

A WAR STORY

CAM RANH BAY AB

A Funny Thing Happened on the way to War!

1970

© 1996, by **Dave Dobson**
483rd SPS, Cam Ranh Bay AB



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Ed Roberts "Moon Lighting" as a laundry man. Fresh air drying in the sun just like mom did.



Baby San, overseeing to insure quality control, had to have clean uniforms for the troops.



Fall in for guard mount



Tiger Flight falling in, maybe you see yourself or some one that you know.



Tiger Flight guard mount. T.Sgt.. Earl "Jolly Rodgers" Rogers NCOIC.



Action shot, the guy in the helicopter took one in the ass. It went through the bottom of the chopper, his seat and a flack jacket he was sitting on.



Main tent area looking toward OP-1, the K-9 kennels and a mortar battery were at the base of the hill



Mess Hall, old field kitchen and mess kit. Notice the latrine in the foreground, the ones that were cleaned by burning.



Luxurious, air-conditioned living quarters. Open to everyone and everything, including that fine sand.



Home sweet home complete with a mortar bunker in the front yard.

1970 - One night we had been in a yellow alert status since about 2200 hours and got the word about 0300 to pickup our augmentees. We went to the various posts and picked up the posted augees to transport them to the pickup point so they could be taken back to their respective squadron areas.

I picked up the last one at Oscar 3, on the South China Sea beach side of Cam Ranh Bay AB, and started toward the pick up point. We were hurrying along to get him dumped so they would get him and start relief at 0500. I was driving with the *Tiger Eyes* on, no headlights. Naturally I was driving a little faster than was safe under these conditions but I wanted to get off and go back to the Hooch.

Visibility was poor and I did not see the large stones until I hit them bouncing everyone around. The augee was sitting in the back seat with his helmet on his head, wearing his flak vest, carrying his weapon in one hand and a bag in the other hand. When I hit the bump and the jeep bounced up he went flying out of his seat and when he came back down the jeep had moved forward and he landed in a sitting position with both legs straight out in front of him holding his weapon and bag-his helmet was at an angle and a bewildered look was on his face. I realized he was gone, when my grenadier, who was use to this type of occurrence and had held on, looked back and yelled at the poor augee, "Hey dude, you aren't supposed, to get out here."

I stopped, backed up and jumped out to see if the man was all right. He was, and we hurried to the pick up point. We all had a good laugh numerous times after that over the grenadier's quick thinking in telling the man he was not to get out there.



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Home sweet home complete with a mortar bunker in the front yard.



Ed in front of CSC with an M-16.



Central Security Control.

(Ed.note: These are a change from what I saw there in 1970, hopefully I can find some pictures to put in future issues)

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