

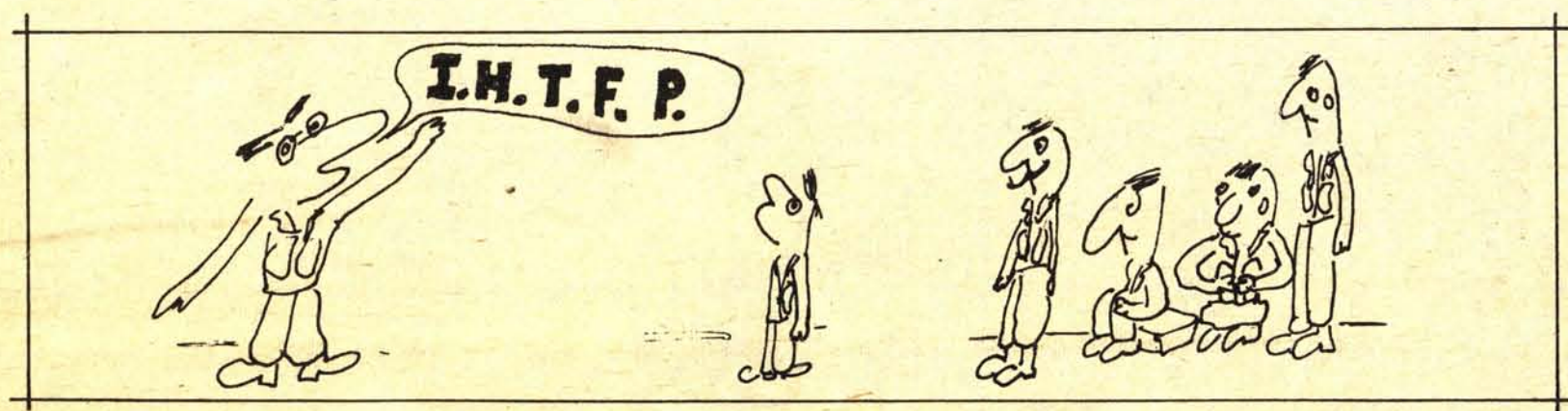
SERVICEMAN, THIS IS YOUR PERSONAL PROPERTY, IT CANNOT LEGALLY BE TAKEN AWAY FROM YOU UNLESS YOU SWIPED IT



GRUNT KEEPPRES

March, 1971

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO SHOVE



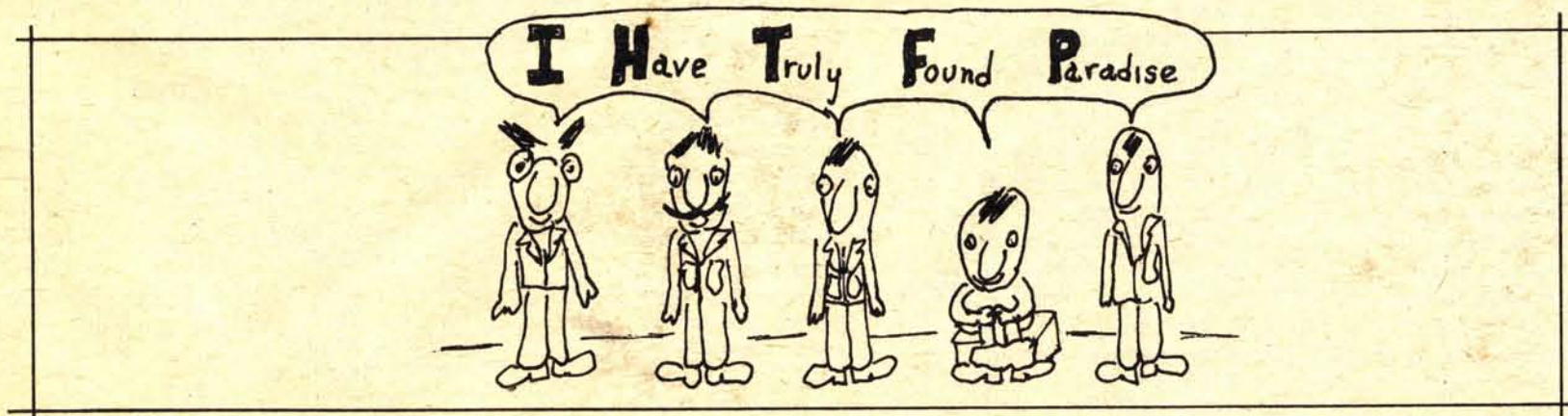
Turning On Without Drugs

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The War Against Mickey Mouse

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Let Animals Fight Our Wars

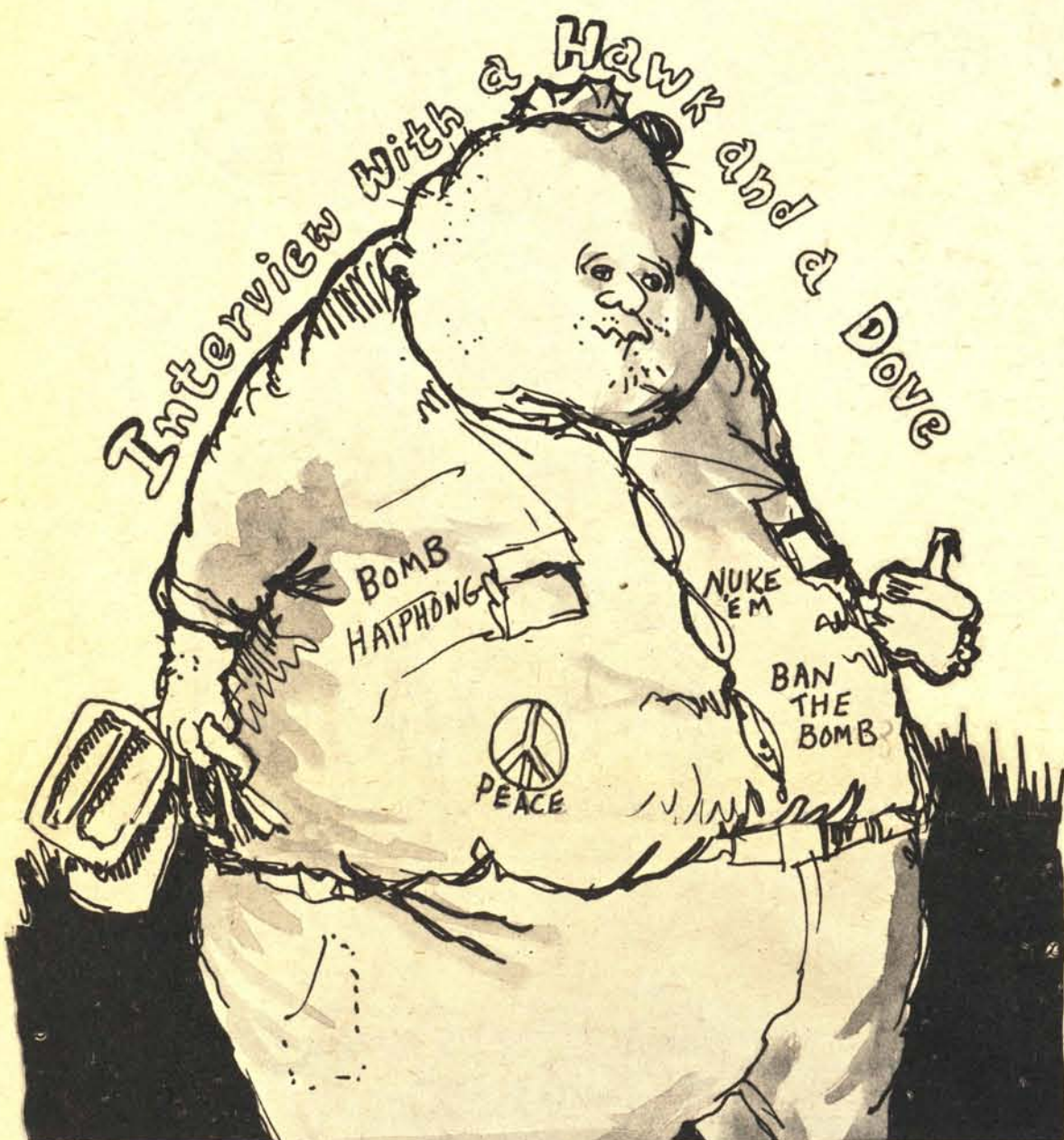
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Ed. Note

This piece came to us from Danang. The writer assures us that any relationship between these two cats being interviewed and real people is coincidental.

The guys sounding off are on opposite sides of a fence. One's a radlibbing peacenik who was reportedly a reporter in Vietnam for umpteen years. The other's a Birch-leaning warmonger

fresh from Pasadena, Calif. We think they're both a couple of kooks who couldn't possibly exist except in nowhere land. But we liked the style, so here goes.



THE PACIFIST

Dennis Gonigal's been a pacifist ever since his mother first pacified him with a rubber nipple soaked in rum. Among the press corps in Saigon, he's considered an expert on Tu Do bars, where he is often found paying bar girls tea money so they can listen to his views on the inside story of the war. We found him there, and as he bought us Saigon Teas, we interviewed him.

GRUNT: What do you think of this war, Dennis?

DENNIS: It sucks.

GRUNT: What does that mean?

DENNIS: Like, man, it's all f....d up, you know, like a big symphony band playing a concert with every musician reading from a different piece of music, like, say, the Rose Bowl, where all the players are up in the stands, while the spectators are kicking a football around on the field. That's what it is, man, just

plain f....d up, you can't tell the players with a scorecard, it's too far out, man, like a turkey dinner where the turkey eats the diners.....

GRUNT: Can you give us any examples?

DENNIS: No.

GRUNT: Why not?

DENNIS: Man, if you take two thousand specifics and boil them in hot water with chicken fat for ten minutes, you end up with alphabet soup. And what good is it to pick out one soggy letter from a bowl of hot alphabet soup? It's too much, man.

GRUNT: What about Vietnamization?

DENNIS: What about Americanization?

GRUNT: What's that?

DENNIS: It's planting apple seeds along country roads, singing spirituals while you picks dat cotton, sitting by

a river bank, barefoot and strawhatted and catching catfish from a clean river. It's like, pulling down a girl's pants in the bushes during a school picnic.

GRUNT: What's that got to do with the war?

DENNIS: You crazy, man. They got no school picnics in this war, and besides that, if you can't catch catfish in the Missouri River, what business you got over here?

GRUNT: You mean we should resolve our domestic problems before any more foreign entanglements?

DENNIS: F..k no. I mean when you're planting apple seeds instead of mines and when you're singing spirituals instead of marching to drums, you don't need a war. You're with it, everybody's with it, loose

and not uptight like people pointing guns and bayonets.

GRUNT: But what about sneak attacks and the defense of freedom and the preservation of a way of life? What about military deterrence, missile superiority, and the protection of the honor of American women from foreign encroachments? Don't those things worry you?

DENNIS: Man, I don't even know what those words mean.

GRUNT: You know what self-defense means? If I punch you in the nose, you'd punch me back, wouldn't you?

DENNIS: Like, punch me, man.

GRUNT: We have no reason to.

DENNIS: Then let's go fishing.

GRUNT: We are fishing - fishing for answers out of you. And getting nowhere. We want your views on the war.

DENNIS: Okay, man, I'll tell you. Turtles don't eat soup and if they did, they sure as hell wouldn't eat turtle soup. Now, split, man, and come back when you figure it out.

THE WARMONGER

"Butch" Birscherstrasser also developed his political instincts early in life. His first steps were taken as his father yelled out, "hup, two, three, four, your left". The father was wrong. The kid turned out right. He spent his entire junior high and high school years beating up guys who went out with girls and who couldn't remember the words of "pledge allegiance". We caught him as he was leaving a secret cell meeting of a "Second-man sect" in Saigon.

GRUNT: What do you think of this war, Butch?

BUTCH: Too much nooky and not enough nukes. Too many kooks and not enough spooks. Too many eggheads and not enough broken heads. You got to break a couple of eggs before they're scrambled. Take the gloves off, no restraints. More close order drill and more saltpeter in the mess-halls.

GRUNT: In other words, you're hawkish.

BUTCH: Hell no. I just want to bring peace. I'm all for peace. If you want to sleep peacefully on a Sunday morning and there's some damn bird chirping on your windowsill, you kill the bird and every-

thing's peaceful again.

GRUNT: In other words, kill for peace?

BUTCH: You eggheads always simplify these things. How can you have peace without war? If we never had war, there would be no such word as "peace". We wouldn't know what it was if we couldn't compare it with something. So the best way to get peace is to win a war. And the more wars, you have, the more peaces you have. Why can't you kooks understand that?

GRUNT: We're a bit dumb, maybe. But tell me, what good is peace to the side that loses?

BUTCH: First of all, the idea of war is not to lose. And even if you lose, you win. Look at Germany and Japan. That's a crock about winning and losing. What counts is fighting. Use the power you got. If you keep an egg for too long before cooking it, it gets stale. The same is true with nukes. What good is a rusty nuke, Luke?

GRUNT: My name's not Luke, spook. But I get your point. What you're saying is that once mankind creates weapons of war, he has to use them.

BUTCH: Hell, I didn't say anything about mankind. If you want to drink coconut juice, you have to crack open the coconut. If you want to eat watermelon, you got to do some knife-slicing first. That's nature, that's life. And remember this: Nobody ever won anything by losing, except those losers who won, like Germany and Japan, and nobody lost anything by winning, except some winners who lost, like the British redcoats in the Revolutionary War.

GRUNT: How did they win by losing?

BUTCH: If they won, they'd be over here now. Now you'll have to excuse me. Lester Maddox is in country passing out axe handles and I want to be sure I get one.



Among many of the hip types who featured in the drug culture of the 1960's, the use of chemical mind expanders is now taboo. These people look down their noses at the "come latels" who use pot, LSD, and the harder stuff. It's not so much because they see dangers in continued use, but they just plain don't think they're necessary—that it's more satisfactory to "turn on" in other ways. These other ways use the powers that are within the individual. These powers, once they are controlled, are far more satisfying, more lasting, and less harmful.

What are these other ways? There's yoga, with its many paths, ranging from self-denial to meditation. And other religions, including Zen Buddhism and Christianity. There's the macrobiotic diet route which purifies the body, after which, according to its followers, the clear, enlightened, "turned-on" mind will follow. And there's concentration and meditation on a purely physical basis, using the senses to do far more than they are ordinarily called upon for.

Yoga has many fans these days, what with the Beatles and Mia Farrow and many others visiting the Maharishi and huge crowds turning out to hear Hindu holy men who formerly appealed to a handful of old ladies and cranks. The most popular form of yoga is the physical body control. You adopt certain positions, maintain them for long periods, and after steady application over many months, and even years, enlightenment or Nirvana will ensue. Many books have been written on this form of yoga and they're selling fast. The path of self-denial, whether it involves fasting or sitting in a tub on a freezing night, also pay dividends to the man determined to get the most from his mind and body. There's the path of meditation, concentrating on an object or a thought for long periods until the mind breaks free into what the chemical-takers would call a "high". Some yoga people get their "high" and enlightenment through chanting Hindu mantras. Hare Rama. Rama Rama. Hare Krishna. Seems the vibrations on the inside of the skull from the humming of the word "om" has an effect on the mind. "Hare Krishna" chanters, in their shaved heads and yellow robes are to be found in most big cities of the world today.

Zen Buddhism also has an appeal to the young who want a more natural and permanent path to enlightenment than drugs can provide. Zen calls for destruction of the logical mind that society has forced upon you since childhood and a new mystical approach to life and being. "What is the sound of one hand clapping?", the master asks, and the student who gives the wrong answer gets a clout on the head.

But after a time, when he has given up the mind-restricting logical approach to life, the Zen adherent achieves "satori", which is a lasting high. And presumably, he gives the right answers to questions. Many of our early Christian saints, like St. Thomas and St. Augustine, achieved "highs" through a study of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and more important, through a practice of some of the teachings of Christ. Billy Graham, the evangelist, recognizes the search of today's youth for that vision they first saw in a drug session and he's trying to adapt his Christian message to these young people.

The achievement of a clear-minded satori, nirvana "high" through diet is today being sought by millions who have adopted the macrobiotic diet. This is a Zen Buddhist diet followed by Eastern mystics for thousands of years and given recent prominence by a Japanese named George Ohsawa. The idea of macrobiotics is that you are what you eat. If you put the right foods in your body, it will become purified and the mind will be set free. Macrobiotics believe that the blood in your system changes completely over a seven day period so if you start with a seven day diet of nothing but brown rice and a glass of water a day, you'll end up with all the poison out of your system and a new body. Why brown rice? Because of all the foods in nature, brown rice, according to Ohsawa, comes closest to having the perfect balance of yin and yang. And the idea is to balance the yin and yang in your system and achieve harmony. All foods are overly yin or overly yang, yin being cool, submissive, feminine, inward and yang being hot, aggressive, masculine and expanding. Sugar is heavy on yin. Meat is very yang. And every food has its classification.

Once a person recognizes that the brain has infinitely more capacity for perception and insight than we use it for, he can concentrate upon getting full use of it. Many young people who have given up drugs state that they learned what the mind can do while under the influence of drugs. But they can develop this naturally by being more aware and practicing concentration.

For example, the cover of this issue shows a tiny circle enveloped by other circles. By focusing the eye on the circle, most people will see movement, almost as though there is a propeller turning from the circle. Continued concentration will cause parts of the drawing to be darker than others and to form patterns. Since the drawing is obviously just that, a drawing, then it's the mind observing the drawing which has changed. Once you know the mind can see something that is not there, you go on to more complex exercises.

The end result, as with the other "turning on" techniques, is a non-chemical "high", which is far more intense and lasting than any experienced through drugs. And infinitely less crippling.

Although there have been earlier periods in U.S. history when a young generation experimented with the eastern and the occult, the movement today is much greater than any in the past. The knowledge coming to more and more young people today that drugs are not the answer and something else is, can have a great impact on our future. It is possible that the real leaders in the crusade against drugs in years to come will be those youngsters who have learned to "turn on" without them.



**TURNING ON
WITHOUT DRUGS
&
NO**



I have this pet gekko named Jules who stands guard on my ceiling every night and nails those mosquitoes before they can make their dive bombing attacks on me, but that's not why I'm writing you. Why I'm writing is because I want to give Jules some official recognition for a real contribution to the war effort. You see, - there's this one idiot in our company who bought a slingshot from some mail order company and he's always looking for something to shoot at and one of the things he shoots at is gekkos, even though everybody knows you never hurt a gekko, cause they're good guys. Anyhow, this character and his name is Duke Slade, is drinking one night in our hootch and he decides he better get in some target practice. It's around ten o'clock at night and the night light is on in the hootch over the door and that's where Jules hangs out mainly because that's where the mosquitoes are.

TWAP! I sit up quickly from a half-sleep and look up to the wall where Jules should be and Jules ain't there. I run over to Duke's bunk and grab that slingshot out of his hand and toss it out the window. Then I switch on the flashlight I keep by my bed and start looking around the floor for Jules. He's nowhere to be seen. Maybe he limped away, I figured, dragging his wounded body out the door to die in that old lizard graveyard in the jungle.

So I go outside looking for him, starting with the doorstep and following the path to the perimeter with my flashlight illuminating the possible withdrawal area like a flare. I shine the light under bushes and trees along the path, figuring that if he couldn't make it all the way, he'd pull off the main road to die in the bush.

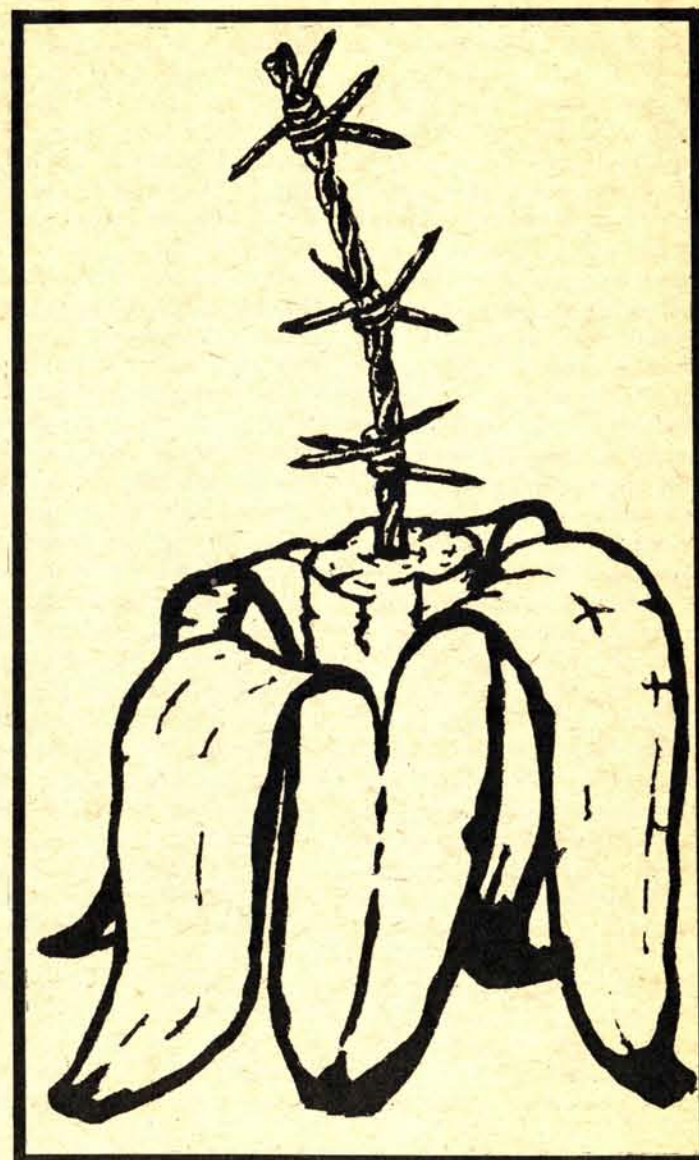
Then I hear it. That sound of Jules' voice, "ack-oo, ack-oo". It comes from a bush to my right. I shine my light into this bush and a guy suddenly jumps up in front of me and takes off down the path. I look under the bush and there's Jules and right beside Jules is a mechanical gadget that looks like a bomb timing device which it is. I unscrew the wires leading to two posts straddling a clock. The clock is set for ten thirty. My wristwatch says ten-twenty-seven. I trace the wires leading from the detonator and they take me to a 20 kilo plastique charge right up against our hootch. Three more minutes and we'd have been blasted.

Now I'm not saying that Jules deliberately went out there and found that detonator. It's possible that he ran out of steam when he limped the distance from the hootch to the detonator. Or he might have gone there because gekkos like to be where people are and he smelled or felt the VC or whoever it was setting the clock. All I know is that if Jules hadn't cried out when he did, our collective asses would have been shattered. We all agree to that - even Duke Slade - and Jules is now probably the most pampered lizard in Vietnam. Duke pays the local kids twenty piasters a night for a bottleful of live mosquitoes that we feed Jules.

But what gets me is that I've been put in for an award and I just don't feel right about taking it - not if Jules can't get some kind of recognition too. All of us in the hootch formally presented him with the Order of the Purple Lizard so maybe if you can publicize this, Jules will get his recognition. You see, there's no Army regulation that will put his award on orders.

Jake Schlutz and the members of 1st Plt, B Co.

My friend JULES





Poetry

By Robert A. Lindstrom

Green rice paddies in the sun
To a villager, food and livelihood.
To a marine,
Suction

Old Women shuffle by
Bent, furtive, faceless
Like scared things in corners
To market
To survive a day
Among tall men
And great machines

This land of little kindness
Green helicopters
Frustrate and bat the sky
Gunfire, booby traps
Death
And only the words of a buddy
Sharing a last smoke
In the rain
Mean anything.

It's too late, Smitty
No time to stop
Put a flower in your hand
Shed a passing tear
You are past all that
No time
So hard inside
I can't do another goddamn thing
For you,
Smith
Than go on living
And share a moment's sadness
Later
On a dim street corner.

My platoon guards a bridge somewhere south of Danang. Early each morning, old women carry their produce into town in yokes and baskets which do not allow them to walk but half run, half shuffle by. About the only thing you can see beneath their lampshade hats are black teeth, a ragged cigar and a fear that has stalked time longer than the river they cross.

Robert A. Lindstrom is a Navy Hospital Corpsman with Echo Battery, 2/11, 1st Marine Division up in the Danang area. He's on his second tour in the 'Nam. In 1965 and 1966 he was with "H" Company, 2/9. These poems were written during his first tour. He thinks they're still relevant. So do we.

sound off!

THE WAR AGAINST MICKEY MOUSE

Probably the best news to come out of the military in years is the current war against Mickey Mouse. The Navy's Admiral Zumwalt may have started it, but it actually runs deeper than the current changes. It's been inevitable for years and there's little doubt that Vietnam had something big to do with it. For in Vietnam, you have two things that make Mickey Mousism inevitable. One, a fluid situation where new and specific situations call for new and specific directives. Two, a yearly turnover of people. What happens? A directive or a regulation is published because of the situation in, say, 1964. The commander and his whole staff who coordinated on this and put it on the books all rotate by the end of 1965. A new crowd comes aboard and they inherit the regulation. But the reason for the regulation no longer exists and they don't know it. So it stays legal and they enforce it. And it's ridiculous.

A case in point. Back in 1965, with units springing up all over the place, a reg was passed to make sure that the services did not compete with each other in leasing building and housing space in towns and cities. It said that nobody could spend more than two hundred piasters per square meter of rented space. The reg was concerned with "elements" and not specifically individuals and the price was based on 1965 prices. Two hundred pee for a square meter then was a reasonable rate. And the reg succeeded in keeping the Army from outbidding the Air Force for a BOQ in Saigon. And it kept down inflation.

But comes 1971; inflation has sent housing costs soaring and US services are pulling out and not renting buildings downtown.

The only people renting quarters in towns are civilians and those military whose duties are in a town or city. Prices are triple what they were in 1965 and two hundred pee a square meter wouldn't rent a sampan.

Nobody has got around to removing the obsolete reg from the books or even revising

it. Common sense, however, leads most services and the Embassy to ignore it.

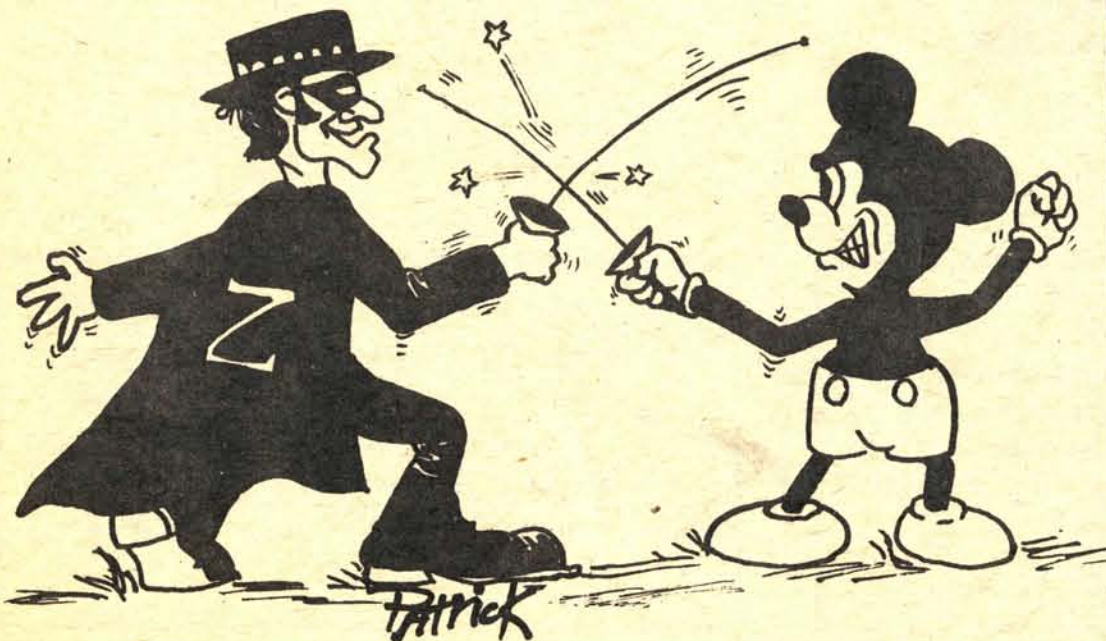
But along comes a brand new guy in one of the services and he spots the regulation and "discovers" that it's being violated. He has never been in town or in the renting business and he's got a legal mind that sees facts as they are. So he starts enforcing the obsolete reg, creating one hell of a lot of hardship for a few people. And in a legal sense, he's right. It makes no difference that the reason for the reg no longer exists or that the reg's details are no longer applicable. He has a signed piece of directive that's still in and by God, he's going to enforce it.

This particular situation was corrected when the new man found out about the realities of 1971 situation vis-a-vis the 1965 situation. The harassment of individuals stopped. But the reg still is in effect.

The big point here is that there may well be dozens or even hundreds of similar directives on the books today that have no relevance to the situation of today. And they could be causing a lot of unnecessary hardship or unnecessary expense. They should be removed or updated. It's understandable that the top brass in Vietnam is concerned with the big job of fighting the war and making Vietnamization work. There just isn't time for them to go into details on non-operational matters.

But a task force assigned specifically to the job of looking at all existing regs and directives and seeing that they're updated would more than pay for itself. This task force should reach down to the lowest unit with the directive-issuing authority and order a general clean-up of the books. Those that are not needed should be revoked immediately. Those that are obsolete should be updated.

Such an action would be in keeping with the current "modernization of the military". It is needed now.



Incoming

GRUNT FREE PRESS:

I just finished reading your December 1970 issue and I really like your paper. Nonetheless I can't help but feel you blew it when you described a lifer. You did a nice job of describing a career man but not a lifer. A lifer is the one running toward the people throwing the shit, screaming, "they did it", pointing towards his men.

He's the one who knows all the privileges of a senior NCO but he can't tell you one thing about anything except "hands in the pockets".

He's the one who gives his men a shitty deal.

He knows if you don't laugh at his jokes or sit in on his B.S. sessions, you ain't got too much smarts.

He's the one who never stops being a prick.

He's the one who has had a wife and family in over 13 countries.

He's stuck in the Army because it's the only place he can find importance and screw off at the same time, and the only thing professional about him is the way he kisses asses.

He puts high values on truth, loyalty, discipline, and responsibility from there like a tyrant.

He knows people call him a lifer because he's immoral and is unaware as to the meaning of integrity, decency, truth, compassion, or as to the well being of others.

That is my description of a lifer. Like I say you put out a groovy paper, but you really blew it this one time.

Sincerely,
SP/4 Ronald R. Taylor
281st Signal.
301st Sig Det 'Long'
APO S.F. 96397

(Thanks, Ron, for the letter and for making the distinction between a lifer and a career man. We're impartial in all this, but we think you'll agree that it's just as important to print the other guy's point of view as it is to push your own. We've had several complaints about that "What is a Lifer?" piece and perhaps it's because we did not make one thing perfectly clear—that it was a career man we were talking about. Editor.)



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President — Klaus Heymann
Editor & Publisher — Ken Abood
Asst. Publisher — T.N. Natrajan
Artist — Loffy Lo

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.
816-818 Tung Ying Bldg.,
100 Nathan Road,
Kowloon, HONG KONG.
Tel. K-660814, K-677506, K-667874.



THE MESSIEST MESS OF THE MONTH.

Tan Son Nhut Cafeteria



GRUNT's "Four Garbage Can" award this month goes to the Tan Son Nhut Cafeteria. Two years ago, there were long lines waiting to be served. Now, there's never a line, not even during the lunchtime rush hour. More efficiency. No! Worse food, higher prices, and abominable service. Nobody goes there anymore.

Items on the hot line are priced separately so you can end up paying about twice the cost of your main dish, a price far higher than the nearby clubs. You eat from paper plates using plastic silverware and pour ketchup from a paper package (all this presumably to stop theft). Hamburgers are pre-packed

and taste like yesterday. The chicken is overfried, greasy, and skimpy. The coffee tastes like the coffee urn. You have to scout around other tables for sugar, salt or pepper. The hired help cluster and chatter and leave the customers to clear their own tables. The place cries out for management.

The amazing thing is that the place is even kept open as the sharp drop in trade must mean a financial loss. Even with the ridiculous prices. The base needs a cafeteria and we hope it doesn't close. But won't somebody with an eye for good management and the welfare of the troops go through this eating trough and turn it into a cafeteria.



A Vietnamese



Proverb

Once upon a time in Vietnam, there lived a scorpion and a frog. The scorpion wanted to cross a river but he couldn't swim, so he asked the frog if he'd ride him across on his back. "Not on your life", the frog said, "If I let you get on my back, you'd sting me

and I'd die."

"But if I did that", the scorpion argued, "how would I get across the river? It's just as much in my interest not to sting you as it is yours."

This argument made sense to the frog so he told the scorpion to get on his back

and he jumped in the river and started swimming across.

When they reached half way across the river, the scorpion sank his deadly poison into the frog which died in seconds. So did the scorpion which drowned immediately.



I'M LOOKING FOR A JOB AS MAMASAN IN
SOMEBODY'S HOOTCH



This is one hell of a note. Here I am in the middle of a war and I never even saw an enemy let alone shoot at one in anger.



What do I tell the kids when they ask, "Daddy, what did you do in the war?"



How do I tell them I spent my year in Vietnam waiting on tables at the Officer's Club while the other guys were out fighting.



Oh, hell. Why worry about it?



Maybe the kids will be Vietnicks.

THEY JUST DON'T MAKE
MARTINIS LIKE BACK HOME

Numba One

By Al Williams

Finish processing, change your money to green, feel pretty good. There you are, in your hootch, Mama San giving you hell, cause you didn't go to the BX, and buy her some cognac, soap and Ritz crackers. Oh! and don't forget the hypotheque perfume. So she gives you the old I love you treatment. She's been bugging you now about four hours. So you compromise with her. Okay Mama San, Damnit, I'll buy you some soap and Ritz crackers and that's all. Now give me the flipping money. She pulls out a roll of MPC that could choke a horse, but if you get caught with it, five to ten years you will get. Charge. Illegal possession of too much MPC. Now you are on your way.

You decide you'll stop at the club on the way and have a couple of cold ones. There it is, you start ribbing the fellows about how short you are. The fellows, decide that since you are short they'll buy you one for the road, of course you take them up on it. Then you realize it is getting late so you tell the fellows you're gonna sky. Go to the BX to buy the goodies you promised Mama San then off you go.

Passing the club, from the BX you convince yourself a couple more won't hurt any. Nothing going on at the Club so you have a couple of hard ones and off to your hootch. Mama San is waiting, madder than a wet hen. You give her the goodies, and you are Numba One again. Since all is going smooth, you decide to take a nap. About an hour later you got an urge to go to the Bammy Ban stand, your favorite, of course.

Upon arrival, there is 01 Pisaster, local currency converter. He invites you to a couple of beers, you accept because he rarely offers anyone a drink. Here it comes. Hey Joe you go home titi time, you change your money to green yet. Yeah. I got beacoup. Hey Joe you change \$100.00 for me. I need money for-sure baby san me beacoup sick. You really don't believe him but you listen anyway. He is giving you the sob story of



his life. You already had a couple too many already so you think about it and say "It Don't Mean Nothing" I got \$2000.00 One hundred won't hurt. Custom won't even check it. You have committed yourself. You change it, then you are Numba one again.

D-Day. Your bags are packed, your buddies are taking you to the terminal. Finally you say "There it is" going to the land of the Big BX. Okay you're at the Terminal, checked in, Processed customs, and checked your bags. Now you have a two hour wait. You say no sweat, I made it. Then one of your buddies pops the magic question to you. How about changing one for me? You think about it. Okay man, they can't catch me now. You just committed your self again.

Now it is time to load the Freedom Bird, you are all smiles. But wait a minute, what's this? Two men in civilian clothing at Gate Number 3. Now you are really sweating it.

They ask the question you didn't want them to ask. May we see your conversion slip sir? Just a minute, sir, I lost it. Okay Sgt, then how much green did you change? \$1800.00. According to your signature here on this conversion slip you changed \$2000.00. Can you produce the other two? Okay, then why are you leaving the country with \$400.00 MPC? According to your Bank statements and your RVN pay, you are in excess two hundred dollars, when you supposedly changed it all. Okay Sgt, we advise you of your rights. Shattered Dream. There it is. The Day you thought was that Day wasn't.



HEADQUARTERS
UNITED STATES MILITARY ASSISTANCE COMMAND, VIETNAM
APO San Francisco 96222

DIRECTIVE
NUMBER 365-12

25 March 1971

ORAL COMMUNICATIONS

Use of Term: IHTFP

1. PURPOSE: This directive establishes policy and procedure for use of, and identifies MACV personnel authorized use of, the term IHTFP.

2. RESPONSIBILITY: All MACV personnel are responsible for knowledge of, and compliance with, the spirit and intent of this directive. Sponsors are responsible for bringing this directive to the attention of FNG's within four hours of their arrival.

3. DEFINITIONS:

a. STAGE I: Begins on the date of arrival, and extends for exactly three months. Stage I individuals are characterized by their eager expressions, complaints about MACV procedures, clean uniforms, clean belt buckles, and absolute ignorance of what they are getting into. Stage I personnel have been observed volunteering to work overtime or on Sundays, and have even been known to voice opinions on "How to Win the War in Vietnam." In the later phases of Stage I the individual gradually assumes a look of anxiety and puzzlement. This appearance turns to one of total bafflement shortly prior to entering Stage II.

b. STAGE II: The period from three to six months after entering Vietnam. Stage II personnel are identified by their red-rimmed eyes, harried expressions, frequent mistakes, and graying and/or loss of hair. These personnel smoke excessively or scratch themselves if they do not smoke. Their conversation is likely to be punctuated with phrases such as: "Sorry Bout That" or "Ba Muoi Ba". Individuals in Stage II invariably have short tempers, long excuses, and an abiding hatred for bicycles and pedicabs, motor bikes, and the do-it-yourself suicide kits known as motorized cyclos. These persons sometimes behave irrationally, and have been seen purchasing hairspray while glancing furtively at other PX customers. When seen coming from the dispensary, rubbing their backsides, they usually mumble something about "throat infection". Stage II types usually run out of money before they run out of month.

c. STAGE III: The period from six to nine months after entering Vietnam. Stage III personnel are identified by their rumpled uniforms, corroded belt buckles, mangy hats, perpetual fatigued expressions, and dark circles under bloodshot eyes. They are often heard to remark, after asking a FNG how long he has left in country, "If I had That long, I'd shoot myself". The Stage III type's wallet bulges with chit books, Vietnam currency, ration cards, identification cards, an overfull shot record, and a shopping list for his R&R trip to Hong Kong. He is oversensitive to loud noises and completely insensitive to vehicular traffic when crossing the street. He refers to caucasian females as "round-eyes" and frequently lapses into broken English, e.g. "I not want any" or "We not get mail today?" If there was no mail, he is quite apt to answer the above question thusly: "Yes, we not get mail".

d. STAGE IV: The period from nine months to departure date. In this stage personnel are identified by their attempts to cut down on their smoking, drinking, profanity, and by their frequent reference to "PCOD" or "Absolute PCOD." These individuals show improving morals, but increasing nervousness (sometimes referred to as the last battle rattles). They tend to gaze long and longingly at each departing airliner (Great Silver Bird) and occasionally mumble something that sounds like XX days and a wake-up!" Replacements are greeted like long lost brothers and with obvious relief ("I thought you'd never get here!"). They also sarcastically sympathize with any FNG around.

e. IHTFP: An expression used to indicate extreme dislike of one's surroundings.

f. FNG: Anyone who has been in country for a shorter period of time than the user of the term.

4. PROCEDURES: Any person apprehending another violating the provisions listed below is entitled to one beverage of choice, to be purchased by the rule breaker.

a. Stage I personnel are not authorized to think, utter, cut, carve, print, write, scratch, or in any other means communicate or attempt to communicate the term: IHTFP.

b. Stage II personnel are authorized to think, but not communicate, the phrase: IHTFP.

c. Stage III personnel are authorized to think, write, print, etc., and say aloud (in the presence of FNGs only) the phrase: IHTFP. Exceptions: No penalty is imposed on Stage III personnel if the phrase is uttered immediately after:

- (1) An eating out by his boss.
- (2) A letter is returned for correction of a dangling participle.
- (3) He has been informed that his orders have been changed.
- (4) He has spotted his shorts due to a loud noise nearby.
- (5) He learns that he has been extended.
- (6) He learns that he has flunked his purity test, and must get more shots for his "throat infection".
- (7) He receives bad news, of any kind whatsoever, from home.

d. Stage IV personnel are authorized to think or say aloud, at any time and place, in the presence of anyone, the phrase: IHTFP.

e. Personnel will refrain from attempting to circumvent the intent of this directive by thinking or uttering phrases which have the same basic meaning as IHTFP, such as: "I detest this loving location.", or "I abhor the Blessed surrounding real estate."

f. Nothing in this directive will be interpreted as restricting the inalienable right of military personnel to gripe about anything, at any time, or in any place. This directive simply limits the use of the term: I H T F P, and any phrase with the same meaning.

FOR THE COMMAND:

I. M. SHORT
Potential Civ, USA
R&R Specialist



(If you can answer all ten of these questions, you've been in the Nam too long. If you score less than ten, you haven't been there long enough.)

1. Nuoc mam tastes like (a) popsicle, (b) cotton candy, (c) hominy grits, (d) fish.
2. A monsoon is (a) fiery, (b) smoky, (c) wet, (d) monstrous.
3. An ao dai is something you (a) swim in, (b) eat, (c) wear, (d) smoke.
4. The biggest city in Vietnam is (a) Ben Het, (b) Dak To, (c) Khe Sanh, (d) Saigon.
5. A very popular vehicle in Saigon is the (a) go-cart, (b) roller coaster, (c) Honda, (d) speedboat.
6. Chopsticks are used for (a) playing the piano, (b) rowing a boat, (c) climbing mountains, (d) eating soup.
7. Danang is the name of a (a) revolver, (b) amusement park, (c) shooting gallery, (d) city.
8. A Cheap Charlie is a (a) tightwad, (b) low-paid VC, (c) bad debt, (d) movie star.
9. IHTFP means (a) I'll have two fried potatoes, (b) In heaven, troops find peace, (c) I have truly found paradise, (d) none of the above.
10. A Saigon Tea is (a) a native herbal drink, (b) a special smoke, (c) a high-priced bar drink, (d) a popular Asian song.

ANSWERS

1(d), 2(c), 3(c), 4(d), 5(c), 6(d), 7(d), 8(a), 9(d), 10(c)



WHAT? ME GRUNT?

Humor In Fatigues

(Some of you wise asses might call it fatigued humor.)



Ed. Note: If you write a piece for "Humor in Uniform" and send it to Readers Digest and they use it, they give you \$200. Send it to GRUNT Free Press and we give you a byline. Only difference is we'll probably run yours.

This bar girl with a limited command of English, was trying to explain to her GI benefactor about a locket stolen from her. She managed in sign language to convey that it was on a chain hanging round her neck and that a "number ten cowboy" snatched it off, but she couldn't find the words to describe the locket. Finally, it came to her. "You know Catholic cherry girl who have baby?", she asked. The GI explained that they didn't sell rosaries at the PX.

T.P. TAIPEI.

I was at this protest rock festival at San Francisco State when this cat with a beard comes around with a petition he wants me to sign. How was I to know he was a Navy recruiting officer? Anyhow, Danang's not too bad, not with those cool Z-grams coming out. After he signed me up, the recruiter tells me how he's old fashioned enough to think you end a war by fighting an enemy instead of your own people. He got twenty recruits that day. Our first mission was a defoliation mission at the barber shop.

B.P.P., DANANG

There's a "Magic Fingers" massage parlor just outside our camp but since we're restricted, it would take a magic wand to get to it. Half the massage parlors in the Nam are called "Magic Fingers" and it's because they rub them together and summon up a genie and then grant his wish. The mail order do-it-yourself gadgetry will put these places out of business one day.

C.I.A. PHU CAT

There are some guys who actually volunteer to come to Vietnam. But they all get assigned to Germany. They cry in their Lowenbrau every night while beating off frauleins because they can't get in on that action on Tu Do in downtown Saigon. One man volunteered to come to Vietnam from Germany. He needed the rest. He got tired of climbing those Alps. If you haven't tried climbing over those Alps, don't knock them. They are the biggest on the continent.

C.A.P. RAMSTEIN.

I extended six months in Vietnam so I could take 30 days in Australia, where I'd find something entirely different. My plane was hijacked to a jungle strip in New Guinea, where a little guerrilla war was going on. I spent 30 days fighting through enemy ambushes in thick swamp and jungle just in time to catch my plane back to Saigon. I was ticked off when I returned. They docked my combat pay. And customs wouldn't let me bring in a female companion who joined in my jungle struggle. The zoo already had enough female apes.

T.I.K. DI AN

I'm a Special Forces man on my seventh year in Vietnam. I refuse to come down out of my tree because they threaten to teach me English and send me home. They even offered me a job playing Tarzan's ape friend in Hollywood. I'd get five bucks a week and all the bananas I can eat.

S.F.A. PLEIKU

I formed a Grunt Liberation Front in Vietnam. Our goal is to cut the Vietnam tour to one day, with 364 days R&R. We figure the Woman's Liberation Front could then take over the war.

G.L.F. SAIGON

They sent these specially trained dogs to our outfit to sniff out pot-heads. The dogs got hooked on the stuff and started eating what was confiscated. Now they're training us marines to sniff out the dog heads. We find some occasionally, but it's tough sifting through the evidence. We can always tell when a dog is high. He takes a taxi to work and doesn't argue over the fare. He also wags his tail at VC sapper squads. At Tan Son Nhut Air Base, the dogs are so high, they're demanding flight pay. These pothead dogs are planning their own acid rock festival. Only cool cats admitted. At Bien Hoa, the dogs were growing their own stuff behind the kennels. The patch was sprayed accidentally during a defoliation mission. Now if the dogs see one of the spray pilots taking a snooze, they give him their own spray job.

P.A.A. CAM RANH

In Saigon, there are more vehicles per square foot than anywhere else in the world. And there are more square feet that have been smashed that way by Hondas than anywhere else in the world. You have to take a taxi to cross the street these days. If you can afford it. I paid this guy 300 piasters to cross Le Loi downtown. He never made it to the other side. An ARVN convoy came rushing by and we ended up in Khe Sanh. And his meter was running all the time.

N.U.T. SAIGON.

I arrived in Vietnam on my 18th birthday and left on my 21st. Nobody told me it was a one year tour. Actually, I didn't plan it that way. How did I know the judge would put me in Long Binh Junction that long. The cell at Long Binh was okay, but it was one hell of a job filling my short timers chart with 999 squares on it.

L.B.J. LONG BINH



New World



Wm. H. Miller

How worldly are you?

Guys in uniform get around more than their ex school buddies who stayed home to manage a shoe store or something. Some get around more than others. To find out just where you stand in comparison with your buddies, try your hand at this quiz. If you score 50 out of 50, you're a jet setter; if your score is 45 out of 50, you're a cosmopolite, 40 out of 50 makes you a worldly type, and anything under 40 leaves you as a country bumpkin.

I. MATCH THE BEER WITH THE COUNTRY.

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| 1. GUINNESS | A. GERMANY |
| 2. SAN MIGUEL | B. JAPAN |
| 3. LOWENBRAU | C. THAILAND |
| 4. CHARRINGTON | D. VIETNAM |
| 5. SINGHA | E. HOLLAND |
| 6. HEINEKEN | F. DENMARK |
| 7. ASAHI | G. ENGLAND |
| 8. BAMMY BA 33 | H. KOREA |
| 9. KARLSBERG | I. PHILIPPINES |
| 10. OB | J. IRELAND |

II. MATCH THE NIGHT LIFE CENTER WITH THE CITY.

- | | |
|------------------|---------------|
| 1. KING'S CROSS | A. BERLIN |
| 2. TU DO | B. LONDON |
| 3. VIA VENITO | C. PARIS |
| 4. GINZA | D. SAIGON |
| 5. KURFURSTENDAM | E. BANGKOK |
| 6. PIGALLE | F. ROME |
| 7. PICCADILLY | G. TOKYO |
| 8. PETCHBURI | H. SYDNEY |
| 9. WIAKIKI | I. COPENHAGEN |
| 10. TIVOLI | J. HONOLULU |

III. MATCH THE CAR WITH THE COUNTRY.

- | | |
|----------------|-------------------|
| 1. SAAB | A. GERMANY |
| 2. AUSTIN | B. FRANCE |
| 3. SKODA | C. SWEDEN |
| 4. RAMBLER | D. ITALY |
| 5. RENAULT | E. JAPAN |
| 6. HOLDEN | F. U.S. |
| 7. FIAT | G. RUSSIA |
| 8. DATSUN | H. CZECHOSLOVAKIA |
| 9. ZIS | I. ENGLAND |
| 10. VOLKSWAGEN | J. AUSTRALIA |

IV. MATCH THE "GIRL" WITH THE COUNTRY.

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------|
| 1. MADEMOISELLE | A. ENGLAND |
| 2. CO | B. ITALY |
| 3. FRAULEIN | C. FRANCE |
| 4. POO YING | D. VIETNAM |
| 5. SENORITA | E. THAILAND |
| 6. BINT | F. HAWAII |
| 7. CHO SAN | G. GERMANY |
| 8. SIGNORINA | H. LEBANON |
| 9. WAHINE | I. SPAIN |
| 10. BIRD | J. JAPAN |

V. MATCH THE MONEY WITH THE COUNTRY.

- | | |
|------------|----------------|
| 1. YEN | A. GERMANY |
| 2. PIASTER | B. HOLLAND |
| 3. BAHT | C. ITALY |
| 4. MARK | D. PHILIPPINES |
| 5. POUND | E. FRANCE |
| 6. PESETA | F. JAPAN |
| 7. FRANC | G. SPAIN |
| 8. GUILDER | H. THAILAND |
| 9. PESO | I. VIETNAM |
| 10. LIRE | J. ENGLAND |

FOR ANSWERS, SEE PAGE 16



Interview with professor PUTSCH noted world Zoologist



Let animals fight our wars

GRUNT: Professor PUTSCH, what do you think of the Navy sending porpoises to war in Vietnam?

PUTSCH: It's about time the animals picked up some of this burden of warfare. After all, mankind has fought wars for tens of thousands of years while other animals sat around eating and making love. Let's let them fight for a while.

GRUNT: How can we do that, especially when no other species but man cares for the game of war?

PUTSCH: We teach them, just like we taught the porpoises. Give them the training, then fit them out with weapons and send them out to do the killing.

GRUNT: Then you think we can work with other animals besides porpoises.

PUTSCH: Of course, I see the Army, Air Force, Marines, FBI, and CIA all getting more use out of animals. Why should the Navy have a monopoly. The Air Force can train thousands of crows with metal wrapped around their legs to fly into enemy radar defenses and muck up their radar. The Army can train pigs to truffle out enemy mines along roads and paths traveled by troops. The Coast Guard can use sharks to patrol the Atlantic and Pacific coasts with orders to chew up any man not

carrying a special shark-repellent frog-man outfit. The Marines can strap grenades to chimpanzees and order them to make frontal assault on enemy machine gun positions. The spy business could be revolutionized by the use of animal spooks. For example, dogs could have tape recorders or explosives sewed under their skin and then sent to hang around suspected spies or sent out on sabotage missions. Oh, there's no limit to how much fighting these animals can do if we let them.

GRUNT: You say "let them". You mean "order them".

PUTSCH: No. You'd get the best performance out of an animal that's dedicated. They have to want to engage in warfare.

GRUNT: How can we make them want to fight wars if they have never fought wars before?

PUTSCH: Boot camps, that's how. We have to give them that initial indoctrination to knock all previous foolish notions out of their heads. I hate to use the word "brainwashing", but we could use electronic gadgetry and some provocation to pound into their heads the importance of warfare. I'd say about a twelve week

course would be sufficient for their basic training and then we'd send them off to specialized schools. The crows, for example, would specialize on how to lock onto enemy radars. But the important thing is motivation and dedication. Animals must want to go to war.

GRUNT: What other ways can you motivate them?

PUTSCH: Of course, there's always the primitive bit about giving them a fish or a banana if they do a good job, like say, knock out an enemy machine gun emplacement or blow up an enemy sub base. But we have to be more sophisticated. For one thing, we can teach them the importance of rank and make them strive for higher rank with its greater privileges. If we find one pig who's very skilful at spotting enemy mines, we can make him a platoon leader with his own private mud bath.

GRUNT: Apart from taking casualties, do you think the animals can really do as much as a man in warfare?

PUTSCH: You must remember that we are only at the beginning of this new era of animal warfare. I predict that one day, we will have a division of dogs—maybe ten thousand of

them, each equipped with a grenade or some other explosive device. On the battlefield, we'd give them the order to charge the enemy lines. Being closer to the ground, they'd make a poor target for the enemy, but can you imagine ten thousand dogs, each carrying a grenade, making a fast sprint right into the enemy lines and inside his trenches and hootches and barracks, blowing up buildings and people and creating general havoc. Or instead of a big bombing raid over a city where we might lose a lot of airplanes, we might strap an incendiary explosive device to five thousand bats and let them attack a city by night. I can even see the day when we'll use moles by the thousands to dig under enemy fortifications and carry tiny but powerful explosives right into the enemy bunkers and foxholes. Yes, we are only at the beginning of a new era of warfare.

GRUNT: And this will mean a reduction in our defense budget, too, won't it?

PUTSCH: Of course, that's a big advantage. The cost of maintaining one mole overseas for a one year period will be vastly lower than the cost of maintaining a man. No commissaries, PXs, movies, dependent's housing, and all that sort of thing. But good food—cheap but good—they'll appreciate that. After all, we don't want to ever forget that animals have feelings too.

GRUNT: Speaking of animal's feelings, isn't there some kind of a moral and ideological thing involved here, I mean is it right for us to use animals to do our dirty work for us?


PUTSCH: This is one of the most misunderstood parts of our program. We think nothing of using a watchdog to guard our house and the watchdog doesn't mind, because it's his house too. It's the same with war. Why shouldn't the animals who inhabit our land and rivers and seas pick up part of the burden for defending it? If the enemy drops nuclear weapons on us, the animals get it too, not only people. Yet they sit back and ask us men to provide their defenses. Once the animals understand this, they'll cooperate and they'll end up good red-blooded American fighting men. But it's going to take a lot of animal psychological warfare to get this across.

GRUNT: Animal psychological warfare?

PUTSCH: Yes, a great field for a young man of today to get into. Has a great future. In the years ahead, we're going to have to learn how to communicate with all the animals, just like we learned how to communicate with porpoises. Then we set up loudspeaker missions all over the country and over the waters telling these animals their homes and families are in danger unless they join our war effort. Then we'll get all kinds of volunteers. GRUNT: And what if they don't volunteer. What if they decide, to hell with it, and just stay in their trees and holes and rivers and take their chances?

PUTSCH: Then we draft the bastards.

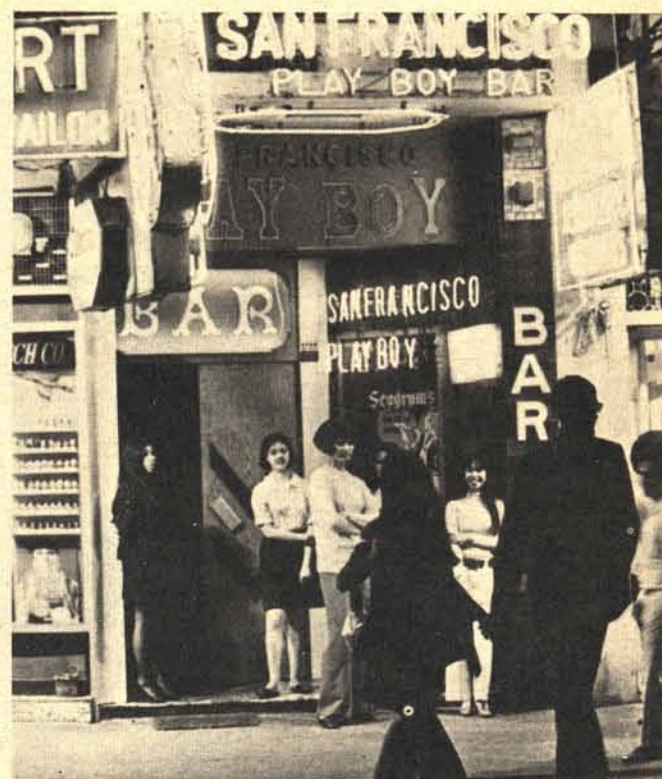




DOWN WITH
THE MIDI

ANSWERS TO "HOW WORLDLY ARE YOU" QUIZ

- I. BEER. 1-J, 2-I, 3-A, 4-G, 5-C, 6-E, 7-B, 8-D, 9-F, 10-H
 II. NIGHT LIFE. 1-H, 2-D, 3-F, 4-G, 5-A, 6-C, 7-B, 8-E, 9-J, 10-I
 III. CARS. 1-C, 2-I, 3-H, 4-F, 5-B, 6-J, 7-D, 8-E, 9-G, 10-A
 IV. GIRLS. 1-C, 2-D, 3-G, 4-E, 5-I, 6-H, 7-J, 8-B, 9-F, 10-A
 V. MONEY 1-F, 2-I, 3-H, 4-A, 5-J, 6-G, 7-E, 8-B, 9-D, 10-C



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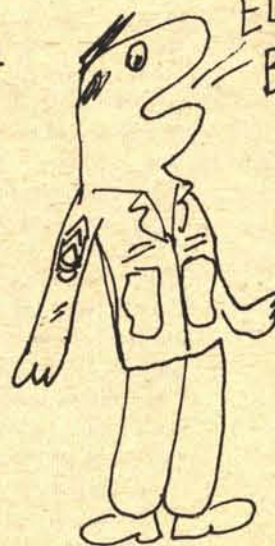
WHAT WE NEED IS
 COMMITMENT, MAN.
 WE HAVE TO ATTACH
 OURSELVES TO A GOAL,
 ACCEPT THE CHALLENGES
 AND THE HARDSHIPS
 AND FIGHT THE ODDS.
 WHEN THE GOING GETS
 ROUGH, IT'S NO TIME
 TO STUMBLE AND FALL
 ON OUR ASSES.
 THAT'S WHEN WE
 SHOULD PUSH
 EXTRA HARD.

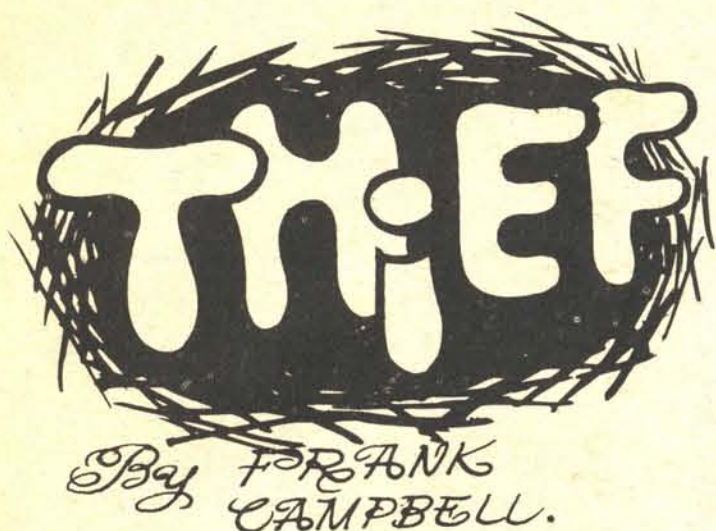


IT TAKES STAMINA,
 DEDICATION, COURAGE.
 AND IT TAKES
 INVOLVEMENT, REAL
 DEEP COMMITTED
 INVOLVEMENT SO
 THERE'S NO DOUBT,
 NO QUESTIONING,
 JUST A FERVOR
 TO GET RESULTS
 AND MAKE EACH
 JOB THE MOST
 IMPORTANT IN
 OUR LIFE.



SO PUT SOME
 ELBOW IN THAT
 BROOM, MAN.





If you are the kind of guy who likes to read stories about the good, clean-cut kid who made it the hard way, like Horatio Algerville, maybe, save yourself some time. Go bowl a couple of strings with the boys, or shoot some pool. This story is not for you.

I am a thief!

Not a sneak thief, a pick-pocket, a purse-snatcher, but a grand larceny loving, international scoundrel. And the livin' is easy.

Let's go back to 1967. I, Second Lieutenant Winston Quentin Potts, III, was an officer in the United States Air Force, finishing up my three-year term of obligated duty after graduating from a good mid-western college with a degree in Business Administration. Uncle took me in. And I took him.

It wasn't a bad life, really. My first assignment was with a fighter outfit. Not a pilot, I was the squadron adjutant and supply officer. My best friend and roommate was Lieutenant Fred Hawkins, a tall, blond ex-football great from my alma mater. His job was in Personnel. Fred and I hacked around, dated the local gals, and raised as much hell as a Second Lieutenant could on his salary in those days.

Then came our transfers. With one year to go, Fred and I were both promoted to First Lieutenant and sent to a major command headquarters. I won't mention the command because it might embarrass some of my old comrades. I drew an assignment in Procurement, while Fred stuck with Personnel.

It worked out well. We rubbed elbows with grizzled majors, lieutenant colonels and a full bull or two. I even saw a two-star general one day, in the hall. Fred and I took an apartment near the base, and we both liked our jobs. As first jobs, we were kept pretty busy, and the night life in the nearby city offered more diversification than the little town near our old fighter base.

Worked well, that is, until we met Millie. Confirmed bachelors, it seems, always swear fealty to an ideal. "We won't marry," we say, "until the perfect woman comes along." Millie was perfect. In fact, Millicent V. Barnes, daughter of Brigadier General George V. Barnes, was everything a bachelor lieutenant could ever hope for. She drew lieutenants like Disney draws Mickey, effortlessly. And with 118 pounds of curvaceous blond whammy, it

was easy for her. Her eyes were like a perfectly mellowed pair of blue jeans. Her hair? It was sunlight on the Gulf Coast sands near Panama City. Not white, but a pale blond that squeaks when you run your fingers through it. Nice.

At Saturday night dances in the Officers' Club, Millie would toss that squeaky hair, blink through midnight lashes, and reduce the junior officer corps to panting idiots. We danced with other girls, yes. But Millie was a royal flush in a no limit game. She played us against each other for hours, ignoring her escort, and usually wound up the evening with a pitch that threw me the first time I heard it.

"Let's," she'd say, pressing close, "ditch this dull party and run out to the Copa (or the White Horse, or the Oak Room - all expensive supper clubs) and finish the evening."

Like I say, the first time she threw this at me, I nearly popped my 'chute. I knew my billfold held exactly seventeen dollars, and the change in my pockets was seventy-two cents. It was three days to payday. And at the Copa (White Horse, Oak Room) that was about two drinks apiece.

The band was taking a break. The pianist was noodling around with his left hand, the bass player thumping his strings with a subdued enthusiasm that caught the beat and threw it into your bloodstream, and the drummer was running wire brushes over the skins in a resurging rhythm that would raise gooseflesh on a wooden Indian.

How do you say no to a goddess?

"N-no," I stammered, and missed a step. Millie stiffened in my arms and while I was wracking my brain for a reasonable excuse, Fred cut in.

Thanks, pal, I thought, as I staggered to the bar and recklessly spent twenty-five cents for a draft beer. The room was awfully stuffy, and I wondered if my fancy male deodorant was doing the job. The beer was cold and good, but heads of perspiration kept forming on my forehead and trickling into my eyes.

Glancing into the ballroom I saw Fred steer Millie off the floor. She went to the powder room and Fred came to see me.

"Winnie, old buddy," he said with his most engaging smile, putting his arm around my shoulders, "I'm a little short. Could you let me have ten until payday?"

The perfidy of it all! Like a sleepwalker, I reached into my billfold and gave it to him without a word. And me a Business Administration major!

"Thanks, pal." He left, picked up Millie in the foyer and vanished. I had three more beers in quick succession - to hell with the expense - and drove home to the empty apartment, slightly beer-logged. As I was brushing my teeth I gazed into the medicine cabinet mirror.

"Winston Quentin Potts, the third," I said, gazing into the bloodshot brown eyes that looked back at me like a dyspeptic Basset hound, "you are a fool. Money," I said, "That's all they want. Get money."

I climbed into my sack, switched off the light, and lay there, staring at the ceiling. "I will never," I told myself, "be without money again."

Fred woke me when he came in. "She's wonderful!"

"Put out the damn light and go to sleep," I mumbled.

"No, Winnie. Listen to me. I'm going to marry that girl. She's the most beautiful, most wonderful, most..."

"Ah when do I get my ten dollars back? I've got to eat for the rest of the month, you know."

"Well," Fred mooched one of my cigarets and lit it with my lighter. "I sort of, sort of went overboard tonight. We went to the Copa, and what with drinks and a bite to eat, I spent all I had and your ten, too."

I groaned.

"But don't worry. We can sign chits for our meals until payday, and I'll pay you back then."

I lay back on my pillow, smoking, as he showered and climbed into his bed. Money, I thought. I stubbed out the butt and rolled over. My last waking thought was about money.

Next day, at my desk in the Procurement Office, I shuffled paper like a 21 dealer in Las Vegas. Contracts passed through my hands enroute to the lucky contractors who would be getting hundreds of thousands of dollars from Uncle Sugar for their manufacturing efforts. I was tail-end Charlie. All the negotiating had been done by the time the contract with other interested staff agencies and drop it in the mail.

It was a good day, until the first mail delivery. I had a letter from Friendly Finance, who shared ownership of my third-hand convertible. "You are," the letter threatened, "one payment behind. Unless that payment is met within the next ten days, we must repossess your car."

Money, again!

At noon I wasn't in the mood for the gay crowd at the Officers' Club, so I drove into town in my Friendly Finance's - convertible. Parked free, in the First National Bank parking lot, and ambled across the street to Conchita's Chili Palace. A bowl of her fiery soup du jour would wake my beer bloated stomach. Conchita, who was bigger than a bread-box and sported a moutache that would cause Paladins to pale, loved all lieutenants. She plied me with chili, crackers and cold milk until I felt human again. I paid her out of my dwindling funds and left. As I entered the bank parking lot, who should drive and park next to my bucket but Lt. Mike Mauldin, the Base Exchange Officer.

"Hi, Winnie," he said, getting out of his car with a heavy briefcase, "how about some lunch?"

"Sorry. I just matched wits with Conchita - and lost." I

made a face like a man dying of thirst.

Mike grinned. "Let me deposit this," he waved his briefcase toward the bank, "and I'll buy you a cup of coffee."

Mike was a good Joe. And we lieutenants ought to stick together. I glanced at my watch. "Okay," I said, "but hurry."

And then it happened. I was rich.

The side door of the bank burst open and two men came running out. One collided with Mike. Without hesitation, he swung a pistol and clobbered Mike on the head with it. Mike fell, dropping the briefcase. I grabbed it, ducked the swipe the gunman made at me, and rolled under my car.

The two men jumped into a sedan parked facing the exit, and gunned out of there like a hot rod on his first drag strip. I crawled out from under the car, threw the briefcase in my front seat without thinking, and ran to Mike.

He was deathly pale, breathing in hoarse gasps and obviously in need of immediate medical attention. "Help!" I yelled, just before all hell broke loose.

Guards, tellers, clerks and the janitor all poured out of the bank. They surrounded me and all started asking questions at once. Did I see the bank robbers? Which way did they go? That sort of thing.

"Dammit," I shouted. "this man has been hurt! Call an ambulance. Stand back-give him air!"

It was all over in a couple of minutes. The ambulance came and took Mike to the base hospital. I answered questions until my head hurt. No, I didn't recognize the handits. Yes, they drove out of the parking lot and headed up Main Street.

It wasn't until they let me go and I was enroute back to the base that I remembered the briefcase. I pulled off to the side of the road and opened it.

Money. Lots of money. Several checks, a couple of money orders, but the bulging seams of that battered brown briefcase held better than \$78,000 in cash. I counted it.

Sure. Mike had said something last night about making collections at the branch exchanges we had up in the mountains for our radar troops. This was it. I rifled those soft greenbacks like several decks of cards. I guess it was like the guy at Sutter's Mill in California, who found the first gold nugget in the millrace. Sort of a nice disease.

All I knew was that it was good. It was there, and, as far as I was concerned, it was mine.

The rest of the way to the base, I drove automatically, my mind racing. How to keep the money! How, for once, to have more money than I could spend in a long time? A big decision - a long moment.

And it was so easy, it scared me. I didn't really relax for a month.

Back in the office, I was a hero, of sorts. Everyone had heard about the bank robbery. I answered questions until I was hoarse. My boss informed me that Mike had a concussion, but was expected to pull through okay. That was a relief.

"And, Winnie," he said, "I have a surprise for you." He smiled, archly, like Simon Legree offering Topsy a lollipop. "We're sending a C-130 to South America tomorrow morning. It's a cargo flight to Brazil, but there is room for a couple of passengers. You've been doing a good job lately, and I've made arrangements for you to go along."

I mumbled thanks and he leaned closer, lowering his voice. "Look, son," he said, "this will be about a two-week trip. If you need any extra money..." he made a pass at his billfold.

I guess I blushed. "No, sir," I said, "I have plenty of money."

"Fine. Here are your orders. Now take the rest of the afternoon off and get packed. I'm sure you'll enjoy this flight."

Like a sleepwalker, I went out to my car and drove to the apartment. Fred was at work, so I dumped Mike's briefcase on the bed and packed two bags. I tucked forty-two thousand dollars in one, and a little less in the other. "After all," I said to myself, "you may need a little spending money on the trip."

Just before Fred came in, I called the hospital. Mike was still unconscious. They planned to operate on him the following morning. "Nice of you to call, Winnie," Doc Hatcher said, "I'll tell Mike when he comes around."

"Yeah. Do that, Doc."

Fred was excited about my trip - and envious. "Oh, well," he said, "it will give me a clear field with Millie while you're gone."

We had an early dinner at the club and I returned to the apartment. Mother was in Paris, getting ready for another wedding. Her fifth. I dropped her a note saying I was going to South America on a trip and would be in touch, and hit the sack early. Takeoff was scheduled for 0800.

The next morning, Fred drove me to the flight line. I climbed into the C-130, put my two suitcases where I could keep my eyes on them, and settled down in a bucket seat aft of the engines. A major and a colonel climbed in and made themselves at home.

The major introduced himself and the colonel. The full bull glanced at my silver bars and mumbled to himself.

"Potts?" He said, "Potts? Any relation to the Boston Potts?"

"No sir," I said. "I'm just one of the old-fashioned Potts." It was a lousy joke, but I've been subjected to this sort of thing ever since prep school, and it made for a nice quiet trip.

We were airborne at 0815, and the trip was a huge success. We refueled at Homestead AFB in Florida, and from there to Panama I saw more water than I ever care to see again. Panama was hot and muggy, but we refueled again and continued on to Brazil. Coming in to Rio, I saw Sugarloaf rising out of the sea and fell in love with a mountain.

The colonel, major and pilot took a cab to the beachfront hotel where we had reservations. I waited around for the co-pilot, navigator and crew chief. We cabbled to the same hotel. I registered for a single and told the rest of them I would meet them in the bar in an hour.

There is something about being wealthy that sharpens the wits. I waited in my room until I was sure the passengers and crew were all having a drink before dinner, changed into civilian clothes, put all the money in one suitcase - and left.

I caught a cab outside the hotel and drove to the civilian airport. Studying a map of Brazil in the lobby, I approached the ticket counter.

"One way," I said, "to Belem."

"Yes, sir." The agent filled out the ticket. "Name, please?" He was a nice looking kid with a thin, pencil-line moustache. "Nolan," I said. "Phillip Nolan, the 'man without a country.'"





They gave me a job that couldn't be done,
With a will I went right to it.
I tackled the job that couldn't be done
And couldn't do it.
Blew it,
They knew it.
Screw it.

WHOLLY MATRIMOANING

An up-to-date girl says she's found
Her marriage is stable and sound:
It does not interfere
With her long-time career,
Which was, and is, sleeping around.

--James Wade

Medical Raps



Dr. Mash is the pseudonym of an Army M.D. in Vietnam who knows the SCENE. If you have any questions for him, mail them to Grunt, Box AN, AGANA, GUAM 96910

Dear Dr. Mash:

I R&R'd in Hawaii with my wife and when I was back in the saddle again, I noticed the old grey mare ain't what she used to be, especially compared to the tight stuff in the Nam. What can I do?

Tiny Tex.

Dear Tiny:

First, put on some "tighten up" music and then have your wife see her local OB-GYN (female) doctor. Often those docs can do a surgical procedure to restore that right-on feeling to a woman stretched by a lot of living.

Dear Dr. Mash:

When I was in the hospital I got friendly with a nurse and I asked her if I could visit her when I got out. She said no, she would come and visit me. Well, she came and came and came. She kept me going all night long; is this a rare quality?

Exhausted Ed.

Dear Ed:

First of all, what did you say her name and address was? Do you want to know if it is rare in nurses in Nam or women in general? Most scientific sexology is based on work by Masters and Johnson (you ought to see the movies they took). They place women into three categories; those that get a groovy feeling but never really climax, those that will slowly build up to one climax and then need a rest, and those that can climax many times in a row. Most girls fall into the middle category, but I never give up looking . . .

Dear Dr. Mash:

Everytime a bar girl puts her hand on my thigh, I'm in love. The doc says one of these days I'll get something they can't cure and they will send me to some island where it has to get better or fall off before I can go home. Is he pulling my leg?

Big Ben

Dear Big Ben:

While only you and he know for sure if he is really pulling your leg, there is no such island. All venereal diseases are curable. Some like chancroid may take up to eight weeks and some like syphilis can do permanent damage if undetected early, but none require exile. However, a medic can slap a 30 day hold on you if you try to DEROS with a venereal disease.

Who needs
Hot pants
?



GRAFFITI

A happy marine name of Bill
Once took a uranium pill.
His guts all corroded,
His belly exploded
And his toenails were found in Brazil.

A grunt who was based in Tam Ky
Made love to an ape in a tree.
The result was quite horrid,
All butt and no forehead.
He's the first shirt of Company B.

A jaded young grunt named O'Leary
Said "I tried everything, now I'm weary".
Then a girl name of Lou
Taught him something quite new
Now he walks around feeling quite cherry.

Mary, Mary quite contrary
How does your garden grow?
"With cocklevines and Claymore mines
And punji sticks in a row".

There was a young Co
Who lived in Dak To
She had so many babysans she didn't know what do to.
She found a GI who in love with her fell
And now she feeds them very well.

PFC Horner sat in a corner
Eating his nuoc mam pie.
He stuck in his thumb
And pulled out a bomb
And now he has pie in the sky.

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Code: GFP: 3/71



DEAR ABY



Dear Aby:

A montagnard family had me to dinner one night and they fed me these delicious mushrooms. Next thing I knew, I was on top of Mount Everest in a raging blizzard surrounded by flame-throwing dragons and eating a hamburger with onions, relish and mustard. The hamburger tasted stale. Then a big green Army helicopter comes down and rescues me. Next thing I know, I'm back with the montagnard family and they serve another round of mushrooms and what I want to know is, is it polite to turn down a second helping of montagnard mushrooms?

CLIMBER

Dear CLIMBER:

Like they said back in World War II, "Is this trip really necessary?"

Dear Aby:

I made a bet with one of the guys in the hootch that a cobra squeezes you to death because it loves you. He says, no, it squeezes you to warm its underside. Which one of us is right?

SNAKE LOVER

Dear SNAKE LOVER:

The only thing a cobra will squeeze is another cobra and that's for love. But if it's the squeezing python or boa you're talking about, it squeezes you to make a meal that will warm its inside.

Dear Aby:

The guy in the tent next to mine is an ant nut. What I mean is, he feeds ants, thousands of them, treats them like they're pets. As a result, he's created a sanctuary and his "pet" ants come into my tent and raise hell with me. Maybe they don't bite him but they sure chew up my feet when I'm trying to sleep. I've sprayed all the infiltration routes from his tent to mine with insect spray but they still come. I've dug a moat around my tent and filled it with creosote, but they manage to float across on leaves. I just can't stop them and I don't know what to do. It's no good wiping them out in my tent if I can't stop the infiltration. I need help, mainly, should I attack the source of infiltration?

ANT-HATER

Dear ANT-HATER:

Count your blessings. You're lucky, all you have to worry about is ANTS.

Dear Aby:

Every morning at five o'clock, I'm awakened by this rooster in a house just outside our camp. Actually, I don't mind this because it's my morning alarm, giving me time to smuggle my girl friend off camp before daybreak. I get to depend on that rooster, then one day he lets me down. He doesn't crow, I wake up at daybreak and get caught smuggling my girl off base. Busted for thirty days and a busted romance. How can I get even with that rooster who made me lose my chick?

ANGRY

Dear ANGRY:

Get a local artist to design you a life-size realistic hen of hollowed ceramic and make her the most beautiful hen in the world. Stuff her with one pound of clove leaves mixed with three pounds of plastique explosive. Put fuse in strategic spot, set up as bait for horny rooster and sit back and watch him find out what it's like to lose a chick. Wow! What a way to go!

Dear Aby:

I have fallen in love with my hand. Yes, strange as that may sound, it is true. I realize this sounds perverse, but our affair is purely platonic and on a high plane. It's just that with nothing else to do, I've studied my hand closely, all its lines and convolutions and have become completely infatuated with what I have seen. Ours is temporal relationship, I am certain, and may dissolve when I get back to the world, but for now, I'm truly in love. Tell me, is this wrong?

PALMIST

Dear PALMIST:

Depends on whether the feeling is mutual.



RED TAPE IN THE ARMY OF 1875.

The sweaty cavalryman fighting that war known to history as the "Red River War of 1874-75" was not too concerned with winning great fame. He was more interested in getting paid every once in a while and surviving the constant clashes with Indians on the Stake Plains of West Texas.

It will probably never be known which enemy these overworked and underpaid horse soldiers hated the most—the red man, the boredom, the constant homesickness, the bad food, or the U.S. Army itself.

One enemy the cavalryman faced almost daily—officers and enlisted men alike—was red tape. Reports, requisitions and orders moved the Army. This unending stream of paper was the backbone of the military, and it was often carried to unbelievable extremes.

There exists in the National Archives, a War Department file, W.D.A.G.O. 2815-1875, containing hundreds of reports, endorsements, and requisitions pertaining to the Indian campaign on the Staked Plains in the 1870s. In this file is a series of letters telling the story of six greatcoats, a dozen blankets and one poncho. This is the story of red tape as those men and officers saw it.

On November 6, 1874, H Company of the crack 8th Cavalry were in the Texas Panhandle on a routine patrol near Adobe Walls. In the early afternoon, the twenty-eight-

man detachment collided with about one hundred warriors looking for a fight. The resulting battle lasted until darkness forced the exhausted and battered unit to withdraw. Under cover of night, H Company rode 45 miles back to Camp.

One cavalryman was killed and five wounded. At least four Indians were killed and ten reported wounded.

During the running engagement, nine soldiers and a civilian guide lost the greatcoats, blankets and poncho. Because the winter promised to be both early and harsh, the Commander of H Company, 1st Lt H. J. Farnsworth, made an immediate request for the replacement of the lost articles.

Lt Farnsworth's original request was made on November 27, 1874, and was quickly approved by the camp commander. The following is what happened to the requisition:

December 10: Approved by General Nelson A. Miles.

December 23: Approved by Headquarters, Department of the Missouri.

December 29: Approved by Headquarters, Military Division of the Missouri.

December 30: Approved by Headquarters of the Army and forwarded to the War Department.

January 5, 1875: Returned by the War Department to the Headquarters of the Army to "ascertain whether the losses in question came under the provisions of Section 55,

Appendix B. Revised Army Regulations of 1863; and if so, to have the matter reported by a Board of Survey as required under said section.

Back the request went for endorsement by the Headquarters of the Military Division of the Missouri, and on to New Mexico where the 8th Cavalry had been sent.

February 4: Approved by the District of New Mexico and forwarded to Fort Selden, new home of the 8th Cavalry.

March 8: Board of Survey held and approved the losses.

April 3: Approved by Headquarters, Department of the Missouri.

April 6: Approved by Headquarters, Military Division of Missouri.

April 8: Approved by Headquarters of the Army.

April 13: Referred by the Adjutant General's Office to the Quarter master General.

April 27: Approved by the Quartermaster General.

The file was then sent to the Judge Advocate General's office for an opinion on supplying the civilian guide with the articles he reported lost.

May 3: Approved by the Judge Advocate General.

May 8: Approved by the Secretary of the War Department.

After five and half months and nineteen endorsements, in the heat of the New Mexico summer, the U.S. Army issued greatcoats, blankets and a poncho to the men of H Company, 8th Cavalry.

ARE COMIC BOOKS RESPONSIBLE FOR VIOLENCE IN THIS WORLD? IN AMERICA, WE HAVE OUR MONSTER COMICS, BUT HOW ABOUT THE REST OF THE WORLD? WELL, HERE'S A LOOSE INTERPRETATION OF ANOTHER COMIC BOOK - FOR VIETNAMESE KIDS...



THERE ARE THESE THREE HEADS, YOU SEE, AND THEY'RE FLYING.



THEY SEE THE WORLD AS A PRETTY BAD SCENE, LIKE A REAL BAD TRIP, MAN.



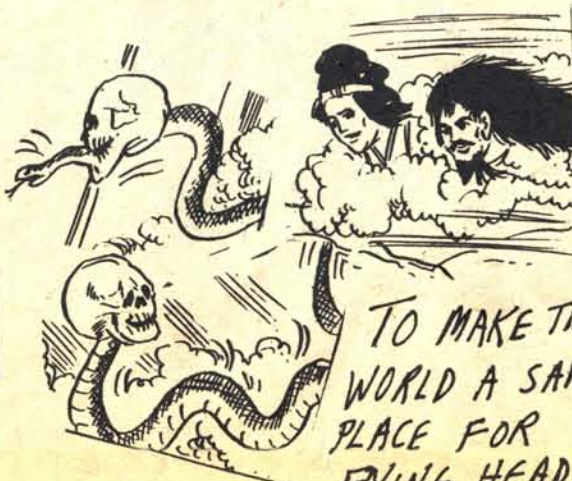
MUSHROOM PEOPLE. BAMBOO PEOPLE FLOWER PEOPLE, ANP PEOPLE PEOPLE.



BUT WORST OF ALL ARE THE SNAKE SKULLS - CAUSE THERE'S NOTHING MORE UPTIGHT IN THIS WORLD...



THAN A SNAKE SKULL IN ACTION!



TO MAKE THE WORLD A SAFER PLACE FOR FLYING HEADS...



OUR HEROES LAUNCH AN ATTACK!

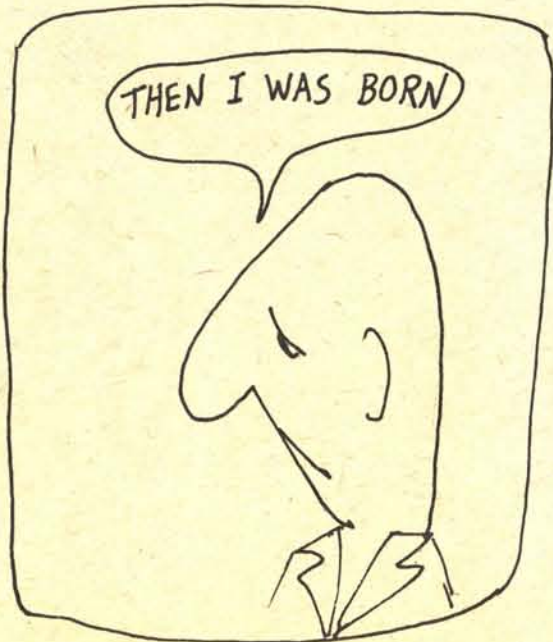


THE SNAKE SKULLS TURN INTO EMPEROR'S SOLDIERS WITH A HARD ON FOR FLYING HEADS.



THE HEADS GET CLOBBED! And everybody lived happily ever after.

MORAL: AN APPLE A DAY MEANS 364 APPLES



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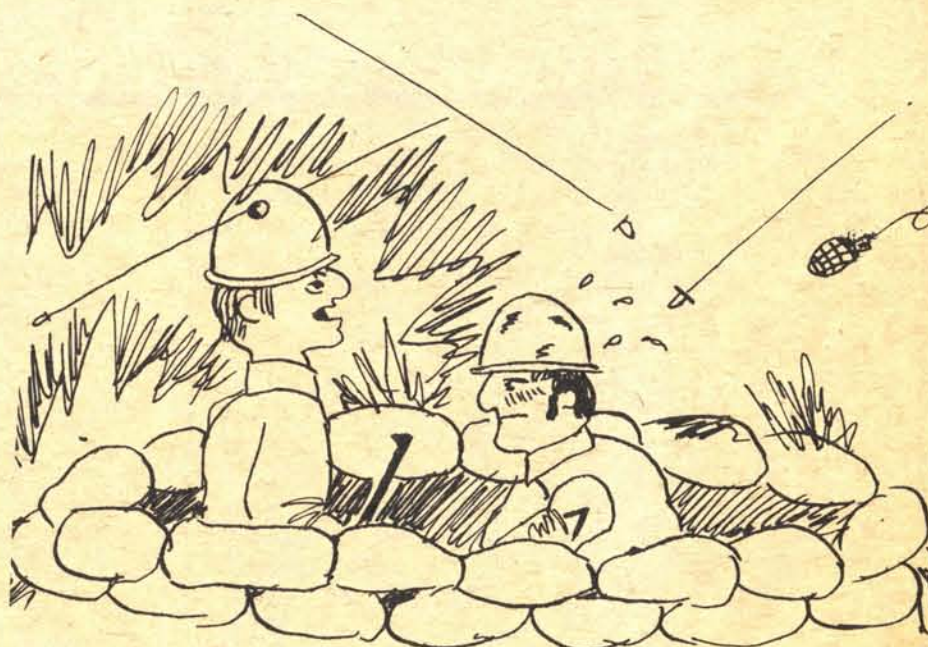
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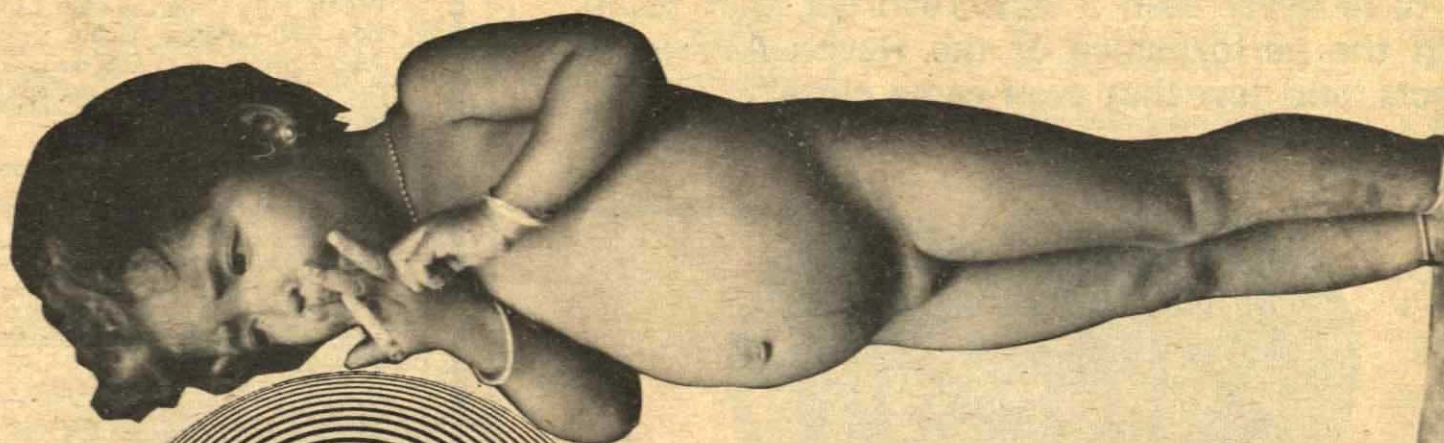
ALL THESE YEARS, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIND MYSELF,
 AND NOW I FIND MYSELF IN VIETNAM.

A vintage Sony RDP-3000 reel-to-reel tape recorder. The device is black with a silver-colored front panel. Two large, dark-colored magnetic tape reels are mounted on top. The front panel features several controls: four vertical sliders on the left, two large knobs, a digital display in the center, and two more knobs on the right. The Sony logo is visible on the front panel.





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**TURNING ON
WITHOUT
DRUGS**

Page 3

PEACE



CONGRATULATIONS, SOLDIERS. I KNOW YOU'RE
GOING TO LOVE THE ARMY.

Everybody Loves
The Army
If They Have It With

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Just what I was thinking . . . I swear my check/money
order for \$5.00 won't bounce

Rank and Name

SS Number

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