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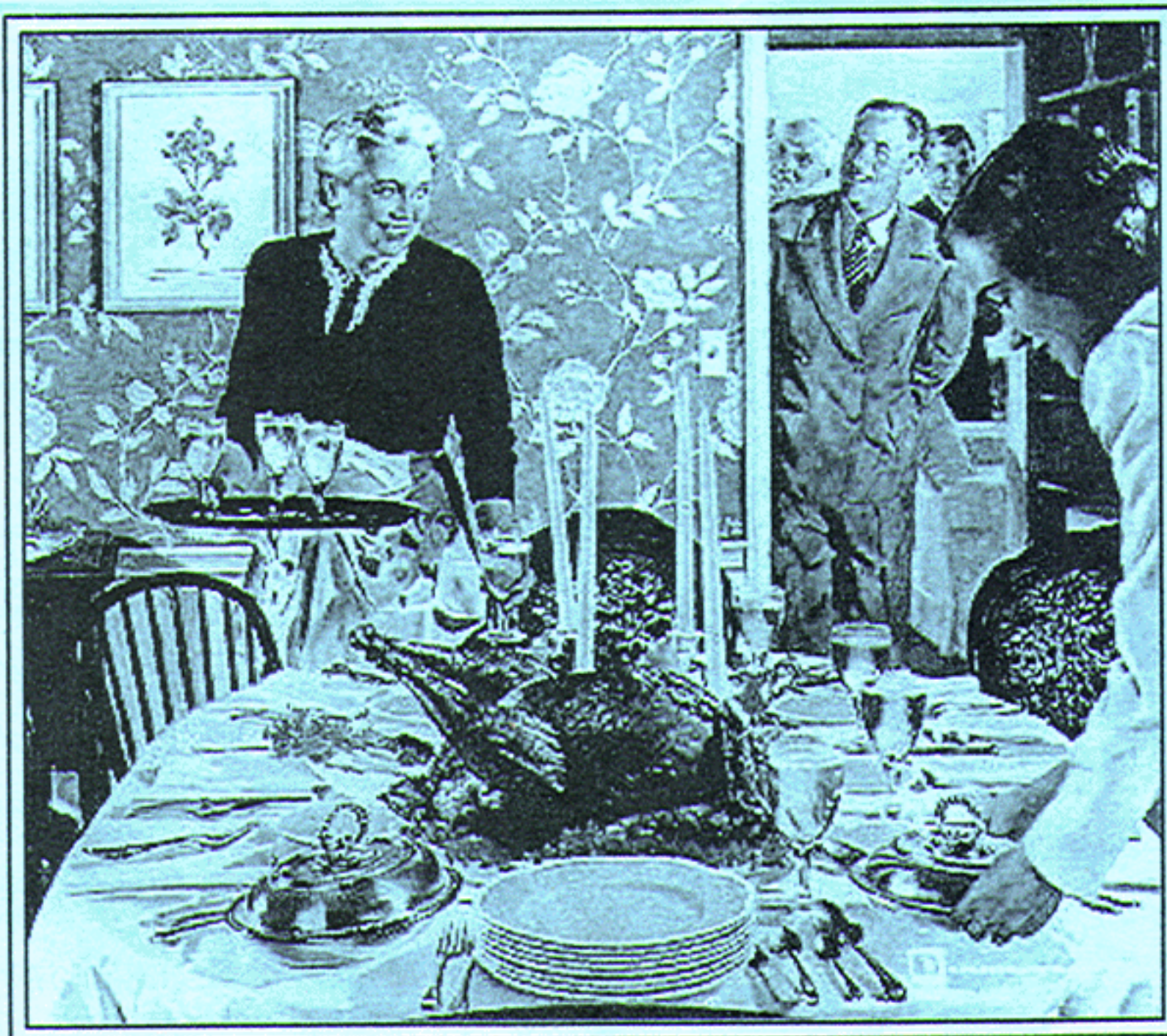
A Memorial to the American Experience in
Vietnam

"All Included - None Excluded"

Revetments

The Official Journal of The Tan Son Nhut Association

HAPPY HOLIDAYS!



Thoughts of Our Sky Pilot

Rev. Dr. James M. Warrington

Chaplain, TSNA



Thanksgiving day is distinctively American. It is as old as our country itself. Its observance began with our pilgrim fathers and mothers gathered in a special service of thanksgiving to Almighty God, not for prosperity enjoyed, but chiefly for adversity endured and ended. Ever since Abraham Lincoln in 1864 proclaimed the fourth Thursday in November as a day of Thanksgiving the custom has been observed.

Thanksgiving Day, so distinctively American is symbolic of a spiritual attitude toward life which makes us superior to our environment. Gratitude depends not upon where we live or how much we have, but upon who and what we are. It has little to do with our outward circumstances. If the Thanksgiving spirit depended upon physical or material comfort, then our first Thanksgiving Day should have had its origin in the relative prosperity of the Jamestown Colony in Virginia, rather than in the Plymouth Colony in New England, which suffered related hardship, misery and destitution.



Another great cartoon from member John Burke

It was a dark and sultry night at Tan Son Nhut - one of those typical mosquito swarming nights. Somewhere about two in the morning, Goober, the latrine wall climber, and Bubba, the scourge of FNGs, met up and paused to swap a little... "lizard talk."



"I tell ya, Goober, it cracked me up. You should have seen that new guy come unglued. There he was, sweating like a Turk in a steam bath and snoring like a two-stroke Suzuki, when I slipped under his mosquito net... and crawled across his neck."

*John Burke
2004*

Founded 1995

By

President Emeritus Don Parker

and

President Emeritus John Peele

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America Needs To Wake Up

From a speech by US Navy Captain Ouimette

(Printed with his permission)

That's what we think we heard on the 11th of September 2001 and maybe it was, but I think it should have been "Get Out of Bed!" In fact, I think the alarm clock has been buzzing since 1979 and we have continued to hit the snooze button and roll over for a few more minutes of peaceful sleep since then.

It was a cool fall day in November 1979 in a country going through a religious and political upheaval when a group of Iranian students attacked and seized the American Embassy in Tehran. This seizure was an outright attack on American soil; it was an attack that held the world's most powerful country hostage and paralyzed a Presidency. The attack on this sovereign U. S. embassy set the stage for events to follow for the next 23 years.

America was still reeling from the aftermath of the Vietnam experience and had a serious threat from the Soviet Union when then, President Carter, had to do something. He chose to conduct a clandestine raid in the desert. The ill-fated mission ended in ruin, but stood as a symbol of America's inability to deal with terrorism.

America's military had been decimated and downsized/right sized since the end of the Vietnam War. A poorly trained, poorly equipped and poorly organized military was called on to execute a complex mission that was doomed from the start.

Shortly after the Tehran experience, Americans began to be kidnapped and killed throughout the Middle East. America could do little to protect her citizens living and working abroad. The attacks against US soil continued.

In April of 1983 a large vehicle packed with high explosives was driven into the US Embassy compound in Beirut. When it explodes, it kills 63 people. The alarm went off again and America hit the Snooze Button once more.

Then just six short months later a large truck heavily laden down with over 2500 pounds of TNT smashed through the main gate of the US Marine Corps headquarters in Beirut and 241 US servicemen are killed. America mourns her dead and hit the Snooze Button once more.

Two months later in December 1983, another truck loaded with explosives is driven into the US Embassy in Kuwait, and America continues her slumber.

The following year, in September 1984, another van was driven into the gates of the US Embassy in Beirut and America slept.

Soon the terrorism spreads to Europe. In April 1985 a bomb explodes in a restaurant frequented by US soldiers in Madrid.

Then in August a Volkswagen loaded with explosives is driven into the main gate of the US Air Force Base at Rhein-Main, 22 are killed and the snooze alarm is buzzing louder and louder as US interests are continually attacked.

Fifty-nine days later a cruise ship, the Achille Lauro is hijacked and we watched as an American in a wheelchair is singled out of the passenger list and executed.

The terrorists then shift their tactics to bombing civilian airliners when they bomb TWA Flight 840 in April of 1986 that killed 4 and the most tragic bombing, Pan Am Flight 103 over Lockerbie, Scotland in 1988, killing 259.

America wants to treat these terrorist acts as crimes; in fact we are still trying to bring these people to trial. These are acts of war.

The wake up alarm is getting louder and louder, The terrorists decide to bring the fight to America. In January 1993, two CIA agents are shot and killed as they enter CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia.

The following month, February 1993, a group of terrorists are arrested after a rented van packed with explosives is driven into the underground parking garage of the World Trade Center in New York City. Six people are killed and over 1000 are injured. Still this is a crime and not an act of war? The Snooze alarm is depressed again.

Then in November 1995 a car bomb explodes at a US military complex in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia killing seven servicemen and women.

A few months later in June of 1996, another truck bomb explodes only 35 yards from the US military compound in Dhahran, Saudi Arabia. It destroys the Khobar Towers, a US Air Force barracks, killing 19 and injuring over 500. The terrorists are getting braver and smarter as they see that America does not respond decisively.

They move to coordinate their attacks in a simultaneous attack on two US embassies in Kenya and Tanzania. These attacks were planned with precision. They kill 224. America responds with cruise missile attacks and goes back to sleep.

The USS Cole was docked in the port of Aden, Yemen for refueling on 12 October 2000, when a small craft pulled along side the ship and exploded killing 17 US Navy Sailors. Attacking a US War Ship is an act of war, but we sent the FBI to investigate the crime and went back to sleep.

And of course you know the events of 11 September 2001. Most Americans think this was the first attack against US soil or in America. How wrong they are. America has been under a constant attack since 1979 and we chose to hit the snooze alarm and roll over and go back to sleep.

In the news lately we have seen lots of finger pointing from every high officials in government over what they knew and what they didn't know. But if you've read the papers and paid a little attention I think you can see exactly what they knew. You don't have to be in the FBI or CIA or on the National Security Council to see the pattern that has been developing since 1979.

The President is right on when he says we are engaged in a war. I think we have been in a war for the past 23 years and it will continue until we as a people decide enough is enough.

America needs to "Get out of Bed" and act decisively now. America has been changed forever. We have to be ready to pay the price and make the sacrifice to ensure our way of life continues. We cannot afford to keep hitting the snooze button again and again and roll over and go back to sleep.

After the attack on Pearl Harbor, Admiral Yamamoto said "...it seems all we have done is awakened a sleeping giant." This is the message we need to disseminate to terrorists around the world.

Support Our Troops and support President Bush for having the courage, political or militarily, to address what so many who preceded him didn't have the backbone to do both Democrat and Republican. This is not a political thing to be hashed over in an election year this is an AMERICAN thing. This is about our Freedom and the Freedom of our children in years to come.



Let's not forget the lives that were taken from us by terrorists on September 11, 2001.

The Communication Center

XC-99

Just got word that the giant XC-99, the largest transport ever built, and which we saw during the San Antonio reunion, is being disassembled at Kelly AFB, to be shipped to the Air Force Museum at Wright Patterson AFB. It will go aboard a C-5 since no other transport is large enough to handle even the parts.

When I was in basic training in February 1953 we were standing at attention for morning roll call at 0630 when we heard a large throbbing sound. Corporal Pardon said, "The XC-99 is coming in, and since you will be distracted by it I will call "at ease." Thereafter the giant airplane appeared overhead in the pattern to Kelly Field

Taylor McKinnon.



Looking for a TSN veteran

I am a county veterans service officer for Cass County, MN. I am working with a widow of a veteran named Bror Haynes that was TDY to Tan Son Nhut from late Jan to Apr 1966. His DD 214 lists his AFSC as 47150, Construction Equipment Repairman. He was TDY from Lockbourne AFB, Ohio. He later told his wife about the mortar attack on TSN. Please let me know if anyone remembers Bror Haynes. He would have been 25 or 26 years old, approximately 6 foot tall. He was married and would have been an A1C when he was at TSN. If anyone remembers him I'd sure appreciate hearing from you.

Your web site is great and it's nice to see so many people from one place staying in touch with each other.

Faye Dudley
Cass CVSO
400 Michigan Ave.
PO Box 1265
Walker, MN 56484
218.547.1340
Extension 314

December 1966 Attack on Tan Son Nhut

I was a SSgt assigned to the 1964th Comm Gp/1876th Comm Sq at Tan Son Nhut from Feb 1966 to Feb 1967. Prior to Vietnam, most of the Air Force only knew the "Cop" as young punks showing off and giving tickets to old retirees for going five miles over the speed limit, or acting like gangbusters with their lights and sirens going chasing some pretty dependent girl or drunken GI on base! But things like the April 1966 and December 1966 Attack changed our views and we knew that those young men were truly heroes who rose to the occasion.

The admiration they gained from some of us old Staff Sergeants from that day forward shall never be forgotten. I clearly remember the very first attack on Tan Son Nhut, something that supposedly could not happen, but it did! It scared the living daylights out of most of us, and we built bunkers for our huts in no time at all.

I stayed on base for about the first six months of my tour but as housing got bad I was talked into moving off base. A day before the December 1966 attack, I had an ingrown toenail removed from one of my toes (to this day I can not remember if it was the right or left toe). Anyway, in those days that was a painful experience. I was told by the medics to come back the next day to have my bandages replaced.

That night the base was attacked. As I came on-base, security was extra tight, but I was allowed in for medical reasons. When I got to the dispensary I was put in line to be seen by a doctor (I was wearing fatigues and on crutches). It was chaotic, with vehicles bringing in wounded, medics trying to determine who got what type of attention, airman in fatigues exhausted, blood all over the place, etc. When a medic finally got to me, he said "Where did you get hit at Sarge?" I replied, "I didn't, I am just here to have my bandages for an ingrown toenail changed." The Medic told me, "Dang-it (in stronger words!) Sarge, just go back to your nice apartment and don't come back until this is all over!"

Well, the attack was not officially declared as clear for several more days. When I finally reported back to the dispensary, my foot and toe were swollen so big and the salve or whatever they had applied was all greenish, then the Medic says to me "Dang Sarge, what took you so long to get this bandages changed?? "He proceeded to chew me out telling me I could have lost my toe. No amount of explanation would have satisfied him.

But those incidents, put those young "COPS" on the top of my admiration list!!! The courage those security forces showed in Vietnam is a testament to all who served in "Da Nam".

MSgt. Al Celaya, USAF (Retired)

What is a Veteran ?

by

Father Denis Edward O'Brien ~ United States Marine Corps

Some veterans bear visible signs of their service: a missing limb, a jagged scar, a certain look in the eye.

Others may carry the evidence inside them; a pin holding a bone together, a piece of shrapnel in the leg – or perhaps another sort of inner steel; the soul's ally forged in the refinery of adversity.

Except in parades, however, the men and women who have kept America safe wear no badge or emblem. You can't tell a vet just by looking.

He is the cop on the beat who spent six months in Saudi Arabia sweating two gallons a day making sure the armored personnel carriers didn't run out of fuel.

He is the barroom loudmouth, dumber than five wooden plans, whose overgrown frat-boy behavior is outweighed a hundred times in the cosmic scales by four hours of exquisite bravery near the 38th parallel in Korea.

She, or he, is the nurse who fought against futility and went to sleep sobbing every night in Da Nang.

He is the POW who went away one person and came back another – or didn't come back at all.

He is the Quantico drill instructor who has never seen combat – but has saved countless lives by turning slouchy, no account rednecks and gang member into Marines, and teaching them to watch each other's back. He is the parading Legionnaire who pins on his ribbons and medal with a prosthetic hand.

He is the career quartermaster who watches the ribbons and medals pass him by.

He is the three anonymous heroes in the Tomb of the Unknowns, whose presence at the Arlington National Cemetery must forever preserve the memory of all the anonymous heroes whose valor dies unrecognized with them on the battlefield or in the ocean's sunless deep.

He is the old guy bagging groceries at the supermarket – palsied now and aggravatingly slow who helped liberate a Nazi death camp and who wishes all day long that his wife were still alive to hold him when the nightmares come.

He is an ordinary and yet an extraordinary human being – a person offered some of his life's most vital years in the service of his country, and who sacrificed his ambitions so other would not have to sacrifice theirs.

He is a soldier and a savior and sword against darkness, and he is nothing more than the finest, greatest testimony on behalf of the finest, greatest nation every known.

So remember each time you see someone who has served our country, just lean over and say, "Thank you." That's all most people need, and in most cases it will mean more than any medals they could have been awarded or were awarded.

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

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

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

It is the soldier who salutes the flag, and whose coffin is draped
by the flag,
who allows the protestor to burn the flag."

Thanks to Life Member Dean Dearing for sending us this article.

Veteran's Day ~ November 11, 2004

Let us pause this day and give thanks to all veterans





I recently looked at a treasured memento of my great grandfather's service in the Franco Prussian War. It made me decide that I wanted to leave something for my children and grandchildren to remember me by too. I'm proud of my military service. It helped shape who I am today. So I decided to create a display of my military memorabilia.

The picture shows a shadow box display I made to show my medals, ribbons and patches. From left to right, top to bottom are the TAC, USAF, PACAF, MACV, TSNA, and 7th AF patches. Below the TSNA patch is a piece of shrapnel I picked up from a close call with a mortar on TSN. Below are my medals and ribbons starting with the Air Force Commendation, Presidential Unit Citation, Air Force Outstanding Unit Award with V device for valor, Air Force Good Conduct Medal, National Defense Service Medal, Vietnam Service Medal with 2 Bronze Service Stars, Small Arms Expert Marksmanship Ribbon, Republic of Vietnam Gallantry Cross with Palm, and the Republic of Vietnam Campaign Medal. Below are Sergeant stripes, US insignia, and my name tag.

It was a fun project that many veterans complete to show pride of their military service.

David E. Koopman
Life Member, TSNA

(Editor's Note - Check out Dave's website. Go to the TSNA website and click on "Links.")



"I don't like this state. It has too much history."

Family Circus

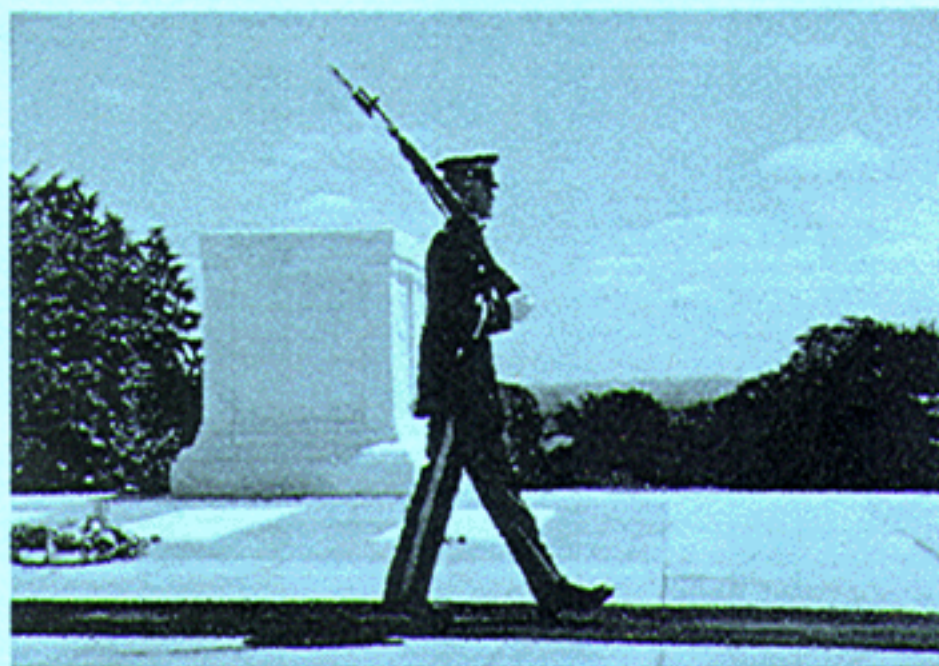
Everyone has seen the Family Circus cartoon in newspapers. Let me tell you a story how this cartoon gave me inspiration while stationed at Tan Son Nhut, and always brought a smile to my face.

My supervisor when I was assigned to the 7th AF Director of Maintenance was CMSgt Elmer Maloney. (Elmer is a member of the TSNA, and has been very supportive of all our endeavors. See his story on page 7) In each letter his wife, Kay, wrote to Elmer she'd include at least one Family Circus cartoon that she cut out of their local newspaper. Elmer would always pass them around the office for everyone to see.

In the mostly mundane atmosphere of our daily work life, it was nice sitting back and laugh a little. That little cartoon made our day a little bit brighter - a little bit easier.

Thank you, Kay, for you sending Elmer those cartoons. We always looked forward to them.

Wayne Salisbury



LUCKY ME

By CMSgt Elmer Maloney, USAF (Retired)

I am one that has been lucky in love and lucky in my twenty-seven year Air Force career. I am married to an exceptional woman for sixty-two years who has served her family and therefore her country through three wars/conflicts.

I am eighty-four years old, have problems recalling names and events, hate to write and have had more than my fair share of penalties for the privilege of living in these GOLDEN YEARS. In my years in the Air Force, I was only separated from my family for three long term periods, six months during WWII, six months waiting for them to get to Germany and one year while in Vietnam. It seems that I always have been in the right place at the right time.

I held up my right hand in December 1939, spent eighteen months as a private, training to be an aircraft mechanic and eighteen months later I was a MSgt. The reason being: I was an Instructor/Branch Supervisor during the Training Command establishment of new mechanic schools.

I had a stint as Line Chief over two hundred and fifty L-2M's which were used for training glider pilots. Finally I was transferred to China with the 14th Fighter Group, but by the time I got there I had enough points to return. I spent six months then returned to the USA for discharge.

I joined the AF Reserves in Cleveland Ohio and was called to active duty for the Korean Conflict. At that time, if you chose active duty, you would be reduced in rank but because of my experience as a Lead Mechanic for United Air Lines I retained my rank. For three years I was assigned as NCOIC Group Maintenance 317th Troop Carrier Wing in Germany.

Upon returning to the states I was assigned to the Air Defense Command, ending up at Headquarters ADC where I spent eight years without one day of TDY. I was on ADC's first promotion list for E-8 and E-9. I had the opportunity to attend Boot Strap and received a BA in Business.

My orders for Vietnam came through as RUSH; six weeks in the Philippines for a refresher course on C-119s and then to TSN for NCOIC Crash Recovery. OUCH!

I checked in with the Chief of Maintenance, 460th TRW, and his comments were, "What am I going to do with you, I have more Chiefs than I need". I headed for the office of the 7th AF Director of Maintenance. Colonel Kemper said, "Just who we need, I want a state of the art maintenance analysis section established". With a big smile on my face, I said YES SIR! Now that I had the job, what was I to do, that wasn't my career field. A trip to PACAF and I knew what they were looking for. Lucky me again, another trip to the Philippines, one to Japan and only a one day trip in country. I still have a small bottle of sand from Cam Ranh Bay given to me with the inscription, "For one who never sees the Country".

While young men were risking and giving their lives for a cause, I sat in my office with a coffee pot behind my desk and a refrigerator next to my bed in billeting. I was there during the TSN attack on Dec. 4 1966. However, my most hair raising experience was watching the Honda and Lambretta cycles passing our jeep on the way to the Cholon BX. I recall the rats running the shelves in the downtown restaurants and on the rafters in the Hooches, walking to work in knee deep water during the monsoons, leaving work to shower and change because dysentery controlled our actions. Since E-9s had no mess privileges we had to cook in the

Hooches or eat at the NCO Club.

I can add a little spin to the A1E crash story that is illustrated in the CD-ROM Pictorial Remembrance. The PACAF TSgt who was killed on the ground came to our office on a cover-up visit. He wanted to get to VN so that he could qualify for a ribbon, thus he set up this visit to TSN. The day of the accident he asked me to take him to the Ba Mui Ba stands, I refused with the excuse that I had other tasks that needed attending. If I had gone with him, who knows, my name may have been chiseled on The Wall.

The Revetments and the Pictorial Remembrance CD are informative and is an educational document depicting our part in history. They are full of heroic and patriotic stories of men who have been called upon, but we must remember that everyone played a part, in the ending of the conflict.

What about those that worked a twelve or fourteen hour day doing their job, ever wonder how they performed? Wayne Salisbury, your Public Affairs Officer and editor who is working with diligence for us members and former comrades was a behind-the-scene Staff Sergeant while at TSN. His performance can best be known by reading his Airman Performance Report. I know, I wrote it.



Vietnam Vets Turn The Table

Media Essentially Ignores

This vet did something that he never imagined himself doing. He attended a rally that some might label controversial. That's highly significant for a sexagenarian who has always observed such events via television news. As an Air Force ROTC cadet at a California college during the turbulent Sixties, I was on the receiving end of protest marches and demonstrations. Our weekly drills were picketed by the Student "Peace" Union (quotes are mine) because nuclear weapons were construed by them to be a loathsome evil, and they looked upon ROTC as a vile and foul factory to manufacture war mongers. The student newspaper, staffed mostly by journalism majors, generally wrote favorably of the Student Peace Union and unfavorably of Air Force and Army ROTC. Those biased journalism students of yesteryears are, unfortunately, the media executives and star news anchors of today.

The tables turned after approximately 40 years. A crucial moment arrived for those who had been protested against, pilloried, described by contemptible adjectives, and sometimes even denied some basic rights because they had served honorable in Vietnam; it was time to speak out forcefully and firmly. A famed perpetrator of many past stings to Vietnam vets was to be the recipient of veterans' loathing.

The veterans sent their message during the "Kerry Lied While Good Men Died" rally in Washington, DC on September 12, 2004. Your association president, John Peele, and I attended. The rally was held in the shadow of the U.S. Capitol Building, the same building where in 1971 John Kerry and his group placed a stain upon many of us who thought ourselves patriots. Now, it seems, only his Vietnam service is honorable; at least that is an underlying message of his rhetoric.

I speak not only for myself but for many Vietnam veterans when I emphatically state, "I have never summarily executed a peasant, chopped a limb off a child, raped a Vietnamese woman, or torched a village." Yet, that is exactly the type of behavior all of us were accused of by John Kerry. He has placed himself in the spotlight again, and Vietnam veterans do not want their honor smirched again. The rally was also a way for the vets to welcome each other home; it was their long delayed "victory parade". It was not a partisan, political rally or endorsement of any kind.

During early 1970, I had a job interview abruptly end when the interviewer said, "I can't help you." He then stood up, turned his back to me, and walked out of the room. The interview had gone well until the question of my Air Force service came up. When it was clear that I had served in Vietnam, everything changed. Now John Kerry is a job seeker and interviewee, and the veterans essentially said to him, "We cannot help you win the job you seek."

I must describe the actions of some who protested the rally and its participants. I walked to the rally from Washington's Union Station wearing no badges, pins, or even a hat that would identify my being affiliated with it. I wanted to observe how rally participants and rally protesters might interact.

For the most part, anti-rally protesters attempted to insult participants by labeling them as stupid, uninformed, and shortsighted reactionaries who could not stand it that the culture is changing. During some of the rally speeches, protesters who were along a street that lay behind the speakers' stage tried to chant and drown out the speakers. To the credit of the organizers, the PA system was excellent and overpowered them. Rally participants countered with a cadence of "Kerry Lied While Good Men Died" to drown them out.

My column in the last *Revetments* was about media bias, and it manifested itself vividly if you consider the news coverage the rally received. The television news coverage of the rally on the evening news by the Washington, DC stations was as I expected. During the 6:00 PM hour, the ABC and NBC affiliates carried nothing about the rally. The Fox affiliate at 10:00 PM had a short segment with video. The CBS affiliate at 11:00 PM carried nothing.

Newspaper coverage on Monday morning was even more telling. The Washington Times had pictures and a fairly lengthy write up in the Metropolitan section. The Baltimore Sun mentioned it on page 5A. The Washington Post printed not a word about it. At least I found nothing, and I paged through the paper five times. I sent an e-mail to the Post asking why there was no coverage. I got an automated reply but no specific response.

Did my predicting in the message that they would not respond have a bearing on this? USA Today devoted 3 1/4 inches of a single column on page 11A under the caption Veterans Divided. There was a picture of an anti-rally person (He was identified by name) in a wheel chair, and the one paragraph explanation of the photo stated he was arguing with a protester. Yes, the rally participant was labeled as protester and not named.

The "protester" was a blonde woman, and she appears to me to be one of the featured speakers. The speaker I refer to is the daughter of one of the first American soldiers killed in Vietnam in 1965. He was an NCO in Lt Col "Hal" Moore's unit.

The media continues to give in-depth coverage to Vietnam veterans when the veteran can be bathed in a negative light. When the veteran stands up for honor and rights, the media ignores. When called biased, the media whines!

Dale Bryan





This is a group of people from East Hampton, New York who wanted to make some gesture towards the members of our armed forces who have sacrificed so much for us. This winter they held two benefit concerts to raise money for soldiers on Long Island who had been severely wounded overseas. One of them, Chris Carney, then volunteered to cycle across the United States to help raise money for – and consciousness about – these brave soldiers.

There are costs associated with Soldier Ride, but they guarantee that no less than 80% of the money they raise will go directly to the soldiers or their families. The more they raise, the greater the amount that will go to the soldiers, as most of their costs are fixed. They have met with the United Spinal Association which has guaranteed where will be no additional administrative costs on their end. The money will go to purchase Wounded Warrior backpacks that are given to the wounded soldiers when they arrive at hospitals in the United States. Their backpacks contain clothing, toiletries, a CD player and other personal items. Other funds will go to help families fly in and visit their injured loved ones. Ultimately they hope to raise money that will provide job placement for these men and women who can't pursue their intended careers due to their injuries. They will post all the

money raised and the costs associated with their campaign on their web site and update it periodically. Their goal is to raise at least one million dollars.

The Tan Son Nhut Association is proud to be associated in a small way with this worthy cause. If you wish to contribute send your donation to: Soldier Ride, PO Box 1905, Amagansett, NY, 11930

Phone: 631.267.3142 Email: support@soldier.com Website: www.soldierride.com



THINKING ABOUT WHAT TO GET A VIETNAM FRIEND OR FAMILY MEMBER FOR CHRISTMAS?

We have the solution! Why not give them a CD Pictorial Remembrance CD. We've had several members tell us they've purchased the CD as a gift for a friend or family member.

OR

How about a Tan Son Nhut Association Patch - or a MACV Patch?

And here is the best part! Purchase the CD or a patch from the Public Affairs Office and we'll send it to your friend or family member with a nice Christmas Card with your name on it, at no extra charge. It will be a card you'll be proud of. Just tell us what you want, send a check and we'll take care of the rest!





The Tan Son Nhut Association Proudly Presents A Pictorial Remembrance CD

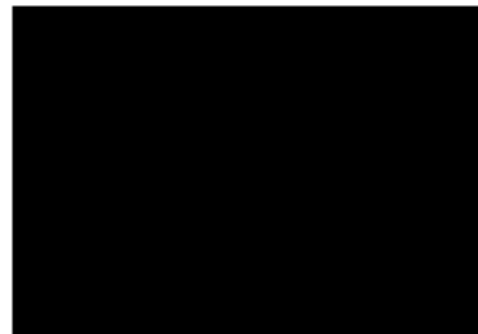
Thanks to dozens of members and others, this special, one of a kind CD-ROM has been produced and ready to be sent to YOU!

It is full of TSN pictures, documents, and stories - over 1500 pictures alone! The CD will be shipped within 48 hours upon receipt of your order. Most are shipped the same day. And it is only \$12.95, which includes shipping! Send a check to the Tan Son Nhut Association Office and get your historical CD-ROM now!

Tan Son Nhut Association
Public Affairs Office
2413 Brambleton Ave.
Roanoke, VA 24015



Membership Renewal Date



Don't forget to

