



A Publication of the Vietnam Security Police Association

March 1, 2013

Spring 2013 Issue



# GUARDMOUNT

VIETNAM SECURITY POLICE ASSOCIATION

*"We Take Care of Our Own"*



VSPA Life Member #464 Doug Davis with Remy

## HERO DOGS OF WAR

by  
contributing writer  
**Priscilla Miller**

(Read the rest of this story on pages 4-5)

Photos on Doug Davis's office wall hold memories of his days as an Air Force Dog Handler and Hero Dogs he has known.



Doug Davis with his Sentry Dog, Smoke 978X, November 1968 at Phu Cat, Vietnam.  
(photo provided by Doug Davis)





Photo of President Pete Piazza courtesy of Ken Neal, VSPA Photographer

# President's Corner

By Pete Piazza, President VSPA

William (Pete) Piazza – LM #141  
Cam Ranh Bay AB 1966  
Bien Hoa AB 1967-68  
Phu Cat AB 1970-71

To my fellow VSPA Members, let me wish you a very Happy New Year. I hope that everyone is enjoying this nice weather we are having - after open heart surgery, ALL weather is nice!! THANK YOU to all who sent get-well cards and emails, or called me on the telephone. You took care of me and helped me in my slow recovery from open heart surgery in January. As I said in my posting on the VSPA Bulletin Board, I am slowly making it back after 60 days, but still have a long way to go.

I do want to say a special THANK YOU to the VSPA Sisterhood for get-well cards and emails that they sent to me. These ladies do an outstanding job taking care of all of us, either at home or when we travel to a reunion site.

Now, I have to ask you, does your wife, girlfriend or better half get involved with the VSPA Sisterhood? Do they know who to contact if they have a question or just want some information? If not, they need to contact Pam Talbot at lilacroller1@comcast.net for information and a connection to the special people whose motto is, *"Taking care of those who take care of their own."* Pam is the VSPA Sisterhood Contact List Manager and knows where all the Sisterhood members are located and how to get in touch with them. So please pass this info on to your better half or girlfriend, OK?

Our 19th Annual VSPA Reunion will be held in Charleston, South Carolina October 9th thru the 13th. We have the hotel contract in place and are finalizing plans with The Reunion Brat. The hotel provides free parking, a free airport shuttle and a complimentary chef's breakfast for two in our hospitality room each morning. The rooms will be \$115 per night. Our next issue of GUARDMOUNT will have all reunion information, the registration form and hotel reservation information.

We are very fortunate to have VSPA Member Gary Jones as our local point of contact with the 628th Security Forces Squadron at Joint Base Charleston. He lives in the Charleston area and has attended many of our reunions. The 628th SFS Commander, LTC Frances Dorish, has met with Gary and assigned an officer and a senior NCO to be our POCs for the reunion. Gary has already met with them, too. We are indeed fortunate to have Gary there to maintain continuity because LTC Dorish will be transferring. The new commander of the 628<sup>th</sup> SFS will be LTC James Hodges, who already knows who we are. Prior to being assigned to Air Combat Command HQ and the Pentagon, he was the SFS Commander at Davis-Monthan AFB and the host commander for the dedication of the Millard Lehman Security Forces Complex that was attended by Mom Lehman, Erlyce and many of our members. By the way, LTC Dorish will be transferring to Barksdale AFB, the location of our 2014 reunion!

Finally, I hope that everyone has a great 2013. My wife and I are looking forward to seeing everyone at the 2013 VSPA Reunion in Charleston. Take care and be safe.

**Welcome  
Home!**  
Pete



## Remarks About Our 2012 VSPA Reunion in Florida

### 18th Annual VSPA Reunion-Fort Walton Beach

To all the VSPA Brotherhood & Sisterhood,

I just would like to add my thoughts to what many have already said about the Reunion. First of all, I want to express my gratitude to Phil Carroll for a job well done for the past two years. Phil, your talk last year in Ohio at the Saturday night Dinner was very moving & memorable. I would also like to congratulate Pete, our new incoming President. Thank you for being willing to stand up and lead this great organization. Lastly, I want to thank all of the various Board Members for all of their hard work in bringing to fruition another great Reunion! You know for my money, all the planned activities, Museums, visits to the Bases, and visits with the current troops are wonderful and are the product of much forethought and exhausting work, but there's nothing more meaningful to me than to just be able to spend time with my brothers with whom I share a common bond and wound. And, if I'm lucky enough, maybe to hear "Ramps" singing some tunes over the din of conversation surrounding us.

If you've never been to a Reunion or haven't been in awhile, don't miss the next one. All the window dressing is wonderful, but the healing happens by being there in person with your Brothers.

Hope to see you all next year!

**Mrs. Coakley's Oldest boy,  
John Paul, Bien Hoa-Pleiku 65'-66'**

### Powerful Reunion Events -- Pat Dunne (Proud),

Powerful highlights of note. The prayer session for Sara Windsor led by Chaplain Jeff Kerkoff made a believer out of this Agnostic! And the results were spiritual! The magnificent speech by Newell Swartz at the gravesite of Bruce Dale Jones stirred the soul.

And the keynote speech by Maj Kit was a Grand Slam. Really...? Ya hadda be there!

And of course, catching up with my good buddies, Big Dave, Big John, Vic, JP, Roy et al.

**Hawk**

### ♥ That Reunion! -- Phil Carroll, LM #336,

Ladies and Gents,

Thanks a million, from the bottom of my heart, for your kind words and messages about the reunion. Yeah, it's always a tremendous amount of work, but the rewards are huge for those of us who put it together for you as much as they are for everybody who attends. Yes, it is true that the Brotherhood is felt mostly by those who are lucky enough to get there, but I also love reading the sharing that's expressed in the on-line reunion posts on the BB. The camaraderie thrives way beyond the hotel.

As those of you who attended this year already know, the camaraderie is also strongly felt by the active-duty Security Forces troops who enjoyed the week with us. They were absolutely blown away by the love and energy we share.

Thank you all for belonging to and supporting the VSPA, and for being part of this wonderful Brotherhood. It means the world to all of us, and your participation and enthusiasm are fantastic.

Thanks also for all your support and assistance during my tenure as your VSPA President. You all are the best.

Of all the thanks and appreciations, though, the one that sticks in my mind and heart the most was from the last person who gave me a warm hug before I jumped into a car to leave the hotel. God bless you, Sara Windsor. You renewed our belief in hope and life more than I can find words to express!

God bless, and Welcome Home! **Phil**

# HERO DOGS OF WAR, by Priscilla Miller (continued from front cover)



Remmy enjoys some cool water at a well in Afghanistan

Today, Doug Davis sits behind his desk at DeWitt Marine, on the Clam River in Northern Michigan, with his Dutch Shepherd “Remmy,” a retired (PEDD) Patrol Explosive Detection Dog, at his feet. The walls in his office have photos of other military service dogs, and one photo in particular shows a younger Davis dressed in military garb with a magnificent German Shepherd at his side. Davis, a former Air Force dog handler, enlisted in 1966. He never thought he would see action in Vietnam, but this proved not to be the case and he ended up serving over 300 nights in the bush there, outside the wire. After basic training, he worked for several months in the Air Police at Seymour Johnson Air Force Base where he spent time at the main gate and riding patrol. He finally decided that law enforcement was not for him and switched to working security. It only took one night walking around a squadron of F100’s for Davis to say, “I’m out of here” and he volunteered for canine. The squadron

commander tried to talk him out of it, by telling him he would be shipped to Vietnam, but by then Davis realized that everyone on the base would be going to Vietnam. He told the commander he would rather have a dog than be in a bunker by himself. Being an Air Force dog handler was among the most dangerous duties one could draw in the Air Force during the Vietnam War, but to this day he never regrets making that decision.

He proceeded to go to “dog school” at Lackland Air Force Base where all TSA, Secret Service, and dogs from all five branches of the service trained. He explains, “Back then there were three types of dogs used in Vietnam. Sentry Dogs were trained using punishment techniques and as a result they were ultra-aggressive. All they did was alert and attack. These dogs could never be retired, and today they are no longer in use. Scout Dogs were trained using a rewards system at Fort Benning. They worked during the day and were sent out with a squad or a company on patrols. When on patrol, they always tried to work downwind. One man and his dog were usually 150 meters in front of the main unit followed by a man with an M60 in close proximity. Their job was to protect the handler and dog. They followed off to the left and right, about 50 meters behind. When the dog alerted, the handler would figure out where the alert was coming from, and using hand signals, signal back to the bodyguards, who in turn alerted the main unit. That’s when the Tracker Dogs (bloodhounds were used) were called in to find the enemy.” While Davis was stationed at Phu Cat, about 17 miles North of Qui Nhon, he and his Sentry Dog “Smoke” joined a team made up of 38 men, handling 38 dogs, and were assigned to do perimeter security at night. There were 27 miles of perimeter, lined with concertina wire around the base and the “dog men” patrolled outside the wire, actually venturing some distance into the surrounding jungle in search of Viet Cong. Davis says, “Once we were locked and loaded, on our way outside of the wire, the men in the bunkers would yell out, ‘hey dog man, stay on your toes tonight’, because they knew they would be next, if the enemy breached our security.” Davis’s dog Smoke, would weave when alerting



Remmy in a K-9 Truck

on an animal, but would walk straight forward, if it was human. Once, while on patrol, Smoke exhibited a strange, dance-like alert. Davis was totally confused by his dog’s behavior, until he saw that Smoke was standing in the middle of an army of fire ants. He quickly jerked on Smoke’s six foot leash and something happened that had never happened before; the leash broke. Davis quickly fashioned a makeshift leash from the broken one, and then had to returned to base for a new one. Several days later, Davis learned that a Viet Cong officer had been captured and while being interrogated, told how his men were about to fire on a dog handler, when the handler experienced an equipment failure (the leash breaking) and rather than prematurely exposing their position, stood down instead and allowed him to return to base.

During war time, dogs were the most effective device for saving lives. They braved countless dangers to bring our men home alive. Their sense of smell is said to be 1,000 times greater than man's and they could sniff out the enemy up to 1,000 yards away. They were used during WWII and Korea. After WWII these brave dogs were shipped home and given honorable discharges. Dogs are credited with reducing casualties by 65% in the areas of Vietnam where they served. The Viet Cong hated the dogs so much, they offered a reward for a handler's uniform patch, or the tattooed ear from a dog. Instances of dogs saving the lives of their handlers are common. In one such incident the dog alerted, but the handler not seeing anything was about to step forward when his dog blocked his path. It wasn't until then that he saw a trip wire, hidden in the jungle foliage.

An example of the devotion shared between these dogs of war and their handlers took place during the Vietnam War. As a handler lay critically injured, he felt his life ebbing away, and his thoughts were of his loyal dog. He did not want to have it see him die, and ordered it to "go". The dog refused to leave; instead, grasping his handler's uniform collar in his teeth, he began dragging his wounded comrade out of harm's way. Realizing what his dog was trying to do, the wounded warrior reached up and held on to the dog's harness. Despite being shot twice, the brave animal continued on until they reached safety.

Once the handler's condition was stabilized at a field hospital, he insisted on seeing his dog before being shipped to a military hospital for further treatment. A tearful reunion ensued as the gallant German Shepherd carefully, rested it's head on his handler's chest and looked up at him. After thanking his dog for saving him, the two parted, never to see each other again. The handler would always remember his brave friend and always wonder what happened to him. He prayed that the dog had been put down by the military, because otherwise, it would have been eaten by the Vietnamese. Of the four thousand dogs who served in the war, only 204 returned to the states, because the dogs were considered disposable, "military equipment". Davis was relieved to learn that his dog Smoke, became sick while in Vietnam and was euthanized. After his discharge from the Air force in 1970, Davis returned to civilian life, married, and raised a family, but he could never bring himself to have another dog, because of the memories it would bring back of his time in Vietnam. Then, in 2008 he received a call from Debbie Kandoll, a friend, and founder of "Military Working Dogs Adoptions". She told him she thought it was time for him to adopt a retired military working dog and Davis agreed. In November, "Ringo", a Navy dog who served in Kuwait, came to live in the Davis household. Sadly in 2011, Ringo became ill and had to be put down. In July of last year the Davis's opened their hearts and home again, and adopted Remmy. Remmy is credited with preventing multi casualties when he alerted on a village hut in Afghanistan. The hut contained a huge amount of explosives, rigged to go off when the door was opened.

Doug says, "The dogs are so happy to finally be free to roam around in the house and not be stuck in a run. Most dogs are in a run six months, before they end up with their adopted family. Like anyone, freedom is a big deal and they show it after reaching home". Today the adoption of military working dogs is becoming easier; however anyone considering adopting one of these dogs, should have experience handling big dogs and know how to deal with their dominant personalities. For Military Working Dog Adoption information: go to <http://www.militaryworkingdogadoptions.com/>



**LEFT:** Remmy, in a training exercise while in Afghanistan. Remmy, a Patrol Explosive Detection Dog from Afghanistan, is credited with saving many lives when he alerted his handler to a hut filled with explosives that were set to go off when they opened the door. In 2012, VSPA life member #464 Doug Davis adopted Remmy through Military Working Dog Adoptions.

**RIGHT:** Davis' Sentry dog, "Smoke 978X" in Vietnam. (Courtesy photos)



(This article originally published & reprinted with permission from the Elk Rapids News, Elk Rapids, MI and contributing writer Priscilla Miller)



Photo of Kit Johnson by Tony Morris

# Obituary of a Friend

by Major "Kit" Johnson

Major Christopher "Kit" Johnson is the Chief, Security Forces Division for the Installation and Mission Support Directorate for Air Force Special Operations Command. He is also an Associate Member of the VSPA.

The Air Force lost a valued and irreplaceable friend today; *The Verbal Greeting* passed away after a long illness. The Air Force *Verbal Greeting* was 65 years old. He is survived by his older brother, *The Salute*, and his parents, *Patriotism* and *Esprit de Corps*. In lieu of flowers, the family has requested that a donation be made by every Air Force member to professionalism in *The Verbal Greeting's* name.

*The Verbal Greeting* enjoyed a long and distinguished career in the Air Force starting in 1947 when pride in the new service was fresh and crisp. *The Verbal Greeting* usually led the way in interaction between officers and enlisted with his older brother, *The Salute*, following closely behind and beaming with pride at his little brother's impact on morale in the new Air Force.

Throughout the remainder of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, *The Verbal Greeting* continued a career of service that saw him break down barriers across the Air Force and its ranks, leading to open communication and fostering camaraderie throughout the service, taking the Air Force through its golden age of innovation in our nation's defense.

But shortly after the turn of the century, *The Verbal Greeting* began to show signs of weakness, when hands were full and *Salute* was not required, some began to not use the skill of *The Verbal Greeting*, as if *The Verbal Greeting* was not needed without *Salute*. Like a small cough, this malady was noticeable but still treatable by many in the Air Force; strong supervisors and good officers administered corrective medicine to those that would sicken *The Verbal Greeting* and for a time, *The Verbal Greeting's* illness seemed to be in remission and the prognosis was good that he could make a full recovery.

But in 2009, while I was attending the Army Command & Staff College, in Fort Leavenworth, Kansas I saw *The Verbal Greeting* was in failing health across all services. While walking from the parking lot to the main building one crisp December day right before Christmas Break, I was in a particularly good mood and decided to see how my friend *The Verbal Greeting* was doing among my peers. During that walk I gave 57 verbal greetings, with eye contact to my peers (39 Majors), superiors (8 Lieutenant Colonels) and even some subordinates (4 Captains & 6 enlisted troops) from all four branches of service; the results were not good; Only 11 greetings were returned, including one "Hey"; hardly a stellar verbal greeting in and of itself. 19% responding to *The Verbal Greeting* among those that would be ensuring his long term health wasn't good. In 2012 at both Nellis and Creech AFB, I visited my old friend again, trying 39 times at Nellis and 21 times at Creech over a two day period. While *Salute* seemed to be holding up well for his age, *The Verbal Greeting* was elicited in response to me on only 8 of 60 times. As a staple in our customs & courtesies, *The Verbal Greeting* was effectively dead without continual resuscitation through on-the-spot correction and verbal admonishments.

Between 2009 and 2012, *The Verbal Greeting* was killed off as simple basic face-to-face communication skills among service members continued to erode and was replaced by radical artificial communication life support treatments like Facebook, Twitter and Texting that require no eye to eye contact or verbal communication. Others that have not responded well to these types of communication treatments are; *The Voice Inflection*, *The Wry Smile* and *The Friendly Wave*, all of which will be pall bearers at *The Verbal Greeting's* funeral next week. The Air Force lost a good friend today.

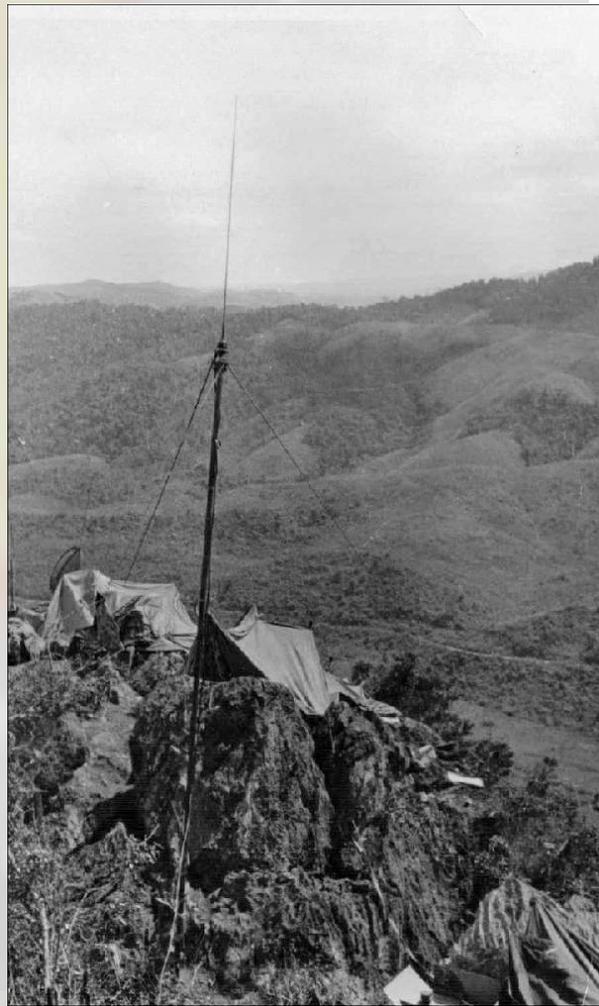
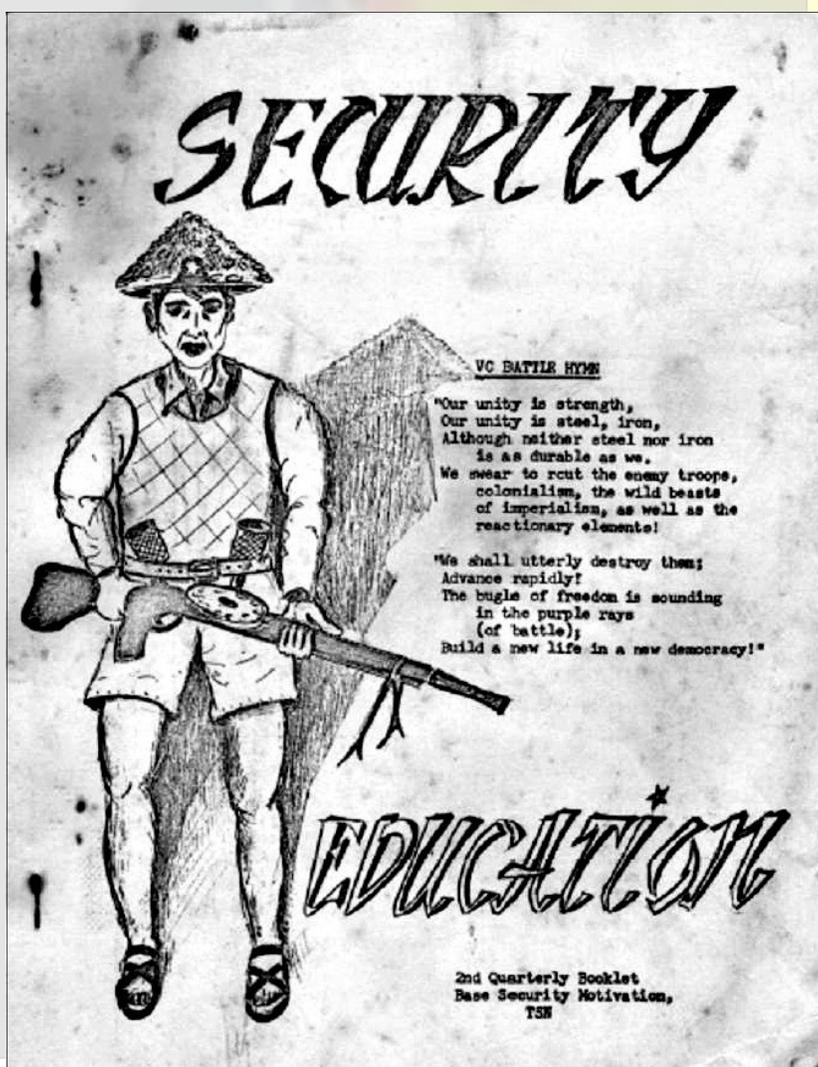
# YOUR VSPA HISTORY ~ by Kelly Bateman

VSPA HISTORIAN, Life Member #118, Ubon K-9 70-71:



Courtesy photo of Kelly Bateman

The VSPA would like to thank past VSPA Historian, Don Graham, for his donation to the VSPA Archives. Don has donated the personal papers of USAF TSgt James E. Anderson. These numerous records document TSgt Anderson's service in the USAF, beginning in the early 1960's as an Air and Security Policeman and include his assignment to Tan Son Nhut AB RVN with the 6250th CSG Air Police APO 96307 on 4-Oct-1965. I have just received Don's package and will go through it for articles to be included in future issues of Guardmount. Don, thank you for a very important item for our archives. In this Guard Mount I am including 2 items contained in TSgt Anderson's papers from his tour at Tan Son Nhut AB RVN. The first is the front cover of a "Security Education Pamphlet" for new members of the 377th SPS. The second is a USAF photo of a mountain top site, unknown location. I am assuming this was near TSN but if anyone has more information it would be appreciated so it can be labeled correctly.



# READING, WRITING and the USAF

by Frank Pilson, LM#28, Cam Ranh Bay 12th SPS, 1966-67



Courtesy photo of Frank Pilson

My wife, Joan, asked me to write an article about my current interest: tutoring others who cannot read or write. To do that, I need to provide some background.

I was in the USAF from September 1963 to April 1967. I spent 3 years 7 months 10 days 17 hours and 10 minutes too long in the Air Force. I even got to spend 361 days on the world's best beach in Vietnam . . . for free. When I came home, I got my education under the GI Bill. I worked for the same company for 42 years before retiring and taking 21 months off of work to find myself. Joan told me to take six months but that turned into 21 months with me saying, "Don't worry dear, we Vets always listen to our wives." The sad part is they are right 99.9% of time. I was also doing a lot of family history research. I

started to look around for volunteer work. Nothing really caught my interest but Joan had talked to a woman who tutors math in our area. The idea of tutoring appealed to me because I have my BS in elementary education and special education. I went on-line to obtain some information from the Delaware County, Pennsylvania, Literacy Council (DCLC), and applied for tutoring positions. The DCLC interviewed me and I was accepted into Adult Basic Education. I had to take ten hours of "Tutor Training for Reading" through the (DCLC), after which I was matched with my first student. Our lives were about to change.

I knew how to write lesson plans for teaching school. I spent some time writing my first lesson plan using information from the DCLC to prepare a lot of material using the first chapter of the reading book. My first student, Gary, breezed right through the first chapter with no problems. The real surprise came as we were getting to know each other. He was USAF Nam Vet.

We were comfortable with each other because we were both Nam and USAF Vets. Although Gary was not an AP, he kept our water clean for us while he was in Nam. I asked him how he got the job and he answered, "needs of the USAF at the time." I told him that I had wanted to be an air traffic controller but the USAF chose Air Police for me, let me live in a tent and play with guns during my year in Nam. We would talk about Nam during our tutoring sessions. Some of the topics were funny, others sad and a lot of "remember when." I'll always remember the immediate connection we had with each other as Veterans, as well as being his first tutor and him being my first student. He passed, our sessions are over and now we are good friends.

A sad problem in America today is the number of people who can't read or write. There are about 65,000 people in my local area. I am sure there are many reasons why, but the individuals who come to DCLC have taken the first step in helping themselves to improve their lives. The staff and volunteers of DCLC place students into group and individual sessions. There is no magic wand to help them improve. It takes work and dedication.

I've often asked myself, "Who does the most work – the student or the tutor?" My feeling is that the student does the most work, but the real answer is in the final product, their ability to read. Your reward as a tutor is seeing your student making progress. I have left many tutoring sessions with great feelings of satisfaction. It is a feeling I didn't have when I was working.

One of the most important qualities you need as a tutor is a great sense of humor. It breaks the ice in many tutoring sessions and makes me think back to my days in school from 1<sup>st</sup> grade to college when there was very little humor. I can hear my mother say, "You could have made better grades in school." She was so proud of me when I graduated from college in 1976. It was sad that my father died before I graduated and my two kids (ages 3 and 4) were not very impressed with school in 1976. Today, I am happy to be a tutor and am very proud of my first student and friend, Gary. Joan is very proud of me, too, and tells me that my tutoring keeps me off the streets during the day.

Courtesy photo of Frank Pilson & Gary





## OUR HISTORY; SOMETHING FROM THE VSPA HISTORY BOOK AND A LITTLE BIT MORE. . .

by Steve Gattis, President Emeritus, LM #49, Cam Ranh Bay 68 - 69

“. . . I ONCE WAS LOST, BUT NOW I'M FOUND. . .” words from *Amazing Grace* that many of us have heard at funerals for our brothers who stood their final guardmount. Words that we somehow heard while bagpipes were played by VSPA Life member Howard Yates at the Defender Memorial located at the Air Force Museum in Dayton, Ohio. Words that many of our members have voiced as they have tried to describe what it meant them to find the Vietnam Security Police Association. Something amazing happens within our hearts and minds upon hearing, “Welcome home to the VSPA” and discovering that there is an organization just for us.

The VSPA was formed by men who knew in their hearts that Air Policemen and Security Policemen needed a way to preserve their history and the hard lessons learned while serving in Vietnam and Thailand during the years 1958 to 1975. The first ideas for the formation of an association were discussed in 1994. The first issue of *Guardmount* was published in January 1995. The first reunion was held in October, 1995. Since then, we have had a reunion each year where our members gather to share the common bond of their history as Air Policemen, Security Policemen and augmentees in Vietnam and Thailand.

What started as a small group of about a dozen dedicated men has grown to more than 1,300 active members, including over 800 Life Members. We also have contact information for more than 2,800 former Air Policemen and Security Policemen who shared similar training and combat experience. We shared the same joy and hardships while wearing the United States Air Force Air Police and Security Police badges, our shields of honor and trust during an unpopular war. Two of our early goals were and are to build brotherhood and to ensure that when we gather for a reunion, we will never have to justify ourselves to someone who has no idea of what we did in Vietnam and Thailand.

We share a unique brotherhood in which our service during a difficult war became the foundation of our future. Our subsequent life experience built upon that foundation, very often leading many of our members to remain in the Air Force, while some entered civilian law enforcement, and others did whatever they could to leave the war and the Air Force behind. We are full of memories, good and bad, funny and sad, always remembering that we were part of something very special in Vietnam and Thailand. We lived what VSPA member Lt Colonel Roger Fox described in his book, *Air Base Defense in the Republic of Vietnam*. He provided the very first formal and publically documented recognition of what we did in Vietnam. He recognized all of those airmen who stood post to protect the people and assets of the Air Force. More importantly, he provided the first documentation of the attacks on the air bases we defended. Those attacks wounded many of our members and took the lives of many of our friends.

Aside from the benefits of brotherhood we have achieved by reconnecting with old friends and building upon the esprit de corps from the past, the overwhelming concern expressed by our membership has been our consistent mandate to link with the men and woman who followed in our footsteps. Therefore, every VSPA reunion is held near an active duty Air Force base so that we can link with Security Forces Defenders and discuss their current mission and training, while ensuring that they know we care, that we understand, and that we do not want them to be deployed without sufficient training, equipment and leadership. Lives depend upon good training, the right equipment and sound leadership. We know the consequences of failure and it remains our duty to preserve the memory of the 111 who did not survive the war in Vietnam and Thailand. 9

Sadly, many of our members have died since the war due to exposure to Agent Orange, post traumatic stress and other service related injuries.

Our members are a very proud group because no base in Vietnam or Thailand that was protected by United States Air Force Air Policemen and Security Policemen was ever overrun or captured by the enemy. Our motto is: *"We Take Care of Our Own."* We have K-9 handlers who still mourn for the dogs they had to leave behind, Heavy Weapons specialists, members of Law Enforcement, Customs and Investigations who dealt with the local indigenous population on a daily basis, the Ranger trained men of Operation Safeside, and the men who worked security on the flightline, perimeter, towers and boats on every major base in the Republic of Vietnam and Thailand, including remote radar sites. While our experience as Air Policemen, Security Policemen and Augmentees in Vietnam and Thailand became the foundation of everything else we accomplished in our lives, we are also living history for the men and women of the United States Air Force Security Forces who see us as the foundation of their survival and achievements. They wear their Security Police badge and their blue beret with pride, knowing that others have bled and died to honor the duty and trust represented by the badge and the beret. You only have to see the look on their faces one time to know the respect and admiration they have for what we accomplished before so many of them were born.

Air Policemen and Security Policemen who served in Operation Safeside are unique by comparison, not only due to the training they received, but more significantly for the organizational structure and concepts associated with rapid deployment based upon specialized training and unit integrity. Their history currently guides a unique unit within the Air Force: the 820<sup>th</sup> Base Defense Group. As Defenders of the Force, our collective history and the hard lessons learned in Vietnam and Thailand provide continuity in an area known to very few people. The continuity of information must flow from all squadrons that served in Vietnam and Thailand, including all K-9 handlers and the Safeside squadrons of the highly valued 82d Combat Security Police Wing. The men and women who have an immediate need for our collective knowledge know that it is the key to their success today. Current Security Forces Defenders honor us by listening and emulating the traditions of their ancestors, consistently thanking us for our service and sacrifice as a small group of dedicated Defenders who set the standard for the warriors of the United States Air Force.

Our reunions have provided the opportunity to reunite with some of our greatest leaders and trainers who were our first line NCOs, strong men who shared the same danger and sacrifice. It is always an honor to shake their hand and know how much they cared for us, that they really took care of their own and kept us alive. Nothing can compare to the honor of knowing these men, what they did for us in war and the history that they brought to each of our reunions: Kent Miller, the commander of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Security Police Squadron during TET 1968; Bill McKissick of the 377<sup>th</sup> who prayed with his men before taking them to their posts at Tan Son Nhut every night, not just the night of TET 68; Pete Piazza who received the Silver Star at Bien Hoa, served three tours and is now our president; and Glenn Wilson who took care of so many of us as our sector supervisor at Cam Ranh Bay. Kent and Bill have stood their final Guardmount, and we thought we had lost Glenn Wilson who, after attending several reunions back to 1998 and providing a lot of our history, suddenly lost contact with us.



Several of our members looked for Glenn, sent cards and letters, called old phone numbers and posted messages on our bulletin board, but received no response. Finally, after more than three years of lost contact, Life Member Pat Houseworth heard from Glenn's daughter. Pat sent contact information so that I was able to talk to my sergeant again, one of the finest men I have ever known. It was a moment I will never forget, just like the time we saw each other for the first time in 30 years at the reunion in 1998. We exchanged cards again at Christmas and talked again, although he is now in his 80's and slowing down a bit.

Brian Thorne, one of our past vice presidents who also served with Glenn at Cam Ranh Bay, called me recently and asked for Glenn's contact information, saying that he was driving from Maryland to New York so that his son, Adam, could compete in an international robotic competition for students who designed robots. Brian called Glenn and sent the attached photo of them together during a visit that meant so much to both of them.

“We take care of our own” isn’t just a motto; they are words we live by and these men continue to be living examples of those words. Now, more than ever, we reflect the history of what our great leaders did for us as we support the Defenders who followed in our footsteps. We honor these men who supported us in combat as we support today’s Defenders, men and women who experience combat similar to our own and extend our history, making it their own with hard training, sweat and blood.

As I look back on my experiences in Vietnam and within the VSPA, I remember those we lost and why our motto “We take care of our own” means so much. I also remember those who lived and the impact they had on my life which makes our motto all that much more important to me.

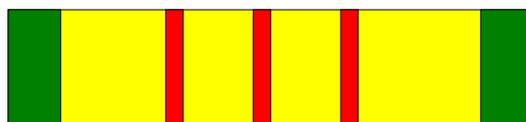
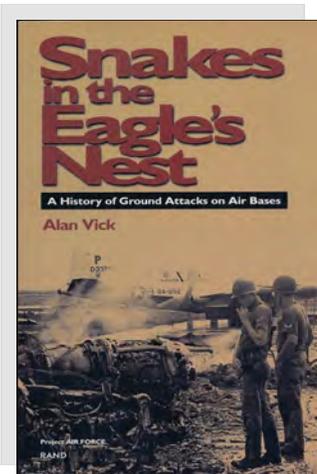
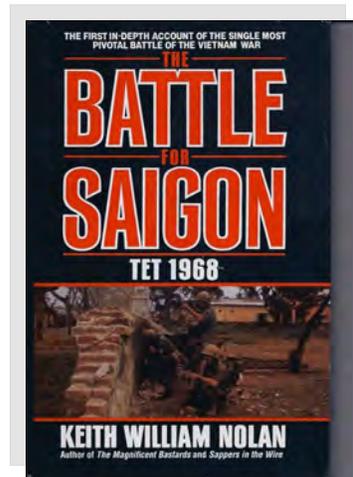
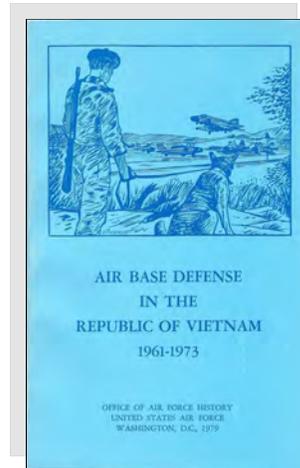
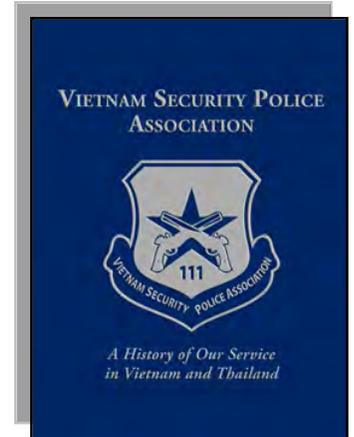
Make plans to attend our reunion in Charleston, South Carolina this year. The troops are waiting for us. For more reading about our history, you may enjoy the following books:

*Vietnam Security Police Association, A History of Our Service in Vietnam and Thailand*

*Air Base Defense in the Republic of Vietnam* by LtCol Roger Fox

*Snakes in the Eagles Nest* by Alan Vick

*The Battle for Saigon* by Keith Nolan



*NOTE: All Officers and Staff are unpaid VSPA members who volunteer to serve their brothers in the association. Officers were elected in 2012 for a two-year term. Staff members were appointed to assist and advise the officers of the association as needed.*

### **Board of Directors**

**PRESIDENT:** William "Pete" Piazza; Cam Ranh Bay AB 66, Bien Hoa 67-68, Phu Cat 70-71; [WPIAZZA@aol.com](mailto:WPIAZZA@aol.com); 405-670-3101 or 405-921-8900  
**VICE PRESIDENT:** Greg Cain; Binh Thuy 67-68; [gjcain@roadrunner.com](mailto:gjcain@roadrunner.com); 716-771-1157  
**SECOND VICE PRESIDENT:** Bill Marshall; Phu Cat 68-69; [billmarshallvspalm85@gmail.com](mailto:billmarshallvspalm85@gmail.com); 614-623-3568  
**SECRETARY:** Dennis Evans; Binh Thuy AB, 69-70; [denniseevans@aol.com](mailto:denniseevans@aol.com); 661-803-1812  
**TREASURER:** Richard Garcia; Phan Rang 69-70; [cal400@optonline.net](mailto:cal400@optonline.net); 516-799-9205  
**HISTORIAN:** Kelly Bateman; Ubon K-9 70-71; Baron 279M; [texask-9@swbell.net](mailto:texask-9@swbell.net); 512-847-9805  
**COMMUNICATIONS DIRECTOR:** Don Poss; Da Nang 65-66; Blackie 129X [DonPossLM37@vspa.com](mailto:DonPossLM37@vspa.com) 951-325-7244  
**PAST PRESIDENT:** Phil Carroll; Takhli, Nakhon Phanom 70-71; Tina X768, Charlie 2M45; [k9nightfighter@msn.com](mailto:k9nightfighter@msn.com); 503-353-0443  
**PRESIDENT EMERITUS:** Steve Gattis; Cam Ranh Bay 68-69; [SGattis-LM49@vspa.com](mailto:SGattis-LM49@vspa.com); 254-898-2647

### **Appointed Staff**

**MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN** Bill Marshall; Phu Cat 68-69; [billmarshallvspalm85@gmail.com](mailto:billmarshallvspalm85@gmail.com); 614-623-3568  
**MEMBERSHIP ASSISTANT** Janet Matthews-Parker; Sisterhood VP; [sparkplugvspa@gmail.com](mailto:sparkplugvspa@gmail.com); 205-663-7662  
**K-9 KENNEL MASTER** Jim Stastny; Korat 70-71; Boots 645M; [jimstastny@verizon.net](mailto:jimstastny@verizon.net); 301-482-2659  
**SERGEANT-AT-ARMS** Keith Young; Binh Thuy, Phu Cat 70-71; [kcy9540@aol.com](mailto:kcy9540@aol.com); 716-549-0715  
**SERVICE OFFICER** Bud Owens; Binh Thuy 66-67; [betbudowe@comcast.net](mailto:betbudowe@comcast.net); 603-778-1990  
**BX STORE MANAGERS: Van and Joyce Digby, assisted by daughter and son-in-law Kim & Brent Budzinski**—MAIL ORDER available by phone 989-667-9117 or email: [jad403@sbcglobal.net](mailto:jad403@sbcglobal.net)  
**CHAPLAIN** Steve Janke; Cam Ranh Bay 69-70; Kobuc X448; [Jank953208@aol.com](mailto:Jank953208@aol.com); 201-507-9038  
**CHAPLAIN** Jim Stastny; Korat 70-71; Boots 645M; [jimstastny@verizon.net](mailto:jimstastny@verizon.net); 301-482-2659  
**CHAPLAIN** Bill Cooley; Cam Ranh Bay 71-72; Mingo 30A0 [BCAJ@gvvc.com](mailto:BCAJ@gvvc.com); 830-899-7542  
**CHAPLAIN** Jeff Kerkhoff; Tan Son Nhut 72-73; (no email); 626-338-6846  
**"GUARDMOUNT" EDITOR** Erlyce Pekas; [erlyce@msn.com](mailto:erlyce@msn.com); 602-574-7089; associate member  
**SAFESIDE LIASON** Dave Pierson; Binh Thuy 69-70; [swampur@att.net](mailto:swampur@att.net); 775-883-7647  
**PARALEGAL** Paul Sigler; Cam Ranh Bay 65-66; [parazig169@att.net](mailto:parazig169@att.net); 918-336-3595  
**WEB ADMINISTRATOR** Larry Poss; Associate Member; [larry@larryposs.com](mailto:larry@larryposs.com); 702-501-7677  
**WEB MASTER** Don Poss; Da Nang 65-66; Blackie 129X; [DonPossLM37@vspa.com](mailto:DonPossLM37@vspa.com); 951-325-7244  
**K-9 WEB MASTER** Monty Moore; Da Nang, Phu Cat 68-70; Kobuc X448, Giant A905, Blackie 129X [k-9@vspa.com](mailto:k-9@vspa.com); 512-639-0005  
**WEB QRTroubleShooter** Gary Jones; Udorn, Phan Rang, Da Nang, Tan Son Nhut; 1965; 68-69; 71-72; [gjones003@sc.rr.com](mailto:gjones003@sc.rr.com); 843-851-7427  
**WEB ADOBE PDF TECH** Greg Dunlap; Da Nang 68-69; Blackie 129X; [blackey@sonic.net](mailto:blackey@sonic.net); 707-576-9683

**BB FLIGHT LEADER** Bill Marshall; Phu Cat 68-69; [billmarshallvspalm85@gmail.com](mailto:billmarshallvspalm85@gmail.com); 949-388-5664  
**PHOTOGRAPHER** Tony Morris; Cam Ranh Bay 69-70; [htmorris@gmail.com](mailto:htmorris@gmail.com); 219-322-4418  
**PHOTOGRAPHER** Steve Hall; Binh Thuy 68-69; [hallstudio@att.net](mailto:hallstudio@att.net); 714-634-1132  
**PHOTOGRAPHER** Terry Hall; Nha Trang 67-68; [TerryHallPhotography@comcast.net](mailto:TerryHallPhotography@comcast.net); 856-981-5071  
**PHOTOGRAPHER** Lou Reda; Phan Rang 68-69; [loureda202@gmail.com](mailto:loureda202@gmail.com); 419-668-7591  
**VSPA SCHOLARSHIP** Jim "Buddah" Lebowitz; Bien Hoa 66-68; [jlz9107@earthlink.net](mailto:jlz9107@earthlink.net)  
**REUNION HOSPITALITY** Sheila Gervase-Cain; Sisterhood President; [smgervase@yahoo.com](mailto:smgervase@yahoo.com); 716-771-1157  
**BINH THUY LIAISON** Lew Goldberg; Binh Thuy 68-69; [ojdiddoit@yahoo.com](mailto:ojdiddoit@yahoo.com); 417-877-7888  
**CAM RANH BAY LIAISON** Trent Nentrup; Cam Ranh Bay 68-69; [trent.nentrup@gmail.com](mailto:trent.nentrup@gmail.com); 812-341-2235  
**PHAN RANG LIAISON** Vaughn Hull; Phan Rang, 70-71; Beau 132M; [dogman1970@wowway.com](mailto:dogman1970@wowway.com); 734-331-2612 (leave message)  
**PHU CAT LIAISON** Ron Arthur; Phu Cat 67-68; [cobranam68@aol.com](mailto:cobranam68@aol.com); 660-678-3501  
**PLEIKU LIAISON** Pat Dunne (Hawk); Pleiku 1968; [hawk51044@aol.com](mailto:hawk51044@aol.com); 954-923-9001  
**TAN SON NHUT LIAISON** Charles Penley; Tan Son Nhut 67-69; Rebel A531 [cpenley@chartertn.net](mailto:cpenley@chartertn.net); 423-245-6863  
**UBON LIAISON** Jim Watson; Ubon 68-69; Fritz X704; [jimwat9@ca.rr.com](mailto:jimwat9@ca.rr.com); 626-806-8463  
**NKP LIAISON** George Conklin; NKP 1970-71; K-9 Ango 0K31; [nkpk970@gmail.com](mailto:nkpk970@gmail.com) 406-781-2269;  
**PHAN RANG LIAISON:** Vaughn Hull; Phan Rang, 70-71; Beau 132M; [dogman1970@wowway.com](mailto:dogman1970@wowway.com); 734-331-2612 (leave message)

**Sisterhood**

**PRESIDENT** Sheila Gervase-Cain; [smgervase@yahoo.com](mailto:smgervase@yahoo.com); 716-771-1157  
**VICE PRESIDENT** Janet Matthews-Parker; [sparkplugvspa@gmail.com](mailto:sparkplugvspa@gmail.com); 205-663-7662  
**SECRETARY** Erlyce Pekas; [erlyce@msn.com](mailto:erlyce@msn.com); 602-574-7089  
**CHAPLAIN** Roberta Smith; [rps.jackie@yahoo.com](mailto:rps.jackie@yahoo.com); 614-879-6835  
**CORRESPONDENCE SECRETARY** Pam Talbot; [lilacroller1@comcast.net](mailto:lilacroller1@comcast.net); 815-935-2139



## Time to Renew those VSPA dues.....

It is time to renew your VSPA yearly dues....or, better yet, pay a one-time fee and become a life member! It's easy to pay dues or re-up an expired or expiring membership. If you've been putting it off trying to find time, take a few minutes now and make it happen. :)

Just go to VSPA's Homepage (<http://www.vspa.com>) and on the top menu, click the menu "About/Join/Dues/Help", and select the appropriate link.





# After You.....

## It Was Him Or Me.

Too many years to think and wonder  
why I lived and you died.

I don't think we planned it to happen;  
it's just that we suddenly *were there*  
and suddenly I fired and you did not.

*I wonder why?*

You were alone.  
I was on point.

Unexpected. But that is silly  
considering the fact we were only  
there because of the war and  
searching each other out.

Still,  
I knew you could be there,  
but you had never *just appeared*  
like a sudden slap.

*If I could undo it ...*  
*If I could be certain you would*  
*never kill my friends, and*  
*If I could believe you,*  
I think I would undo it all.  
I've wished for that so many  
sleepless nights.

I've seen you fall...  
blown backwards really,  
and not get up nor  
breathe again.  
Too many holes to even  
think of trying to stop your  
life draining away, even if I had  
wanted to.

*... and I didn't.*

Your spirit fled so fast and  
your eyes took on that look only dead  
eyes can acquire to mock  
the irony of life...  
and so easily give up the ghost without  
any fight to live.

*No 'by your leave' ...*  
*No 'sorry 'bout the mess' ...*  
*No 'deal with it.'*  
Just ... gone.  
*Checked out.*

Did God see you fall,  
like a sparrow, that day?  
Did He care?

Pats on my back...  
defensive laughter...  
cursing your body and believe me,  
many did that.

Going through your stuff,  
discarding photos with rude  
remarks.

Posed photos ... as if you were a  
hunting trophy.  
I could not bring myself  
to throw mine away after  
all these years. Until finally,  
I realized my eyes looked more  
and more like yours. So I left  
your crinkled black'n white soul  
at a Buddhist temple in LA.

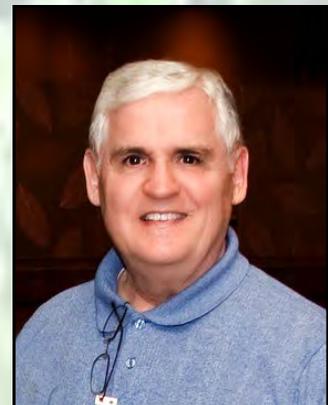
They were scared and I was terrified at  
what  
just happened to you -- what had *just*  
*happened* to me. *And for the first time I*  
*wondered: Why You ... Why Not Me?*

How easily I had fired in reflex, and how  
easily you fell, just like the movies and I,  
*oh how easily*, just walked away,  
heart pounding, forced grin ... macho,  
forever changed.

Better you than me,  
so I've told myself Lord knows  
how many times.

Would you have felt the same?  
Would you have still wondered why?

*What the hell were you doing out there*  
*alone?*



**Poem by Don Poss**  
VSPA Communications  
Director, Webmaster, LM  
#37. DN 23rd ABG/AP;  
35th APS; 366th SPS,  
TOPDOG45, K-9

# I Insist....

## Your Poem Called To Me.



I was not alone that night. Nearby were comrades at rest in the tunnels. My leader knew my dislike for the tunnels and sometimes sent me out to check for movements of the enemy. Rarely did you venture nearby at night.

Below ground, I felt confined like a worm crawling about, breathing heavy *earth-air*, stench of unwashed men, and suppressing a growing fear: *only the dead are meant to be buried alive, like this.*

In some narrower branches I porpoised-forward or scooted like an earthworm. It was necessary, so that you could not follow. *You would not have wanted to catch me there.*

I had left the stagnant dampness below, inhaled the night air and found the scent of ocean bay fresh and uplifting. A short walk brought me to my favorite place where I could forget the oppressive tunnels. From a palm laden vista, the valley was like the cupped hands of a giant, and I watched as moonlight spilled into the ocean. I could see the distant air base we sometimes attacked, and of comrades who did not return.

I could watch as stars fell from the night, like the firebirds they were, landing gracefully as others silently lifted on roman-candles for fun -- stars reborn anew.

Flashes of a distant storm tap randomly, like my leader's typewriter, and silhouetted mountains. Clouds snug against lower hills glowed as if heat-lightning flashed within. I knew my comrades below could feel the earth tremor, and some could even guess the direction and distance of the bombs.

I pushed those thoughts away. *Why did I think of the war while up here, and the hidden valley while down there?*

If the night was clear; if the moon was full and glowed the earth in silver;

if the clouds were like drifting balls of cotton; then I could imagine the cloud - shadows' game of chase as they slid down hillsides into the valley, skipping through an abandoned village and waft off to wherever cloud-shadows played.

I admit that my thoughts were of home more so than the enemy: my quiet village and cooking fires; grandfather; mother and my younger brothers and sisters at play. And yes ... I had fallen asleep for a while and dreamt of *Dao*, and our last moments together.

It was time to return to the tunnels and report what I had observed of the enemy to the leader, who would nod wisely and know that I would be a good earthworm for another day.

I inhaled deeply, savoring life above, and felt melancholy walking back.

Within a few yards of the entrance I sensed a *presence* and suddenly we were before each other like eclipsing clouds. I squinted trying to identify *friend or foe* and felt a stabbing flash of light flick the trail green ... and cast a pale moonlight-shadow as I fell to earth.

Unable to move, I wondered: *Why Me ... Why Not You?* and indifferently watched a growing-glistening black pool of life beneath me fade to nothing.

My spirit was drawn to voices in the abandoned village.

Elders, like mist, tended fires and listened to the needs of the living. I have not revisited the tunnels ... but often see the silver tinted valley at night. Stars do not rise and fall now, nor does the earth quake from distant thunder.

*No*, I do not wonder about what happened that night. I accept what happened. *Can you?*

Let go for this one night, and I will show you my valley and a new way to dream.

*If* the moon is full and paints the valley silver;

*If* clouds are sliding down hillsides like children playing; *Then* we may yet hear their gleeful laughter drifting in the night.

Our paths will have eclipsed once more through our dream

-- *no one will die* --

and with the dawn, we will feel at peace.

# Comments on Don Poss' Poem

Don,

Your poem is outstanding. It reflects a mindset that carried us through Vietnam and through several years in civilian law enforcement where we both retired. Your words reflect an understanding of shared experience, of knowing dear friends who have suffered through the actual events, something your son may also experience. It makes you uniquely qualified to write, to reach out. Both take courage.

Your nightmare/dream is one that we carry with us in many forms and is indicative of post traumatic stress at many levels. Not your stress, but our stress, the stress we carry with us, something that comes with carrying a weapon on and off duty for over 30 years. Stress does not have to be debilitating in order to wake you up at night with too much crap in your head. It's just there and can be the combined memories of many bodies, a lot of blood and the anguish we have shared with our fellow cops in the Air Force and in the communities that we served.

If one understands the title of your poem and the need to develop a mindset for survival, then it is absolutely okay to also admit that we carry with us the awareness that dead enemy and dead bad guys most likely had mothers and families that loved them. That does not mean we dwell on it, or that we would let them take our lives to avoid pain for their families, or that we would hesitate, but it does mean that we value life, that we have thought through these issues and understand the consequences of our actions. Most importantly, in spite of all that, we accept our duty to protect others, and to assist the young folks who worked for us so that they understand that these thoughts and feelings are normal.

**Steve Gattis, President Emeritus VSPA  
CRB, 12th SPS, 1968-69; LM #49**

Hi Don,

WOW! I found the poem to be an emotional ride; but best of all, I found the poem to be well written and original!

**Jackie R. Kays , DN, 23rd ABG/AP;  
6252nd APS, LM #366**

Incredible emotional and expressive piece of art, Don. How can we ever thank you for all that you continue to give us?

Welcome Home, my Brother.

**Phil Carroll, Past President VSPA  
TK, 355th SPS, K9; NKP, 56th SPS, K9  
1970-'71, LM #336**

Thank you Don for taking all of us inside your heart my brother and touching ours.

**Randy Albertson 56th SPS NKP 1974-75  
LM #800**

Don,

This is a very heartfelt and an emotional poem you've written here; funny in some ways how we can carry so much baggage with us after so many years and yet still function in life. You've carried yours well and have done so much good in your life to help so many of your brothers from that time who also may carry their own memories.

Your efforts throughout the years have helped many of them to ease their own pain and self doubts, and to come together again with their brothers who understand very well the feelings you have written about.

**Terry Sasek BT, 632nd SPS, AUG, 1968-69  
LM#687**



## Ramblings of an Air Force Brat...

by Janet “Sparkplug” Parker

- *Editor’s note: Janet, Sisterhood Vice President and daughter of Sgt. Al Matthews, USAF and VSPA LM#127, (1942—2008) has been a contributing writer at GM for over two years. In this issue, Janet explores the topic of Milestones and Reflection.....*



---

---

## MILESTONES & REFLECTIONS....

In this season of Lent, to which I am a newbie, I take time to reflect. My Lenten practice is not to give up but to attain and work on improving. When I think of how I can improve, I tend to review my current circumstances and how I got here.

This year marks some milestones in my life...I am 50, I have been at my current job 12 years, and it has now been 5 years since my hero left this world for a better one. In that vein, 5 years seems so long and yet so short. I miss Sarge’s smile, laugh, wry sense of humor, strength, compassion, love and, naturally, bar-b-que.

It was 2003, in San Antonio that I attended my first reunion. Daddy had talked about the VSPA and had been to a couple of reunions. He asked me if would like to go back to San Antonio. Since I grew up there, I jumped at the chance to go back. In the back of my mind though, I thought “well, if this reunion thing is not for me, I can always go to the Riverwalk, La Vieta, and the missions.”

We checked in and started looking for members. When we found the first ones, my life changed. Never have I felt more welcome, more a part of something than I did then. I have said many times, there is NO Brotherhood like the VSPA brotherhood. That bond, that love, that respect among you. That was 10 years ago, friends...10! Lots of things happen in that amount of time. Many other VSPA Reunions for one. Solidifying bonds with people I love. Walking through the shadow of grief and coming out on the other side. Realizing, without a doubt, what is important in life and about life.

So, it seems that this year, my Lenten commitment to myself is to nurture the strength that comes from time, and accept the healing that comes over the years. To remember the best and realize that once it is past, you can’t change it but you better learn from it.

I am where I am because of where I have been. You are too. The good, the bad and the ugly brought you to this point. Knowing how Sarge handled the changes in his life is the fodder for my efforts. Let your history, whatever it is, strengthen you. Take advantage of your experience. I know there is a Security Forces Airman, a child, grandchild, spouse, friend or VSPA brother looking at you and going, “there is a hero who goes through his life well...”

I would love to see your VSPA first time reunion story in the Guardmount. Won't you please share it?

Peace be with you,

*Janet*



# The Dawgs Project

Luke AFB, AZ - November 17, 2012



Feed the Dawgs Mission



Jon Hemp

*The Feed the Dawgs Project (aka The Dawgs Project) was launched in the spring 2008 by two old Nam Vet dog handlers and a DaNang parachute packer. It all started at the PMO/IMEF Military Working Dog Kennels at Camp Pendleton' (now Camp Cann).*

*The mission of the project is threefold; to provide STEAK barbecues to America's Front Line Defenders, to preserve the heritage that is "K9," and to support the Military Working Dog Community at home and off shore. If you'd like to participate, contribute, or just stay in touch, contact Jon Hemp at [jonhemp@thedawgsproject.com](mailto:jonhemp@thedawgsproject.com). Please check our Dawgs' Calendar for events in your area. NOTE: This editor attended the Feed the Dawgs event November 17, 2012 at Luke Air Force Base in Phoenix, AZ and was thoroughly impressed with the event. I strongly urge you to participate whenever there is a Feed The Dawgs event taking place near you.*



Luke AFB K-9 handlers and Feed the Dawgs attendees

Photos by VSPA LM #80 Ken Neal



Good Food!

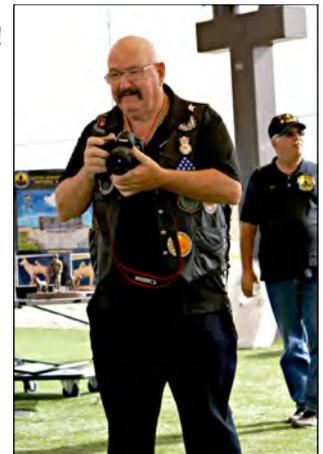


Left: Attendee Andy Revering.

Lower Left: Major Sean Gibbs, Commander 56th SFS, Luke AFB, speaks with Mike Nelson.



Luke AFB K-9 handlers



Ken Neal



MWD Retired Police



# Dawgs on Hawgs!

# The Dawgs Project

March AFB, CA – February 16, 17, 2013

Photos by VSPA LM #80 Ken Neal



Patriot Guard Riders, American Legion Riders Post 262, Harley Owners Group and other Independent riders approach March AFB, Riverside, CA as part of the 2013 War Dogs Weekend.



SSgt Victor Saenz and TSgt Martin Ratkowski present Jon Hemp a Resolution honoring the Feed The Dawgs Project from California State Senator Luis Correa.

**RIGHT:** War Dog Memorial Master of Ceremonies Mike Nelson



ABOVE: SSgt Tanisha Johnson and her MWD, Frigo, pause for a moment for reflection at the Memorial.

FAR LEFT” California Senate Resolution 269



LEFT: Members of the Ashley Gold Star family honoring the memory of their son, USMC Sgt Joshua Ashley, KIA 19 July, 2012 Afghanistan,

*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 eleventh article below.*



Photo of Kim  
Bayes-  
Bautista by  
VSPA  
photographer  
Steve Hall.

## FROM THE FIELD

*of behavioral health*

*Kim Bayes-Bautista, MSSW, LCSW  
Honorary Associate Member VSPA*



# Are YOU An Anger Junkie?

Dr. Steven Stosny has been working with individuals, groups and families for many years to help them understand and overcome anger. The following is from his work:

As part of the fight or flight instinct we share with all mammals, anger is the only emotion that activates every muscle group of the body. It comes from the limbic system, a small region of the brain known as the *mammalian* brain, because we share it with all mammals. Virtually every mammal experiences anger the same way that we do, to mobilize the organism for fighting.

The biochemicals secreted in the brain during the experience of anger — most notably the hormone, epinephrine and the neuro-transmitter, norepinephrine — are experienced much like an amphetamine and an analgesic. They give a surge of energy while they numb pain.

Epinephrine is an especially powerful chemical that is sometimes injected directly into the stilled hearts of heart-attack victims to get them to beat again. As with any amphetamine, once the surge of anger burns out, you **crash**. (That surge of energy is borrowed from the future.) The experience of anger is always followed, to some degree, by **depression**.

Think about it: The last time you got really angry, you got really depressed afterwards. **The angrier you get, the more depressed you get, once it wears off**. And that is merely the physiological response, regardless of whether you do something while angry that you're ashamed of, like hurting the feelings of someone you love.

So an addictive trap is sprung when the energy surge of anger is used frequently. In no time at all, anger will seem necessary to escape depressed mood, even though it inevitably means more depression. In other words, the brain will *look* for *excuses* to be angry and make you an *anger junkie*.

You may be an anger junkie if you use anger:

- For energy or motivation (can't get going or keep going without some degree of anger). This often takes the form of getting mildly angry to do a job you don't like to do, like your taxes or raking the leaves. The anger gives you the energy to get through the task, even though you won't do it as efficiently
- For pain-relief (it hurts when you're not angry)
- For confidence, a stronger sense of self — you only feel certain when angry (probably because you're oversimplifying)
- To ease anxiety, especially in new or uncertain situations. If you get irritable when things depart from the norm or if you're super-critical in new social situations, you are using anger as an anxiety-reducer to militate out of depressed mood. This can put you on one wicked roller-coaster ride. Pretty soon you'll have only two feeling-states: one of the many forms of anger, such as grouchiness, irritability, or resentment on the one hand, and depression, lethargy, or weariness on the other.

### The Anger-Junkie Test

I use anger or resentment:

- For energy or motivation (can't get going or keep going without some degree of anger) \_\_\_\_
- For pain-relief (it hurts when not angry) \_\_\_\_
- For confidence (only feel certain when angry) \_\_\_\_
- To ease anxiety \_\_\_\_
- To avoid depression \_\_\_\_
- To enforce a sense of entitlement \_\_\_\_
- To punish or inhibit honest disagreement with opinions \_\_\_\_
- More than once a day, and when you experience anger, it lasts for more than a few minutes \_\_\_\_

(The following is from me!)

#### **What to do:**

Manage your physical pain

Determine the origin of your anger

Check yourself for thinking errors

Agree to disagree

Deep breathing: 10 slow breaths (in thru your nose, out thru your mouth)

Talk to a trusted person about your feelings of resentment.

Acknowledge there is stupidity in the world and that you can't control everyone or everything.

Choose compassion, caring and love instead of anger.

*Kind regards, Kim Bayes-Bautista aka Queen Mother*

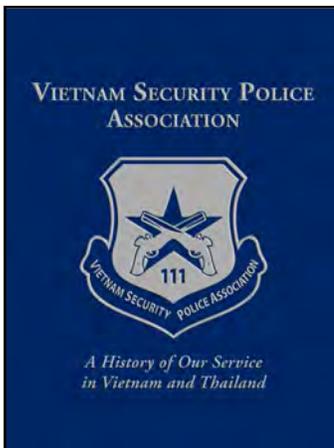
---

### THE VSPA HISTORY BOOK

by Steve Gattis, VSPA President Emeritus

Cam Ranh Bay 68-69

[SGattis-LM49@vspa.com](mailto:SGattis-LM49@vspa.com)



“THE BOOK” is back in print! This is a SECOND printing, not a Volume II. If you would like to purchase one of these great books, the cost will be the same as the original price of \$54 plus \$6.95 for shipping. Please send an email to me stating that you would like to reserve a book. Then, make a check payable to the Vietnam Security Police Association for \$54 per book, plus \$6.95 shipping. If you order more than one book, the shipping cost for each additional book is reduced to \$3 rather than \$6.95. This is the original book price and shipping rate charged by Turner Publishing.

Please mail the check (**payable to the VSPA**) to the following address:

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

One of our VSPA History books was presented to each of our host squadrons during our 2012 reunion and will be presented to our host squadron this year. Of the 200 books the VSPA bought in the 2<sup>nd</sup> printing, we only have 70 books that have not been purchased or reserved.

# Thanks for the Memories.....

by Nicholas Keck, CPP, Col USAF (Ret) BH, 4400th Combat Crew TRG SQ; UD 432nd SPS; 1962-62, 1967-67, 1967-68

I am VSPA Life Member #18, having served at Bien Hoa AB, Vietnam and Udorn RTAB, Thailand in 1962 and 1967 respectively.

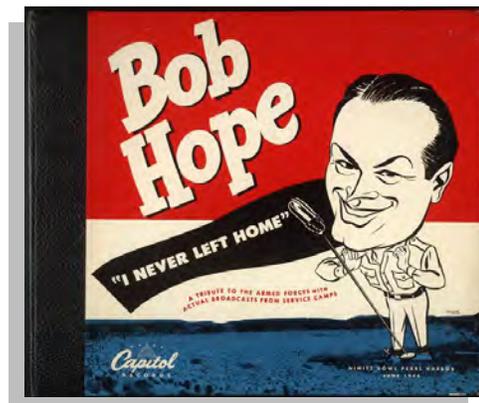
There is little I can say about Bob Hope that hasn't already been written. I was just a young Captain and the Security Operations Officer with the 432nd Security Police Squadron when Bob's troupe came to Thailand to entertain the troops. Being backstage with all those wonderful people was an opportunity of a lifetime but nothing special or really interesting occurred. Since all that was 45 years ago, it also challenges my 75 year old mind to recall anything specific.



Nick Keck had the honor and pleasure of serving as Bob Hope's security escort when he came to Udorn Royal Thai Air Force Base in 1967.



Nick Keck (on the left) with longtime friend, BGen Frank Martin at this year's Air Force Security Forces Association's Annual Meeting in Dallas, Texas. (2012)



# GUESS WHO?



Airman "A" - 1968—Tan Son Nhut AB



Airman "B" - 1969—McCoy AFB  
Airman of the Month



## VSPA SISTERHOOD COOKBOOK

By Lise Gattis and Martha Fleming, VSPA Sisterhood

**COUNTDOWN TO PUBLICATION:** Recipes are coming in but very slowly. If we are going to have the cookbook ready by October for our reunion, we need about 100 more recipes so that we can submit everything to the publisher by July 1st. Therefore, our deadline to receive recipes will be May 31<sup>st</sup>. We must have time to format and assemble them for the book. This is the VSPA Sisterhood effort to raise funds for the VSPA with recipes that you use and remember from the past, recipes from your Mom and Dad, members of the VSPA and the VSPA Sisterhood. We need a minimum of 300 recipes to complete the book.

**Gents: Please make sure that your wives see this request.**

Lise Gattis [lwgattis@windstream.net](mailto:lwgattis@windstream.net)  
Martha Fleming [msfleming@valornet.com](mailto: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



Honor your husband, wife, child, grandchild, mother or father with their favorite recipe. Your name and their name will be in the book with the recipe. Base and squadron assignments will be also be included.

**PLEASE SEND YOUR RECIPES NOW!**



Erlyce Pekas, Editor  
Associate Member  
Vietnam Security  
Police Association  
P.O. Box 22035  
Phoenix, AZ 85028



## 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](http://www.vspa.com). WELCOME HOME TO VSPA!

**REUNION REMINDER—Charleston AFB, South Carolina, October 9-13, 2013**