

GRUNT

A woman with dark, wavy hair is shown from the chest up, looking back over her right shoulder towards the camera. She is holding a large, white, feathered fan that partially obscures her torso. The background is a solid dark brown color.

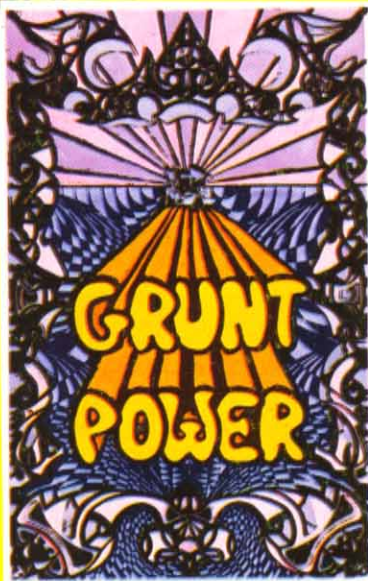
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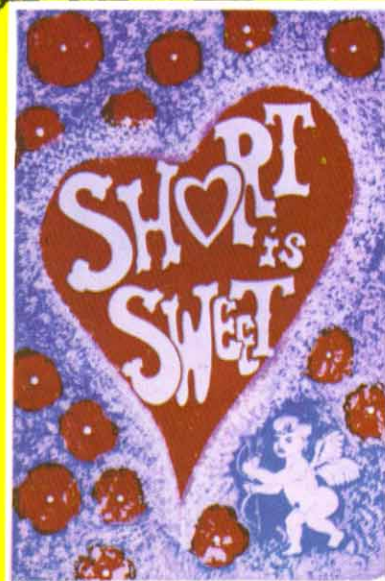
- 3 Short Stories for Grunts
- Color Pinup — Grunt's Girl
- Arabella ● Gruntoons
- "Inside" R&R Information

EXCLUSIVE! — THE NEW '70 CYCLOS

GRUNT POSTERS



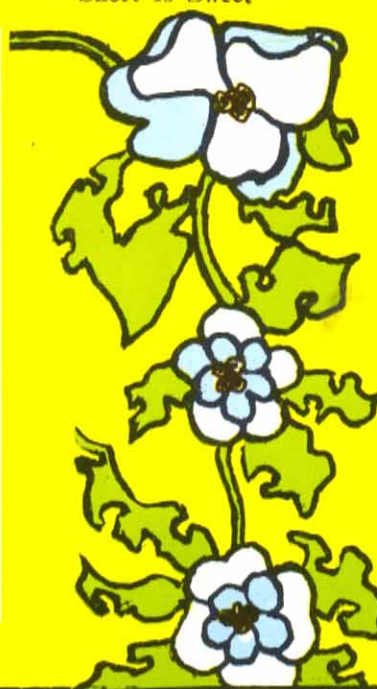
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GRUNTS AND GRINDS

VIEW FROM THE BOTTOM

Something New for Websters

We used the term *savoir faire* in one of our previous GRUNT articles and somebody asked us what it meant. Well, it's a matter of debate in many circles.

Take the case of the three men arguing over its meaning. The first one said that if he went home and found his wife making love to another man, he would say "Excuse me," and that was *savoir faire*. The second said that if he were faced with the same situation, he'd say, "That's quite all right, carry on" and that was *savoir faire*.

"Not so," said the third man. "If I came home and found my wife making love to another man, I'd say 'carry on' and if the man did, that is *savoir faire*."

The newly arrived American tourist in Saigon was walking toward the Embassy when he was stopped by a local procurer who darted out of a doorway.

"I have number-one girl for you, 16 years old." When the American refused, the pimp said, "Then I get for you good French woman, 35 years old."

"Look," blurted the tourist, "I don't want a 16-year-old girl and I don't want a 35-year-old Frenchwoman. All I want is the American consul."

"Hmmm," the procurer said, "that very hard; but I try."

"Darling, say those three little words I'm longing to hear. Say 'I'm not pregnant.'"

Based on the size of some of the American women in Saigon, there are a lot of broad broads abroad.

The Vietnamisation of Americans -- There's an Idea

One of Vietnam's most distinguished journalists commented, in a column, on a problem that receives little mention: the Vietnamisation of Americans.

"I have seen Americans wearing pajamas walking in the street," he wrote, "with all the indifference in the world ... And they were wise, too. Why bother about dressing up, or putting on a bath robe, when the climate is so warm, the house of your friends just across the street, and specially when the local people don't mind it ... ?"

This comment is well over a year old, but it's certainly worth considering today. The pajama is a most practical

outfit to wear in this climate. It's loose and cool and it keeps the mosquitoes off.

Some planner in the clothes department of the Pentagon could do a lot worse than to study the possibility of a new tropical uniform for American forces in the tropics!

There's an Old Vietnamese Proverb about Drinking

Yes, there is. It goes. "A man who doesn't drink is like an flag that doesn't stir for lack of wind." This is something else for the drinking community to quote in their rationalizations of this social pastime.

Commenting on some of the positive virtues of drinking, a Vietnamese columnist





GRUNTS AND GRINDS

cited an accident where the driver of a smashed vehicle would not have survived had he not been relaxed and drunk. Another cited case concerns a tiger hunter who passed out in thick tiger country but woke up safe since the tigers wouldn't go near the alcohol fumes. Of course, in both these cases, the tricky situation would not have occurred had the men been sober.

The columnist goes on to say that once when he worked in the jungle, he contracted malaria while all his drinking buddies didn't. Presumably the mosquitoes reacted the way the tigers did.

It's all food for thought, though, and part of an old tradition. The British, of course, have spent centuries

in tropical climes and their gin-and-tonics might have played a part in their robust survival. And there's always that argument that the after-dinner brandy will kill any germs that might have slipped in with the food.

Which brings us to that old gag:

Doctor: I can't find much wrong with you. It must be due to drinking.

Drunk: Okay, Doc. I'll visit you again when you're sober.

Then there's the guy who holds his nose when he takes a shot of straight bourbon because if he sees or smells it, his mouth waters and the drink is diluted.

One trooper reporting on his R&R to Bangkok said he led a delightful sexistence with THE GIRL WITH WHOM ONE IS MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED. She was so knowledgeable about sex that the birds and the bees studied HER! (She was only a plumber's daughter but she made the most of her fixtures.)

Then there was a tight sailor who bought some second-hand shirts dirt cheap and changed his name to fit the monogram. I mean, like, when this guy takes a dollar out of his pocket, George

Washington blinks at the light! You're invited to his house for a party—and the whiskey flows like glue. He's so tight he even has a burglar alarm on his garbage can.

An Air Force captain writes us that he figured out a way to reduce gold flow in Southeast Asia—increase the number of WAF's and WAC's in the theater.

He: How about it, honey?

She: (no answer)

He: I said, how about it?

She: (no answer)

He: What's the matter? You deaf?

She: What's the matter? You paralysed?

There's this guy so suspicious of his wife that when she presented him with twins, he insisted that he recognized only one of them... And the guy who was away from his wife for three years and upon coming home, found her with three children and a star boarder who the kids called 'daddy'. "But after all," he told a friend, "who am I to condemn anybody on circumstantial evidence?"

And of course, there was the wife who learned that her husband was being unfaithful with girls on R&R in Aus-



GRUNTS AND GRINDS

tralia and telegraphed, "What have those Australian girls got that I don't have?" The reply: "Nothing, but they have it here"... And then the man who gave his wife fifty cents every time he kissed her. One day, needing change, he broke into her piggy bank and found it full of five and ten dollar bills. When asked about it, she answered, "Everybody's not as stingy as you"...

And the two WAC's who were asked by the MP's, "Aren't you out after hours?" To which one of them replied, "I don't know, but I'll bet you're out after ours"... And the traveling salesman who returned home after a nine-month trip to find himself the father of twins and protested to the doctor, "I don't understand. I only spent one night home when I was here last."

The Marine officer told the WAC major, "Keep those WAC's of yours locked up tonight when we bring those 2,000 Marines in. They haven't seen a woman for thirteen months." The WAC major replied, "You don't have to worry about my girls. They've got it up here," tapping herself on the forehead. Marine officer: "I don't care where they've got it. Those boys will find it."

"Young man, are your intentions toward my daughter honorable or dishonorable?" "You mean I got a choice?"

Never tell a woman she looks like a streetcar. No girl likes to think a man can get on and off for only a dime.

Stenographer: I dreamt about you last night.

Boss: You did?

Stenographer: No, at the last minute I lost my nerve.

Watch Out for Wu

One of our friends just back from Hong Kong tells about the skin—and the skinning he got in one of the higher class bars.

Since he met this girl called Wu, he hasn't been able to eat, sleep, or drink. She completely broke him and he can't afford hotels or restaurants. Our friend knew his onions when it came to tomatoes, but this broad knew her carats. She had a real gift for love-making—a diamond that set our friend back 500 bucks.

She claimed her only interest was to keep the Hong Kong economy stable and she couldn't stand men messing with its prosperity by living within their income. She thought the Gold Flow was a

program to put gold in her city and she did her part. She could make loaded guys stop, look, and loosen.

When our friend picked her up, his head was in the clouds, but her hand was in his pocket. As he sat in her apartment letting her stroke his forehead, little did he know it was his scalp she was after. She let him read to her, but only from his bank-book. She had a great sympathy for our friend, the kind of guy who needs someone to share his bank account.

In any case, our friend is back and completely over his love affair. He was disillusioned when he suggested the girl see a psychiatrist; and she answered, "Why should I lie down on a man's couch and then pay him?"





GRUNT



"The Fighting Man's Magazine"

Vol. 1, No. 7

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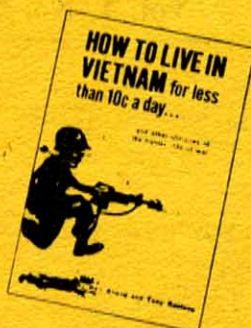
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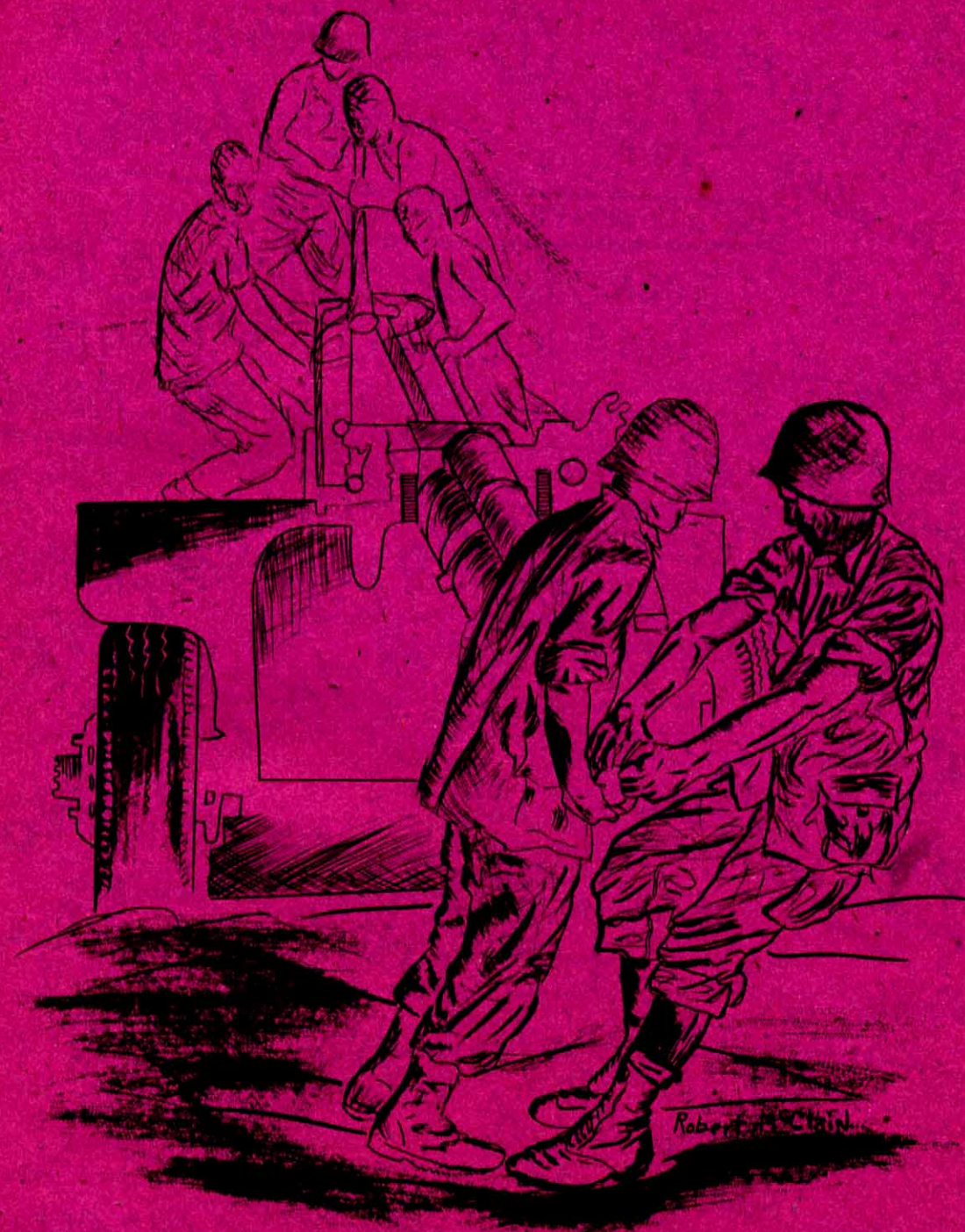
CONFESSIONS OF A ROUNDEYE IN VIETNAM

How does it feel to be a beautiful American girl surrounded by half a million sex-starved American men in Vietnam? Each of the few hundred American women assigned to various duties in wartime Vietnam is asked this question sooner or later. The answer might surprise you. As one show-girl put it, "I don't feel like I'm surrounded by half a million American men. I feel like I'm surrounded by eight million young and beautiful Vietnamese girls."

A roundeye, as Americans overseas call the women from home (and it's not a dirty word anymore), hasn't got the pick of the crop, as some might think. She's up against tough competition from the locals girls, who are considered by many to be the finest beauties in the world. One girl from Topeka, Kansas, has spent her whole year tour in Vietnam in a sorority-like existence. "Strange as it may seem," she says, "it's tough to get a date in Vietnam. The older men are all married and the younger ones aren't interested."

One stunning chanteuse who has made the grade still has reservations. "You go out with a man and he takes you to a night club and he spends most of the night eyeing the local talent." Another girl who works for the Army at one of the big bases near Saigon has all it takes to drive men up the wall, but she's unhappy, too. "The guys seem to be afraid to ask for a date," she says. "They all figure that an American girl has so many offers—or officers—that she's bound to turn them down."

All in all, life in Vietnam is not always easy for the adventurous American woman who signs up for a year in a war theater. As one disenchanted New Yorker put it, "I'd rather be taking my chances at a dance hall in Brooklyn where I know I get equal billing with all the other girls there."





GRUNTS AND GRINDS

to tell me something?
Dear Grimy:

We don't know. Have you manicured your nails lately?

Dear Ed:

The other day I volunteered to go on patrol with a sentry dog and that taught me never to volunteer to do anything with a dog again.

What happened was I sat down to rest, figuring the pooch would look out for me, and what happened after that was the crazy dog sees an enemy dog and goes after him while I'm sitting there wide open for an enemy attack. And, attack they do. Orly is my dog attacking the enemy dog? No. She's kinda like in love with it. So there I was fighting it out with the V.C. patrol while my dog's making love to the enemy dog.

I pulled through that scrape okay, but it was nip and tuck, while with my dog it was nip and frolic. I write this so others will know how fickle a dog can be, especially a female dog.

EX-DOG-LOVER

Dear Ex-Dog-Lover:

You came dog-gone close to a mutty-lovin' end.

Dear Ed:

I've been in the Navy four years now and I've never been on a ship. In fact, I haven't been anywhere except this one spot. On top of that, I've never even been off this installation in four years. What can I do?

STIR CRAZY

Dear Stir Crazy:

You can't break out of there so finish your sentence and go straight. Maybe you'll get ship duty then.

Dear Ed:

Just because I've been in 'Nam for seven

GRIMY

years, my friends think I'm some kind of nut. What they don't understand is that I like slogging through mud, sleeping in foxholes and APC's, getting rained on, shot at, chewed out, pushed, hurried, and battered about. The enclosed photo will show you why.

HOMESTEADER

Dear Homesteader:

We admit she looks like an escapee from a monster movie, and probably is, but dammit man, she's yours! Give up this soft life in Vietnam and go back and face up to your responsibilities.



The photo here was taken somewhere in the world—well, it was taken somewhere on this planet. It's up to you to figure out where. Look for possible clues in the sign that hangs across the street. Is it Hongkong! Is it Turkey? Is it some new African country called Massage? Any way, the photo's for real. Some people think it's a case of somebody not knowing how to spell "Turkish Bath." You figure it out.

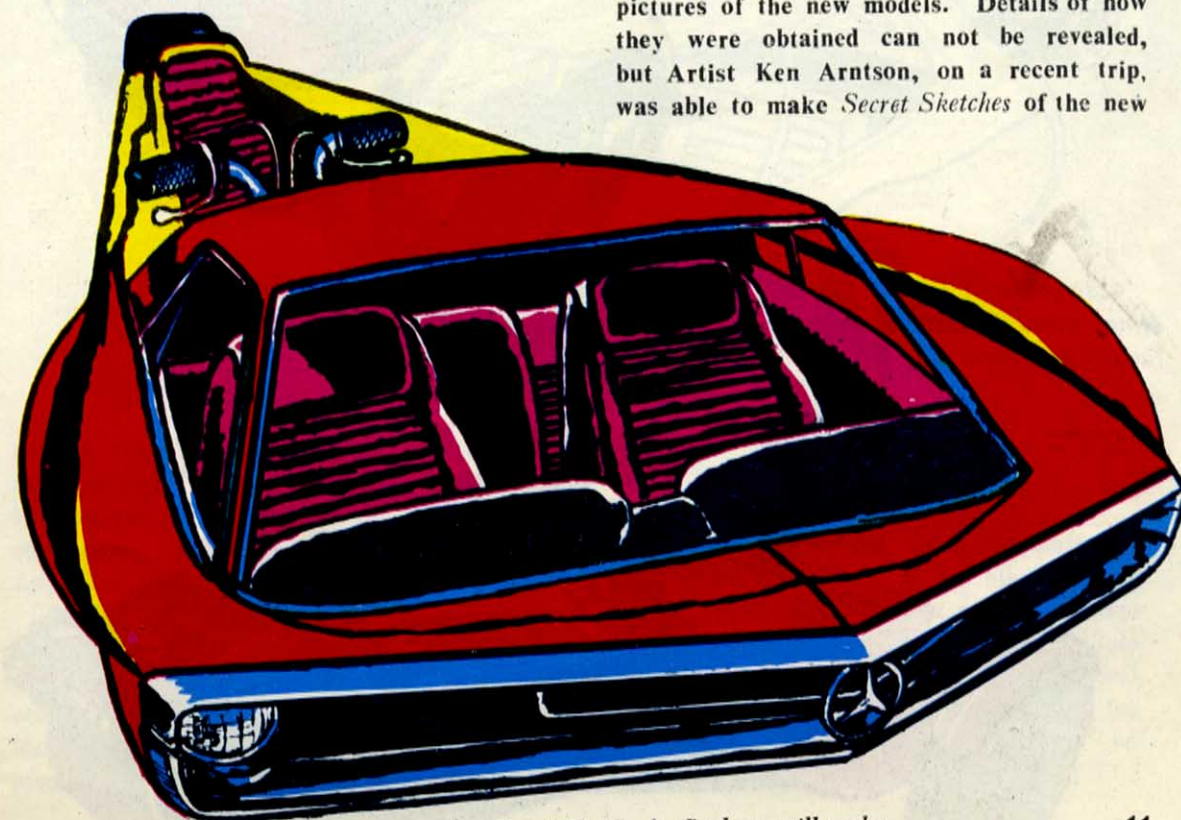
3 WHEEL THRILLERS

There's nothing exciting or cool about the cyclos that stink up the streets of Vietnam's cities. When they're not pulled over to the side for a sparkplug overhaul, their sickly one-banger engines (operating on a mix of used crankcase oil and *nuoc mam* dregs) cough out a nauseating, acrid smoke more vile than chemical defoliant or deadly marijuana. The suspension is, like, forget it, and when you hit a bump it feels like a drill instructor giving you a boot in the butt. Then when it rains, and Clyde puts up the convertible top, you have to sit there like a buzzard with spinal arthritis while the water drips down the back of your neck.

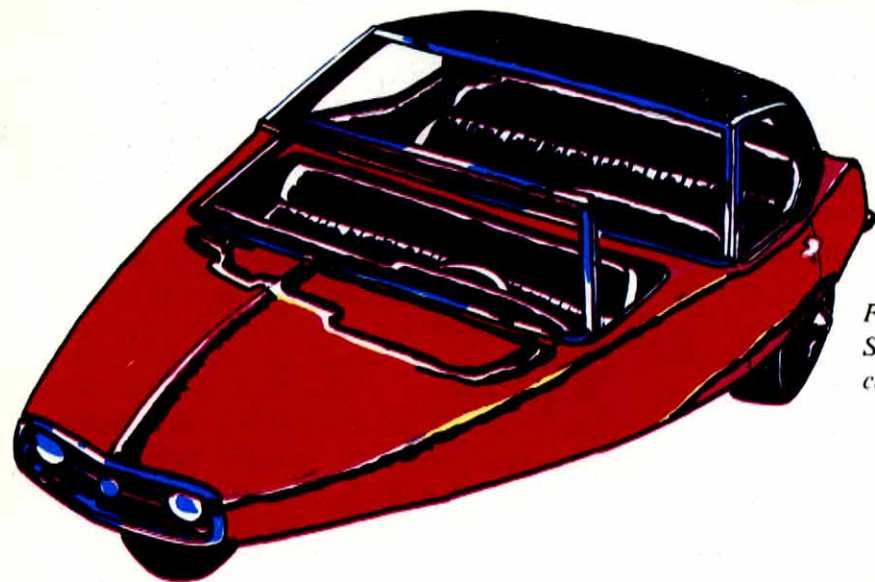
But that describes the *old* cyclos, right? the ones you see sputtering up and down the main drags and 100-pee alleys today. All of them were built between the years

1915 and 1927, when the factory stopped making them and converted over to mass-produce Vietnam's first no-deposit, no-return *nuoc mam* crock. From that time until now no new cyclos have been built, and the ones still in service are held together with commo wire, concertina, and salvaged parts from wrecked APCs, six-bys, Hueys, or whatever else is on the scene.

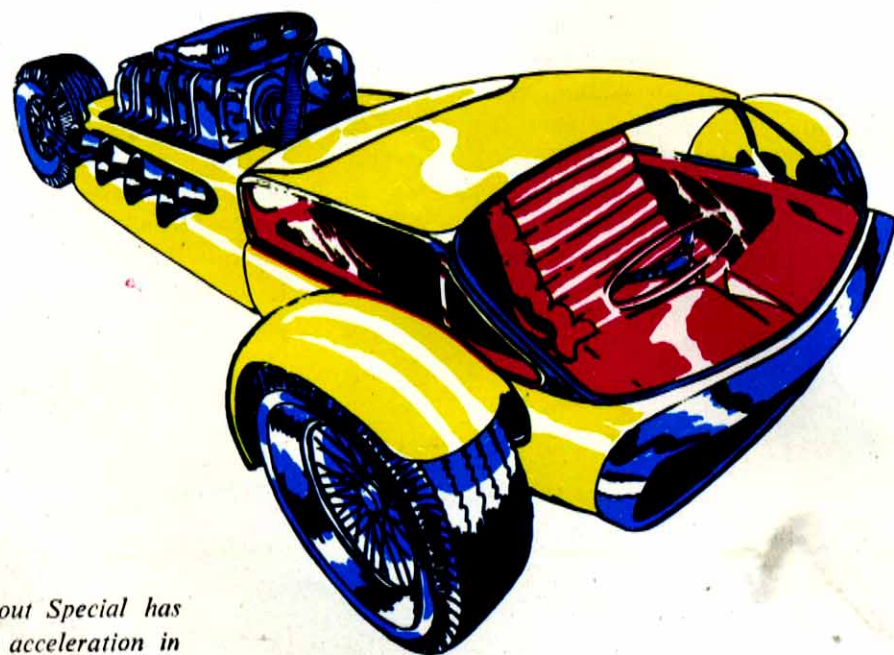
But—BUT—what about the *new* cyclos? The All-New, EXCITING! Super-Cyclos for 1970! Those tough new machines with the big hemi engines, all-synchro gearboxes, independent suspension, transistorized ignitions fuel injection, and all the best goodies Detroit and Europe—and Vietnam—have to offer? You haven't seen these cyclos, have you?—because their development has been a carefully-kept Trade Secret, and GRUNT is fortunate to be able to present these first pictures of the new models. Details of how they were obtained can not be revealed, but Artist Ken Arntson, on a recent trip, was able to make *Secret Sketches* of the new



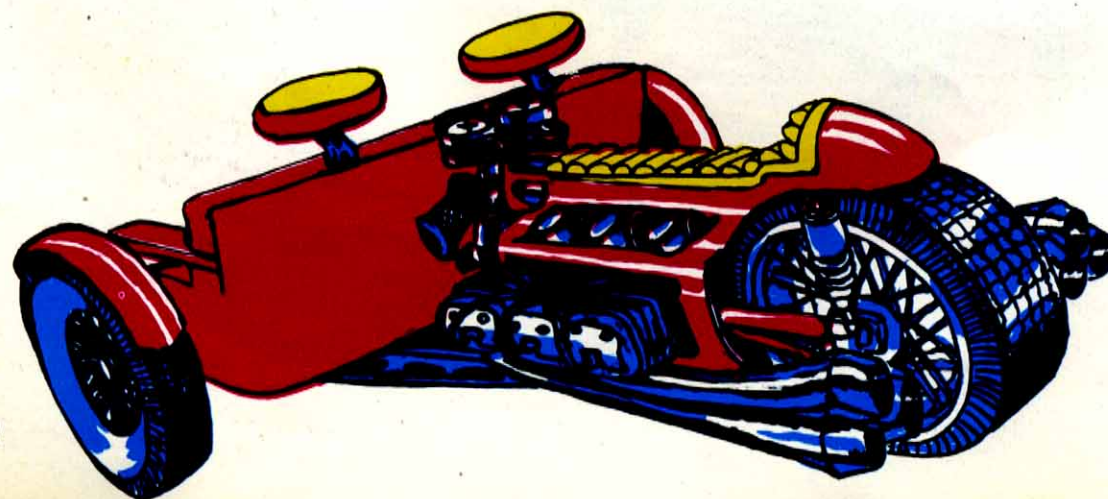
The 1970 Cyclo Cyclone will make a big hit with Saigon Tea-Bird crowd.



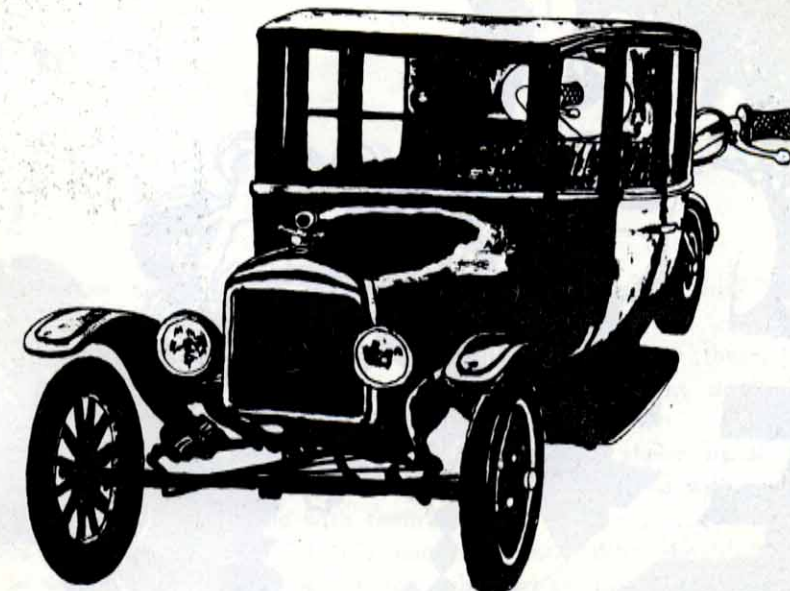
The Buckingham (top) features the Forward Look, while the brawny Street-Fighter (below) is the "muscle car" of the Cyclo line.



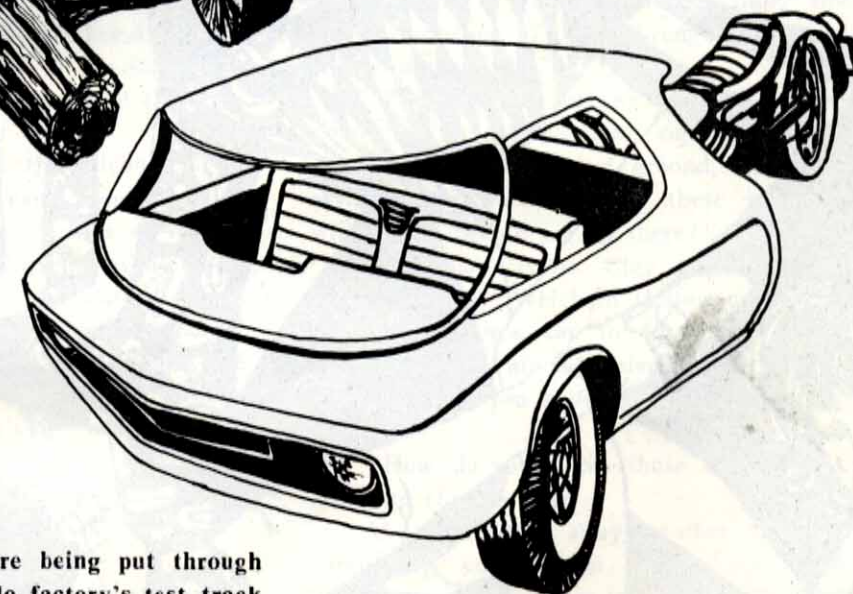
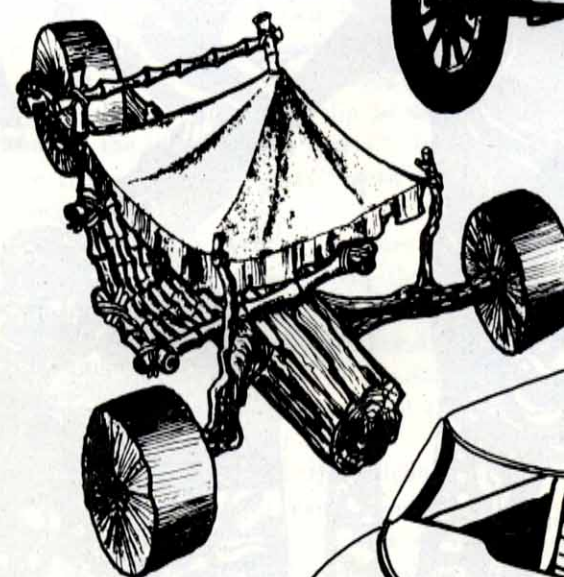
428-cubic-inch Bugout Special has demonstrated fantastic acceleration in factory tests near Tay Ninh.



The Model T (right) was first mass-produced cyclo. Very first cyclo (below) was built by Nguyen Van Benz in 1827 B.C.



Econoline model, mainstay of the line, features a new anti-pollution device—gas masks for passengers.



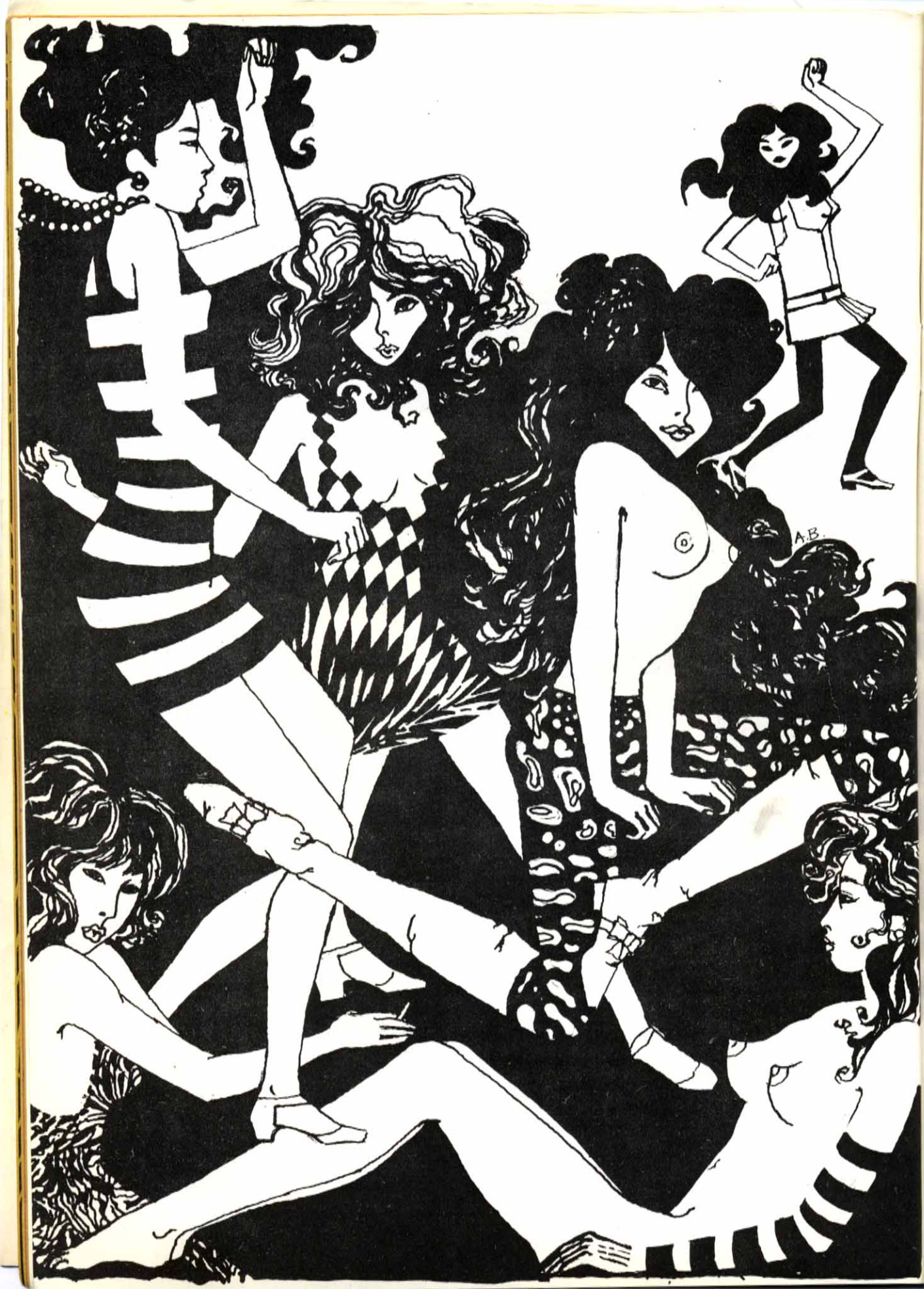
models while they were being put through their paces at the cyclo factory's test track in suburban Tay Ninh, and then are presented here, *exclusively*, for the first time Anywhere.

At the top of the line is the luxurious new Buckingham town limousine cyclo, aimed squarely at the Rolls and Continental crowd. Quiet elegance and opulent comforts identify the Buckingham, which will be produced in limited quantities on special order

only.

In addition to the usual appointments you would expect in a machine of this caliber (hand-tooled Schlitz-can instrument panel; seats covered in genuine water buffalo hide, etc.), the Buckingham has several features, including a built-in television (so you don't have to miss "Lost in Space" on AFVN-TV)

(Continued on page 33)



everybody's got to be someplace

On the sixth floor open terrace of the Brinks Officers Club, a teen-aged band called the "Raspberry Four" made up of three long-haired Chinese in turtle-necks and tight jeans was booming out "Green Green Grass" Beatle-style to some bored and jaded middle-aged field-graders and two women who did the Charleston when it was new.

The band didn't mind the lack of interest. It gave them a chance to slip in words like "smoke the green green grass" instead of "see the green green grass" with no danger of being caught.

Across the lighted criss-cross of traffic on Hai Ba Trung below, was the Cheong Nam Chinese restaurant, its neon roof-top sign inviting those more adventurous Americans to try the local food instead of the field ration handouts of the Brinks, the Rex, and the other military hotel quarters of Saigon.

South, looking from the balcony across the river, the only light came from flares in the night sky and the streams of tracers from VC gunners in the insecure paddy lands. Also just south of the city, almost within listening distance of the "Raspberry Four," was Charlie Company. And in a little foxhole for two with a poncho shelter pulled back were PFC Gronk and Private Potter.

"You see that building with the red and green Christmas lights on the roof?" Gronk asked his buddy.

"What about it?"

"That's the Brinks and there are people up there dancing and drinking cocktails and inviting sexy girls to go home with them."

"So what else is new?" Potter asked.

"And that building just this side of it, with the flashing neon light. I ate in there once. It's a fancy Chinese place. Guys bring their dollies in there, to impress them, you know, so they get in the mood."

"Why are you telling me all this?" Potter asked.

"Because those lucky people up there, dining and wenching by candlelight don't even know we're out here."

"Why should they know about us if they're concentrating on dollies who will go home with them?"

"That's not the point. Why shouldn't they be out here while we're up there?"

"Because they're not. And I don't give a rat's ass either."

"You like it here?"

"I happen to be here and I got somebody to talk to and it ain't costing me a nickel. If I was up there wining and dining wenches, I'd go through a billfold full of money."

"Potter, you're missing the metaphysical point. Why are we here, right now, this minute, on this piece of ground, this spot, saying these words, feeling these emotions while those people are up there?"

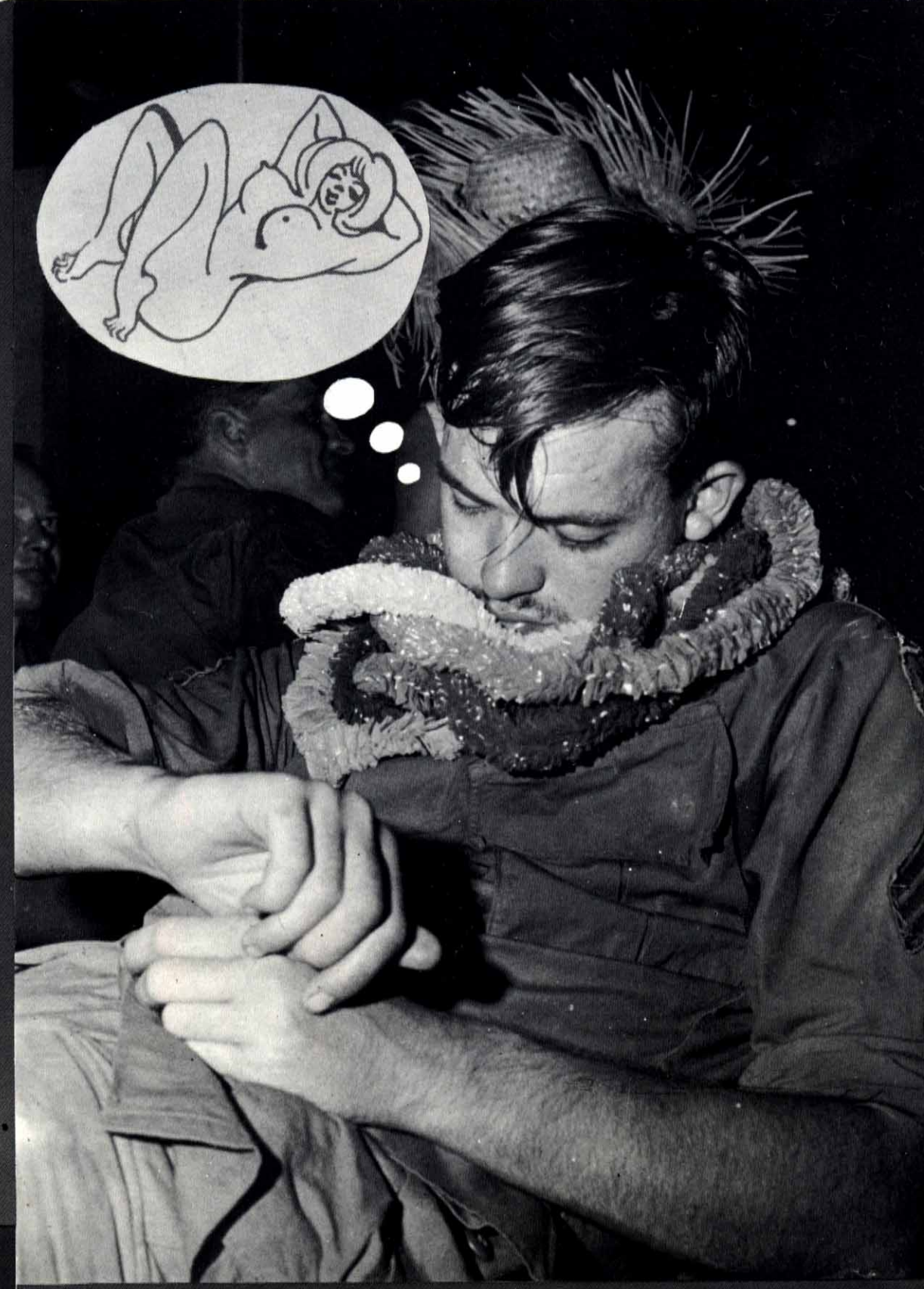
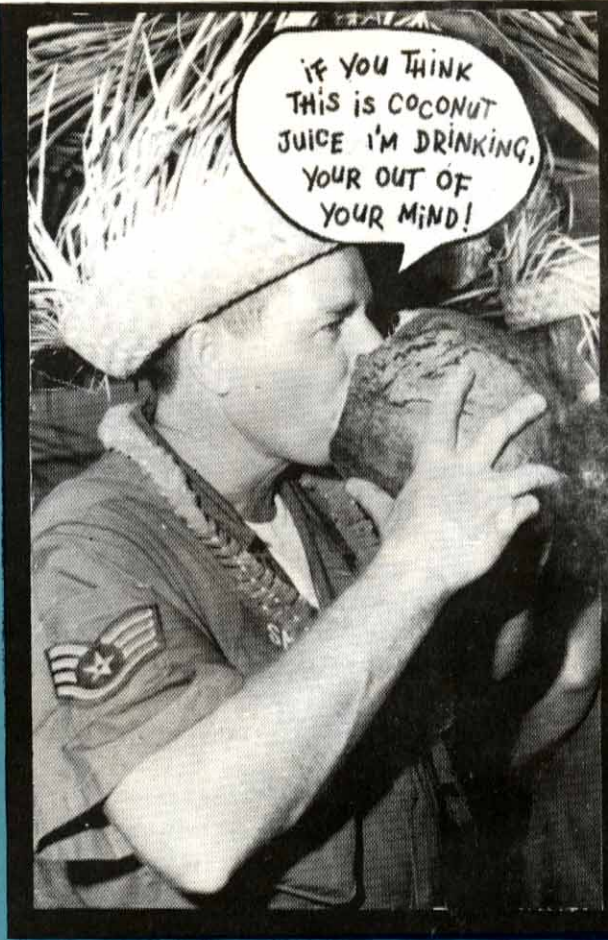
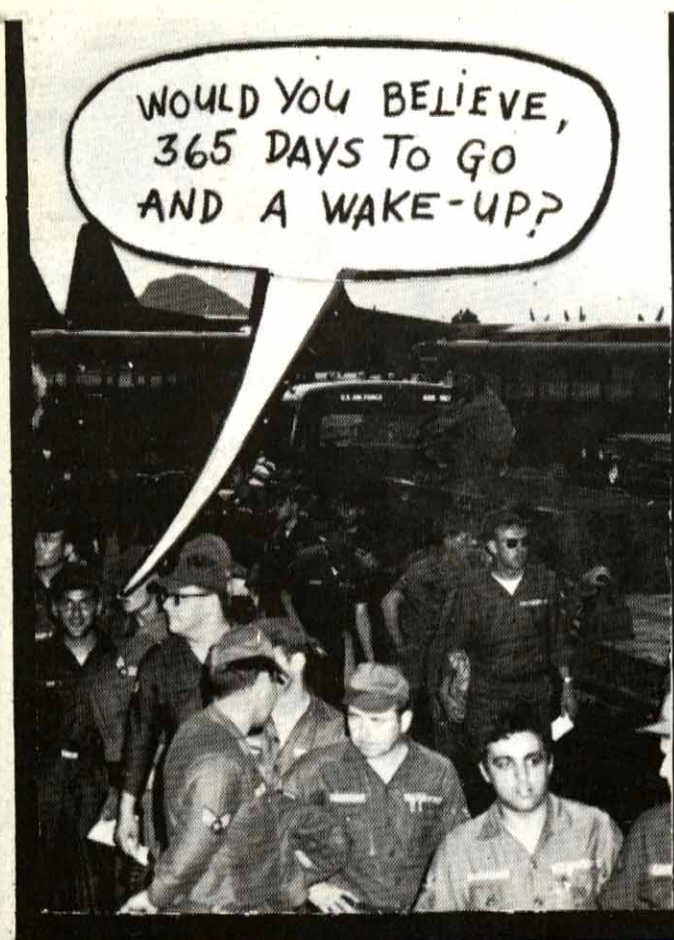
"Why is Cassius. Clay in Kentucky? Why is Raquel Welch in Hollywood? Why is Dean Martin's cat in his living room, leaking all over his expensive rug?"

"How do you know the cat's leaking on a rug?"

"How do you know those cats in that hotel are chasing tail?"

About four miles away, another similarly stimulating conversation was taking place between two Vietnamese teenagers. On their bellies behind a pillar in the dark garage area of the Brinks, the two VC were engaged in the task of strapping one hundred pounds of plastique explosive to the main pillar. The plastique had been brought in on a beer delivery truck earlier in the day. The two Viet Cong rode in with the truck, strapped

(continued on page 46)



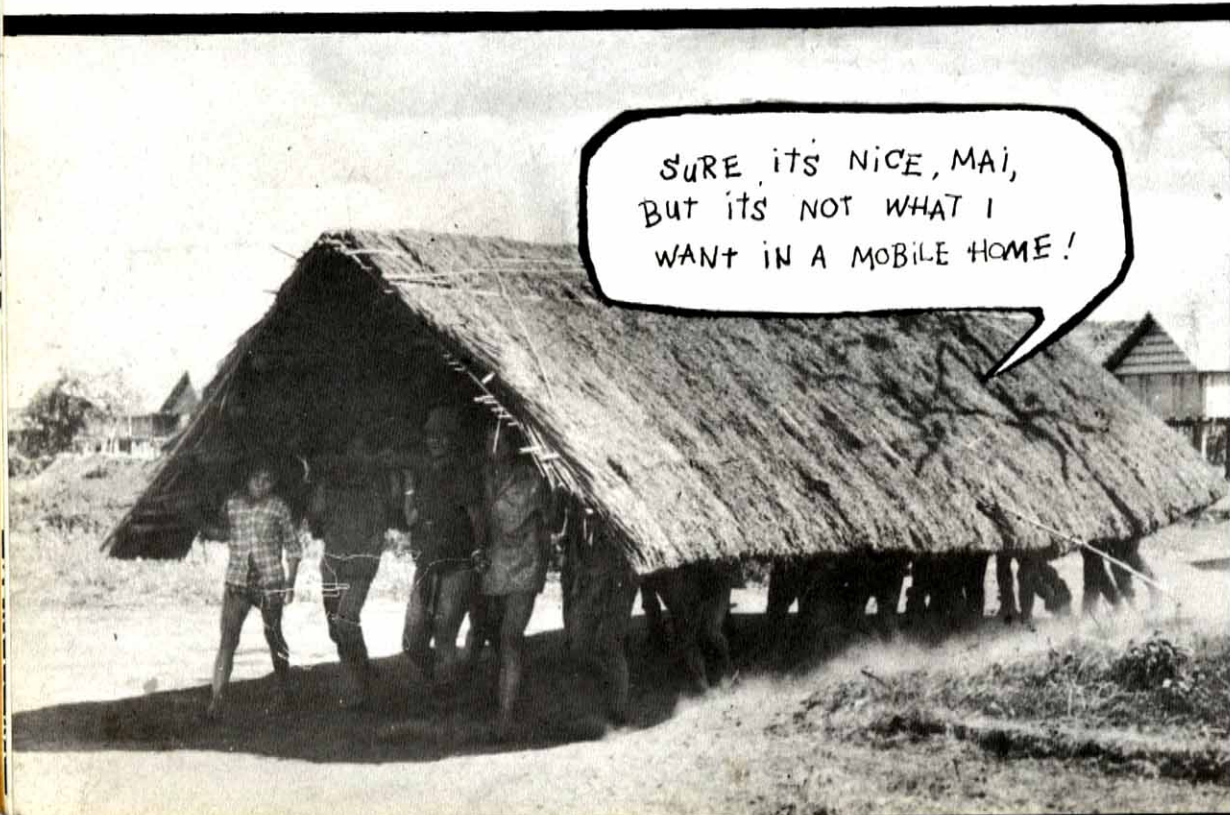
GRUNTS



LET THE OTHER
GUYS LAUGH. THE NATIVES
THINK I'M CAPTAIN AMERICA.



BLOW IN MY EAR
AND I'LL FOLLOW YOU
ANYWHERE!



SURE ITS NICE, MAI,
BUT ITS NOT WHAT I
WANT IN A MOBILE HOME!



I WONDER
HOW THEIR
EAKED ALASKA IS
IN THIS
PLACE...



A KISS LIEUTENANT

for the

By Frank D. Campbell

Ever try to kiss a lieutenant? It's for the birds.

I was working the Bennett charm overtime, leaning across the table, catching the highlights in her short golden hair and interpreting forbidden fruit in the depths of her azimuth-blue eyes. Oh, I was on oxygen all the way. Witty phrases bubbled out of me like the late Dylan Thomas at a literary tea. The combo at the Officers Club was relaxing with a soft haunting piano and just a whisper of brushes on the drum. The setting was perfect. And that's what she said.

"Captain," she said, turning slightly so I could see the flightnurse wings jutting well out over our empty glasses, and picking up her hat and gloves, "...you're for the birds!"

She was Lieutenant Jane Thomas and she had the whole squadron in a spin. Beautiful single women are rare in Vietnam. Ninety percent of us were single, eager jet jockeys. The other ten percent were *good* jet jockeys.

We all admired Jane, but ninety percent of us wanted her—for keeps.

So I bought a bird. Me, Bob Bennett, the hawklike master of an F-100, bought a budgie.

He was green with some yellow in his tail feathers and while I am not, even now, a bird fancier, I will go out on a limb—to coin a phrase—to say that Hector was the dumbest parakeet in Vietnam. For fifteen bucks I got Hector, a cage, some seed, gravel, a book of instructions and some toys. Toys yet. For a bird! I parked him in the window of my BOQ room, right across the quad from the nurses' quarters, and spent many a spring evening instructing him in the simple sentence: "Bob loves Jane." There was method in my madness. When my idiotic feathered friend mastered this sage bit of idiom, I planned to make a present of him to my beloved.

Oh, Bennett, you're a cool one, I con-

gratulate myself. She's bound to melt with this token of affection.

Meanwhile, I flew my missions in what passes for weather here in Vietnam, and bided my time. I dated other nurses occasionally, and treated Jane—when our paths crossed in the club—with a mysterious smile. At the Bachelor's Dance last Saturday night, I cut in on Chick Ryan, my wingman, and held Jane close for sixteen beats before she waxed conversational.

"What's with the Air Force's gift to nurses lately?" she asked. "Haven't seen you around." Leaning back she looked up at me and I missed a step. The top of her head comes to my chin and it's disconcerting to get a bird's-eye view of so much beauty.

"Been busy," I said, picking up the beat and trying to forget that I held a girl in my arms who could spot Raquel Welch two sizes in any direction and still fill my calendar, any day.

Jane giggled. "Doing what? Rehearsing for a talent show? I've seen you sticking your head out of your BOQ window, talking to yourself."

So she had noticed. "For your information," I said coolly, "I'm..." Chick thumped me on the shoulder blade before I could finish and danced off with my dream girl. She winked at me and chuckled before she disappeared in the crowd. I grabbed my hat and went home to Hector.

Hector. I let myself into my room and snapped on the light. My colorful cockatoo ruffled his feathers and muttered a few choice squawks before turning about on his perch and flicking his tail feathers at me. I wondered how he would taste barbecued. Reaching over the cage, I took a warm can of beer from the shelf and pried it open. One sip and I loosened my tie, lit a cigaret, and sat down to plan a new attack on the only objective I really wanted, as I listened to the dance break up over at the club, a block away.

"Bob loves Jane."

"What?" I leaped to my feet and dropped

the can of beer. At first I thought I had been thinking out loud. But no.

"Bob loves Jane." It was Hector! As clear as a bell and in a tiny voice that throbbed with passion. I loved that bird.

"Say it again, Hector, say it again!" I hurried to fill his cup with birdseed, changed his water, and was looking around for a newspaper to reline the floor of his cage when, Chick walked in.

"Thought I heard somebody talking in here," he said, carefully stepping over the spilled beer and taking the last full can from the shelf.

"No," I said, edging between Chick and the cage. "I guess you must have heard me yawning. Getting sleepy. Think I'll hit the sack." If old Chick ever heard Hector, my plan was gone with the noon balloon to Rangoon. Not that he wasn't a nice guy, but hell, put yourself in his place. I'd be the butt of every joke in the squadron for months.

"Bob loves Jane."

"A-KA-CHEW!" My forced sneeze rattled the windows.

"Did you say something?" Chick asked. "I thought I heard—"

"Bob loves Jane." Again I visualized my budgie between halves of a bun.

"Bob! That stupid bird of yours said something! I didn't quite get it. Say it again, Hector."

"Chick, you're imagining things. He's got laryngitis. Look, I was just cleaning out his cage. Why don't you hit the sack and forget the whole thing, huh?"

"Bob loves Jane." With Hector a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. The damn bird was a phonograph record in perpetual motion.

"Bob loves Jane?" Chick, mentally musclebound as usual, scratched his head. "Hector, I think you have budgie bats in your—OH! BOB LOVES JANE! Whoops!" And the big ape made a noise like an hysterical hyena. "Oh, brother!" he said, rolling on the floor.

(continued on page 43)





By
Raymond Lee Strischek

Somewhere in the Rear of Vietnam

Everything has to begin. This one teenie-weenie day of insanity began at 0400. We were awakened rudely by Paul Revere, the watchdog of the bi-sectional housing, as he scurried, falling over butt cans and foot lockers, yelling "Set Condition One!" in his endless campaign to awaken the passive dead. Paulie met the usual rebuffs: "Oh, Gawd," "Shove it!" and, on rare occasion, "From which point of the compass do the ruthless hordes of insurgents plan to overwhelm us tonight, oh Great Sage?"

It was soon learned that a very important part of the text was missing from the waking-up idiot, alias Paul, alias Sage. A set of cue cards was flashed in his mind and the "town crier" syndrome was off again, running amok over the same butt-cans previously mentioned.

"Set Condition One for Typhoon!" went the cry. "Proceed to your appointed place of duty with flak jackets and helmets. The typhoon is expected to hit at 1245 hours, 5 Sept 69. Further information will be passed as it arrives."

Following the fifth chorus of the broadcast, near silence was restored, through the grace of God and a barrage of empty beer cans.

From sleepy-eyed Brain came a question related to his global span of knowledge. "What's a typhoon?"

"Same-same hurricane at sea, I think," said Crud as he methodically scratched himself.

"Yeah, but we ain't at sea...are we?" returned Brain.

"Yeah, right. We ain't," groaned Crud, finger in nose.

"Jes' git yer gear and les jam down to da shop'n git some scoop, man," begged

Smooth, a South Phillie soul man.

"Don't forget your rain suit, Brain," I added, "It's gonna rain all day, and bring some cigarettes, too, cause winds get pretty rough and they might not let us make a run to the PX till it blows over."

"Yeah?" asked Brain.

"Yeah."

We dressed in silence and proceeded to chow...in silence stood in line smoking...in silence raped the morning menu...sat drinking coffee and smoking more cigarets in silence, and then made the exodus to work...in silence, as usual.

The rain had picked up and the wind was beginning to undress the tops of trees. Limbs and leaves, hurled along by the gale, crashed into sandbag fortifications and windows, causing only "moderate" damage. Whip antennas bent to howling winds and one huge tree had fallen, blocking the rear entrance to the general's building.

With Brain, Crud, and me leading the way, and Smooth bringing up the rear, doing his thing and singing ("I'm cool, man") we made our usual way through the downcast towards the shop, wow, zippie, wow.

"Late again, eh, Spokesman," sneered Clock Watcher. "I oughta write you up."

"You were late for yesterday's rifle inspection," I said.

"Shut up! The rest of you lissen up so's, I kin tell you about why you is here."

"Yeah, tell it like it is!" cried Smooth, adjusting his shades.

"Shut up. Now lissen. Weather has set Typhoon Conditon One...you should have

(continued on page 56)

THE FIGHTING MAN'S MAGAZINE
GRUNT
 From the Desk of
 THE PUBLISHER
 TO: Manager & Editor:

Barney, I want to start de-escalating the bare boobies and leg shots in GRUNT and start running more articles for readers who are interested in the cultural opportunities open to them on R&R.

I've worked out a rough layout (attached) for the next issue center spread using Padfoot's story introduction and you can wind everything up while I'm gone. (My wife thinks I'll be in Danang, incidentally, but you can reach me at the Passion Flower Hotel in Taipei if it's really urgent.)

Only one problem I can think of that might come up while I'm gone. That wise-ass graphics supervisor, Van Tweep (he's the guy who got all the photos fudged up the last time) has been trying to put the make on Juanita, my secretary. I told him to stay the hell out of my office or he'd be looking for a new job. Nobody puts the make on my secretary but me. Keep the faith,

P.S. Destroy this note.

K.A.

C'mon!

HAVE PADFOOT
 FILL THIS OUT WITH
 MORE B.S. LIKE THIS.
 HE CAN STEAL IT
 FROM THE GUIDEBOOKS,
 LIKE HE DOES FOR
 MOST OF HIS STUFF.

CONTINUE ON P-31



Virgin forests and scenic mountain areas provide opportunities to "get away from it all."

R&R --

By Orville Padfoot
 Grunt Travel Editor

Exotic Southeast Asia! Oh! what exciting Oriental scenes shimmer and dance across the wide, wide screen of the mind at the cymbaleen sound of those magic words: "Southeast Asia." Stately palm trees sway gently in the monsoon breeze... Magnificent tropical sunsets of gold and mauve, saffron, and azure... Gentle, smiling, coffee-skinned people, oblivious to The Rush of Time... Lush, luxuriant jungles... Gleaming, modern buildings rising next to humble thatch-roofed huts... And everywhere the melange of sights and sounds and savory smells that are so exquisitely foreign to the Occidental visitor's senses...

Southeast Asia beckons to the cultural explorer! and fortunate indeed is the American serviceman—ambassador who accepts this dramatic challenge!

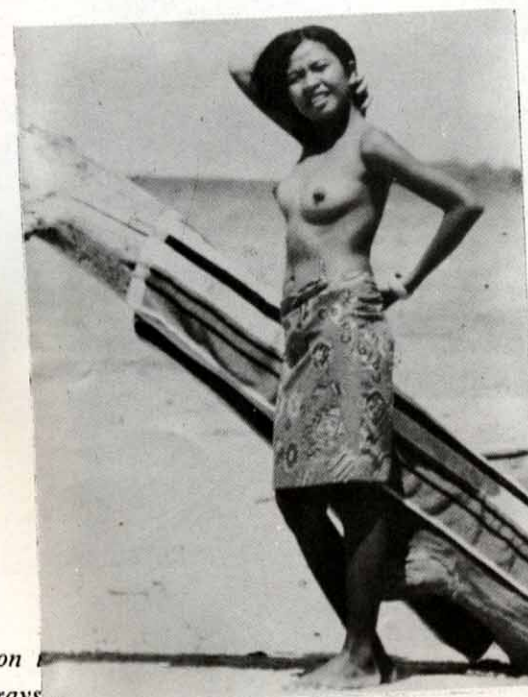
A CULTURAL BONANZA!
 (OR SOME CRAPOLA TITLE LIKE THAT)



Many wild beasts still inhabit the jungle regions.



Many hotels offer guests a choice of either American Plan or European Plan.

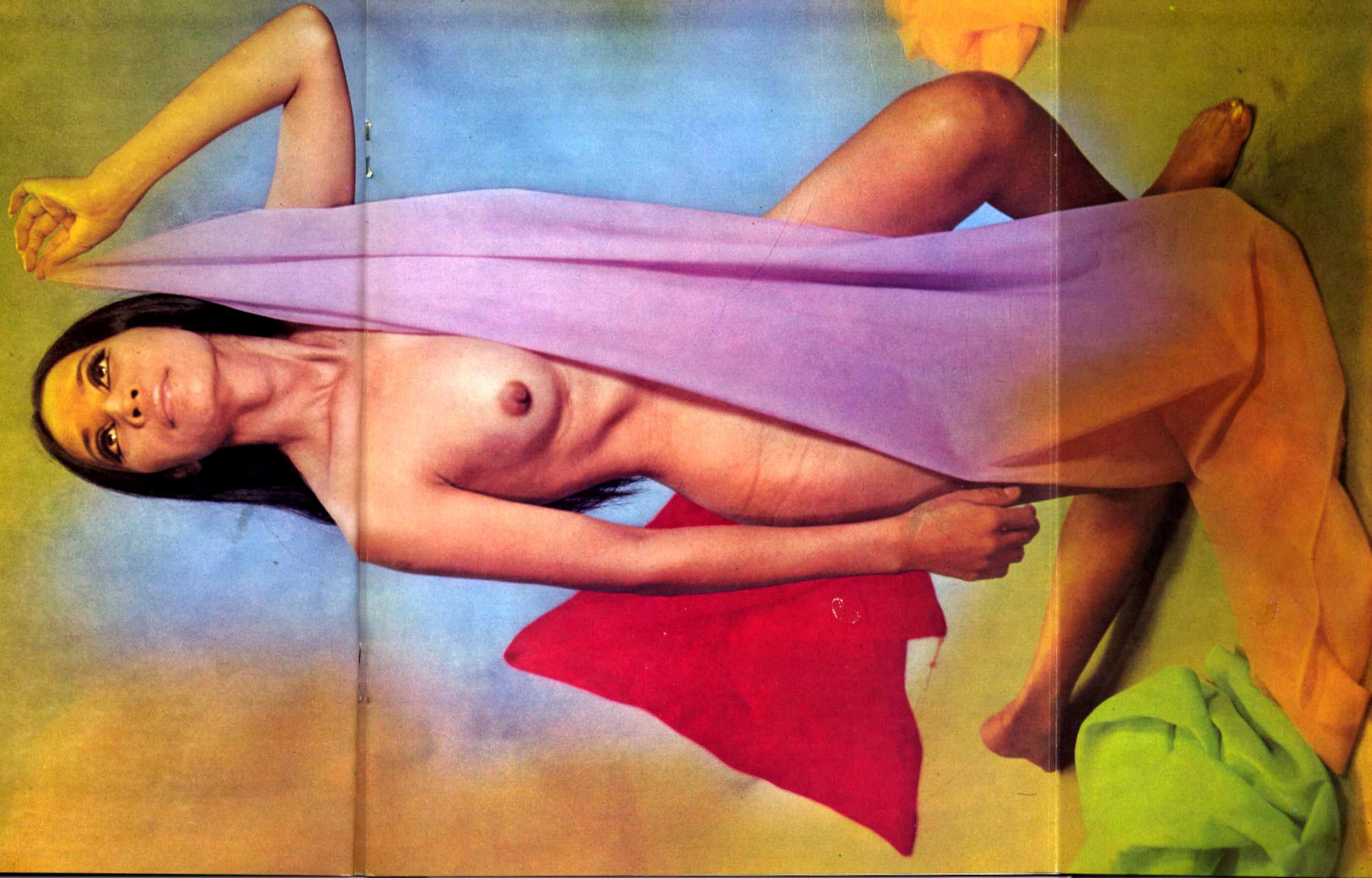


sunset on golden rays



Most natives are accustomed to seeing American Tourists and welcome them with genuine hospitality.

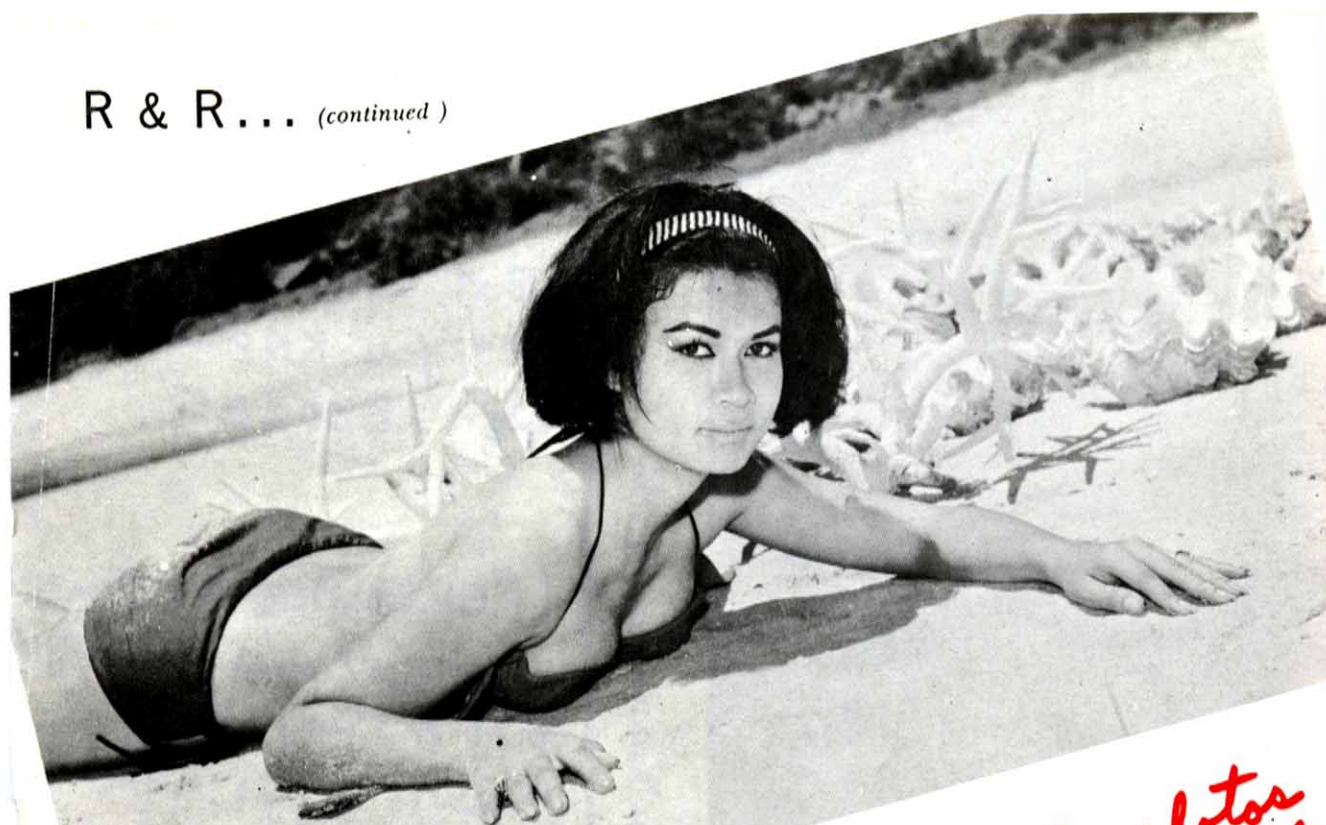
USE THAT NICE
PAGODA PICTURE
HERE.



By the Old Mountmeir Pagoda Looking Eastward to the Sea

CONTINUE HERE WITH
PADFOOT'S STORY,
BUT CHECK IT GOOD
-- YOU KNOW HOW
HE BOOZES.

(REMEMBER THE TIME
WE SENT HIM TO JAPAN
TO DO A STORY ON
MOUNT FUJI, AND
HE COULDN'T FIND IT.
AND HE GOT ROLLED
IN TOKYO, TWICE
-- BY THE SAME
SISTER-BOY! HAR!)



Chief -
 Sure sorry. I got the photos
 mixed up last issue, so I tried
 to do a good job on this
 one for you. Look OK?

P.S. By the way, Juanita
 and I have decided to get
 married and go to California.

In your ear,
 Old Dad!



Boy, what I wouldn't give for a real,
 honest-to-goodness pistachio-nut
 sundae made from real honest-to-
 goodness cream topped with real
 honest-to-goodness nuts and straw-
 berries and whipped cream.



And served in a real honest-to-
 goodness drug-store soda fountain
 by real waitresses in starched white
 and black uniforms.



And in a real honest-to-goodness
 small town with genuine friendly
 people sitting next to you and talk-
 ing about real down-to-earth things.



Only thing is, do I really want pis-
 tachio nut? Or do I want maple
 walnut, or chocolate sprinkle, or
 cherry-walnut or coconut-vanilla or
 lemon-pineapple ... or ...



3-Wheeled Thrillers...

(Continued)

The engine of the Buckingham is said to be so quiet that the loudest sound you hear at 100 kilometers an hour is the ticking of the plastique charge concealed in the gas tank.

The factory reportedly has already received requests for some lavishly appointed models, including an order from a prominent club sergeant who wants one fitted out like an Arabian sheik's harem, and an order from an Arabian oil sheik who wants one fitted out like a club sergeant's harem.

The factory's entries on the racing scene also are of particular interest. A disguised version of the wild new "Danang 122" *gran turismo* cyclo was entered in the "Tet 500" classic at Cu Chi and was terrorizing the competition until driver Nguyen Van Win ran into some bad luck in the final laps.

With less than 100 klicks to go at the new Cu Chi oval, Win made a pit stop and someone stole his two front wheels, his Jungle Jim pith helmet, and his road map, eliminating him from the race. (He had neglected to pay an urchin 10 pee to watch his vehicle.) But until that misfortune, the snarling double-overhead-cam fuel-injected-4-on-the-floor-blewed-screwed-and-tattooed-

hemi-4.2-liter machine had been bending the minds of the other drivers, most of whose machines were powered by the more conventional unblown Briggs & Stratton lawnmower mills.

Another special interest machine, a dragster, is reportedly being tested in prototype form and has reached times as fast as 5 seconds for the quarter-klick. Factory interest is reported keen in this machine (tentatively dubbed the "Bugout Special"), since the market research people believe there is a good demand for this type of cyclo. Many drivers, they found, want that extra high-torque punch that will enable them to scoop up the big-spending Saigon commandoes who wait until five minutes before curfew to split from Le Loi street bars, then expect to dodge the military fuzz.

Most customers, of course, settle on something less exciting than the models described here, which are the glamour machines and the star performers of the line for 1970.

But there's no reason for anyone to have to ride in the old-fashioned, ugly, uncomfortable, cantankerous junk heaps that have rattled about the streets in the past. Next time one of these pulls up and offers to take you somewhere, decline. Wait for one of the new 1970 Super-Cyclos. They're just around the corner.



"YOU WILL FORGIVE ME, SIR, FOR USING THE OFFICER'S LATRINE, THIS TIME?"

GRUNT SPEAKS TO THE MAN WITH THE

BIGGEST BAZOOKA



When we heard about the guy who had the biggest bazooka in the Army, we figured he'd be an ideal subject for an interview. PFC Gus Gussy was on a patrol with his instrument of destruction when our reporter finally caught up with him. The scene was an ambush where two unsuspecting water buffalo, possibly hostile, were detained by Gus's ambush patrol after they walked into a trap for which our patrol sat up all night. Gus was nervous, not being allowed to smoke all night. But he agreed to the interview since he had no other engagements at the time.

IN THE ARMY

- GRUNT:** Tell us, PFC Gussy, how did you come to have the biggest bazooka in the Army?
- GUSSY:** Because all the others are smaller.
- GRUNT:** I mean, how did you come by it?
- GUSSY:** Come again.
- GRUNT:** Where did you get that big bazooka?
- GUSSY:** I inherited it from my father.
- GRUNT:** You mean it's a family heirloom?
- GUSSY:** No, it's the family bazooka. When they told me I was going to Vietnam; my dad gave me the bazooka as a going-away present.
- GRUNT:** But why wouldn't you settle for the regular-size Army bazooka?
- GUSSY:** A big one gets you a lot farther these days. More range. More power. More destruction. Zap! Bang! Kapow! Whoosh! Fire this thing off and it's zap, zap, zap, for anyone in range. Whoomph! Push the button, away she goes. Up, up, and away! It's a bird! It's a plane! It's super bazooka! Hooray! Hooray!

(PFC Gussy got so excited at this stage of the interview that we had to give him three tranquilizer pills. When he calmed down, we continued our talk.)

GRUNT: You got carried away there, PFC Gussy. We've never see anyone so emotionally tied up with their weapon system. Do you think that's a good thing, getting emotionally involved with your bazooka?

GUSSY: There's something about a bazooka that gets to a guy. It's like it's a part of him. Every time I fire that bazooka, it's like I'm firing away a piece of myself. It's me that's going out there.

GRUNT: But let's face it. It isn't you! It's a rocket that's separate from you. Don't you understand that?

GUSSY: Of course not. When I spit in the wind, it's me that's going into the wind, isn't it? Same same with my bazooka.

GRUNT: Okay, we won't pursue that point. But tell us, how effective is your bazooka?

GUSSY: That all depends on what I'm firing. If I load it up with leaflets, I can spread paper over a five-mile radius. If I put a flare in it, I can light up half a city. Once I loaded it with confetti during a send-off parade for our commander and it took two weeks to police up the area when the parade was over. One of our guys got married recently, and I filled the barrel with rice which I fired on the happy couple. Six weeks after the wedding, we had twenty acres of rice paddies. Then there's the time I put live fish swimming in nuoc mam in the barrel. I fired it at a Special Forces camp under attack and without food and when the stuff landed in the camp and our green berets ate it, they counterattacked and wiped out the enemy. And then there's the time I fired off that load of fertilizer but we don't talk about that.

GRUNT: I'm sure our GRUNT readers

would like that. It's down their line.

GUSSY: It turned out to be a short round. We had this tomato patch just outside the perimeter fence so we could keep the company in supply of fresh tomatoes. Well, once the enemy had us sealed off for a week and I had to get that patch fertilized. So I loaded up my bazooka with the stuff and figured I'd let it land on the patch. Something went wrong because it landed all over two congressmen who were studying the war from a perimeter bunker. To this day, they think it was a VC weapon that hit them.

GRUNT: This is all very interesting, but don't you ever fire real rockets from that bazooka? We mean the kind that go KABOOM?

GUSSY: Of course, when I can get the rounds, I fire them.

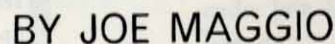
GRUNT: You mean there's no ammunition for your weapon?

GUSSY: No standard ammunition, but the enemy has a rocket that fits my barrel. When I run low, we go out and capture some. That's what we're doing on this patrol. Trouble is lately, the enemy's been firing them off before we get to him.

GRUNT: That's too bad. Isn't there something you can do about that?

GUSSY: I'm glad you asked that question. Having the biggest bazooka in the Army has its problems but the Army knows how to get around them. You see, when the enemy sets up his rocket launcher to fire on Saigon, we go out at night and replace it with my bazooka, only we point it back at his own camps. Then when he slips out of the bushes in the middle of the night to launch the rockets, he fires

(continued on page 55)



The truck coughed to life and, though it wheezed a bronchial warning that it may

(continued)

can voices... COMBAT. Sgt. Saunders was losing at that moment but in the end I bet he would win.

Relieved I went back to Tom and Pete. "No problem," I said and resumed my hunker position next to them. The real shooter out in front of the alley sent another few shots in our direction. But inside the tide had changed and Sgt. Saunders was giving them hell. Good old Sgt. Saunders—at least one American was assured of a victory tonight.

"Wonder where the police are," Peter spoke. We all shook our heads. Silence again. The sniper had us pinned down.

The black sidewalks were vacant, but the distinct sound of steps could be heard some distance away. Quick steps and they were moving even faster. Then they stopped. They began again and the sound was getting louder as they came toward us. Unarmed we had no plan, but I was damned sure "BAO CHI—BAO CHI" (newsmen—newsmen) would carry no weight. I looked around for a club or something. I settled on a bottle. Tom and Pete did the same. An AK—47 against three BGI bottles!

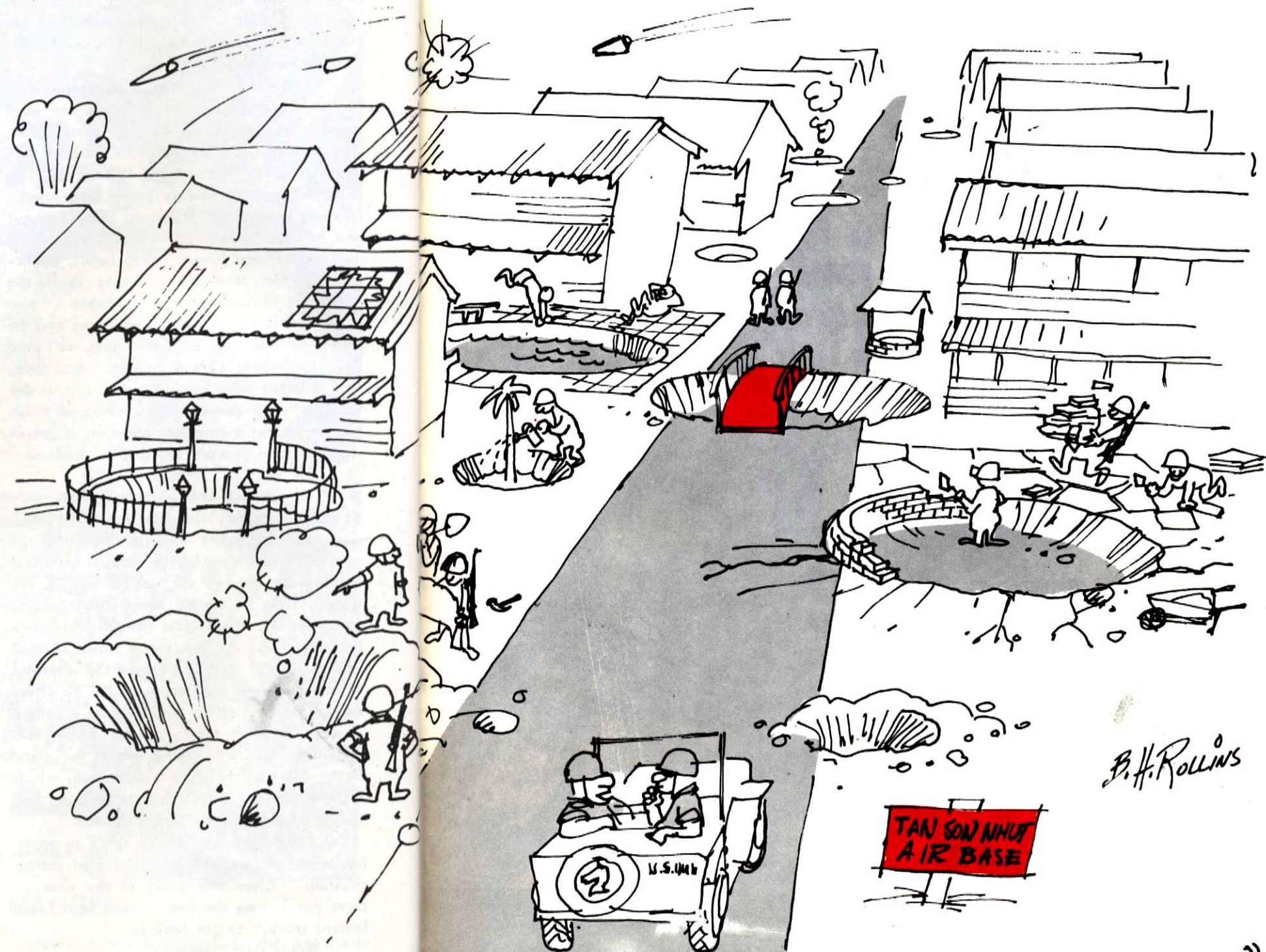
The steps were on us. Squatting beside us so quickly that we didn't have time for any defensive move was a Ban-Lon shirted Vietnamese young man complete with tapered slacks and pointed shoes with tassels. His hair was swept back and greased down. "Damned nice guy to come out and give us a hand on a night like this," Pete said. ZAPPPP. CRACK. We were fired upon again but since the arrival of this hero we had a "no sweat" attitude. Damned nice guy.

Turning toward him I spoke slowly so that he would get the whole sentence.

"Can-you-help-us?"

Zippppppp. Cracck. Zip. Zip. Zip. The sniper was wanting us bad now. His firing was picking up. My thoughts were "Screw you, Charlie, the Viets are here to help."

The young well dressed man spoke: "Sure I help you, buddy. What you want? Change money? Dirty picture? Young girl?"



B. H. Rollins

"NO SIR, WE DON'T FILL 'EM IN.....WE JUST INCORPORATE THEM INTO THE BASE BEAUTIFICATION PROGRAM!"



By David H. Rumbough

Quiet
No breeze save the gritty whisper of the dust
through your breath
Dust...dust...dust
That boils and whirls
And skirls and twirls
Dust generated by trucks, tanks, tractors, trailers.
Jeeps, choppers, tanker trucks, plodding ox carts.

Dusty, dusky-people,
Little people with funny shaded conical hats
Like so many mushroom caps,
Little people who sometimes smile,
Sometimes,
As they took at our people,
Big people,
Big dusty people
Dust glued to the salty sweat-stained fatigues,
Putting one dusty foot in front of another.

"How ya doin', soldier?"
Up goes the right thumb.
Up tight, sir."

In spite of the bugs and bullets
And the heat and the dust
That cakes in your eyes, ears, tongue.
The dust is everywhere, always.

Except when it is replaced by monsoon mud
But at least it is better than the dust,
Or is it?

The sweltering cannoneers may not think so
As they manhandle their howitzer
in the reddish wallow.

Cannons, captains, chaplains, confusion,
C-rations, coffee, cigarettes, convoys,
Charley, canteens, claymores, Chinooks.
Chieu Hoi, chow, craters, coconuts.
The little lexicon of this war.

Dustoff, DEROS, danger,
Duty, drumfire, durable.

The colors of war;
Gray, green, violet, yellow, white, red;
Sometimes in star clusters,
Sometimes in smoke.

impressions

Chieu Hoi, chow, craters, coconuts.
The little lexicon of this war.

Dustoff, DEROS, danger,
Duty, drumfire, durable.

The colors of war;
Gray, green, violet, yellow, white, red;
Sometimes in star clusters,
Sometimes in smoke.
Sometimes sanguinous,
(Looks like blood to me, Mac.)
At this place—base camp:
Barbed wire, bunkers, boredom.
Waiting (for?)
Wondering (why?)
Wanting (who?)
Watching (what?)

Radios and rifles,
Rats and rain.

A deluge strangles frogs,
All inside the sandbagged perimeter;
Phonographs, personnel, priests, prayers.
PX, pots (of all sizes, all heavy).

At this time,
A country of contrasts;
The damp, fetid, earthy smell of jungle,
Interswept by the acrid, pungent,
Almost clear odor of burnt gunpowder.
The gluttonous, musky emanation
of jungle life,
The salammoniac, keen smell of instant death,
The insistent fevered sun
Wrestles the cool, hollow lethargy
of the silent shade,
Gracelul bananas offset the dripping bamboo,
Mangoes balanced by mortars,
Malaria breeds medics and the pill."
Sickness or health.
Death versus life,

Or is it vice versa
Or versa vice)

It really doesn't matter,
All the same
As are the days.
Today was tomorrow,
Yesterday,
Not all tomorrows will become todays for some,
And all was once yesterday,
Or was it today
For tomorrow never comes,

Or so it seems at times,
At night
When the air is thick and clear, torpor-like
Digesting the paddies, highlands and jungle
Into its black maw.

The dark omniscient quiet
is broken by night noises:
The belch of a mortar,
The paroxysm of the cough of howitzers
And the attendant "pop" of the star shells,
Pale tinted counterfeits of the glitter of centuries,
The staccato snap and crackle of a machine gun,
The thump of an M-79,
The whish of destruction (incoming?),
The whirring of mosquitoes,
ZAAP! (dead)
Occasional subdued whispers,
Whose?
And then again the omniscient silent night
The quiet of darkness,
The vacuum of quiet,
Until,
The frictionless penumbra of the dawn
Lends its mute announcement
to another day (Every day)

Can you hear it?
The quiet,
Quiet.



When I get outa the Army,
I ain't gonna take orders
from nobody no more.



I got it all planned. I'm
gonna work strictly for
myself.



Gimme a call if you
need a latrine burned out
in New York City.

A Kiss for the Lt....

(continued)

"Wait till the guys hear what you've taught
your puny parrot!"

I opened the door, "Out!"

Chick propped himself up on one elbow,
still gurgling with glee. "Bob doesn't love
Chick?"

He outweighs me by thirty pounds, but
at the moment I forgot caution. I heaved
him to his feet, gave him a push toward the
door, and followed it with a roundhouse right
that he ducked neatly. Still laughing, he
scrambled across the hall into his room,
slammed the door, and I heard the lock click
into place as I charged his doorway and left
a neat impression of my nose in the hardwood.

Later, when I was in my sack with the
lights out, applying a cold compress to my
swelling proboscis, I wondered why I had to
get involved in this parakeet business. Hector.
Painfully, I raised up in bed for the satisfac-
tion of a job well done. "Hector?"

"Squawk!"

I dreamed of flying a propeller-driven
trainer and being divebombed by an endless
flight of parakeets. As they swooped over the
open cockpit, each one screamed: "Bob loves
Jane!"

The next morning was worse than my
most horrible expectations. Nobody said any-
thing directly, you understand, but Chick
must have spent the night spreading the story.
I signed in at the alert hangar, grabbed a
cup of coffee and pulled up a chair to watch
the penny-ante poker game.

Bill Spencer opened the pot and while
the dealer was filling the hands, Bill took
off on a very pointless story about a parrot
owned by his maiden aunt. Dutch Anderson
picked it up. "My uncle," he said, "had a
talking crow. Most erudite bird. Knew all
the animals on the farm. Now, uncle had
an Angus bull named Bob that was deeply
enamoured of a Jersey cow named...."

I kicked my chair over and reached for
Dutch. The scramble horn saved him. Or

me. The two crews dropped their cards and
were long gone. I heard their F-100's
thunder down the runway as I picked up the
cards and moved into the alert position. It
was gruesome. Like everything else, it wore
off a little as the day grew longer, but I'd
be a long time living it down. When I
knocked off for the day, the phone was ring-
ing in my BOQ as I opened the door.

"Bob?" It was Jane.

"Uh-huh." Cautiously.

There was a warm chuckle in her voice,
and something—something else. "I under-
stand," she said, "that you have a present
for me?"

"A present?" My neck was hot and I
could feel sweat pop out on my forehead.

"One of the girls at the hospital said it
was supposed to be secret, but you had
bought me a parakeet. I think it's wonder-
ful! I'm crazy about them. When can I see
it?"

Chick Ryan would meet his master yet.
I'd go over to the gym every day and take
a Charles Atlas course by mail. I'd... I'd...

"Bob? Are you there?"

"Uh, yeah. Look, Jane, this is all a
horrible sort of a joke..."



"NOT IN OUR BASE NEWSPAPER,
YOU DON'T!"

Everybody's Got... (Continued)

precipitously to its understructure, and hid among the stored beer cases for three hours before darkness.

"You sure you got that timer right?" the older VC asked.

"You think you can do it better?"

"You futzed up that last job, remember? It went off an hour early."

"This one won't go off early. Besides, if you don't trust me, why didn't you let me stay out there across the river where it's safe? I didn't want to come in the city."

"Somebody had to be here. And it happened to be you and me."

"But why us? Why couldn't somebody else be here while we stayed out there with that new girl platoon? Those comrades back there are now loading those girls with ba-me-ba beer, getting them ready for the sack."

"We're here and they're there and that's the way it is."

"But why does it have to be me—here—this minute, getting ready to blow up a building and risking my butt, when I could be making love to one of those new girls?"

"Why is our leader Giap in his war room? Why is Nguyen Van Van's dog defecating on his rug?"

"How do you know the dog is defecating on the rug?"

"How do you know those female sappers will play?"

After they had set the charge and implanted the timer, the two young sappers from the VC 9th Sapper Battalion lit a giant Chinese firecracker, tossed it in a dark corner of the patio in front of the garage, and then slipped out the front gate when the MP on guard rushed to see where the bang came from. They hailed a passing pedicab, took it across the river to the Khanh Hoi bridge, then made their way by foot through the American lines to their unit.

At just about the time the firecracker exploded, in the bivouac area of C Company, Lt. Freud suddenly appeared in the crosshairs

of PFC Gronk's M-16. "Put down that rifle," he yelled, "It's me, Lt. Freud."

Gronk lowered his rifle. "What is it, sir?" Freud dropped into the foxhole. "I have a job for you two. I want you to take the jeep into Saigon. Go to the Brink BOQ and deliver this message to Colonel Keg, who will be in the upstairs bar. Tell him the company has located the VC sapper battalion headquarters. We're going to attack in one hour—nine p.m. He'll probably want to ride back with you."

"And leave those beautiful dames up there, sir?" Potter asked.

"What dames?"

"The ones he's wining and dining."

"Colonel Keg, Private Potter, is an officer. He won't be chasing women."

As it turned out, Lt. Freud was right. Colonel Keg wasn't at the Brinks chasing women. In fact, Colonel Keg was being chased out of the Brinks along with everybody else there after the alarm went out that there was a bomb in the building. At the suggestion of the blond long-legged Australian stripper whose performance was interrupted by the alarm, Keg, and the luscious golden-haired digger went to the Chinese restaurant across the street.

Potter and Gronk had a narrow escape on the jeep ride to Saigon. Just across the Khanh Hoi Bridge, two crazy young Vietnamese riding a motorized pedicab tossed a dud grenade in the back of the jeep and then zipped away as Potter threw the dud out. When they reached the Brink, the grunts pushed through the crowd gathered across the square and then past the guards out front. "You must be with the EOD people," one MP said. "They're over there dismantling the bomb."

"Why isn't the band playing?" Potter asked.

"Band? Do you guys need musical accompaniment for that job?"

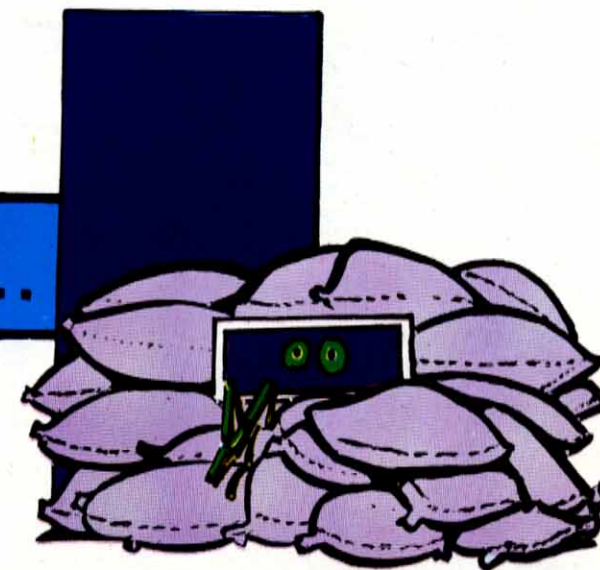
Potter missed the significance of that remark and the two men took the elevator

(Continued on page 54)



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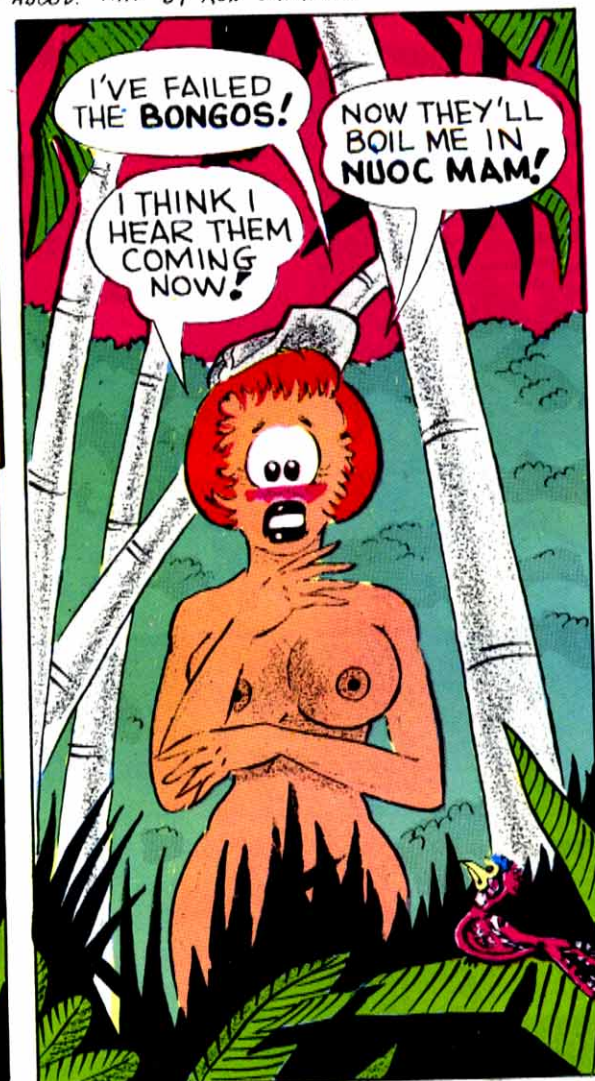
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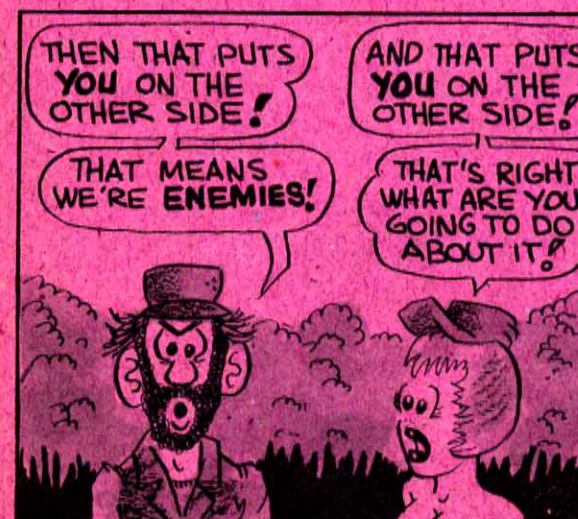
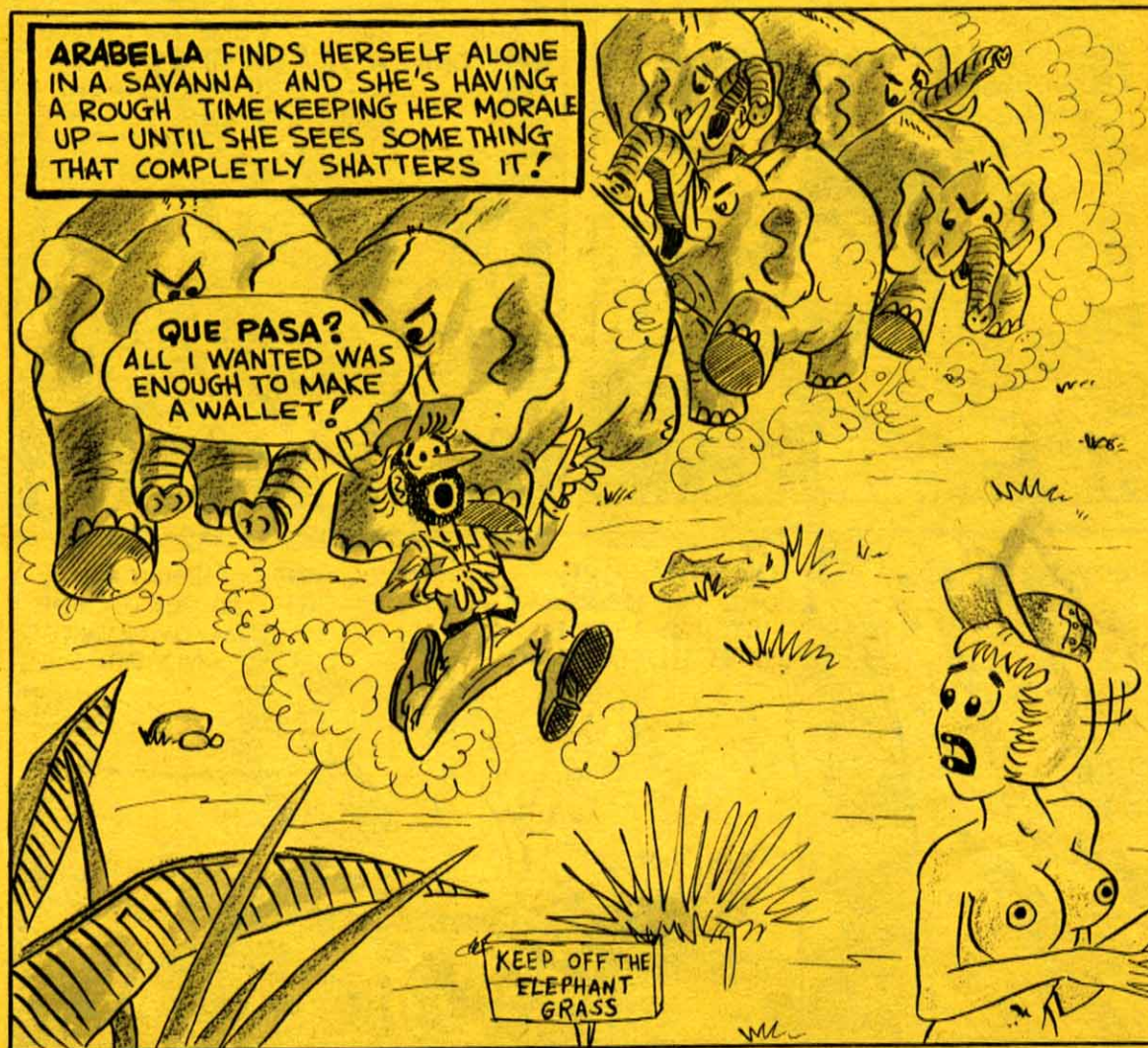
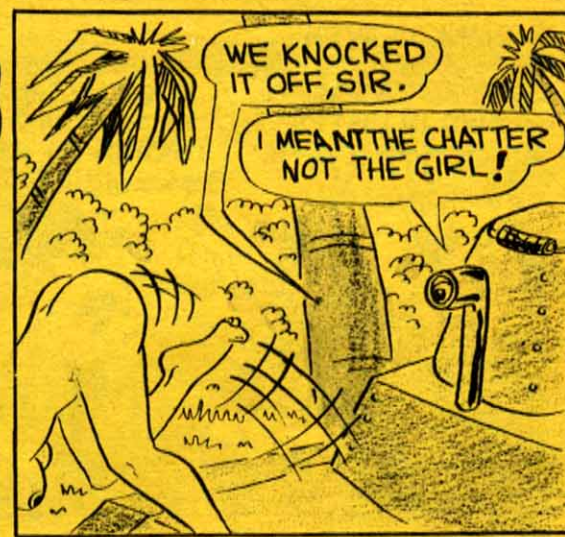
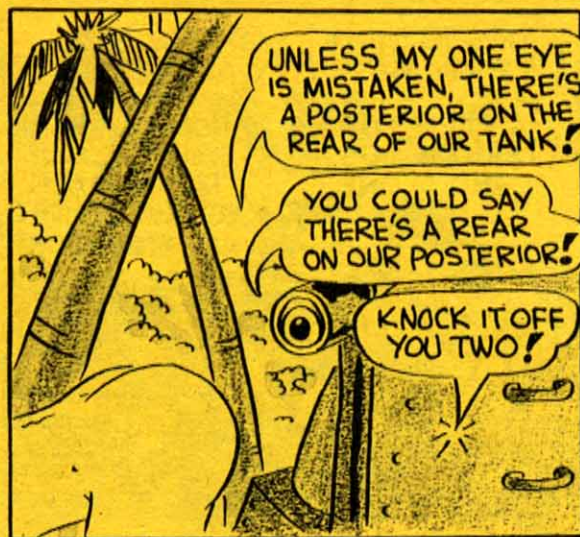
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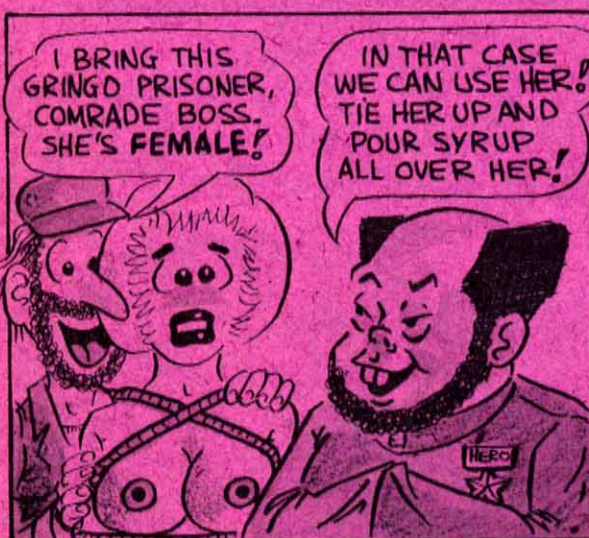
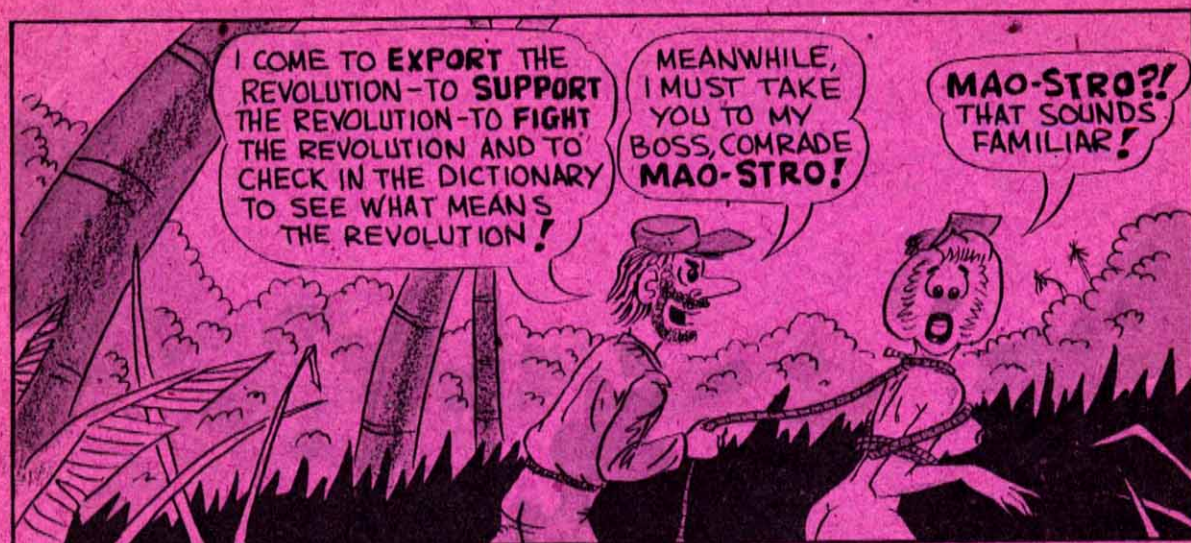
INTREPID WAR CORRESPONDENT

MISSION LOVE: ARABELLA MUST CAPTURE THE HEART OF A STRANGE MAN NAMED KABOOM, OR SHE'LL BE BOILED IN NUOC MAM, BUT CAN A MAN THAT STRANGE BE CAPTURED BY A WOMAN? HOLY FAIRY TALE!

STORY BY KEN ABOOD. ART BY RON SCHMITZ.







Everybody's Got...

(Continued)

to the top floor.

"There's no dames up here," Potter said.

"There's nobody at all up here," Gronk added. He and Potter walked over to the sixth-floor rail and looked down at the huge crowd across the square. People were pointing at them and shouting.

Luckily, the 100 pounds of plastique explosive was on the other side of the building. When it exploded, it very neatly crumpled one half of the hotel, almost exactly down the middle. Gronk and Potter watched the floor behind them disappear when they turned around after the terrific blast.

It took the rescue team more than an hour to reach the two trapped men on the top floor. During that hour, B Company, in the blackness across the river, launched the cordon operation on the VC sapper group and without a casualty on either side, captured the complete female VC sapper platoon. It turned out that the platoon was composed entirely of girls who used to work in the Tu Do Street bars of Saigon.

The girls were anxious to get back to their former work, having tired of the combat life, so they all defected. Many were well known to the men of B Company who had visited Tu Do so the defection was celebrated with an all-night party that finished off the five cases of local beer in the VC cache. The male part of the sapper battalion escaped, all except two young VC, who, very curiously, walked right into B Company's sentries and were captured.

Back in Saigon, Colonel Keg led the rescue team when they finally reached PFC Gronk and Private Potter. "What the hell are you two doing up here?" Keg yelled.

"We come to get you, sir," Gronk said, "You're to come back with us. B Company has located the VC sapper outfit and are attacking at nine."

"What made you think I'd be in a

building that was evacuated because it had a bomb in it?" Keg asked.

"Is that what the excitement was all about?" Gronk asked.

"You're lucky to be alive," Keg said, "Now go with the medics for a check-up and then pick me at up six o'clock at the Caravelle Hotel. Room number..." Keg turned to the only female member of the rescue team, a long-legged blonde: "What's that room number?" he whispered.

"Foive - O - thray," the girl said with her Australian accent.

"Room five - O - three," Keg said to the two grunts. "Six o'clock."

Back at the B Company festivities, the two male VC, with their hands tied behind their backs, were unable to get in the spirit of the party. "Why did we have to come back here just now," one of them said. "Why couldn't we be in Saigon, drinking and dancing?"

"You're here because you're here," the other said. "If you were in Saigon, you wouldn't be here, would you?"

"Guess you're right," the first one said.

At dawn next morning, the two grunts and Colonel Keg drove to the scene of B Company's action. As the jeep pulled into the Company area and the three men got out, they witnessed a very uncombatlike scene. It was after seven in the morning and every man in the 3rd Platoon was asleep on the grass.

"There's something unusual about this," Colonel Keg said.

"Yessir," Gronk volunteered, "They're sleeping in pairs under ponchos. Must have been chilly last night."

"The men in my brigade don't sleep with each other even if they ARE chilly," Keg grunted. He walked over to a pair of sleepers and kicked the poncho. A girl screamed. Keg pulled the poncho back. A long-haired beauty sat up, her eyes wide and staring at Colonel Keg. She nudged the man with her, Corporal Kybosh. Kybosh sat

up, then stood up when he saw the eagles above him.

"What's going on here?" Keg demanded.

"These are all defectors, sir," Kybosh said. "They decided to come with us."

"I gather that," Keg said. "Now get up, all of you."

PFC Gronk and Private Potter looked at each other; then, without speaking, each kicked the other in the pants. "Why couldn't we have stayed here," Gronk asked. "Why were we in town when the fun was in the country?"

"Because we were there and not here."

"But why?"

Potter pondered for a moment. "For

Biggest Bazooka...

(continued)

them on his own camps. We then capture the rocket crew and their leftover rockets.

GRUNT: And what do you do with those captured rockets?

GUSSY: I put them in my bazooka and push the button and whoosh, away they go. Kapow! Bang! Zap Zap Zap! Up, up, and away! Kaboom! Boom Boom! It's a bird! It's a plane! It's super bazooka! Wow, look at her go! Zap, zap, zap, zap, zap, zap, zap, zap...

(We left PFC Gussy zapping away as the other members of his patrol restrained him. Our reporter left the scene amazed at how much a man can be affected by having the biggest bazooka in the Army.)

Got a contribution for GRUNT? A cartoon? short story? funny photo? pinup? or just an idea that you'd like to share? Send them all to: GRUNT Magazine, Box 1164, Redlands, Cal. 92373. Contributors will be paid upon publication. Unused material will be returned only if accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Everybody's Got...

the same reason that Cassius Clay is now eating pecan pie with whipped cream in a Louisville drugstore. For the same reason that Racquel Welch is now dancing the frug cheek to cheek with Bob Hope. For the same reason that Dean Martin's cat is now making love to Frank Sinatra's Siamese pussy."

"But you don't know what they're doing?"

"And they don't know what we're doing. So it doesn't make a rat's ass, does it?"

Somehow, it all made sense to Pfc. Gronk, that is, until he thought about it.



Day in the Life... (continuea)

proceeded to your appointed place of duty with flak jackets and helmets. Further word will be passed as it arrives. Those not on duty may rack it out on the floor...uh, the rest of you go about your duties as usual...uh, that's all."

"You left out the typhoon is expected to hit at 1245 hours," reminded Crud, biting his nails.

"Shut up. The typhoon is...uh... expected to hit at 1245 hours."

"Thanks, sarge, nothin I like better is to be told exactly why I was pulled outa my rack to come down here," I chuckled.

"Shut up. Dismissed!"

He left, so we left.

"Hey, Crud," shouted Smooth as we made for the back room, "When's da las time you took a shower?"

"Hey, man, this here dirt is the product of hard labor and work is good for a man's soul and dirt is the only way to prove you been workin'."

"Yeah, right," I groaned.

With Crud walking downwind, we entered the back room to find Legman rubbing himself in obvious ecstasy.

"What's your original malfunction?" asked the ever-original Crud.

"Man," began the virtuous Legman, "went on a leg run last night...and was it ever cool, man."

We sat down and listened as the adventure unfolded "It was cool, man, all that leg, and so nice... I mean, you know, it ain't every day a guy gets ahold of, you know, all that leg. Well, man, it just sort of gets to you... and man, was it ever nice!"

"I hope you get the clap," spouted the pompous Lord Brain.

"Yeah, you're just jealous of all my natural charm and beauty," Legman defended.

"Gawd, I think I'm gonna get sick,"

cheered cruddy Crud.

"You look sick, man," replied Legman, "What you need is a good shot of leg..Yeah, leg's what's happenin, man, all that leg, man."

Legman became so excited that Smooth decided it was time to settle him down. Jumping up from his chair, he grabbed him by the collar and began slapping him and finally, through repeated beatings, Legman remembeed his name. "You're cool, man, you must maintain your cool," Smooth shouted. "Where ya been gettin all dis leg?"

"The ville, man. That's where all the beautiful leg is, out there in old Legville, man, that's where it is and I'm goin out and get me some more tomorrow night, too, cause that's where all the leg is, man, and it's so nice...all you can fondle, oh man, that's straight scoop from the kid...read good leg, man, all you—"

"Cool it, man!" shouted Smooth, as he threw Legman against the wall.

"Ya wannago with me?" whispered Legman.

"Nah, four more months and I'll be leggin it back in the World."

"Yeah," whispered Legman, speaking mostly to himself, "all that Stateside leg, just wanderin' around loose and free. Yeah, the World."

"Make way, men," came the cheerful beer-bellied call from the doorway, and in staggered the fabulous Warmonger, the section's most notorious hate-baiter. "Look at all that wind and rain coming down, perfect cover for ol' Charlie. Best sleep with one eye open tonight or Charlie'll be likely to slip in and slit your throat." Warmonger paused and lit a 12-foot cigar. "Good weather for Charlie all right. He'd like to cut yer ear off and wear it round his neck or something. Mean little mother, old Charlie is. He don't cut the troopies no slack. This here typhoon'll be the best friend Charlie's got... most likely'll rip this place apart and kill us all good and dead. Bet Charlie'd like that, wouldn't he?"

Before we could agree, Warmonger re-lit his monstrous cigar and continued, "Bet ol' Charlie's movin' his big stuff in right now, gettin' ready to blast the hell out of us. Bet he'd like to see us runnin' around without no arms or legs all bloody an' everything...Yep, just sure he would."

As usual, we nodded in quiet consent for Warmonger's gratification and as quickly as he came, he left to entertain the rest of the staff with his current appraisal of our desperate situation.

The radio was then quickly adjusted to loudest to drown him out and in silence, we listened to last year's current hits and the latest commercials being broadcast by AFVN radio. One warned us of the danger of too much sun and how we should take our salt tablets, cause sweating is a sure cure for too much sun and salt tablets make you sweat.

"Yeah, sweat in a typhoon, that's the answer," sneered Crud. And then with a sigh, "He's right, ya know...this here sweat is the product of hard labor...and work is good for a man's soul, and sweat is the only way to prove you been workin'."

"Yeah, right cool," laughed Smooth.

The group then fell back into silence.

0700. Lots of wind and rain but still not a good typhoon.

0800. The same.

1000. No change.

1200 (4th pack of cigarets). Still no lousy typhoon.

1400. Would you believe still no damn typhoon?

The tedium of the day began to depress everyone in the section as the early morning hours drifted into the late afternoon. Always present was the cold wind and the colder rain, which seeped into the very fibre of reason and left all present soaked in a self-made world of disgust. The music, too, also seemed to bog down in the tastelessness of the dreary afternoon.

A bad taste in the mouth appeared with the opening of the fourteenth pack of cigarets. Headaches and short termers pounded away at our nerves. An unwillingness to discourse prevailed.

Even now, I could feel the creepy-crawlies escalating and daringly intensifying their attack against my discouraged force of capitalist common sense and patience. And of course, through it all was that damn rain, pounding away at my crumbling resistance and the irregular pattern of howling wind, which, due to its inconsistency, denied me that coveted gift of sleep. Adding even further to my discomfort was the dying clock nailed to the plywood walls of the shop. That clock, with its permanently fixed position of the hands, now rallied to the rain, putrid music, and all the evil forces of malcontent opposing me. The hands moved so slowly and the tic toc tic became so loud and deafening that it appeared as though the whole room took the form of a huge bomb, just waiting for the right moment to blow us all into a world of morbid insanity.

Brrriinnng! Brrriinnng! Saved! By God, saved, by the ringly dingly of the field telephone. What exciting exploits would this magnificent catalysis produce? No one else shared my enthusiasm. The group remained cemented by disgust to their resting places. All save one, that is. The amazing Brain. Having carefully examined the situation and seeing no one who might oppose his move, he reached for the handset to answer the waiting party. "Uh, hello, sir. What? Wait one, sir." Brain cupped his hand on the receiver. "Hey Smooth, guy here wants to know what the weather is...uh...what'll I say?"

"Tell 'em someone swiped our barometer so we ain't able to say," advised Crud, scratching his dand-

Day in the Life...

ruff.

"Oh, okay," replied the Brain. And as our hands flew to our faces in disbelief, Brain proceeded about his task with an amazing air of authority, pausing only momentarily and finishing with, "Wait one, sir." He looked at us. "Wants to know if we've tried Supply. Says they might have some we could use."

"Oh, this ain't real," smiled Legman, as he placed the centerfold of a skin magazine into his pocket for safekeeping.

Smooth and Legman just laughed while Brain became more confused, so I offered advice. "Tell him thanks, and that we'll send a man down to Supply on the double to find out."

"Oh, okay," said the much-relieved Brain and, having finished, he replaced the handset into the cradle for the exit.

We stopped laughing then.

"Oh, no. Wait a minute, Brain. Where ya goin, man?" cried Smooth.

"Down to Supply to pick up the jobberdo, of course," answered Brain, irritated by Smooth's obvious ignorance.

"Just sit down, Brain," I advised, shaking my head in disbelief.

"But...huh... I thought..."

"Sit down!" cried Crud, scratching his left arm pit.

At last there appeared from nowhere a slim ray of hope that could bring to a climax the confinement of the day. Our fearless leader, Lt. O.I.C. walked in.

"Well, how are all my little troopies today, men?"

"Well, sir, we're the night crew and we were wondering if we could go back to the barracks and catch some sleep before we went on watch 'cause we ain't doing the war effort much good down here anyway, sir."

Lt. O.I.C. smiled, nodded, and pondered a moment and then spoke very softly, but with the confidence and the self assurance that was always the basis of his sound judg-

Day in the Life... (continued)

ments and accurate decisions. "Uh... aaah, wait a minute while I think it over, men."

Lt. O.I.C. left, and we waited, and waited, and waited, and waited.

Finally, many minutes later, Clockwatcher entered. We waited as he readied himself for his presentation. "You guys are on the night crew," Clockwatcher began, "and I think you better go back to the barracks and catch some sleep, uh, before you go on, uh, watch." He quickly consulted his notes. "You ain't doin' the war effort much good sitting down here anyway. Dismissed."

We thanked him and left before the lieutenant changed Clock-

watcher's mind for him.

Back in the barracks, we made ready for the usual brief period of sleep while Paul Revere prepared to announce "lights out."

"Hey!" shouted Crud with a smile on his face, "ain't no water in the shower, so I guess we'll have to make likescuzzes tonight."

"Tha's alright," said Smooth. "Scuzz is da product of hard labor and wuhk is good for da man's soul... and scuss is da only way to tell if a man's been wuhkin".

"Right, man," I laughed.

"Shut up", warned Crud.

"War's hell, man, war's hell," returned Smooth.

Suddenly, out of a whole lifetime dedicated to stupidity, Brain,

the King of Gray Matter spoke. "Sherman said that."

Ponder, if you will, the meaning of complete silence. Eyes flashed to other eyes.

"Huh?" squeaked Crud.

"General Sherman," repeated Brain, "He said that during the Civil War. He said war is hell."

"Oh," I gasped.

"Uh, where did yuh...uh, learn that, Brain, huh?" asked Smooth.

"History is my thing, man. Goodnight, Crud."

"Yeah, goodnight, Brain. Goodnight, Smooth."

"Good night night, Crud... Goodnight, Spokes."

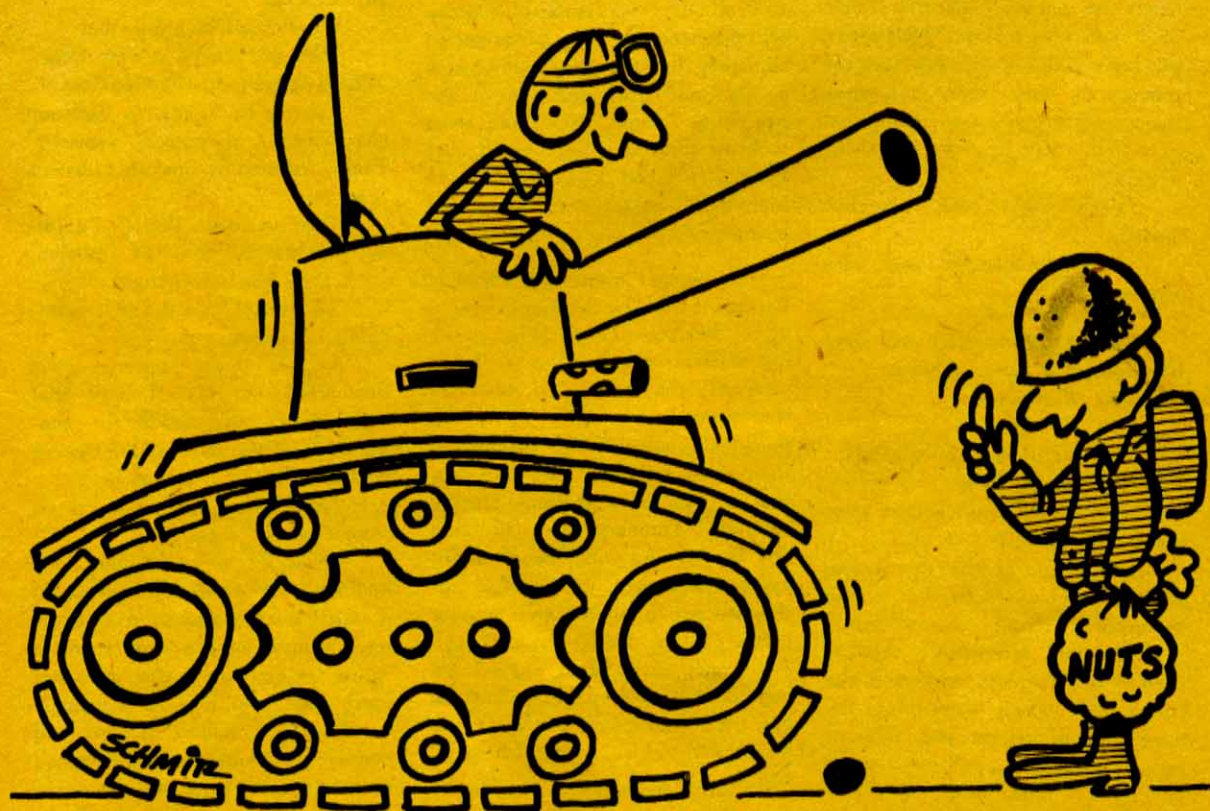
"Good night, Smooth... good night, Brain."

"Good night, David"

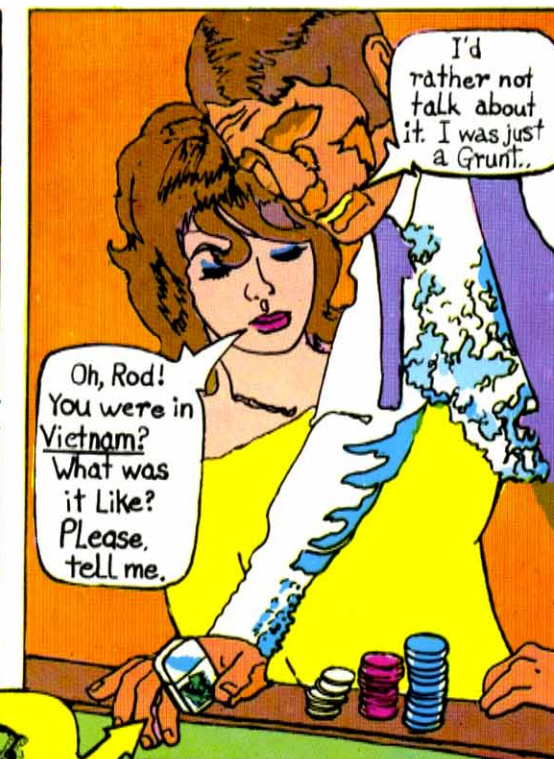
"Good night, Chet."

"Lights out."

"Shove it."



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