

Lets call these tales Hookers and Lookers - A tribute to the girls of VN

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- I recall well the first trip to the USO in Saigon. There were real American girls. I just stood there and stared, but they must have been used to it and were gracious. I was way too shy to actually talk to them, but they were some great eye candy and a greatly appreciated reminder of home.

- My friend Steve Losorwith flew for 45th Dustoff in Long Bihn. I went there once and could not believe that he actually worked in the presence of real round eyes every day. I was so jealous.

- Remember Steam and Creams? On the surface steam baths, I did love to go there because it was the only place to go with hot water to get really clean by sweating out the crud. Then baby-san doing her thing with the massage and walking on my back. About then she would bring up the proposition of a happy ending, at a few extra dollars cost. Why not? Maybe tomorrow would be the last day. I can assure you none of that foolishness is tolerated now. The Morality Police are firmly in control.

- R & R in Australia was very popular with guys I knew. They went there to meet girls in King's Cross in Sydney. With luck, one could hook up with a cute girl and stay with her all week. Great pictures and stories came back, along with many vows to return and marry the young ladies. None did, as far as I know. The girls liked GIs because they treated them like queens, unlike their own men.

- There was an actress named Susan Oliver that was on a USO tour. I was tapped to fly her, so off we went. Being young and naive, I wanted to impress her with my aviation prowess by flicking switches and turning knobs that didn't need to be flicked or turned. She sat there quietly and watched me go through the motions. When we landed she handed me a piece of paper, which turned out to be an FAA pilot's license with more ratings than I came close to having. She knew I was full of BS. The rest of the flight I shut up and touched nothing to avoid further embarrassment. I have a photo of the two of us with my arm around her waist. I look very young and awkward.

- My unit went into Cambodia in the summer of '70. In preparation for the incursion, I had to fly a jeep engine up to Song Be. The weather went sour and I spent the night in a bunker filled with ravenous mosquitoes. Meanwhile, the guys had hired a local girl of loose morals to come around that night and try and seduce me. I had a reputation for being a straight-arrow. She was to receive \$20 if I refused her, and \$40 if she got me to have her. Of course, I was gone and she was there, so why waste her? She worked her way through the group. The laugh was on me however, since many of them were dripping very shortly. I was only scratching my bites.

- Who could forget the awful Philippine shows doing stale imitations of American rock and roll? If we were lucky, the group included a stripper. With more luck, she was worth looking at.

- I went to the Philippines for a survival class. There was no return date so I just stayed until I ran out of money. One of the attractions was the Family Show. I heard it was good, so I went. Imagine my surprise when a very attractive couple came into the center of the crowd, removed their clothing, and proceeded to put on an amazing demonstration of lovemaking. It was amazing for its diversity, longevity, and total lack of inhibition.

- Where are all of them now? What do they look like now? It doesn't matter, as they will be forever young and beautiful in my memory. I salute all of you!