

Revetments

The Official Journal of The Tan Son Nhut Association



"All Included - Non Excluded"

Volume 2, Number 10

The Tan Son Nhut Association, Washington, D.C.

July, 2000



Excerpt from the July 4th, 1821 Oration -

What America Has Done

by

President John Quincy Adams

Wherever the standard of freedom and independence has been or shall be unfurled, there will her heart, her benedictions and her prayers be.

But she goes not abroad in search of monsters to destroy.

She is the well-wisher to the freedom and independence of all. She is the champion and vindicator only of her own. She will recommend the general cause, by the countenance of her voice, and the benignant sympathy of her example.

She well knows that by once enlisting under other banners than her own, were they even the banners of foreign independence, she would involve herself, beyond the power of extrication, in all the wars of interest and intrigue, of individual avarice, envy, and ambition, which assume the colors and usurp the standard of freedom.

The fundamental maxims of her policy would insensibly change from liberty to force. The frontlet upon her brows would no longer beam with the ineffable splendor of freedom and independence; but in its stead would soon be substituted an imperial diadem, flashing in false and tarnished lustre the murky radiance of dominion and power.

She might become the dictatress of the world ... she would no longer be the ruler of her own spirit.



Small Reunion - Big Success!



Visit to Lackland was a high point, TSNA group received honors and a salute

Friday, June 16th, was the first full day of the Tan Son Nhut Association's Fifth Reunion, held in San Antonio, Texas.

The newly formed Lone Star Chapter, TSNA, acted as the host for the reunion, and Texas Regional Director, Norman Whitlow, of Lancaster, Texas, says emphatically, "A good time was had by all!"

Over forty-some members, family, and friends attended the reunion, coming from South Carolina, Arizona, Illinois, New York, Ohio, Florida, California, Washington, Oregon, the District of Columbia and Texas.

Honor and Recognition at LAFB

On Friday the attendees arrived at the Air Force training and indoctrination center at Lackland Air Force Base. During their attendance at a Trainee Graduate Ceremonies, the TSNA group was honored in recognition and saluted by presiding officials.

The tour included the Static Aircraft Displays, the History and Tradition Museum and the Security Force Museum. Luncheon followed at The Gateway Club on the base.

"The most important part of the tour was to the Battle Force Protection Laboratory," commented Whitlow. This relatively new facility was originally conceived by current TSNA member, Major Thomas Joyce, and provides experienced research and training on effective base defense by airmen, a lot of its doctrine based on the defense of Tan Son Nhut during the Tet Offensive, 1968.

Speaker opens eyes

B. G. "Jug" Burkett, the extremely

well-known, and often controversial author of the widely read book, *Stolen Valor*, was the guest speaker during the Association Banquet at the Rio Rio Cantina on the River Walk in downtown San Antonio, Saturday evening.

He discussed his extensive research and other facets of his preparation of the book, along with co-author Glenna Whitley. His exposure of the many fraudulent "wannabes" who are trying to cash in on the valor of those who really served in Vietnam made for a most interesting talk. One member says, "He sure opened my eyes."

Burkett and Whitlow are no strangers, both having been co-chairman on the establishment of the Texas State Vietnam Memorial, dedicated November 11, 1989.

There is total agreement that the reunion was a great affair. The Texas-hosted Hospitality Suite in The Menger Hotel was a busy and warmly happy center for the attendees. Whitlow is proud of the Texas Chapter, and was especially glad to help host the reunion, as he says with feeling, "It gave me the chance to meet some of the combatants of the Tet Offensive, thirty-two years ago."

Reunion 2002 planned

Earlier on Saturday, at the Business Breakfast, TSNA Vice President John Peele extended the Association's sincere gratitude and appreciation to the Lone Star hosts, with special recognition of the outstanding work

of Joseph Montag who handled all of the reservations, booking and financial activities supporting the reunion.

The subject of a Bi-Annual National Reunion, to be held in the nations' capital,

Washington, D. C. was favorably accepted by the members present. V.P. Peele then recommended that dates in September or October 2002 be considered.

Peele asked the members present, and those absent to consider volunteering for the Reunion 2002 Committee, and advise him as soon as possible. He especially would like to hear from the many current members we have located in the close vicinity of Washington, D.C.

At the same time, Peele asked all the membership to increase efforts to form local and regional chapters and consider having off-year reunions sponsored, like Reunion 2000, by the regional members.

Recruitment incentive aired

Increased membership recruiting was discussed and the proposal was made and accepted that a Life Membership be granted free to every member who recruits five new paid members.

Upon Peele's return to Washington, he discussed this issue with *Revetments*. "The potential is there," he said. "There are thousands of people out there who were at or passed through Tan Son Nhut, and are proud of their service there. Furthermore, joining the Association is in, one sense, an act of memorialization of those who fell in and around the base. We are carrying their legacy of honorable duty and attempting to fulfill their message to future generations. That is the foremost commitment and reason for being for this organization."

Peele adds his own personal feelings about the San Antonio reunion. "I had a great time there, it was well worth going. And in 2002 I want to see just about everybody who can fly, drive, walk or crawl at the biggest reunion we can have!"



Coordinator
Joseph Montag



V.P. John Peele

* * *

Who Owns Memorial Day?

(Editor's Note: The following was sent to *Revetments* by Member Charles Penley, Kingsport, Tennessee, marked "author unknown." Photography courtesy of Sally Byrnes.)

Memorial Day is their day, isn't it?

It is supposed to be the day a grateful nation pauses to quietly thank the more than one million men and women who have died in military service to their country since the Revolutionary War.

Or, is it the day the beach resorts kick into high gear for the summer season, the day the strand is covered by fish-belly-white people basting themselves in coconut oil, the day the off-season rates end and the weekend you can't get in a seafood restaurant with anything less than a one hour wait.

Or, is it one of the biggest shopping center sales days of the year, a day when hunting for a parking space is the prime sport for the holiday stay-at-homers?

Or, is it the weekend when more people will kill themselves on the highways than any other weekend and Highway Patrol troopers work overtime picking up the pieces?

I think the men and women who died for us would understand what we do with their day. I hope they would, because if they wouldn't, if they would have insisted that it be a somber, respectful day of remembrance, then we have blown it and dishonored their sacrifice.

I knew some of those who died, and the guys I knew would have understood.

They liked a sunny beach and a cold beer and a hot babe in a black bikini, too. They would have enjoyed packing the kids, the inflatable rafts, the coolers, and the suntan lotion in the car and heading for the lake. They would have enjoyed staying home and cutting the grass and getting together with some friends and cooking some steaks on the grill, too.

But they didn't get the chance.

They blew up in the Marine Barracks in Beirut and died in the oily waters of the Persian Gulf. They caught theirs at the airstrip in Grenada in a little war everyone laughed at. They bought the farm in the I Drang Valley and on Heartbreak Ridge, Phu Tai, and at Hue. They froze at the Chosin Reservoir and were shot at the Pusan Perimeter. They drowned in the surf at Omaha Beach or fell in the fetid jungles of Guadalcanal. They were at the Soame and at San Juan Hill and at Gettysburg and Cerro Gordo and at Valley Forge.

They couldn't be here with us this weekend, but I think they would understand that we don't spend the day in tears and heart-wrenching

memorials.

They wouldn't want that. Grief is not why they died. They died so we could go fishing. They died so another father could toss a baseball to his son in their backyard while the charcoal is getting white. They died so another buddy could drink a beer on his day off. They died so a family could get in the station wagon and go shopping and maybe get some ice cream on the way home.

They won't mind that we have chosen their day to have our first big outdoor party of the year. But they wouldn't mind, either, if we took just a second and thought about them.

Some will think of them formally, of course. Wreaths will be laid in small, sparsely attended ceremonies in military cemeteries and at monuments at state capitols and in small town squares. Flags will fly over the graves, patriotic words will be spoken and a few people there will probably feel a little anger that no more people showed up. They'll think no one else remembers.

But we do remember. We remember Smitty and Chico and Davey and the guys who died. We remember the deal we made ... if we buy it, we said, drink a beer for me.

I'll do that for you guys. I'll drink that beer for you today, and I'll sit on that beach for you, and I'll check out the girls for you, and, just briefly, I'll think of you. I won't let your memory spoil the trip, but you'll be on that sunny beach with me today.

I will not mourn your deaths this Memorial Day, my friends. Rather, I'll celebrate the life you gave me.

This Bud's for you, brother!

TSNA Chaplain James M. Warrington was also at the ceremonies at The Wall, Memorial Day, 2000



TSNA Members Erwin Nase (USN) and Dennis Byrnes (USA) at The Vietnam Veterans Memorial, May 2000



TSNA Mbr. James Smith, USAF at The Wall, May 2000



"All Included - None Excluded"

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Have You Ever Wondered?

Independence Day, July 4, 1776. Have you ever wondered what happened to the fifty-six men who signed the Declaration of Independence?

Five signers were captured by the British as traitors, and were tortured before they died.

Twelve had their homes ransacked and burned. Two lost their sons serving in the Revolutionary Army. Another had two sons captured.

Nine of the fifty-six fought and died from wounds or the hardships of the Revolutionary War.

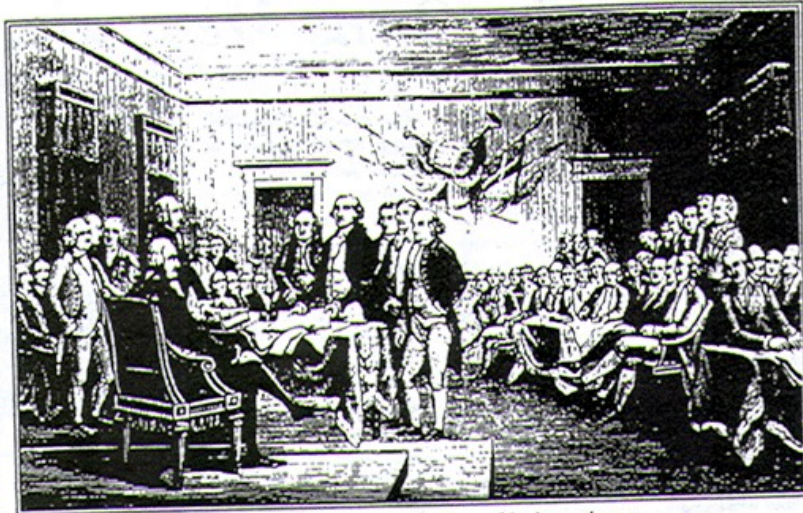
They signed and they pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor.

What kind of men were they?

Twenty-four were lawyers and jurists. Eleven were merchants, nine were farmers and large plantation owners; men of means, well educated. But they signed the Declaration of Independence knowing full well that the penalty would be death if they were captured.

Carter Braxton of Virginia, a wealthy planter and trader, saw his ships swept from the seas by the British Navy. He sold his home and properties to pay his debts, and died in rags.

Thomas McKean was so hounded by the British that he was forced to move his family



*The signers of the Declaration of Independence
Philadelphia, 1776*

almost constantly. He served in Congress without pay, and his family was kept in hiding. His possessions were taken from him, and poverty was his reward.

Vandals or soldiers looted the properties of Dillery, Hall, Clymer, Walton, Gwinnett, Hayward, Rutledge and Middleton.

At the battle of Yorktown, Thomas Nelson, Jr., noted that the British General Cornwallis had taken over the Nelson home for his headquarters. He quietly urged General George Washington to open fire. The home was destroyed, and Nelson died bankrupt.

Francis Lewis had his home and properties destroyed. The enemy jailed his wife and she died within a few months.

John Hart was driven from his wife's bedside as she was dying. Their thirteen children fled for their lives. His fields and his gristmill were laid to waste. He found his wife dead and his children vanished. A few weeks later he died from exhaustion and a broken heart.

Norris and Livingston suffered similar fates.

Such were the stories and sacrifices of the American Revolution. These were not wild-eyed, rabble-rousing ruffians. They were soft-spoken men of means and education. They had security, but they valued liberty more. Standing tall, straight and unwavering, they pledged, "For the support of this declaration, with firm reliance on the protection of divine providence, we mutually pledge to each other, our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor."

They gave you and me a free and

independent America.

The history books never told you a lot about what happened in the Revolutionary War. We didn't fight just the British. We were British subjects at the time and we fought our own government. Some of us take these liberties so much for granted. But we shouldn't.

So, take a few minutes while enjoying your 4th of July holiday and silently thank these patriots. It's not much to ask for the price they paid. Remember, freedom is never free!

I hope you will show your support by please sending this to as many people as you can. It's time we get the word out that patriotism is NOT a sin, and the Fourth of July has more to it than beer, picnics and baseball games.

(Editor's Note: This article was furnished to us by Mr. William Bailey, of Newport News, Virginia. It was sent to him by Mr. Richard L. Schumaker, Director of Cardinal Criminal Justice Academy in Salem, Virginia. Mr. Schumaker could not identify the author, but agreed with us that it would be quite appropriate for us to reprint it in *Revetments*.)

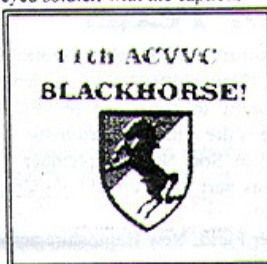


The Communication Center

Lets Join The 11th Armored Cavalry!

Veterans groups are outraged at the recent cover of *US NEWS & WORLD REPORT*.

The May 1, 2000 cover pictures a battle-dressed, sad-eyed soldier, with the caption,



"Vietnam's Forgotten Lessons. 25 years later does the military still remember why it lost?"

The 25th anniversary of the fall of Saigon prompted the story, but somebody got it wrong. It may have sailed over the heads of most readers, but millions of veterans who served in Vietnam are furious.

A brief refresher course in U.S. history contradicts the magazine's story.

The fall of Saigon occurred 30 April 1975, two years AFTER the American military left Vietnam.

The peace settlement, (not a surrender) was signed in Paris on 27 January 1973. It called for the release of all U.S. prisoners, withdrawal of U.S. forces, limitation of both sides' forces inside South Vietnam, and a commitment to a peaceful reunification. The last American combat troops departed in their entirety by 29 May 1973.

Praising the U.S. military. "From a military standpoint, it

was almost an unprecedented performance." (General Westmoreland quoting Douglas Pike, a professor at the University of California, Berkley, renowned expert on the Vietnam War.)

This included Tet '68 which was a major military defeat for the Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese Army.

So far, *US NEWS & WORLD REPORT* has failed to respond to e-mails and phone calls about the cover.

A web link Command Post has been donated to coordinate a letter writing campaign to seek an apology to the nations' veterans. The site can be accessed from:

www.11thcavnam.com

This site lists the e-mail addresses of *US NEWS & WORLD REPORT* officials and a list of advertisers. Advertisers will be asked to intervene. Veterans and friends will be asked not to purchase the magazine or patronize its advertisers products and services if *US NEWS* fails to do the right thing.

The 11th Armored Cavalry's Veterans of Vietnam and Cambodia sent a letter of protest to the editor to be delivered Memorial Day along with a Pinocchio doll, the little boy who lied.

"This is a dishonor to the over 58,000 brave men and women whose names are on The Wall in Washington, D.C. Simply disgraceful," says Ollie Pickral, the group's president.

The 11th Armored Cavalry will celebrate one hundred years of service to this country in 2001.

Other veterans groups are expected to join the fray as the word gets out. "Next, they will print that we lost in Korea and Desert Storm," was one vet's comment after seeing the cover.

Approximately 2.6 million

American's served in Vietnam and that relates to a lot of relatives and friends.

Some of the high profile veterans include Vice President, Al Gore; ex-POW, Senator John McCain; Dennis Franz of NYPD Blue; Wheel of Fortune host, Pat Sajak; and talk show host Montel Williams. Others include Fred Smith, founder of Federal Express Corporation; and football superheros like Dallas cowboys' quarterback Roger Staubach. The list goes on and on.

Regardless of an individual's opinion on the merits of the war, this issue is about telling the truth.

Eric Newton, Pub. Affairs Off.

11th ACVVC

ARMOR11ACR@aol.com

New Red Cross member writes ...

I request active membership in the Tan Son Nhut Association. I was a Red Cross Recreation Supervisor, initially assigned at 3rd Field Hospital in the 67-68 time frame.

I experienced the Tet Offensive while on staff at 3rd Field in 1968 and, in fact, watched much of it from the roof of the Newport BOQ where most of the nursing and Red Cross Staff were billeted.

Later on in my tour I volunteered for the 12th Evacuation Hospital Cu Chi serving with the 25th Infantry Division.

I met lots of wonderful people from all branches of the military services while in Saigon and it would be fun to locate them again via the Association.

Louise (Rowe) Brown

(Widow of Maj. JD Brown, USAF
San Antonio, Texas



Member impressed with Reunion 2000 speaker ... Here in Oregon, home from the Reunion. It was a small turnout, but a good time was had by all.

We had a full day touring Lackland Air Force Base, and since I left there in April 1950, I didn't recognize anything from that time period.

The next highlight was the speaker at the Banquet, and that was B.G. Burkett, the author of *Stolen Valor*. On the cover of the book is the statement, "How the Vietnam Generation Was Robbed of its Heroes and its History."

This book was co-written with Glenna Whitley. I have only read 100 plus pages so far as I just got home. But everyone should read this book. I would especially like to see World War II people that thought Vietnam Vets were all cry babies read this book. Also objectors to the Vietnam War. They might learn something.

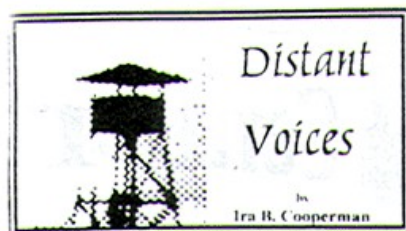
Well, enough of that. I can only speak for my wife and myself, but we had a great time in San Antonio, even if it did produce a little sweat from the sultry weather at times.

Hope to see all of you at the next one.

William C. Carlson
Central Point, Oregon

Mistakes Galore!

If you think last month's *Revetments* looked ratty, you're right. Computer crashes and a printer that decided to think for itself, made life around here hell. And, one more time we're going to try and get our new columnist's, Ira Cooperman's e-mail right: IBCOOPERMAN@aol.com



Who We Are ... Who We Were

To paraphrase Henry David Thoreau, I wish to say a few words about Vietnam veterans -- who we are, who we were thirty some-odd years ago, and the bond that most of us feel with each other.

I was astonished to read some statistics gathered earlier this year by the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Fund. Did you realize, for example, that Vietnam vets constituted 9.7% of our generation? Or that of the 9,087,000 U.S. military personnel who served on active duty between August 1964-May 1975 (the so-called "Vietnam Era"), 3,403,100 of us served in Southeast Asia (Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, flight crews based in Thailand and sailors in the South China Sea and the Mekong Delta)?

Of the 2.6 million who actually were stationed in Vietnam between January 1965 - April 1973, slightly more than one million either fought in combat, provided close support or were fairly regularly exposed to enemy attack. At our peak (on April 30, 1969) total one-time troop strength was 543,482. And just in case you don't recall seeing any American woman in Vietnam, 7,484 were there -- 6,250 served as nurses (8 of whom died including one who was KIA).

According to the VVMF survey, 25% of us who served in-country were draftees (compared to 66% of U.S. armed forces who were drafted during World War II). By race and ethnic background, 88.4% who served in Vietnam were Caucasian (includes Hispanics), 10.6% were Black; the remainder consisted of other races.

Some of the stats are pretty grim: 47,378 died as a result of hostile action; 10,800 were non-hostile deaths. The total casualties of 58,202 now includes some

formerly classified as MIA and from the May 1975 Mayaguez action. Sixty-one percent of the men killed were 21 or younger. Highest state death rate: West Virginia, which suffered the loss of 84 of every 100,000 males in 1970. (The national average was 59 males for every 100,000.) Protestant was listed as the religion of 64.4% of those who died, 29% were Catholic.

Of the total number of 303,704 wounded, 5,283 lost limbs (1,081 sustained multiple amputations), 23,214 were 100% disabled, and 75,000 were severely disabled. Total number of prisoners-of-war (POW) was 766 (114 of whom died in captivity). Those listed as missing-in-action (MIA) totaled 2,338 (2,021 of whom are still unaccounted for).

Almost 80% of us who served in Vietnam had a high school education or better. This compares with only 45% of World War II vets and 63% of Korean War vets who had completed high school. And at the end of our service, 97% of Vietnam Era vets were honorably discharged.

Looking back, according to this survey, 91% of actual Vietnam vets say we are proud to have served our country. But only 66% of us say we would serve again if called upon.

What do the above statistics say about us? I guess they could be interpreted just about any way one would wish. But I also wonder what is missing -- the meaning of our Asian experiences. Just as there is a personal story for each of the 58,000 names listed on the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, D. C., so too does each of us hold within ourselves the key to understanding our experience and giving meaning to our military service.

One thing I can say: Because of my Air Force Service at Tan Son Nhut (and Udom, Thailand) in 1965-1966, I feel a closeness, a bond with my fellow veterans -- not just Vietnam vets, but with all men and women who have ever served our country.

I say to each of you: WELCOME HOME!

* * *

Ira Cooperman invites comments from the readership. He can be reached at e-mail:

ibcooperman@aol.com



EC-47 Reunion in Texas

(Editor's Note: New member, James C. Wheeler, of Clarksville, Arkansas, would like *Revetments* to announce the EC-47 reunion. He is the reunion coordinator. He arrived at Tan Son Nhut, September 12, 1966 and was part of a Ferry Flight Crew. They brought the 6th EC-47 to Vietnam from Grenier Field, New Hampshire across the Pacific.)

Everyone directly associated with the Mission of the EC-47 in Southeast Asia, from its inception until the last Mission was flown on May 25, 1974, is invited to attend the EC-47 Reunion 2000 in San Antonio, Texas. The reunion will be held from September 28th through September 30th.

The reunion registration fee of \$50 per person and will cover the Banquet Dinner and reunion expenses, hospitality room supplies, snacks, drinks, etc. Make checks payable to "The EC-47 Association Reunion 2000." Send your name, address, phone number reunion registration fee to: J.C. Wheeler, HC62 Box 6, Clarksville, Arkansas 72830. Phone: (501) 754-3507.

Complete information on accommodations and schedules can be obtained by calling J.C. Wheeler, or is available on the Internet at:

<http://www.ec47.com/r2000.htm>





Day Seven

In Day Six, I talked about the origin of the term "gook" and about my cowardice when faced with being turned into "diced lieutenant," and how I was punished for being an hour late for duty officer detail. (Revetments, May 2000)

Young officers are punished more often in similar fashions than most enlisted men realize. Of course, it is not an exactly legal process, but is preferable by the young officer to an Article 15, which would mar his records for life, and others in the unit are never told of it.

Non-combat Casualty

In this chapter, I will tell the almost unbelievable tale about my injury from an accident on the damned old Harley Davidson and the meanest NCO I have ever met.

As I mentioned some time back in these tales, I was clipped at the traffic circle over at the end of Vo Tahn near the Saigon train yard by a U.S. Army 6x6 truck of all things, and broke my right arm. They put a cast on my arm at the small dispensary we had then, and cleaned up my scrotum fairly well. I could feel the disgust of the two-striper, bless his heart, at having to handle the mangled equipment in that area.

I was told that I needed more delicate treatment, and since we had a four airplane detachment at the Don Mung Airport over at Bangkok, Thailand, my boss and the flight surgeon agreed that I could become the OIC of the detachment and use the facilities of the Seventh Day Adventist Hospital in Bangkok until I was healed.

I never was completely healed and when I retired I got a 10% disability. I am still embarrassed when I go to the VA for treatment. There sit the shirtless ex-grunts, some with multiple bullet holes through the torso and such, and I have to admit that I was hit by an Army truck while in a war zone.

Terror in Bangkok

The detachment, of which I became OIC, was led by an older NCO, over fifty I am sure, by the name of Chief Master Sergeant Crawford. He not only bossed the troops in the detachment while on the job, he had leased a huge house down in Bangkok and he ran that house like a tyrant. He was a tough old sucker and if one of the men did not like being told when to get up and when to go to bed, he would damn well have to fight CMSgt. Crawford.

I walked into the line shack late one morning after attending one of my hospital orthopedic sessions and Chief Crawford had our little sergeant by the collar and was holding him up against the wall. I heard Crawford yell, "If you ever disobey me again, I will kill you!"

I kind of soft-peddled it as Chief Crawford put him down as soon as I came in.

Later the staff sergeant came to me and told me he was in fear for his life, and that all the men were, and they wanted to get out of there or they wanted the chief out of there. He told me that the cause of the incident I had witnessed was that Chief Crawford had told the supply sergeant that the alert aircraft needed an ARC 34 radio installed. Our supply sergeant had ordered an ARC 26 instead.

He was correct, since we had received one non-standard early block airplane, which used the old ARC 26, and all the rest used the ARC 34.

I knew that this condition could not be allowed to continue. But as it turned out, I did not have to do anything about it since Colonel Owens had heard about it through the NCO grapevine and had assigned me there to investigate. He did not warn me in advance since he wanted a fair appraisal.

After a month, I returned to Tan Son Nhut, and to my surprise, Colonel Owens met me at the airplane. His first words to me were, "Is that old f--- still terrorizing the troops?"

I replied that unfortunately, old Chief Crawford was indeed not greatly loved, but since the detachment was in another country, and almost autonomous at Bangkok, it probably needed a strong leader.

Reassignment and Redemption

At that time, Seventh Air Force was being formed to replace the Second Air Division, and they were searching for experienced senior NCOs. Chief Crawford was in most respects an exemplary NCO and he became an important and respected staff head in the Seventh Air Force logistics staff.

The house where I had lived in Bangkok belonged to Colonel Perm Hongsakul, the commander of the military side of Don Mung Airport. He was also the father of Miss Universe of 1995, a beautiful girl. My first night in the house I was alone and having a beer in the living room, when into the driveway pulled at least three taxicabs. Out of these came my future house mates, two captains and a warrant officer. They apparently had been conducting a "round-up" as they called it, and toured the bars of Bangkok picking out the best.

No sooner were they in the house, and the booze broken out, than they started to do, to the accompaniment of loud music, the same thing they did for a living at the bars down town.

I was embarrassed at one point in the

debacle when I saw some movement at the open window. The house was on a private estate with no neighbors. There, with his little old brown nose pressed to the pane, was our nice old gardener, Mr. Long Dong. One of Dong's jobs was to maintain a little old spirit altar on a post outside the house. Gifts for the past ancestors and burning punk sticks were kept inside the little spirit houses. I suspect, that to him, he thought we were some really crazy and rich "gooks" (foreigners) from some strange part of the universe of which he was unaware, and of course, he was correct.

Well, troops, it's time for beddie bye again, and I have exhausted my supply of *Hudepohl*.

The Victors
How Thanks to Bill Tish, Radio 88.1 at the Sacramento and Young's Community

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Be A TSNA Recruiter

Be a Tan Son Nhut Association Recruiter ... during the past year we have gained over a hundred new members ... and it doesn't seem to be slowing down! Many are signing up because they found a copy of *Revetments* or were surfing the Internet and arrived at Charles Penley's TSNA Website. But we're also hearing a lot of new members say that they became interested when you told them about the Association. No, we're not asking you to rent an office and go into telemarketing for TSNA. Just send along your copy of *Revetments* to a friend, or if any of your friends are worth \$20, send them birthday, Xmas, or just-what-the-hell presents of an annual membership. They say bigger is not always better, but that's not true with the kind of people we have. Bigger means we can do a lot more good projects, hold bigger and better reunions, and have more local and regional chapters closer to your home.

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