

# Revetments

The Official Journal of The Tan Son Nhut Association



Volume 6, Number 5

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

February, 2004



From a print bought on the steps of the Continental Palace Hotel, Saigon 1967  
Photograph by Member Wayne Salisbury



## We Could Use A Little Help – Again

Exactly one year ago, the February 2003 issue of *Revetments* (Vol. 5, No. 5) was printed on the brand new, state-of-the-art Savin 2522 printer that you bought for the Association. In just a few months after the call went out for help your individual contributions from \$10 up to \$1,000 each allowed the Association to retire the old printer (that had been contributed by a member in 1998 and had become totally unserviceable). Many people were very surprised at the spontaneous and immediate response of the members of the Tan Son Nhut Association. Our only comment was that "this is the kind of people they are."

This is the ten year anniversary of the Tan Son Nhut Association. Don Parker, Princeton, Indiana, and John Peele, Riverdale, Maryland, were the founders. Its first get-together was at a combined Reunion of the 360<sup>th</sup> Tactical Electronics Warfare Squadron and the 460<sup>th</sup> Tactical Reconnaissance Wing in July 1993 at Evansville, Indiana. The avid interest in this reunion immediately evolved into the designation of the all-inclusive Tan Son Nhut Association.

In a message of greeting to the first reunion, President Ronald Reagan noted that "this reunion proves once again – your service and sacrifice together forged a bond of fellowship that time and distance cannot break. Together you confronted danger and endured terrible hardships, and together you rose to the challenge; you never faltered . . . Your accomplishments in defense of liberty will never be forgotten, and America's debt to you will remain far more than we can ever repay."

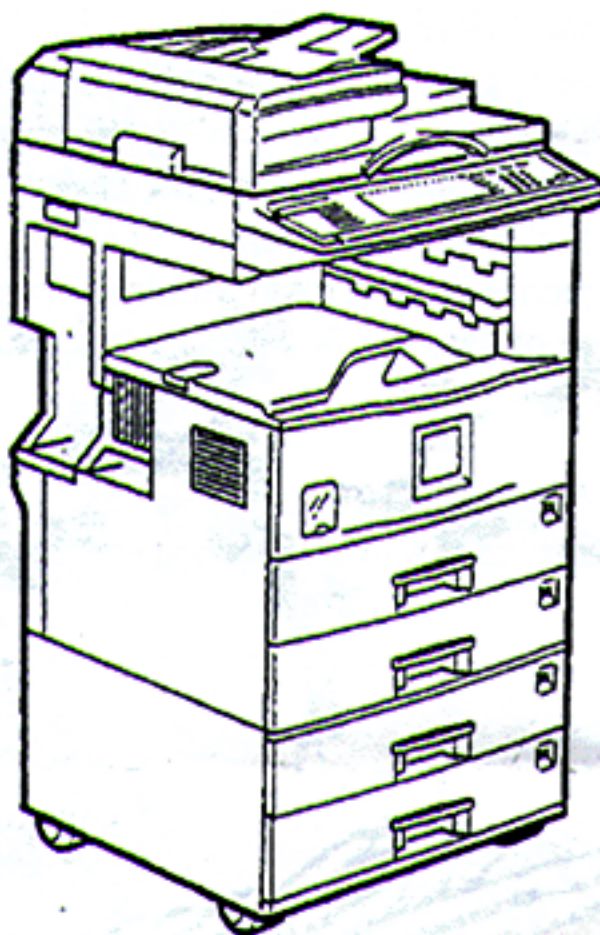
Subsequent reunions have been held in Dayton, Ohio; Hampton, Virginia; San Antonio, Texas; and the last was in April 2002 in Washington, D.C.

### Dues kept to bare minimum

Since inception, the dues of the Association have been kept at a modest \$20 per year. This has been marginally sufficient to provide operating funds for the supplies needed for the monthly publication and mailing of *Revetments*.

Prior to 1998, President John Peele published a number of newsletters periodically, using commercial printing facilities for which he paid excess costs out of his own pocket. Since 1998, and the beginning of *Revetments*, there have been no commercial printing expenses due to the donated printer and new printer that you bought last year.

No matter how well planned, the reunions always manage to run over their initially estimated budgets and on a number of occasions these overruns have depleted the funds on hand or were defrayed by personal contributions from the officers.



For six years office space has been contributed for the use of the Association. This office is not only the place where *Revetments* is designed, composed, edited, printed, folded, addressed and mailed, it is also the repository of the individual membership files which require constant attention, i.e. new members, change of information, etc. Telephone and fax services have also been provided without remuneration from the Association. The office also serves as a temporary repository for the growing inventory of artifacts, photography and documents that members are contributing for the historical archives of the Association. Board meetings and visitors are received in the office. The rent for this office, at \$570 per month, has been a contribution of a board member since 1998.

No salaries or personal remuneration have ever been paid to anyone. A young person who folded *Revetments* for three years was paid \$20 a session out of the editor's pocket.

### Direction, purpose being defined

One reason the Association has been slow in completing its administrative and fiscal organization is the fact that the membership is so wide spread across the nation. Board meetings entail hundreds of miles of travel for most of the members, at their own expense. Nevertheless the final draft of the Constitution is being finalized, an annual budget is being prepared, and in a recent meeting an extremely qualified individual has been appointed to implement an aggressive, innovative membership recruitment program. Soon members will be receiving a definitive mission statement that outlines the objectives of the Association in its role in the preservation of the history of the people, places and events that were Tan Son Nhut.

### We need a little maintenance "slush" fund

It has often been published in *Revetments* that the Association does not like, or want to become the type of organization that is always coming around and "hounding" the members for money. And that attitude still holds true.

But over the years maintenance (postal, supply, etc.) expenses have accumulated that we would like to clear away as we establish a firm operating budget.

We are not asking you "to give 'till it hurts." If each member could send a one time check for \$25 it would do wonders to help the Association bring its accounts current.

Make check payable to TSNA and annotate memo as: Maintenance Fund  
Send to: TSNA, Suite 709, 330 W. Brambleton Ave. Norfolk, VA. 23510



# TSNA Planning Meeting Sets New Goals



"I never heard of the Tan Son Nhut Association - Who's eligible for membership - What is the TSNA mission, what are you trying to accomplish?"

These and many more questions were vigorously addressed by regular and new members of the TSNA Board of Directors who dodged hundreds of miles of winter storm-threatened highways to meet on Saturday, January 24<sup>th</sup> at the Public Affairs Office in Norfolk, Virginia.

President John Peele, appointed member, David O. Chung to the Board as Director of Planning. Chung who holds an executive position in the Veterans Administration, in charge of Minority Veterans Affairs, brings a long history of experience with major marketing and promotional projects, including the dramatic cross-country move of the Women's Vietnam Memorial statue from Santa Fe, New Mexico to Washington, pausing repeatedly in small towns and cities across the Nation. This was accomplished under a project Chung worked out with Federal Express. Chung has done promotional work for Harley Davidson, Rolling Thunder, and other frontline organizations. With him also comes his talented wife, Cheryl, who was a triage nurse at Bien Hoa and Long Bien and a person with strong creative ideas.

One of the most important things that has to be accomplished is that a definitive mission statement, a statement of purpose, aims and goals has to be adopted. Then, with a firm mission statement as a foundation marketing and public relation programs can be evolved in a meaningful manner that will encourage people to want to join and assist in supporting a strong, productive program.

The mission statement is being prepared and it should be published in the next issue of *Revetments*. The general consensus during the meeting is that the Tan Son Nhut Association's main thrust is in the memorialization of the history of the people and events that comprised the

life of the base from 1959 to 1975. Ancillary public information and education programs could be developed for use in schools, libraries, and other historical activities. Eventually library, archival and museum facilities could be established to preserve and display documents, photography and artifacts from the Tan Son Nhut period.

Individual members can play a major role in "marketing" the Association. They can contact their local newspaper, radio and television media outlets and inform them that the Association is welcoming new members. Several members have already sent articles from past *Revetments* to the media, which often is appreciative of new and "different" material. A lot of the articles in *Revetments* are timeless human interest stories that have a wide appeal to American readers.

The next issue of *Revetments* should give the members a clear and concise view of what the mission of our Association should be and the role that everyone can play in making the Association a more important segment of America's veterans history and legacies. Several million of us went through or worked at Tan Son Nhut, our Association should be much, much bigger - but we have to go out and get 'em.

## Member Edits Colonel Moll's Account of Attacks by Earl Adams, Jr.

I read with interest Col. Moll's article, "Tan S on Nhut Attacked 35 Time" in the January issue of *Revetments*.

Col. Moll had a date incorrect however. Then again, it could be that Lt. Col. Fox made the error in his book. At any rate, I and many other Americans were still in Vietnam after January 28, 1973. I departed on February 20, 1973. I picked up my records on February 15 and spent five days trying to leave Tan Son Nhut, seems as if we were kind of on our own to get out and be on our way to our next assignment. Mine was to Ko Kha, Thailand until mid July 1973.

Myself and six other including a senior master sergeant had a hard time getting out of Tan Son Nhut. We spent two and a half days quarantined inside Camp Alpha waiting for a flight. It came down to where we had to bully our way out of the country (tactfully, of course). Soviet and Polish personnel were always trying to run us down, so the Security Forces thought it would be a good idea to place us inside Camp Alpha, and the only way out was to leave the country.

It was probably a typo when Col. Moll stated "by this time virtually all Americans had left Vietnam..

I and many others were still there. When I left on February 20, 1973 Security Police friends of mine were still to remain. I do recall the attack because that was the original day I was suppose to leave. My friend in the 377<sup>th</sup> Security Police Squadron did not get out of Tan Son Nhut until about the end of March, or first part of April 1973, as I recall.

He spent his last moments at Tan Son Nhut knocking clinging fingers and hands off the back ramp of a C-130 as they tried to depart. Many of the local nationals wanted to get out of Vietnam desperately. They knew what was in store for them down the road.

Earl Adams, Greenacres, Washington



Director Salisbury welcome new member, David Price, former Marine to the TSNA



David O. Chung



President John Peele explains the TSNA patch to new member, Cheryl Chung



## Thoughts of Our Sky Pilot



James M. Warrington  
Chaplain, T.S.N.A.

### Compassion

One of the outstanding American nuclear physicists was recently asked what any one of us could do in the face of the complexities of our day. He replied: "We can help because we can love one another."

When William Faulkner was given the Nobel Prize for literature he said in his address that he renounced the pessimistic estimate of humanity so common in these days. He added: "I refuse to accept it. I believe that mankind will not merely endure, the human race will prevail. Human beings are immortal because each person has a soul and a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance."

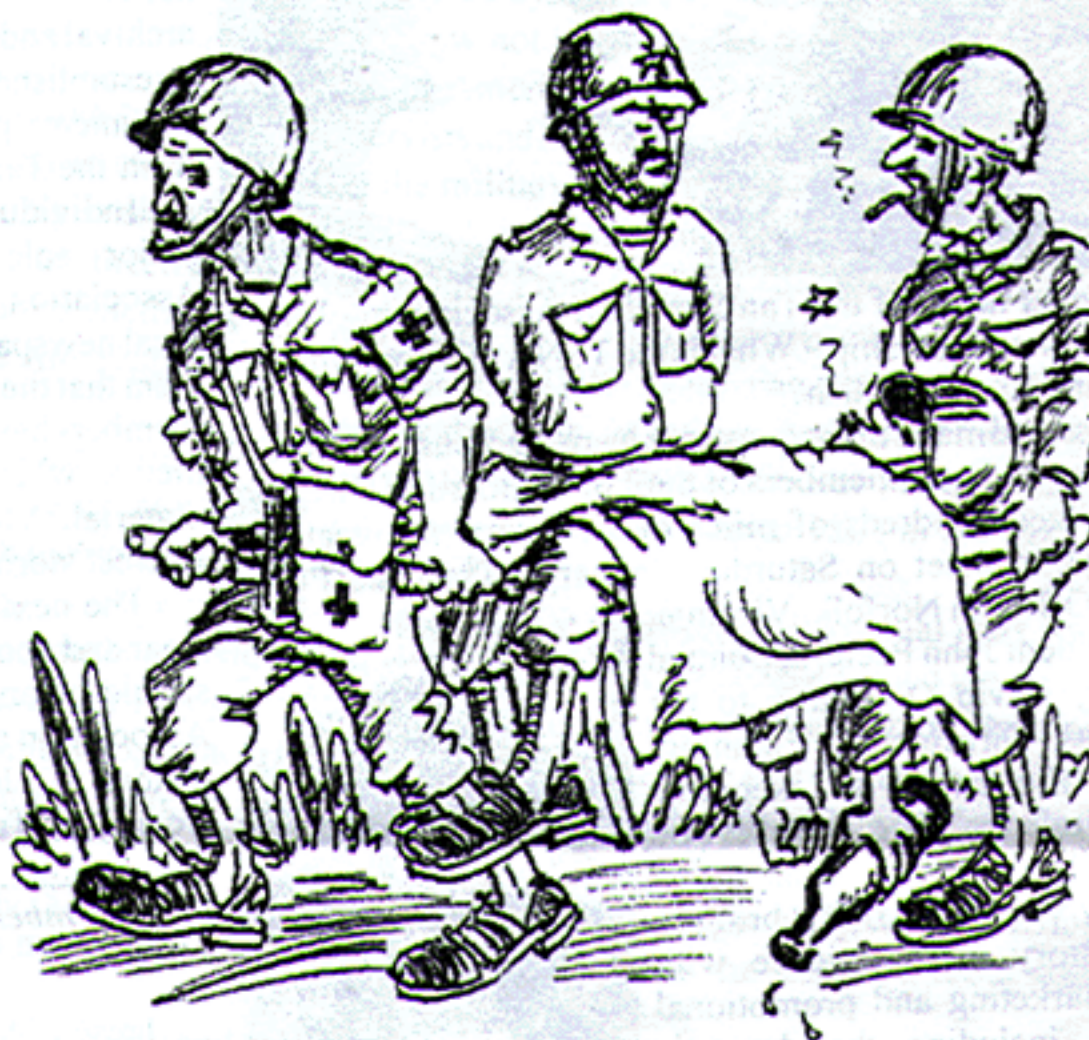
Even Bertrand Russell, who was sometimes rather cynical about human affairs, had expressed the need for Godly love, or compassion, adding these words: "If you feel this, you have a motive for existence, a guide in action, a reason for courage, an imperative necessity for intellectual honesty."

It is impressive to notice this widespread agreement that no one can approach the problems of our complex world in a constructive way unless he has the basic concern for humanity we call "compassion." This word literally means "to bear or suffer with" another. It is the art of entering sympathetically into the depths of human poverty, pain, confusion, and frustration – wherever these tragic realities exist.

So basic is the matter of compassion we ought to ask every statesman, every writer, every would be orator on his soap box: "Do you speak out of the depths of compassion? Do you look out on the world and its needs with a heart of love and concern? Are you moved by a purely selfish interest, or do

### Burke's Days at Tan Son Nhut

YES SIR, ANOTHER  
'BOMBING VICTIM'



you really care about our human condition?"

We are told that this was the motivating power in the life of the Messiah, "When he saw the multitudes he was moved with compassion because they fainted and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd."

If you would make some contribution to the great needs of our time, ask yourself this question: "Am I, too, moved with compassion – do I speak and act out of an overflowing love for the people I meet and know?"

\* \* \*

**Need help with personal or family problems?** The Association chaplains are available for pastoral counseling. Call (757) 627-7746, FAX (757) 627-0878, or email [hercules29@worldnet.att.net](mailto:hercules29@worldnet.att.net)

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By  
Don Parker & John Peele  
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Send to Public Affairs, address above.



# The Communication Center

## In Memorial



### Ronald W. Nadeau

460<sup>th</sup> Reconnaissance Technical Squadron, 1970, Fort Walton Beach, Florida

I am sorry to inform you that my father, Ronald William Nadeau passed away on November 14, 2003. He was buried in Fort Barrancas Cemetery in Pensacola, Florida. He enjoyed being a member of your association. Please pass on his regards to all. Thank you.

Kevin Nadeau

### Don D. Walker

Eloy, Arizona Mrs. Walker informed the Association that Don passed away on December 20<sup>th</sup> 2003.

### Harry J. Wilgis

Det. 1, 45<sup>th</sup> TRS, 460<sup>th</sup> Tactical Reconnaissance Wing, 1969-1970, Baltimore, Maryland.

It is with a broken heart I write this note. On December 23, 2003, Sergeant Harry Joseph Wilgis passed away. He is now at peace and totally free. I know how proud my husband was to serve in Vietnam. My husband always did what he could to donate money to anything for disabled veterans.

If possible, I'd still like to get your newsletter. I have not only been lucky enough to be his wife for 22 years, but I also was proud to know a man who would serve his country again if he could. Harry would have been fifty-seven on January 31, 2004, and he was taken from me too soon. I was lucky enough for him to return home the same

way he went to Vietnam. My heart breaks for the wives who never got their men back. I also read these news letters.

Jean C. Wilgis

### Arthur L. Davis

Headquarters, 7<sup>th</sup> Air Force (DPS) Port Orange, Florida

My husband, Arthur Davis, was a member of your organization for a number of years. He passed away very suddenly on October 8<sup>th</sup> (2003) with a massive heart attack.

He was a wonderful and thoughtful man always helping people especially the Vietnam veterans who he contacted via the computer. He helped many find their lost friends and even families. I have many thank you notes from vets all over the country. Not only did he help the Vietnam veterans he also helped the World War II veterans with the VA through the Disabled American Veterans of which he was a member. He will truly be missed by man.

I was proud to be his wife for 20 years. Is there a way that you could use his membership to supply your Journal to some veteran that has no means of paying. I would like that very much if it could be done. I know Art would too. Sincerely,

Gloria A. Davis

January Revetments reported reunion plans canceled because VNAF Association did not set date. Member is not happy...

I just got back from a small trip and found the *Revetments* in the pile of mail. As you folks know, sometimes I am outspoken, so I'll come right to the point. When did we start letting the VNAF start directing when TSNA would have a reunion? What percentage of us even spoke to a VNAF during our tour at Tan Son Nhut? Most of the Vietnamese I spoke to or

knew, wanted me to buy them "a Tea!"

I remember when we were at the San Antonio reunion meeting that we were talking about letting troops from other Vietnam bases into the organization in some way. Maybe you should mull this over as the VFW I belong to with 600 members is about to go kaput. I guess I can make other plans for April now.

William (Bill) Carlson  
Central Point, Oregon

This writer faces the bitter memories he has of Vietnam and war in general...

I was a member of the 460<sup>th</sup> Tactical Reconnaissance Wing from March 1967 until March 1968. I was never happier to leave a place in all my life - the '68 "Tet Offensive" was in its later stages and it was getting dangerous there. I can remember that Saigon was no more violent than any comparably large American city (say, Chicago, New York, or Los Angeles) - until Tet.

Then everything seemed to change unalterably for the worse. I bless God to this day that I was not directly involved in combat in Viet Nam. One of my brothers was, and the stories he and other acquaintances have told me since, are enough to persuade any sane person that war is not nice. My most distinctive memory is that during my daily walk from my billeting compound to the hangar on the flight line where I performed my work, I had to walk past the morgue where chrome-colored containers were stacked by the hundreds glistening in the hot tropical sun. There were so many of them leaving the place every day that they were loaded by forklift onto flatbed trailers to be trucked

out to the flightline and there loaded onto aircraft for the long and dreary journey back to "the green, green grass of home." At first, the sight was wrenching. As day followed upon day, however, I became hardened to it, so routine had it become.

I have never visited the marble slab in D.C., though I have lived within easy commuting distance of it these past 25 years. Some day I must - but I am not yet ready.

I left the Air Force in 1970, fed up with the abuse and debasement dished out by anti-war protesters particularly - I had been proud to serve my country, and still am, but this abuse rendered my further willingness to serve null. I maintain an unremitting hatred of Robert McNamara, Jane Fonda, William Clinton, and all those who rendered the lives of so many young men so void of meaning. The protesters do not realize that every day they persisted in their public demonstrations, they were nailing shut the coffin of another G.I. I will NEVER forgive them - I will forever loath and condemn them. I sometimes wonder if I entertain these sentiments alone. What a difference a quarter of a century makes. Respectfully yours,

Thomas J. Cralley

## Your Precious Pictures Preserved For Posterity

TSNA Member and Director, Wayne Salisbury, Roanoke,

Virginia is setting up a program for putting your priceless photographs on CDs and giving you a DVD presentation. Call him to make arrangements at (540) 772-1025, or e-mail: [WS7245@aol.com](mailto:WS7245@aol.com)

More next month.



removed page updated also members page



**Cross Currents** by

David Bolton

Chief, USN (Ret.) "River Rat" '67-'70

**What Is A 'Real' Soldier?**

★  
For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,  
an' "Chuck him out, the brute!"

But it's "Saviour of 'is country" when  
the guns begin to shoot..."

From "Tommy" by Rudyard Kipling  
★

The essay on the role the media plays in the last issue of *Revetments* set me to thinking. I was recently in touch with a correspondent who is an instructor at a Spanish Military Academy. We had a long discussion about the Iraqi and Afghani affairs. My young friend is quite concerned about the apparent lack of support the European and American press is touting.

Of course, the analogy to Viet Nam is being drawn, and casualty figures are being tossed about. The usual political suspects are doing their mating dances with the voting public, all swearing that they were either against these actions or that they have skill and insight that will miraculously transform these budding quagmires into successes. I had to tell my young friend that it all sounded familiar. Depressingly so, in fact. In all of this anti-war/anti-imperialist bleating there is one component that is glaringly absent.

Where is the call for the return of "our boys?" Where is the "Hell no, we won't go?" Why is there so much concern for everyone but the troopers in the field?

As we know, there were protests during the early and mid sixties. They were usually small and scant attention was paid to them. That is, until LBJ ended the draft deferments for the "perpetual" students who were busy maintaining a passing grade all across the fruited plains. Anyone who was alive and sentient during that era will remember just how large, and quickly, the anti-war fervor grew. This was a time that caused many to try and figure out ways to maintain their political viability. It also provided a few with an opportunity to protest the war, albeit with some one else's medals.

This is not about others viability or sincerity, however. It is about the hard, brutal facts of Twenty-First Century warfare. The lack of breast beating in America is as plain as the page in that history book you did not pay much attention to. Go to a used book store, or on the "net," and look up the "Spanish-American War;" then look up the "Anti-Imperialist League."

You will notice the same arguments, for and against the involvement in other people's countries and lives. It is as if there is a massive plagiarism going on today. The salient point may not leap out at you at first. Perhaps it is my training as an historian, or my twenty plus years in the military, or maybe I am a paranoiac. But none the less, there is a trend. There is very little about the individual Soldier, Sailor or Marine.

Accidents and attacks are gone over, tactical successes and failures are parsed by "experts." The War on Terror has been a boon to retired colonels and generals. Night after night we are inundated with the war here, the war there, the war everywhere.

Why then is there no hue and cry, no massive war protests?

It is very easy to answer, my friends. The answer is – they are professionals! No longer the boy next door, they are considered by many to be numb and dumb, without a 'clue' somehow not as worthy as the sons and daughters of main stream America. The greatest sympathy is saved for the reservists and National Guardsmen, the "Citizen Soldiers" that are the military that the Americans are actually proud of.

Check out the history of American wars and the attitude of the public. From the Mexican War of 1846-1848, the Civil War and the Spanish-American War and Philippine Insurrection 1898-1903, the public and the press were remarkably quiet as long as the bulk of the casualties fell on the professional. When the war started being felt by the volunteers and draftees (after 1863 in the Civil War) public sentiment changed.

If we look at the history of colonial wars we will see that it was the loss of conscripts that turned the tide against these conflicts. The continual bleeding of Britain's volunteer yeomen helped hasten the end of the Boer War. The French tired of Algeria when the toll among the "appeles" became too burdensome. The loss of the regulars was regarded as unfortunate – but not tragic. Likewise the rising toll among volunteer units fueled the demand for a solution to the Philippine Insurrection.

The relationship America has with its military has always been one of ambivalence. Professionals are something to be tolerated – at a distance if at all possible. The bulk of any praise or concern has usually been saved for the "Volunteer" or the draftee.

As a professional military man I accept this as a matter of course. Yet, it does not make the situation any more palatable.

**The Thousand Yard Stare!**

The Thousand Yard Stare

Yes, I saw it over there,

I sat with a young lad

I old enough to be his dad,

We sipped our brews

And watched the crews,

Scurrying around the bird

I wanted not to disturb,

One with whose eyes shown

So much pain, and hurt his own,

With him looking though me, I felt so bare

Him with his Thousand Yard Stare.

by Harlan Hatfield, North Highlands, California



# Tan Son Nhut – A Very Special Place To Me



by Kathleen Fennell, Media, Pennsylvania

I have wanted to write to you for a long time. I too am a Vietnam veteran, a nurse from the 12<sup>th</sup> Evac, Cu Chi, 1968 - 1969.

Since I came home Med Evac, Tan Son Nhut is a very special place to me. I will ever remember lying on the cement on a litter among the other veterans, in blue p.j.s and corduroy robe, baking in the hot noonday sun, waiting to be loaded on the Freedom Bird in 1969. Not bitching, mind you, just feeling the moments clutching my ditty bag, scared that something bad was going to happen – even now.

Since I was woman, no one seemed to know quite what to do with me! The kids around me just gawked in disbelief. I was terribly shy in those days. I have to tell you, while lying there for what seemed another full tour, I kept in full communion with the three hangers off to the left of where we were waiting. I had recently returned from R&R from Japan and we had been stuck in the first one waiting for a ride back to Cu Chi. Everyone had been so kind to us.

My husband and I, he's also an RVN veteran, former medic, now an MD, have been returning to Vietnam since 1993 for surgical missions with Operation Smile (cleft lip and palate repair for kids). The first time back, standing in the second floor of the terminal, and in clear view of "my hangers," I sobbed overlooking the place where we had all lain, waiting for loading on the bus and being offloaded onto the plane. It had been twenty-four years, but I could taste the day as surely as if I were in the moment of 1969. Our surgical week had been difficult medically, not to mention emotionally draining with the first trip back to Vietnam.

We have returned many, many times since to continue working with Op Smile and now with a medical clinic in Chu Lai dedicated to the children of Vietnam in the memory of First Lieutenant Sharon Ann Lane, one of the eight female and two male nurses who were killed in the Vietnam War. Sharon's name can be found on Panel 23W, Line 112 on the Vietnam Veterans Memorial ("The Wall"). Next time you visit, stop and say a prayer for her and her brothers.

I have to tell you that for the first few years of returning to Vietnam, preparing to leave Tan Son Nhut would require the ritual of inspection of "my hangers." I would check them out wondering which one of us had weathered the years better. The hangers have rusted. There is now vegetation growing on the roof of the first one. Glass windows are broken. Shabby appearance, worsening each year. Wonder why they are leaving them this way? After all, this is the first look you get of the country from the windows of the plane.

I too had weathered; returned to school for two degrees, six kids, multiple relocations, surgery, gray hair, and most important "coming out" from the silence of being an invisible Vietnam veteran – a woman. I thought I had aged better than "my hangers" until 2001 when a group of six Vietnam vets and I returned to visit the Sharon Ann Lane Clinic then in construction. I was hurt, no enraged, to see several of the corrugated aluminum roof panels flapping in the breeze.

Is there a happy ending to this story? I don't know. Maybe only more trips to the country which shaped who I am so long ago. I can tell you that there is no longer a war raging inside my soul, but a country filled with great sadness and loss for both American and Vietnam – and yet, there is something else. There is hope for the future. Hope that I can see for the children of a small commune in the Central Highlands near the former site of the 312<sup>th</sup> Evac Hospital, at what we formerly call Chu Lai. A clinic stands there now dedicated to the children of Vietnam in memory of an Army Nurse who came to help in the midst of war. She asked nothing but to give of herself. That she did, for all of her patients, whether American G.I.s, POWs, ARVNs or civilian men, women or children caught up in the crossfire of hell. Sharon's legacy continues for her patients each day as they enter the building with the Sharon Ann Lane Foundation plaque over the door.

Inside are text books in English for Obstetrics and Pediatrics. The physician there is grateful for medical textbooks. There is a photo album of Sharon showing the residents of Tam Hiep who she was, her school, nursing school and even her first car. There are photos of the ward 4 after the impact of the 122 mm. rockets which claimed her life and that of a twelve year old child in the early morning hours of June 8, 1969. At 05:30 the incoming rockets ended these two lives. But when I return each year I can't help thinking that her legacy of caring for these people continues and grows as more and more patients come to the Sharon Ann Lane Foundation Clinic for medical care. Sharon and the guys are here at this clinic, she would smile on what is happening at Tam Hiep commune.

So, I share with you that on returning in March 2003, the roof had been repaired on my favorite hanger. What will await me in March 2004 when we go again, I don't know. Maybe they will have painted the old girl!

The Tan Son Nhut airport will always be dear to me. It was a place of final moments, trying to make sense of the war in 1969. I didn't figure it out then – but it may be it is becoming more clear each year.

Thank you for your service to America. To all of you guys, we will love you all forever – you will always be in our hearts. May you be at peace with burdens of the Vietnam War. May our fallen brothers and sisters be with us and remembered, always. God bless America and protect our men and women in uniform today.

*Kathleen Fennell*

Please visit the Foundation website when you get a moment. If you post an address I would like to share with you the photos of "the old girl," not me, the hanger! [www.sharonannlanefoundation.org](http://www.sharonannlanefoundation.org)



## Historic Memorial Day Approaches

Memorial Day this year will be a dramatic and historic occasion in our nation's capital. From Friday, May 28 through Monday, May 31, there will be a galaxy of ceremonies and events commemorating the dedication of the World War II Memorial. The actual Presidential Dedication on the National Mall will begin at 2 p.m. on Saturday, May 29<sup>th</sup>. For complete information go to [www.wwiimemorial.com](http://www.wwiimemorial.com). This will be a once-in-a-lifetime historic event. In addition to the World War II events there will be other military commemorative activities throughout Washington, D.C.

Annually, Association President John Peele, usually with several other members, places a wreath at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial ("The Wall"), in the name of the Association, on Memorial Day. In view of all the other activities taking place during the coming Memorial Day our wreath-laying will probably have to be early Saturday morning or on Monday (May 31). All members who could possibly make it, are invited to join us in this annual ceremony. Please let us know immediately if you are planning to attend. Would you attend an early breakfast, or an after ceremony lunch? Please reply as soon as possible so that plans can be made and reported to you in the next issue of *Revetments*.

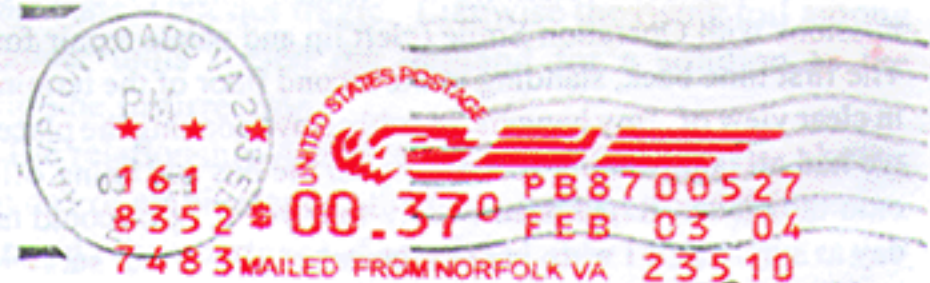
Contact Public Affairs, Phone: (757) 627-7746, FAX (757) 627-0878, or send e-mail: [hercules29@worldnet.net.att](mailto:hercules29@worldnet.net.att) or call John or Michele Peele, (301) 277-7474. There are nearly fifty members who live within an hour or so's drive from Washington. We hope you'll make this a firm date on your calendar, we really want you to join us this historic Memorial Day.



Man the  
**GUNS**  
Join the **NAVY**

World War II Poster

**Tan Son Nhut Association**  
**Office of Public Affairs**  
**Suite 709, 330 W. Brambleton**  
**Norfolk, Virginia 23510**



**Membership**  
**Renewal Date**

