

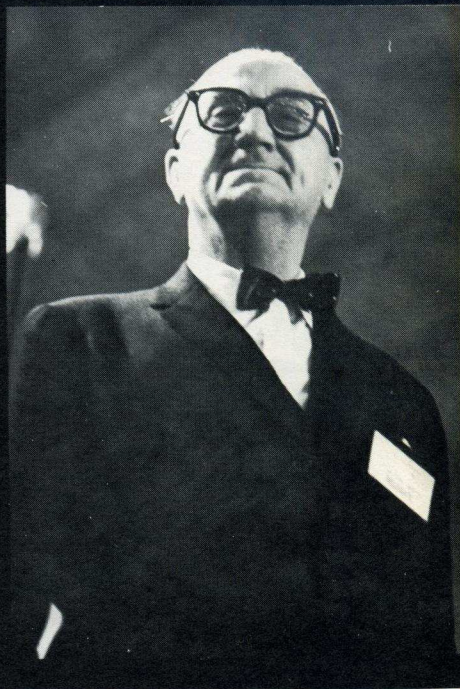
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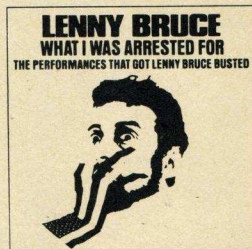
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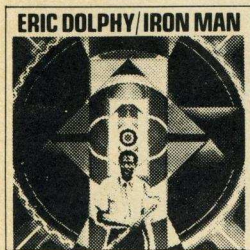
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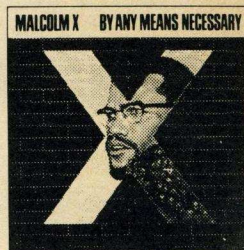
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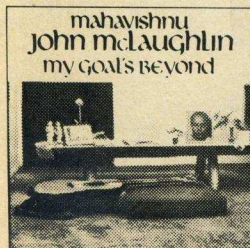


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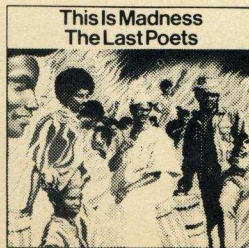


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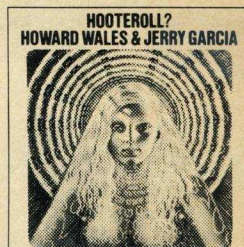
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# LAST POST

THE LAST POST, Vol 2, No 4

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## NATIONAL NOTES

### It was 'fantastic' but the dice were loaded

It was all pretty heady stuff.

Terrible John Connally, the fiscal-packing Big Dollar man stormed out of Texas. Armed with a few thunder-bolts from his boss, Terrible John squashed the smug Japanese, terrorized the Rothschilds, stomped upon the Germans, kicked the gnomes of Zurich and straight-armed the London bankers. But he was no match for our Mr. Benson.

We Canadians knew all along that there ain't no Texan nowheres that's a match for a Kingston accountant with his dander (or whatever) up.

So the showdown came one day in late December when, as the *Toronto Star* headlined it "Benson shouted right back and defied the Americans." The article then went on to describe Benson's return to Ottawa:

"Benson was given a hero's welcome by Liberal backbenchers when he returned from Washington to his seat in the Commons on Monday.

"The Liberals pounded their desks for more than a minute and some Opposition members—including Opposition Leader Robert Stanfield—smiled silently but approvingly across the House at the stout, bald man in the crumpled suit, who looked tired."

There is no doubt about it. Edgar (Ben to his friends) Benson needed some good press. In fact, the Canadian economy needed some good press. So, for that matter, did Canadian-American relations.

As Canada entered 1972, just about everything needed some good notices.

Where better to start than with Benson, who had been playing cabinet heavy for about 18 months—so it all changed and Edgar Benson became a hero.

But will it last?

Of late there has been some skepticism about Canada's victory at the monetary talks in Washington. Skepticism, also, about Canada's "fantastic" new relationship with the U.S. Thus,



**BENSON:**  
onward and upward

the story should begin before the Benson-Connally shoot-out at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington. (Yup, that's where it took place—a whole new image for museums is in the making.)

A long time ago, when Pierre Trudeau visited Moscow, James Reston of the *New York Times* bestirred himself to come to Ottawa. He then asked out loud what exactly Trudeau had in mind traipsing all over the Soviet Union before visiting with the Nixons.

It was an interesting column. Big-time American journalists, pundits and politicians don't usually take note of Canada. And although some congressmen have occasionally likened Trudeau to Castro and Allende, such brash charges have usually been dismissed as attempts to slow down the revolutionary process in Latin America. There also were rumours about Reston's sources in Canada. One story claimed his main contact was Mitchell Sharp, who was minding the store while Trudeau was away.

Anyway, relations with the U.S. got a little awkward.

By the time the surcharge was invoked, Trudeau was away again, this time visiting Tito. A series, we are told, of rather icy negotiations took place between Ottawa and Washington. A "shopping list" of American demands on Canada was "leaked" in the *Chicago*

*Tribune* and a little later, as Premier Kosygin appeared on the horizon, Trudeau began to look like John A. MacDonald and sound like Melville Watkins.

Trudeau never was quite convincing in his role as a Canadian nationalist. But he was just convincing enough to take in Robert Stanfield and the Conservative caucus. They switched running patterns and became outright continentalists. Stanfield stepped into the breach just in time to have it close over him. A reminder to all that just because Stanfield is mediocre doesn't mean he is not reactionary.

Meanwhile, negotiations between Ottawa and Washington continued in a flurry of speculations and leaks, and the Canadian public was conditioned to the news that we had been exploiting the United States for lo, these many years and that we were going to have to get off their backs.

Then Pierre Trudeau went to Washington. *Time Magazine* described the visit:

"Trudeau's basic question, as one of his aides put it, was: 'Are you going to push our heads under water each time we manage to surface?' Trudeau got presidential assurances that the surcharge was not permanent. Nixon compared Canadian dependence on U.S. capital to American dependence on European investment before World War I. The U.S. said Nixon, 'would do nothing that would make Canada feel it was a colony of America.' It was not much to cheer about, but Trudeau made the most of it. I've changed my mind about the U.S. attitude," he declared. With an eye to his Canadian audience, he said that Nixon had 'recognized the entire freedom of Canada.'

Trudeau, upon his return from Washington, was ecstatic. *The New York Times* described the Prime Minister's reaction with generous condescension. "Trudeau, at any rate" they said "found it fantastic."

At this point, James Reston delivered himself of another Ottawa-dated column which described Canada as a wronged mistress:

"In her relations with the United States these days, Canada feels a little like a woman having an affair with the big rich man next door. She depends on him and he's a good provider, but he has a roving eye and a lot of other

affairs elsewhere, so there is a problem."

Reston continued:

"Washington is not Detroit or Wall Street, so there is a dilemma: The President wants to be fair and generous to Canada, but he cannot control American business, which is increasingly taking over the economic life of Canada."

Then the punch line, delivered in typical *Times* style, which begins with the universal improbabilities, on to global considerations, and then down to the case in point. Sandwiched somewhere between the war in Indo-China and the Brezhnev Doctrine was the moral that the U.S. better start paying more attention to its friends next door than to its enemies abroad.

"Mr. Nixon," said Reston, "will have to control American business abroad as he is now trying to control it at home before he will be able to have a realistic policy with Canada."

Even if there are different interests in Washington from those of Wall Street—an assertion that is singularly lacking in substantiation—a "realistic" policy towards Canada hardly indicates American acceptance of Canadian independence.

In any case, one can see an in-

teresting transformation. In one week Trudeau returns to Ottawa with the "fantastic" assurance from the President that he wasn't going to absorb Canada completely, and the next week the Finance Minister goes down to Washington and whips Connally into line. The tides of fortune change and flow pretty swiftly these days, but this is ridiculous.

In the aftermath of the gloating over Benson's victory in Washington, nagging doubts about what had actually happened began to surface. *Time* magazine announced that "Washington will now expect Canada to make concessions in the contentious areas of trade between the two countries—if such concessions have not already been informally agreed to."

*Time* went on to quote an unnamed "Ottawa minister" saying if Canada doesn't get into line by the January session of Congress, the rug may be pulled again. "It would be pretty dicey" says *Time* through its unnamed minister.

Thus even as we all cheered our Finance Minister onward and upward, there remained the nagging suspicion that the fight was fixed. It is not only a dicey situation but the diceies seem to be loaded.

### THEY SHOULD KNOW

"... countries which are colonized, on balance, by foreign-owned companies... are of two kinds. First, the high-income, but low-populated countries—e.g. Canada and Australia... Second, the less-developed countries, where investment is in intermediate technology industry and in exploitation of resources."

—article by Prof. John H. Dunning in *Lloyd's Bank Review*, July 1970.

vere kick in the teeth to Canada's dependent economy.

Main support for the bill comes from the AFL-CIO. They are mounting a powerful campaign, spearheaded by a committee of the industrial union department of the AFL-CIO, which includes the United Steelworkers, the Machinists, Textile, Ladies Garment, and Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the International Union of Electrical Workers, the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, right down to the United Glass and Ceramic Workers of North America.

All these unions operate in Canada and are members of the CLC. According to the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, the Hartke-Burke Bill is not only actively supported by these international unions with thousands of Canadian members but was actually drafted by the staff of the AFL-CIO in co-operation with Senator Hartke. There is also no record of any consultation with either the CLC or the Canadian sections of the unions directly involved in pushing the legislation.

*The Globe and Mail* reported the following conversation:

"Sure there would be a pullback (of imports from Canada and U.S. investment)," said Ray Dennison, the AFL-CIO official chiefly responsible for lobbying for the bill. "But this country is in trouble. Every nation has the right to act in its own self-interest."

Canadian trade union officials tend either to distort the protectionist activities of their American head offices or pretend the problem does not exist. There have no doubt been quite a few acrimonious discussions behind closed doors. But for the most part any differences are glossed over and the Canadians shut up or go along.

Dennis McDermott, Canadian director of the United Automobile Workers, is a case in point. McDermott, always ready to pronounce on the evils of nationalism at the merest whiff of

## Canadians shut up or go along

With the American economy cut off at the pass and ambushed in the gulch, the partnership between Canadian sections of many international unions and their big brothers seems to be under considerable stress.

Speaking at the annual convention of the Ontario Federation of Labour in November, Canadian Labour Congress president Donald MacDonald said that the trade union movement in the United States opposed the DISC legislation pending in the American Senate.

The DISC program provides both incentives for American firms to build facilities in the U.S. and penalties for constructing branch plants in other countries and importing products from these plants into the U.S. As it stands, DISC is quite a blow to Canada's branch plant economy and it is no wonder that delegates at the OFL convention cheered MacDonald's assurances that their brother unionists and parent bodies in the United States opposed DISC.

Strictly speaking, MacDonald wasn't

lying. The AFL-CIO does oppose DISC. But it opposes the program for internal reasons, because of built-in inequities in it, not because of any brotherly or paternal internationalism with regard to Canada. The speech was thus misleading, because the context in which MacDonald mentioned the AFL-CIO opposition was to assure Canadian unionists that their internationals had the interests of Canadian workers at heart.

DISC is only one of the protectionist measures now before Congress, and the American trade union movement is one of the most vocal—and through its Washington lobby powerful—forces for economic protectionism in the United States. At the moment, Congress is considering the Hartke-Burke Bill. This legislation would put a restrictive quota on virtually all exports to the U.S., and reduce the profitability of any corporation operating in a foreign country—including Canada—by taxing all earnings, even those that remain abroad.

The Hartke-Burke Bill would be a se-

a Waffle, has been, until recently, silent on the auto pact negotiations. When he finally got around to demanding that the Canadian government hold firm in the discussions, his verbal heroics—Trudeau should “spit in Nixon’s eye”—were hardly matched by resultant action.

Given the seriousness of the situation, Dennis reached back into the militant traditions of the UAW and launched a furious postcard campaign. We wonder if any of the members of the international executive board will sign one.

## Not everyone was taken by surprise

When the government of Premier Gerald Regan announced December 3 that it was offering to buy the Nova Scotia Light and Power Company Limited, which operated in the lucrative Halifax region while the publicly-owned Nova Scotia Power Commission served rural areas, NSLP president A. R. Harrington professed to have been taken “completely by surprise”.

There was immediate speculation, however, that others had been in a more fortunate position.

It was well known in local business circles that a number of people had been buying large chunks of the utility’s stocks in the months preceding the takeover, and normally sedate boardrooms were buzzing with rumours of who might have made a killing on the venture.

That speculation was fanned by reports that Regan had often talked openly — if only in theoretical terms — about the possibility of taking over NSLP.

But it wasn’t until he gained his majority government in two November by-elections that the premier actually decided to go ahead with his plans — spurred on by the looming possibilities of natural gas off the Nova Scotia coast.

But the possibility of exploiting natural gas was prompting an entirely different reaction among a small but powerful group of Nova Scotia businessmen, who had been angling to move into the potentially lucrative offshore oil field.

For two years prior to Mobil Oil’s summer announcement of its oil find off Sable Island, they had been laying

the groundwork for Offshore Industries Limited (O.I.L.), a private company with government backing that was established to service the oil industry. One of their aims was to handle the distribution of natural gas when that became feasible.

But the Nova Scotia Light and Power Company, with legal claim to natural gas distribution because of a previous act of the legislature, had its own ideas on that score, however. It too saw the potential of gas distribution as a profit-making venture and was making plans for its own involvement.

It had the makings of a showdown. “We very much did want to get involved in the gas distribution business,” says O.I.L. director Charles MacCulloch, “and that was one of the main reasons we sought control of NSLP.”

The private takeover scheme was hatched, say insiders, a year and a half ago — prior to the provincial election that installed Regan as premier — at a meeting in Halifax.

While MacCulloch has refused comment on who his partners were in the takeover bid, it is believed they included several of his fellow members of O.I.L.’s board of directors.

The O.I.L. group has considerable holdings in NSLP, both individually and through companies they’re involved in. That all or some of the O.I.L. directors might pool their resources and those of companies in which they had interests (totalling at least 350,000 shares) to effect a takeover of NSLP is certainly not out of the realm of possibility.

The directors of O.I.L., among the most powerful men in Nova Scotia, are related by ties of money and influence and have a history of close co-operation.

One thing is sure. Charlie MacCulloch admits that he and “a group of Nova Scotia businessmen” met,



Regan: saw the possibilities

planned and attempted to execute such a takeover. The only unanswered question is which businessmen were involved in the scheme that went under with Regan’s December 3 announcement.

MacCulloch, Frank Sobey (reportedly MacCulloch’s chief partner in the private takeover bid), and Ralph Medjuck (who had bought 101,095 shares through a nominee company in the months preceding Regan’s announcement), turned their shares over to the government shortly after its takeover offer — in the vicinity of 400,000 shares among the three of them.

J. C. MacKeen, however, did not. For Nova Scotia’s business establishment is not as homogeneous as the tight corporate links make it appear. Old established families like the MacKeens still consider some of their business partners out of their league. MacCulloch, the owner of a hardware and building supply store chain, is still referred to by the establishment as an “upstart carpenter” while Medjuck is sneeringly looked down upon as “that smart young Jewish boy”.

The aging and ill MacKeen, chairman of the Light and Power board, left his hospital bed in a wheelchair to attend a special meeting of NSLP’s shareholders and urge them not to give in to the government’s socialistic attempt to take over the company. In private and public he was caustic toward those shareholders like MacCulloch, Sobey, and Medjuck who had turned their shares over to the government for a tidy profit — ranging to half a million dollars.

It was also MacKeen who led a fight by the company directors to force the government into paying shareholders a higher price for their shares. During December they amassed control of more than 50 per cent of outstanding stock in the company for their battle, while the government managed to accumulate only 35 per cent.

That, however, represented enough for effective control and the government made it known that there was to be no negotiation on its original offer price of \$13 a share. When the market closed December 3, the going rate for NSLP stock hovered around \$10 a share.

Finally, following a face-to-face confrontation early in January in which the government refused to budge from its stated position the company freed its shareholders to accept the government offer, bringing to an end one of Nova Scotia’s largest and oldest

private enterprise ventures and the second largest private utility in the country.

The move is seen by many as a prelude to the establishment of a provincial energy board, with control over all power distribution in the province, including potential tidal power and natural gas developments. R. B. Cameron, who already holds the presidency of two crown corporations — Fundy Tidal Power Corporation and Deuterium of Canada (heavy water) — is also expected to get the nod to head up this latest Regan brainchild.

#### NOW HEAR THIS . . .

"We should take pride in being Christians and we should continue the fight for our Christian rights and traditions in Canada. We have found it too easy in the past couple of decades to bow to the demands of minority groups in this country for fear of being called hypocrites and bigots."

—editorial, *The Prescott Journal*, Dec. 22, 1971.

## Pork barrel's full for corporate welfare cases

Taking note of the "increasing attacks on social security and welfare recipients," the research department of the United Electrical Workers compiled a few incidents from the latest report of the Auditor-General on the large-scale government give-aways to a different group of Americans and Canadians, who seem always to have their belly to the pork-barrel. The report covers the fiscal year ending March 31, 1970.

Read a few of the horror stories:

*para. 63* — The final deficit from Expo 67 was \$286 millions, shared to the extent of 50 per cent by the federal government, 37½ per cent by the Quebec government and 12½ per cent by the City of Montreal. Thus the federal share was \$143 millions, of which \$20 millions had earlier been recorded as a grant. The remaining \$123 millions, which had been carried on the federal books as an asset, was finally written off in fiscal 1969/70.

\* \* \*

*para. 65* — The Canada Corporations Act requires all companies to file annual returns giving certain information concerning the company and its directors. A small filing fee is charged and the Act also provides for a fine of \$20 a day when a company is in default in the filing of the annual return. At the time of the audit, 2,632 companies were in default, 853 more than a year earlier. The Auditor General's comment reads: "As in the past, no action was taken against any of the active companies for failure to file returns and the penalty provisions of section 125 of the Act remained inoperative".

*para. 66* — The Auditor General has repeatedly pointed out that the chartered banks have been benefitting from the large amounts of government money in deposits on which the banks pay no interest. He comments: "... a Crown asset in the form of bank deposits amounting to \$100 million remains at the disposal of the chartered banks of Canada free of charge, without the approval of Parliament."

\* \* \*

*para. 74* — The Department of Supply and Services agreed to share the cost of developing communications equipment with a company and \$522,000 was advanced for this purpose. Later, to overcome an acute shortage of working capital, a further like amount was advanced which was later repaid out of sales proceeds from the equipment developed. But when the Department requested repayment of the first half million, as agreed, "it was informed by the contractor that, as its cash resources had been loaned to its foreign parent company, no payment could be made and the Crown has therefore been unable to collect the amount due."

\* \* \*

*para. 105* — In February 1965 the Treasury Board authorized the Department of National Defence to proceed with the construction of four DDH 280 destroyers, all ships to be delivered by July 1971 at a cost of \$150 millions. By the end of 1970, the cost estimate had risen to \$289 millions and the last vessel delivery date had been extended to September 1973.

*para. 128* — With the approval of Parliament, there is an annual writing off of income taxes owing by taxpayers from whom collection could not be effected because they were no longer resident in Canada. During the year such deletions amounted to about three-quarters of a million dollars, including \$410,000 owing by 14 persons. No small fry these, for the average tax owing by each one was \$29,300.

\* \* \*

*para. 130* — A substantial amount of income tax remains unpaid beyond the due date, on which only 6 per cent interest is charged. At March 31, 1970, the amount of late tax totalled \$333 millions. Obviously, it was not workers who were at fault for their tax is collected before the end of the tax year in deductions from each pay before they receive it.

\* \* \*

*para. 162* — "In paragraph 172 of last year's Report we drew attention to a long-standing practice of the Canadian Penitentiary Service of charging officers who have articles for their own use manufactured or repaired in the penitentiary shops, only the cost of materials plus a handling charge of 10 per cent and five cents per hour for inmate labour (our emphasis). This labour rate had been established by penitentiary regulations in 1938, at which time inmates earned five cents per day, and had not been increased although the rate an inmate can earn had risen substantially since then. We had advised the Penitentiary Service in 1964 that the amount being charged for officers' custom work merited review but no change had been made in the price structure."

#### RENT-A-PHRASE, OTTAWA BRANCH

*Chelsea . . . 2 Notts Forest . . . 0*

As the timeless second half of this encounter crawled to its untidy close at Stamford Bridge, one at last began to understand the awfulness of eternity.

—*The Observer*, London, Nov. 14, 1971.

\* \* \*

As the second feature—a Japanese horror movie called X From Outer Space—crawled to its untidy close, one could begin to understand the awfulness of eternity.

—Shep Jacobsen, *Ottawa Citizen*, Jan. 17, 1972.

# Cowboys and Indians

There are a few Canadian daily papers in which a reader can find out that Indian people are real, living human beings who are fighting for their survival, culturally as well as physically — and that Indian culture means their whole way of life, much as culture or nationality for French Canadians describes their whole being as a people.

But the predominant picture that emerges of the typical native is one with two moccasin-covered legs, two arms, one weaving baskets and the other carving totem poles, all loosely connected with a lacrosse stick, and surrounded by a variety of government people filling the baskets — and even the mukluks — with money from the public purse.

Consider the coverage of the most important political issue for Indians in the last six months — the rejection of the Commons Committee report on Indian Affairs, prepared under the chairmanship of Ian Watson. On September 17, Indian Affairs Minister Jean Chretien went to Thunder Bay, Ont., and told the Canadian Catholic School Trustees Association that "the Indian culture cannot be broadened in Indian schools. . . ."

"Mr. Chretien told the 250 delegates (according to the *Thunder Bay News-Chronicle*) that all-Indian schools, many of which exist in remote areas, deny exchanges between Indian and non-Indian. . . . Mr. Chretien indicated that provincial governments are eventually going to have to take over a greater load."

The speech was significant — and this was missed by even the few papers that covered it — because the minister was rejecting the Watson Report.

This was a report that had rejected Chretien's own White Paper policy of transferring Indian affairs to the provinces, and recommended that Indian education be kept in federal hands with the direct participation of the education committees in each Indian community. It was endorsed by twelve major Indian organizations and the four political parties in the House of Commons.

Perhaps that was one reason Chretien chose to give his speech in Thunder Bay.

The minister's statement deserved the in-depth coverage it did not get, particularly in the light of its coming

on the fifth day of a school boycott by a thousand Indian students, their parents and the elected band councils in northeastern Alberta.

Here was an event involving Indians, politicians, finance and high intrigue. With a little sex thrown in what more would you want for good copy? Cowboys? Well, they came riding in from both east and west.

The *Evening Times-Globe* of Saint John, N.B., carried the headline: "Chretien rebuked: Western Indians after his scalp."

## WHAT DREAMERS

A Toronto Board of Education request that Metro pay for lunches for students who cannot afford the increased cost of school meals was refused by Metro social services and housing committee yesterday.

"Why, that would be a fantastic undertaking," said East York Mayor True Davidson, as Scarborough Controller Karl Mallette moved the request be refused.

"How in the world could they have dreamed we'd help them?" asked Etobicoke Mayor Ed Horton.

—*Toronto Star*, Jan. 14, 1972.

An editor who cares for his facts should at least get his barbarisms straight: scalping was introduced to North American Indians by Europeans. But it was the *Red Deer Advocate* that really spoke for the cowboy:

"Frankly, we don't know what to make of the reserves in the St. Paul area. Yet this question can't be denied: what are these people doing to help themselves?"

The *Advocate* was only saying what most other papers were feeling. None of the papers noticed that the boycott was organized by the local youth with the support of their parents and the band councils — but without the active participation of either the Alberta Indian Association or the National Indian Brotherhood.

Can you imagine the officials of a white, urban community developing that much rapport with their youth? Anywhere else that would be news in itself. But united action among northern Indians would only become news to most editors when they could get

statements from an Important Person such as Chretien or Harold Cardinal, president of the Alberta Indian Association and a rumoured candidate for the Progressive Conservatives in Edmonton.

Lesser mortals such as Paul Yewchuk, member of parliament for Athabasca, and Don Mazankowski, MP for Vegreville, raised the question in the House 16 different days during October and early November without arousing much attention from either the rest of the House or the press gallery. The most they could get was a concession from the Speaker:

"It may be that the matter may develop to the point where the business of the House must be set aside in order to deal with the question . . . but it seems to the Chair it would be premature to put the motion to the House at this time."

Ten weeks after the school boycott had begun and the minister had made his speech it ceased to be premature for the House to consider Indian education.

On Sunday, November 21, Harold Cardinal went on CBC-TV's *Weekend* to charge that the government was holding up funds for an Indian educational and cultural centre until the boycott ended. The minister had charged the Indians with blackmail, so an Indian would charge the minister with blackmail.

The next day Frank Howard (NDP — Skeena) moved that the House of Commons consider the Watson Report.

For three hours the MPs with large Indian constituencies poured onto the record their understanding of the Indian view, and those who owed their seats to the government poured on the government's position.

Most Ottawa reporters neatly boiled the story down to two personalities, Cardinal and Chretien, both telling their tales of woe to the assembled throngs of parliamentarians and journalists. This is the kind of journalism that thinks the old cliché "now it can be told" means "now it has been said by somebody with a title, testifying before an official body."

The story was made easier by Cardinal's releasing a government document; Ottawa reporters had already been keyed up for cabinet leaks by the Gray Report. But the most serious criticism of the press is that everything said in Parliament that day could have been learned three months earlier in Cold Lake, Alberta. Then it would have been news.



## QUEBEC NOTES

### Montreal police directors are a merry lot

"Just because a report is signed by policemen doesn't mean it's the truth."

—Montreal Police Director Jacques Saulnier.

\* \* \*

The men who rule the dark places of Montreal have had friends in the city's police force for a long, long time. Pacifique Plante was Jean Drapeau's director of police back in the 'fifties when Drapeau was trying to make a reputation as a crime-buster. He helped Drapeau stage a showcase vice probe, complete with showcase raids and showcase testimony. Last fall Plante returned to Montreal chuckling about some of the real stories of those days.

It seems that the manager of the downtown Windsor Hotel had just put the finishing touches on the hotel's Royal suite in preparation for the arrival of the royal family during one of their tours. He happened to glance out the window across the alley. He almost collapsed. At eye-level, directly across from the royal room, open windows revealed the performing arts of a magnificent whore house. He put in a frantic call to the police morality squad. "It was terrible," chuckled Plante, "we had to carry out a raid. But when we explained it all to the madam, she was very understanding — although she felt the king would have enjoyed the view."

When it comes to prostitution and the mob, apparently, Montreal Police Directors are a merry lot. Coincidentally, just a few months after Plante chuckled out this story, the current Montreal police director, Jacques Saulnier was trying desperately to laugh his way through a Quebec Police Commission inquiry into his days as head of the Montreal Morality Squad.

The influential *Le Devoir* had bombshelled across the top of its front page a story that Saulnier had accepted a colour TV set from the owner of a well-known hotel of ill repute. As well,

the newspaper revealed in excruciating detail how a special investigative team of police officers had sent a disturbing report to the then police director, Jean-Paul Gilbert, and when he ignored it, to Mayor Drapeau. The report charged that when Saulnier was head of the morality squad, prostitution and other rackets flourished.

The report also charged that current personnel changes in the Montreal force were designed to cool any heat that might be applied to organised crime.

The mayor had ignored the report, even when it was delivered to his house by the desperate investigators. They finally threatened to blow the whistle. So the mayor agreed to meet with them. He didn't act, he told them, because he didn't want to soil any reputations. No more came out of it, except the investigators were transferred out of the morality squad.

In the next few years, the star of Jacques Saulnier climbed. When Gilbert retired, Saulnier was suddenly promoted to director over the heads of 22 men his senior.

By coincidence, his brother happens to be Drapeau's ex-right hand man, Lucien Saulnier, now on the outs with the



SAULNIER:  
He tried 15 times

Mayor. Apparently Lucien was furious with the appointment of his brother, whom he reportedly regards as a dimwit.

Before the *Le Devoir* story broke, it was widely presumed that Jacques Saulnier was going to consummate his whoosh to the top by being appointed director of all the integrated police forces (that position has since gone to Saulnier's deputy, Rene Daigneault).

When the document fell into the hands of Claude Ryan, *Le Devoir*'s monkish editor, he had no compunction about using the story. Back during the October crisis, he had been screwed by Lucien Saulnier who started the rumor (picked up by the *Toronto Star*'s Peter Newman) that Ryan was plotting a provisional government.

Nevertheless, Ryan checked out the story thoroughly before breaking it.

The first reaction of the English press in Montreal was characteristic. Without even summing up the *Le Devoir* story, they sent out their police reporters who came up with anonymous sources dismissing the story as a "smear job."

The mayor, with his unerring instinct for zooming in on the real culprit, howled that the "leak" would be investigated. Throughout that week and the subsequent inquiry, Drapeau managed to direct attention to everywhere but himself.

Justice Minister Jerome Choquette finally ordered a Quebec Police Commission inquiry. The next day, Mayor Drapeau admitted that all the documents crucial to the inquiry had mysteriously disappeared from files.

The day after the inquiry got rolling, the Quebec Provincial Police Morality Squad announced that they had arrested 50 persons, cracking one of the biggest prostitution rings in Montreal history. They denied their raids had anything to do with *Le Devoir*'s allegations that the police were affording protection to the whore houses.

But *Le Devoir* wasn't finished. The Monday after the raid they bannered another story, this time detailing that the notorious "madam" arrested by the QPP was none other than Martha Adams, the woman who had told the morality squad investigators back in the 'sixties that Saulnier's morality squad gave her and her bawdy houses protection. "I've only been arrested once in eight years," she bragged to the in-

investigators, "draw your own conclusions."

But it seems that everything she had told the investigators was in the documents that had mysteriously disappeared from Montreal police files.

When Saulnier came up before the police commission, he, as the *Montreal Star* reported, took the whole thing "very lightly". He had them rolling in the aisles when he described that, yes, he had been given a colour TV — but he had tried to return it, not once, but 15 times.

And as for the rest of the report, he laughed, "just because a report is signed by policemen doesn't mean it's the truth."

Claude Ryan was not amused.

Ah well, the old police director, Pax Plante, would have been. And maybe even the king.

#### IT'S THE HOUSE ORGAN

"I really don't get hung up on reports of newspapers during an election campaign. I make my plan and I work to it. I'm not going to be bullied and badgered by anything I read in the press or any pressures the press might bring on outside influences to bring on me.

"It does happen, pressures do build up as a result of some of the things in the press. But I just won't let it happen.

"The only people who read those bloody articles (in *The Globe and Mail*) are people in the Conservative Party anyway. It's like a house organ."

—Ross De Geer, executive director, Ontario Conservative Party.

## INTERNATIONAL

### U.S. army spies: the lists grow longer

New evidence has disclosed that the U.S. Army's domestic intelligence operation, an immense civilian surveillance project which thrived for at least five years before its exposure in the press last year, was of much broader scope than previously reported.

Moreover, according to the staff director of the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, the information in the Army files is still in wide circulation despite an order from the Department of the Army to destroy it.

According to a classified 1969 directive, Army spies were specifically ordered to investigate and place under surveillance all strikes and labour disputes, all anti-war and anti-draft protest and organizing, as well as virtually the entire spectrum of lawful social protest and political dissent.

The revelation of the Army's surveillance of civilian activists and the subsequent criticism from the press and Congress, capped with an embarrassing investigation by the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights led the Army in February 1971 to declassify a document that was alleged to be the master directive for its spy operation. This was the Civil Disturbance Information Collection Plan of May, 1968.

But a later, still-classified Army directive recently obtained by *Dispatch News Service International* from a Boston weekly newspaper, the *Phoenix* shows that Army surveillance activities were far more widespread than admitted by the Department of the Army.

The new document—dated 23 April, 1969, and issued under the signature of Lt. Col. Orville K. McLay, Chief, Continental U.S. Intelligence Branch, U.S. Army Intelligence Command, Fort Holabird, Maryland—incorporated wholly the 1968 plan, but as only a small part of the more encompassing 1969 directive.

Reference notes on this document reveal that, even while the 1968 directive

## 'Le grand miracle' at \$350 a throw

Whatever one might say about the much maligned Protestant School Board of Greater Montreal, one must at least concede that it has class.

The PSBGM, largest and most prosperous English speaking school board in Quebec, recently hatched a scheme to promote bilingualism among its pupils. The proposal—a series of three-week, \$350-per-pupil junkets to France.

The itinerary reads more like a travel brochure than an educational experience. The students will begin their trip by spending two days in hotel in Paris; they then move to the south of France near Marseilles where they stay in a dormitory, attending classes during the week and visiting local French families for Saturday and Sunday lunch; they wind up their excursion on the Riviera, passing a day in Monaco and Nice.

The idea of sending a horde of English students from Quebec, a province which is more than 80 per cent French speaking, overseas to bilingualize themselves originated in the office of Malcolm Stanley, board curriculum superintendent and trip organizer. A spokesman for Stanley claims that attempts were made to arrange an interchange with certain French Catholic school boards but that "the French school boards within the province have been highly unco-operative."

Not so says Donald Peacock, president of the Montreal Teachers Association. Of the ten English schools

which have attempted to organize such a project within the province, at least four had received affirmative replies from French schools before the plan to send kids overseas was even considered.

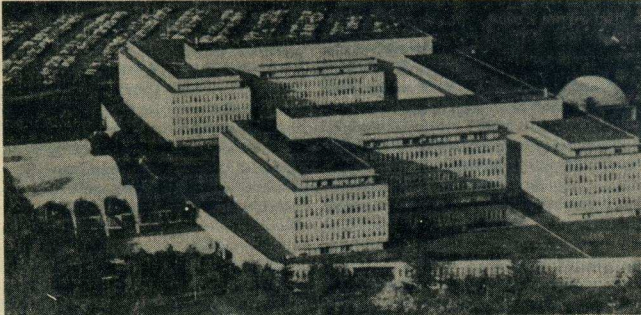
Other than pouring its energies into an elitist scheme for the children of wealthy English families, the PSBGM has also been indulging its traditional role of union-blocking. In order to undertake this or any other purportedly educational project, the PSBGM requires the approval of the Educational Policies Committee of the Montreal Teachers' Association, which it has not sought.

It has, however, appealed to the federal and provincial governments for financial support, over and above the \$350 per head fee for the excursion.

The Quebec government, however, has its own response. It has endorsed a provincial exchange program which will allow English students to spend several weeks in French homes, and vice versa. It is distributing specially designed comic books with pictures of Jean Beliveau and Rusty Staub on the covers containing application forms for the exchange. The total cost to the student will be \$10, and there will be no charge for welfare and low-income families.

Yet there is no stopping the Don Quixotes of the PSBGM. The first batch of Grade 11 students has already been whisked away to France to witness "le grand miracle."

## NOTES



CIA headquarters: where it all ends up

was operative, the Army was apparently maintaining at least five other civilian surveillance programs, all of which were incorporated in the 1969 directive.

The 1969 classified Information Collection Plan (ICP) set up channels and reporting procedures for 11 categories, which included: "Major Disasters and Catastrophies"; "Anti-war/Anti-Draft Activities"; "Militant Organizations"; "Demonstrations, Rallies, Parades, Marches, Conventions, Conferences, and Picketing Activities"; "Strikes and Labor Disturbances."

(Two other categories of the 1969 directive, "Civil Disturbances" and "Dissidents / Subversives in Civil Disturbances" constitute the body of the 1968 directive made public by the Army.)

According to staff members of the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, headed by Senator Sam Ervin (Democrat-North Carolina), the 1969 directive is the first official document unearthed for public eyes which actually lists the names and dossier numbers of organizations that the Army considered key surveillance targets.

Three pages of this 29-page order are given over to a "partial list of organizations ... of intelligence interest." The list of sixty organizations, while heavily weighted with leftist and black groups, covers a spectrum from the far right to the far left. But the list also includes a number of highly respectable organizations such as the Americans for Democratic Action (ADA), the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People

(NAACP), the American Friends Service Committee, Clergy and Laymen Concerned About Vietnam, and SANE.

The section of the order directing agents to place "demonstrations, rallies, parades, marches, conventions, conferences and picketing activities" under surveillance makes no distinction between lawful and unlawful protest. Agents were required to identify "all personalities involved or expected to become involved in protest activities, to include leaders or 'activists' of local dissident groups and leaders, representatives, or speakers of national or regional organizations."

In reference to armed forces personnel, agents were directed to pay particular attention to black activist GIs but generally to investigate any GI "connected" or "alleged to be connected" with any "minority, racist, terrorist, left-wing, right-wing, and/or other dissident organizations of possible future intelligence interest which may be potentially detrimental to national defense or public order ..."

Agents were advised to use news media contacts to aid in the intelligence gathering operations. Special instructions appended to the document urge agents "to minimize the possibility of direct involvement by MI (military intelligence) group personnel in the conduct of peripheral photographic coverage. Liaison with and utilization of local press and press wire-service agencies for the acquisition of photography is encouraged." The expenditure of intelligence contingency funds was authorized if it was necessary to obtain this cooperation.

Use of media contacts is also stressed in the section which dictates surveillance of strikes and labour disturbances. Intelligence agents were ordered to identify "individual leaders and members of the striking union" and to collect "background information" on the leaders and organizers. "No investigative action is required to satisfy this requirement inasmuch as only that information on leaders available in your local (MI) files and through news media contacts is desired."

In the section on "militant organizations", as in a number of others, agents are directed to ascertain the sort of "inside" information that could only be obtained through undercover penetration of the group. (Although the directive specifically bars Army use of informers unless authorized by the commanding general of the Army Intelligence Command, there is no restriction on MI agent penetration and constant liaison with the FBI and local police is emphasized.)

Following the public and congressional uproar over Army surveillance of civilians and the investigation by the Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights the Army was forced to abdicate to the Justice Department in political surveillance.

Although officially the Army has gotten out of the business of civilian surveillance, Lawrence Baskir, staff director of the Ervin Subcommittee, told *Dispatch* the current status of the Army's intelligence program is not clear. "The Army's position is 'we never did it and we stopped doing it,'" Baskir said. "But the Army's expandable public statements give them plenty of opportunity to continue the operation once the heat is off."

According to Baskir, the Army made some effort to locate and destroy its own files, but the Army's civilian surveillance data "flowed like water once it got within the system, it went anywhere and everywhere ... No one kept track of it."

Interviews with former Army intelligence officers, some of whom were able to identify the 1969 document as the directive they followed, have revealed that even some of the files the Army ordered destroyed have survived, despite the explicit order.

For example, in Boston, former agents with the Region III office of the

108th Military Intelligence Group say most of the active files on their New England territory—a packet of “personality reports” on about 2,000 activists and about 150 organization reports—were simply handed over to the Boston office of Naval Intelligence. (Copyright 1971 Dispatch News Service International, Inc.)

## New plans for White Power in Africa

The international campaign against the Cabora Bassa dam in Mozambique was such a setback to the Portuguese and South African regimes that they have kept silent about another important plan—the Cunene river project in Angola and northern Namibia—which also forms part of the long-range plan to strengthen “white power” in the entire region of southern Africa.

The Cunene project calls for the construction of a large number of dams and hydroelectric plants and for the settlement of at least half a million white immigrants in the area.

The plan is meant to create what Peter Katjavivi, Secretary of Economic Affairs of the SWAPO (South Western African People's Organization of Namibia) calls the “white man's cordon” to divide the inhabitants of Angola and Namibia (Southwest Africa), and thereby impede the development of their liberation struggle.

Talks between Portuguese and South Africans over the possible construction of the river dam date back to 1926; agreement was hastened after the Angola guerrilla struggle started in 1961, and after the appearance of nationalist activities in Namibia.

A detailed joint plan was discussed by South Africa and Portugal, and resulted in a series of agreements in October 1964, in May and July of 1967, and finally in January 1969 when Pretoria's Ambassador to Lisbon and the Portuguese Foreign Minister pledged joint cooperation with the stipulation that South Africa would give a considerable sum of money to finance the projects.

According to a pamphlet of the People's Movement for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA) the entire Cunene project will cost 437 million rands

(\$613,800,000).

The dam will irrigate from half a million to a million hectares of land (South African and Portuguese sources are in disagreement as to the exact number) and a study made by the engineer Castanheira Diniz says that almost 300,000 could be irrigated when the first stage is completed. The water will convert the dry lands into arable soil so as to create large Argentine-style ranches.

Electric power will be transmitted from Matata to Namibia and the Cunene, together with other dams in Angola, will supply energy to the Cassinga iron deposits, while the South Africans hope that by 1975 Ruacana Falls will be generating power.

The president of the Electricity Supply Committee of South Africa declared that electric energy from Ruacana Falls will be enough to satisfy a large part of Namibia's needs until the year 2,000, and would eventually link up with the South African electrical network. “Many development projects are in the planning stage,” stated the *Standard Bank Review* in March 1968. “One of these is the settlement of 500,000 Portuguese in the basin of the Cunene river.”

This migration is of great interest to Portugal from the national point of view, since it could persuade people who today emigrate to foreign countries to move to Africa.

The settlement program has already started; Germans acquired large ranches in that region after the Nazi defeat in 1945 and, according to the correspondent of the *London Financial Times* “some South African peasants have recently moved to southern Angola as cattle ranchers.”

The Portuguese have started to move black Africans to “aldeamentos” in this

part of Angola — strategic villages similar to those of Vietnam and Guinea-Bissau — to control them better.

Official Portuguese sources indicate the possibility of relocating the “most savage” Angolese in the central plateau where MPLA's liberation struggle is most advanced.

In addition to the large financial concessions of the South African and Portuguese governments, there are also foreign companies interested in the Cunene river project and in corporate exploitation; both regimes have maintained the greatest secrecy in connection with the project, making it difficult to learn the names and total number of companies, but it is known that Dutch, French, British, American and West German firms are among the participants, together with those from Portugal and South Africa. (Part of the South African contribution is being financed by a series of loans from the ESCOM).

The Western banks which have contributed loans are Dresdener Bank of Frankfurt; the Commerzbank of Frankfurt; the Commercial Credit of France; Credit Banque, S.A. of Luxembourg; Special Allemaigne Bank of Holland; Berliner Handelsgesellschaft, Deutsche Bank and Hil Samuel and Co. of London.

The *Companhia Mineira do Lobito*, which directs the Cassinga mine, is largely financed by Krupp's and has received credits and loans from the Export-Import Bank of the United States.

It is precisely because of its strategic importance that the liberation movements have declared their total opposition to the project and their determination to destroy the Cunene river dam, just like the FRELIMO is obstructing the Cabora Bassa dam in

### GREAT IDEAS OF OUR TIME

To The Christian Science Monitor:

Thank you for the article in regard to the renaming of African countries . . .

Actually the Republic of South Africa could do with a new and proper name. The words South Africa simply designate the point on the compass on the very big continent.

The Cape of Good Hope was the original name of this part of the world from whence the early Voortrekkers branched or trekked into the Free State, the Transvaal and Natal . . .

I brought up this matter with the late Prime Minister H. F. Verwoerd, and he told me that he had the same idea that our country should be called the Republic of Good Hope . . .

Last year—1971—the matter was brought up again over the radio, and a one-man government commission for a new flag, Mr. Justice Marais, suggested that our country should be called the Republic of Good Hope.

Reginald E. Luman,  
Cape Town

—Letter, *Christian Science Monitor*, Jan. 14, 1972.

Mozambique.

The people's Movement for the Liberation of Angola have stated in a special pamphlet: "The construction of this project in occupied Angola would have serious consequences for the national liberation movement since it has been conceived not for the economic progress of the inhabitants of Angola, but to strengthen "White power" — and thereby imperialism — in Africa."

(Special from *Prensa Latina*)

## Vietnamese have the nasty habit of shooting back

"Why," asked the *New York Times*, "was so much of the country surprised ... when President Nixon ordered the bombing of North Vietnam? The President has said a year ago that he would do it.

"Many persons apparently had not believed Mr. Nixon," the article continued, "when he made clear at a news conference in December, 1970 that he would accept no restrictions on the use of American air power in Indochina, and that if Hanoi threatened his objective of preserving a non-Communist South Vietnam, he would bomb the North."

Although beaten on the ground in Vietnam and defeated politically at home, the Nixon Administration has the same aims in Vietnam as the previous regime. Throughout 1969, '70 and '71, the war was fought on the ground by the Saigon army with tactical American air support. Then came the fiascoes in Cambodia and Laos and the accelerated erosion of their position in South Vietnam itself.

Now the massive air attacks against North Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos. While the bulk of American bombing is over Laos and Cambodia—and increasingly over South Vietnam itself as the military position around the Mekong delta and in the northern provinces deteriorates—the territory of North Vietnam has been bombed regularly since Nixon assumed office.

Up until the beginning of this year the American government and press down-played the bombing of the North, at times even denying it was going on.

The latest air strikes, however, have been accompanied by considerable publicity and drum-beating.

According to Fred Branfman, director of Project Air War, a Washington-based research organization, the latest bombings of the North "could well be the most serious escalation since the Gulf of Tonkin in May 1964." Claiming that the American administration "made unprecedented attempts in the last month to prepare the public for massive strikes against the North," Branfman said:

"The 350 planes that flew 24-hour, multiple sorties conducted raids as heavy as any ever launched against the North. Unless checked by public opinion, the Administration may well be prepared to level Hanoi and Haiphong, mine Haiphong Harbour, and possibly even bomb North Vietnam's system of dikes."

The plausibility of Branfman's prediction was underlined by Neil Sheehan (of Pentagon Papers fame) in the *Times*.

"The Administration is trying, with air power, to stave off a major military setback in Indochina, particularly during a sensitive election year. The fact is that the President's Vietnamization policy is once more endangered and, having progressively used up other means, he is now becoming more and more reliant on the air weapon to carry forward his strategy."

Sheehan goes on to trace the course and results of the invasion of both Cambodia and Laos. In spite of the invasions, terror raids and bombings, the position of the American military and President Thieu's forces in both Cambodia and Laos is now worse than it ever was. According to Sheehan, Thieu has warned the Americans that his army cannot attempt another foray into Laos, and Nixon knows the American public will not accept another military adventure into Cambodia.

So the only option for Nixon is to escalate the air war over the North in the hope of preventing complete American wipe-out during an election year.

The idea that Nixon can make such a cynical judgment of domestic reaction to the bombing of the North indicates the problem facing the peace movement in America. Anybody who is anywhere with radical chic will tell you, "Vietnam is last year's issue."

But the war goes on, and the main burden is on the Vietnamese to bust up this new bombing strategy as they have every American, and before that every French, and before that every

### NEXT BEST THING

"It's the next best thing to a nuke" say the military men in Vietnam.

"Nuke," of course, is the catchy little military-jargon word for a nuclear bomb, and the next best thing to it, according to the generals, is the BLU-82B, a "general purpose" high-explosive concussion bomb, 4.5 feet in diameter and about 11 feet long. Stuffed with about 12,600 pounds of ammonium nitrate, aluminum powder and a binding agent, the BLU-82B packs quite a wallop. In fact, it kills everything within 3,280 feet.

While admitting the existence and use of the bomb, U.S. Air Force officials are rather vague about details. "It's only used two or three times a week" said one officer, while another suggested modestly that "it's such a devastating weapon we hate to give it much publicity." Thus,

But it does its job. The "next best thing to a nuke" has been dropped approximately 150 times and it is estimated to have destroyed all life in areas totalling 116,000 acres.

Japanese strategy to defeat them.

Even through the garbled press reports, one can conclude that the Vietnamese quickly screwed up Nixon's new offensive. A *New York Times* reporter spoke to some of the gung-ho American pilots who had been regularly tearing themselves away from their floating hotels in the Gulf of Tonkin to bomb the undefended villages in the South and now had to interrupt Christmas to fly north. He received the following picture:

"The raids cost at least four American jets, one from the Coral Sea. Only one of the eight pilots who went down was rescued.

"Few of the fliers on this ship want to go through such raids again.

"It was sheer insanity," said a Phantom navigator who did not want to give his name. "The clouds were so solid we couldn't see the ground, but the SAM's could still see us."

"Other pilots reflected the widely held view that the bombing was not successful because of poor timing and bad weather. 'It was a farce,' said one."

Well, those are the fortunes of war, and the Vietnamese do have this aggressive habit, which has confounded the American military for years, of shooting back at everybody who shoots at them.



by Claude Balloune

## Running Scared:

Jack McClelland, of McClelland and Stewart, is sitting on a manuscript that, if ever published, is guaranteed to be a blockbuster bestseller, according to a source close to the firm. It's a biography of Samuel Bronfman, late patriarch of the enormously wealthy Bronfman clan and founder of Seagram's Distilleries, reputedly the biggest booze outfit in the world. It details how Sam got his start being the largest supplier of Canadian booze to U.S. prohibition era rum runners; and his close association with American gangsters, notably Dutch Schulz who ran the Jersey mob. Unfortunately for Canadian publishing, Jack has been sitting on it for nearly two years. Apparently, interested parties have exerted sufficient pressure to keep it out of print. The Bronfmans are very touchy about the past.

\* \* \*

It appears that the life of a supergroupie, wielding untold power behind the scenes in the East Block, isn't all it's cracked up to be: several of the heavies in the Prime Minister's office are planning to give it all up to become impotent Liberal MPs. Marc Lalonde, the PM's chief of staff, is almost certain to seek a Quebec seat, (possibly Eric Kierans's Duvernay riding) while executive assistant Tim Porteous and Tom D'Aquino of the PMO staff are also expected to enter the electoral fray . . . Meanwhile Cabinet ministers from East and West are enviously eyeing safe Ontario Liberal seats to stay in the House of Commons. The ambitious Transport Minister, Don Jamieson, saw most of his Burin-Burgeo constituency go Tory in the October Newfoundland provincial election, while Justice Minister Otto Lang is worried about going under in the Saskatchewan NDP tide. Other Ministers in potential trouble include Ron Basford, Jean Chretien, Jean Marchand and 'Gentle Ben' Benson . . . Still sweating after just barely surviving the hatchet in the recent cabinet changes are Chretien (or Cretin as the native people call him) at Indian Affairs, and Marchand, under increasing fire at Regional Economic Expansion.

## Media manoeuvrings:

Montreal Mayor Jean Drapeau, running into a string of bad luck lately, keeps happy persuing his great passion — opera. Currently, his most passionate, some would say sizzling interest is Colette Boky, New York Metropolitan Opera soprano. They spend a lot of time in intimate discussions about the art . . . Drapeau may have his ups and downs, but at City Hall he rides the elevators alone. Nobody is allowed into an elevator car with him.

\* \* \*

TIME (Canada) (sic) insists it's serious about its

claim to be building a new "Canadian" image; but its new chief correspondent in Canada, the one who does the national reporting out of Ottawa, is an American called Lansing Lamont, recently transferred from a stint in London, England. He knows nothing about this country . . . *The Montreal Star*, which only two years ago made a valiant attempt to improve its image in Quebec, appears to be emulating *Time*. It's back to where it started, with an increasing reputation for almost total incomprehension of the Quebec scene. One of the reasons: a casual survey of 21 people working on the *Star's* rim, news and city desks revealed only one native Quebecker. In addition, most of their senior editors are either British or from Western Canada. The French Canadian reporters they so zealously recruited are now almost all gone . . . It took the *Star* two days before it finally got around to mentioning the scandal involving Montreal Police Chief Jean-Jacques Saulnier. *Le Devoir* printed details of a secret police report which revealed that Saulnier received a colour TV set from the owner of the La Salle hotel, when he was head of the Morality Squad and the hotel had a reputation as a prostitution centre. The *Toronto Globe and Mail* reported details well before the *Star* got around to it . . . Police Chief Saulnier, by the way, was caught in 1962 sitting on top of a telephone pole. He was charged with illegal wiretapping but was acquitted.

## Speaking about justice:

Speaking about Justice, Montreal photographer Michel Giroux is still trying to collect \$400 for John Turner's election campaign photos . . . The Justice Department should have a look at Bell Telephone, which competes with CN-CP in the Telex business. Allied Van Lines, Husband Transport, Gill All-Transport Express and Lous Transport all buy telex lines from the Bell, paying for various amounts of time between nine and five. However, they use the telex lines 24 hours a day. Informants say this is done either because the companies involved have friends at the Bell, or else Bell is illegally bypassing government-set rates.

\* \* \*

When Prime Minister Trudeau arrived in Washington in December, he found the city decked out in flags — of Brazil. They were for the visiting Brazilian dictator, appropriately named Medici, who was due next day. Guest list at the PM's dinner with President Nixon included Edward Cole, president of General Motors; B. R. Dorsey, president of Gulf Oil, and Walter B. Wriston, chairman of the First National City Bank.

\* \* \*

One sign of the low fortunes of Quebec's once-powerful Union Nationale party (now Unite-Quebec): leader Gabriel Loubier is negotiating to sell all the party's

assets, including the Renaissance Clubs in Montreal and Quebec City and the daily morning tabloid *Montreal-Matin*. Among the groups reported dickering with him for the newspaper are the giant Power Corporation interests, owners of the silenced Montreal afternoon daily *La Presse* . . . Ottawa sources say that Mrs. Suzanne Lantot, wife of Cross kidnapper Jacques, is homesick for Quebec and wants to return from Cuba with her two children. The contact with the immigration department has been made by a close relative of Laporte kidnapper, Bernard Lortie. She is alone among the exiles in facing no charges. . . . Why does the Security and Intelligence branch of the RCMP have such a thick file on Bernadette Devlin, the Irish MP?

### Ted's a real dummy:

Recently Ted Kennedy and a group of his hotshot aides descended on Ottawa one fine Saturday morning. He wanted to see the Minister of Health and Welfare, John Munro, to be briefed on Canada's health system. Munro was out of town so Kennedy had to settle for some senior aides. After many hours of discussion, they came away with the impression that Kennedy was a real dummy. It seems he could never get it through his head that Canada is a federal system and that health is primarily a provincial concern. The health officials, however, came away much impressed — with Kennedy's aides.

\* \* \*

Canada's newest newspaper columnist, Joey Smalwood, found it easier than most people to find an outlet for his thoughts on life. He had a paper bought for him. The *St. John's Daily News* was purchased in December, ostensibly by the defeated former provincial mines minister, William Callahan, but reportedly with Liberal Party money. A few weeks later the paper announced it would be carrying Joey's column. . . . Western Broadcasting, which has just taken over Grenada TV's interest in Bushnell Communications, will try to oust Stu Griffiths from CJOH-TV and Bushnell.

\* \* \*

Word has it that John Bassett, the beloved owner of the late *Toronto Telegram* who joined the Bronfmans in acquiring control of the Montreal Canadiens, has plans to buy out Canadian Marconi's CFCF-TV and radio in Montreal. Jacques Courtois, front man for the Canadiens' takeover, would make an ideal front man for the new deal, satisfying the CRTC's desire to find a local owner for the Montreal setup. That would give Bassett major sports and broadcasting interests in the country's two biggest cities. . . . After finishing off the *Telegram*, Bassett tried to buy into FP publications which partly owns the *Globe and Mail*. His objective was Calgary oilman

Max Bell's holdings. Bell had just completed complicated estate planning to avoid the impending capital gains tax. Bassett, armed with \$60 million in financing, arrived too late and the deal was scotched.

### Media morale:

Since we're bogged down in the media, we'll plow on. Morale at CBC's Weekend unit is running low. Reporter Larry Zolf ended up in hospital recently a nervous wreck, suffering what was described as "strain and exhaustion" after top man Richard Nielsen gave him and producer Ralph Thomas just nine days to come up with a one-hour special on the Conservatives, apparently to give some balance to a heavy run of Trudeau-Liberal items. . . . in the middle of it, Nielsen assigned Zolf other work, including the embarrassing "interview" with thud-head Joe Borowski and Germaine Greer. Zolf got flak from everyone — including Nielsen — for that, but despite it all managed to complete the Tory special before checking into hospital. . . . Rompin' Ron Collister, who brings good cheer from Parliament Hill to CBC National News viewers, recently ran for the presidency of the Parliamentary Press Gallery — as the left wing candidate. He lost.

\* \* \*

Peter C. Newman, the keeper of the Canadian sole (basket, fried and almandine) has once again proved himself to be a magnificent fishmonger. One of his staff members at *Maclean's*, Walter Stewart, has written a bilious biography of the Prime Minister, entitled *Shrug*. Newman took it upon himself to write a long personal letter to Trudeau disassociating *Maclean's* from the book and offering his apologies for this uncivilized affront to the PM. However, in one of the more deft strokes in his career, the Prime Minister smiled, shrugged — and forwarded a copy of the letter to author Stewart (some reports claim the copy came from Marc Lalonde's office). It arrived on Walter Stewart's desk at about the same time as a personal note from Peter C. Newman — congratulating him for the book. (As a postscript, Stewart sent Newman a note back. His resignation) . . . Incidental intelligence: Peter C. has a file labeled "Nice things said about Peter C. Newman." He apparently doesn't have one labeled "Nasty things. . ."

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Pierre Vallieres, fresh out of clandestinity, is now a champion of woman's liberation, admits *White Niggers* is tinged with male chauvinism. . . . Anyone interested in a good long shot bet, should put his money on Claude Ryan running for the Conservatives in the next federal election. Claude Wagner as a Tory is still iffy.

IT

the story of

## JOSEPH R. SMALLWOOD



Camerarun

• Premier of Newfoundland and Labrador;

I am an organizer;

an amateur student of economics;

Newfoundland's most meticulous historian;

the greatest, boldest, daring, gambling Liberal of them all;

falling down with age, talkative, can hardly stand up;

it's time to go.

by Boyce Richardson



met Clint Shaw on the steps of the Confederation building in St. John's, Newfoundland after he had laboured up the hill to complete his journey on roller skates from Victoria, British Columbia, along all 3,900 miles of the Trans-Canada highway—the biggest private family centennial project in Canada. A tall, handsome young guy, simple, sweating and puffing, supremely Canadian, he was proud of his achievement.

And now, here he was, an ordinary Canadian citizen, being officially greeted by Joseph Roberts Smallwood, Premier of Newfoundland and Labrador, making like an old newspaperman, questioning the young hero on the triumphs and heartbreaks of his epic journey.

"You're a fine fellow," said the Premier.

"And back in Canada," said Clint, "we really like you. We think of you as a man who says what he thinks."

The Premier was quite happy with that. Clint was proud to be a Canadian. "I would like," said Clint, remembering his lines, "to bring you a message from Premier Wacky Bennett and all the people of British Columbia."

"Well, on behalf of the people of Newfoundland and Labrador..." said Joey..."Now, tell me, is there anything we can do for you?"

"Could you write off a letter to Premier Wacky Bennett?"

Three thousand nine hundred miles for *that*?

\* \* \*

Four hours before Clint arrived on the steps, I was travelling down from the eighth floor of the Confederation Building in Joey's private elevator, access to which can be gained only by his personal key. He marched quickly across the lobby, a short, plump, nervously energetic man with the creased face of a clown hidden behind, but not far behind, his politician's mask. We entered a corridor and Joey took out another set of keys with which to let himself into his private dining room. He poured some sherry and turned on the transistor. We talked in a desultory fashion about the pictures on the wall. But when the news came he silenced everyone, and as his opponents were referred to by the newscaster he would lean forward occasionally and mutter, "stupid bastards". We sat down, were served with soup. Three ministers turned up, deferring to him. He was the king, and the rest of us courtiers. He began to talk, and he went on talking all afternoon.

This was in 1968. His hold on the province appeared to be slipping, for in the June federal election six out of seven seats were won by Tories. Earlier two members of his Cabinet, John Crosbie and Clyde Wells, had resigned, charging him with dictatorial incompetence and intolerance. A month after the election he announced he would resign in 18 months, give up the position he had held for nineteen-and-a-half years, unchallenged by any mortal man.

Les Curtis, the spineless minister of justice, asked as the meal ended what he should do if the two resigned ministers wanted to sit on the government back benches. "Crosbie yes," said Smallwood peremptorily, "he has every right in the world. Wells, never." He flopped into an armchair, on which a footrest sprang up at his touch. I asked him did the two ministers resign from the party whip. "Of course they did," he said. "They resigned by crossing the floor of the House." And how that happened explained how Smallwood governed. Crosbie and Wells turned up at the Legislature the day after they resigned to find that their desks had been moved to the other side of the House. They sat in them. "So there is no argument about that. They

did cross the floor of the House," said the constitutional expert. "They didn't have to sit in the desks. They could have picked them up and carried them back, or had them carried back, but they did cross the floor. No argument about that."

"But, I asked, did they resign from the party whip? Did they resign from the Liberal party?"

"Of course they did," he cried, "by crossing the floor of the House. That is Parliamentary tradition. The fact probably is the stupid bastards didn't know any better. They didn't know what they were doing."

\* \* \*

He began to explain how Newfoundland had never had an organized political party before. None. Not one. Never. Never. Not one. With each phrase he flung his hand down on the arm of his chair, to make sure I hadn't missed the point. So how did he maintain himself in power?

"I chose the candidates. All of them. I chose them."

So, I said, they're all your men?

"Right. All of them. When elections came around, I chose Liberals for each constituency, and they were always elected."

"My ministers come back every time, every time, they come back, they say to me... Now there is Mr. Curtis, attorney general and minister of justice, sitting there..." (Curtis is reading a paper and pretending not to listen to the conversation, which indeed he must have heard many times). "He has been elected 16 years. He comes back every time. Maybe it is just arse-kissing, maybe they are just sucking up. Mr. Roberts there, a young man, maybe they just want to make sure of their place in the Cabinet. Maybe they are just kissing my arse. But every time..." He emphasizes each word with a downward thrust of his hands. "Every time they come back and say to me, I was not elected. They didn't vote for me, they voted for you, they voted for Joey Smallwood."

"Now if that is true, as they all say... then what happens when I go, eh? What is left? Nothing. Who takes over then?"

"So I have decided to leave behind a big, card-carrying party membership. A strong party of card-carrying members. Card-carrying." He takes a card out of his pocket. "Here is the famous Liberal wallet. It is a billfold, see? They pay their one dollar, and they get this, and the Liberal party card is in there. There is mine. I am number one."

But, I said, some people claimed he was up to the same old trick, the same thing as before, setting up his own organization. He leapt to his feet and began pacing round the dining table at a breakneck speed, so that to keep your eye on him was like watching a tennis match, and you had to keep your eye on him in case he suddenly stopped, his body thrust forward, his arms open in supplication and entreaty as he asked you some confusing, barely comprehensible question.

"I am," he cried, "I am, of course I am. I am organizing it. I, I, I am organizing them. I do not hide it. I am not ashamed of it. I am an organizer. I have organized 16 unions in my life. Myself, I organized them. I organized some cooperatives. I am an organizer. There is always one man who organizes, right? I am choosing the men to lead it and organize it. But you must understand, I want you to grasp this, I have the same power as everyone in history before me."

As I found out later, Joey wasn't kidding, nor exaggerating. He had given me an exact description of the source

of his power. He was one of the few Newfoundlanders of ability who had returned to the island and devoted themselves to it. In the years before Confederation he had established himself as a popular hero with his nightly broadcasts—part history, part gossip, part chat, part glorification of Newfoundland—as the Barrelman. The Barrelman told them to have confidence in their own place, their own lives. And when he got into politics, they embraced him as their own. He never had the need to be backed by a strong political organization. His power rested in the people. If Joey chose a man, the people would vote for him. If he told them not to vote for a man, they would not.

Ted Russell, a gentle, aging man, a reflective writer, a former politician, a civil servant in the last years before Confederation, broke with Joey in the early years. "There never was a man, at any time, in any era, who was so admired as Joe," Russell told me when I visited him in his little bungalow at St. John's. "I fought an election with Joe and got 80 per cent of the vote. But afterwards I went back and fought against him, and lost by 80 per cent. He was able to impose his will on everybody. If you didn't agree with Joe, you had no political future in Newfoundland. It is a tragedy. It is like a Greek tragedy."

Joe was always able to tell anybody, anybody at all, that he put them there, and they had better remember. He chose them for office, and if they opposed him, he could always dissolve parliament, choose a new bunch of men, and none of them would remain in their places. That is why he was able to talk to Curtis as he did, why Roberts sat uneasily listening while Joey outlined the brutal facts of life. "Young Roberts," people kept telling me, "has never put a foot wrong, as far as his relations with Joey go." Any young man who wanted to survive in Newfoundland politics had to know his place. Clyde Wells put both feet wrong when he not only resigned, but refused to pay obeisance to the leader before coming back in. He hung around for two years, proclaiming his intention of getting back into the Liberal party "to get Smallwood out". Some hope. Finally he quit politics. But Ed Roberts has hung on grimly to the bitter end, watching rivals with weaker stomachs fall away from the little man, puking.

\* \* \*

His secretary had told me he was occupied that day, she held out little hope for my seeing him. But already I'd been there for two hours, and he was just hitting his stride, in both senses of the term. Racing round the room, his short legs pumping away with a stiff-knee kind of action, the words poured out of him in an astonishing flood.

"What did you use for money?"

"Contributions from well-wishers, in exactly the same way, the same way, as any other political party."

Or you could say, I ventured, that since there was only Joey Smallwood politics, the money was for Joey Smallwood.

He leapt out of the chair again and resumed his walking up and down. Later, one of his ministers told me that he thinks more clearly on his feet, but I noticed that the action came whenever you asked him a slightly pressing question. He used it as a technique to divert attention from the question, to permit him to launch himself into a sort of private public speech.

"Never," he cried. "I never handled a cent of party funds. Never laid hands on a cent, never touched a cent. There was a treasurer, Senator Petten, and everybody knew who the treasurer was. He handled the money. I was never the treasurer. Squires was his own treasurer, handled his own

money, that got him into trouble, and when I became Premier, I decided never to touch the party money, and I never did."

"So the organization, really, was just the treasurer? There was you, and the treasurer, and that's all?"

"That's right. And the workers during elections. And then only in three towns, three, no more. Corner Brook, St. John's, Gander. That's all the organization we ever needed."

He got back on the chair again.

\* \* \*

You cannot be long in Newfoundland without hearing stories of people who are afraid to talk up, for fear that it might get back to Joe, and they would lose their business, or their livelihood. Ted Russell told me how, when he broke with Joe even his friends were afraid to be seen giving him a lift in their car. Clyde Wells told me about a Conservative businessman who wanted to go to the annual Conservative meeting, but was afraid to do so, in case Joe heard, and cut him off without any more government business. An air of fear developed in the island when Joey was at the height of his power though sometimes people wonder if Joey really caused it. Maybe it was just the timidity of cowards, of people who always wanted to second-guess the boss. . . . And then you hear a story like this: at the time of Confederation the most popular beer in Newfoundland was Black Horse. The local agent said something derogatory to Joe, and for more than a year the Liquor Board did not stock Black Horse. When the brewers came from Montreal to find out what was wrong, they were told they had better get a new agent if they ever wanted to sell their beer again.

"He was like Duplessis," says Ted Russell. "He admired Duplessis. He would have liked to have a machine of his own . . ."

\* \* \*

"I've heard it said," I remarked as he sat down again, "that you are very intolerant of criticism."

This time he didn't even bother to leap up. The accusation was so absurd that he didn't feel under any pressure. He gazed at me in utter wonderment at my naivete. "Me?" he said. "Me? Intolerant of criticism? After nineteen-and-a-half years, during which I have been criticized every day of my life? Intolerant? Me?" He spread his hands before him, bereft of words. (But not for long.) "I suppose if you are smashed, beaten to a pulp, battered by a man, for nineteen-and-a-half years then naturally you are not going to be fond of that man. That is what has happened to my opponents, and I understand it. But I have been the victim . . ." he paused to let the word sink in, it was an extremely effective piece of playing ". . . of amateurish journalism. Now, amateurish journalism need not be malevolent and petty. But in St. John's it is. I let them say what they like. That is up to them. I put myself in their hands. For all I know you may go back and do a hatchet job on me. That's up to you, I am talking to you, telling you the facts, and you will decide what you write.

"I ignore most of it. . . . I ignore 98 per cent of what is written about me. I can tell you, I give a press conference, and I haven't the faintest idea what is going to come out in the papers about what I have said. If I answered every attack made on me in the newspapers, I wouldn't have time for anything else.

"Now, what else?"



Public Archives of Canada

Joey makes his pitch to the Canadian Club in 1959

Joe Smallwood is a man who will cheerfully admit, in the general sense, that he has made mistakes. He would even say, as he did once at a public meeting, that "the little bugger has made as many mistakes as a dog has hairs." But when you questioned him about these mistakes, in particular, he would invent superb self-justifications, wild flights of the imagination, anything to convince you that he was right all along. From all sides you heard about his intolerance, his patronage, about the corruption of his regime, about his dictatorial methods, his one-man show. When you asked him about it, he seemed genuinely amazed at your simplicity.

\* \* \*

"What about patronage?"

"What patronage?"

"Jobs."

"Jobs?" He was out of his chair again, racing back and forth. "Jobs? What jobs?"

I began to wonder if maybe I'd been given a bum steer, if maybe it wasn't true that every corner of the island in every key job held a Joey man, doing Joey's work. Of course, it was all nonsense. The first thing he did as Premier, nineteen-and-a-half years before, he said, was to appoint a civil service commission. They must recommend names to the Cabinet, and the Cabinet must approve them. If the Cabinet did not approve, the commission had to send up another name, or two names, or 500 names, or as many names as were needed until the whole population of Newfoundland was exhausted in the Cabinet's search for the right man. "But in all of my nineteen-and-a-half years, do you know how many names we have sent back to the commission? One name. Now, not 100 names. One name, because we knew something about the candidate that they didn't know.

"Now does that suggest that I have controlled all the

jobs?" In the end, he said, counting the deputy ministers, the various commissions, the civil service commission itself, he figured that he controlled 40 jobs on the island, out of 6,000 people employed by the government, and then only if the Cabinet approved. All over Newfoundland, they would have been amazed to hear it.

We were interrupted by his secretary. She had that Mr. M. . . . out there, about his brother. "Send him in," said Joey. Mr. M came in. "Your brother will be all right, no need to worry," said the Premier.

"The trouble is," said Mr. M, "he doesn't believe I've spoken to you about it."

"Well, bring him in," said Joey.

Mr. M's brother came in, a tall gormless type, a lick of coat-tails. "Now I have been talking to John about a certain matter, and I want you to know you're going to be all right. Only I want to do it all in conjunction with certain other things, to make a complete whole of them, it will attract less attention that way . . . But don't worry, you're going to be all right." John's brother scraped off, metaphorically tugging at his forelock, and the Premier who controls only 40 jobs out of 6,000 got on with the interview.

\* \* \*

By this time I had got used to the pattern, the outraged indignation and injured innocence, the blanket rejection of all criticism, the amazing torrent of words. I asked what happened that his "party" lost six of the seven seats at the 1968 federal election. "I will tell you what happened. In the last week before the election, one ton, one ton of literature . . . I will not tell you what it was . . . Yes, I will. One ton of hate literature against Trudeau was distributed, very cleverly distributed in four seats. I will not tell you who did it. You can find that out for yourself. But we didn't know what was happening. We didn't know what had



'He got back on his chair again'

happened until a week after the election. And by that time, the people saw that the rest of Canada had voted into power as Prime Minister a homosexual, a Communist, an immoral person. And their reaction was not against him, as you might expect, but against themselves. They began to question, to wonder what they had done. And the tide has already turned right back. If we had another election tomorrow we would sweep the board clean again, as usual...."

asked him, this time, a question full of portent. At least he seemed to consider it so. "No matter how much industry you attract to Newfoundland, can you possibly do enough to create jobs for your people, since the economic projections show..."

He pushed his chair back behind the great desk, littered with papers, paperweights, little statues and knick-knacks, shook his head and said, "It's a very sad story." Then he leapt up impetuously, strode over to the open door and banged it shut. "Look," he cried, "I don't want you to get the idea that I'm a damned silly fool, full of vanity and conceit, another Leonardo da Vinci, an all-round man. I'm not that. But..." He turned and pleaded with me, almost, flinging his hands down towards the earth in emphasis of every word.

"I have... made... a study... of economics! That is my subject. That's the way I think. I have read every important book on economics in the last fifty years. I am an amateur, but I have done that."

"Now look," he leapt over to the huge globe that stands beside his desk. With enormous enthusiasm, swept up in some dream he was about to reveal, he leaned over the globe, banged one hand down on Baffin Island, the other on Venezuela.

"Look at that," he cried, "look at the shape. The Atlantic basin, look at the shape of it." He swept his two hands together in an arrowhead. "All coming to a peak here, at St. John's. The whole Atlantic seaboard," he ran his hand down past New York, through the Caribbean, down the coast of South America. "Over here, the European coast." He ran his hand down Scandinavia, through England, past Spain, into the Mediterranean. "Look at it, right over here." He reached the Lebanon, Israel. "We have access to all of it. Strategic position! St. John's in the centre, dominant."

"Now if you were the second best-informed man about Newfoundland, myself being the best-informed man, you

couldn't argue with that. No argument. Facts. Strategic position."

His studies had shown, he said, that the three major industries in Newfoundland would not employ any more people in ten years than they do now: mining would employ the same, fishing would employ fewer and forestry would employ fewer. The birthrate was the highest in North America, they had the lowest death rate, and the fastest growing population in Canada. "That spells economic disaster," he cried. "The people will have to move away. If that is the whole story. If that is the whole story. But is it?"

At this point, Joey begins again to dream the dreams of old. He has never been interested in the sea, or in the fishery. One of his first actions when he became Premier was to tell the fishermen to burn their boats, since Newfoundland was going to be industrialized. Many of them took the advice, surely the worst Joey ever gave anyone. His industrialization program has not won the great success he always hoped for it. Some people say it has failed miserably. He thinks not. Other people — Ted Russell, for instance — insist that there was more industry in St. John's when they were boys — cooperages, sail works, cordages, clothing factories — than there is today. But Joey has never ceased to believe in it, and he is still dreaming dreams. Pushed up against the facts of world economics, of automation, of capital intensive industry, pushed up against Newfoundland's remoteness from markets, its solitude, Joey has had to think up, on an ever-ascending scale, new schemes, and he has always tried to hire the top men, the best brains, the biggest, most expensive firms, to give his schemes some sort of realization.

Now his eyes gleam as he tells me about "the deep commodious harbours", one of Newfoundland's two unarguable assets; the other, strategic position. Could he put these two things together with cheap power? If he could, "they will be like Pavlov's dogs," he cried, "they cannot resist it, it is the law of economic nature." So this is why million after million has been poured away in loans, subsidies, concessions, grants, to any shysters who would build anything they could talk him into. His vast schemes for cheap power provided electricity for Quebec; he had to give away expensive power to his promoter friends in Newfoundland. "Drain and gain, you see," he cried (drain on the Treasury, gain from the multiplier: the man was a veritable encyclopedia of half-digested economic jargon). "How are these figures going to add up? Input and output, you see?"

\* \* \*

You keep wondering all the time: is the fellow half mad, as one of his former ministers said; is he really a poet manque, a literary man writing his novel in history instead of on paper, as a foreign intellectual described him to me; is he a political genius, as one of his Cabinet described him, a man whose gifts justify in him the tantrums of a prima donna; is he a great man, as the English peer whom he brought over to be president of the university insists, comparing him only with Winston Churchill?

"Which will it be," he cries. "I do not know the answer to that. But I am finding out. Let me tell you what I am doing. Action, now. Action, not words."

He rattles off a long list of reports that are being drawn up by "the fastest growing corporation in America", or the "biggest consultants in Britain", or the "most imaginative firm in California": reports on these reports, studies of these reports on reports. "I pray for a favourable answer," he said.

"This reckless, heedless, scatterbrained visionary," he

cried, "I appointed twelve Royal Commissions on health, on power, on transportation, on our economic prospects. Now that one, economic prospects, I have no faith in it whatever" (They criticized his methods of development, of government, of economic analysis and projection). "Nine of the members have told me that they did not even read their own report, and I haven't asked the other three members."

\* \* \*

His secretary came in to tell him that an old lady was waiting to see him. He strode out and ushered her into the office. She was feeble, beside his energy, and began to tell him they were vaguely related. Her grandfather was the grandfather of Joey's mother. He came over from Russia.

"No he didn't," said Joey (the best-informed Newfoundland historian). "He was a Huguenot, and he was converted to the Roman faith. He came over from the Channel islands. And he lost a leg."

No, no, she cried, tapping Joey playfully on the arm. "No, that was his son George, my father."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes, it was my father."

"Well, you should know if your own father lost a leg or not, but I was sure it was your grandfather."

Ah, she said, we always said you had all the brains in the family.

"You don't come to see me often enough," he said.

She said she had just been to the old folks' home, and the nuns there were saying he was as fit as ever, and how much he was needed.

"You will have to stop them from saying that," cried Joey. "I'm trying to get out. Now tell me, how old are you?"

She fluttered her hand against his shoulder again in mock modesty. "I will tell you how old you are," she said. "You are 65, and I am 67."

She was, as he reminded me later, giving him a couple of years' grace. She said she had the old age pension, and enough to pay her board with the nuns, and could he do anything for her?

"We will see what we can do," said Joey. "Now, you must come and see me more often."

The interview was over. The old lady was ushered painfully out. Joey was due on the steps to meet Clint Shaw. We went to the door of his private elevator.

"I'm almost sure she's wrong about that leg," he muttered.

Newfoundland's most meticulous historian.

suited to the audience of engineers to whom it was delivered. But it was too long, of course. He began by telling them that Newfoundlanders had lived for centuries by killing fish, seals and birds, by cutting down trees. This had built into them a certain destructiveness of mind, a lack of constructiveness.

"For the best part of five centuries we have lived on this island. We have developed a sort of in-built pessimism, a lack of faith in Newfoundland. God in heaven, what was there anyway, as century after century came and went and we were left just as poor at the end of each century as at the beginning of it . . . If we had a destiny at all, it was a destiny of poverty and inferiority, we developed an almost ineradicable inferiority complex, we were bedevilled by it, and for any individuals to break out of that was a great triumph and rarity.

"Through nearly all my life people have lacked faith in Newfoundland, in its potential, in its possibilities for growth and in its greatness . . . At the same time we could not live here on this rock, and suffer the storms and death and destitution, for centuries, without developing a great clannishness, an understanding for each other's weaknesses. So on the other side we had a sort of compassion for Newfoundland, and an altogether fierce, unreasoning, fierce pride in Newfoundland, a love of it so that we fiercely resented any word said against it. Our minds were not open, we were incurious, we did not accept, because we never thought of it, that Newfoundland had the potential of greatness.

"And this is how it is: here comes a statement that just staggers your mind. If it is true you are just left speechless. Every single bit of development in Newfoundland was done against almost unanimous opposition from every vocal person in Newfoundland, every writer, every journalist. The railroad, for instance, the building of it was done almost knee-deep in blood, they almost had to hack their way through the jungle of opposition to it. There was a wide and popular belief that the whole thing was a gigantic piece of bluff that was going to plough Newfoundland under. Remember, at that time in Newfoundland there was not a fishing boat that had an engine. What did a poverty-

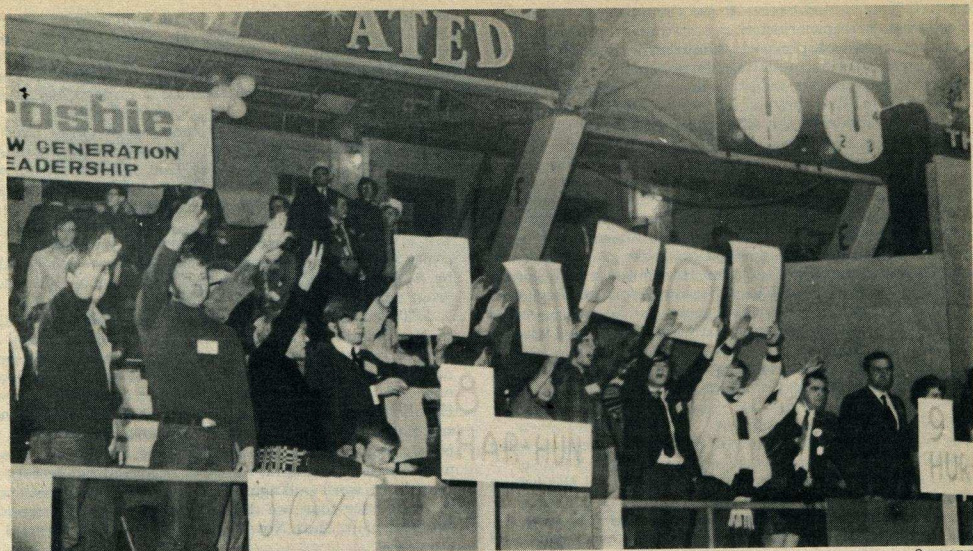
Camerasun



Crosbie: could have carried his desk back

**W**hen I visited him at his home two days later, on Sunday, he was wearing a rather splendid red open shirt, a pair of corduroy trousers, and slippers. I arrived at lunchtime, having driven the 40 miles across the haunting landscape of the Avalon peninsula, and we had a quick lunch. Then we got up, and Joey put on a tape-recording of one of his recent speeches, "to give you an idea of my thinking." Pacing up and down, through a litter of statues from Africa and Asia, Chinese horses, buddhas, books, flags, maps, magazines, totem poles, eskimo dolls, globes, plants, pictures, elephants, gods, birds and busts (eleven of John Wesley alone), he listened to himself with deep appreciation, interrupting occasionally to laugh at a joke or remark to me . . . "Oratorical trick, that, oratorical trick . . ."

It was, as a matter of fact, a remarkable speech, thoughtful and provoking and carefully structured, ideally



Anti-Joey students defy him with the Nazi salute

Cameroon

stricken rock like that want with a railway?"

The speech ran for two tapes; he turned it off, looked up and said, "That speech received no publicity. Not a word." It was a plea, of course, similar to the one he had given me in his office, for desperate measures to pull Newfoundland somehow into the centre of world economic development. He said much the same thing a few days later; when he talked to the card-carrying members of his new Liberal party; but the contrast in style was an education in political savvy.

For a long time, pacing around his beautiful main room in his house, he talked and talked about his government's Crown corporations, about the problems he had faced when he took Canada into Confederation.

"We faced the most appalling problem ever faced by a Canadian province. Our population was 350,000, and they were living in 1300 settlements scattered around 6,000 miles of the coastline. The fishery was becoming less and less profitable every year. The men began to leave the settlements and go to work as loggers.

"We were faced with an insoluble problem. It was just plain bloody goddamned nonsense to try to solve it. We have reduced the settlements by 500, but having done so we had to find something for the people to do. To stop them going away we had to start a great loud hullabaloo that this is the province of the future, but having got them to the larger settlements you just cannot leave them there, you have to find work for them. I have often wondered in moments of depression if it is not a hopeless task, but we had either to move everybody out, to turn Newfoundland into Canada's poorhouse, or to develop Newfoundland. That is the course I took. It has cost money, and it is going to cost a lot more."

He was talking now about Newfoundland's agonizing dilemma, the drama that has torn the hearts of many Newfoundlanders as they have seen the old, solid values of the outports slowly being destroyed by economic pressures, partly those stimulated by Joey's policies, and partly

by blind economic forces that could not have been resisted, even if Joey had wanted to. A few days before Zenon Zametz, a civil servant Joey had brought from Ottawa to run the centralization program sat and read to me a newspaper editorial in which he was advised to read Mr. Ted Russell's play *The Holdin' Ground*. "I have read it," said Mr. Zametz, a trifle wearily, "But I don't agree with the sentiments. I don't agree that a bunch of people should be expected to perch on the side of some rocks for 25 years just so that a displaced bishop can come back from some other place and pride himself with having roots."

Mr. Russell himself had told me: "I wrote about eight plays, all on the same theme, the saving of the old Newfoundland. But eventually I stopped writing. I gave them up. The only people who appreciated them were intellectuals living in St. John's, who would never have gone to live in an outport themselves. I decided I was out of my time." Russell never believed in Confederation. He never believed in industrialization. He doesn't believe now in centralization.

"The Commission Government had the opposite view, that we could make the people independent where they were. It's just possible if the war hadn't broken out when it did, they may have put Newfoundland on its feet. But now—one of these days somebody in Ottawa is going to step on Newfoundland with a pair of heavy boots, and Trudeau might be the man. It pays a man not to work. Millions of tons of our partridge berries are on the hills, and nobody is game to go and pick them. Men in the outports can earn \$1,000 a year. If you take them to a town and give them \$3,000, they have to pay \$2,500 on rent. A man with a family in a community of 200, with 60 children, a two or three roomed school—will they have a better chance of being educated if they are living over a beer parlour in town? If you ask me about education, you silence me. I cannot say anything against educating children. But even today I op-

pose taking a man out of a community unless he has an assurance of something better . . .

"But I gave up writing. I decided the age of romanticism died with Wordsworth."

\* \* \*

Joey began to talk about the biography written of him by Richard Gwyn, who had sat there with a tape-recorder for hour after hour, listening, as I was listening. "But when you write a biography of a man who is still alive, a politician who is still in politics, you have to lean over backwards to find everything wrong that you can, to prove that you have not been bought by that man. That is what he did, he strained all the time to find something critical. Now, for example, Gwyn says that until I was in my forties I did nothing. A failure. Not so. I had made my living as a journalist, all my life. And already my Barrelman broadcasts were a considerable achievement. For six years, six nights a week, there has never been anything like them, before or since. They christened me the blind patriot. I was like Ziegfeld with the American girl, I glorified Newfoundland. I became known as a fellow who would stand up for Newfoundland. Stories, anecdotes, countless stories of the strength, prowess, ingenuity, resourcefulness, courage, daring, unconventionality, a glorification of Newfoundlanders, I had an enormous correspondence, tens of thousands of letters. There has never been anything like it. I always carried a torch for Newfoundland.

"I was kind of proud of that title, the blind patriot. And yet Gwyn says, it was of no account, laughed at by the professional historians. Professional historians! There were no professional historians. I was the only professional historian of Newfoundland."

\* \* \*

"Newfoundland," said the painstakingly honest Dr. Alain Frecker, one of Joey's Cabinet ministers, as I left him a day or two later, "has been his lover."

\* \* \*

Some men arrived, eight large, quiet men, painfully shy and ill at ease, who had come from their fishing village on Little Bay Island to plead for somewhere to store their fish. They ranged around on chairs and sofas, Joey sat back. "Now would any of you like something to drink?" They greeted him with embarrassed smiling refusals. "Are you sure? No one want a little whisky? A beer then?" He pointed at one man. "Now how many do I have. Do you want a drink?" Eventually one man said, "All right, I'll speak up for myself. I'll have one," and he was joined by five others.

"Now who's the spokesman?" asked Joey. They indicated Joey's son Bill, who then outlined the problem: the men lived halfway between the fish plant at La Scie and the fish plant at Twillingate. When they returned from the Labrador coast with their catch, it was too far for them to go to drop their fish off at the plants. So they either needed a new plant, or they needed a holding plant where they could leave their fish to be picked up by a boat from one of the two plants. They argued for a plant on Little Bay Island instead of Nipper's Harbour because "we have better harbours, we have two of the best harbours on the whole island". No one mentioned, as someone did to me later, that the dilemma was partly of Joey's making: the provincial government had rushed into things in too big a way, had put two big plants along the northern coast, badly adapted to handle the business of the fishermen, who were scattered in dozens of hamlets at spots remote from the plants.

But he handled them marvellously. He had to reject their plea for a full-scale fish plant, for it would have to be subsidized by the government, and this was not the time, the money was not available, and deficiency payments could not be made. He dragged in the international market, the nefarious operations of governments who subsidized their fish prices without telling anybody or mentioning the dread word deficiency, who dumped their fish at cheaper prices into Newfoundland's American markets.

He discussed the merits of the men who ran the fish plants. "He's mad that one," said Joey, "but I wish we had a few more like him. It is the safe, cautious men who are ruining the fishery." He got Bill on the phone to call up the deputy minister, the manager of the fish plant, the members of the board. Unfortunately, this being Sunday afternoon, no one could be reached. "So I'm afraid you'll have to wait overnight, and come in to my office in the morning. I will have Mr. Maloney there, he is a good chap, the best minister of fisheries we have ever had, and we will go into the whole thing together then. Now can you do that? Good."

"We are in Little Bay Island to stay," said one fisherman, sitting forward. "We've got a lot going for us. We have six point five miles of road. We have 14 vehicles. We have a new federal wharf. We are getting the dial telephone. We are not intending to leave, sir."

He got them talking about an old captain he knew from there, about the Orange lodge, about his 11 busts of John Wesley, about his crucifix standing behind the bust of Wesley. "Now you see that row of books, gentlemen? More than 200 of them, and every one about Christ. He was quite a fellow, eh?"

"It won't be long, sir, before there's as many written about you," said one large man in heavy plain grey tweeds.

\* \* \*

The interview was almost over, but I ended it on a sour note. "I cannot understand," I said, "many people cannot, how a man who had walked 400 miles along the railway track to organize unions in his youth could have reacted as you did to the IWA."

It was not a diplomatic question. I could well have done without asking it. But his treatment of the International Woodworkers in the famous loggers' strike of 1959 was the single action by which any left-wing person judged him. He knew it. Most people had the impression that he did not mind having broken eggs in his life as Premier, but he wishes he had not made such a mess of that strike. He began, as usual, a complete history, a drawn-out polemic, a dramatic political speech, in defence of his every action. He paced around so quickly, talked so fast and intensely, that by the time he was finished he was puffing, panting for breath. He was, it turns out, totally justified. He fought the good fight for Newfoundland against industrial anarchy and violence. If he had not won, the IWA would have destroyed all prospects of an economic future for Newfoundland. "You can't understand it," he said to me as he ended the recital. "You don't believe me. No one from the mainland does." It was the only defeatist thing I heard him say in all our hours of talk. Not long after, I said goodbye, and I had the impression that he was glad to be rid of such a sceptic.

\* \* \*

Six days later, as a local band played "Hello Dolly" he marched like a conquering hero down the aisle of the Corner Brook armory between the ranks of his card-carrying Liberal membership. It was the third of his big four organiz-

ing meetings. And he made a most extraordinary speech. He may have been sophisticated and elegant when addressing the Newfoundland engineers, but the rank and file in Newfoundland politics were not schooled in the nuances of democracy. And Joey judged that his talk to them had to be pretty basic. It was: a hilarious performance, a joke that he seemed to enjoy as much as anyone, a fantasy, a piece of poetic exaggeration.

On the same day the Tories had a convention in the same town.

The Tory meeting was a sad, tiny, rather ill-organized affair, entirely dominated by the hated image of the little man. "Guarantees, promises, concessions, assurances, and outright loans have been given away in the spirit of a drunken sailor ashore," cried the Tory president. And on the subject of Joey's leaving office. "Does a mouse leave its cheese, does a crow leave its carrion, does a buzzard leave its carcass? Rats do leave the sinking ship."

Joey's convention was huge and full of noise, bustle and enthusiasm. The mayor of Corner Brook, one of the dozen or so people who had tried to lead the Tory party against Joey, welcomed the delegates and said Joey was a great Newfoundland who had worked night and day for Newfoundland. Joey in reply said the Mayor was a great Newfoundland, and "since he is, he ought to be a Liberal. But while the light holds out to burn," Joey declaimed, "the vilest sinner might return." He did, two years later, when a desperate Joey appointed him to the Liberal Cabinet.

"The bands today are a credit to the gloriously lovely city of Corner Brook," cried Joey, "which I have had the vast honour to represent in the House of Assembly.

"It is a glorious meeting. My heart feels humble, I feel peaceful, I feel happy, glad, and satisfied, to look around this vast meeting and see the faces of Newfoundlanders that are my friends, Newfoundlanders that have made the Liberal party and government. I am so pleased and happy, I feel humble and happy and pleased by it.

"Why have you come here today...? Well, I will tell you why. It's to do something that never has been done in Newfoundland before. The Liberal party and Tory party in Newfoundland have never been organized grassroots parties. They haven't been parties made up of thousands and thousands of ordinary common people. The Liberal party has been a party of sentiment and emotion, but not organized, and not in the hands of the common people.

"I have been the leader for nearly 20 years, and as you can all see, I have become a very old man, feeble, talkative and weak, falling down with age, talkative and I can hardly stand up, no energy left, no energy of mind or body. And it's time for me to go. But before I go I want to leave behind me, out of patriotism, not out of selfishness, out of patriotism, a strong Liberal party organization. I want it to be deep down in the hearts, to sink deep in the hearts of the fishermen, of the loggers, of the railroaders, of the clerks, of all the people of Newfoundland. I want the Liberal party to be a party of which the Newfoundland people can say, This is our party, we own it, we control this party, it's not just a party that hops and jumps when the whip is cracked, this is a party in the hands of the common people.

"Now any other Liberal could have called a meeting, could have done the same thing. But no other Liberal did. The one Liberal who called thousands of Liberals together, is the Liberal who happens to be talking to you at this minute."

He gave them a child's course in civics, then tucked his thumbs into his waistcoat and began to talk politics. The crowd was strangely quiet, unwilling to rise to his tricks

of demagoguery. Perhaps, after all, they knew it all, and were just waiting patiently for him to leave.

"Do you know who was the first Liberal in Newfoundland? He came to our shores nearly 1000 years ago. Lief Erickson was that man, that man, that bold and daring and gambling Liberal, that gambling Liberal, he sailed across the Arctic sea from Greenland into the Strait of Belle Isle, a great Liberal pioneer one thousand years ago. John Cabot was the next of the Liberals, another great bold Liberal pioneer, and Dr. William Carson was another great Liberal who fought for the right of people to live here, to put houses here, to put chimneys in their houses, to fence in a bit of land. He was attacked by the Tories of his day nearly a hundred years ago, but he brought representative government here in 1832, that great Liberal leader, he built the first road, that great Liberal leader.

"The first Premier of the country, the great Sir William Whiteway, was born in England, the boldest Liberal of them all, Whiteway, a bold gambling Liberal leader who put the railroad across the island. They said he was a madman, they said he was a fool, they said he was a traitor, a scandal to Newfoundland, he was going to bankrupt Newfoundland, and make it insolvent, but where would Newfoundland have been in the last three quarters of a century if that great Liberal leader had not gambled, the greatest gambler and boldest Liberal leader of them all, whose name will live as long as Liberalism is cherished in the hearts of men. Sir Robert Bond had to cut and slash his way through in the desperate dole days, Sir Richard Squires, another gambler, another man who took desperate chances for Newfoundland, what a chance he took to give us Corner Brook, to put the hum in the Humber, when all Newfoundland was down and out, bankrupt, insolvent, Squires, with the courage of a lion...

"Always the uphill fight, always the battle, a war against pessimism, against men of little vision, against some Newfoundlanders, who had no faith in Newfoundland"—a faith which reached its apotheosis, naturally, with J. R.



Don Jamieson greets Crosbie at 1969 Convention



Smallwood, the greatest boldest daring gambling Liberal leader of them all.

As a Liberal sycophant had declared at a previous meeting: "The tide is back in, the ship of state is in full sail, and Thank God Captain Smallwood is at the helm."

**A** year later Joey was about to resign as he had promised; but he had thought up a little variation on the plot. He would be a candidate to succeed himself.

"Well," I said, easing myself into a chair opposite his great, still littered desk, "since I was here last everything has changed."

It was a mere conversation opener, but he was not feeling like a conversation. He seized on my innocent remark and tossed it mercilessly into the air, like a bull tossing an unfortunate matador around. "Changed?" he said aggressively. "Changed? Nothing has changed. I have not changed. You have changed. The situation in relation to me and the people of Newfoundland has not changed. You have changed." He stabbed his finger at me while I tried to catch my breath. I was not sure what he might have in mind.

"You have no doubt heard the story of the seven blind men of Hindustan," he said acidly. "That is a continental newspaperman in Newfoundland. I can tell you if you had spoken only English, and gone to some place where they spoke a foreign language and had gone around that country muttering in your English for a month, you would have understood as much about that country as you discovered about Newfoundland when you were here."

I refrained from telling him that most of what I had learned of Newfoundland I had learned from him. That would not have helped. "I have nothing to say," he said. "I would prefer not to provide the head and tail of the elephant. You can go round prodding the other parts of the elephant."

The leadership convention was taking place the following Saturday. "You will see it all then," he said. "Whatever you write in your continental newspaper, whatever is written in any newspaper in Newfoundland will not have any effect on the voting."

Nevertheless, I said, it was true that the last time I met him, he was intending to resign from office.

"All this is correct," said the little Premier coldly, holding himself aloof behind his great desk. "I am resigning, I have the letter of resignation right here on my desk." He took it up and tossed it contemptuously towards me. "I will present it to the president of the Liberal association on Friday night."

Perhaps he would care, I ventured cautiously, to explain why he had decided to try to succeed himself?

"Unfinished business."

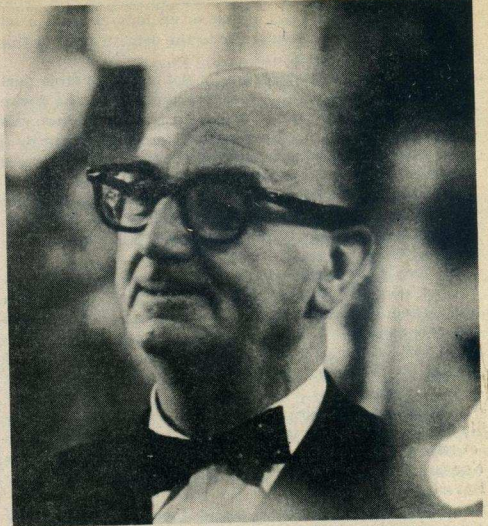
"Well," I said, "it appears you do not want to talk to me."

I made a kind of gathering up move, and for the first time he relented. "It is unfinished business in connection with industry. It has gone slower than I expected, because of tight money."

Was it not, I asked, unfinished business of the normal sort that could be handed on to his successor?

"Not work of the size and importance of the projects I have been negotiating."

Like what, you mean, Come-by-Chance, Stephenville?



'His fangs showed as he mounted the platform'

"Among others," said the Premier, "among others."

It was, of course, as we both knew (and he knew that I knew) a fantasy. He had decided to carry on because during the year it had become quite clear that the only man who could win a leadership race was John Crosbie, the cabinet minister who had defied him. Crosbie was rich, and was prepared to spend huge sums of money to organize support within the Liberal party so that he might take over from Smallwood.

Later one of the Premier's young Cabinet ministers, Bill Rowe, one of his 'little boys', told me how he had gone abroad during the year on a European trip with Smallwood, who had talked during the first part of the trip as if he really intended to resign.

Then one night in Rome he had awakened Rowe in the early hours of the morning, and used him as an audience while he recited his sudden change of mind, pacing up and down the hotel bedroom for hours.

"I have talked to him about it at great length," said Alex Hickman, who resigned as minister of justice just before the convention to become a third candidate, "and it always came back to the same thing: he was determined to smash Crosbie. That is why he is standing again. It has become an obsession with him."

By now he had worked up a terrific story about the spontaneous and mighty outpouring of affection for him that the Newfoundlanders were now making. There was a reason, of course, and it had to do with the only election he had lost in his 19 years as Premier, the federal election of which he had spoken to me the year before. The signs were that this unexpected setback, so much at variance with the election results elsewhere in Canada, had panicked the little Premier, and had started him off on the course of building the huge card-carrying membership of Liberals which he probably now very much regretted. If he did regret it, he wasn't letting on to anyone.

"I can give you a point of view about what is happening in Newfoundland," he said, loosening up (having got his

protest off his chest, he now began to talk in the usual way). "When we lost six of the seven federal seats a lot of people jumped automatically to the conclusion that this was a vote against me.

"That was an illusion. And a not inconsiderable part of the explanation of what is happening now is the desire of a very large number of people to show that that was an illusion. There is a positive and energetic desire by a great many Liberals to prove that theory wrong. There is an uprising, a veritable outpouring of support for me.

"What was the federal election in Newfoundland? I told Trudeau weeks after the election, I told him that the people do not consciously vote to make the anti-Christ prime minister of Canada."

There followed the by now well-known explanation about the tons of hate literature portraying Trudeau as a homosexual and the anti-Christ with which the province had been flooded. "I did not organize the last election," he said. "I did not lead it. It was the first one I did not lead myself. If I had been leading it I would have known about what was happening.

"But when so many people jumped with such alacrity to the conclusion that it was an anti-Joey vote, thousands of Liberals were quite angry at that suggestion and this present movement gives them the first opportunity they have had to show that is just not true."

Blameless in the federal defeat, pressured by the overwhelming power of the people's affection, for the first time Joey Smallwood was presenting himself as a man blown along helplessly by the course of events.

Elsewhere, they were telling it differently. What had preceded the leadership convention was a series of primaries, in effect a little general election, at which the 31,000 people who had paid their dollar for Liberal membership were allowed to vote for slates of candidates put up by Joey and Crosbie for the convention. Charges of corruption and intimidation were rife. The Crosbie camp told tales of dozens of people who had been intimidated, threatened with the loss of their jobs, if they did not line up behind Joe. They claimed that many people sympathetic to Crosbie had stood on Smallwood tickets, and "in the secrecy of the ballot box" on the convention floor they would express their real feelings by switching to Crosbie.

The *St. John's Evening Telegram* had called the battle "a disgusting display of the callous and cynical use of every dirty trick known to the seamier side of politics."

When Alex Hickman, a gentle and slightly ineffectual chap, decided to offer himself as an alternative to the two giants, he complained of the Premier's undemocratic tactics, and used words like "frightful and dreadful" to describe them.

The newspaper weighed in again with a reference to the "envy, greed, hatred and bitterness" revealed behind the Liberal facade in Newfoundland. Two declared candidates from Memorial University withdrew charging the convention of "reeking to the very seams with violent corruption," and a businessman candidate who later also withdrew said he had seen open cheating and dishonesty by Smallwood supporters at nominating meetings.

Smallwood, though bobbing like a bottle before the driving waves of the public's love, was certainly in there for real. He wrote an extraordinary little booklet, *To You with Affection, from Joey*, in which he boasted about his record. It was distributed to 100,000 homes on the island.

"84," he wrote in a chapter called "To Cheer Your Heart".

"Eighty-four.

"In all Newfoundland and Labrador.

"84.

"84 what?

"84 schools with indoor toilets.

"That was Newfoundland on the day I became Premier.

"Today; 838 schools have indoor toilets.

"We have not, in those years, produced any new or original education theory, philosophy or practice.

"But we have put indoor toilets in 744 schools that didn't have them.

"That's progress."

He spared nothing in tugging at the heartstrings. "They're booting me out," he cried in a speech in September. "They are kicking me out, like what you say to an old horse, an old plug. You're through, get the hell out."

Earlier he had said, "even though Newfoundlanders get mad, deep down in their hearts they love Joey," and at yet another meeting he had said: "Two years more of work. I believe I should be allowed to retire gracefully when I feel my work is done for Newfoundland. Haven't I earned that much?"

It was certainly a substantial war of words, with Crosbie accusing Smallwood of Nazi tactics, of the "rottenest kind of politics," and Smallwood replying that it was all hysterical hypocrisy. "I don't want it sent around the world and around Canada that I was booted out. I do not think I deserve the penalty of being booted out by the Liberals for whom I have worked," he pleaded, his dignity shattered.

Could it not be, I asked him, since our interview was now sailing along fairly smoothly, that he was making the classic mistake of aging politicians, holding on far beyond that time at which he should have gracefully retired, surrounded by the honours due to him. No, that could not be. "That is a very superficial analysis, and it is quite wrong," he said.

It was possible that he had made a mistake. "I am not convinced it is a mistake, but it might be. I made up my mind that I would not answer any word uttered by my opponents. I would not comment or answer. I have never mentioned their names, referred to them, directly or indirectly. This may have been a mistake.

"But I am thinking all the time about next Monday. I want a united and harmonious party, and if a couple of dissidents fling charges around, by four o'clock on Saturday afternoon it will be just as though they had never spoken."

He was right, of course: by Monday morning it was just as if those who opposed him had never spoken (and never would again): they had all been expunged by Joey from official positions in the Liberal party. Hickman, whom many naively believed would be invited back into the Cabinet, remained in the wilderness, and Val Earle, the finance minister who openly supported Hickman, was soon asked to leave.

A Toronto newspaper phoned to talk to him as I waited. "I am hopeful," he said, into the phone. "I am confident, you can supply your own word. I am pleading, imploring, praying, you supply your own word. It will make no difference what you say."

He had to leave his office for the CBC, and we were by now getting along so well again that he invited me to accompany him. We drove down past the University. "You see that glass wall," he said, pointing to a fine new building. "One of those panes of glass was broken. When I saw it I phoned up and asked why it had not been replaced. They said they did not have the glass in stock. I told them to get it into stock, to repair the broken pane. And then I suddenly realized that this was a state of mind I had gotten

into. I own these buildings; I own this university. I own all these roads that I have paved. I have got a proprietorial attitude towards this province. And I began to realize that this could be dangerous."

Avuncular before the cameras, under the critical probing of three inquisitors, two of whom supported his opponents, he said the campaign had been clean.

"Would you define the word clean?" asked Dr. Sherbourne MacCurdy, a teacher who supported Crosbie.

"I am not going to waste time," said Smallwood. "What I have said is the campaign we have waged is the cleanest ever waged in Newfoundland's history. Cleaner, more decent, fair and just. The incidents here and there have been blown up, magnified, exaggerated."

Many people, said MacCurdy, would be shocked and horrified by what was going on.

"Shocked and horrified by what some people have said is going on," said Joey. "There is virtually nothing to it."

He plugged again the harmonious and united party he would have after his victory, and when he was charged that he did not allow any place for rebellious spirits in the Cabinet he lectured them on the British system of collective Cabinet responsibility. Some of the finest people in Newfoundland's history had served in his Cabinets, and in 20 years, until Wells and Crosbie quit, only three men had left him, out of 100 Cabinet members.

"Have any returned?"

"No."

That abrupt answer revealed the steel behind the avuncular image. No one who crosses Smallwood can expect his tolerant understanding. The future would decide Earle's fate, he told the interviewers. "Crosbie has said he will not serve in your Cabinet," said MacCurdy.

"On that," said the premier, "We see perfectly eye to eye."

There were, however, he said, at least five ministers in the Cabinet who would make adequate premiers of the

province, "perhaps not today, not this year." But it would not have been in the best interests of the province for him to drop the great work he was engaged in.

I rode back with him to the Legislative buildings. The TV show had not been a great success for him. He showed his irritation by saying "that MacCurdy's an evil bastard."

Do you not feel, I asked, that this proprietorial attitude towards the province that you spoke of before makes it impossible for you to judge when the time has come for you properly to leave office?

"Not at all," he said. "The fact that I realize the danger, that I mentioned it to you, you didn't bring it up, I spoke about it myself, shows that I am on guard against it."

The only chance Crosbie had of winning depended upon the truth of the central Crosbie thesis, that the province was intimidated and brutalized, the delegates cowed, but secretly rebellious to the point where they would change sides in "the secrecy of the voting booth." One had, however, merely to clap eyes on the Joey supporters on the Friday evening to know that Crosbie's hopes were never going to be realized. Middle-aged people, for the most part, raw and gauche people from the outports, strong, silent and serious people, and uninstructed people, they were a formidable remnant of the droves of Newfoundlanders who had sustained Joe through the years with their affection and support.

They sat in the hall, wearing their straw boaters, holding up their Joey flags, sporting their huge Joey buttons, chanting their absurd Smallwood jingles, and there seemed not the remotest chance that they would vote for anyone but Joey. The Crosbie camp, organized by a professional public relations man from Toronto, replete with squads of cheerleading girls, of mini-skirted hostesses, attracting some of the more rebellious younger spirits to the unlikely banner of the prosaic and rich Liberal who had made himself the first centre of organized disaffection that Smallwood had ever faced, made all the noise, but did not carry the



Joey and Liberal minister (now Senator) Fred Rowe announce the 1971 election

Cameramun

votes. The liquor flowed like water in the hotels. The free breakfasts were magnificent. The literature, so-called, jammed everyone's pockets. But Joey won easily. As his vote was announced, the huge doors of the hall swung open, and a girl's pipe band marched in. Over the road, within seconds of the announcement, right opposite the front door of the hall, a huge illuminated sign was switched on, "JOEY WINS!"

"I knew about the sign," Joey told me the next morning at his home on Roaches Line. "But I knew nothing about the pipe band. I really knew nothing about it."

It must have been the only thing he had overlooked. He was in an expansive mood the morning after his victory. He settled in his chair, opened his morning newspaper, a special edition about the convention. "Mr. Clyde Wells expects me to resign," he commented. "There goes a deep and profound political thinker for you."

For the CBC I asked him what he thought of Randy Joyce, the youth candidate, who had made a long speech attacking Joey's form of Liberalism. "He is a fine fellow, an intellectual and a patriot. He believes in God, virtue, honour and motherhood and economic development, so he must be pretty good."

The evening before, just after his victory, his fangs had shown as he mounted the platform and yelled into the microphone, "Mr. Hickman has been up to congratulate me. I have no doubt Mr. Crosbie will do so too." It was not exactly the stuff calculated to unite the party, and the young Crosbie supporters booed him loudly, cat-called, wept a little and showed their defiance in a long demonstration. I reminded him of his pledge to heal the party's breaches, and asked if he thought he could stop the rebellion against him.

"I am not sure I would want to cure that sort of rebellion. They are youth in rebellion against everything. They do not know what they are for, they know what they are against, and that is everything. They shook their fist in the Communist style, and gave the Nazi salute. They are not interested in democracy. That is one of the things they are against."

He began a little speech, ridiculing the idea that he was the leader of a bunch of poor, old intimidated, cowering fogies, while Crosbie led the clean-minded, democratic, idealistic young people, that he led the fools and rogues and scoundrels whom he had bullied and intimidated, while Crosbie led the good guys. "That is for the birds," he said. And anybody who saw the convention had to agree with him. The Crosbie appeal rested on two unlikely premises: one that the people were voting for Joey out of fear, and two, that Crosbie was the standard-bearer of radical dissent.

I reminded him, however, of his hope of the year before, that the Liberal party could take over from himself, and asked if he would now accept the policy decisions of his newly-formed party.

"I do not see it operating on the level of policy," he said. "And the reason is this. After the founding meeting, the new party developed a serious flaw, an almost fatal flaw. And that is that Crosbie made the foundation of the association the medium for advocacy of his own candidacy, in every individual branch meeting. That created ill-will, and it ceased to be a united attempt to organize an association."

That was why he had decided to stay in the leadership. By his decision to organize the association, a decision taken in haste after the federal election defeat, he had handed a vehicle to the leadership to a man who did not agree with him. Now he had fought him off, and though politics

in Newfoundland would never be the same again, quite clearly Joey was not about to hand over decision-making to anyone, either in or out of the Liberal party. That was frank enough.

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A month before last year's election I went back to Newfoundland to see how Joey's desperate ploys had worked. Not very well. The two pathetic mayors of the biggest cities had been dragged into his Cabinet. Most other people had left. Crosbie, Hickman and Earle were with the Tories. Wells had quit. Curtis was no longer representing the government in negotiations with John Doyle (who had been represented by his legal partner, John Maloney). Now Maloney was representing the government in negotiations with John Doyle (represented by Curtis). Smallwood was shooting it off all around, and even Ed Roberts was talking about a collective leadership. It was hard to get to see him. He had developed an unreasoning hatred of newspapermen, especially journalists from the mainland who come down to Newfoundland and "mock me." Three years before, he'd put on a four hour show for you, loving every minute of it.

Finally I reached him on the phone and asked if he could see me. Why, he asked (beginning slowly) should he see me? Well, I said, to talk about politics.

"I don't like you, Mr. Boyce Richardson," said the Premier of Newfoundland, "I do not like the way you walk, I don't like the way you stand. I don't like the way you sit in my office. You sit in my office, listening . . . And just because you are there, just because you are there, you think you can repeat things you have overheard . . . I do not like the way you sit in my home. I don't like the clothes you wear. I don't like the way you wear your hair over your collar. You are untrustworthy. You are unperceptive. You do not understand anything. I don't like the way you wear your hair over your collar. And I am unhappy you are in Newfoundland. I wish you hadn't come. I have a large man in my office to deal with people like you, and if you set foot in my office I will have him take you by the scruff of the neck and throw you down the stairs. I rather wish you'd come. Then you'd have a story. No, I do not like you. I do not like what you write, and I do not like who you write for. You have done me a lot of harm. I will win the election without you."

But he didn't. He announced imperiously at the beginning of his campaign that newspapermen were not welcome to follow him around. He would win the election without them.

But he was beaten. Decisively rejected by the people of Newfoundland. He couldn't believe it. His defeat was caused, he said, by the fact that 88 per cent of the people voted. He would have won if only 71 per cent had voted. Such a result, he said, echoing his reaction to the 1968 defeat, would never happen again.

And three months after the election, though rejected by the people, he was clinging to office like a leech. It began to look as if they'd have to take him by the scruff of his neck and throw him down the stairs, but in the end, in January, after having tried every gambit known to politicians, he resigned. The whole thing had finally collapsed around his ears.

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# The 'Inc.' really means it; it's not a union

by  
Marc Zwelling

**C**ivil servants are normally a docile group. Over the years they have traded off good pay and other privileges for the right to claim the distinction of "working for the government."

Only the postal workers in recent years and a small number of other blue-collar workers have confronted governments with anything like the militancy routinely applied in the private sector.\*

One reason for civil servants' nonchalance toward their own welfare is the generally low quality of public-employee unions. Especially in provincial government offices, employee associations tolerate egregious paternalism and boot-licking.

There have only been small steps so far to indicate government employees are getting fed up. For instance, it was reported last year that in bargaining units comprising 100,000 federal employees, the strike option was being picked over compulsory arbitration by a majority of Public Service Alliance of Canada members.

The Alliance never had a strike in its history until

last year, when its members were involved in two, one ultimately declared illegal by the Public Service Staff Relations Board (which lays the ground rules for federal-employee bargaining).

Most provinces, however, don't give employees the chance to opt for the strike and have outlawed civil servant walkouts.

Another factor keeping militancy low in the provincial-employee ranks is a hoary isolation from real organized labour.

Until last year, when the Canadian Union of Public Employees (CUPE) made breakthroughs in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, only Quebec and British Columbia had civil service unions that acknowledged ties with the mainstream of organized labour.

Provincial employees still are almost the only wage earners who have no nationally based representation. John Fryer, the articulate and ambitious young general secretary of the B.C. Government Employees' Union, says the provincial-employee gap in the official labour family means not even the Canadian Labour Congress (CLC) can speak authoritatively for all the working people of the country.

To fill that vacuum — and undercoat its treasury — the CLC is hotly pursuing the provincial employee associations

\*The airport controllers, who struck in January, are a militant and potent outfit whose bargaining power comes more from the critical jobs they perform than from their tactics. And they are still only about one-half of one per cent of all federal employees.

(only Fryer's B.C. union is affiliated to the Congress so far). The Congress proposal is to create a new national provincial employees' organization to link the provincial organizations. In turn, the new national body would affiliate to the CLC. Such a catch would pull nearly 170,000 new members into the Congress and over a quarter of a million dollars annually.

Reeling in provincial employees will give a needed fillip to Congress leaders who are enchanted with growth. The federal labour department reported a 4.7 per cent expansion of union rolls in 1970 over the previous year, but could only substantiate it by counting members of the provincial employee bodies for the first time as union members. Taking civil servants out of the count, the labour movement grew hardly at all.

That is a hard nugget to digest for Congress chiefs bred on proliferation politics. (This theory says, basically, we must be doing something right if workers keep joining.)

Unity is never easy. Years ago the Congress signed over jurisdiction for provincial employees to CUPE. Although the union is working hard in the east, the remainder of the civil service remains cloistered in independent associations typically so introverted that the word "union" panics the membership.

CUPE president Stanley Little threatened to pull out of the CLC last year if his union was not reaffirmed the provincial employee union. The rest of the Congress executive board yawned and some vice-presidents actually hoped he would.

(There is a quite simple reason why provincial employee associations that resist CUPE will think earnestly about joining the Congress directly. The Congress is cheap insurance. CUPE's "per capita" tax is \$2.50 a month, about the standard dues paid by civil servants, or roughly 20 times the CLC's cost. Once under the Congress umbrella, the provincial organizations will be safe from raids, theoretically, by other unions. The parochial fiefdoms fashioned in the provinces will be secure.)

But national unity of provincial workers, like Confederation itself, is an uncertain phenomenon. Federalism, at least, will succumb to regional cataclysms of the economy. Failure to unite the provincial employees might be a one-man job.

The one man is Harold Bowen, for years the uncontested, autocratic general manager of the Civil Service Association of Ontario, Inc. (The "Inc." really means it; CSAO is organized as a corporation, not a union.) If Bowen acts in character, he will serve to wreck the chances for national unity of the provinces' employees.

In a mass, as Bowen understands, the structure may become stronger the larger it grows, but its parts become weaker and less distinct. As monarch for nearly 50,000 civil servants, Bowen shares power with none. Political opposition in the CSAO is virtually unheard of. Rebellions are effectively doused. Pretenders to his throne are just smashed.

Bowen doesn't need a new national organization. He's already got his own, the Canadian Federation of Government Employee Organizations (called phonetically, "Cee-Eff-George"). Eight civil servant groups belong (but not the B.C. union or Quebec's Syndicat des Fonctionnaires Provinciaux du Quebec, a wing of the Confederation of National Trade Unions.). CFGEO is dominated thoroughly by CSAO which, as its largest member, bankrolls the operation. For a while it operated from the St. Mary's St. offices of the Ontario association. The Bowen-CFGEO axis condemns political action. CFGEO was formed in the late 1950s, because of "concern...over...the increasing political nature of the family of labour": the CLC.

Bowen's own outlook on civil service organization is affectionately parallel to government's. Bowen would agree with Tory cabinet minister Allan Grossman, who has said civil servants should be loyal "to the party in power." Bowen does not see, as the CLC unions do, that political action is just another strategy in extracting the best there is possible for civil servants and other employees.

There has been heated foreplay between CSAO and the CLC on the national unity question. But consummation looks unlikely. This is nothing new. For years, Bowen has talked "union," frosting his impetuous policies with good labour jargon while compromising and renegeing on union principles.

The Congress dealt Bowen a favour, in fact, which in the context of subsequent events may have been calculated to earn his blessing — and some day his members. For the individuals most directly affected by this favour, the CLC's



Vice-President Sid Oxenham, President George Gemmel and General Manager Harold Bowen discuss tactics

decision has been come to mean treachery. It began when the union of CSAO staff members applied in 1969 to become a directly-chartered local of the Congress. The CLC, though known as a servicing organization rather than an organizing body, has well over 100 locals of its own with 15,000 members. Originally these locals were to be turned over, jurisdiction by jurisdiction, to CLC member-unions. But the rank and filers in these chartered locals have been pleased with the autonomy they get under the CLC and have been reluctant to leave. (In some cases, probably, they want to stay Canadian unions instead of the alternative, which is often a U.S.-based union.)

The Congress, however, turned down the application from the CSAO staffers, a union called the Representatives' and Technical Staff Union. Official CLC policy is to encourage mergers and not admit new member-unions when they occupy affiliates' jurisdictions. Although there are enough exceptions (including the betrayal of CUPE's claim to the provincial employees) to set precedents, the CLC rejected the staff union.

At the time it was not too important, only odd that the national labour body would turn down a chance to put roots into the Toronto head office of the biggest civil service organization in Canada. Ostensibly, the CLC was guarding the jurisdiction of another affiliate, the Office and Professional Employees' International Union. "We were disappointed," recalls CSAO representative Ben Coffey. "We felt our affiliation with the Congress would have a good effect on CSAO."

Only recently it was learned that in 1970 the Canadian director of the Office and Professional Employees' waived jurisdiction over the CSAO staffers, clearing the way for the staff union to join the CLC. Yet the original decision of the Congress stands.

It is thought Bowen disapproved strongly of the staff union's flirtation with the CLC, though he claims he "couldn't care less." What contact, if any, there was between Bowen and the CLC hierarchy over the application for Congress membership is unknown. Coffey is still bitter. "The Congress gave us a phoney reason," he says.

Coffey has personal reasons for his invective against the Congress and Bowen's CSAO. So do most other supporters of the staff union's futile attempt to join the Congress. All have been fired by Bowen for vague or undisclosed reasons in a purge of dissidents from the association staff. Under obvious pressure, the pro-administration staffers have turned against their dismissed colleagues, not only spiritually but tangibly by trying to destroy the staff union.

Three of the purged staff members, Grenville O. Jones, James Keatings and Norma MacLean, had a total of 24 years' service with the association when Bowen axed them at one chop in November, 1970. Coffey was sacked last summer after months of exasperating manoeuvres to get his three colleagues reinstated. He was partly successful.

Under direction of the Supreme Court of Ontario, an arbitrator ruled Jones, Keatings and MacLean had been dismissed unlawfully, contrary to the staff union's collective agreement. Armed with the legal directive, each reported back for work in the final weeks of 1971, and Bowen fired them all again, still on the surface reason that they had acted "against the best interests" of CSAO.

The firing of Jones was the most surprising. Second-in-command to Bowen, he was considered likely to succeed him as general manager when the aging Bowen retires. But Jones's more clearly union-oriented thinking, his sup-



**Ben Coffey is still bitter**

port of the staff union application to the CLC and his reputation for bucking Bowen's continual moves to consolidate the general manager's power led to a break. In mid-1970, Jones was demoted to the obscure and less prominent position of training officer from the \$19,000-a-year job as senior representative. Five months later he was fired.

Coffey's dismissal came a few days after he circulated an extraordinary news release carrying the story of the CSAO office crisis. Coffey charged a "conspiracy" had been plotted to oust Jones and Norma MacLean, a communications officer, from the staff union.

Negotiating them out of the bargaining unit meant they would lose protection of the staff union's contract—and their right to grieve their dismissals.

Coffey also charged that Bowen had threatened to suspend the entire staff—a charge Bowen admitted—unless they stopped the fighting and intrigue over the three dismissals.

Coffey exposed how pro-Bowen members of the staff tried to smash the union after the dissidents discovered the secret deal to remove MacLean and Jones from the new contract. The application to decertify the staff union—a procedure requiring a vote conducted by the Ontario Labour Relations Board—has been held up pending the outcome of Coffey's own arbitration case on his dismissal. Coffey claims the decertification move was a backdoor move to avoid defending the staffers who were fired. Don Moore, a representative who supports the busting of the staff union, denies "conspiring" with anyone to sell out his former colleagues. "Management has never approached me," he has said. He refuses to discuss the petition he signed to decertify the union. One thing Bowen, Coffey, Moore and everyone else involved agree on: the internal hassle impairs CSAO's

ability to represent the province's civil servants. "It's had me torn to pieces..." said Moore. "I'm no way trying to shaft anybody. But every way I turned, something was wrong."

‡ As astonishing as the purge itself is that it's all been done in virtual secrecy. Hardly any rank and file member of the CSAO knows the full details. Although the association's 26-member executive board has to pay the soaring legal costs for the dismissal arbitrations (and the nearly \$100,000 in back pay ordered by the arbitrator), there is no evidence even the board members understand or care.

This is the way Bowen has run the association for more than a decade: quietly, despotically. According to one official Bowen once told an acquaintance, he wants CSAO to be "a monument to me."

Coffey, 45, an experienced unionist and former CUPE official, has somehow managed to keep events in perspective. He said of Bowen recently, "he's done a hell of a lot for CSAO. He lifted it up from a stinking company union to a real organization. But now he's got a God complex."

Despite Coffey's testimonial, there is other evidence indicating the CSAO has not matured much in its 61-year life to pare apron strings with the government. The association has an outlook like that of the heirs of an eccentric rich uncle. They will tolerate a great deal, even straining patience beyond all reasonable limits, to keep him happy in hopes of getting some favours.

The Ontario government protects the CSAO monopoly with legislation effectively outlawing any union from organizing the civil service. Nothing, however, stops CSAO from expansionist tendencies outside the civil service. It has organized hospital technicians and tried raiding the non-medical staff at hospitals organized by CUPE.

CUPE's Ontario director, Arthur Riseley, calls the government's wall around the civil service discriminatory. "We can't go in the stockade," Riseley complains, "but CSAO can go outside the stockade."

The Tories have shown a consistent image to the public of fanatic neutrality toward organized labour. Small legislative benefits to facilitate organizing are balanced with regressive measures to counter unionization. The policy has worked well in the private industries. The percentage of union members in the province's work force is actually lower today than in 1956.

The Tories have kept almost everything but Ontario Hydro union-free by exempting the government employees from the Labour Relations Act. Sometimes the policy has needed help, like in 1951 when the International Brotherhood of Teamsters tried to organize the province's liquor-store employees. Premier Leslie Frost put them under the Public Service Act, slamming the door on the Teamsters. Even CSAO was too much like a union in the government's eyes for the liquor store employees. In 1966 retail store managers were sent lists of store clerks who hadn't signed up with the Liquor Control Board employees' association. The managers were urged to "ask" their subordinates to sign with the association.

To help the drive, employees who had signed with CSAO and authorized a dues checkoff from their pay were sent printed forms to direct the payroll department to cease sending dues to CSAO "immediately." An opposition member of the legislature at the time called it a clear case of "union-busting" and said that under the Labour Relations Act what the government had done "would be illegal" management tampering with the employees' bargaining choice of bargaining agents.

Nothing so clearly shows the Tory government's determination to keep unions out of the civil service and hold onto CSAO as the decision in 1969 to give the association a dues checkoff. CSAO has always maintained a relatively high degree of voluntary support.

Since only it can bargain for civil servants, it's a case of belonging to CSAO or nothing. But despite membership claims of 25,000, the association has only been able to maintain a thin majority of the entire civil service. While unions must prove that 65 per cent of a bargaining unit have joined before getting certified by the labour relations board, the government has negotiated exclusively with CSAO without ever demanding proof of its membership support or submitting the question to a vote. At the time the checkoff was granted, the association by its own claims had signed no more than 56 per cent of the potential non-managerial government employees.

According to association sources, at the time the cabinet approved the checkoff CSAO had a majority in just two departments, health and correctional institutions. Overall, it could claim a majority of all government employees, but in other departments only handfuls of employees belonged, in some cases fewer than one per cent.

The checkoff means every new civil servant has to pay dues (or a deduction can be made to a charity if the employee wishes). Those who already had signed up were given nine days—just five actual business days—to resign or get locked in.

There was a protest in the Legislature, though it drew little public attention thanks to a press gallery that seldom has the time (if it had the ambition) to scrutinize the government that has ruled Ontario nearly 30 years.

New Democratic Party MPP Greg Gisborn grilled the provincial treasurer Charles MacNaughton, but got only blank stares in return. "If you had so much faith in the fact that the CSAO representatives were doing a good job for the employees... what was wrong with clearing the matter up once and for all by having a vote to let them declare what union they wanted to belong to?"

But MacNaughton and the successive Tory premiers, including the latest, Bill Davis, have a good relationship with the civil service. They do pretty much what they want with it, hand some occasional rewards to the association and need fear little opposition. Since Kenneth Bryden, a New Democrat, left the Legislature five years ago, the House has not even had an effective civil service critic who could dig beneath the transparent injustices to the more sinister machinations.

Bowen has spent considerable effort convincing his members they are well represented at the bargaining table with "the employer," as he calls the government. It takes years, however, in the civil service to achieve what workers in the private sector take for granted as the benefits of unionization.

Not until 1963 did the CSAO even get formal bargaining rights in the Public Service Act. Not till 1959 was there even a rudimentary grievance procedure. As late as last year there was still no premium pay for "shift work" or time worked at night and non-business hours. There was no paid overtime (only time off) until 1965. While unions have improved fringe benefits dramatically in the past decade, Ontario civil servants got their sick-leave credits reduced to one and a quarter days a month from one and a half.

Civil servants do not even get a written contract. Negotiations are conducted by a government-dominated



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THE CIVIL SERVICE ASSOCIATION OF ONTARIO (INC.)

**CSAO NEWS**



# Delegates' Decision: We Will Fight With Every Weapon

joint council of three CSAO negotiators, three government negotiators and a non-voting "neutral" chairman—appointed by the government. When agreement is reached, the "contract" is approved as an order in council from the cabinet.

Strikes are not mentioned in the Public Service Act, but are considered unlawful. The government made known its true intention in a less equivocal bill introduced in late 1970. It would have imposed fines of \$5,000 a day on an "employee organization" that broke the act by striking. The CSAO called the outright strike prohibition "unnecessary" and "foolish." The bill, a compendium of reactionary and totally one-sided employer power, was withdrawn.

Civil service wages traditionally lag behind private industry in Ontario and elsewhere—by 30 per cent according to CSAO. For less money, though, government employees usually have more job security than other workers. This is less the outcome of tough bargaining by CSAO and other provincial-employee organizations than the result of natural growth in government. Thanks to the hefty salaries of top-level civil servants, the Tories regularly have been able to prove the wages of their provincial employees are higher than the Ontario average. This belies some shocking disparities that CSAO has moaned about but has done little with direct action to balance.

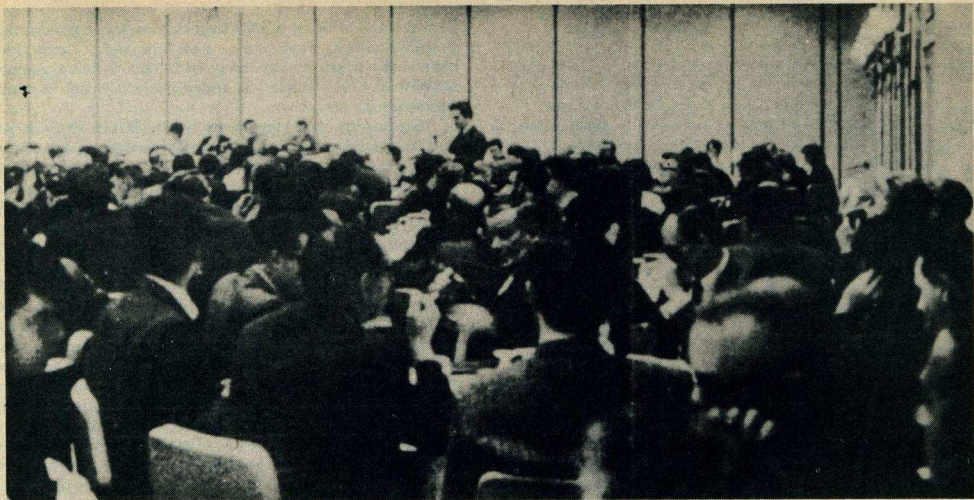
On the basis of CSAO's own data, the Queen's Park cleaning staff could have received a 20 per cent increase and still be classified among "the working poor." Ontario manual labourers were 55 cents an hour behind counterparts in industry and city halls on the average in 1967. By 1970 the gap had widened to 70 cents an hour—almost \$30 a week. Skilled workers did even worse. In 1967 maintenance electricians in the public service were paid 67 cents an hour less than in private industry. Three years later the gap was 72 cents.

There are hundreds of clerks, messengers and other employees paid only a few cents above the minimum wage of \$1.65. The government could be the largest employer of minimum-wage or even below-minimum employees in the province since the Tories conveniently exclude civil servants from the minimum-wage law.

Ross Whicher, a Liberal Party MPP, said conditions in the civil service of Ontario were so bad in 1967 the province had the highest turnover rate (more than 15 per cent annually) of any public employer in the country. Morale was "the lowest it has been in many years." Whicher complained and cited high absenteeism figures.

CSAO maintains a sturdy front, however. Though Bowen eschews union tactics or any action stronger than words, he periodically lapses into labour rhetoric. In May last year, the government promulgated a confusing five-percent "ceiling" on pay increases, later changed to a "guideline." Treasurer Darcy McKeough, aiming to look frugal in an election year, went so far as to say the cabinet might not even implement an arbitration award that surpassed the guideline. (Arbitration rulings are binding on the employees but not on the government.) Bowen hurriedly assembled a special meeting of association delegates at the Skyline Hotel in Toronto. They directed the association "to take any action necessary."

Bowen insisted strike strategies were ready if necessary. Special issues of the CSAO paper were issued, heavy with verbose militancy and featuring pictures of Bowen. At a showdown meeting with McKeough and other government officials, the treasurer softened, promised to honour arbitration awards and announced that the five-percent



**CSAO delegates: they thought they were being defiant**

figure would be just a guideline for government negotiators, not a ceiling. If the public and the government employees were left wondering what it was—guerrilla theatre or honest confrontation—it didn't matter.

Bowen and his sycophants on the association board applauded themselves. They had conducted another non-event. Good talk is characteristic of Bowen, soft-spoken, thin, nearly 65 with a tight, quizzical smile and receding hair. An association newspaper in 1960 shows the tune hasn't changed much, and neither have the steps: "We are dissatisfied with our treatment by the Ontario government, and since the record shows that softly-spoken but reasonable requests are consistently ignored, perhaps the time has come for us to take a firmer stand in the future."

But little has changed substantively in the life of civil servants represented by CSAO in the past decade. Bowen has grown more sure of his own infallibility while the same sweetheart-dealing and pleasant accommodation to the status quo continues. Examples:

■ Highways department agreements are signed regularly just after big seasonal lay-offs. The reason: only employees on staff on the date CSAO and the government reach agreement get retroactive pay increases.

■ During a strike by caretakers and other workers at the University of Guelph, one of the few units outside the basic civil service organized by the association, Bowen instructed the Guelph branch to issue picket-line passes to CSAO members from the government doing research on the campus.

■ Far from emulating unionism, CSAO flouts it. A former president of the association jumped into a management job with the civil service commission after scuttling a job-evaluation study that aimed to upgrade government workers to higher-paying classifications. A staff member came to CSAO from the personnel department at T. Eaton Co. Ltd. She had been appointed by the government to a patronage job on the Public Service Grievance Board. (For the history of Eaton's labour relations, see *Last Post*, Vol. 1, No. 2.)

■ During the October provincial election campaign, Premier Davis had Treasury Board employees cost the campaign program of the opposition Liberals and the NDP and announced the alleged totals. Davis, responding to critics who said he had compromised the civil service, said unless the estimates came from civil servants he might be accused of rigging the results. This went on without a peep from the CSAO despite a long-standing section of the Public Service Act that prohibits provincial employees from engaging in "any political activity during working hours."

■ In 1967 an inquiry conducted by the Ontario Human Rights Commission found wage discrimination against women at a psychiatric hospital in Byron. Despite the government's concession to equal-pay-for-equal-work in provincial hospitals the next year during discussions with CSAO, the labour department still is investigating complaints from individual women in provincial hospitals that they do the same work as men but get paid less.

■ Last year, despite the complaints of 27 staff members at the Whitby Psychiatric Hospital about third-degree interrogations by a superior, CSAO didn't take their complaints to the public service grievance board. A CSAO representative reported to his head office, "It is incredible that an associate director could be permitted to subject public servants to such pressure tactics and unfair treatment contrary to all human rights codes and the public service act. . . ." Health minister A. Bert Lawrence, grilled by opposition MPPs, disclosed that after a first-stage grievance hearing, CSAO "dropped the thing."

CSAO is no more scrupulous about housekeeping inside the association when it comes to the interests of the members. Money flows freely. The association pays for the wives of board members to attend meetings. Shortly after Bowen "broke" the government five percent guideline last year, he negotiated himself a 10 percent increase from his rubber-stamp board on top of a salary already approaching \$30,000 per year, plus a paid-up \$10,000 life insurance policy.

In 1970, Bowen called in the books of the branch

headquarters scattered over the province in a major reorganization. Bookkeeping was so sloppy that about \$70,000 thought to be in the branches' treasuries just disappeared. One branch held only lavish dinner meetings, recalls CSAO president George Gemmill. The treasurer of the association, Marion Clement, commented at the time, "You can't say it's cheating if you don't have any rules."

Mrs. Clement is a woman with a penchant for such hyperbole. She told last year's annual meeting that due to the delegates' "foresight" a year before, CSAO has a \$600,000 surplus. More than foresight, it was the Tories' generosity in handing over the compulsory checkoff. CSAO wasted no time in jacking up the dues 66 per cent to one dollar a week. Now the organization generates \$2 million annually from the pockets of civil servants.

There is no question that if the government ever allowed a free vote among its employees between CSAO and outside unions the association would be able to hold some members. But there is also evidence that disaffection with CSAO is growing. To squelch it, Bowen moved in 1969 to compound head office authority by reorganizing the regional branches (comparable to locals of trade unions) along occupational lines and leaving them nothing but \$500 imprest accounts. It was bucking Bowen on this draconian measure, by-law 66, that led to the dismissals of Jones, Keatings and MacLean.

A former business agent with the University of Guelph branch, Trix Davies, called Bowen's new powers "the most diabolical assault on the democratic principles of free trade unionism ever perpetrated in the history of this association." Stripping the branches of their money and switching from geographical groupings to job categories assures there is "no effective means of membership dissent," Mrs. Davies said. "This association," she proclaimed in a letter circulated to some members, "is in virtual trusteeship...." The hierarchy took another view, of course. *CSAO News* called the by-law "democracy in action."

Mrs. Davies didn't leave alone, however. Soon after the Guelph branch staged its second unsuccessful strike in two contracts (with other CSAO members crossing picket lines) CUPE raided the university workers. In a preferential vote conducted by the labour department, they rejected CSAO 330 to 30.

Another section of the by-law allows the board to expel any member who "acts in a manner prejudicial to the association" or who "promotes or solicits the withdrawal of members from the association."

Dissent gets rough treatment everywhere in the association, as the four fired staff members learned. Challenges outside the association are intolerable, too. Coffey, who was dismissed last, told a labour relations board hearing on the decertification of the staff union that a private investigator was hired to tail and compromise Grenville Jones shortly before he got axed. Staffers believe that since the first round of firings telephone conversations are tape recorded in a room in the basement of the association headquarters.

They have justification for paranoia, if not actual proof. In 1968, CUPE began a drive to raid the association, hoping to show enough dissatisfaction to make the government open the stockade to trade unions and change the law. The drive accelerated, and resignations from the association in 1968 and 1969 were running double the anticipated number—3,145 in two years.

Bowen, retaliating, opened a libel suit against six officials and three former employees of CUPE over

allegations in union organizing leaflets about the association's relations with the government. The suit never was prosecuted but served to stifle CUPE's drive.

With the dissident staff members all discharged, there is now no effective brake on Bowen's ambitions and policies. A former representative observes sadly, "When CSAO got the checkoff, the movement toward trade unionism halted." Even before Jones was fired, Bowen had apparently begun grooming George Gemmill, the association's president, for the top job. Gemmill, a hulking, gum-chewing former Highways Department inspector, says little but is apparently different from his mentor only in that he is less fanatically furtive. Bowen closely guards his personal life. He lives in the small town of Minnesing outside Toronto with his wife and on business days lives in a Toronto apartment whose location he keeps secret. The telephone is unlisted.

Last year's wage-guideline uproar has died. A sweeping reorganization of ministries by the Davis government is underway and causing some uneasiness in the civil service. The CSAO continues its easy-going ways with the government. Only the four rebel staffers who are fighting for reinstatement seem to retain hope for betterment. People like the parliament buildings construction worker tell you, "What does CSAO do? They don't do nothing." He and hundreds of government workers over the years have been the victims of a particularly vicious kind of exploitation: sentenced by the government to almost permanent job limbo by a device called the unclassified service. The government retains a full year's probation on new employees, an almost unheard-of waiting period in unionized shops and offices, during which it can fire without cause. But even more flexibility is available with the "unclassified" service workers, who have worked in some cases as long as 15 and 20 years with no job security, no paid sick leave and no paid holidays, conditions worse, in fact, than ordinary unorganized employees.

For years government bureaucrats arbitrarily have selected a number of "unclassified" workers and offered to put them on into the "classified" staff—usually with a catch. Like the construction tradesman, for example, who faces a 46 percent wage cut for going onto classified staff. He has no choice. "You either accept staff or you're out, that's all," he says. A \$5.30 an hour labourer working on renovations, for example, will be offered \$3 an hour on the permanent staff.

More than a year ago, some complained to the CSAO, which can't represent them since they are not considered full-time employees. It took a year, they say, before anyone from the association responded, and then could offer nothing but platitudes. The association newspaper in August, 1970, however, confidently proclaimed the unclassified problem would be "cleaned up" under a new deal with the government.

There is no indication CSAO demanded there would be no pay cuts as the government "cleaned up" the unclassified employees. One other proviso on the government's take-it-or-leave-it offer is, of course, that employees taking the wage cuts have to pay dues to CSAO.

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*Marc Zwelling is president of the Toronto Newspaper Guild and former labour reporter of the Toronto Telegram.*

# The U.S. wants the canal; but even more, it wants the bases

by Emmanuel Gaby

**A**s part of the third anniversary of the "revolutionary government" installed in Panama since October 1968, one phrase of General Omar Torrijos—the country's strong man—was posted on all the walls of the capital: "Stand or die, but never on knees". If one looks more closely, it doesn't take long to realize that the regime which trumpets this nationalist slogan so proudly clearly could also live with major concessions to the United States at the negotiating table.

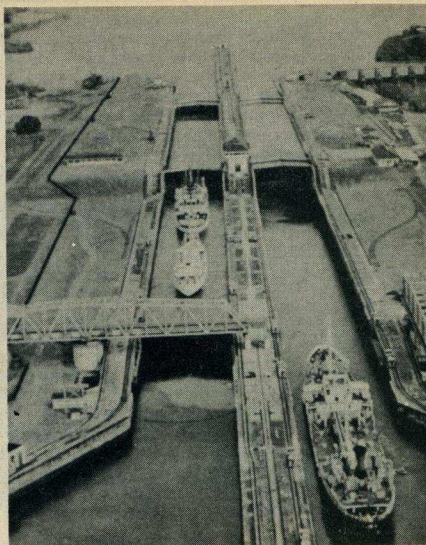
These negotiations, which began last June in Washington, do not have any important points on which agreement can't be reached. One could say that the U.S. could give up its jurisdiction over civil affairs in the Canal Zone without any great loss. They could also offer Panama greater financial compensation, plus higher royalties for each boat that uses the canal. Panamanians and Americans could also—without any doubt—agree on new borders for the Canal Zone (which now is 50 miles long and extends for 5 miles on either side of the waters of the canal).

But there would be no agreement, and the U.S. would probably refuse to negotiate, if Panama would not allow American military bases to continue on its territory. Because, as was stated by retired Marine General P. A. Del Valle in the *Miami Herald* (and reprinted by the Panamanian daily *Matutino*) "the control of the Canal Zone is absolutely necessary for the security of the U.S."

When you have visited the American bases of the Panama Canal Zone, you can easily understand why Washington wants to stay there at any price.

"The Americans want to keep control of the canal itself", a Panamanian journalist told me, "but even more important for them is to maintain their bases in the Canal Zone, headquarters of one of the eight American Supreme Commands scattered throughout the world—the Southern Command, with responsibility for all of Latin America."

Americans have been in Panama since the beginning of this century, when the U.S. acquired the development rights from the French Canal Company. The Marines, who



were in charge of protecting the canal during construction, were then replaced by the 10th Infantry Regiment. In 1917, three years after the opening of the canal, the Zone became an American military command center.

The first job of the U.S. Southern Command is, in principle, to protect the canal against attack. American officials still insist on this point. "The canal," a colonel explained to me, "is vital not only for the U.S., but also for all of Latin America and world trade in general." I then asked him who would want to attack the canal, since all the boats in the world (even those of Cuba) can use it, as long as they pay the normal costs of transit. "But of course you know well," he answered, "that the world is divided in two camps and that there is a Communist threat; it is necessary therefore to be ready to respond to an eventual attack."

And, in effect, the main reason for the existence of the majority of the bases located in various parts of the Canal Zone, on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, is to train U.S. and Latin American troops to fight against the "Communist threat." There are at least five important bases. Only two are really for the defence of the canal: These are Fort Davis, near the Caribbean, which controls the locks of Lake Gatun, and Fort Clayton on the Pacific, home of the 4th Infantry Battalion which protects the Miraflores locks. Fort Amador (Pacific coast) is a Marine base, while Fort Gulick is the home of the School of the Americas. Finally, Fort Sherman specializes in training GIs about to leave for Vietnam because the jungle in that part of the zone remarkably resembles areas in Southeast Asia where the soldiers will be sent to fight. With the gradual withdrawal of American ground troops from Vietnam, Fort Sherman's jungle is less and less used. But it is unlikely that Fort Sherman will be under-utilized for very long.

The Inter-American Air Force Academy (IAAFA) in Albrook is the kind of showcase base they love to display to visiting foreigners. Here, they explain, one can study technical courses of all kinds. Depending on their interests, visiting military officials can choose, for instance, in-

strument repair, electronics, or the workings of large aircraft engines. But this strictly technical aspect of training doesn't seem to interfere with a sense of humour, even if it's in bad taste. In one of the workshops I could see a practice rocket on which mischievous or cynical trainees had painted a mouth, a nose and two eyes!

"We try as much as possible to have the trainees work directly on the machines," an instructor in khaki explained to me in a French-Canadian accent. "Often, when they arrive here, they have never before seen an airplane so close. We take the responsibility of familiarizing them with all the apparatus."

At IAAFA, as at all the bases located in the Canal Zone, the courses have for many years been given in Spanish. From the minute that the trainees arrive at the bases, they are well taken care of. They are provided with work uniforms, housing, food and even pocket money (one dollar for enlisted men and six dollars for officers).

It is certainly cheaper for Latin American governments to send their military to Panama for training, since they only have to cover the cost of transportation. Since the majority of these countries don't have high-level military academies or schools of war, sending their most promising officers and officers-in-training to Panama for a period varying between fifteen days and ten weeks is a very attractive and inexpensive solution. And for young military men who want to further their careers, the trip to Panama is often the only possibility offered to them for advancement.

During the period of more than 25 years that the IAAFA has existed, the countries that have sent the most men are Colombia (1137), Venezuela (1142), and Chile (1137). Following behind are Ecuador (975), Peru (799), Panama

(639) and Bolivia (631). The least represented are Brazil (237), Argentina (193), Haiti (38) and Costa Rica (20). These last figures can be explained by various reasons: Brazil and Argentina train their own air forces. Haiti hasn't sent trainees since 1966, not because the U.S. refused to support the Tonton Macoute of Papa Doc, but because the classes are in Spanish and the Haitians speak French. Finally, Costa Rica doesn't have an air force. As for Cuba, it hasn't sent officers since 1959 . . .

The 10,479 Latin American military men who have spent time at this air force academy have been able to take, in addition to technical courses, quasi-ideological ones. If one leafs through the little guide given to each recruit upon arrival at the base, one can read that "the student should be capable of explaining the aspects of the national and international environment that are important for the security of the Free World in general." A little further along, a chapter heading reads: "The Free World and the Security of the United States," and "The Community of Nations and the Security of the Free World." One can quickly understand that with such a program, the young trainees return to their countries ready to defend liberty as defined by the Pentagon.

One of the tasks of the Southern Command is to carry out humanitarian missions during natural disasters. The officers are eager to show foreign visitors colour sides of American aid during such catastrophes as the earthquakes in Chile and Peru, and a devastating hurricane in British Honduras.

But despite these propaganda photos, it is quite evident that the principal role of the Southern Command for at least the past ten years has been the training of the Latin

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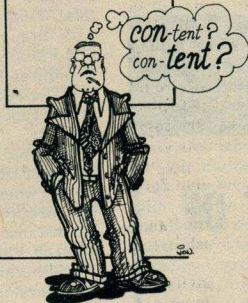


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American military in anti-guerrilla warfare. The Americans don't even try to hide this. In a pamphlet tracing the history of the Southern Command since its beginning, it is stated that its programs have borne fruit "in such countries as Bolivia, Colombia, Guatemala, Peru and Venezuela". "The participation of Latin American forces in the blockade of Cuba," one can read further on, "and the dispatching of peace forces to the Dominican Republic (1965), are examples of Latin American support for the peace-keeping missions of the Organization of American States (OAS)."

The School of the Americas was started at Fort Gulick on the Atlantic Coast in 1949, really a school of anti-guerrilla warfare. Major Nairn, a man with intelligent eyes and fluid gestures, recalled to me that the primary aim of the school is to train Latin American military men in various techniques. "It is necessary that they themselves can defend the internal security of their countries." To do this, the School functions during the entire year with sessions lasting from two to 40 weeks. The internal workings of the School are the same as at the Inter-American Air Force Academy. But here, there are 38 classes offered in four different departments. Thus, the trainee can choose among the following departments: combat operations, techniques of command, support operations and technical operations. Depending on the area selected, the student can take courses in jungle operations, the most modern methods of interrogation, radio operating techniques and anti-guerrilla warfare in rural areas.

Since each course lasts a different period of time, it is difficult to estimate the number of trainees that attend the School each year. It has fluctuated between 270 and 1500.

The fact that the School of the Americas has been in continuous operation for close to a quarter of a century explains why one can find in each Latin American country so many high-ranking officers who have been trained in Panama. This, of course, has turned out to be useful for the United States.

Since its creation the School has trained 26,683 officers and enlisted men. At present, the only two Latin American countries not represented are Cuba and French-speaking Haiti. By far the most represented country is Nicaragua which has sent 3900 trainees since the School began. This

extremely high figure can perhaps be explained by the fact that the country's dictator, Anastasio Somoza, attended West Point, is staunchly pro-American and has faith in the methods taught in Panama. Then follow Venezuela (2725), Bolivia (2470), Panama (2280), and Colombia (2200). At the bottom of the list are found Uruguay (500), Argentina (336), Brazil (322) and Mexico (218).

At present, Chileans are still taking courses at the School of the Americas and are present at other bases in Panama. It was mentioned to me that a few Chileans have replaced American instructors in certain courses. They are not the only Latin American teachers here, since the authorities at Fort Gulick try as much as possible to involve Latin American officers in teaching, and ex-trainees are often invited to spend a few months giving courses.

But with the presidency of Dr. Salvador Allende in Chile, it seems curious that Chileans continue to attend this anti-guerrilla warfare school. Nevertheless, for the Americans at Fort Gulick and Major Nairn, there is no conflict "inasmuch as we are keeping good relations with Chile". In addition, arrangements to send trainees to Panama are made a year in advance. Allende has merely let stand a decision taken by his predecessor, Eduardo Frei. Nevertheless, he'll have to make some sort of decision soon.

The interest shown in two of the courses offered at the School of the Americas is a good reflection of the internal political situation in the countries from which the trainees come. For the course in rural guerrilla warfare, the only figure I could get is the number of trainees in each ten-week session: about 30 men representing the various Latin American countries in roughly the same proportion as those at other bases in Panama.

About a year ago, a new course was offered: It deals with counter urban guerrilla warfare and its attendance has been increasing greatly. For this course, I was able to obtain very exact and revealing figures. The reader of these numbers is struck by the fact that the countries sending the most trainees are those which have already been fighting against better and better organized urban guerrilla organizations.

For example, between last May 11 and June 11, the distribution of the various countries represented was the following: way out ahead — the Tupamaros are responsible for this — is Uruguay with 11 trainees, close to half of the total. Following behind come Guatemala and Venezuela, with three representatives each. Then, in order, Nicaragua and Panama with two trainees, and Argentina, Bolivia, Dominican Republic and Peru with one each.

The attendance at these courses is a real barometer of the type and location of guerrilla warfare in Latin America.

For me the last word was offered by the charming librarian of the School. I had barely entered the door of the library when she showed me a number of "subversive" books that are available to the students in khaki: there were, for instance, Regis Debray's *Revolution in the Revolution*, *The Diary of Che Guevara*, and various books on Cuba.

She completed this quick visit to the library by showing me several magazines that the School subscribes to. As she pointed to a magazine whose cover displayed a scantily-clad girl, she giggled: "I think this one is a pornographic magazine."

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*Emmanuel Gaby is a freelance journalist who operates out of Paris.*

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# LADY POST

## REVIEWS

# Before the barbarians

BY CAROLE ORR

Jalna. The very word echoes with the cry of Canada Geese in the sugar bush. For legions of readers of Mazo de la Roche's chronicles of the Whiteoak dynasty, the name Jalna conjures up a mellow vision of genteel 19th-century Canadiana, a nostalgic lump for the way things once were in this great country of ours.

On Sunday, January 23 at 9 p.m. the CBC presented the first episode of its 13 week television series, *The Whiteoaks of JALNA*, thus ending months of hideous anxiety for thousands of Canadians.

Trumpets and alarums have been sounding for over a year now. But as the traditional delays occurred, more than occasional blue notes of financial woe began to spoil everything. After spending upwards of two million dollars on production, those responsible for the caper, principally Thom Benson, entertainment head of CBC, and Fletcher Markle, head of drama for CBC television, must now succeed in selling their product to an American network, or face empty coffers in the next few years.

Fear not. Thom Benson assures us that they are still negotiating cheerfully with NBC and ABC, and with potential buyers in London and Europe. If these moguls have any vision, they cannot fail to see the great merits of these tales, as pointed out by Mr. Benson:

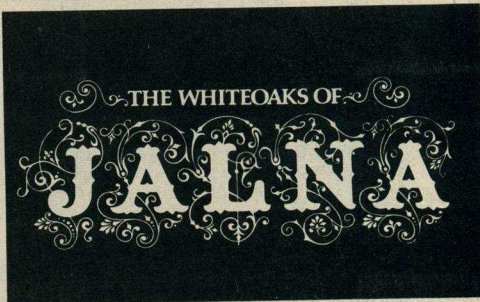
"Miss de la Roche has created characters of such vitality that it is impossible to think of them dying with their creator," says he.

And a tremendously vital lot they are, electrifying, even inspirational.

"Recklessly, he bit into a plum." That sort of thing.

Perhaps selections from the CBC's own tantalizing descriptions of the episodes will give a better sense of the pulse of the Whiteoaks.

From Episode Five: "Wragge proposes to Maggie, the cook, but she turns him down. Meg, still cold to Maurice, makes a fuss when Renny invites Pheasant Vaughn to ride at Jalna. Eden is spending more and more time with Mrs. Stroud, who loves his poetry, and the family holds a conclave to decide what to do about this unsuitable romance. Uncle Ernest is elected to become Eden's rival." And more. . . "Renny, meanwhile, is overspending on his beloved



horses, while Alayne sees that the money should be spent on repairs to the old house."

The viewer is held, riveted, to the edge of his seat. Will Uncle Ernest see more and more of Mrs. Stroud? Will Renny make a counter-fuss? Will the paint peel beyond redemption?

Plodding through such moronic plots, the performers, particularly Paul Harding as Renny, Kate Reid as the matriarch Adeline (and as Adeline IInd), and Amelia Hall as Meg, deliver commendable facsimiles of the actor's art. They are hopelessly out-manoeuvred by the stratagems of what is generally misnamed "superior melodrama," which makes any review of the performances superfluous. This particular branch of dramatic art is simply the result of a tedious script (by Mr. Timothy Findlay), combined with stunningly unimaginative direction by Mr. John Trent.

In spite of these inadequacies, Jalna is about to take its place in the New Nationalist Gallery, along with The Committee for an Independent Canada and Joe Greene. Thom Benson stated boldly of the series that "it is beautiful to look at and beautiful to hear." What more could any man reasonably ask? Enough of uncouth voyageurs, mean-eyed Manitoba rebels and unsightly Indians. This is where Canada was spawned, far from ugly old forts, here in the drawing room. Roughing It In The Parlour.



Mazo de la Roche bestows on Canada the one element we have so sorely needed to get ahead in this world: a pedigree. In all our concern over ethnic minorities, social welfare, draft dodgers and the plight of the Indian, we have forgotten the true, original Canadians.

"There are settlements in southern Ontario where the descendants of the British officers who settled there still live," wrote Mazo in 1955, "But more and more they are being crowded out by the expansion of the cities and the influx of immigrants from Europe, I mean continental Europe. . . . But there are still such places as Jalna in Ontario, and still families who cherish the traditions of the past."

For her, the past is the British Empire. Not content to let that sun end its interminable setting with the Common Market, the CBC has resuscitated the carcass for one last glorious croak.

The name Jalna, in fact, has nothing to do with Canadian flora and fauna. Jalna was the name of the garrison town in India where Philip Whiteoak, officer of the Hussars, met Adeline Whiteoak, fiery Irish aristocrat, and thus gave birth to a 16 volume series and a bewildering family tree. Throughout, the only beacon in the fog of characters is Jalna and the traditions it represents: stiff upper lip and tea with scones at four o'clock.

Renny Whiteoak, senior son of the clan, bursts into the drawing room on a sunny day in 1914. "War," he intones, full of meaning, "has been declared. England has declared war." A chorus of we-did-its is followed by a solemn toast "To the Empire."

It's all good solid UEL fare. As Canadian as Yorkshire pudding. Which is not to say that it is a transplanted Forsythe Saga. It is much less than that.

The Jalna series is essentially a romantic reverie by a writer whose most significant venture into the outside world of social struggle consisted in speaking out against the beaver as our national symbol. Her biographer, Ronald Hambleton, though he admires her writing, laments her deficiencies as an historian, able only to say that her *Quebec: Historic Seaport* is a kind of Lamb's Tales of Quebec.

Galsworthy, whatever his faults might be, wrote a chronicle with analytical depth, redeeming social value if you like, and it made at least marginal sense for the BBC

to make use of him. But surely there is something perverse in this parade of past glories from both networks? Henry VIII and his six damnable women, followed by Elizabeth with the damned Catholics and the damned Irish, now more Henry on the way, and across the Atlantic the Whiteoaks harmonize.

All of these productions share that one indispensable ingredient: relevance. As Elizabeth dealt with the Irish, so doleth Heath. (That's the cyclic pattern of history.) In Jalna we have the irony of history. (Where did we go wrong Ralph?)

"In addition to this faithful recreation of Mazo de la Roche's world," says Fletcher Markle, "we show the Whiteoaks in the present day, struggling with contemporary problems."

In the past, it was presumed that Jalna, like the Empire, would go on forever. In the present-day segments, the problems and struggles of the once proud and noble and vital Whiteoaks are enough to rend one's heart. Renny, returning to his mansion in his Rolls Royce, moves us to tears as he announces that he is \$30,000 in debt. To save Jalna, he may have to sell his prize horse, Colour Dance.

O God, anything but that! Heroically, Renny saves his home and horse by swindling his nephew Ernest, who represents Youthful Alienation, another contemporary problem of equally tragic import.

None of these contemporary problems however, are so cancerous as to mar the beauty of the whole. It remains, as is proper, beautiful to look at, especially in colour.

This is the guts of modern society, descended from the parlours of old. Anything else must perforce be either the illegitimate offspring of continentals and beavers, or else French.

Indeed, whether the Quebecois will find it so beautiful is a tasty question, but the French network has bought the series, for its own mysterious reasons. Mazo, bless her Loyalist heart, held fashionably vicious attitudes towards the French, referring in her letters to "the forests of Quebec being no place for a young man with a family coming on," and to rough lumberjacks "shouting French songs at the top of their lungs." This is the extent of her portrait of Quebec. The CBC version is faithful. The only French-speaking characters, in the first two episodes at least, are a madman, and an amorous young woman nibbling at one of the Canadian soldiers in France as he talks to his old chum Renny. "Don't mind her," says Renny. "She's French."

The name of la Roche is perhaps confusing in this light. But Jalna is true to its author's ancestry, a combination of United Empire Loyalist and Irish. The "de la Roche" comes from John R. Roche, grandfather, French descent, born in Ireland. Of her 82 years she spent just over eight in Canada, and when she moved to England in 1927, as soon as she had the money, she referred to England in a letter as the "cradle of her mind."

For all her love of Canada, which was genuine as far as it went, she was never weaned from the British breast. And neither, apparently, were certain others.

In the CBC's glossy booklet on the series, given to the press at a screening on January 6, is the triumphant statement:

"Time Magazine recently quoted a British publisher who said of Mazo de la Roche: "She has been a gold mine to anyone who has ever had anything to do with her."

And all the children clapped in unison, shrieking with glee to see mother again.



# A tale of two slag heaps

BY RALPH SURETTE

*Mon Oncle Antoine* is a tale of two slag heaps.

The first is made of asbestos and wasted human spirit and provides the setting for the movie. It belongs to Johns Manville or Asbestos Corp. and is one of many that defile the Beauce Valley of Eastern Quebec.

The second is of celluloid, the American cheap film culture, and provides the setting for a tragicomic and typically Canadian farce that accompanied the release of *Mon Oncle*.

Here is an image of the first.

In some places the pits eat the towns. Cracks appear in the streets, houses slide in the pits. Soon the pits will reach the cemeteries, full of the shells of lives pried out and processed by the asbestos companies. Eaten alive. Soon they will be eaten dead too. Johns Manville and Asbestos Corp. eat you in so many ways, then shit you on their slag heaps above.

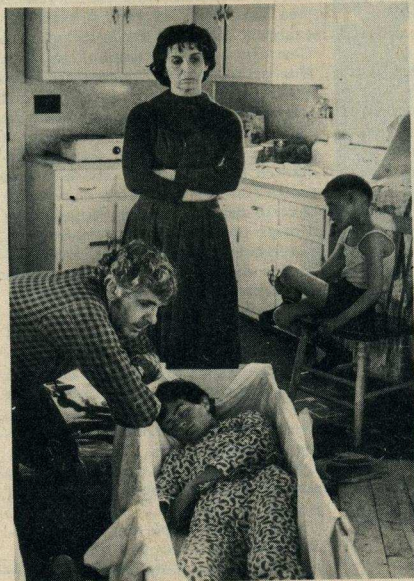
It is not easy to find beauty in the excreta of international corporatism. Claude Jutra, director, succeeded in *Mon Oncle*. But that was only his first problem.

It was after he had finished the film, shot at Black Lake, Que., about a year ago that he ran into the second kind of slag. Let's start at the beginning.

*Mon Oncle Antoine* is a National Film Board production. We all know that the NFB produces excellent films. Not because we've seen them but because critics in Moscow, London, Cannes, Paris, New York, Rome etc. have been telling us so for years.

In short, Canadians can't see their own films, even those they've paid for with their tax money. The reason, basically, is that the foreign (mostly American, but also French and British) owned cinema chains and distribution agencies aren't interested in Canadian films, since they don't pay (or didn't until *Mon Oncle Antoine*). A lot of American films don't pay either, but that's beside the point. In such a case you mount a zillion dollar advertizing campaign and make it pay.

All this is justified under the prevailing ethic. Never mind that Canadians have been brainwashed by the Hollywood film empire. If they want



"The real worth of the film is not necessarily the story, but rather the low-key realism that gives it a firm sense of place and time...."

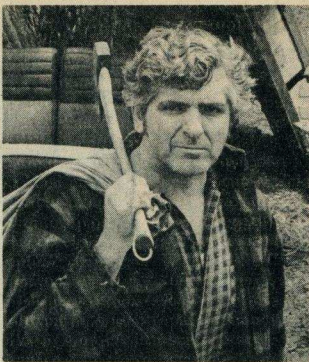
American travelogues followed by John Wayne slicing up gooks and redskins it is only ethical to give it to them. And profitable, of course. Ethics and profits being the same in this case.

Figures as to the extent of this foreign ownership are not easy to come by. However, of about \$120 million in gross movie house receipts last year, officials of the new Canada Film Development Corporation estimate that at least 70 to 80 per cent left the country.

Whereas someone who tries hard enough will probably get to see the Canadian films he wants in Toronto, Montreal and maybe Vancouver (although not in the big downtown movie houses), foreign ownership means that the country at large—other cities right down to the one-moviehouse towns—never get to see anything but fast-buck garbage, often several years late.

Because of this situation, the NFB as well as independent Canadian film makers have had difficulty getting their films distributed. In fact, a number of films that deserved at least a chance have seen their "world premiere" coincide with their "world dernière".

There is also the question of just how hard the National Film Board tries to



"Screw it, I'm fed up."

get its films distributed. In this case, after much hesitation, the NFB gave *Mon Oncle* to an outfit called France Film. Then, when Jutra finished *Mon Oncle* last February, he waited and waited... but it wasn't released. And he waited for eight months.

Jutra must have gotten a few cold chills during that time. For the NFB was meanwhile in the process of suppressing a number of French-language films, the most controversial of which was *On Est Au Coton* (We're Threadbare) on the Quebec textile industry.

Textile owners didn't like that film's economics, and neither did NFB head Sydney Newman. One of the arguments was that the film gave a false impression that the textile industry in Canada (mostly concentrated in Quebec) is owned by Americans. Claude Lemelin, McGill University-trained economist and editorial writer for *Le Devoir*, had provided the economics of the film based on federal statistics. He showed in an editorial that although only 77 of 359 companies engaged in textile production in Canada are foreign-owned, foreign corporations nevertheless haul in 60 per cent of the profits (1969 figures) of \$100 million and control 52 per cent of the assets.

Although *Mon Oncle* is not overtly political, its failure to appear, amid mysterious circumstances, led one Montreal critic to comment that the whole business "smells of asbestos"—a strong evocation. Some of the darker events of Quebec history concerns striking asbestos workers.

Meanwhile things were happening, none of them calculated to lift Jutra's spirits.

In May, *Mon Oncle* was to be Canada's entry at the Cannes Film Festival. For reasons that were never explained,

Cannes officials turned it down.

In August, it went to the Moscow Film Festival, and although it made a favourable impression, it almost didn't. It was being spot-translated into Russian by a booming female voice that even audio earphones plugged into the original French soundtrack couldn't subdue.

Then there was the disastrous Stratford Film Festival in September, where the English-subtitled version of the film could not be found and red-faced gremlins went scurrying to and fro.

Then bingo! In October, the film swept the board at the Canadian Film Awards in Toronto. *Mon Oncle Antoine* had made it (so had the Canadian Film Awards, which had previously been considered little more than a joke, especially among French-Canadian film makers who figured a Quebec film would never stand a chance).

Panic among distributors. A potential money-maker, Canadian or not!

Arrangements were made to have an English language version open in Toronto shortly after.

In Montreal, the embarrassment was acute. The idea of a top Quebec film opening in Toronto first, after having sat around for a year, was too much.

France Film had been promising all along that *Mon Oncle* would be used to inaugurate a new theatre alongside its large St. Denis Theatre in Montreal. But when Jutra arrived from Moscow in August, he took a stroll along St. Denis Street only to gape at a hole in the ground where the new theatre was supposed to be.

He asked when the new theatre would be completed. "Oh, maybe January" was the answer.

Caught with its pants down by the Toronto awards, France Film proceeded with haste to give *Mon Oncle* the 2,000-seat St. Denis Theatre itself. It opened a week after the Toronto opening.

Now it's running in two French-language Montreal theatres and is due to open in English. Arrangements are being made for national distribution. Don Shebib's *Goin' Down The Road*, a good movie that deserved to make it, didn't really. Nor did Alan King's *Warrendale*, really. *Mon Oncle* will have become the first Canadian film to really make it in Canada. A significant event.

However, even the Canadian Film Awards were not without their little humour. Jutra had to keep trotting up to receive the awards for his actors and technicians because the NFB was too cheap to provide Rapido fare for them to Toronto.



## STOMPIN' TOM CONNORS

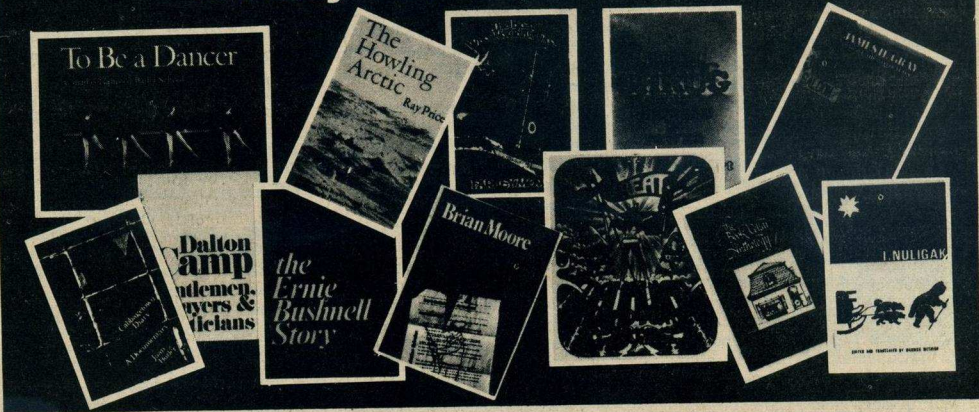
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Sydney Newman was about to raise his fork at the banquet when he received a telegram from scriptwriter Clement Perron, who had won the best screenplay award for *Mon Oncle* but was not there to receive it, "Congratulations on *Mon Oncle Antoine*," it said simply, dripping with spleen.

*Mon Oncle Antoine*, to complete the picture, won best feature and best screenplay awards at the Chicago International Film Festival in November.

Now it may be getting too popular. It was even nominated for an Oscar. A dangerous honour.

Should good Canadian efforts from here on be allowed to be co-opted into the foreign profit network that until now did nothing but hamper these same Canadian efforts? Canadian and Quebec film makers think not. They have petitioned their governments to protect the Canadian film industry, and to take such steps as creating state cinema houses where native films would get a fair break.

Here are a number of other points that come out of the wash of *Mon Oncle Antoine*'s troubles.

The National Film Board, despite the suppression of some films (and who knows where the pressure is coming

from?), is the finest and most creative of the federal government's endeavours in the cultural field. The reason for this has been a high degree of autonomy for the NFB, as well as a great deal of internal elbow room for its artists. In spite of all, Sydney Newman appears to command a certain respect even among radical film makers.

But since civil servants can't stand creative people, there is a move afoot to suck the blood out of the NFB by making it more responsive to the mandarins and their gung-ho jargon boys. This would involve the creation of a film industry "Czar" with both the NFB and the Canada Film Development Corp. under him and with certain regulatory powers over movies, possibly as the CRTC has over broadcasting ... well, if Czar Pickersgill could do it in Transportation, why not Pelletier in Film?

It is assumed in certain English Canadian quarters that Quebec has a thriving movie industry that English Canada lacks. Although it is true that the cultural thrust has been sharper in Quebec and that several Quebec movies actually did make money and played side by side with American, French and Swedish stuff in downtown Montreal, they have been of the "sexploitation"

variety with no artistic value whatever. What happens when a film of merit is made has been amply demonstrated by *Mon Oncle Antoine*.

Most of these cheap imitations of American, French and Swedish sex comedies were churned out by an outfit called Cinepix. Appropriately, it was sold to American interests recently.

Another gang caught with its collective pants down by the success of *Mon Oncle Antoine* has been the Canada Film Development Corporation. The CFDC has been funding the sex crap because CFDC philosophy is that it should get a return on its investment and not fool around with the artsy stuff.

Now the artsy stuff is paying. The CFDC has put money on Jutra's next film, based on Anne Hebert's prize-winning novel *Kamouraska*.

Along with foreign ownership of distribution facilities, another reason Canadians don't see NFB films too often is that the CBC had virtually banned them for a long time. Repeat: civil servants can't stand creativity. Although this situation has changed somewhat, it is still far from satisfactory. The NFB gets on now, but not on prime time and usually all hashed up.

Many countries of the world, for whom the NFB's work provides them with an image of Canada, have more of it on their television networks than there is on the CBC.

\* \* \*

The action in *Mon Oncle Antoine* opens on top of a slag heap. An asbestos worker-cum-lumberjack named Georges is fed up. He understands no English, but the unilingual foreman addresses him: "Aw, c'mon George ..."

It is the film's great strength that nothing is overdone, but everything firmly stated. The foreman is no raving racist. He is an Eastern Townships "bonne entente" type, a local guy who is a notch above the French Canadians in the corporate world plan only by virtue of speaking the oppressor's language.

Every detail of this film fits perfectly into the milieu in which it is set — the Thetford Mines area in the Duplessis era.

There is graffiti on the walls of the tavern where Georges drinks. "Duplessis, mes fesses" (Duplessis, my ass). The other workers tell Georges he is a fool for being so independent. He leaves nevertheless, goes logging for a few months. He'll get fed up with bosses there too and return at Christmas, and his story will rejoin the main line of the movie.

# An Earlier Last Post

A one-man Last Post for the 18th. and 19th. centuries: that's what Gustavus Myers' *History of Canadian Wealth* is.

Myers' book was published in 1914 in the U.S., and for people who know about it the book is one of the major works in Canadian history.

The reason it has been suppressed and ignored is because it chronicles in precise detail how Canada's statesmen and businessmen sold the country to each other and made their fortunes doing it. It tells us about our own swindlers, influence-peddlers, corrupt politicians, robber barons. Who are they? The heroes of the other history books, of course.

James Lewis & Samuel is re-publishing Myers' *History of Canadian Wealth* this February with a new introduction by Stanley Ryerson and a very useful new index. Paperback, \$2.95

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The main story is essentially about a young boy, Benoit (Jacques Gagnon) who is discovering death, asbestos and sex at the same time. He lives with a gin-imbibing old uncle (Jean Duceppe) who is both the town's general merchant and undertaker, and flouncy aunt (Olivette Thibault). Also in the household is a teenage female helper (Lyne Champagne) and an older male assistant (Jutra himself).

A boy, the lumberjack's son, dies in a village out of town. Benoit and his uncle go to get him in a horse-drawn sleigh. The uncle gets drunk, the coffin is jarred off the sleigh and Benoit doesn't know what to do. This is the central episode.

The uncle, drunk, weeps over the coffin that he is really afraid of the dead. He wanted to emigrate to the U.S. when he was younger but his wife didn't want to.

A strong moment. For the boy, a Christmas to remember.

The real worth of the film is not necessarily the story, but rather the low-key realism that gives it a firm sense of place and time, the understated acting, the superb camera work. Jacques Gagnon and Lyne Champagne are two local youth Jutra discovered in a restaurant at Black Lake. The extras in the movie are all local people.

On the surface there is ample humour. A funny film, essentially. What is remarkable is that in the subdued atmosphere there is an undercurrent of black electricity, a volatile ether that is pre-Asbestos Strike of 1949, pre-Quiet Revolution.

It is not wholly the weariness of traditional Quebec rural life. That element is there in the family of the lumberjack, in the quick death in winter without medical care of his son, in the worn eyes of his wife, in the rotting bottom shingles of his house.

The bulk of the film moves into a later age, the one of industrialization and the gruesome mining towns. There is in the townfolk a passivity which is not a wholehearted acceptance of their fate.

Only Georges expresses the feeling openly: "screw it, I'm fed up." But they all feel it. The company boss (the "big" boss, not the foreman) passes through town, tossing 10-cent candy packets to the children.

The curious, impassive faces in the windows are those you still see in the windows of the slums of Montreal. They do not speak in the boss' presence. But their silence is the liquid that hatches revolt.

## Fine social criticism among boring snippets

**Working People**, by James Lorimer and Myfanwy Phillips. James, Lewis & Samuel. xiv, 272 pp. \$4.95 paper, \$13.50 cloth.

James Lorimer has written an account of life in a typical Canadian community, the area east of Parliament Street in central Toronto. The main body of the book consists of a straightforward description of family relationships and family budgets, eating habits, and local political activity. For the purposes of his research Lorimer assumed the role of someone who had never before met any Canadians, and in the book he sustains a remarkable tone of detachment and almost child-like innocence. We are treated to such startling new insights as:

"Breakfast is usually split up, since fathers generally leave for work much earlier than kids leave for school... Lunch is for mothers and kids on weekdays, since fathers are at work and often have a lunch they take with them from home. Lunch foods are straightforward sometimes spaghetti, or pork and beans. Supper is the main meal of the day..."

The second half of the text consists entirely of snippets: descriptions of small incidents and of the interior of houses, transcripts of tape-recorded conversations, and reproductions of various printed material. Most of it is mere padding and should have been eliminated. Nevertheless there are a few good bits. His account of an attempt to have the inmates of a nursing home placed on the voters' list vividly conveys the atmosphere of such places. Similarly, his account of what he saw and what his tape recorder hears while spending six days sitting in public school classrooms reveals the utter madness of operating any system of compulsory education. All of this is reported in the most marvellously deadpan manner; as in his first book, *The*

## Working People

Life in a Downtown City Neighbourhood. James Lorimer & Myfanwy Phillips



*Real World of City Politics*, James Lorimer reveals himself as the Buster Keaton of social science.

*Working People* also contains 30 pages of excellent snapshots of the neighbours and neighbourhood taken by Myfanwy Phillips. Here again the innocent perspective is maintained.

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More than half of the pictures are of children and, strategically placed as they are at the very beginning of the book, it is obvious that we are expected to view what follows through their childish eyes. But we are not children; we do not need to be told how we live. Two hundred and fifty pages are filled with trivial facts that everybody already knows.

Nevertheless, the book possesses one great virtue. Sandwiched between 118 pages of boring description and 129 pages of boring snippets is an essay on "Working People. Poverty and Public Policy". It is the finest piece of social criticism ever written in Canada. Lorimer meticulously dissects the prevailing liberal analysis of poverty, and replies with a tightly constructed and thoroughly persuasive argument in favour of higher minimum wages and full employment.

He shows that the poor are not a clearly identifiable group, that the poor are not a class in themselves. The dramatic cases of stark poverty—alcoholic on Skid Row, old ladies starving to death in lonely rooms—constitute only a tiny fraction of the people who have low incomes or no incomes. Most poor people are members of the working class; two-thirds have jobs; and they do not differ in any significant respect from other working class people whose incomes are above a certain statistically-determined line. All working class people, poor or nonpoor, feel a sense of alienation and despair. All working class people, unlike any middle

class people, live in constant fear that recession, automation, old age or injury will plunge them into poverty. Lorimer concludes that the "crucial and important distinction to be made in contemporary Canadian society is not between 'the poor' and 'the nonpoor', but rather between working people and people of other social classes, particularly between working class people and middle class people."

Our peculiarly North American mania for ignoring the one crucial social factor—class—has completely obscured the relationship between poverty and the inegalitarian structure of our society. Middle class do-gooders who are concerned about poverty and who hold conferences to discuss the *solution* to the *problem*, would not be so self-satisfied or so self-righteous if they had to face up to the fact that the problem of poverty is a problem of class and there can be no end to poverty until there is an end to class. The solution which they offer is a guaranteed annual income. Lorimer points out that it is a most unsatisfactory solution, for it would make a million Canadians government dependants with a resultant loss of personal autonomy and political freedom.

He suggests an alternative which would deal not only with the problem of being poor but with other unsatisfactory aspects of working class life as well. He proposes, first of all, a higher minimum wage—\$2.75 to \$3—which would ensure that a man who worked full time could provide a decent stan-

dard of living for his family. Secondly, he proposes that everyone should be allowed to work, that there should be full employment. He realizes, however, the difficulties involved in such a policy, including the devastating effects of our integrated continental economy and the very narrow limits that the U.S. imposes on Canadian economic policy.

Our rulers will surely oppose Lorimer's plan for it raises some uncomfortable questions about Canadian independence and the class structure of our society. They will surely support the guaranteed annual income, for it will have the desired effect of making a large segment of the working class economically dependent and politically impotent.

If there exists anyone who is so isolated in his affluence that he is unacquainted with everyday life in Canada, he could hardly do better than read Lorimer's book. It is a clearly written and preposterously detailed description of life in an average community. Ordinary Canadians certainly need not read the whole book. We are well aware of how we and our neighbours live. However, the chapter in which Lorimer argues the case for a fair minimum wage and full employment should be carefully studied. His proposals must be implemented, but they will be implemented only if working people organize politically in their own interest. No other class has ever done that for us. No other class ever will.

DONALD LIVINGSTONE



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## Social space

**Social Space: Canadian Perspectives**, edited by D. I. Davies and Kathleen Herman. New Press, 264 pp. \$5.95.

Within the context of the debate on Canadian nationality, insofar as it impinges on the academy, there is the danger that traditions of scholarship will be sabotaged by spasms of anger or pleas for relevance. This doesn't mean that the spasms or the pleas are illegitimate in themselves. It simply means that as long as the university's mandate—at least in the humanities and social sciences—is to free the mind from some of the constraints of ideological passion, the university is not in a position to answer decisively.

At best it can convert the spread of Canadian self-consciousness and anxiety into an urge to investigate the

historical and contemporary background to Canadian life. It is towards such an end that *Social Space: Canadian Perspectives*, edited by two professors of sociology at Queen's University, is directed.

The editors claim at the outset that a distinctive Canadian sociology is not only possible, but crucial. It is crucial because any social and cultural system, however variegated, suggests its own agenda. It is crucial, furthermore because methodological devices can be appropriated to this task from sociological theory and brought to rest on what the editors identify as a Canadian interdisciplinary social science tradition.

Canadian sociology is important, they claim, because once the legitimacy of the Canadian consciousness playing on its environment is accepted, social scientists can explore that consciousness and its social context for the means to organize and change social and political life. As the editors write in their preface: "For analysis to be useful it does not only have to specify what relationships are or have been but how they might and should develop." In short, the anthology of writings that Prof. Davies and Herman have pulled together embodies a disavowal of the aloofness of empiricism and functionalism and seeks to make a contribution to humanistic sociology and politics.

The claim that this is a contribution to humanistic sociology is mine, not theirs. At least they do not make such a claim explicitly. They stress rather that their concern is to establish the relationship between sociological categories of analysis and the essays that deal directly with Canadian life. In an overview statement of Canadian social science they say:

"The initial task of the reader is . . . to ask what questions Canadians themselves posed in order to understand their predicament. And in searching for an interpretation it seems clear that there have been three fundamental areas of analysis: the area of dependence and independence; the sphere of communication; and the physical-biological forces of self-realization."

These preoccupations, they say, are represented in Canadian social science, in political economy and the writings of such scholars as the late Harold Innis, in political rhetoric and in journalism. For students of Canadian sociology they can be formulated as questions in this way:

How do Canadians take account of the external and economic control of their society? How do they speak to each other? And how, with the second largest land mass in the world can they actually create something called a society?

Burdened with these questions, then, the student of Canadian sociology can proceed cautiously through a tightly-edited compendium of Canadian thought and analysis.

But there is a methodological overlay which derives not so much from Canadian sociological writings, as from American and European traditions. It is here where I would argue that the humanistic bearing is revealed. Davies and Herman elaborate the concept of social space—public and private. Put rather crudely, this brings to sociological analysis the obsessions of egalitarianism and freedom of the democratic revolutions. The concept is used to explore the social, cultural, physical and ecological constraints on Canadian life. These constraints can be observed broadly and most evidently, on the one hand, in the organization of economic life which binds Canada to America and, on the other, in the encroachment of massive corporate organization which extends private privilege into the public domain. The constraints can be seen, furthermore, in the

"The editors claim that a distinctive Canadian sociology is not only possible, but crucial. It is crucial because any social and cultural system, however variegated, suggests its own agenda."

bearing of social class, sex or ethnicity on the life opportunities of certain kinds of Canadians.

The concept of social space, then, is one which is used to explore how the manoeuvrability or, to put it crudely again, the freedom of individuals and collectivities is shaped by the rules of social interaction, by social, economic and political arrangements and by the character of the Canadian land mass. The assumption, of course, is that the form and substance of such rules and structures do not inhere in social life; they are created by humans for themselves and for others, not necessarily for all.

It seems to me that the approach the editors take redeems it fully as a contribution to teaching. For that, after all, is its purpose. Furthermore it meets the pleas for relevance and commitment, if we're not yet too cynical to honour such pleas. It has the virtue of a solid narrative which binds the novice student of Canadian sociology to a core set of interests.

But like virtually all anthologies and readers, most of the essays are either excerpts of larger studies or have been already published in academic journals. Of the 42 essays, only seven are new: "The Emerging Welfare State: Changing Perspectives in Canadian Welfare Policies and Programs, 1867-1960" by one of the co-editors, Kathleen Herman; "Boarding School: Social Control, Space and Identity" by Mary and James Maxwell; "Patronage and Paternalism: Politics in Newfoundland" by George Perlin; "Leadership Conventions in Canada: the Forms and Substance of Participatory Politics" by Jayant Lele, Perlin (again) and Hugh Thornburn; "Some Problems in the Redefinition of Activism: the Rise and Fall of SUPA" by Krista Maeots; "Student Protest in Canada" by Caroline Brown; "Graduate Unemployment and the Myth of Human Capital" by Alexander Lockhart.

The rest are by such Canadian familiars as F. R. Scott, Daniel Drache, John Porter, Marshall McLuhan, Harold Innis, John O'Neill, S. D. Clark, Pierre Vallières—even Pierre Elliot Trudeau and the *Last Post*. It includes contributions by some American theorists like Stanford Lyman, Marvin Scott and Edward Hall.

Accordingly, it commends itself to students and teachers as a reader on Canadian society and public issues. At the same time it leaves in its wake, typically, an agenda of research and analysis of Canadian society which will keep scholars busy for generations. Perhaps foremost in this agenda is a definitive intellectual history of the country.

G. S. ADAM

# Until Friday at 4:30

**Work: Twenty Personal Accounts**, Edited by Ronald Fraser. Penguin Books, 298 pp. \$1.35

**Work: Volume 2**, Edited by Ronald Fraser. Penguin Books, 365 pp. \$1.65

Work is at once the centre and the periphery of our lives. We all work; we get up in the morning and shave and go and spend the day doing something. We get paid for it. How much we get paid, where we live, who our friends are, what our social status is, are all determined by the kind of work we do.

Our work shapes the whole activity and meaning of our lives. And yet . . . and yet . . . there is an absence, a vacuum, a hunger. We don't like our work and we gripe about it. It's tedious, and the supervisor is stupid, and we don't get paid enough. We count the hours till 4:30 on Friday when we will have the weekend for ourselves. Time for ourselves. That's the difference, or part of it. Our hours at work are time for someone else.

We all work and are all troubled by work. But if we all feel the same is it not more than a personal trouble? If hundreds of millions are affected in the same way by the same institution, it is time we realised that the problem is not in ourselves but in the system. The present system of work needs to be closely studied and publicly debated.

A good place to start is with *Work* or *Work 2*. Each of these books contains twenty personal stories, all of which have previously appeared in the *New Left Review*. A miner, a town planner, a steelworker, an actor, a bricklayer each describe the work they do and what it does to them. There has been no attempt to impose a uniform structure on the essays or to give them a predetermined slant. They are subjective, strongly felt, and lucidly written. Each worker speaks for himself. Each is a different personality doing a different job. The doctor and the trawlerman live in two widely separated universes. But there are similarities, and after you read twenty or forty accounts and compare them with your own and those of your friends you begin to see a pattern and to understand where the problems become issues.

The problem that is most often mentioned is money, or rather, the lack of it. There are continuous complaints,

but not from everyone. The stockbroker and the atomic energy researcher do not talk about it; these are professional men who obviously obtain great non-pecuniary rewards from their jobs. Such satisfaction is not, however, limited to the upper classes. The steelworker doesn't mention money either, though his work is hotter, dirtier, and more strenuous than that of any of the other writers. He would rather make steel than almost anything else. It's a man's work and he is highly skilled. The toolmaker feels the same way, but

"The great issue, then, is to develop a system of worker's control . . . organized on democratic lines."

knows that others do not: "Unfortunately, the normal lot of the industrial worker is a very unsatisfactory work experience of performing a fragmented task under conditions he can only marginally control."

As compensation for the unpleasantness of it all we demand money, lots of it. The extra money is not required in order to pay for biological necessities—food, shelter. In the affluent West a majority of us are adequately housed and fed, but our need for the money is no less real. As Ronald Fraser writes in his introduction to the second volume: "A man who has less is less of a man in a class society where a 'man' is defined by the possibilities wealth offers, where the dominant values are those of the dominant class."

Is there anything we can demand instead of money, or besides money? There are some situations where the cash nexus does not exist, which suggests that there are many places where it need not exist. For example, Methodist ministers in England receive a very small stipend, and for all of them it is the same regardless of seniority, or the size or wealth of their congregations. On learning this an American clergyman commented, "But man, where's the incentive?"

Though the need for money is real, it is little more than a substitute for a much more elemental need—the need to have control over one's self, the need

for personal sovereignty. As workers, we have no control over the organisation and scheduling, let alone the purposes, of our work. We have no control over when we are laid off or when technology makes us useless. We do not see a finished product or an end result. It is not ours. It belongs to someone else. We belong to someone else. After 4:30 on Friday we will have some leisure, but leisure is, by definition, the margin of life, the time left over after what is important, or what should be important—our work—is finished with.

Management decides all. Decisions which affect the very centre of our lives and the meaning of our manhood are made by a class apart, for they own the means of production, and control is the prerogative of ownership. Because only the upper classes have the chance to think, to decide, to plan, it is only natural that they control all political decisions just as they control all business decisions. We cannot expect to create a participating democracy in which people are responsible, imaginative citizens capable of exercising judgement, unless these same people have had the opportunity at their places of work to assume responsibilities, to use their imagination, and to make decisions.

The great issue, then, is how to develop a system of workers' control. Has everyone become so addled by the authoritarian structure of their work life that they cannot conceive of it being organized on democratic lines? Possibly. Does not the complexity and variety of jobs make it necessary to devise thousands of different forms of democratic control, each tailor-made for a particular factory or industry? You need only read the two volumes of *Work* to realize that.

And when you have read them you cannot but agree with Alvin Gouldner when he argues in his brilliant concluding essay that "work, as many know it, is nothing less than the wasting of life." We will all be wasting our lives unless we can control our lives and can be uncontrolled in our purposes or in our actions by anyone but ourselves, individually and collectively. Unless we can, Friday at 4:30 will never come.

DONALD LIVINGSTONE



# LAST POST LETTERS

## Dear Last Post:

Re your article by Ralph Surette—"A Lot of Farmers Have Gone Under", I would like to take issue with the part on page nine which begins: "Canada's traditional English-speaking elite—the Toronto media and the University of Toronto crowd—has always considered Toronto as another in the great constellation of American cities, as befits our colonial status," and ends, "maybe we don't need an elite at all."

First, if Toronto is the 'metropolitan cultural fountainhead' of Canada, then the attitudes of its citizens can be compared to the attitudes of citizens of the metropolitan cultural fountainheads of other countries, such as England and France. Parisiens contemptuously speak of newcomers as being 'from the provinces'; Londoners speak of people from Northern England the same way.

...Paris and London are metropolitan cultural fountainheads of autonomous countries. Is Toronto a fountainhead, or is it another in the great constellation of American cities? Or is it in transition between the latter and the former? . . .

Second, it's good to point out that the media in Toronto have ignored the rest of Canada. But surely that such an interest is now being shown is a good

thing . . .

Torontocentricity is a result of the vast distances that isolate Canadian cities from one another. These distances reinforce regionalized attitudes. We have Montrealcentricity and Prairiecentricity as well as Torontocentricity. Northrop Frye, in the preface to *The Bush Garden*, said that the Canadian identity is a function of the tension between regional identity and national unity. Toronto feeds what it thinks are national ideas through its machinery of national communication out across the country, but these ideas are more Torontonion than Canadian.

What stops the process of Canada's assumption of its own identity is that the present image of Canada is of a fat, comfortable complacent nation. Canada's real reality is too funky, too fresh, too leftist and too exciting to middle-class consumers who have chosen to leave all that behind to live in high rises or suburbs, in a safe, standardized existence.

Third, Toronto is Canada wedged up against the United States. Thus its attitudes have been the most colonial. But it also then is the fastest to react against the United States. If Toronto is where nationalism is growing, that can only be good. People of all nationalities pour into Toronto at the rate of 100,000 a year. The ambitious who were dissatisfied with the amount of money and power Canada could offer, used to dribble out the other end to get more. But now they stay in Toronto. American has occupied a lot of space in the Torontonion psyche. If Torontonians are in the process of evicting America from their thinking, there will be a lot more room to be receptive to Canada's culture. Then we'll have a fountainhead.

When this process gets going, and Toronto frees itself from American cultural domination, the rest of Canada which now resents Toronto will find that instead of it appearing as a superiority-prone colonial centre which assumed its superiority by virtue of its proximity to the United States, and was contemptuous of Canada's culture, devoted

as it was to copying changes in American culture, it will be instead receptive to Canada.

Then the resentment which the rest of Canada has been aiming at Toronto will be seen to have been aimed indirectly at the United States all along. To save time, of course, Canada might well be advised to analyse its resentment against Toronto and take the initiative in redirecting the energy in that resentment toward the United States . . .

So if the Tom Connors and the farmers and that Canada which has been forced to wait in the wings and pay dues before it ever got on stage is going to step forward, we'd better be united on it.

Melinda McCracken

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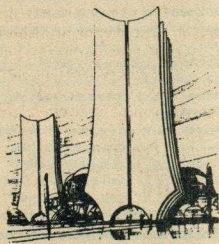
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# LETTERS

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## Dear Last Post:

I was very pleased to see your article on Paul Desmarais and Power Corp. in the latest issue of *Last Post*. I was also relieved for I was beginning to think no one would ever write on this beyond a few references in previous *Last Post* articles. There is much information beyond the *La Presse* story concerning Power and Desmarais which has never been published in the mass media for obvious reasons. You would do Canadian workers a great favour by exposing more information. Possible subjects to research include the role of Power in the Dominion Glass strikes last autumn; the relationships between Desmarais and Thomson, Maurice Strong and the late Robert Winters; Power's interest in the construction industry including the collapse of Inspiration Construction Co. Ltd.; the implications of the huge pools of money available in life insurance companies which Power controls; the appointment of a Power V.P. to the Canada Development Corporation; and finally, the incredible manner in which Power has grown in the last decade. To bring your chart up-to-date, Power now owns over 90 per cent of Canada Steamship Lines Ltd.

**Dave Edwards**  
London, Ont.

## Dear Last Post:

Your November '71 issue was great! "The Rural Revolt" was a fine contribution to a difficult topic. You might also have described the role of the CBC Farm Broadcasts in promoting Agribusiness at the expense of other forms of agricultural production.

The article on Tom Connors was beautiful as far as it went, but it failed to point out that Tom's *creative* period

has probably ended. He is a great artist but he has been captured by the entertainment market. There will be no more songs in bars or other places where the scale is suitable for rapport between audience and singer. From now on, it's the big arena, the concert hall, the mass audience. No more *live* (living) performances before the people who gave him his culture. He has lost touch with his own soul and is now only a repetition of his past.

*Last Post* has been too late to provide Tom Connors with the anti-imperialist framework that could be a source of continued cultural development for such an artist.

Of course, your article on Tom Connors was not intended to "save" him. Other artists who follow him may recognize and consolidate the culture of resistance to prevent their capture by the commercial world.

**John Carr**  
Toronto

## Dear Last Post:

Marvellous, your framed marginalium, on page 11 of the October edition of the *Last Post*. I read it three times and still can't figure out the exact and sole signification of the title ("Throwing in the towel"), but it is nevertheless a masterpiece in information gathering.

More than that, it is almost entirely accurate; it wasn't in the morning (or is 1.00 a.m. already the morning?) but at night, after a meeting of the Waffle; it wasn't at the end of the convention, but before it started officially ("the youth, who had been around meetings... all through the convention..."); it wasn't a matter of help (or is an offer of a place to sleep, a matter of help?), but of finding a bed; the shower was I suppose, accurately timed (or is a shower only to be taken in the morning, or never at all?); the rest is almost to the point, except that I cannot judge for myself if I turned pale or not, having no mirror in front of me at that time....

With regard to the untold part of it, I'll reveal the secrets to your readers — if you prolong the joke to printing

my letter, of course.

The "prominent official of the Quebec NDP" was our secretary and he has now infiltrated the government, having lately become a Servant of the Crown. Has he thrown in the towel? And the first of my "two personal secrets", I am sorry I cannot remember. I soul-searched but couldn't fetch it out. If it ever comes back to me, I'll write a post-scriptum to you. The second one is that for the last 12 or 13 months, I have been discussing with four or five persons — real bad guys of the Orthodox Communist branch — the possibility of being part of a Canadian delegation to North Vietnam. Of course, I had been naive enough to forget that the CIA was most certainly present there too; and thus I may have turned pale after all, for you never know when your pride will backlash on you.

Being on the psychologist's couch, I'll reveal another secret of mine to you. A much more important one indeed; but please promise to me that you won't reveal it to any one, not even in your magazine, for the "special task-force on internal security" that Goyer has so generously given us — whose chairman was actually appointed by Trudeau in June 1970, by his own account, (you see, I have my own security researchers) — has started reading the papers. They may thus find it if you publish it.

Je suis Quebecois de langue francaise (but sssshh...)

**G. Raymond Laliberte**  
Ste. Foy

## Dear Last Post:

In your December-January issue, you mention a number of examples of misleading or inaccurate reporting by establishment papers. In the same issue you mention the death of Michele Gauthier without once mentioning that she died of an asthma attack. Such practices can weaken articles that are otherwise convincing.

**Donell Lowe**  
Lachute

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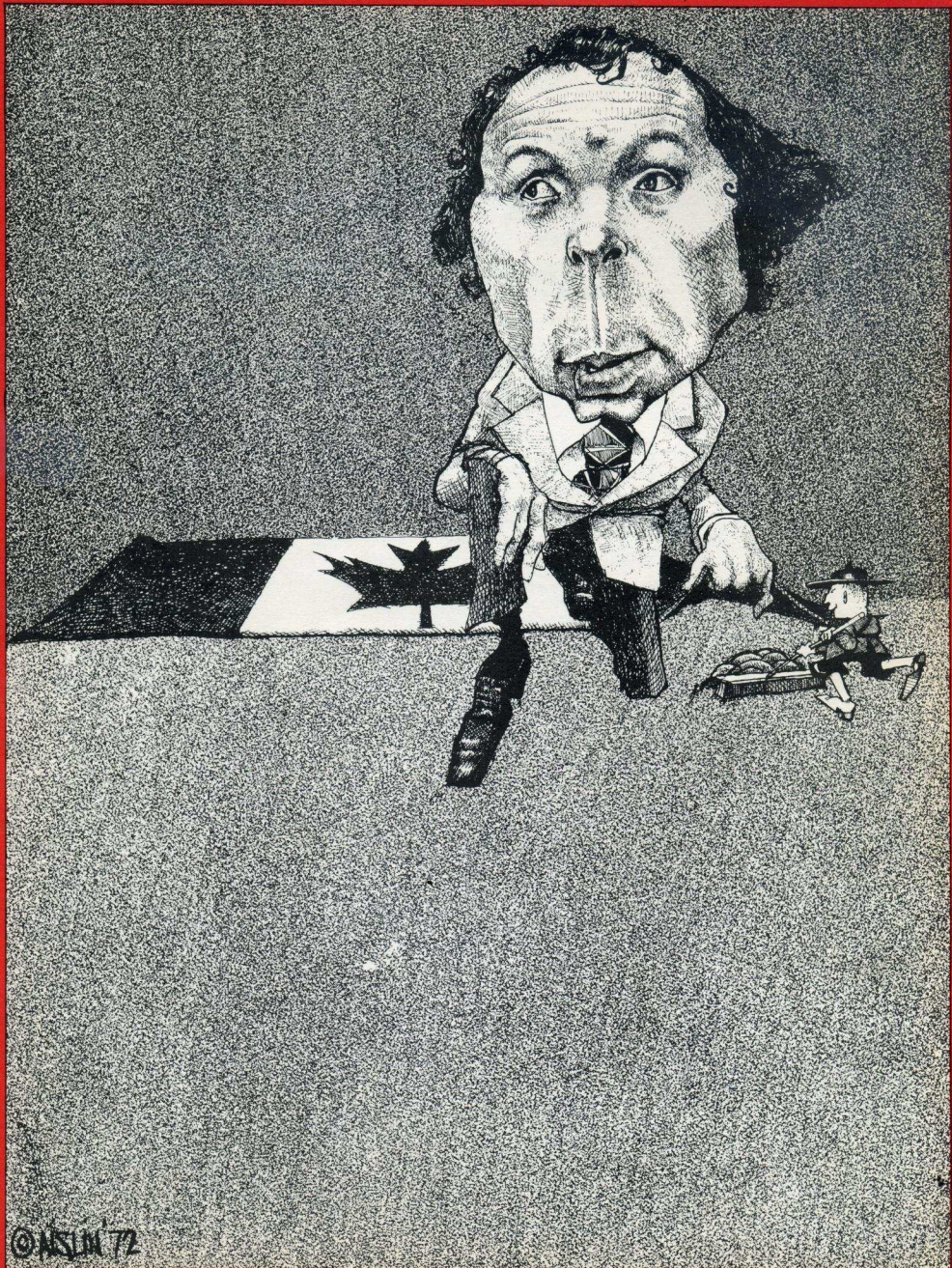
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