

Revetments

The Official Journal of The Tan Son Nhut Association



Volume 6, Number 2

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

November, 2003

What It Means To Love A Soldier by Jamie Reese

(Editor's Note: Member Bob Nelson, Anchorage, Alaska, often provides Revetments with timely, and always interesting and informative stories. We appreciate him sending this one that helps us give a special meaning to Veterans's Day. It was originally a Special to the American Forces Press Service.)

Fort Hood, Texas, October 2003 – She stands in line at the post office waiting to send a package to her husband, a U.S. Army soldier serving in Kuwait. Envelopes, pens, paper, stamps, sunscreen, eye-drops, gum, batteries, powdered Gatorade, baby wipes and *Twizzlers*. He said he needed the sunscreen and baby wipes. She threw in the *Twizzlers*.

There's a common bond at the post office in this military town. People aren't just sending letters and packages; they are sending smiles, hope, love and just a touch of home. People look around at the others, sharing their concern, fear and pride. They take comfort knowing they are not alone.

Passing through the gate leaving the Army post, she enters another world. A world filled with pawnshops, surplus stores, barbershops, fast food galore and, of course, "Loans, Loans, Loans."

This is a life that includes grocery shopping at a place called "the Commissary." A life that has her venturing to the Post Exchange, referred to as "the PX," instead of heading to Wal-Mart.

This is where you come to learn, appreciate and respect the ceremonious traditions of Reveille and Retreat, and of course, The National Anthem from a completely different perspective. At 6 a.m., or as the soldiers call it, "0600 hours," Reveille can be heard across the post. The bugle call officially begins the military workday. At "1700 hours" Retreat sounds signaling the day's end. Soldiers render salutes, chatter fades and all eyes are drawn to the nearest flag. AT "2300 hours" the bugle sounds Taps, denoting not only the "final hour" of the day, but also honoring those we have lost.

When the National Anthem plays in a military town, a special aura fills the air. Men, women and even children stop to pay their respects. Civilians place their hands over their hearts. Soldiers salute. In this world, the anthem isn't just a prequel to the echo of "Play Ball."

Since she married her soldier and experienced the Star Spangle Banner from this perspective, she's noticed how people in civilian

towns react to the National Anthem. She notices the people who continue to talk, the hats that stay on, the beer that doesn't get put down, and even the jeers at the person singing the anthem. The meaning seems to be lost to majority of people. But if she looks closely, she can see who has been blessed enough to learn this lesson. Some are grandparents, some are parents, and some are young children.

At first glance, children growing up in this world of artillery, tanks and uniforms are the same as any other kids from any other town. They do the things that kids do. They play sports, got to school and play with their friends. The difference is that their group of friends may change once a year or more due to a change of duty station. They don't have any say in this. They could be two years old and not remember a thing about it, or they may be sixteen getting ready for a prom and having to up-root and move again. They're known as "military brats," a harsh misnomer for those who learn a lifestyle of sacrifice at such a young age. Yet – it makes them strong.

The little boys become the men of the house and the little girls become the ladies. They adapt to these different situations. They live with the reality that one, or even both parents may not be around to celebrate birthdays and holidays. They know there will be times when they will look into the stands during Little League games and see only an empty space in the bleachers.

At the same time, these kids have a sense of overwhelming pride. They brag about their daddies and their mommies being the best of the best. They know their Mom's been through deployments, changes of duty stations, and the ever-changing schedules Army life brings. While Dad is away, she takes care of the house, the bills, the cars, the dogs and the baby. To cope with it all, she learns military families communicate via the Internet so he doesn't miss out on what's happening back home.

But he does miss out. He won't be there for the baby's first steps – he may have to hear his son's or daughter's first words through a time

(See Love A Soldier, continued on Page 2)



Love A Soldier. Continued from Page 1

delay across a static-filled telephone line.

She remembers what it was like before he left, when everything seemed "normal." Normal – except for the pressed uniform, the nightly ritual of shining boots, the thunder-like sound of the Apache helicopters flying over head, and the artillery shells heard off in the distance. Okay – relatively normal – when they occasionally went to the park, spent holidays together and even enjoyed four day weekends when he could get a pass.

But the real challenge began with the phone call. She relives the moments before she kissed him goodbye. A phone ringing at 0400 hours is enough to make her heart end up in her throat. They've been expecting the call, but they weren't sure when it would come. She waits to hear the words, "Don't worry, it's just a practice run." But instead, she hears, "Here we go."

So, off he goes to pack, though most of the packing is finished because as a soldier, he is "always ready to roll." She gets the baby, but leaves his pajamas on because it is just as well that he sleeps. She takes the dogs out, she gets dressed, all the while trying to catch glimpses of her husband. She wants to cherish his presence because she doesn't know when she'll see him again. She knows that in other homes nearby, other families are enacting exactly the same scene.

Within fifteen minutes the family is in the car heading to the "rally point." As they pull up, they see soldiers everywhere hugging their loved ones. While people love to see tearful, joyous homecomings – fearful anxious farewells are another story.

Too soon, with his gear over his shoulder, he walks away. She is left behind straining to keep an eye on her soldier. As the camouflage starts to blend, only his walk distinguishes him from the others. She takes one last look and takes a deep breath. She reminds herself she must stay strong. No tears – or, as few tears as possible. Just words of encouragement to the children, to her friends – and, to herself. Then she turns, walks back to the car and makes her way home to a house that is now eerily quiet.

She mentally prepares for the days, weeks, even months ahead. She needs to focus on taking care of her love while he is overseas. Her main priorities will be the care packages, phone calls, e-mails, and letters sprayed with perfume. And, she can't forget to run the stamp upside down to say, "I love you."

Taking care of her family, her friends, even strangers – this is her mission as an Army wife, to do these things without a second thought. At the ripe old age of twenty-two she knows the younger wives will turn to her for advice.

"How do you balance a check book? How do you change a tire? When are they coming home?" Only when she knows everyone else is okay, the bills are paid, the cars maintained, the lawn cut, the kids asleep, the pets calmed down, and the lights are off, does she take time for herself.

Alone at night, she runs the next day's events over in her mind to make sure it will all get finished. She reviews her checklist of things to do – things to buy for his care package. Once again, she checks the calendar to count down the days. Before turning in, she checks to make sure the ringer is on for the late night phone call that might come in from overseas.

Before she falls asleep, a few tears hit the pillow. But even as the tears escape, strength enters her mind, body, spirit and soul. She remembers why she is here. She remembers the pride and the love that brought her here in the first place – and a sense of peace comes over her, replacing, if only for a second, the loneliness, the fear and the lingering heartache she feels while her soul mate is away. This

This what it means to love a soldier.

She wouldn't have it any other way.



We honor veterans just one day a year -

Here, the honor never ceases - never!

(Editor's Note: Richard Fulton, of Pittsburg, Kansas, is another dynamic supporter of the Association, and contributor to Revetments. He understates this timely story as "nice reading." We are grateful to Rick and proud to publish it.)

The Third Infantry Regiment at Fort Myer, Virginia, has the responsibility for providing ceremonial units and honor guards for state occasions, White House social functions, public celebrations and interments at Arlington Nation Cemetery - and standing a very formal sentry watch at the Tombs of the Unknowns.

The public is familiar with the precision of what is called "walking post" at the Tombs. There are roped off galleries where visitors can form to observe the troopers and their measured step and almost mechanical silent rifle shoulder changes. They are relieved every hour in a very formal drill that has to be seen to be believed.

Some people think that when the Cemetery is closed to the public in the evening that this "show" stops. First, to the men who are dedicated to this work - it is not "show" - it is a "charge of honor." The formality and precision continues uninterrupted all night. During the nighttime the drill of relief and the measured step of the on duty sentry remain unchanged from the daylight hours. To these men - these special men - the continuity of this post is the key to honor and respect shown to these honored dead, symbolic of all American unaccounted for combat dead. The steady rhythmic step in rain, sleet, snow, hail, not, cold - bitter cold - uninterrupted - *uninterrupted* is the important part of the honor shown.

Recently while you were sleeping, the teeth of Hurricane Isabel came though the area and tore the hell out of everything. We had thousands of trees down - power outages - traffic signals out - roads filled with downed limbs and "gear adrift" debris. We had flooding, and the place looked like it had been the impact area of an off shore bombardment.

The Regimental Commander of the U. S. Third Infantry sent word to the nighttime Sentry Detail to secure the post and seek shelter from the high winds, to ensure their personal safety.

They disobeyed the order -

During the winds that turned over vehicles and turned debris into projectiles - the measured step continued. One fellow said "I've got buddies getting shot at in Iraq who would kick my butt

if word got to them that we let them down - I'm sure as hell have no intention of spending my Army career being known as the idiot who couldn't stand a little light breeze and shirked his duty." Then he said something in response to a female reporter's question regarding silly purposeless personal risk - "I wouldn't expect you to understand. It's an enlisted man's thing."

God bless the rascal - in a time in our nation's history when spin and total b.s. seems to have become the accepted coin-of-the-realm, there beat hearts - the enlisted hearts we all knew and were so damned proud to be a part of - that fully understand that devotion to duty is not a part time occupation. While we slept we were represented by some damn fine men who fully understood their post orders and proudly went about their

assigned responsibilities - unseen, unrecognized and in the finest tradition of the American Enlisted Man.

The gene that George S. Patton - Arliegh Burke - and Jimmy Doolittle left us - survives..

* * *

ABC evening new reported that because of the dangers from Hurricane Isabel approaching Washington, D.C., the military members assigned

the duty of guarding the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier were given permission to suspend the assignment.

They refused - "No way, Sir!"

Soaked to the skin, marching in the pelting rain of a tropical storm, they said that guarding the Tomb was not just an assignment, it was the highest honor that can be afforded to a service person. The Tomb has been patrolled continuously, twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, since 1930.

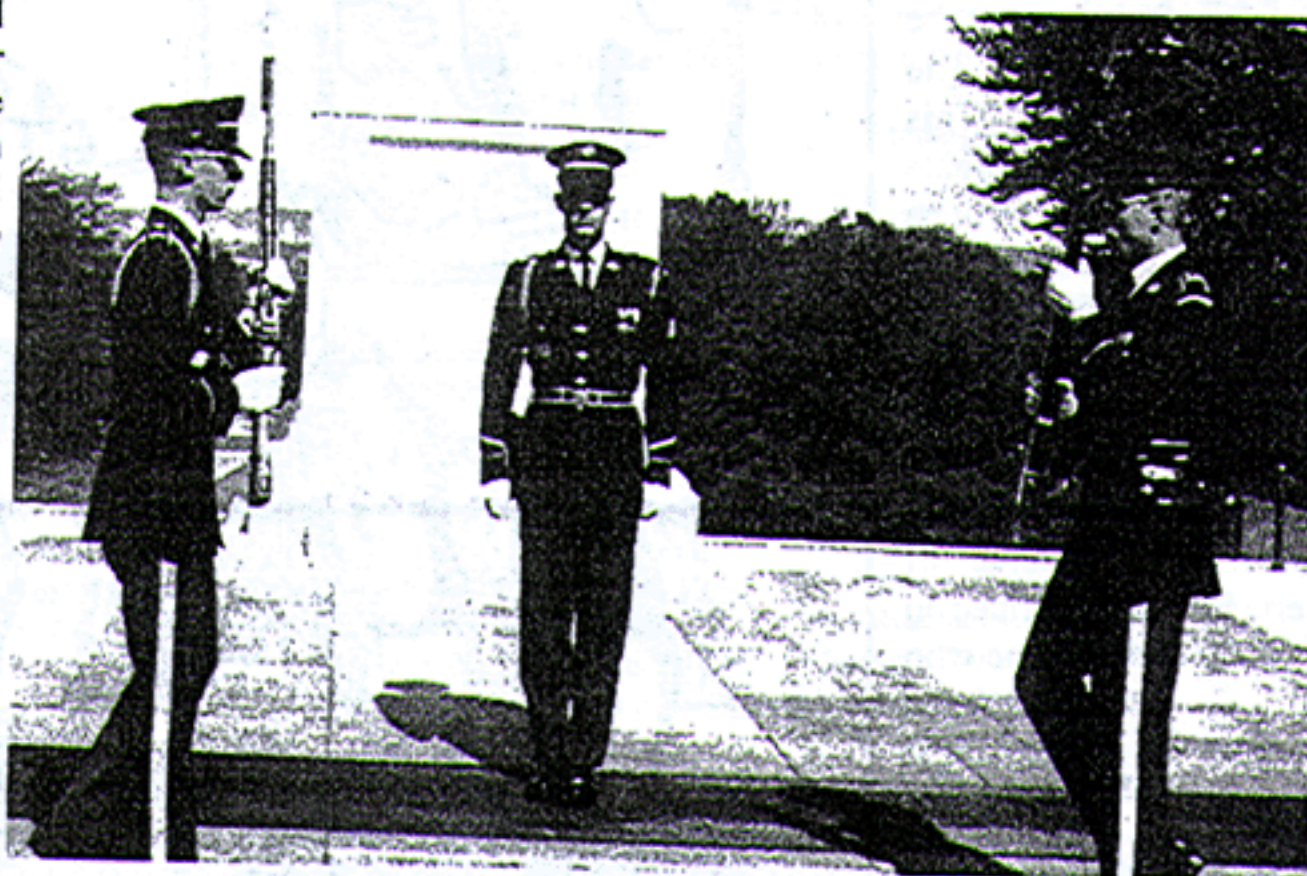
* * *

There was an interview on Fox News Channel with the Commander of the soldiers who guard the Tomb of the Unknown/ He took the shift when Isabel was unleashing her fury because he did not want to ask any of his men to do this - he felt it was his highest honor to be on duty during that time.

* * *

Very, very proud of our persons in uniform! Please share this article with your friends and relatives, and perhaps send a copy of it to a military member serving overseas.

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Thoughts of Our Sky Pilot



The Reverend Doctor
James M. Warrington
Chaplain, T.S.N.A.

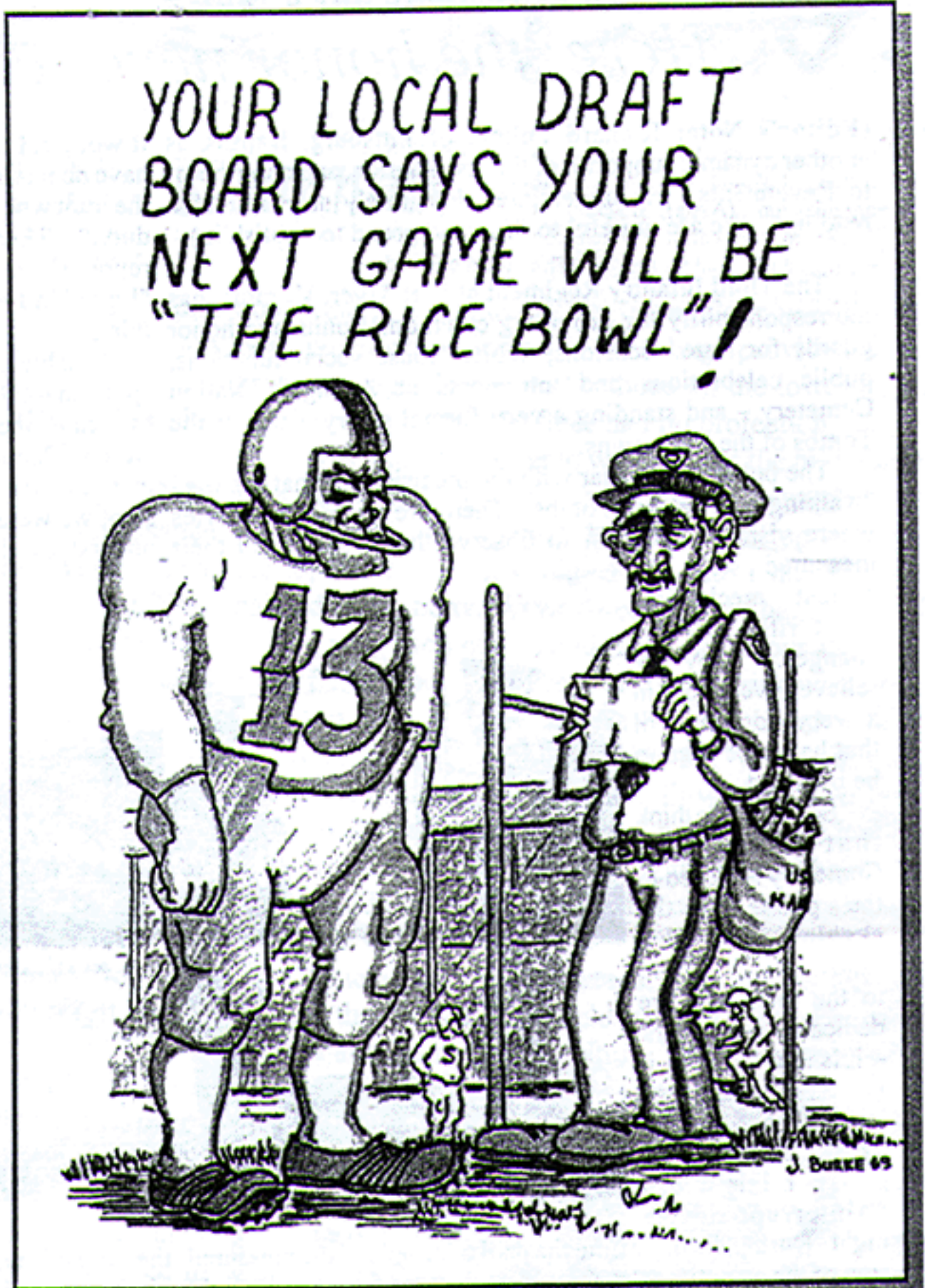
Plan a special visit to The Wall

Chaplain Warrington does more than just write a column for Revetments, he frequently is sending useful guides and materials for reunions and reunion sites, and other helpful material we use for planning. We all know about, and many of us attend the great Memorial Day Ceremony at the Vietnam Veteran's Memorial - The Wall - in Washington, D. C. This month, Chaplain Warrington highlights other important ceremonies that will be held during the coming year that you might want to consider attending.

April 19, 2004 - In Memory Day when we pay tribute to the American war heroes who died prematurely as a result of the Vietnam War, although they do not meet the Department of Defense's criteria for being inscribed on The Wall. If you know someone who

died from involvement in the war and would like to honor them, please submit an application by visiting The Wall website at www.vvmf.org

May 9, 2004 - The Mother's Day ceremony at the Wall when we honor the mothers who



John's comment on this one is, "Oops... a lost college deferment? Maybe ole unlucky number thirteen should have hit the books as hard as he did with pork chops and quarterbacks!" If some of these look familiar, they should, he was amusing us and his buddies in the 460th Recce Tech with these at Tan Son Nhut in '66 - '67. We are always proud to share them with you - again. Ed.

watched their children go off to war in Vietnam. Cards received from school children are read aloud at the ceremony and are placed at the base of The Wall. Contact the Memorial Fund at the e-mail address if you know of a school that would like to participate in this program.

June 20, 2004 - Father's Day when caring individual send us cards with personal notes, which we attach to

red and yellow roses of remembrance and place at The Wall. Your participation in this program allows the healing process to continue for those family members and friend of veterans who paid the ultimate sacrifice, some of whom will visit The Wall on Father's Day.



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The Communication Center

Splendid Suggestion – How about a mailing campaign to newspapers in the local area where members reside. I would suggest that the organization (Asse.) develop a "letter to the editor" which the membership could use. The circulation of the newspaper would get the message out to the people in the area. If that fails due to the "PC" attitude of some publications, then we could try want ads. That they could not refuse to publish. Cheers!

Pete Doe
York, Maine

(Ed. Very fine suggestion, Pete, and this'll be on the agenda of the next Board of Directors meeting. Thank you.)

Where's The Aerial Port Patches?

In your July 2003 edition of *Revetments*, on Page 3 you show patches of units at Tan Son Nhut. I don't recall any 1st Aerial Port Squadron. While I was stationed there in 1967-1968 there was the 834th Air Division, 2nd Aerial Port Group, and 8th Aerial port Squadron, which had its own patch.

The 8th APS actually ran the airport which was Tan Son Nhut. In 1968 we had more take-offs and landings than Chicago's O'Hare International Airport.

I enjoy reading *Revetments* and am proud to have served at Tan Son Nhut. Sincerely,

Tom Fitzpatrick
Deerfield Beach, Florida

(Ed. Thanks for writing, Tom. This is another important item for the Board of Directors to take a look at. We have got to set up a program for obtaining the patches of the units at Tan Son Nhut, and elsewhere, and making them easily available to the membership. Do you have a full-color copy of the patch we might use? Thanks, again.)

And here is a blockbuster idea for T-shirts

– Are there any plans to market golf shirts or T-shirts with the TSNA logo? If so, please keep me in the loop. I volunteer as Public Affairs Office for the StandDowns in my area (Care for homeless vets). I'd like to be able to wear it when interviewed on TV and the print media. Thanks in advance.

David Bellis
North Port, Florida

15th SPS, TSN Evac '75. Ops. Babylist & Frequent Wind

(Ed. Wow! Terrific idea, thanks, David. Another "must solve" item for the Board.)

Vietnam Tours Still Available, K9

Trip possible – The November trip to Saigon is off for now since the minimum of ten people was not attained. We will be running at least one Saigon tour next year. No dates have been set, but if there is some interest, we'd be glad to set the dates to meet everyone's schedule. It sounds like the K9 people want to try for November 2005, since their reunion will be taking place in January of that year. Let me hear from you if you are at all interested.

Ron Huegel, USMC
shutin40cal@enter.net

Aussie Member Sends Comments

on 9/11 – The September 11 second anniversary came up quickly. Hard to believe it's been two years. It was a big wake up call of the Western World.

The Bali bombing was a big wake-up call for Australia. It was a shock to find out there were and still are Muslim extremist groups in Malaysia. We have holidayed in Malaysia more times than I can remember without ever having problems. Whenever I talked to older Malays they would inevitably mention Australia's help in defeating the Communist terrorists in the 1950s. Plus our military help in the early '60s when the Indonesians tried to take over Malaysia.

We were actually in Sarawak on September 11, 2001. The thing that really amazed me was that even in small villages the local people were stunned and shocked at the images coming through the television.

The U.S. intervention in Afghanistan and Iraq has certainly dealt a blow to the terrorists. That's about it for now and hope you and your families are well. Best Regards,

Phill Greethhead
Kalgoorlie, Australia

Son Seeks Information Regarding

His Mother – My name is Nguyen Roland. I'm in France. My mother was civilian (Vietnamese) personnel who served at Tan Son Nhut Air Base with the 377th Combat Support Group in the unit Accounting Finance Office, 7th Air Force, from 1965 to 1972.

Could you tell me how to contact a member or somebody who worked for the USAF in the same unit? My mother served under the command of several colonels, like Mr. Lenich, John Fippen, Overton, McDonald, McKenzie, Norton, and James Dukes.

Thank you for any information you may have during the period of time my mother served.

Nguyen Roland
huongthuy.lefebure
@wanadoo.fr

Wants Info on Mortar Attack

– I served with the 69th Signal Bn. 1966-1967 and worked in the communications center at Tan Son Nhut most of the time.

Can anyone give me any information on the mortar attack that took place in April 1966?

Inous S. (Bub) Parrish
971 Rosebud Creek Road
Forsyth, Montana 59327
isparrish@northstartech.com

Member Sends Us All A Hearty Season's Greetings

– I worked out of the machine sop, 460th Field Maintenance Squadron, 1965 - 1966.

My Viet package store owner got me a case of this (33) swill.



Tastes the same as it ever did. It took me one hour to drink one. It's as bad as it ever was.

If you want to relive your youth, visit your local Viet packy and have him import a case for

the holidays. Greetings from "Charlie Row."

Richard Duval
Winthrop, Massachusetts

Member Loves C123Ks – I was so surprised when I first looked at the front page of the October *Revetments*. All I could see was the headline, "19th ACS Finishes 123K Phase In." I hurriedly read every word of the article.

I was a young 20 year old assistant crewchief on the Fairchild C-123Ks, 19th A.C.S in '67-'68. I arrived at TSN in early April '67 after two weeks of C-123 training at Clark Air Base, P.I. I know the "K" models were a great improvement over the "B" models, and take-offs were really incredible, especially for a cargo plane.

I would like to ask a favor. Could you see about getting me a copy of that newspaper? I would surely treasure anything you could provide. I have several printed articles on the C-123K, but nothing concerning the 19th Air Commando Squadron. Sincerely,

Skip Tannery
Lubbock, Texas

(Ed. Thank you for writing, Skip, and your continuing support of the Association. I sent the newspaper to Webmaster Charles Penley for use on the TSN website. He has just put them in the mail back to me. They are owned by Jerold Cook, Walla Walla, Washington. When I receive them, would you like me to make a good copy of the full newspaper? Also, I am wondering whether other members would like copies also. Skip, let me know how you feel and I'll also talk to Jerold.)

Member Suggests You Take A Look At an Interesting Website

– Hi, Guys, I just ran across this site and thought you'd be interested in taking a look. It has quite a few interesting links within the site.

Project Pack Rat
<http://www.airrequest.net/packrat>

Ralph Schneider
Carpentersville, Illinois
(Ed. Good site, it's great. Thanks)

Then & Now!

Member David E. Koopman – Member of the Month



David is a longtime member of the Tan Son Nhut Association and is from Little Canada, Minnesota. He was assigned to the 460th Tactical Reconnaissance Wing, Field Maintenance Squadron, at Tan Son Nhut Air Base, Saigon, Vietnam, from September 1967 until September 1968.

David was assigned maintenance duties on the GE J79 jet engines of the RF-4C Phantom II aircraft. He analyzed engine oil in the Spectrometric Oil Analysis Program (S.O.A.P.) laboratory to predict engine wear. Engine oil was burned in the S.O.A.P. machine to create a spectrum of colors which corresponded to different varieties and amounts of metal content. This procedure was used to document the progress of aircraft engine wear.

David has been a frequent contributor to *Revetments*, his comments are always interesting, and he often paints a graphic picture of what life was like at Tan Son Nhut.

"Most airmen stationed at Tan Son Nhut were unarmed and rightly so, I might add, because of their total lack of combat training. Many of them lived in *hootches* on the perimeter of the base, lightly defended by Army of the Republic of Vietnam (ARVN) soldiers. The *hootch*, for those who have never seen one, was a two story screened barracks on a concrete slab that had louvered wooden walls so the air could flow through.

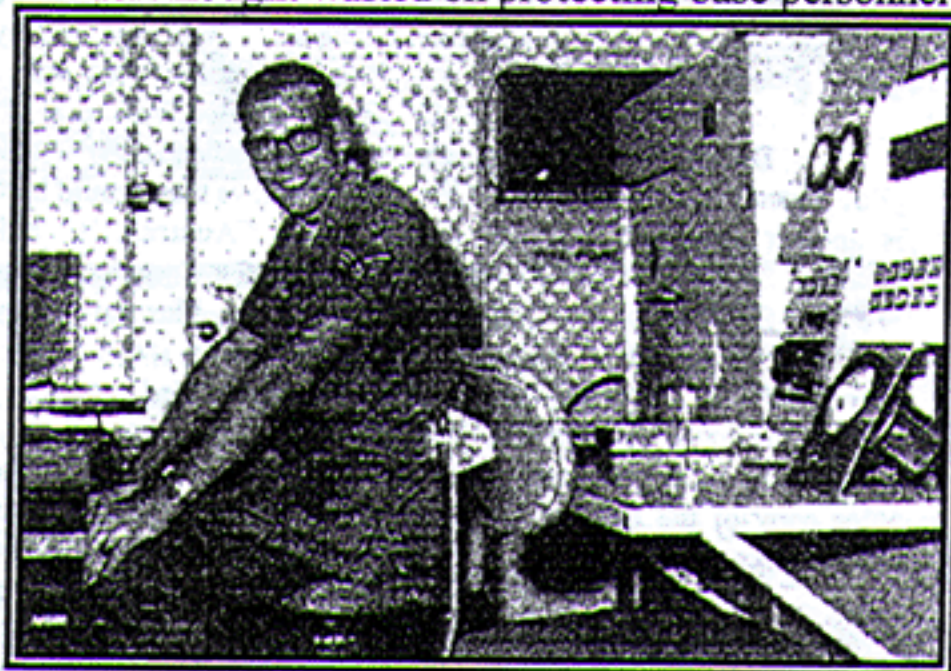
"Due to a previous order, all sand bags had been removed from around buildings for the purpose of base beautification. After the Tet (1968) offensive we were sent out on a sand bag detail to fill sand bags to be placed around the lower floors of our *hootch* for mortar protection.

"This, of course, was a joke. We slept in bunk beds with one airman sleeping above the other. If a mortar or rocket would have hit just outside the *hootch* every one

above the lower bunk on the lower floor would have been killed or injured. The sand bags provided some protection against bullets for those on the lower floor, but the walls on the top floor had no protection.

"I was told once never to worry about the bullet with your name on it. Instead I should worry about shrapnel addressed 'To Occupant.' I slept on the top bunk on the top floor and most nights felt like I had a target painted on my body. As we filled the sand bags we were talking with each other about how ridiculous the base beautification policy had been and wondering who could have thought up such an idea when I heard a faint whistling sound. I looked up and said, 'What was that, did you guy hear it?' It was followed by two loud explosions. I assume a couple of mortars were lobbed over our heads as we were packing those sand bags. At least we didn't have to look far for cover as we already had a hole in the front of us to jump into.

"I believe, in their arrogance, our fearless leaders thought the Viet Cong would never be capable of a massive attack on Tan Son Nhut. There was sure very little forethought wasted on protecting base personnel"



And now, he's back home in Montana. David is fifty-six years old and a Life Member of the Tan Son Nhut Association. His many interests include communication utilizing Ham Radio and the Internet and computers. Other diversions include photography, fishing and reading science fiction – and the Planet Mars.

He greatly enjoys receiving e-mail from his fellow Vietnam veterans. Why don't you drop him a line: davidkoopman@hotmail.com

(Ed. Member Lance Coar of Penllyn, Pennsylvania, favored us with this letter. We offer it to our readers for the lighter side of Veterans Day.)

Letter from A Farm Kid

Now at the Marine Corps Recruit Depot
in San Diego

Dear Ma and Pa,

I am well. Hope you are. Tell Brother Walt and Brother Elmer the Marine Corps beats working for old man Minch by a mile. Tell them to join up quick before maybe all the places are filled.

I was restless at first because you got to stay in bed till nearly 6 a.m., but am getting so I like to sleep late. Tell Walt and Elmer all you do before breakfast is smooth your cot and shine some things. No hogs to slop, feed to pitch, mash to mix, wood to split, fire to lay - practically nothing.

Men got to shave but it is not so bad, there's warm water.

Breakfast is long on trimmings like fruit juice, cereal, eggs, bacon, etc., but kind of weak on chops, potatoes, ham, steak, fried eggplant, pie and other regular food. But tell Walt and Elmer you can always sit by the two city boys that live on coffee. Their food plus yours holds you 'till noon when you get fed again. It's no wonder these city boys can't walk much.

We go on "route" marches, which the Platoon Sergeant says are long walks to harden us. If he thinks so, it is not my place to tell him different. A "route march" is about as far as to our mailbox at home. Then the city guys get sore feet and we all ride back in trucks. The country is nice, but awfully flat.

The Sergeant is like a schoolteacher. He nags some. The Captain is like the school board. Majors and Colonels just ride around and frown. They don't bother you none.

This next will kill Walt and Elmer with laughing. I keep getting medals for shooting. I don't know why. The bulls eye is near as big as a chipmunk head and don't move. And it ain't shooting at you like the Higgett boys at home. All you got to do is lie there all comfortable and hit it. You don't even load your own cartridges - they come in boxes.

Then we have what they call hand-to-hand combat training. You get to wrestle with them city boys. I have to be real careful though, they break real easy. It ain't like fighting with that ole bull at home. I'm about the best they got in this except for that Tug Jordan from over in Silver Lake. He joined up the same time as me. But I'm only 5'6" and 130 pounds, and he's 6'8" and weighs near 300 pounds dry.

Be sure to tell Walt and Elmer to hurry and join before the other fellers get onto this setup and come stampeding in.

You loving daughter...



Association Notes

Veterans Day Meet Canceled -The

Association had planned to have morning brunch on Tuesday November 11, at the Four Seasons Restaurant in Alexandria Virginia, and then proceed to the Vietnam Veterans Memorial "The Wall," for a wreath-laying ceremony. Due to sickness and other changes of plan, and insufficient response, it has been necessary to cancel this event. We deeply regret that we will not be meeting with several out-of-the-area members who indicated they would be attending. Perhaps the membership will be able to participate in a far larger meeting for the national wreath-laying ceremonies at The Wall on Memorial Day 2004. Members desiring to help organize this forth-coming function should please call President John Peele, (301) 277-7474

* * *

Board of Directors Continue Long Range Planning Sessions -

Illness and other factors prevented the Association Board of Directors from meeting during October, but the November meeting is being scheduled.

2004 Reunion planning will be at the top of the agenda. Volunteer reunion committee members are urged to come forward. If seriously interested call the Office of Public Affairs: (757) 627-7746, FAX: (757) 627-0878 or e-mail hercules29@worldnet.att.net

Director Jerry Norville has been somewhat pleased at the response of a number of members to the questionnaires that were included in the September issue of *Revetments*. These responses will play a major role in the future plans for the Association. It's not too late to give Jerry a call and express your suggestions and ideas. (804) 448-4533, or e-mail him at norville@bealenet.com

* * *

"Operation QRT"

We've all been in it, one form or another. As pilots, we sat around in the "ready room" waiting to "scramble;" medics sat in their "meat wagons" ready to respond at a moments notice; and tough security police "quick response teams" were poised to defend us twenty-four hours a day.

We have a large number of members in California. During the horrendous fires of the last month, many Tan Son Nhut Association members across the nation called and e-mailed their support to a number of our California buddies and their families. There's no need describing how those people felt knowing that there were comrades concerned about them and offering assistance. As one TSNA member said, "We took care of each other in the 'Nam, why should we stop now?"

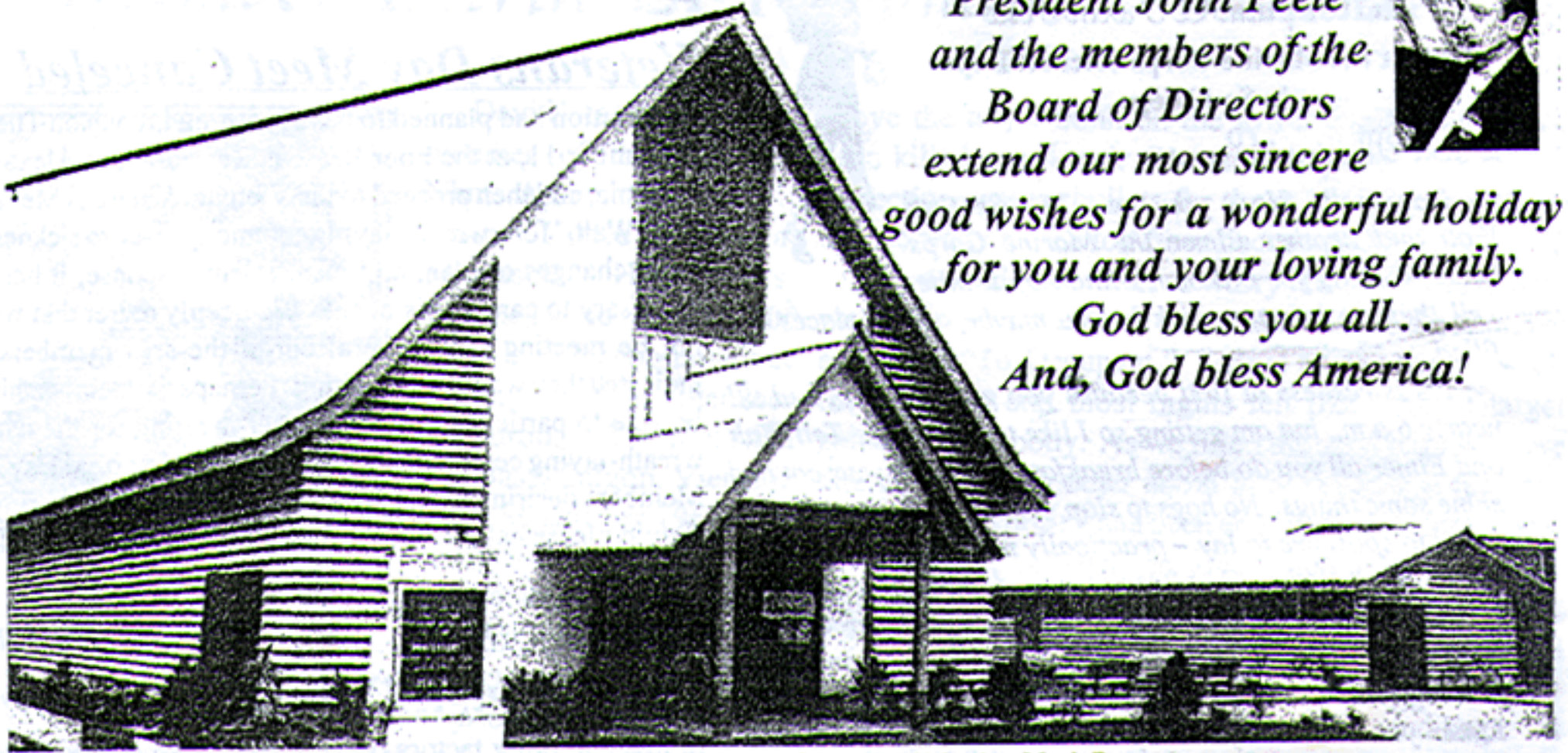
The Tan Son Nhut Association has several chaplains and nearly four hundred members. Use the Public Affairs Office, (757) 627-7746 or e-mail hercules29@worldnet.att.net as the headquarters for "Operation QRT." If you think someone or some situation should be responded to, call immediately.

We are inviting members to forward suggestions and ideas regarding this "Operation QRT" activity.

There's nothing in the world in a time of crisis like knowing that there is someone out there who cares, is on your side, and is extending a helping hand. Let us know what you think.

Have a most warm and happy Thanksgiving!

*President John Peele
and the members of the
Board of Directors
extend our most sincere
good wishes for a wonderful holiday
for you and your loving family.
God bless you all . . .
And, God bless America!*

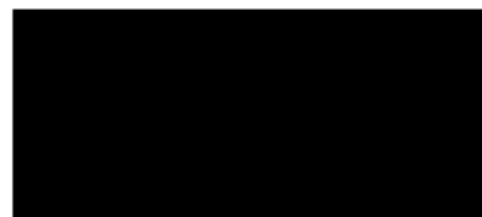


The Chapel at Tan Son Nhut, 1967, Courtesy of Member Mark Reveaux

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