

# Newfoundland socialist:

My lifelong lesson hard writ – slow learned

by Tor Fosnæs



a *Mobilewords Limited* production



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Develop or perish! – J.R. Smallwood



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## Preface

This chapbook is a personal memoir of my socialist life. I always thought I was a socialist, but I suppose, truth be known I am a failed socialist. I haven't made anything that resembles revolutionary activities, not had my name emblazoned on posters of protest, there are no songs about my commitment. No statues in honour of my zeal.

The memoir focuses on my time spent trying to wrestle social and economic development problems in rural Newfoundland (and now we have to include Labrador) to the ground; to solve them once and for all.

Not surprisingly opportunities to do so were, and still are, few and far between. The political inertia of Newfoundland politics, and Newfoundlanders in general, is a thick, murky and sucking bog. Mostly mindless minions of one party successively replace another party's doorknobs election after election, mouthing the same platitudes, promising the same promises, making the same stupid financial and cultural mistakes.

If it wasn't so pitiful it would be funny, if it wasn't so funny it would be pitiful.

What follows, my friend, a former upper-echelon civil servant, calls a *screed*, is me, my opinion, my observations and it takes huge licence with the rigors of writing, it is editorial by intent.

I am a writer and have been such for almost 60 years. I used to have a reputation for skilled interviewing, truthful presentation and plain words. This work follows a pattern set long ago and includes anecdotes and recognitions of my own making to elucidate my efforts to achieve my socialist desires and my eventual disappointments to make a difference. In speaking to a friend about preparing this document and my failure as a socialist, he archly asked, can you name one successful socialist. I was taken aback, but later remembered Tommy Douglas. And I suppose Allende in Chile, but he came to a poor end.

Trying to wrap one's head around the Regional Economic Development Board history is difficult, even for those of us involved. They started at different times, their five-year planning was staggered and overlapped. The Board I was involved with started two years later than the rest because it was originally part of a larger region that included the whole southern half of the Avalon Peninsula, including the eastern coast of Placentia Bay. Sort of like the 17<sup>th</sup>

century plantation given to William Vaughan. The Placentia crowd were unhappy being forced into alignment with the Southern Shore crowd and the region was split making 20 zones instead of 19. The north end of St. Mary's Bay opted to go in with Placentia, the Salmonier Line, Route 90, being the boundary.

My local REDB was, I thought, my best chance to effect social change.

I turned to Patrick Curran, former Executive Director of the Irish Loop Regional Economic Development Board Inc., (which operated as the Irish Loop Development Board or ILDB) for what is a concise history of the boards' establishment. Discrepancies in program names between Curran's account and the wording of some Newfoundland and Labrador Auditor General reports are inexplicable, except to say it is indicative of the shifting political scene at both federal and provincial levels.

Curran presented two seminar papers in 2018, some 7 years after he left his post as Executive Director. The papers analyzed the theoretical approaches used in formulating the regional Economic Development policies of both governments.

The papers are called *An Analysis of Three Theoretical Approaches to the Policy Process of the New Regional Economic Development* and *The "New Regional Economic Development" Further Considered: Two Additional Theories Applied to the NRED*. The five theories are:

*Advocacy coalitions, multi-level governance, incrementalism, principal agency, and veto players.* His analysis is complete and meaningful. Shifts between approaches at funding levels caused irreparable harm to the zone boards, as what they started out with changed and they had to continuously adapt their operations.

So much so, Curran wrote,

Over fifteen years since it was first introduced, questions still remain, primarily among government and certain key stakeholders and particularly among those involved with the new regional structures, known as regional economic development boards (REDBs), as to the efficacy of the "new" approach to regional economic development. Regardless of the perspective, **there is a general consensus among both government and regions that the initial vision has not yet been realized.** [emphasis mine]

How could we have gone from the consensus report of 1995 *Community Matters: The New Regional Economic Development* reflecting broad agreement among stakeholders on the style and form of the

NRED to the *Report of the Ministerial Committee on the Process to Renew Regional Economic Development* of 2005 where the actors had changed significantly, where the focus was less on broad policy adjustment across government and more on the operations of REDBs themselves and where the notion of multi-level partnership was recast as a desire for a joint protocol and management committee to guide the future?

In conversation, Curran said in 12 years the ILDB failed to create one job outside its staff. They did foster a Chamber of Commerce, a Tourism Development agency, a joint towns' council, and initiated a waste management strategy which was overtaken by a pan-provincial waste plan implementation.

I searched the Internet for *socialism* and then trolled through the image collection and found some good cartoons, mostly poking fun at socialism, but to poke fun at something you must realize it exists. My favourite, here, is English. The speaker looks like Joe Smallwood.



I also have included some socialist songs, all great old favorites, most part of the IWW *Little Red Songbook*, which has continued and been updated regularly since 1905.

Generally, I make pretense to not remember. One of my favourite sayings is "There are many things better remembered than photographed and there are many things best not remembered at all." So, nearing my dotage, what do I do, I start writing memoirs. I wrote one and found that once you start, you can't stop. The memories are there in readily editable form, mis-rememberings, faulty memories, false? memories. Anyway, whatever is in there leaks out.

*Newfoundland socialist* is my memoir. There are many other aspects of my life, my practice, my hobbies, my nature, my manner, my collections, my regrets, etc. but not enough of any make a memoir focus, yet. There is always going back to poetry, I suppose, after countless years of a dry pen. And as Dylan said, "I was so much older then, I'm younger than that now."

### **Revolution**

(from *Imagine: John Lennon* soundtrack)

You say you want a revolution  
Well you know  
We all want to change the world  
You tell me that it's evolution  
Well you know  
We all want to change the world  
But when you talk about destruction  
Don't you know you can count me out  
Don't you know it's gonna be alright  
Alright Alright

You say you got a real solution  
Well you know  
We'd all love to see the plan  
You ask me for a contribution  
Well you know  
We're doing what we can  
But when you want money for people with minds that hate  
All I can tell you is brother you have to wait  
Don't you know it's gonna be alright  
Alright Alright

You say you'll change the constitution  
Well you know  
We all want to change your head  
You tell me it's the institution  
Well you know  
You better free your mind instead  
But if you go carrying pictures of Chairman Mao  
You ain't going to make it with anyone anyhow  
Don't you know know it's gonna be alright  
Alright Alright

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# WORKERS OF THE WORLD, AWAKEN!

By Joe Hill

Workers of the world, awaken!  
Break your chains, demand your rights.  
All the wealth you make is taken  
By exploiting parasites.

Shall you kneel in deep submission  
From your cradles to your graves?  
Is the height of your ambition  
To be good and willing slaves?

Chorus

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Fight for your own emancipation;  
Arise, ye slaves of every nation.  
In One Union grand.

Our little ones for bread are crying,  
And millions are from hunger dying;  
The end the means is justifying,  
'Tis the final stand.

## THE INTERNATIONALE

By Eugene Pottier (Translated by Charles H. Kerr)

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,  
For justice thunders condemnation,  
A better world's in birth.

No more tradition's chains shall bind us,  
Arise, ye slaves; no more in thrall!  
The earth shall rise on new foundations,  
We have been naught, we shall be all.

Refrain

'Tis the final conflict, Let each stand in his place,  
The Industrial Union Shall be the human race.

## Chapter 1 – What's a socialist?

My answer would be, you are looking at one.



Well, what is a socialist? Someone who advocates or practices socialism. What is socialism? Now we enter a long and winding road, full of twist and turns and narrow places, where with oncoming traffic we must pull over or back up to find a place to pass; just like the old Halls Bay Line north and east out of Deer Lake ca. 1955.

Let's use Wikipedia here: Then again maybe not, the opening five paragraphs have 58 footnotes out of a total of 571. So briefly, the first paragraph:

Socialism is a political, social, and economic philosophy encompassing a range of economic and social systems characterised by social ownership of the means of production.<sup>[1][2][3][4][5][6][7][8]</sup> It includes the political theories and movements associated with such systems.<sup>[9]</sup> Social ownership can be public, collective, cooperative, or of equity.<sup>[10]</sup> While no single definition encapsulates the many types of socialism,<sup>[11]</sup> social ownership is the one common element.<sup>[1][12][13]</sup>

Remember **social ownership is the one common element**. That is not too bad, only 13 footnotes. It is well worth a look at each of these sources, I particularly like number 12; but look at how recent it is, I was already 47 in 1994; and a committed socialist for 30 of those:

Arnold, Scott (1994). *The Philosophy and Economics of Market Socialism: A Critical Study*. Oxford University Press. pp. 7–8. ISBN 978-0-19-508827-4. "This term is harder to define, since socialists disagree among themselves about what socialism 'really is.' It would seem that everyone (socialists and nonsocialists alike) could at least agree that it is not a system in which there is widespread private ownership of the means of production...To be a socialist is not just to believe in certain ends, goals, values, or ideals. It also requires a belief in a certain institutional means to achieve those ends; whatever that may mean in positive terms, it certainly presupposes, at a minimum, the belief that these ends and values cannot be achieved in an economic system in which there is widespread private

ownership of the means of production...Those who favor socialism generally speak of social ownership, social control, or socialization of the means of production as the distinctive positive feature of a socialist economic system."

To make matters more confusing Wikipedia gives a list of *Models* of socialism. Get ready,

<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Socialist planned economy</li> <li>• Decentralized planning</li> <li>• Inclusive Democracy</li> <li>• OGAS</li> <li>• Project Cybersyn</li> <li>• Soviet-type</li> <li>• <b>Market socialism</b> [emphasis mine]</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Lange model</li> <li>• Mutualism</li> <li>• Socialist market economy</li> <li>• Socialist-oriented market</li> <li>• Communal socialism</li> <li>• Participatory economic</li> </ul>
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How about some *Variants* of socialism from the same page?

<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 21st-century African</li> <li>• Arab</li> <li>• Agrarian</li> <li>• Anarchism</li> <li>• Authoritarian</li> <li>• Blanquism</li> <li>• Chinese Communism</li> <li>• Democratic</li> <li>• Ethical</li> <li>• Ecological</li> <li>• Feminist</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Fourierism</li> <li>• Free-market</li> <li>• Gandhian</li> <li>• Guild Laissez-faire</li> <li>• Liberal</li> <li>• Libertarian</li> <li>• Marhaenism</li> <li>• Marxism</li> <li>• Municipal</li> <li>• Nationalist</li> <li>• Owenism</li> <li>• Reformism</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Religious</li> <li>• Revolutionary</li> <li>• Ricardian</li> <li>• Saint-Simonianism</li> <li>• Scientific</li> <li>• Social democracy</li> <li>• State Syndicalism</li> <li>• Third World Utopian</li> <li>• Zionist</li> </ul>
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[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Market\\_socialism](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Market_socialism) gives this definition:

Market socialism is a type of economic system involving the public, cooperative, or social ownership of the means of production in the framework of a market economy. Market socialism differs from non-market socialism in that the market mechanism is utilized for the allocation of capital goods and the means of production.

Oh, brother, I hear you, there is no Newfoundland socialism, at least not on Wikipedia. Hence the title of this work..



So, let us define it as I have lived it. Production in Newfoundland has never been owned by the producers, just look at the merchant system so prevalent through four centuries of fishing; the first half century of the pulp-

wood industry, which was the sole cause for making socialism illegal in Newfoundland in 1959; the mining industry which has always been *capitalist*, with one brief exception, that of Baron Francis von Ellershausen's Betts Cove mine which was market socialism with a tinge of utopian socialism; and the Antigonish Movement (Co-operative movement) which has had sporadic, short-lived successes since the 1930's. We could add the Fishermen's Protective Union of William Coaker, but it was a political movement based more in populism than socialism, *per se*, with a portion of market socialism.

Growing up in rural Newfoundland and being better read than most of my peers, I had an innate understanding that something was amiss with the *system*, the schools, the doctors, the police, the preachers, the welfare system, the merchants, the whole kit and kaboodle. Platitudes were easily recognized along with an entrenched cultural malaise to 'keep marching boys' because nothing will change; and it is cold all winter; and blowy as hell all summer. Newfoundlanders have never risen up in anger, rebelled *en masse*, or manned the barricades like our socialist brethren in Europe, America and, to a somewhat tamer extent, Canada.

Oh, there were a few riots here. The United Irish Uprising (a hangover from the Irish rebellion of 1798, mostly an anti-British army mutiny) in 1800; the St. John's Election Riot (protesting an ill-advised formation of a non-elected Conservative government by the British appointed governor) in 1861; the Battle of Foxtrap (no railway in our backyard please) in 1881; the Colonial Building Riot (an opposition to perceived government corruption) in 1932. Smaller actions include the Battle of Bonne Bay (Woody Pointers wanting more than dole) in the 1930's and the Badger Riot (a International Woodworkers of America (IWA) action fomented by H. Landon Ladd) in the 1950's, about better economic conditions and better money.

Not one socialist ideal in the lot including Ladd and the IWA, which was staunchly democratic and avoided left-wing politics, Wikipedia tells us. The Canadian IWA organization took over the IWW's Lumber Workers Industrial Union in 1946. Interestingly one founder of the IWW was a Roman Catholic priest, Thomas J. Hagerty, foreshadowing Father Moses Coady in the 1930's and Father Desmond McGrath in the 1960's.

Hagerty became a Marxist in 1892 and spent his life trying to reconcile the teachings of the Church and the socialist movement. In the 1930's Father Moses Coady stepped up to form the Antigonish Movement. In the 1960's McGrath helped form the Newfoundland Fisherman's Union, later FFAW and now Unifor.

Another similarity, all three priests ended up in disrepute or decrepitude.

Anyway, there were no socialist uprisings, barricades, no long-term resistance, no follow ups, certainly no *sea change*. This is the way the world ends, not with a bang but a whimper, said Elliot.

The Swedish socialist, Joe Hill, an IWW organizer, who used simple Marxist ideas in his songs and speeches, telegraphed the IWW leader Bill Haywood the night before his execution on trumped up murder charges in Salt Lake City, "Goodbye Bill. I die like a true rebel. Don't waste time in mourning. Organize."

Now there was a true socialist rebel. I heard *I Dreamed I saw Joe Hill Last Night* when I was about 16. Like *Up the Long Ladder and Down the Short Rope* my breast stirred in revolutionary fervour. But, alas, I was alone. All the rebels were either hiding or compromised. I had to suck it up and turn my head and heart to *normal* life. Isn't that always the way? Whimper.

But early on I determined to become a man of *direct and radical action* whenever possible. I was launched a socialist, but given the many varieties, was rudderless and conflicted for many years.

I espoused co-operativeness and anarcho-syndicalism in my early adult speech. I figured that the best way to change the world was to get inside the power structure and change it from within. Ha ha ha. How foolish can a Newfoundlander get. I didn't like politicking and so could offer little in the way of committed party action, the closest political socialist party was the New Democrats, another big laugh here, please. Their socialist fervour was always co-opted by the local trade union movement, another big laugh. Totally devoid of true, radical, socialist principles, then as now. Not a raised fist in the lot.

No political parties had songs as good as the Wobblies. No anthems. How can you be stirred to action when there isn't an anthem? The Salvation Army comes close in the anthems department and they are great workers of charity and organizers of social activity, but they are not socialists.

I joined the IWW. I wanted to join the tightly (nationally) controlled, but not illegal, Communist Party of Canada but they were not at all interested in organizing in Newfoundland, there wasn't enough of us, according to a CPC organizer who was in Newfoundland working for the NDP in 1968.

A star day in my socialist life was when I had my picture taken on the Cuban parliament building steps with a raised fist, in my red and black Che Guevarra t-shirt.

At home there was Joey Smallwood, a self-avowed socialist who, once in power, colluded with international bankers and financiers, and turned his back on unions. He championed a (federal) welfare state and promoted (local) economic development but at a cost that has brought us to the brink of bankruptcy more times than anyone wants to remember. His Develop or Perish thinking lingers today with the odor of Muskrat Falls and several collapses of the inshore fishery.

Smallwood's development plans equated to more jobs, paid out of federal coffers if possible. Boom and bust. Boom and bust. I came here in 1949 so I was in on the start of it. By 1969 I knew something was terribly amiss. I realized socialist thinking was missing. I was 22 that year. I was ready for the barricades, but there weren't any.

So, here I am claiming I am a *socialist*. What kind, you ask?

Well, as close as I can come is this definition from <https://www.dictionary.com/browse/socialist>:

A socialist is someone who practices or supports socialism, which is an ideology or system based on the collective, public ownership and control of the resources used to make and distribute goods or provide services.

And, [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Market\\_socialism](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Market_socialism)

Market socialism is a type of economic system involving the public, cooperative, or social ownership of the means of production in the framework of a market economy. Market socialism differs from non-market socialism in that the market mechanism is utilized for the allocation of capital goods and the means of production.

But there is more; I also believe that people can help themselves, arise from the miasmas of big government, bad schooling and institutionalized poverty, and, that each of us, and each community, has a role to play in making those changes effective. *Good will always adds up* is my personal motto. My mantra is *There is nothing that can't be achieved by people of good will working together towards a common goal.*

Here is the US Knights of Labor song, *Hold the Fort*, from the 1870's:

Toiling millions now are waking,  
See them marching on;  
All the tyrants now are shaking,  
Ere their power is gone.

Storm the fort, Ye Knights of Labor,  
Battle for your cause;  
Equal rights for every neighbor,  
Down with tyrant laws!

And, following, the eternal love song of the Cuban patriots.

The words lose in translation but let me tell you everyone from Natalie Cardone to the street buskers of Havana, sing it with a hair-raising effect. But, first, my Che t-shirt with a fake Order of Lenin pin.



## Forever, Comandante

by Carlos Puebla

We have learned to love you  
from the historical height,  
where the Sun of your bravery  
laid the siege to the death.

Chorus:

And here remains the clear,  
the charming openness  
of your dear presence,  
Comandante Che Guevara.

Your glorious and strong hand  
fires at the History  
when all people in Santa Clara  
wake up to see you.

[Chorus]

You come, burning the breeze  
with the sun-rays of the spring,  
to stick the flag  
with the light of your smile.

[Chorus]

Your revolutionary love  
leads you to a new venture  
where they expect the firmness  
of your liberating arm.

[Chorus]

We will go forward,  
as we used to go with you,  
and with Fidel we say to you:  
Forever, Comandante!

<https://lyricstranslate.com>



## Chapter 2 – What's an anarchist?

I toyed with anarchism many times, but, you know, anarchy has such dreadful connotations to us North Americans. Yet luminaries such as Oscar Wilde, Nelson Mandela and Che Guevarra were anarchists so there must be something there. Anarchism grew out of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, although it is as ancient as man's development into tribes. It peaked and died in the Spanish Civil War and is on an upsurge again at the start of the 21<sup>st</sup> century.

All *isms* require an underlying theory in order to be whatever they are. Like the Dao De Jing, any *ism* can most easily be defined by its opposite, or as Lao Tzu might have said, if anarchy is so then so must be its opposite. What is the opposite of anarchism?

In *Anarchism: A Criticism and History of the Anarchist Theory* by E. V. Zenker (1897) we find an answer:

Anarchy means, in its ideal sense, the perfect, unfettered self-government of the individual, and, consequently, the absence of any kind of external government. This fundamental formula, which in its essence is common to all actual and real Theoretical Anarchists, contains all that is necessary as a guide to the distinguishing features of this remarkable movement. It demands the unconditional realisation of freedom, both subjectively and objectively, equally in political and in economic life. In this, Anarchism is distinct from Liberalism, which, even in its most radical representatives, only allows unlimited freedom in economic affairs, but has never questioned the necessity of some compulsory organisation in the social relationships of individuals; whereas Anarchism would extend the Liberal doctrine of *laissez faire* to all human actions, and would recognise nothing but a free convention or agreement as the only permissible form of human society.

But the formula stated above distinguishes Anarchism much more strongly (because the distinction is fundamental) **from its antithesis, Socialism**, [emphasis mine] which out of the celebrated trinity of the French Revolution has placed another figure, that of Equality, upon a pedestal as its only deity.

Anarchism and Socialism, in spite of the fact that they are so often confused, both intentionally and unintentionally, have only one thing in common, namely, that **both are forms of idolatry**, [emphasis mine] though they have different idols, both are religions and not sciences, dogmas and not speculations.

Both of them are a kind of honestly meant social mysticism, which, anticipating the partly possible and perhaps even probable results of yet unborn centuries, urge upon mankind the establishment of a terrestrial

Eden, of a land of the absolute Ideal, whether it be Freedom or Equality. It is only natural, in view of the difficulty of creating new thoughts, that our modern seekers after the millennium should look for their Eden by going backwards, and should shape it on the lines of stages of social progress that have long since been passed by; and in this is seen the irremediable internal contradiction of both movements: they intend an advance, but only cause retrogression.

In our world the antithesis of socialism is capitalism, but in fact it should be, as it is often used, that communism is the antithesis of capitalism. I suppose in many ways anarchism is the antithesis of everything.

Note the highlighted section that both anarchism and socialism are forms of *idolatry* which I suppose accounts for the exclusion of both by organized religions. Many a cleric has been a socialist or anarchist and many a socialist cleric has come to a poor end at the stake, the gun, or through excommunication.

Like socialism, modern anarchism is difficult to define, and it comes in many forms as found at <https://www.crowdfreedom.com/different-types-anarchism>; including Anarcho-Pacifist, Anarcho-Queer and Anarcho-Feminism. Seem like anybody can be an anarchist given they have an axe to grind or a cause to champion.

The Wikipedia entry for anarchism has only 94 footnotes but an interesting introductory paragraph, with a mere 12 footnotes:

The following outline is provided as an overview of and topical guide to anarchism, generally defined as the political philosophy which holds the state to be undesirable, unnecessary and harmful,[1][2] or alternatively as opposing authority and hierarchical organization in the conduct of human relations.[3][4][5][6][7][8] Proponents of anarchism, known as anarchists, advocate stateless societies or non-hierarchical[3][9][10] voluntary associations.[11][12][emphases mine]

## Chapter 3 - Social and economic development



Like marriage, you can't have one without the other. Social development (it can be progressive, positive, beneficial, regressive, negative or disadvantageous) is directly linked to an economy; they are one and the same. Improve social values (education, health, compassion, volunteerism are a few social items) and the economy improves. A lot of misery and yelling and personal affront

would have been saved over the past 40 years had we all just dropped the adjectives and simply said *development*. Joey said *develop or perish* without putting any limits on what to develop.

At a meeting, where the board was wrestling with a decision as to who could be elected to the board as opposed to being appointed by an interest group, a disjunct between government facilitators and what was a grass roots effort became obvious. The government guy stepped in and said, *there is no social in economic*. It was the beginning of the end of my naiveté (I was 50), a sudden cold plunge from which I still take certain umbrage.

How can you drive economic development and not take into account its social implications. Of course, toeing the government program line means he had no choice but to mouth the words, I still can't believe that he actually meant or understood them. Or did he?

Surely when you give someone an economic opportunity and tools to take advantage of it, their social status, opportunity, and future changes as well. We preached the great benefits of increasing job skills and employment opportunities without being permitted to explore what those new situations would mean to a family, a neighbourhood, a community, society. Absolutely senseless then, absolutely senseless now.

Another way to look at it is to take the reverse, throw a man out of a job and we are all over what happens to his family. Switched over to social services (interesting how this term survives, not economic services; also called welfare and

*the dole* in the old days) which services are almost 100% financial oriented – employment insurance benefits, drug cards, food stamps, transportation costs, living expense support, medicare, and drug programs.

The following chapters are going back to the inception of my involvement and the following 40 years of, without meaning to tip off the gentle reader to the ending, the futility and lip service of it all. I also take full responsibility for not acting as a man of *direct action*, as I should have. A coward, perhaps; not wanting to condemn my fellows to the wall by raising my fist in righteous indignation, perhaps; fear of becoming the voice crying in the wilderness, perhaps.

Look, I didn't spend every waking moment in 40 years trying to bring about societal change; and isn't that what development actually is, *change*, making and adapting to it? I practiced my development skill set but make money I did a lot of things, from hack writing, publishing, offshore exploration marine technology, project management, business management; just about everything but taxi driving, which the great social anthropologist Raoul Andersen credited with getting him through graduate school in Chicago.

Of Raoul, Louis Chiaramonte, Geoff Stiles, Elliot Leyton, and George Park, my MUN professors in the early 1970's, more later, but we will start with my early years growing up in the house of a late-Victorian, right-wing, Norwegian, my father, in Newfoundland's rurality. Twillingate in the early 1950's, for example, was a microcosm of what was wrong with Newfoundland for 400 years and wouldn't see any resolution or salvation until the Road to the Isles was built in the early 1960's.

I recently met a young woman from Herring Neck. I told her I once lived in Twillingate and she effused about enjoying the cosmopolitan aspects of Twillingate as a Herring Neck teenager, Friday nights, Saturday dances, all the usual stuff. You were born after the road was put in, I opined. Road, she said, the road was always there. Another example of how development is invisible to many who greatly benefit from it, socially and economically.

We moved there in 1954 and lived in an apartment (the concept was very new at the time) that was cobbled together in the lower floor end of the old courthouse, in fact a refurbished police station; the new bathroom in the back still had the iron bar doors for a cell.

I was enrolled in Grade 3 at Twillingate Central School, four rooms each with a pot-bellied stove, and K-12 coverage. It was here I got my first glimpse of the

true disparities of Newfoundland society and in particular, Newfoundland's out-port society.

We weren't rich, except in opportunity and outlook, for most of my early childhood pals were bereft of both and of money as well. Nobody read books, a family tradition for me. I started reading early, at four, and by the time I was 10, had read my way through all the extant children's literature, Hardy Boys, Tom Swift, Nancy Drew, Classic Comics, and had begun to read my parents' Book of the Month clubs offerings, Schoonover, B. Costain, Frank, du Maurier and other historic romances from Mom and the Asimov, Bradbury, Clarke and others of the Golden Age of Science Fiction from Dad.

I was encouraged to read instead of going out *copying* on the ice or messing around in boats. Given my name and background I was quickly to learn that out-port society took notice of strangers and the notice wasn't always accepting. Being set aside by a society, being an outsider, simply by name or, I suppose, social position, was evident every day.

Our family was socially active, the hospital nurses and doctors, the welfare officer, the magistrate, some local merchants were all family friends and contacts and many a good 1950's *expat* time was had by all. But on the ground and out the landwash, where I spent most of my time, it was a little less civilized. I had a couple of good pals my age, one or two with whom I kept in touch over the next 40 years.

By the time I was 10, in the summer of 1957 we were on the move to Corner Brook where Dad took up duties as the CNT (telegrams, remember them?) manager. We lived for a while that summer in what was then Corner Brook's only apartment building on West Valley Road and later in the fall moved into a rented house on Central Street. The next year we moved into a small fixer-upper house in Steady Brook.

### **difference becomes misery**

Corner Brook was, and still is, a hateful place to my mind. The schisms and separations between the mill workers and the upper management types, like Dad, was obvious even to a ten-year-old. Our neighbours on Central Street were accepting but we were outsiders; there were no barbecues or garden party invitations, no weekends at the cabin on George's Lake or Boom Siding.

Family friends were limited mostly to much the same crowd as in Twillingate, professionals and a handful of eastern Europeans who made it out of the DP camps in Germany.

They were all non-socialists for sure having only recently been in camps, on forced marches, distributed willy nilly through Eastern Europe and barely getting out with the Reds nipping at their heels. My father was much enabled in his strict conservative views by that crowd. Of course, they were internally caste structured and us Norwegians took our role as *minor* Europeans, maybe we hadn't suffered enough or spent enough time hovering on the borders of genocide.

Of course, in Corner Brookian eyes we were all *Germans* – the recent enemy. I grew to appreciate my Norwegian background when I saw the real German families put up with demonstrated intolerance by their fellow citizens. There had been some anti-German expression in Twillingate but generally being European was a curiosity, not a condemnation. At 11, I had begun to realize the real class structures in Newfoundland society and found myself firmly in an outsider camp.

I went to Corner Brook's Park Street Public School, each grade had its own classroom at least for Grades VI to VIII. There were intra-mural activities and school teams rather than whose turn it was to *bring the splits* and *get the coal*. Under the tender administrations of Principal Mister Legrow and Vice-Principal Miss Sharpe I muddled through. Again, a perversity in my makeup prevailed and when given the choice in Grade VIII between French and Latin as a foreign language, I opted for Latin.

Strangely I can't remember much of those years, it was like I was in a fog, Twillingate was an adaption, now here was another. It was a fog of self-imposed disenfranchisement. In Grade VI, I was president of the Junior Red Cross but I wasn't liked, I felt, and I didn't like much in return. In 1958 we moved from Corner Brook to Steady Brook, characterized by a huge pulp wood boom in the Humber River and a prolific salmon pool where the brook met the river. Here it was a bit like Twillingate, isolation was *de facto* being 10 miles outside Corner Brook and I was able to find local friends and eschew Corner Brook connections.

Our neighbours in Steady Brook included a Norwegian sailor come ashore in post-war Newfoundland, a veteran of the Newfoundland Artillery campaign in North Africa, a rich CPA, a remittance man from St. John's, and any number of poor people and furtive iconoclasts. We as outliers now fitted quickly into the local social matrix. For me, the next six years (from 11 to 17) honed my class struggle appreciation and advanced my understanding how ignorance and stupidity could unwittingly (I liked to hope it wasn't wittingly but now I am not too sure) rule huge portions of a society. My high school years (Grades 9, 10, and

11), at Amalgamated Regional High School, were symbolized by my *dumbing down* of my skills and academic attainments. If you got the high marks, like many of the European students did, they took notice and expected more of you. I was able to find a happy medium of effort and participation and get 70's and 75's; and most importantly, avoid any extra-curricular involvements (after all I lived out of town!). I was in the boys' choir for a couple of years, acted in the drama society and played school level badminton, but without much enthusiasm or joy.

My free time was spent fishing on the river, playing ball in a field, riding bicycles on the highway, and reading, reading, reading. At 12, I started my first summer job, with a Social Insurance Number, a UIC book, stamps and all. Every summer after I worked at a local gas station, serving hot dogs and soft drinks in park canteens, and babysitting.

I matriculated (required for going on to post-secondary schools); many of my classmates merely passed. A good half of my Grade XI class failed. Mom didn't want to cut the apron strings and I went to the Catholic High School, Regina, for Grade XII. It was a first year university course worth so many credits at St. Francis Xavier.

My first real glimpse of the Roman Church. There were two of us non-Catholics (me and a Jew), a bunch of Irish Cristian Brothers, all three incorrect names by the way, a lay teacher who was probably a failed Jesuit (but he was understanding), and a room full of Roman Catholic boys, mostly misfits. It was much later I figured out they were being experimented on, mind control techniques ages old were being used, to get them to abandon their unacceptable practices and go clerical.

At 17 my parents and my sister moved to Woody Point, Bonne Bay, and I went to university. I was going to be a dentist before you ask. I excelled in cigarette smoking, whisky drinking, and sexual encounters with young women. Summer of 1966, I was testing concrete and living *la vida loca* in St. John's, a happy member of the blue collars who managed to flunk out of university. There was a little respect for having attended.

But I was young and invulnerable and there was lots of work. All things pass, my summer of love came to an end, I sold the car I bought for \$75 at a profit and in September I was teaching subjects to Grades VII and VIII in Bonne Bay Central High School; on a P licence making \$124 a month before taxes and benefits.

It was enlightening, being one of the staff. The teacher around the bay was, probably still is, on the top level (high caste) of rural society, revered, if not appreciated; learned if not smart; wealthy if not rich. I went along, irritating the Pentecostals for not doing morning Bible readings from the New Testament, I preferred the stories in the Old Testament, I was pulled up before the board and lectured on my idiocy.

Before I could get up enough strength and outrage to fight them, I contracted amoebic dysentery and was laid low for a month or so. In April I went to Labrador City and shovelled iron ore pellets for 16 hours a day until I couldn't any more in October. It was Centennial Year so I went to Montreal but missed the Expo. I wandered around Ontario looking for work and settled in Sudbury at INCO's iron ore pellet plant and lived in a boarding house until I could get enough money to fly home at Christmastime. Labourer work. I re-read Marx, a book of great consternation to my boarding house lady who was an Hungarian immigrant from before the war.

### **opportunity missed, activity stifled**

On my return from the mainland, Bonne Bay wasn't big enough to have work opportunities, and I wasn't going teaching again, ever, so I looked in Corner Brook and in January 1968 was taken on as the local page, features page, and religious page editor at the Western Star. My short experience in yearbook stuff at MUN in 1964 and 1965 was an asset, but I think it was my forward manner and silver tongue that clinched the deal. I immediately understood page layout and could write headlines like a pro after a few lessons from Cal Holloway the news editor.

Once he came storming out of his office saying, "You lay women but you place wreaths!" reacting to a July First event photo cutline. This still resonates with me as on the local and national media a half century later people are still *laying* wreaths at various cenotaphs. He was right then and everyone else is still wrong, I am certain of this.

My stint at the Western Star further illuminated me as to how class-based Corner Brook society really was and the futility of trying to change it. I was lucky to survive it I figured. In September I effected a transfer from Corner Brook to the parent paper, the Evening Telegram in St. John's as Junior reporter.

Rubber chicken lunches at the Rotary meetings in the old Newfoundland Hotel events room; visits to the Harbour Pilotage office for shipping news; rewriting press releases. Clean shaven, short hair, shirt and tie, everything just the way

Steve Herder wanted it. On the other side there was an underground social consciousness counter-culture at play. No. Not hippies but Ray Gay, Michael Cook, Harold Horwood and the inestimable Farley Mowat were always around and there were lots of parties. Don McLeod from Nova Scotia was the Canadian Press man in Newfoundland and we struck it off right away, even shared a small apartment for a few months.

By the end of the year I tired of telling other people's lies and tired of being pulled back from the real truth because of political correctness or political pressures. The Telegram, and Ray Guy, were notoriously anti-Smallwood, by 1968 who wasn't? But the Herders trod a fine line between political aggravation and soothing the advertising base.

I became a Canadian Citizen and in the process was asked in for an interview (this wasn't normal at the time) and was interrogated by a Citizenship official attended by two RCMP officers who observed. Later when I mentioned this to a Federal Government trainer in Halifax I was whisked into another office and interviewed about the interview.

I was told the man who interviewed me in 1968 acted out of mandate and it should never have happened. He asked me how I knew the two other people were RCMP and I said, just like I can tell you are or once were an RCMP officer. It was plain to see, I said. The first interview had rankled me a little but I thought maybe it was normal; now in 1973 I had discovered that I had been duped without a reasonable cause; I wasn't a Commie or an insurgent, or a freedom fighter, or a religious zealot yet I was singled out for some reason or was suspected of something. I think it was my name. If I was called Alex Carter, for example, there would never have been an interview or singling out. Kafka wrote about such things, I knew, but when unreality comes to your doorstep it is a strange thing.

Was it because I smelled like a socialist? Was I under scrutiny? Were my associates considered somehow radical? It was a period of intense wonderment, and it cemented my socialist and radical leanings. Social discrimination had raised its head in my life once again, but, now I was a citizen and proud of it and there is little better to be than a Canadian citizen, oh yeah!

I switched over to the Daily News where under the tender mercies of Hooks Vinnicombe I learned that there was little difference between the two townie newspapers. The damn rubber chicken dinners were the same, the lies were the same. After blowing a deadline on the great Liberal Reform movement meeting in Gander I was fired, just as well. I missed the story because I fell in with Tom

Burgess and Hubert Kitchen and had returned early in the morning by car and simply slept in, missing the morning deadline. Truth be known I was ready.

I slipped over to the CBC and got a gig on tv journalism, *Here and Now*, then under the dictatorial rule of a fellow named Smith. I failed to meet his finger snapping brand of direction and after a few months transferred to Corner Brook for a new tv evening, weekly news magazine under direction of an incompetent old timer who didn't much like *young Turks*. He was by this time a well-established fifth estate drone embedded deep into Corner Brook society. His position made him accessible to both side of the city's social hierarchies, doing disservice to both, I thought. Another few months, and, in 1969, and I was gone from Corner Brook and journalism for good. And good riddance.

I was now reduced to hack writing, anything for anybody at two cents a word, in fact *two cents a word* was my professional nickname and I was proud of my ability to put words in other people's mouths, I am an amanuensis.

I did some technical work and some puffery writing projects and slowly realized that I should return to university as a mature student and get it done with. I started back in September 1970 and graduated with a B.A. in Social Anthropology specializing in rural social and economic issues in April 1973.

### **back to school**

As now, then a B.A simply meant you had to find work so you could pay back student loans. I got a job with the Canada Employment and Immigration Commission. It was a separate employment agency linked to but not part of the Unemployment Insurance Commission, although the split had just taken place in 1972 or so. Manpower Councillor; Program Manager (PM II). 14k a year. Big bucks. I was in the gravy. Bought a Tip Top Tailors three-piece grey wool suit, two white shirts and a tie. After some training and orientation I was given the Labourers file – all 1100 of them, unskilled, untrained, poorly educated and mostly desperate once their current claims ran out. The underbelly of unemployment services. A socialist's dream file.

To my surprise and the delight of my older companion PM's, who avoided the labourer files, I found the unwashed rewarding; helping on the basic levels of getting a job; travelling to a job; was front line stuff – social stuff – economic stuff. The strong and irrefutable link between social and economic was forged anew in my mind. The programs I managed were non-discriminatory as to whether the social or economic components were more important; they were simply development.

My fellow Manpower Councillors were mostly veterans of wars; guys who after Confederation were given top priority for Government of Canada employment. The full priority list gave rise to a bad joke, namely, the best way to get federal benefits was to be a divorced, one-legged, black (later aboriginal) woman veteran with 12 kids. The PM team were mostly afraid, I discovered early on, of losing their sinecures through *making a mistake*. Consequently, they always shuffled off their tangly cases to us younger folk.

I welcomed the tough cases and soon discovered that you had to make a really, truly, bad mistake for the supervisor to take you aside and give you a talking to, but that was it. I made maybe two mistakes in my time which wasn't too bad.

My Manpower clientele, labourers, were seasonal workers with long UI histories. Tobacco pickers; woodsmen; construction labourers; railway maintenance men; roofers; road labourers and a few women working as waitresses; kitchen workers; laundresses; and other menial work.

I was up to my eyes in the underclass and I quickly grew jaded at how the *system* wasn't really geared for this group. Most seriously reflected in the *elitist* attitude of the old vets who had their 20 or 25 years already plugged in and were more interested in counting days to retirement than in progressive application of the programs. The programs themselves were geared to a Canadian standard. Newfoundlanders, now just over 20 years Canadians, were still different.

My employment history until this time was always as a wage worker. The labourers were just like me and I was a lot like them, except I had a job and they were looking for one.

My head full of Durkheim, Fanon, Weber, Bateson, Meade, and the rest of undergraduate social anthropologists, which coupled with a natural-born empathy, made my caseload important and significant, at least to me and my clients. It was all going along swimmingly until I was thrust into an untenable position for someone who considered himself a man of direct and radical action. The crunch came when I was rotated into the Bell Island office for the second week in a row.

### **Bell Island, the Iron Isle – settled in 1740 abandoned in 1966**

A manager type, a man with many years' experience had developed a system of assisting Bell Islanders to get to Galt and Peterborough, into the biscuit factories of Mississauga and the car plants of Oshawa. He had established an office

on Bell Island and was responsible for transporting hundreds maybe even thousands from the Island to the Mainland; laudable and effective use of federal programs, as important in its time as the early 90's *packages* were to displaced fisherfolk two decades later. The working families were gone and left behind a large representation of people who couldn't leave, who had no work, no unemployment insurance, and no hope; who were receiving the provincial social services program (at the time it was called welfare).

There was a hitch, however, the Bell Islanders, to qualify for their welfare cheques, had to come to the Manpower office (there were two of us in attendance inside a tiny cubicle with a glass window with a round hole in the middle and a slot underneath) and get a date stamp on a small wallet sized pink cardboard card. Once we stamped the card they went to the provincial office and picked up a cheque.

Pretty demeaning I expressed the opinion and was told by my fellow experienced hand that it was Mr. B \_\_\_\_\_'s program and all we had to do was go along; after all we got out of the office, arrived on Bell Island at 10, had lunch with the teaching staff at the District Vocational School from 12 to 2; then back to the window until 4 when it was time to get back on the ferry. It was a privilege in the eyes of my fellow councillor, not to be pooh poohed. Easy money.

Me? I was incensed and after the first Bell Island visit and was praying not to have to go back, but, next week was sent off again. The next morning, I wrote a 9-page memorandum about my experience on Bell Island, how futile and silly a process it was, how demeaning it was to the clients and to us poor Manpower Officers to be mere rubber stampers. Where was the counselling? Where was the attempt to improve the lot of people stuck on Bell Island for whatever reason? Why was the federal program being forced into being a trigger for a provincial program? And, why was the situation allowed to continue?

I submitted it to my supervisor and next morning was summoned to Mr. B \_\_\_\_\_'s office, he was number two in St. John's. For the first time in my life I saw someone become apoplectic. He spit and swore and called me *wet behind the ears*. He developed the original program that helped all those Bell Islanders to get to the mainland and the program was a valuable one. Why, he had risen to his present pre-eminent position as number two in Newfoundland on the back of the program. Who was I to criticize or rebel? If I wanted to pursue my federal government service, with all its benefits, I better learn to toe the line, never question my betters (I think he meant my higher ups, for I had already formed a solid opinion of who was better than whom). I am sure I was glazed

over after this tirade and missed several other performance indicators that I would be expected to exhibit were I to continue to full pension in 41 years.

There was no way to smooth his ruffled feathers and his whole argument was about how I might be ruining my chance of a civil service future if I didn't change my attitude. Now I suddenly realized what exactly bureaucracy was and I knew I didn't want any part of it. The next crack came when he offered me back my memo, the original top copy, so it wouldn't be in my file in the future.

I told him it was unlikely that I would not stand behind my opinion and I wanted it in my file, I wanted the future to see exactly what I was and why I had written the memo in the first place. I was dismissed from his office but never knew if he left it in my file or not; when the next posting to Bell Island came around I wasn't asked and by the end of the week I had announced my intention to leave to take up a writing post with the Memorial University Extension Service magazine *Decks Awash*. I gave my two-week notice.

My supervisor was stunned; but, but, he said, you are leaving the service for less money (1200 a month for about 650 a month). Yes, I am leaving. I can't stay here working for the likes of Mr. B\_\_\_\_\_, who represents everything wrong with the system, who perpetuates without reason a miserable situation. I needed out to assuage my socialist ideals and my understanding of what it meant to be human, to be compassionate and tolerable.

Finally, I was on my lifelong path of truth, justice, and development. I had seen the enemy and it was Mr. B\_\_\_\_\_, among others, equally, stupidly, grazing with the flock the green rich grass of the federal government, or as we used to say in the 70's *sold out or had his lips grafted onto the Queens tit*. I was a socialist, a Communist, almost an anarchist. My first foray into changing the system from within, however, was over, a dismal failure but I had my pride intact.

My new job, hack writer for *Decks Awash* magazine was pretty spiffy if not as lucrative. I was out and about in regions talking to merchants, leading lights in community development, and other persons of interest. I honed my reportorial skills and generally was exploring the true ground between the two sides of the Topsail Road Overpass; the great Newfoundland *townie-bayman* split. I am and was, of course, a bayman by rearing and choice.

MUN's Extension Service was started a decade earlier and was pretty well socialist from the get go. Its leading light, Don Snowden, was gone but his legacy of grass roots development was in full swing. The so-called Fogo Process was successful beyond everyone's wildest dreams. Cooperatives, producers grabbing

the reins of production, standing up for the little guy, equality, fraternity and all that stuff. In Newfoundland.

The glory days were slowly being eroded by an administration without any vision, however. Snowden's *methode* hinged on the *animateur*, the workshop leader, the impartial, and sometimes controversial, *field representative*. All the other regions across the Island struggled to get going on the Fogo level, there was a library, beta-max video cameras, early pre-internet online meetings using telephones and some television connections. The field workers were usually local boys and girls with socialist-like vision. The administration back at HQ not so much. They talked the talk but after Snowden it had descended into a quagmire of small empire builders and fraidy-cats. An ex-military top dog was put in place during my tenure and the controls became oppressive for everyone below him.

With the coming of Moses Morgan and a severe funding reduction, I always suspected the provincial government was the real fraidy-cats in this, the Extension Service soon devolved into a non-credit course delivery agency and finally was simply disbanded. Decks Awash editorial control fell into the hands of a woman without a clue about Newfoundlanders and their ways, an American sociologist married into the *robber baron* caste of St. John's. She later became a mouthpiece for an oil exploration company, a place where any trace of socialist ideals were anathema.

The magazine was well respected and well accepted by the populace. Kudos were constant for its approach of exploring a region's (say Placentia or Port au Port) leaders, entrepreneurs, visionaries along with topics of business and development tuned to the region. The MUN Extension Field Workers aided my reportage by setting up meetings, arranging places to stay and escorting me around the region. I was in social development heaven.

I ran afoul a liar and lost my job for a year, but I was forgiven and taken back and the adventure continued. Working people all across the Island became my beat regardless of whether they were fish, wood, mineral or other natural resource exploiters. In many ways I saw my work an extension of the *Whole Earth Catalogue* which had swept us hippie types off our feet in the late 1960's. Eventually I grew tired and arranged to be let go. I took a year on unemployment and built a house, two houses.

A few more years of messing about with typewriters and I started messing about in boats; offshore boats and oil rigs. There are no more misogynistic, racist, prejudiced, biased, close-minded, people than Newfoundland sailors, while

they are at sea. The ones I visited at home, in nooks and crannies across the Island, are champions of diversity, tolerance and acceptance. Strange behaviour. Something to do with being a bunch of hairy-arsed men in forced close contact, like prison, or isolated work camps.

The only exception on board the boats was great acceptance of a gay cook, as everyone knows there is one person on a boat you cannot upset, the cook.

For most of my offshore days I was also a volunteer municipal leader, specifically Chairperson of a Local Service District.

Leading a dual life, one ashore and one at sea causes much schizophrenic behavior in sailors. I managed to barrel through it, I was older. I made good money and put everything I could into paying for the house I built, not bikes, and trikes and fifth-wheel campers. I was strong and came out after 25 years relatively stable and sane. I used much of my offshore time writing and when ashore writing. I got involved with an archaeologist. I took up with the development board process. But, mostly, I wrote.

### **my professoriate**

I went to university in 1970 after a four year hiatus and spent eight terms in a row to get a Bachelor of Arts in social anthropology specializing in rural social and economic problems. My course concentrated on ethnography, social structures, economic structures the mechanisms of society, production and exchange. Eighteen of my 40 credits are in this field.

I found a bunch of social anthropologists, including some socialists, who were able to guide me through the paths of community and society analyses to understand what we, in Newfoundland, were and how we got like we were. Useless for work, of course, but it helped ease my way into the power structures that I figured needed changing. The results are described above in my work history. Frankly, little or nothing. Lots of lessons in frustration. Lots of lessons in reality.

# WORKERS OF THE WORLD, AWAKEN!

By Joe Hill

Workers of the world, awaken!  
Break your chains, demand your rights.  
All the wealth you make is taken  
By exploiting parasites.

Shall you kneel in deep submission  
From your cradles to your graves?  
Is the height of your ambition  
To be good and willing slaves?

Chorus

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Fight for your own emancipation;  
Arise, ye slaves of every nation.  
In One Union grand.

Our little ones for bread are crying,  
And millions are from hunger dying;  
The end the means is justifying,  
'Tis the final stand.

## Chapter 3 – Where the development rubber meets the potholes

### **background to my community service**



My mother was an organizer, the first treasurer and a founding member of the Newfoundland and Labrador Craft Development Council, later to be moved to St. John's by boomers, fair enough, given the plethora of crafty types east of the Isthmus of Avalon.

She taught school and was a travelling librarian from Hampden to Port aux Basques for several years. She was a patroness and supporter of some of Newfoundland's since famous artists. She knew kids and adults all throughout her area and saw firsthand the misery caused by poverty, not just of finances, but also of mentality. She came to live in Mobile in the late 1970's and worked for the Provincial Government's Labour Department for a decade.

The St. John's Metro Board, whatever that was, made an expansion attempt in the early 1980's and wanted to include half of Mobile. She led a resistance effort that first sought municipal incorporation, which failed, and settled for forming a Local Service District, which worked. The Metro Board pulled back their horns and eventually withered away.

Late 1980's the LSD Chairperson had 8 years (four terms) in and wanted to give it up. I went to a meeting and asked to be nominated with the *proviso* that if elected that I would be the Chairperson. The issue at that time was that someone in Municipal Affairs wanted to impose *amalgamation* on Mobile, lumping Bay Bulls, Witless Bay and Mobile into one town. With 1500 people in each of the two other towns and barely 200 in Mobile it was apparent that Mobilites would not have a say in anything, development or otherwise, forever and ever. Amen.

My outrage was such that the community rallied behind me and we charged into Amalgamation Hearings, stated our case to Hon. Judge Lloyd C. Wicks, the Commissioner, and won. No amalgamation.

I served the community as Chairperson for 18 years, later leading the charge against regionalization, a scheme slightly more palatable than amalgamation

and including more of the unincorporated communities in the region. It failed from lack of public interest and apathy.

Now a little lesson on LSD's. First of all, no one really knows how they work, what are their powers and regulations. They are groups of people living in proximity who want to collectively pay for services, municipal services mostly. They have no power over economic development or land use. While social in its base there are no ideals or anthems; in reality, after 18 years as chairperson of an LSD I found it was really a practice in communal apathy. Three times I was elected to a two-year term while working at sea, "Tor will be ok with serving again," the small quorums reasoned.

Under my guidance the rules and regulations were followed. I regularly had to carefully explain to agents and outside activity leaders that an LSD committee had no power to speak for a community without its expressed permission.

I was interested in making sure that LSD's (there were several in the area) were represented on the newly forming Regional Economic Development Board (REDB) and put myself forward at a meeting as wanting to represent LSD's, and I stated that not having a municipality to represent, I should be chairperson of the Provisional Board. The Provisional Board was charged with establishing the permanent regional board. Again, brazenness won out, I became chairperson of the Provisional Board.

### **what are REDB's, Daddy? – a history**

Curran wrote, in 2018, [I removed his footnotes]

The impetus for a new approach to regional development within the province was first reflected in *Building on our Strengths: the Report of the Royal Commission on Employment and Unemployment* the 1986. The Report recommended a more balanced and integrated approach to regional development and first suggested the division of the province into economic regions or zones. It was not until the election of a new Liberal Government under Clyde Wells in 1989 that the Report, or at least certain aspects of it, began to receive serious consideration. Signaling a new direction, Premier Wells quickly moved to create the Economic Recovery Commission (ERC) shortly after taking office and appointed the former chairperson of the Royal Commission, Dr. Doug House as the chair for the ERC. In June 1992 the Provincial Government released *Change and Challenge* the new strategic economic plan (SEP) for the province. This was followed very shortly by recognition by the Federal Government of the consistency of the plan with its own economic development priorities.

From the perspective of major funding partners, the stage was set for a government-led consensus on what the future direction would be. Operating on the basis of a policy triangle comprising the various input of federal, provincial and community/regional interests, two of the three corners of the triangle were very quickly occupied by willing partners. The final corner would not be long in coming. Not however before the underpinnings of the rural economy of much of the province was shattered by the announcement by Federal Minister of Fisheries and Oceans John Crosbie on July 2, 1992 that the 500 year old cod fishery, the very basis of Newfoundland's historical existence would close because of declining stocks.

**Further, as Curran saw it, the cod moratorium of 1992 threw a curve ball at the newly emerging regional economic development process and policies.**

#### An Exogenous Shock – The Moratorium on Northern Cod

Concurrent with the release of the new strategic plan for the province came the announcement by Crosbie of the moratorium on Northern cod. The immediate impact was to throw literally tens of thousands of plant workers, harvesters and those working in support industries out of work – an eventuality that the province's SEP did not anticipate nor was ever intended to address. The effect was to place considerable urgency on the need for a new approach to regional development in the province.

#### An Emerging Consensus

The day following the release of the new provincial plan, representatives of the Newfoundland and Labrador Federation of Municipalities (NLFM) and the NLRDC met to discuss greater cooperation and developed a joint committee to consider a response to the strategy. This Committee presented its response in January 1993, endorsing the notion of zones but maintaining a place for both municipalities and RDAs in their composition. This consensus was followed in June 2003 by a significant meeting of community and regional development agencies that further endorsed the NLFM – NLRDC partnership. By October 2003 however, under increasing pressure to maintain administrative funding for RDAs with an agreement that was due to expire on March 31<sup>st</sup>, 1994 the NLRDC moved on its own, calling on government for an extension of the existing funding agreement and an independent commission to review all current development structures.

#### Task Force on Community Economic Development

This eventual Task Force on Community Economic Development was established in March 1994 and was co-chaired by Gordon Slade, Vice-President of ACOA, and by Dr. Doug House, Chairman of the ERC. The composition of the Task Force reflected interests of most of the major local and regional community development partners outlined above along with ad-

ditional representation from business, women and other Federal and Provincial Departments. The Task Force Report contained twenty-nine recommendations covering a broad range of action ...

Another disjunct occurred when Doug House's ERC report *Against the Tide* came out. Curran:

A close reading of Doug House's *Against the Tide* highlights his struggle with what he defines as the "Old Guard" comprising senior officials within the provincial government that systematically hijacked efforts toward implementation, not only of the new regional economic development but entire economic renewal strategy proposed by the ERC. Although initially responsible for the NRED through his co-chairmanship of the Strategic Regional Diversification Agreement (SRDA), within a year after the release of the Task Force Report the ERC was eliminated, House let go and responsibility for regional economic development policy and implementation returned once again to the provincial department of development. The effect was that the dramatic policy changes envisioned with the Task Force Report never came to full fruition.

To the extent that much of the Task Force Report challenged conventional thinking and approaches within economic development, officials were confronted by the necessity to think outside the box. Providing regions with the capacity to set government priorities for instance was outside the experience of most officials and certainly that of elected representatives. Despite Clyde Wells appointment of the Task Force and the fact he was among the most avid supporters of a renewed approach to regional development, House relates that even the Premier did not fully distinguish the implications of some of the recommendations.

The ERC was eliminated and regional economic development fell back the then current provincial economic development department.

An ILDB presentation pack details the permanent board's inception in September 1997 with the following *Strategic Goals*:

- Leadership development and capacity building
- Business development, opportunity and innovation
- Regional cooperation and infrastructure
- Social and human resource investment
- Regional marketing and public education

You don't have to look too hard to see the word *social* in there. *Social and human resource development*. Laudable enough, but it was flying in the face of the agents of the government who only a short period before said, repeat after me, "There is no social in economic".

I don't know if there were any ramifications over this slide. I asked Pat but he said no. Perhaps no one noticed.

In December 1996, a new minister (Hon Judy Foote, later Lieutenant Governor) was in place in a new Department, and she reported to the House that all was bright and positive.

It is important to emphasize, however, that these are not government's boards. They have been democratically elected, based upon structures determined within each zone. For the first time in Newfoundland and Labrador, business and labour, municipalities, community development organizations, education and training institutions, and other stakeholders in regional economic development, are coming together to achieve a clear consensus on their priorities and opportunities for long-term economic growth and job creation. The strategic economic plans the boards are now developing for their individual zones will provide government, for the first time, with a clear reference point to determine the vision, goals and objectives of every region of our province.

She concluded that the SRDA was administered jointly with the Atlantic Canada Opportunities Agency and that

We have embarked on a new way of doing business in regional economic development in Newfoundland and Labrador. I encourage all Honourable members to continue to meet with the boards in their districts and contribute to this federal-provincial-community partnership. Government is committed to making this approach work and is confident the results will lead directly to new job creation, economic diversification and vibrant sustainable communities in all regions of Newfoundland and Labrador.

The online collections of the Auditor General's reports starts in 1997; each Report on Department and Crown Agencies was reviewed for regional economic information and this information is presented below.

1997 – no mention

This was the year the ILDB was inaugurated as a provisional board.

1998 – The AG described REDB funding as coming from the Canada-Newfoundland Cooperation Agreement on Strategic Regional Diversification (SRDA) and managed by the Department of Development and Rural Renewal which was established in 1996.

The Hon. Beaton Tulk, Minister of Development and Rural Renewal, in a statement issued May 29, 1998:

All Members of this House are aware that there are no magical solutions or quick fixes to the economic challenges facing our rural communities. Rebuilding and diversifying the provincial economy is an ongoing and long-term goal. For most of our history, we have not acted collectively. Most communities and many of the key stakeholders have acted independently, or in isolation of one another, to advance narrow economic interests.

The Minister had all the words, note especially “long-term goal”. The last sentence is particularly interesting given the way it turned out.

1999 – The Department of Development and Rural Renewal section has three sections:

Strategic Enterprise Development Fund – in Findings and Recommendations:

Our review indicated that the Department of Development and Rural Renewal has developed a strategic plan. This plan and other departmental information indicates that the mission of the Department is “to foster economic development in the twenty economic zones by means of a strong proactive field and corporate support and effective partnerships to marshal resources in support of regionally planned business development and economic diversification”.

Strategic Enterprise Development Special Reserve Fund – no mention

The Enterprise Network Inc. – no mention

In September the permanent ILDB was formed.

2000 – The Department of Development and Rural Renewal section has no mention

2001 – no mention, except in the summary the Industry, Trade and Rural Development department was audited but no audit results are included in the report.

2002 – no mention

2003 – Department of Industry, Trade and Rural Development section has much information, especially around detailed audits of three REDB’s.

All 20 zones were established by 2003, the report states. One had some expenditures not in accordance with its contract, a performance problem which was being solved. Required progress reports to government were not all received and it was uncertain if all the zones were complying with their performance contracts. Trouble was brewing.

Back in 1998, the AG reported in 2003 (five years later), there were three zones that hadn't completed their strategic planning process and there were *no policies for the monitoring and control of operating budgets of the boards at the Department level*. The first five-year agreement was running out in 1998 and it was found that the total funding being sought by zone boards was exceeding the money available, \$3.7 million was approved.

The 2003 report described a 1995 Cabinet directive that required zone board budgets be monitored for compliance to the expenditures approved and that evaluation criteria be used such as an assessment of *how [each] zonal board plans to strengthen to role of regional centres as a basis for **public services, business development and investment attraction*** [emphasis mine]. Items which until then, in 1995, were not included in the departmental assessment framework.

Six other 1995 Cabinet recommendations were still not completed in 1998.

In a section on Board policies, which were to include policies relating to *conflict of interest, hiring, tendering, benefits, travel, finances and other areas of operation*. Eighteen of 20 policies were submitted but five did not include *women's participation* and another five did not address *tendering*. Further the AG found a lack of consistency in financial reporting which resulted in the Department not being able to *adequately monitor and compare the financial activity of the boards*.

In 1997, Cabinet further directed the Department of Development and Rural Renewal to establish a communications committee *to develop and implement detailed communications plans for each of the 20 strategic economic plans accepted by the federal and provincial governments*. One year later this committee was never established according to the report.

The rest of the 2003 report gives Departmental reasons for the discrepancies noted by the AG and makes note that most of them were in the works.

The 2003 report, section 2.25 gives a concise description of the REDB process:

Government identified two phases to the implementation of the regional economic development boards and provided funding on that basis. Phase 1 included the development of a strategic plan for each zone while Phase 2 included the implementation of the strategic plans. The operational funding for the regional economic development boards was provided through the Comprehensive Economic Development Agreement (CEDA), (formerly Strategic Regional Diversification Agreement), and administered by the Department of Industry, Trade and Rural Development.

Subsequent to the conclusion of the CEDA agreement in June 2002, the operational funding was provided by the Province and ACOA ... through separate agreements.

SRDA was called CEDA but no explanation is given for this name change, there is no record online for a CED agreement.

2005 – no mention; although there is an interesting audit report of the *Economic Diversification and Growth Enterprises* (EDGE) program, in operation since 1995. The department wasn't adequately monitoring the program, the AG said.

2006 – no mention, the auditor general was caught up with inappropriate spending by a number of MHA's. The format of the reports changed as well.

Laurie Bonia, in a 2006 M.A. in Political Science Thesis, *Regional Development Associations in Newfoundland and Labrador* explores the development and history and eventual fate of Regional Development Associations. There were, at peak, 59 in the province (others say 58).

Some highlights.

**Page 39**, Government's emphasis on this way of thinking was clearly illustrated in an advertisement placed in provincial papers during the 1971 provincial election which depicted images of houses being floated and lifted onto wharves. The caption read, "The Liberal team is in action to encourage the economic and social development of the rural areas of Newfoundland."

**Page 75**, From the outset, the principal objective of the RDA movement was to promote economic and social development in rural Newfoundland. As discussed in chapter three, development associations focussed primarily on garnering support to revitalize their areas. Significant time was spent lobbying government and other organizations for services that would improve life in the local area. In some places, this included such basic things as electricity, a doctor, a bank, or radio and television services. In other areas, the associations lobbied for improvements to existing services such as roads and fisheries infrastructure.

The social aspect of development was front and center in the beginning, it appears. And as my Dutch friend used to say, and then come the camels.

**Page 75**, In most rural areas of Newfoundland, however, the biggest obstacle to economic and social development during the 1970s and 1980s was the high rate of unemployment and creating jobs for local people was of primary importance. In the absence of other capital funding, government sponsored job creation programs quickly became the principle means of meeting this mandate and, thus, became the overwhelming focus of RDA activities.

RDA's were mostly dead by 2006, a few clung on until 2011-2012 when they last ones disbanded, impoverished, ignored, and deprecated.

2007 – no mention; a section on the Innovation, Trade and Rural Development department deals with *Small Business Funding Programs*.

2008 – no mention

2009 – no mention; a section on *The Newfoundland and Labrador Immigrant Investor Fund Limited* showed that the fund in existence since 2005 had never been used.

2010 – no mention; an organizational flowchart for the Innovation, Trade and Rural Development department shows a Regional Development division as falling directly under a Deputy Minister, but the section deals exclusively with the Innovation, Research and Technology division.

2011 to 2020 - no mention of rural development or zone boards.

The 2014 report *Newfoundland and Labrador Provincial Regional Development Policy*, by Kelly Vodden Environmental Policy Institute Grenfell Campus, Memorial University, Ryan Gibson and Jen Daniels Department of Geography, Memorial University, provides a good history of social and economic development efforts in the province dating back to the 1960's.

By 1998 (look back at the REDB timelines now), the authors wrote, the Strategic Social Plan (SSP) was put forward after *several years of consultation and development*. From page 11:

Implementation of the Plan began in 1999 under a Premier's Council on Social Development and through Steering Committees in each of six regions across the province (Randall 2002). The mandate of the regional committees included a coordinated approach to social and economic development in the region. An innovative system for tracking indicators of community well-being, developed following worked initiated under the REDB process, contributed to a social audit process for monitoring implementation. The SSP process recognized and incorporated existing Boards (including REDBs) through their representation on the Steering Committees. Regional government staff members were also represented, leading to some criticisms that the Committees were government/quasi government agencies rather than representing the volunteer sector that had been so involved in the SSP's formation. Uncertainty remained about how the SSP committees and REDBs should work together and what this meant for the social aspect of the REDB mandate. Considering this a signal from government some REDBs started to shift away from initiatives considered

more “social” although essential to economic development such as adult education.

These report authors obviously were not at the meeting when the government guy said, “There is no social in economic”. That was at a provisional board meeting, but it appears *social* had crept back into regional development talk.

Page 9:

Controversy plagued the REDBs from the outset. Funding cuts to RDAs as the Boards were established raised the question of whether the regional approach would replace or complement efforts at the individual community level. Arguing the continued need for community economic development initiatives and institutions, the NLRDC prepared a report demonstrating the contributions RDAs had made to the province. While the officially stated intent was not to replace the RDAs with REDBs, for **some government actors** [emphasis mine] this was the result envisioned. Nevertheless the distinction between the REDB’s planning role and that of other local organizations as implementers remained an important part of the model.

Also controversial was the suggestion that REDBs should have both a planning and lending function “to try to bring everything under one roof”. In many areas CFDCs had established Business Development Centres to provide business and lending services, although in locations such as Gander such entities had been created before the establishment of CFDCs. By the mid 1990s there were 15 Business Development Centres in the province.

Just as the REDBs were establishing themselves, Clyde Wells’ resignation brought Brian Tobin back to the Province as Premier in Feb. 1996. The new Premier was less supportive of REDBs and of the Strategic Economic Plan created under Wells. Soon after both the ERC and ENL were disbanded, cost-shared agreements faded, and a new Department of Development and Rural Renewal was formed. The Department subsumed the regional offices of ENL, with staff mandated to work with the Boards in each region. Department staff were either regional development or business specialists. The two functions were later combined.

*Some government actors* refers directly to the field operative who were pushing REDB organization from the top since 1990’s, and see Curran above on the Doug House - Premier disjunct. There was no tolerance for variants, no social in economic, remember.

From Page 12:

The new government made no commitment in terms of their support of either REDBs or RDAs, instead opting to review the RED process and to form a Rural Secretariat.

In February 2004 a Rural Secretariat was tasked by the Williams government with working towards an integrated approach to social, economic, cultural and ecological well-being, providing a focal point for government to work with local and regional partners to ensure rural concerns are heard and residents are aware of programs and services, conducting research and analysis and assisting communities and regions to pursue opportunities. Although the Rural Secretariat was to build on the work of the SSP, the SSP Secretariat and regional committees were terminated. A new provincial Rural Secretariat would work with nine new Rural Secretariat regions, each with a staff member and Council made up of volunteers appointed by government, not as representatives of existing Boards and with less regional autonomy than their SSP predecessors. The “nine sustainable regions were identified based on patterns of natural economic, social and community activity already existing in each region”. The same nine regions were to be used for the Province’s Regional Diversification Strategy, with economic strategies to be developed for each by the Province and a Committee of Cabinet, in consultation with REDBs and other stakeholders (a significant shift from bottom-up SEPs).

Here it is again, top-down instead of bottom-up. The ten years of REDB work was obviously deprecated by the *developers* ensconced in the Confederation Building.

Excerpts from a table on pages 13-15 provide a concise history of the on again – off again nature of governments’ rural development efforts. Note only one entry, Joint Mayors Council, had regional jurisdiction.

Year(s)	Milestone	Implications	Jurisdiction
1960s	Creation of Rural/Regional Development Associations	Formed to lobby support for local development issues.	Local
1969	National Department of Regional Economic Expansion	Aim was to promote economic expansion and social adjustment in the disadvantaged regions.	Federal
1984	Economic and Regional Development Agreements	Designed to promote regional and industrial growth.	Federal
1985	Royal Commission on Employment and Unemployment	Created to investigate the causes of persistent under-development in	Provincial

		Newfoundland and Labrador.	
1986	Community Futures/Community Business Service Centres	Created by Employment and Immigration and focused on rural economic development and job creation; program was later transferred to the Atlantic Canada Opportunities Agency	Federal
1988	Atlantic Canada Opportunities Agency	Created to be the principal federal agency to facilitate building economic capacity and development in the four Atlantic provinces.	Federal
1989	Economic Recovery Commission	Created to foster sectoral strategies for cooperation among government, community representatives, and industry.	Provincial
1992	Change and Continuity: A Strategic Economic Plan for NL	Province created a strategic economic plan for the province, which lead to the Task Force on Community Economic Development.	Provincial
1994	Task Force on Community Economic Development	Charted a new path for regional development in the province.	Provincial
1996	Regional Economic Development Boards	Emerged as a recommendation in the Task Force. REDBs created to provide leadership in strategic regional economic planning, operate business investments, and promote public participation.	Provincial
1990s	Joint Mayors Council emerge	Created multi-municipality forums for discussions of cooperation and collaboration.	Regional
1998	Canadian Rural Partnership	Federal initiative to connect government to rural communities.	Federal

1998	Strategic Social Plan	Umbrella policy for social development initiative in NL, based on six regions.	Provincial
2004	NL Rural Secretariat	Replaced the Strategic Social Plan. Focus on community-based research, public engagement, collaboration for rural sustainability. Nine regional councils created.	Provincial
2011	Discontinuance of funding to REDBs	18 of 20 REDBs cease operations	Federal, provincial

Not much cohesion in all that, is there?

In 2021 there is again a Regional Economic Development division in the Industry, Energy and Technology department. It is responsible for:

Engaging with economic development stakeholders including municipalities, businesses, cooperatives, social enterprises, industry associations, and other economic development organizations to advance regional economic development.

Providing assistance to business and community stakeholders through financial and non-financial supports as business and regional development programming, research, facilitation, client counseling, and capacity building.

Assessing growth opportunities and advancing activities that lead to enhanced or new business opportunities, support regional growth and diversification on a provincial and regional basis, with particular attention to rural areas.

Coordinating Regional Innovation Systems (RIS) pilots and facilitating regional and sector partnerships & collaborations allowing businesses to specialize in innovative areas, maximizing knowledge flows and benefits of innovation in regions.

There is a Social Enterprise Development arm.

What? Say again.

A social enterprise development arm! It has a mandate:

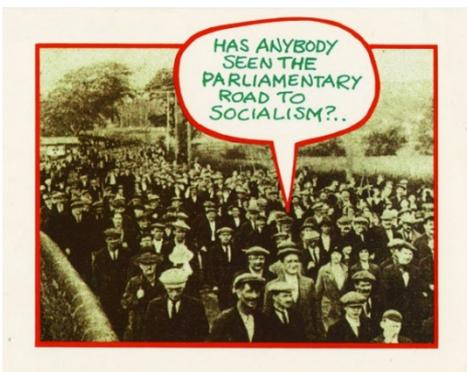
Social enterprises use innovative business models to contribute to the economy by advancing social, community economic, cultural, and/or environmental needs. Operating in sectors such as tourism, construction, the arts, culture, fisheries, home care and social housing; social enterprises successfully operate in all regions of the province helping to create employment, reduce poverty, and develop entrepreneurial skills.

Increasing the number of social enterprises and enhancing services for existing social enterprises delivers on commitments to strengthen the province's economic foundation. IET released the Social Enterprise Action Plan in 2018 with a goal to increase the number of social enterprises in Newfoundland and Labrador and enhance services for existing social enterprises in the province.

It took the province nearly 20 years to discover there is a direct link between *social development* and *economic development*. Ten years of REDB experience was like it never happened. There is a Social Enterprise Action Plan; the ministerial statement in the plan says;

Our government is encouraging the use of the social enterprise model as a tool for social and economic development. We want to discover its full potential to address **social, community economic, cultural and environmental issues** and find innovative ways to support the economy [emphasis mine].

The statement quotes "*Ready for Takeoff: Social Enterprise in Newfoundland and Labrador*" a report released by Community Sector Council of Newfoundland and Labrador, Enterprising Non-Profits Canada, Mount Royal University and Simon Fraser University in March 2016.

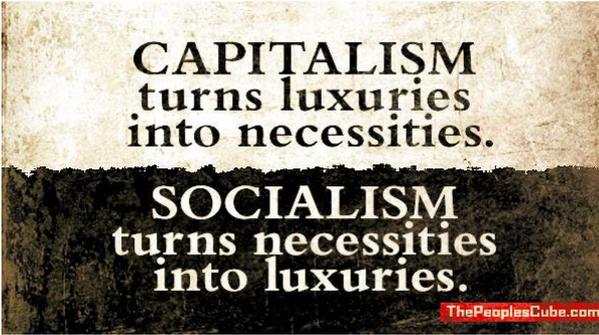


Social enterprise is both a different way of doing business and a different way of supporting social, cultural and economic growth. At its essence, **social enterprise is about a not-for-profit organization earning revenue in the marketplace by producing goods and services.** [emphasis mine]

But the heart of it is about building opportunities to generate employment, meeting **social, cultural and economic needs in a manner different from traditional non-profit models**, and finding new ways to support economic development in local communities. [emphasis mine]

Does this sound like *market socialism* to anyone else but me?

## Chapter 4 – The potholes



The REDB setup was exciting. With my socialist ideals strapped firmly in place, I got to be chairperson of a provisional REDB. I made my stand and insisted on *consensus* as the most necessary operating practice. Every decision would, and did, have 100% agreement

or disagreement, no majority votes please. No disgruntled defeated voters.

Consensus is defined as a method to find compromise, so that dissenting voices are allowed but as a group, a decision is made that everyone supports. Unanimity is not required but the group speaks as one; dissenters must eventually leave the group if they cannot agree to consensual decision making.

I never made or spoke to motions, and I did not vote. Maintaining equilibrium in the group is necessary. Heider says in Chapter 9 of his rendition of the Dao De Jing, *The Tao of Leadership*:

A good group is better than a spectacular group. When leaders become superstars, the teacher outshines the teaching.

Very few superstars are down-to-earth. Fame breeds fame, and before long they get carried away with themselves. Then they fly off center and crash.

The wise leader settles for good work and then lets others have the floor. The leader does not take credit for what happens and has no need for fame.

A moderate ego demonstrates wisdom.

Beck, Chapter 17 concludes,

But when they [the group leaders] accomplish their task and complete their work, the people say, "We did it ourselves."

After two years the provisional board gave way to the permanent REDB; the new Board was named the Irish Loop Regional Economic Development Board (according to the 2003 AG report Economic was part of the name). *Economic* or

*social* were understood by the provisional board members, and me, at the time, to be the roots of development. You can't have one without the other, remember.

The ILDB was the last board to be established, in 1997, five years into the process. It made it interesting because the Board was able to look at the other 19 and take lessons learned into account in its organizations and workings. The Board was still operating in 2011 and lingered on until 2013.

Nine of the 20 used Economic in their names; there was a wide variety of Development Corporation, Development Board, some with Inc., one Opportunity Network, and one Alliance.

There were several fundamental flaws in the Development Board system. In my opinion, these made the process stultifying and unmanageable overall. Yes, some REDB's excelled, others failed miserably, but all were doomed from the start, regardless of the effort and initiative they had. These flaws proved to me that socialist ideals would never get inside the existing governance and power structures of Newfoundland and Labrador.

Regionalization initiatives were touted, talked about and talked about without much in the way of acceptance or implementation. Not necessarily failures, but ineffective in the short and long terms.

Well short of a socialist revolution. Mao said revolution comes from the barrel of a gun. Strangely, Joey Smallwood who betrayed his socialist ideals about the time he took on the battle to confederate with Canada, thought communist China was a shining example of socialism put to good use. He once went looking for Fidel Castro, with a capitalist buddy, to sing the praises of the Cuban revolution. He saw neither Fidel nor anyone else in power but did make a movie about the trip.

Here are the main flaws with the REDB process.

### **they were structured and organized top-down**

Man can live with man only if there is control of decision-making, along with making and enforcing policy, present in some centralized group (Komiteh) or individual (Duce). It is our nature. Otherwise it is war lords, eating each others' young, every dog for himself, roll your own and screw your buddy, trample the wounded and hurdle the dead. Shakespeare told these stories well. Dynastic his-

tories worldwide follow this pattern. Social and economic control is a requirement to getting out of the cave; to being organized as a society. But society has to agree among its members how to do it and what to do.

Here it is plainly writ in <https://www.projectmanager.com/blog/top-down-vs-bottom-up-management>

In top down management, everything from the workplace to the business systems are all determined by upper management, and then it's passed down the chain of command. Each role is responsible for carrying out the mission as stated by the higher-ups, without much room for comment or criticism.

Think like a socialist, an idealist, for a moment and reread the quote. Some civil servants under the direction of a director, a deputy minister, a minister, determined that REDB's were the answer to our economic woes. The federal money was directed, at source, for specific activities, based on national policies. Repeat the last line: *without much room for comment or criticism*. In our zeal to progress we missed this part until it was too late, until we were told to toe the line or be replaced whether our straying was intentional or unintentional.

The pretense that it was about grass roots strategies to improve our lot was a lie. A big fat lie. And we all fell for it. The agenda was never ours to follow.

### **they were given limited life spans**

Every member of the REDB understood development, social change, and economic improvement take place over generations, 50 years or more from inception to successful implementation, we figured. That has changed. New ideas are suggesting social change has to be planned for its effects a century down the road. Some people are referring to an Iroquoian practice of not making any change until the effect is considered for seven generations.

Five years, the government boffins suggested, was plenty of time to effect economic change. And if you make good in the first five, there would be another five. All REDBs survived to the first quinquennial; and petered out in dribs and drabs following the second. All that hard work by hundreds of people faded into obscurity, because government policy and programs were and are tied to elections, not to the future.

The ILDB chose an excellent Executive Director, who along with some few other visionary members, went boldy forward, with foresight and energy. Accounts were properly kept, money was leveraged into program funding; *liaisons* with development and regional associations were forged, contracts were signed,

employees were hired, festivals and meetings were arranged, information was disseminated. The ILDB was a success on all fronts, passed with flying colours all evaluations, shined in all reports. An exemplar of how a proscribed REDB should look and behave.

At one point there was a blip because the funding was tentative, you see, the province had to wait for the federal pot of gold to show up before they could confirm a second term. Having to wait for the federal money to show up before continuing REDBs support shows how much commitment the province had to the process.

Referred to as the Billion Dollar Boondoggle, Prime Minister Jean Chretien and his Human Resources and Development Minister Jane Stewart, carried a whiff of scandal nationally. Eventually the billion dollars presumed missing in 2000 was found to be only \$65,000 (another number was only \$50,000) that could not be accounted for by the auditors, but the delay and subsequent break in cash flow was enough to upset many apple carts.

### **they didn't include the young**

Sagacity comes from experience. From community volunteers. From clerics. From teachers. That's where the future is based, in the past. More shit. The idea that 20 people, average age 55, could develop anything workable for 5000, 50% of whom were under 30, was flawed. The Canadian government made 30 the cut off for *youth*. The Greybeard Dilemma writ plain. So appoint or find a youth representative. Someone smart in school, someone active in community. You know, the one young person least representative of the bulk of the underprivileged, unwashed, uneducated poor, struggling to get somewhere in life but failing because there was no development in their society or family for the past century or so. It was enough to turn your guts.

At one meeting I put forward that every member of the Board should mentor someone about 20 years old who could then take over their seat at the table after two years. How else can the next 50 years be any better made; certainly, all of us would be dead, I suggested.

Too radical. I was shushed and looked at sternly. Sneered at. As chairperson, this was one of the two times I'd actually suggested something new to consider. Believe me, I wanted more youth involved. Youthful energy, coupled with sagacity, can change the world, I figure. I am a socialist. An aging idealist. The future doesn't belong to me anymore. I squandered my youth and now hay to pay for it.

## **dictatorial oversight by provincial government guides**

Back in the 70's there was nothing more hated by the hippie and other counter-cultures than public or private bureaucracies, whether they deserved it or not. Faceless, powerful, often calculating and contemptuous, bureaucrats held and still hold vast power. You think minister MHAs get things done. They do. But only after they tell the bureaucrats to make it so and then provide a political rationale showing an equitable and transparent rationale for the spending.

Muskrat Falls is an excellent example of money being spent with no one accountable. The bureaucrats followed orders. Orders were given in the name of a political leader. The political leaders were told what to say. All together now, can we say *éminence gris*?

The men given the mandate to organize 20 boards across the Island and Labrador had a monumental task. They were higher order bureaucrats with somewhat autocratic powers. They bullied, not led, people to follow the path set out by the political and program boffins in Ottawa and St. John's. There was a tacit acknowledgement Newfoundland was not like other places; we had no county governments, for example, no regional authorities; and in our region only an idea of a Board of Trade or Chamber of Commerce; an idea of regional joint municipal councils. Everything regional struggled in the face of '*Mine. Give it here, Keep your paws off. No, I am not telling you my plan because there isn't enough funding to share*' type thinking. This community and organizational selfishness was also prominent at the development board level and was only overcome with great energy by the chair and the executive director. And then not overcome completely. No matter how hard regional ideas were pushed, it was like pushing rope.

To accomplish their plans, the REDB-men brooked no straying off the path, if they heard something they didn't like, or something they thought was outside their box they jumped to forestall further wandering. *There is no social in economic*, how this screed started, was a complete shutdown of a grassroots, bottom-up, desire by the provisional board to make a compromise for genuine inclusivity. Shut it down or face disbandment. Accompanied by astern look.

That was the second time I made a suggestion to the provisional board. Haul in your horns and suck it up, or quit, all together, choose. Some members were offended, as was I, that the level of top-down control was now so stark. Nobody previously said Spanish Inquisition rules were in play, or that the Star Chamber hadas re-formed.

## **ineptitude, inexperience, indifference**

The 2003 Auditor General of Newfoundland and Labrador report pilloried one of three Development Boards audited. Problems included: missing externally prepared financial statements, not following the public tendering act, non-compliance with the Federal and Provincial governments' contracts, and loose controls in several management areas. By their demise the board had not renewed its 1997-2002 Strategic Economic Development, "it was difficult for the Corporation to demonstrate how annual initiatives contributed to any long-term objectives".

Wait, there is more.

Insufficient information from corporation officials, no annual performance evaluation "to determine whether the initiatives or projects achieved the intended results and contributed to planned objectives". Missing job competition and personnel files: no attendance or leave records; no overtime approval records; no complete and accurate record of its capital.

Two other REDB's were audited. Both had similar record keeping and authorization issues, and a certain slackness was noted as the funds dwindled and the skies blackened. These three were early formed boards and were nearing the end of their second implementation phase.

## **not one whiff of social in the air, not once, no glimpse of glory**

There is in warfare, spoken by leaders before going into battle, a thing called *the exhortation of the host*. A famous one by Shakespeare, albeit fictional, from Henry V Act IV scene 3:

This story shall the good man teach his son;  
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
From this day to the ending of the world,  
But we in it shall be remembered,  
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers.  
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me  
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,  
This day shall gentle his condition;  
And gentlemen in England now a-bed  
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,  
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks  
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Or how about this one also from Henry V Act III scene 1 (maybe Henry really was a master at the exhortation):

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;  
Or close the wall up with our English dead.  
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility:  
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
Then imitate the action of the tiger;  
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,  
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;  
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;  
Let pry through the portage of the head  
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it  
As fearfully as doth a galled rock  
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,  
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.  
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,  
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit  
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English.  
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!  
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,  
Have in these parts from morn till even fought  
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:  
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest  
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.  
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,  
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeoman,  
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear  
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;  
For there is none of you so mean and base,  
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.  
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:  
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge  
Cry 'God for Harry, England, and Saint George!'

The Wobblies were modern masters of the exhortation, Joe Hill among the best. Their rhetor and lyrics stir the soul. E. Nesbit in *Hope of the Ages*:

Whether leading the van of the fighters,  
In bitterest stress of the strife;  
Or patiently bearing the burden  
Of changelessly commonplace life,  
One hope we have ever before us,  
Our aim to attain and fulfill,  
One watchword we cherish to mark us,  
One kindred and brotherhood still.

... For our banner is rais'd and unfurled;  
At your head our defiance is hurled;  
Our cry is the cry of the ages--  
Our hope is the hope of the world.

In the early 1960's even my then brand-new Corner Brook high school had an anthem.

### Amalgamated High

Words by Charles Hull and Music by Mis Barbara Graham

Onward and marching proudly,  
With banners waving high,  
Our hearts are joyous there to see  
Amalgamated High!

Our alma mater glorious,  
From whom our hopes arise,  
Our teacher, guardian, guiding hand,  
Our future in thee lies.

So give us never failing strength  
And guide us in our ways;  
Keep us alert and ready to  
See through the darkest maze.

Push on, push on, don't ever tire,  
Always put forth a try,  
Our alma mater glorious,  
AMALGAMATED HIGH!

And a Latin motto – *labor omnia vincit* – work conquers all.

It was only much later in life I saw through that load of cods' wallop.

So, I was a socialist jumping into a *development* plan without an anthem or a blood stirring speech to egg us on. I suppose given the average age of board members, blood stirring was already a thing of our past, but those REDB-men knew that. They knew it was just a matter of browbeating us into line, never mind any good ideas we might have. Ours not to wonder why. In fact, wonder was anathema. Grassroots ideas? Humph!

When marching through hell, keep marching, said Churchill. Hopes dashed for real change, real socialist change, I was glad when my provisional board term was over and the permanent board was in place. I made a half-hearted attempt to continue on with the newly formed board but the interviewers saw through

my disguise. I was too radical, and I had already been cowed into submission, twice publicly, to continue in the predestined role of the REDB's.

I was engaged by the Board on special projects in after years. I oversaw the installation of a high-speed broadband, telephone-wire internet, which was already *passé* before the job was finished. But it was exciting to see the populace able to get online. I promoted online banking, online meetings but Facebook and social media quickly became more important at first. Why shouldn't they be, social development is just as important a pillar of development as economic. Economic development is aided greatly by internet access, I preached, embrace online shopping, banking, meetings, I cried. Nowadays of course my wishes have all come true, but too slow for me then.

The board saw a need to restructure itself and I chaired (again remaining completely neutral) a two-person committee to reset the membership and representation status of board members. It was successful. I completed a study with recommendations as to how municipalities could recruit people and investment and how to retain them. I worked on municipal strategic development planning, with small groups of towns working together. The essentialities of going in together was an important consideration, yet a regional approach was a hard sell to many individual pairs of municipal ears.

I went to the annual general meetings but said little. It seemed so hopeless. There was such little vigour. No hope for socialist ideals or togetherness from the graybeards and elderly ladies with their community-centric perspectives. There was on local levels some almost socialist actions, a community garden, for example, in one place, adult education efforts in another, but no widespread acceptance of anything out of the ordinary. Thinking inside the box was the norm. I often felt sorry for the executive directors and a couple of board visionaries, having to face the deadpan, suspicious, protective stance of the rest of them.

The expected demise came as expected. The REDB program failed in government eyes, despite the few long-term actions that lingered on after de-funding. Ten years of what everyone involved saw as a 50-year process; the end of a legacy that would have accrued more benefits long after every participant was dead.

## Chapter 5 – My disenchantment or politicians I have met

### **J.R. Smallwood**

I met Joey Smallwood, our first Premier, three times face to face. The first I was about 6 in my Granddaddy Sinclair's garden. The Premier and a son and a grandson my age, visited to get Granddaddy to effect some repairs on the son's boat. While the son and Granddaddy were conversing, Joey turned to me, asked my name. I told him. He said I was a fine boy and would make a good Newfoundlander one day. He may have ruffled my hair and patted me on the head. The only thing I can really remember about that time was the size of his big, black car and the diminutive size of the man.

Second time I was cub Parliamentary reporter filling in the press gallery for someone who was sick. The debates were interesting if somewhat stifling, Joey ruled every MHA, Liberal and PC alike. People only spoke when he gave the nod, that's what I noticed first. The second day was really interesting. Joey summoned one of his ministers to come to his desk. The man actually knelt at the side of the desk and Joey tore into him. Why did you do that? What were you thinking? Do you realize how much trouble you caused? All loud enough to be heard above some droning speech by an opposition petition reader. The poor man apologized profusely, I'm sorry Mr. Premier. It won't happen again, Mr. Premier. Go back to your seat, Joey dismissed him. I sniggered, out loud. Joey looked up and saw me.

After the house broke I was in the Parliamentary Press Gallery and some guy came by and asked to see me. The Premier wants to see you he said. Ok, I figured I was in the shit, having brought attention to my self, a fifth estater was never to bring attention to the Assembly, rules had to be followed.

I went into the Premier's office. Joey, without prompting, said, "Young Fosnaes". Yes sir. "You are a member of the press, a writer?" Yes sir. "I remember you when you were a little boy and I told you that one day you would make a good Newfoundlander, do you remember?" Yes sir. "Good. Always tell the truth, don't be swayed by falsehoods or pressured by false beliefs and you will go far". Yes sir. "Good, you may go now".

Third time he was no longer in power. A flight to St. John's out of Halifax was cancelled for fog and all the passengers got a free supper and a bed at the airport hotel. I got late to the dining room and three tables away there he was, his glasses up on his forehead writing in his notebook held close to his nose. I finished my meal and wandered over to his table. "Good evening Mr. Smallwood,"

I said, "I don't know if you remember me ...". Before I could finish he looked at me and said, "Young Fosnaes, you gave up journalism, what do you do now"? I work for the Manpower Office, I am here on training. "Good, nice seeing you". Keep well, sir, and good luck with your Encyclopedia. "It is a work that will never be completed", he said, "at least not by me". Good evening, sir, and good luck. He looked up and smiled at me. "Thank you". I walked away from what I saw was a shipwreck with personnel still on board, all the lifeboats gone, barely afloat, the gunnels awash.

### **Frank Moores**

When I knew him he was not quite the Premier. He lived in the apartment above me in Freshwater Plaza on Freshwater Road. His car was as big as his apartment. Anyway, everybody knew he was in the building with his girlfriend and not much was said about it. Every evening or so he would show up at our door looking for ice and or cigarettes. We got so we kept the trays full in the freezer and kept a spare pack of smokes on hand. Occasionally he would come in and sit for a few minutes, talking about nothing important, he always seemed a little antsy.

### **Brian Peckford**

I interviewed him for Decks Awash Magazine. We sat on a sofa in the ante-room of the Premier's office. He was animated and ran a stream of consciousness, but was quick to realize that I was skeptical and a non-believer in Peckfordism. He rightly pegged me as a leftist, pinko, commie, hippie. We touched on the points of my brief for my article and in a few minutes it was over. My respect never did materialize, and I always got a chuckle every time I heard him trying to explain the cucumber business. Poor Brian, he rants from out west somewhere nowadays, is apparently an anti-vaxxer, a Trumpian conservative of some Canadian sort.

### **Tom Marshall**

I went to high school with Tom. He wasn't the brightest star in the firmament. He got to be a lawyer, a politician (like his father who was smarter than average) and eventually had an unwanted Premierness dropped in his lap. I always wanted to talk to him then but the closest I got was including him on a series of emails I sent protesting the inability of one of his ministers to do anything but waffle and moan. I never got a reply. And no action on my complaint. It was like he was too busy ducking everything Muskrat for his brief time in the office. I expect he was some glad the office finally went away.

That's it. I know of the rest of them, of course, but never had any in-person contact.

Some other politicians who disappointed my socialist ideals were:

### **John Crosbie**

OK, he wasn't a premier but should have been. I was at the Liberal Reform meeting in Gander, reporting for the Daily News. I arrived in a car with Tom Burgess, a fine fellow if not always sober. A socialist, trade unionist, Irishman. At a gathering upstairs in a room, late at night, I was standing back to a wall next to Crosbie. I introduced myself. He asked me why I was there. Reporter, I said. He snorted. Then he said, "Did you come with Burgess?" Yes sir. "Well stay away from him, he is nothing but trouble." Right, thanks. I wanted to argue that he was a socialist, a unionist, but Crosbie gave me no more attention and started talking to someone on his other side. Years later, I ran into him downtown. How do you like private life? "It is ok, but I miss politics and all that". You gave me good advise one time in Gander, I reminded him. You told be to stay clear of politicians. "I hope you took it". Oh yes, and I never missed it.

### **Mike Martin**

A dashing fellow with socialist tendencies and a military bearing. He was the New Labrador Party MHA for Labrador South in the early 70's. He sat as an independent in the 36<sup>th</sup> general assembly and tried to push for Labrador autonomy and a better deal. He was born in Cartwright and served overseas as a UN Peacekeeper, He had at least one gold tooth, was of impressive stature and really tolerant and kind-hearted. We spent time talking and plotting before he made his run into politics. He admired my candor and my idealism. I think he was a socialist but was afraid to voice it out loud. Mike ran twice, the first was a squeaker of one vote for Josiah Harvey, now all but forgotten, the election was cancelled and re-run later in 1972, Mike won handily. The New Labrador Party was founded in 1969 by Tom Burgess who went on to ignominy by being wooed to Joey Smallwood's Liberals with false promises. Those guys were as close to socialist as I could see at the time.

### **Peter Fenwick**

A well-intentioned socialist caught up with organized labour, his base constituency. He represented a Labrador riding, are we seeing a Labrador socialist trend here? His NDP leadership was short-lived, I think it was too much to handle and with few positive social outcomes in view. He later became a capitalist.

### **Earl McCurdy**

An unlikely socialist leader as ever there was. He failed to win a seat and retired as leader two years after taking over the post. He was not elected to the House of Assembly. I wonder why? I knew him at university where he was anything but socialist, very stick in the mud. He wasn't an orator or a leader in the fiery style. He spent a long time leading the fish union, taking over from two of the greatest of Newfoundland's activist socialists, Father Des McGrath and Richard Cashin. Oh, to hear Cashin speak was a wondrous thing. I suppose it was genetic given his antecedents.

### **Lorraine Michael**

I cannot leave this without talking about Lorraine Michael. The only true socialist Newfoundland politician I ever met. I met her while she was a novice in the late 60's, I took out her sister once or twice, and were she not in habit I would have wooed her then and there.

Smart, compassionate, idealistic, I think she must know all the words to all the songs in the Little Red Book, she has devoted her life to social activism and improvement of the downtrodden and the poor here and around the globe. Like many great socialist leaders she was backstabbed by her followers, *Et tu Dale*. Her record shows her taking elections away from the Great Jerome Kennedy for the PC's and the ever-hopeful Paul Antle for the Liberals. A formidable person and a great lady. Would there were more like her.

### **Clyde Wells**

I wanted to support Clyde Wells on his return to politics in 1987 and went to a rally. He was a family friend and a ski club member in the 1960's and I supported him publicly when he took his stance with Crosbie against Smallwood. He was gladhanding around the rally and when he came to me, I shook and told him I was willing to help in anyway. He looked at me and there was a terrible blankness in his eyes that caused me to shudder. I saw that look one more time in a St. John's house reception for Jack Leyton many years later.

Wells went on to glory with Meech Lake and the Charlottetown Accord, breaking up the parochial school system, and many economic reforms. The collapse of the cod fishery and the start of the REDB program were on his watch.

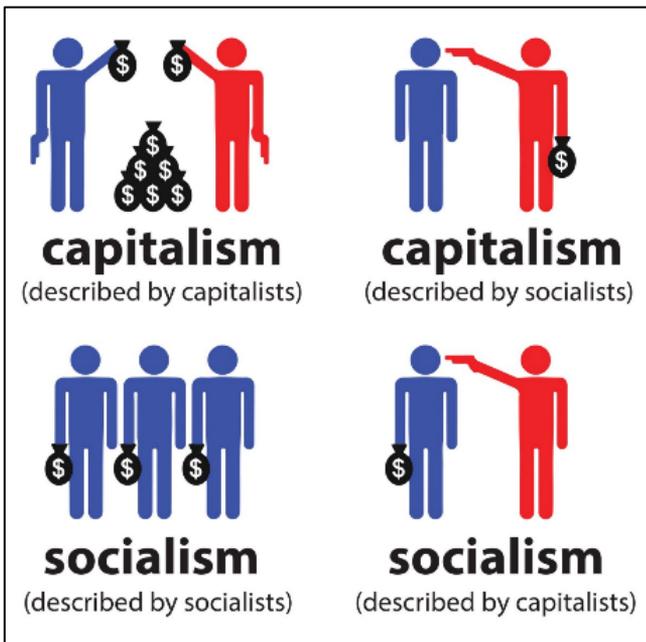
## Alison Coffin

Smart and fiery, she is as more a socialist than most NDP'er but as soon as she was elected she was quickly subverted by the party and its trade union minions to gobble on about nothing. Unable to perform any socialist miracles, she was defeated the next time out by the Liberals. She deserved better but at least she wasn't backstabbed by her fellows like poor Lorraine. At least she got elected, unlike McCurdy. She ran in my district.

## Jack Harris

Another university acquaintance, Jack is a controlled rational man, a lawyer by training, but he is boring and pedantic, always was. His ideals are understated, and he likes to get his hand in in any number of minor issues that have little or no consequence, at least for me. No fiery rhetoric. No raised fist. Maybe he'd think that is unfair, but it is how I feel.

In review, these encounters form a veritable wall to my socialism that I have not been able to get over. People who said they were socialist, or pretended to practice socialism, and who fell by the wayside as soon as they were elected or not elected. Perhaps they were equally frustrated by not being able to make headway against orthodox Newfoundland politics. I don't know, but it was like they ran out of gas or stopped trying somewhere along the utopian highway.



# Battle Song Of Newfoundland

Written by A Patriot and published in the *The Confederate*, 12 May, 1948

Rise, Newfoundland, and break your chains,  
While yet the light of hope for you remains;  
Your fathers call from out their place of rest:  
"Unite - Unite - Confederation is best."

Must vested interests always keep you bound,  
Oh men who toil upon the fishing ground;  
To keep you slaves, their dollars now outflow,  
For, pharaoh-like, they will not let you go!

You who have fought a North Atlantic Sea,  
Which calls for strength and utmost bravery;  
But now your fight is not with spume and spray,  
You fight for life on Referendum Day.

The hour has come - the voice of wisdom calls,  
To lead you on ere yet the darkness falls;  
Obey the voice and grasp her by the hand,  
Then you shall know God guided Newfoundland!

There is a tide that comes to those who toil,  
When taken at the flood brings fortune's smile;  
Now is the time to take that flood - and, lo!  
Confederation comes - and blessings flow.

We hear the trumpet sounding from afar,  
While freedom, smiling, swings her gates ajar;  
Enter now the portals, friends, I pray,  
And see the vision of a brighter day!

For Newfoundland is like a vessel bold,  
Which carries human freight within her hold;  
Her course is set, the breeze is from the land,  
She points her bow toward a shining strand.

But hidden in the joy lies "local rule",  
With false-light gleaming to mislead and fool;  
There lie the reefs of hunger and of dole,  
To wreck our vessel on a Crosbie Shoal!

Pile on all sail, leave local rule astern,  
And at the wheel let each man take his turn;  
We have the guide - Confederation's star,  
Oh, keep the course - we soon shall cross the bar.

Then shall the bays and coves with cheers resound,  
With muskets blazing, firing round on round;  
And bonfires gleaming on the distant hills,  
While every toiler's heart with freedom thrills!

In the Encyclopedia of Newfoundland, Smallwood's master work, M. Baker wrote Smallwood's entry.

At school Smallwood rebelled against food served in the dining room and as

The "poorest boy in the school, from the poorest family", he became a socialist following a chance meeting with George Grimes, a member of Coaker's Fishermen's Protection Union (FPU).

He organized trade unions at the country's two paper mills and the railroad.

Unemployed, restless and wishing to experience the intellectual life of English socialism, Smallwood left for England in mid-1926. In London he threw himself wholeheartedly into Labour politics, and went to "every Socialist, Communist, Liberal, Tory, philosophical, and religious meeting that it was practically possible for me to attend."

Please look back to the preface and the cartoon, could that be Smallwood guest speaking at the time? Apparently by the end of 1926 Smallwood had given up on socialism:

He had reconciled socialism with the pragmatism of local politics whereby, as he later recalled, "Liberalism. . . with its roots set deeply down in the fishing and working classes generally, and its honourable record of taking always the side of the people, was as close as it was reasonable or practical to think the Island could get to Socialism.

## How I voted

Since I was eligible to vote, in 1968 at 21 and a new Canadian, I have voted socialist in all federal and provincial elections, with some exceptions.

Voted Liberal in my first federal election because Old Pierre was a charmer, later he turned creepy. I was involved with the People for Pierre Movement for a moment. I toyed with support for Young Pierre when he first appeared but just couldn't find any social values in his platforms. He turned creepy as well.

Voted for the yogic flyers once and the marijuana party once because there wasn't a credible NDP candidate and the major party candidates were equally reprehensible. Conservative once because I owed the candidate a favour and he was a good, able hand.

Green once because I was sick of Jack Harris; there was a Greenie on the ballot and none of the other three were worthy of my vote.

I guess I have always *lost* my vote, as they say, having never voted for a winner, with two exception, Alison Coffin, the NDP leader in a provincial election and Ambrose Hearn, PC, in a federal election. But, really, if you vote, you win. It is a right to vote. In Australia it is criminal to NOT vote. Any ballot you cast means someone sees, however few votes for a particular platform, there are people who support that platform. That means something.

I volunteered in NDP campaign offices without effect; promoted planks that were not considered; advised on positions without avail. It is like they didn't see real socialist ideals as anything they could use constructively, and they never wanted to piss off their main constituency, the unionists.

If you think socialism takes a bad rap from pundits, here are some quotes about *politics* in general and politicians in particular:

Politics is war without bloodshed while war is politics with bloodshed.  
*Mao Zedong*

Politics is a pendulum whose swings between anarchy and tyranny are fueled by perpetually rejuvenated illusions. *Albert Einstein*

Politics, noun. A strife of interests masquerading as a contest of principles. The conduct of public affairs for private advantage. *Ambrose Bierce*

Nothing is so admirable in politics as a short memory. *John Kenneth Galbraith*

In politics stupidity is not a handicap. *Napoleon Bonaparte*

Politics is the skilled use of blunt objects. *Lester B. Pearson*

Reader, suppose you were an idiot. And suppose you were a member of Congress. But I repeat myself. *Mark Twain*

Politicians don't lie, they misspeak. And they don't steal, they mis-pocket. *Robert Brault*

He knows nothing; and he thinks he knows everything. That points clearly to a political career. *George Bernard Shaw*

Politics is the art of looking for trouble, finding it whether it exists or not, diagnosing it incorrectly, and applying the wrong remedy. *Ernest Benn*

# Ode to Newfoundland

by Sir Cavendish Boyle and Sir Hubert Parry

When sun rays crown thy pine clad hills,  
And summer spreads her hand,  
When silvern voices tune thy rills,  
We love thee, smiling land.

We love thee, we love thee,  
We love thee, smiling land.

When spreads thy cloak of shimmering white,  
At winter's stern command,  
Thro' shortened day, and starlit night,  
We love thee, frozen land.

We love thee, we love thee  
We love thee, frozen land.

When blinding storm gusts fret thy shore,  
And wild waves lash thy strand,  
Thro' spindrift swirl, and tempest roar,  
We love thee windswept land.

We love thee, we love thee  
We love thee windswept land.

As loved our fathers, so we love,  
Where once they stood, we stand;  
Their prayer we raise to Heaven above,  
God guard thee, Newfoundland

God guard thee, God guard thee,  
God guard thee, Newfoundland.

Inside back cover

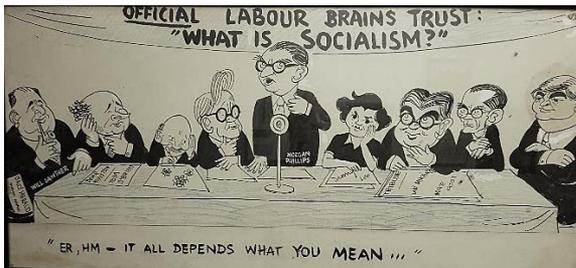
# Newfoundland socialist:

## My lifelong lesson hard writ – slow learned

Socialism is notably a youthful practice; Bismark said at 20 you should be a socialist, at 40 a conservative. In this memoir the author traces his socialist leanings from teenage years to his elder years, realizing that he failed to become a conservative and at the same time also failed to meet his youthful, socialist ideals.

Failure. Or Hubris?

His greatest opportunity, being involved with a Regional Economic Development Board process formed much of his disappointment.



Illustrated with socialist cartoons and socialist songs, a chronicle of one man's 60 year struggle to make a difference in the world around him.