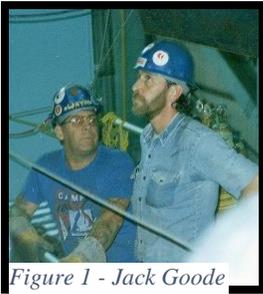




## They call Me Otis; The Jack Goode Story.

Jack Goode's career as a Boilermaker started in 1968 as apprentice in 359, he later transferred to 146 where he was able to apply his skills as a journeyman rigger all over western Canada opening the door for him to become a Red Seal Construction Safety Officer. Jack successfully worked in the Boilermakers Fight back program on behalf of our Union.

## The Call Me Otis; The Jack Goode Story.



*Figure 1 - Jack Goode with Wayne Wilson of 359 at the Castlegar re-built in 1993.*

I'm Jack W. Goode and was born in North Vancouver on November 2, 1947. My Father was retired from the Navy, hence my two older sisters, Maggie and Patsy were born in Victoria as my dad was stationed in Esquimalt, outside of Victoria. Mom was from Winnipeg so we had the west pretty well covered. This was reinforced by me working all over Western Canada.

I served my apprenticeship in 359 (68-71). I had worked several jobs in BC; Kamloops Pulp Expansion, Gulf Oil re-build in Port Moody, precipitator at the old Castlegar Pulp Mill, Mica Creek Dam and numerous shutdowns (S/Ds). In 1973 I went to work in Grand Prairie, Alberta. This was my first Alberta job, dispatched from 359 on travel card, I couldn't believe how well I was treated. Never did I realize how this would play out further down the road.

I made some bad life choices and got suspended. When I asked what my next move was, Lodge 359 Business Manager Don Vinoly told me Alberta was looking for people. I was bitter for many years but as I got older, I realized he had saved me and my career.

If I seem like I'm being critical of either 359 or 146, I'm just pointing out the differences. I owe much, to both locals in particular, and the Boilermakers International, in general.

My Career as a Boilermaker started back in the late 1960's it took me from the apprenticeship to a Journeyman rigger, and member of the Fight Back Program starting back in the late 1960s. I worked about 50-50 in 359/146 and finished my career as a CSO (Construction Safety Officer) because of my health. I was very lucky to not only be a member of a strong union but worked for a union company that helped me get my Red Seal CSO ticket and get about 8-10 more years to recover what I lost fighting the WCB.

## The Apprenticeship.

I did my Boilermaker (BM) pre-apprenticeship at Burnaby Vocational School. Because of lack of space BM, Ironworkers (IW), Small Engine Repair and, I think, Electricians took pre-app at the Pitbar Building, little further east of where BCIT is today. Fred Butler, 359 President at the time, was our instructor which was a blessing, because Fred had the patience of a saint. I didn't realize what we put the old timer through until years later, Brother Paul Roy said to me "You *were in THAT class.*" Paul has a way of saying things.

Fred had a knack for seeing someone losing interest, perhaps he had been a helper and was familiar with what was being taught. Fred would dig out some blueprints or some manila rope and reel him back in. Part of our pre-app training was six weeks of welding. Fred knew he wasn't going to turn out sixteen brand new TIG welders but wanted us to know what the welders had to contend with out in the field. Some guys picked it up fairly fast and, if they had reasonable people skills, Fred would have them help out the other guys-*young hopefuls*- as he would call us. If this wasn't their long suit, Fred would break out the blueprints or manila rope and work one on one with them. Fred Butler was a gentleman and a true Brother. Never once saw him lose his temper.

He and the IW (Iron Worker) instructor would split up the duties, each working his long suit. I remember someone asking the IW instructor if he thought he would be able to handle all this out in the field. His answer was "if you can play the guitar and know when it's your round, you'll do just fine." They had a way of keeping things loose but under control. We lucked out on the pre-app end of things.

I think Fred realized that he could teach us the basics; rigging techniques, knots and splicing, a little welding, blue print reading, tank erection c/w scaffold jumping, tying off tools and general safety. Pretty much safety out in the field. At the time, the apprentices were indentured to the BM L-359 and the apprentice board was made up of BMs, Contactors and the Government Labor Department. The system worked out fine and Fred realized if he could teach us to stay alive, the brothers would teach us how it's done.

Previous to the apprentice program, new guys started out as helpers and after it was deemed they had gotten the handle on things, they went before the union executive for a verbal test and if you passed, you moved your name from the helpers list to the rigger or fitters list. The smartest move made by the government was indenturing the apprentices to the unions. The hall monitored the work so we got to work on as much different areas of the trade as possible. There was an apprentice coordinator who kept a file on all apprentices and letters, both pro and con, from foreman and lead hands on the job. A call from the hall was not always a good thing.

The big thing was, you were a part of an organization that, as corny as it may sound, it was one for all and all for one. You had the backing of a special breed of tradesman who not only backed you to the limit but didn't hesitate to look you in the eye and tell you, in no uncertain terms, smarten up. You learned your place pretty quick but you also learned how to work and your main job was to make the Boilermakers look good and do it safely. The customer looks to the contractor and the contractor looks to the workers. You learned fast, don't make the Hall look bad, fortunately by and large Boilermakers were full of dedication and put out the best possible effort.

Meanwhile, back at the school, we were learning and having fun at the same time. I think I was in the third class, the second one run by Fred Butler. The first was run by Don Vinoly. Our class had some characters but none better than my best friend, John Barclay. The third part of the team Roy Parkins, he was in the class before John and me. We grew up together and ended up in the same trade. Funny how life goes.

John and Roy had a leg up on me. Roy worked in a galvanizing plant located in Vancouver's industrial area around False Creek and John was a helper at Western Bridge. Both were trade related and helped them big time. Roy left the galvanizing outfit when a cold piece of metal was dropped into the zinc vat by accident and Roy received a serious burn on his foot. That was enough for him and he got sponsored by the UIC to attend the BM Pre-App. He kind of laid the ground work. John had worked in a few "Marine Workers Union L-1" shops and ship yards as a helper. I had ended up in the mills (IWA) along the Fraser River making plywood, paneling, and piling blocks in

a shingle mill. That shingle mill had more guys missing at least one finger. Piece work will do that for you.

John, always the jokester, he would keep use in stitches with some of his antics. One of my favorites was when he was catching rivets for the riveters. The rivets were heated white hot on the ground and then grabbed with a set of tongs and lobbed up to John. He would catch them in a pail and rush them over to the riveters. They would grab it with tongs and insert it in lined up holes, the beams being riveted together with two smaller plates on either side. The riveters would then hammer the rivet as tight as possible and when the rivet cooled, contraction made for a tight a fit as possible.

One day there was a tour of suits going through the plant. As they conjugated below where John was catching hot rivets, he started running around like he was catching a rivet. The suits scattered like cockroaches when the light comes on. To hear John tell the story, you'd laugh your way into a hernia. It was like Junior High School all over again, he had the touch back then and it carried on.

John and Roy also got sponsored by UIC to take the BM Pre-App. They both got \$35.00 a week which wasn't that bad coin back then. I was too late to cash in on the UIC sponsorship but my dad worked at Burrard Dry Dock and some 359ers would work the yards when it was slow in the field. At one time it all belonged to 359 but the Marine Workers broke away and formed their own union after the war. My dad had a lot of friends in the yard and one, Big Johnny McEwen as dad called him, said he would see what he could do. He was a member of 359 and was working at the yard on permit with Local 1. There were 16 spots in the class and every-one had dibs on so many seats so Johnny went to the hall and got me a spot. I am forever in his debt. I only got \$2.00 a day but I would have paid for the opportunity. This was back in the late 1960s so the cash wasn't that bad.

The first six weeks was spent on burning and welding and this is when we found out how much patience Fred Butler had. Between putting paper between the welding machine's ground and his work bench to stop the electric current and cranking a guy's heat up so high, he would blow a hole in his coupon, it was a competition to see

who could come up with one better.

Fred didn't mind a little horsing around as long as no one got hurt. He kept it loose but knew when to wheel things in. I think his attitude was, I'll teach them how to be safe and help them get their feet wet, trade wise. The guys in the field will turn them into men and teach them how to be Boilermakers. We were lucky to have him.

Seeing as the two trades, BM & IW, are very much alike, the instructors would trade off certain parts of our five months training. The best part was when one trade was taking math, the other was usually out in the yard. The IW were erecting a small structure and the BM were erecting a small, two course tank. Of course you could see the yard from the classroom so anything either trade did to the other was fully observed.

An IW Tradition is that the last beam sent up during construction would have a national flag attached. Of course, they sat in math class and watched as we climbed their structure to remove the flag and put it on top of our tank. We got to watch them retrieve their flag and adjust some of our bull pins on the Key Plates while they were up there.

It was all good fun until gradation day at the Villa Hotel. About fifteen IWs against ten BMs so it was a fair brawl. The biggest loser was the Villa's Pub. John Barkley and I went back the next day to see if they had found my big \$2.00 cheque but they said it was going to the repairs.

There was one kid, always is, who didn't quite fit in and got picked on. Not real mean stuff, things like tying him off in a bosons' chair while we had lunch or tying him up and leaving him on Fred's desk before knot class. We horsed around with him but we also helped him when he needed it. The poor kid would try to cut a cable, when we were doing splicing, and would hold the four pound hammer right where the handle joined the four pound head. Leverage-zero. We showed him stuff like the right way to hold a hammer, how to strike an arc when welding, helped him with his knots. He did O.K. This was where we learned the meaning of the word "Brotherhood."

My family was always strong Union/NDP (CCF). I remember my Mom proudly telling stories from back in the day when my Grand-Father was arrested at the Winnipeg riot in 1919. She was proud he went to jail for “the cause.” To her dying day she would not allow a copy of the Province Newspaper in the house, said it was anti-union. Her favorite expression was “we make union wages, we shop union.”

The fifties and sixties were the decades of real labor/management strife and we owe much to the people at the time who paid heavy fines and actually went to jail fighting for our rights. The Social Credit, seemed like they ruled by divine right, and their leader, W.A.C. Bennett wasn't about to let the “great un-washed” have any say in his province.

There were several strikes, all over the province, and the people at the top paid the worse of it all. I was only directly involved in one, Lenkurt Electric in 1966. The cops hauled guys off by the bus load and our Business Manager, IWAs Jack Munro, was given six months in jail, being pegged as one of the leaders. I was a kid, a nobody as far as they were concerned, so I was left alone. Only so many buses. If you Goggle “Lenkurt Electric Labor in the 50s-60s, you get a much better look at what we owe these guys. This illegal picket line really showed me how it wasn't just the Boilermakers against the companies and the government. The IWA had nothing to do with electrical manufacturers but they were out there, along with other union leaders, helping the IBEW (International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers) and Jack Munro wasn't the only one sent to jail but I believe he got the longest sentence, six months.

I see now why some of the old timers scowled when they thought we were abusing the system. I think a lot of them knew when the pendulum swings back the other way, it can do a lot of damage. The first time I had escargots I was working in Skucumchuk, staying in Cranbrook on the company's dime. I loved the snails but the old timers comment had me thinking. “You eat like that at home?” he asked me. When I shook my head he said not to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs.

Maybe he could see the changes coming, the spin off companies and Rat Unions. I recall guys in the bar or in a taxi, letting every-one know

how good we had it. The old timer in the restaurant told me how these are small towns and when the people at the mill see huge meal bills coming in, day after day, and guys waving their travel expense cheques in front of local cab drivers, our support at the grass roots level takes a hit.

The good news was all Roy, John and I ended up on the same job first time out. B/A Oil which morphed into Gulf Oil and then to Petro Canada. It sat up on top of the hill as you came into Poet Moody from the North-West. Perfect place for million dollar homes so no more refinery. The bad news was, Roy and John on one shift and me on the cross shift. Better news was I was on the rigging gang and working with some great guys.

One brother, and it bothers me I can't remember his name, showed me more little tricks. The biggest thing he taught me was, "STAY OUT OF THE BIGHT." He said, this is mechanical equipment and can fail at any time. He always said stuff like "if that sling fails, where everything is going to go. He taught me to always follow the tugger line back and don't stand in front of a snatch block.

I'm terrible on names but I remember my foreman was Bill Charum and I was on a great crew. Guys wouldn't just tell you what to do but tell you why as well. Not only that, I was on the rigging gang, right where I wanted to be. I lucked out with the crew I ended up on. Later I was told that before the apprenticeship program, they used helpers who had to work their way up to the Mechanics Lists. Apparently some journeymen wanted to protect their work and weren't in a hurry to teach the helpers. It could have been sour grapes, I know I got lots of help.

I learned that sign language was an important part of Boilermaking, distance between workers playing into that. Now a days, just about everyone has a two way radio, especially the riggers, for obvious reasons. Before the influx of radios, there were very unique ways to communicate. I recall standing on the ground, watching Bill Charum separate his arms to max-wing span and then alternately raise his hands up and down. I'm scratching my head when a guy walked by and said, "He wants a 4 foot level."

## A Journey Man

After I completed the apprenticeship I started my career as a Journeyman Boilermaker. Rigging was the skill set I enjoyed most and was what I got known for in both locals, I was a rigger.

The start of my career riggers would also splice manila rope slings for hoisting planks, they would re-spool the tuggers, checking for defects and giving a nice tight wrap on the tugger drum. They also made tools for stabbing and rolling gen-bank tubes. None of this is allowed anymore. When fitters or welders screw up, you gouge out the weld and repair the fit/weld. When riggers screw up, someone could get seriously hurt, possibly killed. Safety in 146, at the time, was top notch. More on that later.

Before modifying tools became a big no-no, there was always something to keep the riggers busy. Every rigging gang had one "J" Welder so a choker straighter was put together if one didn't come out with the tool crib. A misconception about slings was most people called them chokers. A choker is a sling, used for logging, which has a sliding piece of steel with a radius on the opposite side. It would slide up the sling and chocked on the radius so as not to kink the sling. Never used in the field, if the line went slack, it could pop out of the radius and you'd lose the load.

Never could figure out why they got rid of the riggers list. It happened when I was serving my penitence in AB (L-146). When I transferred back into 359, I asked why they axed the riggers list and was told there wasn't enough work for riggers. I asked about the "B" pressure riggers off-loading welding machines. When I was told that anyone can do that I reminded him that anyone can tack plate together too. It's not the degree of difficulty, it's whose work it is and riggers don't just put cranes together and hang rigging. It's their job to off load the trailers and set the job up for the fitters & welders.

That's one thing I liked about Alberta, not only were the riggers first hired and last laid off, they showed up for work with fully dressed belts and most jobs were run by riggers. It was the nature of the work, refineries and gas plants.

I was quite bitter when Brother Don Vinoly banished me to Alberta but as time went on I realized I brought it on myself and it was one of the better things to happen to me. Not only did I get a chance to work strictly as a rigger, which was good because I couldn't fit my ass to a toilet seat. Lodge 146 had a different attitude from Lodge 359. Not better, but different.



*Medicine Hat, installing four 100 ton convention sections, Melloy and Associates*

As far as LOA (Living out Allowance) was concerned, when you gave the job steward the blue copy of your dispatch slip and informed him if you were on company supplied or LOA. If you were on LOA you had to tell him where you were staying. It couldn't be some flea bag joint and only one man to a room. Vinoly's argument was, "we're not going to negotiate first class money for you to live on and have you nickel and dime it to make money off your LOA."

Travel Card Members were a new kind of deal to most in 359. When I was still doing my punishment in Alberta, I pulled a travel card and got a job in 359. When I gave the Steward my dispatch, he put permit beside my name and when I corrected him, he got rather upset saying, if I'm not a member, I was a permit. I tried to explain my membership card came from Kansas City, the same as his.

The only other time it came up was a job in Prince George and it was boom time in 359. Consequently, the job was all Pro-Jo's (Probationary Journeyman) and me, the travel card. Pro-Jo's was a system brought in by the Vinoly Regime, designed to man the jobs with qualified workers, the bottom line being more qualified members, when they could pass the test.

The Job Steward was a nice kid and I helped him out on some jurisdictional disputes. When he apologized because there was a lay

off that Friday and I had to go. I explained to him I wouldn't cause any problems, I had a job to go to in Alberta anyway, but permits go first, Pro-Joes, TRAVEL CARDS next and then members. I told him I wasn't going to give him a hard time or make waves at the hall but some day he may run into this problem again and travel cards are members.

It did come up one more time. I was back in 359 and took a travel card to Edmonton. Jake, the dispatcher looked at me and said we'll get you out as soon as we take care of our *PRO-JOES*. Jake and I went way back and I was a little embarrassed. Jake told me not to worry, he needed a bundle puller operator at Syncrude. He also let me know the rest of the Lodges weren't too happy with the Pro-Jo program. He knew it wasn't up to me but wanted to get it out there.

After establishing myself in 146, few of us hooked up with Gordon Mellott, a superintendent at Cessco, very smart, and a gentleman. He and two others (one an engineer) left Cessco and formed Melloy and Associates. A few of us who had run some jobs for Gord at Cessco left with him and helped with the new outfit.



*Off-loading of a 200' - 100 ton main stack at Robb AB, sour gas plant.*

Gord never forgot stuff like that and after I had transferred back to 359, I pulled a travel card to work a Syncrude Shutdown. I stopped in to say hi, the shop and office seemed huge compared to when he started out. He knew my health wasn't the best and told me he sure could use a Safety Man with rigging knowledge.

He really saved my ass, along with Wally Middleton (Loss Control Manger.) and Blair Hopkinson (Melloy Superintendent). Blair had worked for me as an apprentice when I was in 146. Took a year to get

my CSO (Construction Safety Officer) but I got about 8-9 more years before I had to retire at 58. What a kick in the nuts that was.

### **The Fight Back.**

I got involved in the Fight Back Program thanks to John Rowe, one of the nicest and informed man I ever knew. He was the dispatcher, later became Business Manager of Lodge 146. I asked him what he knew about an ad in the Edmonton paper. The ad called for Welders, Pipe Fitters, and Riggers. It said the job was refinery maintenance work and also involved the replacement of the top half of a small stack, about twelve feet in diameter and forty feet in length.

John knew I had done a few stack jobs and said, emphatically, send in a resume and get that job. Turned out Strathcona Steel had fabricated the stack in their shop, Boilermaker shop ironically. They formed a “spin-off” company called Strathcona Construction Services. They had secured the bid and now had to put a crew together, days and nights. The three stack lifts got me an interview and when he took me for lunch he pulled out some prints to see if I knew what I was talking about, I identified some basic parts such as the surge tank and got hired. He gave me a stack of Pipe- Fitter resumes, which I took home and dumped them. I started phoning Boilermakers.

I was lucky to not only get a Cracker Jack crew but guys that would go in and do a job to make the hall proud. Every-one there knew we were Union Boilermakers and we weren't going to make our Hall or our trade look bad. All the work was Pipe-Fitter work, except for the stack, and the guys did a great job. The biggest job, besides the stack, was a 72” diameter pipe expansion joint about 20'x20'x20', and some small bore piping. I hired one pipe fitter for valve packing. The guys did a great job.

Some of the BMs on the shutdown with union contractors didn't take a shining to us working non-union. I asked them how they would deal with the situation. Like I said, it was a crackerjack crew and they sacrificed a lot to bust this rip off. John Rowe said they should be shaking our hands, not breaking our balls. First and last job for Strathcona Construction Services.

My contact with the client was a typical union hater whose office could barely hold his ego. He was constantly making a pest of himself, telling us how to do certain things like we were his monkeys. Getting him replaced was beautiful, bit of a gamble, but well worth it. He had an elbow welded in the shop with the biggest band aid weld cap you've ever seen. When I asked him if this was acceptable, our welders put beautiful stringers for a cap. He went ballistic, yelling and carrying on.

I went to the shutdown manager and ask if he could give me few days to contact my boss and have a replacement sent out. I explained my contact and I had a serious personality conflict, I couldn't work properly having shouting matches in front of the crew. I apologized for any inconvenience but did not want make Strathcona to look bad over two guys that can't get along. He said to give him a few days and the next week, I had a new contact.

It was a sweet feeling, the planning was too far along to get another rigger so it was nice to see him in his office babysitting his shop. Our people put his to shame and his only solution was to carry on like a child and embarrassing himself.

We had five guys; me, two fitters (one to run night shift) and two welders. Before we had time to crew up for the shutdown, the hall made an application to establish the union. Seeing as there were five employees and all members in good standing of Lodge 146, it took about fifteen minutes for certification. It wasn't like shutting down a Rat Union but it was the last job for Strathcona's spin-off. Some people didn't realize the sacrifice these guys made, lower wages and no benefits. They stepped up to the plate.

I was lucky, had a lot of guys to work with who had good senses of humor. Darrel Kam was the day shift fitter and ran the night shift when the shutdown started. An Imperial Oil Super on nights was chin wagging with Al Hill (best man I ever worked for, RIP Brother) and when Darrel approached startled him and he asked "what schedule pipe is this?" Darrel says "it's scheduled to be finished by morning but it won't be if you don't leave these guys alone." He's pretty quick.

Imperial Oil was not the most pro-union company but were sure

happy with the quality and the production. It was quite comical when it came time to remove the top section of the stack. Every-body from IOL was there, of course, and when we were lowering the stack section they tried to give the impression they were in charge.

As the hoisting crane was lowering the stack, the client's rigging boss came over to me to show the crowd who was in charge. I decided to play the ass seeing as they had nothing to do with anything at that point. He came over and indicated to me, with the crowd watching where to spot the tailing crane. I started to ask all sorts of stupid questions concerning the spotting of the crane, slings to use, where to hook it up. He realized he was being messed with and slowly slithered back into the crowd. As he was walking away, I told him "Ya should have been here when it was 150 feet in the air, still attached to the bottom section. I think the guy removed as my contact was his buddy and he sent him over.

The bottom line was, Strathcona Construction Services never did another job. It was worth lower wages and no benefits to pay back guys

like Don Vinoly, Gordie McKay, Al Pendergast, Fred (Skin Head) McKinney, Robert MacIntosh, Smokey Harris, Hank Laser, Dusty Risto, Tommy (Tippy Toe) Ellis, Big John McEwan and far too many to mention here. The guys that fought for our rights and benefits. Fred got that nickname because he lost all his hair due to shell shock during the war. He didn't walk around with his hand out, looking for a free ride. He sucked it up and went to work. I wish my memory was better, so many solid people I worked with over the years.

### **Fight Back.**

Rat unions are called that because they are company unions used solely to get around sites with union only clauses in their agreements. I got a call from Tommy Ellis about 1996, he was running a Rat job (Tercon Construction) at Exshaw AB. Health issues had him looking for a replacement and he had recommended me. The only reason he and I were considered is because of a fairly big cone, about four ton, that had to be rigged into a building and bolted to the bottom of a silo along with large valves and chutes.

Some of the rigging practices were horrendous. Tuggers mounted in the middle of the catwalk, snatch blocks with the bight in the stairwell, no softeners anywhere, not one mouse on a hook, a tugger cable that wouldn't reach the ground.

I think Tommy took one look and his health problem kicked in. He had inherited the job from a Rat Foreman and I think Tommy just booked. I took pictures of all the unsafe rigging before re-rigging every-thing.

The beauty of the Exshaw job was the expression "DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT". The engineer in charge of the job was in way over his head and when he said not to worry about something, that's exactly what I did, I didn't worry about it. I would have liked to buy him for what he was worth and sell him for what he thought he was worth. He made some expensive mistakes and the client was aware who was responsible.

For example; the bottom of the silo was a pipe fitter's nightmare. It was a new system that created an air bed inside the silo. I mentioned to the engineer that there was a dust collector on the far side of the platform, he said "it's only four feet high, don't worry about it."

Now, I've seen many dust collectors, but never one four feet high, so I wondered over to the warehouse to see this engineering marvel. The box was four feet, they stand another four feet, the fans and operating linkage were on top of the box, adding three more feet. I didn't worry about it until we had to break it apart and rig it in and reassemble it. A two hour job turned into a weeks work.

Another "don't worry about it" was the small platform under the bottom man way. He wanted to be sure some dumb rigger didn't put it in the wrong spot only he messed up the metric measurement and the platform was about three feet off center. One of the Laborers asked me "isn't that supposed to be under the man way." I told him not to worry about it.

His biggest screw up was the air system inside the silo. It was a series of boxes with cloth stretched over them for the air bed to form under the cement dust. He had Carpenters cut pieces of plywood to

fit over the fabric, protection for the fabric, especially from welding sparks. I suggested he use 4x8 sheets and lap the joints on the down side so sparks would roll down. Don't worry about it.

I got very lucky when it came to getting a fitter to fit the cone inside the silo. It was tricky but I called Bob Klassen, one of the best fitters I ever worked with. He and Henry Schmilller fabbed in the field a square to round elbow duct work transition piece. We dropped it into place, it fit perfect. When I got in the silo with Bob the first time, he asked what the little pieces of plywood was supposed to do. I told him they were to protect the fabric but not to worry about it. Took them over a month to change all the fabric under the welding area. The good thing was, the client knew what work was done by the union guys and what was being done by the engineer.

We were shutting down for Christmas and the engineer hired a couple of kids to help with the clean-up. They got two days work out of it. I happened to walk into the office and one of the kids was about to sign something the Rat BA had given him. When I asked what he was doing, he replied he was joining the union. I told him if he signed that, the so called union would take \$50.00 off his cheque and do nothing for him. Gives you an idea how these weasels operate. I managed to save him 50 bucks.

Turcon had a job coming up in Trail (Cominco) and asked me to run it. When I called Lodge 359 to inform them, I discovered they had a different view of salting a job from 146. I tried to explain to lodge 359, and whoever else was around the phone, the best way to salt a job with union guys and other little tricks to cost the rat's maximum dollars. The conversation kept coming back to how we couldn't help Turcon complete the job. The more the conversation carried on, the more I could see how different things are in BC. It turned out Turcon hired a former part owner of Premay Rigging to run the job.

A large Rat Union outfit can be impossible to bust. For instance, some of these companies have many irons in the fire, all under the same Rat Union. We would have to salt road construction crews and all jobs that these companies had going in BC. Many of their jobs had nothing to do with BM work so all you can do is get on a construction job and salt the job with Building Trades people. At worst, you can

keep an eye on things and keep the hall up to date, at best you can outnumber the rats so have a certain amount of control.

One important thing about salting a job is the use of out of province addresses'. Rat outfits love to get tried and true union help, to keep the job on schedule but they prefer non-locals. They also want others to train their people. The beauty of the first is the big wrinkle thrown into the job when their best people go home. In the case of the latter, you just look at your rat partner and ask him how he wants to do it and take lots of bathroom breaks.

I certainly do not want to embarrass another trade or union but I don't think the Rat outfits would have gotten off the ground as easy as they did if not for some-one to actually make the heavy lifts. Even an engineered lift, which cannot be deviated from in any way, still has to have some-one signal the cranes. There were many rigging jobs lost when massive hydraulic cranes with independent hydraulic axles showed up. Two weeks rigging up a crane gone with a crane that can "crab" into position.

Lifts in existing plants can result in the need of a Sky-Horse or a Ringer which is a 225 Ton American Crane rigged up with a mast and a boom to increase the radius. About a week and a half putting them together and about a week to load them out. A Ringer requires both the load line and whip line drums to accommodate the length of the load line so every time the work went from load line to whip line, we had to remove the load line and install the whip line.

Takes about forty-five tractor-trailers to load them out. All different types of trailers, B-Trains, high-boys, low-boys, some with multiple goose necks. No matter the type of crane, some-one has to signal the all the cranes, for the lift and to rig the cranes in and out. It wasn't a Boilermaker or an Ironworker so that pretty much leaves one trade and I'm not talking about Pipe-Fitters.

The last job I was involved with in the fight back program was the Pine River Gas Plant. I received a call from the hall informing me of a Rat Company, TNL, doing the expansion at the Pine River Plant. They wanted me to apply for work and get as many Building Trades people as possible on the job. I used an Alberta address and got

Marty Nelson and Moe Kemps as well as they also had Alberta addresses.

I received a call from Lodge 359 to attend a meeting at the Vancouver Airport Hotel. There was myself, John Rowe, Friemen Tomsic, and two organizers from the States. We spent a few hours kicking ideas around. The guys from down south suggested safety but I told him it was an existing plant and therefore they had to follow the customers Safety Manual.

There was talk about setting up a fax machine for better communication with the halls. One of the US Organizers informed us that one of the first things I should do is put a "union organizer" sticker on my hardhat and they couldn't get rid of me, discrimination. I told him they were glad to have us and we had union stickers all over our hard hats. Once they didn't need us, we would be gone.

Unfortunately, for me, I was injured right after Christmas break but we had competent people to pick up the ball. Brothers like Jim Wymer, Paul Roy, and others who gave some back to the union. They tried to form a safety committee and when refused by TNL they set up a picket line. By this time, the ratio of Union people to Rats was heavily in the Rats favor so it was time to pull the plug and wrinkle up the job. The request for a safety committee was certainly warranted.

### **Construction Safety Officer Years.**

In Alberta, before you can get on the bidders list for refinery/gas plant jobs, you must produce your safety manual, WCB pay out rates and a resume for your CSO and any-one above Foreman.

An example of the safety person lack of experience on this job; Marty and I were told to move the 165 Ton crane to the other side of the existing highline. We got a 40 Ton Picker (Rough Terrain Crane) to take the weight of the boom. If you tried to move it with the boom laid right down, the crane would tip over. The "safety person came running over, "stop, stop, stop, you can't do that." we told her. "They want the crane on the other side."

She said you can't do it like that so we said then get us a tractor-

trailer to place the tip of the boom on so we don't tip the crane over. She said to wait a minute and rushed off to find the Super. Marty and I carried on and next I saw her standing behind a highline column, watching us.

It's not a knock on BC but when it comes to safety, Alberta has a tremendous amount of stroke, because of the nature of the plants. The fact most of the work involves refineries and gas plants, every action requires a permit, most need to be flagged off, excavations must have hard barricades. OH&S standards are followed rigorously.

Every action requires a permit and safety can pull that permit over the slightest safety violation. The last thing a Foreman wants to do is go to his supervisor and say he needs his permit re-issued. A permit can be pulled by any Syncrude supervisor or a CSO from any company.

As a rule, CSOs from another contractor will simply call the other CSO and give them a heads up so it can be fixed. You're not there to make the job harder, it's easier to work with people than go off on a power trip. The fact I was a tradesman made it so much easier to deal with the crew. We spoke the same language and it works so much better when you have worked with most guys before.

One of my last jobs, the Steward asked me to be the union safety rep. I had to decline because it's not a protected position, like the Job Steward, and first chance they got, I'd be gone. Sure enough, John Effort retired and they laid off the safety rep at the same time. The mandatory CSO is usually ignored or the butt of many jokes. Totally different safety culture between the two provinces but also totally different work scenarios.

Having been a Red Seal Ticked member in both L-359 and L-146 made my job as a CSO so much easier. Except for two jobs, Kitimat BC and Cape Breton, NS, all my Safety jobs were in Alberta. Even the two jobs out of Alberta, I was working for the same Alberta Company. I often wondered if Wally had given me these jobs because I had union experience working in different jurisdictions.

It didn't seem to help. In Nova Scotia, the Job Steward asked where the coffee fixings were. Perry said it wasn't in their contract. I tried to explain the term "area practice" to him, with no luck. The customer bought a big coffee urn and I picked up some coffee and fixings but we couldn't assign the apprentice to put the brew on. Simple little tower tray job, \$400,000 in the hole.

Things were different in Alberta because of labour laws and the nature of the work. When I had transferred back into L-359 it was about the time the Rat outfits were starting to take hold and the general consensus was it was all Alberta's fault. Truth be told, it started in "right to work" States and worked north, then west. Alberta just got to fight them ahead of BC.

When I tried to explain that the fight was coming here next, I was told it could never happen here. Customers had "union only" clauses in the agreements. My reply was, why do you think they form Rat Unions? As far as the customer is concerned, a union is a union and we all saw what happened at Port Alberni. TNL and their Rat Union got the contract for a job in the mill and the veil of security dropped.

The Brotherhood pulled together and over 100 union people put up a picket line, most on their own dime. The only bad thing to happen was when the TNL goon started handing out injunctions and one of the Brothers punched him. Can't blame him, their eating our lunch and he lost it but this is what TNL wanted, in front of the T.V. Cameras. Hindsight is 20-20 but if only the picket line had turned their backs on the goon. He can't touch any-one or drop the injunctions on the ground, he'd look like a fool. C'est la vie.

If it appears like I'm all over the map with this, it's because being an L-359 travel card working in AB, an L-146 travel card working in BC and then mix in about 8 years as a CSO I was all over the map. I had worked as a travel card out of L-359 but always dispatched from the Vancouver office. It later moved to Burnaby. When L-146 accepted me as a member I really noticed the differences between the locals.

Things were much easier going in L-146 & L-555. Once they got to know you, they not only treated you with respect but almost treated like a member. Shawna, L-555 dispatcher, used to phone me at home

in Penticton when it was busy and ask me if I was working plus inquired about Brothers interested in coming. They would just have the travel cards faxed to their halls.

Alberta used to have the jurisdiction of North Saskatchewan and Manitoba the South. The International wanted to have the one local run an office in Saskatoon for a year and then the other for a year. A few L-146 members tried to vote it down at a special meeting and Kansas City said no problem, the whole province goes to Manitoba. You don't tell the man in the big chair how to assign jurisdictions.

Work always seemed to be spotty unless there was a large new construction job such as Kamloops Pulp expansion, Mica Creek Dam, Kootenay Canal (series of power dams on the Columbia River). Other than these, and others, it was mostly spring and fall Shutdowns. To make ends meet, we worked the shipyards, fab shops, even drove cab. When I settled in Alberta I noticed that some jobs had almost all travel cards and permits. I couldn't figure out why more BC members didn't pull a travel card.

When I transferred back into L-359 I asked members why they didn't pull a travel card and check out Edmonton. I usually got the shipyard/fab shop answer plus EI was much more liberal. I'd just ask them how their pension and benefits were doing. When 359ers started heading back to Alberta when it was slow in B.C., they were surprised to see how well they were treated. It's a Brotherhood, and all your benefits and pension are paid.



*Figure 2 - New boiler in Castlegar with Dominion Bridge 1992.*

I remember when I worked my first job with a female apprentice at the Castlegar Pulp expansion, Susan Wells, who quickly became Suzie because all apprentices get nick names. The IW's don't even give their apprentice a name for the first year, it's just punk. This was when women were first breaking into the

trade along with the insulting stereotyping that seemed to follow them around. Sue asked questions about every-thing and wasn't afraid to get in were the work is. I was impressed.



*Castlegar expansion 1992*

I feel like I'm doing a disservice to some of the other excellent apprentices I worked with but with only so much space and memory of names and dates. One young man comes to mind. Small tank erection on the ground and I'm inside, adjusting a scaffold and he was on the other side, fixing an oxy-act hose. I holler out "are you busy?" and he hollers back "I am if you need me." How is that for an attitude?

It took me a year to get my Red Seal CSO (Construction Safety Office) ticket. The union company in Alberta that I was working for allowed me to do the Safety Audit, which is a mandatory wrap up to get your ticket. The joke was on me at the ACSA (AB. Const. Safety Assoc.). There were 8 mandatory seminars and 3 elective followed by the Audit.

As I still had to work, I would grab a course or two on my way to and from Ft. McMurray. They had two main schools, Calgary and Edmonton with Lethbridge, Grand Prairie, and Ft. McMurray having a small selection of classes. I decided to make TDG (Transportation of Dangerous Goods) one of my electives. I figured I'd pick off a limper, what a mistake. Room full of truck drivers gone and me almost making every-one stay late.

All though I was forced to retire at 58, I'll always be indebted to the Boilermakers, who helped me get my Safety Ticket, and Melloy & Associates in general and Wally Middleton (Melloy's Loss Control Manager) in particular. My job was so much easier having not only being a Boilermaker Rigger but having worked with most of the people in BC and AB. When I worked in Kitimat and Cape Breton I told the crew during orientation, don't think of Melloy as an Alberta Co., think of it as a Union Company.

Thanks to the WCB, we almost lost every-thing. Thanks to The International Brotherhood of Boilermakers and Melloy and Associates, we didn't end up with our belongings in a Safeway shopping cart. O.K., at bit of an exaggeration but if not for the union

and union contractors, life would have been much different.

I was naïve enough to believe that because I had legitimate job related injuries, the WCB would get to the bottom of it all. They thought I was looking for a free ride, I just wanted to find out what the problem was, fix it, go back to work.

When I received a copy of the Physio-therapist's report through discovery, she said this is supposed to be a soft tissue injury, it does not respond like a soft tissue injury. This lady, more letters after her name then alphabet soup, worked with me for six weeks, five days a week. In the pool every morning, three afternoon's in physio, and two afternoons in the gym. Two new hips kind of say she was on to something.

I relate this, not for a pity trip, but to show how fast you can go from way up there to way down there. If not for the Union and Union Contractors, I may have ended way down there. It's because of them I don't have the issues to deal with that you see other less fortunate people in society have to deal with. I owe it all to The Union and the great Union People who taught me and allowed me to pass that down to the "*young hopefuls*" as Brother Fred Butler would call us.



*Figure 3 - Jack Goode, at Regina in the smoking pit & tool crib.*

*There are a number of people who think I was born in an elevator but truth be told Roy Parkins gave it to me. We were in the Big "O" (Olympic Hotel-North Van.) John Barclay, Roy, Patty Waddell (an IW in pre-app with John and me). Otis Redding was playing "Dock of the Bay" on the radio and I was singing along and Roy came out with "The late great Otis Goode" There are people who have no idea my real name, which came in handy at S/D time. Lots of Jacks around, not many Otis'. It got confusing. John seldom used nicknames, Roy always did. I can't remember his name, biker welder from Summerland, he and I worked at Port Mellon and Roy was on the crew so it was Otis. Later at Castlegar it was Jack. Him and I were in the same bunkhouse, one day he stopped me and told me I had a twin named Otis.*

*When I explained it to him we had one hell of a laugh and slowly the name Otis snuck back in.*

