

Volume 7, Number 3

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A Memorial to the American Experience in
Vietnam

All included—None Excluded”



Revetments

The Official Journal of The Tan Son Nhut Association

CWO Michael J. Novosel

Medal of Honor Recipient

Life Member

Tan Son Nhut Association



Thoughts of Our Sky Pilot

Rev. Dr. James M. Warrington
Chaplain, TSNA



In Willa Cather's "Song of the Lark", the author pictures a young girl struggling hard to hold on to high goals in the midst of dull, sordid surroundings. At one point Miss Cather makes the girl say, "But it's silly to live at all for little things. Living's to much trouble, unless on can get something big out of it."

Someplace I picked up a few words that embody the same basic truths: Make no little plans; little ones have no magic to stir men's blood and will not be realized. Make big plans; aim high in hope and work. Remember that a noble and logical plan will never die, but long after we are gone will be a living creation.

Isn't this our great need to every area of life? We need great plans for our children, plans for their development in spirit, body and soul. We need plans so great that we shall constantly be thrown back on God for guidance and strength. We need great plans that will include every area and every group, that all may have something of the full life suggested by the term "the great society." We need great plans for the nation, that we may think not only of the welfare of our own people, but of our leadership of the world through moral commitment to standards of freedom and justice.

Some people are afraid of big plans because they seem to reach so far off and to take so long for their realization. It is true that big plans require big patience. The joy of big plans is that they put meaning into each small step; taken day by day toward their fulfillment.

Most of us like to be "sidewalk superintendents" as we watch some large and imposing structure being slowly brought into being. For me, it is a special delight to notice a foreman slip from the scene of construction to a workroom where the plans for the building are spread out. Carefully he checks to see that the small day to day operation fit into the master plan.

So we, having made our big plans, need that daily check-up before God to be sure that we are moving toward our goal.

Choose to feel good

Choose to feel good and your actions become more effective. Choose to feel good and you'll see opportunities that you otherwise would have missed.

Choose to feel good and you'll attract positive, helpful people into your life. Choose to feel good, and events will work in your favor.

Choose to feel good, and your creativity will flow. Choose to feel good, and your days will be purposefully productive.

When you choose to feel good, it costs you nothing and it causes no harm to anyone else. In fact, when you choose to feel good you create much more value for yourself and for those around you.

So whatever life may send your way, choose to feel good. The joy you give to life cannot fail to make it better.

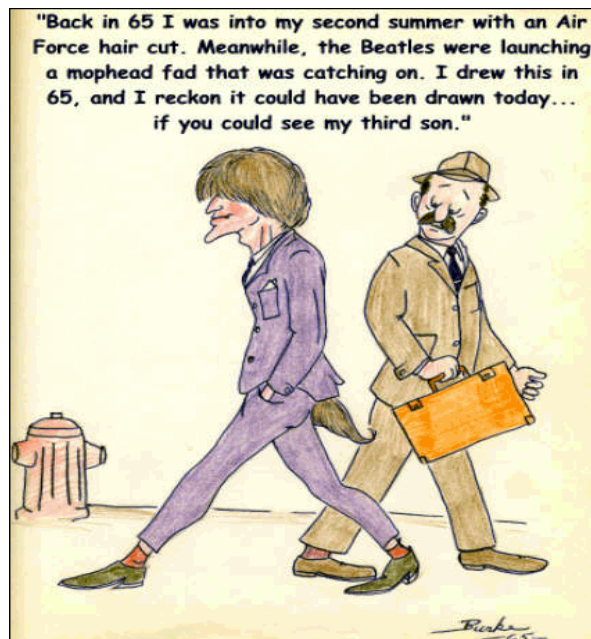
Ralph Marston

Editor Note:

New member, Bob Marlowe, furnished the above inspirational message. You'll see more in the future.

Bob was a Protestant Chaplain with the 12th Combat Support Group at Phu Cat, from Jun 69 to May 70. Along with ministering to the assigned military at Phu Cat, he worked with war orphans, and provided ministry to Lepers at the Qui Nhon Leprosarium.

Welcome to the TSNA, Bob.



By Our Resident Artist ~ John Burke



Founded 1995

By

President Emeritus Don Parker
and
President Emeritus John Peele

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CWO Michael J. Novosel
U.S. Army (Retired)
Tan Son Nhut Air Base
1968 ~ 1970

“This is General Douglas McArthur”, was his reply to my telephone inquiry if he was Mr. Novosel. Quite naturally I thought I either had the wrong number or the person on the other end of the line had a great sense of humor.

It was Mr. Novosel all right. I identified myself. He replied, “I am honored to speak with you.”

Even as a young boy I knew what the Medal of Honor meant. I had never been within 50 feet of anyone that was wearing the Medal of Honor, and I certainly had never spoke to one.

And here he was saying he was honored to speak with me. I swallowed hard and stammered that I was the one that felt honored.

That was the beginning of our phone conversation that lasted about 30 minutes. He talked about his days as a B-29 pilot, arriving in the Pacific shortly before the atom bomb was dropped. He told me as a Lt. Col. he attempted to get back on active duty in the Air Force and was offered a desk to sit behind. He went to the Army, and they accepted him in the helicopter program as a Warrant Officer.

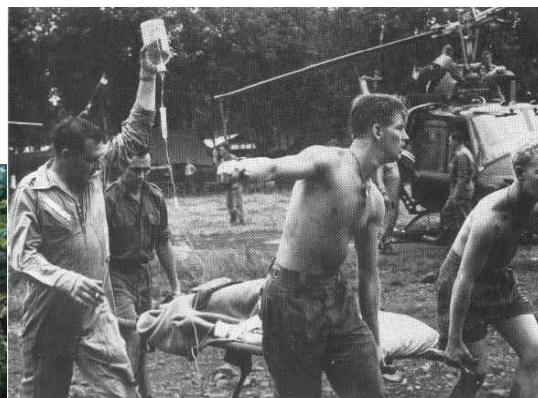
Thus began a military career few have experienced. With two tours of Vietnam (at Tan Son Nhut) as a medivac Dustoff pilot he accumulated 2,038 hours of combat flight, 2,345 aerial missions that evacuated 5,589 wounded, and received the Congressional Medal of Honor.

I told him I had read his citation. He said that he didn't know why they picked that particular event because he had many such events during his tours. I asked him if he had a short bio he could send to me. He replied he'd do better. He told me he had written a book titled *Dustoff - The Memoir of an Army Aviator*. I was able to obtain a copy of the book. I recommend it to anyone interested in the Dustoff missions flown out of Tan Son Nhut Air Base.

Someone wrote about Mr. Novosel, “...it's easy to see that Mike Novosel is a genuine, 24-karat American hero. I couldn't agree more.

Thank you ,Mr. Novosel , for your service to our great nation. And thank you for being a member of the Tan Son Nhut Association. We are honored to have you among us.

Wayne Salisbury





NOVOSEL, MICHAEL J.

Rank and organization: Chief Warrant Officer, U.S. Army, 82d Medical Detachment, 45th Medical Company, 68th Medical Group. Place and date: Kien Tuong Province, Republic of Vietnam, 2 October 1969. Entered service at: Kenner, La. Born: 3 September 1922, Etna, Pa. Citation: For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty. CWO Novosel, 82d Medical Detachment, distinguished himself while serving as commander of a medical evacuation helicopter. He unhesitatingly maneuvered his helicopter into a heavily fortified and defended enemy training area where a group of wounded Vietnamese soldiers were pinned down by a large enemy force. Flying without gunship or other cover and exposed to intense machinegun fire, CWO Novosel was able to locate and rescue a wounded soldier. Since all communications with the beleaguered troops had been lost, he repeatedly circled the battle area, flying at low level under continuous heavy fire, to attract the attention of the scattered friendly troops. This display of courage visibly raised their morale, as they recognized this as a signal to assemble for evacuation. On 6 occasions he and his crew were forced out of the battle area by the intense enemy fire, only to circle and return from another direction to land and extract additional troops. Near the end of the mission, a wounded soldier was spotted close to an enemy bunker. Fully realizing that he would attract a hail of enemy fire, CWO Novosel nevertheless attempted the extraction by hovering the helicopter backward. As the man was pulled on board, enemy automatic weapons opened fire at close range, damaged the aircraft and wounded CWO Novosel. He momentarily lost control of the aircraft, but quickly recovered and departed under the withering enemy fire. In all, 15 extremely hazardous extractions were performed in order to remove wounded personnel. As a direct result of his selfless conduct, the lives of 29 soldiers were saved. The extraordinary heroism displayed by CWO Novosel was an inspiration to his comrades in arms and reflect great credit on him, his unit, and the U.S. Army.

Air Force Advisory Group's Bacsí Office by Jerry Norville, Secretary Pro Tem, TSNA

I've thoroughly enjoyed the stories and pictures contributed by members of TSNA to Revetments. I hope all of you enjoyed them as well. There's no heroic action here - just a peek at what it was like for those of us in VNAF advisory-support positions.

I served at TSN from November 1967 to November 1968. You may have seen our blue jeep with the red cross on each door and the word Bac si (doctor). When I was on base at TSN, which wasn't often since I had advisory responsibility for all VNAF medical facilities, my office was located in the VNAF compound. I served as advisor to Colonel (Dr.) Do Xuan Giu, the Chief Medical Officer of VNAF at that time, and later Deputy Chief of all South Vietnam's Medical Services.

My office at TSN was located next to Air Marshall Nguyen Cao Ky's on-base residence. Ky had a menagerie of animals in the fenced back yard of his on-base quarters, one of which was a baby elephant that visited my office window regularly to beg for peanuts, which I kept in plentiful supply for him or her - never knew which since the elephant was so young.

It was the medical advisor's job to upgrade the VNAF medical service. And what a job it was. Most of their medical and dental facilities were inadequate by our standards. During my tour, the advisory office was staffed additionally with Lt. Col. (Dr) George H. Mohr, Sergeant Dennis Dugger and Co Tuyet, secretary/interpreter.

Getting Settled In

Well, as Yogi would say, the beginning seems to be an appropriate place to begin. Upon arrival in Saigon, I attended a week of orientation for covan's - advisors. I'll never forget my first traumatic night in Saigon - not because of the enemy, but as a result of one very weight-challenged Army Warrant Officer with whom I was assigned a room. I'll bet a month's social security that my roommate's snoring was as loud as anything you guys ever heard on the flight line. And, his snoring was exacerbated by the fact that he took his full upper and lower dentures out and dropped them in a glass as he got into bed, presumably to create an echo chamber that topped the decibel scale. I tried waking him, that didn't work. I tried rolling him over in his bed, which incidentally took all the strength in my 215 pound body. After two nights without sleep, I explored the billeting sergeant to get me an-

other room. He grumbled about the extra paperwork but reassigned me to another room. I thought my troubles were over, but it wasn't to be.

Ah, I thought, what a relief to have a new room assignment. Now I would get the sleep I needed. Hell, I still had jet lag. This time the room mate was an Army captain - a thin captain. Surely a man this thin wouldn't snore. He didn't. What he did do, however, was to drink nearly a fifth every night, fall asleep, and then moan, groan and upchuck throughout the night. My patience with and empathy for this suffering soul came to an end the third night when he urinated on my bed thinking he was in the latrine.

I decided to apply the squeaky-wheel principle by going to the billeting office several times the next day. No dice. Captain's were a dime-a-dozen so I was ignored despite my aggressiveness, or perhaps because of it. Finally, by the end of the day I got some oil on my squeaky wheel. I was assigned officer quarters at the Florida Bar, unfortunately a bar in name only. Actually it was home to thirty or so officer advisors of the Air Force Advisory Group. The "Bar" as we called it was located next door to the Navy's Annapolis building on Plantation Road (Nguyen Van Thoa Street). Many of you may remember Plantation road as the most direct routes from TSN to the PX in Cholon.

I moved in with Captain Frank Vogel, soon to be major, and my sleeping troubles were over. Vogel seemed pleasant enough and we had in common that we both played guitars and had brought them with us to Nam. What a bonanza. Now, I had a good roommate who didn't snore or drink to excess, and we shared a common interest in music with our guitars and singing, with one minor hitch - he sang opera and I did country. We compromised. I taught him country and he attempted, without success, to teach me opera. We made many music tapes throughout the year, much to the delight of our families and our own creative satisfaction.

As a musical footnote, Vogel and I, along with some others we "recruited", performed for Air Marshall Ky and other senior VNAF and 7th AF VIPs. We had written two songs that praised VNAF. Those in attendance roared when we dressed as VC and sang the first lines of our version of the American spiritual song "We Shall Overcome".

We've got the Ho Chi Minhs
Jungle rotted skins,
VNAF gives us hell every day. . .

We don't like A-1s

Or their miniguns,
VNAF gives us hell every day. . .

Well, the two songs are too long for this article but you get the idea.

A Few Medical Advisory Experiences

The essence of our job in the medical advisory office was to assess needs and upgrade the VNAF medical service's capability, equipment, and facilities.

Increasing services was difficult because VNAF did not have enough physicians and dentists. Increasing patient treatment hours was not an option because most VNAF physicians and dentists continued their private practice in addition to their work for VNAF - either they saw their civilian patients or the civilians had no doctor or dentist. I did manage to negotiate arrangements for VNAF physicians to train at major Army and USAF hospitals, principally Cam Ranh Bay and was instrumental in getting a school of nursing established in Saigon.

Improving medical equipment for the various VNAF medical facilities proved equally difficult. Perhaps a few examples will illustrate.

The period of transition for VNAF from props to jets caused a major need for ear protection for VNAF. Weeks went by, but after written requests, countless phone calls and visits to the depots, I still had not managed to get hearing protection for VNAF. Finally, I made contact with a sympathetic Army sergeant who promised that I would have ear protection within days. I was so excited at my apparent success I told my boss and he told our general. I also told the chief of VNAF Medical Service and he told the VNAF wing commander. All were excited and waited anxiously for the arrival of "Mickey Mouse" ears for flight line crews of VNAF. Then . . . weeks later . . . the first boxes arrived. And what to our wandering eyes should appear . . . could that be a Mickey Mouse ear? Not hardly. Inside each box were quart fruit jars, each containing small balls made of a cotton-wax mix to be warmed and pushed into the ear.

Another major problem was decayed teeth . . . yes, decayed teeth. As VNAF transitioned into jets, pilots with tooth decay experienced severe tooth pain. Ah ha, said I, I'll get badly needed dental equipment for VNAF. Months later after repeated follow-ups, no dental equipment had arrived. Then I remembered that a Medical Service Corps friend of mine was in charge of the medical equipment depot in Phoenixville, Pennsylvania.

I went directly to him with my request and got results.

The badly needed equipment finally arrived, but the "officials" at MACV had learned of my breach of the chain of command. I took the "flak" but was comforted by the thought that pilots, whom the US had spent million's preparing, would no longer avoid flying. Maybe Vietnamization really would work.

And now for the rest of the story. The dental equipment came in crates that were left out in the yard. After repeated attempts to get VNAF crews to uncrate and install the much needed equipment, it still sat in the yard, rapidly reaching a stage of rust. Finally, I had a plan based on the loss-of-face principle. One morning, everyone from the medical advisory office, including yours truly, the doctor, the sergeant and the secretary appeared at the crates with assorted tools that we had scrounged and began to tear apart the crates. Within minutes, we had not seen such scrambling since the Tet offensive. VNAF personnel came from every direction. The equipment was finally installed.

We voluntarily planned and provided leadership as well as medical supplies for Medical Civic Action Programs at orphanages and villages. These trips to provide patient care were very satisfying because we could see the results of our efforts. On one trip, our convoy was ambushed by what we assumed were VC and a tire was shot from under my jeep. Sergeant Dugger ran on the rim while the 377th Security Police, who were escorting us, chased the bad guys into the jungle. The attackers were apparently attempting to get our medical supplies and equipment.

When we had quiet moments at the advisory office - and when they needed "off the record" penicillin to cure their indiscretions - we were often visited by the guys from the "Red Horse" construction unit working on the old VNAF buildings near our office. They were a great bunch of guys and we always enjoyed having them "hang out" at the medical office when things were quiet. One of the crew would drive me to the officer's club for a beer run late in the day in a duce and a half (Six-By) truck and park right at the door, much to the chagrin of a few senior Seventh Air Force VIPs. I always bought beer to take back to the office for everyone. One evening I even attempted to drive the damned truck myself, but I just couldn't get the hang of the many gears.

On another occasion, at the end of the workday, I mentioned casually to the "Red Horse" crew that it would be nice to have another jeep. I did not ask for a jeep - mainly I was just griping because Dr. Mohr was gone in the jeep and I needed it. To our

total surprise, when we arrived at the office the next morning, there was a jeep parked by the door with a note on it saying that it was ours to use for "the duration". Fearing it was stolen, we did not use it. A few days later, it disappeared overnight.

The Tet Offensive

Many others more qualified than I have written some very fine articles about Tet in Revetments over the years, so I'll just include a few comments. When the offensive began at TSN, I was at my quarters on Plantation Road. And there I stayed for nearly two days. The advisors living at the "Bar" had no transportation to the base and no weapons to defend ourselves.

We didn't need them they said - no way there would be an attack on Plantation Road so close to TSN. Besides, they reasoned, we had guards outside our building twenty-four-seven. Sure we did . . . that is until the first shots were fired. Every damned one of the guards deserted their post at our quarters and the quarters around us. After Tet, they quickly assembled us REMF advisors, issued us weapons and provided some training in their use.

I did accomplish one very satisfying task during Tet. I had stored a footlocker full of medical supplies just in case anything ever happened. I was not an expert medic but had training during my enlisted days at the corpsman's school at Great Lakes Naval Training Center and at the USAF Medical Service School. At mid-day after the attack on the Saigon area, a jeep carrying four MPs was attacked in front of our quarters and two were wounded seriously. When the fire-fight ended, I grabbed necessary supplies for life saving first aid from my footlocker and dashed out in the street to help the wounded. We were concealed from fire enough for me to control their bleeding and treat them for shock and give them medications for pain. Others helped me get the wounded inside. Later, they were transported to Third Field Hospital near TSN.

I managed to get to my office at TSN about forty hours after the initial attack. From that point the next few days were a blur of activities as I arranged for care of VNAF wounded and obtained much needed supplies and medications for their medical service.

A few days after Tet, I was summoned to Colonel (Dr.) Giu's office, at the VNAF Medical Services building. The entire staff was on hand, we had cokes and rice cookies around the conference table and then Dr. Giu presented me with a key to his private toilet in appreciation for my efforts during Tet. The toilet was the only private one in the entire building. Everyone else used a

crude latrine with a cement trench. Who needs awards and decorations when one can have the privilege of a private toilet?

Incidentally, Dr. Giu made it to the US when the end came on 30 April 1975. I visited with him last fall in California. He's eighty-four and still seeing patients from the large Vietnamese population that settled in Westminster, California.

From Health Care to FAC

Well, things settled down after the May, 1968 offensive and so in the fall I was invited to take my R&R. While deciding which great R&R spot I would visit, I heard about a volunteer program in which officers not on flying status could volunteer to fly "back seat spotter" with a Forward Air Controller. Here was my chance to find out what the "real war" was all about and shed my REMF designation once and for all. I volunteered rather than take R&R and soon found myself in the back seat of an O-1 Birdog for five days flying over the Ah Shau valley. Some of the maneuvers scared the s--- out of me, but it was one hell-of-an experience. I had an even greater respect for those on flying status after that TDY. I still wonder what it would have been like on an R&R in Hong Kong, but I'll never know.

Wrap Up

For me, it's been thirty seven years since Nam. I can't say I miss being there but I do miss the camaraderie among those of us that were there. To me, the most important aspects of our Association are the opportunity to swap stories and pictures, get together at reunions, honor those who served at the base, and work together to preserve the history of Tan Son Nhut that we all experienced.

I'm now seventy years old. I enjoyed my military career and my second career as a professor of hospital administration. I am enjoying very much my affiliation with TSNA. You're all a great bunch and I'm proud to have served with men and women like you. Retired from my second career as a Professor since 1992, I now devote my time to helping others and to writing a series of three novels that may or may not ever get published. Published or not, I love the writing process. We all need a reason to get up every morning.

God bless all of you.

Jerry Norville

(See pictures on following page)



Captain Norville, holding Tuyet in fake Pregnancy pose with the book *Human Sexual Response*. Vogel, holding book, sent the photo to my wife. Took a little explaining....



Captain Norville with the essentials of warfare - pot and flak vest, rifle, guitar, cigar and, most importantly, a drink.



Lunch in Little Saigon, Nov 2003: Norville, center, holding wine glass, clockwise is Col. (Dr.) Giu, Taylor McKinnon, TSNA Member, Col. Chieu, TSNA Member, Mrs. Anh Nguyen, widow of Col. Tuong van Nguyen, VNAF, and Jennifer McKinnon.

Life After The Military

My Musical Bio

By: Irving Rice

I graduated from high school in 1968 and went into the Air Force the same year. At Shaw AFB, Sumter, South Carolina, I played music in a band with Jack Hydric and Gene Hearl. Jack use to play music with Stone Wall Jackson in Nashville, Tennessee. We were all stationed at Shaw AFB. We had our own radio show in Sumter every Friday night until we got orders for Vietnam.

After my USAF service I turned down a chance to travel with Conway Twitty. I later married and have three boys. In 1992 I went back to Nashville and had two songs done that I wrote. A female singer recorded them. The producer was so pleased with my song writing ability that he signed me up with the biggest company in Nashville, B.M.I. They've been after a Christmas song I wrote ever since.

I've decided to go back to Nashville in April 2005 and get the song done. It is called "Last Letter To Santa." I wrote it back in the early 80's. They even took me and my wife out to lunch trying to get the song, but I wouldn't do anything with it because my heart wasn't in it. With everything going on with the children of the world today, I think it's time to put the song out.

My heart has always been with my brother's and sister's in arms.

Under aged Veterans

By: Larry Kiepke

Wayne, I got a request. Do you know anybody who enlisted under the age of 17? I recently joined the Veterans of Under age Military Service (VUMS). In Dec 1955 I enlisted in the South Dakota National Guard one week after turning 16. My parents signed a letter certifying I was 17. In Mitchell, South Dakota, it was a well known fact that several of us in the Guard were under age, but it was just accepted and overlooked locally. All under aged fraudulent enlistments have been forgiven and recognized for service commitment purposes.

Presently there are only around 2000 members of VMUS, but I'm sure there are hundreds more that may be reluctant to come forward in fear of reprisals from the government.

There is to be a reunion in Dayton, Ohio in April. Should be interesting if I can make it. Anyone that enlisted under age can contact the National Commander, Ray Jackson, raydjackson@att.net for information and application.

Lost Buddies

By: David Koopman

Our President, Wayne Salisbury, has very aggressively sought new members for our Association. As he knows I am the Webmaster of my own web site, with a link to the TSNA web site.

Wayne asked me to invite those who have checked into my Web Page Guestbook to join the TSNA. I recently performed this task for him. In answer to my invitation Frank Starkey answered and said he would like to join. Then he said he had looked at my Website and he thought that he knew me.

It turns out that Frank was a member of the 460th Avionics Sq. Instrument Auto Pilot Section at TSN from Nov 67 through Nov 68. I was with the 460th FMS Jet Engine Shop from Sep 67 through Sep 68. His hootch was near mine in the 1200 area, and he remembered the May 6th 1968 Spring Offensive like it happened yesterday.

To top it off, he sent me a picture he took during that battle. Guess what folks, there I was with the trusty M-16 defending TSN. I could hardly believe my eyes. Where else, but in the TSNA could you meet lost buddies like that from 37 long years ago?

(See following page for photo)



Taken by member Frank Starkey on May 6, 1968 in the 1200 area. David Koopman is on the far right, looking at Frank as he took the picture.

A New Member

By: Philip Moyer

Enclosed is my check for membership in the Tan Son Nhut Association.

I arrived at TSN in Dec 67 and was assigned to the 377th Combat Support Group. During my in-processing I was pulled out of the processing line and reassigned to 7th AF Headquarters, Awards and Decorations. My duties included key punching special orders onto 80 column punch cards for all the awards and decorations issued to the Air Force and interservice personnel assigned to Air Force units.

Later I was transferred to the foreign decorations section where three Vietnamese translators would translate Republic of Vietnam awards and decorations earned by Air Force personnel. I did this for the majority of my 12 month tour.

I was also the starting catcher on the base fast pitch softball team. We traveled to Cam Rhan Bay, Pleiku and Nha Trang. We also played local US Army teams at TSN.

New Member

By: Carl Wiltsey

I was assigned to the 1876 Comm Sq. from Jul 66 to Jun 67. I worked in the 7th AF Command Post Comm Center

As a 29150 Comm Center Specialist. I cut tape from message forms to teletype tape to transmit. We processed operational messages for 7th and SAC.

Your web site is quite informative. On Dec 4, 1966 I lived in a hootch area just down from the Controllers Lounge across the street from the hospital and morgue street. Our hootch was next to the street and across the entrance

road from a Security Police guard post.

At one point I heard a Security Policeman on their radio say he was "hit", but he could hold on until someone got there. I don't think he made it though. Thanks to everyone there for watching our backs.

New Member

By: David Perelman



I was stationed at TSN from Apr 71 to Nov 71, assigned to the 8th Aerial Port Sq. as a Air Cargo Specialist. I was mostly a ramp rat, did lots of ordinance, hazard material, HR loading. I was also attached semi-officially to the 8th APS MOB when they needed me. I was wounded at a FSB near Pleiku on Oct 30, 1091 while dropping off a load of ordinance. I don't remember the name of the place, however I still have my General Orders for my Purple Heart award.

I don't remember much. I lost part of my right leg and had a severe concussion. I was medivaced back to the 3rd Field Hospital in Saigon, and then to Clark AFB. I then had a one year rehab at Long Beach, VA. Now you know the story of my life. I was a A1C, in line for Buck Sgt., but that's life!

Keep up the GREAT work. The web site has opened up so many memories, both good and bad.

It is wonderful to see people out there that were at TSN. Anytime someone mentions it, it's always "Oh, I was there, just passing through or you guys had it easy." Granted it wasn't in the field, but we did come under attack, and there was always that degree of uncertainty. When I went into the field with the

MOB units, it was the real thing. But I get a little hot under the collar when someone talks about nothing ever happening in Saigon. That's BS—oh well, let me get off my soap box.

A Feeling of Sadness

By: Frank Ybarbo

As I watched in silence at the still red sky
Watching and waiting as time went by,
So peaceful and still it really did seem
As though I were lost in a beautiful dream.

A feeling of sadness I strangely had
But to myself I thought, it wasn't so bad,
For home was bound not to far away.
And it seemed to have passed in a single day.

It seemed as a dream of a tropical land,
Though a place of war where I lent my hand
To save the love of one I knew,
And closer to my heart this one she grew.

Like once leaving home it was for me
And to never return I knew it must be.
But my job had been done and my best I gave
To this land and beauty that I tried to save.

As the breeze blew soft and the dusk drew
nigh

I have never seen such a beautiful sky,
Clouds so soft and a purple haze,
All I could do was stand and gaze.

Enchanting and strange, but yet so real,
Something that not everyone can feel.
Hidden beauty one can surely see—
In a simple glass of Saigon Tea.

Something New!



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In order to reduce cost, your Association must make the step into this technology. But how can this be accomplished?

Some members that have the capability of using Adobe Reader may still want a printed *Revetments* to show up in their mail box. I will honor this request, but I must say it will be with heavy heart that I do it. Why mail *Revetments* when the member can download it from the internet and print it out himself?

Some members do not have access to the internet. These members will continue to receive *Revetments* in their mailbox.

There are several ways to determine who among our membership is willing to receive *Revetments* electronically. Let me suggest this: If you are willing to help us reduce cost, and are able to access the internet to download Adobe Reader, just email me at: tansonnhut@aol.com It is simple as that. Please put in the subject line "Adobe."



Earn four stars today by writing the Public Affairs Office (tansonnhut@aol.com) today and state you will accept the electronic version of your *Revetments*.

E-MAIL ME !

Wayne Salisbury



Reunion 2005

Gettysburg, PA

Sep 2 - 4



Many of you have been contacted by phone or email advising that the reunion date has been changed to September 2 – 4. We regret if this change caused a problem for anyone. We discovered that Gettysburg was hosting two large events during the weekend we chose, and there were no hotel rooms available.

We are pleased that many members are planning to attend. We expect this reunion to be the best and most attended we've ever had. The planning has already begun, and we think you'll be pleased to hear what we have in store for those that attend. Here are some of the tentative highlights:

Registration will begin mid afternoon, Friday, September 2, 2005. A hospitality suite will be open in the evening for members to get reacquainted and make new friends.

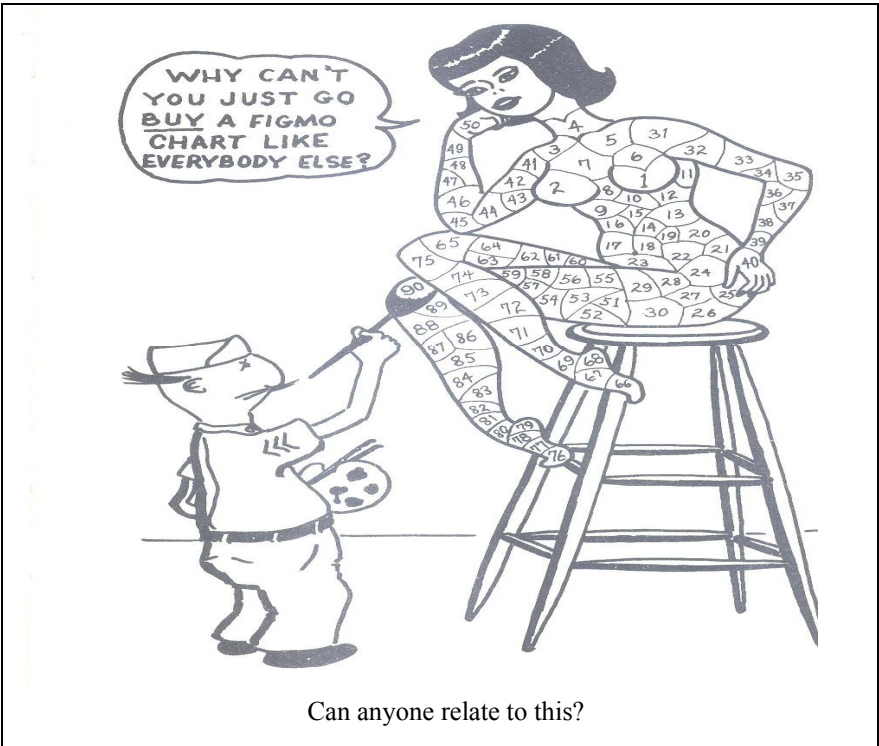
Saturday there will be bus tours of the Gettysburg Battlefield and President Eisenhower farm home. A grand banquet will be held Saturday night.

Sunday we'll start off with a breakfast buffet. A membership meeting and awards presentation will be held Sunday morning. Farewell's will be made following the meeting.

Plan now to attend. Well over half our membership live with 600 miles of Gettysburg. We expect a great gathering of friends.

Details will be forthcoming, along with a registration form to fill out and send to the office.

See You At Gettysburg!



Can anyone relate to this?



Members asked for a **larger** TSNA patch that could be sewed on a jacket or sweater. Now **THEY HAVE IT!** We were able to work out a special price for this 8 inch patch. It is only \$19.95 which includes postage and handling.

Many members have already placed their order. Don't wait, order yours now. You'll be amazed how beautiful it is.

Send your check or money order to:

Tan Son Nhut Association
Public Affairs Office
2413 Brambleton Ave.
Roanoke, VA 24015

Tan Son Nhut Association
Public Affairs Office
2413 Brambleton Avenue
Roanoke, VA 24015

Membership Renewal Date

