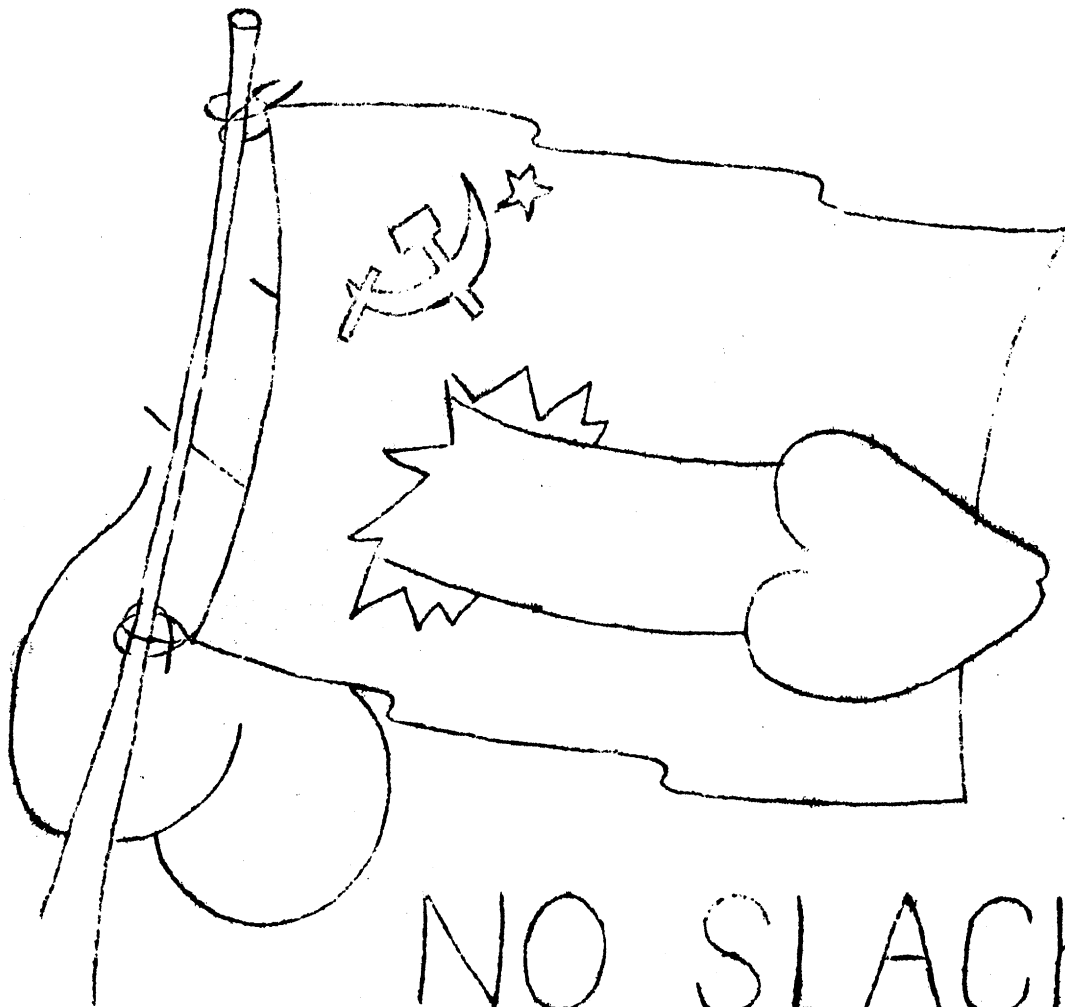


PERSONAL COPY  
CAPTAIN DUPRE

# FUCK COMMUNISM



## NO SLACK HIM BOOK

Third Edition (At Least)  
No Slack Press  
2/327th Inf  
101st Abn Div (Airmobile)  
Camp Eagle South Vietnam  
4 Sep 1969

# I N D E X

DEDICATORY EPISTLE.....	I
PROLOGUE.....	II
FUCK COMMUNISM.....	1
OLD COWPOKE.....	2
BYE BYE CHERRY.....	1
A GOOK NAMED CHARLIE.....	3
DRAFT DODGER'S RAG.....	4
NO SLACK—FIRE EM UP.....	5
GORY GORY.....	6-7
ONE ONE BRAVO.....	8
GUNSLINGER.....	9
I WANNA GO HOME.....	10
SHORT TIMERS CALENDAR.....	11

SEASON PASS

Good for one year

On any US Army Helicopter

For all Combat Assaults

Green or Red Landing Zones

# DEDICATORY

# EPISTLE

The unparalleled tradition of the famous jungle fighting, ass kicking, name taking, air mobile, NO SLACK Battalion is immortalized for the ages in the shape of drinking songs soldiers love to sing. NO SLACK soldiers have reduced these songs to written form during their infrequent and brief respites from combat. Many printed editions of these songs have preceded this one and many will certainly follow.

This edition of the NO SLACK him book is dedicated to all those soldiers who have carried and will carry on their lips the proud slogan NO FUCKING SLACK, SIR!

AMEN

Camp Eagle

1 Sept 69

MUXICAL NOTE: Most of the tunes to these hims are well known. It is hoped that by constant use and flaming tradition the little known tunes will live in the hearts of NO SLACKERS.

I

To Those Who Fight For It,  
Freedom Is The Taste  
The Protected Never Know

### The "NO SLACK" Tradition

After twenty months of continuous combat in Vietnam, the term "NO SLACK" naturally and spontaneously evolved with the Second Battalion (Airborne), 327th Infantry. The meaning of the expression is simple. It connotes a full measure of effort by every man in the Battalion in every activity performed. It implies no breather from work, no relief from combat and more significantly, no request for respite. To the soldier of this Battalion, it means one entire year in the field. "NO SLACK" when expressed upon greeting in exchange of the hand salute, typifies the rugged determination and unparalleled spirit exemplified by the American soldier. No other words could better reflect the pride, ambition, and professionalism already committed to history by the officers and men of the "NO SLACK" Battalion!

F U C K

C O M M U N I S M

Fuck Communism  
Fuck Communism  
Fuck it all night long  
We will stay right here  
For one fucking year  
And go back where we belong

Fuck Communism  
Fuck the NVA  
Fuck the Viet Cong  
We will stay right here  
For one fucking year  
And go back where we belong

B Y E

B Y E

C H E R R Y

Back your ass against the wall  
Here I come—balls and all

Bye Bye Cherry

I know I ain't got a lot  
But what I got will fill your twat

Bye Bye Cherry

Drop your bloody kotex down beside you  
Just before my penis comes inside you  
She came once—I came twice  
Holy Moses—Jesus Christ

Cherry Bye Bye

## OLD COWPOKE

An old cowpoke lit up a smoke and cursed the desert heat  
He jumped upon his faithful steed and beat his fucking seat  
When all at once a slant eyed cunt came riding down the trail  
He rode along beside her and asked her for some tail

Yip-ee-I-a, Yip-ee-I-o,  
He rode along beside her  
And asked her for some tail

Her tits were long and flabby and her cunt was filled with clap  
He threw her to the desert sand and gave her ass a slap  
She missed, she pissed, she moaned, she groaned, she threw him from her crack  
He landed in the desert sand and broke his fucking back

Yip-ee-I-a, Yip-ee-I-o,  
He landed in the desert sand  
And broke his fucking back

# A GOOK NAMED CHARLIE

Let me tell you the story of a gook named charlie  
On that tragic and fateful day  
He put five pee in his pocket, kissed his wife and family  
And went to fight for the NVA

But did he ever return, no he never returned  
And his fate is still unlearned  
He may hump forever in silent terror  
He's the gook that never returned

Charlie picked up his ammo at the Hanoi Depot  
And started the long hump south  
He humped thru Laos and thru Cambodia  
When he got here his shit hung out

But...

Charlie made his home in the Quang Ngai Province  
His bunkers were low and long  
He thought he'd beat us until we met him  
We proved our shit was strong

But...

Oh, the rumble of the bombs and the roar of the gatlings  
Made the cherries shake with fright  
The short-timers hid behind tall trees  
As redlog lit up the night

But...

Charlie's home in the hill was a shattered ruin  
when we reached it the very next day  
And carved on a tree were Charlie's initials  
Under---fuck the NVA

But...

## DRAFT DODGER'S RAG

I'm just a typical American boy from a typical American town  
I believe in God and Senator Dodd and keepin' old Castro down  
But when it came my time to serve I said, "Better Red than Dead"  
And when I got to my Draft Board, this is what I said:

Chorus:

Sarge I'm only 18, I've got a ruptured spleen and I always carry a purse  
I got eyes like a bat and my feet are flat and my asthma's getting worse  
Think of my career, my sweetheart dear, my poor old invalid aunt  
Besides I ain't no fool, I'm goin' to school and I'm workin' in a defense plant

I got a dislocated disk and a fucked up back, I'm allergic to flowers and bugs  
I got epileptic fits when a bombshell hits, I'm addicted to a thousand drugs  
I got weakness woes, I can't touch my toes, I can barely reach my knees  
And if the enemy ever gets close to me, I'll certainly start to snooze

Chorus:

Well, I hate Ho Chi Minh, I hate him like sin, but one thing you gotta see  
Sarge, if somebody's gotta go over there, that somebody he ain't me  
So have a ball sarge, watch'em fall - kill me a hundred or so  
And if you ever have a war without blood and gore, I'll be the first to go

Chorus:



NO SLACK - - - - FIRE EM UP

I love to go a-wandering  
My rucksack on my back  
And as I go I love to sing  
No mother fucking slack

NO SLACK - fire on up (3 times)  
No mother fucking slack  
NO SLACK - fire on up (twice)  
No mother fucking slack

I shoot my gun at all I meet  
And they shoot back at me  
And redleg pounds so loud and sweet  
From every PSB

NO SLACK...

Oh may I go a-wandering  
One mother fucking year  
And may I cut no fucking slack  
Till I get out of here

NO SLACK...

G O R Y      G O R Y  
(Tune of "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

He was just a rookie trooper and he surely shook with fright  
As he checked all his equipment and make sure his pack was tight  
He had to sit and listen to those awful engines roar  
"You ain't gonna jump no more!"

Chorus:

Gory, Gory, what a helluva way to die!  
Gory, Gory, what a helluva way to die!  
Gory, Gory, what a helluva way to die!  
And he ain't gonna jump no more

"Is everybody happy?" cried the sergeant, looking up  
Our hero feebly answered "yes," and then they stood him up  
He jump right out into the blast, his static line unhooked  
And he ain't gonna jump no more

He counted long, he counted loud, he waited for the shock  
He felt the wind, he felt the cold, he felt the awful drop  
He pulled reserve, the silk spilled out and wrapped around his sock  
And he ain't gonna jump no more

The days he'd lived and loved and laughed kept running through his mind  
He thought about the girl back home, the one he'd left behind  
He thought about the medics and wondered what they'd find  
And he ain't gonna jump no more

The ambulance was on the spot, the jeeps were running wild  
The medics jumped and howled with glee, rolled up their sleeves and smiled  
For it had been a week or more since last a 'chute had failed  
And he ain't gonna jump no more

G O R Y            G O R Y  
(Continued)

The lines were twisted round his neck, the connectors broke his dome  
The risers tied themselves in knots around each skinny bone  
The canopy became his shroud as he he hurtled to the ground  
And he ain't gonna jump no more

He hit the ground, the sound was "splatt," the blood it spurted high  
His comrades, they were heard to say: "What a pretty way to die!"  
He lay there roling around in the welter of his gore  
And he ain't gonna jump no more

There was blood upon the risers, there was brains upon the 'chute  
Intestines were a-danglin' from his paratrooper suit  
They picked him up still in his 'chute and poured him from his boots  
And he ain't gonna jump no more

They operated all night through but it was in despair  
For every bone that he possessed was ruined beyond repair  
And so he was buried then, his silken 'chute his shroud  
And he ain't gonna jump no more

They say he went to heaven and arriving there I'm told  
He got a pair of silver boots and a parachute of gold  
He may be very happy there but I'll stick here below  
Cause he ain't gonna jump no more

ONE ONE BRAVO

A soldier in Viet Nam I'll tell you about  
He's packing his M-16  
A soldier in Viet Nam  
It's 11B I mean

Some people call him an old boonie rat  
He's packing his M-16  
Some people call him an infantry grunt  
It's 11B I mean

He drinks his hot soda and he drinks his hot beer  
He's packing his M-16  
And once in awhile he gets a showdown in the rear  
It's 11B I mean

He eats his c-rations or maybe a lrp  
He's packing his M-16  
If he eats in the mess hall he's surely gonna burp  
It's 11B I mean

If he can use a shitter he really can boast  
He's packing his M-16  
Cause most of the time the jungle is his host  
It's 11B I mean

He humps through the jungle and he humps through the grass  
He's packing his M-16  
At night he lays a haze to kick charlie's ass  
It's 11B I mean

(Repeat first verse)

## G U N S L I N G E R

I hear that train a-comin'  
She's comin' round the bend  
I know that Charlie's waitin'  
To blow that train again  
But I'm stuck up in this chopper  
All I can do is fly  
When I hear that whistle blowing  
I hang my head and cry

I know there's ~~AWN'S~~ riding  
In those dirty old box car's  
Drinking that La Rue Beer and smokin' their cigars  
But I'm stuck up in this chopper  
All I can do is fly  
When I hear that whistle blowin'  
I hang my head and cry

When they free me from this chopper  
Well, that railroad train is mine  
You can bet that I'll go down there  
Lay an ambush on the line  
I'll FOOL -EM - FIND-EM-FIX-EM  
And I'll fight em well  
Cause my name is GUNSLINGER  
And I'll FINISH-EM in HELL

## I W A N N A G O H O M E

Last night I went to sleep in Eagle Country  
I dreamed about the cotton fields back home  
I dreamed about my mother  
Dear old papa, sister and brother  
And I dreamed about the girl  
Who's been waiting for so long

I wanna go home (Twice)  
Oh how I wanna go home

Some people think I'm big in Eagle Country  
From the letters that I write they think I'm fine  
But in the day I work so hard  
And at nite I pull the guard  
Oh how I wish that they could read between the lines

I wanna go home (Twice)  
Oh how I wanna go home

