



Vol. I -- "W hat day is it pappy, look at your sun dial--Oh it's Oct. 22, 1942"

BLONDE BRUTES CROWNED CHAMPS

MISSING!

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Clinton Herbert Merrill and his thick-bearded mystery partner are asked to get in touch with either Pollock or Bengston in the Service Division Office immediately. We're not slinging it either.

SOCIETY NOTE

"It was just too, too divine for words," murmured Ima Dumea, but she said sighingly, "those two brutally handsome blonde boys would have to be married!"

POLLOCK-BENGSTON DUO BECOME GUARDIANS OF WHIRLAWAY'S LEFT SHOE

From Guadalcanal to Stalingrad to F. A. C., people dropped their usual cares to hail the champs who are the cynosure of all sports fanatics after their amazing triumph at the famous "Sailing Shoe", the mecca of slingers, horseshoes, bull and otherwise.

Scoring their brilliant success were Walter E. Pollock and Carl Bengston who withstood the onslaught of the previously unscarred veterans, Seabiscuit Wimer and Alsb Holmes yesterday afternoon.

Although deluged with offers for personal appearance tours and a proposed third-party candidacy for governorship proffered by the Podunk Women's Society for Preservation of

Corn Varieties, these two dignitaries have consented to remain at good old F. A. C.

"We dun it for me kid," says Pollock but Bengston dissents, declaring, "It was for the U.S.C.O. but nobody was there to collect the dough."

"It was a fluke," said Wimer. "They musta had magnets in their shoes." "We wuz robbed! We demand a recount!" exclaimed Holmes. "We're only good when there's a fire around. Anyway, my oracle tells me that I oughta use real shoes off of Whirlaway."

The two aces took the two games with scores of 21-19 and 21-6 before a roaring crowd, which almost brought in the MP's. Present at the history making event were such dignitaries as the Center management and Jerome GRUNT representatives.

GRAPEVINE MEETS HORRIBLE DEATH -- GRUNT CARRIES ON

The Grapevine is dead! Long live the GRUNT! Today we open the sty door to let out an organ which will carry more weight as time goes on. Contrary to popular opinion, this publication will be clean. The editorial staff is determined to keep it out of the slushy mud of Arkansas. It will be this paper's policy to serve the news to its readers sugar cured; there will be nothing raw about this great literary effort.

Truth, honesty, hope, faith, charity, perseverance, love, devotion, courage and generosity will be the watchwords of this champion of the common and uncommon people...With beans for none and a script book for all. Our first campaign against those which would do evil unto us, will be against our common enemy, the trencherous mosquito. They have sucked our surging life-blood. We refuse to tolerate them any longer. We must fight until these miniature dive-bombers are exterminated. Come Citizens, our way is clear; our purpose is known---let us gird our loins for the life and death struggle.

Now that we understand each other, we send our reporters who have a nose for news and eyes open for any good looking skirt, to go grunting and grubbing around in search for all that is fine and decent in life.

EDITORIAL JOADS

- HERDSMAN-----Rafe Itanaga.
- HOG CALLER---Arkie Nakagama
- SOW SOTHEER---Pap Hanashiro
- BOAR TAMER---Lulu Mizusaki
- MOONSHINER---Hic! Nakamura

GOTTA QUIT BOYS, HE'RE COMES THE REVENOORS!