

March/April '71 35¢

# the mysterious east

an independent atlantic magazine



ARTHUR W. COOPER

New  
Gray  
Blood

Concern  
For The  
Community

Freest  
Of The  
Free

# ABOUT the mysterious east

Much has been made in the media recently about the report of the Maritime Union Study. Serious analyses of its implications are offered by the CBC, by Maritime news papers, by the national newspapers and magazines. Premier Hatfield's ill-founded optimism is carefully weighed in the balance against Premier Campbell's ill-founded scepticism and Premier Regan's ill-founded antagonism. Further studies are proposed. The media occupy themselves with speculation about what the new province might be named—Atlantica? Nova Acadia? Prince Edward's Outhouse?—and where the new capital might be (the CBC interviews citizens of Halifax, Charlottetown, Amherst, Fredericton, Moncton and Apohaqui and finds that they think—when they think of it at all—that the capital should be in Halifax, Charlottetown, Amherst, Fredericton, Moncton or Apohaqui, respectively).

Meanwhile, Fraser's mill at Atholville closes again. The Irving Whale sinks in the Northumberland Strait. Sword-fishermen in Nova Scotia find themselves out of a job. Irving is discovered to be escaping New Brunswick taxes by founding dummy corporations in the Caribbean. At the same moment that the pulp and paper industry is—according to executives of Fraser's—encountering "hard times", governments are subsidizing the establishment of new mills. And the new ones are exploiting the land, underpaying pulp cutters and woodlot owners and rendering our homes unlivable.

Seen from this perspective, doesn't it seem pretty silly to watch grown men playing with a toy like Maritime Union? Faced with hungry and desperate people, governments respond by publishing a plan whose implementation—if it is ever seriously considered—would have the certain result of removing governments even farther from the interests and

control of the people and making them even more likely to fall for the line handed out by the big industrialists, the efficiency experts, the bureaucrats of administrative neatness and order—the people who destroyed Placentia Bay and the St. Croix River and Boat Harbour.

The most reasonable response we've heard to the Maritime Union Study came from a Fredericton academic, who maintains that the report was released only because Fred Drummond had been lured by the Nova Scotia government and no longer needed the job, as the Study cashed in its chips and released the report.

But let's assume that the Maritime Union Study is taken seriously—that the other provinces elect equivalents to Dick Hatfield. What effects could we expect of union? What would be the state of Nova Scotia in, say 1985?

Can anyone seriously argue that—all other things being equal—Eastern Canada (by whatever name) would not become an even more obvious tipoff for industrial con-men with only one government to manipulate, with the resources of the whole area available through the persuading of one "minister of environmental affairs"? Or that the people of places like Lake George, New Brunswick (where plans are in hand to reopen the old antimony mines, contaminating their wells with arsenic), or Purcell's Cove, or Boat Harbour wouldn't have even less voice in a larger and more "efficient" government? Isn't it clear that the people who would benefit by it would be the usual beneficiaries of governmental double-shuffles—big businessmen, big politicians, and the big contractors who'd build the new capitol in Aular or on the Tantular marbles?

And that the people who're benefiting right now from the discussion are those who want things to stay pretty much the same, and who'll be able to distract us from the real problems with Maritime Union and put off action until that "fundamental" question is decided?

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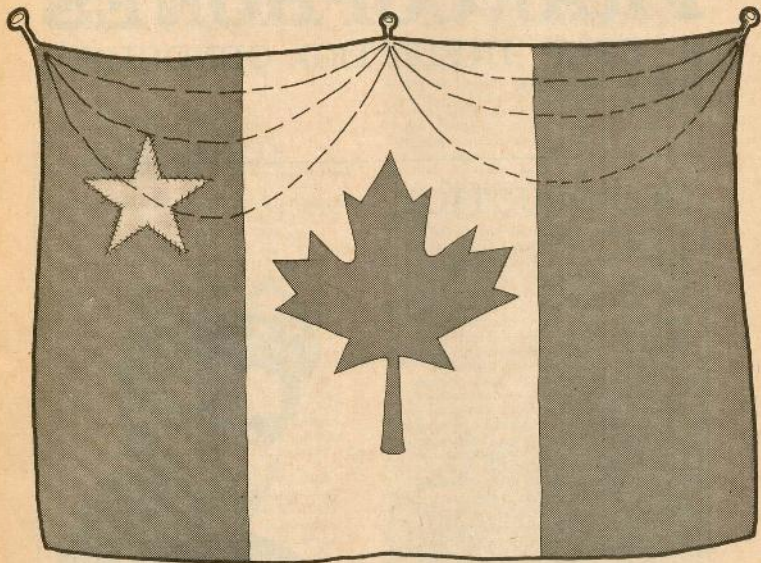


**Contributing Editors:** Garry Allen, Donald Cameron, Robert Campbell, Russell Hurr, John Rossseau.  
**Staff writers:** Ed Lewsque, Ralph Littlecock  
**Layout and Design:** Janice Oliver  
**Subscription and Circulation:** Sune Levesque  
**Quality Control:** Waldo Sheats

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# LES ACADIENS



observations from

RICHARD WILBUR  
MAUD HODY  
FRED ARSENAULT  
RAYMOND LEBLANC

# NEW BRUNSWICK'S FRANCOPHONES

## A SELF INFLICTED GENOCIDE

RICHARD WILBUR

### INTRODUCTION

A recent issue of New Brunswick's only French-language daily, *L'Évangéline*, contained a lengthy open letter to Premier Richard Hatfield demanding that a bilingual representative be appointed to the provincial labor relations board. Not an unreasonable request and one wonders why the writer, Mme. Mathilde Blanchard, had to make it. This outspoken champion of underpaid and often exploited workers had appeared before the Board on behalf of two employees of the American-owned fish plant Seapro Lee, located at Bas Caraquet. The Acadian managers had dismissed the pair allegedly for their attempts to organize a local of the Canadian Seafood Workers Union and at last report Mme. Blanchard was laying charges under the labor relations act. The provincial business agent for the CSWU, Mme. Blanchard is also a staunch Conservative with formal ties and services through the Landry family that probably go back farther than Hatfield's. This helps explain her temerity in challenging the Tory hierarchy by running against Hatfield in 1968, when she finished a poor third behind another Tory maverick, Charlie Van Horne. What is not so easily explained is the necessity for a New Brunswick Acadian to make a public appeal for practical bilingualism in an important government body. One might also ask: Why have Acadians had such a difficult time forming labor unions? Why are they still so poor after a ten-year rule by a French-dominated government? The explanation might well be found in the distressing disunity that continues to plague New Brunswick's French-speaking community. Consider the following events:



Mme. Mathilde Blanchard is a militant and outspoken Acadian, who ran unsuccessfully for the P.C. leadership in 1968.

Under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just man is also a prison. . . . the only house in a slave state in which a free man can abide with honour.

— Thoreau

Cited by Pierre Elliott Trudeau, *Approaches to Politics* (Toronto, 1970), p. 32 and used to introduce a chapter entitled "The Just Man Must go to Prison"

# 1 L'AFFAIRE BLANCHARD

**M**ICHELE BLANCHARD IS THE OLDER SON of Mathilde Blanchard and until the spring of 1969 he was a sociology student at L'Université de Moncton. In January of that year, he was one of the organizers of a sit-in demonstration held to protest the disparity in grants received by Moncton as compared with its English counterpart, the University of New Brunswick. Blanchard was also editor of a radicalized campus newspaper which produced some hard-hitting and anti-establishment issues during the spring of 1969. Some of Moncton's militant students were barred from returning in the fall, presumably because of poor marks. A different weapon had to be used against young Blanchard, an excellent student. With the close cooperation of Caraquez's cabinet representative, Bernard Jean, the Minister of Justice, and Adélar Savois, Université de Moncton president and Louis Robichaud's brother-in-law, a permanent injunction was issued July 31, 1969, barring Blanchard from the campus and thus preventing him from completing his final year. He quickly enrolled in L'Université de Québec, despite difficulty in getting an official transfer of his academic credits.

On May 15, 1970, Michel Blanchard appealed the injunction, and demanded that the proceedings be heard in French, even though the section of the Official Languages Act pertaining to the courts had never been proclaimed. Judge J. Paul Barry was sympathetic and arranged for translation services but added: "I'm just part of the system and I have no alternative but to proceed in English." On May 29, the New Brunswick Supreme Court handed down its decision: the injunction would remain and Blanchard must pay court costs. During the next few weeks, Michel Blanchard and his young bride took the issue into the French communities, especially in his home area of Gloucester County. Several town councils and even one or two service clubs supported his request for bilingual proceedings, although carefully disassociating themselves from the in-

junction issue. Obviously embarrassed by this pro-Blanchard strength, the university applied on October 9, 1970, to withdraw its application to enforce the injunction, and on October 14, Judge John N. Bujold of the New Brunswick Supreme Court gave Blanchard "une dernière chance" to consider the seriousness of his act. Blanchard replied that he would continue his peaceful protest and he returned to the Moncton campus with his placards. Not surprisingly, he was cited for contempt and sentenced to an indefinite term in the county jail at Dorchester, to remain there until he had "purged" himself of contempt. While his wife carried on with quiet demonstrations and petitions, and while the students and staff of the Arts faculty publicly supported his demand for a French trial, Blanchard went on a hunger strike. On November 17, President Savois told a meeting of 250 students that the University could not lift the injunction; only the court could do this. After spending 30 days in jail, Blanchard made the necessary apologies and was released. As he explained to me on the eve of his departure for Québec, he had made his point and had no intention of becoming a martyr. He also said that he planned to return to work in New Brunswick once he had completed his graduate work in sociology.

As a post-script to the affair, the Federation of New Brunswick Faculty Associations sent a telegram to Adélar Savois on February 11, 1971, deploring the fact that "as president of the only Acadian university in the Maritimes, you did not see fit to support Mr. Blanchard's request to have his case heard in French." The association also thought it "reprehensible that any university would employ an injunction to prevent a student from attending classes." Six months earlier, this self-righteous denunciation might have had more effect. Meanwhile, all is tranquil on the Moncton campus. The same issue of *L'Évangéline* that carried Mme. Blanchard's open letter to Hatfield contained a front-page picture of "joyeux prisonniers" — kidnapped as part of a bizarre and tasteless winter carnival stunt. The 'victims' included Adélar Savois and Judge Clodius Léger.



Michel Blanchard is a 26-year-old former student of the Université de Moncton. As a result of his political activities the university obtained a court injunction banning him from the campus.

SNA	Société Nationale des Acadiens
AFNE	L'Association des Francophones du Nord-Est
ACELF	L'Association Canadienne d'Éducation de Langue Française
CRAN	Le Conseil Régional d'Aménagement du Nord-Est

## 2

# THE SOUTH VS THE NORTH

## THE OLD SNA

**T**HIS CONFRONTATION, which took place during the spring and summer of 1970, involved the old Acadian guard of southern New Brunswick against the young student militants and staff at Collège de Bathurst. The Société Nationale des Acadiens (SNA) as its name implies, has attempted to represent all Acadians, not only in the Maritimes, but throughout Canada and the United States. It always has purported to be a cultural organization, closely allied with the church and La Société l'Assomption and in fact it was formed by the latter group. In 1955, Acadian leaders in Moncton began making plans to celebrate the bicentennial of the expulsion and La Société l'Assomption, as the Acadians' most influential business group, took the lead and suggested a federation of the many organizations associated with Acadian cultural life. Thus was born the SNA, which soon had a permanent secretariat established in Moncton. Its first task was to supervise the bicentennial; the general organizer of that celebration was the legal advisor to La Société l'Assomption, Adélard Savoie.

For the next five years, the SNA lobbied ceaselessly for a French-speaking university, assuming that Moncton was the only logical location. That objective achieved, the SNA became in effect the unofficial cultural arm of the Robichaud government: it worked closely with Père Clement Cormier, rector of L'Université de Moncton and a member of the federal commission on bilingualism and biculturalism; it joined with La Société l'Assomption in accepting President de Gaulle's invitation to visit Paris in 1968 and the four-man delegation returned with promises of financial aid for the hard-pressed *L'Évangéline* (owned by La Société l'Assomption) and teachers for the university. The composition of that Paris delegation revealed how Moncton-oriented and how close-knit the southern Acadians were. The

most vociferous member was Gilbert Finn, president of La Société l'Assomption, and at that time of the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council, a vice-president of *L'Évangéline* and a director of the SNA. Dr. Léon Richard, a Moncton eye specialist and president of the SNA was a less conspicuous but nonetheless influential member of Moncton's Acadian establishment. The third member was Euclide Daigle, a former writer for *L'Évangéline*, vice-president of the Acadian Education Association and the SNA's full-time secretary. The fourth member of the delegation was Adélard Savoie. The lack of representation from northern New Brunswick prompted an angry editorial from Edmundston's *Le Madawaska*: "Moncton, Moncton, toujours Moncton! Ça devient fatiguant." But that francophone corner of the province had never worked closely with the Acadians and already was showing signs of shifting its political support away from the Liberals. One of the more influential citizens of the "Republic de Madawaska" was Jean-Maurice Simard, soon to be elected president of the provincial Tory organization; in November, 1970, he became Minister of Finance in the Hatfield administration.

## THE NEW AFNE

**T**HE FRANCOPHONES OF NORTHEASTERN New Brunswick, notably in Gloucester county, showed no signs of kicking over the political traces. Since 1912 they had never voted anything but Liberal, but their younger members, especially around Bathurst, were becoming restive and disillusioned. The lack of French television and radio production centres served as the springboard for a new organization which appeared late in 1969. Formed mostly by students and professors at Collège de Bathurst, L'Association des Francophones du Nord-Est (AFNE) issued a communiqué on February 16, 1970, outlining the reasons for its formation. Unlike the SNA, it represented a specific and predominantly French region of New Brunswick; it was not affiliated with the SNA but represented a much larger community than Acadian: it was for all French-speaking citizens of north-eastern New Brunswick.

This new organization locked horns with the SNA two weeks later in Bathurst, the site of the SNA's general assembly. The first day was spent listening to eulogies to the SNA by its executive members, including the president, Victor Godbout, and Euclide Daigle. Things warmed up when Euclide Chiasson, a philosophy professor at Collège de Bathurst and an AFNE director roundly criticized the SNA for ignoring those thousands of francophones of Quebec origin who had settled in Madawaska and Restigouche counties. He proposed another congress which would dissolve the SNA and form a federation of francophones. The SNA agreed to the extent that it promised to name a committee

to organize such a fall meeting.

Another delegate to the general assembly was Michel Blanchard, who proposed a committee to study the possibility of annexing the northern counties to Quebec in the event that Quebec became independent. This motion was defeated 61 to 44 -- a surprisingly close vote until one realizes that it came during the last hours of the convention, after many of the "establishment" delegates had left. One who remained, Dr. Alexandre Boudreau, director of the Memramcook Institute, told me later that he did not oppose the idea, but had voted against it because other questions should be given greater priority. Several members of the SNA executive with whom I discussed this Blanchard resolution were annoyed that it had received so much publicity.

## THE OUTCOME

It soon became apparent that the AFNE posed no immediate threat to the SNA. The AFNE representatives on the committee formed to arrange the fall meeting were hopelessly outnumbered and predictably, it later was decided to postpone the whole matter until March, 1971. This decision was made over the objection of the committee chairman, Roger Savoie, a young lawyer who also teaches political science at Moncton. In his own way, he had also become a thorn in the side of the Acadian establishment. In August, 1970, Savoie had told the 23rd assembly of L'Association Canadienne d'Education de Langue Française (ACELF) that it should take time out to discuss conflicts involving the Acadian elite. Such a suggestion must have been an annoying embarrassment to the conference hosts, who had always been careful to maintain a public image of unanimity. Retorted Euclide Daigle to Savoie's inference: "L'établissement acadien est un mythe."

It is *not* a myth to many younger francophones I have talked with in Moncton, Bathurst and Caraquet. They are acutely aware of the seemingly all-pervasive influence of Adélar Savoie, Gilbert Finn and Alexandre Boudreau, to mention perhaps the most important of the Moncton clique. They know too about the power of Alexandre Savoie of Bathurst, the NB project director for ARDA and Maritime administrator of the Richelieu clubs; of Martin Légère of Caraquet, key figure in the Caisses Populaires Acadiennes and chairman of the NB Industrial Finance Board which approves loans to existing businesses. Each of these men has a professional as well as a personal interest in maintaining the "Acadian" fact. Each has an influential, well-paid position which enables him to assume major roles in the endless rounds of conferences and meetings called in the name of all things "Acadian".

By contrast, Roger Savoie is a junior professor in a university dominated by established Acadians. Euclide Chiasson is slightly less vulnerable because his teaching job at College de Bathurst is less under the scrutiny of the Moncton elite

and his superior, Leopold Lanteigne, college director, has become increasingly outspoken both for the "north shore" and against the centralizing aspects of the Equal Opportunity program. Paul Gauvin, the unilingual president of the AFNE, has returned to his teaching job at Tracadie, and with a surplus of teachers, he is quite vulnerable. Michel Blanchard is still a graduate student in Québec, but he will find the job market tough if and when he returns to New Brunswick. In summary, it is difficult to challenge the Acadian elite when your opponents are well established and control your purse strings. It seems to be impossible to work along with them, if you are young, critical and from the northern counties. The forthcoming March meeting of the SNA just may produce another and more representative francophone organization, but judging by recent events, its power centre would be in the hands of the older, conservative and "professional" Acadians.

If the people are silent, you call them content; if they protest you say that they are given to disorder; and in the one case as in the other they can look to you for nothing.

— Gladstone

... Thus the people are trapped in the dilemma Gladstone was talking about: if they suffer in silence, the authorities think, "Here's a nice little society, content with its low wages, its slums, and its ignorance"; and if they dare to complain they are blamed for succumbing to the agitation of dangerous 'leftists'."

Pierre Elliott Trudeau, *Approaches to Politics*, (Toronto, 1970) p. 77, 78.

# 3 THE PEOPLE VS THE ESTABLISHMENT

## CRAN

**L**E CONSEIL RÉGIONAL D'AMÉNAGEMENT du Nord-Est (CRAN) is a regional version of the CYC. It has fought the same adversaries and now is facing the same defeat. Incorporated in 1964 under the federal ARDA program, CRAN was one of several groups (both English and French) established in New Brunswick for "la promotion des intérêts économiques et sociaux". Specifically, CRAN amateurs, as its field workers are called, were to help establish local committees among the numerous French poor scattered throughout the two counties of Restigouche and Gloucester. They were to acquaint the marginal farmers and fishermen with such ARDA projects as the peat-moss development at Lameque, the water reservoir at Charlo, and the tourist development at Bel River Bar. From 1964 to 1968, the emphasis was on economic projects that had already been started or approved by ARDA directors. Then it was decided to encourage the people to participate in the planning and setting of priorities. This was the cue for the amateurs who moved into the field and quickly formed about 90 local committees and held numerous weekend study sessions. It was at this point that the *Patente* raised its formidable opposition.

## LA PATENTE

**T**HE EARLY HISTORY OF THE PATENTE has been well described by Roger Cyr in a book *La Patente*, published in 1964 by La Cie de Publications de la Patrie of Montreal. Copies soon found their way into French-speaking New Brunswick but they disappeared even more quickly as certain citizens bought up all that were available. A less documented but readable little book came out late last year. Entitled *Du Miel au Fiel*, "histoire de la Patente dans le comté de Gloucester", its author Médard Leger is a native of Caraquet who had spent most of his adult life in Moncton working for the CNR. Both authors trace the origins of the Patente to L'Ordre de Jacques Cartier, formed about thirty years ago in Ottawa as a kind of French Masonic order. Its purpose was to maintain the French and Catholic culture but it soon

became a means to control the local economy. Historian Mason Wade, in his superb study *The French Canadians*, has lengthy quotations from the maiden speech of Senator T.D. Bouchard, delivered June 21, 1944, in which the general public learned of the Order's existence. Bouchard claimed that the Order had fostered a right-wing (i.e. fascist) revolutionary movement in Québec, "with the blessing of the Catholic and French clergy," despite the Church's ban on secret societies:

*Prominent French Canadians were induced to join, the avowed practical end of the society being not revolutionary, but to permit French Canadians to have their fair share of the jobs in the public service. Later on, when the Jacques Cartier Order decided to expand beyond the capital, the strength of the order was to be applied to restraining what was called foreign investment in local trades, when these trades did not belong to French Canadians. Anti-semitism was also called in to aid in the recruitment of members. Finally the officers of the highest degree gave, in the utmost secrecy, the watchword to invade the political field and to control patriotic societies, governments, and public administrations of every sort.*

*The invitation has been well received, and nearly all the St. Jean Baptiste societies, Catholic syndicates, city school commissions, municipal councils, and junior boards of trade are under the direct influence of this secret order.*

—Mason Wade, *The French Canadians* (Toronto, 1968) revised edition, Vol II p. 998

The storm of criticism of this forthright speech crushed Bouchard's career and silenced him forever. Yet the later writings of Roger Cyr and Médard Leger support many of his generalizations even though they too are short on details. Cyr's list of the purported members of the Order includes Martin Légère of Caraquet; Médard Leger mentions no one by name, but concludes:

*A Bathurst et dans nos paroisses, ARDA (bonne chose en soi) est tombée totalement dans leurs mains dès son début. L'Université de Moncton n'est guère mieux située. Nos meilleurs hommes, dans presque toutes nos activités sociales ou économiques, ont peu de chance et en terre acadienne il ne reste presque plus rien pour un Acadien honnête et libre, un Acadien qui refuse de se vendre aux politiciens ou au fonctionnarisme gouvernemental. Louis, dans sa Tour d'Ivoire de Fredericton, sait-il vraiment ce qui se passe au Gloucester? Ou est-il inconsciemment un outil de la Patente, quitte à en devenir une victime plus tard...*

—Médard Leger, *Du Miel au Fiel* (Ottawa, 1970) p. 56-57.

Bouchard's 1944 outburst is still relevant to northern New Brunswick, if one takes into account certain circumstantial evidence. The Catholic church appears to be a dying force everywhere. Offsetting this, and substantiating Bouchard's earlier claim is the presence of former priests and members of teaching orders now occupying key positions in the secular school system of New Brunswick. A number of them are principals and department heads of new polytechnical schools; they also can be found at the same time among



the executives of local Caisse Populaires and Richilieu clubs. There is the strong suspicion among younger Francophones, and particularly among CRAN amateurs, that they are continuing evidence of the Patente.

If the Patente does still exist in New Brunswick, its most important base might well be Caraquet, which is the only large community that has successfully withstood the efforts of CRAN.

## CRAN CONFRONTS LA PATENTE

**A**CCORDING TO TWO MEMBERS OF THE Caraquet establishment, Bernard Jean, the former Minister of Justice, and Gerard St. Cyr, director of Ecole des Pêcheries, the reason why Caraquet had no CRAN committees could be blamed on the actions of Rodrigue Pelletier, the CRAN animateur. St. Cyr, a former CRAN director, told me that Pelletier had been "artful" and had failed to give local leaders enough notice of the organization meetings. Jean thought that Pelletier had undermined his own efforts by giving too much credence to local gossip and rumour. Pelletier himself blamed the establishment which he claimed had threatened people with loss of credit at the Caisse Populaire or loss of their jobs if they became involved with CRAN. Rebuffed at Caraquet, Pelletier moved on to the Lameque and Tracadie areas, where he had great success in forming local committees, partly because of the considerable groundwork that had been done earlier by the Cooperative movement which had partially organized the off-shore fishermen. He also had the active support of several sympathetic priests, who gave of their own time and often provided church facilities for meetings and weekend seminars. But, like the entire CRAN organization, Pelletier depended on the establishment's purse-strings, and in the spring of 1970, the word went out: get rid of him. Acting on behalf of the CRAN directors, Gerard St. Cyr dismissed him for insubordination and general inefficiency.

The 1970 annual meeting held in Bathurst a few weeks later was bound to produce a confrontation because the majority of delegates this time had been chosen by the local committees. Unlike the SNA-AFNE conflict which had appeared a month earlier, the traditional forces were swept aside. By a vote of 89-20, the CRAN convention agreed to rehire Pelletier. Then, it verbally dismissed the ten members of the directorate (some of their terms were expiring anyway) and replaced them with a carpenter, a parttime worker, a mechanic, a teacher, a secretary, an unemployed worker, two students and an electrician.

To quote Pascal again, 'unable to make justice strong, we make strength just'. This explanation is inadequate too. For no man or group of men can impose authority on a population against its will. When injustice reaches a certain point, even soldiers and policemen refuse to obey - as witness the French, Russian, Chinese, Indo-Chinese, and other revolutions.  
Pierre Elliott Trudeau, op. cit., p. 28

## FROM VICTORY TO DEFEAT

**I** AM SURE THAT THE FRENCH-SPEAKING establishment in New Brunswick would seize upon the above quotation as justification for its heavy-handed reprisals that it subsequently took against CRAN. Pelletier, Michel Henry and the other young amateurs were revolutionaries, to be quelled before they infected French society. The establishment, or Patente, if you will, react against criticism or opposition in the traditional way: you should not criticize and you must not oppose us; we are working for your good. The grassroots delegates to the 1970 CRAN meeting refused to accept this attitude of "noblesse oblige" but if they thought they could maintain their newly-won power, they were in for a rude shock.

In Fredericton, all but one provincial department, Mines and Resources, refused to send information to local CRAN committees. Louis Robichaud named a three-man ministerial committee, composed of Bernard Jean and Ernest Richard of Gloucester County and Andre Richard, the Minister of Highways, to study the situation. They avoided any direct contact with CRAN officials in Bathurst or the field workers and recommended a restructuring of CRAN and a restoration of the close contact with traditional organizations. At the same time, these same organizations and groups, including the town councils, chambers of Commerce, of Lameque, Notre Dame des Erables, Charlo, Balmoral, Maisonneuve, Kedgwick, Dalhousie and Campbellton refused to be dictated to, and the town or village councils of Dalhousie, Bertrand, Kedgwick, Lameque, Grande Anse and Bathurst showed the same degree of independence. The communist smear was used effectively by some priests who also discontinued the practice of announcing local CRAN meetings; again, there were a few notable exceptions, especially in the Tracadie area. With election fever in the air, Liberal organizers regarded CRAN as the "enemy", in league with the Tories. In July, the Robichaud government took its most drastic step by withholding the quarterly budget payments to CRAN as well as to its English-speaking counterpart, NRDC. After refusing several requests to meet personally with CRAN officials in Bathurst, Premier Robichaud finally explained in a letter that his government was looking for a new approach to social planning, one that would involve greater local participation. It would replace CRAN with a new organization representing "traditional leadership".

## CRAN FIGHTS BACK

**W**HEN THE OCTOBER GENERAL ELECTION date was finally announced, CRAN fought back by openly supporting the Tory cause. At least two CRAN directors ran as candidates, not that they had a chance in such a Liberal bastion as Gloucester county.

In two small communities where the local chambers of commerce had maintained their independent view of CRAN direct action was taken, but only in the first instance was CRAN even unofficially involved. At Notre Dame des Erables, about 15 miles from Caraquet, citizens erected a road block to dramatize the poor highway conditions. Near the fishing village of Maissonnette, in the same general area, unknown persons burned the cottages of Bernard Jean and his sister. CRAN was indirectly blamed, but others said it stemmed from the anger of hard-pressed inshore fishermen who had been unable to stop the continued lobster poaching practised as a "summer sport" by the local elite.

The Gloucester county Liberals easily won their own contests but the provincial defeat of the Robichaud administration made them very bitter about the election activity of CRAN. The new premier, Richard Hatfield, no doubt anxious to curry any favour in that part of New Brunswick where he had no representatives, temporarily restored CRAN's budget until he could learn that awful truth about New Brunswick's finances. He had also made an election promise to restore some form of local autonomy and to reverse some of the centralizing effects of the Equal Opportunity program.

Despite the high hopes of its enthusiastic, young staff, CRAN's future remains in doubt. They are placing great store in the continued cooperation and support of the Hatfield government. They reason that CRAN represents the first grass-roots foothold the Tories have had among the French of north-eastern New Brunswick. They point to the frequent tours and visits Hatfield has made in the past year to this area. They would do well to remember that this 39-year old patrician, born in the Family Compact of English New Brunswick, has more in common with La Patente than with CRAN. Under the guise of affecting economy measures, and with the full support of turncoat Jean Marchand in Ottawa, I predict that Premier Hatfield will deliver the coup de grâce to CRAN before the year is out.

On a journey to Quebec last week, I learned that three groups - the Young Agriculturists, the Play-ground Supervisors, and the Confederation of Playgrounds and Leisure Activities of the Province of Quebec - had succumbed to political pressure and cancelled their plans to hold a convention at Maison Montmorency. This is a Dominican house whose Superior has too firm a belief in liberty to be loved by our provincial government. The province therefore blackmailed the associations by threatening to cut off their subsidies. Result: the three associations will hold their convention of cowards elsewhere. Moral: it's not only at the Conservatory that the young are taught to sing. Pierre Elliot Trudeau, op. cit., in a Chapter entitled "The Jitters", p. 72.

## 4 TRACADIE AS SEEN IN "LE REFLET DU NORD"

### THE RADICAL PRESS

**L**E REFLET DU NORD IS A BI-MONTHLY newspaper, published in Tracadie by Francois Godin and printed in Moncton by the same firm that produces *L'Évangéline* (now *Le Progrès*). It has a distinct advantage over the Moncton paper inasmuch as it originates in the north shore, being the product of a merger with a much more radical effort, *Le Pari* of Maissonnette. How representative *Le Reflet du Nord* is, has been the subject of some debate but in its last three issues it has managed to strike a fair balance between non-controversial items and material that could be found in no other New Brunswick publication, English or French. For example, its December 14th issue contained a front-page tribute to Le Festival Toukadelik de Tracadie along with a couple of articles by Medard Leger, including one entitled "La Démocratie et le F.L.Q." The latter proved to be much less provocative than one by Jean Deyour calling for a francophone political party. Another with the caption "C'est fini" and signed by Les fils de l'Acadie ridiculed l'Université de Moncton for its role in the Blanchard case and pointed out that Moncton was an English Colony. He had led the attack on Fort Beauséjour in 1755, an event leading directly to the Expulsion. The article concluded: "... au Québec, la minorité anglophone (beau-

coup plus petite en proportion que nous) a plus de privileges que les Canadiens-français. Ou est la justice? Nous sommes d'accord avec les Quebecois qui veulent leur independance, car nous voulons la notre nous aussi."

## L'AFFAIRE SIROIS - THERIAULT

**T**HE JANUARY 14th ISSUE CONTINUED to show this dichotomy. Two editorials eulogized the late Dr. Ulysse Bourgeois, a highly respected Tracadie physician, and the late Mgr. August Allard, an equally-esteemed cleric. But (turn the page and we read about L'Affaire Sirois-Theriault - two parish priests who had just quit their Tracadie charges amid great controversy. The older man, Pere Sirois, who had been in Tracadie for seven years, was moving to a tiny parish near Nigadoo, the new headquarters for CRAN. However, as he told me just before he left, and as his correspondence and sermons published in *Le Reflet du Nord* indicate, he was not leaving just because of the local criticism for his open support of CRAN. He had become discouraged with the anti-Christian attitude of his leading parishioners, of their support for the choir's decision to perform only at important weddings and funerals, of their refusal to back his efforts to have catechism taught at the local high school, of their general lack of concern for the poor. In his Christmas sermon, he denied that CRAN had any connection with the FLQ and he also mentioned that he had met the new Minister of Finance during a meeting that week in Fredericton. When Mr. Simard heard his name, he said, "Ah, you are the one who made the communist sermon in church". Pere Sirois had smiled and handed him a copy, which prompted Simard to reply: "Il faut absolument faire quelque chose pour le nord-est du N.B." Pere Sirois then reminded his congregation that this same CRAN organization had its budget restored, despite the FLQ and communist smears. Pere Theriault's role in the events stemmed mainly from his strong support of Pere Sirois, although he too had run into similar "establishment" fire for his defence of CRAN. In his letter of resignation, which *Le Reflet du Nord* also published, Pere Theriault had explained to Mgr. Godin, Bishop of Bathurst, that he planned to spend a few months at the Trappist monastery at Rogersville; after that, "we shall see". Members of the clergy move quite often-but rarely have departures revealed so much bitterness and rancour as those of Pere Sirois and Pere Theriault. No wonder the church is having such difficulty finding recruits for the priesthood, a fact underlined by the recent announcement that the ten-year old junior seminary at Bathurst was closing because of the lack of candidates.

## THE FLT

**F**RONT DE LIBERATION DE TRACADIE? Readers of *Le Reflet du Nord* were informed of the FLT's existence in the February 14th issue. Editor Francois Godin explained that he was printing two FLT communiques under threat of being kidnapped. Even so, several words, including some names, had been blocked out "pour se proteger et proteger certaines personnalites". The communiques denied any connection with the FLQ; the Tracadie version had only local aims. The FLT wanted to force the resignation of a member of the Tracadie school board; to denounce the goals of two other citizens and to warn five more to mend their ways or suffer "les consequences disastreuses". Despite one view that the whole thing had been created by the editors to boost circulation, earlier issues of *Le Reflet du Nord* suggest that the FLT could have been formed by militant high school and college students. Articles in the guise of letters to the editor have been very outspoken of those in control of the local schools and have complained bitterly about the adults' refusal to take a stand on political and social issues. Two correspondents, identified only as Hergas and Roxanne raised the ire of a groupe de Dames de Ste. Anne whose letter denied that anything was seriously wrong at Neguac, the parish of Pere Theriault. If controversy is the lifeblood of a newspaper, *Le Reflet du Nord* has a healthy future.

## CONCLUSIONS

What do all these squabbles mean? Stated negatively, New Brunswick's French-speaking community has serious divisions, not only along north-south geographic lines, but also between its established middle class and student militants. Both divisions have been aggravated by events in Quebec and the fact the Quebec dominates New Brunswick's French media. Stated positively, New Brunswick's French-speaking community has never shown such vitality and political awareness. If he so chooses, Premier Hatfield can capitalize on this situation and make our French-speaking citizens positively aware of Fredericton's existence. If he acts quickly on his promise to create single-member constituencies, and if he also lowers the voting age to eighteen, he could give life and meaning to New Brunswick's jaded politics. The longer he waits, the less chance anyone will have to stop Le Second Grand Dérangement.

# BILINGUALISM AND BICULTURALISM

MAUD HODY

*How do we achieve the great Utopia of Biculturalism with the French and English each crawling in their own holes and pulling their holes in after them?*  
(Moncton Free Press, December 16, 1970)

**I**N SEPTEMBER, 1970, bilingualism and biculturalism were officially declared dead in New Brunswick.

The report of the committee examining the administrative structure of School District No. 15 recommended that this district, the second largest in the province, be divided into English-language and French-language sections. The reasons cited for the committee's decision were astonishing: that the French-speaking population felt discriminated against ("whether the discrimination be real or imaginary"), that there is a difference between the French and English system of values, that there is difficulty electing a sufficient number of French-speaking trustees, that there is a great loss of time (reasons unclear), and that translation is expensive and unsatisfactory. A final observation of the committee was: "The children are being influenced and prejudiced by the feelings of ill-will and resentment existing in the district. It should be our concern to avoid this."

The recipe for avoidance - Canada, note the example of our most bilingual province - is separate holes.

Until 1961, the Acadian Revival had reason to congratulate itself on a success story unbroken since the 1880's. New Brunswick's population, only 16% Acadian at Confederation, was more than 38% Acadian in 1951; the number of Acadians had nearly quintupled between 1871 and 1951. The little bilingual primary schools of the 1870's had given way to the county unit schools of the 1940's and 1950's; a bilingual high school program now featured a simplified "second language" English, from which Shakespeare and other difficult authors had been removed. Best of all, an Acadian had been elected premier of the province. In the triumphant words of Emery LeBlanc, editor of *L'Évangéline*, "L'élection d'un Acadien au poste de premier ministre du Nouveau-Brunswick, le choix d'un Acadien au poste de ministre fédérale des pêcheries, la campagne d'aide au journal *L'Évangéline* ont contribué à mettre le mot acadien sur toutes les lèvres."

Dr. Maud Hody is the author of many articles on Acadian history and demography. A wife and mother as well, she makes her home in Moncton.

**A**CADIAN SENTIMENTS OF THE 1950's (and of the previous two centuries) included a deep attachment to the Roman Catholic religion and the French language; there was special reverence for the Virgin Mary, whose Assumption Day was the national holiday of the Acadian Martyrs, Evangeline and the other innocent folk who had been deported in the Expulsion of 1755. The poor but proud Acadians felt themselves morally superior to the English, who had first ejected them, then permitting their return, had forced them, they believed, into the servitude of poverty and ignorance.

Although the editorials of *L'Évangéline* remained consistent with these sentiments, and although the National Society of Acadians and the Acadian Education Association remained faithful to them, subtle changes were occurring. The seductions of the English milieu were becoming more difficult to resist. English television was available years before the French-language CBAFT was opened in Moncton; the usually optimistic Emery LeBlanc was frightened at the free choice offered the average Acadian, who could decide, if he wished, to be English. As early as 1945 the Acadians had become the most outwardly mobile group in the Maritime Provinces; within twenty years an Acadian was twice as likely to leave New Brunswick as a person of British origin. His destination was not Quebec, but Boston or Toronto. If he stayed in New Brunswick he often moved south to the English-speaking counties; in 1961 twenty-five thousand Acadians lived in these counties. At the same time, "la revanche des berceaux" - the revenge of the cradles - collapsed. Post-war fecundity, which reached 44.5 births per thousand in Madawaska in 1948, subsided, reached Depression levels, and continued to sink, until the average birth rate for French-speaking counties in 1967 was only 21.2 births per thousand. Between 1961 and 1966, Kent, Madawaska, and Victoria suffered a net loss of population, a loss certain to continue and likely to accelerate.

Secularism began to appear. L'Université Saint-Joseph, transformed in 1963 into L'Université de Moncton, became widely supported, the French-language university of New Brunswick. The Fathers of the Holy Cross, although still represented on the teaching staff, relinquished the control they had exerted for a century. Even priests affirmed that if a choice had to be made between religion and the French language in the schools (as was the case in Ontario), their choice would be the language. The time for this difficult choice was not yet, however; the French school was still studded with saintly images, was still regularly catechized, and visited by M. le curé.

An Acadian elite had existed since the 1880's - an elite with interlocking directorships in politics, education, "national" societies, the Acadian insurance company (la Socie-

te Mutuelle de l'Assomption). The involvement of the clergy in this elite had been weak, except in education, possibly because the Acadian clergy had not sprung from the middle class and because Acadians had had little power in the Church until the 1930's. The priestly strategist did not appear until the 1940's, when Acadian control of the Church in the French and mixed counties became absolute.

In the 1960's this elite perceived the Acadian culture as threatened, and to defend it appealed to a sentiment of hoariest antiquity in the Acadian psyche, which was to avoid contact with the English. School district consolidation at any level broader than the church parish had been successfully resisted in the 1940's; in 1967, when the province was divided into districts half the size of counties, English-speaking children in the Shediac area were attached to the bilingual Moncton district, providing a probably irresistible precedent for the division of District 15.

We have permitted ourselves to be infuriated by the antics of modern Don Quixotes, both French-speaking and English-speaking, and have concerned ourselves with our differences, neglecting the similarities that our Maritime environment has shaped in us. Therefore it is an error to state that bilingualism and biculturalism are dead in New Brunswick. They have never existed here; they are only a wistful dream.

**I**T HAD BEEN THE PRACTICE for Grade One teachers in the bilingual schools to introduce English-speaking children (whether of British or French descent) gradually to the French language; by 1968 these children were offered no special assistance. Although the Minister of Education (W.W. Meldrum) affirmed that parents had the right to choose the language in which their children would be educated, the school law was silent on this point, and French-language schools in practice excluded children who spoke little or no French. English schools, traditionally hospitable, accepted all comers, and found themselves, in bilingual areas, with more little LeBlancs, Landrys, and Arsenaults than they had ever welcomed before, though they provided only a "sink or swim" English environment.

The Acadian elite was now satisfied with the school situation. The Sablier method of teaching reading presumed a fairly broad French vocabulary; it was glowingly successful with unilingually French-speaking children. The children of St. Anselme (a middle class Acadian suburb of Moncton) could progress more rapidly now that English-speaking children were excluded; the elitist bilingual school of Fredericton required fluency in both French and English as a prerequisite for admission. The creation of a bilingual high school complex in Moncton was successfully resisted by the French-language Home and School Association; it was well-known that if English-speaking and French-speaking children

mingled, even in a playground, that they would speak English. With bitterness, it was observed that English was used in the halls of l'école secondaire Vanier, and at L'Université de Moncton. It seemed that the French language in New Brunswick would not be secure until Acadian children were protected from all contact with English-speaking children.

In the early years of this century, a group of Acadian parents had protested to the Moncton school board that the bilingual schools were too French, that their children were not learning enough English. In the 1960's no voice was raised. Acadian consensus has been apparent for many years, since the death of the Conservative *Moniteur Acadien* in the 1920's. A voice raised against the clergy, against the Acadian Revival, against the Sablier Method, is the voice of a traitor; conscience and independent judgment may not lead to dissent. Nevertheless, the consensus is specious; it is much easier for Acadians to absent themselves from organizations with those leaders they disagree than it is to stand up and be counted for an unpopular cause. Therefore the intransigents have the floor, speaking to and writing for only those who agree with them.

**A**NOTHER CHARACTERISTIC of New Brunswick's Acadians has been a firm refusal to discuss their problems with the English-speaking majority. When Father Fernand Arsenault, chaplain of l'Université de Moncton, wrote a letter (in French) to *L'Évangéline* and the same letter (in English) to the Moncton *Transcript* he was venturing on a new road. His gentle letter, a plea for mutual tolerance, could and should have been the beginning of a dialogue . . . a dialogue that never took place. A meeting called in 1968 to explore the possibilities of French-English dialogue in Moncton drew a few participants, half-a-dozen French-speaking and only two English-speaking. There were no further meetings. Apparently almost nobody cares about improving relations between Acadian and English-speaking New Brunswickers.

What could the two groups contribute to each other? What could the interchange of those values observed by District 15's committee lead to? The English might with profit strive to achieve the bilingualism that up to now has been the Acadian birthright; the Acadians might adopt the English respect for grammar and syntax, improving the quality of both their languages. The Acadians, often clannish to a fault, are concerned about an extended family to the point of caring for an entire parish; the individualistic English seem to extend their concern only to a next door neighbour. If present trends continue, the Acadian parish will include none who speak English; the neighbours of the English will not be French-speaking.

We have permitted ourselves to be infuriated by the antics of modern Don Quixotes, both French-speaking and English-speaking, and have concerned ourselves with our differences, neglecting the similarities that our Maritime environment has shaped in us. Therefore it is an error to state that bilingualism and biculturalism are dead in New Brunswick. They have never existed here; they are only a wistful dream.

# ACADIA

RAYMOND LEBLANC

*French Canadian nationalism is not confined to within the borders of Quebec. In New Brunswick, as in Quebec, young intellectuals are the first to sound the cry for a community based along ethnic or linguistic lines. The following is a translation of part of a speech given by Raymond Leblanc at the Université de Moncton last December, in which he explains how part of New Brunswick could be annexed to a separate Quebec.*

**T**HE IDEA HAS BEEN PROPOSED THAT in the event of separation the northern counties of New Brunswick should annex themselves to Quebec. This proposal involves those counties which are over 50% French-speaking, that is, the counties of Madawaska, Restigouche, Gloucester and Kent. Unfortunately, this proposal would probably cause more quarrels than it would resolve problems. While these counties would be French, they would still be disinfranchised and lack any political or economic weight. How would these disinfranchised counties - separated by Northumberland County - be able to control the future of their own society, how would they be governed? Communication among the French is difficult enough, we know that the French are in a majority along the north and east coasts. Consequently, we could join Gloucester and Kent by way of the coast and by-pass most of Northumberland County. Already we can see an outline of a French geographical entity. We must, of course, ensure there is as small an English-speaking minority as possible within this entity.

Moving south to Westmoreland County, one thing is sure: as a bilingual centre Moncton is finished. It is a force. The French population of Moncton is in large part assimilated, it thinks in English with French words. The Université de Moncton? One of two things might happen, perhaps the campus itself will become part of a unilingual French community comprising Memramcook, St. Anselme, Dieppe, Lakeburn, Shediac, Cap-PelÉ, Barachois, Boutouche, Richibucto and St. Louis-de-Kent, all joining with the County of Gloucester along the coast by way of Neguac. Alternatively, the Université could move to Bathurst or a similar French area in the north.

Now since most of the French are included in an area extending from St. Joseph and Memramcook up to Grand-Sault and Edmundston, we have a possible geographical unit which might satisfy most of the Acadians. It remains to find out if the people want a geographical entity manifesting their interests. This unit would be named Acadia. Only then can we start talking about the historical success of a homogenous people faithful to the best of their past, faithful to their present and preparing for their future. "Acadia," says Camille Antoine Richard, "is condemned to create." This geography will permit affirmation of itself as a distinct community. Moreover, the word "Acadia" is our word: do we want it to be stolen by Mayor Jones who would like to

stick it on a union of the Maritime Provinces?

This territory will define us linguistically, but at the same time it is politically powerless. We must have an Acadian party to represent this re-grouped community. There will be some games we must play - the one about our particular status, and all the tiring disputes which that brings about. It is a phase into which we must enter, but should go through rapidly. It is the law of democracy. It is through democracy that basic rights are achieved and defended - not a democracy bounded by an electoral vote but a democracy realized through full participation of all the people in all those decisions which concern them and affect their lives.

This is the second step after the creation of a geographical unit. But one must go still further and propose a cultural, political and economic ideology. It is a communal atmosphere which we need: all for one and one for all - to leave behind our weak, parochial spirit. We must concentrate all our energies in taking our future into our hands and refusing profits which will enrich a few without changing the position of the masses. The time will come when we must nationalize our industries so that the profits will return to the worker. We will need this capital to realize the political power of the people, to create a voluntary will and a desire to do something to improve their position. Everything else is just a lot of wasted energy, which brings more to the Irvings and the Rockefellers and the J. Louis Levesques than it does to the masses.

But what kind of people are we going to become? The French everywhere in Canada, the Acadians, the Québécois the Franco-Manitobans, the Franco-Ontarians are of one and the same origin: France. Of course, we will not move back to France, but we will speak French. We want to stay here, to live here, to speak our language. The surveys conducted by CRAN have shown that the people want to stay here, and if they knew that working conditions were favourable, those who have gone would probably want to return to Acadia.

But our real origin is in the future. This is a future which we have to create. Our youth of today are in danger of committing hari-kari by rejecting the Acadian and identifying with the Québécois. But that is Quebec. Here the parents are Acadian, but their young are Québécois, they identify with Quebec and its fight for independence. Linguistically and culturally, the new origin of all French-speaking Canadians is Quebec - a strong and independent Quebec. Acadia closed to itself cannot continue to live and to create. Isolationism can only destroy it. Acadia would become a county of Quebec. It will be our last opportunity, if we want to continue to speak French and to feel that we belong in our own land. The Québécois are our brothers, we have the same struggle, our independence and theirs. As new Québécois we will create the means of production, we will control our technology, our cities, our businesses, and our natural resources. But this time the profit will come back to us; we will be able to master the means of production like men who are proud of their talents. But to trace a geography, to have this revolution, this depends on an awakening of the collective conscience. Practice, of course, is not possible without theory, and theory is not possible without action, we need the two of them, the plan and the action, the leader and the crowd. If we lose sight of this we are just fighting away at empty space and this is romantic revolutionism.

## a conversation with fred arsenault

As part of the series of articles we are running in this issue looking at various aspects of the Acadian community, we thought it might be interesting to talk with some individual Acadians who - despite the odds against them - have achieved success in the conventional sense.

Fred Arsenault is among the most prominent of those Acadians. Born in a small and isolated Acadian community 20 miles from Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Arsenault graduated in 1963 with a liberal arts B.A. from St. Joseph's University in Memramcook, New Brunswick. Later he went on to study at Oxford University as a Rhodes scholar, graduating in 1966.

Upon his return from Oxford, Arsenault was appointed executive assistant to J.C. (Charlie) Van Horne, then leader of the opposition Conservative Party in New Brunswick. In 1967 he was executive secretary of the National Society of Acadians in Moncton and a part-time lecturer in philosophy at the Université de Moncton. He ran unsuccessfully for the Conservative Party in the Westmoreland/Kent riding in the 1968 Federal Election, and subsequently was appointed secretary of the Maritime Union Study. Then in April, 1970, he became executive assistant to the then leader of the Conservative opposition Richard Hatfield, a job which of course rapidly turned into executive assistant to the Premier.

We began the interview by asking Fred Arsenault about the community in which he was born.



Born in a small Acadian community on P.E.I. Fred Arsenault is now executive assistant to Premier Hatfield.

**Arsenault:** The parish where I come from, Mount Carmel, has about 110 inhabitants, all of them French speaking. It's a small parish on the coast. The teaching in school is mainly from English books, but in French; French is my first language.

**ME:** That's been a French area for a long time.

**Arsenault:** Yes, the parish was founded around 1812.

**ME:** Has it produced a distinctive accent, the way say Lunenburg has in English?

**Arsenault:** Well, you do get variations in the type of French which is spoken even throughout the Maritimes, depending on the location. The main thing about the French language, perhaps different from English, is the extent to which it was not taught in the schools. The language was kept more by tradition, passed from father to son or from mother to daughter. So the language is old; it doesn't necessarily pick up new words or the new methods of speaking.

**ME:** Then you would have very much a rural vocabulary, and presumably very little technological terminology?

**Arsenault:** The technological terminology would be mainly

in English - which is not only the problem of the rural Acadians - the technology is more English than French. This creates a problem for a student because he obviously has to master two languages.

**ME:** So really right from the cradle you've got to start learning some English.

**Arsenault:** I'm not too sure exactly when I started speaking some English; I know at around the age of 5 I would go into town, and, well you would sort of have to speak English, so you did. To a certain extent this inability to communicate is the sort of problem that some of the French speaking population runs into. It's not just a question of knowing the words, because communication is far more than words, but the ability to feel that you are getting your point across.

**ME:** Was it a tremendous relief to get to university and to have a milieu which was almost entirely French, or was it that sharp a difference?

**Arsenault:** It was, St. Joseph's University at that time was a bilingual institution with both courses being run parallel. On the other hand you sort of integrated into one group or the other in terms of your studies.

ME: You moved more or less towards the English part of your courses?

Arsenault: No, no, I moved towards the French at St. Joseph's. Then of course when I went to Oxford it was around again.

ME: Let me ask you about your Conservative affiliation. I have the sense that when a person of French origin adheres to the Conservative Party that this is almost a mode of rebellion, that in fact there's a kind of Tory radicalism. I'm thinking of someone like Mathilde Blanchard from Caraquet who patently has a radical stance in a great many ways and yet ran for the leadership of the Conservative Party. Is this a response to not wishing to be the "kept maiden" of the Liberal Party, as somebody once called the Acadians?

Arsenault: My first interest in politics dates to around 1955 when I was 11 or 12, and at that time the Liberals had been in power in PEI for some 20 years or so. It was the same nationally. I guess - just like our slogan in the last election, "we need a change" - they had been in office too long. I don't think it's good for government to be in office too long.

ME: Right, so you don't see any special significance in the fact that you joined the Conservatives. Presumably if you'd had the Conservative Party in office for years and years in both capitals, the probability might be that you would be Liberal.

Arsenault: Oh yes. People say that you know the way your grandfather voted, the way your father voted and that's the way you vote. Well I was very fortunate in that way because of my two grandfathers, one was a staunch Liberal and the other was a staunch Conservative, and that sort of left me free to float from one side to the other. The other thing, too, is that you're a French speaking person and so they want to ask you, what are you doing in the Tory party.

ME: Personally, I'm extremely pleased about that party affiliation because it seems to me that probably one of the most poisonous aspects of New Brunswick politics is the basically English character of the Tories and the basically French character of the Liberals.

Arsenault: What's made it very hard to break from either side is the multiple ridings. I think multiple ridings have been very vicious in terms of the democratic process in New Brunswick, because it's almost impossible for a party to break through with four or five members at once, the whole riding sort of hangs together. Single-member-ridings will help remove partisan politics and the question of language. You'll get a more even spread in terms of both parties over the province.

The other thing, too, is that there are so very few political issues which divide the province on a language basis. So it is very important that your electoral system doesn't build up a division, which is what I think it has done in New Brunswick.

ME: I'm curious both about your reaction, and what you think is the most common reaction of the French-speaking New Brunswick communities to the October crisis in Quebec.

Arsenault: The crisis of October is part of a longer term crisis. It's very difficult to experience, or to know what it is about from outside. The thing we have to keep in mind is that it's not a question of numbers but of strength, the

opposition to the government in Quebec right now is committed to separation.

ME: What would your response be to separation? Suppose that Quebec were to separate, where would you go, what would you think would happen in this part of the country, or what do you think should happen?

Arsenault: I really don't know what would happen. Personally, I'd like to see it keep together, though. I think we're always going to be negotiating on something, and that's okay.

ME: Obviously you can't predict what people are going to think or even what one is going to think oneself, unless one knows how the separation comes about, if it's electoral or if it's violent. But clearly these alternatives are being talked about at this point; for instance, some of the younger Acadians I know have talked in terms of the northern New Brunswick counties going with Quebec. I'm wondering what do you think about that kind of proposal.

Arsenault: I don't know. I don't think that proposal, at the present time, has much support among the French speaking people. I think the sort of thing which might occur would be, say, if Quebec moved faster toward separatism and there were a backlash in the rest of Canada, and New Brunswick, then obviously the French speaking people in the northern part of the province would be pushed towards Quebec. It won't be necessarily that they'll go, but they'll be pushed. I don't know how things would happen, but obviously if you get any sort of violent separation or division then you're in for a lot of trouble. It's separation to sit on the fence, people would demand that you be on one side or the other, everything becomes black and white. But I don't think we've reached that stage yet.

ME: I get the feeling that New Brunswick is going to be the worst place possibly to be in that eventuality.

Arsenault: But you see, this is why I don't want to let myself be pushed right now into contributing to making the situation into black and white. I don't think it is. There are some people who think in black and white terms, but I think the general population is still thinking in terms of shades of one and the other. People are willing to accommodate themselves to new situations. The thing that worries me about Quebec though is that we don't understand what's going on. We see, for instance every vote which is taken as something that is going to end it all; then Bourassa wins and it's a victory for federalism. Well, suppose there is a change and Bourassa does not succeed in Quebec next time. Who takes over? It's a very different kind of game, it's not between the Liberals and the Conservatives.

ME: Right, then we're talking about, probably, the Parti Quebecois.

Arsenault: As matters stand now, that could very well be. People would be shocked if it happened. It's very difficult to be in the centre of things, people have become polarized and there's almost no place for opposition in Quebec right now, say opposition to the government because you tend to be pushed into the Parti Quebecois.

ME: And on just that one issue

Arsenault: On that one issue, other issues just become blurred. Political parties are all for pushing reforms, getting things



done, getting people elected; they gather people who on certain policies think alike. But when you get one particular issue which is dominating, as the question of Quebec within Canada at this point in time, then people very often become polarized, their other political views are not so important.

ME: If we assume a separate Quebec - achieved by some route or other -- it seems to me that the question for a province like New Brunswick, situated as it is, essentially between the Maritimes and Quebec, becomes in part, to what extent is this a Maritime province and to what extent is this a province with natural affiliations with Quebec. Does the province itself divide and part of it attaches to the fundamentally English-speaking provinces and part attaches to Quebec? In a sense the guys who stand over the abyss are the Acadians, who have the risk of ultimately being cut off from the vast bulk of French people in the rest of Canada.

Arsenault: There's no doubt that if things go negatively in terms of keeping Canada together the people of New Brunswick will have to decide which way they go. In historical terms the Acadians have tried to sit on the fence for over two hundred years. You can't do it in a time of crisis, you can't stay neutral because both sides hate you for it.

ME: Do you see any sort of special quality of caution that has built up historically in the Acadian community, that one hesitates very much to take a stand.

Arsenault: Oh I think so. If you look at the development

of the Acadians over two hundred years, for a long time there were absolutely no social structures, not even the parish. It gradually built up, it took them about a hundred years before they got their first college. They had no schools, or if they had schools, the teachers were not that well qualified, so obviously it builds up slowly. And basically, the Acadians have been rural people and this type of people are cautious irrespective of language.

ME: Looking at it from the outside, it seems the last ten years have been tremendously productive ones for the Acadians. We've had a heavily Acadian provincial government, we've had an Official Languages Act and so on. Have things changed very much or is that simply a rose-coloured English view?

Arsenault: I think what's really happened is that over the past few years the Acadians have started coming into their own. You reach a breakthrough point in anything and now I think it's overdue. Quite a few factors worked towards this, the people became far more aware of Quebec for instance, the fact that there were people there who were speaking French, I think we sort of tagged along after Quebec. Things happening there and things happening nationally drew attention to these people. Inside the province the Université de Moncton, building a French speaking Teacher's College, and getting the schools going helped.

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"...The students start to sort through the box; some of them pick out slides or filmstrips and begin to project them on the walls; others play the records or the tape; another group may prefer to spread out the printed materials or the posters...The effect is a sort of chaotic and random immersion in sounds and images of the Thirties. The Horst Wessel song competes with a speech by Salvador Dalí and Grant Wood vie with filmstrips of Oxies and starving migrants; images of millionaires' yachts are juxtaposed with photographs of soup kitchens and Hitler Youth rallies. The voice of Yukon King drowns a speech by the Prince of Wales. An overhead projector transparency of American and German fascist symbols splashes over the ceiling. Orson Welles announces that the Marjans have landed."

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# EDUCATION BE DAMNED WE TAUGHT THEM TO LIVE

HAROLD HORWOOD

**A** NIMAL FARM, WHICH FLOURISHED AT St. John's, Newfoundland, from October 1969 until June 1970, was perhaps the freest of all free schools. Unlike other alternative schools in the Atlantic Provinces it began at the senior high school and college level. "taught" very little lower than grade eleven, and romped through a defiant year standing off the City Council, the Police and a militant section of the Public.

The day the City Council ordered us to vacate our building within 24 hours I went on television to announce that we were not going to move. We'd put up barricades if necessary. The Council backed down.

We had 120 students (including a variable population of about a dozen crashers, girls as well as boys) but rarely more than 40 in the building at any one time (except the Sunday afternoon general meetings). We scandalized people by allowing our school day to run from nine AM until midnight, and letting students crash there when they had nowhere else to go.

It was a hippie haven, of course. But - astoundingly - a hippie haven that qualified a round dozen "dropouts" for entrance to colleges and universities. Students who had not been inside the door of any official school all year wrote the public exams and got averages of 80 percent and better. Some of them would have won scholarships if they had been allowed to compete.

Among free-lance writer Harold Horwood's books are: Newfoundland, in Macmillan's "The Traveller's Canada" series; the award-winning naturalist study *The Foxes of Bechy Cove*; and the fine novel *Tomorrow Will Be Sunday*. A second novel, *Slouching Toward Bethlehem*, will soon be published, and a third is already written.

We had to fight off truant officers, plain clothes policemen, and even, in a few cases, parents. Since we had to make some sort of age rule, we decided not to admit girls under fifteen without their parents' consent (but the official age for disobeying your parents under the law of Newfoundland is seventeen). We had some people as young as fourteen, and some in their twenties, but the great majority were between fifteen and nineteen years old.

They came from every sort of background, a few from really wealthy families, a few from no families at all. One boy who became a permanent fixture at the school had been sleeping in the open, over the heat vents of public buildings, before we enrolled him. Like some of our other "kickouts", he developed a great sense of self-confidence at the school, and went through a socializing process that has enormously enriched his life. This was the greatest accomplishment of Animal Farm: it proved to the discarded and the discouraged that they could do things for themselves, and that there was a culture where they would be received as peers.

There was very little "teaching". Most students who wanted to write the public exams were encouraged to proceed purely by way of private study. The only subject in which regular classes continued for any length of time was math. A grade nine dropout with mathematical gifts taught elementary algebra and geometry in grade eleven (and, incidentally, wrote and passed the algebra exam himself without ever having touched grade ten). I taught most of the math, if "taught" is the word. We did it as a sort of parlor game, and the math classes became one of the most popular activities of the school. I also taught "new math" to a few grade ten students. Mostly, students helped each other, and it was more effective than "teaching" in the conventional sense.

Since we were operating in a state of grinding poverty, we had none of the equipment needed for an "enriched" curriculum. I scraped together money enough to supply water paints and oil paints from time to time. Students brought in guitars and drums and an electric piano. We had a darkroom with a good enlarger, but never enough paper or chemicals. A large number of students tried painting. Two of them proved exceptionally talented; one is going next year to an academic art school (after a year in commercial art) on a scholarship.

One of the girls donated a record player, and a friend of the school supplied a large number of LP's. Others were brought in by the students.

**G**IFTS OF BOOKS came from parents, university people, and even from officials of the Department of Education. By mid-winter we had one of the best libraries in St. John's, with really impressive collections on post-high school topics like astronomy, ecology and the social sciences. The library was allowed to run itself. People simply made a note on a sheet of paper of the books they borrowed. Only a few books disappeared - certainly not enough to justify any system of surveillance.

At least half our students smoked grass or hash whenever they could get it (which was often) and nearly half of them dropped acid from time to time. There were a few - four or five - who used acid on the average oftener than once a week. There was no use of hard drugs, and no more than an experimental use of speed. Methedrine, in fact,



A corner of the study room at Animal Farm. School work was a secondary activity. This photograph was made before the door (right background) was smashed by the police. (Evening Telegram)

had such a bad reputation among our students that the vast majority would never try it, even once.

Early in the life of Animal Farm the students agreed that there had to be a rule against bringing drugs into the school (except in your bloodstream) and this rule was generally respected, except during the last couple of weeks. There was an equally firm rule against alcohol.

Runaway girls were officially excluded, but managed to insinuate themselves into our midst with fair regularity. On one occasion a runaway was found by the police at the school. All their other searches came to nothing.

On a few occasions when the police arrived late at night (they didn't relish the prospect of facing me, so they waited until I had gone home) the few students still using the building managed successfully to bar them out. They conducted a number of illegal searches, in spite of this, and on one occasion smashed their way through a door that was closed but not locked (the door into our library).

The only harassment we suffered came from the Newfoundland Constabulary, and from a number of self-appointed vigilantes (mostly sexually-repressed women of middle age, and one emotionally-disturbed radio journalist). We were not molested by any other government agency or by the RCMP. Some of our students were picked and questioned by the RCMP narc squad; some of their homes were searched; the school itself was left alone.

**T**HE THING THAT WE LACKED most grievously, aside from money and decent quarters (we were housed in two cold-water flats in a building with a leaky roof and sagging floors over the offices of a finance company on a business street) was participation by com-

pletely mature and experienced people. You cannot expect teenagers to have the experience, the toughness, the diplomacy, the guile, required to meet the challenges that arise almost daily in running an institution like "Animal Farm". We were threatened with destruction, from within as well as from without, during every single week of our existence. If the running of the "farm" had been left entirely to the young people, the barricades would have gone up during the first month, they would have gone down putting up a glorious fight that included physical violence, and some of them, at least, would have been thrown in jail.

As it turned out, I succeeded in fencing off the forces determined to destroy us from without, and keeping some sort of control over the explosive, self-destructive forces within. The fact that I had to do it alone was enough to prevent my ever repeating the experiment. I am not a good administrator, and I do not carry responsibility or authority easily. I do not sleep well at night while waiting for the police to arrive with the handcuffs. These fears were by no means imaginary. After the "farm" closed for the year I was visited by the RCMP and threatened with prosecution for contributing to juvenile delinquency.

When the school was first organized we had the help of a high-minded and idealistic group of people, most of whom were on the faculty or in the graduate schools of the university. All of these, without exception, dropped out of Animal Farm within a few weeks when they discovered that it was not developing into the sort of thing they had envisioned.

We did have one or two most valuable replacements, however. A student teacher, in his senior year at the university, became one of our most valuable assets. Though he never took any part in the administration, he held classes

when asked, and, far more important, set up a film program, borrowing equipment and films from the university and the National Film Board, providing five or six hours of truly mind-expanding film each week.

A retired CBC administrator in his sixties, who was not a teacher but happened to be fluent in both French and English, volunteered to teach French, and did it with a degree of kindness and humor that fitted the Animal Farm environment perfectly. It was typical of this man that he never bothered to enquire about results. In fact, all but one student passed the public exams in French.

Toward the close of the year, we began to receive official visits from delegations of teachers out of the regular schools. We also had a few students actually "referred" to us by school principals who were convinced that some of their long-haired problems would be better off among the animals than among the sheep.

One delegation of three teachers who spent an afternoon at the school, having been elected by the staff of one of the largest senior high schools in the province to investigate us, subsequently almost got down on their knees and implored us to keep it going. They found that students who had failed miserably in the conventional schools were not only learning the conventional subjects at Animal Farm, but were clearly excited and happy about what was going on there. They had never seen happiness among students before.

**S**OME OF OUR MOST VALUABLE EXPERIENCE consisted of mistakes. We were too liberal about registration. No school, free or otherwise, can afford to take all comers. We were too permissive about casual visitors and about noisy activities in a space too small and in rooms with no soundproofing. We failed, except intermittently, to control the "crasher" problem. We simply lacked the physical means to keep people out of the building after it was supposed to be closed for the night. And, unfortunately, we were almost next door to a public bar-room.

Perhaps because most of our students came to the idea of free education too late in life, we spent more time than we should have on the absurd curriculum set by the Department of Education. Ideally, a free school should have its own very broad curriculum from which students could choose anything they liked.

In spite of its mistakes, Animal Farm was a great success. Even from the narrowest point of view, we helped a number of students (through public exams that they would not have passed otherwise (and, wrong as it is, the certificate still carries a premium)). People from widely different backgrounds learned something about other parts of the human spectrum.

We spread the absolute truth - not lies and fables and propaganda - about drugs. We assisted those in acute need, prevented one suicide, helped several others through bad trips, and taught caution and common sense to many who might otherwise have plunged to the very bottom of the drug culture. It is hard to make a judgment on matters such

as this, but I am convinced that we helped a number of people to adjust successfully to a moderate use of the lighter and less harmful drugs, and to recognize dangers within themselves that dictated caution. We were the only institution of any kind in Newfoundland that had any success whatever in dealing with drug use and its dangers.

**A**NIMAL FARM CLOSED when the lease ran out and the landlord refused to renew it. We tried, unsuccessfully, to get some kind of alternate quarters. It was, in any case, within two weeks of the public exams, and most of those who would write them were either prepared or not, as the case might be. A few who doubted their ability to "cram" on their own during those last two weeks, came to me for classes at my home.

At the beginning of the new school year in 1970, I was approached by a committee of young businessmen from St. John's who wanted to start a street clinic, a club and a free school, occupying separate quarters in a single building. Since Animal Farm had served all these purposes, inadequately, they wished to avail themselves of my experience.

We were promised financial help by one wealthy backer. We were promised a grant by a member of the federal government. The project finally ran into a prolonged delay because of a new regulation by the City Council, limiting any kind of public institution (even a street clinic) to buildings of stone or concrete or other fireproof construction. (Large schools are still operating in wooden buildings in St. John's, but all existing institutions were exempted.)

There the matter rests. Animal Farm will never be reopened. If a successor arises, it will be on a larger scale, and better equipped, with a group of people sharing the responsibility. Even the financial responsibility was more than I could bear. I agreed, at first to give \$100 a month toward paying the rent. At the end of ten months, in spite of contributions from the students and a few small contributions from sympathizers, I was out of pocket \$2,000. By the time I had finished paying outstanding bills and claims, it had cost me nearly \$3,000. Since this is more than half my yearly income after taxes, it is quite impossible for me to continue.

There is no doubt in my mind, however, that this sort of school should be continued and expanded, and similar schools opened in every city and large town in Canada. Free schools and cooperative schools for little kids are fine things in themselves, but it is the alienated youth between fourteen and twenty that are most desperately in need of a place to go, a place to study, a place to work, and a social context that will not threaten them daily with destruction.

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if seals looked like alligators  
no one would care  
what happened to them

# OVERKILL

CHRISTOPHER MAJKA

**E**VERY YEAR BETWEEN OCTOBER AND DECEMBER, the adult Harp seals move slowly down from the Canadian Arctic along the Labrador coast. The young, who are mostly in the Greenland area, move south much later in January or March. A small population of them even spends the winter there. After a winter of feeding the adults crawl out on the new ice-fields and whelp in two areas. One of these is the "Front", off the northern end of Newfoundland, and the other, between the Magdalen Islands and the Gaspé Peninsula, is known as the "Gulf" area. The young "whitecoats" develop soon and when they are four weeks old shed their coats and become spotted "beaters". The adults mate at this time and afterwards also molt. All the seals then start moving northward. The two groups separate, the young staying primarily along the western coast of Greenland, while the adults move into Hudsons Bay, around Baffin Island, and up into the Queen Elizabeth islands. In the fall this cycle is again repeated.

The reason for the separation of adults and young appears to be food. The younger seals tend to feed more on small crustaceans and also capelin, a small type of fish, while the older ones eat primarily capelin and polar cod which are more abundant in the colder waters of the Canadian arctic.

This is the typical life cycle of one of the three populations of Harp seals in the world. The other two breed in the White Sea (in the USSR) and on pack ice between Spitzbergen and east Greenland.

Every year after the seals reach the Front and the Gulf in late February and early March there is extensive hunting carried on, especially of the young whitecoats (and also to some extent of the older seals). This hunting is done primarily by Canadian ships in the Gulf area, by Canadian and



Norwegian ships in the Front area and to some extent by "landsmen" in both areas. It is this hunt which has been the recipient of so much publicity and the centre of so much acrimony over the past few years. Much of the publicity has been misdirected and as a result most people are confused about the issues involved. There are, fundamentally, two arguments to be considered.

**T**HE FIRST IS THE POSSIBILITY of cruelty being involved in the killing of seals. After talking to many people who have observed the seal hunt I am convinced that there is no real cruelty involved. It is true that the scene on the ice is very bloody and can be shocking to anyone who has never observed the killing of animals before, but it is no more shocking than any slaughter-house. The young seals look very cute and it seems inhumane to kill such pretty little things. (I often think that if seals looked like alligators no one would care what happened to them.) The regulation club for Canadians and the ice-pick for Norwegians does a very efficient job of killing the seals almost instantaneously and with very little pain. The idea that the hunters skin seals alive, incidentally, is a myth. For the hunter all this would have to be to make his work excessively difficult, if not impossible, since a live seal tends to jump around quite a bit. Even if the seal was only knocked out it could never come around again without its skin as it would be dead long before from extensive blood loss and shock. Seals sometimes move while being skinned - but this is purely because of reflexes and not because it is alive (as anyone who has killed chickens knows).

**T**HE SECOND REASON is by far the more important of the two. It is the possibility that our seal population may be destroyed by overhunting. If we examine the birth rates and the death rates of Harp seals and compare the two we can obtain the number of seals which can be taken each year without the decline of the species as a whole. This sustainable yield has been worked out: it is about 33% of the young born each year.

Christopher Majka of Moncton wrote this article with the assistance of Dr. David Sergeant.

Next lies the herculean problem of finding out how many seals are born each year in the Gulf and Front populations. The best present estimates are about 200,000 on the Front and 100,000 in the Gulf, or a total of about 300,000 seals born annually. In the Gulf about 70,000 young seals are taken annually by both ships and landmen, and on the Front the catch is often over 180,000. Studies have shown that the year classes that have been so heavily hunted are very scarce, so that the bulk of the adult seals are older ones. There are very few young surviving.

Checking with our sustainable yield you can see that a total catch of 180,000 in the Gulf and Front areas would probably be too high for survival. The total catch should be around 125,000 and certainly no more than 140,000. Clearly too many seals are being taken. To the best of my understanding the quota this year will be 245,000, of which 235,000 might be taken as young. The ships' quota is 200,000 of which almost all will probably be taken as young. The landsman's 20-year average has been 45,000, of which 35,000 were young; small craft apparently will not be bound by the ships' quota this year. This works out to approximately 78% of the young -- much higher than the 33% sustainable yield.

This means that when the older seals who presently make up the bulk of the population die off there will be a steady and continuous drop in seal numbers because there are few young ones coming up to take their place. Certainly it is presently possible to take 250,000 or even more of the young seals, but if you do, in a few years there will be many fewer left.

Numbers have already dropped considerably since the fifties. If Harp seals were not hunted at all their numbers might be about 4 million compared to the perhaps 1 3/4 million that we now have. This number will steadily decline unless we act to prevent this excessive killing.

A second species, the Hooded seal, also whelps in these two areas. An average of about 6,000 are taken yearly of which 66% are young. This number fluctuates greatly and in 1957 only 144 were taken. 70,000 are taken in their other breeding area on "West Ice" north of Iceland. There

are fewer numbers of these seals breeding near Canada than there are of Harp seals. Much less research has been done on them and since they are much scarcer a close watch must be kept to see that this species is not destroyed. An important point about this seal is that the adults will defend their young unlike the Harp seal. This means that sometimes both adults must be killed in order to get the baby "blueback".

**WHAT CAN WE DO?** The first thing that must be done as soon as possible is to have the quota of pelts taken lowered to 125,000, the sustainable yield. More extensive studies should be carried on into the behaviour and population dynamics of the Harp seal to see whether this level is correct and if it is not, then raise or lower the quota if necessary after we know, and not after we have exterminated the species. Perhaps it would be wise to cease hunting altogether for several years to let the seal numbers build up so that a larger amount could be taken later. Much work needs to be done on these animals which might show all sorts of things. So far research has been difficult because of the constantly shifting habitat in which these seals live. For instance, recent developments show that there is much more intermingling of the Gulf and Front populations than was previously supposed, so that the herds must be managed as a whole and not as two separate units. If any group of seals should be kept to a minimum it should seem it should be the Gulf and not the Front one as is being presently done. The Gulf seals have a high incidence of codworms, an internal parasite which infests fish muscle and is a cost to the fishing industry.

In the meantime what we must do is to write to Mr. Jack Davis, the Federal Minister of the Environment asking that the quota of seals be set at 125,000 pelts until further research is done. Otherwise our seal herds will suffer a drastic decline and we will end up with another species to enter on our roll of animals eliminated by the greed and irresponsibility of man.

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# the story of the saint john project

TONI BACON

*In a country where part of the population enjoys an adequate, even high standard of living, while another part lives at subsistence level, there is ground for concern. (NFB Catalogue)*

*Please let's make it all good for the present and better for the future. We can change this world. Please let's change this world. Please let's make it happen. Change the world. Please make it happen. Come on. Come on. Please come on. It's up to me. It's up to you, so let's do it NOW. (Excerpts from Rock Music group Chicago).*

**T**HE SAINT JOHN PROJECT began with a community beset by problems, the greatest of which was its tacit refusal to admit that it did indeed have them. Apathy and indifference have grown to alarming proportions over the years in Saint John. They can be measured — for those who would demand statistics — in the welfare lists, the school drop-out rate, the low figures on the salary cheques, the declining population and the number of chronic alcoholics, despite the high cost of liquor in New Brunswick.

This sense of futility can be detected in other ways as well. You need only to take a walk through the town, along Charlotte Street toward the South End, and watch the people. They pass along with little pride, their eyes seem dulled, their laughter lost. Even the children hurling bottles against a brick wall do so without any visible signs of enjoyment. "People don't do anything because they feel they can't do anything."

"What can we do?" Depending on the intonation, that question can convey either total helplessness or a sense of eager involvement. It was involvement which would become the key word for those who began the Saint John Project and saw it through.

It all started early in 1969 when a number of concerned citizens attended a few showings of the NFB films on Saul Alinsky, radical and uncompromising champion of "people power," who has irritated many of those in the liberal establishment by his unorthodox and often humorous tactics. About twenty of those citizens met on February 25, 1969 and *The Saint John Project* was born. The original purpose, as set down at this time, was to use the resources of the National Film Board (as part of its *Challenge for Change* series) to employ film and video tape as tools in

Toni Bacon is a Saint John writer who is presently teaching at Rothersey Collegiate.

fostering badly needed communications within the community.

The Saint John Social Services Council (a coordinating body of the various social welfare agencies in the city) and later the N.B. Human Rights Federation agreed to co-sponsor the project. The Film Board, however, paid the bills.

It was agreed to hold the project in abeyance until the fall, by which time the area of concern had been narrowed down to the serious housing problem in the city: a multiple problem of shortages, deteriorating conditions, and the ever indifferent public.

A news release, issued in September noted that "film equipment, by its special nature, can promote group awareness of a common problem. Once these problems have been recorded, the local committee insures that they reach the proper agency. The agency's response, in turn, is taped and played back to the concerned groups. Out of this exchange a two-way dialogue begins to operate to the benefit of both parties."

It is quite probable that many of those who had initially embraced this new and rather radical concept of using film to effect social change, had neither the imagination nor inclination to give the project their full, enthusiastic support. It is a difficult concept to grasp, for by nature and training we are accustomed to put our world together in the medium of the printed word. I am conscious of this



This type of housing spurred the formation in South End Saint John of the *Challenge for Change* project.

as I write these pages -- an editing process takes place between the idea and the final copy. Established agencies and the people who run them are unlikely to grasp the full implications of a medium in which people's reactions are captured with very little conscious censorship. When the wheels of the videotape equipment are turning, the real truth of an issue is hard to hide, and this can be extremely disconcerting to those people who are used to camouflaging the harder-to-stomach truths between the lines of a carefully worded letter, in discreet inter-office memos, or even stashed away for reference in file drawers full of human miseries (alphabetically arranged).

Thus, although it was inevitable that the sailing of the Saint John Project should be a rough one, nobody in those early days could have predicted just what course it would take.

**H**AVING NARROWED THE PROJECT'S FOCUS to the desperate housing situation in the city, the cameras took their first real aim at the South End section of town -- a district greatly overcrowded since North End urban renewal had forced a flow of people into the cheap accommodations there. Properties in South End appear deceptively adequate from the outside, but interior conditions are often not merely unsanitary but downright unsafe. As the Saint John press itself pointed out: (although) "there is nobody camping in the streets, no shelter crisis, there is definitely an extreme crisis in housing quality. Far too many families are in substandard dwellings; as one official put it 'If all the housing, electrical, plumbing and health regulations were enforced to the letter, half the people in the city would be without a place to live.'"

The South End's problems are compounded by the large numbers of socially disadvantaged families, a few of whom are accused of giving the district a "bad name". As one resident put it "If you come from the South End people think you're no good. You're trapped, because when you live here you can't get out of here. . . They always think we're going to wreck their houses. . . People don't want you because they think all the people are destructive."

The Project's first attempt at "dialogue" was, by one committee member's own definition "a disaster". The film crew had interviewed a woman about to be evicted from a city-owned property in South End. Standing in her slubby kitchen, with many of her eleven children milling around, she talked openly of the terrible conditions in their three room flat, of the family's problems (her husband was in jail) and of her dealings with the various agencies which had been helping the family for the past fifteen years.

Justifiably perhaps, the officials of the various social and municipal departments were not too pleased to see the results of their years of benevolence so captured for posterity. Their response to the film with all the cool aplomb befitting their positions, was an unequivocal *no comment*.

The comments were not long in coming, however, and they came by way of a letter from the sponsoring Social Services Council which implied that they had been told by

municipal officials to "cool it." The letter, in attempting to clarify the terms of reference for the project laid down some guidelines -- stating that such things as "regular meetings", and "proper minutes and notices," should be observed, and above all that "planning the approach" should take precedence over the actual filming.

Guidelines they may have been for the Social Services Council, but for those few people who were becoming increasingly involved in the human realities of the project the term *barbarities* might have been more appropriate, for a schism in the whole underlying philosophy had necessarily occurred.

**T**HE POTENTIAL OF FILM as a catalyst to get people talking, to evoke response, to generate enthusiasm by virtue of its very spontaneity cannot be realized if reams of peacune paper work are required. Here once again we are at the impasse of print vs. film. With videotape equipment the process is the significant factor. Call it McLuhanism if you wish -- whatever the title, the use of film in this way can be a disturbingly and excitingly inconclusive, unending thing. Instead of working toward a final product, a polished flattering documentation, the end result is strangely inconsequential to those who are making the film. Whereas it would appear the Social Services Council had hoped to have a properly edited film which could be trotted out to show aspects of community life and problems, those actually working the cameras saw their role in a different light. What mattered for them was the *involvement* which occurs when people are allowed to participate, to even a small degree, in the forces which affect their futures. A renewed hope can be fostered among those who had long ago succumbed to lives of lethargy. The camera has the ability to bring a fresh sense of self-awareness to men whom the machinery of society has held "firmly by the scruff of the neck, making sure they never raise their eyes above the level of the dust they kick up," as Colin Wilson has put it.

With a growing awareness of the potency of their medium, the responsibility they had assumed, as well as the dangers of becoming manipulators in their own right, the members of the Saint John Project entered a new phase as they began amassing large numbers of tapes in the South End over a period of several weeks.

By this time the numbers of those committed to the project had dwindled to a handful, with three primary figures who (as the Social Services Council put it) had "assumed control." "Control," if that is the correct term, was partly the filling of a vacuum left as others dropped out due to a lack of commitment or a shortage of time. It was clear that the project was exacting a great deal from the personal lives of those who actually saw it through. Of the remaining members, this "troika" as they have been called, consisted of Wally Wason, a local school principal, and soft-spoken New Brunswicker, Rober Scott, then a UNBSJ English instructor and outspoken resident of the South End (now at Ryerson Tech in Toronto) and Chesley Yetman, Director of the NFB in Saint John, who is admittedly more at home with film than in the realm of words.



As the footage of completed tape grew, a recurrent theme began to emerge from the voices of the formerly voiceless South End residents — namely the plight of the tenants in a district where many were on welfare, housing conditions were deplorable, and the landlord held the last ace in the form of an eviction notice should they complain.

But perhaps the following typical excerpts from the tape transcripts will speak for themselves:

*Man says he's just living in dirt . . . lived here one year . . . bathroom in poor condition . . . waste comes down from upstairs flat into bathroom . . . presently on welfare — gets \$50 a month for rent and \$50 a month for groceries . . . sewerage backed up in his basement . . . can't say too much or the landlord puts them out.*

*Landlords fix the outside, but they don't do anything to the inside. They always give you the impression they are doing you a favour.*

*Lady on Charlotte Street . . . moved to South End six months ago . . . lived in country before . . . complains of garbage dumped on streets, yards, even roofs of houses . . . complained to Board of Health . . . no results.*

*Man next door complained to the Board of Health about bugs in the apartment . . . they contacted landlord, and the landlord thinks the tenant has played a dirty trick on him by going to the authorities.*

*The landlord doesn't care about the person, just the money.*



Chas Yetman, a Newfoundlanders sadly beset in Saint John, represents the National Film Board there, and found himself in the centre of the controversy over the NFB's Challenge for Change project in the city.

Often, it was discovered, the tenants do not even know who their landlords are, since the properties are handled by trust companies or real estate firms. In November, the Saint John Unitarian Fellowship proposed that a declaration of property ownership be made mandatory, noting that "such a by-law would remove the wide-spread suspicion that some of those holding profitable investments in slum properties are in a position to block the improvement of the city's supply of decent housing."

Indeed, one would not have to travel very far into the ranks of Saint John's establishment to find those prominent citizens with slum property holdings. For a starter, a spot check in the heart of the South End turned up a considerable number of disgracefully run-down properties operated by such distinguished firms as Clark and Howe Real Estate and Raymond Realty.

As the Saint John winter grew colder and bleaker, the project began to run into difficulties. Stolen equipment delayed their work, there was increasing difficulty in getting cooperation from various factions in the city, and finally, on February 4, 1970, the Social Services Council withdrew its sponsorship, retroactive to December 31, 1969, charging that the Project committee members had violated their original understanding. Among other things they were annoyed that the filming had continued beyond the originally agreed-on 90 days.

**B**UT BY THIS TIME, the need for an organized group of tenants, who could bargain together for their rights, had become too glaringly obvious to abandon the project, and Bob Scott found himself gathering increasing support from the South End residents for such a group.

Perhaps coincidentally it was about this time that a teacher-cum-social worker named Arthur Sullivan, who had been working in the area under the aegis of the Social Services Council, called a meeting of South Enders with the aim of forming "an action group."

The proposed South End Improvement Group should, he stated, have three priorities: "First, select a strong, representative executive; second, form a committee which could meet with the city's urban Redevelopment Authority to determine what was ahead in planning for the South End; and third, form a committee on deteriorating housing." In this respect he added that "the landlord must be protected as well as the tenant."

The South End Improvement Group began to get underway, selecting Dr. J.A. MacDougall, former mayor of the city as its chairman. Project member Bob Scott was among the other committee chairmen, but he protested that there was too little representation on the executive from the socially disadvantaged people of the district; and after presenting his Tenants Committee Report he withdrew his name as chairman, in order that the tenants themselves be able to run their own committee.

That Report was something of a bombshell, and provoked cries of sabotage, and admonitions of the "let's-not-get-hasty" variety. Among its proposals was the need for collective bargaining rights, security against arbitrary eviction, rent control, extended and properly enforced by-laws pertaining to housing and landlord-tenant relations. What evoked the greatest furor was the report's ultimatum, that

## SLUMLORDS UNITE

**T**ENANTS' ASSOCIATIONS ARE OLD HAT. In Saint John they're forming a *landlords'* association. With commendable ambition, they plan to cover the whole country.

The National Association of Real Property Owners of Canada grows out of the old Saint John Property Owners and Ratepayers Association. J. Gilbert A. Soucy, president of Atlantic Labor Management Consultant Ltd., a forceful-looking young man with horn-rimmed glasses, announced in mid-May that twelve canvassers, of whom nine are students, would begin at once knocking on doors in Saint John, Sussex, Hampton and St. Stephen. He hoped to have further canvassers at work in Fredericton and Moncton within a month, and to move on shortly to Bathurst and Edmundston. Soucy himself is public relations officer and co-ordinator for the organizers of the association.

Anyone who owns real property can join; the objective is to provide members with "organized collective rights; to promote reasonable and just methods of expropriation, appraisal, assessments, taxation, proper building codes, proper zoning, and proper provincial and federal legislation; and to fight for the fair and equitable rights of its members by legal and proper means."

A public meeting was to be held in Saint John's Admiral Beatty Hotel May 26 but was postponed. Little has been heard from the association recently, though it seems to be still alive; it's having trouble getting people to serve on its executive. Last May, though, it got off to a roaring start, with a picture in the Saint John *Telegraph-Journal* showing Mr. Soucy and two students signing up Saint John Mayor James E. Calvin as a member. Mr. Calvin proclaimed that "If this organization can bring interest rates on mortgages down to a level where more workers in the lower income brackets can purchase a home and take more pride in their community, the organization would be serving a good

cause." Calvin also thought the association could "give direction" to various levels of government on matters affecting property owners.

Ratepayers' groups are normally self-interested pressure groups, but this one didn't sound too bad - until you notice that the acting president, Raymond Doyle, was also present at the meeting with Mayor Calvin. Doyle commented that the association would let property owners speak with "a united and forceful voice", and that it would make representations on the Benson White Paper on Taxation, especially in regard to capital gains and the inheritance of real property.

Doyle was a surprise last-minute entry into the 1969 Saint John mayoralty campaign, when he announced that he "had been approached by so many property owners and other citizens that I became convinced that I had a duty to let my name stand as a candidate." He made a few vacuous comments about youth and recreation, but plainly he thought his great strength was in housing policy.

"Housing is the most pressing problem facing the Common Council," he announced, "and I believe my years of experience in real estate development would be assets in arriving at a solution to this problem. I have a concrete program to offer, such as the use of land assemblies, the development of low-income units and the encouragement of middle income apartment developments."

What solutions does he propose? What do his years of experience comprise? Well, Doyle first came to our attention when we were doing our research into Saint John's South End slums. "More than one thoroughly disgraceful building," one researcher reported, "is owned or operated by Raymond Real Estate." And who owns Raymond Real Estate? Yup: Raymond Doyle, acting president of the National Association of Real Property Owners, that worthy citizens' group endorsed by Mayor Calvin.

if the Improvement Group did not endorse their concept of a Tenants' Association as outlined, then the tenants would be forced to withdraw and operate independently.

The lengthy and vociferous arguments among the South End factions over these proposals would make a good-sized book in themselves, but for our purposes it is sufficient to say that now, when the cameras are gone, the picture is becoming clearly developed.

**A**S THINGS WORKED OUT, a Tenants' Association was formed, and it has never looked back. It put the plight of the tenants before the Senate Poverty Committee and the Task Force on Social Development; it has become incorporated and established an office at 205 Sydney Street. It has published an admirable little booklet outlining the rights of welfare recipients - a punchy, informal, mimeographed little document. "One of the ways in which the welfare system keeps us powerless", it begins, "is by keeping us ignorant of our rights." Later, it comments that "for medical assistance (you should) see your worker since there seems to be a bit of a screw up over medicare." And at the end of the booklet it prints appeal forms and outlines the appeal procedure - information which, claim

the authors, welfare recipients haven't been getting up till now.

In addition, the South End Tenants' Association has set up two drop-in centres - one for teenagers and one, imaginatively, for adults - not to mention a legal-aid clinic funded by the Citizenship Branch of the Department of the Secretary of State. Even before it opened its doors, the legal aid clinic was choked with work - particularly divorces, whose court fees are such as to put them beyond the reach of poor people even if the legal fees are taken care of; at last report the Tenants' Association was trying to persuade the Justice Department to waive the fees in cases of special need.

And the skeptics who didn't see how film would have any effect on social change? They're oddly silent these days.

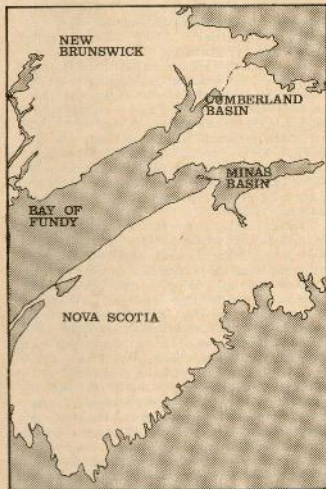
# MR. REGAN MR. HATFIELD AND THE TIDAL BORE

NEIL COPELAND

**A**CCORDING TO A TELEPHONE CALL I received the other day, people are getting tired of pollution. I mean they're getting tired of *hearing* about it. "There's been so much talk about the environment, about ecology, about conservation," said my informant, "that when the subject comes up now, I skip to the next column, or put the magazine down or switch to another station." Well, it's natural, I suppose, but it's something like sitting in a bomb shelter in London in 1941 and saying, "I'm getting awfully sick and tired of all the big bangs." Part of the problem, and much of the reason people are getting tired of pollution as a subject for discussion, is that the concentration is on what the polluters are doing to the environment. Very often it's a cause that is extremely remote from our experience, however direct and immediate the effects may be, and very little of the information we're given describes positive action which can be taken. Until we start to hear that we're winning the war, the big bangs are a bore.

Some positive steps are being taken. For example, the Ontario Hydro has committed itself to converting some of its thermal plants -- like the Hearn generating station in Toronto -- to natural gas from coal, purely to cut down on noxious effluents exhausted into the atmosphere. Gasoline companies are now using totally lead-free gasoline to further cut down on the choking smogs that blanket our cities, and there are other examples. They all have a catch. Ontario Hydro's modernization plan will cost about forty million dollars a year, the oil companies' conversion in Canada alone will cost upwards of \$800 million. And we're going to have to pay: that's the catch. Ontario Hydro users will find that forty million dollars tacked onto their bills. The oil companies will almost certainly raise the prices of all gasolines, all products, not merely the lead-free variety, to cover the conversion cost. In almost every other way, as pollution control assumes greater urgency and importance, we, the consumers, will be required to pay the costs of the fight.

So I suppose this is a plea to the new brooms in both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to sweep away the litter obscuring one obvious pollution source and solve three other problems at a single whoppingly expensive stroke. And in the doing, turn the lights of international publicity on the Maritimes, in a way that could hardly be matched by any other project.



What is this supreme undertaking that could accomplish so much for this often-neglected and under-rated section of Canada? It is the one thing we have which is very nearly unique in the world, so rare that only in three or perhaps four other places in the world could a similar scheme be contemplated -- with the additional advantage that we have already done much of the initial planning and groundwork. It is the harnessing of the natural clean power available in the Bay of Fundy tides: the production of usable, salable, exportable, industry-attracting power from the Minas and Cumberland basins. It is one of the supreme engineering challenges in all nature: greater by far than the Aswan or Churchill Dam projects, rival of the Suez and Panama Canals in complexity and scale of achievement; outclassed to my knowledge only by a similar plan in Russia, which is in the initial stages.

Neil Copeland is a Halifax writer and broadcaster who prepared this talk originally for CBC's *Mornings*.

What would its results be? There are three, encompassing areas of both practicality and aesthetics. First, of course, is the production of electrical energy on a scale undreamt of until now, in the Maritimes, up to 30,000 million watts of power a year. It is this kind of power that the New England states are crying for, and they need it for exactly the same reasons that we need at least some of it -- to attract new industries and to provide the electricity that lets existing industry flex its muscles. It is estimated that the needs of the Northeastern United States in the next twenty years will far outstrip even the Fundy's massive potential to provide, and it is assured that given a large source of power, even expensive power if necessary, industry will come to us. If Ontario Hydro is putting 40 million dollars into pollution control this year, what will it be expending in ten years time? The Fundy Tidal Power project begins to look mighty attractive.

The second benefit is a new and shorter road from Nova Scotia to New Brunswick and ultimately to the Quebec and Maine borders. Perhaps even a link in that other scheme so often trotted out for scrutiny and then pigeon-holed again, the Corridor Highway, through Maine to central Canada, the essential dams that are integral parts of the Fundy power scheme, provide the base for this road -- a straight line across the Minas and Cumberland basins that will cut hours off trans-provincial travel time and will help to lure still more tourists to enjoy these province's unique and natural beauties.

The third benefit is a new park system developed around a controllable water level in the Minas and Cumberland basins. In the planning of a similar tidal power scheme in Britain, the tourist and recreational value of the plan was estimated to be roughly 15% of the total -- not an inconsiderable amount, and the hidden unmeasurable advantage, of course, is that this immense fund of power, capable of revitalizing the entire Maritimes region, is virtually pollution-free. It depends only on the clear, clean cosmic rhythm of the tides for power generation instead of coal or oil or the cleaner, but more costly (and for us unobtainable) natural gas. Yes, all these benefits: but there's a catch, again. The cost of the Fundy project is staggering. Monumental. Informed estimates of a practical Fundy scheme to take advantage of the economies of scale put the price tag at upwards of two billion dollars. And yet . . . and yet, the increased and increasing costs of pollution control for conventional power, the triple benefits, the power-hungry American market beckoning so close, the creation of new industry, new jobs, new prosperity, all these coalesce into a tantalizing vision which cannot be forever rejected as it has been rejected these seventy years. Perhaps Mr. Regan and Mr. Hatfield, new and eager in their jobs, will see the possibilities a little more clearly. Perhaps the power of the Fundy will soon be a reality.

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## A CONSERVATIVE DUCK



**W**HEN THE HALIFAX CHRONICLE-HERALD forsakes its more familiar boosterism to put down the recent Nova Scotia Progressive Conservative leadership contest as "about as exciting as last week's weather" you know it was a pretty depressing affair.

It wasn't that the candidates didn't try hard to give it the verve and excitement of the Ontario PC leadership race: they did. But trying to make anything the Nova Scotia Tories do seem exciting is like trying to stand a slice of soggy bread on its edge. It just disintegrates into an undistinguished mush.

In fact, undistinguished -- and undistinguishable -- were the words most often used to describe the three candidates.

At 33, Gerald Doucet is considered -- despite his protestations to the contrary -- a member of the old party establishment. An intelligent, good looking Acadian with a rural Cape Breton background, he was first elected in 1967 and at 28 appointed Education Minister. But he failed to institute the needed reforms in the educational system and failed to develop the leadership potential people had seen in him. "Worst of all," wrote Nick Fillmore in the *4th Estate*, "it was said -- and still is said -- that Gerald Doucet is not his own man. He is timid in dealing with other powerful personalities in the party, and it is feared that he might make so many concessions that he would personally be ineffective if he ever did become premier."

John Buchanan, 39, like Doucet was first elected to the legislature in 1967, but from a Halifax riding. He was appointed Minister of Fisheries and Public Works in the Smith government but lacked power in the Cabinet and had neither the experience nor the leadership potential of Doucet. Moreover, he is the most conservative of the three candidates.

Roland Thornhill, 36, is Mayor of Dartmouth and on the basis of his record in municipal politics has neither the experience nor ability to lead the provincial party over to the lunch counter, let alone to power.

The fact that these three were the only men the Tories were able to muster as leadership candidates is depressing. But even more so is the fact that -- unlike the Ontario Tories -- the party had to be dumped out of office before realizing that it needed new blood and revitalizing.

But the candidates themselves were scarcely discouraged and in preparation for the convention campaigned around the province like three identical talking dolls, giving speeches to delegates, party members, in fact, anyone who would listen. But an hour after the speech most of the listeners found it difficult to remember just who it was they had been listening to, since the candidates looked about the same, dressed in the same way, and said exactly the same things.

Even the Halifax dailies found the pre-convention campaigns so dull as to be hardly worth covering, and so, gener-

ally, they didn't. Consequently, most delegates arrived at the convention uncommitted and well prepared for a week-end party. Those who still felt they should make a rational decision were hoping that the "bear-pit" confrontation on Friday, the first day of the convention, would see the candidates going for the jugular.

But alas, they were disappointed again. Doucet, Buchanan and Thornhill -- all in single-breasted gray suits and two in almost identical purple-hued shirts -- answered questions from the floor for 95 minutes, disagreeing but once and frequently nodding their heads in agreement with each other. They all agreed that the Federal Government should pay a greater share of the costs of education, that student financial aid should be increased, that both the agricultural and inshore fishing industries were in trouble (but they didn't have any solutions), that pollution was a serious problem, that a government operated automobile insurance plan was probably not a good idea, that the Conservative Party needed "new blood" and should involve more young people, that there was nothing good to say about the Liberals, that Maritime union was not an important issue, and housing was. Fortunately, no one asked for their views on mother and apple pie.

The only disagreement was over the question of marijuana. Mr. Buchanan said he favored the establishment of drug-care centres and educational programmes "but as far as legalizing it, never". Mr. Thornhill agreed. And Mr. Doucet said he would carefully consider the recommendations of the LeDain Commission's final report, but felt that legalization of marijuana was "inevitable". That disagreement, said at least one pundit, probably cost Doucet the leadership.

If things were dull on the convention floor, the highlight of the weekend was the drunken celebrations in the Lord Nelson Hotel. It was a dangerous place to be. The police were summoned on a number of occasions to step between some usually sober Conservatives and it seems a few rooms in the hotel have since been closed for re-decorating: the hotel was apparently full of drug-crazed Tories, though their preference was legal alcohol rather than less-dangerous pot.

The second day of the convention saw the formal nominations, the candidate's speeches, the "spontaneous" demonstrations, and the voting. The most exciting thing to happen Saturday afternoon, noted one cynical commentator, was Mr. Thornhill's deep, husky voice; adding that no one seemed to notice that he didn't really say anything.

After the first ballot -- in which all three candidates polled a nearly equal number of votes -- Mr. Thornhill, as a result of one of those pre-arranged political deals that would go far to disillusion and embitter any of the young

supporters the party had managed accidentally to attract, crossed the floor to throw his support behind his long time friend and co-worker Mr. Buchanan, who of course was chosen as the new leader of the party.

"The disappointing fact about the convention," writes Nick Fillmore, "was not that no one really won it. It was simply that Gerald Doucet lost because of what he stood for -- the last of the old party establishment, a bit too progressive in some of his thinking, a Cape Bretoner, an Acadian, and a Roman Catholic."

And so this month's salute to general incompetence and knavery -- the Rubber Duck Award -- goes to the Conservative Party of Nova Scotia.

### THIS ITEM IS BEING RECYCLED



Premier Gerald Regan says "retention of hair" is a problem he has in common with new PC leader John Buchanan who goes to the same barber as Mr. Regan. Hair-styling is just one aspect of the remaking of the PC leader 1971. The transformation was the more marked for having been effected in mid-campaign. The picture of the "old" John Buchanan made the rounds of the papers in the early going, only to be replaced by the new image. The Cape Breton Highlander

Two forty-three.  
In exactly TWO MINUTES  
I'll ring the  
FIRST BELL and  
they'll all  
stand still!



All, this is, except  
your potential DEVIATED!  
Your flagging EXCEL!  
Your inelegant BEAT-  
SOCKS! THEY'LL try  
to save all rights!  
THEY'LL have to  
learn the HARD  
way not to move!



So I'll SURVIVE at 'em  
and take their NAMES  
and give them FIVE  
DEFINITIONS and EXTRA  
BONUSSES! NEXT time  
they won't move  
after the first  
bell!



Because when they've  
learned not to question  
the FIRST BELL, they'll  
learn not to question  
their TERMS! Their  
TEACHERS! Their  
COUNSEL!  
ELABORATIONS!



They'll grow up to accept  
TAKES! HOUSING DEVELOP-  
MENTS! INSURANCE! MARI-  
JUE! OR THE MOUNT! LYNCHES!  
LAW! POLITICAL SPONSORING!  
PARKING METERS!  
TELEVISION!  
FUNERALS!



Non-cooperation  
after  
the first  
bell is  
the  
backbone  
of Western  
Civilization!



-Something Else-

LNS

# THE CHILDREN'S GAME

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE IAN HAMILTON

Peter Martin Associates Toronto 1970

THE REVOLUTION GAME

MARGARET DALY

New Press Toronto 1970

**T**HE COMPANY OF YOUNG CANADIANS was created by an Act of Parliament in July 1966, presumably to provide a structure within which Canadian youth could do volunteer social work. No one appears to be sure why it was created. No one apparently, can explain why its impending birth was announced in the Liberal government's Speech from the Throne in April of 1965. Certainly no one now wants to take credit for its paternity.

During its short five-year history, from its conception to its demise, the CYC "generated a radical change for the better in Canadian society" by helping people, powerless in the face of governments and bureaucracy which respond only to countervailing power, to help themselves. In doing so, in places as far apart as Calgary and Cape Breton Island, the CYC encouraged people normally too poor to care to demand social justice from their governments, to scare hell out of politicians at civic, provincial, and federal levels and to organize against and in some cases destroy existing power structures. For its part in encouraging such activities the CYC came under attack from provincial Premiers, the press, and finally Lucien Saulnier, Executive Assistant to the Mayor of Montreal. The charges varied - the CYC, if these sources are to be believed, was guilty of fomenting social revolution, mis-spending public money, rabble-rousing, and in general embarrassing public officials at all levels of government. After four years of this, public officials, and to a large degree the press, were sure of one thing: the Company of Young Canadians had to go.

Margaret Daly and Ian Hamilton agree that a great number of the specific projects started by the CYC volunteers in Calgary, in Cape Breton, in Toronto, in Vancouver - were successes, and that the measure of their success will be the survival of social action groups in these areas after the Company is gone. They agree that the government reneged on its promise to turn control of the Company over to the volunteers in the field. They agree that governing of council funds by volunteer staff within the organization gave the Company a bad reputation with the government and to some extent with the public. They agree that the press never understood - never really made any effort to understand - the Company of Young Canadians. They agree that the government never really gave the ill-fated volunteer-dominated council a chance. They agree, in effect, on the facts. They interpret them differently and focus on different problems.

Ian Hamilton, as a former member of the inner circle of the CYC during the last year of its existence provides a rich, detailed account of its demise under the Executive Directorship of Claude Vidal. At times he seems too apologetic, explaining away Vidal's lack of understanding of

the Company. But the real problem lies in Hamilton's interpretation of events, not in his reporting of them. Consider for instance, the following comments:

*In the volunteers' eyes, one man was running the Company - Claude Vidal. Vidal was making all the decisions and was unanswerable to no one.*

*This frustration led to an ignoring of project work... and a concentration [of attention] in Ottawa. They complained that Vidal had no feeling for people, that he ruled by policy, and gave no consideration to the quality of policy, or how harmful it could be in individual situations. They claimed he was controlling and manipulating volunteers and projects...*

*Many of their complaints had their substance in fact, if not in Vidal's intent.*

*He was simply trying to run the Company efficiently... Why couldn't people be professionals? was his attitude...*

*The answer was that this was the Company of Young Canadians.*

There is a tendency, obvious throughout the book, toward a superficial attribution of the failure of the CYC to "a lack of foresight, and a tendency to put realism behind idealism" ("realism" appears to constitute a good press, a good public image, and a good administration; "idealism" an emphasis on humane, rather than administratively efficient, relations and a lack of concern with "image").

Hamilton deals rather well with the post-1968 period of the Company, less well with its origins and first few years of operation. The strengths of *The Children's Crusade*, however, complement *The Revolution Game*; Margaret Daly's book is better in detailing the period of formation of the Company, the events which shaped its philosophy, and the significance of its relations with government.

Margaret Daly serves early warning of her approach. In her preface she argues that:

*... the Company devoted itself to the most radical and ambitious of programs - showing disadvantaged people how to organize, to take power over their own lives - in full cognizance of the fact that this must eventually lead to exercising of political power.*

*Many people... perceive, correctly, that this kind of organizing is a direct threat to existing governments and consider it, therefore, a pernicious thing. I do not... This whole book is colored by my assumption that it is existing governments, and related power structures, that are by nature pernicious, and that organizing to fight them is about the most valuable and relevant political action people can perform.*

Insofar as the CYC did this - and it did, in some areas extraordinarily effectively - Margaret Daly supports it.

By approaching the problem of explaining the activities of the Company in this way, she avoids two fallacies, one is to assume that the Liberal government intended the CYC to be a radical body dedicated to improving the condition of those people worst off in Canadian society. The other is to believe that the Company failed because of financial mismanagement, or because known separatists were employed in the Quebec wing of the organization. The strengths of the book flow directly from her refusal to be caught up in the government rhetoric concerning the establishment of the Company and the political excuses offered for its abolition.

Margaret Daly is at her best in detailing the manner in which two people, a 22-year old girl employed as a research-er over the summer of 1965, and an individual appointed (as a sop to the New Left) to the Company's first governing council, placed their stamp on the organization, activity and goals of the CYC. This occurred during the period between the announcement, in the 1965 Throne Speech, of the Liberal government's intention to establish such a group, and the passage of the CYC Act. Her summary of that period is brutally precise:

*The events that shaped the Company between the Throne Speech and the passage of Bill C-174 are a striking mixture of pure chance and careful strategy. At the end of those 14 months, a group of seasoned, professional Liberal politicians - playing on their home ice, as it were, with all the odds in their favor - had been outmaneuvered by a bunch of student radicals.*

She outlines, in detail, the struggle within the organizing committee - a struggle between the researcher, Joan Newman, and the committee's secretary, Duncan Edmonds, over the issues of community development and volunteer control of the Company. Joan Newman, (with, later, Art Pope and Stewart Goodings, two members of the Interim Advisory Council of the Company who were appointed in April, 1966) managed to gain government acceptance of the principles of community development and of volunteer control of the governing council, when and if it were appointed. In her outline of the dispute between the so-called radicals - Newman, Pope Goodings - on the one hand, and Edmonds and the Chairman of the organizing Committee, J. Francis Leddy, on the other, Daly makes it clear that the government accepted the notion of volunteer control only reluctantly, and that the "carte blanche" granted the CYC in the Bill was obtained as a result of tough fighting on the part of the "radicals".

Margaret Daly spends thirty-eight pages detailing the events of the April 1965 - July 1966 interim; in Hamilton spends, effectively, six. That he starts with a different set of assumptions is thus abundantly clear. That he credits the government with establishing on its own volition and by its own initiative a volunteer-controlled Company dedicated to radical social change is also clear. Consider, for instance, the following assertions:

*Contrary to common myth, which contends that the government tried to play down radicalism, the government took the revolutionary spirit upon itself and became bold. Within two months (November and December 1965) it discussed, designed, approved, and announced the concept of the CYC. The youth of the country played a minor role in compiling the report. One senior civil servant claims that not one articulate brief from the*

*young people of Canadian society was ever presented to the (organizing) committee. The radicals were, incredibly, the government officials . . . The government wanted a Company of young people who would disrupt the establishment.*

Hamilton and Daly, then, explicitly disagree upon who the radicals were. On the evidence, it would appear that Daly is more nearly right. Hamilton's error is compounded by a more general failure, his inability or unwillingness to deal in any sophisticated way with the implications of a government deciding to establish, with its own money, a body dedicated to encouraging disadvantaged people to take power over their own lives.

Because of this, he assesses the failure of the CYC in a wholly different light than does Margaret Daly. She feels its destruction was unfortunate, that it was probably untimely, but that it was in any case inevitable. And she does not see it as a failure in ultimate terms:

*I started . . . with an opinion . . . that the Company . . . was always doomed to be a failure because of the contradiction of a government agency subsidizing people who wanted to fight governments; and that therefore it was a failure . . . For a while I shifted to the opinion . . . that it was the lack of an indigenous Canadian radicalism in the CYC that led to its downfall . . . I no longer think it's particularly useful or important to speculate on the precise reasons for the Company's demise . . . That it would have collapsed sooner or later goes without saying . . . the whole affair has done little to diminish the alienation between people and government that Ottawa professes to be concerned about . . . neither side - the government, nor the young radicals, plans to make the mistake of trusting each other again. But whether the CYC had to fail has never been the issues . . . If any small group of people has learned, thanks to the CYC, even a little more about how to fight the power structure, then more value has been received, from the expenditure of that money than from pretty well any government expenditure that comes to mind.*

Ian Hamilton, on the other hand, ends where Margaret Daly started:

*Social change cannot take place under government jurisdiction. Social change has political implications, and what government is going to sit back and be criticized and threatened by an agency which it can control?*

He argues that the government created, in law if not in fact, a volunteer association run by the volunteers, independent of Parliament and dedicated to radical social change; and then reneged. Margaret Daly thinks he's wrong on two counts: 1) that the government didn't renege it simply realized after three years the implications of its actions; and that 2) the "failure" of the CYC as an identifiable body isn't important, because what it generated - the NOW organization in Calgary, FRAP in Montreal, tenants associations in New Waterford, and Glace Bay - is important.

Hamilton and Daly are right - the CYC deserves a hearing if only because a great many young people in Canada put a great deal of time, effort and hope into something worthwhile only to be manhandled by a government less interested in change than in survival. The lesson to be learned from *The Revolution Game* and *The Children's Crusade* concerns not the CYC, but the government of Canada - and that lesson is not particularly palatable.



# reaction



Dear Sirs:

I have received your December issue and, as usual, found it very good. I particularly appreciated the coverage of the Croll committee and the treatment of the War Measures Act crisis.

While I can appreciate your feeling that the brand new Golden Duck for the 16 NDP members was slightly tarnished by their stand on POTMA's second reading, and while journalists are always entitled to draw the worst possible motives from politicians' actions, I think that somewhere the record deserves to be put straight. Rather by chance, I happened to be an observer of some aspects of the caucus decision-making.

It is my understanding that in the preliminary consultations with Mr. Trudeau and the other party leaders, in order to deter him from invoking the extreme powers of the WMA, an NDP commitment was given to support limited emergency powers which could be shown to be necessary to uncover the kidnapers and murderers. Though Douglas, Lewis and the other fourteen opposed the WMA when they had the chance, at least some of them felt a serious moral commitment to support what they believed would be a more moderate alternative. Some of us outside the caucus and some inside argued on the lines of "in for a penny, in for a pound", that any question of popularity was irrelevant since it had been decisively forfeited, and that any conceivable commitment should be forgotten. The weight of letters by then, I believe, was a support to this position since after a first deluge of unbelievable hatred, the liberal minority's views began to flood in. However, the main argument actually presented for supporting the POTMA was that prior commitment, argued in terms of honour, morality and the like, to say nothing of the need (which seemed desperate at the time) of getting rid of the WMA before people like Campbell in Vancouver would start using it.

The judgments of the time were quite possibly mistaken; they were certainly taken with very incomplete information and it was by no means apparent that Mr. Trudeau would prove so inflexible on the terms of the POTMA. My personal judgment is that at least part of the intransigence was due to his discovery of the astonishing and massive popularity of his measures.

On one point there is absolutely no question and that is the courage of David Macdonald. It would be surprising but entirely delightful to find that the voters in Egmont agreed that he is one of the few indispensable members

of his party, perhaps of any party, in the House of Commons.

It seems to me that reporting and journalistic judgments on the NDP stand were rather at variance with the discussions and debates I had watched and heard, and I have felt that at least someone should know about them. Your sixteen Golden Duck laureates may have been rather less than shrewd but they were also rather better than knaves.

Sincerely  
Desmond Morton  
Dept of History  
University of Toronto

Dear Sirs:

I think *The Mysterious East* would be interested in the following letter issued to the parents of a Fredericton public school area:

*Dear Parents/Guardian:*

*The [local] Home and School Association decided at their last meeting to begin a special project. They are collecting Cash Register Tapes from Dominion Stores Limited. When tapes have been collected to a certain total amount they are turned in to Dominion Stores who will redeem them for worthwhile equipment for the schools, such as Tape Recorders, Record Players etc.*

*It has not yet been decided exactly what equipment will be obtained but your interest and help are requested by the Association. Tapes which you happen to get, if shopping at Dominion Stores, can be sent to school with pupils and dropped in a box which is set aside for that purpose.*

*Please make note of the following points:*

- 1. The School and the Association are not advertising for Dominion Stores or asking you to purchase groceries there.*
- 2. The Association does not wish to encourage children to canvass the neighbours for tapes (this could become a nuisance).*
- 3. Tapes from any Dominion Store are acceptable as long as they are imprinted with the words "Dominion Store Limited".*
- 4. This is a Home and School Association project and any work involved is done by them and not the teaching staff.*

How much thought on the part of Principal, Association, officers of school district 26 -- and for that matter the provincial Department of Education -- went into charting the implications and consequences of this seemingly charitable scheme?

In spite of those cautionary points 1 and 2, just how are we to detach the industry which our children will be depending upon this project, along with the crucial question of the promised benefits accruing to our schools, from the profit-motive of a large and powerful company? -- a motive which over-rides any really benevolent consideration (else why the quotation marks in no. 3?) If Dominion Stores is suddenly taking to its heart the quality of education in Fredericton or elsewhere -- and it can probably afford to do so without fanfare -- then let it fund the enterprise without (consciously or unwittingly) translating our children into agents of a market-enlarging process. Has the

gift-coupon gimmick failed so desperately?

It's easy enough to be led into the conviction that the project is, after all, a noble effort our kids ought to get involved in; and it might even be thought that here, at last, is clear proof of the industrial complex deploying its resources indisputably for the public good. I wonder how many parents would see behind it all - again consciously or unwittingly - another part, albeit small, of a large and complex merchandising pattern that has just about succeeded in ruining smaller, struggling discount stores.

The irony is that some day some of the kids peddling Dominion Store tapes in the name of "education" may be involved in businesses that fail because of (the now very clear) adversary they and their parents once uncritically supported. Some education.

Allen Bentley  
Fredericton, N.B.

## CLASSIFIED

Family units interested in social nudism are invited to direct membership inquiries to Secretary-Treasurer, Manitou Nudist Society, P.O. Box 156, Fredericton, New Brunswick. Legal age essential. Single males not eligible. Replies confidential.

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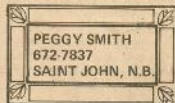
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# Back of the Book

## I WANT MY LINGUISTIC RIGHTS

On March 2, Information Canada gave a lunch at the Clarendon Laurier for the delegates to a federal conference on Canadian publishing. One of our editors was there, along with such peers as Jack McClelland (McClelland and Stewart), John Gray (Macmillan of Canada), Dennis Lee (House of Anansi) and other troublemakers.

Our hero picked up the bilingual menu. On the right flap, he found he was at a "déjeuner offert par Information Canada" with an "Allocution par L'honorable Robert Stanbury". On the left flap, the same thing appeared in English. On the right side of the menu proper this appeared:

Vichyssoise  
Medaillon de veau Marsala  
Nouilles au beurre  
Petits pois  
Salade de saison  
Soufflé Glace maison  
Petits fours  
Café

And on the left side, it went like this:

Vichyssoise  
Medaillon de veau Marsala  
Nouilles au beurre  
Petits pois  
Salade de saison  
Soufflé Glace maison  
Petits fours  
Café

Always indecorous, our hero began to snicker. Others picked up the menu. Laughter ringed the table.

"Look here!" cried *Saturday Night's* Robert Fulford, "I want my linguistic rights! Little peas! Seasonal salad! Small fours!"

"Small quarters," corrected Dennis Lee.  
Just so. And it's always nice to see a mammoth and dignified government stub its toe.

## BLACK TIDAL POWER

The most widespread cause of bad journalism isn't malice, but ignorance. If a paper is, for instance, consciously racist, its bias is probably less damaging than that of a paper that has never entered the twentieth century, is still fighting the Boer War, and has never noticed the rise of the theory that black people are human. The Frederickton *Daily Gleaner's* claim to be such a paper is cemented by its editorial of last January 27, which we reprint here:

*Milton Obote went to Singapore to tick off the British. While he was away the people of Uganda, of which he was president, rose up and ousted his government.*

*This is not to say that the revolt stemmed from any Ugandan support for Britain's proposed sale of arms to South Africa. But it does seem a bit on the ridiculous side for a regime as unstable as Obote's to presume to tell the British how to run their affairs.*

*The new states of Africa, whether they belong to the Commonwealth or not, have a lot to learn. Before they sail forth into foreign fields, they will have to learn how to put their own houses in order.*

*Stability at home should be the watchword, as Mr. Obote has just found out. South Africa and Rhodesia are the most stable nations in Africa, rocks on which the black tide will break and dissolve until fundamental lessons are learned and reason becomes common policy.*

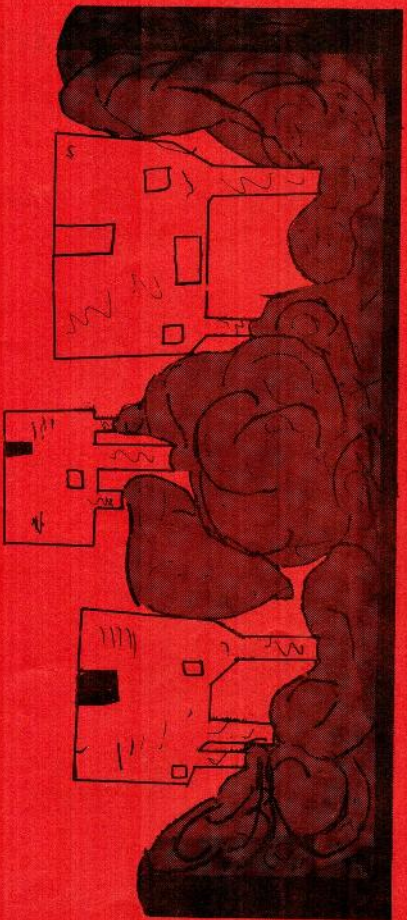
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