

Revetments

The Official Journal of The Tan Son Nhut Association



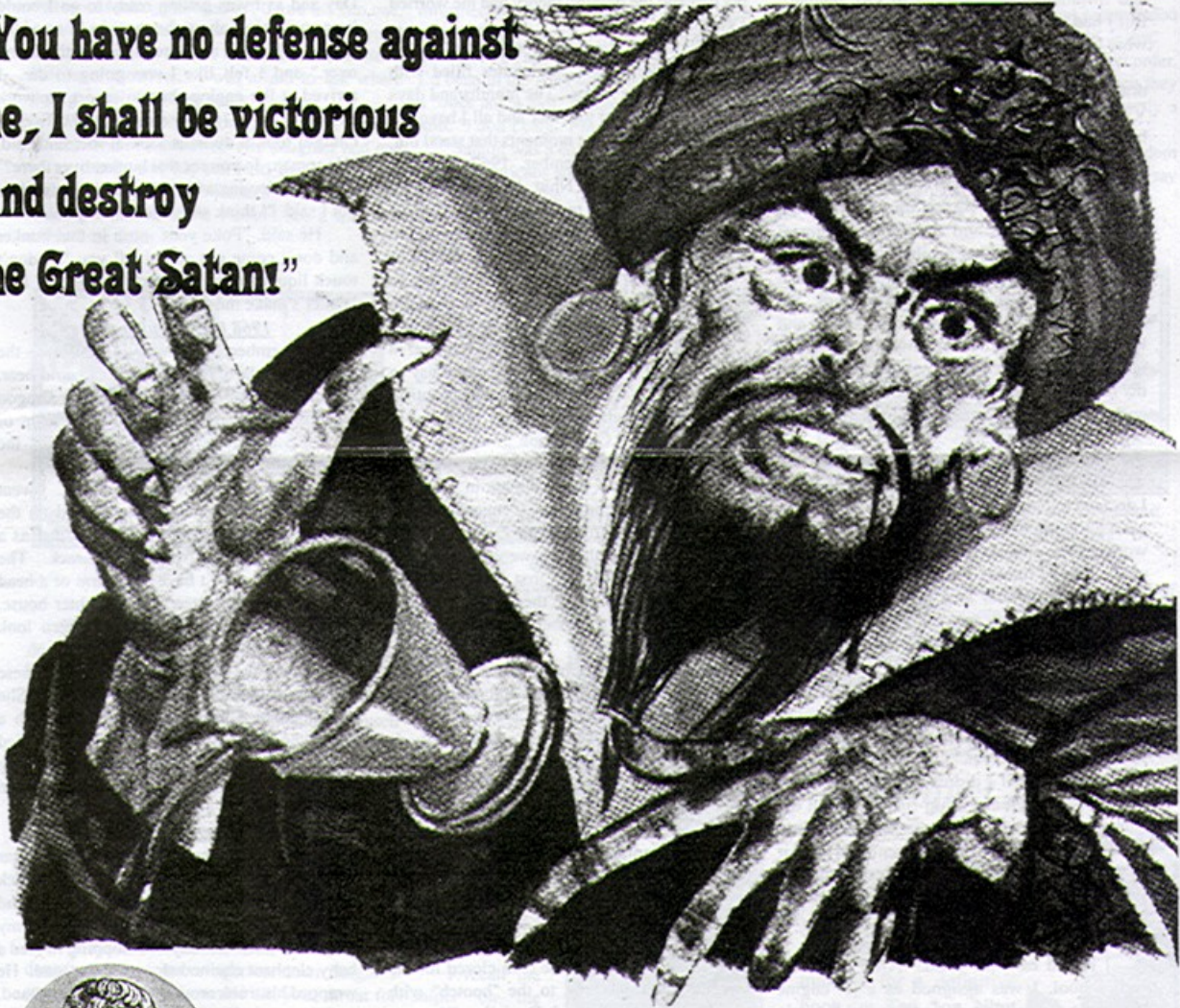
"All Included - None Excluded"

Volume 4, Number 10

The Tan Son Nhut Association, Washington, D.C.

July, 2002

**"You have no defense against
me, I shall be victorious
and destroy
the Great Satan!"**



THE MAN (JEDITH) IN

*"And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm
reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we
mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes,
and our sacred Honor."*

The Declaration of Independence, signed in Philadelphia, 1776



Fly Your Flag
on July 4th

A young man's saga and his...

Memories of Viet Nam by Member David Koopman

Why go to Viet Nam?

My son asked me once why I went to Viet Nam when so many others went to college, or Canada to avoid the draft, and what did I do in Viet Nam. Did I kill anyone over there? That's a good question and a complicated one to answer. I said, "No, I was in the Air Force and fortunately didn't have to kill anyone." But I had to think a little about how to explain what I did over there.

How I got there was by anticipating the draft. I had no desire to fight and maybe die in Viet Nam, a country I had previously never heard of. At the same time, I felt if I avoided the draft I would be letting down my country and my ancestors who had fought and died for it in previous wars. I grew up with Sergeant Rock comic books and my mother's stories about the exploits of her brothers in World War II. My Uncle Don, who was a radioman on a bomber and was shot down over the Mediterranean Sea. He sent his S.O.S. and location all the way down as his buddies bailed out. He died in the crash. All of my uncles on my mother's side of the family had served their country, so it only seemed natural for me to serve also.

I had just graduated from high school and was still living with my parents in 1965 when I decided to enlist. My dad was pressing me to get a good job or go to college. The job I had, working for a hardware store, seemed boring and without a future. Dad was born in 1910 of German immigrants and had been a farmer most of his life. He had tried to enlist during WWII, but they wouldn't take him because he was doing vital civilian work as a farmer. When he heard I was thinking about enlisting, he tried talking me out of it. He didn't want to lose me in Viet Nam. He said he wasn't even through raising me yet.

I knew that if I didn't make up my mind the draft would make it up for me. I felt the smartest thing to do, if I wanted some choice in what I did, was to enlist. If I went into the Air Force or the Navy I could expect valuable training for my future. I like to fly and swam like a brick so that meant the Air Force for me.

Who would like to volunteer?

I joined early in 1966. After basic and tech school, I was assigned as a jet engine mechanic to my first duty station, Mountain Home, Idaho. During my time there some of our airmen were asked if they would like to volunteer for Southeast Asian duty. Those that did were supposed to be sent to Thailand. I wanted to see the world and I had at least heard of Thailand so I decided to volunteer too. As it turned out, my group of volunteers went to Viet Nam. This, of course, illustrated the

old saying about "never volunteering" for anything.

I wasn't upset by this turn of events because by that time I had been reading a little about Viet Nam and felt it was our duty to help the Vietnamese people resist communist takeover. It sounds gung ho but I wanted to do my part and the domino theory had me worried I guess.

My tour in Viet Nam consisted of twelve months of long days, sometimes filled with minutes of sheer terror. The months and days just seemed to blur together and all I have left are memories of some moments that stand out.

I arrived in September, 1967, and was stationed at Tan Son Nhut Air Base as a jet engine mechanic. I remember a group of us from the engine shop were sent up country on temporary duty (TDY) in late November or early December of 1967. We were sent to help do a TOC on some jet engines for the Cam Ranh Bay engine shop. We flew up there in a C130 and that was my introduction to travel in Viet Nam. It was uncomfortable and noisy to say the least. Cam Ranh Bay had beautiful white sandy beaches that vividly stand out in my memory. Cam Ranh was also my introduction to the Army and C rations. We didn't have a chow hall. We ate in an Army mess tent, or sometimes had C rations.

Happy Holidays at TSN

Late in December we went back to Tan Son Nhut and I had my first introduction to mortar fire. Up until then I hadn't seen anything relating to combat except for flares in the night sky.

I remember Christmas Eve and how lonely I felt. Some friends talked me into going to the Vietnamese Officers Club (Le Van Loc) with them to see a show. What a show it was. It turned out to be a pretty young Vietnamese woman dancing as she took her clothes off. It was also my introduction to hard liquor. I had never had anything but beer in my life before then. You could buy a Coke for a dollar from the club and you would mix that with your base exchange bought liquor. One of my friends brought along some Jack Daniel's so we watched the show and had a few mixed drinks.

When the Vietnamese club closed for the evening we went back to the "hootch" with what was left of the Jack Daniel's. We were feeling pretty good by that time and didn't want to go to bed. We didn't have any Coke left. My friend said, "I have some Black Cherry Kool Aid we can mix the Jack Daniel's with it." Famous last words - I had two Kool Aid cups of the devil's brew and the world began to spin. I made it to the latrine door before it all came up. I had to work Christmas



Photo courtesy of Terry Love

Day and as I was getting ready to go I could hear complaints about the mess in front of the latrine. This was my introduction to the "hang over," and I felt like I was going to die. I arrived at the engine shop to report for work and my NCOIC (non-commissioned officer in charge) took a dubious look at me, and said, "Koopman, do you see that bunker over there?"

I was having a hard time seeing anything, but I said, "I think so, sarge."

He said, "Poke your nose in that bunker and don't come out until I tell you." I don't touch liquor to this day and the smell of Jack Daniel's make me gag.

1968 begins with a roar

I remember Tet, January 31st, 1968 - the rockets red glare, the explosions I could hear, the small arms fire - Puff, the Magic Dragon with its mighty roar and solid red stream of tracers coming down and bouncing off the ground.

I developed a terribly sore throat. I went to the clinic for some antibiotics and on the way crossed in front of the morgue just as a body was removed from a green sack. The soldier inside didn't have a left arm or a head - he looked like a steer in a slaughter house. When the attendants noticed my green look they closed the morgue door.

I saved the life of the young Vietnamese girl who sold Cokes near my "hootch." She was threatened by a drunken airman with a knife who was grieving over a lost friend killed by the Viet Cong. I talked him out of killing her and it was one of the hardest things to accomplish I ever did.

A fascinating variety of life

I remember elephants being used to clear trees felled at the Main Gate. They could pick up a large tree with their trunk and tusks and then carry them away. I remember riding my bicycle to work one day and stopping to feed a baby elephant chained alongside the road. He wrapped his trunk around the grass in my hand, took it and stuffed it in his mouth, handful by handful, until I ran out of time and had to leave for work.

I remember puppies being born in the engine shop and how we all raised them. I remember other pets such as the monkeys some airmen had. What filthy animals they were - the monkeys, not the airmen.

(See *Memories*, continued on Page 3)

A brief "cool" friendship

I remember trying to make friends with the local Vietnamese. I was invited to a Vietnamese Air Force sergeant's home once. It was a Coke crate and plywood affair set on pilings over the river.

The first thing that happened was he introduced me to his daughter. She was about eighteen years old and nice looking. She latched on to my arm and from then on was close by my side. We had a meal that consisted of rice, a small portion of meat, and little hot red peppers that would take your head off if you bit into one.

They introduced me to their latrine when I had to relieve myself. It was a back room with a hole over the river. I was afraid to ask where they got their drinking water.

We went to the Saigon Zoo, which I thought looked kind of run down. His daughter had one of my hands and his son held the other as we walked along. The Vietnamese seem to like holding hands because I could see a lot them around me doing it.



Floral Clock, Saigon Zoo 1967

Then, my friend asked me if perhaps I could do him a favor. It seemed his refrigerator had broken down and due to the war it was impossible to replace. If I didn't need my ration card for a refrigerator, would it be okay if he used it? He would pay for the refrigerator and all I would be out was the ration card, and going sometime with him to the Saigon post exchange to pick it up. My room mate had a refrigerator so I didn't need one. I was reluctant, but finally agreed. We went down to the post exchange, picked up the refrigerator, hailed a small rickshaw-type of taxi and were about to leave when an MP (military policeman) stopped me. He took me aside and said, "Don't you know it's dangerous carrying a refrigerator down Saigon's streets? Some people would slit your throat for one."

I told him what was going on, and he said that the refrigerator would bring ten times what I paid for it and that my friend was ripping me off. Well, it was too late by that time so we brought it back to his house. But I avoided him after that. I can't say I blamed him, as life was hard for the Vietnamese, but I didn't like feeling

like a sucker.

Motoring over to Bien Hoa

I started a new job in a back room of the engine shop called the S.O.A.P. Lab. The was an acronym for Spectrometric Oil Analysis Program. Engine oil was burned in the S.O.A.P. machine to create a spectrum of colors which corresponded to different varieties and amounts of metal content. The purpose of this was to predict engine wear.

Occasionally our S.O.A.P. machine would break down. While it was being repaired we had to run our oil samples at Bien Hoa Air Base about ten miles away.

On my first such occasion, my NCOIC informed me that I was going to drive a "duce and a half (2x1/2 truck)" to Bien Hoa and back. I hadn't driven any kind of vehicle in the two years I'd been in the Air Force - and had never driven a "duce and a half" before. When I objected, he said, "I don't care. I'm not driving, so you are."

Saigon was a chaos of pedestrians, ox-carts, mopeds, taxicabs and trucks. The V.C. could be anywhere on the trip. I'm sure you can understand why I became a little nervous. After a while I got used to driving and it wasn't so bad.

Once we could only requisition a staff car for the trip. As usual, I was driving. We were crossing a bridge over a river when a Vietnamese bus stopped in front of us. In the on-coming lane was a column of "duce and a halves." Suddenly, someone below the bridge started firing full automatic bursts from an AK47. I pushed the accelerator to the floor and went around the bus just barely before the on-coming trucks arrived. We looked over the car when we got to Bien Hoa, but didn't see any holes. It woke us up though.

Never a dull moment at Tan Son Nhut

I remember May 6, 1968, when a group of us from the 460th Field Maintenance Squadron held our position against Viet Cong attackers as they tried to over-run Tan Son Nhut, at the location of "hootch" Number 1245 in the 1200 Area. It was the fire fight that resulted in Airman Jerry Fish being severely wounded. (Ed. Another Association member.)

I recall the sniper on the radar dome near the Air Force chow hall - V.C. mortar and rocket attacks throughout 1968 - close calls from near misses of these mortars



TSN Flares '68

and rockets, damaged buildings, and flares in the night sky.

I remember monsoon rains, Vietnamese kids fishing for minnows in the run-off ditches - heat, humidity - rats running along the rafters in my "hootch" - and stray dogs running all over the base.

There was a head-on crash between two aircraft - a cargo plane crossing the runway was hit by a fighter coming in for a landing.

I saw part of a U.S.O. show - I didn't have the time to watch the whole show, but did catch Martha Rae and her big mouth. I was slightly shocked at the foul language she used.

I didn't take an R&R (rest and recuperation leave), so I have no memories to share of that.

These events may not be in the correct order. After all it was over thirty years ago when they happened, and, as I said, Viet Nam is mostly a blur to me now.

My best memory is of getting the Freedom Bird and heading for home - and with that, I say to you all, "WELCOME HOME!"

* * *



Freedom Bird - 1st stop on the way home
Clark Air Base, Philippines

(Ed. David Eugene Koopman is a resident of Little Canada, Minnesota. David is one of our newest Life Members, and is an exceptionally strong supporter of the Tan Son Nhut Association. We are always grateful to receive his forthright, candid and nostalgic stories.)

Writers, Don't Forget Project 2002!

As mentioned in recent previous issues of *Revetments* Member Bill Grayson is collecting, editing and preparing for the publication of material for a definitive book on Tan Son Nhut and your experiences there and elsewhere in Viet Nam. Contact him by writing: William C. Grayson, 161314 Bawtry Court, Bowie, Maryland 20715, or phone (office) (202)651-2281. His E-Mail address is -

WGrayson@webtv.net





Founded 1995
By Don Parker & John Peele

Revetments is an official publication of the Tan Son Nhut Association, Inc. 6203 57th Avenue, Riverdale, Maryland 20737. The Association is a non-profit fraternal organization chartered under appropriate statutes and law.

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Revetments is published monthly at the Office of Public Affairs, TSNA, Suite 709, 330 West Brambleton Avenue, Norfolk, Virginia 23510. Telephone: (757) 627-7746; FAX: (757) 627-0878; E-Mail: hercules29@worldnet.att.net

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Thoughts of Our
Sky Pilot

Chap. James Warrington

Looking back for a moment at -

Fathers' Day

Some time back I read a very striking definition of a boy. I read as follows:

"Between the innocence of childhood and the dignity

of manhood, we find a delightful creature called a boy. Boys

are found everywhere -

on top of, underneath, inside of, climbing on, swinging from, running around or jumping to.

Mothers love them,

little girls hate them,

and Heaven protects them.

A boy is Truth with dirt on

his face, Beauty with a cut on its

finger, Wisdom with bubblegum

in its hair, and the Hope of the

future with a frog in

his pocket."

The important thing to be noted,



Little boys at the Saigon Zoo - 1967

especially by parents, teachers, ministers and all the rest of us, is that a boy is more than appears on the surface. If he is sometimes confusing to us, remember that he is also confusing to himself. He appears cynical but he is full of idealism; he loves the horrible and the ugly but he is also moved by beauty; he shuns demonstrative affection but he hungers for love and recognition.

The late Albert Schweitzer said that when it was time for him to be confirmed, his pastor went to his parents and said he did not think the boy was serious enough to make this Christian decision. Schweitzer also said that actually he was so much in earnest, and so overcome by the seriousness of the promises he was about to make, that he was physically sick.

Trebonius, one of the teachers of Martin Luther when the latter was a boy in school, had the habit of taking off his hat as he entered the schoolroom. When he was asked why he did this in the face of a roomful of squirming adolescents, he replied: "I am in the presence of future doctors, lawyers, leaders of the Church and the State - I do this to pay them honor."

Take another look at these boys who live on your street and in your neighborhood - they are often puzzling, but they are highly potential!

Freedom Through My Eyes

by Ariella Tabac

Freedom I ask myself,

What does it mean?

For sure not the cruelty that I have seen.
Starving about on a slave boat you see, is not what I thought it to be.

I came for freedom.

I came for peace.

These shackles around me

It's not what I dream.

Slavery, punishment, prejudice,
and greed.

If this is freedom I'd rather go back -
than be free.

Freedom, freedom, freedom at last,
so this is what it means.

Finally, I suddenly understand,

as joy fulfills me where I stand.

No more shackles, no more chains

and no more invisible bonds

that hold me lame.

The goodness inside each heart that holds
our lives and freedom together and
not apart as told.

Home, love, goodness, and ability are just
some words that define being free.

I change my dreadful choice from what
it used to be.

It all seems to me that it's best to be

Free.

(Ariella is the niece of Member David Bolton, of Brewster, New York. She is only eleven years old, and when we read it, we felt it would be fitting and appropriate for July the 4th.)

The Communications Center

For the fashion-conscious member - At the reunion I wore a Vietnam Veterans tie.

These ties, along with other selections, can be bought through Medals of America. Their contacts are: Web-Page: www.usmedals.com Their phone: 1-(800) 308-0849; or address: Medals of America, 114 Southchase Boulevard, Fountain Inn, South Carolina 29644. The ties are regular length only, and cost \$32.

Chaplain Billy Lowe
Cherryville, N. Carolina

New member, who was in the MLR (main line of resistance), paints a vivid picture of the first moments of the Tet Offensive at Tan Son Nhut in the middle of the night of January 31, 1967 - Let me tell you what happened to us. One of the Bravo SATs (B Sector Security Alert Teams) made a radio call to CSC (command center) that stated perhaps there was incoming automatic weapons fire in the direction of the POL (Petroleum, Oil and Lubrications station). Just shortly after that call, Bravo SATs were seen going like hell without lights responding to the east end and we did not see them again for quite some time.

Where did they go and what did they do?

There was about eight of us holding about a hundred yards of the MLR with one machine gun (MG60) and a

few M16s, with a few flares and no grenades.

A Freedom Bird (civilian transport aircraft) took off down the runway with a maniac for the pilot. We saw sparks twice as the tail dragged. We saw a lot of tracers going up towards the aircraft.

We got lit up by mortar flares and did not know if they were ours or not. There was no visible movement in the ARVN (Army of Viet Nam) bunkers in front of us. There was no defensive fire visible from Tan Son Nhut.

We all got nervous when CSC informed Army One, located at the armory, to proceed immediately to the west end 051 Gate, because the base was being overrun. The MLR was facing the wrong direction to oppose an attack from that direction and from the east at the same time. We thought the MLR was going down, one bunker at a time, from both ends.

We also had movement visible in the VNAF (Viet Nam Air Force) area. We thought we already had infiltration. When no QRT (Quick Response Team) showed up when expected, with additional men and equipment, we thought that perhaps the SATs ran into something and got either into a heavy firefight or got wiped out.

We had a couple of radios and swapped channels between the BP channel and

the Security channel seeking information. Our portable radio could not receive all the radio traffic, just the stronger traffic between some of the Tango (tower) units and some SATs with CSC. There was also some K9 (doghandler) traffic from somewhere in front of us.

That was the longest damn night in my life. We were trying to figure out how to defend the position from a possible attack from both ends and the middle at the same time. I have been curious about what happened on the east end and the other seven or eight attack points besides the 051 Gate.

I honestly do not know which is harder on the nerves, between being in a firefight and sitting waiting with limited people for ammunition for an attack from any direction, knowing that you are going to get wasted no matter what happens. I would rather have been shot at. At least there was something to do.

I was assigned to an MG60 position near one of the connection taxiways, which meant a breach in the wire (the fences). We expected to get hit hard following the mortar fire. It was a long nervous night. I have often wondered if we did the job right. I tried to find out by watching television. PBS and other videos talk a lot about the Tet Offensive, but not much is said about

Tan Son Nhut. I would like to know what you know about what happened in our area. I am certain that you guys had just about the same kinds of worries. Thanks (to whoever) for all the coffee runs. Those one man posts out there were a special kind of hell when nobody tells you anything and you have no radio.

Scott Insley
Phoenix, Arizona



An MLR position, not Scott's. Photo taken from a B Sector SAT vehicle, January 31, 1967 by MSgt. R. S. Need

To Scott Insley from Editor Robert Need

The totally irrelevant sentence in your letter, is the one which reads, "I have often wondered if we did the job right."

Scott, you and every member of the 377th Security Police Squadron, didn't just do the job right, you did the work of heroes! For two hours, until relief arrived, you stood between six enemy battalions and ten thousand of your brothers asleep in bed on the main base.

The story of the Battle for Tan Son Nhut has yet to be told fully and accurately. One military historian and former Security Police commander, calls it the greatest battle of the Vietnam War.



A C-130 Story

In the Fall of 1967, I flew a mission with the Flying Cows of Tan Son Nhut Air Base. They were C-130s that carried fuel bladders and flew supply missions to heliports throughout Vietnam.

Today's mission would bring us north of Saigon. It was a bright sunny day. The flight officers and loadmaster crew went through their checklists and the rear ramp slowly pulled up with the whine of the hydraulic motors.

The space in a C-130 is huge. There are bigger planes, like the latest American and Russian super cargo carriers, but you can still play a badminton match in the cargo bay of a C-130.

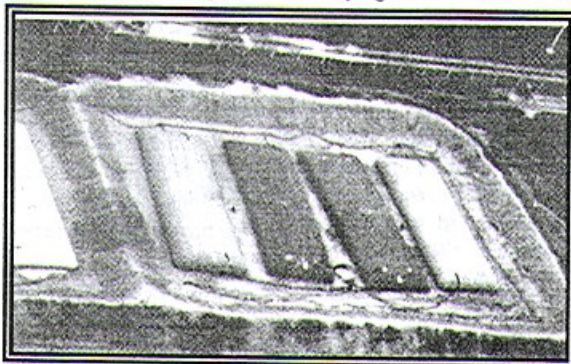
The fuel bladder was filled to capacity. It was the size of a back yard swimming pool and lashed to the "D" rings on the floor. The crew took their seating positions, buckled up and the plane taxied to its hold position. After going through its checklist, the plane moved into take-off position.

With all four motors revved up, we gained speed and were pressed into our seats as it lurched off the ground. As we neared the end of the runway, the pilot went into a steep climb and then began a slow turn to the left.

I saw the craters on the perimeter made by mortar rounds fired in by the Viet Cong some weeks earlier. I asked the loadmaster why the pilot went into such a steep climb. He said it's because the VC like to snipe at airplanes as they take off. The plane continued to gain altitude and leveled off.

We weren't all that high, it seemed. You could clearly see the trees and foliage below, along with muddy rivers winding like snakes through the rice paddies.

We were in the air for about a half hour and then I noticed the load masters taking a break and lying on the fuel bladder.



Fuel bladders in revetments at Tan Son Nhut
Photo courtesy of Member Terry Love

& Waterbeds by Mark Reveaux

I walked over and they said it's like huge water bed. I laid down on it and it was great. But then I got up and asked, "What if a VC fires an incendiary bullet through the fuselage and into this fuel bladder?"

The load master replied, "If we get hit by an incendiary bullet here, you won't have to worry about a thing." I kind of got the drift of what he meant. So I lied back down and felt the fuel beneath me rolling back and forth.

A few minutes later, the pilot sounded notification of nearing our destination. Everyone stirred and started getting fuel lines ready. We then put on the seat belts and the plane began its final approach to the runway. We landed on a strip of perforated metal no longer than a *Stop & Shop* parking lot. The second the wheels hit, the brakes and reverse propellers were put into action and the plane came to a stop not too far from the end.

The wheels of a C-130 are tightly tucked into the undercarriage and swing out low to the ground. You can hear them engaging the runway. It was amazing that such a heavy airplane could land on a runway that would be a handful for even smaller craft. No wonder the C-130 is still used as the workhorse of combat support.

The pilot wheeled the airplane around and taxied alongside trenches where the heliport's fuel bladders were kept. They were below ground level to protect from rocket and mortar attacks.

The dirt all around the heliport was amber red. It didn't have the amenities of a formal airfield. Just the metal strip, a screened hooch, a few helicopter pads and not much else.

The rear loading ramp was lowered and we began hooking up the hoses. They were brought down to the heliport's fuel bladders and the pumps were turned on. The offloading was quick — there was no socializing with the heliport personnel. Just the fuel, some other supplies and — a wish of good luck.

Hoses were brought back into the cargo area, rear door closed and the plane taxied into takeoff position. The engines roared a full throttle, the plane flew flat along the metal strip and then, suddenly, bolted up and off the ground.

We gained altitude and were back on our way, flying over the dense green jungle coverage, rice paddies and narrow muddy river. Landing back at Tan Son Nhut was like flying from Reinbeck Aerodrome in up-state New York to JFK International.

I thought about those people who had to work in remote bases in Vietnam, with little protection against Viet Cong attacks. They were on their own. At least we had the C-130s to help support them.

It was my favorite airplane of Vietnam.



*Don't forget to give an
Independence Day Salute
on behalf of our troops in Asia*





The Taylor B. McKinnon Page Days At Tan Son Nhut ... and other propwash



A Little More Boeing 307 Talk

Dear Comrades at Arms,

Thank you for your response to my column concerning the last of the Boeing 307 pressurized airliners.

In this issue see the nice letter from Member Skip Tannery, formerly of the 19th Air Commando Squadron which I supported during my tour at Tan Son Nhut. They flew C123 aircraft and called themselves "trash haulers." A self-deprecating term which masked the very dangerous flying which they did superbly. Thank you, Skip!

There may still be at least one C-307 at Saigon Airport.

I refuse to use the appellation "Ho Chi Minh City." In real life the Saigonese do not use it either. Ho Chi Minh ville refers to a much larger administrative district forming a triangle and extending as far out in one direction as Bien Hoa.

There is an outside chance that Air America flew the Saigon B-307 back to home base in Taiwan. They were an element of CAT, Civil Air Transport, formed by General Claire Channault.

Will keep you all informed of the recovery status of the B-307 which ditched in the ocean near the Washington State plant where it was originally built in 1939 and restored to flight in 2001!

Taylor B. McKinnon

Sir,

I enjoyed your article on the "Boeing 307" in the June issue of *Revetments*.

I have a photo of this beautiful aircraft on the following website: www.petester.com/skip/skip33.html

I took the photo at Tan Son Nhut in 1967, and didn't know what the aircraft was until it was identified several months ago by another veteran.

Thanks and God Bless

Skip Tannery
Lubbock, Texas
Tan Son Nhut 1967-1968, USAF
19th Air Commando Squadron

(Editor's Note: We urge all readers interested in this aircraft to go to Skip's website. The black and white reproduction above does not begin to do justice to the beautiful colored original shown there.)

Member Loved Them All

I have been watching the progress of the 307 Stratoliner that the Boeing employees restored and recently ditched in the ocean. I was surprised to see a picture of one parked at Tan Son Nhut in *Revetments*. During my stay at Tan Son Nhut I was amazed at the variety of aircraft used there. It seems that anything that was airworthy was used in the war.

Many models had Air America painted on them. The Pilatus Porter was a radical looking airplane for the era. The Helio aircraft were a STOL performer. I watched a Helio pilot put on a demonstration at the Pittsburg, Kansas, airport, near the factory. It was amazing what the airplane could do. Hopefully, someone will start producing this airplane again.

The Cessna 337 Skymaster and the Birdog used by FACs (forward air controllers) always interested me. Actually every aircraft there interested me. I wish my memory was better, and *Revetments* helps refresh some of those old memories.

Bob Etherton
Joplin, Missouri



Cessna 377 Skymaster

Photo AVSIM Aircraft Review



Printer Pledges Near Third Mark

Steadily the members of the Tan Son Nhut Association are pledging the funds necessary for the purchase of a new printer for *Revetments* and other administrative forms needed. The current one hasn't got much life left in it. The fund is nearing the one third mark of the \$7,000 needed for the purchase and first year maintenance of the new printer. At this point, we extend our sincere gratitude to those who have already come forth generously – in the order of pledges they are

Thomas Tessier

Richard Fulton

William and Mary Carlson

Robert J. McDonald

Mike Peltó

Buck Zehringer

Wayne Salisbury

Mark Fleisher

Richard Skea

Walter J. D'Ambrosio

Julian Mills

Dean Gard

David Koopman



The 2522 with ADFN, SuperStar and 2,000 Sheet LC7



For further information call Bob Need
at (757) 627-7746 or FAX (757) 627-0878
Thank you, please help us as soon as you can.

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April
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