

MEKONG EXPRESS MAIL



The newsletter of the Thailand-Laos-Cambodia Brotherhood, Inc. Volume 21, issue 1

WWW.TLC-Brotherhood.com

Korat RTAFB: Then and Now

By: John Lorenzen

Editor's Note: This is the first of a series of articles that the "MEM" is planning to include about bases in Thailand, hopefully written by TLCB members who were stationed there and have since gone back to visit them. If any members would like to volunteer to write up their experiences, please contact me. (Full disclosure: John Lorenzen did not "volunteer." I pressured him). Please contact me anyway, at jharrington@nscopy.com.

Then — Korat RTAFB: 1965-66

After my first three years in the Air Force at Whiteman AFB, Missouri, I was not looking forward to a fourth cold winter. It was March 1965, and winter was not quite over, when one morning a message came in for the Squadron Commander, requesting assignment of a person to Korat, Thailand. I went to the base library and found a book about Thailand. When I read that it had a warm, tropical climate, I walked through the snow back to my office in the orderly room and went into Major Carney's office. I said, "Sir, may I volunteer for this transfer to Thailand?" He asked me, "Are you sure?" I said, "Yes Sir!"

After a Pan American flight from Travis AFB, I had a 10-day wait at Clark AFB, Philippines. Finally, one day, my name was posted to fly to Korat the next day. We boarded a very full C-130 for a flight over South Vietnam, landing on May Day, 1965.



The main gate of Korat RTAFB. The plane on a pylon is a Korean War vintage F-86 Sabrejet. Photos provided by the author.

My first view of Korat Royal Thai Air Force Base (RTAFB) was when they lowered the ramp while taxiing down the runway. I soon saw F-105s and F4C Phantoms. During a briefing about the base and Thai customs (including how to behave downtown, etc.), we were told that we were the first permanent duty personnel assigned to Korat, which at the time, consisted of about 900 Air Force personnel. Prior personnel were TDY – along with New Zealand Kiwis.

Korat continues on page 3.

Table of Contents

Korat RTAFB: Then and Now	1
Editor's Notebook: Then and Now. David MacDonald. 2020 Reunion	2
TLC Brotherhood Information	2
David MacDonald and Me	6
MiG Killer — Misfit Pilot.....	7
New Member Profile: Ed Linsley	10
New Member Profile: Darl L. Stephenson.....	12
In Memoriam: Carlton "Skip" Marvel.....	13
WWW.Overhauled and Redesigned!	13
Donors to the TLC Brotherhood in 2019	14
Newest Members in the TLC Brotherhood	15
"20/20 - Clear Vision - Clear Sailing"	16

Editor's Notebook:

Then and Now. David MacDonald. 2020 Reunion.

There are several items in this issue of *The Mekong Express Mail (MEM)* to which I would like to call attention.


Our cover article, "Korat: Then and Now," is hopefully the first in a series about Laos and Thailand's bases during the Vietnam War, showing the contrast between back in the day and what they're like in the 21st century. So, if you were at U'Tapao, Ubon, Nakhon Phanom, Udorn, Takhli, or one of the detachments or special ops locations, and have been back there in recent years, we would like to hear from you. As I noted at the beginning of the "Korat" article, John Lorenzen didn't volunteer, I pressured him. *It could happen to you.*

In our last issue, we noted briefly that David MacDonald, the founding editor of the *MEM*, passed away just as we were going to press. In this issue, the member who recruited Dave to the Thailand Laos Cambodia Brotherhood (TLCB) and convinced him to start the *MEM*, Bill Tilton, recalls meeting Dave and working with him for more than a decade. Dave was talented,

experienced, and forceful; qualities needed to create an admired publication from scratch. When Dave's health deteriorated around 2012, I succeeded him as the *MEM* editor. *And I can assure you that it's much easier to take over a successful journal than to build one.*

On the back page is a reminder and promotion piece about our 2020 Reunion in Newport, Rhode Island, October 15 to 17, at The Mainstay Hotel, which will, as of June 1, be The Wayfinder Hotel, under new ownership and following a major renovation. (Actually, I can vouch that it's just as fine a place as The Mainstay, when I first visited it). Anyway, take a look at the back page, and also take the time to contact me with any agenda items you think we should include on our program.

John Harrington
MEM Editor
jharrington@nscopy.com



TLC Brotherhood Annual Meeting and Reunion.
See the last page (16) for the latest information.



Do you recognize this? If so, you might be just the person Editor John Harrington is looking for! See the *Editor's Notebook*, upper left.

The Mekong Express Mail ...is an official publication of The TLC Brotherhood, Inc. This newsletter is furnished to all active member households in support of the Brotherhood's objectives. The views expressed in articles published in this newsletter are those of the authors and do not reflect official TLC Brotherhood policy unless explicitly stated, nor is the TLC Brotherhood, Inc. responsible for the veracity of information furnished by our authors. All rights reserved by The TLC Brotherhood, Inc. in 2020. The TLC Brotherhood, Inc. is a tax exempt, non-profit charitable organization under IRC Section 501(c)(3), and was incorporated in the Commonwealth of Virginia in 1999.

TLC Brotherhood, Inc. ***Tax ID #54-1932649***

Board of Directors and Committee Chairmen 2019-2021, showing year of term end

President: Gary Beatty, 2020 (2nd term)
Vice President: Gerry Frazier, (Reunion Committee) 2021 (1st term)
Secretary: Paul Lee, 2021 (2nd term)
Treasurer: Bill Tilton, 2020 (3rd term)
Chaplain: Jim Kidd (Memorial Committee) 2021 (unlimited)
Board members-at-large
Roger Durant, 2020 (1st term)
Ray Boas, 2020 (1st term)
George Shenberger, 2021 (3rd term)
John Sweet, 2021 (2nd term)
Non-board committee chairmen (appointed by president)
Assistance Committee: Les Thompson
Communications Committee: John Harrington
Exchange Shopkeeper: Thelma Tilton
History Committee: John Lorenzen
Membership Committee: John Duffin
Public Relations Committee: "Willi Pete" Peterson

The Mekong Express Mail

David MacDonald (1939-2019), Founding Editor

Editor: John Harrington (jharrington@nscopy.com)
Asst. Editor: Thelma Tilton (thelmatilton@gmail.com)
Distribution: John Duffin (jduffin29@gmail.com)
Composition: Bill Tilton (billtilton@gmail.com)

TLCB Facebook Page

Ray Boas, Monitor
(raymar711@gmail.com)

TLC Brotherhood Website

Jerry Karnes, Webmaster
(JKarnes@tlc-brotherhood.com)

Payments to the TLCB

Via website—uses PayPal, which accepts credit card payments.
By check—make checks payable to "TLC Brotherhood, Inc."
Write payment purpose and member number on check.
Mail to:

TLC Brotherhood
P.O. Box 60
Aspers, PA 17304

Reunion 2020: Newport, Rhode Island

Korat continued from page 1.

I reported to the 6234th Combat Support Group. Master Sergeant Waddell asked what my prior assignment had been, and then decided to have me oversee two Thai employees who worked in the small warehouse in which non-perishable food supplies were stored. I also handled the ordering of food supplies and did the paperwork and accounting for them. I often drove a truck down a dirt road to Camp Friendship, 9th Logistics, US Army, to pick up supplies. Learning to drive on the left side of the road actually came easily.

My hooch was near the perimeter of the base, but not very far from anything. The area had been stripped bare of vegetation until you got to the perimeter, and then it was quite lush. I've often wondered if Agent Orange was used to kill the vegetation on the base and near the perimeter, where I spent a lot of time.

The hooch had screened sides, including behind the louvered slats, to allow for breezes. It was an eight-man, open-bay configuration, on stilts to keep the snakes from getting in and keep the water out during the monsoon season. When it rained, we dropped the window flaps down, and it got very hot and muggy inside. The heavy rain on the tin roof was loud. Our hooch had a couple of electric light bulbs, but the generator on base was unpredictable, so the brightness varied. The latrine/shower was a short walk down the boardwalk.

Each hooch had a house girl, who cleaned the hooch, did our laundry (including clothing), made the beds, shined our shoes, etc. We each paid her \$5 per month, so the house girls received \$40 per month, which was considered good pay there.

I was surprised and happy at the very different military environment I found myself in, compared to the SAC base I had left, where the first sergeant performed a barracks inspection every Saturday morning. Now there were no inspections, and I had a house girl to do everything – even wake us up in



Author John Lorenzen in 1965. John also serves as the TLCB History Committee chairman.

the morning. The house girls on base were very hardworking, yet were always cheerful, displaying the smiles for which Thailand is known.

The base movie theater was open sided with logs to sit on, but the theater in downtown Korat had nicer seats, and sometimes showed American movies – dubbed in person into Thai by personnel who traveled around the country with the movie. The Thai movies were all very action packed, and everyone was expected to stand for the Thai national anthem before the start of each movie.

The Airmen's Club on base was called the Cobra Club, and the Thai bands did their best at playing Farong music—such as *Satisfaction* by the Rolling Stones. They played *Dixie* and

The Battle Hymn of the Republic to get crowd reaction.

I took a few trips from the base, including some to Phimai



TLCB member Glenn Bremenkamp viewing Pimai Khmer ruin in 1966. Photo by Bill Tilton.

Historical Park, about 40 miles away, which had one of the most important Khmer temples of Thailand. The buildings were from about the 11th century. I also took a weekend trip to Chiang Mai on a C-47, which was taking some supplies to an Air America outpost near there.

There were quite a few celebrities who visited Korat with USO shows or just visiting to greet and talk with troops. I met Raymond Burr and Robert Mitchum, and also ran into and visited with Martha Raye at Camp Friendship. But, my favorite visit from celebrities was in December 1965, when Bob Hope and his group arrived for a Christmas Show. Bob brought along with him some very welcome celebrities, including Joey Heatherton, Carroll Baker, Anita Bryant, Kaye Stevens, Miss USA, Jack Jones, and Jerry Colonna. I can still hear them all singing "Silent Night."

There were two Thai holidays that I enjoyed while at Korat. First, the Loi Krathong Festival, which



Typical Korat "hooch."
Most TLC Brotherhood members will immediately recognize this type of building.

Korat continues on page 4.

Korat continued from page 3.



Above, Bob Hope at far right, and his Christmas Show troupe, in December of 1965 at Korat. At right, Hope and actress Carol Baker.



Above, Thai children in Korat are fascinated by an encounter with a "farang," the Thai word for "foreigner." At right, a typical street scene in downtown Korat in the mid-sixties.



involved floating lighted decorations in the ponds by the Lady Mo statue in downtown Korat, and the other, Songkran, the water festival. We were told not to go downtown if having water thrown at us would make us mad. Of course, we then had to go downtown and join in the fun. I have since attended both celebrations at Wat Promkunaram, the Buddhist Temple a few miles west of Phoenix.

My time on the base, an active Royal Thai Air Force Base called "Wing One," was about four hours. It just happened to be the first day of a joint military exercise in Thailand (Cope Tiger), that involved Thailand, the US Air Force and Marines, and the Singapore Air Force. I spent a couple of hours at the

Thao Suransee Ya Mo, "Lady Mo" statue in Old City, Korat, 2008.

Now—Korat RTAFB:

In January and February 2008, my wife Kay and I traveled to Thailand. We spent several days each in Bangkok, Chiang Mai, and Phuket. And we spent some time in the Golden Triangle of Northern Thailand, where Myanmar (Burma), Laos, and Thailand meet along the Mekong River. We visited some of the villages of the hill tribes in the area — including the Hmongs, Lahi, Karen, Miao, and Padung — the "long-neck" tribe, so-named because of the metal rings worn around the necks of the women and girls.

One day, during the Bangkok portion, my wife stayed behind to do some shopping, and I took a day-trip up to Korat. MacAlan "Mac" Thompson had arranged for Jim Traywick, who coordinated Thai/US military activities, to meet me in Korat, and escort me onto and around the base.



Korat continues next page.



Author John Lorenzen poses with a Padung "Long Neck" tribeswoman in 2008, in the "Golden Triangle" region.

flight line watching the arrival of aircraft from Singapore and the US, and I visited with USAF personnel that had arrived. They were interested in learning about the area and about the town of Korat.

Back in April 1966, as I was leaving Korat, a hole was being dug for a swimming pool and a two-story, concrete-walled barracks was also under construction; however, in 2008 the swimming pool appeared to have been long abandoned and overgrown. I've seen pictures of it on the internet, taken during the intervening years, and they pictured many American service personnel and also some Thais enjoying it.

After being driven around the base, trying to compare what was once barren with a now very lush area with mature trees, I found my old hooch. It was still there, but had been

Below, Kay and John Lorenzen visit with Mac Thompson, at left, and Les Strouse, at right, in Bangkok in 2008.



overtaken by the jungle years ago. It was evident that much of the base was no longer in use. The biggest surprise was how much thick, mature vegetation there was on the base, including many mature trees that were not there during my time, more than 40 years earlier.

I also saw the statue of "Roscoe" the dog. I had heard about Roscoe from others who served at Korat after I did. He was the official mascot of the 388th Tactical Fighter Wing, attending briefings and visiting all areas of the base. He was brought to Thailand from Japan in a fighter plane, by Lt Ray Lewis in 1966. Months later, Lt Lewis did not return from a combat mission "up North."

Below, famous pet and mascot, Roscoe. After his F-105 pilot owner went missing, this dog was often seen riding in the wing commander's car as he drove around the base. John saw this memorial in 2008, said to be one of the few remaining signs of American presence on the base.



After buying a souvenir Cope Tiger T shirt and patch, I left the base. In town, I asked my driver to leave me and pick me up in three hours. I then wandered the streets I had walked many years earlier, stopping in a couple of places for a Singha and conversation.

Three things struck me as big changes in the Town of Korat, which really can't be called a town anymore because it is much larger than back then:

1. My driver, from Bangkok, was to meet Mac Thompson's contact in Korat at the 7-Eleven convenience store to take me on base. What, a 7-Eleven in Korat? Yeah, and it looked just like 7-Elevens in the states. The only difference was that the customers inside were all Thai's.

2. The samllars were now all motorized, three-wheeled vehicles, instead of the bicycle-type transport we had used.

3. The cars and pickup trucks on the streets were very new, and there were a lot of pickups. Back in the day there were not that many vehicles, and they were mostly Toyota taxis and Mercedes trucks and buses.

Three things in Korat that *were* the same:

1. The Thao Suranaree (Ya Mo or "Lady Mo") Monument still stands in the central, old-city area of Korat. Lady Mo is said to have led a large number of the town's women in saving the town of Korat from an invading army from Laos a couple of centuries ago.

2. The central old city was virtually the same. The streets and buildings (most of them) were just as I remembered and walked around them back in the day.

3. The Thai people of Korat are still just as kind and friendly as in the mid-60s. It is still the Land of Smiles.

My year in Thailand was one of the best of my life, and I look back on it fondly. I enjoyed my return to Korat, and my wife and I also enjoyed our visit to the other parts of Thailand.



David MacDonald and Me:

A remembrance of David MacDonald, the Founding Editor of the Mekong Express Mail

By Bill Tilton

At a picnic meeting of a Pekingese club in the suburbs of Washington, D.C. in 1999, I got to talking to an interesting visitor, with a Scottish accent, about the Vietnam War. In our conversation I mentioned a new group of veterans I had met who were forming an organization dedicated to those who had served in the war outside of Vietnam itself. He showed intense interest right away, and after a while he told me why—he had been a soldier in the British Army that successfully ended the “Emergency” when communists tried to take over Malaya not long before our war against Vietnamese communists a little further north. (It was an “emergency” instead of a “war” because Lloyds of London insurance policies had war clauses that limited their liability). The interesting visitor was David MacDonald. His wife, Sally, was the daughter of the famous White House correspondent and “president-baiter” from Tyler, Texas, Sarah McClendon.



Sally MacDonald

TLCB Contributions

After our informal 1998 gathering at Dayton I had volunteered to chair the first formal reunion of the group, in Tyson’s Corner, Virginia. David agreed to serve on the organizing committee and I asked him to be in charge of the huge challenge of transportation, which he did. Our new Vice President, Gerry Frazier, was the program director on that committee, and between the two of them most of the work was done. (We were also helped by Mike Potaski, Jim Roth, Art Whittum, the late John Pierre-Benoist, and Dave Cook.)

After I was elected president, we all filled out applications to create the initial member list, and Dave joined in March of 1999, as charter member 00141 (the first number was 00108, Richard Anderson). One of the things the board and I wanted very much in those times was to publish a newsletter to capture and disseminate our precious memories of service in Thailand, Laos, and Cambodia. Dave was an obvious choice for editor, and to my great satisfaction, he agreed to do it. The first *Mekong Express Mail* (*MEM*) issue came out in June of 2000, to “...reach out to those Brothers and Sisters who don’t communicate via the Internet.” In his introductory “From the Editor” paragraph, Dave said, “We want to publish interesting stories about every job that supported and carried out the mission in SEA.” Readers of the *MEM* over the years will agree that he certainly accomplished that!

Dave had his own quirks and pet peeves. His most rigid editor’s rule was that the *MEM* would publish only original, unpublished material. Sometimes contributors sent us articles or

David MacDonald



messages from others, and Dave immediately turned those down. In fact, if a member sent the *MEM* an email that had been posted on the Brotherhood server, Dave refused to publish it. Occasionally we missed good stories this way, and I found myself constantly begging

people like Mac Thompson to send writings to the *MEM* first. Dave also had a pretty strict “moral compass” regarding what was decent and worthy of being published in our newsletter. He told me that his strict Scottish upbringing probably influenced that quite a bit, and consequently he often edited passages and stories that seemed a little too spicy. Profanity was strictly prohibited.

David had a very agreeable nature and was generally very calm and deliberate about the newsletter process, but once in a while his Scottish temper flared up without warning. On a number of occasions he announced to me that he would no longer be the editor. Usually I knew what the issue was and we quickly resolved it, proceeding as though nothing had happened. On two of those occasions, however, I had no idea what generated the abrupt “resignation.” On both of those it was the death of a brother. He was particularly hard-hit by the death of his favorite brother, Angus, for whom he returned to Scotland to settle his affairs. But eventually, as always, Dave came around and resumed his editor’s work.

In October of 2004, as my last term as president ended, David ran for that office and was defeated by Hoppy Hopkins, who immediately appointed him secretary on the board of directors. He served the maximum of three terms as secretary on the board and also as Membership Committee chairman, in addition to being editor of the *MEM*. He also played a key committee role on the other two Washington, D.C. reunions that I chaired. After a health problem made it impossible to continue his work as editor in 2012, Dave reluctantly stepped down from that job and John Harrington agreed to take on the task. Later, John designated Dave as “Editor Emeritus,” an honorific well-earned.

World War II and U.S. Citizenship

Dave was born in Birmingham, UK, in 1939. His vivid memories of the Second World War included watching the anti-aircraft guns firing as Nazi planes tried to strike at

Dave and Me continues next page.

Dave and Me, *continued.*

the vital industries of Birmingham, where his father was a newspaperman. And he watched the skies cloud up with B-17s forming their miles-long groups for bomb runs to Nazi-held targets. He lived on the way to Coventry from Birmingham, and witnessed the big raid that virtually leveled that once-lovely city. This is why David finally gave up his green card and applied for citizenship. As described in my 2016 article: In 1999, the year after I first met him, Dave MacDonald decided to take the plunge and apply for citizenship in the United States. He told me about it later that day. At the ceremony, he looked up and uttered to himself, "This is for you, boys." A startled French woman next to him said, "Pardon?" and he just shook his head. The message was for the crews of those American B-17s high over England during the Second World War.

Nicknames

Dave was just "Dave MacDonald" to us, but through most of his life he was called "Mack." A photo of him as a young soldier shows his nickname as "Maxie." And on his original application for membership in the TLCB, Dave entered his nickname as "Dave of Malaya."

The Journalist amongst Us

Dave's career after the army was as a reporter and editor, and when I met him he was working for a Middle Eastern government, explaining the daily Washington news in terms that were meaningful to them. He possessed credentials for both the Pentagon and the White House. Dave's office was in the National Press Club Building. During those years I was working at VA headquarters, and whenever we were getting ready to put a *MEM* issue together he and I would bring sandwiches to Lafayette Square, about halfway between, to discuss the articles and layout he wanted in the upcoming issue. Sometimes Gerry Frazier and other local members would join us for a more fancy lunch at the "Bangkok One" Thai restaurant up on K Street.

Before he died, just after Thanksgiving last year, Dave and Sally had moved to a very comfortable facility near their daughter, Allison, in Havre de Grace, Maryland. Allison has a teenage daughter and three lively boys. Some may remember the time Dave got to playing with those boys and broke his shoulder. It seems he was showing off to them with his great soccer kicks, when he tripped and flew up into the air, landing on one shoulder. We can appreciate how much they will all miss their grandpa. We do, too.



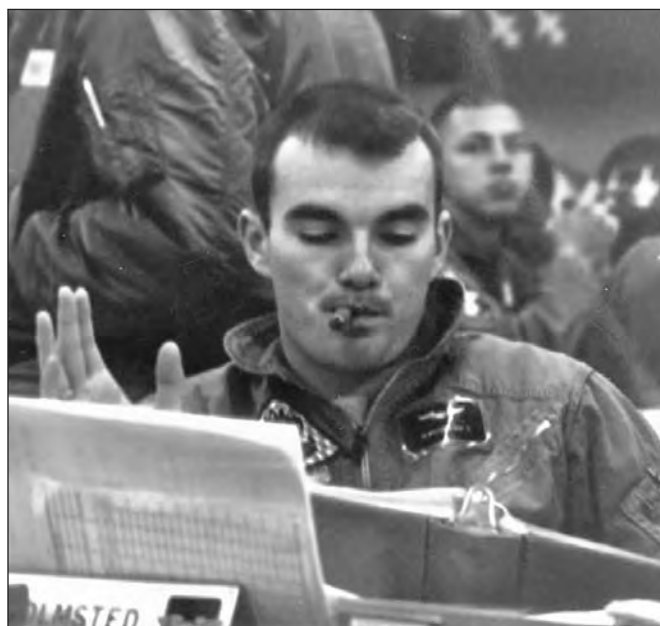
MiG Killer — Misfit Pilot

by Angelica "Angel" Pilato, Lt Col USAF (Ret.)

Our heroes are people and people are flawed. Don't let that taint the thing you love.

Randy K. Milholland, American Cartoonist, (1975 -)

There was never a dull moment at the Officers' Club at Udorn Air Base, Thailand, in 1972. Depending on what day it was, you might see air crews celebrating MiG kills, rolling a truck or jeep in and out of the O-Club lobby, drinking



Frederick Fredo Olmstead. Photos furnished by the author.

'til dawn, throwing a squadron mate over the bar, discharging fire extinguishers on everyone within range, or ogling scantily dressed go-go dancers. And yes, I can't forget to mention the complaint department was very active. Pilots grumbling about no grits available at 0300 in the dining room, no tacos for Mexican night, or some full colonel outraged because I was raising the price of martinis from 25¢ to 30¢. These were just for starters. FYI, after the Wing Commander Colonel Gabriel called me, the price of martinis went back to 25¢ — rank has its privileges!

One afternoon I came into the bar and everyone at the 13th Tactical Fighter Squadron table seemed to be in a jovial mood, clinking their beer bottles, and toasting one of their squadron buddies, Captain Fred "Broadway" Olmsted.

So why were they toasting him? Before I tell you, let me give you a little background info on Fred Olmsted. He was a 1964 Air Force Academy graduate, on his second tour in SEA, a MiG killer with two kills to his credit, and a woman chaser with lots of notches. He got the nickname "Broadway" while he was at Cam Ranh Bay. Seems he was quite the flashy dresser, not in the GQ sense, but more like someone who had a flamboyant style. He'd strut into the O-Club wearing a pair of dapper white shoes, lime-green bell-bottom pants, topped off with a very colorful shirt, sometimes flowered, patterned, or striped. His appearance

MiG Continues on page 8

MiG continued from page 7.

gained him notable attention, and almost on cue the guys would hoot and holler at him. They soon started calling him “Broadway Joe” because he seemed to be mirroring how Joe Namath, the New York Jets star quarterback, dressed. Namath was famous for his outlandish attire and had been dubbed “Broadway Joe” by his teammates. He even looked a little like Namath. Soon “Broadway Joe” got shortened to “Broadway.” Even though Olmsted had been a star baseball player at the Academy, and even broke a couple of all-time left-handed pitching records, I think he longed to be a rock star. But don’t all Fighter Pilots think they are rock stars? Well, at least some of them do!

OK, back to why they were toasting “Broadway.”

Dan Bowen, the Wing Commander’s Executive Officer, had just come from Colonel Gabriel’s office and was recounting the story of how Olmsted had been thrown into the brig at Clark Air Base in the Philippines. What in God’s name had he done to end up in the brig? And, why would they be celebrating that? There was no telling. “Broadway” was a recalcitrant Fighter Pilot, one of the many. It seemed all of his squadron buddies were toasting him and buzzing with amusement not because he was in the brig, but for how he’d landed there in the first place. Here’s how it all went down.

Olmsted had received notification that his mother was seriously ill, and being the oldest son, he needed to be there



Olmsted second from right, talking with Dan Cherry. The young back seater to the far left of the picture is Jeff Feinstein, who was Dan’s GIB (guy in back) on the day of the MiG Sweep. Photo origin unknown.

with her. He’d gotten emergency leave to go back to the States and had priority orders for a hop out of Clark. While he awaited his flight out, he decided to head over to the O-Club for a little libation. There he was at the bar in his flight suit, with some other fighter jocks, downing a few and no doubt telling war stories, as only “Broadway” could do. When suddenly, his enthusiastic conversation was interrupted by a tap on the shoulder and he heard someone say in a strident tone, “Say, captain, are you in the same Air Force I’m in?”

When Olmsted turned around, he saw a full bird colonel giving him the eagle eye. At this point we weren’t sure how many drinks Olmsted had consumed, but his rapid-fire response was, “I’m in the United States Air Force. What Air Force are you in?” One can only imagine the shocked expression on the



Wing Commander Charles Gabriel and Executive Officer Dan Bowen. Gabriel went on to become Chief of Staff of the U.S. Air Force.

colonel’s face when he grasped the full impact of that flippant response.

“Stand at attention, captain,” barked the colonel, who appeared to be impressed with the bellowing of his own voice and his rank.

“What?” snapped Olmsted. He set his drink down on the bar, tightened his fists, and readied himself for a confrontation.

In a raised voice the colonel said, “Your hair looks like hell. There’s a barbershop downstairs. Go down there and get a haircut and trim that ghastly mustache. And, don’t come back in here until you do. That’s an order, captain.”

Olmsted wore his full head of dark, wavy brown hair a bit longer than regulation length and, as for his mustache, you be the judge. Check out the photo, that’s him next to right.

This full colonel, whose name was Colonel Taylor (his first name has been obscured by history, or one drink too many), just happened to be the Base Commander. Evidently, he didn’t realize there was a war on, and sometimes in a war zone all the rules weren’t strictly observed or enforced much for that matter. Besides “Broadway” wasn’t much of a rule-follower; rules were for those other weenies. After all, Olmsted was a MiG killer, and just a month before we’d all been in the O-Club bar congratulating him for his second MiG kill. He was a shit-hot Fighter Pilot who encompassed all the stereotypical characteristics that defined that breed. Frankly, I can’t imagine how he got through the Academy; he was a man who could not be contained!

Both men squared off, nose to nose, like two snorting bulls ready to charge. Their raised voices and verbal exchanges had captured everyone’s attention. The din in the bar had become muted as the crowd waited to see if they’d lock horns. The enraged colonel and the snot-nosed captain exchanged words — but no blows were dealt.

Meanwhile, the Air Police had been summoned, no doubt by the O-Club’s night manager on duty. When Olmsted saw the Air Police approach, he realized he was in dire straits and that

MiG continues next page.

the breast-pounding colonel was about to deal the final blow and win the skirmish. The AP sergeant said, "Excuse me, sir, you'll have to come with us." Olmsted, put his drink down, glared at the colonel and gave him the "evil eye." Ah, if only those curses worked.

In an angry tone the colonel instructed the Air Police, "Take this captain downstairs to the barbershop and don't bring him back here until he looks presentable."

So off they went. Shortly afterwards, much to Olmsted's consternation, he looked less like "Broadway" and more like a regular issue captain. And, to add insult to injury, he had to pay for his own haircut!

The AP brought Olmsted back up to the bar. The colonel gave him the once over and said, "Now that's more like it, captain. What d'ya say I buy you a drink?"

Whatever hair Olmsted had left on his head stood straight up on end. "You couldn't buy me a f--kin' thing." Well, that did it. The colonel exploded. "I'll have you grounded!" he shouted, "You'll get an Article-15 for this." The words "court martial" were even thrown into the mix. MiG killer or not, he was done for. The Air Police were barely out the door when they were recalled to escort Olmsted out of the O-Club and straight over to the base brig.

After this incident, Colonel Gabriel received a call from the Colonel Taylor notifying him that one of his insubordinate pilots was in the slammer. I'm not sure how Olmsted got released, but he did. Dan Bowen said he'd overheard the tail-end of Gabriel's conversation telling the colonel he certainly understood his concerns, and would handle the infraction when Olmsted returned. Gabriel mentioned that Olmsted was an outstanding combat pilot, a MiG killer, and most importantly, he was on his way home to see his seriously ill mother. Maybe it was compassion, or maybe whatever Gabriel said had convinced the Taylor to release Olmsted and so he could get home to take care of his mother.

Meanwhile, numerous toasts were given in "Broadway's" honor. The story circulated through the bar at MACH II speed. Each time someone retold it, some embellishments were added, and with every round of drinks came another round of laughter. We all envisioned "Broadway's" confrontation with the clueless colonel. "Here's to 'Broadway'— hope he kicked that colonel's ass all the way to hell!"

The crowd shouted "Shit Hot, Broadway!" as they downed another drink.



Colonel Gabriel congratulating Olmsted after MiG kill on March 10, 1972.

"Hear! Hear!" was the refrain and on and on they went. There wasn't much to celebrate during this war, but this incident had turned out to be one of them.

A few days later I saw Colonel Gabriel and asked him what was going to happen to Fred. In his classic North Carolina drawl and without flinching or missing a beat, he responded with, "Well, Angel, I told the Clark Base Commander we were gonna take him out and shoot him!" For a split second, I was taken aback. Then I saw a glint come into his eyes and a Cheshire Cat grin cover his face. "Don't worry, Angel, we'll take care of Fred," which I was relieved to hear.

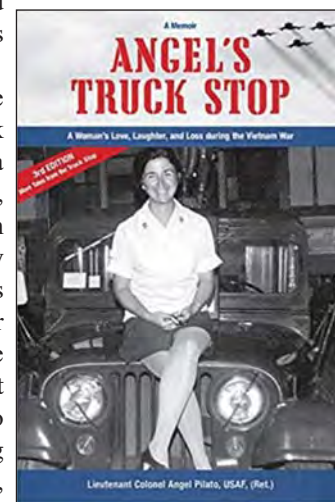
When Olmsted returned to Udorn, his squadron commander told him he had to report to Gabriel's office before he could go back on flying status. Protocol required Gabriel to administer a proper ass-chewing to Olmsted which he did. It probably went something like this, "Captain Olmsted, what the hell were you thinking? Didn't they teach you anything at the Academy? Have you no respect for rank?" And, yadda, yadda, yadda.

But let's face it, did Gabriel want a hell-bent MiG killer with hair a little too long on his team, or a pilot with a regulation hair cut who couldn't shoot straight? Gabriel was one of the good guys who had his priorities straight. His future held four stars and he'd be appointed as Chief of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

It wasn't long before 'Broadway' was back at the O-Club bar, now a bigger legend than before, mesmerizing his squadron mates and repeating the story in as colorful a fashion as befitted him. That was our "Broadway" true to form. One of our heroes who had brought a little joy and laughter into our lives. Thanks for giving us something to celebrate, "Here's to Broadway." You gotta love him.

Editor's Note:

This article appeared in the 2019 Fall issue of "MIG SWEEP," The Magazine of the Red River Valley Fighter Pilots Association." It is reprinted here with permission from the author whose memoir "Angel's Truck Stop: A Woman's Love, Laughter, and Loss during the Vietnam War" is available from her website www.angelstruckstop.com. The MEM staff came across the Olmsted anecdote below while preparing this issue. We think readers will enjoy it.



Author Pilato's memoir.

A Famous Encounter

Olmsted once told a veteran's group about his chance meeting with Vietnamese Lt Hong My, while waiting for a hotel elevator in Orlando, with his wife. "...he tapped me on the shoulder from behind. I turned, and I saw this Oriental man (very impressive looking) staring right at me. With a heavy accent he asked, "Are you Captain Olmsted?" After my initial shock, I said that I was indeed Olmsted. At which time he paused, lifted his index finger near me, and said so very slowly: 'I was supposed to kill you that day!' My dear wife almost fainted."

New Member Profile:

Ed Linsley

Highlights of TDY assignment to NKP, Thailand



Street scene in Nakhon Phanom city in late 1971. Do you recognize any of the buildings? Photos provided by the author.

In June 1971, I arrived at Kadena Air Base, Okinawa and was assigned to the 6990th Security Squadron. We flew communications intercept missions to North Vietnam in the Gulf of Tonkin and over Laos on RC-135s (Hognose). Our missions took approximately 22-24 hours from preflight briefing to post briefings. During non-flying time, I worked at Tori Station located in Okinawa, transcribing collected intelligence tapes for transmission back to the National Security Agency (NSA). I was a North Vietnamese linguist, specializing in SAM and Multi-Channel communications.

In about the middle of November 1971, I received orders for a TDY assignment to Nakhon Phanom, Thailand. It was supposed to be an approximately 30-40-day assignment, but as you can imagine it got extended, until just after the new year in January 1972. There were about 15-20 of us linguists; we

At right, young Ed Linsley posing with hooch girls. "We had house boys and house girls who did our laundry, shined shoes, cleaned the bathrooms, made our beds and cleaned the barracks. The cost was minimal, the people were very friendly, and we all seemed to take a liking to each of them."

flew into U-Tapao Air Base, then on to Bangkok to catch another flight to NKP. We were being sent to NKP to support a project known as Task Force Alpha (TFA), a project developed by the US to intercept communications, electronic and voice, primarily along the Ho Chi Minh trail. The project was almost completed and there was a need for North Vietnamese linguists to translate what activity could be heard coming from the "black boxes" which had been dropped along the trail to monitor the North Vietnamese activities.

The base was a lot different from Kadena; security was much more prevalent, the barracks we were assigned to were relatively new, not air conditioned, and a good distance from the TFA compound. We worked 24/7, were assigned to specific crews, and if I recall, it was about 12 hours on and 12 hours off.

We were highly advised to be extremely careful if we ventured to town and not to speak any Vietnamese, as there were likely many North Vietnamese people in NKP, and no one knew if they were spies, soldiers, or just refugees.

Linsley continues next page.



The town in 1971 was primitive, very few paved roads, lots of bicycles, minimal number of cars/taxis, and typical bars that existed, especially around military bases. I recall walking along one of the main streets and going to the local market. It was amazing what you could find. One specific recollection was a table full of fish with the owner sitting in a chair overseeing her fish. She chewed beetle nut, the red juice flowing along the edge of her mouth, and she occasionally would spit the excess juice just like people who chewed tobacco. What was interesting was that every once in a while, she would wave her handheld fan across the table and the flies would rise up about a foot off the fish and then just settle back down to rest again on the fresh and dried fish, something I did not venture to try; however, the water buffalo offered by some vendors was grilled over charcoal, and was quite good. That was the extent of the local food I tried during my somewhat short stay at NKP.

I do remember our barracks. There were large overhead fans that ran 24/7, but it remained hot and humid as it often rained. We had house boys and house girls who did our laundry, shined shoes, cleaned the bathrooms, made our beds and cleaned the barracks. The cost was minimal, the people were very friendly, and we all seemed to take a liking to each of them.

I remember one of the early days taking a shower. The showers were wide open, no enclosed partitions, and suddenly

Below, the perimeter of the base, and typical GI hooches.



one of the house girls started cleaning toilets and floors while I was there taking my shower. It made no difference to them, they just did their job, but it took a little to get used to the naked openness.

I will never forget the sound of helicopters flying overhead from dusk till dawn. Our barracks were located on the very edge of the base. We could see the guard towers with their machine guns, the wire fences, sandbags, and wire protecting the perimeter of the base. It was kind of an eerie feeling since none of us had any weapons for our own use if needed. The



A market in Nakhon Phanom.

helicopters had big spotlights and flew at very low altitudes, so sleeping at night was difficult.

Thailand was interesting, with a unique-looking countryside, very friendly people. I enjoyed getting to see a different country, but it was nice to get back to Kadena and back to flying on the RC-135s.

Background Information

I joined the USAF in August 1969 and was honorably discharged in July 1973. In the Air Force, I attended language school (North Vietnamese) at The Presidio of Monterey, California, for a year, then on to 6 months of specialty training at Goodfellow AFB, San Angelo, Texas. Next, I attended various survival schools before being assigned to the 6990th at Kadena AFB, Okinawa.

Upon being discharged, I attended Virginia Commonwealth University, Richmond, Virginia, completing my BS degree in Business Administration in 1975. I worked for The Comptroller of the Currency (OCC) from 1976 to 1983 as a National Trust Examiner of National Bank trust departments. In 1983, I left the OCC and began working in the trust area for various financial institutions in the Atlanta area.

I retired in October 2016, and continue to reside in Roswell, Georgia. My wife, Diane, and I have three sons who are all married and we have 7 grandchildren. I'm enjoying retirement by playing golf, traveling, and volunteering at our church and other non-profit organizations.



New Member Profile:

Darl L. Stephenson

I was born in Lancaster, Ohio and grew up on a farm a few miles away near Baltimore, Ohio. My farming background and



Darl Stephenson and hooch girls, Somnow and Nepa, 1971. Photos from the author.

a love for animals led me to study Zoology at Ohio University in Athens, Ohio. I was also very interested in the military, having uncles and one aunt who served in WWII, plus older cousins who had joined up. So, I also took Air Force ROTC, and upon graduation was commissioned. Thoughts of a career in zoology went to the background.

In 1968 I attended Weapons Controller School at Tyndall AFB, Florida, and was assigned to the 26th Air Division (SAGE), at Adair AFS, Oregon. Adair closed in 1969 and I received orders to Thailand, first at Det 8, 621st Tactical Control Squadron at Phitsanulok, and then at Det 3, Ubon.

I requested consecutive overseas to Germany and was assigned to the 601st TAC Control Squadron (CRC) at Sembach, Germany from 1971 to 1973. I requested orders back to Thailand and actually had them when my assignment was changed to the 64th Fighter Weapons Squadron (Aggressors) at Nellis AFB, Nevada. In 1975 I got caught in the post war reduction in force (RIF) and became a controller with Lockheed Aircraft International, training Royal Saudi AF controllers at Tabuk, Saudi Arabia.

I stayed for 21 months and returned stateside to return to college on the GI Bill, going back to my alma mater, Ohio University, but this time majored in African and Middle East studies, which I had decided could be a good career choice while I was in Saudi Arabia. At the same time, I renewed my military career by joining the 124th Tac Control Flt, Ohio ANG, Blue Ash, Ohio in 1977. Upon graduation, I got a job with the

Defense Intelligence Agency in Washington, DC, as a result of my education and military background, and worked as a command, control, and communications (C3) analyst.

I transferred to the AF Reserves and was assigned to the 20th Air Division as an Individual Mobilization Augmentee (IMA) at Ft. Lee, Virginia, back in SAGE again. When SAGE was retired in 1983, I got a new assignment as an IMA, at the Northeast Air Defense Sector, Griffiss AFB, New York. I was a senior director there for 11 years and retired from the USAF in 1995 as a lieutenant colonel.

I continued my civilian career until 1997 and worked several different overseas crisis situations such as Libya in 1987 and Desert Shield/Desert Storm. After 9/11 I returned to DIA, twice working as an emergency rehire, but eventually retired completely in 2005.

I had also developed an interest in the American Civil War and started writing on that conflict for newspapers and magazines. In 2001 my book, "Headquarters in the Brush: Blazer's Independent Union Scouts," was published by Ohio University Press. The book was about irregular warfare in West Virginia and Virginia; quite a change for a guy whose career had been in aviation, to be recognized as an authority on irregular warfare.

Today I have a great interest in my hobby of model railroading and in traveling again, returning to an Aggressor Squadron reunion at Las Vegas in 2018 and then Thailand in 2019.

I live in Pleasantville, Ohio. I am divorced. My two children, a son and daughter, were adopted in 1994 from Kirov, Russia, when they were 18 months and three years old. I have three grandchildren by my daughter.



In Phitsanulok, 2019. Stephenson (left) and friend, Dwight Menard (right).

In Memoriam:

Carlton Alexander “Skip” Marvel

May 6, 1950 ~ December 28, 2019

The following was initially posted on the Facebook page of the Thailand, Laos, Cambodia Brotherhood by William “Willi Pete” Petersen.

My good friend has passed.

R.I.P.: TLC Brotherhood “Skip” Marvel, of Trappe and Easton, Maryland.

Skip was an enthusiastic member of the TLCB and traveled to quite a few reunions. We lived about 30 miles apart and have had lunch together once a month for years. Skip always brought veterans that I had never met so we could extol the virtues of the TLCB while telling war stories. Our next lunch was to be 9 January — which is now the day before his viewing, with services at St. Marks Methodist, Easton, Maryland, on 10 January.

He was in the Aerospace Ground Equipment (AGE) shop at Ubon, and kept our aircraft in good flying shape during the Vietnam War. Following high school, Skip enlisted in the Air Force and served for four years, 1968-1972, with two SEA tours.

He made some return visits to Thailand over the years, and turned his mechanical abilities into a business career and made a huge number of friends in the process. The thing about Skip is how everybody, and I mean everybody, knew and loved him. You can see his obituary notice at: <https://www.moorefuneralhomepa.com/notices/CarltonAlexander-Marvel>

Follow-up post:

My wife and I went to the memorial service for Skip Marvel today. I counted pews and did the math, and there were just over 400 friends who attended. The TLC Brotherhood was mentioned twice during the service. We felt that it was a perfect memorial for a good man.



Skip Marvel He joined the TLCB in 2004.

WWW.Overhauled and Redesigned!

If you haven't already seen it, please check out our new TLC Brotherhood website. Webmaster Jerry Karnes has brought it sharply up to date to fit the times. You should also check out the postings on our Official Facebook Page.



Donors to the TLC Brotherhood in 2019

We give special thanks to the following generous donors who supported our charitable activities last year. "Donors" gave up to \$100, "Silver" up to \$500, "Gold" up to \$1000, and "Platinum" gave over \$1000.

Platinum Donors

Boas, Ray
China Post 1
Durant, Roger
Larsen, Gary
Melton, Alan
NKP Base Veterans Reunion
Potaski, Michael
Shenberger, George
Sills, Steven
Sweet, John
Tilton, William

Gold Donors

Bollwerk, John
Colvin, Terry
Gurley, David
Hughes, Gilles
Jenness, Randy
McDaniel, Cato
Rosenblatt, Lionel

Silver Donors

Ake, James
Babcock, Charles
Barrett, John
Barton, David
Bowen, Gary
Bremenkamp, Glenn
Bright, Harry
Carter, James
Cressy, Nick
Czerny, James
Davis, Donald
D'elia, Vincent
Dion, Richard
Downey, Michael
Dubs, Monty
Duffin, John
Dunlap, James
Falbo, John
Foltz, Arnold
French, Phil
Gerende, John
Green, James
Grimes, James
Hagen, David
Hodges, Mark
Hotujec, Leigh
Howey, Linda
Hudgens, Jeff
Johnson, Robert
Johnston, Alan
Kulig, Ronald
Lee, Paul
Lee, Thomas
Lengsavath, Samphong
Littlefield, Stephen
Lorenzen, John
Lowe, Glenn
Mattson, Patrick
McGurk, Floyd
McKinney, Andy
Meyer, Raymond
Miller, Ed

Mullins, John
NKP Reunion Attendees
OConner, Brian
Paul, Robert
Petersen, Dennis
Peterson, William
Phillips, John
Pruiksma, Robert
Richardson, Michael
Rivera, Reynaldo
Rogers, Tim
Rowland, Barry
Santo, Robert
Schillo, John
Schmidt, Ken
Schrieber, Ronald
Smith, Larry
Spahr, Tommy
Stewart, Robert
Stockamp, Mike
Thompson, Les
Tilton, Thelma
Wagner, Vernon
Weeks, David

Donors

Ake, James
Albrecht, Paul
Appleby, Clyde
Ball, Richard
Barr, John
Bartella, John
Beatty, Gary
Bell, Rodney
Berkley, John
Bixby, Russell
Black, Glenn
Boehm, Albert
Boling, Kenneth
Bowar, Lawrence
Brayton, Robert
Breaw, Richard
Breedlove, William
Bright, Gary
Brink, John
Brown, Clarence
Brown, Richard
Buffington, Mike
Bulriss, Leon
Burns, James
Campbell, Ronald
Candito, James
Cardosi, Donald
Carter, Paul
Castle, Tim
Champagne, Henry
Christianson, Carl
Clum, Larry
Collins, Gerald
Conaway, Richard
Cosenza, Mike
Covington, James
Cowen, Keith
Crider, Larry
Crisfield, Art
Crosby, Susan
Crowe, Hoyt
Davis, Tarleton
Delamater, Harold
Demmel, Ross
Divoll, Bruce
Downs, James
Dunn, Michael
Ellis, David
Enockson, James
Evans, Alton
Falls, Claude
Fantigrossi, Michael
Faulkner, Anne
Fisher, Harry
Flint, Daniel
Flowers, Alan
Foley, John
Gadzinski, Leonard
Geryak, David
Gjestson, Donald
Green, Wendell
Grete, Robert
Groleau, Thomas
Gudelevicus, Ray
Guzy, William
Habgood, John
Hager, David
Hammond, Jim
Harmor, Gary
Hayes, Raymond
Headley, Richard
Hittle, John
Howard, Nichole
Hunt, William
Jacobson, Harry
Jenkin, Garry
Jennings, Charles
Johnson, Donald
Johnson, James
Jones, John
Kelly, Stanley
Korandanis, Stephen
Koziol, Joseph
LaBella, Vincent
Lamica, Stephen
Landucci, Robert
Lehtonen, Thomas
Lewin, Howard
Lin, Long
Lipscomb, James
Long, Phillip
Lundquist, Sven
Macleod, Harley
Mango, Angelo
Martino, Joseph
Mastro, John
Mayo, James
McCarter, Edward
McCarthy, Jim
McConaghy, Lee
Melton, John
Moen, Karen

Molloy, Kevin
Monteith, Roy
Moua, Charlie
Mullins, Timothy
Murray, Michael
Neeland, Herbert
Network for Good
Norway, Bob
Ogletree, Charles
Oubre, Mike
Pack, Tom
Parker, Kenneth
Paski, Thomas
Payne, Douglas
Perry, Robert
Pierre-Benoist, John (RIP)
Piskun, Harry
Polifka, Karl
Porter, Jim
Pruitt, Gary
Putman, William
Resseguie, Robert
Rhiness, Martin
Riedell, William
Rogers, Richard
Ruland, Timothy
Rutherford, Lowell
Ryman, Randy
Schreder, George
Seals, Roy
Silva, Ray
Sleep, Gordon
Smith, Vaughan
Stanton, James
Stein, Ed
Stevens, Gunnar
Stewart, Philip
Stone, Jr, William
Streeter, Terry
Strouse, Les
Tambini, Tony
Taylor, George
Thompson, Anne
Tober, Richard
Troy, Walter
Tschannen, William
VanSickler, Court
Vincent, Douglas
Wahl, Richard
Waller, Reuben
Watson, Charles
Weaver, David
Welch, Michael
Wheatley, Bob
Whitfield, George
Whiting, Russell
Whittum, Arthur
Williams, Fred
Willis, Walter
Willoughby, Donald
Witt, Edward
Wolf, Richard
Wright, David
Yova, Timothy
Zola, Anthony

Newest Members in the TLC Brotherhood



The 13 members listed below joined between the last issue of the MEM and the end of February. 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
1915	USAF	Smith	Mario	Las Vegas	NV
1916	USAF	Myers	Leonard	Fleetwood	PA
1917	USAF	Bowar	Lawrence	Canton	GA
1918	Other	MacDonald	Sally	Havre de Grace	MD
1919	USAF	Ogletree	Charles	LaGrande	OR
1920	AA	Pontiakos	George	Golden	CO
1921	USAF	Linsley	Edward	Roswell	GA
1922	USAF	Clendenin	Michael	Summerville	SC
1923	USAF	Hodge	Stanley	Sun City Center	FL
1924	USA	Rollins	Randall	Sarcoxie	MO
1925	USA	Harrell	William	Haphzibah	GA
1926	USAF	Loughran	George	Wood-Ridge	NJ
1927	USAF	Brown	Terry	Fairborn	OH

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>

LIKE us on FACEBOOK

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.

“Quid Pro Quo,” = “The Exchange”

Added: The full line of “base” hats in camo!



We invite you to see the latest BX offerings on the newly-redesigned TLCB website at www.tlc-brotherhood.com. It is easier than ever to find—just scroll down from the opening screen and there it is! Also available now: custom lettering in place of the “base” name—up to 15 characters of your choosing, for just \$2.00 above our amazingly low price per hat.

“20/20 - Clear Vision - Clear Sailing”

The 2020 Thailand Laos Cambodia Brotherhood Reunion

October 15 to 17, 2020

Newport, Rhode Island

Why Newport, Rhode Island?

Newport is located on the Atlantic Ocean, at the mouth of Narragansett Bay. It was once, primarily in the 1920s, a playground of the rich, and is still home to, in my estimate, as many multi-million-dollar homes per square mile as any place in the country. You can see and experience them on Newport’s Gilded Age Mansions Trolley Tour, which is quite a lovely experience.

Our hotel is only a short drive from the Naval War College, which is open for tours, and the hotel’s



Overhead view of the Naval War College.

Also close by is Fort Adams Park, which still includes Fort Adams itself, and open for tours, is the country’s largest coastal fortress. You can see the quarters where officers and their families lived, make the ascent to the scenic overlook which provides a breathtaking view of Newport Harbor and Narragansett Bay. Go beneath walls of the Fort into its underground tunnels and take in the military culture, architecture, and engineering of over 190 years of American history. The Eisenhower Summer White House is another option to consider.

A little further away is the Nautilus Submarine Museum in Groton, Connecticut, where you can tour the ship. A submarine tour is an amazing experience. Nearby the Museum in New



nearness to the College means it is well accustomed to hosting veteran’s groups.

Newport’s famous “Cliff Walk” is a 3.5 mile path that winds along the shore past some of the grandest and most famous “cottages” of the super-rich of the early 20th century, and is only about two miles from our hotel.

London, is the United States Coast Guard Academy. With some planning, you may want to combine the two.



Coast Guard Academy sail training ship, the bark “Eagle.”

The town is steeped in history, from the Revolutionary War through the Civil War, and its long association with the U.S. Navy. During the Civil War, the Naval Academy was temporarily moved to

Newport. It’s obvious that this area has something for everyone.

The center of Newport, a little more than a mile from our hotel, is busy with shops, restaurants, and harbor cruise opportunities, a sure plus for the ladies and those of us who love ships and their days of yore. To take advantage of all of these unusual opportunities, come early and stay long!

The Reunion headquarters will be the Mainstay Hotel, which will in fact, by the time we meet there, be The *Wayfinder Hotel*. We have special room rates of \$119 a night, and those rates will be available three days before and after the Reunion. If you want to reserve your room now, call 1-401-849-9880 and confirm that you are



with the Thailand Laos Cambodia Brotherhood (be sure to use the whole name).



See the reunion itinerary in the June *MEM* issue. One opportunity is the USS Nautilus museum at Groton, CT, shown above.