



# REVETMENTS

The Official Journal of The Tan Son Nhut Association

A Memorial to the American Experience in Vietnam



SEPTEMBER 2014



## AUGIE

By: James A. Stewart  
377th SPS  
Sep 67 - Sep 68

My buddy, Joe Richardson, wanted to borrow my camera to take photos of his dog Augustus "Augie", tattoo number A681.

We were at the kennels on the north side of the base and Joe had Augie in the fenced in training area off-leash. The gate catch had broken so if you were working your dog in the area you wrapped a choke chain around the gate posts and padlocked it shut.

I was outside of the area talking to Joe and Augie was barking at me.

Augie tried pushing on the gate and it opened about 6 inches.

The next thing I knew Augie forced his way through that narrow opening and was coming after me. Our sentry dogs were trained that everyone but the handler was the enemy.

Joe had placed the key for the padlock on the bunker in the training area so he ran to get the key to come out and help me.

As I was running away from Augie my mind went back to our training at Lackland dog school "Man runs 10 miles per hour – dog runs 35 miles per hour".

I heard Augie coming so I threw my left arm back to let him bite that. He did!

I raised my arm up with him hanging onto it and tried to choke him so he would let go. I couldn't get a good choke on him so I grabbed the side of his neck and raised him up so he would release to take another bite.

During this time Joe was trying to get the gate unlocked.

I was going to hold Augie by both sides of his neck until Joe could get there to help me but my left arm was useless, like having fallen to sleep on it.

Augie's skin that I was holding onto was gradually slipping out of my grasp while he was fighting to get at me again.

When I knew he was almost loose I tried to throw him away from me. His hind legs hit and he sprang back up and bit my right arm.

Joe finally got to us and choked him off of me. Both of my arms were worthless for two weeks after the incident.

You know how people say they were screaming but nothing comes out. I thought I was screaming but guys in the building twenty feet away never heard it.

A couple years ago at one of our reunions Joe told me that when he put Augie back in his kennel he patted him and said "Good Boy" because he had done what he was trained to do.

When I got the film developed guess what the first picture I saw was - Augie!



(Graphics courtesy of Charles Penley)

### NOTATIONS FROM APPLICATIONS

My barracks 887, during Tet, 887 was hit with one 122MM rocket. I was blown out of building unharmed. 377th Security Police did great job defending TSN. I am witness to that. I was there for May offensive too. Spent a lot of time in Saigon (Blue Fox Bar), USAF favorite hangout. Introduced "Root Beer Float" to Saigon. My time in Vietnam, Saigon, TSN was great experience.

John M. Finin  
1876 Communications Squadron  
7th AF HQ Comm. Cen.  
Jul 67—Jul 68

**GRANDFATHER**  
**(Author unknown)**

Weep not for me though I am gone into that gentle night.  
Grieve if you will, but not for long upon my soul's sweet flight.  
I am at peace, my soul's at rest  
There is no need for tears.  
For with your love I was so blessed,  
For all those many years.  
There is no pain, I suffer not,  
The fear now all is gone.  
Put now these things out of your thoughts,  
In your memory I live on.  
Remember not my fight for breath  
Remember not the strife.  
Please do not dwell upon my death,  
But celebrate my life.



The above poem was read at Wayne Salisbury's Memorial Service by Melissa Hall, wife of Wayne's Grandson Jeremy Hall. Jeremy was also the recipient of Wayne's Memorial Flag, presented by members of the Honor Guard from Seymour-Johnson Air Force Base, North Carolina.

Eleven Tan Son Nhut Air Base Veterans and 5 of their family members were privileged to attend the Memorial Service for Wayne Salisbury in Roanoke, VA. We had members from Pennsylvania, Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Ohio, and Missouri, as well as one member from Massachusetts who flew to northern Virginia and then was driven by his daughter to Roanoke.

Most of us were able to spend some time together at the Hampton Inn located close to the facility where the service was held, as well as a good number of us going out to eat together Friday and Saturday evenings. It was a mini-TSNA reunion.

Two things I think all of us will remember was, number one - again a "privilege" - for Charles Penley and Johnnie Jernigan to lead the veterans into the service, and they were carrying the handsome wood container holding Wayne's ashes, and the Memorial Flag. After placing the flag and container, we all saluted. So as not to disturb the solemnity of the service, the pictures below were taken after the service.

The second remembrance was the way in which the flag was presented to Wayne's grandson. Since there was no casket and no flag upon the casket to remove and fold, the two Airmen from Seymour-Johnson AFB, North Carolina first UN-FOLDED the flag in a very precise series of maneuvers, concluding with a very precise SNAP as it was unfolded to it's normal shape.

They then proceeded to do the process of folding the flag back into a very precise and exacting triangle, and presented the flag to Wayne's Grandson, Jeremy Hall.

I don't believe there were any of the TSN veteran's who had ever seen that done before, and we will always remember the very solemn and exactingly perfect way it was handled.



## 8TH MOBILITY

By: Cary Louderback  
8th Aerial Port Squadron  
Aug 71 - Aug 72

Hello Larry,

I've been meaning to send you some info for a possible Revetments article for some time now. Finally, here we go.....started this on May 25, 2014.

I began my 7 years and 10 days in the USAF on August 20, 1970. My recruiter had told this naive young farm boy that I was "going to be part of the Aerospace Team" and kinda like Forest Gump, I'd gone home all excited and told my Mom all about what my recruiter had said and that I was just sure that meant I was gonna have a chance to become an astronaut and I'd be heading to NASA soon! (Looking back it's difficult to believe I thought that, but....). Upon reaching Lackland, I was devastated to learn that all of us on that recruit bus were to become members of the aerospace team. After boot camp, during which we lost several guys to heat exhaustion/stroke, it was on to Tech School. Along about October, several of us in Air Freight tech school at Sheppard AFB, Wichita Falls, TX volunteered for Vietnam. The story we got that caused us to volunteer was that doing so guaranteed we could go to Australia for R&R. Obviously, I was yet to learn two basic operating principles. (1) Don't volunteer and (2) don't believe anything you hear that might make you want to volunteer. Tho I expected to go to Nam next, I got orders in Dec, 1970 to Wright-Patterson AFB, 2750 Air Base Wing (LOGAIR HQ), a whopping 54 miles from my home. So much for seeing the world courtesy of Uncle Sam! All the older NCOs at WP told me "this is a 4 year base, you'll be here til you get out". So, I settled in to work mostly civilian-type aircraft used in the LOGAIR system. In April 1971, of course I got orders for my SEA vacation, marked "VOLUNTEER". You would not want to have been me when my Mom saw that box checked! Anyway, in August, 1971, I headed to RVN. I hadn't bothered to ask or learn much from the older guys at WPAFB....another naive mistake. I left for VN August 20, 1970, via Continental Airways. We made stops in Hawaii, Guam and the Phillipines, Now this was more like I'd expected.....see some of the world!

Aug. 22, 1971: Arrived at TSN in VN, learned it was the 22nd, and began wondering where the hell Aug. 21 had vanished to! I said I was very naive! I began working in the Line Loading section of the 8th Aerial Port Squadron. I remember the first time I saw a C130 and told the guys on my crew "damn, look at that, a camo L100" and they got a helluva laugh! We worked 12 hour day shift, 6 days a week. Things weren't much different than they'd been at WP, just more heat & humidity and different planes. Next 6 months were pretty ho-hum..... until February, 1972. That's when the 1972 Easter Offensive broke out. By that

time, the vast majority of US forces had gone home and the rest were routinely being sent home early, short of full tours. Also, most of our best US equipment had been turned over as part of the "Vietnamization" stage of the war. We really had little to work with, almost no support, and what we did have left had been deemed not good enough to give away. Seriously !! Tough to believe now, but true.

Sometime in early Feb, 1972, a couple of E5s, Marvin Dozier and Toby Tyler, asked me if I wanted to try going for the Mobility outfit of 8th APS. It was actually named "Mobility, Dets and OLS" I think. Mobility was housed in barracks 872, next to my barracks, and I'd been hearing stories about "MOB" for 6 months, so hell yes, let's go. They said I'd be tried out and if I was good enough, they'd issue me cammies, etc. and I'd move into barracks 872. About time for a little excitement. (Careful what you wish for.....I learned later). Next day, first mission- I think it was to Song Be, where we were greeted with mortar fire.

Well, I must have done well on my first mission, cause when I returned to TSN, I got a bunch of cammies, my M16, a few clips of ammo and permission to move into the MOB barracks 872 !! Then, I began a series of very hot missions.

Looking back, many things are almost impossible to believe. Like I have told lots of other vets, during my time of Aug. 20, 1971 to Aug. 20, 1972, Americans were disappearing-----FAST ! I did not see any Americans in the field (other than our teams). We worked with the Aussies, ROKs, Montagards and Vietnamese military & civilians. And yes, we did feel very, very alone and almost abandoned. Personally, I rarely saw rank above E5 in the field and never once did I see an officer (aircraft crews excluded). In fact, by May, 1972 it was normally an E4 leading our teams. Other things that are kinda hard to believe now include: we ALWAYS hauled cases of beer with us on every mission; food however was often in short supply; and I have no idea how we received mission orders, who they came from or thru, etc. To this day, I remain amazed that we were not left forever in the field.

From Feb to sometime in June, 72 (I think), most of the missions are a big, moving blur. My team went to Phu Bai, Ban Me Tuot, Pleiku, and more places, but the hottest places were Song Be (probably 8-10 missions, mortars on every single mission) and Kontum. Kontum was the very worst. There's a book about the Battle of Kontum and it's an account of that horrible battle that hardly anyone knows about. I think most people think things were wound down in 1972, but the statistics definitely show otherwise. I believe 1972 shows mass amounts of ordnance being lobbed by the NVA and VC. I know there were days and nights at Kontum where the amount of incoming was unbelievable, and I didn't know until very recently that Kontum Airfield

was taking in excess of 1,000 rounds on several dates of combined rocket, mortar and artillery fire; days and nights I was there. All structures on the airfield were destroyed and debris hauled off by locals. There was one old conex box, partially buried and partially sandbagged...that was our bunker. There were still several yards of trench bunkers, but local Montagards kept their families in those. All total, I expect we went on probably 10 different missions to Kontum, lasting from overnight to as long as 10 days. Several C130s were lost supporting Kontum. Others had crazy-close calls but survived, including one I saw take a metal roof off a structure beyond the end of the runway and continue flying all the way to Pleiku with metal wrapped around the front gear. We heard they landed without incident. Another C130 sideswiped a Cobra helicopter, ripping up the left wing and destroying one engine with fuel everywhere, but amazingly, no fire! There were many other C130s that got some holes from shrapnel and small arms fire while on the ground and several took a lot of fire on inbound approaches as well as on takeoffs. Unless too severely damaged, no C130 ever shut down an engine at Kontum. They used almost no lights to land or takeoff and we used no lights ever to work the loads in and out. It seems impossible that we had no KIAs at Kontum. Yeah, several of us got nicked up here and there, but nothing that took us off the job, at least not for more than an hour at most. Sometime in April or May of 72, on a mission to Kontum, the fighting was very bad and very close. Word got out about an imminent over-run and that set the locals crazy. C130s would land and do the (normal) speed offload, and as soon as the aircraft slowed enough, refugees would swarm trying to get onboard. We had no chance at all to maintain any order, the refugees outnumbered us by at least hundreds to one. We tried to get women and children onboard first, but our success was very limited. We actually had people in the mass crowd throw their babies toward us and the aircraft. If we caught a young one, we did our best to get them on board. The C130 drivers would begin winding up the engines and we'd see people blown away by the propwash. Going down the runway, there were refugees hanging onto the planes for dear life. Some would succeed, but we could see people falling from the planes as they gained altitude. First time I saw someone falling, I became very, very sick. But after several planes had arrived and departed, I hate to say, it became normal. We "evacuated" refugees, trying to control the masses, for many hours; as long as planes or choppers came in. When we got word the next C130 was to be the last coming, we met it on the runway and jumped on as soon as the last pallet slid out. The loadmaster immediately closed the ramp, sealing the plane, and we picked up speed, turned around as quick as possible and got going for takeoff with refugees running after us. Two days later we went back to Kontum, where there were bodies everywhere, along with several disabled NVA tanks with chained and locked hatches. That was my last mission with 8th APS Mobility. After that, I was sent to the Mobility Operating Location (OL) "OLAY" which was at

Can Tho Army Airfield in the delta.

There were eight USAF guys there, the NCOIC was an E6, the Asst. NCOIC was E5, and the rest of us were E3 & E4. Our job was to work any C130 that brought in rations. We'd unload the pallets and build up smaller pallets to be distributed by C123s and sometimes C7 or chopper to various delta locations. There would occasionally be other planes to work, but not much. I'm sure two guys could have handled the USAF workload at Can Tho, maybe even only one. But, we had a great time and our NCOIC allowed us to drive military vehicles off the Can Tho airbase, which translated into even more fun for us. Looking back, we were stupid and reckless. But to be honest, after my missions into Kontum, I didn't really care anymore. Anyway, I stayed at Can Tho until my DEROS on August 20, 1972. By the way, all the 8th APS, Mobility and OL guys were AFSC 605, during my time.

Arrived at Macdill AFB, Tampa, FL (TAC), in October 72. Assigned to the 1st Trans. Sq, under the 1st TAC Fighter Wing (F4s). There were a dozen guys there in my 605 AFSC, Air Freight Spec. A dozen of us and we only had one scheduled flight to work every night. It was a LOGAIR plane and about 2-3 guys were all that was needed. So, we had a lot of fun and time off.....to say the least. Stayed there, re-upped August 20, 1973 and in October I went to Rickenbacker (formerly Lockbourne) AFB near Columbus, OH. About 3 hrs. from my home.

At Rickenbacker, home of the 301st Air Refueling Wing, I was assigned to the 301st Trans. Sq. (KC135s SAC). I was the sole 605 and had no scheduled flights to work. Rickenbacker was populated with both active duty and active reserve technicians (ARTs). The base was in the process of becoming all-reserves and active duty guys were not being replaced. I remained the only guy in my AFSC there until I was discharged on August 30, 1977. All I did for 4 years was occasionally offload a plane here and there and upload a KC135 engine every now and then. Well, that and work Mortuary Affairs (Funeral Detail) for around 6 months, all over Ohio, Kentucky and occasionally into Pennsylvania and Indiana. We worked dozens upon dozens of military funerals. It was bleak duty, but the deceased persons' families made us feel so very appreciated and that part was rewarding.

Seven years and 10 days.....that's my USAF story in a nutshell.

Oh, one last odd part. On August 19, 1971 (one day before departing for Nam), an F4 on a training mission crashed on my Mom and Dad's farm; in fact we watched it go down. It wasn't long before a Huey arrived carrying a "Crash Scene Commander", Major ???. We introduced ourselves and Maj. ??? asked if I knew the area well. Sure I did, so he asked me to get in the Huey and we'd try to locate

the pilot and the technician that had ejected. While looking, the Maj. learned I was to leave for Nam the very next day. He asked if I would stay and help with things, saying I'd be TDY (TDY to my home??) and he'd get my departure orders amended. Probably not the smart decision, but I told him my head was set to go and I'd really prefer to just go on. Turns out there was a group of guys TDY on our farm for a couple weeks, "keeping the crash site secure". They camped by our woods, fished, ate a lot of goodies my Mom would make for them, and generally did nothing. Now, how many guys would ever have a chance to be TDY to their home? Most likely, NONE !! I missed the boat !!

Thank you for your service, Welcome Home. and keep up the good work with TSNA.

Cary (Finished June 11, 2014.)

PS: The 8th APS MOBILITY members or "MOBSTERS" were called "The Chosen Few", because one had to be "chosen" by MOB "veterans" for a tryout and accepted for inclusion or dumped back to their old job.

Here is a copy of the patch Mobsters wore.

Cary



**Editor's Note:** On June 26-28, 2014, the 8th Aerial Port Sq. MOBILITY SECTION held a reunion at/near WPAFB. On Friday, June 27 there was a Memorial Service at the Museum, dedicating a plaque to remember the 8th APS "MOBSTERS". (See Below)



## MY FIRST TOUR

By: Timothy Clifford  
377th SPS



**Clifford, Timothy**

(Contributed by Charles Penley)

On my first tour 11-64 to 11-65, those of us who are young enough to remember back then should also remember the February 1965 coup.

The South Vietnamese Army took control of Tan Son Nhut and the South Vietnamese Air Force took control of Bien Hoa.

That day I was on duty at the Air Operation Center (AOC) when all of a sudden there was a banging on the door and someone yelling in Vietnamese. It was a couple of soldiers with what looked like the old WWII Tommie guns.

The OIC of operation for the building opened the door and the soldiers came in yelling in Vietnamese.

A translator at AOC informed me they were taking over the building and I was to surrender my post and weapon.

I know we all remember the rules never surrender your post or weapon without authorization so I called my NCOIC and was told that yes the base was taken over by the Vietnamese Army and since we were guests in the country, I was to let them have control of the building but NOT my weapon.

As I walked out to get in the air police truck, sent to pick me up, the soldier kept yelling and pointing his weapon at me.

The translator kept saying he wants your weapon but I kept walking to the truck and thinking if he shoots me, that is no way to treat a guest.

The next day General KY, Commander of the Vietnamese Air Force, threatened to bomb Tan Son Nhut if the Army did not stop the coup.

The Army and Air Force agreed to talk and we went back to work and the coup was over.

It was nice to know we were there to help them solve the problems.

Such was life in the early day in Vietnam.

## CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

September has been a surprise month for many years for this Chaplain. It was on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of September that he and Bobbi were married some 64 years ago. The surprise is that she would put up with me all these years.

A few weeks before the 3<sup>rd</sup> of September 1968 The Chief of Chaplains asked me where my volunteer statement for Vietnam was. I responded "you will have it in your pocket in the morning". I asked only that I not be ordered to arrive on September 3<sup>rd</sup>. (Guess what?! Yep, September 3<sup>rd</sup>).

It would seem that September is a month of special event days. They are historic but how does a Chaplain negotiate these days and yet "preach a sermon"?

Let's look at some of these special days and then tie them into who we are and what they mean to each of us; from Labor Day to "Gold Star Family Remembrance Day" (28<sup>th</sup>)

For Bobbi and me September 3 is important. It has been for 64 years. Some 78+ years ago for the USA and Japan WWII ended. It is of importance that on September 11<sup>th</sup> we have Patriots Day and a Day of Prayer for our Nation in its so chaotic history. A few days later we realize our country has many languages as we dedicate Citizenship Day. Then a few days later seek answers over P.O.W.'s and M.I.A.'s Recognition Day.

Later in the month in 2014 there are the historic Jewish religious days and the month of September in 2014 ends with Gold Star Family Remembrance Day. (It has been set as such for over 100 years)

What is September? As a Chaplain I submit that it is a time of prayer, history and thanksgiving.

By the very nature of the dedicated days of this 9th month of the year this is 30 days that presents and calls for a lot of prayer sorrow, joy and memories. What is needed is a thanks to God for what comes to be in the Prayers, Sorrows, Joys and Memories; what they mean to us individually as family and yes as Vietnam Veterans. It is then that we can enjoy just talking to God for what September of this year and those past and those to come can and will touch our very beings.

End of Sermon

Chaplain Bob Chaffee



## LINDA NGUYEN BIO:

By: Linda Hoa Nguyen  
Vietnam Native  
Wife of Vietnam AF Vet Khoa T. Trinh  
(Friends of Susie Ahrens, Harlan Hatfield, and Mary Webb)

Hello All. My name is Linda H. Nguyen. I'm a spouse of a Vietnam Air Force Vet, Khoa Trinh. He was in the Air Force 66-75, and was left behind at Tan Son Nhut Air Base on 4/30/75.

He was captured by Communists, and was lucky to survive from an explosion in the jungle - two of his friends were killed - during the time cleaning bombs and mines in the jungle. He escaped, almost got killed, to Philippines and immigrated to the US in 1991. It's a long story! From my friends Susie, Harlan, and Mary, I know about the TSNA. And would like to join with you so I can share stories, interacting and meeting others.

My husband can't write very well because his eyes have problems reading on the computer. He was a Radio Tech, working L19 and other aircraft at Nha Trang AFB, and he was one year at TSN airport.

After he escaped, I had a very hard time dealing with the Communists, as difficult as working to find food for our four children.

We were separated for 5 years, and fortunately, I came to the US to unite with my husband. I can't tell much now and later I'll write more to share with you our stories.

Thank you in advance for accepting me.

**EDITOR'S NOTE: The above is from the application for our new member Linda Hoa, who is a good friend of Susie Ahrens. Susie had this to say recently in an email to me about Linda:**

My friend Linda Hoa (the TSNA new member) has just won 1st prize for an article she wrote for the Viet Bao in Northern Calif. This was a big deal and they had a nice award presentation at one of the fancy hotels in Orange County, Southern Calif. Her oldest son and his daughter who are still living in VN, were able to get US visas (just in the nick of time) so Linda scrambled to make arrangements for them to come to Southern Calif, and hotels and a tour to Grand Canyon, Las Vegas, LA etc. I will have her write something about this trip for the TSNA forum/or newsletter. Apparently the article she wrote to win this prize was about the Museum of the Forgotten Warrior. She and Khoa (her husband) are the nicest people I've ever met. Harlan would agree with me on this. She is a good writer.

**THE FLAG with a Bullet Hole**  
July 2014

By: Susie Ahrens  
TSNA Member

My heart sank when I saw it, the Vietnamese yellow flag with a bullet hole almost in the middle. This flag was respectfully displayed at the Museum of the Forgotten Warriors in Marysville, Northern Calif. This humble museum was started by a 10 year old boy named Dann, who is now the museum Curator and caretaker.

Just last week during my vacation to the majestic and beautiful Yosemite National Park in Northern California, my husband Glen and I extended our time to visit our Vietnam Vets and fellow TSNA members who live in the Roseville and Yuba area, Harlan Hatfield (wife Carolyn) and Mary & Austin Webb. During this visit, I got to meet Linda Hoa and her husband Khoa who is also a Vietnamese Veteran as he was in the VNAF and did spend one year at Tan Son Nhut AB. Linda Hoa and I were introduced by Mary Webb earlier this year and we have become friends via emails and Facebook. They are frequent guests of the Museum of Forgotten Warriors and have donated some meaningful items from the Vietnam war to the museum.



After spending the 4<sup>th</sup> of July at Harlan's brand new home, we made plans to meet the next day at the Museum which was located on the outskirts of Marysville. We drove through several empty fields and it looked like the building was in the middle of nowhere. But by the same token, it had a very special serenity and sacred air which made you almost feel the spirits of the deceased soldiers.

After the greetings from Dann Spear, the curator, we were offered the tour by Richard, a volunteer Vet at the museum. Richard looked younger than his age, and was so knowledgeable about many items in the cases in different areas. He could recite names, dates, stories of each person or events. Judging from that, he must have spent a lot of time at the museum and is quite an asset to Dann and this place.

The last room we visited, I noticed a South Vietnamese flag on a pole. The flag was somewhat worn and Richard's voice lowered "this is the flag from one of the battles in VN, it still has a bullet hole in it". I raised the flag up to look at the hole, overwhelmed with emotions, I felt a lump in my throat and suddenly thought about the soldiers involved in that battle, and other battles throughout South VN; the ones who were badly injured or died by these bullets. It was like a war movie in my head, these brave soldiers were fighting to keep villages, cities, to keep the Vietnamese people safe and to keep this flag flying high on the pole. The beloved piece of yellow fabric with 3 red stripes was the symbol of freedom and democracy, was the sacred spirit of a small but proud nation and so many men, young and old had died to protect it.



Being involved in the Vietnamese community of Utah, I got to know a lot of Vietnamese Veterans of all branches in the VN Armed Forces. They are a group of old men now, some had escaped by various means, some were brought here by the US government, as a last humanitarian gesture. These men were brave warriors at one time; they all had a noble ideal and purpose, to protect their country from falling in the hands of the Communists. They were ready to make the ultimate sacrifice, to live up to the legacy of many heroes who came before them. Our ancestors, for many generations, had proudly protected VN from the Chinese's invasions, then the French, Japanese, the list went on. Our streets still bear the names of these heroes, and our children are still taught a victorious history of a small, but full of pride, nation.



On April 30<sup>th</sup> every year, these former soldiers would get together along with the people in the community to remember and to pay respect to the ancestors, comrades in arms, and allies who gave their lives protecting South Vietnam, along with people who lost their lives fleeing from the Communists.

The room would be brightened with many yellow and red stripe flags, an altar would be set up for the officers who took their own lives at the last moment, instead of surrendering to the enemy. They'd wear their uniforms, bow their heads, say a prayer, tears swelled up their eyes, the old wounds bleeding again inside, emotions run high, and some want to talk about the days of war, some want to forget. They are all survivors from years of being captured and put in the so called "re-education" camps.

Despite the extreme hardships of those camps, such as brain washings, beatings, tortures, starvation, being used to clear mine fields, their souls were still intact and their spirits were not broken. They came to the US as middle-aged men, had to learn the language and a skill to support their families, mental issues were a luxury they could not afford, so they suffered silently and alone. Most of them were educated and were high ranked officers in the Armed Forces, but were willing to take manual labor jobs to earn an honest living. They are all feeble old men now with heavy hearts and share the same guilt, shame and anguish of losing the war. They feel guilty about being rescued and having a good life here, and they don't forget the ones that were left behind, the forgotten warriors whom are disabled

and abandoned by the government and society, who are dying one by one of old age, sorrow and illnesses. The former soldiers here honor the flag which is the only remnant and symbol of South Vietnam where they had served with courage, love, respect, honor; the same flag had many times, covered the coffins of their friends, had been soaked with tears from many widows and mothers of those fallen heroes.



The South Vietnamese flag has been recognized and accepted in several States and still is the heart and soul of every Vietnamese who lives abroad. I remember last year when our community was asked to march in the July 4th parade, we carried and displayed this flag with a strong sense of pride. Maybe we still want to hang on to a glorious past, to a country which was once ours, to the land where our forefathers are buried and to the traditions that have made us who we are. Maybe we want to hang on to the last consolation and attempt to teach our kids what this flag means and hope that they will understand and will preserve it, and maybe we all share the ultimate hope and dream to see this flag flying all over VN again.

We are also proud to see this flag flying by the US flag, which is a symbol of a kind and generous adoptive mother, whose open-arms have welcomed, accepted and taken care of us and we are grateful for all the privileges and opportunities given to us as her own citizens.

I wish to thank Dann and the Museum of Forgotten Warriors for keeping memories of Vietnam alive for both Americans and Vietnamese. Good or bad, they have become history but I hope that all the Vietnam Vets out there can find closure and peace in their minds and hearts during the remainder of their days.



At the Museum: Front Row: Left to right: Mary Webb, Carolyn Hatfield, Susie Ahrens, Linda Hoa Nguyen. Back row: Harlan Hatfield, Glen Ahrens, Khoa Nguyen, Austin Webb.

To check out the Museum, go to:

<http://www.museumoftheforgottenwarriors.org/>



Editor's Note: In addition to the above notes from and about Susie and Linda, I have also received emails containing the following information.

First of all, more on Linda. She recently sent the following to Susie, telling of her receiving an award for an article about the Museum of the Forgotten Warriors, referred to in Susie's article.

Hi Susie, I started writing articles for "Writing On America" Awards program given by Viet Bao Daily News in Southern California last year. At the Award Ceremony 2013, I got the "Honor Award" and luckily, this year I was selected the 1st Prize out of many thousands of writers from the United States and around the world. My article "Museum of the Forgotten Warriors" is about a Vietnam War Museum in Marysville, CA, a big museum, but the founder was a little boy when he started. The VIETNAM-MUSEUM, Museum of The Forgotten Warriors Marysville is an invaluable legacy of culture. It is the live evidence to illustrate on what historians have written about the War between Freedom and Communists of South Vietnam people and their ally Americans during the Republic of South Vietnam time, as well as other Wars that America has been involved. Most importantly, the museum helps Americans to recognize and appreciate the dangerous and hard work of their heroes, the Vietnam War soldiers who came back home from the War and were forgotten for a long time. Later, I'll submit the English version of this article to the TSNA for people to read. I'm still in Las Vegas, taking my son and my granddaughter who came from Vietnam (with the help of Viet Bao and US Assemblyman Dan Logue for them to join the Award Ceremony) and will be home next week. I'll post pictures on Facebook for you to see. Talk to you later. I include a picture taken with senator Lou Correa on the Ceremony day for you to see. Tell Larry he can use it if he wants. Love, Linda Nguyen.

And now—slightly out of order with the story (on page 7) is the cover page of the August 2014 issue of the magazine containing Susie Ahrens's story.

The magazine's name is But Tre which translates Bamboo Pen.

It's a monthly magazine that was established by a group of professional and amateur writers from different States. They publish 5000 copies a month and circulate them in Arizona, Utah, New Mexico, Texas and Colorado.

They get the funding from advertisings and donations so the magazine can be free to the public



Linda Nguyen at the Awards Ceremony: ↑ →



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

## NEW MEMBERS



Mrs. Linda Hoa	Nguyen	Marysville	CA	<a href="mailto:lindahoa@gmail.com">lindahoa@gmail.com</a>	Sep 66 - Apr 75 - Vietnam AF Wife
Mr. James F.	Anderson	San Diego	CA	<a href="mailto:jausps23@yahoo.com">jausps23@yahoo.com</a>	Jan 66 - Mar 67- USA; May 68 - Apr 75 -Civilian
Mr. Charlie	Miller	Phoenix	AZ		1967 - 1968 - U. S. Army
Ms. Elizabeth V.	Coyle	Brighton	CO		1971 - 7th Air Force
Mr. William W.	Cotnam	San Luis Obispo	CA	<a href="mailto:thebangkokbill@yahoo.com">thebangkokbill@yahoo.com</a>	66-68;70-73 - Civilian

## IN MEMORIAM

Mr. John Siedlarewicz Saddlebrook NJ Mar 62 - Apr 63 232nd Signal Co, 39th Sig Batt, MACV

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