



WE HONOR OUR KILLED IN ACTION AND WANT AN ACCOUNTING OR RELEASE OF OUR MISSING IN ACTION OR PRISONERS OF WAR.

Official Newsletter of... "Run For The Wall" ...Summer 2001

Quarterly Newsletter  
" We Ride For Those Who Can't "  
Summer 2001

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**From Up In Front**  
**Central Route**

Well, here it is the middle of July and I'm finally recovered from RFTW XIII. What an experience. I'm still processing the emotional riot that occurred from my trip. Each year I'm sure that it can't get any better and then the next Run is always a new and more enriching experience. I guess that's the reason that I keep coming back.

Speaking of coming back, I have had some questions about the dates for the next RFTW. If you take your May 2002 calendar, you can figure it out for your self. Our dates are always based on Rolling Thunder. Rolling Thunder is run the Sunday before Memorial Day. Memorial Day is now the 4th Sunday in May. Therefore, my perpetual calendar says that Memorial Day 2002 will be on May 27, 2002. Rolling Thunder should then take place on May 26, 2002. That means that we will arrive in DC on Friday, May 24 and leave Ontario ten days earlier on May 15, 2002. The Central Route has not been set yet. The Route Coordinator has not been appointed. However, it will probably follow the same general schedule that it has for the past 6 to 9 years. So, if you are trying to plan your vacation schedule, use those stops. You will be fairly close, as far as dates are concerned. All other details will need to wait for further organization.

I'm having a beautiful riding season up here in the north woods. We are having a small drought, bad for the farmers, good for the bikers. I am already setting plans for my next road trip. I will leave on Wednesday, July 18, for a run to eastern PA. Speaking of road trips, I am also planning on riding down to the Phoenix reunion this October. Till then I'll see you on the road or May 15 at Ontario, CA for RFTW XIV. Keep your helmet up and wheels down.

- Milo (Nayber) Gordon

## Calling All T-Shirt Designers

Do you "have designs" on Run For The Wall? This is your big opportunity! RFTW is seeking designs for the official 2002 Run T-Shirts of RFTW XIV.

The design should reflect the RFTW mission: full accounting for all POW-MIAs, honor for KIAs and healing for veterans on our annual trip to The Wall. The design must incorporate the POW-MIA flag emblem in some way, and the words "Run For The Wall XIV."

We'll publish the winning design in the RFTW newsletter, and hundreds of RFTW supporters will display it on their chests!

You need not submit camera-ready artwork, but sketches must be sufficiently clear and comprehensive to allow a professional artist to follow the design.

Submit your design by **December 1, 2001** to:

RFTW T-Shirt  
635 N. Chestnut Street  
Seymour, IN 47274

The winning entry will become the property of Run For The Wall, and other entries will be returned **ONLY** if you include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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## Rainelle Elementary School

701 Kanawha Avenue  
Rainelle, WV 25962

June 6, 2001

Dear Run For The Wall:

We are winding down another year here at Rainelle Elementary School. Although this time of year can be hectic, I wanted to take time to tell you and the other members of the board of directors how much we at Rainelle appreciate the visit of Rolling Thunder and Run For The Wall.

On May 24, for the thirteenth year, the motorcycle groups visited our school. We are proud to be a part of this program to raise awareness of POW.MIAs of all wars. The Veterans have donated much money to our playground fund – this year and in the past. For this reason, along with the price they paid for freedom, our new playground was dedicated to Rolling Thunder and Run For The Wall. I am pleased to report that this year's total was \$4,867.06.

Every year, we look forward to being a part of the annual pilgrimage to the Vietnam War Memorial in Washington, D.C. Teachers remind students about the courage and sacrifices of all our veterans, particularly the significance of the Vietnam era and the true meaning of the letters POW/MIA. Our students love the members of Run For The Wall and Rolling Thunder. Hopefully, the goals of Rolling Thunder and Run For The Wall will soon be achieved, but as long as it is necessary for you to ride for those who can't, we hope that you will continue to include Rainelle in your schedule. Next year, we will even have hot showers for you.

The generous donations that you have given will be used for enhancing our playground and for the academic enrichment of our students. Your past sacrifices and generosity mean so much to us. I want to thank you for these gifts and remind you that your presence is always welcome at Rainelle.

Sincerely yours,  
John W. Lewis  
Principal

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## Los Angeles County Veteran's Day

To: Run For The Wall  
From: Michael D. Antonovich, Mayor  
County of Los Angeles

On November 11, 2001, my office is hosting our 4<sup>th</sup> Annual "Remembering Our Veterans and Their Families" event which will be held at Arcadia county Park, 405 South Santa Anita Avenue, in the City of Arcadia, from 10:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.

This day will be focused on providing our veterans and their families with vital information regarding benefits, entitlements and services that are available to them. On that day, we also plan a special tribute to our armed forces, its men and women.

We would like to extend a special invitation to members of "Run For The Wall" to be part of this special event. We hope that you can join us.

RFTW POC is Terry "Doorgunner" Clevenger (760) 737-9837 or (619) 258-6388, or via email at: [DoorgunnerRVN@hotmail.com](mailto:DoorgunnerRVN@hotmail.com)

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## Oral History Project

RFTW XIII  
Central Route

"Oral History Project Continues"

The Run For The Wall Oral History Project is well underway with over fifty hours of interviews and footage collected on the Central Route during RFTW XIII. Interview subjects ran the whole gamut of those whose lives have been touched by Run For the Wall. "Funny New Guys" were interviewed, as well as participants who have completed several runs. Veterans, their families and supporters all told stories of their pain and the healing brought about by the Run.

Now begins the task of organizing and indexing the footage. Once this is complete, selected interviews will be transcribed. After the transcription, they will be edited. The final material will be organized into a book-length manuscript. In addition, the visual footage, selected interview segments and other highlights will be downloaded on a CD to accompany the book.

Project coordinator Mary Scruggs is planning a follow-up visit to conduct in-depth interviews with RFTW supporters in Rainelle, West Virginia. She also plans to conduct follow-up interviews in Southern California. More interviews in other locations may be scheduled later in the year.

If you would like to participate in this ongoing project, please contact Mary Scruggs directly. She can be reached online at: [mescruggs@aol.com](mailto:mescruggs@aol.com) or by telephone at: (773) 761-3354.

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## Postage Stamp Honors Vets

On May 23, 2001, the U.S. Postal Service issued a new commemorative postage stamp saluting the nation's veterans. The Honoring Veterans stamp pays tribute to the patriotic dedication of all the men and women who have served in the U.S. armed forces. The stamp also serves as a 'thank you' to veterans who continue to serve in veterans service groups and organizations. The present population of U.S. veterans is estimated to be nearly 25 million.

The 34¢ self-adhesive stamp is available for purchase singly or in panes of 20 (\$6.80) at all United States Post Office facilities, online at: [www.usps.gov](http://www.usps.gov), or by phone at: (800) STAMP-24.



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## One Over The Way

Yesterday I had an experience I want to share with you.

Every year there is an event called "Run For The Wall" when Veterans ride motorcycles from California to the Vietnam Memorial Wall in Washington D.C. for the Memorial Day Ceremony.

When they go through the Midwest they pass through Kansas on the I-70 highway.

Sunday night they camped out at Thomas Park in Salina, KS, scheduled to depart at 0800 Monday morning on their way East.

On Monday morning I awoke and remembered that they would be going past my home town of Abilene at about 0830. I thought I might watch them go by from a nearby overpass.

At 0810 I arrived at a remote overpass and positioned myself above the passing I-70 traffic. It was a cold morning so I sat to wait. A passerby stopped to inquire if I intended to jump. After assuring her that to jump was not my purpose she went on. A pickup truck pulled off the highway and positioned itself on the off ramp...from a distance watching me...also unsure of my intentions.

I scolded myself that I had forgotten my camera, surely this would be a sight...it was much more.

At 0830 there was a sound of distant thunder to the West. I could see a long line of headlights snaking its way East toward me.

I stood and thought I would wave but as that first bike approached...from the rider came a sharp salute to this solitary figure on the bridge, this... "One over the way." It hit me...stand straight...stand tall...one steady salute...the warriors are roaring by. Hundreds of salutes...waves of thundering motorcycles...American and POW flags flying from their bikes...stirring me to the depths of my soul...streaming tears...

I remained steady till the roar became again, a distant thunder.

As I was returning to my car, the pickup truck that had been watching me from a distance approached. In it, was a old rancher with a broad moustache, large cowboy hat and moist eyes. We paused for a moment looking at each others tear stained cheeks...no words...he gave me a thumbs up and drove away. We shared an experience that words would only cheapen. That a camera could not capture.

It was a good day.

Next year, when they pass again, would you stand on a nearby overpass and be "one over the way"?

- Phillip Cosby  
[cosby@oz-online.net](mailto:cosby@oz-online.net)

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## Book & Music Review

### Chicken Soup for the Veteran's Soul:

Stories to Stir the Pride and Honor the Courage of Our Veterans

By: Jack Canfield, Mark Victor Hansen, and Sidney R. Slagter  
List Price: \$12.95 (softcover)

Chicken Soup for the Veteran's Soul is a collection of 101 true stories about the lives of the extraordinary men and women veterans from every war, and every branch of service, who have served to defend and preserve our freedom. The stories take place during wartime and in the years that followed. The book also includes anecdotes about their families and friends who have a connection to the military and played a role in their lives.

Chicken Soup for the Veteran's Soul will ensure that these proud soldiers are not forgotten! Topics include The Warrior Spirit, Brothers in Arms, The Home Front, Coming Home, Honoring Those Who Served, Healing, and Remembrance.



The stories will help people learn what veterans have gone through to defend our freedom, and will heal hearts through inspiring personal accounts that touch the soul, acknowledge and appreciate the sacrifices made by Veterans.

The publisher has committed to donate a portion of all proceeds to several worthy veterans' causes.

This wonderful book will make an excellent gift for any veteran, including yourself. I recommend it with great enthusiasm.

Available at all major bookstores and at booksellers on line.

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### **Run For The Wall: Remembering Vietnam On A Motorcycle Pilgrimage**

By: Raymond Michalowski and Jill Dubisch

ISBN: 0813529271

Price: \$22.00 (softcover)

Everyone involved with RFTW will love this wonderful book! An insider's account of the Run For The Wall, the authors have written a highly readable account and analysis of the remarkable annual motorcycle journey to the Vietnam War memorial.

The authors present the Run as a form of secular pilgrimage, and analyze the Run's success in sociological and anthropological terms. They discuss how RFTW embodies key concepts in American culture, such as "freedom" and "brotherhood," and examine the rituals and symbols that enable Run participants to come to terms with the war and its consequences.

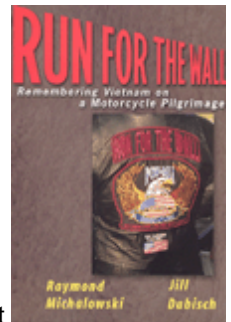
In first-hand accounts, the book tells how participation in the POW-MIA social movement helps individuals find personal and collective meaning in America's most divisive conflict, and from there, come to terms with their part in the Vietnam War, and move on towards emotional healing. Above all, this is a story of a uniquely American form of political action, ritual, pilgrimage, and the social construction of memory.

Many in RFTW know the authors, who have ridden with the Run for several years on their Honda Gold Wing called "Desert Dolphin." In addition to riding with RFTW, Ray Michalowski is a sociologist who chairs the department of criminal justice at Northern Arizona University. Jill Dubisch is the Regents' Professor of Anthropology at Northern Arizona State University. Both are previously published authors.

Published by Rutgers University Press, this 288 page book includes 30 black & white photos from the 1999 Run For The Wall.

*Available from Rutgers University Press, at all major bookstores and at booksellers on line.*

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### **Ride To The Wall "A Tribute"**

Musical CD

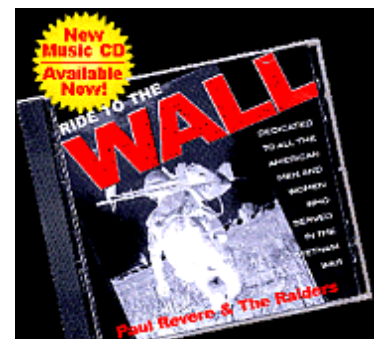
By: Paul Revere and the Raiders

Price 20.00 (includes S&H)

Those at Rolling Thunder this year enjoyed a fantastic concert by Paul Revere and the Raiders. Their music is available on a new CD titled "Ride to The Wall." Proceeds from the sale of this CD benefits the Ride to the Wall Foundation, a non-profit organization which funds various veterans' outreach programs.

Among the songs on the CD are classics such as Fortunate Son, Born to Be Wild, Satisfaction and We Gotta Get Out Of This Place, well as several new songs, including Ride To The Wall, Rolling Thunder and Armed Forces Radio.

The band, which had six gold albums in the '60s and '70s, has spent parts of the past two years writing and recording the new album.





Order on line: [www.ridetothewall.org](http://www.ridetothewall.org)

Order by mail:  
Signature Design Dept PRR  
P.O. Box 1962  
Appleton, WI 54912-1962

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## "Tribute to the Toughest"

On Sunday, June 17, more than 100 RFTW participants turned out for the first annual Tribute to the Toughest ride.

Ford H-D sponsored the run in tribute to our nation's veterans, and they put on one superb event.

RFTW riders joined with more than 300 motorcycles and 100 Ford Harley-Davidson F150 pickup trucks for a beautiful ride from the Channel Islands Air National Guard Station in Port Hueneme, California, to the Santa Monica VA Hospital in Los Angeles.

The ride staged next to the huge C-130's on the flight line of the Air Force's 146<sup>th</sup> Airlift Wing. The Air Force unit greeted riders and gave tours of their awesome planes before the ride began.



There was a brief ceremony, the Colors were posted, and the Commanding General said a few words before the large group took to the road. Riders included a number of Air Force unit members, and Tonight Show host Jay Leno, who is known for his support of US Troops overseas during both Desert Storm and Bosnia.

Everyone enjoyed on a 2-hour ride along a beautiful route full "twisties," and the weather was perfect.

At the VA hospital, Jay Leno, VA VIPs, and Ford representatives joined RFTW riders in visiting patients. Ford presented the VA Patients' Fund with a \$50,000 check, and everyone held hands to create their own human "Wall" while Taps was played by a lone bugler on stage.

Ford showed an absolutely awesome video of RFTW, which was compiled from footage shot by the drivers of the H-D F-150 support trucks during Run For The Wall 2001. Then everyone enjoyed exhibits, vendors, great food, (barbecue and In N Out burgers, yeh!) with music by legendary rock band Three Dog Night.

It would be an understatement to say that "a good time was had by all." RFTW family visited and exchanged hugs, and met some new friends, too. And as we left, we all agreed that we'll be here again next year!

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## Financial Report

Run For The Wall Income And Expense Report Through September 30, 2001

Income	
Donations	\$ 6,090.00
Merchandise Sales	\$ 43,380.00
<b>Total Income</b>	<b>\$ 49,470.00</b>

<b>Expenses</b>	
Cost of Merchandise Sold	\$ 32,035.00
Support & Chase Vehicles	\$ 2,669.00
Run Supplies	\$ 2,567.00
Run Communications	\$ 4,873.00
Newsletter	\$ 693.00
Office Supplies	\$ 2,469.00
Operating Expense	\$ 3,335.00
Donation to Injured Road Guard	\$ 2,390.00
Oral History Project	\$ 3,659.00
<b>Total Expenses</b>	<b>\$54,690.00</b>
<b>Grand Total</b>	<b>- \$ 5,220.00</b>

Run For The Wall does not solicit financial contributions. State Coordinators are neither required nor encouraged to collect donations. Rather, they are encouraged to visit organizations with information concerning RFTW and its mission, and to coordinate any efforts to lend support to the Run.

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## RFTW Mourns Loss Of Friend

The Run For the Wall has a wide range of meaning and significance to all of us. From the inexorable bond we have to the people of Rainelle, to the overwhelming experience of The Wall, it is a pilgrimage of self-discovery. For all of us, the shared link is the desire to honor and remember our POW/MIA/KIAs, and veterans of the Vietnam War. For me, and a few others, The Run will forever have an additional meaning.

During the Y2K Run for the Wall, I fell into formation in central Kansas, not far from my home. I quickly made many new friends, and visited with old ones (such as the legendary Dragon Joe). There were many memorable moments as The Run made its way across the country, but the one I want to share happened in Rupert, West Virginia.

During the Run I had befriended a couple named Chuck and Norma, as well as their long time friend, Bob. Ironically, Chuck and Norma were from only about a dozen miles from where I lived in Kansas; but it took The Run to bring us together. As the mass of riders filed out of Rainelle, the four of us decided to hang back and enjoy some breakfast before catching up. We had our coffee and biscuits, and leisurely rode out of town. As you all know, the twisting Appalachian roads in that area offer a beautiful ride; but it can be dangerous. Near Rupert WV, the four of us rounded a hairpin turn to encounter a large truck stopped in the middle of the road. Even though we weren't going very fast, we all had to brake very hard. Norma hit some loose dirt, and her Dresser low-sided. Although, she did break her scapula, she was otherwise uninjured. An ambulance soon arrived, and she was taken to the hospital in Lewisburg. In a bizarre case of "when it rains, it pours," the ambulance actually had a minor wreck on the way to the hospital (but that's another story). Norma was soon released, and we all returned to her scratched up motorcycle.

As it turns out, the motorcycle mishap occurred in front of the home of John and Shirley Brooks. Big John, as we came to know him, saw the whole incident, and from the start was doing everything he could to help our downed rider. He took us under his wing, and invited us into his home. Big John, like so many others in that part of the country, had spent much of his life in coal mines. We quickly formed a strong bond with Big John and his family. As road weary Bikers, we must have looked as strange as Martians to the Brooks; but you would never know it. It was as if we had known one another all our lives. As Norma and Chuck were working out their immediate transportation issues, the Brooks insisted we stay as long as necessary. I remember shooting marbles with Big John's four year old son, Jonathan. Later, the Brooks fixed us all dinner. Much of the conversation revolved around exactly what the Run for the Wall was about. Big John clearly understood the importance of what we were doing. As a sign of gratitude, I gave him my POW/MIA pin; and I still remember the tear in his eye. Later, John laughed about possibly riding his old farm tractor (nicknamed Jezebel) in future Run for the Wall events. He gave us a standing invitation to return anytime we wanted, and we were all eager to take him up on it. I had family expecting me in Virginia, so I departed that day. The other three riders stayed with Big John for a day or two.

Because of school, I was not able to participate in this year's Run for the Wall; however, Chuck and Norma did. They visited with Big John each time they passed through Rupert. This was when we discovered the heartbreaking news that Big John had cancer. Even in the advanced stages of his illness, Big John was eager to host his Run for the Wall friends. In fact, he refused to go to the

hospital until after The Run had passed through town. On Friday, 15 June 2001 Big John Brooks passed away.

I will always remember Big John, and I hope that we all might think of how kind he was to our group of transient strangers. It was a gift that few people have. On behalf of the Run for the Wall, I wish to express my deepest sympathy and love to his family. For me, it has provided an additional significance to future journeys to The Wall; which is both immediate and saddening.

*Claude Nolen, U.S. Army veteran*

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## **Returned Dog Tag Gives Mexia Woman Tie to Brother Killed in Vietnam**

By MICHELLE HILLEN, Waco Tribune-Herald staff writer

March 1, 2001

MEXIA, Texas - The portrait of a proud Marine hangs on the wall of Carlene Tackitt's Mexia home - one of a few reminders of the baby brother she lost in the Vietnam War.

Now, after receiving what she believes to be the dog tags he was wearing during his capture by enemy forces, Tackitt said she feels like she has finally gotten some closure to Dennis Hammond's death more than 30 years ago in a prisoner-of-war camp.

"I can't tell you what it felt like," she said, her eyes welling up with tears. "Part of him was home and it just meant so much."

It is to Jim Six, a newspaper columnist for the Gloucester County Times in New Jersey, and a one-in-a-million shot that Tackitt owes that sense of peace.

The story begins on Feb. 8, 1968, when Hammond was captured by the Viet Cong in Quang Nam Province, South Vietnam, eight days before his tour of duty was to end.

"He was due to come home and he didn't have to go on this last mission, but he just felt like he hadn't done anything worthwhile yet," Tackitt said. "He firmly believed in what he was doing, so he went, and they were just overpowered by 300 men."

His family, who had been expecting his knock on the door, were horrified to receive a telegram saying that Marine Cpl. Dennis W. Hammond was considered missing in action.

"That was what really did it for my mama," Tackitt said.

"Her children were always No. 1 to her, and he was her baby. When she heard he was captured, she quit eating because she knew he had stopped eating. She never gave him up."

They didn't hear from him until receiving a letter he had written and hid during his first couple of days of capture. American soldiers found the letter and mailed it after Hammond had already been moved from one camp to another.

The letter, Tackitt said, is exactly what she would have expected from "Denny," filled with reassurances for his family not to worry about him.

"I know you're worried sick about me," he wrote in the letter. "But please don't. Let me do the worrying. I am being treated fairly. And like I said, in no time at all I'll be home. Playing my records. Don't let anything happen to them." He went on to say he thought his parents would likely have to stop delivery of the dream car that was going to await him on his return, but asked that they keep up payment for 100 acres of property he was purchasing in Canada.

"He wrote about things as if he didn't know what was going to happen to him," Tackitt said. "He knew, I think. But he also knew us, and he knew how we would worry, and he didn't want us to."

At the second POW camp, Hammond was shot trying to escape. After that, he was beaten and tortured in other ways until he finally died in March 1970.

Although camp survivors have taken military forces back to the spot where he was buried, no body has ever been found, and the family was left with nothing tangible to mark his death. That is, until Six entered the picture.

In 1993, Six was the police reporter for the Gloucester County Times. At the time he was talking with the police chief who had recently been to Vietnam on a medical mission. Chief, Ray Milligan told of seeing what appeared to be rusty, old American dog tags



sold in a little souvenir shop in Da Nang.

"It just ticked me off that someone would be selling those dog tags as souvenirs," Six said. "I told him, 'Here is a hundred bucks, bring back as many as you can.' "

After adding about \$20 of his own, Milligan came back with a rusty pile of about 450 dog tags, some from Da Nang and others from China Beach.

Six's first step was to sort them out according to service branch and compare names with those engraved on the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C.

"It turned out to be harder than I thought it was going to be, so I just put them away," he said. "They sat in the corner of the office for seven years.

"Finally, we got several other people involved, and we began to start taking back doors because the front doors seemed to be shut to us."

They got warnings from military officials saying the tags were probably not real, that fakes were floating around all over the place in Vietnam. Finally, after involvement from the Department of Military and Veterans Affairs, a name forwarded to the Department of Defense's Office of Prisoners

of War and Missing Personnel came up as a "hit."

That name was Dennis Hammond. Officials contacted Tackitt about the possibility of someone having found her brother's dog tag, and she immediately called Six, leaving a voice mail message on his machine.

"She said, 'This is Carlene Tackitt. I believe you have my brother's dog tag and I'd like very much to talk to you,' " he said. "Of all the people that I could have had a first match-up with, I was so lucky it was her. I could have gotten a person who said, 'To hell with you, I don't want that.' Instead, I got this really nice lady who said, 'I want this back.' "

On Jan. 20, Six flew to Dallas from New Jersey and took a rental car to Mexia to deliver the dog tag in person. "I handed her the tag in a jewelry box. She took it and cried," he said. "She was so happy to have the tag, it was just very moving. They didn't have anything from his death, and now I was able to give them what we hope is a real dog tag. That was with him and that is why it was important to them."

Maj. Tim Blair, a Pentagon spokesman, said it would be very difficult to authenticate the tag, but if it brings some comfort to a family, then there is no harm in the family receiving it.

"I think it is admirable on his part that he is taking a proactive measure to try to marry up these (dog tags) with their rightful owner," Blair said. "There is some nostalgia attached to them, so I admire him in his efforts."

Six said he plans to continue to work on matching the remaining tags with owners or family members, but he wishes he had more time to spend on the project. "Nobody has been able to devote 100 percent of their time on this," he said. "With this kind of project, you do it here and you do it there. I just don't know when we'll be able to get another one."

For Tackitt's part, she wishes him great success, hoping he can give to other families what he gave her: a tangible piece of her brother's life, something to feel and hold, and to remind her of that person in the portrait.

***RFTW Newsletter Editor's Note:*** *The existence of hundreds of dog tags in the open flea markets in Vietnam makes me wonder how many other pieces of "memorabilia" are out there - and how many could provide vital information about American troops still missing and unaccounted for from this war.*

*Okay, I acknowledge that, with the commitment of JTF-FA, our government is doing something to account for these Americans, but this story makes me believe that much more could easily be done. If you agree, get involved - write your Representatives, fly that POW-MIA flag, and help educate the public by telling everyone who will listen that we want a full accounting for ALL POW-MIAs from ALL wars. This is "Why We Ride"!*

*To learn more about the found dog tags, including the names on them, visit: <http://www.founddogtags.com>*

*Reporter Jim Six's comprehensive article can be read at:*

<http://www.nj.com/news/gloucester/columnist/index.ssf?/columns/jimsix/specials/jimsix0204.html>

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## Displaying the Flag: Standards of Respect

The Flag Code - Title 36, U.S.C., Chapter 10 - formalizes and unifies the traditional ways in which we give respect to the flag, and also contains specific instructions on how the flag is not to be used.

Since many RFTW riders display the flag on their bikes, and RFTW often participates patriotic ceremonies, we've been asked to highlight some of the rules for displaying and honoring the flag, which are particularly applicable to RFTW. Our thanks to the American Legion for providing this information. For more information about the flag, including the Flag Code, Pledge of Allegiance, folding the flag, and more, visit <http://www.legion.org/americanism/flagtoc.htm>



### Displaying the Flag Outdoors

When flown with flags of states, communities, or societies (*to include the POW-MIA flag,*) on separate flag poles which are of the same height and in a straight line, the flag of the United States is always placed in the position of honor - to its own right. (*This means that, when flying the flag from the back of a motorcycle along with the POW-MIA flag, the United States flag should be displayed on the rider's right - or, throttle - side of the bike.*)

The other flags may be smaller but none may be larger.

No other flag ever should be placed above it.

The flag of the United States is always the first flag raised (*or attached to bike,*) and the last to be lowered.

When flown with the national banner of other countries, each flag must be displayed from a separate pole of the same height; each flag should be the same size, and they should be raised and lowered simultaneously. The flag of one nation may not be displayed above that of another nation.

The flag should not be draped over the hood, top, sides, or back of a vehicle or of a railroad train or a boat. When the flag is displayed on a motorcar (*or motorcycle,*) the staff shall be fixed firmly to the chassis or clamped to the right fender.

### Raising and Lowering the Flag

Ordinarily, the flag should be displayed only between sunrise and sunset. It should be put away or furled (*rolled up*) at night. The flag should be illuminated if displayed at night

The flag of the United States of America is saluted as it is hoisted and lowered. The salute is held until the flag is unsnapped from the halyard or through the last note of music, whichever is the longest.

### Care, Maintenance and Disposal of the Flag

The flag should be cleaned and mended when necessary.

When a flag is so worn it is no longer fit to serve as a symbol of our country, it should be destroyed by burning in a dignified manner.

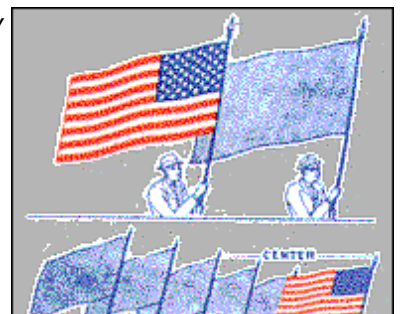
*Note: Most American Legion and VFW Posts regularly conduct a dignified flag burning ceremony, often on Flag Day, June 14th. Contact your local post to inquire about this service.*

### Parading and Saluting the Flag

When carried in a procession, the flag should be to the right of the marchers (*this includes display from vehicles, such as cars and motorcycles.*) When other flags are carried, the flag of the United States may be centered in front of the others or carried to their right. When the flag passes in a procession, or when it is hoisted or lowered, all should face the flag and salute.

### The Salute

To salute, all persons come to attention. Those in uniform give the appropriate formal salute. Citizens not in uniform salute by placing their right hand over the heart and men with head cover should remove it and hold it to left shoulder, hand over the heart.



Members of organizations in formation salute upon command of the person in charge.

The flag should not be used as part of a costume or athletic uniform, except that a flag patch may be used on the uniform of military personnel, fireman, policeman and members of patriotic organizations.

### **The Pledge of Allegiance and National Anthem**

The pledge of allegiance should be rendered by standing at attention, facing the flag, and saluting.

When the national anthem is played or sung, citizens should stand at attention and salute at the first note and hold the salute through the last note. The salute is directed to the flag, if displayed, otherwise to the music.

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### **The Power of a Name**

By: Valerie

I never really imagined that a name could have so much meaning. Walking along the Vietnam Veteran's Memorial I was faced with thousands of names belonging to thousands of people who had each given their lives for our country. I stood there, surrounded by spectators, all quiet in respect and honor, but the personal meaning didn't reach any deeper than the engraved letters on the wall. To me they were just labels, not the true souls that they represented. I had never known the soldiers who had lost their lives; I hadn't even been alive to experience the war.

I slowly made my way deeper into the list, passing flowers and small gifts left in remembrance. I saw a wreath left by Boy Scout Troop #471, and a letter left by a little girl for her "grampa." For some reason it surprised me that people would come to the memorial to pay their respects to their loved ones. Wasn't this just a place for tourists to come take pictures of a very historical monument? Besides, they were, after all, just names.

Soon I began to become tired of the repetitive carvings in stone. Row after row, it became harder and harder for me to imagine that each identity listed had a true character and personality. I began to walk on the less crowded side of the path that was farther away from the wall. After snapping a few pictures with my disposable camera, I thought I had experienced the essence of the memorial.

Then I saw something that made my heart fall silent and my feet freeze in their place. There, standing in front of Section 34 on the right half of the wall, was a woman. Her royal blue outfit and white gloves highlighted her dark chocolate skin, making her stand out from the crowd as it rushed past her. It was as if she were in a completely different world, surrounded by nothing except her thoughts. I watched as she reached her gentle hand up and lightly touched the wall in front of her. Slowly, she traced her fingers over the name "Frederick Holeburg."\* She stroked it with such softness and purity, it was as if she had never felt anything more precious in her life. Closing her eyes, she took a breath, and I could see her imagine him standing there in front of her. She didn't move, as if afraid to lose her husband all over again Her breathing became so deep and relaxed, she seemed to be in a state of complete solitude. I tried not to make any noise, even though I knew she wouldn't notice. I didn't want to disturb what seemed to be such a placid and tranquil moment.

By looking at the way she held her hand against the stone, I felt I could see back into the many years they spent in each other's arms. I could see her smiling at him and touching his face; not just his name. I saw them taking long walks and falling more in love with each other every minute they were together. I could see him holding her hand as long as he could as he had to leave to go and fight in the war. I could see her sitting at home, barely being able to sit still, as she waited to hear news of him. I could see her crying when she found out he had died.

Then, as if she had suddenly awoken from her dream, a tear quickly ran down her cheek. She opened her eyes and looked at the name of the one who had meant more than anything else in the world to her. She began to cry as she leaned her head against the wall. "I love you," she said. "I will always love you."

With that she stood up and wiped her eyes. She pressed her lips against her hand, making sure that her kiss would be felt, and then she touched her husband's name one last time. Slowly her arm retreated down to her side, and after standing in peace for a minute, she reached into her purse and pulled something out. She placed it on the ground, glanced at the wall once more, and slowly turned and walked away.

I moved closer towards Fred Holeburg's name. Beneath me I saw a white rose with a maroon red bow tied around it. Next to it lay a white card with calligraphy writing. I leaned over to read what had been written;

"In honor of the best husband, chef, and friend I have ever met: I love you, Fred."

I smiled as a tear rolled down the side of my face. I never guessed that a complete stranger could have such an effect on me without even knowing. In those twenty minutes I learned more about life and about myself than I could have ever aspired to learn in months. I learned what it means to truly love someone. I discovered that some people are cherished so much in life and death that the sight of their name can cause great emotion in those they have touched.

Fred Holeburg had made an impact that went deeper than the engraved letters of his name. Fred Holeburg affected the fate of his country; Fred Holeburg affected the soul of his wife; and unintentionally, Fred Holeburg affected my heart. To me he was no longer just a name on the side of the wall. Even though I had never met him, I knew he was a hero, and that he deserved so much more recognition than he received, as did the other thousands of names that stood in front of me. Looking around, I no longer saw thousands of words; I saw thousands of brothers, grandparents, husbands and sons. I saw inspiring people who each had been adored by their loved ones. Only then did I realize the essence of the Vietnam Memorial. It is not a name that needs to be remembered, it is a person.

I then quickly began frantically reading the names on the wall, trying not to miss one of the remarkable soldiers that undoubtedly deserved so much more than just a glance. I wanted to understand and learn about each man who had lost his life, but then I became aware of the amazing magnitude of the memorial.

As it was time to leave, I thought of the countless soldiers' names that I did not even have time to read, let alone get to know. Even though I couldn't get to know each soldier in the war, my eyes had been opened to a new world of perspective.

I walked away from the wall, the names growing smaller with every step I took. Finally they were no longer visible, and I said goodbye to the names I had read, and the heroes I had respected.

\* The name "Fred Holeburg" is fictional.

*Valerie is thirteen years old. She visited The Wall while on a class visit to Washington D.C. She is an 8th grade student at The Castilleja School in Palo Alto, California. This story was sent to us by her teacher, Nancy Ware. Nancy will pass comments to Valerie using this Email Address: [nanwebware@aol.com](mailto:nanwebware@aol.com)*

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## POW/MIA Statistics

The following statistics are provided by the defense POW/MIA Office, via Andi Wolos & Bob Necci (POW-MIA InterNetwork) and the The National League of POW/MIA Families.

Live Sightings: As of June 5, 2001, 1,910 first-hand live sighting reports in Indochina have been received since 1975; 1,896 (99.27%) have been resolved. 1,318 (69.01%) were equated to Americans now accounted for (i.e. returned POWs, missionaries or civilians detained for violating Vietnamese codes); 45 (2.36%) correlated to wartime sightings of military personnel or pre-1975 sightings of civilians still unaccounted for; 533 (27.91%) were determined to be fabrications. 14 (.72%) unresolved first-hand reports are the focus of current analytical and collection efforts: 13 (.68%) are reports of Americans sighted in a prisoner situation; 1 (.05%) are non-POW sightings.

The years in which these 14 first hand sightings occurred is listed below:

Years	Number
Pre-1976	13
1976-1980	1
1981-1985	0
1986-1990	0
1991-1992	0
1993-1994	0
1995-1996	0
1997-2001	0
Total	14





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