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For Negroes in Halifax, Black Power v. ping pong

IN THE 40 BLOCKS of Halifax just north of Citadel Hill, dingy clapboard tenements house most of the city's 10,000 Negroes. Here, racial tension and poverty are the way of life. Large families of Negroes are commonly jammed into two or three rooms. Negro teenagers and young adults, whose main meeting place is the dimly lit streets of the neighborhood, are regularly harassed by "white" police officers dutifully enforcing laws against rowdyism and loitering.

Though the gradual closing of Africville ended one notorious ghetto, the only effect of that seemingly progressive move, has, in reality, been to shift the Negro problem in Halifax from the edge of the city to midtown, where it is now growing bigger and more dangerous.

As in the U.S., Negro leaders in Halifax differ in their militancy toward the white community. But they agree that Halifax could easily get what it fears most from its Negro quarters: a race riot.

"Negro riots could break out in Halifax any time now," says Buddy Daye, 37, a former boxer who is Human Rights chairman of the influential, moderate Nova Scotia Association for the Advancement of Colored Peoples.

An even more pointed warning comes from Rocky Jones, a bearded, 26-year-old youth leader, whose advocacy of Black Power puts him at odds with the NSAACP. "The Negro people are going to rebel," he says, "and it's up to the white powers to do something about the Negro condition."

The two leaders' differing approaches to their race problems were never more pointedly illustrated than during an incident that occurred last August 31. After a rock 'n' roll session that night, three Negro youths got into a scuffle and were arrested. Angered, 40 other young Negroes stormed into Gerrish and Gottingen streets, hurling bricks and bottles. They defied the first dozen police sent to bring them under control, injuring one policeman and damaging a patrol car.

At one point with the march temporarily stalled, Buddy Daye, who lives near by, managed to draw off eight of the most belligerent members of the mob (he says he took guns from two

of them), took them over to his place and kept them talking out their hatred until 4 a.m.

Meanwhile, Rocky Jones persuaded the others to keep marching another eight blocks — to the police station. On the station steps, the marchers encountered Chief Verdun Mitchell and demanded that he release his three prisoners immediately or place the entire crowd under mass arrest. The two sides argued for two hours. At 3:30 a.m. the chief compromised and let the crowd into the station to visit the prisoners. By dawn the visitors had left peaceably.

For his part in the protest, the NSAACP publicly denounced Rocky Jones. Soon after, Buddy Daye was appointed by city council to serve as a youth organizer in the district.

Later, Mayor Allan O'Brien began setting up a committee to expedite Daye's program of recreational activities, with NSAACP approval. This is hardly what the NSAACP's president, Gus Wedderburn, had in mind, however, when he recently urged the mayor undertake a serious study of the Negroes' problems in Halifax.

Rocky Jones, on the other hand, doesn't want a study — he wants immediate reforms in such basic areas as housing and employment. Because they cover only buildings of five or more dwelling units, Nova Scotia's open-housing laws prohibit racial segregation only in overcrowded tenements and in apartments too expensive for Negroes. And while Halifax employers will accept applications from Negroes, they seldom hire them for any but the most menial jobs. (There are no Negroes on the police force, for instance.)

Rocky Jones doesn't believe his people will get such situations reformed merely by appealing to the moral principles of the white community. He says they must be able to bargain with the white establishment from a position of political and economic power. Jones has been teaching as much to members of his Kwach ("Freedom") Club, a fluctuating group of 50 to 100 Negroes, age 18 to 25. The club's sessions aren't always orderly, and its dances run loud and late. As a result, the club has just been kicked out of its third premises in three years.



Now, with Buddy Daye moving into the youth field with city council's blessing and several other advantages (he commands the full resources of the Neighborhood Centre, which co-ordinates welfare in the district), Rocky Jones' influence could suffer.

In any case, the new competition brings up a vital question: Who's likely to do more to avert the danger of race riots in Halifax — Rocky Jones, a Black Power advocate urging young Negroes to examine their relationship to white society, or Buddy Daye, a congenial moderate trying to distract them with volleyball and ping pong and a lot of dandy games?

MURRAY BARNARD

How NOT to inherit from a long-lost uncle

Here's a perfectly legal come-on that seems to leave everybody a loser

How would you feel if your name was Ralph Hanna Young and you got an important-looking document in the mail one day announcing that a Frank Young had died in California, leaving an estate of \$17,556.88?

"I felt like a millionaire," says the real Ralph Hanna Young, an unemployed railway engineer in Toronto. Then he grew suspicious. After all, the notice didn't say he was an heir to Frank Young's estate; it merely offered to send along "documents containing information about the administration of the estate and personal history of the deceased" — if the recipient would sign a request form and

send \$4. Aware that his only relative in the U.S. is (a) not named Young, and (b) alive in Seattle, Ralph Young suspected a swindle. He phoned the police.

Actually, the document the postman dropped into Ralph Young's letter slot that day was neither windfall nor swindle. It was just one of 10,000 notifications that have gone out since last February to Canadians in Vancouver, Winnipeg, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax, from an enterprising California firm called Legal Research and Index.

LRI's routine is simple: It explores public records in Los Angeles County Court to discover what people with fairly common surnames have recently died and left estates unclaimed. Then the company goes through telephone directories from all over the United States and Canada, selects several thousand people with the same surname and mails them the legal-looking notification of the death.

The chances of any one of those people being related to the deceased are, of course, extremely remote. But one person in 40, on the average, can't resist spending \$4 to find out.

"It's not illegal," concedes Tom Rimmer of the Metropolitan Toronto Better Business Bureau, "it's just a nice way of making a bundle."

Actually, it's not even that — so far, according to Dennis Von Aldenbruck, who runs LRI. Each mass mailing, he says, averages only 200 returns worth \$800 — only half the cost of getting 8,000 letters out.

"Things are a little rough now," he says, "but we hope eventually to break into the black."

One break that would help: a higher yield of *bona fide*, publicizable heirs. So far, out of some 100,000 letters LRI has sent out to people

PETERSON ON THE PROWL



"Any other suggestions — besides Mr. Trudeau's that we get the Company of Young Canadians to arrange a last-ditch love-in between the RIN and the IOOE?"

with nine different surnames, Von Aldenbruck has found just one genuine heir — Frederick Spencer Powell of Philadelphia.

Powell and his lawyer both decline to discuss many of the details of his progress in claiming an estate of \$178,000 left by his long-lost brother, who died in California last December.

"I understand," says Powell, "that there are some mortgages against the estate and I might wind up with nothing."

EARL MCRAE

Backstage in Ottawa Should some "news" be kept secret?

Don't ask the newsmen
on Parliament Hill —
they can't agree either

BY THE TIME these words appear, two colleagues — Charles Lynch of Southam News Services and Don Attfield of the CBC — will have served their three-week sentence of exile and returned to the parliamentary press gallery. But their restoration will not mark the end of a perennial dispute in the newspaper trade, any more than their offense (reporting an off-the-record speech by John Diefenbaker to a dinner at which the gallery was his host) marked the beginning of it.

The last member arraigned on a comparable charge before the gallery executive happened to be me. Of another off-the-record Diefenbaker speech, the one delivered to the annual press gallery dinner in 1964, I remarked in this space that it was "the best he had ever produced for such an occasion." Some people took the view that any reference whatever to the gallery dinner was a violation of secrecy. I was asked to "explain" but no censure was voted; the executive accepted the assurance that no breach of confidence was intended and seemed to agree that none had actually taken place.

On some previous occasions the re-

Charles Lynch: his brief "exile" didn't settle the basic issue.



action was more severe. On one of Prince Philip's brief visits to Ottawa, no press conference was scheduled but the gallery asked if he would at last come over for a drink. Government House agreed to recommend that if assured that it would be a purely social affair, about which nothing would be written. The gallery gave the assurance, and Prince Philip came. One member (now dead) defied the ban and wrote the story anyway, to the annoyance of His Royal Highness, the embarrassment of Government House, and the fury of fellow members who had been not only shamed and betrayed, but also scooped. The culprit was haled before the executive and suspended for two weeks. (Whether the sentence was carried out is debatable; he left next day on vacation, and resumed normal duty when he got back.)

Another incident was Mackenzie King's speech to the 1948 gallery dinner, reaffirming his intention to retire (which he'd already announced in a public address months before). Old as the news was, the Canadian Press thought it too important to ignore. The CP bureau chief telephoned the prime minister next morning (Sunday) and got his permission to print it. Naturally, the prime minister didn't mind, but the rival British United Press was furious—all the more so because the PM's speech, or a rehearsal of it, was first delivered to a luncheon given by the BUP bureau chief, Norman MacLeod. However, the gallery took no action. This incident may have been the origin of the view that secrecy at gallery dinners is intended to conceal not important news, but only indiscreet behavior.

Even the latter convention has not always been respected. Recently in a magazine article, extracted from his new book, Max Ferguson described (quite inaccurately, according to my own recollection) a *contretemps* involving George Drew, the Conservative leader. Ferguson was present at that gallery dinner only as a guest and was perhaps never cautioned about the taboo on reporting; but the magazine is edited and published by ex-members of the gallery and is responsible for what it prints.

Admittedly, some journalists carry the off-the-record commitment to an extreme. Probably the ultimate was achieved when the gallery decided, by majority vote, that its own proceedings should be secret. But the dissenting minority proclaimed at the time that it had no intention of obeying this rule, and there has never been any serious attempt to enforce it.

At the opposite extreme, some maintain that "nothing is ever off the record," and that no reporter should ever go to any gathering where an off-the-record commitment is accepted. Carried to its logical conclusion, this would mean no honest reporter could ever accept an invitation to dinner. Some other guest might innocently mistake him for a gentleman, and let fall a remark not intended for publication.

BLAIR FRASER

Did this man happen

Here's what a Winnipeg salesman can add to James Garrison's "conspiracy" case

THE WINNIPEG International Airport terminal, with its 42,546 square feet of Solex glass curtain walls, looks almost light enough to take off. Inside this \$18,000,000 monument to the Department of Transport the decor is determinedly modern, with \$35,000 worth of art objects including enormous geometric murals by prairie professors and metal sculptures imported from Toronto. There are fountains, birch trees, chairs that seem to have been made of chicken wire, a split-level black-carpeted lounge called the Horizon Room, and, under a milk-white ceiling illuminated by 8,000 fluorescent tubes, a marble-tiled mezzanine the size of a football field.

On February 13, 1964, in this improbably exotic setting, where James Bond might have struggled with SMERSH, an overweight Winnipeg salesman named Richard Giesbrecht was caught up in the madstrom that had begun in Dallas three months before and continues to this day. Giesbrecht believes he was a witness to nothing less than a meeting of two men who had conspired to kill President John F. Kennedy, and swears that a third man, a burly, suitably ominous figure with a smashed nose and flushed cheeks, played a bizarre cat-and-mouse game with him all over the mezzanine to frighten him into silence.

"Too big" for FBI

Ever since, Giesbrecht, a palpably sincere and rational 35-year-old Mennonite with four children, has swung between fear and frustration. Fear that the disclosure of his identity — his name is revealed here publicly for the first time — would lead to harassment by cranks, or worse. (He is aware that 20 or so people tenuously linked to investigations of an alleged conspiracy have died since November, 1963.) Frustration because he believes that the FBI deliberately squelched his story. Giesbrecht talked to an agent named Merryl Nelson whom he contacted through the U.S. consulate in Winnipeg. He says that Nelson remarked, "This looks like the break we've been waiting for" — only to tell him a few months later to forget the whole thing. "It's too big," Nelson is supposed to have said. "We can't protect you in Canada."

Then, last February 23, visiting a hospitalized friend, Giesbrecht saw a newspaper photograph of David W. Ferrie, a New Orleans pilot who had been found dead, ostensibly of a hemorrhage caused by a ruptured blood vessel — although he had left behind two suicide notes. There was

something about the photograph that struck Giesbrecht. There was something familiar about the man's inordinately bushy eyebrows. Then it came to him that this was one of the men he had encountered at the airport three years before.

The picture's caption revealed that, before he died, Ferrie had told reporters that he'd been pegged as a "getaway pilot" by Jim Garrison, the New Orleans district attorney, who was conducting an independent investigation of Kennedy's death. Garrison concurred. "We had reached a decision to arrest him," he said. "Apparently we waited too long." Then the flamboyant D.A. added three lines that reverberated around the world: "My staff and I solved the assassination weeks ago. I wouldn't say this if we didn't have the evidence beyond the shadow of a doubt. We know the key individuals, the cities involved and how it was done."

The DA calls

All that was last February. Throughout the spring and summer, Garrison had neither put up nor shut up, although he professed himself ready to reveal his findings at the trial this fall of Clay Shaw, a prominent New Orleans businessman arrested on March 1 on charges of conspiring to assassinate John F. Kennedy. (Most of the U.S. press attempted to discredit Garrison's case against Shaw, but a panel of three judges and a grand jury ruled that there was sufficient evidence to hold him for trial.) Garrison believes that Shaw, Ferrie, Lee Harvey Oswald, Jack Ruby and others — most of them hair-trigger anti-Castroites — conspired to kill Kennedy because of his plan for a *détente* with Cuba, and because Kennedy was cracking down on CIA-supported anti-Castro activity in Dallas, Miami and New Orleans. There is the chilling suggestion that, some time in the early fall of 1963, in New Orleans, a sizeable group of Right-wing extremists, deranged adventurers and Cuban exiles abruptly switched targets — from Castro to Kennedy.

With the help of the Winnipeg *Free Press*, which had printed an account of his story without using his name, Giesbrecht finally got in touch with an authority who wanted to use his testimony, and who did not, as he puts it, "just tell me to shut up about it": Jim Garrison. One of Garrison's assistants called Giesbrecht in March and expressed extreme interest in what he had overheard. There were more calls from the D.A.'s office to check details. In late September Giesbrecht

upon John Kennedy's

agreed tentatively to testify at Clay Shaw's trial, although Mrs. Giesbrecht was afraid to see her husband get mixed up in the case.

What spurred Giesbrecht to agree to testify was a call he had got in early summer from Garrison himself. "He told me that my evidence would be a great help to him, and that the pieces locked perfectly into place, although he didn't explain how. He confirmed that Ferrie had been in Winnipeg at the time and he said that no people from Winnipeg were involved. Maybe these men were making connections to Minneapolis or Chicago. They just happened to be here when I ran into them."

On that day, February 13, 1964, Giesbrecht had set up an appointment with a client who worked at nearby Bristol Aircraft. He arrived at the airport early, shortly after 2 p.m., to have his first look inside the new terminal. He sauntered around, went into the Horizon Room, had one drink, a Moscow Mule, walked out to have a look at Gerald Gladstone's sculpture, *Solar Cone*, in a fountain courtyard near the lounge, called his client, found he had more time to kill, returned to the lounge, sat at the same table half-way along a wall of windows and ordered a Seven-Up. Two men had taken the adjacent table. His back to them, Giesbrecht planned his sales approach and did some figuring on his weekly calendar pad. At some point, probably at about 2.45 p.m., he became aware that his neighbors were discussing the assassination in a way that seemed to implicate them.

He started to listen, then to take notes. It seemed to him that one of the men had a "Latin" accent; the other, the one he later concluded was Ferrie, an "American" accent. The voices were rather high-pitched, precise-sounding. He sensed that both men were homosexuals.

Oswald a pawn

"I got the impression that a man named Isaacs was to have been the assassin or one of them, but that he had taken on Oswald to do the dirty work," Giesbrecht says. "In the opinion of these men Oswald was a psycho. One of them said, 'How did Isaacs get mixed up with a psycho like that?' The man I think of as Ferrie wondered how much Oswald had passed on to his wife or, for that matter, anyone else. Being mixed up with Oswald had been a foolish thing. Ferrie said that Isaacs could be seen on some film of Kennedy getting off a plane shortly before the assassination. These men assured each other that when a man named Hochman or Hoffman got to Isaacs all loose ends would be tied up. He would also

make sure that a certain car was destroyed. Ferrie said there was more money now at their disposal than ever. They discussed a meeting to be held at the Townhouse Motor Hotel in Kansas City, Missouri, on March 18. There had been no meeting since early November of 1963."

During all this time Giesbrecht was hunched over his calendar pad, straining to pick up the low voices over the piped-in music, the muffled shriek of engines through the twin-paned windows and the conversation of about a dozen other people in the big dim room. He was aware of some girls at a corner table who laughed a lot.

"Auntie" flies in

There was more. The meeting would be registered under the name of a textile firm. Ferrie mentioned an "aunt" who would be flying in from California. A name that sounded like Romeniuk came up several times. Ferrie asked about paper or merchandise coming out of Nevada. Latin Accent said it was too risky and that a house or shop had been closed down, at a place called Mercury. He said that "a good shipment" had reached Caracas from Newport. There was some speculation that investigation of Kennedy's death would not end if the Warren Commission found Oswald guilty.

Giesbrecht managed to get a fast look at the man he later said was Ferrie. "I told the FBI that he had the oddest hair and eyebrows I'd ever seen," he says. "The eyebrows were wide and sort of streaky. The hair was very shiny and it started quite



At this table in Winnipeg's airport, Ric overheard two men who may have been

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assassins?

far back on his head." (According to press reports, Ferrie wore a bright red wig and false eyebrows to conceal burns he had suffered years before. Giesbrecht says he didn't notice the color of his hair.) It seemed to him that the man resembled Stan Laurel "when he gets that look as if he's going to cry." Giesbrecht didn't really see the second man's face; they were sitting back to back. He noticed that his chin and neck were badly pock-marked and that he wore a hearing aid in his right ear. Both men were in their middle or late 40's; both wore light tweed suits and loafers.

Perhaps Giesbrecht was doing too much craning around in his chair. At any rate, two things happened almost simultaneously. The first was that he became aware he was being stared at by a man sitting alone across a corner of the lounge, in front of a metal drapery separating the lounge and the dining room. The second was that the conversation behind him changed, became innocuous. He can remember Ferrie saying that he had flown an airplane like one on the apron outside the window — a small, executive plane. Giesbrecht thinks it was, with two propellers.

"I felt a wee bit jittery or excited," he says. "I felt uneasy, uncomfortable. I put on my overcoat. The conversation had stopped. This third man was just staring at me. He was sort of an ugly man. He had a nose that seemed flat, a fighter's nose. It was a piggy nose. He was very fair, with very flushed cheeks. He was in his early thirties, a big man, odd-looking. I had to walk by him to get out."

Giesbrecht, feeling uneasy, hurried past Gladstone's *Solar Cone* into the

mezzanine, turned left and headed for a newsstand that forms an island in the middle of the 300-foot-long waiting area. He asked a saleslady if there were police in the airport. There was an RCMP detachment, Room 24. To get there Giesbrecht started to walk toward a covered bridge joining the terminal and the administration unit. He stopped. On the middle of three steps at the near end of the bridge was the man who had been staring at him in the Horizon Room. He was staring at Giesbrecht again.

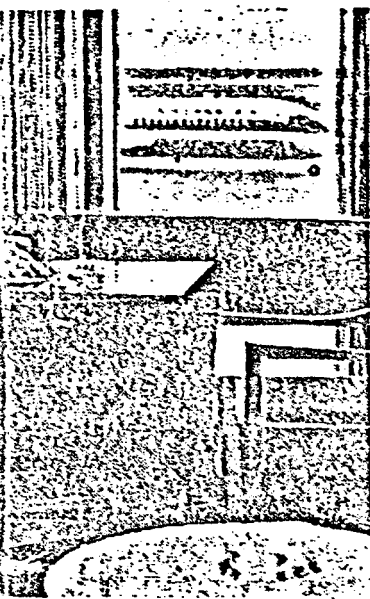
"I felt uneasy," Giesbrecht says. He turned around, went back into the newsstand and asked where the nearest phone was. He walked into the mezzanine again, turned left and walked 100 feet or so, turned left again past a Walter Yarwood metal sculpture that crouches over a fountain in another courtyard, to a bank of 10 telephones mounted on a blue tile wall. Giesbrecht picked up the sixth phone, called the Winnipeg RCMP number, got on to a corporal, introduced himself and glanced to his right.

Tattooed stranger

"The same man, the third man, was just about a yard away. He was right on me. So I just hung up and walked away. I don't remember how much I said to the RCMP. As I hung up the phone I felt too uneasy to look at his face, but I noticed that he had markings on his fingers. I think they were tattoos. I walked into a large flight room, at gates two and three, where there were a lot of people. I stayed in there for a while and then I went out again and down the stairs at the north end of the mezzanine and into the parking lot. I drove away from the airport and then I did a sort of foolish thing. I never bothered about my client, and not only that, when I got about a mile away from the airport I took the notes and tore them up and burned them. Ask me why and I don't know. I rewrote the notes as best I could that night at home and hid them in a dresser drawer."

Giesbrecht doesn't have any pat explanations about what he overheard, but he says he believes that a conspiracy killed Kennedy. He says he is glad to be able to help Garrison, especially since he found his earlier dealings with the FBI upsetting. "I've had three years of feeling like a little child that wants to convey something, and nobody's listening," he says. "It bugs a person. It does. They're happy to hear what you have to say but then it's, 'Shut up, because it's too big.' If it's something that's too big for the authorities, then the United States is in a pretty bad way, isn't it?"

JON RUDDY



ard Giesbrecht took notes while in on JFK's assassination.

GENY CHRIS

The campus war over the Viet Cong

ALTHOUGH campus leaders accuse them of shameful apathy, it doesn't take much to arouse Quebec students. All that's needed is a hot issue, such as Vietnam, to fire them up. Bring in a trio of livewire Viet Cong and you have a situation approaching mass hysteria.

In fact, the tumult caused by the visit to Quebec of two male and one female National Liberation Front "students" (one seemed old enough to be a grandfather) may have as devastating effect on student politics as De Gaulle's famous "Vive le Québec libre!" had on Parliament Hill.

Centre of the controversy is the strongly nationalistic Union Générale des Etudiants du Québec (UGEQ), a student syndicate comprising five of the province's six universities (Bishop's doesn't belong). Two members of UGEQ's executive committee made contact with Viet Cong students last April in Ulan Bator, the capital of Outer Mongolia, at the Congress of the International Union of Students, and invited them to Quebec. Their initiative has raised the hackles of students, hawks and doves alike—the hawks for obvious reasons: the doves because they feel the NLF trio was unfairly brought into a hornet's nest of Right-wing fascists.

The president of UGEQ, 25-year-old Pierre LeFrançois, says the invitation is one of a series of special events marking "Vietnam Year," which is intended to elicit a *crise de conscience* on the part of Quebec students and the public. But not all of the 40,000 students at McGill, Sir George Williams, University of Montreal, Laval and Sherbrooke subscribe to UGEQ's tactics, and that's where the trouble starts.

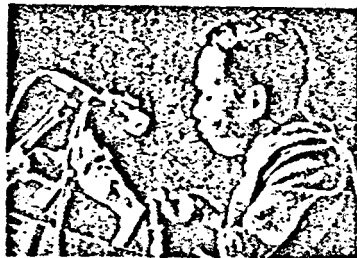
The students are all automatically members of UGEQ, paying \$1 per annum, which comes out of their fees. On the eve of the Viet Cong's arrival, UGEQ issued a press release calling on the Canadian government to dissociate itself from U.S. policies in Vietnam, and alleging Canadian "complicity" in the war. An earlier 13-page document presented to Premier Daniel Johnson was equally anti-American and anti-Ottawa in tone. Even if many of the 17,000 English-speaking students in Quebec were sympathetic with the Viet Cong cause and saw that some French-Canadian students identified it with Quebec independence, the anti-Federalist notes annoyed them.

The setting was right for a hawk group called COLD — Canadians Opposing Leftist Demonstrations — set up last year to oppose a student peace march. COLD's 30-odd members led the chorus of hisses, hoots, catcalls, and cries of "Kill a Commie for Christ!" that greeted the Viet Cong when they tried to address the 700 students at Sir George's alumni audi-

torium. "It's not that we're against free speech, but we should have been consulted by UGEQ before these stooges were foisted upon us," declares 22-year-old arts student Harvey Oberfeld, spokesman for COLD. "The lies they were spewing out were insults to our intelligence, absolute garbage." Oberfeld denies that COLD is an extremist group. "But we don't think you can solve the world's problems by waving flowers around. Hippies and leftists have been running student governments for too long and they don't represent the majority of views."

Some of the insults were juvenile, others almost classics of sick humor. When Ly Van Sau described his country as smaller than Florida, but bigger than Vancouver Island, a student shouted: "You've been around, haven't you?" And when he spoke of American fragmentation bombs that "enter the flesh, enter the bone and are impossible to clear out," another voice rang out cheerily: "American technology!" Madame Nguyen Ngoc Dung, who began her address in French, was shouted down with boos and cries of "Vive la patate frite."

It became clear the next day that the agitators were a small group.



Le Mai making the Viet Cong case: even the doves wished he wasn't there.

Most students and professors, no matter how they felt about UGEQ, marked it as a black day in the university's history. In a front page editorial, the campus newspaper, *The Georgian* condemned the abuse as "sheer animalistic statements made by morons . . . If our education policies are creating mindless zombies such as these, the doors should be locked and we should start from scratch again." History professor Frank Chalk said this was what happened "when a small group of students brought up on the cynical and vicarious pleasures of *Playboy* . . . encounter people from a culture in which violence, poverty and death are everyday facts of life."

Salt was rubbed into Sir George's wounds when, at an assembly for the Viet Cong at McGill, Laurier LaPierre shouted: "Let's not behave like the students from that other place." The few McGill agitators who tried to hiss were shamed by LaPierre's admonition: "Stop that nonsense, you stupid child."

As for the Viet Cong, they quietly slipped away to the safety of the Cuban and Russian pavilions at Expo. By then, the prospect of returning to their war-torn country may have seemed almost pleasant.

DON BELL

EDITORIAL

Stop treating college students like children

SIR EDWARD BEATTY, when he was Chancellor of McGill, defined the functions of a university. It was first of all, he said, a society of learned men and women; secondly, a focus of intellectual activity in the nation. Thirdly, and only thirdly, it was a training school for young men and women.

At about the same time Stephen Leacock, retiring from the chair of economics at McGill, told readers of *Maclean's* he was pretty distressed by the public disrespect for authority that was being shown by university students. Some of them, he said, openly criticized their teachers; this brought the name of the university into disrepute and cost it "loss of students, loss of fees, discredit and lowered status."

All this sounds pathetically quaint in the 1960s, the decade of campus revolts, student activism, the generation gap, and youth-power. As Douglas Marshall reports on page 11, Canada's quarter of a million university students may soon develop into a distinct and self-conscious class within the community. They promise (or threaten, depending on where you sit) to form a politically sophisticated movement like the labor movement, aware of the uses of power and able to grasp it. As a first step, they are pressing for direct participation in the government of the universities.

Leacock suggested the police could handle the mavericks. Put them in jail, he said, and send them a Latin grammar and a prayer book.

It was a humorist's prescription; unhappily, the humorless governors of most Canadian universities still take it as a holy writ, resisting every student appeal for a modest voice in academic affairs as if it were a call to total anarchy.

But history and reason are on the side of today's students. They are a mature, able and increasingly determined group. They are more serious, more concerned, and more at home in an era of revolutionary change than their fathers ever were. The kind of young people who can organize an international teach-in, or influence policy at a political convention, deserve a hearing in the academic senates and boardrooms. University authorities, we think, would do well to yield some ground while they can still do it gracefully.

A duty to speak out

PAUL MARTIN's call for a halt in the bombing of North Vietnam has probably given some encouragement, however slight, to the Viet Cong. It has had no visible effect in Washington except to annoy the Johnson administration and further impair the entree of Canadian representatives there. What good, then, has been accomplished by Canada's new candor?

In terms of our own interest, none. Obviously the best relations we can hope to have with Hanoi or Peking, or Moscow, will not be as good as the worst relations we need fear to have with Washington. Nor will they matter so much. With the communist nations we can tolerate mutual enmity short of nuclear war. With the U.S. we must have friendship or we cannot thrive.

True, many Americans have spoken out against the Vietnam war more strongly than Mr. Martin would ever do. Possibly the slight accretion of foreign support will strengthen the hands of these dissenters. But in any country, foreign support is a doubtful asset in a domestic cause, so this advantage can only be counted as marginal.

Nevertheless, we applaud Mr. Martin's plain speaking, and we believe most Canadians do. As Walter Gordon said some months ago, U.S. policy in Vietnam "cannot be justified either morally or strategically." It has created a nightmare, one that grows in horror with every day that passes. At some point the sense of moral outrage that it engenders must be given vent. All over the world, and within the U.S. itself, this sense of outrage has been rising. Those who share it have a right to know how numerous they really are — and a duty to declare themselves to friend or foe alike.