

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

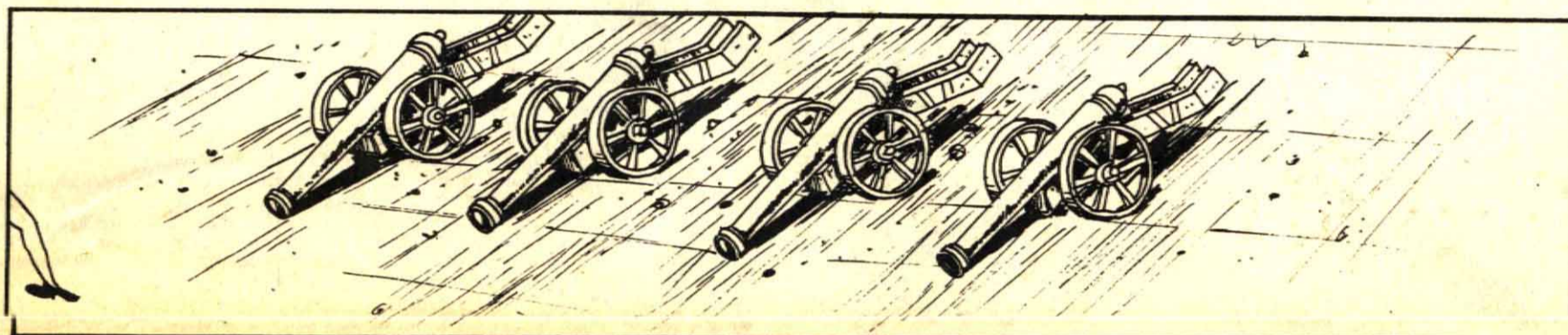


# GRUNT TAKE PRESS

October — November 1970  
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ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO SHOVE

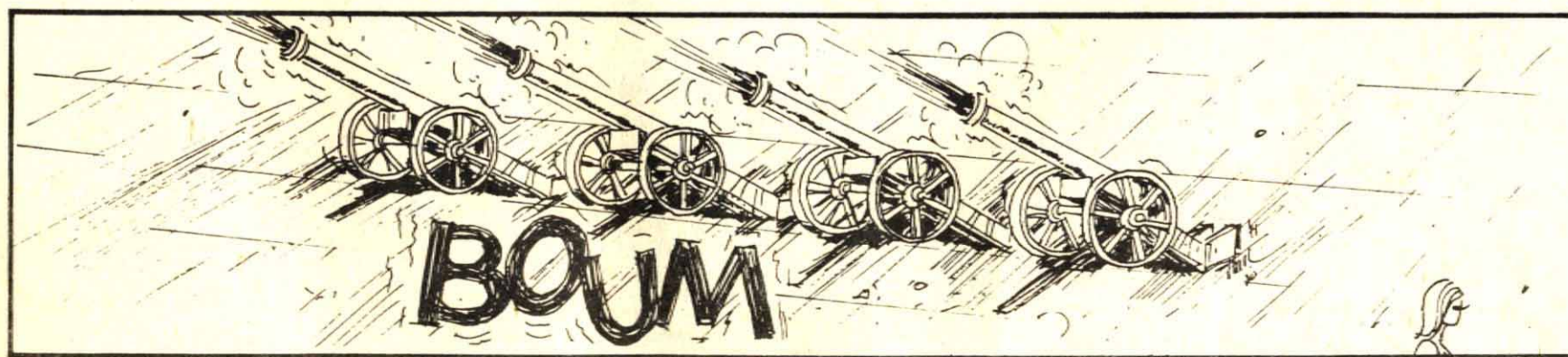
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It's a Sunday afternoon rock show — the biggest event of the week for the young set in Saigon. Three of the top groups in the country — the CBC, the Moonbeams, and the New Flintstones — are at the Ritz night club on a psychedelic-rigged stage making with the latest hit records to reach Saigon via the GI underground. The beat is loud and rhythmic and the performers are wiggling and hamming under the flashing colored lights. But the audience is dead. They sit there, maybe 500 of them, seated like they were watching a movie, and just dead, not moving a foot, a hand, or a head to match the beat. The contrast between the bands and the listeners is startling. Woodstock it ain't. But every Sunday, it's standing room only, so you know the kids dig the stuff. But why the inactivity. GRUNT Free Press interviewed a young Vietnamese student on this subject:

GRUNT: Why don't these teenagers move to the beat?

STUDENT: They're numb, that's why. Inside, they want to move and express themselves and be individualists, but you can't do it in Saigon today. They come here to escape the frustrations of knowing that all they have to look forward to is the draft and the war but they can't escape it entirely. They can't let themselves go.

GRUNT: And dancing is out of the question?

STUDENT: Dancing is illegal. Some kids get together secretly in their homes for dances, but if they're caught, it means jail. They look you up overnight and your parents have to come get you. But still we have underground dances. We take the risk.

GRUNT: How do you keep up with the latest music?

STUDENT: Mainly from AFVN (Armed Forces Vietnam) radio. It plays 24 hours a day and we tape the latest songs and pass them around so our friends make copies. Sometimes GIs bring us tapes and records from the PX.

GRUNT: Then you would call AFVN a good influence?

STUDENT: Of course. There are many good influences. We like many of the young GIs here. We understand them and they understand us. We know they have to come over here because they're drafted just like we are. We are sometimes against U.S. policy but we are not against the GI.

GRUNT: Is there any anti-student feeling in Saigon among the working people?

STUDENT: Not really. In Vietnam, the student has some prestige. He is respected because he qualified for higher education. Our trouble comes mainly from the police.

GRUNT: How is that?

STUDENT: We get stopped on the average of two to three times a day by the police and have to show our identity papers. When you complain of this, they sometimes say you don't respect authority, so they take you in. It's a frustration and a constant reminder to us that the draft and the war lie ahead.

GRUNT: Is there much free sex among students over here?

STUDENT: No, the family influence is so strong that sex is not really free. And there are strict university rules on sex. Besides, there is no place to take a girl in this crowded city, only movies. Sometimes, you can rent a hotel room for two hours for 500 piasters, but it's nothing like in America. The war has had something to do with a lowering of moral standards, but for the young student, sex is not easy to come by. Not only are our families strict, but they never teach us anything about sex. Fathers never talk frankly to their sons about what you do with girls.

GRUNT: How do you feel about the girls who work in bars and go with Americans?

STUDENT: Our feeling about bar girls is neutral. They need to work in the bar because they need the money, so we understand them. Everytime we see a Vietnamese girl on the street with an American, we mark her as a bar girl who is going with him for money. Our «good» girls don't go with Americans.

GRUNT: You don't think the Americans are taking the girls away from you?

## The most upbeat Teenagers in the World Saigon

STUDENT: Listen, we students don't have much time for girls so we don't worry. You know, we are drafted at 18. If we pass school with the 2nd Baccalaureate, we can go in the Army as officers. If we fail, we are enlisted men. And the enlisted man's life is miserable. He gets only 5000 piasters a month. So the most important thing in our life is to pass that exam. It doesn't give us much time for anything else.

GRUNT: But aren't there a lot of girls in our school?

STUDENT: Yes, but the girls have to study hard too. It's easier for them, though, because they don't have the worry of the draft always on their minds. For that reason, more girls pass the exam than boys. Their only worry is to find a husband. Another disadvantage we boy students have is that we must take military training one day a week and we do one month in the summer so that cuts into our study time.

GRUNT: Is there a chance of studying abroad?

STUDENT: Not much. To get a permit to study abroad, you must be 19 and get a «mention» in the baccalaureate. But priority is given to the children of men killed in the fighting.

GRUNT: Is there a generation gap in Vietnam?

STUDENT: I think so. In Vietnam, we have a saying «When bamboo becomes old, young bamboo will take its place». Our time will come. We want young people to influence and run this government. We have some young people in the Assembly today, maybe four, but we need more, many more. Then we can form a bloc and do something about corruption and the war. Only the young people of Vietnam can make the changes that must be made. We no longer trust many of the old leaders. They make good daddies, but they are not good politicians or leaders. Give us two or three years and the youth will take over in this country. The old people know that and they are afraid of it. Our old professors know this and try to break us. But only a young man can have the imagination and daring to make the necessary changes.

GRUNT: What changes are you talking about?

STUDENT: First, let me say this. We are anti-communist and we are anti-war. We have seen what the communists did during Tet and we do not like it. And we believe that the U.S. helped the VC during Tet to force a coalition government on us. After all, why were the big targets during Tet all Vietnamese?

GRUNT: (INTERRUPTING) That's a harsh statement. And the facts don't bear it out. Surely, people don't believe that?

STUDENT: We do. Most people in Saigon do. That's one reason why we would like to see all foreigners leave. We know you Americans plan to leave, but we want the North Vietnamese to leave too. Then we can solve our problems.

GRUNT: And if the North Vietnamese don't leave?

STUDENT: Before you started bombing the north, there were no North Vietnamese down here. You made it a war of the big powers and up north, they started to look upon you as the successors to the French, so they came down south to get rid of the foreigners. When you are no longer here, they have no excuse to be here, either. But we need your help, not your military power, but your economic power and your diplomacy in negotiations.

GRUNT: How can that help you?

STUDENT: The real problem here is that South Vietnam is a food-rich country. And our real enemy — Red China — is poor. We think that if you open trade and aid with Red China, give her food so she is not hungry, then you will take the pressure off of us. Because it is China who keeps the war going and we would like you to work on her to stop. You can do it with your billions of dollars. When she is rich like the USSR, you will have peace in Asia just as there is now peace in Europe.

GRUNT: Some people would consider that a very naive outlook.

STUDENT: We only ask you to give it a chance. It can be no worse than fighting here year after year. All of my life, there has been war and I am tired of war. We students feel that right now, we are at the bottom of the wheel, but the wheel is turning and soon we will be on top.

GRUNT: In one of our interviews, John Steinbeck III said that the war is a karma thing for Vietnam.

STUDENT: Perhaps, but we have paid our karma with 27 years of war. We paid dearly. Now it must end.

GRUNT: What will happen after the Americans leave?

STUDENT: If we young people have any say in the government, we will find the path to peace and it will be a peace where we can live the way we want to live, the way our ancestors lived. We will build our country and many students and intellectuals who are now abroad will return and give us their skills and experience. If you solve the problem of China, then we can solve the problem of Vietnam. We know that. We can take care of the VC in our own way. I hate to say this, but I think we could have taken care of the problem sooner if you had never come here.

GRUNT: But we were asked to come here.

STUDENT: You were asked by the old leaders, but when the old leaders are gone and our new leaders take over, things will change. We Vietnamese are like grass. When the wind blows, we bend. We will resolve our problems. We will not break. You can help by removing the pressure from China.

(We ended the interview on this inconclusive note, realizing that specifics are hard to come by in Vietnam today. Our student interviewee showed us the peace medal he wore around his neck. It was broken at the bottom right on the leg of the inverted «Y». He told us that one day, he would weld the piece back in.)





HAIGHT ASHBURY  
 on Plantation Road  
 Rock

On the stage there are five young Vietnamese musicians, none over 21, all unisexed with long hair. Behind them is a bright orange and red peace symbol, psychedelic posters selected at random, showing the finger V for peace, a black militant, a cereal box marked « weedies », and the Jefferson Airplane. Black light flashes on the players and the signs, giving half second slow motion glimpses of the long haired swaying musicians naked from the waist up and the brilliant red-orange of the posters. On the stage itself and in ten rows of stools in front of it are about 200 GIs in fatigues, Army and Air Force mainly, all between 18 and 25 and none over the rank of buck sergeant. There are also about 50 Vietnamese teenagers in the crowd. The volume is turned full blast and the music bounces off the ceilings and walls, cool and hot music, right off the top of the charts and played with Woodstock intensity.

The grunts dig it all the way, swaying, head bobbing, finger tapping, foot stomping, and when a special number is finished, they get to their feet and clap and yell while the players ham it up. There is an empathy between these young Vietnamese and young Americans found nowhere else in Vietnam. The vibrations are there in the flashing lights and the cool music and the hot air and smoke and crowding. It's warm scene, as mellow as any found in Haight-Ashbury, Greenwich Village, Santa Monica, Des Moines, London, Paris, Berlin, Tokyo, and anywhere else where under-30's groove together.



The sign out front says « Do not smoke Can Sa inside ». The grunts don't- not inside, but it would be stretching a point to say that pot does not fit into the scene. But it's not evident to the outsider: This is probably the most peaceful bar in Saigon, no squabbles with bar girls, no fights with cowboy Honda drivers or taxis, no drunks, no bad feeling anywhere. The word for it is groovy...

Photos and illustration:  
 Tran-dinh-Thuc

(SEE PAGE 4)

SNOOPY  
 Oh no





# HAPPINESS IS ACID ROCK

(FOLLOWED FROM PAGE 3)

What's now my love?

«I've come here every night for the last four months,» a young airman said. «I just wouldn't miss it.» Another said he came down from Cu Chi just to hear the CBC. The CBC is the number one Vietnamese rock group that packs them into the Kim Kim — the fabulous group of brothers and sisters who get their music taped right off of AFVN or from grunts who buy tapes and records in the PX.

The CBC are known throughout the Saigon area. The letters used to stand for Con Ba Cu, Vietnamese for «Mother's children», but to the grunts CBC has been re-named to mean «Come Blow Can Sa». They are four boys and two girls and four are from one family — two boys and two girls. They wear broken peace symbols, with the metal removed from the bottom of the inverted «Y» to indicate the lack of peace in Vietnam. Their hair is long enough to bring harassment from Vietnamese MPs who keep threatening to cut it off and US PM's who call them «dirty people». The musicians call the

police «pigs». They chafe under the harassment, but they know that every GI in that audience would go to bat for them if there were real trouble. On one occasion, when the MP's harassed the group, every grunt walked out of the place.

«We understand the problem,» the group's leader, a 21 year old named Linh said. «In Vietnam today, there is a war and we must expect controls. But I hope when it is over, we can be as free as young people everywhere. I hope that one day, we can have a Woodstock in Saigon, maybe in the Zoo, with some rock groups from America and England, playing together with us. It would be the greatest day in Saigon — for our young people and your young GIs.»

«Yeah, man,» a grunt interrupted. «Like they ought to give Bob Hope and Billy Graham a year off and send us the Doors or the Jefferson Airplane or the Mamas and Papas.»

«You writing a story on this band,» another GI chimed in, «and it better be good. Cause these guys made this tour worthwhile. They got it. They just got it — and I ain't found it anywhere else.»

During an intermission, the grunts file out of the low ceilinged, 20-by-40-foot room, packed with foot-high red stools and low tables where the GIs sit and drink, mainly Coca Cola. They go outside to have a smoke, and bat the breeze and they all file in. «Hell, yes, we all know each other,» an airman from Tan Son Nhut explained, «when a guy comes here, he's one of us.»

There have been nights when the CBC could not appear for the eight o'clock show (possibly a police delay) and the 200 or so grunts who show up just stand around. They don't go anywhere else, but they sit around and smoke and have a beer or coke. The Kim Kim is their thing and they don't dig the regular bars with the tea-drinking hustlers or the assembly line massage parlors. They come from Bien Hoa and Cu Chi and Phuoc Vinh and Long Binh and from all over Saigon to hear the CBC. Troops on their R & R spend most of their time in Saigon at Kim Kim.

«You know, it's like this. Some GIs bitch and moan about Vietnam but man, it ain't as bad as all that. Gimme a place like this and it don't matter I'm in Saigon or Sioux City. There's some good thing going for us here, man, but you got to know where it's at.»

Your mother wears combat boots!

I DIG CHICKS... PIG CHICKS, TOO...

## THE CBC



The CBC at the Kim Kim Club on Nguyen Van Toai St., Plantation Road, is «where it's at» for the grunt who's out looking. It's managed by a young Chinese, and owned by a young Chinese, and frequented by young Americans and Vietnamese. It's a «together» place where you forget the war and where the only thing that counts is if you're cool. There's no anti-Vietnam or anti-American or anti-black or anti-white or anything in the place. All that counts is the pound of those drums, the frenetic guitar, the cymbals, the screams, the white flashing light and with it all the beat — one solid beat that links every man in the room to everybody else.»

«I come out of the place, and I'm broke, see, and this cyclo driver sees me and says «where you go?» I tell him I'm broke but have to go Tan Son Nhut and he says «Get in. He took me for free. I ain't shittin you. He didn't take no money.»

Four years ago, Plantation Road was a street lined with tin and straw shacks and the remnants of a rubber plantation. Today, it is a glittering neon-lit row of modern buildings, housing a dozen buildings for billeting Army and Air Force troops, scores of bars, massage parlors, restaurants, hotels. In May 1968, the VC marched up the street toward Tan Son Nhut but got stopped in a French cemetery. Since that time, the ten o'clock curfew took effect from Tu Do as the «great White Way» of Saigon. It's near the hotel quarters and the sprawling air base of Tan Son Nhut and there's plenty of parking and the girls are as good-looking as they are downtown. And it's as close to a «rock festival» as anything you can find in Vietnam.

«I got this buddy, see, who was over here six months and never left the base, and I bring him down here. He goes completely ape and starts kicking himself in the ass for not getting out earlier. That's true with a lot of guys, you know.»

When the performance is over at 9:45 p.m. (curfew preparation), the band and some of the GIs clown about together. They dig each other. The posters for the club, the tapes and records for the band to copy, the ideas for new numbers, all come from the grunts. The band learned their English from the GIs and the GIs picked up their «need to know» phrases from the Vietnamese at the club. You'd be hard put to find a place in Vietnam where there is as much admiration and respect for Vietnamese performers among GIs. And vice versa. The guys who patronize the Kim Kim aren't violating any Vietnamese taboos and they're as peaceful and gentle as anyone you could find west of San Francisco.

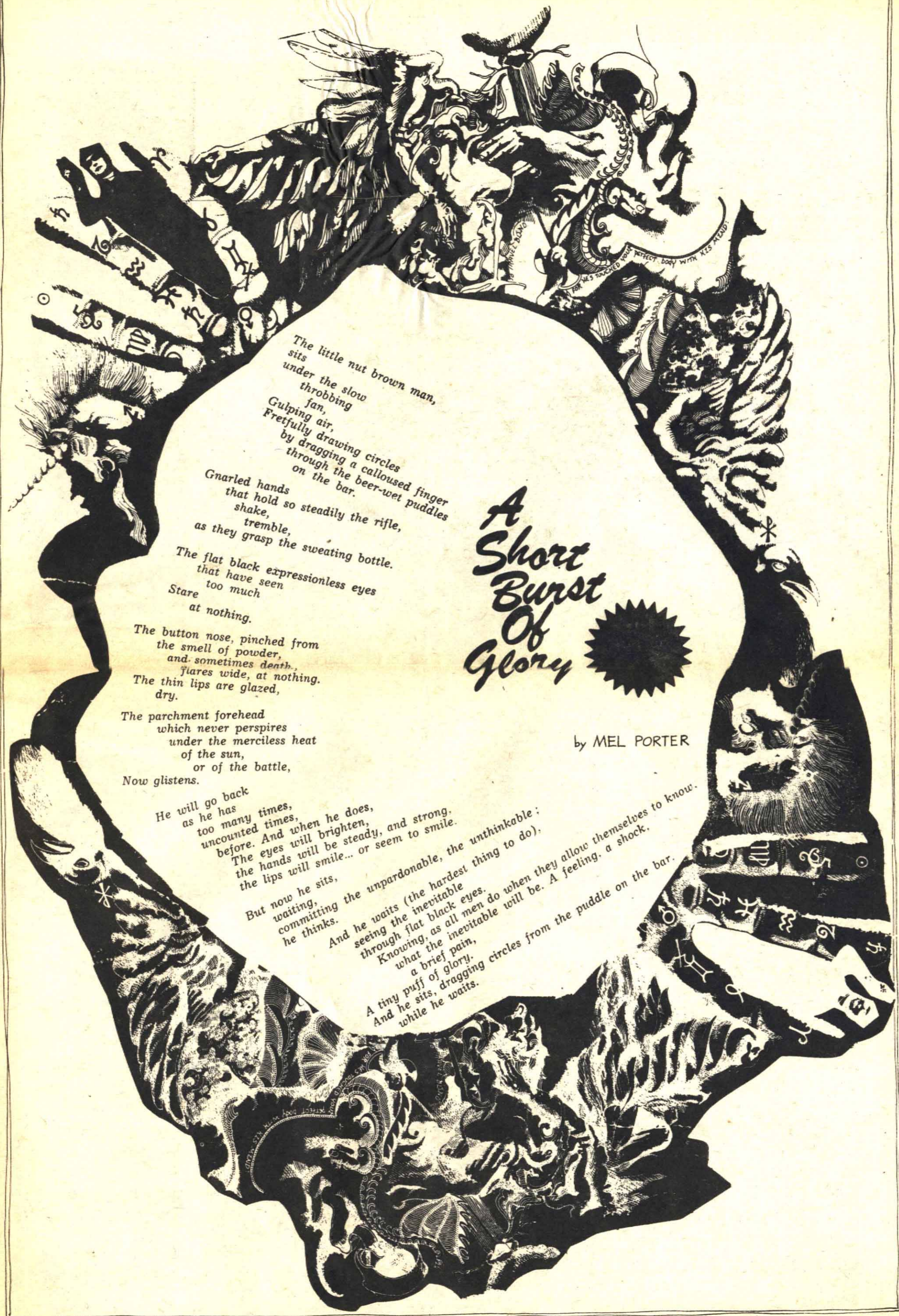
«It's the vibrations, man. I dig the vibrations here, that's all I can say. There's something mellow about these people when I come in here. And I don't get it anywhere else.»

At ten o'clock, it's over at the Kim Kim. The customers are back at their quarters or dodging MP patrols or maybe in the sack with one of the hundreds of girls who make their living on the streets and bars of this new Broadway. The musicians hop in their small pick-up with their instruments and head for home. The cyclos and taxi drivers outside the club pull out for greener pastures. The lights go out in the club and the muddy street becomes just another dark alley. But between eight o'clock and ten o'clock every night, the building houses a few hundred young Americans and Vietnamese who forget there's a war on and groove together. A rock festival in Saigon with American and Vietnamese groups playing to young Americans and young Vietnamese?

GIMME SOME SOUL, MAN

They're all crazy





The little nut brown man,  
sits  
under the slow  
throbbing  
fan,  
Gulping air,  
Fretfully drawing circles  
by dragging a calloused finger  
through the beer-wet puddles  
on the bar.

Gnarled hands  
that hold so steadily the rifle,  
shake,  
tremble,  
as they grasp the sweating bottle.

The flat black expressionless eyes  
that have seen  
too much  
Stare  
at nothing.

The button nose, pinched from  
the smell of powder,  
and sometimes death,  
flares wide, at nothing.

The thin lips are glazed,  
dry.

The parchment forehead  
which never perspires  
under the merciless heat  
of the sun,  
or of the battle,  
Now glistens.

He will go back  
as he has  
too many times,  
uncounted times,  
before. And when he does,  
The eyes will brighten,  
the hands will be steady, and strong,  
the lips will smile... or seem to smile.

But now he sits,  
waiting,  
committing the unpardonable, the unthinkable;  
he thinks.  
And he waits (the hardest thing to do);  
seeing the inevitable  
through flat black eyes.  
Knowing, as all men do when they allow themselves to know,  
what the inevitable will be. A feeling. a shock.  
a brief pain,  
a tiny puff of glory.  
And he sits, dragging circles from the puddle on the bar.  
while he waits.

# A Short Burst Of Glory

by MEL PORTER



# Vietnamese-American MARRIAGES

A very touching article about an American GI and a young Vietnamese girl in love recently appeared in a Saigon daily newspaper. It was like a sudden fresh breeze moving a stranded sailboat. This couple, observed on Tu Do, were looking into each other's eyes, oblivious to the curious and sometimes hostile stares of their fellow countrymen. It's great to see something approaching reason applied to these young lovers in this emotion-torn land. Disgust, contempt, jealousy and bigotry have been all too common in the past year as far as these relationships go. Some Americans won't walk with their Vietnamese wives on the streets of Saigon. Nor will they take them into American clubs. They love each other deeply yet they dare not display it. Something sour and vicious has poisoned attitudes of both Americans and Vietnamese toward those young couples in love and living with each other.

## Can They Succeed?



is a fact of life which has nothing to do with American bias. Imagine what the situation would be like if instead of half a million men, the same number of women had been sent to Vietnam. Or ask a Vietnamese serviceman who has trained in the U.S. what his reception was like. It's a matter of circumstances.

Another factor creating some of the bias stems from the fact that most American couples met in bars. So what? Where else can an American find a girl? And what's wrong with a girl who studies hard to learn a foreign language and something about a foreign people so she can earn money for her family? A girl has to be bright and pretty to make it in a Saigon bar and this means she has to have some class. And it's just as easy to fall in love in a barroom as it is at a church social. That's a fact of life.

Love is a relative thing. For some it can be a longtime and deep emotion and for others, it can fade away quickly. One of the most commonly heard phrases in bars is «I love you too much.» This has about as much impact as «hey, buddy, you're kind of cute.» And too many American men have much the same punch in their promises of true love. Knowing that he'll be in Vietnam at most a year and possibly only a few weeks, he can promise the moon. «I'm going to be sent back here after a few months.» «I'll get out and come over here as a civilian.» «Soon as I get my divorce, I'll come back and we'll get married.» The man who throws this line is hitting below the belt.

But let's face it. There are many cases of the genuine article — an American and a Vietnamese in love, really in love. It's not something to get shook up about. In fact, it's worth rejoicing about. Given the proper counsel and the right check-ups, both physical and moral, a guy can do a hell of a lot worse than tie up with a Vietnamese woman. And vice versa.

○ Apart from the fact that love is the most powerful motivator for good in this world, there are some definite advantages to these mixed relationships. Where could an American, for example, ever find a better window to Vietnamese life and feeling than through a loved one. And where could a Vietnamese girl ever learn what Americans are really like. No government program, no educational institution, no friendship association, can approach the intimate love relationship as a means for bringing about understanding. Yet it appears that American officialdom and Vietnamese popular opinion frown on these relationships.

Of course, there are flaws in these relationships. There are young men driven to love out of loneliness. There are women who take up an association with an older man because he has money. And the equation isn't balanced. It's always the American man and Vietnamese women, practically never the reverse. How few Americans really know anything about the Vietnamese soldier who fights alongside them? Yet tens of thousands of them will pay money at a bar just to talk for a few minutes with a Vietnamese girl.

This is unfortunate and it's probably the basis for much of the hostile attitude among Vietnamese toward these relationships. But this

## Incoming

### ROUNDEYES VERSUS ORIENTALS

You will recall, dear reader, that in our last issue of GRUNT Free Press there appeared a letter from a Miss Su Hedley of «the world» wherein she questioned our lack of racial bias in regards to an article concerning the relative merits of «roundeye» chicks versus the Eastern lovelies. In other words, she said we had our head up our tailpipes as far as understanding women was concerned.

There follows a letter from one of our male readers taking issue with Miss Hedley. We expect this is not the last on this subject. In fact, we're going to take Miss Hedley's advice and study this matter in depth for «the furtherance of international relations», as she puts it. If you have anything to say, rap to GRUNT Free Press, but for crissakes, don't say anything that would offend the Women's Liberation Movement, the Ku Klux Klan, the American Legion, the Black Panthers, the DAR, the GAY Liberation Front, the Welsh nationalists, IBM, General Motors, Ralph Nader, the Pittsburgh Pirates or anybody else. In other words, tell it like you see it.

07 August 1970

Dear Miss Hedley:

After reading your letter published in Grunt, I felt that an answer was necessary. Firstly, you should have taken into consideration the purpose of this journal. Any literary work is directed to a particular type of audience, either consciously or unconsciously. When this is done, the interests and environment of the readership must be taken into account.

Consequently, the subject matter and the style in which it is written is adapted to the audience. As the Grunt has stated in the past, it is written with the G.I. in mind. It is aimed at the people who have to put up with this Bull-Shit existence for 12 months. It is written for the grunt, sailor or airman who is stationed in this «Pearl of the Orient.»

The Grunt Free Press wrote their article in the same style as the conversations that are carried on in the clubs, barracks, and hotels of Viet Nam. It is quite apparent by our letter that you have never been over here, and I am quite sure that you are not a G.I. Consequently, you cannot be considered an authority on the subject of life in Viet Nam.

Opinions as to the cause of the difference between «roundeyes» and orientals are many. In fact, there are too many to be discussed in a single letter. Unfortunately, not too many people over here have the time to sit down and outline the two cultural worlds and their effect upon the personalities of the women.

Thank you very much for your time and interest in our opinions.

Sincerely Your,

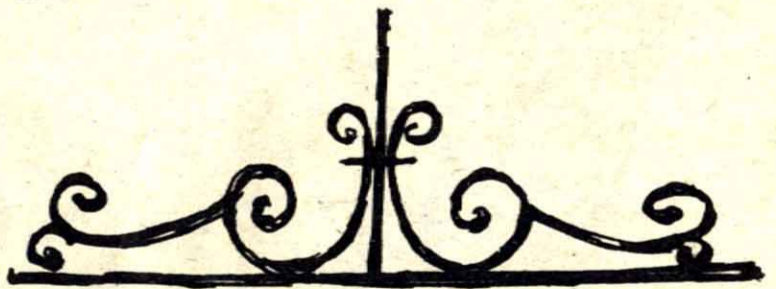
David C. Shaw RMSN  
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NAVFORV  
Calif.  
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GRUNT Free Press:

I would like to know your views on haircut policy by the Army. Why is it that blacks can cut their hair any way they want it but when a white guy has a decent head of hair everybody gets bent out of shape. This is my second time to Vietnam fighting for my country and I'm not even 21 years old. I think we should be authorized long hair if the soul brothers can wear theirs that way. The President and all the big authorities in the States can order people over here to die for their country but when the same 18 year old boy goes home, can he buy a car in his name, or have credit, hell, no. I think America would be a lot better off without the Army. Look at the Navy new rules and regs. These give EM the rights to wear their hair, mustache and beard the way they want to. Why can't the Army wake up and give us something to look forward to besides getting out. Thank you for hearing my rap. Please print this so I can get the opinions of others.

Thank you  
Ron in Saigon

P.S. Please withhold full name for the company commander will blow his cool.



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MANAGING EDITOR  
ART DIRECTOR

Doug Warren  
Tran Dinh Thuc





GRUNTS AND GRINDS • View from the Bottom

They have this Air Force doctor in Thailand who's a cheerful kind of guy. After a physical check-up, he tells you. « Don't start any serials. » One grunt who came in to complain of insomnia was told to « go home and sleep it off. » When this cute gal walked in, he said, « Okay, miss, open your mouth and say yes. » The doc had been treating this patient for jaundice for years before he found out the man was Japanese. If you walked in there with a stinking headache, you walked out with chlorophyll pills. In any case, he's not as bad as that Navy psychiatrist they call Mind Sweeper who's a real Freudy cat.

There's a new vogue in the Saigon bars. When a guy walks in, not one, but two girls, nestle up to him and start making the pitch for Saigon Teas. To give this the « hidden persuader » twist, the background music is, you guessed it. « Tea for Two ». The girls, of course, have other hidden persuaders in case this doesn't work.

This crazy doctor in II Corps crossed a platoon leader with a female gorilla and ended up with a battalion commander. He also crossed a parrot with an elephant and got a ten ton bird that eats peanuts. Finally, he crossed the main street of Saigon with his bicycle and got killed.

There was this rancher's daughter riding across the prairie when her horse fell and broke his leg. She was a long time getting back to the ranch. Meanwhile, her father got anxious. Finally, he looked out and saw an Indian « whoo-oo-ing » towards the ranch with daughter mounted up behind him. The rancher gave the Indian a dollar, then said to the girl, « How did you manage to stay on, my dear? » « Pa, I nearly fell off once, but he told me to reach around him and hang on to the saddle horn. » « Dammit », the rancher said, « How many times have I told you that Indians ride bareback? »

There was a drought and a water shortage on the camp and the CO put out a directive that hot water not to be wasted. The Sergeant Major was talking a bath and two WACs were caught peeping through the crack of his barracks watching him. When brought before the CO, they said they were acting in the line of duty. They wanted to see if he had more than five inches.

« Daddy » is a man whose wife refuses to take the pill.



Photo: Thuc

*United  
but  
Topless*

*We  
stand*

Dear John,  
I can no longer go on this way, Bill, leading you on to think I still love you. Times have changed since you've gone, and I've changed with them.

I suppose it all started many years ago, when I was a little girl and wondered why I couldn't go in the Boy's Room at school at all. And then — that one afternoon when three of we girls liberated it — I found out, discovered the entire truth by just reading the walls.

You held us to be your chattels, mere vessels to be poured into. Our minds, our very souls, they were only nuisances, entanglements. You have so institutionalized our bodies that we feel we are as public property when we walk down the street. In the eloquent words of our Great Leader: « Men's got dirty paws. »

In high school you remember I was elected Home-coming Queen. I was so proud. And — so stupid. Used! Used! I was used... In the eloquent words of our Great Leader: « You was used. »

And it didn't stop there. Your wanting to marry me, I can see now, was but part of the male-world master plot to subjugate all females in the bondage of matrimony. To bend over stoves, to keep a house clean, to bear children. Woman's work! What did you think I was?

But it cannot — will not — go on. Through Women's Liberation Front I have come to see the light. They have helped me to understand myself, my former self and the self I will be in the future. Women will then no longer be relegated to their present subservient role, and I hope to be in the vanguard of our progress towards equality.

With the spirit of our Holy Trinity — Eve, Delilah, and Mrs. Mitty — guiding us, it cannot be long until we assume our rightful place in this « man's world. » We trust in God; She will provide.

Bill, I want you to know I don't mean what I've just said personally. You're a real fine guy — within your innate limitations, of course — and I'm sure there are still many misguided girls around who will be glad to be your wife. I am not the beginning and the end. We did have some good times together. Remember that night two summers ago as we lay on the beach and watched the moon go — what am I talking about? what am I saying?

**WOMEN OF THE WORLD, UNITE! YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR BRAS!!**

MARY



# Pussy Willow Airlift



Private Potter didn't care what anybody said; he knew there were pussy willows in Vietnam. Potter knew how to spot pussy willows back in Indian Creek, Ohio. There were certain places near the banks of the stream where they grew. You just saw a lot of things like a bend in the stream, a tree shading the water, a flat muddy bank and you knew there would be pussy willows as well. Especially around Halloween. Potter, between the fourth and the eighth grade, used to collect enough pussy willows for all the teachers. Every room had a vase of pussy willows that Potter had collected. In fact, Potter had the reputation with all the teachers and kids. They proudly called him the «pussy willow chaser.»

«You're barking up the wrong horse,» PFC Gronk said, «There ain't no pussy willows in Vietnam, just like there ain't no coconut trees in Ohio.»

«Tree,» Potter said drily.

«Tree?»

«Yes, tree.»

«I meant trees. Coconut trees is plural.»

«If they were plural, you'd say «are plural.»

«I meant the term «coconut trees' as a term, which is singular.»

«And I meant you can't bark up the wrong horse any more than you can bet on a tree.»

«Horse or tree, there ain't no pussy willows in Vietnam.»

«They told Columbus the world was flat. He proved they were wrong.»

«And they told Custer to watch out for ambushes. He proved they were right.»

«This is getting us nowhere,» Potter said. «What really matters is where the pussy willows are. Who ever heard of Halloween without pussy willows?» Potter walked off.

«It's pumkins for Halloween, not pussy willows,» Gronk yelled out as Potter walked away. «And you might as well be looking for the Great Pumpkin.»

On the way to the stream which the Company had named «Schlitz Creek,» Potter passed the service club. Marlo was inside in her gray and white uniform cutting witches out of black paper. It was Marlo whom Potter really wanted to please. If he could bring her in an armful of pussy willows, he'd make points with her just like he did with his teachers in grade school. Somehow, it was very important to make points with Marlo. Potter just had to find those pussy willows.

Potter visited Yellow Bird Lee who told him, «No have... what you say... pussy willow. Have in Dalat.» Yellow Bird Lee had never been to Dalat but no matter what anybody told him they had in America, he insisted they had it in Dalat. Dalat was 5000 feet up in the mountains and people wore coats and sweaters and there were times when the temperature actually dropped to 60 degrees. To Yellow Bird Lee, that meant Dalat had everything America had — apples, snow, bowling alleys, fur coats, color television, and baseball.

«You sure about that?» Potter asked. «I can get them in Dalat?»

«For shoo-uh. I never lie to

you.»

«Then get me some. Here's a thousand pee.»

«Okay, first I check with my brother to make sure they have in Dalat.» Yellow Bird Lee ducked into the back room of his souvenir shop and came out seconds later. «My brother say no have in Dalat. Why you don't buy number one elephant — only six hundred pee. I give you two for one thousand.»

«Does that deal apply to me,» the voice behind Potter spoke. It was Air Force Major Disastre, who had shipped enough ceramic elephants home to the U.S. to equal four plane-loads of bombs.

«Wait a minute,» Potter said, «what about my pussy willows?»

«Your pussy what?» Disastre asked.

«Pussy willows, sir.»

«I thought that's what you said. Only why would you walk into a Vietnamese souvenir shop and ask for pussy willows?»

«Because I need them sir. I need them bad. For Halloween.» Disastre kept a straight face because he knew what Vietnam could sometimes do to a man.

«I understand, son,» Disastre said, «Now if I might pick up my elephants, I'll be off to Tokyo and you can negotiate for your pussy willows.»

«Tokyo, sir?»

«Yes. I've a take-off in an hour and I want to carry these up with me for a friend. Two for a thousand pee is a bargain.»

Potter's face brightened. «Sir,» he drew himself to attention. «If I buy those two elephants for you, would you

bring be something back from Tokyo?»

«I'd love to, son,» Disastre said, «But I already have eight Sony radios and fourteen Seiko watches to pick up.»

«I don't want radios or watches. I want pussy willows. It's autumn up there and they have them. I've seen them in Japanese calendar pictures.»

«Let me get this straight,» Disastre said «You'll give me 1000 piasters for some pussy willows?»

«Yes sir. I need them bad.»

«How many do you want?» Disastre asked.

«All you can carry, sir.»

Disastre promised to do what he could, then took the elephants and started off. «We should be back tomorrow afternoon around 1630. If I get anything, you'll have to pick it up at Base Operations then. It's Mission Number 803.»

«Thank you, sir,» a grateful Potter replied as his kind benefactor left. Potter was so excited over this stroke of good luck that he forgot to remind himself to remember the mission number. And he hadn't even gotten the major's name. He knew the plane was due back sometime the next day; he was sure of that, well, almost sure, but he couldn't recall the time.

«No sweat,» PFC Gronk told his buddy when informed of Potter's dilemma, «all you do is tell the Air Force if a shipment of pussy willows come in they belong to you.»

«Thanks for the help,» a grateful Potter said, «but who do I call?»

«Who did he say he worked for?»

«I forget, but it had something to do with Operations.»

«Then call the Director of Operations, whoever that is.» Gronk said, «Tell him to get the world down to his troops to look out for pussy willows.»

Potter got on the phone in the Rec Room and dialed the number given for the Air Force Director of Operations. «Let me speak to the boss,» he told the secretary who answered the phone. Major General Brassy was busy chewing out a pilot who had been performing acrobatics when the secretary buzzed him. «Someone on 30,» she said. When anybody called Brassy and referred to him as «the boss,» Miss Lynn never bothered asking his name. Only a three-star or above referred to General Brassy as «the boss.»

«Brassy here,» the general said into the mouthpiece.

«Potter here,» Private Potter answered. «Are you in charge of operations?»

«You might say that,» Brassy answered, «but sometimes I wonder if I'm not running an aerial circus.» As he spoke, Brassy tried to recall what general he knew by the name of Potter. Must be some new Army general in theater, he figured. «What can I do for you?»

«One of your pilots is bringing me in something from Japan. I want to make sure I get it,» Potter said.

«Glad to help, Potter,» Brassy said. People were always coming to him for matters that could easily be handled at the working level. «Who's the pilot?»

«I don't know.»



«The flight number?»

«I don't know.»

Brassy shook his head. These Army generals sometimes expected miracles from the Air Force. «Alright, then, what's the estimated time of arrival?»

«I don't know that, either.»

Brassy, for a brief moment, speculated on how we were winning the war. «Well, maybe you can tell me what the cargo is?» Brassy said angrily.

«Pussy willows.»

«Pussy willows,» the general bellowed. «What the hell are you? What the hell are you? What kind of game is this?»

«I'm Private Potter and I want my pussy willows. Please help me get them.»

General Brassy slammed down the receiver and stormed to the outer office where Miss Lynn was reading Playboy. «Miss Lynn,» the general said, «when he new secretary arrives, send her in to me at once.»

«What new secretary, sir?»

«Your replacement,» the general said. He returned to his office, mumbling about secretaries who plugged him through to kooks talking about pussy willows.

The kook in question, Private Potter, had taken up a vigil at Base Operations. The pilot of every plane that came in was buttonholed and asked if he was carrying pussy willows. When Potter approached a jet fighter pilot just back from a mission and asked him the question, the pilot decided he needed help. He called the Air Police, who gently led the Army grunt away to a well padded cell where they were soon joined by a psychiatrist.

As the psychiatrist listened patiently to Gronk and Potter's explanations, a very similar drama was taking place at the headquarters of the airlift wing. Colonel Kantuck, the wing commander, somewhat less gentle as he queried his most precocious pilot about a strange shipment he had brought in from Japan. «I've got a whole warehouse full of air conditioners we've been waiting six months for and you bring back pussy willows! Are you out of your cotton-picking' mind?»

«Well, it's like this, sir. I had this request to bring back these pussy willows and they were available. We couldn't find the air conditioners.»

«Maybe you can explain how it was easier to find pussy willows than big air conditioners that were in a warehouse on the base where you landed.»

«The pussy willows weren't easy to find,» Disastre explained. «I looked everywhere. Then I remembered when I was a kid how I used to find them where there was a bend in the stream, a tree shading the water, and a flat muddy bank. It took a whole day, but it was fun.»

«And during that fun day, the people at the warehouse were looking everywhere for you — to load those air conditioners.»

«Is that what all those messages I didn't pick up were about?»

«Yes, major, now maybe you can tell me who ordered those 'higher priority' pussy willows?»

«I don't know, sir. He was an Army private.»

«Hmmm, that figures, who else would have enough authority to bump an authorized shipment? But shouldn't the consignee pick up his priority cargo?»

«I can't find him, sir.»

«Well, get rid of those damn things. And quick!» Kantuck ordered.

Disastre started to leave, then turned. «Sir, may I ask a question?»

«What?»

«Will this be reflected in my performance report?»

«Get out!» Kantuck exploded.

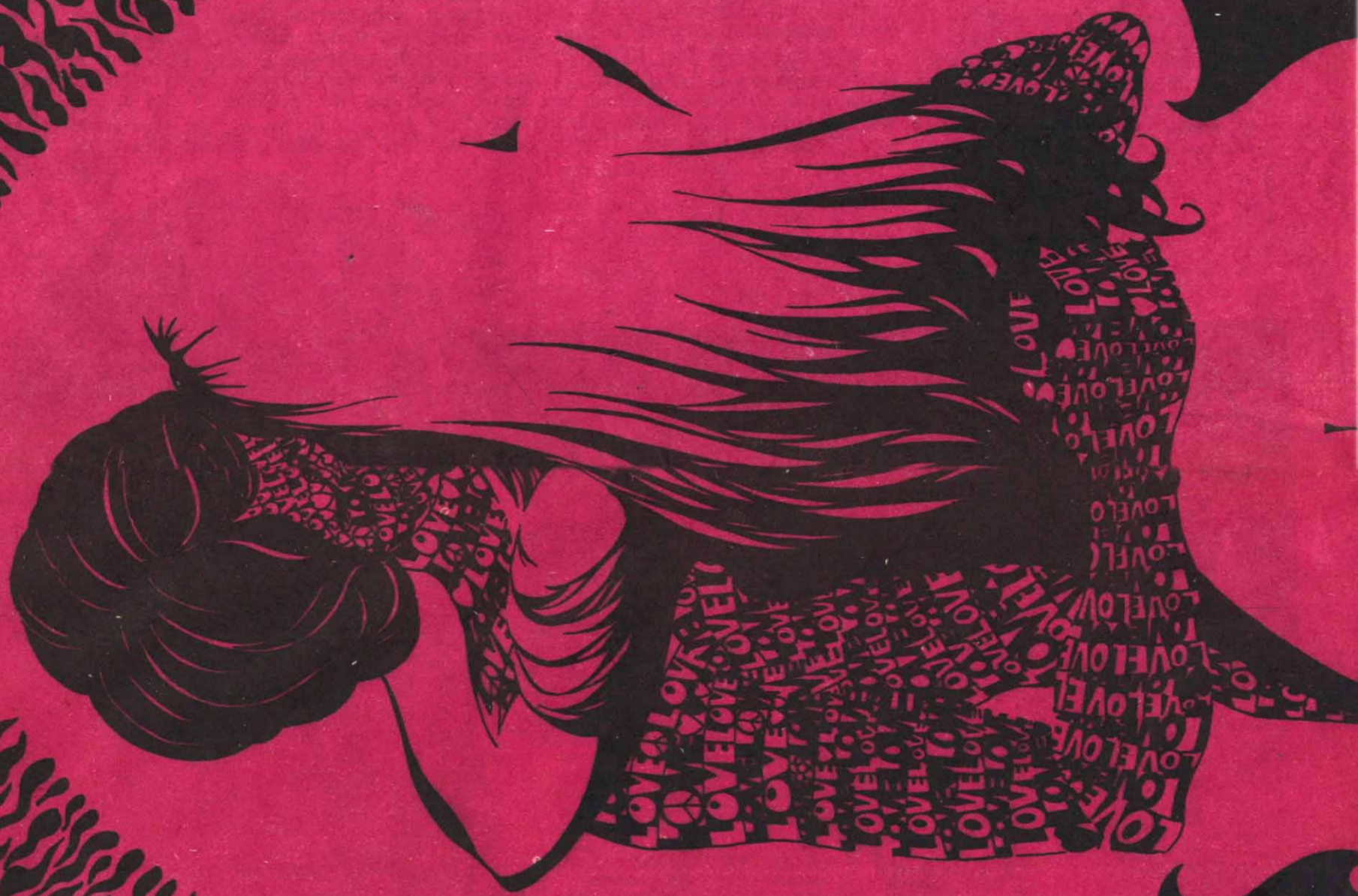
When the man brought three thousand pussy willows that he had found on the American trash dump to Yellow Bird Lee, Lee put them on sale. He wasn't sure whether they should be eaten, worn, or smoked, but he figured they should bring in about ten piasters each. He was surprised when his first customer, the Red Cross girl named Marlo, bought three hundred and fifty, which was ten times his initial investment. By the time Private Potter came along after being released from the psychiatrist's care, the price had risen to twenty-five piasters each. Potter bought four and for the first time that day, there was a smile on his face. Marlo would surely be grateful for even four pussy willows in a country where there were none to be had.



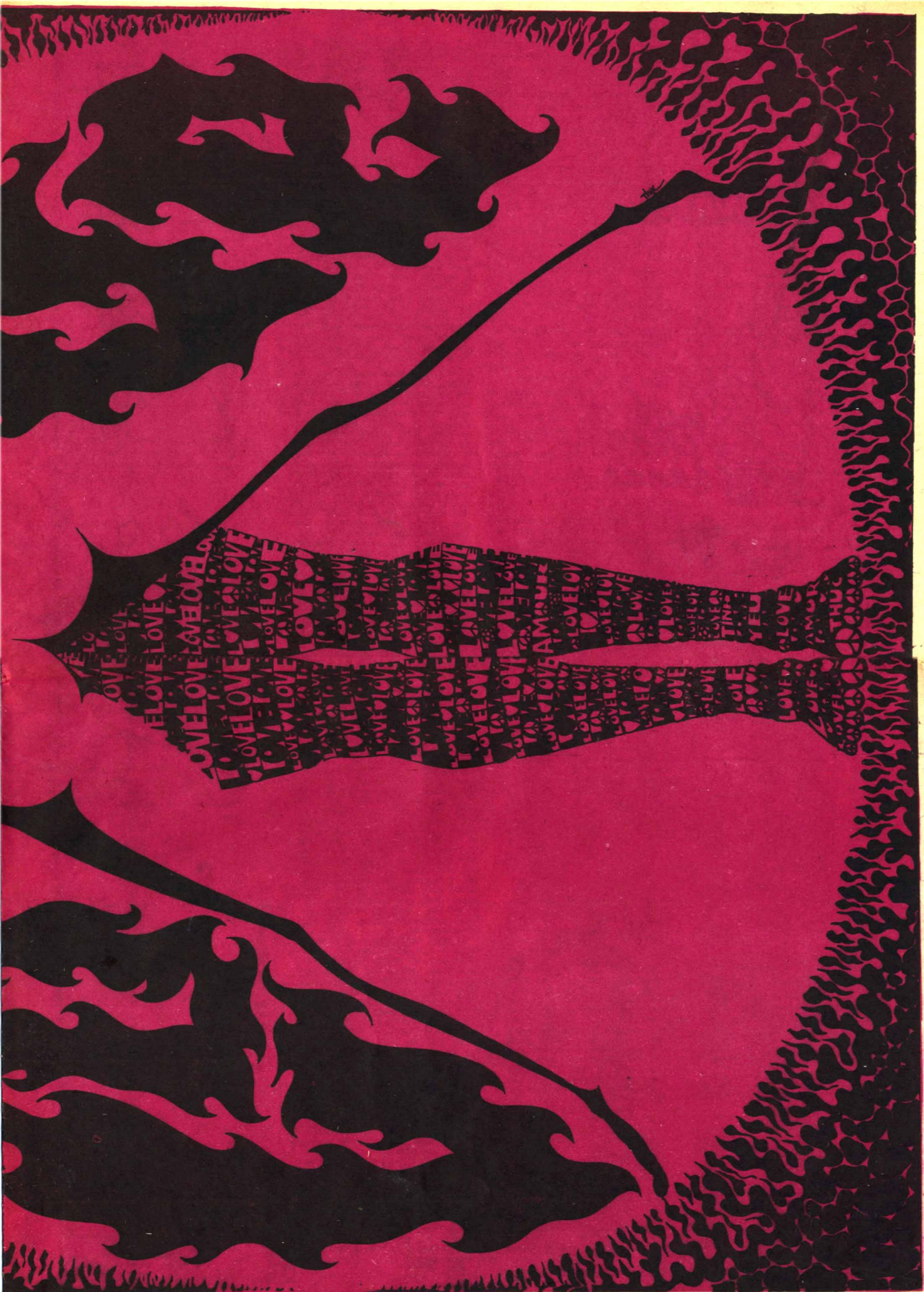
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92373













# THE COWARD



*with clean hands*

He was a kid who never made mud pies, or came home from school with grass stains on his J.C. Penney-first-day-of-school slacks. It was probably only natural he would ultimately end up with the nickname of Doc. But that came later... when he entered the Army.

Doc Peters was a fastidious kid, with one of those mothers who were so squeaky clean they — without preaching it — ingrained cleanliness in their offspring. You know: doilies, door mats over dorr mats; everything starched and sterile. It rubbed off on Doc; it had to.

Only a psychiatrist could insert the Oedipus thing into the syndrome, so we'll let it alone, but the cleanliness fetish was certainly an offshoot of his mother's good, clean upbringing.

In a way, the Army basic training was a source of strange ambivalence to Doc. He was annoyed by the demands of the higher ranking types, but in their nit-picking ways they furthered his repulsion to dirt.

Boots were indeed dirty, and not only did he polish them, but disinfected and scrubbed them as well. He found such mundane duties as picking up cigarette butts as a source of repugnance: they were actually in some possibly germ infested mouth; cleaning latrines was gallings, and to have to crawl on your belly through who-knows-what was a near night-mare. But he survived. It was after basic where Doc became a fruedian delight.

His ultra cleanliness must have had some influence, because he ended up in the medic's school at Ft. Sam Houston. That's where he really began to learn about disease and germs... not the imaginary kind: the real culprits. One doesn't eat with dirty hands, nor drink from another's cup, because some anaerobic bacteria, could be transferred from one disease ridden mouth to your own. Doc also learned how to kill germs. He rather dedicated himself to this pursuit, and it was in this undertaking that he ultimately became a coward.

Doc's first Vietnam assignment was the 3rd Field Hospital in Saigon. The place and the job was satisfactory with all the sterility and security of the location, but it was situated on the fringes of one of the dirtiest cities in the world: Saigon. Not that Doc ventured into the city itself... just hearing about it was sufficient to hold him on the compound. He had been told, however, that people actually peed on the streets and kids were curbed along the streets like dogs, and those ugly, green stagnant rivers.

No, Doc played it safe. He contained himself within the sanctity of the hospital's antiseptic walls.

One of the things that bothered him about his confinement, however, was the other talk he heard about the lovely Co's in the city. The idea turned him on, because he was not in the least homo-oriented — at least he didn't think so — but the thought of actually putting his thing into some girl's thing gave him cold shivers. Just think of those germs... those ugly germs. So he let his nocturnal dreams suffice, and led the celibate life not only in Saigon, but throughout his entire tour.

The good hospital life could have served Doc satisfactorily until he was back home with his mother's doilies, and shiny linoleum floors, but such is not always the way with the military. Doc was given a field assignment. He sought answers from everyone to the top colonel, but his good record was not enough to change the military machinery. Out he went.

When Doc arrived at his forward area assignment, he was oblivious to the scoffs and grimaces of his contemporaries. The fact that he was immaculate in starched fatigues, and wore a flak vest — heavy, hot and useless — wouldn't occur to Doc as items of scorn. He was issued the greens, which he had ironed himself to knife-line creases, and, hell, the flak vest was issued:

But in actuality, Doc was too petrified with fear to have noticed scoffing if it punctured his eardrums. This too might have shown just a little bit, and there was also the possibility that the seasoned troops could have had less than complete confidence in a medic, whose knees shook with the audibility of a fusillade of 50 cal. machine gun fire.

It wasn't the frequent incoming rounds that frightened Doc so much — although no one would ever buy it — it was instead, the tremendous preponderance of filth. God, what a filthy place this was. He had heard that up there «where it's happening» was one of the world's dirtiest places, and now he knew from personal experience. The men were mud and dust caked, unkempt, and the sanitary conditions were hardly what had been advocated back at Sam Houston. In every morsel of food, Doc saw germs; the water — although purified — was to him stagnant slime; and... well... where do you go the bathroom...? Hell, it was just damned hole in the ground. A hole to pee in and one to crap in. It was unfathomable.

Although constipation was an early problem for Doc, he finally

learned to comply — almost — with the available resources. This was where he eventually got into trouble.

They had moved to a low, grassy hilltop, where the company had set up a circular defensive position. It amounted to little more than a few holes dug into waist high, elephant grass. In his lingering timidity, Doc wandered a few meters beyond the perimeter line to relieve himself of what he had referred to at home as «number-two.» It wasn't so much, shyness, he rationalized, but why should he impose his microbes on the rest of the troops.

He was fairly comfortable in his oriental squat position, with flak vest still affixed, when the first rocket propelled grenade hit. A good sized frag took searing rest in the left cheek of Doc's buttocks. Then all hell broke loose.

Big stuff came in, and a 50 cal was zeroed in. Doc leaped forward his face in the dirt, hoping the enemy wouldn't single him out hidden so securely in the high grass. He would have remained there throughout the attack, except

for one disconcerting problem. The cracks, slams, and pops of enemy fire suddenly was quieted in Doc's ears when his sense of smell took over. With twitching nostrils, it occurred to him that his face was no more than a few inches from his own excrement. Even his pain in the ass was dulled by this disgusting development. Doc's mind conjured an enemy of grotesque and deadly germs clawing at him from every direction. This enemy was a far more frightening one to him than any NVA on earth. With this as the only incentive, Doc began crawling, running and rolling back to the company position.

Enemy fire tore up the turf all around him but he was possessed. From one fox hole to another he plunged without ceremony. It was really a mechanical thing, he realized later, but when he found that first G.I. with shrapnel in both legs, Doc simply had to start forming a tourniquet. Somewhere along the way he seemed to acquire his medic's bag, and man after man was ministered to by Doc's trained hands.

One fox hole was vacated by him when rounds came in, another made him exit quickly when he realized it was half filled with water; slimy red water contaminated by many gallons of G.I. urine. He hastily fixed a GI's chest wound, and had to move on. That's how it went.

Every place he took refuge he found men needing his help. He did his job swiftly and deftly, but only to move somewhere else.

He was seen charging from one foxhole to the next, his face twisted in a strange determined grimace. He had long since lost his trousers and boots, but nobody saw the humor of his flak vested top and naked bottom. They saw the bravest, most determined medic ever attached to the company... hell, any company. He was scrambling, crashing forward almost drunkenly... doing what his job demanded.

At least that's the way it went down in the record books. A complete account of the episode was read aloud when Doc Peters received his Silver Star for heroism. During the frenetic hour-and-half or fire he ministered to 29 wounded, a record of some sort, without regard for his own personal safety. He was a credit to himself, his unit and to the United States Army.

Now Doc is back home. The high school band met him at the bus station. The girl he loved, but who previously had not appeared impeccably clean, soon would become his wife. His mother, at his orders, removed all doilies, and she hardly cringed when «Mister» Peters tracks mud on her shiny kitchen linoleum.

Peters still washes his hands regularly, you can't break every childhood habit, but somehow dirt and germs are not nearly as disgusting as they were a while back.

Peters knows he was once a coward. But the gang at the American Legion will never know it. Nor will his pretty blond haired wife. Hell, «dirty blond» is only a frame of reference, anyway.



ABOOD.



A prominent contingent among the permanent residents of Vietnam is the international colony. Their nationalities are many: Japanese, Chinese, German and others. But due to the wrong colonial rule, the most noticeable group, and perhaps the most prevalent on the active social scene are the French who stayed behind.

Many of these are pure in blood, while others are mixtures. Although the presence of Vietnamese blood may give the offspring a dark skin in texture, the French heritage sets them apart from their neighbors. The French Vietnamese are French in every way.

They have their own microcosm in local society, and it is unusual for them to identify with pure Vietnamese. While they are on friendly terms with the Vietnamese hierarchy, they seem to cluster together in their private ways of life. They will be seen prominently at private clubs such as the Cercle Sportif, the Club Nautique or at the Cercle Hipique.

On this page is one of Saigon's very young and distinctively beautiful Eurasians. Her name is BEBE SANG. A metis herself, the subject was photographed by Jacqueline Desdame, a fellow Eurasian who is pretty enough to fill a page in any magazine. She, however, preferred to remain on the back side of the camera. There's no real storyline. The photograph simply depicts scenes encountered in the daily life of a young Eurasian in Saigon. There is play, shopping, sports, and, of course, the important ingredient of life for all young people everywhere: "L'Amour".



Photos: JAC  
Illustration: THYL



THE MAN



LOVE IT

or

LEAVE IT



# DEAR ABEY



Dear Abey:

One thing I miss in Vietnam is cows. I'm from cow country and I like to see cows around, you know the kind mean, black and white spotted with those big milk producers under them, standing around looking peaceful and happy like and ready for the slaughter. Why can't we have cows in Vietnam?

**Dear COW LOVER:**

**COW LOVER**

Like we told a moose lover once, you're looking in the wrong places. Try that big international club in Saigon.

Dear Abey:

My bunkmate takes a shower every day but still every night there's a smell in the tent that definitely resembles that of unwashed toes. It's driving me crazy. What shall I do?

**Dear SLEEPLESS:**

**SLEEPLESS**

Try taking a shower yourself once a day.

Dear Abey:

You can't imagine the horseshit us guys in the 999th Cavalry Troop have to put up with. And we don't even have horses. Like, last Saturday, we got this congressman visiting the camp and they have the nerve to ask us not to walk around the camp in our underpants for the hour he's there. I'm so mad I could write my congressman, but he happens to be one who visited us. So I'll write you. Do I have a gripe?

**Dear UNDISCIPLINED:**

**UNDISCIPLINED**

If he didn't mind you walking around bare-assed without your underpants, why should you?

Dear Abey:

I'm afraid of guns. When I was three years old, my toy water pistol backfired and splattered my eyes with water. Since then I can't stand to be near a gun. Now I'm a grunt with an M-16 and everytime I carry it, I'm a walking bundle of nerves. I don't dare tell my sergeant about this but I need help. Huh?

**Dear GUN SHY:**

**GUN SHY**

You can transfer to the Navy or you can get yourself face to face with an enemy who doesn't have that fear of guns. Either way, you'll be cured.

Dear Abey:

I got so tired of guys helping themselves to the cans of cookies my Mom sends me that I decided to put a mouse trap in the can. Who do I catch but my company commander. Now I'm being charged of assault with a deadly weapon. What is my defense?

**Dear DEFENSELESS:**

**DEFENSELESS**

Would you believe a can of cookies like Mon makes?



**WANTED: Talented ARTIST** to paint lemons on some of my cars. Dave's Used-Cars. 2895 Geary.

**WE HAVE A GREAT MESSAGE.** Will share priceless truth. Call Jim or Ed 841-5044 evenings.

**JOIN GREAT white brotherhood.** Sir Vallant. Box 830-BB, Alhambra.

**THISTLEDOWN** — enjoy Limeport and troops; Mereness and whatever. I love you and miss you.

**WHEN THE good vibrations** cease and they have. The muddy waters will fill the void, but the sun will shine on 967 2114.

**PUBLIC NOTICE.** Gerald Rosenfield is personally responsible for all three hundred people, his public disclaimer notwithstanding. **BLACK PEOPLE**

**STEPHANIE Van Landingham** I love you. Please call or write the other half. Your nose awaits you. **POH**

**BUNNY.** Your husband loves you madly! Keep the faith, baby! B.

**SOFT BRUNETTE,** about 5'5" with firm breasts I met at the Candy Store last Moon. Please, PLEASE call. I was high & forgot your name, Jane.

**TIMOTHY TUTTLEFU** — I miss you glabrously. love M.

**MAN, WELL ENDOWED,** wish to meet girls and couples for anything. Call 661-2002 any-time — Rock.

**GAY LOVER** needs girls. Call Harry 532-7131.

**LADY,** long ago it was written in eternity... perhaps an aimless blazing, possibly a season of and sear heat to sate the flesh a lifetime of tenderness, contentment, oneness. Lady, now our evenings till 8. Abraham, weekends till noon; 526-9895.

**SUPPORT MOTHERHOOD** — **MAKE ONE TODAY!**

# CLASSIFIED







I noticed something different about the way the first shirt looked at me after chow, like, I mean it wasn't the same as usual. There was something different there.



Wonder if he's going to gig me for being late for that digging party — even though I explained how this crazy watch had stopped.



Then maybe he's teed off cause I went to sick call yesterday even though I showed him the doctor's slip afterwards.



He surely didn't believe that maid's complaint that I patted her on the backside. Oh..oh. Here he comes now, headed for the john.



Well, what do you know. He's got a case of the frots.

You want to avoid those aching joints and stiff necks? Try sex. The tabloids in America and Britain are currently telling about some researchers who say that sexual intercourse fends off arthritis. Seems this cat found out that recurring stiffness in one part of the body will fend off that aching stiffness elsewhere. In the interest of science, GFP ran its own check of this startling new theory. We asked a selected sample of Pacific types this question: «It's been said that sexual activity keeps arthritis away. Do you find this true?»

Some responses:

PFC Jack Smachel, age 23: «That explains my aching back. I used to think it was army life. But came to think of it, I haven't had a piece in eight months.»

SMS Herb Holloween, age 51: «Man, I been keeping it down to twice a night to avoid a heart attack. But if this is true, I'm going to take off the restraints.»

Lt. Col. Archie Archbottom, age 55: «What's that you say? Speak up, son. Can't hear you too good.»

SP4 Harvey Goulash, age 19: «Me? I'm a virgin and I ain't got no stiff joints.»

CPL. Tommy Woodchuck, age 30: «Hell yes, that's true — Once I went a week without sex and all my bones ached for a month. Of course, falling out of a tree didn't help much either.»

SP5 Tusom Gruesome, age 29: «Tell that to my wife. She blames my baldness on too much sex.»

PFC. George Crock, age 22: «The hell you say! Up to now, I thought sexual intercourse caused babies.»

1st Lt. Glick Cool, 23: «Come to think of it, I've had this sore stiffness in my arms for a week now. I'm going over to the medics and get me a piece of prescription from one of those nurses.»



This is a piece of paper. It's the most important paper a guy gets during his year in the Nam. They give it to you after you clear customs, turn in your baggage and leave a copy of your orders. You flash this piece of paper to a girl at a gate and she lets you walk into the most lovable piece of flying machinery ever made — the flying carpet that takes you home. Guard this paper! Love it! Do not fold, spindle or mutilate! And ... save it. It's a more valuable souvenir than your CHICOM rifle. Frame it on the wall of your den, your fraternity, your shack, your pad, or your penthouse, wherever it takes you.



### AIRLINE PASSENGER TICKET, BAGGAGE CHECK

### AND MAC BOARDING PASS

Low cost flight insurance is available in the passenger terminal.

E 2

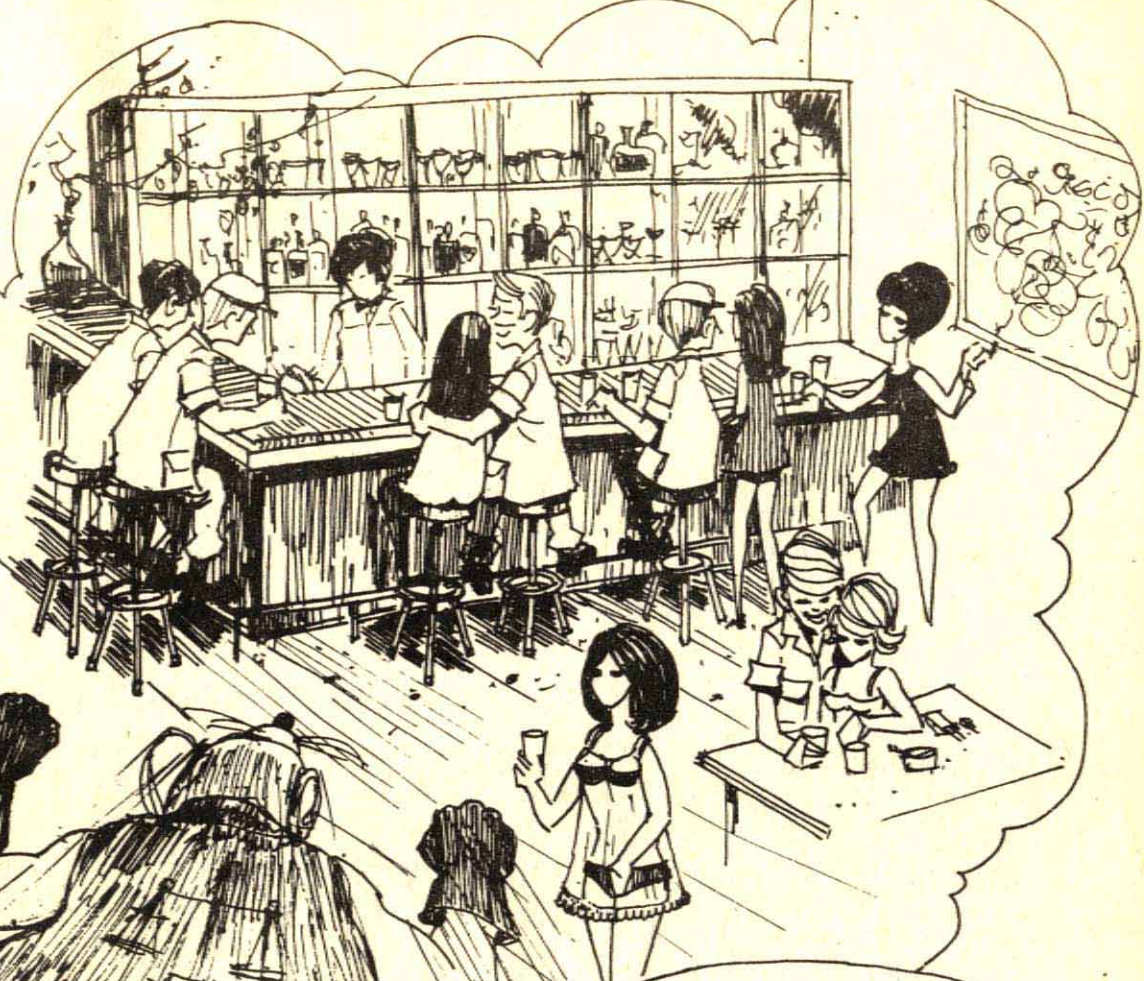
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A paper MORE VALUABLE THAN GREEN





SCENE : GIGI'S BAR  
OUTSIDE CU-CHI  
TIME : 2201 HOURS

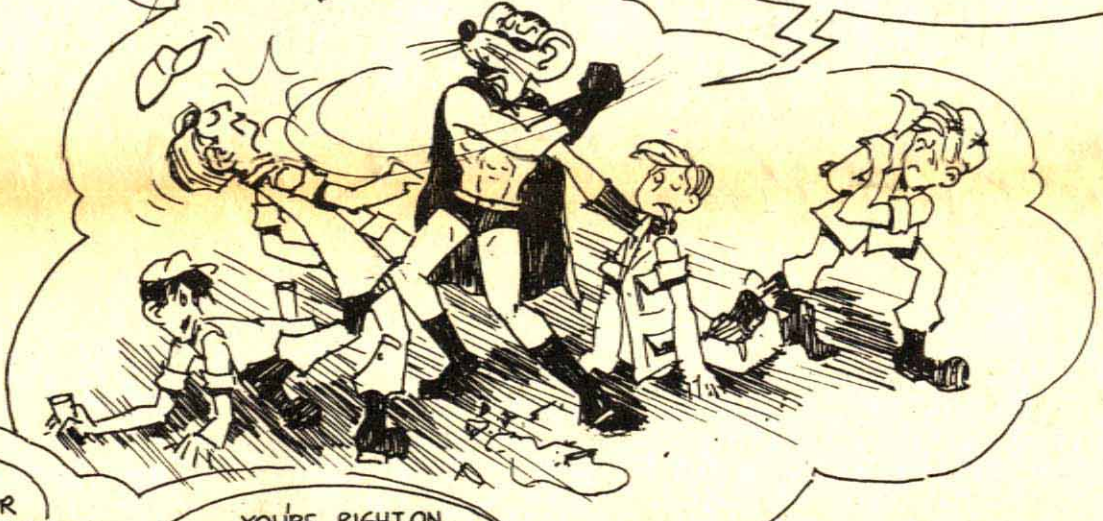


# MOUSE MAN

*strikes again*



YOU VILLANOUS CURFEW VIOLATORS . WHERE IS YOUR RESPECT FOR THE LAW ? DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S ONE MINUTE AFTER CURFEW AND THAT'S A MINUTE LOST FROM DUTY AND MULTIPLIED BY 450,000 THAT'S 100 MAN DAYS LOST . AND BESIDES , YOU CAN CATCH CLAP IN THESE PLACES...

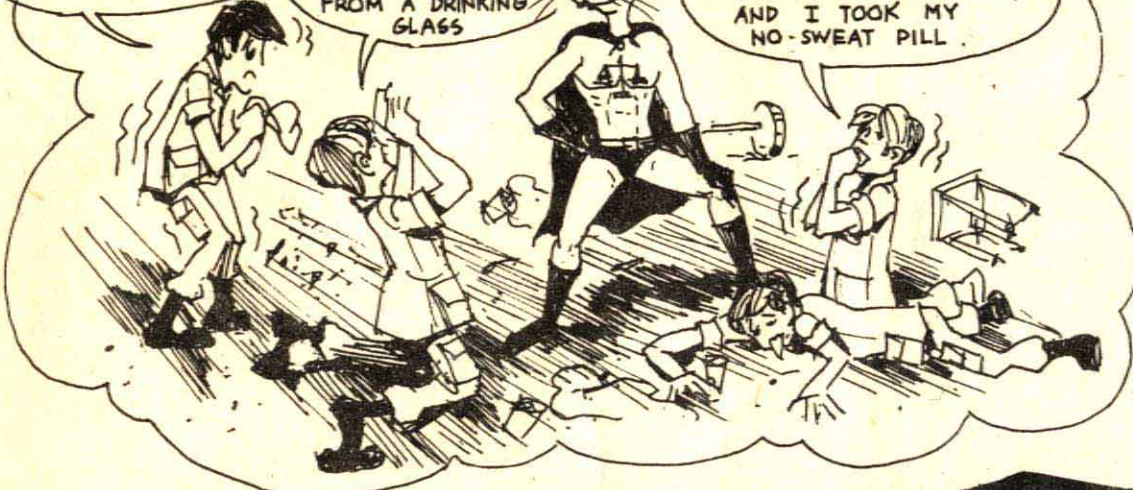


THANKS MOUSE MAN FOR SAVING ME FROM THE EVILS OF SIN AND A 6000 PIASTER BAR BILL

MOUSE MAN , I REPENT , BUT YOUR ARITHMETIC IS BAD AND YOU CAN'T GET CLAP FROM A DRINKING GLASS

YOU'RE RIGHT ON , MOUSE MAN , BUT MY SEIKO WATCH STOPPED , AND I TOOK MY NO-SWEAT PILL .

IN THEIR FOXHOLES MADE SAFE BY MOUSE MAN'S VIGILANCE AGAINST CRIME , MEN ALL OVER THE 'NAM RELAX AND DRINK IN AN ATMOSPHERE OF TRUST AND COMRADESHIP .



ARTIST : TRAN DINH THAK

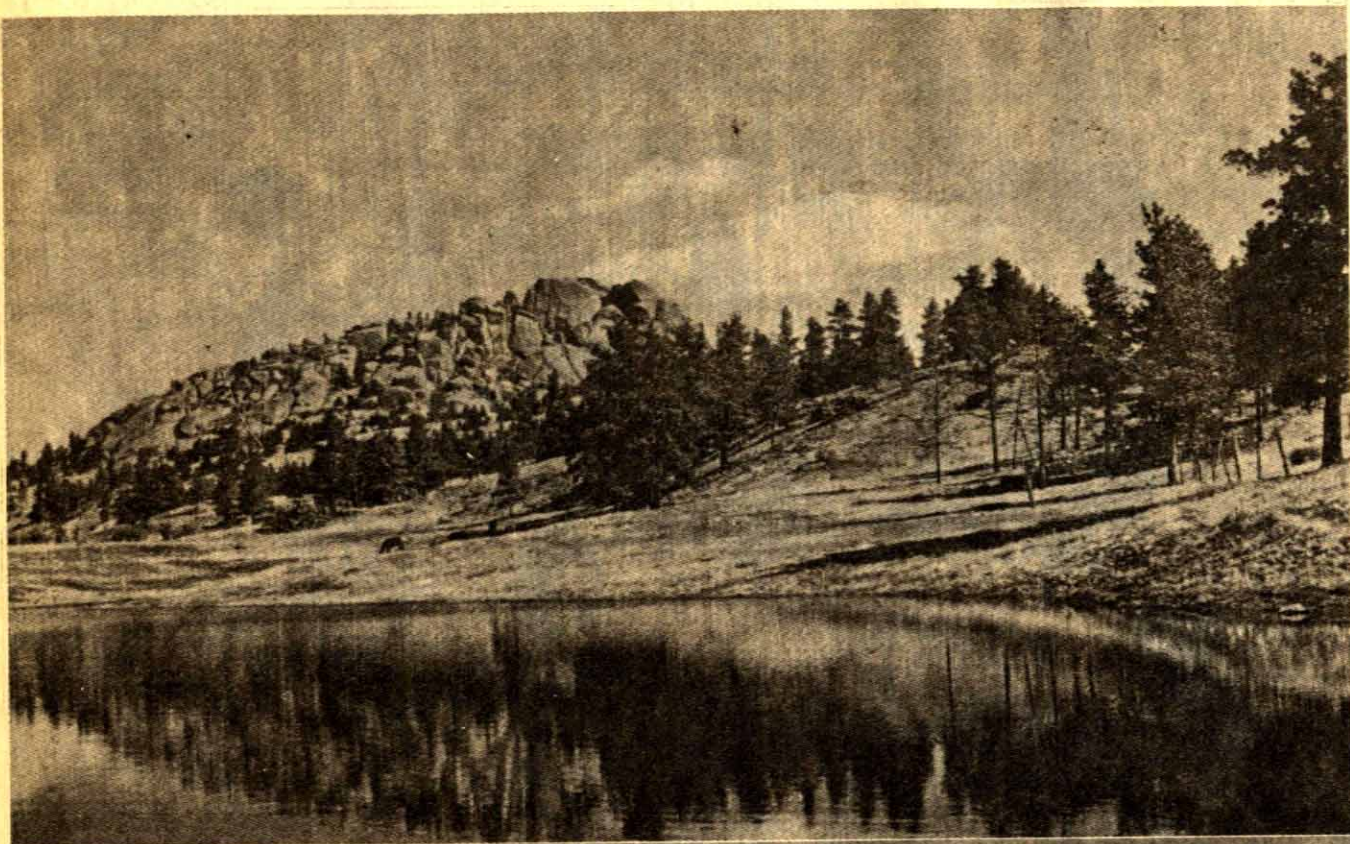
# Grunt OF THE MONTH

Lt. Wilde B. Yonder was one of those wonder children when he was an infant. He learned to read at age two and his proud father immediately exposed him to all the literature in the house — a set of Superman comic books. This inspired young Yonder to fly, an inspiration that was to shape his life. He was hospitalized six times before he reached age six after trying to glide from his bedroom window to the lawn below. In the fourth grade he built a jet craft in his father's cellar from a Popular Science magazine blueprint. On its test run, the plane lifted off the ground beautifully — carrying the Yonder family bungalow with it some two hundred yards before it crashed. In high school, Yonder's interest in flying was stimulated

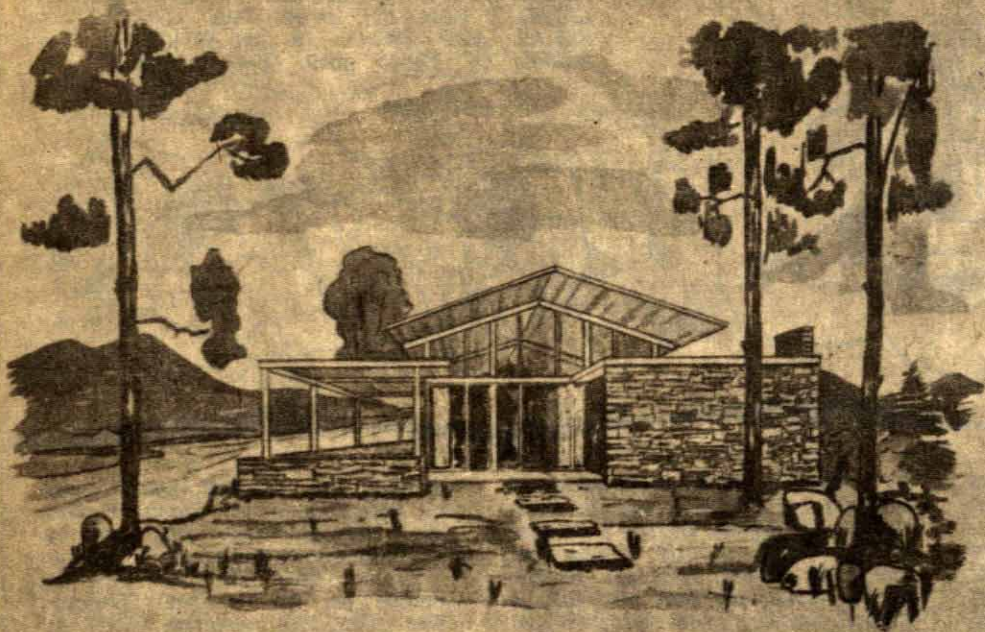
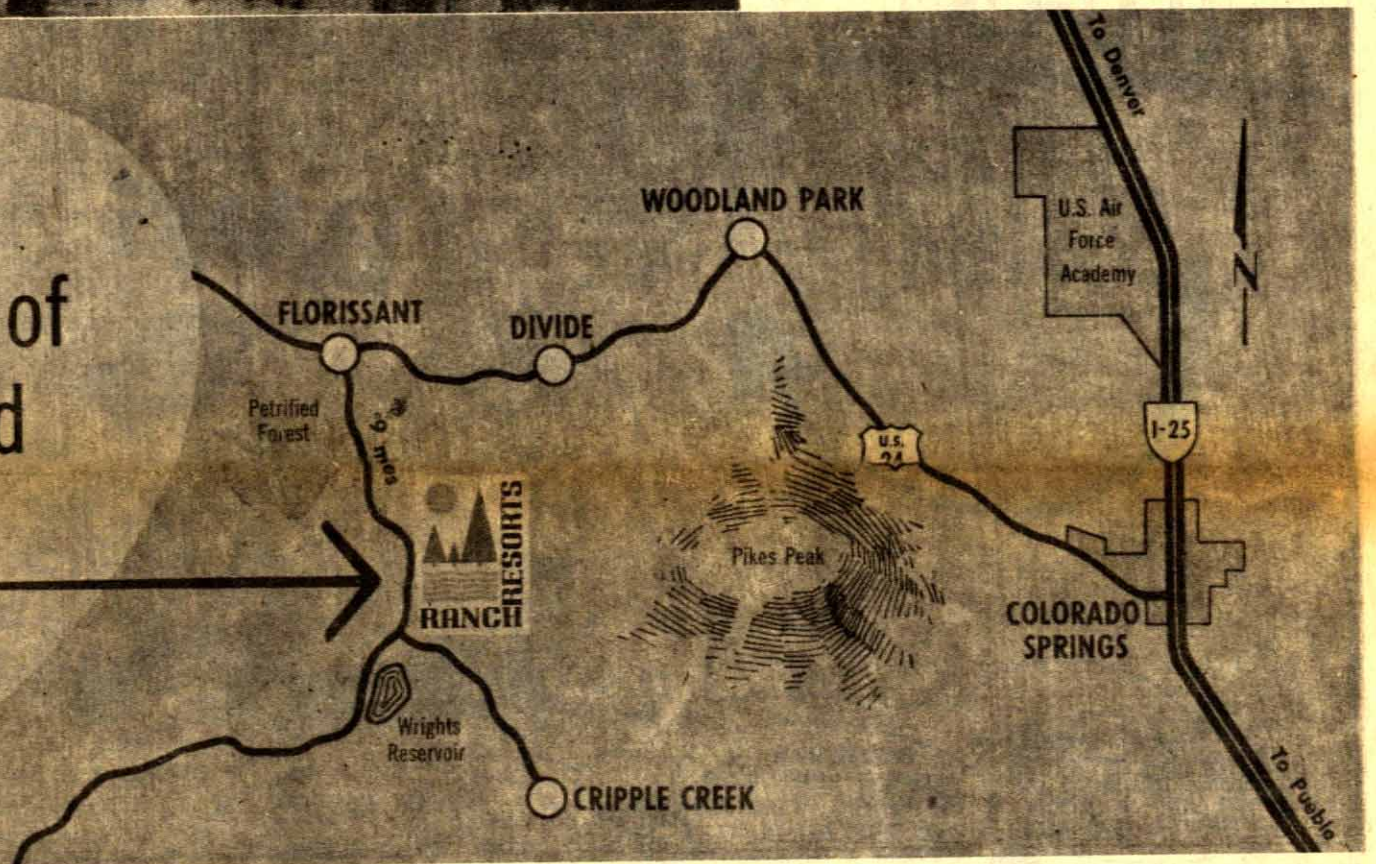
by a chemistry lab which provided the mix for a rocket craft he built in the school gym. During a student demonstration, young rebels put the high school principal in the rocket head and sent him into a perfect orbit, where the principal remains to this day. Yonder joined the Air Force at age 16 after climbing into the newest untested experimental jet and flying Figure 8 patterns inside the Pentagon center patio. So impressed was the top Air Force brass with this performance that Yonder was immediately commissioned and immediately sent to Vietnam, where he is very popular with grunts when he flies close air support mission for them. Using his own tactics, Yonder flies his jet right in front of friendly lines with the tail practically touching the

ground. The jet blast sweeps away all attacking enemy forces. Yonder also uses the same maneuver to heat C-rations for friendly troops. Yonder does not use guns or bombs on his combat missions. For him, the airplane itself is enough. When he sees enemy lined up in V formation, he attacks like a bowling ball to the right of the center pin and always strikes. To capture enemy rocket positions, he drags hooks along the ground and picks them up at 500 miles an hour. Yonder downed three MIGs on one mission by slicing off the the enemy plane's canopies with his lowered wheels. He sank a dozen enemy barges on another mission by flooding them with water churned up by his circling jet. Yonder's a pilot's pilot and he's our GRUNT of the month.





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Tuesday, September 15, 1970  
THE SAIGON POST

## ETCETERA

# Grunt Free Press

By Daniel Cameron

It was about the tenth time I saw that untalented, underground-looking publication resting on the news counter at a Saigon BOQ. I had always been tempted. This time I broke down and bought a copy: the August-September *Grunt Free Press*. The front-page cartoon gave me a genuine belly laugh; something you can't always get nowadays.

Unlike other publications written for G.I.s, this unofficial outburst is also written by G.I.s. Although it's printed in California, much of the material obviously had to be done by people who are G.I.s, in Vietnam or at least used to be G.I.s in Vietnam. It's too funny and true to be otherwise.

'Underground' papers rarely make a profit but gallantly don't give a damn. The good ones have a lot of youthful zest, wit and sheer fun. The bad ones are pretty miserable collections of vulgarity crudeness and stupid pornography. I think *Grunt Free Press* is a good 'Underground' and especially interesting to anyone experienced or concerned with G.I. Vietnam. Its freshness and fun is a relief from most of the publications the Saigon Press Corps must write for. In the United States, of course, it's become almost a sacred commandment to deal with the topic of Vietnam only grimly, statistically (or boringly (if you must deal with it at all)) *Grunt Free Press's* answer (and it has been generously praised by another Saigon newspaper) is a hip smile and a big laugh.

Which doesn't mean it ignores the pathos and tragedy. If ever poems by Americans in Southeast Asia are anthologized, the moving *Words & Thoughts* by Jona-

than Clark belongs in the collection. 's about a pilot and a girl, written in Asian bar-girl English, ringing true and tragically comic. It's the kind of poem you'll rarely find in literary magazines because it's not only good as literature, it can also be understood and appreciated by any G.I. during the first reading.

The *Grunt Free Press* cartoon work is aided by a Vietnamese, Tran Dinh Thuc. His episode of Mouse Man storming into the daily Saigon Press Briefing was hilarious. We need more American-Vietnamese collaboration of this caliber.

For your ogling needs there are also some perky nudies, in fairly good taste and with even a trace of that vanishing American charm that is called innocence.

Some of the art work is in a neo-psychedelic or, shall we say, 'pos-Flower power style. (Maybe we'd just better say Contemporary Underground.) It strikes me as more nostalgic than original. The stories or vignettes are all readable. The jokes are passable-to number one, depending on your idea of humor. There's an advice column for the for-orn, love-lorn and sex-lorn.

This same August-September issue also featured a 'Soul Brother Dictionary' which fills us in on the latest black jive, slang or whatever you like to call it. Sample —

A RABBIT: That's anyone who isn't one of us, who isn't a blood. He's a Hooky in soul.

But in another definition the soul brothers inform us that they have some hope for some whites —

BLUE EYED SOUL: He's white, but he's groovy-mellow, got o taste of soul. There ain't too many blue-eyed souls over here. Remember, Brothers, t hat!

That was by Al Williams. I think it's better than a race riot anyway. It's more bitter than Dixieland Negroes, of course, but hasn't lost all of their flavor.

The fact that a publication like this can be sold openly in Saigon is another of the many facts which the pro-defeat and surrender groups in the United States and elsewhere either ignore or deliberately suppress. Maybe someday they'll do a survey of Hanoi newstands and tell us what they find. Don't hold your breath waiting, though.

In the meantime, *Grunt Free Press*, groove on!

Our sincere thanks to Mr. Cameron and the Saigon Post for their generous review of our newspaper. *Grunt* is growing in circulation both by subscriptions and counter sales. Such articles are a great assist in that growth. We hope the men in the bush and in the base camps identify with our published product. To receive this sort of praise suggests we are approaching that goal.

THE EDITORS

Gentlemen of the GRUNT FREE PRESS:

You really have a great paper and I want to subscribe. I hope that a personal check is acceptable. Your paper is even more enjoyable than the OVERSEAS WEEKLY, really, though it too is informative, a person gets awful tired of just reading about who killed who in Vietnam. Domo.

Yours Truly,

Sgt Roy F. Woods Jr.  
FR 418-62-1016  
8APSq PSC # 1 Bx 7371  
APO San Francisco 96201

Dear Grunt:

I don't know how many «Lifers» enjoy your paper, I do. I'm a lifer 18 years in the green machine, and five years in Nam, the meat grinder! Five years in Nam, maybe I'm «Nuts»? Keep up the good work, if a guy can't laugh at himself, he's sick, really sick!

I get many a chuckle out of your rag. Enclosed two dollars and fifty cents subscription.

Thank.

SP/5 P.A. Toblin  
93 Evac. Hospital (Med. Supply)  
APO 96491, SF Calif.

Dear Grunt:

The MP Section is wondering where the shit is the Star Light bathhouse in Udorn, Thailand? Most of us have been here around a year and no one knows where the damn place is! So in your next issue would you please give us a little hint where this place is located? We would like to get all the fun also.

Thank you the V.D. «Honchos». We had it enough times. As you know Mouse Man says stamp out V.D. ho ho...

M.P. Section  
Thailand

● As you leave the Udorn gate, go past the taxi area about 50 yards and take a left down a path just after a tailor shop. You walk through an open field behind houses and on your left is the Starlight. If you can't find something right under your noses, we'll believe the old saying that a Thai MP could't find a thief in a penitentiary. Ed.



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**GRUNT**  
 FREE PRESS

October — November 1970



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 VIET GRUNT'S SWING TO  
 ACID ROCK ON PLANTATION ROAD P. 2