

Đà Nàng Air Base, South Vietnam 6252 Combat Air Police Squadron, 366th SPS

Đà Nàng, flight line, 0001 hours:

In 1965, only one Đà Nàng runway was active. A second runway was under construction. Late Christmas Eve, the field and runways were shrouded in fog that hampered, then stopped takeoffs and landings. As I patrolled with my K-9 Shepherd Sentry dog, Blackie, between the two runways, One-Oh-Five Howitzers could be heard firing support or H&I. VC and their Northern buddies ignored the latest *See if they got the message* cease fire.

Throughout Christmas Eve night, clouds settled to earth blanketing the active runway and across the valley to Hill 327, Freedom Hill, home of the Hawk surface-to-air missile. The fog would teasingly lift... and settle ... and rise again, like mom shaking the white tablecloth across the dinner table in slow motion. F4 Phantoms earned their names and would rocket through bubbles of minimum-visibility -- fickled windows to the stars.

Near midnight, a lone chopper took off from somewhere across the field, but the F4's were grounded for a few hours. On many nights I had watched as million-candle-power parachute flares drifted around the base perimeter, bathing the terrain in brilliant, ghostly candlelight. But no flares would drift to earth this quiet night.

Christmas in Vietnam



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