

Williams Flies to Saigon; Gets Norwegian Freighter for States

(Editor's note: This is another in the series of articles submitted by Jeff Williams, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Williams, Medford, on his trip around the world. He is scheduled to arrive in San Francisco Saturday aboard the Norwegian freighter, M/S Tungus. He boarded the ship as a cabin boy in Saigon.)

By JEFF WILLIAMS
Sept. 13, Saigon, South Vietnam: On Aug. 31, I boarded a plane from Calcutta to Saigon via Bangkok, Burma and Bangkok, Thailand. I felt guilty about flying over these fascinating countries, but overland travel in Burma is forbidden because of the Communist guerrillas, and although it was alright in Thailand, my visas for Laos, Cambodia and Vietnam would take up to two months in arriving. So, in Calcutta my hitch-hiking and train travel ended in favor of the airplane.

At a dinner stop in Rangoon, there was a large group of Buddhist holy men gathered in the lounge. They made a colorful sight in their bright orange robes, lacquered pots

and glistening shaved heads. The night was clear and a full moon lighted the landscape for our flight to Bangkok. We arrived about 2 o'clock in the morning and went straight to a hotel provided by the airline for the night. There was a Swiss boy along, also with a pack, but as he was staying in Bangkok, the airline didn't provide him a room for the night. So after I got all set, I sneaked him up the back way to my room.

Sees Some Temples
The next day was a Buddhist holiday and I set off to see some of the temples of this famous city. The first one I visited was I believe the largest, Temple of Dor Wat, wherein is housed the beautiful Temple of the Reclining Buddha. Everywhere within the walls of Dor Wat were temples of all sizes and shapes, all gleaming in a spectacular array of colors.

Around the walls were intricate mosaics depicting some story, but I couldn't find anyone to explain it to me. From the walls, I went over to the largest temple, that of the Reclining Buddha. I removed my shoes outside, and stepped into the dim and cool interior.

There were a number of people kneeling on the tile floor facing a huge altar at the other end of the temple. It was nearly 30 feet high and solidly covered with small statues in all positions. At the very top sat Buddha, looking very gentle and all-knowing.

Hated to Leave
I hated to leave this cool and lovely temple, but I wanted to see as much as possible, so out into the muggy heat again and over to the floating market. It is a wonderful sight to see the river choked with small, narrow craft laden with bananas, mangoes, and all types of vegetables. I then returned to the city and did some window shopping and watched the people, whom I enjoyed very much. They are friendly and helpful.

We left Bangkok in the early morning of Sept. 2 and arrived in Saigon about noon. The nine-mile drive to Saigon from the city was interesting. For the entire nine miles, there were two policemen spaced every 25 yards. They were a protection force for the president of South Vietnam, who was driving to the airport that morning. This police force is a special arrangement. The size of the South Vietnam army is limited by the U.N., but no restrictions were placed on the size of the police force. It numbers about 18,000. There are two policemen on almost every corner in Saigon, and innumerable ones riding around in cars and on bicycles. It is merely an army under an assumed name.

At Hotel
The airport bus dropped me in front of the best hotel in the city, so I walked in like I was a millionaire traveling incognito, and asked them if I might leave my pack there for the day. As to their query of whether I would be staying for the night, I answered in equally pompous tones that I must first tour the city.

My tour began on the waterfront and I started going from ship to ship seeking workaway passage to the Philippine Islands. I couldn't even find a ship going to the Philippines, much less a job on one. I strolled around the city for awhile then, and finally stopped to ask two men if they knew a cheap place that I could stay for a few days.

Before I even got two words out, they told me to sit down and have a beer. The short of the long is, that they were soldiers of a Canadian Truce team in Vietnam and they took me to their camp where I stayed a glorious week eating to my stomach's content and looking halfheartedly for a ship to somewhere.

Spotted by Officers
At the end of the week I was spotted by some officers and for security reasons had to move out. That afternoon, in the course of looking for ship passage, I ran into an American in the import business and he invited me to stay at his home, and he would help me get a ship.

On the second evening with John, we toured Cho-Loon, a neighboring Chinese settlement of Saigon. We drove through the center of the dis-

trict at dusk, the time of day when activity begins to increase in preparation for the night. Women are shopping, chefs begin preparing their specialties and taxi-dancers are putting on makeup.

We found we were anti-traffic on a one-way street, so turned off into a small alley that led us by rows of thatched huts that clung tenaciously to the muddy riverbanks. Close quartered river boats choked the tributaries and most of them were tilted at crazy angles because the water was so low they were left stranded.

We stopped and had a good Chinese dinner, and as John speaks a little Mandarin, he got a big kick out of talking to the waitress. I got a big kick out of just watching her. Success arrived on the 13th. A Norwegian freighter, M/S Tungus, had need of a cabin boy, and through the aid of my host, I was signed on. We sailed at noon, bound for the Philippines, Hong Kong, Japan and San Francisco.

Improved Potato Skin Color Sought

Washington—(UPI)—Agricultural economists are trying to improve Irish potato sales by improving the color of their skins.

Louisiana State University experts say that it's no use improving the inside because most consumers judge a potato by the way it looks on the outside.

Does the public prefer a red or a white potato. A blocky, round or slender potato? Agricultural specialists aren't quite agreed. But one thing they're pretty sure of: "A fine complexion by the current standard of beauty is just as important for a potato as it is to Miss America."

Liquor Commission Rejects Applications

Portland—(UPI)—The Oregon Liquor Control Commission Wednesday turned down applications for package beer sale licenses from two markets in Eugene located in the vicinity of the University of Oregon campus.

Assistant Dean of Women Named at UO

Eugene—(UPI)—Miss Eileen Larimer, former high school teacher and counselor, has been named assistant dean of women at the University of Oregon. Miss Larimer, a graduate of Wooster college in Ohio, has been teaching American history and government and acting as a guidance counselor in Pasadena, Calif.

Marine Corps Band Too Much for Ocelot

New York—(UPI)—A three-month-old ocelot named Lancelot, the pet of a New Yorker named Stanley Sherman, ran away from home recently when his owner started playing a record with the music of a Marine Corps band. Lancelot leaped from a window of Sherman's third-floor apartment and into a restaurant's cellar. Police spent an hour and a half before the ocelot was coaxed from its hiding place.



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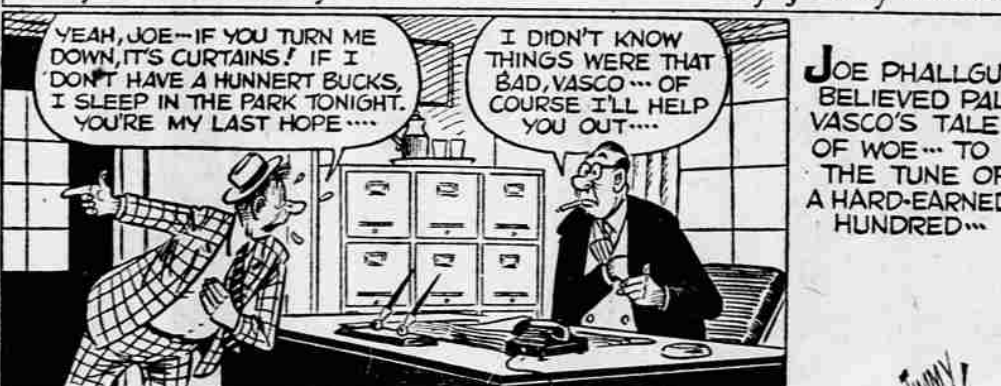
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'Beat Generation' In San Francisco Crying the Blues

Editor's note: UPI reporter Peter J. Hayes, who wrote the first national story on San Francisco's "beat generation" last April, tells in the following dispatch how the "beatniks" have fared since then.

By PETER J. HAYES
UPI Correspondent
San Francisco—(UPI)—San Francisco's so-called beat generation is crying the blues these days—the "fuzzniks" are putting the heat on the "beatniks."

A spate of violence and vandalism in the North Beach haunts of the sandals-and-beards patrols of the "fuzz" beatniks for the police. It's a rare night that a few of the beatniks don't wind up at the Greystone Hotel, otherwise known as the city prison.

Police also are cracking down by enforcing limitations of these 1958-style Bohemians in such hangouts as the Co-existence Bagel shop, The Place and The Teahouse and Coffee Gallery.

The drive began last June after a beat generation playgirl, Connie Lewis Sublette, 22, was strangled and left naked except for a black bra in a dingy alley.

Although the crime was confessed by a non-beatnik civilian troopship crewman, Frank Harris, 32, it spotlighted the sordid life led by at least one representative of the non-conformist beat generation.

Connie had been arrested several times for drunkenness and vagrancy. When killed she had just come from a mortuary where she had sobbingly viewed the body of a friend, Paul Swanson, taxi driver, saxophonist and aspiring poet who a few days earlier fell to his death from the roof of the Party Pad, a bring-your-own-bottle club.

The Party Pad was run by Eric Nord, 43, six-foot, seven-inch, 300-pound "big daddy of the beat generation." He closed it and moved out recently, at the request of his landlord, following the Swanson incident and a series of somewhat lively parties.

Many of the beatnik beer and wine bistros along upper Grant ave. are enjoying unprecedented prosperity as tourists and curious localites flock in. At the same time, many of the actual pro-

ducing writers and painters are moving out of North Beach to other neighborhoods.

An explanation is offered by Jack Langan, until recently bartender at The Palace and nonbeatnik authority on the new bohemiaism.

"The real artists put down the beatnik symbolism," he said. "They don't mind sandals and beards, but they want nothing to do with the present scene of delinquents, flaunting disregard for authority

and rebellion against the 9-to-5 life.

"Most of these so-called beatniks are viewers, hangers on, emulators of the scene without any real talent. They come from all over the country, jumping on the bandwagon so they can say 'I was a beatnik in beatnikland back in 1958.'"

San Francisco Mayor George Christopher suggested that some means should be found to separate the beatniks from the "true artists" and to get psychiatric care for the former.

Meanwhile, reaction to the beatniks is setting in. A newly opened eating place in the heart of beatville calls itself "The Square's Lair" and proclaims "No Beatniks Allowed."

New Innovations Come With Jet Age

Washington—(UPI)—U.S. airlines will enter the jet age with some high-powered culinary achievements.

This is what Pan-American and TWA are planning for their trans-atlantic jets:

—Infra-red ovens capable of cooking 16 steaks in seven minutes.

—A coffee-maker which can brew 200 cups an hour.

In addition, Pan-Am's big Boeing 707's will have individual "no smoking-fasten seat belts" signs in front of each passenger.

And some airlines are planning recorded music, piped into individual speakers.

Of less interest but more important is an automatic oxygen mask by every seat. The captain pushes a button in the cockpit—and a compartment containing the mask pops out by every seat.

80-Pound Watermelon Presented to Legion

O.K. Market in Medford last night presented the local American Legion post with an 80-pound watermelon from Stillwater, Okla., home of the national commander.

Last week end a 120-pound watermelon was brought from Oklahoma to Hood River for the homecoming of the national auxiliary president. The local market is one of the sponsors of the Legion's junior baseball team.

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Union, Automotive Wholesalers To Meet

Portland—(UPI)—Federal mediator Elmer Williams said another meeting has been scheduled Friday between Teamster Local No. 255 and Portland automotive wholesalers in an effort to settle a two-week strike against automotive parts houses.

The meeting will be the fourth since the walkout began Sept. 9 against 11 firms. The strike involves about 125 members of the union.

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