

Gateway Features looks at Ban the Bombs, not to propagandize but to evaluate. We have asked "what significance?" and we are not satisfied with the answers we present, because they are not really answers at all—not in any conclusive "wrap-up" sense.

The subject is too big. It is emotional as well as practical. And the subjective elements are the elusive ones. We would have to be psychologists, and perhaps even religionists, as well as physicists and sociologists. So we present pieces of answers which contribute to the whole and perhaps clarify the issues.

One thing we have learned—that it is easier to get hold of the arguments for (banning) than against. To over-simplify, the few who would Ban the Bomb are sharp and coherent; the many who would not, leave a vague and blurred impression.

WHY WE MARCH

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Five minutes to eleven. There were only 300 of us still marching around the square in front of the Parliament buildings, the rest sat on the steps, too tired to move. Seventy-three hours of picketing parliament was about to end.

We gathered on the steps just as the peace tower clock began to strike. Dmitri, leader of our demonstration, stood below and shouted out his last message. "You have participated in 73 hours of noise, of motion, and of protest," he said. "Now, as the chimes cease, let us observe 73 seconds of silence in remembrance of the 73,000 who died during the bombing of Hiroshima."

We stood. The signs we had brandished so proudly were lowered, and hats were removed. Then—suddenly—it was all over.

I thought of my French homework, and the essay not yet written, and I wondered if our efforts had any value at all. More than 1,000 people had given—73 hours, 24 hours, or perhaps only three or four—to

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help with the demonstration. Students had come from all parts of Canada with families and friends. Many more had given money for food, and to help with travel costs.

What had we gained? Pictures in the newspapers, a few stories and controversial editorials, time on CBC television and the radio, and perhaps the labels "eccentric" and "crack-pot".

A brown-haired girl from Toronto was trying to pull a small black shoe over her swollen and blistered foot. She look up at me and smiled quietly. "It's been worth it," she said. "The lunches missed to save

by Elaine Stringam

money, the long ride, even the blistered feet." I think she appreciated a chance to explain just what she was doing, and why.

"I really care," she said. "I want peace, and I want it enough that I'm willing to work for it."

"But really, how much good can a few hundred people in a small country do?" I asked. "And even if we could change government policy, can the Canadian government do very much to promote peace?"

"We're not working alone!" A boy from Toronto had been listening to us, and now he interrupted. "People all over the world want peace as much as we do." He showed me a monthly paper from London called the "Peace News", which told of demonstrations in Africa, in Sweden, in the United States and many other parts of the world.

"You see," he said, "It is by demonstrations that we tell our friends all over the world that we

I'M DESPERATE

too are concerned—that we too are trying to promote international understanding."

A group was gathering. Mrs. Lovejay and her two pre-school children joined us. The three of them had been picketing since the peace march began at ten, Friday morning.

"This is not an isolated demonstration against Canadian nuclear arms," she said. "It is part of a war against war and against hate. Everyone has a part if only he cares enough to find it. We must work for greater knowledge and understanding of others throughout the world—and we must also work for time."

"You started picketing on Friday, too," she said to me. "Why did you give up your week-end to come to Parliament Hill?"

"I'm desperate," I said. "I am ready to support any honest attempt to avoid the great disaster which would accompany war today."

WHY I NO LONGER MARCH

by Manfred Rupp

When we marched down Jasper Avenue on Hiroshima Day in an illustrious effort to protest against the madness of our times, some of the marchers sang songs to presumably add weight to the expression of their discontent; bystanders smiled in sympathy or grinned in derision, and some became serious and stepped down into the street to march along. The Edmonton Journal, true to its policy of being deliberately ignorant, never wrote a word about it. What we are trying to do? Or, since my identification with CUCND has lessened since, I should rather ask: What is CUCND trying to do?

Most of us know those popular slogans "Ban the Bomb" and "Better Red than Dead" that have become the banner-cries of CUCND and present, in an unfortunate oversimplification, the overt policy of this movement. I call it an unfortunate oversimplification because it does not show the proper appreciation for the complexity of the issues at hand, and secondly—this will be the more important point of my argument—because it is not based on an all-inclusive examination of the patterns of our actions that have, quite logically, led us to the nuclear impasse in the first place.

I need not go into the arguments which CUCND campaigners use in telling Canada to stay out of the nuclear rat race. Those arguments to me seem obvious and common-sense. Neither need I say that the choice, as presented, between red and dead is not our true choice at all. Our choice at this stage of the chaotic development of human activity is rather: will we go on tolerating, around us and certainly within us, the egotism, and the short-sightedness, above all, this stupendous hypocrisy which have, through a long history, been the outstanding characteristics of the so-called democracies' dealings with the rest of the world, and which are the true causes of our cock-sure march towards disaster.

If by now the reader is afraid that I will launch upon him a social-credit type revival hour, he may

SOCIAL CREDIT-TYPE?

rest at ease. I shall become more precise. And I shall quote such outposts of modern journalism as the Edmonton Journal and Time Magazine which, quite unintentionally, on occasions give proof of the schizophrenic mentality of the "leaders" of this free-enterprise Western World of ours.

Said the prime minister of Canada: "The cold war is a war between religion and irreligion,"

with Canada presumably being a representative of the religious party, because on our milk bottles it says 'go to church on Sunday.'

Said the prime minister of Great Britain: "Coexistence will only be possible if the communist nations find a moral basis for their existence", he presumably knowing of such a moral basis for our capitalist system.

Said U.S. Reverend W. B. Downey, when putting on his major's uniform in an impressive attempt to frighten the Russians: "There are values more important than peace. Freedom and justice for example. I'm prepared to sacrifice peace for for them." And so this follower of Christ, in complete ignorance and perversion of anything his master has ever said, would rather help turn

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this planet into a "flaming funeral pyre" (according to Kennedy the only alternative to disarmament), than try to preserve peace.

Said U.S. General Abrams, who at present commands the 3rd armored division stationed in Germany, upon receipt of the new M-60 machinegun: "Now my platoon can kill more men." And: "There's too much stress on taking prisoners. Our job is to annihilate the enemy." Isn't it strange, and ample reason to be pessimistic, that it took America less than two decades to breed the same kind of perverted mentality that had supposedly been stamped out with the Nuremberg trials?

These are our military, our spiritual, our political "leaders"; the general, whose superior goal in life it is to "annihilate the enemy"; the good reverend who says 'peace on earth and pass the ammunition', the politicians who collect the money for its macabre enterprise. They have the ability to change their tunes like the chameleon changes its color—yesterday condemning the suppression of Hungary, today financing the invasion of Cuba, yesterday keeping politely quiet about France's atomic explosions and today howling at Russia's—they and their hypocrisy are the real causes of the menace we face, not the atom bomb.

CUCND, in my opinion, does not see this in all its consequences. That is why I do not think that CUCND will be, or ever can be, successful. You can try and fight the symptoms of a sickness for a while, but sooner or later you will have to attack the sickness itself. And I am pessimistic enough to fear that the remedy for our sickness will have to be much more radical than CUCND will ever dare to be.

