



REVETMENTS

The Official Journal of The Tan Son Nhut Association

A Memorial to the American Experience in Vietnam

JUNE 2013



ADDITIONAL REUNION ITEM:

All:

Jerry Childers (Colonel, Retired, USA) will be attending the Ross Lewis presentation on Saturday morning.

He served two tours in RVN as a helicopter pilot, one at TSN, and has written a book "Without Parachutes".

I have invited him to have a book signing on Saturday from 2 to 4PM.

This is another great opportunity to add a personalized book to your personal library, purchase a few as presents for special friends and speak to a fellow Vietnam vet.

Other friends of Ross who served in RVN and will be attending his Saturday morning presentation are John Bayley, US Navy communications officer on the USS Maddox; John Screws, US Army Signal Officer; Cary King, US Army artillery and infantry officer; Bill Fraker, retired US Army Colonel helicopter pilot and Randy Smith, one of the last US Marines on the roof of our Saigon embassy in April, 1975.

I look forward to meeting these fellow Vietnam veterans and hearing their stories.

I hope that you do also.

George

Chaplain's Corner, June 2013

The time is just about upon us, the annual gathering of those tied together with Memories that originated on the edge of a city then named Saigon. Not all of those who served or were introduced to the place Tan Son

Nhut Air Base will be able to be part physically this year at Chattanooga but to all remember this is an event of "family" and those wise words must be heard as they spread across our nation. "Family means no one gets left behind or forgotten!!"

This month of June hosts Flag Day—Our Flag Day--!! What better words could be embodied on the Liberty Bell that could stand out loudly for the flag we love. It quotes from the Old Testament of the Bible "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." These are really the words of our family, TSNA. We served, we lived and died for what we know/knew was our land and our family.

For this our Family is reminded in a document we hold dearly: Endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The Chaplain gets the privilege of suggesting that you, family, and this sermon be concluded by your reading the Old Testament words meant to close —Psalm 66:8-14.

End of Sermon

Chaplain Bob



NOTATIONS FROM APPLICATIONS

I was the lead truck of TASK FORCE 35 during Tet. We were the first to arrive on the perimeter near Bunker 051. I was part of 29 men who in March 1968 received the Bronze Star w/V. The 69th was just inside the main gate of Tan Son Nhut. Headquarters was on the left and Motor Pool where I worked was on the right. I left Vietnam with the rank of SP-5.

Garry W. Conner
69th Signal Battalion
Aug 67-Aug 68



EDITOR'S NOTE: As you have read on the left column of this page, Jerry Childers will be at the Reunion on Saturday.

But he is also now a member of TSNA!

He was a member of UTT Helicopter Company (Armed), Fire Team Leader.

Here is his "Notation from Application":

Company located on south west side of airfield. Had to hover across runway to H1 (Hotel One) "hot spot" to arm weapons systems and take off. Lived just outside airfield front gate beside hospital/school. Served 2nd tour in 1967-68 at Bien Hoa. Flew AH-1G Cobra over and around Tan Son Nhut morning of Tet 68. Wounded on gun run south of runway.

Jerry W. Childers
UTT Helicopter Company (Armed)
U. S. Army
Nov 64-Nov 65

FROM THE EDITOR

After this note is an article by a new contributor to Revetments, Bob Flanagan. He is also a new member of TSNA, having joined us in 2012.

Bob is a writer, and much of what he has written, and continues to write, touches on or directly concerns Tan Son Nhut, its tenant U. S. military units, and perspective on the war as it grew between the times of his two Viet Nam tours (Mar 64-Mar 65; Sep 68-Aug 69). For 14 years, Bob has written a weekly newspaper column for the Romney, WV *Hampshire Review*.

In addition, he has authored 6 books. His major work is "The ASA Trilogy", a three-some of (fact-based) novels on the highly secretive Army Security Agency (ASA) in the '60's in the Cold War, its focus on the Viet Nam War.

The three books are linked and contiguous, with characters common across all three books.

The titles of the three books are: ***Involuntary Tour; Dragon Bait; and Falloff.***

The story told across the three novels is that of the zany, improbable and incomparable hi-jinx of a group of ASA troops serving in diverse locations, but always with diverse allegiances. Around 70% of the three books takes place in Viet Nam, most commonly at Tan Son Nhut/Saigon. Therein, the interest for TSNA readers.

Bob is a career ASA warrant officer, with 7 years previous service as a U. S. Marine. He has Masters degrees in English and Creative Writing, and has taught at the college level before retiring for the third time to devote full time to writing.

Bob began writing the trilogy in 1964 during his first Viet Nam tour at TSN. That it took him 47 years to finish the story, grown to three books, is not a function of dilatory writing habits, but due primarily to the previously classi-

fied nature of much of the content. When the story ***could*** be told, it ***was***.

Check out his website at: www.connemarapress.org.

Bob's first story for Revetments, which, unlike the fiction of the ASA *Trilogy*, is a true story.

BEGINNINGS

By: [Robert Flanagan](#)
[3rd RRU/Air Section](#)
[Davis Station/TSN](#)
[Mar 64-Mar 65](#)

A few days before Christmas, 1963, I handed in my final paper, breathed a deep sigh of relief and drove home to south Milwaukee in a light snow, having just completed a two-year assignment as a college student under the U.S. Army's kindly sponsorship. Earlier, in 1962, winding down two years in Asmara, I'd secured a slot in a highly contested education program wherein the Army sent select personnel to college to study specific subjects, in my case Electrical Engineering. Kennedy had said we were going to the moon; we needed to step up our collective technical capabilities, and though the president had gone on ahead of us from Dallas, his emphasis on science, math and engineering was still the drumbeat marched to in Washington.

Skipping here all the boredom of studying a subject I'd no interest in, no calling for, I did manage to cram in a passel of hard-won semester hours at Milwaukee School of Engineering (MSOE). If nothing else, the school assignment had pre-empted orders for my return from Africa to CONUS, to the 317 ASA Bn at Fort Bragg. I'd not looked forward to the airborne aspects of that assignment, being at the time an old married man of 26 with two sloe-eyed children who doted upon a live father; and besides, been there, done that. Made one whole jump under circumstances designed to ... (Another story, another time.)

So I'd gone to school at MSOE carrying a slide rule, rather than at Bragg dragging a T-5 chute, and now I had used up all the assignment time I could cadge out of that windfall. For the Army program, I'd been released by ASA to DA (Department of the Army), with student status in Milwaukee and reporting to Student Detachment, HQ, Fifth Army, in Chicago, 90 miles south. My assigned duty while in school: (1) go to class faithfully and (2) study rigorously. I lived on the economy with my family, as there was no military housing in Mill Town; I wore civilian clothes; I made no formations, no roll calls, no PT ... and pay came by monthly check in the mail. What's to argue?

When school was finished, Fifth Army, not knowing what to do with me, reassigned me to ASA. But these things take time. Fifth Army had me report to a U.S. Army Reserve Unit in south Milwaukee, where I would run errands, drive vehicles, type correspondence and training curricula and otherwise provide grunge labor while awaiting orders. Nice group of guys on the staff of that reserve infantry battalion: a light colonel, a major, two captains and five or six senior sergeants. Need I say in joining that fraternity, labor was not intensive, even for an E-5.

On 2 Mar 64, the colonel called me in and handed me a teletype tear sheet—my orders: "Asg to: 3d Radio Recovery Unit (PROV) (6082), APO 143, San Francisco, Calif." What? (I never did discover the provenance of "Recovery.") But more to the point, where was APO 143? The senior clerk made a call to Fifth Army, and stared up at me with a curious gaze. "Saigon," he said, I thought a bit ominously. Duhh, where's Saigon. I'd read Graham Greene and knew the name, but I hadn't a clue. I walked over to the colonel's Brown-Mule-Chewing-Tobacco-barn-wall-sized map of the world, and with his and a couple of stray malingers' help, found Saigon. Waaay-y-y out

there, over in southeast Asia on the periphery of a land called Indo-China.

“Hey, gotcha covered,” someone said and fetched an SFC who had recently returned from a tour with MAAG-Vietnam; he came in and set us straight. It was no longer Indo-China, a former French conglomerate of colonies, but was now four independent countries: South and North Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia. The SFC said with a bit of a pout, “‘s been in the papers, lately. But ...” Following his pointing finger down to the map legend, I saw the date 1952 displayed prominently. The colonel mumbled something about “... updating the map.”

Now that I had a focus, I bent the ear of that MAAG sergeant which, in the final analysis, was probably not the wisest course. He was a bitter man because of some perceived maltreatment by his ARVN counterparts, and he was full of tales of dark deeds and misdeeds, malfunctions, and military/political malingering. He also knew nothing of ASA personnel in ‘Nam. But I was returning to duty as an 058.30; I knew ASA Ops had to be in my future.

When I’d packed my family south to Mississippi and had them set up, I departed with a sense of unease. Things did not auger well for the forthcoming assignment. My wife wisely insisted that the SFC was only one view; I should wait and form my own opinions. At the same time, though she was right and I eventually settled into acceptance and a “come-what-may” attitude, she herself was uneasy and, with the three children, cried upon my departure.

Arlington Hall was not forthcoming with additional information, only a port call place/ date at Travis AFB, Calif. Arriving there mid-March in the middle of the night, I joined a gaggle of other military of all four major services, among them a small cotillion of ASA troops whom I identified by their First Army patches and collar

brass, all fresh out of Fort Devens. Clustered in a small group, they looked upon my SP5 rank as promising leadership and military wisdom. I disavowed them of that fairy tale by invoking my new-found civilian status (not a real state-of-being, but an attitude engendered by my two years in civilian clothes without military oversight). But we boarded the C-135 in a group and managed to stay together across the Pacific to Hawaii, Wake Island, a weather diversion to Okinawa, on to Clark AFB in the P.I., and eventually Tan Son Nhut.

You’ve read of, or experienced, that ubiquitous arrival many times over. After landing and a 47-mile taxi, the bird rocks to a halt, the door pops open, and all the dismal atmosphere of three hells spills in the door, heat leading the assault, at one with humidity, and mind-numbing stench hard on their heels. The babble of indecipherable tongues would follow later, as well as physical threats, mosquitoes with their bounty of malaria and dengue fever, venomous snakes, scorpions and a billion unidentifiable other risks to life and limb. You know the scene; we need not re-visit. Oh, and there was also the enemy: Charlie!

Upon our only slightly unique arrival, up the steps bounded an Army major wearing Signal Corps brass. He stopped the first disembarking troops and called out down the length of the plane, “A.I.S. personnel keep your seats; all other military personnel, de-plane ASAP.” He plopped into an open seat and waited while curious troops shuffled by him. When all were gone except the group of ASA-ers and a couple more shifty-looking characters, the major indicated to the Air Force coolie to shut the door. He rose and faced us, as we gathered near. “People, remove your A.I.S. collar brass.” He proffered a large manila courier envelope and said, “Place all the brass in here, along with any watch fobs, ballpoint pens, pictures, notes, business cards ... *anything* with an A.I.S. or the old A.S.A. logo on

them.”

[This acronym, AIS, represented one more illogical merging/rending-asunder of the intelligence world. When I changed services, leaving the Marines and enlisting in the Army in 1960, it was into ASA. Sometime in the interim, ASA had merged with Military Intelligence to form Army Intelligence and Security (AIS); but never fear, it was to be later changed back to something near its origins ... until such time as ASA went away in 1976 and Intelligence and Security Command (INSCOM) came into being—an AIS look-alike.]

“Sir,” asked a puzzled PFC. “Will we get our gear back?”

“Unlikely, soldier. I’m not gonna lie to you; this stuff will go into a safe somewhere and will be lost track of (I thought the major’s syntax was especially erudite.) before you’re finished with your tour, which would be the only time you could claim it back. No, it’s a goner.”

“Sir,” pushed the PFC, “what the hell’s—”

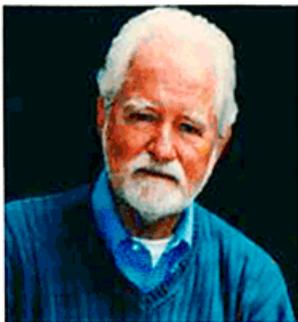
“O.K., troop. Here’s the deal. All members of A.I.S. (Army Intelligence and Security), primarily ASA-ers, have a bounty on their head in ‘Nam. The VC—the Viet Cong, the bad guys ... Charlie—recognizes the significance of your presence here, and since you constitute a far greater individual threat to him than any of the other scattering of troops in country—except possibly the Green Beans—consisting mostly of MAAG, logistics people, helicopter drivers and what-all, he’s particularly anxious to blow you away. And he’s willing to pay for information identifying you among all the drones,” he said in a condescending manner. “Don’t make it easy for him.”

Well, that pretty much set the tone for that day’s dance. We did as ordered and went, collar-naked to Davis Station, where all but the couple of

shady strangers (non-ASA) were to be billeted. We drew Signal Corps collar brass upon sign-in, for those rare occasions when we'd be in dress uniform. In briefings we learned quickly of the recent deaths of two 3rd RRU soldiers, killed at a softball game, blown up by an explosive charge planted under their bleacher seats. We heard of the earlier downtown movie theater bombing, which killed/wounded Americans. And we got the party line on Tom Davis and why Davis Station was so named.

But this was just the beginning. Over the following twelve-month lifetime I would experience a number of disquieting events— including the interception and killing of the late-night “Viet Cong” sapper who shattered the tranquility of the evening movie and was killed by a spooked perimeter guard, when the subject VC turned out to be a water buffalo crashing about in a cane break behind the motor pool; the series of coups and counter-coups as one general after another sought to take the place of power of the recently assassinated President Diem; loss of an aircraft and near-loss of the pilot, Ray McNew and op, Dan Bonfield; an explosion in the civilian air terminal at TSN wounding three ASA-ers (2LT Chladek, SSGs Moore and Lenihan) and other troops, and many other curious happenings—but none, I think, ever rose to the level of sheer uneasiness engendered by that major's reception speech.

Unless it was when I began flying ARDF in those tinker toy aircraft.



Memorial Day 2013 A Time to Remember

By Ira Cooperman
7th Air Force Intelligence
65-66

What can we learn from our observance of Memorial Day, the holiday to honor the sacred memory of all who died serving in the U.S. armed forces?

This Monday (May 27), many of us who are veterans of America's wars will observe and remember. But what will we remember?

Will we recall all the wars of the past 100 years? How most of the earth's population was involved in World War I, “the war to end all wars,” in which 8.5 million were killed and more than 20 million wounded 95 years ago.

Or the tragedy of Pearl Harbor which thrust our nation into World War II, a conflict for which our nation was not prepared. The U.S. involvement lasted almost four years. But the conflict which engulfed the entire planet spanned six years and caused millions of soldiers and civilians to perish.

It was followed five years later by the Korean War, a bitter experience which ended in a stalemate that has existed for the past 60 years on the Korean peninsula. Thousands of its veterans remain “missing in action.”

The Cold War of the 1960's -- especially the Cuban Missile Crisis -- threatened nuclear annihilation. Time and again we seemed to go to the brink of war with the Soviet Union. And our veterans remained vigilant.

As the decade of the 60's progressed, so did our nation's commitment in men and resources to the small country of South Vietnam. With military advisors and combat troops, Americans were asked to pay a high price over a span of more than 15 years.

The unintended consequences of the U.S. involvement in Vietnam included the loss of over 58,000 American lives, more than a million Vietnamese, and a pervasive loss of confidence in our nation's political leaders.

It also was a time when conflict was no longer confined to foreign battle-

fields. Americans, led by our young men and women, protested the Vietnam War on college campuses and city streets.

Now we are in an age of terrorism. And once again our nation's military is fighting in foreign lands. While difficult for some to understand, our forces have been in Afghanistan for a dozen years. We were in Iraq almost that long.

What have we learned from these military actions? What will be the legacy of those who were sent to fight? What was the legacy of those of us sent to Southeast Asia five decades ago?

The way in which Americans answer these questions, the manner in which we meet the challenges at home and abroad, will say a great deal about who we are and what our nation stands for this Memorial Day.

Washington, D.C., is a city of monuments, landmarks of stone and statues that testify to the deeds and acts of those who have shaped the nation we have become. But the Vietnam Veterans Memorial is unique, vastly different from the monuments to independence and emancipation which flank it.

No one can doubt that the Wall is an eternal touchstone for the conscience of our nation. It tells us, as no words can, of the awesome responsibility we have as members of a free and democratic society.

And it tells us that America should never be allowed to forget -- on this Memorial Day and every day -- the millions of brave men and women who died because of their service.

[The above was published as an op-ed article on page 5 of the Clinton (NY) Courier on May 22, 2013]

[Thank You Ira for this contribution to Revetments.](#)

[Memorial Day is a time to remember the now familiar saying, “All Gave Some, Some Gave All”](#)

An American Soldier

By Mary Jane Warren

Hearing the sound of mortar
Into the trench I dived
My buddies were all cut down
I was lucky to be alive

When it was safe, I started out
There was nothing I could do

I am a Soldier, with my gun
Fighting this terrible World War I

I thought my country was safe, but
then
Uncle Sam needed me again
Fighting wars to me was not new
Also terrible was World War II

Then came Korea, the "police action"
thing
To keep America free, I was
ready to fight
After it was over, I went home to
rest
I had fought for my country with
all my might

I thought all was well, everything
was calm

But then I was called to fight in
Vietnam
This war was senseless, I came
home in shame
My country forsook me, and it
took no blame

I then became edgy, for more was
to come
I was right, for along came Desert
Storm
This one never ended and now
there's Iraq
I'm once again on my way, my gun
on my back

America is free because of my love
And the help of a higher power
above
God bless America, there's no
doubt
That's why He has soldiers to
keep communism out

So give thanks to God, allegiance
to His Son

I'll be an American Soldier until
all wars are won

Editor's Note: The preceding was sent in by Janice Jones. It was written by a local lady where Charles Penley and Janice Jones live in Kingsport, TN, and originally published in their local paper, the Kingsport Times.



Most Unforgettable Person

By: Harlan Hatfield

In response to Larry's request here is my most unforgettable person award.

That would be T/Sgt Robert (Bob) Rose. Bob was older than the rest of us in the PMEL, I would guess his age in 1967 to be about 40. As I understand it Bob had been a professor at some college earlier in life, then he joined the Air Force. He was always friendly to all, free to give out compliments, advice, and to tell a good story. I also remember he was very friendly with the Vietnamese especially the ARVN soldiers.

He had a close friend in the Vietnamese Air Force PMEL, a Sgt Wah, who set up a trip to Saigon for a group of us for dinner. His friend took us to a restaurant right across the street from the Victory Restaurant where we normally went. Also just up the street from the old Embassy. I'm sorry I don't remember the street names, I just knew where and when to turn. Smile

Anyway the dinner took about 3 hours, everyone one was stuffed. And for some reason it was much cheaper than when we went without Sgt Wah! We then went to the Saigon Zoo where we spent the rest of a great afternoon.

One other thing about T/Sgt Rose was his ability to quote Shakespeare plays

verbatim from beginning to end. I really enjoyed the times he would do this in the hooch at night.

I just hope Bob made it home ok, and I wish to say Welcome Home to him.

Harlan N. Hatfield TSN Class 1967



After The Meal!



Sgt. Wah, SSgt. TC Brown, TSgt. Celsi, and Harlan Hatfield



TSgt. Bob Rose

**NOTATIONS FROM
APPLICATIONS**

I arrived at Tan Son Nhut Nov 30th 1967. I was assigned to the Aerospace Ground Equipment (AGE) Branch.

I lived in the 1200 area in barracks #1245 ground floor. On the night of Tet I was in the barracks. I remember the fireworks all night that later turned into ground fire, spent that night in the bunker. We as airmen were not issued weapons; don't know what I would have done if our SP's hadn't persevered.

The next big event was the night the AGE shop was hit by a rocket. Luckily it was my night off so I was in the barracks. I was working a 12 hour shift from 7 pm to 7 am on 3 days off 1.

Then on May 6th we were attacked again in the 1200 area just across the fence from our barracks. I had just got off duty and in the barracks. Again our SP's saved our butts.

The highlights of that year was the birth of my son, I was promoted to Sgt. E-4, and of course, coming home.

Returned to the states and separated from the Air Force Nov 28th 1968.

MSgt. Joseph F. Gannon, Jr.
USAF Res. Retired

Stayed in Hooch across from Playboy Club, near Camp Alpha/Heliport. Few rockets and mortars. Clerk for Intelligence, worked on the WAIS (Weekly Air Intelligence Summary), work with E & E (Escape and Evasion) Vietnamization of the VNAF (Air Force). Best part of tour was the one week R & R to Sydney, Australia (Jan 1970).

I live about 15 miles from the AF Museum, Dayton, OH. I will see you all in October 2012 there.

I have about 2 dozen pictures that I can copy and send to you for review.

Timothy A. Lee
Hq 7th AF
Apr 69—Apr 70

Lived in barracks across from radar towers and was in that barracks during Tet and then moved to barracks 1245 and was in that barracks during "mini-Tet" in May, 1968—AFSC was aircraft mechanic but upon arrival at TSN was assigned to Corrosion Control shop as truck driver TDY for 19 months.

Ernest K. Blankenship
460 FMS
Oct 67—May 69

I was billeted in a hotel compound just outside the base. The airfield was attacked by mortars one night during my stay. The mortars were located in the cemetery just west of the base near highway 1. Have pictures.

Walter Duke, Jr.
3rd Radio Research Unit, 224 Av. Bn
Jun 65—Jun 66

So many years ago! Processed photographic aerial film for intelligence use. Work output was at a minimum of SECRET; on occasion TOP SECRET. Wonder how much Agent Orange I ingested while in Viet Nam; it was used regularly at Tan Son Nhut. Glad to see we are not forgotten.

Mark H. Bastian
7th Air Force 12th RITS
Apr 70—Jun 71

Laos Team in the 12th RITS. Married the former Nguyen Thi Nhet on February 4, 1972. Just celebrated our 40th anniversary. Awarded First Degree Taekwondo Black Belt by Lt. Col. Phan Van Duc (now deceased), Grand Master Victor Duc Phan, OIC of Martial Arts Division, Political Warfare Unit, VNAF Hq. at Tan Son Nhut

Thomas A. Klisch
12th RITS
Mar 71—Mar 72

Project Mule Train. Upon arrival in VN, initially stayed in Continental Palace until Tent City could be constructed. Was in first wave of C-123's to arrive in country. Thought it ironic that we had to deplane in civilian clothes and be transported to Saigon in military trucks, after deplaning from USAF marked C-123s.

William H. "Bill" Burney
346th Troop Carrier Squadron
Pope AFB, NC
TSN Jan 1962—May 1962

I am a Korean War & Cold War veteran—served in USNR 1953-54; USAF 1954-58. Discharged 1961. My purpose in applying for membership is to honor my brother who served at TSN from 12/67—12/68, as well as all others who served during the Vietnam War.

Donald R. Kricho
(Brother of Joe)

Delivered classified mail & received classified mail from different aircraft, going to other bases in Vietnam and Thailand. I lived in the 800 area. I worked with the 377th SP during Tet 68.

Michael T. Swift
377th Combat Support Group
Apr 67—Apr 68

Arrived in Vietnam in January 1973 as a Civilian Contractor for ITT/FEC. This was before the cease fire that was signed at the end of January. We were replacements for Army troops who manned the MACV Comm. Center. After all of the last of the American Military left in March '73 MACV became the DAO.

I stayed in Vietnam and continued to work for ITT/FEC until the fall of South Vietnam in April '75. I was evacuated from the DAO Compound by helicopter on April 29th to the USS Duluth in the South China Sea.

Wayne H. Krueger
Civilian Contractor
Defense Attaché Office Comm. Center

A NAVAL POINT OF VIEW

By: John Buckley, (LCDR, USN-RET)
1965-1974

Editor's Note: The following excerpted from three different communications from John.

My bio consists of my tour of duty in RVN from Jun '68-Feb '70.

I made frequent trips to Navy Fleet Air Service Unit (FASU) Bin Thuy RVN located in IV Corps Delta area. These TDY's took me thru Saigon TSN and I spent a day or two at TSN or Saigon. Consequently I got to know TSN Air Force, Army and Navy personnel there. I made many Space A trips out of TSN aboard AF C-130's to Can-Tho (IV Corps). On one return trip landing approach to TSN the C-130 had to dive steep to avoid ground fire.

Good morning: I married my wife, Lydia, at the Tan son Nhut AF Chapel on 20 September, 1969. Lydia was Assistant Administrator to the Children's Hospital (under USAID sponsorship) in Saigon. I had actually met her when she visited Cam Ranh Bay with some hospital nurses. My collateral duties as a Navy weapons specialist was to assist Navy units in the II, III, and IV Corps areas. I was based at Naval Air Facility, Cam Ranh Bay, but traveled frequently to the other corps areas usually remaining overnight at TSN or Saigon. NAF Cam Ranh had an aviation detachment at TSN called "AIRCOFAT: consisting mainly of H34 helicopters.

We had a wedding reception at the TSN AF Officers' Club, about 150 guests US military and some Vietnamese. The civilian manager of the O Club was from Boston, MA, a stone's throw from where I grew up. He set up a great party. Unbeknownst to me, he also set up an MP military motorcycle escort from the Chapel to the O Club. My wife and I rode in a white sedan, and as we rode to the O Club various military of all ranks were saluting us, (me, a mere Navy O-3). I

loved it!!! I'm sure the onlookers thought it was an ambassador or similar VIP. The reception was almost like a page out of Top Gun, lots of us in Navy "dress white's". The pilots who flew my CO down were grounded by an overdose of "French 76's" (champagne 7 brandy mixed). I have a complete set of pics from the wedding and reception. Have a great day. Will look forward to meeting those associated with TSN.

This is just a follow-up to my membership application I mailed to you several days ago. In the "Bio" section I simply stated a significant event that happened to me at Tan Son Nhut. That being that I married my wife there. I wasn't stationed at TSN, but at NAF Cam Ranh Bay. We did however have a Naval Aviation Detachment there called "AirCOFAT." with an assortment of logistic aircraft.

As I explained in the application, my wife was employed at the Children's Hospital in Saigon as Assistant Administrator there. The hospital was under USAID sponsorship, but was known as "Children's Medical Relief International (CMRUI). The unit was staffed by a team of international plastic surgeons that operated on children for congenital defects or war injuries, i.e. shrapnel, burns, etc. My wife, Lydia, was at that time a Philippine citizen and had been in Saigon since 1967. The hospital staff members including her were billeted at a security compound at 40 Diem Tien Hoang Street, that was only a few blocks from the U. S. Embassy. She was there, therefore during the 1968 Tet Offensive when numerous attacks occurred to installations including the U. S. Embassy. She and some of the other women saw VC insurgents running through the streets during the Tet incursion. Their security guards fled. Fortunately for the staff there, their location was not a target.

Lydia remained on after our marriage on 20 September, 1969. She resigned and returned to the Philippines in January, 1970. That was because

my tour of duty in Vietnam was ending and I was reassigned to the Naval Air Station at Cubi Point in the Philippines. I reported there in February 1970, so Lydia and I were then reunited.

I served a total of thirty-one years active duty in the Navy. Lydia became a U.S. citizen in 1974 and I retired from active duty in 1979.

My first experience in Vietnam was with our air wing embarked on USS Midway as we went into action against North Vietnam in 1965. My squadron had a second tour in 1966 aboard the USS Constellation. Then in 1968 I was selected for a volunteer in-country tour of duty that lasted 19 months. Of the 19 U. S. Navy campaigns in Vietnam, I was in 11 of them spanning 1965-1974.

My experiences often took me through Saigon in my liaison work with Navy units in the III and IV Corps area of Vietnam. I have a lot of pictures and color slides I took while with in-country travel.

Regarding my Brother

My Brother, Thomas G. Hafner, died early 1972 in car accident in Florida. While sleeping in the back seat of a car, it was rear ended thus ending his life. He served September '70 to September 71- 8th Aerial Port Squadron- Lost & Found in the In-Country Terminal. Myself the same section, but at night (1800 - 0600). He's my Brother for all eternity and I devote my life to his memory. I hope that I bring honor to him and that I am worthy.

Thomas S. Allen
TSgt., USAFR. Retired.
8th Aerial Port Sq.
Sep 70-Sep 71

If I traveled to the end of the rainbow
As Dame Fortune did intend,
Murphy would be there to tell me
The pot's at the other end.

-Bert Whitney



377 Security Police Squadron
 Tan Son Nhut, Vietnam
 Proven in Combat



The dates and location have been confirmed.

The only task left to do is for you to mark your calendar and plan to attend the 377th Security Police Squadron Reunion.

2014

Thur April 24	Fri April 25	Sat April 26	Sun April 27
377 Security Police Reunion			
✓	✓	✓	✓

Location:
 Crowne Plaza Hotel,
 Wilmington, Delaware
Dates: April 24-27, 2014
 Thursday - Sunday

The hotel is a short distance from the Philadelphia International Airport and Philadelphia attractions. The Crowne Plaza offers free airport shuttles and parking.

Also planned are optional trips to Valley Forge National Historic Park and Historic Philadelphia.

In an effort to reduce costs we will utilize email. If you need additional information or paper copies please contact Tim Clifford, at tjeliff@consolidated.net or 724-742-0180.

Hotel & registration information will follow shortly

I'll see you in 13 months!



April 24-27, 2014 Reunion
 Wilmington, DE

Does your military organization have a reunion that you would like to publicize?

Send the info to me at: lfry2@dejazzd.com.



FROM DAVE SANDERS

377th CES
 May 67-May 68

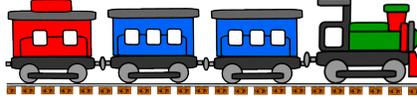
Picture of a plumber with the 377th CES at Tan Son Nhut for Hwy One convoy sand guard duty during TET 68. haha

Welcome Home and stay warm lol

Dave in sunny California

At the time I am writing this, there are 97 that have registered with TSNA for the Reunion; and there are a few that have registered with the hotel and will be registering with TSNA. So Welcome Home to all who can make it. We will miss those who would like to be there and cannot.

Below is the schedule of activities. It is going to be a great time.



Tan Son Nhut Association Reunion in Chattanooga, TN June 13 – 16, 2013

Chattanooga Choo Choo

Schedule of Events

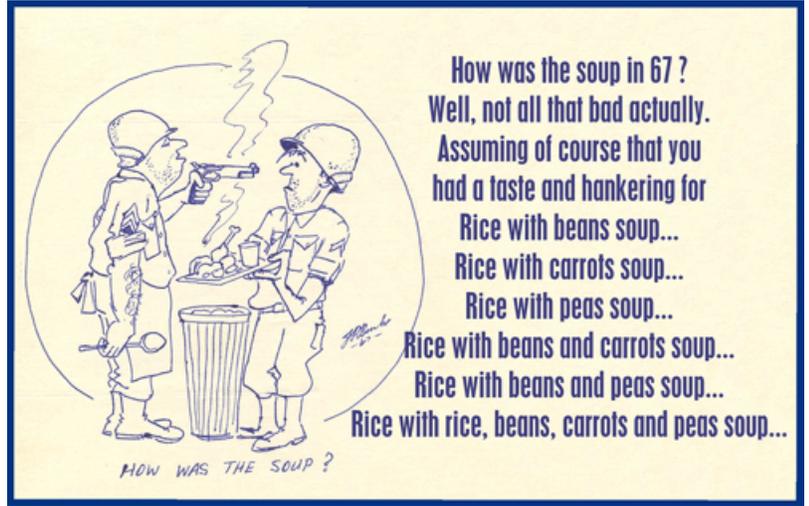
Wednesday	Noon	Hospitality suite and registration opens
Wednesday	?????	Hospitality suite closes
Thursday	9AM	Hospitality suite and registration opens
Thursday	?????	Hospitality suite closes
Friday	9AM	Hospitality suite and registration opens
Friday	1-4PM	Ross Lewis Book Signing
Friday	?????	Hospitality suite closes
Friday	6PM	Banquet cash bar opens
Friday	7PM	Banquet Seating (A SEPARATE SCHEDULE FOR THIS EVENT WILL BE AVAILABLE AT THE BANQUET)
Saturday	8:30AM	Ross Lewis, guest speaker "Welcome Home/A Monument of Honor"
Saturday	10:45AM	Vans begin loading for Tennessee River Boat Cruise
Saturday	1:30PM	Hospitality suite opens
Saturday	1:30PM	Vans return to the hotel
Saturday	2-4PM	Jerry Childers Book Signing
Saturday	5PM	Board Meeting
Saturday	8PM	General Business Meeting
Saturday	?????	Hospitality suite closes
Sunday	7:30AM-9AM	Farewell Breakfast Buffet

Tan Son Nhut Association
P. O. Box 236
Penryn PA 17564

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Web Site: www.tsna.org

Annual Membership: \$20.00
Five Year Membership: \$80.00
Life Membership: \$180.00



And our thanks again to John Burke, TSNA Life Member, for another great cartoon.

NEW MEMBERS



Mr. Garry W. Conner	TN	wayne.conner0816@gmail.com	Aug 67 - Aug 68	69th Signal Battalion (Army)
Mr. William E. Schlueter	NY	w.e.schlueter@gmail.com	Jul 68-Jun 69; Oct 70-Sep 71	7th Air Force Dir. of Intell.
Mr. Arthur M. Modgling, Jr.	TX	artmod47@gmail.com	Dec 70-Dec 71	12th TRS, then Scatback
Mr. Solon J. Goodno	MS	solongoodno@gmail.com	Jan 70 - Aug 71	Hq. 7th AF
Mrs. Sue Ellen Parker	IN	separker@insightbb.com	Wife of Co-Founder Don Parker	
Mr. Jerry W. Childers	TN	jwchilders@comcast.net.	Nov 64 - Nov 65 and 68	Bien Hoa UTT Heli Co then 68th, 197th, 334th

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