

Vietnam Security Police Association, Inc. (USAF)



Vietnam
PHU CAT
1968-1969

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Photos: Left, M60. Right, A stand of bamboo encountered while on patrol with my M16/M-79. How come we weren't this heavily armed when they hit us at night? (I was a day shift guy).



PHU CAT AIR BASE, SVN



Photos taken from a tower position on top of a water tank located in the center of Phù Cát AB. I believe this post was Tango-16. I tried to do a panorama type series of shots (and even numbered and notated the pictures for my "previous" wife!!). Moving to the right are barracks in the background and the base movie theater towards the foreground. This is where Bob Hope did his shows.

Under the letter "A" in the above Phù Cát title, shows the barracks area and the main gate location along the road, with Phù Cát mountain in the background.

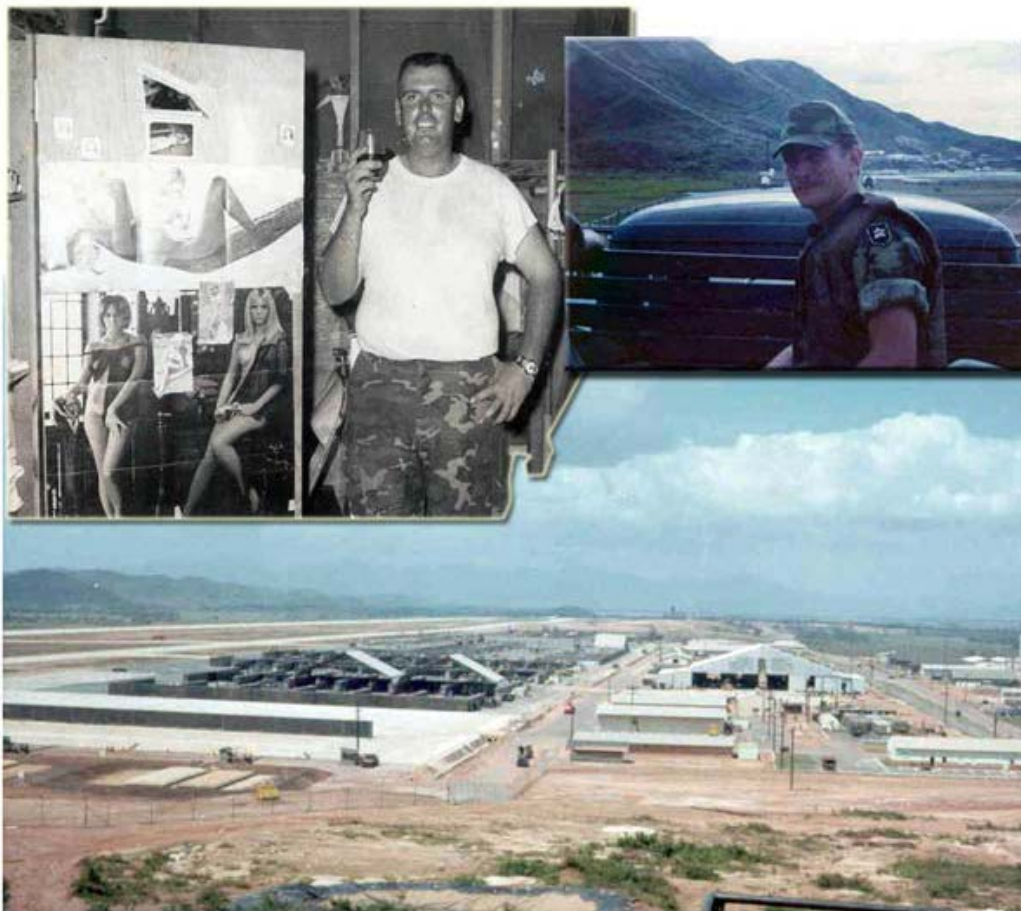
All shots taken in November 1968. *[Photos created a panorama]*

Photos

I'm a new member (be gentle brother) and would like to submit some photos I have from Phu Cat when I was there from Apr 6, '68 until Apr 4, '69. I've noticed some nice presentations and I'm thinking, after reading the submission information, that you are the guy who will put them in an "album" type presentation. Here goes. Roy Edwards

Photo group-1:

1. Top Left: My man Burt Mooney beside



my open locker. I had a small refrigerator so I was the *beer & soda guy*. Last I heard Burt headed to LA when he got out to become a private eye.

2. Top Right: Me, in the back of a truck headed to Red Beach, Qui Nhon.

3. Bottom: Phù Cát AB flight line area with aircraft revetments to the left of the road, hangars and workshops on the right side. The flight line is to the extreme left.

Photo group-2:

Top Left: Me in one of the towers... *why am I holding a coconut??*

Top Right: M60 mounted and ready to go on an M-151 jeep.

Bottom: M60 setup in a tower.



Photo group-3:

Top Left: Me and a couple of kids outside a shop in Qui Nhon.

Top Right: A group of Vietnamese we rounded up on the base. Had to load them on a flatbed but I don't remember what we did with them after that. Think there are any VC/NVA in the crowd?

Bottom: Kids swimming in the river on the south side of the base below one of our towers, yeah I know, had to keep my eyes open all the time!



Photo group-4:

Top: The boyz at the NCO club. I'm on the left, my good Army friend from South Philly, Bob Power, My 1st hootch-mate, Tim Byro (who went OSI), our Armorer, a LA Cajun, and sorry I can't remember who...

Bottom: Partying in the Red Horse area next to the barracks I was in (how convenient is that!). The Red Horse deal was: *we bought it and they drank it... or was it, they bought it and we drank it?* From the looks on out faces, no one seemed to remember -- *or care.*

L-R: Dean (in the back), then Rob, me, SSgt Bill Barnett, SSgt Jim Freeman and SSgt Young (my boss).



Photo group-5:

Top: This is the Red Horse patio where we partied, built beside one of the barracks.

Bottom: We even had a pet duck who “used” to stay on the concrete pond. Some scoundrel killed it and ate it though.



Photo-6:

I had to do a money run to Đà Nẵng -- *look what I found!* Funny story here, I went up with a SSgt and we were supposed to hop a flight back as soon as we dropped the payroll. We stopped here for a beer (or two) and George saw some friends from the states... 3 days later we caught a flight back to Phù Cát. Thank God he had rank, he worked Intell and got us out of trouble....



Photo-7:

The old azimuth board.



Photo-8:

CloseUp: The old azimuth board.

Top: Playing football beside the barracks. My hootch mate Ray Rybicki, in plaid shorts is rushing the QB.

Bottom: The bar in the patio. On the left is my Army buddy Paulie LeVito, from Brooklyn, NY. Behind the bottles is my other Army friend Bob Power from South Philly. When he and LeVito got "tuned up" their accents would get thicker and thicker. For a small town guy like me it was great to hear them tell war stories of home. If I only had tapes...

"How many beers have I drunk?" How the wazoo is that elephant?"



Photo group-9:

Top Left: This tree was outside the armory and Christmas of 1968 some troops decided we needed a Christmas tree. This was it.

Top Right: Mamasan, Xuan, 35 years old, she cleaned our barracks shined boots and did the laundry thing with fish starch and all that.

Bottom: Me at Bravo #4 (bunker)



One of the 37th SPS K-9 Sentry dogs. They were not trail or scout dogs, but vicious sentry dogs that hated everything and everyone on the planet--*except their handlers* (sorry, don't which K-9 this is). But I remember the ROK's were interrogating a POW and he wouldn't talk so they blindfolded him and brought him to the kennels to walk between the dogs. I think they got what they were looking for....

We Take Care of Our Own

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