

*HR* = Maurice Richard

Les événements d'hier soir sont regrettables. Nul plus que moi ne les déplore pour la bonne renommée de la métropole. Il est malheureux que certaines circonstances se soient conjuguées pour donner à la manifestation la tournure déplorable qu'elle n'aurait jamais dû prendre.

Il était évident, bien avant la partie de hockey d'hier soir, que la décision de M. Campbell était d'une extrême impopularité, et l'on pouvait facilement prévoir une démonstration quelconque de la part de ceux qui allaient y assister.

J'avais raison d'avoir confiance que la population manifesterait dans l'ordre, puisque ce n'est que sur la provocation causée par la présence de M. Clarence Campbell que les protestations ont pris une autre tournure.

Il eut donc été sage de la part de M. Campbell, de s'abstenir de se rendre au Forum, surtout d'annoncer publiquement <sup>ment</sup> à l'avance, sa visite. Sa présence, en effet, pouvait être interprétée comme un véritable défi. C'est un fait que durant les dix premières minutes de la partie, les choses se sont bien passées, et ce n'est que lorsque M. Campbell s'est rendu à son siège, accompagné de sa secrétaire, qu'elles ont pris une tournure déplorable. En conséquence, je lui demanderais donc de ne pas assister à la partie de demain soir au Forum.

Que penser de plus de la décision de M. Campbell à l'endroit de Maurice Richard en présence de l'erreur manifeste de jugement dont il a fait preuve en assistant hier soir, à la partie, en dépit d'avertissements répétés de gens sérieux.

Cependant, la provocation n'est jamais une excuse aux actes excessifs, et je demande donc à la population d'être calme et de respecter la loi. J'ai chargé des avocats de voir aux mesures à prendre pour remédier d'une façon générale à la situation, et supprimer les causes qui l'ont amenée.



Last evening's occurrence is highly deplorable. I, more than anyone, regret it for its possible effect on the reputation of the Metropolis. It is unfortunate that circumstances combined to make the demonstration develop in a direction which it should never have taken.

It was evident, even before last evening's hockey match, that Mr. Campbell's decision was most unpopular; and it could easily be foreseen that there would be some demonstration by those who would attend the game.

I was justified in trusting that the people would give evidence of their feelings in an orderly manner; as a matter of fact, it was only on the provocation of Mr. Clarence Campbell's presence that protests assumed a different turn.

It would have been wiser for Mr. Campbell to have refrained from going to the Forum, and especially from announcing his intention in advance. His presence could, in effect, be accepted as an act of defiance. It is true that, during the first ten minutes of play, everything went well and, it was only when Mr. Campbell took his seat, accompanied by his Secretary, that things began to develop in a regrettable manner.

Therefore, I would request that Mr. Campbell refrain from attending to-morrow night's game at the Forum.

What further opinion can be formed of Mr. Campbell's decision concerning Maurice Richard when considered alongside the patent error in judgment of which he gave proof by attending last night's game in spite of numerous warnings from serious-minded people?

Nevertheless, provocation can never justify ~~exaggeration~~ and I therefore appeal to the public to be calm and to respect law and order. I have requested legal counsellors to study measures to be taken to improve in a general manner the present situation and to suggest means of removing its causes.



Il me semble qu'il n'existe aucune raison pour que la partie Canadiens-Rangers n'ait pas lieu demain soir telle que fixée. La police prendra toutes les mesures nécessaires pour maintenir le bon ordre tant à l'intérieur qu'à l'extérieur du Forum.

Je suis sûr que la population de Montréal comprend que des incidents du genre de ceux de jeudi soir ne peuvent être tolérés. S'il est légitime de critiquer certaines décisions, il ne faut pas que la désapprobation dépasse les bornes imposées par le respect du bon ordre et dégénère en actes de nature à troubler la paix publique et à endommager la propriété.

Le bon renom de notre ville est en jeu et je regrette qu'à la suite de circonstances malheureuses, certaines personnes se soient portées à des actes que tous les citoyens bien-pensants réprouvent et condamnent.

Quant à moi, j'avais l'intention d'assister à la partie de ce soir. Je m'en abstiendrai bien que ce soit la dernière partie régulière du Canadien sur sa glace, et j'espère que M. Campbell fera de même, ~~afin de ne pas donner occasion à une manifestation quelconque.~~



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It would appear to me that there is no good reason why the Canadiens-Rangers game should not be played to-morrow night as scheduled. The Police will take all necessary means to preserve order both inside and outside the Forum.

I am certain that the Montreal public fully understands that incidents such as occurred on Thursday evening last can not be tolerated. <sup>in any way</sup> While it is permitted to criticize certain decisions, such disapproval must not exceed the bounds laid down by respect for public order, ~~and~~ must not degenerate into deeds ~~against~~ contrary to peace and must not result in damage to property.

The proud reputation of our City is involved and I regret that, due to unfortunate circumstances, some people allowed themselves to do things which all right-thinking citizens condemn and can not condone.

In so far as I am concerned, I had intended to ~~xxxx~~ be present at tonight's game. I shall refrain from so doing although it is the last regular home game to be played by the Canadiens team. I hope that Mr. Campbell will do likewise, ~~in order to avoid giving rise to any demonstration.~~



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## SERVICE DE LA POLICE



## POLICE DEPARTMENT

Poste No. DIVISION OUEST Station.

Montréal, 21 mars 1955

A: SON HONNEUR LE MAIRE JEAN DRAPEAU  
 To: Sujet: INCIDENT CLARENCE CAMPBELL  
 Subject: AU FORUM DE MONTREAL.

Monsieur,

A 5.10 p.m., jeudi, le 17 mars 1955; Monsieur Clarence Campbell, Président de la "National Hockey League" me téléphona, à mon bureau, pour m'informer qu'il serait présent au Forum pour assister à la partie entre les clubs Detroit vs Canadiens et qu'il demandait la protection de la Police de Montréal. Aussi, il me demanda de le rencontrer au garage Chevrolet Motor Sales Company of Montreal Limited sis à 2085 ouest rue Ste. Catherine. à 8.15 p.m. pour l'escorter du garage au Forum.

J'ai alors demandé à M. Campbell pourquoi il insistait tant se rendre au Forum, et sur ce, il répliqua: "Je veux y être et je demande la protection de la Police".

Vers 8.15 hrs p.m., les démonstrateurs étaient en très grand nombre aux alentours du Forum et essayaient de pénétrer, par infraction, à l'intérieur. Etant moi-même dans l'impossibilité de laisser mon commandement et n'ayant aucun constable disponible pour envoyer rencontrer M. Campbell; je suis entré dans les bureaux de la Canadian Arena Company où j'ai demandé à M. Paul LeBel de téléphoner au garage de la Chevrolet Motor Sales et d'avertir M. Campbell que la police était présentement dans l'impossibilité de l'escorter du garage au Forum et qu'il était préférable qu'il ne se présente pas au Forum car les démonstrateurs pourraient lui faire un mauvais parti.

Monsieur Paul LeBel m'informa qu'il avait immédiatement téléphoné au garage de la Chevrolet Motor Sales, mais M. Campbell n'étant pas encore arrivé, laissa le message, pour M. Campbell, au surintendant de nuit du dit garage.

Dans le Forum, où M. Campbell et sa secrétaire occupaient leurs sièges, le Constable (1548) Florian OUELLETTE, en uniforme, avait été placé près de sa section, pour les protéger.

Quand M. Campbell fut assailli par un homme qui lui lança une tomate, Le Constable Ouellette appréhenda cet individu et le conduisit immédiatement au poste de police no 10 où il l'accusa: "Assaut sur la personne de M. Clarence Campbell."

Le dit prisonnier, M. André Robinson, âgé de 26 ans, et demeurant à 1481 rue Saint-André a comparu devant le juge J. Emmett McManamy, le lendemain matin, soit le 18 mars et il plaida "non coupable" et sa cause fut remise, pour procès, à vendredi prochain le 25 mars 1955.

*J. P. Drapeau*  
 INSPECTEUR INTERIMAIRE DIVISION OUEST



VILLE DE MONTRÉAL



CITY OF MONTRÉAL

CANADA

BUREAU DES CONSEILLERS

COUNCILLORS' OFFICE

HÔTEL DE VILLE.

CITY HALL.

el

Clarence D. Campbell a été arbitre dans la ligue Nationale et dans la ligue Américaine jusqu'en 1937-38. Il aurait été remercié de ses services par le président Frank Calder du temps, sur les instances du Détroit en particulier. Il aurait aussi été remercié comme arbitre par le président de la ligue Américaine, le juge Deeley.-

Re : Incident Clapper.- Dans une partie à Montréal, entre les Maroons de Montréal et les Bruins de Boston, Aubrey Dit Clapper de ce dernier club s'est trouvé à attrapper l'arbitre Campbell en pleine figure d'un coup de poing. ~~qu'il~~ Campbell n'a pas fait rapport et il a dit plus tard que le coup de poing n'était pas intentionnel et qu'il était peut-être dirigé vers le joueur des Maroons avec qui il se disputait. Campbell a jouté qu'un joueur du tempéramment de Clapper ne pouvait avoir commis une telle offense de façon délibérée, soit que ce tempéramment ait été trop violent et qu'il se soit ~~xxxxxx~~ oublié ou bien que Clapper n'était réellement pas un joueur au tempéramment bouillant/. L'auteur de ces lignes est de ce dernier ~~xxxxxxx~~ avis.



VILLE DE MONTRÉAL



CANADA

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CITY HALL.

el

Campbell est un boursier Rhodes. Il a fait toute la dernière guerre, dans les bureaux à ce qu'on m'a dit. Il était lieutenant-colonel. Il a pris part au procès de Nuremberg et il a fait condamné à mort, en particulier, le général Kurt Meyer, un Allemand. C'est ce même Kurt Meyer qui a été finalement libéré, après que sa peine de mort eut été commuée et après qu'il en fut de même de sa peine d'emprisonnement à vie.

Campbell ne reçoit pas un salaire extraordinaire, une quinzaine de mille dollars. Il a soumis aux caprices des gouverneurs de la ligue qui peuvent le destituer. C'est pour cette raison qu'il les consulte avant jugement.



VILLE DE MONTRÉAL



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el  
Re: instructions aux arbitres et aux juges de lignes.-Après son élection à la présidence ,en 1946,peut-être il y a cinq ou six ans,Campbell donna de nouvelles instructions aux arbitres.Il leur ordonna de ne pas intervenir mais plutôt de regarder tout ce qui se passait afin de pouvoir punir les vrais coupables comme ils le méritaient.Avant cela,l'arbitre se mêlait souvent de séparer les combattants ou encore il attendait qu'ils fussent tombés sur la glace pour le faire. Les juges de lignes reçurent des instructions à peu près dans le même sens,soit d'intervenir seulement quand les combattants étaient ~~xxxxxx~~ tombés sur la glace.Depuis trois ans/ peut-être,les juges de lignes ont reçu instructions d'intervenir immédiatement et même avant,quand deux joueurs menacent de se chamailler.Pendant ce temps ,l'arbitre ne fait que regarder.

A la suite de l'affaire Geoffrion-Murphy,toutefois,en laisse maintenant une certaine liberté d'action à l'arbitre dans un cas extrême.On a en effet admis que si l'arbitre Storey était intervenu,comme il ~~l'aurait~~ aurait pu le faire à un certain moment du moins,il aurait empêché Geoffrion,à ses côtés de frapper Murphy à la tête.On a donc dit à l'arbitre qu'il ~~xxxxxx~~ pouvait maintenant intervenir si les circonstances le voulaient ainsi.



Ronald Halpin, C.R.  
AVOCAT ET PROCUREUR

SUITE 4  
1472 OUEST, RUE SHERBROOKE  
GLENVIEW 4677

Montréal

le 22 mars, 1955.

Son Honneur le Maire Jean Drapeau,  
Hôtel de Ville,  
Montréal.

Cher confrère,

A cause des événements récents  
qui ont suivi la suspension du joueur Maurice  
Richard par le Président de The National Hockey  
League Ltd., vous m'avez demandé de considérer  
le status des personnes et corporations en  
cause et d'en tirer les conclusions possibles.

J'ai constaté qu'il existait  
diverses corporations exploitant des clubs de  
hockey qui seraient groupées sous la direction  
active de The National Hockey League Ltd. en  
vertu de certaines ententes écrites. Les joueurs  
seraient eux-mêmes liés à leur club par des  
contrats fournis par cette corporation comportant  
certaines dispositions où elle est expressément  
mentionnée.

De ces documents présumés exis-  
tants je n'ai pu considérer que la charte de  
The National Hockey League Ltd. et j'ai feuilleté  
ses règlements; on m'a de plus remis une formule  
du contrat généralement signé par les joueurs  
et les clubs. J'ignore donc le nombre et la  
teneur des autres pièces et j'ai dû me contenter  
des informations reçues à leur sujet.

L'objet principal de la charte de  
The National Hockey League Ltd. est de:

"Promouvoir, exploiter, diriger et  
"poursuivre le jeu de hockey sur  
"glace;"

et les quatre autres articles des lettres patentes  
visent à faciliter l'atteinte de ce but principal.



Par ailleurs, les règlements seraient composés de vingt-huit (28) chapitres comprenant chacun plusieurs dispositions de sorte qu'il n'est pas exagéré d'affirmer que le tout comporterait certainement cent (100) articles.

A considérer les règlements seulement je doute fort que les autorités fédérales auraient jamais reconnu la corporation qui est née le 24 décembre 1924 et, à titre d'exemple, je vous cite le troisième article du chapitre dix-sept (17) qui nous intéresse plus particulièrement pour d'autres raisons, mais qui comporte bien en lui-même la caractéristique essentielle des buts visés et atteints par ceux qui composent ou sont en charge de telle compagnie.

"17, c. If, in the opinion of the President, based upon such information and reports as he may deem sufficient, any act or the conduct of any official of a Member Club or player or employee whether during or outside the playing season, has been dishonourable, prejudicial to or against the welfare of the League or the game of hockey, he may expel or suspend such person or impose on such person a fine not exceeding two thousand (\$2,000.00) in the case of an official of a Member Club, or five hundred dollars (\$500.00) in the case of a player or employee, or he may order and impose both a suspension and a fine. Should a fine not be paid within ten days of imposition the President, in addition, may order a suspension."

On a donc élaboré un système composé de pouvoirs et privilèges permettant la main-mise sur le "jeu de hockey" et le maintien de ce contrôle par la puissance de l'organisation financière. L'emprise ainsi exercée a donné lieu à des faits connus de tous. On a monté de toute pièce un être tout puissant à l'occasion de l'existence de la charte. Aucune autorité gouvernementale n'accorderait de tels pouvoirs à une corporation privée.



En effet, si nous considérons cet article du chapitre dix-sept (17) qui est d'ailleurs typique de cet être où le despotisme est d'autant plus dangereux qu'il est bien caché, on distingue les caractères essentiels de cette corporation imaginée pour prendre possession et garder sous sa direction unique l'exploitation pour affaires de notre jeu national.

".....has been dishonourable, pre-  
judicial to or against the welfare  
of the League or the game of hockey..."

On voit donc l'ultime but visé sous le couvert de la surveillance et de la garde. On s'est érigé en défenseur du jeu; de là à en prendre possession il n'y a qu'un pas.

Il ne fait donc pas de doute qu'il s'agisse là, en pratique, d'un cartel dont les effets peuvent être plus devinés qu'établis vu l'absence de possibilité de conduire l'enquête plus profondément soit à cause du temps soit à cause du peu de moyens à notre disposition. Il est notoire que ses ramifications toutes puissantes s'étendent par tout le pays et même aux Etats-Unis.

Pour combler la mesure et s'assurer de la mise en exécution de tels règlements sous une apparence de légalité et de justification et surtout pour que la décision ne soit pas imputée à ceux qui, en fait, contrôlent ce vaste empire, on a donné à un seul homme, nommé et destitué par les gouverneurs et dirigeants, d'appliquer ces pouvoirs discrétionnaires et tyranniques.

"IF, IN THE OPINION OF THE PRESIDENT..."

Il est tout puissant, son opinion fait loi. Ce qui semble bon ou mauvais pour un Président peut paraître sous un tout autre jour pour un autre mais, entre-temps, ceux qui auront subi la foudre des décisions resteront sans remède et sans moyen d'être soulagés.



"....BASED UPON SUCH INFORMATION AND  
"REPORTS AS HE MAY DEEM SUFFICIENT..."

Pour cet être suprême, pas de meilleure preuve, pas de témoignage ou même d'écrit; il peut écarter ce qu'il veut, quand il veut et comme il veut. Le ouï-dire, les informations de troisième ordre lui suffisent; il n'est donc pas surprenant que les décisions, justifiées ou non, donnent lieu à des sanctions pour le moins radicales.

Regardons maintenant quels actes sont l'objet de telle enquête:

"....any act or the conduct of any  
"official of a Member Club or player  
"or employee whether during or outside the playing season...."

en d'autres mots toutes les actions de ces personnes surtout des joueurs, que ce soit chez-eu ou ailleurs, restent continuellement sujets à la surveillance et demeurent sous la juridiction du grand maître.

Quel serait le caractère de tels actes ainsi jugés:

"....has been dishonourable, prejudicial to or against the welfare of  
"the League or the game of hockey...."

ceci peut paraître raisonnable mais ces termes n'ont de définition nulle part et encore le tout est-il sujet aux premiers mots de cet article:

"IF, IN THE OPINION OF THE PRESIDENT..."

Voici donc un simulacre de tribunal, une cour fantoche présidée par un personnage amovible nommé et payé (assez grassement) par un seul groupe avec le but exprès de juger tous les autres.



Il est vrai que, théoriquement, il y a appel de la décision du Président devant les gouverneurs mais, en pratique, pour citer les paroles d'un gérant de club bien connu, cet appel est illusoire (useless). Et on comprend pourquoi, c'est leur pantin; ce sont eux qui par en arrière le font agir.

Comme exemple de justice et d'équité c'est tout désigné.

Si nous comparons à cette mise-en-scène les moyens et procédés de nos Tribunaux judiciaires où le droit et la procédure sont positifs et exigent la meilleure preuve, on ne cesse de se demander si nous vivons réellement en ce siècle dans un pays où l'on préconise continuellement cette justice et cette équité.

Ce n'est certainement pas le consentement des parties qui donnera à ces règlements illégaux une juridiction non accordée par la charte. Pour les joueurs et employés il s'agit de leur gagne pain; ils sont tous sous la férule d'un pontife dont les opinions peuvent affecter gravement et leur avenir et leur famille.

Devant l'emprise ainsi exercée par ce système et devant ses effets désastreux il n'y a aucun doute sur les mesures à prendre.

Ces règlements et les décisions rendues sous leur empire peuvent être attaqués comme illégaux par les intéressés, y compris les joueurs punis qui pourraient aussi, dans les circonstances, réclamer les amendes payées, les salaires perdus ainsi que tous autres dommages particuliers, les recours ainsi exercés pouvant être dirigés non seulement contre la corporation principale mais contre ceux qui y ont participé y compris, évidemment, le président personnellement.

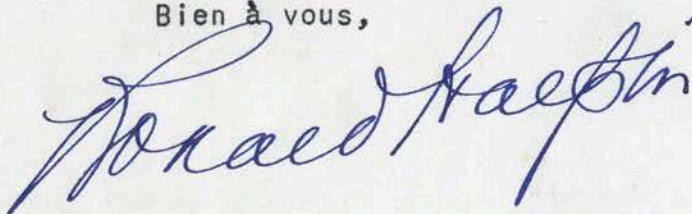
Pour ce qui est de la Cité de Montréal, il y aurait certainement lieu de prier les autorités fédérales d'instituer une enquête sur les violations possibles des dispositions de certaines lois pour prendre ensuite les mesures nécessaires.



Par ailleurs, il semblerait aussi opportun d'étudier la possibilité d'établir une autorité indépendante pouvant surveiller l'application de pouvoirs bien définis et visant surtout à protéger non seulement une partie des contractants mais aussi les autres surtout et y compris les joueurs et employés.

Espérant, cher confrère, que ces quelques explications pourront vous suffire pour décider de la marche à suivre, je vous prie de me croire à votre entière disposition pour tous détails que vous pourriez requérir et qui seraient en ma possession.

Bien à vous,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, which appears to read "Donald Macdonald". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first name "Donald" being more prominent than the last name "Macdonald".

RH:tt.



Ronald Halpin, C. R.

AVOCAT ET PROCUREUR

1472 OUEST, RUE SHERBROOKE  
GLENVIEW 4877

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le 22 mars, 1955.

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De ces documents présumés existants je n'ai pu considérer que la charte de The National Hockey League Ltd. et j'ai feuilleté ses règlements; on m'a de plus remis une formule du contrat généralement signé par les joueurs et les clubs. J'ignore donc le nombre et la teneur des autres pièces et j'ai dû me contenter des informations reçues à leur sujet.

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Pour combler la mesure et s'assurer de la mise en exécution de tels règlements sous une apparence de légalité et de justification et surtout pour que la décision ne soit pas imputée à ceux qui, en fait, contrôlent ce vaste empire, on a donné à un seul homme, nommé et destitué par les gouverneurs et dirigeants, d'appliquer ces pouvoirs discrétionnaires et tyranniques.

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"....BASED UPON SUCH INFORMATION AND  
"REPORTS AS HE MAY DEEM SUFFICIENT..."

Pour cet être suprême, pas de meilleure preuve, pas de témoignage ou même d'écrit; il peut écarter ce qu'il veut, quand il veut et comme il veut. Le ouï-dire, les informations de troisième ordre lui suffisent; il n'est donc pas surprenant que les décisions, justifiées ou non, donnent lieu à des sanctions pour le moins radicales.

Regardons maintenant quels actes sont l'objet de telle enquête:

"....any act or the conduct of any  
"official of a Member Club or player  
"or employee whether during or out-  
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en d'autres mots toutes les actions de ces personnes surtout des joueurs, que ce soit chez-eu ou ailleurs, restent continuellement sujets à la surveillance et demeurent sous la juridiction du grand maître.

Quel serait le caractère de tels actes ainsi jugés:

"....has been dishonourable, preju-  
"dicial to or against the welfare of  
"the League or the game of hockey...."

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"IF, IN THE OPINION OF THE PRESIDENT..."

Voici donc un simulacre de tribunal, une cour fantoche présidée par un personnage amovible nommé et payé (assez grassement) par un seul groupe avec le but exprès de juger tous les autres.



Il est vrai que, théoriquement, il y a appel de la décision du Président devant les gouverneurs mais, en pratique, pour citer les paroles d'un gérant de club bien connu, cet appel est illusoire (useless). Et on comprend pourquoi, c'est leur pantin; ce sont eux qui par en arrière le font agir.

Comme exemple de justice et d'équité c'est tout désigné.

Si nous comparons à cette mise-en-scène les moyens et procédés de nos Tribunaux judiciaires où le droit et la procédure sont positifs et exigent la meilleure preuve, on ne cesse de se demander si nous vivons réellement en ce siècle dans un pays où l'on préconise continuellement cette justice et cette équité.

Ce n'est certainement pas le consentement des parties qui donnera à ces règlements illégaux une juridiction non accordée par la charte. Pour les joueurs et employés il s'agit de leur gagne pain; ils sont tous sous la férule d'un pontife dont les opinions peuvent affecter gravement et leur avenir et leur famille.

Devant l'emprise ainsi exercée par ce système et devant ses effets désastreux il n'y a aucun doute sur les mesures à prendre.

Ces règlements et les décisions rendues sous leur empire peuvent être attaqués comme illégaux par les intéressés y compris les joueurs punis qui pourraient aussi, dans les circonstances, réclamer les amendes payées, les salaires perdus ainsi que tous autres dommages particuliers, les recours ainsi exercés pouvant être dirigés non seulement contre la corporation principale mais contre ceux qui y ont participé y compris, évidemment, le président personnellement.

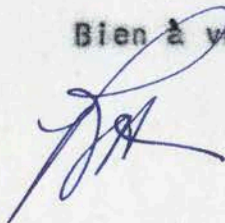
Pour ce qui est de la Cité de Montréal, il y aurait certainement lieu de prier les autorités fédérales d'instituer une enquête sur les violations possibles des dispositions de certaines lois pour prendre ensuite les mesures nécessaires.



Par ailleurs, il semblerait aussi opportun d'étudier la possibilité d'établir une autorité indépendante pouvant surveiller l'application de pouvoirs bien définis et visant surtout à protéger non seulement une partie des contractants mais aussi les autres surtout et y compris les joueurs et employés.

Espérant, cher confrère, que ces quelques explications pourront vous suffire pour décider de la marche à suivre, je vous prie de me croire à votre entière disposition pour tous détails que vous pourriez requérir et qui seraient en ma possession.

Bien à vous,



RH:tt.



Ronald Halpin, C. R.

AVOCAT ET PROCUREUR

1472 OUEST, RUE SHERBROOKE  
GLENVIEW 4677

Montréal,

le 22 mars, 1955.

Son Honneur le Maire Jean Drapeau,  
Hôtel de Ville,  
Montréal.

Cher confrère,

A cause des événements récents qui ont suivi la suspension du joueur Maurice Richard par le Président de The National Hockey League Ltd., vous m'avez demandé de considérer le status des personnes et corporations en cause et d'en tirer les conclusions possibles.

J'ai constaté qu'il existait diverses corporations exploitant des clubs de hockey qui seraient groupées sous la direction active de The National Hockey League Ltd. en vertu de certaines ententes écrites. Les joueurs seraient eux-mêmes liés à leur club par des contrats fournis par cette corporation comportant certaines dispositions où elle est expressément mentionnée.

De ces documents présumés existants je n'ai pu considérer que la charte de The National Hockey League Ltd. et j'ai feuilleté ses règlements; on m'a de plus remis une formule du contrat généralement signé par les joueurs et les clubs. J'ignore donc le nombre et la teneur des autres pièces et j'ai dû me contenter des informations reçues à leur sujet.

L'objet principal de la charte de The National Hockey League Ltd. est de:

"Promouvoir, exploiter, diriger et  
poursuivre le jeu de hockey sur  
glace;"

et les quatre autres articles des lettres patentes visent à faciliter l'atteinte de ce but principal.



Par ailleurs, les règlements seraient composés de vingt-huit (28) chapitres comprenant chacun plusieurs dispositions de sorte qu'il n'est pas exagéré d'affirmer que le tout comporterait certainement cent (100) articles.

A considérer les règlements seulement je doute fort que les autorités fédérales auraient jamais reconnu la corporation qui est née le 24 décembre 1924 et, à titre d'exemple, je vous cite le troisième article du chapitre dix-sept (17) qui nous intéresse plus particulièrement pour d'autres raisons, mais qui comporte bien en lui-même la caractéristique essentielle des buts visés et atteints par ceux qui composent ou sont en charge de telle compagnie.

"17, c. If, in the opinion of the President, based upon such information and reports as he may deem sufficient, any act or the conduct of any official of a Member Club or player or employee whether during or outside the playing season, has been dishonourable, prejudicial to or against the welfare of the League or the game of hockey, he may expel or suspend such person or impose on such person a fine not exceeding two thousand (\$2,000.00) in the case of an official of a Member Club, or five hundred dollars (\$500.00) in the case of a player or employee, or he may order and impose both a suspension and a fine. Should a fine not be paid within ten days of imposition the President, in addition, may order a suspension."

On a donc élaboré un système composé de pouvoirs et privilèges permettant la main-mise sur le "jeu de hockey" et le maintien de ce contrôle par la puissance de l'organisation financière. L'emprise ainsi exercée a donné lieu à des faits connus de tous. On a monté de toute pièce un être tout puissant à l'occasion de l'existence de la charte. Aucune autorité gouvernementale n'accorderait de tels pouvoirs à une corporation privée.



En effet, si nous considérons cet article du chapitre dix-sept (17) qui est d'ailleurs typique de cet être où le despotisme est d'autant plus dangereux qu'il est bien caché, on distingue les caractères essentiels de cette corporation imaginée pour prendre possession et garder sous sa direction unique l'exploitation pour affaires de notre jeu national.

".....has been dishonourable, pre-  
"judicial to or against the welfare  
"of the League or the game of hockey..."

On voit donc l'ultime but visé sous le couvert de la surveillance et de la garde. On s'est érigé en défenseur du jeu; de là à en prendre possession il n'y a qu'un pas.

Il ne fait donc pas de doute qu'il s'agisse là, en pratique, d'un cartel dont les effets peuvent être plus devinés qu'établis vu l'absence de possibilité de conduire l'enquête plus profondément soit à cause du temps soit à cause du peu de moyens à notre disposition. Il est notoire que ses ramifications toutes puissantes s'étendent par tout le pays et même aux Etats-Unis.

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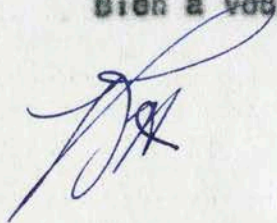
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Bien à vous,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to be 'J. A.', written in a cursive style.

RH:tt.



2  
Affaire  
re: Maurice Richard

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Son Honneur le Maire Jean Drapeau,

apinon

De: Me R. HALPIN, C.R.

---

22 mars 1955



M. Richard

Le 5 avril 1955.

Me Maurice Riel,  
Avocat,  
Suite 911, Edifice Aldred,  
507 Place d'Armes,  
Montréal.

Re: Clarence Campbell

Cher ami,

Merci de ta lettre du 24 mars et  
des renseignements qu'elle m'apporte.

Veuille me croire,

Ton tout dévoué,

LE NAIRE DE MONTREAL,

Jean Drapeau

/cm



# BEAUDOIN, RIEL & GOUIN

AVOCATS ET PROCUREURS

HON. L.-RENE BEAUDOIN, C.R., M.P.  
MAURICE RIEL  
LOMER-M. GOUIN

SUITE 911  
EDIFICE ALDRED  
507 PLACE D'ARMES

MONTREAL I,

le 24 mars 1955.

A Son Honneur le maire Jean Drapeau,  
Hôtel de Ville,  
Montréal, P.Q.

Monsieur le maire,

sujet: CLARENCE CAMPBELL.

Pour faire suite à notre conversation d'hier midi, voici les quelques informations que j'ai obtenues au sujet de Campbell.

Clarence Sutherland Campbell, O.B.E., Q.C.,  
Born at Fleming, Saskatchewan,  
9 July 1905  
Admitted to the Bar, 1932, in Edmonton,  
Alberta

B.A. 1924  
L.L.B. 1926  
Bachelor of Jurisprudence (Oxford) 1928  
Member of the Alberta Bar  
Member of Canadian Bar Association

until December 1953, a member of the  
firm Wood, Campbell, Haddad, Moir & Hope,  
409 McLeod Bldg, Edmonton, Alberta.



BEAUDOIN, RIEL & GOUIN

2

A Son Honneur le maire Jean Drapeau,

Président de la N.H.L. depuis 1946  
(Camille Desroches dixit)

Merci encore pour la très aimable  
attention d'hier midi.

Bien à vous,

*Maurice Riel*

Maurice Riel.

MR/lS



# BEAUDOIN, RIEL & GOUIN

AVOCATS ET PROCUREURS

HON. L.-RENE BEAUDOIN, C.R., M.P.  
MAURICE RIEL  
LOMER-M. GOUIN

SUITE 911  
EDIFICE ALDRED  
507 PLACE D'ARMES

MONTREAL 1,

le 30 mars 1955.

A Son Honneur le maire Jean Drapeau,  
Hôtel de Ville,  
Montréal.

Monsieur le maire,

sujet: CLARENCE CAMPBELL

*- Richard*

Poursuivant mes recherches au sujet  
de monsieur Campbell, mon associé, Lomer Gouin  
me passe un "clipping" bien intéressant au  
sujet de l'attitude de monsieur Campbell durant  
une rencontre entre le club de Boston et le  
club de Montréal, en 1937.

Ton dévoué,

*Maurice Riel*

MAURICE RIEL.

MR/lrs  
pièce jointe.



Publié le lendemain du  
jugement de Campbell



# Andy O'Brien Says . . .

GEORGE DIXON, writing in the Detroit Times, reports "an unnerving thing" that happened to Mrs. Sigmund Janis at Murray Bay, Canada. Trying to make polite conversation with another woman at the lodge, Mrs. Janis said:

"It's a beautiful course, but I hear you've got to be a mountain goat to play it."

"Not if you're a guest of the hotel," was the paralyzing answer.

## NHL Referee Was Lenient in 1937

EIGHTEEN years ago blood was high when Maroons met Bruins in a Stanley Cup game.

Dit Clapper, great star of the Bruins, tangled vigorously with Maroons' Dave Trottier. The referee — only one official was on the ice in those days — dived in between them. From the cash pews it looked as though Clapper deliberately hauled off and clouted the referee in the jaw.

The referee let it go with a major penalty (five minutes) for fighting—refusing to throw the book at Clapper. Afterwards, speaking as veteran of 155 scheduled games and 12 playoffs, the referee said:

"The game had been a severe one and there were less than four minutes left to play. Clapper was, I knew, highly worked up . . . I doubted whether he knew whom he was swinging at. Bearing in mind that a major penalty would keep him from further participation in the game anyway—what with only four minutes to go—I regarded the major penalty as sufficient."

The referee was Clarence Campbell.





CLARENCE CAMPBELL (right), NHL president: "Like a bear at the stake".

## Letter from Montreal

### The Explosion and the Only Answer

By Hugh MacLennan

IT WAS A WILD improbability that a deskbound, more or less solitary individual like myself should have a ring-side seat at one of the most disgraceful riots in Canadian history, but when the famous tear gas bomb exploded in the Montreal Forum on March 17, I was sitting within four and a half feet of it.

By this time, of course, everyone in Canada who sees a newspaper has read and re-read the factual account of the happenings of that night, and it has been rightly pointed out that it was a bitter misfortune that Frank Selke's rink should have been the scene of them. He is a wise, kindly man who loves hockey for its own sake, who has yet to make an inflammatory statement and who deplores more deeply than most of us the Roman atmosphere which has invaded the game in recent years.

I was about twenty yards from Clarence Campbell's seat and I saw him isolated, unprotected by the police because nearly all the police were outside in the street holding a mob of hoodlums at bay, apparently afraid of losing their popularity by turning the firehoses on them. Mr. Campbell, the league president, must have felt like a bear at the stake, his position all the more shameful because dozens of photographers, both official and amateur, stood coldly snapping every change in his expression as the deluge of rotten fruit, programs, rubbers and abuse poured down on him. The viciousness was insensate.

Insensate, but not inexplicable. As I watched that riot build up, I realized that I was present at one of those situations in which all the explosive ingredients in a segment of society were ripe for a de-

nouement. They had been growing and fermenting for years in our urban life and in our national game. On the night of St. Patrick's they all met in a critical mass at exactly the right temperature.

Afterwards it was extraordinary how many people said, as though they could hardly believe it, that fate had planned the whole affair. It *had* to be Detroit (the coldest and most efficient team in the circuit) that the temperamental Canadiens were playing that night. It *had* to be a game in which the league championship and the individual scoring championship were both at stake. It *had* to be at the shag end of a long, tiring winter in which most of the city was irritable from an influenza epidemic. It *had* to be Richard who was suspended at the very climax of one of his most emotional seasons. Mr. Campbell *had* to enter the arena at the worst possible moment, just after three successive penalties and four Detroit goals had completely demoralized the home team. Above all, the riot *had* to happen in Montreal, where the crisis between Richard and Campbell was interpreted by a lot of excitable people in the language of a racial prejudice which in this case did not exist.

Every riot known to history has been the result of some moral imbalance in the society or institution in which it has occurred. The fundamental moral imbalance behind this particular one has been evident for two and a half decades.

When Tex Rickard first began to promote hockey in New York, he lined up ambulances outside Madison Square Garden as a come-on for crowds who knew nothing about the Canadian national

game, it being his idea that if the public of New York would not enjoy hockey, they could at least be persuaded to enjoy the mayhem which hockey was likely to produce. "If you can't lick them in the alley, you can't lick them in the rink" has become a famous saying in English-speaking Canada, and quite a few perennial adolescents, who like to think Canadians are an exceptionally tough people, lick their lips with pleasure when they repeat it. Unfortunately the adage has been taken literally by thousands of kids too ignorant to understand how untrue it is. I have seen plenty of plug-uglies who could have licked a small man like Howie Morenz in the alley, but I have yet to see one who could have licked him in the rink unless he used illegal tactics.

Crude violence has been deliberately encouraged by some business men who think it pays off at the box office, and by one or two coaches and managers whose teams are so crude they know they could not hope to win without it. Inevitably this has placed real hockey skill at a disadvantage, and it has cheated, frustrated and disgusted hundreds of thousands of us who again and again have seen a first-class team disintegrated by alley tactics.

Now it so happens that no hockey player has ever suffered more from illegal tactics than Maurice Richard. He is a type of player few English-speaking Canadians understand. He is that rare thing, a champion who is also an obsessed artist. Latin that he is, he might easily have been a great matador had he been born in Spain. He has the courage, the grace, the intensity, the sombre dignity. When you talk to him you feel he is as old as the hills and at the same time as young as a fresh-cheeked boy. Gentleness and ferocity both live in him. Even in a crowd he is strangely solitary. His eyes seem far away, and in hockey he has found a kind of personal destiny.

The reason he explodes is that he has again and again been prevented from playing hockey as well as he can because the referees have not enforced the rules properly. Every great player must expect to be marked closely, but for ten years the Rocket has been systematically heckled by rival coaches who know intuitively that nobody can more easily be taken advantage of than a genius. Richard can stand any amount of roughness that comes naturally with the game, but after a night in which he has been cynically tripped, slashed, held, boarded and verbally insulted by lesser men he is apt to go wild. His rage is curiously impersonal—an explosion against frustration itself.

It is bad for Richard and bad for the game that this kind of emotion has grown up around him, for it spreads far beyond the hockey rinks.

Richard has become more than a hero to millions of *Canadiens*. Owing to the



way in which he has been (so they think) persecuted, he has imperceptibly become the focus of the persecution-anxieties latent in a minority people. Not even the fact that he is loved and admired almost equally by English-speaking Montrealers can modify the profound self-identification of loyal *Canadiens* with this singular man. They see in Richard not only a person who ideally embodies the fire and style of their race; they also see in him a man who from time to time turns on his persecutors and annihilates them. It sounds fantastic to say it, but at the moment Richard has a status with some people in Quebec not much below that of a tribal god, and I doubt if even he realizes how much of what he stands for in the public mind is only indirectly connected with the game he plays.

It is a well-known phenomenon in human affairs that if discipline has been lax and authority has been undeserving of respect, resentment invariably flares up when an officer decides to assert himself.

This season the league authorities belatedly gave orders to their officials to crack down on offences according to the rule book. For a while the results were miraculous. We saw real hockey as it ought to be played. When the referees did their duty, it was noted that Richard was not a trouble-maker by nature and that the *Canadiens* were not an especially rough team. The *Canadiens* went to the top of the league. Richard's scoring record soared and for the first time in his life he seemed certain to head the list for both goals and assists. He acquired the added increment of love and glory that comes to any man who gives his finest performance in what seems to be his dying years.

Then came that affray in Boston. *Canadiens* were going stale; it was the second game in two nights in which the refereeing had been erratic. Richard was viciously cut in the head by an inferior player and went berserk. Whether deliberately or blinded by rage and pain, he also assaulted a linesman.

In this situation Clarence Campbell could have done nothing less than suspend Richard for the season even though he knew it would cost the *Canadiens* the championship and Richard his scoring title. Unless he did so, he would have to abdicate all his authority. But Campbell, honest and courageous though he is, was in a position which had acquired a tarnished reputation long before he ever occupied it. Authority in the National Hockey League had seemed for years to turn a blind eye to offences because it has been profitable to have the newspapers describe hockey as though it were not a sport but a Roman spectacle. The unthinking crowd had taken the lead from their leaders, believing that what matters most is to win, and to win at any price. In Montreal people saw Campbell's decision

with bias and emotion. They believed their hero was once more being made the victim of a system of justice inherently unworthy of respect.

What matters now, of course, is not whether Campbell's decision was too harsh or not. What matters is the variety of unpleasant conclusions this riot compels us to draw. They concern the whole Canadian people, not merely the hockey fans of Montreal.

The first conclusion is that our national game cannot possibly be described as a healthy activity if it breeds the insane emotions of a Roman circus. The second conclusion is that the state of mind engendered by the hypocritical attitude of authority towards violence is dangerous to the community itself.

That Maurice Richard should be a hero to the French-Canadian people is fine



Turofsky

MAURICE RICHARD: A symbol.

and proper, for he is a worthy hero. But it is a scandalous indictment of publicity techniques that, through no fault of his own, he should also have become a hero to the youthful hoodlums I saw dragged by the police, some of them kicking and screaming, into the black van on St. Patrick's Night. The punks who rioted and later looted the St. Catherine Street shops were not athletes, and that they should have identified themselves with a man like Richard was a monstrous impertinence. But that is what they did. Owing to the pictures they had seen in the press, they had come to see in him not a great athlete but an image of their ideal selves — of themselves rebelling against authority, of themselves kicking a policeman or striking a parent, of themselves standing alone against society.

The goon squad, of course, was the final ingredient of the explosion, and their behavior should make quite a few responsible men, both in politics and in the press, think twice before they strike

matches in a room full of gunpowder. Andy O'Brien, of the *Montreal Star*, circulated through the mob outside the Forum and later wrote that in his opinion they would have killed Campbell if they had got their hands on him. From my observation I think he was right, and one of them actually fired two revolver shots through the glass doors of the Forum and narrowly escaped committing murder.

Yet those goons — and their prototypes exist in every large modern city — would never have been so bold had they not got the idea into their heads that responsible society approved of their actions. If the crowd of normally decent people in the Forum had not booed Mr. Campbell with such violence, I doubt very much if the punks in their windbreakers would have dared to descend from the standing-room sections to assault him physically. If the press had not condemned Mr. Campbell with such partisan violence, the goons outside would never have congregated. And finally, if certain public officials had not made careless and irresponsible statements about his decision, the punks would not have acquired the notion that if they rioted they would get away with it. The next day the Mayor expressed his horror at the riot and instantly took steps to prevent its reoccurrence. But his stand was not strengthened by the civic councillor who informed the press that the riot was entirely the fault, not of the goons, but of Mr. Campbell himself for attending the game, and that he (the councillor) was going to consult lawyers to see if there was any legal means of suing Mr. Campbell for the damage he had caused the city.

Hockey today is in much the same position as baseball found itself at the end of the First World War. At that time baseball was so disorderly that it looked as though it would be finished as the national game of the United States. But the public demanded that it should be given another chance, and under Judge Landis's administration, abuses were corrected, discipline was enforced and within a few years the sport recovered.

The national game of Canada can recover with equal rapidity if enough Canadians insist that it is important enough to be saved. All that is necessary is that league officials, newspapers and hockey followers generally insist that the rules be enforced, that unnecessary violence no longer be glorified, that hockey players who behave like dead-end kids, both at home and abroad, should be disciplined by their coaches or thrown off the teams for life. Above all, let hockey be played and advertised as the sport of a decent, vigorous people, not as a spectacle fit for a Roman mob.

If this result should come about, the riot that disgraced Montreal on St. Patrick's night will not have been entirely useless.



VILLE DE MONTRÉAL



CITY OF MONTRÉAL

BUREAU DES CONSEILLERS  
COUNCILLORS' OFFICE

HÔTEL DE VILLE,  
CITY HALL.

Le 12 avril 1955.

Son Honneur le Maire Jean Drapeau,  
Maire de la Ville de Montréal,  
Hôtel de Ville,  
Montréal.

Monsieur le Maire,

La situation toujours très grave qui existe dans le hockey, à Montréal, et l'antipathie du public montréalais envers le président de la ligue Nationale m'incitent à vous faire certaines recommandations pour éviter la répétition possible des scènes regrettables qui ont suivi l'affaire Richard-Laycoe-Campbell.

1 - Attendu que la présentation de la coupe Stanley, sur la glace du Forum (advenant une victoire du club Détroit sur le club Canadien, mardi, le 12 avril,) pourrait déclencher une seconde émeute,

Je suggère que la ville de Montréal se serve de son autorité pour défendre la tenue d'une telle cérémonie au Forum. Cette suggestion est faite dans le but de protéger le public en général et les hommes d'affaires qui ont des commerces dans le district du Forum; et aussi afin d'épargner à la ville une dépense énorme pour le maintien de l'ordre et afin de sauvegarder la réputation de la ville de Montréal.

2 - Attendu que le président de la ligue Nationale, monsieur Clarence Campbell, demeure un homme très impopulaire et que sa présence et son autorité représentent en tout temps un danger d'émeute, je suggère que la ville de Montréal empêche la vente de places debout (standing room) au Forum tant que le dit monsieur Campbell sera maintenu à son poste de président de la ligue Nationale.

S.R.P.M.  
Tel à M. Leggett  
Toutes pressantes  
ont été faites



VILLE DE MONTRÉAL



CITY OF MONTRÉAL

CANADA

BUREAU DES CONSEILLERS  
COUNCILLORS' OFFICE

HÔTEL DE VILLE,  
CITY HALL.

- 2 -

Je prends cette attitude, Monsieur le Maire, dans les meilleurs intérêts de la ville de Montréal, de sa population, des sportifs et, en particulier, des détenteurs de billets de saison, qui, après avoir payé pour voir évoluer monsieur Maurice Richard ont été privés de ce privilège par le geste dictatorial de monsieur Campbell.

Veuillez accepter, Monsieur le Maire, l'expression de mes sentiments les plus respectueux.

Adéodat Crompt,  
Conseiller municipal,  
District No 2.



*Maurice Richard*

**G. O. NESBITT & SON CO. LTD.**

VANCOUVER, B.C., AND CALGARY, ALTA.

1196 E. PENDER ST.  
VANCOUVER 6, B.C.

18th April, 1955.

*cl*

Mr. Jean Drapeau,  
The Mayor of Montreal,  
Montreal, Que.

Dear Sir:

I thank you for your favour of the 13th instant.  
It was very kind of you to reply, having in mind that you  
are an extremely busy man.

Possibly we out in the West do look at things  
differently than those living in Quebec Province. We here do  
not believe in striking any referee, no matter what the  
circumstances, nor do we believe in throwing all types of  
missles at the President of our Hockey Association because  
he does what he believes to be correct, nor, do our citizens  
believe in smashing windows, stealing jewellery and throwing  
rocks at passengers in street cars all because they have lost  
a game of hockey.

Your people in the City of Montreal displayed  
everything but tolerance and respect of order, having in mind  
particularly your remarks after this disgraceful episode.

Yours truly,

*G. O. Nesbitt*

G.O. Nesbitt.

GON/mes





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1955 JUN 17 PM 2 48  
=MAYOR JEAN DRAPEAU=

:(39):

*Maurice Richard*

=CITY HALL=

:I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE A BRIEF TALK WITH YOU RE  
ARTICLE WE ARE PUBLISHING ON THE RICHARD HOCKEY RIOT  
STOP I WILL BE IN MONTREAL JUNE TWENTY SECOND TO  
TWENTY FOURTH STOP PLEASE WIRE COLLECT AT WHAT TIME  
YOU CAN SEE ME KINDEST WISHES=

:SIDNEY KATZ ASSISTANT EDITOR MACLEANS MAGAZINES=

*entrevue fixée le mercredi, 22 juin à 12.30 p.m.*

Telegram Received at 132 St. James St. W.  
Telegramme Reçu à HA. 2966





Archives de la Ville de Montréal



**THE RICHARD HOCKEY RIOT continued**



**Young demonstrators, many wearing Canadien sweaters and leather windbreakers, whip up feeling by carrying an effigy of**









**Richard and inflammatory placards. The crowd remained orderly until a gas bomb sent patrons scrambling from nearby Forum.**



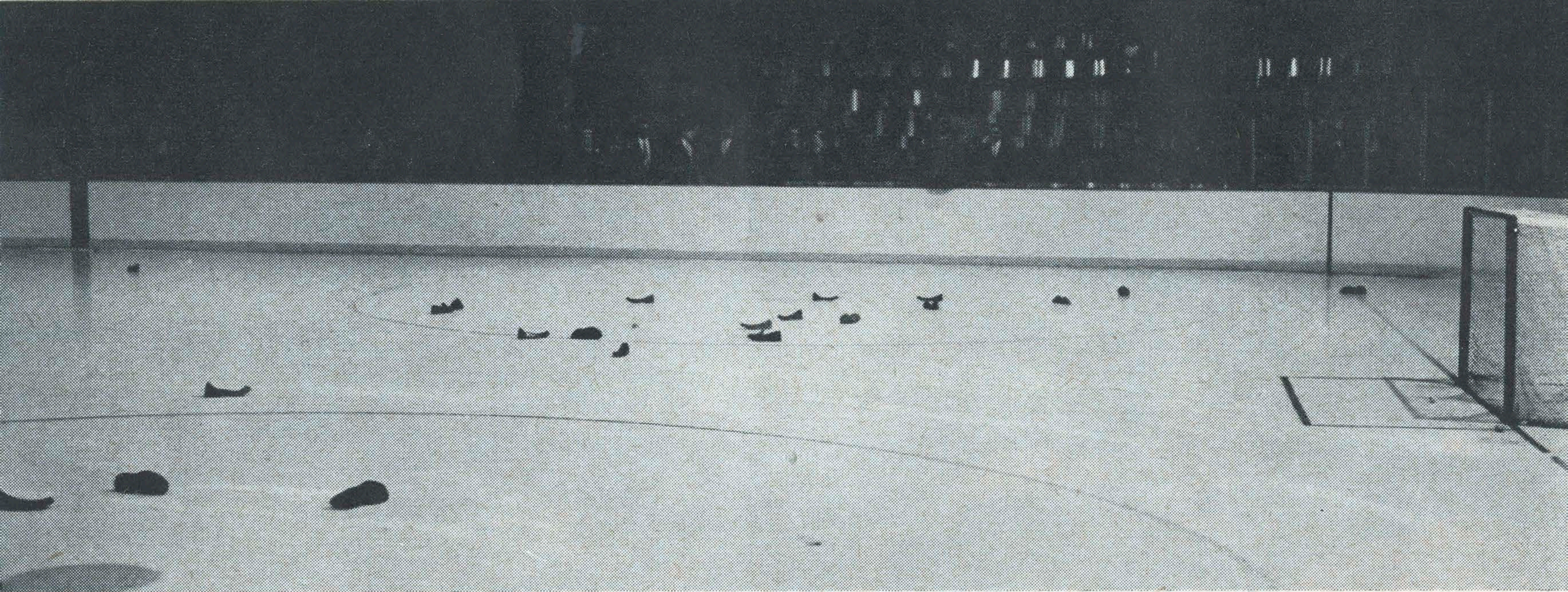






**THE EXPLOSION** of a tear-gas bomb climaxed amazing scenes in the Forum





**THE WEAPONS** thrown by fans to stop the game littered the deserted ice.





**THE OFFENDERS** faced a shocked magistrate. The police made seventy arrests



**THE DESTRUCTION and store looting amounted to thirty thousand dollars.**







**In his home, surrounded by gifts from his idolatrous fans — such as the TV set and marble statue — a troubled Richard discusses his future with family.**



# The strange forces behind **THE RICHARD HOCKEY RIOT**

**BY SIDNEY KATZ**

**Triggered by a tear-gas bomb, frenzied mob violence turned downtown Montreal into a madhouse last St. Patrick's Night. Was it rage at the suspension of a hockey idol, or did the cause run deeper? A Maclean's editor presents his findings**

**O**N MARCH 17, 1955, at exactly 9.11 p.m., a tear-gas bomb exploded in the Montreal Forum where sixteen thousand people had gathered to watch a hockey match between the Montreal Canadiens and the Detroit Red Wings. The acrid yellowish fumes that filled the stadium sent the crowd rushing to the exits, crying, shrieking, coughing and retching. But it did more. It touched off the most destructive and frenzied riot in the history of Canadian sport.

The explosion of the bomb was the last straw in a long series of provocative incidents that swept away the last remnant of the crowd's restraint and decency. Many of the hockey fans had come to the game in an ugly mood. The day before, Clarence Campbell, president of the National Hockey League, had banished Maurice (The Rocket) Richard, the star of the Canadiens and the idol of the highly partisan Montreal fans, from hockey



# **Do Quebeckers see the Rocket their ancient wrongs? Was the**

for the remainder of the season. The suspension couldn't have come at a worse time for the Canadiens. The league leadership was at stake: they were leading Detroit by the narrow margin of two points. Richard's award for individual high scoring was at stake too—he was only two points ahead of his team mate Bernie (Boom-Boom) Geoffrion. Furthermore, it had been a long tough hockey season, full of emotional outbursts. All during the first period of play the crowd had vented their anger at Campbell by shouting, "*Va-t'en, Campbell*" ("Scram, Campbell") and showering him with rotten fruit, eggs, pickled pigs' feet and empty bottles.

A New York sociologist has defined a mob riot as "a device for indulging ourselves in a kind of temporary insanity by all going crazy together." This describes what happened in the five hours after the bomb's explosion. At one time there were as many as ten thousand people—patrons, demonstrators and onlookers—packed around the outside of the Forum. Many of them rushed around in bands shrieking like animals. For a time it looked



## **as a modern giant-killer righting outbreak a race riot in disguise?**

as if a lynching might even be attempted: groups of rioters were savagely chanting in unison, "Kill Campbell! Kill Campbell!" The windows of passing streetcars were smashed and, for no apparent reason, cab drivers were hauled from their vehicles and pummeled. The mob smashed hundreds of windows in the Forum by throwing bricks, chunks of ice and even full bottles of beer. They pulled down signs and tore doors off their hinges. They toppled corner newsstands and telephone booths, doused them in oil and left them burning.

When the mob grew weary of the Forum they moved eastward down St. Catherine Street, Montreal's main shopping district. For fifteen blocks they left in their path a swath of destruction. It looked like the aftermath of a wartime blitz in London. Hardly a store in those fifteen blocks was spared. Display windows were smashed and looters carried away practically everything portable—jewelry, clothes, clocks, radios and cameras.

The cost of the riot was added up later: an estimated thirty thousand dollars' worth of damage due to looting and vandalism; twelve policemen



# THE RICHARD HOCKEY RIOT

## continued

**"On the ice I think of only one  
"Scoring goals." But to his fans**

and twenty-five civilians injured; eight police cars and several streetcars, taxicabs and private automobiles damaged. "It was the worst night I've had in my thirty-three years as a policeman," said Thomas Leggett, Montreal's director of police.

But the greatest damage done was not physical. Montrealers awoke ashamed and stunned after their emotional binge. The Montreal Star observed, "Nothing remains but shame." The Toronto Star commented, "It's savagery which attacks the fundamentals of civilized behavior." Canadian hockey was given a black name on the front pages of newspapers as far apart as Los Angeles and London, England. "Ice hockey is rough," observed the London News Chronicle, "but it is now a matter of grim record that Canadian players are spring lambs compared to those who support them." A Dutch newspaper headlined the riot story: STADIUM WRECKED, 27 DEAD, 100 WOUNDED.

Everybody seemed to have an explanation for the riot. Psychiatrist John D. Griffin, director of the Canadian Mental Health Association, said, "A lot of people have a latent hostility towards authority and it sometimes suddenly overflows. The riot proves we're not as stable as we think." To many observers the riot was the inevitable result of lawless, brutal hockey which had been encouraged for years by team managers and coaches because of its box-office appeal. "Brawling and fighting have grown to the point where the game is more wrestling than hockey," observed an Edmonton writer, while novelist Hugh MacLennan, who saw the riot, described our national sport as "breeding the insane emotions of the Roman circus." People outside Montreal condemned the supporters of Richard for putting him on such a lofty pedestal that he felt he was bigger than hockey itself and ought not to have been punished for disobeying the rules. Pierre Gauthier (Lib., Portneuf, Que.), asked the House of Commons to appoint a national hockey commissioner to clean up the game. Driven by the greed of the team owners, he said, players were being pushed beyond their endurance.

The newspapers and radio were blamed for whipping up public opinion against Campbell before the riot. Frank Hanley, of the Montreal city council, said that Mayor Jean Drapeau must accept at least some of the responsibility. Had he not publicly criticized Campbell's decision to suspend Richard instead of appealing to the public to accept it? Drapeau, in turn, blamed the riot on Campbell who "provoked it" by his presence at the game. To Lucien Croteau, another member of council, the riot was clearly the fault of the police. "They had ample warning of trouble and failed to take precautions," he said. Frank D. Corbett, a citizen of Westmount, expressed an opinion about the riot which many people thought about but few discussed publicly. In a letter to the editor of a local paper he said bluntly that the outbreak was symptomatic of racial ill-feeling. "French and English relationships have deteriorated badly over the past ten years and they have never been worse," he wrote. "The basic unrest is nationalism, which is ever present in Quebec. Let's face it . . . the French Canadians want the English expelled from the province."

All of these observations contained some germ of truth but no single one of them explains satisfactorily what happened in Montreal on St. Patrick's Night. There is never a simple explanation for a severe and prolonged outbreak of mob hysteria. Psychiatrists have drawn a parallel between a mob that riots and a person who suddenly goes berserk. In both instances the violent behavior is clinical evidence of mental disease. In both instances, the final outbreak is the end product of many influences and incidents. From the point of view of time, some of the causes are predisposing—they've been going on for a long time in the past. Some of the causes are precipitating—they are the immediate factors



## thing," Richard told Maclean's: more than hockey is at stake

which rip away the last shred of reason and self-control.

In the case history of the Richard riot, the night of March 13, four nights before the Montreal outburst, is important. On that night, the Montreal Canadiens were playing against the Boston Bruins in the Boston Garden. An incident occurred six minutes before the end of the game which set the stage for the debacle in Montreal. Boston was leading 4-2, playing one man short because of a penalty. In a desperate effort to score, the Canadiens had removed their goalie and sent six men up the ice. Richard was skating across the Boston blue line past Boston defenseman Hal Laycoe when the latter put his stick up high and caught Richard on the left side of his head. It made a nasty gash which later required five stitches. Frank Udvari, the referee, signaled a penalty to Laycoe for high-sticking but allowed the game to go on because Canadiens had the puck.

Richard skated behind the Boston net and had returned to the blue line when the whistle blew. He rubbed his head, then suddenly skated over to Laycoe who was a short distance away. Lifting his stick high over his head with both hands Richard pounded Laycoe over the face and shoulders with all his strength. Laycoe dropped his gloves and stick and motioned to Richard to come and fight with his fists.

An official, linesman Cliff Thompson, grabbed Richard and took his stick away from him. Richard broke away, picked up a loose stick on the ice and again slashed away at Laycoe, this time breaking the stick on him. Again Thompson got hold of Richard, but again Richard escaped and with another stick slashed at the man who had injured him. Thompson subdued Richard for the third time by forcing him down to the ice. With the help of a team mate, Richard regained his feet and sprang at Thompson, bruising his face and blackening his eye. Thompson finally got Richard under control and sent him to the first-aid room for medical attention.

Richard was penalized for the remainder of the game and fined \$100. Laycoe, who suffered body bruises and face wounds, was penalized five minutes for high-sticking and was given a further ten-minute penalty for tossing a blood-stained towel at referee Udvari as he entered the penalty box.

There were at least three major factors in Richard's outburst. He had entered the Boston game tense and brooding because of a variety of recent aggravations he had suffered. In the past fifteen years hockey has become a rough, tough game in which players frequently break the rules and escape punishment. Commenting on the death of a young hockey player, Mr. Justice Wells of Ontario recently observed, "Hockey can now be compared only to the Roman circus in the days of Nero when people were seriously injured for the amusement of the Roman populace." And lastly, there's the most complex factor—the volatile, mercurial temperament of Maurice Richard himself.

Richard's emotional and physical resistance were at a low ebb on the night of the Boston game on March 13. It was near the end of a long exhausting schedule. The Canadiens had played Boston only the previous night in Montreal. Richard had been hurled against a net and had injured his back. The back was so painful he hadn't been able to sleep on the train trip to Boston in spite of the application of ice packs. On the morning of the game he confided to a reporter, "My back still hurts like the dickens. I feel beat." He never considered sitting out the Boston game. There was too much at stake. With three scheduled games left, the Canadiens' chances of finishing first in the league were bright. Furthermore, Richard was narrowly leading the league for individual high scoring. If he won, he would receive a cup,

*Continued on page 97*



# The Richard Hockey Riot

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

one thousand dollars from the league and another thousand from his club. He was still brooding over an incident that had threatened his winning the top-scoring award. In Toronto, the previous Thursday, he had been in a perfect position to score when he was hooked by Hugh Bolton of the Maple Leafs. Bolton was penalized but it still meant that Richard was deprived of a goal he desperately wanted.

The pressures in NHL hockey are numerous and overpowering. The league itself is fighting for survival in the face of competition from TV and other sports and entertainment. Fans will no longer support a losing club. "There's no sentiment in our business," says Clarence Campbell. "Results are what count."

The league feels insecure because of rising costs and diminishing gate receipts. In the 1949-50 season, attendance reached a peak of 2.15 million; since then it's gradually slipped to 1.9 million. It now costs twice as much to run a club as it did before World War II. The most successful hockey entrepreneurs have been Dick Irvin, until this year coach of the Montreal Canadiens, and Connie Smythe, owner of the Toronto Maple Leafs. Irvin says, "People like tough, rough hockey. You've got to play that way to please them." At times, Irvin has put his players in what he considers the right winning mood by impressing on them, "You've got to hate the other fellows to win." Conn Smythe shares this philosophy. Probably his most quoted aphorism is, "If you can't lick them in the alley, you can't lick them in the rink." Once, after a particularly bloody game where half a dozen major penalties had been meted out, Smythe remarked, "This sort of thing has got to stop or people will keep on buying tickets." To prove that they've accurately sized up the taste of the hockey public, both Smythe and Irvin boast that there hasn't been a single empty seat in the Toronto and Montreal hockey arenas in ten years.

Accustomed to the "win-at-any-cost" brand of hockey, some fans resort to violence of their own. Once, in Boston, a woman jabbed Butch Bouchard, captain of the Canadiens, in the hip with a pin as he was entering the rink. Only a few months before the Richard riot, a Canadien supporter sprinkled pepper on the towels used by the Boston Bruins to mop their faces. Once, after a losing streak, a Canadien fan wrote coach Dick Irvin that if he was on the coaching bench that night he would "burn the Forum down to the ground." Many observers feel that the Richard riot was merely another example of how lawlessness can spread from players to spectators.

Experienced observers like Vern DeGeer, of the Montreal Gazette, have pointed out that team owners, coaches and trainers have promoted disrespect for law and authority in hockey by their attitude. They complain bitterly when referees apply the rules strictly. Officials are flouted. A few weeks before the Richard riot, coach Jimmy Skinner was using abusive language from the Detroit bench during a game. Campbell left his seat and approached him. "You've got to stop talking like that," he warned him. Skinner turned his abuse on Campbell. "Beat it, you \_\_\_\_\_," he is reported to have said. "You're only a spectator here." On another occasion, according to a news dispatch from Detroit, Dick Irvin,



coach of Canadiens, publicly bawled out linesman Sammy Babcock and referee Red Storey in the lobby of the Leland Hotel. The incident was reported to Campbell but no action was taken.

Every great player in every sport can expect to be guarded closely by the opposing team. In this new brand of hockey which permits rough play and often ignores the rules, the most harassed player in the NHL is Richard. Thirty-four years old, five foot nine in height, Richard weighs one hundred and eighty pounds and is handsome in

a sullen kind of a way. His dark-brown hair is slicked back, he has bushy eyebrows, a small mouth and his characteristic expression is dead pan. His intense, penetrating dark eyes seem to perceive everything in microscopic detail. Talking to him at close range, you sometimes feel uneasy.

It's possible that Richard is the greatest hockey player who ever lived. Because of his playing brilliance and the longer hockey season he has already scored 422 league goals. The second greatest scorer is Nels Stewart, who had 324 goals when he retired fifteen

years ago. Richard has scored the most goals per season, the most goals in a play-off series, and he possesses the highest total league points. He also has more "hat tricks" (three goals or more per game) to his credit than any other player. He performed the unprecedented feat of scoring five times in a play-off match. Canadiens were once offered \$135,000 for him — the highest value ever placed on a hockey player. Frank Selke, Canadian managing director, refused, saying, "I'd sooner sell half the Forum."

Opposing teams fully recognize



Richard's talent and use rugged methods to stop him. One—and sometimes two—players are specifically detailed to nettle him. They regularly hang on to him, put hockey sticks between his legs, body-check him and board him harder than necessary. Once he skated twenty feet with two men on his shoulders to score a goal. His opponents also employ psychological warfare to unnerve him. Inspector William Minogue, who, as police officer in charge of the Forum, is regularly at the rink side during games, frequently hears opposing players calling Richard "French pea soup" or "dirty French bastard" as they skate past. If these taunts result in a fight, both Richard and his provoker are sent to the penalty bench. Opposing teams consider this a good bargain.

Because of these tactics, Richard frequently explodes. He explodes because of frustration for he is prevented from playing hockey as well as he is able to. Richard is a rarity among men as well as among hockey players. He is an artist. He is completely dedicated to playing good hockey and scoring goals. "It's the most important thing in my life," he told me. In hockey, Richard has found a kind of personal destiny.

"He's on fire inside all the time he's on the ice," says Frank Selke. "I've never had a player who tries so intensely." Even after thirteen years of professional hockey Richard still approaches each game as though he were about to undergo a major surgical operation. He is in a brooding, uncommunicative mood. "I feel nervous the whole day," he told me. "I feel sick in the stomach. When we are lined up for the National Anthem I pray silently to God that I might play a good game." As soon as the game starts, however, he loses his queasiness and is unaware of the crowd. "I think of only one thing," says Richard, "scoring goals." His concern with perfection is such that he often stays behind to shoot goals at the net after a regular practice session when all the lesser players have gone. He has never been known to miss a practice or to be late for one. He doesn't want to be anything less than the greatest hockey player. "No one will have to tell me when to stop playing hockey," he told me. "When I stop scoring, I'll quit. I wouldn't be able to take that."

He suffers mental agony after a game in which he thinks he's done poorly. He'll slink quietly into the dressing room and sit on the bench for half an hour before making an attempt to get out of his uniform. On some such occasions he's been known to burst into tears. "A poor game makes me feel bad," he explains. "I'll go home and not talk to anybody, not even my wife. I'll sit by myself and think, over and over again, about all the chances I missed to score. I try to forget about it but I can't. I won't get to bed till about three or four in the morning." On the road, he'll sit on the edge of his berth repeating to himself, "I was lousy." He never offers alibis or blames a defeat on others.

Most veteran hockey players—and other professional sportsmen—adopt the philosophy that you win some games and lose others. Not so Richard. "He honestly believes that you can win them all," says Selke, "and he tries to go ahead and prove it." In a friendly game against a team from Johnstown, Pa., the Canadiens were told to take it easy. Richard scored seven goals in one period, explaining, "I can only play one way—the hard way."

To play better hockey he keeps his body in perfect shape. He seldom drinks or smokes and, during the season, sleeps twelve hours a night.

When he shows up for training in September after a four-month layoff he's always in condition, from swimming, tennis and golf. Except for part-time jobs he has avoided going into business during the summer. "I might worry about it and that would interfere with my hockey," he explains. Bill Head, the team's physiotherapist, recalls that Richard once played a complete game with a bruised knee that would barely bend. "He can evidently forget everything when he's playing," he says. Head claims that Richard's nervous reflexes are the most nearly perfect he has ever seen.

There are better skaters, better stick-handlers, better checkers and better play-makers than Richard, but no better hockey player. He seems to have the power to summon forth all his strength at the very instant it's needed. "His strength comes all at once like the explosion of a bomb," says Kenny Reardon, an ex-hockey player who is now assistant manager of the Canadiens. Most of the time this concentrated outburst is channeled into the scoring of goals. But sometimes it is used to strike back at his tormentors—as it was in Boston on Sunday, March 13, when he assaulted Hal Laycoe and linesman Cliff Thompson.

### Was Rocket Razzed Too Much?

On the night of the Boston fracas, Clarence Campbell was traveling from Montreal to New York by train to attend a meeting of the NHL board of governors where plans for the Stanley Cup play-offs were to be made. In Grand Central station next morning he read about the rumpus in the New York Times. Hurrying to his hotel, he phoned referee Frank Udvari and linesmen Sam Babcock and Cliff Thompson to get a verbal report. Disturbed by what he heard, he announced a hearing would be held in Montreal to ascertain all the facts and to decide on what punishment should be given to the players involved. The time set was two days later—Wednesday March 16 at 10.30 a.m.

In the intervening time the Boston incident was widely commented on. Dick Irvin was angry at his players. "What kind of spirit have we got on the Canadiens?" he asked. "There were four or five players on the ice and they hardly gave Richard any help!" He suggested that the Richard hearing be televised. "They did as much for McCarthy—why not Richard?" Most of the comments were in a more serious vein. Richard's supporters contended that because of lax refereeing their hero had been badgered beyond his endurance. On the other hand, the Toronto Star described Richard as "a chronic blow-top and an habitual offender." Campbell was advised by many out-of-town newspapers to ground the Rocket long enough to teach him a lesson. Marshall Dann, a Boston columnist, said angrily that "if Richard is permitted to play one more game of hockey this season, Campbell should be fired. Richard is the most pampered player in the league. For his repeated misbehavior he has drawn only mild wrist slaps or inconsequential fines from Campbell."

By "repeated misbehaviour" Dann was referring to the fact that Richard had been involved in more hassles and paid more fines (\$2500) than any other player in the history of the NHL. The more recent infractions are these:

In April 1947, during a Stanley Cup play-off game against Toronto, Richard had used his stick on Vic Lynn's eye (four stitches) and on Bill Ezinicki's head (seven stitches). He was fined \$250 and suspended for one game.

In March 1951, in the lobby of the



Piccadilly Hotel in New York, he grabbed referee Hugh Maclean by the throat and cursed him loudly for several minutes. Richard was protesting what he considered a poor decision that was rendered at a game a few nights earlier. He was fined \$500.

In January 1954, in his regular column in the Montreal weekly *Le Samedi-Dimanche*, Richard denounced Campbell as a "dictator" who was prejudiced against the Canadiens and who "gloated when an opposing team scored a goal against us." He was required to apologize and post a \$1000 bond for good behavior.

In December 1954 in Toronto he charged into Bob Bailey with his stick, broke two of his front teeth, then turned and struck linesman George Hayes. He was given two ten-minute misconduct penalties and fined a total of \$250.

And now, three months later, came the incident in Boston. Both Richard and Campbell refrained from making public statements until after the hearing. Richard, because of his head wound, spent most of the time under observation at the Montreal Western Hospital which was then located across from the Forum. When newsmen discovered his whereabouts his room was switched. On the morning of the hearing, March 16, he got dressed but did not shave. He looked pale and worried and wore a patch on the left side of his head. He walked across to the Forum where he picked up coach Dick Irvin and assistant manager Kenny Reardon. The three men got into a cab. On the way over to NHL headquarters about a mile away, Richard broke his silence only once to observe ruefully, "I always seem to be getting into trouble."

The NHL suite on the sixth floor of the Sun Life Building was a beehive of activity. A large group of young people from the adjoining offices, mostly girls, lined the corridors to catch a glimpse of their hockey hero. Reporters, photographers and TV cameramen had overflowed the outer office, sitting on the desks and monopolizing the phones. Richard posed unsmilingly for the photographers, forced a weak grin for the TV cameramen. When he entered Campbell's office with Irvin and Reardon, the other participants in the hearing were already seated around Campbell's desk: referee-in-chief Carl Voss, referee Frank Udvari, linesmen Cliff Thompson and Sammy Babcock, Hal Laycoe and Lynn Patrick, manager and coach of the Boston Bruins. The hearing was private.

It lasted for three hours. The officials read their reports of the incident and submitted to questioning. Everyone present was then invited to give his version of what happened. On some points there were sharp differences. Campbell took notes busily. At one point the building superintendent had to be summoned for help: the crowd outside in the halls had become unwieldy and people were peeking in through the keyhole and letter slot. In defense of Richard, Irvin said that he had been temporarily stunned by the blow on his head and was unaware of what he was doing. Richard remained silent until asked if he had anything to say. "I don't remember what happened," he replied. Later, Richard told me: "When I'm hit I get mad and I don't know what I do. Before each game I think about my temper and how I should control it but as soon as I get on the ice I forget all that."

At 1.30 p.m. the men filed out. They refused to comment to the forty newsmen who had now gathered in the outer office. Richard returned to the hospital; Laycoe got in a cab and rushed to Dorval to catch a plane for Boston where he was scheduled to

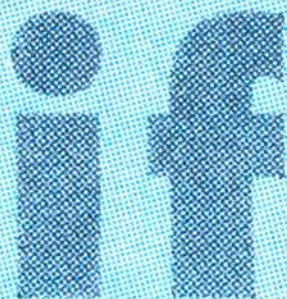


...ence and began studying his notes, preparatory to writing out his decision. "I had a hard time making up my mind," he told me later. By three o'clock Campbell had written out the first page of his decision. As each page was completed it was carried across the office by referee-in-chief Voss to a private office to be typed by Phyllis King, Campbell's secretary.

Clarence Sutherland Campbell, and the man whose future he was now called

ing and who spends a lot of time with his four children; Campbell, at forty-nine, is a bachelor who lives alone and makes his own breakfast. Richard is emotional, quick to anger; Campbell is cool, deliberate and is never known to have lost his temper. Richard was born in Bordeaux, Que., had only an elementary education and heard nothing but French spoken until he entered professional hockey at twenty-one. Campbell graduated from the Uni-

menton to study and practice law. Both men are courageous. Campbell joined the infantry at the outbreak of World War II and, after a distinguished career overseas which included winning the MBE and being mentioned in dispatches, ended up as a lieutenant-colonel. He had this rank when he acted as assistant prosecutor at the war-crime trial of General Kurt Meyer. During the years 1936-39, Campbell had served as an NHL referee. As a





## "I intend to kill you," an angered fan threatened the NHL's Clarence Campbell.

referee he had made thousands of unpopular decisions—but none nearly so unpopular as the one he made public to the assembled newspapermen in his presidential office at four o'clock that March afternoon.

The attacks on Laycoe and Thompson were deliberate and persistent, he found. He discarded the defense made on behalf of Richard that he didn't know what he was doing because of the head blow. There was little conflict in the evidence as to the important facts. "An incident occurred less than three months ago in which the pattern of conduct of Richard was almost identical . . . . Consequently the time for leniency or probation is past. Whether this type of conduct is the product of temperamental instability or wilful defiance doesn't matter. It's a type of conduct that cannot be tolerated by any player, star or otherwise." The room was completely silent as Campbell then pronounced the punishment: "Richard is suspended from playing in the remaining league and play-off games."

At about 4.30 p.m. Irvin, Reardon, Elmer Lach, a former Richard team mate, and Elmer Ferguson, of the Montreal Herald, were sitting around the *Canadien* office when they heard the news on a radio broadcast. About ten minutes later Richard came in. He had just been discharged from the hospital. According to Ferguson this is what followed:

Richard asked, "Is the ruling out yet?"

"Are you kidding?" asked Irvin.

"No," said Richard. "I've been over in the X-ray room and I just got dressed and came over here."

Irvin was silent for a few seconds, then said quietly, "Be prepared for a shock, Rocket. You're out for the season—including the Stanley Cup play-offs."

Richard didn't believe it. "You're kidding—now tell me the truth."

Irvin said, "Sorry. That's the way it is, Rocket. No kidding."

Richard gravely searched every face in the office. The truth now seemed to sink in. He asked, "And what happened to Laycoe who hit me first?"

"Nothing."

Richard nodded his head in disbelief. "I'm sorry my career will have to end this way."

Elmer Ferguson promptly asked, "Does that mean you'll retire?"

"There's been enough snap judgments," said Richard. "I'm not going to make one right now. But a thing like this doesn't make you feel like carrying on in hockey. That's for sure."

Elmer Lach said, "They've been after you for years, Rocket . . . now they've got you." Richard shrugged his shoulders, said good night and walked off to his car. Nobody spoke. A few seconds later Lach said, "There goes the greatest of them all."

Richard later told me that the decision came as a great shock. "I didn't expect it to be so severe. I had always been in the play-offs before. I was so disappointed I didn't know whether I would stay in Montreal or not. My first impulse was to go to Florida. But I changed my mind. I wanted to watch my team play. I didn't want the fans to get the idea that I was no longer interested just because I was suspended."

No sports decision ever hit the Montreal public with such impact. It seemed to strike at the very heart and soul of

the city. Gerard Fillion, editor of *Le Devoir*, says flatly, "Had Campbell been a Frenchman he would have been killed then and there." Upon first hearing of the suspension a French-speaking employee in the *Gazette* composing room broke down and cried. A bus driver became so upset by the news that he ignored a flashing railway-level-crossing signal and almost killed his passengers. The French station CKAC invited listeners to phone in their opinions: ninety-seven percent said that although some punishment for Richard was justified the suspension for the play-offs was too severe. The switchboard became so jammed, the station had to appeal to listeners to stop calling. The sports departments of the newspapers were so besieged by phone calls and visitors that some of the writers had to go home to get their work done. A firm selling butchers' supplies ran a large display advertisement in all the newspapers offering Richard a job as salesman. It was headlined: "Richard . . . We are with you 100%. We feel that you were the object of a raw deal." At a social gathering in the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa the Russians extended their sympathy to every *Canadien* guest present. They blamed the suspension on the English and the Americans.

### "Little Pig" and "Big Pig"

There were portents of what was to happen on the night of March 17 in the phone calls received by Campbell. Many of them were taken by Campbell's secretary, Phyllis King, an attractive, willowy blonde in her early thirties. "They were nearly all abusive and they seemed to grow worse as the day wore on," says Miss King. One of the first callers said, "Tell Campbell I'm an undertaker and he'll be needing me in a few days." Another person said, "I intend to kill you and I already have a hiding place picked out." Still another announced, "I'm no crank but I'm going to blow your place up." Many of the callers were so angry they could hardly talk; they said they would never go to another NHL hockey game, nor even watch one on television. There were dozens of crying women on the phone. One of them said that she had the names of one thousand people who would be at the Detroit game on the night of March 17 armed with tomatoes and she dared Campbell to put in an appearance. A forty-year-old secretary from Toronto ran up a twenty-dollar long-distance phone bill pleading with Campbell to call off the suspension. Campbell's callers used a wide variety of uncomplimentary epithets, including "dictator," "poor personality," "sick," "coward," "German," "American," "snake from northern United States," "little pig," "big pig," "beast," "face of a snake," "sloven," "yellow face," "large bowl of soup" and "Judas."

The strong racial feelings engendered by the decision should have sounded an ominous warning. These were reflected in hundreds of letters that Campbell received. One of them said, "If Richard's name was Richardson you would have given a different verdict. You, Campbell, are not as good as any French-Canadian walking around. I was at a morgue this morning to look at a body after an accident. I only wish that you had been on the slab, but don't worry—you will be soon." From Verdun: "You're just



I am writing you in English because the English have not the intelligence to learn that most beautiful language, French." From Montreal: "The Frenchmen have always been slaves and suckers and it's a pleasure for you to see others' blood run." Another correspondent wrote: "You British animal! Why did your vile ancestors set foot on our lovely land? Go back to where you came from—England and hell!"

The extreme fringe of the *Canadien*

Campbell. They have long regarded Richard as a special champion of their race. Many *Canadiens* feel discriminated against socially, and exploited economically. In Richard they see a hero of towering strength who smites down his persecutors. By deep emotional self-identification they experience the same surge of triumph themselves.

There's abundant evidence that Richard holds a special place in the heart of French Canada. When Mont-

on a special New Year's Eve TV program, they voted for Richard, Cardinal Leger and Mayor Jean Drapeau. Within three weeks after Richard started writing a column for the weekly paper, *Le Samedi-Dimanche*, its circulation jumped by eighteen thousand. On a visit to Sudbury, which has a large French-speaking population, sixty-five hundred people greeted him; three days later only half that number turned up to greet Prime Minister St. Laurent. This adulation





is not confined to those of moderate or inferior financial circumstances. Once, while Richard was dining in a private club with Kenny Reardon, a group of French businessmen at the next table spontaneously passed a hat and presented him with one hundred dollars. While he was shopping at Dupuis Frères' department store in Montreal, another customer gave him an expensive hat. When he travels in Quebec he's almost always given the finest suite in the hotel, frequently with the compliments of the house. It is no exaggeration to say that Richard's status in Quebec is only slightly below that of a tribal god.

Perhaps ancient nationalist feelings would not have been as important a factor in causing the riot had people in positions of authority urged acceptance of Campbell's decision in the interests of law and order. Such mollifying statements were not forthcoming in sufficient number to influence public opinion. On the contrary, many prominent people added fuel to the fire. Mayor Jean Drapeau issued a statement castigating Campbell. "It would not be necessary to give too many such decisions to kill hockey in Montreal," he said. A prominent lawyer, Louis De Zwirek QC, said, "The judgment came so quickly that it must have been preconceived." There was talk that another lawyer, the brilliant Edouard Masson QC, would head a legal effort to have the case reviewed. Al Irwin, president of the Montreal Basketball League, characterized the suspension as "too drastic." Dick Irvin shouted, "Injustice!"

The Montreal press, both English and French, reinforced the fans' feeling that Campbell had victimized them. *Le Devoir* called the punishment "unjust and too severe." *Le Matin* castigated the NHL president for penalizing the public and the fans as well as Richard. One French weekly published a crude cartoon of Campbell's head on a platter, dripping blood, with the caption: "This is how we would like to see him." The English press followed a similar line, although somewhat more temperate in tone. Dink Carroll said "it was a harsh judgment" in the *Gazette*, while Baz O'Meara in the *Star* found the decision "tough and unexpectedly severe." Andy O'Brien in the same paper headed a column, "Is this justice?"

On March 17 at 11.30 a.m. came the first sign that Montreal fans would not be content to limit their protests to angry words. A dozen young men showed up at the Forum where Canadiens were scheduled to play Detroit that night. They bore signs saying "Vive Richard" and "A Bas Campbell." Jack Heath, on daytime guard duty at the Forum, asked them, "Why don't you picket the Sun Life Building where Campbell is?" They wisecracked back in French and continued their marching. No permits to picket or parade had been issued by the police. Finally the police chased them away but not before a spokesman warned, "We'll be back tonight."

At 1.30 about twenty young men arrived, apparently college students. They carried signs, one with a picture of a pig with Campbell's name on it; another had a picture of a pear which is the French equivalent of "knuckle-head." The police felt they weren't doing any harm and allowed them to march up and down. At about 3.30 another group of men between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five arrived. They were well dressed. Occasionally the demonstrators would go into the York Tavern, located in the southeast corner of the Forum, to use the washroom. The customers drinking beer inside were sympathetic: they treated them with beer and cigars.



An air of excitement and anticipation hung over the city. Newspapers and radio stations headlined every new development. The crucial question now was: Would Campbell dare show himself in public at the game that night? Assistant Inspector Boyle of No. 10 station, in whose precinct the Forum is located, announced: "If Campbell goes to the game there'll be trouble." So did hundreds who phoned the Forum, the NHL and various newspaper and radio offices. When Campbell announced that he would definitely attend, excitement reached a fever pitch.

At four o'clock station CKVL dispatched a mobile sound unit to the Shell gas station across the road from the Forum and set up a direct line to its transmitter. "We were almost certain that there was going to be trouble," says Marcel Beauregard, feature editor of CKVL. "It was in the air." It was at about this time too, according to a Montreal newspaper report, that an attempt was made to buy up a number of tickets near Campbell for the express purpose of tormenting him.

Why did Campbell decide to go to the game? As he saw it, he would be hanged either way. If he failed to go he would be branded as a coward. "I never seriously considered not going to the game," he later said. "I'm a season ticketholder and a regular attendant and I have a right to go. I felt that the police could protect me. I didn't consult them and they didn't advise me not to attend."

### Firecrackers at the Forum

Mayor Drapeau offers a different version. Campbell, he says, phoned the police during the afternoon to announce his attendance and ask for protection. A highly placed officer suggested that he stay away. Campbell replied that he had a perfect legal right to be there. The police officer thereupon suggested that Campbell drive his car to the garage two blocks east of the Forum where he customarily parked it, and wait there for a police escort. Richard, the other central figure in the controversy, was undecided about going until the last minute. His wife finally made up his mind for him. "She told me that she was going so I decided to go along too," he says.

The activity outside the Forum mounted steadily as the hour of the game approached. Bands of demonstrators moved up and down with signs saying "Unfair to French Canadians." At about 6.30 a number of panel trucks circled around Atwater Park, across from the Forum, a few times and discharged a number of young men in black leather windbreakers bearing white insignia. These windbreakers had special significance for the police. They were the garb of youthful motorcyclists who had been involved in disorders on previous occasions. Other groups kept arriving steadily. By 8.30, when the game started, in addition to the Forum patrons milling around outside awaiting entrance, there were probably about six hundred demonstrators. The Forum loudspeaker announced that all seats were now sold. A picketer shouted back, "We don't want seats. We want Campbell!" The cry was taken up and repeated endlessly with savage intensity. At this point somebody exploded a bunch of loud firecrackers.

A few minutes after the Canadien-Detroit game started Richard slipped into the Forum unnoticed and took a seat near the goal umpire's cage at the south end of the rink. He gazed intently at the ice, a look of distress on his face: the Canadiens were playing



pension had taken the heart out of them." At the eleventh minute of the first period Detroit scored a second goal and the Canadiens saw their hopes of a league championship go up in smoke. It was at this minute that Clarence Campbell entered the arena. He couldn't have chosen a worse time for his entrance.

An unkind fate had selected this precise moment. That evening Campbell had dined at the Montreal Amateur

secretary, her sister Audrey, who is a nurse-in-training at the Royal Victoria Hospital, and a friend named Hilda Hawkes, also a trainee. The dinner and hockey game were a celebration: both girls had been studying for examinations and hadn't been out of the hospital for weeks. Miss King warned the girls that they might be in for a rough time but they insisted on coming.

Dinner was over soon after eight.

Catherine Street, about two blocks east of the Forum. "We expected to be met there by a police escort," says Miss King, "but there was nobody there." Instead, according to Forum officials, a message was sent informing Campbell that the police were busy with the crowd and for him to wait in the garage until they could get away. Miss King's version of the message is that it suggested that Campbell go ahead to the Forum and enter quietly via the back





door. They decided to proceed immediately and through the front entrance, sending Audrey and her friend on ahead. At Closse Street, which forms the eastern boundary of the Forum, they ran smack into the crowd. Campbell approached a constable and said, "Please send me the officer in charge. I want to be escorted to my seat." The constable appeared to be somewhat stunned by seeing Campbell in the flesh. Recovered, he brought over a police inspector who led Campbell, followed by Miss King, inside the Forum. He went directly to the referees' room where he deposited his overcoat and then proceeded to his regular seats in the second row of Box No. 7, down at the south end of the rink.

As soon as Campbell sat down the crowd recognized him and pandemonium broke loose. They shifted their attention from the game to Campbell and set up a deafening roar. "Shoo Campbell, Shoo Campbell" . . . "Va-t'en, Va-t'en." "The people didn't care if we got licked 100-1 that night," says Dick Irvin. "They were only interested in Campbell. Evidently our players were too because they paid no attention to their hockey." In the remaining nine minutes of the first period, Detroit was able to score another two goals, making the score 4-1.

The next forty minutes were to be sheer torture for Campbell. Vegetables, eggs, tomatoes, rubbers, bottles and programs rained down on him. They were thrown from the \$1.50 seats and standing section far above. Miss King was wearing a brown otter fur coat and a white straw hat decorated with a large black flower. "It was an unfortunate choice," she said. "The hat made a clear target." But it was soon knocked off by a rubber, tearing the veil and smudging her face. Campbell was wearing a dark-green fedora and a dark-grey suit. They were soon smudged by oranges, eggs and tomatoes. At one point Campbell's hat was knocked off by a heavy flying object and an orange hit him square in the back. "I was afraid to look back for fear of being hit in the face," says Miss King. Most of the missiles were wide of their mark. To correct this, a well-dressed man, seated about half a dozen rows behind Campbell, stood up and directed the fire of those above him.

Campbell's ordeal was shared by his neighbors. Jimmy Orlando, an ex-hockey player who sat below Campbell, was struck by a potato. Campbell's friends who shared his row—Audrey King, Hilda Hawkes, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper Smeaton and Dr. and Mrs. Jack Gerrie were struck and splattered. (Smeaton is a retired insurance executive and a trustee of the Stanley Cup; Gerrie is a plastic surgeon in Montreal.) A young woman seated nearby was struck in the chest by a pop bottle. A city hall employee who customarily sits near Campbell became alarmed by the violence. "Go home . . . Please go home," he pleaded with Campbell.

But Campbell stood his ground. He was tight lipped but occasionally managed to smile. He tried to carry on his usual practice of making notes on

the refereeing in a black notebook, but had to abandon it as the hail of peanuts, pigs' feet and programs continued. "I tried to avoid doing anything that would provoke the crowd," said Campbell. Each time he got up to brush the debris from his clothes, the clamor grew louder. Whenever the Detroit team scored the crowd's temper rose and the shower of objects on Campbell thickened. His only nervous gesture was reaching for a handkerchief and tucking it in his sleeve. Miss King says, "There was so much going on we didn't have time to be afraid." From his rink-side seat, Richard occasionally turned to see what was happening. "This is a disgrace," he said to physiotherapist Bill Head who was sitting beside him.

Shortly before the end of the first period, a hatless youth in a wind-breaker came down the aisle from above and told the usher he was a friend and that he wanted to shake hands with Campbell. He was allowed through. As he approached Campbell he held out his left hand. When Campbell took his hand the youth unleashed two or three blows. Fortunately, Campbell had expected a ruse. He had grabbed his assailant's left hand firmly and leaned back as the blows fell, thus avoiding their full impact. Grabbed by two ushers and Jimmy Orlando, the youth tried to kick Campbell in the legs. He was promptly turned over to the two policemen who were stationed ten feet away. They let him go and he disappeared. Campbell later asked, wonderingly, "Why did they let him go? I don't know. Your guess is as good as mine."

### Where Were the Police?

The first period ended. Ordinarily, Campbell spends the intermissions in the referees' room. Tonight he decided to remain in his seat, believing that this would cause less excitement. His friends in the same row did likewise. A woman going by leaned over and whispered in Campbell's ear, "I'm ashamed. I want to apologize for the crowd." She was close to tears. About a minute later, one André Robinson, a young man of twenty-six who resembles Marlon Brando, confronted Campbell. Without uttering a word he squashed two large tomatoes against Campbell's chest and rubbed them in. As he fled down the stairs Campbell kept pointing at him, signaling the two policemen to arrest him. "Had he not done so, Robinson would have got away too," says Miss King. At that moment, Frank Teskey, of the Toronto Star, aimed his camera for a shot. A grapefruit came whizzing down and knocked the camera out of his hand.

Now, hordes of people came rushing down from the seats far above, surrounding Campbell's box. The ill feeling against Campbell was growing more intense by the second and there was nobody to help him. Looking around at the sea of hate-filled faces, Miss King had the feeling that they were closing in for the kill.

Where were the police? On hockey nights the Forum is responsible for



# As tear-gas fumes spread, the Forum organist played My Heart Cries for You

maintaining order inside the arena; the Montreal police department, outside. Because of the special circumstances on March 17 the police stationed two of their constables near Campbell's box. Frank Selke, manager of the Canadiens, employed eight plainclothesmen for similar duty, but they had to be rushed to guard the entrances against the demonstrators outside. Ordinarily, the Forum employs three hundred and fifty ushers, twelve policemen and twenty-four firemen; for the Detroit game they added an extra fifteen police—regular constables who were off duty. Ordinarily, the police have twenty-five men outside the Forum; on this night they had double that number to start with.

But at 9.11, when Campbell was being surrounded by a hostile mob, none of them were there to protect him. At that critical moment he was delivered by the explosion of a tear-gas bomb twenty-five feet away. As the thick fumes fanned upward and outward, the crowd immediately forgot Campbell and began fighting their way to the fresh air outside.

Who threw the bomb? This question has never been answered. There is no evidence that the thrower intended to befriend Campbell but that's what he may have done. Chief of Detectives George Allain later observed, "The bomb-thrower protected Campbell's life by releasing it at precisely the right moment."

The bomb, a type not on sale to the public, landed on a wet rubber mat on the aisle adjacent to the ice surface. The people nearby, of course, didn't know what it was. Some thought that the ammonia pipes had sprung a leak; others that a fire had broken out in the basement. Within a few seconds they were coughing and choking as the fumes clogged their eyes, throats, stomachs and lungs. To protect themselves as they hurried out, they wrapped programs, handkerchiefs, scarves and coats around their faces. Women were screaming. Somebody yelled "Fire!" A middle-aged man got stuck in one of the turnstiles in the lobby and was shouting to be released but nobody could hear him above the din. A pregnant woman fought her way to the fresh air outside and had to be taken to hospital. At the height of the exodus, with tears streaming from everybody's eyes, the organist high in the loft began playing My Heart Cries For You.

Looking down at the mad scramble in the smoke-filled arena, newsmen in the press box had the sickening feeling that they were about to witness a horrible and disastrous panic.

Panic was averted by the fast work of police and firemen. When Tom Leggett, director of police, saw the bomb go off he immediately assigned his men, who were outside the Forum, to keep all exits open and to keep the crowd moving out. Jim Hunter, the superintendent of the building, hurriedly switched on his thirteen powerful fans to suck the fumes out of the building.

Campbell was surprised when he saw the first cloud of smoke. He sniffed the air and because of his military training he immediately recognized it as tear gas. "Let's get out of here," he said, leading Miss King by the arm. He made his way to the first-aid centre fifty feet away under the stands where he found Dr. Gordon Young, the Canadian team physician, Bill Head, the physiotherapist, and Billy Wray, an

undertaker who is also a close personal friend of Campbell's. All these men were accompanied by their wives. Campbell assured everyone that he was unhurt. "What's happened is most unfortunate," he said gravely. Richard had also made his way to the first-aid centre but had never come face to face with Campbell because he was in a different room. He was aghast at what had happened. "This is terrible, awful," he said. "People might have been killed."

In the next ten minutes the outcome of the Montreal-Detroit hockey game was to be decided. Armand Paré, head of the Montreal fire department, was unwilling to have the game continue. He felt that the temper of the crowd was such that there was real danger of panic and fire. Campbell sent the following note to Jack Adams, the Detroit general manager, after conferring with Selke:

The game has been forfeited to Detroit. You are entitled to take your team on its way anytime now. Selke agrees as the fire department has ordered this building closed.

Since Detroit and Montreal were locked in battle for first place, Campbell was later severely criticized for the forfeiture. He explained, "I had no choice. When conditions prevail which make it impossible to go on with a game it is forfeited to the visiting team no matter which club is ahead."

## "Richard Makes Me Ashamed"

Back in the Detroit dressing room, manager Jack Adams was in an angry mood. News of the forfeiture seemed to intensify it. "What's happened tonight makes me sick and ashamed," he said. He then turned to a group of newspapermen. "I blame you fellows for what's happened. You've turned Richard into an idol, a man whose suspension can turn hockey fans into shrieking idiots. Now hear this: Richard is no hero. He let his team down, he let hockey down, he let the public down." Adams was standing with his feet wide apart, gesturing with his arms, his neck straining at a tight short collar. "Richard makes me ashamed to be connected with this game."

Selke brought news of the forfeiture to the Canadian dressing room just after Dick Irvin had finished a rousing pep talk. The players didn't say much; some of them threw their sticks and gloves on the floor in disgust. It was a crucial game to lose. "Most of our players never got over the forfeit," says Irvin. "It was on their minds all through the play-offs."

Until the bomb exploded the demonstration outside the Forum was neither destructive nor out of control. The explosion, however, signaled a change of mood. When thousands of excited, frightened fans poured outside and joined the demonstrators it seemed to unleash an ugly mob spirit which ended in a shameful episode of physical violence, vandalism and looting.

In a mob riot only a small core of people are required to initiate violence. They act as a catalyst on the crowd. Other people are carried away by the excitement and drawn into their activities. In the Richard riot, the core of violence was made up of bands of teen-agers and young adults. There were probably about five or six hundred



smoldering ashes. It was a wanton and tragic act. The stand belonged to Auguste Belanger, the fifty-six-year-old father of four children. After a considerable struggle he had only recently managed to set himself up in business. "Why did they have to do such a thing to me?" he sobbed.

The rioters now turned their attention to the firms that rented space on the ground floor of the Forum, facing St. Catherine Street. They heaved rocks through the plate-glass windows of the Royal Bank of Canada. The supervisor and three salesgirls of a United Cigar Store had to barricade themselves in the stock room to escape injury. Patrick Maloney, proprietor of a jewelry store, took refuge in the small windowless room where he repairs watches. His windows and stock were demolished by chunks of rock, metal and bottles. Many objects were stolen including a \$490 diamond ring. Maloney passed the time brewing coffee. Occasionally, he would step into the store and pick up a full bottle of beer or pop that had been hurled in and drink it. Debris came flying through the windows of the York Tavern. Benny Parent, the manager, ordered that the building be evacuated. The police continued the hard task of arresting the rioters. Whenever they had a full load of them, the patrol wagon would rush off to the police station with its siren wailing. A young doctor from the hospital across from the Forum stepped outside for a minute to see what was going on; before he knew what was happening he was on his way to the police station in a wagon. A little old lady with fire in her eyes approached Chief Leggett. "Let's start getting tough with them," she said, "I'm with you."

The little old lady was not the only person offering advice to the director of police. Dozens of people urged him to use more forceful methods against the demonstrators. Had he wished to do so the means were at hand. Each constable was armed with a stick and a revolver; a police car stood by with a supply of tear-gas bombs; the firemen had a high-pressure water hose ready. But Leggett withheld the order to use any of these strong-arm methods. "It might have led to panic and hysteria—and that's when people get killed," he said. As it was, not a single person was seriously injured.

By midnight some people had left, but even more had arrived, drawn by the radio broadcasts. Finally, Pierre DesMarais, chief of Montreal's executive committee, appealed to the radio stations to stop broadcasting news of the trouble. He reached Marcel Beauregard, who was at the scene of the riot. "It would help the police if you went off the air," said DesMarais. Beauregard checked with his boss, Jack Tietolman, the proprietor of CKVL, who agreed. CKVL finally went off the air after more than seven hours of on-the-spot broadcasting. The other stations did likewise.

By one o'clock the crowd had thinned out. About forty policemen, linked arm to arm, formed a solid chain across St. Catherine Street. They started moving slowly eastward, taking the crowd along with them. They felt that at last the riot was on the wane. But they were wrong.

Ahead of them, hidden from view by hundreds of people, groups of demonstrators began smashing store windows and stealing their contents. A heavy safety-zone lantern was hurled through the window of the International Music store; instruments were smashed and looted. The mob noticed a picture of Richard and the Canadiens in the window of Adolph Stegmeier's photographic studio. To get at it, they

hurled a twenty-pound block of ice they found on the road at the window. Before they could reach in and seize the photograph their way was barred by tenants who occupied apartments above the studio. Signs at Red Cross headquarters were torn down. Costly plate-glass windows at Ogilvy's department store were shattered. When Gilles Rouleau, owner of a florist shop, heard the crowd approaching, he locked his doors, doused his lights and waited. The rioters passed him by. He noticed that the vandals were teenagers but that they were being egged on by older people, many of whom appeared to be drunk.

In the fifteen blocks along St. Catherine Street, east of the Forum, fifty stores were damaged and looted. The stolen goods included kimonos, men's pants, dresses, high-chair pads, shoes, bracelets, cameras and assorted jewelry. At first it was believed that one hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods (including windows) had been damaged and stolen. Revised estimates scaled the amount down to thirty thousand dollars or less.

The police now sent out special patrols to find the vandals and recover the loot. They arrested one man who was carrying an armful of alarm clocks. By searching restaurants along St. Catherine Street they were able to pick up three other young men in possession of stolen goods. Only a few items of the pillaged goods were ever recovered. "Most of the stolen objects were mass-produced small items not easy to identify," says Chief Detective George Allain, "and there were no clues to follow." A few days after the riot A. Jeffries, proprietor of a photo-supply store, received a parcel in the mail containing a camera worth a hundred dollars that had been stolen from him. An unsigned note said, "My conscience has been bothering me ever since I took it from your window."

### "It Must Never Happen Again"

By 3 a.m. the last rock had been hurled, the last window had been smashed and the last blood-curdling shriek of "Kill Campbell!" had been uttered. The fury of the mob had spent itself.

By the end of the riot the police had picked up seventy people and delivered them to No. 10 police station. Twenty-five were juveniles (under eighteen) and were driven home to their parents. The remainder were transferred to the cells at police headquarters on Gosford Street. They talked hockey for an hour or so, then stretched out and went to sleep. At seven in the morning a guard came in and announced (wrongly) that Campbell had resigned. The arrested men roused themselves, cheered, jumped up and down and broke out in a song.

Addressing the offenders in municipal court the next morning, Judge Emmett J. McManamy intended his words to go far beyond his courtroom. "Last night's riot," he said, "brings home to the people of Montreal a terrible lesson of the narrow margin between order and disorder. It must never happen again." Some of the men appeared close to tears as the judge spoke. "All those who participated in the riot are not before the court but those who are must accept the responsibility." After a remand, the rioters were fined \$25 and required to post a bond for one year for \$100 to keep the peace.

Who were the offenders? Were they peaceful citizens or did they have criminal backgrounds? Were they caught up in the excitement of the crowd or did they go to the Forum determined to pillage and plunder?

A scientific study of the offenders at



the time of the riot might have yielded much valuable information about crowd behavior in a bi-racial province. Dr. J. S. Tyhurst, a McGill University psychiatrist interested in mob hysteria, had the opportunity to make only a few preliminary enquiries. He arranged to interview several of the offenders at the court. He found them "hostile, suspicious and disliking authority of all kinds." Three or four of them were students. There was no evidence that they were members of an organized gang. They were individuals, he concluded, that were "coalesced," *i.e.* molded into a group by the opportunity for violence. There are many people in our society who are "bewildered and uprooted" and carry around with them excessive feelings of hostility. Given an incendiary situation like the March 17 episode and they make "an explosive attempt at self-assertion and self-expression."

I attempted a study of twenty of the convicted offenders, obtaining the names and addresses from police records. The police claimed they had established the authenticity of all the names and addresses by checking them with the Montreal directory. Using the same method I could locate only seven of the twenty. The offenders had given the addresses of Ys, hospitals and barbershops; in other cases, the addresses given did not even exist.

From police records and from interviews with some of the convicted offenders and on-the-spot observers, some general conclusions are possible. The majority of the offenders were in their late teens or early twenties. All but two were Roman Catholic. They were predominantly French-speaking. None of them had previous criminal records. Most of them seemed to have been the victims of mob hysteria. In a mob, by some strange phenomenon, the individual feels anonymous and protected. He is freed from his usual inhibitions. He doesn't think before he acts, and he's liable to act in strange and unaccustomed ways.

André Robinson, the twenty-six-year-old man who was convicted for squashing the tomatoes on Campbell's chest, is a case in point. He's a rather handsome six-footer who holds down a responsible clerking job with a railway company. He's never been in any kind of trouble before. As he describes himself, "I'm the quiet type—I never kick up a fuss." He lives with his parents and two brothers, belongs to a bowling league and likes going to the movies and reading adventure stories in books and magazines. He's an ardent Canadian fan and goes to all their home games, sitting in the \$1.50 seats.

"I went to the game feeling mad at Campbell about the suspension," he told me, "but I didn't intend to do anything about it. I was unarmed. When Campbell entered the rink and all the people around me kept yelling and throwing things, something happened to me. I was no longer interested in the game. I could only watch Campbell and get madder and madder. I could see that the things being thrown at him were missing their mark. We were too far away. The fellow beside me had a big bag of tomatoes so I asked him for some. He gave me two. I got out of my seat and started walking toward Campbell. As I walked, I forgot about everything else. I only thought that I must get close to Campbell. I finally found myself standing in front of him. Without saying a word, I smashed the tomatoes against his chest and rubbed them in. He looked stunned. I then tried to run away but they caught me and put me in the police cell."

Robinson's subsequent experiences give a clear indication of how strongly



many Montrealers felt against Campbell. The next morning at 7 a.m. François Morel, the junior partner in a prominent Montreal legal firm, received an urgent phone call from a French-speaking millionaire client. "Go and find that young man who squashed the tomatoes on Campbell and look after him," he said. "I'll pay all costs—even if it comes to a million dollars." Morel bailed out Robinson for \$100 and later pleaded guilty for him. Robinson was fined \$25 for disturbing the peace and \$10 for assault. This was paid by the millionaire, along with Morel's legal fees.

Robinson became a hero overnight. He received more than thirty gifts—flowers, clothes, radios, cuff links and other jewelry. He returned all the presents with the exception of a hundred-dollar gold wrist watch, which was given to him by a group of friends for having been designated as a "star" of the Detroit-Montreal game on the sports page of a French newspaper. He received large piles of sympathetic letters, many of them from women wanting his autograph and photo.

When I spoke to Robinson three months after the incident, he seemed to be ashamed of it. "I don't know why I did it," he says. "It's not like me. Now that it's all over, I have no grudge against Campbell."

### Spotlight on "Saddle Tramps"

Like Robinson, most of the arrested offenders were the victims of hysteria by contagion. Guy Lebeau, thirty, is a well-spoken, neatly dressed clerk who works in a rubber factory. He lives with his mother. He attended the game and, after the bomb exploded, hung around like thousands of others to see what was going on. Everybody around him started yelling and throwing things. "I don't know why but I started doing the same," says Lebeau. Jacques Bibeau, nineteen, went to the Forum to buy a ticket but they were sold out. He met a few friends and they were soon part of a rowdy group picked up by police. Bibeau is convinced that Campbell suspended Richard because "he is a French Canadian and the best player on the team. Campbell does not like Richard or the Canadiens."

One group prominently associated with the riot were "the motorcyclists." The police refer to them as "saddle tramps." On the night of the riot their black leather windbreakers with white insignia were everywhere in evidence. It is estimated that there are about two hundred and fifty of these motorcyclists in Montreal between the ages of fourteen and eighteen. They are held together not by any formal organization but by a common search for adventure and excitement. They generally travel in bands of ten or fifteen. They first made their appearance in Montreal after the showing of *The Wild Ones*, a movie starring Marlon Brando. In this film, a band of reckless young motorcyclists wreak havoc in a town.

The mood of most Montrealers following the riot was a mixture of shame and regret. It was well summed up by the terse opening sentence in Dink Carroll's column in the *Gazette* on March 18: "I am ashamed of my city." Others, like Mayor Jean Drapeau, were less remorseful. He hurried back from Ottawa where he had been attending a reception at Rideau Hall given in honor of John Foster Dulles, the U. S. Secretary of State. At this important event the riot dominated the conversation. Even Governor-General Vincent Massey had strong opinions about it. Back in his office, Drapeau issued a statement which, on the surface, seemed to absolve the public of all

responsibility for the outbreak. It came about, he said, because of "provocation caused by Campbell's presence" and it would have been wiser for him to stay away. City Councilor Adeodat Crompt went even further. "We will seek a warrant for the arrest of Campbell for going to the game," he said. He was also going to take legal steps "to keep Campbell from ever setting foot in the Forum again." Executive chairman Pierre DesMarais contributed the understatement of the year: "The riot shows that our populace is enthusiastic," he said.

Campbell showed up at his office the next morning at the usual hour of 8.30. He refused a police offer of bodyguards. Newsmen were asking him for a statement. He said that he had no intention of resigning, as had been frequently suggested. Indeed, several of the NHL governors had already phoned him complimenting him on the way he had conducted himself the previous night. Later in the day he replied to Drapeau: "Drapeau's words are a strange and sad commentary coming from a chief magistrate sworn to uphold the law. Does he think I should have yielded to the intimidation of a bunch of hoodlums?"

Richard was still asleep when reporters knocked on the door of his home at eight o'clock. It was answered by his six-year-old son who said, "I hope you didn't come to talk to him about hockey." When the reporters returned later, Richard was attired in a white T-shirt and a pair of slacks. His face was lined with fatigue. "This certainly isn't the time for me to say anything," he said. "It might start something again." By three o'clock he changed his mind. He showed up in Frank Selke's office and said that he wanted to make a public statement. Selke said he could see no objection. At seven o'clock, seated in front of a battery of microphones, he made the following short speech in French:

Because I always try so hard to win and had my troubles in Boston, I was suspended. At play-off time it hurts not to be in the game with the boys. However I want to do what is good for the people of Montreal and the team. So that no further harm will be done, I would like to ask everyone to get behind the team and to help the boys win from the Rangers and Detroit. I will take my punishment and come back next year to help the club and younger players to win the cup.

As he repeated the speech in English, Richard appeared restless and upset. He rubbed his eyes, tugged at his tie and scratched his left ear. His words seemed to have a settling effect on the city. The question of his suspension was laid aside, at least for the time being. Mayor Drapeau and other leaders followed Richard with strong pleas for law and order. There was to be no further violence for the remainder of the season, despite the fact that the Canadiens lost the championship.

"*L'affaire Richard*," as the riot is now referred to in Quebec, stirred up a tidal wave of fear, accusation, ill-will and racial antagonism. But it also achieved one minor happy result which has not been widely publicized. The Canadian hockey club told its patrons they were entitled to a cash refund because the Detroit game had been forfeited. Many fans suggested that they didn't want their money back. How about giving the money to Paul Meger, a Canadian player who had been in hospital for eight months with a serious head injury? Selke made the suggestion public. There was an immediate response: practically all the fans contributed their money to the Paul Meger Fund. ★



✓ ✓ *cl*  
THE CORONATION HOCKEY LEAGUE

President  
Ross A. Ritchie  
4759 MacMahon

Secretary  
Jack A. Cullen  
4900 Doherty

February 28, 1955.

His Worship, Mayor Drapeau,  
City Hall,  
MONTREAL, Que.

Dear Mayor Drapeau:

Saturday, March 5th, marks the wind-up of the Coronation Hockey League season. We are holding a party for the boys from 2 to 5 p. m. in the St. Ignatius School Assembly Hall, on the corner of Terrebonne and West Broadway. Entertainment will be provided for the players and trophies will be presented to the leading team, the high scorer, the most valuable player and the top goaler in each league. Crests will be presented, also, to all of the boys.

We are proud of the Coronation Hockey League because we understand that it is the biggest league on record at any park in the City of Montreal. Hockey was provided for three hundred boys, representing twenty teams - eight Mosquito, seven Pee Wee, four Bantam and one Midget. Each team played an average of twenty-four games during the season and all the boys participated. It was necessary to have quite a large group of managers, coaches, referees, timekeepers, etc.; in fact, there was a total of more than fifty men who gave freely of their time during the year, regardless of weather, in order to make the season a successful one. We have gained a lot of experience and a lot of satisfaction from working with these boys, and we hope that next year will be bigger and better than ever.

We want this closing party, which lowers the curtain on this season's hockey, to be just as successful as the playing season and we, the Executive, feel that your presence at the party would help to make it so. We trust that we may have the pleasure of your company.

Yours sincerely,

*J. A. Cullen*  
(J. A. Cullen)  
Secretary.



# Quelles sont les causes de la décadence du hockey ?

M. Léo Dandurand déclare, et nous sommes porté à partager cet avis, que le jeu rude n'a pas nui au hockey. — Une des causes des assistances moins nombreuses ne résiderait-elle pas dans le fait que la qualité du hockey est moindre ? — Ce que dit M. Jos. Cattarinich. — Rétrospective vers le passé alors qu'il n'y avait que quatre clubs de dix joueurs et alors que les joueurs jouaient 60 minutes. — Il faut espérer pour l'avenir. — Chez les amateurs.

Par CHARLES MAYER

"Il est absolument faux que le jeu rude ait été la cause de la décadence de la crosse; c'est également faux de dire que le jeu dur tuera le hockey". C'est ce que vient de déclarer M. Léo Dandurand, directeur du Canadien, dans une entrevue accordée à un journaliste.

Nous sommes d'accord avec M. Dandurand. Cependant, nous avons nos idées sur les raisons qui font qu'il y a eu beaucoup moins de monde, cette année, aux joutes de hockey professionnel. Evidemment, il serait trop long de discuter toutes ces idées; nous en donnerons une.

De l'avis de votre correspondant, la qualité du hockey diminue et se rapproche sensiblement de celle que l'on constate chez les amateurs, chez ceux du Groupe Senior, par exemple. Il est vrai que je n'ai pas souvent manqué de partie de hockey depuis vingt ans. Mais ce cas s'applique à des milliers de gens aujourd'hui et ceci expliquerait peut-être que les spectateurs sont plus difficiles.

Votre correspondant hésitait à écrire les lignes qui précèdent. Il s'est demandé s'il n'avait pas tort de croire que les clubs comprenaient trop de membres, que plusieurs anciennes étoiles pâlisaient, que les jeunes recrues n'étaient pas à la hauteur, que les passes se faisaient plus mal et que l'on voyait, dans une joute, plus de mauvais hockey que de beaux coups.

Mais voilà que mardi de cette semaine, un magnat du hockey, dans une entrevue, faisait disparaître les hésitations en ce sens que les déclarations de M. Jos. Cattarinich venaient confirmer les opinions de votre correspondant.

## CE QU'EN PENSE M. CATTARINICH

Voici, en effet, ce que disait M. Cattarinich :

"Les équipes sont, en général, mûres, mais vous pouvez constater que les recrues sont rares, j'entends les recrues qui valent la peine qu'on s'occupe d'elles et qu'on les instruit. Vous pouvez constater combien peu de jeunes sur le grand nombre que l'on met à l'essai chaque année, peuvent rester dans

les cadres et y faire leur vie. Les vraies bonnes recrues ne sont pas nombreuses cette année encore et quant aux as-vétérans, il n'y en a pas à vendre".

Et Joe continue : "Quelque faibles qu'aient été nos recettes, cette année, nous serions prêts à faire des sacrifices pour acheter pour l'an prochain un, deux et trois excellents joueurs si on nous en indiquait en quelque endroit, mais aucun propriétaire de clubs n'est disposé dans le moment à vendre un seul de ses bons hommes".

Et M. Cattarinich termine par les paroles suivantes qui ne sont pas d'espoir :

"Nous avons fait inutilement plusieurs tentatives au cours de l'hiver".

## LE NOMBRE DES JOUEURS PROFESSIONNELS

Maintenant, qu'on se souvienne de la Ligue professionnelle de hockey d'il y a quinze ou vingt ans d'il y a même dix ans, environ. Cette ligue ne se composait alors que de quatre clubs comprenant neuf joueurs chacun, rarement dix. Du total de ces joueurs, six seule-



M. Jos. Cattarinich, copropriétaire du Canadien, qui affirme qu'il est difficile de trouver des jeunes recrues et encore plus difficile d'obtenir d'excellents joueurs des clubs qui ne veulent pas s'en départir.

ment étaient des étoiles. Les substituts étaient ou des vétérans ou des jeunes qui attendaient sur le banc, leur tour, pendant deux, trois et même quatre ans. Les réguliers jouaient soixante minutes et les substituts ne servaient qu'en cas d'accidents aux joueurs sur la glace ou en cas de suspension.

Il est évident que ces quarante joueurs qui composaient toute la ligue étaient meilleurs que ceux d'aujourd'hui. D'abord, ils étaient une sélection recrutée par tout le pays, ou, au moins par tout l'Est du Canada. Ils jouaient soixante minutes. C'est donc dire qu'ils avaient une grande expérience et qu'ils possédaient un jeu d'ensemble que l'on ne peut trouver, aujourd'hui, avec des joueurs qui ne passent pas plus de trois minutes sur la glace et qui ne jouent même pas avec les mêmes équipiers à trois ou quatre minutes d'intervalle.

Pour toutes ces raisons, la qualité du hockey est moindre et c'est une des raisons pourquoi les assistances sont moins nombreuses, tout en tenant compte, évidemment, de la crise et des temps durs que nous traversons.

On dira peut-être que, proportion gardée, la situation est la même chez les amateurs et on s'expliquera mal le fait que les spectateurs sont nombreux pour les encourager. Nous ne sommes pas de cette opinion. Les amateurs ont eu plus de chances de s'améliorer. Ils ont eu des patinoires plus nombreuses, plus modernes, mieux entretenues. Ils ont aussi joué des années avec les mêmes compagnons et sont restés plus longtemps ensemble sur la glace.

## LA QUESTION DES SALAIRES

Il y a aussi un autre détail, c'est que plusieurs amateurs sont bien rétribués, assez bien pour ne pas être intéressés dans les propositions que leur font les propriétaires de clubs professionnels. Nous n'oserons pas aller jusqu'à dire que les amateurs sont payés pour les parties de hockey qu'ils jouent mais nous affirmerons simplement qu'ils sont assez bien rétribués d'une façon ou d'une autre pour hésiter avant de passer au professionnalisme, surtout, quand ils ne sont pas certains du tout de faire le grade. Et, après tout, seules les recrues sensationnelles qui ont vraiment le hockey

inné en elles, peuvent espérer obtenir des salaires qui dépasseront les sommes qu'ils obtiennent de diverses façons comme amateurs.

Il y aurait encore à citer l'autre raison que les circuits professionnels ne se composent pas seulement de neuf clubs de quinze joueurs chacun mais d'une foule d'autres clubs qui composent les Ligues Internationale, Canado-Américaine, etc.

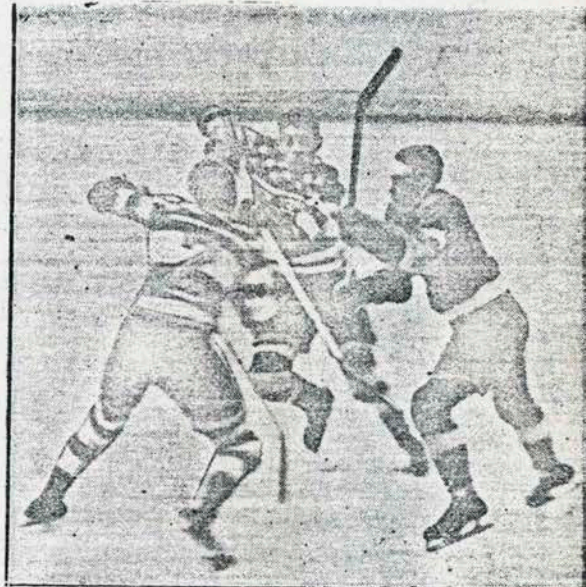
C'est donc dire, en somme, que l'on ne produit pas assez de jeunes joueurs pouvant passer rapidement chez les professionnels et donner la qualité de hockey que l'on constatait, autrefois, alors qu'il n'y avait que quatre clubs de dix joueurs chacun.

## ESPOIR POUR L'AVENIR

Mais tout ceci n'est pas dit dans une idée de destruction, au contraire. Nous tenons simplement à faire remarquer une opinion personnelle que nul n'est tenu de partager. De toute façon, nous comptons bien et nous en sommes même persuadés, que l'on trouvera des espoirs qui deviendront des réalités assez nombreuses pour nous faire voir le meilleur hockey possible et ceci ne devrait pas tarder.



M. Léo Dandurand, directeur du Canadien, qui prétend avec raison que le jeu rude n'a pas fait disparaître la crosse et n'a pas nui au hockey.



Voici un exemple typique du jeu rude au hockey. Est-ce là une des raisons de la décadence du hockey ? M. Léo Dandurand, du Canadien, déclare que non. En tout cas, ici, on voit Dutton et Martin des New York Americans, qui prennent tous les moyens pour empêcher Herbie Lewis, du Detroit, de passer. On voit que les bâtons sont hauts et on espère bien entendre le sifflet avant qu'il y ait dommage ou offense.



# LES ORIGINES DU HOCKEY

L'historique du hockey avant l'ouverture de la saison. — Les Grecs jouaient au hockey 500 ans avant le Christ. — Le sport en général chez les Anciens. — Denys l'Ancien frappait la balle. — La balle au mur à Athènes. — Le hoquet français. — C'est au Canada que revient l'honneur d'avoir inventé le hockey sur patins.

Quelques jours avant l'ouverture de la saison du sport de glace et de neige, nous avons songé que nos lecteurs ne seraient peut-être pas fâchés de lire un article sur l'historique du hockey, sport national des Canadiens-français. Nous avons eu recours pour ce faire, à l'article intéressant du Père Léopold Bourassa, s.j., paru en 1931 dans l'Album du Collège Jean de Brébeuf. L'encyclopédie nous a été aussi d'un grand secours dans la poursuite de notre enquête, et nous nous empressons de le dire, considérant que nous n'aurions que mauvaise grâce à le cacher. Le monde ne s'est pas fait en un jour, et surtout quand il s'agit de prouver qu'on jouait au hockey chez les Grecs, 500 ans avant le Christ, les archives peuvent dans ce cas nous avoir été d'un indispensable secours.

On s'adonnait aux exercices de la gymnastique, de l'escrime, de la souque à la corde, il n'y avait rien à l'épreuve de ces guerriers, de ces fils de Paris! Il n'est pas besoin de fouiller dans les archives pour savoir que nos Jeux Olympiques, ceux par exemple qui se préparent à Berlin actuellement, ne sont qu'une copie des olympiques grecques. On lit dans un auteur ancien — comme c'est vrai qu'il n'y a rien de nouveau sous le soleil — que l'arbitre d'un combat devait imposer une amende pour maintenir son autorité...

## SOPHOCLE JOUAIT AU BASEBALL

Et le Père Bourassa continue: "Alexandre le Grand, Sophocle et Denys l'Ancien jouaient à la balle au camp! (sphazein, en grec) selon Plutarque. Mieux que cela les

national, le hockey aurait envahi les Romains, et se serait faufilé par les Alpes jusque chez les valeureux Gaulois.

## LE GOURET FRANÇAIS: LE HOQUET

Et pour terminer, je me contente de citer le Père Bourassa dont la phrase claire et les idées précises ne feront que donner à notre travail un vernis qu'il recherchait en vain.

Le hockey grec cependant est encore assez loin du nôtre quant aux règles: le nombre des joueurs est illimité, il n'y a pas de buts: on se contente de faire passer la balle à travers la limite adverse. Sorte de polo somme toute, probablement l'origine.

Mais le hoquet français du moyen-âge a des règles précises: 15 joueurs, un terrain de 300 pieds de large et 7 de haut. Hoquet, c'est le nom du bâton recourbé. Jusqu'à on joue sur le gazon et avec une ardeur peu ordinaire. Les Anglais adoptent le jeu qui devient hockey. Sous le nom de "shinny" on le joue sur la glace, l'hiver, mais sans patins.

## MONTREAL INVENTE LE HOCKEY SUR PATINS

Au Canada, à la ville de Montréal



Ce bas-relief, découvert à Athènes en 1922, atteste de l'existence et de la pratique du hockey chez les Grecs. Il est probable que cette plaque à la base du monument n'a pas été sculptée par un Athénien, mais bien par un artiste égypte, ou par un insulaire; en tout cas, sa présence prouve que le hockey se jouait à Athènes, il y a plus de 2,000 ans.

Nous extrayons de l'article de l'Album en question des faits intéressants, celui-ci par exemple, où d'après l'auteur, un confrère du "Camplon", revue sportive, raconte bien naïvement — il n'y faudrait pas ajouter foi comme à l'Evangile — que notre grand-père Noé, lorsque le déluge commença se serait écrié avec désinvolture: "Si ça peut geler l..."

## LE SPORT CHEZ LES ANCIENS

Mais avant de prouver comme nous le ferons plus tard que les Grecs jouaient au hockey, nous voulons aller plus loin, et à avancer par exemple que chez les Grecs on pratiquait une foule d'autres sports que plusieurs croient d'invention moderne, ainsi la course d'hommes et de chevaux était très populaire chez les Hellènes. "Cette lutte avec le coup de beller (krikopein, en grec), comme nous le dit le Père Bourassa, et que Sonnenberg se glorifie d'avoir inventé, et la cravate dite russe (trakalsmos, en grec) furent tous du génie inventif des créateurs du cheval de Troie. On boxait également au temps de la belle Hélène aux "bras blancs", poings nus ou avec gants de fer. On sautait, on lançait le disque et le

Grecs se passionnaient pour le rugby (sphaira episkuros, en grec). On jouait à la balle au mur à Athènes, tout comme à la Palestre Nationale, quoi! Pour ce qui est du tennis, on le jouait alors, mais en se renvoyant la balle avec le plat de la main. La raquette ne fera son apparition qu'au Moyen-Âge. (Ludere expulsim, repercutere).

## LE HOCKEY CHEZ LES GRECS

Le hockey et non le goret, car toujours d'après le Père Bourassa, et les érudits, le mot goret est une analogie du jeu de golf. Nous disions que les Grecs jouaient au hockey, il y a au moins 2,500 ans, et comme dans les grands procès nous apportons à l'appui de notre preuve une pièce à conviction, une vignette intéressante, découverte en 1922 à la base du mur construit par Thémistocle à Athènes, et qui porte son nom. D'après les recherches de l'étude du Père Bourassa, on appelait le hockey, koura, goura chez les Algériens, colonie française, "de là peut-être goret, et le mot nous trait très bien, si déjà il ne désignait pas en France, un tout autre jeu". Et puis alors pour continuer ces bribes historiques de notre sport

était réservé l'honneur d'inventer le hockey sur patins, il y a soixant ans à peine. Quelques-uns ont dit que l'on avait d'abord joué en patins à la crosse, le "baggataway indien, et que le jeu évoluait. D'autres mettent à l'origine le "shinny" anglais. Le R. P. Lalande s.j., lors d'un banquet en l'honneur des Canadiens, en 1922, attribuait au Collège Ste-Marie, l'invention du hockey, par l'intermédiaire du "shinny". Tout simplement quand venait l'hiver, on dépouillait sa crosse qui se changeait alors en ce fameux bâton recourbé nécessaire, et devenait hoquet. On jouait le shinny en patins, vers 1876. Y eut-il des parties organisées? Sûrement entre les classes mais rien n'indique que le nouveau jeu se soit extériorisé, ait eu de la vogue hors du collège. Ces faits sont confirmés par le Père Th. Hudon, s.j., élève alors. Ce n'est qu'en 1879, en décembre, qu'eut lieu la première vraie partie de hockey que l'on peut dire historique. L'honneur en revient à l'Université McGill.

Il y aurait encore une foule de choses intéressantes à dire, par exemple que la rondelle est née de la balle dont on se servait pour jouer sur le gazon, un peu comme la femme est née d'une côte de l'homme. On sectionna la balle et on obtint la rondelle qui glissait mieux sur la glace. Que c'est M. Smith qui inaugura le hockey sur glace à McGill, que les premières parties se jouèrent sur la glace du fleuve St-Laurent, que la première équipe officielle de hockey fut "The McGill University Hockey Club", que les joutes à partir de ce moment se jouèrent sur le "Crystal Ice Rink"... mais nous n'en finirions plus, et l'espace et le type! Il faut y penser au type! Un "tabloid" ce n'est pas un journal à écrire des romans, comme dirait l'autre!

Et voilà terminée l'histoire du hockey et du sport en général chez les Anciens. Assez bizarre tout de même que ce sport ait eu à faire un détour par le Canada, pour se



# Les origines du hockey au Canada. *Petit Journal 18/2/34*

Alors que la redoutable équipe de l'Université McGill est en tête du hockey intercollégial, presque assurée des honneurs pour la province de Québec et en excellente voie de conquérir la coupe Allan, emblème du championnat amateur du Canada, il est certainement à l'ordre du jour de parler des origines du hockey sur glace.

Dans l'atmosphère de l'Université McGill, on affirme hautement que le club McGill représente la plus ancienne organisation continue de son genre dans le monde. On possède des records pour prouver que le club de hockey McGill a toujours pris part à des cédules régulières de parties depuis 54 ans, tandis qu'il a été dans des séries régulières avec un club de Québec aussi loin qu'en 1875, ce qui voudrait dire que le club existe depuis bientôt 65 ans.

Incidemment, l'un de ceux qui ont organisé une équipe de hockey à McGill dans les débuts n'est autre que M. P.-D. Ross, d'Ottawa. Il intéressa Lord Stanley of Preston, qui devint gouverneur-général du Canada, en 1888, dans le sport d'hiver national avec le résultat que Lord Stanley offrit une coupe, la coupe Stanley, en 1892, pour le trophée de l'emblème du championnat du Canada.

Son Excellence nomma M. Ross et le shérif Sweetland, d'Ottawa, comme gardiens de la coupe. Au décès du shérif, William Foran, d'Ottawa, secrétaire de la Commission du service civil, fut nommé et, aujourd'hui encore, MM. Ross et Foran sont encore responsables pour le trophée, bien qu'en 1907, la coupe devint la "possession" des champions professionnels.

Dans la ville de Kingston, on insiste sur le fait que le hockey a eu ses origines à cet endroit, aux environs de 1865, lorsque les officiers des Canadian Rifles de Sa Majesté l'inventèrent pour jouer le jeu sur la rivière Cataracoui dans le but de passer le temps et dans celui d'aider à maintenir la neutralité du Canada au cours de la guerre civile américaine. Ces officiers avaient joué un jeu semblable sur les champs d'Angleterre, prétend-on, bien qu'il soit dit que le hockey sur le gazon ne fit pas son apparition en Grande-Bretagne avant 1883. Incidemment, il faudrait dire que l'Association de hockey d'Angleterre ne prit naissance qu'en 1886, cela selon les documents officiels.

A Sault-Sainte-Marie, Ontario, on prétend aussi que c'est là que l'on a joué au hockey d'abord. Là aussi, on rappelle l'origine anglaise, puisque des anciens résidents de la mère-patrie imaginèrent de jouer le sport d'été sur la glace.

A Montréal, on prétend que le premier code de règlements fut rédigé en 1879 par deux diplômés du McGill, MM. W.-F. Robertson et R.-F. Smith, qui avaient déjà joué au hockey avec le club McGill alors que l'on organisait des équipes jusqu'à douze hommes, cela selon le nombre des participants sur place.

## LES REGLEMENTS A HALIFAX.

Puis, dans les années de 1870 à 1880, on eût ce que l'on appela les Halifax Club Hockey Rules. C'est donc dire que la ville du bord de la mer a aussi quelque chose à faire dans les origines du hockey sur glace. On parle des règlements d'Halifax comme ayant été préparés en 1877.

Si l'on va encore plus loin, pour retracer les origines du hockey, on trouve que les anciens Bretons jouaient un jeu avec un bâton comme passe-temps, en France, jeu qui avait plusieurs points de ressemblance avec le hockey de nos jours. Le fait est que les Français avaient un mot pour ce jeu, le "hoquet", qui signifiait le bâton avec lequel on jouait.

Les Irlandais pratiquaient un jeu du nom de "hurley" avec un instrument que l'on appelait le "hurlet". En Ecosse, il y avait aussi un jeu que l'on appelait "shinty". Ce fut probablement là l'origine du jeu canadien que l'on jouait sous le nom de "shinny" et dans lequel l'équipe comprenant le plus de membres et possédant les bâtons les plus lourds était vainqueur.

## McGILL ET LA PLUS ANCIENNE COUPE.

Pour revenir au Canada, disons que McGill prétend posséder la plus ancienne coupe en existence pour le hockey. Il s'agit d'un trophée qui fut donné pour le championnat de Montréal au carnaval d'hiver de 1884. Cette coupe, évidemment, ne représente pas les origines du hockey.

Lorsque Lord Stanley arriva à Rideau Hall, en 1888, il y avait, au moins six équipes de hockey bien connues : M.A.A.A., Montreal Victoria, Crystals, Montreal Shamrocks, McGill et Ottawa. La première équipe connue dans la capitale canadienne fut celle des Rebels dont les membres portaient des chandails rouges. Au nombre des premiers participants de cette équipe, mentionnons Lord Cravan, un aide-de-camp de Lord Stanley, l'honorable Arthur Stanley, fils du gouverneur-général, et P.-D. Ross, qui fut toujours un athlète éminent dans tous les sports du temps.

Les Rebels firent beaucoup pour populariser le hockey en Ontario, puisque l'on peut lire dans les journaux qu'ils firent plusieurs voyages à Kingston, Peterboro, Toronto et autres endroits "où le hockey était, auparavant, inconnu". Ces informations sembleraient indiquer que Kingston n'en connaissait pas long sur le hockey avant les visites des Rebels dans cette ville. Le travail des Rebels porta apparemment des fruits puisque la présente Ontario Hockey Association fut fondée en 1890.

La coupe Stanley peut être aussi considérée comme un des résultats du travail des Rebels, et elle fut, d'abord, présentée au Montreal M.A.A.A. parce que cette équipe avait défait tous les autres clubs dans la région de Montréal et d'Ottawa, faisant partie de ce que l'on appelait, dans le temps, l'Amateur Hockey Association of Canada. Cette association avait été fondée en 1887, d'après les records que nous possédons.

## LA FAMEUSE EQUIPE "SILVER SEVEN"

La première série du championnat de la Ontario Hockey Association fut gagnée par l'Ottawa et le club de la capitale répéta son exploit en 1892 et en 1893. Dix ans plus tard, l'équipe d'Ottawa, la fameuse "Silver Seven", fit la conquête des honneurs de la Canadian Hockey Association, gagnant ainsi la coupe Stanley, pour la première fois, dans cette ville. Le club d'Ottawa défendit avec succès le fameux trophée jusqu'en 1906, lorsque les merveilleux "Silver Seven" furent défaits par les non moins merveilleux "Montreal Wanderers". Le hockey professionnel déclaré fit ses débuts en 1907 et la coupe demeura entre les mains de ceux qui avaient oublié l'amateurisme.

Cet geste fit penser à Sir Montagu Allan, C.V.O., de Montréal, de présenter la coupe Allan, en 1908, pour le club amateur qui remporterait les honneurs du Dominion. La coupe fut d'abord gagnée