

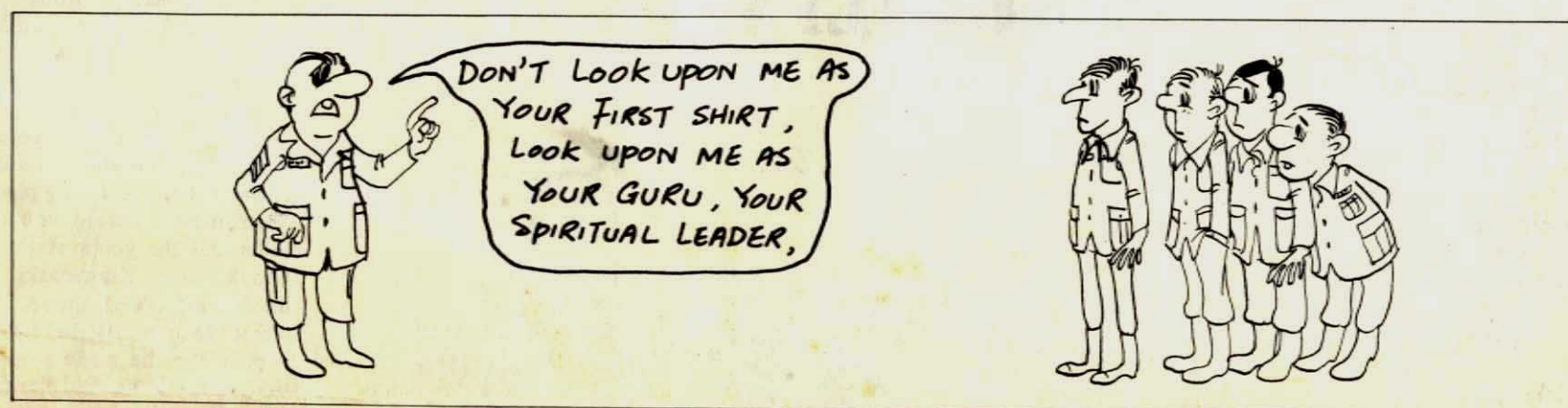
SERVICEMAN, THIS IS YOUR PERSONAL PROPERTY, IT CANNOT LEGALLY BE TAKEN AWAY FROM YOU UNLESS YOU SWIPED IT



# GRUNT FREE PRES

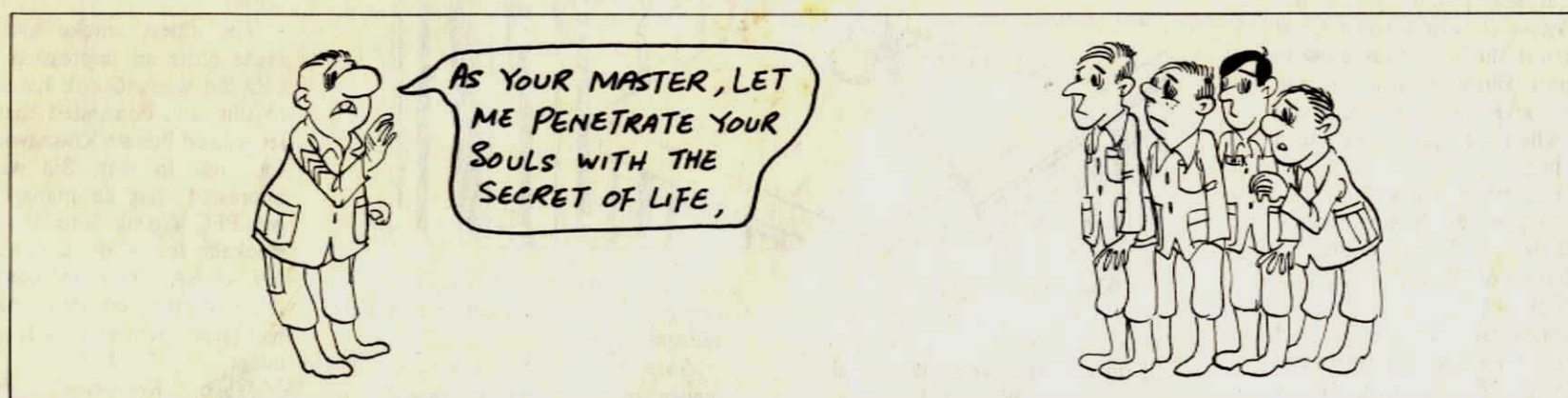
July, 1971

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO SHOVE



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Private Krasnewski had flown ten times in Vietnam but he was not put in for an Air Medal. Instead was put in the Long Binh stockade. He was charged with being high while still on the ground, more specifically for being stoned in his tent during a snap inspection.

If ever a man needed a Perry Mason, it was Krasnewski when he tried to explain his situation. "We were in this town after an operation and I was out of pipe tobacco. So I goes to the guy selling things on a corner and I ask him does he have any pipe tobacco. Well, he gives me this tobacco and takes two hundred pee for it. It didn't taste like Prince Albert but I figured it's a local brand. That's all there is to it, I swear."

The investigator Sid Krassner, was not impressed. Twirling his handlebar mustache, he continued the interrogation "Okay, Krasnewski, we've had our fun and games. You admit you were feeling high?"

"Yes."

"And you had nothing to drink."

"Yes. I mean no. I mean, yes, I had nothing to drink."

"Then what made you high?"

"Was it the pipe?" Krasnewski said hesitantly.

"I'm asking you. What was in it?"

"Like I told you, there was this guy on the corner selling..."

Sid interrupted. "Stop it, stop it. I'm going to tell you something, Krasnewski. You're a lucky guy. We can't track down what was in that pipe of yours. But we know it wasn't tobacco, at least not the kind they grow in Virginia. But when you see fit to let us know what it really was and where you got it, give us a call, huh?"

"You mean I can go?"

"Yes, but don't leave town."

"How can I? Everything off the base is off-limits."

"Get out."

Krasnewski felt like a bird freed from a cage but this was a short-lived feeling. PFC Gronk saw to that. He was waiting in Krasnewski's tent when the former con returned.

"You're a marked man, Kras", he told the returning private, "They'll be watching you close for the rest of your tour. They never let go. Even when you go to the john, make sure there are no peepholes there."

"What can I do to get them off my back?" Krasnewski asked.

"I'm glad you asked that," Gronk replied. "For a small service charge, I can help. It involves a detailed private investigation which will prove your innocence."

"But I'm already innocent."

"It's not enough to be inno-

cent. You must be innocent, beyond reproach. You must be un-guilty."

"What's un-guilty?"

"Un-guilty is a condition where you won't have to check for peepholes in the john when you sit down. It's a peace of mind that makes you feel pure and clean and lily white. I can get you that."

"How much is this service charge?"

"Ten bucks now and ten more when you're un-guilty."

Krasnewski handed over ten bucks. "Okay," he said, "but you better move fast, because I constipate easily."

"Okay, first things first, what were you smoking in that pipe?"

"Like I told them, something I bought from a guy standing on a corner in this town."

a little town called Mau Cau. It was the same corner where Krasnewski had purchased his strong tobacco. Gronk had parked the jeep he borrowed from Sgt. Silverwyn behind a building and the two men walked casually to the marketplace.

"Act casual," Gronk whispered. "Like we've been coming here every day, like we're one of the crowd."

"But we're caucasian and they're Asian. We can't hide in the crowd." Krasnewski said.

"In that case, act like we're tourists, just off the ship for a day in town."

"Tourists in uniform?"

"That's right. Then just act natural, like you're an American or something."

"Look, Gronk, it doesn't matter how we act because the

"No thanks," Gronk said, "We just bought our smoking tobacco and we're leaving."

"Smoking tobacco? Never happen. You buy turtle dung," the student grinned.

"Turtle dung. You mean I been smoking turtle dung?" Krasnewski blurted.

"Turtle dung you buy for make you strong with women," the young man spoke, "You understand. He help you make love too much when you eat with soup."

"It looks like our case is solved," Gronk said, "When I take this to Sid Krassner and explain what it is, you'll be declared non-guilty. You'll be pure and clean and lily white and in debt to me for another ten bucks."

"Pure and clean with turtle dung smoke on my lungs?" Krasnewski said.

"No sweat," Gronk said, "That will be compensated for by your extra prowess with women."

"What women?"

As the Americans spoke to each other, another interesting conversation was taking place in Vietnamese between the dung seller and the young student. If Gronk and Krasnewski had understood Vietnamese, they would have heard the old man explain that he made a mistake the first time he sold the turtle dung. He realized later what the American wanted was something to smoke so this time he sold them the finest smoke available in Vietnam instead of his usual wares.

The finest smoke available made quite an impression with CID Sid when Gronk handed it to him and demanded that the records on Private Krasnewski be torn up. In fact, Sid was so impressed that he managed to get PFC Gronk into the LBJ stockade for 30 days. Try as he did, Gronk could not convince the law enforcers that what he had given them was really turtle dung.

When Krasnewski finally managed a visit to his private eye, he found his friend in low spirits. "One thing puzzles me," Gronk said, "You smoked that turtle dung and it got you high?"

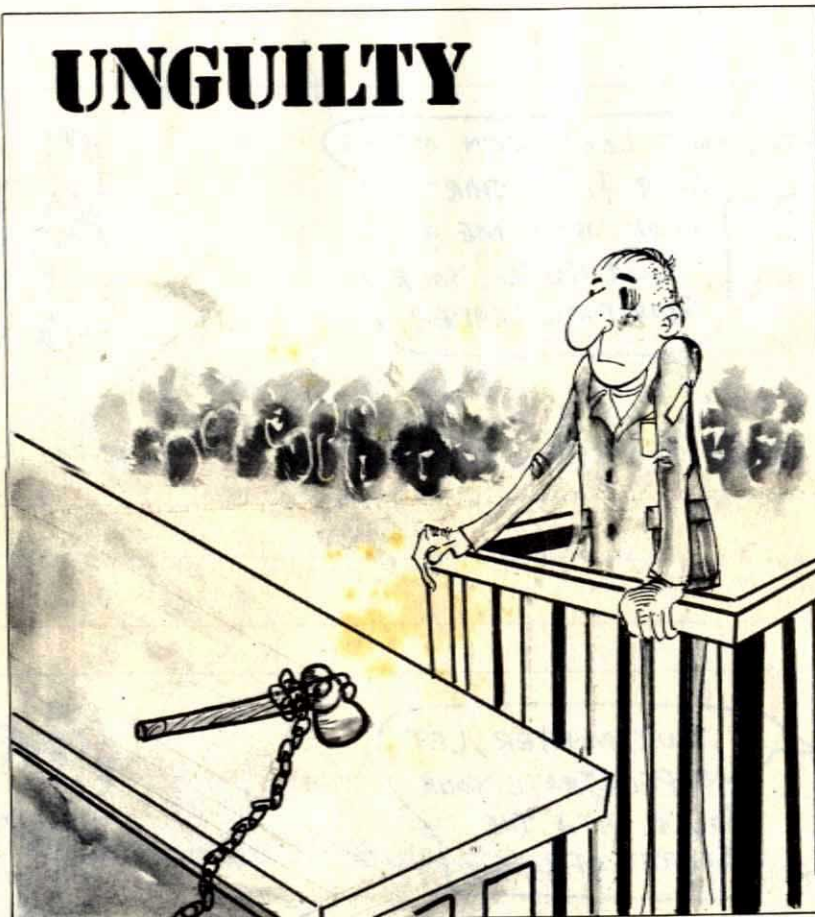
"That's what they say."

"And it didn't have any other effect on you?"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," Krasnewski smiled, "If you were a beautiful woman, I think I'd kiss you. Since you're not, I have another offer to make. For the ten bucks I gave you, I'll do what I can to make you non-guilty. In fact, I'll go see the turtle-dung seller and have him explain what he sold you."

Gronk decided to take the thirty days instead.

## UNGUILTY



"What did it smoke like?"

"Look," an annoyed Krasnewski answered, "I've been all through this with the official investigators. Why do I have to do it again with a private eye?"

"Okay, we'll drop that line of questioning. Instead you and I will go to the scene of the crime."

"But I tell you there was no crime. I'm innocent. I'm free."

"But you're not un-guilty, are you? Do you want to spend the rest of your life looking over your shoulder?"

"The rest of my life? Before you said it would be the rest of my tour."

"This case is more serious than I thought," Gronk said ponderously, "We must get to the roots of it."

The following day at 8 a.m., Gronk and Krasnewski, stood on the corner of the marketplace in

guy who sold me the stuff is coming across the street and he recognizes me."

Sure enough, the little bow-legged man wearing a conical straw hat and a gold tooth-revealing grin, set his idiot stick down and came over to Krasnewski. "Chao ong," he said, then reached into one of his baskets and withdrew a small packet, "You buy?" he asked.

A crowd started to form around the two Americans as they negotiated the purchases of the small packet for 200 piasters. The people in the crowd nudged each other and laughed.

"Come on, let's get out of here," Krasnewski said.

One young Vietnamese student came from the crowd and approached the two Americans. "Excuse, please, sir, I can help you?"



# The Roundeye Pickup

By Irv Kennison

Jake Shillibus had 155 pounds of meat stretched over a skeleton that stood six and a half feet tall and he had blue squinting eyes. A shock of straw textured and colored hair reached his eyes in front and his shoulders in back. And he was 27 years old, a Law school graduate, and had a bullet scar on his right thigh and kids laughed at him when he climbed up the stairs to his third floor walkup apartment in downtown Saigon.

The girl was in the apartment that night when it happened and if he could find her, the whole mess could be explained. Jake never saw her before that night he met her in the Tu Do coffee shop. Jake identified her to the CID: early 20's, blonde hair straight over her face and back, heavy mascara under her blue eyes and the delicate nose and cheeks and forehead and chin with just a hint of freckles. She was an entertainer and her name was Dolly and she was in Saigon for six months. That's all he told them and that was everything, except how she made love.

Jake lost his cool when he met the girl; otherwise his newsman instincts would have made him ask the question, "How come I meet a good looking blonde girl right in a coffee shop in downtown Saigon where things like that don't just happen?" She gave him a story about how she came to Saigon to be with construction-type boyfriend and then found out he was keeping a local girl and she was not inclined toward the 'menage a trois' routine, so for the last two nights, she decided "What the hell, I'm here and there are other pebbles on the beach."

Jake half bought the story, figuring what can I lose by spending a night with a roundeye who's on the rebound. And besides, he wasn't in a "looking a gift horse in the mouth" mood, especially a gift horse with such bountiful credentials.

Only the next morning, she was gone and the CID, with a couple of local police, came into the room and walked straight to the clothes closet where they said "aha" as they lifted out a plastic bag and studied its contents which turned out to be ten crisp 20 dollar bills.

"It's a frame," Jake said, "I never saw that money before."

The CID man, who wore black horn rimmed glasses and had an unhealthy pink-red face and whose white shirt had trouble staying in the fat-waist, smiled.



"It must belong to the girl," Jake protested and he stuck to his story when they put him in the Vietnamese pokey and booked him.

They brought the girl to see him at three o'clock that afternoon and she was smiling and pretty and wearing a black Thai silk mini-skirt and blouse. "Hi, honey," she said.

"What's going on?" Jake demanded. "You planted that money in my room, didn't you?"

"You were good, honey," Dolly said with a smile, "only not two hundred dollars worth."

"Then why? You're the only one who could have planted it."

The girl took Jake's hand and squeezed it. "There's a simple explanation," she said. "You do me a favor and I explain to them that I just got off a plane from Bangkok with that money yesterday afternoon and planned to convert it today."

"What kind of favor?"

"Like they say in the movies, I'll give it to you straight. I'm a singer and a good one and I'm out of work. A plug in that stupid column you write and I have a job."

"You got to be kidding?" Jake said.

"Would I go to all this trouble if I were kidding?"

"What kind of a job?"

"Entertaining in the clubs. I sing and dance and tell racy jokes like a half a dozen other out-of-work warblers in this two-bit town. There's one man who decides which girl works and which doesn't—that's Al Hirtland—and he reads your column. I know that."

"And what am I supposed to write that will impress this guy Hirtland?"

"This." Dolly showed Jake a typewritten sheet of paper. "Just print this."

Jake studied the paper. "Popular Local Entertainer Figures in Kidnap Plot." Jake looked up at the girl. She nodded. "You foiled a plot to kidnap a U.S. official?"

She smiled. "Yes. Only you don't say it's me, not in print, anyhow. Your story talks about a modest entertainer who shuns publicity. Only when Hirtland calls to ask you who, you let him drag it out of you, slowly, of course."

"Of course," Jake said, "and when he finds out about this paragon of modesty, he hires her." He paused. "Honey, I don't buy your story. And I want no part of it."

"They're talking about making a real example out of a black market money case and from what I overhear in the bars the CIDs frequent, you might be that example."

"Look, sweetie, even if I wrote that story which I won't, who the hell's going to believe it? They'll want proof. Now get your ass to that front desk and tell them the truth."

The girl kept her cool, smiling like a pussy with a mouse by the tail. "I thought of that," she said. "You just tell them, in fact, you print a follow-up column, saying you'd been asked to keep quiet about the details on this case. In fact, you'll get a call from somebody who will say they're CIA, female type."

"Like maybe you?"

"Like maybe me."

Jake thought, hard spurred by the thought of maybe five years in a Vietnamese pokey, agreed to the girl's proposition. After all, with the telephone call from somebody representing an official agency, he'd be covered. For all he knew, she might be a spook.

The story ran in the local paper. The girl got a job singing to the troops. And Jake was back in the swing of things, joking about the episode with his buddies at the Queen Anne Bar.

And in four weeks, he almost forgot about the incident. Until that one night, the two guys knocked on his apartment door and came in to interrupt the story he was writing on the evils of the black market money racket. From the neckties they were wearing, he knew they were spooks.

"We don't know how you found out about," spoke the short guy with a neat mustache and sideburns. "But we picked up the whole gang involved in the plot. One of them sang. And we appreciate your keeping quiet about."

Jake stared at the man. "You mean the thing about the girl?"

"Well, that's something we haven't worked out yet," the second man said. "We don't know exactly how the girl was involved or who she works for. But she gave us the lead, at least your story did. We know something cooking, but didn't know when. When we put our people to work on it, they found out. Just in time, too."

"Well, I'll be a horse's ass," Jake said.

The two men started for the door. "Of course, you'll keep the lid on this," the short one said as he walked out.

"Yeah, of course, in fact, hell yes," Jake answered.

Jake found the girl at a Club and after her performance to the troops, he took her out and back in his apartment for a private performance. Only this time, when they got in the room, he made her empty her purse, studied the contents and then checked each item of her clothes as she undressed. There were no hidden green bills.

In fact, her clothes weren't hiding anything.



**EDITOR'S NOTE:** The following story, stuffed in an empty Nuoc Mam bottle, was found floating on the Song Saigon River by the first mate of a Vietnamese Navy garbage scow. Although we haven't been able to authenticate the existence of Sgt. Slivovitz, "Grunt Free Press" publishes his story here as a public service hoping that in the future any similar tragedies may be averted.

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If I had known that terrible day what was going to happen to my poor soul I never would have gotten out of bed, but now that all has been lost and I've no chance of ever returning to normal life, it is too late to cry over spilt milk. If they catch me, I will die a horrible death, cursed for eternity, but I don't care. Could that be any worse than what I am experiencing now? I don't think so. It is in this glum spirit that I now risk everything and set pen to paper in the hopes that you, dear reader, may avoid my grisly fate.

It all began about a month ago when a bunch of us were sitting on a corner in downtown Saigon, watching the Au Dais go by, so to speak. Talking of many subjects, we chanced upon the topic of "cyclos," or more precisely, "Where do cyclos come from?"

None of us could remember seeing these peculiar three-wheeled conveyances anywhere else, "anywhere else" referring to the usual array of places within the G.I. experience—Japan, Korea, Taiwan, Germany, France, Italy, Turkey, Greenland, Panama, Thailand, England, Ethiopia, Greece, etc., etc. We discovered that we had collectively been just about everywhere in defense of somebody or other, and none of us had ever seen a cyclo except in Vietnam.

But, I digress. Eventually we established that cyclos are unique to Vietnam, but nobody could figure out where they were manufactured, or if, in fact, they are manufactured.

A quick on-the-spot survey of about 114 cyclos revealed that they are constructed mostly of welded tubular steel and have two-cycle engines very similar to that of a certain motorcycle used by the Japanese police before World War II. We polled various local Vietnamese on the subject, and most of them seemed to think that cyclos were also seen on the streets of Da Nang and Nha Trang, and were made in a factory located somewhere in Saigon.

"Hey, let's go see the cyclo factory," we all said together, blissfully ignorant of what we were getting ourselves into.

Quickly we jumped into the first cyclo to come by and said, "To the cyclo factory," to which the driver answered, "OK, G.I.," and away we went. Two hours and 4,000 piasters later we were unceremoniously dropped off at Rosie's Bar on Tu Do Street. "Hey, this ain't the cyclo factory, Papasan," we observed brilliantly.

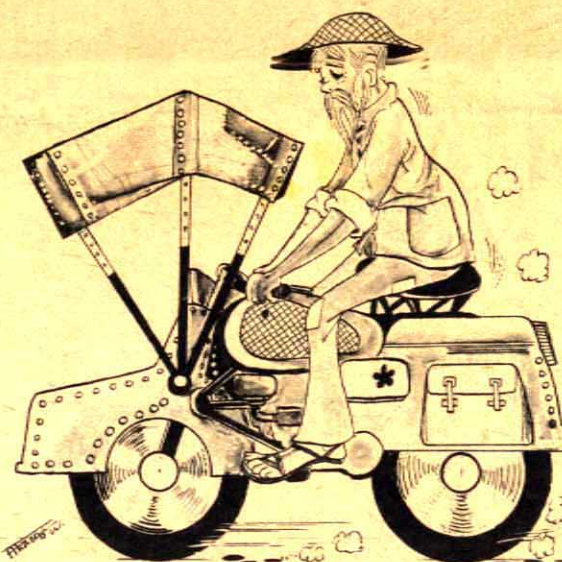
"How you know, G.I.? You ever see cyclo factory?" We had to admit that he had us there, so we paid him, and walked in for a drink.

country. Besides, all these cyclos are old, man. Have you ever seen a new cyclo? These things were made before Honda ever got started."

"Well, we know one thing for sure," I put in. "They aren't home made. The welds look professional, and besides, they are all made alike, so unless the plans were published in a Vietnamese 'Popular Mechanics' or something like that, somebody was in charge of making them."

## WE HAD TO ASK...

By G. Sadao Kira



Over our beer(s) we ruminated on the results of our morning's exertions. "Look," said one guy, "We know they're made somewhere, right? They've got Japanese engines. Honda probably makes them and imports them into Vietnam."

"That's impossible," said another buddy as he ordered a third round of brew. "If they were imported, the government would put a gigantic duty on them just like everything else, and the cyclo drivers could never afford to buy them in the first place. You know how much a measly Honda 50 costs in this

"Who gives a damn, anyway? I don't care where these cyclos came from, and neither should you," shouted a pot-bellied guy about 40, who happened to be sitting next to us. "I mean, there's a war going on here. Don't you long-haired pinko pot heads have anything better to do with your time? I mean, you should be out killing gooks, or something constructive like that. After all, every minute we waste, our poor commanders have to work harder for us. We've got to do our best for them."

"Wadda you, a lifer or sumptin? Buzz off, white wall!"

"Look, you goddamned Jeep," he was really pissed off now, "you can't talk like that to a Sergeant First Class in the United States..."

"Stop it, now both of you. Just stop it a minute," screamed an Army lieutenant. He was about 26, tall, thin, with thinning hair and horn-rimmed glasses. You've seen a million of 'em.

"Yes, sir!" The SFC snapped to attention and saluted. I mean like right there in the middle of the bar, he saluted the lieutenant.

"Now then," said the lieutenant as he smoothed his khakis and moved over to the bar stool next to us, "I just don't see why you two big grown men have to argue about something so stupid as killing gooks. Everybody does that, don't they? Now, this man here is very interested in the culture of the gooks, and he is doing a little investigation of his own. I think that is very commendable, don't you, sergeant?"

"Sir, yes sir. I really do think that is outstandingly commendable, if you say so, sir."

"Very good, sergeant. Now, on the other hand, airman, you were quite abrupt to the sergeant here, who is, after all, your superior. Don't you think you owe him an apology?"

"F...ck You, Sally!" ZZZZZ, we were back out on the street.

After running about five blocks, knocking over three marijuana stands and almost getting run over a couple of times ourselves, we again took up the position to which we had become accustomed during our tours in Vietnam: squatting on the curb.

"Hey, man, not that I really care," said a buddy we all called Green Pits, "but I think we've been overlooking something. I mean if we wanted to know where cyclos come from, wouldn't it be a lot easier just to find a cyclo driver who speaks good English and ask him where cyclos come from?"

"Wow! What a great idea! Here, Green Pits, have a joint on us."

"Hey, Papasan!" We flagged down a typical specimen in fairly good condition. It was painted in blue and yellow swirls and had the little antennas with the blue and red lights on them. The tanned and wrinkled driver looked to be about 60 and was dressed in black pants, fatigue shirt, shower clogs and was smoking a cigar stump. He roared to a stop, smiled his toothy black and white smile and "prprpratatated" his engine as we tried to talk to him.

"Hey, Papasan, where'd you get that cyclo?" I asked, grinning and pointing down at his pride and joy.

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He gave us a suspicious look and answered, "You C.I.D. or something?"

"Oh, no, no, Papasan, we just want to know where you got your cyclo; you see we were wondering where they came from and..."

"Ra-ra-ra-ra-rooom!" He gunned his engine, popped the clutch, and left us standing there in the thickest cloud of blue smoke I'd ever seen. I would have coughed, but I was still talking to him. He looked back once through his exhaust, flipped us a sort of gesture that looked like a cross between the "bird" and the "horns", and disappeared into the general herd of vehicles.

"Well, so much for that idea."

"Yeah."

We squatted down again on the curb. Conditioned reflexes, I guess. "This is unreal," said Green Pits. "These things have got license plates. Somebody's got to know who made them. Let's go down to the motor vehicle department or something and see what the registration man says."

"Yeah!" We all agreed that Green Pits had done it again. He always was the smartest of the bunch. That's why we called him Green Pits, but that's another story.

Ten minutes later we arrived at the Ministry of Transportation and were talking to a whizzened old Vietnamese who spoke remarkably good English.

"We want to know who makes the cyclos," I demanded.

"Ah so, yes, the cyclos. Nobody make. Just have."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Green Pits.

"Veddy simple. Man have cyclo, he bring here pay tax. We give him license plate. Nobody make, just have."

"Yeah, but where did the man get the cyclo?"

"Ah so, he get from other man."

"And, I suppose, the other man got it from another man?"

"Ah so, you understand! Number one!"

At that, we retreated back onto the street, and once again took up the usual stance, this time on the sidewalk.

"You know, this is really strange," I said. "Nobody seems to know where they come from, the cyclos, I mean. And, you know something else? Have you ever wondered where they go at night? I mean like they all just disappear. After curfew you can still find a taxi parked here and there, and sometimes you see hop tacs parked in alley, but you never see a cyclo. It's weird, man. Where the heck do they go at night, anyway?"

"I don't know and I don't care," said Green Pits. "I've had

enough of this rot. I'm going back to the base."

Just then a female voice called out behind us, "Hey, G.I., what choo do?"

We turned around and were treated to the view of the most luscious looking bar girl any of us had ever seen. She was sitting on a stool in a doorway with her smooth white legs crossed. Long-haired and short-skirted, she sort of quirmed there on that stool, and said, "Come on in. I buy you drink." Her sequined see-through blouse and net stockings were just too much to resist, and besides we weren't in the mood for resisting anyway, so we went in and ordered a round.

After the preliminary chit chat, she played her hand. "Why you G.I.s want to know about

where cyclo come from?"

I was getting a little apprehensive about jumping into a taxi with this Oriental baby-doll. Maybe she was a Mata Hari, or a Tokyo Rose or something. You know, like on the covers of all those men's magazines. I'm no dummy.

Ordinarily, I would have paid the check and split, but there was something about her that sort of cast a spell over me. I'm not absolutely sure, but it may have been something in the Bam Me Ban that cast the spell, but anyway, in another five minutes, I had paid the Mamasan 4,000 "P" to get her out of the bar and we were zipping through the back alleys of Saigon in a blue and white Renault Dauphine taxi—what else?



cyclo?" she asked casually, guzzling a 500 piaster Saigon Tea and rubbing just about all of her body against just about all of my body.

"Hey, how did you find out about that?" I exclaimed, taken aback. It had been a weird day so far, and all I wanted at that point was for it to end, and here was this chick needling me and being mysterious.

"Never mind that," she said, fluttering her oversized eyelashes out at me from under her Nancy Kwan bangs. "You want to see cyclo factory?"

"Hey, no kidding, how'd you find that out? I mean, did somebody tell you? What's your name, doll?"

Suddenly, she got tough, curling back her painted lips, thrusting forward her stain-covered hips, and sneering, "Look, Cheap Charlie, my name Li Li. You want to see cyclo factory, or not? You want to go, we go now in taxi. I show you

It was getting pretty dark, and there were only me and Green Pits and Li Li in the taxi, the other guys having split back to Tan Son Nhut. Green Pits was in the front, passed out from the day's dose of Bam Me Ban, and I was in back with Li Li. I would have passed out too, except that Li Li kept my blood pressure up by rubbing my things with her things. I forgot all about the cyclo factory, and the driver kept up the monotonous zig zagging through the narrow alleys and back streets, honking his horn and jumping a curb now and then. I think we were somewhere near the river, but it was really too dark to tell. It was drizzling and the meager street lights made streaky reflections on the wet cobble stone pavement. We were surrounded by warehouses and piers, and the taxi finally lurched to a halt behind a low unpainted wooden building about four stories high. (Don't ask me how a low unpainted wooden building can be

four stories high, because I haven't the faintest idea; it just turned out that way in the first draft of this story, and at the rates "Grunt" pays, I'm not going to bother with re-writes.)

"Here we are, lover," chimed Li Li brightly, and I woke up Green Pits. We got out of the taxi, and I paid the driver a couple of hundred "P".

Li Li led us to a huge wooden door with heavy brass hinges and an enormous lock that looked like it belonged on the front door of King Arthur's castle. She knocked a couple of times, and a little window opened up at about waist level. We could see an old toothless woman in black staring out at us, and Li Li bent over and talked quickly to her in Vietnamese.

The door started to rattle, and slowly the bolt slid back. It actually creaked as it opened. "Hey, I'm splitting," Green Pits whispered in my ear, and I answered with, "Hell you are! How you gonna get back to the base, Chickenshit?"

Well, that sort of stumped both of us, and it was too late anyway, because just then the door opened wide to reveal a completely blacked-out passageway. Li Li took my arm, a little too tightly, I remember, and led me and Green Pits inside. Somebody — the old woman I guess — slammed the door behind us, which made heart my go "thumpity, thumpity, thump," and Green Pits almost jumped out of his shoes, but Li Li shoved us into a side room before we could back out of there.

My eyes were getting used to the dark, and I could just barely make out a desk and an old priest or something sitting behind it. He was very thin and emaciated and was smoking what looked like an opium pipe. He was completely bald headed. The air was really rancid in there.

"Who the heck is that?" I turned around to ask Li Li, but she was gone.

"Damn!" Green Pits and I turned and tried to charge back out the door, but it was locked and bolted from the outside.

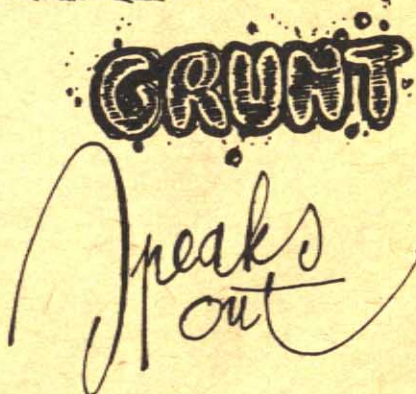
"Double damn!!" We whirled around and were about to jump the old man, when he pointed his pipe at us and hissed, "Sit down, you fools!"

Wow! That froze us in our tracks, almost as much as the sight of the ten-inch stiletto that popped out of his pipe stem. Since there wasn't anything to sit on, we-for the tenth time that day it seemed - assumed our usual stance, squatting there on the floor. It felt kind of funny not to do it on a street corner, but in a situation like that one doesn't quibble about details, does one?

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## GIs are not generals



You don't tell every GI he's a general and to go out and start acting like one. It wouldn't make sense because every GI is not a general and he hasn't been trained to act like one. Yet we often tell our GIs to that they are ambassadors and to act like ambassadors. This can be just as dangerous.

It's not easy to be an ambassador. You need to know one hell of a lot about the country you're in and its people and how they've organized their lives.

But yet, no matter where they go in the world today, American servicemen are given the "do's" and "don't's" of the local culture. They're told to stop acting like Americans and try to be somebody else.

We have no bitch with the guy who wants to learn about a country and even tries to go native and we think everybody should know and understand the other guy's point of view. But to be directed to adopt the culture and habits of another land might just be asking too much.

Suppose the situation were reversed: If an oriental nation had large contingents of troops in the U.S., what would be their advice on how to get along with Americans. Something like this?

DO treat Americans as racial and social equals.

DO NOT make fun of Americans for not putting nuc mam on their hot dogs.

DO NOT tell Americans that you grow bigger tomatoes in Dalat.

DO NOT insist on "Bammy Ba" beer in an American Bar.

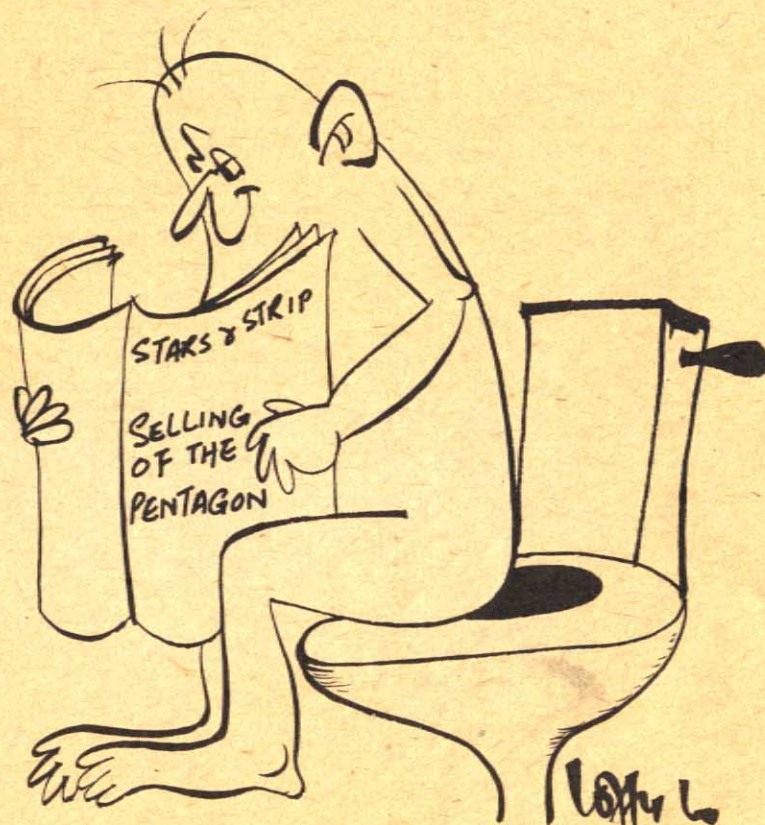
DO learn to eat with a knife and fork.  
DO NOT judge all American women by the nudes you see in Playboy.

It sounds just as offensive giving warnings like this to Americans who come overseas. There are always going to be some who play the "ugly American" role but generally, people all over the world have respect for a man who is himself; whether he is an ambassador or a grunt.

The average GI, with his American upbringing, which includes a hell of a lot of tolerance, adjustment, respect for others and plain common sense, can get along OK over here if he follows the golden rule, "Do unto others, etc."

Lectures, fire-drills and pamphlets aren't going to make an ambassador out of anyone, no matter how hard we try. The most we should ask of our servicemen overseas is that they behave as they would at home and trust them to do so.

WHO THE HELL WOULD BUY IT, THE SHAPE  
ITS IN TODAY?



## Incoming

Dear GRUNT Free Press:

A little jaunt to the post office (Naval Station, Guam) the other day introduced me to your newspaper. At large, I scarfed up on such reading material. Read it, liked it, showed it to others and here I am writing in it. Hair, as I'm sure you all know is a problem in the service. My hair was not a bush, shab or whatever. Above the average length for my boat and below average for the Navy. With all the lifers and harassment that they have given me (cut three times, restricted and called numerous names) I have written my thoughts on the view hoping you'll print them. If you can meet my request, a very happy hairless person I'll be. Also if it isn't asking too much, could you send me a copy of the paper?

OLY

USS Grasp

Thanks for the compliments Oly. We printed your poem on page 17. We are not able to send anyone a copy of the paper unless they subscribe (it's cheap for you and we can eat). You'll find order blanks on the back of every issue.

Dear GRUNT Free Press:

Please pass the following to Company B, 999th Rgt, Phyl Tho.

"We would like you to know that we have a Doberman Pincher ourselves and due to the fact he is gay, we would like to have your dog meet our dog because our dog is lonely. His name used to be Lt. John Powers but now we had to change the name to Lt. Linda Bend-the-F..k-over. We thought it hit the spot. We'll be waiting to hear from you in Grunt Free Press."

Chuck

87 Infantry

We're not usually in the letter-passing business Chuck but yours was so interesting we couldn't pass it up. We'll be anxious to see the reply you get.

Dear GRUNT Free Press:

I've lost one chick between Oakland, California and Bien Hoa, RVN. She is 5'5" tall, has brown hair and eyes. Answers to the name of Susan.

PFC Bill Miller

1st Cav Div (AM)

Sure hope you find her and soon, Bill. Meanwhile, we'll be on the lookout too. We didn't print her last name as you might have a pretty slim chance of ever finding her if all our readers hit the Oakland phone book when they arrive back in the world.



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NOBODY GIVES A SHIT  
NOWADAYS! THE PEOPLE  
BACK IN THE WORLD  
DON'T! THE PRESS DON'T!  
THE BRASS AND LIFERS  
DON'T! WHO DOES?



SPLATT!



rt kusaka

For the next five years, Vietnam will be the last thing any producer will want to make a movie about barring, of course, John Wayne's sequel to the "Green Berets" - "Son of Green Berets". But after that, it could be the setting for some character oriented tales. To save future screenwriters the trouble of dreaming up plots, we're giving them some free in advance.

#### Myra Breakin ridge

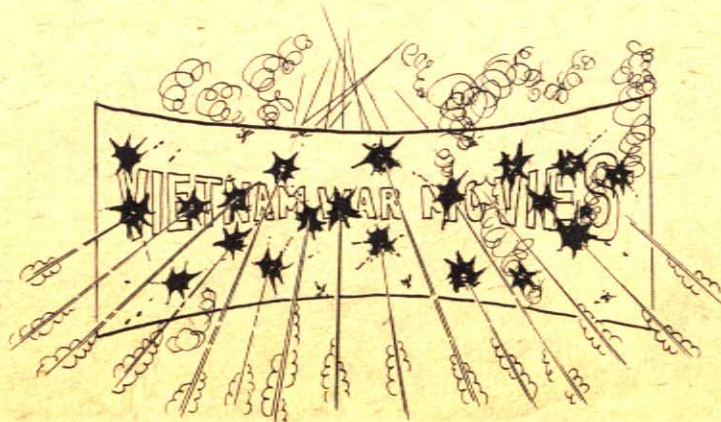
This exciting movie finds Myra (who really goes by the name of PFC Marty/Queen in the Air Cav) as a rifleman. Myra a stunning beauty, grew up as a service brat and hated her colonel father, who ran the house like a military camp. She decides to get even with all officers (in other words, literally FTA), so she joined the

as the girls from both sides fight it out. While they're fighting, McGee and his troops call for a loudspeaker plane to play the "Star Spangled Banner" and the fighting stops and the orgy recommences.

#### Which Way to the Front Line?

A rich contractor with all the Vietnam club concessions is bored with life in Saigon so he forms his own company of Saigon bums, arms them, trains them, and pays them, and moves them on his private yacht in preparation for a landing at Haiphong. They get lost in the China Sea and end up in Hong Kong with a lot of broads and booze aboard. The men give up their interest in fighting until the rich man offers each one \$100,000. They land secretly at

#### Vietnam war movies



Army pretending to be male. The climatic scene comes when she literally F's T.A., represented by her brigade commander, who goes for her when she chucks her uniform one night, lets her hair down, puts on make-up and a low cut mini. In the colonel's trailer, she teases him to the point of madness until he agrees to do it her way, involving the rifle with which she has become so skilled.

#### Dirty Sergeant McGee

This is sort of a war movie and T/Sgt McGee is sort of a soldier. A lifer with two wars behind him, he suddenly gets the peacenik bug in Danang and lays around with his men all day listening to rock music and lighting up joints. The local doughnut dollie is after his goodies and he has two local broads set up in town, so he finds little time for the formalized Army life. Same-same with all his troops. The big scene comes when he and his platoon are having a rockfest on the beach. They're encountered by a deserting enemy female platoon who dig the music and join in. When McGee's doughnut dollie and the girl friends of his platoon show up and find their men making orgy time with strange girls, a battle royal begins

night in Haiphong and are undiscovered. But next morning, on a stroll through town, the contractor finds that the Russians and Chinese are pouring billions of dollars into North Vietnam, so he gets all the club concessions, installs his men as club stewards, and makes another bundle of money.

#### Catch 33

There's this Air Force squadron which is promised a trip home after 100 missions, but somehow, when they reach their 99th mission, they always seem to be transferred to headquarters because their combat experience is needed there. They vent their frustration and anger by spending their evenings naked in the banana trees planted outside the headquarters. Capt. Yossario, the ringleader of the group, is on a tree one night when he sees enemy gunners in the distance about to send some rockets on the base. He directs the enemy fire on the PX which is practically owned by Major Milo Mindblower and puts this enterprise out of business. To get even, Maj. Mindblower tries to frag Yossario. He misses. Finally Capt. Yossario gets his bomb squadron to agree to a bombing mission on the headquarters on their 99th mission, so there will be nowhere else to go but home.



MOUSE MAN, EYES AND EARS ALERT, SEARCHES AVIDLY FOR INFRACTIONS OF JUSTICE, IN HIS NEVER ENDING CRUSADE TO PRESERVE MOTHERHOOD AND THE CHASTITY OF FIGHTING WARRIORS.



SCENE : TAN SON NHUT GATE  
TIME : 1200 HOURS



YOU VILLAINS. TRYING TO GET ON BASE WITH YOUR PASSES NOT VALIDATED BY AUTHORITY. A VIOLATION OF LOCAL INDIGENOUS REQUIREMENTS AND MOUSE MAN'S CODE OF BEHAVIOR, PARA 3, APPENDIX C, SECTION 4.

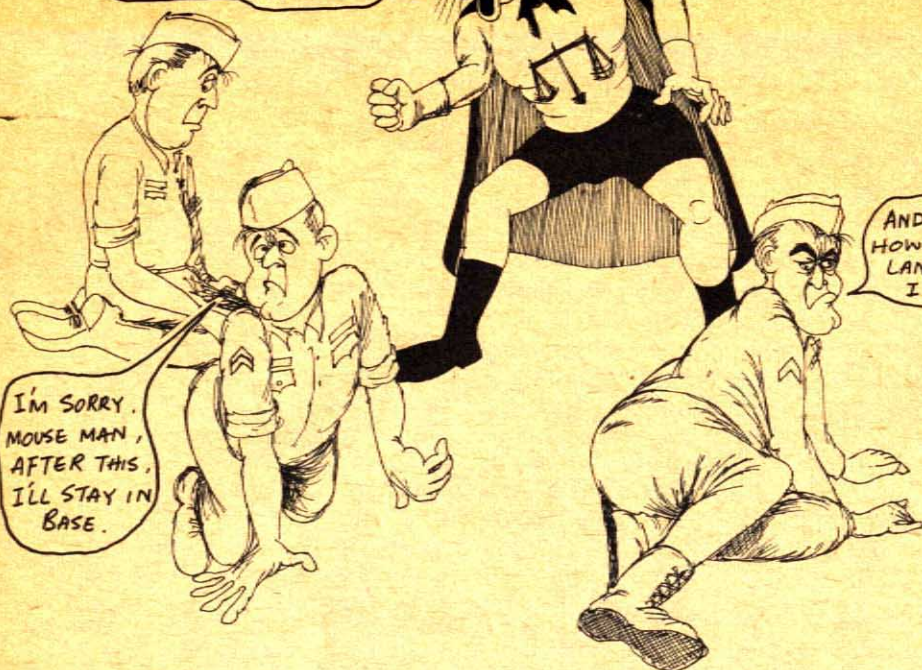
WE DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THE NEW RULE WHICH CHANGED THE NEW RULE OF YESTERDAY.

TAN SON NHUT AB

WHICH CHANGED LAST WEEK'S NEW RULE.

AND THE \$2 OTHER NEW RULES THAT CHANGE EVERY WEEK.

EXCUSES, EXCUSES. IF YOU READ EVERY BULLETIN AND LISTEN 24 HOURS A DAY TO AFVN AND CONSULT YOUR ASTROLOGER REGULARLY, YOU'LL KNOW THE NEW RULES.



AND I'LL LEARN HOW TO READ THREE LANGUAGES SO I KNOW.

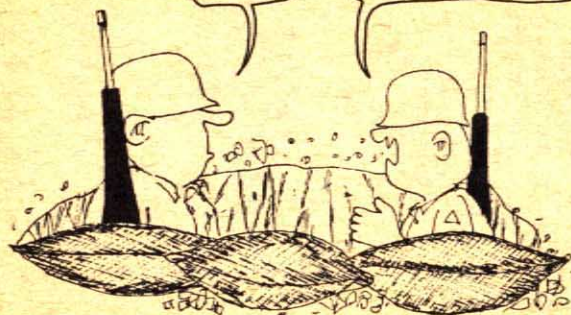
SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH HAS PROVED THAT MEN WHO VIOLATE LAWFUL RULES AND REGS ARE FIVE TIMES MORE SUSCEPTIBLE TO CATCHING CLAP THAN LAW ABIDERS. REMEMBER THAT!



ONCE AGAIN, MOUSE MAN HAS MADE THE 'NAM A MORE LAW ABIDING PLACE IN HIS FIGHT FOR CHASTITY, LAW AND ORDER, AND THE STATUS QUO.

I'M GOING TO CATCH SOME SHUT-EYE, JAKE. TAKE OVER THE WATCH, HUH?

SORRY, CHET. NOT WITHOUT WRITTEN ORDERS.



HOW I LOOK FORWARD TO THAT DAY WHEN ALL MEN WILL ACCEPT ALL RULES BY ALL AUTHORITIES, SO THE WORLD CAN RUN LIKE A MICKEY MOUSE WATCH.



LOTT 2



You start off with a classic mistake. You drop into the bar for just one beer. It's going to be a cheap night. Sixty piasters to sit around and listen to some music and dig that potent but tasty local brew. Then home to TV and a magazine.

Then you're aware of the hand resting on your leg. That's the first new element in that simple equation for your night. The hand goes with a pretty face and a voice that tells you the owner of both features is named Lan.

"My name Joe, honey. Tonight I don't want a girl. No tea. Go. Find somebody else." The girl is real cute; a new face, you notice. But you tell yourself, you got to be tough.

She acts hurt. "I don't care if you buy me tea. I just want to say hello, be your friend." She

night of it tonight and stay home tomorrow, you think.

You pop the question. "You go home with me tonight?"

"I don't know," she says, dropping her eyelashes in what could be genuine embarrassment. "I never do before."

"Look," you tell her, "I like you. You're different. I just want to get to know you." You buy her another tea during the emotional pause.

Her hands move fast and nervously up and down your arm. "I like you," she says.

"How about it?" you prod, "Let's get out of here." Way in the back of your mind, you calculate you've already spent nearly two thousand piasters, and you could be ahead getting her out.

She hesitates during two more teas and then she says "maybe,

Nobody ever stopped  
in a bar  
for only one beer....

moves on to the next stool, her hips brushing your leg. "We can talk without tea. No big thing." She moves around on the stool and there's more than hip brushing you. "I just come work here." she says, "I'm new. No business tonight. So I talk with you. I'm lonely."

You turn and face her. Could she be telling the truth? For once, could you be getting a straight story? Her face is softer than most, her eyes shining and honest looking. This might be that one in a thousand shot.

She continues, "I work in Long Binh PX before. Too hard for me. So my girl friend told me to try work here. But it's bad. No business."

"You really just started here?"

"Yes. Today, and nobody bought me tea, not one tea."

"I'll buy you one tea, honey. For luck."

She smiles, pinches your leg, speaks to the bartender. You're down four hundred pee.

She tells you about the evil supervisor at Long Binh who tried to make her and the struggle for her virtue elsewhere and you're down another four hundred. Still a cheap night, and the girl is interesting. She talks about the struggle a girl has to make a living in Saigon and all about her determination to learn English. And the teas keep coming, but there's a magnetism about the girl and she's close and her hands are persuasive and you're feeling that fifth Bammy-Ba beer. Maybe you'll make a

you go ask mama-san."

Mama-san is not hesitant at all in telling you the price is three thousand piasters. You protest, but she says one thing she doesn't bargain for is people. The rate's not negotiable.

You pay.

The girl can't ride with you, but mamasan says give your address and she'll send the girl along in a half hour. She'll take a Honda. That way, police no bother.

You're stoned now. And you agree. That's your second mistake.

Back in your apartment, you shower and lie down on the bed. Something about being horizontal speeds up the effect of the alcohol. You close your eyes. When the doorbell rings, you're groggy and open the door. She's there and there's the anticipation while she's in the shower room, but those beers (Was it seven or eight?) are still hammering your system and you're asleep when she finally joins you.

Next morning you wake up at seven-thirty and the girl's gone.

You rationalise. You tell yourself you might have caught something anyhow. But you know you've been had. And for the fiftieth time. You tell yourself that next time Lucy says she'll hold the football, you won't react Charley Brown-style and run on your butt while she pulls it away just before you kick.

And tonight you're going to spend a quiet evening at home. For sure.

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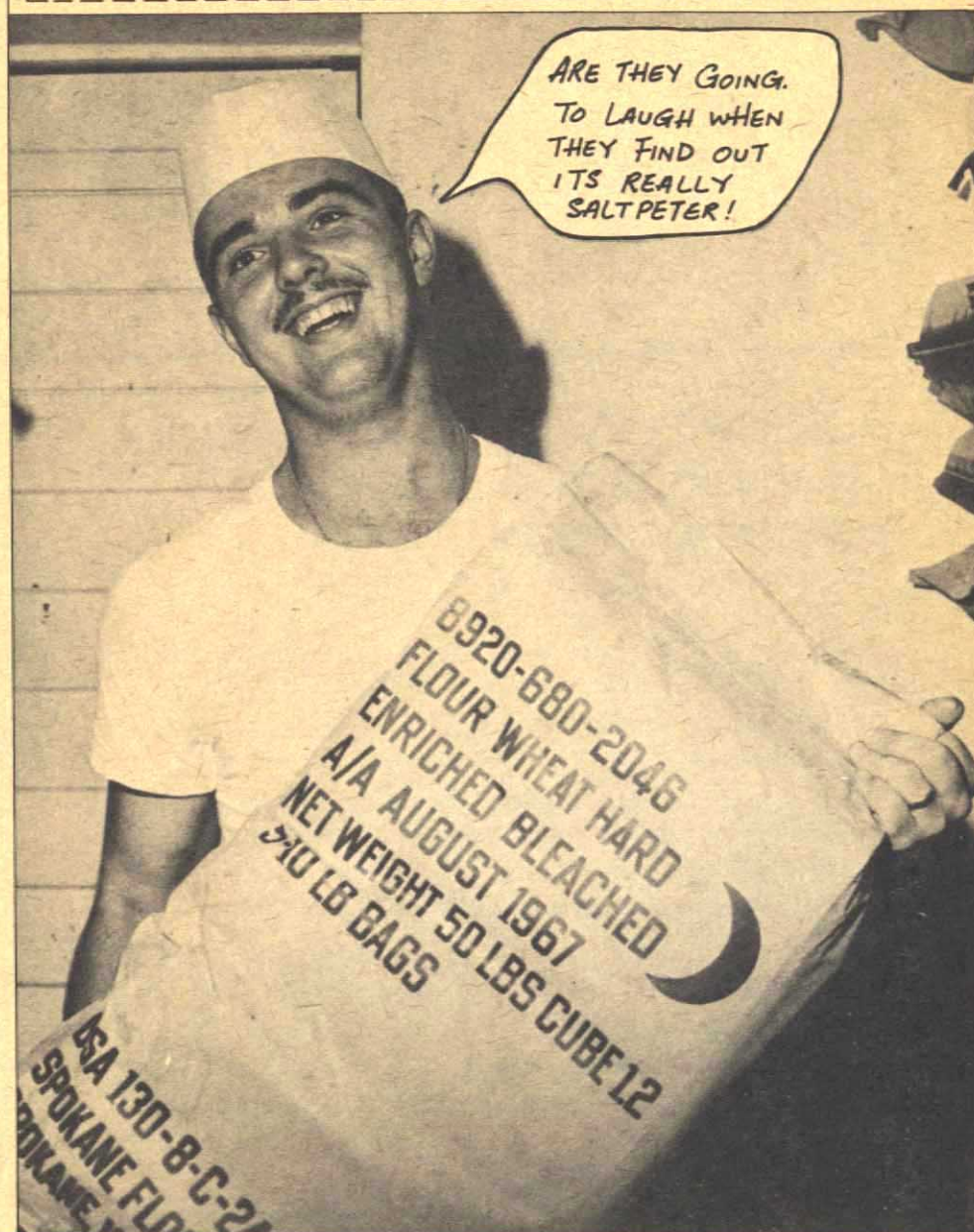
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## HEADQUARTERS

UNITED STATES MILITARY ASSISTANCE COMMAND, VIETNAM

APO San Francisco 96222

## DIRECTIVE

NUMBER 420 - 11

1 July 1971

Attn of: All Personnel

Subject: New Sick Leave Policy

1. POLICIES: It has become necessary for us to revise some of our policies. The following changes are in effect immediately.

2. SICKNESS: NO EXCUSE !! We will no longer accept your doctor's statement as proof; we believe that if you are able to go to the doctor, you are able to come to work.

3. DEATH: (Other than your own) This is no excuse. There is nothing you can do for the deceased, and we are sure that someone with a lesser position can attend to the arrangements. However, if the funeral can be held in the late afternoon, we will be glad to let you off one hour early, provided that your share of the work is ahead enough to keep the job going in your absence.

4. LEAVE OF ABSENCE: (For an operation) We no longer are allowing this practice. We wish to discourage any thought that you may need an operation. We believe that as long as you are an employee here, you will need all of whatever you have, and you should not consider having anything removed. We hired you as you are, and to have anything removed would certainly deprive us of something we bargained for.

5. DEATH: (Your own) This will be accepted as an excuse, but we would like a two-week notice, as we feel it is your duty to train someone to replace you.

ALSO, entirely too much time is being spent in the restrooms. In the future, we will follow the practice of going in alphabetical order. For instance, those personnel whose names begin with "A" will go from 8 to 8.15; "B" will go from 8.15 to 8.30, and so on. If you are unable to go at your time, it will be necessary to wait until the next day when your turn comes up.

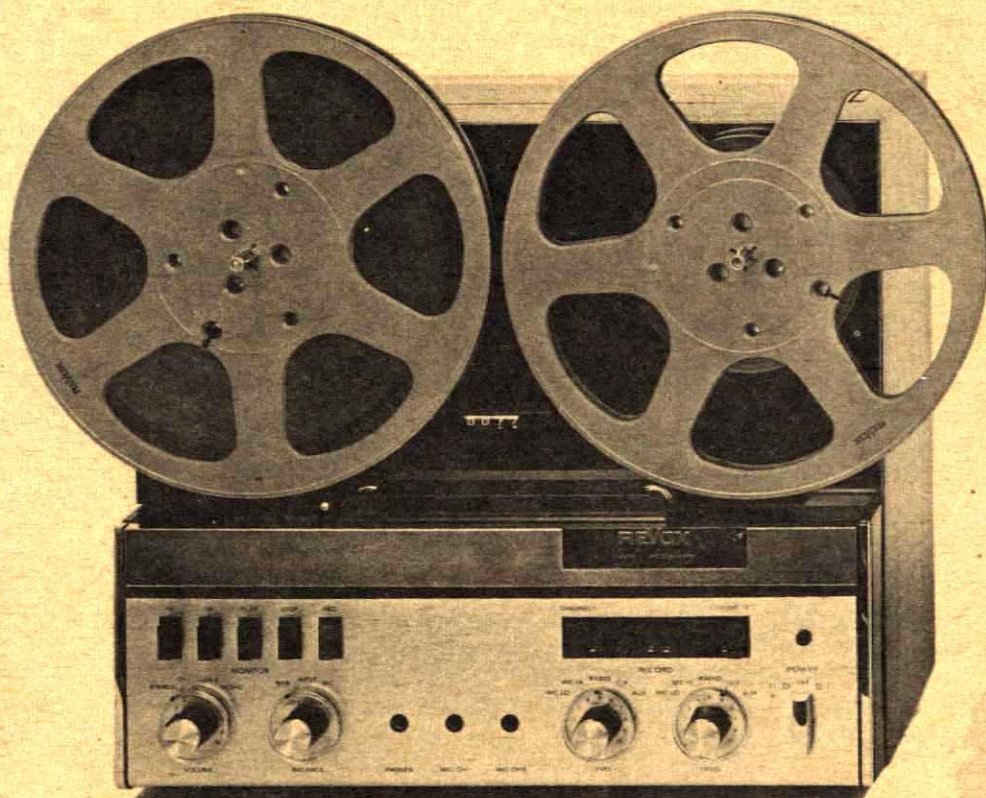
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### Pedicap driver and loose-virtue religious woman

LAND AN — A pedicap driver was arrested on charges of proving his virility to a religious woman at a pagoda reserved for nuns Wednesday. He was Nguyen V. Th., 39, the father of six, of the same village, Can Duoc district. While he was forcing himself upon Nguyen T. L., in the back-yard of the pagoda, a group of children caught them in the act and shouted for nuns. The Superior Nun scolded the pair and forgave them but the Buddhist followers took court action against the driver.

\*\*\*

### Out Of Luck

An American returned from work recently to find an empty home.

He must have cursed his star that day when his Vietnamese wife, three kids, fridge and telly,

### Madam arraigned

A Madam who ran an establishment in An Nhon hamlet, Go Vap district was arraigned before the Saigon Court Friday on charges of forcibly inducing a minor girl into prostitution. The Madam was accused by her victim, Le M., 17, of forcing her to receive customers in her bed after hiring her to serve as a house servant. She talked the girl into working for her when the latter had her home destroyed, and was eager to find a job to help her family.

After two days of humiliations and sufferings, the girl managed to escape from her employer's home and filed a suit against her.

\*\*\*

### "Dirty old man" held

A "dirty old man" was caught on the spot when he tried to rape a young girl while she was asleep, it was learned here.

## And the war goes on

(Items of interest  
from  
the local Saigon  
newspapers)

every piece of furniture, had vanished. He wished he could have a magic wand to bring back, if not his better half, at least his three children.

The bloke soon found that his Fiat car was also gone. He began assessing his losses, standing of course, for there was nothing to sit on in the house. It's a clean sweep worth a bit over one million piasters.

He subsequently reported the incident to the local police. But the matter did not end yet. A couple of days after he lodged the complaint with the coppers, an unidentified woman called and handed to him a note of his wife.

The note reportedly advised him to cough up VN\$300,000 if he wanted his car back.

This was really a sticky situation. He had to decide whether he wanted his car or his kids.

\*\*\*

Sources said Miss Le Thi B., 17, living at the lane of 107 Bai Say Quay, while she was asleep in her house, an old man had intruded and he tried to force himself upon her sexually to relieve his pressure on early Sunday morning.

But she let out a scream and shouted for help. At this function of the proceedings, the neighbours came and broke up the action.

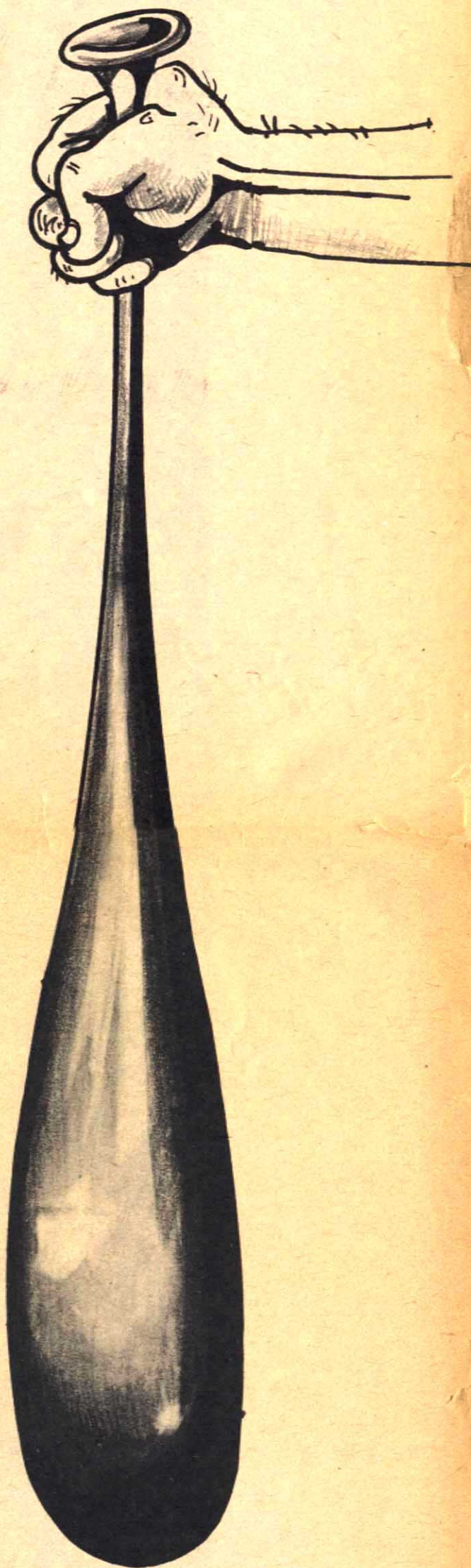
The "dirty old man" was taken to a police station, where he was identified as La D., 44, homeless.

The accused is expected to be tried sometime this week.

\*\*\*

### Dangerous girls

A Korean officer, referred to as S.C.K., 32, of Cholon, spent Wednesday night at a brothel on the same street. The officer was said to have passed his night at the cat house with two attractive girls. He only noticed after departing next morning that he was short about 6,000 dollars and 6,000 piastres.



### NEWS ITEM

Washington: After nearly eight years and \$58,500, the Army is ready to equip its troops in Vietnam with a new slosh-proof canteen . . .

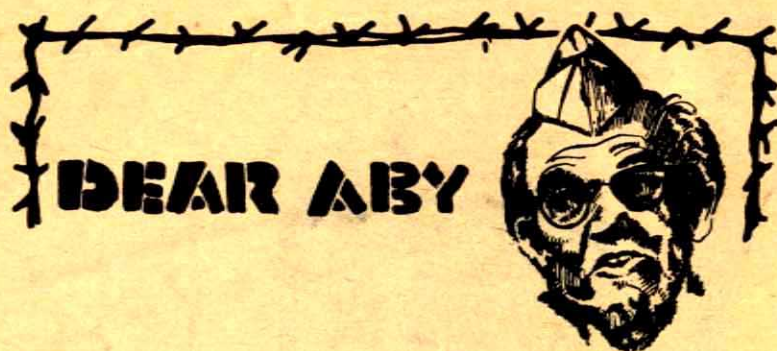












Dear Aby:

I had this pen pal in Saigon whom I wrote to for the last 10 months. She wrote the most beautiful letters and we got to know each other so well that I agreed to go there to discuss marriage. Well, when I saw her, I found she's 94 years old, has wrinkled, purple skin, one eye, wooden legs, six fingers on each hand, and well over \$50,000 dollars. What should I do?

Bewildered

Dear Bewildered:

You got a problem, but after all, a guy could probably learn to like somebody with six fingers on each hand.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Aby:

Some time ago, I was with my girlfriend at her apartment. We had been fooling around and were thirsty, so she asks if I want a beer. I said yes and she pours me one. About 10 days later a doctor says I have VD. Can a guy get VD from beer?

Still Foaming

Dear Foam:

Not usually but next time drink it from the can or use a glass.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Aby:

Why don't the banana trees over here turn yellow and red and orange in the autumn like our maple trees?

Nature Lover

Dear Nature Lover:

For the same reason your maple trees don't grow bananas.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Aby:

Somebody told me that drinking gin and tonics is good for malaria. Is this true?

Wants to stay healthy

Dear Healthy:

No. It reminds me of the guy who blew a hole in his head to improve ventilation of the brain. The amount of gin and tonic you'd have to drink to get any benefit from the minute quinine in the mixture, would make you a raving alcoholic years before medicinal effects appeared.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Aby:

I come from the Southwest where its dry but here, I'm in constant monsoon rains and I find the moisture is affecting me like it does dehydrated potatoes. In short, I'm expanding from the water; from 110 pounds to 240 pounds and still going. What do I do?

Fatty

Dear Fatty:

Come in from out of the rain.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Aby:

I'm hurting. I haven't had a girl since I've been here in Vietnam. How long can a guy go without a girl?

Ever Lovin'

Dear Lovin':

How long have you been in Vietnam?

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Aby:

I have invented a new rifle which fires paper bullets and I figure if everybody uses this kind of rifle in a war, nobody will get hurt. How do I go about putting this rifle on the market?

Inventive

Dear Inventive:

You take your model to the Saigon market and put it there. Hopefully, some VC agent will steal it.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Aby:

There are 30,000 men in this big Camp where I'm stationed and not one of them shares my interest in collecting baseball cards. That means I don't have anybody to trade with. How can I generate some interest?

Chagrined

Dear Chagrined:

Sit nude under a banana tree for 24 hours.

The April 1970 issue of Grunt Free Press carried a story on the aphrodisiac powers of nuoc mam, a local fish sauce, which raised the price of shares in the Pho Quoc Nuoc Mam company. Now we want to talk about another of the joys of the East which a lot of people are missing out on - Ginseng. Ginseng, according to

which to boil the elixir. You never let ginseng touch metal and the best way to boil it is with a double ceramic pot, that is with water boiling on the other hollow part of the pot and the ginseng in the ceramic center of the pot. You can boil the tea for up to six hours. People who have tried it swear that after a couple of days on the stuff, they feel like a million dollars. And there are many stories about the power of performance in bed which results from a diet of this ancient tea.

That the idea of ginseng is catching on is evident in the States where sales are going up fast, more than doubling last year from the previous year. In 1970, more than \$8 million was spent on ginseng in the U.S.

It's a delightful tasting, yellowish tea which can be sipped very slowly and enjoyed in company with others. Nobody seems to know why it does for you what it does, as it is not a narcotic in any form, just "the medicine of medicines", as the Chinese call it.

And the Chinese ought to know. There are references to ginseng in Chinese medical books dating back a couple of hundred years before Christ. And you have only to see what it did for the population of Asia to get an idea of its powers. But most of all, it's a pleasant tasting drink which leaves you with a non-alcoholic, non-narcotic, good feeling after you've tried it. And it's good for you.

So if you're in Japan, Korea, Vietnam, Thailand, or Taiwan, give it a try. It's a new experience and might do more for you than a sauna bath and massage.

Asians who have been drinking it for thousands of years, has a medical value that covers a lot of ailments, but mainly, it gives you a very high feeling of awareness. It's a root, grown in the East and in parts of America and it means "man-shaped" because the root does vaguely resemble a human being. There are various qualities of ginseng, with some of the best coming from Korea. This is the red, ten year old root, which peddles for well over \$100 a pound. It's popular in the U.S. as well as in China and other eastern countries. And ginseng is currently becoming the vogue in Europe.

In Saigon, a visit to Cholon will get you a package of the roots (medium quality) for some \$25.00 and a special teapot in



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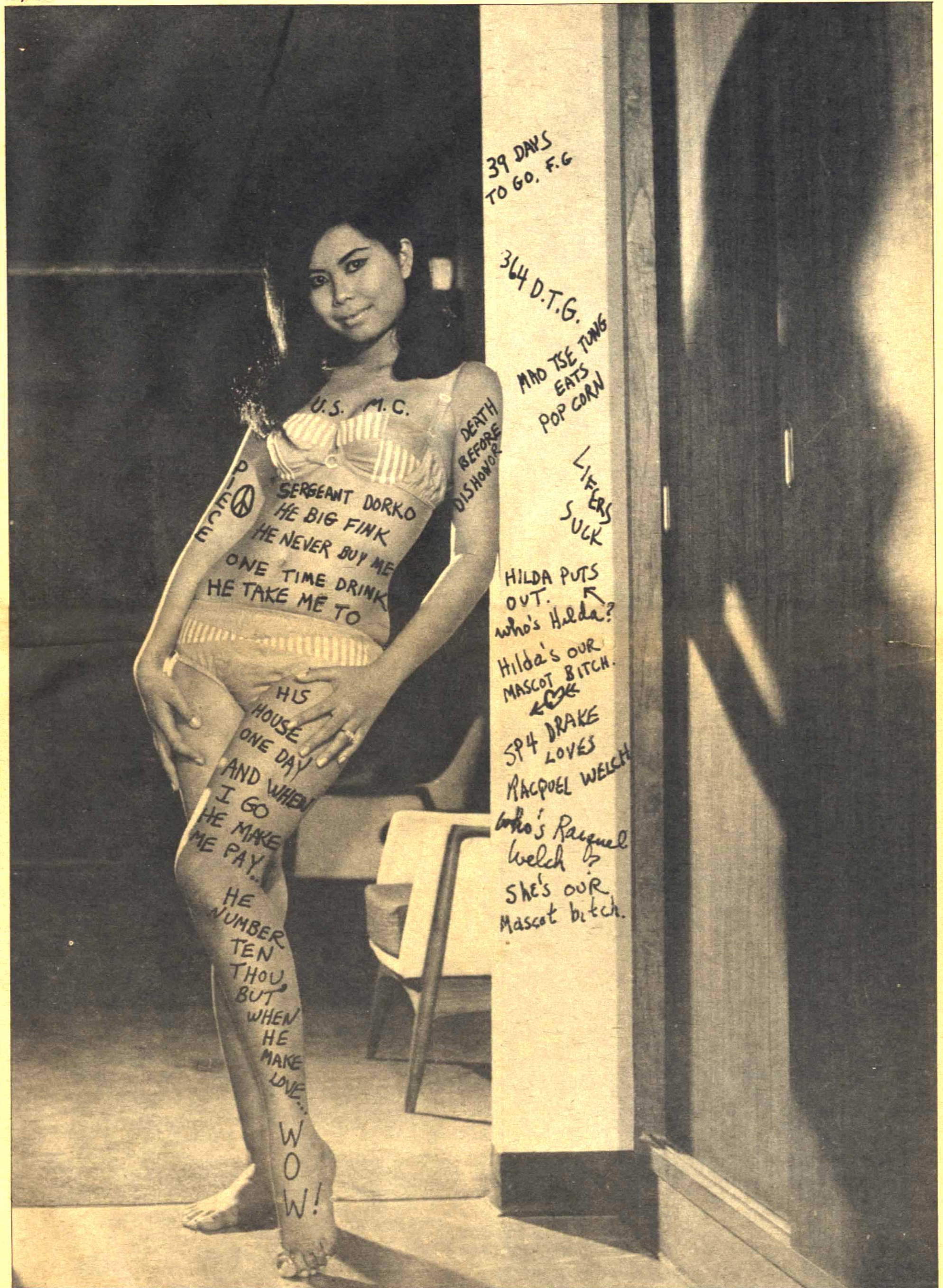
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.... Cont'd from Page 5

"Hey, wait a minute. I know you," shouted Green Pits. "You're the guy from the Motor Vehicle Department! You're the guy we talked to this morning!"

"Ah so, you surprise I speak your language," he said. It was an old line, but I had to admit that it was a great comeback, and it did fit the circumstances.

He continued, "So you curious G.I.s want to know where cyclos come from, do you? Well, just be patient. You will find out soon, very soon now."

Green Pits was shaking and sweating, and I wasn't exactly cool, calm and collected, either. Good old Pits gave it the school try, though. "Look, mister," he said, "we actually don't give a crap about your stupid cyclos, and if you would just let us out of this booby hatch here we'll promise never to..."

"Stupid? STUPID!!!!? You dare call my cyclos stupid!!!!" The old guy erupted. I mean, he really went ape shit right there in front of us. He jumped up and down and frothed at the mouth and I thought he was going to have a heart attack or something.

"Hey, Green Pits," I screamed softly into his ear, "don't you think you could have been just a hair more tactful?"

"Yeah, maybe you're right," he conceded. "I guess I could have put it a little differently."

The old man pounded a button on his desk, and two gigantic eunuchs with turbans on their heads came into the room. In the semi-darkness we could see their gold earrings and daggers. They tied our hands behind our backs and led us out into the blacked out passageway. After a long walk in the darkness, we began descending what seemed like fifty million flights of stairs. I mean, like we went down so far our ears were popping. We finally emerged into a large open room about the size of two football fields that looked something like a repair garage. The ceiling was built very high, and all around the base of the four walls were little alcoves set off with bars. They looked a little like jail cells. The entire floorspace was empty except for white painted lines, just like a parking lot.

An elevator door opened, and the old guy stepped out. Behind him was Li Li, but instead of the sexy bar girl outfit, she had on a white dress and cap. It reminded me of something I'd seen many times before, but I couldn't quite place it at the time.

"It is now 15 minutes to 1 a.m.," said the old guy. "In a few minutes you will know all you want to about the cyclos, perhaps more than you want to

know."

A door opened up in one corner of the room, and a cyclo careened in at full throttle, its exhaust note rattling out teeth. It was followed by a second and a third. They took different paths and parked spaced out on the huge floor. The drivers shut off their engines and just sat there.

As we walked around the edge of the room, the old man continued talking, "You see, it all began before World War II when I began manufacturing cyclos in Japan. My plant was taken over

"Finally," the old man said. "on the verge of bankruptcy, we hit upon the idea of organizing the cyclo drivers and collecting a certain percentage of all their fares. This worked well for a couple of years, but then the drivers 'unionized' among themselves, and we were forced to 'recruit' them forcibly from the back alleys of Saigon. They were 'Shanghaied' so to speak, and brought here to live out their lives as useful members of society."

"You mean, you made slaves of the drivers?" I shouted over

We had reached a sort of glassed off area, and I saw that it was fixed up as a modern operating room. "As you can see, we have complete medical facilities here," the old man said.

"But how can you control them?" I asked. "I mean, they are loose every day. All they would have to do is not come back here at night and you would never see them..."

"You are ahead of yourself," the old man snapped. "Here we use the most modern techniques of persuasion developed in my native China, and after that we keep them permanently on heavy doses of opiates. They are really quite contented and docile, but the drugs do make them a little wreckless in traffic, as I'm sure you have noticed."

I was horrified to see that each man took his bowl of food to a cell and closed the bars after himself. They seemed to be hypnotized.

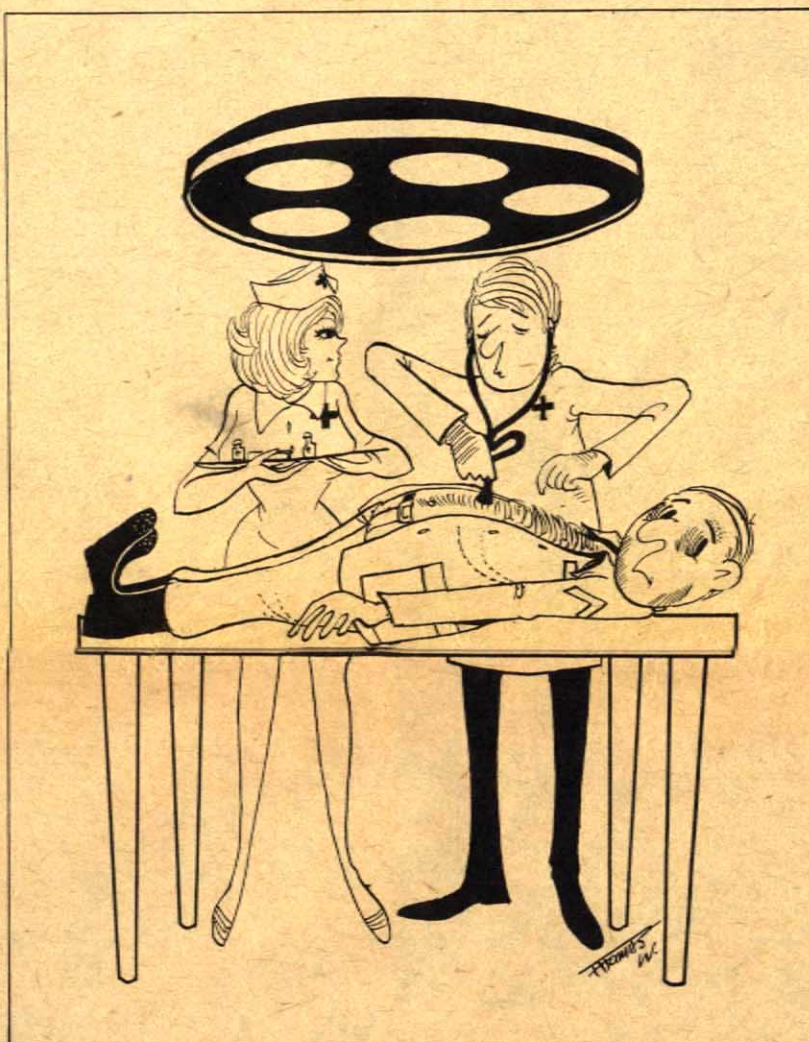
"In fact," the old man continued, "our only medical problem at this time is purely aesthetic. Our plastic surgeons have not yet perfected their technique, with the result that our drivers appear to be much older than they actually are. As you can see, most of them look to be about 60, but I assure you that there is not one here over 26 years of age."

The doped men were following signs and colored lines to their cells. I realized in a flash that the signs were all in English! We were being led through a glass door into the operating room area, and I turned to say something to Green Pits, but he was passed out again. Something was trying to click inside my head, but everything was coming so fast it couldn't. "Not exactly", "plastic surgery", "signs in English", something, something, it all had to mean something, but...

The old man was talking again, but I could hardly hear him. Some attendants in white gowns were coming toward me. The old man said, "And then about six years ago, our manpower sources dried up completely, and again we were faced with the possibility of bankruptcy, but as fate would have it, the war intensified at that time, and there was a vast new influx of young men into Vietnam..."

My head was swimming, and I didn't hear the rest of his last sentence, but everything was beginning to fall into place. "You mean... you mean..."

"Yes, that's right, Sergeant Slivovitz," he said, "They are all Americans. Now if you will just roll up your shirt sleeve, Li Li will administer the anesthetic."



by the Mistubishi company during the war. It seems that they needed more facilities to build their Zero fighter planes."

More and more cyclos were pouring into the room. The air was beginning to smell with their exhaust fumes, but it didn't get too bad since the drivers shut off as soon as they reached their parking spots.

"After the war," the old man went on, "I moved operations to Saigon and set up another factory here, but we immediately ran into trouble. The Vietnamese were so good at keeping their old cyclos on the road that we couldn't sell any new ones."

There must have been hundreds, no, thousands of cyclos in the room. They were coming in ten abreast through the door. The huge room was starting to fill.

the din of the thousands of cyclos. "You mean all these poor bastards are Vietnamese that you've captured?"

"Well, not exactly," the old man smiled as we approached what appeared to be a mass feeding area. The parking places were all filled now, and row by row, the drivers were coming here and picking up bowls of food. I watched fascinated as they each took a bowl and then began to disperse.

"About ten years ago, the Vietnamese police began to suspect our operation and put the heat on. Too many relatives were complaining about missing husbands and sons. Eventually we countered this move by treating each new man with extensive plastic surgery, making him completely unrecognizable, even to his family."







Little Miss Muffet  
Sat on a tuffet  
Eating her curds and whey.  
She said to a sailor  
Who sat down beside her  
"No buy me tea, you no stay."

Little Jack Horner  
Sat in a corner  
Eating C-rations one day.  
He put in his thumb  
Then looked kind of dumb.  
"Feels like shit too," he did say.

Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep.  
They closed the bars.

An Army doctor from the U.S. on an inspection tour of the Far East was having dinner at a large officers' club. The meal was excellent, the service prompt, but more than anything else, the doctor was impressed with the cleanliness and the sanitary conditions. He called one of the waiters, a local youth, to ask him questions.

"Oh, yes," the waiter replied, "we very sanity this club. Sergeant always make waiter use chopsticks so he don't touch food with fingers. We even have string on pants so when we go toilet we don't touch zipper."

"That's clever," said the doctor, "but how do you get it back into your pants?" asked the doctor, gesturing.

"Oh, I use chopsticks," the waiter replied.

#### HAIR

Look at the word,  
It's attractive,  
It even seems active!

Why should someone cut ones hair  
And throw a damaging blow  
At his mental pride!!!!!!!

Hair is my pride!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
What's yours' baldy?!?!?!?!?!?

FSB

Fire Support Base,  
Another hill  
of ragged bunkers.

Those dog-eared sandbags  
we'll have to replace.

The cove-like dwelling,  
the roof that leaks,  
the mud,  
the left-over trash,  
smells of long since dead.

Jesus,  
even the rats are starting to bitch.

—HM2 R.A. Lindstrom

—'OLY'

#### THE BRIEFING

The lieutenant comes,  
Down the twisting corridor,  
Bringing news releases,  
From the front.

In the press room,  
His back is very straight,  
But they don't believe him,  
Anymore.

Afterwards he goes back,  
To his office,  
At the other end,  
Of the twisting corridor.

He,  
Is thinking,  
"128 days  
To go."

—G. Sadao Kira



OVERSEXED & UNDERLOVED

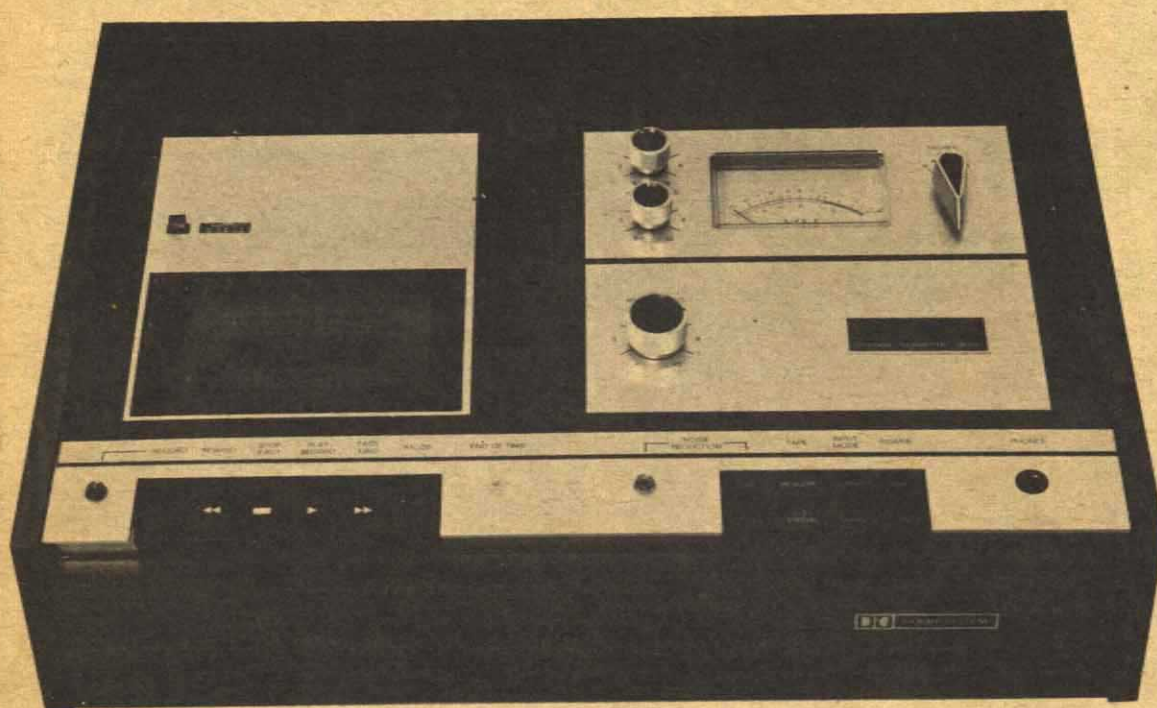












MODEL 2000

## MARLUX

### CASSETTE DECK

# The first recorder to explore the full potential of cassettes

This is the first cassette deck which will make recordings that do full justice to the records, broadcasts, and other sources that you would like to record with greatest fidelity on cassettes. It also provides the best playback quality obtainable from pre-recorded commercial cassettes.

The Marlux Model 2000 holds a special position among cassette decks . . . it is the most "professional" in its operating features and all available test data and listening tests clearly show that the Marlux Model 2000 is the best performer of the currently available models. Its margin of superiority in any one performance characteristic is slim but, in its totality, the Model 2000 is the undisputed leader in the cassette field today and a most impressive device.

The frequency response of the Model 2000 is outstanding . . . comparable in flatness to that of the finest reel to reel recorders. It has an exceptional freedom from noise and coloration of the recorded material, even with its Dolby circuits switched off. With the further noise reduction offered by the Dolby system, the Marlux Model 2000 can record and playback any material with absolutely no audible increase in distortion or degradation of frequency response or signal-to-noise ratio.

#### THE DOLBY SYSTEM

The Dolby system of noise reduction eliminates the excessive tape hiss that to date has accompanied wide range recordings on cassettes. More than 75% of all recording studios use professional Dolby systems to eliminate hiss from their recordings.

#### SINGLE VU METER

The Single VU meter of the Model 2000 is uniquely accurate. It is designed to read each channel individually prior to establishing recording balance, with the use of individual input level controls. According to test reports published recently, the Model 2000 is the only cassette deck with a truly accurate meter large enough to be read from a reasonable distance.

#### SPECIAL TAPE SELECTOR

The Marlux Model 2000 is "future-proof". The designers of this outstanding cassette deck have planned sufficiently ahead so that it should be able to get optimum performance from almost any type of tape likely to appear on the market in the next decade. The Model 2000 has a special button to adjust its performance to the new chromium-dioxide tapes and is also equipped to handle the special TDK SD cassettes.

If you want to learn more about this astonishing machine, fill in, clip, and mail the coupon below to Marlux Corporation, Torikatsu Building, 5-2-5 Roppongi, Minato-ku, Tokyo, Japan.

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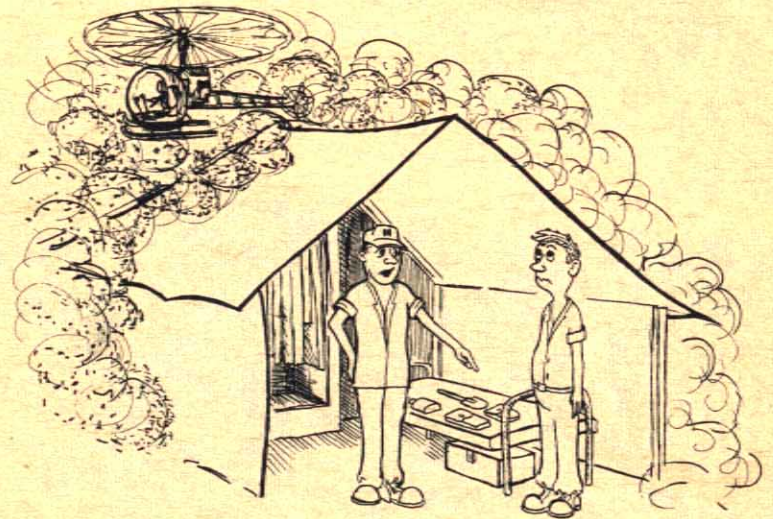
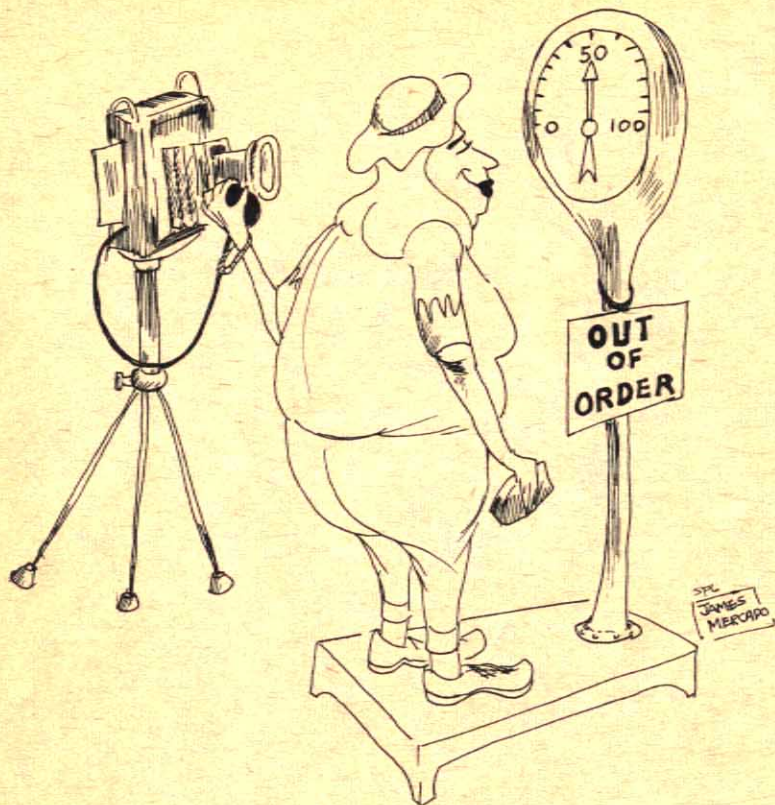


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No, you're not ready for inspection.  
Your equipment is covered with dust!



Funny, this disguise always  
used to work.



Watch out Clyde. Charlie's so close  
I can smell the little bastards.



"How's ABOUT SOME SUPPORT HERE — THEY'VE GOT US  
PINNED DOWN!"



The new base commander was determined to reduce the VD rate of his unit from 90% to less than 10%. And he succeeded in only one week. What he did was establish base hobby shops for furniture making, auto repair, photography, woodwork, and sheet metal welding. Then he began a vigorous athletic program, including volleyball, a jogging track, football, baseball, basketball, and Tae Kwan Do. He followed with an intensive education program on the evils of the diseases one can pick up in the tropics from loose contacts and then set up a marriage counselor service to advise individuals on their individual problems. Finally, he restricted all his

## Down with **VD**

men to the base, and this program defeated a disease that had plagued the unit for years.

Where did the 10% come from with all this healthy on-base activity and the men restricted from contact with the VD-ridden outside world? Mamasan, the combination Gravel Gertie-Bloody Mary clean-up woman, denies she had any part in it but observers noted that within six months of this program, she was coming to work in a chauffeur-driven Mercedes and wearing enough gold on her wrists, around her neck and through her ears to stem the gold flow from the U.S.

## To: Duty standby passengers:

(Extract from official notice)

In some cases your stay at Travis AFB may seem to be excessive. During these periods it is not unusual for nerves to become frayed and tempers short. If such a situation develops during your stay here, I request your forbearance in your associations with the personnel responsible for your onward movement. They are doing everything there is to be done in your behalf and are as anxious to get you started on your way as you are to get started. During the course of their efforts, they too are subjected to unusual stresses and strains. This will not, however, serve to excuse rudeness or discourtesy on their parts. In that same vein, neither should they be subjected to abuse. I therefore, ask you to remember that the people serving you at this counter are my personal representatives and request you render to them the same courtesies you would accord personnel working in a commercial terminal.

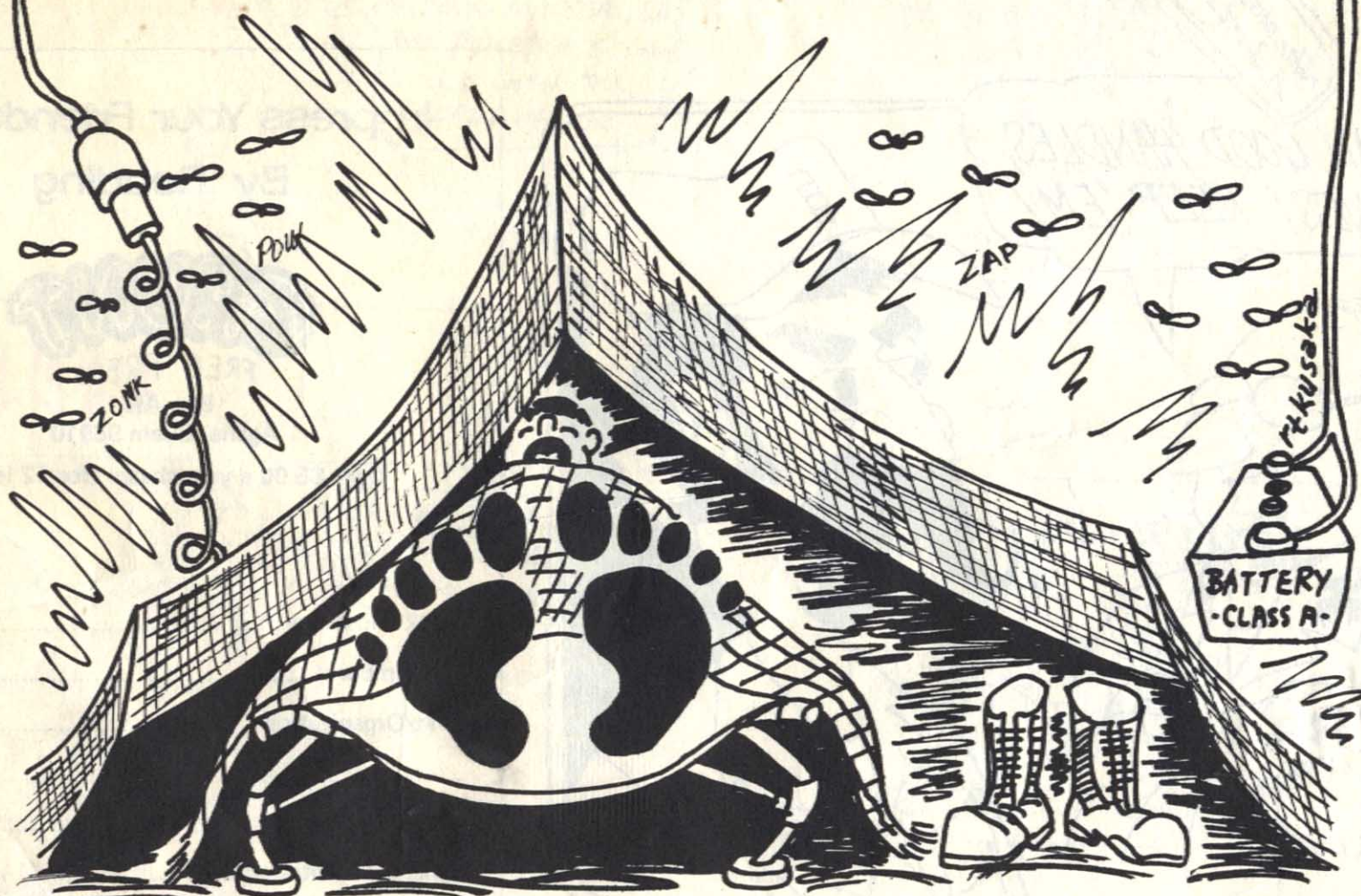
*Translation: Look buddy. Don't give us a hard time. Just keep your cool and we'll have your ass on that bird to the 'Nam before you can say, "Shiiiiiiiiiiiiit."*

## Grunt Mail-Order

Mosquito Net, electric — Mildew resistant, colorfast, made from copper wire (unisolated), woven into a 1/16" mesh. Guarantees destruction of all crawling, flying or sleeping critters

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