

# Revetments

The Official Journal of The Tan Son Nhut Association



"All Included - None Excluded"

Volume 5, Number 5

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

February, 2003

## February is the Month of Love



February is the month of Love, we often say. Romance and hearts mark a certain day in February as St. Valentine's Day. Cards of affection are mailed or passed along the way by school grade children and on up. It is a holiday that fills us with enjoyment. So it should!

February is the month that marks another kind of love, too. One that doesn't make the press or the holiday. I'm referring to February 3. Not too many are aware that the day has a special name. It is **Four Chaplains Day**.

It marks the heroic deaths of a Catholic priest, a Jewish rabbi, and two Protestant ministers. They gave their life jackets to other crew members on board the sinking troop transport *Dorchester* and went down with the ship in the North Atlantic during the Second World War.

In 1943, Father John Washington, Rabbi Alexander Goode, the Reverends George Fox and Clark Poling became men to be remembered. Their selflessness should be an example of us all. We should transcend differences of opinion. We should talk together and work together with that sense of common purpose which those four men had in such abundance.

The thought of Four Chaplains Day makes me think of another who gave up his life for so many. The one that said, "Greater love has no one than this, that he lay down his life for his friends. February is the month of love. May you discover many ways to celebrate it!

The Reverend Dr. Billy T. Lowe,  
Chaplain, Tan Son Nhut Association





Bill Mauldin

# Member asks support for the World War II Memorial

Tan Son Nhut Association Member, Master Sergeant Roy F. Woods, USAF, who was with the 8<sup>th</sup> Aerial Port Squadron, at Tan Son Nhut in 1970-1971, wrote to *Revetments* on December 5<sup>th</sup>. He covered several items, one being his request that we ask our membership to "honor our World War II veterans by supporting the World War II Memorial, currently being built on the Mall in Washington. (Contribution information shown in box below.)

MSgt. Woods made his request on a page he had decorated with the everlastingly powerful cartoon of "Willie and Joe" *dogfaces* by Bill Mauldin, the renowned *Stars and Stripes* cartoonist who "drew pictures for and about the soldiers because I knew what their life was like and understood their gripes. I wanted to make something out of the humorous situations which come up even when you don't think life could be any more miserable."

Neither Sergeant Woods, nor *Revetments* would know that this great American, a champion and an icon to every one of us common 'G.I.s' would be passing away of respiratory failure in Newport Beach, California, on January 22<sup>nd</sup>, 2003. He won the Pulitzer Prize for "distinguished service," and has been called by many one of the great cartoonists in history. He used his art to attack bigotry, racism, the Ku Klux Klan and McCarthyism. His drawing of a crying Abraham Lincoln at the assassination of President Kennedy has become one the most famous cartoons in American history.

## Mail Contributions to ~

THE NATIONAL WORLD WAR II MEMORIAL  
AMERICAN BATTLE MONUMENTS COMMISSION  
Post Office Box 96766 Washington, DC 20090-6766  
Web Site: [WWII Memorial.com](http://WWII Memorial.com)  
Toll Free Call: (800) 639-4WW2



*Revetments* is grateful to Sergeant Woods for bringing Mauldin to our attention.

But Woods has more for the membership. As he says in his note, "Enclosed is a poem-statement of faith that I feel is worthy of publication in the newsletter.

"There is a blank line in the last stanza so that one may write in an appropriate name. It can be reproduced. It is a Shareware product for which I paid the license fee. Names can be written in for other veterans as well.

"It cannot be sold or used to raise money. Anyone who would like a personal copy printed just for the themselves, or someone else, I'll do it free if they will send a SASE (self-addressed, stamped envelope) to my home address. (674 Atwood Drive, Biloxi, Mississippi 39540)."

## The Soldier

It is the soldier, not the reporter,  
who has given us freedom of the press.

It is the soldier, not the poet,  
who has given us freedom of speech.

It is the soldier, not the campus organizer,  
who has given us the freedom to demonstrate.

It is the soldier, not the lawyer,  
who has given us the right to a fair trial.

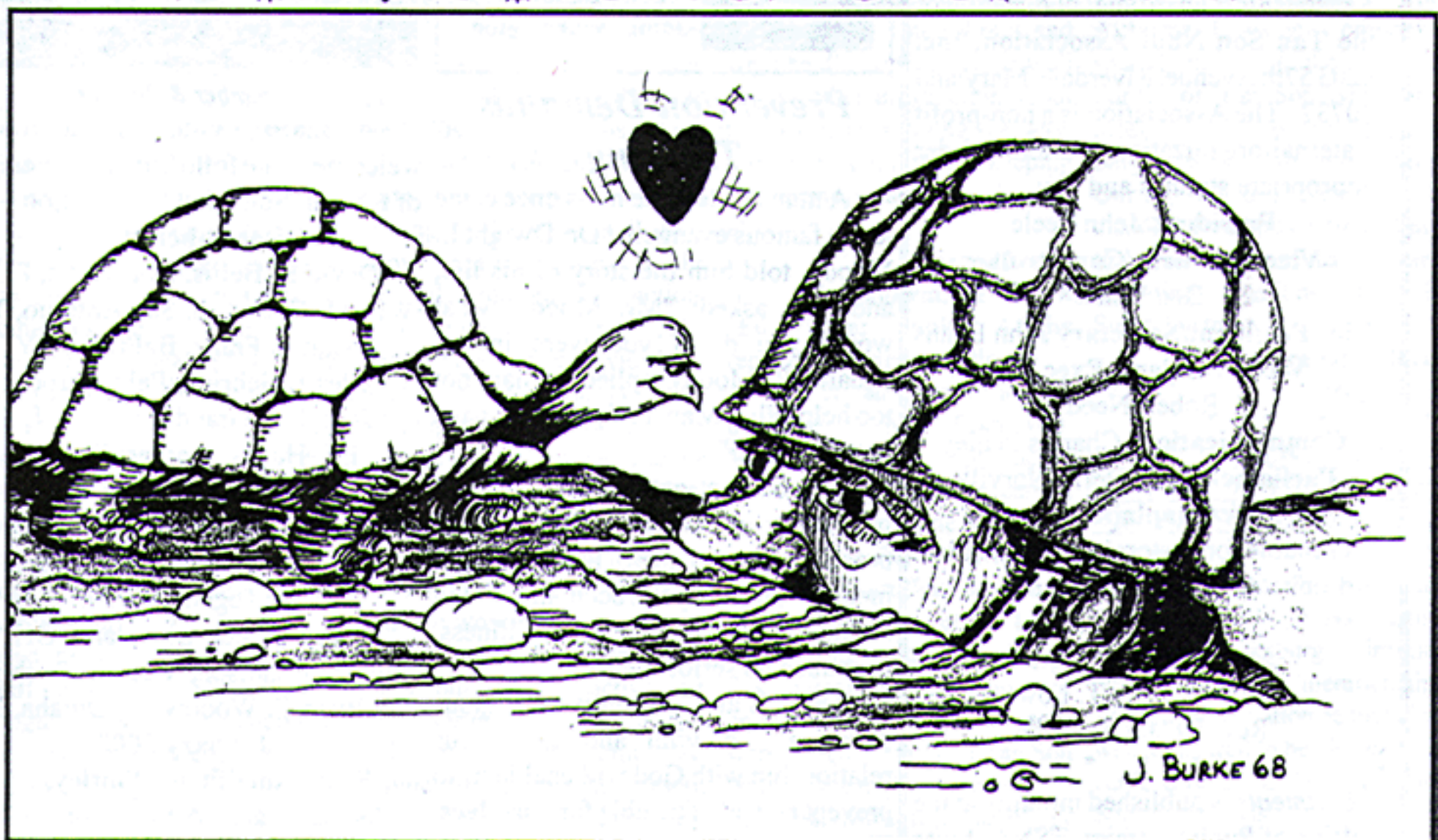
It is the soldier, like ..... who salutes  
the flag, who serves under the flag,  
and whose coffin is draped by the flag,  
who allows the protester to burn the flag.

We are always extremely grateful when the members bring us their stories, their pictures, and, like Sergeant Woods, their offers to do things for the rest of the membership. Thank you, Roy, it is members like you that make us a proud and growing Association.

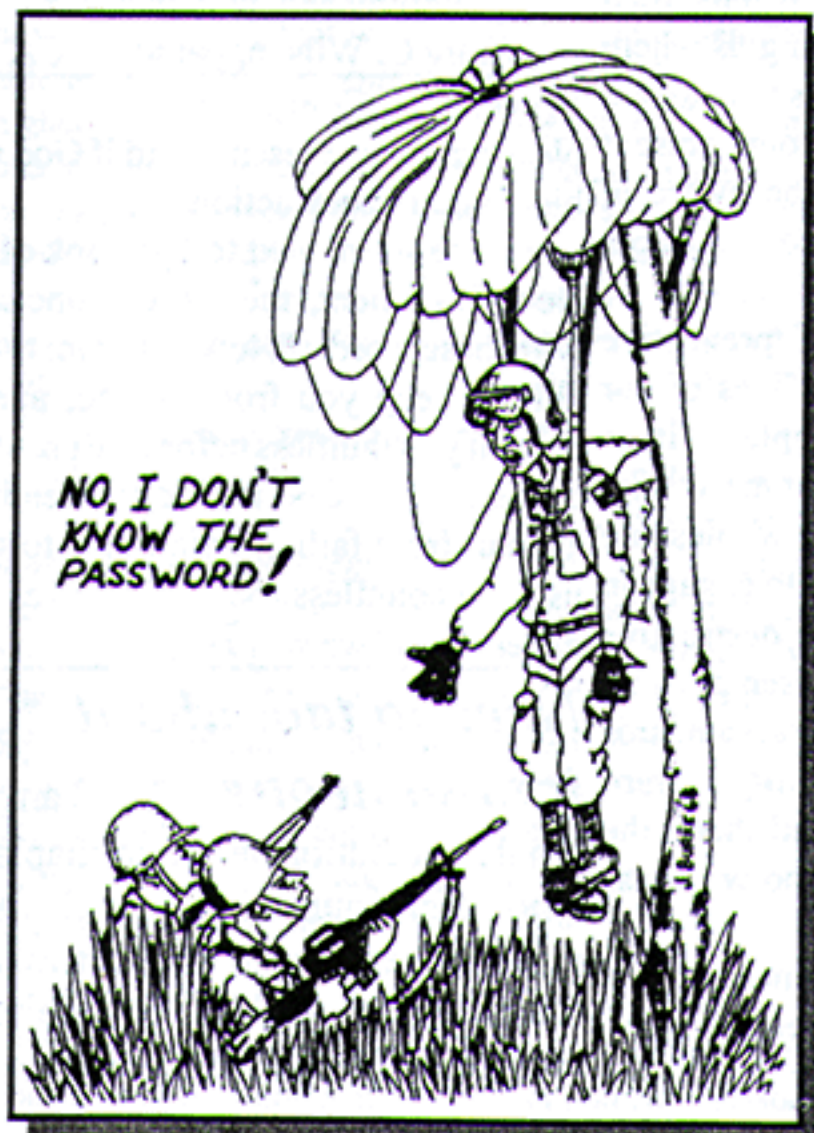


.....Since we're talking about cartoonists

## Meanwhile Back at Tan Son Nhut!



*Nah ... surely it wasn't love at first sight. On the other hand, how could a gal like this one pass up making eyes at a helmet like that? Have a happy Valentine month everyone!*



This was John's January piece.

World War II had its Bill Mauldin, during the Korean War it was Shel Silverstein and Virgil Partch, and when we get to the Vietnam War and Tan Son Nhut, it is John Burke from Yukon, Oklahoma. From Christmas Day in December 1966 to December 17, 1967, John served with the 460<sup>th</sup> Reconnaissance Technical Squadron. We're sure John kept his mind on his work during duty hours, but there was also another side that revealed itself in his art work he created when time allowed.

You first saw a sample of his work in the December *Revetments*. He's going to be a welcome regular contributor to *Revetments* which makes us more than happy and grateful.

Commenting about his January piece, to the left, he says, "My personal favorite title for this cartoon has always been 'Grunts to the Rescue' and God bless them one and all. Making light of a situation like this that took place far too many times in Vietnam haunted me for many years. That haunting was one of the reasons I never pursued publishing my Vietnam cartoons, despite an offer from a Dallas publisher.

"Today I reflect back and try to remember how young I was when I drew it – how young we all were when I drew this and many other Vietnam cartoons. In the light of that reflection I recall the humor we all sought in one form or another to lift our spirits. Today, I hope you will too. From 1964 to 1969 I drew "Grunts to the Rescue" and all my Vietnam and military cartoons, especially for the young men we all once were." Thank you, John.





Founded 1995

By

Don Parker &amp; John Peele

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\* \* \*

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\* \* \*

**Membership Information**

Annual Membership \$20.00

Five Year Membership \$80.00

Life Membership \$180.00

Send to Public Affairs, address above.



Thoughts of our

Sky Pilot

by

TSNA Chaplain

James Warrington

## Prevention Demands Training

A man in a terrible mess once came to the famous evangelist Dr. Dwight L. Moody, told him the story of his life, and then asked: "Mr. Moody, what would you do if you were in my situation?" Moody replied, perhaps not too helpfully, "Man, I would never have gotten into it!"

We hear a great deal today of preventive medicine, meaning the practice of those rules of health, regular medical check-ups, vaccinations and inoculations that help us avoid illness, or reduce its seriousness.

There is also preventive religious devotion. A vital and continuous relationship with God will enable us to prevent no end of trouble for ourselves. The reason is, that in such a relationship, we are constantly seeking God's counsel and guidance before we act. He helps us to look down the road ahead and see if it is leading us where we want to be. He helps us to evaluate the moral character of our present decision so that we can be aware in advance of their inevitable consequences for good or ill.

We see the need of preventive religion especially in the lives of our children and young people. It is axiomatic in the training of the young, that if a child is not given wholesome and constructive activities to engage in he will find those that are destructive and harmful. Where children grow up without the guidance of moral standards and a sense of responsibility toward God and the people around them, the disastrous results are only too evident as reported in the news.

It makes a lot of difference in life if you make it a rule, before beginning any course of action, to ask God if it is

Welcome!

New Members



December &amp; January

A sharp salute and a rousing welcome to the following new members of the Tan Son Nhut Association -

**December 2002**

David B. Bellis, North Port, FL.

William E. Duvall, San Antonio, TX..

Darren Franz, Baldwin, NY

Charles J. Gehring, Palm harbor, FL.

Joseph F. Granducci, Roy, UT.

E.J. Hayes, Maplesville, AL.

Gene Shultz, Monroe, WI

Timothy M. Stinson, Holbrook, MA

Robert C. Stonehouse, Dover NH

Dan McKegney, Auburn, CA

Fred Parker, Cleveland, OH

David Williamson, Monroe Twshp., NJ

William C. Woodward, Omaha, NE

**January 2003**

Frank Amalfitano, Shirley, NY

James Augeri, Albuquerque, NM

Gerald E. Calenberg, Carrollton, GA

Charles R. Fridinger, Jr., Lancaster, PA

Thomas M. Little, Lynnwood, WA

Timothy Mootz, Utica, NY

Craig C. Wilson, paradise, CA

**Prevention, Continued**

pleasing in His presence and if God will bless you in such action.

In the short, next to last book of the New Testament, the writer concludes with these words: "Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory." God is able and ready to keep us from falling or failing - to save us from countless foolish mistakes and miseries - if we will let Him.

**Need to talk about**

**it to someone?** The Tan Son Nhut Association has three chaplains who offer counseling and all other pastoral services to members and their families. Call Public Affairs at: (757) 67-7746 for appointments/



Visit the TSNA  
Terrific Website

<http://www.tsna.org>



# The Communications Center

**Apologia** - I owe you all a most sincere apology. The last month or so, as the old printer fell apart, I have been very concerned about *Revetments*. You wonderful people are always sending me very interesting and often poignant stories and pictures. Hardly a day goes by that I don't receive something good in the mail. The January issue was late, and was just a call-up of the pledges. (The response was phenomenal!) And now the February issue is late, but we're back on track with the great new printer you friends and comrades have purchased for the Association. But my desk is piled high with enough good stuff I could fill an issue of *Time Magazine*. In the next couple of months I hope to get back into an effective system. So, if you've wondered if I am ignoring your submissions, the answer is emphatically "No!" I couldn't ever ignore anything from you people. As this year progresses, I hope that we'll be able to expand *Revetments* to a higher level of publication quality, to the point where we'll be including everything you send, and presenting it in the most professional manner possible. Thanks for your patience!

Bob Need, Editor  
Public Affairs, TSNA

## A Member's Proud Memories

Hello, Tan Son Nhut - Great poem on the first page of the December issue. I am going to cut it out and put in my day-times to carry. Sometimes I feel like that - people stepping all over us - when we fought for their freedom - whether they agreed with the war or not.

I was not a ground-pounder. I was a Corrosion Control Specialist in the 460<sup>th</sup> Field

Maintenance Squadron.

Also (member) Lance Coar and I were at Tan Son Nhut, along with Vinnie Aquavilla, in the 1970s. But our paths did not cross, and if they did we didn't know it. But we were all joined serving in the 913<sup>th</sup> at Willow Grove. Lance was in the Ground Equipment Section, Vinnie in various areas, Q.A., Engine and Prop Avionic - skilled in all areas, presently working as a crew chief on a C-130E. He's a full-timer and me as a part-timer (traditional reservist) in the Engine and Propeller Shop. Lance retired as an E-8. Vinnie is an E-7 or 8, and still working, and me as an E-6 due to retire with about thirty-four years, 4 active, the rest reserve. We were all recalled for Desert Storm, '91. Vinnie went to the desert. Lance, not sure, probably went to the desert. Me, I went to Germany for support - rebuilding C-130 engines.

Elmer W. Ingram  
Glenolden, Pennsylvania

## Nephew of Tan Son Nhut Hero Joins Association

Hello. My name is Darren Franz. I am the nephew and godson of Sergeant Louis H. Fischer - who was killed in action in Tan Son Nhut on January 31<sup>st</sup>, 1968. I was two years old when this happened.

My mother, his sister, is his only surviving relative. My uncle's heroics that day helped in my decision to join the army. I served proudly with the 4<sup>th</sup> Battalion, 9<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment in Alaska. I kept my uncle's deeds and his dedicated commitment to serve this great nation at the forefront of my mind each and every day of my four year tour.

I am contacting you in order to request membership in the Tan Son Nhut Association. I

have a great desire to learn all I can about my Uncle Louis and what he did on that day, as well as any other information about him I can learn along the way. I am duly committed to keeping his memory and his heroics alive.

Darren Franz  
Baldwin, New York  
(Ed. Note: Public Affairs replied to Darren as follows:

"It is an honor and a privilege to hear from you. Your Life membership lacing you among our ranks was earned for you by your uncle thirty-five years ago at Tan Son Nhut Air Base. Your certificate will be on the way immediately. I am sending information copies of this message to a number of people, many, who like myself, were out on the field of Tan Son Nhut on the night of January 30-31, 1968. Most, if not all of our membership, and thousands and thousands more, consider Bunker 051 to be sacred ground. I join with all the others in rendering a reverent, yet proud salute to the memory of your uncle."

R.S.Need, VP., Public Affairs

## From the New Member Envelopes

Hi, I served in the USAF, 377<sup>th</sup> Supply, POL, from September 1967 - September 1968 at Tan Son Nhut. Most of my tour revolved around fuel resupply of choppers using bladders flown in both C-130B and C-123K model aircraft. I hope to connect with others who had similar service. Thanks for the opportunity to try.

Bob Stonehouse  
Dover, New Hampshire  
Duty station, Vietnam Airborne Division, Detachment 162, MACV-Advisory Team. Forward Air Controller. Lived at 140 Yen Dho in Saigon. June 1965-June 1966. Don't know if

I'm technically eligible. The Airborne Division Compound shared most of the western border of Tan Son Nhut, and most of my orders showed Saigon as my duty assignment. Our aircraft, O-1, were kept on the VNAF ramp and most of my time was at various forward operating locations all over South Vietnam.

Joe Granducci  
Roy, Utah

## ELVIS IS ALIVE AND A MEMBER OF THE TAN SON NHUT ASSOCIATION!!!!!!

Former 377<sup>th</sup> Security Policeman, and Virginia State Policeman, George N. Austin, Jr., of Williamsburg, Virginia, just renewed his membership. Without explanation he included what appeared to be his business card. It read: "El George - The Sounds of Elvis" This picture is also included on the card. It looks like we're just going to have to ask him to perform at our next reunion. (But, can we afford Elvis??!!)



**COME BACK TO LIFE!**

Many of you just vanish into thin air! When you move please take a minute to let us know.





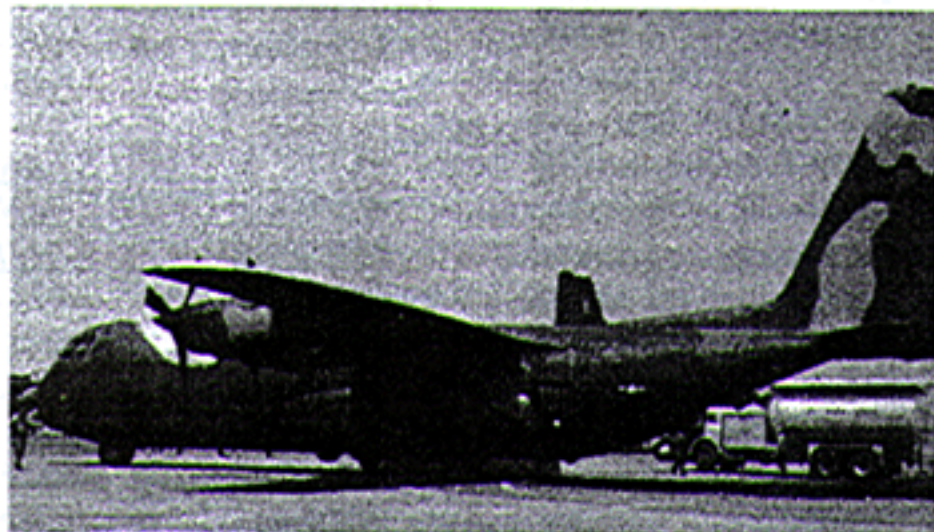
## Days at Tan Son Nhut

& Other Propwash

by Major Taylor B. McKinnon

### Where did 55-034 go?

(Ed. Note: In the December issue of *Revetments*, Member Thomas Wilson wrote a brief letter regarding his aircraft. On the next page (Page 7) he writes a broader account.)



C-130A at Tan Son Nhut Air Base, 1968  
Photo courtesy of SMSgt. Lance Coar

Tom states he flew C-130 "A" models to the Vietnamese Air force (VNAF) during the phase out period of the war, "Operation Enhance Plus," to give the South Vietnamese government the ability to defend itself. He wonders what happened to C-130, 55-034, upon which he left his logbook, and the other airplanes he delivered.

My last job on active duty gave me access to the Military Assistance Sales Listing (MASL) which was classified but since has been released under the Freedom of Information Act.

Tom was indeed fortunate to have been able to fly one of the old, but good performing "A" models (but noisy!). My figures show that he and his brethren delivered twenty-three of the "A" models to Saigon.

With the fall of Saigon in the Spring of 1975, the VNAF crews flew out six to Utapao, Thailand, loaded with their families. They became part of the Thai Air Force.

The new Vietnamese government used the remainder, with former South Vietnam crews for as long as twenty years. Eventually they were replaced with Russian airplanes. Some were sold off through a broker they (the government) set up in Singapore. They went to other world air forces (read: cheap airplanes). Four hundred and thirty-four UH-1 helicopters were brokered to other buyers including American collectors.

Look around the next time you attend an airport open house or air show. You just might spot 55-034. I have already spotted my old C-123B-K, still flies Chino airport near Ontario, California.

Can't help but wonder whether Tom was one of the early flight mechanic flight engineers, or one of the later panel trained Panel Flight Engineers who in many cases had trained at the big MAC school at Altus, Oklahoma. Terrifically hard course and many of the aircraft mechanic AFSC 431X1 guys had a hard time getting through it.

Originally, one had to be a bonafide aircraft crew chief, 431X1 or 432X0 engine mechanic to apply. But as the shortage persisted they opened the school up to airmen who had not been aircraft mechanics or engine mechanics, even some 701X0 clerical types. These poor guys had a terrible time and so many failed that the Air Force went back to 432 or 432 only, plus some mechanical specialties.

Keep on writing those good flying letters, Tom. We love you!

*Stephen D. McKinnon*

### I didn't see it at Tan Son Nhut, either!

by Frank Ybarbo

Hi, Tom. I have been back to Saigon twice. Recently, I was in Saigon this past March and my first return was in 1998.

Both times, I got good looks at the flightline area which pretty much looks like it did in 1968-1970. The old C-130 parking ramp was just behind the terminal/tower area where I pulled security many times with the 377<sup>th</sup> Security Police Squadron while in Vietnam in 1967-1968. There are no aircraft whatsoever parked in this area. The passenger aircraft taking you into Tan Son Nut still taxi along the same route so I could see the old flightline areas from the west end all the way to the terminal. Neither time did I see any C-130 aircraft parked anywhere on the flight lines.

There were MIGs parked in the revetments and I saw Russian helicopters parked in the old F-4 Phantom area, but I saw no transport aircraft anywhere on the flightline.

I don't think the Communists kept any of the leftover aircraft at Tan Son Nhut. They probably took them to Hanoi, or other military fields in Vietnam - or they may have them parked on Tan Son Nut at other base areas.

The base has been downsized considerably, so I don't know where they would be able to park them if not on the flightline. The only way to really find out about what aircraft are there would be to actually gain access to Tan Son Nhut, which I tried to do on both of my trips, but was denied.

Hope this information helps you and doesn't disappoint you. If there is any other information about my trips that you would like to know, please feel free to contact me.

(Ed. Note: Member Frank Ybarbo is presently the Director of Purchasing, Collin County, Texas. He can be reached by phone at (972) 548-4111. His E-Mail address is: [fybarbo@co.collin.tx.us](mailto:fybarbo@co.collin.tx.us))



Frank, at Tan Son Nhut  
1998





From a little different point of view ...

## A Brief Visit in The Latter Days

by Thomas R. Wilson



Tan Son Nhut holds many of my memories. Unlike most of your members who probably were stationed there - I was not. My exposure and experiences of Tan Son Nhut revolve around two visits to the base for an overnight stay. I was asked to tell you a little about my experience at Tan Son Nhut. So please forgive my lack of storytelling abilities but here is my memory of Tan Son Nhut.

I was in the Air Force Reserve during those times. I received my draft notice in August of 1968. My dad was a civilian employee at Selfridge Air Force Base in Michigan. He was a pipefitter and worked in the maintenance department. While fixing a leak in the Headquarters of the 403<sup>rd</sup> Tactical Airlift Wing offices, he heard they had two openings in the reserve unit. So I was there on August 16<sup>th</sup> - on September 3, 1968 I was sworn into the reserve. I went on active duty for basic and technical school. I was trained in aircraft maintenance.

My unit was equipped with C-119 aircraft but they were near the end of their service. In 1969 the fleet was mothballed and while waiting for a squadron of C-130As we temporarily were sent ten U3-As. These are twin engine Cessnas. The civilian model is a Cessna 310. These four seaters were fun to work on and I was able to travel on them from time to time. In January of 1970 we received eight C-130As. I went back on active duty for training on these planes for 90 more days.

During my 6 years in the reserve I volunteered for active duty man-days virtually full-time. I made staff sergeant in 1972. I was, by then, hired as an Air Reserve Technician. This meant that I was a civilian employee wearing civilian clothes working as crew chief on my assigned bird, 55-034. Crew chiefs do not always fly with their birds, but some missions do need a mechanic onboard. I flew dozens of times out of the country to the Caribbean, South America, Mexico, Europe, and nearly every Air Force, Army or Navy airbase in the continental United States.

### An interrupted football game

Then on a Sunday afternoon, October 28, 1972, while watching a football game at home, the phone rang. Major Lowe advised me I had been activated and to report to the squadron in one hour. He would not discuss the mission over the phone except to say, "WESTPAC." I knew what he meant.

Upon arrival, I was assigned to the flight crew and we were briefed. Under President Nixon's "Enhance Plus," we were taking two of our birds to Vietnam to turn over to the Republic of Vietnam Air Force (VNAF). Block time was an hour later. We stopped at Buckley Air Force Base in Colorado to refuel. Then it was on McClellan Air Force Base in California. We remained overnight. It was here I learned that reserve and guard units all over the country were doing the same thing. Dozens of C-130As filled the ramp.

The next morning was a little scary. Operation's weather report indicated calm winds

halfway to Hickham (Hawaii) but headwinds were reported the closer to Hawaii you get. A C-130A model does not have a lot of range, and with tanks topped off, making Hawaii was dependent on the winds. A steady 30-knot headwind might cause you to fall just a little short. The pressure was on; the trip was within limits so we took off. We landed at Hickham in the fog, with two tanks empty and a nervous crew chief. The loadmaster, my friend, Steve, stayed with me to put the bird to sleep while the pilot, co-pilot, engineer and navigator took off for parts unknown. We ten too, headed for Waikiki, and I wouldn't want to bore you with the details of a single man's night in Honolulu.

### Welcome to the Western Pacific

The next morning we topped off the tanks and took off for Wake Island. Wake is just a few hundred miles shorter in range than the previous day's trip. Wake in those days was owned, I understood, by Pan American Airlines. The military had refueling rights as part of the lease with our government. We stayed the night there. It was a fascinating place. The remnants of World War II were everywhere.

Next day we flew to Anderson Air Force Base in Guam. We were stopping for fuel and heading on right away to Clark Air Base in the Philippines. We taxied to the parking ramp and I refueled the aircraft. We started out toward the active runway and were told by the tower to wait for the B-52s to take off for an obvious date in North Vietnam. By the time those 60-70 airplanes took off, we had burnt too much fuel and had to return to the parking ramp and I filled the pylons again. We took off to the next stop.

We were the fifth or sixth bird to arrive at Clark. We were met at the bottom of the crew entrance door by a captain who advised us we had come to a place with the highest venereal disease rate in the world. So, needless to say, Steve and I hurried to button up the bird and we were off to the Jet Hotel in Angeles City. This time, the engineer came with us. Our sister bird arrived and we were ready to party. It is amazing what you can do and how much San Miguel you can drink on 20-30 peso's!

### Next stop - Tan Son Nhut Air Base

Nest morning, tired and with a headache, I crawled inside the herky bird and we were off to Tan Son Nhut. Approach control advised that there had been some surface-to-air missile (SAM) activity that morning and advised caution on final approach. Steve and I put on safety harnesses to keep our hung-over bodies from falling out of the airplane. We opened the paratroop doors and were on lookout for missiles coming up. We landed without any need for my recognizing a SAM.

The 'Follow Me' truck took us to a ramp where we were fourth to arrive. The VNAF people were all over. We parked, and I couldn't even complete the maintenance report when a VNAF general took the forms out of my hands and told me and the others to get off his bird. I almost smack him. His Bird? My name is stenciled on the door as crew chief. I wanted to show him

whose bird it was. The aircraft commander pulled me aside and told me to let it go. We stepped out and got on a crew bus. The VNAF guys had already erected maintenance stands and were painting over our insignia and painting the Republic of Vietnam flag on the tail. As we drove away I looked back and could not believe what was happening to my airplane. Only a crew chief knows what that bird means to you. My sweat, extra hours, and small things I did everyday for the safety and comfort of those who were lucky enough to borrow my bird were running through my mind.

### Joining TSN's café society

They took us to some barracks for the night. I really do not know where on the base we were except I can tell you it must have been close to Camp Alpha. We walked over there and had a great steak they were cooking outside on grills. We walked to the NCO Club. I remember the interior in a red motif. It seemed gaudy for an NCO Club in a combat zone. Still have my receipt from the club.

Somebody found us and told us there was an active duty C-130E leaving for Clark in a little while and we were to get to the flightline and catch a ride.

We got on board for a ride back to Clark, but just after takeoff the plane developed an engine fire and we had to return. Needless to say we laid into the "E" model Cadillac drivers. We spent the night and were put up in some barracks near Camp Alpha. My impression of Tan Son Nhut Air Base was one of shock. I walked into a latrine only to be met by Vietnamese women squatting in the showers. Civilians were everywhere. I bought a boonie hat from a vendor on the street and they even embroidered it. I still have it. We got our hands on some beer and I borrowed a fire extinguisher and we cooled down the brew. Some dud stationed there took us out to the flightline and we sat and drank our brewskis and watched the world's busiest airport. It was amazing, damn near every airplane in the inventory was moving in every which direction.

Next morning we were on a C-141 and back to Clark, then back to McClellan. We picked up another bird brought that far, and we returned following the initial trip. Got back to Tan Son Nhut one more time, but was in and out in a couple of hours.

So that's my story and I'm sticking to it!

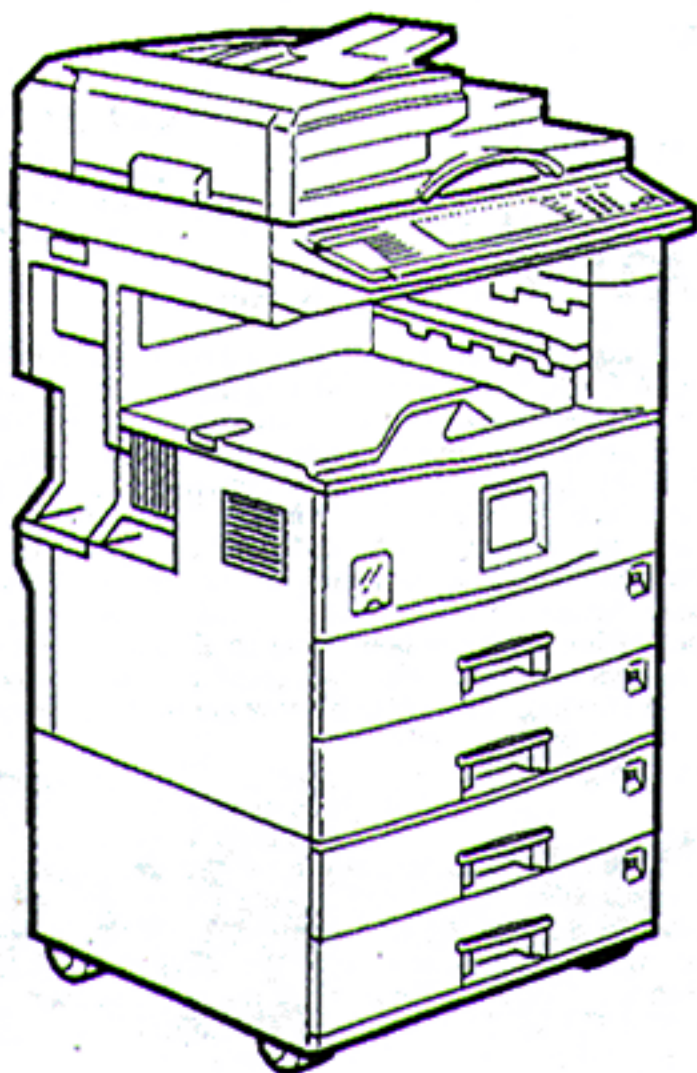
I'm glad I found the Tan Son Nhut Association and look forward to participating in supporting the memory of a truly unique place.

Welcome Home!

(Ed. Note: Tom Wilson is from Altamonte Springs, Florida. Thanks for a good tale!)







## ← *This issue was printed on YOUR NEW PRINTER!*

Thanks to the overwhelming and amazingly prompt response of most of the membership pledges, \$5,000 was received which allowed Public Affairs to ask for the delivery of our brand new Savin 2522 copier. We are hoping that the remaining outstanding pledges will be received as soon as possible. We would also like to encourage members who have not yet contributed to do so as soon as possible to help us defray the maintenance contract for the coming year. With each new contribution, a copy of the CD "The Victors" will be mailed immediately.

### *Plaque of Gratitude*

This printer is the property of the Tan Son Nhut Association and was purchased by the members. Many donors made their generous contributions in the name of a deceased comrade or family member. A plaque of gratitude, with the names of the members and those honored, is being prepared and will be affixed to the printer. The President and Board of Directors have been deeply moved by your response in this program. The new printer has upgraded communications between our members in this fine and growing Tan Son Nhut Association.

Please make out all contributions to "The Tan Son Nhut Association" and mail to: Pub. Affairs, TSNA, 330 W. Brambleton Ave. Norfolk, VA 23510

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Renewal Date 

**Think, Decide, Plan for  
— Reunion 2003!**