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GRUNT FREE PRESS

all the News That's Fit to Share
MAY-JUNE 1970
Vol. II, No. 3

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SATURDAY NIGHT on PETCHBURI!



New Petchburi. That's where it all hangs out for thousands of Vietnam-based GIs.

More than 70,000 of them came to Bangkok on R&R last year. They spent an estimated \$20 million (at the rate of about \$60 per day per man), and a big chunk of it went for that action out on New Petchburi.

New Petchburi is Super GI Bar Strip. All plastic and three miles long. The shuck is the same as a lot of other strips: bars and cabarets, restaurants and snack bars and coffee shops, tailors, souvenir shops, turkish baths, small hotels, and lots of taxi drivers hanging 'round, eager to help.

New Petchburi is like Angeles, outside Clark AB in the Philippines, and Koza City on Okinawa, and Yokosuka, Japan, and Yongsan in Seoul, and Wanchai in Hong Kong.

It's like all these places, only more so. More so because the grunts bring in big bread and are eager to spend it on those little niceties not available out in the boonies of Vietnam. That's spelled p-o-o-y-i-n-g; that's Thai for girls, and Thai girls are what make New Petchburi a little different.

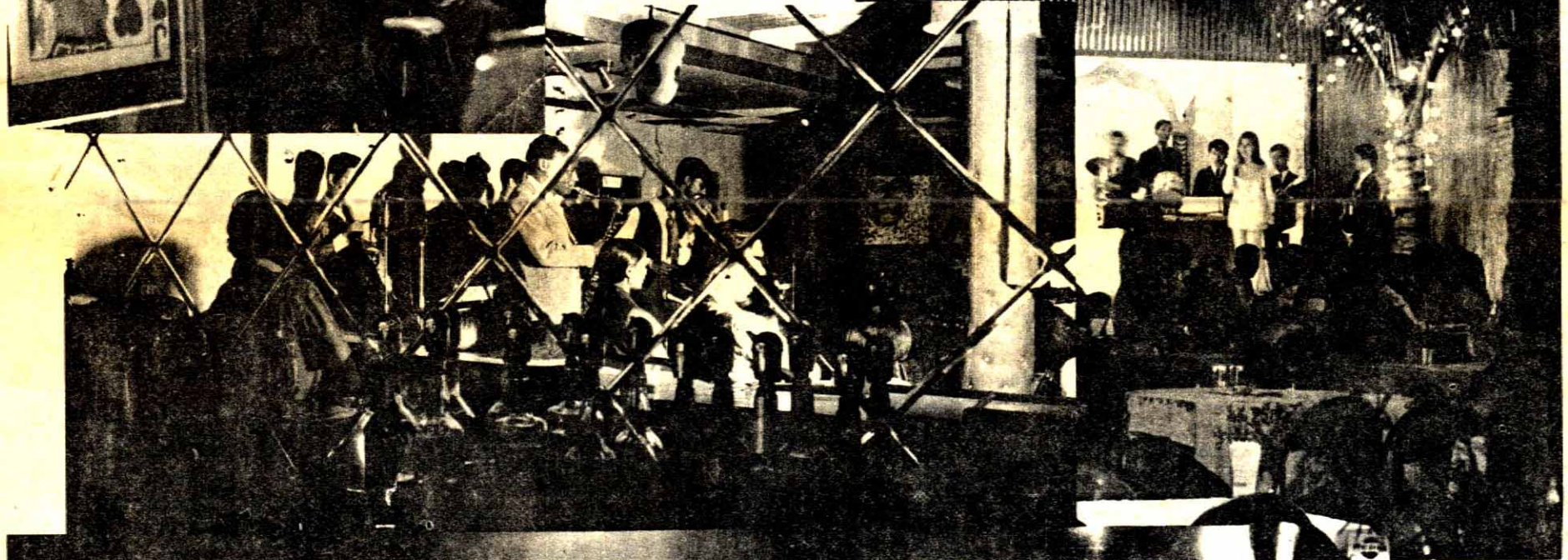
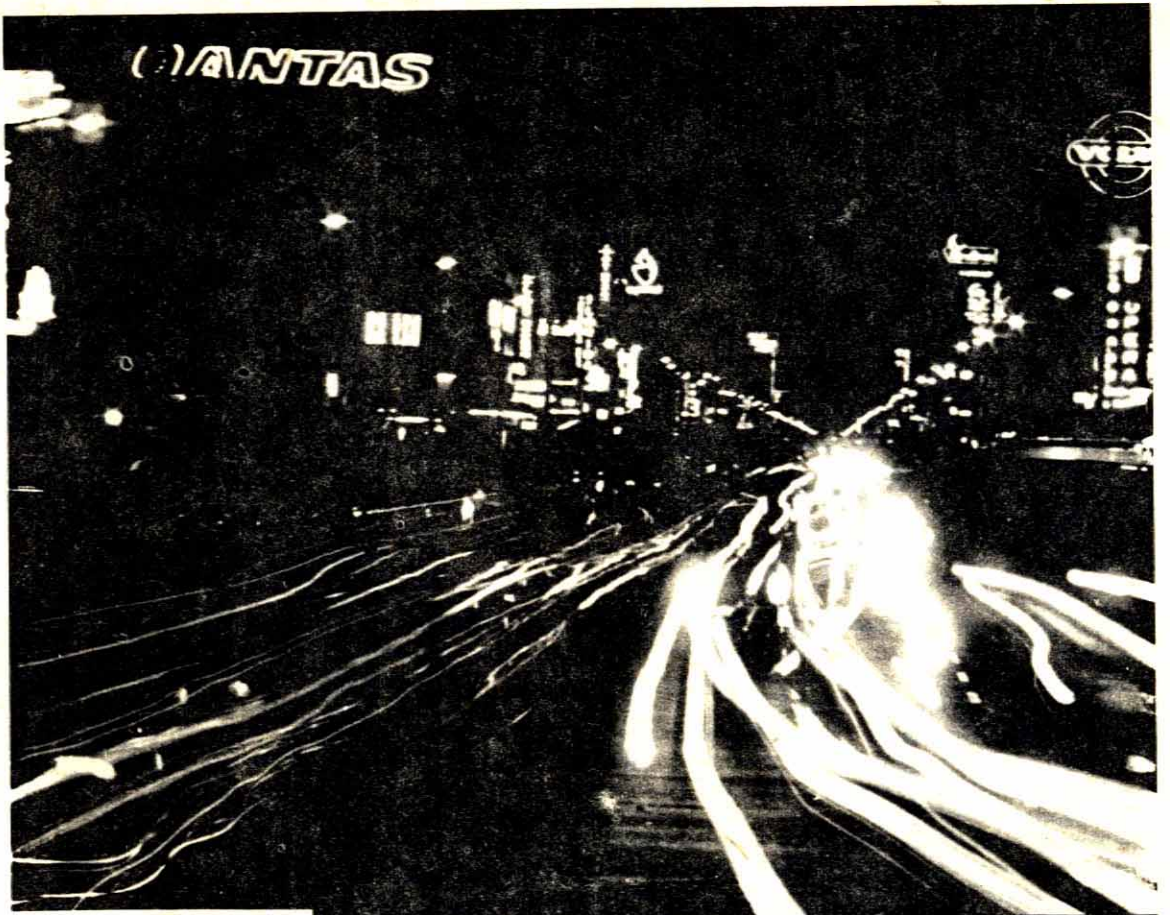
Smiling faces, out there along New Petchburi...

Photos by Allen Brette
Illustrated by Camille

Bangkok's Answer to A Grunt's Dream



"Soul sounds" are big in New Petchburi. One of the most popular spots is Jack's American Star (left and below).



Outdoor restaurants feature live music and good Thai food at reasonable prices.



A whole lot of shakin' goes on every night at Thai Heaven, one of the biggest hostess bars on the strip.

YONCHUK

By WYATT HOGAN

YONCHUK developed slowly. He was not a moment's flash of genius, not one of those rare, middle-of-the-night inventions. In fact, Theo was Yonchuk for weeks without knowing it. It took a second lieutenant to give birth to Yonchuk, which Theo considered to be way over the heads of most second lieutenants.

Yonchuk was sitting in a field latrine during basic training when he was born. Actually Yonchuk was still Theo so it was Theo who was in the latrine, even though he had no need of it. It was raining, however, and Theo didn't want to get wet like everyone else.

The latrine was very nice. New. Steel-framed, aluminum panel walls, concrete floor and a window. A nice, sticker-still-on-the-glass, window. It didn't have much of a view. But if the place hadn't smelled like the kerosene they poured into the holes it wouldn't have been too bad. As it was, however, any port in a storm. And the window did let Theo see the lieutenant coming up the walk.

The lieutenant strode purposefully, as they taught him in six months of Officer Candidate School. His arms were arched away from his side as if he were going to draw pistols from low-slung holsters. Theo panicked and sat down on one of the seats.

The young officer looked slightly irked to find someone else in the latrine. Theo smiled pleasantly but didn't say anything. The lieutenant looked purposeful taking a seat on the other side of the back-to-back rows. They were both silent for a while, the only noise being the heavy rain on

the roof. Finally the lieutenant spoke:

"Son, what are you doing in here?"

That really caught Theo by surprise. What do you say to a lieutenant? To a sergeant you'd say "Taking a shit." But what do you say to a lieutenant? "Doing number two, sir?" And "son"? That surprised him. Theo was probably two years older than the lieutenant. "Well, son," the lieutenant tried again, "what are you doing in here?"

"Well, sir, I'm...what I mean is I'm here for the same reason you are, sir." That seemed proper enough answer for an officer. There was a pause. "Son, I have just one question."

"Yes, sir."

"Why are your pants still up?"

The lieutenant had him there. He had forgotten to pull his trousers down. "What's your name, troop? Stand up. Turn around." The lieutenant, still sitting on the wooden hole, his fatigue trousers around his ankles, was getting out his little green Army notebook. "Y-o-n-c-h-u-k, is it?"

"Sir?"

"Your name, there on your field jacket, Yonchuk. I think the first sergeant will have a nice job or two for someone who hides from the rain in the latrine. Do you understand?"

"Yes sir, I understand."

Theo was smiling and still trying to read the name on his field jacket. It was hard, upside down. But there it was, in ballpoint, over his right pocket, Yonchuk. The army issued Theo and all the trainees two field jackets. One was brand new, and fit, and



had Theo's last name embroidered over the right pocket and U.S. Army over the left. The second jacket was old and ragged, for less dressy occasions, like bivouac, KP, and rifle range. These jackets had been used by other soldiers before.

Theo always did like his old jacket best. The new one fit. The old one had sleeves that were much too long. He could pull his hands up in them when it was too cold. They were so big he could hide a lighted cigaret in them and smoke while marching. The

body was too big and if he hid a couple of apples from the mess hall in the pockets no one knew. And now Theo had another reason to like it. Some unknown earlier soldier, some troop who long ago had gone through bivouac and KP and leave and who was now probably in Vietnam and who had had a ballpoint pen had just saved Theo from KP.

And that, really, is how Yonchuk was born. With a second lieutenant for a midwife.

It was damned cold no matter how warm the drill sergeants at Fort Dix, N.J. had promised Louisiana would be. Since it was just barely light it was especially uncomfortable.

Pvt. (E-1) Theodore Ramsey Class, US 68032547, stood there in the phone booth shivering almost uncontrollably. The rest of the trainees in his platoon were outside stomping their feet to keep warm and picking up cigaret butts and coke cups. Stuck in Theo's mouth was the stub of a cigar, unlit, left over from the night before. His helmet was stuck over an old Army pile cap. His old, used fatigue jacket was far too big and very worn. His fatigues were neither pressed nor clean. In

short, Pvt. (E-1) Theodore Ramsey Class, US68032547, looked just like he did every morning since he joined the Army. He could give a screw. After all the worst thing in the world that they could do to him was draft him and send him to Vietnam and that was precisely what they had and were doing. So I mean fug it, he would say.

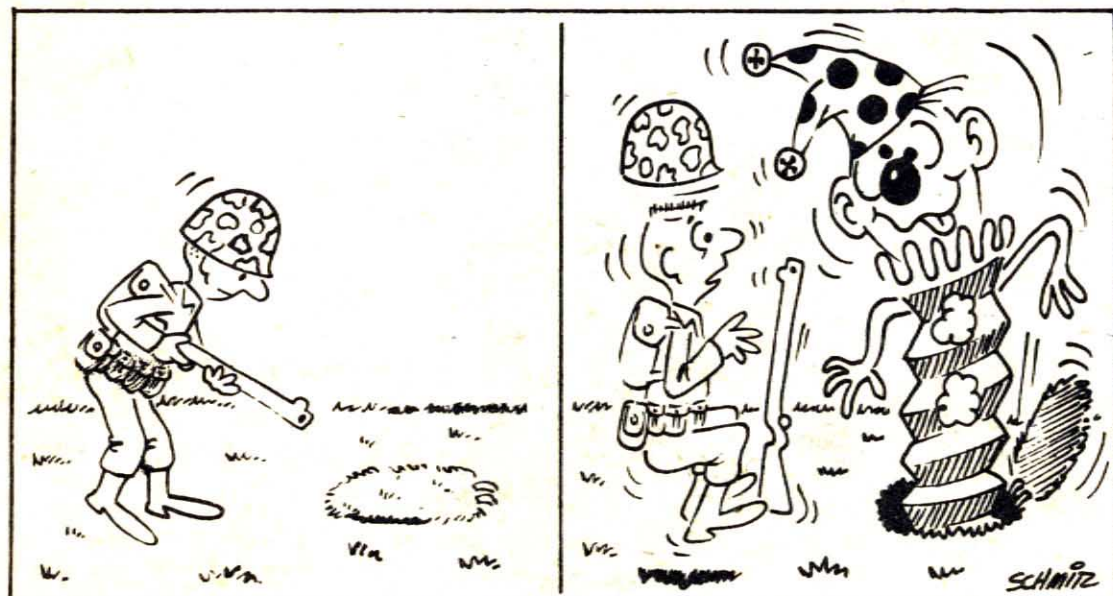
This morning would be a little different from other mornings. Across the field, from the post guest house, came running a cute young girl with a very short skirt and very nice legs. Theo saw her the moment she left the guest house door. She was delightful she was so cute. Well, maybe she wasn't all that cute but after all Theo, who was used to being with a lot of girls, hadn't seen one close up, live, for almost three months now.

And here was this nice young thing headed right toward the same group of phone booths that Theo was hiding in now. Theo would speak to her. Could he help her? Perhaps. She must be looking for her boy friend or husband. He would offer his assistance.

There she was now. Only three phone booths away, looking confused and a little lost. Like cute girls are supposed to look. Especially at 0630 in the morning. Theo pushed open the phone booth door, smiled his warmest, most helpful smile and walked toward her.

It was in that micro-second after he'd just opened his mouth to speak but just before any words came out that he noticed his left hand. He had it cupped in front of him and there, in the palm of that hand, water-soaked and brown, were three crushed, burnt-out cigaret butts. And in his mouth was his cigar stub. And his hat on inside his helmet. And the dirty pants and the baggy jacket. And his mouth open with nothing to say to a cute girl. And that's when Theodore Ramsey Class knew that the Army had his ass but good. When he had to turn around and walk away from that girl, the cigaret butts clutched in his hand.

Theo didn't feel anything else the rest of the day. Just how he felt standing before that girl looking like a complete goddamn idiot. He wanted to go back and find her and tell her: I was cool before I came into the Army. I did neat things, I knew neat people, I can read and write, I have a college degree, I like good music, I know what good music is, I'm up on all the groups, I have groovy clothes, I'm not an idiot. I didn't want to pick up cigaret butts. And the hat, well, it was cold. And the cigar, well, that's just a little joke I do so that sergeant will tell me to throw it away and he'll notice me and everyone will laugh and I'll have showed them that they can't get to me because I was with it before. And the jacket, well, it's good because I can hide my hands up the sleeves and put food in the pockets, and I didn't want to pick up the cigaret butts. They made me.....



A Dozen Ways to Put Into Your Military Life

Tired of the same old crap all the time? Getting up and reporting for duty every morning. Mess hall chow. Blasting a few at the club or taking in the flick at night. Making that once-a-week or once-a-month run to the Ville to try your luck. Dull life, ain't it?

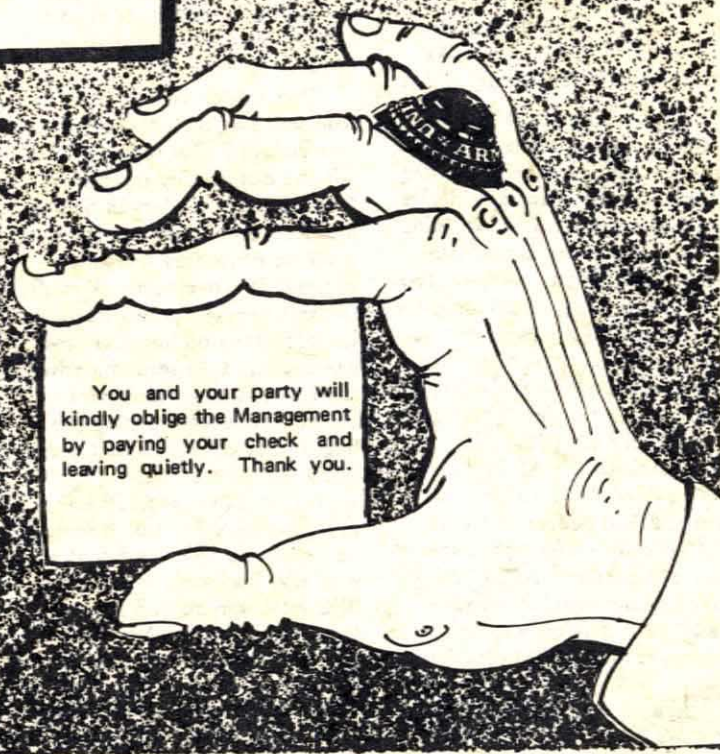
But man, it don't have to be! With a little ingenuity you can put real zing! in your Army life. For a little while, at least. Try just one of these ideas and we guarantee that people will take notice of you, that your dull, Army life will change. One way or the other.



1. Obtain a few blank DF's. Type a notice, using all the proper abbreviations and jargon, informing everyone in the unit that paycall, due to logistical problems, will be postponed one month. Hint that disciplinary action will be taken against anyone who writes his congressman. Place the DF on appropriate bulletin boards.
2. Raid your first shirt's private cache of toilet
3. Get your CO's housegirl pregnant.
4. For troops at a fixed Signal site, relay this message over the air, first assuming an excited tone of voice: "We're under attack! Need help!.....Help! Look out, Harry, that one's got a satchel charge! Help! We're under attack.....don't know how many of them th---" Have Harry remove the cable to the transmitting antenna. Have a cup of coffee.
5. Have cards printed with this message: "You and your party will oblige the management by paying your check and leaving quietly. Thank you." Have a waiter deliver one to the general's table when he's entertaining the big wheels at the "O" Club.
6. Walk into an Australian NCO club and announce, loudly, that most Aussies are queers and you can whip any man in the house.
7. Refer to the four-star as the "Head Grunt" —in his presence.
8. Point out to your first sergeant or chief what a dumb shit he is.
9. Refuse to salute officers on the ground that it is against your new religion—astrology.
10. Next time your company commander gives an order in a field situation, suggest that the decision be put to a vote.
11. Ask your CO's permission to marry a Thai. Guy.
12. Subscribe to Grunt Free Press.



"Cobber, would'ja mind saying that one more time, slowly?"



You and your party will kindly oblige the Management by paying your check and leaving quietly. Thank you.

Give Earth a Chance!



Fast Bucks Have Gone — And Good Riddance!

They plugged the gaps in the great Vietnam money order racket just in time. And it's one of the little noted victories of the war. Because there was a time, a couple of years ago, when a GI could make \$25,000 crooked profit in a day — and if this had been allowed to go on, it could have caused more havoc than a VC offensive.

But there are stories going around about the fortunes made "back when" — back before they made you fill out forms and have your picture taken and hand the clerk the stamped envelope with the money order in it.

Senator Wayne Morse, back around 1966, said on the Senate floor that he had heard of a newsman who made \$80,000 a week on the black money market — and there are many other stories. Like the GI who made \$25,000 in a single day. Here's how he reportedly did it:

He took \$200 in MPC and bought a money order at the APO. He took the money order to a black market money dealer who bought it for \$400 in MPC. (The money order meant green dollars to someone who wanted to get money out of the country and was willing to pay a premium.) The GI then rushed to another post office and bought a \$400 money order. Then back to the dealer who gave him \$800. Back to the APO, etc.

You don't have to be a mathematical genius to figure out that only seven trips back and forth between APOs and the money dealer would run \$200 to \$25,000. The only limiting factor was how fast it took you

to drive that Honda from the APO to the waiting dealer.

There were other gimmicks in those green salad days before the roof caved in. Some wheeler-dealers were buying MPC, say \$5,000 worth for \$2,500 green, cashing it in for green at the airport (again, no questions asked), going to Thailand, coming back with the \$5,000 green and selling it for \$10,000 MPC. Or buying \$4,000 cars for MPC they only paid \$2,000 for. And many other ways.

But, fortunately, the clamps were screwed on before the thing really got out of hand. The real control was the \$200 limit placed on conversion of MPC into money orders. In time, all the gaps were plugged. And, according to some experts, green money that was making its way into the hands of the VC was no longer as available as before.

The sudden switch from one series at MPC to a new one also did a lot to cool off the hot money operators. Black market dealers in Saigon and elsewhere were caught with millions of dollars worth of useless MPC overnight. And they became nervous about keeping a lot of money on hand. Saigon newspapers told some harrowing stories of suicides and grief among those left holding the bag. It was almost as bad as the 1929 Wall Street crash.

Today, the controls keep most guys honest, but it would be too much to expect that somewhere in Vietnam, there isn't a PFC Wintergreen or a Major Milo Minderbinder who isn't working out some new loophole.

Don't trust
anybody over
36-24-36

Are You a 'Lifer' or a Learner?

The man who makes the military a career is a global man. He has been to Europe and the Far East, to Alaska and the Canal Zone, to North Africa and a lot of other, more exotic, places. He has been exposed to many different cultures and religions and customs, unusual foods and strange-sounding languages.

Most important, he has been exposed to ideas; many different, interesting, provocative ideas. And if this career man, this "global" man, has kept his eyes and ears open, and read, and learned the language of the country (like they tell you to do on Armed Forces TV) and talked with the people in these other countries—if he has done these things, he should be a better citizen of the U.S. He is prepared to vote intelligently, and perhaps one day hold a high-level job where he can influence U.S. policy, or at least, write sensible letters to the men who do influence it.

A man who has been around the world and done things like the average career man could

be a sophisticated, knowledgeable type who can do more than grunt idiotic remarks while he flashes corny color slides on a screen for bored friends. But is he? Unfortunately, the answer is, not always.

Because there are some career types who have been all around the world and their most perceptive comments concern, say, the quality of NCO or officer clubs at various posts. ("The club in Torrejon, Spain, is number one. Beats the hell of that one in Mildenhall.") Or the down-town bars.

("When you get to Athens, watch out. Those girls can clean you out of a hundred bucks faster'n you can say 'Jack Daniels.'") Or all the world's women. ("The prettiest women in the Orient are the Vietnamese, but they're the coldest, too.") Or the quality

of the local drink. ("Watch out for that aqua vite in Copenhagen. It'll knock you right on your ass if you mix it with beer.") Etc., etc.

It's possible to spend twenty years knocking around the world and not know much more than you started except about the places that sell booze and women. The guy who limits his experience to these earthy (and not entirely unpleasant) pursuits might have some great stories to tell around the saloon when he retires, but he'll never wind up as Undersecretary of State for Public Affairs, a job just filled, incidentally, by a retired Air Force career officer.

There's no limit what a guy can get out of his military experience if he's willing to keep his mind open. That's the difference between a career man and a "lifer."

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Incoming

Dear Grunt:

You guys have got to be shitting the troops! That so-called reporting you did on "Roundeye vs. Oriental Women" is the biggest snow job in years. Who the hell did you talk to, anyhow?

Listen, all this crap you constantly hear about how Oriental women always being sweet, and obedient and shy is just that—so much crap!

I'm a "construction bum" and I've been around this part of the world a long time. I've had two Oriental wives and more girl friends than I care to admit for the record, and believe me, I'd rather face a crazy drunk "dirt stiff" any day than a pissed-off Oriental wife or girl friend.

Obedient and shy, my ass! I had a Japanese girlfriend one time who practically chopped down a Japanese wooden house with the family sword. She was aiming at me and missed!

I had a Chinese girlfriend once who got so jealous of another girl I'd spoken to — she took scissors and cut up every piece of clothing I had in our apartment! And from what I've heard in comparing notes — with other guys who've been in Asia a long time, the Korean, Filipino and Thai girls can be just as wild when they get mad.

As for the Vietnamese, my current brand, I'd say they're not much different from the others, really. Women anywhere are all pretty much alike. "You can't live with them, and you can't live without them."

(Name withheld by request)

Dear Ed:

I just read "Proud to Be a Grunt," the poem by John Martin, and I couldn't agree more. I have spent two tours over here in Vietnam. I have seen some action, and I know what it's like. If I was a grunt, I would be just as proud as John . . .

I used to hate grunts, doggies, flyboys, jungle bunnies, etc., but not anymore. I have fought with them, lived with them, and shared K-rations with them. I respect all of them, and I don't hesitate calling anyone down who says something bad about them.

I fought with them, and I can fight for them. Sign me . . .

"Seabee Swabbie"

J.C. Scott YN2

MCB 79, H Co.

FPO San Francisco 96601

Grunt:

I read your article about the "women's liberation movement" back in the U.S. (March issue) and all I got to say is, if they want full and equal rights with men, then they certainly should have the right to be drafted. I'm "short." One of them can have my job, and I know my hootch buddies would welcome the change.

ALMOST DIS-GRUNTLED
APO 96288

WORDS TO THE WISE

When in doubt, Grunt!

What's a Grunt?

We asked that question in the first issue of Grunt Free Press and the answers are still coming in. A "grunt", it seems, is different things to different people. For example. . .

A GRUNT is the only guy who had to wear mittens in the third grade.....

He was the only one in the crowd who came to the rescue of the girl getting mugged - and got the hell kicked out of him....

He went to bat in the bottom of the ninth, once, with the score tied, bases loaded, two outs - and he got beamed.....

*you wanna know
What a grunt is?
I'll tell you what a
grunt is!*

He's the guy who rides a convoy over 65 miles of muddy roads to get to the big PX - and it's closed for inventory . . .

He was the guy, originally, who labeled it "S.O.S"...

He used to go with a girl back home who was so dumb that she thought "4-on-the-floor" was some wild new sex game..

Another time he almost married this sweet, gentle, wonderful girl, but he found out those were muffler burns on her legs. Harley 74s.....

He was born Sept. 14, 1950 . . .

By KEN ABOOD

The fumes are so thick you can cut them with a bayonet and they hover in the city all day long, belched out by a million vehicles crowded in a space suitable for a fourth of them.

It's Saigon, and at night from a roof with the wind blowing ten miles an hour, you still can't see the horizon. Makes you wish you were outside the smoke curtain - out there in the green fields beyond the sentry-guarded city limits, out there where all you have to worry about are booby traps and snipers and mortars or sometimes, a nut driving a six-by down a one-lane dirt road. Out there banana and coconut and papaya trees sway in the breeze and the clean air can be gulped in deeply.

And the streams are mucky and the river where they used to pull out fresh fish and crab and shrimp for the city marketplace can't support a good-sized family of amoeba, and only those that have survived over ten thousand generations of amoeba evolution.

The muck collects in the streets and alleyways first, blown off the tops of heaped garbage cans or thrown out of windows or emptied from pipes and sewers. When it rains, it's washed down and built up like a great dirt snowball getting bigger and bigger, rolling into the river.

You walk the streets, stepping carefully over puddles and small streams and watching the objects that float in them, but a car or truck or motorbike zips by and the slime and its objects are deposited on you, polluting you like the gutter and the air.

Life in the polluted

Can Saigon Survive?



city - whether it's New York or Saigon - is part of the pollution. Its bloodstream and sometimes its mind are carrying the dirt of the environment.

When there's an enemy offensive, or a strike, or even a long holiday, the garbage in Vietnamese cities piles up without benefit of containers (they cost money) and each day the mounds get higher and higher. After a while the traffic narrows down to filter through the passage between two mounds on opposite sides of the street that are threatening to join up, blocking the street forever. It's everywhere and the smell is ripe and not even the rain helps. It just makes it worse.

A city of the 21st Century, a national newsmag called Saigon, meaning not the city of scientific marvel, but a preview of what uncontrolled pollution can do to Los Angeles (is doing?) and Chicago and Sioux City and Tallahassee. Something to look at and to study, because,

because of the war, there is a controlled condition in Saigon that we can measure against. Cruel as hell, because the Saigonese by nature are clean people and, given the chance, they'll tidy up the place, but who can afford a Ralph Nader or a Rachel Carson when you're too concerned about staying alive tomorrow to worry about a couple of generations from now.

As the city becomes more crowded its people build more fires, ride more motor vehicles, pile up more garbage, flush more toilets.

A city like Saigon wants

more industry and more industry means more pollution, but it will be a long time before the smokestacks and pipes will match the pollution quotient of, say, Peoria or Gary.

But Saigon has a better chance of pulling out of its pollution crisis than most of our cities. The end of hostilities will reduce city population as people fan out to return to their farmlands and villages.

Cities in the U.S. aren't likely to have such an opportunity to correct a deplorable situation.

A 'Golden Oldie'

*PLAY IT COOL,
DADDY-O!
KEEP COOKING
WITH GAS!*



"ONE LUMP OR TWO?"

How to Get Married Though

Each day in Korea and Vietnam and Okinawa and other areas of the Far East, the planes unload new batches of Red-Blooded American Boys. All of them have the very same thought in mind: "Oh, sweet bird of Asia, here I am!"

Each is convinced he's going to swing with the chicks here like it's never been done before, and then, at the end of his tour, he's going back to the green, green grass of home, to Mary with the Golden Hair, to "neck" under the apple tree beneath a full moon forever, maybe employing a few amorous techniques learned in the sensuous Orient.

Funny thing is that some of us go back home with — dependents.

Of course, that won't happen to you.

'Course not.

Just-in-case, though, here's what you'll be in for if you want to marry in the Far East:

Procedures vary slightly from one country to the next, but in all of them you and your bride-to-be will have to fulfil certain requirements in order to gain "command sponsorship." Command sponsorship means that you will be allowed to move out of the barracks into your own pad, that you and your wife will

Cabbie: I take the next turn, don't I?
Man on floor of back seat: The hell you do!



be entitled to commissary privileges, and most important, that the government will provide transportation for your wife back to the States.



Some men don't feel the whole hassle is worth it and they support themselves entirely out of their regular pay; others give it at least a try.

The case of SP5 Tom R., stationed "somewhere in Asia," is in many ways typical. He recently completed his paperwork and describes his trials and errors for GRUNT.

"I had been living with my girl for a few months already, signing out each day after work and coming home to our house in ———. Li and I were compatible in every way I wanted to know about, and one day we kind of both decided to get married. We went to the

local courthouse and were married there in a civil ceremony and registered it at the same time.

"It took about a month for me to realize that I might as well put in for command sponsorship; if nothing else, I wouldn't have to sign out every day. Some friends already married to local girls briefly described the steps I had to follow and the next time a three-day pass rolled around, Li and I started. She was nervous about it and I didn't know what we'd run into.

"Out first stop—you must take your future wife with you wherever you go—was early in the morning, to the Provost

Marshal. I had with me DA Form 2029 (picked up at Personnel) clueing them in that I wanted to start the paperwork. We filled out another form containing questions about Li's date of birth, past residences, jobs and so on. We were also given a paper requesting the local government's Investigation Department to run a 'character' check on Li.

"I tried to take care of the most time consuming processes first. At the ID headquarters I noticed parked outside a very well-kept 1957 T-bird, a fairly new Jaguar and two sparkling Mercedes-Benz sedans. Not bad for civil servants, I thought. This brought to my mind the question of gratuities.

"If your wife has a police record or has worked in a bar (neither of which applied to Li), the Investigation Department might be hesitant to declare her morally fit to marry you. (Though if she's really been around a lot, they might figure that this is an opportunity to get rid of her, by sending her to America.) In any case, these gentlemen are not the hard-hearted ogres popular sentiment makes them out to be. They are understanding men, and if you are, too, why, so much the better.

"Li filled out the necessary papers and was fingerprinted. It didn't hurt that she was dressed conservatively, and that she spoke respectfully to the official. ('If we're not nice to them, they can make too much trouble,' she explained.) We were told to return in a week, so we left, leaving no payola behind. I was determined to play it straight even if it meant a long wait. I'd waited months already, a few more wouldn't matter. (But as we walked out, Li looked up at me and winked, 'No sweat, G.I.')

"In the meantime we could still keep the paperwork moving. After lunch, Li and I went to the Transportation Officer, represented by a white-haired staff sergeant who had seen couples



in the Army

like us come and go over the years. His function was to explain the amounts and types of baggage the Army would ship back home. He had it down pat, and after 87 seconds of non-stop explanation he handed me a booklet which had everything he'd just said and three copies of a statement that we had been duly counseled. I thanked him, he gave us his blessings, and we left.

"Li asked me who that nice man was, and what was he doing in the Army.

I said, 'What do you mean by that? I'm in the Army and you think I'm the greatest thing since draft beer.'

'Yes, but you're just a peon. You have to be nice,' she explained.

"We had had enough red tape for one day. We'd gone across town and back and hadn't gotten much accomplished, but enough for one day."

"The next morning we were first in line at the GI dispensary. Both of us had to get medical checks to ensure we wouldn't take any communicable diseases to America"

"They were supposed to make chest x-rays and take blood and urine samples, but they skipped the chest x-ray for Li when the spec four technician asked if she was pregnant and she said yes. He just grinned and told her she would have to get it later in order to obtain a U.S. visa.

"From the dispensary we hustled over to the Judge Advocate. He briefly explained the procedures Li would need to follow in getting a passport and visa. This was when we came the closest to saying the hell with the idea of getting married American-style. It all sounded so damned complicated that it seemed hopeless. Li said, 'Maybe we better give up, honey. Looks like I can't ever go to America with you,' but I told her we weren't going to quit that easily.

"The Judge Advocate asked if we had any questions, we didn't, he gave us his blessings, too. Off again.

"I had made an appointment with the chaplain a few days earlier by phone, and after lunch Li and I went to his office.

"This is sort of the highlight of the whole experience, the time your mind dreads. Li did, too. She couldn't understand why she, a Buddhist, had to listen to religious advice from a Protestant minister. I explained that he wasn't really going to discuss religion and this is just part of the Army's process.

"The chaplain's purpose is to point out the handicaps any mixed marriage may encounter, particularly a marriage between two people of different nationalities, religions, and races. Some chaplains get pretty steamed up about it, and you hope it won't happen now, for your wife's sake.

"I lucked out. Either he saw the 'true love light' shining in our eyes or maybe he gave us up as a lost cause (I hadn't said any-

thing about Li being pregnant because I figured it would just upset him and maybe complicate things) — in any case, after about 15 minutes of perfunctory discussion, he signed the statement of counseling we needed and we left.

"All that was left now was to wind up the medical check and the ID investigation.

"First to the Investigation Department. They had Li sign some more papers which they cut and dealt. It was a misdeal, so we had to come back in another week. This happened two more times. Eventually they tired of the game and gave us the character reference we needed. It all took less than a month, no one ever showed impatience or irritation, it cost me nothing, and I consider we'd done real well.

"I took the investigation report to the Provost Marshal; they gave me three copies of a statement saying my wife was not in their records.

"We made our appointment at the dispensary, where a doctor signed a statement saying that my future wife and I had no communicable diseases and were both physically and 'psychologically' fit to enter the United States. This is ironic, as the doctor never once spoke to either of us, nor did anyone else besides the medic who took our blood and the x-ray technician.

"And that was it. I could leave Li home now; she'd earned a rest, and we had the baby to think about. All that was needed now was to take all the papers to my Personnel section. The clerk there sorted them and had his boss sign an approving statement. From there I took the papers to the next higher command for another signature; and finally got just one more signature by an obscure assistant adjutant second looney (who in my case had his office more than 50 miles from my post.) This last signature enables you to be married in the eyes of the Army."

"We're thinking of naming the kid 'Authorized' if he's a boy."

Basically it's as easy as that. You will need patience, time, and some more patience. Be sure to have at least five copies of everything, and at least a dozen 2" x 2" photos of each of you. Be sure any papers not in English are translated by a certified translator. You'll need a copy of your and your wife's birth certificates. Your Personnel section can help if you don't have your own.

It isn't necessary to follow any particular order in your visits, but it is most important to make appointments and then to keep them. (And don't be disappointed when the other party doesn't.) Nothing else will save you more time.

The procedures vary slightly from one country to another, but the aim is the same: Ensuring that the woman you marry is one you're sure enough about to go through all the bullshit with and still come up smiling.



IF YOU HAD \$45 MILLION, WHAT WOULD YOU TELL THE RE-UP MAN?

By FRANK TIBBS

An Almost-True Story

AUSTIN, Tex.—The Texas Supreme Court has upheld a 22-year-old Army sergeant's claim to a \$45-million oil and cattle empire in Texas.

Sgt. Albert ("Bucky") Wharton III, stationed at Fort Bragg, N.C., had been awaiting a decision in the case more than six years. In the meantime, Wharton had been living on his military pay since enlisting in the Army in July, 1968. —RECENT NEWS ITEM

(SCENE: It is the Spring of 1971 and the setting is the office of the Fort Bragg Re-Enlistment Officer. The walls are decorated with chain-of-command portrait photos, and various posters, signs, banners, etc., proclaiming slogans—"Go Army!" "Stay Army!" "Re-Up Now!" "Fun, Travel, Adventure!" "Uncle Same Wants You!" etc., etc.

(The Re-Enlistment Officer, Major Powers, is a heavy-set, kindly looking man. He takes the top folder from a tall stack on his desk and glances at the first page. Quickly, he does a "double-take" and studies the contents of the folder intently. He opens the center drawer of his desk, takes out a small mirror and straightens his tie, then moistens his hands with his tongue and pats down his close-cut, greying hair and eyebrows. He replaces the mirror and closes the drawer. Leaning forward, he presses a button on the inter-com and speaks: "Miss Praddle, send in Bucky, Sgt. Wharton, please!")

(He momentarily fusses with the lapels of his uniform, then sits at "Attention," his hands folded on the orderly desk in front of him. The door opens.)

MAJ. POWERS (smiling intensely): Ahh, good morning, Sgt. Whart—it's Bucky, isn't it?

BUCKY: Yes sir, that's right.

MP: Well, Bucky, I'm Major Powers, the new Re-Enlistment Officer for this post, but I want you to call me Bill. Or Powers. Or whatever you like.

Now then, as you no doubt know—ha, ha!—you are due to be separated from the service in a few more weeks, but Bucky, I'd like you to give some serious thought to making a career of the Army.

BUCKY: Well, sir, I—

MP: Now I know you're young, and twenty years in the Army might seem like a long time, but look at this way: you'll only be forty when you get out. And your re-enlistment bonus would add up to—

BUCKY: It's not that, sir. You see, I've got a little money put away and—

MP: Bucky, Bucky! Son, money isn't everything! Why, think of the job you'll be doing . . . the responsibility . . . the feeling of camaraderie living in the barracks, sharing the latrine—

BUCKY: Well, Major, I've got this little place down in Texas and I've been thinking about going back there and trying my hand at ranching or prospecting.

MP: Ranching or prospecting! Why, son, if it's the out-

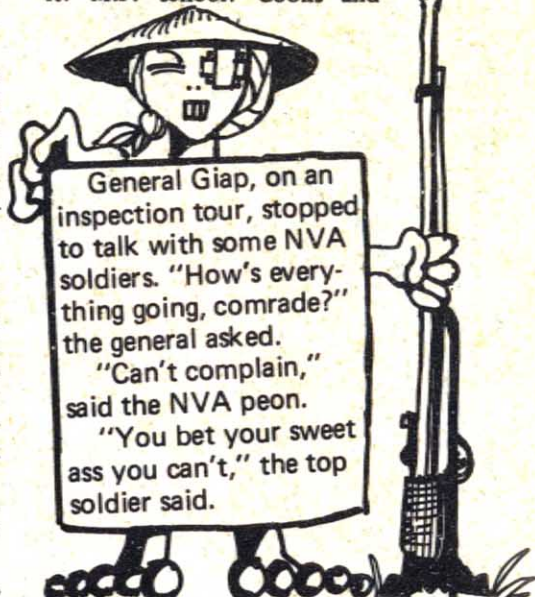
door life you like, we can arrange that!

BUCKY: You mean I can ranch in the Army?

MP: Well, no . . . I had in mind a tour in Vietnam—

BUCKY: Uh . . . thanks, but I've been giving some thought, too, to getting some more education.

MP: Education! Just name it! M.P. school! Cooks and

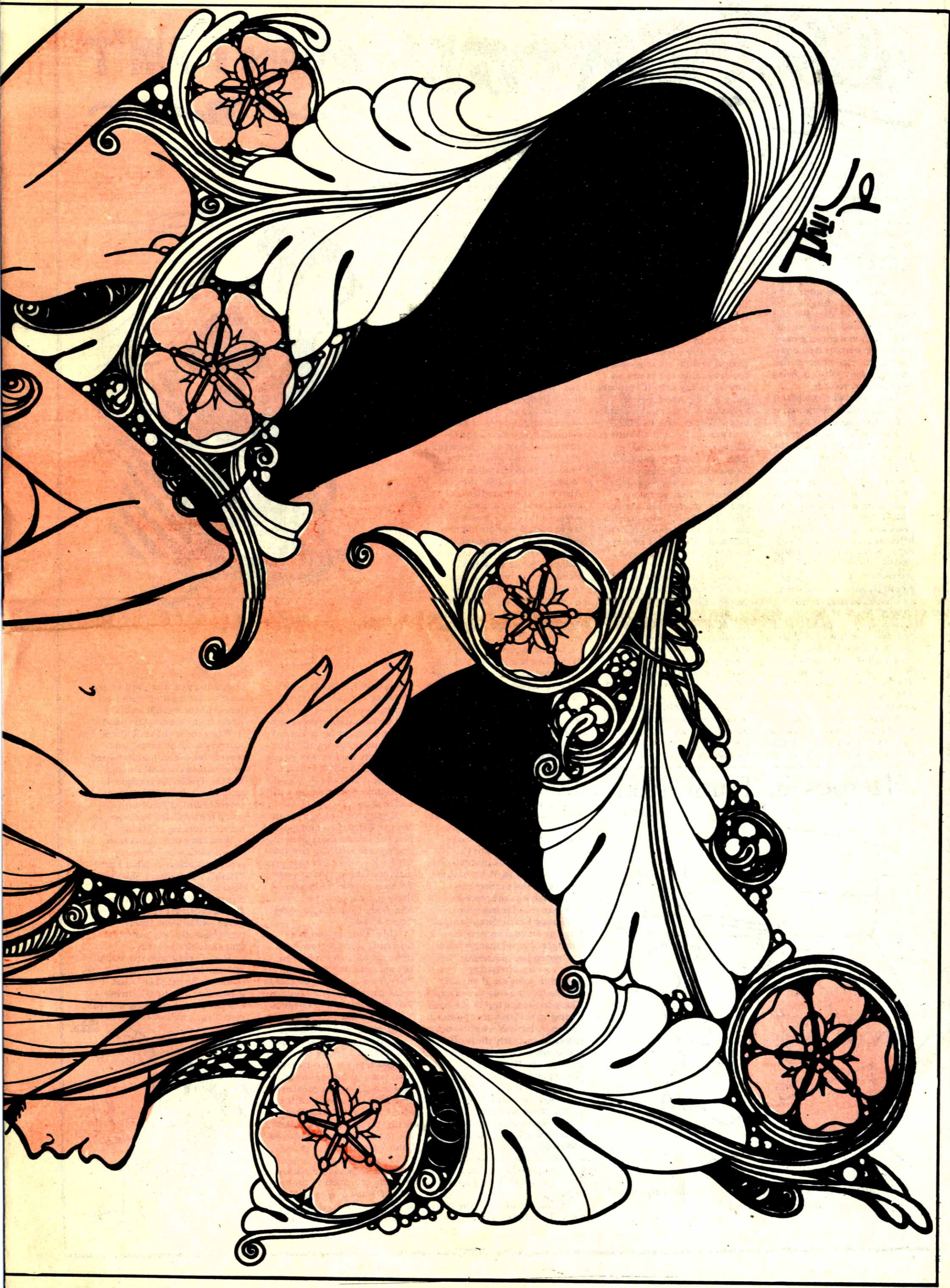


bakers school! Field sanitation school! You want to learn to fly a helicopter? Come in handy later back there on the ranch!

BUCKY: Well, I let my Flight Division take care of things like that.

MP: That right? Say, you wouldn't be looking to hire a recruiting officer, would you, Mr. Wharton? How about a Personnel officer? . . . an administrative assistant? . . . a-a-a cattle buyer? . . .





ROCK in JAPAN -- Where it AIN'T

By Max E. Lash, Special to GFP

About 15 years ago, when Bill Haley and The Comets were rocking around the clock, Japanese bands tried taking a few turns at it, too.

Chubby Checker kept interest alive, and Elvis blew minds, even inscrutable Oriental minds.

But while the Japanese have showed the world how to do a lot of things in the past couple of decades, and while young Japanese dig rock, the home-grown groups, with their warts-and-all copying talents, can never in hell compete with what is being imported on records.

Japanese rock, except for one outstanding exception, is in the Dark Ages.

Rock is known as "group sounds" in Japan, because the Japanese have trouble with "rock and roll." It too often comes out "lock a lorr," so Yuxo Kayama, a Japanese entertainer who had a nationwide TV variety show a few years ago — and who was then billed as Japan's answer to Elvis — suggested that "group sounds" might be easier to pronounce. The idea caught on and Japan rock had a name. That's about all it had, though. Nearly all the rock music since has been imported, with very few attempts at original numbers. Even the names: The Spiders, The Wild Ones, The Blue Comets, The Golden Cup, The Tempters, and (hot dog!) The Tigers. These are the top groups, too.

Sometimes lyrics are translated into the nearest Japanese equivalent. More often, though, it comes out in English such as:

"Bong bong Maxwerr's sirbel hahmmah ken dohn'pon mah hed! Bong bong Maxwerr's sirbel hahmmah med suah dat see wahz ded!" or something similarly intelligible.

So much for knocking the rock in Japan. There is a lot being played, and there are many, many clubs to catch it at, particularly in Tokyo, but don't go expecting to hear the Big Group Sounds playing in these clubs; their fees are just too high.

Some of the lesser known groups, though, are as good if not better than the names, so hang in. In any case, it's probably going to be a note-for-note imitation of what you've heard by the Beatles, Stones, BS&T, the Grateful Dead, the Ventures (of course, the Ventures). At times, it'll be a very good note-for-note imitation, too.

And there are some groups you'll never hear on record until they change their names. Like "The Fuck," who make it once or twice a week at Killer Joes in the Ginza, not far from the USO. Like "A Horse (sic) Rear End."

Most of the bands that hold forth for non-Japanese have "nicer" names, and more talent to boot. Look for them in the jumble of two and three story buildings across the street from the Sanno, New Japan and Akasaka Tokyu hotels. Some clubs in this area are "Space 24," "Mugen," "Manos Disco," and "Romy's".

Like their counterparts back in the Western world, many of these groups are made up of obvious dropouts from the Establishment. It's rumored

they're into pot, hashish, acid, and other mind-blowing whoopies, but these rumors could contain as much bullshit as the promised nudity in "Hair."

Maybe you haven't heard about that fiasco. A group of people who should know better produced the Japanese version of Broadway's Hair. The word went out that nudity was going to be IN, that "nothing would be held back."

Well, opening night was about as exciting as a ~~Training~~ lecture. The cast burned simulated draft cards (pieces of paper) and some kids on stage hollered "fuck!" and "horseshit!" back and forth; the choreography was disorganized go-go. And when the undressing got down to the flesh-colored jockey shorts and G-strings and bras, the lights went out. Those who'd paid \$20 a head for good seats didn't look too happy leaving the theater. About ten minutes after the curtain went down, somebody started a fire in the basement to try to burn the whole building down. (A \$20 seat patron?)

Anyway, the groups in Japan maintain the whole shtick. Weird-looking broads in maxi-coats and bell-bottoms with oversized horn-rimmed tinted glasses follow the groups around and assert to anyone who asks that they're "gloopies".

Rock-a-teques abound in Ikebukuro and Shinjuku. Sometimes they're easy to find; most cabbies can help you out. One of the more difficult places to find is a hangout called "Mac the Boy," a tunnel-like dungeon stuck away on the eighth floor of a building down on the fringe of the Kabuki-cho amusement section of Shinjuku. It's got the usual assortment of strange types, but there are also a number of GIs, black and white, in civilian clothes, and an equal number of pretty, innocent Japanese girls and their boy-friends among the patrons.

Most of the rock places swing until 4 a.m. or so. A lot of the swinging is done rather surreptitiously. In one place in Shinjuku, not far from the Fugetsudo Coffee Shop (a hippy hangout that has seen *gaijins* (foreigners) and Japanese heads get busted for "possession") there's a very interesting operation going on. If anyone looking like the fuzz shows up, a look-out at the top of the steps leading to the basement pushes a button. A turntable with a rock record on instantly shuts off and another with Mantovani switches on. The kids stop dancing and stand around in little groups. It's an "in" place, and American military who can control themselves are welcome.

The rock and pot scenes have never been too far apart, and so a word of caution now might be in order. If you're a GI on leave from Southeast Asia, "cool it" is the best advice I can pass on to you.

The fuzz is well into the "shit" scene. They have a platoon of

young cops and policewomen operating as undercover nark agents. The cops wear beards and beads and shoulder-length hair and look as far-out as any real hippy in the world. The fuzz chicks wear granny glasses or the oversize tinted shades, maxis or minis, and they might even stroke your thigh in a dark coffee shop.

If you look like a guy from Nam or Bangkok — and most of you DO (cause those James Lee ready-made suits you rent from the R&R center can't hide your plain-toe GI low cuts or your PX hush-puppies) — you're likely to be approached by somebody from this Japanese "mod squad."

They'll engage you in a disarming conversation. And if the cat asks you in broken but understandable English, "Hey, man . . . were you able to sneak any shit into the country past those pot-sniffing dogs at Yokota Air Base?" — you'd better get up and walk away.

If you're a GI in Japan and you commit a felony (and possession is just that there) off base, your ass belongs to the Japanese. The consequences can be as rough as in most of the States. Plus you'll probably get an undesirable or bad conduct discharge—or worse—when you finish your term.

So be cool.

At the outset I told you about that lone exception to the copy-cat rock scene over here. He's a jazz musician named Sadao Watanabe, blows unbelievable

alto, flute, piccolino, and writes some of the most imaginative jazz-mod-rock you'll hear anywhere in the world. And plays it. Watanabe is about 36 (been around, in other words), and records for a label jointly owned by vibemen Gary McFarland and Cal Tjader. He graduated from Boston's Berklee School, toured with Gary and with a group led by Chico Hamilton before returning to Japan.

You can catch him at least once a week with his young group at a jazz-rock place called "Junk", not far from Shimbashi Station, most often on Saturday nights. He also appears often at a place called Pit Inn (near the Isetan Department Store), predominantly jazz but sometimes into the rock bag.

If you miss Watanabe, you'll miss the best of the original sounds to be heard in Japan these days. But dig GI, there's a lot of things happening in Japan, even if rock isn't one of them.

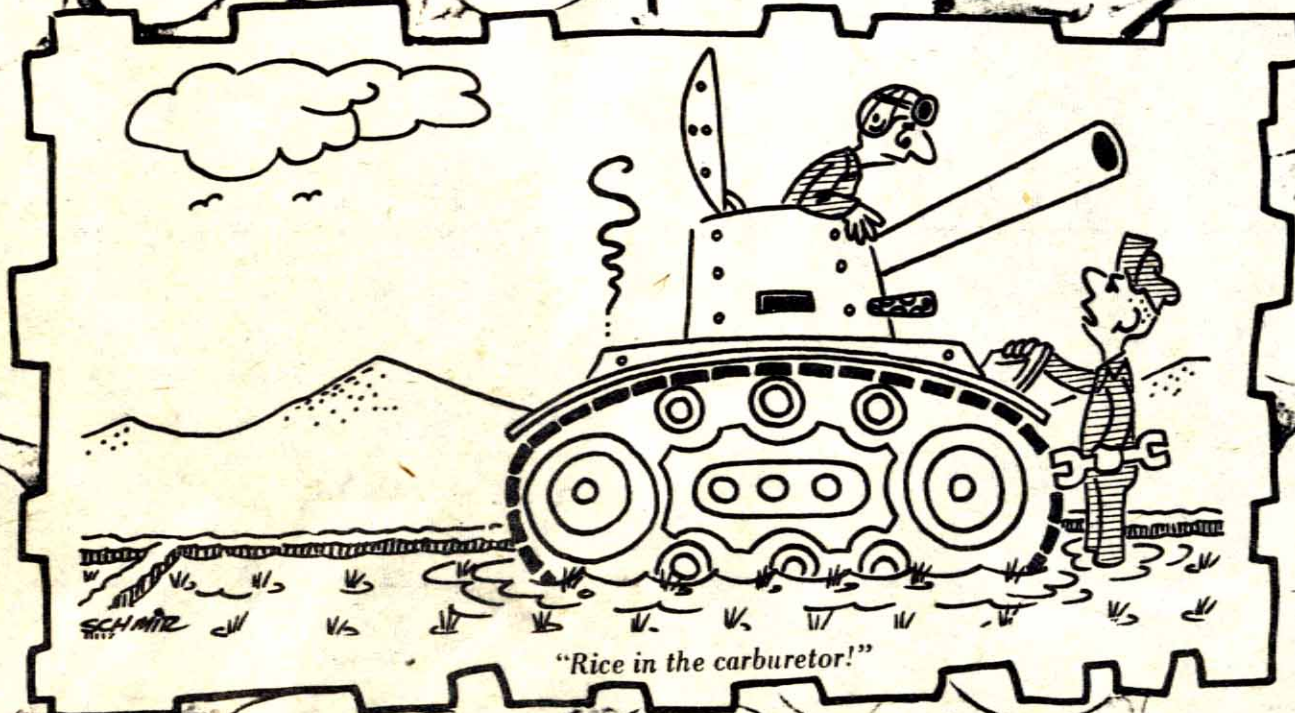
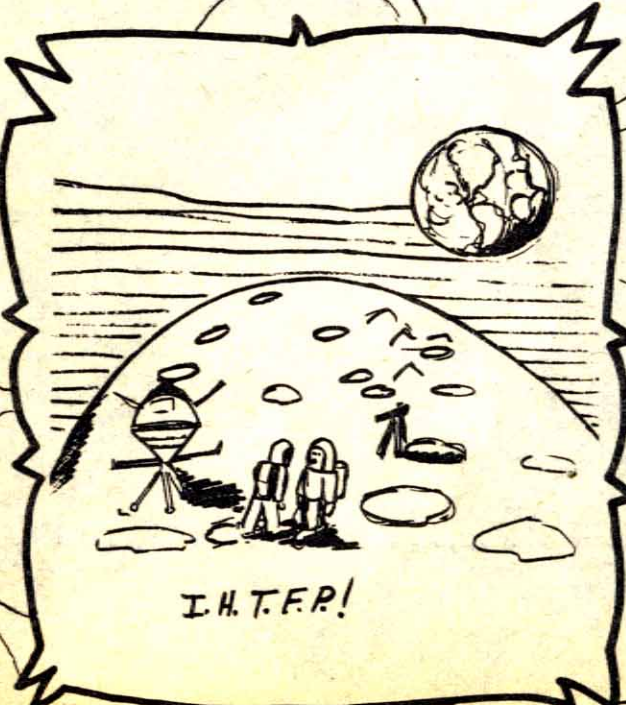
Heroes in Truth No.1

by REESE



"Hell, no! What I said was, 'Here come the torpedoes! I'll be in the head!'"

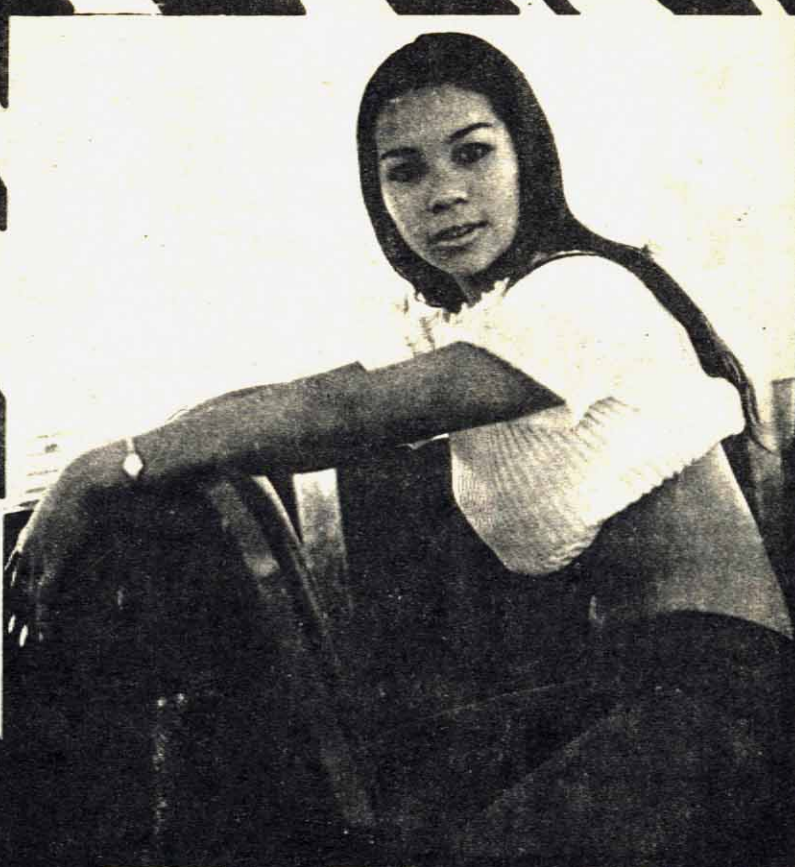




If You Knew Suzy?



"The World's Loveliest Women???" Some say that title belongs to the girls of Vietnam, and a convincing argument is presented here by Grunt's Girl for May. Suzy is her name. Just Suzy. Her dimensions, for the benefit of those mathematical types: 33-22-33. That sounds petite, but when you consider that it's distributed on a 5-foot, 90-pound frame, you realize that Suzy stacks up jes' fine. And where in Vietnam can you find Suzy??? Aha! that's our military secret!



Photos
by
Bob Heisey





Dear Aby:

I've heard the expression "Spirit of Woodstock" several times lately. What does it mean?

Curious

Dear Curious:

I didn't realize you young scamps knowed anything about the Spirit of Wood Stock—maybe there's hope for this younger generation yet.

Yessir, I can tell you about it. You see, back in the old brown-shoe Army, before they come up with all this plastic stuff, our rifle stocks, like the good old M-1 and the Springfield, were made of wood. Now, from time to time, we would occasionally apply these wood stocks to the heads of certain individuals (who we called -ups), thereby making better soldiers out of them. And this is where the term "Spirit of Wood Stock" originated.

(Say, you're not any kin to Elrod Curious, are you? Served with him back in the big Yokohama campaign of 1953, when we tried to hit every bar in Chinatown on a five-day R&R. Didn't make it.)

Dear Aby:

Where the hell is the \$20 you borrowed from me when we were on the troopship *General Wiegler*, going back to the U.S. from Korea in 1953?

Your buddy,
Frank

Dear Frank:

I think you've got me confused with another Sgt. Aby, who was Airborne. I was a chaplain's assistant at that time, as I remember. Besides, I paid you when we got to Stoneman, you fink!

Dear Abie:

I need advice. In a game of high-low poker, with deuces, two jokers and one-eyed jacks wild, which wins "high," a straight flush (2-thru-6), four aces, or five wild cards? And can the guy with the 2-thru-6 straight flush go for low?

This situation came up in a payday poker game in our barracks and my first sergeant said that the straight flush (his hand) wins both high and low, while the guy with the five wild cards (our division karate champ) said that five wild cards takes it both ways. All I had was four natural aces and my M-16. We never did come to an understanding on it because that's when the MPs walked in. But I wonder . . .

SP4 Max
LBJ

Dear Max:

You have just raised two of the fine, controversial points of gamesmanship: Do wild cards beat naturals, and can a straight flush swing both ways? Ahh, wars have started over pettier questions than these!

However, I think I can answer your question. Hoyle doesn't cover this, but as a rule, first sergeants win poker games in the barracks. However, when he steps outside the barracks with the winnings, that's sump'n else. Here the decision goes to the karate champion. BUT, if it is dark, and the karate champion has a long way to go to his barracks, the M-16 is regarded as trump.

Got a problem? Let Aby, the kindly old lifer, h:lp. Write to Aby, Grunt; Box 1164; Redlands, Cal. 92373.



"Uh, lieutenant . . . they say if we'll give 'em a break, THEY'LL be outta here by June 30."

SAIGON BARGIRL EARNs 200,000 P'S A MONTH

SAIGON DOLL MAKES TEN TIMES GI'S SALARY

Her name is Lan. She works in a Tu Do Street bar. She makes more than \$2,000 (U.S.) a month. Her job is drinking tea. Every thimbleful she drinks is worth \$1.50, and, obviously, a lot of guys are willing to shell out the \$1.50 a glass. At least, they were, until a bar recession set in a few months ago. But business is still good enough to put this girl's pay in the upper income bracket.

In all fairness, there's more to the story than this. The girl provides the buying trooper something else. She gives him a feel on his leg, lets him feel hers, and talks to him about his wife or girl friend and things he can't talk about with any other female. Because there are usually no other females available.

It's a good business and, believe it or not, a lot of the girls in it are honest and come from fairly good backgrounds. They went to a lot of trouble to learn English and some even have college degrees. Since they've been providing services for a profit for many years, they must be offering something. But the price is high.

A few years ago, the GIs in Saigon went on strike. They just stopped buying tea. This movement was called STIF—"Saigon Tea Is Fini." A lot of them would go into bars, order a beer, and nurse it for hours. The girls screamed at them, even pounded them with their tiny feminine fists, but the protest worked. The price of tea dropped. It didn't last long, though. New troopers coming in upset the balance. They didn't know about the strike. So the price not only went back to where it was, but climbed even higher.

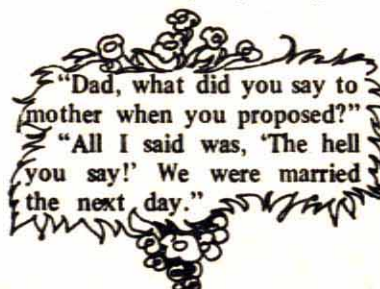
The girl named Lan (and that's not her real name) has learned a lot of tricks about milking GIs. She knows how to reach them; she is a keen judge of character. If they're lonely and young, she'll give them the visceral approach. If they're old timers, she'll offer after-hours delights that rarely materialize. If they're hardened "Cheap Charlies," she'll shame them, questioning their sexual potency or their heterosexuality. She can usually break through the barriers. In three years of watching troopers come and go and listening to the same stories over and over, she learns more about the make-up of an American in combat than the post psychiatrist. And she puts it to use.

Lately, there has been more education of troopers on the "birds and bees" aspects of Saigon barmore. The tea doesn't flow as fast. But there's still a



long way to go. Lan can afford to take a drop in pay to \$800 a month. She's sure it will go back up.

There are literally hundreds of bars in Saigon and quite a few girls like Lan. Their big business comes in payday week and in the hours before 10 p.m., curfew time for GIs. But the bars stay open after curfew to service civilian contractor employees or local Vietnamese. It's the practice in Saigon among old contractor hands to stay out of the bars before 10 p.m., so the business is spaced out. Lately, more and more Vietnamese have been going into the bars, partly filling the



gap left by departing GIs. Americans aren't the only ones who will fall for a hard sell.

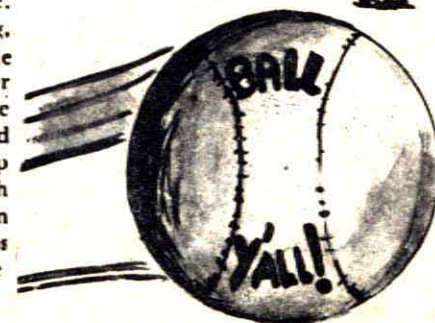
Girls like Lan get to keep half of the two hundred piasters (\$1.70 at the official rate) the customer pays for a glass of Saigon Tea. It pays them to drink fast and to keep them coming. Lan says that she can keep three different men buying her teas at the same time. She sits with one, pats his leg, smiles, then excuses herself. She does the same with the other two and then ends up with the first one, who has just finished his beer. It's not easy to keep three men on a string, each believing she's in the john while she's gone. But the pros can handle it easily. Lan re

ckons that at her peak performance, she has downed 25 teas in an hour, which works out at about \$22, not bad pay for a little ol' country gal. If Lan feels inclined, she can pick up an extra \$30 a night by going out on a date with a customer after closing time. Sometimes she is inclined that way, sometimes not.

All in all, it's pretty good business, and according to Lan, it's not tiring work. After all, she says, what other job will let you sleep till noon every morning?

Besides, Lan figures she's offering her customers a real service. She fills a gap in their lives. They want feminine company, feminine conversation, and feminine closeness, and they get it from her. If the service wasn't worth the price, Lan says, why would men keep coming back? She claims that for more than nine months, the same guy came in the bar five times a week, and bought her three teas a night. A real satisfied customer, she added.

Lan figures that one day when she gets a bit older, she'll invest her savings in a bar of her own. It's the dream of every bar girl—going into business for herself. That way, she gets a rake-off from the charms of maybe 20 persuasive beauties. Lan figures she'll be able to train them well.





The Infamous Flight of Jupiter Airlines ZX 2 B

You hear a lot about the famous flights of history, but not enough about the infamous flights. Like Jupiter Air Lines Contract Flight ZX2B, which should have left Travis one day recently bound for Vietnam. Jupiter didn't get off on schedule. In fact, from last reports, they're still shuttling the passengers back and forth to a motel in a place called Vaca City, about 65 miles from nowhere.

The plane was loaded exactly on schedule. The passengers fastened their seat-

belts, kicked off their shoes, and listened sleepy-eyed to the lecture on how to put the life vest on and breathe oxygen while flying at 39,000 feet with Captain Schnurr, the pilot, welcoming everybody aboard, and the stewardesses promising a lunch between Travis and Hickam.

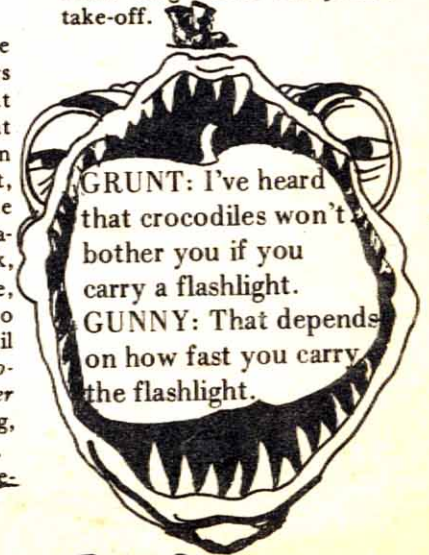
Men in white overalls were still turning wrenches on the outside right engine as the hostess finished her spiel. The captain interrupted to say there would be a "slight delay" —but don't leave the airport.

The passengers, mostly young troopers, groaned, but they filed off and hung around the entrance to Gate 3. An hour and twenty minutes later, the plane was boarded again and within ten minutes it was de-boarded. Same-same happen one more time, and at five p.m., five hours behind schedule, the pax were still waiting to relax. Again the rude awakening, only this time the friendly local captain told the troopers the buses would be taking them to a motel. The flight would be delayed 12 hours.

Rousted out of bed at five the next a.m., the troopers mounted buses, breakfasted at the Travis cafeteria and went aboard the airplane at seven a.m. Guess what...That's right, that same outside right engine wouldn't cough, this time because the reverser wouldn't work, whatever that is. Off the plane, into the buses, and back to the motel at Vaca City until ten p.m. There followed another trip to Travis, another boarding, another unloading, and another night in the motel. There were so many de-

monstrations of the life vest on Flight ZX2B that some passengers actually learned how to put them on. Every time the pilot started to taxi to the runway, the passengers figured he was headed for a motel. After the sixth day, the troopers started considering themselves residents of Vaca City. Every morning they would dutifully commute on buses to the aircraft and go home to their newly-found loved ones in the motel in the evening.

Several passengers bought property in the valley and built homes. Others took employment with the air base (most as tourist guides). They all look forward in their dreams and tell their children about the day they will make that magical tour of the East in Jupiter Flight ZX2B. But of course they all suspect that their 20-year retirement will come long before the plane's take-off.



GRUNT: I've heard that crocodiles won't bother you if you carry a flashlight.
GUNNY: That depends on how fast you carry the flashlight.



"I must be outa my mind, buying a 'magic lantern' from that Montagnard."

Support Your Local FACs— 'Chuck the Grunt' Is a Booster

The following was submitted by a true grunt who had the "pleasure" of being at Duc Lap when that little outpost was once besieged. His story in his own words:

The numerically superior but sartorially-inferior NVA forces rolled and tumbled out of the hills into the almost defenseless compound of Duc Lap with rape, pillage, glint and bloodshot in their beady little eyes. The three regiments thought but one thought—annihilate. This message was written in every dispatch from Hanoi to Duc Lap—wipe out, destroy, kill, kill, kill.

Little did these beady-eyed villains know what was in store for them; how the spunky little heroes would hold the fort against unbelievable odds. The NVA attack was held off by the gallant defenders of the fort. Then, out of the sun like a flock of cackling eagles came FAC after FAC. With them came the hawks, American hawks with sharp talons, the jet fighters, ready to pounce upon the prey the FACs pointed out with their fingers of death. In spite of the raining shrapnel and shell, the friendly troopers stood atop their bunkers and cheered. Though perhaps there was not the colour of the Cavalry racing over the hill with bugles blaring, banners flying, yellow ribbons ribboning amid the dust and smoke, there was excitement in their hearts. Rin Tin Tin or Lassie could not have evoked more emotion.

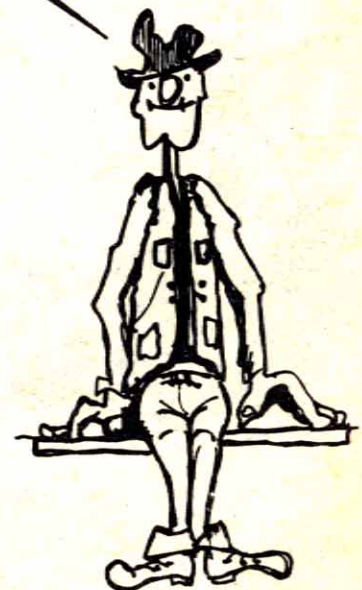
My name is Charles. My fickle-fingered FAC buddies call me "Chuck the Grunt." I am an adviser with the ARVN. These ARVNs are a nitty-gritty bunch of wiry, tough fighters who can do anything, given the help of those big-balled FAC bastards in their grey planes.

By the 8th of September, the battle of Duc Lap was over. The dawn broke over the trees and the sky was a quiet true-blue. The birds sang, and from a distance came the song of a brook babbling through the bomb craters. As we stood atop our bunkers, surveying the bomb-riddled countryside, we thought of fate, mother, and apple pie. Some even thought about Captain America and Jack Armstrong. Out of the north, a lone

gray single-engined airplane circled, dipped its wing, and flew so low that we could see the long scarf trailing through the open window. As the pilot flew by, I looked and saw tears in his eyes. I was touched. I didn't know beagles could cry.

With all the rest of us battle-weary grunts at Duc Lap, I offer my gratitude, thanks, best wishes, and kindest regards with utmost sincerity to those steely-eyed warriors of the sky. However, even though those bastards saved my ass, I'll be damned if they'll ever landscape my yard.

Diffgrunt strokes
for diffgrunt fokes!





Late Scores: Chicago 0, N.Y. 0

I Found Romance In the Jungle!

"The trouble with you guys," the sarge roared, "is that you don't get out enough at night. You sit around here drinking beer and watching TV and movies when out there is the great outdoors, beautiful moonlight, balmy breezes, lovely palms. Haven't you got any romance in your souls?"

To put the romance back in our souls, the sarge arranged a moonlight stroll. There were six of us, counting our leader, and the sarge had chosen a delightful stream bed for our walk. We only went two kilometers beyond our perimeter and settled down at a spot where the stream was crossed by a path. We spaced ourselves along the bank about five yards apart and savored the stillness and coolness of the night air.

It was like that for about two hours, sitting there silently in the wilderness underneath the boughs. Even though we had rifles instead of a book of verses and a jug of wine, there was something to be said for it. A man can find himself at night in the wilderness.

But we found something else. First the clicking bamboo sounds, then the soft footsteps and muted enemy voices. They were there on the path a few yards from the stream, a group of Charlies, trying to find romance, maybe, just like us.

They fired first. The staccato burst of two AK-47s, and then two concussion grenades. We poured our fire into the darkness where they should have been. For the next few minutes, few monkeys or parrots in that neck of the jungle got any z's as we and the Charlies engaged.

Then it was all over, suddenly. They were gone. We headed back with no casualties. Doubt if any of them were hit either.

But the sarge was right. It did relieve the boredom of TV and beer in camp. And there was some romance to it all. But you know what you can do with *that* romance, don't you?



It's an Ill Wind No One Blows Good

By BUCKINGHAM CHOW

MOST GRUNTS, accustomed only to the crude, even coarse, barracks variety, aren't aware that the sound of flatus (wind-breaking) has, at other times in other places, been regarded as an art form.

In fact, while many Americans regard it as the "ill wind that bloweth no man good," in some parts of the world, the man with a distinctive flair or a bit of style to his exsufflation merits the respect and admiration of his fellows. Indeed there have been those acclaimed as masters.

Japan, a country where the artist traditionally is held in high esteem, has several "schools" of wind-breaking, but the golden age of the art has passed, according to one newspaper columnist.

Seihei Okuyama, writing in Tokyo's Shipping and Trade News awhile back (in a column titled "Country Less Windy"), told how it used to be:

"Some hundred or so years ago, there was a master who could break wind at any time and for any reasonable length of time and he had a few pupils in that art. One evening, three pupils paid a courtesy call on their master. Upon arriving at his home, the pupils, instead of saying 'good evening,' broke wind twice each.

"The master, already in bed, responded to the salute by letting go quite loudly three times. And on top of it, the third was the loudest, to the surprise and admiration of his pupils."

Okuyama also tells the story of another master of Old Japan.

"Years and years ago, there appeared a special artist at a yose (Japanese vaudeville house), who could break winds (sic) without an interruption for many minutes. And he did so to the accompaniment of the *samisen* (a type of Japanese banjo). 'Let's go,' he said, and he started off in tune as his accompanist played the *samisen*. 'Boo-boo, chan, chan, boo-boo, chan, chan, boo-boo, chan, chan,' the music went on endlessly." A gas, no doubt.

Somewhere along the way, however, Japanese musicians split into "schools." It is not certain just how many styles now exist (is there, for instance, "mainstream"? country? acid rock?) but another columnist, writing not long ago in Tokyo's Yomiuri newspaper, told about a man named Hirai, the chief exponent of "Osaka-style" wind-breaking—perhaps equivalent to our "Dixieland."

Hirai, according to the newspaper, was envious of his father's prowess at wind-breaking (he could blow paper off a low table) and decided to follow in his footsteps (presumably only when walking downwind, of course).

Hirai applied himself diligently and soon became adept at making *o-nara* (honorable sound). In the



sixth grade, the article states, "he once shocked a teacher into stumbling down the stairs, apparently surprised by the sound and shaken by the impact."

Such boyish mischief was but a diversion for the youthful Hirai, however. He was destined for greater things. After years of practicing his art, Hirai was brought before the Grand Old Man of Gastro-Musicology (the Head Poot?) for his big test.

"The old moustached gentleman sitting on his thick cotton cushion," the Yomiuri relates, "closed his eyes and listened for Hirai to sound off. He suddenly popped open his eyes, nodded and said: 'My son, you've got something there. You make a good noise. You have promise.'"

Upon the old man's death, Hirai succeeded him as master of "Osaka-style" windsmanship, a post he presumably holds to this day. Hirai, of course, refuses to disclose the secrets of his art, but counsels that the "honorable sound" must be "sonorous and not odorous."

So much for the state of the

Art of the Honorable Sound in the East. Unquestionably, however, the leading virtuoso ever to toot a poot was a Frenchman named Petomane (not to be confused with "Petro Main"). Monsieur Petomane performed in concert before fashionable audiences throughout Europe about the turn of the century.

Possessed of an impressive range and a melodious tone, M. Petomane was regarded with wonder wherever he performed, naturally. (For his concerts he wore specially designed and tailored trousers, a recent biographer reports.)

The art went into a decline with the passing of Petomane, however, and, in fact, has not been heard at all in the Western world since April 17, 1921, when one Oscar Bolero of East Oleo, Minn., attempted a few bars of "Mademoiselle From Armentiers" while drinking beer at a local saloon. For his trouble, Bolero was asked to pay his bill and leave.

Neither the man nor his music has been heard since.



Catch 22 EAST

The major was getting ready for assignment to Vietnam and he asked an Old Asia Hand what books he should read to prepare for the trip.

"Two books will fill you in," he was told. "One is the official Army orientation book on Vietnam, and the other is 'Catch 22'." And he wasn't joking.

You just can't understand the Nam without having read

to as "Catch 33," because Vietnam is the land of 33 beer.

For instance, you take a request form down to the Pass and ID section to get a new ID card made and the clerk tells you they're out of ID forms and would you come back in six weeks. You go back in six weeks with the form and the clerk says, "Sorry, the request form's no good after 30 days." Catch 33.

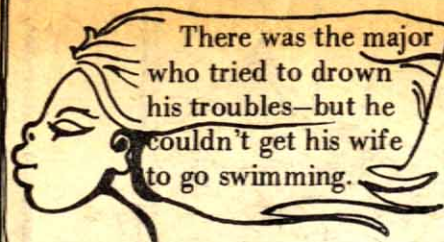
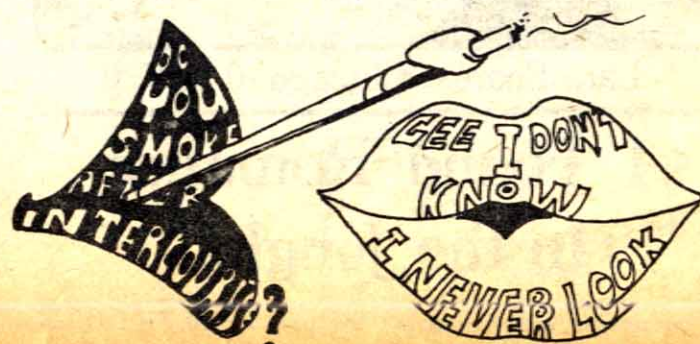
You put in a requisition for a new typewriter but Supply tells you to hold it up for a month because they're automating the supply system. You re-submit in 30 days, they put it in the machine, and a week later the whole machine system breaks down—would you please re-submit? You re-submit and wait three months and then follow up and they tell you the old supply sergeant rotated and left a real mess. Your requisition was lost.

You go to the PX to buy a typewriter, but, for some reason, there was a shortage of typewriters in the Korean contingent and they beat you to them. You send to Sears

Roebuck for a typewriter and some clerk in Los Angeles put the wrong APO number on the package. You have a beer. Two beers. Ten beers. Catch 33.

Sorry 'bout that. Forget it. Forty-two days and a wake-up. Who gives a rat's ass about a typewriter anyhow? Nobody ever heard of a war being lost for want of a typewriter. A horseshoe, yes.

Fug it all. Sit down and read a book. Catch 22. Catch 33. It all makes sense. Fug'em.



"Catch 22," Joseph Heller's black-humor masterpiece about a bomber squadron in World War II fighting through and around official red tape. Vietnam's a "Catch 22" kind of war. Strange things happen that defy logic. Only in the Nam, the reason you can't do something is usually referred

...And to Make Matters Worse, He Had a Hole in His Sock

Two colonels were sitting at the "O" Club bar and one said, "Say, how is that gorgeous secretary of yours?"

"Oh, I had to fire her."

"Fire her! How come?"

"Well, it all started a week ago last Thursday on my 49th birthday. I was never so depressed."

"What has that got to do with it?"

"Well, I came down for breakfast and my wife never mentioned my birthday. A few minutes later the kids came down and I was sure they would wish me a happy birthday, but not a word."

"As I say, I was most depressed, but when I arrived at the office my secretary greeted me with 'Happy Birthday' and I was glad that someone remembered. At noontime she suggested that it was such a beautiful day she would like to take me to lunch at a nice intimate little place in the country."

"Well, it was nice and we enjoyed our lunch and a couple of martinis. On the way back she said it was much too nice a day to return to the office and suggested that we go up to her apartment where she would give me another martini. That also appealed to me, and after a drink and a cigarette she asked that she be excused while she went into the bedroom to change into something more comfortable."

"A few minutes later the bedroom door opened and out came my secretary, my wife and two kids with a birthday cake, singing 'Happy Birthday' and there I sat with nothing on but my socks."



"Notice anything different about that tree, Louie?"

Thanks and a free "Grunt Power" poster to Mrs. F.B.G.

Goods and Services

LOST—One pair almost new jungle fatigue pants and combat boots (size 12-D) in vicinity Zippy Car Wash, Long Binh Hiway.

WHY CAN'T I get no satisfaction? Portnoy.

SGT. R.O.S.—Please destroy or return the "thank-you" notes I sent after being chosen your unit's Honorary First Sergeant Award in 1960. Jackie O.

FOR SALE — Guaranteed shocking letters from well-known personality (woman) formerly of Washington, D.C.; kept secret heretofore in the certain knowledge of the sensation their disclosure would cause in certain circles. Agent: SFC R.O.S., 394th Trans. Co.

WILL PERSONS who were at Mama-san's Bar last Friday night who witnessed SFC Broog's face accidentally hit my fist please contact my Defense Counsel, 2 Lt. Egerbeve, care Adjutant's Office. PFC Jerry Goodfellow, Brigade Detention Compound.

GAY LOVER needs girls. Call Jim, Danger 4440.

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A GREAT MESSAGE! Will share priceless truth with others seeking spiritual enlightenment and the path to Universal Peace and Brotherhood. Oral Rodgers. Danang 622. (No faggots.)

VERSATILE nymph chicks wanted for rooster mascot with Co. A, 3d Bn, 999th Bde. Write Box 0000, Danang.

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"Things must be serious. Philby's really bracing for this next offensive!"

Have You Got 'Lifer' Potential?

If you're in the military, or if you've been there, sometime or other during your lifetime you've CONSIDERED the military as a career. Of course you have.

But do you measure up?

Are you merely draftee material? Or could you be an Old School Non-Com? Career Officer? Or Hard-Core Lifer?

The following quiz will test your retainability quotient. A maximum score of 216 points is possible. Answer each question honestly then carefully compute and total your score before reading the explanation and consulting the evaluation chart on page 20.

- 1) Ten points if at least once in the past six months you stayed at the messhall after dinner "just for another cup of coffee," and stayed until after nine o'clock bullshitting with one of the cooks. (Extra five points if you drank the coffee.)
- 2) Five points if you handed out cigars when you made Five; three more if you contributed something for a promotion party at the club; three more if you sent your wife, girl friend or Mom a cable to break the good news.
- 3) Two points for each weekday night you have more than three beers at the club. (Or three points each if you drink them warm, in the barracks.)
- 4) Two points for each of the following you groove on:
 - a. "Combat" on TV
 - b. Whitewall haircuts
 - c. 10-cent "Happy Hour" shots at the club
 - d. Porno through the mail
 - e. Jerry Vale or Lawrence Welk or polkas
 - f. Blitz cloth or "Spiffy" collar straighteners.
- 5) Twenty points if you've ever sent an Army Times subscription as a gift.
- 6) Ten points if your VRB would be more than \$8,000.
- 7) Five points if, at the PX, you always select the ball-point pen with the OD barrel.
- 8) Ten points for each girl you've married overseas.
- 9) Five points if you thought "Blood, Sweat and Tears" originated in a speech by Winston Churchill.
- 10) Ten points if you really thought this test was on the level. Another five points if you're pissed off because we'd put you on about something so serious.

Oh, Play the Ballad of L.S. Green!

An air crewman based in Thailand told GRUNT recently that he opened a package of C-rats one day and found some Lucky Strike cigarettes in a strange-looking green package. He had never seen such a thing before and he was suspicious.

Concerned by this report, GRUNT investigated and uncovered an astonishing story of wartime drama, intrigue, and international moper. But before revealing the Strange and Exciting True Story behind the Green Incident, a few rumors need to be scotched. Namely:

—The Green Luckies were NOT designed for the Green Berets or for Vietnam jungle fighters.

—The green is NOT fungus, although it could be.

—The green does NOT indicate that lettuce leaves have replaced tobacco in the cigarettes. Or "grass."

—It is NOT part of a communist takeover plot.

No, the mysterious green Luckies are (now it can be told) the last vestige of a great wave of patriotic sentiment that swept the country back in the days of World War II, the Big War. Public sentiment was 100 per cent behind the GIs fighting that war and one shudders to think what

would have happened to any demonstrators who attempted to march down any public street in America carrying the Japanese flag or the Nazi swastika in 1942. (The mood back home then, obviously, was nothing like the attitudes there today.)

But we digress, as Max Shulman, the reigning humor writer laureate of that era, used to say...

Not long after the big kickoff at Pearl Harbor, the American Tobacco Co. (maker of Luckies) switched from its traditional package with green background to a plain white background (the package still used today).

A strident multi-million-dollar advertising campaign shouted news of the changeover to the universe: "Lucky Strike Green has gone to WAR!.....YES! LUCKY STRIKE GREEN gone to WAR!" It was a Big Deal.

Obviously the anemic looking Luckies that remained behind have managed to survive and prosper all these years, but people have always wondered what really happened to Green. He never came back and no official disclosure was ever made of his wartime activities. Truly, the public was never told whether Green had come through the war all right, whether he had served

overseas, (or if so in which theater of operations) whether he had distinguished himself.... indeed, whether he had lived or was missing in action (MIA).

Oh, there were inquiries, to be sure. Once, at a Washington press conference toward the end of the war, a correspondent of the Greensboro Dispatch asked a high White House official if there was any word of Green. (After all, every living American and most foreigners knew he had Done His Duty.) A "point system" was then being applied to bring back the veterans with longest overseas service or battle time first. "I have nothing on that," the spokesman replied, blandly. When pressed, he said he would "check." Some time later, the correspondent was informed that "the activities of L.S. Green are still classified."

The subject was half-heartedly pursued by others, but in the greater drama of those times—the surrender of Germany, Hiroshima, VJ Day, the general elation and confusion of discharging 10 million American veterans—Lucky Strike Green was forgotten, just another of those intriguing episodes of the war that never came to light.

But then strange reports began to filter in from remote corners

of the world. Green reportedly was seen in Occupation Japan, in a sake bar. He had been seen in the Soviet sector of Berlin. He was rumored to be involved in black market activities in Italy. Some years later, the CID picked up information that Green had turned up in an American unit in Korea, but this was never confirmed.

He was allegedly sighted at the Bay of Pigs, but the CIA, naturally, denied all knowledge of him or his activities. He was even rumored to have had a role in the war in the Congo, while another story said he had been in a VA hospital since 1945.

Then nothing, until this year, when the young airman swore that he and others in his crew had seen Green in upcountry Thailand.

What does it mean, this reappearance of the mysterious, elusive Green more than 25 years after he left for a war from which he never returned? Is he a secret agent, perhaps, of the CIA? the CID? or the CSI (Club Sergeants International)? Or, heaven forbid, has he gone over to the Other Side, to Salem or Kool?

Officially, the United States Military Assistance Command in Thailand (MAC-Thai) says nothing and shrugs off all questions.

Off the record, however, a spokesman said: "Lucky Strikes in a green package? Boy, those must've been some old C-rations!"

—JAY ANREA



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