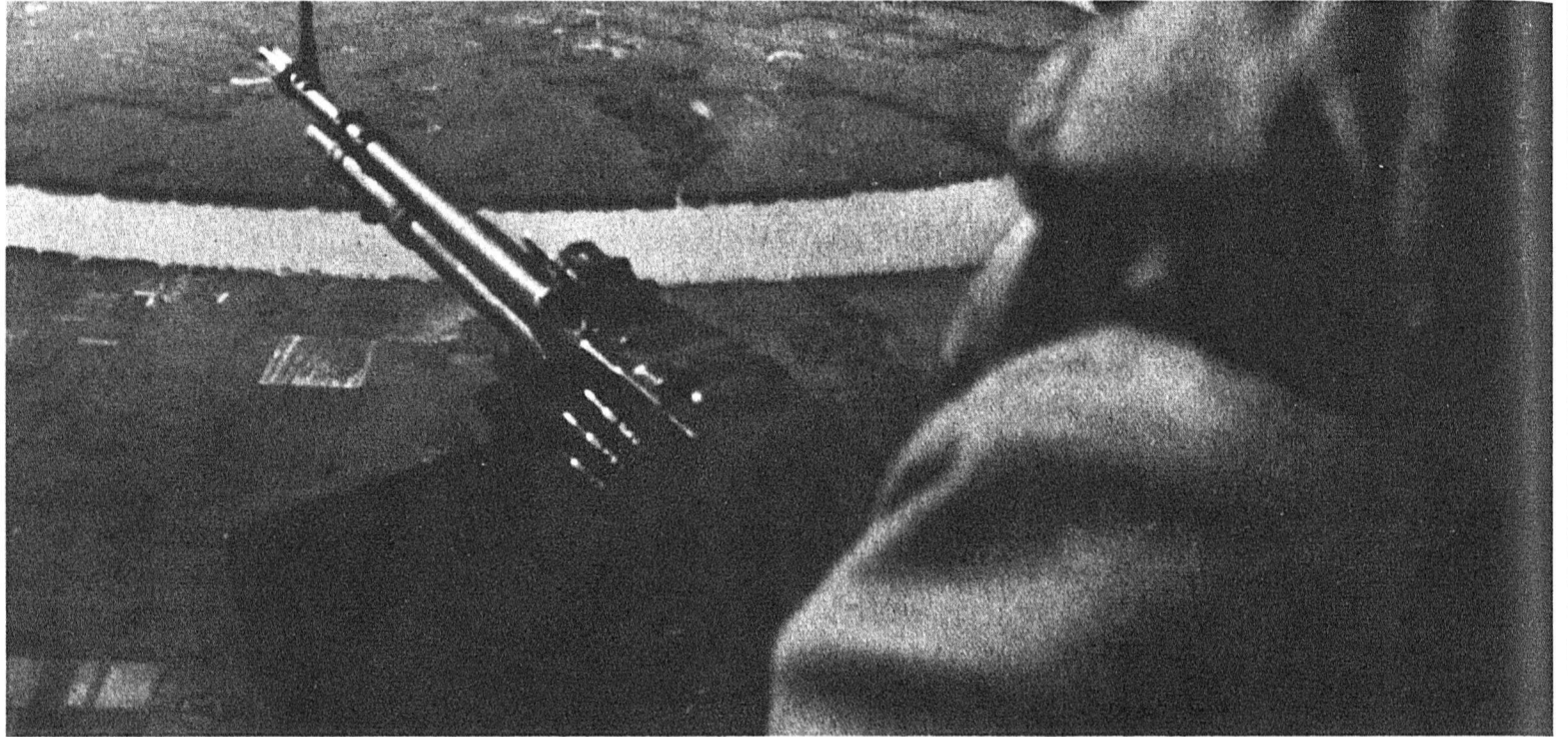


Saigon ...



casserole

a supplement section
of the gateway

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Well another week gone, and time again, kiddies, for vicious comments on anything we happen to hate.

This week the university takes a beating for the umpteenth time in a row. And what-doy-yuh-know, even student journalists are cut down on C-3, and by a student journalist.

Well actually, he's an ex-student journalist, but he was a good one. Gabor Mate, the best college humorist, gives some rather chilling reasons for packing up his poisoned pen at the Ubysey. The paper is irrelevant and meaningless, he says. It is a damnation we are not excluded from.

And, for that matter, neither are you.

Opposite this column, on C-2, is a student view of Saigon, the one-time "pearl of the Orient". It comes, no less, from the Saigon correspondent of the Collegiate Press Service, Howard Moffett.

And Collegiate Press Service is responsible for two other articles in this issue. Both of them are on C-5 and both of them deal with university education—new style university education.

Rita Dershowitz wraps up her feature on San Francisco State's Experimental College, and another story talks up educational innovation in the Peace Corps. Both of them are required reading for students interested in the quality of their education. We will be holding an exam and failures will be shot.

On C-4 is a story by Wayne Burns on what happens in a lecture. From Burns's view there is a lot of sex. But you can't trust a Casserole reporter as far as you can throw him. Read the story and see for yourself. Next week (hopefully) Burns will present the lecture from Professor Paul Swartz's view.

And on C-6 and 7, more great symphony pictures by Jim Griffin. This time they are of cellist Msislav Rostropovich.

... the city today

By HOWARD MOFFETT
(Special to Canadian University Press)

SAIGON (CPS)—Saigon is probably the world's most relaxed centre of intrigue, violence and war.

It doesn't seem like a city under siege.

Sloe-eyed, will-o'-the-wisp girls dressed in soft slit ao dai's and spiked heels walk narrow boulevards overhung with green elms or tropical palms.

In the market old men squat on the curb over a game of Chinese chess. Their women are nearby, chewing betel nut, grinning and spitting the juice through red-stained teeth.

BIKINI BEACHEAD

At the Cercle Sportif Vietnamese and European girls lounge in bikinis beside the pool, while

wealthy white-clad warriors shoot tennis balls at each other on beautifully groomed courts.

In low-slung French colonial office buildings, civil servants who have kept papers moving for nine governments in three years go on stamping and filing, conversing in French on difficult bureaucratic questions, and drinking tea.

The university opens a month late, and even then no one seems to know the exact date until one day classes break out.

Young women and middle-aged men wear silk or cotton pajamas much of the day. It does save time, because from 12 to 3 in the afternoon the city shuts down and people sleep.

IS THIS WAR?

Newcomers are often baffled by the casual air that hangs over much of Saigon. "I thought there

was a war going on here," one five-day veteran said.

Saigon is hot and muggy. It is also a place where war is no longer an emergency condition but the normal state of things. A certain percentage of the population has been engaged in killing as a profession for many years, and the tendency has been to turn it into a nine-to-five job.

A nine-to-five job loses its excitement after a while.

Though it doesn't move very fast, Saigon is one of the world's busiest and most crowded urban areas. There are two and half million people living here now, one-sixth of the population of South Vietnam.

The city was built for about half that number—it has doubled in the last five years.

Saigon wakes early. Curfew

ends at 4 a.m. and the ten great markets of the capital open for business. A stream of peasants bring chickens, pigs, rice, vegetables and fruit into town.

By noon all the food has been bought, the central market is deserted, and rats the size of kittens scuttle along the cement gutters gnawing on vegetable husks and other refuse.

By seven in the morning main arteries are choked with battered little blue-and-yellow Renault taxis, pedicabs, motorpedicabs, bicycles, three-wheeled motor buses, regular buses, motor scooters, jeeps, trucks, American sedans, horse-drawn carts, motorcycles and swarms of pedestrians.

The stalls of the "common man's PX" have been set up down-town. Army ponchos are spread on sidewalks and vendors hawk everything from French toothpaste to American whiskey and C-rations.

IT'S CHEAP

Mothers nurse their babies as they sit cross-legged in the sun, teen-agers hold out sunglasses or cigarette lighters, tiny little girls grab your hand and stuff a bag of peanuts into it, and everybody asks, "You buy? Cheap, cheap."

Everywhere people are building—hotels, apartments, offices, private homes. Saigon's first department store is going up on Tu Do Street.

Off a back alley near a sewer-canal, truckloads of rubble fill in a plot of swamp, and two weeks later workers are finishing the second story of a new house. Bricks are thrown up one by one to a middle man who stacks them while a third lays them in with cheap mortar.

BRINGING IN THE BACON

In the harbor, port congestion ties up tons of imports for months, while a few hundred yards away prices soar as speculators hoard the goods that do get through, legally or not.

American GI's in olive drab fatigues hang from telephone poles, trying to bolster the city's sagging and overworked telephone systems.

ATTENTION! Education Students

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No. 48

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Interviews will be conducted by Mr. M. Kurtz at the Campus N.E.S. on February 13 and 15.

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