

# Guardmount

Volume 4, Issue 1

July, 1998



## FINI VIETNAM

by Ed Wilson

I was the Sector Sergeant of the back side of the base. Each time I checked a post, the guard would ask when I was going to shoot up my flare. I told them I'd shoot it at the end of the shift. They kidded me that I wouldn't make it because we were going to be over run by "Charley". I'm not sure why or how it got started, but at Tuy Hoa we had a kind of tradition. On our last night of duty we would shoot our last slap flare in country, with out the parachute. It was my turn, my last night of duty with Tiger Flight. I loved working the Tiger Flight (night shift) shift.

I got the usual complaints about the "Day Weenies" moving the sandbags in the bunkers during the day to suit their comfort instead of keeping them in a defensive position. Seems they would pull them off the sides and pile them up to build a seat so they could sit and watch over the top rim of the bunker. The Day Weenies just knew they would not be attacked during the day. I complained to the Flight Chief and Flight Commander countless times but it did no good. We would come on at dark and the guys in the bunkers would spend the first hour putting the sandbags back in place. Hell it was their lives at stake.

I spent the first couple of hours just checking posts and letting those who wanted hot "C" Rations warm them on the Jeep manifold. Now I was getting "those" questions about going home. The same ones I asked of the troops going home the past year. Like "How long you going to spend in bed with your girl friend, Sarge?" "How long you going to be drunk, Sarge?" "What's going to be your first meal when you get home, Sarge?". Yeah, it was my turn, I'm going home, freedom bird here I come. I'm so short a grain of sand is taller than I am. And as I checked those posts and after the kidding stopped, they would tell me that they would really miss me. That's when you feel the bond that warriors have with each other. It's hard to explain it. You just know you can depend on each other and you would go down fighting for the other. I was going home, but they were staying.

Would they make it home? Not in a body bag. Not on a Dust Off. But go home in one piece. We all said we would look each other up when we got home.

It got that time. Almost the end of the shift. I pulled out one of my Slap Flares. Pulled the cap off, and dug the parachute out. I pulled the chute out and cut the cord. I called CSC "Sector One, request permission to fire a flare". CSC "For what reason sector one?" "Sector One, 'Short timers' flare". After a pause another voice came over the radio. I believe it was the Captain's, our flight commander. "CSC to Sector One". "Sector One over". "Sector One, do you believe you have short timers in your area?" "Sector One, CSC, I believe we do. I need a flare to make positive identification. Over." "CSC, Sector One, permission granted. If you find a short timer in your area bring him to CSC immediately. over." "Sector One, that's a 10-4". I placed the cap on the bottom of the flare and hit it against the fender of the jeep. It shot up in a red stream. About the time it hit its apex to start down, about 20 flares went up along the fence line. My flare fell like a rock on fire. The other 20 or so flares popped their chutes and came down lighting up the whole outer perimeter. As I drove down the perimeter road past the towers and bunkers, I could hear them saying "Bye, Sarge", and yelling "SHORT", and "I'm next". As I pulled up to CSC, the "Day Weenies" were loading up on the trucks to go to post. I yelled for them to leave the sand bags alone in the bunkers. I got a bunch of cat calls and a few "fingers". I went inside to CSC to a bunch of smiles. The Captain told me to turn in my weapon and go home. I told him I still had 3 days of out processing to go. Maybe get me used to sleeping nights again. I knocked on the door of the armory and asked him to open the window so I could turn in my CAR-15 for the last time. I went out to the window and clearing barrel. Cleared my weapon and gave it and my ammo to the armorer. He asked, with a smile, if I got any snipers last night. I told him no. (that's another story) He said something like, "Cleanest weapon in the Nam." I said something like, "Yea and not as many snipers any more. Got tired of cleaning that thing all the time."

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# VSPA Points of Contact



# President's Corner



President: Mike Daoust  
187 Crosby Drive  
Hinesville, GA 31313  
(912) 876-4729  
[skycop@clds.net](mailto:skycop@clds.net)

Vice Pres: Ted Janiak  
516B Beonia St. SE  
Demotte, IN 46310-8898

Treasure: Steve Ray  
1626 Chandler Road  
Huntsville, AL 35801  
(205) 880-1638  
[steve.ray@inco.com](mailto:steve.ray@inco.com)

Membership: Terry Morris  
W5148 E. Bush  
Pardeeville, WI 53954  
(608) 429-9090  
[phanrang@aol.com](mailto:phanrang@aol.com)

Chaplain: Steve Janke  
739 Hill Street  
Carlstadt, NJ 07072

Historian: Vaughn Hull  
34609 Annapolis St.  
Wayne, MI 48184-2132

Guardmount: Dave Dobson  
5315 Bevans Avenue  
Spring Hill, FL 34608  
[ddobson@jinet.com](mailto:ddobson@jinet.com)

[www.vspa.com](http://www.vspa.com)

Website [www.fp-csnsys.com/vspa/index.htm](http://www.fp-csnsys.com/vspa/index.htm)

Next issue read an account of a brother Security Policeman who spent his entire 4 years in the Air Force stationed in Vietnam.

Also an account of an attack on Phan Rang Air Base in January 1969.

Plus more.

As I sat down to write my article for Guardmount I was going to write the typical reminders to pay your dues and don't forget about the reunion in October. But after a conversation with some fellow Vietnam vets from my local chapter of VVA I decided to change my article. We were engaged in discussion of the upcoming leadership conference to be held in Savannah. Whenever a bunch of Vietnam vets get together the stories and the remarks about each branch of the service come into the conversation, well it hit me the wrong way this time. Being 95 degrees in the shade didn't help much either I was tired of hearing about how all Air Force personnel lived in air conditioned hotels in Saigon. Bull \_\_\_\_ I said and then proceeded to tell them about the role that Security Police played in Vietnam.

By then I had their undivided attention. I told them how our K-9 handlers were out on the perimeters of the bases. How we manned towers and bunkers, walked flight lines, set up ambush patrols, worked in law enforcement and yes, even worked patrol boats with the Navy; also told them about Tet 68 and the ultimate sacrifice that many of our brothers gave. What I'm trying to say brothers let's be proud of our heritage as Air Force Security Police. We do not need to take a back seat to anyone. When we gather in DC in October and we are at the Wall to honor our fallen brothers let us stand tall and I'm sure that our brothers will be looking out at us and saying you done good.

*PS: If you have not renewed your membership please do so soon, you will make Steve Ray's life a lot easier! And hope to see you in DC in October. I said I would not write these reminders but couldn't resist.*

Mike Daoust  
12<sup>th</sup> SPS, Cam Ranh Bay  
68-69

Walked down to the Post Office to check mail, but had none. Then walked to my hooch, took my cammies off and went to the showers. Came back and put my shorts on and walked across to the NCO hooch. They had the outdoor grill going with steak and eggs cooking. One of them poured me my usual 7 & 7 with ice, and asked how did I want my steak. (NCOs sure know how to live) Then the conversation turned to who was going to take over my hooch. They still hadn't selected the "lucky" NCO. No one wanted to move out of the NCO hooch. They didn't have inspections or go to the 1st Sgt. with one of their troops for screwing up, etc. They had it made. Oh well, not my problem. Three days and I'm gone. I ate my steak and eggs and had another 7 & 7. The troops started to come in from their posts, it was about 0600 hrs. The hooch NCOs dropped by, some ate, some didn't, most of them drank a few. All of them gave me the usual "Short Timers" jokes. We got talking about the "flower children" and "hippies" back home. All they wanted was to stop the war. And in doing so, violated the laws and were put in jail. Free meals and board at taxpayers expense. We, NCOs had the solution. Bring them all over here and let them do "their thing" to stop the war. They could take our place in the bunkers and when Charley comes through the wire, they could throw flowers and dope and give them the peace sign. We were hearing stories about them spitting and throwing things at the G Is coming home.

At 0800 hr. I was at Personnel doing my out processing thing. While sitting at the desk of the airman who was processing me, a Captain came over and asked if I was the Sergeant who took him out to the bunkers one night. (We were asked to take a lot of people out to the bunkers at night just to see what it was like. I think they did it hoping to see some "combat", and they could write home about it. We had two areas that would be sniped at quite often. Tower #7 was real popular. That's where I always took them. About every night we would get a pop, pop, pop, pop and a green tracer would come over.) I said, "Yes sir, I did". He said, "how do you guys take getting shot at all the time like that?" He looked down at the airman and said, "We were shot at out there." I said something like, "Yea but you guys get the mortars when they come in." I think that made them feel real good about themselves because we had an attack just a couple of months prior. Then the Airman said, "Sergeant have you been drinking?" I said, "Yes, two at breakfast, what do you think we do after we come in from work?" The Captain gave him a dirty look and shook his head, which meant don't screw with him. They told me that I would have to wear a class A uniform on the Freedom Bird. And Cammies were not allowed to be worn State Side. I got all my processing done in one day except for my flight to Cam Ranh Bay and my Freedom Bird pass. I went to the terminal to check for flights to Cam Ranh, but none was scheduled. They told me to call in or just come and sit in the terminal and wait for a flight. I didn't like that, but I still had two days. I went to the Orderly Room and told them I wanted to sign out. Went back to my hooch and packed all but the cammies I had on. I folded a set of 1505s

(tan uniform to you young'ns) and placed them carefully in my B-4 bag. By this time I was dead on my feet. No sleep for almost 24 hours, I lay across my bunk and fell asleep. About 2000 hr. some of the guys on my shift who had the night off and other NCOs came in and roused me up. "C'mon we're taken you the NCO club." Well, I had 4 hours sleep and was hungry, so I went. They had a band from the Philippines which played and sang country western and popular songs of the day. We took over the club that night. We sang all the songs with them and sometimes the same song several times. Then when they weren't playing we sang some of the "Underground" songs of the day, like "Up against the wall M....F....er" and "If I were President". The whole club would join in with us. We closed the club and went back to our hootches feeling no pain.

About 0700 some of my hooch mates were trying to wake me up. They knew I was going to try to get a flight out and didn't want me to miss an opportunity of one going to Cam Ranh. Mamma San was with them yelling "You no wakie da sergeant. He get bu cu mad". They kept saying, "No, Mamma San, Sergeant, he fini Vietnam, he go home." Thus began my last day at Tuy Hoa. I picked up my B-4 and took it outside the hooch door. Went back in and walked to the back of the hooch. Our two mamma sans were busy spit shining boots. I told them I was going home, no more Vietnam, fini! They said, "You come back?" I said, "No, no more Vietnam." I turned and started walking up the hooch and stopped at the curtained off cube that Airman Churchill had slept in. Another airman was occupying it now. I remembered being with the 1st Sgt., cutting the lock off his locker. I remembered helping him take inventory of his belongings. I wondered if he made it. He stepped on a mine and a "Dust Off" was called in. It took me over 25 years to find out he did make it. I don't know how much damage it did to him, but he was alive. I continued up the hooch and some of the guys who were still awake stopped me and we shook hands and patted each other on the back. I walked out of the hooch, picked up my B-4 and started walking. I was lucky, a sector sergeant drove by and gave me a lift to the terminal.

I checked in at the terminal desk and the airman said they had a plane coming in from a base up north, but didn't know where it was going after landing. He said I could get on a plane going to Cam Ranh but it could be rerouted while in the air to another base. It's all according what it's carrying. Boy, at this rate I could spend another year in Nam.

The plane, a C-130 came in, unloaded some crates, then took off for Saigon. I told the airman that I was going to the snack bar for some brunch and would he call me there if something was coming in. He said he would. At the snack bar I got some fried rice and coffee, sat down with one of the Doughnut Dollies and talked about trying to get a flight out. She said it was hard for her to get a flight from Saigon to Tuy Hoa. She said it took her 3 days. She had been in country about 3 months. She

*(Continued from page 3)*

laughed about how scared she was when she first got here. They briefed her that if the base was attacked, and Charley got through, there was no place to go except to head for the beach and start swimming East. They also told her that the only people between her and Charley were the Security Police. Then about two weeks into her tour they hit us with mortars in the middle of the night. She said she was so frightened to run to her bunker, so she just hid under her bunk. Then she asked me about my cammies and the patch over my chevrons. She said all Air Force don't wear that uniform. I told her that only the Security Police wore that uniform and the patch was the Vietnamese QC patch, the Vietnamese Military Police. She looked all embarrassed and said, "You're in the Security Police?" I said, "Yes." She said, "I just love you guys. You're the ones that live in those bunkers by the fence line, aren't you? I've seen you with your guns sitting in the bunkers. So you're the guys who're keeping Charley out?" "Yup that's us." She grabbed my hand and arm and gave it a squeeze and gave me a big smile.

Walking back to the terminal, all I could think about was why couldn't I have met her about a month ago. I would have loved to have taken her for a ride to the perimeter on our night shift. What was scary was she would have gone too!

When I got in the terminal the airman was on the phone. He looked up and motioned me over. He said he had a C-130 coming in. The phone rang again. He picked it up and listened. He looked up at me and gave me two fingers. I said, "Two?" He nodded. He hung up and said two C-130s coming in. One carrying troops. Usually that meant the one carrying troops was going to the Bay. I sat around and paced for almost an hour. Then he said, "It's on the ground." The phone rang and he answered it. He looked at me and smiled. "They are picking up some cargo and then going to take off for Cam Ranh. They got troops aboard too." I said, "Get me on it." At the same time he picked up the phone and asked if they had room for one more passenger trying to get to the Freedom Bird at Cam Ranh. He put the phone down and smiled. "You may have to sit on someone's lap but they'll take you." I signed some paperwork tagged my B-4 and was out the door. A loadmaster met me and asked if I was the one for Cam Ranh. I nodded. He took my bag and told me to find a seat. I went to the back of the plane and walked up the ramp. I could see two rows of Vietnamese Army, most of them carrying the old .30 Cal. Carbines. There was cargo lashed down between the two rows. They all looked frightened. I walked down one aisle and could find no seat. I walked down the other. Well it looks like I'll be sitting on someone's lap. Just then a Vietnamese Officer tugged on my QC patch and asked, "You need seat?" I shook my head yes. He yelled something in Vietnamese and both rows of soldiers started squeezing closer together. The officer said, "Here sergeant you

sit." Shoot, there was enough room for 3 or 4 people to sit and all with seat belts. The loadmaster and the pilot came back and checked the cargo, pulling on the straps that held it all down. Pilot looked at me and said something like "Don't you feel naked without your weapon?" Told him, "Don't need one, I'm going home, fini Vietnam." He smiled and said, "Hope we don't get called to drop these guys in on a hot zone. They're all brand new, never been in a fire fight." I looked at him and said, "Sir, please get me home!" He said, "I'll do my damndest."

We got to the end of the runway, gunned the engines and sprung forward. All of us leaned to the rear of the plane straining against the seat belts and holding on the seat straps. The wheels left the ground and the pilot pulled back on the stick. Seems like we went up at a 45 degree angle. The looks on the soldiers' faces were pure terror. If there was a way they could jump out of the plane, I'm sure they would have. Once we leveled off, the Vietnamese Officer tried to use his English on me. "You Quan Cahn." and pointed to my QC patch. "You go Cam Ranh?" I said, "Yes, I go Cam Ranh, then go home. Fini Vietnam." He pondered this and said, "You go home. You leave Vietnam. You happy." I smiled and said, "Yes I'm happy." I leaned back and closed my eyes, not wanting to talk any more. He said some things to his people and they gave some oos and aaahhs. I think he told them I was going home. The flight was not long and the load master came back and checked the straps on the cargo again and then checked our seat belts. Told me to get ready that we were about to land. The plane did another 45 degree angle only this time down. Then it leveled and landed. I thought, just one more plane ride and I'll be home. Before getting off the plane the loadmaster gave me my bag and told me to hang on to it and not let anyone else carry it till I was completely checked in on a flight. I thanked him and we waved at each other. The soldiers lined up in formation, weapons slung on their shoulders and the officer marched them off to war.

*Ed Wilson  
Tan Son Nhut '65  
Tuy Hoa '70*

*Part II of this story will be in the next issue - The processing through Cam Ranh and Fini Vietnam.*

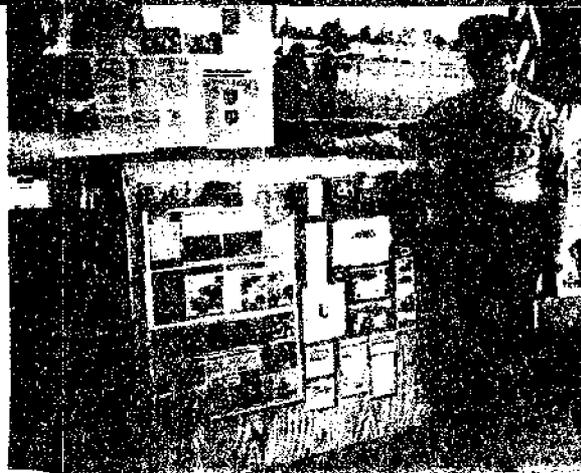
## **WANTED: COPY OF A TAPE**

At some point in the eleven months of service, a cassette was made of a rocket attack at Da Nang. There was also a Mad Minute. I was known as "Tex". In the tape, another troop stated, "Tex, I thought I was dead." I've lost my copy. There were several copies made. If you know of someone who has a copy I would sure appreciate getting another copy. Please call:

Jim "Tex" Birtcher  
(501) 682-7502 (Work)  
(501) 758-5871 (Home)



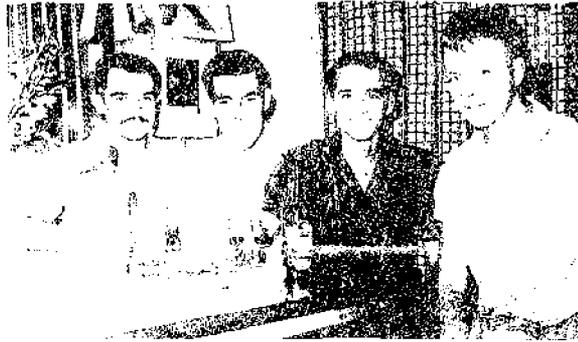
Larry Breazeale carries a VSPA/AFSPA wreath to the replica of the 'Tomb of the Unknown' Riverside, Ca.



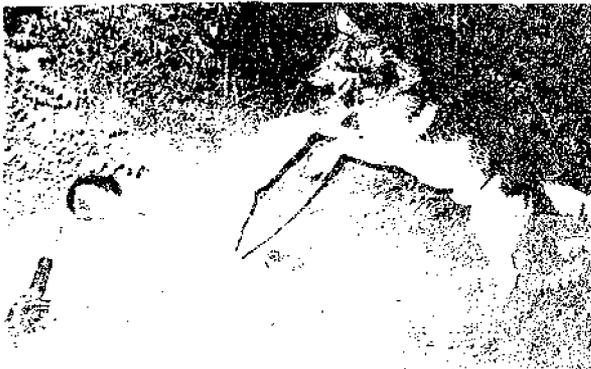
Mike Kennedy standing next to the VSPA display at Riverside, Ca., Memorial Day



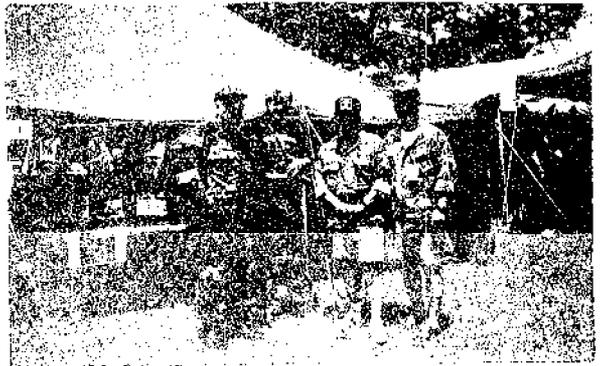
Roger Carpenter at the display at Riverside National Cemetery, Memorial day, 98



Rac, Watashi, Smith, and Moore. Taken in the California Bar in Saigon City, August 2, 62. Where are they now??



Dale Terrell and his dog Chisook, see the story on page 6



Underbarns. The reunion proved to be a meeting place for VSPA members. (l to r) Dave Dotson, Bob Phillips, Gabe Panna and Pat Dunn. Pat and Dave manned a recruiting table at the reunion.



## Kilo 69

First I must say that I am not a story writer, but want to try and pass on one of my experiences in Vietnam. After returning from my first VSPA reunion in Pensacola, I felt that I had met with old friends that I should have been in contact with for all those years after Nam. But a lot of water has gone over the dam since then and hindsight is always 20/20. I had been on the computer looking for a buddy of mine named John Rader who was stationed with me at Phan Rang in 70-71. After finding him and talking one Sunday, we had both decided to make the reunion a reunion for us also and so we went.

It was a lot of fun and we talked into we hours of the morning every night. I still had a lot of memories of people I can't find. But I still have a lot of things I can't and probably never will be able to clear from the ole memory bank. And one of those is about to be made public in the following article. I never talked much about that one night, but maybe this will help me forget about it, maybe! As all of you know the days were as slow as watching for water to boil and time crept by as slow as it could. I now feel as if I put myself in a coast mode or some kind of stupor, like a dream and let the days go by while I slept. Aw yes, sleep. One of the things that I did to pass the time. It beat drinking and having a hang over the next day all to hell. As I lay in my bed waiting for that voice to step inside and yell that the truck was there, I thought of my wife of less than a year and my parents and their failing health. Then came the yell and off to work we went.

Some nights when you showed up for guard mount you just had a feeling in your bones about the night that was about to unfold in the dark before you. Something I learned about the moon and stars while in Nam, was how dark it can get when the moon is not there in the sky. I learned how many days or should I say nights that the moon would be out in a month. Then I could say I had only 3 more moons till I would be out of the dream and back to the real world.

Some posts had a lot of character and some had a lot of reputation that had been passed on to the NEWBEEES and left an impression on them that they would never forget. My post was Kilo 69, Aw yes the STRIP GATE!!!! It had a lot of neat places you could hide, but it had this 8 ft high rock that sat behind the guard shack. You could walk up the back side and get on top for a birds eye view of the whole post. It was the favorite spot to be on that post. As the posing truck came to a stop up on the Bravo road, three guys would get off there and walk down to their post and settle down to their gourmet in-flight lunch in a cardboard box. That night I did not follow the normal, lets all go down to the post marker for 69-70 by the Officers Swimming Pool as we

called it. It was actually a sewage sediment pond. Nice place to dine out, as long as the wind was blowing up from the Wells that was straight off my post. Instead I went to my rock and the other two went to the Pool side diner. As I settled in for he night I had watched my best bud sit and take notice of something off the fence line. Chinook 747m was an Alaskan Malamute that was around a 100 lb. and was a retrain from Sentry to Patrol that had all the needs and wants of a k-9 handler. Nook, as I had nick named him, was standing then sitting and then standing again. I knew he had something in his sights, but I couldn't see anything. The strip gate shack had this big spot light on it that lit the whole area off the fence for 50 yards, but I kept looking, saying it must be a Mongoose or something. Well it was something or he wouldn't be trying to point it out to me.

The night grew older and I sat on my ammo can and ate my peanut butter and jelly sandwich that was in the box, when I noticed something different the next time I looked at the Gate. Still my eyes couldn't pick it out but Nook was now on "FULL ALERT" standing on his hind feet perfectly balanced and his hair all raised with this "I want to bite your ass look". I slid over behind him and looked down his nose like sighting a strike point and then I noticed this BUSH that wasn't there before. Then I realized that it was two bushes. Hum, was that there and I hadn't noticed it? Now my hair was on end! As I reached for my radio to call in an alert, the BUSH made a move toward the strip gate and the post that it swung off of.

As I had been programmed to do, I yelled "HALT! DUNG LIA!", which only made things worse. One dude runs to the fence post and draws his pistol and the other dude runs up his back and grabs the top of the post and is about to be on my side if I don't do something quick!!!!!!!! I decided to shoot first and make the radio call later as soon as I could so I could get some support. Things went so fast, as I stood with my CAR-15 I pushed it all the way to rockin roll (automatic) and came up with a complete 45 round burst that broke the silence of the night. Then everybody was on the radio wanting to know what was going on and where it was coming from. As I stood in my complete disbelief that this was not one of my dreams, I yelled into my radio that I had two people coming over the fence at the strip gate. Next thing I heard was the Track from the Bravo Rd bunker come crashing to a stop through the bushes to my left. Then my buddies in the middle of their dinner came running down the fence to back me up. I had always liked to use tracers in my clips. I guess so that I could see where I was hitting at night. It worked real well that night. As I had stood up and let go with that big burst, I saw one on the many rounds that first came out where into the road below me and had ricocheted up and into the forearm on the guy on top of the fence. It was a strange feeling to shoot another person, then to see him fall back over the fence and jump to his feet and along with his partner disappear into the moonless night. So just for good measure I loaded another 45 rd clip and scattered it all over the area. My way of saying, "and don't you ever try that on my post again!!!!!!!!"

(Continued on page 7)

As we all lay in the grass waiting for those higher ups to take charge of the situation I thought back to how long I had let that alert go on before I finally agreed with Nook that something was really there. From that night on, I always believed my partner and I let anybody that wanted to know, know that I had an alert and that this was Chinook saying something isn't right and lets take a look. Within a couple of hours the Australian ambush team showed up. Aw yes, "Watch Dog 22" went out on patrol and looked for anybody that might still be in the area. All they found that night was blood and some bushes that had been tied together with shoe laces. Of course they had got them straight from the NCO club and a lot of them could barely walk. Who knows, maybe they walked right by the same bushes I saw.

All I really care about is being able to come home, and write about it.

*Sgt Dale Terrell  
35th SPS, K-9  
Phan Rang Vietnam 1970-71*

Dale and his wife Nancy retired to the mountains of North Carolina on Oct 1st 1997. If you're in the area, come see us or write or e-mail.

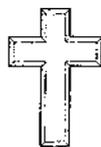
2599 Fall Creek Rd  
Purlear, NC 28665  
336-973-4337  
[terrell@jnjfoave.net](mailto:terrell@jnjfoave.net)

## **Wearing of the Uniform**

Military members who are retired, separated (war service) may wear the uniform as follows:

Retired may wear the uniform at occasions of military ceremony and is authorized to wear the appropriate uniforms prescribed at date of retirement or any of the uniforms authorized for active duty personnel, including the dress uniform. Do not mix uniform items. Members whose terminal assignment may wear the diamond in all instances the uniform is worn.

Personnel separated (war service) may wear the uniform at military funerals, memorial services, and inaugurations and is authorized to wear the appropriate uniforms prescribed at date of separation or any of the uniforms authorized for active duty personnel if they served honorably in the Air Force serving a declared or undeclared war. Installation commanders authorize such separatees to use military clothing sales stores to purchase uniforms and accessories required for special occasions such as military funerals, parades, or other ceremonies. Separatees pur-



## **Chaplain's Corner**



### **Posting Truck**

To some post-time means a night at the races and some fun...

To teenage kids in Vietnam it meant going to work in a war we could not have won.

You think of many things when you're on a truck in the night.

Heading out to a new post

And wondering if this night you may have to fight.

You think of what is wrong and what is right.

You think of a lot of things as the safety of the base fades slowly out of sight.

(The wind blows in your face and war dog's eager to get started.)

Going out was different than coming back.

When going out there was the anxiety and worry of what was ahead.

When returning about all you could think of was maybe some

breakfast and the sack.

Alone going out, alone while dropped of, and alone coming back home.

I guess that's why many ex K-9 men still prefer to be alone.

The good thing in looking back is that with God there we're never alone

Then or now...

*Steve Janke  
Cam Ranh Bay Air Base  
483 SPS, K-9 Division  
1970-71*

chase only the service dress or mess dress uniforms and accessories. Separatees may not purchase items commonly available from commercial sources. Military Clothing Sales establish adequate controls over quantities of uniform items each separatee purchases. Commanders ensure separatees present proof of honorable discharge under honorable conditions and know current uniform and grooming standards. Table 6.1, AFI 36-2903,

## People make the Difference!

Just rec'd "Guardmount" Vol 3, Issue 4, April 98. Like always had to read it before letting the dogs out.

Good stories. Jim Murray has done what I imagine a lot of us would like to do... Kent Miller did a good job also with his story. Although I was not at Bien Hoa during "Tet '68" (I was preoccupied down the road at TSN with the 377<sup>th</sup> SPS {Foxtrot Sector, Charlie Flight}), I would like to correct a detail in Ken's story.

I along with a contingent of about 50 "cops" from the 377<sup>th</sup> SPS were sent TDY to Bien Hoa in late April 1967 for a 30 day stay to help the 3<sup>rd</sup> SPS while the new bomb dump was moved into. On May 11<sup>th</sup>, while preparing for Guardmount (mid-shift), a K-9 unit alerted and I responded as part of a QRT to the perimeter. The QRT deployed and laid down a field of fire until flanking units could get in place. As the sweep through the mine field proceeded one (1) KIA VC was found and one (1) wounded VC was located. The live Charlie provided (as the unofficial intelligence grapevine had it) information indicating that Bien Hoa would come under attack within days. On May 12, 1967, at approximately midnight the 3<sup>rd</sup> came under intense rocket, mortar, recoilless, and grenade fire. Over 300 rounds were sent our way by way of the VC express. Later, we learned that this event was the first time Charlie had used the 122mm rockets any further south than Da Nang. It was also learned that the attack had been carried out by NVA regulars as opposed to an all VC unit. This event I'm sure caused Lt. Col. Miller, 3<sup>rd</sup> SPS Commander to move towards protecting his outside perimeter. If when the Airborne (Army) were available in camp. They were useless. So, even the odds. Not only at Bien Hoa, but throughout Vietnam. Tet became the pivotal point in time in the future development of the Security Police Field as a professional warrior organization.

As a future Air Force officer, I took from the battles in Vietnam at Bien Hoa and Tan Son Nhut the understanding that people (men and women) make the difference, not the tools, or machines. As I moved through my career in the Air Force to progressively higher positions of leadership I constantly reminded myself to listen to and follow my people, because when the time came, they would get it done! Thanks for the trip down memory lane! I look forward to future trips.

*Terry L. Dubberly, Capt, USAF/Ret  
37<sup>th</sup> SPS Phu Cat 3-4/67  
377<sup>th</sup> SPS TSN 4/67 - 3/68*

## Treasurer Report

The account balance as of 31 May 1998 is \$4786.49 with a reserve of \$840.00 as paid by members for the reunion. Actual fund balance \$3946.49

Reunion: Please get your registrations in by August 1, 1998 if possible. The Association has to pay the hotel one-third of the meal cost by August 15. Registration is \$60.00 per person (adults) (a couple will be \$120.00), \$25.00 per child ages 4-12. The hotel is the DoubleTree (Arlington, VA). Call the toll free number listed in your phone directory or call direct (703) 416-4100. Tell them you are with the VSPA. The rates are \$85.00 per room plus tax. Each member is responsible for their own hotel room costs. Reservations receive after 4:00 p.m. on **September 8, 1998 will be subject to space available basis only.** Detailed information about the reunion will be sent to those who register. Some events are still being planned. The reunion dates are October 8-11, 1998. There was some confusion on this in the last issue of "Guardmount". The dates are as stated here. Please plan to arrive on the afternoon of October 8 so we can get together and review the next days schedule (and get to know each other). Remember - there is going to be door prizes \$\$\$ given out at the dinner!

Merchandise Orders: Orders are sent to John Langley for processing on the 15<sup>th</sup> and 30<sup>th</sup> of each month. Once John receives an order it may take 4-6 weeks to fill. If your order goes beyond this time please contact Steve Ray. We are looking at offering coffee mugs with our VSPA logo. I think this will be an item you will want to have.

Web page: The new VSPA address is <http://www.vspa.com> Take a look at it, it's very good!

The following members made monetary donations during this period: Garth Wright. Many thanks.

In accordance with a membership approved resolution at the October 1997 business meeting, Articles of Incorporation as a non-profit organization, will be filed in the State of Georgia in the coming months. In addition notice is hereby given that the VSPA by-laws will be considered and/or adopted at the 1998 business meeting scheduled for October 11, 1998 at 11:00 a.m. at the DoubleTree Hotel, 300 Army Navy Drive, Arlington, VA 22202. Any item that you wish considered at the business meeting will be accepted until September 15, 1998. Send to Steve Ray.

I'm looking forward to the reunion. I hope as many as are able will attend.

*Steve Ray*

# Mail Call

Interested parties can order the Black KIA bracelets with the names of American troops killed in action in Vietnam. When purchasing a bracelet anyone can specify the name they want from the names on the Vietnam Memorial Wall.

This would be a great opportunity for those of us in VSPA and others who were lucky to return to come home to honor our fallen SP brothers. These bracelets may be purchased from several locations for prices ranging from \$9.00 to \$11.00.

Larry Breazeale  
Bien Hoa '68-'69

Check with the military installations in your area for open houses and military displays such as the Thunderbirds or Blue Angles. These are good places to find former military members such as SP/AP who are prospective members for VSPA. If you contact the local Information Office or Public Affairs Office you may be able to set up a booth to provide information and recruit new members. Remember that if you are trying to sell things they may want to charge you a fee, but if not most are willing to provide you space free. If you are interested contact me and I will provide you with some ideas for displays which will include the QC patch and VSPA logo. Sign in rosters will provide you with a list of potential recruits. There are many fellow SP/AP's who served in SEA that still do not know of our existence.

(Continued on page 10)

## 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? \_\_\_\_\_



## ASSOCIATION MERCHANDISE FOR SALE

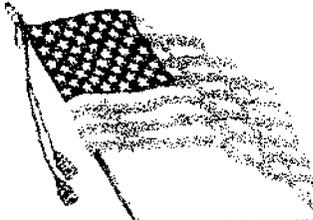


1. Association Patch - made around a QC design \_\_\_\_\_ \$ 5.00
2. Air Force Combat Veteran Patch \_\_\_\_\_ \$ 4.00
3. Security Police Badge Patch \_\_\_\_\_ \$ 4.00
4. QC lapel pin, Just arrived \_\_\_\_\_ \$ 3.50
5. QC patch, Actual size. Quality Reproduction. American Made \_\_\_\_\_ \$ 5.00
6. 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. \_\_\_\_\_ \$15.00
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

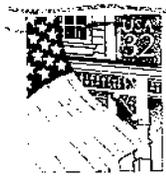
Please add \$3.00 shipping and handling. Please make checks for merchandise payable to Vietnam Security Police Association. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Send checks to 1626 Chandler Road, Huntsville, AL 35801

Guardmount  
David Dobson  
5315 Bevans Ave.  
Spring Hill, FL 34608

**Guardmount**



**AMERICA IS #1**  
Thanks to our  
Veterans



**First Class**

Don  
Pass



*(Continued from page 9)*

Other events that provide opportunity for recruiting and publicity for VSPA are Veterans Day Observations, Memorial Day Observations, National Police Week, gun shows, community events and police rodeos, just to name a few. You may also be able to place some posters at some of the veteran service organizations such as VFW, American Legion, DAV, Air Force Association, Air Force Security Police Association and many others, many Nam SP/AP's belong to these organizations.

I would also like to suggest that VSPA put together a "VSPA Pictorial Yearly Calendar that could be used as a fund raiser. This could have photograph or graphics depicting Security Police in SEA during the Vietnam war. Include important dates affecting Security Police could be included on this calendar. Check with your local military bases for possible air shows and help our ranks grow. Good luck and good recruiting.

*Larry Breazeale  
3<sup>rd</sup> SPS  
Bien Hoa '68 - '69*

The Southern California members of VSPA joined with other Veteran groups during the Memorial Day services at Riverside National Cemetery at Riverside, California on May 25, 1998. The cool, damp weather was over come by the warmth, solidarity and camaraderie of the veterans present. The ceremonies were held in an amphitheater near a replica of the "Tomb of the Unknown Soldier." Seats were provided on either side of the tomb for dignitaries both civilian and veterans. Along with the usual speeches local veterans groups were acknowledged. Larry Breazeale placed a wreath at the memorial that in the name of VSPA and AFSPA.

There was also a VSPA exhibit manned by Roger Carpenter, Mike Kennedy and his wife. The wreath was fabricated by Carl Olson, a former SP. He and his wife were also at the exhibit to answer any questions about the wreath. Mike Kennedy is currently a Lieutenant for USC Campus Police, he was a Security Policeman assigned to the 3<sup>rd</sup> SPS, Bien Hoa. The exhibit consisted of placards and posters which told the story of Security Police in Vietnam. It was a dreary cloudy afternoon but there was sunshine in everyone's heart.

*Larry Breazeale  
3<sup>rd</sup> SPS  
Bien Hoa '68 - '69*