

1 **Bunker Hill 10**  
2 **Bien Hoa Airbase, 3<sup>rd</sup> Security Police Squadron,**  
3 **TET 1968**

4 By Pete Piazza, *as told to Don Poss*  
5 *(With input from several who were there)*  
6

7 The TET 1968 attack upon Bien Hoa Airbase is described in [Chaplain Sheehen's stirring](#)  
8 [account](#) of Captain Maisey's heroic death, and actions of SSgt. Pete Piazza, Security Police  
9 Airmen, and Augmentee at Bunker Hill 10:  
10

11 *"Bunker Hill 10 is a reinforced concrete structure, built many years ago by the French. It is*  
12 *situated on the edge of the east perimeter road, a few hundred yards beyond the end of our*  
13 *runway. Immediately after the rocket attack the morning of the 31st, a large number of well-*  
14 *armed, pajama-clad Viet Cong communist troops, and North Vietnam Army wearing brand*  
15 *new uniforms, penetrated the fence East of Bunker Hill 10. They spilled out into the fields to*  
16 *the left and front of the old French bunker. The enemy subjected Bunker Hill 10 to the most*  
17 *intense fire imaginable, using their automatic weapons, as well as the devastating and*  
18 *destructive RPG-2 and RPG-7 rockets. At the outset of the battle, Bunker Hill 10 was manned*  
19 *by two Security Policemen, Sergeants Neal Tuggle and Marshal Gott, and an Augmentee, A1C*  
20 *Neil Behnke."*

21  
22 **SSgt Piazza (Ret SMSgt)**

23 **On 30 Jan 1968**, I had my resupply teams report to work at **1500 hours** to start picking up  
24 vehicles from the motor pool for the midnight shift and 'C' Flight Security. Later, when we  
25 came to work, we had two resupply teams: one for the E/S part of Bien Hoa Airbase and one  
26 for the W/N part of Bien Hoa Airbase. I was in charge of C-Flight resupply and assigned call-  
27 sign Defense 5. The 3<sup>rd</sup> Security Police Squadron was manning their posts.  
28

29 **At midnight, 30 Jan 1968**, When we went in **Red Condition-I**, we had four resupply teams;  
30 one for each sector (A, B, C, D), and I had the north sector in the bomb dump area. Each  
31 resupply team had a blue USAF pickup truck full of ammo cans for M16, M-60, 40mm, cases  
32 of slap flares and hand grenades. There were two SP's in each resupply truck, and three to  
33 four Augmentees rode with them. The Augmentees were the one's not assigned to a specific  
34 post.  
35

36 **At 0300 hours**, as the noncommissioned officer in charge of four resupply teams, I was on the  
37 perimeter road in my truck when the first rocket attack began to hit Bien Hoa Airbase. I  
38 noticed flashes coming from the flightline area of the base. Then someone called over the  
39 radio that we were under rocket attack. I stopped the vehicle and told the three men with  
40 me to take cover. We could hear the rockets go over us and see them hit the base. After ten  
41 minutes or more the attack stopped, and we had received about 45 rockets and mortars by  
42 then.  
43

44 When it momentarily ceased after about 10 minutes, I got my men together and started back  
45 to the main part of base, but only got as far as Q-4 and heard Central Security Control (CSC)  
46 radio call for **Defense 6**, *an east resupply team*, to go to Bunker Hill 10 for resupply. The radio  
47 then reported that **Defense 6**, just dispatched to Bunker Hill 10, was pinned down by sniper

48 fire at the MP Checkpoint and unable to advance.

49  
50 I believe we had about 25-30 SP's and Augmentees all total around Bunker Hill 10, but I never  
51 came up with all the names sad to say for some reason. Inside Bunker Hill 10 were two SP's,  
52 Sgt Neal Tuggle and A1C Marshall Gott, and Augmentee A1C Neil Behnke. They had one M-60  
53 machinegun and three M16 rifles all total that I remember.

54  
55 There were [SAT Teams](#) (three SP's and one QC). The SAT Team had an M-151 jeep, and the  
56 QRT had a 1 1/2 ton truck as best as I can remember, with fifteen SP's and Augmentees; Capt.  
57 Maisey, the Army Lt., I and Sgt James Lee from my **Defense 6** resupply team. The SAT Team  
58 and QRT each had an M-60 machinegun, and all had their M16's as well as a couple of M-79's  
59 and XM-148 grenade launchers. The M-60 from Bunker Hill 10 was not in use as it was blown  
60 off the top of Bunker Hill 10 and laid on the road in front of the bunker and out of reach due  
61 to heavy enemy fire.

62  
63 We also had one M-113 (it was an Army track that was sitting over in the MAC Terminal that  
64 the Army really did not want since it was an older model with a gas engine, but it did not get  
65 into the fight that I remember. We did not have any V-100's either.

66  
67 The "C" Area Supervisor was also there I believe and may have had one or two other SP's with  
68 him.

69 Speeding to the checkpoint, Sergeant Piazza stopped to pick up Sgt. James Lee, the **Defense 6**  
70 leader, left his three Augmentees with an Airman 1st Class Simmons, took a case of flares  
71 from Lee's truck and headed for Bunker Hill 10. Things were about to heat up.

72  
73  
74 **Jim Lebowitz**

75 [mailto:jlz9107@earthlink.net]  
76



81  
82  
83 **On 30 Jan 1968**, I was at Bien Hoa AB during TET 1968. Although I was not directly involved on the ground at Bunker Hill 10, I had a ringside seat. I was the LE Desk Sergeant and also served as the alternate Comm/Plotter for CSC.

84  
85  
86 **On 31 Jan 1968, at 0300 hours**, we were hit by rockets and mortars and within a minute or so CSC lost all power and I took  
87 over for CSC.

88  
89 Within about five to 10 minutes, and while still under rocket attack, LTC Kent Miller, 3rd SPS  
90 Commander, came running in the back door of the LED building. He was still in the process of  
91 getting dressed and took over the radio and told me to continue with the plotting and maps  
92 updates and also keeps in contact with the Army on the HT 500 radio we had. *When he got  
93 on the radio, he calmed everyone down by talking to them as if sitting across from each SP  
94 and Augmentee one on one! He did his radio thing and let his CSC/LED folks do all the  
controlling and posting of info which helped a lot.* His presence on the radio definitely had a  
calming effect.

95 *LTC Miller went to CSC but because they were off line he went to the LED (Law Enforcement*  
96 *Desk) and took over the radio. He did not come into the field to direct the fight as he knew he*  
97 *had good officers and NCOs out there that could do the job.*

98  
99 Throughout the attack and into the next morning I was using the HT 500 Radio and in contact  
100 with the Tactical Operations Centers (TOC) for the 101st ABN and the Army Liaison at Đồng  
101 Nai. *About 30 minutes into the ground attack* I was called by the US Army Artillery Battery at  
102 Đồng Nai; also in our province N/E of Saigon and just east of the Bien Hoa Airbase. Some LT  
103 wanted to know the coordinates of Bunker Hill 10 so they could lie in artillery. Jon Hayes was  
104 on Reserve SAT, and A1C Marshal Gott was in Bunker Hill 10, so I told him that everyone was  
105 too close in for that and it would not be practical. He screamed, "Who the hell is running that  
106 show?" and asked for the officer in charge. I told LTC Miller what was going on and gave him  
107 the handset. He listened for a minute or so and his succinct response was "Bullshit." He  
108 shook his head and handed the mic back to me and said, "Screw him, Buddha." *They never*  
109 *mentioned artillery again.*

110  
111 After the matter of artillery was settled someone (it may have been Capt. Strones) called in  
112 about air support. I contacted the Đồng Nai TOC and shortly thereafter the Army 145th  
113 Aviation Battalion was in action with helicopter gunships.

114 During Tet there was only sporadic fire at both the Main and VNAF Gates. Both gates were  
115 manned jointly by USAF Security Police and VNAF QC. However, about two weeks after TET  
116 the Main Gate began to receive heavy fire from Bien Hoa City. I contacted the US Liaison  
117 officer at Đồng Nai which was adjacent to the base and he had Vietnamese Army sweep in  
118 from the town itself. Before dawn all firing stopped. I don't know if the sniper(s) were killed  
119 or just blended into the town. No bodies were found. Also, there were no USAF or VNAF  
120 injuries there.

121  
122  
123 **Sgt. Luther Wade Young** [Lutheryoungable10@comcast.net](mailto:Lutheryoungable10@comcast.net)

124 Bien Hoa AB

125 TET 1968

126 Luther Wade Young

127 January 31, 1968, 3:00am

128  
129 **30 January 1968:** The night started out normal, as guardmount was over, and we departed for  
130 our posts. I departed for the bomb dump and my post. After the bomb dump opened I took  
131 over Able-10, my Tower post, for the balance of my tour. So, everything started out as a  
132 routine, normal night and there was no activity around the area of the bomb dump. After  
133 midnight that would all change.

134 **0300 hours 31 January 1968:** From my tower I was able to spot incoming rockets as they were  
135 fired toward the base from the north of our area. I called CSC and alerted them of the  
136 incoming impending attack. The incoming rockets stopped exploding on base around ten  
137 minutes later.

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138 I heard over the radio that one of our K-9 handler's dog was alerting, and that's when the Viet  
139 Cong and NVA ground troops started their attack at the east end of the base. Since our  
140 troops in the trucks weren't needed in the bomb dump area, they were sent to other areas as  
141 needed. The bomb dump wasn't being attacked but we were all on alert for any activities  
142 until the fight ended.

143  
144 I do not remember how long the fighting went on but I do know that I was on post for an  
145 extended period of time. My tower did have a search light on top; however during the early  
146 hours of the 31<sup>st</sup> I didn't use it.

147  
148 Eventually the base alarm siren was moved to my tower because it would save time if I set off  
149 the alarm, then called CSC and let them know about the rockets and where they were coming  
150 from. The time saved would allow the base additional critical seconds and time to seek cover  
151 before the first impact. During one attack I was able to sound the alarm and a squadron from  
152 Ranch Hand was able to get into their bunker before a rocket hit their living quarters which  
153 were destroyed, but there were no casualties or injuries. This was a joint effort with all  
154 members of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Security Police Squadron. I did my part as did the others. It took a team  
155 effort from enlisted men to Officers to protect the Bien Hoa base.

156  
157 **SSgt Piazza (Ret SMSgt)**

158 **At about 0320 hours**, one of the K-9 Sentry Dog handlers, A1C Robert (Bob) Press (3rd  
159 Security Police Squadron, K-9), was walking his post in front of Bunker Hill 10, called in and  
160 said he wanted to pop a flare because his dog Diablo (X313) was alerting. LTC Miller  
161 suspected a ground attack would follow the initial barrage and advised the handler to light up  
162 the area with a slap flare and see what he could. The handler popped a hand-flare and  
163 quickly saw Charlie inside the wire, and after a few seconds shouted over the radio: "*My God,*  
164 *they're everywhere—Charlie's in the wire!*" He was instructed to fire and Release his K-9,  
165 which he did. Airman Press was quickly wounded then played dead as Charlie literally passed  
166 over and near him. His K-9 Diablo, X313, who had sounded first-alarm, was KIA."

167 Another K-9 handler, and the men posted inside Bunker Hill 10, an old French-built concrete  
168 bunker, confirmed perimeter penetration and that they were then exchanging small arms fire  
169 with about 1,500 enemy troops attacking the east side of the base.

170  
171 Bunker Hill 10 itself was getting slammed by the 274<sup>th</sup> VC Regiment, with eight companies of  
172 about 500 men who were attacking and trying to overrun or bypass it, and then hit the  
173 flightline.

174  
175 About then we also had LP (listening posts) manned and several were reporting the enemy  
176 was *swarming all over*.

177  
178 Later, we asked for help from the Army 145th Aviation Battalion and they responded near day  
179 break and finished off many of the enemy. By about 0730 or so the fighting was over.

180  
181 **At about 0320 hours, K-9 Handler A1C Robert (Bob) Press** (3rd Security Police Squadron, K-9)  
182 was walking his post in front of Bunker Hill 10. He called CSC to report his K-9 was alerting

183 and wanted to pop a flare. CSC told him to go ahead and pop one flare. He did so and saw  
184 Charlie inside the wire. He called out over the radio that Charlie was in the wire and was  
185 instructed to fire and Release his K-9, which he did. Airman Press was quickly wounded then  
186 played dead as Charlie literally passed over and near him. His K-9 Diablo, X313, who sounded  
187 first-alarm, was KIA.”  
188

189 Captain Maisey, with a SAT team of three men and a QRT of nine men, quickly reinforced the  
190 Bunker Hill 10 area. As we started down the road a K-9 unit stopped us and told us that Capt.  
191 Maisey did not want any more vehicles up at Bunker Hill 10, so Sgt. Lee and I left our vehicle  
192 and started toward Bunker Hill 10 on foot with a case of flares and our M16s.

193 I had heard **Defense 6** call in and state that they were stopped by sniper fire from the east, up  
194 at the MP check point. I headed that direction and as I pulled up to the MP CP, Sgt Lee,  
195 **Defense 6** Leader, had his men under cover. I told A1C Simmons, **Defense 6** rider, to take  
196 charge of my men and told Sgt Lee to come with me. We transferred a case of flares from his  
197 truck to mine and started back toward the west end.  
198

199 About halfway down the old runway we turned off the road and got on the new runway and  
200 started back toward the East end until we came to the end of the runway. We then turned  
201 south toward the base until we came to the road that comes up behind Bunker Hill 10.  
202

203 **At 0330 hours**, after we got there with critical resupply of ammo, I told Capt. Maisey that we  
204 had a truck full of ammo and other equipment nearby. About three or four minutes later **I**  
205 **started back toward the truck, which was about 200 yards behind Bunker Hill 10, and drove**  
206 **it to a point just behind Bunker Hill 10.”**  
207

208 Arriving back at Bunker Hill 10, with the slap flares requested, Capt. Maisey had gathered  
209 several of the Bunker Hill 10, SRT Team and QRT Leaders on the west side of the bunker to  
210 make his plan for what was going on. While we were standing there a loud boom was heard  
211 from the front of Bunker Hill 10, and everyone was looking around to see what it was? We  
212 later guessed that was the first of the thirteen RPG rounds to hit Bunker Hill 10, and stuck  
213 between the sand bags and concrete bunker.

214 That RPG struck the sandbags just below the M60, and the explosion caused the M-60  
215 machinegun placed on top of the sand bags to fall onto the road way below, and was not  
216 used until we picked it up later. It was not damaged as best as I can remember.  
217

218 The VC and NVA hit Bunker Hill 10 with RPGs and small arms fire from the east, south, and  
219 some from the north. As I began to fire, an Army Lieutenant with Capt. Maisey had a XM-148  
220 on his army issued M16 weapon. The LT said he did not know how to fire a 40 mm (grenade  
221 launcher), so I gave him my M16 and took it from him along with its ten rounds of ammo  
222 (40mm). I then started firing the 40 mm at Charlie, who was about 75 yards to the east of  
223 Bunker Hill 10; covering in a QC sandbag bunker they had along the MLR (main line of  
224 resistance). They fired 13 RPG rounds at Bunker Hill 10, and one had killed Capt. Maisey, but  
225 at that time no one knew he was hit, as they were engaged in a heavy fire-fight.  
226

227 It was surreal and like playing in a western movie-like a scene from the western classic High  
228 Noon, or even a war movie-VC would fire the first round and once I heard it hit I would step

229 out and fire my round at them. During the firefight, Sgt Neal Tuggle and I were yelling to each  
230 other every time a RPG hit the bunker to see if things were okay inside or outside—we both got  
231 horse voices from all the yelling too. It was cover and concealment during the exchange of  
232 fire and lasted until someone was knocked off—like *sudden-death* in a sports game; except it  
233 wasn't a game and it would be deadly for someone; I was lucky that it was them and not me  
234 that morning.

235  
236 I was firing from the south-side of Bunker Hill 10 at the time and had exactly one 40mm round  
237 left. The grenades were the only thing holding the VC at bay for the moment. I fired my 10th  
238 round and final grenade, which hit Charlie, and we heard a large explosion. I looked out and I  
239 could see three bodies flying up in the air, so I must have hit their ammo as there was a large  
240 secondary explosion.

241  
242 After I had knocked out the VC RPG crew firing at Bunker Hill 10, **I went to get the pickup**  
243 **truck full of ammo as it was now parked about 50 or so yards behind Bunker Hill 10**, and  
244 drove it to the bunker. As I drove up to Bunker Hill 10, I saw some troops (about a platoon  
245 size) moving outside the wire next to Bunker Hill 10. I called CSC/LED to report this and asked  
246 if they knew of any of our troops moving up near Bunker Hill 10, as nothing was reported on  
247 the radio at that time. CSC's LED came back and said that no friendly forces were coming  
248 towards Bunker Hill 10 at that time.

249  
250 *I did not fire upon those enemy troops* at that time since I was all alone and did not have any  
251 other SP or Augmentees covering my backside. The enemy had also moved thru the fence  
252 and was now moving towards the Aircraft Run Up area of the Flightline. That group of VC  
253 seemed to have ignored Bunker Hill 10, and was wearing what looked like brand new  
254 uniforms. I reported this info to CSC/LED and told them *we were now surrounded*, and then  
255 moved some of our SP's and Augmentees around to cover our rear.

256  
257 For a while I was the only man outside the bunker and could see the enemy all around us. As  
258 choppers were firing overhead at the enemy, I kept shouting to the men inside the bunker  
259 and asking if they were okay. It was a miracle they could hear me, as their firing full-auto in  
260 such a tight-closed space was literally deafening.

261  
262 The 145th AVB (145th Combat Aviation Battalion, UH-1 Huey and AH-1 Cobra helicopters)  
263 were flying around like rabid-hornets, shooting *danger-close* near and around Bunker Hill 10  
264 at Charlie, their miniguns were feverishly chewing up everything indiscriminately—*and*  
265 *headed my way*—so I moved quickly down the bunker's five steps through a metal door  
266 opening inward—I do not think it was ever closed during the battle—and entered into the  
267 bottom part of the bunker where I quickly tripped over the body. I still did not know who was  
268 dead on the floor so I yelled again, hoping someone may have seen him in flare light or  
269 muzzle flash, but neither SP responded, their training by long forgotten sergeants had kicked  
270 in and their focus was totally upon killing whatever appeared in their gun ports—anyway, it  
271 simply was too dark to see your hand in front of your face.

272  
273 Apocalypse ruled—white-amber light strobed through gun ports, mussel flashes danced a  
274 plague of strobing lights and insane shadows within, parachute flares kicked from an orbiting  
275 flare ship added macabre patterns of confusion, M16s firing, RPGs exploding with bone



276 jarring compressions, and throbbing eardrums threatening to burst—affirmed life was  
277 cheaper than ammo—Firing and reloading was the only way to assure life could last a few  
278 seconds more. Despite the carnage, someone paused his shooting and yelled that one man  
279 was dead—he repeated the phrase a few times, probably uncertain who had asked...or even  
280 if anyone had *actually* asked. There was no time for me to consider the body's ID any  
281 further—nor mourn a fallen brother—and it was quite possible, even probably, we would all  
282 join whoever *it* was within minutes, if not sooner. We were killing the enemy in growing  
283 numbers—just not fast enough to include their comrades still piling on.  
284

285 Bunker Hill 10 was a cramped matchbox at best, an eight-side octagon-coffin at worst, being  
286 only ten-twelve feet across from wall to wall, and a tossup as to which it would become for  
287 us. We were fighting a determined enemy for our lives and survival—  
288 firing...reloading...firing...reloading—we needed immediate room to fight the enemy from  
289 inside the bunker, and the body was in the way. I grabbed the body's arms and I believe it  
290 was Sgt Marshall Gott who grabbed the ankles, and we picked him up and carried the body  
291 just outside the reinforced metal door and placed it on the steps leading up and outside the  
292 bunker. We laid *him* (I refused to think of *him* as an *it*) on the steps, with some cover from  
293 outside firing and explosions, with his head toward the top of the stairs.  
294

295 After firing from the inside for a while, I noticed through gun ports there were fewer drifting  
296 flares and the sky wasn't lite up as much as before. I went outside the bunker again and could  
297 see drifting hazy-smoke columns from burnt out flares, and drifting like retreating soldiers.  
298 Stars were actually visible again in some places, so I started popping the rest of the hand-  
299 flares that we had, while talking on the PR-25 radio to CSC and trying to direct the fire power  
300 around Bunker Hill 10.  
301

302 I really did not use my radio until after I heard CSC/LED (Command Security Control/Law  
303 Enforcement Desk) calling Capt. Maisey repeatedly and getting no response. That point is  
304 when I started giving info to them, and they were feeding info back to us as to the movement  
305 of Capt. Marty Strones' defense-line so that if we had to fire we would not friendly-fire at  
306 them. Although I was running ammo resupply and ended up assuming command at Bunker  
307 Hill 10.  
308

309 CSC/LED did call me at one point and asked me to use the XM-148 to fire on the aircraft run-  
310 up pad area, because that was where VC and NVA were forming up. I had several rounds  
311 from the truck by then.  
312

313 *Now here is one of those unexplainable parts to this story!* I tried to fire two grenades from  
314 the XM-148 grenade launcher, and two from the M-79 grenade launcher—neither would fire  
315 a 40mm round. I double checked each weapon and they seemed to be in good working  
316 order, but still they would not fire *any* 40mm rounds. The firing-pins did put a very small dent  
317 in the round, but not hard enough to fire off the round. I told this to CSC/LED, and wondered  
318 why this happened.  
319

320 *After the battle and during the debrief I learned that there had been Air Force personnel in the*  
321 *arming-shack hiding on the floor, and this was near the Aircraft Run Up pad area. My thought*  
322 *was someone was really watching over these folks and did not want me to fire on that area*

323 *for fear of hitting the shack and killing them! Later, I also talked to our armories and they had*  
324 *never heard of that happening to either of the weapons. We also fired them during the day*  
325 *and they worked okay, when firing off base, for some reason.*  
326

327 After very long six or seven hours of night battle, the growing daylight looked real good. As I  
328 looked over the battlefield, I could see a lot of dead—I mean *a lot* of dead Viet Cong and NVA  
329 bodies. As the day went on, we had to be very careful of not shooting any US troops making  
330 sweeps for enemy outside the base. I had a set of binoculars and could see the 101st Air Cav  
331 and the VC and NVA moving back and forth about a quarter mile off the east end of the base.  
332

333 **Capt. Marty Strones made a sweep across the Flightline towards the Aircraft Run Up pad**  
334 **area.** Upon getting to the end or the taxiway they found a lot of bodies of the VC/NVA KIA  
335 and WIA. Then they began to sweep the aircraft Run Up shack area, and this is when Charlie  
336 tossed a grenade at one team of SP's and Augmentees. From what I was told this is when A1C  
337 Ed Muse (Edward Grady Muse , **Augmentee:** 3<sup>rd</sup> CBT SPT GRP, 3rd TAC FTR Wing, 7th AF / 3rd  
338 Security Police Squadron) was killed in action when they moved around a culvert; the first SP  
339 saw Charlie toss a grenade and shot at him, then went to the ground and yelled "grenade." A  
340 second SP, following him, came around the corner and hit the dirt, and then A1C Muse, third  
341 in line, came around the corner but for some reason did not hit the ground and walked right  
342 into the blast of the grenade and was killed.  
343

344 I and four Airmen remained at the bunker all day, without food and little water, and helped  
345 give cover to Capt. Strones and the men who made two-sweeps with him through the field,  
346 just north of Bunker Hill 10. During both sweeps, we were called upon to give them fire-  
347 support, plus I would radio information from Capt. Strones to CSC, and vice-versa.  
348

349 **About 2200 hours, 31 Jan 1968,** we went back to work with four resupply teams, north,  
350 south, east and west. It had been a moonless-starry night before the fighting started, less  
351 than 24 hours earlier, and now we all knew who our casualties were. Later we discovered  
352 that the body we had carried who was killed in action was Capt. Maisey. Although he had  
353 been wounded earlier, he had seemed to be everywhere directing fire and blocking the  
354 enemy. I was proud of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Security Police Squadron—*and still am*—and also sure Captain  
355 Maisey is too.  
356

357 **Sgt. Marshall A. Gott** (Bronze Star Medal/Valor) <[mrshgo@aol.com](mailto:mrshgo@aol.com)>

358 I never had occasioned before to go below Bunker Hill 10 until TET, and it was so dark inside  
359 you could not see your hand in front of you. Once someone fired through the portholes I left  
360 due to the noise and took up position under the fire truck parked at the back of the bunker. I  
361 never, to my recollection, ever saw any other fire truck, other than the one that was parked  
362 within 30 feet of the back side (West side) of Bunker Hill #10. Although it was an antique-like  
363 old French made fire truck, it was an Air Force and not a Vietnamese fire truck, supposedly  
364 there to possibly do weed abatement or removal.  
365

366 All I recall about the firetruck it sat so low to the ground, possibly running boards, I took my  
367 off my equipment belt, and removed cigarettes from my pocket so I could skinny under the  
368 truck. When the gunship choppers arrived to give support, I feared they might not know I  
369 was there, or think I was a VC. At that time, I was not sure if the men in the bunker were



370 dead or alive. So I fired several rounds and tracers at the Viet Cong's position closest to me,  
371 from under the fire truck; they were on top of the berm S/E of our position and I could see  
372 their heads sticking up.

373  
374 The berm, left from ditching around the end of the base, ran for a long distance. In places, it  
375 was as high if not higher than the bunker. On the back side of the berm was Bien Hoa and a  
376 bar and we could hear music. It was there I saw heads of VC looking over the berm at us, and  
377 they were very close perhaps only half a football field, if that. I then realized if I could see  
378 them due to the flares dropped then we were lit up too. It was from the berm they did the  
379 most damage with RPGS. But to my knowledge that was the closest they ever got to Bunker  
380 Hill 10, but they were able to hit the bunker 12-13 times, so I was told.

381  
382 I really hoped the chopper pilot would be alerted to the VC position threatening us, and also  
383 that at least I was still alive. The 145 gunship opened fired on the VC and shell casings were  
384 dropping all around my position—that I will never forget as long as I live!

385  
386 Days later, I believe they bulldozed the berm so the enemy couldn't sneak up behind it again  
387 for cover.

388  
389 I don't recall if I ever went back to that post after that, and I shipped home in April.

390  
391 [INSERT crows nest photo] Photo by: Michael Pollock, BH, 3rd SPS. 1968-1969.  
392 Bien Hoa AB View of *Rocket Observation Post* atop water tower.  
393 *A long climb—but a great view.*

### 394 395 **Marshall A. Gott**

396 **No story would be complete without mention of Sgt. Luther Wade Young** alerting the base  
397 to incoming rockets prior to the ground attack. He had a tower, Able-10 (metal crow's nest  
398 type) on the North side of the base, which was his regular post because no one else  
399 performed the incoming rocket-watch job as he did. He was so good at his at spotting rockets  
400 and alerting the base that he sounded the base rocket-alarm siren as soon as launched  
401 rockets left the jungle! The sirens' wailing alerted the entire base before the first rocket  
402 would explode on the base. Young also perfected his rocket-watch job to the point he was  
403 able to pretty much pinpoint the launch area and report that for counter-battery.

404  
405 Just another AP who served with valor and honor that made our job a success. When rockets  
406 and mortars are incoming, seconds count. I am positive Young save lives, considering barrack  
407 type hootches and huts were often totally destroyed by rockets, and several KIAs resulted.

### 408 409 **Pat Houseworth**

410 **"42 years later, [Luther Wade Young received the Bronze Star w/V.](#) At the Security Police**  
411 **Statue on the grounds of the Air Force Museum, Luther Young received his just honor...an**  
412 **honor he did not campaign or ask for. Luther Young, like most of us in the VSPA, was a young**  
413 **one term Airman; he became an unlikely hero, and was honored so in Dayton, Ohio.**

414 **In 2008, then Col. Marin "Marty" Strones, remembered the young Sergeant from those**  
415 **days and began a campaign to find Young and see that he got the recognition he deserved...he**  
416 **contacted the 3<sup>rd</sup> SPS Commander, of that time, LTC Kent Miller, and also Major General Mary**

417 Kay Hertog, who at that time was Commander/Director of the Security Forces in Washington  
418 D.C.”

419  
420 **LTC Kent Miller**

421 As the battle raged through the dead of night, Huey and Cobra helicopters, as well as a C-47  
422 “Spooky” gunship lite up the area with flares and fired thousands of rounds in support and  
423 opportunity targets. The 145<sup>th</sup> were absolutely tremendous. Their three or four Hueys and  
424 Cobras were firing close up and nasty within maybe 30 yards just outside the Bunker Hill 10,  
425 and at times some of our troops had to run inside the bunker because they were definitely  
426 danger-close and right on target! All I can say is the 145th AVB choppers did their job real  
427 well and cut up Charlie outside the wire (MLR) so that helped us out a lot too. The Charlie's  
428 that did get inside the MLR by the Aircraft Run Up pad area got shot up too by the choppers  
429 and saved Capt. Marty Strones and the other guys from getting shot up crossing the open  
430 flightline too! They did a great job.” Later, when the helicopters began running out of flares,  
431 Sergeant Piazza left the bunker and “started popping the rest of the hand-flares that we had  
432 and also kept on talking on the radio to CSC (central security control), plus trying to direct the  
433 fire power around Bunker Hill 10.”

434  
435 **US Army's dawn arrival**

436 Finally after the sun came up and if I remember right, it was about 0900 hours or so. The  
437 101st AB Division, 2<sup>nd</sup> Btl, 506<sup>th</sup> Infantry Reg., came out with one M60 Patton main battle  
438 tank (MBT) and a platoon from the MP Check Point. They started down the road towards  
439 Bunker Hill 10 but stopped about 30 yards from the QC house that Charlie had taken over.  
440 Fighting was intense and they lost two APCs and the lone M60 Tank took 19 hits and lost two  
441 crewmembers, but remained in the battle. Then, in the confusion of VC running, darkness,  
442 smoke, and explosions, the tank turned its 105mm gun towards Bunker Hill 10 as if they were  
443 going to fire at us. *That did not go over well with us*, and I was called CSC/LED to report this,  
444 and tell them to contact the Army and have them go back into their area. After what seemed  
445 like a very long time the Army troops and tank moved back into the 101st AB DIV base camp  
446 area, and did not come out again to support us, thank God.

447  
448 **Chaplain (Capt.) Donald J. Sheehan's report posted at VSPA.com related:**

449 When the enemy attack started, Captain Maisey was at the western end of the base. He  
450 immediately sped in his jeep to the Central Security Command Post. Realizing how critical  
451 holding Bunker Hill 10 was, Captain Maisey volunteered to go there to direct the defense of  
452 that area. Shortly thereafter, he arrived at the bunker and took charge of the men from the  
453 3rd SPS in the vicinity of Bunker Hill 10.

454  
455 The Viet Cong and North Vietnamese Army attacked the bunker with a vengeance. They  
456 knew it was the key to overrunning the east end of the field and the maintenance hangers,  
457 and other vital areas of the Air Base. The enemy hit Bunker Hill 10 with everything they had;  
458 about 12 direct rocket hits at point-blank range were recorded from the enemy. On top of  
459 the bunker, one rocket put Sergeant Tuggle's machine gun out of action. He went below,  
460 grabbed another weapon, and continued to fight from within the bunker. At that time, Sgt.  
461 Marshall A. Gott remained on top of the bunker, and continued to fire his M16 at the enemy  
462 trying to destroy the bunker. Captain Maisey continued directing and amassing the fire  
463 power of the 30 or so Security Policemen, in the general area of the bunker, on the enemy

464 within 75 yards of the bunker. Captain Maisey had to leave the bunker and expose himself to  
465 enemy fire in order to communicate by radio with Central Security Command (CSC). He did  
466 this throughout the battle while verbally yelling orders and directions to his SP Airmen around  
467 him, even when they were at times surrounded by VC.  
468

469 Captain Maisey and the other men continued firing and kept the enemy pinned down not too  
470 far from their original point of penetration. No one knows how many enemies were killed by  
471 the men defending Bunker Hill 10, but after the battle more than 60 dead VC were found  
472 nearby.  
473

474 Colonel Miller said in his post at VSPA.com that Captain Maisey "...was out on the perimeter  
475 probably five or six nights a week from 10 o'clock to 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning. ." ." He  
476 was very brave about the whole thing. "Captain Maisey had asked Chaplain Sheehan if he  
477 would come along with him one night, saying, "The men are a bit jumpy. They'll appreciate  
478 seeing a chaplain."  
479

#### 480 **Staff Sgt. William "Pete" Piazza: Silver Star recipient**

481 **As** the chaplain observed, Captain Maisey's bravery was "uncommon and contagious" and  
482 other figures were also instrumental in the victory, perhaps none more than Staff Sgt.  
483 William Pete Piazza who earned a Silver Star for his gallantry under fire. In a phone interview  
484 from Oklahoma City, Piazza, 64, a retired senior master sergeant and secretary of the  
485 Oklahoma Heartland Chapter of the Air Force Security Police Association, recalled that night  
486 with clarity, providing details that shed more light on Captain Maisey's final moments.  
487

488 Sergeant Piazza's report was a mundane portrayal of the heroism that earned him the  
489 nation's third highest award for valor. His inherent modesty and professionalism must have  
490 prevented him from saying more than he felt necessary about the chaos and death  
491 surrounding him and the small band of 3rd SPS defenders at Bunker Hill 10.  
492

493  
494 In a story headlined, "Bien Hoa Defense Likened to Famed Fight at Alamo" in the March 30,  
495 1968, edition of the New York Daily News, Capt. Marty E. Strones, who also earned a Silver  
496 Star for his heroics at Bien Hoa, said, "The bunker would have started running out of  
497 ammunition, but one of our ammunition drivers, SSgt. William Piazza, heard they were in  
498 trouble and drove through enemy positions to supply the beleaguered bunker. This made it  
499 possible for them to hold out.  
500

501  
502 Chaplain Sheehan, in his VSPA article cited earlier, wrote "The bravery of the men in Bunker  
503 Hill 10 was matched by the incredible valor of other men of the 3rd SPS. Sergeants William  
504 Piazza and James Lee did the impossible and through a withering field of enemy fire drove a  
505 truck ... across what would seem an impassable field—a field alive with VC. The men  
506 dauntlessly drove right up to the besieged Bunker Hill 10, and under constant enemy fire  
507 resupplied the defenders of the bunker with enough ammunition to enable them to continue  
508 the fight. When one knows the terrain these men passed through, and remembers the  
509 confusion at the time, and the danger of their cargo, he stands in awe at their courageous  
510 feat. It seems impossible. But brave men made the impossible possible."  
511

511  
512  
513 **Howard G. Yates,**

514 (**Augmentee:** 12th Air Commando Squadron / 3rd Security Police Squadron),  
515 Bien Hoa AB, Republic of Vietnam, 1967 – 1968

516 [Remembering TET and Bunker Hill 10](#) (full story and photos)

517  
518 *[For readers' convenience, Howard Yates' outstanding account of TET 1968 at Bien Hoa,*  
519 *including Bunker Hill 10, is presented in full. I encourage you to visit his story and photos as*  
520 *posted at [VSPA.com](#) and [War-Stories.com](#)]*

521  
522 Finally I can lay my head back and try to get some shut eye, but I doubt that I will. I'm too  
523 keyed up to sleep. This little bit of "home away from home" we call a hooch is quiet enough,  
524 except for some muffled conversation in the day room, but my mind is in overdrive rehashing  
525 the events of the last 24 hours and wondering what the next 24 will bring.

526  
527 What the heck was I thinking when I volunteered to join the Security Police Augmentees  
528 (reserves) with those other guys from my outfit? That's just it—I wasn't thinking—I did it  
529 instinctively. I'd often thought about being a cop and even tried to enlist into the law  
530 enforcement field but my recruiter said I couldn't get in—he said I wasn't tall enough, or they  
531 didn't have any openings, or some other contrived reason. I think he just needed to fill a  
532 mechanic's slot and I was the lucky winner.

533  
534 Anyway I was being offered a chance to hang out with the "Sky Cops" and get away from the  
535 flightline for a while, so they didn't have to twist my arm. Besides, what harm could come  
536 from spending some time with the Security Police? At least I'd get to carry an M16 instead  
537 of a tool bag and I wouldn't be getting all dirty and greasy. It sure seemed like a great idea to  
538 me. Little did I realize the gravity of my decision.

539  
540 It seems like just a few short hours ago that several of us, including my buddy Larry  
541 Wasserman, were returning to Bien Hoa Airbase from the bustling little town of Bien Hoa. As  
542 we walked past the guard shack, the sentry asked, "Hey, aren't you guys Augmentees?"

543  
544 I thought his recognizing us was so cool that I blurted out, "Yeah, we are."

545  
546 "Well, you better get your gear and report to the SP armory, ASAP!"

547  
548 "Why...what's up?" Larry inquired. The Security Policeman just glanced up with this "we're in  
549 a world of hurt" expression on his face and pointed to the security placard over the door—it  
550 was red. Now, we knew darn well what that meant. "Condition Red" means attack is  
551 imminent. Even so, we convinced ourselves that this was probably just a readiness drill.

552  
553 We hustled to our hooch, grabbed our web belts, helmets and whatever else we thought we  
554 might need and made tracks to the SP squadron armory.

555  
556 By the time we arrived, preparations for the defense of Bien Hoa Airbase were well  
557 underway. Weapons and ammunition were being issued at the supply window in a hurried

558 but very orderly manner. Security Police and Augmentees already equipped gathered in small  
559 groups, talking amongst themselves. Some were busy checking and rechecking their weapons  
560 while others were stuffing ammo bandoleers and every available pocket with extra ammo  
561 magazines.

562  
563 The air was filled with an undertone of anxious chatter and an occasional plume of cigarette  
564 smoke. When it came my turn at the armory window, I was handed an M16 and told to grab  
565 some ammunition. I asked, "How much can I take?" Now, I don't remember this guy's rank or  
566 what he looked like, for that matter, but I do remember his overly accommodating reply:  
567 "Partner, you can take as much as you think you'll need." That comment dashed any thought I  
568 had of this exercise being a drill. I stuffed every pocket so full that I clanked when I walked.

569  
570 No sooner did we get our ammo, when someone yelled, "Ten-hut!" An officer, later  
571 identified to me as Lt. Colonel Kent Miller, commander of the 3rd Security Police Squadron,  
572 walked hastily into our midst and began, "We don't have time for that," (meaning the proper  
573 protocol) and immediately told all present to sit down and listen up. He began his briefing by  
574 pointing to an aerial infrared photo map that had just been rolled out and made particular  
575 reference to the area shaded in red. (The Colonel's briefing was a long time ago so I will  
576 paraphrase his comments.) That big red blob you see to the east of Bien Hoa Airbase is what  
577 military intelligence believes to be a battalion-size concentration of North Vietnamese and  
578 Viet Cong soldiers.

579  
580 When I heard the word "battalion" I had no inkling of what that meant in terms of numbers  
581 (The Air Force had "squadrans" not "battalions"), but having seen most of John Wayne's war  
582 movies I figured that a battalion was more folks than we wanted to trying to get on base—  
583 uninvited!

584  
585 I was assigned with Larry and a young fellow named Terry, whose last name escapes me, to  
586 ride with SP (Security Police) Sergeant Richard Lee and Airman First Class Simmons. Our call  
587 sign was "**Defense 6**" and our duties that night consisted of traveling the entire circumference  
588 of Bien Hoa Airbase, along what was appropriately called "Perimeter Road," delivering hot  
589 coffee, sandwiches, and ammunition to the various guard posts.

590  
591 It was somewhere around 0200 hours (2 a.m. for you civilians) that we pulled up next to  
592 Bunker Hill 10 (an old French concrete fortification that was somewhat modified with  
593 sandbags and lumber to meet Air Force base defense needs). Simmons and Lee chatted  
594 briefly with a couple of the occupants and while I don't remember the exact conversation I do  
595 remember the exchange of several one-liners meant to fend off the anxious tension we all  
596 felt. As we pulled away Simmons told them we would see them on our next trip around.

597  
598 We drove north along Perimeter Road and passed some 8 to 10 Augmentees, who had taken  
599 up a defensive-position, just south of the Army's Military Police Check Point. We exchanged  
600 some rather earthy salutations with them, also meant to ease the tension, and drove on to  
601 the MP Check Point. Even though the MPs at the check point were Army we did the Air Force  
602 thing and offered them some coffee. They told us they were good to go, so we moved on.  
603 We drove around to the west side of the Check Point and Simmons parked the truck. He told  
604 us we might want to grab a bite from our box lunches while we had the chance. In retrospect

605 the timing of his statement was perfect; eerie, but perfect.

606  
607 I ate my sandwich and drank some coffee but saved my apple for later. I lit my C-rat cigarette  
608 and pushed my helmet back on my head. Almost immediately I heard this “crackling and  
609 whooshing” noise right over my head. My first thought was, “What the hell was that?”  
610 Within seconds I found out: It was the first of many 122mm rockets to slam into Bien Hoa AB  
611 in those early morning hours. It hit southwest of our position with a gut-wrenching explosion  
612 that plumed into a bright orange and red mushroom cloud. From our vantage point it looked  
613 as if our own squadron area (the 12th Air Commandos) had been blown to bits. I remember  
614 thinking, Oh, God, they’re all dead.

615  
616 I’m not sure if it was Lee or Simmons but somebody yelled “Get out!” I didn’t have to think  
617 about it, I just reacted. We all hit the ditch alongside the road about the time the second or  
618 third rocket hit the ground. For a moment I thought I had swallowed an earthquake. My  
619 insides shook uncontrollably from the concussion shockwave. I kept telling myself, “You’re  
620 okay man, settle down,” but my stomach said, “Screw you, I’m scared.” Rockets cratered in  
621 for what seemed like fifteen or twenty minutes, and then all fell quite. This reprieve was to  
622 be short-lived.

623  
624 Capt. Maisey had requested pop flares, and CSC/LED radioed **Defense 6** (that was us) to  
625 deliver some flares to Bunker Hill 10. Sergeant Lee promptly advised that sniper fire from  
626 outside the perimeter was keeping us pinned down.

627  
628 Staff Sergeant Pete Piazza, **Defense 5**, supervisor of the re-supply teams, pulled up from the  
629 west and collected some flares from our truck. He put his three Augmentees under the  
630 control of A1C Simmons and had Sgt Richards accompany him back the way he came to find  
631 another route to Bunker Hill 10.

632  
633 Not long after they left, a static filled transmission came over Simmons’ radio. It was a Windy  
634 unit (Security Police K-9 handler), Airman Robert (Bob) Press, calling **Defense 6** to advise that  
635 his dog Diablo was alerting strongly on the fence line and he requested permission to pop a  
636 hand flare. “Permission granted” came the reply. We could see the hand pop-flare streaking  
637 into the dark night. Pop! It burst into a glow bright enough to light up a football field and  
638 then began its slow wobbly descent. Almost immediately we heard a brief but distinct-  
639 intense sound of small arms fire. The Windy unit, we learned later, had stirred a covey of VC  
640 just outside the wire.

641  
642 Then we heard “Pop-whoosh” noises on the perimeter and the darkness was illuminated by  
643 what looked like gigantic 4th of July sparklers. Simmons broke the news. “Trip flares—  
644 they’re coming across the wire!”

645  
646 *Oh, this is not going to be a good night,* I thought.

647  
648 I remember saying, more out of apprehension than curiosity, “I wonder how many are out  
649 there.” Without taking his eyes off the trip flares, Simmons came back with, “Hard telling.”  
650 Well, that sure didn’t make me feel any better. Then it started: small arms and machinegun  
651 fire erupted all over the east perimeter.



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Simmons led us down a slope to a knoll about 15 or 20 yards from where we had left the truck. We ran, crouched and crawled through patches of burned elephant grass. The Air Force periodically burned the thick tall grass to provide a better field of fire for defenders to eliminate potential hiding places for Charlie (Viet Cong). The ash from burnt grass was like black talcum powder—it stuck to everything—and got up our noses, ears and eyes. If there was an upside to the stuff, I guess it was nature’s way of blacking out our faces.

The VC attacking forces were making their way from the perimeter towards the interior of the base, in a westerly direction. Their path was to our south and took them directly into the unrelenting hail of fire from various Security Police positions, including Bunker Hill 10. The fighting was intense on both sides. We listened to the **Defense 6** radio to keep track of what was going on. The radio voices from the midst of battle were those of determination, and courage, but we could tell they were having a tough time of it.

Our direction from Simmons was fairly straight forward and simple—we were to hold this position because, “When they try to get out of here, they’ll be coming right this way!” I dropped my head down and thought, “Damn, he had to say that.”

Weapons’ firing was intense and deafening. As I lay there peering over the top of the knoll, with my M16 poised for the inevitable, I suddenly felt the gravity of our situation. I was pretty sure that I wasn’t going to make it home. I made my peace with the Almighty, asking Him for courage in the face of the enemy and to take care of my loved ones back home.

During the heaviest fighting we could see silhouettes running around the aircraft run-up pad, but due to darkness we were uncertain if they were enemy infiltrators or Security Police defenders. Not wanting to hit any Americans we held our fire until we were absolutely certain about our target. We could also see and hear the blistering fire power coming from Bunker Hill 10—the Little Alamo—as it would come to be known. We could see and feel explosions after explosions as VC and NVA hand-held RPG rockets blasted the bunker, but their defensive fire never stopped! I remember thinking, “Those poor guys are taking a pounding. I hope they can hold on.”

Puff the Magic Dragon, an old C-47 aircraft left over from WWII and capable of turning the jungle into tossed salad with its 7.62 mm Gatling guns, droned overhead and began kicking flares—what a welcome sight. As the first couple of million-candle parachute flares drifted toward earth we were suddenly confronted by staggering dark figures, arms outstretched, looming out of the darkness. Three of us opened fire but the bullets ricocheted. Simmons looked at us and calmly and said, “Grave markers.” It seemed we had parked ourselves right on the edge of an old French cemetery. Man did I feel relieved—stupid—but relieved.

About that time Simmons left to retrieve some hand-flares from the truck, but he must have gotten pinned down. It seemed like forever before we saw him again.

Tracers had been zipping all around but for some reason the fighting seemed to subside momentarily. Having been out there for what seem a lifetime (for some it was), but in actuality was only three or four hours, I had a hankering for a smoke, by this time our ears

699 were ringing and talking in a normal voice just wouldn't cut it. I got Larry's attention and  
700 motioned that I wanted a cigarette. He mouthed, "*I don't have any.*"

701  
702 "*You don't have any*—what happened to them?" I shouted; smoking a cigarette was now a  
703 greater necessity than noise-discipline.

704  
705 "I dropped the pack—if you want one, they're out there somewhere," and with that he  
706 pointed to the open field where the tracers had once again had begun to fly. I considered the  
707 field with a bug-storm of red and green tracers and thought "*Nah...never mind.*" So I took out  
708 my two cigars and tossed him one. I motioned that I needed a light by mimicking the use of a  
709 cigarette lighter. Larry looked at me, grinned and pointed to the open field. It was probably a  
710 bad time to light up anyway.

711  
712 We knew from the radio-chatter that Tan Son Nhut Airbase was also under heavy rocket and  
713 ground attack. What we didn't know was—so was every other major US installation in South  
714 Vietnam.

715  
716 As the SP Defense Forces began making progress in repelling invaders, we could see the  
717 enemy had apparently gathered in and around a drainage ditch east of the runway. We  
718 figured they were either regrouping for another try or preparing to get out of Dodge. We  
719 prepared ourselves for the onslaught of their retreat, but it never came in our direction.

720  
721 Sometime before dawn I heard that familiar whup, whup, whup of Hueys and Cobra gunships  
722 rotors overhead. It was an Army Huey gunship. I don't remember if I just thought, "Hot  
723 damn. We got'em now!" or if I actually yelled it out. The Huey's dared a pass at the Aircraft  
724 Run Up pad and drainage ditch area and cut loose with a couple of rockets. Oh, that was so  
725 awesome! Then he circled around and hit'em again. On about his third pass he came way too  
726 close to us so Larry grabbed the radio and called **Defense 6**, yelling, "Break, Break!" He had to  
727 yell to clear the channel. "**Defense 6 to Defense Control.**"

728  
729 "Go ahead **Defense 6,**" came the reply.

730  
731 "**Defense 6**, we are in an unmarked position, on the east perimeter near the old graveyard  
732 and the gunship is firing almost on top of us."

733  
734 Control came back with an answer that we really didn't want to hear. "We don't have direct  
735 communications with the Army choppers; just try to let them know you're friendlies."

736  
737 Oh great! I'm gonna die here, I thought. As the gunship made another pass overhead, Larry,  
738 in an attempt to signal the pilot, waved his hands and "shot him a bird." The door gunner,  
739 observing Larry's gesture, returned his salute and the pilot redirected his fury in the other  
740 direction.

741  
742 The fighting continued well into the morning, but the resilience of the North Vietnamese and  
743 Viet Cong was apparently running out of steam. Their small arms fire had but for an  
744 occasional burst fallen silent. We took stock of our situation and discovered that our  
745 ammunition had nearly been exhausted.

746  
747 By the time afternoon rolled around, teams of Security Police, Augmentees and a handful of  
748 Army troops (from whence they came I have no idea) had begun forming up to perform  
749 security-sweeps to detect, apprehend, or neutralize any strangling VC or NVA. There were  
750 also reports of snipers on base which didn't do anything for my comfort level. On the other  
751 hand—maybe I'll find that missing pack of cigs.

752  
753 Side-by-side we began a slow, methodical and very cautious sweep from the perimeter to the  
754 runway. As we neared the drainage ditch, which ran perpendicular to the runway, someone  
755 shouted, "Hold up!" I stopped and looked towards my left and saw a Security Police member  
756 (I think he was an NCO, maybe a Staff Sergeant) standing in the open, confronting a subject.  
757 There was a loud "pop" and the Sergeant went down. What ensued was a brief but  
758 devastating report from at least ten nearby defenders. Another VC had gone to the "Big Rice  
759 Paddy in the Sky."

760  
761 As we conducted our search along the drainage ditch I was walking behind one of those army  
762 soldiers who showed up to give us a hand. He looked like he had been in the field for six  
763 weeks. He was dirty, smelly, grungy and unshaven but he was also loaded for bear and I for  
764 one was glad he was there.

765  
766 Ahead of us and to the left, down in the ditch, was a clump of brush wherein several VC had  
767 set up a machinegun position. The VC machine gunner and a couple of his buddies were  
768 floating, motionless, on top of the bloody water. Suddenly the ground pounder in front of me  
769 let loose with a long burst from his Tommy gun. He killed them all—again. Then he turned  
770 towards me, spit a mouthful of tobacco juice on the ground and said, "I thought I saw one  
771 move."

772  
773 Larry taped me on the back and commented, "That boy's been in-country way too long."

774  
775 Rounding the corner of the maintenance shack on the east end of the runway, and still very  
776 vigilant for enemy snipers, I was confronted by a picture that will be forever etched in my  
777 memory: A Viet Cong guerilla fighter lay dead under a portable power unit (a big tractor)  
778 which he had mistakenly used for cover during the night. One of his arms had been peeled  
779 back at the shoulder and everything above his eyebrows was gone, the obvious result of  
780 intense fire power from the Security Police bunker on the air field. Somehow I overcame the  
781 urge to heave my guts out.

782  
783 We completed our part of the sweep and were told to gather up near the end of the runway.  
784 The officer in charge dismissed several of us, "Men, go get some chow and some sleep. We  
785 will no doubt need you again tonight." Larry and I just looked at each other. I know what he  
786 was thinking, but I won't repeat it.

787  
788 We turned to leave but lingered just long enough to watch the Quan Canh, South Vietnamese  
789 Air Force Police, interrogate a few prisoners, who were sitting on a log with their hands  
790 restrained. In a sudden fit of rage one of the Quan Canh rifle butted a restrained prisoner on  
791 the side of the head and knocked him to the ground. Now what he did was probably not in  
792 keeping with the rules of the Geneva Convention but I just grinned and thought, "Whoops—

793 wrong answer.”

794  
795 The black-dust from the scorched elephant grass was smeared on my sweaty and greasy face.  
796 In fact we were all filthy, exhausted, and hungry. Our first priority was to head in the  
797 direction of the chow hall. As we approached the control tower on the way we notice a  
798 couple of officers surveying the damage to a shiny blue and bullet-riddled staff car. Suddenly  
799 one of the officers, a colonel, saw us walking toward him. We simultaneously rendered the  
800 best salute we could, given our condition. The Colonel snapped to attention whipped his  
801 hand through the air and popped one of the finest salutes I have ever seen on us. He asked  
802 us if we doing okay and I said, “Fine Sir, thank you.” He came back with “Oh, no, it is I who  
803 should be thanking you. You guys saved our butts last night.” As he dropped his salute he  
804 said something like, I’ll bet you men are tired and hungry. We agreed, and went on our way.  
805

806 I had a suspicion that the cook wasn’t feeling very hospitable as we shuffled up to the serving  
807 line. He barely made eye contact but continued to wipe down the grill. “I just cleaned this  
808 thing so nothing till dinner,” he grumbled. We stood there in disbelief staring at him. When  
809 he did look up he got an eyeful. He saw four scruffy looking airmen, weapons slung over  
810 shoulders and the look of hungry puppies on their faces. He stared for a moment and then  
811 stammered, “Were you out there...on the perimeter...all night? Damn man—why didn’t you  
812 say something?” That was the best hot breakfast I’ve had in a long time.  
813

814 I made a quick trip to the officer’s showers (they had hot water), washed off two layers of  
815 grime and then shuffled back to the hooch. I crawled into my bunk and laid my head back.  
816

817 “Finally, I can get some shut eye.” I didn't think it worth the energy to find a cigarette.  
818  
819

820 **Gary K. Hille**

821 **BUNKER HILL-10, Sat leader East end of Bien Hoa AB**

822 [*For readers’ convenience, [Gary K. Hille’s outstanding account of TET 1968 at Bien Hog](#),*  
823 *including Bunker Hill 10, is presented in full. I encourage you to visit his story and photos as*  
824 *posted at [VSPA.com](#) and [War-Stories.com](#)]*  
825

826 TET: Jan 31, 1968, I was assigned as Sat leader East end of Bien Hoa AB, My team consisted of  
827 (1) M-60 gunner, (1) grenade launcher, (1) 40 mm rifleman, and (1) rifleman. Our patrol area  
828 was the East perimeter from Bunker Hill-10 to the entrance to the airborne base, where the  
829 perimeter turned back to the west. My responsibilities included the care and feeding of the  
830 "windy" units (sentry dogs) and Bunker Hill-10.  
831

832 At approximately 0250 hours, we were told to "stand down" from our alert, and preceded on  
833 our normal routine. We had run out of coffee and requested permission to go for coffee. As  
834 we left the chow hall we saw 122mm rockets start to impact on the perimeter and at the  
835 same time the base siren sounded. As we were already adjacent to the motor pool, we took  
836 refuge in their bunker. My fire team was first back on the air after the rockets walked past us.  
837

838 We were dispatched to a point 30 yards to the North of Bunker Hill-10. Upon arrival, we left  
839 the Jeep, went across the drainage ditch, and set up our defense line: Gunner and Riflemen

840 together, 40mm to the right, and I to the left.

841  
842 At that time, CSC called and said they had a wounded Airman at a Listening Post South of



Bunker Hill-10, and dispatched my team to pick him up. We returned to the Jeep, only to discover the clutch pedal was lying flat on the floor. I informed CSC of the situation and they dispatched the S.E. Sat Team to pick up the wounded man.

848 We went back across the ditch and setup positions again. Just as we got setup, a trip flare went off on the perimeter and I saw Viet Cong and NVA running from the perimeter fence and across the field where we had setup before going for more coffee resupply. I opened fire immediately and informed CSC that I was doing so—we really unloaded on the area of the trip-flare.

855 At that time I was the ranking NCO (SSgt) on the East perimeter. I therefore took it on myself to pull back all Windy (K-9) units, so they would not get caught in crossfire, and also coordinated our fire with the North perimeter

859 patrol, which kept Charlie from going too far north, and helped funnel them toward the M-60  
860 bunker at the revetment. After they pulled back I coordinated the East perimeter defense  
861 until Capt. Maisey arrived.

862  
863 *(Luther Wade Young, I need to locate him as well)*

864  
865 **James Cox** [jscscox@aol.com](mailto:jscscox@aol.com) K-9 Pete, 5F40

866 **My name is James Cox and my dog's name was Pete, 5F40.** We worked together from May  
867 of 1967 to May of 1968. The night of the attack we were on post on the north east side of the  
868 bomb dump. There were no ground attacks in our area but lots of rocket and mortar  
869 explosion to our south. We had a small round bunker to take cover. We continued our patrol  
870 until the mortars and rockets began to explode to the south of us, at which time we took to  
871 the bunker until daylight. Around noon the next day we returned to the kennels. That was  
872 when we learned that the east end had been penetrated. We were then assigned to go and  
873 assist in locating KIA on the east end of the runway. There was a large pit dug at that end of  
874 the runway and that night we were placed at that post close to where the pit was and bodies  
875 still exposed, and had not been covered. I believe they were burned before the trench was  
876 covered. The thing that is still with me is the smell of the dead bodies all night on patrol that  
877 night.

878  
879 I will send you some of the photos I took when I first arrived at Bien Hoa. There had been a  
880 rocket attack a couple of nights before in the K-9 & Base Police hut.

---



881  
882



883





884  
885

886 **From:** jcsccox@aol [mailto:jcsccox@aol.com]

887 If you were standing with back to the taxiway it would be the K-9 lined parallel to the taxiway.  
888 These are on west end of row. Sorry I do not remember their numbers. I more photos of f  
889 landmarks that everyone would recognize. The photo above is my dog Pete s military  
890 records. Some of the dates are wrong.

891

892 **From:** tizi82@aol.com [mailto:tizi82@aol.com]

893 **Subject: Tet 1968**

894  
895 The story of those 2 bases are well known by many skycops and also in books but is over  
896 looked by the general public and also by other military Services, I've seen many articles on  
897 Bunker Hill 10 even in Squadron /Signal publication (color photos and drawing) and in the  
898 book of Battle of Saigon. No one seems to understand the role of the Security Police; skycops  
899 were used in Vietnam and Thailand and in attempt to rescue a ship crew. You did not have to  
900 be or train in safe side program to be in combat. The above 2 bases went through the largest  
901 attacks but I had friends who were at Nha Trang and they went through hell, Skycops went all  
902 over the Country during Tet some of the guys went to places like Con Thien, Dong Ha and  
903 other Marine bases near the DMZ to help in security for the radar stations that the Air Force  
904 operated. Those radar sites were targets that the NVA and Viet Cong did not over-look and  
905 like bases saw sappers' attacks, mortars and rocket attacks. Even Cam Ranh which got on  
906 Stars @ Stripes with it rocket attack on March 4,1968, 27 rockets and was a stand-off on VSPA  
907 it is never mentioned. I think it is great you are talking about these bases but what happen at  
908 Danang, Qui Nhon, Pleiku, Nha Trang and others bases, plus in Laos during this time I believe  
909 a radar site was over run (were there any skycops there? ). How many skycops left the  
910 bases for such assignments as village sweeps with ARVN soldiers in middle of the night,  
911 convoy duty? A lot of skycops never left the base grounds other than OP's and LP's.  
912 Working with Allied Police with other military services and the QC's, National Police  
913 and Korean MP's and did jeep patrol on Highway-1 again in the middle of the night and 24-7 ,  
914 Can you expand the areas you are writing about or researching?

915  
916 **Conrad Gomez**

917 Cam Ranh Bay AB, 1967-1968

918  
919  
920 **LTC Kent Miller**

921 **3<sup>rd</sup> Security Police Squadron Commander**

922 **Bien Hoa Airbase**

923 **Tet 1968**

924  
925 *Victory in battle can be measured in a variety of ways. Territory captured or defended and*  
926 *casualty losses verses enemy losses are probably the two most frequent measures of success*  
927 *in battle. Using these criteria, the battle won by the 3rd SPS during TET, 1968, can only be*  
928 *measured as a stirring victory. The battle took place in Bien Hoa AB, Republic of Vietnam,*  
929 *during the North Vietnam TET offensive, January/February 1968 . The 3rd SPS killed and*  
930 *captured 160 enemies while losing two of their own, for a kill/capture ratio of 80-1.*

931  
932 The battle started with a long rocket-mortar barrage. Undercover of the barrage, the enemy  
933 maneuvered undetected through the mined double-chain-link perimeter fence line until  
934 detected by a sentry dog [Diablo X313, KIA] and his handler Robert (Bob) Press. The  
935 combined VC/NVA (North Vietnam Army) force fought their way on base as far as the aircraft  
936 engine buildup area, approximately 50/60 yards from the reveted F-100 aircraft with the SP's  
937 taking them under fire all the way. The enemy's initial thrust was impeded by sentry dogs  
938 and their handlers, bunkers manned by SP machine gunners and riflemen, Sabotage Alert  
939 Teams (SAT) with jeeps-mounted M-60 machine guns and Quick Reaction Forces (QRF)

940 riflemen. The enemy advance was halted at the engine buildup with a counter attack led by  
941 an NCO. Bunkers were bypassed and in some cases surrounded, but none were overrun.  
942

943 One of the SP KIA's (the squadron Operations Officer [Capt. Maisey]), received a direct hit by  
944 a shoulder-fired rocket launcher (RPG), while directing the defense of an old French bunker  
945 [Bunker Hill 10] on the perimeter. The other SP lost was an Augmentee [A1C Muse, KIA]  
946 (about 50 Augmentees had been trained by the SP's to help defend the base) KIA by a  
947 grenade during the fight at the engine buildup area. Fighting continued until dawn when the  
948 flight commander formed a skirmish line and drove the enemy, not already killed or  
949 wounded, back across the base perimeter. The perimeter fence line was 10 miles in length  
950 and although the ground attack only came from the east side, sniper fire was received from  
951 other directions most notably from north perimeter which was adjacent to the city of Bien  
952 Hoa. US Army ground force did not arrive until after day break when only enemy wounded  
953 and stragglers were left on the base. No Army of South Vietnam (ARVN) personnel were  
954 present during any part of the battle. The US Army unit pursued the enemy outside the  
955 perimeter and drove them back into the jungle.  
956

957 The SP Squadron had no crew-serviced weapons, the M-60 machine gun being the heaviest  
958 weapons authorized. Fortunately, the Army 145 Aviation Battalion was stationed on the base  
959 and throughout the battle gave unwavering air-support to the SP's; without the 145th's  
960 support undoubtedly the squadron would have taken additional casualties. At one point  
961 during the battle the squadron borrowed a recoilless rifle team from the QC (South  
962 Vietnamese Security Police), to dislodge some enemy holdup in a shack. In addition to no  
963 crew-serviced weapons, no armored vests, no perimeter lighting, gasoline filled drums,  
964 claymore mines or searchlights to cover enemy approach routes. We had no armored  
965 vehicles, only jeeps, pickup trucks and stake trucks borrowed from the motor pool for QRT's.  
966

967 Fortunately 7th AF placed the squadron on maximum alert that afternoon prior to the attack  
968 but we were not told why, so many of us thought this were just a prolonging of the many  
969 false intelligence reports received in the past.  
970

971 After Action reports listed the enemy forces at two battalions and a reinforced CO [1600-2000  
972 VC/NVA]. This meant the squadron was outnumbered 4 or 5 to one as our Present for Duty  
973 (PFD), including Augmentees were around 400.  
974

975 The Security Police were prohibited from operating outside the perimeter. The Army was  
976 responsible for security outside the perimeter. The official scenario was that we would never  
977 be attacked by more than a platoon. On previous occasions when the Squadron had  
978 conducted night ambushes or perimeter sweeps the Squadron Commander was called in and  
979 told to halt such operations as the Army had everything outside the perimeter under control.  
980 Prior to the attack, higher authorities were notified that the majority of the time no Army was  
981 securing the perimeter. The Squadron Commander was told otherwise and to keep the  
982 squadron inside the perimeter. The only official exception was that 50 squadron members  
983 were granted permission to attend the 173rd Airborne Brigade's week long training they gave  
984 all of their new troops. The training climaxed with a helicopter assault into the base, a night  
985 defensive perimeter and a search mission back to the base. The 173rd main base was tied  
986 into the Air Base and was also attacked during TET. The Division replaced the 173rd earlier

987 but they only had a rifle CO and MP's at their base camp and were hard pressed to defend  
988 their area.

989  
990 TET was not the squadron's first encounter with the enemy. During 1967 numerous enemy  
991 sapper teams (sabotage team), were stopped at the perimeter sometimes in brisk fire fights.  
992 In August 1967, the squadron captured their first prisoner in one of these firefights.  
993

994 Numerous decorations were awarded squadron personnel as a result of the TET battle,  
995 including Air Force Cross, Silver Stars, and Bronze Stars with the Valor devise. I do not know  
996 the total number of decorations awarded as I rotated prior to any being awarded. Also, I do  
997 not know the disposition of the 10 or 12 wounded as the most critical were evacuated off  
998 base immediately after the battle.  
999

1000 I am aware that due to the bravery, ability and devotion to duty of the Junior Officers, NCO's  
1001 and Airmen, the 3rd SPS were not out fought. Although out-gunned and out-numbered they  
1002 were ready and willing when called upon to do their duty. They thought they were the best  
1003 and proved it.  
1004  
1005

1006 Article by **Mike Campbell**

1007 Read the full article: [Maisey Building rededication honors fallen hero of Bien Hoa](#)

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1008 *As the battle raged through the dead of night, Huey and Cobra helicopters, as well as a C-47*  
1009 *“Spooky” gunship from “somewhere off base,” according to Colonel Miller, illuminated the*  
1010 *landscape with flares and sprayed covering fire from above.*

1011  
1012 *“They were tremendous. There were three or four Hueys and Cobras. They were firing maybe*  
1013 *30 yards outside the bunker, and at times some of our troops had to run inside the bunker.*  
1014 *They did a great job. “ Later, when the helicopters began running out of flares, Sergeant*  
1015 *Piazza left the bunker and “started popping the rest of the hand-flares that we had and also*  
1016 *kept on talking on the radio to CSC (central security control), plus trying to direct the fire*  
1017 *power around Bunker Hill 1.”*

1018 *Though the bunker was besieged from nearly all directions, one area in particular concerned*  
1019 *Sergeant Piazza, who took command after realizing Captain Maisey had been killed. On their*  
1020 *left flank lay a meadow of the thick elephant grass indigenous to Southeast Asia, offering*  
1021 *excellent cover their enemy tried to exploit. “It's very thick, very high and you can hardly see*  
1022 *anything, “ Piazza recalled. “But you can move through it very quietly. That's where Charlie*  
1023 *was moving through.*

1024 *“Our guys got most of them, the guys behind us,” he continued. “Captain Stones had set up a*  
1025 *defensive line along the area from Bunker Hill 9 to the runway, so that anybody that tried to*  
1026 *come across the parking ramp from the run-up pad toward the aircraft that were parked*  
1027 *there, they would have been shot because there's no cover or protection. They got most of*  
1028 *them in a little drop-off area behind it, and that's where most of the bodies were found except*  
1029 *for those we got out of the elephant grass area.”*

1030 Two different enemy body-count totals have been published, 139 and 153, with 25 taken  
1031 prisoner. Captain Maisey (SP) and A1C Muse (Augmentee) were the U. S. fatalities, plus  
1032 handler Robert (Bob) Press, the K-9 dog handler who was caught out in the open in the first  
1033 moments of the assault, was wounded, and his K-9 Diablo X313 shot dead. Fourteen  
1034 Americans were injured in the Battle of Bunker Hill 10.  
1035

1036 **Barry Lyons**

1037  
1038 **From:** Barry Lyons [mailto:barlyons@aol.com]  
1039 **Subject:** Re: Bunker Hill 10 TET

1040 **Vietnam TET 1968**

1041 **Bien Hoa Airbase**

1042 **An Air Force Security Police Augmentee Story**

1043 **3<sup>rd</sup> Security Police Squadrons**

1044 **© 2015 by, Barry W. Lyons (Major, Ret.)**

1045 **3<sup>rd</sup> TAC fighter wing, Air Maintenance Squadron (Electronics)**  
1046

1047 I enlisted in the Air force in February 1966, and went through basic training at Lackland AFB, TX followed by  
1048 a couple weeks on hold at Amarillo AFB, Texas, and then sent to Chanute AFB, IL for technical training as an  
1049 Automatic Flight Control System Technician (AFCST). I graduated from Tech School in November 1966 and  
1050 was sent to Luke AFB, AZ for phase-2 of my training. My training at Chanute was pretty broad based  
1051 covering a majority of AF aircraft, however, when I got to Luke my field training was focused on the F-100  
1052 which had a fairly simple system on it. I was told I would likely spend six months in training at Luke and then  
1053 be sent to Vietnam.

1054 I arrived at Bien Hoa AB, RVN, on a TWA Boeing 707 at noon on August 2, 1967, and departed Bien Hoa on a  
1055 TWA Boeing 707 at 1:00pm on August 2, 1968 – a little unusual, but exactly one year. Sometime around  
1056 October 1967 several of us were sitting in the office and began talking about how we really didn't know  
1057 what happened once our planes left the ground. We were even allowed to go downtown Bien Hoa during  
1058 the daytime and see the marketplace, river, and bars. At night we could see AC47 Gunship tracers and flares  
1059 from various sources, and hear the sounds, but didn't really see much evidence of a real fight going on. One  
1060 of the guys, kind of a cowboy type that was nearing the end of his tour, said that you could just go over to  
1061 the Army Helicopter area and bum a ride on a Huey Gunship. He said it may take several tries, but he had  
1062 managed to get several rides during his tour. While this sounded intriguing it was a little more risk than I  
1063 was up for and I knew if I got caught by my boss I'd probably get an Article 15 and be busted (reduced in  
1064 rank). I was also turning 21 in mid-Oct which provided me with enough additional mature brain cells to  
1065 realize that this wasn't the best idea in the world.

1066 However, he also said that the Air Force 3<sup>rd</sup> Security Police Squadron on base had backup augmentees that  
1067 were drawn from the Avionics and other shops and that the current bunch would be going home between  
1068 then and Christmas. So I asked how I might become an Augmentee and he said he'd take care of it. The  
1069 next thing I knew I got a call to come over to the SP area and go through training to be an augmentee to help  
1070 support the SPs when needed. I was excited because I thought I'd now get a chance to observe some of the  
1071 action from an SP perimeter guard station. On the other hand, my boss wasn't near as excited or at least in  
1072 the same way I was! Actually my direct boss was a Technical Sergeant responsible for the AFCS shop.

1073 Although stern about doing things the right way he was fair and taught us how to do a good job which at the  
1074 bottom line kept the planes flying. The Captain on the other hand liked to yell at those reporting to him so

1075 my Boss took the brunt of the yelling when the shop received the memo assigning me to this extra duty role.  
1076 Needless to say neither were very happy and for good reason because if I was off on extra duty then that left  
1077 the shop shorthanded. Fortunately the workload was light during that period and they were able to juggle  
1078 things and cover the work. Looking back not only was this a dumb move (what was it that my Dad advised  
1079 when talking over the fence at home with some of the other local WWII vets? – oh yes, don't volunteer for  
1080 anything!) but also selfish on my part for my workmates. Oh well, what else was there to do?

1081 So we got trained as SP Augmentees. Most of us didn't know each other because we had been picked (or  
1082 volunteered) from different shops so as not to short-man any one area. From what I remember the training  
1083 wasn't very in-depth to be honest. I expect all of us had M16 training before leaving the states. But now we  
1084 went thru it again. I always thought it was fun (we shot at nonmoving targets with the M16 trigger set on  
1085 semiautomatic so you only fired as fast as you could pull the trigger). We also had to dismantle, clean and  
1086 reassemble our weapon. I did well enough to get the Small Arms Expert Marksmanship ribbon. We were  
1087 generally told not to use fully automatic mode because it used too much ammo too fast and if you weren't  
1088 experienced it was easy to let the end of the barrel climb up toward the roof with the trigger set on fully  
1089 automatic. Holes in the ceiling were not appreciated by the trainers. When it came to the M60 they showed  
1090 us how to load and fire but the actual demonstration was done by a couple SPs. Oh well I wouldn't need to  
1091 know how to use a M60 anyway.

1092 We were taught how to say "halt" or "hands up" or something like that when we got close enough to  
1093 communicate with the enemy – we were just out there to observe and support the SPs, weren't we? They  
1094 also told us not to shoot if the enemy was in a surrender position. Did I say "observe?" As you can tell these  
1095 lessons were not something I remember well and hadn't planned to use anyway.

1096 So, we were loaded onto trucks and began our familiarization tour by going from the SP area west toward  
1097 the end of the runway and around to the South side. The runway ran east-west for a length of 10,000 feet  
1098 (about 2 miles) with a taxiway/ramp running parallel on the south side. We were told sometime during 1968  
1099 that we were the busiest airport in the world, including fixed wing aircraft and helicopters. It was said that  
1100 we were just ahead of Chicago O'Hare. I can't verify that claim, but it certainly was a busy place. We drove  
1101 on a side road on the north side of the runway which included going by the ammo dump, firing range, fuel  
1102 storage and other logistic support areas. As we passed these areas I noticed that most had some level of  
1103 sandbag protection. Riding along trying to take it all in I also noticed there were a few individual circular  
1104 sandbag barriers about six foot in diameter and 3 foot high – big enough for 2-4 guys to "jump in" if an  
1105 attack occurred. I assumed that the SPs had built those there to provide a safe holding area if attacks  
1106 occurred. We continued east down along the north side to the east end of the runway. I was told the 101<sup>st</sup>  
1107 Airborne was headquartered off to the north-east but we didn't go that far over. I assumed they thought  
1108 they had things well covered from their direction. We went around the corner and across the East end of  
1109 the runway/taxiway where a road split off to the east and slightly to the south. We went a little farther  
1110 south and intersected with a road coming out from the aircraft ramp area with five or six F-102s on  
1111 interceptor alert in case the NVA made a bombing run at us from Cambodia (as far as I know this never  
1112 happened). And finally another road came out going east from the ramp area that included about ninety F-  
1113 100s. The three roads came out going east from the ramp area and all merged *into* a single road that went  
1114 east, past a cement structure called *Bunker Hill 10* (not sure how it got that name) about 100 yards through  
1115 some swamp/rice patty area and turned north to the 101<sup>st</sup> area. From the beginning of the F-102 ramp  
1116 several paths could be taken either along the north or south side of the F-100 ramp on across to our A-37  
1117 and F-5 ramp and on over to the Vietnamese A-1E ramp. Then the ramp went by the control tower (I still  
1118 remember the sign on the control tower that said "Bien Hoa 34 feet ASL), and down to the parking area for  
1119 C-123 defoliation aircraft and then to the parking ramp for freedom-birds personnel and cargo loading and  
1120 offloading ramp for the other aircraft that came to visit.



1121 The afternoon of January 30, 1968 the SPs and augmentees were ordered to report for duty at the SP area.  
1122 We were issued helmets, flak jackets, M16s and ammo. Some of the SPs also got M60 machine guns and  
1123 grenade launchers and more ammo – *this was starting to sound serious!* The SP leadership gathered up  
1124 everyone and told us there were rumors that the VC were going to launch a series of attacks across the  
1125 country sometime during the Vietnamese New Year – TET. That meant possibly tonight! I was directed to  
1126 join a group of about fifteen Augmentees and five SPs. We were taken out to one of those sandbag barriers  
1127 between the runway and taxiway about a one quarter of the distance from the East end, and were in  
1128 position prior to dark with nothing to do but speculate on what might happen, and eat some C-rations and  
1129 drink coffee. Most of us came from different units/shops so didn't know each other. (So far I have yet to  
1130 make contact with anyone sharing this same experience or even more of what comes next.)  
1131 The SP truck came around again about 2:30am to check on us and brought something to munch on and  
1132 more coffee. Time passed and the coffee was not the best but helped dull the chill, when suddenly over  
1133 toward the control tower there was an extremely bright flash of light and sharp crack of vibration in the air  
1134 — it was 3:30am! I threw my tin coffee cup I know not where and jumped into the bunker with at least one  
1135 other guy right on top of me. I wiggled around to get my “partner's shoe” out of my face and so I could see  
1136 a little bit as there were more explosions impacting – some were mortars and some more larger rockets  
1137 (records vary but...?). Fortunately for us the VC's aim was for the base buildings and aircraft and not at us  
1138 out in the middle of the taxiway/runway. That quickly changed as the impacts seemed to have tapered off,  
1139 and we could hear small arms fire everywhere. We were ordered to load in the truck as it started heading  
1140 over toward the F-102 area and then on east and north toward the perimeter fence.  
1141 The truck stopped and we were told get off and establish a line to guard the fence. Easier said than done  
1142 because I couldn't see anything, the grass was three feet or so high and there was gunfire supported by  
1143 tracers everywhere. I remember remarking to the guy next to me that this wasn't like the movies where you  
1144 could see everything going on. We moved to our left until we came to the road that ran down East from the  
1145 F-102 area past a 6- 8 foot high old French cement bunker (later learned this was designated *Bunker Hill 10*  
1146 and was where Capt. Masie was killed by a RPG—I do not know at what point Capt. Masie was killed).  
1147 The VC were trying to capture the bunker and were firing mortars, rockets, RPGs, and small arms at it. There  
1148 were three or four guys in the bunker so the rest of us (15 or so) were directed across the road to the west  
1149 bank of a drainage ditch running north from our position. Two SPs and myself and another augmentee were  
1150 directed to move forward (east) across the dry drainage ditch such that we could cover that side of the ditch.  
1151 This made us nearly parallel to the Bunker Hill 10. The SPs had a M60 and were shooting East with lots of  
1152 red-tracer fire. I was facing more North down along the drainage ditch and toward the 101<sup>st</sup> AB. We were  
1153 starting to get flare support from C-47s, I think, and it allowed us to see the VC crossing the ditch between us  
1154 on their way toward the aircraft ramp. When the parachute-flares went out it was incredibly dark. By  
1155 watching closely I learned the VC response to the flares as they lit up and then went out and I started  
1156 concentrating my fire in coordination with those movements. The SP with us asked what I was aiming at,  
1157 but was satisfied when I quickly explained.  
1158 Along about this time I started wondering what my wife, parents, sisters, schoolmates and others were  
1159 going to say at my funeral. How could I be a part of this big sophisticated country supported by incredibly  
1160 sophisticated and powerful weapons and still be so close to losing my life? I never got an answer.  
1161 My thoughts were interrupted by the head SP who told me to go back west across the ditch and get some  
1162 more M60 ammo that someone had managed to drive down in a truck or something. So I went down the  
1163 four foot face of the ditch, climbed up the other side and over to where they were passing out the ammo. I  
1164 was told to kneel while someone put several “lays” of ammo belts around my neck till it was all I could carry.  
1165 I turned and clawed my way back down the side of the ditch, across and up the other bank only to find out  
1166 that I had had the safety off the entire time I had ran over and back. That realization still scares me about as  
1167 much as anything, but fortunately I didn't accidentally pull the trigger. I just about threw up thinking what

1168 could have happened, but I didn't have time. It still scares me. And while I'm not making excuses in  
1169 hindsight this looks like one of several safety training deficiencies – *make sure you know your Safety setting*.  
1170 I also discovered that I had been given M60 instead of M16 ammo. Pete Piazza and I have recently discussed  
1171 this and apparently the M16 magazines were packed in wrappers and what I got instead were M60  
1172 bandoliers of loaded shells.

1173 We were doing ok with the M60 ammo the SPs had, so I and the other augmentee used the M16 ammo and  
1174 we were all just careful to conserve for a while. This seemed like another area of weak training – *double*  
1175 *check actions that depend on others and yourself*.

1176 All at once I got a tap on my shoulder and the M60 boys were headed back across the drainage ditch. We  
1177 hadn't totally stopped nor seen all of the VC from coming along our side of the drainage ditch toward us  
1178 from the 101<sup>st</sup> AB area. They had gotten within about 30 yards of us and in our sight! As the 4-5 of us ran  
1179 back to the other side and climbed up the four foot bank, the 12-15 SPs and Augmentees that had been  
1180 holding that position made room for us and provided a blanket of cover fire. This left us all laying on the top  
1181 ridge of the ditch, but it was starting to get light – a blessing and a risk. Who could see who first!  
1182 We maneuvered into position on the top edge of the drainage ditch, hugging as close to the ground as  
1183 possible, while watching for movement across the side of the drainage ditch near where we came from. A  
1184 SP was behind me with a radio, which was being drowned out with constant chatter, when there was a  
1185 sudden brilliant flash and very loud explosion. The VC had fired a B40 rocket, or something similar that hit  
1186 on the face of the ditch right in front of us. Fortunately, it had hit down near the bottom of the ditch wall  
1187 and the concussion only blew the helmet off of the guy next to me, but at least temporarily left several of us  
1188 without hearing except for a loud ringing in our ears.

1189 Things really heated up and everyone started firing in the direction the rocket had come from. A SP a couple  
1190 positions away had a grenade but apparently had never thrown one because he was looking for volunteers.  
1191 I took it from him and was shocked at how heavy it was – aircraft mechanics don't usually throw or even  
1192 touch a grenade—so I gave it back to him and asked that he keep it away from us so we didn't have any  
1193 accidents. Then the guy next to me pointed to the end of his M16. The four pronged fire suppressor at the  
1194 very end of the rifle's barrel had been grazed by what looked like was probably an outgoing slug – possibly  
1195 even one from my M16. I looked at it (who put me in charge) and suggested that he not fire it unless we  
1196 were down to a situation that we really needed to fire. Right then we had enough men returning fire that it  
1197 wasn't necessary for him to risk the rifle blowing in his face if he fired it – looks like another training issue  
1198 “formation” firing.

1199 A few times when I was firing I felt something hit my boots. I checked for damage but didn't see any blood  
1200 and my boots were in one piece. It happened a couple more times and I finally figured out what it was—  
1201 empty shells that were ejected from mine or my neighbor's weapon and bounced off of my boots. Guess I  
1202 hadn't fired in such close quarters before – more real-time training.

1203 One of our guys thought he saw some movement on the other side of the cement bunker. He went after the  
1204 VC but neglected to ask for covering fire from us. Instead I think he took one in the chest and had to be  
1205 dragged back behind us to where they got him in an ambulance and taken back to the base medical facility  
1206 (As far as I know this airman survived ok. It was not Capt. Masie.)

1207 We were near the AP with a radio but could hear nothing but chatter—a lot of “break 6” calls and scared  
1208 airmen. Finally whoever was on the other end of the radio [LTC Miller] got everyone on the network to  
1209 settle down and communicate. Soon after the B40 attack on us someone got a Huey Gunship from the Army  
1210 helo area up by the main base entrance and sent him our way – we now pretty well had the enemy pinned  
1211 down everywhere, but as evidenced by the rocket fired at us there were still pockets of enemy capable of  
1212 doing deadly damage. However we were finally going to get rescued.

1213 Most of us were watching the SP guys start to sweep the field from the east end of the runway between the  
1214 101<sup>st</sup> AB and toward us when all at once the Huey came up from behind us about 40 feet off the ground

1215 firing their M60 and launching several rockets at the location where the rocket fired at us had come from.  
1216 As happy as we were for the support it literally scared the hell out of us by firing so close overhead. Our  
1217 radio operator figured we now had enough help, with the field sweep continuing to get closer, and that we  
1218 could now take it from there. It was time for at least one more scare—coming from the opposite end of the  
1219 runway—as a series of loud pops kept getting louder and louder and closer. It was obscured by streams of  
1220 smoke and flashes, but when it got closer it turned out to be a RF4 photo reconnaissance aircraft taking a  
1221 series of photos directly down the length of the runway. The cavalry had finally arrived and we got  
1222 documented!

1223 Now for the real scary part: Several of us went back across the drainage ditch (again) so we could back up  
1224 the sweep team as the VC positions were captured and cleared one by one. One of our folks knew (or paid  
1225 attention to our training enough) that 5-6 VC were starting to surrender right in front of us. They were being  
1226 told to stand with hands in the air and move out of the trench along the ditch they were hiding in. Suddenly  
1227 there was a burst of gunfire (why I'm not sure) as the VC twisted and fell back into their holes. I had my M16  
1228 aimed at them, but didn't pull the trigger as I saw them trying to surrender. Our sweep leader got everyone  
1229 calmed down and again talked the VC into coming back out in the open. They were told to remove their  
1230 clothes, what little they had, so we could confirm they didn't have any concealed explosives or weapons on  
1231 them.

1232 The VC were all bloody from various wounds, but the one I remember the most was a fairly tall enemy who  
1233 had his foot mostly shot off and several other wounds. I couldn't imagine how much it must have hurt! I  
1234 also looked at several places where the helo rockets had exploded, and saw that they didn't really do a lot of  
1235 damage as they had hit in some high grass area which buffered the impact and damage—but I still wouldn't  
1236 want one in my lap.

1237 Our group started to split apart, and several of us worked thru the rice/grass field east of our night position  
1238 to where the road turned to the left up to the 101<sup>st</sup> AB area. We were in a couple feet of water most of the  
1239 way and I could just picture a cowboy movie where the guy hides in the water while breathing through a  
1240 straw until all at once he jumps up right in front of the other guy and shoots him. Fortunately I didn't have  
1241 that happen but I did come across a VC body on a small rise. As others noted, it looked like he had  
1242 possibly shot himself in the head, probably when it had started to get light, and like us was scared he would  
1243 be captured. Who knows what they had been told would happen to them if captured.

1244 I finally was released and walked from the Bunker up the road to near the F-102 area. When I got there I sat  
1245 down on the edge of the ramp, and in the warm sun fell asleep—exhausted. I don't know how long I dozed  
1246 off, but I woke to the sound of voices and a vehicle pulling a wagon nearby—it was the captured enemy  
1247 loading their dead. The wagon was pretty full—maybe 40 bodies with numerous wounds from head to toe.  
1248 I stood there a few moments wondering what their story was and whether their families would ever know  
1249 what had happened to them. I suddenly realized that I was totally exhausted and turned and headed for the  
1250 SP compound to turn in my weapon. Part way back someone with a vehicle gave me a ride to the SP area.  
1251 After cleaning and turning in my weapon and ammunition I got a ride to my work shop. When I walked into  
1252 the shop I heard several gasps as they saw my condition—covered from head to toe with dirt and charcoal  
1253 from burnt grass. I told everyone there—maybe several times—what had happened to me and they told  
1254 what had happened on the base. One thing was that several water lines had been broken and there was  
1255 nothing to drink but warm beer. I was exhausted and dying for a drink but spent the night in the shop  
1256 bunker. I got something to drink the next day. Several of my work buddies helped me get through that  
1257 night in the hot stifling bunker.

1258 I was an A2C during TET 1968 and an A1C around May 1968. Before I left Vietnam I went over to the SP area  
1259 and talked to a Captain. I asked him if there was a list for awards, and he said there would be. I never heard  
1260 anything after that.

1261 As an SP Augmentee with the 3<sup>rd</sup> Security Police Squadron, it was an *incredible and unbelievable* period in  
1262 my life that I'll never forget. So far, nearly 50 years later, most of what happened to me is quite clear as  
1263 evidenced by this writing.  
1264

1265 I stayed in the Air Force and was accepted into the Air Force Education and Commissioning Program  
1266 (AFECP), received my engineering degree and was commissioned a Second Lieutenant. I spent 20 years in  
1267 the AF, spent another remote tour on Shemya, AK, retired as a Major, and worked another 20 Years for  
1268 several defense contractors until I fully retired in 2010. For me the AF was an outstanding experience.  
1269

1270

1271 **Follow Up QUESTIONS:**

1272 **What is your name:** Barry Lyons [barlyons@aol.com](mailto:barlyons@aol.com)  
1273

1274 **What was your regular unit?** 3<sup>rd</sup> TAC fighter wing, Air Maintenance Sqd. (electronics)  
1275

1276

1276 **What was your rank then?** A2C then A1C in May of 1968.  
1277

1278

1278 **Were you at Bunker Hill 10 during the attack?** In the area and saw it. I was an Augmentee that  
1279 ended up with a couple SPs near Bunker Hill 10 on 31 Jan 1968.  
1280

1281

1281 **What happened where you were at?** (see notes below)  
1282

1283

1283 **What was the most impressive thing you saw?** Just the fact that it was happening. I was laying  
1284 there on a flat piece of ground a part of this country and hoped they could do something to keep me  
1285 from getting killed.  
1286

1287

1287 **What was the scariest thing you saw and did?** When the Sgt. tapped me on the back and we ran  
1288 back across the water ditch and lay down and they fired that RPG and they could see us and we them  
1289 and I thought we are at the most vulnerable.  
1290

1291

1291 **Did your 'group' participate in searching out KIA WIA in the tall grass near the runway, Run Up  
1292 area, or Bunker Hill 10?** We saw them (see notes).  
1293

1294

1294 **What names, if any, do you remember?** I don't remember a soul...except Pete's name but didn't  
1295 know him then.  
1296

1297

1297 **Did you know Augmentee Edward Muse?** No  
1298

1299

1299 **Did you volunteer as an Augmentee:** Yes. My dad told me never to volunteer for anything. :)  
1300

1301

1301 **End impression of the 3<sup>rd</sup> SPS after it was over.** I can answer a couple of ways. Most of the answers  
1302 are multiple. My opinion was everything was screwed up and there was a lot of confusion in TET  
1303 1968. SPS seemed greatly underfunded and under trained and they did not have enough funding;  
1304 their Intel predictions were not seemingly accurate. For an Augmentee I felt—*not so much during  
1305 the preliminary training, but when involved in the Bunker Hill 10 thing*—I felt pretty much left out of  
1306 things. I didn't know what needed to be done to make it safe. I grew up a farm boy and was used to  
1307 hunting...but there were a couple near me who were scared. I felt like a duck out of water then.

1308  
1309  
1310  
1311  
1312  
1313

Don Poss  
Sent from my iPad

On Mar 16, 2015, at 7:41 AM, [barlyons@aol.com](mailto:barlyons@aol.com) <[barlyons@aol.com](mailto:barlyons@aol.com)> wrote:

1314

1315

**KIA Photos**

1316  
1317

**A1C Edward Grady Muse**

(**Augmentee:** 3<sup>rd</sup> CBT SPT GROUP, 3rd TAC FTR Wing, 7th AF / 3rd Security Police Squadron)

REGINALD V MAISI  
JOSEPH V MARRON  
JOHNNY MEDINA  
JUAN B MORALES-  
EDWARD G MUSE  
CHRISTIAN H MOR  
RICHARD E O'CON  
LEE ROY E PEEKS ·  
MICHAEL A POGUI



1318

1319

**Bien Hoa ...**

**TDY**

**Six Weeks TDY to Hell**

**by Carl Tripp, WS LM-38**

Bien Hoa Air Base was located north of Saigon and near the infamous LBJ (Long Bien Jail), which was the in-country military prison compound and also a huge munitions storage area. The base itself was upgraded from an old French post, and still had many of the old French buildings and small concrete forts scattered around the perimeter. In addition to the 3rd Tactical Fighter Wing, Army aviation (Chopper) units, ARVN units, and various MACV components were on hand.

The actual town of Bien Hoa was situated adjacent to the front gate but was so infested with Viet Cong that we were not allowed to visit the town at all. We, the lucky 24 were put up in a long hootch- like building with typical bunk beds. The facilities were fairly primitive in that we had to use our helmets as a wash bowl for shaving and bathing. The bathrooms consisted of a two-hole honey bucket outhouse---and that was it. We slept fully clothed with our M16s by our sides.

Many of you remember the TV series M\*A\*S\*H and the episodes about a crazy North Korean pilot who kept trying to bomb the post. The pilot was called *12 O'clock Charlie*. Well, we had our own version of him named *11 O'clock Charlie* at Bien Hoa. Every night at 11:00 P.M., give or take a few minutes, he would fire off about 5 rockets at the base. But, as opposed to the TV version, 11 O'clock hit things such as warehouses, barracks, bunkers, and planes.

11 O'clock was joined many nights, during that fun-loving festival the Vietnamese call Tet, by friends of his who lobbed mortars at us. They would fire off around 30 rounds and then disappear into the dense jungle surrounding the base, only to appear the next night at a completely different location. Yet other Charlies would fire their AK-47s at anything that moved.

Well, this night he was back with a vengeance shooting rockets seemingly everywhere. One hit about 200 feet from me this night and I felt a severe stinging feeling in my left leg below the knee. It was too dark to see and I didn't want to chance using my flashlight so I waited until I got to the 3rd Air Force dispensary before asking for help. When I got there, the ground was covered with body bags and with stretchers of wounded people. I helped move bodies into body bags and assisted as much as I could with the wounded. This turned into a full night of holding their hands and talking to them. Anyhow, around daybreak an overworked medic finally looked at me and said, Did you know that you've got blood dripping off your boots? With that I took off my boots and rolled my pants legs up. There were **three shrapnel wounds** on my lower leg, none very deep and definitely not life threatening. So, the medic coats me with some iodine (?), applies a couple of bandages, and tells me to take it easy.

Later on, at Bien Hoa, **I was wounded again**. Once more it wasn't serious, and I simply used my bandage pack to wrap it up and proceeded to forget about the little scratch on my left arm.

One of the most distinct memories I have of that time was what happened the morning following the long night whenever a hootch or barracks was hit. Bulldozers and trucks would appear and within a span of a few hours, wah-lah---we had a new parking lot. When I finally returned to Phan Rang in mid-March, I think there



were more parking lots than there were hootches or vehicles left.

We were being shelled particularly heavy one night about 0300 hours, and I was walking a beat near the Officer's trailers. A rocket landed fairly nearby, and being afraid (if you weren't, you had to be nuts) I ran for the nearest bunker situated next to some hootches. The bunker (which basically was four-walls of overlapping sandbags and PSP roof with more sandbags stacked on top) was crammed full, and so I stepped back and peered around for another one. A nice guy, whom I'd never met, said, "Come on in here, well make room for you." The place was so packed, however, that I decided to take my chance down the road, about 50 yards, to the next bunker.

I ran about 30 yards or so when a huge explosion behind me lifted me off my feet and slammed me to the ground. When I was able to stand, ***I looked around and the bunker I had just left had literally disappeared.*** I ran back to the spot---which is exactly what it was---and the only thing left was a ***hole in the ground about 4 feet deep.*** Next to where the bunker had been, I noticed an individual lying in the top bunk of the hootch. The wall had been surgically removed by the blast, but the bunk bed and person lying in it looked unharmed. Going around the crater, I tapped the heavy sleeper on the shoulder. Getting no response, I shoved him trying to awaken him but to no avail. He had died from shock, so the medics told me later, and had probably never felt a thing. Death and destruction were our fellow travelers at Bien Hoa.

A few nights later, I was at the main gate, near Highway 1 that ran to Saigon, when we started taking incoming fire from outside the gate. That night I had about eight ARVN police (we usually called them the White Mice in deference to their white helmet liners, white armbands and stature---but also to their notorious heroism). After the first few shots, I started firing back where I saw muzzle flashes. The white mice ABANDONED me! They ran back into the base's interior and I never saw them again that night.

My frantic walkie-talkie calls about being deserted and under-fire finally brought some help, from the Army. They sent two helicopters, one with a huge spotlight mounted underneath and the other, much smaller one, with no lights and painted black. They moved much as you would expect ballet dancers to move---graceful and with purpose. While the big chopper with the spotlight drew enemy fire, the little chopper would dance in and out of the shadows pulverizing areas where enemy muzzle flashes could be seen. This cleanup operation took place over my head and seemed to last forever. My Duty Officer later told me that it had been about ten minutes from the time I first called for help.

Next morning, the daytime Flight (Platoon) never did recover any bodies, but a lot of blood pools were found.

I mentioned the old French Forts, the kind everyone saw all over South Vietnam. In a way, those things were stark contrasts of national-wills. The French colonialists built permanent concrete fortresses to-stay, and we were building out of wood and tents. Anyway, one of my absolute Worst Nights of All was in motion.

I think all of us who were in country and in positions to get shot at have one or two of those memories that you can recall with ease, and still bothers you 30 years later. Mine started with an assignment that night to one of the old French mini forts at the South end of the base. Due to some Intel from a Green Beret unit up-country, we had seven of us ***Air Policemen*** types on hand. The little forts were round concrete buildings, roughly ten feet in diameter, with a place for a machine gun in the metal turret at the top of the fort. There was an open doorway and several firing slits in the walls. Unfortunately, the doorway faced outward to the outer perimeter. An ***Air Police officer, a Captain***, had just driven up to the post in his jeep to refresh our

coffee and ammo when all hell broke loose.

Bullets started whizzing around us---the roar of Bangalore torpedoes cutting up the concertina barbwire in front of us was deafening. We all dropped whatever we were doing and started returning fire as fast as we could. The rest is a mis-mash of memories about seeing comrades and enemy fall and blood and guts everywhere. We were finally assisted by army helicopter gunships. The next morning 144 enemy bodies were found, some as close as three feet from the fort. We lost two men, with 4 others wounded. And me? Not a scratch. The Stars and Stripes newspaper titled a piece about this action, The Battle of Bien Hoa.

We were assigned TDY to Bien Hoa almost six weeks. During that time, I do not remember a single night that didn't go by without mortars or rockets dropping on us, or bullets winging by. The good part of all of this was that we all returned to Phan Rang intact and with a much better understanding of what the grunts out in the field were experiencing all the time.

1320

1321 **Patrick O'Malley** [mailto:[omalley238@gmail.com](mailto:omalley238@gmail.com)]  
1322 **Sent:** Saturday, March 28, 2015 1:25 PM  
1323 **To:** [DonPoss-lm37@vspa.com](mailto:DonPoss-lm37@vspa.com)  
1324 **Subject:** Been ha 67'

1325 **Patrick O'Malley** : I was in and trained with the 173rd airborne ! Was there during TET and went  
1326 home on Feb 10th, had to take buses to Saigon to catch plane home. I was stationed on the chopper  
1327 pad, in the *alert pilot's* compound! I called in the first rounds as they started impacting in the  
1328 choppers' area. Next morning requested chopper for Nova spotters on water tower. Pat O'Malley

- 1329 1) Not Army, **Air Force**, **3<sup>rd</sup> SPS** SPs that volunteered for and trained with Army 173rd airborne to  
1330 chopper out behind enemy positions and set up defense against enemy mortar and 122m rockets  
1331 as they retreated.  
1332 2) Jan 30th During the TET offensive the first rounds came in on the 173<sup>rd</sup> AB chopper pads, where I  
1333 was posted; coordinated with ground attack to destroy or slow choppers from getting off ground!  
1334 3) Jan 31st. Main gate: My position at approx. 0930 and received sniper fire from Water Tower  
1335 Faust, outside main gate. Requested chopper gun ship to counter. Chopper came in and three  
1336 NVA enemy were silenced, found that they called in the mortar, rocket rounds in initial attack the  
1337 night before.  
1338 4) I volunteered to go out w/army EOD to cover for on picking dead enemy. One was Booby trapped  
1339 so they ended up burning them. My first two weeks was on days for indoctrination, then went  
1340 swing on May 12th he was killed when that hootch was hit by 122m rocket.

1341

1342

1343 5) **From: James Porter** [mailto:[sporter1952@cox.net](mailto:sporter1952@cox.net)]  
1344 **Sent:** Saturday, April 11, 2015 8:23 PM  
1345 **To:** [DonPoss-LM37@vspa.com](mailto:DonPoss-LM37@vspa.com)  
1346 **Subject:** BROKEN LINK (<http://www.vspa.com/tsn-o51-bunker-tet-coggins-to-the-last-man-1968.htm>): I am Reporting a Broken Link or Photo on this page.

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6)

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1354

- 7) I was with USARV AMMC, a supply battalion, and we were also at the line with bunker 51 in our front. We were called out at the beginning of the attack. Our ammo truck was hit with a mortar round which caused some men to be wounded. We remained there until about noon at which time we were assigned to remove VC bodies littering around bunker 051. I commend the members of the air police who fought that night.