

# *Revetments*

The Official Journal of The Tan Son Nhut Association



"All Included - Non Excluded"

Volume 3, Number 5

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

February, 2001







### Unity

The next issue of *Revetments* may be the most exciting and jubilant yet published.

Executive Vice President, John Peele, with the assistance of other highly supportive members of the Tan Son Nhut Association, have been working on locating suitable accommodations for establishment of a national headquarters in the Washington, D. C. area. Mr. Peele has announced this month that he and others are studying a location that has tentatively been offered.

If negotiations are successful, the Association will open its national headquarters, probably by April.

The location under study will incur no expense to the Association for annual rent or utilities, and within the building is a large auditorium, available on schedule, for Association meetings, seminars and other gatherings.

The day the doors of the national Tan Son Nhut Association offices open will be the day scores of other doors will open to us.

Our public affairs activities, our membership records, and our ability to have a central planning board will immediately vitalize our national program.

The national leadership will now have the logistical position to directly access support from members of Congress, military activities, and establish a direct and dynamic presence and image among the other national veterans organizations now having prominence in Washington.

The Association will now have a close proximity to foundations, groups and governmental agencies that could be encouraged to grant funding in support of Association programs.

Being as widespread nationally as

# The Year 2001

## Unity, Purpose, & Accomplishment

the Association is now, the central headquarters will be in a position to tangibly assist regions in establishing strong regional chapters. And, as funding accrues to the regions, they will be in a position to periodically send representatives to Washington to assist and determine future policy and programs for the Association.

Washington is by all definitions the focal point of national affairs. Being within this spotlight should bring the Association into wide media recognition and prominence.

There are few in this country with more appreciation for central leadership than the members of the Tan Son Nhut Association. The current members are the men and women who built, maintained and defended one of the greatest headquarters in history, Tan Son Nhut Air Base. In the first issue of *Revetments* General John Shaud said, "It all began there, and it all ended there." He was right about the Vietnam War, but he was wrong in his final presumption.

Nearly four hundred Association members, and thousands yet to join, still cherish and remember the accomplishments we were capable of then, and still are. A national office in Washington will consolidate, demonstrate and exercise productively our unity.

### Purpose

Achieving a national, central location is not the end of the road, but the beginning. The organization's members must understand why they are united in the Association, what its purpose is, and what they hope to achieve.

*Revetments* is merely a medium of communication of ideas and opinions, historical accounts and often badly done graphics, providing poignant and

sometimes humorous incidents in the lives and careers of the members. But it cannot establish the core purposes of the Association.

It can only recommend.

*Revetments* sees the Tan Son Nhut Association as more than a temporary fraternal association, steadily decreasing in size, until like the Grand Army of the Republic, fades away into oblivion. Instead, it is felt that the Tan Son Nhut Association should seek, strive and endeavor to establish a permanent institution that provides not only historical education about a dynamic era to posterity, but provides tools of experience to the generations yet to come.

This is not idle sophistry, for vigorous long-standing examples abound throughout the country and abroad. The American Legion, The Veterans of Foreign Wars, The Legion d'Honneur, the Daughters of the American Revolution, The Sons of the Confederacy, to mention just a few (like them or not).

As organized funding programs are established and secured, grants, scholarships and significant contributions can be made to worthy individuals and organizations to further the causes of accurate historical education, national pride and accomplishments.

### ... and Accomplishments

Discussing accomplishments is premature. John Peele has led the effort to provide the establishment with a national lodestone, a central seat for the operations of the Association. Charles Penley with our website, and Bob Need with *Revetments* have started the communication between members.

Now, it's time for all members to come forth and provide us all with the direction and goals we must achieve.







## "May I Salute You?" by Patricia Salwei

(Editor's Note: The following was sent to *Revetments* by member Col. Harry Patterson of Shallotte, North Carolina. We are proud to share it with our members.)

I approached the entrance to Fort Belvoir's medical facility last year as an old veteran puttered towards me. Easily over eighty years old, stooped and slow, I barely gave him a second glance, because on his heels was a full bird colonel.

As they approached, I rendered a sharp salute and barked, "Good Morning, Sir!"

Because they were heel to toe, I began my salute as the old veteran was about two paces from me. He immediately came to life! Transformed by my greeting, he rose to his full height, returned my salute with pride, and exclaimed, "Good Morning, Captain!"

I was startled, but the full bird behind him was flabbergasted. The colonel stopped mid-salute, smiled at me and quietly moved on.

As I entered the clinic, the utter beauty of the encounter preoccupied me. What prompted the old man to assume that I was saluting him? Perhaps he just thought, "It's about time!" After all, doesn't a World War II veteran outrank us all?

I turned my attention to the waiting room, taking a moment to survey the veterans there. Service people rushed around, loudspeakers blared, the bell for the prescription window kept ringing. It was a whirl of activity and the older veterans sat quietly on the outside, seemingly out of step, patiently waiting to be seen.

Nobody was seeing.

My old friend stayed on my mind. I began to pay attention to the military's attitude towards its veterans. Predominately, I witnessed indifference - impatient soldiers and airmen plowing over little old ladies in the commissary; I noticed my own agitation as an older couple cornered me at the Officers Club and began reminiscing about their tour in Germany.

To our disgrace, I have also witnessed disdain. At Ramstein Air Base terminal, an airman was condescending and borderline cruel with a deaf veteran flying space available; an ancient woman wearing a WACS button was shoved aside by a cadet at the Women's Memorial dedication in Washington; a member of the color guard turned away in disgust from a

drunk Vietnam veteran trying to talk to him before the Veterans Day Ceremony at the Vietnam Wall.

Have you been to a ceremony at The Wall lately? How about a Veteran's Day parade in a small town? The crowds are growing faint. Why do we expect the general public to care - if we don't?

We are getting comfortable again. Not many of us around that have been forced to consider making the ultimate sacrifice. Roughly sixty percent of today's active duty Air Force did not even participate in Desert Storm.

I always lament about the public's disregard for the military. I do not count all the days I stayed in bed instead of going to a ceremony or parade. It was my day to be honored and I deserved to sleep in. It's just like a twenty-eight year old, whose weapon was "Microsoft PowerPoint Slide Presentation" during the last conflict, to complain about recognition.

Sometimes I wonder who is going to come to our parades in twenty years. Will anybody look me up in the Women's Memorial Registry?

The answer lies in the present. We will be honored as we honor those who have gone before us. The next generation is watching.

It is not my intention to minimize the selfless service of our modern military. My comrades are the greatest people I know, and frankly should be treated better. But, lately I'm wondering if the public's attitude towards the military isn't just a reflection of the active duty military's attitude towards its own veterans.

It's time to ask - do we regard them... do we consider them at all? How does our attitude change when the hero is no longer wearing a uniform? I was proud to wear my uniform. Can I admit that I thought I was cool? There is no denying that there is something about our profession, combined with youth that feeds the ego a little.

We have all seen a young pilot strut into the Officer's Club with his flight suit on. He matters, he takes on the room, he knows he can take on the world. But, one day he will leave his jet for a desk - and eventually he will have to hang up that flight suit. A super hero hanging up his cape - how will we measure his value then? He will no longer look like a pilot, an officer, a colonel. He will just look like an old man coming out of the clinic with his prescription.

But, is he less of a hero? Will anybody remember or care about all the months he spent away from his newborn daughter while making peace a possibility in the Balkans?

Probably not.

Our society has a short memory. Maybe it is not for the protected to understand. Rather, it is my hope that when a young lieutenant walks by him they will see themselves reflected in the other one's future and the other one's past. In that moment, perhaps, the lieutenant will also see the hero, now disguised as an old man, and thank him.

The truth is there are heroes in disguise everywhere. I used to wonder why people would want to chat with me when I was in uniform - telling me about their four years as a radio operator in Korea. So what? I wasn't impressed relative to my own experiences.

Now I understand that they were telling me because nobody else cared. Proud of their service, no matter how limited, and still in love with our country, they were trying to stay connected. Their stories were code for, "I understand and appreciate you. Can you appreciate me?"

The answer is, "Yes."

I separated from the Air Force recently. I'm out of the club. Still, I want you to know that I'll attend the parades, visit the memorials, and honor you. All this while my kids and your kids are watching. Then, maybe, someday when I'm an old woman riding the metro, a young airman will take a moment of her time to listen to one of my war stories. I, in turn, will soak in her beauty and strength - and remember.

Today, as I reflect on my adventures in the Air Force, I'm thinking of that ancient warrior I collided with at Fort Belvoir. I'm wondering where he is, if he's still alive - if it's too late to thank him.

I want to start a campaign in his honor - Salute A Veteran. What a great world this would be if all our elderly veterans wore recognition pins, and we would salute them even if we were out of uniform and saw them coming out of a Seven Eleven.

Yes, this started out as a misunderstanding on my part. But, now I get it. That day was the first time in my life that I really understood what it meant to salute someone.

Dear Veteran, I recognize and hail you! I do understand what I have and what you have given to make it possible.

So I'm wondering if we meet on the street again - may I salute you?







## Thoughts of Our Sky Pilot

by  
Chaplain  
James M. Warrington

### Do You "Have A Dream?"

One of the most impressive buildings in Spain is the Cathedral at Seville. It dominates the skyline of the city. It can be seen for miles around. No visitor in this city fails to visit this historic shrine.

In a history of this cathedral we find these words: "On July 8, 1401, the dean and chapter of Seville assembled in the court of the elms and solemnly resolved, 'Let us build here a church so great that those who come after us will think us mad even to have dreamed of it.'"

We of today pride ourselves on being a realistic people and living in a realistic age. But we are not being realistic if we overlook, for ourselves and for our children, the importance of dreaming great dreams. There is a familiar and well loved story in the Bible about a young man named Joseph whose brothers scornfully called him a dreamer. They finally sold him as a slave to some passing merchantmen. But it was this same Joseph the dreamer who became the food administrator in Egypt and years later saved his brothers from starvation.

A visitor to Washington, D.C. often has reason to pause at a certain point in that city of magnificent distances, and there such a visitor can see the three monuments to dreamers; the shaft of marble pointing like a finger to the sky in memory of George Washington, the founder; the stately monument not far away in honor of Thomas Jefferson, the thinker; and the brooding figure of a man looking over the city and into the future, Abraham Lincoln, the preserver of the Union.

We know, of course, there is a danger when dreams are allowed to take the place of action - we call this "escapism" or "day-dreaming." But dreams can also be the beginning of great action - for a nation, a community, a congregation, a family, or a single individual.

(Chaplain Warrington is available for counseling, call Public Affairs for info.)

(Editor's Note: Chaplain Warrington enclosed a copy of his Christmas letter and we think you will agree that it is not too late to enjoy it.)

Christmas 2000

Dear Family and Friends,

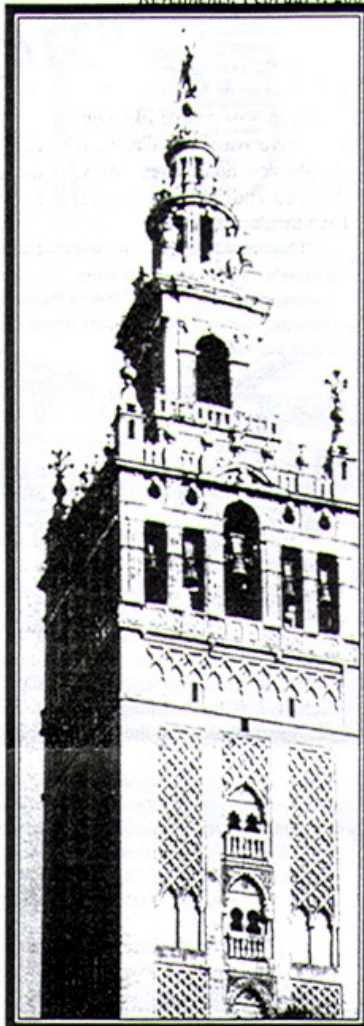
Last year, 1999, I had read about an organization titled National Conference of Viet Nam Veteran Ministers. I wrote to the Conference office. I was sent a packet of information material and an application form. This Conference is really an association of ordained clergy and other professionals who minister to Viet Nam and other war veterans. This seemed to be of great interest to me, so I applied for membership. Application required a copy of ordination papers, a copy of records of active military service and a photograph. These I sent.

This past October I drove my Ford to Attleboro, Massachusetts to attend the Viet Nam Veterans annual conference. We gathered on a Monday night before dinner and stayed through Friday at lunch time. The location was the La Salette retreat center in Attleboro, which, by the way, has a very full schedule all year long for diverse Christian groups. The Rev. Phil Salois, the Rev. Jack Day, Sister Linda McClenahan, and others had put together a powerful program concerning post traumatic stress syndrome. These dedicated officers did the program, yet utilized several experienced speakers and respondents such as Jonathan Shay and Laurie Pearlman.

To keep from becoming overbearing, John Brock, a Veterans Affairs counselor, and his wife, Marty, were delightful hosts at their old family farm and house under restoration. This farm is located in central New Hampshire, real country New England. For me, this conference was a change of pace most welcome. I am still thoughtfully studying the handouts as well as the home book, diskette, and looseleaf binder written by true professionals.

#### A little boy's dilemma

At a recent toy electric train charitable demonstration on behalf of a local museum, a man (father?) Was speaking to a boy (son?) I could not hear any of the conversations. The boy sat down on a small bench, up straight, and



The bell tower of the Cathedral of Seville  
at the request of Chaplain Warrington

started crying. The man continued speaking and the boy's crying turned to weeping. The man then departed quickly. A woman (mother?) sat down beside the boy. She spoke intermittently to the boy. After a short time, the boy stopped sniffing, but a defiant look came across his face. The look reminded me of: You can force a change on the outside of me, but I will change the inside of me. Oh, oh, there's trouble brewing.

So, I turned away, walked ten or twelve steps to where gingerbread cookies were being sold for twenty-five cents each. (See: Christmas 2000, Page 5)



I bought one and wrapped it in a paper napkin. I then walked over to the boy, squatted down before him and said, "I like you! Lot's of people like you. You have friends, I like you! People you don't even know, like you and I like you; here, have this."

The boy looked at the napkin, then at the woman. Then he unwrapped the cookie and began to eat it. A smile came upon his face. He looked over at the woman sitting beside him, who nodded and said something. The boy darted away to enter into the excitement of several toy trains running on their respective tracked layouts.

Shortly thereafter, which I was looking elsewhere, the woman was beside me and said, "Thank you for what you did." Before I could reply she turned abruptly, presumably to hasten after and to supervise an excited boy. Less than a half hour later, the same woman walked by speaking the same words. "Thank you for what you did." She was gone before I could reply. Some might say that I had applied a little psychological insight unto the situations that happened to have unfolded before me.

I believe, Christ's compassion within, helped me bring a boy in disgrace back to a state of grace. I do wish I had had a chance to talk about the Lord's grace, love, mercy...

This true account story has become my Christmas message to you.

Faith fully,  
James Warrington,  
a retired military chaplain

**In Memoriam**  
We regret to announce  
the passing of two of our  
members  
**Douglas Wayne Anderson**  
and  
**Larry M. Schoenhals**

# The Communication Center

## Revetments screws up again!

I just received the latest edition of *Revetments* and in the Salute to Life Members I noticed that I'm listed as a Crew Chief on a RF-4C. As an E-3, AIC, that was not possible and could this information be corrected as I was an Assistance Crew Chief.

I wouldn't want to accept a rating that I wasn't qualified to hold. We all worked together on making sure that the planes were airworthy to fly, and I can say I have gained a lot of experience from being there doing the jobs I was assigned to do.

I want to tell you of the excellent job everyone has been doing with these newsletters, as we are informed of what is going on. Thank you.

**Rick Pineau**  
**Santa Cruz, California**  
(Editor's Note: Sorry, Rick, we regret our unforgivable mistake. Actually, we had planned to designate you as the Chief-of-Staff, Air Operations Maintenance, Headquarters, 7<sup>th</sup> Air Force.)

## Fashion Note: Member sees us in stunning black satin ...

I wish you all a very happy new year, and make you aware of a video I have just seen being made available, "Attack On Tan Son Nhut." It's available from Traditions Military Videos, at 1-800-277-1977, [www.militaryvideo.com](http://www.militaryvideo.com)

As far as TSNA "stuff" goes, I, as an individual would buy at least one of each item offered, but we should concentrate on organization growth before money is spent on anything that would be considered as a big ticket item.

Caps, coffee mugs, lapel pins, and t-shirts are fine, but flight jackets and blazers can

get costly if there are not members to buy them. I, personally, think the TSNA patches should be available in two additional sizes: a 2 & 1/2 inch size that will fit a Bancroft beret, and a larger 10 inch backpatch size.

Imagine TSNA members in black berets and black satin jackets at the wall on Memorial Day. It would be a sight that would make me proud.

**Jim Dugan**  
**Lindenwold, New Jersey**  
(The editor's wife would like to know if those jackets also come in lavender velvet or gold chiffon?)

## Member rises to distinguished position ...

I am very pleased to announce that **Ira B. Cooperman, CFRE**, (Rochester, New York) will be joining the American Heart Association as Director of Major Gifts in Western New York State. He will join us on or shortly before February 12 and will be housed in the Rochester Office.

Ira comes to us with a wealth of major gifts experience. He is currently Associate Director of Development with the University of Rochester Medical Center. He has previously worked on major gifts initiatives with the Jewish Community Center and Temple University in Philadelphia, in addition to running his own consulting firm.

I know you will join me in welcoming Ira to our Development Team.

**Roberta Lee Boyden**  
**Senior Vice President**  
**Amer. Heart Assc., NYSA**

\* \* \*

## Member remembers being at Bunker 051 on Feb. 1, 1968.

We had our 2<sup>nd</sup> reunion for the 1<sup>st</sup> Signal Brigade (yeah, Army) this past November in Arlington and that's why I was unable to attend the TSNA wreath-laying ceremony with YOU'S guys. I looked for you but we were there in force at The Wall. We had 178 people attend our reunion from all over the country. We also had some brass show for this reunion. Lt. General Emmett Paige, Lt. General Hugh Foster and Lt. General Peter Kind, along with a few Command Sergeant Majors, and even guys like me. It was a rewarding experience and the best thing about it is that veterans were reunited, some for the first time in as much as 32 years and that new friendships were established.

Being so involved with this reunion, gave me a greater understanding and appreciation of all the time and effort people like you put into organizing and keeping an association up and running. GOD bless all of you who continue to keep the TSNA thriving.

Received January's issue of *Revetments* and I can remember Bunker 051 vividly because I was there the next day as Sergeant of the Guard on Task Force 35 on February 1, 1968. It sure was a scary though as your newsletter indicated that we would have been overrun had it not been for the 377<sup>th</sup> Security Police Squadron. I always remember the KIA's from Bunker 051, along with the 2<sup>nd</sup> Task Force KIA's from the Army on that fateful night. I will definitely be paying homage to those veterans and all who gave their live as we reflect on the Tet Offensive (Continued, Page 6)



**Communication, from Page 5**  
this January 31<sup>st</sup>.

I plan on being at the Vietnam Memorial (The Wall) this Memorial Day so if you need me for anything please contact me. Best wishes to all of our TSNA members for a healthy and happy NEW YEAR. Take care and keep up the good work.

**Dennis M. Byrnes**  
Royersford, Pennsylvania

**Member comments on use of terms ...**

Hi there, again. I was surprised to see you print my "old pilots" joke in the last issue. (Ouch, ha, ha!)

I noticed tonight after checking the TSNA (web) site that you have a page called "Medal of Honor winners." As a member of the United Veterans Council of Santa Clara County and the VFW, VVA, AL, DAV, Amvets and all these darn things, including the TSNA, I am aware that many veterans get p.o.'d with the word "winner" when it comes to the Medal of Honor, as it cannot be won.

The word "recipient" should maybe replace the winner thing? The old World War II guys are the worst with this - but then again our job is to make things right?

Regards,

**Dave Sanders**  
San Jose, California

**TSNA ExVP has joined us in cyberspace!**

Executive Vice President, John Peele, has joined the large community of TSNA internet users. Public Affairs receives numerous messages during the month. Now, let's include John with carbon copies at:

[JMPeele6203@cs.com](mailto:JMPeele6203@cs.com)



"All Included - Non Excluded"

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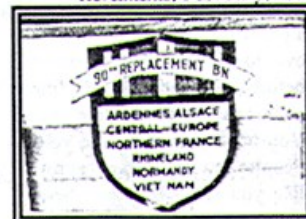
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**Questions on Medals**

Information on how to apply for or request medals can be found by contacting the Air Force Personnel Center at (800) 558-1404 or the Awards and Decoration Section (210) 565-2431/2520/2516, or by writing HQ AFPC/DPPRA, 550 C Street West, Suite 12, Randolph Air Force Base, Texas 78150-4714. Especially for the Korean War Commemoration.

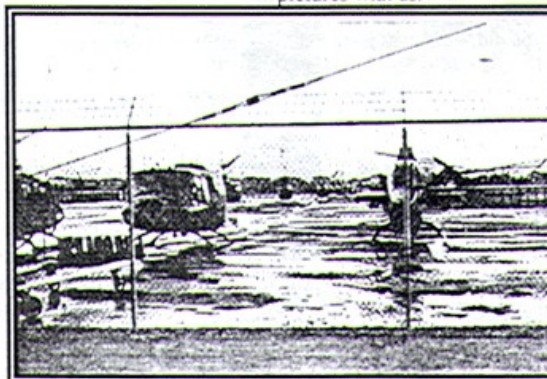
**Tan Son Nhut  
Was Home  
To  
Everybody!**



Camp Alpha, Tan Son Nhut Air Base, 1969

Member Jim Dugan of Lindenwold, New Jersey, included pictures with his recent letter, reminding us that we have quite a few

United States Army people in the Association and that Tan Son Nhut meant as much to them as anyone else. We are grateful to Jim for sharing his pictures with us.



Hotel 3, Tan Son Nhut Air Base, 1969

**Moving?**  
Let us know  
Too!

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## Question & Answer Time

Hi, Major McKinnon,

I appreciate your tales from the Tan Son Nhut Maintenance Side, even if none of the TSNA members send stories. Your are first rate.

You mentioned in the January 2001 issue of *Revetments* the loss of Captain Oliver Chase in a Skyraider crash. You also mentioned that he was in the 319<sup>th</sup> Fighter Interceptor Squadron, I assume at the time of death. My records show he was in the 6251<sup>st</sup> CAMRON out of Bien Hoa at the time of loss.

Can you tell me, in your opinion, if that unit sounds legit for an A-1 pilot to be assigned to and was it based at Bien Hoa?

Hope all is well with you and your family this holiday season and keep the stories coming.

Can Do!

David W. Schill  
Newsletter Editor  
*Vietnam Era Seabees*  
Moorestown, New Jersey  
\* \* \*

I was not specific enough in my column in the reporting of the death of Captain Oliver Chase.

My last assignment, prior to Vietnam, was as a maintenance/engineering officer for the 319<sup>th</sup> Fighter Interceptor Squadron stationed at Homestead Air Force Base near Miami, Florida.

The philosophy in the Air Defense Command had evolved by the late fifties, to a point where the so-called experts had decided that an interceptor no longer needed a machine gun, since

the main enemy of the future would be wave after wave of Soviet bombers in 100 mile long bomber streams such as we had used on Germany and Japan. Nuclear tipped missiles would be more effective.

The new interceptors of ATC: the F-101 Voodoo, the F-102 Delta Dart, and the F-106 Delta Dagger carried no guns. The TAC fighters did.

When the Cuban crisis broke out we had no gun equipped fighters in ADC to combat the Cuban MIG-21. For that reason, the F-104A was recalled out of the Tennessee National Guard and the new unit, the 319<sup>th</sup> FIS was formed at Homestead.

That is where I served with Oliver Chase. He got behind a MIG over Miami one night and the controllers would not let him fire in fear of causing a nuclear war with Russia. That was as close to nuclear war as we ever got!

He was probably assigned to the 6251<sup>st</sup> Consolidated Maintenance Squadron as the maintenance officer/engineering officer for the operations squadron he flew with. It was not uncommon for these engineering types to work all day in the maintenance unit (test hops and such) and fly combat missions with the tactical fighter squadron stationed on the same base.

Because of Viet Nam, all fighters were subsequently equipped with guns, usually the 20 mm. GE "gatling gun" firing 6,000 rounds per minute.

### Whatever became of...?

Our readers might be interested in knowing what became of all those airplanes we left behind on the "last day at Tan Son Nhut."

All of these aircraft were sold to Viet Nam under the Military Assistance Program or presented outright under the Grant Aid program.

The United States almost never "junks" a good airplane. You will see bombers at Davis Monthan Air Force Base storage depot because we don't want another country to have them. But fighters are virtually always sold to our

allies under one of these programs.

It's a good deal for all involved. We give token Grant Aid money to small countries and then transfer that same money back to Air Force books in exchange for our older tactical and transport airplanes. The F-4 Phantoms we provided Korea and other countries are still formidable machines!

I worked in military assistance in Korea for seven years, which was my last assignment before retirement. The Military Assistance Listing I had access to at that time was classified, but it mirrored a similar one in *Newsweek* magazine showing that we left behind 87 F-5A, 25 of which the VNAF flew out to Utapao, Thailand; 95 A-37 aircraft, 27 of which were flown to Utapao; 38 C-47 transports, 16 to Utapao; 23 C-130, 6 to Utapao; 33 C-119, 3 to Utapao; 33 C-7 Caribou, 6 to Utapao; 1114 Bird Dog, 4 to Utapao; 32 CH-47 Helicopter (the big beautiful twin roter heavy lift jobs), 3 to Utapao; 11 A-1 Skyraider fighter, all to Utapao (speaks well for the personal squadron of Nguyen Kao Ky, later premier); and 72 various cats and dogs (U-17, O-2, T-41, U-6).

We left another 97 aircraft in Cambodia (50 AT-28, 10 C-123, 7 C-47, 13 UH-1 Huey). But the largest single type was the beautiful HU-1 Huey with 434 left in Viet Nam, 57 flown to Utapao and 18 ditched at sea.

### Shopping in Singapore

I learned that the Vietnamese later established a brokerage in Singapore and have been busily selling these planes back to rich American collectors. The FAA has reported that whenever a Bell-200 series crashes in the 'States the owners always salvage the Brass Data Plate which is hurriedly riveted to a Singapore "Huey" bought cheaply from Viet Nam, and in a few days returns to the civilian roster with a new paint job.

You guys be kind to yourselves, and get that prostate gland tested. (Who knows, you may have a lady doctor assigned to you.)

\* \* \*





## ***This Is Not How It Works ...***

***at least not for The Tan Son Nhut Association***

The emphasis of this issue of *Revetments* is on the stability and dramatic growth of The Tan Son Nhut Association. This stability and growth is based on how the Association can continue to fund current programs such as *Revetments* and the Tan Son Nhut Website and then look to the funding of future programs. However, we are dead set against turning into a whining organization that continually duns its members for money.

Instead, in view of our continuing steady growth, we are seeing a broader base of income, that is, if members will faithfully pay their annual dues. As you may have already noticed, starting this month, the address label contains not only your address, but your **Renewal Date** is shown on the bottom line.

Many of our current members in-good-standing really want the Association to be a growing memorial dedicated to the history, lessons and experiences of Tan Son Nhut and the Vietnam Era. We are sure that most members concur, and for this reason both this publication and the website do everything possible to communicate with you. We're all human, and we all forget things. And when it comes to the TSNA membership, 14 members have forgotten their dues since 1999; 148 members in 2000; and still 48 members in January 2001. This is 210 members, 56% of the current membership and a loss of \$4,480. If in 2001, not counting continual new members, the current membership of 378 pays their annual dues, we will be able to anticipate revenue of \$7,560. This would go a long way supporting the publication of *Revetments* and the possibility of establishing our Tan Son Nhut Memorial Fund.

Annual Dues are still \$20; Five Year Membership is \$80; and Life Membership is \$180.

All membership dues should be rendered in check or money order only, and sent to The Tan Son Nhut Association, Public Affairs Office, Suite 709, 330 West Brambleton Avenue, Norfolk, Virginia 23510. Any questions or corrections of records can be mailed to that address or call (757) 627-7746. Please help us.

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



Renewal Date -

