

# Revetments

The Official Journal of The Tan Son Nhut Association



"All Included - Non Excluded"

Volume 4, Number 2

The Tan Son Nhut Association, Washington, D.C.

November, 2001

## *Message from our President*

*My first thoughts in the morning of September 11 were of my many friends on the east coast – most of whom I have met through the Tan Son Nhut Association.*

*A high school journalism student interviewed me about the attack. The boy asked me if I thought it was like Pearl Harbor. I said it was, but only because it was a surprise attack.*

*I hate the thought of another war for another generation. Those of us who are "old vets" are affected differently than other parts of society because we know what war really is – but now all we can do is sit around and do nothing.*

*I think we can – and should – stop terrorism now, because we finally have the whole world behind us. This fear of the unknown has got to stop.*

*And, the United States of America is ready to make it stop. God bless the United States of America and every one of her sons and daughters, including those who chose to leave their homes abroad and come here to live in a land where they could be free and unafraid.*

*Don E. Parker*



President Don E. Parker



# Reflections on September 11<sup>th</sup>

by

Member, Oliver "Pete" Doe, York, Maine

## *The danger from without ...*

Many World War II 8<sup>th</sup> Air Force aircrews, as they headed out over the English Channel, probably figured they were dead anyway, and with that assumption pressed on day after day against reason and fear, mission after mission, to strike targets in Europe. Some survived – many perished.

The more than thirty phone calls made from the fourth doomed airliner apparently instilled the same attitude in the passengers aboard. They too figured they were already dead and could only prevent another attack on America. Some have said that there were two or three heroes on that jet. I vehemently disagree. Save for the terrorists, all aboard must be considered heroes. In countless other times, from 1775 through September 11, 2001, our fellow countrymen and women have sacrificed their lives "on the altar of freedom." Those who were in the intended target of that airliner are alive today because of the sacrifice of those passengers. All too often, such sacrifices and our vigilance become small particles in the dust of our memories.

The attack which was the catalyst for this heroic act is perhaps over. But we must remain vigilant for dangers loom both from within and without. Much like the Sunday news of December 7, 1941, we have been made shockingly aware of the danger from without.

## *Other danger lurks ...*

The other danger that lurks about is that, in justifying its role as protector of the collective citizenry, our government will, though with good intentions and the initial approval of the general citizenry reacting to fears of "unknown dangers," place additional permanent restraints on our individual comings and goings, thus assailing our individual freedom.

Every motorist is free to travel through the intersection on the green light ONLY to the extent that another stops on the red light. Other restraints are temporary like the barriers prohibiting parking near buildings. That which is reasonable, given the danger, will always be accepted, and rightly so by the major segment of the population. (Some would argue that traffic lights are not really needed given the number of motorists who run them.) But when danger subsides, the restraints are removed.

This time I am not so sure that the restraints will be lifted. We must remain vigilant to insure that, in due time, those which can be removed, are. They must be. Simply put – this nation will never, repeat NEVER fall from without, in spite of many terrorist attacks. From the burning of Washington in 1812 to this latest assault upon America, we have been hit upon by various and assorted bullies who believe their cause is just

and America can be conquered. Bin Laden is not new – he is just the latest. He, and all the rest who have tried in the past to "kill" America have failed.

The common thread of all these pikers is that they fail to understand the American psyche and that you don't destroy America by blowing up buildings. (Hell, we've been doing it for years. And, I might add, have become pretty good at it. The difference is we don't take innocent lives.)

## *The real enemy ...*

My family and I have spent over ten years on foreign soil. To this date I am amazed that in spite of the openness of American society, other peoples fail to understand what it is that makes this nation tick.

The fabric of this society, woven as it is of so many different threads (cultures), is so strong, it can never be rent from without – it can only be shredded from within. And every time we put another permanent restraint on individual freedom we tear another thread in the fabric. This is our "soft underbelly." This is the real enemy.

For as long as we remain a free and open society, the combined electorate will make the right choice, as they did in the airliner which crashed in Pennsylvania. The nature or size of the threat is of no consequence. The citizenry will do what is required to defend itself against all dangers to this bulwark of freedom. Yes, and some will perish in the struggle.

Sad as it is, the price of our individual freedom is the death of some of our own. It has always been that way – it will always be that way. Nobody ever said that this great experiment in self-government would be without cost.

Americans – not Anglo-Americans, not Black-Americans, not Native-Americans – just plain simple Americans with roots in every corner of the globe, have been giving their lives since 1775 to maintain the freedoms we enjoy today. And, in spite of all the gangster movies, the violence, and the school killings, the Light in the Harbor is still sought out by countless human beings.

Countless of our fellow or former citizen-soldiers, native and adopted, have struggled in several conflagrations to keep us free. There are countless "corners" of America all over the world, for many of her citizen-soldiers rest forever in foreign lands or under the perilous waves. For myself, four of my comrades died in Vietnam and a fifth is still there somewhere.

While I fully support qualitative increases in airport security, we must remain vigilant so that the pendulum returns to "neutral" when the danger is past. If we fail to be vigilant, then the price paid on September 11<sup>th</sup> by over 5,000

Americans, and all those who have gone before, will have been for naught.

## *This country will prevail ...*

As sure as night follows day and vice versa, this country will prevail. Not because of the great buildings, roads, and monumental constructions we have completed. Rather it will survive because the individual efforts of all of its citizens, those born here and those who have chosen this land, will see that it does. The full, yet different contribution of each will meld with those of fellow citizens in the great melting pot of America. The recipe for the end product, the Great Melting Pot of America, is the secret of America, where the merging of all the different cultures of the world have produced a society like none other on this earth. It is a society, for example, in which members can be in warlike disagreement with each other one day and the next, has individual members sacrificing their own life for yesterday's foe.

Two thoughts from all this ...

One, in spite of our failings and losses we have incurred now and in the past, God has blessed America for we are still here. Maybe we need to thank Him for His blessings.

Two, unless we remain ever vigilant, there will be a repeat of the repeat of December 7<sup>th</sup>.

## *Postscript*

A friend of *Revetments*, Mrs. Rita Barnes, Norfolk, Virginia, has given us marvelous confirmation of Pete Doe's comments. The First Officer on the Pennsylvania plane was Captain Leroy Homer, of African descent. He refused to let his plane be used as a terrorist weapon. This act saved the U.S. Capitol where both the Senate and House of Representatives were in full session!

Not only did Captain Homer foil the assault on Capitol Hill, no one on the ground in Pennsylvania was injured.

The Commercial Bank of New Jersey has set up a fund for Captain Homer's family.

As we mourn the results of this tragic event let us never fail to remember with overwhelming pride a truly great American hero – Captain Leroy Homer.





*Gosh, I wish there was something I could do . . .*

## There is! by Member, Richard Fulton, Pittsburg, Kansas

I was thirty miles from home, in Parsons, teaching a college American History Class when the 911 attack took place. Neither the students nor I knew much, at least initially, about what was happening. In fact, the first reports indicated that it was an accidental crash. Driving home, later that morning, I learned from the radio about the second plane – and then about the Pentagon.

That really got my attention.

I have been retired from the Defense Department for six years, but still have a lot of friends in uniform or who serve as civilian employees. That night – and for the next few days, I waited with a chunk of ice in my stomach, waiting for the list to come out – and when it did – my worst fears were realized. One of the names on it was that of Meta Waller.

Mrs. Waller was a fine woman, very elegant, very sophisticated, a true lady. In fact, she was a colonel's lady, the wife of Ben Waller who passed away a year and a half ago. I learned that when I found Meta's niece in a chat room. So, learning of both their passing was a double shock.

Ben was an Infantry colonel. He was my boss in Korea, 1986-88, during the days of democratization over there. We, together, breathed a lot of pepper fog, and as is normal when times are tight, everyone in the outfit got pretty tight. Ben and Meta had married just before the move to Korea, and Ben's assignment as Public Affairs Officer for the quad-command. She was an Ivy League professor with a Ph.D and we wondered how she would fit in with our rowdy bunch.

Five minutes after meeting Meta, we had our answer. She was a fine and caring person, and her friendship became greatly valued, as was Ben's. The only good thing to come of this tragedy was that Ben wasn't around when that plane hit the Pentagon where Meta worked as a senior civilian employee.

My office in Korea adjoined his. Therefore I knew that late every Friday afternoon an employee from the Yongsan Garrison post flower shop would bring him an arrangement of cut flowers. I can still see him fussing with those bouquets, trying to make them better than they were for his new bride. To have known of the attack that killed his wife would have been, for him, a shock too great to bear, I think. I am sad my friend is gone, but glad he didn't have to witness the devastation and go through the kind of pain I know he would have experienced.

### Figuring out what to do . . .

We all lost friends in Vietnam. For me, Ben and Meta's names are now part of a list that includes a couple members of 7<sup>th</sup> Air Force DXI (Information), and also a DINFOS PAOC classmate who was killed by a terrorist in Oklahoma City. In such a time one has a hard time figuring out what to do.

Writing letters to editors is one way to express outrage. Another way is to give blood, or to donate money to relief funds.

But let me suggest something else. I was, like all of you, just livid with rage and wanted to be part of the reciprocity. In Vietnam, after the losses of Tet, being on non-crew member status, I flew a lot of Spooky and Shadow missions, acting as a spotter and helping to hump ammo and flares, as well as writing accounts for release of the fights and flights. But there are no gunships running on this deal – so what to do?

### The answer . . .

The answer came to me when I listened to the President announce Tom Ridge's appointment as United States Secretary of Homeland Security. As I thought about that office and how it related to the challenges of the terrorists, it came to me that this was a way for all Americans of age to have drivers' licenses, and up, to make a personal contribution.

What was missing was structure at the state and local level. So I got in touch with the Kansas State Senator who represents my district and suggested that we needed to have a state level counterpart to Secretary Ridge – someone who would then plan how best to deal with challenges in Kansas. For instance, protecting our many and massive feedlots and other agricultural facilities and transportation hubs. He agreed with me and dispatched a letter to the Governor.

But I still couldn't let it rest so I started thinking about missions and functions and manning; then started to write. I developed quite a lengthy white paper on the subject, one that deals with local aspects as well as state responsibilities and linkage to the national effort. This has been freely provided to anyone interested. It is far too long for *Revetments*, but if you send me an e-mail (rfulton@fament.com) I will be happy to send a copy to you.

### Everybody, get in the act . . .!

I encourage everyone to get into the act. Contact local and state officials, stoutly and strongly encouraging all to get into this homeland security program. It is something we can do to help defeat another terrorist attack – while not violating Constitutional freedoms. It is a program made to order for veterans who already know how to pull sentry duty.

This does not take away from law enforcement and other agencies already established. What it does is bring the effort of addressing terrorist events under a single umbrella, sets up a command structure to allow maximum use of all resources, and gives police agencies extra sets of eyes to observe and immediately report any suspicious activities, allowing them to be properly investigated or addressed as necessary.

Such a program is ready made for veterans

and for retired police, and all who want to make a physical contribution in response to the attack on America.

Please give it serious thought and consideration, and if you can, please help spread the idea.

## Words from New York

by Member, Robert Nelson,

Introduced by Member, Richard Fulton

My buddy, Bob Nelson, was one of the Adrian Cronauer-Pat Sejak crew in 'Nam's AFVN ("Goooooooooooo Morning, Vietnammmmm"). We were in-country at the same time but didn't know each other. Then he was the CSM for AFKN when I was the speechwriter in Korea and our kids bowled together on Saturday mornings while the folks sat around in the bowling alley snackbar eating hamburgers. Got to be pretty good friends. Anyway, Bob went on to be Commandant of the U.S. Army Command Sergeant Majors Academy before retirement. These days he hangs his hat in Anchorage, Alaska and works for the Veterans Administration as a psychologist. Bob was handpicked to be part of a VA team that was sent into New York City to help vets.

I'm back – mentally exhausted – but back. What an incredible opportunity to serve and to be involved in a life-changing event. I'm thankful the VA chose me to be a part of their team – a first, but definitely not the last of the teams to head for New York and New Jersey. The need is extremely great. Just when you think you've heard what has to be the worst set of circumstances in the world – bam! – up comes the next person.

Our time at the Family Center was made especially memorable with time at the "wall." Message from the adults were heart-rending, but the messages from the children were heart stopping. You think you're hard, think you're tough – go to the Wall.

The folks working there, day in and day out, take the worst and give their best. We made two visits to Ground Zero – nothing, absolutely nothing, you've seen or experienced can prepare you. It fully assaults you – eyes, ears, nose, memories. No part of you can remain indifferent.

The folks working at the site are very special and deserve a special blessing. What they are doing is not a job – it's a commitment to people and an ideal. Just prior to leaving Anchorage I debriefed the D-Mat Team that spent two weeks working three sites at Ground Zero. Their stories are written in gold and they will quickly tell you they were only serving the people who were doing the work. Such is the story of New York City.

Most of the people who are missing will never be found – closure is going to be its own hell – but life is going on. Things that seemed so important on September 10 don't even count today. I wish I had a crystal ball to help me see the future, and I hope that the feelings and commitment I experienced there will continue and spread to our entire country.

We live in a great nation folks – appreciate it.







*"All Included - Non Excluded"*  
 Revetments is an official publication of the Tan Son Nhut Association, Inc. 6203 57th Avenue, Riverdale, Maryland 20737. The Association is a non-profit fraternal organization chartered under appropriate statutes and law.

President, Don Parker  
 Vice President/Treasurer John Peele  
 Vice President/Secretary John Evans  
 Chaplain James M. Warrington  
 Public Affairs Robert Need  
 Communications Charles Penley

Revetments is published monthly at the Office of Public Affairs, TSNA, Suite 709, 330 West Brambleton Avenue, Norfolk, Virginia 23510. Telephone: (757) 627-7746; FAX: (757) 627-0878; E-Mail: [hercules29@worldnet.att.net](mailto:hercules29@worldnet.att.net)



From Webster's Dictionary - Noun - Veteran ... having had service or experience in warfare. We've just been given many more American veterans this year - remember them, and pray for us all. Veterans Day, November 11, 2001.



### Thoughts of Our Sky Pilot

by  
 Chaplain James Warrington

### The Right Questions

Often in life when we are faced with a sudden sorrow, or a new responsibility, or a shattering disappointment, we begin to ask the wrong questions. We may ask, "Why should this happen to me?" "What have I done to deserve this kind of treatment from God?" "Can there be a good God when such tragedy and misery are allowed to come upon people in world trade centers, a Pentagon, or families now missing loved ones?"

There are several reasons why these are the wrong questions. First of all, there is in them a certain arrogance and egotism, even the implication that I know better how

to run the universe than God does. There is the assumption that I ought to have all the knowledge and wisdom of God Himself - a complete absence of humility and submission before a Higher Wisdom.

We often forget that there is an inevitable mystery in the ways of the Almighty; if we understood all His ways we would be God or the equal of God. The finite cannot fully comprehend the infinite; the creature can not be equal to the Creator.

What, then are some of the right questions in such situations? Far better are such queries as these: How can I use this misfortune that has come to me as a means of spiritual growth? How can I rise above self-pity and discover a new sympathy and understanding for all those who have faced similar setbacks in life? How may I lay my sorrow and burden upon

God's altar as an offering to Him? Do I dare to ask God to give me power to serve Him and to be of service to other human beings? How can I draw closer to the God of all?

The American poet, Edwin Markham, has some stirring words on how apparent defeat can be turned into victory:

"Defeat may serve as well as  
 victory  
 To shake the soul and let glory  
 out.

When the great oak is straining in  
 the wind,  
 The boughs drink in new beauty,  
 and the trunk sends down a  
 deeper root on the windward side.  
 Only the soul that knows the  
 mighty grief  
 Can know the mighty rapture,  
 Sorrow comes  
 To stretch out spaces in the heart  
 for joy."



## MARKING TIME

with  
Mark Fleisher



### A Tropical Interlude

A few weeks after the 1968 Tet Offensive one of the decision-makers in the 7<sup>th</sup> Air Force Combat News Division thought some of us might benefit from going through Pacific Air Force Jungle Survival School in the Philippines.

The rationale made sense. After all, several of us combat news reporters did a fair amount of flying around South Vietnam and, well, you just never know when an aircraft might develop mechanical trouble or catch a lucky shot from some Charlie marksman on the ground.

A radio-tape man, whose name escapes me thirty-three years later, and I were selected as the first from the Division to attend the school.

I recall conflicting thoughts about leaving Tan Son Nhut for five days. On the one hand, I felt a strong bond with the other guys in the Division. Although the Viet Cong was badly mauled during Tet, the enemy retained the ability to launch rocket and mortar attacks against Tan Son Nhut, and I wanted to be there with my buddies when and if attacks took place.

But on the other hand, I must admit that even one day out of Vietnam was a bonus – my god, five equaled a windfall!

So off I went to Clark Air Base.

I managed to contact a college friend stationed at Clark and stayed with him for two days before Jungle Survival School began. Mike Fliegel lived in the relative luxury of a brick barracks and I bedded down in a empty bunk in his room.

It was standard practice at Clark to sound a noon whistle. Of course, no one told me and when the shrill blast roused me from slumber, I vaulted down from my top bunk, flung open the door and raced down the corridor looking for a bunker. Perhaps the atmosphere at Tan Son Nhut had played more tricks on the mind than I imagined.

School finally began and after a few hours of classroom instruction, we marched out into the bush. My classmates were aircrew members, mostly pilots and navigators heading for their first taste of Vietnam.

Our instructors distributed decks of cards, with each card depicting edible or poisonous plants, wildlife encountered in the jungle, and other little tips for the serviceman on the run.

We identified trees that would yield a fair amount of water over night. Just fashion your poncho liner around the tree trunk to collect the water, make a gash in the tree, and lo and behold

– agua!

We got to meet 3-second Molly, a fearsome looking serpent belonging to the krait family. Someone inquired as to the meaning of the 3-second moniker. That was an easy one. That's how long a chicken would survive after a krait bite. And humans? Oh, maybe either eight or nine seconds ... if you're lucky.

That was one card I memorized.

Now the curriculum began getting physical. We piled into trucks that drove us to the base of a steep hill. Two Moro tribesmen joined our group and we marched up a trail to the top of the hill where we made camp for the night.

After constructing hammocks by rigging our poncho liners to bamboo stalks, the Moro showed us how to set traps for wild chickens and cook with a minimum of smoke by using pieces of hollowed bamboo trunks.

So far, so good – then the rains came. Not a drizzle, not a sprinkle, not even a steady shower, more like a monsoon rain. The hillside literally washed away and we nearly got caught in the slide.

We were wet and cold and tired as we trudged down what was left of the trail to the trucks waiting to take us to the next exercise: escape and evasion.

The exercise began with a drop from a parachute tower. Then we were told to find a hiding place and stay there until daylight. We would signal approaching helicopters by spreading our orange parachutes on the ground. When the helicopters arrived, we scrambled into the jungle penetrator seat and the chopper hauled us in to safety.

I left out the best part.

Remember, our instructions were find a hiding place and stay there. The terrain was totally unfamiliar and changing hiding places in the pitch black Filipino night could find us hurtling down a deep ravine.

We were each given two or three metal disks. When darkness came, the instructors sent out the Moros to find the "downed airmen" we represented. If a Moro got us, we handed over a disk worth 100 pounds of rice to him.

I found my spot, waited for darkness and then stretched out on my stomach to wait for daylight and the beautiful sound of those rescue choppers. Three hours went by, then four and five. I'm doing fine until – Man, wouldn't a cigarette taste great?

I reached for my Camels – unfiltered, of course – and my Zippo. Flame hits tobacco and I'm in heaven – for a couple of seconds, anyway. Next thing I know, there's a Moro running up my back. He smiles, I hand over a disk and he says thank you.

The rest of the exercise went as planned and the next day we boarded our flight back to Saigon.

I could sense the tension rise as the airplane



Girls with mangoes  
by Paul Gauguin

neared Saigon. My fellow passengers were well trained, highly motivated and extremely dedicated – yet, this was their first taste of Vietnam.

"Welcome to Tan Son Nhut Air Base," intoned a voice from an unseen passenger. "Temperature is 88 degrees, humidity is 85 percent and ground fire is light to moderate. Thank you for flying with us today."

It did break the tension and I, of course, have no idea who spoke those words.

### Important Correction

The Editor of *Revetments* deeply regrets the stupid mistake made in the October issue, Page 6, Marking Time, concerning Flight 77 Captain Charles Burlingame III. His plane did not hit the World Trade Center, instead it flew over Arlington National Cemetery where his father is buried and hit the Pentagon. I sincerely apologize for this. Bob Need, Editor.

### TSNA Chaplaincy Grows

*Revetments* proudly announces the addition of two more chaplains in the Association. Joining Chaplain Warrington in offering pastoral services to the membership are:

The Reverend Dr. Julian Mills, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina. Phone: (252) 537-9794, E-Mail: jrmills@schoollink.net The Reverend Mills was in 7<sup>th</sup> AF DXI, 1967-1968.

The Reverend Billy T. Lowe, Cherryville, North Carolina. E-Mail: blowe@spcnc.org The Reverend Lowe was in the 1876<sup>th</sup> Communications Squadron, 1971-1972.

They, and Chaplain James Warrington will be participating in our Tan Son Nhut Association Reunion 2002 in Washington.





# Notice to All Members

The entire text of the proposed Constitution of the Tan Son Nhut Association has been made available to you by Charles Penley, TSNA Webmaster, on the Association's internet website ( <http://www.tsna.com> ). It is the third revision and includes changes and suggestions made by many members. It is recommended that you print out a copy for yourself, and then carefully read it.

Then **please make a decision and vote** on line in accordance with the instructions. If there are provisions that you do not support either vote "No" or vote "Yes" and send us your proposals in writing for future amendment.

The Constitution requires a majority vote (51%) of the active membership. Currently that would be over 160 members voting in the affirmative. We have been over five years without an organizational structure. We need the Constitution as the groundwork for future growth and recognition.

**If you do not have access to the internet** please ask friends or relatives who do have access to help you in casting your vote; or public libraries and many civic organizations will gladly make their internet access available to you.

We are deeply grateful to Charles Penley for the time and effort and skill with which he maintains our worldwide link. We also are grateful to all those who sent in commentary and suggestions for inclusion in the Constitution.

***PLEASE SUPPORT THE TSNA -VOTE!***





# An Ode to America

(Editor's Note: This was sent to *Revetments* by Member, Major Edie Straw, Norfolk, Virginia. In our opinion it is one of the greatest accolades we've ever read. It was an editorial in a Romanian newspaper, the author is unknown. We are most grateful for receiving it and overwhelmingly proud to publish it. The emphasis is

Why are Americans so united?

They don't resemble one another even if you paint them! They speak all the languages of the world, and form an astonishing mixture of civilizations. Some of them are nearly extinct, others are incompatible with one another, **and in matters of religious beliefs, not even God can count how many they are.**

Still, the American tragedy turned three hundred million people into a hand put on the heart.

Nobody rushed to accuse the White House, the army, the secret services that they are only a bunch of losers. Nobody rushed to empty their bank accounts. Nobody rushed on the streets nearby to gape about.

The Americans volunteered to donate blood and to give a helping hand. After the first moments of panic, they raised the flag on the smoking ruins, putting on T-shirts, caps and ties in the colors of the national flag. They placed flags on buildings and cars, as if in every place and in every car a minister or the President was passing. On every occasion they started singing their traditional song: "God Bless America!"

Silent as a rock, I watched the charity concert broadcast on Saturday – once, twice, three times – on different TV channels. There were Clint Eastwood, Willie Nelson, Robert de Niro, Julia Roberts, Cassius Clay, Jack Nicholson, Bruce Springsteen, Sylvester Stalone, James Wood, and many others whom no film or producers could ever bring together. The Americans' solidarity of spirit turned them into a choir.

Actually, choir is not the word. **What you could hear was the heavy artillery of the American soul.**

What neither George W. Bush, nor Bill Clinton, nor Colin Powell could say without facing the risk of stumbling over words and sounds, was being heard in a great and unmistakable way in this charity concert. I don't know how it happened that all of this obsessive singing of America didn't sound croaky, nationalist or ostentatious! It made you green with envy because you weren't able to

sing for your country without running the risk of being considered chauvinist, ridiculous, or suspected to who-knows-what mean interests.

I watched the live broadcast and the rerun of its rerun for hours, listening to the story of the guy who went down one hundred floors with a woman in a wheelchair without knowing who she was, or of the Californian hockey player, who fought with the terrorists and prevented the plane from hitting a target that would have killed other hundreds or thousands of people. How on earth were they able to bow before a fellow human? Imperceptibly, with every word and musical note, the memory of some turned into a modern myth of tragic heroes. And with every phone call, millions and millions of dollars were put in a collection aimed at rewarding not a man, or a family, **but a spirit which nothing can buy.**

What on earth can unite the Americans in such a way?

Their land?

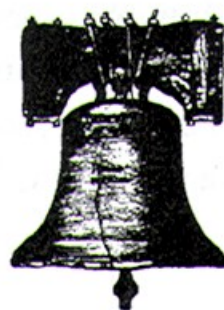
Their galloping history?

Their economic power?

Money?

I tried for hours to find an answer, humming songs and murmuring phrases which risk of sounding like commonplaces. I thought things over, but I reached only one conclusion.

**Only freedom can work such miracles!**







The National Cathedral

## Reunion Expanded, Theme Set

Planners working on the TSNA Reunion 2002 are hoping to make it a highly significant event. A theme has been proposed to highlight purpose and resolve for our visit to Washington at this time - *Pilgrimage of Honor; Reunion of Remembrance*. Thursday, April 25, has now been designated as the primary registration period, with an informal reception in the evening. Friday morning has been set aside for a long-needed Annual Meeting; at noon there will be the Potomac River cruise and luncheon; free time and the President's reception and slide presentation by Thomas Tessier in the evening. Saturday morning there will be a wreath-laying at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial; and Chaplain Warrington is in the process of obtaining permission for a Universal Memorial Service for All Americans Who Die Defending Their Country in the National Cathedral at noon. The formal TSNA Banquet will be in the evening. Sunday morning there will be a Memorial Breakfast. A complete, finalized reunion program will be inserted in the December issue of *Revetments*.

### Contact one of the following now -

**John Peele**  
6203, 57<sup>th</sup> Avenue  
Riverdale, Maryland 20737  
Phone or FAX: (301) 277-7474  
E-mail: [JMPeele6203@cs.com](mailto:JMPeele6203@cs.com)

**Robert Need**  
Suite 709, 330 W. Brambleton  
Norfolk, Virginia 23510  
Phone: (757) 627-7746  
E-Mail: [hercules29@worldnet.att.net](mailto:hercules29@worldnet.att.net)

**Charles Penley**  
TSNA Website  
[www.tsna.org](http://www.tsna.org)



**REUNION 2002  
NEWS**  
April 25, 26, 27, 28

**The Tan Son Nhut Association  
Public Affairs Office  
Suite 709, 330 West Brambleton Avenue  
Norfolk, Virginia 23510**



Renewal Date -

