

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



GRUNT FREE PRES

June, 1971

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO SHOVI



Students with 50 bucks in their pocket (maybe less) throw a rucksack on their back, head for the open road, and hitchhike their way across continents, visiting way out countries like Nepal and Afghanistan and they do it without an R & R briefing. Millions of people, from age 6 to 69, hop on commercial airplanes for cities abroad and get there, have fun, and stay out of trouble, all without an R & R briefing. A couple of kids can get in a leaky boat off Cuba, risk their lives in darkness headed for Cuba and get there, without an R & R briefing.

But take some mature, military-trained young adults like GIs, and send them a couple hundred miles to a few days in a big modern city like Hong Kong and what happens? Well, first of all, somebody decides they need an R & R briefing, which is okay. Maybe the kids have been building up too much steam and their judgment is impaired, making them an easy mark for crooks and bargirls.

But a briefing is one thing; "R & R processing" is something else. It's a program set down on paper and it thus becomes a part of bureaucracy, subject to Parkinson's Laws. And the lifers and the draftees assigned to do the "Processing" achieve a strange power, sometimes a profitable power.

R & R to Hong Kong. If you bought a commercial ticket, you'd arrive at Saigon airport a half hour before the plane's nine o'clock take-off, clear custom quickly, and be on your way, landing at the city an hour and ten minutes later, and in your hotel a half hour after that. Total time spent in customs and travel. Less than three hours. Total time spent in getting briefed: Zero minutes.

If you go military, you arrive

for "processing" at Camp Alpha at dawn and get settled in your Hong Kong hotel by dark. Time spent in processing and travel - 11 hours.

"Check in time at Camp Alpha is no later than 0700 hours", the orders clerk tells you as he hands you those orders. "If you're later than 0700 hours, you could get bumped."

You arrive at 0600 hours. There's a long line of some 40 people in front of the "In-Processing" window. After 40 minutes, you reach the man at the window; he says, "these orders are no good, wrong designation of title". You have to see Lt. Fuzzbottom, a non-lifer, like the clerk. Lt. Fuzzbottom is a "shuffler" like many of the other bureaucrats at this "processing" center, that is, he is not inclined to fast movements, either muscular or mental. After all, hundreds of guys come in and out every day and they never say "thank you" and only make complaints so why knock yourself out.

Lt. Fuzzbottom studies your orders, takes the easy way out by agreeing with his clerk, walks off and leaves you to make telephone call after telephone call to MACV and your unit. They finally get him on the phone, tell him the orders are good and you go back into processing. So far an hour has been spent and you haven't begun to "process".

The "processing" room is a huge hall with forty rows of seats surrounded by state flags "Liberty-Prosperity", "Great Seal of the State of Nebraska", a bear flag for California and a bison flag for some midwest state, you can't read the name. And up front behind the "processing" briefer's podium are flags of the U.S., New Zealand, Australia, Vietnam, Korea, and Thailand. And the speakers on the wall are blaring out "I left My Heart in San

Why don't AIRLINES "PROCESS" TOURISTS ON R & R ?

Saigon - Hong Kong

Flying Time - 1 hr. 10 minutes

Processing Time - 8 hrs. 5 minutes

Francisco" while a mamasan with her broom is sweeping around your feet. And guys are running in and out the john while the "processing" staff shuffle in and out offices.

There is an air of excitement as the first "processor" mounts the podium. You find out what forms to fill out, where to take

them, how to put contraband items in the amnesty box. And then you're called, two rows at a time, for the second step of processing. This is customs.

You pick up your bags, walk past a box for "Piaster Drops", a charity thing, and a sign reading "Prohibited Items" into a room full of grim-faced mil fuzz. They



1) Check in no later than 7 a.m. or you'll get bumped. This is the scene at 7 a.m., latest check-in time.



2) An hour later, you're still waiting to get processed.

scour through every bag, including bags within the bags, probing, opening, feeling, for that little bit of "contraband". "Check all bags", the cop says as you try to get back your briefcase with your passport and orders in it, "Nothing can be carried on the plane but your camera."

It is now 0940. You started the morning at six. Next stop. Wallet and camera check. A guard at a barrier makes you open your wallet, show all its secrets, after you tell him you have no "green".

0945: Change your money. Have your MACV Forms 385 and 6 ready, along with your boarding pass. Fill out money change form, give man in cage scrip, take dollars and green receipt. Go to Waiting Room B.

Waiting Room B. Thirty orange plastic rows of chairs pushed up against one wall. Empty seats near wall, but no way to get to them without climbing over a dozen people. So you stand. And stand. And stand. "Do not leave this room", a guard warns when you go out to make a phone call. Forty minutes are spent in Waiting Room B. There is a john in there and for some strange reason, an Australian money changer. There is no line for the Aussies.

1025: Another "processor" walks to front of Waiting Room B. "If you guys want to get to Hong Kong, you'll listen to my briefing. If you don't, you'll just keep talking." Oh my God. A real lifer, and black. There is no discrimination, here at Alpha. Lifers and short termers, black and white. All dedicated to getting you "processed". "When you walk toward that bus, you give me your boarding card number. If I don't get it and you go on without it, you will be listed as a "no show". (Presumably, that means you lose your seat.) "If you take pictures on the flight

line, your camera will be confiscated". (You remember the tourists on Air France, shooting pictures like mad from the back platform of their airplane which just landed for refueling.)

"No smoking after you leave this room. Loading will be in the following manner. 0-6, field grade, etc..." Then comes the clincher. Now, you will load the buses starting with the first row. Those personnel standing will load last. The reason is you were all supposed to be seated. (No mention that there were not enough seats or the possibility of getting to them.)

Time: 1040. You're finally on the plane. You get briefed by a hostess with a German accent, but she's pretty to look at and you don't mind hearing about emergency exits and oxygen masks and life vests. This is the fun part of the trip, the airplane flight with the meal. You're a human being on the plane. Until you arrive in Hong Kong.

It's 1330. You're on the ground in Hong Kong. Customs want your passport and orders, but they're in your hand baggage which was checked, so you agree to bring them back later. Then it's buses to another more grueling "processing" at Camp Chatham on the Kowloon side, a British Army Camp.

"Don't take seats at the rear."

"If there's a seat next to yours, raise your hand."

"Now fill out Form X with your name and address and a girl will be around to collect it."

Another well lit, briefing room full of color and that inevitable podium and the forms. They want to know your physical description, whether you have friends in Hong Kong and who to call in case of emergency. (When a tourist arrives by TWA, how do they know who to contact in case of emergency?)

A Navy Petty Officer who's been giving his pitch for months, mounts the stand with a long, long spiel. "If you're not at the airport by 1300 hours on 21 May, you may pay your own way back-90 dollars US." "Study the out of bounds list. These are out of bounds for health reason or unreasonable business practices and they are not the "in" places." Ha Ha.

Then comes Li Li. "I'm Li Li with the R & R office and my job is to arrange parties. The first one is tomorrow at..."

Petty Officer is back, tells about expenses of night life, how much you pay for a beer, a bus, a taxi, a ferry, or a girl.

"Don't buy out a girl for your whole tour. She might desert you after two nights."

"If you buy a girl out of a bar, get a receipt for it. If you have any complaints, come to us." Ha Ha.

"Avoid ladies you meet in a tailor shop." (A tailor shop?)

It is now 1530. You've been getting "processed" for many many hours and the voices go on and on.

Jo, a roundeye, mounts the podium, telling you all about Diamond Tours. She holds the mike too close to her mouth, stumbles over words, but she's good to look at as she describes tour by tour, what's available. "Just call my office and we'll make necessary arrangements."

As she speaks, an R & R processor in black suit and tie, goes through the audience giving advice.

1545: Petty Officer is back. "Under the Visiting Forces Act, UK armed forces police may apprehend US servicemen."

"R & R staff have jurisdiction over you as well as the British police." (R & R staff have jurisdiction over British police?)

"We want you to have a good

time, but we want you to stay out of trouble."

"Beware of touts. You don't need them." (This for the fourth time).

"Don't buy a girl out for your whole R & R." (This for third time).

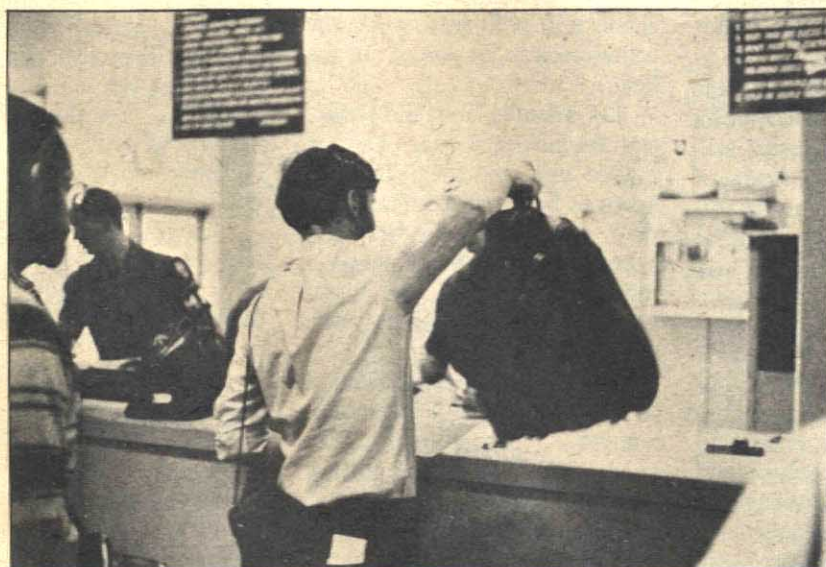
"If you do not show up at 1300 hours on 21 May, you may have to pay your way back." (This for sixth time).

You and the others get restless. You want out. But there's more. "Select a hotel from this list and give it to gentleman in back of room. It is illegal to stay at a private residence. You should not change your hotel. You must stay at a hotel on this list tonight. E-5s and below are required to pay room rent in advance."

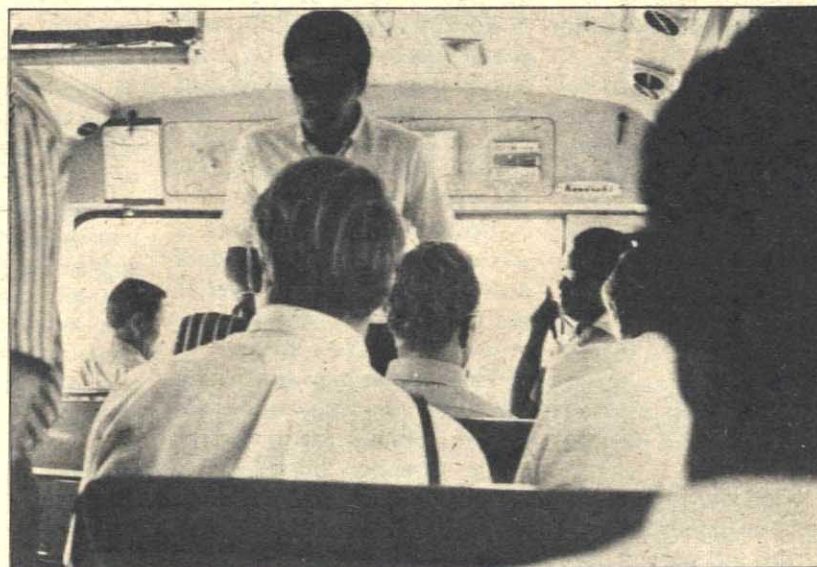
The processing is practically over. It's starting to get dark. You load on buses which drop you off at your hotel, then line up to check in. Next to the hotel is a huge poster, "The Wages of Sin is Death". Across the street in the Miami Bar, the girls have come outside to greet the new R & R troops. They smile and wave. You wonder, would they desert you after two nights if you paid for a week?

Anyhow, you're out of that military compound, beyond the fence, and it's been one hell of a rough day. A hell of a lot of "processing" has taken place to move you an hour and ten minutes away from Saigon to a big city.

You're ready to enjoy life. Except for having a tout show you around. Or entering Le Lo's Tailor Shop or changing money at a bar, or buying a girl out for a week, or staying at a private residence, or making sure the girl has her health card, and paying your hotel bill in advance, and making sure you get to the airport by 1300 hours on 21 May.



3) 0940: Customs check, nearly three hours have passed. You cannot carry anything on the plane but your camera.



4) 1550: You're in the bus to freedom from Mickey Mouse. But there's a 20 minutes wait on the bus...

No sleight of hand

By G. Sadao Kira

"This is a tee pee,
To take a wee wee,
Not a wig wam,
To beat your tom tom."

So goes a particularly apt specimen of washroom graffiti that certainly would not apply to Saigon's many "massage parlors," for here the name of the game, the order of the day, the very specialty of the house, is "tom tom beating" of one form or another.

Here, the message truly is the massage. Here you can have your bod (all of it) steamed, stroked, powdered, prodded, pounded, washed, screwed, blewed and tattooed, and all for just a few hundred piasters.

In Saigon, the handiest and most impressive collection of these pleasure establishments are clustered around the main gate of Tan Son Nhut Air Base, near the "intersection" of Vo Tanh and "Cong Ly" Streets. Here, the nightly outflow of determined G.I.s of various services, ranks and sensual inclinations is embraced by a fantastic array of houses wittily called "The Artistic Hand," "The Golden Lotus," or that tribute to the ad man's art, the ingenious "Magic Fingers."

The massage parlors are remarkably alike in terms of services and prices, and after a while (so I'm told) the steady customer and staff develop a sort of country club rapport that is somehow missing at the NCO Club. Once you get to know them, some of the masseuses will actually extend you credit — if you get caught with your pants down, so to speak.

Occasional bummers do occur, of course. You may not hit it off right with your masseuse, she may turn out to be a 16-year-old virgin, or you may arrive late at night. Try to avoid the latter, since many of the girls are now working 15 hours per day because of the recent extension of non-curfew hours for military personnel in Saigon. Late at night, the girls may not be up to their bright and bushy-tailed daytime standards.

Early afternoon is probably the best time to pay them a call, and extra tips are sincerely appreciated if you're a late comer (no pun intended).

Customers are treated respectfully and fairly at the massage parlors, and they are almost never "taken" (as seems to be



the norm in the "Tea Girl" bistros of Cong Ly, Tu Do and Vo Tanh, where horny G.I.s pay 400 piasters on up for ten minutes of broken English, a case of the hopeless hots, and a thimble of "Saigon Tea.")

One recently-arrived two stripper dropped \$125 on tea, got fed up, and wound up at Magic Fingers anyway, where he vented his pent-up frustrations for a measly \$3 (his last).

What actually goes on in the "steam and cream" joints? For the "unwashed" here is a brief scenario:

"Hey, let's go down to Magic Fingers," says your buddy as you pay for your third glass of tea at a completely blacked out back room bar on Plantation Road.

"Yeah, Rog," you agree, trying to sound at least a little bored about it.

Ten minutes and 150 "P" later, your cyclo pulls up within walking distance of the Tan Son Nhut main gate, and you stroke into what looks something like a bar, but is too well-lit.

Looking around a little self-consciously you whisper, "steam and massage," to the girl behind the counter, handing over the 300 "P" basic price (some places are slightly higher). She hands you a ticket and a tiny towel.

Upstairs you sit around a sort of parlor, reading magazines and trying to avoid the eyes of the other waiting G.I.s who are busy doing the same thing.

Finally, your hand is taken by a comely young lass who leads you to a small partitioned-off room, furnished mainly by a padded table and a "blue box" homemade plywood steam cabinet.

(Note: Once in a while the "comely young lass" will turn out to be a "worked over old broad." When this happens, refuse to go with her and say, "Hey, I came to see Number Six.")

You'll get another girl, and you'll avoid hurting the old gal's feelings. If "Number Six" also turns out to be an old broad, you can always come back with, "Oops, I guess it was Number Three that I came to see." This doesn't work too often, however, and it's best to case the joint, and have a specific girl in mind, when you pay at the cash register. Although "meaningful relationships" are slightly hard to come by in the commercial atmosphere, the girls actually frown on "butterflying." Besides, it's more fun to have at least one steady girl in each massage parlor, right?)

One thing to watch out for in the waiting room is the old "one, two, three, switch," routine, during which you will be shunted away from your favorite "Number" in order to give more business to another girl who isn't doing so well that day. Sometimes this works out great and you discover a new chick, but more often than not the substitute is one of the "worked over" genre. In this case the best course of action is to act bewildered and insist that you really are hung up on Number So-and-So.

Another source of possible annoyance to the more modest customer is the girls' casual attitude about closing the doors of the massage rooms. Passing customers are treated to the sight of you sitting there in your birthday suit. Sometimes the other girls even congregate in your room for an informal bull (cow?) session while you're getting your massage. Clearing your throat six or seven times does not seem to discourage this practice and you may find yourself being simultaneously massaged by two or three girls while the others watch and chew the fat.

One establishment, which will remain mercifully anonymous here, has a room adjoining the waiting parlor. Avoid it at all costs, troop, unless you dig being

massaged in front of a roomful of waiting G.I.s. (It can blow your mind, or at least ruin your whole day.)

But we digress. Back to the action: Your masseuse takes your towel. You strip off your sweaty fatigues as she watches you and opens the steam box for you. She's still fully dressed, which is a little suspicious at this point since you're completely bare-assed, but what the hell, you settle back and relax, reaching around your chair to turn the steam up a little. She leaves.

The heat gradually soaks in and softens all those tired muscles, including, unfortunately, the ones that keep your bladder closed and invariably, unless you've just relieved yourself, you are immediately faced with a decision: grit your teeth and hold it, make an ass out of yourself and stumble back out into the parlor with a towel around you looking for the john, or simply let it go, right there in the steam box. Being shy, lazy, and a slob anyway, you elect the latter course of action, and then worry about if it will show when she comes back to let you out of the box.

Ten minutes later, she's back, and she locks the door, which is a good sign, and then she strips down to her brief panties. There they are, man, two beautiful boobs with nipples and everything. Reach right out there, troop, and take a handful. She won't mind a bit.

"First time?" she smiles, opening the steam box and letting you out.

"Hell no," you lie, puffing out your chest a little. As you get out of the steam box you're both disgusted and relieved to see that the last ten guys have done exactly what you did in there.

"Sit down."

You sit on a stool and she begins soaping you down. The

water temperature is just right, and you gradually get used to her exploring every nook and cranny with those sudsy "magic" fingers of hers.

Your natural reflexes may cause you a bit of embarrassment at this point, and you may get an extra pat or two here and there along with some wisecracks about "horny G.I.s," "Where's your girl-friend?" etc. Just stare back at her right in the eye and grin like an idiot. She'll love it.

She points to the table and indicates that you are to lay on your stomach, which may or may not present certain difficulties depending upon how well you reacted to the wash job. A light sprinkling of baby powder on your fanny, and the actual massage begins.

"Pitter, patter, pitter, patter, slap, slap, slap, slap, chop, chop, chop, chop."

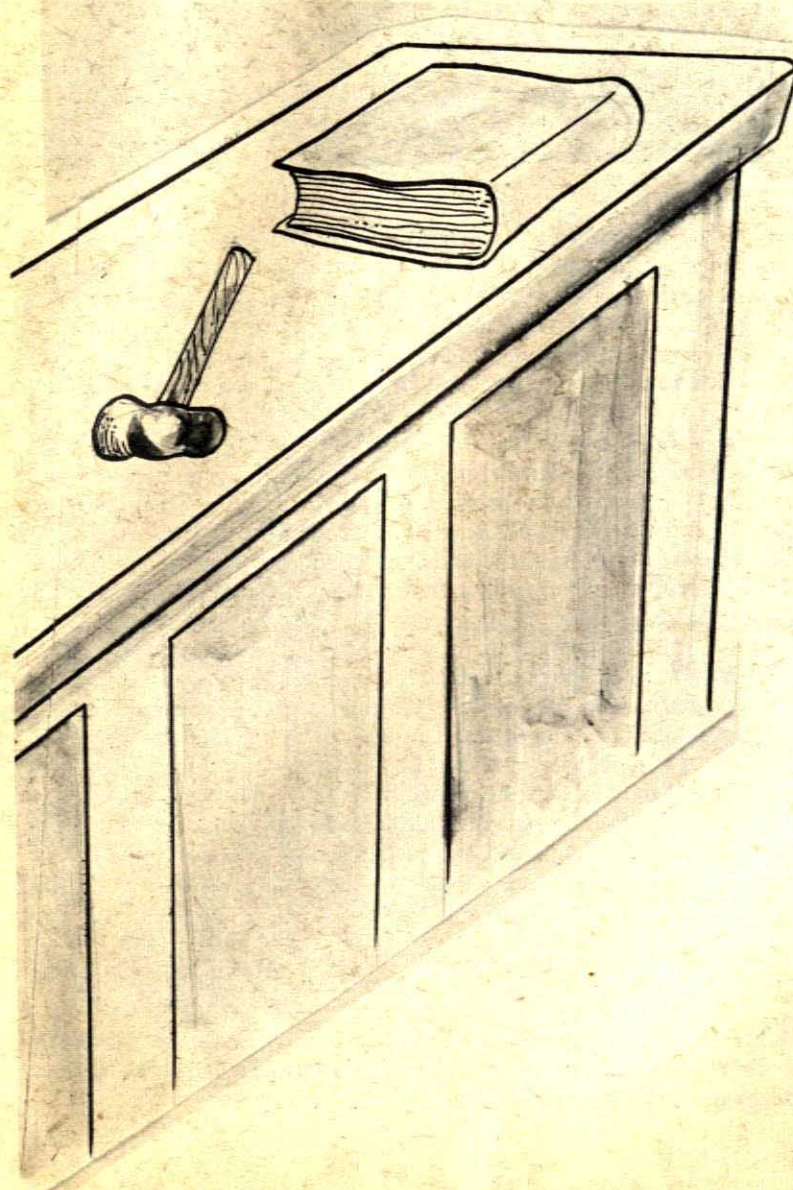
You get the full treatment. She cracks the knuckles of your toes, even, and gets up on the table and walks around on your back for a while. If you're really lucky and show your appreciation with a happy grunt or two, she might even walk around on your head. (This can be a little painful with some of the heftier girls.)

"Roll over now," she says, and you get the same thing on the other side. You look up at those beautiful boobs and smell the lightly scented powder.

"Pitter, patter, pitter, patter, slap, slap, slap, slap, chop, chop, chop, chop. Rub . . . Squeeze . . . Stroke . . ." The ubiquitous ceiling fan twirls slowly above you. She smiles down at you. You're ready.

Suddenly, she stops and snuggles up to you, whispering seductively into your hot little ear, "And now, what else can I do for you?"

Your course of action at this juncture depends upon a number of things, the most important of which is how much money you happen to have on you. Assuming you have enough, you may begin negotiations for services ranging up to about a thousand "P" for the "real thing," although the 500 "P" "magic fingers" and baby oil surrogate is a remarkably good substitute (so I'm told).



The highest rank ever to get busted

David C. Shaw

The clerk stood by his chair reading the list of accusations. He looked bored as he droned on in the monotonous voice common to most clerks and bailiffs everywhere.

The defendant sat with his head held high. It appeared as though he could care less about the proceedings than the clerk.

This amazed the spectators, since you could not help but notice the faces of the judges - the faces and the attitudes.

It was quite obvious that their minds had been made up before the trial had commenced. It reminded me of what would happen if my uncle were a child molester.

Everyone knows that he is your uncle and a child molester. You know it. He knows it. But out of some perverted sense of kindness, everyone ignores it.

That is the way it was. Everyone who was there, everyone that had heard of the case, knew that the defendant would never be a free man again. Everyone knew that from that moment on, the only peace and freedom he would find would be in death.

The man was guilty. He was guilty of having a mind of his own. He had the nerve to go against those ideas established by an elite group to govern the people. The elite, the aristocracy of his society had decided what was best for him and his fellow human beings. He had elected to establish his own philosophy.

It was not harmful. It merely opposed the current administration. It did not oppose the people; only the group of people who had elected to set themselves up as infallible.

In an attempt to rationalize their actions, the judges main-

tained that he had attacked the life styles of the people. Yet the question was raised (too late to help the man, unfortunately) why was he not judged by those people.

The truly sad thing was that he was not the only man known to be guilty of those "crimes." He was, however, in a higher social and professional position than the rest. In effect, he was a leader.

He was also going to be an example. They certainly could not punish all of the "criminals." Power is useless unless there is a victim. And if all the guilty were detained, they would no longer have their herd of cattle to prod.

People in the past had been tried and punished by fine, social ostracism, and light prison terms or probation on occasion. But this man was different. He was a symbol. He was an example. He was a senseless martyr.

Basically, the harshness of his punishment was not determined by his crime, but by his position. Because he was highly regarded, his days were numbered.

It was a well reported case simply because of his rank. He was well documented because of his rank. He was harshly punished because of his rank.

It turned out that he was the Son of Man. It also turned out that things haven't changed too much in 2,000 years.

Mission: Impossible

A variety of marijuana has been grown in Suoi Cat village, Suoi Dan area, Cam Lam district, Khanh Hoa province, unofficial reports said today. The culture of the dope grass was introduced with seeds imported from Cambodia before mid 1967 by a person who had indulged in the traffic of pot with the Allied soldiers for years.

This person who did not disclose his name said the locally grown marijuana has been highly appreciated by his customers because its savor and flavour have better ratings than the imported. He is now expanding the growing and exploitation of the grass to insure better benefit.

It is also worth noticing that the culture of marijuana is now spreading quickly along the National Road No. 1 from Suoi Dau to Cam Ranh where the soil is most appropriate. The reports said this culture is prospering like the culture of opium by the montagnards in Laos or Burma.

Love-Lorn

After a short "honeymoon" in the pine-scented city of Dalat, a Vietnamese woman was reportedly dumped by her lover on the Sien Hoa highway near the Cat Lai road junction, and later rescued by lawmen.

And the war goes on

(Items of interest from the local Saigon newspapers)

What struck a police patrol that day was a woman squatting on the roadside, wailing and mourning.

Under questioning, Mrs. Mai Thi L. admitted she had been cheated by a ladykiller. With tears streaming down her cheeks, the 34-year-old woman said a young man had lured her to go to Dalat with him and after blowing all her money, VNS 300,000, the con-man took her to the said place and told her

to "wait for him." And she had waited for a full day!

Mrs. L. told police that she was married and her hubby was often away on business. She further disclosed that she asked a certain Mai Van D. to build a small house for her family. D., she said, soon succeeded in "charming" her into selling all jewels and handing him all the cash, amounting to VNS 300,000. She became a "play-thing" in his hands, she said, following him everywhere he went, Vung Tau, Dinh Tuong and Dalat.

Following Mrs. L.'s complaint, law - enforcement agents had reportedly nabbed D.

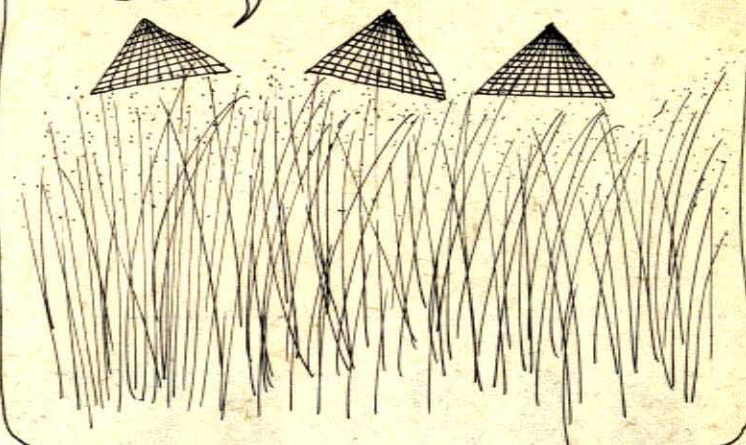
Virility Undiminished

A "dirty old man" is being held at a police station for questioning accused of attempting to rape a nine-year old girl, it was reported.

Sources said the girl living on Nguyen Tri Phuong street in Cholon district, was playing on the ground with children.

Suddenly a 68 year-old man dragged her into his house where he stripped her clothes and began playing around with her body, then attempted to rape. But she shouted for help and escaped from the hands of the dirty old man who tried to "fertilize her flower."

WE STAY CLOSE
TOGETHER, COMRADES
AND YANKEES NO
GET THROUGH.
RIGHT?



I SAID
"RIGHT",
COMRADES!



sound off!

Yardsticks for military justice

Recent court martial cases which were highly publicized point out a big problem for the Green Machine. Just what is moral in wartime? Is it any worse for a man to shoot civilians on the ground than it is to drop bombs on them from 10,000 feet? It's a tricky question. The answer might lie in a quantitative yardstick for crimes in wartime. You have to give the court martial board some guidelines. Here is one proposal.

The morality of an action should be judged in terms of distance and visibility. If you're an artilleryman and you lob shells on a village you can't see, the penalty could be three months and \$500 fine. If you're in an airplane dropping bombs on a village and you can see the village but not the people in it, it's worth six months and \$800 fine. If you're a sniper and fire at a non-combatant from 600 yards, it's nine months in the pokey and \$1000

fine. If you shoot a civilian from between 100 and 600 yards, a year and \$1500. If you toss a grenade in a house from thirty feet, 2 years and \$2000. Firing at civilians you can see from thirty to 100 feet could be worth 3 years and \$5000. If you shoot them point blank from less than 30 and not more than 10 feet, the penalty could be 5 years and \$7500. Firing at civilians in daylight from less than ten feet could bring a penalty of from ten years to life.

Admittedly these are arbitrary guidelines, but they do put a concrete value on morality. And that could avoid all the beating of breasts and tearing of hair that we've had to put up with recently.

If we refine this system to its ultimate, we could feed all the facts into a computer and let it make the decision. Then we wouldn't even need people on a court martial board to face those excruciating moral issues.

Tragedy hits the CBC

The November 1970 GRUNT Free Press carried a lead story on a young Vietnamese pop group known as the CBC. We said they were the most refreshing thing on the Vietnam scene for years and pointed out how GIs by the hundreds came from miles around just to watch these talented kids perform.

Well, since we wrote the story, the band went fairly bigtime by Saigon standards, opening up their own discotheque in downtown Saigon and performing better than ever to bigger crowds. They had peace signs in the club, wore long hair, and shared the same hopes for the future shared by young people all over the world.

The discotheque was blown up with 40 pounds of plastique in early April. One of the group female dancer, lost a leg. The group lost a night club. And the GIs lost one of the features of Vietnam they

had the greatest respect for.

It is not known who blew up the CBC discotheque. But whoever it was did a disservice to the aspirations of youth all over the world, in South Vietnam and North Vietnam, in New York and Berlin, in London and Los Angeles.

Somehow, it seemed too good to be true - the idea of having a swinging hip acid-rock bunch of kids in Saigon. And these kids were outside the system, just as kids everywhere these days seem to be outside the system.

But for the short time they lasted, they were like a flower that springs out of the rubble of a bombed and wasted land, a little bit of beauty and sanity where it was needed most. But the flower was trampled on and crushed.

We hope it comes up again. Vietnam needs it. And so does the world.

Incoming

Dear Grunt:

I've been doing a lot of thinking the past few months and come to the conclusion that haircuts should be banned. Seriously, have you ever once stopped to think whether a hair has feelings? I think so! It's a living thing. Why shouldn't it? And if so, think of it, you are an accessory to murder. Just by consenting to have hair cut. But think of the hair's feeling when you decide to have your hair cut. I have and it goes something like this.

You're with your buddy and you say "think I'll get a hair cut. It's almost time the lifers started bitching about it." At this point your hairs, millions of them, try to shrink back into the scalp but to no avail, so they begin to worry (which is what causes your dandruff, by the way). But when you walk into the barber shop and there are billions of dead hairs everywhere and the big smiling butcher, gleaming eyes, clippers in hand, staring at them, ready to kill. But what can they do? They are doomed. They are defenseless for when he starts to cut, only their silent screams fill the air, but the human butchers cannot hear and if he does, he pays no attention. He just keeps cutting them. By the hundreds, they die a slow death, falling to the floor and absorbing their last bit of protein. But is that all? Hell, no. Their bodies are swept up to be piled up in the garbage, only later to be cremated. Is that what you want for your little friends who have served you loyal and kept your head warm? Not me. I treasure my friends and I say we must start an organization for the sole purpose of punishing people who cut hair, something like the SLAUGHTER STOPPERS.

SP4 Larry Crabb
TOC Sig Spt Accy, Sqdn.
APO SF 96307

(Editor's note: Strange thoughts while sitting in a barber's chair, but if more barber's would get those Playboy centerfold's on the walls, a guy might get his head on something else beside hair.)

Dear Grunt:

Pardon the infantile penmanship but I'm writing with my hand in a cast. Everything is relatively quiet here as the Army has been having the fun further north.

Enjoyed the March layout and issue in which you used my poem on page 5. The illustration was especially appropriate. This being the first time I have ever had anything printed also was satisfying.

Only one bitch; someone fucked up and spelled my name wrong.

I send another poem to the Redlands address but don't know if they forwarded it. Could you let me know the address again. I intend to spend some of my leave working on a collection of others for you.

Later,
R.A. Linstrom
A Co., X-Ray Dept
1st Med Bn, 1st Mar Div
FPO SF 96602

(Sorry we blew it on the name Bob but glad you liked the issue anyway. Keep those poems coming and we will try to get them all in. You and all the other poets, photographers, cartoonists and writers should see our ad on page 17 of this issue. Yes, we really do pay for some of this stuff.)



Grunt Free Press is published by Grunt Publications, Box 1164, Redlands, Cal. 92373, USA. Price 35 cents per copy. Subscriptions: 12 issues \$5.00 mailed to U.S., APO or FPO addresses. Rate elsewhere upon request.

Contents Copyrighted 1971 by Grunt Publications:

President — Klaus Heymann
Editor & Publisher — Ken Abood
Asst. Publisher — T.N. Natrajan
Art & Layout — Loffy Lo
Randy Kusaka

Advertising Offices:

New York : Mr. Del Stella
The N. DeFilippes Company,
551 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017
Telephone: (212) Murray Hill 7-3597
Tokyo : Mr. Fumitake Shiba
5-4, 2-chome, Minami-Aoyama
Minato-ku, Tokyo, Japan
Tel. No: (03) 402-1003
Hong Kong : Davidson & Partners, Ltd.
9th Floor, Kai It Building, 58, Pak Tai Street,
Kowloon, Hong Kong, B.C.C.
Tel. K-636321-6

HIT TAPES!

Stateside hits—Johnny Cash, The Supremes, Tom Jones, Bacharach, Humperdinck—50 more. Monthly hit sheet sent—listing 8-track, 4-track, cassettes, reels and LP records. Subscribe today — FREE!

COUNT DOWNER CALENDAR

For shorttimers. Counts off days-to-go till R&R, rotation, discharge—anything! Easel or wall mount. It's colorful. Order L1001—\$1.25 ppd.

MOUSTACHE WAX

Stop using axle grease—it attracts flies! Use ours—made in Paris—lightly perfumed. Specify L-775—\$1.25 ppd.

SUPER SNACKS
Goodies galore — by mail! Now nearly 100 tasty dishes to select from. Mexican Casserole, Shogunoff Supreme, Brownies with nuts, Hamburgers, Banana Creme Pie, Pork Chops plus 90 more. Send \$1 for complete menu and receive FREE SAMPLE!

SURVIVAL KNIFE

9 1/2 inch, leather handle, sharpening stone, thong for leg. Specify XL154—\$7.50 ppd.



FREE CATALOG!

3,781 items for men overseas—100 pages of gadgets, goodies, insignia, necessities—and more (a slice of the "world")! Your kind of stuff.

KEN NOLAN
PROJECT: EAGLE II

Laguna Niguel, Calif. 92677





The bareness of the walls seem to stare at me
And the bluntness of time seems to caress my life
As I stare at a sign on the wall
One of those signs that once served a purpose
But has long since been removed
And now just hangs there, almost like a joke
Just hanging there, almost laughing, almost crying.

The sun creeps around the corners of my dim window panes
And strikes the seams of my floor
And pierces the cracks of my soul
But nonetheless, the birds sing their single noted psalm
Giving my heart a few more years to cry
Giving my life a few more years to die.

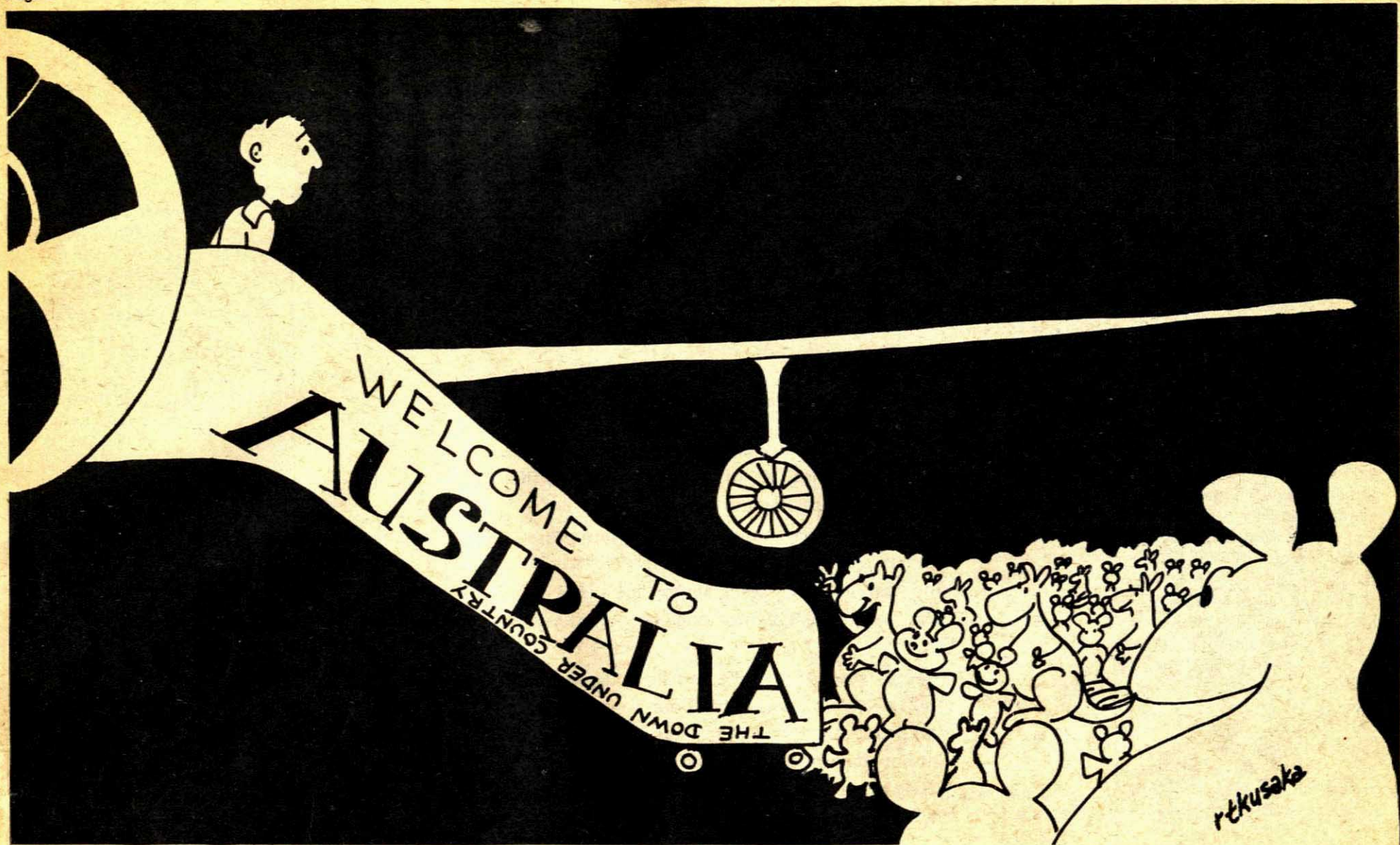
The fate of the wind befalls my crumpled shadow
And as it swoops down to pick me up
It blows my time away.

I just keep walking, all the time
Seeming to get farther from home
And yet closer just the same.

What can I say to that sign to make it smile
What must I do to make it go away.
Because only the Lord knows
How close I'm coming to losing my mind.
Only the Lord knows how close I'm coming to dying

I feel like that poster at times
I once served a purpose
But like that sign
I have been removed
And just hanging there
Almost
Laughing
Almost
Crying

By Jim '70



Australian R&R

By Trevor Farnsworth

Hey guys! Did you ever get tired of hearing about how great grrreat all the R & R Spots are and then getting there yourself having a lousy time, get robbed, get the clap, and really miss your girl?? Well, as many of you are probably finding out, it does happen. Those of you contemplating a Sydney R & R may be interested in what happened to me while I was in Australia.

MY TRIP TO AUSTRALIA — OR — HITCHHIKING CAN BE THE SALVATION OF AN OTHERWISE DULL TRIP

Day 1

Arrived at Camp Alpha at 1900. We played the Third Grader On A Field Trip to the Zoo-routine: "... under no circumstances ... may I see your shot record ... there are heavy penalties for ... no more than ... we'd like you to fill out this form ... you will be considered AWOL ... and now board the busses in the following manner: Officers, Warrant Officers ...". Also had my cigarettes personally sniffed by an Army "Customs" agent.

Took off on time (Pan Am civilian contract) and arrived in Darwin at 0300. Talked a while with a Japanese archaeologist who was on his way to the International Society of Orientalist's Convention in Canberra. He thinks that our Vietnam war will end in a coalition government.

Day 2

Arrived in Sydney at about 1030. Had to go through a special (American GI's only) body search line. In the room, the Customs agent asks if you mind being searched. I was tired

of this criminal routine and said, "Yeah, I mind being searched." So some other bureaucrat was summoned in and rattled off a numbered law which says essentially "we can search anyone we want to, buddy." I was pissed, pissed, pissed.

Then I had another pleasant experience with one of the R&R Center Cadre (I wonder who he knows?): Before we got on the bus to go downtown from the airport, I wanted to call ahead and make a hotel reservation, but this asshole lifer said that, even though there were 40 guys behind me that still had to be body-searched, I couldn't make a phone call and I had to get on the bus and wait there for the other little boys. I mean even an accused murderer has the right to one phone call!! Well, I gave this turd my best "get bent" look and continued to walk towards the phone. He followed, screaming about how he was going to put me back on the plane to 'Nam etc. I made my call anyway, but at the R & R Center I had to answer the complaint made against me!!

Finally got to the R & R Center: "... we wanna welcome you ... we caution you ..."

etc., etc., ad infinitum, ad nauseam.

At last I escaped to my hotel, washed up a bit, and felt much better. Then just walked around at random to get the lay of the land (no pun intended). The city is large, and clean and very American-looking, but with a definite British feel to it also.

That PM I picked a place out of This Week in Sydney that looked good, put on my fancy threads, and did it!!

Talked with the doorman for a while only because he was American and was eager to talk. What a character!! He's been in Australia for about four months and makes his money doing various things which range from selling smuggled grass to market analysis for the Stock Exchange.

He's doing the round-the-world bit on his own time and it did my heart good to talk with such a free spirit. A direct antithesis to the constipated lifer mentality which surrounds me (and I must admit, that I contribute to by not saying anything about).

Downstairs, I treated myself to a lobster and then danced a little with the females who were mainly tourists from Brisbane ("Brizben") and acted like chicks from Cleveland which is what Brisbane is like. It wasn't that bad, but it was pretty bad, so I went back and talked to the doorman for a while and then walked back to the Wentworth at about 1:30 AM. The doorman was pretty down on Australia and the people - said that they're pretty conservative socially and pretty crooked ethically and that so many crooks find permanent hideouts here, that banks get

robbed daily, that he uses phony names all the time without any hassle etc.

Day 3

Got up at 1130 and took my camera and did the walk-around some more. Talked with some young Australian accountant guys in a square downtown during their lunch break. Asked them about a good Italian restaurant and they didn't know nuttin' (later found 1/2 block away). They were as exciting as accountants anywhere can be. Had a good lunch and asked an extremely luscious waitress out, but she was 'engaged' that PM. Went to the Australia Square-the modern new tall office building and showplace of 'modern Sydney'. Well there it was: some poster shops, deli's, and camera shops, and a big office building with an observation deck on the top. Hey, hey!!

Walked some more getting more and more lonesome. Sat a while in a lovely park overlooking the bridge and harbor. Gave serious thought to leaving for 'Nam in the AM. That PM walked in King's Cross, the armpit of Australia where most of the "R & R's" hang out and get laid by real round eyes (same-same Saigon but with different fat distribution - even their VD is the same since it's imported directly from 'Nam). Had a Baskin & Robbins (the hi-point of the evening), tried hard to rationalize making a pass at someone, but couldn't hack it. As a last resort (did I really???) went to the Whiskey a Go-Go. The fried chicken was spoiled and that contributed to my already profound malaise. Stayed twenty minutes and walked back to the

hotel. Went to sleep certain that I would go 'home' in the AM.

Day 4

Got up and decided that to return to 'Nam is silly - but I had to get my ass out of Sydney. At breakfast met a British lady who lives in Philadelphia - Mrs. Riche-Biche touring the fantastic Fijis. She said things like, "Why I got up this morning and realized that I'm really 'down under'. Isn't that wonderful." Arrrrgh. Checked my suitcase in the hotel, took a taxi to the edge of town, stuck my thumb out and started to hitch with the "Gold Coast" as my ultimate general destination. This is sort of the 'shore' of Australia and all the people drive hundreds of miles to get there on their holidays. Hitching was a good move because I saw the country and met some really great people:

1) Bobby Businessman - had done some financial consulting in Peking! He really thinks that the Chinese are going to make it.

2) Carl College - just finished business school and was going to begin his new job in two days with a booze outfit I think. Reminded me of the college scene in the late 50's early 60's - cool, reserved, dullll. He had just come back from the Gold Coast in his groovy MGB. (with the top down all 500 miles of the way!!)

3) Casimir Carnival - a really fun ride 'cause I'd never met a guy like this. He had a shooting gallery concession in a travelling carnival. He was 50ish, leathery, and very down-to-earth. Kept offering me some hard candies that he called "yummies" or something like that. We talked about cars and youth and the war and the carnival. I mean he

really got a kick out of doing his shooting gallery thing and that was nice to hear. Also talked about the aborigines and how he thinks that they're inferior and other irrational bullshit. When he dropped me off, he expressed his regrets for having to leave me and insisted that I take some "yummies" with me.

4) Tommy Trucker - ruggedly handsome, burly trucker who could really wheel his Volvo down the road. He was on his way to fix his broken-down truck. A lot of Australians fit this description of the strong, silent type. I think it's because they still watch our corny cowboy flick.

5) Mick Jagger in the Country - a really delightful 18 year old farm boy who was just ecstatic about having a "yank" to rap with. He took me home (to this little home-stead ranch) to show the family, play his Abbey Road album, and talk about drugs, job and life in general. He was amazingly mature and together. He had already developed a distaste for the big city hustle etc. and was very happy to live in the country and work as an electrician's apprentice. I spent two and a half hours with them.

Had to wait a while for my next ride. Sort of pissed me off since I was well-dressed and most of the people who passed me were kids who at home would have given me a lift for sure. While I was waiting, had a kidney pie and apple and ubiquitous Cokes at a little general store.

6) Victor Vapid - 19 year old who was delivering the family sedan to mummy and daddy from Sydney to the 'summer house'.

7) Terry Teacher - very pleasant chap who teaches school as his fulltime thing, but also has a tropical fish store. He was on his way to New Castle to pick up some fishies. He suggested that I make a sign and even stopped at a 'Newsman' where I could buy a magic marker thing. He loaned me some styrofoam with which I could make it. He was very anti-war and pro-yank. Told me how some 'yanks' had set up this huge cotton manufacturing plant around there and they got tired of the lazy Aussies and just imported some yank families and craftsmen who got the job done immediately.

8) Eddy Establishment User - freak in lamb's clothing. Guy who works for a while and then bums "with his bird" till the money is gone. He was on his way back from Sydney where he picked up a contraband copy of Playboy (certain issues are banned) - whose philosophies he really grooved on.

9) Gerald Gent-Farmer - a Major in the Australian Army Reserves. Had spent two weeks in 'Nam and thought that it was great that we're there preventing the Red Menace from invading Australia. He used to have a big program with the "R & R's" visiting his little farm town, but lately "they weren't coming" and "did I want to come" and

"all the young people are leaving for the city", etc. He actually believed that aboriginal blood was different from white blood and that it wouldn't mix. At that point I stopped being courteous and said, "Look, I've studied biology. That just isn't so!!". Reluctantly he believed me!

10) Ma and Pa Kettle - in their VW who decided to pick up that "nice looking young man". They were really delightful.

LIFER!!! I mean that's a real lifer. He was single, 38ish, and on leave. He just decided to take a trip to his old hometown and rest up for a few days in the hotel. Exciting. Next - my first ride of the day.

11) The Lorrow Family - (really was their name) They had their 9 (nine) children, the parents - Reggie (for real) and Pat, and their neighbors - Armando, his wife, and two kids,

12) Wilfred Wallaby - Spencer Tracy - type of farmer made of solid leather with white hair driving a new car and obviously had some coin. Scared the shit out of us though-driving like a meshugginah and then he stopped at this little town for a double whiskey in the pub. We had an obligatory beer and then we were off again - more off the road than on. He was a sheep farmer and had this big silver tipped sheep

actually conceded that these are changing times and that maybe a drastic re-examination of values was necessary these days. I must say that I expected an invitation to his house for the night since it was about 10 PM, but I guess he he wasn't that Christian. Ha!

So . . . there I was in Coolangatta - one of the big towns on the Gold Coast - and I was tired - so - I decided to pitch tent and stay there for a couple of days until I had to go back to Sydney for the flight back to 'Nam. Preacher man dropped me at a "Guest House" which I assumed was like a US style Guest House. Nope. In Australia the guest houses are like little communities which have activities together and eat together etc. I had a roommate, who turned out to be a very agreeable chap from Melbourne. The price was cheap - about \$6.00 for full board.

As it turned out, I was in a guest house with two factions: the fat and fifties, and the adult-teeny - bopper - secretary / Fort Landerdale / Elvis Presley Movie Syndrome.

And where was I???? In the Tottering Twenties Old Enough to Know A Put On When I See One-Scene. Can you dig it??? When I started to rap it became even more evident that it was lucky that I was a foreigner, 'cause otherwise nobody would have anything to talk to me about. It was in Coolangatta that I decided that Australia is basically the US in the mid-fifties-what can I say??

For the next two days I played the very polite Honored Guest Role and asked all sorts of questions like, "Hmmm, what IS a did jereedoo???". That's all these duds were capable of discussing.

I did meet some very nice, together people at an adjoining table in a club where I went with Frankie Avalon and Annette Funicello, but they were statistically, in a minority - at least as far as the people exposed to me.

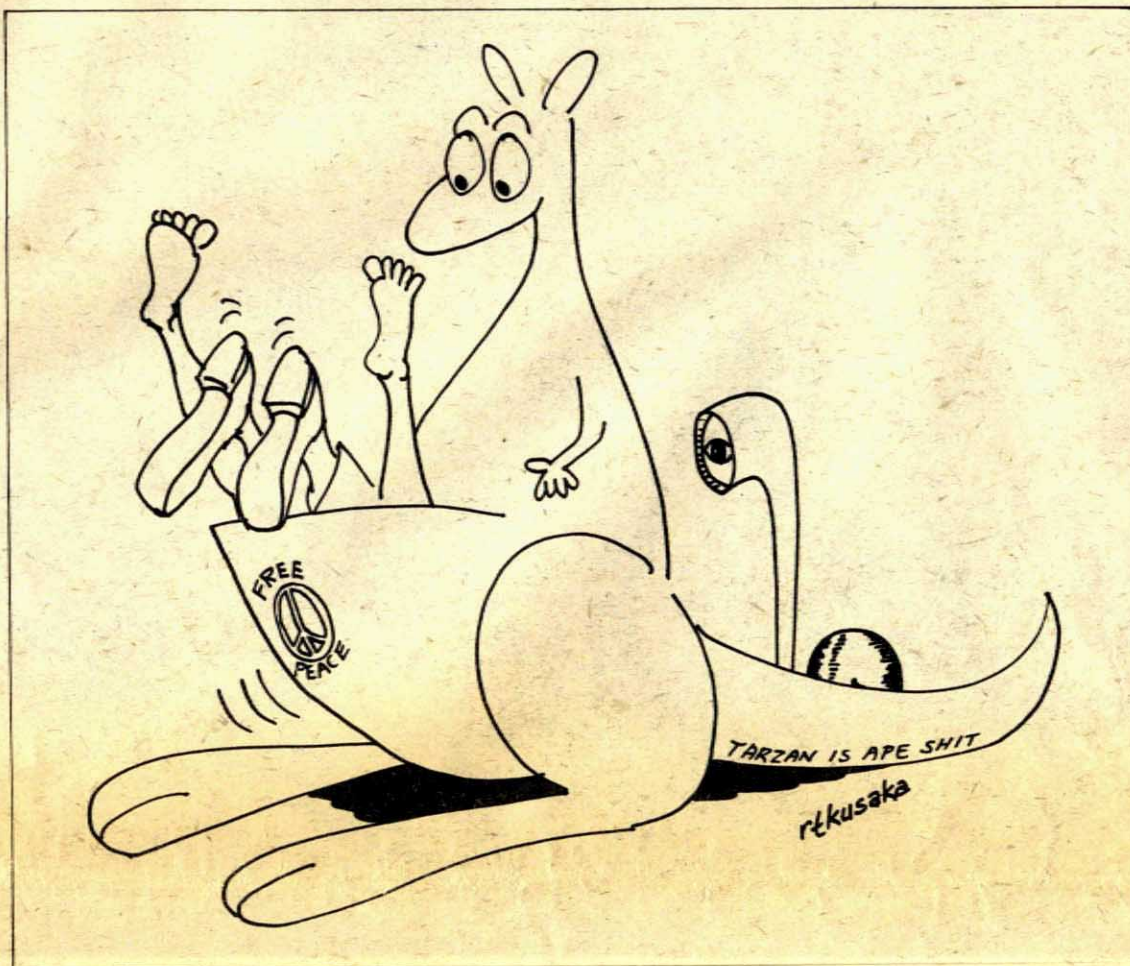
Had some hassle flying from the Gold Coast back to Sydney Sunday night for the plane was having "technical difficulties in 'Brizben'". Did find an interesting girl to talk to. Sort of the College Freshman full of Adorable Ideas Chick who was on her way back from some church camp. Also on the bus from the airport to town I met a very nice young Australian architect who I talked with until 3 o'clock that AM. This guy was a real groove and it was a shame that I didn't meet him at the beginning instead of the end of my trip.

Last Day

Bought some last minute stuff and then duffed over to the "R & R" Center.

Speech at the "R & R" Center: "I wanna thank you guys . . . you are cautioned . . . there will be no . . . at all times . . . do not fail . . . board the busses in the following manner: Officers, Warrant Officers, and Senior NCO's in the 1st bus . . .".

Awoke in Saigon in 12 hours.



They'd just come from visiting their (one of their) daughter who just had a new baby, took a few snaps, and then were heading back to Taree - in the same day!! He works for the railroad (28 years) and we talked and talked about their old experiences. It's really cute to see oldsters in love and old ladies who are still flirtatious.

Spent the night in Taree - a little clean town on a river. Stayed at the Fotheringham Inn which had the town's busiest pub (real country-English style) downstairs. I didn't want to spend the night drinking beer ("ave a Beah, mate") so I asked the clerk, "What is there to-uh-do in this town?" He checked with his mate who confirmed that yes, there is a movie to-night. I went to see "Minnesota Clay" and a Phil Silvers oldie that was kind of funny. Minnesota Clay was so bad I couldn't believe it. It had a real tearjerker plot that some of the chicks in the theater were actually crying over. The lobby of the theater had a glass chandelier and framed picture of Bette Davis and Dick Powell and Queen Elizabeth - wild!

Day 5

Awoke the next AM to some really clean air which was a nice change - and had an hour to kill till 0730 breakfast. Breathed and took some pix. Was joined at my breakfast table by an Australian

an Italian immigrant family. This was a very long interesting ride. The kids were curious about the US and all the "grown-ups" were extremely hospitable. I actually had to take turns riding with one family and then the other - they were so eager to talk. I really made a hit when I let one of the boys take a snap with my camera. Reggie makes canteens for the Australian Army and drives a cab on weekends in Sydney. They had invited "R & R's" over on a couple of occasions, but the guys either didn't show up or were stoned when they did, but they gave me a lift anyway. They were taking three days for their journey to the Gold Coast and really could have been from Levittown, Long Island or someplace like that. Armando was interesting though - he said that even after being in Australia for 18 years, he still feels like an immigrant - the Aussies are so clannish. They dropped me off in Grafton at about 3 PM and I continued on with this Australian guy about my age whom I met on the road.

This guy brought up one very positive aspect of the Australian character - they are very open and pretty outgoing about talking with 'yanks.' They really admire and ape our way of life for one thing, and as a result are eager to find out our opinions on a lot of topics. This kid and I had a fun time for the two hours that we hitched together.

prod in the back seat that I was tempted to use on him.

13) A friend of my hitchhiking friend. We moved his surfboard out of the Austin Mini, put it on the roof and all piled in.

14) Some other farmer friends of my friend - one of whom was trying to get to 'Nam - he was in the Air Force. Told him I'd switch with him. We rode in the back of the truck with the sheep dog. They dropped me off in the middle of noplac and it was getting dark and very buggy. I had to urinate and almost lost my penis to the mosquitoes.

15) I mean there was nothing for miles!! Luckily, I didn't have to wait long or I would've exsanguinated on the spot. Alex Accountant came along in his MG 1100 and took me about 100 miles. He was a 'Nam veteran and we talked a lot about his girlfriend, how he was really freaked out when he came back to Australia to the point where he couldn't even drive. But he was extremely cordial and showed the interesting sights (like the sugar cane mill) as much as anyone could in this rather uninteresting country. He dropped me at a truck stop where I had a tough (maybe old Kangaroo) steak dinner. His friend who worked there helped me to get another ride.

16) Paulie Preacher - 35 year old Episcopalian minister who

BEFORE YOU GO
DOWN, MAKE SURE
YOUR "OXYGEN"
SUPPLY IS OKAY.



BONNIE HUMPER

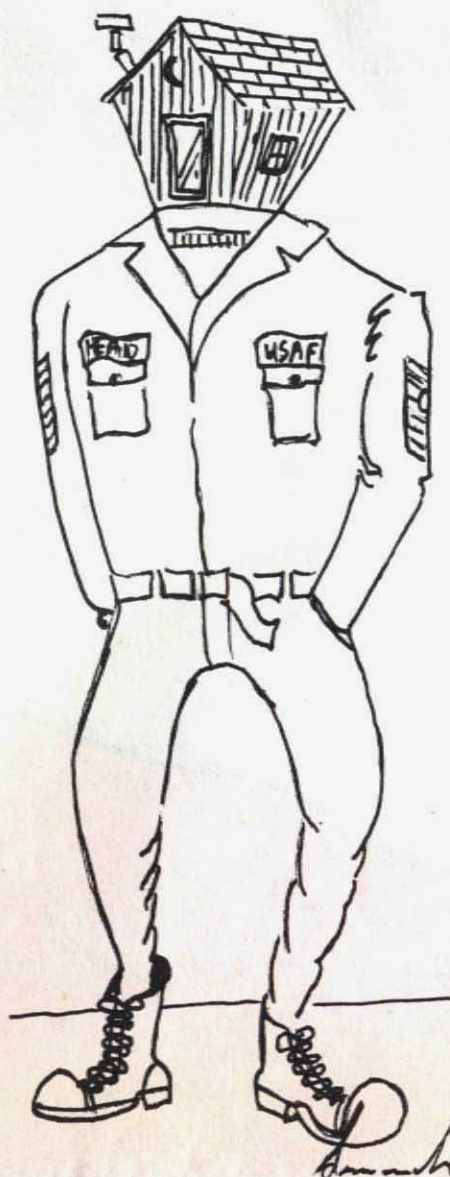
The eighteen-year-old Boy/Geriatric
 Asleep on the floor in Bien Hoa Terminal
 His soft blond hair resting on a rucksack stained
 With Delta mud.
 His warm "16"
 Nestled on his stomach.
 Some mother's darling
 Awaiting reassignment.

THOUGHT POLICE

Ever since I came to 'Nam
 I'm so paranoid
 I have to be careful
 Which songs
 On the radio
 I hummm along with.

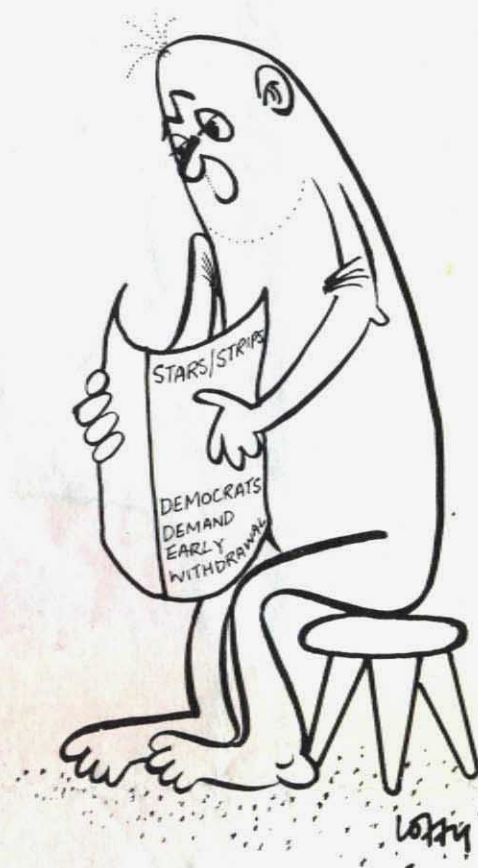
**SCREAMING EAGLE**

You can always tell an Airborne Trooper.
 You can tell by the way: He shines his boots
 And laces them - tightly
 And blouses his fatigues in the Saville Row tradition
 And polishes that "Screaming Eagle" on his shoulder
 And brushes his crew cut.
 But, if you're still not sure
 You can always tell
 By the way the Redneck pig picks his nose with his
 Index finger.

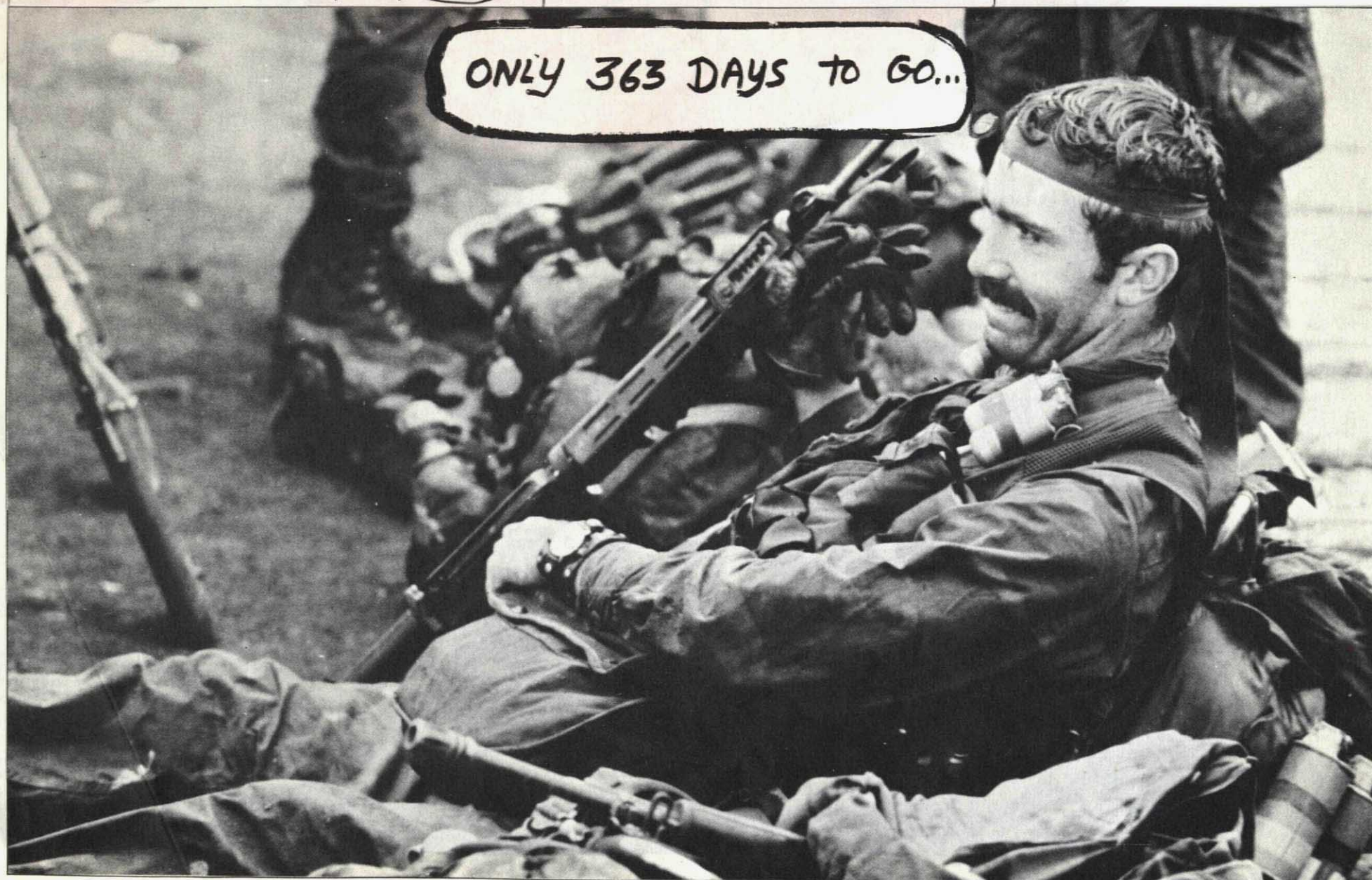


"NOW THERE GOES AN AIRMAN
 WITH A HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS"

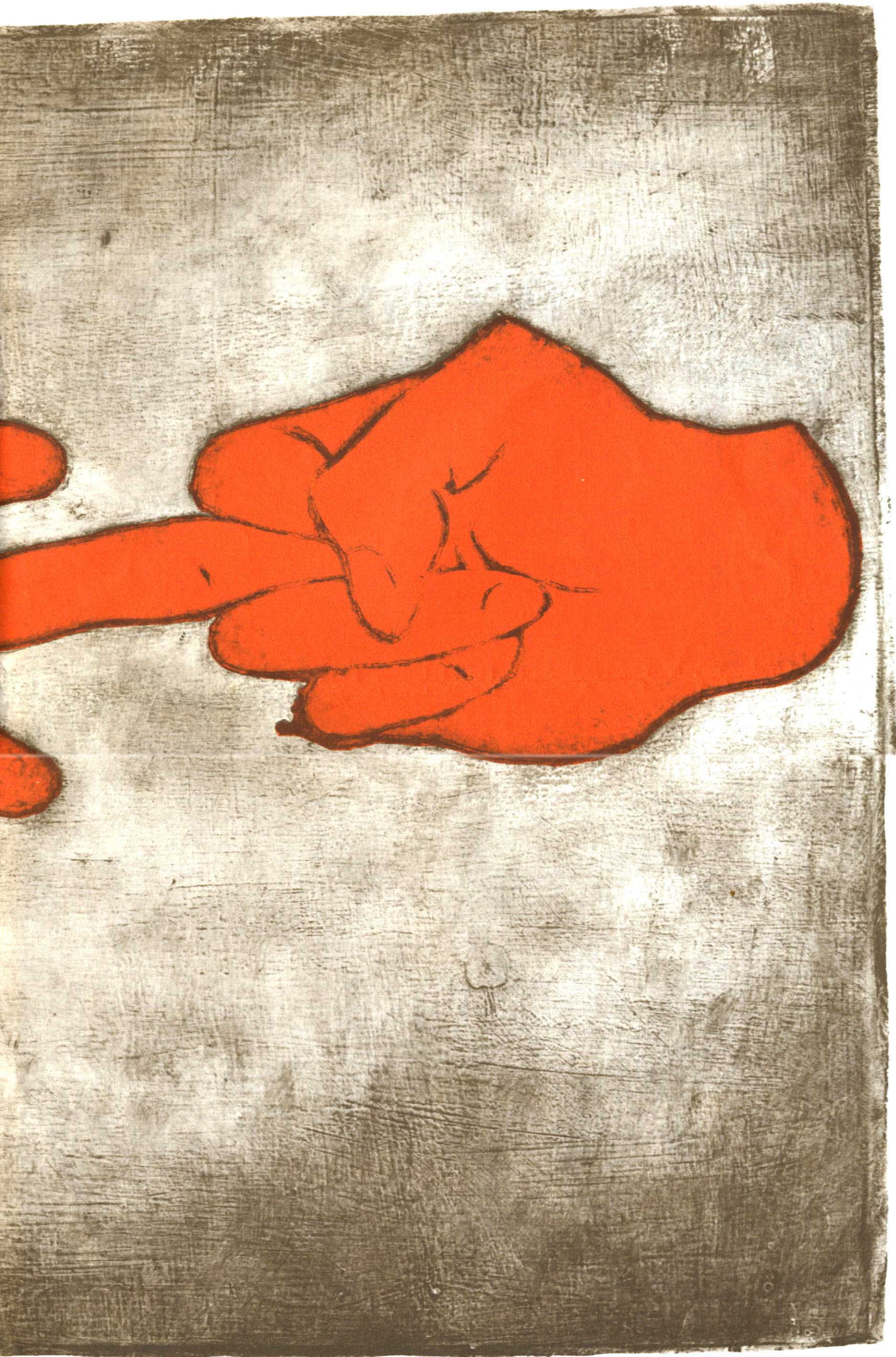
GLAD SOMEBODY'S DOING
 SOMETHING ABOUT
 OVERPOPULATION.



ONLY 363 DAYS TO GO...







These days the military might seem a little shaky, but every now and then something comes along to prove that they really are doing a great job, albeit on a shoestring. Just the other day I noticed a small item in the paper about how the Air Force is saving the taxpayers millions of dollars a year through a new program called RECON, which is short for "Resources Conserva-

of hundred bucks to keep the line from Palm Springs to Washington open for an hour, and ..."

"Look, you know that, and I know that, but my RECON Program Monitor doesn't know that. All he wants to see is that my office meets its assigned RECON savings goal of \$9 million during fiscal year 1971, and by God, that's just what he's going to see."

recon

By G. Sadao Kira

tion." I got so excited about it that I called up my old friend at the Pentagon, Col. Mufasta Slivovitz, to get some more information.

"What's this new RECON Program you fly boys have come up with this season?" I asked him.

"Glad you asked me that," he said. "Unfortunately I don't have that information at this time, but I'd be glad to check on it for you. Why don't you hang on? This won't take much more than an hour."

"Gad, Slivovitz, I'm calling collect from Palm Springs!"

"Sure, but if I call you back, we'd have to pay the extra charge again for the first three minutes. But, if we keep the line open ... hmmm ... let's see ... yes, we'd save \$1.49, and we could then report that as a RECON savings. Every little bit helps, you know. That's something you civilians don't always realize."

"But, Mufasta," I tried to protest, "it would cost a couple

"You mean he doesn't care how much money you spend, as long as you save nine million bucks?"

"That's right, old buddy, and believe me, saving that much money is no piece of cake when you've got a total office operating budget of only \$25 thousand."

Right there I knew I was on to a really big story.

"Hold it, Mufasta," I shouted into the telephone. "Did you just say that you're going to save \$9 million this year out of a total budget of only \$25 thousand?"

"That's correct. It doesn't really matter how much money you actually have. You can save as much money as you want simply by acting as if you had it ... and then not spending it."

"But, I don't see ..."

"Look at it this way. Right now I've got a full time staff planning a complete remodeling of the office. We're going to install a Burroughs 3500 computer, a color TV intercom

system and a completely automated electronic kitchen for visiting VIPs. The whole thing comes to over a million bucks."

"That's how you're saving money?"

"Sure. The important point is that we don't actually need any of the stuff. Just before the work crews move in, somebody will 'notice' that the remodeling job is unnecessary and will cancel the whole project. The entire amount we could have spent is then passed on to the taxpayers as a saving. Everybody wins, the taxpayers, the government, the Pentagon, and I get promoted."

"Well, that's certainly an innovative management concept," I sighed.

"You bet, and the whole program is very well controlled. No hanky panky. We can report only concrete savings resulting from timely and effective management actions. There are no fuzzy areas of possible savings reported to make us look good to the public. For instance, when the 'Thresher' went down, the Navy reported the next year's operating costs as a saving under the old Cost Reduction Program. You can see how something like that could get out of hand."

"Oh yes, it certainly could," I agreed.

"By the way, you wouldn't be in the market for a solid Pakistani onyx bust of General Westmoreland, would you?"

"Well, not this week, Mufasta. What are you doing with something like that, anyway?"

"Well, it's left over from an old RECON idea that accidentally went into effect. When my predecessor left, he forgot to cancel the order. Damned thing just arrived this morning with a bill for five thousand bucks."

"Ges, Mufasta, that's really too bad. I know it must put a big dent into your savings total for this year."

"Yeah, you'd better believe it. But, we've already thought of a great solution in the true spirit of the RECON Program. Next year, we're going to get rid of it and report an annual saving of \$2.24 in masonry polish. Every little bit helps, you know."

"Yeah, I know."



WHAT KIND OF A HOLE DID YOU GET US IN THIS TIME, JACKSON?

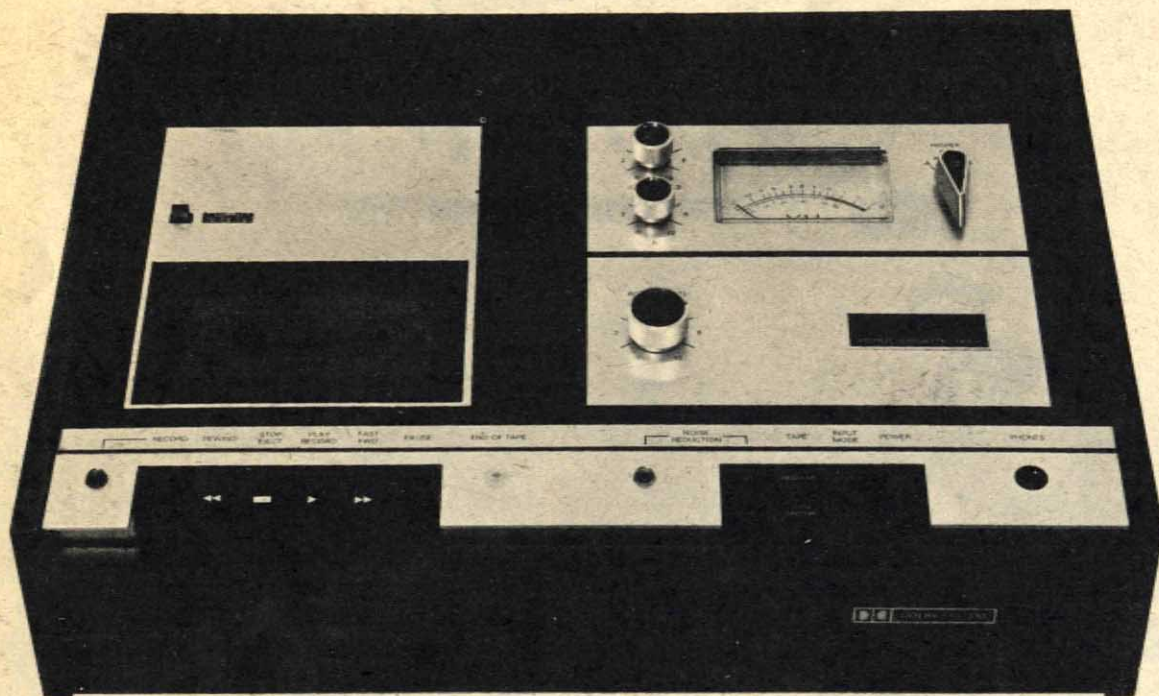


Lesson #32:

MACV Directive 100:001:

Never leave anything behind
which can be of use to the enemy.





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.

MARLUX Corporation, Torikatsu Building,
5-2-5 Roppongi, Minato-ku, Tokyo, Japan.

Name, Rank, SS No.

Unit/Organization

APO/FPO

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.

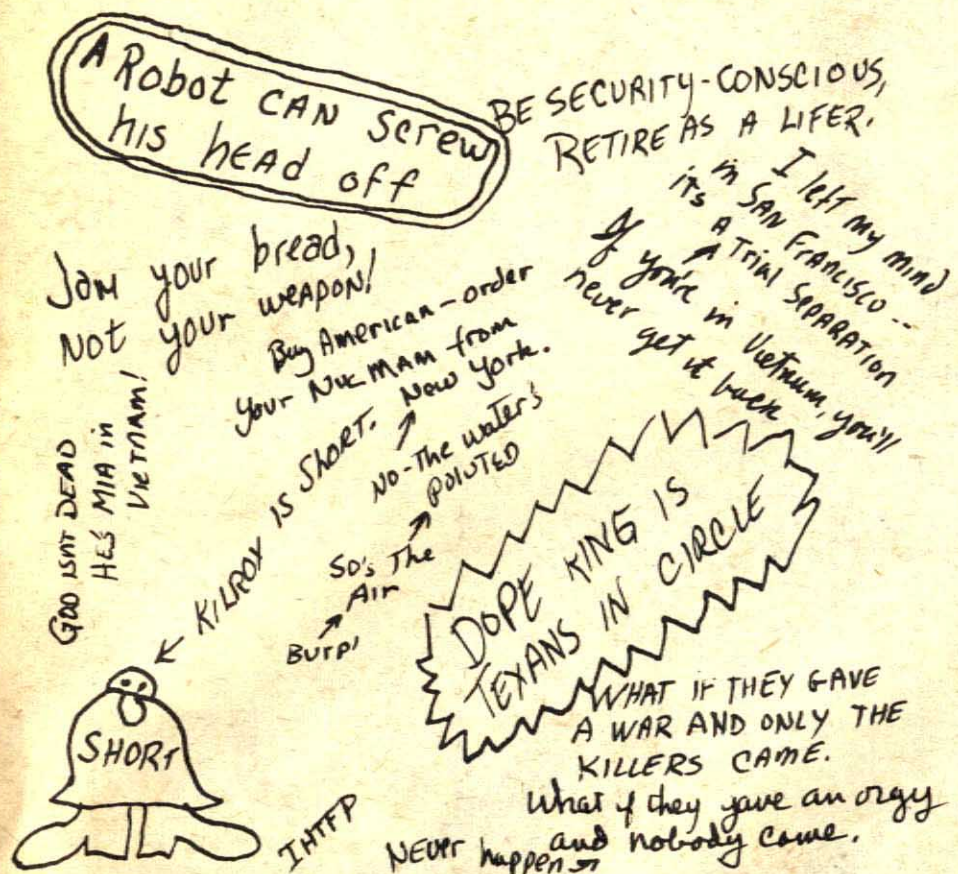
MARLUX Corporation, Torikatsu Building,
5-2-5 Roppongi, Minato-ku, Tokyo, Japan.

Name, Rank, SS No.

Unit/Organization

APO/FPO

GRAFFITI



GRUNT Free Press digs graffiti. Some of the most priceless literary gems of this war have been written on walls and then blacked over with paint, lost forever to posterity. We want to preserve this literature. Each month, we'll give a free GRUNT Free Press subscription to the man who sends us the best graffiti for that month. So while you're sitting down in that john with nothing to do, copy some of the better bits of literature down. You might win a free subscription. Send to Graffiti, Grunt Publications, Box AN, Agana, Guam 96910



Proud
birds
with the
Golden
Tails



You don't have to be an Ernest Hemingway or a Bill Mauldin to write or draw for Grunt Free Press, but it helps. Even if you're an ordinary slob like Grunt's permanent staff, you can make money by pushing your junk our way. Stories, photos, cartoons, poetry, or even the stuff you scrawl on the latrine wall, send it our way and be the first on your block to sport a Grunt check. Our rates (minimum):*

Photo	\$ 5.00
Cartoon	\$ 5.00
Story	\$25.00-\$50.00
Poem	\$ 5.00

IMPORTANT! GRUNT Free Press also wants stringers. If you can feed us the humorous, lighter side of your outfit's shenanigans, we'll pay you and your outfit will get the fame or notoriety it deserves.

*We pay more to certified geniuses.

Send to: Grunt Publications
Box AN
Agana, Guam 96910



AKAI GX-365D: The revolutionary tape deck with revolutionary dust-free and wear-free heads!

World's Only Stereo Tape Deck With A Glass-Ferrite Head! Other outstanding features are: Automatic volume control. Automatic continuous reverse. 3 heads. 3 motors—one hysteresis synchronous 3-speed motor for capstan drive, and two 6-pole eddy current out-rotor motors for supply and take-up reel drive.

Send me free of charge your brochures on Akai products.
NAME/RANK:.....

ADDRESS:.....

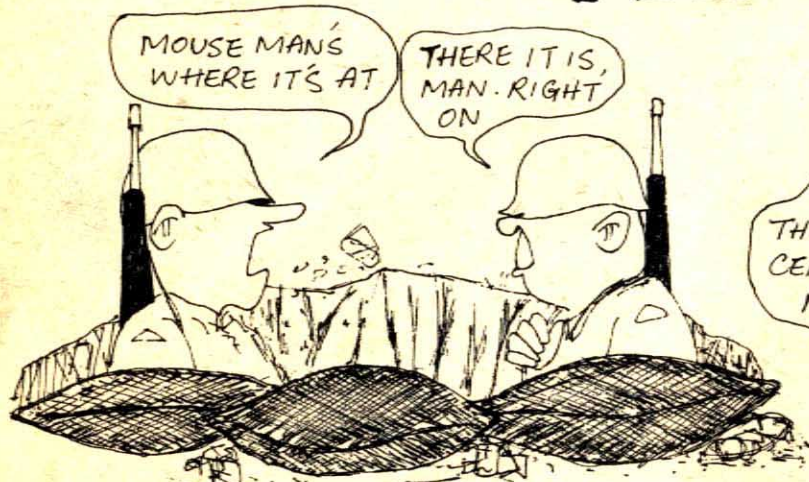
AKAI SHOP, Inc.
P.O.Box CD, Agana, Guam 96910

MOUSE MAN'S
WHERE IT'S AT,
ALRIGHT AND WHERE
IT'S AT IS THE DEPT.
FOR SANITATION OF
INFORMATION.

PLACE: SAIGON'S LE LOI
ST.
TIME: 1615 HOURS



MOUSE MAN



MOUSE MAN'S
WHERE IT'S AT

THERE IT IS,
MAN. RIGHT
ON

CYNICAL EGOTISTICAL
SCOUNDREL REPORTERS. HOW
DARE YOU QUESTION THAT OFFICIAL
STATEMENT THAT POINT A IS
2603 KILOMETERS FROM POINT B. ON
THE OFFICIAL, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.
CERTIFIED BRIEFER'S
MAP?

WE CAPTURED POINT A
AND OUR FORCES MIGHT
MOVE ON IT TOMORROW.

PRESS CENTER



BECAUSE IT'S THE
MAP OF THE WRONG
COUNTRY, MOUSEY
TROOP, HONEST.

TRIVIAL DETAIL!
PRINT WHAT YOU
ARE TOLD AND THEN
WHAT YOU PRINT
IS THE WAY IT IS.
AND STOP DAMAGING
THE MORALE OF
OUR OFFICIAL BRIEFERS
AND DRIVING THEM TO
DRINK AND WOMEN.

AND THE MAP IS UPSIDE DOWN
AND THE SCALE IS IN MILES AND
IT'S 80 YEARS OLD.

I'M SORRY,
MOUSE MAN.
I WON'T ASK
CYNICAL QUESTIONS
ANY MORE. I'LL
LET JOE DO IT.

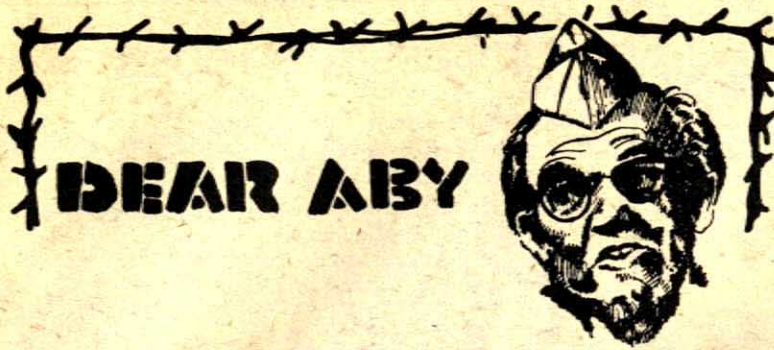
ONCE MORE, MOUSE MAN DOES HIS
PART IN THAT OTHER WAR, FREEING
THE COMBAT GRUNTS FOR COMBATS,
KNOWING THEIR WATER, RATIONS AND
NEWS ARE PURIFIED.

WHAT'S THE
PAPER SAY,
JOE?

WE CAPTURED THE
ENEMY'S HUB OF
COMMUNICATIONS,
WHATEVER AND
WHEREVER
THAT IS.

ME EITHER,
MOUSEY BABY, I'LL
DRIVE MYSELF TO
DRINK AND WOMEN.
AND PRINT THEIR VERSION.





Dear Aby:

Some turd swiped my teddy bear my mother sent me right after I came to Vietnam. And I'm lonely without my teddy bear, but if I write home for another one, my mummy will give me hell for not taking care of my toys. Where can I get a replacement?

Doo-Doo

Dear Doo-Doo:

Down in Australia, they stuff kangaroos and put beads on their heads and call them koala bears. Now if you don't mind a stuffed kangaroo called a koala bear, have somebody bring one back from R&R. Meanwhile try to make do with a blanket next to your cheek and your thumb in your mouth.

Dear Aby:

I bought one of these topnotch \$22.50 Japanese watches over here and it tells perfect time and that, Aby baby, is my problem. You see, all my other wrist-watches were always five to ten minutes slow, so I could make all formations on time. Now I allow for that five to ten minutes and I'm late. I'm tired of getting chewed out. What can I do to make my Seiko run slow?

Clock Watcher

Dear Clock Watcher:

Your self-winding Seiko watch can only run as fast as you can, so slow down, or you'll over self-wind it. Meanwhile, get to those goddamn formations on time.

Dear Aby:

Is it true that anyone who happens to be an Aquarius in this age of Aquarius can apply for immediate release from the Army?

Aquarius

Dear Aquarius:

Of course. Getting it is something else.

Dear Aby:

I spent \$849.99 on camera equipment and have taken at least 5000 shots in Vietnam, but for some mysterious reason, not one single film has come out. Do you suppose I'm doing something wrong?

Camera Bug

Dear Camera Bug:

The possibility exists. There are two things you could be doing wrong. One, you might be forgetting to put the film in, and two, you might have forgotten to remove the lens cover.

Dear Aby:

I had a letter from my girl friend and she said while she still loves me, she has temporarily fallen in love with a couple of other guys who she met at a swinger's party after answering their ads in the Swinger's magazine. I get the feeling that me and my girl may be drifting apart. Am I being overly suspicious?

Truthful

Dear Truthful:

To be honest with you, Truthful, you got a problem, but you can always advertise in the Swinger's mag yourself, and maybe get her back.

Dear Aby:

Can a sincere person like myself find true love in a Saigon bar?

Sincere

Dear Sincere:

If you can pay enough for it, yes.

Dear Aby:

I am engaged to a lovely girl of 22. I feel that there's something that I should tell her, but I'm not sure and would like to have your advice.

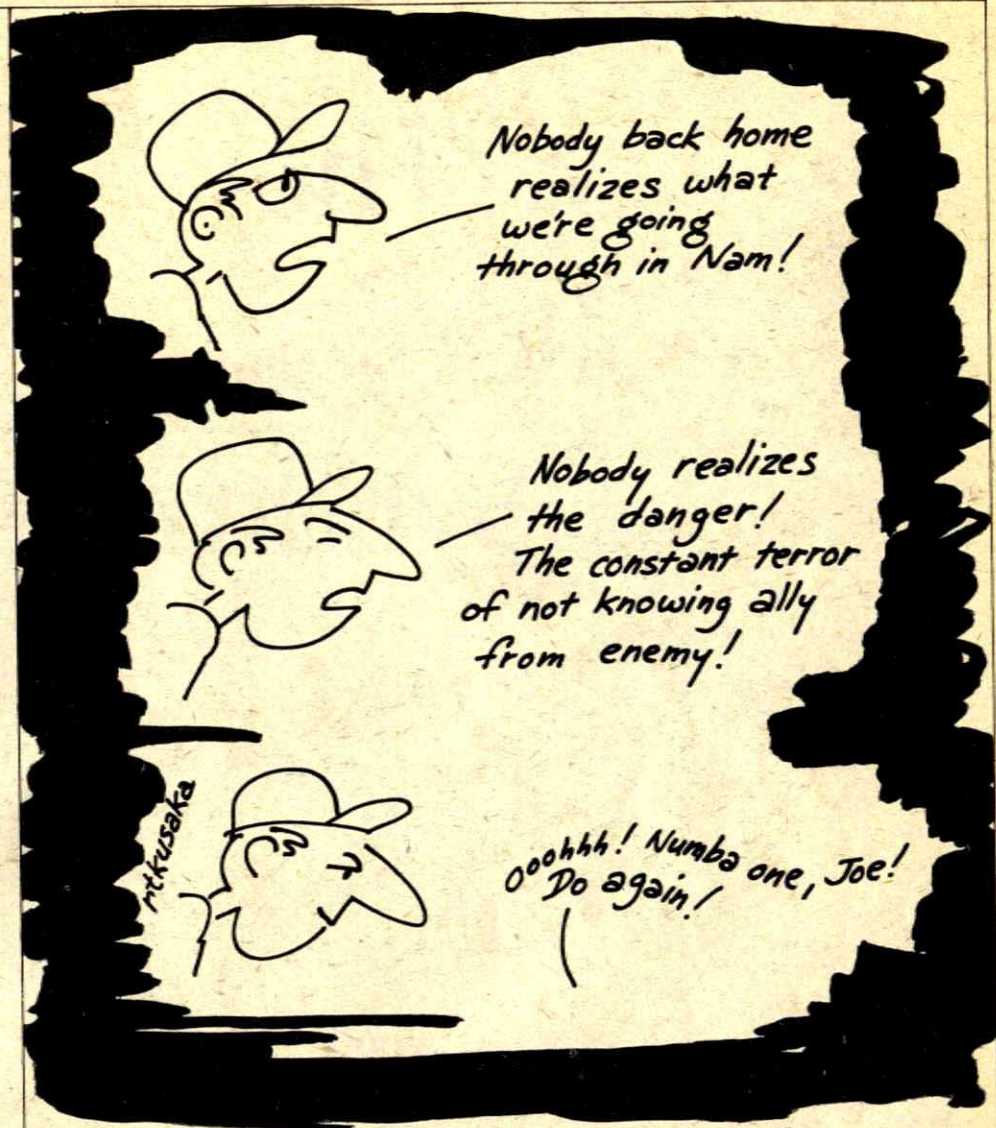
My father pushes dope in Brooklyn in order to buy medicine for my mother, who is a prostitute. My sister is in a home for wayward girls after having given birth to an illegitimate child. She is engaged to the father, though and will be married as soon as he gets out of prison. One of my brothers is in the Death Row in Sing Sing for having raped and killed my grandmother. My other brother is assigned to the 7th Air Force in Vietnam.

My problem is this: Should I tell my fiancée about my brother in the 7th Air Force?

Worried

Dear Worried:

Better wait to break that sort of news. Chances are at least 50-50 that by the time you get married, he could get out of 7th Air Force (if they know he's there), and then you won't have to tell her at all. Why admit to a simple mistake which could stigmatize you both.



A simple line drawing of a mushroom. The cap is large and rounded, with several small, irregular spots scattered across its surface. The word "SHORT" is written in a bold, sans-serif font across the middle of the cap. The stem is short and thick, with a small, irregular shape at the base. The entire drawing is on a light-colored, textured background.

Boots and helmets never die. They're just thrown away. And boots and helmets don't have one year tours. They end up being used by somebody else—from either side. Empty helmets in the old corral. Empty boots, covered with dust, where do you walk tonight?

* delivery within 10 days of receipt of order

YEAH, MOM, I DIDN'T
FORGET MY GALOSHES,
HONEST I DIDN'T.



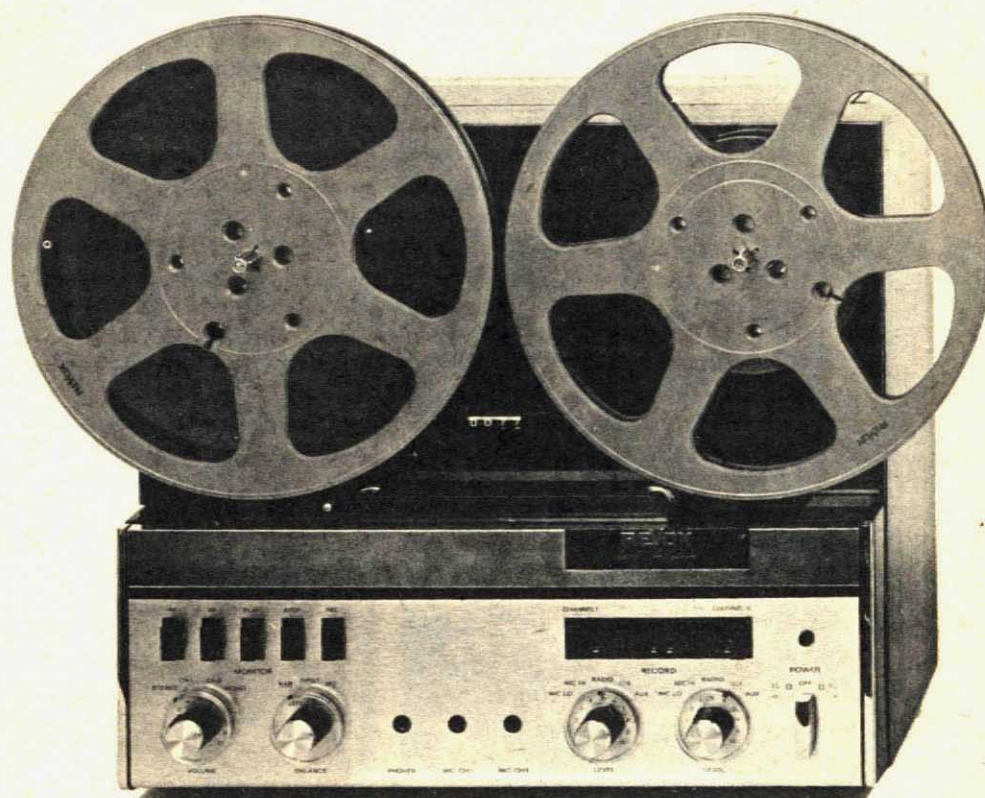
AUDIO RECORD REVIEW calls it....
an advanced example of
brilliant technical thinking....

The ReVox A-77 has just about everything the serious recordist could wish for in the way of performance and flexibility.

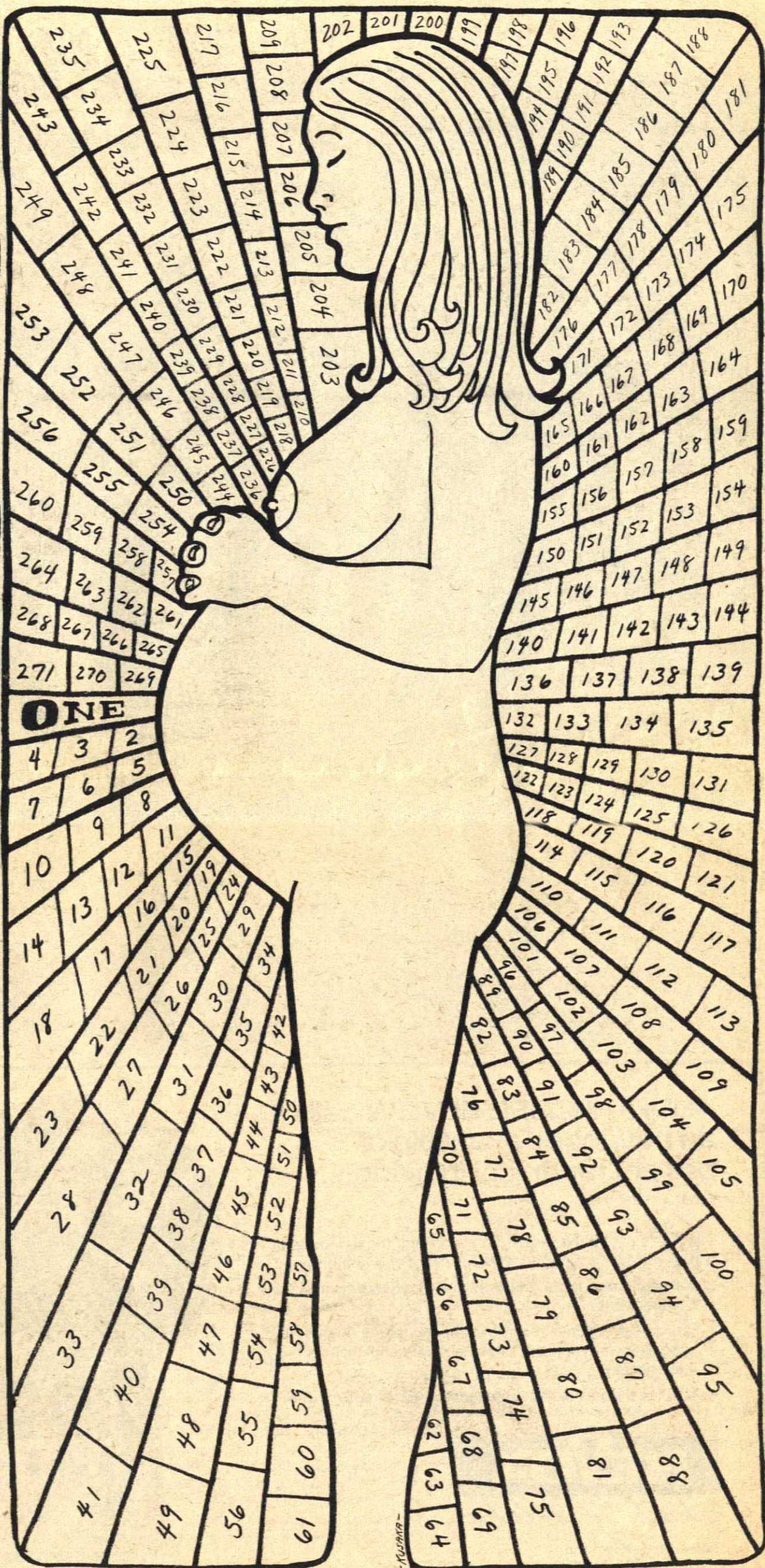
- * constant speed achieved by the use of a Servo-controlled Capstan Motor
- * easy-to-use selective recording (Mixing inputs: high or low impedance microphone, radio, auxiliary and channel interchange)
- * 10½" reel capacity that eliminates need for auto-reverse

REVOX
high fidelity

ReVox (Hong Kong) Ltd.
P.O. Box K-1017, Kowloon, Hong Kong, B.C.C.



1000 Word 100 short Word Calendar





PVT HORACE TORRID, USMC, AT LARGE :
"I think they should declare an amnesty program for AWOL's. After four years hiding out in Saigon, I'm getting tired of dodging MPs. But they gotta make sure the time I spent AWOL counts toward my enlistment. If they'll give me the promotions I missed while AWOL, I might even think of re-enlisting, if they'll also forget about that bank I robbed in Danang."



CPL. PUSCLE, ARTY GUNNER :
"They should send some baby sitters over here. You just can't find a baby sitter. And goddam, if I don't have a baby to sit with me soon, I'm gonna get in trouble."



SMSGT GRAN DADD, CLUB STEWARD, SAIGON :
"Offhand, I'd say the best thing they could do would be to import a hell of a lot more Carling's Red Label Beer. They should triple that order because everybody knows, it's the NCO's favorite."

The Roamin' Questioner

The question:
"What can the brass do to brighten your tour?"



CAPT. GRACE LESS, WAF, CAM RANH :
"Being here on a base where there are five hundred guys to every girl, I'd like them to start using saltpeter in the men's messhalls."



PFC ROLLIN STONE, MARINE RIFLEMAN (EXPERT) :
"Ya see, fust dey gotta get rid a dat great paper gobbler what eats up all da toilet paper in da head, cause ya don' nevah find none dere an I'm tired a wipin' my ass wid old-banana leaves. And if they can't do dat, dey gotta plant us some fresh banana trees."



MSGT CHESTY LUNGS, HQ MACV, LIFER EXTRAORDINAIRE :
"Cancel all R & R programs, work everybody round the clock, and make it a three year uninterrupted tour with no time off for good behavior. That way, these young punks would learn what war is all about. This, of course, would apply only to those personnel below the grade of E-7."



LT.COL. HERKY PLOD, HQ WIENIE, SAIGON :
"They should put more comic books on the newsstands, especially Captain Marvel. They're always sold out by the time I get to the MACV HQ newsstand."



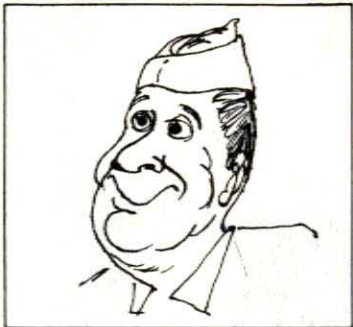
SP4 GUS GOOSE, AIR CAVALRYMAN :
"I'll tell you what they can do. They can see to it that goddam Harley Gobblequin gets transferred back here to Khe Sanh. He conned them into sending him TDY to Saigon just when his mama-san tipped him off about this operation. And it ain't fair."



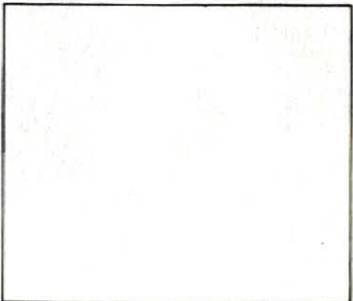
SP5 TUNNY TERD, 101ST AIRBORNE :
(Half the way)
"They could get me some clothes and help me climb down out this tree."



T/SGT ARTY BLAST, AIR FORCE, DANANG :
"They can help get rid of those rats in our living quarters by pulling us all out, running a B-52 strike on the place, and then letting us move back in. Everything else we tried, failed."



PFC MAX BLACKS, GRUNT, KHE SANH ENVIRONS :
"They can get my ass outa here."



YOU :
(Fill it in yourself.)

.....
.....



ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO SHOVE

Why Don't Airlines 'Process' Tourists On R&R? _____ Page 2

No Sleight Of Hand _____ Page 4

Australian R&R _____ Page 8

9 Month Short Timer Calendar _____ Page 22



It's A Known Fact:

People will fall on their faces to please you; women will love and admire you; you'll get rich and famous; your ETS will roll around sooner; you won't catch clap; your bad breath will go away; if you read

GRUNT

FREE PRESS

Box AN,
Agana, Guam 96910

Only \$5.00 a year cheap. (for 12 Issues)

Rank and Name

SS Number

Unit/Organization

APO/FPO

Scheduled Rotation Date