

All about those insidious Vietnamese restaurants

By JOE BOB BRIGGS

Before I tell you about "Braddock: Missing in Action 3," where Chuck Norris goes over to Vietnam to get out all the prisoners he forgot to get out in his last three movies, I wanna talk to you for a minute about the greatest threat to human rights the world has ever known:

Vietnamese refugees who can NEVER GO HOME because they're getting too rich in the restaurant business.

We may never know how many there really are. No one wants to talk about it. The only official reports we have is that they've been scattered throughout the Midwest, in places like St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, so that they can be hidden from sight among populations who believe they run CHINESE restaurants.

Here's just one blood-curdling example. At the Nguyen Van Thuy "Happy Eggroll" Restaurant in Tyler, Texas, patrons are served cabbage-leaf bamboo-shoot sweet-and-sour fondue fajitas, a dish which would be recognized by any Vietnam veteran as the famous "G.I. Griddle" sold at the open-air market in Dien Bien Phu as a cure for malaria. Yet the local restaurant critic in Tyler calls it simply "scrumptious Oriental fast food."

The question I keep asking is "Why?" Why this massive cover-up by the government? Why not let these innocent people go home? Why prolong the secret war?

"Why? I'll tell you why," says Colone! Jeffrey T. "Two-Nosed" Windsor of the U.S. Marines' top-secret Operation Doggie Bag. "Because the Cong never forgets. They suffered, now we're gonna suffer. Do you realize how much monosodium glutamate is packed into every single plate of black piggy goo they serve? Do you? Lemme put it this way. They said Agent Orange was a crime."

Windsor refused to comment on exactly what covert operations were underway at this time to get the

Vietnamese restaurants safely OUT of the country where they belong, but this reporter was able to gather a few details:

1) Sometime in 1988 the Internal Revenue Service will conduct "routine" audits of anyone living in this country without any visible vowels in his name.

2) Shortly thereafter, this information will be used to identify targets for rescue operations in nine American cities.

3) Crack teams of trained health inspectors, building-code experts and killer restaurant critics will descend on approximately 100 Vietnamese restaurants and, within one day, offer them all one-way tickets on Thai Airways to Ho Chi Minh City. These brave men, our only hope at this point, are known, of course, as the Ng Team. Let's give them all the support we can.

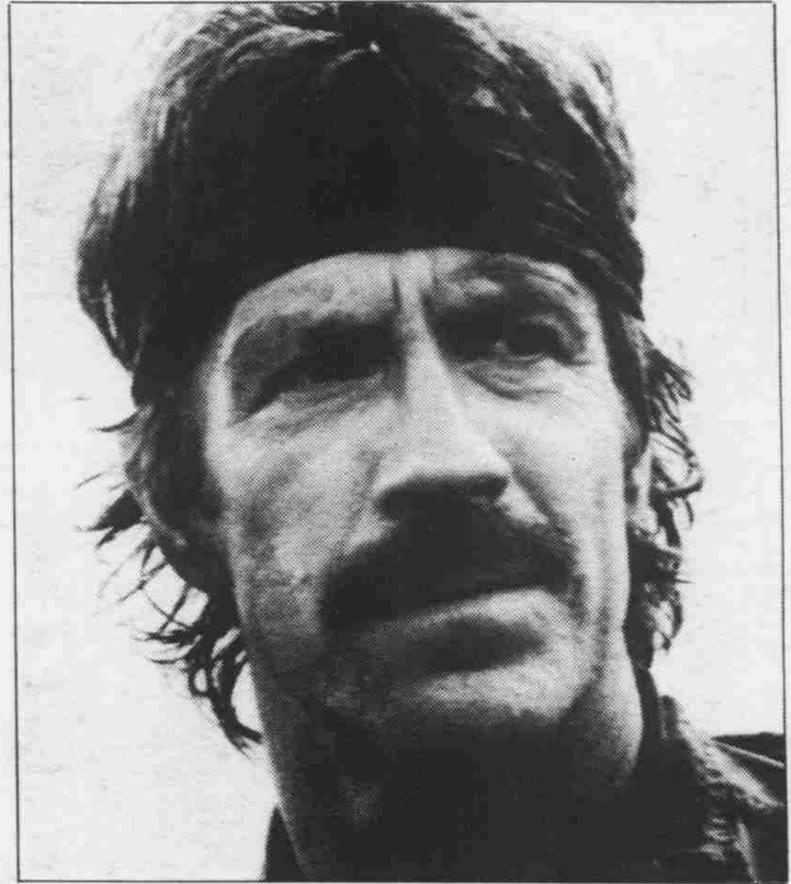
Speaking of exposure to lethal substances, "Braddock: Missing in Action 3" is the latest exploding-bamboo classic from Cannon Films, but this time Chuck has to fly back over to Nam to get all the imprisoned ORPHANS out of there. For the last 13 years Chuck thought his Vietnamese wife was dead, 'cause just before he got airlifted out of Saigon he saw this body that looked like a charcoal briquet with eyeballs, and he ASSUMED it was his wife 'cause she was wearing an ivory bracelet.

Unfortunately, Chuck married somebody so stupid she hasn't figured out how to use the telephone the past 13 years, and so all she does all day long is sit around in her mud shack with the son that Chuck don't know he has and they PRAY for Chuck to come back. Of course, WE know what Chuck was doing all those years — he was making "Missing in Action" 1 and 2. Anyhow, finally a Catholic priest is making his rounds in the Nam projects, and he finds this lady named Mrs. James Braddock, and he thinks "That's funny," only he don't know how to use the telephone either and so he flies to Washington, D.C., and finds Chuck in a bar and tells the CIA so they can hassle Chuck and tell

him, "Hey, man, you don't need a wife. Forget the bimbo." So that Chuck can eventually fly back over to Nam and kickbox some Commie hiney.

We all know what happens next. First he flies to Bangkok to get some ammo, hires some sleazy guys, and get chased through the bazaar so the cars can run over 20 fruit stands. Then he sneaks into Nam. Then he gets captured and tortured by the sadistic General Quoc. Then he tap-dances on the teeth of 140 machine-gun-toting Congaroos until he can get all the imprisoned orphans out of the country. These people do know how to make a sequel.

We may have a new exploding bamboo record: 75 dead bodies, including five broken necks with excellent sound effects. No breasts. Diehard battery torture. Tiptoe torture. Three exploding bamboo towers. Five exploding jeeps. Two exploding trucks. Exploding chopper. Plane crash. Three motor vehicle chases, including an Army truck full of orphans chased through the jungle by a missile-equipped assault copter. Gratuitous belly dancing. Kung Fu. Pontoon bumper boat Fu. Shoulder cannon Fu. Saigon Fu. Bangkok Fu. Ho Chi Fu. Asian-American Actors Guild Fu. Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Ron Barker, as the sleazeball Bangkok arms merchant friend, for saying "Vietnam — I never thought I'd be coming back — I guess we never really CAN leave, can we?"; Miki Kim, as the wife that sat in a mud shack waitin' on Chuck for 13 years, for saying "Oh, it doesn't matter"; Aki Aleong, as the evil



Chuck Norris, emoting

General Quoc, for saying "You must PAY for the crimes you have committed against my country!" and "Braddock! Braddock! Boogie Eye! Boogie Eye!"; Jack Rader, as Littlejohn the CIA three-piece high sheriff, for screaming "Don't step on toes,

Braddock!"; and Big Chuck, for saying "I don't step on toes, Littlejohn, I walk on NECKS!" and "Kids, get in the truck!" and "Walk or crawl, we're gonna make it!"

Three stars. Joe Bob says check it out.

Joe Bob's Mailbag

Communist Alert! They closed down the drive-in in Huntsville, Texas, a home of the Texas prison system, and reopened it as a combination gun shop and firing range. Four or five of the professors at the Sam Houston State University Criminal Justice Center, led by Paul Louis, are doing what they can, but the place is like an armed camp. Commandos needed. Remember, without eternal vigilance, it can happen here. To discuss the meaning of life with Joe Bob, or to get the "We Are The Weird" newsletter with its free-junk info., write Joe Bob Briggs, P.O. Box 33, Dallas, TX 75221.

HI THERE:

Please send Life's Meaning in small bills. Also, where can I get a sociopath car ornament (like those little fish the Christians have from their cars)? Please describe the sociopath logo.

SINCERELY, LOUISE ANGUIAM, NEVADA CITY, CALIF.

DEAR LOUISE: Twelve-pound largemouth bass.

DEAR JOE BOB: Howya shake yo groove thang? Jus' wonderin'. CLAY

COPLIEVITZ, EVERGREEN STATE COLLEGE, OLYMPIA, WASH.

DEAR CLAY: With a fork.

DEAR JOE BOB: What does it all mean? Oral Roberts' life worth eight big ones, Jessica Hahn's nookie worth \$265,000, Minnesota has the best team in baseball, Ronnie trying to make a deal with Gorbi & it's been cloudy two days in a row here in El Lay. Help.

TRENT MUELLER, ENCINO, CALIF.

DEAR TRENT:

It means you're going to die.

In El Lay, it probly means you're gonna die quicker than me.

DEAR JOE BOB:

Last Sunday your column was next to a long article about Richard Dreyfuss. We are supposed to feel sorry that for 20 years he was a dope fiend, on Crank, cognac and cocaine.

YOURS WEIRDLY, MIKE AXHELM, VALLEJO, CALIF.

DEAR MIKE:

Okay.

"Don't drink and sniff. You could end up with a face like Richard Dreyfuss."

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