

THE FREE PRESSING NEWS

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PAUL MCKIE SPEAKS. REALLY.

After spending the first few days of the strike talking his voice hoarse, CEP Local 191 president Paul McKie has finally figured out it's easier to write than speak:



Just because we're on strike doesn't mean we're not working hard behind the scenes. The

CEP/GCIU joint council is actively working to get talks back on track. We didn't hit the bricks to stop talking. Our position is, and always will be, that we want to get back to the negotiating table with the Company. We're looking at ways to break the log jam so your concerns can be discussed at the table.

When you bargain, the Company gives you a pie. They say "This is the pie, and it's all you're getting." The union then carves up the pie, deciding if members want a large slice of benefits with thin wedge of salary increases, or a hunk of pension and a slice of increased vacation. But this time is different. The Company, while owning many pies, has offered us only a cupcake. And then they won't let us slice the cupcake the way we want. "You're getting a slice of wages and that's it," they've said.



MANAGEMENT SOLICITS SCABS

Winnipeg Free Press editors have called freelance writers in the hopes of finding unwary or unwitting fools to scab for the online edition. Everybody we know has refused to take the poison bait.

There are posters up at River River College urging students not to sabotage their careers and engage in unethical behavior. **KUDOS** to the college.

But we have to ask the managers in the editorial department -- did you really think this wouldn't get back to us?

WARNING: BENEFITS EXPIRE OCT. 15

Get out your stampbook, because it's time to rush those benefit claims into press.

You only have three more days to mail in drug, dental, and other medical claims before the Company cuts you off. Oct. 15 is the hard-and-fast deadline.

If you don't have forms, you can download them online from Sun Life at www.sunlife.ca/member. Enter your access ID and PIN. If you don't know those numbers, look at your latest claims statement.

SHARE PRICES TANKED ALL WEEK

We're trying to get back to the table so we can get us a big slice of something we all deserve -- respect!

FREE PREVIEWS OF LAST WEEK'S CONCERTS!

On Saturday morning, the big bulging foreheads who work inside Fortress Mountain Avenue managed to get a "paper" out.

Relax -- it was "yesterday's news". Or, to be exact, Thursday's news, printed on Wednesday and written two Fridays ago.

Here's what happened: Our managers rolled up the sleeves on their knockoff Tip-Top suits, headed for the mailroom and stuffed -- no, not a Thanksgiving turkey -- but last week's uncirculated Tabloid with flyers.

Originally striking co-workers who snuck behind the building thought the Executroids were trying to pull a full-blown Scaburday edition of the paper. But all they had was that stale Tabloid, whose best-before date expired days ago.

We believe the stale product will be delivered to select households all over town through the use of an as-yet-unknown distributor. The good news is, there's an excellent chance Rudy is covered in paper cuts.

NO VANDALISM PLEASE

As amusing as it may seem at the time, vandalism only weakens our position, harms our public profile, and gives management the only real ammunition they have.

Leave the Free Press alone! --

The bottom line continues to sag for the woebegone FP Newspapers Income Fund. On the second day of our strike, shares in the Free Press owners' trust fund finished the week down \$1.20 on the Toronto Stock Exchange.

These things started out at \$10 a pop, folks. A drop of even one cent represents more pressure on our owners.

LET THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN

One of the rent-a-cops hired to escort managers across our picket line has a nasty habit of trying to drive right through our line. Speedy Gonzalez -- also known as the The Roadrunner-Over -- took advantage of a momentary gap in the line to cruise into the parking lot. If he did it once, he could do it again. Heads up and close the gap.

HERE'S YOUR NEW PICKET SCHED

Good news for you poor shlubs on the graveyard shift: You're about to work new and shorter hours.

Starting Tuesday (which starts one minute after midnight), the time you spend shuffling up and down Mountain Avenue will be reduced to four hours. We'll continue to picket around the clock, so don't think we're easing up on the pressure.

The new shifts are as follows:

- midnight to 4 am
- 4 am to 8 am
- 8 am to noon
- noon to 4 pm
- 4 pm to 8 pm
- 8 pm to midnight

Your picket captains will call you with the good news. If you don't hear from them, click your heels and say "there's no place like Florida" OR call headquarters at 223-9422 (BAD-WHAC)

No picketing on Thanksgiving Monday (October 14). Spend some quality time with your family.

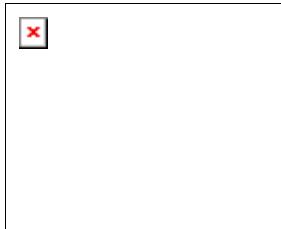
cook the eggs (don't throw them) and maybe lay off Lunchroom Larry, the only person on the other side, who really has no choice in the matter.

SOLIDARITY!

SPEND YOUR THANKSGIVING WEEKEND BY THE FIRE

KUDOS to the people on the night shift who trucked over a couple of barrels to keep our feetsies toasty and warm -- and give the picket line that lovely Industrial Action.

The morning shift also brought a CD player to blast out "I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For" and other U2 songs. (By the way, the Moulin Rouge soundtrack didn't go over so well, guys.)



Other decorative items that make the line more livable include the

Halloween pumpkin (bring more! The wee ones are only 80 cents at Safeway) soccer balls and very bright flashlights (that can illuminate the interior of vehicles with tinted windows.)

Whatever you can do to lighten up the mood, go right ahead. This doesn't have to look like the Bataan Death March, you know.