

Nguyen-Giao

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C O M P O S I T I O N

Not long ago a friend whom I has not heard from for many years wrote to me. He said he had known that I was still alive.

"You can escape from the Viet-Minh" added he "How lucky you are? you're free now".

Seated in my closed house, I recalled my life, especially my tragic exodus which extended before me...

Here we are in Haiphong, the sea port of North VietNam. In a poignant exodus, thousand of patriotic Vietnamese are jamming crowded American ships in the harbour. We were born there; now we are shipping for the South we have neverseen, where we will have to face an unknown future.

We are still alive, indeed. My family is saved. I can continue my job in the V.B.I. However, my youngest brother was killed by the communist murders. He died because he could not suffer the Viet-Minh's atrocities; we leaved for we have to save our soul from the communist domination.

Today, torn from home, I must confess that I am glad not so be obliged to live with the Viet-Minh. Nevertheless as I am so far from North VietNam, My native land, I cannot indeed bear the sadness of the separation. I remind the picturesque town of Phuly where I was born on June 15th 1912 My father had a small cottage there. He was a Philosopher of old and an unique teacher in his village. In my childhood, I went to his school for five years. He was very strict and often punished his pupils. Forty years has elapsed, however, I don't forget his following advice.

"On our life, firstly we depend on our parents, secondly we depend on our teachers who train us to become a worthy citizen".

My family was poor. My mother had to go to the market with a heavy basket of rice in her head to earn money to support her children. After my parents sent me to "Protectorate College in Hanoi at the age of eighteen. I resided there for four years and applied myself to my French and English studies. I passed the final examination and got a diploma. Then I made my living as a custom officer, then as an inspector of Police in the V.B.I.

death. Alas! when I could get some money, my parents were both

"Travelling is in fact the mother who has opened your eyes so that you may see the beautiful things in the world." said my father when he was alive.

Nothing is more true. The more you travel, the more you learn. By books, we have taken an imaginary trip through the United States. We have visited its principal cities, its scenic wonders and learned a little of their history. In advance, we know the names of its Institutions of learning, its principal monuments and picturesque high spots. We shall be very glad to live there for a while to see the customs of its inhabitants and their family, their ways of living.

But I must stick to the purpose of my scholarship, given by the United States. I am appointed to go to the United States to perfect myself in my job. I am an inspector of police in the V.B.I. I have chosen this profession suitable to my character and intellectual aptitudes. With the helping of my American teachers in the Police school, I shall train to be a good Civil Servant. I should devote myself to my professional training, make great efforts, pay attention to it and work hard to fulfill my duty if I want to be useful to my country.