answered: "Name your 4:00 appointment — J. P. Morgan; your name Lammot du Pont."

More confusing than the proliferating Du Ponts is the complex skein of holding companies, banks and trusts, investment houses, the some 65 separate foundations through which the family controls (or has a good piece of the action) of giant multi-national corporations that range from the vast chemical monopoly which bears their name, through General Motors, Continental Can, Uniroyal, Phillips Petroleum, Penn-Central, Coca-Cola, North American Rockwell, Boeing and much, much more. They are also into a melange of smaller outfits from baseball teams to trucking firms. They own lots of real estate including all of Delaware, much of Florida and lots, lots more.

The 50 members of the Du Pont inner core control over \$150 billion worth of assets. The family as a whole has more personal wealth than any other family in the world and they spend it on more yachts, cars, swimming pools, planes and estates than any family in recorded history. As Zilg unravels their story, the Du Ponts also emerge as the greediest gang of chiselers that have ever washed ashore from Europe. Any Du Pont can make Michael Corleone look like Saint Francis of Assisi. And they did it all at public expense. From their first act in America as a family — breaking into a home and eating the dinner while the occupants were at church — to the complicated finaglings of the Nixon Administration to have the American taxpayer foot the bill for some wild speculative gambles of their stockbrokerage house, the American public has always been tapped for the subsidies, rigged prices, tax evasions and corporate theft of the Du Ponts.

Well, all this needn't surprise us. Although, as the reader moves through Zilg's meticulous research the sheer weight of the Du Pont family on the body politic of the United States at

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“The Du Ponts emerge as the greediest gang of chiselers that have ever washed ashore from Europe. Any Du Pont can make Michael Corleone look like Saint Francis of Assisi. And they did it all at public expense.”

times boggles the imagination. Du Pont lawyers, lobbyists and direct employees staff successive American administrations — Republican and Democratic. Former Secretary of State Acheson (Du Pont lawyer), former key Presidential aide and Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford (Du Pont lobbyist), former Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson (employee), former Secretary of the Interior and now Secretary of Commerce Rogers C. B. Morton (lawyer) are typical. It was a Du Pont man who ran the Democratic Party through the 30's and 40's and the Du Ponts, through their excessive contributions, hold enormous clout in the Republican. The family directly controls Delaware politics; they are the key elements in Florida, Pennsylvania, Maryland and many others.

Although the Du Ponts have always played both sides of the street in politics — just as they have always played both sides of the wars they amassed their wealth over — their finely tuned class-consciousness has never allowed them to stray too far. Of the whole gaggle of Du Ponts, Zilg mentions two aberrations: an Ethel B. du Pont once placed an ad in a newspaper supporting the striking G.M. workers and “Aunt Zadie” who, of all bloody things, was a pacifist. But even Aunt Zadie's ideology had its perimeters: “Bethlehem's present policies,” she once lectured a stockholder's meeting, “are calculated to destroy labour's faith in the devotion of America's industrial leaders to democracy, and so to destroy labour's will to cooperate with them.”

As Zadie was giving this little talk her relatives could have still been financing and organizing their murky attempted coup d'etat against the Roosevelt administration.

There was one other in-law who supported the Cuban revolution and, for heaven's sake, equal housing opportunities in Wilmington, Delaware. Ernest May hasn't been heard from since.

For the most part, however, the devotion of the Du Ponts to political activism has been very pragmatic. Although one gets the impression that Du Pont money has been in every single ultra-right group and cause and every anti-labour congress and committee, their forte has always been “mainstream politics.” And for very practical purposes such as arranging law loop-holes and weakening anti-trust laws. It was a Senator du Pont who effectively campaigned against the organization of a government controlled armaments industry and it was a du Pont who spearheaded the \$101 billion super-highway program of the Eisenhower Administration.

We should not be surprised either as we learn of the ongoing love affair of the Du Ponts with wars of all kinds. But here again the pervasiveness of their influence and their attention to detail sometimes is startling. For example, during one of the earliest campaigns for a war, a du Pont coined the Boy Scout's motto “Be Prepared.”

In the 568 pages of Zilg's book we can learn more about the Du Ponts than any of us probably care to, yet the impor-

tance of the book is in its totality. That is, the sweep of the work provides a picture of the history of American wealth. It is a statement of the rise, corruption and a portent of the disintegration of American capitalism as the saga of one incredible family. Zilg shows that at the core of the dynasty there was always greed and avarice but at one stage this fed the organizational, entrepreneurial and engineering talent of various Du Ponts. They were always a ruthless bunch but they contributed to the mighty drive of America.

Then, like the system itself, there was a shift; they became mere speculators and financial manipulators. At the bottom there was only greed, thus the family that preyed together eventually preyed on each other. Zilg develops this theme rather skillfully throughout. As history, *Du Pont* is superb. But as a biography there remain the problems spoken of earlier in this review; we still don't know much about the more interesting Du Ponts — the chemists, the organizers, the pioneers of American aviation — the visionaries among them who, as a by-product of amassing wealth, created an empire as the world has never seen before — or will again.

## The POLITICS OF FOOD

Don Mitchell

Mitchell carefully analyses the politics and economics of food production and consumption in Canada.

He describes in detail what has happened to farmers since 1945, how agribusiness has muscled into Canadian agriculture, and how federal food policies are sacrificing farmer and consumer interests to serve the corporations. Milk, meat and bread are the three case studies Mitchell uses to demonstrate this system at work.

Mitchell offers an alternative approach which could end high prices, private profiteering, and the continued exploitation of farm workers, food industry workers and consumers.

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# THE LOST PAST

## SING ALONG WITH IBM

This is the era of nostalgia, we are told. Everyone seems to be getting into the act. To do our bit we thought our readers might be interested in these rousing company songs, reprinted from the 1943 IBM official company songbook. We invite any readers who have other company song books, new or old, to send them in to us.



### “EVER ONWARD”

(I.B.M. Rally Song, written especially for the International Business Machines Corporation)

There's a thrill in store for all,  
For we're about to toast  
The corporation that we represent.  
We're here to cheer each pioneer  
And also proudly boast  
Of that “man of men,” our sterling president.  
The name of T. J. Watson means a courage none can stem:  
And we feel honored to be here to toast the “I.B.M.”

### Chorus

EVER ONWARD — EVER ONWARD!  
That's the spirit that has brought us fame!  
We're big, but bigger we will be,  
We can't fail for all to see  
That to serve humanity has been our aim!  
Our products now are known in every zone,  
Our reputation sparkles like a gem!  
We've fought our way through — and new  
Fields we're sure to conquer too  
For the EVER ONWARD I.B.M.

### Second Chorus

EVER ONWARD — EVER ONWARD!  
We're bound for the top to never fall!  
Right here and now we thankfully  
Pledge sincerest loyalty  
To the corporation that's the best of all!

Our leaders we revere, and while we're here  
Let's show the world just what we think of them!  
So let us sing, men! SING, MEN!  
Once or twice then sing again  
For the EVER ONWARD I.B.M.

### OUR I.B.M. SALES REPRESENTATIVES

Oh! how I love to get up in the morning  
Oh! how I love to get out and work;  
But the thing I can't make out  
Is to hear a prospect shout:  
“You gotta come back, you gotta come back,  
You gotta come back tomorrow.”  
Some day I'm going to get that order,  
I know they need I.B.M. Machines,  
But that doesn't help my quota, so  
Next day I'll put it over — Oh!  
That's why I love to get out and work.

### TO OUR I.B.M. GIRLS

The office girls surely are always in style,  
They greet you with smiles, their welcome's worth  
while,  
The best in the world are our girls, rank and file,  
They're style all the while — all the while.  
They've made our I.B.M. complete and worth while,  
They work and they smile — so sweetly they smile;  
Tall, short, thin and stout girls — they win by a mile —  
With heavenly styles all the while.

TO GORDON PACKARD,  
WESTERN SALES MANAGER

We know each hour,  
Of every day,  
Will bring a shower,  
Of sales our way;  
For Gordon Packard,  
Is out to win,  
And if we remember he's for us,  
Our ship will sail right in;  
There'll be no storm days,  
To mar the blue,  
Just fair and warm days,  
Of golden hue,  
For we can all depend on Packard,  
To victory he'll ride,  
With all divisions working,  
Side by Side.

TO F. W. NICHOL, VICE PRESIDENT  
AND GENERAL MANAGER, I.B.M.  
By William MacLardy

V. P. Nichol there he goes,  
Always right up on his toes;  
He is clever and is ever up to date  
in the good old U.S.A.  
And in countries far away;  
He is known from Mandalay to Golden Gate.

Chorus

V. P. Nichol is a leader,  
Working for the I.B.M.  
Years ago he started low,  
Up the ladder he did go;  
What an inspiration he is to our men.

II

I.B.M. is his delight —  
Thinks it morning, noon and night.  
He is always on the job and ever goes  
In the cause of I.B.M.,  
And for any of its men;  
Now you know why he is always on his toes.

III

V. P. Nichol, there he goes —  
Always right up on his toes;  
At conventions he is full of pep and vim.  
With his messages you can bet  
We will then go out and step  
For a quota record filled beyond its brim.

Chorus

V. P. Nichol is a leader,  
Years in I.B.M. has spent.  
When he started long ago,  
He was just a boy, you know,  
And has risen to the post — Vice President.

MARCH ON WITH I.B.M.  
I.B.M. March  
(Words by Fred W. Tappe  
Music by Vittorio Giannini)

The fame of I.B.M.  
Spreads across the seven seas;  
Our standards fly aloft,  
Proudly waving in the breeze,  
With T. J. Watson guiding us, we lead throughout the  
world,  
For peace and trade our banners are unfurled, un-  
furled.

Chorus

1. March on with I.B.M. We lead the way!  
Onward we'll ever go, in strong array;  
Our thousands to the fore, nothing can stem,  
Our march forever more, with I.B.M.
2. March on with I.B.M. Work hand in hand,  
Stout hearted men go forth, in ev'ry land;  
Our flags on every shore, we march with them,  
On high forever more, for I.B.M.

HAIL TO THE I.B.M.

(Words by Fred W. Tappe  
Music by Vittorio Giannini)

Lift up our proud and loyal voices,  
Sing out in accents strong and true,  
With hearts and hands to you devoted,  
And inspiration ever new;  
Your ties of friendship cannot sever,  
Your glory time will never stem,  
We will toast a name that lives forever,  
Hail to the I.B.M.

Our voices swell in admiration;  
Of T. J. Watson proudly sing;  
He'll ever be our inspiration,  
To him our voices loudly ring;  
The I.B.M. will sing the praises,  
Of him who brought us world acclaim,  
As the volume of our chorus raises,  
Hail to his honored name.

TO G. F. MORRIS, PRESIDENT,  
I.B.M. OF CANADA

Everyone join in this chorus,  
To a man who's staunch and true,  
For we sing a song to George F. Morris,  
And his friendship we again renew.  
I.B.M. of Canada, he's guarding,  
With a team that always hits the line,  
Batters down all obstacles before them,  
That is surely a great combine.

# ELEMENTS

## SCIENCE REPORT BY DEMOCRITUS

### According to Hoyle

British scientists say they have discovered a new type of star.

Researchers from the Universities of **London** and **Birmingham** claim that signals from the star are too slow for a **pulsar** and too fast for an ordinary **binary system**. X-rays from **pulsars** — objects of imponderable size at an improbable distance from earth receding at an incredible speed — fluctuate every few seconds or less.

**Binary systems** also emit regular X-ray pulses, though less frequently than **pulsars**, as two stars whirl around each other in their cosmic boogie.

The periodicity of the X-ray fluctuations of the new star is 6.75 seconds . . . a compromise position between the flighty **pulsar** and the staid **binary system**.

You can be sure considerable attention will be given to ferreting out the real discoverer of the new star after an astronomical flap raised in Montreal recently by visiting Briton, **Sir Fred Hoyle** — memorable as the steadiest steady-stater and cosmological enfant terrible.

**Sir Fred** denounced the Nobel Prize committee for its 1974 physics award for the discovery of **pulsars**.

He said the award to **Professor Hewish of Cambridge** was a scandal of major proportions, because the real discoverer was **Jocelyn Bell** — who happens to be one of Hewish's graduate students . . .

An Ontario government archaeologist says that geometry was practised in Canada more than 100 years before Jacques Cartier happened on the country.

**Allan Tyyska** bases his theory on a gigantic rock structure of stairways, paths and low walls built over 500 years ago near **North Bay, Ontario**.

**Mister Tyyska** says the length of the walls is based on a geometrical progression of six; twelve; twenty-four; forty-eight, and that the lay-out is based entirely of angles that are all multiples of eighteen degrees.

He is convinced that the geometric consistency of the structure could not be accidental.

### New Hope for the bald

Two Finnish scientists have discovered a treatment that halts baldness, and even starts new hair growing in many cases.

They report a 60 per cent success rate for their product, which contains a synthetic detergent that clears away dead hairs and other matter clogging the **follicles** — the sacs from which hair grows.

Another ingredient promotes cell division in the **follicles**, starting new hair growth.

### Comet of the Year

After the bathos of **Kohoutek**, the comet of the century, Soviet scientists are quite naturally making no

world-shaking predictions for the new comet they have just discovered.

They say it is a feeble glow lurking in the region of the constellations **Cancer** and **Leo**.

And they haven't given it a catchy name either. Its tentative monicker is **1975**, after the well-known year of the same name.

### Post coitus

In **China**, birth control pills come in the form of a sheet of edible paper impregnated with chemicals and perforated into 22 postage-stamp-like squares.

One hopes they are more effective than **Mister Mackasey's** eight cents worth. . . .

A team of researchers in the United States recently performed an autopsy on a 1,700-year-old **Egyptian mummy**, finding that some health problems that have been blamed on modern society were prevalent in Ancient Egypt.

Among the thousand natural shocks the mummy's flesh was heir to were Arteriosclerosis and Silicosis.

The stress of modern life has been held responsible for the former, air pollution for the latter.

### Burn, baby, burn

It is somewhat difficult even for Democritus to imagine **NATO** in the love — rather than war — making business.

Nevertheless, the head of a NATO scientific project says people can heat their homes by making love.

**Professor Vagn Jorsgaard** of Denmark has designed a zero energy house that would use the body heat of its dwellers as part of its heating system.

He delicately pointed out that body heat is increased by strenuous physical activity . . . such as hanky-panky.

Denmark's **Queen Margrethe** and Sweden's **King Gustav** officially opened the hot house . . . but it is not known if they tried it out.

### Insects in sex

Certain alleged gentlemen of our acquaintance have clearly been looking to the insect world for role models to govern one of the more disreputable aspects of their behaviour . . . judging by a recent entomological disclosure.

It seems that among some species of **millipedes** the male, before embarking on a romantic episode, will eject a substance which stuns the female object of his attentions . . . putting her in a state described as not altogether dissimilar from human drunkenness.

Among humans, such conduct is frequently stimulated by a glance at a pair of legs. **Millipedes** have as many as 130 pairs of same to ogle.

# The statistics of a class

by RON KELLESTINE

**The Canadian Corporate Elite** by Wallace Clement. McClelland and Stewart/Toronto. 479 pp. \$4.95.

As prices rise on some commodities almost weekly and the number of workers involved in strikes increases there can be few Canadians who can deny that economics dominates much of their life.

But who directs the economic life of Canada? Most people never even see the ones who have much influence on their lives, and most are unknown outside of their select social group. Wallace Clement's book attempts to give some idea of who the Canadian corporate elite is and where they have come from. His is a statistical profile, lacking real life but his work is no less important because of this.

While following methodological guidelines used in John Porter's pioneering study of the Canadian elites of the 1950's, *The Vertical Mosaic*, he presents a more tightly focused point of view which offers opinions as well as facts. He may be a sociologist but he doesn't follow the rule of a false objectivity.

Clement uses a modified Marxist approach in his analysis. After presenting over 300 pages of information on the corporate elite in terms of the accepted elite theory he states that divisions in Canadian society would be better understood in class terms.

His method is in fact based on an examination of social groupings within economic categories.

For him Canadian democracy is a system of government, not a condition of the society as a whole, and the structure of the Canadian economy and other social institutions perpetuates the power of the same groups who are now directing the economy.

His conclusion that "... as long as economic power is allowed to remain in its present concentrated state, there appears to be no hope for equality of opportunity or equality of education in Canada," is supported by his data.

The dispersal of ownership of the shares of the corporations in Canada is anything but equal. In 1968 the top one per cent of wage earners owned 42 per cent of all stock while the top 10 per cent

accounted for 75 per cent of all shares.

In his discussion of the social background of the top corporate executives and directors he shows that the vast majority of them came from upper and middle class upbringings, frequently as successors to past members of their family. The number of people who "work their way up" is statistically invisible.

The Canadian elite are not isolated from each other. They attend the same schools, are members of the same exclusive clubs, and spend much of their leisure time in each other's company. He duplicates Porter in his information on the similarities in educational backgrounds of the corporate elite. Clement concludes that the controlled access to certain organizations and educational facilities maintains the static quality of the elite.

The general conclusions he reached from his data regarding elites in a capitalist society are not really original. Much the same has been done by William Domhoff and Gabriel Kolko, but he does present some information unique to Canada which shows how strictly stratified the Canadian corporate elite has become.

But there is a major problem in his conception of the Canadian corporate elite which continually leads to confusion. He never clarifies just what he means by a "Canadian" corporation. At various places in the book he shows that he is aware of the extent of American domination of the Canadian economy and the fact that there are very few strictly Canadian corporations. He also attempts to show in what areas natural Canadian corporations do function but in general his discrimination between American and Canadian corporations is fuzzy.

Consequently he presents a detailed profile of the leaders of the corporations functioning in Canada rather than the Canadian corporate elite.

However he does show that the corporate elite in Canada, as well as being dominated by one social class, is the domain of one section of the country and is largely English.

Of the Canadian-born members of the elite, 68 per cent are from Ontario or Quebec and over 90 per cent are of Anglo-Scottish origin. Women are less than one per cent of the group.

A significant development within the corporate elite since Porter did his study is the increasing connection between members of the corporate and government elite. High level members of the governments leave active politics for the world of corporate positions and directorships. Although Clement states that "Power transcends political affiliation" it is also true that power, once established, tends to maintain the politics that serves it best. A more specific analysis of the corporate links between Canadian political parties would give a better understanding of how elites sustain themselves in power.

This book is best read in isolated sections rather than continuously. There is so much information presented in such an arid academic style that its importance is as a reference for specific topics.

But the first step in changing the forces which control Canadian society is to identify them and Clement's book does this in a detailed, if not interesting manner.

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# Letter from Europe:

by CAROLE ORR

The first time I saw Joan Jara was in Rome last spring at the Bertrand Russell Tribunal on Latin America. She was one of dozens of refugees from Chile, Brazil, and Uruguay who were testifying to the tribunal judges on the practices of torture and repression by the military governments of these countries, most of them speaking from personal experience.

The jury listened with the determined emotional detachment of committed intellectuals — men such as Italian communist Senator Lelio Basso, who with Yugoslav historian Vladimir Dedijer and Jean-Paul Sartre had organized the tribunal; Nobel prize winner Alfred Kastner; Colombian author Gabriel Garcia Marquez and other equally prestigious figures — all listened as each appalling story issued from the witness stand. This went on for several days as the tribunal publicly gathered evidence against the

regimes of Latin America.

On the third day Joan Jara took the stand, introduced simply as “the widow of Victor Jara”. To many this perhaps means little, but to the audience in Rome and to the people of Chile, Victor Jara is a hero, a rallying point, a symbol of courage and a sign of liberty.

His music is their voice, as Theodorakis is the voice of Greece. He was murdered by the junta in the infamous stadium almost immediately after the coup of September 1973.

On the witness stand, Joan Jara described how she had gone to the city morgue afterwards to find Victor’s body among the piles of corpses of other victims of the junta’s purge, finally coming upon him lying beaten, shot, his hands broken and smashed.

Joan escaped with the help of the British embassy to her native England,

from where she has since been working for restoration of freedom in her beloved Chile, giving speeches and talking of Victor and his music.

Joan had gone to Chile 20 years ago as a dancer for the Chilean National Ballet. Victor was the son of Chilean peasants, his mother a folk singer in the true folk tradition of the country, singing at festivals and funerals. An exceptional case, he managed to enter the university, where he studied acting, and eventually became a theatre producer. Together he and Joan took theatre and dance out to the people in the barrios, and since he had always sung, Jara sang.

As the Popular Unity movement grew under the leadership of Salvador Allende, Jara’s music became widely recognized by the population as their own, and rapidly outdid the Beatles, the Stones, Country Joe and other imports on

In the final days in the stadium, just before he was shot, Jara composed a poem which several of his fellow prisoners learned by heart. One who was later released wrote it down and gave it to others:

## Chile Stadium

*There are five thousand of us here  
in this little part of the city.  
We are five thousand.  
I wonder how many we are in all  
in the cities and the whole country?  
Here alone  
are ten thousand hands which plant seeds  
and make the factories run.  
How much humanity  
exposed to hunger, cold, panic, pain  
moral pressure, terror and insanity?  
Six of us were lost  
as if into starry space.  
One dead, another beaten as I could never have  
believed  
a human being could be beaten.  
The other four wanted to end their terror —  
one jumping into nothingness,  
another beating his head against a wall,  
but all with the fixed look of death.*

*What horror the face of fascism creates!  
They carry out their plans with knife-like precision.  
Nothing matters to them.  
For them blood equals medals,  
slaughter is an act of heroism.*

*Oh God is this the world that you created?  
For this your seven days of wonder and work?  
Within these four walls only a number exists  
which does not progress.  
Which slowly will wish more and more for death.*

*But suddenly my conscience awakes  
and I see this tide with no heartbeat,  
only the pulse of machines  
and the military showing their midwives faces  
full of sweetness.  
Let Mexico, Cuba and the world  
cry out against this atrocity!  
We are ten thousand hands  
which can produce nothing.  
How many of us in the whole country?  
The blood of our campanero Presidente  
will strike with more strength than bombs and machine  
guns!  
So will our fist strike again.*

*How hard it is to sing  
When I must sing of horror.  
Horror which I am living  
Horror which I am dying.  
To see myself among so much  
and so many moments of infinity  
in which silence and screams  
are the end of my song.  
What I see I have never seen  
What I have felt and what I feel  
will give birth to the moment . . .*



the charts.

One of these was "Ni Chicha Ni Limona", a rocking satire addressed, as the record jacket says, "to those middle class people and well-known political opportunists who were sitting on the fence" during the difficult and ambiguous times just after Allende's election in 1970. Chicha is a strong alcoholic drink fermented from grapes and drunk by peasants at harvest time. Limona is a watered-down imported version of lemonade or American soda pop.

Earlier than that, in 1969, Jara was already being stoned by right-wing students at university concerts; not everyone was of a popular unity frame of mind, and Jara as a musician stood out as a symbol for attack. Music is a powerful motivator, stirring and infectious, and nobody knows this better than the military, who for centuries have sent men wildly and enthusiastically off to the slaughter singing marching songs or curdling enemy blood with long-range bagpipes.

Hardly surprising then, that Theodorakis is slung into prison by the colonels and that Jara is assassinated.

"If they begin by book-burning, where do they go from there?"

Joan Jara asked the question rhetorically, as most of us know where the junta went from there. Over 20,000 shot. At the University of Santiago, 80 per cent of the music faculty were either taken to the stadium or sought asylum through sympathetic embassies.

\* \* \*

Any Theodorakis concert is an object lesson in the power of culturally and politically rooted music, but rarely has there been anything quite like his return concert in Athens stadium last October, after the colonels abandoned ship. The joy and frenzy of the crowd so long silent, and now hearing all their feelings expressed in chord and voice and rhythm and power.

Theodorakis appeared in Paris recently at the University and though not quite up to the Athens spectacle, the crowd was wildly enthusiastic. Even Francois Mitterrand, who made his entrance mid-concert and sat in the rows with us mortals was accorded some over-spill cheers and applause.

The themes of the evening were exuberance and freedom, Greek dancing in the aisles, unison clapping and stamping for encores, roaring approval and laughing and singing all the beloved songs from L'Otage, State of Siege, Z, Zorba, and other Theodorakis. And over

it all the incredible voice of Maria Fan-touri, deep and powerful as the ancient of days.

It was magnificent and terrifying, depending on a slight visual adjustment. At one point a bearded little man in jeans and red shirt started to dance madly in the aisle then leaped onto the stage. As he bounced nearer to Theodorakis, a student guard bounded onto the stage and barrelled at him, both of them then flying off the edge into the crowd, which hissed

and bood.

The student may have been an incipient commandant type, as the crowd inferred, or he may have panicked and thought "assassin!". Theodorakis invited the little man onto the stage again; but set him hospitably on a chair and forbade further dancing.

The incident illustrated the tinder box aspect of the whole scene.

All generated by one man and his music.

## Things that go bump in the night

by MARGO LAMONT

**The Next Ten Thousand Years: A Vision of Man's Future in the Universe**, by Adrian Berry. Clarke, Irwin/Toronto. 224 pp. \$9.25.

Lying abed in a Gothic manor listening to things go bump in the night as a gale rages in the moonless dark outside — this is the experience of reading Adrian Berry's *The Next Ten Thousand Years: A Vision of Man's Future in the Universe*.

Compared to this book, Herman Kahn's *On Thermonuclear War* is merely a regional manifesto. Adrian Berry functions as the mouthpiece not for fanatic eggheads, but for distinguished scientists of international repute. Himself a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, former science contributor to the *Daily Telegraph*, *New York Herald-Tribune*, and *Time* magazine, Berry describes the projects of scientists who, like himself, greedily anticipate the day when "space itself will be exploited. The planets around the sun will be inhabited and industrialized."

"Nothing," maintains Berry, "nothing can hold us back, not even a catastrophe such as nuclear war [which] can only delay our progress not prevent it. To accommodate our soaring population and to obtain new sources of energy and raw materials man will find it necessary to redesign the entire Solar System during the next few thousand years. This gigantic project involves . . . flying city states, asteroids launched into orbit around the sun to harness all its vast output of heat and energy, the dismantling of the giant planet Jupiter to release its heavy metals, and the transformation of the 'hell-planet' Venus to

make it the Paradise of the Solar System."

I can't help but wonder where Berry's been during these last twenty years back on Earth. It seems inconceivable that an intelligent person can still be writing in enthusiastic terms — as Berry does — about "man conquering nature". Nor that a rational person would still conceive of the Earth — or in Berry's case the Universe — as a vehicle for "economic progress and technology" the expansion of which "are going to continue, not merely for decades, not even for centuries, but for millenia."

Perhaps Berry is neither intelligent nor rational. But he seems eminently intelligent and rational. Alas then, like a computer, he is nothing more. Unfortunate as that may be for Berry, nevertheless he is reporting the grandiose schemes of scientists and technocrats who are so regarded. And, for this reason alone, the book must be taken seriously.

As a writer Berry is to be commended for presenting technical and complicated scientific concepts in interesting, readable (but not insulting) lay-language. Quoting from a 1928 *New York Times* editorial on the subject of comprehending Einstein's concepts, Berry obviously agrees that for some of us they are often "dimly perceptible while one follows the argument painfully word by word, and lost when one lifts one's mind from the text." In particular, Berry has developed an explanatory analogy for Einstein's Theory of Relativity, the first I have encountered that permits some "off-page" reflection. And Berry's presentation of contemporary astronomical thought on the size, shape and nature of the Universe is as fascinating and factual as theory can be. He discusses at some length a recent

theory which holds that the Universe is "made" of something, is believed to be shaped something like a doughnut, with an area, or concept, called "Superspace" occupying the hole. "Inside Superspace," he writes, "time does not exist . . . Every Event . . . occurs simultaneously; this region has neither past nor future, but an eternal present . . . Entrances to it and exits from it are believed to exist everywhere, in the spaces between the galaxies, in the spaces between the stars, and even on the fringes of our own Solar System." It is this kind of information in *Ten Thousand Years* that makes the mind do interstellar somersaults. However, the practical applications of these theories, to which Berry soon turns the reader's attention, produce a cerebral nosedive.

As technocrats, Berry's and his colleagues' attitudes towards the nature of human endeavour in the Universe are but dismal duplicates of the aggressive im-

perialism —

"we should foresee a series of human empires in the Galaxy, dominions perhaps of one planetary system over millions of others"

— which transformed nations on earth into economic werewolves.

The cash 'n carry mentality which prompts Berry to regard the Universe with an "acquisitive and predatory eye" likewise assumes the Universe is "ours" and exists solely for our endless exploitation. An identical assumption back on Earth has allowed corporate interests to treat the planet and its resources as "theirs". And a generation of Berry's brand of technological "achievement" and economic "progress" on the old blue ball, have left us a legacy only to environmental Armageddon.

Overpopulation, starvation, resource-depletion, self-destruction — to Berry these are but mere "setbacks" in attaining "the treasures lying in our

path". That path, like a roadway watered on a downgrade, is "the path to unending technological expansion" in Berry's mind.

Near the end of the book Berry mounts a steed of fury, railing against what he calls the "many radical would-be reformers" who would have us clean up our act before we take it out to the stars. No, they are not to question the merits, the morality, and least of all the *need* for eternal technological expansion; and with an arrogance that scarcely disguises his hostility, Berry finally declares that "the Baconian scheme (of progress) can be delayed, but it cannot be stopped."

People who think otherwise, he cautions cool as a computer, "take the risk of being answered, as the Japanese warlords were answered at Nagasaki and Hiroshima, by a Power that admits of no dispute."

Adrian Berry: benevolent technologist — the thing that goes bump in the night.

## Last Post Puzzle No. 7

by Cecil Alice

General Editor: Claire Baloune

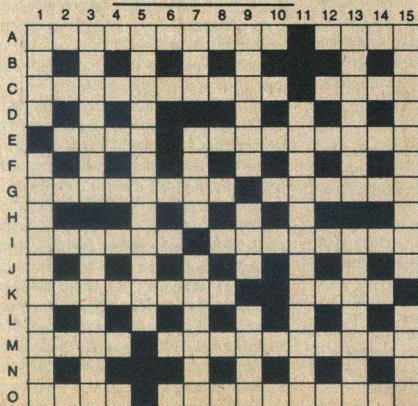
Clues are cryptic, consisting of at least two elements, one of which is a direct reference to the answer, the other a rebus, anagram, hidden word, play on words or a pun. Any proposed solution to a clue may therefore be checked against the whole clue to see that it fits in with all the elements. Anagrams are usually flagged by the inclusion in the clue of a word such as "confused" or "upset"; puns are flagged by words such as "we hear". Letters in the solution may be indicated in the clue. Thus S may be indicated by "south", P by "soft" (music), M by "thousand" (Latin), IE by "that is", EG by "for example", MD by "doctor" and so on.

Specimen clue: "Preserve a District Attorney in the country."

CAN A D.A. CANADA

### ANSWERS

The solution to this issue's puzzle is on page 23. The solution to the previous puzzle (No. 6) is found below.



### CLUES — ACROSS

- A1 & A12** Bungler's paradise for an Ottawa Eminence. (10,4)  
**C1** A good department for Mr. Clean. (10)  
**C12** End a Street work. (4)  
**E2** Sheikh from the mire. (4)  
**E7** Lurk then, er . . . shoot him. (3,6)  
**G1** Transgression without subtlety, we hear, for the billion dollar drain. (8)  
**G10** Like Whelan's eggs, or his brain. (6)  
**I1** To arouse an insurrection, for example, takes enlightenment, we hear. (6)  
**I8** Promoted by Participation, gets ten and nothing entire. (8)  
**K1** Loan-sharks are rewarded by Liberals' conflicts. (8)  
**K11** Whelan has plenty on his face . . . and in storage. (4)  
**M1** Drink without head, slimy Jones' natural habitat. (4)  
**M6** What Liberals have to wear in the House? (5,5)  
**O1** We hear a vote against the year. (4)  
**O6** Religious character actors? (10)

### CLUES — DOWN

- A1** Mackasey can't get it going, but we're last. (4)  
**A3** The landlord seems torn apart. (4,3)  
**A5** Babel could have used some of A1's (12)  
**A7** Encountered in Brome township. (3)  
**A9** Sound Indian. (6)  
**A13** Involved in a bad wreck? Altogether. (2,5)  
**A15** Waste of a colony, spend gruel to make a nice breakfast for Trudeau. (6,4)  
**D11** A note below the chief editor, like the people in A1 (12)  
**E7** They won't meet our means. (4)  
**F1** Bottom in a lad, uh, we hear, in parts of Alberta and Saskatchewan. (10)  
**H9** A chopper like Herb Gray got! (3)  
**I3** Capital organ, Kane. (7)  
**I13** Singers find a way in (7)  
**J7** . . . and prisoners find a way out. (6)  
**L9** Seven years in Bourassa's palm. (4)  
**L15** Drop a thousand masks, seek answers. (4)

### SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 6

- |                                 |                             |                           |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|---------------------------|
| <b>ACROSS</b>                   | <b>K1</b> The Bronfman Gang | <b>O7</b> Spiro Agnew     |
| <b>A1, A6</b> Nick Auf der Maur | <b>A1</b> Nanaimo           | <b>A13</b> Annuities      |
| <b>C1</b> Noodles               | <b>A3</b> Clown             | <b>A15</b> Riel's Revenge |
| <b>C9</b> Lalonde               | <b>A7</b> Unseated          | <b>B5</b> Flirted         |
| <b>E1</b> Inner                 | <b>A9</b> Deluge            | <b>G3</b> Housewife       |
| <b>E7</b> Alger Hiss            | <b>A11</b> Rulers           | <b>H9</b> Penmaker        |
| <b>G1</b> Oshkewen              | <b>M1</b> Primate           | <b>H11</b> Magnolia       |
| <b>G12</b> Bite                 | <b>M9</b> Kelvin            | <b>I1</b> Set Upon        |
| <b>I1</b> Slut                  | <b>O1</b> Need              | <b>J5</b> Trial           |
| <b>I8</b> Selassie              |                             | <b>J7</b> Ante Up         |
|                                 |                             | <b>K13</b> Asians         |

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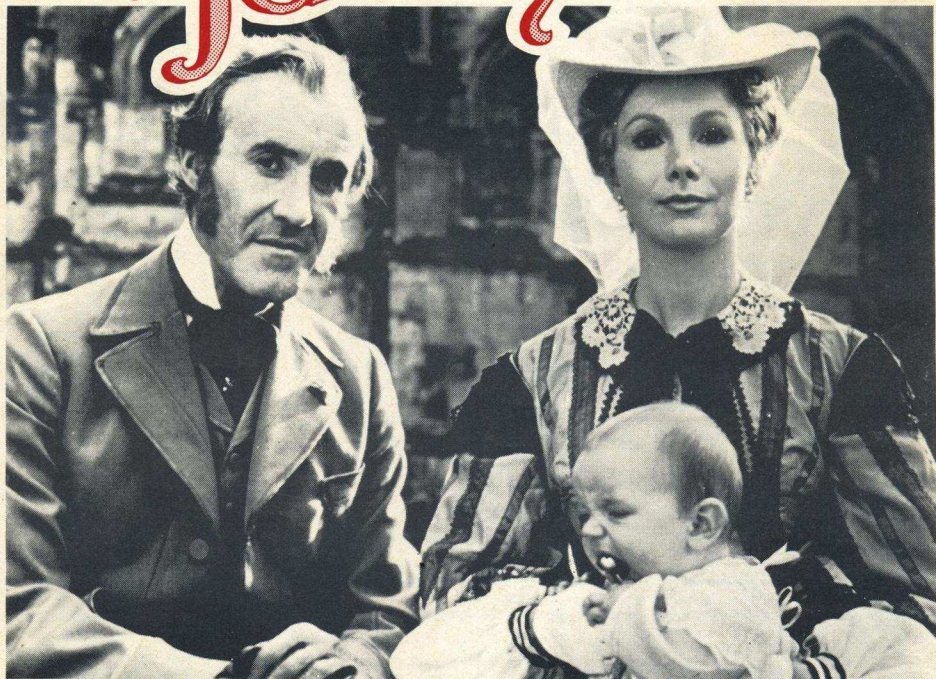
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