

April 3rd and 10th, 1966

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377th SPS, Tan Son Nhut AB, 1965-1966

35th SPS, Phan Rang AB: 1970

(Sung to the tune of Sink the Bismarck)

The following poem/song was written by six Air Policemen after Tan Son Nhut Air Base was attacked on April 13, 1966. I was one of the writers.

April 3 and 10

I never will forget the night that Tan Son Nhut was hit—"C" Flight was on duty then, we knew *this was it*.

We hit the dirt and looked around with anxious waiting eyes, and said a prayer as mortars came raining from the skies.

The Virgin boys of "C" Flight had never been to war, the thoughts of seeing action here, was very, very far.

But on that night of April, April 3 and 10,

The Virgin Boys of "C" Flight deserved to be called men.

The Mortars kept falling for what seemed an eternity, smoke and fire began to raise as far as the eye could see.

But the men of "C" Flight held their ground, and tried with all their will to hold their weapons steady and their shaking hands still. Everyone was hoping that "Charlie" would be seen, but we all knew that the chance for this was mighty, mighty lean.

For we knew that we were ready now, and feeling pretty mean, and our shaking nerves by now had grown a little more secure. And when it was all over and everything was calm, we realized that war here for us, had just began.

For on that night in April, April 3 and 10, the Virgin Boy's of "C" Flight deserved to be called men.

Photos: Guardmount - April 1998



Tan Son Nhut main gate in 1963



Guardmount, participants unknown, maybe you recognize someone



The Ammo Dump



E-102 Aircraft on the flightline



Mess sweet home the latest accommodations



Bob Amick in the "Bunk House"

We Take Care of Our Own