

BOOK 24

PAUL OLSCAMP

Interview with Paul Olscamp
By Elizab leth Balanoff
March 17, 1972
Time -3hours

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Interview with Paul Olscamp

By: Elizabeth Balanoff

Date: March 17, 1972

- I. Now Mr. Olscamp, could you tell me a little bit about your personal background before we start discussing your work experiences.
- R. Well I was born in 1937 in Montreal in the province of Quebec, lived there only until I was two. My family then moved to the city of Toronto and we lived there until I was nine and then we moved to the city of Sudbury, Ontario, which is the working headquarters, though not the corporate headquarters of the International Nickel Company of Canada. And I lived there until I left home at the age of sixteen. My father was one of twelve children born to a dirt poor farmer. My grandfather, who is now dead, raised Persheron work horses for the lumber mills near Cambleton, New Brunswick. father did not move past grade eight in schooling. For years I thought it was because the teacher had died, but then I discovered from his brother, as a matter of fact that it was because he had been expelled. He subsequently, however, through some good fortune and an amazing capacity for work and a sort of unbelievable ambition, ended up, as he is today, executive vice-president of the second largest trust company in Canada.
- I. That should be an interesting story. Can you tell me a little bit about how he got there from where he started.
- R. Yes, after grade 8 he immediately went to work in the summers as a potato picker and planter, and in the winters as a part-time volunteer fireman, and doing odd jobs-in the community. This was in Cambleton, New Brunswick, or outside of it in a tiny village called Appleville, or helping his father raise these work horses.

Then he got a job in a bank because he was, as his teacher one time said to somebody in the town "good at figures," and rose to be assistant teller in the bank. He discovered that the manager of the bank and the accountant were embezzling. And he kept very careful records for a number of months. Then he called the chief auditors of the bank in the head office in Montreal. They came down and confirmed this. The manager and the chief teller were tried, convicted and sent to jail, and my father became a teller in the head office of the bank, or rather one of its major offices in Montreal. Subsequently, he became the youngest bank manager in the history of Canada. He was the manager of the Walkerville branch of the Banque Provincial du Canada, at the age of 21. Then he moved to Toronto where he also was manager of one of the central offices. In 1 he left the Provincial Bank and moved to the Guarantee Trust Company of Canada, and that's when he moved to Sudbury, Ontario. There was no office there at the time. He started off with my mother as his secretary in an office that was 10 feet wide and 32 feet long and in subsequent years not only made that office one of the most successful in Canada, but opened 49 other branch offices across Canada, all of which are successfully operating today. In 1960, I believe, '60 or '61, he became assistant general manager of the company, and moved to the head office in Toronto. And then, I think it was 4 or 5 years ago, he became vice-president, and then executive vice-president of the company.

- I. Did your mother work when you were young?
- R. No, aside from her service as my father's secretary after we moved to Sudbury, she didn't work. She is from a family of Pennsylvania

Dutch who had immigrated to Amherstburg, Ontario, which is near Windsor, Ontario. She is one of 7 children: . She received a high school education. In fact, her sister was the only person ever to write three perfect papers on the upper school examinations in Canada, all of them in math, at which I am very poor. And she was secretary to the president of Raiser Corporation of Canada, when my father met her.

I. And how many children did your parents have?

R. There are three of us. I am the oldest. My brother is 21, my sister is 25.

I. I see. Now you said you left home at 16. Isn't this rather young, or is this traditional in Canada?

R. Well it's not traditional in Canada. My father and I didn't get along at all during the period of my adolescence, and indeed in my childhood. I suppose there were various reasons for this, but we do get along now. I was expelled from high school in the fourth year for, disciplinary reasons. And at that point there was a choice between my not going on or my going to a private school where they would, allow me to make-up the courses that I had not been able to take the examinations for in the fourth year of high school, while at the same, time taking the fifth year, which in Canada is called Upper School. It's equivalent to the first year of university here. My father got me into St. Michael's College School in Toronto, which is a school run by the Basilian Order of priests. That was when I was sixteen and I managed to do that. From then on, since I had been working since I was eleven years of age in the summers, I had built up a fairly large bank account, larger than I've ever had since.

And from there I went on from St. Michael's to enter a seminary to study to be a Roman Catholic priest, which was my first year of college. But for various and sundry reason found that completely unacceptable, left the seminary, and entered the University of Western Ontario. The seminary was affiliated with the University of Western Ontario.

I. Alright, let's backtrack a little bit now. You're going fast and I think we may be missing details that we'd like to get. You said you started working part-time when you were eleven?

R. Yes.

I. Can you tell me what kind of jobs you did?

R. Well I started off at eleven working at a drugstore every day after school and during the summers-and on the weekends, including Sundays, unpackaging incoming material placing it on the shelves and being in charge of cleaning, sweeping the floor every night and cleaning up the stockroom.

Was this your idea? Did you want to earn your own money, or was it father's idea of proper training?

R. I can't remember, but it strikes me now that I probably wouldn't wanted to have done that very much,so I imagine it was probably my father's idea. It was Comrie's Drugstore in Sudbury, Ontario which no longer, exists because Mr.Comrie died when I was in high school. After working at Comrie's, I then held jobs mostly in the summer time, as a surveyor's assistant. I'm trying to go chronologically, here. As best I can recall I was a surveyor's assistant. What I did there

was hold the stick that they read off from the transit--that was a lousy job! I was standing up to my neck in swamp water most of the time. And I was, after that, a glazier's assistant. I worked for Canadian-Pittsburgh Industries, which was the first union I belonged to. What I did there was help install large glass plates in airport towers and in business establishments in the city..

I. About what year was that, roughly?

R. Well, let's see now, I would've still been in high school. I was eleven when I went to work at Comrie's I would've been twelve that summer. That would've been when I was the surveyor's assistant when I was thirteen. I was the glazier's assistant when I was fourteen. And I did the glazier's job for two years, so I would have been fifteen there. If that sounds moderately surprising because of my age, it might be noted in passing that I was very large physically at a very early age. Since I was twelve years of age, I have gained fifteen pounds and grown one inch. So for my age at the time, I was very large.

I. Were there no restrictions on hiring people at that age in Canada?"

R. No. The only restrictions there are that you must attend school until the age of sixteen. But since school was in the off season there were no restrictions.

I. You didn't have to get special permission or anything?

R. For the Canadian-Pittsburgh Industries job, I think I had to have parental permission. But for the surveyor's assistant, that was a privately owned firm, I didn't have to have for that, nor the drugstore job.

I. Was the job as a glazier a better job than the surveyor's assistant job?

R. Very much.

I. In pay, in working conditions, or what?

R. It was better in pay, it was better in working conditions, and it was more interesting. I learned an awful lot about glazing. Subsequently, I have a place in Canada on an island where I've constructed all the buildings on the island myself and done a lot of glazing work. And I learned a lot there. I enjoyed it very much. I also had a most congenial working command unit. There was an ex-German soldier, who was a paratrooper in the German Army in the second World War, named Hans Justel, who was a real craftsman, also a sympathetic, understanding man, who was for those two summers a literal father figure to me.

I. And that made a lot of difference?

R. Oh very much so. I was very happy there. I could've worked with that man the rest of my life and been quite content.

I. Do you still keep in touch with him in any way?

R. He died three years after I stopped working there because of wounds that he had suffered during the war.

I. I see. Did you join the union? I presume it was a union job?

R. It was a union job and I know I paid union dues. I didn't have any choice in paying union dues, it was deducted from my check.

I therefore presume I was a member of the union, but I don't recall

carrying a union card. And I did not attend union meetings at that time.

I. Did you ever use any of the service of the union, their grievance procedure or anything like that?

R. No I didn't.

I. From that point of view, you wouldn't have much to say about that particular union?

R. No. There was no difficulty with the union either, during the time I worked in that plant. In fact it was a very congenial place to work. Management seemed to get along very well with, the workers. Predominantly I think because the manager of the plant was himself an expert glazier and often went out on jobs.

I. So they had that closeness that you rarely find now, but you did find often in the early period.

R. Right.

I. O.K. now this was two summers. What did you do after that?

R. Well, the summer after the job with Canadian-Pittsburgh Industries, I went to work for I guess that was the Sudbury Brewery and Malting Company, which is a division of a larger company. My father was director of the company, but that not how I got the job. I walked in off the street and got the job, and I worked there in the soft drink division as a driving as assistant. I helped a man on a truck and later on drove truck myself. It was an interesting job because we used to smuggle beer, among other thing, and sell it to

bootleggers in outlying tourist camps. There was an interesting payoff for that, you see. If you're bootlegging beer, at least in those days, for every case of beer there had to be a slip. So, what we used to do, my fellow worker and I, his name was Paul Phillipe Pacquet, who was known colloquially as P.P. Pacquet the Pimp. P.P. and I used to take names off tombstones and out of telephone books and spend hours writing out these slips and signing them. Then we would take the beer, which we paid for, sell it to the tourist camp operator, at a vastly inflated price. And we would get the empties. That's 50 cents a case free. He got no credit for the empties. And we used to pick up quite a bit of money because each of these places, if they were a decent size tourist camp, might have as many as 50 cases of empties, and we were driving a 5 ton truck. So we earned a considerable amount of money on the side that way.

I. Which was better, your regular pay or your side pay?

R. They were about equal. I made about as much legally as illegally, and of course paid taxes on only one. I'm not advocating that.

I. I'm sure you're not!

R. In those times it was a little different. During that summer, I organized a strike with a man named Moe Bartoli at the plant because the drivers felt they were underpaid. So Moe and I talked them into a strike.

I. Now was there a union there?

R. Yes, oh yes. It was a unionized place, but Moe and I were not in the union. I've been trying to remember, I'm pretty sure it was the

Teamster's. You see, these were drivers.

- I. Probably.
- R. But I forget, exactly. I could check up on it. In any event, they did go out on strike, and it was a very brief strike because it was a very hot summer and they were going to lose an awful lot of money to their competing companies not selling their beer. They did get most of what they wanted. Most of what they wanted didn't have anything to do with working conditions since those aren't really bad in a brewery, rather with increased wages. And immediately, upon resumption of work Moe and, I were fired because we weren't members of the union. As soon as I was fired from that job, which was about the middle of the summer, I then went to work for the Sudbury Children's Aid Society as a social worker.
- I. Now wait, before we get to the Children's Aid Society, let's talk about the brewery strike. Who went on strike? Was it the Teamsters only, or was it the whole factory?
- R. Initially, it was the drivers of the soft drink trucks, who were then joined by the drivers of the beertrucks and, as a matter of fact, if it had only been the drivers of the soft drink trucks that would have been enough because none of the other people would've crossed their picket lines.
- I. So nobody was working inside either? There was nothing going on? You shut everything down?
- R. No, they shut down the brewery. It was easy to do because this wasn't a very large facility.

- I. How many workers would you estimate were involved?
- R. Oh, I would say about 120, about that. Much larger if you counted part-time and summer employees. Moe and I were not liked very well. by the summer employees who really weren't interested very much in the drivers. They were interested in their summer wages. Fortunately, however, they got better wages as a result and they were only out about a week. It was easy to do because, as I say, all of this was on property that amounted to about two large blocks and the buildings were such that they virtually occupied the entire block. A huge square structure was the brewery, and the soft drinks division was a huge warehouse. So they only had about six entrances, both for the trucks where the trucks backed out and where people went in to buy beer. And therefore to picket the place was terribly simple. All you did was picket the truck entrances and the other ones. We never needed more than twenty people on the picket line.
- I. I'm curious about the reaction of the union officials. Did they join you wholeheartedly, did they resent the fact that you sort of jumped the gun on them, or, how did they respond?
- R. No, we worked it through the drivers, the pop truck drivers. We used, to drink a lot of beer with them after work. Both Moe and I could easily pass for twenty-one and so we spent our time in the pubs. We talked to a nucleus of about five or six of them who were also very interested in doing this and really just needed someone to explain to them the organizational, the physical structure of the plant, and how easy it would be to picket. And they went to their steward. There was a steward for the pop shop part of the union, and for the other part. Of course, none of these things start in five minutes,

this kind of resentment about these wages, had been building up for some time. They went to the stewards and told them about what we had told them about--how easy it would be to do this. And I don't know whether the stewards then spoke to the beer part of the operation or not, but the upshot was that in about two weeks there was a union meeting of the pop shop section of the drivers and they decided to picket the place.

I. So you started them into action.

R. Right.

I. Did they make any efforts to do anything about your job even though you weren't a union member?

R. Yeah, they did.

I. They did.

R. Yes they did. After the strike was settled, they initially tried to make it a part of the strike agreement that, no part-time summer worker would be dismissed. But that was exceedingly difficult, for the obvious reason that we weren't union members that the union contract that existed prior to the strike did not call for us to be union members, that we weren't covered under any wage agreement. And looking back on it now, from the viewpoint of what you might call my present job, a quasi-managerial position, looking at it from that viewpoint, it would have been economically intolerable for the company to agree to a union contract that covered all part-time workers. It would have been very expensive for them. In the summer they depended a lot upon part-time student help. Seen from the general view this was

good for the community, because it provided students with jobs. It was good for everybody. They took the right stand, I think now. So we lost our jobs, but we had benefits in other ways. We gained a lot of friends there, both Moe and I. We got a lot of free beer for a long time, many years--not just that summer. In various hotels around Sudbury and the area we got a lot of invitations to parties. And I never had a problem in my life getting beer from a tourist camp in the area when the stores were closed.

I. Was Moe a part-time worker too?

R. Yes, he was. At that time he was a student. Let's see, I guess Moe would've been a student, he was attending the Sudbury Technical School. I think he had either just graduated from the final year of Sudbury Technical School or he had one more year to go or something like that.

I. O.K., so then you moved into a new field of work.

R. Right. I may have missed something, by the way, between the glazier's job and the pop job. I'm trying to think, maybe you could stop the tape for a second there. I remember now, I was a shoe salesman, and a postman,, in there, between the glazier's job and the pop shop job. I sold shoes for a company called Paramount Shoes, which is a store in Sudbury, for a summer. I was not a union member there. And I also worked for the Canadian Post Office in Sudbury for part of that summer, subsequently for Christmas holidays, delivering mail during the rush hour.

I. How was that job?

R. I didn't like either of those jobs very much,. Predominantly because, I don't know, there was something about the atmosphere of selling shoes that just made it horribly boring. I didn't like that . The postman's job I didn't mind, except, when it was in bad weather.

I. You delivered?

R. I delivered the mail. The postman's job is a very pleasant job during the Christmas holidays, especially the closer you get to Christmas. You find business firms who are continually inviting you in to join in their festivities for the holidays. I don't know if the delivery of the mail suffered, but I had a fine time.

I. You always seem to pick up a lot of free drinks in your job!

R. Right. It was easy. After all this was a town that wasn't all that large at that time. Population of Sudbury during this period would be no more than seventy or eighty thousand people. So it was not hard to get to know just about everybody in the central business community. And besides that, my father was manager of the trust company in town, which at that time was the only trust company. I knew virtually everybody who owned a business, because they knew him. So, going back to the beer truck thing, after that I went to work for the Sudbury Children's Aid Society, where there was no union.

I. Now is this in the summer still?

R. Yes. Now the Sudbury Children's Aid Society. Through the province of Ontario, all adoption and what they call protection family treatment is handled through the organization called the Children's Aid Society. It is a statutory organization, supported by government funds and by

private donations. It is responsible for dealing with poverty stricken family situations and for adoptions, and for things like putative fathers. And my job was to track down putative fathers and to bring them to court and to insure that an arrangement was made whereby they would, contribute to the child's support until adoption. Or, if the girl involved insisted upon keeping the child, to arrange for child support payments until the child was sixteen. It could be of interest that the first three people I tracked down turned out to be friends of mine, who weren't friends of mine after that at all.

- I. I can be sure. Is that why you didn't like that job?
- R. No, I didn't really mind the putative father aspect of it because, except for reasonably rare instances, there was hard evidence. Despite the fact that one would think, looking at it just from the technical viewpoint, that everyone would have the brains not to write incriminating letters in a situation like that almost everyone does.
- I. So you were sure you were getting the right man.
- R. Right, and it was almost never necessary to use the letters as a threat, or to threaten in court, because usually people wanted to help, you know. They had their share of either guilt or social conscience or whatever you wish and they were willing to do what they could. In the case of students who were involved, usually the parents were willing to help out in some way or other, though no doubt that led to family conflict. But the worst part of that job was dealing with some of these immensely poor, horribly brutal and brutalized people with children. The first family I ever dealt with, as a joke, the agency put me in charge of the worst case they had,

which was a third generation case, which was unusual and interesting. Their name was Baxter. They had eight children. They lived in a tar paper shack in the woods, and this is a country where it gets to be 40 degrees below zero in the wintertime. Both the Baxters were very intelligent people. Mr. Baxter had some training in a couple of trade schools. He was a tinsmith, for example. And yet they lived in poverty and filth the likes of which I have never seen any place else. The first time I walked into that house, one of the children was in a crib. The mattress was sagging and the sag in the mattress was filled with the child's excrement and the child was playing in it. Someone had spilled a big plate of spaghetti on the floor, I remember, and it just-had been left there and people walked back and forth through it for days. The place was immensely full of flies. By that time Baxter had already tried suicide once. He was the most incapable man I've ever met. He couldn't even do that right, He shot himself right through the chest with a 30/30 rifle and lived. And years later he drove out on a highway intentionally into the path of an onrushing car and the other person was killed, he was not. He was sentenced to jail. While in jail the Baxter house burned down and two of his children were burned to death in the fire. It was a star crossed and doomed family. But the horrible thing about it was, or maybe it's not horrible, I don't know, I took the children away from the family.

- I. I'm sure that wasn't horrible.
- R. Well, it was. Because you see, in spite of all of this, those children and the parents loved one another very dearly. The children were miserable and eventually, the agency, after I left, returned them to

the parents. By the way, in spite of this, I've never been able to figure this out, none of these children had any shots until I took them in and got all their shots and everything. The children were perfectly healthy, they never had any illnesses at all. They were strong, smart, healthy children.

I. Were there other children in the family who died? Did you see only the survivors?

R. No.

I. They all survived?

R. Every child born to the Baxters had survived.

I. How do you account for their happiness? Maybe it was the permissive atmosphere.

R. I just don't know. But you know in school the children weren't any discipline problems. Their teachers uniformly testified to how pleasant they were, how much they liked to learn. The only thing wrong with them was that they were abominably filthy all the time. And aside from that, the school teachers thought they were great.

I. Do you happen to know how they, turned out?

R. No, I don't. I haven't been in touch. The last time I was in touch with the Baxters, I had moved them out of their tar paper shack, arranged a job for Mr. Baxter, gotten the family into a quite decent home in an area quite removed from where they used to live, and a salesman had come around and sold them a \$2,000 deep freeze unit.

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- R. I want to go back, because chronologically I miss things. I did not go from the beer truck job directly to the Children's Aid Society job. Instead, now this thing comes back to me. I went from the beer truck job to work for the Ontario Liquor Control Board. Liquor is sold in Canada through state stores, or at least it is in the province of Ontario. The agency is called the Ontario Liquor Control Board. So I got a job behind the counter, wrapping and getting liquor for people when they came in. And I wasn't unionized there either. As a matter of fact I missed two things. I did not then, the next summer, go yet to the Children's Aid Society. I went to the International Nickel Company. I was confused here. I went to the Children's Aid Society after I went to work for Inco. In fact, the social work job was the last summer job I held. I worked for them for two summers. I worked for International Nickel for the previous two summers. So the chronology now is, from the beer store job to the Ontario Liquor Control Board job, and then to International Nickel the next summer. And after International Nickel, to the Social Agency job.
- I. Why don't we finish talking about the social agency job since we're half-way through it.
- R. Well I worked for them, there really isn't too much else to say about it. I worked for them for either two or three summers. I think it was two, it might have been three. Remember the summers in Canada are five month periods once you get into college. By this time was in graduate school. The job just simply went on. Aside from the putative father division, I was more and more discouraged and more and more disheartened because I didn't see that I was doing any good.

Like most people there, all I was doing was preventing things from becoming absolutely disastrous. Everybody had too many family cases to work with. What happened was, although we were supposed to go on weekly visits to these homes what we did in those visits was simply treat the most immediate problem either by providing food, providing legal aid, providing money, or providing clothing or medical services, by taking the children in the family or the parents, as the case may be, to someplace else, to one of the other agencies in the town who were dealing with these services. I became very disillusioned by certain kinds of cases as well. In those two or three summers, I came across at least five cases of incest. In two of the cases of incest, the young girl was pregnant. And in one of the cases the girl was eleven years of age. She was just at the stage of puberty which would enable pregnancy. She was physically destroyed by the pregnancy which had reached the stage where she was going to abort, but also injure her so she could never have children again. And I was also disillusioned by the brutality of it. I remembered a case where the woman called me and I went out to her home and her husband had kicked her many times in the face with a miner's boot, simply ruined her face. They didn't have any medical insurance and the social medicine policies in Canada at that time wouldn't pay for such things as plastic surgery, but she was badly injured and I was really disillusioned by this. I eventually got to the point where I was getting into physical altercations with some of the people who were in these kinds of things, and it became desirable for me not to associate with the agency. I wasn't fired, I just never went back to the job again. The only satisfying thing that is done in that agency, so far as I could see,

is adoptions. That's all.

I . What about these other cases? Now you mention the Baxter family, where at least the children were happy with their parents.

about other families where the children were brutalized? Were they ever given other homes?

R. Oh yes. We often took children away, we had child molestation cases and we had the beaten child syndrome, and in those cases we almost invariably took the children away from the parents, placed them, after a period of treatment, for adoption. Up in that area, we were not confronted very often with a racial problem which you find in the United States. We did have several Indian children for adoption, but either other Indian families adopted them, or French Canadians adopted them. The analogue of the racial problem up there is the religious problem. We always had very many more Catholic, children for adoption than we did Protestant children. There was a huge demand for Protestant children. We never kept a normal Protestant child for much more than three or four months before it was placed for adoption. We did have a fairly long line of Catholic children for adoption. And I might say, by the way, that I learned something about people and the kinds of hearts they have in that job. Almost invariably the people who adopted the Catholic children were other Catholics with very little money and a large family, usually French Canadians. And for them it was a matter of loving children, taking on more children. They love children.

I. You think the French Canadians were fonder of children than the other ethnic groups?

R. I don't know whether it has anything to do with French Canadians.

It may have something to do with the particular brand of Catholicism that French Canadians have. Rather, I think it has to do with socio-economic factors. I think that people become more selfish as they become richer. And, the more money you have, the more you desire, in the way of material goods and comforts. Those without them didn't seem to need them. Also, by the way, you must remember, we are not talking about an urban situation like Chicago, we're talking about an area where you have ready access at no cost except your gasoline, to such things as the country, to fishing. I mean you get in a car and you drive out in the country, you park your car and you fish. There is nothing to it. So it wasn't as difficult. It wasn't as costly.

I. Large families didn't put quite a sin on a family that they would here. Did your agency permit Protestants to adopt Catholic children?

R. Oh yes, they did.

I. Have there have been lots of rules against mixing until recently?

R. There were some difficulties. There were some difficulties. I don't remember precisely the case now. I know that there were a couple of cases which were brought to court because the church insisted that the child be raised as a Roman Catholic. In two of the cases that I recall. the adoption went through because the Protestant family agreed to do that. But by the time, I had left the agency, children were being placed without regard to religion. There was also a case involving a Jehovah's Witness, I recall, where the mother had given the child up for adoption and then later on, because of pressure from the local Jehovah's Witness organization, had brought suit against

the adoption, but they lost. In my view, fortunately.

I. You mentioned that on this job, you never could get all the work done. You couldn't do all the things that needed to be done.

R. Right.

I. If there had been more workers, would the job have been more tolerable, or is it simply the nature of the job itself that made it so unpleasant?

R. Oh, it would have been more tolerable from the viewpoint of myself and the other people who worked there. But there's a difference between it being more tolerable from our viewpoint and it being more effective. I'm not at all convinced...

I. That it would've been more effective?

R. That it would've resulted in the curing of social ills. I'm not at all convinced of that. And I'm not even sure, looking back on it now, that I think that the purpose of such an agency ought to be for the curing of social ills. Because I think that once the symptoms appear, you've already got the disease and you don't cure the disease by treating the symptoms. You can stop things, you can take care of little outbreaks, but you can't cure the disease. In my view the only thing that can cure that disease is a sort of massive, long run, expenditure of public money as soon as a child is born. I think that social work vis-a-vis adults, is almost a lost cause, So maybe this is a good reason for my not being a social worker. I was a social worker. I was perfectly willing to write off a whole generation of people, adults, as beyond hope. And as long as we left the children in their care--

I. You were writing them off, too, in a way.

R. Without a more or less constant supervision they were lost too.

I. Could you put your finger on the roots of the adults problems?

Were they economic primarily, or were they in some cases psychiatric problems that were never treated?

R. Oh they varied widely. For example, I had one family in a town called Comiston, Ontario, in which all, there were a mother, a father, and eighteen children, and all but one of the children was an idiot and both parents were too.

I. Good grief!

R. Now, they were so badly off, that they didn't know which of the eighteen children were theirs. A lot of the children were girls, and because they were mentally deficient, they were always being used as sexual objects by young bucks in the town. Young buck has no racial connotation up there. So some of these children weren't members of the family, in a direct biological line, or genetic line. But they, too, were idiots, which some future Mendel might be interested in. The only person that wasn't an idiot was, of course, very miserable. We got her out of the family.

I. Shouldn't the others have been institutionalized, or were there facilities for this?

R. There were no facilities for it, for one thing. There's a fine line between being able to take care of yourself in the sense of looking after your daily needs and not being capable of doing that, and you

have to be on the other side of the line to get into an institution, or you did then. There was that kind of problem. There was the kind of problem where people were not in the technically speaking "idiot" class, where they were not bright, and had little or no education because they were raised in the country, little or no money at all, little or no social mores in the non-moral sense. This is particularly true of the Indians. Canada has really screwed its Indians. Some changes in the law have been made since then, but let me give you an example of how they really screwed the Indians. An Indian in Canada does not have to pay taxes if he lives on a reservation. So a lot of Indians lived on reservations. And they did things like earning money by working on the railroad and cutting wood and what not. Now, if an Indian sends his child to a tax supported school he's got to pay taxes to support the school. So most Indians did not go to a tax supported school, they went to schools on the Indian reservation. But the Indian reservation schools were all taught by Indians who had gotten a grade 8 education in that school, and there were no high schools on the Indian reservations. They only went up to grade 8. So that education got progressively worse in those schools. Then they got children out of those schools who, even if they did want to go to a public high school, couldn't succeed in them. So you got a vicious cycle going here. We had that kind of problem, which was not so much a social, not so much a genetic, as it was a legal problem. We fought to change the law and we were part of the effort that sooner or later did succeed in changing the law. And maybe that will help take care of part of it. We also had problems of reasonably intelligent people who couldn't succeed because they had psychological problems. I think the psychological problems were rooted in their socio-economic

circumstances. You know it's the same all over. Those problems vary only environmentally with the geographic area. It's the same thing here.

I. With different groups of people but the same old problem.

R. Right.

I. Was your agency unionized?

R. No.

I. It was not.

R. Everybody who worked in the agency, was either a professional social worker, or like myself, a college graduate or college student who was working there in the summer, and aside from that there was only clerical staff.

I. Now you said the people you worked with did make efforts to change the law. How did they work as a group? Was it just a kind of ad hoc arrangement?

R. No, no. Bach Children's Aid Society, in the city or town it's located, has a Children's Aid Board. Something like a Board of Trustees vis-a-vis the university. And we brought a proposal to the Board on the basis of what we saw the law doing with regard to the education of the Indians. And it so happened that we had spread, other agencies had communicated with us, and we were in touch with all of them. And the United Board, the central board of the Children's Agencies in the province of Ontario, brought this to the legislature, which saw that there were two problems involved. One was a matter of state law and one was a matter of federal law. Then, after I

had left, the provincial law had been changed and within a short time thereafter, so was the federal law.

- I. Can you remember any other instances where the social workers, as a group, tried to initiate some broader reform that grew out of their work experience?
- R. Not off hand, no I can't. One of the things that was wrong in my view, not in a moral sense, but ineffective or counter-productive with the staff, was that the religious difference in the staff itself was reflected in the way they performed their tasks. I can remember one individual, for example, who worked in the adoption agency who did her very best to insure that no Protestant family got a Catholic child or vice-versa. Which was, of course, fine from the viewpoint of reenforcing your religious principles, and horrible from the viewpoint of a child's well-being. There was a lot of talk at that time about trying to overcome this sort, of thing, but I can't recall during my period there of there being any action about it.

I. Alright, let's go back and pick up the job we left out.

R. International Nickel.

I. Right, International Nickel.

R. Which was, I think, in many ways, one of the most interesting of all the work experiences I have had.

I. That's probably why you wanted to save it for last.

R. I went to work for International Nickel, initially, as a member of

the track gang, associated with the Copper Cliff Smelter. Let me explain something about International Nickel. International Nickel is predominantly, though not exclusively, in the business of mining nickel ore from the Sudbury basin. It also has mines in Thompson, Manitoba and British Columbia. In fact Inco founded the town of Thompson, Manitoba. The whole Sudbury basin is the richest nickel ore area in the world. It's located in a very famous geographical area called the Laurentian Shield, which is what's left of the oldest mountain range in the world, which is why geologists somehow find it very fascinating. There are sixteen nickel mines in the Sudbury area. Those are International Nickel mines. There are also two other companies mining in that area, one of them, is called Falconbridge Nickel, which is also a world-wide company, and I forget the name of the other one.

Into not only mines ore from these sixteen mines but smelts it at Copper Cliff, Ontario. It also has a huge iron ore plant, because part of the residue from smelting nickel ore is an iron dust. They run the slag, which is the product of smelting nickel, through this iron plant and they come out with iron pellets which are then sent to Port Colburn in Southern Ontario and turned into iron ingots or pig iron. The track gang was also associated with part of the smelting process. What happens is that the ore is brought from the mines to, the smelters, melted down, has various kinds of compounds added to it in the melting process. The product, as I said, is called slag. It is taken out on slag trains and dumped on these huge piles. If you ever go to Sudbury and out to Copper Cliff, you will see for miles, and miles these huge black cliffs, I would say now close to 200 to 250 feet high, as far as the eye can see, forming a literal geographic

plain upon which buildings are constructed and what not. And this is all slag.

My job was, in part, to follow along the slag trains, to come in after the slag trains had dumped, because every time the slag trains dumped they'd burn out the ties on the railroad tracks they run on. This stuff is dumped as liquid. It's liquid metal, and we would have to replace the ties, and jack the tracks up closer to the edge for the next run. They never used the same track in a row, because they come out every 20 minutes and the ore doesn't cool that fast. I went through seven pairs of boots the first summer on this thing, which is a hot, very hot and miserable job. But it got me in great shape, I must say.

I. Did you have to buy your own boots, or did the company furnish them?

R. No, the company bought the boots for that job. That was the only job they bought the boots for.

I. I was wondering, because it sounds like one of those jobs in a steel mill where you have to go inside the furnace. And they burn up their clothes pretty fast.

R. Right. Well the company did buy the boots. We didn't always work on top of the slag piles. Inco had railroad lines running all over the bloody place for hauling various things here and there, and we worked driving track there, too. It was a very hard job, probably the hardest job physically that I have ever had. A hell of a lot harder than working in the mines. The department, by the way, under, which the track gang falls is called the Department of Transportation within the bureaucratic structure of International Nickel. It was

a very, very interesting job in many ways. When I first went with that gang, there was only one person on it who spoke English other than myself. The other languages represented were Polish, Italian, French, German, and there were a couple of Balkan languages, Lithuanian, Ukrainian languages and Balkan languages.

I. Were these recent immigrants?

R. Yeah, they were all recent, except the French, of course. In fact, I'll tell you a funny story, a true story about one of the chaps who spoke French. I speak French and he wanted to learn English. So I set about to try and teach him some English during the summer. We eventually got to the point he was speaking the sort of very French-Canadian brand of English. One day we were going down the track and there was a woodpecker on a pole, and he turned around to me and says, "Hey what you call that bird what's smash his face against the pole?" So, it was amusing. I had a good time, learned a lot, got in terrific physical condition, and found out a lot about laboring conditions under which men work. I had another lesson about labor re-confirmed for me in that job. I've never before or since worked with a team of men who did as much work, back breaking work, as that team did, and I think I know the reason they did. They did it because they had a leader, a foreman, who could work any man on that-track gang into the ground anytime he chose, and most of the day he did.

I. He chose!

R. He did not stand around and do foremaning. What he did was drive steel and use a shovel, and he could do it faster, harder and longer than anybody on that line. And his way of picking up anybody who was

slacking off was not to go and bawl them out. It was to go and pick up a shovel or a sledge and start working beside him. Within a couple of minutes, he'd be way ahead of me. He'd be turning around and looking, and eventually, there was a pride involved for this thing. A lot of the men on the team were a social unit too. They used to drink beer after work together almost every night.

I, Could they talk to each other?

Oh yeah. Languages are only a difficulty in communication when you're educated. When you're not educated, two people who speak quite different languages can get along just fine.

I. What did they do, each speak a few words of other languages and sort of come up with a pidgeon mixture of some kind?

R. Right, that's right. I've seen people sitting together in pubs all night long and getting across as much information as two people sitting, speaking English or French at the next table. No problem at all.

I. How was the pay on that job?

R. It was good from the viewpoint of a student.

I. How about from the viewpoint of a man raising a family?

R. Well, given the general economic structure of the Sudbury area at that time, it was pretty good. I was earning about \$2.50 an hour, and most of the men on the gang were earning between \$2.75 and \$3.00 an hour. We all had certain fringe benefits. Some medical insurance was paid for. There were deductions into a pension fund, though I

didn't really know about that because I didn't care about that, but it was very important to them obviously. The shift was an eight hour shift, an hour for lunch.

I. Was it steady day work?

R. Yes, on that job it was steady day work. Work in the mines was shift work, though there was a steady day shift, too. It depends on the job you are doing in the mines. But it was a pretty good job, and for that time, and given the nature of the work, I thought it was reasonable pay. The wages at International Nickel, at that time, were one of the five highest general wage structures in Canada. It subsequently declined, where the last I heard, which was a few years ago, they were not even in the top fifteen companies in the country. And I speculate about why.

I. What are your speculations?

R. I think, in part, it was because of the change in unions from Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers to Steel.

I. Can you tell me a little bit about the union leadership that was there when you were working there, the Mine, Mill and Smelter union leadership?

R. Sure, they were all local.

I. All local people?

R. That's right. Every one of the Mine, Mill labor leaders at that time was raised in and worked in the Sudbury district. All their lives. Most of them, politically, were members of what was then called the CCF party, the Canadian Commonwealth Federation, which United

States government at that time looked upon as a Communist union. That's a lot of hogwash, it was never a Communist union. If I had to draw an analogue between the CCF Party and any other political party that I know of, I'd draw it between it and the British Labour Party.

- I. Which they probably also think is a Communist Party...
- R. Probably. Certainly at that time, this was a little later than the McCarthy era. Oh, I guess it was right in the middle of it. The union was largely anti-big business, anti-management, anti-bank. Against the banks. And they had damn good reason! Because as a matter, of fact, the management of International Nickel, were lousy. They didn't do anything in the way of company service. There were many ways in which the contract could have been improved and they didn't. They had a very poor public relations program. They didn't have any significant summer programs for their workers. In an area where thirty minutes away you were in some of the most beautiful fishing and hunting and boating country in the world, they didn't have any summer camps. where their workers could go. The union provided some of this stuff but the company didn't. The company, is in a business which is immensely destructive of the land, and they never did anything to improve that. Some of the housing in the town of Copper Cliff, where many of the workers lived, was really not very good at all.

- I. Was it company owned housing?
- R. Yes, the whole town of Copper Cliff is owned by International Nickel. Even some of the stores are owned by International Nickel. And in

the early days of the century, up until the twenties., there was a company store. During the First World War workers were paid in script. And part of the Second World War, too.

I. Sounds a lot like the South here in the United States.

R. Not just the South, I'll tell you a town that I would compare Copper Cliff to is Bethlehem, Pennsylvania,

I. Sure.

R. It has the same ethnic divisions. The town is divided into the Polish section, the Ukrainian section, the Italian section, the German section, the French-Canadian section. Same thing. But anyway, that was a reasonably interesting job. I worked at it for one summer.

- I. You worked at it for one summer?
- R. Right, the next summer I went to work in the mines, Garson, Ontario.

- I. Is this for the same company?
- R. Right. As I said there are sixteen mines in the area and around virtually every one of these mines there's a little community, Sometimes it's a company town. For example, a lot of the boarding houses in town were owned by the company. In fact my wife lived in one of those boarding houses and taught at a school, in Garson.

I worked in the mine there. I worked two different levels in the two summers I worked in the mine there. I worked at the 2,000 foot level and the 6,000 foot level. first of all as a sandrunner, which is one of the worst in the whole world. In order to understand the job, you'd have to understand two things: first of all the structure and nature of nickel mining, and secondly, the bonus system. In nickel mines there is a main vertical shaft, called the main shaft, and off this shaft, at 200 foot intervals, run horizontal straight line channels which are called drifts. And off the drifts perpendicular to the drifts, are pockets where the mining is done, and they are called stopes. There are two kinds of mining that can take place in a stope. One is called "cut and fill" and the other is called "square timber". A cut and fill stope involves always mining upwards to the next drift. You drill into the ceiling and blast off the ceiling in the end of the stope and you mine 200 feet up. Well obviously you've got to put something underneath you to stand on to prevent the mine from collapsing. So what is normally done is that sand is piped from the surface and from the next level up into the stope. At the beginning of each shift's work,

the first thing you do is haul out the ore that has resulted from the blast which is dropped through a 200 foot steel shaft, 6 ft. in diameter, down to the drift below where it falls into the ore cars. And the next thing you do is you open this, channel so sand fills up and raises the level of the floor on which you are working. Well, what the sandrunner does is, when it runs out of this channel, it makes a conical pile, and using a very heavy 800 pound push cart on rails, you have to take this sand and flat ten out the pile to fill the whole, stope. Now a stope is not a tiny place. They can be up to 100, sometimes 150 yards long when you have been working in them for awhile. And as I say, 200 ft. deep and as much as 50 to 60 yards wide. That's a lot of sand and it's back breaking work. The person who's doing the drilling and the blasting is usually working on a bonus-contract. What that means is, if he gets paid a union, hourly rate, up to a certain tonnage of ore, if he gets any more ore out of that thing, then he's paid a rate in addition, by the ton, for the amount of ore he takes out. The second summer I worked there I was a driller and a blaster for part of the summer. And that's an easy job compared to, a sandrunner. In fact I often find in union jobs that the lowest paid union jobs are the hardest, most backbreaking and boring jobs. The ones that pay the most are usually a lot easier and more-enter-training. What this guy did was lean on his goddamn pneumatic drill, I obviously didn't get along with this man. In fact we came to the point of war; we settled it one day in a very brutal way in the stope.

I. Who won?

R. I would say that I did. Yeah, I guess: I did. Though it took a couple of rounds, one in the stope and another in a barroom.

I. What triggered the fight? A specific incident?

R. Yeah, which was clearly and obviously my fault. What happened was, as I said, when he comes in in the morning, we were using air drill and pneumatic drills, and he'd set up and he'd drill his holes and stuff them full of dynamite. In the meantime I'm on top of the sand-pile, working my butt off trying to keep up with him. He was always giving me hell because I couldn't keep this area of a couple of thousand square yards, I couldn't put five feet of sand across this area every day. So I got into the habit every now and then when I was on the verge of collapse, of allowing the 800 pound car to runoff the edge of the rails, which would fall down the sand pile. The only way to get it back up there, was to unhook what was called the mucker, which was the machine to drag the ore into the steel chute which falls down. To unhook that from its present position, drag itself around by having to drive steel bolts into the wall, hook the chains on to the 800 pound cart, haul it up the steel pile and put it on, top of the rails again always took a couple of hours, during which I largely rested. And I told him that I understood that he should understand that I wanted to get out of there alive. And that I really couldn't get out of there alive. He kept telling me he used to have people who could work like dogs and do that, I said that I couldn't do that, I just couldn't work that hard. I was disappointed that I couldn't but maybe he should get someone else. And he tried and he couldn't. I told him that as long as he was working with me, I would put in a hard 8 hour day, but that I would not slave like a pig given that I wasn't getting any bonus pay.

I. You didn't get any bonus pay?

R. No I didn't get bonus pay. He got bonus pay, I didn't get bonus pay.

I. Oh for Pete's sake!

R. You see, I just lay sand. So, one day I did that once too often and he hit me with a two-by-four.

I. Oh, so he started it, not. you.

I

R. Oh yeah. Well, there were words that preceded this. Then he hit me with a two-by-four. And we then progressed, as these things will. Anyway, I got out of that job. In fact I didn't even spend the whole summer in it. After we fought, we arranged with the captain of the shift. I went to the captain of the shift and he went to the captain of the shift, 'and we told the captain what we thought of one another, and it appeared, you know, that the company does not like to have murders in its stopes. So, I ended up with a much more pleasant job cleaning the drifts, which was getting rid of scrap timber and all that stuff in the drifts.

I want to tell you about a couple of the evils 'of the bonus system. As I said there were two kinds of mining. One was called cut and fill, that's the one I worked in. The other kind is called square timbering. And what you do when you square timber a stope is you build a house of cards. As you mine up, you take timbers and you build squares out of them. You cover them over with wood, and then you mine on that. Now you're supposed to fill each of those squares with sand. It takes time to fill those squares with sand. And time filling with sand is time taken away from opportunity to mine for bonus. So it was a common practice in those mines to fill every second layer with sand. And what you'd have near the end of a stope when you're

200 feet up in the air is, if you took a side section of it, you'd find two or three men working, standing on a house of cards composed of a layer of air, a layer of sand, a layer of air, a layer of sand, all the way up, with the intervening air spaces timbered. When I worked in those mines, one of those stopes gave way and four men were killed. Crushed to death when the stope caved in. This was not an uncommon practice. It is not unknown in that area for a mine, when it's been abandoned for a while to collapse from the surface, because underground it's a honeycomb. That's one bad practice.

- I. Aren't there any inspections, any mine inspections?
- R. Yeah there are mine inspections but any miner -- God, anybody in any union job knows bloody well that he can fool any inspection in the whole world. You know, all he has to have is a little warning about when the inspector is coming, and he just insures that the layer below is the one filled with sand. So he has to spend a shift working on that, he can do it. I discovered another thing, which I mentioned before, on the-track gang. Another, principle is that under a bonus system, workers will ignore safety precautions that are company rules. It was a safety precaution in that mine to have around that 200 foot deep slot that went down, straight down to the next thing, down which you dump the ore. You had to have a wooden fence around there. And lots of times, when it would be inconvenient to have the fence because you'd have to change the cables that were used on the mucking machine to drag the ore in, people would not wear them. They would not put it up, and wouldn't wear safety belts working around it. And at least one man fell screaming down one of those shutes when I was there.
- I. That's five deaths at least that happened while you were there.

- R. Right, that happened in the two summers that I was there. Another thing I found is, no beginner in a mine ever gets hurt.
- I. Because they are afraid?
- R. Because they are really afraid and they are very careful. I looked everywhere I was going with that light. Everywhere. I never went near one of those shutes, for fear that I was going to slip and fall 200 feet. But by the end of the second summer I was getting careless, I knew my way around the mine; half the time I'd be looking at somebody when I was talking, walking along. I believe that safety precautions in the mine, the rules for safety in the mine, were adequate. But men will disobey rules for economic motives once they get familiar with an environment.

Here's another one. People were always getting killed. I can't recall that somebody did when I worked there, but certainly they did, they have since. Yes, I think one did get killed when I was there but not on the shift I was on. Every morning when you go in after a blast, you're supposed to scale the roof with crowbars because the blast loosens rock in slabs. And you know, if you're going to be working in there with this pounding air equipment, you better make sure that those slabs are off the roof. To do an adequate job of scaling, you really have to take some time at it. You really have to go around pounding with a crowbar to hear the hollow sounds, then lay some down, and if there's any doubtful case then what you better do is blast it off before you start to work. People were always getting killed because they were in a hurry to make bonus money, Those slabs would fall down and crush them, which is a hell of a way to die.

I think inherently, in the business of mining, no matter what kind

of mining it is, some mining is more dangerous than others. Coal mining is apparently the worst in the world. In a nickel mine, you never have to contend with gas, you don't have to worry about temperature until you're way down around the 15,000 foot level in a nickel mine. It's a very cool place to work. In winter, 40 below zero on the surface, and underneath it's a very comfortable 65 degrees. So you never have to worry about gas, you never have to worry about temperature. You have to worry about water, but that depends on where you're working. The work, mining work, is inherently boring and that's the worst thing about it. But mining is always going to be dangerous. As long as men have to go down in holes, in the earth, in an environment where they're surrounded by something that can fall on them, cave in on them, and as long as they are paid according to a system that rewards breaking of the rules, then it's going to be dangerous.

- I . Let me ask you one question about this. Did you ever see instances where one worker would say, "Let's be a little more careful about the rules." Did an individual make all these decisions or were they group decisions,, about not filling every box of sand, for instance?
- R. Oh, let's put it this way, since I worked in a cut and fill stope, the only safety rules that I saw broken were those concerning working around the steel shaft where the ore went down. And about three quarters of the time we never had the wooden barrier around it. You had to move the cables that control the mucker. Every time you muck you dump ore down this thing. And every time you do that you have to take down the fence. Then you have to put it back up again. So half the time we just didn't even use it. And that was the decision of the guy I was working with.

- I. Did you ever complain about it?
- R. I told him not to ask me to do anything that had to involve me working around there, unless he was going to put that fence up and unless I was wearing my safety belt. I always wore my safety belt whenever I worked around because I was afraid. I didn't want to fall down into that hole.
- I. But you couldn't have made him?
- R. I couldn't have made him do it.
- I. That's the one you had the fight with? That's what I was curious to know, if there were some individuals who perhaps would even choose the bonus over safety but really couldn't help themselves.
- R. Well, I suppose it ultimately gets down to one or two things in a situation like that. Men who work in mines, a lot of them, are fairly rough people and they say, "Well, hell, if you want to waste the time putting up the fence, you put up the fence, I'm going to mine," Or they'd say, "Don't waste our time because we are hungry on the bonus and it might boil down to fighting." So half the time you just didn't get it done. I knew people in square timber stopes who were mining, who were filling every second layer, leaving out a layer now and then, what have you. It gets more tempting as you get up higher because people then start thinking well what the hell we only got another 30 feet to go. That's not going to fall down and even if it does we're not going to get hurt, so let's do that. But it's a dangerous place to be.
- I. What about the union? Did they have any inspections of their own?

Or did they just rely on the individual?

R. The only inspecting that I can remember was done by provincial officials, the Department of Mines.

I. What about the deaths that occurred? Were there any repercussions then?

R. Well, yeah, there were investigations by the company, by the union, and by the Department of Mines.

I. And the miners, I suppose, were the ones who got all the blame?

R. Well a report was entered that showed that these guys had been leaving out fill, that they were disobeying the rules. The company wasn't, blamed, and the men were blamed. It was the men's fault. It was the man's fault legally.

I. Technically it was the men's fault.

R. Right.

I. How important was that bonus if you think of the general wage scale?

Oh I ought to tell you! The men made decent money, but you could make twice as much money depending.

It was very sizable then?

My brother in law, whose name is Don Marsh, works in one of the Inco mines called the Levack Mine. That's because it's in a little town called Levack. And Donnie earns, from his union wages and from his salary -- I've never known a man who could work like him by the way. He's an absolute pig,. I wouldn't have anything to do with him. He's

crazy for work. I'll bet you Donnie makes between \$22,000 and \$28,000 a year in that mine. And I would say that a good one-third he earns on bonus, a good one-third. If you've got somebody who, like Donnie, will work like a mad fool all day long you're talking about \$10,000 a year. So it can really be significant. What the company, of course, doesn't know is that if they'd pay Donnie no bonus at all, he'd work that hard anyway.

I. What about other people who aren't like Donnie?

R. I don't think other people will.

I. Without the bonus?

R. Yeah. You know it's a dilemma, Hell! Often, when I wasn't working in the stope, I always used to find myself a cozy little corner and turn off my light. You turn off your light in a mine, that's it! Nobody can find you. You can't see your hand one-quarter inch in front of your face. You don't even feel like it's there. And I went to sleep-because I was tired. Now I knew lots of men that did that. I think it's less likely to happen. I mean, once you set up a pneumatic drill and you're drilling, you can't go to sleep. But in jobs where the discontinuation of the labor involved is wholly voluntary, you know, suppose you're cleaning up a drift and you're shovelling pieces of garbage out of the way, then you- can just, stop whenever you want to. It's easier to do it. I don't know the answer to problems like that. Maybe it's a matter of more rigid inspection. Maybe it's a matter of saying well, O.K., we're going to keep the bonus system but we're also going to make goddamn sure that you follow the rules. And the way we're going to make sure that you follow the

rules is we're going to have somebody coming around here every day. You guys are going to fill that cause we'll take away your bonus if you don't fill that. And it's for your own protection. I don't know. There are a lot of careless things happening. I one time just about lost my life because I was sent back down into the stope after a bag of dynamite that had been left down there. When I got down the whole face of the stope was lit up, and all the dynamite was on hand fuses. It was all under fire. Fortunately, there was a curve in the wall with a ladder up to the exit from the stope, I was about up the stope and it blew. I was hidden, I was protected by the wall, but pieces of stone went whistling by. If I hadn't had my mouth open, I would have blown both eardrums. There's no question at all about that. I had words for the person responsible for that .

- I. Another friend? Another friendly miner?
- R. The captain of the shift as a matter of fact.

- I. I've come across some instances, not in connection with mines, but with some factories, where workers protested against unsafe conditions and were told to go home. If they had a good union, they could get protection. If they didn't have a good union they were really threatened in some cases with loss of a day's pay, and other cases with loss of their jobs, where a foreman was the one who was making them do unsafe things, but obviously out of the whole crew: only one man objected. The other men were obviously not going to argue about it.
- R. In all the time I worked for Inco I never heard of that kind of complaint.

- I. That's not what was going on? There it was the worker's initiative

based on the bonus.

R. Right, at least that was my experience. I never heard of a captain urging meant to work under unsafe conditions. And as a matter of fact, except for the smelters, I never heard of a complaint registered through the union from workers in the mines. Part of the reason for that was that the mines were pretty strictly governed by law, you see, the Department of Mines. All these things like fences around the ore holes, and filling, and all that, all, that is a matter of law. On the surface, in the smelter, when my work on the transportation thing took me into the convertor isles in the smelters, there is a lot of complaint around there about gas. I wore a gas mask. All the men were supposed to wear a gas mask. Oh yeah, I also worked in the iron plant, part of the time when I was working on the transportation gang, shoveling. That was the filthiest, dirtiest job I ever had in my life because it involved shoveling virtual dust from the crushed slag onto conveyor belts which then went into the ore furnaces which came out as iron pellets.

I. Is this where you had to wear the gas mask?

R. Yeah, because you'd inhale this stuff.

I. Did everyone wear a mask who worked there?

R. Sometimes yes and sometimes no. But it wasn't the kind of thing where you had much choice. If you were shoveling you had to wear a mask because you couldn't breathe. Nonetheless, I'm sure, you inhaled vast quantities of that stuff.

I. Even with a mask?

R. Even with a mask. It was very fine powder like stuff. I could not get clean on that job. You were continually dirty, every pore in your body. It was a filthy job.

I. Did people who did that job develop lung problems?

R. I wasn't long enough there to know.

I. Was this the kind of job you'd move out of normally if you were a regular worker? You wouldn't be stuck dead-end within that job?

Is it kind of a beginning job?

It was a job where they put new people. By the way, the reason I don't know whether people developed lung problems was not just because I didn't work in the job long enough, but because the plant was new then. And obviously this was an instance of bad planning, too. Here you were in a brand new plant and you had a job like that. You could have easily made mechanical arrangements to dump that stuff directly in a hole where a conveyor belt was passing through.

I. It was bad engineering.

R. Right. There was a railroad line spur that came directly up. The conveyor belt ran beside the car. They dumped the bottom of the cars; the stuff fell out in piles near the side of the track, and you shovel it on to the conveyor belt. Why not dump it right onto the conveyor belt?

I. Now, how did that job pay compared to the mining job?

R. You made more money underground. That's why everybody wanted to, get underground. That paid the same wages that I was getting on the conveyor, on the railroad track. I would guess that I was making about \$2.50, \$2.75 something like that on the surface. Underground I was making about \$3.50. And the men make more there now.

I. Now what about the union, here, how did it operate here?

R. Well, it operated in several ways. It was one of the social centers for the life of the men of the mines. We had the Mine Mill Hall, which is in Sudbury, but there were also Mine Mill Halls in most of the significantly sized mining towns around, of the sixteen mines. These mines are not that far removed geographically. I would guess they all are probably within a circle that is thirty miles in diameter. But, virtually all of the mines had small communities around them. Communities like Copper Cliff where the smelter was, Coniston, Garson Levack, and Creighton. All of these were mines. One called Murray Mine didn't, because it was right outside Sudbury. It was the oldest mine in the Inco company. So they had a Mine Mill Hall. There'd be bowling alleys, and every Saturday night there'd be a dance. All of them had bars. Also the Mine Mill Hall was the headquarters for the union operation. The stewards had a center there, and that was where complaints were registered. Social events in the way of summer picnics and all that were run through that.

I. They had a camp for kids?

R. Yeah, well, not for just kids, but for everybody. They had several of them. One was at a place called Richard Lake. They had a great big place there with cabins.

I. Did they rent these cheaply or what?

R. Well, they had weekend things that were for nothing. And they rented cabins very very cheaply. They also were the bargaining agent. And they'd go out on strike against Inco now and then.

I. Were there any strikes while you were working there?

R. No, there wasn't a strike. Well, let's put it this way. There was, the trouble with Big Steel started the last summer, Actually it started the first summer that I worked at Inco and burst into a strike and riots at the end of the last summer that I worked there. The first summer I worked there, Steel had sent organizers into the area to try and convince the men to throw out Mine Mill. They attacked both Falconbridge and International Nickel. The organizers were not workers. That is to say they didn't get into the union. Obviously Mine Mill wasn't going to let them in, but they spent a lot of time in the pubs in the various towns, trying to convince, telling men what they thought. Big Steel could do for them and what Mine Mill. couldn't. The biggest single argument always was that Mine Mill can't afford a long strike with International Nickel and therefore they're never going to be able to get you what we can get you. We have the International strike fund to depend on and the International will come to your aid if you need it. And they said furthermore, Big Steel can tie up not just Inco's plants but, because of affiliation with the Teamster's Union and various places they can tie up, Inco won't be able to use the stock pile of nickel either. They can stockpile as much as they want. We'll just let them stockpile it and then when we strike, they won't be able to get it out, which turned out to be false, by the way. So the men began to argue about this. All kinds of things entered into the argument. For one thing the leadership of Mine Mill was local, and the people from steel were not.

I. Where were they from?

R. Mostly from the United States, and that was one thing that factions divided on.

- I. Were they mostly professional union people or had they ever been workers? Or did you know?
- R. I didn't know, though the people who were loyal to Mine Mill argued. that they'd never been workers in their lives. However, some of the them looked like workers and some of them also looked, I must say, like great big tough thugs. Now, about this time, occasional funny things, not really funny things began to happen to people like Mine Mill stewards. Alot of them were beaten up very badly.
- I. By the new people, or mysteriously?
- R. Mysteriously. By new people, or by people who had deserted Mine Mill! and wanted Steel in, things like that. One of the Mine Mill halls was bombed. Arguments in the pubs began to get really ferocious about who ought to run it. The provincial police were called in to police Inco's property because, especially at the smelter, there were attempts at sabotage. Conveyor belts were broken, sand was thrown in machinery, iron filings were thrown in-machinery, all kinds of stuff like that. Acid was dumped on things. Tools were broken, and what have you not. The company's reaction to all this was of course exactly what I, if I had been in favor of steel, would have wanted it to be. Namely, it charged the Mine Mill Union with a violation of contract agreements. And Steel said, "See." And Mine Mill said, "It's those dirty rotten son of a bitches from Steel who are trying to get in here." By the time I went away to college, that first summer, things had settled down into a very hostile, and concerted driving attempt at lining up the two opposing camps. All winter long that went on. By the time I got back to the mines, they had forced the issue to the point where they were going to take a referendum. They'd gotten enough

of the members of the Mine Mill Union to sign a petition so that the union was forced under its by-laws to take a referendum in the fall, to see who would take over the bargaining agency. Then there was a lot of campaigning about that all during the summer, speeches at the various mine-mill halls, and again a lot of people were beaten up. There were fights on Regent Street, a riot on Regent Street in Sudbury where the biggest Mine Mill Hall was. I was involved in one of those; several people were very badly hurt.

- I. Can you tell me how it started, what happened?
- R. Yeah, it was a Saturday night dance. And everybody was in the Mine Mill hall, drinking a lot of beer and having a good time, and a bunch of people who were from Steel came into the dance. They had no business being in the Mine Mill Hall anyway. As soon as they got in, it was a very short time, it was obviously an intentional thing. A lot of them had blackjacks and stuff like that. And after they were there a very short time brawls began. Somebody made a phone call to other Mine Mill halls at the other mines around the area, and people began coming into the town from other mines. Pretty soon it spilled out into the street and just all over the place. By the time I left they were ready to take the referendum. They did take the referendum that fall, and Steel won very narrowly. Interestingly enough, they did not win at Falconbridge.
- I. That's where this occurred?
- R. No, this occurred in Sudbury. Mine Mill took over Inco's operation, but they did not take over Falconbridge, although they were trying to take over Falconbridge at the same time.

I. How do you account for that?

R. Because although Mine Mill is there, Falconbridge is the best company town in the world. You see it's Falconbridge Nickel Company, and the town is also called Falconbridge, but it's a great place. Another, of my brothers-in-law works for Falconbridge as an electrical engineer. First of all, the community itself is well planned. The houses are good and solid, and they are good houses. The company will hold mortgages, very good terms on mortgages. After you've been with the company a certain number of years they reduce payment on the mortgages or give you the rest of it. They pay complete medical insurance, slightly higher wages than Inco was paying at the time. They have summer camps that the company pays for. They have excellent company supported schools in the community. They have swimming pools, basketball court, hockey rinks. They support union bowling teams, they have a company hockey team, a junior league hockey outfit for all the kids in the community. The management of the company lives right in the middle of the town.

I. Sounds like the old-fashioned dream, you know, of the way a company town was supposed to be but never really was.

R. That's right. Everybody knew the manager of the plant. His name was Joe Mott, I knew Joe Mott. Joe Mott drank in the company pub. Joe Mott, on Saturdays, about once a month, had a big huge party spilled out all over his lawn. And all the miners who lived there were at Joe's house drunk all over the place. Joe was drunker than the lot of them. Joe's son, who was a friend of mine, turned out to be an alcoholic I don't know whether that was part of it or not. But Falconbridge had a good town and the workers of Falconbridge said to

Big Steel, "Go to hell. There isn't any way that you can make it better than this. What are you going to do? If you get more money you'll just make the company mad, and the company will take away all these programs that our kids have. And we're not paying for those, the company is." Falconbridge was really smart. During all of this, the management of Falconbridge said nothing, just said nothing. They said it's up to you guys. And they didn't threaten the workers, they didn't say anything. They just said, "Look, you guys choose your own union."

I. So in a why the other company gave in to Steel, as well as the union, I mean the union tried to fight it but the company gave in by blaming the union they had?

R. Sure. It was this way. Inco couldn't say if you get Big Steel we're going to take away all these other benefits, because Inco didn't have any benefits, other than already contracted union benefits. They couldn't say, like Falconbridge could say if Falconbridge had wanted to, we support a whole hockey thing, we do this, that and the other thing. There was a hockey arena in Copper Cliff called Stanley Stadium, but it was built half with union dues and half with company support. The hockey program in Copper Cliff was built-largely by the union people. Hockey is a very big thing up there obviously. So to this day, Falconbridge is Mine Mill, and they have a much better program. If a man in that area is offered a a job with International Nickel or Falconbridge, he'll take Falconbridge every time.

I. Now what happened with Inco under the new union arrangement?

R. Not much. There was a big strike about eight months after Steel took

over. I may be a little wrong about timing, it might be as much as a year. There was a big strike that lasted from the fall almost all the way through the winter into the spring. Inco was able to use its stockpile. Since Mine Mill still kept the smelter at Port Colburn, which is in Southern Ontario,, and Mine Mill was obviously pretty mad at Steel, they didn't support the strike, and the workers in Port Colburn let Inco send their stockpile there. They smelted it. Sure, they got a wage settlement out of it, but probably not a hell of a lot bigger than Mine Mill would have gotten at the bargaining table anyway.

I. Without a strike.

R. Right. The effects of the strike, which killed off everybody's savings, put everybody in debt, made them sell their cars, the whole bit. This has an immense, devastating effect on the economy of the whole region because it's really the only big industry. The banks were in trouble. The stores were going broke right, left and sideways. Nobody is selling anything. How can you buy anything? So what the stores were doing was giving everybody credit. Which meant that after the strike was over and they began to collect on their debts, nobody was going to have any money anyway. I go back there every summer and my friends tell me there are no significant programs of the type Falconbridge has since Steel has won. Oh, one here and there, but nothing really massive, Nobody is saying that Inco is a good company to work for now, let's put it that way. And everybody says that Falconbridge is a great company to work for.

I. What do they say about comparing the two unions?

- R. Oh a lot of people say they wished they never left Mine Mill.
- I. You said something earlier, that all the Mine Mill officials were local people. What about the new situation?
- R. After Steel got in, they made sure that they had local people. In fact a lot of the people who were Mine Mill.
- I. What about the social life that was part of the old Mine Mill Hall? Does that go on anywhere?
- R. More now in ethnic clubs. Sudbury is an ethnic town. There's a Ukrainian club, the Italian club, the German club. It goes on there more now than it used to in the union hall scene. Though of course Falconbridge's program still goes on in Mine Mill.
- I.. Still keeps the community kind of united?,
- R. Right,
- I. What do they do with the old Mine Mill Hall?
- R. The one on Regent Street where the riots began, I drive past it every summer. It looks in horrible repair/but its doors are still open. I expect that probably one of these days it'll be taken over by some other company or some other organization. The Richard Lake camp is in horrible state of disrepair.
- I. Oh, the old Mine Mill camp.
- R. Right. Anybody can go there now. You don't have to be a member of the Mine Mill thing. You rent a thing, but the area around Richards Lake is growing up so I expect that one of these years they'll sell

off the property to someone. All in all I think it was a bad thing that Steel took over there.

I. In some cases here the smaller steel unions complain that all Big Steel does is negotiate wage increases for everybody, which are fine, but that local working conditions are jammed through in too great a hurry. They have to ratify a contract, and the companies have different contracts, that deal with a lot of local working conditions. These are sort of neglected, all the emphasis is on wages. Can you determine whether that's the case?

R. Yeah, it isn't.

I. It isn't?

R. But the reason isn't because of Big Steel. I mean, Inco just isn't one of these little companies you deal with. Inco is the largest mining company in the world, after Kennecott

I. So they determine things, whatever goes for Inco is really the pattern for other people to follow.

R. Right, it's like Gary.

I. Well in Gary, everybody complains that the U.S. Steel contract goes through, and then all the other companies just automatically get whatever they get. But they have different working conditions, different problems. Where there's a difference in the pattern, U.S. Steel may already have some particular advantage. They don't necessarily get that, the wage increase is what they concentrate on.

R. Well you see, conditions in all of the sixteen mines -- well, you know,

mines are mines.

I. They're identical?

R. Right. They are all mining nickel, the method is the same, the machinery is the same, the techniques are the same.

I. That wouldn't apply.

R. The only difference is between the mines and the smelter, and the iron plant. But that's negotiated as part of the whole package now, too.

I. Now, we got you through all of your work experience as a miner and a track man, and all the rest of it. Can you give me a kind of brief description of what happened after that?

R. Well, all this time I'd been going to high school and college. In the seminary, I had discovered the first and only lasting love of my life which was philosophy. And I left the seminary and I left the Roman Catholic Church, in part because I became convinced that a great many of the arguments that rested at the basis of the metaphysics on which the Roman Catholic Church is based, were, in fact, invalid, or unsound. So after I left there, I continued to major in philosophy and then went on to get a Master of Arts degree in philosophy at Western Ontario. I was fortunate enough to win some fellowships and things at the M.A. level and then again at the Ph.D. level. I had a choice of going to a number of universities, the University of Glasgow in Scotland, the University of Rochester in Rochester, New York, among others. So I turned down the fellowship in Glasgow and went to Rochester because they had a first rate faculty in philosophy. They still do, they're one of the very best in the country. I got a Ph.D.

there and then went for my first job to Ohio State, because at that time it seemed to me that Ohio State offered the best and broadest teaching experience potential, and the best combination of that with time and opportunity for research. So I stayed at Ohio State for eight years, during which time I was successful at research. I wrote three books and a bunch of journal articles. I started off as instructor at \$6,000 bucks a year in 1962 with a Ph.D., and by the time I left I was Associate Dean of the College of Humanities there. I came here in the fall of 1970. Had I stayed at Ohio State I would have been a full professor there in that same time.

- I. Was that a hard choice to make, to leave there to come here?
- R. It was time for me to move for various reasons, some of them personal and others professional. You see, the two biggest, single influences in my life have been my father and my work experience. Our family is a very old family in Canada. It's been there since the middle sixteen hundreds, and I am the first person on either side of my family ever to graduate, ever even to attend college.
- I. Really?
- R. That's right. My sister is the second. And the family is an unusual one in other respects. YOU can look in any major city, I don't care what is is, New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, Toronto, anywhere, and if the name Olscamp is in the telephone book, it's one of my immediate relatives. There are no Olscamps in New York there are none in Chicago. I live in Oak Park. There are none in Los Angeles, there are none in San Francisco, there aren't any in Vancouver, there are none in Montreal. There are none in Boston, none of the major cities.

There is a tiny village called Olscamp which is the French pronunciation of my name, sixty miles north of Three Rivers in Quebec, all of which are nieces and nephews of my grandfather, or their wives and children. There are twelve Olscamps, more than that now, I guess 25 Olscamps in Niagara Falls, New York, all of which are the brothers and sisters of my father, and their children. There's one Olscamp in Toronto, that's my parents. There were two in Sudbury when we moved there, which turned out to be an uncle of my grandfather's brother. The rest of them are all my immediate relatives. So the idea of going to a university was a really big thing to the entire family. And progress on this endeavor was a matter of interest to widespread people, all of whom were closely related; Given my father's absolutely driving ambition, this couldn't help but affect me in many ways. Ironically, I went into the business of being a professor, in part because of my antipathy to my father. I did not want to live the kind of life that he lived in working his way through the business community. And just as ironically, though he never told me what to do, his expectation when I got into university life was that getting into university life meant that the natural culmination of that would be to be a senior university administrator. Of course he never doubted that, and I confirmed all of his theories. But at Ohio State I got into administration quite by accident. I'd love more than anything else to do research and to teach. And I have every intention, confirmed by recent events, to return to that life in a very short time. I can be quite happy, I have discovered, never knowing if I can be a university president. And I therefore have every intention of returning to full-time teaching and research when the opportunity presents itself in the not very distant future.

- I. But don't you feel that you've made kind of a special contribution as an administrator?

I don't know. In some ways I think yes, in other ways I think, no. you see there's something about being an administrator. There's a good reason why administrators get paid more than the faculty, do that is quite different from the fact that they happen to work a hell of a lot harder. I'm still a faculty member, I teach every semester, and I'm continuing to write. What administrators get paid the most money for is that they get paid to be unnatural humans. Normally, a human being is free to express at least the socially acceptable limits of his emotions and feelings. An administrator is not. If I think that someone is a jack-ass when they've come in to see me, normally, I would not give him the time of day. But I'm forced, I am paid as a part of my job to do that. In that respect I am not very good at my job and I never have been. I do not have the kind of patience that is really required in the long run. I do not have the kind of patience to become what I'm not. That is required in the long run in this job. And therefore I'll get out of it.

- I. What about the short run. You came into administration really at a time when universities were being torn by strife between students and administrators, and students and faculty and so on. What do you feel that your background, your work experience and other parts of your background, contributed to making you a kind of an essential person in some respects.

- R. Well, I don't think I'm an essential person, because I don't think anybody is an essential person. That's one of the things I learned from my labor.

I. Say a valuable person.

R. That's one of the things I learned from my labor background.

I. Everyone is expendable.

R. That's right! And not just expendable, life is cheap. Life is cheap in the mines. The mine doesn't shut down when somebody is killed. It just keeps going. The same thing with the university. If I was to get killed walking out the front door today, this place wouldn't stall for an instant. It would keep going. Within two or three days they'd have appointed someone Acting Vice-President for Academic Affairs.

I, But don't you think you did contribute, something that many administrators couldn't have?

R. I'm not sure, I really am not sure. I think what I did at Ohio State that had not been done before by an administrator, that I think was very, valuable and for which the university gave me one of their prestigious awards called the Alfred J. Wright Award, was that I set up a working, student governing body in the College of Humanities that was wholly integrated with the administration, and it worked. I did that. I think that was a contribution, but I'm not sure that somebody else couldn't have done it. I did something else at Ohio State. I was responsible for the first open housing law at Ohio State. I was the advisor to the Student Governing Commission at Ohio State and discovered that Ohio State permitted its students off campus to live in private housing where discrimination was practiced. I worked with them very closely, and at my advice, with the student government there, the result was that Ohio State refused from then on to list as available.

housing anybody who would not house people without discrimination. Subsequent to that time that was made an even stiffer law. Not only would they not list them, but it was prohibited for any, student to live in such housing. So I think that that was progress. I was instrumental, but that wasn't as an administrator but as a faculty member. I was also instrumental as a faculty member in having the free speech rule at Ohio State thrown out. It used to be that people of certain political persuasions, mostly leftists, couldn't get on the campus because it had to be approved by the administration, and the trustees didn't want anybody like that around. Well the faculty-student movement got that overthrown. And I was a part of that. But aside from that, as an administrator at Ohio State, I didn't do a hell of a lot that I don't think somebody else couldn't have done. If I look upon my tenure as an administrator here, I think I've done a hell of a lot more here than I did there.

I. Alright. It seemed to me that here you bridged a gap that most people I know couldn't have bridged.

R. Like what?

I. Well, I'm supposed to be interviewing you!

R. Right. You see, I don't see that, here.

I. You don't see that?

R. No, look, let's look at it from the viewpoint of the recent vote of confidence that was taken on me, the result of which was 129 to 97.

I. Which proves that you were by no means a rubber stamp administrator.

R. Yes it does, but it doesn't prove that I'm doing a good job. It doesn't prove that I'm not, either.

I. It certainly doesn't

R. What it proves to me are the following things: one, something that I know about myself from my earliest days of awareness as a human being is true once again, and that is that people are never neutral about me. There were only four ballots that couldn't be counted in that election of 87% of the faculty voting. Now those ballots were either blank or not correctly filled in, I don't know which. But all the rest said yes or no. That's one thing that it confirmed for me. The other thing that it confirmed for me, well it didn't really confirm it for me, it left me with a number of wondering questions. One always wonders at a very heavy negative vote. What can the possible reasons be? There are lots of them. To lots of people I come across as a cold and unfeeling person. That's one possible reason. I have tried here to enforce much higher standards for promotion and tenure, and I think I enforced those standards successfully. And I won't change that because I feel that very strongly. That comes from my labor and, father's background. I believe in hard work. I don't think there is anything wrong with it, and that's why I'm completely opposed to a faculty union. Wholly opposed. I don't believe in leveling in a profession. So I suppose that's one reason. I think I've done some other things here that don't have much to do with the vote but may have. The student evaluation of teaching. I believe in people being evaluated by their peers, by those with whom they deal. They are in a union -- not well, but they are. And in every other area of the world they are. Why are we an exception? Why should we be afraid

to have ourselves judged on our record, on our record of accomplishment? And I think that students are competent judges when taken in large numbers over a period of time, A lot of people didn't like student evaluation here, don't like it at all. This is supposed to be a liberal, and in the past a radical institution, which is a lot of hog wash. And to prove that it's a lot of hog wash, is that when it came right down to things like stand up and be, judged, and the old pocketbook issues on promotion, tenure and evaluation, the resistance was massive. See? And there's the proof of the pudding.

I. But you got it through.

R. Yeah.

I. I'm not sure that everyone could have gotten it through.

R. Well, you know, to do things like that, you have to have the backing of the president. And, if anybody wondered if I had the backing of the president, the proof of the pudding is that those things went through. I think that I was very instrumental in two other things, one of which I claim more credit for than the other. I was hung with the whole College of Education issue. When I got here, it was already on the boards, and it was an albatross left around my neck. They said O.K. now you do something about it. I do not think that the College of Education would have been created had I not participated heavily. in the organizational work leading up to the debates, the proposals, and what not. That's one thing. But ,I claim a greater share of the credit for the quarter million dollar Spencer grant, which I wrote, and the presentation of which I made with the president, to the Spencer foundation. It was obvious that we were going to get some

money from the Spencer foundation because Lisle Spencer was once the director of our Board of Trustees. But that we were going to get that much,, was not at all certain, and that we were going to get it for the purposes for which we got it for, wasn't at all certain. I think that was valuable.

This is one of those times where I never had time to review for myself that I think is

- I. Well, I think this later part is important because it seems to me you credit your father and your work experiences with sort of making you what you are.
- R. Well, that and a lot of personal experiences.
- I. Other personal experiences and your thinking.
- R. Well, you know, what it did was make me goal oriented in everything. In skiing, in karate, in flying, in all of these areas. It made me directed toward a goal. And it made me value the experience of doing something in two ways. First of all, the very living of it has a quality to me that, even pain, is an experience which can be looked at, savored in a sense and learned. One from which one can draw conclusions that come up again and again in the future. Similarly, the collection of skills is something that you can do either, for its own sake--to see what it was like, which id in many ways what I did them-for. That's why I did karate, for exercise and just to see what the hell that was all about. I did flying because I had the opportunity to do it at Ohio State. And I did skiing from the time I was a child because it was available environmentally and because it gives me more pleasure than anything else in the world except philosophy. So, I

don't know, my father made me goal oriented. I don't know whether that's a good thing, I don't know whether that's a bad thing. I've had as much unhappiness out of it. as I've had happiness.

- I. But you have something else in addition to being goal oriented. You have a certain kind of respect for people who are oftentimes not respected in society as a whole. And I think an ability to communicate often with people who feel that they are outcasts. A couple of times I've had that feeling in connection with the Black Studies program, for instance, that partly your facial expression is what kept Mr. Washington coming back. Now that may be reading too much into just looking at people's faces, but it seems to me that you some extent you have a capacity to communicate your feelings about working for goals and working in certain ways to people who are discouraged and who might just want to walk out on the whole show. How do you feel about your touching of students and other faculty members in that respect?
- R. I think that I'm much better in dealing with students in small numbers, and on a face-to-face basis than I am at dealing with student issues, if you like. I was directly and deeply involved in the horrible riot, RIOTS, wars, at Ohio State. I was the chairman of the Black Studies Committee at Ohio State around which a lot of the rioting centered. I learned alot from that experience, but I'm not sure that it's, the kind of thing that would enable me to communicate better with.-black people, or with black students. What I learned was, that absolute, forthright, honesty, is absolutely the necessary condition for dealing with anything in a crisis situation. And that postponement of necessary action is fatal. That is why in the first meeting that I attended of the Black Studies meeting here, when we were starting the search for a

director, when some of the students were, in my view, obviously oriented toward what I call a therapy program, I simply told the students that if that was the program that they wanted, they weren't going to get it under me. And that, you know, those cards should be laid on the table now. And as I recall the remarks one of them at that time said,, "Well, maybe we won't have any Black Studies program then. And I said, "Well, that's a possibility, you should, face that now. That really is a very real possibility." Cliff Washington is a different ball of wax. I get along well with Cliff Washington because I admire and respect Cliff Washington and not because of his work with the Black Studies Committee. I know things about Cliff Washington that perhaps most of this University community does not know. Cliff Washington is so committed to helping his people that he raises young people in his home, off the streets. And besides, Cliff Washington and I are both honest men, I think. We both face the fact that a university is not going to be the place where the social issues and the image issues of the Black people are solved. He knows very well, and I know very well, that 'a Black Studies program in a University can't do that. And we also both believe in the separatist principle, for the time being at least. The places that are going to, be the most effective, insofar as the image and ego thing is concerned, is Black people talking to Black people. I don't believe that, in the long run, at all. I believe I'm an integrationist across the board. And a lot of Black people aren't and a lot of white people aren't. But I believe that, I don't know whether that's going to come through or not. I don't think that I have any special ability to communicate with people; in fact, I think that I have some debilitating characteristics, also due to my father's influence on me, that prevent me from communicating with people. I am a success

oriented person. If there is one thing that I am deathly afraid of it's failure. Half of the things that I have done in my life are explicable in a psychological sense, not because I thought the goal was so bloody valuable, but because I couldn't psychologically afford not to accomplish the goal, no matter what it was. I could not have started out in karate and settled for a brownbelt. I could not have started out in a pilot's program and got close to the license and said, well, that's enough of that. No, I had to get the license. The symbols of success, not money, but the symbols of success, reassure me. That's a bad characteristic. It's a bad characteristic not just because symbols in themselves are really unimportant except in the psychological sense, but it also has, in that same background, a very debilitating affect on me, in that I have an attitude bordering on contempt and complete lack of sympathy for those who can't make it. And that's very bad. Because in any large group of people, there are going to be those who are less successful, perhaps not successful at all, compared to others in the group of their peers. And I have to constantly keep this almost intuitive antipathy, towards the weak and the unsuccessful in the front of my mind and fight against it. And I have an attitude toward myself of, I don't like myself very well, because of that kind of attitude. That's one reason why I should not, in my view, in the long run--I'm 34 years of age now, I should not stay in administration for the rest of my career. I should get out of it because I'm not sure that I can successfully overcome that attitude and I'm not sure that an administrator ought to have that kind of attitude at all. Attitude is the wrong word--feeling, emotion. O.K.? I react in an emotionally negative way to the non-successful, non-competitive person. And that's a bad thing.

- I. But you also cut through some of the sham of successful people who have achieved it without really doing anything. To a certain extent it seems to me that to people who watch you, you not only stand for reaching goals, but for reaching them honestly, for achieving something. You know, you can always pick up an award from somewhere, depending on what you want to do to get it. And the thing that comes through in the things that you do and say, is that it doesn't satisfy whatever moves you, no matter how much you may not like what moves you, unless it's legitimate. The sham award would not satisfy you, in other words.
- R. No, I believe that's true. My father was a bitterly honest man. Which is to say that he was often tactlessly honest. And I don't believe in that. But I believe of myself, whether truly or not, I believe of myself that I am not a devious man. Other people often think I am devious.
- I. Because they expect that in every one?
- R. No, I'm not sure why they believe it or not. But they often do believe believe it. And it may be because one reason for thinking someone devious is that he does not say all he knows. And I don't say all I know. The nature of my job prohibits my saying all I know. But I do not think anyone here can find a statement that I made that's a lie. I don't think I've ever lied professionally. Everybody, tells lies now and then and I do too. But I've never lied professionally to this community. And I don't think, since I've been here, I've told any personal lies either. And I detest and cannot hide my dislike for people whom I believe do fight dishonestly behind my back, behind anyone's back. I really detest, that. That's another reason why I should not be an administrator for very much longer. An administrator

can have his likes and dislikes, like anybody else, but he has to be fairly good at concealing his dislikes. And he ought to be. He ought to be fairly good at concealing his dislikes. But there are people in this university community for example, whom anybody else in the university community know that I despise. And it's obvious that I despise them. And if anybody asked me the reasons why I despise them, I would say the reasons why I despise them.

- I. But you would be fair to them in your dealings with them, wouldn't you?
- R. I don't know. I suppose it would depend, I'd try to be. I would, in the case where I knew I would not be, rule myself out of decision making process. Which I have done. In the other cases, at Ohio State for example--I don't know, I think that in order to be an administrator, the necessary qualities that you have to have are real true courage, that's one of them. Secondly, you have to have an immense capacity for just hard work, long hours, weekends, outrageous hours. You've got to have control of your personality to the extent that when, for example, you are in the midst of a difficult project taking focused and detailed concentration, you have to have the kind of personality that can control your emotions, when you are interrupted with trivialities. This is a very difficult thing to do. You have to have an outgoing, social personality. People have to be glad to see you and they have to feel that you are happy to see them. You see, well all those things are very difficult, very difficult. They are much more difficult. in a university then they would be for somebody let's say being an administrative executive of a company. Because Universities aren't like that, and shouldn't be, in my view. So, for all those reasons I

think it's a very difficult job. In some senses it's a rewarding job, but it's a rewarding job nowhere nearly as often, and for nowhere nearly as great a percentage of the time as, in my view; being a full-time faculty member. I get satisfaction virtually every time I walk into a class. And I have never had in my administrative life, nor in any other area of my life, a feeling even remotely akin to the satisfaction I have felt the, first time I've seen one of my books. Never.

- I. Like having a baby.
- R. That's right. To look at that and say, you know, that's not half bad. I've never had a feeling of satisfaction like that in anything else I have done. Administrators are nowhere nearly as powerful as people who are not administrators think they are. Nowhere nearly. Especially in an institution like this.
- I. You're what they call the powerbroker in a sense, but you don't have full control. You have to deal with various powers.
- R. Sure you do.. And the secret of sound administration is to get the various strings of power twangling in harmony, which is immensely difficult.
- I. So from the point of view of labor, it's the labor of the intellect. that really appeals to you. It's the only really satisfying kind of. labor?
- R. It's the most satisfying kind that I've, found in my life. The major lesson I learned from my experience in various kinds of labor in the usual sense, is twofold. One, that laboring men are by and large about six times as intelligent as anybody who hasn't come from that

background gives them credit for. The second thing is that most labor is boring, deadening. And it's a miracle for a laboring man to survive throughout the course of his life, that kind of drudgery and retain a spark of intellectual curiosity. And yet it's been confirmed again and again for me that it happens, that those men do retain that spark. I had people who had been working in, those mines for twenty years, when I was a college student working in the mines, quizzing me all through the lunch hour on technical questions that they really wanted to know. I had men asking me how do you figure out how far it is from here to the sun? How do you know what the sun is made of? Tell me about that. What is this spectroscopy stuff you talk about. Very interesting things. The challenge of intellect still remains in people when they are deadened over the years. And, one thing I learned that I was vastly mistaken about at that stage of my life. One of the other reasons that I went into intellectual life is that I believed something that is hideously false. I believed that there could be no more delightful place to live and survive, and prosper, then in a community, a cross-section of which would illustrate a degree of intelligence vastly higher than any other cross-section of any other endeavor you could find in life, and a degree of curiosity, freedom and rationality that you couldn't find anywhere else in life. And I have subsequently discovered that the only thing that education does, insofar as the mastery of the intellect over the emotions is concerned, is to make people, more skilled at exercising their animal and emotional antipathies. A laboring man is not as effective an enemy as an educated person simply because he lacks not the emotions, not the animal drives and desires, but the technical tools of how to knife someone quietly.

I. Are you suggesting we should do away with education?

R. Oh no. I'm not anti-education.

I.. I know you're not.

R. On the contrary! I would have been out of this business a long time ago if I was. I think however, that there is a hell of a lot wrong with education. And among the things that are wrong, in my view, and are harmful not only to these people who educate others but to those being educated, is that we have drifted away from the Western tradition of the rational man. The whole Leftist reaction to all of the student troubles from 1965 on, has been anti-intellectual in the sense of being opposed to the concept of the rational man, upon which almost all of the great, successes of Western Civilization have rested.

I. Identify rationality with lying?

R. Well, I wouldn't go that far.. I would say it was somehow putting the emotional side of man's nature on the same logical footing as his rational capacities. No one, least, of all myself, would ever complain that the emotional side of man was in any way lacking in merit, unworthy, inferior to the rational side. We would be uninteresting creatures without that side of our character. We wouldn't have anywhere nearly the great literature that we have without it. We wouldn't have the art, the music.

I. But there has been a compulsion to choose sides. Well, you could find it among students, you can find the student reaction, those who opt for intuitive knowledge become increasingly anti-intellectual even when they stay in college and they trust their emotion and they don't value study.

R. I think that I would put it a different way. I would say that there's been a tendency to confuse what the different aspects of human nature are for. You can't solve a mathematical problem by being angry at it. Nor can you solve a mathematical problem by loving it. Nor can you solve a mathematical problem by being in some way aesthetically attracted toward it. All the great theoretical mathematicians in history, without exception, have found mathematics aesthetically attractive, but that is not what enabled them to solve the dry theorems, maxims and principles. Nobody got to the moon by writing poems about the moon. That doesn't mean that poems aren't valuable, it doesn't mean-that music is not valuable. It does mean that what you have to do in order to send an object to the moon, is to sit down and figure out mathematical formulae and the physics of the universe, the mechanics of the universe. None of which have anything to do with how human beings happen to feel about one another or about their works of art. There's been a tendency to deride, to degrade, the kind of rationally footed negotiations and compromises which men make with one another on the ground that that approach has been ineffective. And rather to turn toward force and emotion on the ground that that can be effective. Well, aside from the fact that that is historically false, that as a matter of fact, the great successful compromises have, been the workings of men's rational minds, leaving out war, aside from the fact that that is false, the very concept of an agreement. is not the concept of calmness of emotion, it is a concept of reaching a conclusion, which you don't do with a feeling. So it is in that sense that I find what has happened undesirable, in many respects.

I. As you look back on your experiences, doing all kinds of work, much

of which you find deadening and feel was not only deadening to you but deadening to anybody who does it, as a philosopher, can you conceive of some way of arranging the world whereby people would not, to a certain extent, be lost in those occupations?

- R. Well, I don't think I can as a philosopher, except in the broad and sort of commonly accepted notion of "What's your philosophy?" As a technical philosopher I probably; couldn't!. But as a philosopher, let's suppose I was a philosopher-cum-sociologist, I would have some ideas on that. America is a weird, wonderful country. As you know, I am not an American. In my country though--many people think there isn't a hell of a lot of difference--it is vastly different from America, vastly different. More differences than Americans or Canadians could possibly realize, unless like myself, they have lived, time in both places. Americans tend, theoretically, though in practice they don't always come off with the two dichotomies, they tend theoretically to assume that either you are in support of the capitalist system, or you're in support of a socialist or communist system; most Americans fail to distinguish between a socialist and a communist system, which are two things as you and I know. When in fact that is not an absolute logical dichotomy. There is no doubt, you know, there was a book written around 1890 called Looking Backward.

I. Yes, Bellamy.

- R. Bellamy's book. There is absolutely no doubt this country presently produces both the resources and means of exchange, namely money, to support everyone in the country with all kinds of leisure time. A three day week would be nothing. We have the technology at a level not of subsistence but of moderate wealth. There is just no doubt about that

at all. Now, I am not a technical economist, and therefore I don't know what alterations would have to be made in the economic structure, let alone the social structure of the country, in order for this to be made. But it seems to-me that there is no theoretical bar to making this country into a place where let's say no man earns more than 2 million dollars a year but no man earns less than 40 or 50 thousand dollars a year. And there is no theoretical bar to turning this country into a place where no man and no woman has to work more than three or four days a week; And there is no reason why, no theoretical bar to turning this country into a place where a person cannot have the material goods which they desire, that such a range of income would provide. There is something economically, morally, philosophically, and socially wrong country in which the majority of wealth can be controlled by a tiny minority of the population, while a significant minority of the population lives in circumstances which you and I would not raise a dog in. We would not allow our animals to be raised in the environmental circumstances in which, 15% of this country's humans live. Now, this country has not made, and isn't even in sight of making, the kind of massive social commitment, moral commitment, which could solve all those problems. If this country was to spend 50 billion dollars a year for 40 or 50 years on its internal education, social-attitudinal and economic structure, it could have the kind of society that I've described. If no man were permitted to earn more than a million or two dollars a year, and after all, what the hell is wrong with that? If no man who had accumulated five hundred million dollars in his lifetime was permitted to leave all that money and all that power and control to his own family, if those kinds of things were done, and it could be done very

easily you know. You could pass a lot of laws making it absolutely illegal for anyone to leave as an inheritance, property, or any other kind of resources, to anyone in excess of a million dollars value, and you would have to come up with a formula for redistributing that income, or for its utilization. You could start towards this, but the country's not even approaching that. And I am very, very much afraid. and pessimistic about what it, will take to start them towards that. If things continue the way they are in 1972, if rates of population on a racial basis continue in the same trends they are now, this, country one fine day, many thousands of years from now if it lasts that long, is going to be a nation the majority of which is black. Long before it reaches that stage, if we have not got the social problems that face us now on the way to solution, we're going to have a race war. And it's not going to be a race war in one little community or another, it's going to be a national, civil race war. And anybody who sits down, who has just a little bit of knowledge and thinks about it, knows that now.

- side 2.
- I. Alright, what do you see as any possibility? You said you feel very pessimistic about solving our basic social problems. What do you see as positive forces, and particularly, how do you see the educational institution as being able to contribute?
 - R. Well, I think if someone asked me on a T.V. show or something, "Give us a capsule version about what education is all about," which is of course, an impossible thing, I'd make the inadequate facetious, semi-facetious answer, "What education does is teach people to think better." Or at least I would say that if it doesn't do that, then it doesn't do anything. And if I didn't believe it did that, then I'd do something

else. Try and become a free lance writer or something like that. The thing that I found attractive about the Kennedy era was that it was, true that the torch had been passed to a new generation of Americans, a younger generation. The future of this country, it's a truism to say, rests in the hands, of its young. And unless we can prepare those young people, unless there are some of us on faculties who still are young enough in mind to do this, to prepare those young people to think carefully, and instill in them the ambition for facing and solving those problems, then there isn't any hope. There isn't any hope. Because men, like most animals, fight hardest only when their backs are against the walls and they won't do it until their backs are up against, something like a race war. So, I don't know that I can say. that I think there is anything that we can do. I'm not any kind of social engineer, and I have very little respect for social engineers mostly because I think they've failed miserably. So I don't know all I do know is, the thing I have the highest hope about and will be the most crushingly disappointed about, is if the vote of the young does not have any effect on the national structure of government, If the young vote in significant numbers and they vote the way their parents have, then I will think that there isn't any hope. I think that that's the most important political thing that's been done in this country in a long, long time.

- I. What do you think about the fact that higher, education is now more readily available to poorer families? How important is this, and is this being threatened?
- R. Well, I don't think it's being threatened, in the economic sense, there's going to be more money for the poorly educated, not less.

Scholarships?,

- R. Yes. The people who are being threatened the most, are the lower middle class. And the only thing wrong with education for people from, an economically and socially deprived family, is that often another kind of money isn't provided at the same time, It doesn't do anybody any good to take a student from a high school that isn't worthy of the name where the person can hardly either read, or write and put them into an atmosphere which is both practically, really and psychologically, threatening to them and expect them to perform at a university level. That's silly. So where the money really ought to be going is from the grassroots up, and the ground roots up, and into remedial programs in addition to scholarships, But that is all part of that massive commitment that I said in my view this country isn't even on the verge of making. Mr. Nixon last night made a very depressing speech; in which what he, in my view, did, was buy off the conscience of large numbers of people by saying he was going to put two and a half billion dollars into what virtually boils down to ghetto schools but,kill the bussing program. And you and I both know because we've lived longer than a couple of years, that a very, little of that two and a half billion dollars will ever get into those schools; b) if it ever does get to the schools, there's no guarantee whatsoever that it will result in improving education; and c) that as a result. of that, if it goes through, the minimal contacts that now exist between the most important segments of our population, namely the children, will end. Children get along very well together no matter what race, because we haven't had time to ruin them yet. And what we do if we kill the bussing program, in spite of the inconvenience it causes and the distress it causes, is remove one more opportunity that prevents

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