

Revetments

The Official Journal of The Tan Son Nhut Association



"All Included - Non Excluded"

Volume 1, Number 8

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

May, 1999

MEMORIAL DAY 1999

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RICHARD C. RAMSEY *
OLIVER RIDDLE * JOHN HALL
VIVIAN

Just a few of those who fell at Tan Son Nhut ...

Association To Be At The Wall

Again this year, the Tan Son Nhut Association is planning to lay a wreath during the annual ceremonies at The Vietnam Memorial - The Wall - on Memorial Day, Monday, May 31st.

President Don Parker and Vice President John Peele urge members to consider joining this year's delegation.

It is an extremely moving experience that leaves one going away with deep pride in the men and women who have served their country so well, even to "the last full measure of devotion."

The ceremony lasts for a little over an hour. There are very interesting speakers and moving music.

"There are many groups represented," say John Peele, "and I am so proud now that the Tan Son Nhut Association is being represented here among them."

Groups usually assemble at noon, and the ceremonies begin around one o'clock. Parking is free on the streets, but you are advised to come early to obtain a space close to the memorial.

The assembly point is at the Information Kiosk, which is just left of the memorial (see map).

Last year there were just five of us, but we were all so proud to be there representing the association during such a solemn occasion. This year we would like to see as many members as possible attend this wreath-laying. There are many members living in adjacent Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey,



The Tan Son Nhut Assc. Delegation at the Wall - 1998
Bob Need, James Smith, John Peele, John Shaud, Irwin Nase

for whom this would only be a short, couple-hour trip. But no matter where you live, we urge you to consider a trip to Washington for this event.

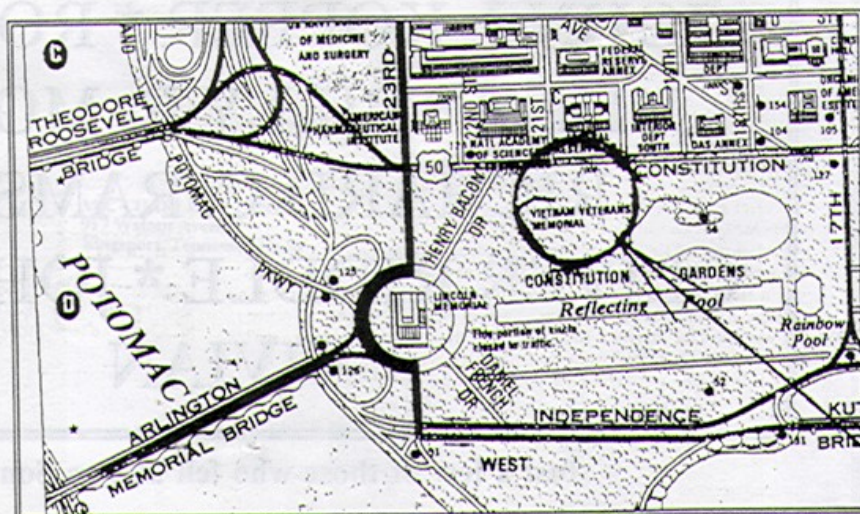
This would be an ideal occasion for us to meet. Although no plans have been set, we could arrange for

a breakfast/brunch if sufficient members let us know by May 20th.

We request that those planning to attend advise the Public Affairs Office by phone (757) 627-7746. FAX: (757) 627-0878, or E-Mail:

hercules29@worldnet.att.net

Hope to see you on Memorial Day!



Tales From Tan Son Nhut ~

~ Day One At Tan Son Nhut ~

by

Major Taylor B. McKinnon

~ Arrival ~

The big "stretch DC-8" I had boarded eighteen hours earlier touched down at Saigon's Tan Son Nhut airport on 27 May 1965.

Disembarking from the jet gave me my first lasting experience of Viet Nam, which was being hit in the face with a blast of hot air dripping with humidity such as I had never experienced although I am from Alabama where the humidity is normally high in summer.

Down the portable stairs we went toward the Saigon airport terminal building which was a poured concrete structure with a vaguely French colonial look, and I was reminded that the French presence had departed from French Indo-China only a few years earlier after unsuccessfully attempting to reestablish control over the colony which it had taken in the late 1890s and lost to the Japanese and their "Greater Asian Co-Prosperty Sphere" from 1939 until the end of World War Two in 1945.

They had fought against Viet Nam nationalists under Ho Chi Minh from 1945 until 1954 suffering horrible casualties in the last year at Dien Bien Phu at which time the United Nations partitioned the country between North and South at the 17th parallel, allowing the North Vietnam government the northern portion and the southern portion to the population which did not desire to live under the communist government which Ho Chi Minh had introduced since he was supported by the then Soviet Union.

To return to my story, the inside of the terminal was even more in need of repair than was the outside. Counters were marked as being serviced by Air France, Air America (an outfit administered by Civil Air Transport out of Taiwan, but financed by the C.I.A.) And Air Viet Nam, the national airline which flew DC-3 airliners (we called these C-47 in the Air Force) as well as the Boeing 307 (which had been the world's first four-engine, pressurized airliner back when first produced by Boeing in 1939. It was in fact a B-17 bomber with a fat fuselage to accommodate passengers and was called the stratosliner since it could fly in the stratosphere where the air is calm and no weather interferes with navigation.

~ Getting The Troops Settled ~

We were directed by an NCO at the MATS counter (military air transport service, the forerunner of

MAC) to a string of six-by-six two and a half ton trucks outside the terminal. After loading our duffel bags we were driven off the civilian side of the field and into the old military gate at 100P Alley, where the sad old French Air Force Cemetery was, with hundreds of graves marked by concrete crosses. The French were poor after the Great War (WWII) and did not have the resources to return the bodies to their native land for burial as we did. The entire graduating class at St. Cyr, the French military academy, all second lieutenants, had been killed in Viet Nam for three years in a row.

We traveled on down the potholed road to what was known as the "cantonment" area. I had never heard this term before and in research learned that it came from China, where the Chinese, not wanting to be corrupted by the European presence, actually walled off a portion of the city of Canton where the "white devils" were obliged to live, thus "cantonment area."

At the cantonment area we found one staff sergeant in a tent. This was before the big Johnson commitment to a real French style war, and we were on the heels of the Kennedy advisory effort. Kennedy had given tacit approval for the assassination of President Ngo Dinh Diem the previous year (the only president who ever was able to control and mobilize the South Vietnamese). So we had very little in the way of facilities. The poor sergeant was using a tiny Smith Corona travel typewriter that he had brought with him as there were none available through any supply system. The Navy ran supply and transportation and we had poor access to it.

The poor staff sergeant was sweating like a pig when he finished assigning the troops to the few "open air style barracks" within the cantonment area. Then he turned to me, the officer in the group (previously I was a highly productive airplane mechanic, but had inched my way into the old Officer Candidate School by studying at night and had in reward become a mediocre second lieutenant). When I was a crew chief, colonels would put their arms around me and ask, "How's the ship today, son?" And I would answer, "Fine, sir!" But after I became a second lieutenant, the colonels wouldn't speak to me any more, assuming, of course, that I didn't know crap, which as a matter of fact I didn't. But I learned at Tan Son Nhut that if you listen closely to the

sergeants who work for you, one can facsimilate knowledge in order to gain time until you understand the officering business. With any luck, this will happen about the time you make first lieutenant. I was lucky ultimately in that I inherited the most "shit hot" of all the newly created chief master sergeants, Chief Master Sergeant Dailey.

To get back to my story, the housing NCO had assigned all the enlisted troops to barracks in the cantonment area, sturdy wooden buildings with tin roofs, no glass windows, instead having wooden louvers designed to keep out the constant rain and let the air flow easily.

The NCO then turned to me and said, "Sorry, lieutenant, but we have no quarters for officers. You will have to go down to Saigon and find yourself a place to stay."

Since nobody had met me from

the 33rd Consolidated Aircraft Maintenance Squadron (CAMRON), I asked, "How do I get to Saigon?"

He replied, "Wait out there on the curb and a Navy bus will come along each hour and you can ride to Saigon."

~ Journey To Saigon ~

I was apprehensive since assassinations had been reported in the news back "in the world." The Brinks Hotel, a large building which had been leased by the Navy to become an officers' B.O.Q., had been blown up the previous month with considerable loss of life on the part of the United States. The Brinks had a beautiful bar and dance hall on the roof and one could spend "off" days and nights up there eating steak and drinking beer whilst watching the war actually being fought a mile or so across the Saigon River, which was a branch of the Mekong.

(Please See Day One, Page 6)



The Caravelle Hotel, Saigon



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Publisher
 Don Parker, President
 and The Board of Directors
Executive Editor
 John Peele, Vice President
 Editor
 Robert Need, Director of Public Affairs

EDITORIAL

Memorial Day 1999

by
 Robert Stanley Need
 Editor

I am looking forward to Memorial Day. To me, it is a day of overwhelming glory, a day bursting with pride, a day like no other. It is a day when honest men and women, those who truly love their country, who can thoroughly understand and respect honor, and can accurately define the parameters of duty, remember and commemorate those who have so fully and faithfully demonstrated these attributes.

Memorial Day is not a military holiday. Oh yes, there will be units on parade, cannons will fire salutes, and soldiers, sailors and airmen will play Taps on military bugles. But it is still not a military holiday.

From The Wall and Arlington in Washington, across the cemeteries of the Great Plains, to the Presidio at San Francisco, American families, relatives and friends will meet to commemorate the life and accomplishments of these men and women who fell in the defense of the nation's liberty



First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of their countrymen ...
 The men and women of the Armed Forces of the United States

and to liberate others from totalitarian slavery.

Memorial Day is a day of the people. It is a day when the people give thanks to these fallen warriors for the right and privilege of standing here as free people. It is a day when those of the present can look forward to the prospects of living a free and unhampered future, safe, secure and happy, a future for their posterity to enjoy and expand.

Memorial Day is not a military holiday. The men and women we commemorate, one-timer or career, were never a cog in a vicious, cruel war machine or a mindless cipher awaiting the bidding of a tyrant.

These men and women were but citizens of a free nation, as are all of us. And it is because of their intelligence and their recognition of this priceless liberty that they came forward to protect this nation, and if necessary lay down their lives defending it.

Memorial Day is for us all.



Cold War Certificate To Be Issued

In accordance with section 1084 of the Fiscal Year 1998 National Defense Authorization Act, the Secretary of Defense approved awarding of the Cold War Recognition Certificate to all members of the armed forces and qualified federal government civilian personnel who faithfully and honorably served the United States anytime during the Cold War Era, defined as from September 2, 1945 through December 26, 1991.

Individuals may request the Certificate by writing to the Cold War Recognition, 4035 Ridge Top Road, Fairfax, Virginia 22030. The FAX is: 1-800-723-9262.

Acceptable documents for proof of service include an official government or military document with the recipients name, social security number/military service number and dates of service. Return of the Certificate can be as long as four months due to the success of the program and the volume of applicants being processed.

More information can be found on the Internet at: <http://coldwar.army.mil>

The Communications Center

Send us your letters, comments, suggestions, and stories by mail, fax or e-mail

Did You Know This Man?



I am writing this letter to you asking for your help. I am helping an Amerasian kid who is looking for his father. He only has a photo of his father and information that he worked at Tan Son Nhut airport in 1968, and in Phu Bai airport in 1969. At both places he was a weather forecaster.

The name of the boy is Dang Tan Phu Loc.

I hope that you can help me identify the person in the photo. It is my client's father in The Mets at Tan Son Nhut airport in 1968. Please let me know if you can help me.

Brian Hjort
Missing Person Agency
Denmark
E-Mail to:
Brihj@mail.danbbs.dk

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Association Patch
Just
\$5 Each!

Unit Citations?

Quick question for you all. Do you know if the 377th Consolidated Aircraft Maintenance Squadron (CAMS) ever got any USAF unit citations or if the Vietnamese Government ever awarded any to us?

I remember hearing gestures to that effect when I was there in 1971-1972, but never could find anything more on this subject.

Thanks, I also look forward to *Revetments* each month.

All the best!
Joe (Hot Rod) Thompson
King of Prussia, PA.

* * *

Confessions of a First Sergeant

(Editor's Note: Buck was late paying his membership dues and sent us a letter we just have to share. And to you Sarge, a tremendously sincere salute.)

I goofed, so I'll accept any punishment you want to give me.

I spent many hours on K.P.. I know how to peel onions and spuds.

I'm shooting to go along with 20 dollars a year, 180 bucks. (life membership) sounds good for those who are

younger. But I'm not planning on being on this year much longer. I feel good. I do volunteer work daily at RAFB Dental Clinic.

When a person gets up in the years, it's time to quit. I've had a full life and I do not want to become a burden to anyone. I pray daily that He will take me quick. No pain, no funeral, just a quick cremation which is already paid for.

I loved my 31 years, and four tours in the 'Nam.

Good luck to all. And P.S. Almost forgot to tell you. I do not attend meetings, funerals, weddings, or even visit you at home.

I am very happy with getting up daily at 0430, work to 1400, park the car until the next day. In bed by 1900 hours, no traveling around whatsoever.

Confession finished.
Buck Zebringer
Ex-First Shirt
Schertz, Texas

Send Us
More
Tales of
Tan Son Nhut
Readers tell us they
look forward to them!

On The Internet

Interest in the Vietnam Era has not been waning, in fact, many in the media are reporting increased interest in the past few years.

Part of this can be found in the many fine website locations on the Internet. The following are sites you will find most interesting.

Charles Penley
Great pictures and stories of Tan Son Nhut.
<http://users.intermedia.net/cepenley/index.html>

Kirk Bennet
Another fine site regarding Tan Son Nhut.
<http://www.cyberstate.infi.net/~kbennett/vietnam.html>

Denis Cook
A great site, lots of pictures.
<http://host.fptoday.com/COOK/>

Roy Inge Rynning
A Norwegian who pays a moving tribute to Americans who fought in Vietnam.
<http://home.c2i.net/rrynning/>

(Day One from Page 3)

Back to my story again. Sure enough, here comes a gray navy bus. I notice that it has chicken wire or fence wire covering the windows. After lugging my 90 pound duffle bag on to the bus, I asked an older head, along whom I sat, why the wire on the windows? He replied, "The windows must be left open due to the intense heat and the Viet Cong has taken to throwing grenades through the windows on the trips across the city." To which I replied, "Well, I am glad they solved that problem."

"Not really," he commented, "now they attack fish hooks to the grenades so they stick to the windows in front of your face. So you become pretty proficient at getting off a bus swiftly."

~ Downtown ~

After driving out Tran Dung Hau Street for a while we came to downtown Saigon. It was a beautiful old French colonial city with tree lined boulevards and homes exactly like I saw later in France after my Viet Nam tour.

The driver let me off in front of the Continental Palace Hotel which featured an open air veranda on the street floor where one could sit, ogle the local beauties and drink Bier La Lue, a local beer ("beer of the street" in French), which was much preferable to other local French beer. "Ba-Moui-Ba" which was Vietnamese for Bier 33 (ba meaning 3, and moui meaning times ten and ba meaning three again adds up to 33. The following year while enjoying my European tour, which in those days was our reward for a tour in Indochina, I saw Bier 33 advertised in a Paris cafe. I found it to be excellent beer, unlike the Saigon version. I had been told that it had formaldehyde added as a preservative and three bottles was a guaranteed "pop skull" the next day.

The press reporters referred to this drinking, eating and observing place as the "Continental Shelf" since it was level with the street and open air. The waiters wore formal clothes and the service was good and the atmosphere interesting. "Saigon Commandos, like myself later on, would play cards and drink beer with pistols strapped to our sides, a custom which was prohibited after the Johnson escalation.

Directly, I asked the desk clerk for a room and he replied that they had no rooms available and I should inquire across the street at the Caravelle Hotel, which was a modern concrete structure with about ten stories.

I stashed the duffle bag at the Continental after tipping the waiter ten piasters which was enough in those

days before the Johnson escalation, when the exchange rate was fifty or so to the dollar. This made it kind of handy since it made for easy mental calculations even for a guy who had three "Ba-Moui-Ba" in a row. Before I left Viet Nam the unofficial exchange rate was 500 and the U.S. tried to maintain 120 in vain. I heard that the only person in one year who exchanged money at base finance was Colonel Budway, the base commander. Everyone else went to the Indian book store on the Rue Catinat (which was renamed To Do Street) or to La Pagode Bar and Grill.

Once I tried to buy a book at the Indian book store and the guy asked, "You trying to put me out of business? I need those books."

Upon entering the lobby of the Caravelle, I felt out of place in my old suntan uniform since it was soaking with sweat. We never wore the rain coat when it rained because we became wet with sweat faster than the rain wet us, and the rain was preferable as it smelled OK.

I walked up to the counter and inquired about a room. The concierge replied, "Sorry, lieutenant, but you can't afford it here since the newsmen from the States have run the tariff for a room up to 200 bucks per night." He told me that there was an unfinished hospital on the Rue Vo Tanh which the army had just leased where spaces were available free for troops on leave in Saigon on R&R, and maybe I could bullshit my way in for the night.

The army was pretty good at this business of being good to the troops when not in combat. They leased an entire whore house down on the Street of Flowers, complete with a medical staff to insure the health of the troops. This brothel thing happened later after the John escalation after they discovered a beautiful teen age Viet Cong girl in a little house boat on the Saigon quay dispensing sexual favors at such a rate that they checked her out and found she had been injected with every known venereal disease they could. She was, in effect, sacrificing her life for the cause (independence from European authority was the cause and our fear of communism was outside their frame of reference).

I think that the Street of Flowers or Rue Des Fleurs was renamed Nguyen Hue at about that time in a nationalistic push to rid Saigon of French-named streets.

Instead of leaving the Caravelle immediately, I caught the elevator up to the roof and there was a night club there which could have been in Paris. But the prices were Paris prices also, so I left and went back to the Continental "shell" and retrieved my

duffle bag.

I hailed a taxi cab instead of taking one of the so-called cyclo pedal rickshaws (three-wheeled bicycles with a basket-type wicker seat which will accommodate two sober servicemen and almost any number of drunken G.I.s). I immediately attracted one of the identical Saigon taxi cabs which were blue and white and were all old Renault sedans, which though small, had four doors and they smoked like the fires of hell. If I returned to Saigon today, I would expect to see those same old Renaults puffing away. The shade tree mechanics of Saigon were excellent; at keeping old machinery running.

Another common auto there was the Citroen, which looked exactly like a 34 Ford, except that they had front wheel drive. You would not be surprised to see Pretty Boy Floyd, the famous gangster, step out of one. They were favorites of the many expatriots one would meet living in Saigon. One was Ward Reimer who was chief of maintenance for Air America, and before I rotated he offered me his job in Saigon. I turned him down, since it would have meant resigning my commission. Being a former enlisted man, I was intensely proud of that hard-earned commission, even though I was only a lieutenant.

~ Home, Sweet Home ~

Soon we arrived at the incomplete hospital building which the army had leased as an over-flow barracks for soldiers on leave. I looked at the meter on the taxi which read 35 piasters. I gave the driver 35 piasters, following which he called me every French curse word in the book, plus "stingy son of a bitch." So I gave him 20 or 30 more piasters, or "dong" as the newly issued coins were called, after which he drove off, still not too happy. I was later to learn that inflation, due to U.S. presence had lessened the value of the currency to the point where 35 dong was equal to perhaps 35 cents, but the government refused to increase the taxi meter charges in an attempt to resist inflation. In the future I gave the poor guys at least 50 piasters for a short ride and more for the long ones.

I carried my bag to the old hospital and in the foyer (pronounced "foy-yay") I found one lone army buck sergeant, who was in charge of the night shift. He assigned me to an unfurnished hospital room and explained that he was sorry, they had beds and springs, but no mattresses or bed clothing. But, he did have a supply of Ba-Moui-Ba in his ice box at the nominal cost of 100 P. These would make the bare springs sleep better and I could empty my clothing on the springs to sleep on.

I bought three bottles of Bier 33 and went upstairs and found that the electricity was not turned on yet. Things were moving fast in Saigon in those days, so I wasn't surprised.

Nervously I proceeded downstairs and out to the street where I found a book kiosk. The books were all in French, except one, which I purchased along with a dozen candles. This was going to be a long night. The book turned out to be the best aviation adventure book ever written. It was "Fate Is The Hunter," by Ernest K. Gann, about his life as a commercial pilot in the airlines and in the old Air Transport Command. The Air Corps used contract commercial pilots in transports in order to free the Air Force pilots. But it is too good an idea, so it probably will not be adopted by the United States Air Force. The use of commercial pilots by Air America for transport duties was extremely successful.

I spent the night sleeping on my uniforms and field gear and read the whole book. This required another trip for candles and beer.

I awoke with a semi-pop skull and prepared to report to Colonel Owens, the Commander, and Chief of Maintenance, of the 33rd Consolidated Aircraft Maintenance Squadron at Tan Son Nhut Air Base.

This was my very long first day.

Ratification of the TSNA Constitution

During the month of May, the Public Affairs Office will be mailing another copy of the proposed Constitution of the Tan Son Nhut Association to all paid members.

There will be an enclosed form that allows members to make recommendations for changes and revisions.

A preliminary vote, for or against ratification, will be made by the members.

Recommended changes or revisions will be reviewed by the Constitution Committee and a final vote will be requested from the membership, probably in June or July.

Included in the final ratification vote will also be a slate of officers standing for election to the constitutional offices.

The Current Active Membership

The following is a list of the current active and paid membership of the Tan Son Nhut Association, as of April 15, 1999.

- Agnew, Lewis B. Worked in Registry Section of the mail terminal.
- Akins, Charles G. 377th Security Squadron.
- Alm, Eric W. 69th Signal Battalion.
- Anderson, William G. 360th Tactical Electronic Warfare Sq.
- Andrews, Bruce L. 4505th Infantry. 82nd Airborne.
- Anundson, Arli. 8th Aerial Port Squadron
- Aufiero, Richard 360th Tactical Electronic Warfare Sq.
- Aungst, Ronald R. 699th Security Sq., 360th Tac. Elec. War. Squadron
- Austin, Terry R. 377th Security Police Squadron.
- Austin, George N. 377th Security Police Squadron.
- Balliet, Albert L. 377th Security Police Squadron
- Barnette, Lewis C. 377th Security Police Squadron
- Beasley, Johnnie H., Jr. 377th Security Police Squadron.
- Beckwith, Gregory C., 377th Services Squadron
- Besette, Carol S. Headquarters. 7th Air Force.
- Beyette, Peter F.
- Bialas, Howard S. Hq. SAC. SADADVON, 8th Air force
- Blackmon, Bill At Pleiku and Phu Cat under the 460th at Tan Son Nhut
- Blaha, Michael S. Hqs. 75th CS Group
- Boldrin, Nik 360th A&E Squadron
- Boyer, Dennis L. Army 45th MI.
- Brown, Charles V. Headquarters, 7th Air Force
- Bruce, Arvel G. 6994th ESS
- Burckhalter, William M. 1876 Communications Squadron
- Burdick, Robert W. 33rd Tac Recon Squadron
- Byrnes, Dennis 69th Signal Battalion
- Campbell, Thomas J.
- Capener, Robert 505th Tac Con Group
- Carlson, William C. 377th Supply Sq.
- Carter, Randall S. 377th CES
- Cervantes, JAMES 360 TEWS
- Chaisson, Alexander 377th USAF Hospital
- Chambers, Robert B. Headquarters, 7th Air Force
- Chung, David O. Advisor, VNAF Caribou Operations
- Church, Alan D. 377th Supply Squadron.
- Clifford, Timothy J. 377th Security Police Squadron
- Coar, Lance S. 460th FMS
- Cook, Denis R.
- Cool, Brent A. 12th Tac Recon Sq.
- Cooley, Johnny B. Seat Back
- Coup, William A. 625th CAMRON.6250th Spt.Sq. 6250th Spt.Gp. 460th TRW, 377th CE Sq.
- Cox, Robert B. Headquarters 7th Air Force
- Crespin, Robert J.
- Croft, George R. AAFES Exchange Manager
- Cummings, Jack E.
- Damron, Charles C. 12th Tac Recon.
- Davis, Arthur L. Headquarters, 7th Air Force
- Davis, Bob
- Davis, Scott 7th AF. 903rd Aeromedical Evacuation Squadron
- Dearinger, Dean 7th AF, 377th Supply Squadron
- Detrani, Guy L. Hq. 7th AF, 1876 Communications Squadron
- Donnelly, Lawrence G. 460th FM Sq., 377th Combat Support Gp.
- Doolittle, William G. 6994th Security Squadron
- Duval, Richard 460th Field Maintenance Squadron
- Duvall, William D.
- Dye, George L. 360th TEWS
- Eckhoff, Jim 8th Aerial Port Sq.
- Elkins, David B., Sr.
- Emerson, Thomas F. 12th TRS
- English, Joe R. 460th Field Maintenance Squadron
- Fender, Robert W. 21st Aviation Co.
- Fischer, Ralph E. 834th Air Div., 773rd TAS
- Fitzpatrick, Thomas H. 8th Aerial Port Squadron
- Fleisher, Mark Headquarters, 7th Air Force
- Foster, Dan 360th TEWS
- Foster, Leland C. 360th TEWS
- Fulton, Richard P. Headquarters, 7th Air Force
- Gandelli, George A. 360th TEWS
- Gard, Dean 377th Services Sqdn.
- Glass, Thomas A. 6994th Security Squadron
- Godfrey, Richard W. 315th Air Commando Gp. 309th AC Sqdn.
- Gray, Joan L. 21st Casualty Staging Unit
- Grayson, William C. Det. 5, 6922nd Security Wing
- Greenspan, Michael N. 12th Tac Recon Sq.
- Greethead, Phillip E. Australian Army
- Griffin, Richard 460th TRW
- Hagler, John Armed Forces Courier Station
- Halbeisen, Gary 616th Military Airlift Support Squadron
- Hanson, William T. 16th TRS, 460th TRW
- Harbert, James
- Harley, James A.
- Hartley, Richard B. Pilot. OV-10s
- Hatfield, Harlan N. 460th AEMS
- Helms, Frederick W. 1876 Communications Squadron
- Herrmann, Joseph L. 460th Avianoics Maintenance Squadron
- Hickman, Geoffrey R. 360th Tac Recon Sq.
- Hileman, Francis L. 377th Combat Support Group.
- Houck, Ross B. 1876th Communications Sq.
- Ingalsbe, Gerald E.
- Inggolia, Richard P. 377th Security Police Squadron
- Ingram, Elmer W., Jr.
- Jarboe, Robert D. 6420th USAF Dispensary, 377th USAF Dispensary
- Johnston, Sidney, Jr. 360th Tac. Elec. Warfare Squadron
- Katsones, William G., Jr. 1876th Communication Squadron
- Keeler, Albert T. Headquarters, 7th Air Force
- Kennedy, Don, Jr. 377th CES
- Kettenhofen, Dave 6994th Security Sqdn.
- Kiechlin, Edmund F., Jr. 315th Air Commando Wing
- Kimball, Lester T. 6994th Security Sqdn.
- Kinnaird, George C.
- Kinsler, Harold D. 19th TAS, 7th AF
- Krebs, Roland C. 45th Tac Recon Sqdn.
- Kuzma, Robert W. 619th TCS Sqdn., 377th Combat Support Group
- Langley, John 377th Security Police Sq.
- Lavish, Alexander Hq 2nd Air Division
- Layman, Lester C. 360th Recon Sq., 360th TEWS
- Lee, John P. Seat Back Operations
- Lerner, Vance
- Lindbeck, Richard W. 377th Security Police Squadron
- Line, Donald W. 360th TEWS
- Lyons, Lawrence E.
- Manley, John A. Headquarters, 7th Air Force
- Maranville, James L. 360th TEWS
- Martin, Johnny A. 377th Security Police Squadron
- Martin, Samuel H. 377th Air Police Sqdn.
- Masten, Barry 8th Aerial Port Squadron
- Masters, Richard L. 460th TRW
- McArrot, T. Allan
- McClellan, Thomas W. 460th AMS
- McCullough, Don J. 360th TEWS. Hqs., 7th Air Force
- McDonald, Robert J. 360th TEWS
- McKinney, Patrick R. 377th Security Police Squadron
- McKinnon, Taylor B. 33rd TAC Group
- Messer, Lowell 6250th CSG, 377th CES
- Mickle, William III 377th Security Police Squadron
- Moll, Kenneth Det.1. 460th TRW
- Moore, Kenneth 377th Security Police Sq.
- Nadeau, Ronald W. 460th TRW
- Need, Robert S. Headquarters, 7th AF
- Nelst, Leland N. 377th CAMS
- Neri, Don
- Ness, Charles AF Photo Recon.
- Nichols, Franklin A.
- Nordquist, Ernest O. 377th AB Wing. Headquarters, 7th Air Force
- Noriega, Ed
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- Padgett, James 360th TEWS
- Parker, Don E.
- Patterson, Harry 360th TEWS
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- Pendergrass, Daryl L. 377th Security Police Squadron
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- Pierson, William Det. 1, 460th TRW
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- Powell, Lee R. Air Force Advisory Group Headquarters
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- Rutherford, Charles E. 460th Tac Recon
- Saenz, Huberto 360th TEWS
- Sartin, Harry J. 50th Security Police
- Schaefer, Wil 145th Aviation Battalion
- Schirmer, George E. 460th TRW, 16th TRS, B Flight
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- Sherrill, Bryant R.
- Shideler, Jeffrey 377th USAF Dispensary, 21st ASF
- Shoemaker, Michael D.
- Sidisin, Ruth K. 21st CSF 377th USAF Dispensary
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- Smith, Gregory Clark 360th TEWS
- Smith, James A. 13th Recon Tech Sqdn., 460th Recon Tech Squadron
- Smith, John D. Headquarters, 7th AF
- Smith, Paul M. 360th TEWS, 362nd TEWS
- Spinelli, Mike 460th TRS, 45th RTS
- Starke, Richard A. 12th Tac Recon Sqdn.
- Starnes, Claire Hq. MACV
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- Stevenson, David F.
- Stewart, James A. 377th Security Police Squadron
- Stillwell, Howard
- Stine, Raymond C.
- Strauss, Alan H. 360th TEWS
- Sutton, Chuck 360th TEWS
- Sweetland, John J. 69th Signal Battalion
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- Taylor, Walter W. 6994th Security Service
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- Tennermann, Herbert E. 837th Air Division ALCE
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- Waxman, Robert M. 460th AEMS
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- Wilcox, Paul A.
- Wilcoxon, Jerry 13th Recon Squadron
- Wilgis, Harry J. Det.1, 45th TRS, 460th TRW
- Wilhelm, Robert Blair, Det.3, 6994th Security Squadron
- Williams, Leland H. 460 TRW
- Woods, Charles 8th Aerial Port Squadron
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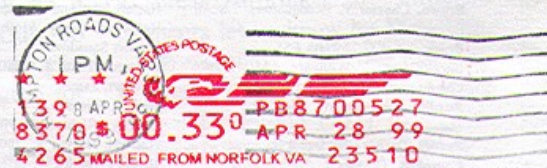
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