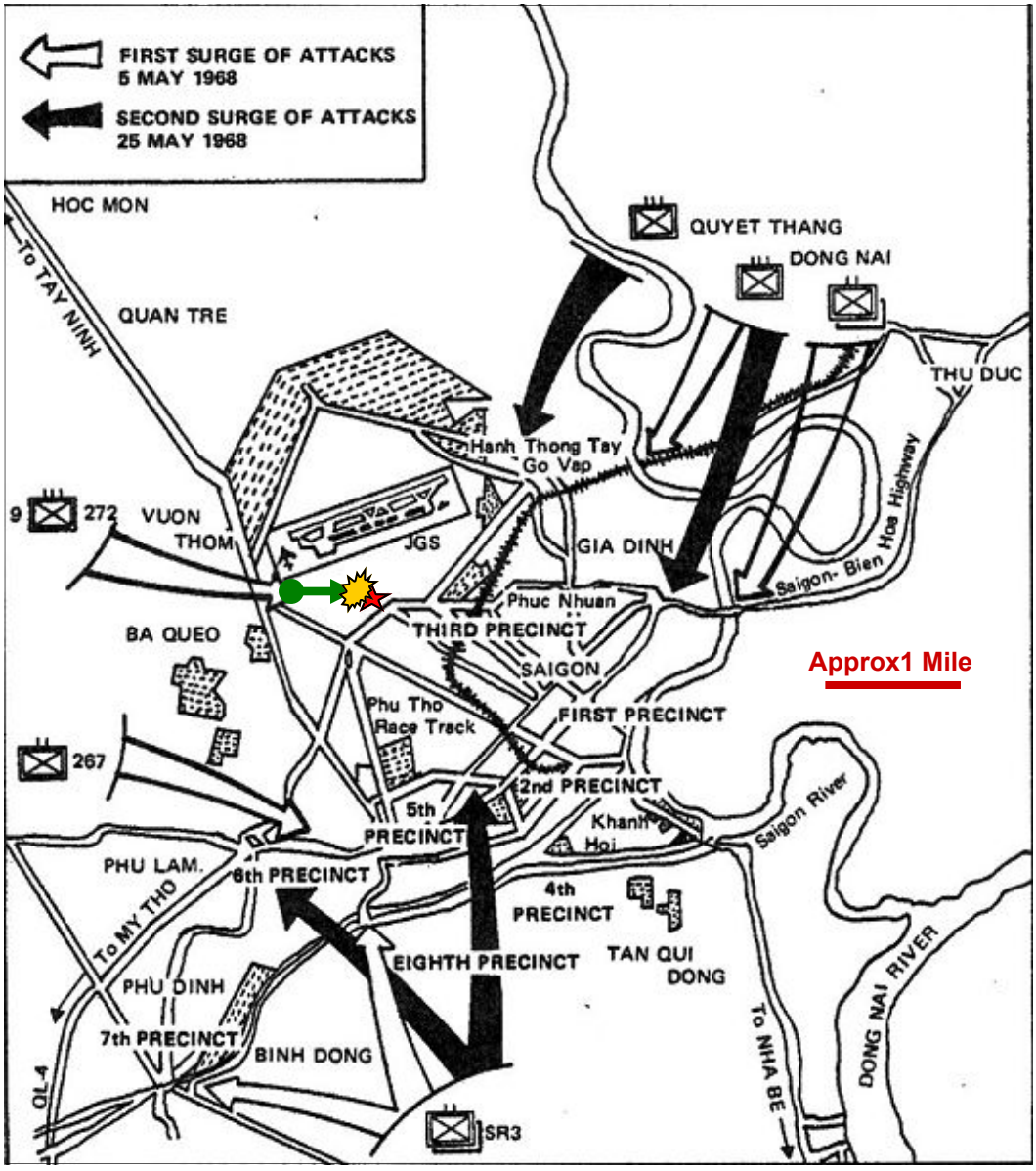An interrogator assigned to Company A, 519th Military Intelligence Battalion, I was part of MACV J2 and worked at the Combined Military Interrogation Center. We were based in Saigon, wore civilian clothes, and conducted rather lengthy interrogations of a strategic nature. I was also a member of a “GO team.” Designed to support tactical units when they anticipated capturing more POWs than they could expedite at the local level, we served as backup on the intelligence side as well as languages; multi-lingual, we could translate most anything that came our way. On GO team status, back in fatigues again, I spent a month with the Marines near Da Nang. I also did stints with the 4th Division in Pleiku, the 101st somewhere along the coast, Special Forces here and there, and completed other odd assignments that came my way. It was easy. So I extended my tour by two months in order to shorten my enlistment by three (those returning to the States with less than 90 days on their enlistment were cut loose then and there, and I didn’t want to spend five months at Fort Bragg). A month after signing on the dotted line, along came the Tết Offensive. Scary stuff. But it didn’t last. Then, on May 7, 1968, with just one lousy day to go before I was to depart for processing out of country and the Army itself, Company A itself became an inadvertent target. Not us actually, but the 272nd Regiment of the 9th Viet Cong Division (85% regular NVA by then), an outfit that unbeknownst to us (pays to be in Intelligence, right?) camped within a few hundred feet of our position on their way to attack nearby Tan Son Nhut airport. Some other unit, South Vietnamese with American advisors, called in an early morning air strike without telling us. The red star below indicates where we were. The green arrow shows the path taken by the 272nd. The orange burst, overlapping both positions, represents the initial impact of the air strike. I just happened to have a small portable tape recorder on hand. So off and on during that inglorious morning, I recorded what I could before the too-short reel of tape ran out. Two guys in my outfit - I was not one of them - got Purple Hearts that day. At least two hundred VC and NVA paid with their lives. Twice as many innocents. So very many were left homeless. It’s another one of those somethings that you never forget.