

THE LAST POST

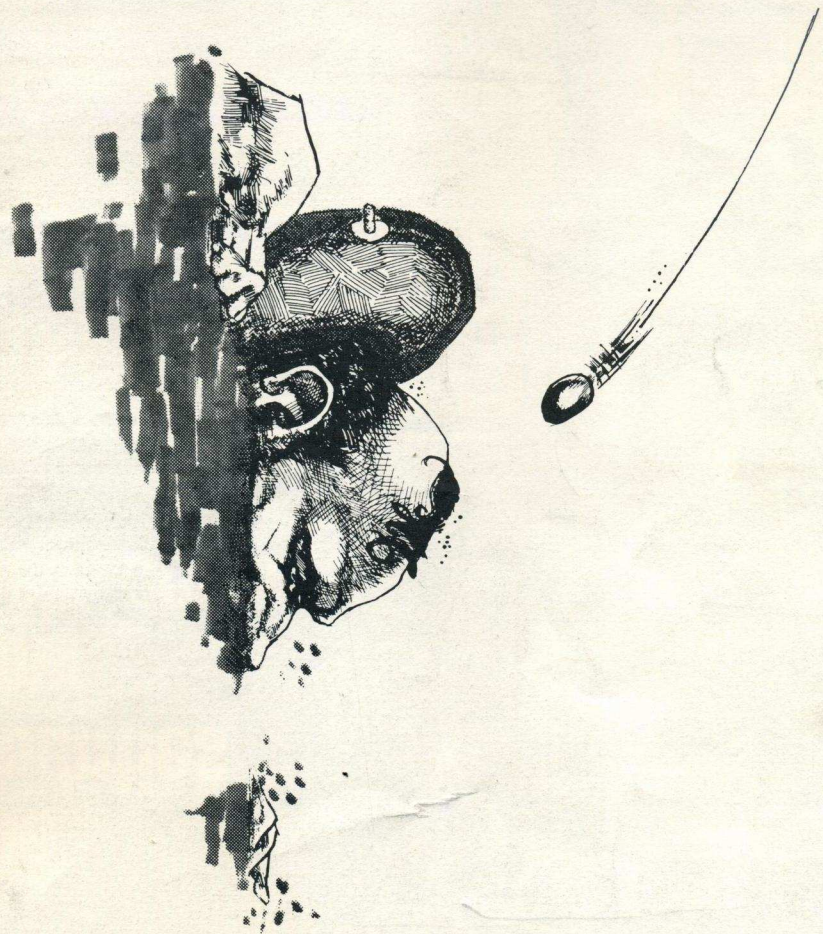
Oct-Nov 1974, Vol. 4, No. 3, Price 75 Cents

The Mounties blow their cover

- Tom Bata's
silent empire
- City reformers
revisited



EUGENE WHELAN TO SWIM ACROSS RIDEAU CANAL... TWICE!



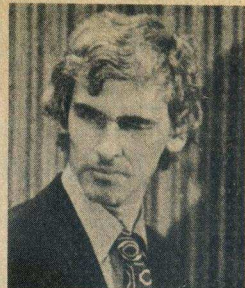
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THE LAST POST

Vol. 4, No. 3

CONTENTS

The Month	4
Ma Bell's buddies	
Sharp to MacEachen	
International Report	14
Greece marks time	
Bauxite producers	
Last Pssst	19
The Mounties' strange activities	21
by <i>Nick Auf der Maur</i>	
How Bata built its empire	24
by <i>Robert Chodos</i>	
What are the city reformers doing?	31
Rhodesia's last years	36
by <i>Richard Bronstein</i>	
Rear View	41
Ronning's China by <i>James Endicott</i>	
Science Column by <i>Democritus</i>	



The Mounties
page 21



Bata's empire
page 24



City elections
page 31

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92

THE MONTH

BELL'S RATE HIKE:

A LITTLE HELP FROM SOME FRIENDS

It won't be much longer before telephone users in Ontario, Quebec and the eastern Arctic begin to discover some of the benefits of majority government. They will discover that since September 15 monthly rates for residential and business telephones have increased, and that long distance rates are higher. They will find themselves paying 25 cents a shot for directory assistance, and as new "improved" equipment is installed it will cost 20 cents for local calls from pay telephones in many locations.

If those telephone users lucky enough to be served by Bell Canada get the impression that the benefits of majority government seem to be going to giant monopolies like Bell and not to ordinary people, well, that's the way the cookie crumbles. And the crumbs are worth tens of millions of dollars annually to Bell.

This is the fifth rate increase granted to Bell in as many years. After going through the motions of public hearings, the Canadian Transport Commission (CTC) announced August 15 that it had agreed to most of Bell's demands, and the federal cabinet was quick to concur. Both took the position that regardless of any weak-kneed, bleeding-heart social considerations, Bell Canada had to have a higher rate of return on common equity (i.e. more profits). Cabinet approval came shortly after it was revealed that even without the increases Bell's second-quarter profits were up 72 per cent over the previous year's healthy record.

Last time it was a little different. In April 1973, after the CTC had dutifully approved a Bell rate increase, the cabinet announced application of the increase would be delayed three months pending "clarification" of the CTC decision, and the NDP proclaimed a victory for minority government.

Three months later Bell was quietly allowed to implement two-thirds of the increase, and this was just as quietly overlooked by the NDP, which saw its role then as "making Parliament work".

This time, in 1974, there was no three-month delay, no one-third reduction in the increase.



As usual, Bell had little trouble getting most of what it wanted approved by the CTC, despite such annoyances as public hearings in which concerned groups and individuals were allowed to stand up and say nasty things about higher telephone rates. Some intervenors, as they are called, were able to make themselves heard more effectively than others. Nobody

was able to muster anything approaching the legal muscle of Bell Canada, although the Government of Quebec, the Government of Ontario and the Consumers' Association of Canada at least had legal counsel to follow the four months of proceedings and to call and cross-examine witnesses.

Less fortunate intervenors had to try to

NORTHERN'S MODESTY TOWARD ITT

Bell Canada's subsidiary, Northern Electric, is now expanding its horizons, and its reliance upon Bell is likely to be reduced, the CTC reports, "as a result of Northern's current aggressive bid to gain a greater share of the international market." Just how aggressive Northern is has been called into question by a \$9 million lawsuit against it by Albatros Naviera, S.A., of Montevideo, Uruguay, which was to have worked with Northern in securing a \$67 million telephone equipment contract from Peru in 1969. Albatros alleges in its lawsuit that Northern deliberately and secretly backed out of the deal in favour of its supposed arch-rival ITT, which wanted to protect its monopoly in Lima. The contract went to an ITT subsidiary in Belgium. Shortly afterward two ITT officials were appointed to positions with Northern, and more curious still, ITT appointed Bell Canada as a consultant to the ITT-controlled Peruvian telephone system, as if the world-wide giant ITT were suddenly in need of advice. The Albatros lawsuit should be a most interesting one to watch.

make their points without extensive legal assistance, which is not helpful in the legalistic confines of the CTC courtroom. Among these were community groups, anti-poverty organizations, golden age societies, native groups and one Member of Parliament, John Rodriguez (NDP—Nickel Belt). There were also a number of individuals and a group called Action Bell Canada, set up specifically to oppose the increases.

But from the beginning there was a difference of emphasis between Bell, which seemed primarily concerned with the rate of return on capital, and many of the intervenors, who persisted in the notion that telephones constitute an essential public utility and that rate increases might not go over so well in some quarters.

The CTC noted this disapprovingly in its decision, complaining that "this group of intervenors tended to simply tune out what Bell was saying." However, this group understood only too well what Bell was saying, and thought that public service should occasionally come ahead of private profit when the two were in conflict.

One may suggest that in these days of rising costs even the phone company needs more money to make ends meet. This assumes, of course, that the rates are not too high to begin with. Some opponents were disrespectful enough to compare Bell's rates with those charged by the publicly owned systems which serve all three Prairie provinces.

It appears, for example, that the basic monthly residential rate in Ottawa-Hull is 50 per cent higher than that in Winnipeg, a metropolitan area of comparable size. There are significant differences in the other rate categories as well. It is worth noting that the Manitoba Telephone System has been able to get by without raising its rates since 1955. Rates are slightly higher in Saskatchewan and Alberta, but still well below what Bell Canada subscribers are forced to pay.

The question of rate categories is an important one, for it is here that the CTC dealt Bell its only major rebuff. The rate category into which any given community falls depends upon how many telephones can be reached without long-distance charges; the more telephones in an area, the higher the rate category. What Bell proposed, and what the CTC refused, was the abolition of the lowest rate category, which would have forced a large number of small communities into a more expensive bracket.

The CTC is guided in setting Bell's rates and hence its revenues by the permissible rate of return on equity which it establishes. This year the CTC ruled that Bell needed a rate of return between 8.6 and 9.1 per cent to attract sufficient capital for its construction program, a program supposedly aimed at preventing deterioration of service.

That Bell is taxing its telephone users in order to raise funds for investment in other services does not seem to perturb the CTC: "The evidence clearly shows that [Bell's] Construction Program includes large sums to be spent on telecommunications services other than the basic telephone network. We find no justification, however, to contemplate directing Bell not to make specific expenditures on other such services."

Nor does the CTC seem concerned that the permissible rate of return is not being observed in any manner, real or imaginary. Bell's revenues have tended to be considerably higher than its public predictions have indicated, so much so that even Bell itself felt obliged to scale down its original request for its 1974 rate increase. Its rate of return in 1973 was 9.7 per cent, well above the 7.8 per cent officially permitted, and its revenues so far this year have been far from sluggish. Profit for the first half of 1974 is \$119.8 million.

But the true rate of return is much higher than this, for Bell is adept at several perfectly legal dodges. The most important of these is deferred income taxes (taxes which the government allows corporations to delay paying, perhaps forever). Not only does the CTC allow Bell to pretend it has paid these taxes instead of treating them as income, but Bell can even treat them as equity for purposes of calculating the rate of return

(although they are not ordinary equity), so that Bell customers are actually paying for the use of money which really belongs to the taxpayers of Canada. Bell's deferred taxes now total over \$400 million. Bell bookkeepers have also taken good advantage of fast depreciation to make the rate of return appear lower than it really is.

Another favourite trick is to retain profit in subsidiaries such as Tele-Direct, which is involved in the very lucrative sale of Yellow Pages advertising, and Northern Electric, Bell's 90.1 per cent-owned manufacturing subsidiary and the major supplier of its equipment (see *Last Post*, vol. 3, no. 8).

At the hearings, several intervenors dared to question the social impact of Bell's proposed increases. They were concerned that since people who cannot afford their own telephones must use pay phones, they would tend to be rather hard hit by an increase to 20 cents a call. (The CTC decision excepted pay phones in many locations, but a number of people will still be forced to use the 20-cent telephones.) They were concerned that even if Bell agreed to exempt the blind from the 25-cent directory assistance charge, there are other groups of handicapped, not to mention the functionally illiterate, who have trouble using the phone book. They were concerned that service in many rural areas has deteriorated badly; by Bell's own admission the number of lines with over six parties more than doubled from 1965 to 1973 while requests for single lines and two-party lines were denied. There were also complaints about service in the Far North.

The Consumers' Association of Canada, the only intervening group whose request for federal funding was

met, raised a number of useful points. Unfortunately, at least two of the witnesses called by the CAC stated views which would appear not to be in the best interests of consumers, one of them saying people in remote areas should pay more for their telephone service and another suggesting that Bell should indeed have a higher rate of return. Robert Olley, until recently vice-president of the CAC, has worked as a consultant for Bell and in fact appeared as one of their witnesses at the hearings.

The CAC was not part of the nine-group coalition which met with Communications Minister Gérard Pelletier on

ONE HAND CLAPPING

That sound you hear these days above the hum of the air conditioners at Bridle Manor, a comfortable townhouse development in Agincourt, is the shattering of the Canadian dream.

—Frank Jones, *Toronto Star*,
September 14, 1974

September 11 in a vain effort to obtain some inkling of the government's justification for supporting the CTC decision and to ask for some modification of that position. The minister listened

politely to a series of statements, and then replied with some vague mumbblings about possible legislation to move telephone regulation to another agency. Repeated attempts were made to bring his attention to specific concerns, but these attempts mostly failed. After rather facetiously turning aside a number of pointed questions the minister said "thank you, gentlemen" (there were women there too) and walked from the room.

In many countries the government owns the telephone system. In others, it appears to be the other way round.

Eric Hamovitch

SHARP TO MACEACHEN: THE IMAGE IS DIFFERENT, BUT ...

Rumour has it that Mitchell Sharp actually wanted to be relieved of his duties as Secretary of State for External Affairs. Unkind counter-rumour has it that he was, in fact, dumped, kicked upstairs by Trudeau when he was moved to the post of Privy Council President in the latest cabinet shuffle.

Whatever the case, Sharp has now been replaced in External Affairs by Affable Allan MacEachen. The image, at least, is different. Where Sharp looked a trifle lean and hungry, MacEachen looks like a well-fed sportscaster, and so is probably better suited (in bold checks yet) to promote that down-home-just-plain-folks profile for us in tedious conferences all over the world. But tough too. Less wooden than Sharp, he has instead perfected a disconcerting grin that lies somewhere between amiability and mockery. He is, after twenty years on the Hill, a pro.

And so, Sharp's grim aspect will be finding its way over the air waves and into your living rooms less frequently now.

Sharp was, and will no doubt forever be, a genius of the forthright sidestep and candid evasion as well as the common

falsehood. In fact he was so adept in these traditional ways and means of political parlours and press conferences, that he sometimes, out of either boredom or bravado, would escalate the game into something approaching surrealism.

Press conferences are on a unique plane of reality to begin with, a little like those unrehearsed bits of dialogue between Sonny and Cher, or Ed Sullivan and the Flying Zambinis, minus the penetrating wit. It is a ritual accepted by one and all, void of information, but always with the possibility of a quote that ripens to juiciness in the hot sun of the city room.

Sharp liked to go beyond the bounds of outrage required by tradition, thus daring both reporters and public to break the ritual smoothness of the occasion. During the NATO Ministerial Conference this summer I asked him a question concerning the possibility of NATO military intervention in a hypothetical leftist uprising in Greece (this was June 15, before the Cypriot coup and the resignation of the junta).

After emitting the appropriate non-committal statement expected by those present, he sashayed forth into a lengthy

exposition of the devotion to democracy shown by the junta. The Ottawa Declaration published by the NATO ministers that day had reiterated NATO's faith in and adherence to the principles of democracy.

"I am pleased to say that the Greek ambassador was one of those who particularly supported the inclusion of this statement in the Declaration."

"Come off it Mitch. What a load of hokey." No one said this, myself included, for the simple reason that it would have been a waste of energy. More hokey would have been forthcoming.

It is entirely possible of course that I misjudge the Honourable Mr. Sharp, that he is not a heretic who wishes to destroy sacred ritual, that he truly *believed* the Colonels to be champions of freedom, victims of a severe international misunderstanding, much as supporters of Chiang Kai-shek in the fifties and sixties truly believed that, treacherous and murderous as he was, he was to be preferred to the Red Menace.

Henry Luce, emperor of *Time* (magazine) Inc., was one of these, and though his politics were born more of Presbyterianism and hence had a religious cast, Sharp is reminiscent of his type. Sharp's enthusiasms appear to stem more from his background in Brazilian Light and Power, now Brascan, and hence have a less divinely-inspired character about them.

But the phenomenon is similar in many ways, as R.H. Tawney has pointed out in *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*. In his biography of Luce,

continued on p. 8

THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING ...
AND COMING ... AND COMING ...

* * * * *

Soviet women lead French, British in orgasms

Headline, the *Montreal Gazette*, July 27, 1974

PEREGRINATIONS AND VICISSITUDES OF THE EIGHTH WORLD CONGRESS OF SOCIOLOGY

(held at the University of Toronto, August 1974)

by GAD HOROWITZ

1. Apocalypse

An American sociologist (picture him lounging over expensive liqueur at the Chicago Playboy Club, rings flashing on his fingers, ruminating voluptuously about the 'tragic vision of life') informs us that if "a world-wide nuclear or ecological catastrophe should return those surviving to a neolithic existence, man might not be able to move once again on into the bronze age and/or those that were to follow because we have already eliminated almost all of those readily accessible natural resources that enabled man to begin his lengthy trek toward our present precarious domination over nature."

I begin to relive a traumatic experience which I had suffered at the age of seven in Calgary when a delegation of Jehovah's Witness Sociologists appeared at my front door circulating a Heavenly Flyer with the headline "The End of the World Is At Hand".

A "callow" undergraduate sitting beside me saves me from immediate breakdown by whispering that a lot of precious metals would be left over as scrap, from the previous high level of civilization. "Think how many pruning hooks could be shaped out of the remains of the Toronto-Dominion Centre." And they shall beat their Cadillacs into ploughshares.

2. The Life-World

A hollow-eyed Ethnomethodologist (adherent of a sociological sect which accuses mainstream sociology of interposing alienating formal-abstract concepts between the participant-observer and the rich flow of real life experience) is holding forth at great length, using the particularly dense and impenetrable jargon of his sect. He is talking very fast. The audience is coughing, fidgeting, sighing, dropping heavy books on the floor, and staring into what is known in more well-rounded circles as "the middle distance". The ethnomethodologist, trained to pay close attention to the details of what is actually happening before his eyes, talks faster and faster. Finally, a red-faced, white-haired old don registers one hundred subjective units of discomfort ("suds" — from the jargon of behaviour therapy) and explodes. He rises from his seat and screams a protest against the incomprehensibility of the proceedings. The ethnomethodologist, indignant, sputters for a few seconds and then resumes his monologue, talking a bit more slowly.

3. A Dream of Marx

One morning, half-way through the five-day Congress, I wake giggling from a dream in which I am told by a British delegate that Karl Marx is not dead. He shaved off his beard and is attending the Congress to deliver a paper on "Rules and Rituals in Little League Baseball."

4. Qualitative Analysis

(A) Twenty per cent of a Canadian sample say it's "fun" to defeat someone, 40 per cent say it's "no fun" (two-thirds of those are women), and 40 per cent are undecided.

Forty per cent of an American sample say it's "fun" to defeat someone, 25 per cent say it's "no fun", and 35 per cent are undecided.

(B) An American sociologist reports that he has asked thousands of people to rank eighteen "values" in order of priority. The value that best distinguished poor people from rich people is "cleanliness". The rich rank it seventeenth, the poor rank it second.

There are 600 trillion ways of arranging the eighteen values.

The same sociologist has undertaken a content analysis of the works of Lenin, Norman Thomas, Barry Goldwater, and Adolf Hitler.

(A content analysis involves counting the number of times a key word is mentioned, positively and negatively, in a text.)

The study proved that Hitler was opposed to both freedom and equality, Thomas was in favour of both, Goldwater favoured freedom and opposed equality, and Lenin favoured equality but was opposed to freedom.

No Soviet delegate present could offer any challenge to these conclusions, except by way of doubting the methodological validity of content analysis.

5. The Soviet Delegation

The East German and Soviet apparatchik-sociologists impress me as very well-behaved and very dense. They keep repeating, over and over again, that in their kind of social system, the people control the means of production, that every social and psychological phenomenon must be understood in the light of this "fact". Juvenile delinquency, for example, has different meanings in the USA

continued on p. 8

continued from p. 7

and the USSR. In the USA it is caused by capitalism. In the USSR it is caused by unhappy families.

✦ Still, the Communists have some kind of point to make. "More than 75 per cent of all senior staff in the government, economy, armed forces, judiciary, etc., of the German Democratic Republic come from the working class."

"The question of how to abolish major social differences (in income, living conditions, between manual and mental work, etc.), though of primary concern in socialist society, cannot even be asked, let alone answered, in capitalist society. As a matter of principle, this problem may be solved in socialist society (though solutions are not always easy to find), because it is the purpose of socialized production to meet the needs of man rather than yield profit. . . ."

Of course, there are many questions that can't be asked

in "socialist" society, but these are presumably questions that are self-evidently nonsensical when the People own the means of production.

One L. S. Feuer has written a letter to the editor of the *Toronto Star* welcoming the Soviet delegates "to the North American continent" and advising them to go "to the nearest bookstore and buy a copy of Solzhenitsyn's *The Gulag Archipelago*." "See what a free society is," croons Feuer. "Remember this is a free country, people are not arrested here for speaking what they think."

At any given time, one out of every 30 or 40 black men in the United States is serving time in jail. Of course, L. S. Feuer will never be arrested for anything. That makes his country a "free" country.

Gas Horowitz teaches political economy at the University of Toronto and is the author of the standard work, Canadian Labour in Politics.

W. A. Swanberg notes in passing that the *Time* King was especially fond of a dessert called the Frozen Smile, an anecdote that reminds me parenthetically of Mr. Sharp.

It is a conjunction that Mr. Sharp would almost certainly not like. Surprisingly, Sharp is, beneath that Charlie McCarthy exterior, sensitive. He one day asked a reporter in Ottawa if the press thought he was, well you know, right-wing. On being informed that certain reporters felt he ranged close to fascistic on the ideological thermometer, he replied with the story of his deprived youth, and his struggle against financial and all other odds, which finally led to his making it on his own to the heights of a Brascan vice-presidency and the Cabinet.

Other similar young tads in Greece and Chile apparently may do the same now with his blessing.

It may have been decided by the PM that Mitch's business connections and unfortunate aspect on the teevee were about to become a liability. Or he may have wanted Mr. Sharp even closer to his side, the better to pick up his sidewinder style. The PM often speaks in Sharpese now, especially when asked unsympathetic questions about our policy on Chile and other sore points. (At a big election rally in Toronto's Varsity Stadium this summer he replied to a question on our recognition of the Chilean junta with a dazzling, if hokey, non-sequitur on how the little people of the world see us as kind of international Lone Rangers. Sharp crossed his knees and smiled.)

Allan MacEachen's past gives little indication, as other commentators have noted, of what his preferences will be in Foreign Affairs. One of the "reform"

Liberals (as opposed to conservative Liberals) MacEachen was first elected to Parliament in 1953 and re-elected in 1957, but lost his seat in the Diefenbake of 1958. The son of a Cape Breton coal miner, he had no lucrative directorship or law practice to return to, and from 1958 to 1962 he was a professor of economics at St. Francis Xavier University and acted as well as special assistant and consultant on economic affairs to Opposition Leader Lester Pearson. MacEachen was re-elected in 1962, and Pearson, who came to power the next year, appointed him Minister of Labour, then switched him to the Health portfolio in 1965, where he saved medicare from extinction.

A *Toronto Star* article during his unsuccessful Liberal leadership campaign in 1968 noted that MacEachen described himself as "a progressive Liberal".

"And if that puts me on the left, that's where I am," he told the interviewer.

Of course it does not put him on the left, wherever that is these days, so he can relax. It makes him a progressive liberal. How progressive remains to be seen. Personally he represents a departure from Sharpstyle, but the political substance, not surprisingly, appears to be consistent.

MacEachen's first major speech as External Affairs Minister did not indicate any real change of thinking in that department. The speech was delivered to the Atlantic Treaty Association in Ottawa on September 9, the ATA being, basically, a voluntary civilian support association for NATO. Its importance can be partially gauged by the fact that those present included Gen. Andrew Goodpaster, Supreme Allied Commander Europe for NATO (Gen. Alexander Haig has since been announced as his

successor) and Admiral Ralph Cousins, Supreme Allied Commander Atlantic, Goodpaster's naval counterpart.

In his address, MacEachen confirmed our commitment to NATO:

"... One distinct feature of our Alliance is that it is not simply a group of nations forced together by outward circumstances or by geography. We are neighbours that find cohesion in our common ideals. We can work in harmony because of our dedication to democratic principles."

The question of the validity of our continuing participation in NATO is complex and volatile, as is the question of the validity of NATO itself. Much has been said of the possibility of expanding NATO's role as an economic and political unit, in addition to its traditional role as a deterrent and defensive military alliance ranged against the Soviet Union and the Warsaw Pact. It may be that this economic aspect is uppermost in the minds of External Affairs, given the increasing tendency toward international economic alliances (EEC, OPEC et al.). In his speech, MacEachen specifically focussed on an increase in Canadian involvement in Europe, quoting from a soon-to-be-published Department pamphlet: "... The Alliance allows, and obliges [emphasis in original] Canada to take an active role in European affairs and enunciates the interdependency of Europe and the North American continent."

Whatever the reasons the fact remains that NATO is primarily a military alliance which has in the past been dedicated to anti-communism at the expense of democracy in its own member nations of Greece and Portugal, to name the two most extreme cases.

MacEachen has ranged himself now as

a defender of the Free World against Russian aggression, which is a position that can at least be argued, and as one who will justify any means including dictatorship by that end, which is a position that cannot.

As another writer noted of the French government, "le cabinet change, mais la merde reste."

Carole Orr

CANADA/GUATEMALA: WITH LOVE, FROM INCO AND THE EDC

The Central American republic of Guatemala is one of those unfortunate countries that finds it must depend upon one or two commodities to provide most of its meagre export earnings. Ninety per cent of Guatemala's exports consist of bananas and coffee, and the largest beneficiary of this export trade has traditionally been the U.S.-owned United Fruit Company.

In Guatemala, banana republic par excellence, most of the five million people live at a level of bare subsistence, and government spending on social services is extremely low even by Latin American standards. Attempts have been made to alter this situation, but they have not been well received in some quarters, as Col. Jacobo Arbenz discovered to his chagrin. His centre-left government came to power in 1951 and devised plans to exert some element of control over the country's economy and to provide the people with a larger share of its limited wealth. However, United Fruit and the CIA had different plans for Guatemala's future, and in 1954 Arbenz went the way of many a ruler who falls out of favour with the CIA.

Things are looking up, however. In answer to its continuing need for economic diversity, Guatemala will soon have a new export commodity. And the Canadian government is right in there with a \$17,250,000 loan from the Export Development Corporation to help develop it.

The new commodity is nickel, and the company that will be mining it is an outfit with the very Guatemalan-sounding name of Exploraciones y Explotaciones

Mineras Izabal, S.A., or Exmibal for short.

Well, at least the company is registered in Guatemala. And one of its directors is a Guatemalan. And the Guatemalan government will eventually hold 30 per cent of its shares. But for the time being all the shares are held by two foreign-owned companies: 80 per cent by the International Nickel Co. and the other 20 per cent by the Hanna Mining Co.

Both companies are well known to Canadians: Inco is famous for converting part of the Sudbury Basin into something closely resembling the moon, and Hanna is widely known for shipping vast quantities of unprocessed iron ore from northern Quebec to its furnaces in Cleveland, where the company is based.

The EDC assures that our \$17¼ million will be put to good use. The money will be used for Canadian mining equipment and services, and a steam generating plant as well. The agency also contributes the information that Inco will be providing technical, management and marketing services. It doesn't say anything about the essential political skills that both Inco and Hanna have developed to a high degree, but a document prepared by Fred Goff of the Berkeley-based North American Congress on Latin America (NACLA) fills us in in that department.

Hanna first entered the nickel business, Goff writes, following approval of a deal with the U.S. Office of Defence Mobilization after long-time Hanna president George M. Humphrey was named Secretary of the Treasury by President Eisenhower in 1953. Faced with a Korean War-induced nickel shortage, the U.S. government agreed to help finance development of a mine in Oregon



L. EDWARD GRUBB
The boss man at INCO

(the only nickel mine in the U.S.) and the erection of a smelting plant as well as buy the nickel, yielding Hanna a 57.4-percent profit on sales over a six-year period.

Inco has also kept up friendships in Washington. On October 11, 1972 six Inco executives contributed a total of \$8,000 to the Nixon campaign, and Inco

SCOOP OF THE YEAR

* * *

22 7A

POLITICS
URGENT
1ST LD 201A

BY CLAY F. RICHARDS

WASHINGTON (UPI) — PRESIDENT FORD "HAS EVERY INTENTION" OF RUNNING FOR A FULL TERM IN 1976, VICE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINEE NELSON A. ROCKEFELLER SAID TUESDAY.

NO ONE GAVE THE 30-YEAR-OLD STENOGRAPHER SECRETARY LYING BESIDE HER MORE THAN A HORRIFIED GLANCE. SHE WAS DEAD BEFORE SHE HIT THE GROUND, BUT THE AMBASSADOR WAS STILL BREATHING.

CYPRIOUS PRESIDENT GLAFKOS CLERIDES, WHO DASHED FROM THE ME

— United Press International Wire Service, Aug. 20, 1974

chairman L. Edward Grubb contributed \$2,500 on an undisclosed date. We have no details on contributions to the Liberal Party of Canada.

Inco and Hanna have been no less astute in their dealings with the Guatemalan government, now headed by General Carlos Manuel Arana, known as "the butcher of Zacapa" for his part in U.S.-financed anti-guerrilla activities in the 1960s. Despite its minor share in the project, it was Hanna that first came across the Guatemalan ore body. Hanna never publicly explained why it brought in Inco as the major partner, but it is believed this was because of Inco's nickel marketing ability and technical expertise.

Exmibal was actually incorporated in 1960, but nearly fourteen years of delays followed before the confluence of world markets, financial considerations and internal Guatemalan politics was sufficiently favourable for development. Upsurges of guerilla activity were one recurrent problem. Another was Inco's insistence on a new Mining Code.

The NACLA document reports that in April 1965, following two years of intensive lobbying during which Inco played a substantial role in drafting the legislation, the Guatemalan Congress approved such a Code. In August of the same year Exmibal was granted a 40-year concession to the 150-square-mile Niquequa mining area. The Inco-inspired Mining Code was criticized at the time both for some of its provisions and for the heavy-handed and unconstitutional manner in which it was passed.

NACLA also reports on several other curious tactics. Exmibal's 1967 attempt



Pres. Arana (left) and cabinet at INCO site

to be reclassified for tax purposes as a "transformation industry" was flatly rejected, but a year later, a new Minister of the Economy, impressed by an Exmibal-financed study, agreed to the reclassification even though Exmibal will carry out very little transformation in Guatemala.

Under Guatemalan tax laws this means that Exmibal, which acknowledged that its sales in the first five years of production would total hundreds of millions of dollars, will pay virtually no income taxes (and royalty and concession-use taxes totalling only \$23,000 per year). Considering that Exmibal's current plans call for the investment of no more than \$120 million

(less than half the amount announced with much fanfare in 1971), and considering also that no more than 770 people will be directly employed after production begins in 1977 (wages will account for only 10 per cent of costs), one wonders what justifies the largesse of the Guatemalan government.

But that is not all: Exmibal managed to obtain virtual exemption from the country's currency export controls, thus giving it greater flexibility in currency transactions and calling into doubt the sincerity of its claim that it would contribute substantially to Guatemala's balance of payments.

Public protest against some of these

ARCTIC INSTITUTE: SHOPPING FOR A SUGAR DADDY

Plans in the works to save the Arctic Institute of North America (*Last Post*, August 1974) leave little room for hope that the Institute will be any more useful if it survives its present crisis than it has been for the last decade or so.

Executive Director Brig. H.W. Love, who wants to keep his job, denies that the institute is bankrupt, and says that it will be drastically streamlined and become more of a "think tank," doing no original research. Meanwhile, Walter Kupsch, chairman of the Institute's board of governors, is shopping around for a university to take the Institute over so that it can continue to bumble ahead in the direction in which it's been going.

Kupsch's favourite candidate is Manitoba, which has offered \$150,000, not a large sum considering the needs of an independent research institute. Another possibility he is bullish about is Calgary. Oil companies have bags of money, oil companies are interested in the north, oil

companies are in Calgary, AINA is interested in the north and needs money, let's go to Calgary, goes the reasoning. All this would please another governor, Science Officer Bob Currie, who is aching to fund "independent" studies in the north. Currie is also vice-president for development of Panarctic Oils Ltd.

A third possibility is that McGill University will try to keep the Institute in Montreal.

In any case, the Institute will not become the independent research and review body studying the north that Canada needs so long as it remains in the same hands. Criticism of the Institute has spread from the *Last Post* to the *Montreal Gazette*, the *Vancouver Sun* and other journals, and AINA's managers have been kept busy issuing denials, after failing in an attempt to convince their lawyers that the *Last Post* story was libellous.

Patrick Brown

privileges forced Exmibal to undertake a very expensive public relations campaign, which was not helped by right-wing extremists who assassinated several prominent opponents of the project. Under the agreement finally hammered out in February 1971, Exmibal renounced part of its tax holiday, but will pay its taxes in stock certificates, giving the state 30 per cent ownership after ten years, instead of in cash.

Still, construction did not begin. World nickel prices were depressed in 1971, and Exmibal claimed to be having difficulty in raising the necessary finances. Nationalists had scored a minor victory, persuading the government not to issue certain iron-clad investment guarantees some lenders wanted.

However, the market for ferro-nickels (75 per cent nickel) was picking up, and plans to produce nickel refined to 98 per cent purity were quietly dropped. This was partly on the advice of the International Finance Corp. (IFC), to which Inco had turned to co-ordinate financing. IFC, a branch of the World Bank which goes in mostly for joint ventures, is described by its parent as "the only ... [intergovernmental] institution operated for the sole purpose of assisting the international spread of private enterprise".

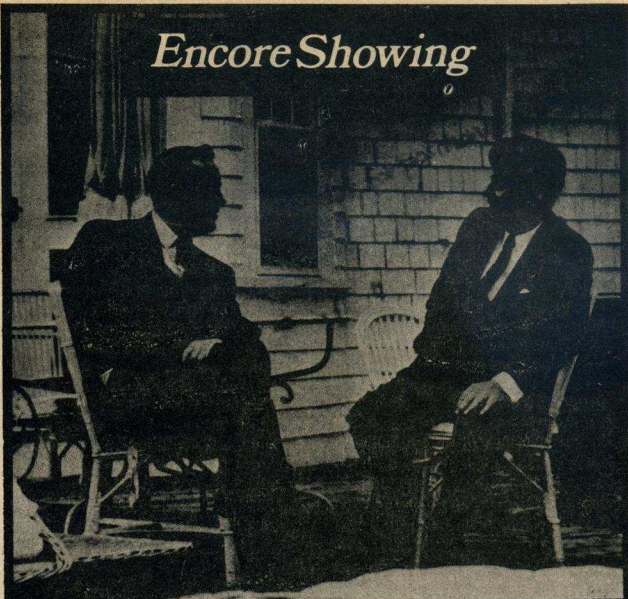
It took some time to raise the necessary loans, but more than \$50 million eventually came through, from U.S. and British governmental export credit institutions, from private banks under guarantee from the former, from the Central American Bank for Economic Integration, and from the IFC itself. There was also \$20 million from Inco and Hanna, on top of the \$30 million they claim to have invested already, to account for their \$50 million in Exmibal stock — and of course \$17¼ million from our very own Export Development Corporation.

Inco's Guatemalan project, along with its extensive venture in Indonesia, will allow the company to diversify substantially its sources of supply. This is obviously necessary unless the capitalist world's largest nickel producer is again to find itself in the difficult position it was in when a strike closed its Sudbury operations in 1969. *Fortune* magazine reported that the strike was an expensive one to settle: "In effect, the union held up the Free World for its nickel, and the ransom has been paid."

Thanks to the EDC and others, the Free World's nickel supply will soon be more secure.

Eric Hamovitch

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CANADA/MALAWI:

LONGING FOR NORTHERN MOZAMBIQUE

For such a little man in such a little country, Malawi's President Dr. Hastings Kamuzu Banda has such big plans.

His latest ambition is to partition Mozambique and annex the northern part of the former Portuguese territory to Malawi, assuring his country of an outlet to the sea.

The plan has backing from South Africa and from highly influential European businessmen who will try everything possible to prevent a Frelimo government in Mozambique.

And one of the most surprising participants in the complicated, chessboard scheme of intrigue that makes up Dr. Banda's plan, is the Canadian government.

The story begins with the independence of Mozambique, guaranteed early in September at negotiations in the Zambian capital of Lusaka between the Portuguese foreign minister and the Frelimo liberation movement. Under this agreement, Frelimo is to take over the government of Mozambique, with only a few Portuguese in top cabinet posts and a sizable contingent of Portuguese troops assigned to work with Frelimo cadres to defend the border and maintain stability within the country.

The need for this was clearly seen in the violent aftermath in the capital, Lourenço Marques, when bands of white vigilantes seized a radio station and agitated violently for three days before

being dispersed by Portuguese army and police.

Before official independence comes to Mozambique next June 25, there will likely be other demonstrations against Frelimo, particularly in the cities of Beira and Lourenço Marques, which are dominated by European business interests whose main economic connections are with South Africa and Rhodesia.

The group responsible for the outbreak was Frecomo, a rough acronym for the title United Front of Mozambique. The group is aided by South Africa, Malawi and the white business interests in Mozambique. Its front men are influential blacks from the business and professional class. Some of the leading figures are:

- Senhora Joana Simeao, age 36, Sorbonne-educated, formerly worked for Caetano in Portugal, onetime secretary in French television, and expelled from Frelimo for being an agent of Pide, the Portuguese secret police.

- Senhor Paulo Gumane, formerly deputy-secretary of Frelimo but drummed out of the movement for being a CIA agent. Now the president of Coremo, one of the many moribund groups that suddenly sprang to life again after the April coup in Lisbon. (Frelimo claims that Ceremo was set up and financed by the CIA).

- Senhor Artur Vilanculos, a professor of international law, married to an American girl. His many U.S. contacts make him an inevitable target for rumours that he is involved with the CIA.

- Senhor Jorge Jardim, one of the wealthiest and most powerful men in Mozambique and one of the keys to the whole plot. He owns three hotels, two newspapers, a bank and the monthly magazine, *Economia de Moçambique*. The magazine's editor is now Senhora Simeao.

Jardim has long favoured the partition of Mozambique. There are indications he presented the plan to General Antonio de Spínola shortly after the coup that brought Spínola to power, because Jardim was placed under house arrest in Lisbon. But he managed to escape two months later and made his way eventually to Malawi.

If Gen. Spínola didn't appreciate Jardim's plan, Dr. Banda of Malawi did and the two further solidified their al-

WHAT'S YOUR LINE?

Freshmen (Freshpersons?) entering the University of Toronto this year were, as usual, presented with a students' guide to the activities on campus. In between the "Women's and Men's Lib" section and the "Political BOZO" section comes the "Political Relevance Section". It contains these descriptions of campus political groups. See if you can guess which group goes with this description.

GROUPS:

Can Lib Mov; Revolutionary Marxist Group; Waffle; Vietnamese Fraternal Assoc.; UT Communist Club; Young Socialists.

DESCRIPTIONS:

1. Canada needs independence. But is there any point in freeing Canada in order to hand it over to the Canadian business class who sold out the country? A boss is still a boss. The movement of independence must also be a movement for socialism.

2. The central problem facing Canada today is the domination of our economic, political and cultural life by huge monopoly corporations. We work . . . to build the unity of the Canadian people needed to break the control of the big monopoly corporations. . . .

3. We are students and young workers who are fighting to change society and we think that to win this fight it takes an organized movement. . . . All the organizing power of the workers and the oppressed must be brought together to wrest power from the rich minority and establish a socialist society based on human needs.

4. . . . recently merged with the Vietnamese Fighting Association much to the detriment of their dances and other social events. The dances are great places to pick up assault summons.

5. We see people across the country rising up against U.S. imperialism, workers struggling to forge militant, democratic independent Canadian unions, farmers fighting U.S. agribusiness. . . .

6. . . . A Canada-wide organization of militants fighting for socialist revolution: the seizure of political power which can only emerge out of mass struggles and mobilization.

CORRECT ANSWERS:

1. Waffle; 2. UT Communist Club; 3. Young Socialists; 4. Vietnamese Fraternal Assoc.; 5. Can Lib Mov.; 6. Revolutionary Marxist Group.

ready close relationship — a fact which recently prompted Portugal to sever diplomatic relations with Malawi.

Under Jardim's plan, Mozambique would be divided along the Zambezi River. The southern half, with its big cities, ports, transportation links and the Cabora Bassa Dam, would be safe for the white business interests. The northern half would go to Malawi, a small, land-locked country in need of its own outlet to the sea.

One seeming flaw in the plan is that even if Frelimo were successfully frozen out of the south of Mozambique, it wouldn't be from the north, where its main military and political strength lies. How would Malawi hope to annex northern Mozambique when the Portuguese army lost it after 12 years of fighting?

However, it seems Jardim believes enough anti-Frelimo feeling can be generated, especially among the Makua tribesmen in northern Mozambique, that the theatre of war would be relatively confined. At least enough so that Malawi could begin the process of establishing its own presence in Mozambique.

The odds against this scheme are immense, but Dr. Banda has in the past shown a penchant for flying against the wind. One could mention his vast territorial claims on neighbouring Zambia and Tanzania. Or the fact that his was the first African state not bordering on South Africa to open full diplomatic and commercial relations with the Republic.

One key element in Dr. Banda's defence policy has always been the doctrine of common interest with South Africa and Rhodesia. He regularly snubs other African leaders. No wonder the white supremacist regimes look upon him as



Frelimo has to keep an eye on Malawi

their favourite African head of state.

Both South Africa and Rhodesia have vital interests in that part of Mozambique south of the Zambezi River. Eighty per cent of Rhodesia's trade goes through the port of Lourenço Marques. Almost half of the Witwatersrand's imports and exports go through the same harbour. And the generating facilities and transmission lines of the giant Cabora Bassa dam, largely financed by South Africa, are on the south shore of the river.

Defence planners in Pretoria have always maintained, as South Africa's Dr. Connie Mulder stated once in Salisbury: "South Africa prefers the front line against terrorism to be the Zambezi, rather than the Limpopo." (The Limpopo is the river separating South Africa from Rhodesia and Mozambique.)

Another key link involves the Industrial Development Corporation of South Africa's financing the extension of the 150-mile railway line from Nova Freixo in Mozambique to Pmpimbe in Malawi, which will give Malawi low-cost transportation to the Indian Ocean through the improved port facilities at Nacala. Frelimo sources insist that a good chunk of the port expansion funds are coming from Canada, but this claim has not been fully documented.

However, Canada is putting up \$22 million to expand and improve Malawi's international rail system, which will be linked to the South-African-financed facilities in Mozambique. The Canadian project will take five years and will involve 161 miles of railway track, a fair amount in a country whose area is only 45,000 square miles, one quarter of which is under the waters of beautiful Lake Nyasa.

The purpose of the Canadian-assisted project will be to increase the flow to export markets of agriculture products, mainly tea, tobacco and ground nuts, produced in the fertile Lilongwe area.

Agricultural production in Malawi is expected to double within the next six years. And Canadian money and know-how is going to help move the stuff from Malawi to markets throughout the world. That it just might end up going through a portion of Mozambique annexed to Malawi, is going to make a lot of people in Rhodesia and South Africa extremely happy.

Certainly, His Excellency, the Life President, Dr. H. Kamuzu Banda, the stunted black Metternich of Africa, will have realized a long cherished dream. It's a dream that's bound to fail in the end, but one which will prolong the agony just a little bit longer in Mozambique and make the Africans just a little more bitter.

Richard Bronstein

NAIROBI FASHION NOTE

Three men were sentenced to 30 days each in jail today after two RCMP officers testified the three were nude March 11 on Nicol Street while seated on a Rolls Royce....

Judge Wardill said he had to take into consideration the standard of society. He then found each guilty. "This may have been a joke or lark in your mind... but I must look at the standards of society."

He suggested the three could go to Africa if they wanted to parade around nude.

—*Nanaimo Daily Free Press*, April 24, 1974

MISTER CHARLIE

Prince Charles, who spent seven months in the West Indies last year, in the course of naval service, had a "marvellous time" there, he has said; and one of the reasons for his enjoyment was that he loves rhythm.

"Rhythm is deep in me — if I hear rhythmic music I just want to get up and dance," he said.

—*Trinidad Express*, July 14, 1974

International Report

compiled by the staff of the Last Post

Greece: a slow, slow shuffle towards democracy

In Athens on the Labour Day weekend, one could wander through the streets and hear the roar of the crowd greeting Prime Minister Constantine Karamanlis as he made his first public political speech since returning from France to organize the removal of Greece's seven-year-old military junta. Karamanlis was speaking in Salonika, the country's northern metropolis, but the political broadcast spilled loudly from radios in almost every home in the capital. In Salonika, crowd estimates were in the neighbourhood of a million.

The prime minister, who had left Greece years before the coup that brought the junta to power, was fully conscious of his "Great Liberator" image, and he played the role to the hilt. He opened his speech by calling out:

"People of Thessaloniki,
"I came."

It seemed to be a spontaneous reaction to the massive reception (al-

though the same first words were written on the press release handed out to reporters hours earlier), and the crowd erupted with cheers. Foreign journalists scurried off and wrote effusive reports calling it "a burst of unity in a festival of freedom", and rejoicing that "democracy has finally returned to its cradle."

Few wrote that many in the gigantic audience were chanting slogans at odds with what the prime minister was saying. Karamanlis warned that changes could not be made too quickly. He heard, "Out with the American bases." Karamanlis called for moderation. The audience shouted, "Power to the people." Karamanlis talked of the sympathy toward Greece of the American people, "who with their attitude have clearly distinguished their position from the policy followed by their government." The crowd hissed in unison.

(A million hisses, by the way,

makes for an extremely sibilant sound on a tape recorder.)

The crowds had been deliriously happy to see the man who had made free speech and a free press legal once again in Greece. But as one commentator observed, these reforms were like lifting a lid from a political Pandora's Box that had been shut tight for seven years. The forces let loose were demanding change and lots of it — and, as we shall see, they were demanding revenge as well.

Given the economic deprivation of Greece and the backward conditions in the country, it is doubtful whether any Greek politician could satisfy the population's high expectations. Given the conservative track record of Constantine Karamanlis, some observers fear that those expectations will be dashed.

Karamanlis is probably best known to non-Greeks as the prime minister depicted in the movie "Z". The movie dealt with the murder of a leading left-wing Greek politician, Gregory Lambrakis, and its subsequent cover-up by the Greek government and security forces. The suspicious circumstances surrounding Lambrakis' death and charges that Karamanlis had won the 1961 election through fraud were major issues in his defeat at the next election, in 1963. George Papandreou was elected prime minister and Karamanlis left the country for a home in France.

The Papandreou administration, the last democratically elected government of Greece, was returned to power in the next election but was stopped in its legislative tracks when it attempted to bring the army under parliamentary control. King Constantine II sided with the army and appointed an interim right-wing coalition to govern. It soon became clear that another election would lead to a sweep for Papandreou and this precipitated the military coup of 1967.

But the junta, which became re-

Kissinger and the Cyprus coup

Ionnis Zigidis, one of the leading lights of the Centre Union and a former minister under George Papandreou who has returned to Greece from Washington where he went into exile only a few months before the colonel's regime, says that "Cyprus will be Mr. Kissinger's Watergate." He affirms categorically that the American Secretary of State was not only aware of the plot being hatched against Archbishop Makarios before July 15, but that he at least encouraged the coup, if he did not actually instigate it.

At any rate, no one in Athens doubts that the Americans orchestrated what a former Greek prime minister, himself an ardent supporter of Nato, doesn't hesitate to describe as an "Atlantic symphony". The script was drawn up in Washington. Not in the State Department, where most of the heads of the Mediterranean region desks were — contrary to Mr. Kissinger's advice — opposed to any change in the status quo, but in the huge Pentagon building and in the offices of the Central Intelligence Agency.

The clues which these two Greek leaders possess — they speak instead of proof — are not to be scoffed at. American influence in Greece has long been tentacular, extending to business circles, and especially to an army built up, trained, supplied, and indoctrinated by American officers. The appointment of the Greek defence minister is subject to Pentagon approval; and the Greek intelligence service, the KYP, is ordinarily referred to as the CIA. Secret service officers are for the most part not only trained by the United States, but some are even paid directly by Washington.

Le Monde

nowned for its torture techniques and extreme repressive policies, suffered a severe political, military and diplomatic defeat in the recent Cyprus crisis. Totally discredited and internally divided after the events, the junta relinquished power. Constantine Karamanlis, the prime minister who had allowed the introduction of American nuclear arms into Greece, was summoned back from France.

Everyone in Greece from a random taxi driver to the moderate foreign affairs minister, George Mavros, readily accepts the proposition that the United States, and specifically the CIA, were major backers of the 1967 coup. Both would point out that the Papandreou government was considered too anti-American. Greece was important as a site for American and NATO bases and so Papandreou had to be removed.

Also accepted as fact is the allegation that the United States, again for strategic reasons, was interested in dividing neutral Cyprus between two NATO members, Turkey and Greece. Thus the U.S. looked the other way when its good ally, the Greek junta, initiated the removal of Archbishop Makarios and replaced him with a figure favouring union with Greece. The U.S., according to this argument, fully realized that this would instigate an invasion of Cyprus by Turkey to protect the Turkish minority there. This, the U.S. hoped, would bring about the island's partition, its inclusion into NATO's fold and the permanent removal of the Archbishop whom Henry Kissinger called "the Castro of the Mediterranean." But the junta blew it, and so may have the U.S.

Anti-American sentiment in Greece is so intense that American tourists with clearly distinguishable midwestern twangs continually try to pose in restaurants as Canadian, English, South African or even Australian in order to get served. American servicemen have been confined to base and for a time American rock music was not played on Greek radio stations.

Karamanlis' decision to remove Greece militarily from NATO must be seen in this context. To have done anything else at this time would have been political suicide.

The Greek politician who has benefited most from the explosion of

anti-Americanism has been Andreas Papandreou, George's son and political heir. As minister of coordination in his father's government Andreas had taken up the Greek nationalist cause. While in political exile in Canada, where he taught at Toronto's York University, he formed the Panhellenic Liberation Movement, which quickly became identified as a major critic of the role played by the United States and NATO in both Greek and world affairs.

Masses of Athenians piled into

Greece International Airport to welcome Andreas Papandreou back from exile. At one point it appeared that he might be injured as the ecstatic crowd clutched and grabbed at him while supporters carried him shoulder-high to a motorcade. Papandreou was immediately tabbed as the leading opposition figure to Karamanlis.

Two weeks after returning to Greece, Papandreou called a press conference and announced the formation of the Panhellenic Socialist Movement. He described the PSM

Companies winning the 'Banana war'

The Central American republics suffered a humiliating defeat in August in their five-month-old "banana war" with three American firms when Panama's nationalist regime was forced by United Brands of Boston, successor to the notorious United Fruit Company, to agree to buy out the company's operations.

Gen. Omar Torrijos, Panama's flamboyant ruler, has been the driving force behind the efforts of the region's banana producers to get a fair tax deal out of United Brands and its rivals, Standard Fruit and Del Monte. One by one however, the companies have picked off the governments and in displays of the economic blackmail long familiar to the area, forced them to abandon the dollar-a-crate export tax they had ordered the companies to pay.

After initially trying to use the new nationalism to gain competitive advantage over each other, the companies soon threw in their lot together and began to exert pressure on the host countries. First Ecuador, the world's biggest producer, was persuaded by Standard Fruit not to impose a tax and to stay out of the proposed union of banana exporting countries (UPEB).

This major blow was followed by a production cutback in Honduras, which further weakened Gen. Oswaldo Lopez's already shaky government. Standard's threat to sell out and leave Costa Rica, and a Standard-inspired warning by U.S. dockers that they would not handle Costa Rican bananas if the tax was maintained, then forced that country to water down the tax. The other producers, Nicaragua and Guatemala, did not impose the tax and so caused no trouble.

The final act in the companies' grand divide-and-rule strategy came in early August when United Brands suspended operations in Panama, the last bastion of resistance to their power.

Although Gen. Torrijos bravely vowed to "carry on the Banana War to the end," he was helpless in the face of some 2,000 labourers and small growers thrown out of work and the collapse of his neighbours on the issue.

Like Costa Rica, Panama has neither the money nor the expertise to take over and run the banana industry, but both countries — and probably now Honduras also — have been forced to do so or lose face by dropping the proposed tax — a tax which the companies can easily afford.

The companies will retain exclusive control of the marketing, and thus much of the profits, for ten years under the agreement with Panama, while the latter will have to bear the costs of the production inefficiencies inevitable after such a take over.

Foiled by their own disunity and by internal political instability rooted in the semi-feudal plantation economies created by the companies, the producers now have little chance of forming any effective front against the companies.

**Greg Chamberlain
Tapia, Port of Spain**

as being close in outlook to the Socialist parties of France and Italy, as opposed to the British Labour Party or the NDP in Canada. As he read the platform of the party carved out of the left wing of his father's old Centre Union coalition, it sounded to a Canadian as if a Waffle meeting had just been convened in Athens.

The Panhellenic Socialist Movement called for "an independent socialist Greece," non-alignment in world affairs, women's liberation policies and the nationalization of key industries. On more immediate matters, Papandreou said that "a prerequisite for elections is a purge of the state machinery. It is a fallacy to believe that there can be a freely elected government if the state machinery stays as it is."

Most political observers agree that Karamanlis would probably win an early electoral contest easily. In fact there is every indication that he wants to wade into an early electoral contest — perhaps even before Christmas. By doing so he could cash in on his current status as liberator. But meanwhile, the opposition parties charge, Karamanlis is transforming Greece from a Military State into a Party State.

No one in the Karamanlis cabinet represents the Greek left. Furthermore, the vast majority of political appointments made by the prime minister have come from his old political party. This means that Karamanlis people control the most powerful institutions in Greece.

What the opposition finds most

unsettling, however, is the nature of the institutions the conservative appointees have at their disposal. The state machinery is still made up of the same people who readily served the junta's interests. There has been no major housecleaning. Where changes have been made, they have simply taken the form of putting a Karamanlis man in charge instead of a junta official.

This has had an adverse effect on political participation, especially in the Greek countryside. The inhabitants of the regions see the same people who faithfully served the junta in positions of authority, and so are reluctant to engage in any political activity that might alienate the people in power. The fear of reprisal is very real in those areas as many of

Western Europe's Communist parties

A score of Communist parties from capitalist European countries met in Brussels last January, where they called on "workers and democratic forces" to intensify their common struggle and advocated forging a "policy of a broad-based alliance of all democratic, progressive and peace-loving peoples" to transform a society "like that of tomorrow for building socialism."

Such has been the course of events over the last six months that the appeal has begun to be heard, aided by often unexpected circumstances. In the scramble following the coup d'etat in Portugal, Communists entered the provisional government of national union. The collapse of the Lisbon dictatorship and the emergence of the Portuguese Communist Party encouraged Spanish Communists to reiterate vigorously their already long-standing offer of "national reconciliation" and open-mindedness to non-Communists, including certain members of the Madrid government. The convention of Spanish workers held in Geneva on June 23 provided two of the principal leaders of the Spanish Communist Party, Señora Dolores Ibarruri and Santiago Carrillo, with a superb forum from which to launch their appeal for a union embracing "a fuller spectrum of political tendencies in Spain."

French Communists, too, are adopting a broader view, for the central committee meeting in June set no limits on the "mass union" which seems to go well beyond the more limited policy of a union of the left.

It is a much more complex situation in Italy, where the Christian Democrats continue to be a major political grouping but, as their resounding setback in the recent referendum on divorce showed, are no longer calling the tune. As a result Italian Communists are forced to take a more guarded line. This is not to say that the Italian Communist Party (PCI) is dragging its feet over adopting a policy of a "broad-based alliance". It was before the Brussels meeting that PCI Secretary-General Enrico Berlinguer defined the goal of "historic compromise" with the Christian Democratic Party.

Apart from differences in situation from one country to another, one point may be made at this juncture: Western Europe's Communist parties are steadily strengthening their political credibility; their ability to govern is less and less challenged, and they are winning increasing recognition for looking at social and economic problems from a European standpoint.

When barriers against Communists are lifted simultaneously in

Rome, Madrid, Paris, and Lisbon, not just in Reykjavik or Helsinki, when more and more overtures are made to them, it is a sign that vital tasks have been considered and allowances made for certain trends.

The two most urgent tasks are to clean up the economy and to counter established or nascent fascism. History has given enough proof that the two aspects of this political battle are linked. The 1929 economic crisis spawned fascism in Europe. Today, the economic recovery operations envisaged by governments — credit squeeze, investment cutbacks, higher taxes — threaten to wreck the weakest elements of the economy, the small and medium businesses, already suffering as a result of increased commodity prices. Who knows what social agitation and political upheavals such a development would set off if not arrested in time?

The fear that the middle classes would in turn have to pick up the bill for the fight against inflation made the Italian Socialists oppose the economic measures proposed by the Christian Democrats last June. These fears are also shared by French and Italian Communists. Hence their efforts to group together "all the working classes" against "a single foe — big money." The idea is to isolate "the financial and industrial barons and their hench-

the torturers still hold their positions.

Karamanlis has made some cosmetic adjustments to the state machinery in an effort to dampen the demand for a Greek Nuremberg. The most visible junta figures, such as the man known as the "Beria of Greece", Brigadier Dimitrios Ioannides, have been retired from the armed services. Other generals have been shuffled into new posts. So far prosecutions for the torture and killings of the military régime have been sidestepped.

This failure to take firm measures against the junta has nurtured a growing opposition to Karamanlis among Greek students. The students were the target of much of the dictatorship's persecution, and as a

result they have openly gathered to demonstrate their disenchantment with the government's failure to investigate such events as last November's deaths at the Athens Polytechnic, although such gatherings are prohibited under the martial law still in force in Greece. The main call at these demonstrations has been, "Give the junta to the people."

The Communist Party of Greece, although severely persecuted under the junta and even now officially illegal, retains a loyal, if not growing, base. One seasoned observer estimates that the party could probably pull its traditional 20 per cent of the popular vote in an election — if it could paper over its internal ideological divisions.

seek an opening to the centre

men" (this is from the French Communist Party's Central Committee resolution of June 11), this "aristocracy", as PCF Secretary general George Marchais put it in his recent appreciation of Maurice Thorez, which "like the nobility under the Old Regime, has extended to overpowering domination over society."

Spanish Communists also see the situation as a choice between a dictatorship entrenched in its bunker and a generally open democratic society. They say they are ready "to get together and discuss with all political social groups, with the representatives of institutions, with public figures exercising, or having the potential to exercise, influence in public life." In short, they are ready to work with all those who want to put an end to the present Spanish regime and restore political rights to the people.

The trend can only help Western Europe's Communists emerge from their ghetto and become acceptable to their future allies, in spite of the misgivings of some Social Democratic parties, misgivings which have probably not been completely dissipated by M. Marchais's recent visit to Prime Minister Olof Palme of Sweden. One may wonder, however, whether some of the changes taking place are not becoming increasingly disturbing to the Soviet

Communist Party. L'Humanité, the French Communists' official organ, carried the final communique issued after the June 19-24 visit of a delegation from the Soviet Communist Party on page 5 of its issue, and its tone was not — to say the least — gushing. More ample and detailed coverage was given to M. Marchais's July 27 call on Soviet Party Secretary Leonid Brezhnev in Moscow, but it did not dissipate all uncertainties, especially concerning the problems of the international Communist movement. And contacts between Italian Communists and their Soviet counterparts have also begun to lag badly.

The proposal to hold an international conference, which was announced in Moscow, has produced no reaction from Western Communist parties which, however, are not opposed to the idea of calling an all-European conference like that held at Karlovy Vary in Czechoslovakia in 1967. The Italian and Polish Communist parties could be given the job of laying the groundwork for the conference, which in any case will not be held before the end of the European security negotiations.

For some Communist groups, the prospect of sharing the reins of power is, or will soon be, no longer a matter of wishful thinking.

Manuel Lucbert,
Le Monde

The main division is between the Soviet-oriented grouping, headed by Harilaos Floriakis, and the United Democratic Left (EDA), a left-wing coalition that includes Communists. EDA leader Elias Eliou is confident that an election would force the various factions to set aside their differences in order to maximize their impact.

But if the left did succeed in making a strong showing, the question is how the Greek army would react. The army has shown that it is not hesitant to exercise what it feels is a right, earned in the resistance movement of World War II and the subsequent civil war, to intervene in the political process.

Karamanlis and Papandreu may have the ability to draw large crowds, but the army doesn't need the crowds to take over. And veteran correspondents in Athens have expressed fears that the return of a junta is a distinct possibility. The non-democratic structures that have grown up parallel to the democratic institutions in Greece have never been subjected to the rule of elected officials.

The western press has trumpeted the return of democracy in Greece, but in fact Greece is only shuffling toward democracy. Karamanlis has already inexplicably backtracked from an apparently firm commitment to investigate the student deaths at the Polytechnic. There have been reports of threatening moves made in some army quarters to protect officers whose activities while the junta was in power might lead to prosecutions. The army is worried and could take rash steps to protect itself. Another fear expressed is that reactionary civilian authorities masquerading as democrats could easily form a tacit coalition with the armed forces and effectively undermine the return to democracy.

Democracy in Greece is still in the incubator stage, and it is too early to tell what will hatch.

Lloyd Tataryn

(Lloyd Tataryn of the CBC radio program As It Happens accompanied Andreas Papandreu on his return to Greece and spent three and a half weeks in the country in August and September.)

Bauxite producers put heat on foreign owners

Between them Jamaica, Surinam, Guyana, the Dominican Republic and Haiti account for 42 per cent of the world's production of bauxite, and provide North America with 90 per cent of its bauxite and alumina needs. Since the big North American corporations began mining bauxite in the region more than 20 years ago, they have enjoyed rich profits as a result of the low tax and royalty agreements they signed at the time. Three years ago Guyana made the pioneering attack on the corporations' power by nationalising the local subsidiary of Alcan.

In spite of this successful precedent, however, it was not until this spring that the urgency of a 200 per cent (100 million dollar) jump

brushed aside by Manley. He pointed out that tax revenue from the companies had actually fallen by a third since 1971. The companies' pleas of poverty lost credibility with the recent announcement by Kaiser, one of the biggest of the six, of a 130 per cent increase in its world-wide profits so far this year, over the same period last year, and by Anaconda of a 97 per cent increase. Meanwhile, the state department chimed in on behalf of the companies. Assistant secretary of state Thomas Enders told a congressional committee that if the taxes remained high, and other Caribbean producers followed Jamaica's example, United States bauxite investment would leave the area for

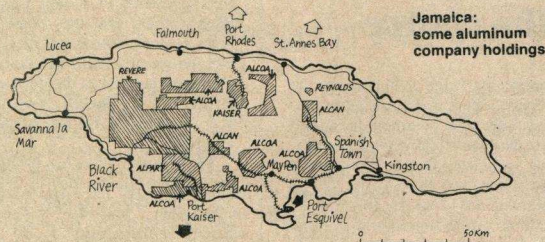
come. Researchers have discovered how to refine aluminum by chemical methods which, if technical problems are overcome, could make it economical to extract aluminum from certain laterite soils (aluminum being one of the most plentiful elements in the earth's crust). This is certainly the moment for the bauxite producers to press their demands; although they have relatively less leverage than the oil states, world demand for aluminum is expected to grow at 8-9 per cent a year until at least 1980, with output lagging behind demand.

With this in mind, Commonwealth Caribbean leaders have come up with their spectacular scheme to build the region's first locally owned aluminum smelters. The first will be built by 1977 at Point Lisas on Trinidad's west coast; and will be fuelled from nearby off-shore gas fields. Trinidad & Tobago, Jamaica and Guyana will have equal shares in the plant. A second plant is planned for Guyana in 1980.

Surinam, the world's third largest producer, where the transnationals are still firmly entrenched, is keen on the projects, and is expected to participate at a later stage. Premier Henk Arron spent four days in Kingston in July talking about bauxite with Manley and Guyanese foreign minister Shridath Ramphal, and was promised help in drawing up new contracts with the companies, which are keenly interested in Surinam as a result of its reserves of the particular grade of low-iron bauxite required for the processing of refractory grade calcined bauxite. Alcan and Shell have recently announced a joint venture to produce 150,000 tons a year of this product in Surinam.

Jamaica's new militancy has inspired similar initiatives elsewhere. In July, after several months of talks, Guyanese prime minister Forbes Burnham announced that Reynolds, which he accused of cheating on taxes and production agreements over the years, would be nationalized by December 31. And in the Dominican Republic of all places, a measure to increase bauxite taxes on Alcoa by 54 per cent is currently going through congress.

Latin America



in Jamaica's annual fuel bill, a 300 per cent rise in the cost of some other imports, and an unemployment rate of 25 per cent, spurred the government in Kingston to demand a fairer deal and thus set the nationalist ball rolling. Jamaica is the largest producer in the Caribbean and second largest in the world. After ten weeks of fruitless negotiation with the one Canadian and five United States companies, prime minister Michael Manley pushed through parliament a backdated 7½ per cent production levy (which will rise to 8½ per cent by 1976) and a 12 per cent increase in royalties.

This will boost Jamaica's bauxite revenue sevenfold in 1974, to some 185 million dollars. The companies suggested a 3½ per cent levy, and then offered to expand their investments in the island, which already include farms, hospitals, roads and schools, in exchange for a cut in the new levy. But their offer, and a threat to appeal to the World Bank's investment disputes centre, were

other parts of the world. At any rate, the companies began their quarterly payments.

But there is more to come under Manley's definition of the 'meaningful partnership' he has appealed for from the companies. New talks have now begun to acquire a 51 per cent government interest in each and to buy back 'at a reasonable price' the 13 per cent of Jamaica's total land area which the companies possess, making them the island's biggest landowners.

Jamaica's action against the transnationals is the first by a member of the four-month-old International Bauxite Association (IBA), the seven-nation producers' club which was largely Manley's brainchild and which has its headquarters in Kingston. IBA members account for about 70 per cent of world production, and Manley sees the need for immediate action to use the bauxite in order to build self-sufficient economies in case the mineral becomes redundant in the decades to



by Claude Balloune

LADY
PSSD

Imperial droppings

The fall of *Haile Selassie* reminds me of a funny encounter I had with the old Lion of Judah, commonly called the old goat (not a middle eastern term of endearment) by Libya's *Col. Kadaffi*. During Expo 67, Mr. Selassie was escorted into the Ethiopian pavilion and seated on a replica of his throne. They put a rope in front of him, opened the pavilion door and turned the Emperor into an exhibit. He sat there fondling his *flea-ridden dog* for several hours as a long line of tourists paraded in front of him, snapping pictures and wondering aloud whether it was a wax statue or the real thing. Later that same evening, his dog shat at the Governor-General's *banquet*. The Emperor was not embarrassed.

Readers will be happy to learn that *Cadbury's* — makers of Caramilk, Snack Bar, Bar Six, Crunchie, Coffee Ripple, etc. — is being named the official chocolate for the 1976 Olympics. . . . The *Pepsi-Coke* battle for official Olympic soft drink has not yet been resolved.

A Streetcar Named Desire recently opened in Montreal in French. The translation: *Un tramway nommé désir*.

Still on the cultural front, soviet ballet defector *Mikhail Baryshnikov* was said to have been whisked off in a car with his girl-friend outside Toronto's O'Keefe Centre. According to *Nicolas Koudriavtzeff*, the impresario who brought over the Bolshoi, an old man showed up at the hotel where the performers were staying at 1:30 in the morning. Baryshnikov came down with a small suitcase, told the night watchman to double-lock his door because there was a costume in it, and said he was going away for the weekend. Any ordinary Canadian could tell you that you don't need dark cars to whisk you off in the middle of the night if you want to defect. Defecting in Canada is as simple as skipping out on a hotel bill.

Money matters

Although spokesmen for *Eaton's* continue to deny publicly any suggestions of possible deals with American interests, sources within the company report that a partial merger with the large *J. C. Penney* chain in the States is now all but certain and it is only a matter of time before the official announcement is made. The merger would involve a virtual takeover by *J. C. Penney* of *Eaton's* catalogue operation and some of the smaller department stores, these sources say. The *Eaton family* would retain the large stores, at least for now, although long-term plans may include getting rid

of those as well and concentrating on more lucrative fields such as real estate.

The reason for the move is that *Eaton's* is in the worst cash position it's been in years. The catalogue has long been a money-loser (its 1973 losses are reported to have been \$3 million) and has served mainly as an advertising vehicle. The merger is expected to be completed by late 1975.

Premier Bourassa is having trouble raising the necessary funds to finance his pet \$12-billion James Bay Project. *A New York investment banker* told a friend of mine recently that "this guy Bourassa is crazy. James Bay is going to ruin him. I don't see where he is going to get the money." He added that as the project drags on American money is going to dry up. Bourassa is now busily dispatching emissaries to Iran and the Arab countries seeking help.

Another scandal may be about to hit the trouble-wracked *James Bay power project*. For the past two years the north-eastern United States and Ontario have been plagued by massive thefts of large construction equipment such as earth-movers and cranes. They're easy to steal — you just drive them away — and very hard to identify, but the *Quebec Police Force* is on their trail and reports strong indications that the trail leads to the James Bay construction sites. A major police investigation is underway into the existence of a well-organized ring. Police say they're far from satisfied with the co-operation they've been getting from James Bay contractors.

I'm glad to see that poor old *Bell Telephone* got its rate increase. As some people know, when they apply for these increases they neglect to mention some of their subsidiaries that produce handsome revenues. A few years ago when they found out that the Yellow Pages produce a lot of advertising money they decided to set up a separate company called *Tele Direct* to handle that. My friend *Fred Langdon* estimates that, for example, the 27,000 advertisers listed in the Montreal Yellow Pages pay about \$15 million a year to be listed. Total revenue across the country last year was \$54,790,231. Earnings from that and the \$30-million earnings from *Northern Electric* were not mentioned in their rate increase application.

One of the problems of our colonial mentality is that Canadian newspapers and TV rely heavily upon Englishmen and other Commonwealth types to run their news desks. The *CBC National* news desk, for instance, is heavily staffed by Rhodesians (white), Australians and Britishers. Almost anybody with a South

LADY PSSD

African accent can walk into the CBC or into any newspaper office, say he worked for a year for Granada TV or for Fleet Street and land a top, behind the scenes editor's job. The *Montreal Star* even goes so far as to send people to England to recruit staff. The *Toronto Star's* new managing editor is *Edwin Bolwell*, an Australian.

A recent *Time* magazine article on the *Star* touted Bolwell, himself an ex-Timan, as the solution to all the paper's ills. Ironically, on the very day that issue of *Time* appeared, the *Star's* Big Boss, *Beland Honderich*, and his chief lieutenant, *Martin Goodman*, were talking to potential candidates to replace Bolwell as ME.

History facts you'll be glad to learn

The long-awaited secret diary of *Mackenzie King* will soon be made available to scholars for study. The diaries are expected to be full of insights about his propensity for spiritualism, etc. A friend who has seen some of the diaries tells me that several entries describe a recurring dream. In the dream King and several gentlemen are walking in to attend a Treasury Board Meeting. In front of the room there is a Greek statue, gyrating chastely and playing a tambourine in a dignified manner; as they pass by each member of the Treasury Board tosses the statue a coin. King was constantly perplexed as to the meaning of the dream — as I'm sure we all are.

Allen Ginsberg is trying to rob Canada of one of its great cultural assets. The Tibetan *Dalai Lama's* official mask-maker is now working as an orderly in the Belleville Hospital. Ginsberg and fellow Tibet freaks in Colorado flew him down to Aspen to try to convince him to move to the U.S. to teach the art of mask-making. They promised him a lifetime pension. The mask-maker claims he prefers Belleville to Aspen.

Parliamentary patter

Observers of the parliamentary scene were surprised to learn last May that *Percy Smith*, Liberal MP for the New Brunswick riding of Northumberland-Miramichi, was not going to be seeking re-election in July, so that he could devote more time to his family and his legal practice. Perhaps he will now have time to clear up the matter of a title search he was paid to carry out by one of his legal clients. It developed that a piece of land to which he guaranteed title may be Indian land, and his client, forced to give up the quarrying operation he had been conducting, is hopping mad and may be about to sue the erstwhile MP. Smith may also wish to devote



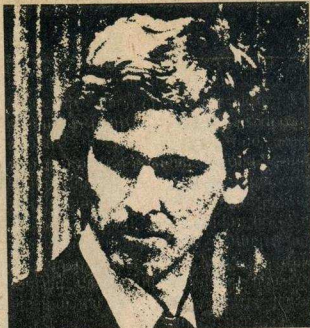
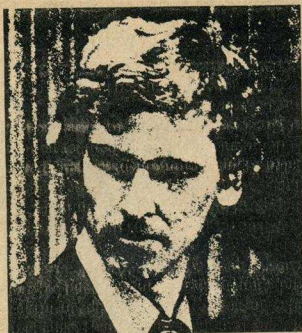
No shortcuts from the Pope

more time to his income tax returns so that he will not again be charged with tax evasion.

The almost absolute power enjoyed by the *Commissioner of the Northwest Territories* is legendary, and word of it has apparently spread to Rome. *Alexis Arrowmaker*, Dogrib Indian chief at Fort Rae in the N.W.T., went to visit the *Pope* for advice on his people's alcohol problems. The *Pope* reportedly told him to speak to the *Commissioner*, raising questions as to the relative hierarchical position of the two.

Another visitor to the *Pope*, back in April, was then multi-culturalism minister *Stanley Haidasz*. According to the minister's office, multiculturalism was not discussed: it was strictly a personal audience. Apparently Dr. Haidasz failed to obtain divine dispensation to remain as minister.

Notes from my last column: I'm informed that *Corby's* didn't pick up the tab this year for Solicitor General *Warren Allmand's* victory party. . . . There is no truth to the rumour that *Barbra Streisand* and *Larry Zolf* went Dutch Treat when they had dinner last month. Zolf picked up the tab and made an unsuccessful attempt to put it on his expense account.



The Robert Samson case

What's going on with the Mounties?

by Nick Auf der Maur

A dynamite bomb blast in the early morning hours of July 26 outside the suburban home of a wealthy Montreal supermarket executive has opened a new chapter in the Byzantine Quebec tale of intrigue involving the underworld, terrorism, the police, strikebreakers and official corruption.

It could have been one of the innumerable small acts of violence that occur in Montreal and go by unnoticed except for brief newspaper stories, except for the fact that one Robert Samson, a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police's elite and secret Security and Intelligence (S&I) Squad was injured in the explosion.

Samson's involvement raises serious implications concerning, at the very least, the important Montreal detachment of the highest-level security force in the country. The Samson case and related events point to underworld connections with all levels of the police agency charged with intelligence work and the protection of "national security". They also raise questions and suspicions about the methods of "anti-subversive" police operations.

Shortly after the 1:30 a.m. bomb explosion, Montreal Urban Community (MUC) police alerted hospitals to be on the lookout for someone suffering from serious hand injuries

possibly caused by the explosion. At the site, they had found much blood and torn clothing.

About 3 a.m., 29-year-old RCMP Constable Robert Samson, accompanied by his friend Fernand Barré, showed up at Verdun General Hospital with the fingertips on his left hand in shreds, cuts and shrapnel in his neck and chest, and severe damage to his left eye. Since he was an RCMP agent and said he had been injured while fixing his car, the hospital didn't notify police. However, he was transferred to Montreal General Hospital where doctors noticed the similarity between his wounds and those described in newspaper reports about the mysterious bombing.

MUC police promptly moved in and claimed him as a prime suspect.

But before charges could be laid, the Quebec Justice Ministry appointed a Fire Commission to launch an inquiry into the case. The Quebec Fire Commission Act, unique in North America, allows for an unlimited, wide-ranging public inquiry which can force anyone remotely connected with an incident to testify. Civil liberties of witnesses are virtually suspended. It has been used to probe FLQ bombings and, recently, the blowup at James Bay.

Opposition and union leaders were already claiming Samson had been an *agent provocateur*.

After his release from hospital, a month after the bombing, Samson was brought before Fire Commissioner Cyrille Delage. He said he had a simple explanation. An anonymous caller told him he would find something interesting on a street in the Town of Mount Royal, a rich residential area in the north of Montreal. He went there and found a package beside the home of Melvyn Dobrin, president of Steinberg's Ltd., the company that owns Miracle Mart stores, a string of supermarkets in France and a large development company, aside from the Steinberg's supermarket chain.

Samson said he put on his gloves and picked up the package, which, he noticed, contained a bomb. It went off. Suffering serious injuries and shock, he stumbled off, hailed a taxi and went home, to his mother. His mother called his friend Fernand Barré who took him to hospital.

Then followed a parade of witnesses, almost all of whom contradicted Samson's story. Various MUC and RCMP officers testified that he had told them various versions while in hospital. The main version was that a loan shark named 'Louis' paid him a thousand dollars "to scare somebody." He said he met Louis in a bar and Louis said he had heard that Samson had burned down his summer cottage for the insurance money. Louis said if he was on the take, he should take a couple of hundred to beat up a loan defaulter. He did. Then came the bombing.

At one point, Samson had decided not to talk any more about it and asked his RCMP partner to take off his hand bandages and "leave me alone with a .38 and go."

Other testimony linked Samson with two underworld characters. These were Léo Robidoux, chauffeur for William Obront, the Montreal meat dealer identified by police as a Mafia "untouchable" and underworld banker (see *Last Post*, May 1974), and Camille Gervais, a transport company operator, convicted of drug possession and awaiting sentencing for a 1973 conviction for conspiracy in a bank fraud. Gervais also owns a private hunting and fishing club and is an Obront associate.

Robidoux said he knew Samson for about two years and he was around his house "all the time", partly because he was going out with his 17-year-old daughter. On the trip back, Gervais noted that Samson went through customs very quickly when he showed his identification while he, Gervais, was searched thoroughly "as usual."

After one day of testimony, the RCMP placed Samson under arrest for "conduct unbecoming an RCMP officer." Several days later, Fire Commissioner Delage told Samson he didn't believe a word of his testimony and, after giving him a few days to think it over, sentenced him to 60 days for contempt.

Regular readers of the *Last Post* will recall an article last September in which evidence was presented linking segments of the Montreal police with the underworld. There were also questions raised regarding the role of the police, government, the underworld and the FLQ during the October Crisis in 1970.

The Samson case and related events also raise disturbing facts and curious coincidences that add to the generally murky picture emerging so far. So before further exploring the Samson-Steinberg connection, it will be useful to have a look at an earlier RCMP problem.

On December 6, 1973, two senior non-commissioned officers of the RCMP's S&I branch in Montreal, Staff Sergeant Donald McCleery, 40, a 21-year force veteran, and



Robert Samson of the RCMP's S&I Squad

Sergeant Gilles Brunet, 39, a 17-year veteran, were paraded separately before Superintendent Roger Shorey and fired.

RCMP sources said that all the reasons for the firings would never be made public for "security reasons." The two men, one of whom used to be Robert Samson's superior, said they were fired for failing to terminate a friendship with Montreal businessman Mitchell Bronfman, a nephew of Sam Bronfman, the late president of Distillers Corp.-Seagrams who made his fortune dealing liquor with U.S. mobsters in Prohibition days.

Mitchell Bronfman owns Execaire, a private aircraft company that charters executive jets to businessmen and companies, and Securex Ltd., a private investigating and security

company holding contracts at Montreal International Airport. He also owns a steak house. The meat is supplied by William Obront, with whom Bronfman grew up.

Both McCleery, the Mountie credited with having broken the James Cross kidnapping case in 1970, and Brunet, the Russian-speaking son of Joseph Brunet, former head of the Quebec provincial police, now work for Securix.

Both men have launched court actions to clear their names with the RCMP, claiming the firings were unjustified and done in a secret, arbitrary manner. They have requested that the RCMP produce various documents dating back to 1970.

Oddly enough, the federal government is invoking a law, passed during the October Crisis, allowing it to declare a kind of executive privilege, saying the documents would disclose "a confidence of the Queen's Privy Council for Canada." Postmaster-General Bryce Mackasey, acting as Solicitor-General, said the documents could not be produced because "they would be injurious to international relations and national security."

The courts were about to release the documents when the two officers mysteriously withdrew their request.

The content and nature of the documents is not known. However, one *Last Post* source claims that some of the documents contain, in part, the names of businessmen who have supplied the RCMP with useful information regarding cases being built against some other Montreal businessmen. The RCMP would naturally like to keep the names of its informers and their information secret. The two former counter-espionage agents had said the documents would help clear them.

The MUC police investigation into the Dobrin bombing has been concentrated on finding out (a) the motive and (b) who was the "third man".

Samson testified he took taxis to and from the Dobrin home. Despite a widespread search, neither taxi driver has been found. Other testimony stated that the evening before the bombing, Samson was driving a Thunderbird belonging to Camille Gervais, the friend he met on the trip to Morocco. A neighbour of the Dobrins says he heard and saw a large, dark car screech away moments after the blast.

A woman living across from Samson's mother's home says she saw Fernand Barré helping his friend out of his mother's home and into Barré's car to go to hospital several hours later. She says there was a third man with them, but he drove away in another car.

Later, during the investigation, Barré says he was beaten by MUC detectives demanding to know who the "third man" was. Barré said he was alone with Samson.

"The detectives told me it was a very important case and they had permission to do whatever they wanted to crack it," Barré told a press conference. "They said it was such an important case it could deal with another RCMP officer and the security of the country."

During the Fire Commission inquiry, bomb victim Melvyn Dobrin claimed he had no enemies and could not understand the motive for the bombing. Under questioning, he admitted that a few months previously, someone had thrown a pot of paint through a window of his home. He admitted he had once received a bomb threat. He denied that he owed money to loan sharks or had ever been under pressure from the underworld.

He said that nobody had ever pressured Steinberg's to hire a security firm, or to change security firms. He said he never heard of Securix. Answering a question, he said that neither he nor his wife owned a house in Morocco.

The *Last Post* learned that the police are actively pursuing

a theory that the bomb was connected to a Steinberg effort to break a strike last December.

On December 5 last, 1,800 warehouse and distribution workers walked out on strike, closing Steinberg's 10 Montreal warehouses and limiting supplies to their 90 Montreal-area supermarkets.

The union, Local 500 of the Retail Clerks International Association, was demanding \$30-a-week increases in each of the next two years. The company was offering \$25 and \$20.

Throughout the strike, there was a lot of violence. On December 11, 15 goons were arrested in a fracas. The union charged they were in company employ. The papers reported at the time that a company spokesman said: "There was a brawl with some people who came to fight the picketers. We don't know them. We had nothing to do with it." No charges were ever laid.

There were other acts of violence that permitted the company to obtain injunctions, allowing it to continue supplying supermarkets, which remained open during the important pre-Christmas period.

At one point newspapers received press releases saying negotiations were going well and the strikers were convoked to a mass meeting. The union knew nothing of it and suspected sabotage.

On December 12, someone threw Molotov cocktails at the Steinberg's Côte St-Luc warehouse, starting a fire that caused about \$1 million in damages.

Finally, on December 14, the strikers agreed to accept \$25 and \$20 raises, the company's pre-strike offer. A dental plan, scheduled to go into effect at year's end, was postponed a year and the money channeled into increasing nightshift premiums. The strike was lost and Steinberg's enjoyed record Christmas turkey sales.

Police are working on the theory that Dobrin, anxious to protect those turkey sales, approached fellow businessman Bronfman about breaking the strike. Bronfman, according to this theory, put him in touch with Gaby Ferland, operator of a private hunting and fishing club called Gabou Lodge, and Ferland arranged for help from Camille Gervais.

The theory goes that Steinberg's was unwilling to meet the strike-breaking bill, which may or may not have included a prolonged security agreement.

The MUC police investigation is continuing. Presumably the RCMP is conducting an internal investigation, but investigations of the police by the police are often of dubious value. The RCMP has for a long time operated under a policy of secrecy and never demonstrated any belief that its activities warranted public scrutiny.

Now there is reason to believe that the various police forces suspect that underworld links to the elite espionage branch go beyond a few men. At least one ranking officer is now under suspicion.

One high-ranking MUC police officer was quoted as saying that they are desperate to find out what is going on with the Mounties. "All three [of the men in question] had access to our confidential files. They all came to us apparently with top security clearance," he said, adding that two of them regularly attended top-level intelligence meetings.

Both the Quebec and federal governments now maintain additional top-security intelligence-gathering committees, and it is presumed they are trying to keep abreast of developments. Whether the public gets let in on them is a moot point.

Nick Auf der Maur is Quebec editor of the Last Post

BATA:

**our
advertising
campaign
is all the
exposure
we need**

by Robert Chodos

By the undemanding standards of legal language, in which nothing is ever said once if it can be said six times and words of fewer than four syllables are used only under duress, Paragraph 5 of the "United Nations Act — United Nations Rhodesia Regulations", issued as an order-in-council by the federal cabinet in 1968, is admirably clear.

"No person shall knowingly do anything," it says, "in Canada or any other place, that causes or assists or is intended to cause or assist any shipment, transshipment or diversion of any goods produced or manufactured in Rhodesia to be made, from Rhodesia or any other place, to any other place."

In short, no truck or trade with the Rhodesians. And, chimes in Paragraph 13, anybody who trucks or trades with the Rhodesians will be "guilty of an offence" and liable to up to five years in prison and a \$5,000 fine.

Since there have been no prosecutions under that clause, one might conclude that there are in fact no Canadian firms carrying on business with Rhodesia.

But such a conclusion would, as journalist Hugh Nangle found out, be a bit premature.

There is, for instance, the Bata shoe plant at Gwelo, Rhodesia, which produces not only for the Rhodesian market but for export as well, mostly to neighbouring South Africa.

The Gwelo plant is part of a worldwide network of shoe factories and retail outlets, operating in 89 countries and adding up to by far the largest shoe company in the world, with an annual production of almost 300 million pairs of

shoes. And the centre of the network is the head office of Bata Ltd. in the sparkling concrete suburban-industrial desert of Don Mills, in the east end of Metro Toronto.

Nangle, himself a native of Gwelo but now the associate editorial page writer of the Montreal *Gazette*, brought some unaccustomed controversy into that musty old paper with a seven-part series on Canadian corporate activity in southern Africa in June of 1973.

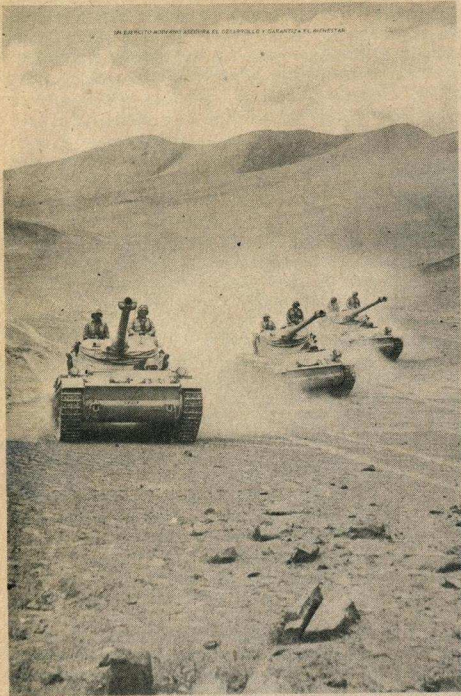
Bata was, of course, by no means the only company Nangle examined. Falconbridge Nickel, which is also active in Rhodesia, merited considerable attention, as did Alcan, Massey-Ferguson and others.

But, as a company with plants in both Rhodesia and South Africa, Bata served as well as any other to illustrate the pattern of Canadian investment in that part of the world.

Nangle found that at the plant at Pinetown, South Africa, Bata employees were being paid as little as \$89.51 a month, well below the poverty line for the area. In Rhodesia, the company was paying a little above the government-established minimum for Africans, a minimum that Nangle described as "far from adequate" and "a constant source of discontent."

He was able to commend the Rhodesian Bata operation for some of the benefits it provides for its workers — housing, a medical clinic, education for the workers' children, and the like. On the whole, however, he was forced to conclude that "unfortunately for Bata, its two southern African operations do not live up to the high ideals established by two generations of Bata leadership."

The series did not cause much of a stir at the time. MP Gordon Fairweather (PC — Fundy-Royal) put a question on the order paper asking what position the government took on



Bata Rimac
SIMBOLO DE CALIDAD

**Bata
Bata
Bata**

In military-ruled Peru, Bata's 1973 calendar shows three tanks on the move. 'A modern army assures development guarantees well-being,' reads the caption

the presence of such companies as Bata and Falconbridge in Rhodesia; Herb Breau, parliamentary secretary to the minister of industry, trade and commerce, replied some time later that "the Canadian government has received no evidence that Canadian incorporated companies have branch plants in Rhodesia. Our position on this is quite clear. Canadian companies are not permitted to invest in Rhodesia, nor are Rhodesian exports allowed entry into Canada."

An article that had appeared in the *Montreal Gazette* and the *Ottawa Citizen* for some reason did not constitute "evidence". Or maybe, because of Bata's highly intricate corporate structure, Mr. Breau did not consider the Gwelo factory a "branch plant" of Bata's Canadian headquarters. At any rate, the company has still not been prosecuted for violating the United Nations Rhodesia Regulations.

About six months after his series appeared, Nangle made a speech in Kingston, Ontario, in which he repeated his charges. This time, a local CBC stringer picked up the story,

and it was broadcast on the national radio news the next morning.

In the next twenty-four hours, Nangle received two unusual phone calls. One was from the Bata company, inviting him to come talk things over with the company's president, Thomas Bata, Jr. The other was from an old acquaintance of his, Hugh Faulkner, the MP for Peterborough where Nangle used to work and now the Secretary of State in the Trudeau cabinet. Faulkner suggested that Nangle have a heart-to-heart with his cabinet colleague, then External Affairs Minister Mitchell Sharp.

Nangle declined Faulkner's invitation, on the grounds that he didn't feel it was part of his job either to brief Mitchell Sharp or to be briefed by him on Canadian policy in southern Africa, but he accepted the one from Bata. He was graciously received by the president and his wife Sonja, also a Bata executive (who, it was Nangle's impression, was more on top of things politically than her husband), and Thomas Bata told him that labour relations were an area handled by local Bata executives, and he was not aware of the conditions Nangle had written about.

The so-called "high ideals of Bata leadership" that Nangle wrote of date back to the last years of the nineteenth century, when Thomas Bata, Sr., father of the current Bata, learned the shoe trade from his father in the Moravian hamlet of Zlin, in what is now Czechoslovakia. The Bata family had been shoemakers for nine generations, but unlike his forebears Thomas had ambition, he had modern technology to work with, and he changed the family business beyond all recognition.

By 1930, Thomas Bata was the most prominent industrialist in Czechoslovakia, and the company had expanded abroad to countries as diverse as Iceland and India. Zlin, which in Thomas's youth had been a sleepy village of three thousand souls, was now a busy industrial town of forty thousand, controlled lock, stock and barrel by the Bata company. Thomas Bata, who repeatedly (and, not surprisingly, successfully) stood for election to the town council at the head of a slate of "Batamen", was mayor of Zlin as well as the chief officer of its principal employer.

(This set a pattern for Bata towns all over the world. In some places Bata has simply built its own towns, such as Batanagar in India and Batawa in central Ontario, and elsewhere it has involved itself in education, culture, and sports as well as town politics.)

There was no firmer believer in the work ethic than Thomas Bata. "Work is a moral necessity" became a Bata slogan; when he was first elected mayor of Zlin in 1923, Bata told his followers, "You said by your today's voting, 'Do work.' I will do that work. There should not be another town where honest work is more respected and better paid. There should not be another town where the loafer is more hated. To the honest workers we offer everything, to the loafers nothing."

He forbade smoking in his plants, and encouraged a daily ten-minute period of steady breathing at the factories' open windows.

His flair for discipline was no doubt one factor in his



Bata's former company-owned town of Zlín, Czechoslovakia

success, but more important was his adoption of modern methods of mechanized production. He confessed to having been in his early days "a collectivist, and a bit of a communist, but most decidedly a socialist" — of the utopian variety, who believed in the Tolstoian simple life and wanted to go live on a farm. But then, on a visit to Germany, he discovered the marvels of machinery.

"I was wondering," he later wrote, "how things would turn out in a company which pursued the policy of distributing all its profits amongst its partners.

"Where, in such circumstances, would we find the money to buy the steam power plant, which was essential if those German and American steel giants were ever to be enlisted in our service? There seemed to be no way out of that dilemma. There was nothing for it but that I should remain at my post, that I should become what I myself had previously considered in my ignorance, the hated factory owner, the exploiter, the slave driver, if I were to be able to serve my people well and truly."

In 1904 he embarked for America to study mass-production techniques at the source. Having cast off Tolstoy, he adopted Henry Ford as his new hero; in later years, he would be known as the Henry Ford of Europe.

He got a job in a shoe factory in Lynn, Mass., and learned not so much about the machines themselves, which he had already seen in Europe, as about how they were employed. Above all, he was impressed with a society that seemed to be organized for the man on the way up; as he described it, "I am a businessman, you are a businessman, and our respective smartness will be measured according to how much either of us is going to make."

By his own standard, Thomas Bata turned out to be very smart indeed. His business began to grow after his return to Moravia in 1905, but his real break came during the First World War when he received contracts to supply boots to the

Austro-Hungarian army. Rapid expansion continued after the war, and by 1930 Bata was the largest shoe concern in Europe, producing 134,000 pairs of shoes a day. In 1931, the value of the enterprise was in the neighbourhood of a billion Czech crowns, or roughly \$40 million.

Early in the morning of July 12, 1932, one of Thomas Bata's ten airplanes took off from his private airport at Zlín, bearing the shoe magnate to Switzerland where he was to sign a major contract. Flying low over Zlín so that Bata could inspect buildings under construction, the plane struck a chimney of the Bata works in the morning mist and dropped to the ground. Bata and his pilot were killed.

There was no doubt about who would eventually take over the enterprise; Bata's only son, Tom, was clearly being groomed for the presidency. But Tom, then working in Switzerland, was only seventeen, and so the immediate succession was very much on the minds of Bata lieutenants as they gathered at the crash site that morning.

The only key to the safe in Thomas Bata's office was found on his body and the safe was opened that same afternoon. Of the papers found there, two were of particular importance. One was a sealed envelope marked "My last will" in Thomas Bata's handwriting; the other was another sealed envelope marked "Jan Bata", also in the dead man's handwriting.

Jan Bata was Thomas's half-brother, 22 years his junior, and in his youth he had lived with Thomas and his wife for ten years. He had become a high-ranking executive of the shoe company, though he was not as trusted a lieutenant as Dominik Cípera, with whom he rode back to the Bata offices from the crash scene, and was by no means automatically slated for the presidency upon Thomas's death.

But the envelope bearing his name announced the sale of the company to Jan Bata a year earlier, on May 10, 1931, for a mere 50 million crowns, roughly a twentieth of its value, and Jan was given a year after taking over the enterprise to come up with this sum. Thomas's will, dated May 19, 1931, confirmed the sale to Jan. Jan evidently had no knowledge of the "sale" before the two envelopes were opened; he wrote on the sale document, "I agree and purchase," and signed it.

The next day, Jan added to the sale document, "that is to say, I agreed and purchased as per oral agreement." The purpose of this curious series of actions was actually quite straightforward — the Batas were trying to avoid Czech estate taxes, which would have taken a bite of at least 20 per cent. By contrast, there was only a two-percent tax on a written sale contract, and no tax at all on an oral agreement. By claiming the existence of an oral agreement, Jan may also have been trying to lend some legitimacy to such an odd "sale."

The Czech tax authorities refused to buy the oral-agreement story (as did courts in several European countries and various parts of the United States, where litigation surrounding the sale document lasted for 25 years after the Second World War), but they did accept the validity of the sale and charged only the two-percent tax. Nor did the documents cause any problems for the first few years after Thomas's death. Jan functioned as head of the enterprise, while Tom

finished his education and began his training in the company, waiting for the day when he could take over.

Under Jan Bata, the concern grew apace, and Jan was known as the "shoe king" as his half-brother had been earlier. He also continued to run the enterprise in the same paternalistic manner that had been Thomas's trademark. Passing through Toronto in 1937, he told a Toronto *Star* reporter that "I'm not opposed to any union, but in Zlin we've got farther ahead without them. We've created a man-to-man faith; they believe me, and I believe them." Another time, he was quoted as saying, "We do not want men who work the required hours, take their pay and go home, to come another day or stay home if there is no work to do. No, we need men who stick to their work as if they were glued to it. . . . We want heroes."

Bata needed more than heroes, however, to protect itself against the advancing Nazis. Although his own sympathies may not have been with the Nazis (and young Tom's were even less so), Jan had a \$300-million investment to protect in Zlin, and the company's productive capacity could be of considerable use to the German war machine.

On a brief stopover in New York in April 1939 (he was refused entry into the United States because the Czecho-Slovak government that had issued his passport no longer existed), Tom Bata was quoted as saying that the future of Bata concerns in Czecho-Slovakia (as it was then called) depended on finding "a basis for co-operation" with the German government. Jan, who ran the show, was considerably more enthusiastic about finding such a basis of co-operation than Tom, and this appears to have been the cause of the falling out between them which ultimately landed in the courts.

A report issued by the United States Department of Commerce October 1, 1939 reported that "the Reich government considered it to the general interest to open the German market to this firm's [Bata's] products. . . . The Reich will, moreover, assist the firm in the development of its export trade since the latter also represents a valuable factor in Germany's own export trade. . . . The political changes appear to have in no way impaired the concern's vitality. . . . Bata's known policy of gaining a foothold in foreign countries is energetically continued."

These practices were a matter of some concern in North America, where Bata was in the process of setting up shop, representing itself as a corporate DP and refugee from Nazi oppression. With the European situation uncertain, Jan had gone to the United States to set up a plant at Belcamp, Md., while Tom had taken on the task of starting the Canadian operation.

Writing in the New York daily *PM* on September 26, 1940, Kenneth Crawford said that "[Jan] Bata is not a refugee from Hitler; he figures in Hitler's plan for commercial conquest of the Western hemisphere." In a follow-up the next day, Crawford called the Bata company "potentially, if not actually, the most dangerous unit of the Hitler fifth column now on the march in the world."

According to Crawford, Bata's anti-Nazi stance was itself useful to the Germans: "Since Bata was once outspokenly anti-Nazi and since his employees have a well-advertised commercial mission in the countries where they work, they still are welcomed by governments that exclude obvious Nazi propagandists. Only a few of Bata's foreign service agents are Germans. The set-up is perfect."

He quoted a confidential report prepared by U.S. government investigators as saying that while there was no evidence

that the Bata company was engaged in "subversive activities", Bata was friendly with the Nazis and "there is every reason to believe that the Bata organization in this country is a part of the Nazi economic plan for trade expansion and that the Bata company and its affiliates serve as a source of foreign exchange for Germany."

With the allegations of Nazi ties added to controversies over the company's labour practices, Bata's U.S. affiliate began to run into trouble. Fifty-nine Bata employees who had come with Jan from Czecho-Slovakia as "instructors" in setting up the American factory (but who Crawford said were "docile craftsmen taking jobs that American workers could have filled") were ordered out of the country in September 1940. Jan himself was blacklisted by both the Americans and the British as a result of the suspicion surrounding his relations with the Germans and was forced to flee to Brazil, where he lived out his days, trying, with the deed of sale from Thomas, Sr., as evidence, to get the company back through litigation; he never succeeded.

In 1947, he was convicted in absentia of collaboration with the Germans by a Czech court, and sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment. The judgment also ruled out any compensation for the factories at Zlin, which had already been nationalized by the postwar Czech government.

Meanwhile, control of the shoe empire had passed, more or less by default, to Tom Bata — and to Canada.

"THANK YOU, CANADA"

An expression of appreciation by the Bata Shoe Company of Canada Limited, on the first anniversary of its operation.

WE are one of Canada's youngest industries. Yet we have reason at this time to acknowledge gratefully the chivalrous consideration that we have received from the people of this great British Dominion. We appreciate the opportunity that the free Dominion of Canada offers to industrial effort honourably conceived and honourably developed.

And because of this sense of gratitude to Canada, we feel that it is a privilege to declare our unwavering loyalty as a Canadian Company, not only to Canada, but to that glorious Empire of which Canada is a part.

We are a Canadian corporation, without direction or control from any person or corporation in the United States or elsewhere beyond the borders of the Dominion.

When we sought to establish our plant in Canada, we gave the Government of Canada an undertaking that:

- (a) We would strictly live up to all laws, Federal and Provincial, that control hours and conditions of labour and rates of pay;
- (b) We would employ Canadian labour;
- (c) We would employ no under-age labour;
- (d) We would pay our employees wages comparable with or better than the average of the industry in Canada.

(e) We would grant our employees holidays with pay consistent with sufficient length of service;

(f) We would plan our production policy to provide our employees with all-year-round employment.

We have faithfully carried out each of these undertakings—and this has been officially ascertained. Indeed, we have done even more for the welfare of our employees. Already, our factory is now employing over seven hundred Canadian workers, a large percentage of whom are making shoes for export and so aiding Canada's vital need for foreign exchange. In addition, we are happy that the establishment of our plant has brought new life and activity to the communities surrounding it.

The resources of this Company are already pledged to the furtherance of Canada's war effort. Moreover, we have encouraged our men employees to offer themselves for military service and many women employees are actively engaged, in their spare time, in providing supplies for the Canadian Red Cross. We are proud of the spirit that animates these activities, and we are glad to encourage them, for the sake of Canada and for the cause for which Canada and the Empire are fighting so bravely.

It is a wonderful thing to live and to work in a free country, and to Canada we reaffirm our loyalty and our faith.

Bata

SHOE COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED

WILFRID W. PARRY, K.C.,
MANAGER-TRADER

THOMAS BATA,
PRESIDENT

When Bata set up in Canada, it worked hard to deny any Nazi taint

Bata literature has tended to describe the company's entry into Canada, and the founding of the new industrial town of Batawa in Ontario's Trent Valley, in lyrical terms. In his 1944 book *The Battle of Home* Anthony Cekota, a long-time Bata employee and chronicler of the Bata myth, wrote of how Tom Bata and a stalwart band of Czechs left a chained Europe and came to build a new life and a new enterprise on the virgin soil of the new world:

"There is hardly any country in which freedom and order, and particularly justice and peace, are more secure than out on those huge spaces in North America. Freedom, order and justice — that is the Union Jack! Peace? The United States to the South, and the North Pole to the north, are excellent neighbours guaranteeing peace... If there is no free Czechoslovakia, then only Canada remains."

Canada was, no doubt, a godsend for Bata when things began to look dicey in Europe, and was, in fact, much more receptive to the company than the United States. Despite sustained opposition from both the Shoe Manufacturers' Association of Canada and the Boot and Shoe Workers Union, Bata's entry into the country had the unwavering support of the federal government. Bata "instructors" admitted into Canada received no trouble from Canadian authorities. And when in July 1940 Bata affiliates in fifteen neutral countries were placed on the list of enemy traders with which Canadians were forbidden to deal, the Canadian Bata company was deemed to be completely unconnected with those affiliates and was not affected by the trade ban.

But although Bata set up its international headquarters in Canada, Batawa never reached the scale of Zlin and Canada never became the centre of the empire in quite the same sense as Czechoslovakia had been. Instead, the postwar Bata became that thoroughly modern phenomenon, a true multinational, in fact a truer one than many companies much larger and more powerful than itself.

Bata's incorporation in Canada was characteristically obscure. The Bata Import and Export Co. Ltd. was incorporated as a private company (like almost all Bata companies) in 1938; the next year its name was changed to the Bata Shoe Company of Canada Ltd. It was this company that would carry out Bata's manufacturing and retailing activities in Canada. A second Bata company, known simply as Bata Ltd., was incorporated in 1944, around the time effective control of the empire came to rest here; this was to be a service organization for Bata companies around the world. Neither of these companies had any member of the Bata family or any direct representative of the Czech Bata interests on its original board of directors; the boards were instead made up mostly of local lawyers. Actual control of the empire continued to be represented by the shares of Leader A.G., a Swiss company incorporated by the elder Thomas Bata in a reorganization of his interests a year before his death; it was these shares that were the object of the lengthy litigation between Jan and Tom Bata.

Canadian production has always made up only a small part of Bata's worldwide production (five per cent in 1972); in recent years, production has tended to be concentrated mostly in the low-wage countries of the third world. The largest Bata operation is now in India.

The kind of flexibility its present-day multinationalism allows comes out clearly in what happened after Bata took over

Oscaria, the largest shoe manufacturer in Sweden, in 1968. At the time of the takeover, the concern employed 600 production workers; by 1971, employment had declined to 250. In that year the factories were finally closed, and the 200 Oscaria retail stores that Bata had bought along with the factories were stocked with imported Bata shoes — mostly, it can be presumed, from low-wage countries.

The benefits that Bata provides to the third-world countries where it does carry out most of its production have also been questioned. Steven Langdon, a Canadian journalist and graduate student now living in East Africa, looked into the effect Bata was having on the shoe industry in rural Kenya. In an article in *Saturday Night*, he wrote that "of thirty-two shoemaking businesses I investigated, eighteen of them saw Canadian Bata Shoes as the block to building up their enterprises — and thereby bringing employment to this poverty-pinched region. Out of these thirty-two businesses, no fewer than twenty-two had declined over the last few years, as the Bata sales organization pushed further into the Kenyan countryside.

"This is a bit romantic, though, isn't it — like sentimentalizing the steam locomotive? Isn't the small-scale shoemaker a figure without a future anyway — sure to disappear, as he did in Canada when big mechanized factories appeared?"

"Perhaps. But the question is, by whom will he be replaced? In Kenya, at the moment, Bata is superseding him. And that prevents locally-owned, rural-based shoe factories from gradually emerging as replacements. Which makes a big difference in the way Kenya is developing."

Just what is meant by the phrase "low-wage country" was documented in a worldwide study of the Bata organization prepared by Eli Marx and John Burcham for the first world congress of the International Textile, Garment and Leather Workers' Federation in 1972.

In Upper Volta, for instance, wages ranged from \$4.93 to \$13.81 a week, while in Canada a worker who had been with Bata for a month made anywhere from \$67.61 to \$81.70 a week. In Switzerland male Bata workers made an average of \$99.30 a week (and female workers an average of \$67.10), while in Ceylon, weekly-paid workers made between \$6.88 and \$17.46 a week.

Marx and Burcham set up a scale of comparative Bata wage rates for male production workers for a forty-hour week, arbitrarily assigning the figure of 100 to Britain. Of the twenty countries they selected, Switzerland came out on top with 226, Canada was third with 191, and so on down through France at 117, Senegal at 40, Rhodesia at 23 and finally Indonesia at 6.

The study was also very critical of the company's labour policies in some countries, and particularly in Rhodesia, despite what appears to be a generally softer attitude toward unions on the part of Bata management since about 1968. Before then, as befitted a company so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of paternalism, Bata in most countries was strongly opposed to unions and threw all the obstacles it could in the way of attempts to organize its workers, although in many cases the unions succeeded anyway. But in the late 1960s a widespread "definite improvement" in industrial relations

We've given Vietnam jungle rot the boot.

The Army used to have a big problem on its hands—how to outfit our foot soldiers' feet?

The stitching in combat boots was rotting away in the wet and heat of Vietnam. Soles were falling from uppers. In six weeks boots were in shreds. And G.I.'s were using telephone wire and medical tape to hold them together.

But those days are gone forever.

The Bata Shoe Company has just produced its millionth pair of a new rot-proof jungle boot—developed by the U.S. Army, with

the cooperation of Bata and other civilian manufacturers.

The boot features direct vulcanizing of soles and heels to uppers—a process we pioneered back in 1930, and used successfully for over 35 years in the manufacture of rugged Bata-made workshoes.

Direct vulcanizing eliminates stitching of bottoms to uppers. There's nothing to rot. Our advanced technology in compounding rubbers makes the bond virtually indestructible.

And like other Bata manufacturing methods, the process not only makes a better shoe. It makes it with greater efficiency. Used in the new combat boot, direct vulcanizing has eliminated 18 components and 15 different manufacturing methods.

So you see, the Bata Shoe Company has helped give Vietnam jungle rot the boot. But good.

Bata

BATA SHOE COMPANY, INC. BELCAMP, MARYLAND



In the U.S., Bata boasted of its support for the Vietnam war, as this ad in *Fortune* magazine makes clear

took place (leading Marx and Burcham to suspect that despite Bata's talk about decentralization, "major managerial policy decisions are taken at the international H.Q. level and are followed by the individual plants").

In Rhodesia, however, where an attempt by the Rhodesia Hides, Shoe and Leather Workers' Union to organize Bata employees had at first met virtually no company interference, exactly the reverse change took place in early 1969. Requests for discussions were refused, officials of the new union local were dismissed. When the workers struck, the riot police

were called in. The union was broken, and since then it has been against Rhodesian Bata regulations for its employees to join a union.

Marx and Burcham accused Rhodesian Bata of being "quick to gain advantage from the national conditions and laws imposed by an illegal regime." While the Rhodesian regime may be unusual, Bata's accommodating itself to local political conditions is not. Although it has not established plants in any communist countries (a 1959 article in *Leather World* described Tom Bata as "probably the Western world's

Scuffle at Bata branch; woman, TIWU man arrested



MR. JOE YOUNG, PRESIDENT OF TIWU JOINS A BATA PICKET LINE ON FREDERICK STREET

This lockout of employees, reported in the *Trinidad Express*, is one example of Bata labour policies

leading anti-communist industrialist'), it has learned to live and prosper under regimes of virtually every other political stripe. Sometimes this has involved a bit of fancy political footwork.

An article in the *Baghdad Observer* of June 7, 1974, described how the Iraqi government, which appears to be considerably longer on socialist rhetoric than on practice, was building socialism with the help of the Bata shoe company. "Proceeding from the socialist look at the workers," said the article, "regarded as the vanguard that leads and guides the socialist transformations in the society, it was imperative for the Administration to provide all the appropriate work conditions which may lead to the emergence of capacities and innovations. This was what BATA Company actually realized."

Exactly how Bata socialism in Iraq differs from Bata private enterprise in other countries was not made clear in the article.

In military-ruled Peru, a Bata calendar for 1973 shows three tanks making their way through bleak, rocky terrain. "A modern army assures development and guarantees well-being," reads the caption. And in the United States, Bata advertised in 1967 that "We've given Vietnam jungle rot the boot." The ad described how "the stitching in combat boots was rotting away in the wet heat of Vietnam. Soles were falling from uppers. In six weeks boots were in shreds. And G.I.'s were using telephone wire and medical tape to hold them together." Now, however, "those days are gone forever. The Bata Shoe Company has just produced its million-pair of a new rot-proof jungle boot — developed by the U.S. Army, with the co-operation of Bata and other civilian manufacturers."

In Canada, Tom and Sonja Bata are active members of the corporate community, and their activities include the usual range of participation in business-related government programs. Mrs. Bata is the chairman of the National Design Council, a body established by parliament in 1961. "to promote and expedite improvement of design in the products of Canadian industry," while her husband is on the board of directors of Canadian Executive Service Overseas, an affiliate of the Canadian International Development Agency that sends Canadian executives to underdeveloped countries (partly at government expense) to provide expert help to businesses there.

On the whole, however, the Bata organization maintains a low profile in this country. It is common to see newspaper stories announcing that Mr. and Mrs. Bata are off to inspect their plants in the Far East or have just returned from a tour of Africa, but beyond that the company does not place much

emphasis on public relations. In fact, the Toronto head office has no public relations department as such.

A spokesman for the company, Basil Baker, explained: "We're not really interested in having anything written about us right now. We're shoemakers — we make shoes, and if people like our shoes they'll buy them; we have an advertising campaign but that's all the public exposure we need. We're rather surprised that anyone would be interested in writing about us; we're a series of fairly small concerns actually, fairly large internationally but not too big in any one country."

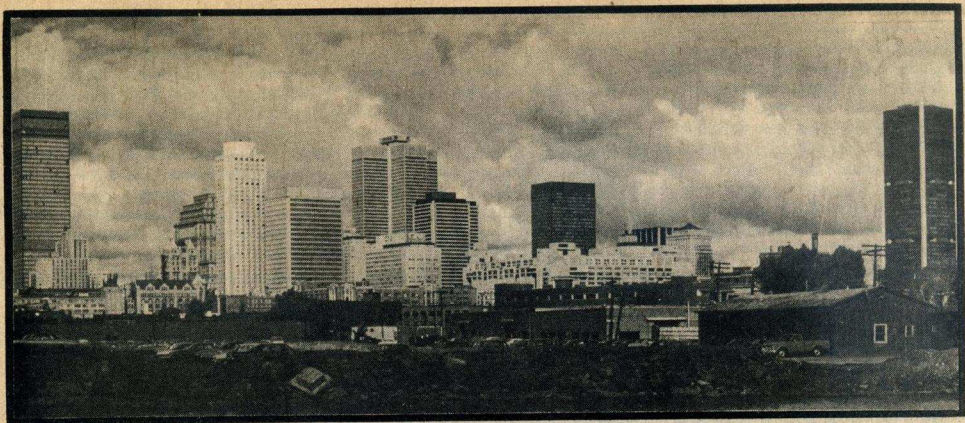
And because ninety-five per cent of Bata's production is outside Canada, most of it in countries such as Panama or Sri Lanka or Rwanda that Canadians aren't accustomed to paying much attention to, the company is under no great pressure to be less diffident about public exposure.

It is unfortunate, though, that people in Canada — "a country," as Eli Marx and John Burcham pointed out, "more noted for the number of foreign multinationals based there than for its own multinational companies" — could not have seen the activity on Frederick Street in Port of Spain, Trinidad, in December 1973. Trinidad Footwear Ltd., the local Bata manufacturer, had locked out its employees a month earlier, citing a "drop in production" as the reason. Wage negotiations were going on at the time; the company was offering increases totalling 14 cents an hour over three years to wages ranging from \$17.60 to \$22.60 a week, while the Transport and Industrial Workers' Union (TIWU) was demanding 33 cents immediately. Industrial relations experts agreed that the company's lockout action violated even Trinidad's harshly anti-labour Industrial Relations Act.

Picket lines were set up outside Bata retail outlets on Frederick Street and elsewhere. A Trinidad-wide "Don't buy Bata" campaign was started. Employees at the Bata retail stores went on strike over their own demands. On December 19, a woman picketer and a TIWU official were arrested after a scuffle between a policeman and a pregnant woman outside one of Bata's Frederick Street stores.

It is also unfortunate that the elder Thomas Bata could not have lived to witness that same scene. He might have thought back to the time at the outset of his business career when he concluded that he "should become what I myself had previously considered in my ignorance the hated factory owner, the exploiter," and reflected on how well his intention had been carried out.

Robert Chodos is a member of the editorial board of the Last Post



City politics: What is reform all about?

Although municipal government in Canada operates on a crazy-quilt of two-year terms, three-year terms and four-year terms, in the autumn of 1974, by coincidence, virtually all of Canada's major cities will be electing new civic administrations. In the past such a conjunction would have been greeted with a great yawn. People didn't much care about their own municipal governments, let alone anybody else's.

Now, however, that has begun to change. Not only are the areas with which municipal government deals — development, land use, transportation, city planning, urban growth — seen as major issues, worthy of public attention, but they have begun to affect people across the country in similar ways. The housing shortage, for instance, may have hit Toronto first, but now it's just as

likely to raise a howl in any one of a dozen other cities.

Not surprisingly, then, municipal politics in different cities tends to focus on the same issues. On the surface, the municipal field is characterized by a battle between the neighbourhood-destroy-

INTRODUCTION

ing, high-rise-erecting "old guard" and community-oriented "reformers" who want to give the cities back to the people. This battle is, of course, at different stages in different places. In Toronto and Vancouver, nouvelle-vague mayors elected two years ago are up for re-election, and both are almost certain to retain

their posts. In Montreal and Winnipeg, broadly-based reform coalitions have been formed to try to topple entrenched administrations; both the Civic Party of Montreal and Winnipeg's Independent Citizens' Election Committee face the strongest challenge yet to their supremacy.

But beneath the surface, cracks have begun to develop on the question of what "reform" is all about.

When the reformers are out of power, these questions are not so acute: the Parti Québécois, the New Democratic Party, the trade-union centrals, middle-class neighbourhood groups and working-class citizens' committees, which have never been able to come together on anything else, can at least agree that Montreal should be rid of Jean Drapeau.

But stands taken and alliances formed

during an election campaign are little guide to what will happen once the reformers are in power. Take, for instance, the case of Dorothy Wyatt. As a maverick city councillor in St. John's, Nfld., she opposed the construction of a massive office complex in the heart of the city by the giant Trizec development corporation. Her fight was unsuccessful; the project was approved. Last year Dorothy Wyatt was elected mayor of St.

John's. And did she use her new power to say no to Trizec? On the contrary: as mayor she felt honour-bound to implement the decision of the previous council.

Residents of Winnipeg, fighting their own Trizec development at the corner of Portage and Main, might find a warning there somewhere.

The point of this is not that civic reformers are charlatans, or that reform in

municipal politics isn't long overdue, but that city governments are up against very powerful forces and that — as Eric Blair makes clear below — even with the best will in the world different components of civic reform coalitions often end up having different interests.

In the following articles, *Last Post* correspondents examine the 1974 municipal election campaigns in Canada's three largest cities.

Suburbs overshadow Crombie

by ERIC BLAIR

When David Crombie was elected Mayor of Toronto almost two years ago, he was elected on a platform of, among other things, "preserving neighbourhoods." He ran a campaign which managed to catch the imagination of a city slowly but surely becoming fed up with developer-politicians and their tired arguments about keeping homeowners' taxes down by encouraging massive apartment buildings.

He seemed no ordinary Tory, but a progressive conservative — and in a traditionally Conservative city that had been caught up in the liberal embrace of growth, development and bigness, he was elected with a surprising majority over two opponents who were perhaps too open in their support for the development industry. It was all the more surprising because he was a freshman alderman, running alone, with only the grudging support of a loose coalition of reform aldermanic candidates.

Crombie's campaign was for a Toronto that has since become almost a tiresome cliché: protected neighbourhoods, new forms of housing, a vital vibrant downtown — all the nice things that American journalists now flock to Toronto to rave about, astounded that one can walk two blocks without being mugged.

The problem with "protecting neighbourhoods" is its vagueness; two essential questions emerge that beg political answers: "Protection from what?" and "Protection from whom?"

Two years ago, the questions — although rarely asked — were quite easy to answer: protection from high-rise de-



velopers for the existing residents. And, at that point, it was possible to maintain the idea of a kind of common front existing between the poor, working-class and middle-class residents of a neighbourhood. When the threat is expropriation for an expressway or a sterile public housing project, or block-busting by a massive developer, then class interests tend to dissolve, and one can conceive of a collective neighbourhood interest that is threatened.

Until recently, Toronto has been distinguished by being a city of homeowners; it is only in the last couple of years that the percentage of tenants has passed 50 per cent. (In contrast, Montreal has for years had 80 per cent tenants.) Thus, any given downtown neighbourhood had working-class homeowners, long-term working-class tenants, roomers (generally more transient), and middle-class and professional homeowners. The middle-class residents were often people with some kind of commitment to the idea of "mixed neighbourhoods."

Well, two years later, with it becoming almost impossible to buy a house in Toronto for less than \$50,000 and mortgage rates at 12 per cent and climbing, a "mixed neighbourhood" in Toronto is like that old joke about integrated neighbourhoods: it is "mixed" between the time the first professional renovator moves in and the last working-class resident moves out.

When David Crombie assumed the mayoralty, he was accompanied by a slim majority of aldermen who were veterans of resident association politics and were known loosely as "reformers". The very fuzziness of the coalition made it easy for them to think in fuzzy populist terms about "the people" and "citizen participation" without being plagued by hard questions about class interests.

It is much more difficult now. Consistently over the last two years, when faced with a choice between spending money on "preserving a streetscape" and "providing cheap accommodation," aesthetics has won. The politics of grass and trees is essentially a politics of protecting the sensibilities and standards of the middle-class.

David Crombie, witty and charming though he is, showed himself to be a consensus politician of a style that was often infuriating. As columnist Jon Caulfield was the first to point out, his usual tactic during his first year in office was to place himself firmly in the middle of an issue, and then exaggerate the position of his opponents to suggest that they were being unreasonable on his left and on his right, and that he had adopted the

photo: David Lloyd



Toronto Mayor David Crombie

only position an intelligent, reasonable person could take. This was often done with a disdain for the accuracy of his opponents' position that left them gasping.

As he gained confidence, he did this less — but in the process established a working majority on Council that, on contentious issues, was a coalition of the right and the middle against the left.

Crombie's principal antagonist, and the man he saw as his enemy most often, was not one of the pro-development aldermen of the right, like Fred Beavis or William Archer, but the man who symbolized community politics in Toronto: John Sewell.

Faced with the choice between the middle class and "citizen participation" on the one hand, and the working class on the other (as in the approval of a chic new apartment complex which pleased residents but had rents no low-income person could afford), Crombie has opted for the interests of the middle-class neighbourhood, and Sewell for the interests of the low-income tenant.

Intense personal hostility has developed between the two men, and the most dramatic moments in City Council have been their increasingly bitter fights.

On almost all the issues on which they have fought, Crombie has mustered support from the middle and the right, and won.

This was not always the case, certainly. There were several issues in which Crombie led a nearly unanimous Council on an issue that was essentially a progressive one. The introduction of a 45-foot holding by-law to restrict development for a two-year period to enable a re-planning of the downtown core

was one (only three reactionary developers' aldermen opposed it); the adoption of a report getting the city back into the housing business, and supporting non-profit and co-operative housing, and the attempt by City Council to permit a community of 700 people to stay on Toronto Islands rather than be evicted by Metro were other examples.

The last example — the fight over the Toronto Islands community — was particularly instructive in that it showed clearly the growing conflict between the city and the suburbs. Although Toronto city politicians may seem disappointingly moderate and middle-class ("ten-pend liberals" in the phrase of one columnist), they are the leaders of the Paris Commune in comparison with the pear-assed suburbanites who amble into Metro Council once every two weeks to demand more expressways, denounce bodyrub parlours, and fume about what one of them in a rare flash of wit called "Toronto's deformers."

The relationship between the city and the suburbs is going to get worse, not better.

For ten years, since the retirement of the first Chairman of Metropolitan Toronto, Frederick Gardiner, that post had been held by quiet, passive administrators. Now, the Metro Chairman is Paul Godfrey — a 35-year-old engineer, a former North York politician, and a Tory. Jut-jawed and ruthless, Godfrey is a hard-driving, ambitious man who is determined to win at all costs. He never forgets a slight, and punishes politicians who oppose him by cutting them off from information or appointments.

While Crombie recently blew whatever inside line he had to Queen's Park by blurring out Premier Davis's offer to striking transit workers on a local television show (and the inside line was not as strong to begin with as many had assumed), Godfrey is a Davis Tory.

Appointed rather than elected as Metro Chairman, Godfrey has been pushing for an extension of Metro powers and an erosion of local authority. As that happens, slowly but surely, the suburban politics of concrete will predominate.

Former Premier John Robarts has just been appointed to spend two years studying Metropolitan Toronto government, and while it seems unlikely that total amalgamation is going to result, it seems equally unlikely that the trend toward suburban domination of city interests will be reversed.

It is likely that suburban politicians will continue to view the city as a place to drive through on the way to work, and to

stick expressways and polluting industries.

♦The coming December elections are easy to call in one way: Crombie will certainly be re-elected, as no serious candidate has emerged by mid-October who is even contemplating taking him on. Godfrey will continue as Metro Chairman.

The various councils are harder to predict, and more important. None of the incumbents looks particularly weak, but on the other hand, the citizen groups which elected the city politicians have been quiet, almost dormant. The two

men whom Crombie defeated in the Toronto mayoralty race, Tony O'Donohue and David Rotenberg, are both likely aldermanic candidates — O'Donohue almost a certainty. At the same time, three community activists are probably going to be running: one who has spent the last two years fighting some of the developments which slipped past the new Council, one who has been involved in the fight against the Toronto lead companies, and one who has been working to save historical buildings. So a decisive swing — in either direction — is not impossible.

The suburbs, although crucial in the long term to the political development of Metro Toronto, are unknown political territory. For the first time, the developable land is now used up in some of the suburbs, and so development now will mean redevelopment. In the ensuing fights about how that takes place, it is possible that suburban residents will begin to think that municipal politics is something more important than just getting potholes filled.

And until that happens, the future of City Hall looks grim.

At last, there's an opposition

by BRIAN McKENNA

The first street demonstration of the Montreal autumn began with the keening of a fire reel's siren. But this time, instead of rushing to quench the result of a demonstration, the city firemen were among the 7,000 marching robustly through the streets hymning the damnation of Jean Drapeau, protesting the wages of inflation and defying the robbed might of court injunctions.

The demonstration began in disorganization and under the menace of massive retaliation, from busloads of riot police if but a stone was heaved in anger. But with even the Maoists behaving themselves, slogans were the only things that rattled the windows of City Hall. The march had a fine momentum to it and ended with a rousing rally.

The Montreal Citizens' Movement, the municipal coalition taking on Mayor Drapeau's Civic Party, also had a disorganized beginning. But its organizers hope that the demonstration turns out to be a harbinger of the municipal election campaign.

They know that Drapeau would dearly love to have an atmosphere of fear and trembling on polling day, as he did in 1970 when he ruthlessly exploited the October crisis, hammering the left-wing opposition Front D'Action Politique (FRAP) by, among other things, jailing some of its leaders.

By early September, the city was in a mess of the Mayor's own making. Some 10,000 city employees — firemen, white-collar workers and the people who fix the

buses and metro for the Montreal Urban Community — were either striking or in a state of slow-down.

Virtually the only satisfied group of workers were the police. You don't have to read Machiavelli (as Drapeau does regularly) to know that the man behind the barrel of the gun must be kept happy in an election year. As a result, the police realized better than a 12-percent hike to deal with inflation, while the firemen were stuck with an arbitration board settlement of 4.3 per cent for 1974.

MONTREAL ELECTION

With murmurings of a province-wide general strike tied to the cost-of-living issue, which would likely be joined by city employees, the Mayor may get the discordant atmosphere he wants.

The principal reason for Drapeau's refusal to give the city employees a decent wage is that his pre-election budget simply couldn't take it. The city is skittering on the verge of bankruptcy. Some \$90 million — better than 20 per cent of the total budget — goes toward simply administering the city's debt, swollen over the last 15 years by the grandiosity of Expo 67, its shabby successor, Man and His World, and the coming Olympics. A large slice of the remaining budget, which normally would go to everything

from parks to low-cost rehabilitated housing, actually goes to gearing up for an Olympics that Drapeau swore would not cost Montrealers "one cent".

If the election can be fought on issues, the Mayor is more vulnerable this time than ever before. Developers continue to destroy the soul of Montreal's downtown, building not high-rise apartment buildings but a glass-and-steel welter of hotels, including the "world's largest Holiday Inn". All are scheduled to be ready for the Olympics.

With most construction geared to turning the city into one giant convention hall, the result is that fewer apartments — even high-rise ones — are being built. In the past, Montreal had a good pool of low-cost apartments, but now the landlords are having it all their own way. Rents are being jacked up quickly.

In 1970, Drapeau was able to deal with FRAP, which was mostly a coalition of working class citizen's groups. Now the opposition boasts a much broader base, gathering in middle-class people incensed by high rents, pollution, mindless development and the absence of even an illusion of democracy in city government. Drapeau's Civic Party controls all 52 council seats.

The Citizens' Movement is given little chance of actually dislodging Drapeau. The most optimistic organizers talk about gaining control of City Council. At the founding convention in May, much of the movement's early fire came from the Parti Québécois and the labour federations. If both throw their organizational muscle into the election fight, control of Council is not an impossibility.

TEAM backs the old system

by DENNIS FORKIN

It was obvious that summer had finally arrived in Vancouver. One could tell by the smell of Noxzema in the streets. It is a time when West Coast shoppers breathe easier, umbrellas no longer prod the patrons of public transit and the statues of the explorers take on their annual coat of aivian alabaster. But most of all it is a time to hit the beaches and broil off a few layers of superfluous skin.

And the sunburn is not limited to the masses. Vancouver's municipal politicians share in the season's rosy dermal hues and their temperament reflects their sense of solar renewal. There is a tone of slightly pained expansiveness in their public pronouncements and a wariness with crowds. This being an election year, both the expansiveness and the wariness were particularly noticeable as the jockeying commenced for what, in the western precincts of the city, they like to call the mandate of the electorate.

In the working-class eastern half of the city no such homiletic phrases are heard, for Vancouver may well be the least democratically-administered major city in Canada.

Strong words. But an analysis of the present structure of civic government justifies the statement. Virtually alone among Canada's large urban centres, Vancouver elects its city administrators "at large" rather than by wards. Since there are twenty-seven positions to be filled (the mayor, ten aldermen, nine school trustees and seven parks commissioners) voters must choose in their biennial elections from a virtually telephone directory of aspirants, most of whose names they have never heard before.

And the roster gets longer with each election. In 1966, for example, 56 candidates presented themselves for the 27 positions available. Two years later the number had swelled to 84. In 1970, 105 candidates sought civic office and two years ago the stampede grew to a dizzying one hundred and twenty-five.

Now, it is obvious that no voter knows 56 civic politicians, never mind 125. The result of this preposterous political burlesque is that most voters don't even bother to vote, and those who do pick

from the names most effectively dunned into their heads. Since each candidate must reach a constituency of almost half a million, only those with formidable financial resources at their disposal can afford to get their names well enough known to have a serious chance of election. So total is the domination of civic politics by the wealthy candidates that of the twenty-one individuals elected to City Council in the last four elections only one — Harry Rankin of the leftist Committee of Progressive Electors (COPE) — came from the working-class east side.

Compounding this electoral circus is the fact that even the acronymic labels of the civic political slates have been absent

VANCOUVER ELECTION

from the ballot and the voters have been dependent upon campaign literature to advise them of who is running with which endorsement. The result is perhaps the least informed electoral dog's breakfast in the country. Anyone who has scrutineered in these political charades knows that more than half of those who do vote (and the turnout is usually around 35 per cent), scatter their franchise like chaff, picking left-wing and right-wing candidates indiscriminately and casting ballots unknowingly for clowns and scoundrels.

Successful politicians — if one can speak of success in this context — readily parlay their civic position into a stepping stone to higher political office. No fewer than eight ran for the legislature in the last provincial election. Fortunately none made it and in the civic election which followed by a few months the NDP provincial victory, the ultra-old-guard Civic Non-Partisan Association (NPA), which had dominated the city's government since the abolition of the ward system in the 1930s, was trounced by the stylishly liberal newcomers of the Electors' Action Movement (TEAM).

It was enough to send the divine right

"non-partisans" (actually a coalition of realtors, developers and businessmen) into apoplectic fits, for their well-tooled perpetual non-motion machine had never broken down before. The reasons for the upset (*Last Post*, March 1973) fall generally under the heading "nausea". The NPA had moved too far to the right and silenced all elements that dissented from the "see no evil" stance of its powerful backers, allowing TEAM to pose as reforming moderates.

Unfortunately, in the past two years TEAM has squandered its high-sounding principles like a moribund Scot suddenly presented with an expense account. Typical was its retreat from support for the ward system. In the referendum on that issue TEAM rigged up an ambiguous set of questions for the electorate to answer, remained as silent as it could, and let the voters assume that the entire idea was some form of leftist design to take over City Hall. The newspapers attacked the proposal and the backing of COPE and the New Democratic Party for area representation was inadequate to gain its approval.

The results of this winter's election, therefore, will probably be a renewed mandate for Mayor Art Phillips and his TEAMsters. The only opposition alderman certain of re-election is COPE's Rankin, but once again the NDP Vancouver Area Council has shunned a united front with COPE and is running its own complete slate. (The NPA, whose sole remnant on council is retiring, is pinning its hopes on retaining that one seat and perhaps capturing one or both of the seats being vacated by retiring TEAM aldermen.)

The real challenge to the new establishment is emerging from such citizens' groups as the COPE-oriented Vancouver Tenants' Council and such insurgent community organizations as the Downtown East Side Residents' Association and the West Broadway Citizens' Committee. Each of these groups and others too numerous to mention are organizing from the base to build a politics of real issues in Vancouver. In the long run they pose the best hope of giving content to West Coast civic politics and restoring democracy in Vancouver.

"SO REMEMBER IT

by Richard Bronstein

It was four days after arriving in Rhodesia, almost to the hour, that I was on my way out. Expelled. Banned. Prohibited. Never to be allowed to return.

My departure, however, was suffering a slight delay. The Air Rhodesia Viscount taking me out to Malawi was forced to wait until a couple of aging but still deadly Canberra bombers of the Rhodesian air force took off with another payload of bombs for the war in the northeastern sector of the country.

So, I was being kicked out of Rhodesia because they didn't want me reporting on the war that wasn't going on. But I couldn't leave just yet because that 'non-existent' war was too much in progress at that very moment.

The Rhodesian government moves in an astonishing variety of ways, both big and small, to suppress information about the war in the northeast. In the Rhodesian press, the guerrillas must be called 'terrorists' and there are penalties for calling them anything else. Officially, it's not a war at all, but a bunch of "mopping up" operations to counter "the wave of terrorism." When so-called terrorists or terrorist-sympathizers are caught, their names can never be published. Only casualty statistics provided by the government can be reported. Any contact with or knowledge of the rebels makes you liable to detention and stiff interrogation. Even listening to a rebel broadcast over the Zambia broadcasting system subjects you to an immediate jail sentence.

All news copy filed with the international press agencies has to be cleared by government consors. Rhodesian radio and television, which are state agencies, play their part with repetitive anti-communist tirades, reminiscent of the stuff pumped out by the North American media at the height of the 1950s Cold War.

Journalists working in Rhodesia are under constant attack from the government; they are harassed and intimidated and to a man they all believe that their telephones are bugged. In London, where I met several British journalists with experience in Rhodesia, I kept being told the same thing:

"Rhodesia is as tightly controlled as any country in the world today. When you get there you will be followed. Your phone calls will be monitored. Your mail will be opened. The vase of flowers on your dining room table will be bugged. The hotel porter will be an informer. Don't discuss anything with anyone."



Arriving in the capital city of Salisbury on Friday, June 21, I was prepared for the bugging, the tailing, the endless red tape from the government, everything except what they actu-

ally threw at me — an expulsion order giving me 24 hours to leave the country and not ever return.

The actual kicking out ceremony took place on Monday, June 24, shortly before lunch. I had just been called over to Immigration Headquarters on "a matter of utmost importance."

When I got there, completely in the dark as to why I was being summoned, a fat man with nicotine-stained fingers handed me a piece of paper and said: "Mr. Bronstein, I'm afraid I have some rather unfortunate news for you."

It was Form No. I.F. 5, called the Notice to Prohibited Immigrant, signed in fresh ink by the Minister of Immigration, Information and Tourism, Mr. Pieter Voltelyn Van der Byl, who since 1968 has been the official watchdog against subversion. Mr. Van der Byl was also one of the staunchest promoters in 1972 of new racial segregation laws in Rhodesia making it illegal for Africans to drink in European areas in the evening. He is also proud of beating economic sanctions so he can maintain a steady supply of his favourite French after-shave lotion.

A prohibited immigrant, I found out, is "any person who, from information received from any source, is deemed by the minister to be an undesirable inhabitant of, or visitor to Rhodesia." (paragraph H, subsection 1 of section 5 of the Immigration Act of 1966.)

The ensuing conversation lasted about 10 minutes. It consisted of me asking why I was being kicked out and the immigration officer telling me that the minister doesn't need a reason to kick anyone out. So I threw a tantrum. I demanded to see the minister. I refused to acknowledge receipt of the expulsion order. I called him a fascist several times and left in a huff, vowing to fight it all the way in the court.

After storming out of the office, I contacted a lawyer, Anthony Eastwood, the man who handled the Peter Niesewand case a year earlier. Niesewand, a young Rhodesian journalist, had reported on Rhodesian security operations into neighbouring Mozambique. Although it was widely known that Rhodesian and Portuguese forces were collaborating in the guerrilla war, it was officially a secret and for revealing it, Niesewand was jailed and later expelled from the country. It was considered that Eastwood had handled the case well because Niesewand wasn't given a harsh jail sentence after the trial. So I asked him about my chances for appealing the expulsion order.

"None whatsoever," he replied without a moment's hesitation. The law, he explained, states that "if you have been refused entry . . . you are not entitled to enter or remain in Rhodesia for the purpose of noting or prosecuting your appeal . . ." (Immigration Act of 1966)

When you end up in the hammerlock of the Rhodesian justice system, there isn't a hell of a lot you can do about it. I toyed with the idea of ignoring the expulsion order, but that would have only meant the sound of storm-trooper boots

TAKES 2 YEARS"



Prime Minister Ian Smith (Smithie) of Rhodesia:
a massive plastic surgery job

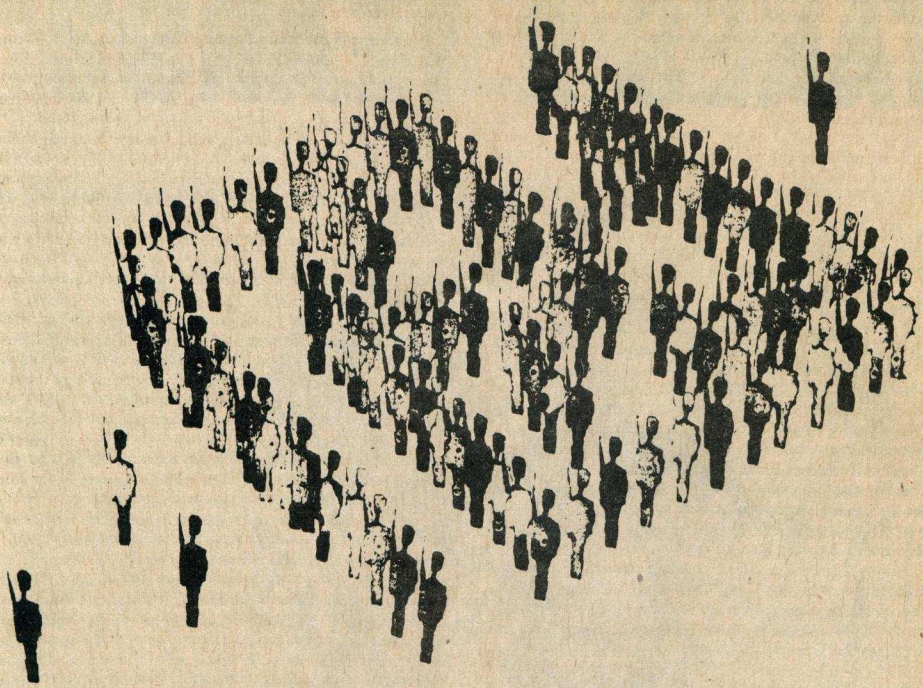
down the hotel corridor in the dark hours, a night in jail, and probably a one-way ticket on the next plane back to London.

So, instead I decided to have some lunch with Ian Mills, the Rhodesian journalist who was letting me use the facilities of his office in Salisbury. He brought along an American freelance newsman and the society columnist for *The Rhodesia Herald* newspaper and we all went out to a nice

spot in downtown Salisbury.

We naturally discussed my case, but interest in it waned quickly. By the time we had finished our salads, the conversation was off me and onto the most pressing topic in Salisbury these days — the difficulty of getting reliable servants.

I almost choked on my steak as the society editor of the *Herald* explained the nub of the problem:



cartoon by Mike Constable

"You see, some people have gone and ruined it for the rest of us. They started paying a little extra for their help and now you just can't get houseboys or gardeners any more unless you can afford these exorbitant wages."

"And how much is that?" I asked.

"Oh, it could cost, you know, about twenty to thirty dollars a month [Canadian] for good help. Really good help. But people like Ian and me simply can't afford that. It's all right I suppose if you have means, but we're not that well off, you know."

There was a chorus of "right, right", and "what is the world coming to," and "well, I remember when," which was interrupted by Ian ordering another drink.

The Rhodesian ordering-a-drink ceremony is one of the most curious forms of behaviour or ritual I have ever seen. It consists simply of raising the arm slightly, and, without looking at any waiter in particular, without trying to catch anybody's eye, giving a sharp little double whistle. But it's not really a whistle, but more a combination of whistle and lisp.

"Wheet . . . wheet . . .", and on the double a little African waiter comes padding over in his white sneakers, all decked out in a white suit, topped with a red fez, ready to serve.

Over another bottle of wine, Ian described his house. It's a four-bedroom bungalow in a nice suburb on a two acre-lot, which he insists is practically standard in Salisbury. He has a

houseboy and cook and a gardener. He has a tennis court and a swimming pool. He assures me that it's true that Salisbury has more swimming pools per capita than Los Angeles. Somebody else pipes up that Salisbury also has more millionaires than the City of London.

In Canada, someone doing the same work as Ian Mills would be grateful to be living in a rented townhouse in Etobicoke, spending his evenings working out the Chargex payments and being thrilled to death if he didn't have to go too deeply into debt in order to afford a two-week package tour of the Rockies for his tenth wedding anniversary. But in Rhodesia, third-rate hacks like Ian Mills and the Rhodesian society editor have big houses, big yards, servants, annual trips abroad and money in the bank.

It became clear how they do it when the cheque arrived. Our tab for a full-course steak meal for four people including two bottles of imported wine, brandy and fancy dessert, came to \$25 Canadian. Which is fairly close to the monthly salary our waiter makes to support his family of seven.

And he's one of the lucky ones. Because if he walks to work instead of taking the bus, if a couple of his older children can find some sort of temporary work, if his wife can beg, borrow, or steal just a little extra food on the sly and if no one gets sick and there aren't heavy doctor bills, he may actually be able to salt away a little dough and maybe, one day, the youngest in the family can get some good schooling

and land a half-decent job.

It could be a job like Mills' assistant in the news agency. He runs the teletype, sets up circuits for radio reports, researches stories, spells the African names for Ian ... and he gets fifty dollars a month.

Yes, they are the lucky ones. The select few who are allowed to work in Salisbury to make 'high' wages. In the countryside, where 90 per cent of the people live, the average family income is five dollars a month. Out of that, everyone pays the mandatory hut tax, or poll tax, of one dollar a year plus a portion of health and education costs.

You can't get ahead on your own because every family is limited to a 100-foot-square section of land. Every household is limited to only ten cattle. Anything more than that automatically goes to the Rhodesian government for ten dollars a head. The government then ships the carcasses on jet freight to Europe and sells them for one hundred dollars a head.

The African needs the white man to make sure he can make a living in Rhodesia. The white man has really seen to that.



My last night in Rhodesia was spent at the Press Club in the Ambassador Hotel. Most of the journalists in the city had come to wish me a boozy farewell. The only nice thing about the send-off was that I was able to meet my 'tail' — Henry B., the Special Branch man who was looking after me. Nice fellow this Henry, full of good stories, particularly about Dr. Hastings Banda, president of the neighbouring republic of Malawi where I would be heading the next day.

That night I packed up, feeling rather sorry that I wouldn't be able to meet the rebel prime minister Ian Douglas Smith, the first man since the American colonies signed the declaration of independence in 1776, to break unilaterally from Britain.

I had wanted to interview Smithie, as they call him in Rhodesia. I wanted to see him not so much to hear what he had to say about the situation as to find out if it's true what they say about his face.

You see, Smithie was a highly unsuccessful World War Two flying ace with the 237th (Rhodesian) Squadron in the North Africa theatre. In fact, he got shot every time he flew a combat mission. On one of the missions, his face got severely burned, requiring him to spend six months in a Cairo hospital getting a massive plastic surgery job. And I was anxious to find out for myself whether Smithie twitches and sneers because of his extreme political leanings, or whether it's because of his almost completely re-built face. Oh, well, maybe another time.



On Tuesday, June 25, after the Canberra bombers had lifted off from Salisbury airport, it was our turn to take off for Malawi, a small country nestled among Mozambique, Tanzania and Zambia. Although it's an independent African country, it has the reputation of being sympathetic to the white supremacist regimes. And the week before I arrived, it too had expelled a couple of journalists.

After a few days in the capital of Blantyre, I was on my way to Zambia to meet with guerrillas who were carrying the brunt of the fighting in Rhodesia.

The main street of Lusaka, the capital of Zambia, is called Cairo Road. It got its name in the nineteenth century when Cecil Rhodes and his company of merchantmen claimed the territory of what is now Zambia, Rhodesia and

Malawi for the British. Their dream was for an all-British route through central Africa, linking Cairo in the north to Capetown in the south.

Winding off the main thoroughfare in Lusaka is Chilimbula Road. If you follow it past the noisy, bustling African market, you come to a wired-off compound containing seven low, barracks-style buildings. One of them is the headquarters of ZANU, the Zimbabwe African National Union.

Zimbabwe is the African name for Rhodesia. It comes from the great iron-age civilization that once flourished in the high veld of Rhodesia, a culture that left great stone monuments that archeologists are still trying to figure out. The Zimbabwe culture also left vast amounts of intricately carved gold objects in its burial mounds, leading the first white men to visit the area to believe seriously that they had at last discovered that legendary treasure trove, King Solomon's mines.

The compound is called Liberation Centre and it houses the administrative offices of all the major freedom fighters in southern Africa — Frelimo (Mozambique), MPLA (Angola), ANC (South Africa) and of course, ZANU. To gain admittance you have to present your passport to the guard, who also searched your bag. The necessity becomes obvious when you see the charred remains of a recent bomb blast at Liberation Centre which claimed the life of a South African guerrilla fighter. Notices are up everywhere in Lusaka, on buildings, in the newspapers, on television, warning of bombs and terrorist activities. Since the border closure between Zambia and Rhodesia in 1972, Zambia has been a special target for South African and Rhodesian agents provocateurs.

Finally, I'm introduced to Herbert Chitepo, the chairman of ZANU, son of a peasant farmer, the first African barrister in Rhodesia, former director of public prosecutions in Tanzania and considered by many to be one of the most brilliant lawyers in Africa.

Chitepo went into exile from Rhodesia in May 1962, following the detention of ZANU president Ndbaningi Sithole and the death in prison of the vice-president, Leopold Takawira, and since then has been the day-to-day director of ZANU. He organized the first guerrilla attacks into Rhodesia in 1966 and has planned underground subversion inside the country since 1969. He was the mastermind behind the current ZANU offensive which began in 1972 in the northeastern sector of the country and which now extends along the whole eastern frontier region, from the northern border with Zambia to the extreme south where Mozambique and South Africa meet Rhodesia. It was an offensive that started out by hitting at the isolated white farming communities but which is now within shooting distance of Salisbury.

After a few introductory remarks, we get down to the business of discussing the war effort and Chitepo brings out the latest war communique issued by ZANLA, the Zimbabwe African National Liberation Army, the military arm of ZANU.

He reads off an impressive list of statistics:

- "Mount Darwin district; ZANLA comrades overran an enemy post at Karanda Mission killing six enemy troops and capturing one field radio No. A39-2-207, two G3 guns and several thousand rounds of ammunition."
- "Centenary district; a strong ZANLA force engaged enemy troops who had been intimidating and harassing the masses. In this fierce battle at the Mudzengerere Village, one enemy Canberra bomber was shot down by ZANLA groundfire and nine enemy troops were killed."

● "Sipelilo District; an enemy helicopter on a reconnaissance flight along the Msengezi River was shot down by ZANLA ground fire and its two crew were killed."

✚ ● "Mtoke district; an enemy land rover detonated a land mine laid by one of the ZANLA Forces units. Two enemy soldiers were killed, four wounded in the blast which wrecked the land rover."

And the ZANU war communique read by Chitepo goes on and on and on, painting a far different picture of the war from the "wave of terrorism" claimed by the Rhodesian security forces.

Chitepo points also to the fact that Rhodesia has doubled its draft call for men over twenty-five, that the government is offering R\$2,000 (\$2,500 Canadian) tax-free bonuses to servicemen who re-enlist for another year and that 60,000 people in the Chiweshe tribal area 40 miles northeast of Salisbury are being uprooted and moved into what the Rhodesians term "protected villages" — camps that are flood-lit and under 24-hour armed guard to prevent contact between the tribesmen and the ZANU guerrillas.

My discussions with Chitepo and other members of ZANU in Lusaka lasted a week. Repeatedly, the same message hit home.

"It takes two years of preparation for a guerrilla army to lay the groundwork for the successful confrontation with the enemy," Chitepo says. "The current phase of the offensive in the northeast began in 1972. While ZANLA forces were

engaged in fighting the enemy there, we were heavily involved in political work in other areas of Rhodesia. Remember that it takes two years."

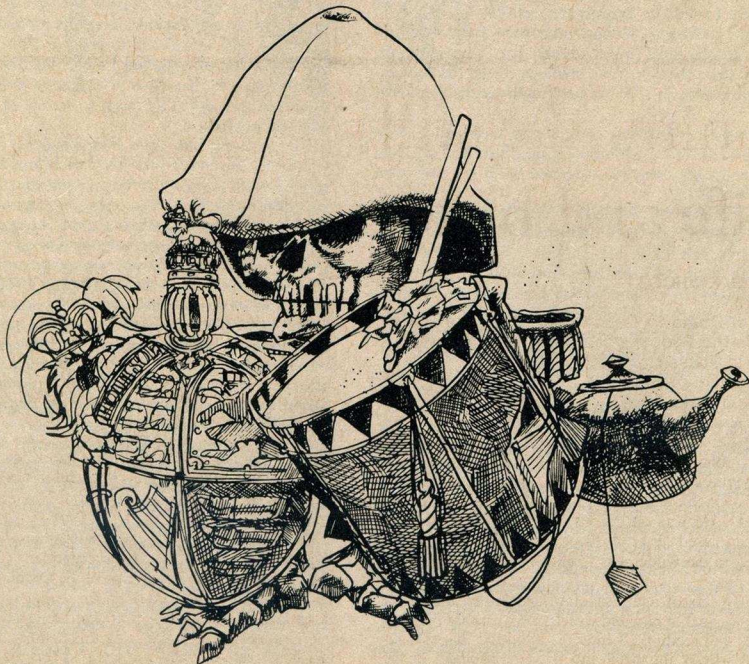


On July 25, after I had left Lusaka, the African press reported that a bomb had gone off in a white night-club in Salisbury, injuring six people. The Rhodesian government refused to issue a statement.

It's difficult to assess the absolute truth in any situation as full of intrigue and secrecy and conspiracy as modern-day guerrilla warfare. Between the outright denial of serious war from the Rhodesian side and the claims of the ZANLA war communiques there is a great distance. The thing to remember, though, is that for years Frelimo in Mozambique and PAIGC in Guinea-Bissau were telling anyone who listened that they had the enemy on the run. Nobody paid much attention until April of this year when suddenly a dramatic coup shifted power in Portugal and almost overnight the war-torn colonies were on their way to full independence.

The white settlers of Rhodesia aren't going to fall easily. But events have been set in motion, and when the end comes, it will no doubt catch everyone by surprise too.

Richard Bronstein works for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's radio network in Toronto.



cartoon by Aislin

Rear View

RONNING'S CHINA

by James Endicott
p. 41

FRANCOFETE

by Patrick Brown
p. 47

FOWKE'S WEST

by Arthur Davis
p. 45

STARGAZING

by Democritus
p. 48

also *Appalachia, English Montreal and the
real meaning of Evel Knievel*

Ronning: the stuff of life and history

by JAMES G. ENDICOTT

A Memoir of China in Revolution: From the Boxer Rebellion to the People's Republic, by Chester Ronning. Random House/New York. 210 pp. \$10.

For 25 years Chester Ronning has been using his influence in government and public circles to promote a fair and reasonable understanding of the Chinese people and their revolution. No one in Canada was better qualified to do this and he did it with commendable zeal, sometimes in difficult circumstances which often required astute restraint and adroit understatement. He was on the inside of the Establishment and sometimes used to call me, good-humouredly, the "voice crying in the wilderness". History has vindicated us both.

Now, at 80 years of age, Ronning has written a memoir which is fully typical of him and which makes highly interesting and absorbing reading. It must be admitted that this reviewer is not wholly impartial and is not "critical" in the academic sense, wherein if one approves joyfully one is "lacking in objectivity". A long acquaintance with Chester

Ronning and a long-held admiration for his common sense and courage, observed personally on several occasions, predisposes me to rejoice over this book. He was a Sapper in the Canadian Engineers in World War I and this Sapper, No. 507564, greets him and his book with enthusiasm, although I will of course raise some challenges to his general position.

As a personal account, "originally intended," he writes, "to be mimeographed for my own family," it is a fascinating "human document" as the publicity men say. About half the book is devoted to telling "what happened to me in China, from 1895 to 1951." Very few children and grandchildren will ever have more varied or more stimulating memoirs to read.

As history, this book gives a first-hand account of many important developments and international conferences. Ronning is still under the restraints of the Official Secrets Act and this fact must be accepted by the reader who is looking for more inside information, but nevertheless if any PhD candidate researching for a thesis on this historical period in China and Southeast Asia had come across this material in archives he would shout that he had found a gold mine of history.

Reviewing the book in the Toronto *Globe and Mail* in

'Ronning tells the story from the Chinese point of view and in such a way as to expose Western myths and falsehoods.'

July, Charles Taylor, that paper's former correspondent in China, tried to damn it with faint praise, calling it a hodge-podge and claiming that "it is a book in which personal reminiscences are clumsily interwoven with diplomatic passages and which succeeds neither as autobiography or as history."

To me that seems to be prejudiced bias. The book succeeds as both. A clue to Taylor's sour attitude can perhaps be found in his remark about Ronning's "Chinese friends . . . who made a revolution which Ronning regards as wholly admirable." As a matter of fact Ronning tells how badly he was treated by the police and customs of the new regime when he left. He would have endeared himself to the hearts of all the cold-war advocates and Dulles dolts if he had written something sensational like "Chinese Reds Persecute Innocent Canadian Diplomat".

What happened was that the best collection of oracle bones known in China had been accumulated by James Menzies and during the latter part of the civil war someone stored the large cabinet in the Canadian Embassy. When Ronning had to leave, the custodian refused to be responsible for them, and Ronning decided to turn them over to the National Museum in Nanking, controlled by the People's Republic. This caused suspicion that he might also be smuggling some oracle bones and he was thoroughly searched twice. He did not allow the experience to embitter him.

Foreigners in China

Right from the first paragraph, Ronning tells the story both from the Chinese point of view and in such a way as to expose the Western myths and falsehoods that were used to sugarcoat imperialistic plunder. Foreigners, he writes, preferred to call the anti-foreign Boxer movement "anti-Christian" to divert attention from the forcible seizure of

concessions by foreigners in all the important port cities of China. He points out clearly how the Unequal Treaties gave all foreigners, including missionaries and often their converts, exemption from Chinese law. Ronning learned to understand from the Chinese point of view why the Chinese were anti-foreign.

Of particular interest to me was his description of the use of Canadian Mosquito bombers, a gift of our government to Chiang Kai-shek's bankrupt regime, to bomb Nanking for months after liberation, destroying shipping, power plants, railways and public buildings. Mosquito bombers machine-gunned a crowd at Sun Yat-sen's monument, killing many, in June 1949.

Sometime after I came home from China in 1947 I went to Montreal to lecture on China. There some men from the dockers' union took me down to see crated Mosquito bombers on their way to Chiang Kai-shek. We tried to dump them into the water but they were too heavy.

It was not until April 1950, six months after the Soviet Union had recognized China, that MiG jet fighters were sent to Nanking. Chiang's bombers were shot down and the raids ceased.

Those who were in China when America's prize diplomatic jackass, General Patrick Hurley, was destroying any chance of avoiding civil war, will thoroughly enjoy Ronning's section on Hurley, a solid contribution to the history of the time because he is reporting actual conversations. Anyone who wants to pursue this question further can read John S. Service, *Lost Chance in China*, and his reply to Hurley and the China Lobby in *The Amerasia Papers: Some Problems in the History of US-China Relations*.

I was sometimes a visitor to the Canadian Embassy in Chungking and Nanking from 1944 to 1947 and so I was particularly interested in Ronning's descriptions of that period, not only of the huge rat population but of the ambassador, General Odlum, being "every inch a soldier", of the "monkey gong" used to assemble everyone strictly on time and of the almost military discipline at meals where "we all sat down with a precision I had not practised since I learned from a British army sergeant how to form fours in the Canadian Engineers."

'The wayfaring man, though a fool . . .'

The second half of the book consists of an account of the Canadian experience in the struggle to recognize the People's Republic of China; the Geneva Conference of 1954 on ending the war in Korea and Vietnam; the 1961-62 conference on Laos; and Ronning's personal diplomacy, after he retired, trying to end the Vietnam war in 1966. Much new light is shed on American policy and Canada's futile attempts to restrain and modify the military-industrial bulldozer.

Especially revealing is his account of the initiatives of two successive Canadian governments, those of Louis St-Laurent and John Diefenbaker, toward recognizing the People's Republic. In both cases, the Canadian leaders sounded out President Eisenhower on the question, and in both cases Eisenhower reacted with blind fury. The initiatives were dropped and it was not until more than a decade later that recognition was finally achieved.

One of the first things I look for in books on this area is the question of the origin of the Korean war. Ronning does not get high marks by my standards which are partly based on McCune's *Korea Today*, I. F. Stone's *Hidden History of the Korean War*, and Sir John Pratt's *Korea, The Lie that Led to War* and the writings of Wilfred Burchett.

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Syngman Rhee government documents, captured by the North, which prove rather conclusively that Rhee and MacArthur started the war. Ronning does not raise this question directly. Indirectly he carefully gives the Chinese opinion that the South had made numerous attacks before June 25, 1950. Ronning concludes that "the truth of what happened along the 38th Parallel before and on Sunday, June 25, 1950, has not yet been established."

Later in the book, having seen the determination of Syngman Rhee's representative and John Foster Dulles to conquer the whole of Korea and rule it, Ronning remarks that these persistent attitudes "also lent some credence to North Korean and Chinese charges about what happened on June 25, 1950, at the 38th Parallel." Just so!

Ronning's accounts of Geneva 1954, Geneva 1961-62 and Hanoi 1966 make very clear his concern about American hypocrisy, intransigence, bullying and cheating. The record is set down so plainly that "the wayfaring man, though a fool, may not err therein."

With biting sarcasm Ronning discloses the crude and dishonest way the U.S. government twisted his honest effort to find a way to end the war in 1966 into an excuse to escalate the bombing. They even sent William Bundy up to Ottawa to give assurances of no escalation shortly before they bombed Hanoi and Haiphong. Ronning knew why. They wanted a military victory and thought they could get it. While Ronning was in Saigon in 1966, U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge showed him a map with all the new landing ports on

the east coast. "Nothing can stop us. We are chewing them up," said the Ambassador.

After reading this book, I am impelled to issue a challenge to the theory that the U.S. is "leader" of a free world and "our friend", or that we can restrain and modify this conscienceless monster which was and still is capable of the Vietnam slaughter. Canada must take its own road and cease to be subservient to a Washington controlled by the military-industrial complex.

The last section of the book is an account of his return visits to China after recognition by Canada, twenty years after he had with sadness and disappointment closed the Canadian Embassy in 1951. His description of his return to Fanchen, Hupeh province, the place of his birth, is deeply moving. It is the stuff of life and history.

Having begun by saying that "the Chinese people have undertaken what may be the greatest revolution attempted in the history of mankind," he ends this inspiring and informative book quite suitably with this comment:

"I came away [1973] with the knowledge that Shanghai workers, indeed all the common people that I had seen and talked to, are so much better off now than before liberation that there really is no comparison."

Dr. James G. Endicott is the editor of the *Canadian Far Eastern Review* and a former United Church missionary in China. His review of a new book on Canada and the Korean War will appear in the next issue of the *Last Post*.

The English trap has a trap door

by DRUMMOND BURGESS

Without a Parachute, by David Fennario, McClelland and Stewart/Toronto, 229 pp. \$3.95.

It's become axiomatic to assume that in Montreal the English provide the owners and managers and live, in fact or in symbol, in "Westmount"; that the French provide the workers and live, in fact or in symbol, in the "East End"; and that there's really not much to blur the neat division except for some postwar immigrants who have their sights set on Westmount rather than the East End and who perversely insist on learning English.

But of course the picture is far more blurred than that. And just as, in reality, there are some French owners and managers who, in practice, behave neither better nor worse than their English neighbours, there is also a specifically "English" working class — of Scottish, Irish and English descent — which is as mes- sed about with as its French counterpart. It's about such people and the area where

many of them live — southwestern Montreal below the CPR tracks — that David Fennario (a pseudonym) writes in his journal *Without a Parachute*.

It's a traditional community. Indeed, it's instructive to read, alongside Fennario's journal, Herbert Ames' description, written in the early years of this century, of the same area, which he called, graphically, *The City Below The Hill*.

Fennario's journal is in no sense an analysis or textbook — perhaps one should add the rider "thank God". It's a succession of character sketches — anecdotes about Fennario's own life, and the lives of his relatives, friends and acquaintances as they cope with a life far removed from the two-car garages of the affluent suburbs.

This journal is best seen, I think, as notes for a novel. It's difficult not to have Mordecai Richler and the old Jewish community of Montreal in mind while reading it. David Fennario's West End needs such recording too, and there's no doubt he could do it if he wanted to.

But it would be a mistake to think of the city below the hill as simply a trap

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without any trap door — or a plane with no parachute. The city above the hill beckons, and the slope is not unclimbable. For it is here that the English-French axiom, however misleading, reasserts itself. Montreal's English working class is, none the less, English, and has a head start.

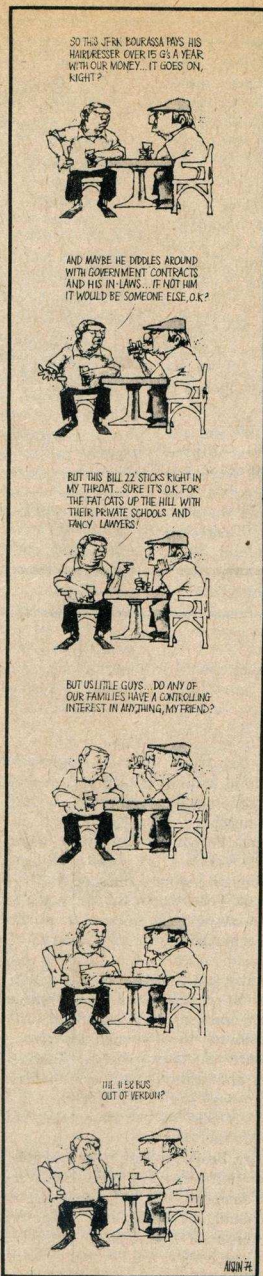
For decades there has been a steady stream up the hill, if not to riches, at least to the middle class. There are some examples of this in Fennario's book; indeed, he could well become an example himself. There are families throughout the Montreal area whose roots (often forgotten) go back to the West End. My father was born around the turn of the century in Point St. Charles and grew up across the canal in St. Cunegonde. He never went to high school. Yet by now his entire family and many of his childhood friends are over half a century removed from the city below the hill — although it's necessary to add that in his youth many parts of the West End were much newer and fresher places to live and the chasm was not so wide.

But the trap door may be shutting. The resurgence of French Canadian nationalism is already affecting the unilingual English and, depending on what happens during the next few years, could affect them immeasurably more. If so, the well-off and even the middle-class English will probably be able to take care of themselves — they at least have the last resort of mobility. But for the working-class English, things may not be so easy. They could end up paying for the mistakes of their "relatives" above the hill.

David Fennario's journal was originally published privately a couple of years ago in Montreal. This version put out by McClelland and Stewart is its first commercial publication. It's regrettable that Fennario has not written an introduction for this edition. Some of the remarks about contemporary society in the journal — for example, about long hair and rock music and the youth culture — seem pretty dated at a time when every junior executive on the make prides his long-but-not-too-long tresses and pseudo-rock has become the ABC of advertisers. It would have been interesting to have had the Fennario of today look back at the Fennario who wrote the journal.

All in all, a valuable book, far more so than the trash that makes up so much of the Canadian publishing scene these days. And a good read too.

Drummond Burgess is a member of the Last Post editorial board.



A unique figure in Appalachia

by SANDY GAGE

One Sunset a Week, by George Vecsey. Clarke Irwin & Co. Ltd./ Toronto. 247 pp. \$9.25.

There are many similarities between the twisted, coal-seamed land of Nova Scotia and Appalachia. And not the least of these is the endless parade of journalists, portrait photographers and TV documentary crews looking for the essence of a depressed land.

George Vecsey is one of those who has marched in the Appalachian parade. Working for the *New York Times*, he covered the union election campaign of Arnold Miller and the Miners for Democracy (*Last Post*, December 1972).

He managed to do most of his covering from the safety of Long Island, making brief forays into the interior. But he did contemplate the major stopping points of the parade at that time — Whitesburg, Kentucky, home of the outspoken *Mountain Eagle* newspaper; Buffalo Creek, West Virginia, scene of the disastrous slag dam flood in 1972; New Market, Tennessee, site of the progressive Highlander Center. And he did stop in southwestern Virginia to see the coal miner to whom he gives the protective pseudonym 'Dan Sizemore'.

Sizemore is an exceptional man and one to whom mountain leftists could point with pride. Here was a true son of the people who had grown to a radical awareness through his personal struggle with 'the system'.

Mountain leftists dreamt of the day when their hills would be peopled with Dan Sizemores, but they also felt protective of the few that they had. It was all too easy for someone like Sizemore to be made into a symbol and to be put in a position where he could no longer choose his battles. After all, a good *Times* man cannot long be denied first-class image material.

One Sunset a Week is the story of the past battles of the Sizemore family. The

book relates how Dan started out as a foreman who could run coal better and faster than anyone else. Then came the recession of 1958 and Dan was suddenly a victim; unemployed for nine months. It was then that he and his wife really started the process of figuring things out. It was a process further provoked by the departure of two draft-resisting sons for Canada, by the ravages of strip-mining and by a pistol-whipping at the hands of a racist deputy-sheriff.

Not too long ago I had the privilege of meeting Dan Sizemore at his home and at the drift-mouth of his mine. Through Vecsey's pen I felt that I was meeting him again — a unique figure in Appalachia.

Vecsey is successful in describing Sizemore's critical ability. This man sees what's wrong with his local economy and his local society. To someone who wasn't born there, though, Appalachia looks to be in such a sorry state it's hard to conceive how anyone could be other than critical. In recent times all comes from Theodore Dreiser to John F. Kennedy have decried existing conditions.

The Harold Innis of the prairies

by ARTHUR K. DAVIS

The National Policy and the Wheat Economy, by Vernon C. Fowke. University of Toronto Press/Toronto. 312 pp. \$4.75. Originally published 1957, reprinted 1974.

In the 1961 Trevelyan Lectures at Cambridge University, the British historian E. H. Carr sharply attacked the modern cult of fact-gathering. He called it a heresy, resulting in "knowing more and more about less and less." His charge applies equally well to the shallow, computerized data-collecting that dominates economics and sociology in English Canadian universities under the influence of American cultural imperialism.

To understand what has really made, and is making, Canadian society, we must take a dialectical view. Underneath the confusing flux of surface events, what are the significant, long-run changes? What is the relevant whole, or totality, within which these changes occur? And what are the contradictions

Everyone's against existing conditions in Appalachia, but you expect more than that from a 'conscious' man of working-class origins. And Vecsey doesn't really tell us where Sizemore's awareness has put him on the political spectrum. Is this a mineworker looking for release by working for radical change or via upward mobility? When the author rejoins the media parade out of Appalachia you're not sure whether he's leaving a mountain outpost near Peking or Cambridge, Mass.

I can add as a postscript to *One Sunset a Week* that Dan Sizemore has left the mines and is working for one of the oldest and most committed social action groups in Appalachia. Hopefully the notoriety of this book (even with the names changed) won't compromise that work.

Now an organizer for the United Steelworkers, Sandy Gage worked on the Miners for Democracy campaign that elected Arnold Miller president of the United Mine Workers.

within the whole that explain its fundamental development? "Contradictoriness within a thing is the fundamental cause of its development," writes Chairman Mao.

The late Vernon Fowke, whose major work *The National Policy and the Wheat Economy* has just been reissued by University of Toronto Press, did not explicitly work in the dialectical tradition, but he achieved some key elements of dialecticising. For example, change was the essence of his analysis of western agricultural development. The wheat economy emerged from specific historical conditions, and it is moving perpetually toward something different. This is a far cry from the static view of Canadian society propagated by the Canadian Establishment and its constituent institutions and mass media.

Further, Fowke highlighted the central contradiction between the Eastern over-class of financiers and entrepreneurs, on the one hand, and the Western underclass of workers and farmers, on the other. He pointed out, ever so mildly, that "one of the most significant features of the na-

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'Fowke's penetrating study can readily be translated into a powerful dialectical explanation of Canadian history, from mid-19th to mid-20th century.'

tional policy has been a persistent disregard of the competitive inferiority of agriculture within the price system." "Price system," of course, is a polite term for capitalism. What Fowke essentially said was that Eastern capitalists have systematically exploited the West. In this undertaking, they have been well served by the federal government. The governmental apparatus emerges as the dutiful servant of the Canadian ruling class.

Of course, this overstates the clarity of Fowke's analysis. But such overstatement shows how readily his penetrating study can be translated into a powerful dialectical explanation of Canadian history, from mid-19th to mid-20th century. Let us now look more closely at Fowke's thesis.

What was the national policy? Fowke applied the term, in retrospect, to a package of complementary public policies that emerged in the second half of the 19th century. These were: Confederation (1867), a transcontinental railway (completed 1885), a cheap-land policy and large-scale immigration for western agricultural settlement, and a high tariff (1879). There were lesser undertakings in this policy: the development of federal research stations to adapt agriculture to the special soil and climatic conditions of the western plains, for example.

Another integral part of the National Policy — which Fowke failed to notice — was shunting the Indians onto reservations or into the non-agricultural northern forests. If a relatively dense agricultural population was to be established on the Prairies, the nomadic Indian hunters

had to be dispossessed. Destruction of the buffalo herds by white hunters was one of the primary instruments of coercion.

The grand strategy of the National Policy was defensive, as Fowke clearly showed. It was a defensive response by the business and financial interests of central Canada — especially Toronto and English Montreal — to the immense American economic expansion that got underway in the 1850s, and which went into high gear after the end of the Civil War in 1865. Excluded from the development of the American mid-west and Great Lakes region, Canadian businessmen had to look elsewhere for their new "investment frontier." They created their own West as their theatre of operations. Huge grants of land were given to the Canadian Pacific Railroad — some 32 million acres by 1908. The new settlers would be customers for Eastern manufactured products, and their agrarian crops would be shipped out to Eastern and European markets on the new railroad.

Capitalism must expand or perish. Western agricultural settlement gave the Canadian economy a critically necessary growth sector. That it was part of, and greatly aided by, a "conjuncture of favourable circumstances" does not detract from its epic achievement. Yet it is not enough to interpret western settlement as a chapter in successful nation-building. Self-congratulations too often become epitaphs. Fowke went on to show us some of the conflicts generated by the National Policy.

Too many settlers were attracted to

poor land, especially in the Palliser dry triangle. Homestead farms of 160 acres were early seen to be too small in many areas, and the additional 160 acres available for purchase was often beyond the means of the farmer. Moreover, a shocking 40 per cent of homesteaders (for Saskatchewan the figure was 57 per cent) failed to "prove up" their claims — that is, they had to abandon their claims before securing title after the statutory three years for improving their farms. Fowke did not deal with the large element of land speculation in Western settlement. It is worth noting, however, that besides the railway land and the seven million acres allotted to the Hudson's Bay Company, other land companies obtained sizable middlemen grants.

Railroads were overbuilt, as well as oversubsidized. This became an issue after machine farming transformed western agriculture following World War I.

The greatest conflicts arose when western farmers became aware of their exploited position in relation to Eastern business interests. Battles broke out against the railroads, the elevator companies, the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, and Eastern-controlled banks and credit agencies. Although Fowke scarcely treated these with the emphasis they deserve, he made clear the close relation between what we would call today development and underdevelopment.

The essentials of Fowke's analysis could easily be stated in terms of A. G. Frank's dialectical view of modern capitalism: development directly generates underdevelopment as a necessary process. To escape from the relative poverty, deprivation and one-sided exploitation that characterizes underclass economic hinterlands, one must escape from capitalism altogether. Of course, Fowke did not draw this conclusion, as Frank does, but the Marxist thesis is implicit in Fowke.

By the 1930s, Fowke argued, the National Policy had run out of gas. The



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Prairie Farm Rehabilitation Act (1935) was a tidying-up operation; the Prairie Farm Assistance Act (1939) introduced limited farm subsidies. Marketing issues, centering around the Wheat Board, still festered and occasionally flared, but these too may be seen as a carryover from the past era. The main targets of economic development, says Fowke at the end of his book, have become non-agricultural.

That an era in Canadian social evolution came to a close about the time of World War II, Fowke had no doubts. What the new pattern may be like, he did not attempt to forecast. And this, of course, is where the need for an explicitly Marxian analysis becomes most evident. In such a perspective, the contradictions within a social whole can be clarified, notwithstanding the

superficial flux of incidental events. Likewise, the transcendence of present contradictions by emerging new forms can be perceived at least in outline.

Let us acknowledge the insights Fowke gave us. What Harold Innis did for the Canadian fur trade, Vernon Fowke did for the western wheat economy. He gave us, if not a definitive analysis, certainly a very substantial one. He showed us the primacy of economic and political factors, and the integral relationship between those two categories, so artificially separated by contemporary academic social science. Above all, perhaps, he left us something on which we can build.

Arthur K. Davis teaches sociology at the University of Alberta.

The tense moments didn't spoil the fun

by PATRICK BROWN

The Plains of Abraham, since 1759 a monument to historical events that have haunted Canadian society, were for eleven days in August the setting for a unique exercise in international co-operation and cultural exchange. Some 1,600 participants from 25 countries gathered in Quebec City for the first International Festival of Francophone Youth — the Superfrancofête.

The festival, organized by l'Agence de Coopération Culturelle et Technique comprising 26 French-speaking states, included music, dance and theatre from all over the world as well as athletic competitions, and it captured the imagination of Quebec beyond even the most Labatt-fueled optimism of the organizers. Local radio stations carried full days devoted to the history and culture of one or another of the participating nations; French newspapers devoted full pages daily to coverage of the fête and a spate of feature articles about the countries involved; and the total attendance at the event was almost double that at the Quebec Winter Carnival — 400,000 people in audiences of up to 50,000.

From Belgium to Vietnam, country after country put on exciting and colourful shows. The Africans in particular, whose stunning costumes and stirring rhythms and dances had been virtually unknown to Quebecers, were the hit of the festival. The worst bomb, unfortu-

nately although predictably, was Canada. Not Quebec, Canada.

Quebec was represented by a galaxy of chansonniers and musicians, and was well received. Canada, with representatives from New Brunswick, Ontario and Manitoba, presented "Une Soirée à l'Auberge Jolifou" (An Evening at Jolifou's Tavern) funded by \$40,000 of Secretary of State money. The show was lamentably amateurish, vulgar, cheap, nasty, and — most excruciatingly at a festival of this kind — racist. Canadian Indians were referred to as "savages", Acadians as drunken baby-making machines. Writing in *Le Devoir*, Jean-V. Dufresne said that the performance "deserved nothing less than a sustained barrage of rotten tomatoes and dead cats"; amen.

There were a few other tense moments. At the opening ceremony some 1,500 Quebec nationalists heckled Prime Minister Trudeau and Quebec Premier Robert Bourassa. At the same occasion, the Quebec flag was hoisted separately from those of Canada and the three other participating provinces; this became known as the "flag affair".

These occurrences left most visitors somewhat bewildered, but their first practical lesson in Canadian politics was soon explained to them as they got to know more Quebecers during the fête. It became evident, if only because of the wildly enthusiastic reception of the audiences, that the demonstration was not

against the festival, but a matter of internal politics.

Later, a play called *Les Nègres*, based on a text by Jean Genet and including sections by black writers, was scuttled when actors from nine of the countries which were to participate in the joint production refused to perform in the piece, presumably because its political content was a little too close to the bone for many of the governments involved. The play, dealing with colonialism and neo-colonialism, is banned in the Ivory Coast. Another incident involved the withdrawal by Dahomey of its play *Houenoussou* ("It's About Time") in a dispute with Cameroun and Upper Volta.

But the greatest misfortune was that the events were not recorded. Quebec and the National Film Board each shot film of some part of the festival, but the possibility of a blockbuster album is out, partly because of an organizational oversight and partly because of the \$1,800 it would have cost for recording tape. Where was the Secretary of State when we needed him?

All this aside (and all this, the misfortunes and disputes, was most of what appeared in the niggling English press across Canada), the Superfrancofête was a splendid success for audiences and performers alike, and the few blemishes passed almost unnoticed amid eleven days of exceptionally good music, dancing, theatre and just plain good fun.

Patrick Brown writes regularly for the *Last Post* from Montreal.

PERSONAL NOTICES

Bright, adventuresome chick, heavy into banking scene (public relations branch), digs rubber culture, leather freaks, imaginative amputees, wants to get it on with horny guys in Toronto area. Send photo to Mary, Royal Bank. No weirdos, please.

Attention! Writers!! Scripts desperately needed, old love letters, Newfie jokes, shopping lists, anything. Send sample sentence — phrase will do — to Michael Spencer, Canadian Film Development Corporation, c/o Johnny Bassett, Maple Leaf Gardens, Toronto.

Thanks to St. Jude for favours received. H. Ballard, c/o Maple Leaf Gardens.

Clearance for new fall lines! Must sell!! Attractive decals, bumper stickers:

The Land Is Strong
The Universe Is Unfolding As It Should
Why Should I Sell Your Wheat?
Eat Shit
The Middle Class Is The Backbone Of The Country
Come, Adventure With Me
Who's This Haidasz Guy Anyway?

Bulk orders accepted. Stamped addressed envelopes please. Free!! Illuminated scroll containing now infamous full text of my Mao interview — "I like the way you guys do things over here." PMC Enterprises, East Block (no relation), H of C, Ottawa.

ELEMENTS

SCIENCE REPORT BY DEMOCRITUS

For the ancient Egyptians, the universe was quite a simple thing. They likened it to a heavenly Nile along which the sun god Ra daily sailed.

Most cultures before and since have fashioned intricate cosmologies as a means of coming to spiritual and material terms with the world. As this activity gradually shifted from the realm of beastly imaginings to scientific fancies, complications began to set in.

In the last fifty years, cosmologists, like many other sorts of scientists, have created more problems for themselves than they have solved. Every attempt to forge a uniform theory on the machinery of the universe seems to entangle old and new presumptions in a complex network of contradictions.

The latest potential spanner in the works comes from Dr. Thomas Van Flandern, a U.S. Naval Observatory scientist.

Dr. Van Flandern has found an apparent weakening in the force of gravity he thinks extends throughout the universe.

A study of motions of the sun and the moon, he says, have given indirect evidence of the phenomenon.

His evidence indicates the strength of gravity's force is weakening at the rate of one part in each ten billion parts per year.

If Dr. Van Flandern's reckonings are accurate, the moon is receding from the earth at a rate of slightly more than an inch a year.

By the same token, the earth is fading away from the sun at the rate of about 40 feet a year.

And for those with an avoirdupois problem, the weakening of gravity would mean that a 150-pound person would lose a millionth of a gram of weight a year (a gram is about the weight of a paper clip)

How badly this new evidence will shake the delicate structure of current theory remains to be seen.

Dr. Van Flandern's observations will probably only add to the bewildering amount of uncertainty about, and the untidy state of, cosmology at the moment.

Mr. Einstein came along at the beginning of this century and upset Newton's apple-cart.

He said the clock of a person travelling at great speed through space would tick to a different drummer from earth-bound clocks . . . thus inextricably binding time and motion to matter and implying a whole mischievous array of other notions contrary to our intuitive view of things.

Then along came the big-bangers . . . whimpering that the stuff of the universe was once a big glob that blew apart.

There followed the oscillationists claiming that every trillion years or so, matter comes together, blows up, flies outward, stops, contracts and then blows again . . . and so on.

In the fifties and sixties, the steady-staters gained the upper hand for a while, postulating that matter dissolves at the edges of the universe at the same rate as it's being formed somewhere in the middle.

Included in this disarray was the discovery, or strong suspicion, of a most odd assortment of celestial clutter.

First came the quasars — small sources of impossibly

energetic radio and light signals at a seemingly tremendous distance from the earth hurtling away at implausible speeds.

Next came pulsars, sources of radio waves so meticulously punctual that astronomers at first thought they had tuned in on an inter-stellar civilization somewhere out among the million-billion stars.

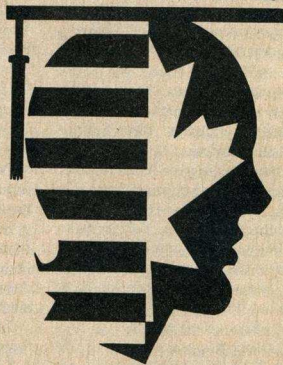
Then it was the neutron star, a catastrophically collapsed sun with such density that a teaspoonful of the stuff would weigh a million earth-tons.

And the crowning enigmatic postulation of the last few hectic years is the great whirlpooling scrap-heap of the universe — the voracious "black hole" of space.

It is first of all thought to exist, and second thought to be a dead star whose atoms have nearly completely collapsed in on themselves, to such an extent that its gravity lets nothing

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*American takeover
of the mind?*

K Jean Cottam

preface by Robin Mathews

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escape its tug, not even light.

Hence, the "black" hole.

Some say it may be the point where the universe turns itself inside out.

And, if all these imponderables were not enough, there is the notion of anti-matter, which is increasingly thought to occupy as large a portion of the universe as the positive matter we are familiar with.

Thus, the Music of the Spheres continues to elude our whistling of it . . . even in the dark.

A gram a day

For some time, the benefits of large doses of vitamin C have been championed by Dr. Linus Pauling, whose proselytizing has put vials of the vitamin onto millions of kitchen tables. Pauling's particular claim is that doses of around a gram a day are an effective protection against common colds. Research by Constance Spittle, a consultant pathologist in Wakefield, England, and by a Czechoslovakian, Emil Ginter, points very strongly toward another important function for such large doses of Vitamin C.

Dr. Spittle has proved that Vitamin C is effective in dis-

solving cholesterol from the walls of arteries. Atherosclerosis, and therefore coronary thrombosis, is caused by cholesterol buildup.

In addition, she has proved that the vitamin's well-known tissue-repairing properties are useful in this context. Apparently, typical foci for cholesterol build-up are points of damage and stress on arterial walls. Vitamin C's function in keeping blood vessels in good repair was proven in an experiment in which half of a group of surgical patients were given a gram of Vitamin C per day, the other half a placebo. The incidence of thrombi in the placebo group was twice that of the Vitamin C group.

Meanwhile, Emil Ginter has reported that the enzyme responsible for converting cholesterol to bile acids in the liver is unable to operate in the absence of Vitamin C. These three properties of the vitamin — reduction of sites for cholesterol build-up, solution of cholesterol, and conversion of cholesterol to bile acids — are compelling evidence that half a gram to a gram a day would drastically reduce the chances of succumbing to heart disease — as well as keep the common cold away, if Pauling is right.

Mediacrities

by RICHARD LISKEARD

Good-bye Watergate; hello Depression.

If there is one thing newspapers can't stand, it's a vacuum. Just such a vacuum faced the thousands of journalists who have had their bread buttered by Watergate over the past two years. The lucky ones are writing books about it; the unfortunate majority are back on the rewrite desk, or doing features on recreation facilities in slum areas.

It's not a pretty business.

Just recently a friend of mine who lived in San Francisco confessed that Patty Hearst "kept me alive all winter — in clover", and that any time he needed fifty bucks he just had to dash off a new speculative piece linking her to Venceremos or the Japanese Red Army and phone any radio station in North America. That, too, is over. He has now moved to Toronto, which should happen to nobody.

The last time this sort of thing happened, of course, was when Henry Kissinger tricked onto the thought that the best way to kill Vietnam as an issue was to declare the war over. And, truth to tell, a casual reader today could hardly be blamed for believing that there were more ballet dancers defecting from the Bolshoi than there were people dying in Vietnam.

It's instructive to recall how the transition was made from Vietnam to Watergate as the obsessive media issue. It has nothing to do with when events begin or end. Watergate, you will remember, broke weeks before the Presidential election of 1972, and the meagre play it got in the media drove George McGovern to apoplexy. But then came the Paris peace agreement and the withdrawal of American troops. It was then, when the front pages were clear, that Watergate became daily fare. Long before John Dean, and long after the break-in.

It is said that Franklin Roosevelt discovered Mondays. He would always make his major announcements on Sundays, and thus guarantee himself massive play in the Monday-

morning papers. This was, of course, because nothing happens on weekends. And the reason nothing happens on weekends has very little to do with Providence, the Sabbath or the tides. It has to do with the simple fact that journalists like to take the weekend off too. News is not what happens. News is what is written.

Now, friends, we seem to have entered a perpetual Weekend.

Watergate has become a running follow of Nixon's plebitis, a pale shadow of the past. Monday morning, then, an unsuspecting world wakes to discover on the steps, along with the milk bottle, that the stock market is crumbling, the Thirties are around the corner, and the Great Depression is upon us.

Like Watergate, the Depression-around-the-corner story had been around for a while before it reached obsession stage; in any case, reach that stage it has.

And if the world must endure a Depression for the *Toronto Star* to sell papers, well, then a Depression there shall be. Which brings me to this item from the front page of the Saturday, September 14 edition of the said *Toronto Star*, penned by one of its chief writers and thinkers, a Mr. Frank Jones:

The Middle Class says Inflation's Shattering the Canadian Dream.

by Frank Jones
Star Staff Writer.

"That sound you hear these days above the hum of the air conditioners at Bridle Manor, a comfortable townhouse development in Agincourt, is the shattering of the Canadian dream."

Now if that isn't something to make you gulp your Harvest Krunch on a Saturday morning, then you are too obtuse to appreciate Mr. Jones's achievement of divining the opinion of an entire class. However, as Alexander Coekburn writes, the wonderful thing about reading other reporters' stories is the relief that you didn't have to write them yourself.

I was further alarmed by his reference to the "shattering of the Canadian dream" because I was not aware

- (a) that anything was seriously impairing that dream, or
(b) that it existed.

I read on to learn that the aforementioned Bridle Manor is trembling in its Hush Puppies about Inflation and Depression.

"We're all losers now," said Dick Ottone, 44, who says his stable \$12,000 to \$15,000 commission income from selling furniture at Sears is worth progressively less in buying power.

"... I wanted my children to have a better life than I had," said Jim Carberry, a 47-year-old mechanic. "... I don't see how I can afford to send them to university."

"... There's a depression coming, we may already be into it. ... Our six-year-old color TV just broke down. Normally we'd buy a new one but now we're going to have it fixed."

And Mr. Jones concludes with this melancholy vignette:

"It's dark now, and lights are on in the upstairs windows as children of Bridle Manor are being put to bed.

"The kids, you know, are different to us," he said, the sagging, tired features almost lost in the shadows of the porch. "They just live from day to day and don't worry about tomorrow.

"Well, I'm beginning to come to that myself. There is nothing you can do to work for the future. I'm in despair."

At this point Mr. Jones ends his report from the middle class, leaving me to mourn for the hundreds of trees whose innocent, sturdy lives were brutally ended in order that 704,906 copies of Mr. Jones' thoughts could be deposited on the porches of a brooding and frightened city that doesn't know what tomorrow might bring.

Evel Knievel, Lake Ontario swims, rotten eggs, depression themes in country music, the Waltons, soybean substitute. Perhaps there is a depression coming, perhaps there is not. At any rate, Mr. Jones and his colleagues will make sure that if everyone else is out of a job, they won't be.

Personally, I believe that a society that can afford to pay Mr. Jones his salary has so much extra money lying around that the future can only be prosperous and bright. Take heart.

LAST POST PUZZLE NO. 5

by Theo Abernacle
(Claire Balloune, general editor)

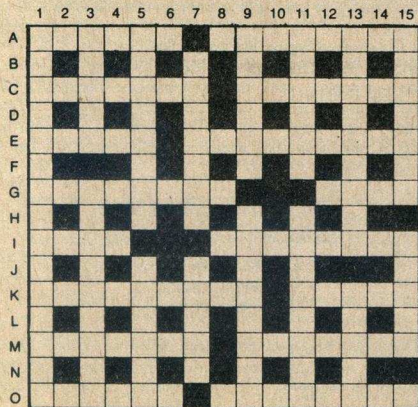
Clues are cryptic, consisting of at least two elements, one of which is a direct reference to the answer, the other a rebus, anagram, hidden word, play on words or a pun. Any proposed solution to a clue may therefore be checked against the whole clue to see that it fits in with all the elements. Anagrams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

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

CAN A D.A. CANADA

PRIZES

First three correct answers received get copies of *Aislin: 150 Caricatures*.



CLUES — ACROSS

- A1 & A8** Townships M.P. is about to heed wry fog fart (6,8)
C1 Apprehensive, we French surround confused clergyman (7)
C9 Hear sibling revolve in the water tank! (7)
E1 Not dis one on de cows (5)
E7 Fuddle duddle, for instance, was deleted (9)
G1 Bourassa family and supporters have been like fissionable uranium (8)
G12 Indians are secretive about Eskimos (4)
I1 Tape spools not right, they yield something fishy (4)
I8 Polled, we hear, like Dirck and Joris (8)
K1 Impeachable skyjacking? (4,5)
K11 Chart the French Canadian tree (5)
M1 Something is happening ... but this parliamentary bigot knows what it is (7)
M9 One starts on the Group of Seven, for example (7)
O1 Late Arab leader near about ship (6)
O8 Get ale Ed, and pass on the work (8)

CLUES — DOWN

- A1** We hung a heel, none was the minister of rustic buffoonery (3,6,6)
A3 United workers have little to lose on the Shakespearian stage (5)
A5 Upstairs torture instrument for the luggage (4,4)
A9 I creep about in the kitchen (6)
A11 All the freest become corrupt (6)
A13 Made big hot P.E.T. at the circus? (3,3,3)
A15 Doodling summer skiers? (7)
B7 Schreyer goes to the fallen house and is shown to his seat (7)
G3 Like a priest, I rouse girl, take her right away (9)
H9 Not embarrassed, this cowboy (8)
H11 Whelan's target bears fruit, we hear (8)
I15 Vile sediment, Liberal hacks (5)
J5 Useless direction, what Ms. Munsinger got her friends into (6)
J7 Singularly broken, like a Horner speech, twists things (5)
K13 Proustified Italian's remembrance of things to eat? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 4

Across

- A1** The Bagman
C1 Cometh
C9 Union Jack
E1 Freer
E7 Extras
G1 Adore Him
G12 Undelaying
C12 CNTU
I1 Emus
I8 Hand-raised
K3 Hearne

K10 Or Else

- M1** Ember
M7 Canadians
O1 Surrealism
O12 Land

Down

- A1 & I1** Trudeau Express
A3 Evict
A5 Annually
A7 Meat

A9 Naked

- A11** Offers
A13 Elephants
A15 Harem
F7 Tyrannical
G3 Doukhorob
G9 Node
G11 Undressed
H11 Cab Ride
I1 See Al.
J5 Mairie
K13 Liana
L9 Ends

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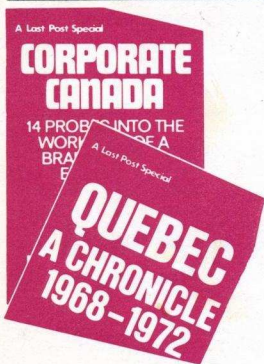
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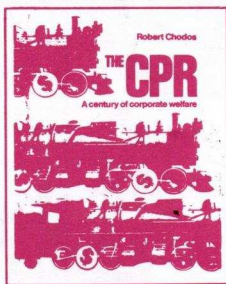
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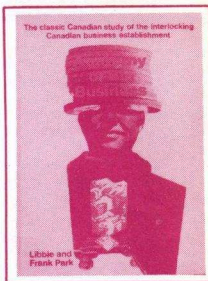
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