

MEKONG EXPRESS MAIL



The newsletter of the Thailand-Laos-Cambodia Brotherhood, Inc. Volume 19, issue 4

WWW.TLC-Brotherhood.com

My Friend Steve Long

By Roger Durant

Editor's Note: In the previous MEM, we carried a brief obituary of Steven Long, a TLCB member who passed away this past August. We also noted that this issue would feature memories of Steven by his friend and TLCB member, Roger Durant.

Nakhon Phanom, Thailand February 28, 1969

The early morning sun had just come up and an 0-2A twin-engine FAC aircraft taxied up to the arming ramp. I armed the rocket pods, removing locking pins so the pilot could drop the pods. I handed the pins to Lieutenant Long, stood by, saluted him, and noticed that there was an E-8 in the aircraft, wearing new jungle fatigues. I went off duty at 7 AM.

Around 10 AM, the company clerk, Sergeant Smith, came into our hooch and woke me up. He said that Lt Steven Long had been shot down and he wanted to know if anyone else was in the plane with him. I told him about the E-8 and asked what had happened. I was told that the Lt Long plane had been shot down and Rescue wanted to know how many personnel they should be looking for.

When I left Nakhon Phanom Royal Thai Air Force Base (NKP) in March 1969, Lt Long was listed as MIA and possibly KIA. The E-8 was picked up and returned to NKP, then sent to the Philippines to teach escape and evasion (E&E). He had been shot down twice in WWII and made his way back to friendly lines once. The second time, he was held in a German POW camp for three months before he escaped.*

I spent the next 30 years trying to find out what happened to

***Editor's Footnote:** The E-8 was Doug Morrell and he later became a chief master sergeant. He passed away on September 2, 2017 at the age of 98. You can read more about him at: <https://www.argunners.com/they-call-me-legend-chief-master-sgt-doug-morrell/>

Lt Long. I checked names on The Wall in Washington, DC, but found nothing. With the help of the internet, after posting on message boards trying to find out what happened to Steve, I got a response that he was alive. I was emailed a copy of his shoot-down report and given his address. I called him and talked with him, and on a trip to Las Vegas, where he lived, we met for the first time in over 30 years. After that we got together every time I was in Las Vegas.

Our first meeting after finding him was in the Paris Lounge

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Editor's Notebook:

MacAlan "Mac" Thompson

As many of the TLCB members know, Mac Thompson, the man I refer to as "The TLCB's man in Southeast Asia," is extremely ill and has been for several months. Here at *The MEM*, we have waited as late as possible before our press time to determine our coverage of his condition. In any event, we will be devoting a future issue to this remarkable man and his contributions.

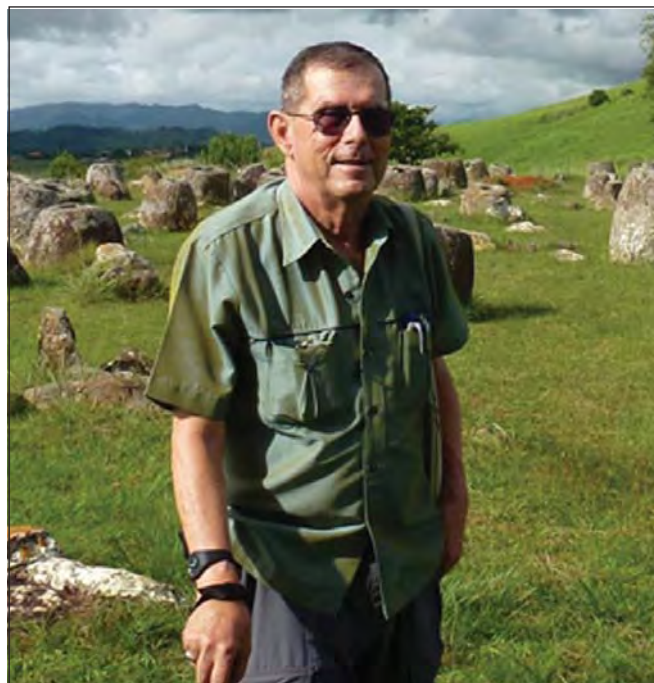
For years, Mac has been the face of TLCB's Assistance Program in Laos and Northeast Thailand, leading treks in the hinterlands, delivering funds and materials, and viewing the progress of our many projects. Those journeys have been chronicled in *The MEM* in Mac's eloquent, articulate, and certainly unique voice.

We will be pleased to receive any and all contributions to *The MEM* about recollections about our great friend Mac.

TLCB Goes On

It is surely a sign of life's inexorable march that more and more of the pages of *The MEM* seem to be devoted to the passing of some of our brothers and sisters. The subject of the TLCB's future has occupied a good deal of our editorial, as well as the agendas of our Reunions of late. Yet please notice that, with each issue, we are consistently welcoming around a dozen new members, regularly refilling our glass. Additionally, our relatively new feature, "The Books of the TLCB" continues to grow. Clearly, there remains a considerably long future for the Thailand Laos Cambodia Brotherhood.

John Harrington
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Mac Thompson in 2015 on the Plain of Jars (PDJ) in Laos.

Mekong Express Mail Index

For an on-line index to all *MEM* articles ever published, starting with our first issue in June of 2000, go to our wonderful TLCB Website: www.TLC-Brotherhood.com. All articles are listed by issue year and month, by title, with the authors' names and short descriptions of the subject matter. Go take a look sometime!

<http://tlc-brotherhood.com/wp/wp-content/uploads/2017/04/MEM-Master-Index-031317.pdf>

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Reunion 2019: Las Vegas, Nevada

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in Las Vegas. Steve did a lot of talking, telling about what had happened to him. My father, a WWII veteran, was with us. It was hard for Steve to tell us about it. Steve had many questions for my father, and we agreed to meet in Las Vegas any time we could.

We met him once at the Veterans Hospital, where he had his office as the number two person in the Nevada Veterans'



Steve Long photo taken in Las Vegas a few years ago. Photo contributed by Roger Durant, who stayed in touch with Steve for many years.

Services Commission. Vets loved him, came up to him and thanked him for his help, or talked about the problems they had.

My father and I made one trip to the Veterans Nursing Home, which was in the construction phase, and where Steve eventually passed away. We talked about what we had done when we opened our veteran's nursing home in Cameron, Missouri. (I have been on the assistance league since, prior to it being built and opened.)

Lt Steve Long spent 49 months in Hanoi as a POW. His plane had been tracked by a radar-controlled weapon, and when it hit, it took away rudder control. Nothing on the ailerons, wings were folding up. He ordered the Sgt to bail out. In the shoot-down report, the Sgt said that Steve had pushed him out.

Steve blacked out and the only thing he could figure is that he hit his head on the aircraft on the way out of the plane. The next thing he could remember was that he was falling, wind coming up under his helmet visor. Said Steve, "I grabbed for the 'D' ring, and got it on the third try. Then I remembered the full impact of the chute opening and hitting the ground at nearly the same time."

He was at about 800 feet when the chute deployed. He continued with his story, "I pulled the chute in, and looked for a better place to get into hiding. I was looking for what seemed like hours, but only a few minutes had actually passed." Having a broken femur, Steve was unable to hide, as the Sgt did, and was captured by NVA in Laos, then sent to Hanoi. "The next thing I knew, I had 10 NVA standing around me and an AK-47 automatic rifle pointed at me.

With only my trusty .38 combat masterpiece [revolver], it did not look like a good gun fight. After being beaten for not getting up, they figured out I couldn't stand, because of a broken femur, which happened on impact. They tied on a wooden splint, but it did not hold the bone and did not heal.

"I was dragged to a cave which we stayed in for a few days, then to a second cave where I was picked up for transport. The truck stopped in a village in the morning hours. I was taken through the village, hit with rocks and sticks, let rest until nightfall, then back on the road again. Two weeks after they started up the trail, we arrived in Hanoi."

Steve was questioned by a Cuban, who would beat prisoners until unconscious. When they came to, he would do the same thing again and would also "tie your hands behind your back, tied to the legs, and let you hang." After they got what they could out of Steve, he was sent to a hospital, where his leg was operated on and bone set. They weren't done with him. They placed him in a full body cast. Another prisoner was put in his cell to help him. After six weeks, Steve was put in a leg cast, which was removed after another six weeks.

Later, Steve was standing in his cell when a guard came up and told him to shower. Steve told us, "I got my rags, went to the shower, and realized that it had been over three months since I had showered." Other prisoners on the other side of the shower asked him who was president and who had won the World Series. "I asked how long they had been there. They told me 3 years. I went back to my cell thinking, 'I have to kill myself, I can't do three years here.'"

He didn't do three years; he did 49 months. He was one of 10 pilots shot down in Laos who were taken to Hanoi. Nine

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Steve Long as a Lt Colonel.

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made it out. After all the rest of the POWs were released in the spring of 1973, the North kept them. Through tapped codes, the released prisoners had the names and serial numbers of the 10 left behind. One died before the release day came. They were bused to the airport thinking that they would be killed on the way. When they got to the airport, the North Vietnamese had problems with paper work. Steve said that an American colonel came on the bus and told them, "It will be straightened out. We will not leave you here."

Steve was freed and sent to the Philippines for a health check. He found out that his wife had divorced him and taken all the money he had gotten while in Hanoi. After Steve was sent back to duty, he was given a choice of assignments and type of aircraft to fly. He asked for an F-4 instructor position. It was hard for him to tell us about it. The personnel Sgt looked at him and said, "Sir, you have to have a total of over 500 hours

in that type of aircraft. You have very few jet hours, so we have to get you flying first." Steve said that he was put in an F-4 and flew every day, but building hours at that rate was a slow process. A colonel asked him if he wanted a different job and he started flying an F-105 Wild Weasel.

After 20 years in the Air Force, he worked for the government as a civilian. He became a simulator instructor on the top-secret F-117 "stealthy" fighter. He told me that he never got to fly one, just to instruct on a simulator. He did this until they told the world we had the planes. His job ended. That's when he went to work for the State of Nevada Veterans.

At one lunch meeting that we shared, Steve told my daughters, "Your dad was the last free man I saw for 49 months."

That statement has stayed with me!

Steve's family has lost a father, husband, and good person. The world lost a very caring man who had a great interest in veterans and veterans' problems.



About Roger Durant

Roger is a TLCB member. He filled us in on his story.

I was an airman in the 23rd Tactical Air Support Squadron (TASS). My wife Rita and I retired this year in March when we sold our small community bank that we had for 25 years in Owen, Missouri. I was in banking from 1970 after I got out of Air Force until this year. It was a good occupation for me, and I met a lot of interesting people over the years. It was enjoyable helping people help themselves. I spent 9 years in emergency management working with police, firemen, and EMS personnel, and was head of an emergency response team. I flew several types of aircraft after leaving the military and got a pilot's license. I flew for the first time coming out of Ubon in an O2. The captain I was with told me to fly because he was tired since he'd been flying all day, and I was hooked! I was an aircraft dealer for a few years, buying and selling airplanes. Rita and I are enjoying the freedom of retirement!

At right, Roger is helping to auction off collectibles and other SEA-oriented items to raise money for TLCB Assistance. The auction earned over \$3500 this year. Photo by Ed Miller.



Roger at Nakhon Phanom RTAFB in front of a Cessna O-2A aircraft assigned to the 23rd TASS.



Rita and Roger Durant enjoying a dinner at the 2018 TLCB Reunion at Biloxi. Photos supplied by the author.

Thinking About Freedom

By Rev. Debbie Stein, TLCB Chaplain

The following was adapted from Chaplain Stein's closing remarks at the 2018 TLCB Reunion in Biloxi, Mississippi

The front of our program says, "Called to be Free" and it shows a picture of a Bible, as well as the Declaration of Independence and the American Flag. And, when I pulled it out recently to prepare for this evening's memorial, I felt challenged to better understand this freedom and what it means to me, not just as a pastor, but as an American, a veteran, and a human being. What does it mean to give our time and energy to the concept of freedom; what does it mean to give our very lives for it? How do we live each day in faithful appreciation of our freedom, which as we all know... isn't free at all.

Merriam Webster defines freedom as "The quality or state of being free: such as, the absence of necessity, coercion, or constraint in choice or action; the liberation from slavery, restraint, or the power of another, independence, the freedom from care and worry, unrestricted use, the quality of being frank, open, or outspoken, boldness of conception, a political right."

To see what others have said about freedom, I pulled and looked at quotes from many different people and places. Perhaps you'll recognize some of them:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness." — The Declaration of Independence.

"Without freedom of thought, there can be no such thing as wisdom — and no such thing as public liberty without freedom of speech." — Benjamin Franklin.

"I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it." — Voltaire, 17th Century French writer and philosopher.

"Better to die fighting for freedom than be a prisoner all the days of your life." — Bob Marley, Jamaican singer, song writer, and activist.

"Our greatest happiness does not depend on the condition of life in which chance has placed us, but is always the result of a good conscience, good health, occupation and freedom in all just pursuits." — Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States.

"I would like to be remembered as a person who wanted to be free... so other people would be also free." — Rosa Parks.

"Every day, people serve their neighbors and our nation in many different ways, from helping a child learn, easing the loneliness of those without a family, to defending our freedom overseas. It is in this spirit of dedication to others and to our

country that I believe service should be broadly and deeply encouraged." — The late Senator, John McCain.

"Freedom is not worth having if it does not include the freedom to make mistakes." — Mahatma Gandhi (1869 - 1948), Indian political and spiritual leader.

Here are a few quotes that are especially near and dear to my heart:

"First to fight for right and freedom and to keep our honor clean..." That's from the Marine Corps Hymn.

Martin Luther, one of the founding fathers of the Protestant movement and founder of the Lutheran Church, wrote, "A Christian is a perfectly free, master of all, subject to none. A Christian is [also] a perfectly dutiful servant of all, and subject to all." (This is from *On Christian Liberty*).

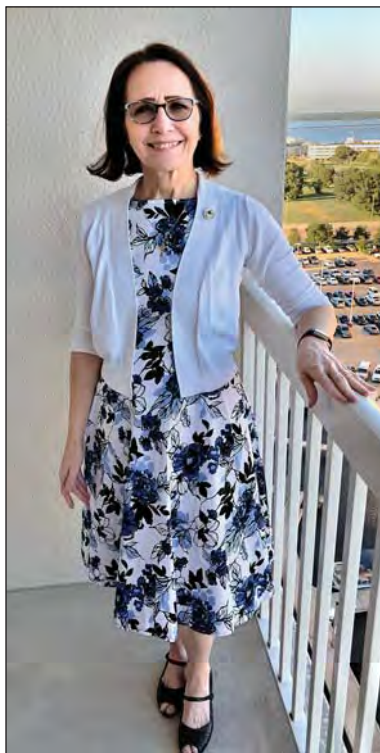
From the Bible, we hear the 61st chapter of the Prophet Isaiah (61:1), "The Spirit of the Lord GOD is upon me, Because the LORD has anointed me to bring good news to the afflicted; the LORD has sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to captives and freedom to prisoners."

And from the 5th chapter of the Apostle Paul's letter to the Galatians (5:13) — "For you were called to freedom, brothers and sisters, only do not use your freedom as an opportunity for self-indulgence, but through love become servants to one another."

We are blessed with the freedom to do, to live, to protect, and to love. And, with our freedom, we're called to help others experience their freedom as well. Not just the freedom to do as we choose, but also the freedom from many things... like the fear of failing health, or struggling to live on social security, like the freedom from shame or guilt, or the freedom from worry or sadness, from hate and division.

The second verse of "America the Beautiful" is, "O beautiful for pilgrim feet, whose stern, impassioned stress a thoroughfare for freedom beat across the wilderness! America! America! God mend thine every flaw, confirm thy soul in self-control, Thy liberty in law!"

Our freedom gives us the power to change lives, here in the U. S., and also back in the countries where we've served... those brutally impacted by the ravages of war. Through our freedom and abundance, we've been able to build schools and help young people experience the freedom of education; literally offering them a new life. Now, all of those people we've touched are free to journey out



Debora at Biloxi. Photo furnished by Ed Stein.

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Reunion Highlights

Freedom continued from Page 5. of poverty, to have careers they'd never dreamt of, and to help others, by paying their freedom forward to every person they touch and care for throughout their lives.

President Ronald Reagan once said, "Freedom is never more than one generation away from extinction. We didn't pass it to our children in the bloodstream. It must be fought for, protected, and handed on for them to do the same."

As our reunion comes to a close, we pause to remember those who've lost their lives fighting for our freedom, including those who remain lost —missing in action. We remember every person who has served our country, as well as all who've waited at home filled with worry and fear. We also hold, in

our hearts and prayers, those men and women who continue to serve and fight for freedom every day in our country and in places around the world.

American poet, singer, and song writer, Bob Dylan wrote, "I think of a hero as someone who understands the degree of responsibility that comes with freedom."

From our very foundation, we've been called to be free, to fight, not only for our own freedom, but also for that of others, to use our freedom for the good of all people, especially those in need, to stand up for our country so that every person could experience life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, to live and work together, indivisible with liberty and justice for all, to build a land of the free — where the brave are always welcomed home.



“What Hurricane?” Seen at Biloxi:

Photo memories of the 2018 Annual Meeting and Reunion of the TLC Brotherhood.

TLCB members and guests met at the Margaritaville Resort in the heart of Biloxi, Mississippi, on October 11,12,13, just after Hurricane Michael devastated parts of Florida, to the East. The reunion events were successful, despite some hotel overload of refugees from the storm. All agreed that Local Chairman John Schillo and his wife Darice did a *great job!*



Board of Directors who attended this annual meeting. From left to right: Ed Miller, member at large; John Sweet, member at large; Bill Tilton, treasurer; George Shenberger, member at large; Gary Beatty, president; Debora Stein, chaplain; and Les Thompson, vice president. Unable to attend this year were Paul Lee, secretary, and Bill Peterson, member at large. Photos courtesy of Ed Miller, who has posted them on the official TLC Brotherhood Face Book page.

Jan. is Dues Season—How to tell if you owe.

TLC Brotherhood dues are payable each January. The amount is \$30 and there are two easy ways to pay.

The *easiest* method is online, at www.TLC-Brotherhood.com. Click on the "Membership" menu, then click on "Join/Renew" for the Membership screen. Members can find the *renewal* link in the last line, where it says **CLICK HERE FOR THE ONLINE REGISTRATION FORM**. With the form, you can submit your credit-card payment through PayPal.

By mail, use the annual dues card and mailing envelope that are in this issue of *Mekong Express Mail (MEM)*. The dues card shows if you owe 2019 dues. If it says that you are paid through 2018, then you need to renew for 2019 now.

Please include any changes, particularly address, email, and telephone numbers. The envelope is pre-addressed to: **TLC Brotherhood, Inc., PO Box 60, Aspers, PA 17304**. If you're paid ahead, the card will show the year you are paid *through*, according to our records. If you think this is wrong, please let us know. We can research it and make corrections if necessary.

Assistance projects in Laos are getting more costly, so your generous donations are more and more important to our success. *Please consider including a donation with your dues payment*. Everything you donate goes **ONLY** to these projects. All administrative costs are paid from dues receipts.



Reunion Highlights

“Seen at Biloxi”...continued



At left is the official logo of the reunion, from a scene along the beach in Biloxi. At right, Pet Miller with the display of auction items on the private deck we staked out for the Brotherhood. At lower left, Bonnie Encinas once again hawking New Mexico wines “for the kids.” Helper auctioneer Bob Pruikmsa is holding up a light to show the wine. We had to improvise a little out on that dark deck overlooking the Gulf of Mexico. Photos by Ed Miller, as posted on Face Book, unless otherwise credited.



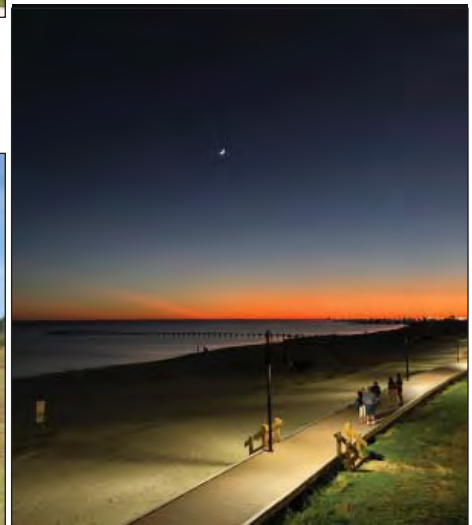
Above, local Reunion Chairman John Schillo with banquet speaker, BGen John S Ladner, Ret. Below, great helpers Glenn Lowe and Randy Jenness came all the way from Maine. They were everywhere! Randy's impromptu 50/50 raffle earned Assistance a quick \$500.



“Don't worry: the guide said they blow a warning before test firings.”



Above, At NASA's John C. Stennis Space Center museum, in Mississippi near New Orleans. Below: Members here are viewing the main rocket engine test stand, where engines powering Apollo boosters were tested. Eventual visits to Mars will start here. Below, right: Moon over the Gulf of Mexico. Photos Bill Tilton.



In Memoriam

Ben Loveland

Paul Lee, TLCB Secretary, recently wrote to The MEM:

I was just informed that a friend, high school classmate and TLCB member, Ben Loveland, has died. He was in the Army and flew a variety of aircraft, both choppers and fixed wing, in Thailand, Laos, and Vietnam. And as he told me, "Some with markings, some without." We were going to meet in Biloxi but he had a flare up of one of his cancers.

I have known Ben since we were about 15, but we lost contact not long after graduating from high school. We just reconnected a year or so ago and had been exchanging family stories. He was a great guy.

Ben Loveland's obituary

(The Shannon Funeral Home, Bradenton, Florida)

We lost a warrior. Ben Loveland, 73, of Parrish, FL died November 5th in his home surrounded by family, after a 3-year battle with cancer caused by Agent Orange.

Ben was born June 20, 1945 in Wenatchee, WA. And was adopted by Grace and Frank Loveland. Ben attended high school in Wenatchee and studied meteorology at George Washington University. He served in the U.S. Army as a gunner in Germany and Warrant Officer 3 Aviator, flying both fixed and rotary wing aircraft throughout Southeast Asia and Europe during the Vietnam War. After his military service, Ben was a civilian aviation pilot for 20 years, flying in Alaska, St. Thomas, New York, and the Pacific Northwest. He was a real estate Broker and small business owner. Ben was an Eagle Scout, a member of, or associated with, the Veterans of Foreign Wars as a Commander, Fraternal Order of the Eagles, Guardian ad Litem of Florida, Knights of Columbus.



Ben Loveland. Photo from Paul Lee.

Alice Harley Waller

Alice Waller died on September 8, 2018. She was the "Little Sister" of Capt Lee "Duff" Harley and joined the TLCB in 2016 in his honor. Alice was married to Reuben Waller and lived in Midlothian, Virginia, on the Northwest side of Richmond. After her death, Reuben immediately joined the Brotherhood in her place.

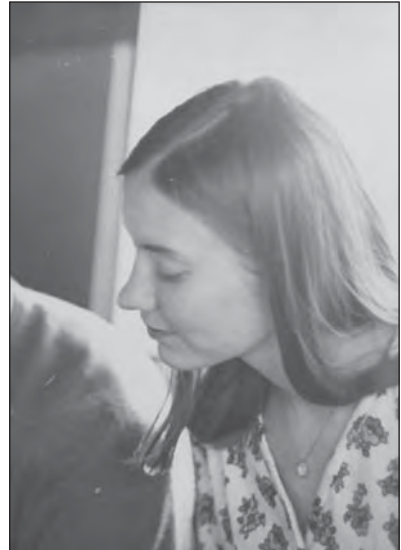


Photo of Alice from about 1966, when she would have been about 20. Her brother, Lee, was shot down on May 18th of that year, deep on the Ho Chi Minh Trail in Laos. Photos furnished by Reuben Waller.

Lee Harley was a forward air controller (FAC) in the 23rd TASS at Nakhon Phanom RTAFB. On May 18, 1966, Lee

(with Airman Andre Guillet in the back seat) was "high man" on a mission, led by FAC Tom Morris, at the border of North Vietnam on Route 912 of the Ho Chi Minh supply trail network in Laos. After the FAC team had directed some airstrikes further out the road, the two O-1F aircraft were returning to base, flying under low clouds in a high valley that lies between the Ban Loboy water crossing and the border. Lee was calling a strike report to the last fighters and stopped abruptly in mid-sentence, apparently shot down. His lead, Tom Morris, bravely searched under heavy gunfire but was unable to find Lee's wreckage. Within days, the area took on the famous name "Harley's Valley," a recognition of the high regard fellow FACs felt for Lee, who was universally liked as a great friend with a strong dedication to the squadron mission.

Lee Harley, known as "Duff" to his family and civilian friends (for Dufford, his middle name), often spoke about his little sister and their strong relationship. For instance, he once made her a pair of stilts and she proudly walked on them all over Danville, Virginia. Besides Reuben, surviving family are her daughter Elizabeth, of Vermont; son, James and his wife Tina of Tennessee; a sister, Lydia Warren, and her husband Douglas of Radford, Virginia.

Alice's degree at the University of North Carolina was in Early Childhood Development and Family Relations. She was a teacher for many years and also helped family members deal with their grief and adjustment of losing both children and adults to death. She was a lifelong devout Christian, as was Lee Harley. As an adult, Alice stayed in close touch with

Memoriam continued on page 10

Air Force Radar Station Veterans Group Plans Air Force Museum Educational Display Monument

Editor's Note: TLCB member Scott Harrington (no relation), whose book, They Called it Naked Fanny, was excerpted in the June 2018 issue of The MEM, sent this release to us.

“Silent Sentinels.” Who were they? What did they do?

During the years of the “Cold War” (1947-1991) and beyond, thousands of military men and women served as “silent sentinels,” watching the skies for potential airborne invaders. Their efforts, as they went about their tasks with the aid of sky-searching radars and huge blockhouses containing the largest computers ever built, over a period of three-fourths of a century went virtually unnoticed. Even the citizens who lived nearby had little knowledge and, consequently, gave little recognition to the folks inside who manned those radar sites and direction centers.

Now, with more than 75 years of sky watching having passed and as NORAD, the joint U. S./Canadian bi-national command whose mission is the protection of North America, and under which many of these members of the U. S. Air Force served, celebrates its 60th anniversary, a veteran’s group is seeking to recognize and honor those who so faithfully served. The U. S. Air Force Radar Station Veterans Monument Association has pulled together to form a not-for-profit 501(c) (3) corporation to share the story of those “silent sentinels” who stood watch against enemy threats.

The group, abbreviated USAFRSVM, seeks to raise \$35,000 to erect a permanent educational memorial to be placed at the National Museum of the United States Air Force at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base at Dayton, Ohio. The monument will depict the various equipment and types of platforms from which their efforts were conducted — dome-covered radar antennas, air-borne radars aboard aircraft, picket ships and so-called Texas Towers: a set of three radar facilities off the eastern seaboard of the United States used for surveillance by the Air Force during the Cold War. Modeled after the offshore oil drilling platforms first employed off the Texas coast, they were in operation from 1958-1963. Cost of the monument is \$25,000 with the additional funding needed for perpetual care, site preparation and administrative expenses. Contributions that exceed the needed amount will

go to a charity such as the Air Force Enlisted Village and The TLC Brotherhood Assistance.

Radar stations, some 525 plus worldwide, and the folks that manned them, have been present from before that fateful day of December 7th, 1941, when a large echo on the SCR 270 radar oscilloscope was assumed to be a flight of B-17 Flying Fortresses, but in reality, was an aerial armada of Japanese aircraft set on destroying the U. S. Pacific fleet.

Following World War II, the United States identified a need for radars to monitor the overflight of Soviet aircraft of unprotected Japanese islands and along the northern tier of Alaska. Upgrades were deemed necessary after an American B-29 was shot down over eastern Hokkaido, Japan in 1950.

There were other incidents such as a number of intrusions over the years by both Russian fighters and bombers making runs along our Alaskan sea coasts.

The brutal weather prompted the installation of fixed redone-covered equipment, not affected by the weather. Gradually, fixed radar stations were established across most of the continental United States. The Air Force also made long range plans to install fixed sites along the northern border of the United States referred to as the Pine Tree Line. Plans were also made for installing equipment along

the Arctic Circle called the Dew Line. Many of the sites were remote and isolated with some being on mountain tops.

As the number of fixed sites increased, the Air Force realized that a different approach was needed to meet communication requirements in conducting intercept operations. Plans were made to establish “Sectors” where the radar data would be fed from the individual sites to sectors and displayed for operational control. The system was called Semi-Automatic Ground Environment thus the name “SAGE.” Along with data from the fixed ground sites additional information was provided from offshore “Texas Towers,” Airborne Electronic Systems,

Radar continued on page 10



“Skyspot” radar bomb scoring system, in 1966. These were brought to Southeast Asia and used for a reversed purpose--guiding airstrikes under certain conditions. “Invert” at Nakhon Phanom was one of the sites.

Memoriam *continued from page 8*

the various military efforts to locate the remains of Lee and Andre, often putting much pressure on the recovery agencies to ensure they did not give up. As of this writing, however, all efforts to date have been futile.



Recent photo of Alice Harley Waller.

Among Alice's preparations for her death was a request that mourners make donations to the Thailand-Laos-Cambodia Brotherhood in lieu of sending flowers. To date, nineteen individuals and families have donated a total of \$1800 to TLCB Assistance in Alice's name.

By Bill Tilton, a friend of Lee Harley and of the Wallers.



addition, many fixed sites around the world were added and improved with the 412L system in Germany, along with many mobile radar sites.

Today, the Air Defense Command, the Air Force branch responsible for maintaining enemy-free skies during those years, no longer exists, having given way to a sophisticated satellite surveillance system. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that the nation owes a huge debt of gratitude to those men and women who served as a part of the network of radar sites, flights and squadrons to protect our skies.



View of "Monkey Mountain," an aerial surveillance site very close to Danang Air Force Base along the coast of Vietnam, South of the DMZ.

Radar *continued from page 9*

Picket ships, and Satellites. Some of the older equipment was no longer needed due to advances in technology and were retired. The so-called "Cold War" also increased the need for more sophisticated systems such as the BUIC system that automated much of the air defense operation.

In the middle of the Cold War, hostilities erupted in Vietnam requiring reassignment of men, women and equipment to Vietnam. Once again, the personnel assigned to man the many remote and isolated sites in Southeast Asia would be separated from their loved ones for a year at a time. Some of the sites, such as "Monkey Mountain" in South Vietnam, were fixed sites while other mobile sites were used to meet the needs. In

Contributions can be made by check, made payable to: USAF RSV Monument Association, and sent to:

Paul Goldschmidt, Treasurer
 USAF RSV Monument Association
 8610 County Rd 15 W
 Minot ND, 58703

In an effort to have as many Radar Station Veterans as possible participate in the project, the Monument Association task force asks readers to share the information regarding the project with others with whom they may have served.



Newest Members in the TLC Brotherhood

The 8 members listed below joined between the last issue of the MEM and the end of November. You can find more information on our website database. The Mekong Express Mail wishes you all a hearty "Welcome Home."

No	Branch	Last Name	First Name	City	State
01853	USAF	Miller	Lee	New Oxford	PA
01854	Other	Larsen	Gary	Lakewood	CA
01855	Other	Waller	Reuben	Midlothian	VA
01856	USAF	Corbin	Herbert	Conway	SC
01857	USAF	Dozal	Leonor	El Paso	TX
01858	USAF	Solomon	Tom	Houston	TX
01859	USAF	Gatling	John	Forrest City	AR
01860	USAF	Korandanis	Stephen	Gardner	MA

TLC Brotherhood Book List, Updated

Note: all listed books are available on line. Books listed in bold type have been added.

<i>Author</i>	<i>Title</i>	<i>Category</i>	<i>Publisher</i>
Barrett Dean	<i>Hangman's Point</i>	Fiction	Village East Books
Barrett Dean	<i>Kingdom of Make Believe</i>	Fiction	Village East Books
Barrett Dean	<i>Memoirs of a Bangkok Warrior</i>	Fiction	Village East Books
Barrett Dean	<i>Skytrain to Murder</i>	Fiction	Village East Books
Butler Jimmie	<i>A Certain Brotherhood</i>	Non-fiction	Cricket Press
Davis Charles	<i>Across the Mekong</i>	Non-fiction	Hildesigns Press
Gleason Robert L.	<i>Air Commando Chronicles</i>	Non-fiction	Sunflower University Press
Harrington John	<i>The Year of the Lieutenant</i>	Fiction	Archway Press
Harrington Scott	<i>They Called it Naked Fanny</i>	Non-fiction	Hellgate Press
Hauser Paul	<i>I'm Always Going Somewhere</i>	Non-fiction	Createspace
Hauser Paul	<i>Inherently Dangerous</i>	Non-fiction	Createspace
Martino Joe	<i>The Justice Cooperative</i>	Mystery	Elderberry Press
Martino Joseph T.	<i>A Fighting Chance: The Moral Use of Nuclear Weapons</i>	Non-fiction	Ignatius Press
Martino Joseph T.	<i>R&D Project Selection</i>	Non-fiction	John Wiley
Martino Joseph T.	<i>Resistance to Tyranny</i>	Non-fiction	Createspace
Martino Joseph T.	<i>Technological Forecasting for Decision Making</i>	Non-fiction	McGraw-Hill
McDaniel C.R.	<i>The Tales of the Six Tigers</i>	Fiction	
Melton Alan	<i>The Champa Flowers</i>	Fiction	
Melton Alan	<i>The Green Parrots</i>	Fiction	
Melton Alan	<i>The Libyan Bomb</i>	Fiction	
Morrison Gayle L.	<i>Sky is Falling</i>	Non-fiction	McFarland & Co.
Polifka Karl	<i>Meeting Steve Canyon...</i>	Non-fiction	Createspace
Polifka Karl	<i>Flying With the CIA in Laos</i>	Non-fiction	Createspace
Schreader George	<i>Hognose Silent Warrior</i>	Non-fiction	Outskirts Press
Schreader George	<i>Unsung Hero: Forgotten War</i>	Non-fiction	Outskirts Press
Schreader George	<i>Sergeant Doughboy: Journal of a WWI American Soldier</i>	Non-fiction	Outskirts Press
Schreader George	<i>The Nexus Colony</i>	Fiction	Outskirts Press
Tambini Anthony	<i>Douglas Jumbos - The Globemaster</i>	Non-fiction	
Tambini Anthony	<i>F-5 Tigers Over Vietnam</i>	Non-fiction	
Tambini Anthony	<i>Ice Meteors - The Danger Overhead</i>	Non-fiction	
Tambini Anthony	<i>UFOs - An Overview of Close Encounters and Low Flybys</i>	Non-fiction	
Tambini Anthony	<i>Wiring Vietnam: The Electronic War</i>	Non-fiction	
Whitcomb Darrel	<i>The Rescue of BAT 21</i>	Non-fiction	Naval Institute Press

Anthem Veterans Memorial, Arizona

John Lorenzen, History Committee Chairman

The service, honoring all veterans, was attended by at least 5,000 people, a band, choir, honor guard and interesting speakers, including a former Vietnam POW

The memorial's pavers are red, the pillars are white, and the sky was bright blue. At 11:11 a.m., the sun shone through the elliptical openings in all five columns of the Anthem Veterans Memorial and illuminated the Great Seal of the United States. And the weather was a perfect Phoenix November day. I took my grandson to watch the Phoenix Veteran's Day parade, which began at 11:00 a.m.

About the Veterans Memorial:

Once a year, on Veterans Day, at exactly 11:11, this monument comes to life. For exactly one minute, this monument can be seen in its full glory. Composed of five pillars, each representing an arm of the U.S. military, the monument's shadows will align at precisely the right angles to form the great seal of the U.S. This isn't just any day or hour. It was designed to do this at 11:11 every November 11th, Veteran's Day.

According to its website:

"Additionally, the brick pavers within the Circle of Honor are inscribed with the names of U.S. servicemen and women, symbolizing the 'support' for the Armed Forces. The pavers are red, the pillars are white, and the sky is blue to represent America's flag. The circle represents an unbreakable border."

How did the engineers manage to calculate the rotational shadows down to the minute? The monument's chief engineer, Jim Martin, says that they knew they had to create this with a "fixed azimuth (the horizontal angle from astronomical north to the center of the sun on Nov. 11 at 11:11 a.m. that creates the horizontal illumination of the Great Seal)" and a "fixed altitude angle (the vertical angle for zenith, or horizon, to the center of the sun on Nov. 11 at 11:11 a.m. that creates the vertical illumination of the Great Seal)." Even with the yearly variations, the monument is accurate—give or take, Martin writes on the website, 12 seconds.

The monument was designed by a local resident of Anthem, Renee Palmer-Jones. The pillars are quite high (tallest is 17 feet) and the order of the branches of the armed service were placed in accordance with Department of Defense protocol—United States Army, the United States Marine Corps, the United States Navy, the United States Air Force, and the United States Coast Guard. The monument itself is copyrighted, so it cannot be reproduced anywhere else.



Above, Veterans Day service at the Anthem Veterans Memorial in Anthem, Arizona. Below, monument at the exact annual moment when the sun shines through to form the Great Seal of the United States of America. Photos by John Lorenzen, author.



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***The Official Thailand, Laos, Cambodia
Brotherhood page***

Changed your address? ...eMail?

If so, please let us know so that we can update the official database and ensure that MEM issues and official mail get addressed properly. You can send an email to Treasurer@TLC-Brotherhood.com, or a note in the mail to TLC Brotherhood, PO Box 60, Aspers, PA 17304.

Official Notice: Election Results

The Board of Directors of the TLC Brotherhood, Inc. announces that the following officers and members were elected for two-year terms at the October 13, 2018 annual meeting at Biloxi, Mississippi. The board thanks members who attended and those who submitted absentee ballots or proxy votes.

President: Gary Beatty
Treasurer: Bill Tilton
Member at large: Ray Boas
Member at large: Ed Miller

Going West! In 2019 it's LAS VEGAS!



The lavish Alexis Park Resort lobby. This is a family hotel that is very convenient to the vibrant life of Las Vegas.

2019 Las Vegas Reunion and Annual Meeting, October 3rd through the 5th

Rates for the Alexis Park All Suite Resort. Our special reservation costs are only \$69.00 for Thursday, October 3, and \$89 for Friday and Saturday, October 4 and 5. If you wish to tour or party in Vegas before and after these dates, room prices are just \$69 for Oct 2, 6, and 7. These prices are locked in at 2017 rates! All Vegas hotels have an entertainment fee plus tax per room per night. The Alexis Park All Suite Resort fee is \$14.00 each night you book, plus taxes.

Reservations: To make reservations call 1-800-582-2228 or 702-796-3322. *You must identify your affiliation with the TLC Brotherhood reunion to get the group rates at 2017 prices!* Make reservations soon while these suites are available!

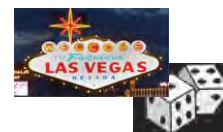
Block these dates on your calendar now. See you at the Reunion!

George Shenberger, 2019 Chairman

The 2019 Reunion in Las Vegas will be at the *Alexis Park All Suite Resort* at 375 E Harmon Avenue, Las Vegas, Nevada, which is near both *McCarran Airport* and the *Fashion Show Mall*. **This is not a casino**, but they are very close-by.



Airport Shuttle: There is a hotel shuttle available from Las Vegas/Mccarran International Airport by calling 702-332-2797. The same shuttle will take you to the Las Vegas strip from the Alexis Park Resort, a distance of about 5 blocks.



Turtle Dinner ala Maureen and other interesting missing instructions

By Anthony Robert Byrne

Captain and Instructor Pilot for Air America Inc. 1965 to 1974

TLCB member John Duffin submitted this article, written by a friend of his, Robert Byrne.

My father found a turtle, not a rare occurrence around Philadelphia. My mother was not at home. He called Maureen, my older sister, then a teenager, and presented the turtle to her and told her to kill it, chop it up, and make it into our dinner.



He gave her no further instructions on how to do it. The “Betty Crocker Cookbook” was no help.

Maureen worked long and arduously. Dinner time arrived, as did the turtle dinner on a platter. It looked bad; it smelled bad. It would have tasted bad if anyone had tried to eat it. Adding water, salt, pepper, sugar or even Worcestershire sauce to it would not have made it taste good. Not even my father, one of 14 children and a hearty omnivore, would try to eat it. Poor turtle. Sinful waste.

Over the years, I have thought of myself as having a sophisticated, cosmopolitan palate. In Paris, I ate snails. In Tokyo I dined on chocolate-covered songbirds. I admit that in Hong Kong I declined to eat monkey brains even though they were the special of the day and they looked nice and smelled nice.

In Hong Kong, I heard the story of the couple who arrived at a restaurant with their little doggie. On arrival, they asked a waiter to take care of their pet. The couple enjoyed a few rounds of cocktails and then asked the waiter to bring to them their little pooch. He did.



It was dead, cooked, and artistically arranged on a platter. The moral is, if you give instructions you should always be precise.

In Pakse, Laos, Jim Brown and I flew Prince Boun Oum na Champassak to a village where several hundred persons were hunkered down or sitting or lying on the ground to listen to the princely oration. Later we were told that some of the persons at the back of the audience

were Pathet Lao, a group that normally was shooting at our Air America, Inc. aircraft.

Jim Brown had been with Boeing Vertol in Morton, Pennsylvania. There was a tale of an airliner, a helicopter with Jim Brown bailing out and Boeing Vertol being very unhappy.



Prince Boun Oum na Champassak.

To be kind, Prince Boun Oum na Champassak was very plump. He probably had never missed even one princely meal. He was heir to the Kings of Champassak and thus rated a place in the Vientiane government of Laos. I think he was Inspector General. He checked out in 1980, the last of his line.

Prince Boun Oum’s speech was long and tedious to Jim and me as we understood not one word of it. Bored, we went for a walk into a treed area, where we came upon some Laotian men around a huge round cauldron, which was sitting in a fire on the ground. It held what looked like a very large quantity of soup. On top was a small gibbon which had been more or less skinned but not gutted. You could see its little face, its two little hands, and

Turtle Dinner continued on next Page.

its two little feet on display. Jim and I were invited to partake, but we declined, saying thank you, but we had already eaten lunch.

One day I was walking around Pakse. In a clearing, some Laotian men were burning logs on the ground. In the fire was a full-sized water buffalo, which had not been skinned or gutted. I continued my walkabout with no hunger pangs at all.

Many years ago, the French moved into Indochina and sought to bring Laos into the 19th century. As part of that effort, a French official with a native assistant was working on maps and such. The two men were near a large village in southern Laos. The French



official, looking at the large village, said to his assistant “What is that?” The assistant, focused much nearer to hand, said “That is attapeu” (water buffalo droppings). Thus, the large village was officially and legally named.

I only ever spent one night in Attapeu. My flight mechanic and I were lead-ship in a small gaggle of H-34s. In my ship, I

had Doug Swanson and 1800 pounds of land mines. His men and their stuff were in the other H-34s.

Doug Swanson, a CIA case officer, was boss of Pakse Site 7, a small military base with a small, dirt airstrip near the

Air America “black” H-34 carrying a scruffy-looking fuselage of a Cessna O-1 aircraft.

Turtle Dinner continued on page 16



Turtle Dinner continued from page 15

Cambodian border. The story was that Doug Swanson had played with the Green Bay Packers, never once wearing a helmet. This might explain some of Doug's more off-the-wall missions and other frolics.

We took off at dawn with the mission of landing on the Sihanouk Trail so Doug and his men could plant all the landmines. The idea was to maim or kill all of those naughty persons who carried war goods east on the Trail to deliver the goods to the North Vietnamese forces fighting in South Vietnam. The war goods were offloaded from ships into Cambodia and then carried north to the Trail and then east to South Vietnam.

As I approached to land on the Trail, Doug, on the intercom, asked me to land very gently as he and his men had hand-cocked and armed all of the land mines. Had a single enemy bullet hit the landmines on board, I (and others) would have been splattered all over Southern Laos. Just another day at the office.

Years later I heard that Doug Swanson was in Florida and dying of lung cancer, still smoking two packs a day. That is either extreme brand loyalty or serious nicotine addiction.

One time the mission was to fly from Laos into China to pick up a spy team that had been inserted earlier. It was a long trip. One H-34 with me and my flight mechanic. I found the landing site, a clearing among trees. I got the proper signal from the people on the ground. I landed and reduced engine power. Men were approaching my ship from various directions. Mercy Percy, something is seriously amiss. The men were all wearing Chinese Communist Army uniforms.

Is this Where It All Ends? Is this Retribution Day? I thought a bit, and realized that an enemy spy team in China would be at a great advantage if they were costumed in Chi-Com uniforms when they met local Chinese when creeping through the shrubbery. It all ended as just another day at the office.

Postscript: What was it like being a Captain and Instructor Pilot for Air America Inc. for nine years of the Vietnam War? It was interesting, educational, sometimes terrifying, sometimes horrifying, very often dangerous, and very often a lot of fun. A wag might have said that every time I climbed into a cockpit, it was dangerous. And it was sanity eroding each time you went that bridge too far.



At the TLCB Exchange

New Product Time!

The Exchange has added a long-sleeve navy golf shirt to our existing stock of shirts. For those who have seen 2018 reunion shirts, these are the same, but are navy with our TLCB logo, a Port Authority "legendary silk touch" polo, 5 oz., 65/35 poly/cotton pique shirt with side vents. Logo is on the right, opposite the pocket.

We have found that they tend to run large. Shipping costs keep rising, but we are able to bring you this shirt, with the finely-embroidered logo, at a good price, in time for winter chills. All Exchange modest profits go "to the kids."

