

## Airplane Hill ... Vietnam ... Airplane Hill ... Vietnam ... Airplane Hill



### **Airplane Hill** **Signal Hill, California** 1955 ~1966 © 2008, by Don Poss

*Vietnam was driving me crazy. I couldn't let it go -- it wouldn't let go of me.  
I realized if I didn't get hold of Vietnam —Vietnam would get hold of me ... forever.*

In 1955, World War II had ended only nine years earlier, and at age 11, I was a decade away from my war. Millions of WWII and Korean War veterans had returned home and very active in society. Naturally, the radio news often had stories of World War II, and places and battles like Midway, Normandy, Battle of the Bulge, Berlin, Tokyo, and of the Korean War that had just ended. There was even occasional mention of the French defeat at Điện Biên Phủ in a place called Vietnam. My future war was drawing closer.

That summer of '55, my folks bought a new three bedroom house in east Long Beach, California for \$9,000. We had moved from Wichita Falls, Texas, and I was enrolled in the sixth grade at Tincher Elementary School where I met a life-long friend, Dennis Vandergoore. Several years later, I would marry his little sister, who was four years younger than I.

Ray, my big brother, had just turned thirteen and showed me how to climb up on top of our house. From the roof you could see Signal Hill; a city-island in the middle of and completely surrounded by, the City of Long Beach.

Signal Hill was special because on Sunday's, that's where dad took us to fly—  
*and fly we did!*



My family attended church at White Temple Baptist, in Signal Hill, and if we were lucky (meaning good during church), then after church Dad would sometimes drive Mom's '57 pink Cadillac down Airplane Hill as we were going home to east Long Beach.



Technically, *Airplane Hill* was actually named Shell Hill, but Mom didn't like Dad to drive Airplane Hill, or Shell Hill, or whatever you wanna call it, because it seemed like jumping out of an airplane without a parachute, as far as she was concerned.

*To better understand Airplane Hill, think of a clock face (photo right): You start down a shallow drop (riding the hour-hand at 2:30), next you feel a thump (where clock hands connect in the center). The first time you drive the road and approach the "thump" you suddenly realize you can't see any part of road ahead (at all), and it appears as if you are about to drive off a cliff. Drive fast enough over the thump and you're positive you have driven over a cliff, as your car may be airborne briefly.*



Dad would say, "Here we go boys!" As we picked up speed down the hour-hand, mom would say, "Now Eulan ..." and that was about as far as she got in discouraging him, and Dad would cheerfully say, "But honey, this is slow!"

You couldn't see over the speed-hump, and in the near distance you could only see Long Beach Airport and houses 300 feet below. Dad would yell CONTACT! (as if someone was going to hand-spin a propeller) and he'd put the pedal to the metal ... mom would start screaming, us four boys would put our hands in the air, like riding a roller coaster, and scream our best bloody-murder death-cries—THUMP (you are on the minute-hand)—AHHHHhhhhh! We actually felt weightless for a second or two (cars didn't have seat belts in 1958). It was great.

We were mostly always good boys in church!

In those years, kids could play outside and wander the neighborhood in reasonable safety. Mom would say, "You boys go outside and play (meaning: So I can have some peace and quiet)—and be home before the street lights come on." So, we would ride our bikes, or skateboards (we called them scooters) and see what we could get in to without getting caught.

My brothers, Ray, Jerry, Larry, best-friend Dennis, and I built the forerunners to modern skateboards out of old boards and our metal roller skates. We used skate-keys to unscrew our metal roller skate frames, nailed front and back halves to 2x4 boards, and "skateboarded" noisily down the sidewalks. A broken sidewalk in front of a house could prove a slight concrete ramp to hop over.

We also hammered together plywood ramps to jump over, as young boys do. When that got old, we would go over to the dry Los Cerritos Flood Control Channel (right) and skate as long and far as we could down the cement sides. Los Cerritos Channel was definitely a *don't tell Mom* blood-oath type event.



We needed a new adventure and decided to take our skateboards and race down Airplane Hill. For better control of our skateboards, we nailed a vertical board to the front of the riding-board (which made them look like a letter "L"). We were positive, sort of, that would gain us steering control in the direction we hoped to travel.

We strapped our skateboards to our backs and bicycled the three miles to envisioned glory.

Riding toward the Hill, we were macho-bragging about who would be first down the hill to the bottom, daring each other to man-up and not wimp-out; ruthlessly harangue anyone appearing to be on the verge of chickening-out. At the base of the hill, we pushed our Murray balloon tires bikes to the side of the road and left them. We were huffing and puffing by the time we'd hiked up the steep road to the top. It was obvious, from a skateboarder's point of view, that Airplane Hill was *really* steep and *really-really* high. I for one began questioning whose dumb idea it was to conquer Airplane Hill in the first place. Dennis's dad was a sailor, so he knew all the motivational words to redirect my eleven years old brain toward a backbone.

All of us stared down from the crown of Airplane Hill and watched the ant-like airplanes, mostly Douglas DC-6 and DC-7 passenger planes, take off and landing at Long Beach Airport. Basically, we were putting off what we collectively recognized as a crazy idea: skateboarding down the Airplane Hill. Name-calling escalated with accusations of chicken, lily-livered, pansies, yellow-belly (Go play with dolls, why don't cha!), and upped to *double, triple, bazillion*-daring each other to go first.

Desperately looking around for the first street-light to come on (It was mid-afternoon ... there wasn't even a cloud in the sky by then), I suddenly screamed my best soprano war cry and charged down the road—Yahooo-ooooo! The first thirty yards I still could stand on the board and propel myself forward by kicking with my other foot. Then suddenly I felt like I was airborne, dropped my scooter's vertical driving-stick that quickly vibrated off. Flapping my arms like a bird, my milk-toast war cry choked and I was struck totally speechless!

It is a law of nature (and city coffers) that at the bottom of every steep road, is a stop sign. I rocketed downward surfing the asphalt wave toward the stop sign, swerving hard and

out of control. The metal skate wheels began disintegrating, showering sparks and spraying the roadside with ball bearings; suddenly the board flew apart and out from under me—I was flying faster than I could run—then cratered-in, catapulted, tumbling-somersaults into the plowed field beside the road.

The gang stood shocked, looking down the hill for signs of life.

I stood up staggering, head spinning—*where'd the hill go*—where's my skateboard—? wobble-brain and surprised to be alive. I focused, spotting the kids at the top of Airplane Hill, and in wild adolescence innocence Tarzan-pounded my chest in a bellowing triumphant voice-cracking yell at the wimps still at the top of the road. I shouted all of Dennis's words of encouragement I could remember. Suddenly the air was alive with hoots, screams, and shouts as all were racing toward the abyss at mach speed, in doppler-effect alto-screams of terror and joy.

We left our destroyed skateboards and parts strewn in the dirt and down the road, and pedaled our bikes home in pain-licking silence. We wore our bruises, road-burn scrapes and skinned knees, proudly as badges of valor and honor. No one suggested skateboarding Airplane Hill again. Ever. Next time, it would be more fun to walk neighborhood wooden-fence rails between the neighbors yards, with pit bull dogs on either sides.

For years the City of Signal Hill was covered with old wooden oil well derricks, and remained so until the great Hancock Oil fire in 1958. Hancock Oil painted and repainted entire tract housings, and who knows how many cars from sprinkling oil-drops that fell across east Long Beach.



I never forgot the rush of Airplane Hill, and in 1961 when I was in High School, I would drive my '51 Chevy to the hill and race over the top—girls screamed and would hold on really tight—there were no seat belts back then, and at the bottom of the hill I would lock up my brakes and skid most always to a stop. The T-intersection actually looked like the touch-down area of an airport runway, blackened with tire skid marks through it.

While growing up at home, I never heard the mention of college. That simply was not in the picture. It was always, "Which service are you going in?" My brother Ray had joined the Navy, and so I decided to join the Air Force. I liked airplanes. So, in 1962, eleven days out of high school, and at 17 years of age, I joined the Air Force and requested Air Police duty for the purpose of becoming a police officer when my enlistment was up.

As an Air Policeman in 1963, when President Kennedy was assassinated, I was transferred to Bergstrom AFB, Texas to assist with base security when President LBJ returned to Austin from the Washington D.C. Vietnam's location was still basically unknown to most civilians, but as an AP assigned to do honor guard military funerals for Vietnam KIA casualties buried in Texas, I was well aware of the growing war, and decided no one in their right mind would want to go to Vietnam.

I volunteer for Vietnam—didn't want to miss out on awar—and in 1965 was transferred to Đà Nẵng Air Base, South Vietnam, which allowed a short Leave in transit. At home, my brother Jerry had inherited my '51 Chevy, but I managed at least one Airplane Hill ride with a girlfriend. Fun, but not quite the same.

When my year tour in Vietnam as over I DEROS'd (Date Return from Overseas) home in 1966. My freedom-bird flight landed at Travis AFB, California. We were warned about the growing anti-war groups and encouraged to remain on base, and if not, to at least wear civilian clothes downtown.

I was reseated next to Broderick Crawford whom I recognized as the Hollywood actor playing Chief Dan Mathews in the very popular (B&W) TV series, Highway Patrol. Broderick Crawford looked at me and asked, "You just back from Vietnam?" I nodded yes. "Thought so ... ", and he shook his head in understanding and resumed reading a magazine. He never asked me if I had killed someone, or any of those lame questions soon to become too common.

When Broderick Crawford called the flight attendant and asked for two adult beverages, she looked at me ... and he said that it was all right. She went for the beverages, and I told him it really was all right, that I had turned 21 in Vietnam.

The flight was smooth, and after a few sips of an adult beverage, I relaxed a little, and told him I had religiously watched every Highway Patrol series on TV (I really had) and was a big fan of his. Broderick Crawford nodded, and turned serious and asked me if everyone returning from Vietnam went through Travis AFB. I told him as far as I knew, the Air

Force did, and offered that my tour was up and I was being discharged, and had been at Travis Air Force Base processing out for three days.

He asked what I did during those three days, and I told him mostly picking up cigarette butts and CS type jobs waiting processing out. He glowed red in the face and said in that rich baritone voice of his, "You mean they have men coming back from Vietnam picking up cigarette butts?" He was rather upset at that idea.

Landing at LAX in Los Angeles, Broderick Crawford asked if I needed a ride, that he could have his chaffer drop me off anywhere. I told him I was being met by family, and we shook hands and went our own ways. A real gentleman.

My family drove home from LAX on the new 405 San Diego Freeway, which was not there when I joined the Air Force four years earlier. We drove pass Long Beach Airport on the left, and Signal Hill on the right, and I couldn't help feeling a quickened pulse at seeing Airplane Hill.

My emotions were riding a roller coaster of their own, and I didn't understand why. Mom cooked a welcome home dinner, and I ate a little but mostly stirred the food around my plate. Mom and Dad seemed concerned and wanted to know what was wrong. Nothing, I would reply, and told them I was tired and wanted to lay down, which I did. I didn't want to be with them, or anyone. I wanted to go back to Vietnam.

That night I slept for an hour or so and was then wide awake. Vietnam. What are they doing now? I wondered how my Sentry Dog, Blackie, was doing with his new handler? What post are they on? Have they been mortared yet? Are there flares--of course there are flares. No ... it's day time there now. I got dressed, took Jerry's car keys and told him not to wake mom, that I was going for a drive.

Midnight at Airplane Hill: There were a couple of teenagers parked with lights out and steamed windows. I parked away from them, overlooking Long Beach Airport. Why aren't I glad to be home? I hated Vietnam ... didn't I?

Vietnam: How can I have been there five nights ago, and here now? There's no war here ... no one knows there's a war over there. I was restless. I got out of the car and leaned against the hood looking down at the airport. I cupped a cigarette so the cherry couldn't be seen by an enemy 12,000 miles away. I looked at the blue runway lights, dialed low but still sharp. I thought of where K-9 would be patrolling, and where the perimeter bunkers would be set up and where the mine fields would be. No jungle to clear away. The surrounding fields between the quiet freeway and the runways were blind-dark, and it was easy to image a pop-flare firing at any moment. I thought how fitting it would be to have a sandbagged bunker where I was standing.

At that moment looking down at the air base—airport—the one thing I was certain of was that I wanted nothing to do with firearms and violence. Vietnam stood between me and

At dawn, when I could see the dark fields were empty of enemies or friends, I drove home and went to sleep before anyone even knew I had left.

A few days after arriving home in Long Beach, I received a phone call from a Colonel who said he was some general's aide, and wanted to know if it was true I had been assigned clean-up policing duties while at Travis AFB. It was, I had told him, and he offered that Broderick Crawford had called a friend, his Congressman in D.C., and both were pissed to no end.

The colonel was polite and said that those type details were about to come to a major halt at Travis. He added that Broderick Crawford had served in WWII and saw action in the Battle of the Bulge, and cared about how servicemen are treated. I thanked him, still in my military mind set, and that was that. I have no idea where he got my parents phone number.

I bought a '59 Chevy, with the V-fin trunk lid, painted it a dark metallic cherry brown, and had it tuck'n'rolled in TJ Mexico. I wanted to see Kathy again. She had a boyfriend, and I had a girlfriend, but we soon started dating. We double-dated a few times, and somehow ended up flying over Airplane Hill ... girls still screamed and held on tightly.



I stopped seeing Kathy. I stopped seeing anyone. I couldn't sleep. I found a job and worked all the hours I could to stay occupied and not think of Vietnam. Why was I thinking of that place all the time? I tried talking to Dennis; he had no clue, wanted to know if I had killed anybody, and I changed the subject. I then understood there would be no one who could understand ... no one to talk with. The memories of Vietnam were not just memories to me—Vietnam was real and on every TV daily and I had friends still there — but none here—and I soon learned no one wanted to talk about Vietnam. When my brothers asked, I didn't want to talk about it. They wouldn't understand ... how could they? No one did. My brother, Jerry had enlisted in the army, and was in Vietnam.

Nights were for sleeping. I still couldn't sleep more than a few hours. Dennis called. I told him to kiss my ass and hung up. Mom stood there with her mouth open. Weeks went by. The dreams were vivid versions of all I had seen in Vietnam. Why is this happening? I wondered. Why can't I sleep? I was in California, but at night my mind didn't believe it and I would awake with a start as if falling asleep on duty. Vietnam: Sappers; C-130s burning; SSgt Jensen dead—gunfight with sappers; Mortars; Junk piles of twisted aircraft debris; Tent City; Buddhist uprisings; Airmen's Club; Mortars; Huey choppers; Aircraft bombing the perimeter; Marble Mountain lit up in flares and burning aircraft; F-4 Phantoms' afterburners rocking bedrock; Freedom Hill with green and red tracers; Battle

damaged aircraft; crackling pop flares; Exploding B-57; Truck bed loaded with bodies; Coffins loaded on aircraft; Tentmate JB, dead—mortars; Bodies and wounded in Hueys, blood pool on the deck; Ammo dump fire; Blackie ... always Blackie; K-9 fighting holes; Perimeter Flares; Flare kickers and pearls of drifting fire; Monsoon rains; Marines; suffocating heat; Mortars; SSGT Kays gone ... I wonder if he is dead; Mortars; Howitzers; rats; ou Numba Ten GI; Snakes; Firefights; Flamethrowers on the perimeter; Bombs falling nearby; the night was not for sleeping—it still isn't.

Vietnam was driving me crazy. I couldn't let it go—it *wouldn't* let go of me. Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder wasn't in my vocabulary. Shell Shock, Soldier's Heart, all those Civil War, WWI and II names applied to cowards. I just have to get a grip ... but on what? I had no idea what was happening to me.

No one to talk to—each night a replay of the night before, and the night before that. I realized if I didn't get a hold of Vietnam—Vietnam would keep me in a headlock. I just had to suck it up—right? I didn't do anything other Airmen hadn't done in Vietnam, and they're all doing okay ... aren't they? The dreams continued. I told my parents I wanted to go to church with them, and I did. There was no one to talk to there either.

Airman Gary Knutson (Sentry Dog Eric) DEROS'd to his home in Long Beach. We were from the same city, and assigned Đà Nẵng Air Base K-9 together as part of Operation TopDog45. He told me Blackie's new handler was doing fine. We talked on the phone a couple of times and then he moved north somewhere. We would renew friendship years later. I knew from talking to him that he was beginning to go through whatever it was that I was experiencing. I didn't know how to help him.

Airman Gary Eberbach (Sentry Dog Bucky) phoned and asked if my invite to visit for a while in Long Beach was still open—it was. I was happy about that.

Gary flew in to Long Beach Airport, after DEROS from Da Nang. Gary was also K-9 with me, and seemed his natural happy-go-lucky self. I noticed how dark his tan was, and wondered if I had been like that from Vietnam. And of course he wanted me to set him up with a date. I took him to church. "Church! You gotta be kidding me?" he had protested. The one time I played match-maker and I introduced him to Rita. I figured she could handle him. A match truly made in heaven. I phoned Kathy, and we began talking on the phone -- a lot. We double-dated with Gary and Rita, went to the drive-in movies, to the Cinnamon Cinder and saw Sonny Bono and Cher, and went for drives all over southern California. And Rita and Kathy's screams were piercing over Airplane Hill.

At night, Gary and I talked at times for hours. Vietnam: Remembering K-9 posts; remembering a firefight one night; talking about Blackie and Bucky, about J.B. ... everything and anything. Gary couldn't sleep. Neither could I. I got him a job at Douglas Aircraft with me, and we helped build the first DC-10's. After nearly a year, Gary and Rita got married, and soon moved to Michigan.



Soon thereafter, my high school phoned and asked if I would address the school's Veterans' Day Assemblies (2,500 students), in uniform (I was already discharged from a four years USAF enlistment). I agreed. A few days later I had parked my car in old familiar stomping-grounds in one of the Millikan High School, Long Beach, student parking lots. I couldn't believe I had agreed to such an idiotic request, and was grumbling to myself while walking toward the auditorium. I didn't have clue-one what I would say, and this was merely the first-assembly with a second-assembly to go! So basically I planned to respond to the Principal's (WWII vet) questions, and somehow get through it.

We stood at the podium as the Principal quieted the assembly who pointed and stared at him and the guy in a blue Air Force uniform. I listened as he introduced me as a graduate of Millikan High School, 1962. Memories of Vietnam were extremely vivid to me at that time in 1967, and, standing at center-stage I looked out at the too-young faces setting in the large auditorium, all quiet and attentive.

The Principal began asking short questions, which I gave clipped answers to. I scanned the balcony for a familiar face – none to be found. The audience, it seemed to me, was embarrassed that I was not at ease and with my too-quiet and too-brief replies. And they were right; my attention was drifting to recent memories. I then ignored a question, took the hand microphone and turned from the Principal to the students directly. I spoke at length of my friend, James B. Jones, who was killed in action at Đà Nẵng Air Base in January of 1966, at age 19. The jokes we played on each other ... the trouble we would have gotten into if only the sergeants had found out "who did that!" ... the heat ... the stench, rain and mud and bugs ... body bags ... and the last night of J.B.'s life at Đà Nẵng Air Base Vietnam.

Total silence.

I told the students of how the next morning, still wearing my flack-jacket and helmet and carrying my M-16 weapon, I entered the dispensary where J.B. was carried only hours earlier. Two medics came out of a back room ... is that where he is? -- "I want to see J.B.'s body," I had demanded, but he was not there and had already begun his final journey home.

I tried to make eye contact with students in the front rows, as I told of a letter from Jim's mother and the pain of loss she and his father felt. Was any of what I was saying making sense? I could see that some of the girls were actually crying. The guys, all too close to military age, were setting on seats' edges and listening intently ... as I remembered my war in Vietnam.

I asked the "young men" in the auditorium what they would consider important in their lives today, if they "knew their lives could end within a year from today?" I told them that Vietnam was "not a place you would want to go," but at the same time was not a place I regretted going to—and yet it was impossible for me to explain what that meant, or convey "what it was really like". Vietnam had a life-changing impact on me, and anyone it

touched, in that I could never go back to those days-of-innocence I knew at Millikan High School.

The Principal, who had sat down on a folding chair stood up, shook my hand and thanked me with a quick embrace and pat on the back. My God ... did the Principal that used to threaten to skin me alive just hug me?

The students had not begun to stir, and I noticed the second-assembly students were peeking in the doors to see why they could not yet enter. I walked from the podium toward the wings, and after a few steps the students began to rise, and applaud ... then amazingly, cheer and whistle and shout and the cheering became as loud as if Millikan's football team had just won the State football Championship. I stopped, totally surprised—shocked really—and turned to face them. The noise and shouting tapered off to a ripple. I was too choked up to say anything, and what had I said anyway? so I just simply popped a salute, held it for a moment, and walked off stage. The cheering and shouts started anew with the balcony students nosily stomping their shoes on the floor.

After second-assembly, some of my old high school teachers came backstage and shook my hand. Some were worried about "the war getting serious." As I left the building through a side door, several students from first and second assemblies were waiting. Some said they had brothers or fathers in Vietnam. One teary eyed girl said that her brother had died in Vietnam, and wanted to know if I had known him.

Later that night, I drove my old '51 Chevy to the top of Airplane Hill ... it was funny that was the one place I felt at peace. And that night I needed time alone. I would always remember my Veterans' Day high school talk, and recognized it for what it really was ... my Welcome Home.

Years later, I occasionally return to Millikan High School, and always took notice of the Memorial Bulletin Board's growing list of alumni killed in action in Vietnam. The war was still roaring along, with years to go, and the stories of Vietnam veterans being spit on and cursed were now common knowledge.

I traded-in my beloved '59 Chevy for a new Cherokee-140 low-wing airplane. My parents and brothers Ray and Larry, also earned a pilot's license.

Kathy and I flew out of Long Beach Airport, over to Catalina Island several times, up and down the California coastline at night, and to Vegas. We were engaged, and I still needed to get my head screwed on



right. The dreams were not as bad, but they were not gone either. Having Gary to talk with had been great. He understood exactly what I felt, and I think talking helped ease him into civilian life. Still, I had decisions to make about the directions my life would take. I inhaled from the cupped cigarette, and smiled to myself, then took a heavy drag with the cherry glowing fire red and open to the warm night air. *There's no war here.* I am home.

I thought of the one traffic citation I was ever to receive and folded in my pocket. Officers Paul Chastain and Ben Post had stopped me for changing lanes on my motorcycle like an idiot, but before they sent me on my way, we talked for some time. They were good listeners. Officer Chastain asked if I had ever considered joining the police department. The seed was replanted.

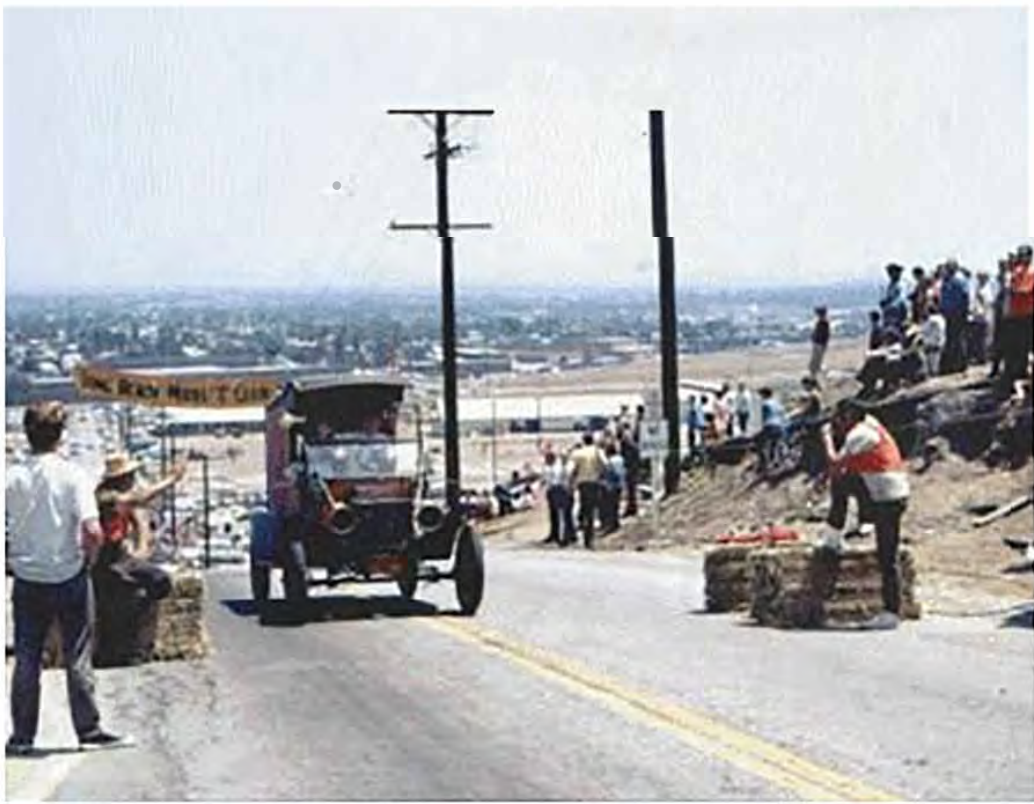
That night, as I looked out over the airport's blue lights ... I realized the old saying that *you can never go back* was true. My old high school friends were too young for me. My new friends would never understand Vietnam. I thought once more of my friends in Vietnam. Most would have rotated for DEROS, or a new base somewhere. A few would reup for another Vietnam tour of duty. Somehow, "friends" was too mild a word. It ran deeper than that, and I resolved if I could find a way to help them, I would. Broderick Crawford had known what I was soon to understand: War never will leave you ... *not for a day* ... but life was worth living, and the country was worth fighting for, and your comrades, that's the word, are worth helping and listening to forever.

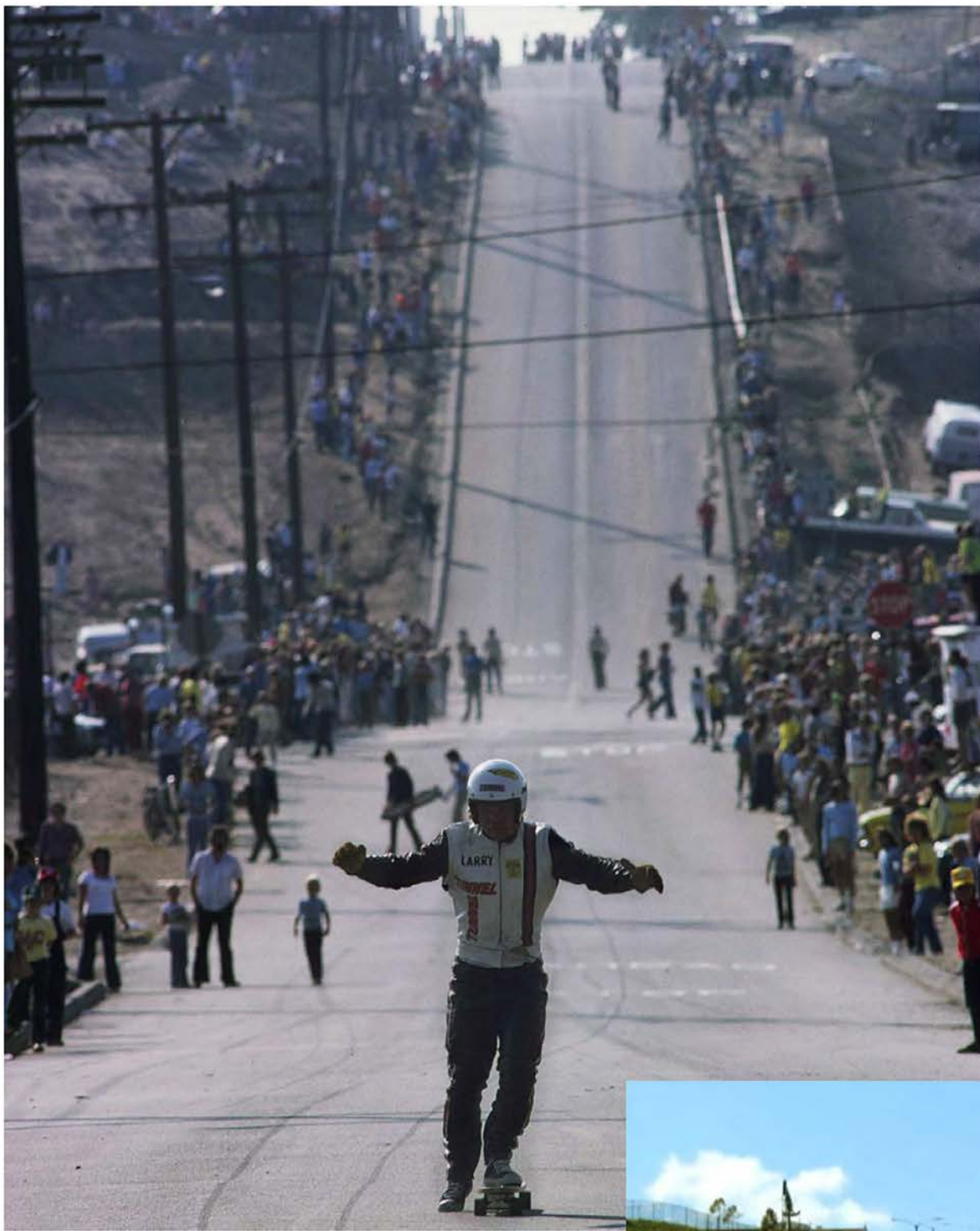
Dawn was again approaching. The war-ghosts lingering in the dark fields of mist below evaporated with the California sun, and were nowhere to be seen. The ghosts of my boyhood and wild death cry of tear streaming joy was beckoning for just one more ride over Airplane Hill ... and if you listen close, you can still hear the echoes of metal roller-skate wheels, whoops and hoorahs, and screeching tires from innocent boyhood years—  
Yahoooooooooooo!

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### History Photos: Airplane Hill - Shell Hill, Signal Hill, California







### **Post Script (2008):**

Gary Knutson, Gary Eberbach, and I are members of VSPA (two of three have Agent Orange VA disabilities), and we email often. I am still handsome. Both Gary's look like balding-prunes sucked dry by feeding Wraith (TV show Stargate Atlantis fame (heh-heh)).

Gary and Rita Eberbach have been married nearly 45 years.

Kathy and I have been married 41 years this year.

My friend Dennis passed away in 2007.

My brother Jerry (US Army, Vietvet) is in law enforcement in the Palm Springs area.

My brother Larry (US Army) is a computer wiz-geek-nerd.

The students and staff at Millikan High School still remember and honor their veterans to this day, with the Alumni Memorial posted at the campus' main entrance.

Signal Hill's oil derricks were replaced with high-priced condos. Shell Hill, Airplane Hill, was redesigned and still there—if you dare.

### **Post Script (2018):**

Gary Knutson died from Agent Orange diseases (2018).

Gary Eberbach died from Agent Orange diseases (2016).

My brother Jerry is retired, and in advanced stages of Agent Orange disease.

My brother Larry is retired. He has hosted my two veteran websites for more than 20 years.

My brother Ray is still flying.

I am retired. Kathy and I celebrated our 51 anniversary on Thanksgiving Day this November with our son and daughter and their children (our five grandkids). The two oldest girls are in US Army (One is a combat medic, the other a paratrooper).

After DEROS from Vietnam, I used my GI Bill and graduated from Long Beach Community College (AA Police Science), and California Baptist University (BS Political Science/Public Administration).

I still webmaster two large military veterans websites:

- \* War-Stories.com (all US military services)
- \* VSPA.com (USAF): Vietnam Security Police Association, Inc. (USAF) [currently, USAF Security Force Squadrons]

***We Take Care of Our Own***