



REVETMENTS

The Official Journal of The Tan Son Nhut Association

A Memorial to the American Experience in Vietnam

JULY 2011



Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

This letter calls out to wives, husbands, significant others, sons, daughters, grandchildren, aunts, uncles, nieces, nephews, cousins, friends or any other Loved Ones! You are invited to join the TSNA for \$20.00 a year, \$80. for 5 years and \$180. for Life. Any person who loves and cares about a Vietnam Veteran is eligible to join. The benefits are numerous. You will have an extended family. You will have friendships, laughs, tears, reunions (like family get-togethers without ants and other creepy crawlers and fly bugs), intelligent conversations (well, mostly, I'm out on that one), friendships (did I already mention that one?), and love of TSNA Brothers and Sisters.

Try us for one year—\$20.00—and you will be surprised. You will always receive Larry Fry's Revetments (he is editor and publisher) and it is good! You may submit any articles that you wish. Larry never discards any and uses them when he can. They come out on the computer or as a paper through the mail.

You will also be able to log on to the TSNA website anytime you wish. The TSNA website is Mastered by Charles Penley and it is the icing on the cake. The site has hundreds if not thousands of bits of information and photographs. Check it out. It is www.tsna.org.

We who love and attend the yearly family get together called the TSNA Reunion would love to meet you and have you join our celebration. This year it will be held in Charlotte, NC from October 6—9 and please come. We will have a ball!!!

We learn from each other and remember things that we thought we had forgotten. We share! We B. S. (well, certainly not me.) We enjoy! So, check us out and join now. See y'all in Charlotte, NC. If you can, join and make your reservations early. The NFL has a game that weekend and the hotel rooms fill up fast.

Love,

Sister Janice Jones

PS: Our TSNA family already includes Nam vets (male and female), sisters, wives, husbands, children and a grandchild. Be a part of our family.



Col. John B. Trumble, 1921-2011

We have received word that Colonel John Bernard Trumble, 90, passed away on June 15, 2011.

After finishing an assignment in the Pentagon in 1960, he was sent to Vietnam where he was the Director of Civil Engineering for the Air Force Advisory Group, with his office at Tan Son Nhut Air Base.

He had his family with him, living in Saigon, until they were evacuated to Hawaii in 1962.

FINDING TSN PERSONNEL

By: Larry E. Fry
Det. 8, 2nd ADVON
Dec. 61—Mar 62

Recently I came across something

that I forgot I had – the “Daily Activities Log Detachment 8 Chaplain Section” – a complete log of just about everything I did during my 69 day TDY trip to Tan Son Nhut.

I have often wondered what it would be like to find the gentleman who replaced me.

I found in that log that he came in one day, checked on base, went to a meeting with all the old and new chaplains and assistants at TSN and from Det. 11, wherever that was. And then the 2nd day he was there I took him around a little bit more and then I checked OFF TSN!

Guess what I found as one of the last entries on the log? His full name! After a quick internet search, I spent 45 minutes talking to him on the phone! He wasn't hard to find at all, due to the fact that there aren't that many people with his last name, and he is a “Jr”. as well.

Now I have a lot to send to him, that's for sure. I won't learn as much from him as I might have hoped because even though he was a PCS, and scheduled to be there for a year, he was only at TSN for a short time and went home on emergency leave after his wife was in a car accident. He didn't go back to TSN, but went to another base stateside.

Other than wanting to get the story out about how happy I am to have found him, I want to point out to one and all that you CAN find those old names. Do an internet search; do a Facebook search; try to think of as many names as you can. Just DO IT!!



MY VIETNAM EXPERIENCE IN FINANCE

By: Donald Reiter
Air Force Finance
Jun 66—Jun 67

For an airman working in finance, even in a war zone, the daily routine can be about as mundane as any office work. I was fortunate, however, to be given a rather unique job that kept me out from behind a desk. At first they told me I was going to be a cashier. At Tan Sun Nhut, that meant standing in a cage either at the air terminal or at the finance office doing currency exchanges. Well, it didn't quite turn out that way.

My day would start at about 06:00 when I would walk over to an empty finance office and open a safe. In the safe was a metal ammunition box containing about \$10,000.00 in US currency. I would take the box and walk over to the hospital where the wounded were being prepared to be shipped out of the country. There, I would go from bed to bed exchanging their MPC's and Pilasters into American currency. I was always surprised at how cheerful the guys were in spite of their injuries and amputations. I'm sure that the prospect of going home had a lot to do with it. I also saw how the sight and feel of US money for the first time in months could lift their spirits.

As a footnote: My girl friend, now my wife, was spending much of her spare time stateside visiting some of the same guys at Brooke Army Medical Center in San Antonio.

The bills that I took in exchange were stuffed into a canvas bag to be sorted out and counted when I returned to the office. The counting was not always that easy because of the condition of the money. Some was full of holes. Others were soaked with water. Then there were the wads of bills stuck together with dried blood. We did the best we could.

It was also part of my job to give the same personal service to VIP's. The most memorable occasion was the day that I was to go to the Seventh Air Force briefing room. When I entered the room, I thought I was looking at the night sky. It was filled with nothing but silver stars against a blue background. When they learned what I was there for, I thought I was under siege. For the moment, I was the most popular person in the room.

To make life even more interesting, I became the official driver for the finance office. I think it was by default because I just happened to have a military drivers license – and I was able to survive in Saigon traffic. About three times a week, we would do "money runs," where we would transport large sums of money around the Saigon area. We did not use a security police guard, because it was felt that it would be safer just being inconspicuous. That plan worked very well. At least once a week, we would pack between one and two million dollars in MPC's into a big canvas mailbag, load it into our little, Air Force blue Ford van and drive out to Army Finance in Cholon. There, we would exchange it for an equal amount in US twenty dollar bills. These would be used to keep the cashiers at the terminal in cash for exchanges, for another week.

As the official driver, there was only one occasion when we had to leave the Saigon area. A couple of senior NCO's needed to go out to Bien Hoa Air Base. None of us had gone there before. I had directions to drive up Highway One until I saw a sign pointing to the left that said Bien Hoa. That seemed easy enough and that's exactly what we did. But unknown to us, there were two such signs and we took the first one we came to. That was the wrong one. To those accustomed to driving around the country side, this might not mean much, but we found reason for concern when the dirt road we were on kept getting narrower and narrower. Occasionally, we would spot a little guy out in a field

looking at us kind of funny. We really started to wonder when, following the road, we found ourselves driving on a railroad track. Eventually we came to a crossroad in the middle of what appeared to be a deserted town. The biggest surprise, was the US Army MP (or was it an angel) who was in the middle of the intersection, as if directing the non-existent traffic. Since he was a police man, we asked directions. When we arrived at Bien Hoa, we were told that we had been out in War Zone D. Our return trip was certainly by a different route.



If I look a little overweight in these, it's because I had just come off a 30 day leave with a family that kept feeding me.



Note the sign over the door:
"377 HQ SQ SECTION"

THE FLAG

I saw a flag the other day, waving slowly in the wind. It's colors faded from the sun, tattered edges torn and thin.
I wondered why it still was flown, be so easy to replace. Why a new flag wasn't flying, with bright colors full of grace?
The flag pole it was flying from, was in a home's front yard. I saw a man there raking leaves, he was working very hard.
I stepped up to his picket fence, and said " How do you do?" He stopped and leaned upon his rake, "I'm fine Sir, how are you?"
"I saw you raking up the leaves, dead from the recent cold. What really caught my eye though, was your flag up on the pole."
"I'm not a stickler for most things, and I'll bet you think me strange. But why is it you fly that flag, and to a newer one don't change?"
"It seems to me that there's a code, that tells us what to do. When a flag is worn out, torn or worse and it's flying days are through."
I watched him sag a little bit, as my words went cross the yard. I could see him searching for the words, but finding them was hard.
Just then it started raining, a sprinkle fell, or two. The clouds were moving very fast. in a minute it'd pass through.
"Come sit with me if you've the time, and I'll answer what you've asked. We'll share a glass of something cool, till this storm has finally passed."

Of course I couldn't beg my leave, after questioning him before. So I walked up to his little porch, while he went through his front door.
He came back out with several beers, popped the top and offered one. Just sat there sipping slowly, as his story was begun.
" I've flown that flag for seven years, come rain or bright sunshine. It goes up in the morning, and it comes down about nine."
" My day begins with flying it, and ends when it comes down. The rest is just the time between, when I usually mope around."
"That flag is old and tattered, and the color's faded too. But I wouldn't think of changing it, for something that is new."
"Been a little over seven years, that my son went off to war. He was the apple of my eye, I knew that he'd go far!"
"He had a college scholarship, full ride with frill and all. He'd left us to go off to school, said each week he would call."
"He'd only been away from home, For a month or so at most. When the planes attacked our country, shook this nation, coast to coast!"
"He called one night to tell us, he had joined up and would fight. To stay in school and study, he believed just wasn't right."
The rain had stopped, the sky cleared up, but I didn't rise to go. I listened to the tale he told, the ending I must know.
"My son had joined the Army, I was proud he felt the need. To fight for us in freedom's name, tis a Heroes' task indeed!"
"Was in the Army once myself, Spent some time in Pusan too. I never thought I'd make it home, fore that awful War was through!"
"I digress I am so sorry, sometimes I lose all track. Of course that war was my fight, to my son's war I'll get back."
"My boy was sent to fight a war, in the deserts of Iraq. He left us as a soldier, as a Veteran came back."
"He pulled two tours of duty, volunteered to stay and fight. He told us that he sure believed, that he was doing right!"
"Wounded by an IED, he never saw the blast. Lost both legs and most his sight, it happened awful fast."
"They shipped him back for treatment, and we thought he'd be okay. Although he knew his life was changed, he kept his fears at bay!
"We saw him in Bethesda, where they'd sent him to get well. But something happened there one night, it was from his bed he fell."
We didn't know how bad it was, till the doctors called us late. "Come here and spend some time with him, he's not long for Heaven's gate!"
"After that he lived for 'bout a week, then died from all his wounds. The Doctors said was not his legs, that put him in the tombs."
"He'd hit his head as he went down, on a rail that made the bed. It's a wonder he was still alive, was what the doctors said."
"We buried him the tenth of June, the year Two Thousand Three. Was the worst day of my life so far, cried so hard I couldn't see."
"He had a soldiers funeral, Honor Guard was standing by. His casket covered with a flag, the flag that I still fly."
"I think that you now understand, why that flag will always fly. It speaks to me so softly, "Hey Dad, I'm standing by!"
"He's everywhere I look round here, his footsteps I can hear. When a breath of air moves by my face, I know that he is near."
He paused a moment looking round, then a smile came on his face. I knew without a question asked, the ghost that this man chased.
"Those leaves won't rake themselves today, several hours till day's end." With that he got up from the bench, and grabbed his rake again.
I thanked him for the cold one, and asked if I could pay. He laughed and said " That's okay son, I give those things away!"
"They were my boys' most favorite brand, I keep some in a pail. To share with all my thirsty friends, who'll listen to my tale."
"It's almost like he's here again, though I know he'll never be. When someone like you comes along. and shares some time with me."
"So back to leaves and raking, I'm glad that you stopped in. I've enjoyed our time together, telling my old tale again!"
I walked away and down the road, I turned and looked again. His flag that still flew proud and high, was waving in the wind.
It's colors now seemed brighter, and the edges not so bad. It wasn't just a flag that flew, but a tribute to his lad.
Who fought, was wounded, then had died, in a war to set men free. This hero... we all know him well, a son of our country.
Now I knew with perfect clarity, what our flag did represent. Much more than just a colored rag, it's a symbol Heaven sent.
Red, white and blue, it's colors proud, never known to turn or run. Demand that we all honor it, as our forefathers have done.
For each and every flag you see, someone has had to die. They've given all they had to give, to defend its right to fly.
Don't ever take for granted, that our flag will always fly. The minions of our enemies, want it stricken from the sky.
Evil forces rail against it, and for everything it stands. As long as we still wave it high, it marks God's chosen land.
I often think about that day, the man... and the flag he flew. I thank him for his story, means to me more than he knew.
It's seldom that I see a flag, flying high up in the sky. That I don't think of that man's son, and what his death did buy.
A veteran.... he fought for me, so I can sleep at night. Safe within a sheltered home, free from threat of harm or fright.
So I pass along this little rhyme, and hope it does for you. What that man and his flag taught me, it's the least that I can do!
Pass this on to someone else, it's a tale that should be told. Our flag is something we should love, don't let that love go cold!
Please honor it and wave it, let it fly with folds unfurled. It's served us for two centuries, It's the best flag in the world!

ONE NATION, UNDER GOD

By: Bob Chaffee
TSNA Chaplain



As you read these pages of our Revetments, the national day of celebration, the 4th of July will be an important part of life. As we began to prepare I persuaded my "long suffering wife (61 years)" to join me in a trip to a "fireworks tent". No, not to make a purchase but to just see what they offered. Now remember, the sale of fireworks for use as celebration is illegal in Florida but in the Tampa/Orlando region there are hundreds of tents owned by just one firm to sell "noise makers to scare off the birds and varmints".

My real reason was to try to buy some "Lady Finger" fire crackers. As a boy that's all my brother and I were allowed until we were age 12. They were one inch tall and about 1/8th thick. They went "pop" not "bang" and cost 10 cents for 40 in a pack during the Great Depression. The clerk of

the "works" tent looked at me with wonder then looked at his huge inventory and said "never heard of those fire crackers!"

I really didn't want to buy his leader called an Artillery Selection priced at \$199.99. So now the decision is to spend the 4th time thinking about country, freedom, service and memories. It's not being cheap but \$3.00 for 12 miniature smoke bombs just doesn't turn me on!

I'm sorry that this our national holiday has become so commercial and the historical celebration has slowly but definitely diminished. Like all the people who share membership in TSNA I'm proud of our nation, most of its history, and pray for its and our future as a free people.

All this being said during the week that this "corner" had to be written an event took place that was like a kick in the chest: The US Masters, during a broadcast by one of the big networks put together a pregame film showing

past winners and as they showed the greatest, they played the "Pledge of Allegiance". The commentator came on later, apologizing about the film. He said that the words "under God" had been cut out in editing and hoped it didn't offend anyone.

Well, NBC, I was offended greatly! I love my country and my country could never have come about as a democracy, have freedom of worship, elections for office in government and so many more benefits without the benevolence of our God.

I won't have any "Lady Fingers" to light off but I hope as you do that we continue to be a nation "under God, indivisible".

End of sermon



THE TAN SON NHUT ASSOCIATION 2011 REUNION OCTOBER 6-9 THE BLAKE HOTEL CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

555 South McDowell Street, Charlotte, NC 28204 (704) 372-4100

The special TSNA room rate is \$109.00 per night (plus tax). This rate will be honored for up to three days pre and post event.

Check-in date: **10/06/11**
Check-in time is: 3:00 p.m., Thursday.
Check-out date: **10/09/11**
Check-out time is: NLT, 12:00p.m., Sunday.
Overnight parking is \$10.00 per night.

Freedom Is Not Free

COLONEL JAMES C. HARDING, USAF Retired



Silver Star



Air Force Cross



TSNA 2011 REUNION GUEST SPEAKER

Freedom Is Not Free

Colonel James C. Harding entered the Air Force in 1956 as a distinguished graduate of the Penn State University Reserve Officer Training Corps (ROTC) program where he was also selected as the outstanding Air Force ROTC cadet. His military career covered a variety of flying assignments as well as command positions. He served as squadron commander for a 400 person unit at Lackland AFB and as an A-1 combat squadron commander in Southeast Asia.

He is a command pilot with nearly 5,000 hours of military single-engine flying time, and a master parachutist with 69 jumps. Colonel Harding was shot down by a SA-7 Surface-To-Air Missile (SAM) while directing a rescue mission in Vietnam in 1972. United States Army helicopters rescued him after he successfully evaded North Vietnamese troops. While on the ground, Colonel Harding used his survival radio to direct the rescue of his wingman, who had also been shot down on the same rescue mission.

Upon retiring from active duty on July 31, 1979, Colonel Harding entered general aviation at Nueces County Airport, Robstown, Texas. In 1980, he turned his focus to the Air Force Junior ROTC program where he was instrumental in organizing and implementing programs in the continental United States as well as at Department of Defense schools overseas. He had two short breaks from the Junior ROTC program from 1985 to 1987 and 1990 to 1992 when he worked as an advisor to the Royal Saudi Air Force and developed a professional education program for Saudi Air Force officers. Colonel Harding retired from the Air Force Junior ROTC program in 1998 to take up tree farming in Bayview, TX. He moved his tree farming operation to Huntingdon, TN in 2001 and continued teaching as a substitute in Carroll County. He retired from teaching in 2009 to devote full attention to his family tree farm. He is an accomplished public speaker and has extensive writing experience. **He is a lifetime member of 15 national service organizations.**

ASSIGNMENTS: (Highlights Vietnam related—not inclusive)

1963-1967 - Plans Officer, 313th Air Division and the O-1, U-10, T-33 Pacific Air Forces Standardization Evaluation Flight Examiner, Kadena Air Base, Okinawa. Of this time, he spent 2 1/2 years on temporary duty in Southeast Asia (SEA) as an air liaison officer/forward air controller (ALO/FAC) for allied forces. He flew **442** combat missions in the O-1 and U-10, **101** of which were over **North Vietnam**.

1967-1971 - Section Commander and Lecturer for Squadron Officer School, Maxwell AFB, AL. Also completed Air Command and Staff College and Auburn University Masters Degree (**MBA**) program.

1971-1972 – Commander, 1st Special Operations Squadron AHobos@ and ASandy's,@ Nakon Phenom Royal Thai AB, Thailand. He flew **154** missions in the A-1 bringing his total combat missions to **596**. **38** additional North Vietnam missions brought that total to **139**, all in **propeller** aircraft.

2000-Present - Owner/Operator Harding Tree Farm, Huntingdon, TN

FLIGHT INFORMATION:

Rating: Command pilot, Master parachutist

Flight hours: Over 8,000 hours including civilian hours

Aircraft flown: T-33, F-86, F-84, O-1, U-10, A-1, A-7, various single and multiengine civilian propeller aircraft

MAJOR AWARDS AND DECORATIONS:

Air Force Cross; Silver Star with 2 oak leaf clusters; Legion of Merit with 1 oak leaf cluster ; Distinguished Flying Cross with 8 oak leaf clusters; Bronze Star with AV@ and 1 oak leaf cluster; Purple Heart with 3 oak leaf clusters; Meritorious Service Medal; Air Medal with 39 oak leaf clusters; Air Force Commendation Medal with 1 oak leaf cluster; Presidential Unit Citation with 4 oak leaf clusters; USAF Outstanding Unit Award with AV@ and 4 oak leaf clusters; Combat Readiness Medal with 2 oak leaf clusters; National Defense Service Medal; Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal; Vietnam Service Medal with 8 bronze service stars; Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry with Silver Star; Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry with Palm;

Republic of Vietnam Campaign Medal; Royal Thai Supreme Command Forward Badge 1st Class

Tan Son Nhut Association 2011 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 _____

NAME OF YOUR GUEST(S): _____

PLEASE LIST ANY SPECIAL NEEDS: _____

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY NOTIFY: _____

REGISTRATION FEES

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

ADDITIONAL ACTIVITIES (NO EXTRA COST)

Access to the TSNA Hospitality suite, (drinks, snacks, and war stories!) - \$15. daily if purchased separately.

TSNA Saturday Banquet buffet dinner. \$56. if purchased separately.

TSNA Sunday Continental breakfast. \$24. if purchased separately.

(Please circle which activities that you are paying for, if purchasing separately.)

PAYMENT MUST BE MAILED NO LATER THAN SEPTEMBER 25, 2011.

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



SPECIAL BANQUET NOTE

Colonel (USA-retired) Harry D Ray, Jr, the senior military advisor to the Charlotte-Mecklenburg Schools JROTC program, has graciously offered to provide a color guard for this year's reunion. Since multiple high schools in the district have JROTC programs, Colonel Ray will pick a specific high school in late August after the school year begins.

We look forward to meeting and greeting these future defenders of freedom. Per TSNA custom, the color guard members and their advisor(s) will be seated at different tables.

George Plunkett

2011 ELECTION OF TSNA OFFICERS

Nominations for the offices of President and Secretary of the Tan Son Nhut Association are now open and will be open through August 1, 2011.

You may nominate yourself or someone else. If nominating someone else, please be very certain that person will run and serve.

Ballots will be snail mailed or emailed to all members as soon as possible after August 1. Information and statements from candidates will be published in Revetments as soon as possible after they are received. Votes must be mailed by September 15, 2011 with results being announced at the appropriate time during the reunion. (These dates will appear again on the ballot mailings.)

Nominations may be submitted by US Postal mail or email. Please use the following address for US Postal mail:

TSNA Nomination Committee
c/o Benny Goodman
133 Sackett Road
Westfield, MA 01085-4043

Email address is: cwvet1@comcast.net



NOTATIONS FROM APPLICATIONS

For all of 1966 I was a Public Affairs Officer for the 7th Air force at Tan Son Nhut. Specifically I was responsible for the Radio Branch that produced and distributed thousands of hometown news radio interviews culled from part-time public affairs officers at all of the USAF installations throughout Vietnam and Thailand.

Some of our better efforts were features carried on NBC's "Monitor," and the USAF "Profile" syndicated feature show.

For Christmas 1966 we produced a 15 minute musical program featuring the Cam Rahn Choraliers; an amateur glee club made up of officers and airmen stationed there. It was carried on many US radio stations.

I narrated and produced a 30 minute documentary on the daily activities of a Forward Air Controller; I rode in the back seat of the FAC's A1E with my tape recorder plugged into the communications system.

During the flight we were fired on from a hidden nest down in the Mekong Delta. The FAC brought in an air strike; tragically one of the fighters was hit and the pilot killed. All

of this is captured on tape by a very scared radio interviewer (me!) in the back seat!

(I was told later that the documentary was used in training sessions for future FAC's.)

My duties required me to train our part-time radio interviewers in the field so I was able to visit Cam Rahn Bay, Nha Trang, Da Nang, Pleiku and Bien Hoa Air Bases; in Thailand: Takhli, Ubon, Udorn, and Nakon Phanom Air Bases, and the fascinating city of Bangkok, too.

Our 7th Air Force Public Affairs office was also the site where correspondents received their USAF press credentials. I'll never forget the day when the entire office fell silent when I walked literary giant John Steinbeck!

I took many half-frame slides with an Olympus Penn camera; sadly they're sitting in my closet.

Maybe this little exercise will motivate me to bring them out again

I lived in a rented apartment near the Army's 3rd Field Hospital.

Lt. Col. William B. (Bill) Knowlton
7th Air Force
Jan 66—Dec 66

Lived in 377th CES Compound. Worked in refrigeration shop—maintained refrigeration & air conditioning equipment. Buck sergeant—ran night service calls for reefer shop. Discharged at Travis upon return to U.S. Re-entered AF Reserve in 1981—5 years as First Sergeant 442 CES. Retired from Reserves in 2006 as CMSgt. Whiteman AFB, MO.

Gary R. Fields
377th CES
Feb 69—Feb 70

I was assigned to TSN in November 65 in a secondary AFSC as air freight specialist in 8th Aerial Port. My primary AFSC was Aircraft Loadmaster. I was attached to one of the C-123 Squadrons for flying time, I don't remember which one. I was involved in the formation of 8th Aerial Port combat Mobility Team, and was one of the original members in 1966. I lived inside the gate to the right, by an old cemetery, with the Combat control Team one of 2 or 3 non CCT members who were allowed in there.

Charles E. Hodges, Jr.
8th Aerial Port Squadron
Nov 65—Nov 66



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

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

TSNA REUNION 2011

CHARLOTTE, NC

OCTOBER 6—9, 2011

BLAKE HOTEL

PLEASE SIGN UP

NOW



NEW MEMBERS



Mrs. Sharon Jernigan OH Jernigan1@ameritech.net N/A Wife of TSNA Director Johnnie Jernigan
Mr. Edward L. Crist OR ELCR145@comcast.net Dec 66 - Dec 67 377th Security Police Squadron

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