

Olongopo, located directly outside the base and across an unbelievably polluted river, was where we had our first taste of the Far East. The streets, choked with bars, cheap movie houses, shoddy curio shops, and hotels with rooms rented by the hour, were a new experience for most of us. We were accosted by money exchangers, peddlers and pimps as we crossed over the bridge, trying not to react too violently to the tremendous odor rising from the river be-



low. We would eventually learn that Olongopo was not a typical Philippine city, but rather a pseudo-town, designed specifically for the American sailors and dependent almost entirely on the American dollar for its existence. We would also learn that almost every country had its "Olongopo" and that one had to go beyond them to see what the country was really like.