

GRUNT

THIRD ISSUE - 1968

OVER 30,000 CIRCULATION

THE FIGHTING MAN

LILY:
ORIENTAL
AS
APPLE PIE

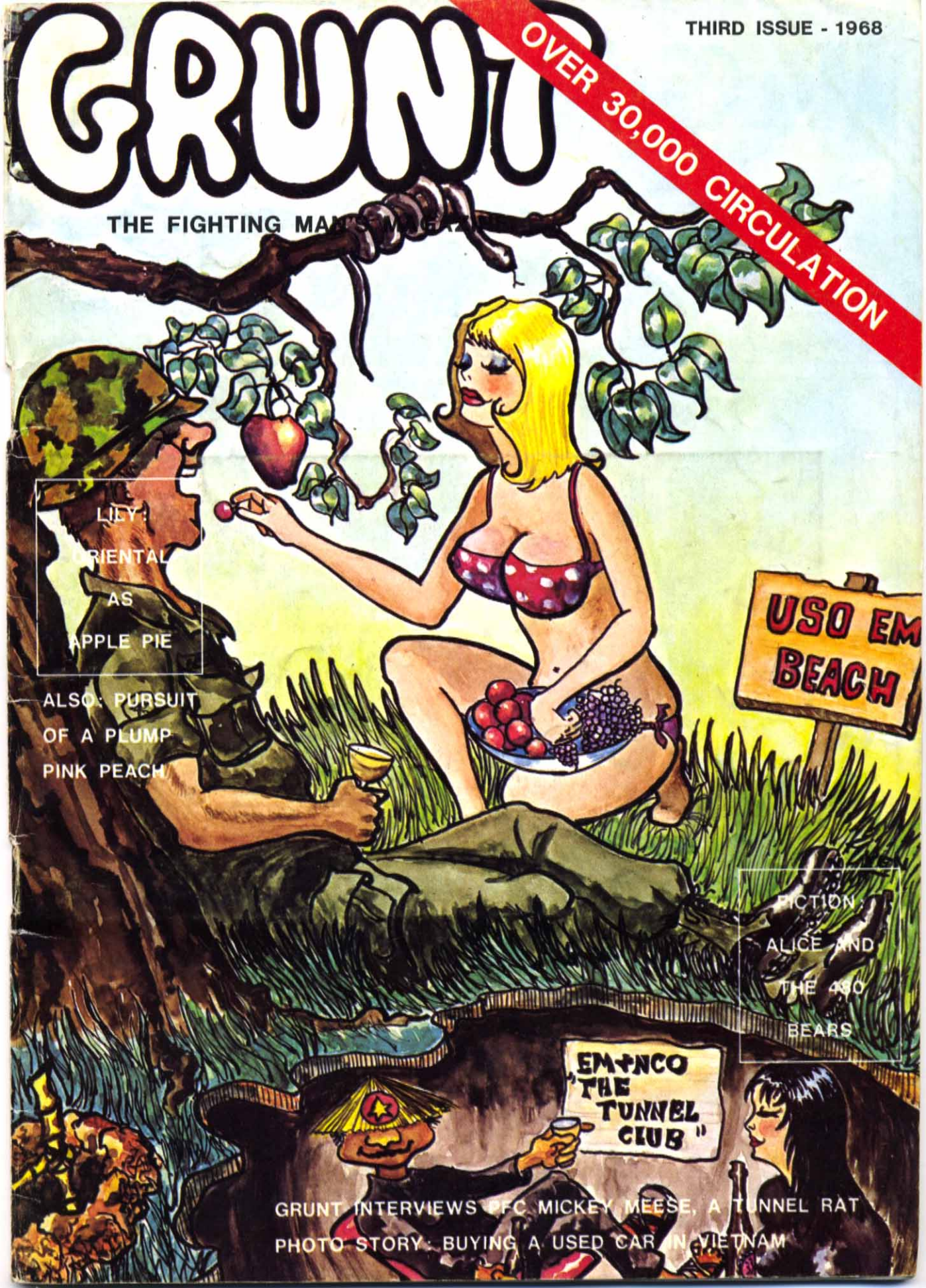
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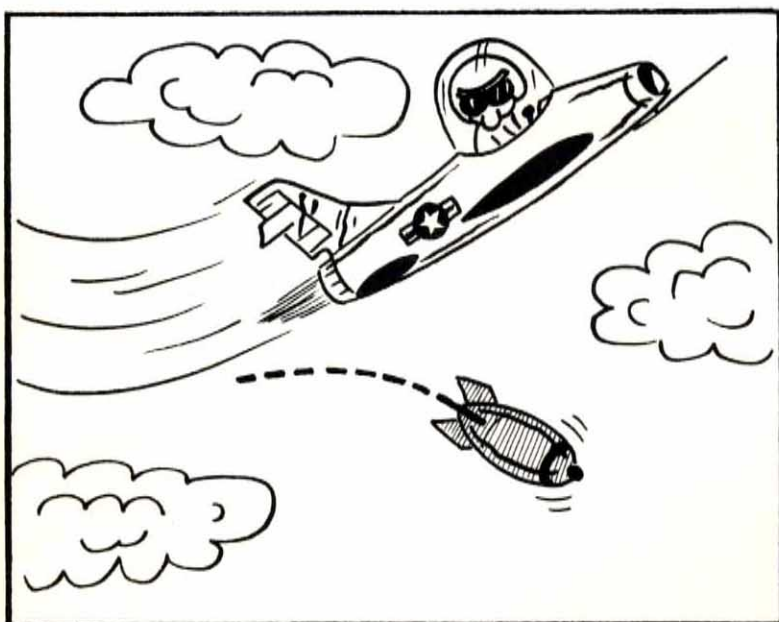
EM+NCO
"THE
TUNNEL
CLUB"

GRUNT INTERVIEWS PFC MICKEY MEESE, A TUNNEL RAT
PHOTO STORY: BUYING A USED CAR IN VIETNAM



Ho Chi's Men

BY SCHMITZ



view from the bottom

The graffiti on a local club wall was typical: 34 Days to Go; 22 More and I'm Home; Would you believe eight more and a wake-up? However, the item that caught the eye read, "9,999 days to go". Someone wrote underneath, "How come?" Under that was the answer, "I'm Vietnamese!"

There's a new organization in Vietnam called Volunteers Anonymous. When you get the urge to volunteer for an assignment, they send somebody to talk with you over a beer at the club until the urge goes away.

There's a new insecticide in the PX that doesn't actually kill mosquitoes but makes them so sexy you can swat them two at a time.

The GI who studied the well-endowed girl in a Japanese nudist colony learned that it was possible to concentrate on two things at once.

"Don't you find it lovely in Singapore?" she asked.

"It's lovely anywhere", he replied.

A naturalist is a guy who throws sevens all the time.

The civilian contractor in Saigon had everything a man could want: Money, a big car, a fancy apartment and the love of a beautiful and wealthy woman. Then, bang! His world came crashing down...His wife walked in.

The General, watching the review, was impressed with the marching performance of one platoon. When the parade ended, he summoned the platoon leader, a young lieutenant, and asked, "That's a finely disciplined platoon you have there, son. Where did you get your training?" "Yale", the young lieutenant answered. "And what's your name, lieutenant?", the General inquired. "Yohn-son", replied the lieutenant.

Sign on a brickhouse door: "Do not despair for soon you will leave your loved ones and

return to your dependents".

The sailor met this cute French girl in Saigon and kept her up till the oui hours of the morning. Before long, he was crying out for merci.

For the man who has everything, there's nothing like a double dose of penicillin.

I Have Truly Found Peace (IHTFP) Dept: When they asked the Sergeant why he had spent ten continuous years in Vietnam, he dragged out ten reasons, aged ten to one...One base in Southeast Asia which shall be nameless is known as a sex-maniac's paradise. The girls are the kind you can have fun with even if you play your cards wrong. The girls don't repulse men's advances. The advance men's pulses. Very few made-to-order wives can match these ready maids. They have been weighed in the balance and found wanton...

There's a guy in town who thinks the Tet Offensive is a pair that sags.

Two wrongs may not make a right but two Wongs made a right at the corner of Tran Hang Dao and Binh Chanh Streets in Cholon and they were wrong as hell since they turned into a one way street. The two Wongs were set right by a policeman.

Unnoticed in the flurry caused by the "bombing pause" was the "Saigon Tea pause" put into effect by the South Vietnamese government at the same time. So look around carefully. That bar girl you may have been buying \$1.80 drinks a couple of months ago could very well be the maid sweeping your office.

The arrival of the monsoon rains this year prompted one GI wag to compare them with the demise of most bars in Vietnam: "Water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink."

During interrogation, the VC defector insisted that he had come in under the Chieu Hoi program because of the leaflet drops. The man

COUNTRY GIRL, EASTERN STYLE,



All day I work in the rice fields, planting and picking, sunrise to sundown. Six months I've been getting this crop ready, one of the best paddies of rice in Asia. It's back-breaking and bone-aching work.



You think it's easy work. You get out there in that hot sun and bend over all day, treating each grain of rice like it was a baby. It's no fun, but you got something to look forward to, baskets of beautiful white rice. That makes it all worthwhile because you have something people want real bad and are ready to pay for.

When you finally get that crop in, you know that it's all been worthwhile. It will get a big price. The Americans like quality and they'll get quality from me. There aren't many paddies that can put out the rice that mine does. I give them their money's worth. Ah... here comes the buyer now. I knew he'd come around. He couldn't help but notice the rich brown stalks, swaying tall and proud in the breeze. At last, I get the payoff for all this toil.



Well, what do you know? He wants to know if I have any round-eye potatoes for sale!!



There was a sensual urgency about her that held promise of an interlude to remember. "Come with me, please," she pleaded. Potter and Gronk gulped. Eagerly, they bundled her back into the duffle bag, humped their luscious burden through Gate 2, and kept a rendezvous they would never forget!

IT'S THE WRONG WAR

There are a lot of things you'd expect to find in a duffle bag but a Polynesian nymphet in a sarong eating a banana isn't one of them. That was why Lt Freud could be excused for not being suspicious when he picked up PFC Potter in his jeep outside Gate No. 3 and drove him and his exotic baggage on to the base.

In the security of his hooch, Potter eagerly opened the bag and helped the lovely, long-black haired, sloe-eyed, 81 pound girl out. He set her down on the cot. Now that the difficult job of getting her through the gate was over, Potter faced the real problem—what to do with the girl. Decisions like this meant PFC Gronk had to help.

"First things first", Gronk interrupted Potter, who was explaining something about how the girl handed to him by two men in black pajamas who came out of the bushes and asked him to take her to Japan. "Why does the girl have one blue eye and one brown eye?"

"I didn't even notice", Potter said, "Maybe they mixed up her contact lenses".

in charge of the leaflet dropping program interrogated the defector further. Here was a clear case of the efficiency of the program, which had dumped umpteen billion leaflets over the enemy in three years. "Let's get this straight," he asked. "You defected because of the leaflets we dropped?" "That's right", the betel-nut-black grin asserted. "Well now, which particular leaflet was it that convinced you to defect?" "All of them", the prisoner replied. "It was my job to pick them up!"

*

Then there's the Tokyo lady of the night whose place of business was closed for a month by police. She asked her last GI patron if he could lend her 5000 yen till she could get back on her back.

*

The girls in Hongkong usually go to bed early. But they've been staying out late when the fleet comes in because the sailors make them.

*

You give a sleepy drunk black coffee and you have a wide awake drunk on your hands. Give him another drink and you've got a drunker drunk on your hands. Feed him a big meal and you've got...

*

NEWS RELEASES WE'D LIKE TO READ DEPT: The 1st Air Cav and the 1st Marine Division finished Operation Doolittle, a three month sweep across the waist of Vietnam. Results of the operation were no friendly casualties, no enemy casualties, and no weapons captured.

*

US jet warplanes ranged over the whole of Vietman yesterday in one of the biggest air efforts of the war. All planes returned to base with their ordnance as no enemy targets were located.

*

The US Seventh Fleet moved its warships into every harbor on the Vietnam coast. Crowds of local residents packed the beaches waving handkerchiefs at the sailors lined up on the decks. Later, organized tours of the ships were arranged for the locals.

*

A Viet Cong sapper group infiltrated into the biggest BEQ in Saigon yesterday. A thorough search of the building revealed no explosives left behind. Only a vase of freshly cut flowers in each room.

OUR SOCIAL SCENE: During their recent visit to Bangkok, Corporal Macintosh and Sergeant Redneck entertained local guests in their hotel suite. A good time was had by all. Corporal Macintosh poured. Since his return, Sergeant Redneck has been undergoing mild medical treatment to relieve an attack by a stubborn strain of virus.

*

PFC Squashbottom recently announced that due to his requested participation in Operation Moon Maid, he must cancel all social appointments this month.

*

Several notable personalities from B Company, 2d Battalion, recently met at Sergeant Fish-castle's tent to discuss recreational facilities over a quart of scotch and a deck of cards.

*

Corporal Goulash of A Company announces that he will become the father of a baby boy or girl, his first. The happy event is expected some nine months after his return to the US this month.

*

Top dignitaries of the 1st Platoon, B Company, recently held an outing which several unexpected guests tried to crash, resulting in a violent outbreak and several injuries. The visitors were not properly attired, being dressed in black pajamas and sandals.

*

B Battery of the 3d Artillery last week put on a spectacular of fireworks for the benefit of a VC battalion which observed an exceptionally close view of the stunning scene.

*

Pilots Lt. Goober and Capt. Greeber announce that they will be making an early morning flight on an unscheduled basis to places unknown. Any well wishers who want to wish them bon voyage on this flight are asked to report to Danang at 0500.

*

Navy Lt. j.g. Minor presided over a christening ceremony at Nha Ba which was attended by friends. Christened was a newly assigned sampan. Fourteen bottles of champagne were used for the ceremonial event but since the bottles would not break, the contents were drunk instead. The merry spectators launched the boat finally with a broken Ba Muoi Ba beer bottle.

GRUNT



The Magazine for Fighting Men

Vol 1, No. 3



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Grunt. 3rd Issue 1968. Published by Grunt Magazine, Box 1164 Redlands, Calif 92373

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Incoming!

Our first letter came from SP/4 Kenneth J. Matyska, B Company, 716th MP Battalion and may he go down in GRUNT history as the man who opened up a column which could produce anything. Spec 4 Matyska writes:

GRUNT:
I just read your magazine and thought I'd send in a few drawings I've done. I hope you can find a spot in your mag for them. Keep up the good work. GRUNT is fabulously funny.

SP/4 Kenneth J. Matyska
B Co, 716th MP Bn.

(Here's one of your drawings, SP4 Matyska, and a check is on the way. The other one...well, let's say it's pretty hard to present a drawing of a man with his head up his...)



GRUNT:
I'm short, gentlemen, but...I'm having GRUNT sent to my home address. Keep up the good work.

Sgt Douglas Parkinson
Hq & Hq Co. (LRRP)
1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile)

GRUNT:
...I enjoyed the initial issue of your magazine and commend you for your efforts to help us here in Vietnam.

SP4 Lauren B. Thomas
Co. B. 25th Medical Bn.
25th Infantry Division

GRUNT:

We got a big charge out of your mag. You never did say whether that Grunt of the Month character who eats up captured rice was Marine or Army. We figure he's marine because we don't dig that nuoc mam.

B.K.
An Khe

GRUNT:

We needed something like GRUNT for a long time. It's great. Keep it up.

G.V.D.
Nha Trang

GRUNT:

Your first issue was a hilarious shot in the arm. I have one question, though. Is it true that airplane glue can get you high like those guys in "The Most Beautiful Battalion in the Army?"

B.P.L.
Danang

(The story was fiction).

GRUNT:

Where do you get off calling the Vietnamese women the most beautiful in the Orient? Haven't you ever been to Bangkok? Those Thai girls are the most, man. Take a vote among your readers and you'll find out.

R.P.S.
Saigon.

(We posed the question. We didn't answer it.)

GRUNT:

Well, I just got through going through your first issue of Grunt, and I'll say one thing. The guy I stole it from and the guy he borrowed it from, and the guy who stole it from the guy who had sense enough in the first place to buy it (I ain't even sure he bought it), was plenty squared away. I don't know who in all creation ever thought it up and put it on the stands, but he'll sure get my vote for president. And I'll put that in writing. You dudes a working on that mag ain't nothing but driving on. I'd shake your hands if you could stretch them across a few thousand miles of water and a nice, big shark every now and then.

So keep up the steam as I'm a lookin for my mag in the mail very soon.

SP5 Dee W. Allred
HHC, 2/707st Inf.
2d Bde, 707st Abn Div

GRUNT:

Just read your new Grunt Magazine and enjoyed it very much...

T/Sgt Robert Tett
384th Air Division

GRUNT SOUNDS OFF!

SEX AND THE SINGLE GRUNT

There are straight arrows and there are bent arrows in Vietnam. There are also 500,000 reasons why a guy is one or the other. It depends on the individual. He might have someone home worth waiting for or he might not be able to find anything overseas. Or he might be single, and full of drive, and in a position where he can bend.

In the wake of the new morality that Newsweek magazine tells us is sweeping America, the question of right or wrong doesn't even come up anymore. What would have raised massed outcries of horror during Korea isn't even blinked at now. The world has changed and the people on it have changed.

The big thing that's recognized is that the decision is a highly personal one. It's up to each guy to decide for himself. He's well informed and he knows the risks: VD, paternity, loss of self respect. And the flood of sex magazines, "adult" movies, and books with four letter words has been known to influence a guy whose urges are pretty well normal or above. These things are recognized in an adult society.

Having said that, there's still a lot of responsibility on the individual. GRUNT throws out a couple of guidelines. There are a lot more and we'd like to hear from our readers about them.

First, there's no need to catch VD. Most of the guys who contract the stuff do so when they're drunk. Might be a good idea to go prepared if you're going to have a few drinks first. Or keep the two diversions separate.

It's also not a good idea to get emotionally attached without knowing what it can lead to. One strong emotional attachment is enough and if that attachment is 10,000 miles away, keep it there.

A man also has a responsibility to behave according to the rules of the culture he's living in. If public shows of affection aren't the "in" thing, then keep them out of the public eye. It's just as much fun holding hands in private.

A final bit of preaching: keep a relationship honest. No need telling a girl you love her if you don't. Besides, the girls most guys meet aren't the kind who'd believe you, anyhow.

GRUNT POWER: WHAT IT CAN DO

One of the few examples of GI's directly contributing to price stability in Vietnam occurred a few years ago when a short-lived but successful program called STIF was launched. STIF stood for "Saigon Tea is Fini". It was directed to stopping the rise in prices of drinks in Saigon bars. The price of a "Saigon Tea" had risen from 80 piasters to 150 piasters. Some of the guys, instead of griping about it, decided to do something. What they did was walk into selected bars in large numbers, order a beer, and then calmly sip the one beer for hours. Despite abuse from bargirls and bartenders, the GI's held out and in many places, the price of Saigon Tea dropped to its original 80 piasters.

Unfortunately, the STIF movement occurred at the time of a vast buildup of personnel in the Saigon area, including a lot of well-heeled contractor people. The bars were filled to overflowing. Prices went back up. But in specific bars where the effort was determined, the pressure produced results.

There's a lesson in this. Working together, American servicemen can contribute to price stability. All they have to do is agree not to buy outrageously overpriced items. It might involve a little sacrifice for a short period, but it will pay off in the long run. And it will help the piaster conservation program.

The big problem is communications. A pressure group is no good unless all its elements work together. What happened in STIF was that the organizers distributed leaflets around telling what was happening and what could be done about it. Some local publicity also helped.

There is no need for the average GI to take a gouging just because he happens to be in an area where shortages exist. STIF showed how to get around it.



But you might find that one impressionable one who's going to be mighty unhappy when you don't deliver on promises.





Private Pepe Potter's Perplexing problem is a puny peachstone perceived on paper pickup patrol. Passionately, he pleads, promises, prods, persists and pampers in...

PURSUIT OF A PLUMP, PINK PEACH

by Sgt. Warren Ward

If you were to ask any of the men in B Company what they wanted most in Vietnam they would have said a girl. Not Private Potter, though. What Potter wanted more than anything else was a peach, a soft, fuzzy, red-yellow, luscious, juice-dripping peach just like the ones that grew in his back yard at Willow Bun, Pennsylvania.

Private Potter often dreamed of those peaches.

He sketched peaches on latrine walls, mess tables, and sometimes on paper.

He wrote a poem about peaches and sent it to the Stars and Stripes. Potter even had a theory that what Eve gave Adam was a peach instead of an apple.

That was why he created such a stir on a hot Friday morning during a paper pick-up detail when he spotted a genuine peach stone on the ground. It was a fresh peach stone, one which still had tiny shreds of moist peach sticking to it. Someone in B Company had actually found and eaten a peach. Potter had to find out who and where. Clutching the peach stone firmly in his right hand, he charged into the mess hall and found Sergeant Sweetroll in the back room opening a can of sardines.

"Sergeant", he blurted excitedly, "Do you know where this peach stone came from?"

"That's a tough question", Sergeant Sweetroll said, dropping a sardine in his mouth like he was swallowing a goldfish. He chewed the sardine

slowly, savoring each bite as Potter waited anxiously for his reply. "You're probably wondering why the mess sergeant, who has access to steaks and turkeys and hams, should be eating sardines", he said.

"No, I'm not", Potter replied. "I just want to know where this peach stone came from".

"Let me see it", Sweetroll said.

Potter handed it over to Sweetroll and the mess sergeant turned it over several times, held it up to the light, then tapped it with his knuckle. "Off-hand", he said, "I'd say it came from a peach". He handed it back to Potter, then lifted another sardine from its packed surroundings and dropped it in his mouth.

"I'll tell you why I eat sardines instead of steak", Sweetroll continued, "It's because I don't have to cook it, that's why. It comes so neatly from the can. It's so damned efficient and practical. I wish there was a way I could hand each of you guys a can as you walked through the mess line. Think how practical that would be".

Potter didn't stay around to ponder the efficiency of getting cans in the mess line. He went to the only other source of food supplies on the base—Yellow Bird Lee, the Chinese who operated a black market just behind the garbage dump outside the gate. Lee had opened a can of sardines and was gently picking one out with his chopsticks when Potter burst over him. "Lee, you know where this peach stone came from?"

Lee lifted a sardine from the can, dropped it in his mouth without it touching his lips, then looked at Potter with a sheepish grin. "You wonder why I eat sardines, no? You say, big man like Yellow Bird, he can get big can of hams. Why he eat sardine?"

"No, Yellow Bird", Potter said, "I just want to know if you can tell me where this peach stone came from". He handed Yellow Bird Lee the stone.

"Hmmm", Yellow Bird said, "It look like old man face". Yellow Bird banged the peach stone on a rock. "Very hard", he said. Then he lifted another sardine out of his can and ate it.

"Do you know where *this* came from?", Potter demanded.

"Me think some kind of strange fruit she come from", Lee said. "See, she have something stick to her. Tell you what. I give you five pee for it".

"No. I don't want to sell it", Potter said.

Potter next went to the mail room to find out if anybody in the company had received peaches in the mail. Corporal Posty waited till he had swallowed a mouthful of sardine and then told Potter that peaches couldn't be sent through the mail, but if he wanted something, he should have his mother send him cans of sardines, which postal regulations allowed.

On the way back to his tent at dusk, Potter stopped four men he met on the way and asked if they knew of any peaches on the base. The answer was negative in all cases, but one man volunteered that the PX had just received a shipment of sardines in mustard sauce and if he hurried, he could get one.

Thinking all the while of the taste and texture of juicy peach in his mouth, Potter made it back to his tent and plopped down on the bed, a man defeated.

PFC Gronk walked over to him, chewing slowly on the last bite of a peach, stone and all. "Hey, where you been, Potter?", he mumbled with his mouth full.

Potter turned around, looked up at Gronk, who was just eliminating the peach stone from his mouth. "I looked everywhere for you", Gronk said, "Since I traded your montagnard crossbow with that brigade supply chopper crew for a half dozen peaches, I wanted you to have one".

Potter sat upright. "Then give me one. Now", he pleaded. "I waited and waited for you" Gronk said. "I know how much you like peaches. So when that chopper crew said they'd picked some up at the Saigon commissary, I figured you'd be glad to give up that crossbow for them". "That's alright", Potter said, "Just give me one". "Well, as a matter of fact", Gronk said, "I just finished the last one. I was afraid they'd spoil in the heat".

As Potter fell back on the bed, face downward, his fists beating at the pillow, Gronk patted him consolingly on the back. "Tell you what, Potter", he said, "The PX just got in some of the most delicious sardines you can imagine, packed in mustard sauce. I got the last can and in view of your great sacrifice, I'm ready to turn it over to you, at cost price".

Potter was so upset, tearing at the blanket and groaning, that Gronk could not understand his instructions on what to do with the can of sardines.



If there's one thing I can't stand, it's guys with those damned calendar watches, always looking to see what day it is.



Hell, what kind of a guy is it who can't even remember what day it is?



Just cause we work a seven day week doesn't mean you lose track of days. Maybe you don't know the hour, but the day, that's something else.



I mean today is Sunday. Tomorrow's Monday. And seven days from now, there will be another Sunday. You don't have to be a genius to keep that in your head. Like me, I'm not bright, but I don't need a wrist watch to tell me to go to church this morning.



Hey. What do you know? The church is closed. Yesterday must have been Sunday. Or is it tomorrow?

COUNTRY GIRL, EASTERN STYLE,



All day I work in the rice fields, planting and picking, sunrise to sundown. Six months I've been getting this crop ready, one of the best paddies of rice in Asia. It's back-breaking and bone-aching work.



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In the security of his hooch, Potter eagerly opened the bag and helped the lovely, long-black haired, sloe-eyed, 81 pound girl out. He set her down on the cot. Now that the difficult job of getting her through the gate was over, Potter faced the real problem—what to do with the girl. Decisions like this meant PFC Gronk had to help.

"First things first", Gronk interrupted Potter, who was explaining something about how the girl handed to him by two men in black pajamas who came out of the bushes and asked him to take her to Japan. "Why does the girl have one blue eye and one brown eye?"

"I didn't even notice", Potter said, "Maybe they mixed up her contact lenses".

"I don't think so", Gronk said, "since she's not wearing contact lenses. But we'll get back to the color of her eyes later. Next, why is she eating your lima beans and ham with her fingers?"

Sure enough, the girl had opened a C-ration can and was eating its contents with her fingers.

"Maybe because she likes lima beans and ham", Potter said.

"That's a fact worth remembering", Gronk said. "Next, why is her left ear lobe slightly lower than her right ear lobe?"

"Because it's got a heavy solid gold earring in it", Potter said, "But where is your questioning leading us?"

"I got to get the facts first before I can advise", Gronk said, "One more question, What the hell are you doing with a girl in this hooch?"

"Like I started to tell you, "Potter said, "These two guys in black pajamas carried her out of the bushes and handed her to me".

"Don't be stupid", Gronk said, "Why would the VC hand you a girl to take to Japan?"

"The guys weren't VC. They were Japanese".

"How do you know?"

"They told me".

As Gronk and Potter spoke, their female house guest slipped out of the hooch. Hitching up her bright orange sarong, and walking barefoot and provocatively, she sauntered out of Gate Number 2 to the line of waiting Lambretta buses. Although she caught the attention of every GI within eyeshot, not one was suspicious of the fact that she was carrying a copy of the Stars and Stripes.

A mile down the road, the girl hopped off the Lambretta and when it drove away, she walked into the bushes from whence she had been delivered an hour earlier.

Meanwhile, back in the hooch, Gronk was pursuing his logical approach to the question of what to do with the girl. "I have a great idea", he told Potter, "Let's question the girl. She might know English".

"You mean Corporal English from A Company?", Potter asked.

"No. English English". He turned to question the girl. "Where has the subject gone", he asked.

Potter looked under the two cots and inside the wall locker. "She's not in here", he said.

"In that case, she's somewhere outside this

hooch", Gronk deduced. "We've got to find her. Otherwise, how will we be able to get rid of her?"

The two men embarked upon a search which lasted till "lights out" and then forgot about the whole thing. The next day, at four thirty p.m. who should walk into the hooch but an 81 pound nymphet with one blue eye and one brown eye and a left ear lobe which hung lower than the right.

"I think I've seen that girl somewhere before", Potter said.

"Me, too", Gronk said, "I think she works in the Adam and Eve Bar"

The girl spoke in English. "Come with me, please".

"Hey, you're the girl that was here yesterday", Potter said, "the one who I smuggled into camp".

"Do you speak English?", Gronk said.

"Come with me, please", the girl said.

"Why didn't you tell us you could speak English?" Potter asked.

"Why did you run away yesterday?", Gronk asked.

"Come with me, please", the girl said, her eyes pleading.

"Come where?", Gronk asked.

"Come with me, please", the girl said.

Potter put the girl in his duffle bag, threw her over his shoulder, and he and Gronk walked out of gate Number 2 with her. Lieutenant Freud happened to be driving by in the jeep again and stopped for the two men with a duffle bag. The two men and the live bag climbed aboard.

"Didn't I bring you and that bag into camp yesterday?", Freud asked.

"Of course sir", Potter said.

"What's in the bag?"

"Laundry".

"Laundry what", Lt. Freud asked in a shrill commanding voice.

"Laundry, sir", Potter replied.

"That's better", Lt. Freud said, "Now what were we talking about?"

"About the nomenclature of an MX-2A feebelfurster", Gronk quickly replied, "When you remove the action bolt from the gas chamber, the linking pin is disengaged from the ring retainer..."

Gronk's discourse on the MX-2A lasted until the jeep reached the bushes by a deserted stretch of highway down the road a mile.

"We'll get off here", Potter said.

Freud stopped the jeep, looked around curiously, "Why are you getting off here?", he asked.

"Because the jeep is stopped. We wouldn't want to get off while it was moving, sir", Potter said. The two men climbed out, saluted, and Lt. Freud drove off.

When the girl was let out of the bag, she took both men by the hand and led them into the bushes. "Come with me, please", she said.

About a quarter of a mile into the jungle, the trio came upon a clearing. In the center of the clearing were two middle-aged men in black pajamas sitting on a log reading the Stars and Stripes.

"Ah, so", one of them said when he saw Gronk and Potter, "Please to sit down".

Gronk and Potter sat down on the log.

"Please to have some tea?", the black-clad man asked.

Gronk and Potter nodded. The girl walked over to a kettle boiling over a charcoal fire.

"Thank you to come here", one of the men said, "We very curious. We see story here Stars and Stripes say Japanese Prime Minister go to Washington. Is true?"

"Certainly", Gronk said, "Everything in the Stars and Stripes is true, except the Great Pumpkin"

"How he can go America?", the man said, "America surrender?"

"Who are you guys, anyhow?" Gronk asked, "You don't look like Viet Cong or Special Forces troops".

"We Japanese Army", the man said, "We hide here waiting for war be over".

"Holy cow", Gronk said, "You guys are a couple of wars old. The war with Japan ended 23 years ago".

"Who win?", the Japanese asked.

"We won".

"Ah so", the Japanese said, "In that case, we surrender. We your prisoner"

"You can't be our prisoner", Gronk said, "We're friends with Japan".

The Japanese smiled, picked up a carbine hidden under the log, pointed it at the two men, and spoke, "You take us prisoner, please?"

"If you insist", Gronk said, "How about the girl?"

"You take her too. She my daughter. Her

mother run away last year".

"This is ridiculous", Potter said, "We can't take somebody prisoner when he's pointing a gun at us".

The Japanese pulled the bolt back.

Lt. Freud just happened to be coming back to camp when he saw the strange procession approaching the gate. In front were Gronk and Potter with their hands up. Behind them were two bearded men in black pajamas and behind them was a girl walking barefoot and provocatively in an orange sarong and scanning the Stars and Stripes. There was something suspicious about the scene, Freud thought, but he couldn't put his finger on it.

Freud pulled his jeep up in front of the procession and got out.

"What's going on here?", he asked.

"We're bringing in some prisoners", Potter said.

"Prisoners, what". Freud said shrilly.

"Prisoners, sir", Potter yelled, emphasizing the "sir".

"There's something wrong here", Freud said, "Shouldn't you be carrying the gun and walking behind?"

"Yessir", both men said.

"And who is that girl in that orange sarong walking barefoot and provocatively?", Lt. Freud asked.

"She's the baggage we had before in the jeep". Gronk volunteered.

"In the jeep, what", Freud yelled.

"In the jeep, sir". Gronk and Potter yelled simultaneously.

"That's better", Freud said, "Now what were we talking about?"

"About a girl in an orange sarong", "Sarong, what?", Freud demanded.

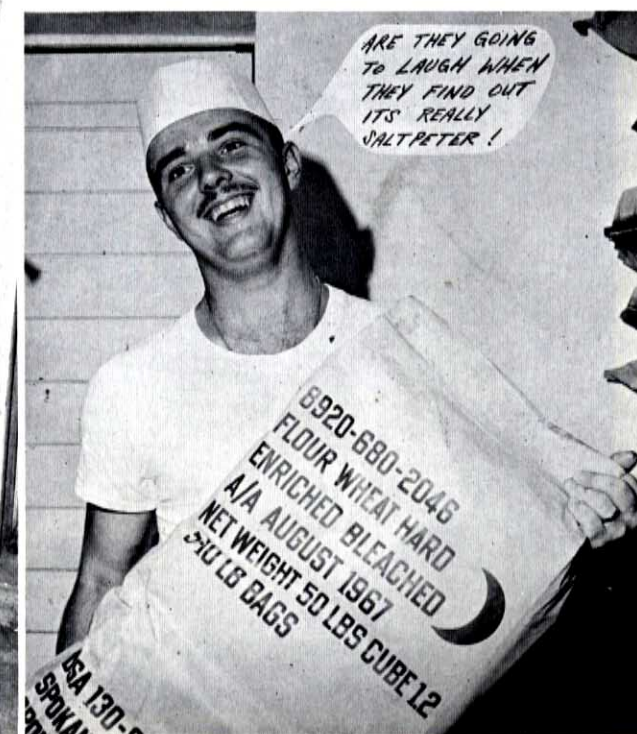
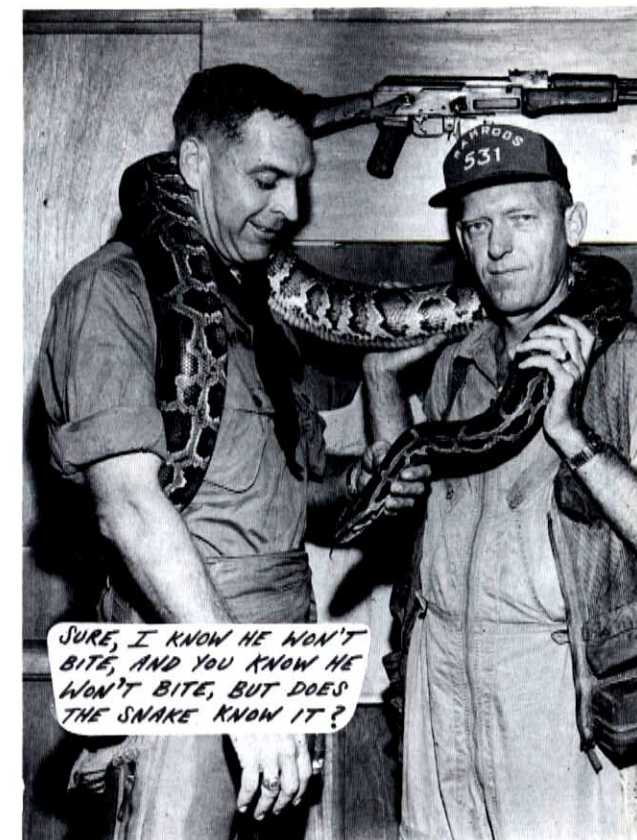
By this time, two MP's from the gate approached. "What's going on here?" one of them asked.

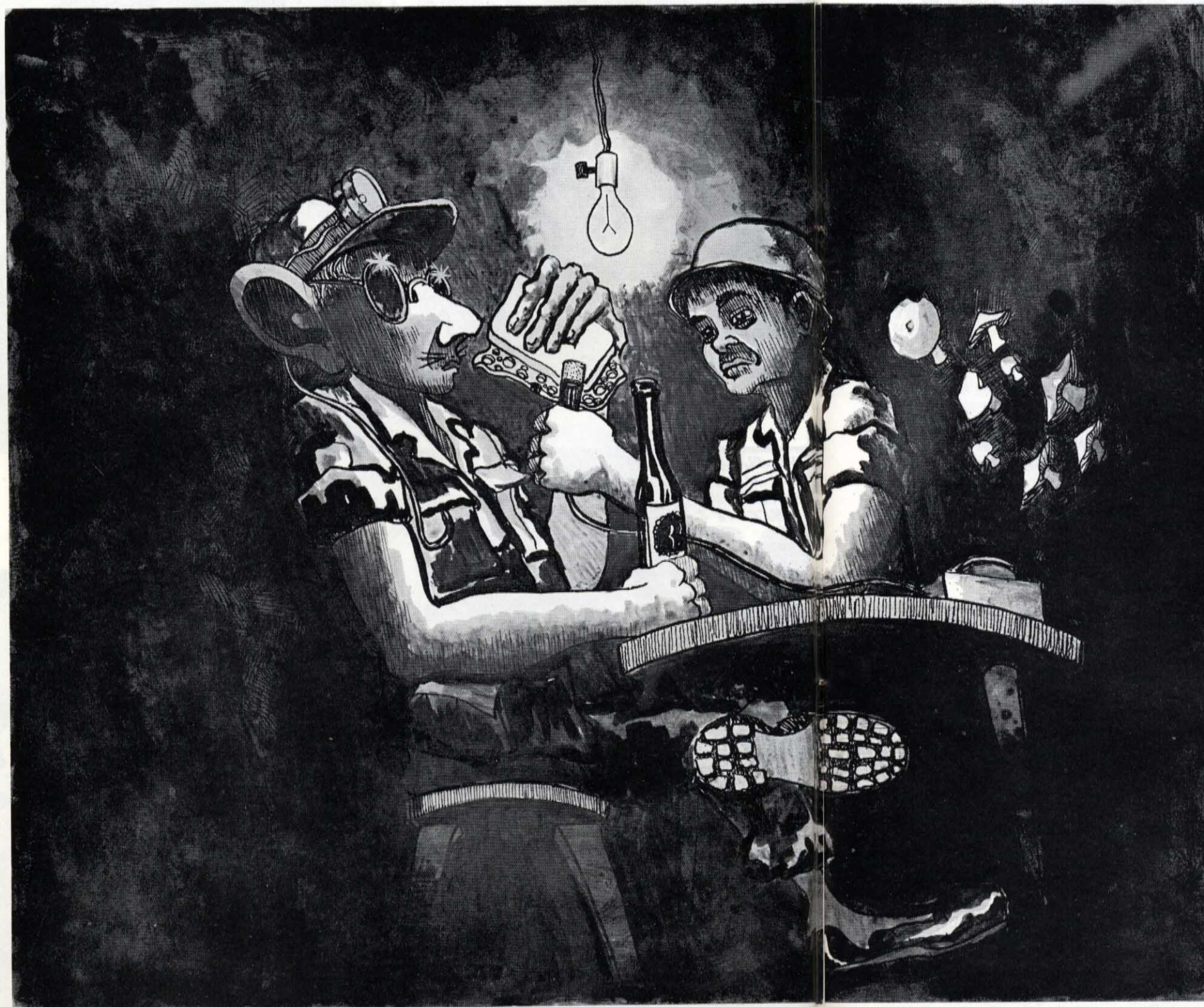
"These two soldiers refuse to say "sir" when addressing me", Freud said angrily. "I demand that they be put on report".

"Okay, you two", the MP said, "Come along". One of the MP's grabbed Gronk by the arm and the other took Potter. The insolent privates were taken into the MP shack for booking and Lt. Freud drove off in his jeep. The two Japanese and the girl hailed a passing Lambretta.

GRUMPOONS

If every photo equals one thousand words, then every photo can also have one thousand captions. Here are a few, but you can have some fun doing better ones. You don't have to worry about a censor. Try it.





INTERVIEW:

GRUNT interviews PFC Mickey Meese, a tunnel rat. To find Meese, we crawled through 14 miles of convoluted tunnel, discovered two bears hibernating, back-tracked and ran into a VC construction gang, then dug upward and entered "The Burrow", an underground EM Club, where Meese was sipping a cool beer. The surprising thing about Meese is that his ears are larger than normal, resembling to some extent, those of Mickey Mouse, who he claims is no relative.

GRUNT: Tell me, PFC Meese, what is a tunnel rat?

MEESE: A tunnel rat is a rat who lives in tunnels.

GRUNT: No, I'm not referring to those. I'm referring to people like you.

MEESE: You want to know what I am?

GRUNT: That's right.

MEESE: That's a complicated philosophical question actually, but I'll try. Basically, you could say I'm a 22 year old man, but I'm a lot more than that if I can believe what the books say. I'm a lot more than the physical body you see here. I'm part soul, part emotion, and actually, you might say I'm an integral part of my environment. Now, if you want to look at it another way...

GRUNT: No, No. You don't understand. We want to know what you do, I mean, your job as a tunnel rat. What does it involve?

MEESE: You know I hate to talk about my work when I'm topside. Can't we talk about girls and things?

GRUNT: If you like, what about girls and things?

MEESE: What about them?

GRUNT: Look, Somehow, our communications are breaking down. I want to know about you. So do our readers. What makes you tick?

MEESE: Actually, the guy you want to talk to is Sergeant Carump. He's the only one who ticks. He carries the time-mechanism for demolitions,

and it's ticking all the time.

GRUNT: That's not the kind of tick I'm talking about. Why are you a tunnel rat?

MEESE: Because that's my job. Just like your job is taking photos of half naked women.

GRUNT: I don't take photos of half naked women. That's another magazine and another man, name of Hefner or something. Look. PFC Meese, let's start all over. Our readers want to know something about the men who go down in tunnels looking for VC. You're one of those men. That's why we're talking to you.

MEESE: Actually, what is it you want to know?

GRUNT: Well, how do you like your work?

MEESE: I love it. It's great. Crawling around dirty tunnels, getting mud and dirt in your eyes and ears, risking death at every curve, coughing up nose mucus, choking for a breath of fresh air. What more could a guy ask for. I love it. And in two months, four days, and thirty-two minutes, they'll have to tear me away from it, cause my tour will be up.

GRUNT: You're not thinking of extending?

MEESE: You're not thinking of blowing a hole in your head.

GRUNT: Somehow, Meese, you're turning the questions around and that's not cricket. It's you we're interested in. What happens down there when you run into a VC?

MEESE: Have you ever seen anybody run in a two foot wide tunnel?

GRUNT: No. What I mean is what happens if you make contact with a VC?

MEESE: Well, we don't put our arms around each other and open up a bottle of vodka if that's what you mean.

GRUNT: Let's try something else. What do you think about down there in that darkness?

MEESE: What do I think about? What does anybody think about in a tunnel, in a rice paddy, in a fox-hole, or in a barracks? Surely you know the answer to that.

GRUNT: You mean you think about women down there?

MEESE: Women hell. I'm thinking about blueberry pie first, then I'm thinking about a hot shower second, and then I'm thinking that that kind of thinking will get me nowhere cause we got no blueberry pie or hot showers.

GRUNT: Do you ever think about women?

MEESE: Only the feminine ones.

GRUNT: What do you think about them?

MEESE: You know you don't want me to say that, cause you couldn't print it anyhow. Why don't you ask me some big-think questions, like you ask ambassadors and generals? After all, just because I'm a grunt doesn't mean I don't have ideas about the war.

GRUNT: Alright, tell me, PFC Meese, do you see the light at the end of the tunnel?

MEESE: There you go, talking about my job again. Which reminds me. I got to run down to the commissary. They just got in a shipload of cheese.



"Can you see the tower now major?"

GRUNTS AND GRINDS

Dear Editor:

I gotta problem maybe you can help me with. I listen to Hanoi Hannah and I find her voice sexy and strangely exciting. It gets worse each day. Actually, I feel unpatriotic. What can I do?
Radio Ham.

Turn off your radio, buddy, and pick up your Playboy. That's an order.

There's a palm tree in front of our tent which has a strange effect on me. It's so graceful and beautiful and when it moves in the breeze, it looks like a curvaceous starlet doing an exotic dance. To tell you the truth, I think I'm falling in love with that tree. Is this possible?

Puzzled.

Anything is possible, son, which your psychiatrist will tell you after he reads this letter. The only thing is we want to get these possibilities the hell out of the theater on the next plane.

Somebody told me that drinking gin and tonics is good for malaria. Is this true?

Imbiber

If somebody told you that blowing a hole in your head would improve ventilation of the brain, would you do it? The amount of gin and tonic you'd have to drink to get any medicinal benefit from the minute quinine in the mixture, would make you a raving alcoholic years before medicinal effects ap-

peared.

I come from the Southwest and my body is desiccated from non-humid weather. Now all off a sudden, I'm in constant monsoon rains and I find that the moisture is affecting me like it does dehydrated potatoes. In short, I'm expanding from the moisture, from 110 pounds to 240 pounds and still going. What do I do?

Fatty

Come in from out of the rain.

I'm hurting. I haven't had a girl since I've been here in Vietnam. How long can a guy go without a girl?
Ever Lovin'

How long have you been in Vietnam?

I have this pen pal in Baluchistan that I've been corresponding with for the past ten years. She wrote the most beautiful letters and we got to know each other so well that I agreed to let her come over here to discuss marriage. She arrived and I find she's 94 years old, has purple skin, one eye, wooden legs, six fingers on each hand, and \$520 million dollars.

Bewildered.

You got a problem, but after all, a guy can get used to somebody with six fingers on each hand.

I bought this pedicab in Saigon and brought it back to camp, hoping to pick up

a little extra money hauling the guys around base. Trouble is the guys won't ride a pedicab that's not going to take them to a girl somewhere. And there are no girls on this base. What do I do?

Desperate

Sorry' bout that. You know anybody at home who wants a pedicab for Christmas?

After eleven months in Vietnam, I get a letter from my girl friend saying she just had a baby boy and would I come back quick to marry her. This is all very puzzling to me as I don't recall asking her to get married.

Worried

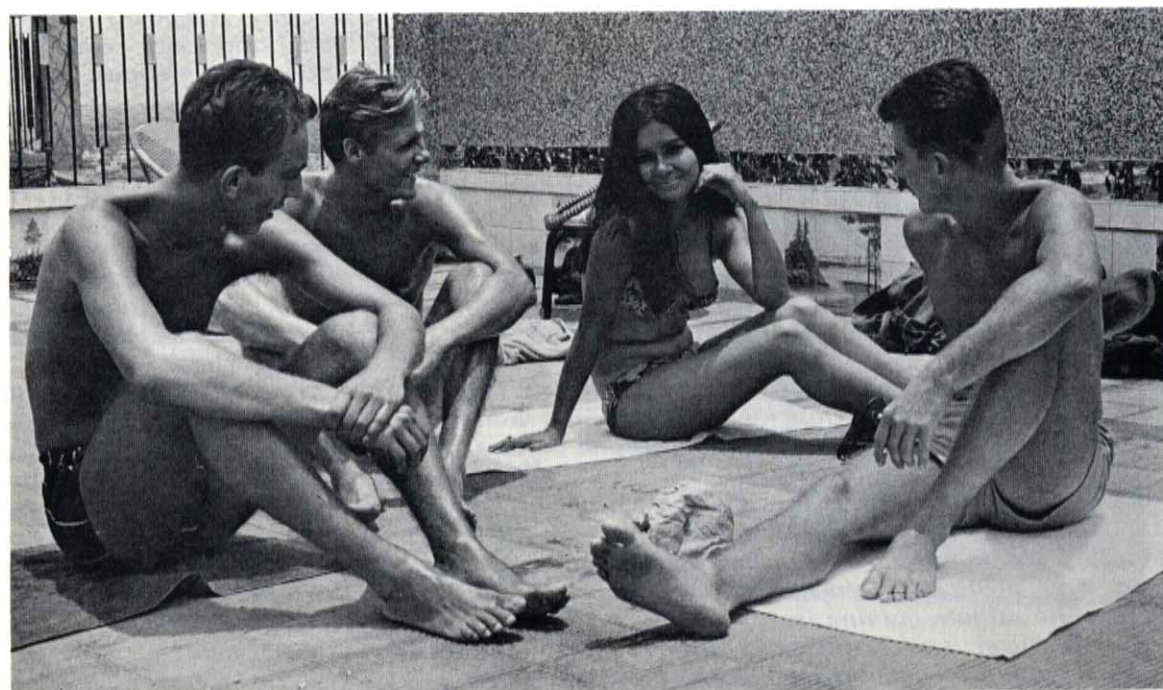
There's something puzzling alright. It's your failure to take that sex education course in the eighth grade.

Just because I went AWOL, smashed up a government vehicle, punched an MP, and tore up a bar, my commander wants to take disciplinary action. What about my constitutional rights? Can he violate them just like that?

Law Abiding

I checked with your commander and he says you left out a significant fact. Don't you recall stepping on the grass just three feet in front of a "Keep Off the Grass" sign?





Oriental as Apple Pie

Lily Lee, our homespun honey, is as oriental as apple pie. Ever since the Indians overran her wagon train and raised her, Lily has not fallen to alien ways. The instincts of the jungle are still in her. This has helped her to survive the wildest life of Hongkong, Bangkok, Danang, Tokyo, and Crabtree Junction. In these asphalt jungles, where it was eat or be eaten, Lily has done quite well.

Lily has modest hopes of owning her own racehorse one-day. She also wants an ocean cruising yacht, a twin-jet plane, a controlling interest in General Motors and the slot machine concession in Crabtree Junction.

Lily puts a dollar of her earnings every week in a piggy bank and in case she can't save enough, she reads the Shipping News avidly to find out when Onassis is coming into port, in hopes he'll buy her out of the orient.

Lily is interested in men. She likes strong, virile men who lift weights and growl. She also likes willowy poets with a lean and hungry look, especially if they write Mother Goose stuff. The sexiest men in the world, she says, come from Berlin, London, San Francisco, Tokyo, Danang, and Crabtree Junction.

Lily is a soft realist who goes for the impossible and settles for the possible. She knows that one day, maybe after she reaches twenty, all the hellfire might be burned out of her. Then if she doesn't have the sexiest man or the biggest yacht, there's always Elmer Schmerd at Crabtree Junction with the slot machine concession in the corner drugstore and the biggest heart in town.







"Can't a guy have a little peace around here?" the lieutenant roared.

the anopheles battalion

THE LAST PLACE PFC GRONK would be caught dead in was a Saigon bar but there he was, and not only that, he owed the bar 3000 piasters and only had twenty in his pocket and was in the process of having beer poured on his head by an irate bar girl when Kybosh came into the tavern. Gronk was quite upset, not only because he did not recall running up the bill, but he didn't like beer on his head.



"Dammit, Gronk", Kybosh said, "I asked you to sit here and wait till I picked up that shipment of bug bombs. I didn't offer you an R&R. What the hell's going on?"

Gronk shrugged his shoulders and more beer fell on to his shirt. "It was like this, Kybosh", he said, "I was sitting here minding my own business when this girl comes up and..."

Just about then, the bartender reached over and grabbed Gronk by the shirt, at which time Kybosh reached over and grabbed the bartender by the shirt, at which time two burly MP's walked into the bar. And in no time, both Gronk and Kybosh were in the MP station waiting for Lieutenant Maze to arrive.

Unfortunately for Kybosh and Gronk, Maze was interrupted "flagrante delicto" to run down to the station and his "flagrante delicto" happened to be his first with a long sought prize.

"What nonsense have these ruffians been up to?" Maze asked the sergeant, forgetting temporarily the stuff they taught him about people being presumed innocent until proven guilty.

"Illegally in town, failing to pay a bar bill, and brawling with the locals", the sergeant said.

Maze plopped into the wooden swivel chair, pushed it back, and assumed a really strained and hurt look. "How can you guys do this to me?" he said, "I bend over backwards to help you guys. I let you drink and mess around with the girls and do a hell of a lot of things you can't do on base. All I ask in return is that you stay out of trouble and keep me from getting roused out of bed. You guys are so ungrateful. I just don't understand it".

The hurt look on Lt. Maze's face deepened as Kybosh explained how the bartender had roughed up Gronk and how the girl had poured beer on his head and how they had been overcharged. Gronk kept interrupting Kybosh to say "we're innocent", but at no time during the explanations did Maze lose the sympathetic sadness from his face.

"I don't like to lock you guys up" Maze said when Kybosh had finished, "I feel for you. I really do. You got a tough job out there and I know how you like to get into town. I'm sure you've seen a lot of combat and all that, so I just can't bring myself to make your life more miserable than it is. Everything inside me, right deep inside of me, tells me to give you a break. I want to, really I do. I like you guys.

And that comes straight from the heart".

The elation that filled Kybosh and Gronk as they listened to this admirer of theirs quickly faded when Maze turned to the sergeant and said "lock'em up".

As the sergeant led them away, Maze turned to the desk sergeant and said he had some important matters to tend to and not to call him except in dire emergency. Then he returned to pick up where he had left off, but he knew it was going to be difficult. These things always were.

Kybosh and Gronk sat on the canvas cots in the free accommodations provided them with compliments of the 999th MP Battalion.

"This is a fine mess you got us into", Kybosh said. "I agree to take you on this milk run to pick up some bug bombs and you get us in a jam. If we're not back in camp by daybreak, we're in trouble".

"No sweat", Gronk said. "We'll be there".

"How. We won't see anybody till morning".

"You just leave it to me", Gronk said, "No matter what I do, you go along with it, okay?"

"Sure, if I want to end up in Leavenworth. I couldn't even depend on you to stand outside the bar till I got back. No, you had to go inside".

"I was asked in and it would have been impolite to refuse", Gronk said, "Anyhow, I can get us back to the truck if you'll just leave it up to me".

Kybosh grunted and lay back in his cot.

Gronk rattled the cage door. A suddenly awakened sergeant walked over. "Stop that", he ordered.

"I have an important message for Lt. Maze", Gronk said. "Get him. It's urgent".

"You crazy or something. You'll see him in the morning".

"Now", Gronk said, "It's a matter of high level interest".

"You don't look very high level to me", the sergeant said. "Now get back to sleep".

"Get the lieutenant!" Gronk yelled. "That is, if he ever wants to be a captain and if you want to stay a sergeant".

"What kind of kook are you", the sergeant asked. "Even if I believed you, I wouldn't dare interrupt the lieutenant a second time".

"Tell him we'll agree to meet him anywhere he chooses. We'll go anywhere and do anything to resolve this high level matter".

"Would you mind telling me what this high

level matter is".

"If you promise to keep it between us. If this leaks out, it could ruin all our chances of holding off the attack".

"Attack? What kind of attack".

Gronk put his face to the cage door and whispered to the sergeant, "Our camp's being invaded by hostile elements and we're in Saigon to pick up some special weapons to hold them off".

"You kidding or something?" the sergeant asked, "You didn't say anything before about hostile elements invading your camp".

"You ever heard about the damage done by the Anopheles Battalion?"

Kybosh by this time, was sitting up on his cot, taking everything in.

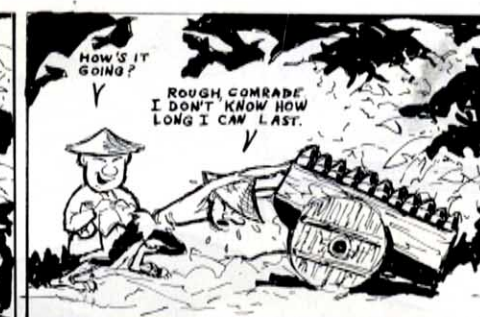
"Can't say I did", the sergeant said.

"Well, listen to this, sergeant. Our camp is under attack by these hostile Anopheles and in that truck down the road is a load of bombs that can wipe them out by the hundreds. Now you make the decision. You going to take the responsibility for keeping us here and letting that truckload of bombs go unguarded? Or are you going to get that lieutenant of yours to turn us loose right now?"

Lt. Maze had just succeeded in getting himself "flagrante delicto" again when the banging of his apartment door aroused him, or rather, de-aroused him.

The burly MP who stood outside handed Maze a note signed by the duty sergeant. It

TRAIL TALES





Why you come Hongkong for R&R and you no leave hotel room one time this week?

Private P.P. Plynsk is this month's grunt. His recent exploit in knocking down an enemy helicopter with a slingshot qualifies him for this award, even though the helicopter turned out to be friendly. Not many people can knock down helicopters, even friendly ones, with slingshots.

In any case, PPPP, as his friends call him, has other things under his belt beside his pants, shirt, undershirt and the helicopter exploit. He once went six days without drinking a drop of water but he had to have his stomach pumped later to get the excess whiskey out of it.

He never eats a square meal, preferring it on round plates. And he's the only guy in his division who can rattle off the names of all the villains encountered by Batman, Superman, Wonder Woman, and the Green Hornet. And he lists them in alphabetical order.

PPPP takes good care of things and he still wears the Mickey Mouse watch given to him on his fourth birthday. It doesn't tell time, but then, neither does PPPP. He also carries around a bronzed baby shoe that he wore when he was nine months old, and a slight limp is still noticeable in PPPP from walking around as a baby in bronze baby shoes. PPPP also cherishes his childhood blanket, which he disguises as a scarf around his neck. PPPP has been known to panic once when a girl friend named Lucy removed it after he had fallen asleep.

Apart from these minor quirks and the fact that he's anemic and still a Slobbovian citizen, PPPP could qualify as a typical red-blooded American boy. His unusual size—three feet, four inches—and his 22 year old unshaven complexion make him useful in Vietnam. They sometimes send him into VC country wearing baby clothes where he passes as a lost dependent, all the while sizing up the enemy situation. Only trouble is, PPPP reports back on somewhat insignificant items like what color sandals the VC are wearing and the fact that they have bad breath and BO when they bounce him on their lap.



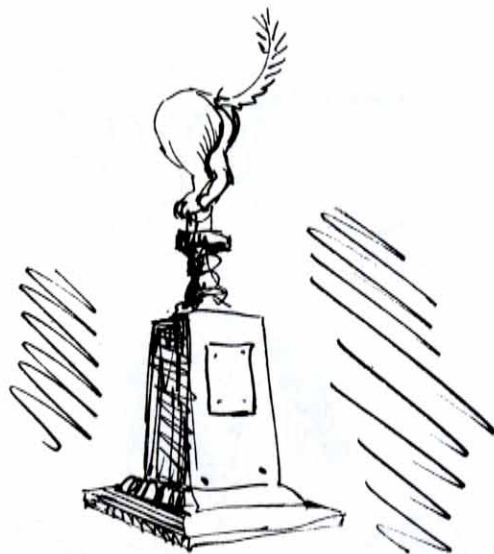
by willie watson

PPPP wanted to get into tunnel work but he could only qualify as a tunnel mouse and not a tunnel rat. PPPP's size has come in handy on several occasions when he fell into punji traps and missed the punji sticks, falling between them.

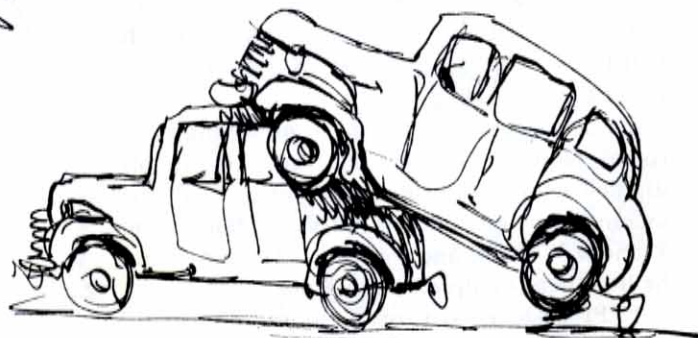
PPPP also qualifies as hand baggage on R&R flights so he has made numerous trips as other people's luggage. Once, he was left on the plane during a half-hour layover at Clark and one of the plane cleaners stole him, thinking he was some kind of newfangled Japanese doll. PPPP bit the thief on the hand and kept his teeth in the culprit's flesh until police arrived. Under questioning, the thief turned out to be the ringleader of a plane theft gang which was subsequently broken up. The thief was given rabies shots and PPPP was given a medal.

PPPP is sensitive about his height, though, and one day, hopes to reach six foot so he can qualify as a jet pilot. Only trouble is he has grown only a quarter of an inch in six years and figures he'll be ninety six years old before reaches the qualifying height. Still, PPPP presses on, and it is for this determination in the face of incredible odds that he has been named the Grunt of the Month.

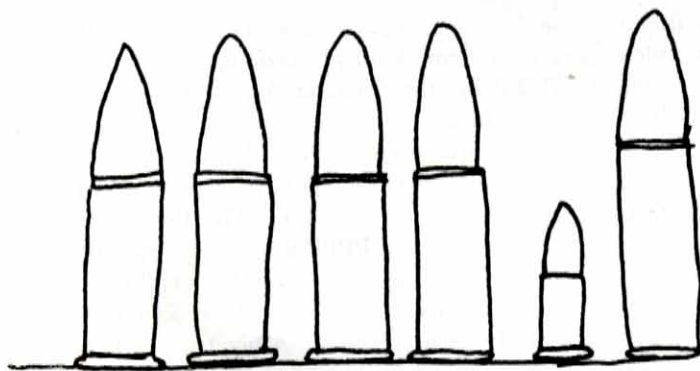




CATASTROPHY



AUTOMATING



SHORT ROUND

DOES YOUR DESK JOB BUG YOU?

In combat, a man has to develop new reflexes in order to survive and live peacefully. For the grunt, this involves reflexes which will help dodge bullets and mortars and booby traps. For the deskbound commando, reflexes also must be sharpened and adapted for comfortable living. For example, killing flies and mosquitoes.

Killing flies takes skill as the Vietnamese flies, like their mosquitoes, are definitely more adept and aware than their western cousins. First, for those people who like to catch the flies with a swoop of the hand, success is only possible if the swing is made at two inches altitude and directed at the tail of the fly rather than its head. This is because flies usually take off backwards. Once captured, throw the fly at the nearest wall from a distance no greater than three feet.

The fly swatter, when available, makes the job easier, but here too, a certain amount of skill is required. Approach the fly from the rear, with swatter at the ready and again, make the thrust toward the fly's rear. An ideal altitude for the strike is three feet, with no backward thrust. Flies watch what's going on so don't telegraph your punches.

There are people who can catch flies in mid-air with a swoop of the hand, but these adepts are born with this talent. They're the same people who are shooting in the low 80's a couple of weeks after they take up golf.

The mosquito, of course, is much more deadly than the fly, and greater effort and dedication is required in combating these ubiquitous creatures. First of all, the Vietnamese mosquito never telegraphs his punches. He's bitten you and run for cover before you feel the sting. Like the VC, he hits his opponent when the opponent is weakest, namely, in the seconds before dropping off to sleep. Or he may lie low on the floor under a desk and strike quickly at ankles and knees in a massive assault before retreating.

The mosquito never hides in the obvious places, but selects those spots where the average person will never look, such as the back of the bedstead.

There are many ways to attack and destroy the mosquito, some sporting and some not so



sporting. The spray can creates the equivalent of a radioactive wasteland in a room and destroys everything mosquito-size and smaller. This is an efficient, but not so sporting technique.

Tracking them down with a fly swatter, a rolled up paper, or a flicking towel, takes more skill. First, you strike randomly throughout the room to get the enemy on the move. Then you follow his flight to a landing, creep up on him, and swat, let him have it.

It's amazing how effective a properly flicked towel with a slightly wet end can be against mosquitoes who land on a ceiling. Do not give up the hunt until you're sure every mosquito has been nailed in his lair.

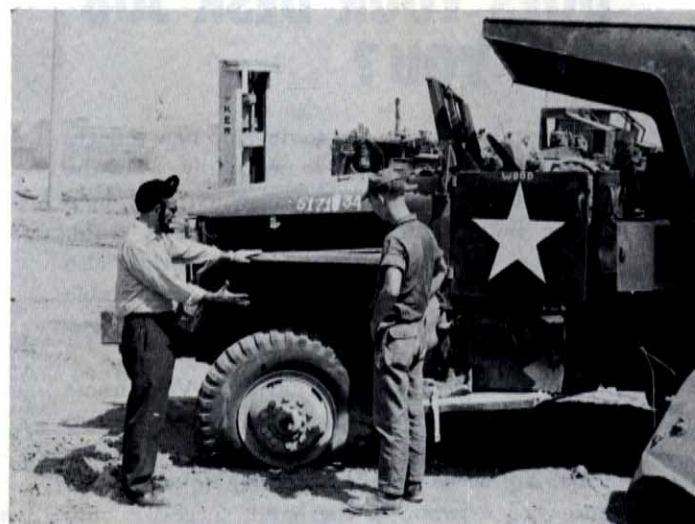
Mosquitoes are much easier to capture in mid-air than flies. It takes a quick reaction and a sharp eye but it can be done efficiently. There are two techniques. One, the more difficult, involves capture with one hand, simply by grasping the insect in a closed fist. In the other technique, both hands are used in a clapping maneuver to crush the mosquito or at least stun him with the noise.

It can never be proved, of course, but it appears that mosquitoes, by some strange instinct, tend to stay away from those people who can nail them in mid-air with 100% efficiency. Not so with the room that's sprayed. When the spray wears off, the mosquito is back in force.

Don't expect too much in the way of results at first. But as your tour in Vietnam lengthens, you will find that you have come a long way toward reacting toward flies and mosquitoes. It's a new reflex in your inventory that might come in handy in civilian life.

GOING GOING, GONE...

Wheels are pretty important for getting around in VN, but they're harder to come by than a date with a round eye! Still, a shrewd bargainer with an eye for quality might find a good buy in some of the local Used Car lots...



"Now, this one belonged to a little old lady WAC who never drove it out of the Motor Pool except on Sundays."

"When the temperature drops below zero, this little gem might require a slight push to get started—but once rolling on a downhill stretch, she purrs like a kitten."

"The tires may not be the best in the world, but this late model jewel's got a tough one-piece welded body."



"These foreign sports cars may not stand up too well on the local roads, but they're loaded with accessories."

"The ignition on this little number's a bit tricky, but a special crank is provided for a slight additional charge."



"Now, this one...Hey, who let that goddamn civilian in here?"

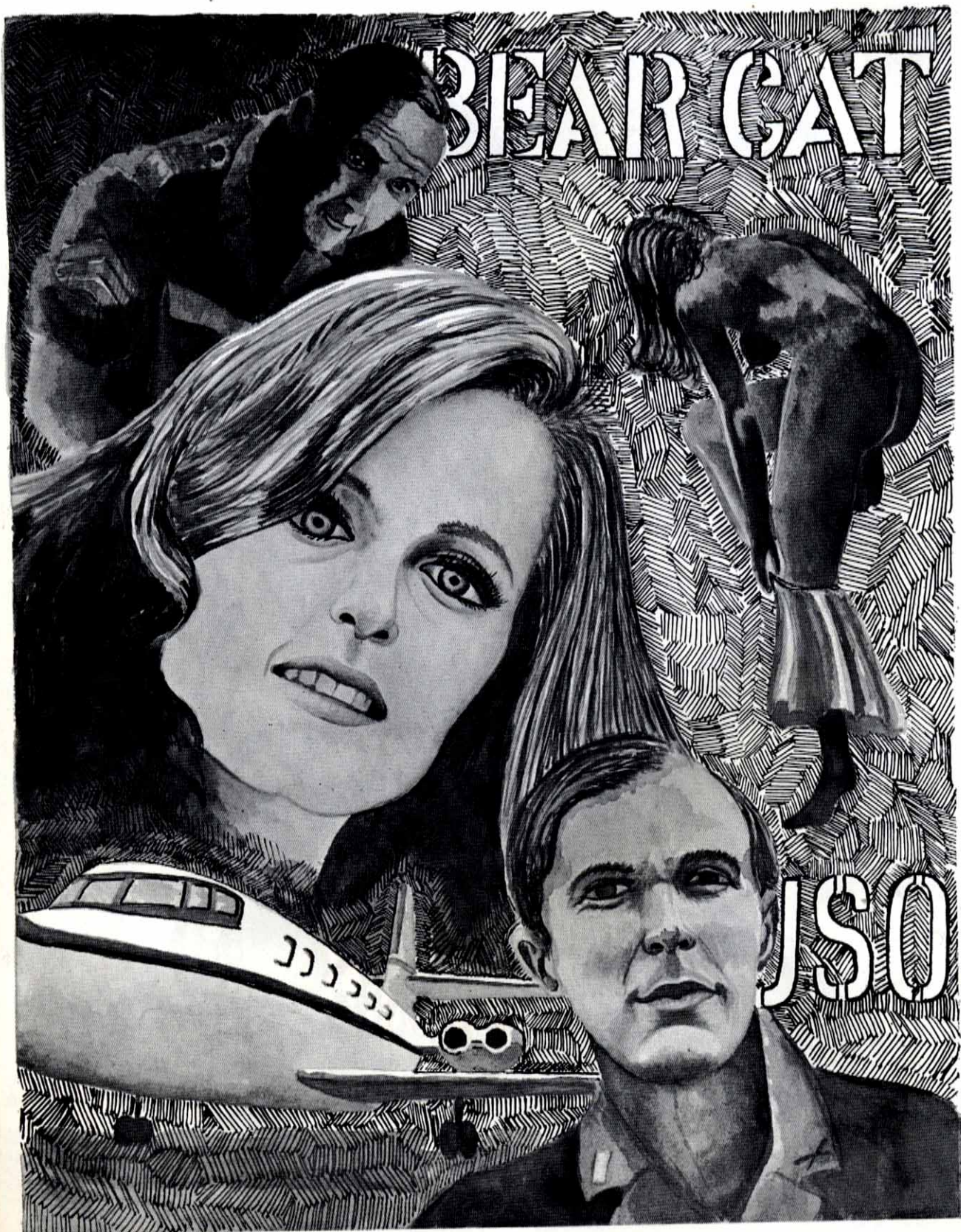


BRAVE PEOPLE

Brave people
In the center of the maelstrom—
To you, war is familiar
You pick your rice
And sell your soup
And dress neatly every morning for school
While your fate is a world parlor word.
You have learned to live with war
And it has been a hard lesson.
The terrorists blast,
The bombs close by,
The roadblocks, the torn-up bridges,
The cratered fields and death;
You accept them because they are there,
But when it's over
(And it has to end; all wars do)
You should be tempered like steel
Tough and determined and ready
To pick up the pieces
And build your better world.



You wonder why I'm maid. What can a girl do with all the bars closing?



ALICE AND THE 480 BEARS

Alice was filled with wonder over how easily she had been lifted from her sorority environment into a genuine war environment. One day, she was saying goodbye to the girls of Sigma Delta and the next she was getting off a plane in Saigon.

With the money the girls chipped in, she bought a plane ticket, entered Saigon on a tourist visa and quite unexpectedly, was ushered by a kind sergeant with a Southern drawl into a jeep that drove her through beautiful countryside to a camp called Bear Cat.

On the road, the sergeant, who said his name was Briscoe, kept telling Alice what a fine job the USO lasses were doing for the troops. Alice didn't know what a USO lass was. She kept telling the sergeant that she wanted to express Sigma Delta's appreciation of what the troops were doing and the sergeant kept saying

what a fine gesture she was making. The sergeant was a bit surprised when Alice said she could not sing, but he was pleased to learn that she could dance.

The truck emerged from clouds of dust into a crisscross of newly oiled roads lined by tents and wooden huts. Men were walking around with their heads to the ground, carrying rifles. Some men were walking around with their heads up, carrying towels and nothing else to the showers.

The jeep stopped in front of one of the larger huts and Alice was led in by the sergeant to an office of a pink-faced young lieutenant whose desk held a picture of his mother and a bronzed shoe. "This is Lieutenant Freud, miss", the sergeant said. "He's the Special Services officer and he'll be taking care of you".

"You are a bit early", the lieutenant said. "Your group was not due until this afternoon". Alice noticed that the lieutenant never looked at her like the other men.

"My plane got here this morning", Alice said, "and the kind sergeant picked me up. I just wanted to be able to tell all you brave men how much we appreciate what you're doing back in..."

"Please", Lt. Freud interrupted, "Save the speech for the enlisted men. don't mind telling you I don't agree with this business of sending you girls over here to expose your wiggling and half naked bodies to our young soldiers. But somebody apparently thinks it's good for morale and I'm here to help you. The sergeant will take you to your quarters and make other necessary arrangements until the rest get here".

"But, lieutenant" Alice pleaded, "You don't understand. I just came over here to express to the fighting men how much we appreciate their bravery. I didn't come to wiggle..."

"Please" Freud interrupted, "You have your job to do and no doubt you do it well, but it's wasted on me. My mother told me about girls like you".

Alice left the hut, convinced that Lt. Freud was not the type of fighting man she wanted to express her gratitude to. The kind sergeant was waiting outside along with 500 screaming and whistling GIs. "Shut up, you idiots", the sergeant yelled, "Haven't you ever seen a beautiful 38-28-38 blonds before?"

"Please, sergeant", Alice said, overwhelmed by the display so unlike Lt. Freud's. "May I go with them. I want to express our gratitude for the brave job they're doing".

"Honey", the fatherly sergeant said, "have you ever watched them feed the sharks at Marineland by throwing live fish to them?"

"Yes", Alice said, "now can I go?"

The sergeant put Alice in the jeep and drove her off to a small hut protected by three rings of concertina barbed wire, an eight foot circle of punji sticks, a piranha filled moat, and twenty-five guards spaced five yards apart, each equipped with a flamethrower.

"You'll be safe here, honey", the sergeant said, as he drew the sheets back on the bed and opened the curtains. "I'll be running along now, but if you need something, just ring the buzzer by the door".

"Sergeant", Alice said, "I'm afraid there's been a misunderstanding. All I want to do is express to our fighting men how much we appreciate their bravery. Why can't I...?"

"Ma'am", the sergeant said, "You'd better not talk this way with these troopers. It can cause you a barrel of trouble. I'll be leaving ya'll now".

Alice, alone in the heavily guarded cottage, was annoyed. The girls at Sigma Delta would never understand why she couldn't deliver the special message to the fighting troops. After they spent all that money buying her ticket and after she had won the lottery to decide who would go, she had to get the message across.

PFCs Ferill, Minch, and Lenner, standing outside the cottage, also had ideas about communicating with the luscious round-eye. "A luscious round-eye", Ferill said, "And they lock her up".

"They're saving her for the officers", said PFC Lenner.

"It's us she wants", said Ferill.

"Let's rescue her", said Minch.

"Let's," said Lenner

"What about the punjis and conertina wire and piranha filled moat and flame throwing guards and all that?" said Ferill.

"Simple", said Minch, "We envelop them vertically".

The three men climbed a tree which hung over the cottage, dropped down onto the porch and walked inside, where Alice was taking a shower. So delighted was Alice to finally see some brave fighting men that she bounded out of the shower, breathlessly embracing each man separately, unmindfully getting them wet with soapy water. Realizing her carelessness, Alice apologized and retreated to dry herself.

Wrapped in a towel that could not cope with all of her, Alice emerged again to find three young warriors looking for all the world like three stone statues with silly grins on their faces. Alice thought they looked like Greek gods and wondered what they'd look like in fig leaves.

"You dear boys", she said, "How happy I am to see you. I have something special to give everyone of you, and I was afraid I'd never get the opportunity".

Twenty minutes later, PFCs Ferill, Minch, and Lenner, climbed back over the tree, passing Corporals Bierce, Peane, and Smith going the other way.

All night long, and long after Lt. Freud had finished a letter to his congressman about shameful girlie shows, the tree served as a jammed freeway as each of the 480 enlisted men in the battalion made his way to and from Alice's cottage.

And each and every one of them received Alice's personal expression of gratitude, that is, everyone except Private Mackerel, one of the flame-throwing guards who was last in line. He was still waiting his turn when Lt. Freud showed up, just at dawn and just as the last three men were coming from Alice's cottage.

"Private", the lieutenant yelled, "Why are those men crawling back on that tree?"

"Sir", Private Mackerel said. "That tree's not as high as you think. Those are ants".

"Ants, my pants", Lt. Freud said, "Those are men. Ants don't have silly grins on their faces".

"Maybe they're Viet Cong trying to turn themselves in. I'll check it out, lieutenant, while you go back to see if we have any extra beds for them".

Lt. Freud started to walk off to check if there were any extra beds in the camp for VC who turned themselves in. He suddenly stopped as a thought hit him. Why should the VC be coming from the heavily guarded cottage where the girl was staying. As he turned around he recognized PFC Shakey jumping down off the tree.

"PFC Shakey", he said, "What were you doing in that tree leading to Miss Alice's quarters?"

Shakey reached up to the tree branch, lifted himself over and repeated the exercise three times, "Our special secret training course, sir", he said, "Can't tell you about it. Special tree warfare training, sir. Must be done before the others get up to keep it secret".

"Special tree warfare?", asked Freud, "I never heard of it".

Shaker bent over and whispered in the lieutenant's right ear, "It's a revolutionary tactic to avoid enemy mines and punji sticks". He locked around to see if anyone was within earshot. "Shhh", he said.

Colonel Martinet, carrying a swagger stick, swaggered up to the two men. "Lt. Freud", he demanded, "What's this I hear about a girl in there?"

"She's a USO girl", Lt. Freud said, "putting on one of those...ah...shows for the troops".

"There's no USO show planned for this camp", the colonel said.

"But we assumed", the lieutenant muttered.

"You assumed wrong", the colonel interrupted. "She's a fraud, a plant, maybe, possibly an enemy spy, maybe even loaded with explosives. She's a..."

The colonel was interrupted by the sight off Alice coming through the punji garden. "She's a number one round-eye", he continued, "and why wasn't I notified when she arrived?"

"Well, I thought", Lt. Freud stuttered, "I thought she...well...that arrangements were made...that...well, maybe..."

"A natural mistake", Colonel Martinet said as Alice approached. Martinet took Alice's hands, kissed both and pressed them to his cheek. "Now, young lady, perhaps you might explain".

"Oh, colonel", Alice said, "The girls at Sigma Delta will be so thrilled to know a brave fighting colonel kissed my hands".

"What's this about Sigma Delta", Colonel Martinet said, kissing Alice's lower arm.

"They sent me here to show our appreciation for our brave fighting troops in Vietnam", Alice said, as the colonel kissed her bare upper arm.

"A splendid gesture", Colonel Martinet said, as he kissed Alice's shoulder, "a mighty splendid gesture". The lieutenant here thought you were part of a USO show but there is no USO show. Martinet kissed Alice's back, then turned to Lt. Freud. "Lieutenant", he said, "Call the men together, right now".

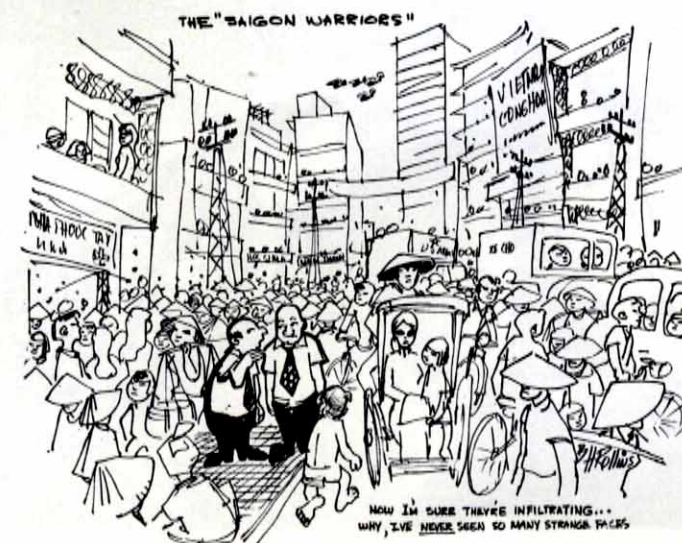
Before the lieutenant could say "fall out", 480 men were out of the bushes and assembled in front of Alice.

"Now, young lady", Col Martinet announced to the assembled group, "tell these young men your message. It will be one of the big events of their Vietnam tour".

Alice blew kisses to the men as they cheered, throwing their steel helmets into the air, one of them landing on Colonel Martinet's head, knocking him out just as he was kissing Alice's neckline.

That evening, as Lt. Freud was confusing General Bridge with his request for special tree warfare training and Colonel Martinet, was nursing an egg-sized lump on his head, Alice returned to her cottage. The treeway was as busy as ever that night since word had got around to the whole division about the special message from Sigma Delta.

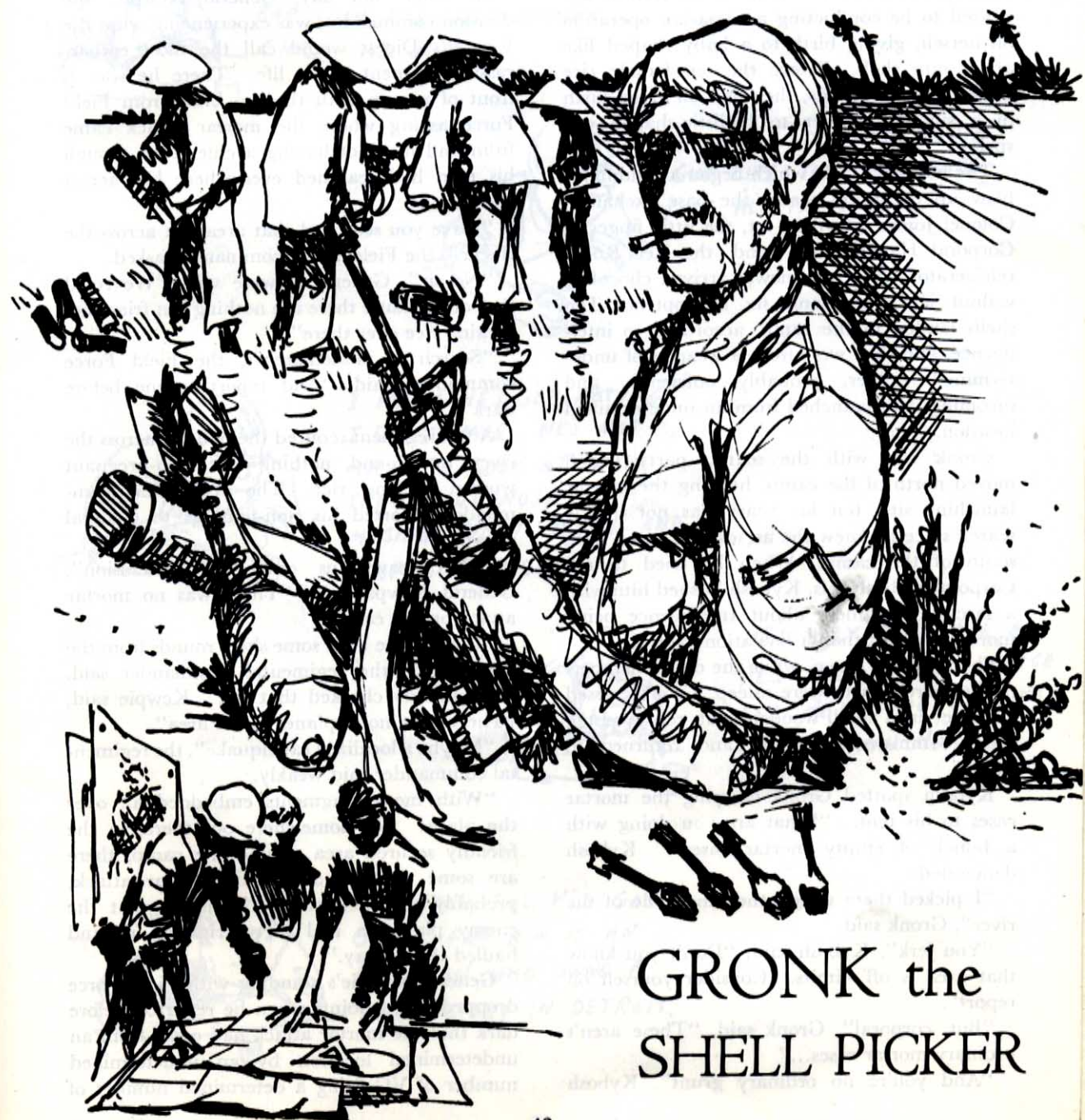
When I was based in France, I bought a Renault; in Germany, I bought a Volkswagen. Then I was stationed in England and I bought an Austin. Always buy the vehicle of the country where you're located and you'll get good maintenance service.





by ken kennison

If PFC Gronk had had an organized military mind, he would have first given Corporal Kybosh the information about the Viet Cong planning an attack on the base camp and action might have been taken to spoil the VC plans. Instead, PFC Gronk started telling Kybosh about the possibilities of levitation and its application to guerrilla warfare. He was therefore thrown out of Kybosh's tent before he could give the vital military intelligence he had picked up that morning.



GRONK the
SHELL PICKER

Gronk had been at his usual meditation spot on the river concentrating on levitation when he observed the women who worked the rice paddies on the south side were all suddenly many months pregnant. On the previous day, Gronk recalled, the women were all their natural slim selves. Gronk remembered from his high school biology lessons that only fruit flies could advance in pregnancy so quickly so he naturally became suspicious.

He was even more suspicious when he noticed from the distance that one of the women appeared to be conducting a cesarian operation on herself, giving birth to a baby shaped like an 81 mm shell. Before the ten female rice workers left the fields, they had all given birth in a similar manner to ballistic-shaped offspring.

The mortar attack, which began at midnight, blew up the radio shack, the base exchange, Colonel Jona's television set, the little finger of Corporal Hankie's left hand, the Rec Room refrigerator filled with newly arrived chocolate walnut ice cream and six helicopters. Ten shells landed in the camp, according to intelligence, and they were from a weapon of undetermined caliber, probably unfriendly and incoming, and launched from an undetermined location.

Gronk was with the search party which moved north of the camp, hunting the mortar launching site, but his heart was not in the search since he knew the attack had come from south of the camp. When he tried to tell Corporal Kybosh this, Kybosh hushed him with a sarcastic comment about Intelligence being more intelligent than a levitation expert.

Shortly after, dawn, while the other members of the search party were asleep, Gronk crossed the river in a small wooden boat, retrieved ten spent 81mm mortar cases and returned to camp.

Kybosh spotted Gronk carrying the mortar cases to his tent. "What are you doing with a bunch of empty mortar cases?" Kybosh demanded.

"I picked them up on the other side of the river", Gronk said.

"You jerk", Kybosh said, "Don't you know that area is off-limits. Consider yourself on report".

"But, corporal", Gronk said, "These aren't ordinary mortar cases..."

"And you're no ordinary grunt", Kybosh

interrupted. "This time, you got your butt in the jam. We got a major search operation under way and you're across the river playing grabass with the peasant women. By God, everybody else around here can play by the rules and you can too. Stay in your tent until you hear from me."

"But what about the mortar shell cases?", Gronk asked.

"Stuff'em", Kybosh said, as he went off to the first sergeant to put Gronk on report.

At noon that day, General Kewpie, the division commander, was experiencing what the Reader's Digest would call the most embarrassing moment of his life. There he was in front of a map with the top brass from Field Force asking where the mortar attack came from and him not having a clue, even though his men had searched everywhere but across the river.

"Have you searched that area just across the river?", the Field Force commander asked.

"No sir", General Kewpie said, "We ruled that out because there are nothing but friendlies picking rice over there".

"Search it immediately", the Field Force commander said, "And report to me before dark".

A full regiment scoured the paddies across the river but found nothing but non-pregnant women picking rice. The regimental commander reported his non-findings to General Kewpie.

"That leaves us only one conclusion", General Kewpie said, "There was no mortar attack on the camp".

"Could have been some short rounds from the Air Force", the regimental commander said.

"I already checked that out", Kewpie said, "There were no airplanes in the area".

"Maybe a localized earthquake", the regimental commander said weakly.

"With metal fragments embedded all over the place? No, somewhere out there, in the friendly secured area around the camp, there are some signs of an enemy mortar attack, probably the shell cases. I suspect that the enemy played a real dirty trick on us and hauled them away."

General Kewpie's standing with Field Force dropped a few points when he reported before dark that the mortar attack had come from an undetermined location by an undetermined number of VC firing a determined number of

shlles.

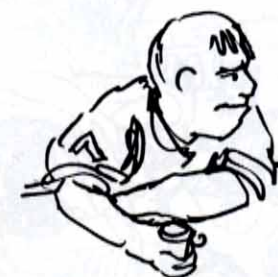
PFC Gronk's standing with the First Sergeant also dropped a few points when he was restricted from the base exchange and Rec Room for a week. PFC Gronk didn't take it as hard as General Kewpie, though. During the week, he took each of the ten shell cases, painted them

a bright yellow and blue, drilled little holes in their bottoms, fashioned a bamboo shade just big enough to cover a 100-watt bulb, and sold the lot for five dollars each as souvenir desk lamps.

Even General Kewpie bought one.



THAT SMART ASS KRANTZ IS AT THE OTHER END OF THE BAR WITH THE BEST-LOOKING CHICK, AS USUAL.



I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW A GUY LIKE THAT CAN MAKE OUT ALL THE TIME.



I MEAN HE'S GOT NOTHING I DON'T HAVE. HE'S NOT MUCH TO LOOK AT WITH THAT BENT NOSE, THAT MISSING FRONT TOOTH, AND SLOPED SHOULDERS.



HE'S ONLY A PRIVATE AND HE'S BEEN BUSTED TWICE AND HE'S DUMB AND HE'S CRUDER THAN HELL.



IN FACT, ALL HE'S GOT GOING FOR HIM IS AN OLD MAN WHO OWNS A CAR FACTORY IN DETROIT.



How To Create Mayhem Out Of Chaos

or

That Saigon Traffic Problem

I caught up with Joe Freeway at the intersection of Hai Ba Trung and Yen Do where our cars were side by side in the solidly jammed traffic. Joe was sent to Saigon as a traffic expert. His job was to straighten out the road mess.

"How do you solve a jam like this?", I yelled to Joe.

Fifteen bicycles filled the four foot gap between my car and the one in front.

"Simple", Joe said, "Same way the Army sloved the problem of moving through the jungle".

A six year old boy raised his bicycle over his head and climbed over my car to the other side.

"You mean helicopters?" I asked, as a motorcyclist alongside rested his bike against my car.

"No. There are many ways. First, we have to expand our area of operations, avoid enclaves."

A white-uniformed policeman waded through the bicycle jungle and asked a teen-ager a on red Honda to show his ID card. Then the policemen started removing grenades from the satchel on the back of the bike.

"But how do we expand. Where to?", I asked Joe.

"For one thing, we improve the roads leading out of Saigon"

"But anybody driving on those roads would be picked up by the VC", I said.

He pondered my reply as an aged soup seller in black pajamas set up his Howard Johnson mobile food stand in the middle of the intersection.

"Don't forget our goal", Joe said, "It's to expand our area and reduce traffic in the city".

"But what if people won't drive out on those dangerous roads?"

He laughed. "Elementary. With judicious

use of "no entry" signs and "one way street" signs, we can direct the traffic anywhere we want".

The traffic light turned green for the 42nd time since we started talking.

"What other plans do you have", I asked.

"Vertical mobility", he said firmly. "it's proved itself in the field".

"But you can't move the population of Saigon around the city in helicopters".

"Who said anything about helicopters?", he said. "I have just invented a new system. We move the traffic in several layers on one roadbed."

"Sounds original", I said, "but when will you build them".

"Build what?"

"The layers of roads on top of each other."

The traffic policeman set his folding cot up in the middle of the intersection and settled down for his afternoon siesta.

"Building roads is out of the question", Joe said. "All the cement's going to airfields and bases".

"But how can you have two layers of traffic without two roads?"

"Elementary", he said. "Each car is equipped with a flat bed strapped on the roof. Then when the cars are stopped like they are now, the bike and cyclo traffic moves on top of them".

"I must admit that's very imaginative", I said.

An Army convoy of trucks rumbled in the distance headed for our intersection. Sirens from five ambulances gradually died out.

Joe took out his chessboard, laid it on a drive-in tray, and we played a game which lasted for about two hours. Joe won. He's an imaginative guy.





A Vietnamese Fable

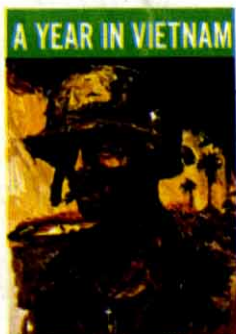
Once upon a time in ancient Vietnam, there was this fox (You don't believe they got foxes in Vietnam, you should walk down Tu Do street sometime). This fox one day spied a delicious bunch of grapes (You don't believe they got grapes in Vietnam; wave a 500 piaster note in the market place). The grapes (at 500 piasters a bunch?) were higher than the fox could reach. This fox made several passes at the grapes (Remember, this is a Vietnamese fox, not the foxy wolf that made passes at Red Riding Hood). Despite his efforts, the fox could not reach the grapes. Finally, after many attempts, the fox gave up. "The grapes must be sour", he said. So he chewed up the grape seller instead.

Moral: Sour grapes don't have as much protein as fresh meat. (You don't believe this is a Vietnamese fable, you should read Nguyen Ae Sop's book sometime).



"Here I am in Vietnam with half a million guys and I haven't got a date tonight!"

"Every self-respecting GRUNT should have a copy of these books in his foot locker."

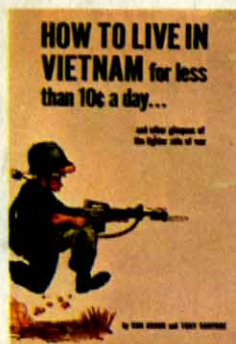


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