

NLF Speakers Jeered At Sir George Williams

MONTREAL (CUP) — Three students representing the National Liberation Front of Vietnam were roundly booed and hissed down as they addressed a crowd of 900 rowdy students in Montreal Thursday (Sept. 28). Sponsored by the Union Generale des Etudiants du Quebec, the students, on a two-week speaking tour of Quebec, made their first public appearance before an overflow crowd at Sir George Williams University. The crowd was antagonistic from the moment the student speakers entered the hall.

After unsuccessfully trying to explain their view of the war the trio were forced to cancel a question-and-answer period.

At a press conference given upon their arrival at Dorval Airport Wednesday Luyan Sou, the group spokesman said their primary purpose in coming to Quebec was to explain the situation in Vietnam. The Sir George crowd wouldn't listen.

Luyan Sou said "We are a small country, smaller than the state of Florida and no bigger than Vancouver Island. For four thousand years we have been in constant struggle. We have waged wars against invaders to defend our rights to peace and freedom and happiness."

He explained in recent years the wars have involved first the French, then the Americans, and he offered a catalogue of the atrocities of the War.

"We are just a small people who are being killed by bombs, whose women are being violated, and whose homes are being destroyed. We admire the American students who now bravely pronounce themselves against this injustice."

"Long live the friendships of our people," he said.

UGEQ president Pierre Lefrancois said Quebec students support the struggle of the National Liberation Front. Sir George External Vice-President Jean Sicotte said of the disturbances created by the students: "Freedom of speech is a basic right in a democratic society."

"I am ashamed".

The other members of the group are Miss Ngeum Ngok Eung and Mr. Le May. All three said they were students before the war.

They are now working in the student section of the NLF, which is the political arm of the Viet Cong.

Discrimination At The University of Manitoba Charged By UMSU President

Winnipeg (CUP) — UMSU President Chris Westdal, Tuesday charged that the University of Manitoba is "participating in discrimination against non-white students."

The University has denied this charge.

In an open letter to Dr. Hugh H. Saunderson, President of the University, Westdal said, "It has come to the attention of University of Manitoba Students' Union that the University maintains discriminatory off-campus residence lists."

"In other words, the university lists accommodation that is available to all students, regardless of their race or colour, and maintains a second list of accommodation for white students only."

In the letter, Westdal said he believed the University "must not be a party to discriminatory practices."

The letter concluded, "It saddens me to think that an institution such as the university which, by definition, cannot subscribe to any practice of racial discrimination has stooped to accommodate the racial prejudice of others in our community."

The letter was released to all local newspapers, radio and television stations.

In a written reply, Saunderson said the two lists maintained by the university actually differentiated between people who preferred to take in overseas students and people who had not expressed such a preference.

Saunderson said the University does not practice any discrimination in any housing which it provides. However, since campus residences can only accommodate about 1300 students, it is necessary to rely on downtown accommodation for several thousand more students who come here from outside greater Winnipeg.

The reply said, "We have a great deal of difficulty in finding enough homes to accommodate this number of students."

"We rarely get enough places to meet the entire need. If we would refuse to list people who express a preference for women or men, for older students or Freshmen, or for overseas students or Manitobans, we would have to shorten our already too-short lists."

"That would not be of any service to those students who rely on our help in finding accommodations."

Saunderson said that if a homeowner tells us that he or she is prepared to take any student, and then refuses any category, we strike that name from our list.

"But if a preference is expressed at the time of listing we try to make sure that a person of that type is given the name and address of the homeowner."

Some of our students have special dietary requirements, and it is a waste of effort to send such a student to a home where those needs can't or won't be met."

"I am naturally unhappy if some homeowners have special preferences in students."

"But it seems to me to be extremely important that non-resident students should be located in homes where both parties are going to be congenial."

Saunderson said there was little likelihood that the present system would be changed.

JELLYBEANS

by Tom Murphy

A PATCH OF RED

Once upon a time, in a little town that called itself a city because it had a church that called itself a cathedral, there was a tree. It was an elm tree. The elm tree was only momentarily special (for the city had hundreds of them) because of a puppy and a young woman that were relaxing under the shadow of the hot summer sun. A swishing noise made her look up to see the water sprinkling out of the street cleaner whose huge brushes were lustily swooping up the leaves that hadn't yet fallen from the elm tree. She liked the approaching noise — so loud, so clear, so real. The puppy expressed his delight by biting little chunks of time out of the air. Then he looked at the woman whom most people called Tammy, and put his wet nose on her knee. Tammy shivered. It felt wet. He licked her knee. Tammy shivered. It felt wet. So she picked up a handful of leaves that hadn't yet fallen and dried her knee, because it felt wet. The puppy laughed at her, and so he bit another chunk out of time from the air.

Tammy knew that soon she would have to go home. It was snowing so hard but the hot sun that burst its way through a cloudless sky kept melting it. Still it snowed and snowed and snowed. Tammy shivered. It was getting cold. And the snow was drifting around her feet — it was such — oh snow. Time, whenever will it go away, she thought. Whenever will people stop laughing at her and her dog, who bites time from the air. People just laughed when she told them that "Ha, Ha, Ha," some would laugh. Others would mutter sympathetically "poor girl". Tammy pierced at them. . . . All the people, all the same. Walk by. Walk by. Walk by. Puppy puppy swallowed time and snowflakes together in the hot summer sun. Tammy cried, her tears falling among the snowflakes that had covered the leaves — "Why don't they understand." The sun was so hot. Tammy shivered. It was so cold.

They were all so cold. The people. Walk by. Walk by. "Poor girl." "Ha, ha, ha," She screamed every time she heard one of them say, "she's nuts" or "she's wierd" or "she's crazy" or "she's retarded", or "she's mental", or "she's disturbed" — and they would all point their index finger to their head and spiral it a few times. God, how she hated that finger, turning, twisting, revolving, spiraling — all accusing her, all destroying her, all filled with phoniness, with superficiality, all unreal.

She turned toward the puppy. "Puppy, you must forever bite away at time. Perhaps it will go. Perhaps the people will go. Will they ever see the leaves, the snowflakes? They say they are unreal. Imagine they, whose souls are filled with the deadness of the leaves of autumn, whose minds are drifted in with the snow of an understanding they call real. And its so — well we know, don't we. We know better.

Time did pass. The leaves fell. The snow piled itself in drifts along driveways and fences and houses. Everyone was all snowed in, except those few who were struggling to shovel their way out. Tammy and puppy were freely walking down the street. They looked at the barren elm tree, surrounded by a huge pile of snow at the base. She remembered the summer days. Dig. Dig. A cave, a little house beside the elm tree in the snow. There, she and puppy could think, relax, talk to one another. Now the little dog could see the bites he was chomping from the air. The vapor rose.

Tammy could hear it in the background. It was getting closer. The puppy remembered the street cleaner. Yes, they could hear the water being ejected, the brushes swirling. At least they could hear the rumble of the engine. It got closer. The noise, the motor, so loud, so clear, so real. The dog was biting viciously at the time. "See it go — look, the time is going." The puppy was happy — inside their snow cave, no one to see them, to bother them to say she's crazy or to point that revolving index finger toward their head. She liked this, the snow cave. And the street cleaner. Ever so close, so near, so loud, so — God . . . a short, jerky, muffled scream.

"It was tragic, the poor girl, she never stood a chance. The snow blower didn't even see her."

"Blood, there was so much blood. They tell me that she was literally chewed to pieces, along with that old dog of hers."

"Well, the poor girl was always a little off anyway — you know what I mean", and she pointed her finger towards her head and spiraled it a couple of times.

Where the leaves had fallen, the snow was red with blood.

SRC BY-ELECTIONS

By-elections for the S.R.C. will be held on Monday, October 23, 1967. There are two openings; one for the Faculty of Arts and one for the Faculty of Engineering.

All nominees, as laid down in the S.R.C. Constitution, should be upperclassmen and have had obtained a minimum of 60% on their last set of university examinations.

Nominations must be in by Monday, October 15th. Each nomination must have a nominator and a seconder who are in the faculty for which they are making the nominations. They must also include their address, telephone number, faculty and year.