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How to shaft an old man

The Young Progressive Conservatives at Dalhousie pulled a coup Tuesday at the expense of the Gazette, the students and John Diefenbaker.

Dalhousie's PC association decided that something had to be done to get people out to their meetings. The idea they accepted was to advertise that the party's national leader would speak at the usual Tuesday morning meeting.

It was a trick and Mr. Diefenbaker never appeared. He did speak but it took the form of a tape recorded message. Needless to say, that the students that turned up at the meeting to hear "the chief" were not amused by the fraud.

The majority of the 150 people on the scene left when Dalhousie's PC association party leader George Munroe announced the hoax.

The saddest part of Munroe's little trick was that if anyone was made a fool of it was the man they claim to follow - John Diefenbaker.

Perhaps they have forgotten that it was the young PCs who led the headhunt at this year's national PC convention that destroyed Diefenbaker. These same young Tories that used Diefenbaker to political advantage on Tuesday were among the rabble that jeered

him when he needed their support.

Even Munroe, who claims to be a Diefenbaker supporter, flew his true colors in an interview when he mouthed the 'party-line' - "We support the reassessment of the leadership in the Fall of 1967. Until that time we are bound to support our leader."

Pathetic is the only word to describe the Tuesday episode. Diefenbaker, a defeated old man, rejected by his own party members, accepted the invitation to tape a telephone interview with a branch of the university PC association in the unrealistic hope that he may have found new support from the young iconoclasts that a short time before had vilified him.

The once mighty firebrand of the Conservatives was reduced to courting the favor of a group of political rapists.

Perhaps the actions of the Dalhousie PCs can be seen in perspective if it is realized that Tuesday's fiasco, held at the expense of John Diefenbaker, gave wonderful advanced publicity for the January 26 visit of the party's golden boy George Hees.

Dalhousie political life has been dead dull for the past few years. The PC association's attempt to revive the corpse would be commendable if they had made their actions worthy of their motives.

Nazis deserve free speech

Despite the loud cries of its critics the CBC is again proving that it has more guts than its private competitor.

The Corporations attempt to bring German neo-Nazi leader Adolf von Thadden to appear on its program SUNDAY was a courageous undertaking. The furor was inevitable, but that did not stop the CBC.

They knew full well that the very minority groups that benefit most from the civil liberties in this country would be the first ones to try to deny the same privileges to others.

The same people that malign the Communist block countries and other authoritarian regimes for restricting the practice of free-speech want to muzzle von Thadden.

If anyone is to be feared it is the people that would accept the policy of the Canadian Jewish Congress. With all due respect to feelings of the Jewish people and recognizing their past associations with Nazism, there is no reason to accept their present irrational proposals.

The prohibitions suggested by the Jewish Congress, and several other vocal minorities, smack of the same fanaticism one encounters in some sections of American society with regards to communism.

In both cases the people involved speak as if they were dealing with some form of mystical entity rather than a political philosopher.

These critics must wake up to the fact that they are dealing with ideas and not a disease.

The Toronto Daily Star ran the following editorial on the subject:

Adolf von Thadden's neo-Nazi National Democratic party has the support of a million voters in Bavaria who sent 15 National Democrats to the Bavarian state legislature in the most recent elections.

As the leader of a resurgent rightwing group in West Germany, Von Thadden is a man whose policies and philosophies are a matter of interest - and concern - to democrats all over the world.

It is possible to understand the feelings of the Canadian Jewish Congress over the CBC's proposal to invite Von Thadden to appear on Canadian television without supporting their protest over his visit. A former Panzer officer with a Nazi taint is bound to stir the emotions of men and women who suffered agonies at Hitler's hands.

But Von Thadden is no sick nonentity like Lincoln Rockwell or William Beattie. He has a party and a voice in the Bavarian legislature.

It is important that the world know Von Thadden, the West German frustrations that elected members of his party and the aims of the right-wing in German politics. The new nazism cannot be met and defeated in ignorance of the forces and the men who produced it.

The ordinary good sense of the Canadian people will not likely be perverted by Von Thadden's appearance on the CBC. We owe it to ourselves to decide if the Nazi voice of the past has any future.



Saigon is today's sin city

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the second part of a three-part feature by Howard Moffett, collegiate press service correspondent in South Vietnam.

By HOWARD MOFFETT
 (Special to Canadian University Press)

SAIGON (CPS) - Saigon is a jaded city. There are no innocents here, not even little kids. Everything happens in the streets, and a ten-year-old Vietnamese girl is likely to know more about the way adults behave in the dark or under stress than a 20-year-old American college boy.

Layers of dust give busy streets the same dull yellow look as the stucco walls around French villas and office buildings.

For lack of private toilet facilities, many urinate or defecate in alleys and streets. A year ago piles of garbage lay rotting on Saigon's main boulevards, and even now in some places the trucks can't cart it away fast enough.

On Tu Do (Freedom) Street, once a fashionable office and shopping district, scores of bars now cater to American GPs. The dull, inevitable pump of Nancy Sinatra or the Beatles lasts from three in the afternoon to eleven at night, when military police move through to hustle lingerers home before curfew.

Inside, a young cavalryman down from An Khe tells a sad-looking girl the same war story he told another girl last night, and wishes he were telling it to the girl back home. For her part, the bar girl tells him in broken English about her divided family - maybe the same story she told last night, maybe not - and

wonders if he will take her home. She made more money last week than her father did last year. Prices are higher now though.

Outside, teenage boys peddle pornography and young men with motor scooters and old men with pedicabs offer a ride home, and a "nice young girl - cheap".

Students dodging the draft buy forged credentials, and money changers - who often turn out to be sleight-of-hand artists or secret police agents - promise double the official rate for greenbacks.

The refugees and the poor live in their alleys on the perimeter of the middle-class city. These thoroughfares, some of them all of three feet wide, wind in interminable mazes wherever there is ground to build a house.

Despite the weariness, the closeness and the heat, Saigon's culture has a spontaneity that twenty years of war has not stamped out.

Delta hospitality is famous throughout Southeast Asia; any guest is given the best in the house.

Night life is tinny, but those who frequent the city's clubs give it a pulsing rhythm of its own. Any soldier lives close to the surface, and the Vietnamese infantryman tends to be more fatalistic than most. A terrorist grenade or a drunken officer's pistol shot could end it any time. Private dance parties require a permit, but many young hosts and hostesses take their chances and often wind up with the police as uninvited guests.

French influence is still evident everywhere. Those city boys

who have managed to avoid the draft often affect French styles in dress, haircuts, and speech. Well-stocked French bookstores bear testimony to a large class of people who continue to enjoy European literature for its own sake. At this moment, controversy rages over whether to permit the French to maintain their prestigious lycées, and whether or not to substitute Vietnamese - or English - for French as the language of instruction in the universities.

The performing arts have been hit hard by the war, but every week or so a concert or recital is announced, and Vietnamese plays draw large audiences.

Buddhist activity has waned considerably since Prime Minister Ky's successful crackdown on the Struggle Movement in Hue last spring. Still, the pagodas are filled with saffron-clad monks trying to patch up or widen further the rift in the Buddhist Unified Church. Buddhist and Confucian funerals periodically fill the streets with color.

The newspapers are still subject to government censorship, but political discussions in restaurants and cafes are often heated and free. Unlike the last days under Diem, students now do not hesitate to criticize the regime, and charges of corruption and/or incompetence are regularly if quietly flung at some of the Directorate's leading generals.

But political discussions, even those involving the new Constituent Assembly, inevitably smack of resignation. South Vietnam is at war with itself, Saigon is under siege, and even the most hopeful know that as long as this goes on,

and maybe longer, the generals will wield effective power.

More than anything, Saigon is a tentative, uncertain city, a city on the defensive against force - against the military, against the Americans, and against the Viet Cong. If there is a universal mood here, it is the urge to protect and cling to what little culture and happiness and peace can be salvaged from the war, from well-meaning but rough and free-spending American troops, and from infiltrating terrorists.

The faces of the people tell you nothing. Little children are often quick to smile and say, "Hello, O.K.". Older people seldom either smile or scowl and teenagers seem as impassive or inscrutable as their parents.

A visitor would guess that, except for those who are making a living off them, Vietnamese in Saigon do not particularly care for Americans but are waiting to see if they are going to win. One senses that this is still an open question, and that no one is in a hurry to predict the answer.

No city can completely normalize war. Tempers grow short, psychological tensions mount, and there is no place to go. A quiet drive in the country would be impossible even if you had a car.

You notice that the American official getting out of his sedan with gold bag in hand, goes into a hotel whose entrance is sand-bagged and guarded by a GI, like any other of the scores of American military billets in Saigon.

You notice the barbed wire surrounding the headquarters of the Military Directory at Gia

Long Palace and the Prime Minister's office on Thong Nhut.

You read every once in a while of a taxi driver wounded by a GI sentry, alert for terrorists, who shot too quickly when the taxi broke down in front of his billet.

You notice an American car disappearing into the big USAID No. 1 compound on Le Van Duyet Street. A Vietnamese guard has just walked around it with what looks like a snow shovel. On closer examination, it is a mirror, used to check for mines which might be attached to the underside of the car.

Between 12 and 4 in the morning, the streets are quiet except for an occasional convoy rumbling through the city on its way to a battlefield.

Night in Saigon belongs to the police. During curfew, they move through each of the city's lieugia's (neighborhoods of ten to fifteen families presided over by a head man responsible to the officials), and make spot checks at different homes, called "family roll calls", to discover infiltrators.

On the outskirts of the city, orange flares drift slowly down over forest and paddy as armed helicopters hover over firefights between infiltrating guerrillas and government troops defending the capital's security belt. Jets roar past overhead.

And in the distance, there is the dull boom of mortars lobbing shells into supposed Viet Cong positions beyond the city's defense perimeter.

It is at night that the war closes in on Saigon.

Letters to the Editor



Dear Editor:

I noticed that you ran a photo of the Gazette's associate editor last week. The copy under the photo said it showed Mr. David Day hard at work at the Canadian University Press conference held at Montreal during the Christmas-New Year break. I know that Mr. Day is a hard working third year law student, but I am afraid that the photo you ran did not give a picture of the real David Day. Here is that David Day as I met him at the same conference.

Yours truly,
 Elaine Rankey

To the Editor:

Tuesday the Conservative Students made a mockery of the truth. Whoever organized the supposed meeting to "hear" John Diefenbaker underestimated the intelligence of Dalhousie students. Such a fraud as took place makes a mockery of every genuine attempt by students to involve themselves meaningfully in politics.

John Diefenbaker did not appear at Dalhousie as the Conservatives would have had everyone believe. Oh yes, they were technically and legally correct in their advertising. Diefenbaker "will speak", "hear Diefenbaker" was the line they strung. The fine difference between a personal appearance and "speaking to" the meeting was meant to deceive those attending.

The Conservatives made a mockery of themselves, Tuesday.

Marlene Clark Connie Bateman
 Ron O'Brien Ross Logan
 Ken Campbell Ted Danielson
 Elliott DeWolfe

To the Editor:

The Prudential Finance fiasco suggests irresponsibility so what about the little people who lost their life savings? The Atlantic Acceptance losers were largely companies supposedly capable of scrutinizing prospective investments, and there was some legislative provision for company shareholders suffering a loss, including a profit for a middleman.

At the British Mortgage & Trust merger meeting, the shareholders were informed of losses totalling \$10,000,000 to \$14,000,000, which includes over a million dollars lost on Atlantic and subsidiary shares. They accepted a proposed exchange of shares after hearing that if their company went into bankruptcy there would be nothing for them.

The chairman of the takeover

company, Victoria & Grey Trust, told its shareholders that tax write offs would cut British Mortgage's loss by half.

When a company showing financial losses is taken over by another company in the same line of business, all losses, including worthless securities, are acquired and the amount may be deducted from future profits before corporation tax, which means that the two governments, federal and provincial, assume half of the losses in reduced tax revenue.

Yours truly,
 John Gilbert
 Hanover, Ontario
 January 7, 1967

P.S. The big Halifax dailies have a policy not to accept non-Maritime letters, and this is of national interest. It is being sent to some 40 dailies. How about you?

Dear Sir:

The Dalhousie Gazette at times confuses bad manners and good writing. When Linda Gillingwater refers to "Trivial Trivett" on the front page of the January 12th issue, she is uttering an opinion

that had better been given face to face, then typed out with semi-anonymous sniggers for publication across the campus.

To quote her article again she says, "I may sound funny, but it is not". I agree. This was unworthy of what is called the best newspaper in Canada, and perhaps the Editor in Chief might like either to apologise to the person concerned or to print this letter.

Yours faithfully,
 James MacPherson

DO YOU HAVE ODD BOOTS?
 Some one has a pair of boots that match mine. Unfortunately they don't match each other. If the girl who took the wrong boot by mistake at Sigma Chi on Jan. 14 would like to swap before it snows again, please call 454-2542.

Dear Editor:

Would anyone that witnessed a collision between my car, a light blue Austin 1100, and a four-wheel earth moving machine on the Dalhousie campus one morning last month between the hours of 9 and 9:15 a.m., please phone Lance Hale at 429-0273. Thank-you.

please stand up.

F - Fran Farrell looks down her nose at Gazette photographer who had set a beer bottle on the floor to use for a tripod so he could capture some unusual angle-shots.

G - Tee-Hee! You're just too funny for words. Let's see you stick your tongue out your nose again.

H - Young lady I am not a snob! And I would be glad to light your "ciggy" if you had one in your hand.

I - Could it be that I forgot to use my Ban?

The Gazette wishes to apologize to
 basketball scoring champion
 George Hughes for the mix-up
 in the headline on last week's sports page

NOTICES

RETREAT: January 27-29.
 This is the final Retreat of the year. It will include the usual weekend of discussion on a topic of interest to students.

Place: Camp Brunswick, East Chezzetcook. \$5 for the weekend.
 Application forms in Council office.

Series of Dialogues

From January until the end of February
 Six sessions - Tuesdays, 12:30 Noon - 1:30 p.m.
 Room 21, A & A Building

Tuesday, January 24 - Dr. T. E. Flynn - English Dept. (Dal & SMU) - "Ultimate Questions in Contemporary Literature."
 Tuesday, January 31 - Dr. Ravi Ravindra - Physics Dept. "Has Science Eliminated the Religious Quest?"
 Tuesday, February 7 - The Religious Question & Man's Religion - (a) Judaism - Rabbi J. Deitcher.
 Tuesday, February 14 - The Religious Question & Man's Religions - (b) "Christianity" - Prof. R. D. Crouse, Classic Dept.
 Tuesday, February 21 - The Religious Question & Man's Religions (c) "Hinduism" - Dr. R. C. Chalmers - Pinehill.

The assigned leaders will open the dialogue with a statement lasting about 20-30 minutes - questions and discussion will follow.