



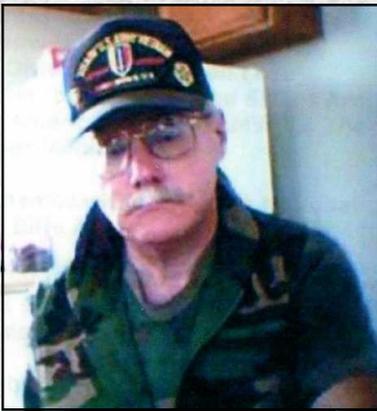
A Memorial to the American Experience
In
Vietnam
"All Included-None Excluded"

Revetments

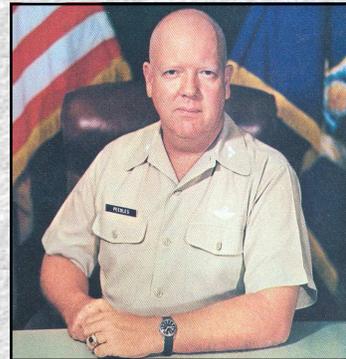
The Official Journal of The Tan Son Nhut Association

OUR MEMBERS....

OUR FRIENDS....



Jim Dugan



Colonel Peebles



Lance Coar



Pete Doe



Fred Stein



Charles Penley



Lt. Col. Chieu and Chuck Henry



Lt. Col. Sidney Johnston



Phil Block

VIETNAM

VETERAN

A Positive Attitude

by Ralph Marston

Will a positive attitude solve all your problems? No, but it can open your eyes to the valuable opportunities within even the most difficult situations.

Will a positive attitude make you rich and powerful? No, but it will serve as a constant reminder that you can achieve whatever you choose to achieve.

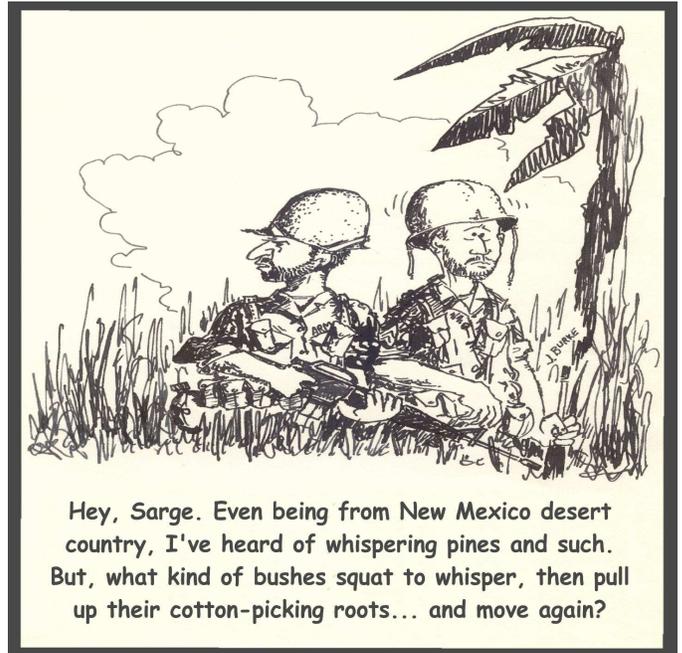
Is a positive attitude a way to escape from reality? No, in fact a positive attitude is a very powerful and effective way to successfully deal with reality.

Will a positive attitude magically bring into your life all the things you desire? No, but it can enable you to see and to follow the very real path from where you are now to where you want to be.

Will a positive attitude bring you any new energy or resources? No, but it will give you vastly greater access to the overwhelming abundance that is already yours.

Do you want to fully live the best that life has to offer? A positive attitude will enable you to see it, so that you can be it.

Submitted by: Member James Marlowe



Hey, Sarge. Even being from New Mexico desert country, I've heard of whispering pines and such. But, what kind of bushes squat to whisper, then pull up their cotton-picking roots... and move again?

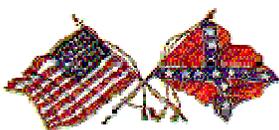
By Our Resident Artist ~ John Burke



The author of this patch is Lt. Colonel Sidney Johnston. He drafted the 360th Tactical Electronic Warfare Squadron (TEWS) patch in October 1966.

Please his article on page 5, "RC-47 Pilot."

As of May 28, 2005 **58 Members and Guests** have or will be registering for the reunion at Gettysburg. We are ahead of what we expected at this point in time. We hope you'll register soon. It's going to be a **great** time in Gettysburg.



Founded 1995

By

President Emeritus Don Parker

and

President Emeritus John Peele

Revetments is an official publication of the Tan Son Nhut Association, Inc. 2413 Brambleton Avenue, Roanoke, Virginia 24015. The Association is a non-profit fraternal organization chartered under the appropriate statutes and law. President, Wayne Salisbury, Pro Tem Vice President, Executive Director, Johnnie Jernigan, Pro Tem Secretary, Jerry Norville, Pro Tem Treasurer, David Koopman, Pro Tem Dale Bryan, Director-At-Large Director of Communications, Charles Penley

TSNA Chaplain Service

(Available for pastoral service: contact Public Affairs for information and appointment)

Rev. Dr. James M. Warrington

Rev. Dr. Billy T. Lowe

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Membership Information

Annual Membership: \$20.00

Five Year Membership: \$80.00

Life Membership: \$180.00

Contact the Public Affairs Office

Gettysburg, Pennsylvania

~ July 1863 ~

In July of 1863, General Robert E. Lee's Army Of Northern Virginia of 75,000 men and the 97,000 man Union Army Of The Potomac under General George G. Meade met, by chance, when a Confederate brigade sent forward for supplies observed a forward column of Meade's cavalry. Of the more than 2,000 land engagements of the Civil War, Gettysburg ranks supreme. Although the Battle of Gettysburg did not end the war, nor did it attain any major war aim for the North or the South, it remains the great battle of the war.

On July 3, Lee decided to press the attack to the Union center on Cemetery Ridge. At 1 in the afternoon, the southern artillery opened a bombardment that for a time engaged the massed guns of both sides in a thundering duel for supremacy, but did very little to soften up the Union battle lines.

Then came the climax of the Battle of Gettysburg...with a salute from Longstreet, General George E. Pickett, in a desperate attempt to recapture the partial success of the preceding day, spearheaded one of the most incredible efforts in military history...a massed infantry assault of 15,000 Confederate troops across the open field toward the Union center on Cemetery Ridge. One mile they marched, while being pounded by artillery and rifle fire. Through it all, Pickett's men reached but failed to break the Union line, and the magnificent effort ended in disaster. The tide of the Confederacy had "swept to its crest, paused, and receded." In 50 minutes, 10,000 in the assault had become casualties, and the attack - forever to be known as Pickett's Charge - was now history.



On Saturday, September 3, 2005, one hundred and forty-two years later, the Tan Son Nhut Association reunion attendee's will board a large tour bus, to be taken to the battlefield—to stand where thousands of Union and Confederate troops battled for their cause. They will stand on Cemetery Ridge where the Union troops had fortified their position. Here they will see the field where 15,000 Confederate troops marched towards the Union position.

Can you imagine what it will be like to stand where soldiers of blue and gray stood and fell....you'll feel their spirits, smell the gunpowder, sense the horror of the days in July 1863.

As of May 28th there are 58 members and guests coming to the 2005 Gettysburg Reunion. We are expecting many more. We'd love to have you join us for a great time. It will be a memorable time for everyone.

HOPE TO SEE



YOU THERE!!!

A special thanks to Bill Carlson for signing up a new member!

I Remember

By Colonel Harry C. Patterson

The following article first appeared in *Revetments* in 1995. Colonel Patterson was a faithful member of the Tan Son Nhut Association for many years.

He was assigned as an Aircraft Commander on the RC-47 with the 360 TRWS, Tan Son Nhut, 1966-67. When he returned to the states he was assigned as a Quality Control Officer of the 551st ARW, and a pilot on the RC-121C at Otis AFB.

His daughter, Lynne, advised me the Colonel passed away February 9, 2004. He wife, Cleta, asked if she could continue receiving *Revetments*. Absolutely.

Colonel Patterson was a courageous warrior and friend. He will be missed by those who knew him

May he Rest In Peace.

Wayne Salisbury

The journey for me began on a cold, blustery day at the airport at Manchester, N.H. Crews had assembled here, awaiting completion of the retrofitting of the aircraft we were to ferry to Nam. I had been there since August of that year, 1967, flying calibration for Sperry Corporation, the contractors for the special classified equipment we carried aboard. But the day of departure had arrived for my crew and I to depart. I remember the date well, because October 31 was my wife's birthday. So, as it began to snow, we bid each goodbye, and thus began our journey.

I remember, as we departed McCord AFB, Washington, that all of us gave thought to the fact that, once airborne toward our first stop at Elmendorf AFB, our one-year "clock" began toward our year's tour in Nam. This thought stayed with us as we waited at Elmendorf for 17 days for a new right engine. We waited at Adak for that "plus ten knot wind factor" we needed to depart for Midway Island, some 12 plus hours of flying time away. It was our only consolation for the thirty days and 91 hours of flying time it took us to reach Tan San Nhut Air Base in Saigon.

I remember the apprehension we all felt as we landed at TSN; an apprehension which was soon displaced by the welcome we received from Jim Jelly, Commander of the 360th. I remember being thankful to see old faces from CCTC at England AFB and Hulbert Field.

I remember the feeling of being at home when I learned that my roommate all through training, Ed Hosbach, had saved a bunk for me with him again as a

roommate. I remember December 4th, about 1130 at night, when loud explosions began, and we were told that the VC were mortaring the base. I remember us getting on the bus to go to our planes to guard them, and my wondering why the VC had waited all these months before deciding to mortar the base only 4 days after I got there!!

I remember Bob Graham as he took our crew through theater training, and how thorough he was in teaching us what we needed to know. I also remember Bob, Ed Hosbach and I spending three hours assembling the first "49 cc Honda" in the inner court of the billeting area. It only took us 40 minutes to do the others.

I remember missions we flew that showed the destruction our B-52 bombers were raining down on the VC. I remember seeing so many villages blazing in fire and smoke as the VC burned them out. I remember the Iron triangle that the 1st Cav bulldozed out of the jungle, and leaving a big One to tell us who did it. I remember Malaria Monday and the malaria tablets that tasted so bad. I remember using lots of salt on my potatoes because the salt tablets made me sick. I remember the time I went to the Officers Club for supper, and hearing the familiar voice and laugh of old friend, Colonel Chappie James, and seeing him in his black flying suit, the mark of the Death Squadron, which he commanded at the time. I thought of the times I had heard him sing and play the piano at Otis AFB, Mass, when he flew for the 41st Fighter Squadron. His was now a more serious business to be taken care of.

I remember New Years Eve, 1966, when our son came over from Bien Hoa to visit. It was his first leave since becoming a member of the 173rd Airborne. I remember the pleasure I got from watching him devour two sirloin steaks at the 3rd Field Hospital Field Mess that night. I remember how hard we tried to catch up on the things that had happened to us since we'd last seen each other.

I remember, as he got on the bus to return to duty, that I realized he was not the young man I had seen off to Nam, but a grown man who had matured overnight in order to survive the duty. I remember how thankful I was that I was flying over Nam, and not having to walk through it every day as a part of a Long Range Patrol group

I remember taking off for a mission on Sunday morning. We had become Airborne at 7AM, and were turning toward Vung Tau, which was to be our area for the day. As we were leveling off, we saw an Army chopper crash into a grave yard

near Bien Hoa. I called the rescue choppers and we continued our mission.

I remember the next day as we were attending training on Joint Personnel Recovery at the theater, and being told that they wanted me at the squadron right away. I remember the feeling of apprehension I had as I went back to the squadron. I remember how everyone seemed to look the other way as I entered Ops. That feeling of apprehension was borne out when an Army Warrant Officer came over to the desk where I was sitting, saluted me, and handed me a telegram. I remember that I knew what was in it before I opened it. The Secretary of the Army regretted informing us that our son had been killed in a helicopter crash on April 22 near Bien Hoa. I remembered realizing it was the chopper I had seen go down the day before. This was borne out six months later in talking to a member of the Golden Knights who had known our son.

I remember the kindness and consideration shown me by the people that night at our billet. Everyone was embarrassed, but there was nothing to be said. I remember asking Ed Hosbach to bring our son back for burial at Arlington National Cemetery, and I will always be in Ed's debt for his kindness. I remember walking through the rotunda at San Francisco International toward the gate for my plane to Boston, and the young girl who stopped me and asked me if I had just returned from Viet Nam. When I nodded yes. I remember the hate in her eyes as she spat in my face and called me a baby killer. It was my first hint that what we were doing was not popular back in the states.

I remember when I was reassigned to Otis AFB instead of having to return to Nam, that I felt like I had left a lot undone, and hoped that everyone would understand why I did not return.

I remember the first reunion of the 360th at Andrews AFB in '87, and how we had all changed. We were older, maybe wiser, but a lot more serious. I think we each reflected on what had taken place in Nam, and I think each of us hoped that we might not ever again become embroiled in another Nam.

These are some of the things I remember about those days. Some memories are pleasant, some are sad, but I remember them because it's important to me.



Traveling With The Carlson's

By Bill and Mary Ann Carlson

I was pleased to hear that our next Tan Son Nhut Association Reunion will be held in Gettysburg. A few years ago we were in "genealogy mode" and heading toward West Virginia. Some of Bill's long-ago ancestors had settled near there, and we were interested in finding the old home place, if possible. We were successful in our search, and ended up with some time to spare before flying back to Oregon. We spent part of that time visiting Gettysburg and its battlefield.

The statistics from the battle around Gettysburg are staggering. There were somewhere between 85-88 thousand Union and 70-75 thousand Confederate soldiers gathered in and around the town. Union losses were approximately 23 thousand and Confederate losses numbered around 28 thousand. In addition to the death toll, many thousands of soldiers were wounded. Months after the battle, 22 thousand wounded soldiers, both Union and Confederate, still filled churches, barns, and private homes throughout the Gettysburg area.

Those who died and were initially buried on the battlefield needed to be reburied properly. The Pennsylvania Legislature approved funds to provide a proper place for their reburial, and the Soldiers National Cemetery came into being. At its dedication on November 19, 1863, President Abraham Lincoln presented his world-famous Gettysburg Address.

Gettysburg was the largest battle of the Civil War. It was a hallmark victory for the Union Forces and a turning point in the war, as it successfully ended the invasion of the North by General Lee's forces. On February 11, 1895, Congress established the Gettysburg National Military Park as a memorial to those who fought there. The Park consists of approximately 6,000 acres, including 26 miles of roads, and over 1,400 monuments, markers, and memorials.

The city of Gettysburg is enchanting. There are many beautiful old historical buildings all around the city. As with many places where traumatic events have occurred, both the battlefield and the city itself are alive with tales of ghostly encounters. (There are "Ghost Walks" available at night for those who might be interested in encountering one.) There is the tale of the couple who stopped to

watch and admire the costumed military band as it marched across the battlefield playing music of that era. When they mentioned how much they enjoyed it to the staff at the battlefield, they were amazed to find no such band was there that day. And, if you see a Lincoln penny among the rocks at Devils Den, whatever you do, don't pick it up. Those who do experience really hard luck!

We are looking forward to our upcoming visit, and hope to see you there!

My Tour In Nam

By Andy Agan Jr.

I arrived at Tan Son Nhut AB in July 1967 and departed in June 1968. I was assigned to the 1876th Communications Squadron. I was a shift supervisor in PAFCO torn-tape relay center (we also nicknamed "Big Bad PAFCO").

We worked 12 hour shifts, and we were always very busy with the heavy backlog of message traffic. PAFCO was also a very stressful and noisy work center with the constant shouting by one operator advising "high precedence traffic," and the steady clatter from the machines receiving and transmitting teletype message tapes for bases throughout Vietnam and the CONUS. I lived downtown in the "Metropole Hotel" when I first arrived. However, after one month, I asked to move on TSN AB

The 1968 TET Offensive began at night when a 122MM rocket exploded in our barracks area. I remember a loud bang, and in a dreamlike stance, flying through the air like I was "superman." The concussion knocked me off my bunk and to the floor.

I look forward to the Reunion and I hope to meet with others who served there during my first NAM tour.

505th TCG (PARIS)

By Ivan Barton

I've got a picture of the old original French power plant. The phone system was in the P&T building across from the cathedral. There are hundreds of bicycles parked outside, that belonged to the girls who ran the board. It was plug the cable in the slot and flashing lights. We could not use any of the French system. It usu-

ally took me a week of trying to call downtown from Tan Son Nhut.

I had an old civilian friend who was bureau chief for ABC news—they leased the 4th floor of the Caravelle Hotel—nice digs. They had four lines open to the US 24 hours a day—that was the only place I could get a Hi Mom call in. Big problem getting time off duty.

Loved those Renault taxis, if you didn't get shot and survived the ride you were ahead of the game. The Vietnamese could show the Cubans something about keeping an aging fleet going.

When we were there the Mekong River system was the longest in the world which had no bridges—Now there's one Vietnam to Cambodia, and one Thailand to Laos. The Chinese and the Aussies built them.

Aside from politics—Vietnam will come on the world stage again—the reason is that the Mekong delta is the most productive agricultural area in SEA. What's coming up for Asia's big problem in the future?? Feeding themselves. With modern techniques and high production rice, Vietnam feeds itself now but could export easily enough to feed China and SEA.

Just an afterthought. You know we paid Michelin Rubber \$600 a tree for every rubber tree we killed, 1960's dollars.

RC-47 Pilot

By Sidney Johnston

I am from Lexington, Virginia where I lived and went to the early school systems before going to World War II in 1944. I was a B-17 Flight Engineer in the European Theater of Operations as an enlisted MOS of 748 and wore the Engineer member wings. One of a few Air Force officers left, that can wear it on the uniform. Also, I have the WW-2 enlisted "Good Conduct" medal. Now days, during my many fighter pilot reunions the "Good Conduct" pin is the only medal that I wear on my suit lapel.

Later I graduated from Virginia Tech in 1951, as an Aeronautical Engineer (pilot). I flew close air support missions in Korea as a Forward Air Controller pilot. I spent ten months as a FAC on the front lines with the 9th Republic of Korea.

Continued on page 6

Tan Son Nhut Main Chapel

In Vietnam, 1966-67, I flew a RC-47P from USA to Vietnam. During my tour in Vietnam I flew approximately 1000 combat hours in and around Vietnam. Most was with the 360 TEWS at Tan Son Nhut and Hue Phu Bi at the DMZ.

My C-47 was targeted on the ramp at TSN the night of December 4, 1966 in a ramp fire fight. My crew and I were returning from a mission and were met by the Air Police. They were in a big fight with the Viet Cong and were protecting the area with shot guns and rifles. We saw the enemy trying to place charges into our C-47 rear door. One Viet Cong was killed at the door. It was a night to remember. Thanks to the 377th Air Police we got out okay. I took the Viet Cong ammo bag and etc., from the area. I still have it.

We were crew number (13) and were known as the "Band-Aid Bandits" flight crew. The origin of the flight nick-name was the crews names: Johnston (pilot), Johnson (co-pilot), Swan (navigator) and Hardgrove (flight engineer). They were one of the best crews that I have ever had, seen or been a fellow member. These guys were outstanding. Their performance was superb in all flying environments and the situations of combat. Just the best, ever! The best all around guys that any one could ever meet. I take my "hat" off, with respect, to honor them, daily.

Perhaps of interest, I authored the 360th TEWS logo and the name "Antique Airlines" in Oct 1966 at TSN.



Chapel ~ 1966 ~ By Lance Coar



Chapel ~ Tet February 1968 ~ hit by a 122 mm rocket. ~ By Lance Coar



Johnston and Johnson—The "Band Aid Bandits"



New Chapel built on original spot ~ 1970 ~ By George Bontya

The Story of Member Larry Fry The Bicycle, The Merry-go-round and The C-124



Chaplain's Assistant, Larry Fry, and the bicycle

What would a Chaplain's Assistant, a merry-go-round, and a C-124 have in common? This is Larry Fry's story:

I was TDY to Tan Son Nhut from Washington Heights Housing Annex, Tokyo, Japan from December 1961 to March 1962.

At some point, two guys interested in the local on-base school kids scarfed up a rotor from a Sikorsky chopper, and used it to make a merry-go-round. As far as I remember, these guys were from Ranch Hand, which was headquartered with us at TSN.

A permanent replacement had come in for me one afternoon, and I showed him around that evening and early the next morning. There wasn't much to show him at that time on TSN. At 8:30 AM I received permission to leave, hopped on the Chaplain bicycle, pedaled my tail off down the road to the operation's shack and got my name on the manifest for the next C-124 out of there. And thanks to the fact that we had all (or almost all) of our stuff right there in our tent, I was on a flight at 10:30 AM. I don't remember how I got to talking to one of the Ranch Hand officers who had been involved in the merry-go-round, but the net result was that he offered to take care of picking up and mailing my laundry to me—and he did just that! I've never forgotten his thoughtfulness.



The Merry-Go-Round



Kids doing what they enjoy the most, having fun



Kids enjoying the merry-go-round. Larry 3rd from left



The C-124 Globemaster (Old Shakey)

A call was put out for members to consider ordering merchandise from the web site BX.

Many of you answered the call, and we are very grateful.

It is the sale of merchandise that helps to pay the expenses of the Association.

Thank you Friends!

U.S. General Removes Live Grenade from Viet Soldier

November 6, 1965
By Peter Arnett

SAIGON, South Vietnam (AP) – U.S. Air Force surgeons manipulating steel claws from behind sandbags, cut a Viet cong grenade from the back of a Vietnamese farmer and lifted it away safely in four tense minutes Friday.

“Now we can say it was easy,” said the chief surgeon Maj. Gen. James W. Humphreys Jr., Richmond, VA, dabbling a handkerchief on sweat that beaded his forehead.

The patient, Nguyen Van Chinh, 52 sat up and smiled again after five days as a living explosive, fasting and praying in quarantine in a shed behind a Saigon hospital.

Six-foot long tools especially designed for the job were used to handle the scalpel and pluck out the grenade, one of a 40mm type notoriously unstable, that lodged beneath Chinh’s 12th rib.

These instruments impressed viewers variously as like a billiard cue, a giant fountain pen or “those mechanical monsters clawing around atomic piles.”

The creator was Capt. Jack Faircloth, New York, Humphreys’ aide. The general had given him 48 hours to come up with something that would work.

The team was made up of Humphreys, a chest specialist; Col. Daniel Campbell, Inlet Beach, Fla, another chest surgeon; and Dr. Tony Brown, a British anesthetist attached to the U.S. aid mission.

They volunteered after Vietnamese doctors threw up their hands at Chinh’s plight. He was hit last Sunday morning near his thatched cottage 30 miles south of Saigon. A guerrilla fired on him from about eight yards away and then fled. These grenades, six inches long and two inches in diameter, are normally fused to explode at 12 yards.

The danger was that even delicate handling might stir the grenade to burst, spewing out hundreds of wire like steel fragments that would have killed Chinh and anyone else in close range.

A wall of sandbags 10 feet high was built around the bed. A small opening was left for insertion of the instruments. Above this was a sheet of bullet-proof glass, borrowed from a military vehicle, so the surgeons could see what they were doing.

They went to work after Brown gave Chinh a local anesthetic. All went well, and quickly.

“It’s in the box!” Humphreys shouted as he released the grenade into a wooden box, half filled with sand, that had been set beside the patient.

(Editor’s Note: From The Eau Claire Leader Newspaper Eau Claire, Wisconsin. Sent to the TSNA office by member Thomas McDonnell.)

Reunion 2005 ~ Gettysburg, PA
September 2-4

Time goes by fast. September will be here before you know it. I hope you are considering coming to the Gettysburg PA reunion. Register now! It’s going to be a great reunion.



Republic and Main Street. 505 TCG radomes
Taken by Ivan Barton ~ 1968



1300 Security Police Area
Compliments of Jim Stewart, 377th SPS



TSN Flight Line
Taken by Oliver Doe ~ August 1969

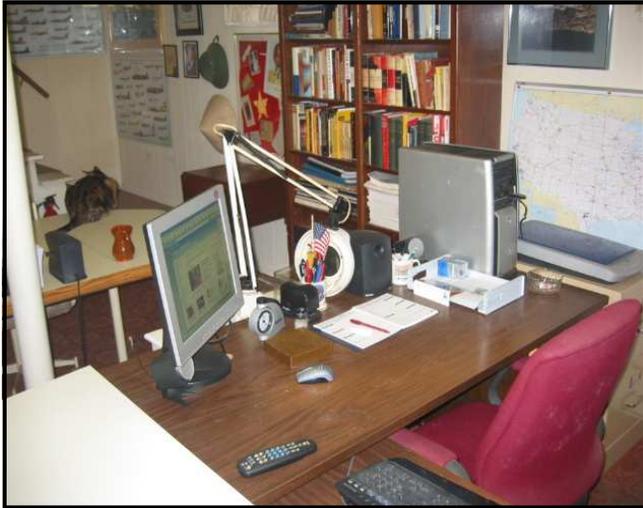
The above pictures are on the Pictorial Remembrance CD #2 that is currently being produced. I already have over 400 pictures on it. Thanks to all that have sent in pictures!

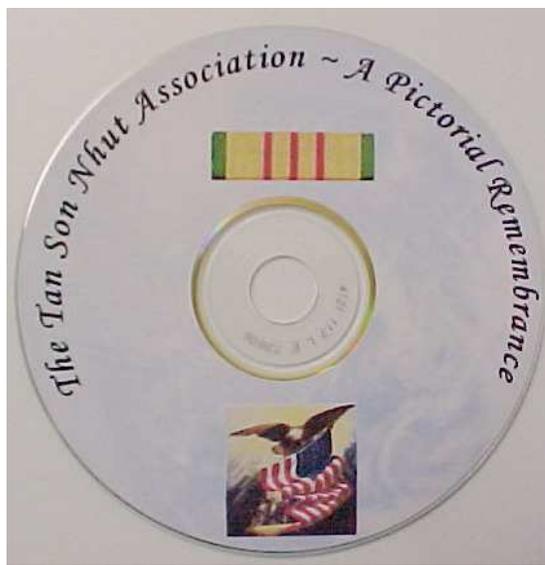
If you haven’t purchased CD #1, you still have a chance to do so. You’ll be glad you did. Over 200 have been sold, and all comments have been very positive. A bargain at \$12.95.

The Tan Son Nhut Association Office Roanoke, Virginia

I know some of you have wondered what the office looks like. The Tan Son Nhut Association Public Affairs Office is located in my home. No, we are not in a high rise office building. As you will note the office space is rather tight, but it functions well. The office is manned by yours truly, with the help of my wife, Tobey. We do not have a staff. Sometimes in the heat of publishing Revetments, etc., I wish I did.

Wayne Salisbury





The Tan Son Nhut Association Pictorial Remembrance CD-ROM

We have sold 200 of this historical CD-ROM. It is full of TSN pictures, documents, and stories—over 1500 pictures alone!

THIS IS AN HISTORICAL CD-ROM ~ ONE OF A KIND

Only \$12.95, which includes shipping! Send your check to the Tan Son Nhut Association office and get your historical CD-ROM now!



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