

THE PEEDUB YEARS

*'Gather 'round people
Wherever you roam
And admit that the waters
Around you have grown'* Bob Dylan, "The Times they are A-changin'" 1964

East Vancouver in the 1960s was an exciting and delightful place in which to come of age. The world all around appeared energetic and expansive: outhouses and septic tanks had disappeared as the sewage system grew, vacant lots were filled with thousands of new houses, sidewalks were laid, streets paved and jobs were plentiful. "The bush" across the street became a city park. Ice (Garvin's), milk (Palm Dairy) and firewood were still delivered door-to-door by horse-drawn wagons early in the 1950s. These remnants of earlier days were swept away at a breath-taking pace.

In 1961 the New Democratic Party was formed. In some parts of Canada this was hardly front page news: not so East Vancouver. Left wing politics and trade unionism thrived in East Van and had done so from the earliest days of the city. Family members had been active in such organizations as the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW or 'Wobblies'), the Western Federation of Miners, Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers (Mine-Mill), the One Big Union (OBU), the International Woodworkers of America and several others. Tom Uphill, the Fernie Labour MLA, was a good family friend, and invited my father and other members of the Fernie diaspora to his hotel room as he passed through town following legislative sittings. My father observed "When the Liberals are in, Tommy has a bigger room and better booze than he does when the Conservatives run things."

1962 was the year of the Cuban Missile Crisis. Locally it was the year of Typhoon Freda, in which several people died. Damages ran to nearly a billion dollars - 1962 dollars. I used the opportunity to explore low-level wind surfing employing the balsam-and-shattered-plywood side of an appliance container. One flight covered over fifty yards; the final flight terminated at a cyclone fence. I dreamed of flying for weeks afterward.

Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* also appeared in 1962. It further convinced me that our world was broken and desperately needed fixing. It was becoming apparent that there were several other methods of turning the planet into a toxic wasteland apart from nukes; I began to understand that fear and greed drove the world's agenda.

Even that perennial blight on the Eastside, the Girl's Industrial School, or GISCO on Cassiar Street near Adanac had vanished as the new freeway approached. Not a tear was shed in the neighbourhood when that abomination got shut down. I believe it was replaced by a similar institution on Willingdon Avenue in Burnaby. A few years later, whilst going door-to-door during

the 1963 provincial election, the odd resident still expressed horror at the memory of the place. One elderly woman had even worked there decades before - just after the Great War - and shuddered still. She had come to understand that GISCO was where society warehoused its abused female children. More recently the main building was declared a "Heritage Site" by Vancouver City. Had I but known they could have had Grandpa's old Napier Avenue privy with the broken hinge on the door.

Interestingly, a major undeveloped public park lay to the south of the GISCO compound. Until approximately 1960 'Cariboo Park' was leased to a Money's Mushroom farm and was pasture for several horses (which occasionally allowed themselves to be ridden by little boys). There are now putting greens where horses once grazed.

One feature of Old Vancouver that changed slowly was the scatterplot of private auditoria and meeting halls. Many of these had been constructed or purchased by political parties such as the Socialist Party and the Communist Party (CP). By acquiring these halls various groups on the left guaranteed their ability to hold public meetings - at a time when commercial venues often refused to rent to them. The halls also provided a small revenue stream.

The Cooperative Commonwealth Federation (CCF) inherited some property from the Socialist Party as a successor organization. Similarly the NDP received meeting halls and such from the CCF. Smaller groups on the left had similar property histories on a lesser scale.

After the Second World War, conditions changed. Shared facilities became more common as new union halls sprang up. The CCF/NDP began to divest themselves of a number of properties. Around 1949 the Commonwealth Society (legal owner of CCF/NDP properties) was said to own nineteen halls in Greater Vancouver. Through the 1950s and 1960s the CCF/NDP divested themselves of many of these properties. The Communist Party also sold off properties acquired before the War. By the late 1960s the NDP had only three or four remaining halls - Rio Hall on Kingsway near Joyce Road was one of the last.

The "Drive" was still the commercial and social hub of the Grandview neighbourhood and of East Vancouver. Commercial Drive was simply "The Drive" for my grandparents and for the several generations following. In the 1960s the Drive revived from its post-war malaise and became more bohemian and counter cultural. In the late Sixties what was to become "The Cultch," the Vancouver East Cultural Centre began to take shape.

West Pender, from Hamilton west to Seymour offered the greatest concentration of used bookstores in BC. In 1962 over a dozen establishments were within a few minutes' walk of each other. For a couple of dollars one could collect a bag of treasures in a morning's browsing. Nor was the stock the only attraction - these stores were often owned by local 'characters,' some of whom were ready raconteurs. Some had backgrounds in Marxist or trade union politics.

An obscure news editor named Pat Burns brought talk radio to Vancouver. Full of show biz and self promotion, Burns (even if inadvertently) raised the level of public discourse. Driving with top

down in the summer of 1963, it seemed that rock 'n roll had been eclipsed by this ubiquitous loud nasal rasp. Previously tabu subjects entered the daily narrative in our town. I don't know that anyone ever identified those "members of the establishment" about whom Burns ceaselessly ranted.

In November 1963, eight days after the assassination of John F. Kennedy the decade-old BC Lions played host for their first Grey Cup appearance. They lost and a 'riot' ensued. It wasn't Vancouver's first 'cup riot' and certainly not the last.

That same winter, a friend shared his discovery of a cheap form of entertainment: attending public meetings organized by small political, cultural and social groups. We checked out poetry readings, macrobiotic and vegan diets, Technocracy Incorporated and the Kabalarian Society as well as things even more esoteric. It was the Fair Play For Cuba Committee that interested me most. A Vancouver Sun columnist, Jack Scott, spoke and I was drawn by his call to get involved and not to be tolerant of intolerance. Several other attendees with whom I spoke mentioned that they belonged to an NDP youth group called the Renfrew Club. I recalled hearing of it during my rookie canvassing of the previous year.

A further attraction to Fair Play For Cuba was the annual summer student tour. I discovered that young people, mostly in their late teens and early twenties could apply for a six week expenses paid visit to Cuba. One had only to cover the return air trip to Mexico City - or so I heard. Over the next year I was to meet several people who had gone previous summers - Young Socialists, Progressive Workers (or Peedubs, a nickname in wide usage that never quite achieved universal acceptance), NDPers, liberals, CPers. What was expected in return was for the young people to tell of what they had seen and experienced. Some students, like Sharon Wood (recently married to Jack East) spent a couple of weeks with sugar cane harvesters. Sharon reported that it took her a week to cut what a Cuban girl her age could do in a morning.

The NDP headquarters were on East Broadway, just west of Fraser. After mentioning my interest in membership, the receptionist referred me to the only other person in the office that morning, my Member of Parliament, Harold Winch. I shamelessly name-dropped and was signed up by MP Winch himself. He also signed and gifted me a copy of Dorothy Steeves' biography of his late father, Ernie Winch, *The Compassionate Rebel*.

The Renfrew Club constituted the New Democratic Youth (NDY) component within the Vancouver East and Vancouver Kingsway federal ridings. The membership at one point in 1963 stood at 306, making it the largest constituency organization, Youth or Senior, in the Party. The name came from Renfrew Street, a main drag that paralleled the Drive a mile to the east and supplied the western boundary to the Pacific National Exhibition.

My first Renfrew Club meeting was both confusing and instructive. Far less than one tenth of the paper membership was in attendance and the atmosphere was that of a wake. A school teacher in his late twenties named Harvey Smith explained that a number of communist infiltrators had been expelled at the previous meeting. A shifty-eyed law student named John Motiuk showed

me some 'documents' used to determine guilt. One paper had Karl Marx quoting Joseph Stalin. Either I was looking at a botched frame-up or the expelled 'communists' were beyond pathetic - Marx died when Stalin was a four year old. As I was to learn, lawyer Motiuk was someone who could be trusted to lie and slander, but useful for little else - a walking, talking lawyer joke.

After the meeting, an outgoing young woman named Ruth Axelson gave me a different explanation for all the gloom and inertia. Ruth contended that the most active members of the Club belonged to one of three Marxist groups, the League for Socialist Action (LSA, Trotskyist) with their Young Socialist youth group, the traditional Communist Party of Canada (CPC) and the Progressive Workers Movement (PWM), a Maoist group that broke with the CPC. Some of the Maoists had been driven out; some remained. The plan, according to Ruth had been to expel the rest from all three groups but the clumsiness and dirty tricks of the recent coup had devastated trust and morale. The witch hunt was put on hold.

Ruth also told me that Sun columnist Jack Scott was the leader of the Progressive Workers faction. It seemed he was to be expelled from the NDP at the same time as the NDY members. More confusion - this didn't sound at all like the teddy bear of a man whom I knew from Fair Play For Cuba functions. Others mentioned 'educationals', forums, film showings, poetry readings and the like at a variety of venues. One such place was the LSA headquarters at 1208 Granville Street with Vanguard Books as the storefront. Another was the PWM headquarters at 714 East Georgia Street, in Vancouver's Strathcona neighbourhood. The CPC had Co-op Books and the Pender Auditorium.

Through 1964 I investigated these and other meeting halls and bookstores. Events of the next few years were to accelerate, becoming closer together - and all of cosmic importance, or so we constantly reminded each other and ourselves. A half-century later and looking back, it is amazing that a relative handful of people could do so much, while holding down jobs and/or attending university (not to mention maintaining relationships and raising children).

LEAGUE FOR SOCIALIST ACTION

Peter Cameron was later to dub Vanguard Books as the "Trot Spot." The LSA was indeed Trotskyist (I vaguely knew that Trotsky lost a power struggle to Stalin back in the 1920s). Other groups customarily referred to the LSA as 'Trotskyites' - considered a pejorative. In common with other Marxist groups in Vancouver, the LSA was experiencing growth.

Vanguard Books was managed by Alan Engler in 1964. Engler was a fit-looking man in his twenties with glasses and one of several Trotskyists who kept their hair in a crew cut. I was impressed by the intellectual sharpness of Engler and his partner, Jean Rands, as well as several other Trots. Rands was a slight, dark haired woman with an alabastrine complexion and a quick, deep mind. I began to spend time at their hall in back, attending forums, educationals for prospective members, poetry readings and political debates. On the north wall of the hall was a huge banner which proclaimed "Win the NDP to Socialism!" Incidentally, Jean Rands ran for Mayor of Vancouver (I think in 1966) and did astonishingly well. Engler was later to

emphasize Rand's success by sharing that the campaign's war chest had amounted to just under thirty dollars. It was of a certainty that Tom Campbell spent many tens of thousands of dollars to retain City Hall.

Around late 1968 Engler and Rands left the LSA following a protracted debate with leader Ross Dowson. In 1973 Dowson himself was relegated to the sidelines as the Trotskyist infighting became brutal.

Vancouver in the Sixties had several dozen active published and publishing poets. Some self-published; most were young and had connections with Marxist politics. Names I recall are Bill Bissett (bill bissett a la ee cummings), Tom Wayman, Myra McFarlane (or perhaps McFarland), John Newlove and the older Milton Acorn.

I remember attending readings given by all of the above, often at Vanguard Books. A basket would be passed to provide an honorarium for the poets. I never met the Lowthers, although Roy Lowther was a Trotskyist (and had frequently given readings in the recent past). A decade later Roy murdered his wife Pat, apparently jealous of the growing acclaim of her writing and enraged at his own failure to garner similar recognition.

It was at Vanguard Books that I first met Milton Acorn. The Vanguard stocked pornography to help pay the bills (I assume the markup on filth was much greater than that on Marx). In the Vancouver of 1964 anything raunchier than 'Playboy' was required to be sheathed in plastic until sold. Milton was busily engaged in tearing the plastic wrap off this stuff, muttering about 'censorship' all the while. I assumed Milton to be an LSA member at this point in time - a fact he later confirmed.

Attempting to strike up a conversation, I began to suspect that Milton Acorn was actually a shy and introverted person. He would frequently become tongue-tied and uncomfortable in less structured situations. After a few minutes, Milt and Myra left, a heap of torn plastic wrap lying defeated on the floor. Alan Engler didn't seem to mind. He efficiently swept up, telling me that Milton Acorn was a brilliant proletarian poet and a great humanitarian.

A few weeks later, I came across Milton again. I was on an east-going Broadway trolley waiting on a red light at the intersection with Oak. Milton was standing on the south-east corner of the intersection, bare-headed, dressed as usual in a flannel shirt and baggy pants held up with a length of rope for a belt. Words like stocky, craggy, rough-hewn, unkempt well described Milt's appearance. I don't know what his complaint was (capitalism, of course, but not just which of its ravages or thefts in particular). *Was he ever loud!* As the bus continued east I could still hear Milton shouting. Pedestrians continued to give him a wide berth as I saw him disappear from view. Strange behaviour for someone whom I had sensed was introverted and insecure.

A few days later I told Alan Engler what I had witnessed. After a short hesitation he shared that, to his knowledge, Milton had been in the tank corps during World War Two and had been severely injured. He (allegedly) had a steel plate in his head and suffered psychotic breaks

when the summer sun expanded the metal. I never confirmed most of these details, but Milton mentioned a few times over the years that he received a permanent pension due to a wartime injury.

My friend Milton was physically ugly - just no polite way of putting it. Partly it was facial disfigurement - burns - presumably from the war. Milton actively cultivated the 'grunge' or rough edged look; shaggy untrimmed eyebrows, longish auburn-gray finger-combed hair and bulky clothing that served to make Milton appear larger. Like Joe Hendsbee, people remember Milton as being six feet or taller and over two hundred pounds. He was neither - it was the layers of shirts and the shapeless baggy trousers.

Other Trotskyists active in Vancouver in the mid-Sixties included the elders, Reg and Ruth Bullock, whose North Vancouver home was made available several times a year for Young Socialist house parties. The Bullocks' activism went back to the Dirty Thirties and perhaps even further. Ruth told me of growing up Anglican (she loved Tom Lehrer's 'Vatican Rag', equating his message with her childhood experience). Reg told of selling the Trotskyist newspaper on a street corner, while kitty-corner was a CPer selling his paper. Reg said the insults flew fast and furious ('Stalinist goon', 'Trotskyite wrecker') when things threatened to become dull and quiet.

Tom Bradley was another elder veteran of the class wars and could be extremely pessimistic, giving the impression of chronic depression. Bradley was a slight, graying man, erect of posture, in his late sixties who lived near Vanguard Books. Bradley and Dave Unger engaged in a nasty exchange once, Unger sarcastically telling Bradley to go take a nap and leave the revolution to the younger people. Bradley responded by sharing his feeling that all the younger reds were clueless and beyond useless. The following year he died of a heart attack while unlocking his apartment door.

Other people I met through the LSA included Sheila Turgeon and Nick Shugalo. Nick, in 1972 received a Warhol-like moment of celebrity when he ambushed Pierre and Margaret Trudeau as they were leaving a Vancouver church service. Nick wanted an explanation for Canada's complicity in Amerikan war crimes in Vietnam. The PM repeatedly screamed "'fuck off" in Nick's face.

Others included Gordon Ostby, also active in the Renfrew Club, the Brothers Elphinstone, Walt Lowry, Jacquie Henderson, the Cournoyers, the Taites, Bryan Belfont, Ken Orchard, Sonya Pulchaski, Ted Lenoire, Birks Brown, Penny Simpson, the Miseners (escapees from apartheid South Africa), Sandy Reid and Muggs Sigurgeirson (who devoted much of her adult life to the Carnegie Centre at Main and Hastings) and many others whose names I have misplaced over the years.

PROGRESSIVE WORKERS MOVEMENT

The Progressive Workers Movement had no storefront on Granville Street. Rather, they were to be found in an old but solid former family home at 714 East Georgia, just east of Chinatown.

Who the landlord was, I do not know. The surrounding Strathcona neighbourhood melded into the Downtown Eastside a few blocks north and west. A few blocks east, Raymur Gardens, a huge public housing project, awaited its final construction.

The PWM had its origins within the security club of a Vancouver branch of the traditional Communist Party of Canada. Sometime in 1962 an ongoing rancorous internal debate reached a crisis and the Marxist-Leninist faction removed itself or was removed. Jack Scott was the leader of this rebel group frequently referred to as 'the Maoists.' PWM members didn't mind being called 'Maoists' but preferred the more formal Marxist-Leninist label.

The main floor at 714 was for socials and meetings, the basement contained a monster linotype typesetting machine. It was in the basement that the new journal, *Progressive Worker* was printed and assembled. Coincidental with the advent of the journal was the test detonation of China's first nuclear bomb - these were heady days to be a Maoist. This would make it October of 1964.

The evening's forum was a cassette recording of a speech made by Malcolm X (who would be assassinated the next month) with discussion to follow. About forty people had assembled, mostly Peedubs. After the tape I was introduced to far too many people to keep names with faces. Fortunately, I discovered that I already knew a few Peedubs - about six or seven of us had attended the same East Van high school together. Two of them, John Wood and Gene Craven, urged me to drop by the next evening and I did so.

John I remembered clearly from an incident at our high school, probably our grade nine year. Our school counselor, a Mr. Beck, advised that, "Kids from east of Main Street have no business planning on going to university."

The teacher may have meant well, perhaps thinking to protect us from the heartbreak of impossible expectations. To most of our parents, upward mobility and a way out of the working class was what they wanted for their children. Had he not been so obnoxious and arrogant I might have felt sorry for that teacher because he certainly brought a firestorm down upon his head.

Jack Wood, John and Sharon's father was one of the parents who gave Beck a memory to last a lifetime. We experienced a change of counselors soon after.

As invited, I went to the old headquarters. "Let's go down and see the Old Man," suggested Gene Craven. Jack East drove a mile west and parked on Pender Street. We went into the Pender Auditorium (tragically lost to fire in 2003) and I was introduced to the Peedub Jack Scott. This was a very different Jack Scott from the one who wrote the 'Our Town' column for the Vancouver Sun.

Jack wasn't what one might call 'charismatic,' but he radiated an undeniable authority. Scott was fifty-four years old, a slight, wiry man with a shock of white hair, clear blue eyes and a firm

handshake. He was the janitor of the Pender Auditorium, a CP meeting hall. Jack also had a number of legends attached to him.

I was told early on that Jack was/had been an IRA gunman and had escaped Ireland with a price upon his head. When I mentioned this to Jack he laughed and pointed out that his whereabouts weren't exactly a secret, had any such warrant existed. I was also told that Jack had been presented with the Croix de Guerre by none other than Charles de Gaulle himself. The award was for heroism during the first few days of the Normandy invasion in June of 1944. The de Gaulle story was all true -- Jack's outfit had been so gung-ho in their advance that they soon were hearing German spoken all around them. Discovering themselves, in effect, to be operating behind enemy lines. Jack got the group (including a wounded man) back safely. It was from others that I learned the story, as Jack rarely spoke of such things.

Scott, I was told, had volunteered to fight for Canada in 1939. He was initially rebuffed, but then accepted as a side arms instructor. Scott eventually was shipped to England to continue his training of Canadian officers in their use of handguns. From there he somehow finessed his way onto the June Sixth armada and the Normandy beach.

Jack Scott was one of the most authentic human beings it was ever my pleasure to know. He was passionate and perceptive and breathed revolution. His commitment was absolute and never wavered. Like his comrade, Jerry LeBourdais, he was larger than life.

Plekhanov wrote a book many moons ago debunking the 'Great Man Theory' of history. To simplify, Plekhanov argued that that it was great events that produced so-called great men, but that great men do not produce great events. Still, there are instances in the ebb and flow of history when the individual counts for more than at other times. Without Jack Scott there would have been no Progressive Workers Movement. Certainly, there would have been some Maoist or anti-revisionist group emerge in Canada around that time, but it would have been quite different from PW. Objective conditions are rarely absolute and often malleable.

Jack was a renaissance man of the revolution. He was writer, theoretician, polemicist, photographer, speaker, editor, organizer, teacher. He could also be seen making the coffee for public meetings. Plus Jack would occasionally bake a grapefruit meringue pie - pastry, filling, everything made from scratch. But Jack had a private life, too.

Hilda Scott, Jack's comrade and wife was virtually housebound by 1964. No one ever did mention what illness afflicted her, but Jack did not like to leave her alone when he might be tied up all evening. A few times he asked if I would study or read (or make a sandwich) and spend the evening at his apartment. Hilda appeared only twice, speculating one time as she passed through the room that I "...must be one of Jack's young people." I agreed that I must. After another evening at the Scott apartment, when Jack returned he asked after Hilda. I reported that she hadn't stirred. Jack seemed thoughtful for a moment and said "She was a pistol..." I took this as an old-timey expression of admiration and affection. On another occasion he referred to her, with deep affection as a "Saskatchewan peasant." This expression, I was told by others,

originated with Hilda herself and referenced her upbringing on a hardscrabble Saskatchewan homestead.

Several people mentioned over the years that Jack took Hilda to a 'nice' restaurant once a month. This continued into the early 1970s when it became more difficult to do on a regular basis.

Nor should I leave the impression that looking after Hilda was a frequent thing with me. There were other young comrades who may have done a hundredfold what I did. Lillian Martin comes to mind. But it was Jack who arranged medical appointments, picked up the prescriptions; Jack who had the sleepless nights. Never once did I hear him complain.

A couple of times I heard older comrades discuss the 'necessity' of persuading Jack to have Hilda 'committed.' It was Joe Hendsbee (of all people!) who offered his opinion that "The Old Man isn't made that way...sure, ninety-nine guys out of a hundred in his situation would quote some fucken thing and toss her into a 'home.' The Old Man doesn't even consider shit like that...too fucken easy to walk away, say I'll die for my comrade, fucken rights I will, but I can't be bothered to nurse her on her sickbed..."

In retrospect I can appreciate where people were coming from. Jack, they saw deprived of his partner just as he was in the prime of his political life. Fifty years of age in 1960 and being thrust into a leadership position - Scott the perennial rebel with a growing following. But some saw the 'problem' of the ailing wife taking precious time and energy from their Cause. Hendsbee did get that one right - Scott wasn't made that way.

Hilda accompanied Jack on what was likely their 1974 trip to China. There Hilda died. At the insistence of the Chinese CP, Hilda's body was interred in what I think is called the 'Graves of the Martyrs of the Chinese Revolution.' To my knowledge Hilda Scott was the only non-Chinese interred there. When I saw Jack some months later he felt her end was "...quite an accomplishment for a peasant from Saskatchewan." Spoken with deep affection.

In the year-and-a-bit between the CP security club split and the launching of the journal *Progressive Worker* in late 1964 much was going on behind the scenes. In motion even before the split was the formation of the Canada-China Friendship Association (CCFA). The name is almost self-explanatory. For a few years, devoid of diplomatic relations, the principal contact between Canada and China was this small organization. In 1962, China was an isolated nation (the island of Formosa represented 'China' in the UN because Uncle Scam Said So). Jack Scott was a founding member, as was Jack Wood, who died in 1963. Also involved was Beth Wood, Jack Wood's comrade and wife and widow. Not to forget the first-ever president of the CCFA, Jerry LeBourdais. Scott tells a fascinating tale of LeBourdais being invited to visit China, but having his request for unpaid time off refused by a vengeful employer. The story is told in full in chapter fifteen of Scott's *A Communist Life*.

The most visible aspect of the CCFA was the creation of an emporium of Chinese goods and products, China Arts and Crafts. China A&C stocked everything from incense to soccer balls, footwear to hair oil. It was located at 33 East Hastings Street and was Peedub's landlord, so to speak. After leaving 714 East Georgia Street in 1965, Peedub relocated to 35 East Hastings and headquartered on the top floor, relocating the press to the rear of the building. An elderly artist (oil on canvas reproductions of the Old Masters) resided in an apartment in the back. A second apartment housed the circulation department (and was an occasional flop for Peedubs rendered temporarily homeless, usually due to marital friction/breakdown).

Many of the local Strathcona residents who had been in the habit of hanging out at 714 followed Peedub a mile west to East Hastings. Notable among these folks were the Hamiltons, Ralph and Alice. Ralph was a militant unionist and a campaigner for Irish unity and independence. For reasons that were never clear Scott referred to Hamilton as "the Ukrainian Irish nationalist" and one often heard them arguing Irish politics.

Alice Hamilton was an aboriginal activist. Through her urging Jack Scott offered classes on Marxism for Indian youth. When Red Power surfaced a few years later, Jack's 'students' were prominent in the leadership.

The Hamiltons were among the founding members of UCWIC (Unemployed Citizens Welfare Improvement Council), one of the earliest (and least corrupted) of the anti poverty organizations. This was circa 1968. By the time (1971) Jack Maley urged me to become involved with UCWIC, Margaret Mitchell ran the show and the Hamiltons were nowhere to be seen.

Returning to Peedub and the China connection, another prominent CCFA founder was Andy Joe, a lawyer/businessman and member of the pro-Beijing group in Vancouver's Chinatown. In the early 1960s there was still an active Kuomintang group within the Chinese-Canadian community, vying for popular favour with Joe's crowd. With Canada's recognition of China, the pro-Taiwan group went into rapid decline, although they continued to run a 'Chinese school' for a couple of decades. Both groups sponsored basketball teams and the Peedub youth played the pro-Beijing Chinese Youth club several times (never winning!).

It was thought that kickstarting trade (no matter how small the stage) was a revolutionary act; sans diplomatic exchanges it was essentially a handshake arrangement. Speaking with some of the constant trickle of customers it seemed possible that one dinky little store was capable of changing public perceptions in a quantifiable way. It is possible that the CCFA in a small way played a part in the 'normalization' of relations with China over the following decade.

Shortly after Peedub's removal to their new headquarters, an individual came forward to warn the Movement. This person, a local property owner, was convinced that some police agency had rented property on the other side of Hastings Street for the purpose of putting the Peedub headquarters under surveillance.

That there was substance to the story no one doubted. When it came to either proving or disproving the allegation, little success was to be had.

We counter surveilled, but were not even certain of the suite in question. A street reflection on glass across the street would have several Peedubs grabbing for the binoculars. A few times, weeks apart, a couple were seen entering the suspect address, then quickly leaving. They more resembled elderly tourists than one might imagine how agents from the notorious Red Squad might appear.

To return to Jack Scott: like many revolutionaries of his generation he was an autodidact. Unlike many self-taught activists he was eclectic in his reading. Not only the Marxist classics, but transcribed Celtic oral histories and mythologies, sports (especially soccer and hockey), poetry and history were among Jack's wide interests. In the quarter century that Jack and I were in each others lives, I never knew him to not have a manuscript (or two or three) being actively worked. Jack epitomized the term 'proletarian intellectual.'

Although Scott espoused 'democratic centralism' - where a majority vote absolutely bound all to the majority position - he was fair-minded and democratic. Jack would occasionally challenge someone for offering an opinion without having studied the question under discussion (no prior investigation: no right to speak) but his ultimate appeal was often to 'common sense.'

Jack did most of the writing for the PW journal. The group of writers available at the outset of Peedub quickly dwindled. By late 1966 Jack was writing over half everything not reprinted from other sources. He became quite creative in putting noms-de-plume to his screeds, but Jack's neo-Dickensian style gave him away. Helping Sharon Wood East sell Peedub on the Corner, Main and Hastings, one Saturday we heard several people say: "It's all written by one guy" or words to that effect. Sharon identified one critic as a "CP hack," but still...

Apart from the formation of the CCFA in that interval, PWM itself was being organized. Scott covers it well in *Communist Life*, so I won't belabour the frustrations experienced in repeated lengthy trips Back East and Down East. Promoting a Toronto centre for the new Movement was to prove beyond difficult. Southern Ontario's weak and divided leadership on the Marxist left was endemic. What I mean is that the level of revolutionary consciousness was experientially lower in Southern Ontario in 1965 than was the case in BC and Quebec.

In the early years, say 1962 to 1966, Peedub enjoyed good relations with a fraternal organization in the US, the Progressive Labor Movement (later Progressive Labor Party or PLP). In the summer of 1964 PL presidential candidate and Haarlem Chapter Chairman, Bill Epton was out on bail, apparently framed for 'fomenting' the recent Haarlem Riots. Astonishingly, while Epton was prohibited by the US criminal 'justice system' from travelling to any of the other forty-nine states, he was free to go on a public speaking tour of BC.

Upon Epton's arrival in Vancouver he was supplied with a volunteer chauffeur and bodyguard in John Wood, also a Central Committee member and raconteur extraordinaire. Wood related that

someone met his request for 'protection' by supplying a nickel-plated .45 handgun. Driving Epton out to a speaking engagement at UBC, John sought to reassure him that he was in safe hands. Producing the .45 from the glove compartment John assured a startled Epton that, "Nobody will mess with you, Bill. Guaranteed."

John went on to relate that Bill Epton's eyes "...just about popped out of his face." Perhaps Epton was reassured; the speaking tour was acclaimed a success and the international exposure may even have helped his court case.

Weeks after his bodyguarding duties were discharged John was still driving around with a fully loaded .45 in the glove box. Driving home up Rupert Street from his job as a construction electrician one day, John was cut off by another driver. A block or two later John returned the favour. When the other driver shook his fist and uttered threats. John reached into the glove compartment. He then described the sequence of events.

"I point the thing and the guy's mouth starts catching flies and his eyes bugged even more than Epton's. He just couldn't stop staring at that big hole. Then he stared straight ahead and kept swallowing.

I turned the other way and made a stop instead of going right home. When I did get home, the cops were there - like right *now*. Wanted to know about the 'cannon.' The 'good cop' pretended he thought it was a giggle - some little prank. The 'bad cop' kept pretending he was going ballistic. We had a real good visit."

John Wood, whom I had known since high school became one of my closest friends in Peedub and following, until his death in 1981. Even as a teen, John could be heard to say, "I'll never make it to forty." He was thirty-eight when the diabetes with which he was born took him.

John and Jack Scott visited China by invitation in the summer of 1967. Incidentally, he and Scott were not the first Peedubs to visit China. Jerry Lebourdais had gone by invitation two years prior, but sponsored by the CCFA and the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers Union. Both visits were extensively covered in *PW*, the journal.

John is the young man with outstretched hand, about to shake with Chairman Mao in the iconic photograph of this formal event. Scott is in the foreground, back to the camera. John was so excited he unconsciously elbowed someone aside to greet Mao. It might have been Liu Shao-chi, but he wasn't sure.

John also told of Chinese hospitality. During their hotel stay in Beijing a quart of beer was brought to each near bedtime. Scott tried to decline his quart, being a non-drinker. John insisted that a refusal would be impolite, and offered to consume both quarts. "And he did..." chimed in Scott, shaking his head in mock disbelief, "...two pitchers a night!"

An all but forgotten chapter in the Peedub saga had the grandiose and provocative title, "Youth Against War and Fascism" or YAWF. There was an organization in the US at that time with the same name. I was informed early in 1965 that YAWF was a broad-based mass organization with an open membership policy. Others warned me off, saying that YAWF was merely Peedub's youth organization.

"It's not just PWM's youth group, then?"

"Absolutely not," was the answer.

At my first meeting I was the only non-Peedub present. I again asked who was eligible for membership. Why, 'any young person opposed to war and fascism' came the response. There were a few simple points of agreement - very inclusive. I invited Alan Engler of the LSA to the next meeting. I was certain he approved of neither war nor fascism.

The meeting quickly degenerated into snarling, screaming chaos. Gene Craven, tossing his long blond hair, later gave his opinion that the only way of resolving the bad blood between the Trotskyists and Peedub would be to, "...line them up against one wall and us against the other and then just go at it...they take us out or we take them." Some of these animosities were multi generational and puzzling to a relative outsider. Greenwich Village folksinger Dave Van Ronk describes scenes in Lower Manhattan bars when the "Trotskyists and Stalinists" would start to go at it, curses and beer jugs flying left and further left.

Other than to provide the younger half of Peedub with yet another organization to drain their energies with no clear purpose in mind, nothing got accomplished. A week later YAWF imploded and provided Peedub with an opportunity to end the failed experiment.

A radio talk show host, Roy Jacques phoned the YAWF chairman. During the course of the interview, the host, a decorated war hero from WWII, asked if YAWF would have fought the Nazis in that war. "No, we certainly wouldn't," came the response.

"Let me get this straight, sir. You oppose war and fascism, yet you say you wouldn't have fought the Germans and Italians in World War II - am I understanding you clearly?"

"Yeah, that's right. We oppose all imperialist wars of aggression."

YAWF found the broad way to history's dustbin soon after.

It is debatable that Peedub learned its lesson from the failure of YAWF. Shortly after YAWF, another 'inclusive broad-based organization' was attempted, this one being a Latin American support group. Again, other than to provide an outlet for energies, little was accomplished. Indeed, many Peedubs were not even aware of this 'united front' misadventure. How much the idiosyncratic success of CCFA encouraged people to try capturing lightning again and again was another unanswered question.

Gene Craven, it should be noted was one of the Movement's mainstays. A typesetter at Pacific Press, he would often typeset eight hours for his 'master,' then spend another four hours at Peedub headquarters, typesetting the journal for free. So vital was Gene's contribution that comrades had to be trained to fill in as typesetters in order for Craven to accept an invitation to visit China. Jack East filled in adequately and fully learned to appreciate Gene's expertise - what took Craven hours required days from others.

The continuous strife between Peedub and the Trots only once broke out into open conflict when I was present. At a house party (Lannie Beckman's place?) Al Engler and Dave Forsyth were in the kitchen, sipping from bottles of beer as they conversed. Several other people were also present in the room, including Madeleine, Bobby Hendsbee's mother and Joe's spouse of the year.

The argument began over a definition of the word 'Stalinist.' Forsyth offered a differentiation between revisionism and Marxism-Leninism which Engler dismissed with a sneer. Engler then asked Forsyth a question and declared his response to be an example of Stalinism. Forsyth then angrily inquired as to whether Engler was calling him a Stalinist according to Engler's unflattering definition of Stalinism. When Engler replied in the affirmative, Forsyth punched him in the face.

Engler then exclaimed: "See - that just proves you're a Stalinist!" Forsyth punched Engler a second time. Engler immediately brought his beer bottle down on Forsyth's head. Calmer comrades intervened and the encounter was over. For some reason Madeleine Hendsbee tore into Engler, putting the blame squarely on him. Someone else took a bleeding Forsyth for medical inspection. I don't think stitches were required.

A couple of individuals in Peedub began to suggest that the Movement 'paint one spot red,' then move on, rather than splattering a bit of red on anything and everything within reach. The advice would be constant, but unheeded.

Until some time in 1965 I was a member of the NDP only, although most of my friends and acquaintances were in other organizations. With the 1965 Student Tour to Cuba cancelled due to an outbreak of gunboat diplomacy, I instead went to Toronto as a delegate to the NDP national convention. The convention took place in early July at the then-prestigious Royal York Hotel.

I remember entering the hotel with my travelling companions and fellow delegates Dave Unger and Gordon Ostby. The three of us had just spent seventy-five hours on a Greyhound bus from Vancouver. Through the lobby a swarm of Young Democrats, somewhat tipsy, were belting out a ditty:

"Lester is our leader
He won the Nobel Prize

But when it comes to nuclear arms
He does as the Yanks advise.”

A man named Robert Cliche spoke with me at length one evening when I was a volunteer bartender at a Left Caucus social/fundraiser. The man was sharp and deep - too bad the NDP didn't make better use of his talents.

That convention added to my disenchantment with the NDP. 'Democratic' is right in the middle of the name, but internally there were hidden agendas, frequent slanders and just generally grubby politicking. My clearest memory was an incident late in the proceedings.

The lights were turned down, someone (David Lewis?) asked for quiet and announced a special address by Tommy Douglas. The suspense built. Douglas, with sepulchral tone, eulogized Adlai Stevenson, dead earlier that day.

A man in his thirties jumped to his feet and began to applaud enthusiastically. Douglas raked the man's behaviour with a harsh condemnation. The heavies removed the offender. I later spoke to the man, whose name was Middleton, a Canadian Army vet reputedly suffering from post-trauma stress disorder. With some embarrassment, he said he reacted to the stage-managed announcement, the building tension suggesting to him that a thermonuclear war was about to begin. He was relieved that it was just an obituary announcement and expressed that relief. That this incident produced more animated conversations than did policy debate was instructive.

The other highlight/lowlight was encountering my MP, Harold Winch at ten of the AM, too drunk to walk straight (or talk straight, but that was another matter). Winch also used rouge to hide his pasty complexion and it was hilarious to see it run down his face as the liquor sweated out of every pore.

Once The convention was behind us I went in search of Toronto's radicals. I had been urged to contact Ross Dowson, head of the LSA. I also wanted to find two Peedubs who had moved to Toronto a few months before with the mission of setting up a Toronto branch.

Dave Unger, an apprentice electrician went on to Montreal, fairly certain of obtaining employment. He also intended to have a look at the 'quiet revolution' first hand. We were going to compare notes back in Vancouver sometime in the future.

Gordon Ostby went by air to Cuba after the NDP convention. By the time I caught up with him several months later, he was no longer interested in talking of his Cuba trip. Something about it seemed to have fallen short of expectations, perhaps tainted by having one of his travelling companions, a Trotskyist named Tony, steal substantially from him. For whatever reason Cuba made so little an impression on Gordon that he declined to discuss it.

Law student Motiuk returned to Vancouver first and made the most of the opportunity by slandering all three of us. Right wing types within the NDP had found mass expulsions embarrassing and messy - isolation and marginalization by innuendo seemed to be the new tactic. Accountability seemed an alien concept to the social democratic culture of the day.

Roger Perkins was another of the 'original' members of PWM I had met the previous winter. He was circulation manager at the time, and I remember reading the occasional article he had written. Roger was soft spoken and usually easy going (although he could become quite animated if discussion veered into argument).

Roger appeared to be in his late twenties in 1965. He spoke of growing up poor in Jackson, Mississippi. He stood just about six feet and was athletically built. He mentioned having played organized baseball for several years. How somebody like Rog became radicalized in 1950s Mississippi I never did learn and just couldn't imagine.

At some point around or after 1960 Perkins wrote a letter to the FBI, telling them of his disinclination to serve in the imperialist armed forces of Amerika. Shortly thereafter he emigrated to Canada, settling initially in Toronto. When I asked what had become of his Mississippi accent, Roger told of how he had listened to the CBC daily and practiced a new accent. By 1965 Roger had been successful - there was no trace of a 'you-all' accent. Unless Roger became truly angry (rare) the down south drawl never appeared.

Don Duggan, owner of Busy B Books across from Woodward's in the one hundred block of West Hastings tells of a time when Perkins' anger and accent were on open display. It was likely just after Peedub's demise. Jack Scott was already present and browsing when Perkins entered. Don relates that a polite conversation was taking place when the encounter segued into a screaming match. Scott had accused and Perkins had defended. Scott's autobiography does not treat Roger Perkins well.

Roger was a collector, particularly of antiquarian books - also one of Don Duggan's specialties. Perkins once dreamed of having his own bookstore, but the closest he came was to be involved in the setting up of Spartacus Books and to work at the Simon Fraser University Bookstore until offered early retirement. Perhaps those sufficed. Scott claimed Roger also collected organizations and it was true that Perkins had been in or around most Marxist groups of the day. By way of postscript, in 2001 Roger ran for federal office as a member of the CP, a group I had assumed extinct.

Actually, it became reconstituted sometime in the 1990s. About the time Boris Yeltsin was doing his drunken and comic 'walrus on a tank' routine, the old CPC fulfilled its dialectical task of self-negation and went out of business. And business it was. One of the final CP sects, the Cecil-Ross Society was a group that seized most of the Party's physical assets - from real estate to office furniture. The building where this liquidation of non-intellectual assets took place was situated at the street intersection of Cecil and Ross in Toronto. After seventy years this is what it

came down to - an organization that could identify with the nearest traffic intersection and little else.

Then it appears someone came along, figuring they might be able to tease a few more ergs of energy out of the old brand. Roger was then recruited, or maybe recruited himself. But in 1965 Roger was an all-out Peedub and loyal comrade.

Roger Perkins had journeyed east with Joe Hendsbee that spring of 1965 - they were somewhat of an odd couple.

Joe Hendsbee was possessed of a kind of ultraviolent and foul-mouthed charisma. In the early years of Peedub he had an almost-pied piper effect on younger comrades, particularly the teens.

I first met Joe in the fall of 1964 at the original Movement headquarters, 714 East Georgia. He had his little boy, Bobby with him. Bobby, who appeared to be about six years old, was nearly as foul-mouthed as his father. When Joe stopped paying attention to the boy in order to have a conversation, Bobby raced over and kicked me in the shins. Hard.

Not too many years later, Joe confided to me that Bobby wasn't 'his.' I have rarely seen a more striking physical similarity between father and son as with those two. Joe was Mi'kmaq and he had heavy facial features - the same ones Bobby had.

Joe was not handsome, to put it mildly. He sported a crew cut all the years I knew him, but that was one of the few constants. At one point in the mid-1960s Joe was preceded by a Guinness' record beer gut. It had all but reached the point of being an adipose apron. A decade later he was trim and athletic, talking of hundreds of pushups and crunches a day. He went from endomorph to mesomorph at least twice. Joe stood about five-eight in his boots and had corded, muscular arms, but was never 'big' despite the angry hulk image he induced many to see. If you can remember back some decades to a comic strip named Alley Oop - Neanderthal type guy rides a dinosaur named 'Dinny,' travels in a time machine - Alley Oop is Joe. Or maybe the other way about.

Joe had been around the block. He began as a member of the iconic Canadian Seamen's Union, serving in the Merchant Marine during WW II. Joe often lied about his age, but when he married in 1966 the documents revealed that he was forty-two, not the Jack Benny thirty-nine he had claimed. So the age at which he went to sea is anybody's guess. Born in 1924, he could have joined the Service in 1942 without having to lie about his age. Nevertheless, Joe continued to insist that he had been sixteen when he first shipped out.

The CSU was dominated by the CP; at this period in time - 1941 to 1945 - the Soviet Union was an ally. After 1946, as per agreement, the Canadian government began the liquidation of the fourth largest merchant fleet on the planet - and liquidating the Union representing that fleet's sailors. The Great Lakes locals absorbed the heaviest hits. Joe took part in some of the violent

convulsions that accompanied this destruction, particularly the bloody and shameful confrontation in 1949. Vancouver labour lawyer John Stanton's 1979 *Life and Death of the Canadian Seamen's Union* is one of the best sources for understanding this saga. The historical documents describe a conspiracy between the Liberal Party, a Mafia-led 'yellow' union (the Seafarers International Union) and the AFL/CIO bureaucrats to destroy the militant indigenous CSU. Hal Bridges was scabherder-in-chief for the SIU and had his connection to Lester Pearson's Liberals revealed in the infamous 'Dear Hal letter.'

Joe became increasingly angry with Union and Party leadership. Sometime in the 1950s Hendsbee left the CP and joined the Trotskyists. Sometime in the 1950s or 1960s he left the LSA and was available to co-found PWM in 1963.

Jack Scott gave the unfortunate impression that Hendsbee was in the habit of throwing people down the stairs at the new headquarters, 35 East Hastings. Headquarters was on the second floor, so there were a lot of stairs between it and the sidewalk (eighteen, if I remember correctly). Throwing did happen, but just the once.

A smallish middle aged man named Charlie Simpson had been a regular around Vanguard Books for the last year or so. Suddenly he quit the Trot Spot and started hanging around the PW headquarters. There was a commodious reading room with sofas, stuffed chairs, pamphlet racks, book shelves, ashtrays. A giant blackboard announced coming events and other things. It once enthused, 'Dig the Dynamic Dichotomies of the Dialectic' and 'Communism is the Cat's Ass!' with a cartoon cat's posterior, red flag held aloft by the tail. Charlie began to spend his days there.

I dropped by Vanguard Books and spoke with Alan Engler. Despite the friction between our respective organizations, we usually got along. I had always found Engler to be honest and upright. Engler had come upon Charlie rummaging through files and subscription lists. Engler conferred with his comrades and Charlie was banished, declared persona non grata.

I phoned Peedub headquarters and reported to Jerry LeBourdais, who ran the office at that time. He and Hendsbee concocted a bogus list of 'secret members:' Professor Cy Attica, Dr. Pinkum and so on - really quite clever and creative. Hendsbee loudly informed LeBourdais that the 'secret list' was ready for him, saying, "I'll leave it on the corner of the table for you." Jerry pretended preoccupation. Charlie circled, perched, fidgeted; circled, circled - and swooped. He then slowly and casually headed toward the door. There was Hendsbee, grinning, looming at the head of the stairwell, gleefully demanding "Let's see what you got there, you cocksucking, motherfucking agent!" Charlie gave up the 'document' and was sent bouncing down about eighteen stairs.

I saw Charlie on a Broadway bus about ten days later. The bruising had almost disappeared but he still walked stiffly. It was Joe's one and only adventure, to my knowledge, of tossing an 'agent' down stairs.

But I digress (again). In July of 1965 Perkins and Hendsbee were on Dundas Street and called their venture the May First Branch of PWM. They were living bohemian/industrial in a single floor building that might have previously been a light warehouse. There was open floor and a tiny washroom on one wall. The bathroom was also Perkins' bedroom. Hendsbee (until he found a lady friend) slept behind boxes on the floor at the back.

In Vancouver, Hendsbee had praised the left wing political scene in Toronto. Vancouver, on the other hand was 'conservative dumb' and 'too British.' Now his tune had changed: Southern Ontario was 'politically retarded' and living in the 1950s.

Hendsbee and Perkins had contacted dozens of people on Peedub's contact list for Southern Ontario and Toronto and from this in turn had gathered a small following. One of their 'prospects' spoke of his deep and sincere desire to unite all the groups 'on the left' including Technocracy, Inc. and Scientology. There just wasn't the cadre base available in other places, to say the least.

Several months later, Dave Unger and I had a chance to compare notes on our trip east. We wondered how the industrial and population centre of the country - Southern Ontario - could be so backward, provincial and politically pathetic. It was ironic that the upsurge in public activism was occurring in Quebec and BC, rather than spreading from the centre. We continued to feel that Toronto was key - Canada's largest city should also ideally be the radical heartland.

That spring a demonstration was held in front of the US Consulate in Toronto. The LSA was present, as were the new May First Peedubs. The idea had been to torch an American flag in protest of the Vietnam War. Perkins was holding the gas-drizzled object, but no one had a light. In Vancouver, most Progressive Workers were smokers - not so in Toronto. Then began the dispute.

Ross Dowson began to yell, "You can't burn that - it's the flag of the US working class!" The commotion attracted the attention of a nearby cop and he braced Perkins. Since it wasn't exactly a crime to sprinkle gasoline on a flag, little came of it. The incident did raise questions. Perkins and Hendsbee (who I don't believe was at the demonstration) insisted that Dowson hollered to attract the cops. What he hollered was of less importance, or so went the claim. I didn't know what to think.

I brought the incident up with Dowson later that week when I found him in his bookstore. He and another Trotskyist present claimed to have acted responsibly, intelligently and with principal (unlike the Peedubs, by inference). The visit to Toronto's 'Trot Spot' didn't end well. Perhaps Dowson did answer my questions - I just thought otherwise. I felt more like I had been buried under a blizzard of words. He took umbrage when I quoted that "the workers' flag is deepest red" and why did he think that the US was the exception? Ross Dowson was a busy man and he had given me more time than I deserved, or so he indicated. Perhaps it was unfair to compare the man to Jack Scott, but I resolved to not be a part of any organization Dowson led.

Incidentally, Dowson did change his outlook over the years and seemed to develop a stance not unlike that held by Peedub at the time of its demise in 1970. For his trouble, Dowson was disowned by many of his fellow Trots. Apparently he ended his days as a stroke victim in an extended care facility with Earle Birney (*Near False Creek Mouth*) wasting away from a stroke in a nearby bed. Birney was a former Trotsky supporter who had left the Fourth International about the time Dowson became active in the 1940 to 1945 period.

The May First experiment fizzled. Two (2) issues of 'Left Leaf,' a Toronto PWM journal were produced. The headquarters moved, then disappeared. Both Hendsbee and Perkins returned to Vancouver the following year, Roger now married to Sylvia, a delightful lady from Saskatchewan with a philosophy degree. Hendsbee had another child, but didn't get married (I don't know that either of his previous wives ever obtained divorces).

At this time - September of 1965 - two brand new institutions of 'higher learning' opened for classes: Simon Fraser University on Burnaby Mountain and Vancouver City College at Twelfth and Oak. Simon Fraser was to develop a reputation for radical student politics, but it was at VCC that Peedub had an immediate and obvious effect.

Several Progressive Workers and some supporters were charter students; a few others enrolled the following year. VCC at its inception had little idea how to be a Junior College. Many of the teachers and administrators had transferred directly from high school and still half-thought the children should put up their hands before leaving the room. With a large minority of the student body being 'mature students' - many with children of their own - this authoritarian attitude created instant friction.

A Free Speech Society (later 'Club' at the request of the student council) was formed. People like Stewart Headley, Brian Goss, Gordie Larkin and others were involved. Initially there was little entertainment or 'things to do' on campus. Outside speakers and personalities were a big draw under the circumstances.

One of the first speakers, Amerigo Cruz, Cuba's Ambassador to Canada was shouted down and heckled by self-described redneck bigots. A politician would have dealt with it - a diplomat would consider it an insult to his country. Cruz was a diplomat and stalked off the stage. Afterward the jocks and bigots complained of being cheated of their noon hour entertainment. They honestly didn't understand what they had done. We took steps to keep order in the future.

One of the largest crowds - perhaps a quarter of the student body - came to hear Jerry LeBourdais, who was running for PWM in the 1965 federal election.

Jerry LeBourdais was arguably the most charismatic individual within Peedub's ranks. Even without any association with the Movement, LeBourdais was a minor local celebrity. Just prior to the formal launching of PWM, a landmark strike took place at Shellburn Refinery, a Shell Oil plant in North Burnaby, BC. Jerry was Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers Union chairman at the

refinery. In response to corporate provocation, two shifts agreed to drop tools and occupy the workplace. It was Canada's first sit-in strike of any note since the Dirty Thirties.

When the workers voted to end their occupation, they exited in a victory march led by bagpipers. Jerry and the things that happened around him seemed larger than life.

Lebourdais was a tall, powerfully built man. He gave a talk on his China trip and I found him to be a spellbinding story teller. He was always genuinely interested in what was happening in others' lives and it came through in his voice - empathy, compassion, and - love. In a parallel universe Jerry with his warm magnetic personality could have been a cult leader had it not been for his bedrock reliance on reasonable common sense - the stuff that makes cults shrivel and die.

Jerry was also President of the Vancouver and District Labor Council. For some years this local federation had its offices on the north side of Broadway, near Yukon. It was one of the few instances where the US spelling of 'labour' was prominently featured in BC. I see that the 'u' has since been reintroduced.

Before leaving Shellburn, Jerry had liberated a flat of mercaptan vials. This is the substance that gives natural gas its rotten egg smell - at so many drops per million. The small glass containers, like test tubes with a wax seal on top, were supposedly hermetically sealed. They still stunk. Comrades envisioned shutting down struck workplaces with natural gas 'leak' scares.

It was decided to bury the small wooden flat in someone's back yard. Getting it to any backyard was a challenge, as carrying it around in one's car for more than a few minutes led to gagging and retching. The stuff was double-wrapped and put in the trunk: the mercaptan eventually found a home on Olive Avenue, just off Kingsway in Burnaby. Then it was forgotten.

Sometime around 1970 the Olive Avenue property was sold and the existing buildings demolished. While excavating the foundation for an apartment building, someone's backhoe or other equipment hit the flat, just a foot and a half beneath the surface. For several hours the search went on for the source of the 'leak'.

As mentioned, LeBourdais was also instrumental in forming the CCFA, and as its president was invited to tour China in the spring of 1965. LeBourdais had a good idea what to expect owing to Felix Greene, who travelled to China frequently in the 1950s and 1960s. Greene went on speaking tours and was warmly received in BC. Felix Greene was otherwise unconnected to Peedub as far as I know. He was English by birth, but lived and worked out of San Francisco. He actually wrote on assignment for the San Francisco Chronicle while visiting Vietnam and China.

Jerry LeBourdais' father, Louis was MLA for the Cariboo (a Liberal, no less!) from 1937 to his death in 1947. The LeBourdais name is still well known from Clinton to Quesnel to this day.

At VCC, Jerry LeBourdais would have been a tough act to follow. Somehow, some way, Brian Goss and others were able to get Sonny Terry and Brownie McGee to appear. That brought out nearly half the students. Unfortunately, for Terry and McGee it merely represented a cameo appearance to advertise their upcoming concert.

UBC Professor Bill Willmott, son of China Missionaries, who had spent time in both China and Vietnam in the early 1960s was another important voice. He spoke in the fall, took part in a debate in the spring. He provoked enough cerebral buzz on campus with his quiet style and impeccable research that discussions spilled over into classrooms.

Grace MacInnis of the NDP spoke, and no microphone was needed. Grace, daughter of CCF founder JS Woodsworth and widow of radical Vancouver socialist Angus MacInnis, was from the old school. She could project her voice to the farthest corner as people naturally did before electronic enhancement became commonplace.

Several young people, exposed to radical thinking for likely the first time at VCC, went on to study at UBC or SFU and continued to challenge reactionary thinking.

DEMONSTRATIONS: PRACTICAL AND IMPRACTICAL

The mid to late 1960s was a time of heightened social protest. In a few short years street demonstrations of dozens became marches of thousands. The Ban the Bomb folks had been protesting for years. Nascent environmentalists appeared (Chuck Crate and Ben Metcalfe were part of that scene). The protest accelerant was the Vietnam War.

By 1965 an ongoing umbrella organization to coordinate the energies of diverse groups opposed to the US invasion and occupation of Vietnam evolved. This umbrella included folks from churches (Unitarian in particular), labour unions, LSA, CP, pacifists, Peedub and many more. The organization occasionally underwent a name change, for reasons unknown. The name I recall is that of the 'Vietnam Day Action Committee,' although it may not have been called that exactly in the winter of 1965-1966.

When dictating his autobiography, Scott seemed a wee bit hazy about a large anti-war demonstration that took place during Peedub's heyday. This would be the March 26 March (held March 26, 1966). It was the usual 'numbers game.' The cops and the media drones competed to see who could underestimate the crowd size by the wildest margin. I counted participants by cohorts of roughly five hundred as they crested the Granville Street Bridge. A conservative estimate was 6,000 people; I guesstimated approximately 7,500. In any event I think it safe to say it was the largest demonstration - anti-war or otherwise - seen in Canada in several decades.

Scott also has memories of delegates walking out of meetings prior to the M26M and a subsequent decision made to reject the CP control of the head of the parade. Perhaps these things happened, but I was selected one of the delegates partly because I had no animosity or

'history' with the CP and I walked out only (as expected, I think) when my mandate was exhausted - I had no authority to compromise on signage content, for instance.

The decision to *not* follow the CP banner ahead of us seemed a thing of the moment. I remember Gene Craven saying he wasn't going to let "half the people in Vancouver" see him plodding obediently behind that CP banner. The shame to be endured for following that banner! The dozen or so of us in that group - Gordie Larkin was there, Jack East, Don Duggan, Dave Unger - just kept on truckin' down Granville. Per 'negotiations' with the Vancouver City Police Department the CP had agreed to lead the march down side streets or lanes where fewer people would see us, or have their comfortable lives disturbed by thoughts of genocide in Asia. In doing so, the CP had relinquished the head of the parade. It may have been planned, but I recall acting spontaneously. The CPers had obviously practiced their 'parade leading.' The man holding up the left side of the banner marched in place for several beats as his partner on the right quick-marched ninety degrees and the knot of people under the banner pivoted in unison and headed down Davie Street. We watched them depart, yelling back at us to "smarten up" and the like. We kept on keeping on and several thousand protesters followed.

The decision to kowtow to the cops had been made after I excused myself from the Vietnam Day meeting. Our signage 'placed blame' - another item deemed offensive by the CP. So much for my lack of animus with the CP. We now had a 'history.'

In the days following the M26M, several members of other organizations applauded our decision. The LSA and the Unitarians, outnumbered and outmanoeuvred, had begrudgingly gone along with the 'polite parade' deal with the cops. Many expressed approval of our insistence in following the originally proposed route. In an article I wrote in the aftermath, I recall comparing the slogan on the CP banner to that of a bystander scolding both a rapist and his victim to 'just stop it now, you two!' Peace. The 'peace' of a napalmed village, the peace of a bomb crater where once a temple stood: CP 'peace.'

There was an incident that memory places shortly after the March 26 March. This incident took place at the US Consulate on Georgia Street.

Consular staff often neglected to take down Old Gory for weeks at a time. This was noticed and discussed. Overnight Friday Brian Goss, with great athletic ability, replaced the flag with a homemade replica of the Vietnamese NLF flag, skillfully sewn at home by Beth Wood. Consular staff remained blissfully unaware of the switch.

A comparatively small anti-Vietnam War protest demonstration, replete with neo-Nazi counter-demonstrators, was eddying around the entrance to the Consulate about noon Saturday. There was a police presence close by, monitoring the elbowing and high-sticking as the white supremacists were bumped off the sidewalk. The Nazis (not a pejorative - some were public members of the Canadian Nazi Party) got meagre love when they complained to Vancouver's Finest. David Stanley was one of their young luminaries at the time (he later recanted and

denounced the fascist right, to which Canadian fuhrer John Beattie responded by 'ordering' Stanley's death).

A friendly phone call alerted the Consulate that all was not right up on the roof. A man thought to be the Consul-General (and a husband of one of the demonstrators' aunts) was seen howling at some beefy-looking security types. In the midst of all this swirling choreography, Goss and Don Duggan swiftly unfurled a US flag and vapourized the gas-soaked rag. Neo-Nazis and cops gawked as the show rolled. A car floated up to the curb just as the bearded pair of Goss and Duggan stepped in that direction, Jack East at the wheel, then they were gone. When the flag went 'whoomph' the Consul had apparently fainted, although someone started a rumour that it was a heart attack. Or maybe that really was his wife's nephew and the shock of recognition knocked him out.

Cops asked questions; none of the answers seemed to satisfy. Sometimes Marxist-Lunatics planned things that flowed seamlessly: that just flow up to the curb and surge away into the afternoon haze. In retrospect it was the tight compartmentalization of planning that prefigured success - folks couldn't rumourmonger and gossip the operation off the tracks. We saw ourselves on the six PM news - why that reinforced our sense of relevance I don't know, but it did. I kept my 'Monsanto Genocide, Inc' sign in front of the camera enough that they weren't able to edit it all out.

We went home and telephoned local radio stations to 'report' on the event. The big stations, like CKWX and CKNW acted like the cops: 'Who are you?' and 'How are you involved?' CJJC in Langley was an exception - the man on the other end of the phone asked intelligent questions and was polite.

Ramifications from this act of protest echo to the present. Shortly after the event Don Duggan was turned back at the US border as undesired in that country. Shortly following, a letter arrived from the FBI stating that Duggan had a lifetime ban on entering Amerika. Apparently Goss received a similar letter.

A strange interlude in the Year of the Protest March took place at the Edmond Meany Hotel in Seattle, Washington. The occasion was a convention of West Coast radicals from California, Oregon, Washington and BC with a smattering of delegates and speakers from points east. Who organized it, or what the convention call was I no longer remember. There were numerous workshops and forums and people from several organizations whose names were new to us (and as we were to them). The Peedub contingent of about a dozen (we came in at least three vehicles) discovered the Black Panthers and the two groups spent time together. One young Seattle Panther, Madeleine Scott, was a Peedub-featured speaker in Vancouver several months later.

A Panther announced the discovery of bugs - tiny microphones - in a room assigned to the Panthers. Big Jim Neish, a Peedub, overheard two suits giving 'suspicious' instructions to the front desk manager. People joined the dots and it read FBI. Paranoia ratcheted up: the hunt for

bugging devices began. Tire jacks and wrecking bars were fetched from the cars. Several rooms were either wholly or partially debugged. The property damage was extensive; shattered wainscoting and moulding, ragged and torn carpet, holes and gouges in the plaster, even a broken window. Where the wires led wasn't ascertained - I didn't have a clue as to how the system worked. But we had been assigned bugged rooms and had yards of thin filament wire to prove it. Not a word was said by anyone connected with the Meany Hotel. Now *that* was highly suspicious.

The weekend events, including a surreal evening at a hippie joint with the name 'Magic Mountain' brought home to the younger Canadians the differences between their country and Amerika. The rule of law was a far more elastic concept in the US - law enforcement seemed above the law. We may have been naive, but we couldn't picture a desk clerk at a Vancouver hotel taking our money for a bugged room and giving us a phoney happy-face smile.

Then there was the Hate Stare. It was rarer in Seattle than elsewhere in Amerika, but even there could be found this minority that disliked seeing young people of different races enjoying each others' company. A form of dumb insolence, it was practiced by a relative handful of people - both black and white. To see a couple holding hands - and those hands were different colours - seemed cause for this hateful glare that conveyed all the disgust and rage that racist person could conjure. Maybe 'Canadian polite' prevented a similar phenomenon here, because there were certainly Canadians who thought and felt that way: private hatred as opposed to sick public attempts to shame.

'There was music in the cafes at night and Revolution in the air...' Bob Dylan, 'Tangled up in Blue' 1975

On the south side of Vancouver's West Tenth Avenue, a few doors west of Alma stood a vacant building. The sign on the upper front read: Advance Mattress Company, Limited. It was here that the Progressive Workers launched their major 'cultural' initiative.

The growing number of UBC students in and around Peedub was a major consideration in locating the operation on the West Side. Once rented, the question of the sign came up. It was determined that it simply stay in situ and the Advance Mattress Coffee House was born.

By late 1966 the 'Advance Mat' had become a popular off campus countercultural destination. Although Peedub supplied most of the finances and logistics, the Movement encouraged the involvement of non-aligned student radicals. Randy Enomoto, a UBC Liberal was an active coffee house volunteer. Bonnie Beckman (later Beckwoman) was an extremely hard worker. Milton Acorn not only gave poetry readings, but also brought friends and acquaintances to contribute or participate. Acorn was also on the Board of Directors and participated in policy decisions. The Corbetts, Nancy and Pat, the Camerons, Karen and Peter, Gabor Mate, Tom Mason and several others gave of their time and energies. bill bissett gave frequent poetry readings.

The Norman Bethune Trio, sometimes with vocalist Carol Power offered frequent folk song concerts. Rollie Lindgren, Bob Edwards and Gordie Larkin were the trio, and performed at most Peedub 'socials' in those years. Hendsbee could be a harsh music critic: he once denounced the Trio for singing "be a little meeker with the brother who is weaker," likening it to singing "be a little milder with the fascist who is wilder." Nuance was not Joe's strong suit.

Gordie Larkin was a hail-fellow-well-met extrovert type who played a major role early on in Peedub, but found opportunities in the trade union bureaucracy more to his taste. Larkin was the ideal master of ceremonies, a talent that enabled him to have a long career as a trade union apparatchik.

Other local musicians I remember from that time included Tom Hawken, Shay Duffin, Mike Kalanj and another man named John Wood. Both John Woods had been in the same grade at Van Tech High. I don't know that any of these musicians appeared at the Advance Mat, but I remember them from those years.

A singular night of magic was Milton's reading of 'Where is Che Guevara?'. It was likely the initial public recitation and one could have heard a pin drop. For the next few years Milton Acorn was referred to as the Peedub Poet, although he never formally joined PWM.

Milton, who was instrumental in the establishment of the *Georgia Straight* newspaper earlier that year, felt obligated to defend the Advance Mat with the same tenacity. Unfortunately Milton seemed to have a habit of not picking his fights too well. Other coffee house volunteers, such as Don Duggan thought the City of Vancouver health inspector was reasonable and helpful - even supportive. Stainless steel and other things were expensive, but necessary. Milton decided that he would take on City Hall. The poor health inspector may have wondered what he could possibly have done to deserve Milton's bombast. A year or two later George Bowering expressed similar sentiments when he became the object of Milton's scorn.

The Advance Mat became known for its quality speakers. Cheddi Jagan, Guyanese Opposition Leader (and legally elected Prime Minister until ousted by a British-American coup) spoke with intelligence and passion. Several times Jagan, author of *The West On Trial* had articles appear on the pages of the PW journal.

Bettina Aptheker, daughter of CPUSA theoretician Herbert Aptheker was a prominent young feminist. Born in 1944, she was younger than many of Vancouver's young activists. In her way she, too could be passionate for social justice. This was over three decades before the public airing of the sexual abuse Bettina suffered as a child.

William Burroughs reportedly took in the scene, but vanished when someone thought they recognized him. Burrough's friend, Allen Ginsberg on a trip to Vancouver was invited, but was a no-show.

Inside (and out) the Advance Mat seemed always to be under renovation. Some Sunday morning in the summer of 1967 the PWM linotype machine was relocated from 35 East Hastings to the Advance Mat. Trouble was, that linotype rig was a monster. The main picture window and supporting sash had to be removed. Then a second truck with winch was requested, as the first couldn't keep its front wheels on the pavement when swinging the linotype over the sidewalk. During the delicate operation, Vancouver City Police were surprisingly helpful, directing traffic with the main intersection of Tenth And Alma largely blocked for two hours. Don Duggan remembers it as a long day.

More renovation provided space for Gutenberg's Last Stand, a bookstore operated by Brian Goss. The inventory was modest but eclectic. Duggan remarked that today Gutenberg's selection of small and rare local publications would be worth some thousands of dollars.

Blab Night was an 'open mic' evening, sans mic. Academics, journalists, artists and just about anybody and everybody took advantage of this opportunity to make fools of themselves. Vancouver's neo-Nazis showed no interest in Blab Night, but I think their reception would have been far beyond rude.

In the Advance Mat years - roughly late 1966 to late 1968 - another countercultural site operated. This was the Retinal Circus, in the former Embassy Ballroom (later Dante's Inferno) on Davie Street. The Circus appealed more to the lsd hippie than to the student New Left. Gordie Larkin was simultaneously involved with the Circus and with Advance Mat, although very few Peedubs spent time at the Circus.

Also operating at this time was the House of Free Speech on Alberni Street in the West End. It was a large single family dwelling and may have been the residence of a man who called himself Nick Salvoblanco (uncertain spelling). About four dozen chairs were arranged in a large living room with a lectern in a corner. It was the neo-Nazi headquarters. I had half-expected swastikas on the walls, but none were evident.

Jack Maley and I first met Salvoblanco outside the 'Y' on Burrard Street. Taking place inside was a public forum on Southern Rhodesia/Zimbabwe. Jack and I were handing out anti racist tracts and Salvoblanco was handing out the opposite. A number of young black males went into the Y building, usually accepting our tracts with a quiet 'thank you.' Salvoblanco refused to give tracts to non-whites. One young Chinese man, seeing the people walking in front of him receive pamphlets, held out his hand. Salvoblanco held the handouts down to his side. The young man shrugged, took a tract from us and went in.

I went over to question Salvoblanco. His answers angered me and I invited him and his partner into a nearby back alley (not really expecting any takers). His response surprised and disarmed me.

"You're a fit young man, while we are old men (Salvoblanco and his buddy appeared to be in their early fifties). You'll beat on us and what will that prove?"

His having said that, made me feel like a bully and I no longer felt like using his face for a speedbag. Salvoblanco invited Maley and myself to come to a public forum at his House of Free Speech and gave us copies of his literature. One pamphlet stated: 'Birds of a feather flock together to defend the rights of Rhodesian Whites.' Another demanded the freedom of the three Baltic republics from the Russian Empire.

A few days later Maley and myself had the opportunity to see a representation of Vancouver's far right personally up close. There were about twenty-five people present, mostly male, mostly over thirty, a few in off the rack suits. It was like Willie Loman had been cloned and here they all were! We were shown kindness and courtesy, given the floor, asked respectful questions and thanked for even the most insipid responses.

"Did Chairman Mao really swim the Yangtze?"

"Will China join the nuclear arms race?"

"Why all the friction and border incidents between China and the Soviet Union? Aren't they allies?"

I found it impossible to hate these people and next day related the whole surreal string of events to Jack Scott.

Who and what they were wasn't unknown to Scott. He told of a Jewish friend who had gone to a House of Free Speech forum the previous year. Scott's friend was a redhead who "didn't look Jewish in the least."

Scott tells the story that someone in the Salvoblanco crowd identified the redhead as a Jew.

"Lock the doors," ordered Salvoblanco.

In the back someone began to fry pork sausages. Salvoblanco ruled that everyone present had to eat a portion of pork, or be exposed as a Zionist agent.

"My chum loved pork - he would have preferred bacon, really," continued Scott. "When he ate it up they were convinced he couldn't be Jewish. Even the guy who'd accused him, because he'd been seen with some Jews, was convinced. They're totally nuts!"

Salvoblanco and his House may have lingered on, but they were rarely seen at public events in coming years. Their last counter-demonstration may have been at the US Consulate that summer.

Radical left organizations are notorious for high membership turnover, especially in times of greater activity. The CP had bled members for decades and had been reduced to holding membership drive contests with cheesy free prizes for top recruiters.

Peedub grew in numbers from 1963 to 1968, leveled off then went into decline in 1969. Jack Greenall was one of the first of the 'originals' to go. Martin Amiabel was expelled - a rarity in PWM. The Turner family departed, as did Bob Robertson, Mike Crocker, Steve Whelan and a gathering number, initially, of fringe members.

My good friend, Jack Maley withdrew by stages. He became one of several Peedubs whose departure from the Movement was accompanied by common signs of mental illness. In retrospect, all four or five of these men had been considered 'different' for years. Within a tight and constant structure, they were able to function more or less normally.

Jack was a man of about thirty-two when I met him in the fall of 1964. He belonged to a cluster of comrades intermediate in age between the 'elders' - those born in the 1920s like Hendsbee and LeBourdais and us 'kids' - born during WW II or just after. Shaking hands with Jack, I saw him appraising me with watery eyes behind thick glasses. Maley stood a round shouldered five-seven with thinning hair combed straight back. Jack also sported a mustache. For the next decade the glasses and mustache were the constants as Jack entered middle age.

A construction plumber by trade, Jack 'retired' about late 1968 in a ploy to get his children, a girl and boy, back from Family Services foster care. As part of the plan Jack remarried and later moved into the Raymur housing project.

Jack's second wife, Rose was of the Lillooet Nation. She and her three daughters from a previous marriage suffered no little culture shock in trying to adapt to life in inner city public housing. Nor did the blending of the families go well. The two eldest, step-sisters, were in constant friction. Jack's son demanded to return to foster care. I cringed as Jack made one bad decision after another.

Jack drifted into the surfacing anti-poverty movement and began to spend less time at Peedub. The anti poverty movement had its heyday roughly from 1970 to 1976. Anti poverty activism both predated and continued after this period, but was never constantly in the public eye as in the early 1970s. The outfit Jack joined, UCWIC was then ruled by an obese woman with an obese ego. Her name was Margaret Mitchell (not to be confused with the NDP MP of the same name). Jack became her faithful and worshipful assistant. Early on, the volunteers did some good advocacy work, but later became spoiled by government funding. UCWIC (and the anti-poverty movement as a whole) received virtually nothing via government funding in 1972; by 1974-1975 they received over 1.7 million dollars and were extravagantly corrupt. A handful of 'leaders' became wealthy. The fat lady couldn't sing, but she made Jack her Research Director with a salary equivalent to a civil servant doing real research.

Jack wrote his own job description. He got scrapbooks by the score, subscriptions to the big daily newspapers, a pair of scissors and a pot of paste. Everyday Jack cut articles from the papers, used beaucoup paste in mounting them and then stored the scrapbooks, when filled, in filing cabinets. Researcher Jack had no filing system, appeared to read only the headlines and selected articles (sometimes letters to the editor) based upon where they were found in the paper or proximity to some other article. To my knowledge once the scrapbooks, surprisingly heavy with paste, were stored, no one ever looked at them again, including Jack.

The anti-poverty umbrella organization, FAPG (Federated Anti-Poverty Groups) had a whole office full of 'Jacks.' Most of these appointees sat at desks, drinking coffee and doing time. Virtually all the time servers were syncophants of the Fat Lady, living in fear of her ability to hire and fire on a whim. Fat Lady regularly bragged of threatening and intimidating the Social Services Minister of the day, Norm Levi. The Pear-Shaped One had secured social worker pay levels for her followers while she, Jack, and one or two others reputedly obtained supervisory pay grades.

Around the time that UCWIC was growing and Peedub was winding up its affairs, an enigmatic figure flashed onto and then off the local political scene. This was Alex Bande (written however; pronounced BANDY). Alex was a slight, wiry man of indeterminate age - no longer youthful; not yet middle aged - and allegedly an Hungarian immigrant.

Within months Bande had become recognized as an energetic and insightful anti poverty activist and leader. Then he disappeared, never to be seen or heard from again. The only 'fact' upon which everyone who knew him agreed, was that he had been 'disappeared' by the RCMP. An accompanying rumour suggested he was somehow betrayed ("ratted out") by someone else in the anti poverty leadership. All this is far too vague to attract much credence, but there remains the mystery of what became of Alex Bande.

In 1969 this was all future. Even as Peedub dwindled, Jack and I remained friends, but first politics, then other things came between us.

Shortly after we met, Jack had explained his radicalization by saying, that as a young man, he had read *Mein Kampf* and *Das Kapital*. I was curious and began to ask questions.

"You obviously chose Marx rather than the other guy. What convinced you?"

"Well, I read them both, you see."

"Yeah, but what was the difference?"

"Kapital was longer..."

Jack, I found was incapable of introspection. He seemed to have zero inner life. Nor did I ever hear him laugh, except once when he was quite drunk.

Jack Scott, who had known Maley far longer than had I, offered his observations.

“How an idea gets into Maley’s head I haven’t the faintest. The next week he insists on something absolutely contradictory: how he gets from one idea to the other no one knows, especially Jack. I believe he thinks in slogans. I sometimes think that if I look closely enough I’ll see balloons - you know - cartoon captions popping out of his head!”

As usual, Scott nailed it rather precisely.

Jack Maley also claimed to be Metis - a proven lie when I met his father several years later.

Jack had mentioned that his father, a Winnipeg resident was staying at his place for a couple of weeks. I arranged with a mutual friend to go over to Jack’s to play cards. And so we did - Jack and his dad with my friend, Pat Kealey and myself. Things went fine until the old man began to advertise his politics. I remembered Jack saying he read *Mein Kampf* as a kid. Maley Senior was a white supremacist and knew about the Salvoblanco crowd. Here this man was, house guest of a family he terms ‘mud people’ and perceives no contradiction and feels no shame.

The old man was informed as to what his values were worth and given graphic instructions on what to do with them. Jack looked down and muttered that his father had a right to his views. I disagreed, but since the others were willing to tolerate ol’ dad I contented myself with insulting him over the next few hours. And there sat Jack, listening to this brain-damaged racist describe the differences between fully human beings (like himself!) and those not-so-fully human. With Rose and the girls listening! I suspect Jack was damaged goods from childhood and had learned to ‘keep it hid.’ Or as Milton Acorn might have observed of another unexamined life not very well lived: Botched From the Outset.’

Maley’s deteriorating mental condition was never so evident as when he went to register his and Rose’s newborn son. Jack didn’t understand how the registration form was designed and wrote the boy’s name, Geronimo, across two fields. This yielded a first name of ‘Geron’ and a middle name/initial of ‘Imo.’ Jack declined an offer to fill out a new form correctly, haughtily declaring that it wasn’t his intention to cooperate with the state.

Shortly after leaving Peedub, Jack Maley joined Hardial Bains’ CPC (ML). The background to this requires a tangent.

In 1964 - 1965 I heard vague references to a group called the ‘Internationalists.’ They didn’t seem to have a formal organization in BC until Peedub was in its later decline. The only Internationalist I had met had been a hyperactive, dramatic individual named Bob Cruise. Around 1966 he travelled to various places in the world searching for what I thought of as his ‘eureka’ moment. Peedub received some cryptic letters from Bob in his travels over the next several months.

From time to time we heard from Hardial Bains, but until the post-Peedub years I never met him. Most other groups of the left considered the Internationalists to be cultish-crazy, especially in their imitating of the Red Guards of the Great Chinese Cultural Revolution. They were known to race around downtown Vancouver, a dozen or two running through the Georgia and Granville Saturday morning traffic waving Mao's little red book and screaming endlessly, "A long, long life to Chairman Mao!"

Crazy behaviour, but it may have been infectious. During one Saturday morning of waving little red books (Mao Zedong Thought) the Internationalists were joined by Jack Scott himself, seen running and shouting with his own little red book. Scott later laughingly excused his behaviour, saying he acted in self-defense. Had he not participated, he might have been run over in the stampede - or so he claimed with a twinkle in his eye.

I did know Hardial Bains, but slightly. We did share a couple of long conversations and debated each other once (likely 1971). Despite the ignorant behaviour of some of his followers, I found little to dislike about Bains. In my limited experience I found Bains to have integrity, intelligence and humility. How the Internationalists (CPC-ML) could be a cult and Bains not a cult leader is a contradiction which I never fully resolved. Nor do I have a clue after all these years as to what we debated. I do recall that I found Bains an honest debater. Several people mentioned that they found the Bains of the 1960s and early 1970s different from the later Bains. This seems quite plausible, but doesn't explain the cadre craziness in the 1969 to 1972 period.

Perhaps to ingratiate himself with his new 'comrades' Maley wrote an incoherent attack on Jack Scott, the PWM 'dictator.' The article "Learning From the Teacher of Negative Example" or a title close to that did little other than to isolate Maley from his former comrades. After being around Scott for over six years, saying little and seconding the odd proposal, this seemed a cowardly act. I may have been the last contact with his old life.

I learned of the article from Jack Scott himself, who was chuckling with amusement over it. That no other ex Peedub agreed with Maley's 'dictator' charge meant nothing to him (Maley). Jack Maley was used to the rest of the world being wrong.

PWM had broken with the US Progressive Labor Party in 1967 over the tendency of PL to criticize revolutionaries in other countries, Vietnam in particular. It seemed that PL felt that as the revolutionaries in the Imperial heartland they were in a privileged position to critique revolutionaries everywhere. Classic Marxist thought suggested 'big power chauvinism' - a distasteful feature of some British revolutionaries during that Empire's heyday.

In 1968, in conference PWM and the Communist Party of the USA (ML) signed a document of solidarity. This may have been seen as an insult by PL, who soon afterward decided to start a branch plant of PLP in Ontario. Phil Taylor, ostensibly PL's California organizer, and a man who owed much to Jack Scott, proved to be quite deceitful, operating similarly to US union labour fakers. Fortunately he also proved inept beneath his arrogant glibness. Ugly Americans were not restricted to the right.

Hilariously, Phil Taylor tape-recorded his 'memoirs' in the early 1990s. The whole mess was transcribed by someone named Barker. In one of the many mindless passages, Taylor imagines that Joe Hendsbee, Milton Acorn and Jack Scott founded a sorry-ass outfit called the Canadian Liberation Movement in Toronto in 1968. All three were in Vancouver that year and none of them would have gone near the petty bourgeois dreamers who thought Canada required a 'national liberation movement.'

People drifted away. Many had not exactly been assets. Until the end was nigh, membership losses were usually of people who had never written an article for the journal, never helped print and assemble the journal and never sold the journal publicly. Nor had many even contributed a cent, let alone pledging tithes when working. Some never drew a sober breath and disrupted meetings when intoxicated.

Whenever it was announced that, say, Mike and Steve had left, or the Turners were gone, Hendsbee, perhaps channeling Nietzsche, would shout "It only makes us stronger - the Movement just took a big dump - quantity is shit and our quality just went way up!" Jack East would philosophize in mangled metaphor that "...the Revolution is a speeding express train. Some people get on, some get off, but the train never slows down."

But talk about Marxist-Lunatics! Hendsbee had to have done the most dangerously stupid thing of the Peedub saga. He initiated something he called M-1: military training for the younger cadre. Somebody (Hendsbee?) took a 4X8 sheet of plywood and painted a US Marine on it. Furniture got moved and the headquarters was then turned into a rifle range. Younger comrades took turns shooting prone position at the 'enemy' as Hendsbee stepped and/or stood on people's backs, exhorting them to 'concentrate' and 'focus.'

I believe the principal firearm was a .303 - certainly nothing lighter. The bullets went through the plywood, the wall behind, the next wall and through the apartment of Cyril Vokey, elderly proletarian artist (oil on canvas, copies of Old Masters). Cyril had been here and there when guns went off during his long life, so he promptly kissed the floor. Some of those bullets undoubtedly tumbled all their deadly way to Cordova Street. You would think that 'concentration' and 'focus' might have enquired as to what was taking place beyond the cartoon figure on the plywood.

Later, when Hendsbee presented himself as the epitome of reason and rationality in explaining to Vokey and others that he'd always had 'things under control,' the term 'psychopath' came to mind. It was Joe who I first heard say what became a commonly-expressed sentiment, "I love humanity - it's fucken people I can't stand!" It was said with irony, but perhaps a wee bit of self-knowledge too. Whether Joe picked the idea up from Charles Schulz's *Peanuts*, I do not know.

One of Joe's more violent incidents during this period was his altercation with some local pro wrestler. I do not remember the wrestler's name - ring name, anyway. It was something like Mr. Brute or Mr. Beast. Brute seriously dissed Joe. Seems Hendsbee and Brute were dating

roommates. While sitting on Joe's lady friend's sofa, waiting for the other woman, Brute said something to enrage Joe. Brute then dismissed Joe with a negligent wave of his hand and a suggestion that Hendsbee "...go hump a camel, grandpa."

When Joe returned, it was with the shovel from the trunk of his car. He had the tip under Mr. Brute's chin before collective eyes had blinked. Joe drove the blade of the muckstick along Brute's jawline, forcing his head back and further exposing his throat. Joe had a choked-up grip on the shovel, increasing the threat. The girlfriend says she thought Mr. Brute was holding his breath and "...having his eyes really bug out, like."

Apparently Brute begged for his life. From that point on, steps of de-escalation took place. When I asked Joe, "Would you really have sliced his head off, like you threatened?" Joe's response was, "I had every fucken intention when I went back in there - my head started to slow down when I saw his face going blue..."

I think the wrestler read that murderous intent. I mean, if a fit athlete, which I assume this guy was, sensed any ambiguity or indecision, why wouldn't he simply bat that shovel away and subdue Joe. Ordinarily, if you have a professional athlete and a heavy smoker in his mid-forties isn't that a likely outcome? That the jock caved and boo-hoed meant something more was going on here. I did witness the result of Joe 'losing it' on a couple of occasions and I do believe Mr. B read his obituary in Joe's glare.

Did Joe ever kill anybody? In the sense of premeditated murder, I sure don't think so. He spoke of many brawls, many people sent to the hospital with broken bones and black eyes - some of it almost certainly true. Some was done by Joe, some by others and borrowed by Joe for his narrative. Could he have miscalculated, inadvertently caused somebody's death? I'd bet that he did sometime in his life. The people in the very immediate shadow of Joe Hendsbee were constantly at risk of having something violent happen to them.

Joe could also use violence - or the threat of it- against folks who were ostensibly comrades or friends (or both). When Martin Amiabel was expelled from Peedub he was in possession of Movement property (stuff bought by Peedub at the Vancouver Times bankruptcy sale which Martin was keeping in storage). By another unanimous vote Peedub determined to retrieve the gear from Amiabel's in South Burnaby. Joe volunteered to lead the charge - a few carloads of us. When we arrived at Amiabel's I could see the calculation on Martin's face. The olive branch was being proffered by PW's self-styled enforcer - a pretty unambiguous situation. Amiabel gave a bitter nod for us to clean out the shed. The rest went smoothly. Five years later Joe and entourage would be welcome guests at the Amiabel home on many occasions.

Amiabel himself was an interesting figure. He had fought in the Dutch military during the Indonesian War of Independence; so he was perhaps eighteen or nineteen in 1945, which made him of the same generation as Hendsbee, LeBourdais and Acorn - all born in the mid-1920s. Amiabel emigrated to Canada in the early 1950s and soon reached BC. Martin lived with an older woman named Rhonda and one Alec Burns in some sort of domestic arrangement.

Over the years Martin repeatedly entered into periods of intense activity. Meetings would be held, conventions planned, organizations launched, mimeographed magazines pretending to secret knowledge would appear and each time the tide would go out and reveal...nothing. One of his most bizarre scams involved creating a de-confusion chamber (whatever that might have been) to enable people to perceive reality. He rented a salon at the Kingsway Motor Inn and produced a confusing little pamphlet. Martin would rest, coiling up prior to his next frenzy. As far as I know, none of Martin's 'magazines' ever reached the second issue.

Martin could be devious (I don't know that he could be otherwise) and had a tangle of hidden agendas. He was a common confidence trickster (having actually served serious time for fraud, according to Ken Turner). Martin had apparently started a roofing business that did accept healthy deposits, but did not repair or replace many rooves. Mind numbingly, he carried out these frauds in his own neighbourhood. As a con man Amiabel came off as just plain dumb.

Toward the end of the Burnaby years he was more a pathetic figure than one of evil. Martin haunted the halls and organizations of South Burnaby - community centres, credit unions, the NDP. He seemed too preoccupied with himself to notice how much rancor he drew from those who knew him (only too well) and those who knew *of* him. For instance, Amiabel kept his NDP membership when all around him were losing theirs. Fair so far, but he would have been well advised to stay away. He rubbed shoulders with people who were relatives or neighbours of the old-age pensioners he had ripped off and left with rooves still in need of repair or replacement. People first saw right through him then they looked right through him. He thought that the silence following his rants was respectful and thoughtful; instead it was a collective need for others present to have distance from anything to do with him - a rejection which he seemed never to recognize.

Toward the end of his life Martin was recognized for service to fellow seniors at an extended care home near Victoria. Maybe he finally found 'his' organization and got his followers.

Another person who marched to a different drummer was a young man named Ronald "Mouse" Neilson. He had gone to school with several Peedubs and kept in touch with Gene Craven and John Wood. Around 1966 he and his family lived in a renovated school bus. Gene said that Mouse and his wife had twelve children. There were certainly a lot of them in that bus and they dropped by the headquarters a few times.

Hendsbee's demented M-1 was a disaster, but it was not Peedub's only firearms adventure. Peedub had their own rifle range and amateur armourer. A supporter in what was then rural Burnaby owned an acreage and had access to an adjacent property. He rigged up his range - a long slash in the bush - like a commercial range. We had all become familiar with Barnet Rifle Range in North Burnaby, so we borrowed from them. A solid berm prevented any bullets from escaping the property.

Our supporter/armourer was fascinated by and adept at firearms. With less than a half hour's work he could refit a twenty-two calibre rifle to full automatic. Just squeeze gently and brrrt! there was a cluster of fourteen slugs. During the summer of 1966 Peedub was going twenty-four hours a day. Coffee House, rifle range, public meetings, mass anti war demonstrations and meetings, meetings, meetings. By the summer of 1967 several of us were very good with small calibre rifles. We'd practice in the bush, then go to Barnet just to confirm that we could chew up paper targets like nobody's business. None of us ever seriously suggested that we use the firearms for anything other than target practice. We were young and impatient, but we fully recognized that we lived in a pre revolutionary society where the working class was not yet even considering armed resistance.

Jim Neish joined us at the range one morning. He was a big, balding man and perhaps ten or twelve years my senior. He was a dredgerman by trade, working anywhere from his native North Vancouver to Outlook, Saskatchewan. It was from Outlook he had driven the previous day - all six-five and two hundred sixty pounds shoehorned into a brand new Honda Civic. Despite being behind the wheel for nearly twenty-four hours, he shot a decent score with a borrowed twenty-two.

To return to Joe Hendsbee: to the best of my recollection Joe had at least four children, almost certainly by four different mothers. The child he seemed to accept with the fewest reservations was a girl born in the late 1960s named Satu Repo-Hendsbee. She seems today to be a major figure in Ontario's mental health industry. I remember her from the mid-1970s when she would turn to us as a commercial came on her tv and announce that this was the "bullshit part." Her mouth was in no way as bad as her half-brother Bobby's. Satu also had a younger half-sib whose mother was Shaune Wiley.

Joe was like a yo-yo during the 1960s and 1970s - Toronto to Vancouver, Vancouver to Toronto. Joe did better with the structure provided by having a group of stable, consistent comrades around him. But in whatever circumstance Joe would sooner or later go off the rails. By the mid-1970s he had burned most of his bridges and made his Vancouver returns without fanfare.

Joe's language could be like oriental water torture. Virtually every sentence contained two hyphenated polysyllabic words - always the same two. Some sentences might contain them in different forms, two or three times. C---sucking motherf---ing agent/pig/goof/bureaucrat/puke. After a few weeks the order would suddenly reverse. Then hundreds of times a day one would hear motherf---ing c---sucking...

Joe would also loudly call for the hanging of agents by their heels, molten lead then to be poured into...But he wasn't stupid. Far from it. At the Lenkurt strike he just laughed when undercover cops tried to encourage and provoke picketers into various torchings and smashings. Always that sexual-sadist twinge to both the violence and his mantras of violence.

Joe claimed to have grown up in Boston. He displayed a long, rippled abdominal scar attributed to a motorcycle handlebar goring him while riding 'loop the loop' on icy streetcar tracks in downtown Boston. He certainly had an accent; a bit like the Kennedys with presumably some Cape Breton in the background. How much of Joe was self invention I don't to this day know. He claimed never to have known his father, who was supposedly Jewish. His mother was Mi'kmaq. Other than Joe, any family members moving to Boston when he was a 'little guy' never were mentioned. Joe occupied the stage alone - supporting actors were at best two dimensional.

Someone signing himself 'Morton Hendsbee' wrote letters to the editors of Vancouver's two big dailies, the Sun and Province. I pointed this out to Joe and he went into a rant about a c--- sucking motherf---ing agent cousin. The letters seemed more of a parody of an imagined right wing mouth-breather. Something rang false; the rant sounded prepared - I suspected Joe of inventing a 'cousin' and writing the letters himself.

Joe was in the practice of bringing 'new people' around the Peedub headquarters. Oftentimes these were former CSU members with long, dry throats. Almost always they were recycled radicals from one of Hendsbee's previous lives. One exception was a man who went by the name of Jimmy Jones.

Jones told tales of his life as a mercenary soldier in the 1950s. He had begun his life in violence by fighting in the Haganah during the Israeli War of Independence. From there he found work in Africa as armed security or as bodyguard. He had some clear ideas on guerrilla warfare (how conducted, how countered). By 1966 or 1967 he had settled down in the Vancouver area, had married and was working regularly.

Murray "Silver" Silverthorne was a seaman. He shipped out for the last time in 1969, complaining of hearing malignant voices in the constant vibration that hummed and whined from the bulkheads against which he slept. I helped him clear his kit off the ship before she sailed from East Burrard near Port Moody. Within two years his condition had deteriorated to the point where he was committed to a lock-down ward in an extended care home. I visited once and found the aggressive paranoia too much to deal with.

Silver had a buddy named Jerry or Gerry. He, too was a seaman and 'on the beach' - broke - the entire time I knew him. Jerry's favourite move was to sucker-punch people (often at Hendsbee's instigation). If the victim became angry and retaliated, Jerry would commence to holler that Hendsbee had warned him to 'get that motherf---ing c---sucker before he gets you!.' He was usually telling the truth (about what Joe had advised - not that anyone was out to 'get' him). He once attacked Dave Unger for no reason and appeared bewildered and hurt when I took him to task for his behaviour.

Most of the folks Joe Hendsbee brought our way were alcoholics. They were 'recruited' by Joe pub-crawling Skid Road. Socially, they fit in easily because a large minority of Peedubs were

heavy drinkers. Hendsbee himself was an occasional drinker - there was little of the dipsomaniac about him. Joe made the rounds of the bars, but rarely got drunk.

Another of Hendsbee's people was Al Francis, one of the few to become a functioning member and a security member, at that. Al, a federal civil servant, drifted away after 'outing' himself. His flair for the dramatic and the hyperbolic caught up with him. Our other few security club members guarded their anonymity.

A few individual Peedubs had ongoing contact with Native Indian activists. One of the earliest initiatives by Aboriginal youth is largely forgotten today. The Beothuk Patrol was a group of young people who daily walked the Skid Road area, looking to assist other Aboriginals get home safely or get needed help. The Patrol was named in memory of the one time native inhabitants of Newfoundland. The year was likely 1964 and the only name that comes to mind is someone named Dave Hanoose. He may (or may not) have been a central figure in the Beothuk Patrol.

Red Power and the American Indian Movement came later. One young Aboriginal couple I met at that time were Carol and Ray Bob. I may have the Christian names wrong, but I'm certain of the surname. Carol (my apologies if I have it wrong) was about twenty-one and showed me her dentures - a graphically damning indictment of the lack of medical care and of the Third World nutrition levels on Canada's Indian Reserves. I learned of 'apple Indians' - red on the outside, but white on the inside. 'Uncle Tomahawks' were usually Aboriginal politicians of an older generation who had learned to navigate the swamp of Department of Indian Affairs politicking.

Federal and provincial governmental response to the rise of Red Power was to co opt and marginalize. Several activists who endured this two-pronged attack bitterly attested to its effectiveness. Activism went back to its grassroots base and started over, now fully aware that helpful 'shortcuts' provided by Liberal mandarins led only to dead ends.

THE STRIKE WEAPON

One has only to briefly glance through the several thousand pages of the *Progressive Worker* journal to see that labour union news always enjoyed a high profile. In practice, nothing would empty out the headquarters and mobilize the Movement and its supporters more than a request for picket line support or news of a wildcat strike.

The Shellburn strike, being a sit-in, involved Peedub in a support role. Strikes at DS Scott Trucking and at Mitchell Press included individuals associated with Peedub, but the Movement as a whole lent no substantial involvement, although meetings were held to fundraise and articles and interviews appeared in the journal.

Of the dozens (if not scores) of labour strikes which took place during the Peedub years and in which Peedub was physically involved, two stand out. The first was the infamous Lenkurt

Electric strike, the second a forgotten strike against Bapco Paint on Annacis Island several months later.

Lenkurt stood out in large part due to the blatant criminality of the corporation. Painting itself as a small business started by two young men named Len and Kurt (remind you of Albert and Walter of A&W?), Lenkurt was actually a wholly owned subsidiary of global giant American Telephone and Telegraph (AT&T). The causes of the strike and the responses of the criminal 'justice system' are well covered elsewhere; daily drama on the picket line not so much. To prevent the incarceration of Jack Scott his comrades insisted he not appear at Lenkurt: he was certain to be recognized and targeted.

When we arrived, there were already hundreds of people milling around the south-facing entrance to Lenkurt, near the intersection of the Lougheed Highway and Bainbridge Avenue. Lenkurt employees were under injunction not to picket, hence the call for a citizens' volunteer picket line. Scores of unions answered the call, including several high profile labour leaders. Paddy Neale, successor to Jerry LeBourdais as Vancouver and District Labo(u)r President and later successor to Harold Winch as MP for Vancouver East was among them. Tommy Clarke, a man who didn't know the meaning of the word 'fear' was also there.

Peedub had prepared a handout sheet, detailing the issues and proposed solutions. It seemed well received - only a handful out of hundreds were ever thrown away. Having several members and supporters in local 213 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers (IBEW) didn't hurt. I even gave copies to uniformed cops and attack dog handlers.

The dogs were scary, but the sheer number of agents provocateur was remarkable. The 'undercover' cops were still in uniform, so to speak. Each was dressed in brand-new work clothing. The red or green checkered flannel shirts might as well have retained their price tags. These sleazy characters went around attempting to entrap the picketing workers. "Let's torch that bus!" or "Roll that guy's car over!" I could hear them yell. One of the goofier agents soon had a cluster of people following him around, warning people: "Don't listen to this creep - he's a cop!"

One picketing unionist brought his 'dog.' It was on a leash and well behaved, but wasn't exactly a dog. Its owner had found an orphaned wolf pup while working up north and had raised him as a companion. The wolf had a doghouse on the roof of his master's West End high rise. The wolf also moved down into the apartment overnight during times of full moon, owing to his howling.

When a couple of the police dogs got the wolf scent, they tucked their tails between their legs and urinated. The wolf wasn't impressed.

Suddenly, bus loads of scabs appeared, heading for the Lenkurt driveway. People laid their bodies on the pavement to block the vehicles. Horror and shock could be seen on many faces in the bus windows. That may have been the moment when the strikebreakers fully realized into what they had been manipulated.

It took four cops to haul Tommy Clarke off the tarmac - one with a death grip on Tommy's testicles. John Wood disappeared as he was standing beside me - as if plucked by a hand from Olympus. The noise was deafening; In the melee someone grabbed my neck, scratching and drawing blood. I retaliated, hitting someone's face with my elbow and was never able to get the blood off my sleeve. The struggle for a few square yards of tarmacadam was unbelievably bitter.

There were just too many people, too few jail cells. The pavement would be partially cleared, then the human wave swept back in. The cops needed an option.

To the northeast, a gas service station adjoined the Lenkurt property. The cops told the station owner that they would have to use his parking area as a scab shortcut. The scabs were still in their buses, a block away. There was no public property on which to picket between Lenkurt and the service station.

"Oh, I don't think so," said the gas station owner, a mechanic. "Lots of people that work there get me to work on their cars, buy their gas from me. I never see the big poobahs and I've never seen you before, either."

When the cops explained that the mechanic could have business license inspectors, safety and health inspectors coming out his ears if he wasn't careful, he just snorted and laughed, "How would you boys like to get off my property before I go phone the cops?"

So it was back to inching the bus forward, clearing out a dozen picketers before the bus could roll forward a foot or two and then the whole scenario was played out again. It was not a short driveway.

In the meantime, more injunctions had been issued, brought to the site and served by court service sheriffs. Pickets thrust their hands in their pockets, letting the documents flutter to the ground. One was spat upon and the cops got another arrest to pad their stats. A sheriff announced that everyone present had been duly served. That made everybody and his wolf eligible for a trip to the crowbar hotel. Still, the buses made little progress. I watched them haul Paddy Neale away.

John Wood spent several hours in the Burnaby lockup. Late in the afternoon, just before his release ten or fifteen RCMP officers swaggered past the cells, still dressed in their new 'worker clothes' and singing "Solidarity Forever" amidst gales of laughter.

Back at Lenkurt, Joe Hendsbee was excitedly explaining the difference between 'the government' and 'the state' to a bus driver expressing solidarity on his day off. Pointing to the cops, the lawyers, the bureaucrats, Joe gave his class conflict 101 complete with state provided props. The bus driver frowned, asked questions.

Although hundreds of people had been carted off to jail, more hundreds remained. The scabs were not to steal a day's work that day. As things wound down I began to hear a buzz that sounded like progressiveworkerswhoseprogressworkerwhereprogressive...Joe cocked his ear. Just about anyone who could have identified us (not that anyone necessarily would have) had been dragged off to one of the Lower Mainland's many jails. The cops wanted to know who we were. It seemed that someone with clout had read our handout. The judge who sent Paddy, Tommy and the others to the disgusting Oakalla Prison Farm stridently raged about our "scurrilous leaflet." Although no Peedub was charged and put on trial, all the accused were asked if they were members of the Progressive Workers Movement - a blatant disregard by the court of the constitutional rights of those accused. Freedom of association became guilt by association.

Betrayed by bureaucrats at the head of several Amerikan 'international' trade unions, the rank and file picketers and their militant leaders were thrown under the bus. Several unionists were jailed for periods of three to six months, hundreds of others fined one or two hundred dollars.

While the strike was crushed and the company not held accountable for hundreds of violations of overtime and dismissal provisions under provincial labour law, the long term effects were quite different. Something died on the picket line that day and something was born.

Reactionary and corrupt Amerikan unions such as the IBEW, the Amerikan Transit Workers and others were exposed at Lenkurt and were unable to recover. The Canadian Electrical Workers (who included the two hundred and fifty-seven illegally terminated Lenkurt employees) in a few short years pushed the IBEW toward extinction in this country.

Transit workers, pulp and paper workers (and even the IWA Canadian locals) broke away from Amerikan control, establishing local and more democratic alternatives including CAIMAW and the PPWC. For this, Peedub deserves some credit. Peedub also saw vindication in that their "Canadian Unions for Canadian Workers" stance was embraced by the workers themselves.

While the Lenkurt strike involved thousands and took place in a glare of publicity, propaganda and herds of police, the Bapco event went unnoticed by all but the several dozen people directly connected to it.

As with Lenkurt, frustrated by corporate stalling and deceit, the union asked for citizen volunteers. The workers had become demoralized, some giving up the struggle, going to less desirable work elsewhere. Many later said they had considered the strike lost. The arrival of ten or twelve Peedubs reinvigorated the picket line.

One young worker, faced with car payments had left the picket line and gone back to work. Each day he drove his muscle car slowly through his picketing fellow workers. He was cursed and had his car windows soaped. On the day that Peedub arrived he tried to inch his way through as usual. Within about ninety seconds the muscle car - the reason for his scabbing -

was no longer worth the payments. He found reverse gear and heeded the advice of Jerry LeBourdais that he and his car be seen nevermore.

Then the boss arrived in his new Thunderbird to do his push through the line. A half-dozen pairs of steel toed construction boots needed only a moment to transform the muscle car; the Thunderbird was more resistant. When rocked back and forth the boss's vehicle stalled. The boss then compounded the problem by flooding the carburetor. The boss's expression had changed from one of mocking disdain to crap-scared. Someone roared in jest, "Turn turtle the sonvabich and torch it!"

"Burn, baby, burn," chortled another voice. The Thunderbird's driver was too frightened to realize he was being taunted - it likely seemed far too real and possible to him. Eventually the picketers relented their cat-and-mouse and allowed the boss to gain the parking lot. If for just a moment the tormentor became the tormented and the other side now looked surprisingly vulnerable.

While most of the picketers had swarmed the Thunderbird, the Bapco accountant attempted to cross the line at the thinned-out far end. He was a German immigrant and drove a Volkswagen bug. Steve Whelan shocked me by performing a running long jump, driving heels-first past me into the bug's side. The VW rose up on two wheels, righted itself and limped up beside the Thunderbird. The sheet metal on the bug was tin foil compared with the T-Bird.

Suddenly we had a noisy, energetic picket line comprised of people who again thought winning was possible. All this confrontation and property damage did not go unreported. Annacis Island came under the jurisdiction of the small but efficient Delta Municipal Police Department. A constable attended on the information relayed from inside the Bapco plant. LeBourdais approached the officer and a couple of minutes later the two were laughing and sharing jokes.

Jerry shook his head in apparent rueful resignation. "Even when he's in the wrong and breaking the law, the boss can always demand somebody clean up his mess for him."

"Know what you mean," replied the cop. "I used to be the Sergeant with Delta. Then I signed everybody up for a certification vote. Next thing I know, my Corporal is the new Sergeant and I'm busted down to Constable and no union."

The Constable spoke professionally to several of us and seemed satisfied with Jerry's explanation that Bapco had blown a few disagreements way out of proportion and were trying to manipulate the police for their own agenda. The officer refused to cross the picket line, giving the livid boss a friendly wave as he drove off in his cruiser.

The next day no one attempted to cross that picket line and Bapco signalled their willingness to negotiate and to even consider binding arbitration. A new point of contention arose when the company demanded compensation for damaged vehicles. Apparently the possibility of Peedub reappearing was enough for that demand to be dropped. Little did Bapco realize that the union

was similarly leery of further Peedub involvement. What might the mad Maoists do next; and who would be held liable?

During the 1960s I do not recall once hearing a criticism of Peedub to the effect that the Movement was 'economist.' What was meant by economist and 'economism' in this context was the allegation that Peedub elevated the struggle at the trade union level to a higher place than it deserved. In effect, the Movement was seen to subordinate the struggle to overthrow the bourgeois state, instead choosing to make piecemeal labour reforms primary.

The PWM was an idiosyncratic Marxist organization. The vast majority of Peedubs were proletarians, something no other entity on the 'left' could validly claim. Approximately half the Peedub ranks were filled with "red diaper babies," with another quarter being "pink diaper babies."

Red diaper people were born into families of active communists, socialized from infancy into an anti establishmentarian culture. Pink diaper folks came from families that were social democratic and trade unionist but could be fully as 'radical' as the reds. Peedub never had to send its student members into the factory to proletarianize them as did PL, the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), the Canadian Student Union for Peace Action (SUPA) and other groups of the 1960s 'New Left:' we were already there.

Peedub's strength and experience was within trade unionism - their comfort zone. Quite naturally Peedub concentrated on doing what it did best, but to say that the Movement ever saw business unionism as vital to the Revolution is to completely misread history. Peedub was quite aware of the low level of consciousness and the class collaborationist nature of the workers' primary organization at that time and place. They well understood the gulf that stood between even a good union and the militant fighting force it must become in order to defend its class interests.

Internally, Peedub entered into a criticism/self-criticism exercise to evaluate praxis during the recent spate of strikes. The conclusion was that the Movement had veered into 'left adventurism' in its conduct. "We went beyond providing leadership and a correct analysis for the workers to consider," declared Jack Scott: "We outright substituted ourselves for the working class."

INDEPENDENCE AND SOCIALISM IN CANADA

Haunted by the consideration, rightly or wrongly that the Movement had hitherto failed to document an all-encompassing correct and current analysis of the class forces at work in Canadian society, Peedub set out to do just that. No one had any idea how much time and energy this would require. By the time *Independence and Socialism in Canada* was published in 1970, the membership was exhausted. Cadre numbers were reduced to a single digit.

I am obviously biased - after all, I did a wee bit to help research and write ISC - but I still think it was *the* high point for that 'wave' of anti revisionism in this country.

The Advance Mat had gone under in 1968; many of those attracted to Peedub through the coffee house drifted away. Don Duggan, Advance Mat's treasurer had been juggling attendance at UBC's Classics Department and a job at Busy B Books as well as the demands of activism. He, too, drifted away.

When Jerry and Nancy LeBourdais left in 1969, no one suggested it made us 'stronger.' When Hendsbee left later that year, his disappearance drew some mocking words that for once Hendsbee was right - his absence made us stronger.

LeBourdais declined to make his mortgage payments for several months - the money 'saved' was ploughed back into Peedub. Now the LeBourdais family faced foreclosure and eviction. Jerry and Nancy drifted away, although sporadic contact with former comrades has continued for decades. Some of their best years were still future, although they may have doubted that possibility in 1970.

Nancy LeBourdais was a professional nurse and worked many years at Vancouver General Hospital. At the commune in later years Nancy revelled in the title "Granny Grass." Much like Beth Wood, Nancy reached out to the younger comrades; it was because of such comrades that no generation gap ever appeared in Peedub.

Milton Acorn, depressed by the fading of Peedub, returned to Toronto. Looking back, many of my fondest memories of the Peedub years had Milton in the cast.

One summer day, likely in 1967 I walked upstairs from Hastings Street to the Peedub headquarters. There was no one in the lounge area, but I heard voices from down the hall, coming from the Circulation Apartment. Dave Forsythe, a stocky good natured man in his mid-thirties who handled circulation duties for Peedub was responding to Milton.

Milton was animated, gesturing with one hand. "Booger," he said, looking expectantly at Forsyth.

"Petty Booger," replied Dave.

"Bloody-bloodies," cried Milton with finality, as if he'd just pegged out at cribbage.

It was fascinating, especially since both men were wholly immersed in the word game - if that's what it was. I never did learn how it started - some sort of word association I assume. I had arrived in mid-conversation, so I listened as the words went back and forth. There must have been rules, but they were not obvious.

Booger evolved into boog or boodge, sounding more like bourgeois as time went on. Petty booj or borj similarly evolved. Bloody-bloodies were a number of things - mostly agents of state terror - British Special Air Services for one. "Ricump" was a type of bloody-bloody derived from the RCMP.

Over the next several weeks Milton's newly minted words were picked up by most everyone who hung out at Peedub headquarters. From there the jargon spread to the Advance Mat and beyond.

Milton came from United Empire stock - the Loyalists - after the Indians, among Amerika's first victims. Milt was quietly proud of his family and heritage - the family name being Eichhorn in a former time - at the same time painfully realizing many of his kin saw him only as an embarrassment.

On May 08, 1970, a few months after leaving Vancouver, Milton wrote to Al Purdy. In the letter Milton excitedly reports that he has confirmed personal First Nations ancestry through his maternal line. Calling himself a one-eighth papoose, he told Purdy he was still getting used to the idea. Curiously Milton never mentioned this to me during one of our marathon gabfests of the 1970s.

In talking to mutual acquaintances or in reading others' written reminiscences of Milton, I came to see that different people experienced Milt quite differently. He was wise man, lover, mentor, activist, comrade and more, depending on time and place. There was a lot to Milton Acorn; it wasn't remarkable that he should appear so multifaceted.

Milton credited an abundance of reading during his childhood for equipping him with the basic tools to become a wordsmith of the first rank. I imagined Island winters huddled and bundled under the eaves with a book.

One of my most delightful memories is of a Saturday morning when he 'hung out' with three of us younger people. Bruce Hope had an old 1956 Buick (the Tank) and he drove my fiancée, Joanna Walker, Milton and myself over to Joanna's parental home in the toney Capilano Highlands.

Milton, a carpenter by trade, was no sooner inside than he began to critique the home's construction and to reassure the house's proud owners that they, indeed, had been had. He condemned the shoddy workmanship 'so evident in immediate post World War Two housing.' He even termed the family castle a "wretched petty bourgeois shack." It was a classic! Bruce and I retold the tale for months (Joanna not so much). My soon-to-be mother in law was florid with outrage and later ordered me to allow no more "stinky bums" in her home. I should mention that Milt smoked truly nasty cigars in those years. They did reek and then some.

As mentioned, the following year Milton became involved with several other people in setting up the *Georgia Straight*, initially known as the 'hippie paper' or the 'peace paper.' One evening,

after several hours work on the GS, Milton and some others retired to a Gastown beer parlour. Unbeknownst to Milt, one of his companions dropped a quantity of lsd into Milt's beer. Milt did not have a good trip. He despaired for days afterward of ever 'thinking properly' again. This too, passed, however. I remember visiting Milton in his room at the American Hotel on Main Street and his sonorous judgement that his mind was "botched." That word 'botched' was one of Milt's favourites. I think it even made its way into the final draughts of current poems, such as *Where is Che Guevara?*

In 1969, when Al Purdy was assembling and editing Milton's collection *I've Tasted My Blood*, Milton had completely forgotten having written 'Che.' Peedub editor Jack Scott drew the omission to Purdy's attention and Che was immediately included. This was akin to Ginsberg forgetting he'd written "Howl" or Leonard Cohen "Hallelujah."

Only once do I remember getting into an argument with Milton and it was over the wording of a line in 'Where is Che' where he castigated 'students in Canadian universities.' I think I objected to the implied 'petty bourgeois nationalism' whilst Milt retorted that I failed to understand (or worse). I still think Milton's penultimate draught of 'Where is Che' - addressed to 'students in universities' rather than to 'students in Canadian universities' was the better choice.

Around this time Milton heated up a 'trash talking' situation with fellow poet George Bowering. This might have had something to do with Bowering winning the Governor-General's Award for poetry in 1969 - many people thought Milt deserved it for 'Blood.' I don't recall Milt ever expressing that opinion (although Al Purdy records him so doing). Nasty words were spoken (mostly by Milt).

In 1970 a group of Canadian poets and writers (including literary luminaries such as Margaret Atwood and Mordecai Richler) got together and awarded Milton the 'Canadian Poet's Award,' popularly known as the 'People's Poet Award.' Milton eventually got the Governor-General's in 1976. Milton wore that People's Poet Award on a rope around his neck for years. He contacted me in 1977 when he was on a trip out West - he had both medals on neck ropes by then. Incongruously he was wearing a sports jacket with slacks (and seemed vaguely uncomfortable in them).

One bitterly cold day in February of 1969 I met an old friend, Ray Morrison, at the Franklin Hotel beer parlour in Kamloops. The Franklin was an older hotel - my mother and grandmother had stayed there briefly in the 1920s. By 1969 the Franklin's best days were past and it had gained a reputation as a rough place.

Ray and I hadn't seen each other since the previous Christmas so we spent a few minutes bringing each other up to date. My friend was embarking on a career as an electric steel guitar player and was looking for a steady gig. It was early afternoon and the pub was three quarters vacant.

Before long the inevitable took place and the conversation tumbled into politics. Ray noted that political assassinations continued to be big in the news. The Kennedys, Malcolm X, Martin Luther King, Junior and many lesser-known victims -- all killed within a five year period.

Beer and black humour took over; we declared assassination a 'growth industry,' thought about it getting listed on the stock exchange and other fanciful possibilities. While we had been joking about subjects where humour is hard to find, a chubby man in his early thirties sat himself down a couple of tables away.

The chubby man was dressed in blue jean denims and a red and black mackinaw. When he removed his touque a short haircut was revealed. I might not have paid much notice to him had he not been staring at us. When Ray told me he hadn't a clue who the man was, I stared back and inquired, "Can I help you, buddy?"

We were told that we should be ashamed to "talk like that" and that we were going to get "in trouble." Ray and I weren't impressed and ramped up the black humour. Ray proposed a degree-granting 'School of the Assassins,' (based on the legendary 'silver bells' school for pickpockets supposedly found in Bogota, Colombia) which would apply to various sources for grant money. Was assassination an art form? Maybe the Canada Council for the Arts could get touched. Tourism? The possibilities were endless...

We went on to suggest slick brochures, family rates, free prizes - all sorts of advertising ploys and like nonsense (the Colombian Cooling Board Special, Snuffmeister of the Year Award - an 'Oscar' takeoff). The flabby gentleman continued to interrupt and became more agitated. It all sounded much like a little kid saying 'Ooh, ooh, ooh, I'm gonna tell on you!'

I initially watched the noisy man at the nearby table with some scrutiny. Men who habitually drank in skid road beef parlours often carried knives. I put the rate of carrying to be about fifty percent, based upon hundreds of shifts worked in beer parlours and a number of fights witnessed. Mr. Chubby however, seemed to be a nuisance rather than a danger, so we set about to give him an earful.

The more Mr. Chubby chirped and complained, the more fantastic and upsetting became our jokes. The marketing spinoffs were ingenious and demented: our critic went to the bartender to have him phone the police. The bartender instead told Mr. Chubby to leave: he could have sat anywhere, it was pointed out; instead he sat near an occupied table and harassed guests. We got one final censorious look as he left. Ray pronounced the man a 'bug' - slang of the day for someone with mental health issues.

Ray and I soon forgot the incident. After another beer or two, we went to Ray's home on Kamloops' North Shore. The next morning I drove home to Rutland, then a small town outside Kelowna.

I was busy that spring. I was balancing three part time jobs while I tried to renovate the basement floor of my mother's house in preparation for the arrival of our daughter in July of 1969. I think at least a dozen comrades and another ten volunteers chipped in to meet the deadline. I was blessed at that point in my life to have mostly construction workers as friends.

At the end of February I had moved from Rutland to North Vancouver. My spouse's grandmother generously made her home available for the time it would take to have renovations complete.

One morning in May, shortly after nine AM came a loud pounding on the front door. I opened to find two large men in suits and short hair standing on the porch. I agreed that they had my name right, and just who might they be? (although I already had a pretty good idea).

Both displayed RCMP badges (one was ironically named Morrison). The badges appeared to be generic, so I asked "Red Squad?" I got a scowl and a grunt in reply. One cop, the younger, slightly larger one, seemed interested in my brick-and-boards bookcase. He snapped a finger against the spines of several volumes, mostly Marxist classics, remarking that most "normal people" didn't have books like that in their homes. I asked what someone such as himself could possibly comprehend of 'normal' when the older cop intervened. Good cop was seated, hankering for a reasonable conversation; bad cop was angry, striding about the room

Most of the questions made no sense. I recognized none of the names that were mentioned, although they obviously didn't believe me. I was asked about skiing - something I have never done in my life. By the end of the 'interview' both myself and the cops were becoming frustrated. They wanted to know of my whereabouts but couldn't tell me when. I answered truthfully but volunteered nothing. They wanted to know about firearms and explosives. The bare truth didn't please them.

As they went to leave I overheard the thirty-something cop ask the forty-something cop about their travel route. It seemed that the pair had just arrived in Vancouver and didn't know their way around. I gave them street directions and they looked at me strangely - still anticipating the lie.

Thinking back, I discerned the encounter to be rather mild and without urgency. I assumed that by the time Agent Morrison and his partner had caught up to me that they had already concluded that this 'lead' was going nowhere and were already winding up the 'investigation' in their own minds.

I saw Roger Perkins on my way to work and shared the incident with him. Neither of us could make heads nor tails of it. Perkins looked out the window frequently, worried that I had been followed.

In the summer of 1970 Ray Morrison had a layover at Vancouver International Airport on his way to a gig at Niagara Falls. We spent a few hours visiting before the plane boarded and Ray mentioned a strange occurrence that had befallen him the previous year. Ray spent a night in

the RCMP lockup in Kamloops, undergoing a couple of interrogations. Ray was asked about things like skiing and explosives. The penny dropped.

Mr. Chubby had ratted us out! He must have lurked in the beer parlour parking lot (or some place warmer) and copied down a license plate number. Someone, likely Karen Cameron, later mentioned that the Prime Minister, Trudeau and friends had been in the Kelowna area on a skiing junket at roughly that time. It fit together.

Seven or eight people sat around glumly in late 1970 to preside over the dissolution of Peedub. I met Jack Scott's glance, then both of us looked quickly away. One of our final decisions was to decline a request from Dan McLeod at the Georgia Straight to borrow our now dormant press. It was a bleak day, despite the bright sunshine outside the warehouse in which we met for the last time. Many of us had been as close as family even if, like family, we had our acrimonious moments. John Wood and I got on each others' nerves something fierce from time to time.

The Progressive Workers Movement didn't die that day: it was taken off life support but perversely lingered for several years. A core of members stayed in close contact and joined forces for specific purposes every once in a while. John Wood acted as the nexus for over a dozen exPeedubs and associates. When John went at decade's end, for many of us the last lines of communication disappeared.

POST PEEDUB

Jack East came to grief the year after bolting from Peedub. He ran across a group of young radicals whose base was the alma mater, Vancouver Technical Junior-Senior High School. The name they had chosen was "Youngblood." Their press was in the basement of a house near Seventh and Nanaimo - three blocks from Van Tech.

Youngblood were opposed to the imposition of the War Measures Act in October of 1970. East was helping out, printing flyers through the night for morning distribution. Jack had been up all night, guzzling coffee and breathing mimeograph fumes. Sometime in the night the radio informed him that Prime Minister Trudeau had, indeed proclaimed the Act.

Jack panicked, imagining that 'they' were on their way to 'get' him. Jack walked through the night, north to Hastings Street. There, he followed Hastings eastward into the morning sun until it became the Barnet Highway. Hours later in the afternoon, Jack, exhausted, curled up to sleep fetal position on the shoulder of the Lougheed Highway. East became a 'client' of the mental health industry and its questionable practices for the next several years.

Jack's salvation turned out to be the LeBourdais commune. Unable to function as an urban activist after 1970, Jack became an energetic volunteer supporter and intermittent communist beginning around 1973. Never afraid of hard work, Jack gained recognition and respect as he showed up annually, seedtime and harvest. Anywhere one walks through the commune lands today, people will point out some project which East either contributed or helped create.

Jack Maley continued his downward spiral. My visits to Raymur Gardens became less frequent. Ironically, it was at Raymur Gardens that the first major political event of the new decade took place.

Judith Stainsby loathed Maley. She was his next door neighbour and she is our cousin. Judith was a large-boned woman with the fiery Knox red hair, a feature she shared with my mother and many other kin.

In 1970 cousin Judith was at a low point. She was a single mother trying to raise three children at Raymur. Judith set to making lemonade of the fruit life had handed her. She threw herself into the anti poverty movement and encountered the authoritarian figure of Margaret Mitchell. Judith began to loathe Margaret as she did Jack.

Judith, a trained professional accountant, did the antipoverty group's books. When she complained of the sleaze and corruption, she was threatened with 'my lawyer' - a legal aid lawyer whom Mitchell considered her private property. To disagree with Maley or Mitchell was to be threatened with 'legal action.' What the lawyer thought about being used in such a manner I don't know, but he may have regretted not becoming a school teacher, as he originally had intended.

In January of 1971 our cousin had something entirely different on her plate. I'll try to tell her story as it was told to me.

The Raymur Project was opened in 1970, built on the eastern edge of the Downtown Eastside where the East End runs into Vancouver East proper (East End and West End were the two historical residential areas flanking the Central Business District or Downtown). Campbell Avenue, just west of Raymur is the accepted dividing line between East End and Vancouver East.

When 'slum clearance housing' or the more polite euphemism 'low income housing' came to Raymur and Hastings, it stranded many elementary school age children 'on the wrong side of the tracks' from their school. There were dozens of rails to cross, dangerous, poorly maintained places where children might trip or find their feet caught - trapped between wood and steel. Groups of mothers took turns, escorting the children back and forth, sometimes four or more times a day.

The situation was made potentially deadly by the practice of Canadian National Railway (CN) employees on 'speed-up' to roll the engines at close to twice the legal posted speed through groups of mothers and children crossing to and fro. The posted speed was 25 miles per hour or 40 kilometres per hour. CTV caught the CN idiots on radar gun racing at 40+ MPH or 70+ clicks. Judith and several other concerned mothers wrote letters to CN Rail and letters to Vancouver City Hall. Getting no response, they tried a petition. Still no one paid them the slightest attention.

Concerns had also been lodged with the principal of Seymour Elementary. He referred it to the School Board. Likely a phone call or two were made, the Board was informed that the situation was as good as 'fixed' and the principal was left to work out the details with some CN flunkey.

Said flunkey took the principal to a 'nice lunch,' with the principal later telling the mothers that everything was fixed. But all continued unchanged. Before the 'nice lunch' got properly digested the locomotives were roaring past the kids at 70+ clicks and a CN employee continued to yell at the children to "get the fuck out of the way!"

After four months of CN games, the mothers had run out of options feasible and legal. A meeting of angry single parent mothers took place in Judith's apartment. Judith laughed when she recalled how leadership was thrust upon her.

"I was the only radical in the bunch without a thick RCMP file. Carol and Muggs didn't want to hurt our chances by having people say 'they're just a bunch of squeaky-wheel commies - pay no attention.' By the time it was over I guess I had my own thick RCMP file!"

The women called themselves the "Raymur Mothers" and confronted a desperate situation with their own desperation: they determined to block those tracks morning, noon and after school to ensure their kids got home without being fitted for a body bag. Judith freely admitted it was a scary feeling for frail flesh to play chicken with CN engines. It was thought that the engineers were trying to see how close they could come to the huddled women.

The group of supporters grew. The Raymur Mothers were adamant: it was their fight. Boyfriends and ex's could support, but it was the Mothers' who would decide and act. Individuals from the LSA and former Peedubs voiced their support and willingness to act if called upon. But it was Judith and her mates who did all the heavy lifting.

It was an excellent chance to discuss the role of the police. Cops stood by, observing, filming and interrogating. No cops were present when the lives of the children were endangered - only when CN profits were threatened did they appear. While the tracks were blocked Vancouver's waterfront was shut down; literally a millions-a-minute proposition. After all, 'time is money and these are nobody's kids, anyhow' seemed to be the unofficial 'official' response.

With the profusion of tv cameras, the Raymur Mothers were receiving prime time on the evening news. The School Board began to feel the heat and passed it on to CN. Somebody had explained to CN how easily railroad tracks could be removed. Hit the spot where that sucker used to be, and hit it at 75 kph and just you see what transpires! Jimmy Jones once described observing such a scenario in the Levant, accomplished by a simple crowbar and leverage blocks. Definitely something to think upon.

One day of blocking those tracks and the Mothers were no longer ignored. It took more days and more sit downs, but the City built an overpass much faster than the City usually got things done and CN mostly backed off until it was finished.

Judith Stainsby and the rest of the Raymur Mothers are still remembered today. Their story offered a practical lesson, showing what can happen when proles or poor people organize. In this same time, the early to mid 1970s, several large neighbourhoods in New York City were policed by local residents (the Roman Kings from the Bronx come to mind) - no-go zones for a police force that had a history of neither serving nor protecting.

Community organizing here in BC certainly drew inspiration from the Raymur Mothers. Militants in Strathcona and the Downtown Eastside for years pointed to the Mothers as their inspiration and guiding example. Most recently a stage play based on the Raymur Mothers saga was written and performed.

Later that year I travelled across Canada and stayed briefly with Milton Acorn when I reached Toronto. I'd return two years later and stay longer.

The following year Joe Hendsbee returned to Vancouver, just in time for All Seasons Park. Hendsbee was accompanied by his pregnant lady friend, Shaune Wylie.

A real estate parcel on Burrard Inlet at the entrance to Stanley Park was zoned and approved for the construction of a large luxury hotel. A number of environmentalists, hippies and local residents much preferred a proposal to add the small acreage to Stanley Park, or to create a separate park on the site. When it became obvious that the City would not reconsider a 'made' decision, people occupied the land, some calling it 'People's Park,' but All Seasons Park was the name most heard. The occupation began in August, the same month as that year's historic BC election.

With no Peedub, I felt free to work for the NDP on their 1972 BC election campaign. I declined to become a member - and after Peedub I never again joined a radical organization. The main reason I supported the NDP was because they weren't Social Credit.

The 1972 election was the 'coming out party' for an early gay rights organization, the Gay Alliance Toward Equality (GATE). All-candidate meetings were usually attended by a few representatives from GATE who asked questions many candidates had difficulty in answering. It was a learning curve for both sides as gay rights became a topic that politicians faced from then on.

One veteran pol, Bert Price of Social Credit, refused to recognize such a concept as 'gay rights.' Price raged that he intended to have such people castrated, presumably to prevent them from reproducing. Fortunately for all concerned, the electorate retired Price from active duty.

Price had not lacked funds with which to campaign. Large plywood signs, often called 'lawn signs' had adorned scores of buildings and parking lots. There weren't a lot of lawns in Vancouver Center. Some wag with cans of spray paint contrived a method to transform the 'e' in Price to a 'k.' Almost overnight candidate Price became candidate Prick.

GATE's spokesperson and co-founder was a middle-aged man named Dick Rulens. He was a shirt-tail cousin, being the nephew of my aunt's husband. He spoke to no one in his family and they heartily reciprocated. He had not only burned his bridges - he'd also scattered their ashes. Despite this, we enjoyed working that election together (although Dick's abrasive personality and disrespect of family easily explained why my cousins denied being related to him).

One particularly tragicomic incident stands out from that summer election. I recall it as a warm to hot day in New Westminster. Several members of Wacky Bennett's cabinet were present for some photo op and were being picketed by several hundred construction workers and their friends. One stocky middle-aged man, an ironworker, came prepared: his protest sign appeared tiny, affixed as it was atop a two-by-four about six feet long. He looked to be by himself.

The ironworker was heard to ask, "Which one is Gaglardi?" of a couple of other picketers. Someone may have eventually identified Phil Gaglardi to him, but either the ironworker misunderstood or was misinformed. He was allegedly looking for "a bald-headed goof" but missed Gaglardi, instead homing in on Cyril Shelford, another skin-headed member of the Wacky cabinet.

The two-by-four came down on Shelford's shoulder, breaking it. One witness thought the primary target was Shelford's head - a blow that could easily have been fatal. Shelford, a mild and pleasant type filling in as Agriculture Minister, must have wondered what he had done to rate this abuse.

The ironworker vanished. Perhaps it wasn't as random an act as I had concluded. Nor did the authorities seem aware that Gaglardi was the initial target which my observations had suggested.

Rumour reached Vancouver that Flying Phil Gaglardi, overextended by province-wide campaign appearances and at odds with the Premier, was in trouble in Kamloops, so a couple of us hitched a ride to the Interior. Door knocking in Kamloops was a surprise. Based on the pro-NDP response in North Kamloops, Gaglardi's power base certainly wasn't to be found there. A feature address by Bob Williams got a bigger and noisier response than expected. Exhausted, I returned to Vancouver East the day before the election.

John Wood, living in Wosk's high rise kitty-corner from Vancouver City Hall, invited me over that evening to watch the election returns with him. We had polished off a half- dozen beer between us before the first returns came in about half-past eight. An acquaintance from SFU's Political Science Department, Martin Robin, was hired to offer expert political analysis. The early returns

showed an NDP surge. Professor Robin predicted that this would not hold up - when the rural returns came in, Social Credit would overwhelm this illusory NDP lead.

John was frowning at the television set. "Robin's pissed," Wood observed.

Indeed he was - he'd had more to drink than we had, judging from the slurring in his voice.

John further observed, "And those returns *were* from the bush - and they ain't Socred."

Down at the tv station Martin was trying to extricate himself. He'd repeated his opinion that huge Socred rural returns were still on the way. The news guy repeated what John Wood had just said: the rural votes are already here and they are NDP. Martin appeared ill at ease, looking around in confusion. We opened the second box of beer. We were happy to celebrate any 'socialist' victory - even one of the palest pink variety.

Next morning, nursing hangovers we coughed ourselves fully awake with the first cigarette of the day. John cracked the window for some fresh smog. "Doesn't smell any different," John mused. "You'd think now that we've got socialism it would smell better."

With some hair of the dog we scanned last night's results. Gaglardi had joined Price among the pols put out to pasture. It felt good.

"The first bar opens in a half-hour," John announced. "The last one closes fifteen hours later - there's no time to be lost! Maybe draught will be free now that capitalism's been voted out!"

My heart wasn't in it and I left the pub crawl and John at the Anchor Hotel about noon.

Hendsbee was becoming a fixture at All Seasons, befriending people, offering the use of the shower at his Haro Street apartment. One young couple whom Hendsbee cultivated lived in a Volkswagen van. The motor was thrashed, so the van became a stationary camper. I have forgotten their names - a husband in his late twenties, his wife slightly younger and their little girl, about four years old. The parents insisted that the girl go fully nude when indoors. I would have been nervous had she been my daughter. Joe would gather the family and visit Martin Amiabel and company. There the little girl would amble about au naturelle amid some dozen adults, a few of them disturbingly bent.

As October drifted into November the population of All Seasons Park continued to decline. August and September had been relatively warm and dry; life at All Seasons had been an adventure. Now the park got a new name: Mud City. Mud puddles, human feces, garbage and litter - the place was becoming unlivable. Most of the remaining corporal's guard were there because they had no other place to go. The City became more assertive in suggesting a physical eviction of this remnant.

Hendsbee continued to have a rap for everybody - Marx, Nietzsche, Wilhelm Reich - and it all fit together if you didn't inspect too closely. A couple of times Hendsbee and I took a gallon of Calona loganberry bingo down to Mudville and howled bloody revolution together with the shivering remnant. Activity pushed the gathering chill away. No matter how drunk a person got, the sense of being in a sewer persisted. Perhaps inspired by the piles of feces beside or behind every log or rock Hendsbee inquired, "Think it's a big deal to be Prime Minister of this fucken country? Can you even imagine the sheer amount of shit you have to eat to get to the top of *that* heap? Trudeau's just a turd vacuum, Hoovering it up."

RIDING WITH JOE HENSBY

Riding with Joe Hensby in a ten-speed trailer
Down 401 the cab so high we're on a flying throne;
No need to worry of traffic, it worries of you...
The jungle trails clear when the elephant comes.

Thirty tons of steel behind, fifty miles an hour:
No need to worry -- if we got stopped sudden
And all that metal came crashing through
You could spread us on a sandwich and we'd never know.

He plays the gears like a man at a piano
Cursing every time --two or three seconds apart;
At no one in particular
He lives the road...he lives the abstract world of his curses.
Sometimes I come into his consciousness, but no one else.

But when that stream of vehicles clogs, we slow:
 sitting up there like conjoint kings
One of us's got to point a moral; and I
The official poet: -
 "Jesus Christ Joe
There's ten million dollars of equipment in sight
 -- how is it that we're poor?"

Call it a machine, call it a beast, call it a kind of hand
For it becomes an extension of the man.
When it roars it's we together are the lion:
And we live like lions
 often moving, often waiting
 years to pounce.

Milton Acorn, More Poems for People, 1971

Hendsbee had seen Milton Acorn earlier that year. Joe got a job driving truck and Milton once or twice famously (and illegally) went along as a passenger. From this came the above poem, "Riding With Joe Hensby." Not even Milton could spell the poor guy's name right! Joe reported that Milton and a man named Cedric Smith (formerly of Perth County Conspiracy) had been working together on musical and spoken word performances. In 1973 I paid Milton another visit.

Shortly after moving back to Toronto, Milton rented a room at this great pile of a Victorian residential hotel, the Waverley, in the four hundred block of Spadina. When I say Victorian I mean Queen Victoria was still alive when this hotel opened. It was here that I stayed on a couple of occasions.

One time Milton and I demolished several bottles of Alberta Springs Sipping Whisky. The bottles were packed in small cedar boxes, which Milton collected. We'd also shop at local Jewish delis, getting cream cheese and bagels to complement the booze. Then we'd talk art and politics until the cows came home, then get our second wind (and third bottle) and talk until the cows demanded milking.

Neither Milton nor myself ever thought of ourselves as theoreticians or ideologues. Milton's Marxism was a Marxism of the imagination, owing more to a deep spiritualism than to democratic centralism. Someone named 'Barker' wrote an article, once upon a time and fantasized Milton as the CLM theoretician. Strangely, Milton never mentioned CLM once - not in 1969 or 1971 or 1973. Nor did he ever mention people like Laxer, Endicott or Perly. This Milton as CLM mover is likely a slander that originated with a creature named Phil Taylor. Considering that Mitl and I had conducted Peedub post mortems a couple of times, any connection to the Canadian Liberation Movement should have come up. It's not like Milton was good at keeping secrets, but maybe better than I had imagined.

Maybe Milton and I were just good drinking buddies or maybe he had such a clear sense of my contempt for the CLM that he just had no desire to go there. If he had flirted with the CLM he might well have been too embarrassed to discuss it.

One night I remarked that a minor poem of his had taken up residence in my head. That led to one of the deeper discussions we had that year. We didn't even drink very much.

WHAT I KNOW OF GOD IS THIS

What I know of God is this:

That He has hands, for He touches me.
I can testify to nothing else;
Living among many unseen beings
Like the whippoorwill I'm constantly hearing
But was pointed out to me just once.

Last of our hopes when all hope's past
God, never let me call on Thee
Distracting myself from a last chance
Which goes just as quick as it comes;
And I have doubts of Your omnipotence.
All I ask is... Keep on existing
Keeping Your hands. Continue to touch me.

Milton Acorn

From: *Dig Up My Heart: Selected Poems 1952-83*. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1983.
p.181.

The poem, in part came from Milton's understanding of Marx's *Critique of Hegel's Philosophy*. Compare the opening line of the second verse with this well known passage from Marx:

"Religious distress is at the same time the expression of a real distress and the protest against real distress. Religion is the sigh of the oppressed creature, the heart in a heartless world, just as it is the spirit of a spiritless situation. It is the opium of the people. The abolition of religion as the illusory happiness of the people is required for their real happiness. The demand to give up the illusion about its condition is the demand to give up a condition which needs illusions."

Hope when all hope is past seems to resonate with spirit in a spiritless situation. There was a deep-down core to Milton's inner life that was vibrantly spiritual.

The most practical thing I ever learned from Milton was how to progress from rough draught to final polish. "You know you're done when you're down to changing one word or phrase. Then you notice that you've just changed it back again to what you originally started out with. You're done."

So I found it to be. I'm certain Milton went through far more intermediate draughts than I usually have had the patience for. But I do know when I'm done. It is as true of prose as it is of poetry.

Hendsbee had departed Vancouver again before I returned from Toronto. Somebody had put Shaune in the hospital, apparently in her eighth month of pregnancy. Gordie Larkin and Dave Forsyth suggested Joe should remain in Toronto this time. He didn't.

The next time I heard from Hendsbee he had reinvented himself, this time as a parent. There was no mention of Shaune or her child. Hendsbee complained that Satu's mother had badly mistreated him, but that he had grown as a result (the pain made him stronger). This was likely 1975. It was the last time I was to see Joe in the flesh. At summer's end Satu returned to her mother, but Joe sightings were reported around Vancouver for the next couple of years.

In 1989 Roger Perkins, coming close to retirement from the SFU Bookstore, got a call from Hendsbee. Joe was selling magazines or encyclopedias door-to-door somewhere in Richmond. His old-age pension was about to kick in and it couldn't come soon enough. I never heard from him again, nor did Roger as far as I know.

During Peedub's dissolution era some people left the Movement to explore 'alternate lifestyles' - another outbreak of the politics of narcissism. It was particularly attractive to people with petty bourgeois mentalities. Lil and Neil Fullen, for example, promoted menages of various designs and eagerly confessed an urgent need for Amiabel's "deconfusion chamber." Had such a thing even existed - and operated as advertised - there is little doubt it would have had a steady stream of patrons.

Lillian Fullen showed more interest and excitement in the politics of immediate and personal gratification ('the highest good') than ever was displayed in the Peedub years. Who could have predicted that Reich's orgone blankets would make a comeback in the 1970s?

In 1973 I volunteered to work establishing a 'free store' just off the Drive. I experienced sabotage on the part of Jack Maley. Maley undoubtedly had been goaded into it by Mitchell, but rationalized his motivation. I confronted him in private. I had considered Jack a friend - had done so for a decade. He had helped me move, he had done some needed plumbing work at my mother's home and refused to take money. I was sure I could reach him. I was wrong.

I was informed that vast changes would soon be taking place, "When ML takes over."

"Raymur Project is going to run to Chilliwack and down to the border and all workers will get assigned housing," I was told. Raymur is about seventy-five miles from Chilliwack.

When I suggested to Jack that the idea was ridiculous - there wasn't enough concrete in the world to do that. Besides that, many workers, myself included wanted no part of being relocated to some gray Stalinist block housing prison. Jack became agitated. His eyes bulged like fried eggs behind his greasy eyeglasses.

“ML knows how to deal with fascist workers - our policy is that you and all the other fascist workers will be shot!”

I quickly lost patience. When Jack repeated his silly death threat I gave up. My last word to Jack was “off.” We never spoke again.

What Jack didn’t know was that his despised neighbour was related to me. So it was from my honorary ‘big sister’ that I heard the end of Jack’s story.

Jack had a thirteen year old step-daughter whose nickname was ‘Wounded Knee’ because of a past injury sustained while climbing a fence. When Social Services (aka ‘the Welfare’) discovered that the child was pregnant, they soon determined that Jack was the father. I was too heartsick to follow the case on the news. Virtually any identifying details were withheld by court order - a necessary restriction to protect the children, at least temporarily and after the fact.

Judith left ‘Housing Project Hill’ shortly thereafter, but thought Jack had been sentenced to federal time (over two years) and had subsequently died in the penitentiary. I was never able to verify just what happened, but I think my cousin got it right, because she usually did. Her contempt for Jack had been visceral before the pedophilia came to light; now it became absolute.

Jack’s partner in crime, Margaret died soon after. Ultimately stripped of funding (and power) by the defeat of the Barrett government, Maggie’s last attempt to attract attention to herself consisted of her chaining herself near the entrance to the Van City Credit Union branch at Joyce and Kingsway. Upon her death it was revealed that she had amassed a houseful of ‘things’ with which to enslave herself. Expensive fur coats and wraps, a large jewelry collection and objets d’art comprised the bulk of the hoard. Tony Amor, Joan Morelli and others who were around in those days were astonished. Perhaps this explained some of the unaccounted-for anti poverty funds.

The activist wing of the anti poverty movement had one final fling. In 1976, taunted by the new Welfare Minister, William Vander Zalm, saying that the poor had ‘better grab their shovels’ because he wasn’t about to give them something for nothing, hundreds of people converged on the Legislature in Victoria, many - maybe most - carrying mucksticks. Speeches were given by Opposition members, union leaders and community spokespersons. The Government ignored it all. At the demonstration’s peak there may have been over three thousand people making noise in front of the main legislative building.

That would have been it, had not a Victoria tv newsman mentioned to a few of us that the Cabinet wasn’t even meeting in the main building, as we had assumed, but in an annex away from the noise. The rumour spread quickly and the crowd reconfigured in the direction of the annex.

Joan Morelli was assaulted by an enraged commissionaire pulling her hair and trying to drag her about, as she tried to enter by a side door. The main entrance was unattended though, and scores of protesters, brandishing spades and shovels raged down the hallways. Civil servants gawked from doorways in disbelief, then scurried away as the phalanx of shovels approached.

We burst into a room and gazed into the startled face of Premier Bill Bennett. Tea had just been served. The Premier was at the head of a long table. To his left was a trembling Pat McGeer and Grace McCarthy, plus Jim Neilson with an ape-like leer, to his right Vander Zalm. The Zalm knew he was the focal point and jumped to his feet to (verbally) defend himself.

Here Bennett surprised. He foresaw the train wreck Vander Zalm was mindlessly plunging toward (the Zalm is fortunate that Joe Hendsbee wasn't in attendance) and took control of the situation. Two sweating, frightened bodyguards, one hand concealed under their jackets, rushed in but the crisis had passed. Bennett suggested he meet privately with three representatives elected by the crowd. And so it went.

Windows were opened, shovels extended, waved. Television cameras rolled. Bonnie Ramsay emptied McGeer's teacup on the floor, putting both it and his saucer in her purse. McGeer looked away, swallowed several times. Then people wandered out, leaving a shaken Cabinet to carry on.

The anti poverty movement, much of which came to be cynically promoted for squeaky wheel nuisance value - 'created for co option' was how one activist, Tony Amor saw it - returned to its grassroots and dug in.

After leaving Peedub the LeBourdais family went through a rough patch. Every once in a while Jerry and I would run into each other - on a Hastings trolleybus, in Woodward's Department Store.

Once in the early 1970s Jerry and I tried desperately to catch up on news while sharing a seat on a bus for six blocks. I understood that Jerry and Nancy had obtained prospector's licenses. Backpacking west of Kamloops, they had discovered and claimed a large copper ore bed. Jerry was on his way to a sit-down with some lawyers in hopes of cashing in on the copper find. I didn't see Jerry again for a few years, but I gathered that the meeting went very well, indeed.

The LeBourdais family used some of the proceeds to lease several hundred acres along Quesnel Lake. A unique kind of back-to-the-land commune began to form. This may have been 1971 or slightly later.

Now retired country gentry, Jerry decided to try his hand at agriculture. His grow operation was detected by photographic flyover. I learned some details from Sharon Wood, with whom Jerry maintained contact. At another time Jerry was awaiting his turn to speak at an all candidates forum - I believe in Williams Lake. He stepped out the back door to burn a doobie and was

promptly arrested by the RCMP. Curiously he was not running for the Marijuana Party, but was a Green Party candidate.

On another occasion I heard Jerry's voice on the radio. A snap of cold weather had left some local homeless people frozen dead in the streets. Jerry accused the Mayor of Williams Lake of negligent manslaughter and of being devoid of compassion. There was that warm magnetic voice, now a quarter century older than when I first heard it, but it still tugged on the emotions.

Jerry's commune (for such it came to be) is credited with saving the Cariboo potato from extinction. Insufficient technologies in mechanized harvesting led big agribusiness to have Cariboo seed potatoes 'delisted.' This meant that seed potato producers would no longer be permitted to sell the Cariboo. Jerry got a handful of the remaining seed potatoes and the Cariboo lived on. That it was unprofitable to agribiz was sufficient for Jerry to protect it.

CEEDS, the commune, still exists, although Jerry died in 2004. Gifted public speaker, charismatic union organizer and the only person ever to run for public office under the Peedub banner outlived his old comrade, Jack Scott by four years to the week. Both left an empty space - proletarian leaders of that quality are very thin on the ground.

One of my favourite Jerry anecdotes was told to me by Jack East. East, LeBourdais and a couple of others stopped at the bar in Likely, BC. After a few beer, Jerry climbed onto the table and proposed a toast. The way East tells it conveys some of the sparkle of the moment, which printed words do not.

Raising his glass, regarding the room, Jerry saluted "All the Likely people - and all the unlikely people, too!"

Only a Jerry LeBourdais had the chutzpah to grandstand like that and bring the house down with whistling and applause.

SEX & DRUGS & ROCK 'N ROLL

Reality ('objective conditions' in Marxese) changed and changed some more during the Peedub period. A great deal of wheel-spinning takes place when answers are sought for the question of why Peedub (and many other Marxist groups of the day) failed to persist. My contention is that an idealistic and fallacious analysis of human nature doomed the enterprise and many like it.

We constantly reminded ourselves that the 'workers had us under a microscope' and that our example had to be pure and untainted. We must be the best workers on the job - reliable, conscientious and cooperative. The workers might be lazy, and yet hypocritically dismiss a would-be leader who shared their laziness. Workers might shack up, might screw around, do drugs but would reject the leadership of people who displayed these same traits. We had to be exemplary in every way and in every facet of our lives. We had to be different from the world around us. No one ever ventured to say how this might be accomplished - will power?

Jack Scott definitely wasn't 'made that way,' but many of his comrades were. One summer four married male comrades each had an affair with the same unmarried female comrade. Secrets are nigh impossible to keep in such a tightly rolled organization. The four 'comrade wives' were incensed. A couple of marriages had recently gone to divorce; a few more joined them. The female comrades frequently left the Movement; occasionally the male partner left. Sometimes both left and yet others left in protest.

Still reeling from the lies, followed by blustery defences ('what *is* your problem? Sex is merely an extension of friendship...you're so full of bourgeois morality...') and sudden lack of trust all around, the Movement got a second instalment. A pair of travelling Swedish women, homely, boring and promiscuous did in a couple more marriages. Even the uninvolved and the oblivious lived under a cloud of suspicion. Nor did one need to be Columbo to detect a double standard when a comrade wife had a retaliatory fling.

Jack Scott tried to ride the situation out. He sounded disappointed, but could say only, "We live in a bourgeois society - it's hardly possible not to track some mud in."

That put the blame squarely on 'objective conditions.' Truth be told, we *were* the mud. By most measures we were no different from the world around us and in some ways far short of being up to snuff.

"Could we perhaps have only one smoker at a time light up? I can barely see across the room," complained Jack Scott.

Over half of the younger Peedubs smoked, as well as some of the veterans such as Hendsbee and LeBourdais. Jack Scott didn't smoke, but had been tolerant of other people's addictions. Other non-smokers such as Roger Perkins, Lillian Martin, Don Duggan and Jack Maley had to put up with second-hand (second lung?) smoke. And have their clothing and hair reek when they went home.

The single smoker rule lasted about twenty minutes because, of course when one lit up, others did too in knee-jerk response. Opening the windows gave minimal relief. Even when us smokers did so beside the window most of the smoke rolled back into the headquarters.

Jack Scott is correct in claiming that drugs were not a problem in PW, if we restrict the narrative to things like speed, heroin or cocaine. Tobacco usage was certainly out of control. The only person in the Peedub years who quit smoking was the personable Bob Edwards, the China Arts and Crafts manager. Edwards proclaimed that he now belonged to the pink lung club. Jim Neish had switched to snoose. Otherwise, approximately twenty out of thirty-five persons at a general meeting would light up, frequently all at once.

Yet the real drug of choice was alcohol. Jerry LeBourdais called it 'our old Enemy, John Barleycorn.' Historically booze has been the bane of the union organizer and of countless

radical activists. Studies suggest that courtroom lawyers and big-ticket item salesmen on average, also drink way more than others and for similar reasons of stress and anxious waiting.

Spousal abuse (apart from serial sexual infidelities) was usually found in tandem with alcohol abuse. Sometimes not: one wife stood in front of the tv to get her husband's attention; she quickly found herself on the floor, thumped and dazed. Her husband resumed his Sunday of NFL games.

Hearing of the incident, another Peedub said he'd never do something like that - unless his wife blocked Hockey Night in Canada, of course..

Divorced or separated males became an ever larger subset in Peedub as the end approached. Two groups of men shared rental accommodation. Factoring in time for one's children as the non-custodial parent added another level of complexity and frustration.

Sitting around a pair of joined tables in the Dodson Hotel beer parlour, John Wood studied the rest of us - six Peedubs fully prepared to do some serious drinking.

"Guys like us," John said, "might as well throw the cap away. We aren't going to stop until it's all gone, anyway."

He was right. Approximately three Peedubs in ten fit the active alcoholic profile. During a brewery strike in Vancouver several carloads of Peedubs made frequent trips to Bellingham to get their fix.

Marijuana made its initial appearance in Peedub about 1967. Pot of that era bore little resemblance to that of the twenty-first century. It was seen as a substitute for alcohol and acclaimed as *the* answer. Getting stoned was seen as a big improvement over getting drunk. For a short while so it appeared.

Unfortunately that honeymoon period segued into one where folks regularly got both drunk *and* stoned.

Joe Hendsbee, although he no longer used, had some mary jane stories for us. He spoke of shore time in Cape Town as the ship was being loaded. He and a mate took some Durban Poison to the top of Table Mountain. Aided by the altitude, both young sailors got very high. Hendsbee spoke fondly of the experience of lying on his back, seeing things in the sky.

By 1969 there were rumours of lsd, peyote and 'shroom use in Peedub's ranks. Some of Peedub's student members had been introduced to all these substances prior to their days in the Movement. There was no evidence that they were relapsing. Upon investigation, it appeared that a few supporters were toying with druggie lifestyles but any Peedubs present had not been participants.

I recall one particular conversation from around 1969. A young man of about nineteen years had experimented with injecting substances directly into his veins - things like mayonnaise and Listerine. He and I argued for hours about the nature of reality. In the end, nothing was settled - he continued to insist that reality was whatever he said it was; something I flatly denied. I believe he died shortly after, though no details come to mind.

Tom Mason was another troubled teen on the fringes of Peedub. He was an army brat who lived at CFB Jericho, near to the Advance Mattress. He occasionally remonstrated on the pointlessness of life and spoke about suicide. He was one of many young people of that generation who thought and felt deeply and were not at home in this world. I never saw Tom again, once the Advance Mat folded.

If you've read many reminiscences and biographies of lives dedicated to class struggle, you likely couldn't stand another sanitized dewy-eyed production any more than me. The daily reality was that many of us lived lives of noisy desperation and by 1970 referred to ourselves as Marxist-Lunatics for good reason. If we find ourselves unable to accept constructive criticism, no matter how painful, then we're not struggling for a better world but simply seeking distractions. As Phil Ochs once lamented, "and pain was prevented by pleasure..."

"We tried to change the world," mused Sharon Wood, "but found out the only person we can change is ourselves."

She might have added 'and we sure didn't have much interest in that.' But it was Count Tolstoy who summed it up best: "Everyone thinks of changing the world, but no one thinks of changing himself."

Instead we ignored the maelstrom in which the Movement was caught and wrote a magnum opus that also served as epitaph. As Shakespeare had Cassius speak, the fault lay not in our stars, but ourselves.

When Bettina Aptheker made public the fact that her famous father, Herbert had sexually abused her for ten years many wondered at the historic silence on the left. Many miserable secrets were kept so as to maintain the image of the heroic rebel; to tell the shameful truth might suggest that socialism wasn't any improvement over capitalism. To paraphrase Marx, shouldn't we wonder at the nature of a situation that requires the maintenance of such illusions? The dysfunctionality inherent to organizations like Peedub prevents resolution of contradictions at the personal level. In denying the problem and in refusing to even discuss deteriorating conditions, the Movement began to operate on gossip. Even Joe Hendsbee observed the relationship between the downward spiral of behaviour with the increase in gossip - with comradesly trust gone, he proposed, "the Movement runs on rumours."

So Peedub had its dark side - in common with all other human institutions. That it was inept at dealing with such negativity hardly made it unique.

Sometime in late 1973 or 1974 Benny Lee and I went to a club a block from the Beatty Street Armouries. I remember the place as 'Mother Tucker's Yellow Duck,' but that was likely a former name. Phil Ochs was performing and not doing too well. The audience treated Ochs more like Muzak than a countercultural icon and he began to berate them. Ochs asked them what was the matter with them - in the 1960s people didn't hold loud private conversations when he sang. This was no longer the Sixties and Ochs was having trouble adjusting.

After his last set, Ochs, already well lubricated joined us at the Marble Arch Hotel. Phil Ochs didn't want to reminisce - he wanted to complain about 'the rock bottom apathy' he encountered. He also complained about FBI harassment in great detail, claiming that "dozens" of agents were following him, bugging his telephone, 'investigating' his friends. I thought him paranoid and said as much to Benny later on. Years later documents were released that more than verified Ochs' claims. Some of the harassment seemed wholly for the amusement of an evil FBI creature named Sullivan. If anything, Ochs underestimated the amount of malicious interference in his life.

Phil Ochs seemed to be travelling alone - he had a green station wagon with boxes of cassettes in the back. When I read of his suicide a year or two later, I was saddened , but not surprised.

During the mid-1970s I worked off the spare board as a beer parlour waiter or beerslinger. In the evenings I took courses at SFU.

One hot August day at the Hotel Europe (a flatiron structure where two streets merge in Gastown) I saw Jerry, the sucker-punching sailor for the last time. He didn't remember me and name-dropping Silver and Hendsbee only agitated him. I could feel his mad eyes boring into me as I left at shift's end. Nothing at all romantic about that boulevard of broken dreams - just more class casualties, more paranoia.

Some days I opened up at the Europe. As I went in I could see my customers, shabbily dressed men queued up, patiently waiting for ten o'clock. Several of them, hunched forward, backs to the street sipped from paper bags containing bottles of vanilla extract or something even nastier.

In the Europe's mens' washroom someone from the Outhouse School of poetry had carved a ditty on the wall:

The American eagle is a high and lofty bird
That flies all over the United States
And in Canada drops its turd.

Now here's to Canada - a land so fertile and rich
That we don't need a turd from your high and lofty bird
You American son of a bitch!

Even skid road pissairs featured some rough gems of political graffiti.

In a later gig I saw Jim Neish for the last time when I was bartending/waiting at the Princeton Hotel at the north foot of Victoria Drive. This was probably the fall of 1975. Jim seated himself with a couple of mates, soaked up a few, started looking sly, called me over.

"If we lose Mao, we got to keep our eyes on that Chou En-Lai - he's gonna try something. Mark my words."

Chou wasn't in much better shape than the Red Emperor himself. Next week Gordie Larkin dropped by and I relayed the conversation. Larkin laughed, agreeing that it was a fine idea indeed were Jim Neish to keep Chou under the very closest of surveillance. As it was, Chou was dead in but a few months, followed by Mao later in the year.

Late in 1975 New Star Books threw a publication party for Helen Potrebenko, author of *Taxi!* It was to be the last time I saw several old friends and acquaintances. Incidentally, the autobiography/novel quickly dropped from view, but deserved a kinder fate.

Several months later I wore out shoe leather helping Dave Barrett win a by-election in Vancouver East. A few times I relaxed in the campaign headquarters, next to Kootenay Loop, with a few beers after a day of door-knocking. Occasionally Barrett would be there, draining a beer or two. Barrett's private personality differed somewhat from his public persona. I still think of him as a good man, but flawed as are we all. There was a good bit of simmering anger there and an unexpected sarcastic streak. Remembering Hendsbee's observations about the bourgeois political heap, it is not surprising.

Unremarkably, many former members of Peedub and the LSA became involved with union organizing. Dave Forsyth replaced veteran labour warrior Tommy McGrath as head of local 400 of the CBRT, the coastal seaman's local. Gordie Larkin became a CLC flunkey. Others were active on university campuses, particularly with AUCE, the Association of College and University Employees. Many of these contracts were won in traditionally anti union milieux.

Those scores of ex Peedubs in labour unions continued their activism, often in being elected shop stewards and occasionally as business agents. This was the brighter side of Peedub. Despite unruly and chaotic personal lives, Peedubs were usually sincere in their efforts to aid the oppressed and marginalized. A few commentators likened Peedubs and other Marxists to the canaries in the coal mines. Among the first to struggle for civil liberties and against oppression, Peedubs were often ahead of and signaling gathering social upsurge.

Don Duggan went so far as to muse that the NDP should give Peedub some credit for their 1972 election victory. To paraphrase Duggan: 'A decade of noisy far left activity made the NDP look more legitimate to the electorate - it was a bigger factor than the split right wing vote.'

To this day I hear of ex Peedubs in the news. Sometimes the news isn't quite what one would like to hear - as when Peter Cameron completed his three hundred and sixty degree career by acting as establishment flak-catcher for BC's Liberal government in their confrontation with the Teacher's Union (BCTF).

Gordie Larkin, dubbed "The Slumlord" by John Wood (not in an at all unfriendly way), spun about two hundred and seventy degrees. Or maybe he looped back ninety degrees - it was hard to tell with Larkin - he kept a lot of his stuff hid. At some point he was given the "Nickel an Hour" Morris Award. Joe "Nickel an Hour" Morris was one of the most despised labour fakers of the Peedub era. Our uncles, IWA members, had other, more colourful names for "Nickel an Hour" in appreciation of the annual nickel he had 'bargained' for them. Morris did quite alright for *himself*, earning a sinecure from the federal labour bureaucrats of the CLC. I'm sure Larkin with his keen sense of the absurd would appreciate the irony.

WHAT WAS THE NORTH AMERICAN LABOR PARTY?

Even more demented than the Canadian Liberation Movement was an entity that called itself the 'North American Labor Party.' I connect it with the NDP's Waffle Caucus and the CLM because it was a thing of the 1970s more than of the 1960s. I don't recall hearing of NALP before 1972 or after 1977. It remains something of an enduring mystery. No other pseudo Marxist (or faux Marxist) organization of any size from this era left a lighter footprint in contemporary history. No one else, not even Gary Perly sounded as irrational.

Those who frequently travelled in the 1970s were likely to see this same group of well-but-casually dressed people in their mid-twenties to mid-thirties; office worker haircuts, suburbia fashion, setting up their literature and display tables. One week, San Francisco, Seattle, and Vancouver; then they would spring up on campus in Edmonton, Calgary and Toronto. When someone in the audience disagreed with what they said, NALP speakers would dismiss the person with, "That's your mother talking!" There was no content or substance that made sense - all was form.

Individuals with little or no political exposure or experience almost always mistook this troupe of incomprehensibles for Marxists or Marxist-Leninists. Hardial Bains and the CPC (ML), who had moved into the vacuum created by the demise of Peedub (at least in BC) took a rancorous dislike to NALP. The so-called 'labor party' retaliated with leaflets and posters. One leaflet claimed that the way to "stop crime" was to "lock up the Maoists." Hardial Bains was referred to as 'Comrade Hardly Any Brains.' Another member of CPC (ML) was said to wear 'a chequered Mao cap to hide the scars from an unsuccessful surgery meant to cure a tendency toward homosexuality.' Another was said to issue from a 'polymorphous-perverse extended family' and to have been fooled into thinking he had converted said family to Maoism. Work phone numbers were given for some individuals, with the impression that this was meant to cost them their jobs.

As street theatre it might have earned passing grades, but as political activism it made no sense. Who were these people? Groucho Marx at least made sense with his double entendres

and irony. These people owed more to Gummo or Harpo for sure. They didn't work, but had money. They travelled extensively, but had no home base or headquarters. Some were USAmericans, but came and went from country to country. They seemed to have wide general knowledge, but no program, no core beliefs, no statement of principles or goal. Their primary objective seemed to be to deliver the last and best one-liner. If they had a world view it consisted of a Freudian core of psychoanalytics slathered over with pop culture.

NALP could be scary, because they had stalked people and provoked violent confrontations (on one instance they had several of their agents roughed up for disrupting a CPC (ML) event. They had accumulated a creepy great deal of personal information on scores of Marxist activists in the Vancouver area - witness the detailed information on the posters and leaflets. I suspected there were facilitators (choreographers) arranging surveillance and intelligence gathering. The stalkers and the campus performers seemed to have one primary function and it didn't include data collection. The public figures in NALP likely weren't dangerous - I wasn't so sure regarding the shadowy beings that trained and financed them.

Recent information (2013) suggests that NALP, despite its name was primarily Canadian and was funded by Lyndon LaRouche, a USAmerican crypto fascist. The recent Wikipedia entry describes a consistent modus operandi of slander, disruption and threat. When NALP (with many aliases) accused their selected victims of homosexuality, AIDS transmission, child molestation and so on, they did so from California to Quebec and from the late 1960s to the early twenty-first century. That I saw them only for a few years in the mid 1970s may largely be due to my leaving Vancouver shortly thereafter.

They also might have given Vancouver a wider berth than they did most places. NALP on at least two occasions had their agents well and truly beaten in the Vancouver area. On the Vancouver area campuses NALP was a frequent entertainment, an amusement, making their ludicrous accusations/statements, fencing with hecklers, but never responding to serious questions or observations. People with a background in trade union militancy responded quite differently to NALP than did SFU and UBC students. The former were not amused and stomped two NALP provocateurs while a third escaped. These violent incidents might have made college campuses seem more deserving of NALP's attentions.

I just wonder if someone from NALP ever told Joe Hendsbee that 'it was his mum talking?' Just think! Real agents! Real targets!

SCOTT REDUX

New Star Books held a publication party for Jack Scott's first volume of *Trade Unions and Imperialism in America: Yankee Unions, go Home*. It was the last time I was to see many of the people to whom I had been so close a decade earlier. The year was 1978.

The demise of PWM certainly had a silver lining for Jack Scott. The outpouring of books from his pen would not have taken place had he continued to edit *Progressive Worker* - which itself

would have become a theoretical journal divorced from practice. Instead we received writings that could be interesting and could be important and frequently both.

Jack gave me a couple of chapters of 'Plunderbund' to proofread. I don't know that I was much help, but a couple of years later he offered to proofread a content analysis social history I was attempting of the PW journal. He was very helpful. Given the content of the paper, it was very much like assisting at an autopsy. Writing it certainly brought out a morbid subtext.

During the writing of *Plunderbund and Proletariat* - maybe 1973 - Jack and I, like several others before us wondered if IWW poet laureate Joe Hill had physically been in BC when he composed the classic "Where the Fraser River Flows." It appeared unlikely: Hill seemed accounted for elsewhere and nobody had ever claimed to have seen him in BC. But there were doubts, however slight. Perhaps someone solved the puzzle (if it even was that) long ago. But as reams of border crossing data recently became available for online research, I occasionally put in the names 'Hill,' 'Hillstrom' or 'Hagglund,' to see what comes up.

Around 1976 I travelled to California. In a part of Los Angeles called Pacoima I found a bookstore. It was owned and operated by an elderly, hard smoking woman. She claimed to have been Upton Sinclair's lover when Sinclair ran for Governor of California on the 1932 EPIC ticket (End Poverty In California). Kickass acronyms are nothing new - they were around a century ago!

In a dim alcove I discovered a vein of antiquarian radical material. There was a lot of stuff from Kerr Publishers in Chicago with very early dates. Don Duggan remarked that there would have been an extra zero to the left of the decimal in Vancouver.

In 1979 I made the decision to leave Vancouver for good. I moved to the North Thompson a car full at a time. Around 1980 I visited Scott while he was living in a sunny basement suite near Charles and Kamloops in East Vancouver. I presented him with the 'theory' core of my radical literature collection, including the armload from Pacoima. Jack could be emotional at times and this was one of them. It turned out that Jack had once owned copies of several of my California acquisitions. His copies had been seized by the RCMP and destroyed. Forty-five years onward he had given up hope of ever seeing them again. It did feel good for once to be able to give to someone to whom I owed much.

I saw Scott again shortly after that. John Wood was in Vancouver General Hospital with multiple injuries and I drove Scott there for a visit. Wood had been cool to the suggestion that Scott be informed of his (Wood's) condition, but the huge grins they bestowed on each other said differently.

Driving to VGH, Scott had mentioned that he had recently visited someone else in hospital - I think he mentioned the Royal Columbian in New Westminster. "And who should I see in the next bed but Gene Craven - he's had it, I couldn't even talk to him - I don't think he's going home."

I was shocked. Two or three years before, Craven had looked great. Scott didn't elaborate and I never did hear any more about Gene's hospitalization or even anything concerning the Craven family.

John Wood's first hospitalization had been the result of a savage beating. I was given the whole story when John returned to his apartment on Watson Street (sort of a back alley cum avenue a block east of Main Street and running about a dozen blocks from Twelfth to King Edward).

John and a draft dodger poet named Tommy Gunn (non merde) sat for several hours in the Waldorf Hotel beer parlour. By the time they left, they were shit-faced, to borrow one of John's favourite expressions. I presume their goal was John's Firebird, parked on a sidestreet.

Next door, at the Waldorf's banquet room a wedding reception was taking place. Along Hastings Street sat a half-dozen cars festooned with bunting and streamers, paper bouquets. John decided he did not approve, and began to tear off crepe and plastic from the nearest car. Suddenly about ten to fifteen young, angry and intoxicated Italian men ran at John and Gunn. Tommy was first to see them coming and took to his heels. John was beaten unconscious and then kicked countless times as he lay on the sidewalk. Someone eventually called an ambulance.

John never again moved like a man in his mid-thirties. Discharged by VGH the following week, John returned home to find that his neighbours had burgled his apartment while he was hospitalized. Gordie Larkin had an extra colour tv and he gave it to John. The neighbours would get it, too, the following year.

John and I had shared musical tastes. Both of us spent countless hours playing the music of Bob Dylan. *Highway 61 Revisited*, *Blonde on Blonde* and *Bringing It All Back Home* were our favourites, later to have *John Wesley Harding*, *Nashville Skyline*, *Planet Waves*, *Blood on the Tracks*, *Desire* and *Street Legal* were added as years passed.

Highway 61 was also Judith Stainsby's favourite album. Years later she could still recite the words to 'Tom Thumb's Blues:'

"Up on Housing Project Hill
its either fortune or fame
you must pick up one or the other
though neither of them are to be what they claim"

Other musicians of interest included Phil Ochs, noted for protest songs, Pete Seeger and Woody Guthrie who provided a musical bridge to earlier periods of radical activity. Both Dylan and Ochs claimed a musical descent from artists such as Joe Hill and Ralph Chaplin, handed on to them by Guthrie, Cisco Houston, Leadbelly, Paul Robeson and their contemporaries.

Neither John nor I got to any Dylan concerts in the 1970s, but we caught Stompin' Tom Connors on his West Coast tours several times. Connors often performed in high school auditoria and ticket prices were affordable. Connors was from Prince Edward Island, like Milton Acorn. Stompin' Tom's working class songs like 'Sudbury Saturday Night,' 'Bud the Spud' and 'Tillsonburg' were mildly popular in Peedub circles.

John steadfastly claimed that Bob Dylan's genius lay in his uncanny ability to predict cultural change. "He's always one step ahead of the zeitgeist," John would insist. With the release of *Slow Train Coming*, John was astonished and puzzled. It was our last Dylan album to critique and debate.

Again I drove Scott to visit, this time at St. Paul's Hospital. Scott tried to be buoyant, but on the trip home expressed shock at the rapidity of change. He reminisced about John and his father, Jack, and the relationship the three enjoyed.

Incidentally Wood's nickname for Chairman Scott was "Scoot," maybe a recognition of the Old Man's energy level as well as wordplay. I don't think John ever used the term to Jack Scott's face. The degree of respect comrades such as Wood and Craven afforded Jack Scott was enormous.

John died in September of 1981 after enduring several months of full hemodialysis; to that date no one on the planet had survived on hemodialysis for more than eleven months. John went to "get his blood washed" on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays he "felt like shit" - Sunday was the only day of the week John experienced as "liveable."

It was nearly five years before I saw Jack Scott next. He was living in a communal house with younger comrades, much like his situation with the Vancouver Study Group and Red Star Study Group a decade earlier. I mentioned that we had a son born the previous year and were expecting his sibling in the new year. Jack raised his shaggy eyebrows as I related our family news. "A lot of my old comrades seem to be having babies," he observed.

Jack talked about growing up Methodist in Ireland. A branch of our family came from County Cavan and that bunch produced some classic Orange Order bigots. Apparently Methodists were fair game for both IRA and Ulster paramilitary thugs. Nice place to survive a childhood.

A young lady named Joyce Cameron joined us for part of the visit and mentioned what was happening with friends we had in common. She didn't mention her brother, Peter, who was no longer close to Scott by that time.

In that autumn of 1985 Jack did not envision a very rosy future for Fortress North America. He was well aware of the advance of the surveillance state and the increasingly frantic, violent imperialist wars for vanishing resources. He saw a Twenty-first Century that would revel in its ability to 'disappear' a rain forest or create a desert where none had previously blighted. I don't

think he saw an exploited class raising up a revolutionary leadership in Anglo America - too many significant indicators in the economy and the culture that suggested otherwise. Nor did he any longer pin much hope on China - things had gone wrong in Mao's latter years and had become worse since his death. I suggested that the rot had set in somewhat earlier but Jack wasn't convinced.

In the winter of 1990 - 1991 I spoke with Jack by telephone. I think I got the number from Hari Sharma, a sociology professor and mutual acquaintance. I had part of a wee back corner office in SFU's Criminology Department that winter.

For the first minute or two (after a young female voice had brought Jack to the phone or the phone to Jack) I had the awful feeling that Jack didn't place me. Perhaps it was a matter of reconciling his hearing aid with the telephone. Then he drawled that he had heard that that rangytang, LeBourdais had been making one awful bloody fool of himself and the half-question half-observation that we didn't live that far from each other (LeBourdais lived near Williams Lake). I agreed that I should drop in and see Jerry the first chance I had.

I repeated our offer to have Jack as a houseguest, but warned that we had a toddler. Jack promised to drop in if they were ever passing through and we went on to talk of various fools and foolishness we jointly held in low regard. It was to be the last time Jack and I spoke.