



ENGLISH TRANSLATION

LABOUR, JANUARY 1974, VOLUME 50

IT'S OUR TURN TO TAKE THE FLOOR

THEY thought killed even our desire to talk.

THEY thought they'd settled everything from their platform up front.

THEY thought they'd muzzled every voice in the great assembly of Quebecers.

THEY thought everybody'd go along with their idea of a society.

WE haven't lost the taste for talk.

WE will talk to make sure we're respected.

WE are setting up our microphone in the great assembly of Quebecers

WE have another kind of society to propose.

LABOUR

will be the microphone of plain people, the microphone of the workers that will allow other voices to be heard besides those of the notables.

Marcel Pepin,
CNTU President

P. 1 VOLUME 50, NUMERO 1

This magazine 'Labour' is being published by the CNTU, and about time. Amen. It's going to generate talk by a lot of people, to the left, to the right, in the middle, forward, behind, and especially alongside... Now this magazine doesn't come out of thin air. It is produced by the Information Service of the CNTU. That doesn't mean one guy, or two people, but everybody together.

The general in chief (that should actually read news editor) is Guy Ferland. He has a flock of things to look after. He's the diplomat, trying to please everybody, trying to carry something about everybody, even if there's no space left.

His lieutenant, a top-drawer connoisseur of methods and relationships, is Paul Cliche. He's busy setting up the information structure within the CNTU, and getting the magazine to members.

The gladiators of the typewriter, those who grind out the stuff for joy and enlightenment, are a zealot crew who go by the names of Roméo Bouchard, Michel Chrétien, Jacques Gauthier, Pierre Graveline, Jean Labrecque, Jacques Lagacé and Michel Rioux. Then there's the guy who handles the graphic artistry, putting fancy

frames around yarns and illustrations, getting heads reversed and photos piled on top of one another, Jean Gladu. He has lots of other chores to attend to also. And there must be something fascinating about the drawing of Ti-Cul Lachance by Serge Chapleau, since he and another guy seem to think at times that they're a real life him. Our Kid Kodak types, the lensmen who get the pictures for us, are two in number: Michel Giroux and Guy Turcot.

Each issue of our magazine will carry four major reports. We're calling these problem of the month, dossier, conflict and portrait of a Quebec worker. This month we talk about the elections, price increases and a little village in Gaspé called Marsoui. Also, we met an employee of Slack Brothers in Waterloo. His name is Maurice Poirier, and he told us all about his job, his wife and family, his union, his cow and what-have-you.

And Labour has three columns that will be regular features. Ti-cul Lachance, the character from the Gilles Vigneault song, was drawn by Serge Chapleau. Each month, Ti-Cul is going to discuss current events for us, the way he sees them. In "Here's what we're doing," people working with popular or neighborhood groups will keep us posted about happenings in their regions. And last but not least is the "Quebecer - the real thing" column, cultural section of

ordinary people. This month, Yvon Deschamps talks about the Montreal he knows.

There you have the core of the magazine, but there's plenty more in it. The "Wolverine of the month" is the portrait of an enemy of the working people. "The big hoodwink" is what the newspapers fail to report; what the editorial writers conceal from us. In "Here's how it works," we'll try to explain the function of a trade union. In "How about that?" there are figures that should interest working folk; and "We weren't born yesterday" turns back the clock on the story of Quebec's people. There's also space devoted to the lighter side, and a memo, and an international section will begin in the next issue.

Starting in February, too, a page will be set aside for our readers.

So now you can get with it. Give this issue a look-see, and tell us what you think. Tell us, you hear?

To do that, you can either ring Mrs. Louise Filteau at 842-3181, or write to us at 1001 St-Denis, Montreal.

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HEREWITH TI-CUL LACHANCE AND PAY ATTENTION, YOU

Greeting,

To begin with, I'm not Ti-Cul at all. My real name is Identique. It's them there that started to call me Ti-Cul. They shaved Identique down to Tic, then assed around some more and stretched it into a genuine bummer. Ti-Cul. Ti-Cul Lachance, that's the handle I go by, and when people fire a question at me they're firing it at Ti-Cul.

When I take time to think about it, I tell myself it isn't all that bad. I'm getting used to it.

Besides, these days I've got other things to worry about besides

Ti-Cul. The name's no longer the problem.

I'm not sure what it all means, but for some time now I've had a kind of funny feeling. You think that somebody suddenly jabbed a butto somewhere, and everything started to go cock-eyed. I can't say just when I first noticed it. Maybe I'm all wet and things have always been this way.

The picture looks bad here, there and everywhere. All kinds of people are out of work. Prices are so scary you don't even want to talk about them. We're saddled with wars and lies. Myself I have a time getting jobs. I do a stretch on unemployment, then a stretch on welfare, and in between a stretch on zero.

I figured I couldn't be the only one around here in that kind of a jam. I did some snooping hither and you, finding things out, and I saw we were getting screwed for sure. Nothing was being done to do us any good.

What I figured was that certain types were riding the gravy train and making sure none of it dripped on us. Time to get out from under, says I, and nobody's going to help us but nous autres ourselves.

So we had some elections. Some anxious moments, but rather quiet. Lots of things swirled around. The Lévesque buck, talk of communists, no more old age pensions, no more family allowance. Paul Rose minister of justice, yet. Guess we have to take it all in stride.

Me, I voted québécois this time. It seemed to me I didn't have much choice, they being the only ones who took us for people, not cowards. Though I must tell you that not so long ago I was scared too. And why not? We're the little people and it takes us longer to get over being scared, because we've always been scared of everything. Afraid of being out of a job, afraid of being short of money for Christmas, afraid the

finance company might say no to any more loans. Afraid to lose the TV or the refrigerator because we've fallen behind in the payments. Afraid to lose our cheques from the federal. Just plain afraid. It's an old story; the less you have, the more you're scared you are of losing it.

With me it was my children that made up my mind. The one working in Montreal had talked to me in '70. I didn't believe what he had to say at first. It frightened me, the way he told it. But I did do some thinking about it. After all, he's my boy. And this year, I wasn't scared any more. My boy made me understand the business about French, and the strikes by the common front, and that Bill 89. The red government wasn't working for us. There was talk in the village. I thought about all the promises we'd heard since way back when, and I decided that this time there was no other way but vote québécois. Some of the things were a bit too deep for me, but what I did understand sounded goof for us.

But it seems there weren't enough who thought that way. No matter. There were two who paid for the scares they'd thrown into us. The other people were afraid of them too. I said to myself, things aren't going to be allowed to continue like that.

In the village we're organizing ourselves a committee that will keep its eyes peeled. We'll be watching them politicians. Sure they may screw us, but we'll let them know that we know. That might make them think twice, godammit.

**Ste-Scholastique November 15th
1973**

My dear Identique,

I'm writing to tell you something about the problems we're having in Ste-Scholastique and in the region. As you know, it's around here that the federal has decided to build the new Montreal international airport Mirabel, they're going to call it. We're

the ones paying for Montreal, but I don't want to go into that.

To get the land, the federal made over 3,000 expropriations in an area of 92,000 arpents. It's the biggest expropriation that ever happened in Canada. But the ones expropriated around here aren't very happy, and they've got good reasons. In the first place, at Pickering, which is up around Toronto, the federal made another expropriation for an airport, but the people got paid 10 times better than here. The second reason is that the ones expropriated around here, who were doing allright because they had good land and good business and good houses have to leave and get set up somewhere else. The trouble is that the land and the stores and the houses they want cost more than the federal is paying us. You can't say those aren't two bloody good reasons for people being unhappy.

Anyway, Trudeau sent his two ministers Marchand and Dubé, and the three MPs from these parts, with what he thought would be some good news. That happens sometimes, you know, people go where they've got no business. Then they wake up and the wonder what they're doing there. Well that's just what happened with the two ministers and the three MPs.

It must have been an awful long time since those guys had seen some real people. One of the ministers went so far as to talk about our houses in terms of \$90,000. Okay, so we had a laugh. And that wasn't the only time we laughed either.

Well, it turned out that the two ministers didn't understand one blasted thing. What the people told them was this: "We didn't ask you to take our houses, or businesses and our land; the least you can do is pay us enough to get started somewhere else. A house is worth a house, a business is worth a business, and land is worth land." But that didn't sink in at all. The two ministers didn't understand that if they forced people out they should pay.

They said it was the law of supply and demand that settled the matter. It would have paid us to speculate with our land. They also said it wasn't human but that's the way it goes. The way they figured it, we were the ones in the wrong.

Anyhow, they didn't cut any ice with us. They came to offer us trinkets, and they were treated like trinket salesmen.

Best wishes, and I'll keep you posted.

René Paiement

PRICE AND DOMTAR

There are problems in the paper business these days. Like at Price's in Saguenay-Lake St. John (Jonquière, Kénogami, Alma) and at Domtar in the Eastern Townships (Windsor, East Angus).

And when I talk about problems, I don't mean the price of paper going up, because they can do that and I don't have a thing to say about it. Companies seem to have a recognized right to keep getting richer. Recognized by who, you say? Well, you can search me. I don't know, but it ain't recognized by those who pay.

Anyhow, for companies like that to make money, they've got to have somebody working for them. At Price and Domtar, the guys are negotiating for a new labour contract. Trouble is, the bosses don't go for this business of having to bargain with the workers. They're rich, doing fine, profits are rising all the time, they don't have any pension problems, they don't have to punch a clock, they get their weekends and fine holidays in the south. To them, it don't make sense to give a quarter of an eighth of a sixteenth to the workers who make it all possible.

When they run into cases like that, our guys do the only thing they can, they stop working. They

sell their labour to the boss by the year, and when they don't like the deal they don't sell any more. They walk out.

MINIMUM SALARY 2 BUCKS

On the 1st of November the minimum wage went up to \$1.85 an hour, and on the 1st of May it will be two dollars. That ain't exactly the cat's whiskers, but things are looking up a bit. Sure, I know the government announced the new rates, and I'm just saying it over.

But there's something else about those two bucks. We should take note that they're due to the 100 bucks that the public sector negotiated with the government last year. They're from the 100 bucks that landed Pepin, Laberge and Charbonneau in jail.

That's the point I wanted to make.

THEY LIKE US

You wouldn't believe how popular Quebec is in Europe and everywhere in the world. Around here they always told us we were poor and didn't have any education or any history. But now all of a sudden some of our people are getting to be important. We've got Marcel Pepin, who's elected president of the World Confederation of Labour, an outfit representing 15,000,000 workers in nearly every country on earth. Then there's Norbert Rodrigue, who's vice-president.

Also in France, Quebec movies and singers are getting a lot of attention.

Seems as if over there they like what we have to say over here.

THESE PEOPLE A THREAT TO COMPANIES

Does Cabano ring a bell with you? It should, having been talked about since the 1970 elections. A man named Irving, of gasoline and oil fame, was supposed to build a mill in Cabano. That's what the blues promised in '70. They got a candidate elected for that riding alright, but the people didn't get their mill. One of those election promises, you understand.

So what do you think happened? The people there established their own pulp and paper mill business. They called it SPPQ, for Quebec Pulp and Paper Corporation. Since the Ottawa and Quebec governments supply money for plants that create jobs, the Cabano people figured they could get in on it.

But when you're not a big company, things get complicated. To get money, all the sales contracts for cardboard (which the mill would produce) had to be signed in advance. Since this was a serious matter, the government did the negotiating with a Belgian company, Sybeta; but it was no go.

Now the Cabano people don't know what's to become of their cardboard mill. All they know is that big paper companies like Domtar and CIP want no part of a community-owned enterprise. People willing and able to unite in business are too much of a menace.

PALESTINIANS, ISRAEL AND OIL

If you're a TV fan, you know there are places that never get any coverage unless there's a war on. Take Vietnam. The Middle East. Then, when war gets them into the news, you have a hard time figuring what the battle is all about. It must suit somebody to have it that way. Me, I decided to

get myself an education on the Middle East thing.

Israel was established by the United Nations in 1947. What happened was that the big nations decided "the State of Israel will be founded there." Only "there" happened to be between Egypt, Libya, Syria and Jordan, all of them Arab countries. But worse than that, "there" also happened to be a place where people already lived; the Palestinians, who also are Arabs.

So the Israelites took over from the Palestinians. "Out, you," that was the ticket, and a couple of million people learned almost overnight that home was home no more. If that problem had been taken care of in the first place, maybe there wouldn't have been any trouble. It wasn't, and there were wars. In 1949, in 1956, in 1967 and in 1973. Four wars for many reasons, but mostly because the Israelites never respected the Palestinians.

Okay, we're told that the latest war has wound up with agreement between the Israelites, the Egyptians, the Syrians, the Russians and the Americans, but you can bet that things will never really settle down over there until the Palestinians have been given a fair shake.

The people of Israel say they're fighting to get proper borders for their state. Maybe that's true, but their borders have always been on the property of the people next door. What if they don't go for the idea?

So as their comeback for this last war, the Arabs laid it on the line. "We may not have as strong an army as the Israelites, but we've got oil, and the rich countries need oil.

The Arabs know that for a lot of people, oil is plenty more important than the Palestinians. The danger of an oil shortage in our village is a much bigger thing

than 10,000 dead in a far-away land.

Oil has us by the short hair. Can we say to heck with it? No sir. It's the key to everything we're geared for: cars, furnaces, skidoos. Oil can be a great big worry.

The price of oil keeps climbing. The companies take advantage. Soon it will be 50 cents a gallon, and gas a dollar. And what do people have to say about it? Nothing. They just pay. It suits the corporations to have the Arabs hike their prices. Oil from the Middle East used to be less than oil from this part of the world. Now it's going up to about even. More profit. Maybe some time there won't be any more oil. Like in 15 years, or maybe 20. Might as well keep raising prices; make big dough while the making's good.

Meantime, we're hooked. We've got to pay because we've got to have oil.

CAN'T TAKE NIXON WORD

Looks to me like you just can't believe politicians any more. Take Bourassa. He wins his election thumbs down, and the same minute could be tossed in the can for contempt of court, same as Pepin, Laberge and Charbonneau. Bourassa talked about James Bay in a book just when the Indians were in court just to get the project stopped. He headed for a collision with the law because he had no right to discuss James Bay.

Besides, there's Laporte (Lord rest his soul) who's having his name pushed around on account of he had something to do with guys who ain't exactly famous for their attendance in church.

And last but not least there's Nixon, president of the U.S., no less, who's being made to look real bad. He's mixed up with

political campaign saying; he was stuck with a vice-president who had to resign over a payoff scandal; he's in a jam about big corporations illegally bankrolling his election campaign (ITT, for instance, the same as is installed on our North Shore and in Chile); he's been nailed with his tapes showing (also not showing) and questions are being asked about his personal income tax.

Dickie can talk as much and as fast as he wants; the public is giving him the deaf ear.

P. 7 THE BIG HOODWINK

Le Devoir is no fly-by-night sheet or girlie show or anything small potatoes like that.

It's a pretty serious daily, read by pretty serious people, by ministers (not all), by Quebec businessmen who made good, by professionals, priests, teachers, even by trade union militants.

Did you know that Le Devoir is read by some English people too? Not many, of course: a few at McGill University; a few at the Ottawa parliament; a few in Toronto. In a word, by certain well situated English.

Le Devoir, to put it another way, is a paper that has the ear of important people. This it owes to the fact that it reports on important events; events that are really significant in the evolution of society.

Now there are many important events. Le Devoir selects the top-ranking ones; it explains them and their significance.

Take for instance the overthrow of the Chilean government by the army. Le Devoir had an editorial explaining that maybe this was the best step to prevent a civil war in that country. In other words, don't let citizens kill one another; leave that to the army.

When the PQ published the Quebec national accounts, Le Devoir made a secondary story of it. A serious journal like Le Devoir should have given it a banner headline, because here was a significant development that would be of much significance in the evolution of Quebec society. Even La Presse gave the item top play.

On the same page, Le Devoir published another piece on the same subject, which had a deceptive heading. It said that St-Pierre pointed out contradictions. The way it was worded gave the impression that the minister of industry and commerce had found contradictions in the document prepared by his own ministry and made public by the PQ. The article proper, however, made it quite clear that the contradictions arose when comparing the document with another, unknown, one.

In yet a third article on the same subject (on page 6) Le Devoir came up with another deceptive heading. This one quoted a UQAM economist as saying the document was revealing but incomplete. The suggestion was that if the document were examined more thoroughly, it lost its impact. But the economist actually showed in the article that careful examination strengthened the document.

Of course Le Devoir, the next day, put a streamer on the Liberal Party reply, based on a study made public in 1970 and hastily resurrected with elections coming up.

NAIL THEM THIS WAY

Over a period of a few weeks, cut out the signed pieces by your favorite editorial writer. Then take a weekend to read them again, one by one. You'll see the contradictions, and your approach to newspaper reading will never be the same again.

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PROBLEM OF THE MONTH

I'VE GOT A JOB, THE PAYS NOT BAD BUT... I CAN'T MAKE IT

Léonce Ménard, electrician, maintenance staff Montreal Metro (MUCTC). CNTU member. Gross wage \$4.90 per hour, \$198 Weekly, a little over \$10,000 a year. Net pay \$148 a week. Has 4½ rooms at Bélanger and Des Ecores (Rosemount), rent \$95 monthly unheated. Wife is Céline; they have two boys: Stéphane, 7½, Christian, 5½ and daughter Hélène, 16 months.

Maybe Quebec and/or federalism are economically viable, but it doesn't seem so to everybody. Take around that includes 10% unemployment, a string of factory shutdowns, 36 kinds of social assistance, the war against unions, favours to companies and to the English, the slaughter of our environment and, to top it off, the democratic election of the only party, and you find that ordinary people are being throttled by the rise in prices. About these things, and others, not much is said. Our silver-tongued orators would rather crow about our high standard of living and the foreign companies that, seemingly, are going to keep it that way. However, the family described above conveys some idea of the disaster and its scope. This isn't a family of 15, or one that is on welfare or unemployment. Nor is it one of those families that is all too readily tagged as unlucky or foolish. This is a family that knows how to plan and to save; the head of the household makes close to \$200 a week; in other words, this is a family that normally ought to be in fairly secure shape. Yet, in talking to them, we see they have to tighten the belt until it hurts.

And what about those who earn less than \$100 a week. There is every indication that things will continue to go up, since there's a price to be paid so that our big companies can be allowed to make enough profit to flourish and expand. And who can deny that this growth is absolutely vital to our collective happiness? Bourassa has made that clear, and isn't he an economist?

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I have \$148 left in weekly take home pay and it costs us \$125 to live. The grocery bill alone is \$65. We don't buy chicken any more, but a big turkey instead. We're down to the poorest quality of minced meat. Fish is out of reach, and we'd need too much. I used to have my noon meal at the tavern, but that's up to \$2. I carry my lunch. Over a five-month period including last summer, it costs me \$100 for shoes for the kids; there's no such thing as a good wearing shoe any more. We've tried all the so-called discount price stores: Steinberg's, Unique, Opera, Consumer Distributors. In the long run we save nothing, we just get exploited because they save money by cutbacks in service. Being poor shouldn't mean that we have no right to be served.

1. PRICES ARE RISING, YOU BET

Prices in general have gone up
by 8.5% in one year
by 14.3% in two years
by 47.3% in 12 years
Food prices have gone up
by 16% in one year
by 27.3% in two years
The dollar that was worth 100 cents in 1961 is worth only 65 cents today.
Montreal is still the place in Quebec where cost of living has risen the least. What's worth

\$1.00 in Montreal is worth
\$1.08 in Three Rivers
\$1.10 in the Gaspé Peninsula
\$1.12 in Quebec
\$1.15 on the North Shore
The methods used to compile the statistics fail to show the real seriousness of the phenomenon.

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Heating oil is going up. Rent too. With a third child, we're going to be forced to move. We'll have to pay more, in addition to the cost of moving. We'll also have to change our car. It's a 1965 Dodge that I bought in 1969. I need a car to get to work, to run errands, to drive the children and for the occasional call on relatives. My oldest boy has joined his school hockey team. It costs me \$100 to outfit him. Then there's medicine. With children you need plenty. We can no longer afford a sitter so we can go out; we don't go bowling any more. We just stay at home nights. We've been making two trips a year: one to my wife's folks at Lake St. John, the other to my parents in Bellechasse. The cost is \$70 a trip, something you have to think about in advance. Yet my wife is thrift conscious. She does all the sewing. I handle all the repairs on our place and on the car. We reupholstered our own furniture. Nevertheless we keep dipping into our savings the car and unforeseen expenses.

2. WHO FIXES THE PRICES?

The prices are set by the companies and the outlets according to the profit they figure is necessary for the development of their business

There are some who still claim that competition between businesses forces prices down to the lowest possible level. This

is no longer true.

In practically all sectors the various companies are amalgamated or associated with one another in such a way that they directly or indirectly control the whole sector and every stage of production. For example, take Canada Packers in meat. Businesses are concentrated.

It's also frequently claimed that the volume of consumer demand tends to regulate lesser or greater price increases. This isn't true either. The unification of businesses means that the consumer no longer has any choice: he has to have meat, and all meat one way or another comes through Canada Packers, which consequently can decide on the practice it wants. On top of that, there is advertising to convince people that they cannot live without this or that product.

The truth is that the companies alone cause inflation by fixing prices in such a way as to assure themselves of ever greater profits so they can keep expanding their business.

We're the ones that pay this 'growth tax' to the companies. This is what's called inflation or price increases.

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Salaries aren't keeping up with prices. The freeze on beef prices in the United States made our beef go up. To freeze wages is to be unfair to those who already earn too little. The companies are well aware of all this.

It's time for us to wake up. The way matters stand now, the bourgeois, the guy in the middle class, is going to destroy himself because the little guy isn't going to be able to buy his products. If the bourgeois doesn't want to let you live, he'll have to support you. It's the guys in my category who provide a living

for little guys, but we're starting to get strangled too. If we didn't have four seasons around here, the guys would stop working. My income tax is up to \$2,000 a year, and I have three children to support. Bourassa boasts that he hasn't increased taxes, but what he'd done is change brackets. Last year I paid \$200 more in taxes, my 13-cent increase was wiped out.

3. WHERE DO THE PRICE HIKES COME FROM?

According to official statistics, these are the price components of a food item that retails at \$1.00:

--9 cents go into salaries at the production level. This is too little to explain the price rise. Moreover, salaries go up very slowly, following complicated negotiations every two or three years.

--66 cents are for primary materials and energy. This item rises constantly and the companies try constantly to justify their price increases by the same arguments: the farmers are demanding more, the crops were poor, there's a shortage, the suppliers in the underdeveloped countries are raising their prices, and so on. For the most part, this is pure fabrication. On the average, the farmer gets 20 cents out of the 66. Most of the time, scarcity is artificially created (quotas, warehousing) and becomes a splendid opportunity for speculation by brokers and other intermediaries. Every time the supplier jacks the price up one cent, the companies increase it by three cents at retail.

--25 cents are for the salaries of the bosses, advertising, interest charges, administration, and to assure a sufficient margin of profit to bankroll the growth of the business.

There you have the mean reason

for current price jumps. Setting waste and inefficiency aside, the margin of profit rises steadily. It now is 15% to 25% of the invested capital. At Canada Packers last year, sales increased by 22% but profits were up 40%.

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The more they trample the little guys, the more they screw themselves. The little guy is forced to calculate and the big guy faces destruction. As for me, I'm learning to figure things out. I notice, for instance, that our pension funds produce more profit for those who administer them than they do for us. I don't want to get rid of companies, but I want us to live too. I want to afford a night out a week.

My life becomes more and more insignificant. I work during the day. I try to figure how to keep going. I take my little boy to his hockey game. The rest of the time I stay home, getting older twirling my thumbs. I can't go out any more and I don't even have a corner of a cellar to play handyman in.

4. IS THERE SOMETHING WE CAN DO?

Prices will continue to increase more or less rapidly, according to the growth requirements of the big companies and the rate at which they unify. It is impossible to halt inflation, that tax on growth that the consumer pays the companies, without stopping the concentration of business and their type of operation, and without planning their needs and their profit mechanism for accumulating capital. It's too bad to say it, but the price rise cannot be stopped without a complete overhaul of the economic system. Might as well be frank about it.

However, there are some defensi-

ve measures that could give protection after a fashion. From the government we can expect no better than that, defensive measures only, since it is against changing the system. Steps taken to date have achieved nothing except more unemployment, since they have been directed against the workers rather than the companies. The CNTU now is proposing the creation of a prices arbitration board which would rule on the validity of price increases requested by companies (example: Bell Canada).

On the consumer side there are a series of initiatives aimed at offsetting prices. There are the COOPRIX outlets, credit unions, food counters, the ACEFs, neighborhood clinics, lawyers and day nurseries, cooperatives of all kinds, consumer associations, etc.

PAGES 14-19 PORTRAIT OF A WORKER MAURICE POIRIER

He's 57, has 18 children (15 living), has been an employee of the Slack Brothers mushroom business in Waterloo for 35 years, has just gone through a 6-months strike, in one the executive of this union, of the Granby Central Council, and of the popular committee of Waterloo workers; has a house, a cow and a barn on 15 acres of land near Waterloo; is a former organizer of Lacordaire (it's like A.A.); plays the harmonica, contracted bronchial asthma working with acids.

I'm from Stokeley. My father was an educated man, bilingual, loved his wine, and was a great poker player. He was a sort of agent for the lumber companies. He measured the wood and drew up contracts. At age 22, I went to

work for Slack; I've been there 35 years. Before the strike I got \$2.45 an hour, but because I had trouble breathing, they put me on another job paying \$2.10 an hour. The strike changed a lot of things. My union is sacred to me. It's the only thing in my lifetime that enabled me to live. It saved my life, my health, everything I had. It saved my fellow-workers; even those who haven't yet gotten its message.

WIFE LUCIENNE AND ME AND OUR HOUSE

"When the bunch of us were together, I baked 20 loaves of bread a week. We had our meat. I made catchup with things from the garden. We grew our own potatoes, and I made jam with the fruit the children gathered in the fields. By the end of summer, I'd have up to 100 jars in the cellar, but we'd have to watch out, because it went fast. There were visitors too. On holidays and weekends, it's full of people here. They have fun. They dance. Maurice plays the organ. I have a son who plays the guitar. I have a girls who sing. Johanne, who is all, just won a first prize. But we have no teacher around here."

Before we got married, my wife was cook for Duplessis' treasurer, lawyer Gingras. She got \$2 a week. We had 18 children. Fifteen of them are living, 11 daughters and four sons. The eldest is 34. When we came to Waterloo, we set up house here, on 15 acres of land. I repaired and enlarged the house. There was a barn. We had three cows that were fed with the hay we grew. We still have one cow. We don't know what it is to buy milk or cream or butter. My wife skims the milk and makes the butter, and freezes some for the two months when the cow doesn't give milk. We don't like veal, so we'll fatten a calf up and sell it, and use the money to buy the meat we want. Haying is a pic-

nic with us. We do it together. When all the children were with us, we couldn't have managed without that kind of help. For years I worked for 20 cents an hour, 60 hours a week. I spent more time on the job than I did with my Lucienne and the children. I split wood by lamplight when I got home at night. Dr. Blais of Granby helped us. Over a period of two years, 13 of the children had to go to the hospital.

LACORDAIRE HONOURS THE POIRIER

WATERLOO – The Cercle Lacordaire et Ste-Jeanne d'Arc of Waterloo recently paid tribute to Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Poirier of Frost Village. Mr. and Mrs. Poirier are members of the Cercle.

The celebration was to mark the birth of the 15th child. A bouquet and a purse were presented to Mrs. Poirier by Mrs. Armand Casavant.

A score of members of the council and friends of Mr. and Mrs. Poirier attended the affair, and took advantage of the opportunity to commend Mr. Poirier for his great devotion to the Circle Lacordaire and his help to the 'Matt Talbot Forum.'

P. 16 THAT'S WHAT SAVED ME!

At the time the union cameo in 1964, we were completely lost. There had been no union talk in the town. People didn't even know what it was. There were around 30 older people who were going to be laid off. I'd worked for 25 years and I was on the verge too.

When they came to make me sign my wife said "Do you want two pencils to sign with!" I borrowed a car and called on other guys in

the middle of the night to get them to sign. Right after the accreditation, we went on strike for 11 days. That was no picnic. Since then, we've learned. When Burns came back to see us this past summer I told him "We're no longer in the classroom." Gendron hadn't done well by us. When he went over to the 3Ds, and then to a company, people realized I'd been right all along when I said he wasn't up to much. I'm secretary of my union. I look after insurance, grievances, the management committee and negotiations. I listen to everybody and I learn from everybody, the least educated and the most educated. I'm also on the executive of our Granby Central Council. We want to set up a credit union and a popular committee with all the guys around here who work in manufacturing. With a committee like that, we could go after the municipal council. Like everything else around here, it's dominated by the bosses at Slack Bros. It's still the lords that make the rules for all: the council, the hospital, the school commission, in the factories. It's something that has to be attended to. That grande tricherie, the big cheat thing with the robbers on it, I read that. It tells it like it is.

P. 17 DADDY FLOYD, HE'S THE WORST

Here you see my bosses. Since the strike, they don't laugh and they aren't our friends. They never thought that our gang of crummy bums could stick together and stand up to them. They didn't think the union was a strong as that. They learned that the links binding the CNTU can't be broken. They were pig-headed enough to spend 3 or 4 million learning, but they ended up seeing that they were wrong.

They all made one or two trips to the hospital during the strike. If there had been no settlement,

they would have plenty more stop-pages, because we were organized and ready for anything. When time came to sign, they whined and kept talking nonsense. After we went back to work, they started to tread lightly. Now that they see our image of them, they're not our friends any longer. Young Slack, as he's called, doesn't mix the shit to grow the mushrooms in, but now he's getting a taste of it. We taught 'em the right time. When we went to occupy Cournoyer's ministry with 15 other striking unions, I spoke to Cournoyer. I told him about the slavery going on and how the Slacks, just counting the carloads of manure going to waste, were spending enough money in the strike to finance to eternity a better way of life for the poor of the whole region. Pepin told Cournoyer, pointing at me: "Don't argue with him; he's a special when it comes to shit." On the following Monday, it was victory for us all along the line. The guys had come through, and they weren't afraid. Those who didn't join us, the yellow-bellies, see today that the union is holding tight and isn't gonna do them any favours. I'd been on strike before, and I did all I could to help the guys live with it.

I turned up daily in my Sunday best and they said: "Hey, he's gonna negotiate." I'd pull out my harmonica and give 'em a tune I'd worked up for our union. The ditty went something like "We'll make it, we'll make it, don't fold now." My guys and me, we're ready to help people from the city factories and those other unions that occupied the ministry with us.

P. 18 WE'LL MAKE OUT!

You should have seen the bloody outfit that ruled the roost here when I was young. They were lords and sirs who came from overseas and often lived there. The Queen had given them im-

mense lands in the region here, and these lands couldn't be sold but had to be passed down from father to son and the earnings went to the lords. Mister Monarch lived off French Canadians. It was full of sirs here, and some still remain. Here on the hill are the Martins, the Williams. The Williams even have a cemetery all their own. In 1937 my grandmother lost \$36,000 on shares that Sir Lord Chamberland sold here and invested the take in Germany. Our French Canadians went over to fight for them, and when England was devastated the torch of victory was raised. Sir Lord Bennett of the Canadian government went to England. He cancelled England's debt to Canada that dated back to the war of 1914, and we sent gifts on top of that. Me, I was exempted from the war because I recognized the colonel who was in charge of the examinations. He was a guy I'd seen completely plastered and rolling on the floor at my house when I was young. I was given a farmer's exemption.

It was my union that saved my life. It's more important than political parties and all the rest. I used to booze it up pretty good. That allowed me to be with the guys. But later I stopped completely, and worked for a long time with the Lacordaire organization.

I also worked with the *créditistes*. That movement here started at the Slack factory. I converted practically the whole township into working for Rondeau. But during the strike, I noticed that these guys were ready to use workers to get themselves elected, but when we were having a bad time and needed support, they shied away. Burns came to see us, but Rondeau, the one I'd done so much work for, he showed in the fifteenth week of the strike, after he found out that Burns had come. Today I help the PQ, but very discreetly because the union comes first and I want to be in a position to help other unions that need a hand. The PQ is still very

new in these parts. It's well known in Montreal, but not so much in the country. The public is afraid of it, and doesn't understand it yet. People didn't understand our strike either. If the strike hadn't been settled, I'd have lined up a bunch of guys and we'd have turned this riding upside down.

Maybe you don't think it squeezed my guts when Bill 89 came out and the three union chiefs were put in jail. The union is the only thing we have to help us live.

P. 20-23 HERE'S WHAT WE'RE DOING

IN ST-JÉRÔME CREDIT UNION

The members of the St-Jérôme Workers' Credit Union have decided to go further with their money. They want the credit union to become a small-scale practical school of socialism and an instrument in the fight that the workers are waging at every level. André Laurin's idea is having babies already.

There are 715 workers, members of the CNTU or QFL or CEQ (Quebec Teachers' Corporation) and around 100 non-unionists participating in the credit union. Thirty-seven unions and popular groups are members. Credit union assets are close to \$25,000 after two years of operation. Since the abolition of interest on savings was voted, membership has increased by 47%. This means that the St-Jérôme workers figure there is more to be done with their money than draw interest on it, the way it's done at other banks.

Since the credit union has pronounced itself in favour of Quebec independence and wants to be a school of socialism, we cooperate with all worker liberation movements in the area. For example,

two \$100 shares were bought in Québec-Pressé; a donation of \$100 was made to l'Agence de Presse Libre du Québec, which publishes an information bulletin on the activities of popular groups throughout the province. We became members of the Centre de Formation Populaire (training centre) which gives courses to workers in cooperation with their unions. We have subscribed to the movement Le Coopérateur, which publishes a paper on found counters.

In December 1972 we participated financially to the relief fund for the strikers at Regent Knitting, and this three months after we helped the St-Jérôme day-care centre when the local initiatives project terminated. We also donated \$50 to the Saint-Jean celebration, organized by a St-Jérôme neighborhood group.

IN THE NORTH-WEST THE STORY OF TEMBEC

In January 1972 CIP announced the shutdown of its plant at Kipawa. That not only meant lay-off for 850 workers, but the death of Témiscamingue, a town of 2,300 whose livelihood depended on the factory.

For 15 months, all the people in Témiscamingue fought to hold onto their jobs. They made every effort to obtain money so they could buy the plant. The workers staged marches on Ottawa and Quebec. They demonstrated at other CIP plants; they even erected a river blockade to prevent the company from floating wood to the mills at Gatineau.

Finally, the plant was bought and transferred to Tembec. The two governments put up \$17 million. Each worker for his part agreed to invest \$1,000 in the operation. Eventually, citizens and employees will hold 30% of the company stock. But in spite of all their efforts, the workers will

have only two representatives on the nine-member board of directors, whereas former management-level CIP people will have four.

Tembec has been back in production since September. The guys are happy. They talk about "our factory." They choose their own foremen, set their work schedules, and divide up the work load.

But control eludes them. They still have bosses. Yet they fought to keep the plant going. They got the money. Yet the operation has reverted to the previous owners. Just another example of private enterprise being financed by government. Why can't the workers run this factory themselves?

P. 21 IN POINTE ST-CHARLES THE POPULAR PHARMACY

The pharmaceutical companies put 25,000 different kinds of drugs on the market. Twenty per cent of this medication is completely useless, if not dangerous, to the users. Examples: Roloids, Bromo Seltzer, etc.

With the right kind of advertising, however, anything can be sold. Doctors have become completely servile to this advertising. They prescribe costly medication for their patients, when there are products just as effective that sell for far less.

What's the use of having health insurance when people are unable to afford medication?

In Pointe St-Charles, the medication committee decided to tackle the problem. With the help of a pharmacist, the committee set up a people's drug store that sells at popular prices. To make this work, the pharmacist works on salary, \$12,000 a year. The rent is modest, there is no expensive

packaging, and above all the medication stock on hand is limited.

Instead of carrying 50 different kinds of cough syrup, Pharmacist Jean Thibeault carries four basic ones which represent a cross-section of all those on the market. The same applies to pills. The pharmacy stocks generic medication.

There is an extraordinary quantity of tetracycline-base antibiotics. Instead of stocking all the brands, the people's pharmacy carries tetracycline only. This is a generic medicine and it sells for much less.

Here are a few examples

	Generic medication	Brand name
100 aspirin tablets	30 cents	\$1.00 (Bayer)
28 tablets penicillin G	\$1.42	\$2.50 (Megacyline)
28 tablets tetracycline (antibiotic)	\$1.42	\$7.26 (Tetrex)
100 tablets conjugated estrogen	\$1.25	\$3.92 (Premarin)
100 tablets diazepam	\$2.80	\$6.00 (Valium)
100 tablets amitriptyline (anti-depressant)	\$2.56	\$11.27 (Elavil)

The first step towards obtaining pills that cost less is to demand that the physician prescribe generic medication. People will then be able to make the purchase in any pharmacy. Moreover, the new pharmacy act will enable druggists to make substitutions; that is the pharmacist will be permitted to dispense a tablet that is equivalent to but less expensive than the one prescribed by a doctor.

However, there is no assurance that pharmacists generally will follow this course, since it will mean less profit for them. Consequently the Pointe St-Charles people's pharmacy could have counterparts elsewhere.

For those wishing further information:
925 Hibernia, Pointe St-Charles,
Montreal
Tel.: 932-8947.

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1. COMMUNITY TELEVISION PRESENTED ON CABLE

There are cables that run just about everywhere. The cable owners are required to find time for community television. In a number of Lake St. John locations (Dolbeau, Normandin, St-Félicien, La Doré, Girarville), in Chibougamau, in Thetford, in Drummondville, in Beloeil, in Quebec, in Shawinigan, and many more, these people have become organized among themselves and have reached understanding with the cable owner. They produce their own programs and televise them on cable. It is a formula that presents many difficulties: the goodwill of the owner, problems of permanence, of effectiveness (time of telecasts, number of subscribers, etc.) The financing is difficult. It calls for subsidies, local initiatives and Perspectives-Jeunesse projects, recruiting personnel, material, and finding space such as quarters of school commission, the Société Nationale des Québécois, etc. Certain people have regrouped, such as at Lake St. John. Some have excluded the notables from their production groups; in Thetford, for instance. The type of telecast lacks balance in value. The quality of technical equipment frequently is inadequate. Despite all that, a lot of things are being done.

2. THE LOW-WATTAGE TV TRANSMITTER

To contend with the cable TV difficulties, the people groups in St-Jérôme are working on another project: their own, low-power telecast apparatus. The antenna will be placed on the church spire and will cover a distance of about 15 miles. A transmitter of this type (UHF, 10-15 watt) requires an outlay of about \$25,000 and an

annual production budget of around \$50,000. Two people from Videograph are acting as advisers. The operation requires a permit from the CRTC, which should be granted. Hopefully, the financing will be achieved with the help of subsidies and self-financing that could even extend to bingo games.

3. TIME PROBLEMS ON PRIVATE STATIONS

For some time now, groups of citizens have been allowed time on local radio and television programs. The most noteworthy thrust was undoubtedly that of BLOC in the North West, which had become a veritable production and program network in the region and seen itself offered rather extensive freedom. Unfortunately, the constraints on this formula are enormous, especially with regard to the time allowed, which is usually during low-audience periods.

4. THE MONTREAL VIDEOGRAPH

The Videograph is a category apart. It is a multiple function centre. Its operation is based essentially on the magnetoscope. Its material and advisers are available to anyone wishing to produce a magnetoscopic film. It has a hall where the documents produced are screened (a sort of movie). It supplies copies of its productions to all those requesting them (just send a reel). In this way, Videograph supplies a number of community television groups. It also has a considerable information and animation service for groups wanting to use the magnetoscope and to have technical assistance. The address is 1604 St-Denis Street, Tel.: 842-9786.

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5. VIDEO TEAMS AT WORK

A new formula is developing at the present time, notably in the North West, the Saguenay (SCRAM), in Chibougamau. Groups with magnetoscopic equipment are producing film strips featuring people in various situations. Among these: action, problems or conflicts in a neighborhood or ward. The strips are then shown to the public concerned in halls or other gathering places, but without going onto cable. This has been found more effective in a number of ways: it allows greater realism by dispensing information at the community level rather than by mass broadcasting.

6. NEW COMMUNITY MEDIA COUNCIL OFFERS AID, COORDINATION

Recently created, the Conseil québécois des média communautaires is designed as a central secretariat to fill a role of informant, coordinator and technical aide to all groups working in the community media. It is located at 1207 St-André Street, Montreal, telephone 845-1259.

7. COMMUNITY TELEVISION COOPERATIVES

At Hull, Montreal and Quebec, groups of committed citizens have established cooperatives whose aim is to obtain from the CRTC a permit to have a public, community oriented television station in their respective cities. These would be named the Community Television Cooperative of the Outaouais, the Community Television Cooperative of Montreal, and the Community Television Cooperative of Quebec. Up to now,

only the Outaouais cooperative has proven a real success. The required number of members has been obtained and the permit granted by the CRTC. However, the cooperative was required to affiliate with the TVA network. At Montreal and Quebec, organization work is proving difficult. The ministry of financial institutions has refused to issue cooperative charters, and the application for permits from the CRTC cannot be made as yet; thereby raising the risk that the permits will be obtained by private enterprise.

OBJECTIVE: TO GIVE REAL DIMENSION TO THE VOICE AND THE POWER OF THE PEOPLE

The venture began early in the 1970s when the National Film Board introduced in Quebec a picture machine called the "magnetoscope" and wanted to use it "to give a voice to those who do not have one." Ordinary people began to telecast by cable here and there, to operate cameras, to present on the screen their own images and affairs.

During the common front strikes, in May 1972, workers occupied radio and TV stations in a number of localities. This also helped open the eyes of many people. They noticed to what extent the notables occupied the networks, a fact that has become even clearer since that time. The labour conflicts in that sector are continuing evidence of the workers' desire to resist this overrunning of the air waves by the notables: La Presse, CKRS-Jonquière, CKJL-St-Jérôme, Radio-Québec, etc.

This rapid and incomplete run-down that we give of experiments in community television is further proof of the need people feel to recover the microphone and get a word in. The problems that have arisen since that early enthusi-

asm are many: difficulties with the CRTC, oft-times shabby financing, limited efficiency. Like most popular activities of the past decade, the community television experiments are still too poorly integrated within an overall movement to give genuine body to popular expression. In the absence of such coordination, the project could run out of steam and be drowned by the power of the notables. But no one concerned with the collective expression of ordinary people and the building of real people power can remain indifferent to the experiments.

P. 24-25 THE WOLVERINE OF THE MONTH

Our king of the wolverines comes to us from Sorel via the Simard family, which nearly a million to get its doll elected head of the Liberal Party. Robert's main political attribute is that he married Andrée Simard, a daughter of the empire of that name.

At the outset, there was a bid to sell him to us as a brilliant young economist who would be the saviour of the province. After all, it was pointed out, he'd studied law at Harvard and acquired a "solid foundation" in economics at the London School of Economics. He had everything that goes with a prize-winner, in splendid wrapping that did credit to the advanced techniques of American-style publicity agents. This baby would be snapped up as fast as a box of Tide, a hot dog or a TV dinner. With money you can peddle anything, premiers included.

Still, a little extra shove here and there wouldn't do any harm. Like the Simard family millions, the electoral cash-box fattened by multinational companies and the underworld, the Paul Desrochers organization, election thefts, telegraphing, doctored voting lists, immigrants, the English, and so

on and so on. Came the night of April 29th 1970 and the people of Quebec witnessed a mighty blow for democracy. Salvation had come for all. A new Messiah had been born in this land of Quebec.

But in the three-ring circus called politics, the laws of the jungle are quickly learned. If Robert had any ideas about donning a monarch's mantle in Quebec, he soon saw fit to lower his sights somewhat.

Election debts have to be paid. At best, the money-lenders he climbed into bed with would allow him the status of little king. How remarkably similar to those countries he personally has called banana republics! But what's to be done when destiny has fingered you as outer-chamber doorman at the American head office? There can be no backing away from such a historic assignment.

At all events, the role of waiter fits our Robert like a glove. He will go down in the bleak history of Quebec politics as the greatest auctioneer ever to unload us on the North American market in return for a handful of favours bestowed on himself and his gang. What a glowing future awaits us! For, you see, Robert's political doctrine consists of endowing Quebec with a North American vocation. In other words, of peddling the province to multinational business, regardless of the cost to our collective tomorrows.

In a swap for a few contracts, a few bones tossed to the patronage-minded Liberal wolf-pack and underworld lords, Robert betrays Quebec. To implant the power of others, he destroys everything in his path. This is treachery unlimited: imprison union leaders, disgorge injunctions to break strikes, maintain 200,000 jobless and an equal number of socially assisted, systematically kill off French, liquidate our natural resources in return for a few jobs, destroy the ecology and mortgage the lifestyle of generations to

come - just to appease the foreigner and assure profit for the vultures of the régime. Robert gets the furniture ashore before the ship capsizes. The sell-out will continue for at least another four years.

Because Robert is an election winner. That goes with his personality. The wolverine methodically exploits the fear of other creatures, particularly those who have the least and yet think there's still something that could be taken from them, even if it's only crumbs. In Quebec, the violence of the Bourassa régime is part of the day-by-day reality. It is constantly present at the language level, it is on display during all the government's provocations of workers and those who combat the Liberal dictatorship. From time to time, when Robert's masters decide to smash down hard, the violence becomes physical, as during October 1970 and during the Common Front movement.

The last jewel in the crown of government terrorism came on October 29th; a fine platter of Chile sauce, blood, the dollar, Castro, Stalin, and anything else you can name. The wolverines came through again, because again they stole.

But take heart. Today there are a million wolverine hunters in Quebec.

P. 25

The WOLVERINE, closely related to the European glutton, is something else in the animal kingdom: fierce, bloodthirsty, crafty. No other creature will attack him, and he fears none. The wolverine travels alone, a sneaky, relentless thief. Like the hyena, he gorges himself on the prey caught by other animals or by trappers. When the wolverine raids a camp, he destroys for destruction's sake alone; scattering goods and food and soiling

with his stinking urine anything that he cannot eat.

In Quebec literature, the wolverine is pictured as one who will turn on his own kind. He is compared also to exploiters who constantly escape chastisement and always win their elections. To one Menaud, a master log-runner, the wolverine can be likened unto the traitor who sells the land of his ancestors to foreigners. To us, the wolverine is the avowed enemy of the workers. In each of our issues, there will be a portrait of such an enemy. This month we start out with the king of them all.

P. 26-31

**DOSSIER OF THE MONTH
NOW WE NUMBER A
MILLION WHAT SHOULD
WE DO?**

1-ONE MILLION Quebecers have chosen an independent Quebec as a point of departure towards a free Quebec. Independence is no longer the target of a mere handful of Montreal intellectuals and youngsters. It is the aim of a force growing rapidly in every region of Quebec. This force cannot be measured in terms of the number of members in a phantom Parliament. Unprecedented in Quebec, the force is a democratic party with 110,000 members, 30% of the popular vote and 40% of the francophone vote; it is a party with clear political choices. In 10 years, a politicized opposition has been born and become the only alternative to the government. Every kind of hope is permissible.

**PROGRESSION OF
INDEPENDENCE VOTE**

1966	-	RIN	-	8%
1970	-	PQ	-	23%
1973	-	PQ	-	30%
1977	-	PQ	-	?

2-One Million Quebecers who no longer go for Bourassa's

liquidation of our assets in return for a few jobs with no tomorrow, as if we were beggars. There are Quebecers opposed to the white elephant of James Bay and Gros-Cacouna. There are Quebecers who refuse to hand over the North Shore to ITT, our mines to Americans, our newspapers to Power Corporation, our savings and our taxes to multinational corporations. Rising unemployment and continuing increase in prices are visible evidence that we are being impoverished by such a policy, and that the Bourassa dollar declines daily in value.

**QUEBEC UNEMPLOYMENT
RATE SINCE '71**

	Quebec	Canada
Sept. '71	8.9	6.7
Sept. '72	8.6	6.9
Aug. '73	7.3	5.5

FORESTS

100,000 square miles of our forests conceded to American companies.

51,000 square miles of Crown forest land conceded to ITT (Belgium and Switzerland together), plus a subsidy of 19 million.

PRICE RISE

Food: 16.2% in one year
Gasoline: 51% in two years

3-ONE MILLION Quebecers who are no longer dupes of the English, of the financiers, the notables and the patronage sector, all of them among the Liberals, confiscating the government to their profit. There are Quebecers aware that pleasing these people is the aim of maintaining Bill 63, designed to reduce French in Montreal and elsewhere to folklore status. It is to please them that union leaders are jailed, that unions hopefully can be placed under trusteeship, that the police are despatched to strike scenes, that fatal accidents at job sites are tolerated, that conspiracy with the underworld goes on, that nothing is done to combat unemployment and soaring prices.

THE LIBERAL VOTE IN ANGLOPHONE RIDINGS

D'Arcy McGee	93.1
Mount Royal	83.2
Pointe-Claire	87.6
Westmount	76.4

4-ONE MILLION Quebecers who weren't afraid, or who at least were ready to brave the risk. Because once again, thousands of real Quebecers had been deceived by hundreds of little jolts from Brink's in the 110 counties. A trail of fear was laid: blood, Chile sauce, the army, socialism, the suppression of social welfare and old age benefits, \$8,000 price tags on cars, more jobless, bingo forbidden, and so on. Fear and violence sustained for a long time and exploited anew by the *créditistes* and certain unionists, as well as the Liberals. Fifty-four per cent of the Liberals are nothing more than this combination of money, power and terror.

FEAR

Between one and 2½ million Liberal phone calls 48 hours before the elections to "warm" electors about the PQ menace.

Hundreds of thousands of "piasses à Lévesque" distributed during the campaign and on election day.

17% of the independence-minded in Montreal didn't vote PQ. The figure was much higher in the country: 37%.

Had the elections been a week later than October 29th, the PQ would have won 34% of the popular vote.

The reference to federalism was a bigger factor (2 to 1) in Liberal votes than satisfaction with the government seeking reelection.

5-ONE MILLION Quebecers who see, who are alert, who are determined. A force that will not yield. A million Quebecers from every region, of every age, firm

in the belief that they can take their affairs in hand and transact with others as equal to equal. Here is unprecedented insurance for the survival of the Quebec people. A million Quebecers, among whom are grouped the most active, the most dynamic, the most autonomous elements of society. A training force that can only increase and bring to many others a freedom of choice that has been thwarted by 300 years of subjugation and fear.

PQ PENETRATION, OUTLYING AREAS

The PQ is known to be strongly implanted already in the metropolitan region and the Saguenay. The increase in the independence vote could have, this time, been restricted to those two sectors. The results of the October 29th voting made it clear, however, that the PQ is not a regional party. It is firmly entrenched in every section of Quebec, where it made substantial gains. Examples:

Ridings:	'70	'73
Gaspé	18.6	29.0
Magdalen Islands	5.8	32.1
Hull	15.5	30.0
Papineau	9.6	23.4
Matane	25.1	36.4
Louis-Hébert	28.0	46.8
Montmorency	13.6	31.6
Sherbrooke	22.0	30.2
Laurentians	19.0	31.8
L'Assomption	32.7	43.7
Abitibi East	15.6	22.1
Three Rivers	21.0	30.0
Vaudreuil-Soulanges	17.5	27.4
Saguenay	45.1	51.1

The PQ has over 20% of the vote in all regions of Quebec with the exception of Abitibi (a *créditiste* stronghold) where it has around 15%.

96% of the PQ supporters would have voted the same way a week after the elections were held.

6-ONE MILLION Quebecers, and among them thousands of workers,

unionized or not, who contributed heavily (contrary claims notwithstanding) to the PQ support in working class ridings. In a large number of ridings, it was they who made the PQ vote leap upwards since 1970. They committed themselves largely to the struggle against Bourassa, and will continue to do so as union action requires. From the Parliament blockhouse, the Liberals may think they can continue to quietly peddle our goods and our dignity, but they can count on a million watchdogs. That, to be sure, is some kind of opposition.

INDEPENDENCE VOTE IN RIDINGS WITH STRONG LABOUR REPRESENTATION

There are many indications that workers (notably the unionized) gave majority support to the PQ this time. This phenomenon was noticeable in '70, but was restricted in particular to east end Montreal and the Saguenay. The PQ seems firmly implanted in ridings with heavy working class concentration. For instance:

Ridings:	'70	'73
Joliette	23.1	37.0
Richelieu	20.0	34.4
Jonquière	37.5	40.5
Chicoutimi	30.1	41.0
Sherbrooke	22.0	30.2
St-François	18.2	29.2
St-Jacques	44.6	51.7
Lafontaine	43.7	49.6
Maisonneuve	47.5	51.0
St-Henri	36.8	40.1
Charlesbourg	18.7	33.9
Limoilou	20.2	34.9

P. 26-31 CARTOON ON THE ELECTION

But you surely knew my good friend... he was speaking to me about you... There sir, you're right. Time we woke up, us Quebecers. But that PQ thing; too good to be true... We've got

to keep pace with North America, build our country, as the English say... Of course I respect your opinion, but without the American companies we'd be like the blacks in Africa. The PQ people don't remember the depression. They weren't there. No jobs, no unemployment insurance. Think of your dear old mother. She'd lose her federal pension. Family allowances? But my dear friend, we'd lose that and everything that comes from Ottawa. What with customs duty and the separated dollar, a Chevy would cost \$8,000. And you'd have no gas to run it with. You'd be lucky to get oil to heat your house.

I've actually been told they'd nationalize big companies, even Hydro Quebec. It's easy to see things would be like in Chile. The unions would run us. Only the army could restore government. That's what happened down there. Are you aware, sir, that the communists are behind the thing? And you know what's been happening to religion in Russia? Already they're talking about banning bingo in Montreal churches. And as for our language ... do you know those people want us to speak joul? Plays and movies in joul are appearing in Paris. And think of your granddaughter. They want pills to be passed out free in the CEGEPs. Yeah. Well, I guess I'd better vote Liberal...

P. 32-37 QUEBECER – THE REAL THING MONTREAL; IT'S ALSO US

In the first article of Quebecer – The Real Thing, we have chosen Montreal as the topic. Why Montreal? Because when one speaks of the real fabric of a nation, of the true-blue Quebecer or of popular culture, the immediate references are always to the Beauce, the Gaspé and the Lake St. John region – notably

what has become the picturesque aspect of Quebec. Montreal is never thought of in this vein. Yet nearly half the Quebec population lives there.

When we used to live in the country or the tiny villages, we could but dream of Montreal; in a way we also resented it. It was there that all the action was centred, and one kind of felt out of the swing if one could not identify with the latest scandals. The country life was folklore, embedded in the past. Montreal was the future.

Oh, we knew that Montreal too had a past, and a prestigious one at that, from where the big news used to speed its way through Quebec and always seem to generate some kind of shock. From the resistance to Duplessism in the '50s to the advent toward independence in the '70s following the social and cultural upheaval we must still remember, Montreal has always been at the heart of debate.

What's lesser known is that little story of Montreal, the one born in the turning bridges, the tramways and all the clubs. It's a story which only the folks of Montreal have lived.

To get a few facts about this part of the Montreal story, we toured the city with Yvon Deschamps.

Deschamps is a guy from the city and he can really spin yarns about it. He was born there; he grew up there; and he's always lived there. He has all the traits of a Montrealer, in his habits, his language and his style. It's his town. He loves it and feels at ease in every little corner.

A VILLAGE IN THE CITY

“You know, St-Henri is surrounded by autoroutes. With the east-west run, St-Henri is completely

cut off from the north, and all the rest is choked into the circle. Apart from the autoroutes, nothing has changed too much around here.

St-Henri used to mean the trains. It was nothing but track after track. The shunting yard started right here and went all the way to Atwater. My mother used to hang her wash on the line and five minutes later it was pitch black.

When I was young it was always said that it was the rich who lived in the western parts of Montreal. But us people in St-Henri are in the western part. So I used to wonder how bad it must have been for those poor slobs in the eastern part. It was always worse for somebody else. At my uncle's place the floors were all warped. He was in a bad state compared to us. At our place, we had three furnaces, one next to the other, and we could never manage to keep warm.

My mother used to keep the soda pop cold by putting it in the bedroom where me and my two brothers slept. She'd make a batch of Jello and put it in the room too, and it would harden. Man, that's cold.

There was so much heat coming from the furnaces that it at least rose up and kept the ceiling warm. My mother used to get out the step ladder, climb up near the ceiling and she'd work. She done okay with the heat, anyway.

In them days we never left the parish much, or even the district.

My father married a St-Henri girl. In five years, they moved six times. They made the rounds of the city until they finally decided to come back to St-Henri. They were at home here, and they just couldn't live anywhere else. Later in life they managed to pull out and live somewhere. But in the old days they couldn't have.

THE DAYS OF PARISH GANGS

In those days St-Henri was pretty tough. Up to the age of fifteen or sixteen we didn't come down around the Turcot yards without a gang together; we didn't take chances, and we stuck pretty much together.

It was kind alike private territory around here. Even the cops didn't come nosing around. The guys used to overturn cars and slash up tires. Everything went and there were no holds barred. And even the cops were usually guys from the district. You ain't gonna shoot a guy just because he dumped your car into the canal.

Then there was the big battle against the English, just after the war. It was, in fact, mainly because of the war that some of the ruckus started.

It's mainly the guys who went into the army that hated them English guys enough to kill them. It was always the English guys who were Captains, Lieutenants or Sergeants. And besides that, something happened which really shook up the folks, something which ain't that obvious these days. It was the first landing at Dieppe. It was a massacre. The guys who planned the raid knew they were gonna lose up to eighty percent of the men. And it was the French-Canadians who landed first. Why Lord Mountbatten decided that it would be the 22nd that would lead the way, I don't know. But the guys, they didn't like that at all. There was a fight at Selby Park which lasted nearly six days after that massacre. It was a real fight. It wasn't kids that were there, but guys between twenty and thirty years old. There was one guy killed and I don't know how many injured. There were hundreds fighting and the cops couldn't do nothing. It was the last big fight. After that things was pretty quiet up until the days of the Dubois brothers - a real tough gang. They were the ones who kicked off the

protection racket. They started young. I think the oldest one was no more than fifteen. It was a huge gang of brothers, all real bad. After that they graduated to being bouncers. It was at the Pagado, which is still around and used to be our club, that the Dubois brothers were first bouncers. After that it was the Casa, then other clubs...

THE END OF AN ERA

Here on the streets of St. Lawrence Boulevard you could buy or sell almost anything. It was really the place where the underworld hung out. There used to be all kinds of shady clubs around here, now all closed down, like the 42, the St. John and the Carillon.

When Drapeau came to power as mayor, he closed the whole works. The guys didn't take this lying down. They was home here. When you ain't been bothered for over 20 years, that's tough. So things began to happen.

They'd put two cops round-the-clock at every corner of the district. At this corner right here, near the old theatre (which is now the Eve), I saw a guy all by himself. He was a big one alright and he was tangling with about fifteen cops. They had to bash him with blackjacks to knock him out. There were advantages, you know, of having all the guys bunched into one district. If you were ever looking for somebody, you knew where to look. Now they're scattered all over the place. On this square, St. Louis Square, it was the rich French-Canadians who lived here. A guy needed cash to live in those beautiful houses.

All this is going to be torn down. The city has a work project which calls for renovations from St. Lawrence right up to St. Denis. This means that everything north of the square will bite the dust. Us guys, at the Théâtre de Quat'sous, we're right in the path of the new development.

IT ALL CHANGED SO FAST

We may not have visited spots like Place Ville-Marie or Place des Arts, but there is a good reason for that. One can only speak about the things one knows or has experienced. These days things are impersonal; there ain't no more districts or no more parishes. I don't hang around anywhere in particular in Montreal these days. I like Montreal I feel at home in any area. I've been living in the rest of the city for the city for the last fifteen years, and I wander from place to place. There are no more quarters, there are no more... This doesn't mean things were better in the old days, that just ain't so. There were all kinds of funny things: the family, religion, all sewn together somehow. I had 130 cousins in the district. You were always sure to run into some member of the family, no matter which street you were on. It wasn't all that great. There is more action today, more real things going on. This is what has really happened and it sure has changed fast. We perhaps haven't had a chance to digest the whole change.

It's real hard to tell what Montreal really is these days. Up to ten years ago it was THE city in Canada, even to the point of being among the best in North America. Everything happened here. Even on the English side, the action was here. Now Toronto is starting to move quite a bit... The next few years will determine the trends of the future.

P. 38-43 THE CONFLICT OF THE MONTH THEY FOUGHT FOR THEIR HIDES AT MARSOUÏ

Sergio Leone, Mr. Western Spaghetti, could have made his next western live from Marsouï. For once the actors were playing for

real. The rifles were not loaded with salt in this tiny community nestled along the St. Lawrence in the Gaspé region, about 300 miles northeast of Quebec City. People were fighting in the streets to save their skins, for the very survival of a parish.

On one side there were the bosses of a saw, mill, most of them foreigners, who imported from Montreal some killer goons armed with chains, baseball bats, rifles and even machineguns. They were there to "protect" the scabs who came from surrounding villages to steal jobs. On the other side, there stood a terrorized population. The streets were empty. The women looked with uncertainty from their windows. Two strikers are beaten, almost to death. The population decides to get armed.

The whole thing was taking place in Bourassa's Quebec, in 1973, because the guys wanted to start a union.

P. 39 ONCE UPON A TIME...

Alphonse Couturier, lived as king and mayor of Marsoui. For years, Alphonse was owner of the only factory in Marsoui, a lumber mill which gave employment to about 90 per cent of the inhabitants of the village. He was the lord and master of the place.

Alphonse Couturier was mayor of Marsoui, president of the school commission, president of the credit union, general merchant, owner of the village's aqueduct system, owner of both the telephone and electric companies and finally owner of most of the village houses. He even had the church built.

In reality, Alphonse, like most of his peers in other villages, owned Marsoui and its inhabitants. He was an ingenious little fellow. He had even devised a system of recuperating wages he was paying

his employees. The workers were paid with company plugs. He took real good care to deduct municipal taxes since Alphonse was owner of all the village services. If there was money left over, he would give it out in plugs which the villagers could spend in the Couturier family store.

But Alphonse had great visions – mainly politics. For 15 years he had been a Union National assemblyman. He was kept busy in Quebec City with his pal Duplessis. So, things were slowly changing back in Marsoui. It was his son Oscar who took up the slack. The people suddenly had the right to buy their own homes. The government took over electric power. And finally the mill paid the guys with cash. But the wages were still on a starvation level. To keep the population appeased, the Couturier family was very paternalistic. Each Christmas, gifts were made up for everyone. If, for instance, a guy had to see the doctor or dentist, the Couturier's would slip him a buck, just like that!

In 1970, fire completely destroyed the mill. Oscar Couturier had no intention of rebuilding unless he got some pretty good government concessions, such as a grant or subsidy from the federal boys and a guarantee from the provincial minister of lands and forests of a concession of forest rights that would produce up to 20 million board feet over 20 years.

Thanks mainly to the population, the mill was rebuilt. It was the folks of the village who fought for the goods from the governments, but for the benefit of the future owners. Maurice Tessier of the EQDO (Eastern Quebec Development Office) assured the company that the wood concessions were sufficient. For its share, the federal government gave a subsidy of \$668,000. In all, both governments provided about 65 per cent of the investment needed for reconstruction.

It was at the time when investments were certain that the Cou-

turier family, some guy named Allen from Montreal, a Château-neuf from Sept-Iles and Brousseau found the deal very interesting and created a company, Bobois Ltée.

Marsoui had succeeded in keeping its plant and the jobs. But neither the population which had fought for it, nor the governments which had provided financing, had any share at all in Bobois Ltée. Once again the population was going to get a taste of the benefits to be derived from a private enterprise financed by governments.

P. 40 IT'S A PARISH YARN

The events at Marsoui are based on the parish system. It concerned everyone because we all worked at the Bobois plant. It was the only plant in the village. Most of the people depend on this to live. We fought to get subsidies to rebuild the mill. We're the ones who pay the taxes. The guys know their jobs, some of them with up to 20 years employment there. We never would have accepted the fact that outsiders came in to steal our jobs and force us to move out.

A BOSS WHO WANTED TO SCARE THE PEOPLE

The guys never had a union at Marsoui. Like many others, they just didn't know how to get one rolling. Everyone was fed up with things and getting lousy wages. During reconstruction of the sawmill, the guys met reps of the CNTU who were doing the job. When the mill got going again in March, 1973, the guys had made up their minds to form a real good union.

But bosses don't like unions. Jacques Brousseau, one of the bosses, found out about the union. To get control of the union and even

knock it out, he decided to organize a house association. Since there are traitors everywhere, Brousseau used one of his friends as a go-between. René Goupil, the boss's chum, was president of the house union as well as business agent, without consultation from the membership.

At first, the labor department refused to recognize the new union. It was more than obvious that the boss was running the show. At this time, the workers decided to form their own union. There were, in effect, two unions. However, as if by accident, on July 27, the labor department investigator came to Marsoui to give his blessing to the union controlled by the bosses. Usually it takes months for an accreditation to pass. It never happens that an investigator takes a personal hang like this case. We wonder why?

In any case, the guys decided to move with the tide. After all, they were the members of the union. If need be, it would be easy enough to gain control and get rid of Brousseau's puppets. During the following two general meetings, the guys voted to affiliate the house union with the CNTU. Goupil and his gang were forced to resign.

It's the end of the house union. The guys of Marsoui stood for their rights. It was now time for the bosses to begin their dastardly campaign of intimidation to break the union. After the affiliation vote, they fired seven guys sympathetic to the CNTU. Not knowing where the axe would fall next, the guys started a strike Aug. 27, seeking as priority item the rehiring of the seven men. It was the beginning of open war which would last one month. Jean-Charles Jalbert, one of the seven fired and the strike captain, told us his story.

P. 41 THE GUYS STOOD THEIR GROUND DESPITE THE ODDS

"I have always been against the house union. The boss was always talking about 'our accreditation, our union.'"

But at the same time he used to say: "The break ainst 15 minutes anymore, now it's ten" or else "the shift ainst working fast enough, I'm firing the entire shift." His union was just another tool to crush us. It meant nothing good for us. I had some chums. Slowly I made them understand how useless a house union is. I told them we needed to be affiliated with a labor central to be able to defend ourselves. Then the boss fired me and six others, supposedly for incompetence. I used to make overtime two or three times a week, but the firing was then obviously for union activity.

The guys had been getting this kind of humiliation for twenty years. They told me "We won't let you down." They held a meeting and voted to strike. They said to me "You worked for us, so we're going the limit even if the strike is illegal."

The whole population supported us. The women really helped us. One day they marched into the administration office to pick up our cheques. They owed us a week but wouldn't give it to us. We also had a citizens' committee which gave every kind of support needed. The whole village was for the strike. It was clear: the company wanted to replace the guys from Marsoui by scabs from outside. It wanted to sign up enough new cards to gain a majority in the union. After that we would have been forced to crawl back.

Well, the bosses ended up alone in the mill. They got some ruffians in from Montreal to scare us. We didn't want any violence. It was

when those goons beat up two of our chums that the war started.

"THEY WERE FIRING THE GUYS FOR NOTHING"

Before the strike the company was firing the guys for nothing. When you gotta worry about your job every day, it ain't living. Brousseau is a lump head. He wanted his rule in the village. He was firing the guys for no valid reason. He'd fire a guy because he didn't like his looks, because he had spots, because he was too skinny or too fat." We may be a little slow, but we ain't crazy." Apart from that we weren't paid according to our worth. He'd pay us any way he felt. If he liked you, you'd get \$3, if not maybe \$2.10.

P. 42 "BELIEVE OR PERISH"

With Brousseau it's the law of "believe or perish." The goons were imported to scare the guys. That kind of fear doesn't work anymore, not in 1973. Brousseau even deliberately had his cottage burned to the ground and blamed it on the men. That only brought us closer together. When they took out their guns, we took out ours. The cops weren't doing their job, so we did it for them.

WHEN THEY TOOK OUT THEIR GUNS

The battle really took on major scope when the FCAI (Fédération Canadienne des Associations Indépendantes) come into the picture. The FCAI is sort of a management outfit which specializes in house unions. When things don't work out, the FCAI supplies the scabs and the goons.

At Marsoui, it was Robert Paquette, management negotiator in the woods industry, who called

on his dear friend Tremblay, the head of the FCAI, for help. Tremblay assigned the job to his right-hand man, Donat Martin who easily got the co-operation from the Sainte-Anne-des-Monts manpower centre in supplying scabs.

To protect his scabs, bossman Brousseau brought in about forty goons from Montreal. Up to then the population had been calm. Now there was open provocation.

Now then, paying scabs and goons when mill operation are stopped costs money. To break the union was costing management about \$10,000 a week, and about \$100,000 for the entire conflict. Something had to happen. The entire population supported the strikers and the company was beginning to run short of funds. It was at this time that the bouncers began attacking and intimidating strikers. On the morning of October 9, two strikers who were coming from the mill were attacked by six goons carrying chains and baseball bats. One of the guys was taken unconscious to hospital where he was treated for multiple facial fractures. That afternoon, the boss's foreman ran into a striker with a company wagon, fracturing an arm.

The police had lost control. In fact, it never had any to begin with. The cops never wanted to protect the population. The government felt the same way. The municipal council, the citizens' committee and the union sent telegrams to Cournoyer and Choquette to complain of the company's intimidating tactics. There never was any answer. The only answer we got was an injunction ordering us back to work.

The day after the massacre the goons were marching up and down the village brandishing rifles.

P. 43 WE BROUGHT OUT OUR OWN

Seeing that the company would

continue its violence and the cops would add to the complicity, the population decided to get armed. It was the only way to defend ourselves, and not get killed. In legal jargon, that's called legitimate defence.

After the massacre of the three strikers, about 30 guys went to the mill with rifles. It seemed okay since it was hunting season. Even a 60-year-old oldtimer wanted to tangle with Paquette, the company negotiator. There were several confrontations with the scabs and the goons.

Every home had its rifle ready. For three weeks the strikers kept vigil. All cars going in and out of the village were thoroughly searched, and with a walkie-talkie system, we made sure no strangers stayed in town.

Meanwhile, the company signed a contract with the FCAI and the scabs, without the consent of the members or officers of the union. But the company had lost the fight. The resistance of an entire village overcame even the goons - now becoming more and more isolated in the plant.

The company finally threw in the towel. On October 18 the bosses accepted to negotiate with union reps and the CNTU. The collective agreement was signed November 2. The work contract has the usual normative clauses: grievance procedures, seniority, eight paid holidays, group insurance, etc. The average wage increase was \$1.05 over three years. Moreover, in the return to work memorandum the company promised to rehire all the workers and undertake no legal action, neither against the union nor any individual. The battle was hard, but as a Marsoui striker was saying: "After what happened here, the guys will never be pushed around again."

"THE ENTIRE POPULATION WAS WITH US."

The bosses were prepared to put in a lot of money to break the union. Each goon was costing them \$100 a day and the scabs were paid for doing nothing. The bosses only negotiated because they became aware that the whole population was supporting the strikers. For three weeks, round the clock, we controlled the entrances to the village. Everyone was ready to defend himself.

P. 45 WE WEREN'T BORN YESTERDAY

April 6, 1943
Strike Begins at Price Bros.
Mills at Kénogami, Jonquière and Riverbend closed

The workers at the Riverbend paper mill leave their jobs; the following day the workers at the Kénogami and Jonquière mills follow suit. They have long wanted to belong to national unions.

The time had come, as they said then, for the "real was effort." The enormous machine demanded intensive production from every region. Aluminum and paper - essential products - were expedited from the Kingdom of the Saguenay to all parts of the world.

In July, 1941, on orders from the federal minister C.D. Howe, troops ended a strike by 9,000 aluminium workers. Two years later it was the paper guys' turn.

Ever since the thirties, the workers in the region have wanted to be affiliated with the Pulp and Paper Federation (CTCC). The PRICE company, directed by English Protestants, systematically ignored the will of the workers. It preferred making deals with international unions which were supported by a very small number in the mills.

The company signed a collective agreement with the international union in March, 1940, providing as well a closed shop: "All new employees will henceforth adhere to the union so designed by the company. In order not to starve to death, the employees complied," reported Le Devoir.

The religious and municipal authorities throughout the region supported without reserve the catholic unions.

In March, 1943, a petition signed by the vast majority of workers is handed to the company: We no longer wish to be represented by the international union. On Saturday, April 3, the company president, Colonel Jones, says: "The company intends to continue its operations in conformity with agreement reached with the international unions. These agreements have been satisfactory for both the employees and the company." So great was the satisfaction of this response that on Tuesday, April 6, "the workers themselves decided on and organized a work stoppage," reported Le Devoir on April 9.

The strike was on. It lasted 10 days.

On April 11, the federation informs the deputy minister of labor about the working conditions at Price Bros. On April 15, premier Godbout answers. "We will not allow any company to starve any given part of this province. If the company does not come to an agreement by tomorrow, we will take the necessary steps." Price Bros. reluctantly decided not to renew its agreements with the international unions until a government commission has filed a report. The mills re-open on April 16, but production does not begin until the 27th.

The commission filed its report Aug. 25. One year later subsequent labor legislation followed - the first of its kind in Quebec. One recommendation called for a

secret ballot among the workers. The workers gave an overwhelming majority to the national union.

Thirty years later, the same workers had to undergo 107 days of strike to crush the patterns established by the American unions and win a unique work week within the industry. The guys settled their affairs in one hell of a manner.

P. 46-47 THAT'S THE WAY IT WORKS

Route 39, between Waterloo and Richmond, a labor reporter picks up a young worker who has been hitchhiking.

- I work at Bombardier, not far from here. It isn't steady, since we're often laid off, but it's the only place in the region where you can find decent work. Before that I used to deliver groceries, and I didn't feel like moving to Montreal.

- Do they still force you to sign a document stating that you'll not take part in union activities as long as you work there?

- I signed so many papers when I started there that I honestly can't say. All I know is that a guy better not talk about unions in the plant. There have been a lot of guys fired there because they wanted to bring in a union.

- Do you find that normal? No seniority, never sure of working the next day? You say it doesn't matter because you stay at home and you've only got a motor-bicycle to pay off. What if you had a family of your own?

- What do you want me to say? I've got no choice and neither have they.

- So you'd rather just stick your head in the sand. At your age it isn't reassuring. Are you going to spend the rest of your life

living by the decisions of others?

- That's easy for you to say. But I'd like to see you in my shoes. I wonder what you's do.

- C'mon. Let's have a coffee and talk about it.

Supposing that I work with you and the both of us don't like the way things are going in the factory. There are surely others who feel the same way. You speak to the ones you know and I'll speak to the ones I know, then we see if we have enough to form a union.

- I already told you. The minute we start talking about it, the foremen report it and we're out.

- Just a minute. We don't have to be obvious and talk when the foreman is around. There are surely guys we can trust, friends, relatives, whom we could meet in the right place.

- So if it works, what next?

- The important thing is to have a committed group, and make sure that no one in the group is going to rat to the employer. When we get to that point, there are more complicated things to do which concern the law, and we must'n get caught. That's the time to call in the CNTU.

- They take care of everything else?

- Of course not! The CNTU can't organize the union for us, but they'll send an organizer to help. There are certain things to do, and we must do what must be done. For example, the organizer will show us how to organize the founding meeting.

- the small group gets together.
- Each signs a membership card and pays \$2.
- We adopt a union constitution.
- We elect officers.

All this must be done correctly, by passing resolutions.

- After that do we begin negotiating?

- There is a lot of work to be done yet. We've got to swell our ranks, until we have a majority of workers. This means we have to get cards signed and collect \$2 for each card signed. This must be done quickly, and make sure that we aren't betrayed to the employer.

- You mean that our union can't protect us yet?

- Legally you are protected. But in fact it's hard to prove that you have been fired for union activities, because he can make up any damn excuse. And even you manage to prove your point, it takes a lot of time to be settled.

- This thing isn't easy. I really wonder if we can ever manage to have a real union.

- It isn't easy with the laws that we have, but that's another story. For now, you have to understand that once you have managed to sign up the majority of the employees, there is another legal step. It's the request for accreditation. There again, you need the help of the CNTU to get through because it's complicated and can take several months. The employer can set up all kinds of obstacles, and he can even bring in what we call a "yellow" union or a house union, and completely wreck in just a few days all the organization you have done. But if you get through it and you finally get your accreditation from the labor department, then you have a real union and can begin negotiating your first collective contract agreement. And when your union has signed its contract, the employer can't push you around anymore. If, for example, you have a problem, you are not alone anymore because the employer is obliged to settle the problem with the union and you.

P. 48 AIN'T THAT SOMETHING!

AMERICAN INVESTMENTS IN CHILI AND CANADA

- Foreigners control 90 per cent of the Chilian economy.

- Since the beginning of this century, American firms have drained more than \$9 billion in profits.

- With an initial investment of \$2.5 million, the Kennecott copper company gained in 40 years profits of \$1.5 billion.

- The return on capital investment in Chili is among the highest in the world.

RETURN ON CAPITAL INVESTMENT

(1955-1970)

In Chili Elsewhere

Kennecott	21.5%	3.7%
Anaconda	52.8%	9.9%

- Between 1950 and 1965, Americans invested \$23.9 billion around the world. They recuperated \$37 billion in profits alone.

- In Latin American, the rate of profits is even higher: \$3.8 billion invested with \$11.3 billion in profits.

- In Canada, between 1960 and 1970, American monopolies invested \$9.9 billion and took out \$11.1 billion in profits.

- The Americans already control 70 per cent of the Quebec economy.

- In 1957, 26% of the American capital invested in Canada came from the United States, the remainder from Canadians (loans, shares, etc.). In 1964, the share of Americans was a paltry 5%.

- In conclusion, we can note that the Americans are getting rich and investing abroad with the monies of others: Chilian or Quebecer. They are even getting

subsidies from governments to plunder primary materials the world over. If ITT, the CIA, the local bourgeoisie and the army killed 40,000 left wing supporters in Chili to regain power, it's because the policies of the Allende government were challenging American investments in that part of the world.

