THE GATEWAY, Friday, February 10, 1967





By HOWARD MOFFETT (Special to Canadian University Press)

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

the same dull yellow look as the stucco walls around French villas and office buildings.

ROTTING GARBAGE

For lack of private toilet facilities, many urinate or defecate in alleys and streets. A year ago piles of garbage lay rotting on

On Tu Do (Freedom) Street, nce a fashionable office and once shopping district, scores of bars

The dull, inevitable pump of Nancy Sinatra or the Beatles lasts

Inside, a young air 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

lingerers home before curfew.

than her father did last year. Prices are higher now though. Outside, teen-age 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.

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

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.

the city today

A terrorist grenade or a drunken officer's pistol shot could end it

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.

FRENCH INFLUENCE

At this moment, controversy rages over whether to permit the French to maintain their pre-stigious lycées, and whether or not to substitute Vietnamese—or Farglish for French to the 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

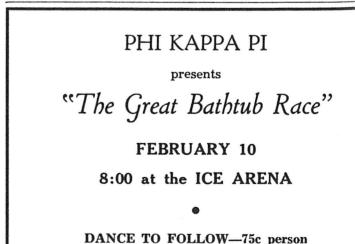
Still, the pagodas are filled with saffron-clad monks trying to patch up or widen further the rift in the Buddhist Unified Church. Buddhist and Confucian funerals periodically fill the streets with color.

THE INCOMPLETE CENSOR

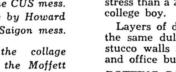
The newspapers are still subject to government censorship, but political discussions in restaurants and cafés are often heated and free. Unlike the last days under Diem, students now do not hesitate to criticize the regime, and charges of corruption and/or incompetence are regularly if quietly flung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

But political discussions, even those involving the new Consti-tuent 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.



Tickets at SUB-Mike's-Door



Saigon's main boulevards, and even now in some places the trucks can't cart it away fast enough.

now cater to American GI's.

from three in the afternoon to eleven at night, when military police move through to hustle

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casserole

a supplement section of the gateway

> editor brian campbell

associate editor jim rennie

arts editor bill beard

photo editor al scarth

All's quiet on the educational front.

No articles on the university mess. No articles on the student government mess. No articles on the CUS mess. Only one article by Howard Moffett on the Saigon mess.

Incidentally the collage that goes with the Moffett article on C-2 is by Allan Shute.

So how did we fill the paper? I mean they said it couldn't be done, to steal a phrase.

Well there's an article on that good, clean, wholesome, patriotic and Canadian Jubilaires' production. It's call-ed One Upon A Mattress and it's the closest thing to motherhood in Casserole this year.

(If the truth were out it is motherhood. One of the characters get pregnant.)

The photos are by Al Yackulic.

On C-4 and 5 there is another photo feature, this time master-minded by Al Scarth. It is a look at reality. Look and think-all that is real and relevant is inside a mind, not in a book.

Don't blame us; all humans make an occasional moosesteak. Jon Whyte, Bill Beard, and John Thompson cooked up this one. The Shute's. drawings are Al The moose is on C-7.

And for film makers in-terested in finding out what critic John Thompson really likes, he plots the Great Canadian Film on C-6. SAIGON (CPS)—Saigon is a jaded city. There are no innocents

Layers of dust give busy streets