

**VIETNAM**  
**ĐÀ NẰNG AIR BASE**  
**6252nd Air Police Squadron**  
**1965**  
**by Don Poss. , LM 37**  
1965-1966  
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*Now this is no BS...*

At Đà Nẵng AB, there was a flight line post where Vietnamese workers passed through at day break. Very little vehicle traffic passed through the gate at night. A brand new-jeep-rookie -- me -- was posted at that gate (the most dangerous post in Vietnam). It was the blackest night on the planet -- dark-360 in every direction. Me standing in front of the poor leaky-roof-excuse for a guard shack, and the biggest brightest landing-light bulb on Earth (visible from space) just dangling about five feet overhead (that's over MY head) swaying in the wind. I walk toward a shadow for cover ... 'it' followed me. Zig right--it zigged-right along with a bazillion June Bugs the size of footballs. Me — the perfect VC magnet (handsome, suave, skull full of mush). I've been setup. I'm... BAIT. Cannon fodder! They're divvying up my stuff in the tent right now!!! (Zig Left) I'm a Bullseye target. Ground Zero. Lapsed Insurance policy. Pucker-factor-Ten, or squared, or whatever Miss Barth in Algebra said about that stuff. Composing my mammas-boy Epitaph and mental letters to all the chicks that would remain virgins for life [why should I be the only one?] when they hear that I'm croaked (bravely) before dawn. -- Maybe I should carry that gun they gave me? Mom... I swear I been good and haven't bought none them nasty filthy vulgar books with pictures (they're free here :) you warned me about. [God, is it okay to lie to mom to keep her from having a heart attack?] No vest. No bunker. No Americans anywhere in sight.

Then sarge drives up with some *how's-it-going-airman* coffee?

I said: Just Great Sarge. No sweat -- got any sandwiches? (Is he gonna make me recite my Post Security junk) What time is it? (or the alphabet?) Is that my relief in the back seat? (Have I distracted him yet?)

(I thought: DON'T LET'EM KILLLLLLLLLL ME... I'm a unconscious- projector -- whatever -- okay okay... I'm a sniveling cowwwwward... mamma mamma mamma!)

Lighten up, airman --you've only got five hours till dawn -- and quit that dang prancin' all around your dang post! There ain't no snipers around here.

Hale Mary... this the hour of my death... *Whatever*. (PS to mom's letter: give my steelie-marbles to Jerry and the Glassies to Larry) I think I'll sing... or should I whistle? (Zig Left).

And that, I swear is the gossip truth and exactly how it happened --scariest rookie Post ever: no sweat!

Don Poss

**Jim DeArment, 366 SPS Đà Nẵng 1968-1969 (Holy cow)**  
**Bomb Dump!**

Well I got one... the day that the ASP bomb dump went up around 18:30 hrs myself and another Tiger SP were told we had volunteered to be posted on Alpha 18... get the M60 lets go...WTF... we were the only post on the southwest end of the base... they pulled all the Marines... it was to dangerous..you couldn't even see Freedom Hill 327, this post was 400 yards from our on base dump... They dropped us off and booked out of there... set the 60 up and got down in the fire hole and... just peeked over the fire hole... what a sight... rocket pods wre going off.. you would see a bunch of flashes and then wonder were the hell they would land Wam Wam Wam... then one of the 750's went off and I watched the streaking shrapnel flying through the air... one pice landed across from us in the road...I got that the next day... and still have that ..any way after 2 nerve racking hrs. the jeep came back to pick us up... they were yelling GET IN THE JEEP... GET IN THE JEEP..What... LEAVE THE 60... Hell no I'm signed out for that... we pack up and got in... ahd got out of dodge... I asked what's the hurry... you guys done trying to kill us... there are 4 10,000 pounders in the dump and they think one might cook off...WTF....and one did as we got back in the F-4 area... got behind the blast shield... the shock wave came across the runways... you could see it through the light of the explosion... what a night that was..... never ever forget the sight or the time on that post or what they were thinking to put us there in the first place.

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