

# Out on Pad C

by J. Paul Turner

Once while stationed at Kunsan Air Force Base, Korea I was approached by two Air Police who asked me if I would help them test the flight line security. The base's flight line, called Pad C, was about a mile up the Yellow Sea coast from the main base.

I said, "Sure, I'll help." It was a leisure Sunday afternoon and I had nothing else to do. I was in uniform, having just come from eating lunch and prior to that, chapel.

They gave me a clip on badge and said, "Hitch a ride out to the Pad and see if you can make it inside."

I walked out to the road, stuck out my thumb and a young lieutenant picked me up in a Weapons Carrier and off we went.

We parked the WC in a lot outside the gate and walked up to the guard who waved us both in. The lieutenant was behind me and I didn't get but about 20 feet inside the Pad when someone slapped me on the shoulder, spun me around, and slammed me up against an adjacent guard house. All-of-a-sudden there was pandemonium. About four dogs were snapping at me, guards were padding me down, all the while, the Air Police sergeant who "recruited" me was off to the side observing his troops go through their routines. As the lieutenant walked by me spread-eagled against the guard house, he quipped with a chuckle in his voice, "Who in the world did I bring out here?"

The kid that first detected that I had a bogus badge was shaking, and his voice quivered as he gave me commands. I didn't get to see his face until much later into the incident, but I sure felt him shake as he padded me down. I guessed later that this was his first big test. He passed. I waved at him later that evening in the mess hall.



Published by  
HARVESTER  
LIFE STORY  
WRITING GROUP  
February 21, 2005  
College  
Church of the Nazarene  
Olathe, Kansas  
66062

All rights reserved by the author.  
Copyright 2005