



Vietnam Security Police Assn.
150 Aurora Road
Venice, Florida 34293-2601
941-497-0493



Guardmount

A Publication for all Vietnam/Thailand Security Policemen
April, May, June 1996

Greetings from Sunny Florida. This newsletter is about a month late because I am just too busy. If there are any volunteers that would be willing to produce the newsletter please let me know asap.

Membership

We are still hovering around the 200 mark on our membership. We pick up a few each month but drop a few because of not paying dues. If you have not paid your 1996 dues yet this is the last newsletter you will receive. We only charge \$10.00 per year which is a bargain. If for some reason you cannot pay your dues let us know and we will make the payment for you. Send your dues payment to Steve Ray 1300 Shadowridge Dr. Huntsville, AL 35803.

Reunion 1996

Plans for this year's reunion are falling into place. The dates for the reunion are November 8-11. We will be staying at the Holiday Inn Northwest in San Antonio. The rates are \$67. per night Please call 210-377-3900 to make your reservations Be sure to mention you are with the Security Police Assn. Also we need you to fill out the enclosed registration form and send it to Steve Ray along with a \$5.00 per person fee which will go to costs of the reunion.

Newsletter

Articles still needed. Send to LZ Langley 150 Aurora Rd. Venice, FL 34293.

Reunion 1996 Registration Form

Name

Street

State

of people attending.

Town

Zip

Amount you are enclosing.

Send to Steve Ray 1300 Shadowridge Dr. Hilltsville, AL 35803. Please send funds -in American dollars as MPC is no longer accepted by our bank.

Association Merchandise for sale.

1. Association Patch- made around a QC design. \$5.00 ea.
2. Air Force Combat Veteran Patch. \$4.00 ea.
3. Security Police Badge Patch. \$4.00 ea.
4. QC lapel pin. Just arrived. \$3.50 ea.
5. QC patch. Actual size. Quality Reproduction. American Made. \$5.00ea
6. Air Force Security Police Lapel Pin. Official Dress. Pewter. \$6.00ea.
7. Black Baseball Style Cap with any of the above Patches on it \$10.00 ea.
8. Air Force Flag 3' x 5'. Nylon \$10.00
9. Hanes Beefy T- Shirt with QC patch silk-screened on it. \$12.00 ea. M, L, XL, XXL
10. Association Bumper Sticker. \$1.00
11. 7th Air Force- Patch \$ 4.00 Pin \$3.00
12. Mini-Security Police Badge. 1 3/4 " high. Official issue. \$10. ea.

Please add \$1.00 per item for shipping up to a maximum of \$3.00. Please make checks for merchandise out to Steve Ray. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Send checks to 1300 Shadow Ridge Dr. Huntsville, AL. 35803

POSTOH-07, EASTLAKE, OH

Recently the members of VVW Post OH-07, Eastlake, OH gathered to present a Special Award for Service to Reverend Kevin Leibhardt, pastor of St. Justin Martyr Catholic Church in Eastlake, OH.

Post OH-07 hall been meeting monthly in the Church hall meeting room - rent free - since the post was founded in April of 1992. Reverend Leibhardt has also allowed the post to hold several fund-raising programs again at no charge, such as the Spaghetti Dinner that helped raise close \$2500, This effort helped brio to the area this past Memorial Day week, the Moving Wall the (half-size replica of the National Vietnam Veterans Memorial. The event drew over 60,000 visitors. Pictured from the left are Jerry Gryzmala, Commander Nick Chireallo, Sgt At Arm! Leo Gelsinger; Rev. that

Leibhardt is holding was made by Post Member John Molica.
Lelnhard, Sue Uliva; Secretary; and Bunner, Jr. The award



A Night to Remember

Tiger Flight had just been relieved of duty for the day. We had worked the normal swing shift and night had fallen. Most of us had changed clothes and were ready to eat chow or party as usual; however, about an hour later, the sirens went off and we were on alert.

The majority of Tiger Flt. was deployed to the west side and along the Navy compound overlooking the village. I remember riding in the back of a duce & 1/2 and being dropped off outside the main gate somewhere enroute to the west side. The sky was still lit up from the P.O.L. area in flames. Sappers got through our perimeter and placed satchel charges on a number of large petroleum storage tanks. Two or three of the tanks were either empty or contained very little fuel, and there were just enough fumes in the nearly empty tanks to blow a large hole at the bottom of two of them. The one or two tanks with JP-4 jet fuel went up like a large mushroom cloud. Remaining security police were deployed, and all that could be heard was the klaxon. The strong smell of burning jet fuel permeated the area. I recall that as I passed the Navy entrance, I saw a dead VC lying in the middle of the road. The SAT team driving in front of us had just shot him, as he fired at the jeep. He evidently crossed the bay earlier with other locals, and waited till dark to sneak through from the village.

The entire base was on alert for 24 hours--a long day for Tiger Flt. Except for short breaks from Ranger Flt., we had not slept for almost 36 hours. Most of us were scared out of our boots and were making promises that if we made it through the night, we would change our lives. At the time, I felt we were making a difference in Viet Nam. Having been there and knowing the people and their way of life--after all these years--I still believe it was the right thing to do and that we did make a difference.

We Need Names!

My name is Terry Morris and I'm the Membership Chairman of VSPA. Recruiting members for our organization is a worthwhile but often tedious and time consuming job. We could use your help. We are at approximately 200 members strong to date, but there is plenty of room for growth and we're not stopping until we've reached everybody.

You can help. If you have papers stuffed away in a closet or wherever, dig them out. If you have copies of old orders with first and last names, middle initials are a big asset, or any other information that would help us in attempting to locate the SP's, make copies and send them to me. If there are friends that you've lost contact with but have their last known address, send them too. Anything, even names of buddies from memory, send them in and I will search the National Telephone Directories to see if we can make a match. Believe me, **it works.**

If you have an old veteran buddy that you would like to try and look up, send me as much information as you know about him and I'll try to locate him for you. I will return to you a list of possibilities. If your buddies name is Robert Smith, the list will be endless. If his name is Robert Smith or Robert Golensinski, the list will be much smaller. If his name is Robert J. Golensinski and he has a listed phone number, there will be a list of maybe 2 or 3. For example there are 21 listed Homer Simpsons in the computer, but if you know Homer's middle initial, there would be only one or two potentials. In short, the more information furnished and the rarer the first and/or last name, the better the odds. But it does pay off quite often.

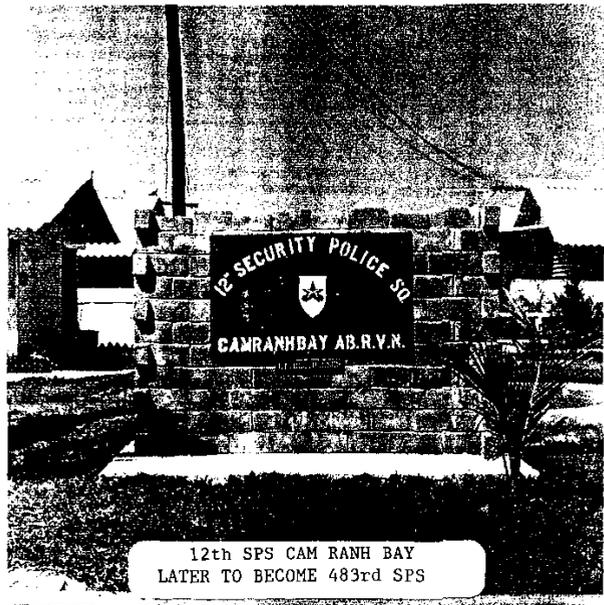
Send whatever you have to:

Terry Morris W5148 East Bush
Road Pardeeville, WI 53954-9443

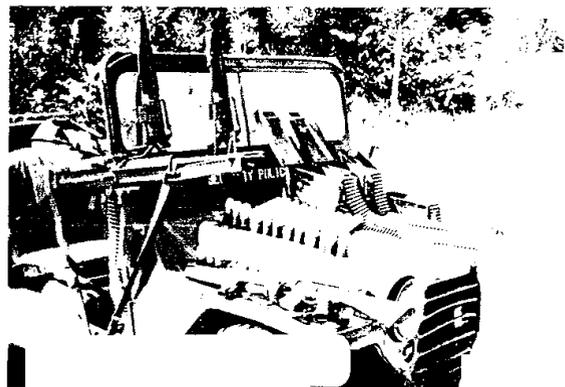
The following story and pictures were submitted by Tony Morris, one of our members who served at Cam Ranh Bay. If you would like to talk to Tony you can call him at home 219-322-4418 or work 708.-460-2999. Please send in your story and pictures for future issues of Guardmount.



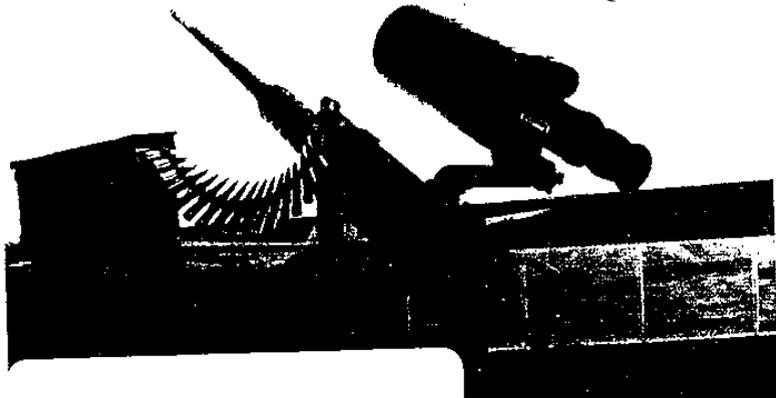
MAIN GATE
BAY AIR BASE RVN



12th SPS CAM RANH BAY
LATER TO BECOME 483rd SPS



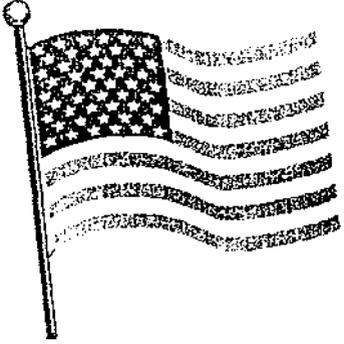
AMN.MORRIS WITH S.A.T. TEAM JEEP AND EQUIPMENT



50Cal.OVERLOOKING THE BAY



IS THIS ENOUGH TOKICK SOME SERIOUS BUTT ORWHAT?



DESERT STORM / VIETNAM



You sent them off to war with song and cheer.
You sent us off and said "Poor Dear".

You watched as the pilots maneuvered with beauty, You should have seen ours
"doing their duty".

You watched as the troops maneuvered with grace. You should have seen ours dying,
trying to save face.

You watched as they came home to hugging and kissing.
We came back home but with so many of us missing.

Through it all, we too, stand both proud and tall,
'Cause, "we too---Gave it all."

Larry M. Babin
483rd SPS

The following letter was receive from Jerry Gryzmala, one of our members who is suffering the effects of exposure to Agent Orange. Jerry would love to hear from our members. You can write to 1042 E. 349th St Eastlake, Ohio 44095 or call Jerry@ 216-951-8442. Letter is as follows:

John, I thought I'd sit down and write to let you know what's been going on. I've been trying to find some guys I served with at Bien Hoa 10/67 to 10/68. One of my problems is that I have no memory of serving in Nam from the end of April or the beginning of May 1968. It w.as after we got into a bad firefight at the main gate. I've tried to get info from-the Air Force with no luck My cancer is .the same. I get around in a wheel chair and get everything I need from the local VA

Your Buddy, Jerry G.

Vietnam Security Police Assn.
!50 AuroraRd.
Venice, F\34293-2601
941-497-0493

First Class Mail

THE WALL

Its shape, erupting from the ground, rises majestically to expose a thousand souls eternally etched in a delicate blanket of black satin marble. Its polished surface reflects the agony of an uncaring culture in a time of turbulence and change.

From its bulging middle spills forth the names of a generation lost in time as its ends taper and dip slowly back into the earth from which it sprang.

Looking at the names and faces that are chiseled in stone, invoked ageless memories that flowed like the cascading rains of a monsoon storm and mingled with the tears and blood of a hundred deaths that have been rethought a thousand times.

Focusing into the depths of the marble, I see their forms moving slowly towards me beckoning back. Their eyes shine like flickering candles filled with the spirit and dreams of reckless youth.

Their bodies were covered with O.D. green and their weapons dangled uselessly from their hands like broken toys that held too many memories to be thrown away—they beckon me home.

The sounds of battle flooded my mind as the crack of an AK-7, the rattle of machinegun fire, and exploding grenades disrupted my conscious thoughts. The screams of pain from a thousand deaths echoed in my ears like the wail of a banshee on a moonless stormy night. I shuttered and closed my eyes as they beckoned me back.

Opening my eyes to the marble blackness, I saw myself as I once was. In my hands, my weapon was gripped with stubborn defiance and determination. My cocky attitude was born from a more naive time and tempered by years of patriotic propaganda. The vision was nothing like the balding middle aged man whose hands were stained by years of compromise. Ashamed, I turned away as they beckoned me back.

With minds and bodies bent by years of toil and labor, we will once again shuffle back to this hallowed ground and touch the black translucent marble. The memories will fill our consciousness once again as they beckon us back. This time, we will cross the boundary between life and death and stand proudly next to our friends who paid the ultimate sacrifice so many years ago.

Michael J. Quinlivan

A FREELoader'S LIST REQUEST

(Copied)

Once upon a time there was a veteran who never joined any organizations. All his life, he took benefits and entitlements won for him by veteran's service organizations. He has a one point preference, a GI Home Loan, he had gone to school on the GI Education Bill, veterans employment even got him a job, among other things, but still he refused to join.

On his death bed he told his wife, "Please do something for me - I want to be buried in a National Cemetery, have a military marker and I want a veterans' organization to provide an Honor Guard and be my pallbearers." "But you never belonged to any veterans' organizations," his wife exclaimed. Why do you want them for pallbearers?" "Dear," he replied, "they've carried me this far, they might as well carry me the rest of the way."

Do you know someone like that'!

It is not the critic that counts;
not the man who points out how
the strong man stumbles or where
the doer of deeds could have done them better.
The credit belongs to the man who is actually
in the arena, whose face is marred by dust
and sweat and blood; who survives valiantly;
who errs and comes short again and again, because
there is no effort without error and shortcoming;
but he who does actually strive to do the deed;
who knows the great devotion; who spends
himself in a worthy cause, who at the best knows
in the end the triumph of high achievement, and
who at the worst, if he fails while daring greatly,
knows that his place shall never be with those
cold timid souls, who know neither victory or defeat

Theodore Roosevelt

Thomas L. Payne



PHAN RANG AB