

November 9, 1996

in the lobby at 7:00pm for our entrance to the 747 room, which was decorated beautifully!! Don Parker- President of the T.S.N.A opened the ceremony as usual with his great smile and good humor. John Evans our Secretary led us in prayer for our missing and dead hero's and several members who passed since our last reunion. After our 50-50 drawing which paid out \$250 to the lucky winner Col. Paul A. Wilcox of Goliad, Tx, now known as Col. Money. We also had at least 25 door prizes including fishing rods and a T.V. set. I won a personal organizer which made everyone laugh as they shouted yeah you need it, and I agree! After the 50-50 drawing and door prizes were distributed we dined on a great meal. As the last of the glasses were clinking and the silverware were clanking, all of a sudden you heard a booming and familiar voice. "Gooooooooooooooooodddddd evening T.S.N.A." Adrian Croneauer- opened the after dinner entertainment via T.V. (Just in case you don't know who Adrian is, they made a movie about his tour of duty called GOOD MORNING VIETNAM, starring Robin Williams.) Adrian made all laugh especially when he re-counted how the Enlisted men in the A.F. Were the smartest of all the services, by telling this short tale, "We had to be the smartest who else has the officers go off to fight. You know just strap them into those jets, pat them on the helmet and say good luck sir. I'll be here on the Flight line waiting for your return sir. But if your late sir we'll met you over at the club." Which of course was greeted by great laughter by officer and enlisted alike! If everything goes according to plans, A.C. will be at the reunion in Hampton, VA in '97. A.C. has done a voice tape to help us advertise the '97 reunion via radio, to be played free as a Public service announcement, but we do need volunteers to contact their local radio stations. If you can help please writ John Peele 6203 57th

Ave Riverdale, MD 20737. A.C. also spoke of Honor Duty and Country and how we have done this and how to pass it along to a new generation by talking about Vietnam and not just saying "Well if you weren't there you don't know." We at the T.S.N.A want your personnel stories so we can keep a history of your true experiences and personnel feelings!

After Adrian warmed the room with good fellys and memories, our main speaker Lt. Col. Regina Aune was introduced and took the podium, Col. Aune recounted one very hard day at T.S.N. as medical director on a C5A out of T.S.N. with 50 dependants of the U.S. Mission and 250 Orphans headed for a new life in the U.S.. The date was April 4th 1975 and Saigon was falling under attack N.V.A forces. After take off from T.S.N. an explosion occurred of which Capt. Aune helped save several lives but the plane was going down. It crashed outside of T.S.N. in a rice paddy where 11 crew members lost their lives and 144 orphans died with them. Capt. Aune was decorated for her bravery in saving lives. The best kind of hero. As she told her story which was delivered with so much respect and intensity you could hear a pin drop in the large 747 room. After her experiences were revoiced she received the first standing ovation ever given by the members of the T.S.N.A. and it was more than deserved! Col. Aune spoke to everyone personally before her departure the next day. After the banquet most went back to the hospitality suite to continue the friendly atmosphere we were all enjoying. Partying continued for some into the wee hours. As Sunday morning arrived we said our goodbye's over breakfast and headed for our transportation home.

I look forward to seeing everyone again in Hampton, VA as much if not more than the people I actually had my tour with.

You all are truly a group of magnificent people.

John Peele, Vice Pres.

DUES FOR 1997 START **JANUARY 1ST**

If you have not paid dues but want to stay on the mailing list you **MUST** at least write us. Tell us to keep you on the mailing list and send a SASE #10 envelope

DUES 20\$ PER YEAR **DUE IN JANUARY 1997**

We have over 2,000 names of vets who have contacted us and I hope to hear from all of you!

First 100 **NEW** members will receive a T.S.N.A. Patch or an original 1970's P.O.W M.I.A Bracelet.

We want to hear from everyone but especially our 360th T.E.W.S brother and our 460th T.R.W brother, who without them this great reuniting of friends would have never begun.

John Peele,
Vice Pres.



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TAN SON NHUT ASSOCIATION

IN THIS THE 50TH YEAR OF THE
UNITED STATES AIR FORCE THE
T.S.N.A WISHES TO SALUTE THE MEN
AND WOMEN OF THE 7TH AIR FORCE
WITH A 5 DAY REUNION, DINNER
AND DANCE TO BE HELD IN HISTORIC
HAMPTON, VA OCTOBER 8TH -12TH IN
'97. WE INVITE YOU AND YOUR
FAMILY TO SPEND 5 DAYS OR JUST 1
DAY WITH US, TO CELEBRATE THIS
SPECIAL EVENT!

A letter from Base commander Col. Farley E. Peebles,
Base commander TET 1968

Dear Don & John:

Thanks for the nice card and the
souviners. I will be at the next reunion if my
health will let me. Guys from T.S.N.A. are
the best- No matter what unit assigned.
Again thanks for remembering an old man
from T.S.N.

Yours,

Tex Peebles

FOR INFO ON THE REUNION CALL:

JOHN PEELE

301-277-0072 OR 301-277-7474

OR WRITE

6203 57TH AVE

RIVERDALE, MD 20737

This letter was edited for the purpose of
the newsletter. JP

THANKS AND SEE YOU ALL SOON!

-JOHN PEELE



I Remember: A Father and Son Tragedy in Vietnam

The journey for me began on a cold, blustery day at the airport at Manchester, H.H. Crews had assembled here, awaiting completion of the retrofitting of the aircraft we were to ferry to Nam. I had been there since August of that year, 1967, flying calibration for Sperry Corporation, the contractors of the special equipment we carried aboard. But the day of departure had arrived for my crew and I to was to depart. I remember the date well, because October 31 was by wife's birthday. So, as it began to snow, we bid each goodbye, and thus began our journey.

I remember, as we departed McCord AFB, Washington, that all of us gave thought to the fact that, once airborne toward our first stop at Elmendorf AFB, our one-year "clock" began toward our year's tour in Nam. This thought stayed with us as we waited at Elmendorf for 17 days for a new right engine; as we waited at Adak for that "plus ten knot wind factor" we needed to depart for Midway Island, some 12 plus hours of flying time away. It was our only consolation for the thirty days and 91 hours of flying time it took us to reach Tan San Nhut Air Base in Saigon.

I remember the apprehension we all felt as we landed at TSN; an apprehension which was soon displaced by the welcome we received from Jim Jelly, Commander of the 360th I remember the being thankful to see old faces from CCTC at England AFB and Hurlbert Field. I remember the feeling of being at home when I learned that my roommate all through training, Ed Hosbach, had saved a bunk for me with him again as a roommate. I remember December 4th, about 11:30 at night, when a loud explosions began from the Base, and we were told that the VC had waited all these months before deciding to mortar the base only 4 days after I got there!!

I remember Bob Graham as he took our crew throughout theater training, and how thorough he was in teaching us what we needed to know. I also remember Bob, Ed Hosbach and I spending three hours assembling the first "49 cc Honda" in the inner court of the billeting area. It only took us 40 minutes to do the others we did.

I remember missions we flew that showed the destruction our B-52 bombers were raining down on the VC. I remember seeing so many villages blazing in fire and smoke as the VC burned them out. I remember the Iron triangle that the 1st Cav bulldozed out of the jungle, and leaving a big one to malaria tablets that tasted so bad. I remember using lots of salt on my potatoes because the salt tablets made me sick. I remember the time I went to the O Club for supper, and

hearing the familiar voice and laugh of old friend, Colonel Chappie James, and seeing him in his black flying suit, the mark of the Death Squadron, which he commanded at the time. I thought of the times I had heard him sing and play the piano at Otis AFB, Mass. When he flew for the 41st FS. His was now a more serious business to be taken care of.

I remember New years Eve, 1966 when our son came over from Bien Hoa to visit. It was his first leave since becoming a member of the 173rd Airborne. I remember the pleasure got from watching him devour two sirloin steaks at the 3rd Field Hospital Field Mess that night. I remember how hard we tried to catch up on the things that had happened to us since we'd last seen each other. I remember, as he got on the bus to return to duty, that I realized he was not the young man I had seen off to Nam, but a grown man who had matured overnight in order to survive the duty. I remember how thankful I was that I was flying over Nam, and not having to walk through it every day as a part of a Long Range Patrol group.

I remember taking off for a mission on Sunday morning. We had become airborne at 7AM, and were turning toward Vang Tau, which was to be our area for the day. As we were leveling off, we saw an Army chopper crash into a grave yard near Bien Hoa. I called the rescue choppers and we continued our mission. I remember the next day as we were attending training on joint Personnel Recovery at the theater, and being told that they wanted me at the squadron right away. I remember the feeling of apprehension I had as I went back to the squadron. I remember how everyone seemed to look the other way as I entered Ops. That feeling of apprehension was borne out when an Army Warrant Officer came over to the desk where I was sitting, saluted me, and handed me a telegram. I remember that I knew what was in it before I opened it. The Secretary of The Army regretted informing us that our son had been killed in a helicopter crash on April 22 near Bien Hoa. I remembered realizing it was the chopper I had seen go down the day before (this was borne out six months later in talking to a member of the Golden Knights who had known our son).

I remember the kindness and consideration shown me by the people that night at our billet. Everyone was embarrassed, but there was nothing to be said. I remember asking Ed Hosbach to bring our

son back for burial at Arlington National Cemetery, and I will always be in Ed's debt for his kindness. I remember walking throughout the rotundo at San Francisco International toward the gate for my plane to Boston, and the young girl who stopped me and asked me if I had just returned from Viet Nam. When I nodded yes, I remember the hate in her eyes as she spat in my face and called me a baby killer. It was my first hint that what we were doing was not popular back in the states.

I remember when I was reassigned to Otis AFB instead of having to return to Nam, that I felt like I had left a lot undone, and hoped that everyone would understand why I did not return.

I remember the first reunion of the 360th at Andrews AFB in '87, and how we had all changed. We were older, maybe wiser, but a lot more serious. I think we each reflected on what had taken place in Nam, and I think each of us hoped that we might not ever again become embroiled in another Nam.

These are some of the things I remember about those days; some memories are pleasant, some are sad, but I remember them because it's important to me.

-NAME

Harry Patterson

LAST FOUR (4) PAGES LOST IN THE COMPUTER.... SORRY

*Final schedule of events
in Sept newsletter!*