

THE NAFTA SHOWDOWN • JFK: 30 YEARS LATER

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

NOVEMBER 22, 1993 \$2.95

Maclean's

HE'S
BACK

**Trudeau
On Trudeau**

**His Impact
Now**



Maclean's

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
NOVEMBER 22, 1993 VOL. 106 NO. 47

CONTENTS

4 EDITORIAL

6 LETTERS

12 OPENING NOTES/PASSAGES

15 COLUMN: DIANE FRANCIS

16 CANADA

The new Liberal government in Ottawa prepares to tackle the thorny issues of influence peddling and political ethics; Reform Leader Preston Manning vows to "change the way Ottawa does business."

22 COVER

32 WORLD

A Domsday cult draws thousands of devotees to Kiev to witness the end of the world; the case of a Virginia woman who cut off her husband's penis has come to symbolize an assault on male power.

36 BUSINESS

Consumers' groups fear that the interests of ordinary telephone users will be brushed aside in new hearings convened by the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) to ease the telephone industry into a new era of deregulation.

42 THE NATION'S BUSINESS: PETER C. NEWMAN

43 SPORTS

Canadian university football gears up for the Vanier Cup even as the game struggles to survive budget cuts and the Americanization of the CFL.

44 SPECIAL REPORT

67 BOOKS

Jeffrey Simpson explores the forces reshaping Canada; a biographer plumbs the depths of novelist Malcolm Lowry's misery.

72 FILMS

The Piano is an exhilarating work of art; a Canadian movie explores delusion and repression through the story of a man posing as a cop.

76 FOTHERINGHAM

POSTMASTER: Undeliverable copies and change of address notices to: Maclean's, P.O. Box 1400, Postal Station A, Toronto, Ont. M5W 2B8. Publications mail registration number 1260

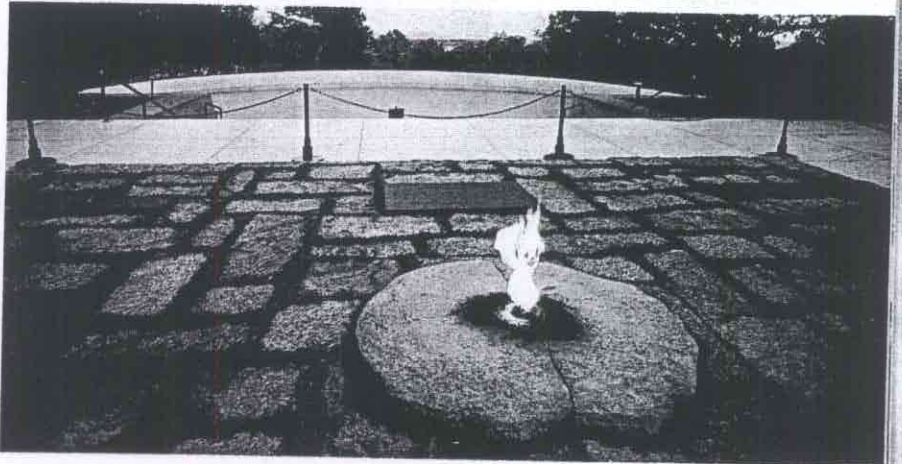
COVER PHOTO BY CHRISTOPHER MORRIS



PETER BREGG/MACLEAN'S

Trudeau's back

22 With the publication of *Memoirs*, his account of his life in and out of politics, Pierre Trudeau reappeared on the public stage. And as usual, his timing was perfect. With a new Liberal government in Ottawa, his disciples and descendants are once again moving into the cabinet offices that he vacated more than nine years ago.



TIM MURPHY

An American tragedy

44 The murder of president John F. Kennedy 30 years ago has become America's greatest whodunit. The origins of the mystery are preserved

in the memories of those who were in Dallas on Nov. 22, 1963—the fateful day that Camelot vanished in the crack of a rifle shot and America began to grieve.



GEORGE BENNETT/REUTERS

Down to the wire

34 As the clock ticked down towards a crucial Nov. 17 vote in the U.S. House of Representatives, the battle over the North American Free Trade Agreement degenerated into a political three-ring circus, Washington-style.

SPECIAL RE AN AME

BY RAE CORELLI

History, after all, is the memory of a nation.

—John F. Kennedy, 1917-1963

He moved west along Main Street in an open convertible, basking in the late-autumn Dallas sunshine, smiling his movie-star smile and waving to the cheering lunch-hour crowds. President John F. Kennedy had come to Texas to reconcile feuding Democrats and make a speech at the Dallas Trade Mart. Beside him sat his glamorous wife, Jacqueline. Ahead of them on the jump seats were their hosts—Texas governor John Connally and his wife, Nellie. At 12:29 p.m., the motorcade turned north off Main onto Houston Street. Nellie Connally, raising her voice over the noise of the crowd and the police motorcycles, said: "Mr. President, you can't say Dallas doesn't love you." At 12:30 p.m., as the procession swung around Dealey Plaza towards the Stemmons Freeway on-ramp, shots were fired from a sixth-floor window of the nearby Texas School Book Depository. The president was hit and so was Connally. A Secret Service agent flung himself protectively over the slumping Kennedy and stayed there, sprawled on the convertible's rear deck, as the motorcade sped to Parkland Memorial Hospital. There, Kennedy was pronounced dead at 1 p.m.

Around the world, the news of America's fourth presidential assassination in a century froze millions in disbe-



Kennedy with daughter Caroline (top); in the motorcade minutes before tragedy; in the film by amateur photographer Zapruder (right): the leader of the free world was dead, Camelot had vanished in the crack of a rifle shot and, for a shaken America, the grieving had only just begun

lief and seemed almost to suspend reality. Crowds stood vigil at U.S. embassies in Europe, Asia and Latin America. In the United States and Canada, people in thousands of shops, factories and offices quit working and gathered around radios and TV sets. Tears ran down the face of CBS anchorman Walter Cronkite and viewers cried with him. Prime Minister Lester Pearson offered condolences and prepared to join global dignitaries in Washington for the funeral. The leader of the free world was dead, Camelot had vanished in the crack of a rifle shot and, for a shaken America, the grieving had only just begun. Ahead lay the murders of Bobby Kennedy and Martin

CANAPRESS

PORT

AMERICAN TRAGEDY

Luther King, the appalling torment of Vietnam, Kent State, riots and burning cities.

For the Dallas police, there was no time for mourning. An hour and 15 minutes after Kennedy was pronounced dead, they barged into a movie theatre showing *War is Hell* and arrested a luckless one-time defector to the Soviet Union called Lee Harvey Oswald, wanted for the fatal shooting moments before of patrolman J. D. Tippit. When police retraced Oswald's flight from the book depository where he worked, they decided they had Kennedy's assassin as well. But less than 48 hours later, Jack Ruby, a small-time hoodlum and strip-club owner, shot and killed Oswald in the basement of Dallas City Hall. Convicted and sentenced to death, Ruby died in jail of cancer. In September, 1964, the Warren Commission concluded that Oswald, acting alone, had killed both Kennedy and Tippit and had not known Ruby.

But as the years passed, millions of Americans grew profoundly skeptical. Some 200 books, dozens of TV documentaries and the blockbuster 1991 movie *JFK* have alleged conspiracies or coverups: Oswald was not the only shooter; Oswald was a scapegoat; Oswald was in the pay of Cuba's Castro, the CIA, the FBI, the Pentagon, the Mafia, the Soviets, left-wingers, right-wingers; Oswald was not really Oswald but a shadowy somebody else; Ruby, who claimed to be Jacqueline Kennedy's avenger, was really hired by the people who hired Oswald and did not want him to testify. Repeated official denials and rebuttals have not discouraged the conspiracy theorists or reduced public fascina-

ing the Secret Service nervous, but the people were reaching over the fence to shake his hand, to touch him, and he was reaching out to them."

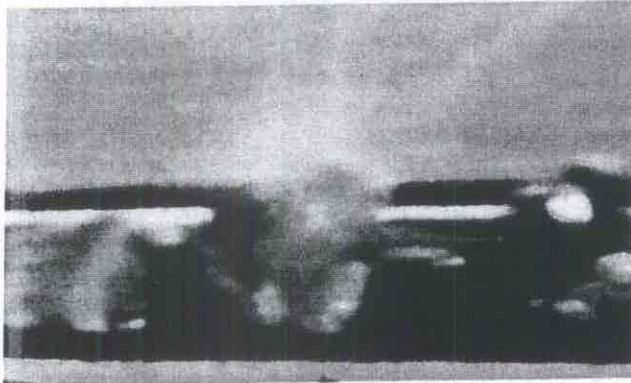
Shortly after the presidential motorcade left for downtown Dallas, Ewell was on the freeway heading back to his office when Dallas Police Chief Jesse Curry sped past in the opposite direction. "Then, I saw the open Kennedy limousine and I knew something was out of order because there was this man stretched across the turtle deck." At police headquarters, a detective hurried past him to a waiting patrol car. "I said, 'Gerry, what the hell's going on?' His exact words were, 'Some son of a bitch just shot Kennedy.' I jumped in the back seat and went with them."

The schoolbook building was like a disturbed anthill, Ewell says in his flat Texas drawl. "There were squad cars and cops everywhere, cops still training shotguns up at the windows. A few minutes later,

Gerry leaned out of the window on the sixth floor and said, 'Well, we know what he had for lunch—fried chicken.' You know what? All this time, I'm not sure just what the hell I'm doing. I'm not taking any notes, I'm just kinda, you know, in a twilight."

When word came that a policeman had been shot in the city's Oak Cliff district, Ewell joined police who were tracking his assailant. "So I end up in the Texas Theatre when they catch him. As I looked over the balcony railing, it was at that moment that the cops reached Lee Harvey. When he tried to shoot one of them, there was a scuffle and they fell

THIRTY YEARS LATER, JFK'S ASSASSINATION LIVES ON IN MEMORY



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ZARLIDER/TURBOPHOTO

tion. The murder of John Kennedy has become America's greatest ever whodunit, its origins preserved in the memories of those who were in Dallas that fateful day.

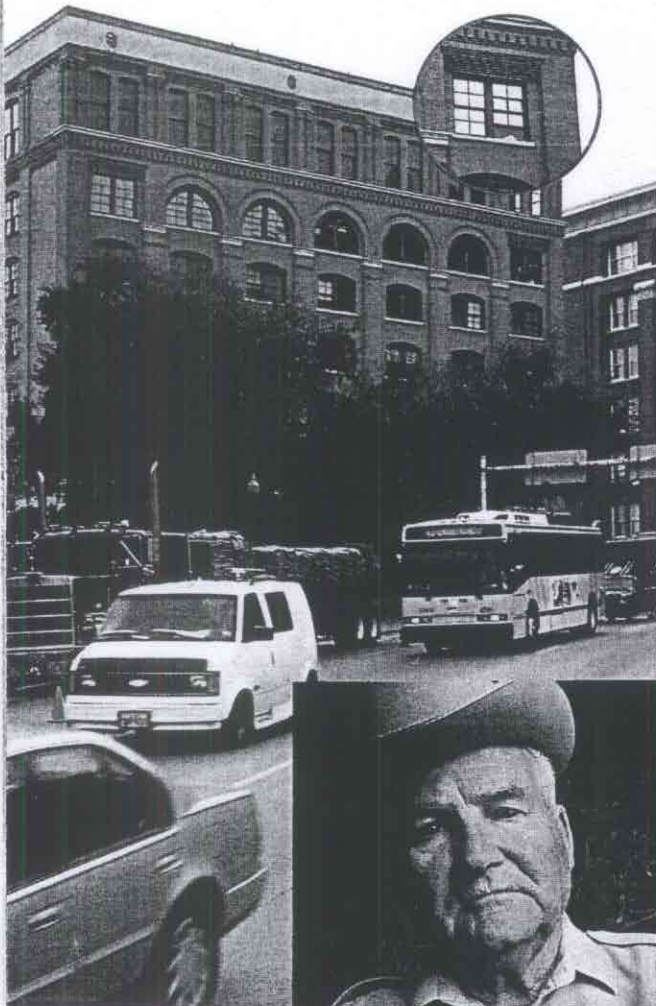
By 10 a.m., hundreds of people had gathered along the chain-link security fence at Love Field in a light rain, hoping to catch a glimpse of the Kennedys. Moments before Air Force One came into view, the rain stopped and as the plane landed, the sun came out.

"I still to this day remember Jackie getting off that plane," says Jim Ewell, then *The Dallas Morning News* police reporter and now the public relations spokesman for the Dallas County Sheriff's Department. "Kennedy went up to the fence, and I'm sure it was mak-

between the seats and the rest of the cops rushed up and piled in. I will always remember that somebody was trying to poke the barrel of a shotgun down among all the heads and arms and shoulders of those cops fighting Lee Harvey."

Henry Wade, former FBI agent and Second World War U.S. navy veteran, was Dallas County district attorney from 1950 to 1987 and, by 1963, had successfully prosecuted 25 murder cases. Now 79, he has been a widower for six years, has switched from smoking tobacco to chewing it and is counsel to a law firm in north Dallas. He was in the crowd awaiting Kennedy at the Dallas Trade Mart when word came that the president and governor Connally, a longtime

SPECIAL REPORT

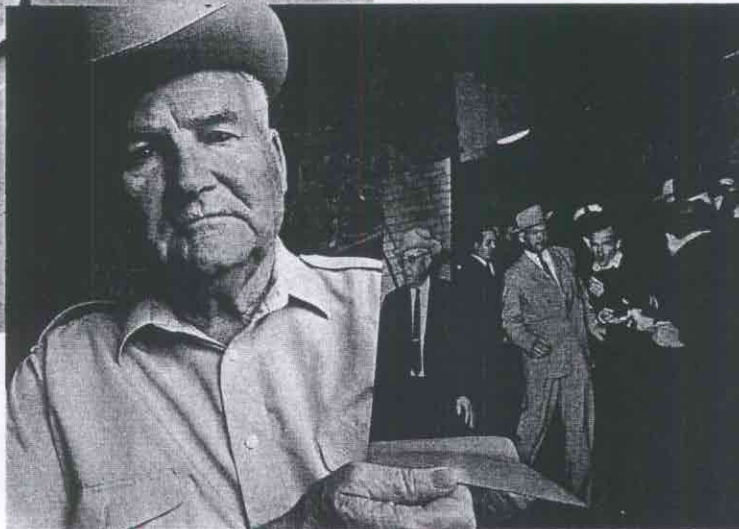


Johnson taking the oath of office; the old Texas School Book Depository and its infamous window (left); Leavelle, then and now (below): 'I saw Ruby standing there with a gun. About then, he made two short steps and double-acted that .38 into Oswald's stomach'

friend, had been shot.

At about 5 p.m., he went to Parkland hospital where he sat for a time with Nellie Connally while her husband underwent surgery. "Then, I went home," Wade recalls, "and shortly after, I got a call from Cliff Carter, who was a right-hand man of [vice-president Lyndon] Johnson's and he said it's come over the television that y'all are going to claim the Russians conspired to kill the president. I said I didn't know where that came from because as far as I knew we had no evidence that there were any Russians involved. Johnson apparently was hung up on that and was scared to death the Russians were going to release the atomic bomb."

At Carter's insistence, Wade drove to police headquarters at city hall to meet Oswald. "I asked him if he had a lawyer," Wade says. "He said he did and named a New York City lawyer prominent in the civil liberties movement who called back and said that he did not know Oswald and had no intention of representing him. Oswald was defiant. I asked him questions about where he was at the time of the shooting. He answered practically everything



PHOTOGRAPHY BY GREG SWIFT/SABA

with 'I want a lawyer' and 'Police brutality.'

Henry Wade believes he could have won a conviction and that Oswald would have been sentenced to death. But death, as it turned out, was imminent.

.....

Jim Leavelle is 73 and comes from a village called Detroit in Red River County, Texas. "I think my wife married me because she thought I'd take her to the big city," he chuckles. Their children grown and long gone, they live beside Lake Ray Hubbard in the Dallas suburb of Garland. In 1963, Leavelle was a Dallas police detective and on Sunday, Nov. 24, was about to become one of the most widely recognized players in the assassination drama.

That morning, police were preparing to transfer Oswald from the city hall police lock-up to the better-equipped and more secure cells at the Dallas County Courthouse across

town. Chief Curry, angered by rumors that Oswald had been beaten, was determined to move him publicly so that the TV cameras would display him undamaged. Shortly after 11 a.m., Secret Service, FBI and other law enforcement agents had finished questioning Oswald.

"He had two different sweaters there and he said he wanted the black one, a pullover, so we let him put it on," Leavelle says. "I put two sets of handcuffs on him, one set on both his wrists and then I handcuffed his right arm to my left. I was kind of kidding him. I said, 'Well, Lee, if anybody shoots at you, I hope they're as good a shot as you are.' He kind of laughed, the only time I saw him smile or laugh when he was in custody. He said, 'Aw, ain't nobody going to shoot at me. You're just being overdramatic or something.' I said, 'Well, if anybody *does*

shoot at you, you know what to do.' And he said, 'The captain said to follow you so I'll go wherever you go.' I said, 'In that case, you'll be on the ground pretty quick if anyone starts shooting.'

Oswald and Leavelle, wearing a pale gray Stetson and his only Neiman Marcus suit, rode the elevator from the third floor to the basement and walked along a short corridor to the parking garage.

"All the floodlights from the TV cameras came on and we were blinded momentarily, couldn't see a thing," Leavelle recalls. "Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Ruby standing there with a gun at his side. About that same instant, he made two short steps and double-acted that .38 into Oswald's stomach. I had Oswald by the belt in addition to being handcuffed to him, and I tried to jerk him behind me but all I succeeded in doing was turning



Clockwise, from left, Jackie today, a book editor in New York City; son John, a lawyer, cycling with actress Daryl Hannah; daughter Caroline, a lawyer and mother of three, with husband Edwin Schlossberg; Jackie and her children on the Capitol steps the day of the funeral: America's royal family



But Lee Harvey Oswald did not stay buried. In 1981, British author Michael Eddowes, who had written a book contending that the body in the Arlington grave was that of a Soviet spy, got a court order for exhumation. Fort Worth funeral director Paul Groody, who had put Oswald into the ground 18 years before, returned to dig him up.

his body a little bit so that instead of hitting him dead centre, it hit him about four inches to the left of the navel." Leavelle grabbed Ruby with his free hand and shoved him backward. Other policemen seized both the gun and Ruby. An ambulance took Oswald to Parkland hospital, where he was put in the same emergency operating room that had received Kennedy, and Dr. Malcolm Perry, part of the team that had tried to save the president, operated in vain on the accused assassin. At 1:07 p.m., Oswald was pronounced dead.

Leavelle had had enough of televised police work. The next day, Monday the 25th, he whisked Ruby from City Hall to the county courthouse without telling even his lieutenant—"and he got huffy about that." Ruby was badly frightened. "On the way down in the elevator," Leavelle remembers, "he was wanting to wear my hat and my coat and everything because he was afraid somebody was going to shoot him. I said, 'Jack, you ain't worth killin', nobody's going to shoot you.' Then, I said, 'In all the years I've known you, you've never done anything to hurt the police, but you didn't do us any favor on this.' And he said, 'All I wanted to do was be a hero.' He'd

figured we'd charge him with murder but the grand jury would say, 'Jack, that's a bad thing you done shootin' Oswald, but since he needed killin' anyhow, we going to excuse you this time but don't do it again.' And he could stand at the front door of his club and people would come from far and wide to shake the hand of the man who shot the assassin." That same day, while kings, emperors and prime ministers bowed their heads in homage to the memory of a murdered president at Arlington National Cemetery near Washington, Lee Harvey Oswald was buried in Rose Hill Cemetery at Arlington, Texas, between Dallas and Fort Worth. There were five mourners—Oswald's wife, Marina, his brother Robert, his mother and his two infant children. The Rev. Louis Saunders, secretary of the Fort Worth District Council of Churches, says that he had called five different clergymen to perform the service but all had made excuses. Saunders, who had not conducted a funeral service in eight years, nervously recited scripture from memory: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want; he maketh me to lie down in green pastures. . . ." Now 84, retired and living in Dallas, Saunders says that he eventually got more than 1,000 letters and postcards, only one of them critical.

Now 74, Groody says that he found somebody had been there ahead of him. The steel-reinforced concrete vault containing the casket had been broken, probably when it fell while being lifted from the grave, Groody surmises. In any event, he delivered the body to the Baylor Medical Center in Dallas where, two years later, a pathologist confirmed that the teeth were indeed those of Lee Harvey Oswald. However, says Groody, the body he collected from Parkland hospital in 1963 had undergone an autopsy that included a craniotomy—opening the skull. "But when we dug him up," he says, "I didn't see any evidence that the skull had been autopsied." "You think the guy wasn't Oswald?" "Yup, I'm kind of convinced of that." "So what did they do, replace the teeth?" "Replaced the head. Somebody went in, changed heads and put the head of the real Lee Harvey in there." "So who did you originally bury?" "Some guy who was groomed to look like him, but remember, it's only a dumb old undertaker talkin'."

For years after Kennedy's murder, Dallas was reviled across America. Some newspaper stories called it "Murder City" and dwelled on

SPECIAL REPORT

its crime and violence and loony right-wing extremists. People from Dallas told tales of being refused service in other cities if they mentioned where they were from. "You know what I think cured that?" says Henry Wade. "When they killed Bobby Kennedy in Los Angeles and Martin Luther King in Memphis. People began thinking, 'Why, this can happen in any city.'"

On the drive in from the airport, the city's soaring, sculpted skyline—made famous by the *Dallas* TV series—appears suddenly in the distance, like a mirage on the north Texas plain. But it is more a colossal monument to fading oil-fed prosperity than to progress—Dallas is a troubled community. As happened in other big U.S. cities following desegregation, most of the white population fled to the suburbs; in 100 square blocks of downtown, there are, by and large, only office buildings and hotels. No shops, no movie houses, no grocers, no department stores, only one apartment building. "There's a lot of racial strife—more so, I would say, than in the late Sixties," says Darwin Payne, a journalism professor at Southern Methodist University in Dallas. "There's a lot of fear about what's happening. Dallas, for years, felt it was immune to all the problems of the big cities of the East. But now, we have all the problems and I can't see a turnaround."

No matter where the future takes the 152-year-old city on the Trinity River, it will never quite shake its past. In the history of high-level murder and intrigue, Dealey Plaza has joined the senate steps of Caesar's Rome, the Ford Theatre of Lincoln's Washington, the streets of Archduke Ferdinand's Sarajevo. And the tourists come to stare at the grassy knoll and the triple underpass, to take pictures of the old Texas School Book Depository—now the Dallas County Administration Building.

On the sixth floor, there is a broadloomed museum called simply The Sixth Floor. There are huge wall-mounted photographs of the Kennedys in Washington, in Berlin, in Dallas, driving, waving, smiling. In the gloom, people watch videos of the fateful motorcade, of the president's 1961 inaugural address ("Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country. . ."). The corner containing the window from which Oswald is said to have fired the fatal shots has been boxed off behind glass, and people stare at the original bare wooden floor inside.

Downstairs, a tasteful souvenir shop sells a huge assortment of books about Kennedy and the assassination, plastic-wrapped front pages of 1963 newspapers, and audio and video tapes—*JFK in Ireland*; *JFK: The Day the Nation Cried*; *Camelot: The Kennedy Years*.

Outside, there is a metal plaque on the front of the building that reads, in part: "On Nov. 22, 1963, the building gained national notoriety when Lee Harvey Oswald allegedly shot and killed president John F. Kennedy from a sixth-floor window as the presidential motorcade passed the site." Over the years, the word "allegedly" has been underlined by repeated gouging. □

The second-floor reading room at the U.S. National Archives in Washington is crammed most days with conspiracy buffs, poring over papers that, in some cases, consist of nothing more than newspaper clippings that the CIA inexplicably stamped "secret." There are 800,000 pages of documents in all, including 120,000 from the CIA. Released in August in accordance with a 1992 act of Congress, they amount to the largest disclosure ever of material related to the assassination of president John F. Kennedy; more papers are still to be made public. Those released so far—yellowing, creased, often dog-eared and contained in 1,053 cardboard file boxes—reveal much evidence of official incompetence and coverups of wild schemes. But there is no smoking gun—nothing that proves the Warren Commission wrong in its basic assertion: that lone gunman Lee Harvey Oswald killed the president.

Still, recent polls show that between 72 and 80 per cent of Americans believe there was a conspiracy. The major arguments for that view:

- One gunman fired three shots from a sixth-floor window of the Texas School Book Depository. One missed the motorcade, the other two hit the president. However, at almost the same instant that Kennedy was hit, so was Texas governor John Connally, sitting in front of him. If Connally was struck by a separate bullet, there had to be a second gunman and thus a conspiracy. For one bullet to pass through Kennedy's neck, zigzag through the

car, hit Connally in the back, exit the front of his chest, smash through his right wrist and come to rest in his left thigh, it had to change course several times. It had to be a "magic bullet."

- Autopsy notes were inexplicably destroyed almost immediately after Kennedy's body was first examined. However, doctors and nurses testified to the Warren Commission that they saw an exit-type wound in the back of the president's head. Such a wound could only have been caused by a gunman shooting from in front of the motorcade. That ties in with a frame from the famous film, shot by amateur cameraman Abraham Zapruder, which shows the president's head snapping backwards, as though being hit from the front. And at



AMERICA'S ENDURING MYSTERY: WAS OSWALD A LONE ASSASSIN?

Oswald: polls show that as many as 80 per cent of Americans believe there was a conspiracy

least half a dozen serious witnesses say they heard a shot coming from the grassy knoll ahead of the motorcade.

- The Zapruder film indicates that all the shots were fired in less than eight seconds. Oswald's Mannlicher-Carcano bolt-action rifle, fitted with a telescopic sight, was hardly a precision, fast-action weapon. Whoever fired it that day was an expert; most of the crack snipers brought in by the Pentagon have failed to reproduce the feat. But in the U.S. marines, Oswald was remembered as a poor shot, and friends who hunted with him say he was mediocre.

- The Warren Commission worked under such time pressure and bureaucratic constraint that it was often sloppy. Chief Justice Earl Warren told his colleagues that it was important to world peace that the American public not believe that the Soviet Union or Cuba were involved. He was predisposed to find a lone assassin.

On the other hand:

- The most recent and thorough investigation of the "magic bullet" included a computerized reconstruction. Unlikely though it seems, the investigation concluded that one bullet could indeed have passed through the president and continued on to hit Connally.

- In recent years, panels of doctors have examined the autopsy photographs and X-rays of Kennedy's body. All but one of the doctors said the shots came from the rear.

- The Zapruder film, and still photographs taken at the time, have been computer enhanced. They show the grassy knoll in detail. Not only is there no sign of a second gunman, but many of the witnesses who claim to have been on the knoll and heard shots coming from behind them were not where they said they were.

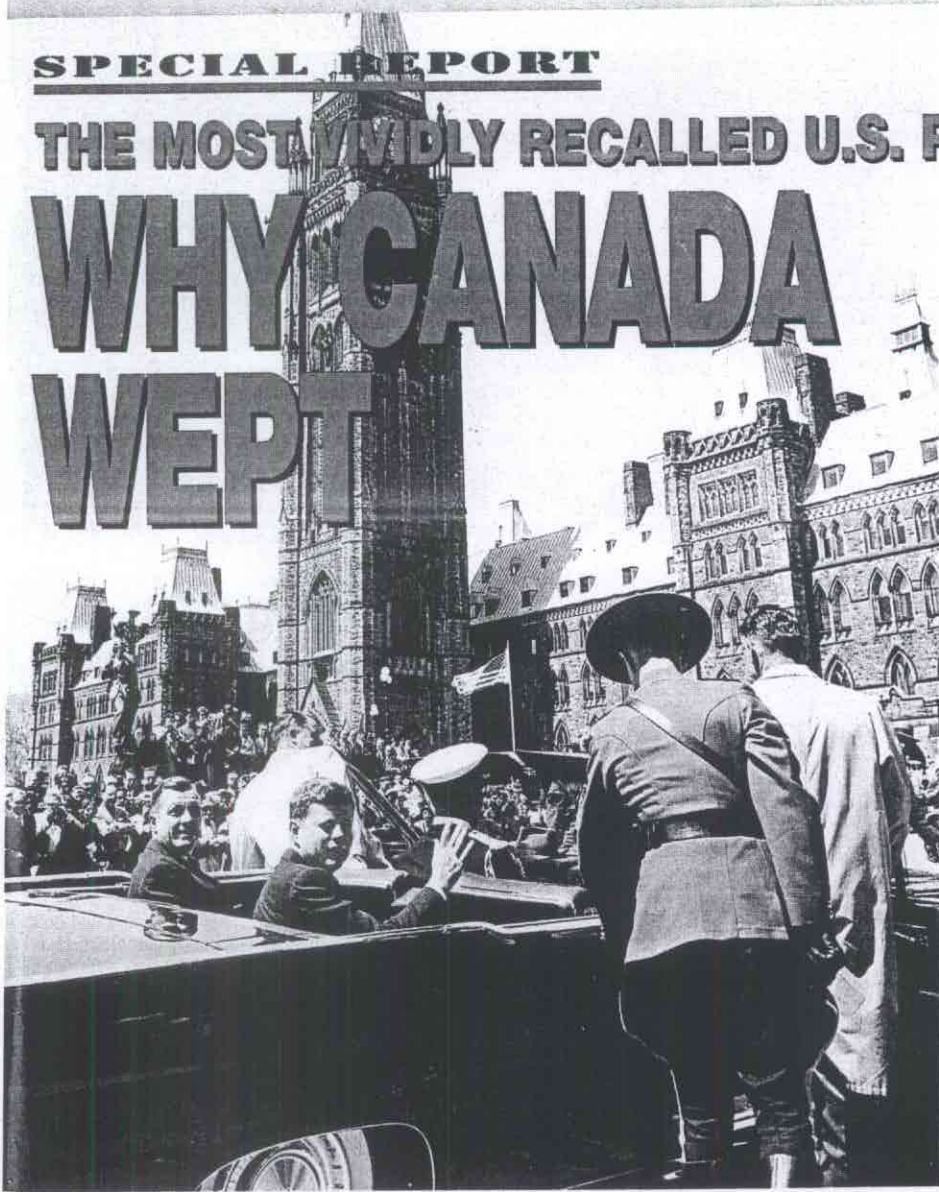
- Nearly all the conspiracy theories point to at least one more gunman and a backup force of plotters and planners. And yet, in the 30 years since the shooting, no one has produced proof that anyone other than Oswald was involved. If there really had been a conspiracy, something would almost certainly have leaked by now. Either Oswald acted alone, or it is the best coverup in history.

WILLIAM LOWTHER in Washington

SPECIAL REPORT

THE MOST WIDELY RECALLED U.S. PRESIDENT

WHY CANADA WEPT



BY CHARLES LYNCH

Two United States presidents have meant as much to Canadians as to Americans. It may be that both were more popular in Canada than in their homeland. Franklin D. Roosevelt was the first, John F. Kennedy the second and most vividly remembered of the two, though his achievements were minuscule beside FDR's.

Canada's prolonged love affairs with these two men may have been rooted in the fact that Down East Canadians knew them both before they became the most powerful leaders in the world—Roosevelt through his ties with Campobello, N.B., Kennedy as the complete Bostonian, harking back to the days when "the Boston States" meant more to Maritimers than Montreal, Toronto or points west.

When Kennedy grew up in Massachusetts, one in five families there had roots in the Atlantic provinces. Kennedy's maternal ancestors, the Fitzgeralds, landed from Ireland in New Brunswick before moving on to Boston. To this day, Saint John calls itself the most Irish city in Canada, a smaller version of the Massachusetts capital.

Jack Kennedy himself came to Fredericton at the invitation of the

■ Visiting Parliament Hill in 1961: aggravating an old wartime back injury

day of Kennedy's assassination was unique, in that I was led to believe it was either Pearson or Diefenbaker who had been shot. I was in Jakarta on a round-the-world journalistic junket and had arranged an interview with the Indonesian dictator Sukarno, at his mountain retreat in Bogor.

During the drive up-country, the Indonesian conducting officer turned to me and said, "Your leader has been shot."

Startled, I said: "Lester Pearson shot?"

The man shook his head.

"John Diefenbaker?" I blurted.

The name "John" must have rung a bell, because the man nodded assent, and I spent the rest of the 100-km drive mourning Dief, and wondering who could have shot him, and why.

It was only on arrival in Bogor that I found the Sukarno cabinet assembled, hailing Kennedy's death as a victory for freedom (the Red Chinese also celebrated it as a bright day), and pondering whether Sukarno should go to Washington for the funeral. The answer was no and my interview was cancelled. I asked to be taken back to Jakarta,

chancellor of the University of New Brunswick, Lord Beaverbrook. It was 1957, and Kennedy was introduced by Beaverbrook as "the next president of the United States." Kennedy responded with what came to be known as the "good fences make good neighbors" speech.

So Canada wept, too, when Kennedy was shot. It may be that had he lived and become engulfed in failure, as all subsequent presidents except Ronald Reagan have been, the reaction to him would have turned sour long since, and there would be no honoring his anniversaries. Vietnam might have sunk him as it did his successor. Today's media would have finished him, on his private peccadillos alone.

But he fulfilled one of the prime conditions for remembrance, be it fair or foul, by dying young. And dying spectacularly, with controversy thrown in that bubbles and boils with mystery to this day.

My youngest daughter was in her Grade 5 classroom in an Ottawa school the day Kennedy was shot, and the teachers wheeled in a TV set so the kids could watch history being made, something they would remember all their lives. And they have, more vividly than they remember any of our prime ministers, even the Kennedy-esque Pierre Trudeau. More than they remember our prime minister of the day, Lester Pearson, whom Kennedy admired above all Canadians, as intensely as he despised Pearson's predecessor, John Diefenbaker.

My own experience on the

Charles Lynch retired a decade ago as chief of Southam News and is now an Ottawa-based freelance columnist, author and broadcaster.

SPECIAL REPORT

where the only refuge from the festive reaction to Kennedy's death was the United States Embassy. So I went there, and joined in the shedding of tears.

My first sight of Kennedy had been at the Los Angeles Democratic convention that nominated him for the presidency in a bitter fight with Lyndon Johnson. It was a close-run thing, as was the subsequent election against Richard Nixon, and to be near to it was to know how important the Kennedy money was, and how hungry for power was Kennedy's younger brother, Bobby. Without Bobby, there would have been no Kennedy in the White House, and yet watching him I developed a dislike that lasted until he, too, fell to an assassin's bullet. The recruiting of Johnson as vice-presidential candidate, and the marketing of Jack and Jackie as the dawning of a new age for America, overcame the public prejudice against a Roman Catholic, and cancelled the momentum of the popular presidency of Dwight Eisenhower, the hero of the Second World War.

Kennedy ran as a war hero, too, and the voters fell for it. Even in Canada, where we put down our own war heroes, we liked Ike, and even named our most famous mountain after him, though the name didn't stick and it reverted to Castle Mountain. Our mountain named for Kennedy, in the Yukon, has had better luck.

Canadians were no strangers to Roman Catholics in office, though religious prejudices were as deep here as in most of the United States. But there, the election of a Roman Catholic president was revolutionary, and it got Kennedy off to a roaring start with echoes of hope and renewal heard around the world.

The Canadian connection was special, from the time Kennedy came to Ottawa on his first foreign visit as president and aggravated his old wartime back injury planting a tree in the grounds of Government House. Diefenbaker took an instant dislike to "the young whippersnapper," and it was heightened when Kennedy addressed Parliament and called on Canada to accept her responsibilities and join the Organization of American States. Diefenbaker regarded it as a command to "jump through the hoop," and said no.

The best anecdote on the Diefenbaker-Kennedy feud followed the discovery of a White House working paper in an East Block wastebasket, the paper listing the things the United States should "push" Canada to do. Diefenbaker kept the paper as a reminder to resist all pressure from Washington. The legend is that Kennedy had scribbled in the margin: "What do we do with the s.o.b. now?" Kennedy subsequently denied it, reportedly saying he couldn't have called Diefenbaker an s.o.b. when he didn't know he was one at the time.

His opinion jelled during the Cuban missile crisis, the globe's closest brush with a Third World War. Canada was part of the North American Air Defence Agreement, along with the United States. Washington deemed that Soviet missiles on Cuban bases were a threat to continental security and put its forces on combat alert, expecting Canada to do likewise. Diefenbaker said no. Canadian defence minister Douglas Harkness sided with Kennedy and ordered a partial alert of Canadian forces, without informing Diefenbaker. The result was a split in the Canada-U.S. defence alliance that would not be healed as long as either Diefenbaker or Kennedy remained in office.

Diefenbaker, with a shove from Kennedy, was the first to go.

Things came to a head in the Canadian election of 1963, when a key issue was whether Canada was committed to taking U.S. nuclear warheads for Bomarc anti-aircraft missiles, Diefenbaker saying no, Lester Pearson saying yes. Kennedy backed Pearson, and a letter

was circulated from U.S. ambassador Walton Butterworth congratulating Pearson on his nuclear stand (the stand that caused Trudeau to call Pearson "the unfrocked prince of peace.")

Pearson won the election and ordered an investigation that led to the Butterworth letter being branded a forgery. Diefenbaker dubbed Butterworth "Butterballs" and kept copies of the "forgery" handy for the rest of his life.

Kennedy's influence in the 1963 Canadian election may have swung the balance, because pro-U.S. feeling was strong here and Kennedy was more popular with Canadians than any homegrown leader.

Pearson's grappling with the English-French question was reminiscent of Kennedy's approach to racial divisions in the United States, though both problems remain 30 years later. And there were traces of Kennedy in Dalton Camp's campaign to unseat Diefenbaker as Conservative leader in 1967. Camp enlisted the youth wing of the party in his cause



Kennedy and Pearson at Hyannis Port in 1963: the Canadian he admired most

HE FULFILLED A PRIME CONDITION FOR REMEMBRANCE BY DYING YOUNG

and it has always been my belief that he aimed for the leadership himself, believing he could rouse the same emotions in Canada that Kennedy had. But Diefenbaker was too tough for Camp & Co. to swallow, and though they unseated him they had to settle for Robert Stanfield as his successor. Diefenbaker's farewell speech to the parliamentary press gallery included what must have been the toughest attack ever voiced by a Canadian prime minister about a U.S. president, and Diefenbaker carried the Kennedy grudge to his grave, leaving subsequent PMs to grapple with the ups and downs of relations with the United States.

Stanfield was billed as "the man with the winning way," but the trouble was he was a slow mover—and what there was of the Kennedy magic in the northern air moved to the Liberals and Pierre Trudeau. The story of Trudeaumania is one of the strangest and most unlikely in Canadian political history, but much of the flair displayed so suddenly by this shy, introverted man was on the Kennedy pattern, including the sexy side that was totally new, happening right in the open with women of all ages throwing themselves at his feet.

Part of the Kennedy inheritance was to complete the swing of Canada's attention from British politics to American. The Second World War and FDR had led Canada away from British ways to a perceived role as honest broker between London and Washington. With Kennedy, Washington became predominant in Canadian foreign and even domestic affairs, and has remained so ever since.

Like Pierre Trudeau, he haunts us still. His memory diminished the presidencies of all who followed him, just as the memory of Trudeau has taken its toll of Joe Clark, John Turner, Brian Mulroney and Kim Campbell, and casts a shadow over the prime ministry of Jean Chrétien. It is Pierre and Maggie that we remember, just as we remember Jack and Jackie, almost as though the brave new world they promised actually had come to pass.

It didn't in either country, but in a cold climate, the memories stay warm, along with the expectations that there must be a better way of doing politics. □