

# GRUNT

The cover features a central illustration of a woman with long dark hair, looking directly at the viewer. She is surrounded by lush green foliage and various flowers, including yellow and orange daisies. Several cartoon characters are integrated into the scene: a small figure in a green helmet is perched on a pink flower to the left; a cartoon character is visible in the upper right; another is in the lower right; and a character is in the bottom left corner. The overall style is a mix of realistic painting and bold cartoon art.

FOURTH ISSUE 1968

50¢

DEDICATED TO A NEW GENERATION OF FIGHTERS

NEW CARTOON STRIP:  
Adventures Of Arabella

FICTION:  
Private Gronk : Private Eye  
Balloons Will Win The War

HOLLY'S FOLLY :  
Australia's Sexport To Vietnam



## FROM OTHER WARS:



CORPORAL MORTIMUS HASTINGS RIGATONI  
WHO SINGLE HANDEDLY DESTROYED SEVEN  
CONFEDERATE FIELD GUNS, SHOT EIGHTEEN REBEL  
SOLDIERS AND WAS CREDITED WITH KILLING  
SOUTHERN GENERAL BEAUREGARD J.  
MINCEMYRE WITH HIS BARE HANDS.

(PHOTO TAKEN JUST BEFORE HE WAS DRUMMED OUT OF THE  
SECOND GEORGIA INFANTRY)

# sound off!

## VIEW FROM THE BOTTOM

Notes from the wall:

"Due to lack of interest, tomorrow has been cancelled".

"There will be a re-run of yesterday after the nine o'clock news".

"Today has been reserved for officers".

\*

An interpreter at an Army base we visited recently said that the sign "Utilization of Sanitation Facilities Restricted to O-1s and Above" meant "Officers John".

\*

One of the continuing mysteries of Vietnam is how, despite a two year program to move Americans out of Saigon, the streets of Tu Do are as crowded as ever with US personnel. For every one pulled out, it seems that two more take his place.

\*

*In the 999th Field Hospital, a young grunt had a minor operation and was still under the anaesthetic. When it was time to change his sheets, the chief nurse, a major, happened to expose him. As she told it to the other nurses later, "The funniest thing—he has word 'OLLE' tattooed on it!"*

*The assistant nurse, a captain, felt she had to see this so she went in and peeked. When she came back, she said, "You're crazy—that tattoo doesn't say 'OLLE'. It says 'ISSI'."*

*The third nurse, a particularly lush and attractive young lieutenant, mentioned that she too would like to see this. The captain cautioned her that she had better hurry; the GI was showing signs of awakening.*

*The lieutenant nurse hurried in but was a long time returning. When she did come out of the room, her clothing was disarranged and she showed signs of sweet exhaustion. She said, "You were both wrong. What it really says is 'MISSISSIPPI STATE AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL COLLEGE, 1968 BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS'."*

\*

A friend of ours living in an apartment in Cholon during the recent fighting tells about his considerate landlady. Calling all five of her American tenants together, she informed them of her personal war plans. If the VC came in the building, she advised, all the Americans were to congregate together on the top floor. She would take care of things below. Our friend and his countrymen immediately pictured the VC knocking on the front door, and the landlady pointing a finger upstairs. Needless to say, the end of the fighting saw the end of the American presence in the building.

\*

That recent story on Page One of a Saigon newspaper that 500 Vietnamese girls were flying R & R planes to Bangkok to be with American GI friends in Sattahip had us puzzled. Not only is there no shortage of help in the Thai bars, but if a Vietnam-based GI were going to Thailand on a five day R & R, why would he take a girl with him? Wouldn't he save money by staying behind with her?

\*

**Did you hear about the hippie who joined the Navy and requested duty on an LSD!**

**Or the Kentucky recruit who couldn't find his rifle qualification score on his shot card, so he threw it away!**

**Or the GI's sweetheart who thought "maggie's drawers" was something to wear and broke off her engagement when the private said he gotten them six times?**

\*

An intriguing advert appeared in a Saigon English language daily recently. Titled "Roofs Offered", it read as follows:

*Lonely foreigner offers quiet temporary home to unemployed member of hotel and dance hall workers' union. Must be North Vietnamese. Knowledge of foreign languages not necessary. Send photo and union membership No...."*

It's not unusual that the placement of the advert coincided with the closing of the bars in Saigon and that the lonely foreigner may have wanted to help solve the unemployment problem. What is unusual is the bit about knowledge of foreign languages not being necessary. To a foreigner, Vietnamese is a foreign language, and he's going to have one hell of a time finding a North Vietnamese who can't speak Vietnamese.

\*



## VIEW

(cont.)

### FAMOUS LAST WORDS DEPT:

**"Let's win this war and get the hell out"...**  
General George Armstrong Custer, 1876.

\*

**"When I want the advice of my generals, I'll ask for it. Move on to Moscow"...**  
Adolf Hitler, 1942.

\*

**"We'll go on the warpath and we won't stop until the last paleface is scalped"...**  
Cochise, 1868.

\*

**"They've got to be out of their minds sending me in this jungle to find that Doctor what's his name"...** Stanley.

\*

**"Graduated escalation, hell! Let's go all out with one big strike against Pearl Harbor"...** Tojo 1944.

\*

**"There's only one way to handle these wogs. A massive frontal assault"...** Commander of the Light Brigade before the charge.

\*

**"You mean he's stupid enough to challenge us at Waterloo?"...** Napoleon, 1803.

**Stencilled on the back of a flak jacket: "33 Beer: Breakfast of Chnmpions"**.

\*

Next to graffiti on the latrine wall, the greatest outlet for creative writing in Vietnam is the camouflage helmet. Here the average grunt can express his individuality with a terse message written on the cloth cover. Some common inscriptions: "Impeach Ho Chi Minh", "Peace in our Time", "Don't follow me; I'm lost too", "Keep the faith, baby".

Some more imaginative quotes: "I Have Truly Found Peace", sometimes shortened as "IHTFP", "Do not write in this space", "If you can read this, you're too close", "Mao Tse Tung eats peanut butter sandwiches", "Put sex in your love life".

\*

FROM JOHN MARTIN, DANANG:

*Then there was the Saigon B-girl turned South Vietnamese soldier who was detailed...the soldier with rifle wound who was dismissed...the Navy knot tier who was discarded...the pay clerk who was discounted...the combat photographer who was disposed...the Viet Cong village honcho who was mischiefed...and the battalion landing team's mascot which was debarked.*

**MORE MARTIN:** Prior to Operation Osage at Phu Loc, the Navy captain of the LSD ship we were on spoke to the Marines over the ship's loudspeaker system, telling them what to expect in the Phu Loc area.

*In closing, he attempted to inject a little humor into the pre-landing jitters by quipping, "And men, our intelligence sources have been unable to determine if there is a university in this area known as Phu Loc U." "Why don't you come ashore with us and find out", yelled a Marine.*

*The helicopter aboard the Navy LPH was called out to resupply a platoon of Marines with C-rations. Because it was night and foggy, the chopper pilot couldn't see to land so he ordered the rations dropped from a height of 600 feet.*

*A half hour later, he had to land anyway to pick up the resultant casualties. One Marine had a broken shoulder where he had been hit by a falling case and two others had cut their fingers while opening the cans.*

**Titled simply, "Don't Wear Your Bras", this little gem also appeared in a Saigon English daily. We quote verbatim:**

**Quyut Tien daily reported that hundreds of young girls have been arrested for not wearing their bras. The paper said the police have suspected that this is a secret sign VC members use to recognize themselves. Although the report has not been confirmed yet, Sunday morning, swarms of young girls rushed to the stands in TAX building to buy bras. Apparently they are afraid of being jailed for exposing their natural wealth under the thin layer of their clothes. However wearing bras bought at TAX arcade will not be a safeguard against being fined or jailed because all the underwear sold at TAX stands is illegally imported.**

## GRUNTS AND GRINDS

Dear Ed:

I have a \$240 electric typewriter which I carry with me always so I can make on-the-spot notes of my experiences. Unfortunately, I spend most of my time in foxholes where we don't have electricity. What can I do with my typewriter?

WRITER

*Trade it with another guy for his electric milking machine.*

\*

Dear Ed:

My trouble is that I fall madly in love with the fold-out Playmates in Playboy magazine. It's real love and I'm completely faithful to the girl until the next issue of Playboy comes out. Then I fall in love again with the newest fold-out. Do you think I am fickle?

IN LOVE

*Of course not. Now, if you fell in love with one of the fold-out girls from Cavalier, that would be something else.*

\*

Dear Ed:

I have been in Vietnam for ten months and during that time, I spent every spare minute I had studying the nesting habits of the Tasmanian cuckoo. By now I should be a world authority on this rare bird, but do you think this is appreciated? Do you think it is reflected in my performance report? Not a word about self-improvement, education minded, or scholarly. Is this really fair?

LEARNED

*Sure, it's fair, if you haven't learned how to break down an M-16.*

\*

Dear Ed:

There's this woman who works on the base and sells Vietnamese dolls. Well, I bought four of them and send them off and then I find out this babe has been arrested as a VC and that she's been planting charges in the dolls. What can I do?

BAMBOOZLED

*Notify your local friendly EOD man and then send flowers.*

\*

Dear Ed:

I had a letter from my girl friend the other day and she tells me a Navy carrier home from Vietnam pulled into port and she did more than her part to give the guys a warm welcome. She says she did it for me—to show she cares for the men I serve with. I'm puzzled about what she actually did for me.

PUZZLED

*If you were on a carrier back from Vietnam pulling into a home port and a girl took you over, you wouldn't gripe, would you? So forget it.*

\*

Dear Ed:

I bought this package of Life Savers in the PX the other day and when I ate the first one, I discovered that they were coffee-flavored instead of lemon. I hate coffee-flavored Life Savers so I took it back to the PX (minus one Life Saver) and tried to exchange it for lemon. I had the sales slip and everything, but the store manager said I had broken open the package and eaten part of the contents; therefore, the item could not be exchanged. He wouldn't even give me the four cents I paid for it. I have seen the IG and written my congressman about this but with no results. Maybe you can help me.

BILKED

*Take each one of your remaining Life Savers. Stuff a stick pretzel through the hole. Link together with strips of dough. Mold into a circular pattern, bake the mixture for 20 minutes in an oven at 360° Fahrenheit. Serve with gimlets and you'll be the envy of your neighborhood.*

\*

Dear Ed:

I had just returned from an operation to my tent when I found that someone had been tasting my rations while I was gone. Then I noticed somebody had sat in and broken one of my chairs. Finally, I saw that somebody was sleeping in my bed. She was a lively, curvaceous girl with golden hair. When she saw me, she jumped out of bed and ran away. Was this proper behavior on her part?

FRUSTRATED

*Coming in from an operation, you probably smelled like a bear.*

\*



## GRINDS

(cont.)

Dear Ed:

When we were out on an operation last week, I saw a flying saucer. The thing came overhead with a whizzing sound at terrific speed. It was cigar shaped. Unfortunately, it crash-landed in VC country about eight hundred yards in front of me. Since I can't get to it and prove it existed, I'm afraid to report it. How can I get people to believe this.

SAUCER NUT

*Check with your local friendly artillery man. He probably saw it come out of a 105 tube.*

\*

Dear Ed:

Is there any truth to the statement that there are no atheists in foxholes?

CONCERNED

*I once saw a fox in a foxhole and I had my doubts about him.*

\*

Dear Ed:

I have devised a new weapon that squirts Chanel No. 5 perfume on the enemy so when he returns to his hide-out, we can smell him out. They won't buy my idea because they say the perfume costs too much. What can I do?

INVENTIVE

*Substitute nuoc mam for the Chanel No. 5.*

\*

Dear Ed:

Why don't the leaves on the trees in Vietnam turn red and yellow and orange in the autumn like our maple trees?

NATURE LOVER

*For the same reason your maple rees don't grow bananas.*

Dear Ed:

Since I can't stand that crazy pop music and constant chatter on the American radio station, I've taken to listening always to Vietnamese stations. Now I've developed a great love and appreciation of Vietnamese music. Only trouble is what will happen when I go back to the States and can't hear it any more?

MUSIC LOVER

*See para. 2, Sec 13, of Army Reg 999-3 for guidance on extension of tours.*

\*

Dear Ed:

There's a car wash place just outside the camp run by this beautiful gal who stands outside heavily made up and smiling. Well, I drive in with my Six By Six the other day and ask her to wash it. She looks at me like I'm nuts or something. What did I do wrong?

CONCERNED

*Would you take a broken watch to a garage for repairs?*

\*

Dear Ed:

My girl friend is lonely and wants to come over and join me at An Khe. I told her it's against all regulations but she insists. What can I do?

ALSO LONELY

*Simple. Get yourself transferred to Saigon. Have her join the WACs and also get assigned to Saion. Then right before she's due to arrive, get yourself transferred to Danang because her orders will probably be changed at the last minute. If that doesn't work, don't sweat it. Your tour will be up.*

\*

Dear Ed:

Why is it the Army spends so much time on TV telling guys how to clean their rifles and you never hear a peep about how to keep your typewriter clean. I'm a clerk and my typewriter costs more than a rifle. It's just as important to me as a rifle is to an infantryman. So why not tell me about it?

VEXED.

*If a VC charges into your office and you throw your typewriter at him in self defense, it doesn't matter if the keys are dirty or clean. Huh?*

\*

Dear Ed:

If there's one thing I can't stand, it's a guy who butters a whole slice of bread rather than breaking it in quarters and buttering each piece separately. How can I get away from this sort of thing?

METICULOUS

*Apply for OCS.*

\*

Dear Ed:

On a patrol the other day, I crawled through an enemy minefield, ran through the crossfire of six enemy machine guns, penetrated a major enemy base camp, and captured an entire regiment single-handed. Now I'm being court-martialled. Is that fair?

UNRECOGNIZED HERO

*Not really. Since the regiment you captured was friendly, you should have been shot on the spot.*

## SPEAKING OUT

### PAR KIN SON'S LAWS FOR UNDERSTANDING THE ORIENT:

Everybody knows about Parkinson's laws which apply to American business and bureaucracy in the West. Expenditures have a tendency to match income; work has a tendency to fill the time allotted to it; etc. These are fine for understanding the West but how about the East? Now comes Mr. Par Kin Son with a couple of laws of the Orient. They'll open your eyes to the East. These are the laws of space, motion, and time.

#### PAR KIN SON'S LAW OF SPACE

If there's a space, it must be filled. Find a space and fill it. If traffic is halted, move up, crowd up, as close to the front as possible. Fill up the sidewalks with useful activities: food stalls, magazine stands, lottery sales, laundries, factories. Don't let it sit idle. Where there is clear space on the streets, walk there, park there, stop and talk there. If there's a vacant lot, build on it, create paths through it. Waste nothing because space is essential to life, to business, to fixing flat tires on corners. Any unprotected, unchallenged space is free space. Use it.

#### PAR KIN SON'S LAW OF MOTION

Human motion is directly proportional to the temperature. Move when the temperature is low. Slow down or stop when it's high. Sleep during the peak heat of the day. When it starts dropping, move outside and go somewhere, anywhere, but move about. Use the cool morning hours and the cool evening hours for motion and put your body in slow motion during the mid-day heat.

#### PAR KIN SON'S LAW OF TIME

Time waits for any man. What isn't done today can probably be done tomorrow. Haste makes waste and heart attacks. There's a lot of time between life and death and maybe an even longer time after that, so don't push too fast. Six weeks from now, you won't

remember the things you're panicky about today. Stay loose, live, see things around you, what you can, and don't panic. The boss or the customer or the commander might change his mind later about what he wants, so don't start right away and you may not have to change. The tortoise is happier than the hare and he sometimes reaches the finish line first.

Think about these Par Kin Son laws of the orient. Adapt them to your own life when necessary and possible. You're not going to change them; that's for sure. They evolved over a couple of thousand years of civilization. Understand these laws and you will develop patience and tolerance. You might be happier and maybe healthier.

### YOUNG MEN OVERSEAS

You don't tell every GI he's a general and to go out and start acting like one. It doesn't make sense because every GI is not a general and he doesn't know how to act like one. Yet we often tell our GI's that they are ambassadors and to act like ambassadors. This can be just as dangerous. It's not easy being an ambassador. You need to know one hell of a lot about the country you're in and its people and how they've organized their lives.

The average GI just doesn't have this knowledge. What he does have, though, and what can be just as important, is his American upbringing, which includes a hell of a lot of tolerance, adjustment, respect for others, acceptance of law and order, and plain common sense.

We don't think there's anything wrong with the influences in America which produce the young men we send overseas. What is wrong, sometimes, is that the American, when taken out of his milieu, tries to be somebody else. This is where the trouble comes. The most we can ask of our Americans overseas is that they behave as they would at home.

It's not asking a lot. And it's something the GI can understand. If he can learn to treat all people like the people back home, that's it. That's about all you can ask of him. Ask him to try to be someone else and you might be asking for too much.



## INCOMING

Dear GRUNT:

I am a short-timer in-country; only I'm short on the wrong end. When I arrived 1st June, I was all worked up on being "especially watchful" and to my benefit, it paid off. Shortly after arrival I spotted and made contact with "GRUNT". Being a firm believer in the "Chieu Hoi" program my dedication to it would not let me turn it away. At present my copy is on display in my office for all to read who enter; and I might add that again the reaction has been "Chieu Hoi". Your dedication to "the fighting men" has provided us "Remington Raiders" with enjoyable reading material forever (or as you described "forever" "a day in Vietnam").

Sp4 James A. Haley,  
HHC, 20th Eng Bde.

## THIS ISSUE

As we move into the fourth issue of GRUNT, we are overwhelmed by the enthusiastic response to our magazine from the Grunts and other branches of the Armed Forces in Vietnam. Readers are heaping accolades upon us in an avalanche of mail. Since our first modest issue, we have more than quadrupled sales.

But every baby has its teething trouble. Among ours is a chronic shortage of contributing writers, artists, photographers and poets. And here's the rub: We know you're out there!

A rich lode of untapped literary talent exists among our fighting men in Vietnam. There are 500,000 red-blooded Americans in this country and many of you have the ability to project either on paper or through a camera. Let's hear from you!

This issue introduces the acerbic pen of **Ron Schmitz**. He illustrated **Arabella**, our intrepid war correspondent, who makes her sexual debut on Page 28. We discovered Ron, a SSgt, in Danang, and we assure you he'll be a perennial contributor.

**Tony Ranfone**, gifted former combat artist for the **Stars and Stripes**, and GRUNT regular, spent two gruelling years with his sketchbook, chronicling the triumphs and tragedies of Vietnam. Tony is presently in the States, awaiting reassignment to the Far East.

**Mike Waters**, is another bright young artist whose first published work appeared in the pages of GRUNT. He is a grunt who took a "flyer" with GRUNT and as a result is now a steady contributor. Mike produced the cover this month and in case you don't recognize the gal, she's Lily, last month's delectable GRUNT centrefold.

**John Martin's** hilarious tale of the trials and tribulations endured by a frustrated Top Sgt who runs out of gas in the middle of nowhere, is his first piece for GRUNT. A regular contributor to "Leatherneck Magazine", John is a dedicated Grunt based in Danang.

**Bernie Rollins**, a civilian attached to the Army, sent us a stack of side-splitting cartoons. Unfortunately, they did not arrive in time for us to do him justice in this issue, but we managed to squeeze in a sample of his talent. You can look and laugh at much more Rollins next issue.

**SSgt Al Levine** wrote this month's lead story, "A Shock for Private Krasnewski", a gleeful account of the predicament encountered by a Grunt who dreams of becoming a women's hairdresser. Al is another newcomer to the publishing field. He professes that he has been "pecking at a typewriter for several years, but only for my own amusement". Al is a prime example of what GRUNT is seeking.

"Saigon Commando Status Symbols", is an in-depth poem by **Maj Frank C. Butler**. This fine piece of writing reflects a side of the war which the Grunts in the Boonies perhaps don't envisage.

We netted a sultry siren from Down Under on Pages 24 and 25. The name is **Holly Peck**, and she's an exotic dancer hailing from Sydney, Australia. Holly entertains the troops here very soon and she's gorgeous confirmation of the reason why many GI's select Australia for R&R. Holly writes: "We really dig the guys down here and do everything possible to take their minds off Vietnam. I can hardly wait to get out there among the fellas and give them a little relaxation". Holly's vital statistics, if you're interested, are 36-24-36.

GRUNT'S aim is to bring a little humor to the GI in this war-torn land. And GRUNT has correspondents here with you in Vietnam. We like to think you need us. And to this end, we are doing our level best.

See you next issue.

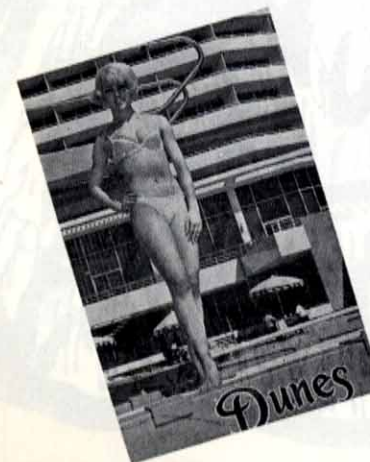
—the editor

# GRUNT



The Magazine for Fighting Men

Vol. 1, No. 4



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GRUNT. 4th Issue 1968. Published by GRUNT  
MAGAZINE, Box 1164, Redlands, Calif., 92373.

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by SSgt Al Levine

## A SHOCK FOR PRIVATE KRASNEWSKI

Corporal Gerald P. Farce found himself at loggerheads with a log. The log was lying right across Route 13, six kilometers from Tan Son Nhut. It never occurred to Farce that the log may have been put there for a reason. All Farce could think about was the two p.m. performance at the base theater.

The personal hairdresser to the daughter of his Commander-in-Chief had come all the way to Vietnam to put on a demonstration of hairdressing. Farce felt a slight patriotic duty to attend, but more than that, Farce had a burning interest in ladies' hairdressing.

That was why he volunteered to drive the jeep to the replacement center at Tan Son Nhut to pick up the new company cook. By leaving two hours early, he could catch the demonstration.

Now it looked hopeless. The jeep was stopped by a log and there was no getting around it. Not without some help. Farce tried moving the log with his jeep bumper but the log was pushed up against trees on each side of the road. To move it, he'd have to have the jeep on the other side of it. And if he got the jeep on the other side, there would be no need to move the log. It was a problem they didn't cover in basic training.

The three Viet Cong assigned to the log roadblock were sawing logs figuratively, it being siesta time. During working hours, they would have been making an electrical connection that would explode the plastique charge in front of the log. Farce then would surely have missed the hairdresser's performance.

As it was, Farce got to the theater on time. After the Air Force radio jeep pulled up behind him, the winged captain simply got on the radio, called an air strike on the log, then moved off to a safe distance while a Vietnamese Air Force Skyraider blasted the roadblock with one 250 pound bomb as the three VC slumbered.

The show had just started when Corporal Farce entered the theater. There were about 40 women in the audience, the entire WAF and secretary population of Tan Son Nhut. Monsieur Renoir, on the stage, was delicately fingering the hair of a volunteer WAF, much in the manner of Liberace warming up for a concerto. With quick strokes of a comb and clippers, Renoir quickly converted a mousy mess into a sexy coiffeur he named the Ho Chi Minh curl. The audience, including



Farce, cheered heartily.

"Now, mesdames", Renoir spoke, "I will work on someone with very short hair to give the Vietnam version of Twiggy". He paused, rubbing his hands. The girl in the row on my left. The girl in fatigues. "Come up here".

Farce looked around the room and saw every girl looking at him.

"Yes, you", Renoir said, "With the very short hair. Come up here, please".

Farce suddenly found himself wishing he had taken Sergeant Random's advice to get a haircut two weeks ago. He also wished he hadn't shaved so close in the morning. Before he knew what was happening, two of the girls in front of him reached back and tried to lift him up. "Go on", they urged him.

Farce shamefacedly rose from his seat, looked at the dimly lighted stage, then started to walk off. The two girls jumped up, took him by the arms and led him to the stage. Monsieur Renoir studied Corporal Farce carefully and professionally, the way a bullfighter might study a prize bull entering the ring. However, no bullfighter as nearsighted as Renoir would ever enter a ring. Here was a real challenge, he thought, a girl right in from the field, shaggy and mousy-haired, and exuding a curiously male smell. Probably a correspondent, he figured.

Monsieur Renoir had a bright idea. Instead of a Twiggy look, he'd demonstrate what one of his handmade wigs could do to such a shaggy head. Opening a perfumed case, he



"I NEED THREE VOLUNTEERS TO TAKE PART IN A HAPPENING..."

took out a blonde artificial hairpiece, beautifully lacquered into a Marilyn Monroe hair style. He carefully adjusted it on Corporal Farce's head, patting the curls into place as though they were real. He stepped back and admired his work. "No substitute for Marilyn Monroe", he said, "But you will agree it's a fantastic improvement".

The girl audience clapped loudly in agreement as Farce stepped down from the stage and returned to his seat. Farce's embarrassment over this personal involvement was quickly lost as he became intensely engrossed in Monsieur Renoir's display of magic. Renoir, in the next half hour, had taken six others from the audience and deftly transformed them into Cinderellas, no mean feat considering what he had to work with. Farce wanted nothing more in the world than to have that ability to create beauty where none existed. One day, he imagined, he'd do as well as Renoir.

Farce was absorbed in thought about his hairdressing future as he walked out of the theater as a blonde. So intense was his self-involvement that he did not notice the looks and whistles that came his way from passing airmen.

Farce suddenly realized that he'd have to hurry to Camp Alpha to pick up the cook and get back to the base camp before dark. He jumped in the jeep and sped past the Air Force headquarters toward Camp Alpha. An Air Policeman in front of the headquarters stopped the traffic to allow a general's car through.

Corporal Farce saluted the general and was surprised to see the general wink back. Army generals never did that, he thought. They were much less formal in the Air Force.

The worried looking gaggle of replacements just outside the gate at Camp Alpha watched the jeep pull up and park. Farce had written the words "Private Krasnewski" on a large card and when he got out of the vehicle, he held up the sign. It was the only way he'd find his man.

A thin bespectacled PFC stepped from the ranks of his buddies and walked up to Corporal Farce. "I'm Private Krasnewski", he announced as every other man looked on enviously.

Farce motioned Krasnewski to the jeep and the replacement cook threw his baggage in the jeep and climbed in. Farce jumped in the driver's seat, started the engine and drove off to

more cheers and whistles.

Farce was silent as the jeep turned off the air base and on the road to Cu Chi. His mind was on a hairdresser's shop in La Crosse, Wisconsin, a shop that would one day be his, with a big purple sign in front reading "Coif-eur de Monsieur Farce".

The jeep had reached the roadblock which the Air Force had blasted away in the morning. To Farce's astonishment, it was there again—a log where open road should be. Farce was already annoyed about the way the new cook had been sitting so close to him in the jeep and letting his hand rest next to Farce's knee. Farce planned to keep a close eye on the new cook when they got back to camp. Now it was the business of the log again and he was more annoyed than ever. He had to get back to camp by dark.

"What is it?", Krasnewski asked.

"A log", Farce said. Krasnewski was surprised at Farce's husky voice, but he had heard about all kinds of strange goings-on in his newly assigned war theater.

"I'll have to move it", Farce said.

"No, you sit in the jeep. I'll do it. It looks kind of heavy", Krasnewski got out of the jeep and tried to push the log. It moved not at all.

"It's jammed against those trees", Krasnewski said, "If the jeep was on the other side, we could push it with the jeep".



"I think I'm beginning to understand why Kraus turned down his R & R!"

Farce let the remark pass. "Looks like we'll have to go back to Saigon".

Farce said. "We can't risk being out here in the dark".

"I don't know, Corporal", Krasnewski said with a grin on his face. "It could be worse". Farce didn't like the way the new cook kept looking and grinning at him. They must be scraping the bottom of the barrel for replacements, he thought.

"We'll call the camp from Saigon and explain about the roadblock. Then we'll go the to the Plaza BEQ. They should have a room for the two of us".

"A room for the two of us?", Krasnewski swallowed.

"Sure. What's wrong with that. You think they're going to give each of us a private room?"

"I'm not complaining", Krasnewski smiled, "I'm just a replacement and I see I got a lot to learn".

"Well, just ask if you want to know",

"I got one question that's been puzzling me since we left", Krasnewski said.

"What's that?"

"What's a beautiful blonde number like you doing in the infantry?"

Before Farce had time to digest this question, the three VC came out of the brush with their AK-47s at the ready. They were local force troops in black shorts and sandals but the AK-47s they waved around were main force all the way.

The leader, a middle aged man in a baseball cap, approached Corporal Farce and ran his fingers through the blonde curls on his head. "Bao Chi?", he asked.

"What's Bao Chi?", Krasnewski asked.

"You journaliste?", the VC said.

Farce's reaction was instant. "Oui. We journaliste", he said. "Journaliste Francaise Oui. Oui". In that moment, Farce congratulated himself for the A's he got in high school French.

The VC leader smiled. Any doubts he had were erased by the basso voice of the blonde. The female journalists he knew during the war against the French all had low voices.

"You di di Saigon", he ordered, "Here number ten for journaliste".

Without any further instructions, Farce and Krasnewski got in the jeep, turned it around, and headed for Saigon, waving to their former



captors.

"Who were those guys, anyhow", Krasnewski asked as the jeep moved out.

"VC".

"VC?. Holy cow. Why did they let us go?"

"Because they thought I was a female journalist and because privates like you don't wear stripes, they figured we were French reporters".

"What do you mean they thought you were a female journalist? You're obviously not a journalist".

"And I'm not female, either", Farce said, pulling off the blonde wig.

It took Private Krasnewski two and a half hours to recover from the shock and disappointment of learning that the beautiful blonde that offered to spend the night with him was actually a man.

After Farce turned the light out in the room they shared at the Plaza, Krasnewski was still mumbling about his loss.

"Shut up", Farce ordered. "And get some sleep".

"Okay, corporal", Krasnewski said, "But I still liked you better as a beautiful blonde".

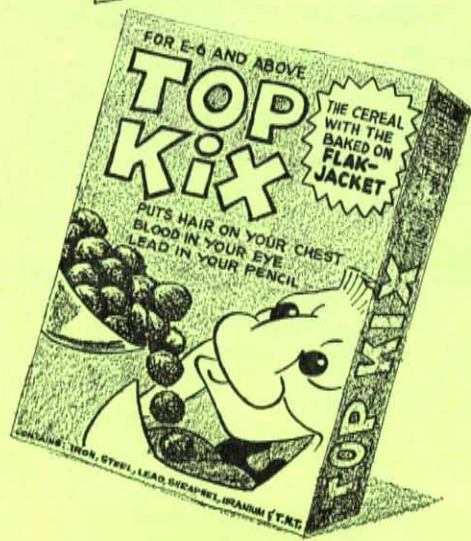
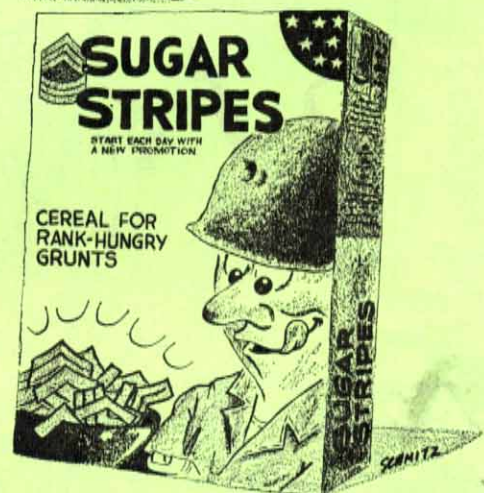
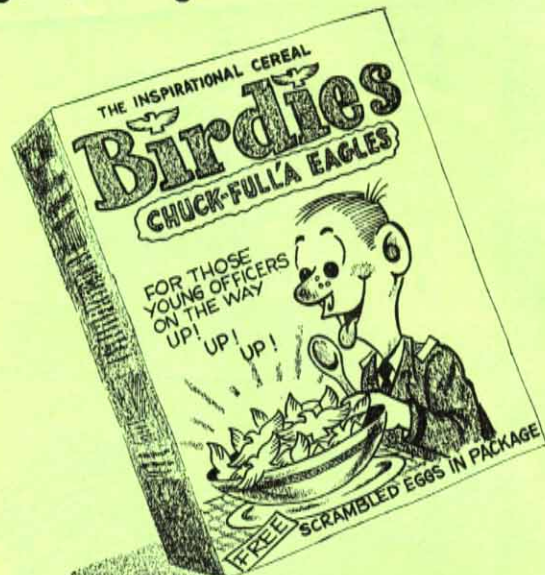


VC regiment outside. First one to pass goes out to get 'em.



Breakfast cereals for Grunts? And why not! The oat and corn flakes magnates have designed packages to woo kiddies and adults. The customers buy the package, not the product, as the saying goes. So why not a specially appealing package for the grunts? Like these...

# Schmitz on BREAKFAST CEREALS FOR GRUNTS



# Ranfone's Vietnam



*I hate these damn hail and farewell parties. Everyone stands around hoping the old man will single them out of the crowd and come talk with them....*



*And everybody watches who he's seen with. They don't want the old man seeing them talking with somebody who's on the skids or way down the pecking order....*



*Yeah, it's sure a drag...hey, the old man's walking over this way. He's coming to me. It can't be, but it is. There's no one else here....*



*Hope I look casual and nonchalant.*



*As usual, everyone put Gronk down for his latest stroke of genius. All except Lili, the Red Cross gal, who was desperate. Then Gronk had another chance to prove his intellectual superiority...*



# GRONK'S ELEPHANT SERVICE

Just because PFC Gronk could not convince the Army he was a genius was no reason to stop acting like one. If the Army insisted that a man could not be a genius and a PFC at the same time, that was their loss. But Gronk knew better. That's why he went ahead and leased the three elephants from Yellow Bird Lee for only 20 dollars a month.

The elephants were kept in the village of Nuoc Nu by Yellow Bird's number one son who only charged Gronk five dollars a week for upkeep. This initial investment would be peanuts compared to what Gronk could earn after he convinced the Army to hire his elephants to haul supplies from the base camp to the forward zone.

Trouble was Gronk's only channel to the decision-making elements of the Army went through Corporal Kybosh. "If it was a good idea, some officer would have thought of it. And besides, who wants to use elephants in modern warfare when we got helicopters and jets and when we're getting ready to land a man on the moon". This was Kybosh's response to Gronk's proposal.

"Kybosh", Gronk said in desperation, "We can load a ton of supplies on my three elephants and get them to Forward Zone Tuba in less than a half hour. To get that same ton to the chopper pad, into the air, on the forward zone pad, and then to the unit takes an hour. It costs ten times as much and there's a good chance that weather or enemy gunfire might keep the chopper from landing".

"You are to be commended for your idea but there have to be some bugs in it", Kybosh said, "Now what say you and me try a game of Tic Tac Toe".

Gronk declined and left Kybosh playing with himself at Tic Tac Toe. He went to see Sgt Random who had just been made the new battalion Supply Sergeant.

Random listened patiently and smilingly as Gronk explained how he could move supplies up a well used trail direct to the forward zone.



"That's high level thinking", Random said, "Elephants to haul supplies. Hmmm. That's right up there as a mighty idea. Elephants to haul supplies, huh? Are these elephants capable of vertical mobility?"

"You mean can they fly? Hell no".

"No vertical mobility, huh. That's not so good. Are they armor-plated?"

"No".

"Were they acquired under the Gold Flow program?"

"You mean did I buy them from the US? No. The US isn't exporting elephants to Vietnam".

"Finally, PFC Gronk, are these supply vehicles fitted with license plates?"

"No you don't put license plates on an elephant".

Sergeant Random's face turned grim. "Gronk, that's a great idea you got. An elephant moving supplies through a jungle. Revolutionary, far out. A new way to do an old job. Everything inside me wants me to reach over and shake your hand and call you Einstein. Everything, that is, but one thing".

Gronk's hopes rose. Here was a man who understood genius, a man who would take the ball and run with it. "What is that one thing?", he asked.

"Your idea won't sell. It is a cookie which crumbled, a flag which went up the pole with nobody saluting, a ball that didn't bounce. It couldn't work because it's never been tried before".

"Does that mean you reject my proposal?", Gronk asked.

"You might say that", Random said, "Tell you what I'll do, though, Gronk. I'll treat you to a cup of coffee at the Red Cross shack".

Gronk was stopped by Lt. Freud. Freud appeared excited and nervous. "PFC Gronk?", he said, "Look over there by the trail leading to the village. Do you see three pink elephants?"

"Sure", Gronk said, "My elephants roll in the red mud to stay cool and when it cakes on their hides, it looks pink".

"What do you mean, my elephants?"

"They're mine. I leased them" Gronk then proceeded to explain to Freud, who had just been appointed the new Supply Officer, about his haulage scheme.

"That's a great idea you have there, Gronk",

Freud said, "Shows you're thinking. That's what we need around here. Thinking. New ideas. By the way, Gronk, have you seen Sergeant Random?"

"He went to the Red Cross shack".

"Thanks", Freud said and started to walk away.

"Wait a minute", Gronk said, "What about my idea?"

"What about it?"

"Will you use my elephants to start hauling supplies?"

"No"

"Why not?"

"Because who ever heard of Americans using elephants to haul supplies?"

Gronk followed Lt. Freud to the Red Cross shack and listened in while Freud and Random explained to Lili Marlene, the Red Cross girl, that they could not deliver her doughnuts and coffee to Forward Zone Tuba due to an emergency request for extra guns and ammunition. There was not enough room on the choppers.

"What will I do with 600 doughnuts and ten gallons of coffee?", Lili wailed.

Gronk had the answer for her. When Random and Freud left, he told Lili to have the doughnuts and coffee ready and he'd be around with an elephant to pick them up. Lili, who knew nothing about modern logistics, agreed.

At 2:30 p.m., Gronk loaded the coffee and doughnuts on a sling slung across the elephants back. With Yellow Bird leading the way, he moved easily along the trail for a half hour, covering two kilometers to Forward Zone Tuba. The coffee was still hot and the doughnuts fresh when the battle-weary men at Tuba greeted the elephant convoy with cheers.

"We're expecting another VC attack", Sergeant Marauder told Gronk. "And we desperately need ammo and mortars. And what do we get. Coffee and doughnuts".

As the men were eating the Red Cross goodies, Colonel Martinet came up to see what the noise was all about. "Where did this stuff come from?", he asked.

"I brought it, sir, Gronk said, "On one of my elephants".

"Impossible", Martinet said, "We can't get ammo up here because the VC mined the helicopter landing zone. If they can't get our emergency supplies here by helicopter, how do you expect me to believe you brought coffee and

doughnuts by elephant".

"Would you care for a coffee and doughnut, sir", Gronk asked. "Compliments of Lili Marlene, your friendly Red Cross girl. Baked just an hour ago. In the base camp".

"Look", Martinet said, "Get back there at once. Load up all the ammo you can on your elephants and get it here. It's a matter of life and death".

These were the words Gronk was waiting for. "Yessir", he replied. This was it. The chance to prove his genius. Once the Army knew Gronk could deliver, there was no telling how his elephant haulage system would expand. In those few moments as he stood there saluting Colonel Martinet, Gronk saw himself as Hannibal leading a convoy of elephants over the Alps.

Unfortunately, that wasn't the way Air Force Captain Hawkeye saw it. He was flying overhead in his light spotter plane as Gronk was leading the elephant back to camp.

"There's a VC elephant down there",

#### TRAIL TALES





Willoughby Wallaby, a Berkeley undergraduate, spends his summer vacations sailing yachts across the Pacific trying to deliver supplies to Haiphong. As the North Vietnamese would have nothing to do with him, he sailed south this year to a South Vietnamese port where he and his crew again were made unwelcome.

# GRUNT

## INTERVIEWS:

Willoughby Wallaby, a Peacenik

GRUNT: What is that smell in this room?  
 WALLABY: Pot, baby, is there any other way to fly?  
 GRUNT: I recognized the pot. I was wondering about that other smell.  
 WALLABY: So I haven't had a bath in three months. It's a form of protest.  
 GRUNT: Against the war?  
 WALLABY: No. Against the soap manufacturers. They're sending soap to our troops in Vietnam.  
 GRUNT: Is that bad? Soap's not a dangerous weapon.  
 WALLABY: It is if you slip on it in a bathtub.  
 GRUNT: Speaking of soap, or the lack of it, is that why you were denied entrance to Haiphong?  
 WALLABY: They didn't trust us, if that's what you mean.  
 GRUNT: Why not?  
 WALLABY: How do I know? Probably for the same reason you don't.

Our interviewer swam out to the yacht through the Seventh Fleet and a VC armed sampan group. Willoughby was in his stateroom which was littered with psychedelic posters and photos of Ho Chi Minh. He welcomed the chance to talk with our Grunt reporter as a means of getting the message across.



GRUNT: I don't trust a person who won't use soap. Was that their reason?  
 WALLABY: They were worried about our security.  
 GRUNT: Security from American bombers?  
 WALLABY: No. Security from their anti-war demonstrators. They think we're prolonging the war by making the Hanoi regime think Americans are chicken.  
 GRUNT: Are you chicken?  
 WALLABY: No.  
 GRUNT: Dove?  
 WALLABY: No.  
 GRUNT: What are you?  
 WALLABY: I'm lonely—for a chick.  
 GRUNT: Any particular chick?  
 WALLABY: No, any kind. You see, this protest business is a gas back home where half the protestors are chicks and you can really swing when you're not protest-

ing. But out here, in the ocean, it's all protest and an oil rag. I mean, a cat has to satisfy his non-political side. All work and no play and that sort of thing.  
 GRUNT: Well, why don't you go back home and protest with the girls?  
 WALLABY: Man, it's ten thousand miles away and we're out of gas. Got any other ideas?  
 GRUNT: Why don't you refill up in North Vietnam?  
 WALLABY: We planned to up at Haiphong but the tanks were blown up before we got there.  
 GRUNT: Why not fill them up in South Vietnam?  
 WALLABY: They pulled our Esso credit card.  
 GRUNT: You could always take a plane back.  
 WALLABY: And where do I get the bread to hop that big bird?  
 GRUNT: Well, for one thing, you can take a job here and earn the money.  
 WALLABY: Man, can we get back to talking about chicks? This work bit, ugh...  
 GRUNT: Well, what kind of girls interest you?  
 WALLABY: Groovy gals with flowers in their hair. Like when I go to San Francisco. You got any flower children in Saigon?  
 GRUNT: Well, we got more flower seekers than we have flowers. But there are flowers available if you've got money.  
 WALLABY: And how do I get that?  
 GRUNT: Take a job.  
 WALLABY: What were we saying about filling our tanks with gas?  
 GRUNT: We were saying if you want to get back to girl protesters, you have to fill your boat with gas and sail back home. And that takes money. And you have to get a job to earn the money.  
 WALLABY: Can we get back to talking about soap?  
 GRUNT: You mean the lack of soap?  
 WALLABY: Anything to get away from that ugly word!

GRUNT: All right, why don't you people use soap?  
 WALLABY: It's bourgeois, man, strictly for the squares from Straightville. Besides, what flower chick's going to make out with a sickly-smelling square right out of a Lifebuoy ad?  
 GRUNT: Well, among other things, it's been known to kill germs.  
 WALLABY: Kill, kill, kill. That's all you guys know about. Germs have rights, too, you know. You don't just go killing because you don't agree with them. You got to try love, man. Just love them and they'll leave you alone. That's why I'm out here, trying to peddle the same philosophy on a bigger scale.  
 GRUNT: And what if love doesn't do it? What if they start eating into your skin and putting big scabby patches on it?  
 WALLABY: You miss the point, man. You start leaving them alone and thinking of them in terms of love and if everybody does the same, they'll change too. Even the germs will get infected with love. Live and let live. Love and let love. That's what it's all about, man. Germs and people, it's all the same. Can't you see that?  
 GRUNT: Not really.

**EDITOR'S NOTE: Before the interview could be completed, Wallaby suddenly went into a convulsion later diagnosed as a combination of scurvy, rickets, and beri beri with a slight dash of cholera and plague. With the compliments of the US State Department, he was med-evaced to a clean hospital and scrubbed down thoroughly with medicinal soap. He fully recovered and has since been posing for Lifebuoy ads.**





# SCHMITZ on the HOME FRONT



"WILL YOU MAKE UP YOUR MIND...?  
YOU'RE HOLDING UP THE WHOLE MARCH!"



Charlie Paga, this is Bravo Two... The enemy is wearing chartreuse and seagreen uniforms. The normal jungle silence is now being shattered by sporadic bursts of M16 fire by men who are arranged most decoratively along the woodline. The clear blue sky is slowly getting hazy from the gray smoke and brown dust. Our weapons platoon is putting on an amazing display of pyrotechnics and in the distance, there are blue-white blossoming mushroom like clouds...



The photo of the sea creature shown in the fishnet above was sent to us by three grunts from Nha Trang. They were fishing about two miles off the coast and when they drew in their net, they found the beauty above tangled in the ropes.

"It's too big to carry home", said the first grunt.

"It has no scales", said the second.

"It's probably not an eating fish", said the third.

The three fish nuts, disappointed in their catch, photographed it and threw it back into the water. When we looked at the photo, we sent a sea searching expedition to Nha Trang to recover the prize. It was too late. The beautiful creature had left Vietnam waters and is probably swimming off the coast of Japan somewhere.

Anyone fishing off the coast of Japan who catches anything resembling the lovely sea creature shown here is requested to notify GRUNT immediately. We'll pay \$ 1.95 a pound for it.





# For Whom The Fuel Pumps

by John Martin



Master Sergeant Herb Bronkle cursed his negligence. It had led up (or more correctly, down) to the empty gas tank in his Jeep. Now here he was, trudging along endless, dust-choked Route 9, an embarrassing barren gas can clutched in fist.

Now and again a truck appeared to slow down. But it didn't stop. Then, adding to his chagrin, Bronkle realized the drivers were getting their kicks at his expense.

"Whatsamatter, Sarge, won't the gas station extend credit on your ID card?" one yelled.

Swallowing these and many other taunts, Bronkle kept his eyes fixed straight ahead, and tried to think beautiful thoughts.

Three frustrating hours later, Bronkle, dog-tired and thoroughly fed up, finally brought the Jeep back to the motor pool.

On the way to his tent, SSgt Webcushion stopped Bronkle and asked, "Gotta light. My zippo seems to be out of fuel".

"Curse you and your forbears", roared Bronkle.

At the entrance to his tent, SSgt Vicebird contentedly sipped a glass of cool lemonade. "There was a man with a can on the road who looked just like you", Vicebird confided indulgently.

"Tinkle on yourself!" Bronkle shouted.

Inside the tent, MSgt Jaytooth was working out a crossword puzzle. "What's a three letter word meaning petrol?" he inquired innocently.

"Your mother wears tennis shoes!" bellowed

Bronkle.

Corporal Beltloose strolled in. "Man," he muttered, "I feel terrible this morning. I must have run out of gas."

A cup of luke-warm coffee clutched in his trembling hands, Bronkle moved to his bunk and sat down. Sgt Wastewater came in and began helping himself to a cup of joe.

"I'm being assigned to L. A.," he said. "Isn't that a gas?"

Bronkle slammed his hands to his ears and turned face down to the bunk.

Then faintly, he heard the voice of Sgt Moonshine. "Where's the coffee pot, man. I need some fuel for this burning pit in my stomach.

Bronkle lashed out at Moonshine, but instead caught his hand on his K-bar and opened a slight gash in his palm. "Stand by," shouted Moonshine, dashing out.

Moonshine cantered back in sixty seconds, a jar of medicine in his hand. "Vaseline petroleum jelly," he said breathlessly. "Just what you need."

Capt Horass entered the room just as Bronkle was flipping Moonshine, judo-style, over his head. "Stop that gassing around," he ordered.

Bronkle froze. He watched Moonshine stagger to his feet, shot one glazed glance at Capt Horass, and bounded out of the tent.

He was last seen heading towards Gate 2, hotly pursued by three MPs, and two medics who carried a straight jacket.



# Saigon Commando Status Symbols

I  
Our status in the Army is determined more or less  
By the clothing and equipment we wear in times of stress.  
This phenomenon was evident in Saigon during "TET"  
And some Saigon Commandos are Wearing helmets yet!

II  
In order to determine who the real Commandos are,  
And to insure that they'll be known by all both near and far,  
We request you make a rating of all their combat gear  
Then we'll select a winner—The Commando of the Year!

III  
A grim and steely stare is worth five points throughout MACV  
A helmet resting on your desk is worth another three.  
Add a point for every item which adorns the iron hat,  
Matches, Smokes, First Aid Supplies, and anything like that.

IV  
A foreign-model handgun in a holster counts five more  
While an AK forty-seven adds a dozen to your score.  
If you have gone without a shave and your boots no longer shine  
You're truly combat-qualified, so add another nine.

V  
Many, many points accrue for flak vest and grenade,  
And knife attached to belt or boot—one point per inch of blade.  
Points will be deducted for standard items worn,  
Like non-subdued insignias, or fatigues that are not torn.

VI  
Magazines and bandoleers in quantity will count,  
One point for every round therein, regardless of amount.  
A giant leather holster belt, with ammo hanging out,  
Or a chromed and sawed-off carbine—that's status beyond doubt!

VII  
Also, actions during TET may boost your total higher,  
Add ten if house or BOQ came under hostile fire.  
But if the fire was friendly, no matter where 'twas at,  
You get no points for friendly fire, We're "Sorry About That!"

VIII  
If you travelled down to Cholon, or along Plantation Road.  
Or any city travel, regardless of the mode—  
Add points according to the risk, but also you can bet  
You lose some points for R & R, or leave you took at TET!

IX  
Each ration meal you ate will bring one point and nothing more,  
Five points for sleeping on your desk, six for the office floor.  
Lest we forget the heroes with their cameras ready then,  
If you've got pictures of VC, you've earned another ten.

X  
That covers all the symbols, so total up the lot,  
Let's see how many heroes, real Commandos that we've got.  
And years from now think of the thrill, the feeling that you'll get,  
When you can say "I earned those points—in Saigon, during TET.

— Maj Frank C. Butler



# INTRODUCING: ARABELLA

## INTREPID WAR CORRESPONDENT

WRITTEN BY KEN ABOOD. DRAWN BY RON SCHMITZ

IF OUR CURVACEOUS NEWSWOMAN, **ARABELLA**, HAD ANY IDEA SHE'D HAVE TO **PARACHUTE** TO HER NEXT ASSIGNMENT SHE WOULDN'T HAVE WORN HER **MINI-SKIRT...**

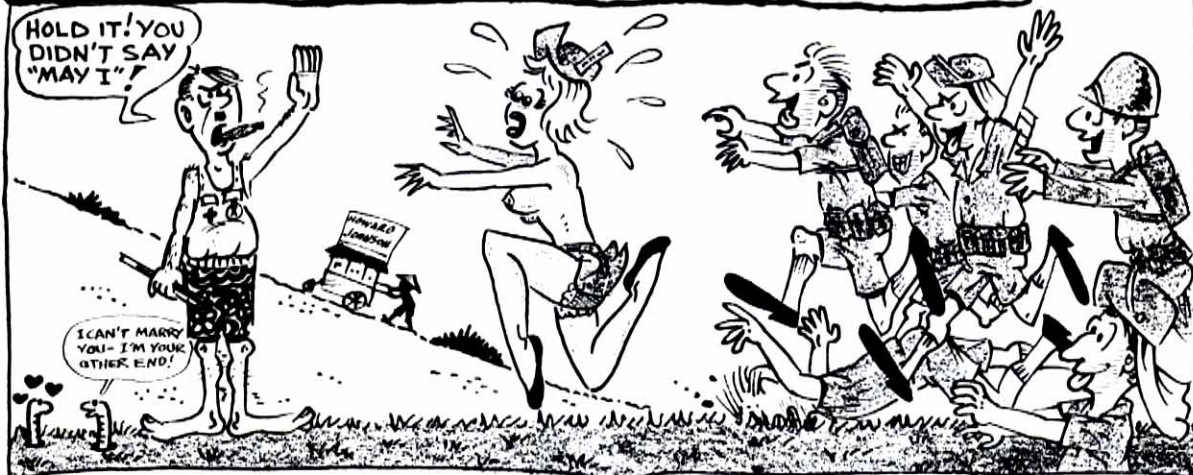


AND-IF SHE KNEW THE PILOT WAS GOING TO DROP HER ACCIDENTALLY ON AN UNFRIENDLY BATTALION, SHE MIGHT NOT HAVE COME AT ALL!



BUT, HERE SHE IS, SURROUNDED BY A BATTALION OF STRANGE LOOKING TROOPS, AND, IF SHE DOESN'T THINK FAST, THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT THEY CAN SQUEEZE OUT OF HER-INFORMATIONWISE THAT IS!

IMAGINE HER AMAZEMENT WHEN SHE DISCOVERS THAT THE ENEMY LEADER IS A FAMILIAR EUROPEAN MERCENARY, SMOKING A HAVANA CIGAR AND WEARING PSYCHEDELIC BERMUDA SHORTS!

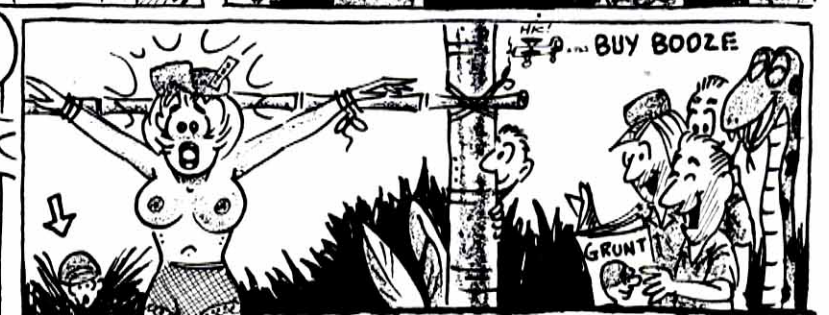


YOU'RE PROBABLY WONDERING WHY AN ENEMY BATTALION COMMANDER IS WEARING PSYCHEDELIC BERMUDA SHORTS.

IT'S GOOD TO LOOK AT ARYAN BEAUTY AGAIN. IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE EVA WENT NATIVE ON ME AND JOINED THE MONTAGNARDS. **SO! YOU'RE ALIVE! AND NOT IN ARGENTINA!**



ENOUGH OF THIS CHIT-CHAT. ON WITH THE TORTURE...



LATER, IN DENSE UNDERGROWTH NEAR THE CAMP, PFC CAPER IS PERFORMING LATRINE DUTIES. AS HE OVERHEARS VOICES, HE LOOKS UP AND SEES OUR BEAUTIFUL ROUNDEYE TIED TO A CROSSBAR.



OUR INTREPID ARABELLA IS UNDERGOING ONE OF THE STRANGEST WAR INTERROGATIONS EVER—THE EUROPEAN IS TICKLING HER WITH AN EAGLE'S FEATHER. THE INHUMAN MONSTER. POOR EAGLE.



I'M GOING BACK TO SAIGON AND FILE A STORY TELLING WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO YOU!



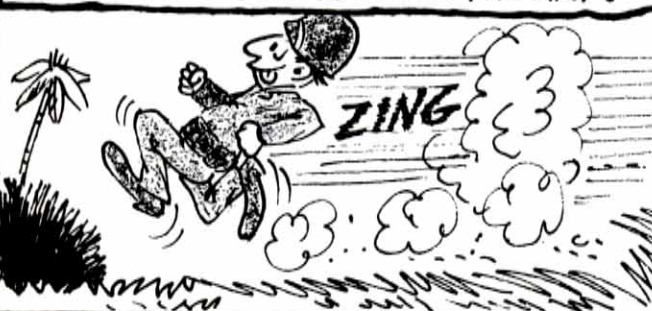
I'M AFRAID I HAVE OTHER PLANS FOR YOU, MEIN SCHATZ!



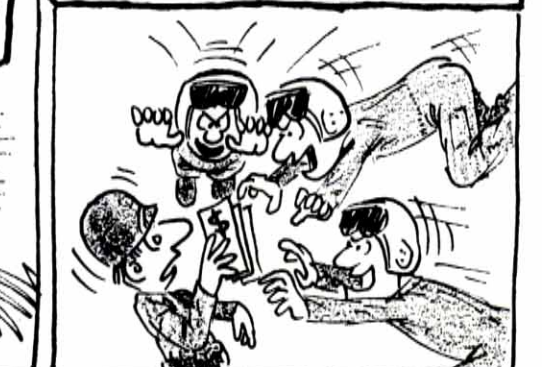
YOU WON'T LAUGH WHEN YOU MEET MY MAN-EATING TIGER MY LITTLE PET!



SUFFERING SABER TOOTH TIGERS! THIS LOOKS LIKE BIG TROUBLE FOR OUR INTREPID ARABELLA... WHAT'S THIS?! IT'S PFC CAPER!! HE'S MAKING HIS WAY BACK TO CAMP AND HELP FOR OUR SWEETHEART!



THE SEARCH & RESCUE HELICOPTER CREW JUMPS AT THE OPPORTUNITY TO RESCUE THE FAIR MAIDEN.



MEANWHILE: ARABELLA'S BEAUTIFUL BODY IS BEING PREPARED FOR AN EVENING WITH THE MAN-EATER!



IT'S PART OF AN EXPERIMENT. I MUST KNOW IF A MAN-EATING TIGER WILL ALSO EAT A WOMAN!



AS THE RESCUE CHOPPER SEARCHES FRUITLESSLY OVERHEAD, ARABELLA IS SHOVED INTO THE TIGER'S CAGE BY THE EVIL EUROPEAN!



IN THE CHOPPER ANOTHER GRIM DRAMA IS TAKING PLACE—PFC CAPER HAS TUNED IN "PERRY MASON" ON HIS PORTABLE T.V. SET.



EEEEEEEEE  
GROWLLL!

DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

ONLY A TIGER'S ROAR AND A GIRL'S SCREAM.

THEY DROWNED OUT "PERRY'S" COURTROOM SCENE—DARN IT!

THAT'S OUR GIRL DOWN THERE! DROP THE HOOK IMMEDIATELY!

CAN'T I WAIT AND SEE WHO COMMITTED THE MURDER?

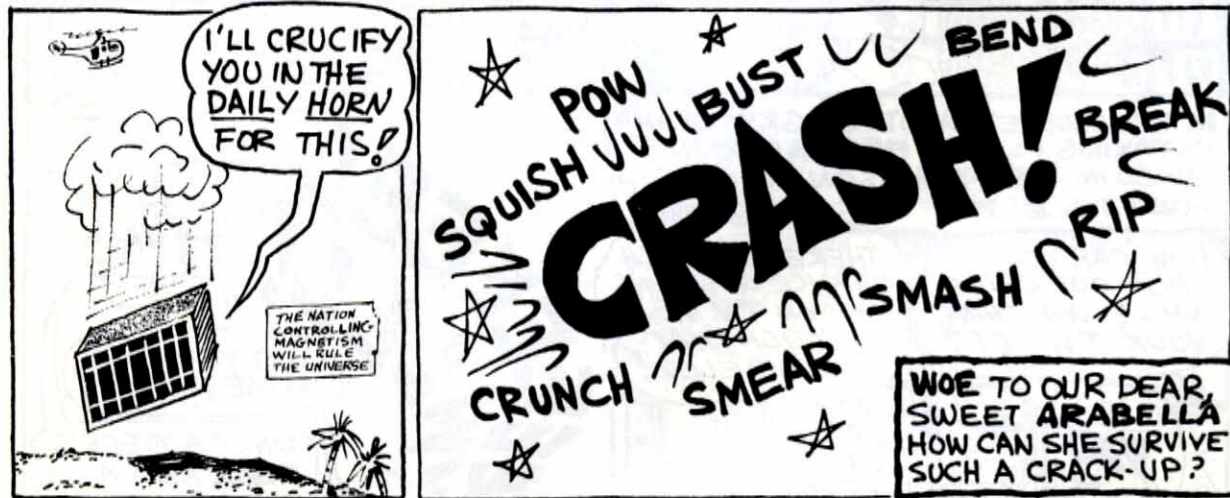
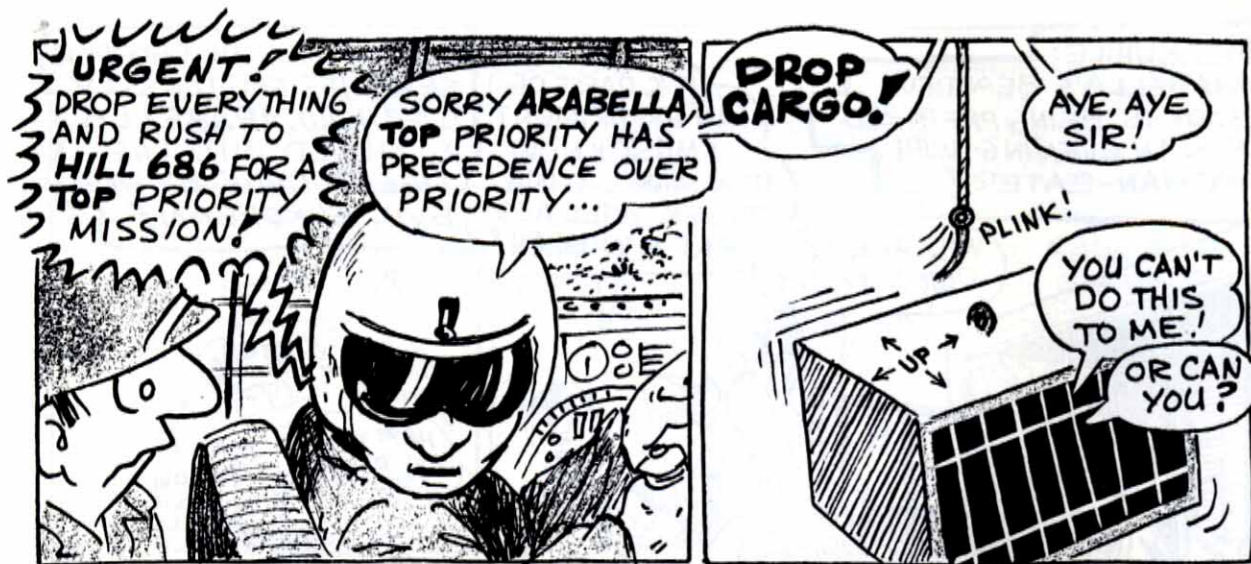


THE CHOPPER'S HOOK LIFTS THE CAGE, TIGER AND ARABELLA INTO THE SKY. IT LOOKS LIKE OUR SWEET IS SAVED.



OH! OH! HERE COMES AN URGENT RADIO MESSAGE FROM THE HEAD-SHED... HANG ON TO YOUR HELMETS!





**JOY OF JOYS!** THE CAGE HAS STRUCK THE TREE-TOPS. ARABELLA HAS BEEN KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS BUT, SHE'S ALIVE. UNFORTUNATELY, THE TIGER, STILL VERY HUNGRY, HAS DECIDED TO FINISH THE EXPERIMENT-ARABELLA IS ABOUT TO BE EATEN ALIVE!

HIS TONGUE UNFURLED AND LICKING HIS CHOPS, THE TIGER ADVANCES ON OUR PROSTRATE NEWS HEN...



IS ARABELLA REALLY EDIBLE? IS HER FATE INCREDIBLE? SEE THE NEXT SOUL-SEARCHING SEQUEL. AND KNOW!!

# Ranfone's Vietnam



*Last week, I Processed 7,320 pieces of paper. That's a hell of a lot of paperwork for an outfit that's supposed to be fighting a war....*



*And yesterday alone, I set a new record; 1,342 pieces of paper, all screened and marked for distribution....*



*Still the paperwork keeps piling up. This morning I got enough paper on my desk to wallpaper the White House....*



*Yet when I went to the john an hour ago, there wasn't a piece of paper to be found.*



# PRIVATE GRONK: PRIVATE EYE



The sound of one hand clapping rang loud and clear in Sergeant Random's ear. The hand belonged to an unknown assailant who lunged suddenly from the barber shop door and smashed an open hand across the right side of Random's head, knocking the surprised NCO to the dirt. It was dark and there was nobody else around. Random picked himself up and saw a running shadow. The shadow ran into the B Company tent and disappeared.

At first, Random thought it might be a VC, but when he thought about it, he decided it was somebody in B Company. A VC wouldn't hide and wait, then just clout a guy. And he wouldn't retreat to the B Company tent area. No, it was somebody in B Company, but who?

Since PFC Gronk had a reputation as an amateur private investigator who could find answers, Random approached him with his problem. "Somebody whacked me across the ear last night", Random explained, "It was somebody from B Company. You find him and it's worth ten bucks".

Gronk leaned back in his chair, regretting that in all his cases, there was never a woman involved. Gronk prayed for the day he could follow the "cherchez la femme" approach like other private eyes. "Are you sure it was a him?", he asked Random.

"Well, there ain't no 'hers' around here".

"All the same, we can't overlook any possibilities", Gronk advised. He lifted the framed certificate he had received from the Chicago Correspondence School of Fingerprints and wiped some dust from the glass. "About this girl, how tall would you say she was?"

"It wasn't a girl. It was somebody from B Company. Somebody with a grudge. It could even be you".

Gronk calmly placed the framed certificate back on his foot locker. "What makes you think it wasn't a girl?"

"Because the bastard who knocked me down had the strength of a man".

Gronk hated these stubborn clients who were always so sure about themselves. That was the trouble with this small time investigating. Gronk yearned for the day when he'd have his own civilian private investigator's office. Civilians relied more on the detective. "Let's assume you're correct that you were slugged by a man from B Company. First off, we'll look for fingerprints".

"On my ear?"

Gronk made a hasty study of Random's ear and decided there would be no suitable fingerprints there. "We'll return to the scene of the crime and see what we can find", he said.

The barber shop looked exactly like a barber shop should at night. It was locked up and nobody was inside or in sight. "Obviously you have an enemy in B Company", Gronk said.

"Not only that. Somebody doesn't like me".

"In that case, we'll re-enact the crime to find out who that somebody is. Now exactly where were you standing when the crime occurred?"

"Right here". Random placed himself in the spot where he caught the blow.

"Humm", Gronk pondered. "Now if your right ear was the victim, and the assailant was right handed, he or she would have been standing in the barber shop, that is, if they hit you from behind".

"They did".

"Well, that's settled. Now the next big question is why would somebody hit you with an open hand. A man who wanted to hurt you would use a closed fist. But a woman..."

"There are no women around here".

"In that case, the woman was a man".

"How could a woman be a man?"

"That's an interesting medical question which I'm not qualified to answer. But if the woman was a man, what man would it most likely be?"

"I don't follow you", Random said.

"Of course not. I'm following you. Now show me where the assailant ran".

Random pointed in the direction of the Company tent area. "Like I told you, they went to B Company. The guy that hit me came from B Company".

"Nonsense, my dear Random", Gronk said, "Let's not make any positive assumptions. If it was a woman, she couldn't be from B Company because there are no women in B Company".

"It wasn't a woman", Random shouted.

"How do you know?"

"Look, we're not getting anywhere. I think I'll drop your services and find this character on my own".

"In that case, you owe me ten bucks", Gronk said. "Just when I was getting ready to solve the mystery, too".

"You got a suspect?", Random's interest



perked up.

"Ten bucks", Gronk demanded.

"Okay", Random relented, "Go on with the case".

"That's better. Now we'll go back to the Battalion Club."

As Gronk had expected, Private Potter was in the Rec Room lecturing three of the guys on his interest—Zen Buddhism. Potter punched Corporal Grabbottom in the stomach. "Why don't geese fly backwards?" he yelled.

"I don't know".

"How green is the sky?"

"It's blue".

"Is the earth cylindrical or square?"

"It's round".

Gronk interrupted this stimulating philosophical discussion with a question to Potter, "What is the sound of one hand clapping?"

"I don't know", Potter said.

Gronk slapped Potter across the left ear with his open right hand. "That's the sound of one hand clapping", he said as Potter picked himself up off the floor.

"Why'd you do that", Random asked. "Is he the guy that hit me?"

"No, he's just been eliminated as a suspect. That narrows it down to one. The girl".

"What girl?"

"The girl who works in the barber shop. The manicurist. I saw you in there today, didn't I?"

"Yes. I go there once a week".

"Have you ever tipped her?"

"No".

"Have you ever bought one of those dolls she sells?"

"No".

"Have you ever brought her soap from the

PX".

"No".

"Have you ever given her cigarettes for her step-father?"

"No".

"Then the case is solved", Gronk said. "It was the girl from the barber shop".

"Wait till I get my hands on her", Sergeant Random said.

"That will be ten bucks", Gronk said.

Random gave him ten bucks. "First thing in the morning I got a date with a manicurist", he said. "I'll clip her wings".

"That won't be easy". Gronk said. "She quit her job here".

"How do you know? She was working today".

"Come on, I'll show you"

On the door of the ladies' john behind the barber shop, a message in grease pencil was scrawled in pidgin English. Gronk read it to Sergeant Random whose pidgin English was bad. "GI Ran Dom Number Ten. Same same B.S. Me smack him teeth, then fini Camp Shook".

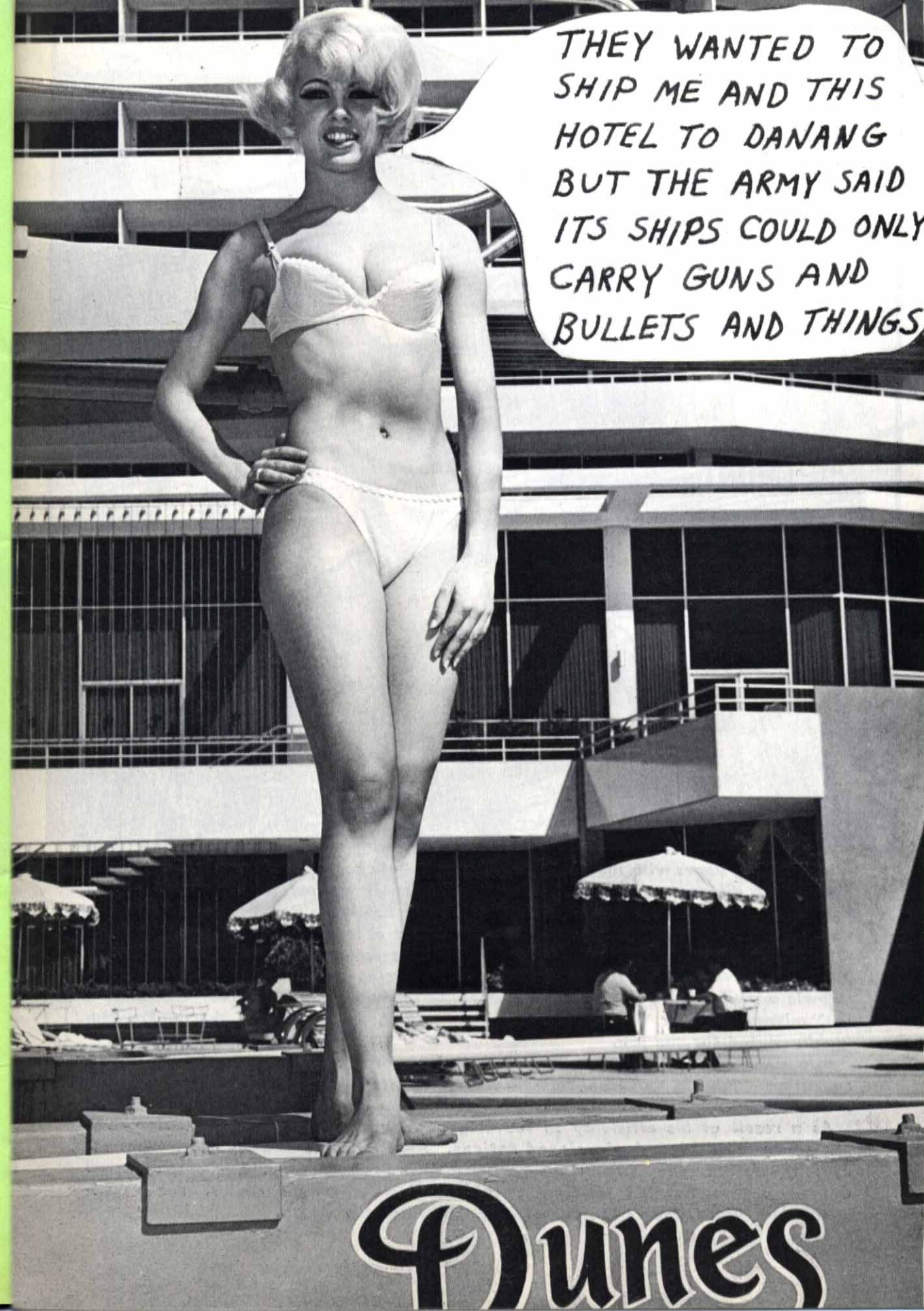
Random shook his fist menacingly. "You knew this was here before you took the case. You knew who did it right off. And you went through all that other crap. Give me back the ten bucks"

"Sorry 'bout that", Gronk said. "But tell you what I'll do. For twenty bucks, I'll locate her in town for you. And that's a special rate for faithful customers"

What Random told Cronk they wouldn't even print in an underground magazine. Translated from the vernacular, it meant "drop the case".



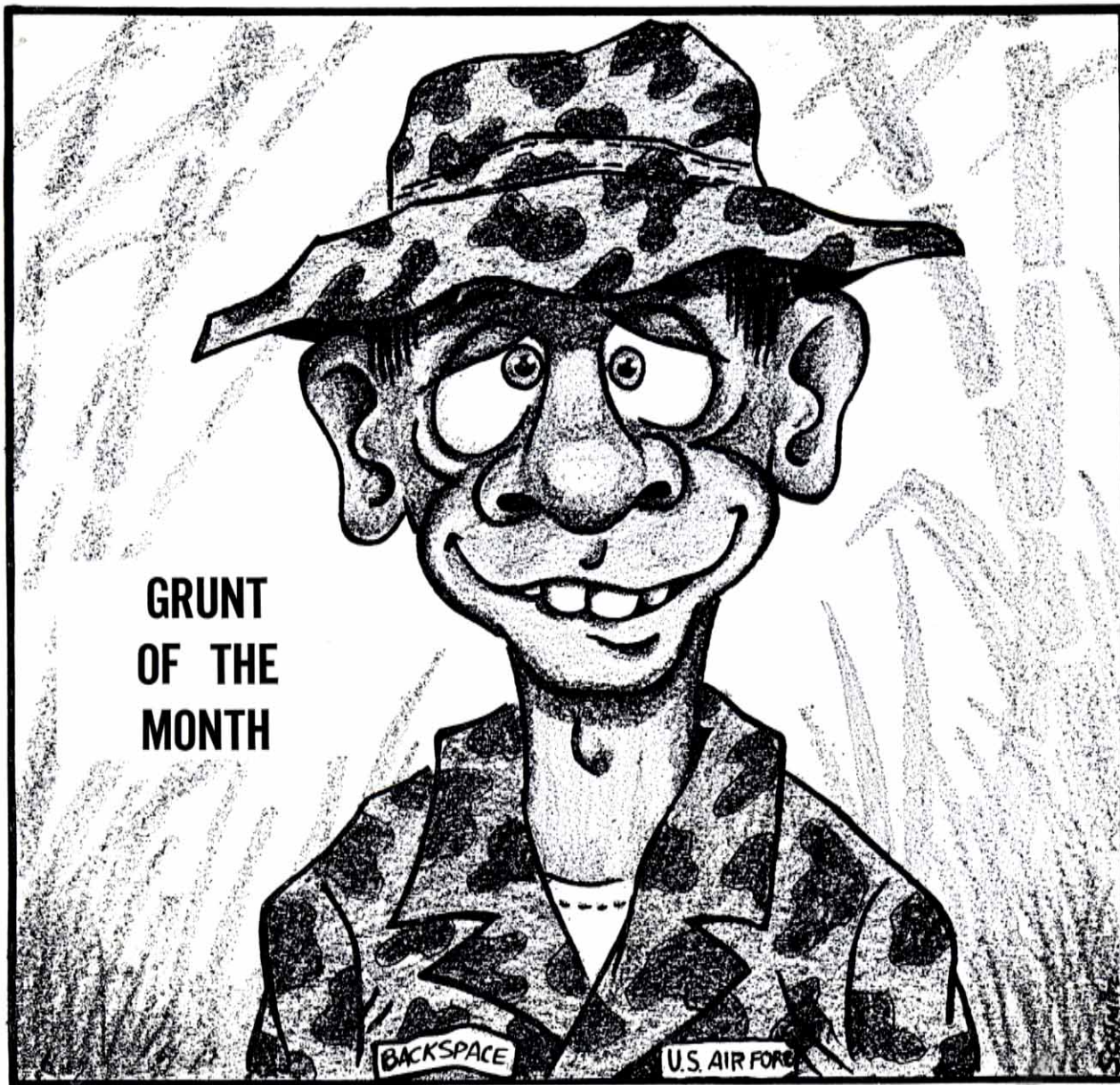
"OK, everybody, all clear".



THEY WANTED TO SHIP ME AND THIS HOTEL TO DANANG BUT THE ARMY SAID ITS SHIPS COULD ONLY CARRY GUNS AND BULLETS AND THINGS

Dunes





## GRUNT OF THE MONTH

In his 18½ years with the Air Force, Sergeant Rufe Backspace has only flown once. That was a distance of six feet after his chin made contact with a powerful fist belonging to an irate six-year old. Rufe fears heights. He once panicked from vertigo when he had to step on a stool to avoid a foraging mouse.

Rufe has cut quite a reputation for himself as a screener of paperwork. A commander who wants to cut down paperwork simply has it routed through Rufe, who scrawls a memo on it and sends it back. The memo says things like "neatness" or "misspelling" or "obscure". Rufe can't read, of course, and that makes him ideally suited for the job.

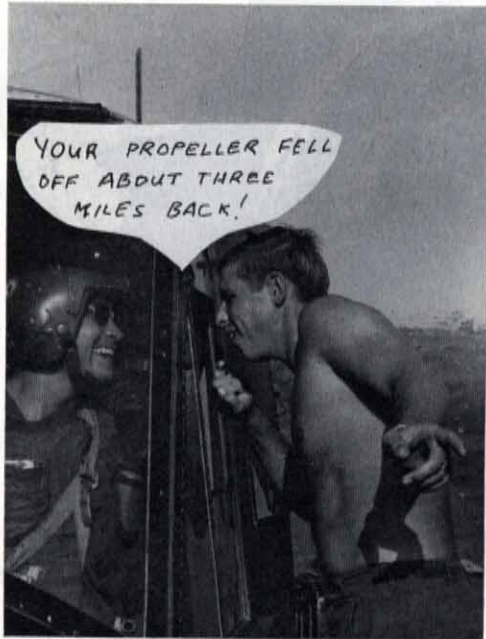
In a six month period, Rufe sent back 9,864 pieces of correspondence out of 9,863 submitted. The one that went through was a paper airplane that accidentally sailed into the commander's office where it landed in the wastebasket.

As a result of his efficiency in reducing paperwork, Rufe has been assigned to advisory work with underdeveloped nations. His first job will be in North Vietnam. By stopping the heavy paperwork up there, it is hoped there will be less captured documents to screen, thus freeing another division for combat duties. For his unparalleled record, Rufe has been elected GRUNT of the Month.

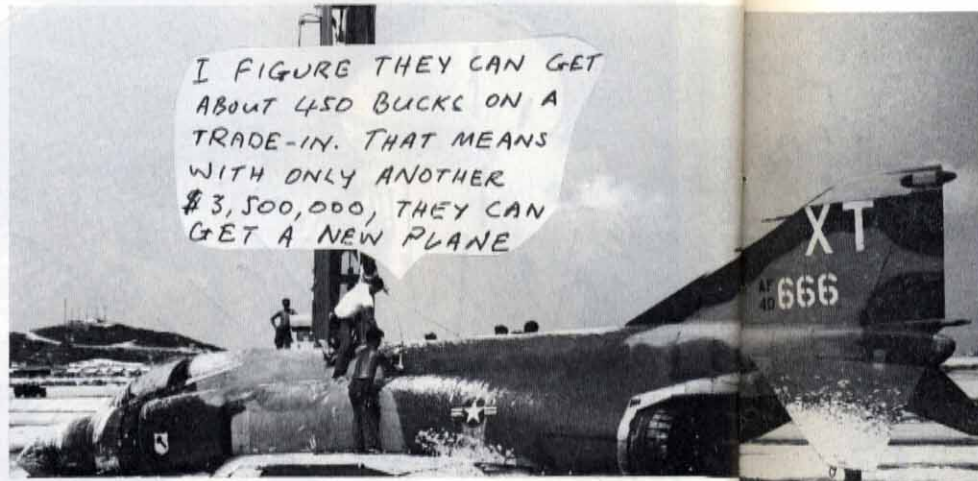


"HEY SARGE ... MY DRAFT CARDS IN THERE"





YOUR PROPELLER FELL  
OFF ABOUT THREE  
MILES BACK!



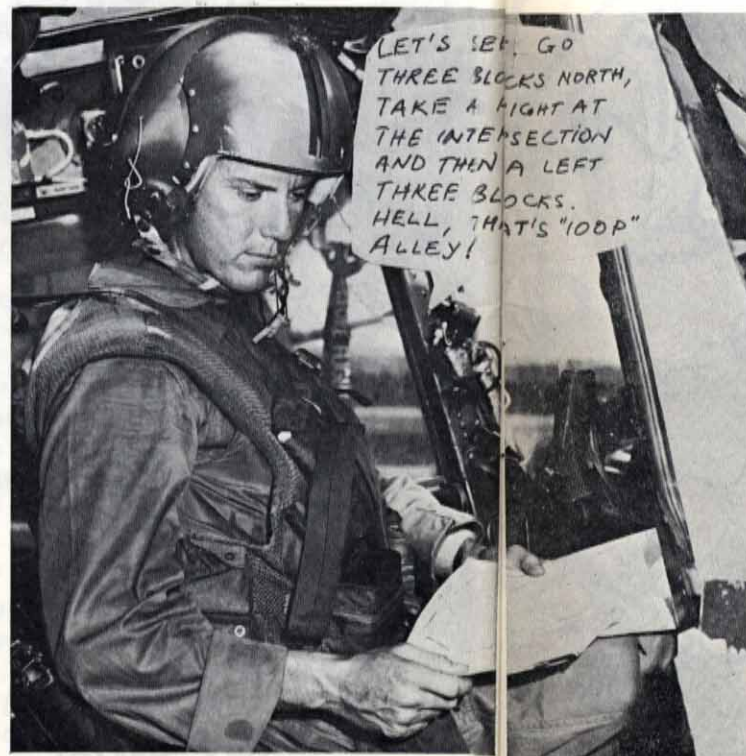
I FIGURE THEY CAN GET  
ABOUT 450 BUCKS ON A  
TRADE-IN. THAT MEANS  
WITH ONLY ANOTHER  
\$3,500,000, THEY CAN  
GET A NEW PLANE

# GRUNROONS



AFTER IT BOUNCED  
OFF MY HEAD, IT  
PENETRATED THIS  
HOLE AND EXPLODED  
INSIDE, WIPING OUT  
THREE VC INFILTRATORS

A tongue-in-cheek look at several pictures that turned up on our desk. Can you better these? If you think you can, send your pictures in with appropriate captions...



LET'S SET GO  
THREE BLOCKS NORTH,  
TAKE A RIGHT AT  
THE INTERSECTION  
AND THEN A LEFT  
THREE BLOCKS.  
HELL, THAT'S "100P"  
ALLEY!

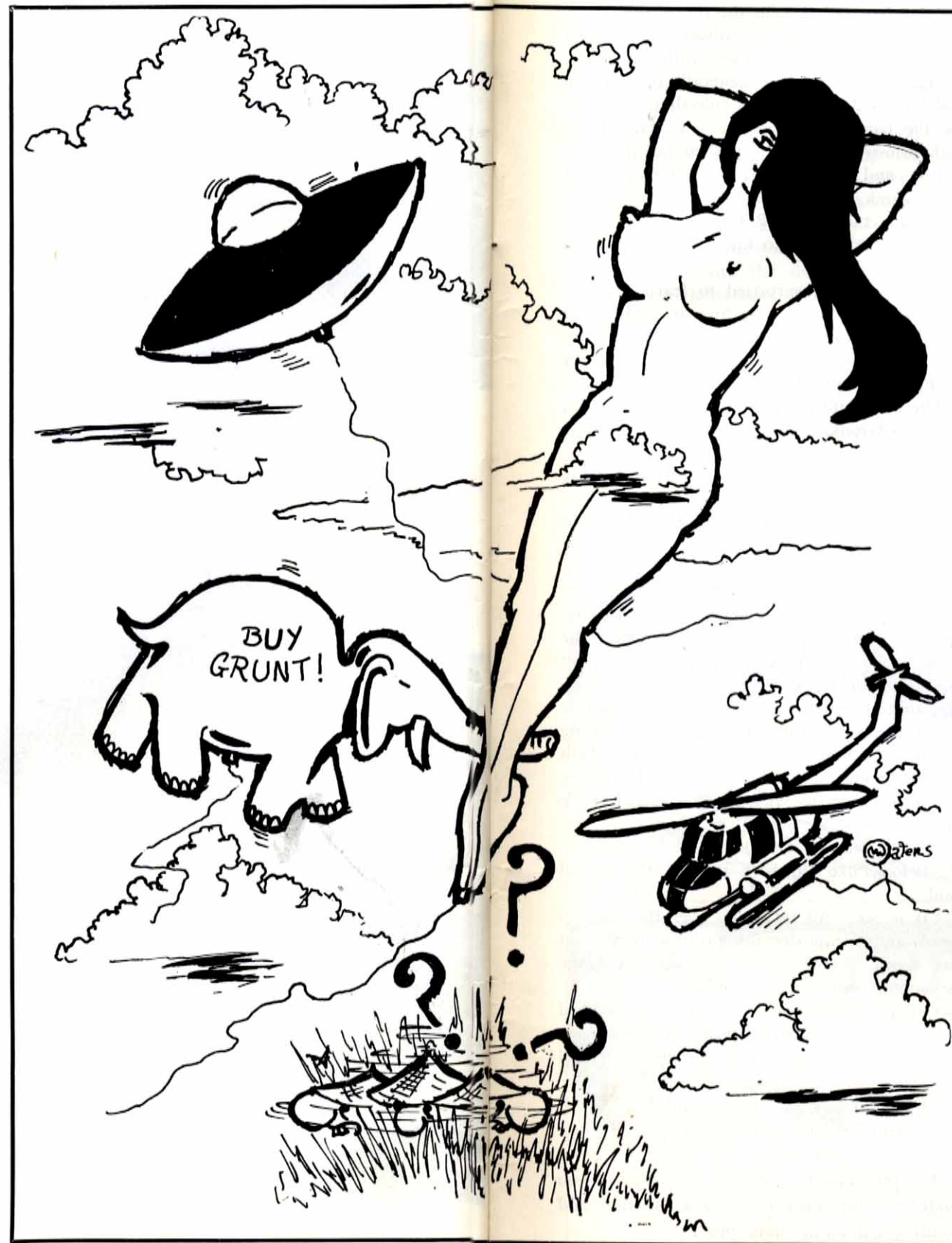


WHEN WE THROW YOU  
OUT OF THE PLANE AT  
60,000 FEET, COUNT  
TEN AND PULL THIS  
RING



Trapping Liz Taylor's boobies? Outrageous! they declared. But Pfc Gronk was convinced...

# BALLOONS WILL WIN THE WAR!



PFC GRONK watched in complete fascination as they blew up the hospital. It was all so simple. One minute the hospital was a lot of crumpled rubber on the ground and the next minute it was pumped full of air and standing up rigid. Here was a full fledged hospital where none had been before—put up almost as fast as artillery and bombs could knock one down. There weren't many things which could be built as fast as they could be destroyed, Gronk thought, and that led him to thinking about a combination of building and destroying and that flicked the little light bulb on Click!—it was there, in Gronk's brain, framed by lightning flash, clouds, fading red sunset.

A new idea was born. Balloon warfare. Balloons would revolutionize the war. Balloons would bring victory.

Balloons had unique characteristics. Inflated with gas they would fly. Deflated of gas they would fall. Gronk repeated this thought out loud, "Gas inflated objects fly. Gas deflated objects fall". It was all so simple. He repeated it over and over until it became a chant. He was repeating it rapturously when Potter entered the tent.

"You nuts or something?", Potter asked.

"Potter", Gronk said. "Have you ever thought about balloons?"

"Yes, I had a little red one on my fifth birthday and my big brother broke it. I think about that all the time.

"I'm not talking about that kind of balloon. I'm talking about big balloons, thousands of them, flying all over Vietnam. Some will be shaped like helicopters".

"Balloons shaped like helicopters?"

"Right, to confuse the enemy. Everytime he looks up, he'll see a helicopter over him, only it might not be a helicopter, it might be a balloon shaped like a helicopter".

"So he shoots it down", Potter said. "Then what?"

"Don't you see. If he shoots at a fake one and gives away his position the real helicopter goes in to zap him."

"The VC are going to know the real helicopter is the one that makes noise and has a spinning prop".

"But in that moment when he shoots, he might confuse the real one with the fake one. Besides, there will be lots of other inflated shapes in the air".



"Like what?"

"Flying saucers. B-52's. Elephants. Nude Elizabeth Taylors".

"I like the last shape the best", Potter said, "Who could ever shoot at Elizabeth Taylor inflated in the nude, I mean a nudely inflated Liz Taylor. I mean an inflated Liz Taylor in the nude".

"Let them shoot", Potter said, "She's only a rubber balloon. Like the elephants and flying saucers. And if they shoot, they're in for a surprise".

"How is that?"

"The inflated object will be booby-trapped. When it comes down to earth and the VC go to touch it, poof, a paralyzing gas will knock them out and they'll be captured".

"Let me get this straight", Potter said, "This inflated Liz Taylor balloon will have the boobies trapped, and when a VC goes to touch them, he'll be knocked out with paralyzing gas".

"Something like that", Gronk said, "Only it will apply to the inflated elephants as well".

"Who's going to touch an elephant's when Liz Taylor's are around".

"You're missing the point", Gronk said, "This has nothing to do with personalities or politics. The idea is to use flying objects to deceive the enemy when they're inflated and knock him out when they're deflated".

"I think I understood it better before you said that", Potter answered.

"It doesn't matter", Gronk said in disgust, "Anyhow, why am I explaining this idea to you. You can't do anything about it".

"I can blow up the balloons", Potter said.

Gronk left Potter drooling over the prospect of blowing up a nude balloon of Elizabeth Taylor. Gronk wondered why he wasted so much of his life explaining big things to little people like Potter, people who had no power to do things. A palm reader on a street in Tokyo told Gronk during his R&R that he should not be afraid to talk to people at the top. Well, this time, Gronk decided he'd do it. He'd make a prototype balloon and take it right to the top—right to General Kewpie, the Brigade Commander.

It took two weeks for Yellow Bird Lee to get the 15 foot high balloon of Elizabeth Taylor made up by his cousin who owned a plastic factory in Saigon. Yellow Bird charged a

dollar a foot and \$23 for the rest of the shape. Armed with the deflated rubber and a small tank of hydrogen gas, mixed with nerve gas, Gronk walked into the general's outer office and informed the general's aide that he had to see the commanding general on a matter of high priority. The aide pushed the intercom button and informed General Kewpie that PFC Gronk of B Company wished to see him. Then he turned to PFC Gronk and said, "The general wants to know who the hell is PFC Gronk?"

Gronk was not surprised to learn that the general did not know who he was. "Tell him I'm one of the Boston Gronks, an issue of Henry and Elizabeth Gronk who trace their ancestry back to Sir Walter Gronk".

The aide dutifully passed on this reply, then spoke to Gronk, "The general wants to know who the hell is Sir Walter Gronk?"

"Sir Walter Gronk was the husband of Lady Gronk".

The aide delivered the reply and then told Gronk, "The general will see you".

General Kewpie didn't even look up when Gronk entered his office. He was busy studying a map for an upcoming operation, drawing red and blue arrows on it to show where the enemy thrust was expected and how he would counterthrust it. When he did finally look up two minutes later, there standing in front of him was a nervous five foot eight PFC holding down a 15 foot nude and inflated Elizabeth Taylor balloon whose head touched the ceiling.

"What have we here?" General Kewpie asked.

"A balloon, sir", Gronk replied. "It looks like Elizabeth Taylor", the general said.

"It is, sir. All set to fly over the enemy's heads and release sleeping gas after they shoot her down. Same as the elephants and the helicopters and flying saucers".

General Kewpie rose from his desk, walked over to Gronk, "Which ward did they release you from, son?", he asked. Kewpie called all his men "son".

"I'm not crazy, sir", Gronk said, "Then what have you been smoking?" "I don't smoke, sir".

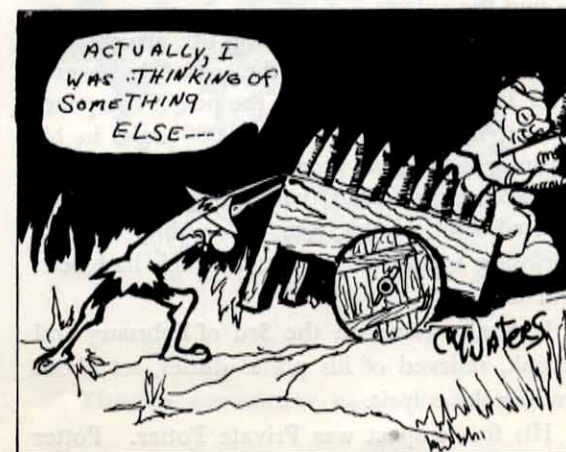
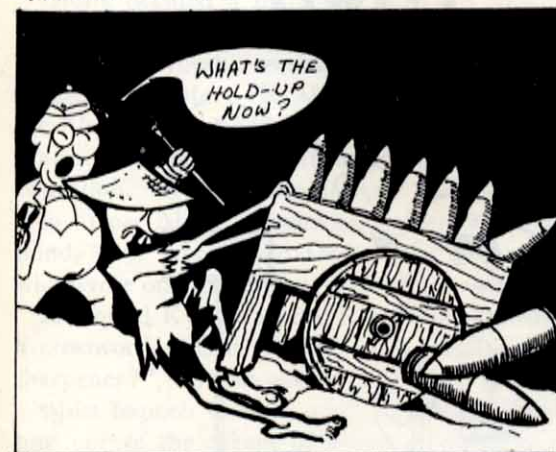
Kewpie smiled. "Well, then why do you walk into my office carrying a big doll and holding it in an intimate spot".

Gronk suddenly realized he was holding the shape in an intimate spot. He quickly released it. The bigger-than-life size Liz Taylor floated to the ceiling and then caught a current which pushed it out the window. It floated out over the parade yard, over the jungle canopy and over a hidden Viet Cong base camp only two miles from brigade headquarters where the enemy was planning a major attack. The VC commander was busy putting blue and red thrust and counterthrust arrows on a map when his aide burst into the dugout. "Sir", the aide said in Vietnamese, "There's an unidentified flying object overhead".

"Shoot it down", the VC commander said, without even looking up from his map.

A volley of AK-47 fire brought the balloon down right in the center of the VC camp. Every man in the camp crowded around to look at the deflated dolly. Not one of them saw the unseen gas which leaked out of the shape. In seconds, every man was temporarily paralyzed with a silly grin on his face.

### TRAIL TALES





If PFC Gronk had to make a list of the two hundred gifts he'd like most for Christmas, a pocket pencil sharpener would not be on it. Yet there he was a week before Christmas with 12,480 pencil sharpeners and more arriving by mail at the rate of a thousand a day. The letters came from all over America and a typical one read as follows:

*"Dear PFC Gronk: We were very sad to read your letter in Dear Abby's column telling about the shortage of pencil sharpeners in Vietnam and how you brave men in combat often could not write home because your pencils were blunted. So we took a collection in our first grade class at Poontown Elementary and collected ten cents to buy one. Keep your pencil sharp, soldier, and get one for us. First Graders at Poontown."*

Gronk was truly touched by the sentiment in the letters. They came from people who cared, people who believed in him. But this sentiment was overshadowed by the fact that Gronk had been assigned to the Post Office temporarily to sort out all his own mail, a gruelling job that lasted from six a.m. till midnight.

Also, Gronk had to sort through an average of 5,000 letters before he could find one from his sweetheart or mother. On top of that, his Harris Poll rating with the company had dropped to zero.

And finally, Gronk had to figure out what to do with a mountain of pencil sharpeners that was building up in his tent.

In the few minutes he had to think each day, the minutes before he fell asleep, Gronk tried to figure out who had got him into the mess. Gronk had not written to Dear Abby, but somebody had, using his name and address. It was a dirty trick, and Gronk was determined to find the culprit.

The mail started tapering off around the middle of January and by the end of the month, after Gronk had cornered the pencil sharpener market in the world with 38,000 units in his inventory, the mail stopped coming. That is, all except one. And that was the one Gronk wanted most, a letter from "Dear Abby" herself, enclosing a copy of the letter which had been sent to her.

It finally came on the 3rd of February and Gronk, relieved of his postal duties, set about finding the culprit.

His first suspect was Private Potter. Potter

## Gifts for Fighting Men



was sailing little paper boats in a water-filled 50 gallon drum when Gronk approached him. "You happen to have a pencil sharpener on you?", Potter asked.

"Matter of fact, I just happen to have one", Gronk said, handing his prime suspect the little instrument. Potter sharpened his pencil, marked one of his boats "S.S. Pinafore", and handed back the sharpener. "These ships over here", he explained, pointing to a group of paper boats in the middle of the tank, "are the Spanish Armada. These boats on the side are the English ships commanded by Lord Nelson, and they're ready to go into battle".

"Nelson wasn't even born when the Spanish Armada was sailing", Gronk said.

"This happens to be my war", Potter said, "And I'll decide who commands the fleets, if you don't mind". He moved the ships from the side of the tank among the Spanish Armada boats and one by one, sank every one. "You have just witnessed one of the greatest naval victories of all time", he said triumphantly. "Vive la Nelson".

Gronk decided a man who put Lord Nelson in the wrong century couldn't be guilty, Now Corporal Kybosh would know about the Spanish Armada. He always bragged about the A's he got in history right through the fifth grade, the year he terminated his formal education. Kybosh was also the kind of fink who "Dear Abby" dreams about. In Gronk's mind, guys who wrote Dear Abby and guys who wrote on latrine walls were of the same ilk.

He found Kybosh in the Rec Room working a crossword puzzle. "Hey, you got a pencil sharpener?", Kybosh asked.

"Just happen to have one". Gronk handed him one of the tokens of appreciation from a grateful nation. "Keep it".

Kybosh sharpened his pencil, then threw the sharpener in the wastebasket.

"You know a four letter word that means intercourse".

"Sure, but it's not the one you want. Where is it?".

"Twelve down".

Gronk studied the paper. "That's twelve across and it's a five letter word and it should be 'trade'".

"Thanks".

"Did you write Dear Abby and sign my name?", Gronk asked.

"Why would I do a thing like that?"

"Does that answer mean yes or no?"

"It means I ain't talking till I see my lawyer. I'm standing on the Fifth. I refuse to answer on grounds I may incriminate myself. In other words, why would I do a thing like that?"

"One other question. Who commanded the English ships when they sank the Spanish Armada?"

"Sir Francis Drake".

"That's all I wanted to know". Gronk left, went back to his tent to write a letter. "Dear Abby", he wrote. "I'm writing this from Vietnam as the bullets whiz overhead and the mortar shells crump nearby. One of the things we really need over here is eyebrow pencils. That may sound strange to you but let me explain. If you're in the jungle at night and the enemy's all around you, there's only thing you can do to get through their lines: Paint your eyes with an eyebrow pencil so you look like a Viet Cong. Do you know, in all of Vietnam, there isn't an eyebrow pencil to be had. I hope your readers can do something about this."

Gronk signed the letter "Corporal, Kybosh". Then he wrote a P.S. "Incidentally Abby, we won't have any trouble keeping our eyebrow pencils sharpened thanks to the 38,000 pencil sharpeners your readers sent us. (Ha Ha)".

The first letter with an eyebrow pencil in it



**They're surrender passes, alright.**



arrived in six weeks. In the week that followed, Kybosh had 8,450 eyebrow pencils and a 12-hour a day temporary job in the Post Office sorting mail. Oddly enough, some 38,000 eyebrow pencils were received before the "Dear Abby" mail stopped coming, ending the complete disruption of B Company's mail service.

Kybosh had agreed to negotiate with Gronk after the mail bombardment ceased. The two met in the Rec room when Kybosh was relieved of his postal duties.

"Alright", Kybosh said. "I've got 38,000 eyebrow pencils and you've got 38,000 pencil sharpeners. Where do we go from here?"

"To Yellow Bird Lee", Gronk said.

"Yellow Bird Lee, of course".

For a slight service charge of five dollars apiece, Yellow Bird Lee agreed to relieve Gronk and Kybosh of their unwanted inventories. Yellow Bird shipped the eyebrow pen-

cils to his subsidiary in Saigon—Tiger Won. Tiger Won distributed them to his 72 black market outlets in the city and outside the gate of Tan Son Nhut airport. Selling at thirty-five piasters each, the pencils sold out in a week to GI's who were not authorized to buy PX cosmetics for their girl friends.

The pencil sharpeners were sold to a nearby VC District Chief for twenty piasters each. The District Chief sent them to VC headquarters where they were further distributed to VC units throughout the country. The VC used them to sharpen bamboo sticks for punji traps.

Most important, B Company started getting its mail regularly. That is, until Private Potter wrote "Dear Abby" that what GI's in Vietnam really needed were bullet-proof lockets where they could keep photos of their girl friends and wives.



There was Charlie Company on a routine bush patrol when, smack, blam, damn, what do they run into but an unidentified crying object—a dame crying out for succor. The chick in distress had been living alone in the bush and was practically reduced to nothing when our heroes came upon her. Needless to say, her distress was relieved. This was accomplished by providing her suitable attire which kept the mosquitoes off her body.



# WANTED

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

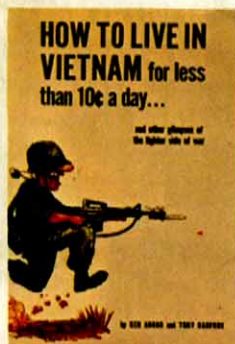


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