

GRUNT

FREE PRESS

YOU BUY ME
ONE DRINK
FIRST
HUH?



25

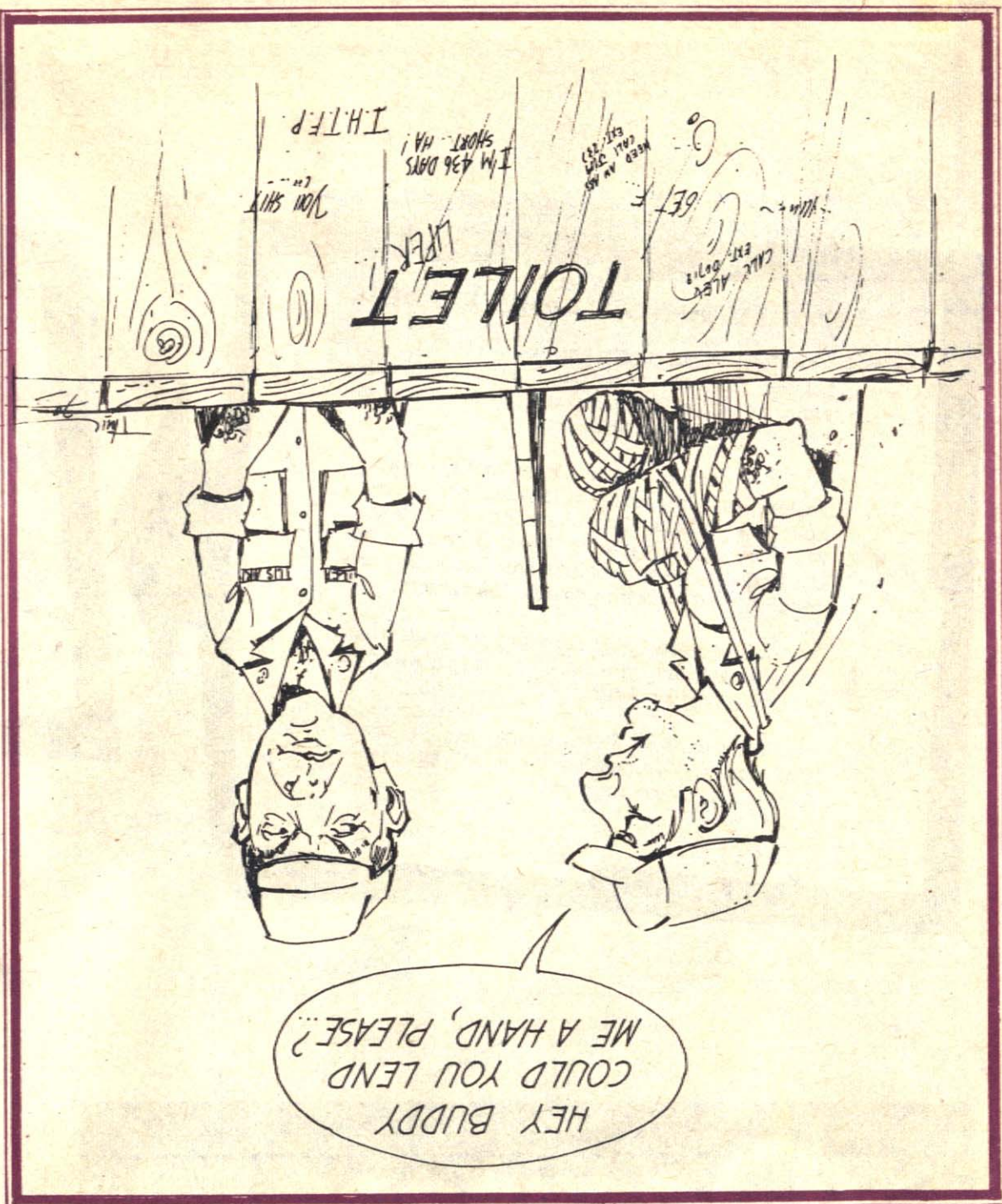
August — September 1970

Every "BUDDY" needs a
lending hand at one time or
another...
Let GRUNT help you with
a yearful of laughter and
all that other good stuff...



Just what I was thinking... I swear my check (money order)
for \$3.50 won't bounce.
Name _____
Address _____

8
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SERVICEMAN, THIS IS YOUR PERSONAL PROPERTY, IT CANNOT LEGALLY BE TAKEN AWAY FROM YOU UNLESS YOU SWIPED IT



GRUNT FREE PRESS

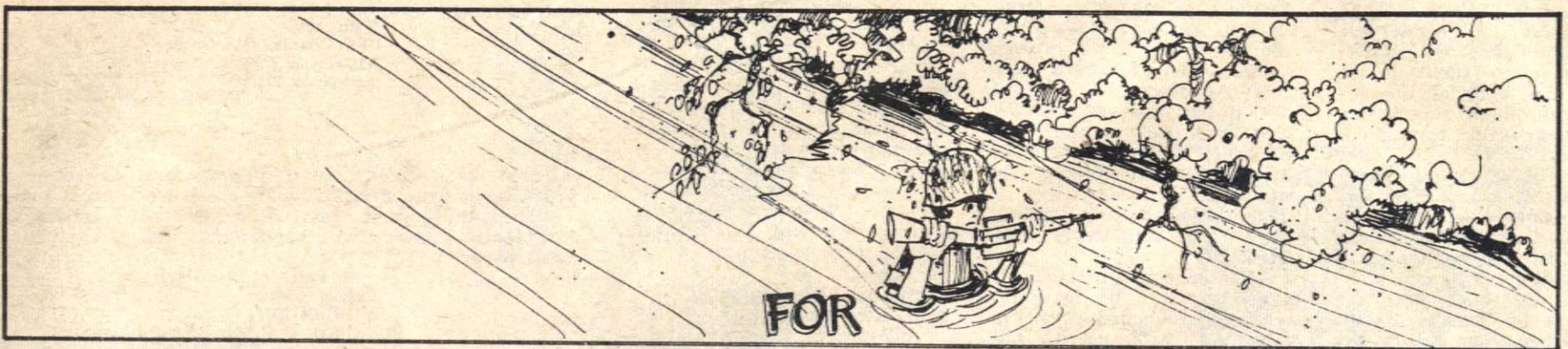
August — September 1970
Vol. II. No. 5

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO SHOVE

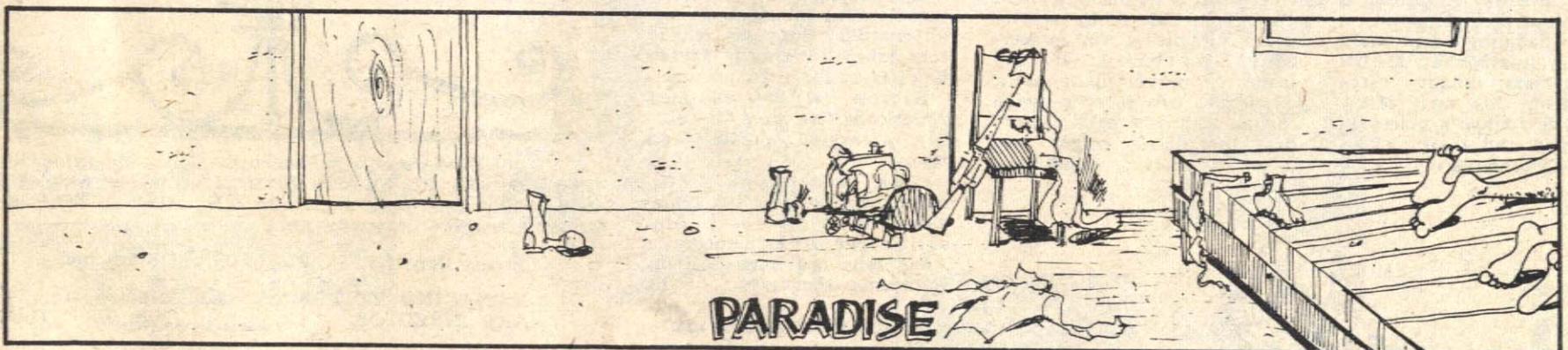
A Tour In Europe ? Why Not ? _____ Page 3



Black Brothers Soul Dictionary _____ Page 6



A Sexy Blonde Named Walter _____ Page 8



Muffing A Chance _____ Page 17







DID YOU REMEMBER TO
BRING THAT SAPPHIRE?



THERE WAS SOMETHING I
WANTED TO DO WHEN I
GOT BACK



FIRST, LET ME SEE YOUR
P.C.O.D. CERTIFICATE.



NOW THAT'S OVER WITH,
HOW MUCH MONEY DID
YOU SAVE IN THE NAM?

I really missed
TV over there



Darling, you never
made love like
this before.

It's the wisdom of
the East, baby





Dear Aby:

How come we don't have a wet season and a dry season in the States?

WORRIED

Dear WORRIED:

We do. Anytime you're in Oregon, it's the wet season. When you're in Kansas, it's the dry season.

Dear Aby:

I'm worried about my sex life in Vietnam. What I mean is my lack of sex life. Somebody told me if you don't exercise that sex equipment, it will wither and atrophy. This has me worried. What can I do?

FRUSTRATED

Dear FRUSTRATED:

Portnoy had that same complaint but we don't recommend his solution, that is, if you want to go around shaking hands with people later in life. But don't sweat it. There's another theory that every man has only so many applications for that equipment in his lifetime and you'll have plenty of time to make up for it later on.

Dear Aby:

Every night there are about 25 mosquitoes which visit our tent, but do they circulate and pay attention to all their hosts, no, they congregate on me, pecking away while my buddies lay there snoring. What is there so special about me?

MOSQUITO-PECKED

Dear MOSQUITO-PECKED:

You got charm, suaveness. You're delightful, bewitching, fascinating, enamoring. And you got Vitamin B12 and E2 in your blood without which no mosquito can maintain a balanced diet.

Dear Aby:

I bought this transistor radio on the black market in Saigon and for some reason, it only picks up secret messages from Hanoi. All I want is telling what targets should be blown up in Saigon. A book radio? Some good hillbilly music and what do I get — a good cowboy music? How can I convert this radio so it will play me some good cowboy music?

MUSIC LOVER

Dear MUSIC LOVER:

Turn the radio in to your nearest friendly neighborhood spy agency. Your reward will let you buy a PX model — which will tell what enemy targets we plan to hit. «Oh, remember that Red River Valley...»

Dear Aby:

I spent my whole R & R in Bangkok taking photographs of temples and things and didn't have time to do anything else. Now the guys are kidding me and telling me about all the great things I missed. Did I really miss much?

CAMERA BUG

Dear CAMERA BUG:

You're the only guy in a position to know what you missed, because if you don't feel that you missed something, then you didn't miss it. What they were talking about was women which you could have had at f 8 and 1/250th.

Dear Aby:

One of my buddies told me that if you dried a banana in the hot sun for three days and then smoked it, you'd have yourself a good cigar. Since the PX has been out of cigars for three months, I tried his suggestion. Actually, the smoke tasted exactly like a measly dried banana would taste if it were smoked. Now why would he tell me to do a thing like that?

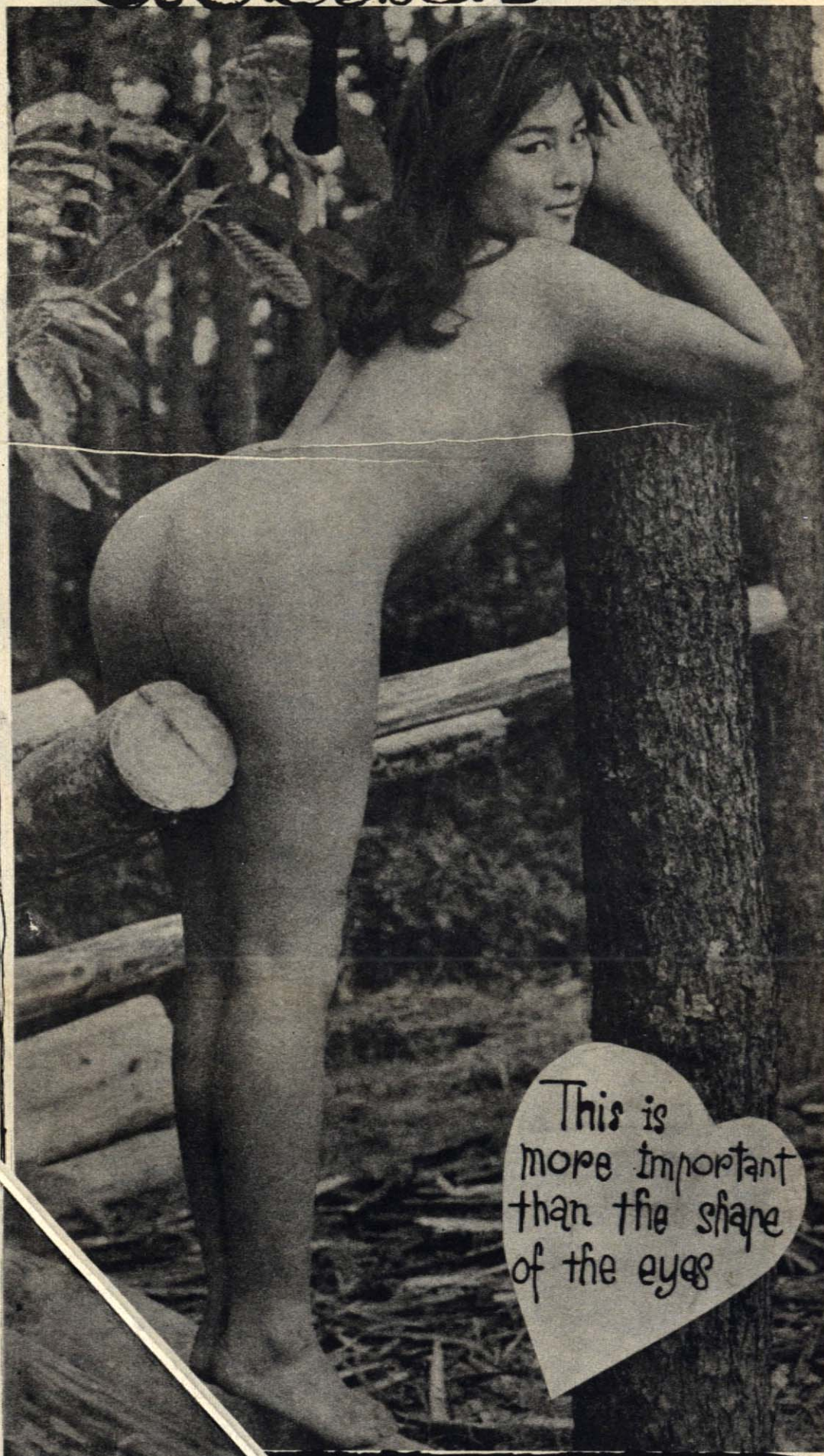
SMOKER

Dear SMOKER:

More important, why would you take that advice? It's goofy. Now if he had told you to flatten the banana with a rolling pin, dry it in the sun, and then roll it like a Havana cigar, it would still be goofy advice.



Got a problem? Let Aby, the kindly old lifer, help. Write to Aby, Grant; Box 1164; Redlands, Cal. 92373.



This is more important than the shape of the eyes



GRUNT

◀ If you can write your name, you can write for



◀ Send any contribution to Box 1164. REDLANDS CALIF 92373



NECKTIES REQUIRED IN MAIN AFTER 7 P.M. THESE MAY BE OBTAINED AT THE DESK FOR DEPOSIT OF ONE DOLLAR.

LADIES & GENTLEMEN THE CAPTAIN HAS TURNED ON THE "NO SMOKING" SIGN. PLEASE REFRAIN FROM SMOKING UNTIL WE ARE IN THE TERMINAL AREA.

"TRY A HAWAIIAN MAI TAI ONE IS SUFFICIENT WITH THE TAKE A THREE-TAXI FLOATING ON CLOUD NINE."

"THIS CAT ON THE STREET TAKES ME TO THIS SPECIAL BAR. SEE, IF YOU DON'T LIKE ONLY ONE DOLLAR. HE SAYS 'BEER COSTS ONLY ONE DOLLAR. BEFORE I GOT OUT OF THAT PLACE AND I DON'T REMEMBER ITS NAME.'"

HELL WE ONLY HAD TWO KOBE STEAKS A COUPLE OF BOURBONS BEFORE DINNER AND A HALF BOTTLE OF WINE AND THE BILL CAME TO \$38.99 AND THE FLOOR SHOW WAS LOUSY."

FREE ITALIAN DINNER AT THE AIRMAN'S CLUB FIRST COME FIRST SERVED. DRINKS ON THE HOUSE.

ENGLISH SPEAKING SOLITORS OUTSIDE THIS USO USUALLY WORK FOR CLIP JOINTS. STEER CLEAR OF THEM.

ONLY OFFICER MILITARY PERSONNEL AND DOD CIVILIANS GRADE 7 AND ABOVE ARE AUTHORIZED USE OF THIS MESSING FACILITY.

"YOU KNOW YOU CAN BUY HI-FI EQUIPMENT OUTSIDE THE BASE CHEAPER THAN IN THE PX, IF YOU KNOW WHERE TO GO AND HOW TO BARGAIN."

BENNY'S NO. 1 JEWELERS GENUINE SAPPHIRE TOP QUALITY STONES PERSONAL CHECKS CASHED."

THEY WANTED 40 DOLLARS FOR THIS CARVED BUDDHA BUT HENRY HERE KNOCKED THEM DOWN TO NINETY-FIVE DOLLARS. HENRY SURE KNOWS HOW TO BARGAIN. DON'T YOU, HENRY? TAX DUTY FREE, MERCHANDISE, GUARANTEED. BABO'S CIGARETTE PREFERRED AROUND THE WORLD WELCOMES YOU TO SINNO HOTEL.

YOU GOT TO TRY THIS FLOATING MARKET TOUR EVEN IF IT MEANS GETTING UP AT SIX IN THE MORNING. IT'S FABULOUS REALLY FABULOUS. OUT OF THIS WORLD.

BOARDING WILL BE IN THE FOLLOWING MANNER: SPONSORED FOLLOWED BY OFFICERS AND CIVILIANS OF EQUIVALENT RANK FOLLOWED BY ALL OTHER PERSONNEL.

FREE DINNER TONIGHT FOR MEMBERS ONLY. TONIGHT'S SPECIALTY MEXICAN CUISINE. A BOTTLE OF TEQUILA FOR COMPLIMENTS.

WAKE UP WHEN WE REACH HANOI

WELCOME TO TANSON NHUT AIR BASE. DOES EVERYBODY HERE HAVE A CUSTOMS FORM?

AND THESE MOST DARLING JEWEL BOXES, RED VELVET INSIDE AND GOLD TRIMMING OUTSIDE AND THE MOST DELIGHTFUL HEART-SHAPED DESIGN. AND WOULD YOU BELIEVE, ONLY \$2.95 EACH.

GEORGE COX YOU OLD PART WHAT IN THE HELL ARE YOU DOING UP HERE? LET'S SEE, LAST TIME I SAW YOU WAS IN '63. MAXWELL, WASN'T IT?

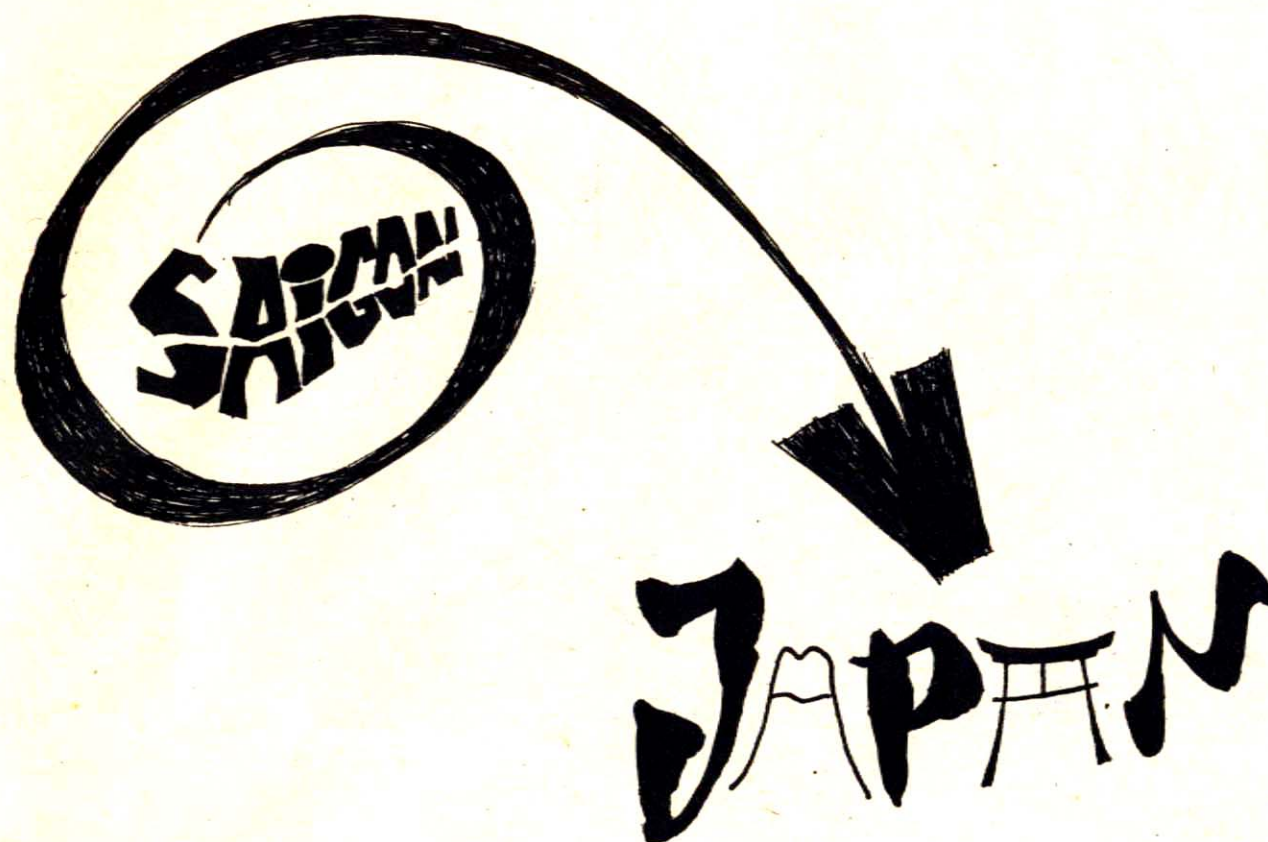
WELCOME TO KOBOTA AIR BASE. OUR GOAL IS TO SERVE YOU AND HELP YOU ENJOY YOUR STAY.

COFFEE AND ICED TEA FREE. COMPLIMENTS OF YOUR CLUB.

SORRY SIR, THERE ARE STILL 90 PEOPLE ON THE CLUB.

CAUTION CIGARETTE SMOKING MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH.

PLEASE CHECK INTO THE PASSENGER TERMINAL EACH DAY.



You luck out. You're tagged to fly some used engines by C-130 to Tachikawa, Japan. You'll stay overnight and leave next afternoon. It's a mini-R&R, a chance to shake that Tan Son Nhut dust out of your cuffs. You need the change. And what better change is there than a night in Tokyo.

So what happens? Old buddy Pete Borgen is there in the Sanno Bar and he fixes you up with a blind date — his girl friend's girl friend.

His girl's Vietnamese. So is mine, cute as hell, too, but I mean, in Tokyo, where you want a change, this is too much.

My girl's name is Lan and her family sent her to Tokyo three months ago and all she wants to talk about is Saigon, which is understandable, but, hell, I want to get away from it all. Not that I don't like Saigon or Vietnamese girls, but I like my Saigon in Vietnam and not in the world's largest city.

So you go through the preliminaries, talk of Hai Ba Trung, where she lives, and the zoo closing and the damage from the VC Tet offensive and then old buddy Borgen has the great idea to go to a new Vietnamese restaurant in the Ginza. You do it.

Again, I got nothing against Vietnamese food, but Tokyo to me is a Kobe steak, especially after all the trouble they go through massaging that steer and feeding it beer and all that. But it's chicken noodle soup and spring rolls instead, and a lot gags about nuoc mam and the same old talk about where the good Saigon restaurants are.

All this time, Lan gets to smiling and looking into my eyes like I'm some messiah, a piece of the old homestead, a direct line to home. Which is all right. The girl is happy and I'll still have tomorrow morning in Tokyo.

So on the way back to the

Sanno, there's this big demonstration — young guys and girls with red cloth strips around their heads carrying huge red banners and chanting in Japanese. You get in the center of the parade when three busloads and a jeepful of policemen pull up screeching. The cops jump out and dash in all directions. They're wearing gas masks and clubs and they get to use both. A kid throws a rock through the jeep's windshield, and after that, we're fighting our way out of the free-for-all. Lan is up close to me, squeezing my arm, scared as hell.

You get the girls out, their eyes burning and streaming tears and go into this night club called Moko's. You'll wait out the storm there, then pick Borgen's Thunderbird and make for home. Moko's is full of wierdos.

Don't know how it started, but a brown empty beer bottle comes whizzing by, exploding

on the glass mirror over the bar. Then this cat in long hair and turtleneck sweater who could be boy or girl, goes charging after a mini-skirted blonde Japanese girl and starts pounding hell out of her.

The other wierdos get in the act like it was a cue for a movie battle scene. Again you earn a Tokyo battle star but get out before qualifying for a Purple Heart.

So there you are at three in the morning with a couple of shook-up girls and you might just as well have been outside the Embassy during the Tet Offensive. Off in Pete's dented Thunderbird, and a little shook. Then Lan snuggles up and says she wants to take you somewhere special in the morning.

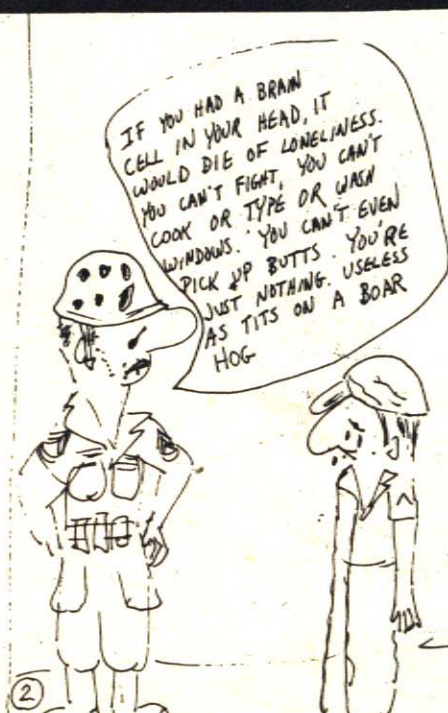
That somewhere special next morning turns out to be a special exhibit of Vietnamese art at the Vietnamese Embassy. You see Vietnam on canvas for about two hours and talk about Saigon again, and before you know it, it's time to get back to Tachikawa.

It's goodbye and some tears and a letter to deliver to an address on Hai Ba Trung and before you know it, you're in the cabin of a C-130 setting down at Tan Son Nhut.

Well, you had your mini-R&R in Tokyo, but you're glad to get back to that squadron villa outside the base and re-group from a rough twenty four hours. You're in the sack and Jose, the Coxswain, shakes you and says. «Hey, wake up, buddy. I need help. I got these two cute Japanese girls who insisted on bringing me home from the American Club.»

Anybody want to make a trip with me to Afghanistan? We're sure to pick up a couple of Mexican señoritas there.





Muffing A Chance

It was a drag. Visiting an uncle in Bangkok while you were on R&R was like watching TV during an orgy... There were at least four letters from dear old Uncle Bertie (I shouldn't say old; he was a 42 year old bachelor) saying I should stop in to see him during my R&R. And my sister also wrote that I should visit dear Uncle Bertie. Funny though, mom never mentioned Uncle Bertie in her letters and I should have asked why.

Anyhow, when I got off that R&R bird, I had made up my mind. I'd spend six days chasing pootang and then see Uncle on the way back to the airplane. That way, I could write home that I saw him.

Well, those six days were spent down on Petchburi Road and I'd be stretching a point if I called them rest and recreation. I wasn't used to booze and after hitting the stuff hard at the Tropic Village Bar, I'd end up each night in the sack with some stuff that looked like Frankenstein's bride the next morning. On the last day, my buddy Pete talked me into going sightseeing and we drove all over the place studying traffic jams and breathing gas exhausts in 100 degree weather. We visited one temple where somebody stole my camera. I spent the last of my 300 bucks on a soggy ham sandwich and a bottle of Thai beer at the Tropic Village. I was depressed, broke, and pissed off. I decided to visit Uncle Bertie. Maybe I'd stay the night, talk about the family over a cup of coffee and then get out to the airport in the morning. I didn't feel like any more sorry pootang even if I could afford it.

The taxi took me to some big two-story house near the Embassy. There were a dozen cars parked outside and way-out music coming from inside the house.



A maid led me upstairs. Keerist, you never saw anything like it when I walked into that big living room. There were these revolving red lights flashing from the ceiling, cool, cool music blast in from all four walls and in the center of the room was Uncle Bertie seated like a Buddha swinging back and forth with four of the coolest roundeyes you ever saw linked to him like sausages. It was the same all over the room — people mixed

together, their eyes glazed and happy and doing things to music you never learn in a dance school.

I walked over to Bertie. It took him a while to recognize me but when he did, he reached up and pulled me down into that mass of semi-nude chicks and and man, so help me, I cracked my first orgy. It was the wildest, coolest night I spent in my life. But short, man, too goddam short. Uncle Bertie and I didn't spend

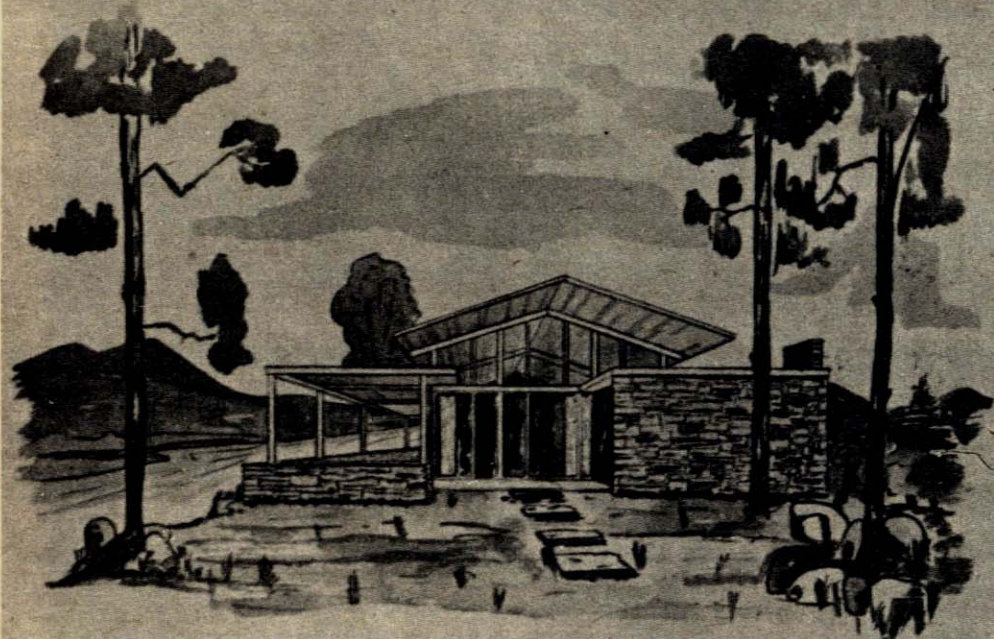
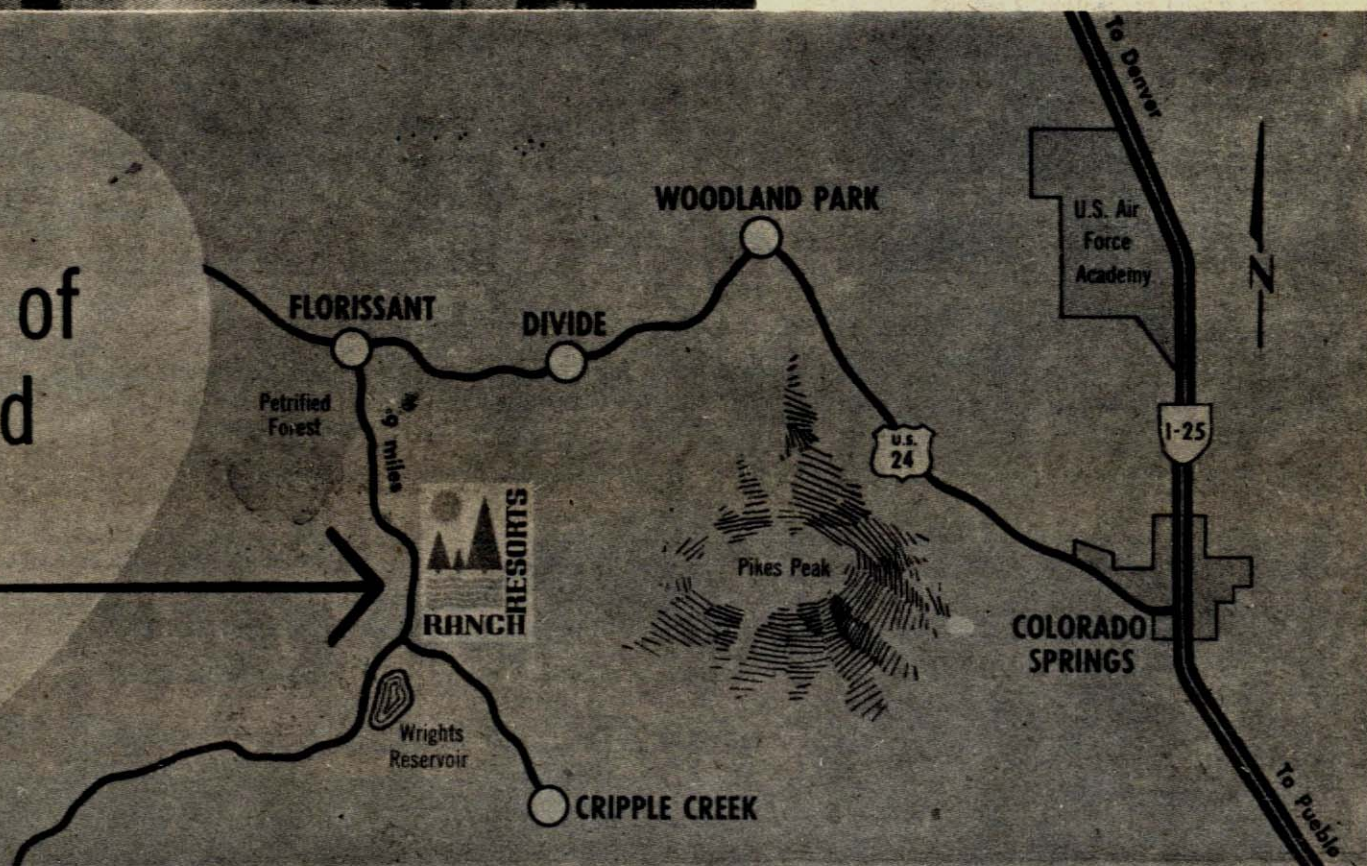
one minute on family gossip before I had to take off to catch my R&R bird back to Saigon.

I could have kicked my ass from here to Khe Sanh. I was the stupid idiot who wasted my R & R watching TV at an orgy. But one good thing came of it. I extended six months to get that one month's extension leave with good old Uncle Bertie in Bangkok. And I learned that a family that plays together stays together.





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SPECIAL NOTICE TO OUR READERS

Forgive this moment of self-indulgence, but the Vietnam Guardian's editorial to the right is of great importance to us. For this reason we share it with you.

It refers to us as a non-profit organization, and in truth that is what we have been. We would like some day to at least break even, but we keep hacking away, without financial gain, because we know we are reaching the men who count: The Grunts.

We receive great numbers of gratifying letters, and oral praise. As long as we are wanted we will do our best to hang-in.

We thank the Vietnam Guardian for their kind words. We thank you -- our readers -- for your growing support.

The Grunt Editorial Staff



EDITORIAL

THANKS FOR A CONTRIBUTION

Something almost incredible in the morass here is a business enterprise whose purpose is not to make money, but to serve. We are so accustomed to entrepreneurs from all over the world -- including, of course, South Vietnam -- swarming here to make a fast few hundred thousand bucks and then get out, that a really service-oriented outfit is almost as startling as peace would be.

Yet an underground type publication here is just that. It is called « Grunt Free Press. » It has honest information, education, an entertainment that speaks to the young in their own language and is not aimed solely at the groin.

So far, in none of its issues has there been a photograph of carnage. It uses the language and art of today's young to produce exciting and artistic fare and the kind of humor that does more for morale than any casualty list. Apparently Grunt is aimed at the grunt. If so, it is right on target.

We are grateful for this monthly breath of fresh air. We have only one complaint and that is its disappearance from the news-stands so quickly after publication of each issue. Let's have more, rather than less.

The Overseas Weekly

* HARD - HITTING !

* LIVELY !

* UNCENSORED !

* FACTUAL !

* 12 PAGES OF
FULL - COLOR COMICS
WITH BEETLE BAILEY !



The Overseas Weekly

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158-A Tu Do St., Saigon

INTERNATIONAL CUISINE

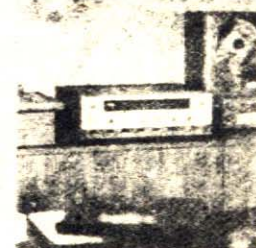
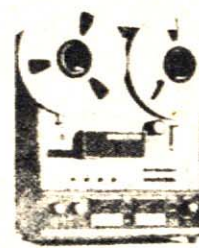
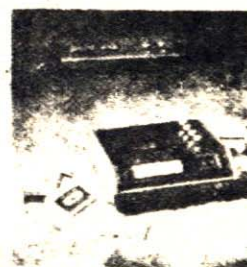
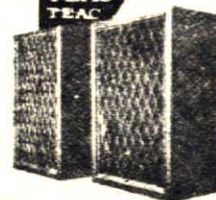
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EQUIPMENT IN
VIETNAM

in Saigon,
too, you have
TEAC men to
help you select
your stereo
systems



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211-A TU DO SAIGON



GRUNT Speaks out



COMMUNICATE

There seems to be something of a communications problem in Vietnam. And its ramifications are endless.

It extends from mechanical complications such as the telephone system, the language barrier between Vietnamese and Americans, and, possibly, the biased reporting and sins of omission of the news media. In every sense of the word, communications is a very definite problem.

There are stateside independent telephone systems that leave much to be desired, but even if you have to crank up the operator to make a call, be thankful, because it could be worse. It is much worse in Vietnam.

There are a multitude of exchanges set aside for the U.S. military and government offices. There are for instance, Tiger lines, MACV lines, Tan Son Nhut, Plantation and many, many more. There is also the Vietnamese civilian exchange: the PTT system.

If you call a Tiger number from a Tiger phone, you're in good shape. There's a chance your line or theirs will be busy for a few hours, but you will eventually get through. But if you have the temerity to call a Plantation line, as an example, from a Tiger phone... lots of luck. If you ever make the connection, one of the parties will inevitably have to shout to be heard. The halls of the government offices reverberate from such calls throughout the day. «No!» a voice shouts. «This is Major Munnhauser, not Manchester. I'm calling Colonel Belson, not Nielsen. Can you hear me now? Can you hear me? Are you reading me now?»

There are times when the reception is excellent, but that's when your call is cut off mid-sentence. When you're connected again, it's back to screaming.

In Saigon, those with transportation reign supreme. They simply fight a half hour of snarled traffic to call on the parties directly. Anything is better than the telephone.

One fledgling lieutenant dialed a number at MACV Headquarters about three miles from his own office. After a few rings a voice replied loud and clear, «This is the Whitehouse.»

«What Whitehouse?» said the lieutenant. «I'm trying to call MACV, Pentagon East.»

«You've called the Whitehouse, Sir. Please state the nature of your business.»

«I don't even know any Whitehouse in Saigon.»

«Saigon?» said the incredulous second party. «You're speaking to the home of your President in Washington, D. C.»

«Uh... I guess I have a wrong number. Sorry.»

The story is supposed to be true, and it is said that the lieutenant, afterwards, would use a Saigon telephone only on a direct order from his superior officer.

There are myriad personal experiences on the PTT lines. The number of a Saigon residence was dialed from a telephone in a hotel lobby. Each dialing would break into a private conversation. It was a call between high officer of the British Embassy, and another VIP. This sort of thing happens frequently.

One of the most common and frustrating communication disasters is between humans: namely between Vietnamese and Americans on a personal oral basis. Needless to say, few Americans in Vietnam speak Vietnamese, but that doesn't shade the frustration of their everyday encounter.

«I'd like my eggs scrambled hard, understand?» the American will tell a supposedly bi-lingual Vietnamese waitress.

«No sweat... same, same... okay,» she will reply confidently.

After an interminable wait the diner will be lucky to receive hard-boiled eggs. He may get a French roll instead.

If he complains, she will giggle and say: «Okay... same, same... no sweat.»

End of encounter.

The Vietnamese feels he has the English language conquered if he masters these choice phrases. They are liberal substitutes for practically anything. If, for instance, you complain that a particular cab fare is twice the amount you paid yesterday, the driver might say, «No sweat... Americans

rich.» In this case the latter pair of words were vocabulary additions to suit business needs, but «no sweat» is the key. If they say there's no sweat, they fully expect it to stand. That's it; damn it — there's «No sweat.»

To digress somewhat, but to remain in the category of communications, we should consider what is being read and seen in the United States. This is cause of great concern among our fighting men.

There is one news magazine that particularly infuriates the combat soldier. «They're hurting the war effort,» an angry captain complained, «and I have the feeling they're against me personally. If you were with that magazine, I'd poke you right in the mouth.»

There seems little doubt there is more slanting in this war than any other. Is it a matter of conviction, political expediency, or is it merely a matter of circulation?

I suppose «yellow journalism» is an anachronism in this day of high postage rates, and competition, but are the mass media publications, wire services and television networks giving an impartial view? Or — do they study the professional opinion polls and slant their material accordingly?

This sort of manipulation is a cinch with the television networks. Their slant, subtle but deadly, can come with the narrator's tone of voice as he «throws away» a capping phrase. It can come from omission. With the network cameras covering 100 square feet of scenery it can be made to appear that an entire battle is being recorded on film. How do we know what is off-camera, or what the editors have chosen to cut?

While these questions might arise, we shouldn't be too severe in our criticism. No one is very keen on the idea of a multimillion dollar business corporation jamming propaganda down our throats. But what about the alternative? Suppose we had censorship. Perhaps slanted news is better than no news.

Since we are educated Americans, we have the ability to weigh, ponder and reason. We don't buy what we don't want, do we? Well, maybe on occasion, but that's what life is all about. And since we are democratic Americans, we have built-in confidence that says: «right will out.»

Or, as the Vietnamese man-on-the-street would say: «No sweat.»

Incoming

Editor, GRUNT Free Press:

I am writing you in great protest to the inhumane treatment of American prisoners of war being held in Southeast Asia... I am also seeking their release and ask your aid in that search. I ask of you, GRUNT, and your readers what I have already asked of tens of millions of people around the world.

What have you, GRUNT and your readers, done for these men? What will you do? How shall God and history judge and record you, GRUNT, and your readers for helping save these men? I am seeking your action.

No man, press, or nation, can overlook human life... God bless you, GRUNT and your readers.

Sincerely,
Michael D. Martindale
31st SPS, CMR Box 4234
APO San Francisco 96316

Dear Grunt,

I was fortunate enough to receive a copy of your great magazine and really enjoyed it!

I correspond with eight servicemen in Vietnam, and though I have never met them (got their addresses from USO) I enjoy their letters... Hope they and all you guys get home safe! God bless you all.

Nancy Eppy
Hotel Paris-West End
Ave. & 97th St.
New York 10025

Dear Sir, or Madame,
or «What Have You».

Enclosed please find a perfectly good check made out to you for full payment of 24 issues of a poor excuse of a newspaper called Grunt Free Press.

I am an outstanding bastard who happened to run across your paper while I was sifting through week-old garbage looking for a contact lens lost by a Red Cross «Donut Dolly».

I come from the East Village section of New York, and people like really groove on the type of satirical garbage you publish.

Keep up with the good work...

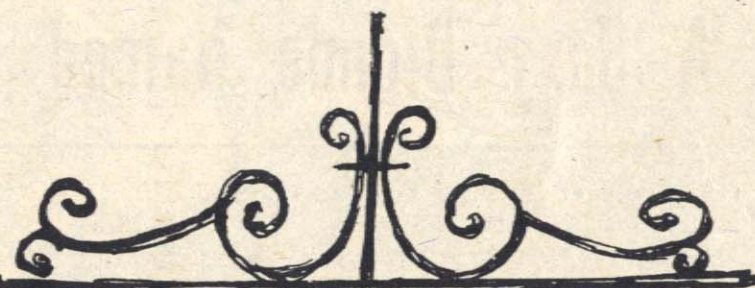
Your truly,
PFC Charles Hofstetter
HHC G-2 TMF
Americal Div.

Dear Sir,

I've just arrived here in Vietnam and picked up a copy of your Grunt Free Press. I really think it's a great paper.

Everything in it seems designed for all us stationed here. You really know what's happening... Thanks to you and your great paper.

A Faithful Reader,
Ray Chun
565-64-1242
184th Ord. Bn. (Ammo)
Security Guard Co #1



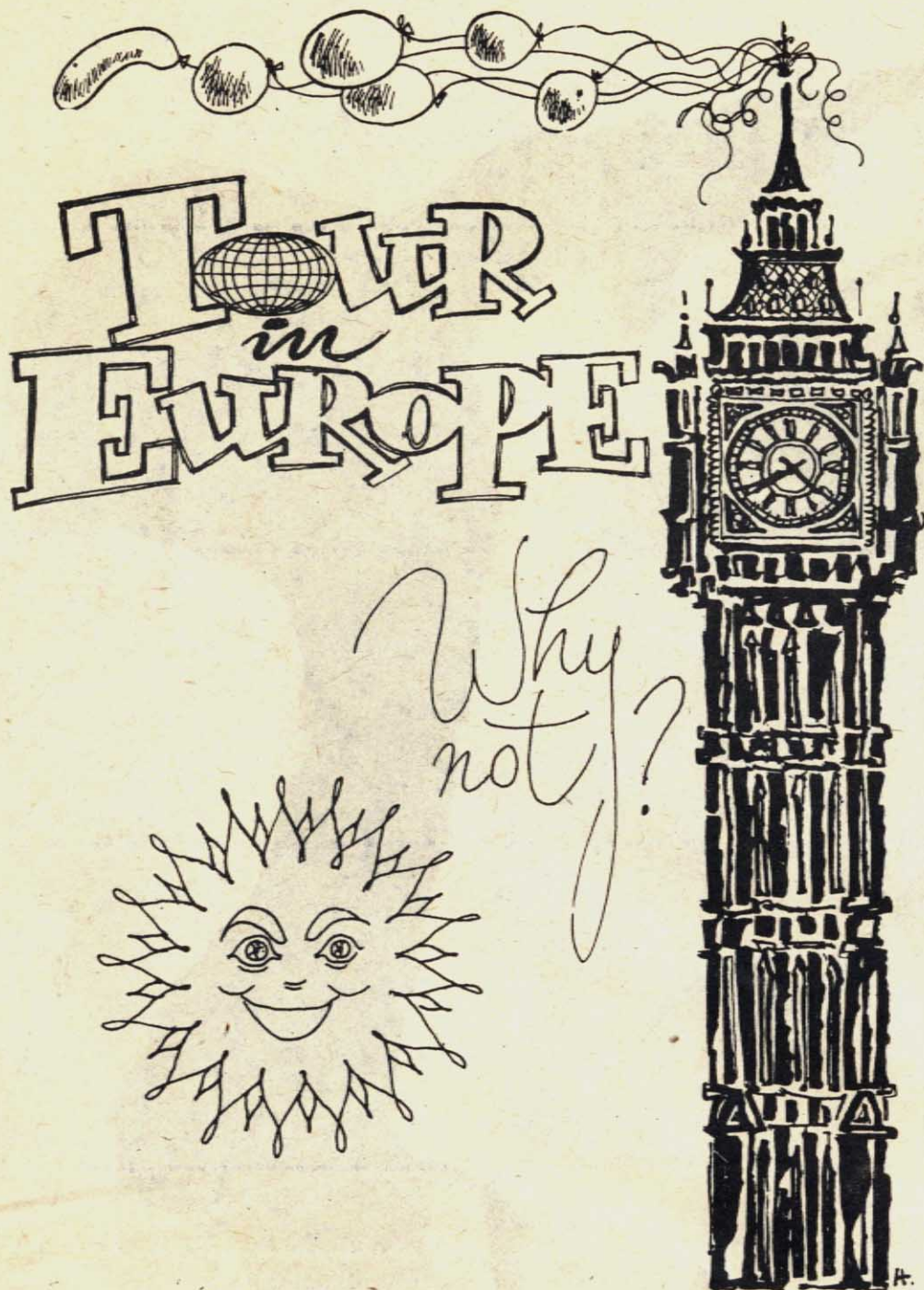
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A «sexhibition» in Copenhagen, with people doing their thing in public view. A *fascching* in Germany, where wives and husbands part for a few days and go looking for new adventures in a divorce court. *Octoberfest* on the Rhine, with beer, breads, and brauwurt. The festival of San Fermin in Pamplona, Spain, where bulls charge down the main street and the survivors live it up with adoring females in the coffee shops. Paris where GIs with only a couple of bucks in their pocket live high on the Left Bank in swinging cellar joints. London, a year round swingfest with the best looking and broadest minded tooties in the world. It's all there, buddy, and it's a pretty vegetable type of guy who doesn't think about making that next hitch in Europe where it's happening all the time.

For the airman, there's Third Air Force in England, 17th Air Force in Germany and 16th Air Force in Spain. Take your pick. You can't lose on any of them. In England, no matter what base you get, you're only a couple of hours train time from London and an hour's flying time from the continent. In Germany, you strap yourself in that Volkswagen and drive north, south, east or west, to Copenhagen. Rome, Paris, or, well, let's forget the west

for the moment. Things don't swing too well behind that iron curtain. In Spain, you're a short drive from the Riviera: Spanish, Italian, and French.

Those guys lucky enough to get Third Air Force headquarters in the swingiest city of them all — London — probably won't be thinking too much about the greener pastures on the other side of the hill. You give yourself one month to avoid the tourist traps (too bad the military doesn't have an «off limit» list of these places) and find yourself in the place where things happen, like the Carnaby Street area, Hampstead, or Paddington. The best thing a guy can do to meet the natives is visit one of the big dance halls where literally hundreds of girls are standing around waiting to be tapped on the shoulder. The Hammersmith Palais, for example, is only eight stops from the subway station near 3rd AF headquarters in Ruislip. It's a giant cavern of a place with a top band and it cost you only a buck-and-a-half to get inside and about thirty five cents for a beer. There are more girls than boys there and they're all part of the «now» crowd who want to live today and not tomorrow. And none of it's the professional «pay as you lay» stuff. Best thing is they all speak your language — English.

If you're tabbed for Wiesbaden, Germany, headquarters of the United States Air Forces in Europe, you're also in for a good thing. The place is studded with clubs and bars and coffee places where it's not hard to make a friend. And, for the guy who can't hack it on his own, there are a couple of streets where the pros hang out, a little expensive at ten to twenty bucks but number one all the way. If it happens to be *fascching* time, that is, the week before Lent, you couldn't force a girl to take money. That's the time of year when the girl goes on the offensive. She asks you to dance and she asks you to come and look at her etchings. *Fascching* is big in the Rhineland and Wiesbaden is in the heart of the Rhineland. It's the same with the area around Ramstein where headquarters of the 17th Air Force is located.

Airmen in Spain have found that the place to go in the summertime is the famed Costa Brava on the east coast. As far as the spending goes, it's a cheap Riviera. And as far as the women go, it's a composite of the best gals from all of Europe. Costa Brava's the «in» place for the secretaries, school teachers, college coeds, and various and sundry females from Germany, Scandinavia, Britain, and France. Most of them want a place where they can let their hair down without the neighbors or fellow workers knowing about it. And the hair is dropping all over the place. Some men who have made the Costa Brava scene come back with hairy stories about how they almost got raped and worse (or better, depending on how you look at it). If you go there, take your vitamin pills along. You'll need 'em.

Ever since Le Grand Charles decided in 1965 that the GI PX's and everything associated with them would have to phase out of France, the Army's been keeping most of its troops in Germany. The big headquarters is at Heidelberg, but the caserns and posts are spread all over the country. The frauleins of Germany are everywhere and you have to see them to believe them — tall, chesty, slim-waisted and beautiful, not like anything you see in World War II newsreels. Every camp has its row of bars and cafes, but in the last couple of years, all of Germany has been turning into a fun place. And the girls know what it's all about. They tried out the «new morality» before it hit the States. It doesn't hurt to speak a little German. That gives you an advantage in Germany just as it does in any country where you speak the lingo. Sprechen sie Deutsch and you've got her

made.

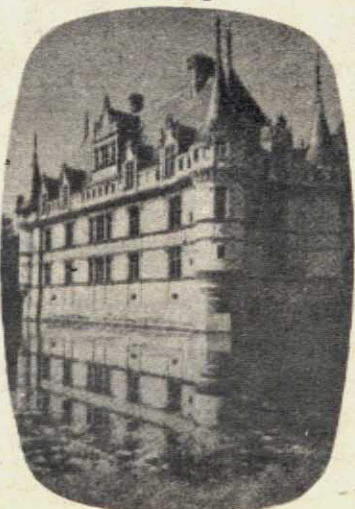
There are a couple of thousand GIs surrounded by communist territory in Berlin, but they're also surrounded by some of the prettiest girls in Europe who like to have them around for security reasons and for other reasons. Berlin has always had a reputation as a place where people grab their pleasures 'while they can, never knowing what tomorrow will bring. Some of the best nightclubs in Europe are in the city, but the best places are little, dark intimate clubs where any minute, you expect to see Marlene Dietrich singing in a husky voice. There's an air of expectancy and excitement in Berlin all the time and it does something to people — girls and boys together.

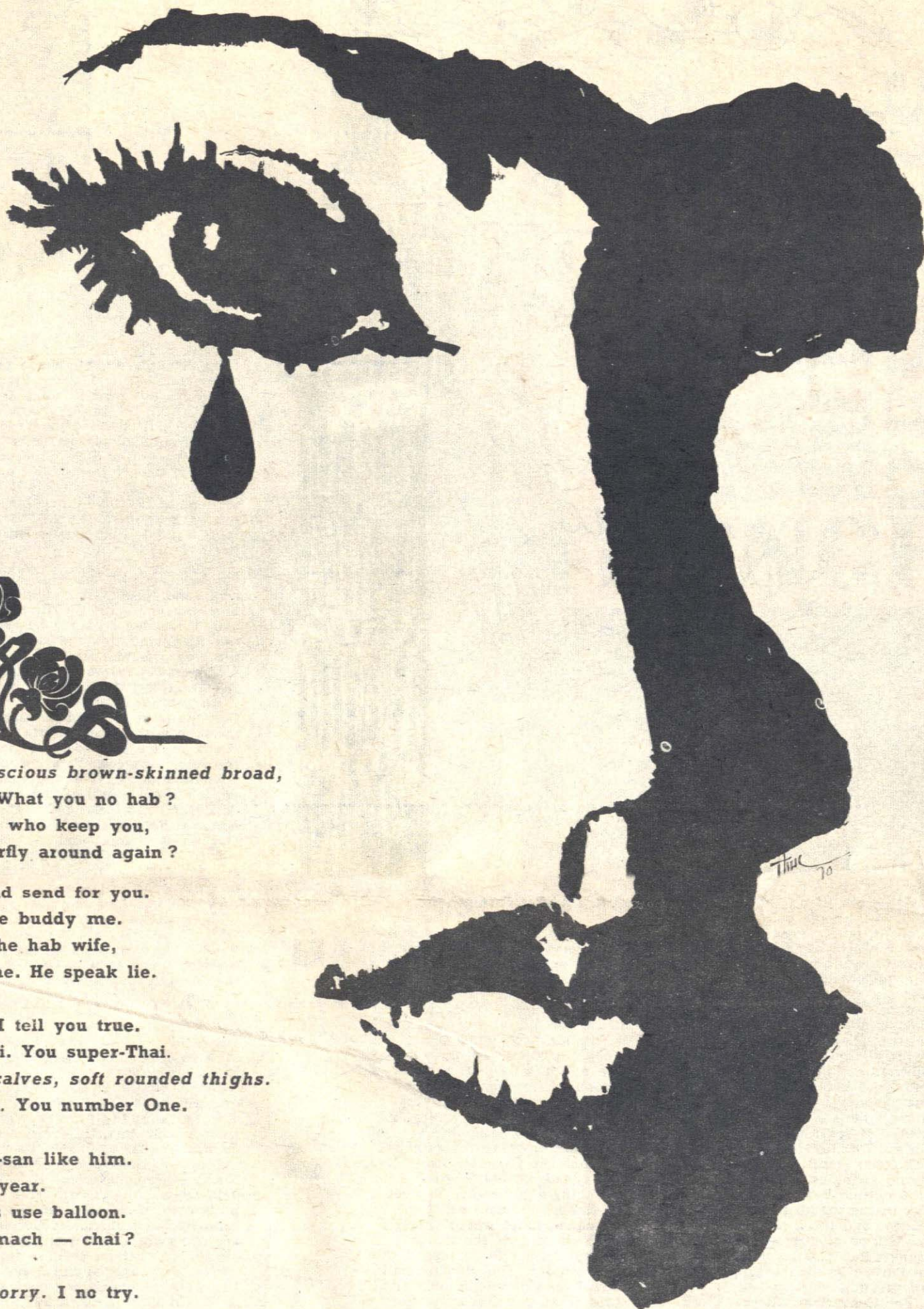
Navy troops assigned to Europe get to sample the delights of those fast-living Mediterranean cities like Naples, Nice, and Marseilles. In the land of Gina and Sophia, beautiful girls come naturally and they have the spirit to go with it. The Riviera can be expensive, but when a man learns his way around, it's like everywhere else. Avoid the tourist traps and you've halved your entertainment costs. A warning, though, to servicemen in Nice. Sex has a long history there and there are streets where that beautiful girl propositioning you, big bosoms and all, ain't really a girl.

There are airmen in those other Mediterranean countries — Turkey and Greece, who have learned about some exotic sex practices from the place where it all got started. In the big cities, there are places that will cater to every need a guy can think of. And it's not that expensive. The big night clubs in Athens can cost you your life savings, so you take the little ones. They're all over the place around the bases and in the towns and it doesn't take long for a new guy to find out where to go, without having to look for an off-limits list.

If you happen to get to Saudi Arabia, forget it. Not only women, but alcohol, are out of the question. You better learn to enjoy playing that slot machine or watching movies. But there aren't many Americans there these days.

So if you're a guy finishing up a rough tour in Southeast Asia and you feel you need a three year R&R, go knocking on that assignment guy's door right away and put in your papers for a European paradise. And you better hurry, too, cause they're talking loud in Congress about cutting back on the number of guys who can live that good life.





Hey, you, you *slant-eyed, luscious brown-skinned broad*,
 Why you no smile tonight? What you no hab?
 Where your zoomie tilat-man who keep you,
 Pay you, love you? He butterfly around again?

Maybe he go home States and send for you.
 Big joke. It never happen. He buddy me.
 He hot jet jockey, sure, but he hab wife,
 Three baby-san. He short time. He speak lie.

No worry, babes, no sweat. I tell you true.
 You nice girl. You not nit-noi. You super-Thai.
 You have long legs, great calves, soft rounded thighs.
 You need no Hongkong bra. You number One.

I same-same. No hab mama-san like him.
 You be my tilat, I extend a year.
 I make love good. — always use balloon.
 I long time love you mach mach — chai?

Don't cry, please. I'm so sorry. I no try.
 To hurt you. I just make damn silly joke.
 I'm a lonely pilot, very far from home,
 Who plays the game. I dumb GI.

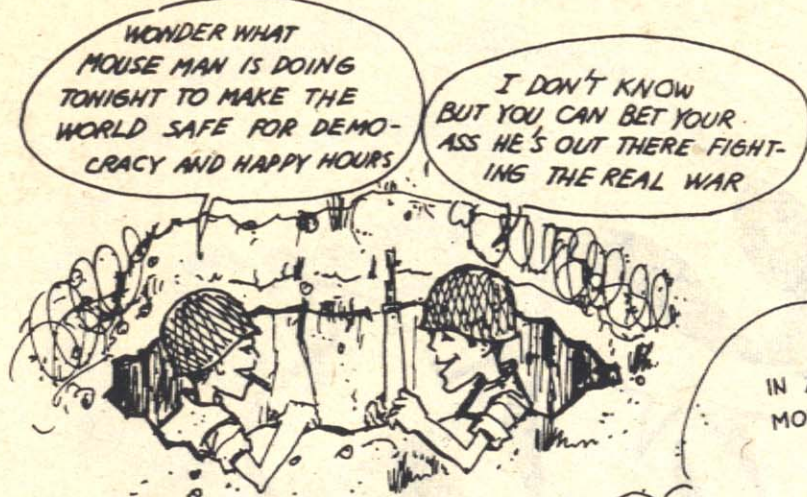
Your tilat good man. Marry you someday.
 Please, what's the matter? What you say?
 He shot down. He work Tchepone today?
 I didn't know. Flying last night, I've slept all day.

You loved that part of him he let you love, I know.
 But so did we.
 Please stop your crying and forgive us all,
 As well as me.



WORDS & THOUGHTS

by JONATHAN CLARK

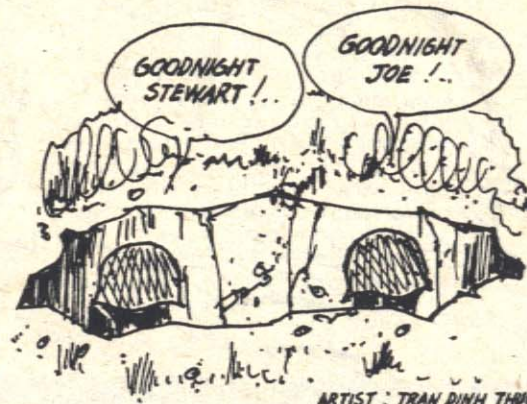


IN A SAIGON PRESS BRIEFING
MOUSE MAN STRIKES !...

TAKE THAT AND THAT
YOU GENTLEMEN OF THE
FOURTH STATE . AND AFTER
THIS , YOU TELL IT LIKE IT IS
AND LIKE IT IS IS HOW
THEY SAY IT IS



ONCE MORE , THE WORLD
CAN BREATHE EASIER AS
MOUSE MAN STRIVES
TO BRING MORE PURITY
AND GOODNESS AND
NON - POLLUTED THINKING
INTO REPORTING OF THE
WAR ...



ARTIST : TRAN DINH THUC

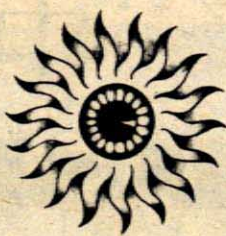
You're a 3-WAR LIFER

IF YOU RECALL THE FOLLOWING
CATCH PHRASES WHEN THEY WERE REAL «SNAZZY».

- He's a real sap.
- Your skirt was real mellow compared to the quail (or Frail) I had.
- Did you lamp her set of headlights?
- That's jazzy.
- Gimme some skin, man.
- Be good, but if you can't be good be careful.
- Don't do anything I wouldn't do?
- How sexy can you get?
- Got a match? Yeah--my ass 'n your face.

- Oh, my achin' back!
- How'd you like to Boff that?
- Hubba-hubba!
- Pom-Pom
- Poontang
- Get off my back, Mack.
- That's tough shit, pal.
- He don't know shit from Shinola.
- Cool it, Jackson... Get in the groove.
- She thinks she's hot shit.
- 90-day-wonders.
- Wow, has she got OOMPH!!!
- Everything's copasetic, (on the beam).
- Shave Tail.

YOU MIGHT ALSO ASK THE DLE «TOP» ABOUT THOSE «DREAMY» CHELSEA CIGARETTES THAT SOMEHOW SNEAKED INTO EVERY OTHER K RATION BOX, AND IF YOU REALLY WANT TO BRING TEARS OF NOSTALGIA TO TIRED'S EYES, ASK HIM IF HE EVER CARRIED A «SHORT SNORTER». IF HE WAS AIR FORCE HE ALMOST CERTAINLY DID. IF HE WAS NAVY HE WILL RECALL THE JOY (AND HANGOVERS) OF TORPEDO JUICE. HE WILL ALSO RECALL--NO MATTER WHAT BRANCH OF SERVICE HE WAS IN--THAT THINGS TODAY ARE PRETTY MUCH THE SAME AS ALWAYS IN AT LEAST ONE REGARD: EVERYTHING IS STILL SNAFU.



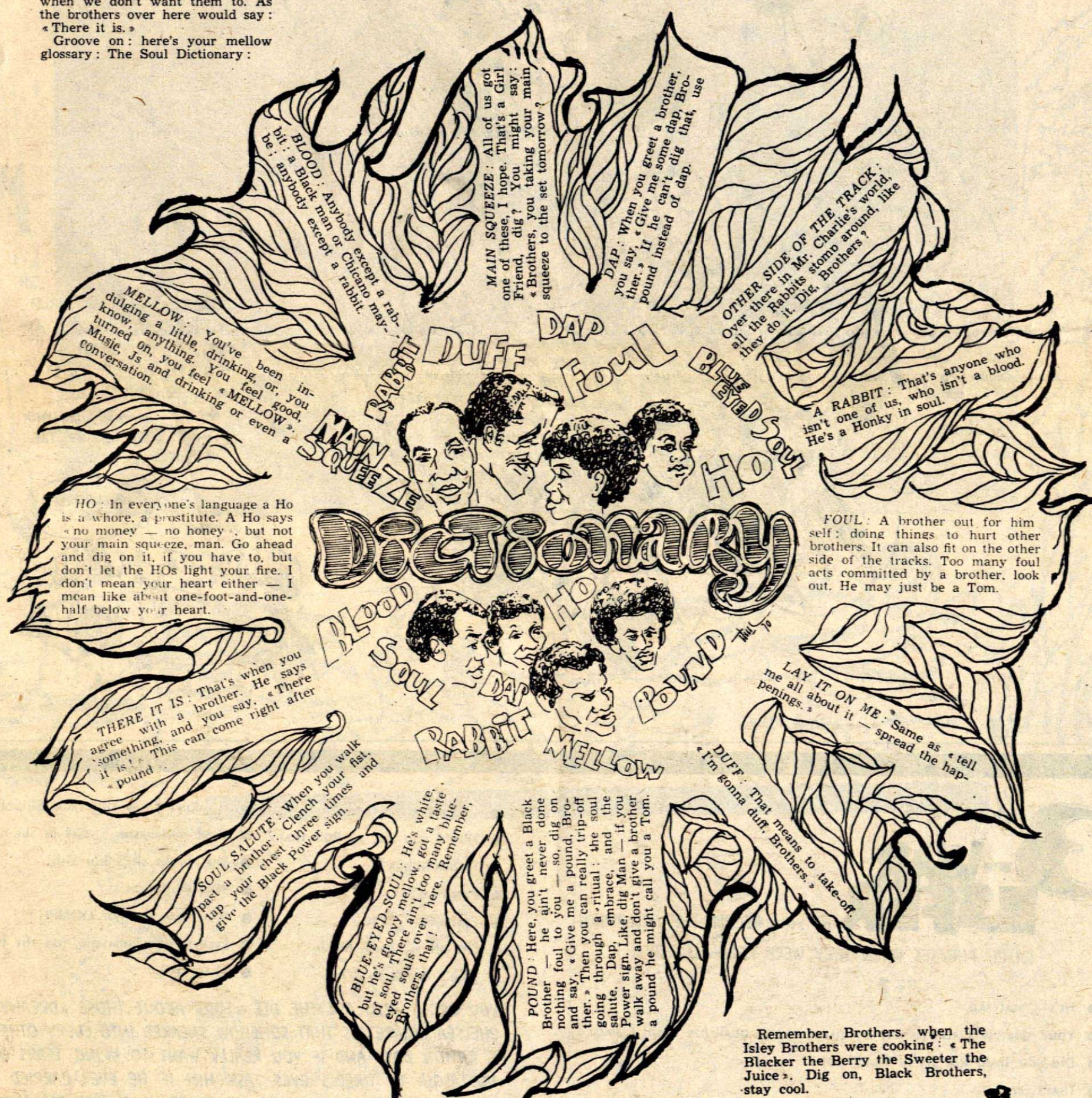
Soul BROTHERS

by AL WILKINS

What's going on, Black Brother? Dig on it — like if you just flake in You know where it's at: the Nam — fighting the war. Man, if you can dig on it, we got a new rap over here like a college education in «Soul Raps». Brother, with this dictionary you can fall right in on the set — if you can dig it.

Don't worry about the «other side of the tracks». The Rabbits can read this, but they ain't never going to be able to dig our raps when we don't want them to. As the brothers over here would say: «There it is.»

Groove on: here's your mellow glossary: The Soul Dictionary:



Remember, Brothers, when the Isley Brothers were cooking: «The Blacker the Berry the Sweeter the Juice». Dig on, Black Brothers, stay cool.

Like When I took THE SHOWER

You never know how important a bar of soap can be until you're without it. You walk a quarter of a mile to the shower, get in line with a bunch of guys behind you and you find you forgot the soap. Well, you can't go back. Somebody's bound to have left some soap inside. You wait.

When you get in the shower, there is no soap. You get soaked and watch the other guys lathering up and you look around desperately for a piece of soap. There's a sliver down there by the drain, just enough to lay a slick cover over the top of your body. You reach for it, hoping nobody's looking. You get it in your fingers; it slips, and goes down the drain.

You stand up again as though nothing had happened, feeling silly as hell in there without soap. The guy next to you has left his in the soap dish and is now rinsing off. Maybe he'll leave it. He does, but just as you reach for it, he comes back and takes it.

The water runs down your body and you know you can't stay there forever. After all, there is a line. Well, you tell yourself, you got washed off, but it's still not the real thing.

You step out, start drying down and somebody takes your place. You dress, walk around to the wash basins and comb your hair, and there, bigger than hell, on the sink, is the most beautiful pink bar of Lifebuoy you ever saw, big enough so you can still read the lettering on it.

But it's too late. The line is longer than ever. Well, the least you can do is put it in the shower room for some other unfortunate guy.

A guy is just leaving his shower. You reach in carefully to put the Lifebuoy on the soap dish without getting wet. There's a thick bar of Lux there already that somebody left behind. You peek in. Man, there's soap all over the place! Yeh!



Cognac

THE DRINK YOU BUY

The hottest selling liquor item in the PX is Martell brandy. And it's the one least drunk by the GIs who stand in long lines to buy it. The reason: Martell costs \$3.70 a bottle and it sells on the black market for over \$20 at the official rate. But the guys who have missed out on the splendid taste of this elixir of the gods might be interested in knowing why the local people are ready to pay so high for it.

Brandy, of course, is cognac, and it comes from the province of Cognac on the west coast of France where the vineyards for hundreds of years have had a world wide reputation. Brandy, like wine, is made from grapes. It's simply distilled wine. Originally, in the same year Columbus discovered America, the farmers in Cognac had a bitch about the high tax on wines. To get around the bulk shipments on which the tax was paid, they distilled their wine, shipped it out at reduced tax rates, and let the buyers add water to the distilled mixture. This was called «burned wine», which in Dutch, is brandewijn, for which the English translation is brandy wine.

It's not only the excellent soil and the fine grapes of Cognac Province that give the modern brandy its unique taste. A big factor is the keg it matures in. When the grapes are picked in October and November and the wine is fermented, the distilling process starts. When it comes out of distillation, the liquid is clear and while it has a fruity taste it still lacks the color and flavor of the stuff you find on the PX shelves. The barrel makes the difference. It gives the color, taste, and smoothness. There is only one kind of wood that can do the job — oak from Limousin Province — and it's the oak that gives the color and acts as the catalyst which gradually mellows the brandy. It's the oak that ages the brandy. Once in the bottle, it stops aging, so it's no good to hold a bottle for a long time. The



But
**CAN'T
AFFORD
DRINK**

oak-aging process takes some five years and during that time, the liquid in the barrels seeps right through the wood, with about 3% of the liquid lost yearly through evaporation through wood. Each year, the barrels are refilled. Before bottling, the cognac must be 80 proof. Martell is one of four big companies in the cognac business. The others are Hennessy, Courvoisier and Remy Martin. These companies export 80% of their production, mainly to Britain, Germany, and the U.S. It was the French influence which developed the brandy taste in Vietnam.

In the town of Cognac, France, there's a bar on the main street where the beer drinking proprietor refuses to sell cognac to his customers. He lost a good friend who died of liver trouble and he blames it on too much cognac. But his concern is not shared by many other Frenchmen, or Americans or British or Germans or Vietnamese, who have found in cognac a drink that not only tastes good, but is a status symbol. Too bad the grunts in Vietnam who buy the stuff can't afford to drink it. Or is it because they're worried about their liver, too?



BUT I'M SO SHY
I SIMPLY COULDN'T...

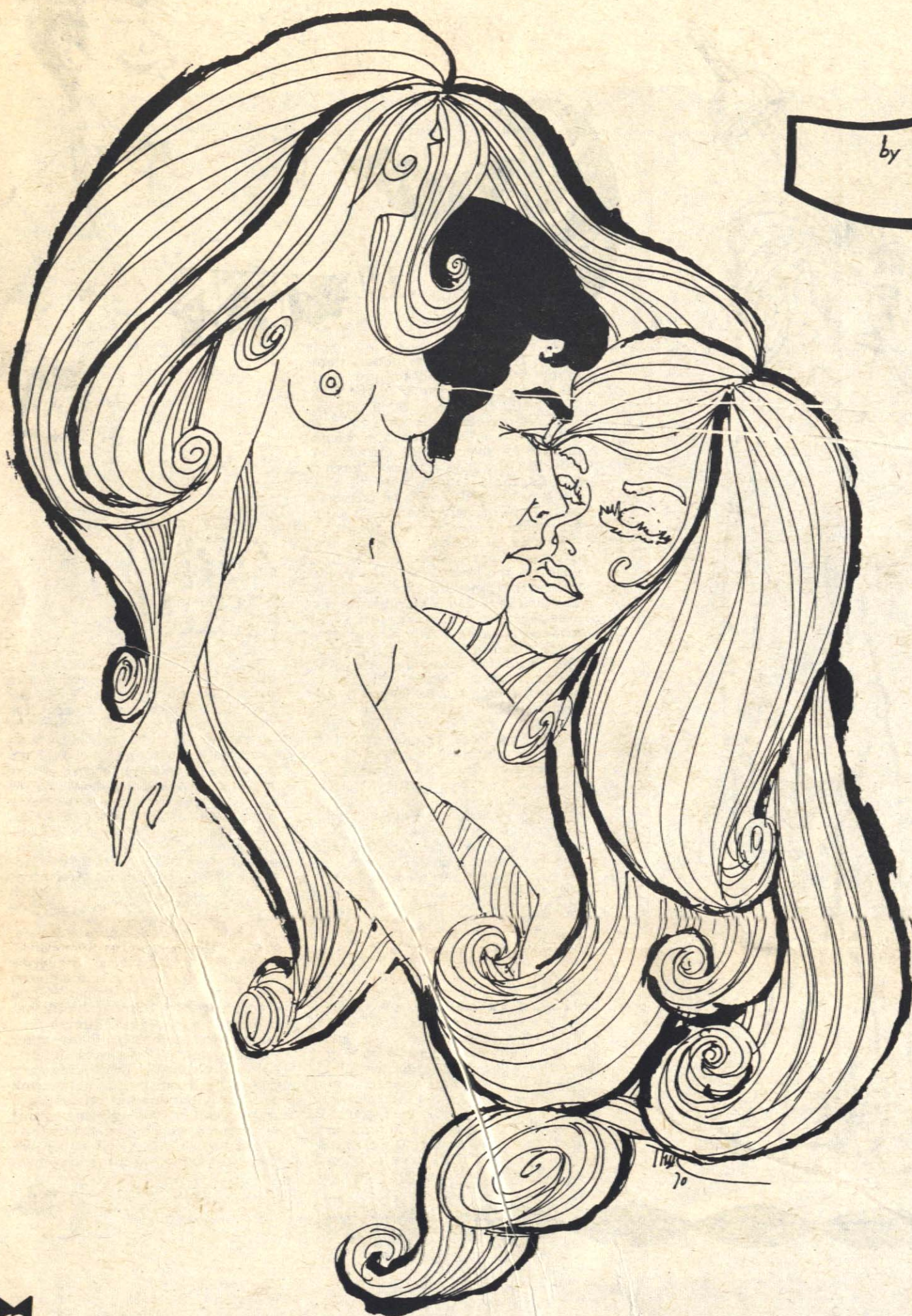


WELL, MAYBE JUST
LOOSEN THE HALTER A BIT...



OH WHY NOT?... THEY
ALL DO IT IN **PLAYBOY**

by CRAIG DOUGLAS



nobody came right out and admitted they disliked Specialist 4 Nero Wallace. How could you rap a twice wounded hero with Greek-God build, movie star face, and initiative enough to work his way through three years of college. Then — when his money ran out, he accepted the draft as though it were a lifetime membership to the Hollywood Playboy Club. No, the grunts didn't dislike Nero Wallace; what they did was envy the living hell out of him.

What made things worse, was that Nero was probably one of the greatest guys on the whole damn base camp. Inevitably, Nero also ended up with the choicest broads. That was really why they were out to nail him, and the man who wanted him most was old Top Chopko. The lifer E8 would do almost anything to make a loser out of Nero just once... just ONE LOUSY TIME. The opportunity finally arrived.

As pointman out on a night ambush patrol, Nero Wallace and his patrol missed the first camp show to appear at Quan Loi in a year, and it was a dandy. There was this swingin' group, and this Aussie named Cynthia. Not only did she sing like a blond haired angel, but she ended her act with a striptease that that could send a general AWOL. Her long svelte

body bumped and ground, her luscious melons rolled and bounced; she would be the talk of the camp for a year to come... and Nero missed it all.

This alone pleased Chopko, but out of this came a glorious plot — the means to mar Nero's image for life. When the patrol returned the following afternoon, Chopko first made very certain the U.S.O. troupe (especially the Blonde) was safe and sound several miles away at Phuoc Vinh via the C-123 that was laid on.

Nero and his patrol, dog-tired and bedraggled, took the news hard. They had looked forward to the show for months, but a counter ambush trapped them, and they were caught in a distant treeline overnight. As it turned out, Nero Wallace saved the patrol by his



fearlessness and his deadly aim with his M-16. The jerk would probably end up with another medal, but that only made Chopko more envious.

Chopko feigned camaraderie and plunked a hairy arm around Nero's

shoulder. He led him aside from the others. «Look Nero. All us guys think the world o' you, kid. We owe you a lot. Now I wouldn't do this for jest any old grunt, but for you I swung a little deal.»

«For me?» said Nero, beaming his «look-mom-no-cavities» grin. «What kind of deal, Sarge?»

Chopko scanned all perimeters to be sure there were no spies. Then, in a confidential whisper, «I worked it out that the gorgeous star of last night's show stayed over just to meet you. With your looks she's as good as in the old sackereeno.» «Aw, cut it out. Sarge, You're pulling my leg.»

«No it's all set. You see, you've done more for the outfit's morale than any other man. This is our chance to show our gratitude.» Nero, guileless and trusting, shook his head shyly. «I'm nothing special, but it makes me feel good to know how you feel. Thanks Sarge.»

«So here's what you do,» said Chopko. «Go to the USO just after dark. The blond Aussie, Cynthia Newell, will be waiting for you. It's all set up.»

Nero attempted to expand the arrangement so his patrol would get a chance to meet the girl, but Chopko's sudden burst of anger made Nero go along with the plan. After-

all, the Sarge had been nice enough to arrange things. Nero took a nap, had some chow and then showered down.

While this was taking place, Chopko went to work. This would be beautiful... JUST beautiful. He ran back to the barracks to pass the good news to his fellow conspirators.

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«But why me, Sarge?» wailed Pvt. Walter Mackey. At this moment he was standing before a half dozen senior noncoms in his skivvies. «You know I don't go for that stuff.»

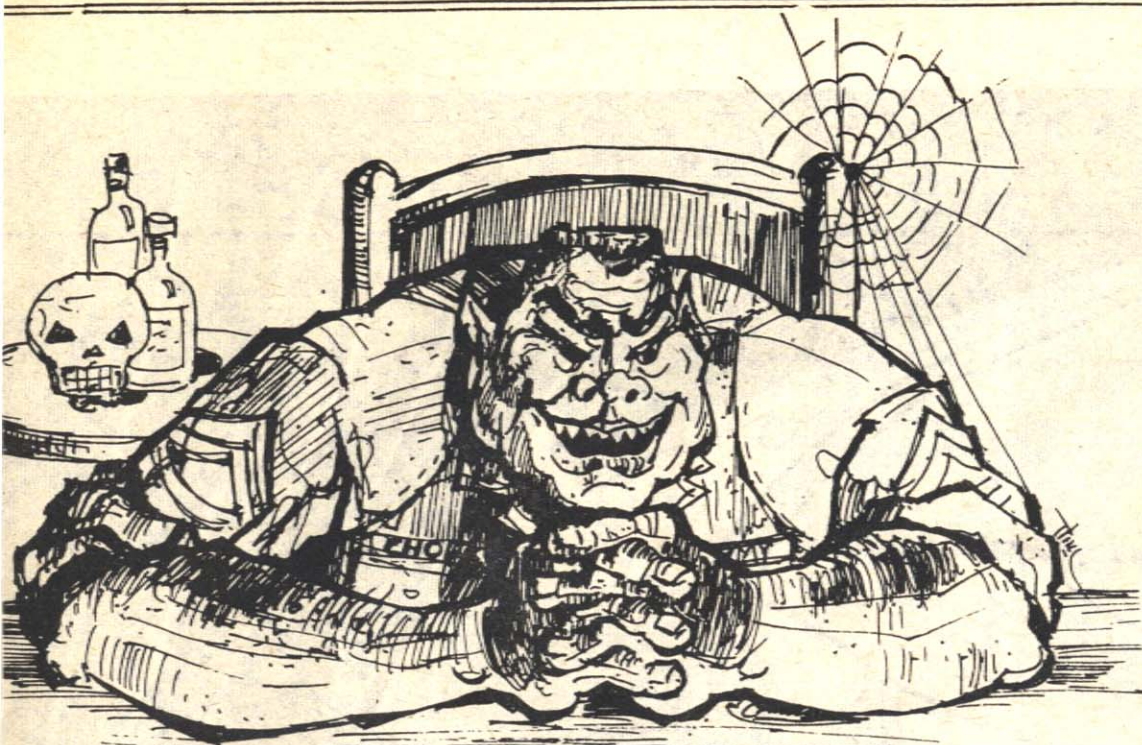


«There's plenty a reasons you!» said Chopko jamming a thumb within an eyelash of the Private's nose tip. «But the big one is cause I said so.»

The night before, when the show was playing, Chopko ordered his cohorts to sneak into the blonde's dressing tent and grab all the feminine wear they could find: out came a miniskirt, bra, and especially one of the wigs she carried with her.

«Besides,» said Chopko, speaking again to Mackey, «You're perfect for the job. You got them dreamy, blue eyes, long lashes, and lips plump enough to kiss.» With that the Sarge gave the victimized young lad a painful tweak on his dimpled cheek.

Mackey was always being kidded about his youthful, and girlish looks, but he didn't think it would ever come to this. Still, the Sarge could get plenty mean, and he knew he would have to carry out the plan



THIS WAS CHOPKO'S ONE CHANCE
TO TURN NERO WALLACE INTO A
LOSER... HIS PLOT COULDN'T FAIL!
OR - COULD IT?...

Walter

and do a good job of it. His entire future in Vietnam — all nine months of it — could depend on his performance tonight. He dropped his skivvies and got into the nylon panties. Everybody hooted and cheered as he did it, but he expected that.

Everything was included to the padded Hong Kong falsies bribed from one of the hooch maids. It was her lipstick and eye shadow too. By the time the masquerade was complete, the men stared in silence. It was remarkable. Mackey, said one of the E6's later, should have been a 'goil'.

Nero Wallace was refreshed after his nap and shower and dressed into crisply starched fatigues. While he was showering Chopko had secretly pinned a note to Nero's bunk. «The jeep is yours tonight, soldier», it said. «And the supply tent behind the bakery has been cleared for action. Hope you enjoy the cot with air mattress.» It was signed, «Your buddy, Chopko.»

It was a bit early, but the idea of getting off the base and taking a drive appealed to Nero. He took the waiting chariot and cruised along the road that encircled the airfield.

As it turned out, Nero was lucky he started early, or he might have missed his date. Because half-a-click past the senior officers club, he saw a very attractive blonde stumbling along the rocky road. It had to be Cynthia even though this was a good distance from the USO.

«Hi,» he called as he drew along side. «You must be Cynthia Newell.»

At first the blonde seemed to scowl at him, but then her smile broke through. Chopko had not misrepresented her, she seemed to have everything. Nero's libido was already on the rise.

«I thought you were somebody else,» she said, already getting into the jeep. «Yes, I would appreciate a ride.»

Nero grinned, giving the blonde periodical glances. «Say... you're Nero Wallace, aren't you?» said the sexy voice returning one of his looks.

«Yes'm,» he said shyly, «but I'm nobody special. I'd rather not talk about me. Let's talk about you.»

«Fine,» she said. «Can't think of a better way to spend an evening.» She laughed, her white teeth perfect, her dimples cute as could be. «I don't mean to spend an evening talking about me, but to spend one with a real soldier... one of my own choice... instead of some lecherous old colonel.»

«I know where we could be alone... if you'd like that.»

That seemed exactly what she wanted, so away they went. Within moments they were alone inside the darkened supply tent. Nero brought out his zippo until they



found the bunk with the air mattress on it. They sat close together. Nero had to hand it to old Chopko. He hadn't overrated the young beauty. «Want me to see if I can find a lantern or something?» Nero asked in the dark.

«No,» whispered the blonde, touching his muscular thigh. «I like the darkness... when I'm with someone I like.»

Nero indeed had a shy side to his nature, but he was no backward chump when it came to girls. He knew a cue when he heard one. He quickly took advantage.

«It's just beautiful,» Chopko roared as he drove the deuce-and-a-half along the road. It was just after dark and Chopko with a couple of his buddies were ready to take in the big show. «I'm glad I made Private Mackey hitch a ride. That was his big test. When I saw that jeep screech to a stop, I knew Walter Mackey could fool anybody. Just about now he and the Greek God are gittin' nice and familiar in that supply tent. By the time we get there they should be down to the real nitty-gritty.» He roared again with booming laughter. «I can't wait to hear old hero Nero yelp when he reaches under them lacey panties Walter's wearing.»



He parked the truck far enough away from the tent to be safe, and the practical jokers edged to the supply tent as quietly as if on a night ambush. The three knelt beside the tent, their ears glued to the canvas. Yes... there were voices. Nero was there, and so was his lady-fair. Chopko had to suppress a snicker, at the sound of the whispery voices.

«You made me decide where to take my upcoming R & R,» Nero said adoringly. «Will you see me if I come to Sydney?»

«MMMmmm, yes. Oh, darling, yes.»

Then there was the very distinct sound of heavy breathing, and the rustling of clothing. Chopko had to hand it to goof-ball Walter. He really took his acting serious like. In fact, it puzzled him just a bit.

«You're beautiful... all of you,» said Nero, his voice thick with passion. «Your body... it's so soft... and firm. I'm one lucky grunt.»

«Oh no!» gasped the willing partner. «I'm the one whose lucky. To have a man like you... all man... real man!»

«Should we... undress?» Nero suggested. «I mean... all the way...»

«You, yes... please undress me, Darling. I want you...»

Chopko doubled a fist. «Sumthin's damn funny here!» he said in a harsh whisper. His pals tried to shush him.

There were the final sounds of clothes being discarded, and a very definite mutual sigh when body met body. Then came whispering, moaning, sighing. «Oh, oh, oh,» cried the whispery voice. «You're such a man such a beautiful brute of a man!»

That did it. Chopko jumped to his feet and roared. «THEY'RE A BUNCH O' DAMN QUEERS!»

With that he entered the tent flap with flashlight beaming.

When the light caught the couple on the bunk, he coughed and sputtered. «Oh... uh... beg your pardon... Uh, sorry 'bout that. Thought you were somebody else.» With that said he darted from the tent and in a daze he started the truck and roared off. His buddies were barely able to catch up with him.

«What was that all about?» Cynthia asked Nero, as they slowly resumed their actions. «Could there be some peeping toms on the base?»

«I know who it was,» said Nero, «but I don't know why. But let's talk about that later. Right now I wouldn't care if the General walked in.»

«I wouldn't either,» Cynthia moaned. «Not even the President of the United States...»

They loved once, twice, thrice... Nero, was attuned to every lovely experimentation.

Finally, after much time passage, Nero lay on his side. Cynthia still pressed her lush, moistened curves against his athletic body. «Now,» she said. «What do you suppose the interruption was all about?»

«You should know better than I,» he answered. «They said they had you set up for me tonight.»

She sat up in surprise. «But that's ridiculous,» she said. «I left for Phuoc Vinh this morning with the rest of my troupe. After I got there some corny colonel conned me into coming back down here for some special command party. I made no plans with anybody else.

I took off on foot the first chance I had.»

«I can't figure it out, but I'm glad. Now I love you even more. Guess the guys had some gag-cooked up, and I just lucked out. Now... do you suppose we have time for a little more loving?»

«I have a lifetime,» she vowed, clinging to him fiercely.

«Well, I have until dawn,» he said. «So let's not waste time.»

They loved away into the cool stillness of the night. Inside the tent it was very, very warm.

Chopko drove all over trying to find that crummy bum Mackey, but finally had to give up. How could that jerk screw him up so? AND... how did the Aussie broad get back to Quan Loi? After Chopko's eleventh beer, Mackey finally showed up in the senior non-com's hooch. It was one in the morning, and Walter Mackey was dragging.

Chopko was dead silent twisting his beer can, as Mackey sat on the opposite cot. He painfully removed his high heeled pumps, and rubbed his aching feet. «It was awful... just awful,» said Private Mackey. «Have you ever danced all night in high heels... with man doing the leading?»

That was it. Grinding his dentures between each measured word, Chopko said, «JUST... WHERE THE HELL... HAVE... YOU... BEEN?»

Mackey did his best to explain. It seems this full bird colonel was out looking for the Aussie singer. She ditched him back at the party somehow. Well, the colonel took an immediate fancy to Walter, who was hitching along the road, and insisted he come back to the party with him. «How could I refuse?» Mackey pleaded. «He was half gassed, and mean as hell. If I refused he'd probably have raped me. Then where would I be?»



Chopko sat with his head hanging in his hands... just listening.

«I passed myself off as a visiting nurse,» Mackey continued, «and everybody bought it. Hell... I was the Goddamn belle of the ball. One light colonel loves me and wants to divorce his wife. Another kept pinching my falsies. All of them patted hell out of my behind. One full bird even followed me into the damn ladies room.»

«Ladies room!» Chopko roared, coming out of his stupor.

«Hell yes. How would it look if I went to the men's latrine, and I had to go... bad. What do you suppose that bastard did when I came out of the stall?»

Chopko shook his head wearily.

«He kissed me, that's what. I never thought I'd ever get kissed by a colonel. He'd have had me right there if I hadn't screamed.»

«You screamed, eh?» Chopko said, half in a daze.

«Uh huh, and that's when the brawl started. I sneaked out when the action got hot. Otherwise I might have been there all night.»

«Hit the sack, Private,» Chopko said wearily. «I've heard all I want to.»

Mackey paused at the door. «Look, Sarge... you won't tell anyone, will you? I'd hate that story to get around.»

Considering the multitude of personal consequences, Chopko shook his head. «Burn the girlie garb, and get the other stuff back to the maid. Nobody... but nobody will ever say anything to anyone. I give my word.»

Mackey smiled a lipstick smeared grin, and departed.

Chopko lay back thinking about that lucky bastard. Nero who had lucked out again. He ground his dentures most of the night just thinking... thinking and burning.

The episode was never brought up by Nero, Chopko nor anyone else. Some things were best left behind. There was some buzzing, however, that a certain colonel was making a desperate effort to locate a pretty blond nurse who had made a surprise one-night-visit to Quan Loi. But she was never found.