

Revetments

The Official Journal of The Tan Son Nhut Association



"All Included - Non Excluded"

Volume 3, Number 12

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

September, 2001

A Memory

*In Memory of 504 Australian and 58,000+ American Service men and Women, KIA in Vietnam
and the untold civilian losses of all wars*

by Ian K. Conway-Powles

As I walked across the grassy field
I saw before me a Black Gash
That rent the Lawn of Green.
The Black was shiny like new spilt blood
And Ominous as the Silence that hung.

It caught me as a gasp throttled
Strangled, as the tears welled.

Slowly the figures moved down the cold concrete
And stopped and dwelt as a Name called,
Beckoned from the Wall,
Plaintive in its Silence,
A shoulder dropped, then dropped
As recognition came crashing over
The lone Figure Standing,
Sobbing,
As the Grief brought new Tears
Welling up from the Heart
So long torn from the Name
On the Wall.

As I slowly walked past the Names
I felt as though I was on the
Parade Ground again
Hearing the Names read aloud in my Heart
As the Vision of Youth Wasted
Marched before me to March
Of Service and Pride.

The names were many from every corner
Of the Union, Names that had Faces
To the Families left behind.
Faces that Names recalled from the Wall
Of happier days, lost in the mist of Past.

On I Walked, on I searched
For Panel 44W in the Wall of Black, Shiny, Blood,
'Til when I saw it, the knees gave way
As the sob burst through.
I stood, bowed.

Then I felt it ...
The Hand upon my shoulder, the steadfast Arm
That held me close, the words of comfort
From a Vet I never knew, Will always know,
A bond that can never be broken
As we share the pain together of a battle
So long ago that took so much from us.
A cousin, and a brother from me,
And he, his youth.

A rose now lies at the foot of the Wall
Blood Red in Remembrance.
But in my Heart there now walks not two, but three
Who shall always be Remember'd
I now have a Brother who comforted me
In the Darkest hour of my Grief
And became a part of me for a moment
A Part that Still will walk that Path
Beside the Black Shiny Wall
In Washington.

MARKING TIME

with Mark Fleisher

Requiem

The names of nineteen servicemen called "Ramsey" are etched into the black granite of the Vietnam Memorial in Washington, D.C.

One of the nineteen is at Row 40E, Line 12, of the Wall. He died February 18, 1968. A directory of names on the Wall tells us that he was a sergeant in the United States Air Force, born January 14, 1944. His hometown was Sun Valley, California.

Rick Ramsey was unlike most Californians I had met in the Air Force. They all seemed to fall into two categories - surfers or hot rodders. Rick was not tall or blonde or muscular. Nor did he seem infatuated with cars and speed.

Our desks abutted up against each other in the wood and stucco building that housed the Combat News Division of the Seventh Air Force Directorate of Information at Tan Son Nhut.

I sat with my back toward the wall that separated the "newsroom" from officer country. Rick faced me. There wasn't much to distinguish Rick from the thousands of other airmen who inhabited the sprawling base near Saigon. Rick was slender - no, make that skinny. He had a bit of a mustache and sideburns, that some go-by-the-book first sergeant might consider too long.

He was a Mormon.

I know that because one day after I'd been in-country for a few weeks, Rick Ramsey announced that fact to me.

"What are you?" he asked, "What religion are you?"

"Oh, brother," I remember muttering to myself. They've put me next to some soul saver. Don't get the wrong idea. Call Him God or whatever you wish. I do believe in a higher authority, especially in a place where people might be shooting at you. But I'd sat through enough late-night college bull sessions to know that discussions concerning religion generally

go nowhere fast.

"I'm Jewish," I replied to Ramsey's interrogation.

"Really," he said. "I've never known a Jewish person before."

"Well, Rick," I answered. "I've never really known a Mormon before."

We both laughed, never mentioned religion again and got along just fine in the six months we sat across from each other.

Rick had been in-country about six months when I arrived on the scene. Although the younger guys seemed to draw the most assignments in the field, Rick never spoke about going out to where the "real war" took place. I assumed he had "made his bones" long before I showed up. Maybe he just didn't want to talk about his "rite of passage."

We made it through Tet and Rick began to count the days. He was a short-timer, going home some time around the middle of March. He had his DEROS (Date of Estimated Return from Overseas) and that meant you switched to a low-risk mentality, doing as little as possible to put yourself in harm's way.

Rick did seem a little ambivalent about returning to California. Not that Rick didn't want out of Vietnam. But he talked about problems at home - nothing specific, mind you - and didn't seem to know what he'd be facing once he hit the world.

At 1220 hours, 18 February, Rick's misgivings no longer mattered.

A 122 mm. rocket exploded into a vacant building next to our office. Shrapnel first tore through three walls and then through Rick Ramsey, hitting him waist-high and nearly tearing him in half. I can never forget that even in death his flesh looked pink and healthy. I can never forget the stunned look in his eyes.

I was at the other end of the room retrieving some picture from a file cabinet. I felt the heat of the blast and was knocked to the floor by the concussion. Nothing more. Had I been at my desk opposite Rick...

Rick Ramsey's death, perhaps even more so than Tet itself, hammered home the reality that you needn't be in the bush or in a combat aircraft to wind up a casualty of war. Yes, in this war, like no other wars, no one was immune, not even



A portion of the Combat News Office

in the comparative safety of Tan Son Nhut.

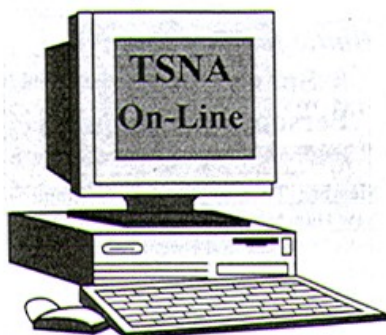
Lt. Col. Edward Johnson, our commanding officer at Tan Son Nhut, is chair of the Air Force Public Affairs Alumni Association's Public Affairs Memorial committee to establish a memorial in the Pentagon dedicated to those in this career field who gave their lives."

Rick Ramsey's name will be inscribed on that memorial, a final and fitting remembrance of this man I called my friend.



Editor's Note: I was also a member of Mark's division during that period, and it was not a good time for our division. On the 21st of February, we lost Airman John Jerome Kopfer, twenty one, from Redwood City, California. He also was killed by an in-coming rocket while sleeping in his barracks. He too will be inscribed on the new memorial.

* * *



The Tan Son Nhut Association Internet Website, created and maintained, daily, by Member **Charles Penley**, Kingsport, Tennessee, is attracting notice all over the country and internationally. Members and non-members alike make comments and discuss all sorts of matters touching on Vietnam and Tan Son Nhut in particular.

If you haven't visited yet, you owe it to yourself to go there as soon as you can -

<http://www.tsna.org>

In addition to the website, more and more members are using the worldwide e-mail system to quickly transmit information, comments, material for *Revetments*, questions (and answers) between themselves, to Exec. V.P. John Peele, and to the Public Affairs Office.

An example from the website

"Just a comment or two - received the CDs, *The Battle for Tan Son Nhut*, yesterday. Have played through CD No. 1. Love it. I think you have done a remarkable job to improve the quality of the audio. Must have been a tough job since what existed for recording equipment back then left a helluva lot to be desired. Am anxiously awaiting to hear the remainder.

"Thoroughly enjoyed the latest issue of *Revetments*. Just a comment about membership in the 460th. Anyone who was in the 16th TRS, 12th TRS, 360th TEWS, Det. #1 45th TRS, FMS, RTS, AEMS and HHQ were members of the 460th TRW. God knows there were other units attached to the wing but unfortunately the sands of time have erased their titles. It might prove interesting to build a wiring diagram of all the units at Tan Son Nhut. Would take some work but believe the technology exists.

"Please update the date of Larry M. Schoenhals passing on the members memorial page. Larry passed away on January 6, 2001, and is buried in the town cemetery at Darrouzett, Texas. The association owes it to Larry to update his passing. It was he who introduced me to the Tan Son Nhut Association.

"Press on folks. You are doing well. Cheers!!"

Member **Pete Doe**
York, Maine

Hats and Ho Chi Minh

One of the Association's staunchest members is **Mark Reveaux**, Stoney Creek, Connecticut. A couple of years ago he made a return visit to Saigon and Tan Son Nhut. Upon his return he sent us generous gifts of Vietnamese items he had purchased there on behalf of the Tan Son Nhut Collection established at Texas Tech University in the Vietnam Center. Mark and Public Affairs correspond quite frequently via e-mail. He recently sent us a large, beautifully colored (16x14 1/2") portrait of Ho Chi Minh.



We e-mailed him to thank him for the unique and excellent picture of the fabled North Vietnamese leader.

When he replied, he mentioned the Vietnamese conical coolie hat that he had sent us previously along with an NVA helmet. He apparently lives close to the



Mark's coolie hat and NVA tee-shirt seacoast, for he wrote -

"This past week I drove home on a rural road that winds through a salt marsh area. People often go blue crabbing there. On the right side and about 80 yards from the road was a couple who were casting nets. One was a woman wearing a Vietnamese conical hat, standing in knee-high grass. Had to look at them twice to make sure I wasn't in a flash back."

All services salute the TSNA

... and some well-deserved praise for Charles Penley, our Webmaster -

"I was stationed about one kilometer from Tan Son Nhut's main gate in 1970 and 1971 directly across from Third Field Hospital. I was an Army type back then, working for a component of MACV, J-2. Seeing your website and the many photos brings back memories I thought were long gone.

"May I say that it is the best damned "Sierra Hotel" website I have EVER seen. All the contributors, I'm sure, are most proud and some "atta-boys" should go to the folks who designed and who host this page.

"Way to go guys and gals. Keep up the good work and may all your "blasts" be parties/ reunions - no more 107mm and 122 mm rockets, please!!!

Thanks again for keepin' all our freedom birds safe!!!

(Just) **Tony**
New York



"All Included - Non Excluded"

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Thoughts of Our Sky Pilot

by
Chaplain
James M. Warrington

Soiled Hands

Thoughts for Labor Day

There are two natural times in the course of the day for a person to pray. The first is in the early morning. The gift of a new day, fresh from the presence of God, calls for some kind of response from each of His children. It is a time to give thanks and to offer the day and yourself back to God. When you do this simple thing, you have introduced a principle of unity which will lift you above all the distractions and details that may come your way. In all of them, you have but one thing to do - to please God and to act as God would have you act.

The other natural time is at the close of the day. All of us, even those in the more protected forms of daily labor, end a day with soiled hands. Even our bodies, covered from contact with the outside world, are soiled. It is no shame for a man to come home from his day's



Praying Hands
by Albrecht Durer, 1508

work with soiled hands. They have been soiled from the inevitable contact with soiling things. It is far better that his hands should be stained than for him to keep their natural color by withdrawal from the world's life.

So it is in the spiritual portion of life. Despite the good intentions of the early morning, the day will bring us contact with defiling things. Some kind of spiritual dirt will accumulate through our thoughts, our words, our deeds. It is no shame that this is so, because we are frail and sinful human beings. But it is a shame if we go to our rest without a cleansing and purifying. Just as a man does not sit down to his evening meal without an act of washing his soiled hands, so we need to come to God for an assurance of His forgiveness which will bring not only cleansing but a night of rest and inner renewal.

It is an humbling thing to realize how soiled our hands can become, and how often they need to be cleansed. All men, all groups of men, all nations of men, all races of men have soiled hands. All alike are in need of God's forgiveness. This recognition destroys our pride, our arrogance, our imagined superiority, it opens new doors to mutual understanding.

~ * ~

Revetments, September, 2001

Battle for Tan Son Nhut Sparks Reflective Personal Testimonials

Member Thomas Tessier, Nashua, New Hampshire - I received the four disks last week and I went right home and spent a few hours listening into the wee hours of the morning.

While I was listening to the tapes of the attack on TSN, it brought me back over thirty years to that night when I was stationed on the perimeter of alpha sector, not too far from the 051 gate and bunker, which were over run, and where four of our squadron members were killed.

I went through in-country training in October of 1967 with Bill Cyr who was killed in the bunker that night. If I had been assigned to Echo rather than Alpha Sector things may have changed and who knows, he could be alive today and I might be the one who died back in '68. It was a chilling and frightening set of disks. Some of the voices I recognized from back then included, Captain Denesio, Lieutenants Inglesby and Grove, and I heard the old man in the background in the control room with TSgt. Bloom on the radio. His voice was as strong and clear on that tape as it was the night of January 31, 1968. He was a very calming force on the radio net during the Tet offensive.



I am going to send the disks to another friend of mine who was there that night as well. I listened to it once and there is no reason for me to listen to it again.

After I heard the tapes I compared them to the diary I kept of the Tet Offensive, particularly of that first (Continued, See Battle, on Page 5)

The Communications Center

From the author of the poem on the front page - I lost a brother, killed in action, in Phuoc Tuy Province (ANZAC Force), and a cousin who was serving with the American Forces.

I visited the Vietnam Memorial in December 1999, and the poem is a very simple Tribute to Them All.

Lest we Forget. **Ian Conway-Powles**
Wentworthville, Australia

Regret to inform of the death of Col. **Robert L. Wallender, USAF (Ret.)** in April. "Pappy" Wallender stood-up the 6994th Security Sqdn. (Old USAF Security Svs.) At TSN in July 1966, serving as its first commander. With crews at TSN, Nha Trang and Pleiku Abs, the 6994th staffed the "back-end" of EC-47s of the "Phyllis Ann" Airborne Radio Direction Finding program. These aircraft were flown by 360 TEWSs.

Member William Grayson
Bowie, Maryland

Battle Continue from Page 4

rocket attack, which occurred while I was in Tango (Ed. Tower) 14 prior to being assigned to Tango 10 for the next 2 1/2 years.

I would personally thank everyone who was involved with the making of this tape and its distribution. Thanks a million I look forward to seeing you all at the reunion next April. I will make every effort to consolidate all of the slides I took while I was over there for three years. Hopefully I will be able to make a presentation at that time.

Member Mark Reveaux, Stoney Creek, Connecticut

- By listening to the CDs I learned more about what was happening near our area (Ed. 377th Supply Squadron), and have the last CD to hear, so that may tell me more. In the early morning, around dawn, a squad of 377th Security people swept through our hooch area towards the road that bordered the old French cemetery. Shortly afterwards a Huey fired rockets over our heads into a position that seemed to be about where the French cemetery was.

I'm not clear on who was doing most of the talking on the Security Control radio. Was it the Lt. Colonel or the Tech Sergeant? Are any of these people members of the Tan Son Nhut Association? I'd really like to meet them.

Member comments as he pays his Five Year TSNA membership - I enlisted as a Private in December 1942 in the Infantry. They say my age group is hitting Arlington at the rate of 1,000 a day. I'll take a chance and pay 5 years ... then remind me again!

MSgt. Wheeler (retired, I hope) reminds me of my trip over (Ed. Ninety Hours to TSN, Revetments, August). Except we lost an engine right near Yakutat - glided like a rock into a hunting lodge - missed the school in Clark too!

Some Pleiku army buddies fixed me up with rations when we first got there, later on a refig and a BBQ grill - complete with steaks!

I was happy in Pleiku, then was yanked out and sent down to the 460th TRW in Saigon. What a bummer - great A/C Dick "Dirty Dick" Abbott. We kept in touch and meeting after we'd both retired. He passed away on Flag Day several years ago - a super pilot, great friend and patriot.

Gear up and ...

Leland William
New Carlisle, Ohio

H'yeah come da judge!

While not permanently stationed at Tan Son Nhut, I was in and out of there frequently. I was with the 315th Tactical Airlift Wing up the coast in Phan Rang.

Your columnist, Taylor B. McKinnon, is an old pal from when we were stationed at Kirtland AFB together. **Wonderful guy.**

Harry C. Dees, Jr.
South Bend, Indiana

(Ed. Note: We are proud to welcome new member, Harry Dees, to the Association. It is interesting to note that he is the Honorable Harry Dees, Bankruptcy judge, U.S. Bankruptcy Court, Northern District of Indiana. He also is a retired Lieutenant Colonel.)

Where in the world are our lost members?



If you know, tell them to write and give us their new addresses!

Seeks information on father - My dad, MSgt. William K. "Bud" Smith, USAF (Retired) passed away on June 3, 2000. He retired from the Air Force in January 1973.

He was stationed at Tan Son Nhut in 1968 as a Tech Sergeant with the 460th AEMS (PMEL Lab).

Although the National Archives sent me only limited records on his service, I know that he was there during Tet '68, and he re-upped October 1968 at Tan Son Nhut.

He also served at Da Nang in 1972 as a MSgt. In PMEL, although that is not recorded

in the papers I was sent. He also did some TDY at Cam Ranh Bay in 1968.

I am looking for anyone who served with him, particularly anyone who might remember his being wounded during his time in country. He never received a Purple Heart for his wounds, even though I clearly remember seeing the pieces of shrapnel removed by military docs. Some was left in place due to location.

One of the men he served with in 1968 was SSgt. Spang (a Pima Indian). He also wrote on one photo that Hanoi Hannah said that "Gen. Giap reportedly would be dining in Mess Hall No. 4 on June 30, 1968" Dad wrote that "He got delayed." If anyone can tell me about how my dad was wounded, and his wounds. Maybe the name of the doctor who removed the shrapnel? I'd appreciate it. Cordially,

Donald W. Smith
San Antonio, Texas
E-Mail: dwsmith54@aol.com

Member Bob Nelson, Anchorage, Alaska has begun furnishing us with "lofty advice." We'll be like base operations and call them NOTAMs (Notice to Airmen) -- remember?

"The only time an aircraft has too much fuel on board is when it is on fire."

Sir Charles Kingsford Smith
sometime before his death in the 1920s.



MSgt. Smith at TSN

The Taylor B. McKinnon Page



*Days at Tan Son Nhut ...
... and other propwash*

The Mighty Provider

In the August issue I wrote about the C-141 Starlifter, the new jet which replaced the C-124 and C-133 prop transports which had previously provided long range transport of supplies and personnel to Viet Nam. The next stage was in-country transport, which supplied the larger bases using the prop-driven turbine-powered C-130 "Hercules."

Perhaps the most dangerous in-country supply was provided by the Air Commando Squadrons and their C-123 Fairchild "Provider" prop-driven, piston-engined transports which supported the small bases with small runways and sites with no runways at all, sometimes merely wide strips cut into the jungle by bulldozers. Some were only a little more than 2,000 feet long and 50 feet wide.

When I was assigned as Field Maintenance Officer in May, 1965, we of the 33rd Consolidated Maintenance Squadron (CAMRON) supported primarily the Air Commando Squadrons (the 10th and 14th at Tan Son Nhut) plus the White Whale which carried V.I.P. visitors on "fact-finding" missions and the "Ranch Hand" defoliation aircraft, also C-123s. In addition, we performed maintenance and turn-around of transient cargo aircraft from out of country. During my tour, the C-123s were "B" models, having only two 2,000 HP R-2800 engines (R=radial and 2800 = cubic inches displacement inside the cylinders).

After I rotated the modified "K" models began arriving in-country. They had a jet engine installed under each wing in addition to the original R-2800 piston engines. The original "B" model had been a very handy airplane for the mission, but the newly modified C-123K was a truly phenomenal performer.

The airframes had been built as early as 1953 so they were not retained in the Air Force inventory for very long after we pulled out of Viet Nam. A large number were left to the Vietnamese Air Force, and most of them were flown out to Thailand with the fall of Saigon, equipping the Thai Air Force after that. The North Vietnamese Air Force operated some until they ran out of parts and were supplied with Soviet airplanes.

Scuttlebutt has it that the Vietnamese established a



broker in Singapore and sold numbers of them back to collectors and companies in the "States. This is probably true, since one of my old birds is presently flying out of Chino Airport near here (San Bernadino, California). I have the tail numbers of all my former fleet in my old maintenance officer's log. My buddy, George Juhasz, then a captain (Member TSNA, Santa Rosa), our flight test officer could make a C-23 walk and talk.

... and now the return from Loc Ninh

(Ed. Note: The following is from a fictional account of an enlisted man returning to Tan Son Nhut from Loc Ninh, 1967)

I get the hell in.

The wounded, a medic and some other soldiers get it.

The lieutenant climbs into his perch and smacks the controls into life. Imagine two thousand seven hundred old tin-lizzies being shook up in a monstrous cement mixer and you have the sound of the C-123K. Lt. Bertram gets the thing all wound up at the end of the runway and then gleefully slams in the jet pods with a deafening scream. He drops the brakes and down the strip we plunge. She starts to lift - or does she? The fuselage groans with strain, there are all sorts of ominous clanking and creaking, crashing and banging, snorts and every indication that all those rivets and seams are ready to part company at any moment.

But then you look at the staff sergeant loadmaster. The son-of-a-bitch is sitting on the deck next to the front hatchway absorbed in a girlie magazine and gently rubbing his crotch.

There is a sickening lurch and the C-123 makes a liar out of Sir Isaac Newton and becomes airborne.

The co-pilot comes down from the high-placed cockpit and yells something into the loadmaster's ear. This worthy gets up and ambles down the center of the plane yelling at the passengers. "Keep yourselves snapped up. Because of the wounded, we're going to keep the jets with us all the way to Tan Son Nhut. We'll be landing there in about ten or twelve minutes." He slumps down again to constructively while away the remaining time in the meditation of bare ass and bosoms.

The C-123 roars eastward, an evil smile masking Lieutenant Bertram's round little face. He's done the Air Force one better. He's converted his recip C-123 into a reasonable facsimile of a F-105. Minutes later he tears in over Tan Son Nhut, banks, circles the sprawl of Saigon, levels out and sweeps down to the majestic expanse of runway. Screech, screech, bump, bump, bump, and stop.

We're "home."



Look no further for
your Holiday
stocking stuffers –
these are perfect!

Instead of a card in the coming Holidays – send your friend a Gift Annual Tan Son Nhut Association Membership – just \$20. Order through the Public Affairs Office.



Suitable for framing, this 12x9.5" excellent Aerial Photography of Tan Son Nhut is a perfect gift for an old buddy who shared your good and bad times there. \$8, order from the Public Affairs Office.

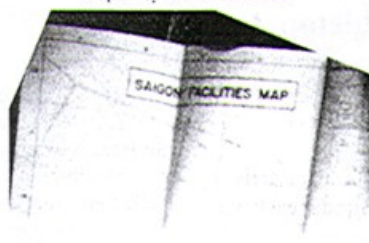


Tan Son Nhut Association Patches, \$6 each (includes S/H); and MACV Patches, \$7 each (includes S/H), order from the Public Affairs Office.



Saigon Facilities Map, 1969, showing streets, BOQs, BEQs, USO, many other important buildings and locations that the U.S. Military leased from the South Vietnamese. Includes a large portion of the Tan Son Nhut and MACV Compounds. Only \$18.95 includes S/H. Send checks or money orders to: Charles E. Penley, 708 Teasel Drive, A1-3, Kingsport, Tennessee 37660. Ask Charles about his other map sets, at e-mail:

cepenley@chartern.net



This item is getting hot! The sounds of history in *The Battle For Tan Son Nhut* from the comnet of the 377th Security Police Squadron. This powerful 4CD set was conceived and produced by Major (USAF Ret.) Thomas Joyce who designed the Battle Force Protection Lab at Lackland AFB, modeled on what he learned from the defense of Tan Son Nhut. He has made it available for the TSNA which receives all profits from sales. It is receiving rave reviews from those who have already purchased copies. Only \$49.95, make checks payable to Anachron Studies but send order to Public Affairs, TSNA.



The Victors CD is a must item, poignant, humorous and a tribute not only to the brave members of the 377th Security Police Squadron but to all the people serving at TSN and in the 'Nam. Produced by member Taylor McKinnon, this Christmas he'll throw in his *Keeping It Country* for FREE! Get them both for only \$19.95. Send checks or money orders to Taylor Mac Productions, P.O. Box 381, Patton, California 92369.



A gift that would please just about everybody would be member Dennis Boyer's beautifully written, thoughtful and poignant *Northern Frights*. There is one chapter in this nonfiction work that will appeal particularly to anyone who was in Vietnam. Each volume will be personally autographed by the author. Dennis treats Wisconsin and the American midwest with a uniquely original insight that captivates the reader at the outset. His latest volume, *Prairie Whistles: Tales of Midwest Railroading*, is also available. Prices and ordering information will be published in next month's *Revetments*.



All profits go to the TSNA.

Separate Tables Idea Bites The Dust



In London in 1954, Terence Rattigan's brilliant new play *Separate Tables* was a smash hit. It's a good thing the Tan Son Nhut Association members were not in the audience, for if they were it would have closed before the second act.

Member Bill Carlson, Central Point, Oregon, makes his case in his message reading: "At first I thought 'no sweat,' but after thinking about it more, I have changed my mind. If I remember right, at the time of the first reunion I went to, they were kind of segregated by units, or at least a bunch was, and the rest were on their own. I kind of got the feeling of being an 'outsider.'"

"I think the name 'Tan Son Nhut Association' is the main purpose of the group and means that we were all stationed or connected to TSN during our time in country. If individual outfits want to get together at some free time, I think that would be the way to go.

"Unit flags could be posted up front at dinner and one could stand and say what outfit they were in and the year they were there. Although you say that people are free to sit at any unit table, I think people would feel uncomfortable to sit at such tables - I know I would. I also think the folks who would be sitting at the 'Tan Son Nhut At-Large Table' might just end up feeling like outcasts!

"Another thought is, also some of the wives may not want to be dominated with all the unit talk going on and might want to get a word in now and then. My wife has also had some input in the writing of this opinion." Bill makes sense, and without saying so underscores our Association motto "All included - Non excluded." Now, come on, we've heard from over forty members, let's hear from you! This is beginning to look like it may be the Mother of All Reunions!

Contact one of the following now -

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**REUNION 2002
NEWS**

The Tan Son Nhut Association
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Renewal Date -



37660+3233

