



REVETMENTS

The Official Journal of The Tan Son Nhut Association

A Memorial to the American Experience in Vietnam



MARCH 2015

CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

How often have we seen a monogrammed tee shirt that impresses us to change our day? How about this one seen in a catalog ad: "When life gets too harsh to stand, kneel". For some reason our post office box gets almost daily a catalog and they are full of shirts with advice on them. Words like "When time is spent, eternity begins" or "Lost time is never found again" and the one oldie from a Greek prophet "Time brings all things to pass".

It's always a few words spoken or seen that brings us to understand our very being. This very short sermon started with a suggestion to fall on knees and praying. The shirt says "Prayer is the spirit speaking truth to truth".

I found these words to close, yes it came from Buddha but it speaks to all of us: "Just as a candle cannot burn without fire, man cannot live without a spiritual life".

Oh yes, George Burns said "The secret of a good sermon is to have a good beginning and a good ending, then having the two as close together as possible!"

And thus:

End of Sermon
Chaplain Bob Chaffee

NOTATIONS FROM APPLICATIONS

In Vietnam 1966 to 1967. Served TSN, Bien Hoa, Vung Tao.

Michael Saylor
Hartford City, IN
18th Eng. 173rd

Worked in Adjutant General's Message Center at MACV. Ran an offset press - copying all classifications of messages - was the only Navy personnel in the office. I lived at the enlisted men's barracks "Dodge City." My URL can be viewed at: <http://www.navy.togetherreserved.com/bio/bruce.dyer>.

Bruce D. Dyer
Susanville, California
MACV AG-CM
May 69 - May 70

I was sent over on "Operation Lime Light" to support C-47 Gun Ships. The planes had not arrived. I spent the first three months as an "augmentee", built bunkers and dug holes for posts for centering wire before being assigned to the 460th FMS. For the next 9 months I worked in AGE Dispatch moving equipment from plane to plane, refueling equipment and generally having a good time. We (Jim Parker) and I worked the night shift and moved a lot of NF-2 lights to planes and to the base perimeter between and forward of A/P gun emplacements.

We primarily moved air conditioners, and generators.

My only two claims to fame are:

I was on the flight line on 12-04-1966 when we were attacked.

My mother had 6 sons. 5 served in the military. 4 of the 5 pulled 5 tours of duty in Vietnam. I am the only living Vietnam vet of the 4. All died of conditions brought about by Agent Orange.

W. R. "Randy" Meigs
6250 CSG
May 66 - May 67
Carrollton, GA

Assigned to 377 CAM Nov. 71 after closing Bien Hoa. Was NCOIC Trans. Maintenance. We took rockets almost every night at Bien Hoa. Was glad to get to TSN. I lived in 1200 area.

Gerald E. Johnson
377 CAM Trans. Maint.
Aug 71 - Aug 72
Spencer, IA

Arrived in July 67, and I was placed on mobile patrol of security areas and flight line. Encounter with Wing Commander - I was assigned to Tango One. Exact date I don't recall. At Tango-One during TET, on SAT Team May 6 and May 26.

B. S. (Steve) Rivers
377 Air Police Squadron/377 SP
Jul 67 - Jul 68
Waldorf, MD

Was assigned to Cu Chi, ended up at Tan Son Nhut. We guarded base.

J. Les Love
25th Infantry
Oct 67 - Oct 68
Hartford City, IN

I was assigned to 155th AHC at Ban Me Thout. Then sent to Tan Son Nhut to help fuel.

William C. Jennart
155th AHC
May 66 - May 67
Hartford City, IN

1968 Tour in DaNang at Red Beach
1969 TAD to Quang Tri.

Eddie D. Phipps
3rd Marine Division, USMC
Feb 68 - Aug 69 (David Stringer Nephew)
Fairborn, OH



TAN SON NHUT ASSOCIATION

2015 REUNION

MAY 28-31, 2015

MAINSTAY SUITES, 410 PINE MOUNTAIN ROAD,

PIGEON FORGE, TN 37863

GUEST SPEAKER:

Paul E. Galanti, Commander, U. S. Navy (Retired)



Commander Galanti was raised in an Army family in many states, Japan, France, Germany and Turkey. He graduated from the U.S. Naval Academy in 1962 and entered Navy Jet Flight Training. He departed for Vietnam with Light Jet Attack Squadron 216 aboard the U.S.S. Hancock in November 1965. Shot down and captured while flying his 97th combat mission in June 1966, he remained a prisoner of war in North Vietnam's infamous Hanoi Hilton for nearly seven years. Released from Hanoi in February 1973, he served in Navy recruiting in Richmond, Virginia, earned the Master of Commerce degree from the University of Richmond in the evening program and served in the office of the Commandant as a Battalion Officer at the United States Naval Academy.

His personal military decorations include the Silver Star, two Legions of Merit with Combat "V", the Bronze Star with Combat "V", 9 Air Medals and 2 Purple Hearts.

After retiring from the Navy, he was the CEO of the Virginia Pharmaceutical Association, the Medical Society of Virginia and the Science Museum of Virginia Foundation.

He's a member of twelve veterans' organizations. The Virginia War Memorial Foundation named its new \$8 million education center after him and his wife. In 2010, Governor Bob McDonnell appointed him Commissioner of the Virginia Department of Veterans Services, the agency that provides services to Virginia's 830,000 veterans and to the Board of Visitors of the Virginia Military Institute.

He and his wife have two grown sons and live in Richmond.

TAN SON NHUT ASSOCIATION 2015 REUNION

MAY 28 - 31, 2015

MAINSTAY SUITES, PIGEON FORGE, TN

Schedule of Events

Caney Creek	Wednesday at Noon Thursday at 9AM Friday at 9AM	Hospitality Suite and Registration Opens:
TBD	Friday at 10AM	Three hour bus tour of historic sites and artist's colony in Gatlinburg, TN
Conference Center	Friday at 6PM	Cash Bar Opens and Seating is Available
Conference Center	Friday at 7PM	Banquet Begins
(A SEPARATE SCHEDULE FOR THIS EVEN WILL AVAILABLE AT THE BANQUET)		
TBD	Saturday at 10AM	Vans load for Plaque Dedication Ceremony
	Saturday at 11AM	Plaque Dedication Ceremony
	Saturday at Noon	Vans return to the Hotel
Conference Center	Saturday 2PM - 4PM	Joseph Galloway book signing. Author of : "We Were Soldiers Once and Young"
TBD	Saturday at 5PM	Board Meeting
Royale FGHIJ	Saturday at 8PM	General Business Meeting
Conference Center	Sunday at 6AM - 10AM	Farewell Breakfast Buffet

Tan Son Nhut Association 2015 Reunion Registration

OPEN TO ALL INTERESTED IN THE HISTORY AND LEGACY OF TAN SON NHUT
AND THE VIETNAM CONFLICT

YES, SIGN ME UP FOR THE REUNION!

NAME _____ BRANCH OF SERVICE _____

ADDRESS _____

PHONE _____ EMAIL _____

NAME OF YOUR GUEST(S): _____

PLEASE LIST ANY SPECIAL NEEDS: _____

REGISTRATION FEES

NUMBER OF PERSONS ATTENDING _____ X \$50. = _____

ADDITIONAL ACTIVITIES (NO EXTRA COST)

- Access to the TSNA Hospitality suite in Caney Creek Room Side, (drinks, snacks, and war stories!) - \$10. daily if purchased separately.
- TSNA Friday Banquet buffet dinner. \$25 if purchased separately.
- Deluxe continental breakfast.
- The Mainstay Suites is on the schedule of the Pigeon Forge trolley.
- Friday morning scenic tour of area historic sites and artist's colony in Gatlinburg, TN
- Please indicate how many people will be taking the tour _____.
- Saturday morning plaque dedication ceremony. Details to follow later.
- Saturday afternoon book signing by Joe Galloway, author of "We Were Soldiers Once and Young"
- Please circle which activities that you are paying for separately, if you are not paying the full fee.
- Free parking.
- Free WIFI.

Our Honored guest speaker is Navy CMDR Paul Galanti, a POW in N Vietnam for nearly 7 years.

Room rate has been group discounted to \$88.68 for weekdays and \$105.52 for weekends per night, plus tax. This rate will be honored up to three days prior to and two days following the reunion. The reservations phone number at the Mainstay Suites is 1-888-428-8350. Hotel reservations must be made no later than **May 26, 2015 to receive this special rate.**

PAYMENT MUST BE MAILED NO LATER THAN MAY 20, 2015.

PLEASE MAKE PAYMENTS PAYABLE TO THE "TAN SON NHUT ASSOCIATION" AND MAIL PAYMENTS TO:

**TAN SON NHUT ASSOCIATION
C/O GEORGE PLUNKETT
587 WILLIAMS CIRCLE
WEST COLUMBIA, SC 29172**

**Reunion begins Thursday, 5-28-2015
Reunion ends Sunday, 5-31-2015**

(rev 2-15-15)

SPECIAL REUNION GUEST, IN MEMORY OF:

CPL Robert W. McKnight, USMC

Robert was in Lima Co 3/24 a Marine Reserve Infantry Battalion out of Johnson City, TN. Robert's heart and soul was with Lima Co and the Marine Corps. He joined the Marine Corps in 2001 after 9/11 and served until 2007. Robert's battalion was activated in January 2004 to November 2004 for Operation Iraqi Freedom. He was an outstanding Marine and an inspiration to many. In 2004 he received the award of Marine of the Year out of his entire battalion. Robert also received the following medals and awards: Armed Forces Reserve Medal Mobilization Device "M", Sea Service Deployment Ribbon, Combat Action Ribbon, Meritorious Mast, Global War on Terrorism Expeditionary Medal and Global War on Terrorism Service Medal. Robert passed away June 7, 2013 from service connected injuries and illness from his military service in Iraq.

Our Special Guest, Jennifer McKnight, is the surviving wife of CPL Robert W. McKnight.

After Robert's passing Jennifer received support and hope from the American Widow Project and Tragedy Assistance Program for Survivors (TAPS) and is very thankful for these two amazing organizations. Jennifer is currently training to be a TAPS peer mentor to military widows.

She is a resident of Pulaski County, VA and is employed as a Post Award Administrator in the Office of Sponsored Programs at Virginia Tech where she manages a portfolio of faculty research budgets. Jennifer is a member of Northstar Church Pulaski where she is part of the Children's Ministry Leadership Team.

Jennifer is a graduate of East Tennessee State University and Liberty University. She is currently pursuing a certificate in Military Resilience from Liberty University. Jennifer's passion is to work with veterans and their families.

Fellow Members:

TSNA Director Kerry Nivens has volunteered to run a shuttle service from the Knoxville (McGhee Tyson) Airport to/from the Mainstay Suites during our May reunion.

His tentative schedule is to pick up passengers at the airport from 2PM to 6PM daily and take them back to the airport on Sunday from 8AM to noon. This schedule will be changed based on the arrival and departure times of our members.

Please call Kerry on his cell phone at 256-714-5335 to give him your flight and arrival/departure information. If he does not answer, please leave a message.

If your flight times do not fit these parameters, following is a list of commercial vendors who provide service to/from the airport. Most of them offer substantial discounts if you book in advance.

- Rocky Top 877-315-8687
- Chariots of Hire 865-522-8108
- Discount Taxi 865-755-5143
- Lightning Taxi 865-719-4330



Graphic by your Editor!
(This is NOT what will transport you from the Airport to Pigeon Forge!)

Thanks,

George

THE REUNION STORE

TSNA member Gary Redlinski has the 2015 Reunion Logo available on a whole lot of items. The link to get to the site is: <http://www.cafepress.com/tsnareunionstore>. All proceeds benefit TSNA.



2015 TSNA logo



2015 Pocket logo



2015 gifts, accessories



TSNA 2014 Logo T-Shirt \$19.19



MORE COLORS AVAILABLE
TSNA 2014 Logo Men's V-Neck T-Shirt



TSNA 2014 Logo Men's V-Neck T-Shirt



MORE COLORS AVAILABLE
TSNA 2014 Logo Tank Top \$20.39



TSNA 2014 Logo T-Shirt \$27.59

Attention: Special thank you to all new members and WELCOME! Another Special thank you to everyone who has re-upped in your membership. Lastly, Special thank you to all of the donations that have been given since Day One of your TSNA. We appreciate all of our TSNA Brothers and Sisters and each of you has added greatly to THE TSNA FAMILY!

We are having another Family reunion in Pigeon Forge in May and the call is going out once again for all the Brothers and Sisters to, if possible, attend and have a great time and catch up once more! Bring your cameras, a small gift to be auctioned off (if you wish to donate) and a guest or guests. We are so looking forward to seeing y'all again and for some, your first time!

Welcome Home! Thank you!! You did good!!!

Love, Janice Jones



MORE FROM MIKE SIRRINE DURING TET

Part 3 of "Things go to H _ _ _."

You seen much action?" I asked.

"Enough, too much! Enough for a couple of lifetimes. Now this stuff when I'm home free. Of all the luck!"

We both jumped again as another string of firecrackers went off, closer this time. The background noise of firecrackers, bottle rockets and other fireworks was slowly increasing. A low fog of smoke was starting to creep along the street, bringing the cloying smell of gunpowder and burned paper.

"Well, I hope we don't see any action tonight," I said, my head swiveling in time to his, looking for who knows what in the dark.

The rest of the night I alternated between sitting outside on a hard metal chair where it was a little cooler and I could visit with the security guard, and sitting inside at the desk in the small, stuffy lobby. In spite of the fears of a VC attack, I struggled to stay awake. Nothing happened. The only interruptions were the visits by the duty officer and the occasional rips from firecracker strings. I was relieved at 0600. **The brass were right, nothing to worry about. I went upstairs and crashed.**

After getting up early that afternoon, I had to cook another meal on my hot plate because we were still restricted to quarters or work stations because of the alert. I turned on the TV and learned that something had happened last night, something big, but just not here. They were reporting major attacks upcountry early in the morning at Danang, Ban Me Thout, Kontum, Hoi An, Quinhon, Pleiku and Hue, and heavy fighting was still going on at some locations, but all was quiet around Saigon.

I ate, drank, watched TV and listened to the stereo tape player. It was a long day. Nothing was going on in or around Saigon, but in light of the attacks in the north, MACV cancelled the holiday cease fire and put all armed forces on "maximum alert" at about 1730 hours. **Why there but not here? Were we next?**

Nothing had happened here, but it certainly had up north. Maybe the VC were concentrating all their efforts up north, with Khe Sanh the centerpiece. If not, was tonight our turn? I went up on the roof for awhile after dark.

It was always pretty on the roof at night, and cooler. Most any night you could see flares out toward Tan Son Nhut and around the perimeters of Saigon and Cholon. You could see the lighted booms and masts of ships berthed at Newport, the new army port on the Saigon River. Occasionally a gun ship would rip the sky open with red lightning from its miniguns. The night of the 30th there were firecrackers and skyrockets to boot. The civilians were celebrating Tet, come what may. **Seems like business as usual.** A cold breeze came up and sleep seemed more important than waiting for the war that might never come. I called it quits before midnight.

About 0130 the morning of the 31st, everything broke loose. By now used to the sounds of distant warfare, I didn't wake. Some thirty-five VC battalions attacked numerous points in and around Saigon, including six major targets, Tan Son Nhut, the U.S. Embassy, the Presidential Palace, the National Broadcasting Radio Station, and the Vietnamese Navy Headquarters.

They had a bold plan to eliminate the American and Vietnamese leadership, take the government radio station and broadcast the call for the general uprising, and armed with captured artillery, armor, aircraft, ships and munitions, literally defeat the allied forces. They were so confident that they had no plans for failure, no plans to retreat or rally in the face of defeat. They came close, perilously close to success on all fronts, but bad luck, bad tactics, bad communications, and the bravery and determination of the American armed forces thwarted them at every turn.

A host of other smaller targets were hit, such as the Cholon PX and Saigon Motor Pool, and many of the civilian hotels that housed thousands of troops and civilian contractors of all the allied forces. BOQ's #1, #2, #3, Phoenix City BOQ, Townhouse BOQ, Rex BOQ, Metropole BEQ, Montana BEQ, Cleveland BOQ, Columbia BOQ, McArthur BOQ, and

others reported taking fire. Fortunately, they weren't interested in my little hotel. While men fought and died all around, I slept.

There was mass confusion as the only combat force in Saigon, the 716th MP Battalion responded to an escalating number of attacks reported in Saigon and Cholon from 0130 in the morning until daybreak at about 0700. The MPs were stretched thin, only a thousand men, stationed at various strong points, and roving about in 41 machine gun jeep patrols, a number that had fortunately been doubled due to the alert. With an even larger battle going on at Tan Son Nhut, communications were a mess.

A new alert went out, but somehow our hotel was missed, as well as the one down the street. Before I went out to meet Sergeant Wheat and Specialist Brown at the truck, I questioned the security guard, but he wasn't aware of any unusual problems. Brown and Wheat hadn't been warned either. We could hear explosions and small arms fire, but it was distant as usual, and not alarming.

We fired up the truck and headed for the Capital BEQ, our first pickup point just a few blocks away. It was 0700 and the sun was coming up, but it was overcast and the night lingered in the shadows. In route I noted that there didn't seem to be as much traffic as usual. In fact, the streets were almost deserted. The significance of this didn't hit me before we pulled up in front of the Capital Hotel to pick up our men. We were startled by a sudden barrage of whistles and yells as a bunch of MP's frantically signaled us to get off the street and inside.

An MP Sergeant jumped in front of the barricade with his M-16 at high port and yelled, "Park that son of a b...h and get in here! Charley's loose with some captured jeeps and raising trouble around here! Now move it!"

I quickly jumped the truck over the curb and parked it half up on the sidewalk. We hustled across the street, expecting to see a jeep fly around the corner spitting death any second. We were herded inside to join a milling throng of MP's, sailors, soldiers, and airmen. It was pandemonium.

The hotel had thousands of residents representing all branches of the armed forces, including allied troops. Their numbers had already enlarged greatly by the arrival of misplaced troops like Wheat, Brown and me, soldiers looking for a safe haven in the midst of the disorganized mayhem. More arrived during the day. The Capital became a little island of comparative safety, picking up the castaways of Saigon.

Before we had time to catch our breath and find out what was going on, a harried staff sergeant from the 716 MP's grabbed us to flesh out his temporary personnel roster.

"Names and organization, men," he asked, poised over his clipboard.

"Sergeant Wheat, and Specialists Brown and Serrine. Five-oh-seventh Transportation Group, Third Region DTO, Tan Son Nhut," reported Sergeant Wheat. "What is going on, Sarge?"

"Charley is all over Saigon. He's hit Tan Son Nhut, the Embassy, a bunch of hotels. He's all over the place. Even hit Bien Hoa and Long Binh. Charley took out a deuce and a half with about two dozen MP's out by BOQ Number Three. They also grabbed a couple of jeeps out by the Phu Tho Racetrack and have been raising havoc all over Cholon," he said.

"The Phu Tho Racetrack...why that's just a few blocks from here," I said.

"Where'd you guys come from?" asked the sergeant.

"We came from the Freeman Hotel, just a few blocks over from here." Sergeant Wheat again spoke for us.

"Anything happening there?" asked the sweating sergeant.

"Nope! We didn't even know anything was happening till we got here," said Sergeant Wheat.

"No weapons, huh?" said the sergeant looking around at us and making another notation on his roster.

"No! Our colonel wouldn't let us have 'em. They're locked up out at Tan Son Nhut. Can we get out there?" asked Sergeant Wheat.

"Not right now. Tan Son Nhut has been hit pretty bad, too. Been overrun in some places, I hear. Roads ain't secure between here and there anyway. I'm tellin' ya it's a mess. Just sit tight and we'll see if we can get things straightened out." The staff sergeant darted off to document some other new arrivals.

We stuck together in shocked silence off to one side of the lobby, trying to make sense of the confusion. ***Tan Son Nhut overrun by the VC? How could this be? We're supposed to be winning this war.*** There was an explosion of noise from the front door. In the space of a few seconds that seemed to hang up in time, a vehicle screamed by with a machine gun hammering. Glass flew as windows were shattered, and I could feel rounds thudding into the walls. The shouting and screaming of men inside and out was drowned out by the roar of automatic weapons fire. The concussion from a blast close outside left my ears ringing.

I found myself facedown on the floor studying motes of dust settling on glittering shards of glass. ***It's beautiful the way the slanting rays of the morning sun made everything so sharp and clear.*** My hearing returned and the curses and cries of wounded and angry men jerked me back to reality. The acrid smell of gun powder and hot blood burned my nose. I got up in a daze and dusted plaster and glass fragments off my uniform. Many men were still on the floor, crumpled and twisted in odd ways, bleeding from wounds made by flying glass and steel. Medics were already at work. A captain with a smoking M-16 came into the lobby from out front and got everyone's attention. "Listen up! Every-

one not armed go upstairs. Room assignments will be made later if necessary. Now clear out before Charley makes another pass. MOVE IT!"

The three of us went upstairs to find the rest of our troops. Redden and Zipper were in Zipper's room, looking out the window. "Hey, guys," I yelled as we entered, "is this crazy or what?"

"You got that right," said Redden without leaving the window. We looked out the window in awe. The horizon as far as we could see was punctuated with growing pillars of smoke.

"I told the colonel we should have took our rifles home," I said to no one in particular with that "I told you so" tone. "At least they caught us here. I sure would have hated to be caught out there," I said, nodding toward the wall of black smoke rising between us and Tan Son Nhut.

Later Sergeant Wheat went back downstairs to find out what was going to happen, but no one knew anything. He was told again to just sit tight until things got sorted out. I decided to go up on the roof and get a better idea of the action. Sergeant Wheat went with me. We found a large number of troops on the roof, mostly unarmed, watching. MP's manned the only defenses on the roof, four light M-60 machine guns.

The view from the roof was sobering. Smoke was coming up in a 360 degree circle around us, some close and some far away, as far away as Long Binh. Within a half mile of us flames soared up over the tops of the buildings. Wow, what's over there?" said someone to himself.

"Reckon that would be the PX," said Sergeant Wheat.

Rolling explosions and the sharp bark of small arms fire could be heard near and far, but there was nothing to see except ugly smoke. The roof was starting to get crowded with troops gawking over the sides like a bunch of tourists. A ripple of rifle fire rang out from one of the near buildings, and the air was suddenly cracking with the little sonic boom that a bullet makes when it passes you. I had only heard that once before, during basic training, but there was no doubt in my mind what it was. I got down behind the parapet in a hurry.

No one was hit, but the roof started clearing out quickly. Soon there were just a handful of spectators left in addition to the eight MP's with M-60 machine guns, two on each of four guns, one on each side of the roof.

Sergeant Wheat sat at my side. I nudged him with my elbow and said, "Maybe we ought to get downstairs."

"Can if ya want, but at least up here you can see what's comin'. Ain't any buildings taller than us close enough to worry about, so as long as you don't hang over the side, you'll be all right. I'm gonna watch the fun from here."

So we stayed away from the edge of the roof and watched the fun. There still was nothing to see except smoke and fire until close to mid-day. Off to the north of us where Plantation Road came into Cholon, not more than a mile away, a larger battle appeared to be developing. The sounds of small arms fire and mortars gained in strength. Soon an insistent buzz from the sky drew our attention to a flight of six Skyraiders, single prop WWII fighter bombers.

"Sarge, would you look at that. Where'd they get those antiques? We need jets to bring smoke on Charley, not the Red Baron," I said.

"Don't be too hasty in your judgment, young pup. Those Skyraiders carry more ordnance, have a longer time on target, and can place their ordnance more accurately than the fast-movers. They're great for close ground support. You just watch," he said.

They started circling the area, and then one suddenly stood on one wing, like an eagle cocking its head to eye its victim on the ground, and peeled off into a screaming dive. As it pulled out of the dive, a bomb detached itself from its underside and continued the original trajectory. The bomb was a black exclamation point against the blue sky. I could follow its flight clearly until it disappeared behind a building, but then as quickly as it had disappeared, an angry billow of smoke, fire and chunks of real estate rose up. The concussion from each felt first like a slight blow, the compression of air being made a weapon, followed by the tremors felt through the seat of the pants.

Each plane dropped its bomb in turn and climbed back up to rejoin the circle of death. The pall of smoke that towered over the area grew taller and blacker with each pass. When they had all dropped their bombs, they each made several strafing runs. Their machine guns could be heard chattering over all the other noise. We cheered as they flew by us when they were done.

"What do you think they are hitting, Sarge?" I asked.

"Looks like it's around the Phu Tho Racetrack," he said

It was unreal watching them deliver death and destruction, just like in the movies, but I knew that men were bleeding and dying there, men who wouldn't get up and go home smiling after the scene was done. It was strange watching and listening to the action going on all around, but not being able to see the enemy, or even the good guys, save for the aircraft. I couldn't even see the VC who sent rounds snapping over our heads. But they were real.

MORE IN APRIL

The pictures and descriptions on this page courtesy of TSNA Life Member John Burke.



The most Easterly barracks row in the 1200 area. Looking South, these barracks faced East-West and were adjacent to the perimeter security road next to the old French Cemetery.



View of civilian Vietnamese barracks (hooch) maids passing through one of the many security check-points scattered around Tan Son Nhut.



Looking North along Main Street toward the flight line.



Tan Son Nhut helicopter port and operations in 1967.



Looking North from the 1200 barracks area. The second building on the left, just past the jeep, is Dining Hall #4. The small shelter at right center, just beyond the parked truck is a shuttle bus stop.

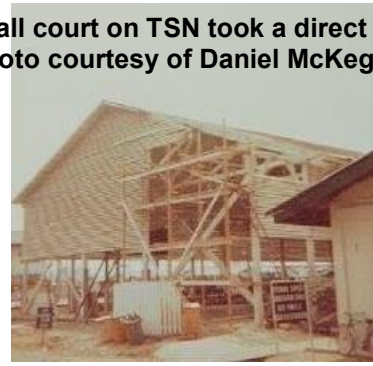


Paratrooper training at the ARVN jump school on Tan Son Nhut Air Base.



02- Landed too close to a 130 landing. Did a 360.

Basketball court on TSN took a direct rocket hit.
Photo courtesy of Daniel McKegney.



Base Chapel. Photo courtesy of Lance Coar
(Looks like there was a lot of activity in the area.)



Laundry time—1200 area

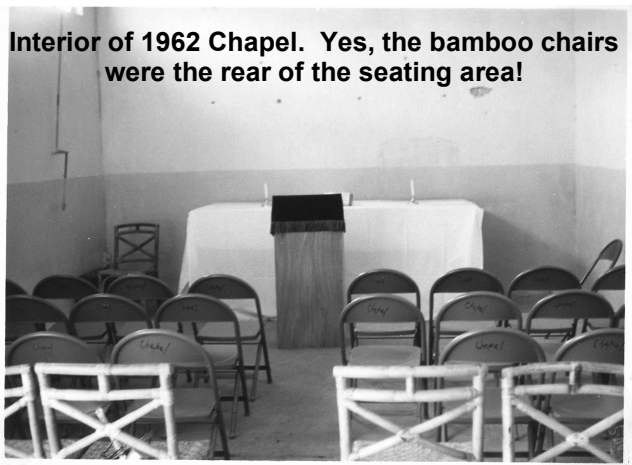


TSN Base Chapel Entrance, January 1962
(Your smiling(?) Editor in the entrance)

These three photos from Gerald (Gerry) E. Johnson,
377th CAM Trans. Maint. Aug 71-Aug 72.



Drying Time



Interior of 1962 Chapel. Yes, the bamboo chairs
were the rear of the seating area!

Revetments is an official publication of the Tan Son Nhut Association, Inc.
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Web Site: www.tsna.org

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

"RECIPE FOR AN ARMY WIFE"

1 ¼ Cup Patience
1 Tsp Courage
1 lb Adaptability
1 ¼ Cup Tolerance
Dash of Adventure
Splash of Humor

Mix the ingredients with 2 tsp of elbow grease,
leave alone for 8 months.

Marinate with tears.

Sprinkle every so often with money.

Season with international spices.

Bake for 20 years or until done.

Serve with PRIDE!!!

Author: Unknown

NEW MEMBERS



Mr. Bruce D. Dyer	Susanville CA	brucedyer@windjammercable.net	May 69 - May 70	MACV AG-CM
Mr. Phillip Morrison	Hartford City IN	dartmorrison@onlynet.net	67-68	18th Eng. 173rd
Mr. Michael Saylor	Hartford City IN	rmsay@netzero.net	66-67	18th Eng, 173rd
Mr. James Schuhmacher	Hartford City IN	schujj@yahoo.com	67-68	1st Marines
Mr. John Bonvillian	Hartford City IN		70-71	AHC
Mr. Urban Miyares	San Diego CA	urban@disabledbusiness.com	68-68	9th Infantry

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