

HERE ARE SEVERAL HUNDRED Americans in Viet Nam today. Embassy staff members with their families. Economic Mission personnel with their wives and children, and hundreds of soldiers in the American Military Mission.

Most of these Yanks think they have a good thing. True, there are occasional riots and near civil wars, and the Commie Viet Minh are always a threat. But the real danger, if any, seems part of some distant future.

As one embassy guard put it, "Boy, we got it made! Home was never like this!" Hundreds of Yanks would echo his sentiments.

Beautiful women abound in Viet Nam. There are thousands of slender "Annamites," as the French call them, whose quiet dignity acts like a strong tonic for American appetites.

Brothels are everywhere — with a price for every pocket.

### They Must Be Discreet

It's one thing, however, for a bachelor soldier or clerk to visit a "House of Joy." It's another kettle of fish for a married man in official position to do so.

Even so, don't think the strait-laced cookie-pubbers are being left out of the fun. They're just being more careful, that's all. A responsible married man with a diplomatic passport must be very discreet. Scandal has wrecked more homes and careers in foreign service than you can shake a chopstick at.

To avoid such consequences, canny French colonialists have shown American officials how to have their cake and get away with it.

A charming, well-born Frenchman, sensing his Yank friend's need for beautiful companionship, asks, "Say, old chap, would you like to take out a subscription? It's fun, you know!"

Our American chum, who's been comparing a *metisse* (half-French, half-Indo-Chinese) beauty to his wife—and to his wife's disadvantage—gets the wrong idea and replies: "Got too damn much to read as it is. Going blind just doing those government reports every day!"

The Frenchman explains that this subscription

is for broads, not books. It's a subscription to Saigon's *Girl of the Week Club*.

"It's all very simple," the Frenchman says. "There's no risk, really, and your wife will never know. Dirt cheap, too. You can use my flat," the amateur procurer continues. "You know, the one on Rue Gallieni. A quiet little place, the house boy already knows you. Or, if you'd rather, use some friend's bachelor apartment."

Thus assured that neither his wife or the embassy will know of his caper, old sober-sides follows instructions.

He mails 1000 piasters (about \$15) to an address provided by the Frenchman. He encloses the time, date and address of his chosen rendezvous. For this small stipend he will be sent three girls in the course of one week. If he desires a back issue, he can have that on special request and for an additional fee. Now he's a standing member of the *Girl of the Week Club*.

Afire with anticipation, he awaits his "first issue" to arrive during "siesta" hour a couple of days later. What will he draw? A slender Annamite? A voluptuous Cambodian? Perhaps a sensual Laotian?

### A Real, Beautiful Doll

He downs his drink as the bell rings and the house boy pads to the door. It opens and in steps a gorgeous *metisse*. She is more extravagantly beautiful than he had hoped—a real doll, dressed in European clothes.

The girl carries off the episode with great finesse. She knows she's been picked to be the first selection for our "solid soldier." She sips a lemonade and sits on the divan with him for a few minutes. Effortlessly she puts the fumbling official at ease, and before he knows what's happening, he's headed for the boudoir.

Siesta time over, the old boy calls his wife and says he's been at an official luncheon. Now he's going back to the office.

Like lots of other Americans in Saigon, he's now happy in his work. The subscription service is booming and nobody's been caught yet.

And those "books" they send you! Not only are they beautiful on the outside, they also carry plenty of entertainment between the covers!

# Sex by SUBSCRIPTION

Name \_\_\_\_\_

PLEASE PRINT

Address \_\_\_\_\_

