The bombs have left a legacy of hate

By ABRAHAM L. FEINBERG
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In the early morning of Aug. 13 last year, the population of the farm hamlet of Phu-Xa, in Nhat-Tan commune, slightly more than four miles from the centre of Hanoi, numbered 345, all Roman Catholics, with an imposing church at the centre of the tiny complek of thatched or tiled-roof houses, flanked by a tall stone monument constructed in 1950 as tribute to the Vatican festival that year.

Several hours later (our North Vietnamese hosts told us), the population of Phu-Xa was reduced, violently, by 24. Many of the dead were elderly. The younger men and women had gone off to their back-breaking work in the banana groves and rice paddies and at the silk-worm cocoons, for Vietnamese peasants labor long and hard and Phu-Xa was noted for its piety and industry. Also among the dead were nine children, six of them pupils in kindergarten. And, of course, numerous dwellings were destroyed or damaged.

The church now has a sturdy new roof of tile, its former one having been shattered. The walls, though blackened and battered by fire, did not collapse, but the broken windows have not yet been replaced.

Pang of shame

But nothing could blunt the sharp pang of shame that assailed me — for all the available evidence seemed to testify that the bombs that killed six kids of that kindergarten had been dropped by a plane built for bombing and despatched for bombing by the armed forces of the United States, to which I have always been proud to claim loyalty and affection as a native-born citizen. Mr. Muste wept openly; I was too troubled for tears.

All the blasted and burned dwellings in Phu-Xa have been rebuilt, except one that has been left untouched as a "souvenir," and another which had been practically obliterated. When the shards and rubble were cleared away, the hamlet council decided to adopt this empty site for a memorial to the dead, with special concern for an entire family of nine which had perished there, and for a museum of remembrance.

A gabled shaft of concrete rises in the centre of a paved circle. On it is a black-based inscription stating that U.S. aggressors (how Washington and Hanoi love that word) killed 24 inhabitants of Phu-Xa (and wounded 23) on Aug. 13, 1966. A heritage of hatred! While we clustered around the memorial, a frail young woman, soft of speech and tread, Mrs. Huong, was introduced to us. She had lost parents-in-law and a nine-month-old child in the raid; the old man and his grandson were sleeping in a hammock when the bombs fell. Together, led by the hamlet chief, we slowly ambled around the sole small chamber of the tile and concrete nuseum, bare and unadorned save for the material evidences, artifacts and vestiges of the bombing, some of them in glass cases, and on the wall a scroll of the dead, listed by age and family.

In one case were gathered the personal effects the bombs had spared: a comb, a teacup, a cooking pan, a wedding dress, an undelivered letter, prayer books, a tiny plaster image of the Virgin Mary, its head blown off. On the floor lay the twisted metal casing of an explosive bomb (with U.S. markings), a piece of rusty shrapnel, and the outer sheath of an anti-personnel fragmentation bomb (dubbed for an undiscoverable reason "Lazy Dog" by the young men who eject them). Beside it was one of the 240 iron balls filled with little pellets, which are exploded at various levels as the fragmentation bomb descends. Thousands of these pellets are released, rotating and cruel.

At the Hanoi press conference held by the War Crimes Investigation Commission of the Bertrand Russell Tribunal (which I attended merely as an observer), Prof. Jean Vigier, a Sorbonne physicist, accused the Pentagon of using the "sadistic" fragmentation bomb as an acceptable, less provocative substitute for the H-bomb, and pointed out how its inhumanity is being augmented by "improvements."

Spinal cords cut

In Hanoi's St. Paul Hospital, I saw two girls of 10 and 17, whose spinal cords have been severed by the spinning pellet. That ingenious deviltry makes a tiny, hardly visible aperture in the body, but the suffering and disability it brings are great. Both patients will be paralyzed for life; the younger girl can only move her hands and moan for her little sister who was killed by the same bomb.

The Vietnam record reveals itself in the clearly discernible earnestness and integrity of hospital staffs and physicians, from the Minister of Health to the lowliest orderly. In gentleness of speech, modesty of manner, perceptive intuition and intelligence, and in moral sensitivity, I found the Vietnamese in general to be among the most civilized people I have known. Doctors are the intellectual and spiritual elite.

Is it likely, therefore, that the confidence and trust with which I greeted the painstaking, heavily documented briefing about bomb attacks on hospitals, a leprosy sanitarium and other medical institutions were a reflection of professional and personal regard? I do not thank so! The evidence was overwhelming; I believe any impartial expert would have been persuaded.

Exhaustive analysis

I listened for two hours to an exhaustive analysis by obviously indignant but well-disciplined and highly trained minds, with X-ray photographs and chemical phials, of the injuries caused by napalm, phosphorous and fragmentation bombs. I donned a surgical robe and mask, and visited two patients from the provinces. horribly burned by napalm and one of them almost blinded by its intense glare.

What about bomb ruins inside Hanoi city? Unmistakably, bombs have dropped on populous places in all four quarters of Hanoi with considerable devastation and toll of civilian lives. We did not doubt the testimony of workers' hovels levelled by fire, a school gutted and crumbling, concrete residences reduced to litter, pagodas wrecked, and stone walls stark and naked to the sight.

Was the devastation caused by defensive missiles? U.S. bomb-markings are identifiable. By the rule of averages, ground-to-air missiles falling on Hanoi proper are most improbable. Besides, the moral blame adheres to the aircraft which invades and thereby evokes resistance. The Vietnamese can hardly be held culpable for trying to bring down a bomber before it sends down its bombs.

The same logic applies to the claim of "accidental" bombings. Does not guilt attach itself to him who makes the "accident" possible and harm to innocent people inevitable?

Are not military targets legitimate objects of air attack? If one grants that the war on the Democratic Republic of Vietnam is "obligatory" or "just" (I dot not grant this), I suppose the semantics approved by generals would legitimize all activities not specifically barred by the sporting rules of warfare.

No bomb-scarred area in our tour of inspection showed an installation even remotely describably as military, in any dirrection (and we mobilized three pairs of eyes — two of them with perfect vision).

Does simple terrorization of the civilian populace send the bombers roaring from Thailand and the Seventh Fleet? North Vietnam offers very little to the flier other than rice fields, dykes for food, agricultural villages and residential districts, and it seemingly wants not full industrialization, but a balanced economy resting on the farm (as our guides often reiterated). There is a long vital bridge across the Red River in Hanoi and a power-plant — both still intact when I emplaned for home. There are also barren regions in the southern part of Hanoi province, I was told, bombed so often that a single thatched hut on the surface of the earth would be a rare sight. Does it make sense?

Concrete and steel

The final scene in Phu-Xa is unforgettable. The "three uncles," with interpreter-guides, were invited into a tiny, one-room house donated by the hamlet to a 18-year-old girl lamed in limb, bereft of parents, and temporarily unhinged by the Aug. 13 "affair." As we sat down to a kitchen table and the ever-present cakes and bitter tea, Mrs. Huong talked to us. After condensing her sorrow into a few tragic words, she murmured, in the sustained high pitch characteristic of Vietnamese speech: "We are not concrete and steel. We are just human beings trying by hard work to live in peace on the earth. God bless you for coming to visit us." The gentle rebuke she administered to the hawks of my native land was also the essence of the issue. The Vietnamese are not just another target for a bomb load; they are human.

From the Chairman

Welcome to Intro Dal '67. Prepare yourself for an interesting and exciting look at a modern Canadian University.

You will be glad to hear we are not presenting a normal days classes! The displays you will see have been glamorized. Our imagination has run free. But everything is a product of Dalhousie. We have enjoyed preparing the show, I'm sure you will enjoy participating in it. A closer understanding will inevitably result.

In preparing the displays we have not forgotten you, the High School student. Please let us help you in any way possible, and do try to join us in the coming years.

Neither have we forgotten our fellow students. I'm sure you will be surprised at the extensiveness of your own university.

More and more the university community is being subject to constant scrutiny, both internally and externally. No longer are we as students elite, musty, intellectuals. We must adapt to the modern world we are entering. We must be alive, enquiring, and receptive to the whole world outside our ivy walls. We hope the displays you will see today are indicative of this new spirit at Dalhousie.

Perhaps the greatest cry of students and youth generally is "freedom". One of the main tasks of the University should be to encourage this freedom of thought along a guided path. It is important that neither the path be too narrow nor the freedom be too great. The student must be a proper blend of inventer and learner.

During your visit today you will be in contact with many students and professors. Be inquisitive, they are there to answer your questions-please ask them! Questions such as "How does this work?" or "Is economics difficult?" are favorites. "Why are you in University?" and "What do you expect to get out of University?" might be more interesting!

Above all have fun! and do come to see us again.

Jonathan Wilde,
Chairman,
Intro-Dal '67.

CIA has sent an entire crew to Dalhousie after receiving reports that the AP Wirephoto shown above included in the background, Halifax University students. To date, no other information has been released. (A.P. Wirephoto)

Residence elections sparks interest

The presidential and vice-presidential team of Tim Tuff and George Archibald defeated their opponents, Peter Crawford and Alan Lord by a "comfortable margin" in the Residence Council elections last Thursday. It was the first time that candidates for the two positions had run on a slate rather than individually.

The central issue at hand was the role of the Residence Council and in particular the role of the President in regard to student affairs on campus. Tuff stated that while he encouraged each resident to take an active interest in student affairs as a student; it was not the job of the Residence Council or its President to lobby the administration or become involved in the petty internal politics of Student's Council. Crawford felt that the Residence Council and its President are the logical channels for informing the resident of important Campus stands on certain issues so that he could act as a better-informed student while in Residence.

Under the New Constitution, recently passed in referendum among the residents, four House Presidents were elected.

Peter Cook waltzed to a substantial victory over Randy Barkhouse in the South Wing while Murray MacCutcheon scored a strong win over Jon Wilde in the North Wing. Lester Barkhouse narrowly defeated Don March in the North-East wing with Leo Savoie sweeping the residence over his opponent, Bruce Butler.

Eric Spindler was elected Secretary by acclamation with the treasurers post going to Tom Davies over Don Gibson and the Sports Co-ordinator's seat being occupied by Guy Masland who edged out Nigel Barnett and John Halancin.

The elections have been described by many as the most energetic and original ever to curse the Men's Residence.

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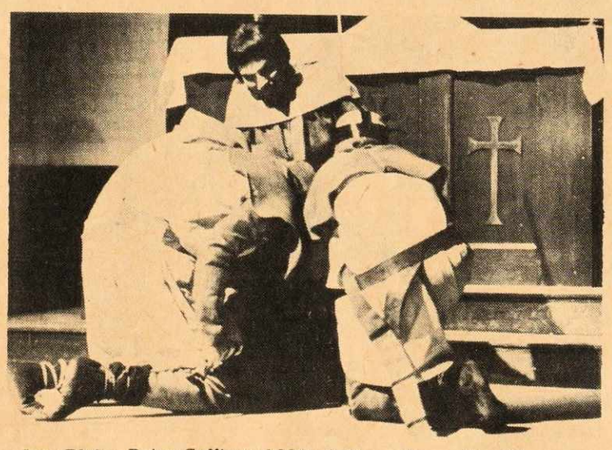
Government in exile

Herbert Chitepo, national chairman of the banned Zimbabwe African National Union and a man who has an impressive record as defence lawyer for African nationalists in Rhodesia, will give a public lecture at Dalhousie University on Saturday night.

Mr. Chitepo, who has directed an opposition campaign against Rhodesian Premier Ian Smith and his unilaterial declaration of independence from Lusaka, capital of Zambia, will be a guest of the university's political science department. He will speak at 8:15 p.m. in Room 215 of the Chemistry Building.

Formerly Director of Public Prosecution in Tanzania, Mr. Chitepo is on the last leg of a cross-Canada tour.

He took over the ZANU as its defacto leader when the president, Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole was imprisoned. An articulate speaker, Mr. Chitepo defended many Africans in Rhodesia, and helped to draw a new party constitution as soon as one party after another was banned.



Ivan Blake, Peter Coffin and Mike Selby performed in "Murder in the Cathedral" at King's College last Saturday. The play, written by T.S. Elliott, drew capacity houses, a profit, and an invitation to Expo.

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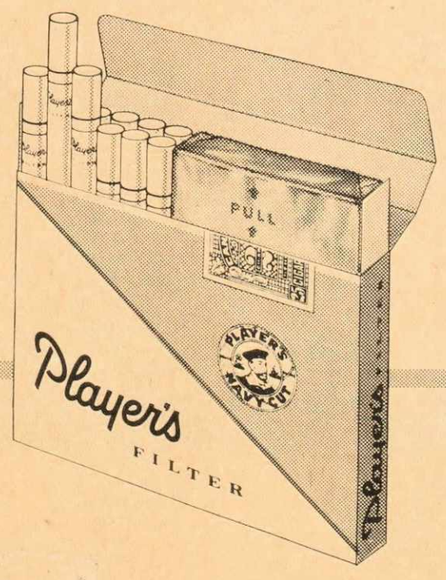

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