

BUNKER HILL-10

Biên Hòa Airbase

TẾT, 31 JAN 1968

Marshall A. Gott, Sgt (BSM/v), 3rd Security Police Squadron

About 0320 hours, 31 January 1968

I never had occasion before to go below Bunker Hill-10 until Tết 1968, and it was so dark inside you could not see your hand in front of you. Inside Bunker Hill-10 were SPs, Sgt. Neal Tuggle and Augmentee A1C Neil Behnke, with M-16s. As I recall, no one manned the M60 mounted on the bunker's concrete flat-roof, ringed with sandbagged rows like staggered-bricks. Once Sgt. Tuggle and A1C Behnke began firing through the portholes, I left due to the extremely painful-hearing noise and took up a bunker defensive-position under an old fire truck parked to the rear area of the bunker.



Biên Hòa AB, Tết 31 Jan 1968, A1C Marshall Gott fires from under old French Fire truck.

I never, to my recollection, ever saw any other fire truck, other than the one that was parked within 30 feet of the back side (west side) of Bunker Hill-10. Although it was an antique-like old French-made fire truck, it was an USAF, not a Vietnamese, and was supposedly there to possibly do burn-control for weed abatement or removal.

All I recall about the old firetruck is it sat so low to the ground, possibly running boards. I took off my equipment belt, and removed cigarettes from my pocket so I could skinny under the truck. When the gunship-choppers arrived to give support, I feared they might not know I was there, or worse, think I was a VC. At that time, I was not sure if the men in the bunker were either dead or alive. From under the fire truck, I fired several rounds and tracers at the Viet Cong's position closest to me, which was on top of the berm S/E of our position; I could see their heads sticking up.

The berm, left from ditching around the end of the base, ran for a long distance. In places, it was as high if not higher than the bunker. On the backside of the berm was Biên Hòa City and a bar we could hear music playing from. I saw heads of VC looking over the berm at us, and they were very close, perhaps only half a football field, if that, and realized if I could see them due to the flares dropped, then we were lit up too. It was from the berm position the Viet Cong RPG team did the most damage with their Rocket Propelled Grenades (RPGs). To my knowledge that was the closest they ever got to Bunker Hill-10, but they were able to hit the bunker 12-13 times, so I was told.

I really hoped the chopper pilots would be alerted to the VC's position threatening us, and also that at least I was still alive. The 145th CAB gunship opened fire on the VC and shell-casings were dropping all around my position like rain—that I will never forget as long as I live!

Days later, I believe the berm was bulldozed so the enemy couldn't sneak up behind it again for cover. I don't recall if I ever went back to Bunker Hill-10 after that, and I shipped home in April 1968.