



A Publication of the Vietnam Security Police Association

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Fall 2011 Issue



GUARDMOUNT

VIETNAM SECURITY POLICE ASSOCIATION

"We Take Care of Our Own"



WRIGHT-PATTERSON AFB, Ohio -- Eighty-six pairs of boots surround the semi-circle flag pole area at the Air Force Reserve's 445th Airlift Wing headquarters building. Each pair of boots represents one of the 86 Ohioans still unaccounted for from the Vietnam era. The 87th pair of desert boots in the middle of the circle represents PFC Matt Maupin who is still missing from Operation Iraqi Freedom. On the right boot is his rank and name and on the left is his hometown in Ohio. Each pair of boots is tied together and is adorned with a small American flag and POW/MIA flag crossed and tied with a small yellow ribbon.
(U.S. Air Force photo/Maj. Ted Theopolos).

**2011 Reunion
Information
Inside!
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**Wright-Patterson
AFB,
Dayton, OH
Oct. 5 - 9, 2011**



President's Corner

By Phil Carroll, President VSPA

I have just a few things to mention now, as we're all busy getting ready for the rapidly approaching reunion. Mostly, just to say how excited I am to be getting ready for another one. I attended my first VSPA reunion in 2006, at Las Vegas, and it was an unforgettable experience. I've only missed one since, in 2008 when I was recovering more slowly than expected from another knee replacement surgery.

If you haven't registered, please do so immediately. If you haven't made your room reservations, please do that even faster. We can always accommodate a few last-minute registrations, but you may have difficulty even getting a room if you wait beyond the September 14 deadline. Making your room reservation well before the deadline is very helpful to the VSPA, because we base much of our planning for meals, etc., on the number of rooms that are reserved.

We are making good progress toward opening the VSPA BX Store, but it's a lot of work and we still cannot predict the actual opening date. The new management team is reviewing the entire inventory both physically, and line-by-line in the website software - and that's a lot of work. Thank you for your continued email messages and bulletin board posts looking for another chance to buy VSPA goodies, and your interest in supporting the VSPA BX Store. Stay tuned.

The VSPA bench has been built and shipped to the company that will do all the engraving of text and graphics, as well as the installation. Steve Gattis and I have reviewed and commented on their interpretation of the graphics and layout that were approved by the VSPA Board of Directors. Their last draft was very close, and we only suggested correcting a few details. Rough drawings of the final design were published in a previous edition of *Guardmount*, and we're still on track to have the bench installed in time for the reunion. Our dedication ceremony is scheduled on Thursday, October 6.

Don't miss the information in this issue of *Guardmount* about the donation fundraisers being put on by the guys who were Thailand Dog Handlers. They've done this at the last several reunions and it's always very popular and raises money for some very worthwhile causes. Note that there are two separate drawings, only one of which will be actually held at our VSPA reunion - but you can still win a prize from the other drawing if you enter it, and even if you don't go to the reunion. They've got some eye-popping prizes up for grabs this year so don't miss out.

Our other annual raffle is getting its goodies together also. If you have a door prize you want to donate to that one, don't forget you can ship it to Jack (The Old Cowboy) Smith and he'll drive it the whole 55 minutes from his home to the reunion for you.

Welcome Home!

Phil Carroll - LM #336
Takhli, Nakhon Phanom 70-71: Tina X768, Charlie 2M45



633rd ABW Attend Military Ball

By Pat Dunne, 633rd SPS, Pleiki, RVN, '68, VSPA LM #40

Early in the year, a blanket invitation went out from CO of 633rd SFS at Langley-Eustis to former members of the 633rd, to attend the first Military Ball of the newly activated unit. The 633rd Air Base Wing, after long-dormant deactivation with unit history at Guam and Pleiku, RVN, was 'stood up' in 2010.

Joining in the deployment rotations, the SFS soon built of its own combat history to add to past honors in Vietnam and the Gulf War.

Wanting to celebrate and honor the rekindled legacy and remember the fallen, Lt Col Scott Foley tasked unit members with organizing its first Military Ball for May 21, 2011, to coincide with the National Law Enforcement Memorial Week activities. The unit reached out to predecessors to attend. After hearing about it from my comrade Steve Shelt and receiving invitation from the staff, I decided to attend with my wife, Barbara.

As it turned out, Steve and I were only 'legends' to attend. Steve was asked to do a presentation of the unit's operations in RVN. It was very well done and well received. 'Distinguished Visitor' status was accorded to Steve and I and our wives, Steve being accustomed to such attention and myself rising to the occasion. We were escorted to a luncheon sponsored by the AFSFA and hobnobbed with beaucoup chevrons and brass. "What did you do during the war, son?" We got in on some 'inside the belt' scuttlebutt, that I can't even talk about. OPSEC et al, 'ya know!

Later in the day, we were guests for the retirement ceremony of one of the K-9s. After ten years of service he was going to live with the family of his former handler. He acted like he wasn't ready to go, and had a few more people to bite before he was through.

The Ball was a humdinger, put together by a committee of the unit, eminently hosted by Lt Col Foley and his lovely lady, Tiffany. Highlights were an inspiring tribute to fallen "SFers" and a rousing monologue by keynote speaker, Gunny Poppaditch, veteran of Baghdad and Fallujah. Steve and I got the shivers, when we were 'piped' in to the hall and the head table. Oh, our ladies were impressed, as well, looking lovely as they were.

The shame is that more of our 'KuKops' didn't make it. All of the guys deserve the admiration and attention we received as veterans of the 633rd SPS/SFS. Well, even the few APes still around!

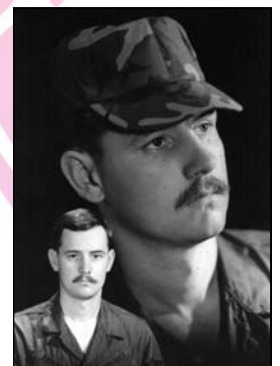
Lt Col Scott Foley, CO of the 633rd SFS extends an invitation to all past Defenders of the Sqdn to the next Military Ball in May '12. BTW, I was able to scrounge a few VSPA coins to glad hand around to the troops! Very Cool!



Official Party, L to R: Pat and Barbara Dunne, Gunny Poppaditch, Tiffany and LTC Scott Foley, Steve and Liz Shelt



Pat Dunne and Steve Shelt are relieved of duty?, in custody?



Pat Dunne
"back in the day"



Vietnam Security Police Association
17th Anniversary Reunion
Dayton, Ohio – October 5 - 9, 2011
Wright-Patterson AFB and the National Air Force Museum

The reunion will be held at the **Holiday Inn/FAIRBORN I-675**. Room rates are \$98 per night, plus taxes, and include tickets for a discounted \$6.95 breakfast each morning per occupant. The room rate is good for three days before and three days after the reunion. Transportation from the airport is discounted shuttle rate of \$20 round-trip. Parking at the hotel is FREE. When you check-in at the VSPA registration desk in the hotel, you will receive a welcome package with reunion security identification, a commemorative reunion pin, a detailed itinerary, a list of attendees and local information. The following are included with the **\$155** registration fee:

- Reception dinner buffet with beer and wine, Wednesday Evening, October 5th
- VSPA Memorial Bench Dedication & Defender Memorial at the Air Force Museum, Thursday, October 6th
- Lunch with Security Forces and afternoon demonstrations at WPAFB, Thursday, October 6th
- VSPA bus shuttle service to local area attractions, including the Air Force Museum, Friday, October 7th
- VSPA Business Meeting, Saturday Morning, October 8th
- VSPA Sisterhood Gathering of wives and companions, Saturday Morning, October 8th
- SAFESIDE Business Meeting, Saturday Afternoon October 8th
- Banquet Dinner with Guest Speaker, Awards and Raffle, Saturday Evening, October 8th
- Memorial Service, Sunday Morning, October 9th
- Commemorative 17th Anniversary Reunion QC Pin
- Hospitality Room stocked with snacks & beverages
- All associated taxes and gratuities

HOTEL RESERVATIONS: Call the Holiday Inn/FAIRBORN I-675 at (937) 426-7800 **no later than September 14** to make your hotel reservations.

VSPA MEMORIAL BENCH DEDICATION AT THE DEFENDER MEMORIAL – MORNING: The Defender Memorial is located at the Air Force Museum and is dedicated to all Military Policemen who served in the Air Corps, or U.S. Army Air Forces, and all Air Policemen, Security Policemen and Augmentees who served in the United States Air Force. The VSPA Memorial Bench will be placed near the Defender Memorial and officially dedicated during this event to commemorate our service in Vietnam and Thailand. A group photo will be taken at the dedication.

AFTERNOON EVENT: Shortly after the photo is taken of our group, we will enter Wright-Patterson AFB to have lunch with the Security Forces Defenders of Wright-Patterson AFB. Half of their assigned 300 personnel are deployed. After lunch, we will have several demonstrations and briefings including K-9, weapons and a trip to the range facility. **0830 to 1700 hours.**

CHOOSE YOUR OWN ACTIVITIES ON FRIDAY: The VSPA Shuttle (a full-size bus) will transport members and their families (at no charge) to and from the Air Force Museum, various malls and other selected attractions throughout the day for an “open day” of events that you select. The Museum is large with an outstanding store and numerous display areas that include an IMAX Theater, many aircraft, and a special area on Southeast Asia with related aircraft. The Museum also has great food in their dining area. For information about the museum, go to: <http://www.nationalmuseum.af.mil/> **Friday, 0830 to 1700 hours.**

PLEASE USE THE REGISTRATION FORM TO REGISTER FOR OUR REUNION.

If you have questions, call VSPA Secretary Dennis Evans toll-free at 1-866-672-6533

or Email Dennis at: DennisEEvans@aol.com

Alternate Contact: The Reunion BRAT - Phone: 1-360-663-2521

Email: Info@TheReunionBRAT.com

“WE TAKE CARE OF OUR OWN.”

VIETNAM SECURITY POLICE ASSOCIATION



REUNION REGISTRATION FORM

WRIGHT-PATTERSON AFB - AIR FORCE MUSEUM



**DAYTON, OHIO
OCTOBER 5 – 9, 2011**

NAME _____

RVN or THAI BASE _____ SQUADRON _____ YEARS 19__ to 19__
(Do not list bases outside of Vietnam or Thailand)

RVN or THAI BASE _____ SQUADRON _____ YEARS 19__ to 19__

HOME ADDRESS _____

MAILING ADDRESS _____

PHONE _____ EMAIL _____

NAME(s) of YOUR GUEST(s) _____

BANQUET MEAL SELECTION: BEEF _____ CHICKEN _____ VEGETARIAN _____

PLEASE LIST ANY SPECIAL NEEDS: _____

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY NOTIFY: _____

IS THIS YOUR FIRST REUNION? YES: _____ NO: _____

REGISTRATION FEES

ARE YOUR ANNUAL DUES CURRENT? RENEWALS ONLY FOR \$ 15 = \$ _____
(Not for new members. To join the VSPA, please see the attached membership information).

NUMBER OF PERSONS ATTENDING REUNION # _____ x \$155 = \$ _____

TOTAL ENCLOSED = \$ _____

PAYMENT IS DUE NO LATER THAN SEPTEMBER 5, 2011

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

PLEASE COMPLETE THE ATTACHED WRIGHT-PATTERSON AFB SECURITY FORM 5

A Confirmation of Registration and an Itinerary will be mailed to you by September 15, 2011. 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 Holiday Inn/FAIRBORN I-675 at (937) 426-7800 no later than September 14, 2011 to make your hotel reservations. Be sure to mention that you are with the Vietnam Security Police Association Reunion to receive your group rate of \$98 a night, plus tax which includes a discounted breakfast. The room rate is available three days before and after the reunion should you choose to extend your stay. Parking is FREE.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR COMPLETING THE REGISTRATION FORM

1. The information that you provide on this form is critical for a successful reunion. All name and base information will be placed on your reunion identification badge. Guests will also receive reunion identification. The reunion ID will serve as your identification throughout the reunion and must be worn, especially while we are in all military or government facilities.
2. **PLEASE PRINT** or type all information **clearly**. Do not use abbreviations on any portion of the registration form. Your cooperation will make the processing of reunion identification badges and all security rosters a much more accurate process.
3. **RVN OR THAI BASE INFORMATION:** Please list only those bases where you served in Vietnam or Thailand. When listing bases, **do not abbreviate**. When listing squadrons, please indicate Air Police, Security Police, or specific detachments. The information will be used on your reunion ID.
4. **HOME ADDRESS and MAILING ADDRESS:** We will mail your reunion confirmation to the mailing address listed on this form.
5. **WRIGHT-PATTERSON AFB SECURITY FORM:** Please complete the attached Wright-Patterson AFB Security Form. This information is essential for access to the air force base due to the enhanced security requirements. **YOU WILL NOT BE ALLOWED ON BASE IF YOU DO NOT COMPLETE THIS FORM.**
6. **TELEPHONE AND EMAIL ADDRESS:** Your contact information is vital to a successful reunion. The information will be part of our security roster that we must provide to the local Security Forces Squadron. You will also receive a copy of this roster upon arrival at the hotel.
7. **NAMES OF YOUR GUESTS:** Please provide the first name, middle initial and last name of your guest(s) on the Registration Form as well as the Wright-Patterson AFB Security Form.
8. **RENEWAL OF ANNUAL DUES:** This item is a reminder for VSPA members only so that they can renew their dues at the time of registration if they are not current. VSPA membership must be current in order to attend the reunion or bring a guest.
9. **VSPA MEMBERSHIP:** If you are not a member of the Vietnam Security Police Association, please do not send \$15 with this registration form. The VSPA uses a three-step membership application process for approving membership. To be eligible for membership, you must complete the following three steps: 1. Submit a completed application. 2. Document your service in the United States Air Force as an Air Policeman, Security Policeman or an Augmentee in Vietnam or Thailand during the years 1958 to 1975, and a discharge under honorable conditions. Your documentation of service must be a DD Form 214. Additional documents may in some cases be necessary. If you do not have a DD Form 214, you may submit alternate substantial proof of service for consideration until you are able to obtain your DD Form 214. Please remove your Social Security Account Number (SSAN) from the DD Form 214. 3. Submit \$15 in annual dues with your application and DD Form 214. The DD Form 214 is required for two reasons: 1. To prevent stolen valor. 2. Because we are a taxexempt, incorporated organization of war veterans as defined by the IRS in Section 501(c)(19).
10. **REUNION COST:** The basic registration fee of \$155 is the cost per person plus the museum tour. If you bring a guest, their registration fee is also \$155 and will cover transportation, several meals and our Hospitality Room.



Guest List Procedures

References: WPAFBI 31-101; 88 SFOI 36-3026

06 Jan 09

SUBJECT: Request for Visitor Access

1. Request a Visitor Access Pass for the following individual(s) for entry to the installation: The Vietnam Security Police Association will be visiting Security Forces facilities and Military Working Dog (MWD) training areas from October 5 – 9, 2011.

Please follow the example below:

<u>Last Name, First Name</u>	<u>Telephone #</u>	<u>State/Driver License#</u>	<u>DOB mm/dd/yy</u>
Doe, John D	(210) XXX-XXXX	TX./0000000	01/15/65

<u>Last Name, First Name</u>	<u>Telephone #</u>	<u>State/Driver License#</u>	<u>DOB mm/dd/yy</u>
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<u>Last Name, First Name</u>	<u>Telephone #</u>	<u>State/Driver License#</u>	<u>DOB mm/dd/yy</u>
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<u>Last Name, First Name</u>	<u>Telephone #</u>	<u>State/Driver License#</u>	<u>DOB mm/dd/yy</u>
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<u>Last Name, First Name</u>	<u>Telephone #</u>	<u>State/Driver License#</u>	<u>DOB mm/dd/yy</u>
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2. I will inform my visitors that they must have current proof of insurance, proof of registration and a current/valid driver’s license. Additionally, they were briefed that while on this installation all personnel and the property under their control is subject to search.

3. I understand that failure to provide any of the information requested WILL result in the denial of an installation access pass. Disclosure of information is voluntary, however; this information is necessary for validation of identity and may result in a non-issuance determination by the issuing authority.

AUTHORITY: 10 U.S.C. 8012, 44 U.S.C. 3101 and EO 9397
PRINCIPLE PURPOSE: The date of birth is used for further identification of the individual and for retrieving information from files. Routine use could include disclosure to other investigatory authorities.
DISCLOSURE IS VOLUNTARY: Failure to provide the information to include date of birth will result in an individual being unable to gain entry onto Wright-Patterson AFB.

A Donation Fundraiser, Offered By VSPA Member Thailand Dog Handlers

Win a unique collection of USAF Air Police and Security Police Shields, Brassards, Qualification Pins, and Commemorative Shields. Thailand Dog Handler members of VSPA are holding a donation fundraiser for these memorabilia collections, at the VSPA Reunion. You do not have to be present to win one of these incredible collections. All donated funds raised by this project will go to two proven charitable funds, the “Old Dawgs and Pups Program.” <http://www.war-stories.com/odap/ws-odap-index.asp> and “The Nemo’s War Dog Hero’s Memorial Project.” <http://635thk9.com/tdhnemo.htm>

If you are not able to attend the reunion you may still donate and have a chance to win by sending in your check or money order donation (PLEASE, NO CASH!). A donation is not required in order to receive a chance to win, but raising funds for these charities is the reason for this effort. Your check must be received by September 17th - after that date we cannot guarantee your chances will be placed in the drawing.

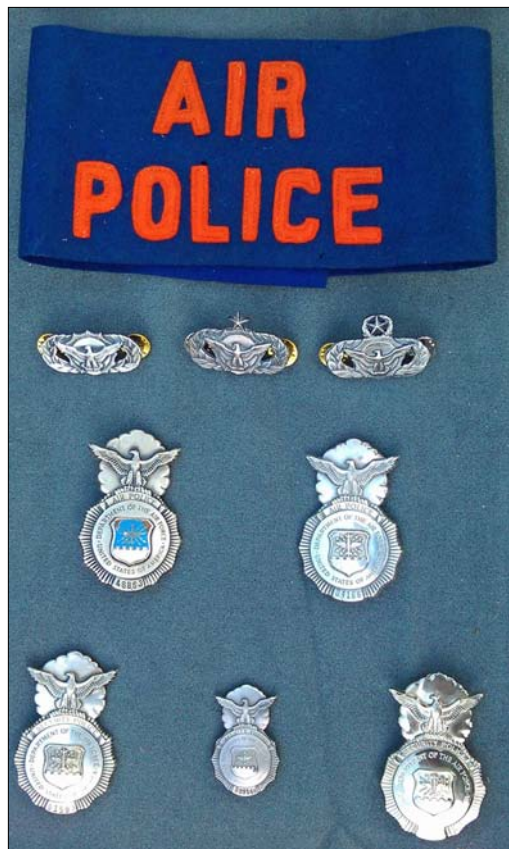
First Prize: Valued at \$700.00

- ◆ Air Police Brassard Korean era.
- ◆ Prototype Air Police Shield with blue and white enamel Air Force crest
- ◆ Old style Qualification Badges
- ◆ Air Police Shield
- ◆ Security Police Shield
- ◆ Small size Women’s Security Police Shield
- ◆ New style Security Police Shield w/three pins

Second Prize: Valued at \$500.00

- ◆ New style Qualification Badges
- ◆ Security Forces beret Flash.
- ◆ VSAP Commemorative Shield
- ◆ AP/SP 50th Anniversary Commemorative Shield with blue and white enamel crest
- ◆ USAF Security Forces Global War on Terrorism Commemorative shield.
- ◆ USAF 60 Anniversary Commemorative Shield.
- ◆ K-9 Commemorative Shield, gold in color
- ◆ USAF Millennium Commemorative Shield

First Prize



Second Prize



There is a Second Fundraiser and a second pair of fantastic prizes:

Thailand Dog Handlers attending the Vietnam Dog Handlers Association Reunion will be holding a similar donation fundraiser for two additional memorabilia collections, in October, in Orlando, FL at the VDHA Reunion. You do not have to be present or be a VDHA member to win one of these incredible collections. All donated funds raised by this second project will go to two other proven charitable funds; "The Thailand Dog Handlers Web Page" <http://thailanddoghandlers.com> and Dixie Whitman's "Military Working Dog Team Support Association" <http://www.mwdtsa.org>

Send your check or money order donation (PLEASE, NO CASH!), to be received by September 17th - after that date we cannot guarantee your chances will be placed in either drawing. **We hope you will donate to both fundraisers.**

VDHA Reunion Fundraiser Prizes

First Prize: Valued at \$350.00

- ◆ Armed Forces Police Brassard with a US Coast Guard Security Officer Shield
- ◆ Air Police Brassard with a USAF Security Police Shield
- ◆ Army Military Police Brassard with Military Police Shield.
- ◆ US Marine Corps MP Brassard with a US Marine Corps Military Police Shield
- ◆ US Navy Shore Patrol Brassard with a US Navy Police Shield, NTC Sam Diego

Second Prize: Valued at \$250.00

- ◆ K-9 Commemorative Feed the Dawgs Military Dog Team Shield gold in color
- ◆ K-9 Handler Collar Pin gold in color
- ◆ K-9 Pin
- ◆ 820 Military Police Plat. Sentry Dog School Korea
- ◆ Sentry Dog Handler Pin 138 DMZ, Korea
- ◆ 88 SPS Sentry Dog Vietnam Beer Can Pin
- ◆ Nature's Recipe Pet Foods War Dogs Commemorative Coin numbered 835/1000

First Prize



Second Prize



We hope you will donate to both fundraisers - remember there are two different sets of prizes and two different tickets and donation amounts (details below).

2011 Thailand Dog Handlers Fundraisers

Please fill out this form and send with one check or money order made payable to:

John Homa
151 CR 556
Athens, TN 37303.

I am donating as follows:

\$ _____ for chances in the **VSPA Reunion Fundraiser Prizes**
(3 chances for a \$10 donation - 9 chances for a \$25 donation - 39 chances for \$100 donation)

\$ _____ for chances in the **second Fundraiser Prizes**
(3 chances for a \$5 donation - 15 chances for a \$20 donation - 39 chances for \$50 donation)

\$ _____ TOTAL Enclosed

We must have your return address so we can return to you your portion of the ticket and copies of your stubs that will be placed into the drawing.

Please Print Name: _____

Please Print Address: _____

Please Print City: _____

Please Print State: _____

Please Print Zip: _____

Please Print Phone Number: _____

**THANK YOU FOR SUPPORTING THE THAILAND DOG HANDLERS
AND THE GREAT ORGANIZATIONS WE REPRESENT AND SUPPORT!**



HELP!

We still need your recipes for the VSPA SISTERHOOD COOKBOOK

By Lise Gattis and Martha Fleming

Last year at the reunion, members of the VSPA Sisterhood decided to prepare a taste-tempting cookbook featuring the favorite recipes from members of the VSPA and the VSPA Sisterhood. So far, we have received about 95 recipes from 26 contributors. We send our thanks to those who have sent the recipes. They are yummy! BUT, WE NEED AT LEAST 300 RECIPES TO FILL THE BOOK!

Based on the number of recipes we have received, we will not be able to print the recipe book for this year's reunion. However, please look through your favorite recipes and **BRING THEM** to the VSPA Reunion at Wright-Patterson AFB, Dayton, OH. You can turn them in to Lise Gattis, Martha Fleming, any officer of the Sisterhood (see listing on page 23) or just bring them to the Sisterhood meeting on Saturday morning, October 8. WE CAN DO THIS!

Please follow the instructions below for submitting your recipes.

- **TYPE OR PRINT CLEARLY IN INK, NOT PENCIL.** If more than one page is needed, use another sheet of the same size paper and staple together
- If sending via email, please send **ONE email for EACH recipe.**
- List all ingredients in order of use in the ingredients list and directions. If you are sending something special from long ago, PLEASE update your mother's or grandmother's recipes using current brands available throughout the United States.
- Include container sizes, e.g., 16-oz. pkg., 24-oz. can.
- Keep directions in paragraph form, not in steps.
- Use names of ingredients in the directions, e.g., "Combine flour and sugar." DO NOT use statements like, "Combine first three ingredients."
- Include temperatures and cooking, chilling, baking, and/or freezing times.
- Please use the abbreviations for measurements as they are described below.
- Be consistent with the spelling of your name for each recipe you contribute.

Please bring or send your recipes to Lise Gattis and Martha Fleming. We are neighbors and will be working together to prepare all of the recipes.

Contact information for Lise Gattis is lwgattis@windstream.net

Contact information for Martha Fleming is msfleming@valornet.com

If you are sending the recipes by US Mail, please mail to:

Lise Gattis
P.O. Box 1889
Glen Rose, Texas 76043



Reunion of the 377th Security Police by Jack Smith, TSN, 377th SPS, VSPA LM #453

The last weekend of April 2011, the heritage of the 377th Security Police was celebrated when over 100 members and family came together in Branson Mo. Hosted by Jim Stewart and the Reunion brat, a fine and joyful time was had by all.

The Saturday night dinner was the highlight of the weekend. The colors were presented by the color guard, Ray Rash, Frank Ybarbo and Jack Smith. The Banquet Buffet followed a well planned weekend of trips to Silver Dollar City and the Branson Belle dinner cruise. Some members were also able to get in some golf.

New friends were made, and old friends enjoyed the time together talking about our time at Tan Son Nhut. I was able to spread the word about the VSPA. I was really surprised at the number of 377th members who were unaware of the VSPA. I did recruit four new members.

While on the Silver Dollar City tour, David Beckley and I were honored along with all vets in the program on Friday. We were asked to form up as a unit. As WWII, Korean and Vietnam vets came to formation, we marked to the park flag pole and presented arms to the raising of the colors. What a treat to see American veterans from three wars come together to honor the land that we love, lived and died for.

Lew and Scotty Goldberg drove down from Battlefield Mo. and spent a few hours visiting with the group. I want to thank Lew and Scotty for welcoming Roberta and I into their home the day before the reunion and the trip to the Wilson Civil War Battlefield.

We owe Jim Stewart a very large THANK YOU for all the effort and time he freely gives to the 377th SPS.

Jack &
Riberta Smith
with Lew and
Scotty
Goldberg
April 2011



Jack Smith and Ray Rash
April 2011

Your Poems..... "The 377th SPS", by Jack Smith

**We are the 377th Security Police
Born into war and battle proven
Willing to fight, never to cease
Brave, young and courageous Airmen**

**Standing our post and always on guard
Never forgetting who or what we are
Repelling all the enemies' charges
In that land of Vietnam so far**

**Our home became Tan Son Nhut
Not a place where we wanted to be
Hot and rainy, a horrible climate
With filthy places like 100P alley**

**When the time for battle reared its head
We turned to steel, hard as granite
After Tet of '68 we counted our dead
Bloody troops who ran the gauntlet**

**After all these years that have passed
We come together once more
Sharing all the memories we have amassed
Honoring those here,
and the ones gone before**

**Edwin J. Smith
The Old Cowboy Poet
April 18th, 2011**

**Veterans from 3 wars
posting the Colors at Silver
Dollar City**



Editor's note: Many of you know Kim Bayes Bautista, Associate Member, aka "Queen Mother" and a great friend to the VSPA. In addition to assisting with our reunions for many years, Kim is a Licensed Clinical Social Worker at Ft. Hood, TX. She has graciously agreed to write a repeating column for GUARDMOUNT and we gratefully present her fifth article below.



FROM THE FIELD

of behavioral health

Kim Bayes-Bautista, MSSW, LCSW

Honorary Member VSPA



Reunions according to Kim

Social support is a critical element of healing when a person has post-traumatic stress.

People are often nervous to come to a reunion for the first time due to fearfulness of being reminded of unhappy memories, anxiety about going by themselves and not knowing anyone, perhaps feeling alone or like an outsider, being overwhelmed by the crowd, noise and activities. Some might carry shame or guilt related to a real or perceived mistake they made way back when and do not want to face their peers.

This being said let me point out the amazing things I have seen over the past ten years. I know there are many more; however, these are some that stick with me:

*A first time attendee, as he was checking in the hotel with his wife, grumbled that this was going to be a bunch of cops sitting around telling war stories. At the end of the reunion he was transformed and said he would never miss another one. He was back where he belonged.

*A Gold Star mom and sweetheart became the golden thread in the VSPA fabric.

*Two friends who had enlisted together saw each other for the first time in 40+ years.

*Warriors' medals were given to men who engaged in unrecognized, selfless heroic acts. (Once I swear I saw poisonous black vapors leave one recipient's body as his soul let go of psychic pain. It might have been my sleep deprivation, but that's what I experienced!)

*A man in a Vietnam ball cap was sitting in the restaurant of our hotel. He just happened to be

there having coffee and did not know about the reunion. It was discovered he was a Vietnam dog handler and that one of the reunion attendees managed his dog after he left theater.

*A newly widowed member with two young children was presented with money collected by the members of VSPA for her children's college fund. That widow was me.

*A group of proud warriors participated in the parade for the 25th Anniversary of the Vietnam Veterans' Memorial.

*A young Army officer presented a member with a VSPA flag that had flown over his post in Iraq in this person's honor because this member had voluntarily attended the stateside funeral of a fallen soldier in the Army officer's unit.

*A member I had known for 5-6 years shared a traumatic event that he had never told anyone. I felt honored he would trust me to share this experience. He reports that he has felt better since.

There are countless moments of reconnection, recollections, and restructuring of events. Others can help fill in the blanks or confront distortions that have been held on to for decades. This type of social support is powerful. We can never get these reunion moments back. As they say in AA, when you have one foot in yesterday and one foot in tomorrow, you p*** on today.

I respectfully request your presence at our next reunion,

Kim

“Proud Grandpa” by Steve Hall

VSPA LM #

Editor's note: How many of you out there, you Vietnam Veterans, have proudly witnessed an event like the one described briefly below by VSPA member and photographer, Steve Hall? Many of you, I'm sure. Seeing these photos will bring back memories, and re-affirm your pride in your own service to this country.

On July 11, 2011 my grandson, Leo J. Santos was sworn into the US Air Force.

To say that his grandpa is proud would be an understatement. To be able to witness the ceremony and photograph it was a real privilege.

Steve



Paul Shave, then
and now.....



Your Stories.....

"My Positive Outlook"

By Paul Shave BT, 632nd SPS, VSPA LM #666

"I have every reason to be sad, depressed and 'down', but I CHOOSE to live life from a positive point of view." Will Rodgers once said (he copied it from Edgar Watson Howe), "If you don't learn to laugh at trouble, you won't have anything to laugh at when you're old."

Yes, it's true! I have every reason on earth to be on a 200 gram Valium, Prozac, and Paxil combination, or probably something stronger. But I don't moan and groan about what a rough life I have lived; rather I look at it as though it is all a learning experience with a lot more to come.

I grew up with a house full of boys and a father who had every right to be who he was. My five brothers and I were really the terrors of the neighborhood, even though we paled in comparison to the two boys across the street. In our own way, we made my mom and dad pull their hair out. My dad was EXTREMELY rough on us boys. Oh, I don't mean that he beat us from morning to night, but he did know how to use the belt when needed (or not needed, because he knew we still needed to be corrected "no matter what"). He was a Ranger 2nd battalion, in charge of mortars in WW2, was at D-Day in Normandy and was one of the men who climbed Point Du Hoc. He was wounded three times that day, but carried on until Brest, France where he was wounded and shipped back to England. He lost part of the bone in his leg, part of his hip bone, part of his large intestine and part of his stomach because of the bullet that struck him, so he lived with extreme pain his entire life. Somehow, he carried on and was able to raise a family, build extensions on his houses and was active in church, boy scouts and many other activities related to church as well as enjoying his love of golf. Right up to the end, he had a great sense of humor and showed me that you can still carry on in the face of the great problems with a little humor, confidence and a sense of who you are.

I have had a great number of problems that should have brought me down the road to ruin. I have not exactly been kind to my old body (and by old, I mean ANCIENT right now). I have come home with broken bones, pulled muscles and various other injuries through training exercises (broken fingers/ribs), motorcycles (one accident left me with a broken left foot, broken right leg, destroyed my right hand), trying to fix houses and falling off ladders (stitches, crutches, permanent damage to right hip), slipping under a trailer in three feet of water loading a jet ski (torn ligaments, lungs full of water and grateful to strangers who rescued me at the last second), and others (broken collar bone, kneecap etc.)

Binh Thuy, Vietnam sure was an eye opener. I thought that I would be going to some huge, nice, safe Air Force base with an exchange the size of Macy's. Boy, was I in for a surprise! They came and got us at 3:00am from the barracks at Tan Son Nhut (I had arrived 12 hours before) and we were asked by a SSgt Security Policeman if there were any bodies going to Binh Thuy.

After two rocket attacks that night and watching a C-130 and a C-123 and a helicopter get blown up across from the transit barracks, I immediately jumped at the chance to get to someplace safe and secure! HA! They loaded us on a C-123 at 5 a.m. and said goodbye, but the loadmaster informed me that I wouldn't appreciate where I was going. I thought that he was kidding. After we landed, I invited him to the Binh Thuy country club for a drink but it was a hot landing and the engines were never turned off, so he asked for a "rain check." Of course he didn't get that drink, but it still was a nice thought that I might have a way out of there if I needed it.

I was met by a SSgt who just looked at me and said that I was supposed to leave my bags at CSC. He then he handed me a helmet, a canteen with a belt, an M-16 with three clips, but NO FLAK VEST. He drove me to bunker row, handed me a radio, told me the call sign and said they would get me something to eat later. I suffered in that sun all day and when relief came by, I threw what little stuff I had in that truck and headed to some barracks somewhere in la-la land with a big bunker next to it. I said good night and crawled off to sleep on that wonderful Sealy Postur-Pedic Mattress that the Air Force so lovingly gave me and settled in for a long night of restful sleep. I didn't realize that mortar shells have a rude way of taking any thoughts of sleep away. After I stopped shaking and had time to clean out my pants, I decided I would live in that bunker the rest of the year.

After one more very restful night of sleep, (insert sarcasm) I endured my first night of Devil Flight and it was a night I don't want ever re-live. That was the night that Gary Midkiff was killed. I didn't know Midkiff because I had just arrived, but all the confusion had me awake all night.

When I was stationed in Scotland with the SEALs, I did a "little" parachute jump when I was sent to Lakehurst Naval Air Station for an electronics school. That little "escapade" nearly ended a lot of things for me. I hit about a mile off the jump zone in extremely high winds and I decided to compress a few vertebrae in my back just so I could have a funny walk the rest of my life. It was weird that day, because out of the 12 of us who jumped, four of us ended up in the hospital. The three others that were injured went by ambulance. I actually walked, (yes, very very slowly) and I, along with the other survivors of the jump, had to carry our chutes and equipment over a mile back to the jump zone. We were to get another chute so we could go for another jump. (I really needed to go to the club for a few drinks!). After I got to the truck with the extra chute I figured that since I couldn't lift my foot more than three inches off the ground, maybe I should ask for some help. I sat down and couldn't get up, and after I said I was going to crawl back to the barracks they began to get the message that I was serious. (I was making too many jokes, they said, so they didn't believe something was really wrong). Luckily (?) a Navy rent-a-cop said he would run me to the dispensary. That was one exciting trip because we were in a field with no roads and he thought that he should have his red light on and do about 100 miles an hour! (or so it felt.) Of course, I had to politely and in my most diplomatic voice ask him to slow down; in other words, I was screaming in pain and asked if I could drive instead. When he got me to the dispensary on base, they said that I had royally screwed things because I had messed up some bones in my back. They forced me into a harness (that I think they only use in wood working to hold frames together) just so I couldn't move anything unless they did it for me, and then they transferred me to a civilian hospital.

By the time I was in the civilian hospital things had started to shut down from the neck on down, but they were scratching their heads about me because they said I sure didn't look or act like I was in enough pain to justify heavy duty pain killers. I had been joking too much; a lifelong "problem!" The next morning it finally sunk in that I really had a problem, because nothing really worked properly. I do believe that was the second time in my life I was really really down, but that lasted only until the next day when the doctor tried to see if I could feel my feet. All I could do was laugh (still couldn't feel my feet or much else) and he asked me if I realized what that meant. I said yes but if I let myself feel down, then all was lost. Lucky for me, two things were there to get me straightened out. First they put some needles in my back, tightened the screws in my harness, (they also put a noose around my neck) and then as usual, I had a little black book to keep me company. By the way, that little black book had a small cross on it and said NIV.

The first time I was really down when my son was hit by a bus while I was stationed in Western Australia at the navy base at Exmouth. This was the ONLY bus on the cape and we were 1,000 miles north of Perth with only a 14 bed hospital and a couple of Aussie docs and two US Navy docs. Because of my son's skull fractures and various other injuries, they could not risk flying him out and then having doctors fly to a bigger facility in Perth; instead, they would have doctors in Perth on a phone standby to bring them to Exmouth if needed. My son had a month in the hospital and was able to come home with tons of restrictions.

I didn't know which way to turn, but we were lucky because it was a small community (Exmouth had a population of 2,000 people, plus 100 sailors) and the local people and the Navy community were there at every turn to keep us on an even keel. Through it all, I knew had to go to work and keep life going, no matter what. Again, it was the pastor from the Australian church that we attended who was there to point us in the proper direction. The pastor and I had a few late night talks after that.

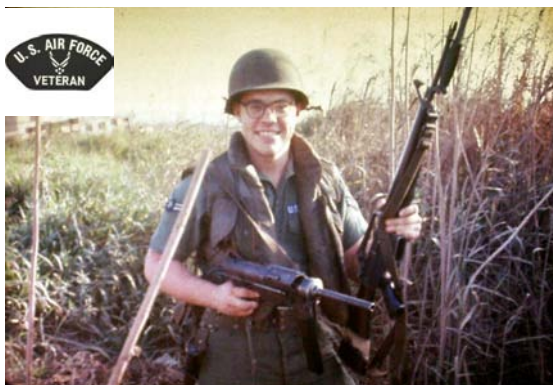
I really saw what being down could do to a person when I was diagnosed with cancer. At first, the doctor said that I probably had a hernia but there was something strange about it. They kept putting it off, and I finally went in and expected to be home with a repaired hernia and the problems associated with it. Instead, I awoke to hear a doctor at my bedside saying “those were the ugliest tumors I ever took out of someone” and “they were the size of grapefruit!” and he turned and walked out. I sure had a rude awakening on that one! Thankfully, the nurses realized that something was wrong and informed me that there was NO HERNIA but that I had cancer..... The VA in their all-seeing wisdom informed me that I had to be in the hospital on Monday to start treatment, and then let me drive home after a five-hour operation by myself.

On the cancer ward (where I remained for five weeks) I met all kinds of cancer patients. There were some that were within weeks of the end, and others with different diagnoses. One patient made me realize how some people handle things. He had a cancerous mole removed and was informed it had not spread but he completely fell apart and was so bad they actually admitted him with all kinds of tranquilizers. He would cry at the drop of a hat. Sometimes he would look strangely at me; I was telling jokes and laughing with a guy who had stage four cancer. This man’s prognosis was not good, but he and I would play cards and watch cartoons and the Andy Griffith show. I learned that there is ALWAYS someone who is worse off than you may be, and that laughter is definitely the best medicine. I guess if you don’t laugh, you cry. I also realized that when you have a cancer diagnosis, you can be very courageous in stopping a crime. After all, what have you got to lose? See, there is always a silver lining!

There are many other things in my life (loss of parents, in-laws, daughter with a major life-long illness, my divorce, doctors that keep wanting to cut me open just for practice) that could have driven me over the edge, but I feel that all of these problems are things that help you grow. I will admit that I did NOT laugh or tell jokes until at least two days after each of my root canals. At one time I was informed by a “friend” that I was lying about things, and probably never did any of the military “adventures” that I had told him about. I just agreed and told him I was stationed for all those years in Greenland. Later, another person informed me that “YOU ARE NOT A REAL VETERAN” because I am not of the “proper” political persuasion. Oh, well.....such is life! I know what I have done in my long years (6 1/2 yrs. Air Force, 16 yrs. Navy, and 2 yrs. New Mexico Guard) When you look at the jacket that I like to wear to the VSPA reunions, you’ll see numerous patches from various things, but you have to realize that every one of those patches and pins are from things that I did in my time (even the junior fire ranger!).

Yes, things can hurt and life can be difficult, but I feel it’s how one manages these “speed bumps” in life that shape and mold you to be the person you are.

Paul Shave and a fellow Binh Thuy buddy,
Steve Hall - San Antonio VSPA Reunion, 2010



Paul Shave in Vietnam





INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER

by: Sgt. Paul R. Scanlin 822nd CSPS, 377th SPS, 69th CMSG/MACV



A slight transgression and the only worthwhile (pg rated) story from my Vietnam experience as an Air Force Security Policeman occurred forty-one years ago in July, 1970 (well beyond the UCMJ statutes of limitations).

The day after I landed at Tan Son Nhut air base in Saigon, Vietnam to begin my second tour, I went to the 377th SPS personnel office to report in, only to find out that the staff sergeant to whom I was assigned was gone for the next few days. An airman clerk told me to go to the 377th barracks, find a bunk, hang out and be back in his office at 08:00 in two days. Since I was a Sgt. at the time with three years in service and one previous, six-month tour in Vietnam already under my belt, I felt at ease; comfortable with the drill and location.

Once in the barracks and somewhat situated (which took all of 30 minutes), I started thinking about my close high school buddy J. R. who was, at the time, in-country. He was a Spec 4 in the Army stationed at Cu Chi Army Base just up the road from Saigon. I sat there on my bunk, in the heat, listening to the helicopters fly over and land at the nearby heliport (anyone in the 377th will remember the noise). I thought it would be nice to see J. R. again. I gave some serious thought to a reunion and about that time, my previous training in the 822nd CSPS (Safeside) kicked in. I had an objective. I had a mission. Except for the two mama-sans sweeping and quietly chattering, everyone in the SP barracks was sleeping. I could escape. I could evade. No problem GI. Drive on.

In my duffel bag, I had my old camos, combat boots, blue Safeside beret, a diplomatic passport from Safeside and a set of in-country travel orders also compliments of the 822nd. The old set of travel orders did not have an expiration date! I had used the orders once before in 1968 during my first tour with the 822nd CSPS at Phan Rang when I was transported by C-130 to the hospital in Cam Ranh Bay. I knew the orders had been/could-still-be-official. Would anyone else?

It was 09:00. I got dressed. In the mirror stood some nameless soldier dressed in faded camos with nearly washed out insignias, patches and name tag; in Vietnam, I was all but invisible. I had the appearance of someone who had been in-country for quite a while (I had been there for less than 48 hrs). Although I was sure that very few at Tan Son Nhut had ever seen a blue Safeside beret, I wore it anyway, thinking I somehow looked more official.

I folded the old travel orders into my pocket and walked out of the barrack's screen door to find the heliport. It wasn't hard. I just followed the helicopters. The Army MP at the heliport gate looked me over, saluted and waved me in (I'll never know why he saluted; I just walked quickly past him as though I had important business). I went into the operations hut, carefully unfolded the old set of travel orders in front of the Army Sgt. at the counter and told him I needed to get to Cu Chi ASAP. As the Sgt. was looking over the orders, a Second Lieutenant behind him was giving him an earful of Lieutenant. I remember the middle-aged Sgt. looking at me like some old, broken down hound dog and then pointing toward an Army chopper that was a few hundred feet away, rotors turning. The Sgt. never said a word, handed me my very special travel orders and I quickly walked out onto the tarmac and loaded into the Huey along with two guys in civilian clothes and two door gunners.

As I was boarding, the co-pilot turned and screamed “Cu Chi?”. We passengers nodded affirmative. Then he turned to the pilot and spoke. We were airborne. Cu Chi was located less than twenty miles northwest of Saigon and the chopper ride was quick and uneventful (I later learned that quite a few choppers had been recently shot at and shot down on that route). The two young guys in civies both looked me over and one said “Bangkok” over the rotor noise. Both gave me a thumbs up before they nodded off almost in unison into what appeared to be R and R exhaustion.

When the chopper landed at Cu Chi Army base, I asked the co-pilot if he knew of a J. R. _____ on the base. He smiled and said he had just been talking with him (over the headset). As it turned out, J. R. was one of the Fight Director N.C.O.s or some such title and he was currently located in the flight line ops hootch. I walked over to the small, gray building and J. R. was waiting at the door (thanks to the co-pilot on the chopper’s radio).

What a reunion! J. R. asked his trainee to stand in for him at midday. We went to my friend’s quarters where we visited and drank plenty of cold beer. Then, he took me around to a number of hootches (even woke up a few soldiers in the process) and bunkers (no one was sleeping), introduced me to his pals and invited them all to a party at his place. At the time, it seemed like all of those troops were from North Georgia, Alabama, the Carolinas, Tennessee, Mississippi and Florida, all good old boys from the deep south.

J. R. was a super nice guy from North Georgia, great at his job as I was told by everyone, and everyone I met seemed to really appreciate him. On reflection, I think everyone from Private to officer at the base went out of their way for him not just because he was friendly but also because he had some control over the air exit out of Cu Chi be it for a fire mission or to an in-country R and R location. None of the pilots or soldiers I met there seemed to want a fire mission (years later my friend confirmed my thoughts regarding his authority and privileges).

J. R. had been drafted by way of the lottery and was somewhat less than military minded. His hootch was a deluxe hunting cabin roofed in tin and surrounded by sandbags and screened windows. Inside he had a long, fringed, purple sofa (he never liked the color but reminded me that I was in the ‘Nam), a worn leather reclining chair, desk, card table and metal chairs, triple lockers, screen window curtains made from parachute silk dyed black, reel-to-reel stereo, refrigerator, four-burner-electric-hot-plate-all-you-need-with-electric-blender kitchenette and a two foot by four foot welded metal beer cooler with a hinged plywood top.

On the exposed two-by-fours holding up the roof, he had his framed pictures: fast-track rail cars, blond bimbos in repose and an oversized picture of him shaking hands with Gen. Westmoreland, Chief of Staff, U. S. Army. He also had an M-60, M-16, M-1 carbine, two 45s and a grenade launcher and belts and boxes, pouches and clips of ammo all neatly shelved, hung or propped in one corner. The hootch was big enough for an eight to ten man living quarters, but everyone who came in that night seemed to know without a doubt that this was the “J. R. Ranch” (and it said so on a sign on the inside of the front screened door).

Early that evening, his friends started showing up. A Mess Pvt. came in with block ice for the cooler (he chopped the ice with a bayonet) and baloney sandwiches. The rest of the guys floated in with their arm loads of beer and booze and three who came in, sat in a corner and smoked up the place. Every once in a while during the evening, J. R. would leap up and yell out a remembrance of our times as pals in school, mainly a bunch of lies especially when it came to the girls. He wasn’t shy in his comments. Everyone would laugh and pat each other and us on the back before J. R. fell back down into his recliner.

The noise was over the top with stereo blaring, the yelling and laughing. I noticed more than one M. P. in the crowd partying. No one came by to calm it all down. Soldiers came and went. Some left to go on night duty. Some came in after being relieved. That party lasted until 03:00 when illumination flares started going off on the perimeter and the sound of sporadic gunfire could be heard in the near

distance (the Army base at Cu Chi was constantly under ground assault or taking fire and I imagine it was from all of the Viet Cong tunnels surrounding the base which were discovered a few years later).

I slept on the purple sofa and J. R. woke me early. My Safeside blue beret was gone (never to be found) and in its place was some stained and stinking (literally), faded khaki, NVA boony hat, someone else's souvenir. I left that hat for good on the sofa and went to chow with my friend. After breakfast, I told J. R. that I needed to get back to Saigon (I didn't know if I was AWOL or not; after all, I was still in the 'Nam). He got on his radio. A Loach chopper was landing and I was directed to it. As I was getting in, the pilot asked why he was flying me to Tan Son Nhut and I replied that I just had to get back. The pilot shut the chopper down, stormed into the ops hootch and chewed on J. R. for a minute before storming out. I never learned what he said.

At about this time, a warrant officer pilot came into ops and J. R. introduced him as someone who had gone to high school not twenty miles from where we had graduated, Gainesville High School, Gainesville, Ga. J. R. asked the pilot if he would fly me back to Tan Son Nhut. The pilot thought it over and then said that he would. J. R. would owe him. The pilot also said that he would need two door gunners for the run in his Huey. I was an Army door gunner on the flight back to Saigon and my friend J. R. was on the other M-60.

All three of us visited via the headsets during the uneventful (other than the aerial acrobatics) flight back to Tan Son Nhut. As we approached the heliport from which I left, the pilot said that he could not touch down or the flight would be recorded so he hovered two or three feet over a landing pad. I said my farewells and jumped out. They were gone in an instant.

On the way out of the heliport, the MP on duty told me to put on my cover (cap) or I was out of uniform. I said that I had lost my cap somewhere over Vietnam. He said to get another. I never did get another beret. For the next fifteen months, I served the 377th (night security on Foxtrot sector) and 69th CMSG/MACV (U. S. Embassy) to my best ability and never heard a word about my little side trip.

After all these years, I still wonder if instead of going back to Tan Son Nhut from Cu Chi (I still had a day before reporting in) I could have flown down to Vung Tau for a day on the beach. J. R. and I often laughed about my trip and our blow-out reunion party after we were both honorably discharged and we both got home to Georgia.



NOTE: All Officers and Staff are unpaid VSPA members who volunteer to serve their brothers in the association. Officers were elected in 2010 for a two-year term. Staff members were appointed to assist and advise the officers of the association as needed.

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....A LITTLE AIR FORCE HUMOR



- ◆ Takeoff's are optional; Landings are mandatory.
- ◆ Flying is not dangerous; crashing is dangerous.
- ◆ The propeller is just a big fan in the front of the plane to keep the pilot cool. Want proof? Make it stop; then watch the pilot break out into a sweat.
- ◆ The only time you have too much fuel is when you're on fire.
- ◆ The probability of survival is equal to the angle of arrival.
- ◆ Every one already knows the definition of a 'good' landing is one from which you can walk away. But very few know the definition of a 'great landing.' It's one after which you can use the airplane another time.
- ◆ A helicopter is a collection of rotating parts going round and round and reciprocating parts going up and down -- all of them trying to become random in motion. Helicopters can't really fly -- they're just so ugly that the earth immediately repels them.
- ◆ The only thing worse than a captain who never flew as co-pilot is a co-pilot who once was a captain.
- ◆ Asking what a pilot thinks about the FAA is like asking a fire hydrant what it thinks about dogs.
- ◆ There are three simple rules for making a smooth landing: Unfortunately, no one knows what they are.
- ◆ Try to keep the number of your landings equal to the number of your takeoffs.

Erlyce Pekas, Guardmount Editor
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See you in
Dayton, Oct. 5-9, 2011!



USAF Security Police Vietnam Veterans—Welcome Home!

If you served in the USAF Air Police, Security Police, K-9, Safeside, or as a Security Police Augmentee in Vietnam or Thailand between 1958 and 1975, there's a great brotherhood looking for you. With more than 1,300 currently active members, the Vietnam Security Police Association is where you belong.

VSPA was formed for many reasons; to reunite friends, to preserve the memories of our fallen brothers and the history of our service in Vietnam and Thailand, and to ensure that the hard lessons learned in that war would not be forgotten. Lessons of life and death, forged in war, tempered in battle, that when remembered provide inspiration to Airmen who are yet to taste combat defending the fortress, and pride for those of us who have fought and bled together.

If you're qualified and interested in membership, read more about the VSPA and how to join at our website: www.vspa.com. WELCOME HOME TO VSPA!

**GET READY FOR THIS YEAR'S REUNION AT WRIGHT-PATTERSON AFB, DAYTON, OH!
October 5 - 9, 2011**