

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



# GRUNT FREE PRESS

Vol. II, No.1

MARCH 1970

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO SHOVE

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# WORLD IS A



WHAT IS A GRUNT? (The grunts themselves don't have to ask. They know.) A lot of people, hearing the word for the first time, wonder what it means. They're mostly people back in The World, pretty far out of touch with the way it is in *this part of the world*. Or they're people from other countries who usually think the word is "grant," as in a gift of money. Or they're Americans who can't believe that there are other Americans proud to call themselves "grunts," a word they usually associate with the noise a pig makes.

Webster's - when they get around to selecting a definition that fits the new meaning of the word - might say that a grunt is a foot soldier. The Oxford Dictionary might describe him as an infantryman. The Dictionary of American Slang, however, will come closer if they identify him as a line soldier, a field trooper, a boonie-humper, a peon, a shitkicker - "the last to know and the first to go."

Because a "grunt" is that same guy they used to call a doughboy - back in Grand-Dad's big war, or a G.I. or dogface back in World War II.

There are some other meanings of the word "grunt." In Polish it means "base" or "foundation." In high-wire rigging, a grunt is the guy on the ground who helps the guy in the air.

But where the word really came into common usage, and where it most closely fits the situation, was in that nightmarish first winter of the Ko-

rean War, when American troops were getting the hell kicked out of them by the Chinese communists who swarmed down from above the Yalu River - at places like the Chosin Reservoir, at Pyongyang, at Hagaru, and a dozen other bitterly-remembered places.

Marines bore the brunt of much of the heaviest fighting in those days, and to be a marine in northern Korea in the winter of 1950 was to live no better than an animal - a "grunt." But the grunts withstood the most vicious onslaughts and came back to stop the Chinese cold.

Marines have referred to themselves, proudly, as "grunts" ever since, and they tend to think of it as their word.

But Grunt has been around - in spirit - ever long before the Korean War. He straight-legged it in Caesar's army, went with Napoleon to the Russian front, stood with Washington, with Grant and Lee. He fought under "Black Jack" Pershing. He was all over the place in the years 1939-45. At Bataan, Bastogne, Anzio and Tarawa. More recently he was in the fighting in the Ia Drang Valley, at Khe San, at Ben Het, at Bu Prang. All bad places.

Grunt lives in bad places - in bunkers, in trenches, in bivouac areas. Sometimes he feels lucky just to be able to grab a few Z's in a sleeping bag, or huddle under a poncho.

The good times - the times

down in the village, on R&R at the club, downtown - when they come, are always too brief, too crowded with things to do, and usually too expensive.

A grunt has to be a lot of things. He has to be where he's told to be. He has to do what he's told to do. And even though he'll bitch a lot about it, he's there when they tell him to be; he does what they tell him to do.

But he's no hero, at least not in the Great Silver Screen context of the word. That is, John Wayne probably will never star in a movie about a grunt. (Sure there were "The Sands of Iwo Jima" and "The Green Berets" but both flicks were quite a bit bigger than life.) No, somebody like Art Carney, Dustin Hoffman, or Ringo would have to play Grunt.

In other words, Grunt is just an ordinary guy in an extraordinary situation, probably a situation that he didn't choose for himself, but...well, he's sure as hell not burning American flags or buying a one-way ticket to Sweden because of that.

He might feel that there's a hell of a lot wrong with America and that it's going to take some hassle to set it straight, but he still takes pride in America as *his* country. It's something *worth* fighting for, worth preserving. And what he wants, more than anything else in the world, is to be back there, in The World.

But when he goes, he wants to go proudly.



Grunt of the Month







## "He's Charlie Brown In Jungle Fatigues..."

### WHAT IS A GRUNT?

Grunt is the guy whose unit is pulled out of Vietnam—without him.

He's the guy in the outfit who gets a "Dear John" the same day he buys an engagement ring at the PX. Then he loses the ring.

He's the guy who arrives at the mess hall just as they run out of hot dogs—and bring out the steaks.

He helps high little old ladies across the street.

He's the guy who spends the entire last game of the World Series trapped in a turnstile at Shea Stadium—and then sells his story to *Sports Illustrated*.

His Valentine was returned marked "addressee unknown."

He's Charlie Brown in jungle fatigues—with Lucy for a first sergeant.

Grunt is the guy who goes to Taipei on R&R and spends the entire time in bed—with some strange new flu virus.

He's the guy who throws himself on the grenade when it lands in the middle of his patrol squad—and it turns out to be a dud. (Actually happened to 1st Sgt Ernest

Mines of the 4th Inf Div. in the Nam.)

Grunt was the kid they stuck out in right field who surprised everybody by making the spectacular game-saving catch and got kissed by the Pretty Little Redhead right in front of the whole stadium full of people.

He's the guy who plays "chicken" on his Honda 50—and wins.

He was the guy who finally saved enough money to buy the gigantic stereo amplifier and taperecording rig—then plugged it into the 220 socket.

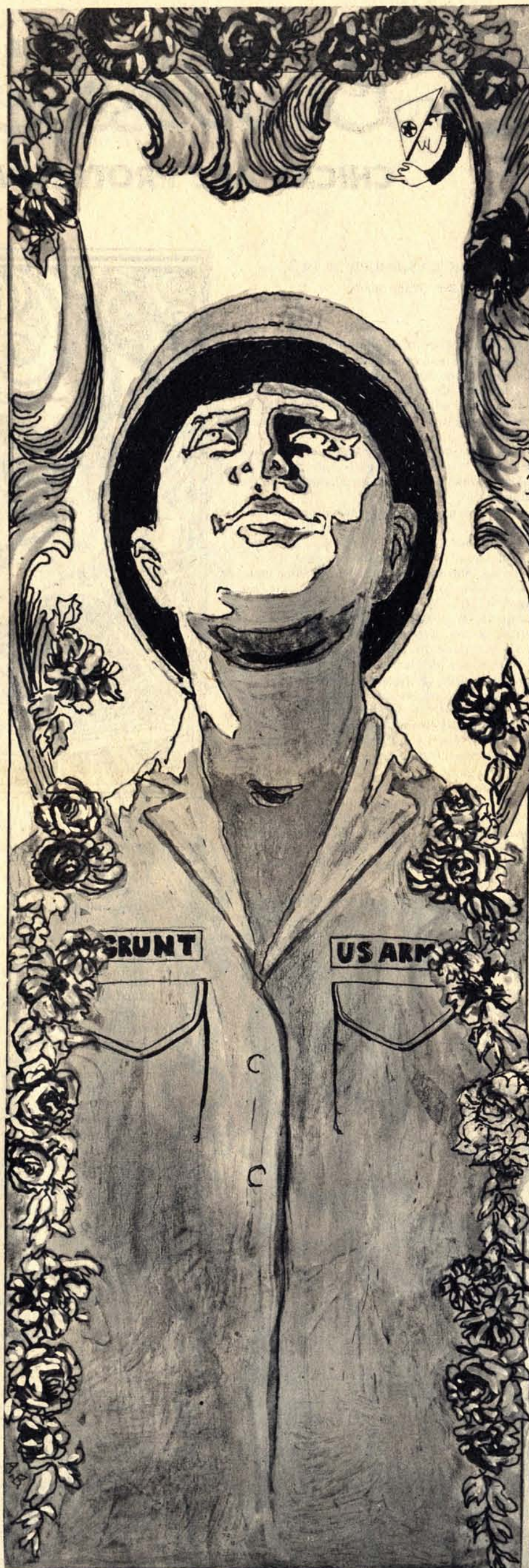
Once he stopped to help a kindly old gentleman change a tire and got arrested on suspicion of auto theft.

He's the guy who's still waiting outside the bar for the expensive chick who promised to meet him there ("for shuah") two hours ago.

Grunt is the guy whose buddies set him up for a blind date with a beauty contest winner—"Mr. Florida Sunshine of 1951."

He's a guy who has to send I.O.U.s for Christmas.

That's Grunt.



MY FIRST HUSBAND WAS  
A GRUNT AND HE WAS  
A WONDERFUL MAN.

WHAT'S your definition of a Grunt? Let us know. If we use it, you'll receive a free "Grunt Power" poster.

Write Grunt, Box 1164, Redlands, Cal. 92373.



# BAD Vibes Back in the World

## CHICKS ARE PROTESTING ABOUT DOIN' THEIR THING

By RANDOLPH BUDGE  
GFP Staff Writer

PICTURE THIS: You're on that big, beautiful Freedom Bird bound for The World after doing your trick in the Nam, Thailand, Korea, Okinawa, or wherever. The 707 touches down at Travis and you rush off to meet that soul chick who's been marking time since you left. Good times, here I am!

And there she is! And she's carrying a big sign that says: "Down With Sex!" And you try to kiss her and she drops you with a karate jab in the bippie.

Hey, what gives? you ask yourself. Is this real? "Hey, baby," you rap to the chick, "this here is me! This ain't some guy! This is Soul Man, back from the wars! You putting me on, right?"

Wrong. She ain't kidding. In the time since you've been gone, chickie-your chickie-has joined WITCH (Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell)! And that "no-more-sex" routine is one of the group's extremist tactics.

Try to think of something more extreme!

Women are the latest "minority group" to demand a piece of the action. Besides WITCH, other women's groups active in the equal rights struggle are NOW (National Organization for Women), WRAP (Women's Radical Action Project), SCUM (Society to Cut Up Men) and a host of smaller, less well-defined groups.

All the groups were organized to protest what some women consider "sexual racism" or injustices—commercial exploitation of the female (à la *Playboy* magazine and the Miss America Pageant, both prime targets), the lower prestige (and lower paying) jobs usually reserved for women, their small representation in the nation's



lawmaking assemblies, even such feminine institutions as fashion and marriage.

Feminine folderol like cosmetics, brassieres, frothy apparel; time-honored customs as a gentleman opening a door for a lady, or standing when one enters a room—all these things tick off the new crusading ladies, who consider them reminders that they belong to the second-class sex.

Not all of these activist groups are content to simply hold meetings and carry signs, however. Some openly advocate violence against the "enemy"—men—and are preparing for the day when American Womanhood will rise up in open revolt. Some women extremists practice karate or judo lessons, become skilled in the use of weapons, and drill in guerrilla tactics.

But what's wrong with sex? the shocked American male demands to know. Well, these new "enlightened" young women (and most of them are young) contend that sex is "degrading," a put-down, because man traditionally has been the sexual aggressor, and man wants to keep it that way. The result, claim the female freedom fighters, is that woman is forced to accept a lesser, passive role, a role in which the most she can aspire to is marriage and motherhood. To press their demands for greater voice in politics, the law, education and industry, some of them advocate (and even practice) sexual abstinence, much like the Greek women of the classic comedy *Lysistrata*, who refused to make love until their husbands and lovers agreed to refrain from making war. So, say their modern counterparts, sex is *out*.

*Time* magazine recently quoted one prominent women's liberationist on the subject. "Love between man and a woman," she said, "is debilitating and counter-revolutionary."

Love? Debilitating? So debilitate me, the average American man is likely to say. And that's exactly the sentiment of a "counter-revolutionary" movement known as—dig!—the Pussycat League. The P.L. is the idea of a decidedly un-cool New York writer and advertising agency vice-president, Jeannie Sakol, who is appalled by the new feminine militant movement.

Says Miss Sakol: "By being sweet, soft and smelling good and using our attributes to persuade, not force, men to work for women's

rights, we'll wind up with more than equal rights." Which is another way of saying, "You catch more flies with sugar than with vinegar."

Thus Miss Sakol's group nixes the idea of karate, pistol practice, violent demonstrations, and guerrilla tactics. Instead "Pussycat Power" relies strongly on such powerful mojo as black lace negligees, candlelight suppers with home-cooking, soft perfume and well, all those irresistible devices that have brought men around since the days of Delilah and Cleopatra. You been warned, GI.



"Here come them Army troops again. Hide the C.A.N.D.Y. and put out the S.O.A.P."



# THE GAY LIBERATION FRONT ASIA

THE GIRLS COULD BE CAREFUL BOYS

A GRUNT FREE PRESS Special Report

AN AIR FORCE base newspaper in Thailand recently carried a story warning troopers about "female impersonators" hanging around outside the gate. This penetration of official silence about the "lavender curtain" is overdue.

Those "it" types can be dangerous. A man never knows what he's getting into when he gets mixed up with one of them.

These gay deceivers have a longtime reputation for rolling GIs who fall for their low-voiced pitch about "special" sexual delights. They abound in some areas of the Far East.

It's usually the guy who's had too much to drink who falls for their come-on. These mascarded, husky-voiced hustlers have legs that look good in a mini-skirt and in the dark, they look like queens—which is what they are, *drag* queens.

But to the guy who's missed out early in the evening and wants a quick one before he calls it a night, they're a temptation. He might get a sample of their delights (they frequently work in pairs), but it might cost him whatever he has in his wallet, whether it's five bucks or five hundred.

The hustle is pretty much the same whether the scene is Gay San Francisco, Tokyo, Hong Kong or Bangkok. The unsuspecting GI usually winds up in an apartment, house or bungalow that he probably won't be able to find again. Then, while one of the "girls" gives him the treatment, the other is giving the treatment to his wallet. If he happens to fall asleep or pass out, he might be lucky to get away with his shorts.

There are literally hundreds of these *katoys*, as they're called, working bases in Thailand and the streets of Bangkok. They've been around for years, so they must be doing business. The Thais aren't shocked.

The Japanese also have a bemused tolerance for homosexuality and Tokyo's entertainment districts—Roppongi, Shibuya, Shinjuku—are favorite hangouts for "gay boys." They're less obvious but still to be found in Hong Kong, the Philippines, even Vietnam.

The *katoys* of Thailand operate much like their "sisters" elsewhere. One red-faced airman from an up-country base told his story:

"It was after midnight and I was headed back to the base. I was feeling high and horny when this chick in a black leather mini-skirt comes up and propositions me. 'Only two dollars,' she said. 'We go my bungalow.'"

"Two bucks I could afford, so I took her up on it.

"We started to get in a cab when another girl joined us. 'You take two of us,' the broad said, 'only three dollars.' A bargain, I figured—besides, I'd never had two before. Only it didn't work that way.

"In the bungalow, they poured me a drink, and that's almost as far as I can remember.

"Next thing I knew, somebody was helping me into a taxi. I reached the front gate of the base and when I reached for my wallet to show the guard my ID card, there was no wallet. Twenty bucks, my watch, my ID cards, and my high school graduation ring were all gone."

This air-guy's story is not so unusual. Now, if he reports the loss and takes the police to the bungalow (that is, if he can remember where it was) he'll find out that he was consorting with a *katoys* and probably will lose interest in pushing his complaint. In any case, the *katoys* who serviced him won't be around, at least not in their sexy leather mini-skirts. Minus wigs and makeup, they'll be just a couple of the local guys hanging around in front of the pool hall.

But that's only one incident. It couldn't happen to a guy who knows the ropes, could it? Oh, but it could.

Ernie (not his real name) is a savvy and seasoned pub-crawler who claims to have seen the best and the worst in every bar district worth mentioning between Havana and Hong Kong. Now in Japan, he probably could find his way blindfolded through Kobe or Yokosuka or Yokohama's Chinatown and not get taken for an extra ten yen.

But Ernie felt like a neophyte after an experience that he had recently. He was about to grab a taxi in Tokyo's swinging Akasaka area late one night when he was approached by a cool looking Japanese chick. Ten grand, she said (that's about \$28 U.S., and not out of sight in Tokyo these days). Ernie figured why not? and they flashed off to his bachelor apartment not far from the Sanno Hotel and Reggie's.

There was a great loss of face when Ernie discovered that his "chick" was, instead, a "*chimplira*" (Japanese for young

punk). "The guy must've thought I was going to slug him," Ernie said, "but I'm getting too old for that sort of thing. I just gave him ten bucks and told him to get the hell out. I wasn't mad about anything, I was just disgusted. I thought I'd been around too much to ever fall for something like that.

"I must say, though, the queers look a lot better these days than they used to."



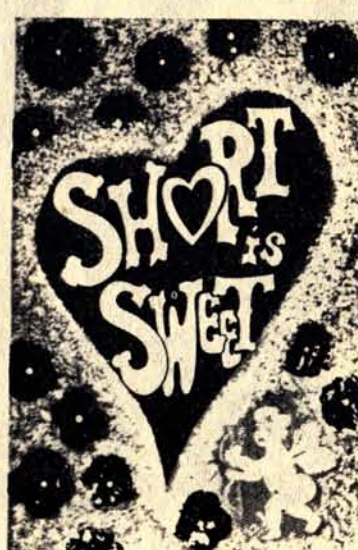
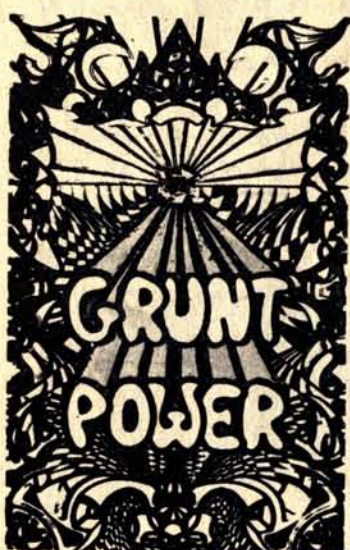
"Why do I have to wear this lipstick, Mom? None of the other boys do."

"Be quiet! Do you want the Draft Board to hear you?"

## GRUNT POSTERS YES!

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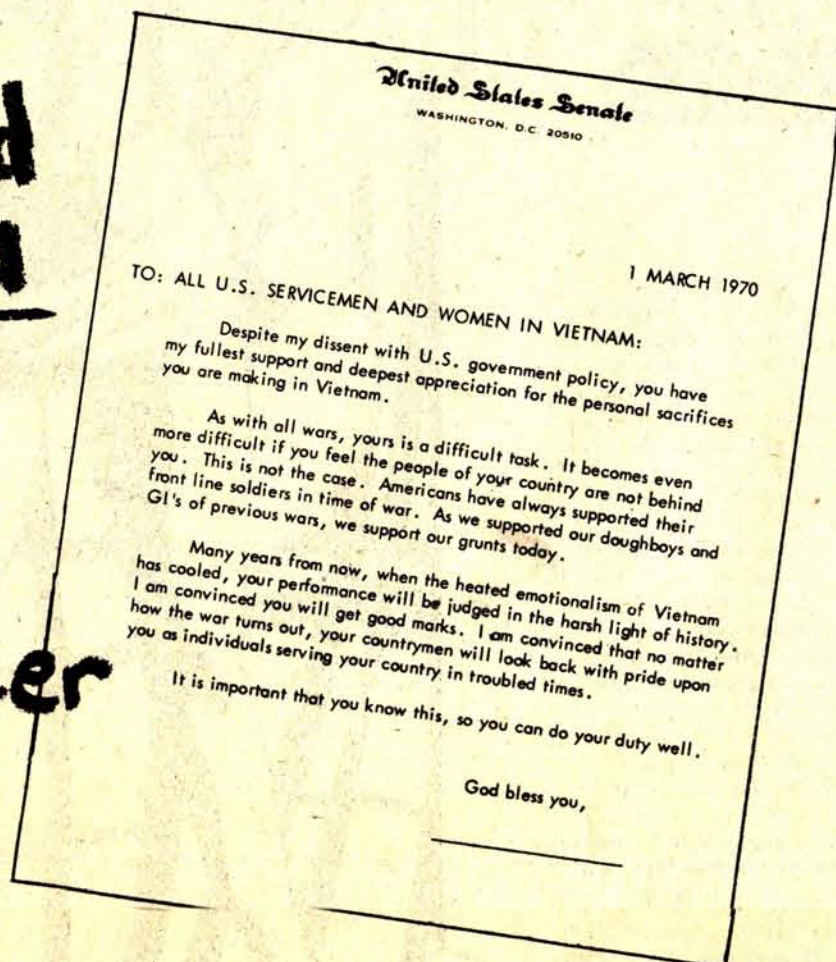




## GRUNT Asks 3 Leading 'Doves'...

# Senators Kennedy Fulbright! Mc Govern!

## Would You Sign This Letter?



### GRUNT FREE PRESS—What it's all about

GRUNT FREE PRESS sprang half-blown out of the mind of the old Grunt, "The Fighting Man's Magazine," which first appeared on newsstands in Vietnam two years ago. We say "half-blown" because we were halfway into issue No. 8 when we got to wondering why in the hell someone didn't come up with a publication directed at GIs that didn't look like it was designed for Doughboys. So, Shazam! we changed.

We dropped some of the old farts from our vast ranks of contributors, picked up some (cheap) wandering hippie artist-con artists, and made SECRET ARRANGEMENTS with some high-

placed E-4s within the military establishment itself who will send us cartoons, unclassifiable photos, field grade graffiti and revolutionary jokes. (Sample: Q. Why did the lieutenant cross the road? A. To get to the other side. See what we're up against?)

Note the New Price, too. Twenty-five cents. That figures out to almost exactly a quarter in U.S. money. No way in hell you can go wrong for a quarter. Anymore. Except maybe somewhere way the hell out in rural Bolivia, or some groovy place like that where they don't get many tourists.



PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM!

## Incoming

Dear Ed:

Can you explain something to me? Why do so many men over here in Thailand go on and on so much about oriental women?

Have they forgotten the simple fact that the American woman is the most beautiful in the world?

In my personal opinion, I think it just goes to show what isolation abroad for too long a time can do to a guy's judgment! Now, I'll admit that some of these Asian girls are attractive, in their way. I mean, if you like "dish" faces. And I'll admit that they act like slaves around you, if you like that sort of thing, too. But if you're really fair, you've got to admit they have a few faults, really.

For one thing, most Asian girls are just too short. Then there's the language barrier. What they're saying to you is sifted through the 30-or-so phrases they know in pidgin English. I have the feeling that most of what I'm saying to them is being lost.

Besides which, they're not too bright. I lived with a Thai girl for a while and I could sit there and explain to her for 20 minutes how I wanted something done. She'd say yes, of course, and then go off and do it the wrong way every time. And they have absolutely no understanding of germs and sickness.

So, as I say, what I think the best thing to do is to wait a year—it's not that long and hold out for that big, clean, rosy-cheeked American beauty who's waiting for you back home. I'm sure that once you do it, you'll be damned glad.

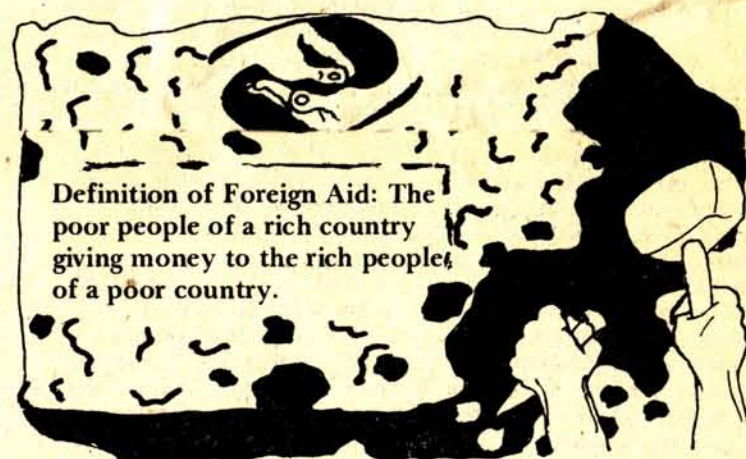
How would you like to be one of those guys who wakes up out of his dream, when he gets back to the States, and finds he's married to one of these oriental girls?

I say he has only himself to blame!

Sgt. R.R., USAF

(Name withheld for security reasons.)

Ed. We've withheld the sarge's name for his own security, but the letter is genuine. As for his opinions—well, that's what makes horse races. Any grunts care to disagree?

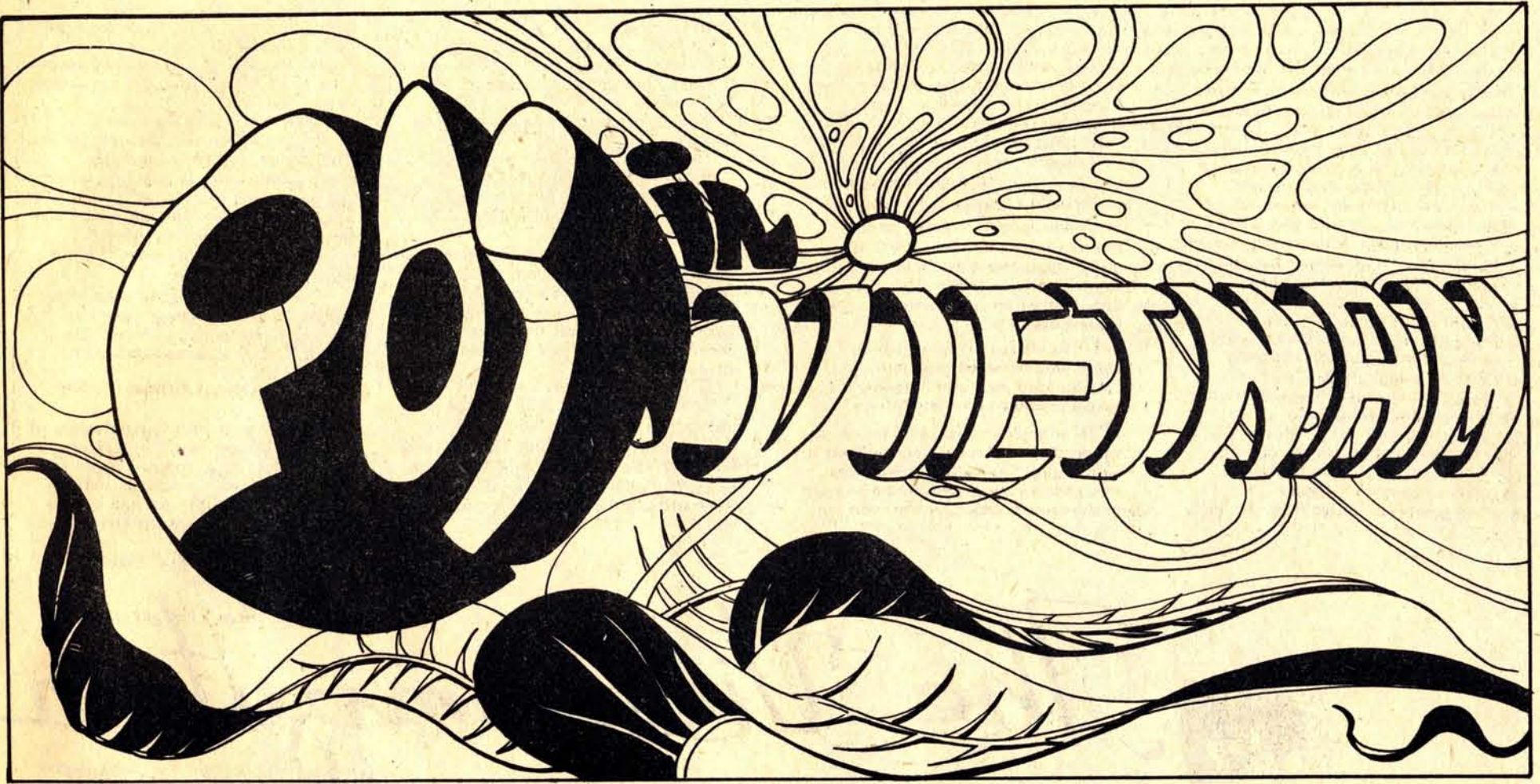


## Proud to be a Grunt

We hit the beaches, fight the leeches  
While the sailors back on ship  
Thumb their noses at the shore,  
And eat potato chips.  
We ride half in (the rest we swim)  
While the sailors turn back 'round,  
To go back to their nice hot chow,  
While we are gaining ground.  
But that's okay, if that's their way.  
'Cause I'm proud to be a Grunt!  
And I wouldn't give a dry canteen  
To become a swabbie runt.  
Because someday, my kids will say,  
"Dad, what did you do in the war?"  
And I'll say, "I was a rifleman,  
"Who stormed his way ashore."  
But what the hell can a swabbie tell?  
"Uh, son, I served at sea.  
"And hoisted ropes, and stood my watch,  
"No action there for me."

—JOHN MARTIN





**MARIJUANA**—pot—can get you high and some people claim it's less harmless than liquor or cigarets. It can also get you a couple of years in the jug. In Vietnam and some other Asian countries, pot is cheap and easy to get. The cyclo driver, the bar owner, even a maid, probably can provide twenty high quality joints for a buck or two. That's far below the U.S. price. But is it worth it? Here are some of the pros and cons of this pastime to consider:

#### WHAT IT DOES FOR YOU

Pot has various effects on different people, but "heads" contend that it does get you high and happy and leaves you without a hangover. A pothead described his experience this way: "I took only three puffs of that weed when I started feeling it. It's a definite buzz, a pleasant buzz. One minute you're there puffing away and the next—zap!—you're way out! "The colors in the room get brighter, shades of red and green that you never saw before. The music from that stereo suddenly becomes a live orchestra all around you, playing the greatest music you ever heard. You want to smile. In fact, everything's so beautiful, you have to smile."

"It gets all over your body, a tingling sensation, you might even say an ecstatic sensation; the hair rises on your arms. You're surrounded by a Cinema movie screen and all the people around you look beautiful."

"If you're lucky enough to have a girl with you, it's the equivalent of a hundred ordinary sex experiences rolled into one. It goes on and on. Time seems to stop. And every so often you get to wondering where you are; it's like there's no space or time, only pleasure. Nothing bothers you."

Potheads are quick to point out that there are no hangovers associated with the habit. And they insist it's not addictive. "I can take it or leave it," most of them say. "I've gone six months without it and if somebody happens to bring one out, you just take it," said one. "That's all there is to it."

"Pro-pot" is also convinced

there are no long-range side effects. "Whoever heard of a head dying from lung cancer?" one of them asks.

The head will also argue that people who take grass don't get violent.

Still another argument is that grass brings out the best talents in an individual. It gives him that deep feeling that lets him play mellower music or paint lovelier pictures or write more inspired poetry. The inveterate

*An old couple, in the twilight of their years, sit rocking on their front porch, across the road from a graveyard. "You know, Mama," the old man says, "sometimes when I think of our daughter laying out there in the cemetery, I wish she wuz dead."*

pot disciples will say that Shakespeare and Leonardo da Vinci were heads and that some of our best music, art, and literature came from grass.

#### WHAT IT DOES TO YOU

On the other side of the fence, many people see real dangers in this growing tendency to smoke pot. The main argument is that it leads to other drugs. There are many cases on record of young kids starting out with grass and graduating to heroin.

A doctor put it this way: "Pot may not be addictive, but it can create a psychological dependency. Some people are trying to escape reality and marijuana offers that opportunity. Those same people might

seek further escape from something stronger. The smart person will face up to life and get the most out of it without chemicals."

Objectors to pot smoking also point out that there has not been enough research on the practice to guarantee that there will be no side effects. According to these people, it's entirely possible that pot could have some long range effect on the brain, possibly upon the memory function. There just has not been enough study to prove the case either way. Until there is, they recommend staying away from the stuff.

The idea of escaping reality is also an argument against the weed. "People who smoke pot are running away from their problems, not facing up to them, and in the long run, that can mean trouble," one authority noted. He went on to say that these people who drop out of "real" life are just delaying an adjustment that has to come some time. "It's the same with alcoholics," he adds, "they're running away from themselves. The minute you do that, you compound your problems."

"Life has its good side and its bad side. You have to learn to take the bitter with the sweet. That's how it is. And there are a lot of well-adjusted and happy people in this world who have never dreamed of smoking marijuana."

But the most forceful argument against pot is that, at present, it's illegal. Because you don't agree with a law, it's said, is no reason to break it. Failure to accept the standards of law and order that society has established to protect itself can lead to a breakdown of that society.

By **FRANK TIBBS**

*A GFP Special Report*

There is no more reason to violate a law against drug-taking than there is against robbery. Both are on the books and both carry penalties. If you rob a bank and get caught, you can expect punishment. Same with pot smoking. In the military, it can mean up to five years in the pokey. That's a high price to pay for brighter colors or sweeter music.

Considerable study and comment goes on these days on the legal aspects of pot smoking as well as the medical problems that might be associated with it. Many heads are counting on the stuff being legalized (and

a foremost Washington political columnist, a man reportedly high in favor with President Nixon himself, recently came out in favor of legalization), so they'll be able to go to the local drug store and buy a pack of joints.

On the other hand, those opposed to the practice are looking for tougher enforcement laws to stop the traffic in this weed. What the situation will be in ten years is anybody's guess.

But for today, a man would do well to consider the pros and cons before he takes that first drag.



"...You have girlfriend here? No? I like you. I be your girlfriend. You no Cheap Charlie...All Americans great lovers...You want to go shorttime with me? One thousand pee...CLICK!...This is a recording...You have girlfriend here?—"



MAJOR Milo was zipping along Cong Ly on his Honda, on his way to work at Tan Son Nhut, when he suddenly realized this was his day off. He hit the brakes and pulled over to the side just in time to knock a girl and her basket of tomatoes over her bicycle. Before she plopped into the huge puddle along the road, the girl was wearing a sparkling white ao dai over sparkling white pantaloons. After, she was wearing a mud-splattered costume. She started crying. In minutes, some twenty people had formed a circle around her and Milo, staring and shaking their heads.

Milo started to help the girl to her feet, but she pushed him away. She was young, perhaps 18, with long, black hair parted in the middle. She was almost stunningly beautiful, even though her eye make-up was spreading in tear lines down her face.

"Xin loi," Milo said. "Mucho xin loi. Let me pay you for the damage." He hoped he was saying the right Vietnamese word for "sorry". He certainly couldn't judge from the girl's

reaction. She picked up two tomatoes and smashed them against his chest, turning his jungle fatigues beet red.

Get out of here, Milo, he told himself. He reached for his wallet to pay the girl and felt only back pocket where his wallet should have been. "Hey! Somebody stole my wallet!" he yelled. The crowd stared at him, and in the back of his mind, Milo remembered hearing once that, of every four people you see on the streets of Saigon, one is a VC. He quickly estimated that there must be four right there in the crowd facing him. Discretion is the better part of valor, he decided.

He looked at his wrist, where a watch should have been, and said, "If you kind people will excuse me, I have a pressing appointment."

He suddenly realized there was no watch there. "Hey, somebody stole my wristwatch!" he yelled. Again, this exclamation awakened no indignation in the crowd, which by now was big

enough to encompass six VC at the one-to-four ratio.

Just then a gentleman in black coat and necktie stepped out of the crowd. "Perhaps I can be of assistance," the gentleman said.

"Thank heaven," Milo sighed, "you speak English."

"Yes. Now what is the problem?"

"I want to pay this young lady for the damage I caused, but somebody lifted my wallet and my watch has been stolen."

"In that case," the kind gentleman said, "let us get away from this crowd and discuss the matter over a coffee." He took Milo by the arm, signalled the girl, and the three left the scene of the accident for a little cafe down the street.

THE gentleman had a double whiskey at the cafe. Milo and the girl had coffee. The crowd, which had followed them, stood outside and watched the show: the American long-nose with tomato all over his shirt and the lovely Vietnamese girl covered with mud.

"Now," said the gentleman moderator, cool in his black coat and tie despite the 90-degree heat, "let's resolve this matter like civilized people. First of all, Major, what are you willing to pay this girl?"

"How much does she want?"

The gentleman talked to the girl in Vietnamese for five full minutes, pausing four times to gulp his whiskey and once more to order another double. Then he turned to Milo and said, "She speaks English. Ask her yourself."

"How much do you want?" Milo asked the girl.

"Excuse me," the gentleman interrupted, "I must be going now. The Cabinet meets in half an hour." He then left, after shaking hands with Milo and the girl.

"Is he a Cabinet member?" Milo asked.

"Yes, he's the Viet Cong Minister of Culture," the girl said. "Now, Major, if you and I can go somewhere away from this crowd, we can talk better." Milo noticed that the girl had kicked off her sandal and was stroking his calf with her bare foot.

"Where shall we go?" Milo asked.

"You...have villa?"

"Yes."

"We go there." The girl called the

# The Vietnamization

By KEN ABOOD

water, who brought the check—eighty piasters for the two coffees and five hundred and forty piasters for the whiskey.

"I can't pay this," Milo said.

"Somebody stole my wallet."

"I will pay," the girl said, "and you pay me later, okay?"

Outside the cafe, the crowd had disappeared from where the accident took place and so had Milo's motorbike. "Somebody stole my bike!" he yelled, running toward the spot where he had last seen it. The girl ran after him.

"Maybe police take," the girl said.

"What police?"

Sure enough, there were no police about. Milo had the girl go after one and she came back a few minutes later with a 17-year-old boy in the white uniform of a policeman.

The girl chatted with the young policeman, who nodded his head understandingly, then removed his white note pad from his back pocket.

"He wants to see papers saying you own the motorbike which was stolen," the girl translated for Milo.

"I have no registration card. It was in my stolen wallet."

THE girl explained the situation to the policeman, who kept nodding his head, even as he gave her a long reply.

"He says you give him one thousand piasters and he won't take you to the police station," the girl said to Milo.

"He's out of his skull!" Milo yelled. "Why should I give him anything or go anywhere with him. They stole my bike, my wallet. Tell him to go catch the thief!"

Another long exchange between girl and policeman took place and was translated by the girl as: "You drive motorbike without papers means he has to take you. Give him five hundred pee and we go."

"I don't have any piasters and I want my bike back."

"I give him five hundred pee," the girl said, "then we go to your villa and call American MP."

MILo, realizing that the police service he could expect would fall short of Scotland Yard efficiency, agreed. The girl paid and then hailed a taxi. After tying her bicycle on the back bumper of the tiny Renault, the driver headed for Milo's villa, about four blocks away.

When they got out, the girl turned to Milo and said, "Taxi cost five hundred piasters. You go get money. I wait here."

"Five hundred! It's only a twenty-piaster ride!"

"Driver bring bicycle. He take more money. I give him five hundred pee and you pay me later, okay?"

Milo wondered about the affluency of this girl who only a half hour ago was riding an old bike and carrying a basket of tomatoes.

Inside the villa, he had more cause



illustrated by A. BEAR



to wonder about the girl. She immediately went to the refrigerator, took out a cold Coke, kicked off her sandals, plopped in a chair, took two deep draughts, jumped up, peeled off her clothes, went into the shower, washed herself and the clothes, came back into the living room, plopped down two more swallows of Coke, then spoke: "We have much time before my clothes dry. What you like to do?"

Milo studied the delicious, sweet smelling girl with the towel loosely draped around her hips. He stared open mouthed at this refugee from a man's magazine, this absolutely perfect figure that photographers dream about, this full and firm-breasted, wasp-waisted, sexy, smiling, seductive-eyed 88 pounds of Oriental mystery and charm. He gulped, swallowed, and spoke: "I want my Honda back."

The girl stood up, leaving the damp towel in the chair. She walked to the full-length mirror, studied herself, twirled about, did a quick two-step, twirled again. She placed her hands on her bare hips, smiled at herself in the mirror, then walked over to Milo. "After my clothes dry, we go find your Honda, okay? I have a number one policeman friend. You don't worry."

Of

She stood on tiptoe and kissed Milo full on the lips. She pulled herself away suddenly, looked into his eyes and asked, "You have Vietnamese girl friend?"

"No."

"You like me be your girl friend?"

"Well," Milo stammered, "I don't even know your name...I mean, we haven't even been introduced, you don't know anything about me..."

The girl stepped back. "My name Li. You like me."

"My name's John," Milo said, "I like you."

The girl smiled and kissed him again. "That mean I can live with you? Be your Vietnamese girl friend?"

"But what about my Honda? And my wallet?"

The smile left the girl's face. "You lose something, you find me."

"I don't like to rush into decisions," Milo said. "Let's think about this for a few days first."

"You want me stay here a few days?"

"No, I didn't say that. I want to think about it awhile. It's a big decision, having a live-in girl friend. It's not like having a Playboy picture on the wall, you know."

"I'll be your maid," Li said, "for ten thousand piasters a month, okay? I number one maid. Only you have to find old woman to wash your clothes and clean the house."

"Wait a minute," Milo said, "Let's think about this." Milo was finding it very hard to think about the matter. It became even harder after the girl drew him to the couch. What happened after that would fill eight pages in a Frank Harris novel, but what it amounted to was that Li was signed on as maid.

That evening, two American MPs, two Vietnamese soldiers and a policeman came to the villa to tell Milo that his motorbike had been stolen by two Viet Cong, one of whom was observed wearing a black coat with necktie. One of the American MPs explained, detachedly, how the VC had stuffed 15 pounds of plastique into the gas tank and under the seat and how lucky it was that no one was in the police station toilet when the motorbike exploded. The two VC got away, but left behind a wallet containing no money but all of Milo's papers. The other MP then asked Milo those personal details that would go into his report of the incident. Meanwhile, the policeman was asking the girl named Li some personal questions, like, where was her identity card. It turned out she had none, so the po-



## Major Milo

lice, after profuse apologies to Milo, decided the girl should have to go with them.

A long discussion in Vietnamese took place between the girl and the policeman and when translated to Milo, it went something like three thousand piasters guarantee money would get her off the hook. "I'll pay it," the girl said to Milo, "and—"

"I know," Milo cut in, "and I'll give it back to you later. Okay."

That night, just before bedtime, the girl named Li asked Milo if he would pay her the money he owed her so she could wake up early next morning and give it to her grandmother. Her grandmother would be alone now that Li was moving into Milo's villa.

The bill came to forty-six hundred and twenty piasters and, after some discussion, the girl talked Milo into giving her a month's pay in advance, so when she left the next morning, it should have been with nearly fifteen thousand piasters, a tidy sum for Grandma.

GRANDMA was even luckier, as it turned out, since Milo, when he opened his clothes closet where he kept the money, forgot to close it. The girl decided to borrow the fifteen thousand which remained there. She decided also to take the four-band Zenith radio, the Pentax camera, and the portable record player that Milo also kept locked in the closet. Very gently, she kissed him on the cheek and tiptoed out.

Milo had a curious ability to recall clearly, when he woke up in the morning, details of the previous day that he hadn't noticed at the time. This particular morning, one thought dominated his mind: He could not recall seeing the girl pass any money to the taxi driver, or the cafe owner, or the policeman. He turned over to ask her about this and when he saw that she had left, a chill suddenly enveloped his body. A quick inventory confirmed his worst suspicions.

His fifteen thousand piasters, gone. His radio, gone. His Pentax camera, gone. His record player, gone. Add all that to the fifteen grand he had given the girl the night before, and to the grossly-inflated price of forty-five thousand pees he had paid for his Honda, and Milo figured he was out something like

eighty thousand piasters and about three hundred bucks MPC.

His head hurt.

He dressed quickly and hitchhiked a ride to his unit orderly room. He would get in touch with the MPs, he decided, and they would locate the policeman he had talked to after they had left the cafe yesterday, and the policeman then could lead them to the girl, and—

His head hurt.

He dressed quickly, walked out to the street and soon caught a ride with a young Vietnamese on a small Honda. They were zipping along Cong Ly, Major Milo thinking about what to tell his commanding officer, when the cycle suddenly swerved out of the way of a truck and right into a young girl balancing a basket of tomatoes on her bicycle.

Before she plopped into the huge puddle along the road, the girl was wearing a sparkling white ao dai over white pantaloons. After, she was wearing a mud-splattered costume. She started crying. The young cycle rider started running. In minutes, some twenty people had formed a circle around her and Milo, staring and shaking their heads.

MILLO started to help the girl to her feet, but she pushed him away. She was young, perhaps 18, with long, black hair parted in the middle. She was almost stunningly beautiful, even though her eye make-up was spreading in tear lines down her face.

"Xin loi," Milo said "Let me pay you for the damage." To himself, he thought, "Now she's going to mash two tomatoes against my chest." The girl picked up two tomatoes and mashed them against his chest.

Milo reached for his wallet. Best to pay the girl and get out fast. His wallet was gone. "Hey! Somebody stole my wallet!" He looked at his wrist where his watch should have been and said, in almost an afterthought, "And my watch, too."

Just then a gentlemen in black coat and necktie stepped out of the crowd. "Perhaps I can be of assistance," the gentleman said.

"You sure can, friend. But let's save us both some time. I've got to get to work and I'm afraid to say what you've got to do. You know where my villa is: have the girl there tonight at seven. I'll cash a check today and give you ten thousand piasters tonight. I'll try to pick up a camera somewhere, too, and I've got a portable radio at work I'll bring home with me. Tell the girl she better be worth it all. Tell your young Honda rider I'll break his bike over his head next time I see him, and tell Giap to go to hell."

"He may be there right now, Major. And...uh, would you step over this way a moment? Here is 150 pees; would you mind also picking me up two cartons of Salems at the PX today? For my father, you understand."



"And now we bring you a weather report straight from our weather desk here at AFR, your Voice of Information, Education, and Entertainment. As a special service to our listeners from our AFR weather bureau, this is brought to you in keeping with our policy of keeping you fully informed. And now the special weather report from AFR's weather desk, another of AFR's efforts to provide you with the very latest in Information, Education, and Entertainment. Here is your latest weather report from AFR: It is raining outside. sort of."





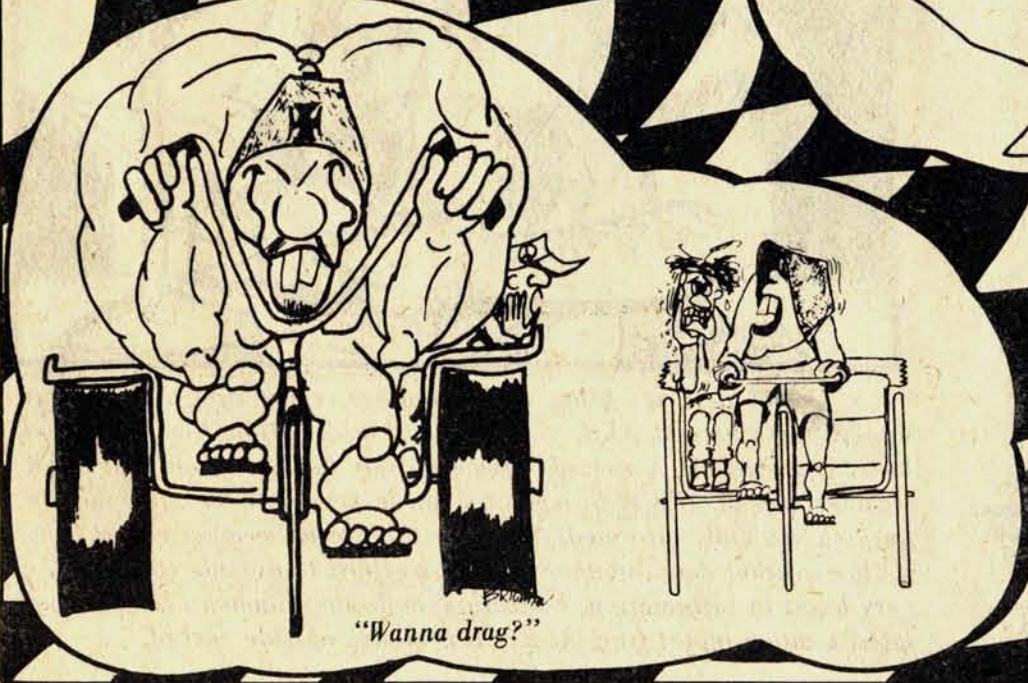
"Sorry, buddy, but MACV says no tennis shoes allowed!"



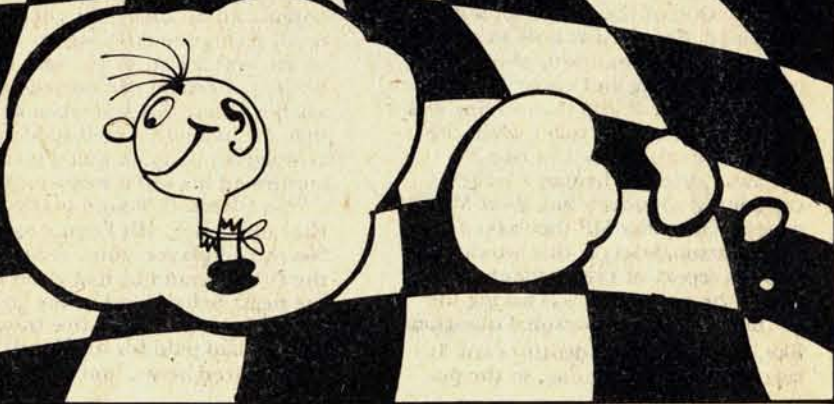
"Our motto is ... 'Never retreat ... Backspace!'"



TNX TO SGT STEVE HARTFORD



"Wanna drag?"





# GOOD TIME HONG KONG

HEY GI,  
YOU WAN' GO  
NICE PLACE,  
HAVE GOOD  
TIME?



## The Straight Scoop on Where IT's At — and How Much IT Costs

ANY GRUNT with enough sense to duck for "incoming" knows that a sidewalk tout's invitation to visit a bar or a club is usually a ticket to trouble. More often than not it comes a bummer.

But how do you pick a winner in a strange town? How do you know, for instance, which Hong Kong girlie bars charge suckers an arm and a leg, and which ones have prices you can afford?

The average troop on R&R in Hong Kong resolves the problem in expensive, timehonored fashion: he plays "grunt roulette"—buying beers in one place after another until he finds an interesting one that he can afford, or until he goes broke.

Now, at last, someone has come up with an idea that might be the biggest boon to grunts since the P-38 C-RAT can opener. It's the A-O-A Bar Directory that lists more than 120 Hong Kong girlie bars, their addresses and phone numbers, the number of barstools and tables, opening and closing hours, and the prices of *everything* in the house.

If you want to check on,

say, the Ocean Bar in the Wanchai district (Hong Kong island), the directory informs you that the Ocean (spotted on the directory map at the intersection of Lockhart and Luard Roads) tabs you \$2.50 HK (about 40 cents US) for a beer, \$4.50 for a highball, from \$5 to \$20 HK for a hostess drink, depending on the size (of the drink): that the bar opens at 10 a.m., closes at 2 a.m., and that there are 9 barstools in the place, 18 booths, 10 tables—and 48 hostesses.

And if you ask one of the hostesses to leave with you, you can expect to lay... from \$50 to \$95 HK ransom money on the mama-san.

The same information is given for the Hong Kong Playboy, the Pussy Cat, the Suzie Wong, the Neptune and more than 100 other Hong Kong girlie bars.

THE Bar Directory lists vital statistics for most bars in the Tsimshatsui and Wanchai bar districts of Kowloon and Hong Kong. But the publisher admits that it is tricky to keep track of the new bars that spring up, the ones that quietly fold, and the ones that are remodeled and renamed.

The directory can be used advantageously to shop for bargains or particular features.

For instance, on that last day of liberty or R&R, when funds are running low, the directory can guide you to a

cheap beer: \$1 HK at the Blue Heaven in Tsimshatsui. (The Blue H. also has the cheapest hostess drink—maybe in the whole world—at 40 cents.) Under the same circumstances (short of bread), one might want to stay clear of the Eagles Nest in Wanchai, where a beer, or even a soft drink, goes for \$3 HK (50 cents US), and the ransom is the highest in town, \$150 HK, or \$25 US!

A man who's rapping Hong Kong after a long stretch of sea-duty might want to feast on the sight of 50 chicks (at the Mikado, according to the information in the directory), or he might be interested in the cheapest ransom rate in town—\$21 HK (\$3.50 US) at the Rose Marie.

Another guy might be interested in a small, intimate place, and they don't come much smaller or more intimate than the A.B.C., which has 2 barstools and 6 girls. (The girlie bar with longest bar in town, incidentally, is The Cave, with 22 barstools.)

BUT you might wonder about a girlie bar called the Henry (the Henry?) that has only 2 girls working there. Hopefully they're not guys in the guise of girls.

P.S.—The man who needs an early morning eye-opener can get one at 8 a.m., at the New Lion, the directory advises.

In addition to the statistical information, however, there's counseling for the young stud who needs to know how to operate in a Hong Kong bar.

Under a section titled "Bar Strategy," the directory advises:

"When you enter a girlie-bar, you will be urged to sit in a booth. Don't! Instead, insist that you will stand at the bar. Order and pay for a drink (don't run up a bill, as the total might end up higher than you plan).

"The Mama-san... will come over to you and ask if you would like a girl to join you for a drink. Tell her not to send any girls over until after you have looked over the selec-

tion and that you will pick out a specific girl.

"If you let the Mama-san pick one for you, it will be the next girl on the roster and she will not necessarily meet your aspirations.

"Of course you can describe the type of girl you like, but you'll still get the next girl on the roster, and if your description goes into more detail than 'black hair, brown eyes, able to speak Chinese, and thirsty,' you're going to be disappointed.

"After you've surveyed the market, should you not see your heart's desire, move on to another bar. When you do see a girl with whom you would like to speak, play hard-to-please and tell the Mama-san you're not really interested in anyone in the place but, since you like the Mama-san, you will buy a \$5 drink for such-and-such girl.

"When the girl of your choice comes through the haze of cigaret smoke, she may not be what you pictured at a distance, but you should at least buy her that one drink before moving on. Should you like her, grab her by the hand and lead her to the dance floor, saying they're playing your favorite song—even if it's a John Philip Sousa march. If there's no music, then lead her over to the juke box. The idea is to keep her from getting

close to that drink, since the minute she gets her dainty little hand on it, she'll slug it straight down and the barman will replace it with another so fast that you'll think you're part of a magic act.

"When you have delayed as long as possible on the dance floor or at the juke box, and she is maneuvering back to that drink, you grab it first, together with your own drink, and tell her you want to sit at a booth. Make her sit on the inside. If she's on the outside she can more easily table hop on you, and, if she does, you might as well have the fun of making her squeeze past you (don't be a gentleman and rise to let her escape).

"Of course, when you reach the booth, you can put the drinks down and exclaim that they're now playing your *second* most favorite tune and zip her right back to the dance floor...."

WELL... the man who wrote that obviously has cased the Hong Kong girlie bar situation well. Other sound counseling deals with the matter of the bar tab (don't let it get started), the "ransom" system (don't assume too much), and even the age restrictions for girls who work in Hong Kong bars, a subject which is illustrated with a classic joke:

"Although some girls will look even younger than sixteen, they're not. It isn't true that bar managers stand each girl up in a barrel and say that if her head comes above the top that she's old enough, and if her head doesn't come above the top, well, she's still old enough."

\*\*\*\*\*

The Bar Directory and the A-O-A Servicemen's Guidebook will be mailed free of charge to GRUNT readers who write to: GRUNT, Box 1164, Redlands, Cal. 92373.



"Those Americans and their damned superior air!"





ACRUNT BOYUS POTTER

Chubb

W. H. & A.









## THE BEST R and R . . .

THE STREETS are quiet and lined with leafy trees and there is a "manana" air about the city. Traffic is light and quiet, since most of the vehicles are bicycles. There are sidewalk restaurants where the local people and a few Americans sit in wicker chairs and watch beautiful girls in colorful clothes and umbrellas strolling by. The siesta is three hours long and nobody dreams of working more than eight hours a day, maybe five days a week. There is no thought of curfew. The Americans stationed in the city and the nearby air base are all billeted downtown where superb French meals are served for less than a buck.

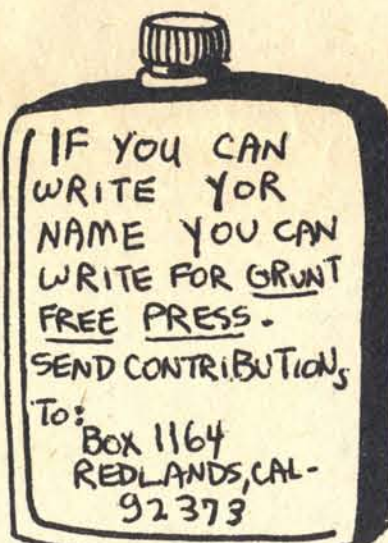
Downtown, there's an American movie theater, a bowling alley, and half a dozen clubs. A taxi anywhere in town costs ten cents. Beer is ten cents and if you buy the lovely girl in the bar a drink, it costs another fifty cents. The girl will go home with you for three bucks, sometimes less.

The big PX and commissary are right downtown and there are no shortages of anything, no rationing, and hardly ever a crowd. In fact, life is so good and so cheap that each American is allowed to spend only \$100 a month for all his living

and entertainment costs. And it's enough.

Where is this place? It's Saigon of 1962, '63 and part of '64. It's called the "Pearl of the Orient" and it lives up to the name.

If you're the sporting type, there's a yacht club, a riding club, and a tennis club.



In short, it's one big country club and a poor American's paradise.

The few thousand Americans in the city have all been to Vietnamese-language school and

they know how to communicate with the local people, who are friendly and eager to learn English.

The Americans have their wives and families with them and many live in villas with swimming pools, two-car garages, a couple of maids, and a chauffeur. There is no R&R program, but nobody misses it. After all, Saigon is the best R&R site of them all. Why leave it?

There is a war going on, a little war, and there's an occasional act of terrorism in the city, but these hardly disturb the routine. The biggest thing Americans worry about is the coup that seems to be around every corner. One day, you're out water skiing and the radio tells you to get back to your quarters and stand by. A day later, the all-clear sounds and you go about your business.

There are many servicemen in the U.S. who still carry this nostalgic view of Saigon, the city *Newsweek* recently called "the worst city in the world." These are the ones who rotated before 1964. Some of them come back and they suffer an immediate case of "cultural shock".

A Navy officer who came back for more put it this way: "It was unbelievable. The big

change, I guess, was the Hondas and the other motorbikes. I had seen pictures of Saigon traffic but I just couldn't imagine it would be like this.

"Worst of all, with this early curfew and the rough traffic, it's not worth going out at night. The city just doesn't seem to have the life it used to have. It's a different place. If I had it to do over again, I wouldn't have volunteered to come back here. I'll take sea duty any time. No Hondas on a carrier."

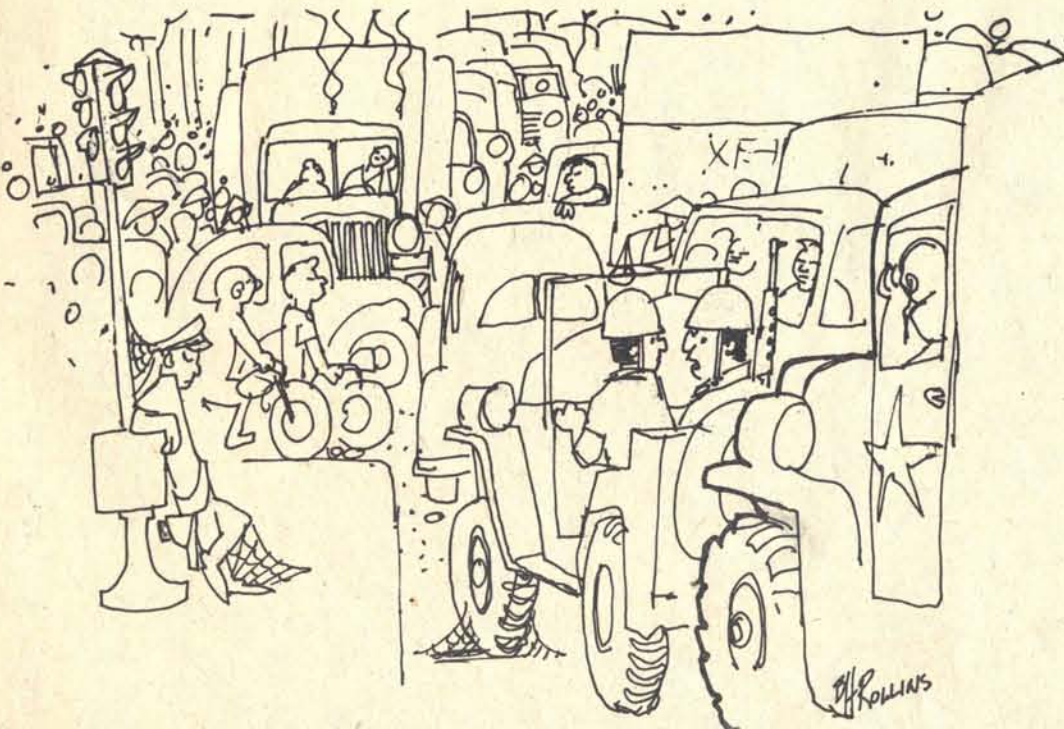
Another old-timer who came back for a second tour with the Air Force experienced the same shock. "I expected I'd be living downtown again and picking up where I left off. But I'm based on Tan Son Nhut and it's hell getting off and going downtown. And when you get there, it takes your life savings to get a broad."

It is not only Saigon that has changed. Danang, for example,

as late as early 1964, hadn't had a terrorist incident in years. It was a beautiful port city. Everybody in the military lived in town and the bars, hotels, and shops were thriving.

It was even better at Nha Trang, where the beach was uncrowded and the restaurants served the biggest lobster for the lowest price anywhere.

The basic charm and beauty of Saigon and the rest of Vietnam is still there. It just happens to be covered temporarily with the rough surface of war. When the guns stop firing, when they peel away that layer of war ugliness, when the big tanks and trucks don't rumble down main streets, when the population disperses to the countryside and when the economy stabilizes, Saigon may again recover its former charm and be the best R&R spot in the Orient.



"... Well, things are improving a little. Last week there wasn't even a cop on this corner."





# Oh, Say Can You See...



In most military commands they run ideas up the flagpole to see if anyone will salute it. Can you think of a better idea than this?



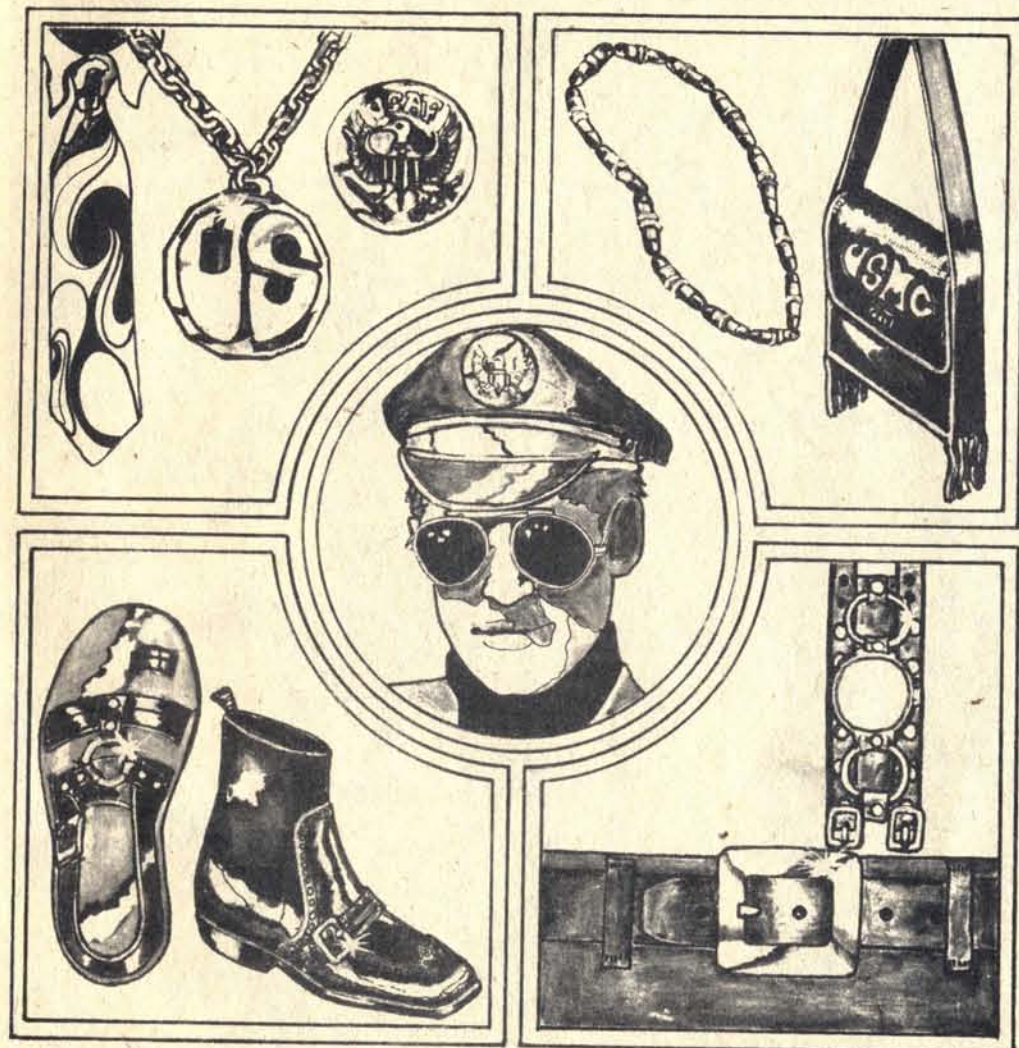


The entire fashion world has freaked out over the Beatles-youth-Hippie revolution, but American military uniforms still reflect tastes and attitudes of a half century ago. They're very practical -but mellow they're not.

So GFP Artist Ken Arntson, (himself a former Vietnam grunt) got to wondering how uniforms might look if they were designed with the Pepsi generation in mind -- instead of Uncle Fud, who fought in the Mexican Uprising.

How would uniforms look if they took some ideas from Carnaby Street and the Rock scene? Yeah, wild.

So Arntson put his pen to the task



An Air Force General



# CONTERBREAKOUT



A United States Marine



and his artist's mind conjured up the "creations" you see here.

Minis, Mao jackets, gear accessories, bell bottoms (not new to the Navy, of

course, but look what is new for the Fleet) and even something groovy for the Brass, like.

Only in trying to visualize one particular uniform did Arntson have difficulty: he just couldn't see the ol' grunt looking any different than he has looked since the world began -- beat out, bitchin', and in need of a bath. And still the guy who gets the job done.



A WAC



Grunt Uniform for the 70s





## Nothing But the FACs, M'am

Many words in the English language have logical, utilitarian roots. From a new function which is being performed will frequently arise a term which is used to describe it, and thus, a new word joins the English language. A good example of this is the work of the Forward Air Controller, the pilot in the tiny spotter plane who spots targets on the ground and directs fighters on to them. He has come to be referred to as a FAC, from whence comes the verb To FAC. Following are a few examples of the various ways in which the principal parts of this verb have been used in Southeast Asia:

—If no FAC is available to direct a strike and there are two people aboard an aircraft,

you can sometimes drop ordnance because the second man acts as the controller. In other words, you FAC yourself.

—If no FAC is available to direct a strike, but there are two aircraft in the vicinity to accomplish the strike, then the two pilots FAC each other. The radio transmission between them might go like this, "If you FAC me, buddy, I'll FAC you."

—Frequently there is some doubt in the mind of the pilot in the strike aircraft as to whose control he is under. This might bring some such transmission as: "Are you FACing me?"

—A pilot returning from a strike being asked why he dropped ordnance in a certain area might reply, "But I was FACed!"

—A group of female nurses

who watched a superb FAC directing an air strike near their base was told, "He's the best FAC in the country."

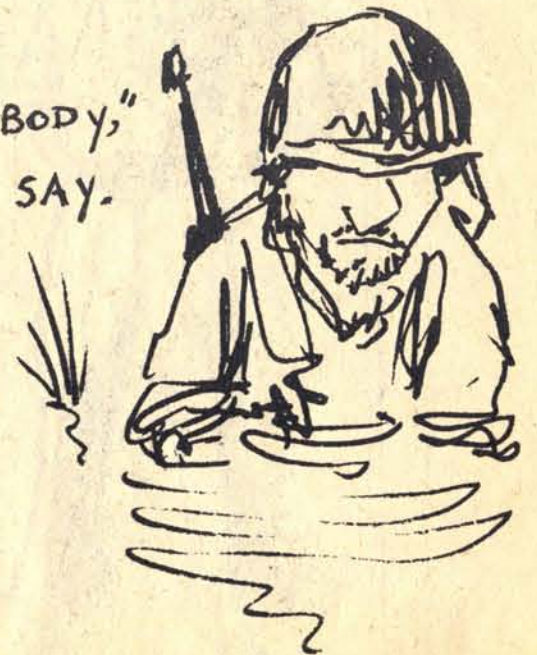
—One pilot who was mistaken as a rookie when it came to dealing with FACs indignantly replied, "Listen, Dad, I've been FACed before and I'll be FACed again, so don't tell me anything about FACing."

—When a FAC could not seem to make up his mind as to which of several aircraft he wanted to make a pass at a target he had marked, there was a half-disgusted voice over the radio which said, "Well, FAC me!"

Some of the examples of this new verb were provided by the head of the whole FAC organization in Vietnam. He is known as the "head mother FACer." He was the first man to complete the special FAC training course at Phan Rang which is known as "FAC U." During a recent operation, this top FAC was sent to the combat area and when he got there, he found the area saturated with traffic, including a dozen O-1 FAC planes. He radioed back to base for divert instructions, because his assigned area was already "all FACed up." In other words there were more FACing pilots than they knew what to do with.



"LOVE EVERY BODY,"  
THEY SAY.



MAN, WHO  
NEEDS IT  
MORE THAN  
WE DO?

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Photo -- BOB HEISEY

## 'The Other War' Goes On

To many newsmen hardened by years of war, the "do-gooder" projects of the American servicemen are old hat, a bit corny, and not worth using unless there's a military lull. That's too bad. A wrap-up of the good work done by GIs, the American humanitarianism and generosity, in Vietnam, would fill volumes. We agree it's not "hard" news, but these days, when grunts in VN stand in danger of being tarnished by the possible acts of a few, it's time to put the thing in perspective.

We took just one issue of the *MACV Observer*, a serviceman's newspaper, and looked at five stories that stand little chance of appearing in the U.S. press:

**Story 1:** A four year old Vietnamese boy pinned beneath an overturned Lambretta received "instant MEDCAP" from 1st Cav Div. Military Police. They freed the kid, gave him first aid, and rushed him to a hospital where his leg was properly wrapped and treated.

**Story 2:** In northern Phuoc Long Province, Air Cav choppers are flying an average of 25 tons of rice a week to District Headquarters for refugee relief. Another ton of tool kits, mainly farm implements, is delivered weekly.

**Story 3:** MPs at Long Binh saved the lives of several people injured in an automobile crash. The accident victims were treated on the spot, a chopper land-

ing zone was built, and a dustoff chopper flew in to take the victims to a U.S. Army field hospital in short order.

**Story 4:** Airmen at Tuy Hoa helped build the third floor of an orphanage and treated the kids to a sing-along.

**Story 5:** A USAF medical team from Bien Hoa visited Binh Thuy Province to give medical treatment to local villagers, some of whom had never seen a doctor in their lives.

This is one day. There are literally thousands of similar incidents that could be reported. Granted that these stories come out of service information offices and they're trying hard to prove a point. But they're real. And most of the acts in this "other war" never make print.

Most newsmen will tell you that they are not interested in reporting such projects "because the public isn't interested in reading about them." The claim, we feel, is justified. Crime and violence — sensational news — unfortunately has always sold more newspapers than the other kind. It's due to a quirk in the human character.

But every once in a while, maybe only once every six months, it would be nice to see the media do a wrap-up on this work. It would help portray to the world a more fair image of the grunt in the Nam.

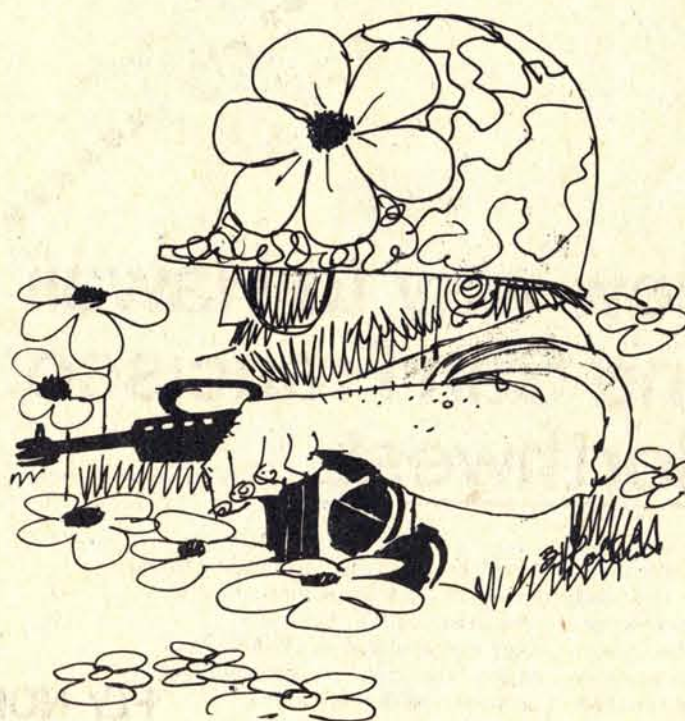
Many GIs buying diamonds for their girls have found that it is the hardest substance known to man. Especially to get back.

## No. 109 ... That's a Rog!

Up at Udorn Air Base in Thailand, and at some other bases, pilots and ground communicators have come up with their own FALCON CODE. It allows them to more briefly convey information and ideas without burning the airwaves—and their butts—with their sentiments. GRUNT would like to give you code undiluted, but unfortunately the same words that are banned over the air are also generally proscribed in print. No biggie, though; just use your imagination and you'll know just where the flyboys are at.

- |     |  |
|-----|--|
| 101 | YOU'VE GOT TO BE S...ING ME            |
| 102 | GET OFF MY F...ING BACK                |
| 103 | BEATS THE S... OUT OF ME               |
| 104 | WHAT THE F..., OVER                    |
| 105 | IT'S SO F...ING BAD I CAN'T BELIEVE IT |
| 106 | I HATE THIS F...ING PLACE              |
| 107 | THIS PLACE SUCKS                       |
| 108 | F... YOU VERY MUCH, OVER.              |
| 109 | BEAUTIFUL, JUST F...ING BEAUTIFUL      |
| 110 | THAT GODDAMNED "O" CLUB                |
| 111 | HERE COMES ANOTHER 2ND LT              |
|     | OR A F...ING LT/COL                    |
| 112 | LET ME TALK TO THAT SONOFABITCH, OVER. |

## FLOWER POWER



RANFONE

"Ol' Hogan never let's anyone forget he's airborne."



FUB	FRI	FRI	THU	WED	TUE	MON
8	7	6	5	4	3	2
16	15	14	13	12	11	9
23	22	21	20	19	18	17
31	30	29	28	27	26	24
38	37	36	35	34	33	32

## NO-SWEAT CALENDAR

A calendar designed with the Military Mind in mind has been making the rounds recently, but, like so many in-service spoofs, the origins of this one are all but impossible to trace. This one has been variously attributed to the Military Assistance Command in Thailand (MACT) and in Vietnam (MACV). Here's what makes it different from the Gregorian calendar most of us use to check off the days:

—Everybody wants the job finished *yesterday*, right? Well, with this calendar, since the days of the week are numbered backwards, it's possible to issue an order on the seventh and have the job accomplished by the third.

—Since everything has to be finished by Friday, there are two Fridays in each week.

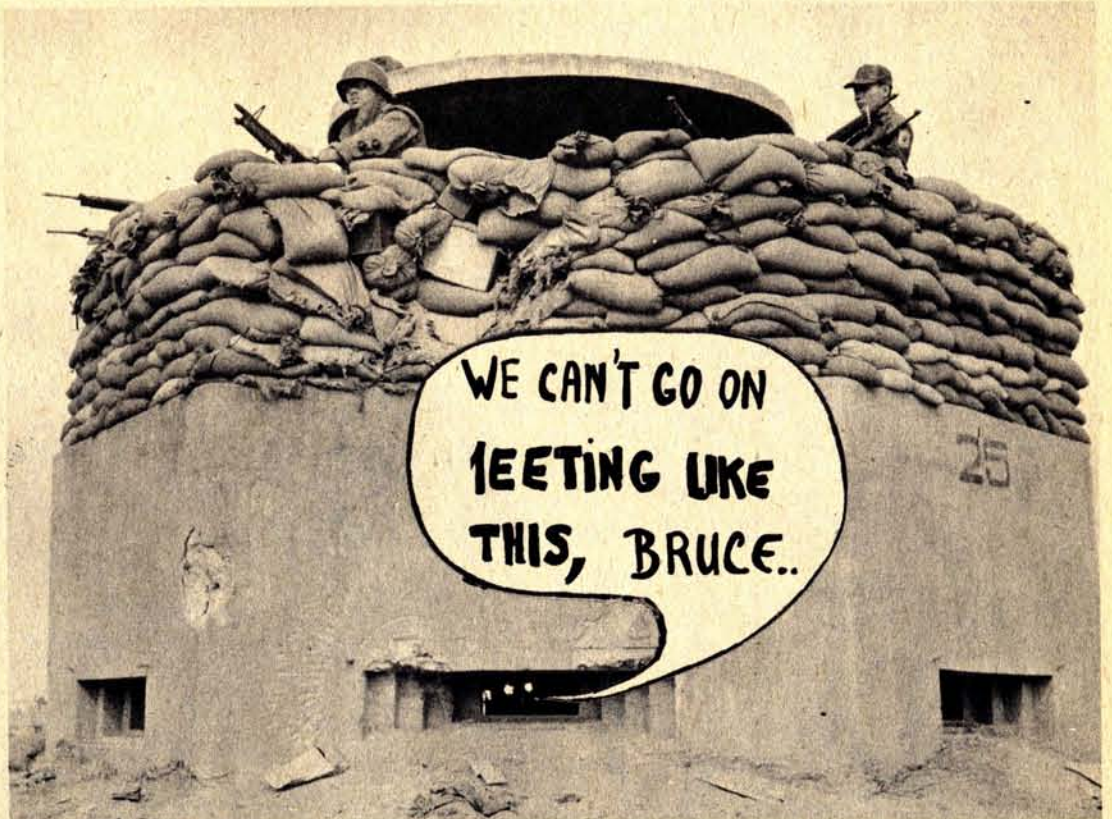
—There are seven extra days at the end of the month to take care of whatever has to be finished before the next month.

—There can be no nagging reports due on the first of the month, using this calendar—because *there is no first of the month!* The tenth and the 25th days also are omitted, eliminating two other bothersome days.

—There are no wasteful, non-productive Saturdays and Sundays. In that way, you can get rush work orders requiring weekend production without having to pay time-and-a-half or double-time wages to civilian employees.

—Each week starts with a day called "Fub." This is the day all commanders get together and establish new priorities for everything.

—Everyone knows how rough it is to start the week off on a Monday. No more of that with this calendar. It's the last day of the week.



## Nuoc Mam -- Aphrodisiac?

Special to GFP

The Encyclopedia Britannica defines that popular Vietnamese fish sauce *nuoc mam* as a Chinese aphrodisiac. Many local people, including more than a few Americans, don't need an encyclopedia to know this is true. They've tried it, and it works. *Nuoc mam* is for real. Once you get past the smell, you got it licked and it works for you. Tom S., a contract employee who's been coming to Vietnam every summer for the past six years, swears by it. Tom is in his mid-sixties and for all practical purposes he considers his

love life dead in the U.S. But when he comes to Vietnam, it's a different proposition. "I'm like a kid in a candy shop," he says. "It's unbelievable how a guy can come to life in this country." Tom douses *nuoc mam* over his rice, potatoes, or other food.

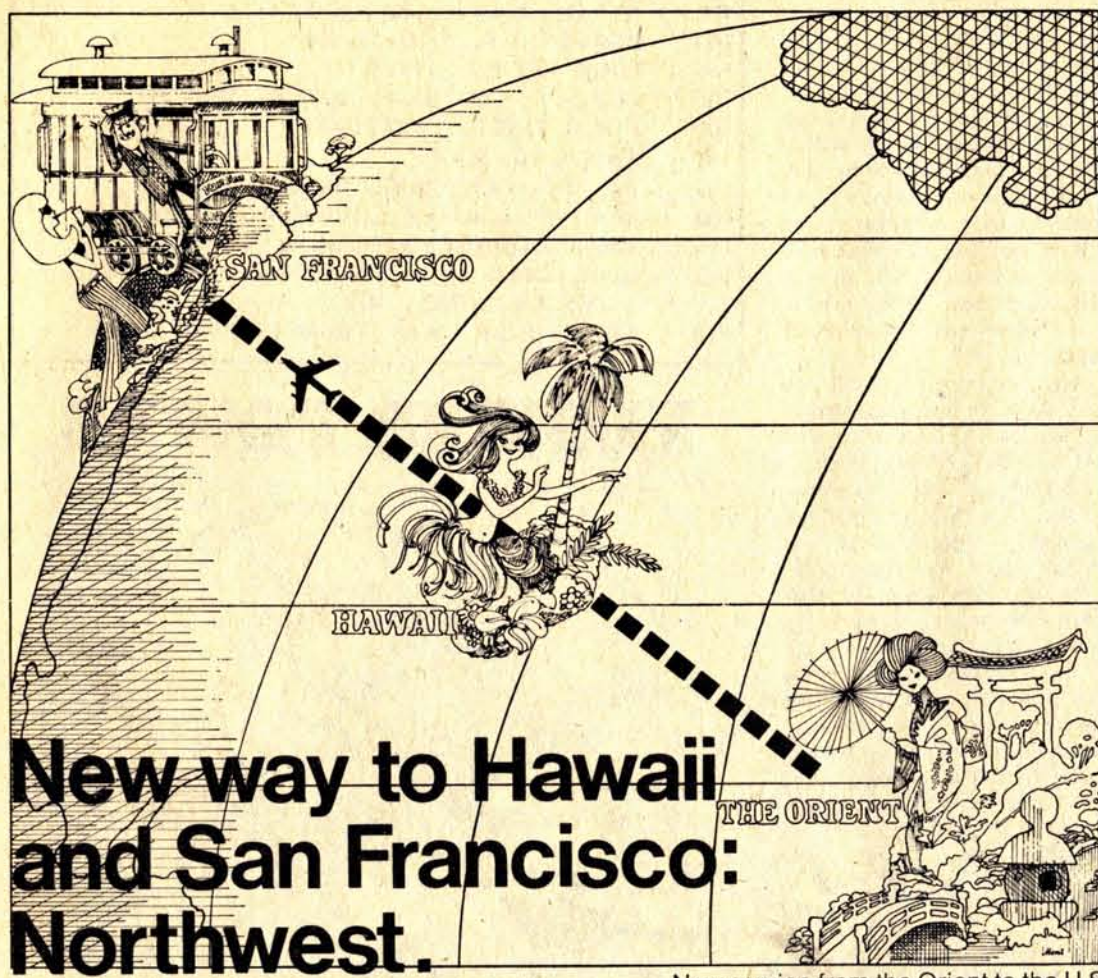
The same is true of a retired Army master sergeant who is now selling cars in Vietnam. Jake (not his real name) had retired from a lot more than the Army when he dropped out of military service after 28 years. Jake learned to eat *nuoc mam* during a tour in 1962 with the Special Forces. He noticed its special powers then, but the point was really driven home when he returned home in 1963 and had to do without the pungent sauce. After four years of what he calls a "celibate existence" back there, Jake

now could never qualify for the monkhood. "It's *nuoc mam* that keeps me over here," Jake says. "I'm amazed that more Americans don't try it."

According to Tom and Jake and others who have made the

You think an unlisted telephone number is cool? We heard about a Saigon commando who's got an unlisted wife.

switch, it takes a lot of *nuoc mam* and regular use to get the full benefit. The effect is cumulative, they say, and after a while food is tasteless without this aromatic fish sauce.



New service from the Orient to the U.S.

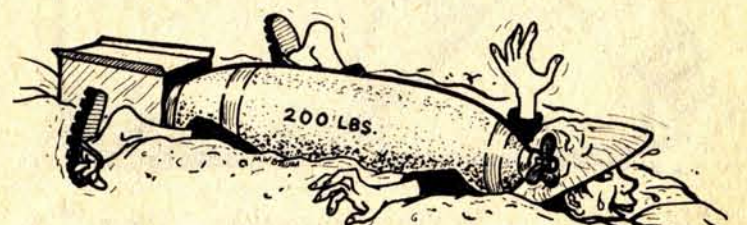
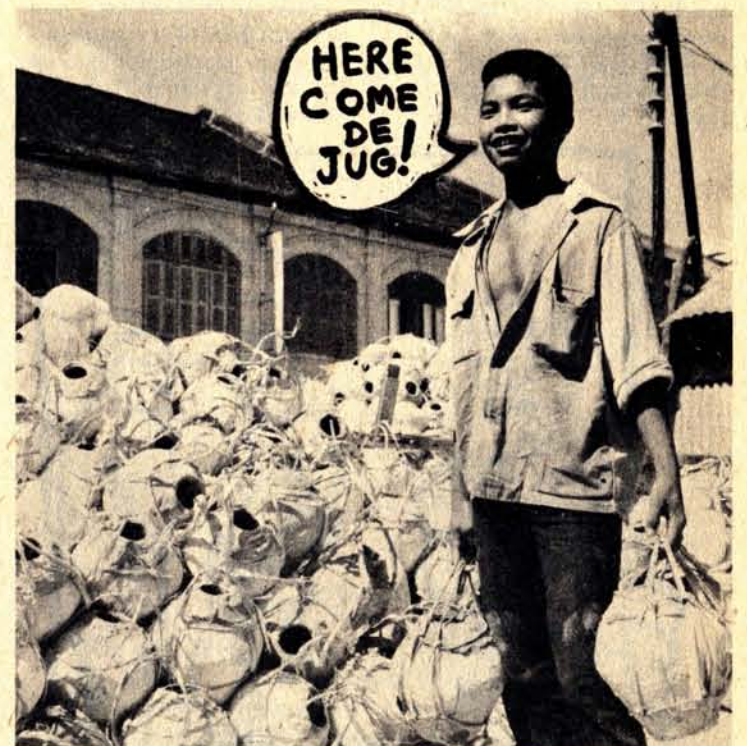
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# "SCREW COMMUNISM"



YOU TALK  
BIG,  
SWEETIE!





## What's this 'military mind' that everybody talks about?



## Kim Ngan Lo

*There once was a girl named Kim Ngan Lo  
And she was oh, so sweet.  
She'd do our laundry every day  
And she'd do it oh, so neat.*

*When Kim would look with her pretty eyes,  
I could see the stars above.  
And day by day I could see that we  
Were fallin' into love.*

*Kim Ngan Lo was so beautiful  
That she'd turn our hearts to gel.  
But every day just after she left,  
That's when the mortars fell.*

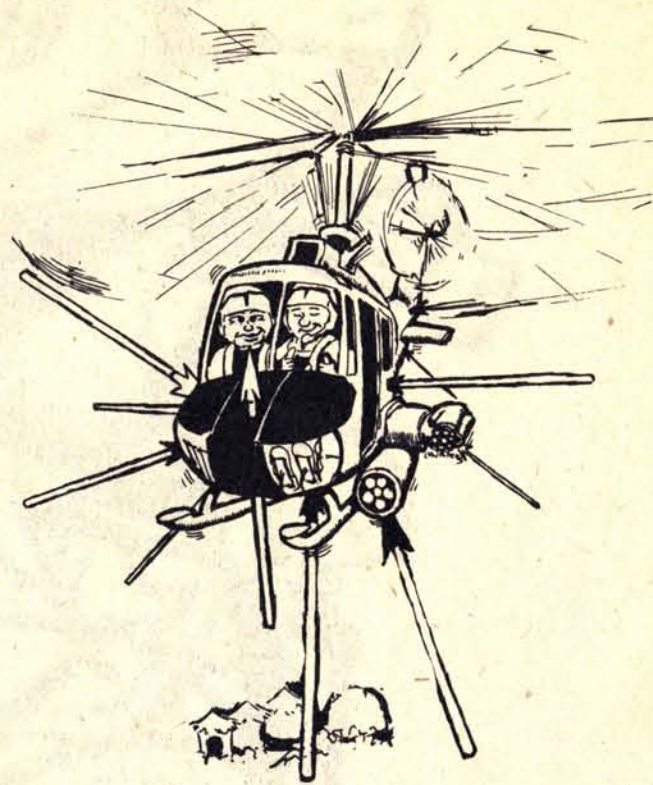
*And then one day while on patrol  
We found the damn V.C.  
And there in the center was Kim Ngan Lo,  
A pointin' her rifle at me.*

*The captain said, "Open fire, men!"  
I had to obey the command.  
I fired my gun at Kim Ngan Lo,  
And she dropped into the sand.*

...

*I picked her up so gently ...  
And I held her to my breast ...  
She looked at me with her pretty brown eyes ...  
Then she stabbed me in the chest.*

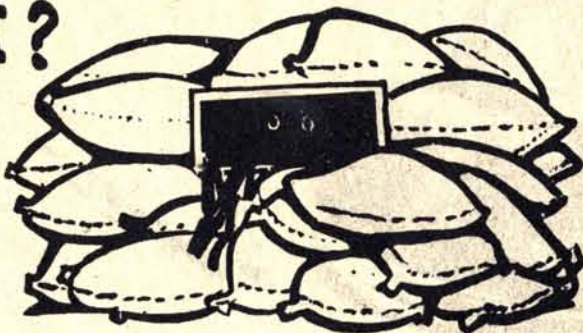
—JOHN MARTIN



"I told you I knew where to pick up Montagnard souvenirs!"

## Lonesome, GI?

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SINGLES WANTED, must be broadminded, for A Co. bashout. Race, measurements, or age immaterial. Females only. Send photos to CO, A Co. 999th Bn. Lai Khe.

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Grunt lives! Pass it on . . .

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"HERE COMES THE WEEKLY TOILET PAPER RATION, COMRADE."

## Heh, Heh!

Airman Harry Twep, a security guard who patrols nightly with his trained German shepherd at Wakkanai Air Station in Japan, had a problem. "Doc," he told the headshrinker, "Every night after me and my sentry dog finish our tour, I give him a pat on the head and then kiss his forehead."

"What's wrong with that?" the doc asked.

"Well, lately, I've been looking forward to it."

If all the virgins in Peitou were laid end-to-end, they'd reach from here to HERE.



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**WHERE IT'S AT MAN**  
**3**  
**EAR-OUT THINGS**  
TO PUT THE FUN, TRAVEL  
ADVENTURE INTO LIFE.



Honey, we don't have any Bammy-Ba... Won't you try something else?

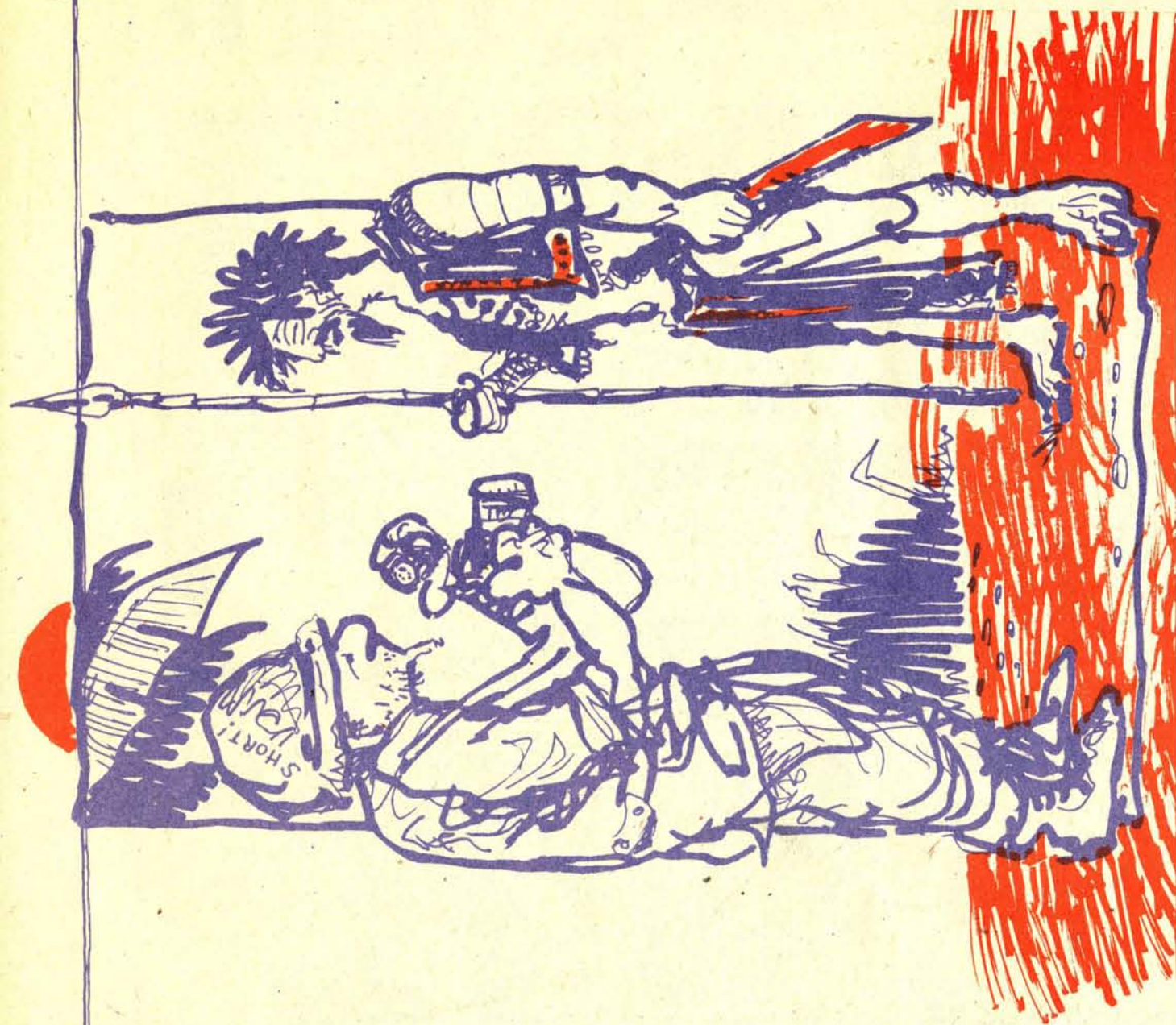


I'd rather not talk about it. I was just a Grunt.

Oh, Rod! You were in Vietnam? What was it like? Please, tell me.

Hurry over BA-by! We've got a year to make up for!





"F/8 at about a 60th oughta do it."

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