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The Gateway welcomes letters on topics of student interest. Correspondents are asked to be brief, otherwise their letters will be subject to abridgement. And correspondents, in replying to one another, should keep to the issues under discussion and abstain from personal attacks. All letters to the editor must bear the name of the writer. No pseudonyms will be published.

Exceptional circumstances apart, no letter should be more than about 300 words in length. Short letters are more likely to be published promptly—and to be read.

a policeman gives us permission

The following is a portion of a highly-emotional speech given to the Canadian Union of Students 30th Congress in Halifax, N.S. by Gerald Caplan, in which the Toronto-born history lecturer describes conditions at the University College of Salisbury, Rhodesia. The 28-year-old Canadian was deported this summer from Rhodesia by the government of Ian Smith.

"But there was one place . . . where an African could live with a white man and work with a white man and eat with a white man and share the white man's toilets (in Rhodesia). This was at our university.

"Let me tell you a very little bit about its background. It was set up in the middle 1950s to be the symbol of multi-racialism in the new Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. This was an experiment in partnership. Lord Melbourne, who was the first prime minister of the federation, said it was the same kind of partnership that exists between a horse and a rider. He was right.

"But in this university, it was going to be different. You take an African, and for his first 20 or 22 or 23 years, you keep him on a reserve, and you keep him at a black school and you keep him being taught by illiterate teachers and you keep him eating a diet of maize and you keep him sleeping on a straw mattress and for three years you pick him up and you plunk him down into the affluence—and it really is extraordinary—of the university there, and as long as he stays on the campus, he's almost equal to us, except if he goes off the campus he'll have to use a different toilet. And after three years, he graduates, and he goes back to the reserves.

"Because you don't get jobs there. Five Africans graduated last year in economics from the University of Rhodesia. All five are unemployed today.

"But you pretend . . . you pretend that maybe it'll work, maybe we live together . . . we share the same toilet . . . Believe me, they think toilets are important, those whites. We'll get to know each other. And the Africans said: 'We'll try it—we're suspicious, but we'll try it. But we want one thing back: we want friendship from the university.'

"And it came to UDI. The university said nothing, and shortly after UDI, the campus went on vacation because our year there is March to November. And during the university vacation last January, Mr. Smith's police arrested four African students from our university. Two of them they took and they sent to restriction camps. End of them. Two of them they thought they could get legally. So they took them to a court. And they said: 'Judge, these two men have thrown petrol bombs—they're guilty of arson, and we want them indicted.'

"The evidence was introduced and the judge said: 'Absolutely conclusive that these guys were 100 miles away when these bombs were thrown. I acquit them.'

"And they walked to the end of the court room, and they walked down the court room steps, and they were met by Mr. Smith's police, who

picked them up and took them to restriction camps.

"Students came back in March. And they were angry. And they went to the principal. And they said, 'Listen, you're the only friend we've got, and you've said nothing. You haven't said anything for all these years 'cause you said the university can't get involved, and we have to walk a middle line. All right, this is it. We've walked the middle line—now take a stand. We want you to condemn UDI, and we want you to denounce this illegal nabbing of our fellow students. And the principal of our university said:

"Well, you know, it's a university, it's not a political party, and universities shouldn't really get mixed up in politics because you know we've got to be friendly with all sides and I'll work underneath. Very, very far underneath. And I'll see what I can do.'

"And they said: 'Nuts. We've waited for ten years at this place, and insisted for you to say once, 'I'm your friend'—and you never have.'

"And they boycotted—210 African students—every single African student at the university. They were supported by three whites out of 450. Because the rest of the white students were working on the carnival that was coming up next week. And that's the truth. But the Africans boycotted, and the next day, the police came to campus.

"I imagine it at Dalhousie. Imagine out front here: 12 police land rovers, 60 policemen. Police dogs. And a policeman standing up in the middle of the lawn saying: 'There will be no more meetings at this university of more than three people, except lectures, without me giving permission.'

"And we met with our principal, who called a meeting of all the staff. And we said: 'Do you think this is an infringement of our academic freedom, sir?' And he said . . . this was his exact phrase: 'Not quite.'

"Twenty-nine of us got up and walked out and went on strike. We said we will not teach a word as long as we're teaching because a policeman gives us permission. We're teaching because this is our job and our duty. And it's the job and the duty of students to protest and teachers to teach without police or government moving in. And if we can't do it that way, then we're not doing it. And 29 of us went on strike; and the strike lasted for a week. And for a week, there were policemen in patrol cars prowling the campus, appearing outside meetings at night, meetings which were, of course, illegal. Always knowing where we were. And finally, the university saw that we were serious, that in fact we wouldn't go back to work and the students back to classes while there were policemen on our campus. And they spoke to their friends in the government—and they had friends in the government. And the police went away and what was the end of crisis Number One.

"An uneasy tension for two weeks. And then, suddenly, on a Monday morning, one of the African

students who had been arrested during the vacation, returned to campus. I almost called him a kid. He's 35 years old, this man, he's married and two kids. He's already been in jail for six years of his life. That's what you have to do in Rhodesia. And he came back, and the African students said: 'We want this man registered because he was picked up illegally by the police acting on the arguments of an illegal regime, and we want him registered.' And the police came back to the campus, and they said: 'Anybody who's caught harboring this man is guilty and is liable to two years imprisonment.'

"And some of the staff agreed—I'm pleased to say at this time, exactly half. And 50 of us signed a letter to the administration saying, 'Register this man.' And the administration said, 'We're not sure, you see, because he's late, first of all. He has to pay late fees.' They said this. So we got him money for late fees and then they found another excuse and another. In the meantime, the police stayed. And the white students every day of that week were in touch with the police, telling them if they knew where that black student was. And he escaped to Bechuanaland. And the police went away again. End of Crisis Two.

Prof. Caplan goes on to describe the events leading to his arrest. The university administration had invited the principal of a South African apartheid university and two cabinet ministers of the Smith regime to graduation. When the ceremony was disrupted the government demanded disciplinary action, and when the university did not act promptly, white students demonstrated.

"And the next morning, at a quarter to six, they came. They took nine of us staff and ten university students. And they took us of to jail or restriction camp. And the next day the principal announced that the university was being temporarily closed. Why not permanently closed? Because it wasn't an infringement of academic liberty—because it was a coincidence that the 19 of us all happened to be at the university. All we were was 19 individuals because students are individuals and not students, a kind of distinction that I find hard to make. The man who came to my door presented me with a piece of paper with my detention order. He said that the minister of law and order has decided that I must be imprisoned indefinitely because, I quote you the words, 'because of a belief that you are likely in the future to take such actions as are likely to be dangerous to the regime'. Two likeliest and a belief—count 'em! And for that, I went to prison.

"And then he stood up in the House, and he said: 'These men are Communists, they're subversives, they're trying to overthrow law and order, they're terrorists, they're creating chaos, and, if I may read from Hansard, 'It should therefore be told that in addition to their dangerous political activities, the immoral and promiscuous sexual activities of some of them are a by-word on the campus.' And he addressed those words to all institutions

which might consider hiring the deportees. Pass the word.

"But everybody didn't agree. And I got a letter which I ask you to bear with me while I read to you while I was in Zambia after being deported. It is written by a young African student at the university, and smuggled up with a friend. And it said:

'My Dearest Mr. Caplan: It is a pity I did not have a chance to see you before you were taken out of the country. I am glad you are back in Zambia, land of free men. I was not at all surprised at you and your fellow lecturers being raided by the Smith cowboys, for whenever a man promotes the idea of liberty, equality, justice, multi-racialism and understanding with his fellows in this tyrannical, white-controlled country, the result is always the primitive punishment meted out to you by the regime which claims to maintain civilization in Rhodesia. Never mind. Your deed has penetrated right into the hearts of all Zim-

bobweans. I wish all of you the best of luck, and thank you for your firm stand during your stay at the university. I wish one day my people shall be free from white supremacy and able to rule themselves on a democratic basis. And you are a set of people to come back and live with us forever. Could you please tell the outside world the whole background of this country, and tell them of the cries of a suppressed people. You are now our spokesman. We shall fight this enemy by any means. We shall soon be free.'

"I cannot believe that there is in all of Canada one university student who is capable of writing that kind of letter, who would understand what it means to write that kind of letter.

And that's why I appeal to you today, that's precisely because none of us has ever and will ever be in a position where we can feel emotions like this. And we have an obligation to do something about it, as students, as individuals, as institutions—it doesn't matter.

"But to do something . . ."

rules for frosh

This is a set of rules for freshmen as taken from The Gateway October 2, 1920.

1. Each freshman must forthwith equip himself with the university colours and wear them on all occasions.
2. Always stand up in the presence of upper classmen.
3. Hard hats and canes are strictly forbidden. Refrain from noisy socks and ties. Spats are strictly taboo.
4. Keep away from the freshettes. Remember the sophomores have the privilege of looking them over first.
5. Wash your upper lip. Cootie garages to a sophomore are like a red rag to a bull.
6. Pompadours and collar ruffs are forbidden. Keep your hair cut short or it will be done for you.
7. Children must not smoke pipes except in the privacy of their own rooms.
8. Send that dress suit back home. You won't be needing it this year.
9. Don't speak rashly to a stranger. He may be a sophomore in disguise.
10. Don't inquire about the date of initiation. You will know soon enough and then it will be too late.
11. Youngsters desiring to be recognized as human beings can do no better than attend all University sports.
12. Remember! Doubtless you were a great man in Pumpkinville High School. You are a mere nothing here.

. . . and the ten commandments for Freshettes from The Gateway September 28, 1944.

1. Thou shalt not giggle, shout, scream, or bang down thy heels while walking in the library.
2. Thou shalt not make the Wauneita room a despository for thy books, coats, running shoes, apple cores, ink, lipstick, cigarette butts, or uneaten lunch.
3. Thou shalt not covet thy fellow student's cashmere sweaters, nor her gabardine suit, nor coat, nor her mink coat, nor her ability to do Math 40, nor her long eyelashes, nor her naturally curly hair, nor her boy friend, nor her—(well, this mighteth go on forever).
4. Thou shalt not borrow thy room-mate's nylons, perfume, toothbrush, or boy friend. Anything else thou mightest borrow.
5. Thou shalt not say thy father is manager of the Macdonald Hotel when, forsooth, he only pulleth beer there and emptieth spittoons.
6. Thou shalt study occasionally or thy sojourn here shalt be short.
7. Thou shalt not act like a giddy little fool, and when thou hast studied all night, declareth that thou wast at the Barn and cracketh not a book all year. Thou canst not help it if thou art a brain child and the Lord and the frosh will forgive thee.
8. Thou shalt restrain thyself when thou spieth a cute little wool number in D'Allard's and thus overspend thy allowance and become involved in financial difficulties—not for the first week, anyway.
9. Thou shalt not say thou hast spent the summer basking in the sun on Miami Beach if thou spent the summer washing socks in Joe Lee's laundry. Thy dishpan hands will give thee away.
10. Thou shalt preserve thy freshie charm and not assume the bored expression, affected drawl and frozen pan which thou thinketh is being worn by the best seniors. If a senior is still a snob at the end of two years she is a stupid creature or suffering from an inferiority complex and therefore not worth copying.