

**THE VIETNAM**

1ST ISSUE 1968

# GRUNT

50¢

FICTION FEATURE:

"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL  
BATTALION IN THE ARMY"

ALSO:

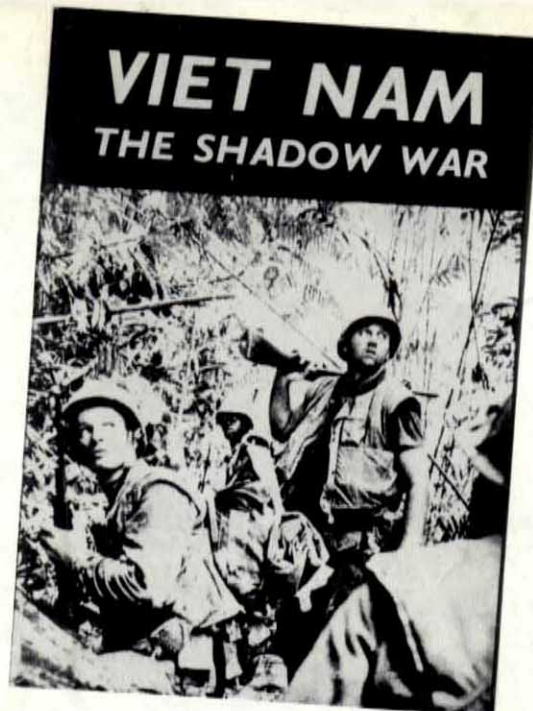
"GRONK AT THE BRIDGE"  
VC plan to blow bridge.  
Pfc Gronk knows how to  
foil them. But who listens  
to a Pfc?



ARE VN WOMEN THE ORIENT'S PRETTIEST?  
A NIGHT IN THE BOONIES  
NIGHT LIFE IN THE DELTA



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## VIETNAM VIEW

If the U.S. could put a toll charge on passengers using the Ho Chi Minh trail, we could probably finance the war.

When you start complaining about there being too many bikes and motor bikes on Saigon streets, just imagine what it will be like when every one of those riders owns a car. Almost as bad as an L.A. freeway.

Sign on Saigon commando's desk: "Be Nice or I'll Kill You".

### SAIGON NEWS ITEM:

Private Nguyen thi Dung walked into a bar on Tu Do Street and was minding his own business drinking a beer when the two hooligans on each side of him started arguing over which would take home the rich lady bar owner. Private Dung noticed that both ruffians were freely dipping their sleeves in his beer and mildly protested. Upon doing this, one of the scoundrels grabbed the quiet private by the collar, picked him up, and threw him from the bar. The scoundrels then disappeared with police shadowing them. The big question facing the police is "Who flung Dung".

Then there's the tight oriental girl who married a westerner so her child could have a free Hongkong nose. And the cute bar girl who cut a good figure when she sat on a broken beer bottle. And the GI who got a wire from his girl friend: "Couldn't wait for you. Married your father. Love. Mother".

After receiving the diploma in the impressive cap and gown scene, the young graduate handed his diploma to his beaming mother and father. "Mom and Dad", he said, "I finished law school because that's what you always wanted for me. Now I'm going to join the paratroopers because that's always what I wanted for myself".

Almost as criminal as the pun on why going to Thailand is like working on the railroad is the line which says to get drunk in Taipei is to Taiwan on. And the wonton soup they sell there is two thousand pounds of chowder (five lashes for that one). Then there's the bomb about the montagnard woman who got pregnant with beau and error. "Here today, Saigon tomorrow; who knows after Bien Hoa follow." Mal, we hope. Vietnamese radio serial—Ma and Pa Goda. Ouch! During the dry season, Di An, sir, is blowing in the wind. Had enough?

A new word game could well be applied here in Vietnam. It started with priests being defrocked and lawyers disbarred. Then wags in the States spoke of electricians delighted, cowboys deranged, gamblers discarded, poets reversed, etc. In Vietnam, we have Special Forces troops berated, infantrymen disgruntled, airmen deplaned, tunnel rats unearthed, restricted troops debarred, tour finishers demilitarized, Zone C decamped, and war correspondents depressed. Maybe you can dream up some more.

VC advertisement found in captured newspaper:

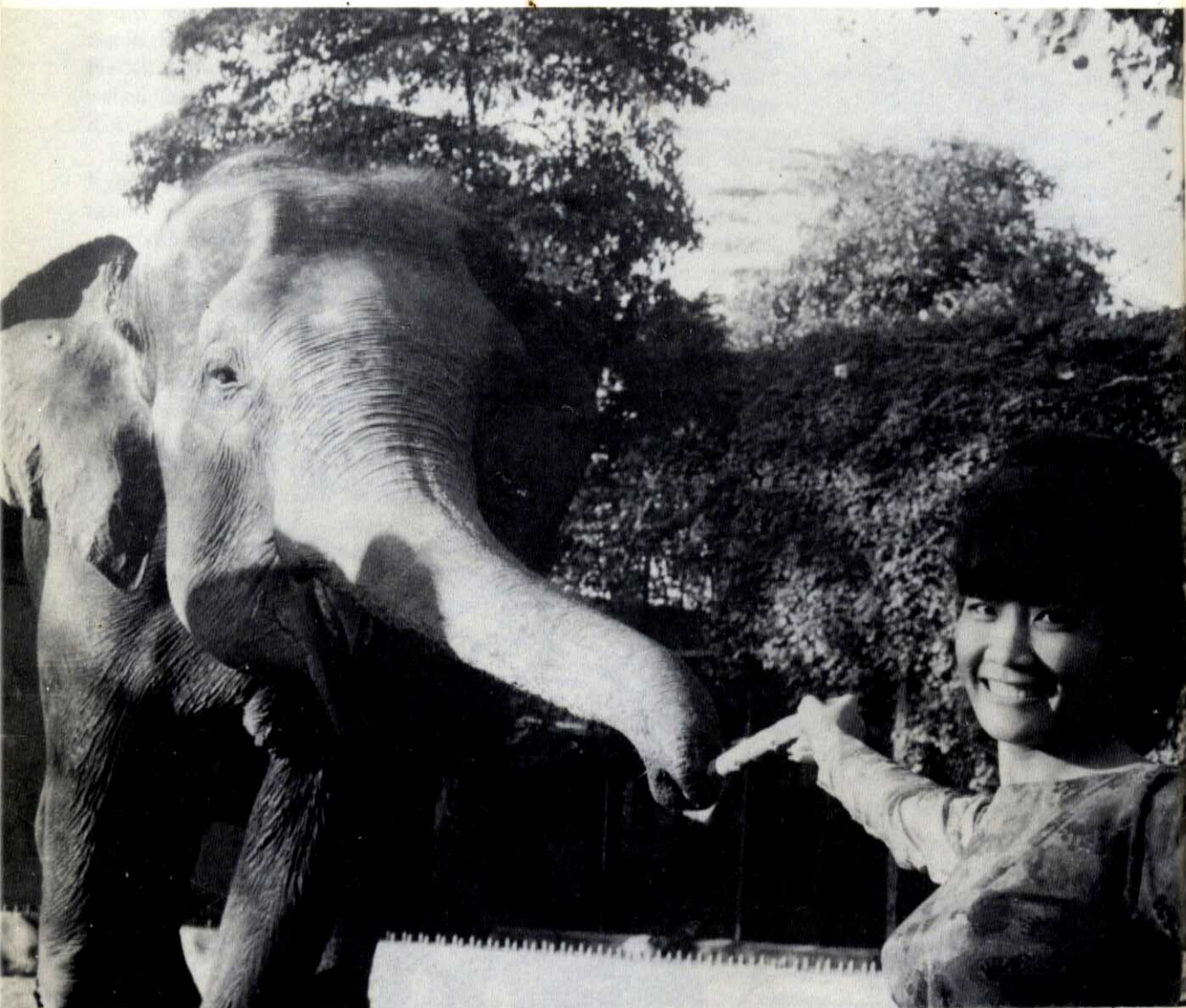
**EARN MONEY AT HOME:** Vietnam's fastest growing home industry. Fashioning punji sticks. We provide raw materials and handle sales and distribution. Send twenty piasters for punji making kit and free booklet. Then watch those extra piasters roll in. Hurry. Get your kit while supplies last.

Tired of TV westerns on AFRTS? In Saigon, you can enjoy live action at home without TV. Gangs of experienced street fighters can be hired to do some real hand-to-hand fighting right in your living room. Write Box 002, Zone C, Vietnam.

Despite their reputation, Saigon bar girls like the quiet things in life, like the folding of a 500 piaster note.

"Having a wonderful time", the Saigon GI wrote his *chubby* wife, "Wish you were her".





A must for every visitor to Saigon is a trip to the zoo on Sunday. The lovely Vietnamese girls look even lovelier walking across the green decked out in lively colored ao-dais. Youngsters dive off trees a perilous 50 feet into the shallow river for the benefit of spectators. Ubiquitous photographers are constantly ready to snap your picture for a small fee. Ice cold beer and soft drinks are available at outdoor cafe-type establishments. There is ample parking space for cars. A wide variety of exotic vegetation abounds throughout the area, all of which, incidentally, is secure. There are sellers of flags, umbrellas, banners, souvenirs, peanuts, and other paraphernalia. One

can stroll leisurely along paths that wind along canals and small streams. In all, it's a very relaxing experience, well worth the two piaster admission fee.

The Zoo is located on Thong Nhut, close to the heart of the city and provides an outdoor distinction to the man who has had enough of the bars and night clubs. Come to think of it, it's about the only place a guy can stroll among trees and bush without having to worry about an ambush. There's a definite feeling of being in a jungle—a feeling which should broaden the range of conversation for those men who go home after a year in the asphalt and stone jungle of Saigon. Also they have animals.

## “CO” VISITS THE ZOO





## ANOTHER LOCAL PIECE OF ADVICE...

Some great advice on understanding the Vietnamese can be found in the local daily newspapers. An item by one *Vietnamese* columnist has a meaning for all Americans. It reads as follows:

... Do not shrug your shoulders or scream when you see your Vietnamese employees or friends remain impassive or passive or both, when you expect them to get excited and run around. Don't be angry or surprised at them. Keep in mind that the Taoist virus and all kinds of Taoist germs flow in their veins. Out of politeness, they may not tell you anything or even show an ironic smile, but inside themselves, they may just be laughing very hard at your overflowing energy and aggressiveness and thinking that you are wasting your energies swimming against the current, whereas they would just sit patiently on the bank and wait for the flood to subside and ford the stream without risks and at the same time enjoying the coolness of crystal clear water. It may take longer. But they will surely get to the other bank...

As we Vietnamese say, woman has a God-given capital, which is on her and in her, and which she can resort to in the last extremity. Man may be jobless and should he be, he is sure to starve unless he steals, robs and kills. Woman needs only to walk or lie down and be a lady overnight, unless she's crazy about chastity. But chastity, you just look around and find out how old fashioned it is.

## LOCAL NEWS BRIEFS

### Fertilizer hoarder in troubles

LONG AN.—The owners of a shop at Ky Son crossroads here was prosecuted because he had hoarded fertilizer to sell in the black market. The police searched his store and found a large undeclared stock of fertilizer Tuesday. An official report was written on the scene and sent to the local authorities for disposition. The stock was temporarily frozen.

*Otherwise referred to as up to his elbows in it, or up that proverbial creek without a paddle or on the windward side of the fan when the stuff hit it. In any case, the frozen fertilizer should keep till he gets out of the cooler.*

## Live grenade found in garbage truck

SAIGON.—A 40 mm grenade whose safety pin had been removed was found among the trash on a garbage truck at the intersection of Phan Thanh Gian and Hai Ba Trung Sts, early Wednesday. The garbage workers ran away, panic-stricken. Experts were immediately sent for to remove the grenade.

*Why would anyone put an armed grenade in a trash truck. Maybe someone bought it, thinking it was a pineapple and then found it unsuitable to the taste. Or maybe the driver found a new means of getting rid of the trash. Or an irate home owner may have been fed up with that foul smelling vehicle passing his house daily and wanted to divert it.*

### High price for love

GIA DINH.—An unconscious youth was found buried in a heap of garbage in Hoang Mai area, Xom Moi ha nlet, early Friday morning. He was later identified.

*We've heard of "po white trash" but this is too much.*

### He makes a pass at the wrong woman

SAIGON.—A youth who tried to assault the wife of a province Deputy Chief at a theatre, in downtown late Tuesday night, was arrested. The youth, later identified as Tran H., 26, of Pham Ngu Lao St., was charged with "stretching his hand" on the forbidden part of the body of the official's wife during the show.

*Old rubber hands strikes again!*

### Two dissatisfied clients

SAIGON.—Two Western patrons were booked for wrecking a bar on Le Thanh Ton St. out of frustration after they had failed to make an indecent pass at the bar owner Sunday evening. The pair, referred to as L. and M., were reported to have caused damages estimated at over 100,000 piastres.

*We can't help wondering what would have happened if they had succeeded in that indecent pass.*

# GRUNT

The Magazine for Men in Vietnam

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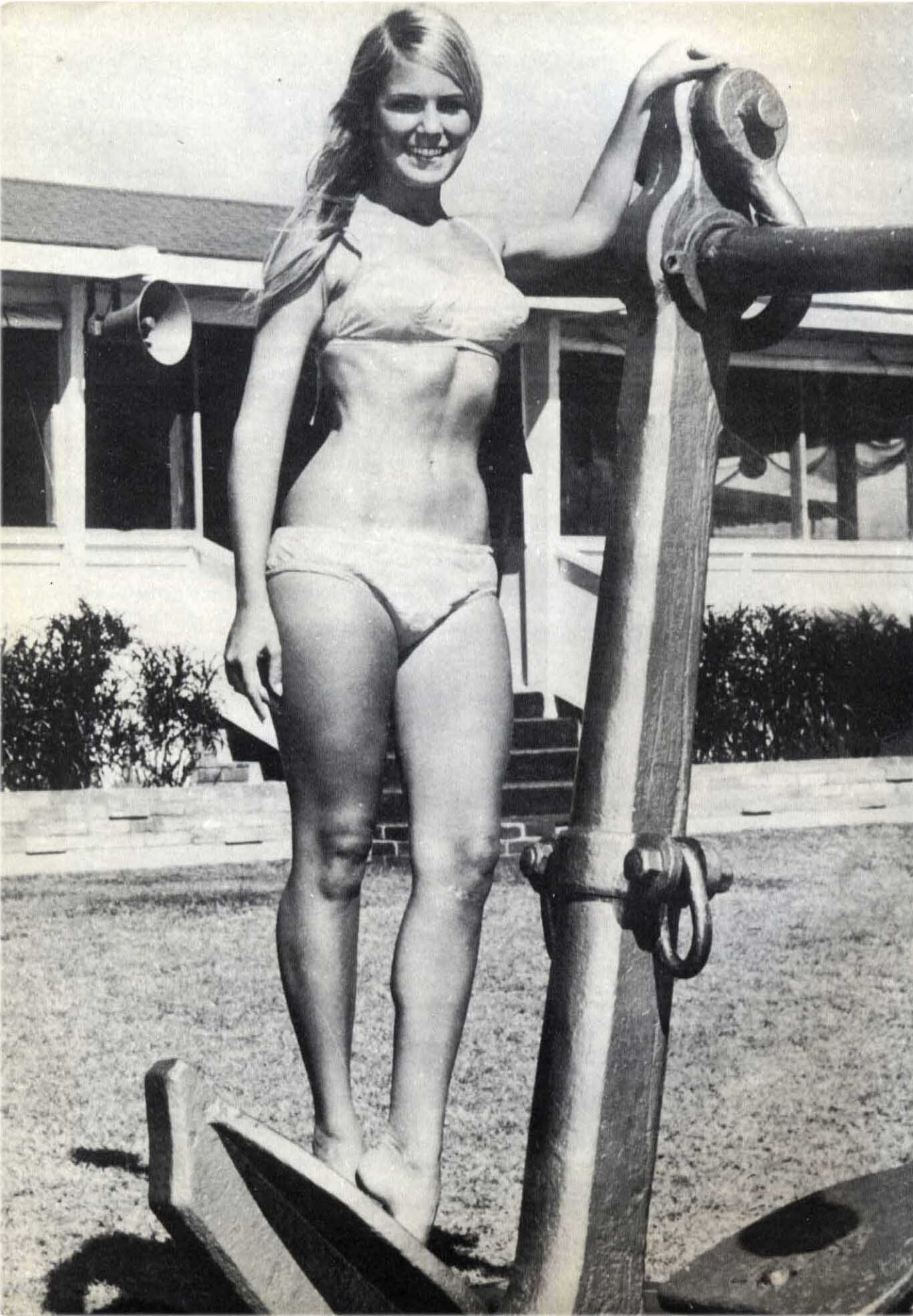
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# GRUNT SOUNDS OFF!

THE idea of GRUNT is to give men and women in Vietnam a chance to look at themselves in a different light, in the light of humor, that is. We think it's necessary to unbend once in a while. Life can get pretty grim and frustrating sometimes. You don't have to be a medic to know that the best cure for heavy pressure is a laugh. Sure, war is a serious business, but that occasional escape from the dirt and grime and the orders and counter-orders and the hurry-up-and-wait motions can help us get on with the job better.

Just as important, GRUNT wants to be your paper, made up from your contributions, and telling about your situations. We figure that in this couple of hundred thousand troopers in Vietnam, there's a lot of uncovered talent. The short story, the poem, the sketch, the photo, the whatever you've done that you're proud of—put it in an envelope and let us see it. It's no good letting it sit in your foot locker or desk when a lot of other guys might get some good out of it. And if you haven't done anything, sit down and try your hand at art or writing. A lot of guys are surprised at what they can do. And creative expression, whether you sell it or not, does you personally a lot of good.

Of course, the stuff we want should be punchy, hard-hitting, clever, to the point, funny, and identifiable. The overly sentimental poems you can send somewhere else. Same-same with the laments and the dead-serious stuff about violent death and horror. There's a place for that, of course, but it doesn't fit our format. We like to make people laugh.

Nobody likes to get shot at. Nobody likes to lay in a hole at night with the rain beating down waiting for that next enemy round to come crashing in. Nobody likes to slosh through rice paddies and jungle, never knowing when a tree or bush will suddenly explode. Nobody really enjoys war and the ugliness that goes with it.

But wars exist. They have from the time man first walked this earth. Nobody's found a way to stop them yet. The way the world's organized, if a nation wants to preserve itself, it has to defend itself. If it doesn't, it no longer decides its way of life. In our less than perfect society wars are a means for deciding how people live. It's that simple. There are no right or wrong wars as far as the guy who fights them is concerned, the uniform he wears and the gun he carries are the instruments of his country as much as himself. They're part of the machinery for preservation of a society, a way of life. The guy who wears the uniform and shoots in anger is the key cog in a nation's defense. Without him, the machine breaks down. History is full of examples where this happened.

There are two ways to wreck a national defense machine. One way is for a superior enemy to smash it into ineffectiveness. Make each individual cog stop turning. Another way is for an enemy to wreck the morale of the fighting men, the cogs, so the machine brakes down.

No nation has ever smashed the American fighting machine into ineffectiveness. And no other nation has ever wrecked the morale of American troops through propaganda, support of protest marches or anything else. And it will always be that way.

The anchor shown above weighs 3,600 pounds, is made of high quality steel cast in Pittsburgh, and once served Captain Cook when he wanted to bring his ship to a halt. Its dimensions are 36-12-64. Note solid ring link on right side of anchor. Note loudspeaker on left side of building. Note brick wall in front of latrine house... If you want to know more about this anchor, take R&R in Hawaii where it's presently planted along with pineapples and sugar cane and other sweet little things.





## GRONK AT THE BRIDGE

If there was one thing Corporal Kybosh couldn't stand, it was a guy on a bridge, looking down on the stream flowing below, and mentally estimating how many gallons of water a minute were passing by. Like PFC Gronk did every day.

Kybosh walked over to PFC Gronk on the bridge, but before he could say "Gronk, why are you measuring the flow of water under the bridge?", Gronk said to him, "Corporal, you know something about that stream?"



"Yes, I know", Kybosh said, "Twenty-three thousand gallons of water passed by in the last minute".

"And two round metal things with little aerals sticking out of them", Gronk added.

"Round metal things with aerals sticking out of them", Kybosh exploded, "You dumb dope. Those could be mines".

"That's what I figured", Gronk said, "but we

can't be sure. None have exploded yet on that abutment below us".

"Choi oi", Kybosh railed, "If one had hit, the bridge would have been blown up and you with it".

"Now, that one coming", Gronk said coolly, "It might hit and might not, but I'll bet you ten to one it doesn't".

Too late, Corporal Kybosh saw the unquestionably authentic Viet cong MX-2A floating mine, only



twenty feet in front of the abutment and moving fast in the 23,000 gallons of water a minute current. He fell flat, covered his head with his hands and waited for the blast that would send him into a rocketless orbit.

Long, long, long seconds later, Gronk nudged Kybosh with his foot and said, "It's okay. It missed again".

Kybosh jumped up, grabbed Gronk's sleeve. "Come on, let's get the hell out of here".

"No sweat", Gronk said, "That's all there is for today. Three. Every day it's three".

"You mean you come here every day and watch three mines aimed at this bridge? Why didn't you tell me before?"

"Ah, they never hit", Gronk said boredly, "The stream flows too fast by that abutment and pushes the mines away. You know, Kybosh, it's amazing; every minute of every day and night, I figure 23,000 gallons of water flows by. You know how much that is in a month?"

"I don't give a damn how much that is in a month", Kybosh said, "Come on, we'll report this to intelligence".

"That's enough water to irrigate over a thousand acres of asparagus", Gronk said, "that is, if you're raising asparagus in a dry place that needs irrigation, and if you can afford to buy all the pumps and pipes".

Gronk kept talking but Kybosh was well out of earshot, running as fast as he could to intelligence, thereby missing the important part of Gronk's monologue. "Something else I figured", Gronk was saying, "If the flow of water was cut down to, say 15,000 gallons of water a minute, those mines wouldn't miss the abutment. They'd run right into it and boom. That is, if they're really mines as we assume they are. And also, if B Company fords the stream up ahead like they're doing now and slows the water flow, the mines will naturally hit the abutment. Now, Kybosh, if I were you, I'd ask B Company to stop fording that river cause if they don't, the bridge will go tomorrow".

As Gronk continued his monologue to the wind and trees and the stream, Kybosh's report was being duly noted in the battalion command post log and forwarded to the combat operations center. An analyst was set to work computing the blast effects of the MX-2A mine and whether or not it was really in the VC inventory. And B Company, under the direction of Captain Parboil, who believed in keeping his troops busy during lulls in fighting, was indus-

triously fording the stream about three hundred yards up from the bridge.

Gronk wasn't on the bridge at one-thirty p.m. the next afternoon when the mine came down and ka-whammo, smacked right into the abutment, dropping both spans of the bridge into the stream. Gronk had been watching the water flow and when it dropped to an estimated 16,000 gallons a minute, Gronk prudently walked off, took a safe place behind a log on the south bank, and waited for the boom.

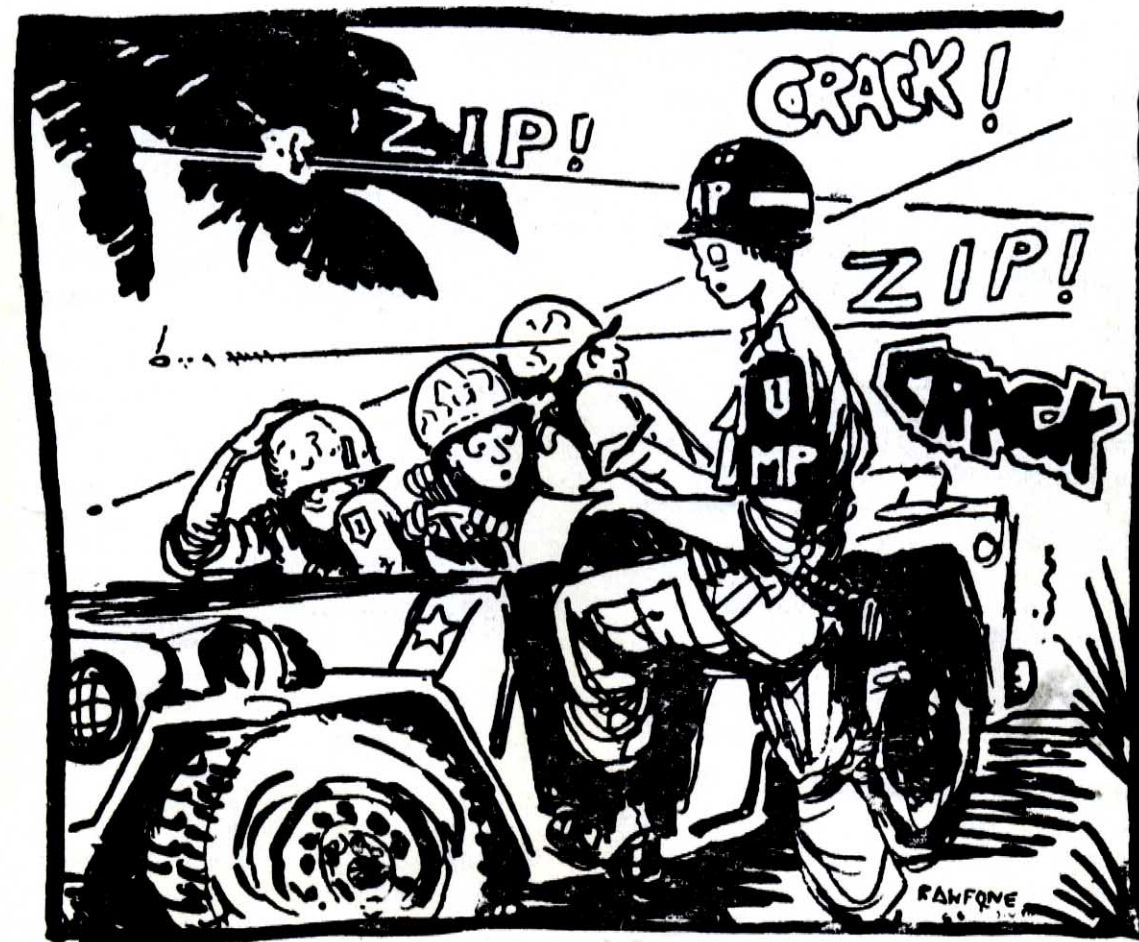
It was an exciting thing to watch. A bridge being blown up is always an exciting thing to watch, especially when you can see the mine slowly drifting downstream in a reduced current headed right for the bridge's solar plexus. Gronk had some guilt feelings about the excitement he felt as the bridge went down in smoke and dust, but these feelings soon dissolved in Gronk's rationalization of the incident. If Kybosh had taken his advice and stopped B Company from fording the river, the bridge would still be there. It was as simple as that.

Gronk was not present at the ceremony two hours later where Corporal Kybosh and the analyst were given on-the-spot awards for their belated role in trying to keep the bridge from being blown. Gronk was thinking at the time how nice it would have been if he could somehow give Kybosh the credit for knocking out the VC who launched the mines. Trouble was Kybosh was in battalion headquarters when Gronk placed the booby trap on the spot where he correctly computed the VC would have to go to observe the effects of the mine blast.

But it didn't matter too much, he thought. The bridge could be easily replaced and nobody was killed and there would always be a B Company fording a bridge or doing something else that an A Company didn't know about. Gronk was just on the verge of creating another new theory on military communications when Kybosh's booming voice put his mind into tilt position.

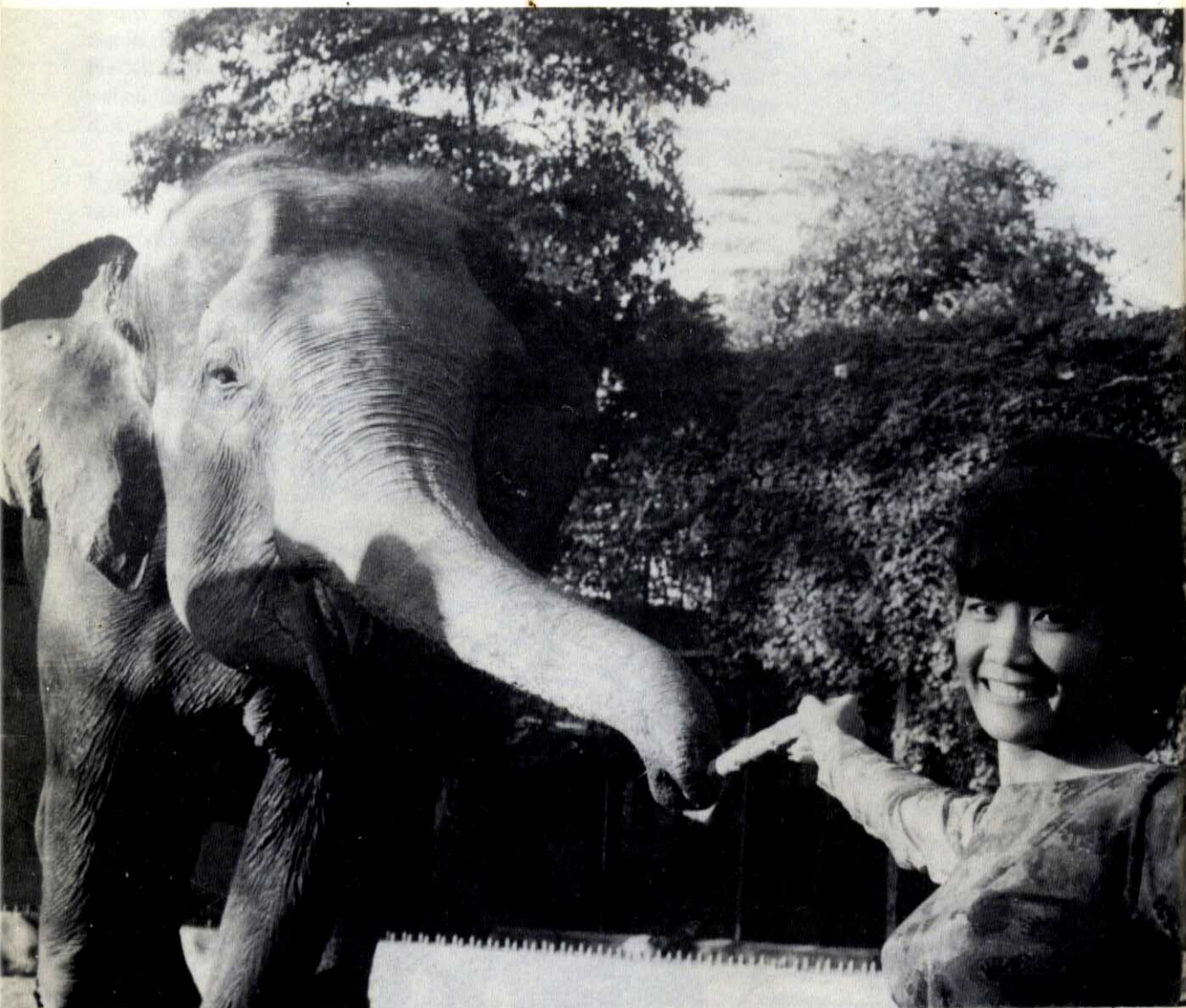
"Gronk, you stupid ass", Corporal Kybosh yelled, "You missed that ceremony this afternoon. And you're going to pay for it. I want you to start digging a hole and I want to see you still digging that hole until the sun goes down three hours from now".

"Okay, corporal", Gronk said laconically. In his mind, he was already planning how he would dig the hole. He'd start out with a square hole, make it round from below five feet, and then complete it with a pentagonal bottom. That would be fun.



"OK! BUDDY, WHERE'S THE FIRE?"





A must for every visitor to Saigon is a trip to the zoo on Sunday. The lovely Vietnamese girls look even lovelier walking across the green decked out in lively colored ao-dais. Youngsters dive off trees a perilous 50 feet into the shallow river for the benefit of spectators. Ubiquitous photographers are constantly ready to snap your picture for a small fee. Ice cold beer and soft drinks are available at outdoor cafe-type establishments. There is ample parking space for cars. A wide variety of exotic vegetation abounds throughout the area, all of which, incidentally, is secure. There are sellers of flags, umbrellas, banners, souvenirs, peanuts, and other paraphernalia. One

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## “CO” VISITS THE ZOO







## THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BATTALION IN THE ARMY

WHEN they delivered a truckload of airplane glue to his Post Exchange, Captain Coons figured there was something wrong with the distribution system, particularly since he had been out of soap and razor blades for months. When the glue sold out the same day it was delivered, Captain Coons figured there was something wrong with his customer research system. When he watched trooper after trooper passing by with silly grins on their faces, Captain Coons did not relate the fantastic sale of model airplane glue with the improved morale.

However, strange things began to happen the next day. First PFC Flintstone, who could barely sign his name, came to Captain Coons and asked if he could put some surrealist paintings on display in the PX. First Sergeant Bowknuckle spent the morning composing an ode to daffodils which he planned to send to the Stars and Stripes. Corporals Farce and Hands sat by the drainage ditch all day playing Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata on flutes. Specialist Four Nuke painted "Make Love, Not War" on his helmet and made a speech to an attentive audience in the barracks on the universal brotherhood of love. Staff Sergeant Coombs, the PX's best comic book customer, spent the day sitting crosslegged in a corner reading Dostoevski's Resurrection.

When news of these strange happenings filtered up to Colonel Keg, the camp commander, a state of alert was declared. Colonel Keg directed a camp shakedown and a complete sealing off of the base. Keg was worried. The Division commander was coming in and his men were acting like Greenwich hippies.

Keg had a theory on how it all happened and his Provost Marshal, Major Katz, was checking it out. Keg believed the Viet Cong had placed some kind of psychedelic nerve gas in the camp water supply or in the mess hall salt shakers. All he needed from Katz was confirmation of this theory. Katz was out analyzing the water and salt.

Keg drummed the desk nervously waiting for Katz to report. It would be a feather in his cap if he could report to the CG that he had uncovered a VC plot to neutralize the camp. But where the hell was Major Katz?

Colonel Keg was aware of the presence of someone in the office. He looked up from his desk. Katz, who had entered silently, was over by the curtains, feeling the texture of the silk cloth. Katz pressed the cloth to his cheek, all the while smiling.

"Major Katz", the colonel roared, "what in hell are you doing?"

Katz kept the curtain to his face as he talked, "Colonel", he said, "did you ever feel color, I mean, really feel through your senses the violence of red and the tenderness of blue. This blue in the curtains comes through your whole being, like you're a part of it, part of the texture and the color and the reason for its being, I mean, like it's more than just seeing it, I mean. . . ."

Katz was interrupted by two hands on his throat. The hands belonged to Colonel Keg. "You too, Katz. Did you drink the water? Or sprinkle the salt on a tomato and eat it? Did you find how the VC got the psychedelic nerve gas into the camp and then test it on yourself? Tell me you did. Tell me you know how those nasty Charlies did it." Keg was shaking Katz violently by the throat without realizing it.

"Please, sir", Katz gently reminded his CO, "eschew violence, if you please".

Keg reluctantly removed his hand from the Provost Marshal's throat. "Now tell me what you found out", he demanded.

"What I have found out, colonel, cannot be put into words", Katz said, "anymore than one could explain to a celibate what it feels like to have a woman. I can say, however, that I have found a closeness to basic nature, to the meaning of existence, but those are mere words that do not begin to explain the depth of what I have discovered."



"Katz", Colonel Keg roared, "I'll kill you with my bare hands if you don't start making sense."

"What is sense, sir. Describe the essence of sense. Sense is a breath of fresh air. Sense is a sniff of airplane glue that has been synthesized in the boiling tropic sun. Sense is the . . ."

Keg's hands again found themselves on Katz's throat. "Stop, say that again. About the airplane glue". Keg wanted to squeeze the smile off Katz's face, but he eventually relaxed his grip so his subordinate could speak.

Katz walked over to the door, picked up a brown paper bag, and brought it to the CO. "In here, Colonel", he said, "is essence, the basis of sense." Katz opened the top of the bag, held it to the colonel's nose. Colonel Keg breathed in deeply, then took another deep breath. "To an ordinary person", Katz continued, "that would be nothing but smelly sticky glue in a bag, but it's more, a lot more".

Colonel Keg took another sniff. There came about a sudden transformation in Keg's demeanor, as though a hard outer shell around his body had dissolved. A beatific smile dominated his face. Keg sat down in his chair, leaned back ecstatically. "Katz", he said, "listen to those angelic voices on the radio, singing to the accompaniment of those exquisite harps and violins. Find out who they are and send them a thank you note from me".

"There is no radio playing, sir", Katz said, "but I also hear sound waves in color vibrating through the room. Any other time, I'd say the telephone was ringing".

Colonel Keg instinctively reached for the telephone. The ugly booming voice of the Commanding General pulsed the diaphragm against Keg's ear, forced him to hold the instrument away, then return it to the hook. "Katz", he said, "please disconnect the telephones. I don't want ugliness to mar the beauty of my soul today".

As Katz was in the process of pulling out the telephone wires and as Keg was reclining in his chair, hands behind his neck, General Barge entered the office.

"Colonel Keg", the squat bull-necked general screeched, "What goes on here?"

Colonel Keg, his eyes opening halfway in annoyance, spoke to Major Katz. "Katz", he whispered softly, "I thought I asked you to cut out the telephone wires so no ugly voices from ugly generals could reach my sensitive ears".

General Barge reached across the desk, grasped

the Buddha-like colonel by his shirt, and pulled him forward. "Colonel, I'm General Barge. When I came to your base, I was stopped by a flower-sniffing guard reading Wordsworth's poems. When I walk into your office, I see a sniveling nincompoop with a blank look on his face. What in hell is going on?"

In the multi-colored corridors of Keg's mind, a powerful message had forced itself through. Keg slowly rose. "General", he said, "I'm glad you picked this time to visit us. It's most fortuitous". Keg leaned over and whispered in the general's ear. "Sir, I have discovered a means to defeat the Viet Cong. I have found the ultimate weapon, the final solution. I have the key to victory."

Barge backed away, suspicious. "What is it?" he asked.

"Love, general. Pure unadulterated love. We'll kill them with love. I mean a powerful smothering love, a penetrating universal billion megaton potion of love, wide spreading clusters of love, I mean. . ."

After he had tied Colonel Keg and Major Katz to their chairs, with the help of his aide, General Barge got on the phone and ordered a helicopter load of hypodermic-administered adrenalin to be delivered immediately to the base.

While talking to a flabbergasted supply officer on the depot end of the telephone line, General Barge opened the brown paper bag on the desk and looked inside. "What the hell's in this bag?" he asked.

"Essence of airplane glue", Major Katz volunteered, "riply synthesized after days in the tropic sun. Sniff it and see".

General Barge sniffed the sweet acrid contents of the bag. He looked up, then sniffed again. "Hmmm", he muttered, "reminds me of my model airplane making days". He sniffed deeply again, and the hard facial muscles of his lower face re-arranged themselves into an unaccustomed smile.

The voice on the other end of the telephone was insistent. "General Barge, sir. Would you please reconfirm that shipment request. Did I hear you correctly to say that you wanted a chopper load of adrenalin in hypodermic needles to snap a battalion out of a trance?"

"That's right", General Barge said, "I want a chopper load of airplane glue shipped out here at once. And 2000 brown paper bags. No, don't make them brown. Make them a soft lavender color, a gentle penetrating lavender, I mean a soul-penetrating lavender. . ."



"THAT'S A SWELL HOLE MULLINS.

NOW GO DIG YOURSELF ONE."



# SLACKS MAKE THE MAN...

AND ALSO HELP  
MAKE THAT GIRL

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**CAMPIS SLACKS**



# AFTER HOURS IN A DELTA VILLAGE

THE average village in the delta may not have the neon glitter and gaiety of Saigon but that doesn't mean it has no night life. People based in the delta who are forced to come to Saigon occasionally for supplies, are often anxious to get back to their little village compounds. There is a unique and natural charm about the rural life that makes their experience in Saigon seem artificial and superficial. And more important, there's an excitement in the night life of the delta village that is not found in Saigon.

Starting with the setting of the sun, the village and its surrounding areas take on a new character. In the dark green growths of trees, predator animals stir themselves from sleep and start the search for food. The night silence is broken with the shrills and screams of animals on the alert against these predators. Other predators, known as Viet Cong, equipped with artificial instruments for seeking their prey also start stirring at dusk.

When the mantle of night settles on the delta, there are fireworks almost immediately and the sky is brilliantly lighted with flarlight that rivals the shine of Saigon's Tu Do. A staccato drumbeat of machine gun fire in the distance is accompanied by the rhythmic beat of cannon fire. The countryside stirs to life. Excitement and drama accompany human movement through the area as patrol seeks patrol, passing in the darkness within feet of each other.

In all, the delta is every bit as exciting as Saigon and there are no Saigon Teas to be bought, no taxis to bargain with, no hotels to be sought in vain, and no mad traffic to dodge.



ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR



# GRUNTS AND GRINDS

Dear Ed.

I have been digging in tunnels for so long that when I come out in the daylight, I can't see too well. As a result, I've been making passes at some really ugly girls. My buddies make fun of me. It's embarrassing. What shall I do?

Weak Eyes

Dear Weak Eyes:

Guys picking up girls in dimly lit Saigon bars have the same problem. The thing to do is keep them in the dark. The girls and your buddies.

☆ ☆ ☆

Dear Ed.

I have been in Vietnam for almost a year and all that time, I've been handing out food in the camp's mess line. What do I tell my kids when they ask me what I did in the war?

Too Proud

Dear Too Proud:

Feed them some b.s., the same thing you've been doing to the troops.

☆ ☆ ☆

Dear Ed:

The fellows in my tent are an awfully crude lot. Some of their talk is extremely coarse and shameful and to be frank with you, it makes me blush. I have to live with them but what can I do to spare my ears from this constant flow of verbal trash?

Embarrassed

Dear Embarrassed:

Hit them with your purse.

☆ ☆ ☆

Dear Ed:

I am in charge of the supply warehouse on our camp and for the past four months, many items that I'm charged with have been mysteriously disappearing and frankly, the supply account is so screwed up that I'll be hung after the big inspection next month. What shall I do?

Desperate

Dear Desperate:

My research tells me that your base has been mortared twice in the past month. Surely, one round must have landed near the warehouse.

☆ ☆ ☆

Dear Ed:

My buddy and I were having an argument the other night. He says the stripes on Chinese zebras run sideways instead of up and down like our zebras. Is he right?

Puzzled

Dear Puzzled:

Why don't you go for a ride on one and find out.

☆ ☆ ☆

Dear Ed:

Is monsoon water good to drink?

Thirsty

Dear Thirsty:

Depends on what you mix it with.

☆ ☆ ☆

Dear Ed:

I'm the kind of guy who would like to meet some real people but it seems the only way I can make social contacts is in bars. How can I meet girls outside of bars?

Lonely

Dear Lonely:

Just tell the girl to meet you outside a bar.

☆ ☆ ☆

Dear Ed:

I've learned bedroom Vietnamese, bathroom Vietnamese, and kitchen Vietnamese. How can I learn some high class Vietnamese, the kind I can use in parlour discussions?

City Slicker

Dear City Slicker:

Spend as much time in the parlour as you do in the other rooms.

☆ ☆ ☆

Dear Ed:

I know I'm not being modest when I write this, but I am a rather brilliant individual, well-read, an exciting conversationalist and quite suave with a lot of savoir faire, if you know what I mean. Why is it that with all these sterling qualities, I've been assigned as a common ordinary grunt? Surely, there's a place for me in the more rarified strata of military life. What do you think?

Intellectual

Dear Intellectual:

You are already in the most rarified strata of military life. But if you don't stop sounding off like that, they'll drag you down into a Saigon headquarters job.

☆ ☆ ☆



# GRUNT OF THE MONTH

PFC Harvey Flintstone is a grunt's grunt. Harvey, who traces his ancestry to a Fred and Wilda Flintstone of early Stone Age days, may be the only 45 year old PFC in the Army, but he also is not the sort of guy you'd fail to recognize at a cocktail party, if anyone were insane enough to invite him to a cocktail party. With a lavender patch on his right eye, three giant scars on his left cheek, and his 260 pounds nicely distributed on a five-foot frame, Flintstone is impressive, alright. He once impressed himself in the outlet hole of a VC tunnel and 30 enemy troops suffocated from lack of air.

Flintstone had the ideal experience for coming to Vietnam. In the third grade, he won a pie eating contest, downing thirty-seven blueberry pies in twenty minutes, leaving his competitors starving for leftovers. In the ninth grade, just before he was expelled for drinking a milk bottle filled with gin during recess, Flintstone won a beer drinking contest during one of his frequent truant days at the local bar. In that fun event, he guzzled fifty-one bottles of bock brew, before the bartender called a halt due to shortage of inventory. In the coal mines, before he fibbingly joined the army at age 14, Flintstone's scientific prowess made him widely known as a coal sniffer, after he devised a means for pouring an undisclosed acid on coal to give it the properties of airplane glue.

In World War II and the Korean War, Flintstone was an OSS man working behind enemy lines to deny them food supplies by eating it all up, under the guise of being, respectively, an aide to Goering, and a liaison officer for Mao Tse Tung.

In Vietnam, Flintstone shows signs of living up to his early promise and has proved to be one of the most valuable soldiers in the Big Red One division. You know what they do with those huge mountains of captured enemy rice that can't be burned or carted away. You're right. Flintstone eats it. With nuoc mam.







Her boots were made for stomping. Or was that the other girl? With that mini-skirt, who pays any attention to faces or names? Anyhow, this round-eyed beauty is entertaining the troops by climbing up some steps to pick up a book. Or is it a record? With that mini-skirt, who pays any attention to books or records? Anyhow, she's a girl with a name like Christmas and an excuse for a caption. But with that mini-skirt, who pays any attention to a caption.



SHE'S WATCHING. WAITING FOR A SIGN... MINUTE I LOOK BACK, SHE'LL COME OVER

THEN THE SAME OLD CRAP... "YOU HAVE GIRL FRIEND HERE?" "YOU STAY VIETNAM LONG TIME?" "YOU BUY ME TEA?"



HELL, I WANNA GIRL TO TALK TO... BUT, YOU KNOW, ONE TEA AFTER ANOTHER... AND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, YOU'VE SPENT A BUNDLE.

I'D HAFTA BUY HER OUT OF HERE. PAY OFF THE MAMASAN... GET A ROOM... CLIMB INTO BED...



OH, WHAT THE HELL.



# SO WHERE DO I FIND A BUNK?

THE sampan on the Saigon River was the only housing the French estate agent had available. But it cost too much—40,000 piasters a month. Besides, it was a fragile, leaky-looking boat and it was only a hundred yards from a floating restaurant which had become a favorite VC target.

So I moved back to my two room apartment which I shared with six of my squadron members and re-established myself in the sleeping bag on the bathroom floor, which is alright when the electricity is on. It keeps the night light going and keeps me from getting stepped on or something. But the electricity was unreliable and I got stepped on or something.



After three more weeks of this, I went to see the agent again, desperate to rent the sampan if it were still available. It wasn't. Four other "foreigners" had rented it, sharing the limited space with the landlord, his wife, and his five children, who had nowhere else to go.

The Frenchman had another bargain, however. A walk-up attic on the fourth floor of a Tu-Do building which had been recently vacated by a VC assassination cell. The VC were picked up by the police after they couldn't resist dropping water-filled paper bags on GI's below.

The price was still that magic figure—40,000 piasters, three months in advance. This time I wasn't taking any changes. I paid the rent and accompanied the agent to my new home and the long hoped-for privacy that was worth any price in a city as crowded as Saigon.

After cleaning out the leftovers from the previous tenants—30 pounds of plastique, a box of Hershey bars, two grenades, and a empty box of Tide soap—I moved in and started relaxing. Just lying on that cot alone with my thoughts was paradise, despite the two large rats that kept sampling my toes.

I had fifteen minutes of this when I was awakened by a sharp rap on the door. Three local workmen and two officials in black suits entered. They started measuring distances, making notes, acting for all the world like government officials planning to take over the place. Which is exactly what they were. In painful English, one of the men in a black suit informed me that the new government had nationalized the building which formerly belonged to a French biscuit company and tenants were graciously being allowed two days to move out.

Anybody know where I can find a house, to live in, that is.







## VIETNAMESE GIRLS: THE MOST

APPRECIATION of beauty is a relative thing. One man's meat can be another man's poison. But there is one hell of a lot of agreement that the Vietnamese women are a beautiful species. People on stateside bases being assigned to Vietnam are given the usual hard luck stories, but always with the added footnote, "those women are beautiful".

Old hands who have known Hongkong, Tokyo, Bangkok, Singapore, Manila, will tell you that the Vietnamese girls are something different. Adjectives used to describe these girls are already becoming clichés—graceful, delicate, fine-featured, slim, im-

passive, majestic. There is something different about these girls when you get them out of their harsh workaday pursuits, something that even the most accomplished connoisseurs of feminine beauty will admit to. It's difficult to put your finger on it, but it's there, a mystique of delicate motion, great wisdom, and deep involvement.

What strikes the new visitor immediately is the uniformity of construction of Vietnamese women. They all seem to be the same shape and size. Stand on the corner of a big American city and you see a great variety of sizes and shapes stroll by. Stand on

## "BEAUTIFUL" IN THE ORIENT?

Tu-Do and from the built standpoint, they all look alike, a five feet, four, bundle of grace. The uniformity is even more apparent in watching the six year old girls leaving schools, all wearing the same uniforms and carrying their little inkwells. You could stretch a tape across the road and every little head passing by will touch it.

From the western standpoint, there are some flaws in these classic and inscrutable oriental flowers. Physically, they are not generally as big chested as western girls. But the big difference is in temperament. You enter a bar for the first time, buy a parti-

cular girl a drink, and that girl owns a piece of you. Take a girl home with you on a more permanent basis and she better be the only one you bring home. The daily papers are filled with gruesome stories about men who did not realize this.

The good qualities, however, far outshadow the not so good. And if this war does nothing else, it should bring to the awareness of the world a strikingly beautiful race of femininity. The producers of those war movies on Vietnam, which will inevitably follow peace, will have no worries about finding beautiful feminine leads.



# A CHANGE OF HEARTS



You could have doused Major Disastre with nuoc mam and lit it with a match and he wouldn't have flinched like he did when he learned (a) that his girl friend Xuyen was a VC, and (b) that she taped sixty pounds of plastique to Colonel Kantuck's staff car during the CO's visit to Disastre's apartment. (c) The bomb did not explode but Kantuck did on Saturday morning as he informed Major Disastre of the indiscretion. "You realize what could have happened?", Kantuck roared, "I could have been minus a staff car, a car I waited six months for. That would have meant calling the motor pool every day and waiting till after siestas. It could have meant taking buses and maybe even walking. All because of your stupidity. Do you realize how dangerous that girl can be?"

"Yessir", Disastre snapped back, "A girl who can't set a time fuse properly is not the kind I'd want to go in the jungle with".

"You jerk", Colonel Kantuck yelled, "You won't be taking her in the jungle or anywhere else".

"Do I interpret your remarks, sir, as meaning that I should give up this girl?"

Kantuck rose from his chair, approached Disastre, grabbed him by both collars and with his cigar breath only inches away from Disastre's nose, he whispered, "A fine point I neglected to mention, Major. That bomb could have killed me."

"I see", Major Disastre said, "With your new deputy not due in until next week, that would have left us without a commander for a week. Very serious indeed". Disastre then drew himself to attention. "Sir, may I make a suggestion?"

Kantuck didn't reply.

"I would like to suggest, sir", Disastre continued, "that in the future we always have an overlap in tours, to make sure a replacement is always available for emergencies like this".

"I too am going to make a suggestion", said Kantuck with no little sarcasm, "I'm going to suggest that you put in for a transfer to the Pentagon where they can perhaps channel your talents. Cause if you don't you'll soon be a Private Disastre. That is, unless..."

"Unless what?"

"Unless you find that girl and bring her here".

"That's easy", Major Disastre said.

"Then you know where she is?"

"Of course. She's home, like always, waiting for me to come home from work". He smiled in contemplation. "Waiting there with a gin and tonic, a hot bath, and a seductive smile".

"And you don't think the fact that she knows we know she's a VC who tried to kill me will make any difference?"

"Sir", Major Disastre was genuinely hurt. "You don't know Xuyen. She's not the kind of girl who wouldn't be home with my gin and tonic, hot bath, and seductive smile, not without telling me in advance".

"Get out. Get out." Colonel Kantuck yelled, "We'll find her and when we do, she'll be minus a seductive smile".

Major Disastre kicked his Honda to life, put his body on automatic reflexes and safely rode through the Saigon traffic to his apartment on Gia Long, where, sure enough, Xuyen was waiting with his gin and tonic, hot bath and seductive smile. The smile made him want to reverse the order of things. It seemed different somehow.

Disastre brought up the matter of the plastic charge two hours later after he jumped out of bed and slipped into his shorts and slippers. "Xuyen", he said, "Did you put a sixty pound plastic charge in Colonel Kantuck's staff car last night?"

Xuyen took a large gulp of apple juice from the bottle in the refrigerator. She was standing naked close to the open freeze box to let its cold air reach over to her. "No", she remarked casually. "I never do that. My sister Phieu do it. She look same same me. Only she VC".

"You knew she did it. And you didn't tell me."

"Did bomb make big boom?", Xuyen asked.

"No. Luckily, it didn't go off".

"You see", Xuyen said, "I go down and find the clock on the bomb so he no go boom. So we don't worry now. You like drink your apple a day?"

"No", Major Disastre said, "I prefer to drink my



gin and tonic”.

Two hours later, after drinking five gins with tonic and watching Batman, Bewitched, and Bonanza on TV, Disastre and Xuyen went to bed again.

Disastre was awakened at four a.m. by Xuyen who was fully dressed in her Vietnamese oa-dai and carrying her purse and umbrella. “I go find my sister”, Xuyen said. “I fix the clock for seven. So you wake up”.

Before Major Disastre could fully awaken to say, “Why are going to find your sister at four in the morning?”, Xuyen had left the apartment.

Luckily, Major Disastre had to go to the bathroom at five minutes to seven and he was still there, when the clock in the bedroom exploded, shattering glass and knocking the toilet paper off the shelf.

**“YOU KNOW HARRY. WE’VE GOT  
THE BEST SPECIAL SERVICES  
OFFICER IN VIETNAM.”**



As he rode the MP jeep back to the base, Major Disastre suddenly realized that the girl he had spent the night with was not Xuyen, but her VC sister Phieu. There were little things that were different, a sigh, a movement, a gesture, and besides, Xuyen would never try to blow him up with a clock.

His suspicions were confirmed when he entered Colonel Kantuck's office and saw Xuyen sitting there, with a seductive smile on her face.

“We got her”, Colonel Kantuck said triumphantly “A dragnet blocking off all roads out of Saigon and a house to house search will turn up anybody in this city, especially if they walk right into your office like she did yesterday”.

“That girl is no VC”, Disastre protested. “That girl is Xuyen, my girl friend. Her sister's the bad guy. I can prove it.”

“You don't have to. I know”, Colonel Kantuck said. “I've been questioning her since six-thirty last night, right after you left. I learned she de-fused the charge her sister left in my car. She saved my life, she has a seductive smile that lives up to its promise, and everything is now fine”.

“What a relief”, Disastre said, “Now we can go on like before. It's good keeping things as they are and not rocking the boat”.

“There will be a slight change”, Colonel Kantuck chuckled as he hoisted Xuyen on his lap, tickled her under the chin and drew her close to him. “I feel greatly indebted to this brave girl and I'm to make it up to her in the best way I know how”.

Major Disastre stood dumbfounded as the searing words cut into his heart. He was about to lose his ever-loving Xuyen.

“Dont't feel too bad”, Kantuck said, “I was thinking of moving you into government quarters on the base, anyhow. Now you're dismissed”. Colonel Kantuck turned his attentions back to Xuyen who had her attentions on him.

Outside, Major Disastre pondered this sudden change of events and for some reason, he wasn't as disturbed as he should have been. He couldn't figure out why. Then it came to him. Last night hadn't been bad. The gin and tonic, the hot bath, and the seductive smile were all there, and myabe a little bit more than he had been accustomed to. Major Disastre smiled. He had the answer. All he had to do was find Phieu and win her over to the government side.

**WINSTON  
TASTES GOOD...  
LIKE A CIGARETTE SHOULD...  
ESPECIALLY SINCE IT'S  
THE ONLY BRAND IN  
THE WHOLE DAMN CASE  
OF RATIONS**





# NIGHTTIME IN THE BOONIES

FOLLOWING dinner of beans washed down with water, Sergeant Random decided to skip the dessert of raisins and get down to business. Sergeant Random turned to his fellow diners and addressed them. "Gentlemen", he said, "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I find myself in the position of having to address you on a matter of great importance. We're cut off from our unit. There are at least five thousand VC all around us. We're out of ammunition. The radio's dead. Apart from that, the situation is normal. However, we do have a problem and it is to the solution of that problem that I address myself tonight. How the hell do we get out of this mess?"

Private Enterprise rose majestically from his seated position and spoke, "Sergeant, why don't we pretend to be Viet Cong and walk back to our lines?"

"Ridiculous", Sergeant Random said, "Without sandals, the VC would spot us immediately as foreigners".

"Couldn't we build a raft from these bamboo trees and float down the river?" asked PFC Dee.

"That's a great idea", Sergeant Random said, "but the river is difficult to navigate when it's dry. And the rains are six months off".

"Maybe we could burn some wet rags and make smoke signals", volunteered Corp. Puscle.

"The only rags we got are the ones we're wearing", Sgt. Random said, "and you know the rules about

keeping our uniforms shipshape. Besides, with this non-smoking fad around, nobody's got a match".

"It do look hopeless", said Private Enterprise.

"It sure do", said PFC Dee.

"It do sure do", said Corp. Puscle.

Having given up on their long range strategy, the four men settled down to more immediate matters. On the suggestion of Private Enterprise, who had observed many VC female cadre in the area, the men set up a booby trap and caught four buxom girls who were held that night as hostages.

Upon being awakened the next morning by heavily armed Viet Cong, the three Americans (Corp. Puscle was eaten during the night by a red blooded tiger who took his stripes), were surprised to hear the VC leader talk to them in English.

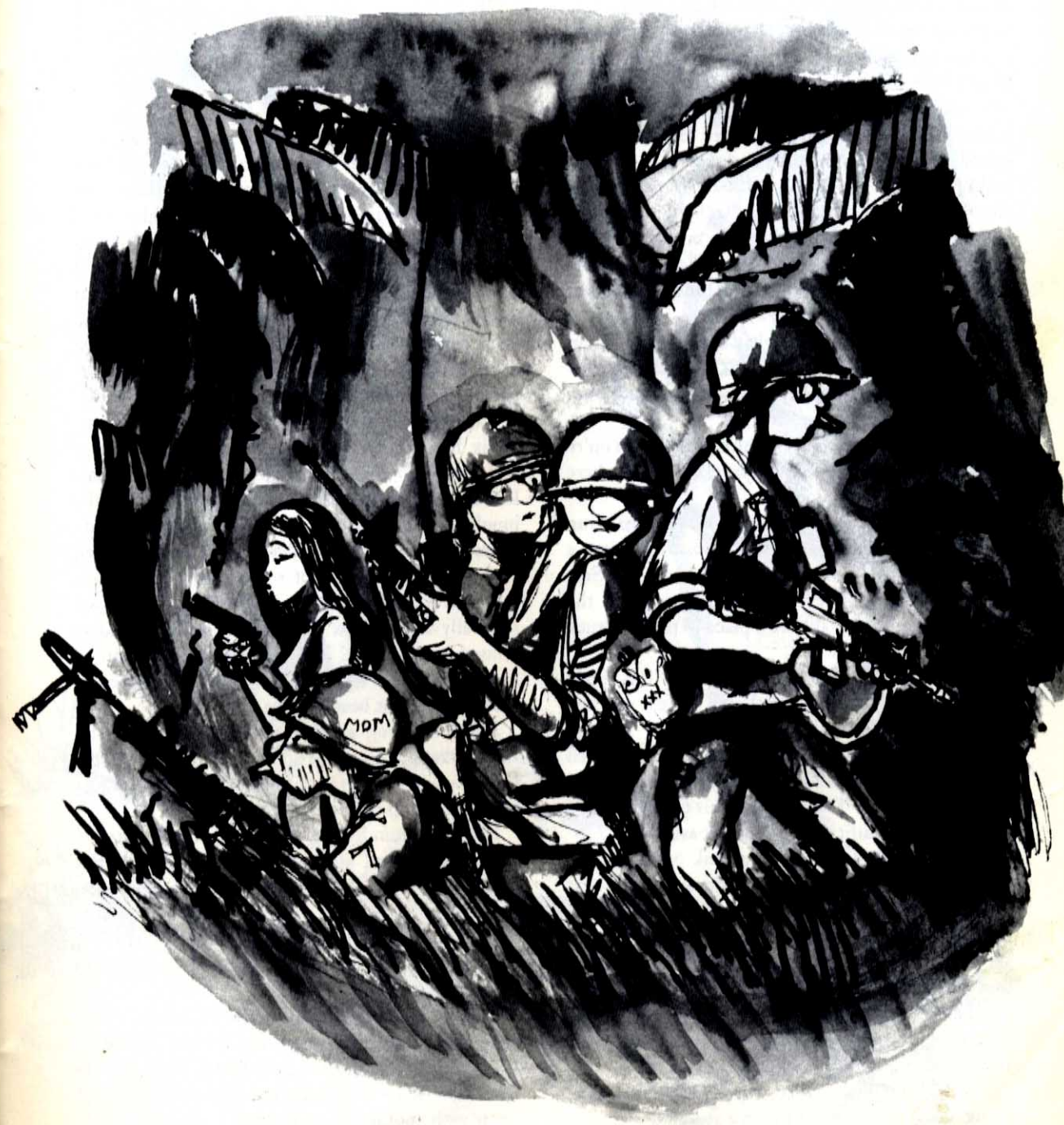
"Yankees", the VC said, "As luck would have it, you have captured four of our USO entertainers. I don't know what kind of a performance they gave you, but the propaganda-filled classical opera they put on for us... well, to be polite, Ed Sullivan doesn't have to feel bad he didn't discover them. Anyhow, here's a safe conduct pass that will get you to Saigon. Take these performers with you. They can do our cause more good by working for the other side".

"Choi oi", said the three happy men.

"Choi oi", said the VC.

"Choi oi", said the performers.

"Grrr", said the tiger.





# A FUNN THING HAPPENED TO ME ON MY WAY TO THE TUNNEL

BEFORE Private Marauder's favorite daydream came to an end, he had chased the Viet Cong battalion up a green hill of flowers and apple trees, fired three bursts from his machine gun over their heads, and then smilingly accepted their mass surrender as the entire 3,456 population of Cherry Hollow, Pennsylvania, including Trudy Cowslip in a topless polka dot flare skirt, waved handkerchiefs and cheered. Trudy, with a curious "come hither" look in her eyes that was just like the one the Saigon bargirls had, stepped out of the crowd and was coming toward him when Private Marauder came out of his reverie.

Standing over him was what appeared to be an ugly and gigantic six foot four VC, carrying a clipboard. It was the company first sergeant, who soon appeared in sound as well as sight.

"You lazy bum", the first shirt shouted, "You're supposed to be on the garbage truck detail, not here picking your nose".

Somewhere deep in the complex survival make-up of Private Marauder, adrenalin was triggering a primitive response mechanism into action. "Sergeant", he said, "They left me here to guard the parking place so they'd have a place to put the truck when they came back".

"Ten thousand trucks could fit in this open field", the sergeant blasted, "and there's not one vehicle in sight".

Additional adrenalin in Marauder's brain tickled some survival cells. What about the tank outfit coming in?", he said, "They'll fill up this field".

"What tank outfit?", the sergeant asked.

"You haven't heard about a tank outfit coming in?". Marauder needed time to think out the next approach, sensing that the tank story would not make it. "It's all over the camp. PFC Dee picked it up from one of the bar girls in a teahouse last night and Charlie Company KP confirmed it this morning".

"There is no tank outfit coming in", the first shirt roared, accenting every word. "Now, tell me, what in hell are you doing here?"

"Well, I'll tell you, sarge, but it's kind of a secret thing. Can you promise to keep a secret?"

"Beetlebrain", the beefy face shouted, "I'll promise you nothing except an all night digging job unless you tell me in ten seconds why you're here contemplating your navel when you should be out working".

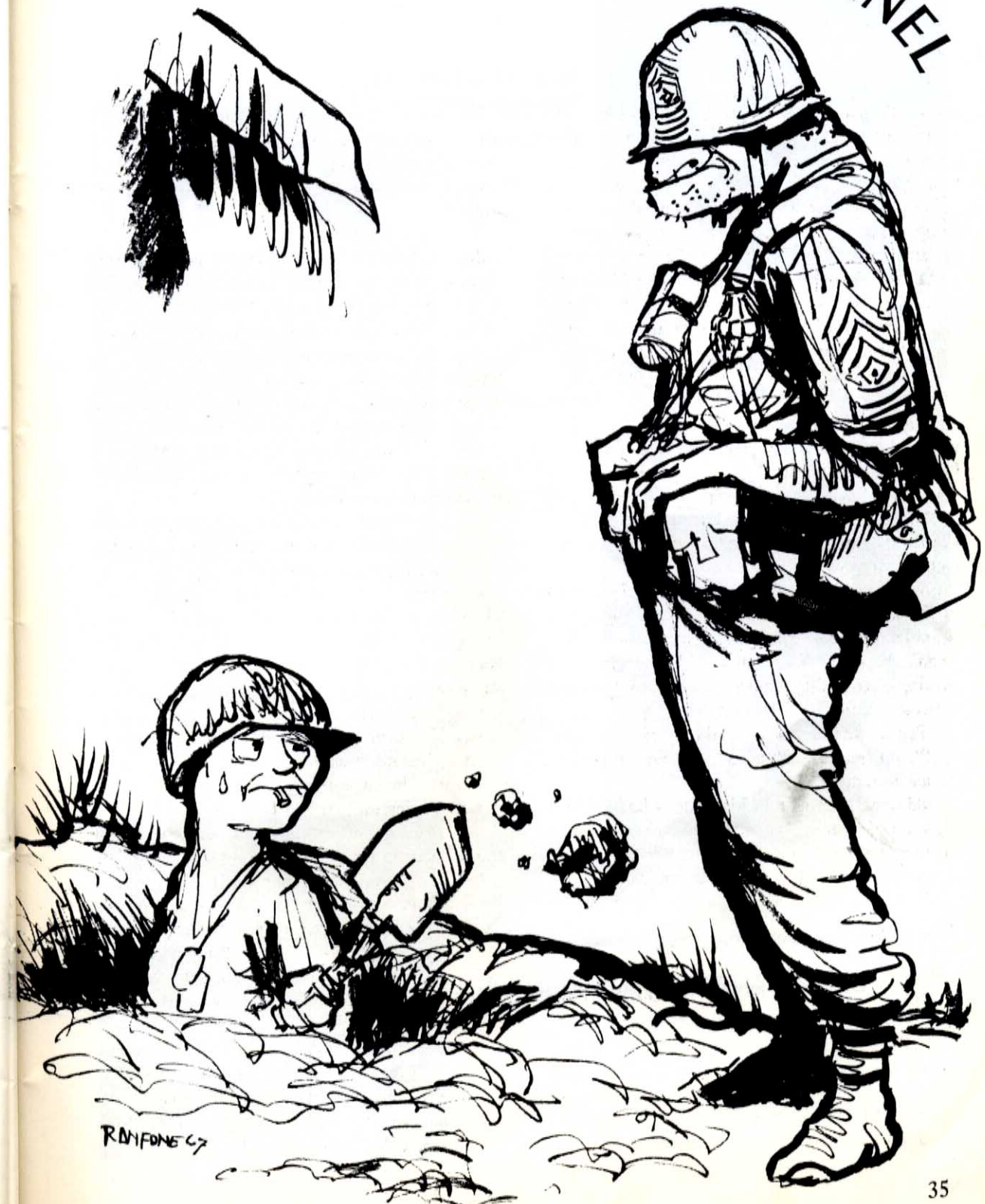
Ten seconds is not a long time in which to prepare a defense brief that could save ten hours of back breaking work, but with the emergency bells clanging in his brain, Marauder tried. "Well, it's like this", he said, "I've been making a study of VC digging habits, and you remember that suspected VC position we spotted last night. Well, I figured that if they start digging a tunnel toward our position and keep digging until darkness, they'd come out just about here. And I'll be waiting for them". Marauder silently commended himself on this clever reply. It was officer level thinking.

Six hours later, at midnight, Private Marauder was unable to enjoy the sight of the brilliant Halloween orange moon that rested majestically on the jungle treeline, misted in drift clouds. Private Marauder was six feet under ground with a shovel, having dug a distance of some thirty feet in five hours. It was all part of the first sergeant's proposal for really testing how far the VC could dig underground in one night. The first shirt said he wanted to test Marauder's theory, but Marauder suspected his story had not been bought.

His arms barely able to lift the shovel, Marauder started digging up to the surface. He knew the "big shirt" would be there waiting for him, but he just had to come up for air and rest.

His body numb with pain and fatigue, Private Marauder pushed his shovel through the last few inches of topsoil between him and the atmosphere, and there, sure enough, was the first shirt, looking for all the world like a five foot, four inch Viet Cong in a conical straw hat, black pajamas, and webbed ammunition belt.

For the next four months in the VC prison camp, until that armed helicopter accidentally landed in the wrong landing zone and found him, Private Marauder had sworn over and over that he would never miss another garbage detail.







HELLO D'ERE. My name's Cherrise and I'm up at Nha Trang sunning on the beach.

It's a beautiful place. White sand, blue sea, fluffy clouds, beer, and things like that.



It's so lovely up here, you'd never think there was a war going on. . .



Until you see an intrepid warrior come along.



HERE COMES CHARLIE'S PSY-WAR TEAM AGAIN!





"HANG ON, SIR! GETS PRETTY ROUGH FROM HERE ON."



WHENEVER I SEE THOSE JETS UP THERE, I FEEL GOOD. LIKE SOMEBODY UP THERE LIKES ME. READY TO HELP US OUT OF A FIREFIGHT.



WE GET ZAPPED AND BANG, THOSE BIRDS START POUNDING HELL OUT OF CHARLIE, AND GET HIM OFF OUR BACK.



YEAH, THOSE FLYBOYS ARE GREAT. SPEEDY. WILD BLUE YONDER AND ALL THAT ALWAYS GETTING ON TARGET. REAL TIGERS, THEY ARE, AND I LOVE THEM.



BUT I WOULDN'T LET MY DAUGHTER MARRY ONE OF THEM OVERSEXED BASTARDS.





"NOW ME KNOW WHY YOU FIRST CLASS PRIVATE."



A pretty young girl in Can Tho  
Said "I'm growing quite fond of you, Joe,  
You number one guy  
You no butterfly  
Civilians spend more than you, though.

Now Dickie, the Air Force Blue bard  
Put his girls on a Diner's Club card.  
One said, "I regret it".  
I don't go for credit.  
Dick took this pronouncement quite hard.

There was a marine from Danang  
Who met a young girl in Nha Trang  
He had quite a shock  
When he looked at his clock.  
It was too late to cure what she brang.

A gallant young man with a chopper  
Decided to go on a hopper.  
He jumped in the craft  
But it rocked fore and aft.  
The chopper proved quite a hep bopper

A trooper who lived in An Khe  
Just loved to sniff flowers all day.  
"Why take R & R  
And travel so far"  
This sniveling sniffer did say

There was a dumb joker named Croker  
Who lost his fat butt playing poker.  
He got a bit boozy  
Picked up a cute floozy  
Would you believe Croker went broker?

His friends to Japan were all going  
While all of his loot he was blowing.  
He said, "Pass the hat",  
They said "Sorry Bout That".  
Up that proverbial creek he's now rowing.

A sergeant named Harvey McMann  
Always wanted to visit Japan  
He got just as far  
As the Florida Bar  
And met Ekko, Suzuki and Yan

A pretty young thing from Penang  
Met a salty marine from Danang  
His heart went a flutter  
She melted like butter  
Then found a GI from Phan Rang

The Saigon Commando's motif  
Is a gun and a knife in its sheath.  
He talks about war  
And fighting galore  
As he dines at the Cercle Sportif.



# GRUNT:

Face to face  
with Col. Sam,  
Commander of the 96th VC Battalion



To get to Colonel Sam in his remote Zone C headquarters, our reporter underwent minor eye surgery, dubbed his face with brown stuff, donned a VC set of ragged pajamas, and had himself paradropped along with some delayed action bombs on the VC headquarters. It was not an easy interview to get as he found out when the VC immediately undid the eye stitches, rubbed off his brown skin coating, and changed his ragged uniform with a black Italian silk suit. As they suspected, he was not a represent-

ative of the Hanoi Bugle but a western reporter. Colonel Sam greeted him affectionately.

SAM: I've been expecting you. Come in.  
GRUNT: Colonel Sam, why are you a VC?  
SAM: Because I'm on the other side.  
GRUNT: How do you feel about being a VC?  
SAM: Depends. When we're getting clobbered, I feel bad. When I'm on R & R, I feel good.

GRUNT: Do you feel you're winning the war?

SAM: Look, I thought these interviews dealt with sex philosophy. Can we get on to that without any preliminaries.

GRUNT: Fine. What is the VC sex philosophy?

SAM: We believe in sex, so long as it involves man and a woman. Sex is fine. It's natural, it's healthy, it's necessary, it's fun, and it helps keep up our manpower supply.

GRUNT: We've heard you VC use plenty of womenpower too.

SAM: Yes, we do. Last week I used about seven of them.

GRUNT: One a day, (ha ha)

SAM: No. Seven every day.

GRUNT: Isn't that a bit awkward, I mean, fighting a war and all that, to find time for seven women a day.

SAM: When you spend most of your days in a dark tunnel dogging bombs, what else is there to do?

GRUNT: You could shoot back.

SAM: And give up those girls? Besides, I'd also give away my position and get doubly clobbered. And we're supposed to be talking about sex, anyhow. Now there used to be this bar in Saigon back in 1954 when I was in the French Army fighting the Viet Minh. We'd sit around a table playing poker and all our girl friends would try *everything* to see which one of us could be made to laugh first. That guy bought the drinks. Ah, those were the good old days.

GRUNT: But how about sex in the field now, these seven girls you were talking about...

SAM: Ah, they're nothing like the girls on Rue Catinat in the old days. There was this girl called LuLu in the Marseilles Bar who knew more tricks than a magician. And Lili in the Bar Montparnasse. She was built like Venus de Milo with arms. Oh, they don't make them like Lili any more—not out here, anyhow. The women look like men. None of the old femininity.

GRUNT: Getting back to sex in the field, do the Viet Cong have much time for it.

SAM: Only in bomb shelters when we're huddled together and there's nothing else to do. But you can't compare this with the way it used to be. This girl Marie in Saigon back in 54. She had her bedroom done in yellow and lavender, lush Thai silk curtains, embroidered bedclothes with the words, "Bienvenue" sewed across the top. And the room was always filled with the provocative smell of Chanel No. 5. The bed was so soft you melted into it. Now that was living.

GRUNT: Sounds great.

SAM: I wonder what happened to girls like Marie and Lily and Lulu. Where are they today?

GRUNT: I don't know, but there are some mighty fine substitutes.

SAM: Tell me, is it still as lively on Rue Catinat?

GRUNT: Well, they call it Tu Do now, but it's the swingerist place in town. Row after row of bars and nightclubs. In fact, the whole city is loaded with hot spots. People who were here before say it's better than ever. Now tell me, do you think.

SAM: Wait a minute, not too fast. This Tu Do, the women are very beautiful, yes?

GRUNT: The best in the East.

SAM: What I wouldn't give to re-live some of those experiences. Tell me, do you know your way around these places?

GRUNT: Sure.

SAM: Well, you know I always charge for an interview, just like Madame Nhu, so we better get that settled before we go any further.

GRUNT: Certainly. We're prepared to pay. What do you think it's worth?

SAM: I'll tell you what it's worth. Get me on that chopper with you, the one that's due to pick you up at 1630 and you and I are going to have one hell of a big night in Saigon tonight.

GRUNT: You mean you want to defect?

SAM: Let's put it this way. You're going to have a wonderful opportunity to tempt me over to the other side after one successful search and enjoy operation on Rue Catinat tonight.





"YOU SURE THIS IS WHERE WE'RE SUPPOSED TO ASSAULT?"



JEEZ! HERE COME THOSE SHELLS. NOW I GOTTA WORRY 'BOUT JOE AGAIN.

IF THEY ZAP ME THIS TIME, THAT BASTARD'LL GET OUTA PAYIN' THE TWENTY BUCKS HE OWES ME.



THEN HE'S GONNA MOVE IN ON LILY AT THE PAGODA BAR... GIVE HER SOME CRAP ABOUT "WE WUZ MADE FOR EACH OTHER."



THEN HE'LL TAKE OVER THE SQUAD AND BUST HIS ASS TRYIN' TO OUTDO ME...



SOON AS THIS CRAP LETS UP, I'M GONNA KICK BUDDY JOE RIGHT WHERE IT HOITS!



# EATING IN VIETNAM

THE problem of eating in a foreign country has been solved for those lucky troops who get their C rations direct from the states. But for those others, there are some things that have to be learned, like the non-piano version of chopsticks. With no forks and knives available in many places, manipulation of those sticks can be absolutely essential. If a Vietnamese in Peoria, Illinois, enters a restaurant and can't use the knife and fork, chances are slim that the restaurateur will go back in the kitchen and come out with chopsticks. Besides, only babies are allowed to use spoons in Vietnam.

Eaters on the local economy must learn to love "nuoc mam". It's a highly nutritious fish sauce and requires no more sense adaptation than is needed for limburger cheese. It's great with sea foods, which come from the sea and not the refrigerator. The best

sea foods are found in Nha Trang and Vung Tau. However, please do not visit these places by automobile. And don't go by bus and let the driver do the worrying. Fly and nobody worries.



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## GUIDE TO THE VIETNAMESE LANGUAGE

English	Translation
She is beautiful.	Number One.
She is ugly.	Number Ten.
You overcharged me.	Number Ten.
Tonight's our Happy Hour.	Number One.
I should't have stepped on your foot.	Sorry Bout That
They extended me.	Sorry Bout That



... In addition to destroying 473 airplanes, 265 tanks, and capturing 2,456 Americans, our attack on the Cholon PX resulted in the confiscation of 28,000 tons of rice and 672 quarts of nuoc mam, thereby denying the Americans enough food to feed a division for a year. This is Radio Liberation the voice of truth operating from ... ha ha ... would't you like to know. Radio Liberation now brings you the latest hit record from America, to remind you GIs of home ... Star Dust, by Cole Porter ...



WHY ARE YOU STARING?  
HAVE YOU NEVER SEEN  
A MONTAGNARD BEFORE?





STAY ALIVE, BABE, WE NEED YA.

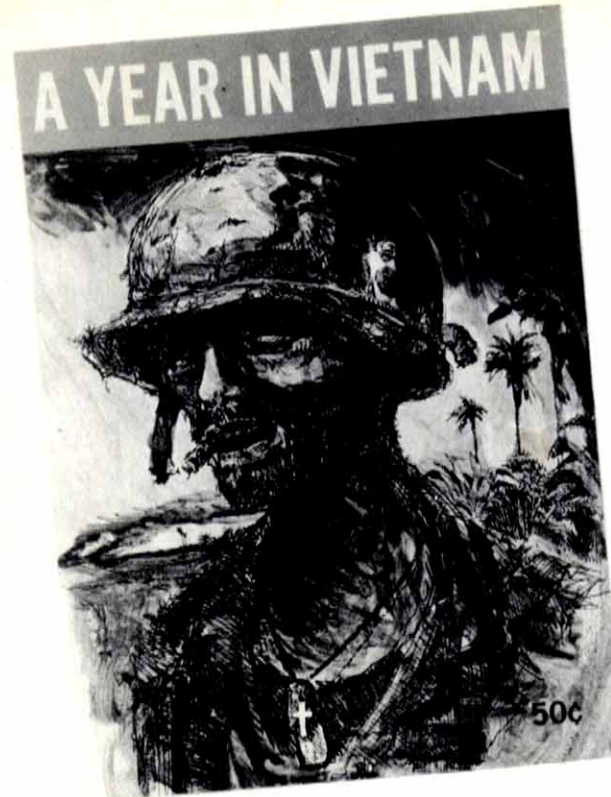
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