

continued from page 6

ing up to study past lights-out — rules are rules, after all — but in the morning he can hardly wait to get to his classes when the bells ring 7:30 in the hallways. He's always one of the first to arrive for breakfast at 7:45 and roll call and, one of his favorite parts of the day, the Dean's speech. By 8:00 he's finished breakfast and reports to the Dean's apartment for daily chores, usually finishing by around 8:20, then heads to his classes. He returns to

Howe Hall for a quick lunch at 12:30, finishing, he once again reports to the Dean for chores. After finishing his afternoon classes, he does some studying before preparing for supper. If he notices any of his fellow residents making disparaging remarks about the food, he make a mental note of it, remembering names, or, if he doesn't know them, their faces. After supper, when the Dean has dismissed everyone, John goes to his room and studies until 10:30, at which time he gets ready for inspection and lights-out.

A typical day has come to and

end. Almost all days follow this pattern, since the Dean dissolved residence council and made gatherings of more than three people grounds for expulsion from residence. The Dean's hand-picked residence supervisors occasionally allow supervised study meetings — after all, Howe Hall is a home of academic excellence. Everyone, of course, is expected to do well in his classes. Those who don't, pay more, and are not invited to return to Howe Hall unless, in some special occasion, they are willing to work in the kitchens. There are also other incentives to do well. Anyone

with a B+ or higher is permitted to watch 5 hours of television a week, or use the games and sports facilities once a week.

Dean Donahoe is to be commended for his success in showing how young men are made. A strict hand and a legion of rules that must be obeyed are what's needed. No parties, no women, limited television — no stereotypes of course — these boys mustn't be spoiled. It's a shame so few of them return to residence after their first year, but Howe Hall is probably better off without those who don't come back.

Pat Donahoe is a good man. Even after some hoods demolished his car and smashed his windows in the spring of '84, and made obscene and threatening phone calls, he's continued on his firm course. He could have made a great politician, like Nixon, maybe, who has been unfairly and savagely attacked by all those trouble-makers and communists.

As John Doe looks through his barred window at sunset, he says to himself, maybe some day I'll be like Pat Donahoe, and the Dean smiles to himself as he continues to monitor John's room.

American paranoia in Grenadian paradise

Dr. Yassin Sankar

I propose to focus on Grenada in this article because recent news in the media, in particular the press in Canada and the United States, has distorted the facts about developments in that country. The most recent distortion was initiated by the President of the United States on March 23, 1983, who, in a televised address to the nations made references to the International Airport now under construction at point Salinas in Grenada.

Mr. Reagan gave the impression that the airport was massive and well beyond Grenada's requirements, that it is intended for military purposes and constitutes a threat to US security interests. This is hardly the case.

The island is a speck on the map, only 133 square miles or about the size of Halifax county, with a population of approximately 110,000. I did not have to obtain a government permit to tour the island because there is freedom of access to all parts of the country, as in the other islands of the Caribbean.

The new airport site is open to all tourists as the government emphasizes it as one of its major achievements, a prestige project as well as one that has major economic potential for the growth of tourism on the island.

It is not necessary to conduct a surveillance of the airport construction from a satellite to present that pictures are of classified installation and therefore espionage is critical to get a shot of the construction site.

And there is nothing classified about the airport construction. In addition to being open to tourists, it is being constructed by a number of companies from various countries including Cuba. A company based in Florida has been contracted to do the dredging for the site, a Finnish company has been sub-contracted for other parts of the construction, and an English company is handling the electronics. Britain is a NATO ally of the United States.

I can identify with this project as critical in any development program as no major airline goes to Grenada. The existing airport is primitive; it has neither the facilities, runway or logistics to accommodate any large aircraft — the terminal building is a shack.

In addition to the pathetic airline connections to Grenada, the airport is situated on the northeast part of

the island approximately 25 miles away from the capital, St. Georges. The drive to it is through a torturous route over the mountains for two hours. The new airport is much closer and will take about 25 minutes travelling time to the city. Most of the hotels, guest houses, and cottages are located in the Grand Anse area, the most attractive beach area on the island, which is also in close proximity to the new airport.

The tourist sector is in limbo, however, not only because of airline connections and primitive terminal facilities but also because of sabotage — the largest hotel on the island, the Holiday Inn, is out of service, because of a bomb blast in the kitchen and restaurant and also because of efforts on the part of the US administration to blacklist Grenada as a tourist area.

While the state sector is the dominant sector in Grenada, major private enterprise exists on the island as well as joint ventures. The most positive World Bank report on the Caribbean is on Grenada in terms of its growth, its strategy at diversification and its agricultural policies.

The new government came to power through a revolution against a dictator who was in power for over 20 years. He systematically violated human rights and civil liberties of the people through a hit squad, the "Mongoose Gang," which the US government was aware of though it did nothing.

W. Penfield, the editor of *Enroute Magazine* observes that one of the misconceptions about present People's Revolutionary Government — and a reason for the slow growth of tourism on the island is that it constitutes a dangerous foothold for Communism.

"But it's far from a communist country. Private enterprise is encouraged (95 per cent of hotels are privately owned by Grenadians), almost all citizens own their land and are self-sufficient. Local people seem excited about the new regime's larger budget for tourism, its program to increase efficiency of agricultural production . . . I would like to return to Barbados someday for a carefree holiday in the sun. Grenada, I never wanted to leave," he stated in a recent issue.

Direct airline connections to Grenada from Canada, and the United States and Europe will open up the tourist industry in Grenada and make it a major competitor

with the other islands.

There is an obvious hypocrisy in American foreign economic and political policies. The US can negotiate with the Soviet Union and trade with countries irrespective of ideology. But as soon as another country opens lines of communications with these countries and negotiates a loan, trade or credit, the country is labelled Communist or Marxist and is therefore automatically a threat to US interests.

There are obvious questions. What do the Soviets want with an airport or military base in Grenada when they already have influence in Cuba? Who has blacklisted and pressured other countries and financial institutions from supporting the construction of the new airport in Grenada?

The airport is being used as a scapegoat to mount a propaganda campaign against the government of Grenada which is the only English speaking socialist government in the Caribbean.

This campaign is designed to influence and condition public opinion to make US intervention through the use of mercenaries, counter revolutionaries (remnants of the old regime) or the use of sabotage and other tactics at destabilization of the existing regime plausible and acceptable. It began when President Reagan launched a verbal assault on Grenada in his address to the OAS on February 24, 1982.

The obsession with socialism and marxism as potential threats has created errors in the judgement of the US intelligence apparatus, its policymaking units, and its military complex. For instance, when the Grenada government first contacted the US for financial aid, they were refused because of the US paranoia against the socialist tendencies of the Grenada government.

On Feb. 27, 1982 the Washington Post exposed a 1981 CIA plan to overthrow the Grenada revolu-

tion. In the same month, the Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defence for Inter American Affairs, Nestor Sanchez, charged that Grenada was constructing a naval base and aircraft facilities which directly threatened the security of the United States.

Perhaps the Americans should listen to the Canadian line. Prime Minister Trudeau at a summit meeting with Caribbean leaders in St. Lucia this year observed "States have a right to follow whatever ideological path their people may decide. When a country chooses a Socialist or even a Marxist path, it does not necessarily buy a package which automatically injects it into the Soviet orbit."

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Time ~ the final frontier

by Douglas Merrett

With confidence you stroll into the examination room, be it the Dunn 117 auditorium or the old Dal Gym. You flash a confident smile to your friends and sit with a flourish, ready to slide through another exam like ice on plate glass.

I bet you didn't know I was into writing science fiction? Since the above scenario represents an ideal situation which cannot exist beyond the realm of theoretics, allow me to present the more realistic view.

Barely awake, you crawl into the examination room, be it the Dunn 117 auditorium or the old Dal Gym. You flash a Trudeau salute to those of your friends who seem to have arrived still sustaining a level of awareness above that of a modest-size slice of Processed cheese. With a crash, you topple into your chair, ready to make another fool of yourself. Or at least, you would if the only means of support in the exam you had to rely upon was your poorly maintained and barely functioning brain. Your eyes gleam with a crafty light as you surreptitiously pull out the Magic-mag two million

power shades and put them on. Instantly the microdot on the end of your pencil eraser leaps into view, displaying the cross-index section of your text material. Another instant later the professors CHEAT detector goes off and a 500 watt ruby laser pulses, vapourising the glasses, pencil eraser, and a major portion of your hope for life after summer vacation. Two hours later you stagger off to your room, wondering if you could get out of writing the next exam by setting up a small diversion, like burning down the South end.

Studying for an exam is one of those activities which doesn't seem to come naturally to the human psyche. Many students have often wondered who it was that invented examinations. Usually the train of thought occurs in the darkened interior of the campus pub moments after a Chem cum Physics cum Psych cum Law cum Basket weaving midterm, and is generally accompanied with loathing, animosity and hostility while you design various explosive devices on your napkin. Well you may rest assured that exams were not the creation of a human mind, but are in fact the remains of an

attempt by an alien empire to conquer our world.

I know this sounds incredible, but here follows the unusual saga. One night in the Grawood, while I was drawing small nuclear devices on my serviette and thinking dark thoughts, my companion, the theoretical physicist graduate, stopped drowning his sorrows in his glass and dumped them in my direction. Apparently he had built a time machine for his doctoral thesis. The Physics department, however, claimed it couldn't work — something to do with Einstein and relatives — suggesting that perhaps physics wasn't his best field of endeavor and maybe he would be happier in another area, say dairy farming. Well, I said, if it does work we could zip back and prevent examinations from being created. His eyes lit up and right there he decided to join me in my historic quest.

"Oh by the way," I said. "Think you could whip up one of these for the trip?" I asked showing him the napkin. He glanced at the scrawlings.

continued page 23