

JULY '71 35¢

# the mysterious east

an independent atlantic magazine



Bucolic  
St Francis  
Xavier?

UFAW  
Canso  
Acadia

Duck  
the Duck,  
Mr. Reagan

# ABOUT the mysterious east

It's no fun being rich. Not only have you got the government taxing you and hemming you in with laws, and people asking you for donations for this and that, but all the places you used to be able to do business right are starting to disappear. You take eastern Canada, now.

Used to be those people'd give you the shirt off their backs if you'd come in and start a new industry. You'd go talk to the Nova Scotia or New Brunswick government, and they'd promise you guaranteed low taxes for forty or fifty years; they'd give you your water free; they'd build dams and power plants and sewage pipes; they'd give you all the land you'd ever need and more besides; they'd give you the right to dump anything into the water and air and then they'd write a clause into your incorporation papers that guaranteed nobody could sue you for doing it.

But what was really great was the people. Decent, hard-working people who didn't expect something for nothing. They were used to hardship. They didn't expect to earn enough to support a family of five or six on just one job. They didn't expect the boss to coddle them with safety equipment, sick pay, frills like that. You got an honest day's work for an honest day's pay. A man could earn a decent profit here.

But that's all gone now. You see what's happening at Michelin Tire and the Canso fish plants? The people who were there keep going out on strike, if you can imagine it. And the governments don't seem to be able to do a thing about it. In the good old days, like back in Cape Breton in '25, you could just call the government and they'd send in the troops and straighten everything right up.

Well, I guess you have to give the governments credit for trying. But it's not doing the businessman any good just to try. After all, how would you feel if you moved your plant thousands of miles from your market - probably thousands of miles from your raw materials, too - and then

found out that all you had to show for your troubles was free land, low taxes, subsidised freight rates, cheap plumbing, clean water, and government grants? What you need is that good old Maritime work force.

But now with all these outside union agitators coming in and trying to tell these carefree people that their incomes aren't sufficient . . . I just don't know. Used to be they really enjoyed working, were grateful for the opportunity. Now they keep talking about things like sick pay, working conditions, collective bargaining, contracts . . . why, I heard a Cape Breton fisherman say the other day he thought his work was worth as much as any upper Canadian's.

They're going to ruin the Maritimes, that's what they're going to do. Once all that rustic charm is gone, all those abandoned farms and tarpaper shacks and rustic fishing villages with outside plumbing and lots of tuberculosis, why, no one'll come down here - businessmen or tourists.

I'll tell you what I'm thinking. I'm thinking about moving my plant to South America. I understand there are places down there where the workers are really eager. Once they get to be thirteen or fourteen, they'll work a full, solid, honest working day, sixteen hours, just like the good old days. And they don't give you any of this crap about safety equipment, either: they know if they fall in the machines it's their own fault.

Listen, you better let these people know down here, if they want to attract my type of business, they better smarten up and stop listening to those outside agitators. 'Cause once they get things stirred up good, it'll be too late to call in the troops to pour oil on your troubled waters.

## INSIDE



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Ulli Diemer

# 1925 STANDING THE GAFF IN THE COAL MINES



The pithead at Dominion hasn't changed much from the time when it was part of Nova Scotia's sordid labour strike history. — Bill Durocher

**O**N JUNE 11 EACH YEAR, as the brief Maritime spring strides rapidly towards summer, the miners in Cape Breton don't go to work, June 11 is a Cape Breton holiday named Miner's Memorial Day. What miners? And why are they remembered?

Until 1939 the holiday was called Davis Day, for a miner named Bill Davis who was shot dead by a policeman of the British Empire Coal and Steel Company, or BEESCO. The occasion: an armed clash between three thousand striking miners and a force of mounted, gun-toting police. Though Davis was killed, the "police" were given a memorable drubbing. As the Canso Strait trawlermen's strike moves into its second summer, it is worth recalling the Great Strike of 1925. Maritime workers *do* sometimes fight back, and fight hard.

**B**UT THE STORY DOES NOT BEGIN IN 1925. Perhaps it begins in 1882, when the militia had been brought to Lingan against striking members of the Provincial Workmen's Association, the first miner's organization in Cape Breton. The militia was back again in 1904, when the steelworkers struck, and in 1909-10, when the United Mine Workers of America first entered Nova Scotia. Certainly the story is well under way by 1922, when the coal fields and steel mills of Cape Breton as well as the shipyards of Halifax and Dartmouth were almost entirely under the control of BEESCO. A thoroughly ruthless company, BEESCO announced on January 1, 1922, a wage cut of a cool 37½%.

The miners weren't having any, and began a slowdown, demanding restoration of the 1921 rate. Throughout the

early months of 1922 the dispute bubbled, with rival factions contending inside the union itself. The District 26 convention held in Truro in June elected a radical slate, largely from the Phalen local, always the most militant in the district. A rousing speech by young Tim Buck evoked stormy applause and shouts of "Revolution!" The convention voted to send a delegate to the next Moscow Internationale, and appealed to the troops directly for class solidarity in labour conflicts:

Over the heads of the Government, we appeal to all soldiers and minor law officers . . . When you are ordered to shoot the workers, don't do it. When you are asked to arrest the workers, don't do it. When you are asked to spy on the workers, don't do it.

The new officers were led by President Dan Livingston, who later went before the General Executive Board of the UMW International to announce that District 26 proposed to affiliate with the Moscow International. The new Secretary-Treasurer was J.B. McLachlan, one of the numerous "Clydesiders" who had come to Cape Breton in the early years of the century, and acknowledged leader of the Cape Breton left for thirty-five years.

International Board Member was A.M. Stewart, who regarded his job as being largely to keep the International's hands off the District's affairs; when John L. Lewis sent telegrams to Stewart asking for information he received a curt wire back from the new Vice President, Alex McIntyre, telling him to keep out of what didn't concern him.

In August, the slowdown became a total walk-out, a "100% strike", as the slogan of the day had it. A "100% strike" means the UMW pulled out not only the miners

themselves, but also the mine maintenance men, so that the mines slowly filled with water and gas. A process that eventually renders a mine unworkable, it puts a good deal of pressure on a company to settle. On August 19, sympathetic steelworkers paraded in Sydney. A LIVING WAGE OR REVOLUTION said the signs.

## THE STRIKING MINERS

Premier E.H. Armstrong, who was a close friend of both BESCO President Roy Wolvin and anti-labour Justice Mellish, and who had overseen the Mines portfolio from 1911 to 1922, was not slow to react. The pits were surrounded with barbed wire machine-gun nests and searchlights. Twelve hundred cavalrymen were dispatched to Cape Breton; bombing planes were placed on alert, and a squadron of British warships entered Glace Bay Harbour and trained their guns on the town. The company agreed to make the wage cut a mere 20% instead of 37%, and the miners went back to work.

**T**HE AGREEMENT LASTED AN UNEASY YEAR. By the next June, a District 26 convention accused BESCO of various violations of the contract, and declared it null and void. The District leaders declared in favour of a strike. John L. Lewis wired his disapproval. The executive took a poll of its members, who voted to strike anyway.

On June 28, the steelworkers in Sydney walked out, demanding a 20% wage increase. Many of the steelworkers were earning less than 35 cents per hour, and working conditions both in the mines and mill were unbearable. Steelworkers worked 11-hour daytime shifts and 13-hour night shifts, with no holidays; every two weeks, at shift change, they worked 24 hours straight. Meanwhile BESCO slashed their wages from an average of \$5.20 a day in 1920 to \$3.58 in 1922, a cut of 45%.

Miners also did without holidays, and worked equally long shifts at the coal face, with a tiny gas lamp for light. A Dominion Bureau of Statistics report of June 1922 estimated food costs for a family of five at \$10.27 a week, and rent at \$2.50; earnings averaged perhaps \$14.00, though the basic rate was even lower. The *Maritime Labour Herald*, pointing out that two shifts a week was not unusual, says that a fairly senior miner, at \$4.05 per day, would have a gross pay of \$8.10. Against this came the following deductions:

|                         |        |
|-------------------------|--------|
| coal                    | \$2.50 |
| doctor                  | .50    |
| union dues              | .50    |
| relief association      | .30    |
| church                  | .25    |
| mtpg on a company house | 4.25   |
| Total deductions        | \$8.00 |

for a take home pay of exactly a dime. Nor were prices as low as one might think: advertisements in the *Sydney Post* show women's summer dresses at \$4.75 and men's raincoats at \$20.00 to \$30.00 on sale, and linoleum at \$1.80 a yard or \$3.30 a yard inland. Today's K-Mart prices are not so very different.

BESCO already had its own 400-man police force, armed with twenty-pound iron bars. Headed by D.A. Noble, who trebled as an Army intelligence officer and an RCMP special agent, the force included a particularly obnoxious system

of spies and informers within the workers' ranks. Nevertheless, when the steelworkers went out on June 28, the government moved to bolster the civil power, as they say, and shipped a detachment of militia into Sydney two days later. "Militia" and "police", one should point out, are only approximate terms in this context: the government's regular practice was to recruit special agents from bars and brothels along the Halifax waterfront, clap uniforms on them and put them on the train.

The day after their arrival, a force of these goons, mounted and armed with baseball bats and whips, rode into a crowd on Victoria Road in Whitney Pier, just on the edge of Sydney. Incredible though it seems all the evidence indicates that the attack was thoroughly planned - and completely unprovoked. On February 18, 1924, Labour MLA Forman Waye rode in the House on an affidavit from a Sergeant Maud of the Sydney police which outlined the pre-arrangement, by the police, of the July 1 charge. Writing in the *Cape Breton Highlander* some months ago, Paul MacEwan noted that by an odd coincidence the daily newspaper archives have a gap for July 2, and there is nothing in the provincial archives about the affair.

In any case the "police" charged the crowd, beating everyone within reach and indelicately assaulting women and girls. Reaching the end of the street, they turned around and charged again. One enterprising trooper rode his horse up to the second floor of the Atlantic Hotel, systematically beating every lodger on the way. UMW Secretary-Treasurer McLachlan described it this way:

*On Sunday last the provincial police, in the most brutal manner, rode down the people of Whitney Pier, who were out on the street, most of whom were coming from church. Neither age, sex, nor physical disability were proof against these brutes. One old woman over 70 years of age was beaten into insensibility and may die. A boy nine years old was trampled under the horses' hooves and had his breast bone crushed in. A woman, being beaten over the head with a police club, gave premature birth to a child. The child is dead and the woman's life is despaired of. Men and women were beaten up inside their own homes.*

The only apparent motive for the charge was Premier Armstrong's belief that communist immigrants were responsible for Cape Breton's labour troubles: Whitney Pier was largely a district of Russians and other Slavs.

"No miner or mine worker," McLachlan roared, "can remain at work while this government turns Sydney into a jungle." On July 3, eight thousand miners left the pits, vowing to stay out till the police left Sydney.

The Mayor of Glace Bay said he didn't consider militia necessary. The Trades and Labour Congress protested. Prime Minister Mackenzie King wondered aloud about legislation to restrict such use of militia, and eventually passed it. But in Nova Scotia, McLachlan and Livingston were arrested for spreading false tales about the police and spirited off secretly to Halifax, where they were held incommunicado without any statement of charges, and denied even such common amenities as blankets. Troops continued to pour into Cape Breton. A searchlight was set up on the nail mill which towered over Whitney Pier, while union offices and the homes of union leaders were raided daily, without warrant, by provincial police. McLachlan was finally charged with seditious libel (which may sound familiar these days) as a result of the passage quoted above! The test, said Attorney-General Walter J.A. O'Leary, who prosecuted the case himself, is "not whether the statement published is true or false. There are many things which are true but cannot be published. It is not a question of the truth of the statement, but a question of whether it was

## LIVING HISTORY THE MINERS' MUSEUM AT GLACE BAY

**S** END US 200 BROGUES" was the message, but they thought it said 200 rogues. And that's how the McIntyres came to Cape Breton. That's what the foreman told me."

At 68, Archie McIntyre is bald and round and full of fun. Archie and his fellow-guides are the best part of the Miners' Museum in Glace Bay.

The museum is a modern brick building set at the edge of the sea just east of the town proper. A Centennial project, it received 65,000 visitors last year, looking at pan shovels and picks, at long hand drills for boring blasting holes, at what looks like a deepsea diver's gear but is actually a mine rescue suit. A bay of the museum is devoted to developments in mine telephones; another bay contains a mock-up of the kind of forest which millions of years ago died and became coal. Early spinning-wheels and doll carriages adorn the gallery, and the walls are covered with paintings and photographs of miners in all the various phases of their work. A little glass house contains lamps -- dozens of lamps, from the tiny seal-oil lamps of the nineteenth century to the rechargeable Davy lamps of today. The museum is free, and if you find yourself in Glace Bay this summer you shouldn't miss it.

The museum's chief feature, though, is the guided tour of an actual coal mine below the building itself. Last year 40,000 of the visitors went down the mine. The trip costs \$1.25, and the income from the tours sustains the museum.

After you pay, a guide gives you a rubber coat and a black plastic pit helmet, and sits you on a bench to be fitted with a pair of gumbots from the huge rack along the wall. "What size, now? Ah, here you are, look; these are your own boots, you've left them behind last time you were here; aren't they a fine fit?"

"Do I take off my shoes?" says the woman from California.

"Indeed you do." What had looked like a pack of summer tourists has suddenly turned into coal miners, black rubber from head to foot, topped by the helmet. A door is opened, and Archie McIntyre leads you down a sloping, windowless corridor. This is what is called a "slope mine"; he tells you, and it's a real mine, though it was dug especially for the museum. He points out the cars of the mine railway, the carts for coal and the other for carrying the

miners up and down. In the early days, of course, they were drawn by animals. "If you want to hear some language that wouldn't look good in print," he says, "just say *mule* to a Cape Breton miner."

He stops at a mine telephone, explaining that the coal lies in seams at various depths, and that mines operate in seams right above each other. The seams are all named, the Phalen, the Emery and so on, and have their own characteristics -- the Emery is the "wet" seam -- so there is another mine two hundred odd feet below you. One day in the late nineteenth century, says Archie, a tall bearded man appeared directly below us in the other mine, with an odd instrument in his hand. It was Alexander Graham Bell, who had a summer home fifty miles away at Baddeck, and he had in his hand one of the world's first mine telephones. Archie can tell you what a difference that made -- instead of couriers flitting through the shafts, the men at the pit-head could be in easy constant contact with the miners at the coal face. Archie doesn't remember Bell, of course, but his grandfather was in the mine, and the story of the miracle was handed down from father to son.

**T** HE COAL FACE is about eight feet wide, a glistening black wall of rough coal. Archie explains how you drilled it, tamped powder and detonators, and "shot" it from a safe distance. You took care not to drill too high and "break the rock", which meant the roof could come down on you, indeed would have to be taken down to prevent an accidental fall. By now you are stooping in the low shaft, banging your helmet on the beams of the roof. When the coal is shot, it falls down in huge lumps, filling the air with black dust; the pan shovel (the only tool in the mine which hasn't changed since Archie first went to work) flies, the coal goes into the carts. You put up pit-prcs and supports, and drill again. Archie holds up the tiny flame of a gas lamp: for most of his working life, he worked in a seam just over three feet thick -- the thickness of the seam is the height of the mine shaft -- with a light like this.

Archie speaks of the dangers of methane gas and carbon monoxide, and how the canaries were used as a warning of gas, being much more sensitive than humans. Ventilation is des-

perately important, and the black water that runs underfoot explains why the mines must be constantly pumped out -- even disused ones; water can force its way through three hundred feet of solid rock to flood another mine nearby.

Archie scuttles along quickly, stops unexpectedly, talks volubly. He leads you to the ventilation shaft, where a huge fan roars, forcing stale air and coal dust and gas to the surface, and he leads you around a corner to -- believe it or not -- a large flowerbed, blooming explosively up against a coal face, overhung by fluorescent lamps, a living demonstration of the purity of the air.

Leading you back to the surface, Archie talks more about his own life in the mines. He became a miner at eleven, and spent just over fifty years in the pits. He retired in 1964. For the first twenty-eight years, he had no vacations. Would he choose to spend his life the same way again? He thinks a moment, and then says No, he thinks there's more to life than he's seen. All the guides are retired miners of fifty years experience or more, though their fitness makes them seem twenty years younger.

"In the old days," Archie says, "now I'm telling you honestly, I said I would when I took this job, in the old days the company gave the miners *brutal* treatment. Of course those were the days before the union was strong."

He laughs, talking about his Scots background, about other miners on the island who are French or Welsh. He remembers a woman asking one of his fellow guides whether he was "fully Scotch."

"He thought she said 'full of Scotch,'" Archie laughs, shaking his head, so he said to her truthfully, "No, ma'am; only on Saturdays." I do think I've spent my life among the most wonderful people in the whole wide world."

"Everybody should think so," says the man from California.

*It is only because miners sweat their guts out,* wrote George Orwell after touring an English mine, *that superior persons can remain superior. All of us really owe the comparative decency of our lives to poor drudges underground, blackened to the eyes, with their throats full of coal dust, driving their shovels forward with arms and belly muscles of steel.*

said with the intention of creating dissatisfaction." That dissatisfaction may be caused by beating unarmed citizens seems not to have occurred to O'Hearn. In any case, to be against BESCO was to be against the government; in opposing bail for Livingston and McLachlan, O'Hearn said, "They have preached 'To Hell with the Dominion Coal Company' and all other sorts of sedition." (Emphasis added)

But bail was granted, and by July 12 McLachlan and Livingston were tumultuously welcomed home. By this time the Alberta district of the UMW was out in support. It remained for John L. Lewis and the UMW international to pull the rug out from under the Cape Breton workers.

On July 18, Lewis revoked the charter of District 26, and for the next two years administered the district directly himself. On July 20 a steelworkers demonstration at Whitney Pier evoked another bloody clash with the "police". On July 21, Lewis obtained a court order ejecting the Phalen radicals from their union offices and barring them from union funds, while Silby Barrett, Lewis' agent in Cape Breton, ordered the miners back to work. Barrett shortly resigned, since several locals flatly refused to accept his authority; the Westville local, in fact, left the UMW and is still an independent local. Undaunted, Lewis appointed an American who ran the district for him till 1924.

**B**Y THE END OF JULY, BESCO was threatening to evict the steelworkers from their company houses.

On August 2, a meeting of over 500 steelworkers bitterly conceded defeat. "Everyone's hand is against us," said the steelworkers, "in our effort to obtain enough food to sustain ourselves and our families, to have enough clothing, to allow our children to return to school." Many families in Cape Breton were keeping their children home from school. Dressed in flour bags and shoeless, the children could hardly brave a Nova Scotia winter.

BESCO blacklisted the radicals, and the charges of unlawful assembly continued. Meanwhile McLachlan was convicted of seditious libel on October 31, and sentenced to two years in Dorchester Penitentiary. He appealed. The Chief Justice, Robert E. Harris, was a former president of Nova Scotia Steel and Coal, a BESCO subsidiary, and three others of the six judges had important BESCO connections. Oddly enough, they saw little merit in McLachlan's case.

McLachlan only served four months however; an active member and former candidate of the Labour Party at a time when the Farm-Labour alliance held the balance of power in Ottawa, he had friends, too. His case was celebrated by radical versifier Dawn Fraser:

This Armstrong was a Premier stern  
And he had a henchman named O'Hearn  
And they had a crony who was a judge  
And they held in common a desperate grudge  
Against McLachlan, and they said  
He was an agitating Red,  
And all the trouble was caused by him;  
So they framed a plot to get poor Jim.  
O'Hearn consulted his law books, says Fraser:  
And further back than that he saw  
To tell the truth was against the law  
And so a warrant was sworn and given  
For Jim McLachlan, dead or livin'.

In jail, McLachlan was showered with gifts. "It's great to be in jail," he wrote to his little daughter Eva, "people go dippy over you. However, don't you try to get in until I get out." On his return to Cape Breton in March, thousands turned out to welcome him home. "If any one has doubts as to who dominated the councils of the miners," commented *The Financial Post*, "they must have been set

at rest by the demonstration accorded McLachlan . . . The very fact that he was free filled his followers with enthusiasm." In Dorchester, however, McLachlan had contracted a bronchial condition which eventually led to the tuberculosis which killed him in 1937. He was a demanding Christian and an ardent admirer of Jesus, said CCF MLA D.N. Brodie in an obituary. A tough, uncompromising radical, McLachlan was evidently a man of immense strength and character, a first-rate organizer and leader. If scholarship could manage to interest itself in the history of the Canadian left, perhaps we could hope someday to read the biography he deserves.

**V**ICIOUS AND BLOODY though they were, these clashes were only a prelude to the Great Strike of 1925. In January, 1925, and in November, 1924, BESCO proposed to institute yet another 20% cut in miner's wages. In negotiations this was reduced to 15% and then to 10%. UMW District President John W. MacLeod tried to impress on BESCO the extreme poverty of the miners: families were being fed on soup boiled up from potato peelings. BESCO was adamant. Negotiations broke down, but after the contract expired on January 12, work continued at the 1924 pay scale.

During January and February, however, BESCO offered much less work to the three militant locals -- the Phalen in New Aberdeen, the Caledonia and the Donkin. Where other mines would work for eighteen days in a month, these might work seven. By the end of February a young girl appeared at a union meeting with a note of regret from her father, who couldn't attend because his wife and baby were dying of malnutrition.

On March 2, BESCO moved, cutting off credit at the three company stores -- popularly called "pluck-me's" -- serving the militant locals. The miners had, of course, been falling into debt, since the company was giving them next to no work. On March 6, the miners declared that the credit stoppage and the failure to work the collieries constituted a lock-out, and stopped work. On March 9, Wolvin and his resident vice-president, J.E. McClurg, wired Premier Armstrong for troops, but Armstrong for once refused. McClurg, asked if the whole thing was a kind of poker game, gave the strikers their slogan.

"Game of poker, nothing," he said. "We hold the cards. Things are getting better every day they stay out. Let them stay out two months or six months, it matters not; eventually they will come crawling to us. They can't stand the gaff."

For a hundred and fifty-five days, the greeting was not "How you doin'?" but "How you standin' the gaff?"

They stood the gaff, and on April 11, John L. Lewis himself arrived in Cape Breton for a look-see, going on to Halifax, where he conferred with Armstrong, Wolvin and McClurg. On April 23, MacLeod reaffirmed the goal: nothing less than the 1924 rates. By this point 3000 people were receiving relief at New Waterford, and the *Sydney Post* was publishing an editorial opinion that BESCO's "apparent settled policy is to bring about an enforced settlement by wearing out the men's resistance in an uneven and unfair test of endurance." BESCO, it pointed out, was now even declining interim terms it had proposed itself two months earlier.

Meanwhile, the Bishop of Montreal was appealing on behalf of the miners' relief fund, and a committee of Canadians in Boston was organizing support, raising \$4000, in cash and pledges at a meeting of 1400 people. The *Post* reported that 10,618 people were getting relief at the rate of 13 cents a day, and on April 26 an editorial accused BESCO of "endeavouring to reduce 40,000 of the people

of the province to a state of slavery." The next day, as the miners shouted "No compromise and no surrender" and the Springhill miners sent a message that they could "stand the gaff as long as Cape Breton," Premier Armstrong offered a compromise: all men over \$4.00 a day would have their pay reduced, while workers below that would remain untouched; the province would not, however, contribute any relief to the miners. BESCO declined the compromise.

### ... DEATH OF SUN YAT SEN AND PAINTER JOHN SINGER SARGENT. . .

**A**T THIS POINT BESCO President Wolvin released a statement claiming that people who contributed to relief funds were intervening in the strike, and urging them not to help the miners. "In my judgement," said Wolvin, "the best contribution that can be made to relieve distress in the mining districts is employment for the miners. The British Empire Steel Corporation has offered such employment and its many mines should now be producing coal and distributing weekly payrolls sufficient to prevent distress and to permit the miners to accumulate something towards the part-time operations next winter."

The farmers of Saskatchewan called for federal intervention to end the strike. The executive of the Farm Union of Canada said "the situation has from its inception been caused by the insatiable demands of a huge octopus . . . Were the property of the British Empire Steel Corporation interests threatened, unlimited supplies of federal capital and military support, if necessary, would be provided to cope with the situation. The lives of the miners are at stake. Is property of greater moment than human lives?"

A miners' meeting at North Sydney had to be held outdoors: the crowd was twice the size of the largest hall. One miner said he "had gone hungry in the old front line at various periods for four years, and was ready to tighten up his belt and carry on, that Canadians didn't quit then and now was a poor time to start." The relief station at North Sydney was closing: it had nothing left to give out.

### ... COMMUNIST ACTIVITY IN BULGARIA THREATENS TO SPREAD THROUGH BALKANS. . .

A story made the rounds in late April that Wolvin had bought 60% of BESCO Second Preferred at \$9.00 and had British buyers available at \$25.00, conditional on his getting the 10% wage reduction. Throughout the strike, the union charged that the company was incompetent, wasteful, extravagant and improper in its expenditures; that it would be showing a huge profit if its books were accurate; and that it was being manipulated by Wolvin and his conferees in order to make huge gains on the stock market. They called repeatedly for an independent inquiry into BESCO's finances, to check its claim that it couldn't afford to pay a living wage. BESCO officers were noticeably reluctant even to discuss this proposal. Cast your mind back to Sydney in 1967, and the closure of BESCO's successor, DOSCO, on the grounds that the mill was losing money. Under public ownership, divorced from Hawker-Siddeley's other interests, it makes a tidy profit. The miners may well have had a point.

**QUESTION:** If the miners accept a reduction in their wages, will the company reduce the selling price of

coal to the consumers?

**BESCO VICE PRESIDENT MCCLURG:** No. We require the money for our bondholders and shareholders. (House of Commons Debates, April 21, 1925)

At the end of April, Mackenzie King refused to help the miners' national relief committee, which also heard a ringing declaration from Rev. Dr. F. McAvoy, Baptist minister of Glace Bay. "The men will stand tig t until t ey starve," said McAvoy, "or there is going to be one of the bloodiest fights ever seen. The men will not recede from their position because they cannot afford to." They were prophetic words. But back in Cape Breton, the miners still had not made it a "100% strike"; the maintenance men were still pumping water and gas out of the idle mines, and there were no picket lines.



**O**N MAY DAY, 1925, Mayor Dan Willie Morrison led the parade in Glace Bay, carrying the red flag of socialism, while his fellow townsmen carried placards: **WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE! DOWN WITH CAPITALISM!** But in Halifax, on the eve of pro-roguing the Legislature to fight a provincial election, Premier Armstrong introduced a new bill: the Industrial Peace Act (1925). A rewriting of the long-discredited and judicially-disallowed federal Lemieux Act, the Industrial Peace Act met heavy opposition from labour. The Act, snapped the *Post*, in an editorial, "reflects good intentions tardily translated into impulsive action of doubtful wisdom." Elsewhere in the paper, Pat J. Power, secretary of Local 7525 of the UMW, wrote of a father of nine, including a boy suffering from TB, who took no relief for seven weeks, but finally put aside a small fish for himself when it was his turn to man the relief station. Finally he couldn't stand telling his brother miners he had nothing to give them, and gave the fish away. The miners would "fight on until the breath leaves our bodies," Power wrote. "Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must." A day or two earlier, the *Post* had devoted an inch and a half to one of seventeen items headed "Interesting Events": the item told of the death of Daniel Graham, 33, of Westville, in a fall of coal in a mine.

The Presbyterian Church of Canada issued a letter soliciting support for strike relief. TLC President Tom Moore

castigated the Industrial Peace Act, which received second reading all the same on May 5. And on the same day, as a result of BESCO's use of scab labour, picketing began at the mines, though the picketers announced they would not interfere with recognized company officials.

**RED PLOT TO MURDER AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN**, said the news, **DRIVE AGAINST RUM ARMADA** - the fleet of smuggling ships which regularly how to on Rum Row, just off the Cape Breton coast.

On May 6, the Industrial Peace Act received its final reading, and picketing at No. 2 colliery in New Aberdeen closed down the fans and pumps, though the mine was said to be in no immediate danger. On May 8, the first breach of the peace occurred, when Simon Gallant of Reserve was charged with assault and held on \$1000.00 bail for allegedly manhandling P.E. Ogilvie, the chief employment clerk of the company.

Commenting on the arrest and on Premier Armstrong's subsequent oblique threat to use the police or the military to guard maintenance men, the executive of District 26 commented that the scuffle was just what they had predicted. Ogilvie, they said, was "a professional scab", and they claimed to have evidence of names on the BESCO payroll which were not there prior to the strike; these were plain scabs. The union proposed to continue picketing, pointing out the irony of Armstrong's apparent willingness to spend \$100,000.00 or \$200,000.00 for armed forces, but nothing for the relief of women and children.

*"We wish to inform you," MacLeod wrote to Armstrong, "that at one colliery alone there are no less than 11 men working who were not officials of the Corporation at the time of the cessation of work. One of these is a lad whose father took him away from his studies that he might commence his career in industry as a scab.*

*It has been our constant care to make every effort in the face of great provocation to prevent those natural and almost inevitable disorders which follow upon people reaching beyond a bearable state of hunger, and we have done so primarily to avoid a recurrence of the use of armed forces of the Crown to drive us to work in conditions of slavery, as has been done in the past. At the same time we have repeatedly pointed out that human nature is incapable of endurance beyond a certain stage. Now when that stage is being reached after a period of forbearance that could not in reason have been anticipated, we receive from your government a threat . . . there is too much said in the miners of Nova Scotia to meekly submit to injustice imposed upon them by an incompetent and corrupt Corporation, and . . . when they are driven to it, they will arise and go over the top.*

Even at this distance in time, it is easy to see the violence coming. The miners grow more desperate and more hungry; the company is intransigent; the government stalls, and time is on the side of the company, just as it is now in Canso and Mulgrave. A week later, McClurg invited town councils to invoke the Industrial Peace Act, and Glace Bay Councilor W.R. MacDonald so moved, but the motion was lost on the deciding vote of Mayor Dan Willie Morrison. The next day saw the first act of vandalism: the pump-house at Old Bridgeport was invaded, and a pump smashed with sledgehammers. Naturally, it was blamed on the miners, and a later story from a local resident, who said the pump was only an auxiliary which hadn't been used during the dispute and was often damaged by mischievous boys, was buried on a back page. "This time," says the correspondent, "the company seized on this occasion to discredit the miners in the eyes of the public. Rotten poor tactics."

**T**HE GLACE BAY COUNCIL now did request the use of the Industrial Peace Act, on the motion of Mayor Morrison himself, fresh from a meeting of the local mayors with BESCO's McClurg. The motion was denounced by delegations of miners. Later McClurg denied asking the mayors to meet with him, which makes Morrison's change of heart odd. In any case the Act was never used, though it was an effective threat at Canso stage. And on the same day, miners desperate for food rifled Hinchey's grocery at New Waterford.

On May 17, the miners voted, still, against full picketing - against a 100% strike. Yet their morale remained high. The next day a meeting of the New Waterford local heard a proposal by one member to quit District 26 and seek a separate contract. Pandemonium broke out in the hall, and the miners threatened to pitch him out the window.

Armstrong now visited the Cape Breton towns and opened his mouth repeatedly, but nothing seems to have come out. In the Senate, Senator Beaubien - a BESCO director - attacked the United Mine Workers and their "red leadership"; he called for strong government measures to control the situation in defence of law-abiding citizens, a plea not altogether devoid of humour.

As May waned, the company attempted to split locals from the district, offering a separate contract to One Big Union members in New Glasgow, and later a similar deal to the Sydney Mines UMW local. Both rejected the proposal, and the District called for intervention by federal labour Minister James Murdock. Murdock said he wouldn't come without BESCO's concurrence, and BESCO refused. A UMW District convention voted to borrow \$100,000, if necessary, but decided against any extension of picketing, which would only encourage the use of police. Some support was rolling in from the labour movement at large, but very little from the International.

On March 6, when the strike began, the UMW had declared that the power plants at Waterford Lake would be kept in service to provide power and water for the citizens and the hospital of New Waterford, but not for the company; and the union had run the plant at low output ever since. On June 4, the company police attempted to force the strikers out, and a scuffle ensued. The strikers were ejected, and the next night BESCO police arrested seven strikers and drove them to Sydney in BESCO cars. Chief D.A. Noble was temporarily absent in Winnipeg, delivering a paper to a police convention. He said communists were the chief problem of industrial police forces.

The company now shut off water and power to the town. On June 8, Mayor P.G. Muisé requested BESCO to restore them. The company refused. The UMW set up a bucket brigade to supply water to the hospital and other essential institutions. To make matters worse, a heat wave was in progress; on June 8 it was 83 degrees in the shade in Sydney.

On June 9, Muisé proposed that the town install an emergency pump on the lake, at its own expense, but using BESCO mains. The company refused that, too. The next day the strikers besieged the plant, calling on the scabs to go home. Most of them did, and the strikers re-occupied the plant. That night, however, a BESCO police force took control of the plant once again.

Meanwhile the arrests had continued, totalling thirty-one by June 9. By now the mines were flooding; in Springhill 100% picketing went into effect, and the mines began to flood there, too.



... CHURCH UNION GOES INTO  
EFFECT. UNITED CHURCH  
OF CANADA BORN ...

**T**HE DAY OF BILL DAVIS' DEATH began with a clash on Plummer Avenue in New Waterford. A contemporary report says that a detachment of BESCO police were taunted as "scabherders" by a crowd of strikers, and that the police then charged the crowd. Whatever the cause, there was certainly another police charge that morning, and once again the police used whips, clubs and chains, invaded private homes, and beat unarmed people more or less at random.

By 9:00 the miners of Waterford were meeting on the school grounds, reinforced by miners from Dominion and Glace Bay. By 10:00 a column which Paul MacEwan estimates at over three thousand, marched out of town, heading for the power plant. At 11:00, as they approached the plant, a group of 100 mounted police, led by one Joseph MacLeod, moved out to meet them. The strikers opened a barbed wire barricade about 400 yards from the plant, and about 200 miners had reached the open ground inside when, guns blazing, the police charged. The front rank of the miners crumpled in a pool of blood. The miners scattered into the woods, as the police fire continued; lying on the ground, shot through the heart, was Bill Davis. The *Toronto Telegram* reported that his little son was with him, and threw himself on the body, crying "Daddy, speak to me!" Then he turned to the police and screamed, "You killed my father, now kill me!"

As the police emptied their magazines, the miners stormed out of the woods, hurling stones and pieces of slag, laying upon the police with sticks and clubs. Within ten minutes the police were in rout unhorsed and bloodied, retreating to a nearby line of railway cars. Another fusillade felled Gilbert Watson, shot through the stomach. Michael O'Handley had been shot through the body and trampled by a horse; both were believed dead, though both recovered. A party of miners bombarded the cars with rocks, while another party attacked the power plant. The police soon surrendered, and the plant maintenance men were found to have fled, with a couple of exceptions, through the back windows and into the woods, already filled with terrified and bleeding police. "Murder was in the air," reported the *Post* "and that any of the maintenance men or police escaped with their lives is due only to the coolness and counsel of several of [the miners] who themselves risked the anger of the mob by pleading for mercy for them."

The miners rounded up thirty police from the woods, destroyed the power plant, and marched their prisoners four miles back to town -- a walk which one witness describes as "a veritable gauntlet of kicks and blows", particularly for Chief Noble and one Rannie MacDonald, a former UMW member who had been convicted the previous week of an unprovoked assault on Ben Horrigan, secretary of the union local at No. 12 colliery. The strikers marched their captives down Plummer Avenue, the scene of the morning's charge, and then took them to jail, demanding they be locked up and charged with murder. As the prisoners entered the jail, the strikers extracted a promise from each of them that they would never wear the BESCO uniform again. The strikers talked of burning the jail with the police in it, but gradually dispersed.

That afternoon, as three to five hundred miners filed past Bill Davis' coffin in his mother-in-law's home on Wilson Avenue, company cars drew up before the jail,



loaded up the imprisoned police, and drove them to the Sydney train. An angry mob of miners descended on the station, intending to lynch them, but two Catholic priests, Fathers Tompkins and Nicholson, intervened, and the police finally found themselves safe in Sydney hospitals.

Ex-Mayor Walker, an eye-witness, confirmed the reports of the miners, saying that the charge was completely unprovoked. Mayor Muise blamed the whole affray on the company's attitude, which he called "arbitrary in the extreme." BESCO vice-president McClurg, however, released a public statement which is supported by no other evidence; in his version, the company is blameless, Davis' death did not occur, and the clashes were the responsibility of the strikers. It is hard to believe him anything but an outright liar.

At the inquest into Davis' death, miner George Derdle testified that he was standing behind Davis and saw an officer with badge number 11 pointing a gun at them. Derdle dropped to the ground as the officer fired, and Davis' body fell on top of him. Neil McKinnon testified that one of the policemen unhorsed was Joe MacLeod, and that later on MacLeod was discovered hiding under a windfall in the woods. "Somebody hollered 'That's the man that shot Davis,'" said McKinnon, "and someone pulled No. 11 badge off him." MacLeod was charged with capital murder, after the coroner's jury found that "the deceased came to his death by a bullet wound fired from a gun in the hands of a policeman of the British Empire Steel Company force", but he was not convicted; officially, Davis was declared killed by a stray shot.

**W**ITH DAVIS DEAD, THE MINERS' RAGE erupted. On the night of his death, the wash-house at No. 12 colliery was burned to the ground, the same night 500 troops and 75 "provincial police" left Halifax for Cape Breton. On June 12, the "pluck-me" at No. 4 was cleaned out, \$20,000 worth of its goods distributed to the starving, and the store burned. On June 13, the "pluck-me" at Sydney Mines was pillaged and smashed to kindling; the next day company stores at New Aberdeen, Reserve and Dominion were raided and burned, and a fire set at the Round House in Glace Bay. June 15 saw fires at the surface workings of No. 12 colliery and at the Reserve home of strikebreaker Donald MacNeil. On June 29 everything but the company offices was burned at No. 11 colliery. In all there were 22 fires before the end of June

Nobody was ever convicted.

Paul McEwan notes that many miners are convinced the pluck-me fires were set by BESCO itself, after the miners' raids. BESCO, it seems agreed, began the wave of arson when company agents burned the offices of the *Maritime Labour Herald*. BESCO's buildings and their contents were fully insured, and BESCO received \$582,625, in compensation from the Hartford Fire Insurance Company.

Fire was in any case not the only violence. When the Royal Canadian Dragoons entered Sydney Mines (the best looking part of the force, quipped a local girl, were the horses) they were met by a mass of miners, armed with sticks and stones. After a brief struggle, the miners were dispersed. Caledonia saw a similar clash. On June 20, four hundred officers and men and a hundred and fifty horses of the Royal Canadian Horse Artillery arrived from Petawawa, Ontario, and the Van Doos came in from Quebec. By the 22nd New Waterford alone contained 1500 troops and 100 provincial police. The troops carried fixed bayonets and strung up barbed wire, some of it electrified. The Phalen mine at New Aberdeen was surrounded by machine-gun nests as well as an electric fence. Mayor Morrison of Glace Bay protested loudly, and when the town was billed for the support of the troops, the Councillors flatly refused to pay it. Meanwhile, Glace Bay's Victory local of the UMW was demanding that the TLC call a general strike.

In Ottawa, Defence Minister E.M. MacDonald was explaining that only permanent troops were being used, not militia, and none from west of Winnipeg; they had been sent at the request of Attorney-General O'Hearne. Labour Minister James Murdock arrived in Sydney on June 16.

On June 19, with the provincial election less than a week off, Premier Armstrong's attitude was made perfectly clear by publication of a letter from him to a Saskatoon Methodist church which had asked whether it should raise money for the miners:

*In my opinion, there has been nothing in the history of this country so greatly exaggerated for political purposes as the situation in the mining districts of Cape Breton. I think practically every person in Nova Scotia has now agreed that one of the most pronounced hoaxes ever put upon a sympathetic people was that launched a few weeks ago by some over-excited people in connection with this unfortunate matter. I do not believe that today one dollar could be raised in the province of Nova Scotia for this purpose. Further than that, I do not think it is needed. You have asked me a plain question and I can do no better than give you a plain answer.*

*When those who are fomenting this trouble see fit to accept money from the Red Internationale and to parade under the Red Flag in preference to the British Flag, it is time the public took notice, much more so the quarterly board of a Methodist Church.*

As it happens, the strikers had refused \$5000 contribution from Russia, in order not to be open to precisely this accusation. Ah, democracy! Government for the people!

On June 17, BESCO offered the union a worse set of proposals than ever. The 10% wage cut remained, but there were four new demands: abolition of the check-off, blacklisting of men who had engaged in "disorderly conduct", removal of certain groups of surface workers from the union, and a concession that BESCO should not have to meet any UMW District Officer who was "a Communist, a member of the Workers' Party, or is known to profess Communist principles." Labour Minister Murdock urged the union to accept, arguing that the company would let the strike run indefinitely unless it were settled on their terms. "My personal view," Murdock told reporters

cheerily, "is that a settlement can and should be brought about within the next ten days."

This was too much even for John L. Lewis, who wrote Murdock he thought it was improper even for such terms to be suggested, let alone accepted. The District 26 Board took the proposals to the locals all the same. Not surprisingly, the locals unanimously rejected them. In New Waterford they were called "simply a request for the miners to decapitate themselves" and publicly burned.

On June 25, things at last began to break: in the provincial election, the Armstrong government was blasted out of office as the Tories swept up 40 of the 43 seats in the legislature to end 43 years of Liberal government. Premier-elect E.R. Rhodes promised to go to Cape Breton and stay there till the strike was settled. On July 18, the provincial police were withdrawn, and on July 21 Rhodes at last arrived in Sydney.

### ...SCOPES TRIAL: JUDGE MAY QUASH INDICTMENT ...

Meetings between Rhodes, the company and the union began on the 22nd, and went on for several days with no public statement. As the streets buzzed with rumours and the provincial police drank and fought their way back to Halifax, the talks moved to the capital, too.

### ...WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN DEAD...

**B**Y THE END OF JULY, no statement had been issued, but on August 1, the prospects of a settlement were reported good, with only two minor points blocking the way. Two days later the *Post* headlined MINERS EXECUTIVE ACCEPT FINAL PROPOSAL. The proposed six-month interim contract followed the terms of the 1924 contract, but at 1922 rates of pay - six or seven per cent lower than those of 1924. The government was to rebate to BESCO a fifth of its coal royalties for a year, and a secret ballot held by the government to determine whether the miners wished the check-off to continue. And a full governmental inquiry into the state of the coal industry was to be convened at once. Agreeing to recommend acceptance to its members, the union pointed out that the inquiry was critical: it would be "a full, free and fair opportunity to establish and prove our contention that the coal industry in Nova Scotia is making ample profits that should ensure higher wages than the 1924 rates." The union also pointed out that it had made great concessions, that it accepted the contract at the direct request of the government, and that the agreement "is not to be construed as a final disposal of the rights for which the men are contending."

On August 5, the miners voted 3913-2780 to accept, with many abstentions; Thorburn, No. 12 and Reserve locals actually produced a majority against acceptance. The next day BESCO's directors, meeting in Montreal, also accepted the plan. On the 10th of August, the United Mine Workers of America, District 26, officially declared the strike over, and on the 15th the troops left Cape Breton. The Great Strike of 1925 was finished.

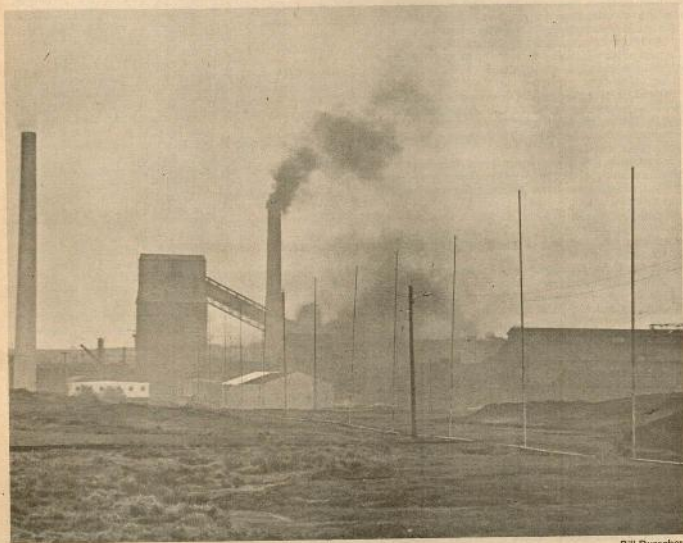
"There were giants in the land in those days," quotes *Cape Breton Highlander* publisher Sandy Campbell. "What tremendous men they were!" Reading through the records, one is astonished at the courage and tenacity, the eloquence and the incisiveness of Cape Breton's workers and their leaders. They were largely defeated – the Duncan Commission which came out of the settlement wound up recommending better faith on the company's part, more continuity and solidarity in the union, a 10% wage cut and profit-sharing, though the company showed no profits. Yet they were by no means entirely defeated, and their example is nothing short of inspiring.

And one wonders what has really changed in Nova Scotia. In Canso and Mulgrave, the fishermen have been faced with the same intransigency from the companies, the same waffling and stalling from two basically Establishment governments, the same use of the courts and the law, the same red-baiting and misrepresentation in the press, the same grudging support from the labour movement Establishment, the same support from individual clergymen and rather less support from the church authorities; they have shown the same kind of restraint and the same avoidance of violence, though their patience after fourteen months is wearing very thin, as their recent occupation of a Canso trawler reveals.

*Plus ça change, plus c'est le même chose.* But perhaps those who know history are not always doomed to repeat it – and it is why it is worth our time and trouble to remember and relive the monumental struggles of 1925. It is our own history. And if we are to have our own heroes we could choose many worse ones than the Cape Breton miners.

#### FOOTNOTE

The Mysterious East consulted a good many sources in Cape Breton and elsewhere in the preparation of this article. We are particularly anxious, however, to acknowledge the great assistance of the series of articles published a couple of years ago in the *Cape Breton Highlander* by Paul W. MacEwan, now New Democratic MLA for Cape Breton Nova, under the general title "Labour and Politics in Cape Breton." Some enterprising publisher should persuade MacEwan to complete the book he intended to write on the topic; it is time the Authorized Version of Canadian history were challenged by such authors.



Bill Durocher

# THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR'S WARRANT

## A MEANINGFUL PROCESS?

ROBERT MAXWELL

**W**HILE A GREAT MANY PEOPLE are talking about civil liberties and judicial reform, they have all but ignored the situation experienced by persons who are found mentally ill and then held in a hospital under the absolute authority of a Lieutenant-Governor's Warrant.

Where an accused person is found not guilty by reason of insanity, or unfit to stand trial, sections 524 or 526 of the Criminal Code authorizes the Lieutenant-Governor of the province to make an order for the safe custody of the accused in the place, and in the manner, that he may direct.

Detention under "Executive Pleasure" is a most drastic legal measure. Instead of being sentenced in a criminal court for instance, to several months imprisonment or given a suspended sentence, the accused may be confined for an indefinite and often lengthy term in a mental hospital.

Since this period of indefinite confinement is not necessarily accompanied by a meaningful programme of treatment or rehabilitation, the custody of the patient—perhaps under sedation—may be characterized as a "warehousing" procedure.

In the Atlantic region none of the provincial statutory provisions require the hospital to offer treatment to the mentally ill; however, hospitals are authorized to detain the patient as long as he is in need of treatment, truly a bizarre situation.

The duration of the detention is absolutely indeterminate. There is grave doubt whether, even by extraordinary legal remedy, the discretion of the Lieutenant-Governor may be reviewed by the courts.

Despite the far-reaching effect of detention under the Lieutenant-Governor's authority, population statistics are generally not published. In fact, it seems unlikely that they are even collected.

When one thinks of custody pursuant to an order of the Lieutenant-Governor, the mind automatically focuses upon the need for a maximum security setting and a place of detention. While it may be true that the criminal charge involved in the majority of cases of those acquitted on account of insanity, or found unfit to stand trial, is classified as a serious one, that is not always the case. Lesser, and what many would consider as minor offences constituting no danger to the public, (and may be involved).

The stringent effect of detention under a Lieutenant-Governor's order combined with the often disturbing conditions under which these unfortunate are kept, demand that there be adequate reviews of their cases. Tragically, until a few years ago, discharge from Lieutenant-Governor's custody was a rare exception. Too often these people were simply locked away and forgotten.

Although there is a common belief that Lieutenant-

Governor's Warrant custody means detention for life, this no longer holds true. Persons have been and are being discharged, and returned for trial, throughout the country.

In committing persons to mental hospitals via the criminal courts, society's concern for the protection of communal life and property against potentially dangerous or unpredictable persons of unsound mind has led to the enactment of legislation which all but overlooks the civil rights of the person who is mentally ill.

However, the federal government has recently taken the first step toward guaranteeing these patients their basic civil rights by passing Section 527A of the Criminal Code which states that the provinces may establish Review Boards.

Under this section New Brunswick has established such a Board, consisting of eminent lawyers, psychiatrists and psychologists to review the continued detention of each patient held under a Lieutenant-Governor's Warrant.

These reviews take place automatically and are not dependent upon an application to the Review Board. Unfortunately, detention under order of the Lieutenant-Governor is discretionary, the Review Board is nothing more than an advisory board. Consequently, the Lieutenant-Governor or cabinet—where the effective decision is made—need not necessarily follow the advice of the Review Board.

Moreover, both the federal and provincial governments have overlooked the primary basic right of these patients: the right to a procedure of rehabilitation eventually enabling the patient to demonstrate to the Review Board that he is ready to resume his place in society and no longer presents a danger to the community.

When the patient goes before the Review Board he is being asked to prove his maturity but he has been denied the opportunity to achieve maximum development and test that maturity. Too often the hospital is simply a jail, a place to store these people for indeterminate periods with little or no treatment.

The most reliable data which psychiatrists and non-psychiatrists can use to predict the patient's future behav-

### Criminal Code

524 (4) Where the verdict is that the accused is unfit on account of insanity to stand his trial, the court, judge or magistrate shall order that the accused be kept in custody until the pleasure of the Lieutenant-Governor of the province is known, and any plea that has been pleaded shall be set aside and the jury shall be discharged.

526 Where an accused is, pursuant to this Part, found to be insane, the Lieutenant-Governor of the province may make an order for the safe custody of the accused in the place and in the manner that he may direct.

Robert Maxwell is a pseudonym used by the writer of this article who was committed to the Provincial Hospital in Saint John by means of the Lieutenant-Governor's Warrant. He is currently a patient in that hospital.



The Provincial Hospital overlooking the Irving Pulp Mill in Saint John is the Lieutenant-Governor's choice for the safe custody of persons found guilty by reason of insanity of specified charges. — Bill Durocher

four is derived first, from his behaviour in the hospital; second, his response to therapy; and third, his response to a gradual increase of freedom and responsibility.

It is the government's duty to provide a hospital atmosphere so that there will be co-operation between the hospital and patient, so that each patient can be seen responding to changes within himself and to increased freedom and responsibility.

Here in New Brunswick there seems to be some doubt as to whether the people confined under a Lieutenant-Governor's Warrant are confined as patients or as prisoners. Understandably, this confusion greatly inhibits any attempt by the hospital staff to provide a therapeutic atmosphere and adequate treatment on the basis of which they can make recommendations to the Review Board.

Much of this confusion seems to be shared by the general public and the legislators. The result, of course, is unfair both to the hospital, and especially, the patient. Too often the public is judging the patient solely on the basis of what was carried in the media at the time his often sensationalized offence took place several years ago. The patient is still judged by this single impression, although he may well have responded admirably to treatment.

It must be remembered that every person changes as he grows older, even the mentally ill, and it is far easier for the professional persons who deal with the patients day to day to judge the potential of these patients than the public.

There is no doubt that the hospital does, and will always continue to judge very carefully the degree of the potential danger of any person who has committed a serious offence against society. Similarly, within an atmosphere of therapy and treatment whereby the person involved can demonstrate his progress, it should be left to the hospital's discretion to judge when the patient is ready to once again take his place as a constructive member of society.

It is time that a meaningful process of rehabilitation be supplied for the Lieutenant-Governor's patients so that they can, as quickly as is medically possible, take their place enjoying the most prized of man's rights, freedom.

A system of parole and probation might well be instituted whereby these patients could enjoy the same rights and privileges as the men sentenced to prisons who have one very important advantage: only serving a definite sentence.

The right of trial and review has been set out. Now it is time to clearly set out the right to treatment.

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## CANSO STRUGGLING ON

**W**ELL, I'M NOT GOING BACK," says Everett Richardson, clapping his hands on the oilcloth table cover. "I'm never going back without my union."

"My union", of course, is the United Fishermen and Allied Workers' Union. Everett Richardson could go back to work as a union member - but it would be the Canadian Food and Allied Workers' Union, a division of the Meatcutters of Chicago which moved into the Canso Strait area early this year, just before the Regan Liberals amended the archaic law which defined fishermen as "co-adventurers" with the company - and therefore ineligible for unionization.

The Canso Strait fishermen have been struggling for the right to the union of their choice for fourteen months now, since April of 1970. They've won some momentous victories, but not the war. With everyone against them - companies, government, churches, labour movement - they are fighting on. They may very well pick up all the marbles yet, though everyone is sick and tired of the dispute, and the sunshine soldiers of last summer are bored with the battle a year later. The fishermen can't afford to be bored; they have too much to lose, and too much to win. If the United Fishermen lose, Everett Richardson may never fish here again. It's called "blacklisting".

They have won a good deal already. The law has been changed so that fishermen can join unions now, and the companies have been forced to go along with unions. When Everett Richardson was sentenced to nine months in jail for disobeying an anti-picketing injunction, the labour movement in Nova Scotia was outraged, and nearly called a general strike. That episode led the government to revise the law as it affected injunctions, and Premier Gerald Regan says he thinks we may never see an *ex parte* injunction granted again. All the obstacles to unionization have been swept away, and a union contract is actually in force at Canso and Petit de Grat. The fishermen have won every point but the crucial one: the union they're being offered isn't the union of their choice.

**H**OW DID IT HAPPEN that after all the work of the United Fishermen, the contract was negotiated with the Canadian Food and Allied Workers Union? And why does it matter so much?

The fishermen have no trouble explaining why they want the UFAW. Homer Stevens, its communist president (it's not a communist union, Stevens points out. "As a communist, I might say 'I wish it were'") is a hardnosed, militant leader. He draws a salary of \$9000 a year - less than many a fisherman in the heavily-unionized West Coast fishery makes - and he is under no illusions about who he is working for: he is working for his membership, so he drives a hard bargain. The Canso fishermen point to CFAW salaries between \$20,000 and \$30,000 a year, and ask themselves who identifies with them? They tend to conclude it's Homer Stevens.

The companies are, of course, desperately worried that the UFAW may become the trawlermen's bargaining agent, and then they'll have to deal with no nonsense Homer Stevens and a tough militant union. "When Homer goes in to bargain," says one Canso fisherman, "it's two weeks before they even start looking at contracts. The CF went in there and had it all done in a day. They just took what the company offered. Hell, we negotiated a better contract last fall with our ad hoc committee, and we didn't have any experience at all."

Homer Stevens is no angel of light for the labour establishment, either. After all, who wants to live on \$9000 a year? A man might as well be a fisherman or something. "What those guys want," says a United Fishermen member, "is just enough members that their dues'll pay their big salaries and run the offices, that's all." Echoes Father Ron Parsons, the fighting Anglican priest of Canso. "If the labour movement in Nova Scotia is still interested in the working people, why isn't it organizing? Why isn't it signing up the Dominion Stores clerks in Halifax, who I gather are among the lowest-paid workers in the nation?"

Moreover, the UFAW was turfed out of the Trades and Labour Congress, predecessor of today's Canadian Labour Congress, in 1954, and has repeatedly been attacked by CLC leadership. The most recent outburst was CLC President Donald MacDonald's May 4 statement in Ottawa:

"If the people of Nova Scotia wish to usher in a decade of violence and confusion which could spell ruin for the fishermen, they way to do it is to permit the UFAW to grab control of the industry.

The CFAW, of course, claims it wants Nova Scotia's fishermen organized and properly represented -- but in a good CLC union like theirs, not a maverick like the UFAW. The CFAW has been organizing in Newfoundland -- where, to Homer Stevens' chagrin, one of their pet arguments is that the UFAW's success on the West Coast shows just how useful a union can be. But the question the Canso Strait fishermen ask is simply why the CFAW had to pick Canso, Mulgrave and Petit de Grat to start with in Nova Scotia? There are, after all, thousands and thousands of unorganized fishermen around the coast of the province, and other unions are organizing elsewhere -- the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway, Transport and General Workers, for instance, has signed up hundreds of trawlermen in the Lockport, Lunenburg, Halifax and Louisbourg operations of National Sea Products. Though UFAW supporters make the point that all the unions active in the East Coast fishery came in after the UFAW, nobody is complaining about the CBRT. A fair competition is one thing; a raid is something else. And collusion with the companies is about as low as a union can go.

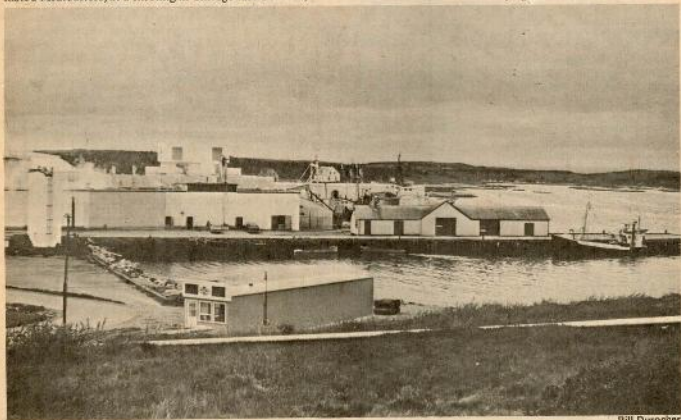
**J**. K. BELL OF THE MARINE WORKERS' FEDERATION reports that he had a cull last March from A. L. Cadegan, manager of Acadia Fisheries, inviting Bell's union to organize Acadia's fishermen. "I told him we didn't have any support there or cards signed up," Bell reports. Cadegan said that was all right; Acadia could arrange that. "To our credit," Bell concludes, "we told him to go fuck himself."

There are reports, too, of a secret deal between Booth Fisheries' owners, Consolidated Foods, and the Amalgamated Meatcutters, at a meeting in Chicago last October;

and Bell claims that another meeting was held at the Hotel Nova Scotian in Halifax on March 7. Among those present: James Coles of the CFAW; Acadia's Cadegan, and representatives of the Booth Fisheries from Chicago. By this point, Booth had already announced its recognition of the CFAW as bargaining agent for its trawlermen at Petit de Grat. On March 9, Acadia's Cadegan was "pleased ... and ready to negotiate a new contract" with the CFAW, which Acadia had just voluntarily recognized.

It was just in the nick of time. On March 18, Nova Scotia's new labour legislation went into effect, and the CFAW would have had to argue its case before the Labour Relations Board. Now the Board was presented with an existing voluntary arrangement which would have to be overturned -- obviously a much more contentious decision to make. And just two days before the new law took effect, Acadia and the CFAW concluded a new contract with a closed-shop clause.

Join the CFAW or be fired, said the company. Eighty-one of Acadia's hundred and seven trawlermen chose to be fired, and promptly filed unfair labour practices complaints with the Labour Relations Board. Before the end of March, the United Fishermen had applied to the Board to have the voluntary agreement set aside, on the grounds that the CFAW did not have the support of a majority of the trawlermen. To support its case, the UFAW produced eighty-nine signed membership cards. The CFAW says it has a majority of cards, too -- fifty-seven to be exact -- but at this writing it has never shown them to anybody -- not to the Board, which has asked for them repeatedly; not to leading unionists like J.K. Bell, who hoped to settle the dispute within the labour movement; not to anybody. The trawlermen point out that when the voluntary agreement was signed, no votes or membership meetings had been held. Nevertheless, in late April the Board took the safe route and ruled that the voluntary agreement should stand.



-- Bill Durocher

The Acadia Fisheries plant was the focus of attention for both the community and the provincial government.

The Steelworkers' Union angrily demanded that the Acadia plant be brought under public ownership, since it had shown such disregard of the rights and wishes of its employees. The Halifax-Dartmouth District Trades and Labour Council asked the provincial government to urge the Labour Board to reconsider. And a committee of concerned citizens with no axes to grind - clergy, labour people, professors - took a free but unofficial vote and found the trawlermen sixty-six to three in favour of the UFAW.

Whoops! said the Labour Board. Well, umm. We'll re-hear the application May 28 - at which time the Board performed a remarkable pirouette. They conceded that the failure of the CFAW to produce its membership cards had raised a "doubt in the mind of all the members of the Board" about the CFAW's claim to represent the fishermen, and ordered the union to produce cards and dues' receipts. But they didn't set any deadline, they didn't express an opinion as to whether the UFAW would be able to inspect the cards, and there is nothing in the law to compel Acadia to produce accurate lists of its employees as of the date the voluntary agreement was signed. The Board also said it wouldn't re-hear the UFAW certification application just now, but later some time it would. And then what? demanded *The 4th Estate*. The Board had already seen the UFAW's evidence, and if it doubted the CFAW, why on earth didn't it hold an official secret ballot at once? It's a pretty good question.

**M**EANWHILE, UP IN CANSO, the fishermen get madder and more desperate by the day. "Temper is a luxury", Homer Stevens reportedly likes to say, but it is also a response of desperation. This battle has gone on fourteen months, and there has been no violence - despite what Donald MacDonald says about the UFAW. Men don't easily see their families hungry that long, and on Saturday, June 5, a UFAW party, occupied an Acadia trawler, vowing to

stay on her until the Labour Board came up with a firm decision. Cadegan had fire hoses turned on them, and threatened employees who refused to help with dismissal. Vice President Terence Hanton, of the Seafood Workers' Union (the shore plant union) was suspended for six weeks and is threatened with firing. And the company has, as amply reported in the *Chronicle-Herald*, gone back to its old tactic of threatening to close up shop and go home. Acadia is \$53,000 behind in its town taxes and over \$200,000 behind in interest payments on its \$9 million government loans. Oh, how one longs for a government that would say, "Right, boys: beat it!"

What on earth is the Labour Board up to? The general consensus is that the Board is stalling: that it really cannot bring itself openly to deny the fishermen the union of their choice, but at the same time it cannot bear to give them the union either. In our society, after all, it too often seems that governments exist to facilitate business enterprises. Hoping against hope that the CFAW will be able to come up with the cards if it is just permitted enough time, the Board dithers and delays.

Time, after all, is not on the side of the fishermen, who are weary, sometimes dispirited, and always broke. There are only three sources of funds: unemployment insurance, welfare, and the union's own funds.

Fishermen are classed as "seasonal workers" by the Unemployment Insurance Commission, and are thus ineligible to receive benefits further into the summer than May; in addition, recipients must register for employment, and the fishermen don't want alternative jobs. They want the strike settled, and they want to fish. Discussions continue, but as *The Mysterious East* went to press there was little reason to hope that unemployment insurance would be forthcoming. Even fishermen clearly entitled to it were finding their way cluttered with red tape.

Much more important than unemployment is welfare,

## WORKING FOR ACADIA FISHERIES

When Howard Greencorn threw the switch, there was a flash burn, then an explosion. The plant was full of balls of fire. Burning, Howard ran for the doors: they were locked.

The explosion cracked the fish meal plant and cut off all the power and communication in all the buildings. But Howard didn't know about that. Covered with third-degree burns, he was in hospital, with little hope of living.

"I was lucky," he says now. "The grafts took, just fine."

Lucky? Yes, lucky not to be dead. But not: Howard's ears were burned off, and his face and shoulders - what you can see of him - is an expanse of red, shiny skin, laced over with scabs and joints. One of his fingers was burned off completely, and six others were so badly burned they can't be used; hooked and rigid, they thrust out from the angry red lump of his hand like claws. He has the use of both thumbs and one index finger, nothing else.

"He used to be a fine looking man,"

says one of his friends. "But anybody who didn't know him, I guess he'll just look like a monster to them for the rest of his life."

How did it happen? Workmen at the plant say that the propane line which leaked was installed by the company itself, using old pipe from the plant. It was not tested before the gas was put through it, and it was run through a salt-water flume - "the garbage flume", as they call it. There were no warning signs, and apparently the switch which sparked to set off the explosion was not a safety switch.

The doors were locked on the manager's orders: it seems someone had driven an unauthorized car through the plant, and he wasn't having any more of that. So Howard couldn't get out. And the workers were ordered back into the plant after the explosion before the building had been inspected. Not surprisingly, they refused to go.

After seven months in hospital, Howard came home. What did he get out of it?

Workmen's compensation, that's

all."

Why didn't he sue?

How could he, he asks, with an expression that would like to be a smile. He could have compensation now, or drag through the courts for months and possibly years. What was he to live on in the meantime? Certainly he couldn't work. There aren't many jobs for a man with two thumbs and one finger.

We talk of Wilbur Rose, Howard's boss, who lost a leg a few months earlier in the same plant, by falling into an unprotected screw.

"You just have to take it," says Mrs. Greencorn from behind the counter of the sparking little store the couple now run in Canso. "That's the way it is."

The striking fishermen in Canso, when they have a few dollars, spend it at Howard's store. It isn't much, but people have to stick together. And when you ask them what Acadia Fisheries has been kind to work for in the past, they send you up to talk to Howard.



presumably the community's last defence against the starvation of its members. The welfare director for Canso, Mulgrave and Guysborough, Frank Fraser, claimed on April 27 that there had been no applications for welfare in Canso — but that isn't what Jean Richardson, Everett's wife, and Linda Gurney, their married daughter, reported.

Canso's welfare office is open one day a week. Mrs. Richardson and Mrs. Gurney appeared at the office in the second and third weeks of May, and the office simply failed to open. The last week of May the office did, reluctantly, open. Thirteen families applied; none had welfare granted. In most cases the refusal was on technical grounds — the head of the family should have applied in person (but couldn't, because he was at a Labour Relations Board hearing in Halifax), or the man of the house hadn't applied for alternative employment, or . . .

The real truth of the matter, however, probably came from Canso town clerk Margaret MacDougall, who said flatly that "The majority of taxpayers are not behind welfare for the UFAW . . . they are behind Acadia Fisheries. Let the province pay 100% of welfare payments if they think they should get it." Health Minister MacNutt threatened to do just that: pay the welfare directly to the fishermen and deduct it from the town's allotment. Meanwhile, an appeal board came down from Halifax (at \$45, per day each, plus expenses) to hear an appeal on Mrs. Richardson's case. Uncharacteristically, the appeal board was unable to make up its mind, and went back to Halifax. Two weeks later no decision had come back to Canso. A form had come with a handwritten message on it. Everett Richardson couldn't make out the handwriting, and neither could *The Mysterious East* reporter. That is perhaps not surprising. When Richardson sent it back to the official it came from, the official confessed that he couldn't make it out either.

It all takes time — and time is one thing a hungry family doesn't have. The trawlermen are thrown back on their union funds, and the funds rely on what people contribute. It isn't very much at the best of times: \$10, a week for a single man, \$15, a couple, plus a dollar for each child up to a maximum of \$20. These days the strike pay is rarely even that high, and some weeks there is only a dollar for tobacco for the single men.

You visit the family just as supper is finished: beans and bread for the couple and five children. They would like to suggest you have something to eat, but they can't. They can't. It is a rough moment; they are generous people. You realize that you are seeing another cost of the strike.

**R**ON PARSONS IS 44, sandy-haired and full of fun. "I'm very happy being a minister," he says, "and I'm not trained for anything else." You are sitting with him in a fisherman's tavern in Pictou, where you have caught him visiting his in-laws — his father-in-law is a fisherman, and Parsons himself is one of seventeen children from a Newfoundland fishing family.

"I didn't know you could be fired from a church," he chuckles. "But I have been, so I guess you can all right." A stocky man in an open-throated shirt walks up. "Scuse me," he says. "Aren't you Father Parsons that's been raising all the hell up Canso?"

Somewhat diffidently, Parsons concedes that he's that Parsons, true enough.

"Well," says the newcomer, thrusting out a hand like a four dollar steak, "I just wanted to shake your hand. I'm a fisherman, sir, and I see what you're doing, and — well, I think you're doing a great thing and I wanted to shake your hand."

"Oh, that's very good of you," Parsons smiles, a little embarrassed and obviously moved at the same time. A few



— Bill Dureoch

Ron Parsons, minister in the Canso area is often heard saying "that the Gospels of our Lord are much more compatible with socialist economics than they are with capitalism".

more words are awkwardly exchanged, but the fisherman has said what he came to say, and after a moment he goes. But soon there is another, and another. In the course of a couple of beers eight or ten men come over to say, awkwardly but sincerely, that standing up for fishermen and slashing at big businessmen is something that priests don't do, and to find a priest who's clearly on their side means a great deal to them.

"I'm in the *Star Weekly* this week," Parsons apologizes. "When you see him among t' fishermen," says Bishop William Davis, "he's — well, he's very like our Lord. But he's sort of a Jekyll and Hyde." The Bishop goes on to explain that Parsons on the attack, in synod, say, is the kind of bundle of eloquent fury only Newfoundland could have produced. "Perhaps," you suggest, "he considers himself to be among the moneychangers." The Bishop apparently doesn't hear that, and you don't pursue it. After all, the Bishop himself has been remarkably sympathetic to the fishermen, and Parsons has called him "a loving Christian man". Parsons' word is all right with you.

Ron Parsons came to Canso in May, 1970, and was on the picket lines almost at once — after all, that's why he had pleaded with the Bishop for t' posting in Canso. "I believe," he tells you, "that the Gospels of our Lord are much more compatible with socialist economics than they are with capitalism. After all, capitalism teaches that it's quite all right for one man to grab as much of another man's labour as he possibly can." He quotes a parallel from Saint Matthew for the slogan "From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs."

"Now," says this most surprising of parish priests, "if Marx and Christ agree on this point, let's not knock it — let's thank God!" He roars with laughter and delight.

Parsons' Christ is the man who said it was easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God, the man who when he sought for a dozen men to change the world wound up with a disproportionate number of fishermen. "It's my belief," he says, "that the present capitalist system will not stand up under the scrutiny of the Gospels, and in due course it'll

be rejected. It remains to be seen whether the church will give leadership in this rejection."

"I stand solidly with the doctrines of the Church," Parsons explains. "I have no quarrel with them at all." But he does argue that the Church has become burdened down with the trappings of its institutional status, that it has come to care more about fine buildings and ornaments than about its mission to mankind, and that it is so intimately associated with the wealthy and the powerful now that it cannot serve God and man as it might wish. He points out that the Morrours, of National Sea Products, and the Lewises, one of whom is manager of the Booth plant at Petit de Grat, and others of the "codfish aristocracy" are prominent Anglicans and are in a position to withdraw from the Church more money than she can at present afford to lose, given the massive mortgage payments on new buildings, the \$40,000 repairs to the organ in the cathedral in Halifax, the gold chalices and stained-glass windows about which the Church now cares so much. And he points out that the synod is dominated by retired admirals and judges, and reports that when he asked for all the fishermen present to rise, nobody stood up. "The Church is not representative of the people of Nova Scotia," he concludes, and he sees the hierarchy as being full of good men operating under the most severe constraints.

**T**HE BISHOP HAS BEEN UNDER THE MOST tremendous pressure for fourteen months about me," he reminds you. "I don't know how many conferences we've had, I've forgotten. But he's stood it for fourteen months." What will happen to him now he doesn't know. He wants another parish, if possible in Nova Scotia, though he has had several inquiries from elsewhere. And he agrees that the great danger of his example is that it will make other clergymen even more timid, even more fearful for their jobs and their responsibility. Since he sees the Church's ministry to the dispossessed as vital to the very survival of the Church, he finds the implications of his dismissal upsetting, to say the least. So do the fishermen in Canso, who are at the very moment we speak circulating a petition to the Bishop to reverse his decision. Parsons is not sure that under canon law the Bishop *can*. He doesn't like to think of leaving Canso at the end of August, but he

really doesn't expect anything else. And we both know that the pressure has come in large part from the fishing companies. Parsons has seen letters, other clergymen have stumbled in on conversations, the fishermen claim that the petitions from with Canso parish were in part at least signed under duress, by parishioners frightened for their jobs. Articulate, intelligent, full of laughter and faith, Parsons has meant a great deal to the fishermen. He has spoken on their behalf from one end of the province to the other. In fact he has been the first clergyman ever to attend a full convention of the United Fishermen, which he did earlier this year in Vancouver, where he addressed the convention. The Bishop says that he is being removed because of pressure from within the parish, and in part, Parsons says himself, that is true. Even Canso, pop. 1190, has its establishment. But it is hard not to see Parsons as saving the Church's honour despite itself.

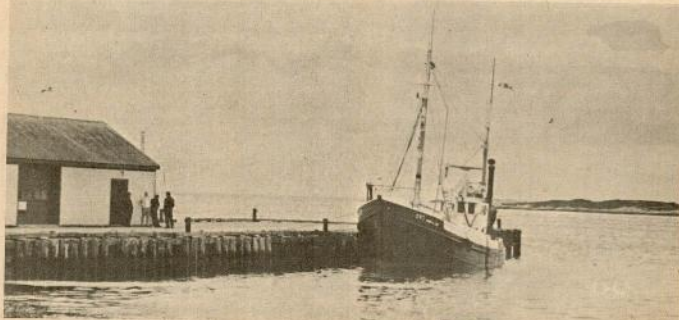
**N**O WELFARE. No unemployment insurance. Dithering from the government and diddling from the Labour Relations Board. This year the fishermen aren't even in style.

But they are the Maritimers who are fighting back these days, and whether they win or lose means a great deal to us all. Are we to continue to be the plaything of corporations based in Chicago and London? Is the Nova Scotia labour movement just going to get flabbier and more complacent? Are we going to continue to shuffle the Tories in and the Grits out without ever facing serious political issues?

Or are we going to help the fishermen fight the powerful to a standstill, and go on from there to make the Maritimes a home for the people who live here?

The *Chronicle-Herald*, missing the point with such astonishing accuracy that one can hardly believe it a consequence of simple stupidity, says the strike is over "some obstruse [sic] principle of union rights". And an Acadia Fisheries attorney once said, during a Labour Relations Board hearing, that the UFAW was confused, the CFAW was confused, the Company was confused and the government was confused - even God was confused.

Predictably, Ron Parsons sliced through that one. No, he said, God is concerned and distressed by what's happening in the trawlermen's dispute. But He is *not* confused.



- Bill Durocher

# SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT

IAN MC CLYMONT

**I**N ANTIGONISH, VIOLENCE USUALLY comes in the form of a couple of drunks having it out, or perhaps a traffic accident. But on Monday morning, April 5, a gasoline bomb exploded in the reserve reading room of Saint Francis Xavier University, causing bewildered newspaper readers the next day to conclude that bucolic Antigonish had gone the way of Berkeley, Columbia and San Francisco State.

The scare headlines were a bit in excess of the facts, however; the bomb caused some smoke damage but little actual fire and all the books were saved. And although the location of the bomb - in a wing of Morrison Hall adjoining the infirmary - was a potentially dangerous one, fortunately no one was injured.

Serious or not, the bomb was a sign that something was going on at St. FX, a university known in recent years as a quiet, sports-minded and rural university with an essentially conservative and Catholic staff and student population.

At one time, of course, St. FX had been known for its spirit of community involvement. Father Moses M. Coady and his fellow priests worked to establish the cooperative movement among the farmers and fishermen of northern Nova Scotia. So successful were they that the Coady International Institute was established and foreign students came to Antigonish to study the philosophy an' methods

Until recently Dr. Ian McClymont was a member of the History Department at St. Francis Xavier University. He resigned his post at the university as a result of the events he describes in this article.

of the movement. In the St. FX public relations booklet *The St. FX Story* one of the priests involved in the Coady movement is called "a true rebel, impatient with the established order and fearless of repercussions".

But Antigonish and St. FX have changed since those days. An Antigonish woman spoke for a wide segment of the community when she wrote, in a letter to the editor: "So we say to Bob MacKinnon and Jean Deleskie and the students they represent: You have left our town the worse for being here, you have upset us. Unless you show more courtesy and consideration please don't come back. To Dan O'Connor and others like him: Please go to another university and finish your course. Please leave our peaceful town and our principles and our honour and our respect for each other intact."

Well then, what was going on in Antigonish? What did a small bucolic Nova Scotia town have in common with places like Kent, Ohio?

The immediate issue seemed to be the widespread dissatisfaction among the students with the conduct and result of a trial of three student leaders by the University Discipline Committee (UDC). Behind that event, of course, lies a complicated series of causes and conflicts. At the time of the bombing, the students had called a strike to protest the outcome of the trial, the trial had originally arisen out of the long-standing conflict over open rooms and student participation in university government at St. FX. Many factors intensified the conflict.

One important factor was the three students themselves. None seemed likely targets for administrative wrath; none



A residential barracks at St. Francis Xavier proved impregnable to co-habitation.

was, in the usual sense of the word, a "radical" or "agitator". Dan O'Connor, a Junior, was active in many campus organizations. Critical of much that was around him, he expressed his criticisms openly and lucidly in the student newspaper, and appeared otherwise to be basically a shy person who was always willing to listen to others. His involvement in the trial came about through his activities while he was Student Housing Commissioner, at that time he was responsible to Bob MacKinnon, the Student Council president and another of those found guilty. Like O'Connor, MacKinnon seems out of place in the role of a student revolutionary. The third student, Jean Deleskie, was a natural leader who had been nominated for a Rhodes scholarship, and was intelligent, knowledgeable and articulate. He was appointed by the student council as chairman of a special committee on open housing.

"Open housing" has been described as the cause of the strike, but this is not entirely true. It was certainly a major contributing factor, but the real cause was much more complex and long standing. Prior to the O'Connor-MacKinnon-Deleskie trial, approximately 200 male students had been charged with violating university rules governing the presence of females in male residences. The issue was an old one. Students in previous years had asked for visiting privileges for females and had at one time seemed close to getting it, when the university president's commission on social life had proposed the institution of a trial programme. This was however, turned down by the university council in the spring of 1970.

In December 1970, one of the male residence councils voted to "open" their building and notified the Dean of Men, but backed down when the executive members of the council were threatened with expulsion. Instead, they decided to wait until January and consult with the other residence councils. The other male residences, with one exception, voted to support open housing. The female residences voted to remain closed but expressed their support of the idea that residence councils should decide.

On January 15, open housing was inaugurated in the residence approving it. In the following weeks females continued to visit male residences during specified hours. This led to charges against males found with females in their rooms.

What the students were doing openly was something that had been going on furtively on a smaller scale for some time, something that had become necessary since there are few places where students can meet privately in comfortable surroundings. The lounges which presently exist in the residences are pleasant enough as waiting rooms but they are far too public. Couples who want to get to know each other better are hard pressed to find a place. As a result, some unusual meeting places are arranged - including the local cemetery (an old and heavily-frequented adjunct of St. FX).

## MACDONALD: ENFORCER; PROSECUTOR, JUDGE

**T**HE REJECTION OF AUTHORITARIANISM within their own church and university has taken place slowly among St. FX students. Many of them are still very conservative Catholics. They are reluctant to question the present system - religious, political or educational. Open housing was not an issue that concerned many of them, so the campus remained relatively quiet. The trial of MacKinnon, Deleskie and O'Connor was a different matter.

As far as the administration of the university was concerned, it was these three students who had most actively worked to introduce open housing. Father Malcolm MacDonell, the President, J.J. MacDonald, academic Vice-president and J.K. Macdonald, Dean of Men, decided, in the time-honoured manner of administrators facing a challenge, to isolate and punish the "leaders" of the open rooms movement. And as usual, the leaders were selected on the grounds of visibility. MacKinnon, Deleskie and O'Connor were called before the UDC to face charges of urging others to break university rules.

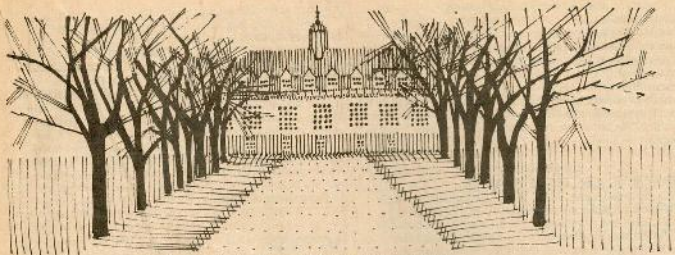
The trial was held behind closed doors in one of the university buildings on Wednesday, March 24. A large number of students and some faculty members were on hand to view the proceedings but they were turned away by student campus policemen. When asked afterwards about the need for such an arrangement J.K. Macdonald, the Dean of Men, said that the room was too small to allow spectators. When asked why members of the faculty had been refused permission to see what was going on, Macdonald pointed out that there were two professors present as observers. He failed to draw attention to the fact that these two professors were also witnesses for the administration at the trial.

The choice of the room used for the trial was a strange one. St. FX has 2,500 students and certainly there are many rooms that could have been used. Macdonald claimed that the acoustics of the gymnasium (which had been used for the trials of students charged with having females in their rooms) were too poor to permit the trial being held where all students who wanted to could be present. If his real concern was that the trial might be disrupted, and his plan to control the situation tightly, he certainly achieved his purpose.

Permission was refused even when a faculty member wrote a note to Macdonald asking to be allowed into the room. The students on trial were in favour of the presence of faculty members but the UDC was not.

At the trial the university was represented by local lawyer William Meehan. The students' lawyer was Walter Goodfellow of Halifax. Goodfellow raised a number of objections to the conduct of the trial. Chief among these was his objection to the dean of men wearing several hats at the same time. Macdonald was not only chairman of the UDC, he was also the one responsible for bringing the charges against the students, he was sitting in judgement of them and he would be responsible for carrying out any committee decision. As if this was not enough, Macdonald even appeared on national television as a commentator on events.

It soon became apparent at the trial that Goodfellow's objections to Macdonald's assumption of the role of enforcer, prosecutor and judge were not going to cut any ice. As far as the UDC was concerned, the Halifax lawyer was being too legalistic. Repeatedly throughout the proceedings some committee members expressed frustration



Good straight roads traditionally have allowed authorities to put down insurrections with ease.

at having to listen to Goodfellow's objections. For his part, Goodfellow calmly enlightened the committee as to various basic legal principles regarding the introduction of documents as evidence and the testimony of witnesses. As he had demonstrated at the public trial in February of ten students charged with violating residence rules, Goodfellow needed no legal tricks to argue his case. In a court of law the facts and his knowledge of the law would have done that.

## THE TRIAL

**H**OWEVER, ONE OF THE BASIC PROBLEMS was that the UDC was not, in fact, a court of law. The chairman pointed this out to the students' lawyer: "Mr. Goodfellow, I recognize the validity of your objections. I must also point out that we are not a court of law. We will read your objection into the record. In your own guidelines you've conceded that there would be an opportunity for cross examination. I'm suggesting to you that I have no opportunity to cross examine evidence which is submitted by way of documents."

At one point in the trial the chairmanship was assumed by Dr. William Woodfine, chairman of the economics department, in order that Macdonald could testify. Woodfine's role in the trial is incidentally, an interesting one. Woodfine is without a doubt one of the most widely respected members of the St. FX faculty — and deservedly so. He is an excellent teacher and an effective community leader. During the Casco fishermen's strike it was Woodfine who called upon his fellow faculty members to donate money to the strike fund. On this and other occasions he has demonstrated himself to be sincerely liberal. But in this case, unfortunately, he fell victim to the liberal's tendency to compromise on matters of principle.

If the three students could have expected a fair hearing from any of the faculty members on the committee surely it was Woodfine. But he apparently had his mind made up. In a conversation after the trial with a fellow faculty member who had great respect for him, Woodfine expressed his conviction that one of the male residences was "a big whorehouse". When the other professor pressed him on this point Woodfine repeated that "it was a fact." Then he went on to state that one of the students charged — Dan O'Connor — had been asked to leave the previous year but "had begged to come back on the university's terms". When O'Connor heard this he denied it saying that the adminis-

tration had suggested to him that he "might be happier elsewhere" but there had been no talk of any "terms".

At the end of the conversation between Woodfine and his colleague the economics professor referred to O'Connor's published letter of resignation from a multitude of organizations on campus: "Who does he think he is? Churchill?" If such a prominent liberal as Woodfine held these strong opinions of the housing question a bid on one of the students on trial, what then of the other UDC members whose conservatism was well known?

While he was on the stand, the Dean of Men summed up what he considered the essence of the regulation regarding residence rules. He read from an addendum which was attached to the university calendar: "Residence rules do not allow females to visit male rooms or vice versa. This question of open housing has been the subject of discussion between students and administration during the past two years. The most recent review of policy occurred on April 14/71 when University Council reaffirmed its stand. Accordingly, any student who considers that residential housing living without visitation privileges would be intolerable should consider carefully current policy before requesting on-campus housing at this university."

The administration's argument was that the students knew what they were getting into when they entered St. FX, and had at that time signed a form indicating acceptance of university rules and regulations. Therefore he has no grounds for complaint.

Apart from the fact that many St. FX students have little option but to accept the university's terms (there is not enough cheap off-campus housing and some students could go nowhere else but the residences), there is no university regulation stating that students may not express their dissatisfaction with the present system. Goodfellow stressed this in his defence argument and in questioning the Dean of Men:

Goodfellow: . . . Is there any regulation that says that students cannot consider the matter of open housing? J.K. Macdonald: There is no regulation, on the contrary. Goodfellow: Is there any regulation prohibiting the students from having a contrary view to the view that you expressed in your exhibit one or two [two letters from Macdonald to MacKinnon] on the matter of open housing?

Macdonald: There is not. Goodfellow: Is there anything in exhibit 3 [the addendum to the calendar] that says you cannot by consideration, by discussion, that has anything to do with the constitution of the student body or outside it encourage change in uni-

versity policy or attitude towards open housing?

Macdonald: It does not.

Goodfellow: Is there anything in exhibit 3 which precludes any student from aiding in any change in the attitude or policy through you wit: respect to the question of open housing?

Macdonald: No.

Goodfellow: Is there anything that precludes a student from directing by way of example, the discussion of a subject in the form of the university newspaper?

Macdonald: No.

## GUILTY AS CHARGED

**T**HE LENGTHY TRIAL CONCLUDED LATE at night but a few students had waited in the hallways for hours for news of the outcome. Others heard a tape recording of the proceedings over the campus radio. Unfortunately this tape failed in several places and was difficult to follow. But transcripts were slowly made from it and copies distributed with the administration. Goodfellow, however, who had been promised a copy within a few days, had to wait much longer. In fact the students were able to turn out copies sooner than the administration.

When news finally came, it was that the three students had been found guilty. The penalties were those proposed to Goodfellow by the administration before the trial, in consideration of having the charges dropped against his clients: All three could complete their academic year; they had to leave campus as soon as exams were over and they were not to participate in any more political activity on campus. MacKinnon and Deleskie were to be granted their degrees "in absentia" and O'Connor (a Junior) was to finish his programme of studies elsewhere and receive his degree "in absentia".

The effect of this was almost predictable: there was much more unrest and dissatisfaction with what was widely regarded as a miscarriage of justice than there ever had been over the "open rooms" issue. Many students who had been chary of risking their academic future by bucking authority over an issue on which they suspected they might be on the wrong "moral" side were idealistic enough: to be willing to take such risks when the morality was clearer. And it seemed clear that the "trial" was an injustice, clear even in the faculty room where there was talk of kangaroo courts and arbitrary administration.

On the fourth of April a mass rally - attracting, on a Sunday night when many students had not returned from weekends, 1500 or the 2500 students at St. FX - was held in Oland Centre. After some discussion, a strike vote was passed, 890-610. But Deleskie and other student leaders did not feel that the majority was sufficient to warrant a strike.

The students then returned to their residences. Some were angry that there had not been more discussion. Those opposed to the strike felt that the meeting had been managed. They believed that anti-strike speakers had not had fair opportunity to express themselves. (One of the problems, ironically, was that the female students had to return to their residences early because of the residence rules). Other students were angry that the strike had not been called when almost 60 per cent had favoured it.

Twenty-six students had already decided to strike before the Oland Centre meeting. On 2 April they began a hunger strike. Six days later they were continuing. Great concern was expressed about their health but when local doctors were asked to look at and advise the students they refused. They referred all hunger strike cases to the university

physician and told the students to eat.

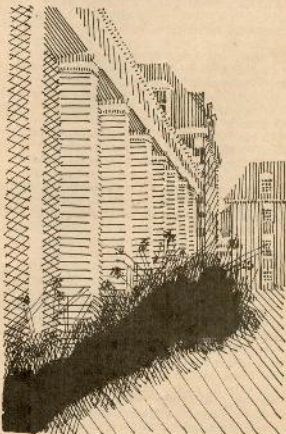
After the mass rally, at about 3am, fire sirens awoke Antigonish to the fire bombing.

The bomber did not help the students. In spite of any proof most people immediately leaped to the conclusion that a radical student must have been responsible.

The fact that the student leaders had repeatedly cautioned against violence or disruptions was forgotten. The Dean of Men had previously commented on the students' courtesy and good conduct in a letter to the faculty on Jan. 27. But the bomb was too readily associated with stories of bombings in Quebec and the United States by terrorists. Nothing did so much to harm the student cause, to rally support to the administration, to back up university news releases and to polarize the campus.

## STRIKE

**I**N SPITE OF THE SETBACK CREATED by the bomb, a number of students started to strike on Monday, April 5. Apparently they had left the previous night's meeting convinced that they must do something for the three penalized students. They took up positions outside the main campus buildings and began picketing. Soon other students joined them, and meetings were held to discuss problems and future plans. Most strikers were concerned about the reactions of their professors. There were many rumours circulating. No one seemed to be up to date on what was happening and communications were generally poor. Students exchanged stories about professors who had threatened academic reprisals against strikers, about nuns pressuring Mount Saint Bernard girls to stay out of the strike, about anti-strikers



Authoritarianism has long been symbolized in the residential buildings on campus.

preparing to confront the pickets physically. There was some truth to all these stories. There were also distortions. The time was ripe for a strong assertion of leadership by the president but it was not forthcoming.

Some students and faculty suggested a day of no classes—a day to discuss the issues. This would have served to involve everyone directly and remove some of the pressure from the leaders of the opposing groups, but the old notion of “proper channels” proved too strong.

In spite of the widespread dissatisfaction with the academic and social life at the university, it would be wrong to suggest that all students supported the strike action. Some students, like Dan O'Connor, believed that a strike would cause irreparable damage to the university community. Some did not understand the issues involved and some were apathetic. And others openly declared their opposition to the strike. In the latter group were those who believed that they too were standing for a matter of principle—their right to an education and their freedom to dissent from the strikers' position.

In the anti-strike group there were those who signed form letters which declared their opposition to the strike and urged the president to bring “this madness to a speedy halt”. When it was discovered that the letters had been typed on machines belonging to one of two members of the administration the letters quickly stopped circulating. During the first few days of the strike it was apparent to those on campus caught between the two camps that the administration was very much concerned about irresponsible action on the part of some of the anti-strike students.

Among the more thoughtful students opposed to the strike there was the same frustration of not knowing what was going on which the strikers endured. One of the major complaints amongst the anti-strikers was that they could

not get access to the campus radio to present their side. There was some justification for their complaints, but the strikers maintained that the university public relations office was presenting the anti-strike position. There were charges that “outsiders” were controlling the student radio, that “professional agitators” were on campus. It is doubtful, however, that more than half a dozen non-students became involved, but this did not deter the public relations officer from telling the *Chronicle-Herald's* readers that “outside agitators” were at work.

## THE FACULTY MEETS

**I**N THE EVENING OF APRIL 6, a small group of concerned professors met to discuss the possibility of calling a faculty association meeting, to discuss the faculty position. These individuals were by no means pro-strike; they simply wanted to do what they could to get the university back on its feet. After they discovered that their association secretary (Dr. Bernard Liengne of the Chemistry Department) had not phoned the CAUT head office in Ottawa, their dissatisfaction took the form of their own telephone call and a decision to meet on the morning of the following day in the faculty lounge to discuss the situation.

On the morning of the 7th the professors at the previous evening's meeting and as many others as could attend (professors were still required to appear for classes) met in the Lounge on the top floor of the main campus building, Nicholson Hall. There was a great deal of talk about the need for a CAUT meeting but nothing materialized. As this informal meeting was disbanding, the academic vice-president entered the room on his way to get his morning coffee—he said.

At this time there were 15 to 20 faculty members present who wanted some answers. Macdonald's presence seemed an ideal opportunity. In response to questions concerning the responsibilities of teachers, Macdonald said that the university expected all professors to show up for their scheduled classes. However, he did suggest that no new material should be taught. Then when questioned about administrative actions he declared that the student's lawyer was at that moment on his way from Halifax to disassociate himself from the students. This news took the wind out of the sails of the movement for a CAUT meeting. Macdonald's statement, coming as it did from a senior administrator, forestalled what the administration might have considered precipitate faculty action. (In fact, however, Goodfellow continued his support of the students.)

When queried about the Administration attempts to contact the student leaders Macdonald bluntly stated that student council president was unavailable. One of the professors present decided that a special effort should be made to draw the two sides together for discussions. He left the lounge and approached one of his students who was picketing at one of the building's entrances. When asked about MacKinnon's whereabouts, the student replied that the council president had just left that door a few minutes before. The professor then asked his student to contact MacKinnon and find out if he would be willing to meet with a group of faculty members to discuss the situation. This meeting was quickly arranged and the faculty members involved went down to meet, as it turned out, both MacKinnon and Deslake.

On their way to a seminar room this group passed the academic vice-president in the hall. One of the professors drew Macdonald's attention to MacKinnon's presence and asked if he wanted to talk to him. Macdonald turned away.



Christian institutions have often been the centre of violent social change.

At this meeting Deleskic and MacKinnon were in the hot seat. The professors wanted to know if the two had been honest with students and asked them about reports of physical abuse to non-strikers. The two students responded calmly and straightforwardly to all questions. After an hour or more of talk, students and professors alike seemed agreed that there was need for more discussion of the issues among the university community generally. Both MacKinnon and Deleskic indicated their willingness to "meet with anyone anywhere, any time". Satisfied that this was the right time to get things moving, the chairman of the political science department Walter Kontak left the seminar room to inform the administration of the students' willingness to talk. He returned to the room with the news that the president of the university was going to make a statement on the local radio station (CJFX) at 1:00pm. There was hope among those in the room that the statement would be a conciliatory one. A radio was obtained and the group waited expectantly for MacDonell's words.

## INJUNCTION

**E**VERYONE KNEW BY THIS TIME that the president's brother-in-law had passed away that morning. It was probably for this reason that MacDonell depended even more than he usually would for advice upon his academic vice-president and others. By doing so, a golden opportunity to de-escalate the polarization on campus was missed. Once Kontak had approached the administration with the news of the informal meeting the president could have withheld his taped statement until he had explored the possibility of direct discussion between himself and MacKinnon or between representatives of both sides. It is not known if MacDonell received Kontak's message. But his advisors did and they let the opportunity pass.

In his radio statement the president declared that the findings of the University Discipline Committee were being appealed to the University Senate and a meeting of

that body was to be held as soon as possible. He also made it clear that there would not be any academic reprisals and that none would be tolerated. Most of the speech was moderate in tone and could even have been termed conciliatory.

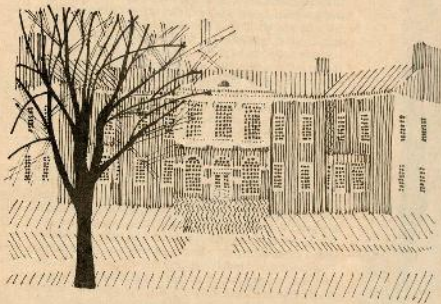
But there was one exception. Point three in his statement concerned the obtaining of an injunction from the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia which restrained anyone "student or non-student from interfering with the rights of other persons to pursue their normal University routine." Then, as now, MacDonell's inclusion of this information seemed ill-considered. Even if he had felt that the injunction was necessary in view of the bombing, he could have withheld using it until absolutely necessary.

News of the injunction spread quickly. There was widespread confusion about it; no one seemed to know how such a legal device actually worked. Some thought it could be used in a blanket fashion against all strikers; others (correctly, it turned out) thought it named specific individuals against whom it could be used.

It was at this time that the administration seems to have decided to involve the faculty to a limited extent.

This took the form of a long-overdue briefing session. Among some professors there was renewed hope that the administration would consider involving the university community at large. Such was not the administration's intention.

After a few ill-timed jocular remarks at the beginning of the meeting the academic V.P. cautioned that the striking students might enter the room and disrupt the meeting. If this anticipated action occurred the faculty members were to simply get up and leave. As it turned out, such fear was ill-founded. Not only did the students remain outside the room, they remained quietly outside the building. The meeting was undisturbed - from the outside - and the students won the respect of several faculty members for their responsible behaviour.



The Library where the attention on campus was diverted in a conventional and contemporary fashion.



## UNIVERSITY CLOSES

**A**T THE MEETING A ONE HOUR TIME LIMIT was suggested by J.J. MacDonald and the faculty accepted since the president was also present and no one wished to place more strain upon him than necessary. After a long and rather unnecessary review of the previous and well-known events by the president, there remained little time to ask the questions which were of greatest concern to the professors. Noel Murphy, M.D., expressed great concern, as did others about the health of the hunger strikers. There was general agreement that the administration had a responsibility to these students. Other questions centred on the nature and use of an injunction. The president had referred to it in his presentation and the university solicitor (Meehan) responded to the questions. In the course of his explanations, Meehan referred, in a style reminiscent of Senator Joseph McCarthy, to 'a number of groups' present on campus. This, he said, accounted for the difficulty the administration had encountered in trying to find who led the students. (This was surprising - since the university had no trouble identifying the leaders for the Supreme Court). When asked to be more specific about the groups he referred to, Meehan could only lamely say that there were the strikers and the anti-strikers. In evading a direct answer, Meehan clumsily joked about the leadership of the strikers and drew laughs and applause from the conservative element in the audience - the majority of the faculty.

At the end of one hour, and in the middle of a question regarding the hunger strikers a priest faculty member stood up as if by pre-arranged signal and drew attention to the end of the agreed upon period. The question was answered and the faculty left to be greeted by pickets outside the building, asking for the faculty's support. For their part, the professors seemed content to await the decision of the Senate.

Most students were hopeful that the Senate would meet and reverse the UDC decision regarding the three students. After a week of late nights, and long rap sessions and picketing the strikers were happy to be able to return to their homes and await events. On Friday, May 9 many left the campus. When they returned on Sunday they discovered that the Senate had decided to allow O'Connor back to complete his degree and had revoked the fines levied against students charged with breaking residence regulations.

This was a significant step in the minds of many. Some of the students who had remained on campus saw the Senate decision as a victory. But upon reflection they realized that the essential issue - the injustice of the trial - had not been resolved. The three students were still guilty. Many liberals including most of the faculty still inclined to sympathize with the students, abandoned the ship at this stage. Students who had taken part in the strike but feared academic reprisals saw the Senate decision as providing a way out. When a new strike vote was taken on Sunday evening, April 11, 758 students voted in favour. By Monday it was apparent that the strike was losing steam, that high principles were giving way to fear.

With the continuation of the strike the administration decided to close down the university and to serve the injunction. Students were sent home to await their final examinations. From this point the focus of attention was on the method to be used for administering the final exams by mail.

The public relations office then began to feed the media stories about St. FX's take-home final exam experiment. It was claimed that universities all over North America

were looking to Antigonish for guidance in this matter.

And so, with misunderstanding and exaggeration firmly in the saddle, the academic year at Antigonish stumbled across the finish line.

## AFTERMATH

**A**S MATTERS NOW STAND, Deleskie and MacKinnon were granted their degrees *in absentia*. Deleskie earned the widespread admiration of faculty members for his ability to earn a first class honours degree in Philosophy and Political Science. He proved that St. FX can produce top students.

Dan O'Connor did not participate in the strike; it appears that he is free to return for his final year if he wishes. It is not known what his plans are.

As for the rest, the administrators, faculty and students, it is difficult to determine what changes in attitudes have occurred. September may bring a new outbreak of student discontent or it may usher in a new phase in St. FX history. There are a few promising signs. The faculty have started to stir themselves over the question of greater representation from the junior ranks on the various committees. In looking after their own interests, hopefully, they will benefit the students. The administration has also indicated that there will be some form of visiting privileges for females in male residences in the fall. This came as a surprise in view of their previous intransigence. There is probably a certain acknowledgement in this that such changes were inevitable yet the administration could not appear to be yielding to student demands. Face-saving was very much a concern of the administrators during the trial and strike.

Yet these signs of promise must not obscure the fact that the majority of people on campus next year will be the same. The administrators will be the same people. The faculty, with a few exceptions, will remain much as it is. It is unlikely that even the younger members will display any new-found courage in challenging arbitrary administration behaviour. The students will probably find once again that they are their own best friends.

And of course Deleskie, MacKinnon, and O'Connor still stand guilty of breaking a regulation which does not exist. They were punished by a closed court for actions taken by their fellow students - many of whom appeared at Convocation to receive their degrees in person.

# MONITOR

## OMBUDSMAN IN JAIL

NEW YORK - As a result of prison strikes here last year, New York City has formulated a prison ombudsman plan which is slated to begin full scale operations in September.

Under the programme, two-man teams will be assigned to each of the city's nine prisons to dispense legal advice, inform the prisoners of the status of their cases, and intercede on their behalf with prison officials.

The teams will be trained, paid and supervised by the state's legal aid scheme. Additionally, the programme organizers hope that at least one member of each team will be an ex-convict.

In light of recent disturbances at the Dorchester and Kingston Penitentiaries, a similar programme for Canadian penal institutions would seem to be well worth studying.

## TYPICAL BEDFELLOWS

SAN FRANCISCO - Did you ever wonder what happened to Herbert "I Led Three Lives" Philbrick, the FBI agent whose life of infiltrating the Communist spy network was made into a best selling book and TV series?

A San Francisco counter-culture newspaper, *Good Times*, reports that Philbrick is now the publisher of the United States Press Association, a press syndicate that sends out right-wing editorials free of charge to 1200 small weekly newspapers.

But since that is a non-paying job, he earns money by writing favourable editorials for big corporations. For example, reports *Good Times*, General Electric recently paid him \$400 for each paper that printed his strongly pro-company editorial during the recent big GE strike.

Additionally, Philbrick earns \$500 to \$700 a shot for public lectures on the dangers of Communism, some of them performed as part of Fred Schwarz's Christian Anti-Communist Crusade.

## PRIVATE POVERTY SCHEME

MONTREAL - The current issue of the *Last Post* contains a special report on poverty prepared by the four former staff members who recently resigned in disgust from Sen. Croll's Poverty Committee.

Much of their report deals with rural poverty in the Maritimes, but one short section was of particular interest.

The following is a staff report written after the Committee visited Tracadie last August. Ironically, the camp referred to is on crown land leased by New Brunswick Senator G.P. Burchill, who, incidentally, was not a member of the Poverty Committee.

*The camp is twenty-five miles northwest of Newcastle. It has in it thirty-five cutters and stackers. The living accommodation is deplorable.*

*There are eight men to each hut which measures approximately ten feet by eighteen feet. There is no electricity, no running water.*

*The men arrive early Monday morning, and stay until Friday night in these conditions. The only water supply they have is a stream of questionable purity across the road from their camp.*

*A good woodcutter can cut three cords of wood per day at \$7.00 per cord. He earns therefore a maxi-*

*mum of \$21.00 per day.*

*He supplies his own chain-saw which has last a maximum two years. The saw plus financing over a two year period costs \$400.00. In addition maintenance on the saw is approximately \$100.00 and the two-year cost of chains would add another \$160.00.*

*A woodcutter's weekly gross earnings for a maximum work period of 30 weeks per year are approximately:*

|                              |               |
|------------------------------|---------------|
| Maximum weekly gross         | \$165.00      |
| less                         |               |
| Room and Board               | 12.00         |
| Weekly cost of saw           | 11.00 - 22.00 |
| Cost of fuel and oil for saw | 6.00          |
| Cost of transportation       | 4.00          |
|                              | 33.00 - 44.00 |
|                              | 72.00 - 61.00 |

*Gross hourly earnings 1.53 - 1.80*

*This is a very low gross hourly rate when one considers the investment required, the short work year, and the inadequate working conditions.*

*The men spoken to had been there many years. They all knew they would be better off on welfare, and yet continue to work and live under what I would consider medieval conditions in 1970.*

## STRIKE FOR LESS MONEY

HALIFAX - The first issue of the *East Coast Worker*, an informative new paper published here contains the following item:

*corporate psychopaths of executives who control American-owned industries in Nova Scotia:*

| Owner              | Salary and Stock Value |
|--------------------|------------------------|
| H.F. Dunning,      | \$ 181,000.            |
| Scott Paper Co.    | \$ 536,000.            |
| H. Weigl,          | \$ 175,000.            |
| Muir's Chocolates  | 1,157,000.             |
| F. D. Brockert,    | 250,000.               |
| Gulf Oil Co. Ltd.  | 3,014,000.             |
| A.P. Fontaine      | 122,000.               |
| General Instrument | 370,000.               |
| A.W. James Jr.,    | 110,000.               |
| Graves             | 571,000.               |
| R.B. Pamplin,      | 187,000.               |
| Georgia-Pacific    | 10,272,000.            |

*It seems that everytime you turn on the radio or flip through a newspaper, there is another version of the bosses broken record: workers are making too much money and unions are getting too powerful. But those newspapers or radio stations never seem to tell you how much the boss is getting.*

*Below are some examples of*

## CITIZENS' INQUIRY

**WATERLOO** - The Citizens' Commission of Inquiry into the War Measures Act, founded here in December of 1970, will be holding a series of hearings during the summer in major centres across the country.

The purpose of the Commission is to investigate the reasons for the invocation of the War Measures Act and the subsequent Public Order Act and, say the founders, "the alleged abuses following in their wake". Evidence will be gathered by researchers across the country for examination at the public hearings to which all parties, including the federal and Quebec governments, will be invited.

Among others, the Commission lists as its sponsors David MacDonald, MP; J.E. Broadbent, MP; Prof. Laurier Lapiere; Camille Laurin, House Leader of the Parti Quebecois; Gilles Garriepie, President of the Quebec Newspapermen's Union; Yves Charbonneau, President of the Quebec Teachers' Federation; and writer Farley Mowat.

Evidence gathered during the tour will be considered at the closing session this fall. Subsequently, the evidence will be collated, summarized and published, with conclusions, in a concise and comprehensive public report.

The Commission's address is Box 661, Waterloo, Ontario.

## POT INDUCES HOSTILITY

**VANCOUVER** - According to a news story appearing in a recent issue of the *Georgia Straight*, two RCMP Officers (Constables Ewing and Brown) savagely beat John Godlewski who is an occupant of a house at 8th and Cypress in downtown Vancouver.

The two narcs reacted rather violently when Godlewski surprised them as they were searching for drugs late on the morning of June 8th.

Godlewski coming down stairs "rubbing the sleep out of his eyes," was jumped on by what he at first thought were prowlers.

The "prowler", not showing Godlewski the Writ of Assistance, proceeded to hold him while the "other beat him until he was senseless on the ground".

After this remarkable display of restraint by two of Canada's finest, they charged the victim with assault.

No drug charges were laid.

## PRIORITIES

**NEW YORK** - In 1969, notes an article in the first issue of the New York Academy of Sciences new journal called *Sciences*, major industrial polluters spent one billion dollars to advertise their efforts at pollution control, a sum then times more than all U.S. companies spent for air pollution control devices during the same period.

## TROUBLED TIMES

The streets of our country are in turmoil, the universities are filled with students, rebelling and rioting. Communists are seeking to destroy our country. Russia is threatening us with her might and the republic is in danger within and without. We need law and order, without it our nation cannot survive.

Adolph Hitler, 1932

## MURDERING "PESTS"

**WASHINGTON** (Guerilla) - Approximately 70 students of Mabton's elementary school were sprayed with Thimet, a highly potent pesticide which a cropduster plane sprayed a nearby sugar beet field.

Despite the fact that the kids were immediately mass-showered and all their clothes taken to the laundromat, like they tell you to do in case of nuclear fallout, 30 became ill a few hours later, were sent to a hospital, and recovered after receiving antidote shots.

That's just the effect on skin from a high-flying plane. Wonder what it would do for your stomach.



BOOK REVIEWS BY  
ROBERT CAMPBELL

## CANADA AND THE WAR MEASURES ACT



### INTRODUCTION

"I am speaking to you at a moment of grave crisis," said a tired Pierre Trudeau to a nation-wide television audience on the evening of October 16, "when violent and fanatical men are attempting to destroy the unity and freedom of Canada."

The Cabinet had invoked the War Measures Act at 4am that morning. Well before five, the police in Montreal were on their way to homes all over the island. Soldiers armed with loaded machine guns were dispersed throughout Montreal, Ottawa and Quebec.

Rumours abounded, facts were few. The country knew little more than the Prime Minister's announcement of the proclamation "that apprehended insurrection exists and has existed as and from the fifteenth day of October, 1970."

Over the next few days the ground swell of public support submerged the few murmured doubts, ignored the absence of factual evidence and seemed to vindicate this

extraordinary measure, the government's first concrete move since the kidnappings.

What evidence had provoked the imposition of the War Measures Act for the first time when we were still at peace? The country waited. When the answers came they

What had happened? Had the government miscalculated? Were there facts we still didn't know? Was there a real threat of an FLQ-led insurrection or had the government simply over-reacted?

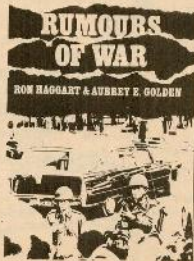
In the 10 months since the October Crisis, at least seven book length studies of the events have been published. Moreover, all of the national magazines and most members of the underground and alternative press have published special issues.

Beginning with the best of the studies in this month's book review section, *The Mysterious East* makes a partial survey of the literature of the October Crisis.

### RUMOURS OF WAR RON HAGGART AUBREY E. GOLDEN NEW PRESS TORONTO

THE FLQ, SAY RON HAGGART AND AUBREY Golden in *Rumours of War*. "was probably the first terrorist organization in legal history to be incorporated by a special act of Parliament." The FLQ, they point out, apparently is not an organization at all, but an idea, a rubric which various groups of violent nationalists dredge up from time to time when they want to do some bombing. One bomber can "revive" the FLQ at any time. "A flurry of bombings in 1966 suddenly ended in 1967, not because of any ideological regrouping, but because young Serge Demers stopped making bombs."

Well-written and comprehensive, *Rumours of War* is the kind of journalism we always need and rarely get. Golden, a lawyer, and Haggart, a newspaperman, tell their story well --



and, more important, they place the events in context. The October crisis finds its place in the history of Canadian society. Before they talk about the War Measures Act and its invocation, they give its history, along with graphic examples of the abuses which have always accompanied it. The War Measures Act gave the federal government the legal authority for its appalling treatment of Japanese-Canadians in World War II, for instance; it also allowed B.C. Premier Patullo to lecture the CCF on the possibility of going to prison for criticising him, and in fact, George Drew was actually charged under the Act for criticising the handling of the Hong Kong Expeditionary Force. Union leaders went to jail under the Act, and it was used to break a legal strike at the Chrysler plant. To this thoroughly unsavoury instrument the government turned last fall when the time came to Save Democracy.

Again, before criticising the decision to outlaw the FLQ Haggart and Golden simply recount the history of similar attempts to outlaw organizations (notably the Communist Party) both in Canada and abroad. In Canada, organizations banned under earlier uses of the War Measures Act have included the Jehovah's Witnesses and Technocracy, Inc. At that point in the book, Haggart and Golden draw no moral: they hardly need to. A hundred-odd pages later, summing up the effects of the October proclamation, they tartly observe:

*The unhappy and unsuccessful experience of vainly attempting to outlaw the Communist Party should have provided the historical precedent to discourage the Government from the same attempt with the FLQ, if only because "membership" in the FLQ does not exist and "membership" is achieved by the voluntary act of entering into a criminal conspiracy, to bomb or kidnap or whatever, actions for which there is no lack of existing criminal sanctions.*

*Rumours of War* includes a discussion of the background of Robert Lemieux, and that of Pierre Vallières, whose *White Niggers of America* has recently appeared in English. Haggart and Golden trace the incredible gauntlet of judicial harassment Vallières has had to run, and they meticulously explain the connection between the Jean Drapeau/Lucien Saulnier attack on the Company of Young Canadians as a band of subversives and revolutionaries, on the one hand, and the Drapeau administration's request for special police powers on the other. They point out that the attack on the CYC, by what Saulnier claims is a coincidence, had the effect of taking the heat off a city government recently embarrassed by the memorable one-day police strike of October, 1969. The notion of a "four-point plan" for revolution which was to figure so importantly a year later seems to have grown out of Saulnier's testimony in Ottawa in November, 1969. Like the "plot" to install a "provisional government" including Claude Ryan and René Lévesque, the four-point plan reveals itself on examination to have been little more than a convenient product of the overheated imaginations of the politicians themselves.

The heart of *Rumours of War*, of course, is its full account of the whole crisis, from the kidnapping of Cross to the eventual political trials. The authors seem to have been everywhere and talked to everyone; despite the wealth of dates and facts, the book flows with a kind of wit which clarifies ["It is as misleading to put all the people who were arrested into the same paragraph (or into the same jail, for that matter) as it would be to list together the Mafia and the Chamber of Commerce because they both are in business"] and a kind of detail which enlivens. As Robert Stanfield retreated, under public pressure, from his original opposition to the War Measures Act, Tory organizer Eddie Goodman phoned to congratulate him on his stand. "Which one?"

Stanfield inquired.

*Rumours of War* has its imperfections, naturally. "Neither of us is an absolutist," say the authors, but "a police strike, even under the severest provocation, can never be a defensible tactic." Haggart and Golden tell us that the *Mouvement de Libération de Taxi* is "dedicated to exploiting the legitimate grievances" of Montreal's cabbies. This loaded description is never supported, though the MLT is a more complicated phenomenon than that.

Though the book's construction is remarkably good, it too is far from perfect. It moves like a novel, cutting abruptly into the past for the explanations of present events, picking up the story, limning a scene, sketching in character. An exceptionally readable account, it nevertheless shows on occasion the marks of hasty composition.

**I**N THE BOOK'S LAST CHAPTER, the authors try to make sense of the whole bizarre episode.

"Those, like Laurier LaPierre and distressingly few others, who believed the therapy was a greater threat than the disease," they write, "were usually cast into the invidious position of being in favour of cancer. They were not. They were opposed to decapitation, amputation, mutilation, as the prescribed therapy to save democracy."

Touching all the usual bases, Haggart and Golden point out that the existing police powers were adequate to the job and were, in fact, responsible for running the kidnapers to earth. Then why the WMA? Partly to stiffen Robert Bourassa's hapless and ineffectual government, partly to "deal a blow to the philosophy of separatism." Because English-Canadians ("phonetically illiterate in Quebec politics") believed separatism to mean violence and terror, they "did not have to face the issue that the War Measures Act was invoked only in small part to fight violence, and in larger part to suppress a legitimate political movement." Just who was that complaining about frustrated men using force to achieve political ends? Pierre Trudeau, oddly enough. René Lévesque has a better right to make such comments.

"The inescapable conclusion," write Haggart and Golden, "is that a major intention of the Government was precisely what happened, the detention of hundreds of persons who could not be accused even of advocating the policies of the FLQ, but who certainly could be accused of opposing the Government's policies toward the FLQ." Detention without charges or bail amounts to "internment, which is the technique of democratic nations at war and of dictatorships at any time."

Haggart and Golden want the War Measures Act repealed, or brought under the protection of an entrenched Bill of Rights. They want access to the courts guaranteed. They want checks on arbitrary power. They are dead right.

And there is a short-term objective they clearly imply, though they don't spell it out. Pierre Trudeau, they remark, "was certainly the first leader in Canada to be propelled into office by a campaign which began in the academic community, a rare enough event in any country."

One wonders whether those in the universities could redeem themselves by working furiously to propel him out again.

## LA CRISE D'OCTOBRE GÉRARD PELLETIER EDITIONS DU JOUR MONTREAL

**A**S MIGHT BE EXPECTED, GERARD PELLETIER'S book is little more than a piece of government public relations. Aside from the now famous concession that the "apprehended insurrection" of October was nothing of the kind (the government, Pelletier says, was worried about the possibility of uncontrollable civil disorders) and the total failure of the book to mention the "provisional government" notion which seems more and more to have been a government-initiated rumour, the book could easily have been written by any other Liberal mouthpiece.

Sounding worried about the increasing volume of criticism, Pelletier hastens to defend himself and his government. He tells us that he voted for the War Measures Act "la mort dans l'âme"; it was the least bad solution. And he hasn't spoken out before because he doubted that a calm and sophisticated analysis could hope to be heard during the heat of the crisis. Moreover, we have to understand the exigencies of power, the awesome responsibilities of running the country. The urgency of the situation limits reflection; one is pressed on both sides by extremists who want to give *carte blanche* to the police or who proclaim that liberty of expression doesn't exist in Quebec. When intellectuals accuse you of advocating a police state, you tend to get defensive.

And of course when the lives of two men are at stake, one is obliged to be judicious. But those extremists! Of course extreme attitudes are most frequently found — says Pelletier, incredibly enough — in opposition movements, the radicalism of which is inversely proportional to the degree of their participation in decision-making.

In other words: there are no real problems; radicalism is simply a pathological symptom by which the incompetent express their envy of big winners like Pelletier and Trudeau. Nothing in *La Crise d'Octobre* is more striking than Pelletier's contempt for powerlessness.

Pelletier has solutions, too: what we really need, he says,

## QUEBEC IN QUESTION MARCEL RIOUX JAMES LEWIS & SAMUEL TORONTO

**Q**UEBEC IN QUESTION IS NOT A BOOK ABOUT the October crisis, although it does contain a chapter, added for the 1971 edition, dealing with specific aspects and implications of that crisis. However, Rioux's coverage of those events is superficial, incomplete, and in some ways inaccurate (he does not, for instance, distinguish between the planned nature of the Cross kidnapping and the spontaneity of the Laporte kidnapping, and in fact leaves the impression that Laporte's kidnapping came in reaction to the Québec government's hard line).

But more importantly, the book is the best available English-language study of the development of a "revolutionary" Québécois nationalism. "We are not concerned here with historical speculation," writes Rioux in his introduction, "we are interested, first of all, in certain decisive events, and even more in the way history has been written, how it has been taught, and how, above all, it has been woven into the tissue of ideologies, i.e., the successive definitions Québécois have held of themselves."

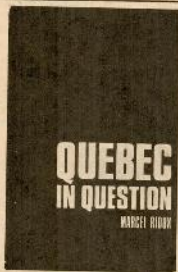
He argues that "anyone wishing to understand what



is for government to come to the aid of the disadvantaged, to help them make their cause understood and their ideas known. If we don't, they will give up acting within the democratic ground rules, and will "succumb to the temptation of totalitarian strategies". What we need is, in fact, "la démocratie de participation".

(And — by a happy coincidence — Pelletier's own department has a high-priced team called the Participation Development Group, led by Patrick Watson, working on this very question. How interested are we in participating in a government which tells us we can't smoke pot, we can't advocate certain ideas or belong to certain groups; a government which sells arms for Vietnam, promulgates Indian policies against the Indians' wishes, oversees the sellout of the economy, and so forth? Particularly when Pelletier clearly considers participation to be chiefly a means of blunting the edge of protest?)

Overall, *La Crise d'Octobre* sheds little new light on the events of October, but makes clear how the government expects us to look at them.



the Quebec question means today must know above all what it has meant and what it now means to Québécois themselves." Accordingly, after an impressive introductory chapter, Rioux explores the three types of ideologies characteristic of Quebec nationalism since 1840. Most of

the book is an examination of the way in which the three successive nationalist ideologies, labelled "conservative", "catching-up", and "surpassing", have handled the "brutal facts" of domination and defeat.

In brief, he argues that the conservative nationalism which characterized Quebec society through the 1950's places its emphasis only upon the conquest, not upon the socio-economic domination of Quebec by the English and those French-Canadian elites which have been used as tools of the English. In the second phase, the technological nationalism characteristic of the Quiet Revolution emphasized the repatriation of the Quebec economy but not the independence of the Quebec nation. The Quiet Revolution, according to Rioux, was essentially a liberal revolution, recognizing not the collectivity but the individual, not cultural integrity but economic development. It propagated an ideology of catching up. The new nationalism of the late 1960's in Quebec focuses upon both problems - the integrity of the Quebec nation, and the development of the Quebec economy. It is a nationalism which focuses equally

## NO MANDATE BUT TERROR GEORGE RADWANSKI KENDAL WINDEYER POCKET BOOKS RICHMOND HILL ONTARIO

OBVIOUSLY WRITTEN FOR THE AMERICAN market, *No Mandate But Terror* is the most sensational and in most ways the least satisfying of the books about the October crisis.

The authors, two staff reporters for Montreal's English-language morning daily, *The Gazette*, have written a fast-paced cops and kidnapers story that all but ignores the causes and implications of what was a profoundly political act. With the exception of a few - often patronizing - scene-setting paragraphs, the event could just as easily have taken place in Guatemala or Brazil, or, for that matter, the United States.

But maybe it's just as well that the authors stuck to a chronological recounting of the facts and stayed away from politics. Too often their attempt at the "short pithy character description" results in caricature. Not only do they invariably refer to Pierre Trudeau as "the Prime Minister of Canada" (in case any of us have forgotten), they characterize him as "A middle-aged playboy who swept to power on a go-go image". Robert Lemieux is described as "a 29-year old long-haired revolutionary lawyer, son of an English mother and a French-Canadian father, a wild-looking man with lank tresses that flapped about as he spoke" and as a "fast-mouthed young lawyer" possessed of "dubious charms". The NDP's Tommy Douglas is an "aging leader" with a "shrill" voice.

The day by day, often hour by hour detailing of events makes fascinating reading, but either through ignorance or something worse, like a deliberate attempt to sensationalize their account, the authors are often misleading and in many cases simply wrong.

"The theft of cases of rifles from a ship in an Eastern Quebec port," say the authors in setting the scene for the imposition of the War Measures Act, "seemed to indicate that the insurgents were even better armed than before." Although the incident may at the time have contributed to the general feeling of unease, it is never made clear that the rifles were stolen by longshoremen and had no connection whatever with the FLQ.

More misleading, the authors return again and again to the mythical "three-point plan" for revolution: violent

upon social equality with the Quebec nation and the independence of that nation from North American domination.

If Rioux is correct, the oldest and richest colony in the world is beginning to throw off the chains of domination by elites within and without. Demonstrations against Bill 63, the success of the PQ in the provincial election of 1970, the formation and success of citizens' groups are all taken as significant steps in the direction of revamping of Quebec society and the establishment of an independent Quebec, more important than the activities of the FLQ or the negotiations of the Bourassa government. Rioux does not posit an end to the process, but does offer sufficient reason to believe that the current "crisis" over Quebec's place in the Canadian confederation is the most important of all - it may well decide, once and for all, the future of the Quebec nation and the Canadian Confederation. There is little reason to believe that the solution can be anything short of the independence of Quebec, if in fact Marcel Rioux's analysis is as accurate as it is interesting.



demonstrations, kidnappings, and selective assassination. In fact, of course, no such plan ever existed except in the overactive imagination of the Chairman of Montreal's Executive Committee, Lucien Saulnier.

And, for sheer callousness, the authors assessment of the effects of the War Measures Act stands as a monument: *People were disappearing hourly but the fear of widespread abuse seemed unjustified. There was discomfort, some anguish and even the occasional instance of injustice - but no police state. At worst, families were distressed by the sudden disappearance of a husband, father, son or daughter. Time was lost from work by those picked up and released a week or so later after being found blameless. The occasional man would find himself unemployed after a frightened boss dismissed for being a member of the FLQ even though the police had found him was not so. In these cases, the injured party would find himself with no resources against the government which had imprisoned him. However, no widespread torture, no arrests purely for motives of harassment were discovered.*

It's unlikely the more than 450 Quebec citizens who found themselves in jail, the vast majority charged with no crime, would share such detachment.

## POWER CORRUPTED EDITED BY ABRAHAM ROTSTEIN NEW PRESS TORONTO

**S**UBTITLED "THE OCTOBER CRISES AND THE Suppression of Quebec," *Power Corrupted* is a collection of incisive and informative articles edited by publisher/economist Abraham Rotstein.

Originally, the articles were published in the January issue of *The Canadian Forum*, a special issue devoted to the October crisis. But since that issue "sold out immediately" and "produced a wide response in both the English and French press", the editors concluded that the "issue should be made available in permanent form for a wider audience".

Separate publication in this case is fully deserved. Rotstein has assembled a collection of articles by outstanding writers (including columnist George Bain, novelist Dave Godfrey, philosopher George Grant and Civil Liberties Association General Counsel Alan Borovoy) who consider not just the events but the background and implications of those events.

George Bain argues, for instance, after an examination of the events, that there is considerable merit in Robert Stanfield's suggestion that a judicial inquiry should be instituted. Maybe then, says Bain, we would get answers to questions like whether the results obtained under the War Measures Act were attributable in any way to those special powers; what the identifying marks of the apprehended insurrection consisted of other than the two kidnappings, which at the time were 12 and 7 days old respectively; and what results are to be claimed for the imposition of police state powers and the jailing of 450-odd citizens.

Arguing that the parallel — if not co-ordinated — strategies of Trudeau and Bourassa are "directed toward reducing Quebec nationalism to impotence by polarizing the province on federalist-nationalist lines", political scientist George Smiley warns that the inevitable result is "continuing pressure for those outside the province — including of course federal politicians — to intervene in Quebec affairs".

But perhaps the most significant argument is that advanced by Abraham Rotstein. Essentially, he argues the

## TERROR IN QUEBEC GUSTAVE MORF CLARKE IRWIN TORONTO

**O**UR CIVIL LIBERTIES WERE SUSPENDED and a virtual state of war declared in Quebec. And the majority of Canadians accepted this as a reasonable and entirely appropriate response to the FLQ-created crisis. After all, we reasoned, the FLQ has been bombing mailboxes and armouries for years now; obviously the organization has grown and this escalation to kidnapping proves it.

Not true, claims Gustave Morf, a Montreal psychiatrist and the author of *Terror in Quebec*, a study of the people and development of the FLQ. Scarcely a highly disciplined revolutionary army, the FLQ, claims Morf, throughout its sporadic history has been an umbrella used by a handful of — often misguided — would-be revolutionaries who use terrorism as much for personal gain as any altruistic motives.

Beginning with the first bombings in the early spring of 1963 and the death on April 20th of the first FLQ victim, 65-year old Vincent Wilfred O'Neill who happened to be

## POWER CORRUPTED

The October Crisis and The Suppression of Quebec  
Edited by Abraham Rotstein



George Bain  
Alan Borovoy  
George Grant  
Dave Godfrey  
George Smiley  
Robert Stanfield  
Alan Borovoy  
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Alan Borovoy

same position taken by James Laxer and accepted by the Quebec wing of the NDP, the basis of which is that Quebec has "the absolute right to self-determination up to and including independence". But Rotstein's catch is that once this right is recognized Quebec would probably not exercise it.

"In Quebec," writes Rotstein, "this new approach received wide endorsement and seemed to strike some responsive hidden cord in the province." Quebec would likely not go all the way to separation from Canada, but the formulation would result in an "acceptable relationship . . . on a fundamentally new basis."

Rotstein admits that "the notion of 'give us the right to independence, and we will likely not use it,' is peculiar and unprecedented. Nevertheless, he says, "The symbolic right to independence seems absolutely crucial."

*A united Canada has a chance of surviving only if English and French Canadians begin again; begin from a point of symbolic separation and come together in the full freedom of a genuine equality of the two nations. It is a superior moral basis for a new Confederation.*





walking to work through the lane behind the Army Recruiting Centre on Sherbrooke St. when a bomb exploded, Morf traces the history of the FLQ up to the kidnapping and death of Pierre Laporte in October of 1970.

Morf divides his history into five phases or "waves", each wave involving a different group of men and each concluding with their arrest and subsequent imprisonment or deportation. After outlining the history of each group calling itself the FLQ, Morf the psychiatrist, takes a close look at the principal personalities, their background, motives and behaviour.

In his concluding chapter, "The Ideology of Quebec Terrorism", Morf assesses the reasons and impact of seven years of FLQ-inspired violence in Quebec.

While he recognizes the very real grievances and fears of the French Canadians in a predominantly English Canadian country, he argues that violence is a self-defeating exercise, "Even the FLQ is not above the basic psychological laws which rule human behaviour. Whoever decides to use criminal methods to achieve political ends winds up by acquiring criminal values and criminal procedures." Even clandestinely is a "curse in itself", he argues because "it gives exaggerated power to a few -- a power which is bound to corrupt." Moreover, says Morf, "no man motivated by resentment and hate can build a new fraternal society".

The historical perspective is an interesting and revealing point of view from which to examine the FLQ. Morf foresees neither an increase nor decrease in FLQ membership, although he would obviously prefer to latter. However, one point does emerge clearly, the membership and influence of the FLQ in October of 1970 was scarcely formidable enough to deserve the War Measures Act.

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## THE RUBBER DUCK AWARD

### A CLEAR RECORD OF GIVEAWAY



Maritime politicians have always been quick to recognize that the region's major problem is economic underdevelopment. And the way to solve the problem, they always say, is to attract more industry. More industry, they explain, will bring more money into the region, create full employment and mean we'll be able to live just like people in those big industrial centres like Toronto and Hamilton and Montreal.

For years now the mechanics of the solution have become so commonly accepted that it's no longer necessary to explain them. In fact, too often it seems that attracting industry has almost become an end in itself; we no longer think of the reasons and the consequences.

The prospect of 200 jobs is enough to send any Maritime politician into paroxysms of joy. It scarcely matters what kind of jobs will be created, or who owns the company, or for that matter how much it will cost the government in public monies to realize their creation. All of these things become unimportant beside 200 new jobs.

Unfortunately this eagerness to attract foreign investment to the Maritimes has no doubt done more harm than good. Certainly this is true if, as some economists are now beginning to realize, unemployment and regional disparity are the inevitable companions of heavy foreign investment. So the harder the politicians work at the conventional solution to our chronic problem, i.e. more concessions they make to foreign industry, the greater the problem becomes.

Yet there seems to be some reasons for cautious optimism. We're beginning to examine our traditional answer and beginning to see that it's not working.

Maritime economists participating in the Eastern Development Conference sponsored last month by the St. Francis Xavier University extension department concluded that "despite massive investment in new industries in the region, the poor are getting poorer -- especially in eastern Nova Scotia where new investment is most obvious". While they suggested various solutions to the problem, they were agreed that "fundamental changes are necessary in the present development policy". At least we are beginning to question the conventional wisdom.

But while these economists and, it would seem, a growing number of Maritimers are beginning to see the price they've paid for attracting foreign investment, the politicians blindly offer more of the same. If it doesn't work, they say, work at it harder.

In dubious honour of this kind of blinkered unimaginativeness we award this month's Duck to Maritime politicians and particularly to Nova Scotia's Gerald Regan, who during a recent speech in Boston said:

"I do want to very clearly have it on record that we in Nova Scotia will continue to encourage in every way possible, investments by American interests in our province, and I would suggest that nowhere would American capital be in a more stable climate and a more reliable area."

# FOLLOW-UP FOLLOW-UP FOLLOW-UP

## CHEDABUCTO BAY waiting for the end

**T**HEY SAY IT'S OVER," said the clerk in U.J. LeBlanc's Lucky Dollar store in Arichat, Nova Scotia. "But it's not over. I was out at Cape Auger a week ago and there was *that much oil* on the water."

She held up her hand to indicate a good three inches.

"It was just thick," she went on. "Just horrible."

If you read the straight press, you get the feeling that the Arrow disaster is all finished. The beaches are clean, the tanker is pumped out. Imperial Oil and Aristote Onassis caused a lot of trouble, but we managed.

The truth is a little different. The truth is a black ring of oil that still clings to the sides of Chedabucto Bay like a ring around a bathtub. And "small amounts" of oil are still coming out of the Arrow: "small amounts" such as the girl in the Lucky Dollar store encountered. Chedabucto Bay will never be clean in our lifetimes.

From LeBlanc's store you follow the road around the harbour of Arichat, and take the long twisting back road that leads out to the tip of Cape Auger, where a lighthouse and the lightkeeper's home face the open water. The road leads across the Cape, and as you come out on the other side you discover the oil: a black band running along the shore as far as you can see. The oil has been there for a year and a half now. Where the bluffs rise sheer from the sea, about two or three feet are painted jet black. Where the shore shelves into the water, about a dozen feet are solid black, rocks and pebbles and sand fused together in a continuous dull black mass.

You get out of the car and walk on it, kick a stone, poke with a stick. Immediately the solid mass slips apart, and the underside of every little pebble glistens up at you, black and fresh as the day the oil washed ashore. Bunker C is a little less thick than hot tar, a little more thick than used motor-oil. A year and a half of surf and wind, of ice and rain and snow, have only dulled its surface. Below, inches into the sand, it is fresh, viscous, clinging.

You drive back to Arichat. "It was some bad between here and West Arichat," the service station attendant says. You drive along that part of the shore. It is still some bad.

You remember the *Atlantic Advocate* and the *Star Weekly* and the others burbling about the great clean-up Operation Oil carried out -- and yes, yes, it's certainly true that nobody knows how to clean up a major oil spill, certainly not Bunker C in freezing water, and they did a remarkable job. And it's true, it's true, that where the oil hit the beaches they bulldozed it up and left the sand relatively clean -- though I still wouldn't spread a blanket on them. But the oil went ashore over one hundred and twenty-five miles of coastline, and most of it rock. That isn't clean, and never will be.

You pick up a hitchhiker, a fringe-jacketed young fellow who plays a guitar in a rock group and lives in a village on the Guysborough shore. Yes, he says, the oil is still there for miles on his side of the bay too, further out, towards Canso. Across the Strait of Canso he points out the develop-

ing industrial area at Port Hawkesbury: that's the heavy-water plant, and that's the pulp mill, and that's, let's see, oh yes, that's the Gulf Canada oil refinery. The Canso Causeway has made Port Hawkesbury a marvellous deep-water harbour. Tankers can come right up to the refinery -- big tankers.

The Arrow wasn't a big tanker, only around 18,000 tons. A number of tankers now in service run over three hundred and twenty thousand tons -- the size of eighteen Arrows. A Japanese shipyard is building a four hundred thousand tonner. Orders have been placed around the world for nearly two hundred tankers over two hundred thousand tons each. On January 1, 1970, 527 tankers were on order, for a total of \$5,605,080 tons.

Ambassador James Wiggins, former editor of the *Washington Post*, told a Bar Harbour audience just before the Arrow went down that Maine should think twice about letting the oil industry build a superport at Machiasport. Cleaning out the insides of tankers pours about three million tons of oil a year into the Atlantic and Mediterranean. Eight hundred tons of oil have been spilled in three years at the "clean" oil port of Milford Haven in England. In 1969 there were five hundred and fifty-three (that's right, 553) collisions involving tankers entering and leaving harbour. A spill like that of the Torrey Canyon would leave a blanket of oil an inch thick, twenty-four feet wide, along every indentation of the coast from Halifax to Boston -- and the tankers coming into Machiasport would be five times the size of the Torrey Canyon.

**Y**OU DRIVE ON OUT TO CANSO, at the very mouth of the bay, and there's oil, oil, oil along the shore. A wife tells you the kids can't play on the beach at Canso: they come home tarry with Bunker C. "It washes out of some fabrics," she explains, "but a lot of the synthetics just turn black and stay that way." You ask a fisherman what all this oil's doing on the beach after the great clean-up. He laughs bitterly.

"They're going to start cleaning again in a couple of weeks," he says. "But that oil ain't ever going to be cleaned up, not really." You remember Dr. Patrick McTaggart-Cowan, head of Operation Oil, after spending three million dollars on cleanup, conceding that the oil on the bedrock, on the cliff edges "is there to stay". It will eventually harden into a rock-like coating, he says. "Eventually" seems to be a good way off.

And you remember the K.C. Irvings of the world protesting that closer regulation of tankers would be bad for business. You remember that Kent Lines, one of Irving's companies, pleaded guilty a year ago to pumping oil into Fortune Harbour in Newfoundland. You remember the slick that couldn't possibly have come from the Irving Whale, but did. You remember that the Irving Whale is still on the bottom of the Gulf of Saint Lawrence, full of oil.

On Sable Island, says a friend who was out there a week or two before, the beaches are still mucky with Arrow oil. Slicks are still washing ashore. And Thor Heyerdahl reports that not a day went by in his voyage across the Atlantic without presenting him with oil balls and plastic bottles. What used to be a rather lovely world turns before our eyes into a vast sewer.

The Gulf Refinery is still there. Cerberus Rock is still there. All over the world the big tankers are slipping off the ways into the water. Which one will give Chedabucto Bay its next coating? Universe Ireland? Onassis?

All we have to do is wait. But then nobody seems to be much interested in doing more than that: a way.

# Back of the Book

## EVERYBODY'S DOIN' IT

In Halifax, the thing to do these days is start your own paper. No less than three new tabloids have appeared in the last few weeks.

*Gandalf* is published by Us Publications at 6177 South Street, Halifax. Us Publications, it turns out, is "a division of Metro Street Services" which in turn is a youth project under the Opportunities for Youth programme. *Gandalf* features the youth culture: drugs, rock, health foods, hostels, communes, dilemners and a guide to "free things" are featured in one recent issue. Subscriptions are \$1.00 for ten issues.

If *Gandalf* is the new culture, *East Coast Worker* is the new politics, the organ of the East Coast Socialist Movement and in time, the editors hope, "the militant opposition voice of the working class of Nova Scotia". Its first issue features stories on Gerald Regan's appalling "emergency" labour legislation, on the effect on working people of the containerization of the port of Halifax, on the Canso Strait fishermen's struggle, on the effect of open-mike radio shows. The East Coast Socialists, incidentally, developed out of the militant NDY of Halifax, the group which gave such strong and useful support to the Canso fishermen last summer. Those of us who couldn't join them on the picket lines could do worse than send \$2.00 for a year's subscription to Box 3355, Halifax South Post Station, Halifax, May *East Coast Worker* prosper.

More traditional by far both in its politics and interests is *The Scotian Journalist*, a bi-weekly in which the chief figure is Frank Fillmore, well-known freelance journalist and one of the founders of the flourishing *Fourth Estate*. With half a dozen issues under its belt, *The Scotian Journalist* looks healthy and professional, and seems to be attracting advertising. It's published every two weeks, and you can get a year's subscription for \$2.75 by writing *The Scotian Journalist* at 1791 Barrington Street, Halifax.

Do a little tally. *The Fourth Estate* in Halifax. *The Square Deal* in Charlottetown. *The Cape Breton Highlander* in Sydney. *The Alternate Press* in St. John's. And *The Mysterious East*. Plus three new papers in Halifax. Is there any doubt that the region's press isn't doing its job? Or that the people of the Maritimes are fed up, and are setting up their own alternative sources of news and information?

If the established newspapers don't respond to the needs of the people, it seems that the people will establish their own newspapers.

## GENTLE PEOPLE

Education Professor Earl Walter interrupts his UNB Summer School class in School Law to relate a personal experience that has been troubling him. It seems he was visiting his elderly parents in the small New Brunswick village of St. Martins when, late at night, two teenagers threw a large rock through the rear window of his parked car.

Professor Walter telephoned the local detachment of the RCMP and within a short time the pair were apprehended. The constable then notified their parents who apologized and offered to pay for the damage to Walter's car. The constable then asked Walter whether or not he wished to lay criminal charges against the young vandals.

The question troubled him and he decided to ask his class what they would do in the same circumstances. The response from the thirty student teachers in the class is immediate and decisive: 26 would lay criminal charges, four would not. Ah, the gentle art of teaching.

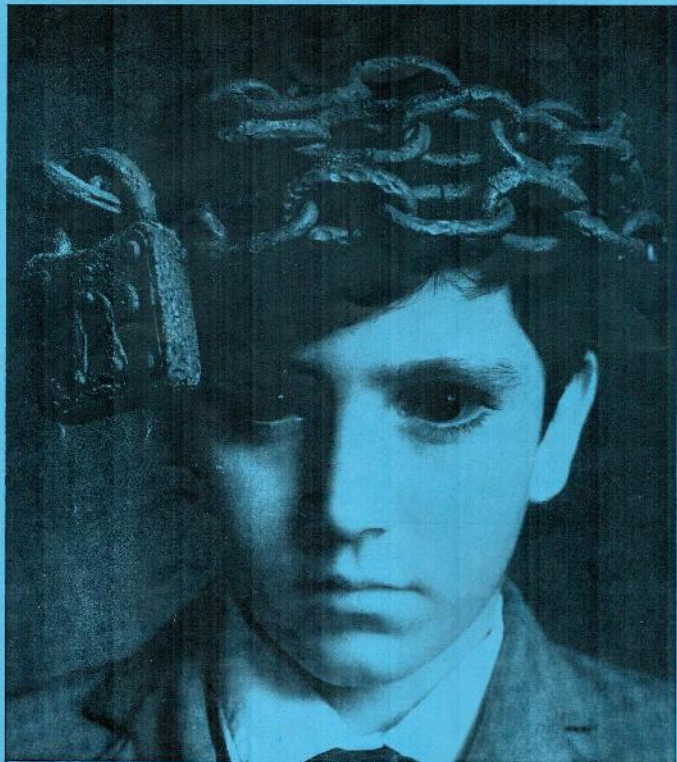
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