



366TH

GROWL PAD



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USAF

Da Nang, Vietnam - 1965 - 1972



GREG'S DA NANG CHRISTMAS

LEST WE FORGET
KIA'S

GARY FULLER	02/27/67
JOHN KOPFER	02/21/68
WILLIE BOTZEN	09/20/71

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Christmas and Da Nang. Christmas and Da Nang, two words that didn't have anything in common with each other except that we all got to experience that little discomfort in our lives. Christmas and Da Nang, still brings up a feeling in my belly, like I'm getting sick or something close to it.

We had come in this morning and partied outside the hut. Carols going and beer flowing, after all it was Christmas day! Even managed to get the LIFERS up next to us complaining about the commotion we were causing. Something about it being 5 AM and off key drunken Christmas Carol's. It's hell being the only hut with any Christmas spirit. We had even decorated!!

As far as the war and all is concerned, the only difference is that they were not serving stew at the mess hall tonight. Something they called turkey and stuffing and it may have once been, only military cooks have turned it into something else. It did taste different than stew however. Did not bring warm memories to mind but didn't taste like stew so I'll give it that. However any feelings of good tidings towards men was sure not present as we went out on post that eve-

ning.

Hanoi Hanna had been broadcasting for the past couple of days that Uncle Ho Chi Min was going to be enjoying Christmas dinner at Da Nang AB and at least that meant we would not get rocketed that night anyway. In fact she had gone so far as to say so. Say what you want about her, at least when she singled you out like that, she generally knew what she was talking about.



So if she said we were not going to be attacked, then we probably weren't.

Now as far as Uncle Ho having dinner here, who knows??

I had brought it up to Sgt. "Hep-Ya" that since we

were not going to see anything happen that night, could we just get the evening off? He didn't see the sense in my suggestion and like the LIFER he was, he made us go out on post anyway. No Christmas spirit in his soul we all agreed.

That night was one of the longest I've ever spent out on post. Thoughts of what family and friends back home in the States were doing while I was kicking around in the sand and mud kept my mind busy all night. That is until Hanoi Hanna came on. She thanked us for letting Uncle Ho come and have dinner on base with us, and reassured us that we would not be



attacked that night. And then she said something that totally threw me. She told us that although it was Christmas, tomorrow when we went to the mess hall for breakfast, we would be getting served boxes of C-Rations.

Oh and she threw in a “Bon Appetit” or something to that effect and then signed off for the night.

Well she did make good on her word of no action that night.



Dull, long and boring was how I would describe it. Now came the apprehension however. Were we really going to get handed a box of C-rats when we went to the mess hall that morning? Everyone was speaking softly about that happening as we put the dogs away for the day and caught the truck for the ride in and to whatever fate awaited us. It's like if we spoke it loudly, that's what would happen.

Pulling up in front of the mess hall we all bailed off and stood there looking inside. We ate “C's” every night, the gods were sure not going to make us do it again for breakfast were they?? Going inside we were greeted by the sight of people sitting at the tables, eating out of cans with small light brown boxes in front of them. P38's in hand we steeled ourselves for breakfast and all vowed that if we ever figured out how Hanoi Hanna arranged this, we would fry that Bitch!!!

Christmas Spirit?? **NOEL and go to HELL!!!** There's your Christmas Spirit!!

Greg Dunlap & Blackey

Editor's Note: This is the first publication of The Growl Pad. It can be in any number of pages. I only created two so you can get a feel of what we can do with it. The newsletter's name can change – topics anything you wish as long as no one is being attacked. Tail tails (tales) are good and make for some interesting reading. Example below.

The first dogs in country were brought in on an operation called Project Top Dog. The operation didn't have a name until just before we left Lackland after dog and handler evaluation.

Dutch and I had just finished some night maneuvers at



The above images are from Gary Knutson's shoe box.

Medina where they placed decoys in trees, culverts, ditches, ponds, you name it and the instructors tried everything they could think of to stump our dogs. Dutch of course nailed all attempts to disguise their scent, movement and sound. Not only did he have the best nose there but was very aggressive as well. I will say this though, he hated obedience training.

Anyways - as Dutch and I came back from night training the Chief Instructor and some Major were near by and the Major commented on how well Dutch did during this evaluation period. He said that is one top dog you got there Airman.

The Instructor then suggested to the Major that that would be a great name for the operation - Project Top Dog XLV. I of course was disappointed because I thought they wanted to name the operation The Dutchman.

So you get the idea, all stories are welcome true or not. Just remember someone will have a different spin on your tale. Right, Mike Glines, Al Watts, Luis Guzman?

Please send your articles as a Word attachment and pictures to dogman2@gmail.com.