



Guardmount

Volume 9, Issue 1



TET Pleiku 1968



I arrived in-country on 21 December 1967, at Cam Ranh Bay. The priority of aerial movement put in-bound PCS arrivals close to the bottom - after out-bound R&R, out-bound TDY troops. While sleeping in an uncomfortable terminal seat, a CRB air-cop told me I had to vacate the area: **PRESIDENT JOHNSON WAS ARRIVING** (and they didn't want the air terminal being smelled up by a bunch of grubby grunts). I found 6 feet of sand on the beach and slept. On Christmas day, I got a C-130 ride to Pleiku and thought they'd laid on a parade for me. It was the Bob Hope show, due to arrive thirty minutes after I touched down. By this time, four days of an 'unreal war' gave me second thoughts about my plans to resign a regular commission and returning to my former job with the Long Beach Police Department.

Pleiku was one of our Vietnamese bases which we shared with the VNAF. Our job was securing it with one of the smaller Security Police squadrons. We were in the usual 3 shift arrangement, manning old French machine gun towers around the perimeter, protecting a variety of sub-sonic aircraft and within a holler of Camp Holloway, the Army's big chopper base. The mood was fairly contented. Pleiku was one of the few installations where you could actually sleep under a blanket at night, due I suppose, to the altitude. It was located in the Central Highlands.

Our Commander (now deceased), Major Bofenkamp, appointed me as the assistant Operations Officer. In light of the fact that I had nothing to do, I opted to just work nights, reporting to CSC at the end of the normal duty day and working with CMSgt Bob Humphreys.

Other than an accident destroying the armory and the armorers with it, nothing much took place of note in Pleiku. The first combat fatality of the Office of Special Investigations (OSI) had taken place some months before. Two agents, choosing to live in Pleiku Village, were targeted by either NVA or operatives or local terrorists, and a B-40 rocket went through the front door killing one of them. Rumors had it that the agent had pocked up on information that indicated some kind of military build-up forthcoming. The other agent relocated to the air base and spent much time with us in CSC. But nothing much happened. Frequent calls to Saigon helped little. But the signs were there. For one, the extraordinarily high increase in funeral processions in Saigon. We found out later that they were being used to stage weapons throughout the city for their attacks on Cholon and at Tan Son Nhut Air Base.

Then the intelligence reports showed increased security levels throughout MACV. But telecons with the larger bases at Bien Hoa, Danang, and Tan Son Nhut indicated that it was considered business as usual and the intelligence traffic was just 'someone crying wolf.' Regardless of what the headquarters people believed, we took it seriously. At this time, our operations officer left on his R & R and I took over the Ops Branch. We decided to prepare for the worst. Major Bofenkamp briefed our Group Commander (we weren't a wing), who gave us the go-ahead to do whatever we thought was necessary.

(Continued on page 4)

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AFVN 99.9FM

Doug Gorski was at Cam Ranh Bay in 1969 and when he was not partying he recorded some of the Brother John broadcasts out of Nha Trang, three hours of it. He has decided to preserve this little piece of history of our time in SEA.

If any of you are intrested in hearing more about these contact him by e-mail at *doug@atcor.com*. He said he has enjoyed listening to this music and remembering.

Doug Gorski



President's Corner



Mid summer is almost upon us and we are getting ready for our reunion in October. If you haven't made your reservations yet get off your butt and make the call. We are looking forward to seeing you all there.

Michael Kennedy has been busy designing us a new brochure. It looks great! Our new web page is looking good these days. Thanks to Don Poss on that one. Don has won some awards for his design work and it is well deserved.

Terry Morris says that he is still looking for old orders so he can track down some new members Terry knows someone who can track down anyone so send your orders today.

Steve Ray is still available for anyone who wants their records corrected. He is really helpful so give Steve a call.

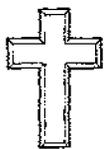
The annual Vietnam Vets reunion in Kokomo, Indiana, will be here before we know it so make your plans for that get together too.

I would like to find someone who would be willing to write a book about our association. If you know anyone let me know.

A new T-shirt is in the works. It's a good design and I know you'll like it. Order over \$25.00 worth of merchandise and I will give you a free gift.

Please keep in mind that we are all volunteers. In that light I'm gone fishin'.

John Langley



Chaplain 's Corner



WHY DO I HAVE INTRUSIVE THOUGHTS?...AND HOW DO I OVER-COME THEM?

"My body is at work in 1996 but my head keeps going back to 1968 NAM. I try to stuff the memories back down inside but they keep popping back to the surface. Minutes or hours from today disappear as I remember things from NAM. Memories so real that they shut out today's reality totally. I don't want to think about the NAM, but I can't stop it." Mary Bishop. 2nd Lt. U.S.Army, 68-69. Sound familiar? What caused these memories to keep recurring? Our minds are like a never stopping cam-corder. We actually record everything that happens to us. Most of these recorded tapes aren't easily gotten to and others are buried. Some though, were so impressed on our minds they are always accessible.. These tapes were very detailed, having sound, might, smell, touch as well as accompanying emotions. Events of stress or traumatic events will be extremely detailed. These tapes come back without desire on your part. They can be triggered and block out reality for a time. Our VCR does not have an off switch. The on-off switch is not dedication. Sometimes medication reduces depression but does not erase tapes. Talking with other vets can help

in turning the switch off. In sharing these "tape" with others they wear out. In keeping them to ourselves we protect and keep them clean to last forever.

If anyone has a prayer request or wants free counsel contact me at (201) 507-9038 - Phone and FAX

Steve Janke
Cam Ranh Bay '70-71



Steve and Kofuc, Cam Ranh Bay '70

(Continued from page 8) Flight to Vietnam

also puts this large albatross around your neck. Life can never be the same after such an experience as Vietnam.

It would be years before I could bring myself to talk about Vietnam, to express the way I FELT when I was there, to understand that it was OK to acknowledge that I had been there and that I had SURVIVED Vietnam. But the grief never leaves you, the guilt never leaves you and the sense of loss and despair is ever-present, you just learn to deal with it in the best way that you can. For some, alcohol and drugs became their coping mechanism. for others, it was becoming a

work-aholic, addicted to your job and so enmeshed with your job that it becomes for you what defines you as a person.

The best part of "looking back on Vietnam" is just that - that I can look back on it, that I am HERE to look back on it - that, to this point, I have SURVIVED Vietnam and everything since.

James J. Blake, Jr
483rd SPS
Cam Ranh Bay 3/71-12/71

I believe the reason so little action was taken against Pleiku was because we were bristling with defenses in depth. We altered the flight schedule immediately to divide us in two, on twelve hour shifts with no days off. We called on the Army to assign tanks to us and they gave us six (some of which were lost with their crews in Pleiku Village). We identified every squadron and staff agency as augmentees and put them into sections of the base perimeter, including the contonement areas, and let them compete for the best protected, best organized, and strongest defense sectors on base.

We threw the manual out. Humphreys and I went to a nearby fire base and, used area ordnance maps, identified grid coordinates for artillery and mortar fire to bring down on ourselves if necessary (one mortar flare empty came down through the NCO Club, setting off rocket attack alarms base-wide on our first test of the system). The tanks were turned over to the on-duty flight chief to coordinate with their officer-in-charge for deployment in different locations and were to move regularly to avoid being targeted by the enemy. Communications Squadron linked all perimeter sectors to each other and Base Civil Engineers won the award for Best Sector having tunnels, a command post, and whatever else they managed to erect (having all of the equipment and manpower to do so).

Having issued out every weapon on the base and being tasked with the special training necessary, we put together a ten hour emergency training session to include use of the M-79 grenade launcher, the M-60 machine gun, throwing grenades, basic combat medical care, fields of fire, use of the radio, and a lot of practice filling sand bags. The base personnel responded whole-heartedly. We far surpassed the standard percentage of augmentee levels expected by HQ USAF. We had everybody involved in this effort.

The Commander established an 'air evacuation' plan to scramble and remove all aircraft and in the last flights out, leave the Security Police behind and move the personnel safety.

By now the Security Police were stretched thin. Administration ground to a halt. Many of the NCO's were helping units set up their own sectors. And Chief Humphreys picked Staff Sergeant Verbal Keith to take his

flight of 'do-it-yourselfers' and begin laying concertina wire, filling up ditches, and curiously, rig an army 50 caliber heavy machine gun onto a ton-and-a-half stake bed truck with sand bags and chain link fencing around it. We found that the only way you could stop a B-40 (RPG-7) rocket was for it to be detonated as the shape charge penetrated the sandbags. This was accomplished by overlapping the chain link enough to insure that the rocket's war head would strike a part of the link and detonate before penetrating. The lesson was learned at some expense. The B-40s went through our tanks like butter, scrambling the crew with razor-hot shreds of armor plating. If hit, there were no survivors. The problem was, we found later, that the truck could barley move under the weight, but when a mob of civilians were pressing into the locked main gate, we pulled it up like some scene in one of those World War German Army movies, wheeled it around to face the guns at the mob (we were told by intelligence sources that this was a standard Vietnamese tactic to use innocent civilians in front of armed units to penetrate positions), and fired off a dozen rounds over their heads. They broke and ran.

Then the rocket attacks began. The Russian 122 rockets are set up and launched in minutes. Your only defense is to make it to a shelter or at least roll under your bed. It sounds like the Jolly Green-Giant walking toward you wearing combat boots the size of your car. Using stakes to aim them from distant pads (line of sight targeting), they prepare them to fire in minutes, and then watch the detonations to correct for additional shots. If we could track the rockets exhaust trail, we could call in artillery to fire on the positions. But they usually fired and ran.

During this period, the instant anything set off our alert klaxon, everyone grabbed their helmets, flak vests, and M-16s and made it to their sector bunkers. There were no loose ends anywhere.

When the action reports came in from the rest of the command, we realized that this wasn't any 'probe' to see what we'd do. NVA units actually penetrated Bien Hoa and Tan Son Nhut causing several casualties on SP defenders. Fighting in the cities claimed thousands of civilians and the 25th Army Division was being socked hard. When our kids heard of the tanks we lost in Pleiku the seriousness of the events gripped everyone. While reading for the attacks, they played touch football with them. There would be no more football this season.

(Continued on page 5)

In a few days it was over. Other than rocket damage, all we had to report was several panic injuries. Our K-9 kennels received a rocket strike and the best tale to come out of that was when a bunch of guys cringing in a darkened bunker heard what they believed was one of their troops hyper-ventilating and lit a match to find the biggest and meanest German Shepard in there with them ... and every bit as scared!

Chief Humphreys got me on the radio one day as the fighting had wound down and the village (actually it was called The City of Pleiku) was secured, and said that Vase Information Office needed a security escort to go into Pleiku City and attend a victory and awards celebration to be conducted by the South Vietnamese Army. We volunteered to be the escort and took the ten minute drive through the emaciated buildings to a large soccer field in which there were at least two hundred dead bodies swelling up in the hot sun. None were in uniform which gave some credence to our decision not to let the civilians onto the air base when the fighting erupted. The wounds were terrible. Some were still wiggling. Many were burned beyond human recognition.

Then a band struck up and the mayor and some dressed up men and women took bows and paraded a group of Vietnamese army officers around these stiff and pinned medals on them. It seemed a bit barbaric but it was their country (God, did we hear that a few thousand

times). And that was about it except for what followed.

I was reassigned to HQ 7th Air Force and tasked immediately with (1) adopting the Pleiku plan throughout Vietnam; (2) place on an inspection team to insure the plan was implemented; and (3) to prepare, for Generals Momyer and Seith, a complete after-battle report of what Pleiku did. I finished the tour in Saigon, eventually taking over the security operations of all of the radar sites in Vietnam (8) and Thailand (6). I was assigned to London in January, 1969 as Deputy Director of Security Police, HQ 3rd AF and Scotland Yard Liaison Officer.

(Author's note: Much of the information included in this article appeared in the January 1969 edition of The Police Chief, a publication of the International Chiefs of Police Association of Washington D.C. entitled Security Police Operations in the Limited War Environment (by the same author). It was republished in the Royal Air Force (RAF) Security Journal.)

Thomas S. Batson

The author retired in 1982 and returned to the Long Beach Police Department and served as a detective until retiring in 1990. He has published several articles including one entitled 'Inside Scotland Yard' and 'The Ulster Defense Constabulary.' He now teaches middle and high school math and science in Fair Field, California.

VSPA in Cyberspace

We have been called Sky cops, Apes and other names now we are in cyberspace. If you have not yet had a chance to visit our web page you are really missing something. If you are looking at the address that was published it was not entirely correct, this is.

www.fp.csnsys.com/vspa/index.htm

Let's thank Don Poss for the outstanding job that he has done in developing this page. It has also turned out to be a great introduction to new members and prospective members. Thank you Don!!

Treasure's Report

The Association account balance as of 31 May 97 was \$3600.55

Many thanks to the following members for their generous monetary donations to the Association.

Larry Breazeale
Harry R. Wallace
James H. Kelly
Denis Cook

James W. Bunch
Amador Garcia Jr.
Mike Daoust
Steve Janeke

Thanks also to Sharon Denitto for her monetary gift to VSPA

Melbourn 97 Reunion



Any of you who have attended one of the reunions around the country will know how great the fellowship can be. There is a feeling there that you will never experience any where. Here are where total strangers come together and are instantly bonded. Each year that I have attended the reunion at Melbourne, Florida the better they get, I look forward to renewing old friendships with people that I have not seen since the last one.

How will you ever find anyone in a massive place like that? When I arrived in town the first place I went was to Wickem Park and the first person I ran into was our president, John Langley, and while we were talking who should walk up but our V.P., Mike Daoust. It seems that SP's seem to attract each other without trying.



Mike Daoust, John Langley, Dave Dobson

The next morning I returned to attend the opening ceremony and met up with several other SP's who I had known from years past and some that I had never met, all were interested in VSPA. As we stood listening to Sammy Davis, Congressional Medal of Honor Recipient, and to observed the opening, I felt a certain pride in what had been accomplished by all of those who were there. It felt real good when a WW II, D-Day Vet, came up and shook my hand. When someone asked for help with crowd control to make room for the color guard it was a Security Policeman that jumped up to volunteer to help.

There were a lot of old songs and music that brought back some old memories and most of them were pleasant memories. When Chris Noel got up on the stage and sang, "You are My Hero," for all the vets it even brought a tear to most of the eyes around me. She had

changed since I saw her pictures plastered all over Cam Ranh Bay, but then again so had we. Someone said, "we all have gotten older, haven't we." I remembered that she traveled around Nam and entertained live as well as her radio show 'A Date with Chris' and all the time there was a \$10,000 bounty on her head. We were not the only ones with a bounty payable to anyone who killed them.

It seemed that every where I went that day I would meet another SP. By the time I met up with Mike that second day I had given out most of the VSPA cards that I had with me. He had handed out a large number of the reunion posters he had with him. In one of the areas I met a former dog man that I had worked with over there. I left that day with a warm happy feeling.

As I arrived the next morning for John Steer's church service the first person that I met when I got out of my car was someone with a VSPA patch on his cammies, Pat Dunn. As Chris walked by I pointed her out to Pat and being a good SP he called her over. He has proof that he talked with her and so does everyone else.



Pat Dunn and Chris Noel

As we sat there waiting for the services to begin I looked around and there were 12 SP's in the area where we were sitting. When I first attended a reunion at Melbourne I had only met one other SP, John Langley, and a few Air Force people. This year I met up with at least 20 SP's and more Air Force people than I can remember. It seems to grow more every year and we are beginning to let our identity be known. We even had an SP in the march that started for Washington D.C. that day.

When my wife and I started for home she asked me if I wasn't glad that I came? I had almost backed out at the last minuet because my bowling team needed me, at least I thought they did. The fact was that I needed that reunion more than I needed to bowl. For those of you who have not yet been to a reunion, make every effort to get to one. Welcome Home Brother!

Dave Dobson, MSgt, USAF (Ret)
12th/483rd SPS '70-'71

Reunion 1997

Mickey has planned a VSPA Reunion that is going to be an activity packed weekend and one that we should all be talking about for some time to come. Everything from a beautiful and comfortable hotel for our resting place to activities to interest everyone.

We will start Thursday off with a visit to the SP unit at Hurlburt Field and get a first hand look at some of the modern SP tools of the trade. We will also get to visit the USAF Museum there. That evening we will be able to relax to some music at, "Yesterdays Old Time Rock & Roll Cafe." Here we will be joined by some of the members of Vietnam Vets of North Florida.

Friday will begin with breakfast at our hotel then proceed to Gulf Islands National Seashore and a tour of the Fort there. Returning for lunch at Barnhill Buffet. After lunch, the afternoon will be spent at the Naval Aviation Museum. That evening we will have dinner at Happy China Restaurant, a viewing of 1994 Wall south Dedication will be shown and we will hear Dr. Carol Law speak on "Vietnam Revisited."

On Saturday we will attend the "WALL SOUTH" 5th anniversary celebration with John K and Steppenwolf performing. The afternoon will be our business meeting after which those who wish may return to the WALL SOUTH celebration.

Those who feel up to it may take an optional tour of the Battleship Alabama and the other ships and aircraft located in Battleship Park at Mobile, Alabama. That evening you can tour Trader Johns Historic Bar and Museum.

All of these activities are going to keep us busy. The most important thing is the camaraderie of being with others who did the same job we did in Vietnam and experienced the same things that we did.

Remember the dates and start planning now. October 22, 23, 24 and 25. The place is Pensacola, Florida. Any questions call Mickey Reade 904-934-8837

See you there

The Bridge at Dong Ha

Those that served in Vietnam during the NVA's Spring or Easter offensive that began on 30 March 1972 may be interested in reading, "The Bridge at Dong Ha," by John Grider Miller published by the Naval Institute Press, Bluejacket Books, 186 pages. This enemy offensive took the life of the highest ranking American killed in Vietnam when Brigadier General Richard J. Tillman, US Army, was killed on 9 July 1972 at An Loc in Military Region III (MR III), formerly known as III Corps. The book details the action that took place in MR I at the Dong Ha bridge. A descriptive battle account is given that involved the Vietnamese Marines, an ARVN Armor unit, and the two American advisors assigned to those units. The focus of the book is on the exploits of USMC Colonel (Ret) (the Captain) John Ripley who placed demolition's under the Dong Ha bridge that when exploded closed the immediate invasion route of the NVA units. Through sheer force of will, excellent physical conditioning, and an almost total recall of previous training in explosives, Captain Ripley turned the tide of battle and saved countless lives. Captain Ripley was awarded the Navy Cross for his heroism. I highly recommend this book to you.

Some of our Association members were stationed at Da Nang during this NVA offensive. You may be interested to know I have learned the Air Force Presidential Unit Citation was awarded to Da Nang Security Police Sq. and not too many people have one of those. If you were at Da Nang from April to June 1972 and a PUC is not shown on your DD-214 let me know and I will assist you in getting that corrected.

S. F. (Steve) Ray
Secretary/Treasurer

Nam SP Runs for Mayor of Boston, Ma

A member of our organization, Jim Murray, is running for Mayor of Boston. He challenged the current mayor to donating his large war chest to charity and run a campaign free of fund raising. Good Luck Jim!!!



Flight to Vietnam

It had been a boring evening, waiting for the plane that would take me to a country I hadn't even heard of until just a few years earlier. Vietnam...it just seems to slide off the tongue when you say it, but there is so much more to it for those who have been there. Especially if you were there during the war.

The government chartered planes for us on the trip to (and from) Vietnam. The plane I would be going over on was a WORLD AIRWAYS plane. A charter airline that traced its roots back to the Flying Tigers in China in the pre-World War II days.

We were all herded onto the plane at @ AM and just took whatever seats were available. Looking back on it now, many of the details escape me, but I do remember that we had the oldest stewardesses I had ever seen in my life! They all were old enough to be our mothers (in some cases, our grandmothers!) - which was supposed to keep us in line, I guess. We flew from Los Angeles to Anchorage Alaska, where we refueled, then flew on to the Philippines for another refueling stop. Then it was on to Cam Ranh Bay, Republic of (South) Vietnam.

I do remember that the closer we got to Vietnam the more strained the atmosphere on the plane became and the silence became almost deafening. You could smell the fear and sense the trepidation that was felt by all. None of us knew what to expect when we landed in Vietnam, and it was that feat of the unknown that was so palpable. Every branch of the service was represented on the plane, with all of us destined to go to different areas in Vietnam, with different units and with different responsibilities.

We all knew that we were headed for, "the real thing," when we landed in the Philippines, deplaned and were immediately surrounded by armed military police, who herded us, like cattle, into a small souvenir shop, where we could purchase souvenirs for lovers, family and friends back home. Only a few of the guys bought anything. The rest of us milled around until we were formed back up and herded back onto the plane for the rest

of the journey. We were all in a state of shock over being 'guarded' by military police at the airport in the Philippines. I asked one of the military police why they were there and the sergeant told me that some guys that were enroute to Vietnam a month ago had deserted while the plane was being refueled and serviced in the Philippines a month earlier, and they didn't want to take any chances on that happening again. That was our first sign that things were not going to be the way we had envisioned at all!

As we were descending into Cam Ranh Bay, the base came under mortar and rocket attack and the pilot of our plane had to abort the landing rather rapidly. That entailed the pilot pulling back on the wheel and sending those of us in the aisle (returning from a visit to the lavatory) tossing about the plane. We circled the area off the coast of Vietnam until the attack was over, then we landed without further incident.

Before we were allowed to deplane, these short, stocky guys in tan uniforms came on the plane and sprayed something all over us. Then, we walked off the plane into what seemed like a furnace. There was a stench that seemed to hang in the air and it was so hot and humid it was like it just sucked the breath right out of you. By the time you got to the bottom of the stairs, you were soaked with sweat, then you had to walk to the terminal (a large hanger), where there was a dividing line (made up of floor-to-ceiling cyclone fencing to keep those arriving from those departing).

I looked at the guys leaving and it seemed really weird, as none of them really looked AT us...it was as though they were looking THROUGH us, and seeing things that no human being should ever have to see. It was a scary feeling, but the look was something I later found to be called the "1000-yard stare" that a lot of vets get after being in Vietnam for a few months. Every now and then one of the guys leaving would mutter something like, "Man, are you in for it now!" Of course, all that did was add to the mystery and to our anxiety.

Since Vietnam, there have been many experiences I have had that have upset me, but nothing has ever influenced me like that first day in Vietnam - with all those unknowns ahead of all of us. Within a few months I would find myself, like so many others, believing that I would never leave Vietnam alive. Once you accept something like that it takes a huge weight off your shoulders, but it

(Continued on page 3)

Mail Call

.... I would like to see an article in the Guardmount concerning a covert SP vigilante unit called "Red Patch" that operated in the 3rd Security Police at Clark Air Base, P.I. around 1975-76. Rumor has it that they were all NCO's commanded by a TSgt.there was about 12 men in the unit, they operated in civies or unmarked cammies. The crime rate dropped big time at Clark due to them.

*Davie Scott, TSgt, USAF (Ret)
Oklahoma City, OH*

.... Capt. Reginald V. Maisey, Jr. was awarded the Air

Force Cross posthumously. I am requesting information about him as a person and officer. I am also seeking information from my hometown newspaper, schools, friends and relatives. If anyone out there served with Capt. Maisey I would appreciate any and all information. In addition, I am planning a reunion on January 31, 1998 at the California Vietnam Memorial to honor Capt. Maisey and those who gave the ultimate sacrifice.

*Bill Scholtz
Pollock Pines, CA*

Membership Application (send Copy of DD 214 and \$10.00 fee)

Name _____
Address _____
State _____ Zip _____ Phone _____
Unit in S.E.Asia _____
Dates of S.E.Asia Duty _____
Description of Duty _____
Looking For? _____



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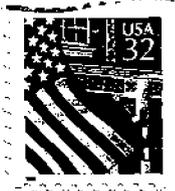


- | | |
|--|----------|
| 1. Association Patch - made around a QC design | \$ 5.00 |
| 2. Air Force Combat Veteran Patch | \$ 4.00 |
| 3. Security Police Badge Patch | \$ 4.00 |
| 4. QC lapel pin, Just arrived | \$ 3.50 |
| 5. QC patch, Actual size. Quality Reproduction. American Made | \$ 5.00 |
| 6. Air Force Security Police Coin - Pewter | \$ 6.00 |
| 7. Black Baseball Style Cap with any of the above Patches on it | \$10.00 |
| 8. Air Force Flag 3' X 5', Nylon | \$10.00 |
| 9. Hanes Beefy T-shirt with QC patch silk-screen on it...M,L,XL,XXL. | \$12.00 |
| 10. Association Bumper Stickers | \$ 1.00 |
| 11. 7th Air Force - Patch | \$ 4.00 |
| 12. 7th Air Force - Pin | \$ 3.00 |
| 13. Mini-Security Police Badges, 1 3/4" high, Official Issue | \$ 10.00 |

Please add \$1.00 per item for shipping up to a maximum of \$3.00. Please make checks for merchandise payable to Steve Ray. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Send checks to 1626 Chandler Rd., Huntsville, AL 35801

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REUNION '97

The Reunion Hotel is The Best Western Pensacola Beach
16 Via de Luna, Pensacola Beach, FL 32561
For reservations call 1-800-934-3301 and tell them you are
with the Vietnam Security Police Association
Room Rates: \$65.00 per night plus 14% Tax
Room rate is for 1 - 4 persons in a room

Reservations must be made by September 22, 1997
Check in is at 3 PM, Check out is 11 AM

Any questions please call Mickey Reade - 904-934-8837
or Mike Daoust - 912-876-4729

**Reunion 97 Registration Form
October 23rd to October 26th 1997
Pensacola, Florida**

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Number of people attending _____ Registration Fee of \$10.00 enclosed _____

Make Checks Payable to Vietnam Security Police Association
Send to Steve Ray, 1626 Chandler Rd., Huntsville, AL, 35801