

# *Dangerous Curves*

*by Frederick Wickert*

"Oh wow! Will you look at that!" shouted Jimmy as he leaned so far out of the jeep, turning around, that I feared he was in danger.

"Hell yes I see it. You better be careful or you'll fall out."

We were in Okinawa. We were Air police assigned to the 546th Ammo Supply Squadron Depot. We had three large areas where bombs were stored in outdoor revetments, spaced far apart.

There were eighty-six thousand acres with dirt roads running through them. Much of the area was jungle and part was in sweet potato patches where Okinawan farmers were allowed to tend their "Emo Patches" as they were called, during daylight hours.

Jimmy and I were assigned to patrol areas one and two that day. We patrolled with a jeep with no side curtains or doors on it. We had just come out the gate of Ammo Area Two and were en route to the gate of Ammo Area One. About an eighth of a mile outside the gate on the main road was a bus stop between two houses. There was a group of people there, waiting for a bus.

Among the people waiting for the bus, one of them stood out. She was the most beautiful woman I have ever laid eyes on. She was about five feet two. She had the face of an angel. The most beautiful peach like complexion, long dark hair, neat and shiny with lighter highlights on the edges framing her face. Her figure was as near perfect in shape and proportion as one can possibly imagine. Her legs were the shapeliest and perfectly proportioned I have ever seen.

Her dress was western in fashion, and fit her perfectly. It was a light beige in color, belted at the waist. She wore nylon stockings, rarely seen in Okinawa, and was wearing brown and white high heeled shoes. Everything about her appearance was perfect.

Now don't get me wrong. In no way do I mean to imply that good-looking girls were in short supply in Okinawa. As with anywhere else, there were plenty of good-looking girls, some more so than others. This girl was different. She was in a class all by herself and I don't care what country it is. This girl was way beyond just good looking.

I made a U-turn with the jeep and went back to the bus stop. We then parked on the side of the road and watched the girl. As we sat and watched her, a six by six truck, known as a deuce and a half, came out the gate of Area Two. It too, turned towards Area One. There were three men in the cab of the truck. It was an Air Force truck and could possibly have been carrying bombs, though I never knew what if anything had been their cargo.

As Jimmy and I watched, the truck suddenly veered off the road into the yard of one of the houses behind the bus stop. There was a loud shout and tires locked and slid. The truck came to a stop, just inches from the front of the house. The area in front of the houses was bare dirt without lawns, so there was no damage done. Being Air Police, we had to respond to the truck and did so. The driver of the truck was embarrassed. He confided that he had seen the girl standing there, and couldn't take his eyes off of her because of her great beauty. We assured him that we completely understood. We guided him back on to the macadam and sent him on his way.

As we turned to go towards our jeep, the beautiful lady in question, in a voice loaded with disdain said in flawless English, "don't you boys think you are being rather silly?"

We did not reply. We decided that with us being there we might ourselves be attracting a little too much attention. We returned to our jeep and began to slowly pull away. In the rear view mirror, I saw the bus pull over to board the passengers waiting for it.

The time was in the summer of 1954. Jimmy and I were sent from Okinawa to Korea in November of that year. Jimmy returned to the USA the following spring and in June I transferred to Tokyo. I have never seen nor been in touch with Jimmy since then. Fifty- four years have passed and I have never forgotten that day and the flawless beauty of that woman. I am sure Jimmy hasn't either.

The beauty and the curves of that woman almost caused a truck to plow into a house, proving that curves can be dangerous.