



# REVETMENTS

The Official Journal of The Tan Son Nhut Association

A Memorial to the American Experience in Vietnam

FEBRUARY 2013



## UPDATE ON VETERANS BELL MEMORIAL ARTICLE

Thank you for publishing the article about the Veterans Bell Memorial in the new issue of Revetments. We appreciate the support. We have just spent \$20 thousand dollars to have the post and beam structure for our building assembled. That should take the rest of the winter. We hope to update our website within the next couple of weeks. We are planning to construct the building this summer and have our grand opening on Flag Day June 14, 2014.

Jim Stewart



## NOTATIONS FROM APPLICATIONS

I lived in Hooch #839, adjacent to "The Patio". I participated in the runway clean up after the F-105 runway crash and the sandbagging detail during Tet.

The drafting room where I worked was directly across the street from the mortuary loading area. I have many, many ugly memories of that place. I have since learned that over 5,000 dead American boys were processed there during my tour of duty. I can never forget them.

Jerry D. Gilley  
377th Civil Engineering Squadron  
Apr 67—Apr 68

Tour was cut short when injured when roof collapsed on old French Hangar, and I fell 30' to the floor.

Don Kennedy, Jr.  
377th CES  
Feb 69—Aug 69

## TSNA AWARDS

To go along with TSNA President George Plunkett's request in the January issue regarding nominees for TSNA awards, here is a list of past recipients:

### ORDER OF THE DRAGON AWARD

2008

FRY, LARRY  
PARKER, DON  
PENLEY, CHARLES  
PEELE, JOHN  
SALISBURY, WAYNE

2009

FRY, LOIS  
JERNIGAN, JOHNNIE  
NORVILLE, JERRY  
PLUNKETT, GEORGE

2011

CHAFFEE, BOB  
GARD, DEAN  
REDLINSKI, GARY  
WARRINGTON, JAMES M.

2012

BRYAN, DALE  
LAYMON, BOB  
SALISBURY, TOBEY

### ANCHOR AWARD

CARLSON, BILL  
CARLSON, MARY ANN  
COUP, BILL

### GOLDEN KNIGHT AWARD

STEWART, JIM

## REUNION DETAILS

The dates are June 13, to 16., (Thursday through Sunday).

Check-in time is 3PM. Check-out time is 11AM.

The Hospitality Suite will begin operation on Wednesday, June 12. We would greatly appreciate volunteers arriving early to help unpack and set up displays and to stay later on Sunday to repack everything.

The room rate is \$120. per night. This includes all taxes and fees. This rate will be honored for up to three days prior to and two days following the reunion.

48 rooms are available on restored train cars for a higher rate.

Reservations must be made by May 22, 2013 to ensure room availability.

The supply of handicapped accessible rooms is limited.

Parking is free.

Upon request, airport transportation can be provided by the Choo Choo shuttle. The cost is \$10.00 per room each way.

Breakfast buffet discount coupons in the amount of \$5.00 for up to two per room per day will be provided. Normal buffet prices are \$12.95, \$13.95 and \$14.95. Plated breakfasts, for which the coupon does not apply, are \$11.95 and \$13.95.

There is a free shuttle that tours downtown. It originates and ends at the Choo Choo.

**REGISTER NOW!!**

**TAN SON NHUT ASSOCIATION  
2013 BUDGET**

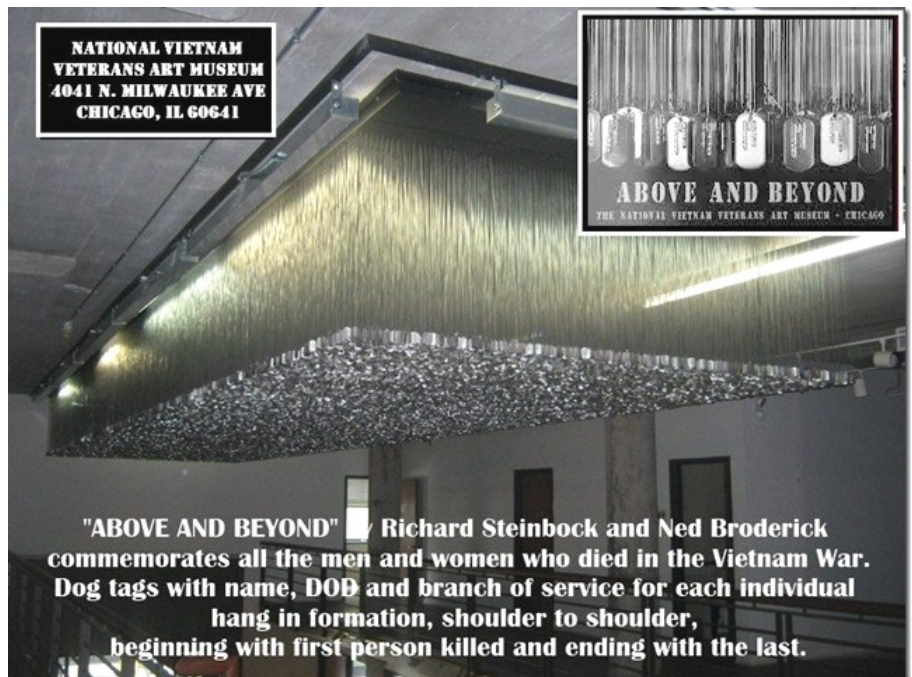
	2012 BUDGET	2012 TO DATE	2013 BUDGET
<b>CASH INFLOW</b>			
BX Income	2,000	3,563	2,000
Donations			
General Fund	700	768	600
Memorial/Legacy	1,250	2,350	200
Membership Dues	4,500	4,552	4,000
Dues—Into Reserve	----	4,748	2,500
Reunion Income	11,325	21,122	8,000
<b>TOTAL INFLOW</b>	<b>19,775</b>	<b>37,103</b>	<b>17,300</b>
<b>CASH OUTFLOW</b>			
Administrative Expenses	1,100	1,319	1,500
BX Expenses	1,300	2,866	1,300
Membership			
Administration	1,700	844	1,000
Retention	---	244	300
Legal	2,400	1,525	1,600
Memorial	8,950	9,274	-----
Reunion Expenses	15,050	13,309	15,000
Revetments	1,000	905	1,000
<b>TOTAL OUTFLOW</b>	<b>31,500</b>	<b>30,286</b>	<b>21,700</b>

NOTE: 2012 data as of December 29, 2012

"Above and Beyond" now at NEW LOCATION. When visitors first enter the museum, they will hear a sound like wind chimes coming from above them and their attention will be drawn upward 24 feet to the ceiling of the two-story high atrium.

Dog tags of the more than 58,000 service men and women who died in the Vietnam War hang from the ceiling of the National Vietnam Veterans Art Museum in Chicago on Veterans Day, November 11, 2010. The 10-by-40-foot sculpture, entitled Above & Beyond, was designed by Ned Broderick and Richard Steinbock.

The tens of thousands of metal dog tags are suspended 24 feet in the air, 1 inch apart, from fine lines that allow them to move and chime with shifting air currents. Museum employees using a kiosk and laser pointer help visitors locate the exact dog tag with the imprinted name of their lost friend or relative.



## A Summers Night at TSN in '67

By: Harlan Hatfield  
Jan 67 - Jan 68  
460th AEMS (PMEL)

It was a quiet and very dark summer night, the rays of setting sun had disappeared over the horizon hours ago. The sounds of silence were wafting across the open field to the East. As you sit all alone you can faintly hear the drone of engines on Spooky as she made her nightly rounds. You're never alone as long as the Dragon Lady is in the air, and that's a very comforting thought tonight. As the flares fall slowly earthward, sending forth their million candlepower rays of light, causing shadows to dance and race from building to building as if they were children playing tag. If one tries hard enough it is possible to see all sorts of images in the dim shadows. Sudden movement in the field of the dead brings the pulse to a racing rate, all of a sudden you notice you're not breathing in effort to hear, so you force yourself to again inhale the aromatic summer air. Moments later you see it's only a couple of dogs on their nightly hunt, so you again turn inward to your own reverie.

You think back to the faces of the young lads as they stepped off the bus this afternoon. You wonder what kind of world would cause a young lad of 18 or 19 to see things and do things that creates a face of a haggard old man on this young body. You look toward the heavens and ask the Great Spirit, why can man be so gentle to some things and yet so cruel and unkind to others. You question the Spirit as to the wisdom of such endeavors and why it is allowed. But your questions are not answered now!

The hour is the darkest and coldest, just before dawn when you finally begin fathom an answer from the Great Spirit. It comes not as a voice or a sign but something felt deep within. The answer is this:

"Mourn not the dead for they are free!

But instead mourn for the survivor, for he shall forever carry the memories, the scars, and the memories, even though they may be repressed they shall continue to creep into his conscious to haunt him !"

In hopes we NEVER forget, I dedicate this to the ones left behind, I will NOT FORGET YOU and ask the Great Spirit each day to allow you again to join your Country and your families.

### FROM OUR CHEERLEADER!!

There is an exceptional place known as the Tan Son Nhut Association. If you are looking for a home, a new home or the home that you can go back to, then, the Tan Son Nhut Association is the place for you. She always has her arms and heart open wide to say:

1. Welcome Home, Love!
2. Thank You for all that you have done for us and for our most Beloved America!!
3. You did good!!!

The Tan Son Nhut Association has been and always will be You. You are the Tan Son Nhut Association! Every year She throws her house open to a reunion of her Brothers and Sisters and come June 2013, the welcome mat is out again. This time Chattanooga is the "in place to be". Keep your eyes on the website for all the information that you would require to make the decision to attend or not. One fact that you may not know is that Chattanooga is the birthplace of the World Famous Moon Pie - a delicacy that is over 100 years old and can be served anywhere. It comes in a variety of flavors. Make plans to join the Family in June and you will have a Ball!!!!

See y'all there

Janice Jones



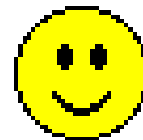
## CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

As I prepared to write a "Chaplain's Corner" for February I began to ponder over what could this short month bring to us. It took only a brief study of February history and calendar events to realize that these coming days have great significance for us all.

The first day of the month sets the tone. It is called National Freedom Day. The second I guess could be passed over, "Groundhog Day". But I guess each month has to have a bit of silliness. We find that February is a month of national awareness of our land and leadership. Presidents Day, a national holiday in mid month with the great leaders, Washington and Lincoln and Susan B. Anthony's birthdays. The words in Matthew gives us a guideline for an awareness of leadership, "And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant".

There is one day of special meaning for me. It falls on the 13th of February. The church calls it Ash Wednesday. It is the real beginning of the Christian Lenten Season, that and another day that follows, Valentine's Day. Both days are challenges of leadership, awareness and love. A short month but one that shapes the very lives we lead in this land of freedom and commitment to faith.

End of Sermon  
Chaplain Bob



"Killing two birds with one stone. Give up your New Year's resolutions for Lent".  
(From the American Legion magazine via Chaplain Chaffee.)

Everything is within walking distance— if you have enough time.

-Steve Wright

# Tan Son Nhut Association 2013 Reunion Registration

OPEN TO ALL INTERESTED IN THE HISTORY AND LEGACY OF TAN SON NHUT AND THE VIETNAM CONFLICT

**YES, SIGN ME UP FOR THE REUNION!**

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ BRANCH OF SERVICE \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE \_\_\_\_\_ EMAIL \_\_\_\_\_

EMERGENCY CONTACT NAME & PHONE NUMBER \_\_\_\_\_

NAME OF YOUR GUEST(S): \_\_\_\_\_

PLEASE LIST ANY SPECIAL NEEDS: \_\_\_\_\_

CELL PHONE (WHILE AT REUNION) \_\_\_\_\_

## REGISTRATION FEES

NUMBER OF PERSONS ATTENDING \_\_\_\_\_ X \$125. = \_\_\_\_\_

## ADDITIONAL ACTIVITIES

- Access to the TSNA Hospitality suite in Penn Station, (drinks, snacks, and war stories!) - \$20. daily if purchased separately.
- TSNA Friday Banquet buffet dinner. \$65 if purchased separately.
- Please circle which activities you are paying for separately.
- FREE Saturday 1 ½ hour Tennessee River Cruise with deluxe buffet lunch. Please cross out this activity if you do not plan to take the cruise because TSNA must pay in advance for all participants.
- Upon request to the Choo Choo, airport transportation via the Choo Choo shuttle will be provided at a cost of \$10.00 per room each way.
- Free parking.
- Honored guest speaker to be announced at a later date.

Your room rate has been group discounted to \$120.00 per night. This rate will be honored up to three days prior to and two days following the reunion. The reservations phone number at the Chattanooga Choo Choo is 1-800-872-2529. Hotel reservations must be made no later than **May 22, 2013 to receive this special rate.**

**PAYMENT MUST BE MAILED NO LATER THAN MAY 30, 2013.**

PLEASE MAKE PAYMENTS PAYABLE TO THE "TAN SON NHUT ASSOCIATION" AND MAIL PAYMENTS TO:

TAN SON NHUT ASSOCIATION  
C/O GEORGE PLUNKETT  
587 WILLIAMS CIRCLE  
WEST COLUMBIA, SC 29172





# Out and about in Saigon

By Ron Boydston  
Signal Corps, U.S. Army  
Tan Son Nhut September 1969 – September 1970  
Current as of 03 November 2012

Technically, I never needed to go off base.

The military part of Tan Son Nhut was fairly self-contained, and the Army unit to which I was assigned provided a place to work (a 24-hour communications center), a place to eat (two, in fact: a mess hall and a club), and a place to sleep (a barracks with a bunk and mosquito net).

But the day-to-day routine provided little variation to the cycle of duty and off-duty, and our unit, located in the remoteness of Sector A, offered little to do when off duty except go to the club, and one could consume only so many sodas, beers, or cheeseburgers before starting to go just a little bit crazy.

But happily Saigon ran right by the front gate, big, bustling, and beckoning, and presented an opportunity for exploration that most troops elsewhere in-country simply did not have.

So on occasion, when I had a day off and could catch a ride into town, I would head into the city of some two million people that had (ironically) gotten its name from Vietnamese fleeing from a war in the northern part of the country back in the 1600s.

Driving in Saigon was an experience unlike any I had ever had up to that time in my life. Trucks, cars, military vehicles, legions of motorbikes, pedi-cabs, bicycles, and the occasional ox-cart were all thrown together in a vicious flow of traffic that oozed or sped along, depending on where you were, porous enough to allow pedestrians to pass through it, and which provided a soundtrack of honking, shouting, and an entire spectrum of motorized noises, a ragged and impromptu symphony of sound that played, with minor variations, over and over again, day after day.

The French had done a good deal of building during their years there, and the buildings that they had put up imparted a graciousness and permanence to the city that contrasted with the mostly-transient nature of military architecture and to the generally thrown-together look of much Vietnamese construction.

Tiny sidewalk restaurants, which consisted of little more than a Vietnamese woman, a cooking stove, and a few pots and pans and boxes of foodstuffs, abounded, all out in the open and surrounded by pedestrian and vehicle traffic.

The customers would squat down at this makeshift eatery, and dirty dishes would be washed and the dishwater dumped into the gutter. Of ambience there was very little, but it required little overhead (in fact, with no roof there was literally no overhead at all) and provided a quick and convenient way for city folks to get a bite to eat.

American soldiers in civilian clothes, on their way to visit the bars and brothels of the city, were as conspicuous as much out of uniform as in; and displays of black-market goods proliferated on every street, indicating a wild-west economy that flourished in the shade of the Allied presence.

Garbage collection was also unlike anything I had ever seen. Trucks would bring the city's refuse to in-town dumps, where it would be picked over by scavengers in a very efficient, if somewhat unsanitary, recycling system, with items removed from the heap to be reused or sold. The maxim of "reduce, reuse, and recycle" worked very efficiently there, years before the slogan came into widespread use in the United States.

My visits to the city could be counted on two hands, but being infrequent were memorable and included:

\* A visit to the Saigon USO a day or two after it had been on the receiving end of a rocket attack. One of the rockets had blown a hole in the roof, and a parachute had been ingeniously rigged over the hole, which kept out rain and let in light until such time as repairs could be made.

\* A stop at a fine old Catholic church (not far from the presidential palace), which had been there for a very long time and which provided a Christian counterpoint to the Buddhist monks and temples that were a part of the religious landscape of the city. The sanctuary, dark and with a few sputtering candles, offered a few moments for meditation and stillness, as well as a few degrees of coolness from the temperatures just outside.

\* On another occasion I attended a western-style church service downtown, at the Saigon offices of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, who had extensive mission work in South Vietnam and with which the Protestant chaplain who served our unit was affiliated. It was, aside from Sunday services at our compound, the only time I was able to attend a civilian church service during my year there. There was something very welcome about practicing the religious tradition with which I had been brought up, and it cheered me up no small amount.

But my biggest night on the town actually happened during the day, when four of us troops went out in search of a steak dinner, and wound up in the restaurant of a big downtown hotel. So came to pass the most memorable meal I had that year. A salad, excellent French bread, a

chateaubriand that could have used more tender in the loin, and a bottle of red wine, plus a marvelous old Vietnamese waiter who knew both his job and his English, provided a moment of culinary transcendence that still shines brightly more than 50 years later. (I am sorry to say that I never tasted any Vietnamese food during my assignment, mostly because the occasion never presented itself, and it was just a few years ago when I was introduced to, and have become a fan of, pho in its various forms.)

The venture into South Vietnam's largest city was always tempered, however, with the knowledge that I was not there on vacation, but as a combatant in a conflict, and the day invariably ended with a return to the confines and routine of Tan Son Nhut, and more duty shifts, and the notching off of more days towards the end of my tour.

But the chance to get off base was invariably a tonic. It got me out of humdrum of military life, gave me a look at how people lived in another part of the world, and made the prospect of going back to my olive-drab world a little easier to take.





## Incident at Tan Son Nhut

By: Dave Butler  
U.S. Army 232nd Signal Company  
Mar 62 - Mar 63

It has been 50 years since my unit, the 232<sup>nd</sup> Signal Company, 39<sup>th</sup> Signal Bn. arrived at Tan Son Nhut, South Vietnam. I often think of the men that were injured or lost and the sacrifices made by all. The difficulties and challenges faced and overcome and of course the individual and unit accomplishments.

However, there are some memories which bring a smile. Some are of events that were quite serious at the time, but with the passage of time now seem humorous.

There is one incident that never fails to bring a smile.

We were among the first ground forces to enter the country in 1962. Naturally, things were not quite as well organized as they became later on.

At one point, we had 16 men to a Squad Tent, which was later reduced to 8 as men were assigned to various areas of the country. It was sometime after we had reached the 8 men per tent that we decided that we wanted to have beer and soda pop available for consumption in our tent.

To initiate our plan, a couple of individuals went into Saigon and purchased an ice box.

We then determined that we would all chip in and buy a case of beer and a case of pop which we would buy back from ourselves. That way, we would always have the money to replenish our supply.

From that point it was agreed we would rotate the responsibility of going over to the Air Force BX and buying the needed beer or pop. This was no small feat as the BX was quite a distance from our compound.

It all seemed very logical. However, we did have to keep the beverages cold. We needed ice and the only place that had any was our Mess Hall and they weren't giving any of it up.

True to the maxim everyone learns in Basic Training, "The Army does not condone stealing, but a good trooper is never caught short of an item he needs," we came up with a plan.

First it was determined that the only way you could tell a soldier on KP Duty from one that was not was simply that those on KP wore only their tee shirts, while everyone else wore their uniform shirt. So it seemed a simple matter when the Vietnamese truck delivering the ice to the Mess Hall showed up, one of us would remove his shirt, fall in line with the rest of the KP's, get a block of ice and bring it back to our tent.

This actually worked until one day the cooks recognized our man as not being on KP that day. At that point our man started to run, still carrying the block of ice, down through the row of tents as fast as he could go, the cooks close on his heels. Making a quick right, he dashed into our tent, dropped the ice on the floor and raced out the back flap. The cooks confiscated the ice and effectively ended our venture into having cold beverages in our tent.

After that, the ice box became first a library (we had probably the best selection of books in the compound) and then a storage unit for other items we had "acquired" (extra cans of foot powder, mosquito repellent, etc.) By removing the handle we found that an inspecting officer did not have access to the contents and never bothered to look inside.

### LETTER FROM A "KID SISTER"

Did you think you had been forgotten?

Well, you haven't!

You are a link that man's inhumanity to other humans has been forged for-

ever into an exclusive chain of humans who have earned the name 'Soldier'. You are a Vietnam Veteran Soldier! Each of you, please, continue to walk tall and proud and have a purpose to the way that you carry your head. Your hearts are free and all of the thoughts and memories you have borne in your minds give you a bond to each and every person who served in the Hell called Vietnam. You will never walk alone again! Times of war, hardships, nightmares and blood have made iron bonds that no one can break.

These links in the chain of Soldiers have found a home and a family in the TSNA. You have earned this Family lovingly named the Tan Son Nhut Association. You deserve this relationship of all of our Soldiers. Love, camaraderie, friendship and understanding live and thrive in this family.

Join us and take your place as Brother or Sister and you will not regret it. You will only add to us and make the TSNA family greater than it already is and we will welcome you with open arms and thank you/ As Uncle Sam used to say, "We want You."

We look forward to you becoming a member of this proud family. We laugh, cry, brag, listen and B. S. as most families do—with one exception. We are a family who is becoming smaller every day due to time. Use your time wisely now and get to know us and you will want to become another part of the heart of the TSNA. The heart of the TSNA is large enough and loving enough to welcome you at any time that you may wish to enter into it.

We hope to see you soon! Come On In!

Salute'

Janice Jones

PS: A few hundred of us are awaiting you. Welcome Home, Thank You, You did good.

## ARLINGTON HONOR GUARD

To all.

First of all, Happy New Year.

For the umpteenth time I have received an email about the guards at the Tomb of the Unknowns in Arlington Cemetery. (I'm sure you may have seen this or received it from some acquaintance of yours.) It starts off with the infamous question on Jeopardy asking how many steps the guards take. And from there it spirals out of control with one misquote after another. So, to set the record straight. I decided to go to the horse's mouth, so to speak. The guards have their own organization called the *Society of the Honor Guard*. Their website is : [tombguard.org](http://tombguard.org). It is an interesting read. But if you only wish to verify the true facts about the guards, you can go to: <https://tombguard.org/society/faq/>.

So the next time someone tries to tell you that a tomb guard must swear off (oops, they can't swear) alcoholic beverages for life, you will be armed with: The facts, ma'am. Just the facts.

Joe Kricho  
TSNA Director of Veteran's Services



### EDITOR'S NOTE:

After Joe sent the above to the TSNA Board, TSNA Treasurer Carol Besette responded with this interesting email:

The sentinels are really interesting to watch. I have seen them take action just a handful of times (since I became a tour guide in 1994)—one time a teenage girl ducked under the railing think-

ing she was so cute. Next thing she knew, the sentinel's bayonet was directed at her midriff. (I silently cheered. . .)

I have had a few occasions where someone in the group knew a sentinel, and he came and spoke to the group of students (in his free time). And they have said things like, "My life changed when I took my eighth grade trip to Washington, and I saw the Tomb, and the Tomb Guards, and I thought: *I could do this.*" That is great for the students to hear—especially from someone who isn't as ancient (in their minds) as the Pyramids.

They occasionally get to speak in public at local historical groups, etc., and they are always asked about the swearing and drinking. They frequently make a comment that whoever dreamed up that story doesn't know much about human nature.

And everyone, it seems, has heard about the hurricane and how they were ordered to stand down, and they refused. People love the story! And then I have to blow it to shreds. First of all, it would have been a legal order, and I try and impress on the kids that military members cannot pick and choose which orders to obey. And, there were plans in place based on the wind velocity—it never reached that level, but—the guards would have been safeguarded and the Tomb would have been guarded., no matter what.

I really like the new Arlington website--[www.arlingtoncemetery.mil](http://www.arlingtoncemetery.mil) It became a .mil site several years ago after the Army stepped in to correct the errors that were getting so much publicity. The old "official" site (I think it was .org) wasn't bad, but not as complete as this. And, once the Army flexed its muscles, the non-official site [www.arlingtoncemetery.com](http://www.arlingtoncemetery.com) now makes it a bit more clear that it is "unofficial." It is apparently a labor of love by some guy—and he does have some great photos and interesting tales on the site. But, if you want to

look up a headstone, etc., you need the .mil site.

One last story--back before 9/11, when I could bring groups into the US Capitol, I had an Elderhostel group there, and we stumbled across a ceremony in National Statuary Hall. The Secretary of the Army (Togo West, at the time--he later headed the VA) was the speaker. And, the Old Guard was there performing honors. And it turned out that one of the 70+ year old men in my group had been a member of the Old Guard. (The Tomb Sentinels are the "elite" group of the Old Guard. . .they guard the Tomb; the others perform funeral honors, appear at the White House and other ceremonies, such as we saw.) And it was wonderful to see this man--standing there, his face aglow. His body may have been 70+ years old, but he was standing ramrod straight, and the look on his face was that of the 20 year old he had been. It is a super memory--

Carol Besette  
TSNA Treasurer



### NOTATIONS FROM APPLICATIONS

While I was in country, I worked at the Base Comm. Center inside the 7th Air Force compound and was billeted in the 800 area. I remember well the night when the Tet offensive kicked off. I 100mm rocket impacted about 30 yards from my barracks, killing one of my co-workers, Bruce Carey. MY most lasting souvenir from 'Nam is a case of prostate cancer which has been attributed to Agent Orange. Welcome Home everybody!

Ronald E. Franklin  
1876th Communication Squadron  
Aug 67—Aug 68



**PLAN NOW TO ATTEND!!**



# Monument of Honor American Heroes

**"Monument of Honor/American Heroes" is proud and honored to present a unique, dynamic and inspirational speaking event to honor the veterans and their families of the Tan Son Nhut Association at 9am on Saturday morning, June 15, 2013 in Chattanooga, Tennessee.**



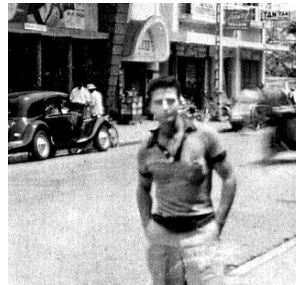
'70, J. Startt, 25<sup>th</sup> Inf.



'57-C. Archer, Special Forces



'70 B. Hutchison, 25<sup>th</sup> Inf.



'54, O. Kelly, USAF, C-119 Det.



'70, G. Norton, "P" Co. Rangers



'70, Jim Holcome, 1<sup>st</sup> Cav.



'65, Donald Shockey, 1<sup>st</sup> /4<sup>th</sup> Marines



'63 Bill Bartlett, Advisory Team



April, '75, Randy Smith, Evacuation

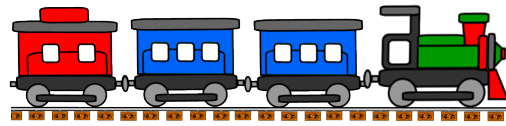
**THE MISSION:** "Monument of Honor/American Heroes" is a national project to foster a unique and powerful American legacy which honors the men and women who served in Vietnam as dedicated, loyal citizens who represented the treasured and cherished values of America's commitment to preserve our natural human freedoms in the world. Throughout the United States, Vietnam veterans have carried the Vietnam War within themselves for decades. Now as these veterans are experiencing their senior years, it is incumbent upon us, as Americans, to significantly honor the dignity of these men and women; their hearts, their feelings, their pathos and their loyalty to their country and to themselves.

**THE PREMISE:** "Monument of Honor/American Heroes" is created by Ross Lewis, a former TV Associate Director with WCBS-TV, N.Y. Following 10 years with CBS, Ross was a 22-year professional, international photographer for U.S., Fortune 500 Corporations and the National Football League. In 2009, Ross was awarded as the "Public Citizen of The Year" in N.J. by the National Association of Social Workers. As a veteran, Ross is a former Army Signal officer and son and brother of two West Point graduates. For more than 20 years Ross was certain that the real human stories of the American Vietnam men and women were told within their personal, non-combat photographs. As a seasoned professional, Ross clearly understood that brilliant, powerful visual images were never an 'accident'. Instead, they were a window into the brief, silent moments of the souls of men and women. During their enduring war of terror, danger, and mental and physical torment, their gentle photographs reflected their own humanity. Stored away in dusty albums and old boxes in attics and garages throughout America, these precious images are not the volumes of combat pictures which we have seen for many decades. Instead, the intimacy of their pictures and poignant words stand as a Forever-Legacy to the people of the United States of America and to the world. Since July, 2010 Ross has traveled over 20,000 miles in 14 states to personally interview and collect these unique, gentle and passionate images from 55 Vietnam veterans who served from 1954 through evacuation of the U.S. Embassy in Saigon in April, 1975.

**THE JUNE 15<sup>th</sup> EVENT:** Ross will deliver a compelling and inspiring, visually interactive event which will forever touch the hearts of our Tan Son Nhut Association members and families. In addition, Ross will be joined by Randy Smith, the last Marine to pull final Colors at the Embassy on that final April 1975 day.

**We urge all members and their families to join us on this day.**

**Tan Son Nhut Association**  
**P. O. Box 236**  
**Penryn PA 17564**



**COME ON TO CHATTANOOGA FOR THE CHOO CHOO TRAIN**

**Revetments** is an official publication of the Tan Son Nhut Association, Inc.  
P.O. Box 236, Penryn, PA 17564-0236  
The Association is a 501(c)(19) tax exempt Veterans' Organization incorporated in the Commonwealth of Virginia.

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Cartoon courtesy of TSNA Life Member John P. Burke

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Thanks to Gary Redlinski for his usual great work!!



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