Revetments

The Official Journal of The Tan Son Nhut Association



Volume 3, Number 11

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

August, 2001

The secretaries were an



Mrs. Bé, Mrs. Dinh and Miss Coo at a 7th AF (DXI) cookout - 1968 from the collection of Member Richard Fulton, Pittsburg, Kansas

with Mark Fleisher

White Whales and Tales of Scatback

Officially speaking, the Air Force C0123 transport was nicknamed the Provider. But those who crewed and flew the C-123 assigned to Scatback Operations at Tan Son Nhut Air Base tagged the aircraft with a more affectionate moniker, "the White Whale."

The name came naturally. Look at a fuselage of a C-123 and you will see more than a passing resemblance to the body of a whale. And, much of the body of Scatback's C-123 was painted a pristine white. Hence, the White Whale.

I'd seen the term Scatback several times in the past few months, but had a bit of brain lock as to what it meant. Thanks to retired TSgt. Max Springer of Henderson, Kentucky, a former Scatback flight mechanic (September 1969 to September 1970), I've now got it straight.

"Scatback's job mostly was to transport V.I.P.s in Vietnam and around Southeast Asia," Max e-mailed me. "Our aircraft were equipped with galleys for meals in flight and full bars for drinks. Rotten job, but somebody had to do it. We also flew in-country and out-of-county courier flights – Bangkok, Tokyo, Clark Air Base, etc."

My Congressional Junket

One of my White Whale jaunts took a group of visiting Congressmen and me from Tan Son Nhut north to near Kontum in the Central Highlands. The Air Force had carpet bombed the area in support of some fierce ground action and the brass thought the lawmakers ought to get a look.

It always struck me as odd why the Air Force did an external makeover of the Provider to create the White Whale. Look at it this way – take a relatively slow-moving transport plane, paint most of it white, fill it with Congressmen and other dignitaries (not to mention me) and fly over contested territory.

I think we can all visualize the potential headlines.

Fortunately, the mission went safely. The bomb craters - especially the one used as a dump for dead North Vietnamese Army troops - impressed the Congressmen, all clad in the very latest foreign correspondent-style bush jackets.

"Why, they (the NVA) must have been high on dope to fight with our boys after a bombing like this," said one lawmaker, obviously a keen student of the Vietnamese fighting mentality.

The Night Riders

I had the good fortune to know a T-39 courier plane pilot assigned to Scatback. Captain Paul McManus was the information officer when I was stationed at Otis Air Force Base, Massachusetts, prior to my assignment to Tan Son Nhut.

Captain Mac, as we called him, was a handsome Irishman from a Boston suburb. He had the personality of a swashbuckler with a swagger befitting a fighter pilot. Many of his courier missions around South Vietnam were night flights and I had a standing invitation to come along for the ride.

As the T-39 darted through the dark sky, far from Tan Son Nhut's teeming sprawl, I enjoyed the chance to be alone with my thoughts.

I recently read that Tan Son Nhut was designed for 3,000 people. By April 1968 the estimated population was 25,000, and the influx of daily workers and military personnel living off base swelled the total to 55,000. Each living on base was allocated 40 square feet of barracks space.

No wonder I appreciated the "other world" of night flying, even if I wondered if our presence had triggered any of the muzzle flashes I often saw.

Max Springer related another Scatback mission. "We had one C-47 for in-country jobs," he said. "One of those was to deliver classified film from the 600th Photo Squadron at Tan Son Nhut to any base that had a runway – even a dirt one. The commanders in the field would view the film and make plans for that day.

"We had to land no matter what was happening on the ground. The only exception was if the base was being overrun."

That's one mission I'm not at all sorry
I missed. But another Scatback
assignment appealed to me.

To Shangri-La - or close enough

Ellsworth Bunker was United States Ambassador to South Vietnam and his wife, Carol, was our emissary in Nepal. Scatback designated a C-118 as Bunker's personal plane whenever hewished to visit his wife.

"We would have to land in Calcutta, India, and get diplomatic clearance to fly into Nepal," Max Springer recalled. "The C-118 was decommissioned sometime in early 1970."

Tagging along on an ambassadorial journey to Kathmandu and producing reams of copy and tons of pictures would be terrific. What a coup for Air Force public affairs! What a great way to satisfy my wanderlust.

It was not to be.

My superiors gave the idea a thumbs down, muttering something about respecting the ambassador's privacy and other equally minor considerations. Once again, events proved that three stripers do not argue with gold leaves.

So much for my Indiana Jones-type moment.

Editor's Postscript

In his closing comments, Mark Fleisher makes reference to the relationship between lowly airmen and those wearing gold leaves – airmen versus majors.

Mark and the editor were externely fortunate to be assigned to the Information Support Division of 7th Air Force's Directorate of Information, under the direction of two fine majors, Lou Cantelou and Edward Johnson. A few months ago, Mark located Major (now Lt. Col.) Johnson. He's nowin the TSNA and he recently visited Virginia and the editor. After 33 years he revealed the picture of what happened if you killed one of Mark's stories. Picture courtesy of the surviving major, Lt. Col. Edward V. Johnson, San Antonio, Texas.





Tales From Tan Son Nhut

No Sleeping in the Ashtrays

by Colonel Charles V. Brown Millersville, Maryland

It was a dark and stormy night, actually it was, when Captain Chuck Brown took off from Travis in a wounded C-141. It broke down at Hickam, Wake, Clark and finally made a fighter landing at Tan Son Nhut some fifty-two hours later.

Very little sleep – the heaters didn't work, so we put Army blankets over our heads – I was wearing 505s – until we got warm but couldn't breathe. Then, out for air, and back under again. We stank and we badly needed shaves. Worst of all, the in-flight lunches ran out and we were hungry zombies when we stepped out into – yes, you guessed it – a driving rainstorm.

We were herded into the infamous in-country briefing. We kept falling out of our chairs. The only thing I remembered from that briefing was what the Flight Surgeon said.

"All of you have arrived as biological virgins. You will be raped repeatedly. Most of you will acclimate. For those who don't we have a pill."

I was on that pill for 367 days in-country, along with the anti-Malaria pill and the ubiquitous One-A-Day vitamin, which many of us used to track our time. We'd put 365 of them in a big bottle and watch it SLOWLY empty. Of course we also had the connect-the-dots poster of a female. That last dot meant you were home bound (in more ways than one).

Home Sweet (?) Home

"All officers will find their own quarters. We don't even have enough quarters for the enlisted, so you're on your own. You may stay in the transient barracks for seventy-two hours max. And, for god's sake stay on the wooden planking between buildings. There are snakes swimming around in the barracks area."

I then uttered my first in-country, "Shit,"Dropping my duffel bag in the first building I found with an empty bunk, I read the sign posted over the door, "No smoking in bed." Someone had penciled below it, "And no sleeping in the ashtrays." I crashed, sleep for fourteen hours, got up to pee, actually saw a snake swimming toward me and repelled him with automatic urine fire (the only weapon I had). Slept another four hours and staggered into the Officers Club.

It reminded me of scenes from Dunkirk in World

War II. I sat down with two majors who were bemoaning the fact they'd just lost their roommate (to rotation). I had my wallet out and begged them to take me in. "Okay, here's the address. Downtown Saigon. Take a dogcart or a peacart."

I took a taxi.

"Where you go, G.I.?"

"En jew van hue." I said.

"You say same again, G.I." I did.

"Gimme paper." I gimme him the paper.

"Ha, ha, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!" he said. "You go Nguyen Hue (win way). G.I. You velly funny dai wee (captain)" As the taxi wended its way down Truman Key (Ed. Trough Minh Ky), at every stop he leaned out of the window, pointed to me, and after a burst of Vietnamese. I heard "En jew yan hue." All the taxi drivers in Saigon were laughing at me by sundown.

As I paid the driver, a horde of street urchins grabbed my duffel bag and took off, me in hot pursuit. But they were the "baggage handlers" for the hotel (can't remember the name, sorry). I was in a four-man hooch built on the roof of a seven-story hotel. Boy, did I get in shape lugging two five-gallon jerry cans full of Army water up seven flights of stairs every week!

Room With A View

It turned out to be a grand place to watch stuff. Like the night the VC blew up the Shell Oil Refinery. In my basement somewhere are 35mm, color slides, time exposures, of fireballs, gunships firing red tracers down on the VC – all about two miles away.

Having finished one twelve hour shift and settled down for a long morning nap in my hooch. I was rudely awakened by considerable small arms fire. "Shit." I said - it was about my 3,953° use of that expression by then.

Some South Vietnamese rangers had consumed too many Bam De Baas (Ed. Ba Moui Ba) does anyone remember how to spell 33 in Veenamee? – got into an argument in a teahouse over, what else, a teahouse girl, and fell out on Nguyen Hue to settle it. So I stroll over to the railing, look down, see three bodies in the street while others are doing their best to emulate John Wayne. A shell ricochets off the railing about two feet from me. I use expression number 3,954 and drop on my face.

Speaking of teahouses, I'm sure officers weren't supposed to go in them, so please don't pass this story on to my boss, Colonel Gaspard. Okay? Deal. Any of you ever hit the London Club? Lots of "sierra" happened in the LC. One night one hell of a fight broke out over one of the girls and an M.P. battalion arrived. Captain Brown managed to jump through a broken window, narrowly avoiding having to explain to Colonel Gaspard ... well, you know.

How I Got My New Shoes

I was an intel weenie. My title was Air Force Special Security Officer, 7th Air Force. Among other things my guys ran a special commo center to pass Special Intelligence (Signals Intelligence) to 7th AF Intelligence. So our Quonsets were behind barbed wire and were guarded by the Air Police (now called Security Police, ver?)

Well, so about 0330 I fired up my pipe for the

zillionth time and walked out for a break of soggy air.
I found the guard asleep. Bang! I kicked the door.

"Airman, do you know the penalty for sleeping on guard duty in a combat zone?"

"No. Sir!"

"The firing squad."

"Sir. you are shitting me, right?"

"No, I am not. Don't move, I'll be right back. In 30 seconds I was back with a mug of scalding "combat coffee" from our 24/7 pot in the AFSSO.

"Drink this. That's an order."

"Yes, sir." He did.

"You awake now, son?" I could call him "son" as I had just turned thirty.

"Yes, sir. It won't happen again, sir."

We chatted about stuff and watched the parachute flares float down – as usual. Good lad. He asked me why I was wearing such grodie foot gear. I told him I couldn't get any new boots. He asked me my size. Next day, as I went through the security checkpoint, he handed me a brand new pair of jungle boots, my siz.

"Don't ask, sir." I didn't.

He was a good lad, and I missed him after he rotated. I wrote a letter of favorable communication to his squadron commander.

Do any of you remember the friendly fire-fight between two enlisted barracks one night? I want to say early-mid 1966. They expended six to eight hundred rounds without a single casualty. In those days the Air Force couldn't shoot straight unless in an aircraft. The two buildings were riddled however. It was one of those nights God was pulling duty officer.

The Pecan Pie Fracas

One night I started a riot in the O'Club. Seems my wife had sent me a pecan pie which had, miraculously, arrived in pretty good shape. I brought a piece with me to dinner that night. I ordered an empty plate, which was very hard for the waitress to understand, placed the pie on the plate and started eating it.

As a group of senior officers were leaving they saw me eating the pie and sprinted back to their table. They demanded from the totally perplexed Vietnamese waitress that they be served some pecan pie just like the captain was eating.

"No habe, no habe precam pie."

"We are NOT leaving 'till you serve us pie like the dai wee is eating!" I slunk out of the club. I learned a lot of hard lessons that year.

I may be the only Air Force officer on a motorcycle who was ever run over by a South Vietnamese Admiral's staff'car. He helped me up. It was dark and I was using my entire monthly allotment of the "sierra" word 'till I saw two stars on his gold shoulder boards and starched white uniform. Scratched, bruised, my uniform a wreck, my bike fortunately not too banged up – I saluted. He returned it and bowed, so I bowed back. What the hell, the whole world was crazy anyway.

I could go on – and on. But maybe these stories have triggered a few memories, maybe a laugh about something. It's good to remember. I salute all of you, and I'm damn proud to be one of your brothers.



"All Included - Non Excluded"

Revetments is an official publication of the Tan Son Nhut Association, Inc. 6203 57th Avenue. Riverdale. Maryland 20737. The Association is a non-profit fraternal organization chartered under appropriate statute and law.

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Thoughts of Our Sky Pilot

by Chaplain James M. Warrington

Where can we see God?

Considerable newspaper publicity was given here in these United States to the statements of the Russian cosmonauts that during their flight into orbit around Planet Earth they had failed to see God.

If one studies the Bible the accounts of "seeing" God are really acounts of prophetic vision or revelation concerning the nature of God. "God is a Spirit; and they that worship



They didn't see God out there ...



Street Scene - Saigon 1967

Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth." It is easy to understand why the Soviets have officially taken a position against all religions if it is assumed that we mortal human beings can see God with our normal physical eyes when we so will.

However, it is very important and more constructive to ask: In what sense do we see God? One Jewish rabbi declared: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." He was making the point that what we see in life is dependent on our inner character and attitude.

There are people so absorbed in material pursuits that to them nothing is real they cannot touch or handle; there are others so spiritually sensitive they see the rule of God in all of man's history and in the world around

them. It is a truism that wherever we travel – and this is equally true whether it be on the oceans and continents or above in orbit – we tend to see that which we are prepared to see.

It is unfortunate that those of socialist/humanistic ideology who took part in one of the truly great achievements in human history did not have the spiritual maturity to interpret the cosmonauts orbits more adequately. The Soviets might have pointed out that we humans have been endowned with minds that can think logically; that we are in a world of natural law and order in which we are privileged to unlock the extremely profound natural mysteries; that the more we discover about the size and wonder of the universe, the more we are led to reverence and awe before the majesty of its Creator.

The Communications Center

Ninety Hours to TSN

I just finished reading the July edition of Revetments. Was glad to see one of the old EC-47 drivers there. Colonel Harry Patterson. After reading the story from TSgt. Harlan N. Hatfield, it dawned on me that I was one of the few who had quite a different trip from the 'States to Vietnam.

Like Harlan, most of the troops arrived via commercial jet transport. I was one of the lesser number who made it over a little slower. I was selected to be a crew member, the flight mechanic, to ferry one of the EC-47s from Grenier Field, New Hampshire to Tan Son Nhut in 1966.

I was fortunate to have crewed up stateside with what I have to consider the best crew one could ask for. My aircraft commander was Lt. Col. Frank Hinkle. We had two other pilots. Major Harold Lagasse and a Captain Anderson. We also had two navigators, Major Al Mattie and Captain Robert Harris.

After our Swamp-Rat training in Florida and a bit of C-47 refresher at England AFB. Louisiana, we sat at home for three months twiddling our thumbs waiting for our aircraft which were behind schedule. Finally we got the urgent call (they had forgotten to call us) and it was a rush to get to Grenier on time. We arrived at Grenier and picked up our completely overhauled EC-47s (then referred to as RC-47s) and headed for Vietnam.

Our route took us first back to England AFB, followed the next day by a flight to Phoenix, Arizona. From there we were off to McClelland AFB, California, to have 2,250 gallon fuel tanks strapped down in the cargo compartment for the over water flights. From McClelland we were off to McChord AFB, Washington.

Finally on the 31sst of August we departed McChord and officially began our tour in Southeast Asia (SEA) on that day. We arrived at Elmendorf. Alaska and the next day flew down the Aleutian Chain to Adak. Our longest flight, 10 hours and 5 minutes was from Adak to Midway Island. Then, from Midway to Wake Island, Wake to Guam, Guam to Clark Air Base, where we had additional fuel tanks removed.

It was here I think the powers that be figured out that we had not been through the Survival School in Washington, nor in the Philippines. We departed as quickly as we could to avoid having to make these schools. Hindsight now makes you realize how fortunate we were not to have needed this training.

I do not recall exactly when we arrived at Tan Son Nhut, but I believe it was the 12th of September. We had taken a day goof-off time two or three times during our trip over. I believe we were thirteen days en route. I do remember our total flying time and it was a little more than the 17 hours of Harlan. We were ninety hours flying time from New Hampshire to Tan Son Nhut. We had no problems with the aircraft other than a precautionary plug change at Elmendorf and a small leak in the oil cooler. We did have one black box radio replaced at either Wake or Guarn.

Around the first of November Colonel Hinkle, Major Lagasse and Captain Harris were scheduled to go to Nha Trang and the new 3612st Tactical Electronics Warfare Squadron. Major Mattie, Captain Anderson and myself were scheduled to stay at the 360th TEWS at Tan Son Nhut. The day before they were to leave, Colonel Hinkle told me to have my bags packed in the morning that he was taking me with him. Boy, did that make me feel good. True to his word, the next morning Colonel Hinkle pulled up to the barracks in the pickup and helped load my gear. We were off to the airplane we were taking to Nha Trang.

Arriving at the aircraft Colonel Hinkle told the other flight mechanic, the one scheduled to go with him, to find a seat in back. "Jim, is my flight mechanic," he said. We arrived at Nha Trang and I don't remember ever getting anything other than Colonel Hinkle's verbal order for the move to Nha Train and had no problems or hang-ups.

Colonel Hinkle, Major Lagasse, Captain Harris and I flew together as a crew for the entire tour, 114 missions. To this date, I know of no other crew to form as a crew Stateside, ferry an aircraft over, and fly together as a crew for a year and come home together.

I do remember one day at Tan Son Nhut that a Vietnamese A-1 came almost straight down, engine screaming and hit in the Bom-D-Bom (Ed. ba-moui-ba) stand on base. I did have photos I took of the aircraft as it was in its dive to the earth and photos of the destruction on the ground – but evidently they are now among the items forever lost.

If any of you know the first name and more importantly, where Captain Anderson could be located, I sure would like to contact him. He is the only one that I have not been in touch with for the past thirty-five years.

I would also like to invite you to visit my website, "The EC-47 History Site" at:

http://www.ec47.com

There will be a reunion of EC-47 folks in May (10,11,12) 2002, in Dayton, Ohio.

MSgt. James C. Wheeler Clarksville, AR jc@ec47.com

Looking for 1966 Tapes

I was with the 377th Security Police at Tan Son Nhut from 14 November 1966 to 14 November 1967. I worked Alpha Sector C Flight. I was wondering if there were any copies of tapes of the attack on December 5 and 6, 1966? I remember some of us being told to watch our language! at guard mount after the attack due to tapes. Also remember pictures of KIA VC lined up on the ground about six or eight in a row. If you have any information at all. Stars & Stripes, or anything on this attack I would greatly appreciate it.

Member Mike Lemley 236 E. Mansfield Street Bucyrus, Ohio 44820 boots@cybrtown.com

As they say, in a lighter vein

Member Bob Nelson, Anchorage, Alaska, sends this in "for all Air Force types, especially those in the law enforcement business."

All Good Cops Go To Heaven

Three guys died and went to the Pearly Gates. Upon arrival, Saint Peter asked the first one, "So, what did you do for a living?" The first guy said, "Well, I was a Rapid City Police Officer." Saint Peter said, "Please, make yourself at home. God loves cops." The officer entered.

The second guy approached the Gates. Again. Saint Peters asked, "What did you do?" and the guy replies, "I was an Ohio State Highway Patrolman." Saint Peter said, "Please, make yourself at home, God loves cops." The patrolman entered.

The third guy approached and St. Peter asked.
"And, what did you do for a living." The third guy replied, "I was an Air Force cop."

Saint Peter gave a great sigh of relief and then he said, "Thank goodness! Here, take the Gate! I haven't taken a leak all day."

Tet Offensive Patch Available

Member Roy Peters, Warner Robbins, Georgia, informed us that there is a "Survivor" patch and wanted to know how to find them. Public Affairs contacted the H.J. Saunders Mil. Insignia Co., 5025 Tamiami Trail East, Naples, Fla. 34113-4126. They are \$3.75 each, or 10 for \$2.50 each, and 20 or more at \$1.90 each. Phone orders can

be place through 1-800-442-3133 or FAX: (941)774-3323.

The "SURVIVOR" is white on a red background. The Vietnamese Flag is gold and red on a black background. "1968" is white on a fiery background. And the "TET OFFENSIVE" is black on a fiery background.



Battle CD Brings Raves!



"The packaging was terrific. I did not expect it to be that fancy. You guys did a terrific job.:

Frank Ybarbo Mesquite, Texas

The Tan Son Nhut Association Public Affairs Office was a happy place during July. The initial order of ten has sold out. One individual buying two. And, the office was pleased that the purchasers are satisfied with the professionalism of the production.

Besides verbal praise, the office also began receiving messages, the following member sent two.

The following is a brief note attached to his check. "The tapes are fantastic, and listening to them is a real experience. A lot I had forgotten and some things I never knew. The rocket attack of February 18 really brought back memories. That was the one time in my life that I was truly terrified. Thanks again to the Tan Son Nhut Association for making them available."

He then sent a type written letter. "I spent the first three years of my Air Force enlistment at the old Walker Air Force Base in Roswell, New Mexico and had never heard of the 377th Security Police Squadron. After Walker A.F.B. phased out, my last year of service, 1968, was with the 377th Security Police Squadron at Tan Son Nhut.

"I am forever proud to have served with the men who were at Tan Son Nhut that year of 1968. I would not take a million dollars for the experience of that year with such a group of professional, courageous and dedicated Air Force cops. "It is organizations like the Tan Son Nhut Association and the Vietnam Security Police Association that keep that sacred memory of those men alive and convince my mind that, yes, all of this really did happen.

"As I mentioned to you before, in battle, each person has their own little spot in the fight, trying to hold their position and do the best they can from where they are. Listening to the audio tapes of the battle for Tan Son Nhut, I gained an over all picture of what was taking place and a renewed respect for the men and officers of the 377th Security Police Squadron.

"How we managed to hold such a large enemy force, in the dark of night, speaks volumes to the caliber, courage and dedication to duty of all who were there on January 31, 1968.

"May the courage and memory of Sergeants Louis Fischer, Charles Hebron, Bill Cyr and Roger Mills forever live in the memory of the Air Force Security Police. Also, let's not forget Sergeant Alonzo Coggins who lived through his own hell that night. I have often thought that by the hand of fate, it could have been any one of us assigned to the 051 Gate that night.

"Guys, you did good! Welcome Home."

John Martin Spencer, North Carolina 377th Security Police Sq., TSN 1968

Thank you, John, for a proud and moving letter. And we continue to thank profusely, Thomas Joyce, USAF Major (Ret.) for making these CDs available to the Association.

Lin

Order your historic set now!

To order your 4CD set, prepare a check or money order in the amount of \$49.95 made out to

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Norfolk, Virginia 23510

Please allow a week to ten days for delivery

The Taylor B. McKinnon Page

Days At Tan Son Nhut ... and other propwash

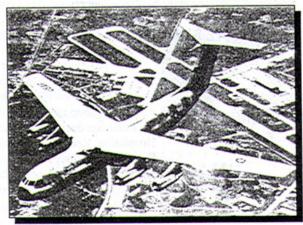
The World of Field Maintenance

I arrived at Tan Son Nhut on May 15, 1965 and was soon assigned to my job as field maintenance officer for the 33rd Tactical Group.

Although I was a First Lieutenant, I actually had ten

years service as an enlisted man. Since I had been an aircraft mechanic, I was familiar will all the airplanes which we performed maintenance on at Tan Son Nhut.

The term "field maintenance" came from the old Army Air Forces and Army Air Corps days when bases were call fields. We called them "Chanute Field, Scott Field" and "McChord Field, etc." as late as the mid sixties. Old habits

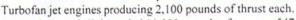


Lockheed C-141A StarLifter Four Pratt & Whitney TF33-P-7 Turbofan engines

at Tan Son Nhut, mostly World War II types, or Korean War.

The ubiquitous C-47 "Gooney Bird," the later C-123 Fairchild Provider, and the airplane, flown by Military Air Transport Command (MATS), the old piston engined, prop driven C-124 we all called "old shaky." This craft flew all our heavy equipment and aircraft parts from the 'States.

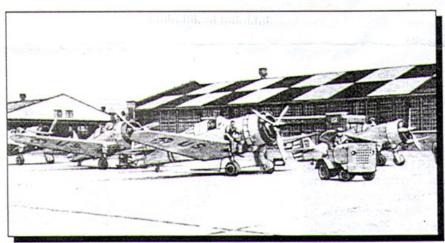
One day on the ramp I got my first glimpse of the new jet transport which would replace the C-124. This was the Lockheed C-141. It was beautiful. It had swept wings. It was pressurized. It had four



And, best of all, it carried 11,000 pounds of cargo at 547 miles per hour. All of this at altitudes as high as 34,000 ft., way above the storms and turbulence.

As of this writing, the plane has been in service for over 36 years. Years of very hard service and is expected to remain in the fleet until 2014 or even longer in the Reserves.

The Starlifter is my favorite airplane.



Langley "Field" Virginia, presumed late 1930s - early 1940s

die hard, and the World War II troops and officers were still around as late as 1985, if they got as far as full colonel. They are allowed to stay longer than normal mortals, and even longer if they make general officer rank.

In the old days field maintenance belonging to the base commander provided second echelon maintenance on all aircraft assigned to the field. The enlisted crew chiefs assigned to the operational squadrons provided so-called "organizational"maintenance for first echelon maintenance – servicing, towing and minor maintenance.

I was intimately familiar with all the old airplanes we had



Member's comments prompt reunion change

Member Kenneth Moll of Alexandria, Virginia, wrote Reunion 2002 Coordinator, John Peele: "Should you find people balking at the \$100 banquet price on the *Dandy*," I have an observation. Be aware that a lunch cruise

is much better than a dinner cruise for seeing things. The new second boat, *Nina's Dandy*, has an open top deck where visitors who want to sightsee can go up with binoculars and camera."

He also points out that our speakers would find it hard to talk if people's attention is distracted outside. Member Moll has had experience negotiating several lunch cruises for his West Point Class. The lunch cruise is less expensive and they will give a 5 - 20% group rate discount.

Peele has decided then that Friday, April 26 will continue to be Registration and Hospitality Reception. Saturday, April 27 will begin with a Business Meeting Breakfast, followed by a wreath-laying at the Vietnam Memorial, a luncheon cruise, and our Formal Banquet at the Holiday Inn, King Street Alexandria, in the evening.

We are very happy with the response thus far and it looks like this is going to be a great reunion. Please let us know soon that you'll be there!



Contact one of the following now -

Robert Need Suite 709, 330 W. Brambleton Norfolk, Virginia 23510 Charles Penley TSNA Website www.tsna.org

Phone: (757) 627-7746

E-Mail: hercules29 www.honet.att.net

John Peele 6203, 57th Avenue Riverdale, Maryland 20737 Phone or FAX: (301) 277-7474 E-mail: JMPeele6203@cs.com

NEWS

The Tan Son Nhut Association Public Affairs Office Suite 709, 330 West Brambleton Avenue Norfolk, Virginia 23510



Renewal Date