

It was Spring of 1975. (March or April...hell, I can't remember.) I had enlisted in the USAF under the delayed-enlistment program in December of 1971 and went into basic training January of '72.

It was that or get drafted. Being CHICKEN  I enlisted in the U.S. Air FARCE. (not misspelled)

Vietnam was (supposedly) over. I got a knock on the door shortly after I fell asleep...about 23:30 hours. That's 11:30 pm for those that don't understand military lingo. "Brown, got your bag packed? We're leaving; this is NO DRILL."

Holy S\*\*\*! I thought friggin' WW III had broke out or something. What in the heck were we going to do with a bunch of old C-130s? Nobody knew squat until after we were in the air at least two hours. The word spread thru the plane. Final destination, Ho-Ci-Min City, formerly know as Saigon.

We were sent over there TDY strictly to load as much stuff as possible and get the hell out. I was assigned nights. I had never worked on a T-56 turbo-prop before with a blanket, a flashlight and an M-16! I guess I got lucky...never got shot at, as far as I know.

What sticks in my craw...when it was time to go, it was an absolute MAD HOUSE. Civilians clamoring everywhere to find a way out. Then some fool or fools got the brilliant idea to charge them money to get aboard our C-130. Nobody checked this out...just "Show Me the Money!"

As we were rolling out to the runway, the crew chief took one last look in the cargo area. He saw RED. The damn thing was grossly overloaded...with civilians. "Open the side doors & toss them

out...NOW!" Women, children, old folks...everyone civilian out the door by the scruff of the neck.

Someone got rich. Many got screwed.

<http://library2.usask.ca/vietnam/index.php?state=view&id=855> my add snakecharmer

