

MEKONG EXPRESS MAIL



THE NEWSLETTER OF THE THAILAND-LAOS-CAMBODIA BROTHERHOOD, INC. VOLUME 16, ISSUE 3

“This Is For You, Boys”

The life and times of David MacDonald

by Bill Tilton

At the 2015 annual meeting of the Thailand-Laos-Cambodia Brotherhood, President John Sweet is expected to name charter member David MacDonald as “Editor Emeritus” of this publication. Long-time readers of the Mekong Express Mail will easily understand why Dave merits this honor, but there is a side to our founding editor that few members of the TLCB know. This article provides a glimpse of the “Secret Dave,” that has been purposely hidden until now.

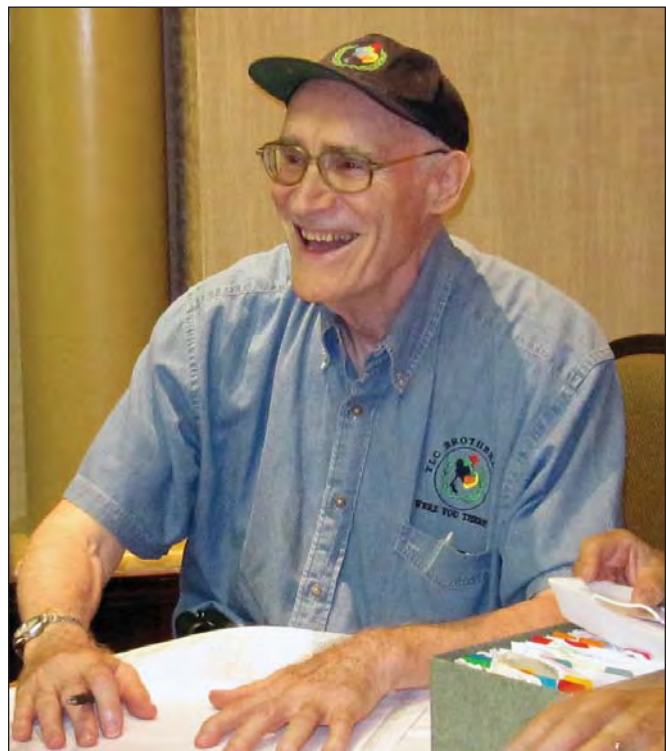
One windy April day in suburban Fairfax County Virginia my late wife, Gay, and I were enjoying the 1998 annual picnic with a small club of Pekingese fanciers. A couple from Washington D.C. was there to meet the club members and show off a Pekingese that had been abandoned early one very cold morning on top of a hedge in front of their house, which was located near the National Zoo. Because this little survivor had been whimpering deep in the high snow, they named him Hannibal.

Soon after introductions the ladies were off chatting about this and that, as they will do, and I got to talking to the husband about a new group of Southeast Asia veterans I had met who were forming an official organization. He became very interested and after a while he told me why—he had been a British soldier in the army that successfully ended the “Emergency”

(MacDonald continues on page 4)

Table of Contents

This Is For You, Boys	1
Editor’s Notes, September 2015.....	2
Me And The USO	3
Newest Member List	7
Dr Satawat is New Director of Stud. Program	10
Mac Thompson ... at Refugee Panels in U.S.	10
Congressional Commemoration...50th Ann.....	11
New Member Profiles.....	14
Your Brotherhood Exchange at Work.....	16



Dave helping with registration at the 2011 TLCB Reunion in Alexandria, Virginia. Photo by Bill Tilton.

Editor's Notebook

On the eve of the 2015 TLCB Reunion outside Boston, the birthplace of the American Revolution, the *Mekong Express Mail* features a profile of one of the key people in the organization's history, some personal recollections of my experiences with the USO, and a report on the TLCB's participation in the Department of Defense's Commemoration of the Vietnam War.

Dave MacDonald is the not only the founding editor of the *MEM*, a position he filled with distinction until late 2012, he was also a British soldier who served in Malaya during the communist insurgency there, and then a correspondent for several British and Canadian newspapers. To really get a better picture, read Bill Tilton's profile of his friend, Dave MacDonald.

Everyone who served in Southeast Asia has some memory of the USO Shows that toured Vietnam and Thailand. And we all most likely recall them from our own unique perspective. So, please suffer through my memory piece about two particular USO experiences I was part of during my time in Thailand. One of the postscripts did not actually occur until 13 years later. Hopefully, this might be the start of a regular *MEM* feature: *Memories of the USO*. Please send them to me at the email address below.

William "Willi Pete" Peterson, who is the TLCB's Public Relations Committee Chairman, has written about our group's participation in the Congressional Commemoration, which was held in Washington DC in July in honor of the 50th Anniversary of the Vietnam War. Willi Pete was also the driving force behind the TLCB's recognition as official participant in this ongoing DOD commemoration program.

This issue of the *MEM* also features several profiles, of varying lengths, of some of TLCB's newest members. While I'm fairly aggressive about contacting new members and en-

couraging them to send in their profile information, more often than not, they're kind of shy. There's no reason to be, and the staff of the *MEM* is more than pleased to help new (and old) members put together their profiles and stories.

Remember, there are no bad stories and no bad comments. Feel free to let the *MEM* staff know what you think about what we're publishing, and if you don't like something, send us something better.

John Harrington
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Memories of Thailand,
1966

Breakfast at the Floating
Market. Photo by Bill
Tilton

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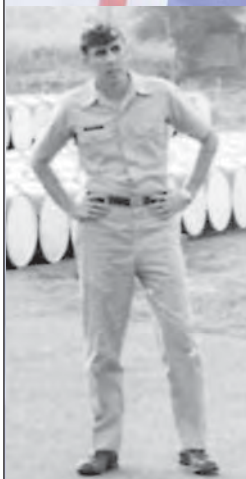
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Me and the USO

by John Harrington



From early September 1967 to late August 1968, I was the admin officer at Detachment 8 of the 621st Tactical Air Control Squadron in Phitsanulok, Thailand, about 200 miles north of Bangkok. There were only about 100 of us at the site and a small Joint United States Military Advisory Group (JUSMAG) army detachment in the city, which was a regional capital with a population of something more than 20,000.

As the admin officer (there had not been such a position authorized before I got there), I had a long list of extra duties, one of which was USO liaison officer, meaning when entertainers came to Phits, it was my responsibility to make sure we had the proper facilities and to escort them around during their stay, which usually lasted not much more than three or four hours. For the most part, the visitors were young singing groups, generally quite talented but not well known, and they provided a few hours of entertainment for the airmen. Occasionally, we had some second-tier veteran performers, actors and actresses, who also visited throughout the site chatting with the troops. We were definitely not on the itinerary of the Bob Hope show, although when his entourage played in Takhli, our support base a hundred miles to the south, a “gooney bird” was sent up to Phits and brought as many as could fit down to see the show.

Over my year there, I probably spent ten days welcoming and escorting various USO groups around. For the most part, their names and their acts have receded so deeply into memory that I cannot recall much about them; however, two particular visitors, or groups, remain quite clear to me.

At left, author John Harrington on the Phitsanulok runway.

Lassie's Mom and Dad

Jan Clayton may have been best known as the original mother on the “Lassie” television show, playing that role from 1954 to 1957. Before that, back in 1944, she was an established Broadway performer, having played the lead role of Julie Jordan, in the premier of “Carousel,” the Rogers and Hammerstein classic. Some time around February or March 1968, she landed at the Phitsanulok Airport, which was close by our site and where all USAF flights also came and went. The site commander, Major Robert Lichvar, and I met her there and brought her over to the base. She wasn't what our G.I.s would call a knockout, but she was to me quite attractive, perhaps the word was wholesome; and she was outgoing, friendly, and warm. The fact is she probably reminded many of us of our mothers. She was accompanied by a somewhat older piano accompanist who I later learned had been a bandleader of some renown at one time.

The show was to be held in our Thai-American Lounge, which was open to the Thai airmen as well as our guys, and we always let the Thai base employees attend the shows as well. Every-

(Lassie continues page 8)

At right, Actress Jan Clayton with Lassie in 1955.



The NFL Players

Probably the most popular USO visit we ever had at Phitsanulok was a walk-around tour by four National Football League players sometime in late winter or early spring of 1968. They were Bobby Bell, a linebacker with the Kansas City Chiefs; Bill Brown, a running back on the Minnesota Vikings; Andy Russell, a linebacker for the Pittsburgh Steelers; and Jack Kemp, then the quarterback for the Buffalo Bills, and later, in order, a U.S. congressman, a U.S. Secretary of Housing and Urban Development; and the Republican Vice President nominee in 1996.

Major Lichvar and I met them on the tarmac and drove them back to the site. I remember clearly that Kemp was the first one off the plane (a C-47), bounding down the steps, reaching out his hand to me, and saying, “What do you think about the protests back in the U.S.? Do they hurt your morale?” Before I answered, “Not really,” I was thinking to myself, “Boy, Jack Kemp is really looking ahead to his next career.” Much of the day went like that. He was outgoing, and mixed in as many, if not more, political statements and questions than he did football ones. So much so that at one

(NFL continues page 9)

(MacDonald continued from page 1)

when communists tried to take over Malaya not long before our war against Vietnamese communists a little further north. Of course I invited him to join our internet group, which was just about all that the TLCB consisted of at that time, and he did. He told me then that he was a newspaper reporter working in Washington on a Green Card visa, but that he would prefer to keep his profession private because he sensed that American Vietnam veterans held a particular animus for reporters. I could not argue that he was wrong, and very few have known his secret.

A Famous Mother-in-Law

At that picnic, the wife introduced herself as Sally MacDonald, and later I learned that she is the daughter of the famous Sarah McClendon of Tyler, Texas, who was a nettlesome and very famous White House reporter for over fifty years. Tyler is 90 miles East of Dallas and not far from Shreveport, Loui-



Sarah McClendon and President Gerald Ford in the White House Oval Office. Her famously abrasive style put many presidents on the spot over the years. Photo from UT Tyler archives.

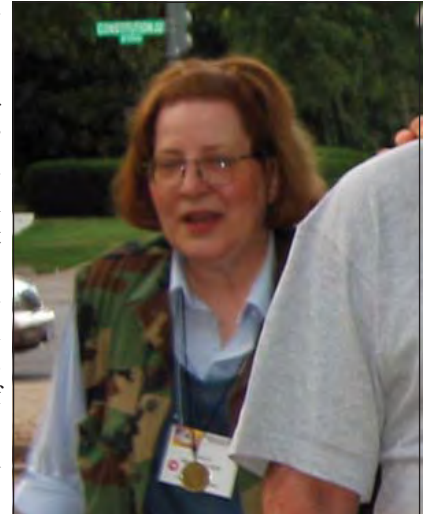
siana. Sally's grandfather rode to Tyler on a stagecoach from West Monroe, Louisiana, and the family had two plantations, Sunnyside and Killoden, near Shreveport. In fact, some of their land is now part of the airport, and her mother's three crop-duster cousins founded Delta Airlines there. Delta started flying passengers later.

Sarah McClendon was a WAAC officer in World War II, and was very active in supporting veterans' issues all her life. Incidentally, she was the first officer ever to give birth in a military hospital, a distinction that led to her immediate discharge in 1944! The birth was her daughter, Sally.

Dave's TLCB Contributions

Intrigued, Dave soon joined our informal group and was engaged in various discussions on the internet, and since I had volunteered to chair the first formal reunion of the group in Tyson's Corner, Virginia, he agreed to serve on the organizing committee. I asked him to be in charge of the huge challenge of transportation, which he did. Membership Chairman Gerry Frazier was the "Program" director on that committee, and between the two of them most of the work was done.

After I was elected president, we all filled out applications to create the list of charter members, and Dave joined in March of 1999, getting the number 00141. One of the things the board and



Sally MacDonald at The Wall in Washington, during the 2002 TLCB Reunion. Photo by Bill Tilton.

I wanted very much in those times was to publish a newsletter to capture and disseminate our precious memories of those days 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 rigid guidelines for the *MEM* content, and looking back we can be very grateful that he refused to budge on them. We are very proud of this fine publication he guided and protected so well.

Now It Can Be Told

There was another side to Dave, of course, and that was his own life and profession. He is a somewhat reserved person when it comes to talking about himself, but over the years and more recently with the help of his wife Sally, I have been able to put together some of the missing material.

Besides being our *Mekong Express Mail* editor until the summer of 2012, Dave also got drafted into other TLC Brotherhood work. Before I left Virginia, I chaired three reunions. Along with Gerry Frazier, Dave was a lead worker on all three of them. In March of 2004 he accepted appointment to the board to fill a member-at-large vacancy, and served as a valuable voice of reason and judgement on the board. In October of 2004 Dick "Hoppy" Hopkins was elected to succeed me as president when I left office at the end of my three terms. Dave also ran for president but was narrowly beaten by Hoppy, who immediately

(Continued next page)

appointed Dave to fill a vacancy as secretary. He then continued on the board as secretary until his three terms were up. Early in his editorship I learned of a very sensitive point that I hadn't really considered before. Dave advised me in very direct terms that there is an "a" in "Mac." And by the way, Dave has long been known to friends and relatives as "Mac." The nearby photo shows his soldier nickname as "Maxie."

Mediterranean, and Dave saw his first live war as the flashes from French and Algerian rebel guns lit up the night. That ship made a stop at Aden after passing through the Suez Canal. Then they went all the way around India and through "The Straits" to Singapore. Probably it was a great adventure—Dave must have felt fortunate he didn't wind up at "boring" Cyprus, as some of his buddies had.

Soon Dave was carrying an infantry rifle in the British Army



In Singapore, about 1960. Photo identified as "Hemingway's Killers." Left to right: Jake the Goniff (J.C. Banks), "Noodles the Shiv" (Tony Woolhouse), and "Maxie" (David MacDonald) at far right. Photo supplied by Sally MacDonald.

in the colony of Malaya, which Britain had re-occupied after the Japanese departed at the end of the war. In the June 2010 issue of the *MEM* (page 8) Dave published an article he had written about the Malayan "Emergency." Communist insurgents, mostly Chinese, had tried to turn the Malays against the British, on orders from Moscow. The British conducted a successful "hearts and minds" campaign and largely starved out the insurgents, who did not have the support of the indigenous Malay population and no route for resupply from China or the USSR. The crowning blow may have been the decolonization of Malaya in 1957, which removed perhaps the largest propaganda tool left to the communist lead-

WW II and the Malay Emergency

Dave MacDonald 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 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. That must have been an amazing site at any age, and it certainly left a lasting impression on young Dave. They lived on the way to Coventry from Birmingham, and often saw German bombers head to Coventry to expend their left-over bombs on that battered city. And they were there for the big raid that virtually leveled Coventry. To this day, Dave jumps at loud sounds, tracing that tendency back to the bombing of England.

His mother was from Aberdeen, Scotland, and after the war she took the younger children back to her home area, which accounts for his having grown up in that somewhat dour and drab city of gray stone houses (as he once described it to me). I suspect that he felt an urge to get out into the world when he decided to beat the draft and enlist in the British Army. One hint is that in volunteering he got his choice of assignments, and he chose Singapore. Of course he did not then know this would soon land him in the troubled colony of Malaya (now part of Malaysia and a neighbor of Thailand). On the troopship outbound to Singapore they passed Algeria in the

ers. The beaten and starving survivors escaped into Thailand and the leader, Chin Peng, went on to asylum in Beijing. And why was this conflict called an "emergency" instead of a war? It was not just a quaint British term, as I had long assumed. Lloyds of London was the insurer of the tin mines and rubber plantations, but their coverage excluded losses from "acts of war." So, by label at least, it was not a war.

The Journalist Amongst Us

After he left the army, David wrote for newspapers in Scotland for a time, and then went to Canada, becoming an editor of the "Montreal Star," then on to Washington, D.C., as a foreign correspondent to the "Star." Later he was based in London for a chain of Canadian newspapers, called the "Free Press Chain" (after the Winnipeg Free Press). From there he went to Winnipeg as an editor and then returned to Washington as a correspondent for the Free Press Chain, which had become part of the Thomson newspapers. In Washington, Dave acquired press passes for both the Pentagon and the White House, among other places, 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.

Dave used to hang out in the National Press Club building, where he worked, and was well acquainted with many reporters whose names all of us would recognize. During those years I

(MacDonald continues on page 6)

(MacDonald continued from page 5)

was working at VA headquarters, and whenever we were getting ready to put a *MEM* issue together he and I would meet in Lafayette Square, about halfway between, and eat our lunches while we discussed 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.

Through these years Dave had many remarkable experiences, some of which Sally has shared with me. For example, during the Balkan wars he asked a Serb General if the arms sanctions being imposed were restraining them. The general fixed his gaze on Dave and very coldly replied, “We don’t need guns to kill people.”

Commandante Zero and Some Other Hazards of Journalism

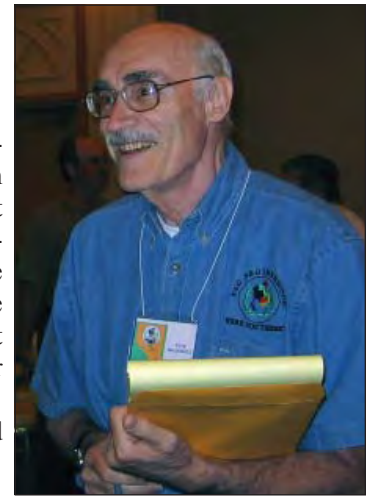
In Nicaragua Dave joined a group of journalists in two small boats to interview a guerilla commander who was known as Commandante Zero. Sally says, “Always go with David because of his great luck.” On this occasion Dave got in the second boat. It turned out that the first boat was carrying an imposter journalist who had a bomb that detonated just as Dave’s boat was arriving behind them. Dave was unscathed, but some of the other journalists were gravely injured. A helicopter was called to pick up Commandante Zero—and they left all the others! Dave sat on a dirt path with the head of a badly wounded colleague on his lap, as they waited for help. Tragically, this prize-winning woman journalist bled to death before any help arrived.

While covering the unrest in Northern Ireland, one evening Dave decided to go for a stroll in Belfast. After a while he was met by a nervous British soldier who informed him that he had



Dave and Canadian journalist colleagues in West Berlin on December 3, 1974. At that time he was based in London for a Canadian news service. Dave MacDonald at far right. Photo supplied by Sally MacDonald.

At right, *MEM* editor and secret journalist MacDonald, at Las Vegas reunion in 2006. Photo by Bill Tilton.



just passed through a “no-man’s land” with guns from both sides of the conflict trained on him from windows along the way. The soldier’s commander spoke to Dave too, and alas, about an hour later that officer was killed by an explosion! Fortunately Dave emerged without a scratch.

On another occasion, while on assignment to Beirut, Dave got a call that there would be a brief cease-fire to allow a single plane to depart for Brussels “in an hour,” and there was one seat left. The caller wanted to know if Dave was interested in filling that seat. He was scheduled to spend the next day with President Gemayel as he came from his protected mountain villa to the city to give a speech. Dave felt he already had enough material, and nobody could guess when the next cease-fire would be agreed upon, so he decided to grab that flight while he could, and he threw his clothes in his bag and ran to the airport. The trip home was awful—he sat up all hours in airports along the way and when he arrived in Canada he was a sight—dusty jeans, blood-shot eyes, and a three-day growth of beard. When Sally told him the latest news from Beirut, he stared at her with the strangest look. But for that phone call, he would have been on the platform with Gemayel the next day when a bomb exploded. It killed President Gemayel and forty others, collapsing four stories of the building where they were. Sally still wonders if the caller knew about the bomb and wanted to get Dave out of Beirut.

But Dave seemed to be able to move all around in Lebanon and Syria in those days, even while Westerners were being kidnapped. He looked Arab, with black hair and moustache. Most important, he bore a striking resemblance to Hafez Al-Assad of Syria, the father of present dictator Bashar Al-Assad. Sally says that was Dave’s “Proteksia” or protection. Whenever he walked around, people assumed there were bodyguards somewhere nearby!

When they crossed into the West Bank in Israel, drivers always went faster and passengers unhooked their seatbelts so they wouldn’t be trapped in the car with a live grenade or bomb if one got tossed in. But they would always stop at a particular spot to salute the lost leg of an Israeli driver who had been involved in the West Bank fighting there.

Once Sally heard about a plane—Dave’s plane—having a rapid decompression. This was on a Canadian government flight from Colombia on a private jet on which Dave was the only journalist. Later Sally learned that the crew dove the plane steeply into denser air as the passengers clawed at

(Continued next page)

the ceiling for oxygen masks that never did deploy. Dave and three others eventually shared a single working mask until they got into sufficiently dense air, but one man suffered burst eardrums from the rapid pressure change. Of course the plane landed safely and Dave went about his business, calling in his story. Sally only learned about it by chance from a friend who heard a news bulletin. It was a story they laughed about in later years—all except Sally!

His Family

David and Sally met at dinner at The National Press Club, with her mother. Sally was on her way, with a friend, to the National Theater next door, but decided to stay and talk to Dave. She says, “We’ve been together ever since!”

I remember well when Dave’s brother Angus died. He was very fond of Angus and the ordeal was particularly hard when he had to return to Aberdeen to settle Angus’s affairs. Dave was the third of six children, with Angus being younger. The three older children are all dead now, and Dave was the oldest of the younger group. He also has a little sister, named Elspeth, who now lives in Spain with her husband.

Dave and Sally now live in a very comfortable single-level home in the Maryland suburbs of Washington. The quaint house where Sally grew up, in the Cleveland Park neighborhood of Washington near the National Zoo, had three levels and became

very hard for them to live in, as most of us can appreciate. Dave has reduced his active involvement with the TLCB because of the consequences of some recent health issues, but he and Sally are avid readers of the *MEM* and are enjoying life and visits of their active little grandchildren in their new surroundings.

This is enough to keep them busy—their daughter, Allison, has a 13-year-old girl and three 9-year-old 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. Allison was born in the USA, but grew up in Canada and the UK. And her husband is an Italian gentleman from Milan. They also live in the Maryland suburbs of Washington.

United States Citizen

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. He was saying it to the crews of those American B-17s high over England during the Second World War.



Newest Members in the TLC Brotherhood

The 20 members listed below joined between the last issue of the MEM and the 12th of August. 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	City	State	Email
1673	USAF	Monteith	Roy	Clearwater	FL	Rmonteit@TampaBay.RR.com
1674	USA	Blanchard	James	Whiteville	NC	blanchardjames47@Yahoo.com
1675	USAF	Hicks	Stephen	Olathe	KS	Shicks80@Comcast.net
1676	USA	Mickolayck	Richard	Manhattan	IL	RMicko@ATT.net
1677	USAF	Loya	Steven	Patterson	CA	Steveviolet@gvni.com
1678	Other	Hillmer	Paul	Burnsville	MN	Hillmer@CSP.edu
1679	USAF	Sri-In	Satawat	NKP	Thailand	SSRIIN@Yahoo.com
1680	USAF	Honeycutt	Jimmy	Locust Grove	GA	Rangoon@Bellsouth.Net
1681	USAF	Gilbert	John	Charles Town	St. Kitts	jguilbert417@gmail.com
1682	USAF	Adamson	Dennis	Phoenix	AZ	DBAFox07@Gmail.com
1683	USAF	Murra	Dennis	Buffalo Center	IA	msgtret@wctatel.net
1684	USAF	DiPasquale	Thomas	Rochester	NY	Tomd2215@hotmail.com
1685	USAF	Lykens	Michael	Losantville	IN	mlykens@draperinc.com
1686	Other	Lynch	Mike	McLean	VA	whereislynch@hotmail.com
1687	USAF	Jacobson	Harry	Athens	TX	DRHJacobson@aol.com
1688	USAF	McKinnon	Daniel	N. Little Rock	AR	Daniel_Mckinnon@att.net
1689	USAF	Morris	Debra	Lake Jackson	TX	Tomanddeb@sbcglobal.net
1690	USA	Earl	John	Apple Valley	CA	johndearl@outlook.com
1691	USAF	Meining	Michael	Kunkletown	PA	mcm_205@Yahoo.com
1692	USA	Cargle	David	Lindale	GA	DCargle@Bellsouth.net

(Lassie continued from page 3)

thing was ready by the time Jan arrived, and within a fairly short time the entertainment began.

I don't know if Jan had ever toured with the USO during World War II, but her performance was right out of that era. The show even began with some songs from that time, including "We'll Meet Again," a signature piece of Vera Lynn. Jan expanded the range of songs into the 1950s and maybe even into the early 60s...but remember this was 1968. The Beatles were at the top of their game, the Stones were on the scene, and the age of hard rock was certainly ascendant. In between songs she talked to the audience, and again, the mood was directly out of the 40s.

At one point, as I recall, on what seemed to be the verge of tears, her voice trembling, she said, "Oh boys, get it over with over here soon, and hurry home, boys." So there I am thinking to myself, you know she really doesn't know much about what's going on over here. All of us know when we're going home, we're here on 12-month tours, and "getting it over with over here" is hardly on our minds. In fact, there are probably some of us here who would just as soon stay here. The food, the booze, and the housing are cheap, and the girls, maybe not the ones you would want to bring home to Mom, are plentiful and willing, if for a price. In fact, so much so, that a few G.I.s were extending their tours to enjoy the "good life." Yet, my cynicism aside, Jan had a good voice and knew how to sing to the audience and the response was warm, even if a few others also snickered a little at her naïveté.

For some reason, the pilot who had brought Jan and the piano player in, had instructions not to leave for several hours after the show ended, so I had time to show her around the site for awhile. The piano player had moved from the small stage in our club to the bar, where he had made acquaintances with my close friend, J.B. Steplen, who knew how to enjoy a drink. When I asked the entertainer if he wanted to join us to see the site and perhaps take a ride into town, he smiled, pointed to his left, and said, "No thanks, I think I'll stay here with J.B."

Walking around the site with Jan was one more demonstration of how much the guys appreciated her. She was warm and outgoing and walked up to one G.I. after another, smiling, taking their hand, usually with both of hers, but not really offering a handshake. "Where are you from?" And followed by, "I've been there, a lovely place," or "You know I never have been there, but now I want to see it." And all of her conversations ended with, "Hurry home." And when she moved on to someone else, she always left the airman smiling. As I said earlier, she probably reminded most of the men of their mothers.

We still had a little more than an hour before their departure time, so I borrowed the Major's vehicle, a VW bus, and took her for a tour of Phitsanulok. She was genuinely interested in whatever I showed her - a temple with one of the largest images of Buddha in all of Thailand, the marketplace, the train station, the Thai Army base over the wide bridge that

spanned the Nan River, the schools, and the large monastery. I told her that for many of us, particularly those without wives and children, it was not really a very difficult assignment. We were not in any real danger, well maybe from snake bites or some variation of bowel disturbances. At that point, she smiled and said, "Yes, but I bet most of you would rather be home, wouldn't you. That's why I keep saying, 'Hurry home.'" And she was right, and I smiled back at her.

We picked up the former band leader, who was still in the club with J.B, and headed for the airport. There, just before she turned to climb into the plane, she put her arms around me and kissed me on my cheek. "You've been very sweet, and patient." I surprised myself and put my arms around her, and returned the kiss to her cheek. I almost said, "Goodbye Mom."

Lassie Postscript

A few months later, we had another USO visit. It was a walk-around, meaning not entertainment, just escorting the visitor around, talking to the men. He was an actor named Robert Bray, who frankly I had never heard of, and I don't think most of the G.I.s had either. But the biography which we had received earlier explained that he was a veteran character actor, primarily appearing in a long string of westerns. He turned out to be a very pleasant man with an easy manner, who managed to engage well with everyone, even drawing on some of his military days, which if I remember correctly, were back in the Korean War days.

Oh yes, one other thing. His current acting role was as a U.S. Forest Service ranger, in the latest iteration of the Lassie television series. There was no family, no young boy, just Lassie and the ranger working in a national park. *So, who would have thought that a singular experience of my year in Thailand would be to meet and spend time with Lassie's mother and Lassie's father?*

TV star Lassie with actor Robert Bray.



(NFL continued from page 3)

point, Major Lichvar, a pretty good-sized guy himself, who had played college football, said to the quarterback, “You know, Jack, the guys want to hear you talk about football.”

Kemp acknowledged the mild rebuke with grace and stuck to football for the most part. We took the players around to every part of the site, except the operations room, but did manage to get them to greet just about everyone of our mere 100 G.I.s. More than a few times, the airmen were two and three deep around the players. Most got a chance to have a picture taken with one or more of the visitors.

It was only three months or so after the second Super Bowl, although the NFL had not started yet using that appellation. Strictly speaking, the game was between the champions of the NFL and the upstart AFL. The Green Bay Packers (the NFL) had destroyed the Oakland Raiders (the AFL). Interest was great and the troops had all kinds of questions, and the players were pretty articulate and seemed to enjoy bantering with the airmen and among themselves as well.

Bobby Bell was at the peak of his career then, an all-pro. Brown and Russell had their best years ahead of them, each playing in several Pro Bowl games. And Kemp, while near the end of his playing days, obviously had some pretty good years ahead of him as well. I have lost touch with the troops from Phitsanulok (my buddy, J.B., passed on in 1991), but I would imagine all who are still alive remember that day and their chatting, up close and personal, with those current and future superstars.

A particular highlight came near the end of the visit. The players had brought some official NFL films and as many of the airmen who could be off duty were crammed into our small, rough theater to see them and also to throw questions at the players. I was seated between Jack Kemp and Bobby Bell. One section of the films was dedicated to “big hits,” brutal and spectacular collisions, usually between a lineman or a linebacker and a running back or a quarterback. On more than a few of the, by my memory, 15 or 20 that were shown, the ball would pop loose, or maybe even a helmet sailed into the air. Without fail, at the time of impact, Bell, on one



Jack Kemp, Bills Quarterback and later politician, cabinet member, and vice presidential candidate with Senator Bob Dole.

side of me, would make a noise, something like, “Oomph!” or “Umm!” and Kemp, on the other side, was squirming and saying, “Ooow!” or “Ohhh!”

After the film session, the Major and I took the players back out to their plane. They continued to be gregarious and playful. And as Kemp was about to leave, he came and shook our hands, smiled, and said, “I enjoyed the talk, the football, and the other too.” The Major smiled and said, “We all did. So long and good luck, Jack.”

NFL Postscript

In 1981, ten years after I had left the Air Force, I was the chief staff officer of a trade association of U.S. and Canadian magazine and book distributors. At our conventions, affairs at times as large as a thousand attendees, we often had some high profile figures as luncheon speakers, sponsored by a book company that was publishing one of its speaker’s books.

So, on this day, I’m seated at a head table of ten or so whole-



Jack Kemp, athlete and public servant.

saler and publisher executives, and our guest speaker is Jack Kemp, by now a pretty high profile Republican congressman and he’s promoting his book on economic priorities. Like any good politician, he shakes as many hands and exchanges as many one-on-one greetings as possible. When he got to me, I said, “Actually, Congressman, we’ve met before. In the spring of 1968, I was a lieutenant in the Air Force and escorted you and other football players around our radar site in Phitsanulok, Thailand.”

He was a little taken aback, but said quickly, “Wow, you’ve got a great memory.” He glanced quickly at my name tag, then continued his way down the table to his seat next to the podium. At one point, I looked down towards him and saw him talking to the session’s host and pointing down at me.

When his speech was done, Congressman Kemp, on his way out, stopped at my seat, where I got up to shake his hand again. He smiled broadly, and said, “You know, John, I do remember you now. I just wasn’t expecting to see you here. That was a great day back in Thailand.”

I like to think he meant it.



Dr. Satawat is New Director of Student Assistance Program

by Les Thompson, Chairman, Assistance Committee

John Middlewood was the founder and driving force behind the student assistance program in Nakhon Phanom. His passing left the program in serious jeopardy. Ed Miller stepped up and was able to run the student assistance program through March 2015. The Assistance Committee, after much deliberation, made the decision that if it could not find someone to take over the program by the end of March, we would have to discontinue it. Fortunately as you will read below, things are now finally in place to continue the program.

In February 2015, John Sweet, Roger Durant, and I made a trip to Thailand. It was originally planned as a trip to say farewell to John Middlewood, but his condition deteriorated much quicker than anticipated and sadly, we missed being able to see him one last time.

While visiting John's widow, Maeo, to offer our condolences and to meet with some of the students and their teachers, we were introduced to Satawat Sri-in. Khun Satawat is a long time member of John's church, had helped John with the student assistance program, and is fluent in English. We talked with Khun Satawat about his taking over the running of the student assistance program in Nakhon Phanom and he said that he would consider it and let us know.

In March, Khun Satawat contacted the assistance committee and said he would be willing to do the job. The process of getting him signed up with the TLCB and getting everything in place that he needed to handle the project was completed,

and the student assistance program was restarted. It took almost three months to accomplish everything.

During this process, and in view of what was experienced with John's sudden passing and the aging of everyone involved, the committee felt it best to start a sunset plan for the student assistance program. What was decided was that the program would continue with only the students eligible in March of 2015. As long as they stay in school and remain eligible



Dr. Satawat Sri-In

for assistance, we will continue to subsidize them through university. Given the youngest students, this means the program will continue for eight to nine more years. During this time, the committee will continue to look at alternative approaches to this very successful program.

I want to extend my appreciation to Ed Miller for his hard work in picking up the pieces and keeping things on track through March. My sincerest thanks go to every member of the committee for their dedication and insightful suggestions during this time of change. Finally, a warm welcome and thanks to our newest member of the assistance program, Khun Satawat Sri-in.



Mac Thompson to Appear at Refugee Panels in the U.S.

Mac Thompson writes.....

I have been invited to participate in a panel at two meetings of Hmong in the U.S. in August 2015. The purpose of these events is to review, for the Hmong: the history of their migration to the U.S. starting in 1975, the events that precipitated their exodus from Laos, their situation in the refugee camps in Thailand, and the process that led to the approval of their movement to the U.S. Further, there will be some discussion of life for those Hmong presently in Laos.

The other participants in the panel will include a Thai gentleman who was involved at Long Tieng in development work in 1974-'75, then with the Hmong leadership after they arrived in Thailand. He has continued this involvement with U.S. Hmong for the last 40 years. There will also be a Hmong panel participant who resettled in Missoula, MT in 1976. Lionel Rosenblatt may be able to attend both events, health permitting. Lionel was the person, who in late 1975 focused the State Department on the issue of the remain-

ing refugees in Thailand and the need for a continuation of U.S. refugee admissions following the close down of the U.S. Vietnamese refugee camps. Lionel later became the Refugee Coordinator for Thailand, and I became his deputy.

At this time, the events still need to be finalized, but in the meantime:

The organizer of the Fresno program has said, "We may be leaning towards Fresno State or Fresno City College and make it an Academic Venue where we invite folks from Education and History departments to join us for this historic discussion." The event will be sometime on 21-22 August.

The St. Paul, MN program will be held at Concordia University, hosted by the director of the Center for Hmong Studies. This event will be sometime on 28-29 August.

Mac anticipated taking Long Tieng panorama banners for both events and the Lao version of the TLCB banner he uses in upcountry Laos. He planned also to have TLCB brochures to distribute.



Congressional Commemoration in honor of the 50th Anniversary of the Vietnam War

Emancipation Hall, Capitol Hill, Washington, D.C., 8-9 July 2015

by William R. "Willi Pete" Peterson

TLC Brotherhood Vietnam War Commemoration Chairman

In the spring of 2014, the TLCB agreed to pursue an inquiry into the parameters of a thing called the Commemoration of the Vietnam War. Our team submitted our findings to the TLCB Board who voted unanimously to pursue partnership, and I was promoted from team chief to TLCB Vietnam War Commemoration Chairman. My able deputy in all these matters, Gerry Frazier, and I met with Lt Gen Mick Kicklighter, United States Army (Ret.), his Chief of Staff Col Yvonne Schilz, USAF, and their staff in the Office of the Secretary of Defense for Commemorations. We then exchanged briefings and had a discussion for four hours. General Kicklighter is an expert in many things – having served in WW II, Korea, and two tours in Vietnam. Our TLCB objective was to gain official recognition for Vietnam War Service for all those hundred thousands who contributed from locations outside of South Vietnam. General Kicklighter offered that assurance and gave us our documentation as Department of Defense - TLCB Commemorative Partners (CP). By contract, we agreed to the requirement to host two CP events per year for three years. Our Dover AFB Vietnam War Open Cockpit Day was TLCB Event number one. Our September reunion at Boston will be TLCB event number two.

Meanwhile, in Washington, another partner held its own event and the TLCB was invited. The U.S. Congress, who funded the program in a Defense Appropriations Bill, held a Congressional Commemoration in honor of the 50th Anniversary of the Vietnam War. What follows is my view of that event on behalf of the TLCB. Other members and their guests were spread throughout the crowd. It has been a while since the ten years I commuted between the National Security Agency, the Pentagon, and the CIA. It was still a challenge yesterday driving to Capitol Hill and the ceremony.

The old adage "if something can go wrong it will" was not

present for duty yesterday! The joint staff of OSD/Commemorations and House Speaker John Boehner's Office met every challenge in advance and had an answer for every question. Their cheerful attitude and willingness to help in every way made the obstacles for Disabled Veterans disappear. They cannot be thanked enough. My crew - consisting of my wife Jean, Skip Marvel and his daughter Emily—drove 75 miles to Union Station, walked "400 miles" through that building to catch a cab, made a new friend from Ethiopia, took a shuttle from the street to the visitor center, and then by wheelchair and elevators made it down to Emancipation Hall. And there at the main entrance was Devon Kathleen Hardy, the person who did the OSD on-line management of this entire event. She met us with a big smile and open arms, welcoming all!

I was told there were about 400 guests. Add to that the various key speakers, their assistants, the permanent staff, the entertainers, and the media. It was quite a crowd. The event

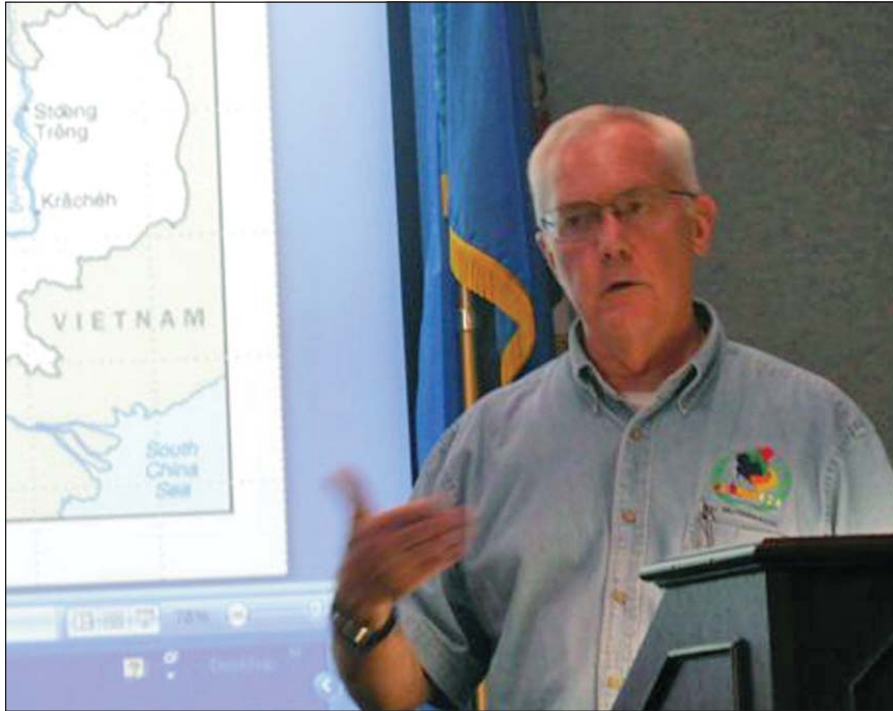
was held in Emancipation Hall, in the U.S. Capitol Visitor Center, an underground complex on the east side of the Capitol Building. We mingled and exchanged greetings before taking our seats in the 4th row, center.

Just before the opening, Gerry brought Col Schilz over. I introduced Yvonne to everybody and told them how central she was to the TLCB success in the CP endeavor. After Gerry and I briefed her OSD staff on how the war was fought from Thailand, Laos, Cambodia, and elsewhere, she commented to General Kicklighter, "We just got the Masters

*(50th Anniversary
continues on page 12)*



(50th Anniversary continued from page 11)



Above, Gerry Frazier briefing the importance of activities outside Vietnam. Below, Gerry and John Duffin answer questions from a Vietnam veteran.

Degree course in the Secret War in Laos!” When I told her we were doing our first CP event at Dover AFB she was instrumental in several areas, including delivering many hundreds of Vietnam War Commemoration pins and brochures for the public and about 250 special pins for veterans of that war. Her enthusiasm for the TLCB extends to a very important area for me, personally. Col Schilz is also the OSD Liaison for POW/

MIA and has offered me assistance with three analysts on the U.S. Accountability staff. I have had previous success, and I’m working on another MIA project now.

Speaker of the House, John Boehner (OH), took the podium and addressed the enthusiastic mass of veterans, families, and supporters. His words set the tone of “A grateful nation thanks and honors you.” Then came the Presentation of Colors, the National Anthem, and the Retirement of Colors – stirring music with four hundred hands over hearts or veterans saluting the colors.

Then the essence of the program unfolded, telling the story of the Vietnam War amidst a nation in conflict. The point was made several times, in different ways, by a half dozen speakers: do not put the politics of the war on those who fought the war. As a nation, we are at last beginning to understand that, and it shows in the way we treat today’s veterans and the way we are now thanking the Vietnam Veterans

for their service. It took a Vietnam era to awaken the American people to separate the valorous soldier from the national policies he was ordered to implement. A short video titled “A Grateful Nation” reminded us of those days and promised a better future.

Secretary of Defense Ashton Carter spoke of the war in terms of continuity and where we are going. He introduced his predecessor, Charles “Chuck” Hegel, who, along with his brother, served in the Army in Vietnam in the same unit. They

both were wounded, and at separate times they saved each other from death on the battlefield. Congresswoman Corrine Brown (FL) read a letter from a constituent family regarding the effects of combat death. Congressman Scott Rigell (VA) spoke of the warrior spirit. Senator Richard Blumenthal (CT) read an order, written in December 1973 by Admiral Thomas Moorer, former Chairman, JCS, wherein he spoke of the Vietnam veterans’ attention to duty and about their performance being second to none.

There followed some exhilarating music of the era by the U.S. Army Band “Downrange Combo,” featuring among other MOTOWN hits “R.E.S.P.E.C.T.” Some of us virtually danced in the aisles. And then the Leadership of our nation spoke in turn, giving us their views: House Minority Leader Nancy Pelosi (CA), Senate Minority Leader Harry Reid NS, Senate Majority Leader Mitch McConnell (KY), and Speaker Boehner.

(Continued next page)





This is a Russian-made AN-2 biplane, the type aircraft that attacked LS-85 in Northern Laos on 12 January 1968. Of the two attackers, one was forced down by small arms fire and the other was shot down by the crew of a Bell UH-1! The AN-2 had a 46-year production run that ended in 1991 and was exceeded only by the Lockheed C-130. If the engine quits at night or in weather the plane can be configured to mush, under control, at the vertical speed of a parachute and will not stall.

At this point we were ready for the Pinning Ceremony. Vietnam veterans representing the United States Armed Forces stood across from one of the senior leaders of each U.S. Military Service, officer and enlisted, and addressed each other. The narrator explained the meaning of this special pin, and the leaders pinned it on the lapel of the veterans opposite them. They saluted each other and we broke into hearty applause. And again the music broke out with rousing renditions of each service's song. We were asked to stand when we heard "our song." I couldn't contain myself. I sang "Air Force Blue" and hummed with the Coast Guard and Navy. I stood for the Marines, honoring my son, and sang with the Army, honoring my Dad. We heard the chaplain's benediction and then broke ranks to mingle as "Pershing's Own" continued their musical tribute.

The back cover of the event program booklet showed the details of the Vietnam War lapel pin, where the text states that the pin is available to "those who served on active duty in the United States Armed Forces from November 1, 1955 to May 15, 1975, regardless of location." I was able to present these pins to veterans who attended our briefings at the TLCB CP Open Cockpit Event at Dover last month.

Gerry and I feel especially happy about those last three words, "regardless of location." I served in South Vietnam on Monkey Mountain 7 miles from Da Nang,

and also flew 20 missions in northern Laos based out of Korat RTAFB, so I see the issue clearly from both sides. And it's a no brainer – we *all* fought to win. No matter where we served or what we did – we served, and we were always ready for the next assignment taking us wherever our orders directed.



"No, Bill, it was over here! That blue color means water. Brown means dirt."
 "Gerry, I'm not pointing...I've got a cramp in my hand! Just keep talking and smiling as long as you can."

But seriously, Bill Peterson (right) and Gerry Frazier (left) point out a new DOD poster which clearly identifies some of the specific contributions of Vietnam War veterans who served in "out-country locations." Says Bill Peterson: "We named this poster our TLCB **'Mission Accomplished' chart.**"

New Member Profiles

Michael “Yankee” Yoakum
Houston, Texas
yankyoakum@gmail.com

I was in Korat, Thailand in 1973 with the 23rd TAC Fighter squadron, A7D Corsairs avionics maintenance, Camp Friendship. I was TDY 179 days from Eglin AFB, and got back stateside just after Christmas ‘73. I saw the communists firebomb the Korat Hotel right before we came home, which was sad as a few people lost their lives when the roof blew off.

I already had PCS orders before coming home to cross train to C-130 Gunships at Lowry AFB and return to SEA, and I came back to Ubon to the 388th AMS in June of 1974. We were two guys in-processing and 400 out-processing that same day. Due to Laos falling to the Pathet Lao, they were closing Ubon and moving us to Korat in, I think, July 1974. We had a minor delay as many of the tail sections of the gunships were cracked and had to be fixed, if memory serves me right. Although we were not permitted to live off base, I spent the whole year living in the 44 district off base like about 50% of the other GI’s. I spent about a year in Korat that second time and returned to the States in July 1975.

I was sad about Ubon as it was a beautiful place with the scenic Moon River. Some of us made a couple of trips back to Ubon, which had become a ghost town once the G.I.s left.

We were in-country during the evacuation of Vientiane, Laos, and Phnom Penh, Cambodia as well as Saigon and the Malaguez Incident. But we just fixed the planes, so our part was miniscule in the big picture.

There are priceless things I gained from my military experience. First and foremost was the shock that there was an entire world of people, who were nothing like those where I came from, who had a completely different culture. That observation made me want to see the whole world. If one little country could be so different from my home, what’s the rest of this world like? I suspect that later lead me to the oilfield.

I gained the ability to troubleshoot using deductive reasoning in the Air Force, and I honed it in the oilfields. I have a healthy respect for electricity and an understanding that no

matter what the aptitude test said, I do not like electronic technician work. Probably the best thing I learned was from my NCOIC, Eugene MacFadden. He often said, “Everybody works *with* me, ‘cause, man, if you have to work *for* me you won’t be happy.” He was a great role model and an outstanding person who I still think about today. I was lucky enough to work for the same great guy throughout my time in the Air Force.

I met a very nice Thai girl there in December ‘74, and after I returned stateside, got out of the Air Force and went through the culture shock of returning to western Pennsylvania, I sent her a letter and asked her to check it out in the USA. The finances and visa were a bit of a trick but we managed and, well, we have been married now for 39 years. We were the first interracial marriage in the local Presbyterian Church in May 1976. I heard not long ago we were probably the only inter racial marriage in that church, but that was a fairly rural area. We left Pennsylvania in ‘78 as there were no good jobs after the war ended. The steel mills closed down and vets had a hard time, as we were not real popular back home. Also, Thai girls also do not do snow and real cold weather either, especially when you are poor.

We moved to Houston in the migration of the late ‘70s and I got into the oilfield drilling equipment game in May of 1978. I was called “Yankee” on day one and have been Yankee ever since. My wife loves Houston Texas. On this I agree with

(Continued next page)

Michael and Parinee Yoakum--after 39 years it looks like their marriage is a winner. Photo supplied by Michael Yoakum.



Davy Crockett, "You may all go to hell and I will go to Texas." Supposedly he did say that.

I have been Oilfield from '78 till now, and have been to every country in Asia. We lived in Singapore for seven years or so, and have been to all the scenic spots in West Africa. I had a great nine months on a project in Western Cape South Africa, went to a few places in South America, and experienced some of Europe and Alaska and Canada, installing, repairing, surveying, and inspecting drilling and marine equipment.

Note on world travel—everybody's water is blue and it all looks the same, and all airports suck, some just worse than others.

I used to build and commission offshore pedestal cranes. Soon as you fired them up and brought the boom out of the rest, everybody on deck was waving, "Hey man, over here, lift this." I would calmly shut the crane down and climb to the deck and get them all gathered around. "Fellas, ya know I was U.S. Air Force back in the '70s and I fixed airplanes, but they never once asked me to fly one, and I ain't no crane operator." Then I turned around and got back to making sure everything worked on the crane. It happened every time I put a crane up and I loved doing the speech.

Last year, seven of us vets got together outside of Cincinnati, in Kentucky on the Ohio River. All had been working on gunships sometime between 70 and 75. It was a hoot and I had a great time. Man those dudes looked *old*.....

Once upon a time we ruled our world, now I sit back and watch the mayhem just go by. Got no real regrets and only hope to get back to Thailand in the next few years, and that's where my story will end. I will do a little consulting in Asia as long as my health holds up, and I will raise a few chickens and plant a garden. In the end I guess I am an old Asia hand. And I do speak enough Thai to get into trouble, just not near enough to get back out.

That about sums it all up.

Got lots of stories but most of them would incriminate someone, mostly yours truly.

Peace...

Yank

Richard Headley
Popes Creek Baptist Church
Westmoreland, Virginia
headleyrichard08@gmail.com

The years have flown by since that silver bird deposited me at Udorn RTAB. The war had ended, yet missions were still being flown in Laos and Cambodia from our base. As a young chaplain, I found this an exciting and action-packed ministry and the stories of those 12 months have colored my ministry forever.

I remember one evening service. The chapel was full, the songs resounding. A moment of sharing began when a senior enlisted man stood up to tell us he had just arrived...his third tour... and he wasn't sure he could make it this time. While I fought for the right words to say, another senior enlisted man

got up and went and put his arms around his new friend and said..."We'll make it together." There, 10,000 miles from home, we had "church." Those 12 months gave me a new sense of calling. It wasn't what I said that changed lives; it was what God did through simple acts of brotherly love. I was truly blessed to be a part of the military family.

Since those years I have continued to serve...retiring after 22 years, but later serving as a hospice chaplain and presently a small Virginia Baptist Church. Guess God is not finished with me yet! Blessings.

Ken Mooney
San Francisco Bay area

I was discharged in Dec 1967, married in 1969, and now have two sons and two granddaughters. After discharge, four years of college was next on my agenda with the help of the G.I. Bill. In 1972, I graduated from San Francisco State University with a B.A. degree. During and after college, I worked in the trucking industry, both as a driver and manager or supervisor. From 1977 until I retired in 2005 at age 60, I was a civil servant for the City of San Francisco as a truck driver, and retired as a heavy equipment supervisor. In my younger days, my activities included playing semi-pro baseball and coaching youth baseball for over 15 years.

One of my favorite Air Force sayings is, "I have done my job for God, my country, and my family. Now, I am flying for myself and enjoying retirement at age 70, playing golf, traveling, and attending other social gatherings."



Ken Mooney sent us this patriotic picture. He and Carol have two sons and two granddaughters.

How can we reach you?

If we don't have your current email address you may be missing out on important messages about your Brotherhood. Please send email, phone number, and address changes to us at JKarnes@tlc-brotherhood.com.

Your Brotherhood Exchange at Work

A brief history:

Jim Bartholomew was a charter member of the TLC Brotherhood and was elected to the board of directors twice. He founded the TLC Brotherhood Exchange, using his own funds as capital, and raising quite a bit of profit for TLCB Assistance. Jim served at Korat, Takhli, Nakhon Phanom, and U'Tapao, in 1969-70 and 1972-75. He died unexpectedly in early 2003, a short time after he and his devoted wife, Donna, moved from Virginia to Arizona. Donna also died there in May of 2008. Both are greatly missed by the early TLCB members. The TLC Brotherhood Exchange, or "BX," honors their memory.

Have you visited the Jim & Donna Bartholomew Memorial Exchange lately?

Besides enabling you to enjoy advertising our TLC Brotherhood community with "logo" goods you can wear, use, and display, the Exchange profits go to furthering the TLCB Assistance projects. Bill and I are honored to be part of this enterprise, and we do the best we can to provide items you would like and be proud to wear, just as Donna and Jim Bartholomew and later Jim Roth, Frank Marsh, and Bob Pruiksma, our predecessor did.

Bill and I try hard to offer items that we think you folks would like to purchase. We have included a different color for the ever-popular golf shirt, and as you may have noticed, we have also started selling military-style hats in olive and blue, which have really caught on. Asking folks for tips at the reunion a couple of years ago netted us a suggestion for pink logo hats for the wives, daughters, and granddaughters. We have sold a few of both the ball cap style and the new, crushable military style in pink, which is pretty sharp and very washable and packable. While we are on the headgear subject, I can't tell you how much I love the TLCB visor. I work in the yard almost every day during the growing season, and in the hot Georgia sun, the large visor acts like a sweatband and shades my face so I don't need sunglasses. I guess that's because my head is always down, aimed at weeds.



We have recently increased our shirt and hat inventory, so if in the past your size and base wasn't offered, you might give the store another glance.



Not many of these left—the SpaceCoast Coin! Never will be made again.

Just click on the building and you will enter the Exchange. If you

don't care to use PayPal, we want you to know that you can make an order on the web and send an e-mail to BX@tlcb-brotherhood.com saying that you will send a check. We will print your order, and once your check arrives, we will put your things together and mail it via USPS. You can also write down

an order and send it to us in the old fashioned mail. This may be a little slower, but it works. The address is in the information box on page 2 of this MEM, where it always is under "Payments to TLCB."

We will be offering a camo "dis-tressed" military hat at the reunion to get a feel for whether it might be a popular item, and we will also try out putting base names on the military-style hat as well.

Questions for you and help for us: Please send an e-mail if you think we should offer the logo ball cap type hat with the "netting?" Some

say they are cooler in the summer.

Should we make up some kids' military-type or camo hats? Should we order travel cups for the car, re-order mugs?

Any other ideas? Please take some time to answer the above questions and give us some ideas, then send them to BX@tlcb-brotherhood.com (there's an "inquiry" link in the website store). Thanks so much for your time to help us do a good job for the TLCB. Take a look at the website and send us some orders!

Thelma Tilton

