



# REVETMENTS

The Official Journal of The Tan Son Nhut Association

A Memorial to the American Experience in Vietnam



DECEMBER 2014

## *Christmas at Tan Son Nhut*

By Ron Boydston  
525th Combat Evaluation Grp  
U. S. Army

I arrived at Tan Son Nhut in the middle of September 1969.

The holiday season that year was my second one as a member of the United States military.

The previous December I had been in basic training at Fort Ord, California, and we were given a week's leave, so I flew home (near Los Angeles), crossing over the great divide between the military and civilian worlds, and was amazed at the difference between the two.

Those days at home, in civilian clothes and on my own schedule, were a much-welcomed respite from the rigors of basic, a gift from the Army to its new recruits. (Of course, the fact that the permanent members of the basic training command also got those days off may have had something to do with it.) Even after just a few weeks in the military I had learned that every holiday, along with every personal preference, was subject to the whims of Uncle Sam and could be changed at any time, and that an E-1 in particular had no say in the matter.

That week was gone in a flash, however, and from there it was back to basic training, then to Army schools at Fort Ord and Fort Gordon, Georgia, and then, as expected, orders to Vietnam.

By the time the Christmas season for 1969 arrived, I had gotten through my initial adjustment to life in a war zone, and knew where the Base Exchange and the MACV complex and the all-night cafeteria were at Tan Son Nhut.

(Our compound was a distance from everything on base with the exception of the mortuary, which was just down the street from us.) I had already become jaded to Army life and the ordinance that went off day and night in the distance, and was carrying rocks away, one day at a time, from the enormous pile of stones that constituted a year of active duty in Southeast Asia.

But I was also mildly interested in seeing what the military version of Christmas looked like on an active-duty military installation in the middle of a war zone.

A few decorations went up at the mess hall and in the orderly room, but they looked curiously out of place, and the overall effect was that of some trappings of civilian life that had been pasted onto an olive-drab background, and if anything they made me more homesick than I already was.

On Christmas Day the mess hall served up a holiday dinner - turkey and mashed potatoes, pumpkin pie, and all the trimmings - and there had been a message or two of seasonal good will passed down through the command channels and shared with us at daily formation.

I tried hard to achieve some small amount of holiday spirit, but I was still fairly new in-country, the months stretched out before me like a road to nowhere, and the work schedule went right on as though nothing at all had happened.

There was a war going on, after all, and our communications center was staffed 24/7, holiday or not.

Nobody needed to remind us that the Tet Offensive, in the spring of 1968, had been on a Vietnamese holiday,

and the base had taken a pounding at the time.

But I also realized that the United States government, in its impersonal but well-intentioned way, was doing what it could to bring the holiday to us who were stationed many thousands of miles from home. And, in an impersonal but well-intentioned way, I appreciated it, although I would never have expressed that sentiment to anyone in the chain of command.

My parents and siblings, God bless them, had not forgotten about me, and I had letters and packages from home, and I opened each piece of mail with great appreciation for a family that thought of me during a time of year when I most would have liked to have been with them.

I did a lot of thinking about home that year, and came to a new appreciation for the peace and prosperity that was a long-standing feature of life in the United States. Vietnam was a country that did not have much of either, and was caught in the middle of a sword fight between two diametrically opposed ideologies that were dueling each other to the death.

So, with minimal fanfare, the holiday passed.

A week after Christmas I was on guard duty - it was New Year's Eve, I had not yet achieved NCO status, and I was pulling the first watch, which ended at 1 a.m.

As midnight approached I was reflecting on the end of one decade and the beginning of another, and thinking of home and all manner of other things. Pulling guard duty was not high on my list of favorite things to do, but it did provide an opportunity to contemplate life, and death, and war, and other big

-ticket subjects, all the while keeping an eye out for Victor Charlie and anybody else who might be planning a night-time visit to the base in general and our compound in particular.

As the new year arrived, some other soldier or airman who was also sharing the night with me popped two flares further south on the base: one was red, one was green, and as they floated slowly down to the ground, it occurred to me that I was not the only one thinking about the holiday season on Tan Son Nhut that night.

I decided afterwards that although the Christmas celebration had been thin, and awkward, it was right of the Army to observe it, for those out-of-place decorations were tangible reminders of a life that I had once known, that I hoped to experience again, and were symbols of something that transcended war and the military and the transitory existence that we were leading; and it was much better to have celebrated it incongruously than to have not celebrated it at all.

That Christmas season in 1969 was far from the best holiday season that I have had, but it was certainly one of the most memorable. And as this holiday season approaches, it will again be with gratitude for the good things that have come my way in life, and with memories from a long time ago, on an air base on the other side of the world..



504th Signal Detachment  
Communications Center



## CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

The date is December and the "Chaplain" finds himself filled with the theology of the time and the powerful memories of the past and the meaning of the Christmas seasons.

Let's start out with facts (at least for consideration). There are two times that qualify as true seasons: Advent and Easter. Can they be separated? No! Thus the emotional problem!

As a Chaplain they both spark mental and spiritual feeling. Ask about one and the feelings so tie together that this meditation must be tied together. Yet this is December and Christmas, the bringing in this earth of Jesus, Son of God. Maybe that is enough theology so let's discuss Christmas.

On December 25, 1968 I was in TSN: as most of the members know, I was serving as the Med-Evac Chaplain.

Now comes the question, what do you say to a very wounded GI that 3d Field Hospital sent us to evacuate to more care and then to their families?

What do you say to the nurses, med-techs, doctors as they care for Vietnam bleeding GI's?

What do you say when on December 24, 1968 as you open your package from California from your wife, son and daughter and know that there is no package on the side of the bed of those troops only a few feet from you and feel the pain of combat?

As you know after the past years I don't write this type of wording for "Revetments" or the "Corner". Now you know you are about to read a real sermon.

Christmas opens the hearts of all, the family, the friends, and the people "down the street".

Let it be known that above all it opens the minds and part of those who have

seen what a combat or whatever you want to call it has done to me, you, and for us.

As you know I usually have quotes to tie this all together but not this time. Words won't really say it. Let this time be said for the Christmas season, "We care for our loved ones, we want them to live in a free world where the gift of God can be known as a gift of love and a spirit of caring for one another".

Surprise: This is a sermon found in the "Chaplain's Corner". May this Christmas be a season of joy but also a season of caring for the now and future that God wants us and our nation to know.

Yes: End of Sermon  
Chaplain Bob Chaffee

### NOTATIONS FROM APPLICATIONS

I lived in Building #745. I remember the night/day we changed all the MPC "Funny Money" from one series to another.

George G. Miller  
377th Combat Support Group  
Oct 68—Sep 69

Arrived in country, 1967. I lived next to a helicopter port. I did see a Cobra blow up around Tet. I worked in the photo lab, 460 Recon Tech Sq. PACAF. This was changed to 12th Recon Intel. Tech. Sq. Arrived back in the world, 1968.

John C. Kuhaupt  
12th RITS  
Jul 67—Jul 68

Our building was next to the back gate. Spent time at the golf course for lunch and out the gate for pleasures. I am looking for my films of the area.

Donald R. Larson  
10th Finance  
Sep 66—Sep 67

## DON PARKER

Don's funeral was the most miraculous one I ever attended! Starting at 11 a.m., long time friend Joe Maxey, a Past Exalted Ruler of the Elks, gave the 11 o'clock Toast. It is normally given at 11 p.m., but we decided no one would come back then.... The Gibson County Sheriff's Office employees followed Sheriff George Ballard into the room to salute their fallen comrade (and eight officers/friends were his pallbearers). They were followed by the Retired Veterans Group....



Two members were at either end of the casket and, when 7-year-old Jenna heard they were going to shoot the rifles, she said, "They're going to SHOOT inside?" No, Jenna, off the front porch...Joe Stoll always does a marvelous job with the presentation. Two members of the Marion County Sheriff's Honor Guard (a drum and a bagpipe) played Amazing Grace and Going Home. The grandchildren had their ears covered and, once the playing was finished, 4-year-old granddaughter Brylee said, "That was LOUD!" It broke the tension among the adults. Outside, where it was raining, Rolling Thunder had flags lining the sidewalk and saluted as the casket was put into the hearse. Seven cars with red and blue lights led the procession from Colvin's to the cemetery, followed by a long line of cars. A friend said someone asked, "Who WAS that (who died)?" As we passed Princeton Fire Territory Station 2, fire fighters came out into the rain and saluted. Our friend and pastor, Jeff Pinney, did a great job adding to the eulogy I wrote as well as reading beautiful passages of Scripture -- and he added just the right amount of humor. Don would've been so proud. I know I was touched deeply by the outpouring of love and respect shown to our family. Thank you all. **Sue Ellen Parker.**

It is with great sadness that we learned of the passing of our Wonderful and Dear friend Don Parker early this morning. Our hearts are filled with all the great memories of him. He was a "one of a kind" man and is going to be dearly missed. Our prayers are with Sue Ellen, Jennifer and Rebecca now, God give them the strength they will need to get through this trying time. **John & Michelle Peele... Co- Founders with Don and Sue Parker of the Tan Son Nhut Association**

My deepest condolences to Ms. Sue Ellen Carnahan Parker, and the family. Our loss is heaven's gain. Until we all gather together again for our heavenly "Welcome Home", RIP. **Jimmy Avera**

The last time I saw Don, he gave me one of his Challenge Coins. Thank you for all your inspirations that you have given to me and others along Life's Path. **George Bontya**

I was just looking at my Challenge Coin from Don. There is a lump in my throat and a tear in my eye. RIP, Don. **Dale Bryan**

I got one of those coins from Don at our last TSNA reunion. RIP Don. **Gary Reynolds**

I will fondly remember Don's advice and support. Don was a really nice guy who left us way too early. RIP Mr Prez. **George Plunkett -Viet62**

(More on next page)

Our Vietnam brother Don Parker passed away this morning at his home in Princeton, Indiana. Don was one of the founding fathers of the Tan Son Nhut Association and was "boots-on-the-ground" for our 2014 Reunion in Evansville, IN. Oh, my, how we will miss Don. And we pray for Sue Ellen and her family. **Rich Carvell**

Sue Ellen, We pray that God's comforting arms are around you and your family. Don was such a treasure and will be sorely missed! We love you so much. **Love, Johnnie and Sharon Jernigan**

Sue Ellen, I am so sorry to hear about Don. I just heard about your loss on the TSNA site. Though I have never talked to Don I feel like I have lost a family member. We have commented on enough posts together that I feel like you are a friend. My fondest hope is that we will all meet in a better place some day. I wish I was better at expressing how bad I feel about this. My condolences. **David Koopman.**

**All the above from FACEBOOK.**

### **Don Parker Laid to Rest**

By Bill Coup  
Co-Director of Membership Development  
TSNA

We said goodbye to Don Parker on November 4, 2014 at the Colvin Funeral Home in Princeton, Indiana. A viewing was held on November 3<sup>rd</sup>. President George Plunkett, Vice President Rich Carvell and his wife Sue, and board members Bill Coup, Gary Fields, Johnnie Jernigan and Kerry Nivens attended and gave their condolences to Sue Ellen Parker and her family.

The service on November 4th was attended by President Plunkett and Bill Coup. Members of the local Rolling Thunder group stood as an honor guard at the entrance to the funeral home and escorted the casket to its final resting place. Don was highly regarded in his community and the funeral home was filled for the service.

It was a very impressive service, unlike any I have ever seen before. Don was a special deputy with the Gibson County Sheriff's Department and also belonged to the American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars. The service opened with the Eleven O'clock Toast, which is a toast to absent members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, of which Don was a member. It was followed with a group of deputies and senior officers individually rendering hand salutes to Don's open casket. That was followed by intermingled contingents of American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars doing the same.

The colors were posted by a joint color guard of the American Legion and VFW. A bagpiper played and a drummer from the Marion County Sheriff's Honor Guard in Indianapolis, Indiana followed playing flourishes. The ceremony took place and was finished with the honors being presented. But before that a senior member of the color guard told the history of "Taps" and its significance to military personnel. Following that the twenty-one gun salute was fired, followed by a playing of Taps. The colors were then retired and the bagpiper and drummer returned to close that part of the service.

Don's pastor then told many stories and vignettes about Don and his life. There was occasional laughter and some tears as the pastor recounted scenes from Don's life.

Following the service the attendees left and said their final goodbyes to Don. President Plunkett and Bill Coup rendered hand salutes in front of the casket prior to departing.

The Tan Son Nhut Association's flowers were honored to be placed at the head of Don's casket.



**NOVEMBER 11, 2014**  
**"AT THE WALL"**

By: Carol Bessette  
TSNA Treasurer

On a warm and brilliantly sunny autumn afternoon, Joe Kricho, TSNA Director of Veterans Services, myself and my husband and photographer, John, represented the organization at the annual Veterans Day ceremony at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial. We participated in the procession of approximately 30 veterans organizations which presented wreaths in front of the Memorial. Jake Tapper of CNN was the Master of Ceremonies, and Secretary of Defense Charles Hagel was the Keynote Speaker. He had his time in Nam, and he is, it was announced, the first Secretary of Defense whose military service was in the enlisted ranks.

The most poignant moment for us was standing by The Wall, with the wreaths, while a bagpiper played "Amazing Grace," followed by Taps. As frequently happens at such events, the chance encounters with other veterans provided some of the most memorable moments.

The program lasted just about an hour. And we were quite close to one of Hagel's two security guys, who stationed themselves and surveyed the crowd, heads going back and forth non-stop.

One other difference that we both noticed this year was in the number of Service Dogs, especially with younger veterans. Most were large dogs, as you might imagine, but Joe and John saw a poodle (!), which I didn't, and then there was a little yippy dog (the kind of dog that you could trip over because you didn't see it) that wore a Service Dog coat.

Lots of people stopped to say hello, etc. The two most interesting, I thought, were after we left the memorial. We were walking back up the street and a man in an Army uniform, senior NCO, stopped us. He had been in SVN about 1970, and had just been back, traveling with a friend who obviously liked five-star hotels and the best of everything (and found it in today's Vietnam). He showed us a lot of photos of the "new" Saigon. If he hadn't said "This is Saigon," I would have thought that they were of Dubai or Abu Dhabi or some of these other oil-rich places where money flows like mad and builds spectacular hotels, etc. No, it was Saigon.

And while we waited for the Metro, two young men came up and shook hands with each of the three of us. Well, that is not unprecedented on November 11. Then, we noticed they each were wearing a t-shirt that said "Veteran Student Association" or some such name. So, I went over and asked their background--one had been in Afghanistan as a

civil engineer, and the other had been a Marine on Presidential detail.

Please consider being a part of this activity NEXT year!



Carol and Joe, representing TSNA



NOVEMBER 11, 2014

AT THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE U.S. AIR FORCE

(By Johnnie Jernigan, TSNA Director of Merchandising)

On November 11, 2014 we had the honor again to plan and execute the placing of the Veteran's Day wreath at the Tan Son Nhut Memorial at the National Museum of the United States Air Force at Wright Patterson AFB, OH.

Assisting me were members, Jimmy Smith, Garry Arndt, and Sharon Jernigan. We placed the US and POW flags at the bench and the two plaques. Jimmy and Garry then placed the wreath at the bench. We had a chance to say what Veterans Day meant to each of us. Jimmy said a prayer and we all saluted the Memorial.

Prayer

Our Heavenly Father, Once again we gather at this memorial to remember our fallen comrades and thank You for your love for us and the comfort You provide. As we reflect upon the ultimate sacrifice of our brave brothers and sisters we pray that You will continue to bless their families with healing from their losses. We ask that You would provide peace and comfort to all veterans who struggle with the memories of war and the loss of our comrades. As we look to You we pray You will strengthen our faith in You and our understanding of our life experiences. We continue to be grateful for all of the good and perfect gifts that can only come from You. Bless, we ask You, our men and women currently serving our nation and keep them safe. Thy will be done.

Through Your Son we pray - AMEN



Johnnie Jernigan, Garry Arndt, Jimmy Smith



The Early Bird Special

By Larry Fry  
Det. 8, 2nd ADVON  
Dec 61 - Mar 62



Late summer 1961 - I was assigned to Tachikawa AFB, but lived and worked at Washington Heights Housing Annex in downtown Tokyo, about a 45 minute drive from the base.

I received word (orders?) that I was to be on a special "team", which later became known as the "Purple Alert Team".

We were to be ready to leave the country in two hours. Everywhere we went we had to call in and give our whereabouts.

I have a note in a 1961 diary that sometime in December we had a "practice alert", and my written comment was, "what a blast". I wish I could remember more about that, but one can only imagine.

Then came the real thing. I'm not sure whether we actually knew on Christmas day or not, but we sure knew about going somewhere on the 26th, because the orders I have are dated the 26th, and my Passport was dated the 26th, and my Security Clearance application paperwork is dated the 26th, and a whole bunch of shots are on my records as being given on the 26th.

Anyhow, we all assembled at "Tachi", as it was called. We sat around, loaded up one C-124 which got nowhere; loaded up a second one, and I can't remember why that one didn't go, loaded up a third one and it aborted on take-off. Finally got airborne in the 4th one.

Somewhere in that whole "mess", they finally got us some cots to sleep on, since we had been there for a LONG time. My memory is that it took 28 hours for them to finally get us airborne. And I believe that we really didn't get much rest on those cots since they finally got us going not too long after we got them.

Next stop was an overnight at Kadena AFB, Okinawa; then on to Clark AFB, PI. We had some briefings there, and it was only when that happened that we finally found out where we were going—South Vietnam! My Passport into Vietnam is stamped and dated December 29, 1961.

PS: Thanks to Charles Penley for the graphic for this one and others like it, but obviously, I was not wearing my winter dress blues in Saigon. This picture was taken outside the BX at Washington Heights.

## Good Mourning, Vietnam

By: George Starks  
377th CSG  
May 70 - May 71

Early last spring my wife and I received an invitation to join the November wedding party of a close friend in Vietnam. With a quick Google assist, I discovered that the functions of a 'best man' in Saigon are, with a few distinguishable exceptions, much the same as they are in, say, Topeka, Saginaw, or Kokomo. What is not the same, however, is the backdrop. Saigon and Saginaw are very much unlike.

Having first met Tuan only a year earlier in Spain while walking the Camino de Santiago, the 500-mile 'Way of St. James' Pilgrimage across Northern Spain, being invited to his traditional wedding ceremony in this major Southeast Asian city was a total coup.

His equally generous offer to provide us with living quarters in his spacious, modern condo in Saigon's District 7 came as an equal bonus! We were in!

I later learned that I was a stand-in of sorts for Tuan's elderly father who was confined to a nursing home in the States. I felt honored. The five other party members included young men from Cambodia, Brazil, Japan, Taiwan, and Germany. I was the only Yank, being acquainted with only one other 'best man' in the group, Hans from Munich, with whom I had hiked in Spain two years earlier.

This new out-of-the-blue opportunity for overseas travel, as joyously received as it was, came with no small degree of hesitation. 45 years ago to the month I had this war-torn country in my rear view mirror, as a departing lower-level NCO assigned to the 377 Combat Support Group at Tan Son Nhut Air Base outside of Saigon.

For me, Vietnam was a done deal. My bags were packed and in the popular jargon of the day, I was leaving on a jet plane...

The last occupying force in Vietnam had learned the hard way, despite General Matt Ridgeway's admonition that to get into a land war on the Asian continent was sheer madness, with France's own Waterloo eventually being the fall of Dien Bien Phu in the spring of 1954.

Ours was yet to come, taking place on an embassy rooftop in Saigon 21 years later.

General LeClerc's expeditionary force in 1945, refilling the vacuum of the retreating Japanese, predated our own Green Berets fending off the 'Red Tide' 15 years later.

America, despite its best intentions, was about to learn a long, painful lesson in futility, with nearly 60,000 mothers across the nation sharing in that painful lesson. It's been noted that more than one million Vietnamese - civilian and military - were lost in consecutive wars with France, Japan, and the United States.

Now, 42 years later, the same 23-year old buck sergeant who so gamely tread the back streets of Saigon in another lifetime has evolved into an inspired fellow traveler equally at home exploring remote European villages and weekend farmer's markets dotting America's heartland.

Saigon now. big, bold, and bodacious. Awash with pretty girls and beautiful children, darkened bars, careening cyclos, ornate French colonial hotel lobbies, pricey boutique shops, and rivers of fawning sellers hawking everything from beads to banjos.

Not to be discounted, the clattering din of the screeching motorbike - in Vietnam, all motorbikes are called Hondas, regardless of brand name - ever symptomatic of the mystical East's urban sprawl since time in memorial.

Vivacious, dynamic, heartfelt, loving of Westerners, enterprising, cordial, and always mystical. Dong Khoi Street, formerly Rue Catinat Street under the French and renamed Tu Do Street during the American occupation, once rife with bars, strip joints, brothels, and massage parlors, now home to fancy restaurants, upscale boutique shops, and elegant nightclubs.

The hollow echo of carousing American GIs parading along Tu Do Street has now given way to high end fashion outlets, sparkling specialty stores, and the constant din of commerce delayed.

The same Dong Khoi Street, anchored by a dung-colored Saigon River at one end and the stately Notre Dame Cathedral ala Parisian look-alike at the other, with Graham Greene's iconic Continental Hotel holding down the mid-section. Now all patrolled by a red and green-clad police force, adept at juggling dangling menthol Cools and swinging AK-47s with equal ease.

One is unavoidably aware of America and Vietnam's tumultuous history, with leafy boulevards and overgrown French villas constant reminders of longtime anti-communist occupations; memorabilia-saturated war museums seemingly spread-eagled on every street corner.

One-time 'Paris of the Orient' Saigon, where heady memories of the sixties maintain a musty presence in shop windows amid rusty wartime Zippo lighters, Army-green fashion wear, Peter Max psychedelic posters in primary colors, and glitzy coffee table books showcasing Uncle Ho and General Giap's revolutionary bravado compete for

shelf space with soft copies on Zen and Taoism. Glowing accounts of facing down Western capitalists cum rancid imperialistic dogs of war cast a shadow over everything with a bar code.

A grandfatherly Uncle Ho beams pleasantly down from a 20-foot wall mural at the downtown post office turned souvenir heaven, reassuring all that it was simply the cost of doing business.

Sepia-colored postcards of General Giap, communist mastermind of the Viet-Minh victory over doomed French Legionnaires at a besieged French outpost close to the Laotian border so many years earlier (evoking a still-poignant L'Internationale) crowd glass counter-tops as shoppers surge forward, vying for attention in a kaleidoscope of mother tongues.

Grainy images of French paratroopers and American Green Berets feed an edgy nostalgia for the war years... as Dien Bien Phu and Khe San trip off the tongue with equal ease. Winning the battles but losing the wars on poverty, illiteracy, and hunger - wars against everything but hope and glory.

Saigon, the former capital of the French protectorate of Indochina, was swiftly renamed Ho Chi Minh City soon after Communist tanks rattled through the Presidential Palace - now the Reunification Palace - gates in the early hours of April 30, 1975. The capital of today's Democratic Socialist Republic is now located 700 miles north in Hanoi.

With Ho Chi Minh City's current population hovering around the 8 million mark, it occurs to me that a wartime Tan Son Nhut exists now only in faded generalities, with 60 percent of Vietnamese being born after 1975. Attempting to locate long gone landmarks was a lesson in futility, although the world-class Continental and Majestic Hotels, erected in the late 1800's along with a hosts of other grand old dames, continue to draw swarms of photo-snapping visitors daily.

Finally - something else I found not to have changed in 45 years - the odiferous presence of mildew, river sewerage, motorbike exhaust, exotic street food, and hot asphalt, all conspiring in a pungent panoply of sights and sounds echoing the cry of virtually every third world country across the globe.

While Vietnam remains a communist-controlled country, its entrepreneurial, capitalist, free enterprise spirit thrives: Downtown's Ben Thanh Marketplace, for example, seething, vibrant, alive with shoppers jockeying for the best price on a wildly diverse range of products, foods, and services.

Not to be relegated to a footnote, Tuan and Lisa's

wedding celebration went off without a hitch. Attended by accolade-showering guests from Europe, the America's, and Asia, including a large family contingent from Hanoi, sunny blue skies prevailed over the Catholic Notre-Dame Basilica.

The elegantly simple ceremony was conducted by Father Cletus S. Culpepper on November 15, 2014, nine years after he went rogue from a South L.A. Parish while attending a 30-day seminar in Qui Nhon Province. His bishop has long since acquiesced.

According to a very pensive Father Culpepper, "Vietnam was simply too beautiful a country to 'love and leave.'" In a quick, light-hearted note, he remarked that he had felt this way once before, over a tasty sand bass he had once hooked off the Manhattan Beach Pier.

Suddenly we were friends.

Despite Vietnam's turbulent history and the hard-scrabble daily grind, he remains in Vietnam as Notre Dame's resident pastor in the ecclesiastical Province of Saigon. "I'm at home and at peace. I would wish this on anyone."

In the early seventies Henry Kissinger and Le Duc Tho leveled stares and accusations across the Paris peace table.

Now, the unified nation of Vietnam re-enters our lives not as a violent intruder on the 5 o'clock news but, rather, as a pleasant reminder that the simple radiance of the world's heart and soul IS universal, regardless of political persuasion.

Now, more than four decades later, a reflective, grey haired grandfather of nine discovers in childish amazement that a world known once is known again.

Come home, Number One GI. From the Delta to the DMZ, all is forgiven. And somehow you know it is.



## COMMAND MILITARY TOURING SHOW

Larry, I thought you might like to know of the following email I received from John Akers.

I was in one of the last (maybe the last) Command Military Touring Shows (CMTS) in 1972.

John is putting together a web site for those of us that were part of CMTS.

Ralph Marcello  
377TH Combat Support Group  
Dec 71 - Mar 73

## Command Military Touring Show

**John Akers** Videographer/Photographer

To: Ralph A. Marcello, CPA

Date: June 13, 2013

Hi Ralph,

My name is John Akers and I was also a member of two CMTS groups that toured the country in 1969.

Prof. Rick Holen has produced a documentary (still unpublished) about CMTS with interviews from the CMTS Reunion of 1999 in New York City. I am re-creating the CMTS website that was active in 1999-2000 and should have it up and running by Sep 2013.

Prof. Holen has provided me with a wealth of information and I would like to be able to use any pictures, documents or first accounts that you might wish to have published on the site.

I can be contacted at [jwakers23@verizon.net](mailto:jwakers23@verizon.net) or by phone at 214-683-4198. I was a member of The New Generation and also the ManiActors in 1969.

The site will have all the names of the groups that toured with CMTS and hopefully a great number of the members and their bio's. I hope that I can add yours.

Please let me know if you would be interested in this.

Thanks again for your time and I look forward to communicating with you the near future.

Sincerely

John Akers, SFC (Ret.)  
US Army  
3810 Evinrude Drive  
Rowlett, TX 75088

**ANYONE REMEMBER THESE?? PLEASE SEND YOUR THOUGHTS TO:** [lfry2@dejazzd.com](mailto:lfry2@dejazzd.com).

### TET 68

January 2015 Issue of Revetments

I have one story relating to Tet to publish next month.

I would love to have more for use in that issue, as I don't have much of anything else, either.

Please write to me at: [lfry2@dejazzd.com](mailto:lfry2@dejazzd.com).

**Tan Son Nhut Association**  
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**Penryn PA 17564**

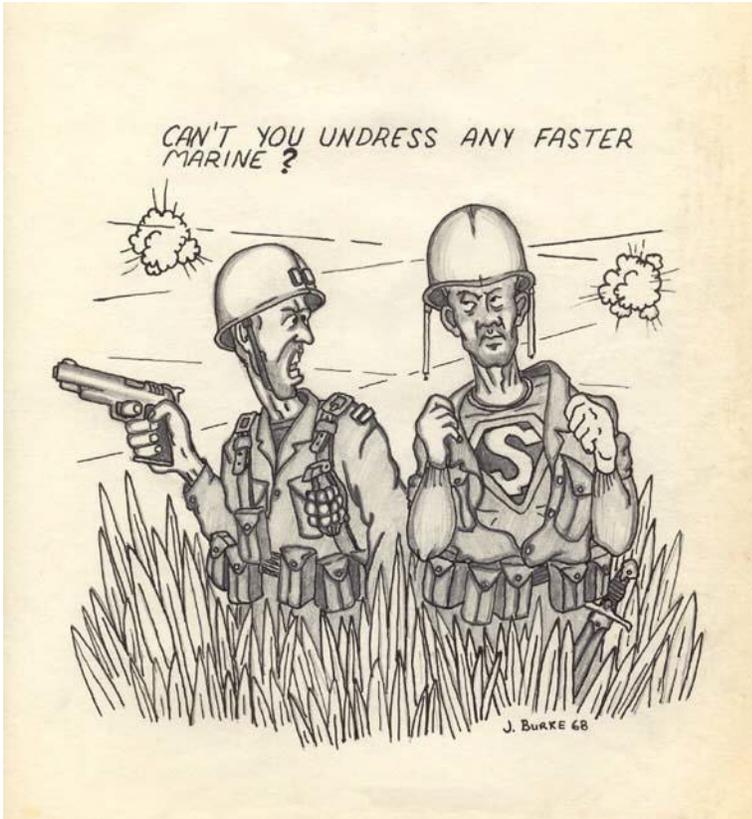
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Chaplains: Rev. Dr. James M. Warrington,  
Rev. Dr. Billy T. Lowe; and Rev. Bob A. Chaffee

Presidents Emeriti:  
Don Parker, (1947-2014), Co-Founder and President 1996-2002  
John Peele Co-Founder and President 2002-2004  
Wayne Salisbury, (1940-2014), President 2004-2007  
Robert Robinson Gales President 2007-2011

**Web Site: [www.tsna.org](http://www.tsna.org)**

Annual Membership: \$20.00  
Five Year Membership: \$80.00  
Life Membership: \$180.00



And our thanks again to John Burke, TSNA Life Member, for another great cartoon.

**Initial Election Notice**

In 2015, the terms of office for current TSNA President and TSNA Secretary end. Terms for both Co-Directors of Membership Development also end. Persons presently filling those positions must be reelected or new persons to fill those positions must be elected to allow them to be sworn in at the Reunion in May 2015. All present office holders may, if they choose, stand for reelection.

I will issue a formal Call for Candidates in January 2015, and it will be published in the January Revetments. This means that we all have to think about running for office, consider nominating a fellow member to run for office, or at least think about whom we want to see in these positions to help operate and manage our association. Please, at the very least, be thinking about this over the remainder of our holiday season.

**Dale Bryan, TSNA Secretary**

**NEW MEMBERS** 

Mr. John C. Kuhaupt	West Bend	WI	Jul 67 - Jul 68	12th RITS
Mr. Donald R. Larson	Buffalo	MN donlarson70@yahoo.com	Sep 66 - Sep 67	10 Finance
Mr. Don B. Dale	Coronado	CA	67-68	7th AF I

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