ON THE LINE: NOTEBOOK

"I think this strike is a good thing. They think we are just bluffing. They think we cannot stand with our own two feet. They say that in the history of Winnipeg, its been a long time since this kind of industry have a strike."

Winnipeg Garment Worker

Forty - six years to be exact.

In the summer of 1981, 140 garment workers struck their factory in suburban Winnipeg. It was the first year

a late strike had occured in the strike had occured in the mostly industry here since 193. The workers were mostly immigrant women from the Phillipines, India, Italy, Portugal, Vietnam and the West Indies. The company in question, was a huge multinational, with a reputation for exploiting in almost as many coutries as it drew its cheap labour from Lorea, Managery Winnipege

I had heard about the dark inner coils of the Canadian garment industry; about the garment ghettoes of isolated, where with all to take on their modern day Feude lord?

the women in blue jeans and suntops and sun hats, carring carrying placards, and umbrellas and babies. I talked with the union organizers, loud flamboyant "Canadian" union ladies.

And water of the state of the s

ON THE LINE is a play which, to pardon the designical clicke, seemed to write itself., through the strong, humouous and often painful words of the women in the garment industry.

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" I was just out of school....Terry was also new...we didn't know where these women were coming from. The first time I walked into the factory. they are looked were canadian union looked me up and down as if to say, 'oh another Canadian union lady' and then went back to their lunch."

Withthe experience they had with the union. I don't blame them!

In the fall of 1980, two young women started to do organizing within the International Ladies Garment Workers Union in Winnipeg.

They were feminists, and to say to least, politically to the left of the present leadership within the union.

(Both the ILGWU and the other major union representing garment workers, the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union, are American -run and looked upon with deep suspicion by their members. Each has a long history of being "company unions" which collude regularly with garment industry management.)

When the two organizers began to visit the factories, they found a workforce hopelessly disorganized and hostile from years of union ack inactivity. Workers were pitted against one amother racially, and competitively, through the piecework system.

Salaries were low, the threat of lay-offs constantly in the air.

Many workers were recent immigrants who were ignorant of even the minimal protection afforded them through Canadian labour laws and human rights legislation.

One of the first workers they met at this suburban garment factory was Exx Emma, a Filipino woman who had been brought over by the company in 1973. Like 1000's of Filipinoes, she was lured to Canada by the hope and promise of a better future.

"When we first came here, the boss was always walking through our factory. We had our pictures taken with him to send home to our parents. I felt so grateful to be working here. We were the pioneers in this place.!"

But things changed for Emma. The boss visited less frequently, the management became more patronizing, and discriminatory towards the workers. When Emma complained about what was happening, her Supervisor told her, "We're not going to hire anymore Filipinoes cause they're troublemakers. I like the Chinese'becamse they don't speak English and they don't talk back!"

Each new wave of immigrants brought into the factory was used by management as a tool to keep the other workers divided.

by cheap forecign imports. (They lived in constant fear of cheap forecign imports, both of the clothing and labour variety.)

Another majo: problems facing the we from, was the steady cutting of Decework rates. increased their speed, the employer would savenx reduce x the also lever the amount of time allowed to complete the same amount of work. One worker from the West Indies complained that she had been making \$1000. less each year because of piecework Another hemmer described her frustration with the system; " I've been here for 10 years and it takes me (60 Seconds) to do a skirt, and the poor girls upstairs supposed to make it in 50 seconds. Where do they get their power to cut in it to 50 seconds?" The union started asking questions out loud. The Kind of Emma, the West Indian woman and the hemmer, all started working for the union. Through months of persistent nattering about piecework rates, maternity leaves,

equal pay for equal work and better grievance procedures,

union stowy gained ground in the factory.

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By June, the hand had negotiated a contx new contract with the company which would into a establish basic wage scales, equal increases for workers on hourly rates or piecework rates, seniority clauses and layoff clauses.

But by the end of July the company had still refused to sign.

Instead, they management dug in in a minimp to reestablish order control on the shopfloor. The Pophenes we was removed Instead, they took stops various intimiation tactics to dampen enthusiasm for the union. The payphone was removed

from the factory; (the women were bitter that they couldn't call their children at lunch time) In-house filming of the shopfloor began. Security guards were posted at the entrance and in the washrooms, to discourage union activity.

But their intimiation tactics backf * fed.

The workers were insulted and offended by the strike weter actions. The photological astrike weter white the workers.

had finally had enough.

"In the beginning, we were all grateful to be here. But they cut our piecework rates, they cheat us for minutes, they don't even do what they say theyre going to do inthe contest...and now, I don't feel grateful anymore.... Now I think it is the company who

should be grateful for getting us so cheap!"

should be grateful for getting us so cheap!"

The women and had enough. Three days later, they turned off their

machines, cleaned out their lockers, picked up their hous, sweaters,

cushions and crucifixes, and walked out.

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The first garment factory I toured in researching the play was expected of the play was expected was a substituted of the play was expected was a substitute of the play was expected was expected with the play was expected was expected with the play wa

middle of the sop floor read : IF THIS FACTORY BURNS DOWN

sat at their machines beside mountains of unfinished skijackets, eating the sunflower seeds and casting in the sunflower seeds and casting in the sunflower seeds are centre shop floor.

A sign hung on a post in a corner which read IF THIS FACTORY BURNS DOWN, YOUR"E OUT OF A JOB!"

Here, computerized embridery machines shang out 'native art work' for 12 parkas in the space of 60 seconds.

floor manager about the pupe of the why the series of the

In the summer of 1981, 140 women replaced the joys of the Eton Line for the joys of the picketline.

moment they walk in the door til they go for lunch."

"I am not going to work this morning. I am going to strike. Since I have been in this country, I have heard about strikes, but I have never understood them. I would go on the bus and see people in front of their place of work with signs and shouting, and they look so discontent, so troublesome.

Now it is me out here. I km am the striker. Now I am watching all the people passing by ME and kikk...it is I here in front of my work looking troublemsome and discontent.

It is hard to be here. I think... what am I if I do not work?

What are you Rubena, if you don not contribute to this great society? The buses comes and go, and maybe allthose faces are thinking that of me.... why is this woman not working?

East Indian garment worker.

CHANNENE MENENTERE

"Today, it started **EXEMPLY** raining as soon as we got here. Our placards got soggy and starting ripping along the holes. The words began to run like blood....and we were wet right through to our underpants. People going by had these big unfriendly faces looking out at us through wet windows...and they would splash us and then drive on..... Canadians look even more foreign in the rain."

Filipino Garnent worker

The strike lasted for three weeks. As soon as it started, found to got. The strike and night jobs they went to after picket duty.

Chambermaid, all night container, other assembly line jobs.

Their lives became even more difficult than before; problems with husbands and while the example of the who wanted mom around at night; problems with had week the end of each day were of the yet the anecdotes remembered at the end of each day were of the

Yet the anecdotes remembered at the end of each day were of the gutsy, outrageous variety...all those things they have never dared to do before.

Tales of scabhunting, up and down back alleys of crawling through long grass with binoculars to lasked find the number scab workers scab workers torment the and gails of laughter over comments made to the security guards (there were four of them nicknamed Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large). There was instant recall of the insults and haraceless braveless was braveless as braveless are braveless are braveless as braveless are braveless are braveless are braveless as bravele

But there was also the blakklisting by other garment factories; telephone and the calls from mysterious 'Immigration Officers''

to the homes of the Vietnamese workers; and the beople who by in cars and yelled out "Why don't you go back to where you came from you little slant-eyed....." the rest slurred in the wind...but not lost.

"The low point of the strike was around the 12th day," recalled one of the union organizers. "There was no news, it looked like they were running the place without us. But we just kept pumping each other up. When one faded, another gave a little strength."

"They need our hands. We produce the work....the super can't seam serge." "They can't even sew one whole garment without us. our tille." Threexy.

"There are only two people who can run my machine..." one workers said, "and we're both out here!"

They held on.

Three weeks after the strike began, the company's Company managers and supervisors hand-deliver letters stales shows appealing to them to return to work.

the workers held a mass rip-up in front of the factory.

" I guess you could call it a symbolic 'screw you!" The company could not break the union.

The following day, agreed to go back to the

table and a settlement was reached. The strike was over.

The women went back in. www.kexpsx.koxxpet.xaxx.xopx.x

One summer day in 1982, I met with a group of workers to get an update on what a control since the strike.

The East Indian woman had it been in court that morning testifying about an ingident which had occurred on the picketline product which has occurred one whole year earlier.

" In this country, it takes justice a long time to even appear to be done."

How do you feel now, after all this time? "I keep asking them over and

o ver,

The East Indian woman: Before the strike, no one ever talk to one another inside.... if there are 3 people on one operation, when we one has a problem, we all get up from our machines and talk about it together."

Emma, the Filipino shop steward: "I think we took some of the power back from the supervisors. They know the union's here and they can't ignore us anymore. We're winning grievances now we never would have even tried before."

Another woman listening: "Nothing charges, everything goes on the same; nothing changes, except everything has, ...in here and in here." She points to her head and her heart.

Postscript: One and one half years after the strike, the play

ON THE LINE has been written and performed and I am on to other

things; at the time of writing this article, one third of the garment

workers in this city are out of work. (**Typef the workers involved bathe

**Post at time have been laid off)*

Yesterday, in the middle of the

garment district, I saw one of the union organizers, her collar up against

the cold, on her way to visit one of the factories.

"We have to keep on putting out little fires, or else the whole
ON THE LINE
forest will burn down."

The play is over, but the story
painful, grant garment workers in
Canada continues.

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