



REVETMENTS

The Official Journal of The Tan Son Nhut Association

A Memorial to the American Experience in Vietnam



FEBRUARY 2015

TSNA AWARDS

Fellow Members,

An important part of our association is being able to honor those who work so hard to make it a success.

From maintaining membership rolls, making bank deposits, planning reunions and other events to "keeping the books", all work is done by dedicated volunteers, most of whom are members of your Board of Directors.

A list of all TSNA awards and awards criteria is listed on our web site under the "AWARDS" tab.

If you know of anyone who meets this criteria and who is deserving of recognition, please email me or any board member with supporting documentation.

Happy New Year,

George

CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

I'm not very educated in the use of the many programs offered on our new computer but with the help of my beloved wife I discovered that Valentine's Day is celebrated in Mexico, U.K., France, Australia and that in 2015 at least 1.1 billion Valentine Day (February 14) cards will be mailed out in the USA

Well, why not: the day has been part of our lives, one we inherited since 496 A.D. as ordered by the Roman Pope at that time. The emphasis of all these years has been and is Love, Romance and Christian Fellowship.

The Patron Saint, Valentine, was imprisoned and probably martyred but left a tradition of caring for the people he served and tradition says he sent a letter in his last days before his death to his jailer's daughter signed "from your Valentine". He is the Patron Saint of affianced couples, bee keepers, engaged couples, epilepsy, fainting, happy marriages, plague, travelers and young people.

So many yet so important as we realize the long history of what love and caring means in our lives. The commemoration and history of the Valentine dedication is one of the high points in Christian and family life

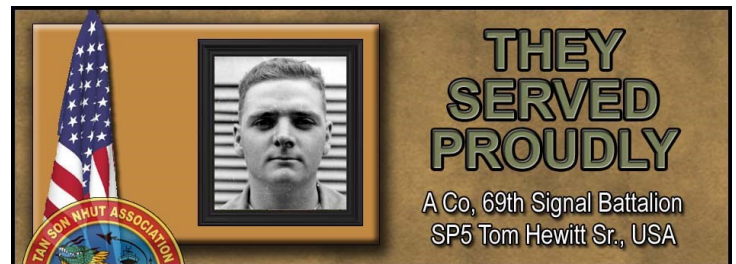
I had help finding the facts about St. Valentine and suggest

that others use the modern history, the computer, and read about the origins of Valentine's Day and then join in the fellowship of love and caring the history unfolds.

February is upon us so let's close for the moment with these words of a great Proverb: "Gratitude takes three forms: a feeling in the heart, an expression in words, and a giving in return".

A Be My Valentine with these words of HAZLITT "Love and Joy are twins and are born of each other."

End of Sermon
Chaplain Bob Chaffee



THE HEWITTS

By: Tom Hewitt, Sr.
USA

My name is Tom Hewitt Sr., and I would like to tell you about the Hewitt brothers, Tom Hewitt Sr., William Hewitt and Al Hewitt.

Coming from Scotland, to America and serving proudly in the US Military. Our family came from Scotland in October 1951. William was 14, Al was 7 and I was 5.

We settled quickly in East Orange NJ. My father got a position at Bendix Corporation. We lived in a small 3-room apartment next to my father's sister.

When we started school I found it to be rather awkward. A lot of the students made fun of the way I spoke and spelled.

In 1956 my father was killed in a car accident. This seemed to turn me against anyone that made fun of me.

Started a lot of fights and won most of them, no matter what grade the kid was in.

In the summer of 1960, I was sent to live with my brother

William and his wife.

Mother could no longer control me. 1955, my brother William joined the army and in 1960, Al joined the Navy. On September 9, 1963, I joined the Army.

I listened to William, as what to expect and how to get through basic and AIT for Combat Engineer. I graduated, top of the class, in "Landmine Warfare and Demolition Section."

William retired in October 1975, with 20 years of service. Al received an early discharge, in 1963. I was discharged, in January 1975.

After AIT, I was sent to Korea and was assigned to A CO., 8th Engineer Battalion. Upon arrival at the 8th Engr BN, I was interviewed by the First Sgt. and the Company Commander.

I was placed with our company's Landmine Warfare and Demolition School. I was later selected as an instructor, we ran all the training for the entire division.

In Feb 1965, I re-enlisted for Teletype repair school and was sent to Ft Gordon, GA. From there, I was sent to FT Hood TX.

I met my wife before this assignment. We had only dated 13 days. Two children later, we are still married. (June 30 1965)

When I arrived at Ft Hood, I was assigned to 141st Signal Battalion, HQ Company, S-1 section, personnel. I stayed here about twelve months and went to "A CO." when a slot opened up.

After arrival in the 141st, two months later, I was assigned TDY to HQ Co, 4th Army, as an inspector on the post Command Maintenance Material Inspection (CMMI). I stayed there for five months, then orders came down for Vietnam.

I was assigned to A Co, 69th Signal Squadron, Camp Gaylor, Tan Son Nhut Air Base. I was then assigned to the teletype and signal repair section, in June 1967.

My main mission, was to travel around Saigon, to numerous commo sections. I did monthly maintenance and repairs on faulty equipment. Usually had a driver/guard with me.

This was a great assignment.

In December, I asked the NCOIC, if I could come back to the work shop. This was fine, as a new driver had to be trained where to go. I did that for three weeks.

I was used to being on Task Force-35 alert often. I liked the duty. On January 31, 1968, I was on Task Force-35. This is when the TET Offensive, began at approximately 0320 hours.

I was recently promoted to SP5 (E-5.)

Our unit was deployed to the southern end of the runway (I think it was south). Anyway we were given a quick briefing. It seemed a bit over whelming at the time but everything went well.

Then we deployed to the west end of the two runways. This was a long battle for me, both mentally and physically.

Two of the men from HQ Co., were killed. Sgt Laszlo Boross and PFC John L. Nielson. One on the M-60 machine gun and the other getting ammo for it, on time.

It was very hard for me to trust any of the locals.

In May 1968, the large French cemetery was the point of the main attack. This was a much smaller offensive, where we were located.

I was then sent to FT Lee, VA., when I rotated back to the states. I then re-enlisted and was sent to Camp Darby, Italy. This base was ten minutes south of Pisa, Italy, located on the Tyrrhenian Sea.

This was concurrent travel, with wife and family. This gave us a chance to return to Scotland and see all the relatives whom I had not seen in 20 years.

We also were able to visit my brother William, who was stationed in Kaiserslautern, Germany with his family.

Upon completion of this assignment, we were assigned to Fort Hood, TX., due to orders being mixed up. I stayed there for four months and went to the East Coast Relay, located at FT Detrick, MD.

In 1975, I left the service at a rank that was very hard get, in my MOS.



Things were quiet during the day, other than the accelerated resupply flights to the Khe Sanh area that had been going on since the start of the siege on the 21st. There was a cease fire for the holiday, although the VC hadn't honored many in the past. Most of the office talk was about the rumors of a major offensive. The majority of the troops seemed to think that it was not true. We had them whipped. The siege on Khe Sanh was their last hurrah. We weren't on alert. The TV wasn't broadcasting any warnings. But why were the locals so worried?

Just before my shift was up, a new red alert was issued. While we were waiting for the night crew to arrive so we could go home that night, my Vietnamese office assistant, Tuan, warned me.

"Serrine, you be very careful tonight. Many VC in Saigon. Much trouble tonight. You be careful, OK?"

"Yeah, no sweat, Charley. I got guard duty tonight anyway. Won't be going anywhere. So what do you think is going to happen? What's the plan?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Mr. Tuan, or Charley as we called him. "But many VC in town. Bad things happen tonight. You take gun home and watch out!"

"OK, OK, we'll be careful!" I smiled with false assurance.

Even Shirley warned me as she and the other office girls left for the night.

"Mike, you be careful. Stay in hotel tonight. Too many VC out. OK?" She patted my arm and looked at me with concern.

"Sure, no problem. We'll be real careful." I took her elbow and led her gently off to one side. "What about you? Are you safe?" I spoke softly to her alone.

"VC no bother Vietnamese civilians. I'll be OK unless I get unlucky in wrong place and wrong time. You be on lookout, OK, Serrine?"

"You bet, and you be careful, too. I'm on guard duty tonight at my hotel, and with the restrictions and all, I won't be able to see you till day after tomorrow." I squeezed her arm and she headed out the door. She turned at the door and waved. I waved back with a big smile. **What if things get bad tonight, and I still don't have a gun!**

I approached Sergeant Wheat, who was perched on a grey metal desk looking out the front window for the night crew. "Sarge, what about it? The VC are sure gonna hit. We're under red alert right now. We should take our weapons home!"

"Sorry, Mike, the Colonel said no dice, no weapons," he said with a resigned shake of his head.

"That's crazy!" I said. "I'm gonna ask him myself."

"Be my guest," said Sarge.

I marched to the back of our open office and knocked on the door to Colonel Connors' private office. I eyed the locked rack of M-14's standing in the hallway. **I want one of those.**

"COME IN," said the colonel loudly.

After entering I found him sitting with his back to me, feet up on the scarred windowsill, hands behind his bald head, looking out the window over the C-130 revetments. It was dusk and would be full dark in a matter of minutes.

"Sir, don't you think we should take our weapons with us tonight? Everybody knows there's supposed to be trouble over Tet, and the base is on red alert," I said in a rush.

The colonel swiveled around and faced me, running a hand tiredly over his bald head. "No, I don't think so, Serrine, or I would have ordered it," he said quietly.

"But we're on alert, Sir!" I protested.

"We're always on alert, Serrine. That doesn't mean something is going to happen," he said.

"But what if something does happen, Sir? What'll we do then?" I persisted.

"You'll be barricaded in your hotel. That's what the MP's and security guards are for. Don't sweat it, Serrine. Charley can't attack a place as big as Saigon." The colonel looked past me out his door. "Here's the night crew. Now get you and your day shift out of here," he said as the night crew swarmed into the outer office.

"Yes, Sir," I said, backing out. "See you day after tomorrow."

"Guard duty tonight, huh?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir," I replied.

"Keep your eyes open." The rusty chair squeaked as he swiveled back around to the window.

We loaded up the dusty M-37 and headed down Plantation Road toward Cholon. The traffic seemed business as usual.

"You know, Sarge, this is crazy. How can they expect us to fight a war without guns?" I asked.

"They don't expect you to fight the war, Serrine. You aren't in the combat arms. Our mission is to support the combat troops who fight the war for us," he explained.

"OK, then where are the combat troops that are gonna fight my war for me when Charley comes to my hotel tonight?" I asked.

"You got a point there, Serrine, since there aren't any combat troops in Saigon or Cholon," he said.

"What? What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean there ain't any ground combat troops, army or marine infantry units, stationed in the greater Saigon area, unless you count ARVN troops," he said.

"What about units in places like Long Binh, Ben Cat, Di An, where ever?"

"Oh, sure, there are a lot of troops in various bases within 20 miles or so of Saigon, but how long do you want to wait while they mobilize and fight their way to your hotel?" he asked.

"What about the MP's and the security guards?" I asked.

"The military police are just that – police. They have a security and enforcement mission. They aren't trained, organized or equipped for combat. Besides, there's probably not many more than a thousand of 'em scattered all over Saigon and Cholon," he said.

"Nuts!" I said. ***I don't like the sound of this.*** "So why don't they issue us our weapons?" I asked.

"First and foremost, I think, the brass don't believe Charley has the resources or the courage to really attack Saigon. After all, we're winning the war, right?" he said.

"That's what they say," I said.

"Secondly, and you'll love this, Sistine, if you aren't trained in the combat arms, or directly involved in combat operations, they don't trust you to carry a weapon. You'll shoot yourself, your buddy or innocent civilians. Even combat units are made to turn their weapons into an arms room or armory when they return to base camp for a stand down," he said.

"That's a heck of a note," I said. "I hope they're right about Charley." ***This is stupid, terminally stupid. The civilians know something is happening, the grunts think something is going to happen, G-2 says Charley has even announced his intentions, but the brass don't believe it. Who's kidding whom?***

We dropped troops at the Montana BEQ and the Capital BEQ, and then Sergeant Wheat, Specialist Brown and I were the last. We parked the truck between our two hotels, which were in the same block.

I went straight to my room, stripped and hit the shower. Cooled and refreshed, I cooked up a mess of Rice-a-Roni and ate dinner in T-shirt and shorts, watching TV. I had popcorn for desert, washed down with Coke. Later I slipped on the headphones and just relaxed with the Beatles, waiting for my guard duty to start at 2200 hours.

I reported about five minutes early, redressed in hot fatigues. "Hey, what's happening," I said to Corporal Morgan, a hotel manager I knew only by name tag.

"Not a lot," he said. "Are you CQ tonight?" he asked, checking his list.

"Unfortunately," I said.

"Great! Here's your M-14 and two clips. Sign here," he said, handing me a pen and pointing to the right line in the log book. "The duty officer should be back through around midnight. Don't let him catch you cuttin' any Zees!"

"Don't worry, I already been that route and it ain't no fun. Any special orders?" I asked, wondering about the alert.

"Nope. We're on alert, but no special orders. Charley ain't coming to town. If the brass was worried they would've stationed some troops in town. Just don't get jumpy when the firecrackers start going off. Later" he said as he headed upstairs.

I checked to see that the heavy M-14 didn't have a round chambered, slung it over my shoulder and walked outside to visit with the security guard. It was dark, and although there was a floodlight up high on the front of the building, the security guard sat in the dark, shaded by the roof of his kiosk. His cigarette glowed briefly in the dark.

"Hey, Sarge, how's it going?" I asked as I leaned against the kiosk, close enough to see the buck sergeant stripes and the Big Red One insignia.

"You CQ?" he replied his head tracking slowly up and down the street.

"Yeah, I'm the lucky guy. Worried about the alert, huh? Think they're gonna hit tonight?" I asked, trying to sound casual.

"Darned if I know, but everyone except the brass seems to think so, even the locals." We both jumped as a string of firecrackers went off down the street, sounding too much like automatic weapons.

There didn't seem to be as much traffic as usual, but that may have been my imagination. Up the street I could see the guard kiosk in front of the next hotel, bathed in a pool of light, bright in the surrounding darkness. A little Renault taxi zipped by and I suddenly found myself holding the rifle at port arms.

"Relax, troop. Wait till the shooting starts," he said.

"They takin' any special precautions?" I asked.

"Seems like the duty officer is around more often tonight, and the MP's got more machine gun jeeps out patrolling, but that's all. Sure hope they don't hit here. If they want to get in here, we sure ain't gonna stop 'em with my hundred rounds and six grenades. How much ammo you got?" he asked back.

"Just forty rounds," I said.

"I'm too short for this. Twenty-three and a wake up and I'm gone. Back to the world."

MORE NEXT MONTH!!



**TAN SON NHUT ASSOCIATION
2015 REUNION
MAY 28-31, 2015**

**MAINSTAY SUITES
410 PINE MOUNTAIN ROAD
PIGEON FORGE, TN 37863**

GUEST SPEAKER:

Paul E. Galanti, Commander, U. S. Navy (Retired)



Commander Galanti was raised in an Army family in many states, Japan, France, Germany and Turkey. He graduated from the U.S. Naval Academy in 1962 and entered Navy Jet Flight Training. He departed for Vietnam with Light Jet Attack Squadron 216 aboard the U.S.S. Hancock in November 1965. Shot down and captured while flying his 97th combat mission in June 1966, he remained a prisoner of war in North Vietnam's infamous Hanoi Hilton for nearly seven years. Released from Hanoi in February 1973, he served in Navy recruiting in Richmond, Virginia, earned the Master of Commerce degree from the University of Richmond in the evening program and served in the office of the Commandant as a Battalion Officer at the United States Naval Academy.

His personal military decorations include the Silver Star, two Legions of Merit with Combat "V", the Bronze Star with Combat "V", 9 Air Medals and 2 Purple Hearts.

After retiring from the Navy, he was the CEO of the Virginia Pharmaceutical Association, the Medical Society of Virginia and the Science Museum of Virginia Foundation.

He's a member of twelve veterans' organizations. The Virginia War Memorial Foundation named its new \$8 million education center after him and his wife. In 2010, Governor Bob McDonnell appointed him Commissioner of the Virginia Department of Veterans Services, the agency that provides services to Virginia's 830,000 veterans and to the Board of Visitors of the Virginia Military Institute.

He and his wife have two grown sons and live in Richmond.

Tan Son Nhut Association 2015 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: _____

REGISTRATION FEES

NUMBER OF PERSONS ATTENDING _____ X \$50. = _____

ADDITIONAL ACTIVITIES (NO EXTRA COST)

- Access to the TSNA Hospitality suite in Caney Creek Room Side, (drinks, snacks, and war stories!) - \$10. *daily if purchased separately.*
- TSNA Friday Banquet buffet dinner. \$25 if *purchased separately.*
- Deluxe continental breakfast.
- The Mainstay Suites is on the schedule of the Pigeon Forge trolley.
- Friday morning scenic tour of area historic sites and artist's colony in Gatlinburg, TN
- Saturday morning plaque dedication ceremony. Details to follow later.
- Saturday afternoon book signing by Joe Galloway, author of "We Were Soldiers Once and Young"
- Please circle which activities that you are paying for *separately.*
- Free parking.
- Free WIFI.

Our Honored guest speaker is Navy CMDR Paul Galanti, a POW in N Vietnam for nearly 7 years.

Room rate has been group discounted to \$88.68 for weekdays and \$105.52 for weekends per night, plus tax. This rate will be honored up to three days prior to and two days following the reunion. The reservations phone number at the Mainstay Suites is 1-888-428-8350. Hotel reservations must be made no later than **May 26, 2015 to receive this special rate.**

PAYMENT MUST BE MAILED NO LATER THAN MAY 20, 2015.

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

Reunion begins Thursday, 5-28-2015
Reunion ends Sunday, 5-31-2015

TAN SON NHUT ASSOCIATION
2015 REUNION
May 28-31, 2015
MAINSTAY SUITES, PIGEON FORGE, TN

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

Caney Creek	Wednesday	Noon	Hospitality Suite and Registration Opens
Caney Creek	Wednesday	?????	Hospitality Suite Closes
Caney Creek	Thursday	9AM	Hospitality Suite and Registration Opens
Caney Creek	Thursday	?????	Hospitality Suite Closes
Caney Creek	Friday	9AM	Hospitality Suite and Registration Opens
	Friday	10AM	Three hour bus tour of historic sites and artist's colony in Gatlinburg, TN
Caney Creek	Friday	?????	Hospitality Suite Closes
Conference Center	Friday	6PM	Cash Bar Opens & Seating is Available
Conference Center	Friday	7PM	Banquet Begins

(A SEPARATE SCHEDULE FOR THIS EVENT WILL BE AVAILABLE AT THE BANQUET)

Caney Creek	Saturday	9AM	Hospitality Suite Opens
	Saturday	10AM	Vans load for Plaque Dedication Ceremony
	Saturday	11AM	Plaque Dedication Ceremony
	Saturday	Noon	Vans return to the hotel
Conference Center	Saturday	2PM-4PM	Joseph Galloway book signing, author of "We Were Soldiers Once and Young"
	Saturday	5PM	Board Meeting
Royale FGHIJ	Saturday	8PM	General Business Meeting
Caney Creek	Saturday	?????	Hospitality Suite Closes
Conference Center	Sunday	6AM-10AM	Farewell Breakfast Buffet

Fellow Members:

TSNA Director Kerry Nivens has volunteered to run a shuttle service from the Knoxville (McGhee Tyson) Airport to/from the Mainstay Suites during our May reunion.

His tentative schedule is to pick up passengers at the airport from 2PM to 6PM daily and take them back to the airport on Sunday from 8AM to noon. This schedule will be changed based on the arrival and departure times of our members. (MORE IN THE MARCH ISSUE OF REVETMENTS ON THIS)

Biography of Joseph L. Galloway

By Bill Coup, TSNA Board Member

Former senior military correspondent for Knight-Ridder Newspapers.

Served 15 years of foreign postings.

Served four tours as a war correspondent in Vietnam.

Co-author of "We Were Soldiers Once-And Young", which has sold more than 1.2 million copies.

The only civilian honored by the U.S. Army with a Bronze Star Medal with V device for rescuing wounded soldiers under fire in the Ia Drang Valley.

Awarded the 2011 Doughboy Award, the highest honor the U.S. Army's infantry can bestow on an individual.

Served as a correspondent for half a century.

Hailed by the late General H. Norman Schwarzkopf as "the finest combat correspondent of our generation – a soldier's reporter and a soldier's friend.

Fellow Members:

We have available 100 paperback copies of "We Were Soldiers Once and Young". These will be available for purchase at our cost of \$15.00 each. Author Joseph Galloway can personally autograph them for you at his Saturday book signing.

George

My family and I went home for a September 6th wedding of a family member. The trip was intended to be full of joy and happiness for the family. The wedding went off without a hitch. But late the next day it turned into an almost three week nightmare I wouldn't wish on anyone else. When you place a loved one in a facility caring for Alzheimer's disease patients you trust that it will be safe and take good care of the patient. Our family member walked away from the facility after one day and his body was found four days later.

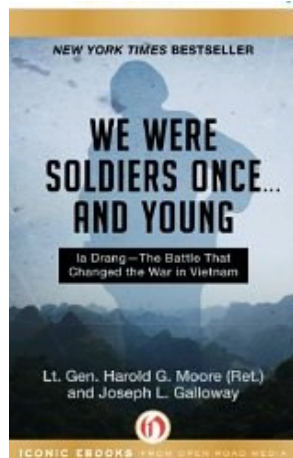
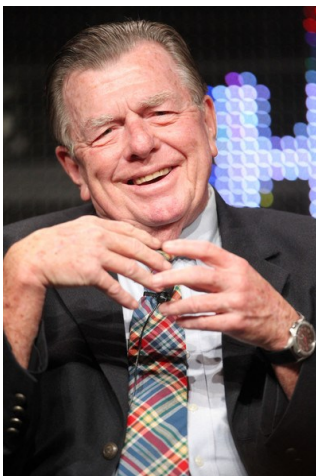
Most TSNA members are at that age when various health problems begin to appear. Most can be treated but Alzheimer's isn't one of them. It only gets worse. My 71 year old friend suffered from the disease. As it progressed it was finally necessary to place him in a facility that cared for Alzheimer's and other patients. Unfortunately, this happened fast and the family had only eight hours to find a place for him. They found one near where his younger brother lived. There were really no guidelines to go by so they would know what to look for so they gratefully accepted this one since there was an immediate opening. Another one could be found later.

As we learned to our sorrow, a facility like this should have individual security (GPS locaters, etc.), cameras, security of the grounds and an adequate staff to insure the safety of its patients. This place was deficient in all respects.

The following statistics are sobering. About 60 percent of Alzheimer's patients will wander, often within the first few days of being put in a facility. Of those missing for 24 hours, only 33 percent survive. Of those missing 72 hours only 20 percent survive.

He was admitted to the facility on Saturday, the day of his nephew's wedding. His two sons brought some furniture to him on Sunday. An alarm had been placed on his ankle for his "safety" and when he tried to follow one son out of the facility it went off and an attendant took him back inside. They left and were soon followed by his wife and her friend. They visited for a time and left, his wife intending to return later. About five p.m. he called his wife and asked if she was returning. She told him that she would be there soon. That was the last time they spoke.

He apparently got bored and decided to take a walk until she returned. He was seen by a witness walking back towards the facility shortly before he disappeared. At about 5:45 his wife was told he was missing. The call went out to the family and the search began. The back of the property was wooded and turned into a swamp as it got deeper. He was physically challenged and nobody thought he would be



able to get into the swamp, although the woods were thoroughly searched. His brother and son-in-law searched, along with the police, until three o'clock in the morning on Monday.

Local news outlets and publications as well as social media broadcast the information about the missing patient. A Facebook page was created and spread the word that way. Many volunteers came out to try and find him based on the information furnished by the media and social media information.

The rest of us, accompanied by volunteers searched on Monday. Officials and personnel from nineteen agencies from the state and surrounding five counties as well as two helicopters and an aircraft from the state capitol did a systematic search of a one mile area around the facility all day Monday. The searchers included police, fire, highway patrol, mounted park rangers and dog teams. It was a sight to behold and we will be eternally grateful for their help. Nothing was found.

The search continued all day Tuesday. Sightings were followed up on and searchers looked everywhere that they thought he might be. Alzheimer's patients think they know what is happening but it is different from the rest of us. It was thought that he might be hiding during the day to keep from going back to the facility, so areas we thought he might be were searched over and over.

On Wednesday we took a break so search and cadaver dogs could look for him without us getting in the way. His son had handled most of his clothing in the facility and the scent the dogs tracked turned out to be his son's scent. Clothing was brought in from home to get an uncontaminated scent. Nothing was found.

The police detective called a meeting with the family at 3:30 on Thursday to review the progress. At about 2:45 we got a call to come in at once. The heartbreaking news was that his body had been found in the swamp face down about 700 feet from the facility and about 600 feet from his brother's house by a team of specialists checking the water quality in an adjacent park. We were very lucky, he might not have been found for years or never. The area was full of seven or eight foot high reeds that were so thick that you could have been standing next to him and not seen him.

The following Saturday a memorial service was held. Over 200 people attended. They included volunteers that did the search, family and friends. He was buried the following Tuesday in a private ceremony.

So, what did we learn from this? Staff should closely monitor new patients the first few days of entering a facility. New patients often wander the first few days. Any facility should have at a minimum: a security camera system that covers

both the inside and outside areas; a personal security system for patients that includes a GPS locator system; a fence to protect patients from wandering into dangerous areas and staff around the clock monitoring patients to ensure their safety. Security systems are very affordable now so there is no excuse for them not to have them in their facility. To have a wooded, swampy area adjacent to a facility and not have it fenced off is astounding.

This is something we all have to think about. If you have a loved one being housed in a nursing home or Alzheimer's facility check it out and be sure it is safe. Check local laws and see what their requirements are. If they are inadequate, talk to your legislators and make sure the laws governing them are strong and enforceable. Their life may be in your hands.

He was my friend. His death was a needless tragedy. The family will work to see that it never happens to anyone else in Ohio.

THE REUNION STORE

I just finished updating the TSNA Reunion Store with the new Logo for 2015.

Here is the link.

<http://www.cafepress.com/tsnareunionstore>.

All proceeds benefit TSNA.

Gary Redlinski

(Editor: Below is just a sample I took from the web site)



Soooo, it's time to sign up for the reunion and order some of these fine items.

See you in Pigeon Forge!!

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

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Web Site: 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 item.

BOARD NOMINATIONS

TSNA Secretary Dale Bryan reminds us all that February 28th is the deadline for submitting nominations for the positions of President, Secretary, and Director of Membership Development. Members may nominate themselves, or any member may nominate another. If you nominate another, be certain that that person is willing to run and serve.

Please send all nominations by name and position to our Vice President, Rich Carvell, at: rcarvell@astate.edu.

If you need other details, please take a peek at the January 2015 issue of Revetments.

NEW MEMBERS



Mr. Gail Flint Hartford City IN 66-67 356 Army Transportation
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