

Vietnam Security Police Association Guardmount

Vietnam Security Police Association 10th Anniversary Reunion Tucson, Arizona – October 7–10, 2004

The reunion will be held at The Viscount Suites in Tucson. All rooms are 2 room suites and include a full breakfast buffet each morning for only \$79 a night plus tax. The Viscount is our best hotel deal ever! The following itinerary and meals have been arranged for you and are included with your registration fee of \$128:

~ Registration will include a welcoming package with reunion identification,
An itinerary, a list of attendees and local information.

~ Reception with dinner beer and wine on Thursday Evening, October 7th

~ Tour of Pima Air and Space Museum, Boneyard and
Davis Monthan AFB with lunch on Friday, October 8th

~ Business Meeting on Saturday Morning, October 9th

~ VSPA Sisterhood Gathering of wives and companions during business meeting

~ Banquet Dinner on Saturday Evening, October 9th

~ Memorial Service on Sunday Morning, October 10th

~ Commemorative 10th Anniversary Reunion QC Pin

~ Hospitality Room stocked with snacks & beverages

~ All associated taxes and gratuities

Call the Viscount Suites toll free at (800) 527-9666 to make your hotel reservations. The hotel will provide free parking. Airport transportation will be approximately \$16 for one person or \$20 for 2 persons each way

**COME JOIN US AS WE SHARE OLD MEMORIES AND MAKE NEW ONES!!!
PLEASE USE THE REGISTRATION FORM TO REGISTER FOR OUR REUNION.**

If you have questions, please call VSPA President Steve Gattis at (254) 898-2647
or send e-mail to SteveGattis-LM49@vspa.com

“WE TAKE CARE OF OUR OWN.”

(Registration form page 15)

Safeside Vietnam Zippo Lighters: Rolf Gerster

Hello

May I introduce myself? I'm a 33-year-old major of the Swiss Armed Forces, branch artillery (M-109). My job is to instruct future artillery officers. Last year, I started to collect Zippo lighters, especially those from the Vietnam war.

Recently, I found 2 Vietnam Zippo lighters which are now in my collection:

1. Front engravings "I LOVE YOU PAT", "823 ND SAFESIDE VIETNAM 69" (Zippo was made 1968)
2. Front engravings "PHAN-RANG VIET-NAM", "SAFESIDE FRANKIE", "RJG" (Zippo was made 1968)

Does anybody know more about these lighters or even the former owners? I can send you pictures of these lighters if you like (mail to rolf.gerster@datacomm.ch).

If you like and find the time, feel free to visit my homepage: www.gerst.ch

Thank you very much for your help.

Rolf Gerster (Major GS, Swiss Armed Forces)

Contact Den Cook for more information.

Classified Ad

"Dedicated AP/SP patch collector looking to buy Vietnam & Thailand patches. This would be for my own collection, not resale. Please contact me at tuyhoa68@att.net or 610-691-6960 with any questions. Thank you. Don Graham"

Sadly I just received the following letter from Adrienne Martin.

"I am writing to let you know that Sam died on Feb 7. He was my hero and died heroically. He was a proud member of the VSPA but more importantly he was a soldier of the cross of Jesus Christ.

Samuel H. Martin LM 101
733 West Oak Street
Palmyra, PA 17079

377th SPS, 66-67

How'd I Get Here? - Tommy Williams 12 SPS 70-71

How'd I Get Here?

My how time flies! It seemed like just a few months and I had received orders for Vietnam. Actually, it had been 18 months. My first duty station was Luke AFB, Arizona, where I was one of several LE Desk Sergeants (with only 2 stripes!). The day I got my orders was filled with mixed emotions. My wife was upset and, being all of 23 years old, was looking for the "great adventure".

After completing AZR in Lackland, I returned to Arizona to complete my 30-days leave before shipping out. That was probably the longest 30-days in my life. My sister came out to our apartment in Goodyear, Arizona, to drive my wife and our household goods that didn't go to storage back home to Shreveport, LA. I boarded a commercial jet bound for SEA/TAC - Seattle/Tacoma Airport, then on to a chartered stretch DC-8 bound for Vietnam. It seemed like we waited days to get on that jet - but it was probably just 5-6 hours!

I remember looking at all the guys on that jet and wondering how many of them would make the return trip in a very different way. There was a mixture of Army and Air Force, enlisted and officers, but we were all headed toward an uncertain future. It was February, 1970, and the "great adventure" had begun. At one point on the long flight from Seattle, thru Anchorage, Alaska, and on to Yakota, Japan, I could not sleep. I walked forward to get a cup of coffee and ended up talking to one of the flight attendants. I looked out of the small window in the galley at the setting

sun as we chased it across the Pacific.

When we landed in Japan, it was pouring rain. Something I'd have to get used to after spending the past year and a half in the desert southwest. We unloaded the aircraft to change to a military bird. I went into the "john" and was tending to business when I looked up and, with a start, found an old man lying on a ledge in front of the urinals, sound asleep! Welcome to Asia! If I weren't already pissing, it would have scared the piss out of me.

We boarded a C-130 and took off for Cam Ranh Bay, South Vietnam. It was dark when we landed and after being processed, I had some time on my hands. I was walking down this road when I heard and felt something big and mechanical approaching from the rear. There it was, an Armored Personnel Carrier (APC) manned by USAF Security Police. I was here!

The next day, I was sent to Phu Cat Air Base and began my 362 days in South East Asia. While completing my training, they found out that I could read a topographical map and type. I was immediately assigned to the SP Intelligence Section to replace SSgt Tom Jones who was due to DEROS within a couple of weeks. Tom took me around to the Army MACV camps in Phu Cat and An Nhon villages and introduced me to the Intelligence Officers (S-2) that I would be working with for the next year. These guys were in charge of the Phoenix program for their areas. The Phoenix program was the CIA backed plan to identify and eliminate any VC who had infiltrated the villages.

The guy in An Nhon was a little scary! There was this NVA soldier in the mountains to the Northwest of PCAB that had a vendetta against him and one day he wanted to know if I'd like to go with him into the hills to try and capture (or kill) this guy. Fortunately, I realized this would probably be frowned on by my superiors, not to mention how my wife would feel if something happened while on this highly unauthorized and scatter-brained "mission".

Some of the highpoints of my year at PCAB included working for TSgt Donald G. Ogden. Don had become the NCOIC of the section following the departure of TSgt Varney. Don was one of the best "leaders" I've had, in and out of the military. We did more than our share of cooking out, eating and drinking together. He and TSgt Bennie Asbell loved to play a "little cards". Bennie always said he had plenty of money, as long as he had blank checks. I think it was the booze talking!

There are many stories about this time, but that may come later. Remember the reaction when the "Freedom Bird" rotated and the tires left Vietnam? How about when the lights of the first U.S. city came into view?? For me, it was the lights of Seattle. That's something you never forget!

Tommy Williams
12th Security Police Squadron
Phu Cat Air Base
1970-71

Silent Night-Silent Flight

Howard A. Pugh

633rd SPS, QRT

Pleiku Air Base, RVN

Oct 68 Sept 69

Having received a DEROS date, I was happy and somewhat sad. I was being ordered out of Pleiku Air Base and reassigned to the 6200 Security Police Squadron at Clark Air Base in the Philippines. I had dreamed of being reassigned somewhere, anywhere in Europe (USAFE), but that was not to be. I know that Clark was a mere 1 ½ hours flying time from Cam Rhan Bay. My point of departure out of Vietnam.

Continued page 8

Agent Orange - Paul Mashburn

I seem to remember that Guardmount may have carried an article on Agent Orange a couple of years back. However, since then I have applied for and got 20% disability from the VA for my Adult Onset Diabetes, or Type II Diabetes. It might be good to remind our guys what they are entitled to.

From what I read on the Internet, between 1962 and 1971, the United States sprayed 19 million gallons of herbicides over southern Vietnam to destroy jungle cover and food for communist troops. About 55 percent of that, or nearly 10.5 million gallons, was Agent Orange. Spraying was halted in 1971 after it was found Agent Orange was highly contaminated with the most dangerous form of dioxin, TCDD, and caused cancer in rats

I distinctly remember bumping the C-123s (see attached file I borrowed from the Internet) at DaNang. They were parked on the north side of the B-57 area. I can even recall the smell of it and the sticky squish it made under my boots. I also remember walking under the wings of the 123s and looking up at the little silver riveted patches, used to cover the holes made by the ground fire the planes often took flying low over the jungles. So, I'm positive I was exposed

About a year and a half ago, I was diagnosed with Type II Diabetes. I had been borderline diabetic for several years. My life style finally pushed me over the edge and my family doctor prescribed Avandia. It seems to be in check now

On the encouragement of my uncle, who retired from the Air Force, and others I knew with Vietnam military service, I called the Veterans Administration and made an appointment. The VA administrator filled out a complicated form for me and sent it to the VA in Nashville, TN. Soon I received a letter requesting my medical files, a letter from my doctor concerning my diagnosis and treatment, and original documents proving my Vietnam and military service. You can fill the form out on line, but it is a bit confusing

If you don't have original copies, the VA will even research and find original copies of your DD214 and other assignment records for you. Some smarter guys filed original copies, as official records, with their local courthouses, but I didn't. No problem, they found them for me

The rule is - if you have served a day "in country" and have been diagnosed with Type II Diabetes, or any other herbicide related condition, you ARE eligible for compensation. Within 6 months, I received a letter stating that my claim had been approved at 20% disability. This amounts to \$205/month for life! That's probably about what I made in Vietnam with combat pay! Plus, I got about 16 months back pay included in the first check. They paid retroactively back to the earliest diagnosis found in my doctor's records

If you, or any of our guys, have developed any of the conditions listed on the VA website (<http://www.vba.va.gov/blp/21/benefits/herbicide/>), then you too are eligible.

Since I am within 1 or 2 years of retiring to a fixed income, you can bet this \$205 a month will come in handy. Some may think this is sort of like welfare. I don't! Besides, we gave them at least a year in harm's way, AND don't forget they exposed us - we earned it.

Other sources of research on the subject can be found at

<http://www.landscaper.net/agent2.htm>

http://www.hcvets.com/Agent_Orange.htm

<http://www1.va.gov/agentorange/>

http://www.mycloma.org/mycloma/newsletter.jsp?type_detail&id=1141

<http://www.diabetes.org/type-2-diabetes/agent-orange.jsp>

Paul Mashburn

Life Member #152

DaNang 66-67

Cam Rahn Bay — by Bill Marshall (*part two*)

However, the greatest danger posed was the "Sapper" attack. On February 22, 1969, such an attack occurred under cover of darkness. What was believed to be a five-man Viet Cong Sapper team penetrated the outer perimeter of Phu Cat, but due to the quick reaction of the K-9 handler, security perimeter guards, security alert teams and the "Cobra" mortar and security units repelled the attack by eliminating the "Sapper" team and taking one prisoner. Through the interrogation of this prisoner we learned how this mission had been rehearsed on prior nights with probes to test their entry to the base. We also learned the type of equipment they used and their mission. Had they accomplished their mission, we would have lost planes and perhaps lives. The combined forces of the Security Police and Cobra and K-9 was tested this night and proved that our vigilance and training could and would stop future aggressions of the "Sapper."

While life on Phu Cat was punctuated with these sheer moments of terror, daily life continued at a snail's pace. Somehow each "Hootch" had acquired a refrigerator to keep our beer cold. Each Airman was given a ration card that allowed so many cases of beer or liquor per month. Quite certainly it did not come close to each persons requirements. Collectively we used everyone's cards to keep the refrigerator stocked and locked with a chain and padlock! Yes, beer would disappear if not secured! After leaving our posts from a long night, we would have breakfast followed by a round of beer, which allowed us to unwind from the tension and tedium of the night and, of course, it helped us sleep during the day. If one was lucky, they might sleep until 1 or 2 p.m. By this time temperatures were well above 100 degrees and we had nothing to do until evening post time. We filled our time by writing letters, sending tapes, listening to music, and talking about what life was like in "The World" (U.S.) and, of course, a trip to the base exchange to replenish our beverage supply. Sometimes the exchange would have things like stereos or watches. However, word traveled fast and sellouts were quick.

With the occasional day off airmen from the base were allowed to visit Quin Nhon a city that was approximately 20 miles from the base. The typical transportation was a deuce and half truck loaded with airmen and several security policeman riding escort providing protection. The city was a port city and home to many Saigon Tea bars. They were bar's where you could buy alcohol and have the company of female host who drank regular tea at over inflated prices which was added to your bar bill. In addition servicemen were allowed both in country and out of country R&R (Rest and Recuperation) married servicemen would meet their wives in Hawaii while single men chose locations such as Bangkok, Taipei, Taiwan, Singapore, Sydney Australia. Returning to the Nam was very difficult after 7 days of worry free R&R.

While time seemed to stand still, it was even more evident with our "Short Timers' Calendar." This was a way to measure how much time was left in "The Nam." Everyone who had less than 6 months to go knew exactly the number of days before going home. The expression you heard everywhere was, "I'm short", which meant they were 30 days or less from leaving Vietnam. When you reached one week, you were 6 days and a wake-up from home. By this time you were really SHORT! Response might be, "I am sooo short that if I were sitting on a thimble, my feet would not touch the ground!!" This banter kept us focused on the ultimate goal, "Going Home." and was cause to celebrate someones imminent departure and the nearing of your own!

I spent my first 4 months on "C" flight until I received my promotion to E-5 Staff Sergeant. After my promotion, I was transferred as Flight Chief for Law Enforcement "C" Flight again - an assignment that had us working from dusk to dawn. Somewhere during this early period I was on patrol outside the base perimeter when I came across a puppy along side the road. Not knowing who it belonged to, I picked him up. No sooner had I put him in my jeep when I was accosted by a "mamasan" who, after much difficulty in understanding, claimed it was hers. We finally agreed upon a monetary settlement and with my dog (ears flapping in the wind), departed for the base. Needless to say, he became our flight mascot. He rode in the jeep during duty hours, slept in the barracks and ate GI food. We finally arrived at the name "Mac" after our NCOIC, MSGT. MacElhenny. Not sure he approved, but the name stuck and so did our small canine friend. Leaving Phu Cat after 1 year was not difficult, but leaving my dog behind was. I can only begin to understand the feelings the K-9 handlers had when leaving their friends behind. I do know that Mac stayed on as the Mascot, but am unsure of his eventual fate!

It is very difficult to summarize my feelings after my year in Vietnam. I had completed my 4-year commitment and had elected to become a civilian once again. I do know that I was proud to serve my country and had the opportunity to work with some of the finest airmen in the USAF. We were all very young, disciplined, and well trained and did our job to the highest standards expected. It has taken a long time for some of us to recognize our contribution and feel our country's recognition. That is why when one Vietnam Veteran greets another they say, "Welcome Home!" due to the many years when no one else welcomed them back!

New Members in order of enlistment

New Members in order of enlistment.

Apr-04

Philip Carroll	Takhli 5/70-71 Nakon Phanom 12/70-71	Gladstone, OR
Michael Douglas	Danang 8/71-72 Tan My	Litchfield Park, AZ
Lawrence Gearig	Tuy Hoa 1/68-1/69 Cam Ranh Bay	Swanton, OH
Daniel Foster	Ubon 2/68-69	Endicott, NY
Joseph Chominczak	Tan Son Nhut 72	Somers, CT
Stanley Moberg	Tan Son Nhut 6/66-67	Grand Haven, MI
Warren Mayard	Korat 7/71-72 NKP 2/74-75 U-Tapao 9/75-76	Peru, IN
Louis Deloss	Phan Rang 4/66-67 Tuy Hoa	Medina, OH

May-04

Richard Ross	Tan Son Nhut 10/67-68	Sparta, NJ
Kenneth Miller	Phu Cat 4/70-71	Tonica, IL
Philip Scott	Nakon Phanom 68 Tan Son Nhut 9/71-72	Redwood Falls, MN
John Rehnberg	Phan Rang 10/67-68	Fremont, CA
Michael Winn	Tuy Hoa 3/68-69	Madisonville, KY
David Slater	Tuy Hoa 6/69-70	Kennerdell, PA
Carlos Andrews "Dick"	Danang 12/66-67	Poplarville, MS

Jun-04

John Martin	Cam Ranh Bay 12/68-69 Don Muang 12/69-71	Oxnard, CA
Mark Pratt	Tan Son Nhut 12/69-70	Niantic, CT
John Kelly	Phan Rang 67 Pleiku 68 Tan Son Nhut	Staples, MN
Thomas Donnelly	Phu Cat 3/69-70	Las Vegas, NV
Robert Gallagher	Tan Son Nhut 8/68-69	West Chester, PA
William Banister	Tan Son Nhut 9/66-67 Vung Tau	Honea Path, SC
Stephen Allen	Pleiku 6/71-72	Tuskegee, AL

Jul-04

Frederick "Fritz" Heiss	Phu Cat 2/67-68	Ft. Meyers, FL
Billy Roberts	Takhli 2/68-69	Atwater, CA
Daniel Rooney	Binh Thuy 6/65-66	Rome, NY
Alan Pearch	Danang 8/67-68 Monkey Mountain	Chagrin Falls, OH
David Pierson	Binh Thuy 9/69-70 Phan Rang	Carson City, NV
William Hogan	Danang 8/64-65	Maryland Heights, MO
Roger Lansden	Danang 9/69-70	Portland, OR

Vietnam Heroes Reunion-William Pete Piazza

The 37th Security Police Squadron's "Cobra Flight" Vietnam Heroes Reunion.

By William "Pete" Piazza, SMSgt (Ret) - wpiazza@cox.net
It all started in 2000 with the initial reunion and then a second reunion in 2002 and now in 2004 with the third reunion of the original volunteers of the Phu Cat AB 37th Security Police Squadron "Cobra Flight" personnel.

This story begins in 1967 at Phu Cat AB, Vietnam. It was 37 years ago that 66 Security Policemen from the 37th Security Police Squadron volunteered to become "Cobra Flight" and take on the duties of providing security for Phu Cat AB in a new manner that the USAF Security Police had not tried yet.

These young Airmen, NCOs and Officers stepped up and volunteered to be the first line of defense for the forming Phu Cat AB in Vietnam. They had to setup a defensive perimeter to protect the base and worked on pin pointing places that the enemy (VC/NVA) would most likely attempt to come in and hit them at anytime of the day or night. In this way they would be ready for anything that came their way.

Now many years later, these men who have been they're, done it and came home. Sit around a tent on a farm that has a pond and a flagpole with the US Flag and the Cobra Flag flying for all to see. This farm belongs to one of the men and is called "Cobra Base Camp" when they meet for a very special reason. This land during the time these men and their wives come together is like "hollowed ground" for them.

The farm is located near Chilhowee, MO, which is located in the northwest sector of Missouri near Whiteman AFB, which is the home of the 509th Bomb Wing (B-2's) and the home of the 509th Security Police Squadron that provides security for these one of a kind of aircraft.

Like all reunions it was to have these folks come together to see what has been happening since those days in 1967 and 1968. But it was to also make a coming together of the Band of Brothers in Arms that lived, worked and did

some weird and funny things together while being stationed at Phu Cat AB.

This is not a story to tell you about what they did to make it through their time in Vietnam, but to tell you about what they do when they come together after all these years. Yes, they talk about the good, bad and other hardships they faced in combat. But they also come together to talk about their brothers in arms "that have turned in the shields for the last time" and to let their wives better understand what makes them tick as a man and what they went through. I think they should be called "Heroes" for the outstanding job they did in the conditions they had to put up with.

Since the first Reunion, the 509th SFS folks have taken these "Cobra's" under they wing and have made them members of that squadron. Each time they meet the 509SFS folks come out and setup a tent or two for them to use for their reunion, as well as some other equipment. They invite them to come out to the squadron for a dog and pony show and even give everyone time to talk to and with the SF folks.

Many a tall story is passed around during this time, but the SF folks enjoy this because now they better understand the heritage and history of our career field and what these men did to be so honored. The 509SFS even presented each of the "Cobra's" a squadron challenge coin, not once but twice, when they changed the design of the coin this year.

In 2006, there will be another reunion of the Cobra's and their ranks may be less, but their hearts and feeling will be as one. These men have made their mark in the history of the USAF Security Police career field and they should be honored for that. Their motto is "COBRA FLIGHT - NO GUTS - NO GLORY" and also "WE ARE TAKING HITS AND STILL RETURNING FIRE".

So with that I am proud to have severed on Cobra Flight at Phu Cat AB from 1970-1971. I am also honored to know and follow in the footsteps of these outstanding Combat Sky Cops.

Advertisement

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as their loved one's believe they were killed in action**

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My First Week At NKP-Don Marshall

I remembered my first week At NKP. I need to tell a little before getting there things like, not getting my orders to go to AZR training, during AZR training we did not get the allotted ammo because it was the end of the year and the budget was almost not existent, so training was not totally what they normally gave. So I was a little nervous about it. When we flew in to NKP the first thing that I remember was that an officer got up after we landed looked out the small window and looked back at us with a nervous look and said all he seen was jungle

I was picked up at the terminal and taken to squadron HQ by a guy in jungle fatigues, he was the only one I saw wearing them as we went back, I was really gripping about everything, really giving the guy down the road, only to find out when we got there and the guys at the door saluted him did I realize he was a Captain, he just grinned and said do not worry about it he was dems out in two weeks and he did not care

We were processing the first week, going over drills, what to do when attacked, showing us the perimeter. At one end of the runway we came to a tower that was brand new, I asked if it was just put there, and they said no that it had been rebuilt because of a plane that had hit it when it crashed. They continued on the tour showing us bunkers, op post, towers and making sure we new where everything was at

My first time at guardmount I looked on the duty roster and seen my name on Tango 7, I thought not to bad as I climbed on the deuce and half. We went out posting and when we came to Tango 7 I got off and found out Tango 7 was the tower that had been rebuilt. We had a Thai guard underneath the tower and several ways to get of,

like down the fireman pole, ladder, rope or if you were in a real hurry you could jump.

About two hrs had past when as I was looking thru the NOD I saw about 10 or 11 people out in the jungle. I tried to get the Thai guard to come up and look but he did not know english and I had not learned Thai. I remember before I called CSC that they had told us to be as calm as possible when reporting so when I called I said as slow and as calm .that we had 10 to 11 people at a certain distance from my post. I waited for a reply and just as I started to say it again they acknowledged me but they were the nervous voices, they called the sector supervisor he came and looked and said he did not see anyone, and asked me if I still saw them. when I said yes they brought in Night Recon they did not see anything, during that time I heard CSC call the mortar pit to ready two rounds of HE and one rd of illumination. We were still standing by when CSC called me back and with a little sarcasm he told everybody and especially me to disregard the people that I saw because they were a Thai Air Force patrol. I was really relieved I did not want to get in a firefight my first night on duty.

Thai Air Force had a bad habit of instead of going out on patrol they stuck as close to the base as possible, and actually building fires at night, In fact one night CSC told everybody in Charlie and Delta sector to be advised that a Thai Army patrol was coming out to look for a Thai Air Force patrol. I did feel better when I knew the Thai Army was on patrol compared to the Thai Air Force.

Don Marshall
NKP RTAFB 1973

Silent Night-Silent Flight - continued

I had a direct duty assignment of 15 months at Clark, so, with no delay in route, I had no real idea when I would really see the world again, least of all my hometown of Philadelphia PA. In any event, I just wanted to get out of Vietnam.

The day finally came to leave Pleiku. I said my last good-bye's. We boarded a C-130 bound for Cam Ranh Bay.

My flight to Clark was not scheduled to arrive until the following night. What was I going to do all this time? I was without a doubt anxious and scared stiff being without a weapon and no familiar faces in sight. What a naked and lonely feeling.

When my Freedom Bird finally arrived and had been refueled. I really started to notice my fellow passengers as we boarded. Soldiers from all branches of the service were present, some were still wearing blood stained ragged uniforms. Some were dressed in class A and B uniforms, and some GI's in civilian garb, on the way to or from R and R. This all appeared to me to be dream like.

As our 727 aircraft quickly taxied out to the darkened runway I observed flares lighting up the night time sky. The flight crew did not talk over the PA system, instead they turned out the cabin lights, there were just two exit lights fore and aft still visible.

I was gripped in fear as we throttled up for take off. As the 727 rose from the ground there was an eerie silence on board which I thought would last forever. The silence was broken by the pilots voice over the PA announcing that we had just cleared Vietnam air space.

As the cabin lighting was switched on, there was a roar of applause and cheers. Hand slapping, hand shaking, whistling, strangers meeting and greeting strangers. And of course there was me, weeping and blubbing openly with joy and pain.

The celebrating went on for all of ten minutes. All on board settled down and appeared to breath a sigh of relief as if a terrible burden had been lifted from our shoulders.

A peaceful silence overtook us all as we flew eastward into the darkened sky.

"OH! What a Night"

History of the Blue Beret – Do you know?

The following comments were taken from the VSPA Bulletin Board.

Point of History -- Stephen Pippenger, Sat, May 29 2004

Does anyone know when and what unit was the first to wear the blue beret that the air force adopted and still wear today. I do because I was one of them. The 432nd Security Police Sqdn. was the first to wear them back in 1969. We bought and got them approved by Lt. Col. John Kocker, our commander of the Police. He advised us that we could wear them as long as he got one also. We wore them to our next duty assignment and they were adopted by the Air Force as proper part of the Security Police uniform. I still have mine here but have replaced it with a new one due to the age and falling apart. Just thought you might like to know.

Larry Ernsting: Sun, May 30 2004

The 1041sps(T) in 67. 821CSPS had a blue beret in 68. I was with the 821CSPS 68-70

Steve Kipp: Sun, May 30 2004

Shadow flight. Ubon RTAFB. 1966.

Call the beret black or very dark blue, if you like...

Jim Watson: Sun, May 30 2004

I always wondered where the blue beret came from and when it started. It seems there are some conflicting stories not that it matters. All I know I is that I was a Air Policeman/Security Police from 1967-71 and at all three bases I served at as a Sentry dog handler, March AFB Ca., Ubon RTAFB, and Kadena AB Okinawa I never saw a blue beret. I would have liked to worn one It seems like they were a lot nicer then those olive drab baseball hats we were wearing.

John Fox: Wed, Jun 02 2004

While stationed in the Netherlands, and then Germany (1975-1978) the USAFE bases started getting them. At Spangdahlem (52 SPS) for some reason, whenever they came in they were sent to someone else. I think we finally started wearing them in 1977.

Roger Bleile: Thu, Jun 03 2004

When I arrived at Tan Son Nhut in November 1965 the men of the 6250th Air Police Squadron were already wearing dark blue berets. We had to purchase them ourselves from any of the Vietnamese vendors in the area. I bought mine in a little shop on 100P Alley. We also had to buy a QC patch to sew onto the beret. The beret patch was smaller and thicker than the one we wore on our left sleeve. When the 7th Air Force took over in 1966 and our name was changed to the 377th Air Police Squadron we were told we could no longer wear our berets on duty but could still wear them off duty, which I always did. On duty we had to wear helmet liners or steel pots.

Roger Bleile

6250th/377th APS

Tan Son Nhut AB 11/65-11/66

Bill Marshall: Fri, Jun 04 2004

In 1956 General Curtis E. LeMay, commander of the Strategic Air Command designated a group of Air Policemen known as the SAC Elite Guard to provide security and honor ceremonies at Offutt AFB. The Blue Beret was the first distinctive item of the uniform. The Blue Beret has been worn to this day by the Elite Guard at Offutt AFB.

Anyone with more information about the Blue Beret can contribute to the Blue Beret history through Guardmount, simply contact me.

Veteran's Internet Sites – by Tommy Williams

Are you missing some of your medals or ribbons? Do you want some memorabilia from your service years? There are probably many websites that you can go to and find some of what you want. I wanted to do two things: make a jacket with various Vietnam Security Police patches and make a shadow-box display for my ribbons and some of my pictures from Vietnam. So, I did a "Yahoo" search and came up with "SoldierCity.com". This site offers military medals and ribbons from campaigns from WW2 through Desert Storm. I quickly found a black flight jacket (I just couldn't stand the thought of having an MA-1 jacket!), several Vietnam Veteran patches and mini-versions of the medals I had been given for my service. Especially, the Vietnam Gallantry Cross. I left the AF in 1976 after 7 ½ years of service and for many years didn't give much thought to those years. I guess, as I've aged, I begin looking back on those years as something to be proud of! I have made the display box and it is now in my office. I made my jacket and proudly wore it the last few days of winter here in the Deep South. All y'a have to do is "let your fingers do the walking" across the keyboard to find what you want.

GETTIN' SHORT-J. Paul Mashburn

Remember the song "Bridge Over Troubled Waters", by Simon and Garfunkel? The lyric in the song that goes, "Sail on silver girl, your time has come to shine, all your dreams are on their way, see how they fly." is one that I'll always identify with my Vietnam experience. There were two Boeing 707's (silver birds in my mind - to make the analogy work) that flew into and out of my life exactly one year apart. The first a classy Pan Am flight - white with blue lettering, and the second a sleeker looking Northwestern bird - silver with red lettering. One took me into the shadow of evil and the other brought me out; a little different, but alive.

March 12, 1966 was almost ending as the Pan Am pilot announced our steep approach to Tan Son Nhut Airbase just outside Saigon, South Vietnam. We had completed the last leg of the journey after a brief layover in Guam. The champagne flight had been held there due to an earlier Viet-Cong mortar and "sapper" attack on the large airbase. Laughter from the last round of drinks quickly ended as the engines throttled back and the flaps dropped and slowed the planes descent. What was it all about? We were fresh from the comforts of America, and most of all, the peace and security. We had no idea what to expect.

A shiver ran up my spine as uncertainty tightened its grip on me. Uncertainty quickly turned to fear as the base came into view off the right wing. Black columns of smoke rose from burning JP4 jet-fuel tanks and a few aircraft along a flight line. This is war, and it ain't a movie? This was real and I was about to step foot into it! This was the reality and the reality was that I had just began a year long tour. This was day one.

"When you depart, go quickly to the wall of the terminal building, and stay close to it until safely inside." the pilot announced, "Don't let anyone take your baggage. Carry it yourself." These were the comforting words that introduced us to Vietnam.

As we all looked out at the rising ground below, we all wished we could be children once more and just hold someone's supporting hand - but no! We were America's finest fighting men and we had to act our age and show none of the fear inside. We did pretty well at showing an age older than our years, but fear was staring back at us in every face.

With the muggy air in my face and pilot's wordings repeating themselves in my head, I headed for the terminal wall. No sooner than I had touched the tarmac, a voice shouted above the noise of the flight line, "Carry your bag mister?" I felt a tug and looked down. A strangely dressed little dark skinned, dark haired, boy was attempting to take my bag.

"NO!" I shouted out of fear. and jerked the bag away. He looked puzzled at me for a short moment

and then passed on by and repeated the words to the next troop. I kept hearing "no" as I hurried on for the sanctuary of the terminal.

The place was like an old Bogart movie, dimly light, very old, very dirty, and worst of all, very foreign. Even though most of the arriving troops were in civilian clothes, you could tell us a mile away. Short haircuts and green, black, and blue duffel bags closely guarded by our sides. We outnumbered the little locals running around shouting things we couldn't understand, but somehow they seemed to have the upper hand. I felt vulnerable. They stared right though you. Almost in hate, it seemed. Didn't they know I didn't want to be there...and not just the terminal - Vietnam!

That night I lay awake in my transit bunk listening to the sounds of Tan Son Nhut running. I could hear the jets, choppers, and planes taking off and landing, and voices that seemed to know their place in the distance. How do they know what to do? Who's running all this? When will someone tell me what to do? The anxiety prevailed for 3 days until my military flight left for Da Nang.

During one of these nights an older troop, at least he looked older, it could have been from his experience and not his chronological age, came in from a night of reveling in celebration of his going home, and woke me from a light sleep. "SHORT! SHORT! FIGMO! FIGMO, you poor sons-of-bitches!"

Three of his rebel rousing confederates rather sloppily helped him into his bunk and left him to mumble himself off to sleep. "I'm short by God...FIGMO...hmmmmmm...", and soon he was out.

I awoke the next morning to the word "short" again. "What's this 'short' and 'figmo' crap we heard last night?" one of the new guys was asking the older troop. The obviously excited airman looked up from the duffel bag he was packing and opened his locker.

"Green weenies...meet Miss FIGMO!" Stuck to the door was a fairly well drawn naked woman. "Ain't she beautiful? 'Course she's more beautiful colored in than she is like this," he said, handing out copies of the drawing. "FIGMO means ---- it. I got my orders!"

Miss FIGMO was sectioned off into 365 little numbered squares, with the last and smallest numbers ending up...well, you know where number 1 ended up. "Each day, you shade in a number and then you know how many days you got left in this hell-hole!" he explained.

Continued Page 10

GETTIN' SHORT-J. Paul Mashburn *continued*

"That's gettin' short. weenies! And I'm very short." he said leaning over and coloring in numeral uno. "I'm goin' home today fellows, so good luck, 'cause I'M SHORT!" he bellowed.

Later as I sat alone on my bunk, I colored in 365, 364, and 363. "My God, have mercy on me...there's so many left!" I folded Miss FIGMO and put her in my bag. We would become very close.

Da Nang wasn't much better, as a matter of fact, I lived in a 6 man tent for most of my tour. I'm sure I'll write much more about things that went on there later, but for now let me just say the days dragged by. It was like waiting 3 years for Christmas to come or for school to let out! I'm talking slow here - slower than grass grows in the winter!

I suppose time passes so slow in times like these, because you are aware of each minute you're alive. Aware of each hot muggy breath you take, and each minute you lay on dirty damp sandy sheets and try to sleep during the day or night. Aware of each minute you fight off sleep on post, and the sound of each close "kachunk" during unfriendly fire, even the muffled thuds thirty miles away. Awareness that someone who don't even know you would kill you just to survive themselves. Awareness of one friend lost and another wounded. It could have been you. Aware of the darkness and the silent danger.

It seems to take an eternity just to fill in Miss FIGMO's head, but you religiously visit her locker-alter each day - paying homage and penciling in a daily sacrifice to help get you to the next day - one more closer to going home.

Time goes by so slowly that you begin to feel you've always been there and that home is only a dream. You begin to feel you'll never leave. One way or the other you're not going to get out of there alive. It was predestined. This is what was meant to be all along. That's why having a car, maybe a wife and some kids, seems so unobtainable to a 19 year old. It's because you were not meant to have those things. You were meant to come here and die. The mind plays funny games with you under this kind of isolation and stress.

But one day, you're actually SHORT and you shout it for the first time! It feels good, at least as long as the beer last. When you're alone it actually scares you. You hear stories of guys who were shot in the back getting on the plane, so you're afraid to push your luck

by celebrating too confidently. The numbers actually begin to scare you around 70, then 50, then 30. You eat less and sleep less - its paranoia at its best. Oh my precious Lord. Please let me make it out of here. Please.

The day finally comes and you have 3 days left. You shout silently inside as you board the plane for Saigon, to await the silver bird and the round eyed women to take you home. You color in number four and board the plane.

You also get to shout "SHORT and FIGMO" at some green weenies, but the boasting is shallow. Deep inside you know how they feel, but you don't want to show your fear for them. You're an American man, a war worn veteran, and you have to keep up appearances, so you mock them and let them know the hell they face and that you're "short". They did it to you, so you do it to them.

As you can see, you never leave Vietnam. It's with you all the time, just waiting for a moment to spring back upon you and make you remember. It all survives, the good and the bad. The last good was the Northwestern bird that sat cautiously at the end of the runway on day number 1. The engines run up to speed and then the clacking sound, as the wheels pass over breaks in the runway. Faster and faster, then silence as the wheels leave the earth. However, there are snipers sometimes, so every breath is held until the steep climb seems high enough and is finally punctuated by the rumbling thud of the wheels retracting and sealing off the rushing air.

NOW YOU CAN SHOUT, "SHORT!" Everyone leans over for one last glimpse and curses the fading land behind them. Relief. The weight of the world is lifted you want to cry and hug everyone, but you can't. You just shout "SHORT!"

Our silver girl was sailing on. Her time to shine had come, and all our dreams were on their way!

The way the world is today, war could happen at any time. Sometimes I think we're all getting short. I just wish that all the world leaders could experience a SHORT TIMERS CALENDAR just one time in their life. It should be a prerequisite! Maybe then we would never again have to make copics of FIGMO calendars for our children to take into war.

Veteran Contact Numbers – by Don Gram

For info on home loans, disability, medical care and burial –
 1-800-827-1000
 Life Insurance 1-800 669-8477
 Education (G.I. Bill) 1-888-442-4551
 Health Care Benefits -- 1-877-222-8387
 Agent Orange – 1-800-749-8387
 Headstones & Markers 1-800-697-6947
 web address www.va.gov

Need help with the VA? Bill Wagonlander, VSPA member, has a web site that will help.

[Http://12.239.11.79/vetsvacorner/](http://12.239.11.79/vetsvacorner/)

Offices that can assist in searches for supporting documentation.

To obtain copies of your records go to–
www.archives.gov/research_room/vetrecs/index.html

National Records & Administration Center
 Attn: NCP-MA
 9700 Page Blvd
 St. Louis, MO 63132-5200

Washington National Records Center
 8601 Adelphi Road

Adelphi, MD. 20740-6001

National Archives & Records Administration
 Library & Printed Archives Branch
 Eight & Pennsylvania Aves. N.W.
 Washington, D.C. 20408

Air Force Personnel Center
 Attn: DPPPR
 550 C Street West Suite 12
 Randolph AFB, TX 78150-4714

Unit Histories, Lineage and Honors

Air Force History Support Officer – 202-404-2264

Dept. of the Air Force
 HQ/AFHRA
 600 Chennault Circle
 Maxwell AFB, AL, 36112-6424

Correction of Military Records

Air Force Review Board
 Office SAF/MIBR
 550 C Street W. Suite 40

VIETNAM GALLANTRY CROSS–Bill McKissic

Thanks to information provided by VSPA member Bill McKissic I have added the Vietnam Gallantry Cross to my records with an updated DD215. All veterans who served in Vietnam between 1 March 1961 and 28 March 1973 are entitled to this award. That means you.

Applying for this change in records is easy and, I found, fast. The process to get the initial review and authorization letter took about five weeks. Getting the actual DD215 takes a bit longer. The Vietnam Cross of Gallantry is the equivalent to the French Croix de Guerre. As per the Department of the Army General Order Number 8, March 1974, this award is authorized for all military personnel of all branches.

To have your DD214 updated you must first obtain and fill out a standard form 180 and send that along with a copy of your DD214 to the following address:

HQ AFPC/DPPRA
 550 C Street West Suite 12
 Randolph AFB, TX 78150-4714

The Standard Form 180 can be obtained at www.archives.gov. There will be a menu on the left side. On this menu click on search, when the second page appears type in "standard form 180". This should bring up not only the form but also the instructions. Anyone without web access or who cannot obtain this form can send a self addressed stamped envelope to:

Don Graham
 2911 Westminster Road
 Bethlehem, PA 18019

Not only will they verify your eligibility for this award but they will also check your records for any other award you may be entitled to. When I received my reply it came in the form of a small package. Inside this package was an Air Force Good Conduct Medal, Air Force Outstanding Unit Award with "V" device, Presidential Unit Citation and the Vietnam Service Medal with four bronze service stars.

Other than the Vietnam Service Medal I had no idea that I was entitled to these awards.

Now these other awards are for my time at Tuy Hoa AB, June 1968 to Dec 1969. All you Tuy Hoa guys may want to check your DD214.

The only award the Air Force could not send was the Gallantry Cross, as this is a foreign award. Once authorized, the Gallantry Cross can be obtained from a number of companies that supply military awards. Two of these are:

Eagles of War
 2054 Fort Campbell Blvd
 Clarksville, TN 37042
 931-552-6555
www.eaglesofwar.com
 Medals of America
 114 Southchase Blvd
 Fountain Inn, SC 29644-9019
 800-308-0849
www.usmedals.com

Another place you may want to try is www.ebay.com. Sometimes you can find it a bit cheaper even when adding in shipping. Just do a search on "Vietnam Gallantry Cross". However, when using ebay, buyer beware. I do know that Eagles of War sells on ebay, their ebay ID is EOW. These are only a few of the options available for getting medals and by mentioning these companies I am not endorsing them.

Now is the time to have your records updated and receive the awards you are entitled to. The medals and ribbons provided by the government are free. Only the Vietnam Cross of gallantry will cost you anything, if you choose to get one for display.

Don Graham
 VSPA Historian

Interview With My Son—Ritchie and Dean Toth

Interview with my son.

This is an interview I did with my son as part of his college class project. They had to interview a war veteran. I enjoyed the last issue of Guardmount very much. **Ritchie Toth**

Dean W. Toth

Interview with Richard D. Toth a Vietnam War veteran:

Dean What branch of service were you in and what was your rank and job in Vietnam?

Ritchie I was in the U.S. Air Force. I went to Vietnam in December 1970, and returned in December 1971. I was a Staff Sergeant (E-5), and was assigned to the 35th Security Police Squadron, Phan Rang Air Base, Republic of Vietnam. Phan Rang was in II Corps, on the central coast. My initial job was guarding the perimeter of the base. I feel, that to give you a better understanding of my initial job, I must explain some things.

The job of perimeter defense is usually one that an infantry unit handles in a combat zone. The air force asked General William Westmoreland, early in the war, for the army to guard the air bases. General Westmoreland refused citing that his army and Marine infantry were needed for offensive operations – such as “search and destroy” missions – and not static defense. The air force became responsible for its own air base defense and this task fell primarily to the security police. Prior to going to Vietnam, all air force cops were sent to a weeklong school and were trained in weapons and small unit tactics. The weapons training included the M-16 rifle; 50 caliber, 7.62mm Mini-Gun, and M-60 machine guns; 60 and 82mm mortars and hand grenades. We were appropriately nicknamed, “The infantry of the air force.”

After about a month on the perimeter as a sector supervisor, I was selected to be sent to school in Saigon to train as Combat Ground Intelligence Analyst. Here again, the air force had tons of air intelligence analysts, but no ground analysts. Life got better for me after this training. Well, it was a bit safer but I worked my butt off. Besides analyzing intelligence reports, I was in charge of the Installation Coordination Center. This was a unique job. One of our most important responsibilities was serving as liaison for the 3rd Infantry Battalion, 9th Infantry Division (Whitehorse Division), Republic of Korea Army. I had an airman in their Tactical Operations Center 24 hours a day, to coordinate ambush positions, plot and plan harassing and interdiction fire, to obtain the direction and maximum ordinates of their 105mm artillery rounds, and pass this information on to all aircraft over-flying, landing or taking off from the base. This of course was to keep friendly aircraft from being shot out of the air by friendly fire. I had six air force cops and a Vietnam army interpreter working for me, manning our coordination center 24/7, as they say now. We also dispatched air support and medical evacuation (Dust Off) helicopters when the Korean troops needed them. All activity conducted by all friendly forces in Nihu Tuan province, had to be coordinated with our center, ICC (Installation Coordination Center). We plotted all the American, Korean, Australian, and Vietnamese units' locations, and coordinated all combat actions and operations. My primary job, analyzing intelligence reports, became my secondary job.

As an intelligence analyst, I would receive intelligence reports from all friendly forces' intelligence sources. I would evaluate the source by his or her reliability in past reporting, and the information provided by comparing it with other reports that corroborated the information. When threats were analyzed to be credible, I would alert our cops on the line, our cops manning the mortar pits, our cops handling K-9s, the Korean troops, and the local (popular or regional forces) of the Army of the Republic of Vietnam (ARVIN). I was just a SSgt and yet I managed a clearinghouse for coordinating ground and intelligence operations in our tactical area of operations, which was 30 clicks (kilometers) in any direction.

Dean Where did you serve outside of the US before and after Vietnam?

Ritchie Prior to Vietnam I was in Okinawa and Korea. While in Okinawa on my first trip, I was in the Armed Forces Police. We patrolled in the off-base downtown areas and had police jurisdiction over all branches of the military and merchant marines sailing under a US Department of Defense contract..

Since Vietnam, I went back to Okinawa. This time I was the superintendent of the Pacific Air Forces Military Working Dog Training Center. We trained handlers and dogs for all service branches, in the entire Pacific command, including Vietnam.

I also served temporary duty in the Philippines, Thailand, Guam, Korea, and Hawaii.

I never even stepped foot in Europe. In 20 years of service, I spent nearly half in the Far East. At least I know how to eat with chopsticks.

Dean How did the local nationals of those countries treat you?

Ritchie In all candor, I must say that I have been treated with kindness and respect in every country that I

have been stationed in overseas. The international sign of respect is to smile with the people. People will give respect if you treat them with dignity. When you come in contact with a parent and their child, your smile conveys that you respect them. People everywhere are proud of their children and families. The Golden Rule does apply. The Vietnamese were war wary after decades of fighting, and generally distrustful of all foreigners, after the French "milked them" for so many years, in the words of our own FDR. Yet, if you reached out to them, they were receptive. They are good people.

All of the countries of the Far East I feel, have met the mark that Cicero set when he said that "three fourths of mankind is made up of dishonorable men." It's that way there, here, and everywhere.

Dean Did you see the movie *Good Morning Vietnam*, with Robin Williams? Do you remember the scene where he organizes a baseball game with the townspeople? How did that make you feel?

Ritchie I laughed while trying to hold back my tears.

I was treated with kindness because that's the way I treated others. I had many heart to heart discussions with our Vietnamese interpreters. We all agreed that war is hell and us poor plain folks have to fight it.

Dean Were you involved in serious combat?

Ritchie The short answer is no. I was very fortunate. It's hard to discuss combat. Most guys and gals would rather forget their combat experiences. I did get the Bronze Star though. I still can't figure out why.

Dean What is your worst memory of serving outside the US?

Ritchie I guess when there was a race riot after Martin Luther King Jr. was slain. Prior to this happening, and after this reaction happened, there was not a serious problem between white and black servicemen. On that day though, numerous black servicemen took over the Airman's Club on Kadana Air Base in Japan. I was part of the responding police force and it was shameful when the Japanese witnessed this incident. It was soon quelled and everybody went home. I know that there were reactions in the states after this assassination. It just hurt me to see my fellow G.I.s at odds like this. We were soldiers.

Dean What is your most vivid memory of the war you served in?

Ritchie The realization that the Vietnamese troops had no spirit for further warfare. The real people were from both north and south and they did not share the corruption and greed that the generals in Saigon did. They just wanted to grow rice. Ho Chi Minh was a hero. He drove the French colonialists out of Vietnam when he defeated them at Dinh Bien Phu in 1957. Our efforts to prevent the spread of Communism were noble, but the regimes in Saigon were not what the common people wanted. They wanted a leader like "Uncle Ho" who dressed like them, ate like them, and wanted his country united and free of all foreigners. They wanted self-determination. I guess there are a lot of vivid memories.

One incident that stands out in my mind, happened when I took a an army captain from MACV (Military Assistance Command Vietnam) to look over our armory, armored personnel carriers, mortar pits, bunker & tower fighting positions, K-9 units, and mostly our air force riflemen, automatic riflemen (machine gunners), grenadiers, and mortar-men including fire direction control. He was stunned and asked, "These are all air force?" When I replied that they were, he said, "Damn, you're a light infantry battalion."

Dean How were you treated when you returned to the US?

Ritchie I was treated with respect. The people on the planes, at the airports, the taxi drivers, bartenders, and the general population, treated me well. The people in my old hometown neighborhood were especially graceful to me. I remember my old Dad, God rest his soul, taking my uniform to the cleaners twice in a week so he could show it off a bit.

Answering all these questions brings back memories. I have to convey this last story. We left Vietnam in what we called a "freedom bird." It was a contracted civilian airliner, crew and all. It was full of uniformed army, navy, air force, Marine servicemen, and I'm sure, coast guard personnel. While suffering the long flight home, which we called "the world," we did what most G.I.s do, we smoked, drank, talked and played cards. There were tough stoic Green Berets, Marines, and I, the big tough air force infantry guy. I'm sure everybody thought I was a wrench bender like most air force enlisted. After the 14 or so hour flight, we descended to Travis AFB, near San Francisco. When the plane's door was opened and the stairs attached, we started out. As I was at the top of the stairs, in a mass of humanity, I saw a young black army private first class that had just dismounted the stairs, kneel down and kiss the ground. He got up and happened to look right at me with a big smile on his face and said, "I'm so glad to be home."

Every one of us smiled or at least the tougher grinned. We all held back tears. I am holding back tears right now. May God bless that young soldier. Hindsight is 20/20. What I wish I had done that day was exactly as he did.

We lost over 50,000 people in Vietnam, and many more wounded and probably disabled. There is really not much more to say. War is hell and the people on both sides who have to fight it are salt of the earth. I'll have a drink for you and me, after I say a prayer for you and me.

VSPA 10TH ANNIVERSARY REUNION**REGISTRATION FORM****YES! SIGN ME UP FOR OUR REUNION IN TUCSON, ARIZONA – OCTOBER 7 – 10, 2004!!**

NAME _____

BASE(s) _____ YEARS 19 _____ TO 19 _____

BASE(s) _____ YEARS 19 _____ TO 19 _____

SQUADRON(s) _____

ADDRESS _____

PHONE _____ EMAIL _____

NAME(S) OF YOUR GUEST(S) _____

MEAL SELECTION: BEEF _____ CHICKEN _____ VEGETARIAN _____

PLEASE LIST ANY SPECIAL NEEDS: _____

REGISTRATION FEES

NUMBER OF PERSONS ATTENDING? _____ X \$128 = \$ _____

ARE YOUR ANNUAL DUES CURRENT? \$15 PER YEAR \$ 15 = \$ _____

TOTAL ENCLOSED= \$ _____

PAYMENT IS DUE NO LATER THAN SEPTEMBER 7, 2004**PLEASE SEND PAYMENTS TO THE FOLLOWING ADDRESS AND MADE PAYABLE TO:****THE REUNION BRAT**

50721 State Hwy 410 E
 Greenwater, WA 98022
 (360) 663-2521

Confirmation of Registration and Itinerary will be sent out by September 20, 2004. A \$20 per person cancellation fee will apply to all cancellations received within 30 days of the event. Cancellations received within 10 days of the event will be non refundable. Call The Viscount Suites TOLL FREE at (800) 527-9666 no later than September 7, 2004 to make your hotel reservations. Be sure to mention you are with the Vietnam Security Police Association Reunion to receive your group rate of \$79 a night, plus tax and includes a full breakfast buffet each day. These prices are available 3 days prior to and after your event should you choose to extend your stay. We'll see you soon in beautiful Tucson, Arizona!!

**VIETNAM SECURITY
POLICE ASSOCIATION**

W5148 E. Bush
Pardeeville, WI 83954

Don Poss LM 37
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

We Take Care of Our Own

*We're on the web at
www.vspa.com*

REMEMBER THE DATES FOR OUR REUNIONS:

**October 7 - 10, 2004 for the VSPA reunion in TUCSON, ARIZONA (Davis-Monthan AFB).
Come and help us celebrate our 10th Anniversary!**

The Reunion Brat is moving along well with all contracts. The suites (*they really are suites - every room in the hotel is a suite*) in Tucson are magnificent and include a full buffet breakfast with an omelet bar everyday at \$79 per night. The hospitality room is the best yet with a great registration area, booths & tables (it was a restaurant inside the hotel at one time and has breakout rooms for our business meeting and the wives meeting plus an outside patio area for smokers, the banquet room is also great. This will be our best hotel yet.

We will send a special mailing about the reunion very shortly.

Undocumented Base Attacks:

The Association is looking to document all attacks on our bases in Thailand and Vietnam. Please provide any information you may have on currently undocumented attacks. Contact me if you are not sure if an attack is officially documented.

We will divide these attacks into two categories. One will be for those attacks that you have documentation for and the other will be for those attacks that you remember but have no documentation. We will collect this information, research it and provide the results to the Air Force History and Research Center at Maxwell AFB, AL. All information should be in by June 2004. Please contact Don Graham at tuyhoa68@att.net or 610-691-6960

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