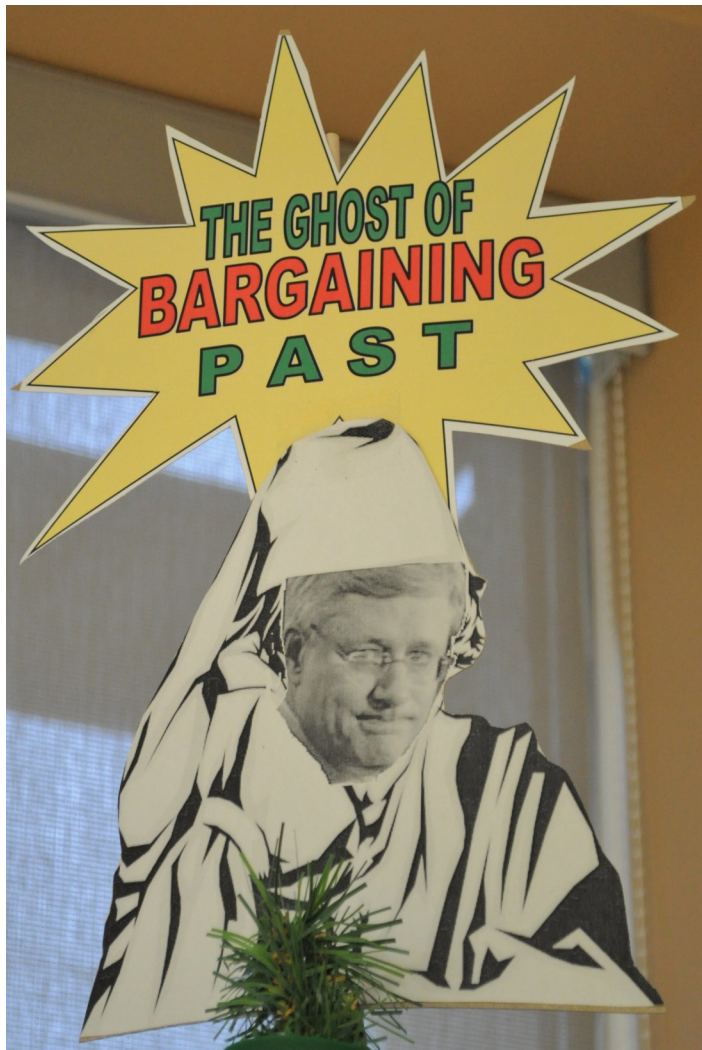


# Happy Holidays







As we started to think about decorating the office for the holidays this year and unpacked our old tree, we found some old decorations we used many years ago. The decorations highlighted the gains from past bargaining rounds. Sadly, as we unpacked these decorations, which included socks for all our Locals, what we found was loss. The loss of some of our Locals as well as the loss of benefits. Therefore, we thought it only fitting to look back on some of these losses this year with the theme of, **“The Ghost of Bargaining Past”**



# Seasons Greetings

**With thanks for all the work your Local and members have provided over the past year.**

**We look forward to working with you in what promises to be a busy 2015.**

**BEST WISHES  
FROM THE PUBLIC SERVICE ALLIANCE OF CANADA**

*Mary & Colleen*

# *'Twas the Night Before Bargaining*

'Twas the night before Bargaining, and all through Parliament  
a creature was stirring, a bit smug and over confident.

The stockings were hung by the Tree with care,  
in hopes that a good contract soon would be there.

The members were nestled all snug in their chairs,  
with visions of a new Prime Minister, the answer to prayers.  
Back in the office Mary and Colleen feeling the strain,  
had just settled their brains for a long winter's campaign.

When out in the streets there arose such a clatter,  
we sprang from our chairs to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window we flew like a flash,  
to see Locals passing out pamphlets, with nary a clash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow  
gave the hope of continued sick leave and benefits to grow.  
When, what to our wondering eyes should we see,  
but a miniature sleigh led by Local Presidents of PSAC.

With a Grinch-like leader bringing cuts much sharper,  
we knew in a moment it must be Harper.  
More rapid than eagles, his employees they came,  
and he shrieked and shouted and called them by name:

"Now Brian! Now Cynthia! Now, Janet and Arja!  
Now, Yvonne! Now Chris! Now, Dawn and Les!  
On, Charlene and Beverley! On, Justin and Jody!  
On Donna and on Dave!  
To the top of the office, to the top of the wall!  
Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!"

And then, in a moment, we heard on the roof  
the prancing and pawing of each little hoof.  
As we drew in our breaths and were turning around,  
down the chimney Mr. Harper came with a bound.

He was exuding arrogance, from his head to his foot,  
and his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.  
A bundle of cuts he had flung on his back,  
and he looked just like scrooge, opening his pack.

He was chubby and plump, a right evil old elf,  
and we cringed when we saw him, in spite of our self.  
A squint of his eye and a twist of his head,  
soon let us know we had much to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
removing more benefits, always the jerk.  
And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
and giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

As he sprang to his sleigh, his team dumped him over,  
And away they all flew, a new Leader the answer.  
And we heard them exclaim, 'ere they drove out of sight,

"Happy Holidays to all, and to Harper

**"GOOD NIGHT!"**