

The VietNam Triple Deuce

An Association of 2^{Bn} (Mech) 22nd Infantry VietNam Veteran Mech Men

Edited & Published by John Eberwine • Charlie Company 2nd Platoon 2/22 Sep 67 - Sep 68

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Welcome to 2000!

How do you feel now that we have made it into the year 2000 and we can leave behind the 60's and 70's, which for many of us, carry an enormous burden;

they are still very unforgettable and obviously, quite liveable.....each and every day.

In the last five years, this coming together of men who served with, and in support of, the Triple Deuce in VietNam between 1966 and 1971 has been a catharsis, a healing experience that each and every man who has been contacted has felt to some degree.

Some men, for the first time since they got off that plane, from VietNam, some thirty + years ago, have been finally able to talk about their experiences with family and friends. Some finally realize, for the first time, that they are not alone!

I for one, can tell you that there were at least five times, during my tour, that I *knew* (or at least strongly felt) I would never see the next day of my life, and that, but for the Grace of God, my relatives would be laying hands on the VietNam Memorial Wall to try to communicate with me.....as we have all seen so very many relatives do.

If you are reading this today, no matter what your feelings are or your experiences were in VietNam, there was a plan.....a purpose for you to be here today. Someone once said there were no *Atheist* in the foxholes. No matter whether you spoke to God, Allah, or Buddha, were Islamic, Protestant, Catholic, Jewish or whatever, you men who are reading this today *know* there was someone or something *bringing you back alive*. Look into yourself to see who you may reach out to touch.....to heal.....and therefore to start the healing from within.

BY JOHN EBERWINE-EDITOR

What is and Who are the VietNam Triple Deuce?

Some folks may not realize that everyone who reads this newsletter will not know exactly who we are, and what this is all about, so I thought I'd tell the story, or at least as much as I know. The Triple Deuce is the nickname for the

Second Battalion of the Twenty-Second Infantry Regiment. Written out it would be 2nd Bn (Mech) 22nd Inf, or 2/22. The (Mech) part is because the 2/22 was Mechanized Infantry, meaning the we had armored personnel carriers (APC's) or *tracks*, as we were apt to call them. These vehicles were less than a tank, but they were armored and had 50 caliber machine guns mounted on top and room inside to carry a lot of ammunition, c-rations and other ordnance, including a dry change of clothes and some personal goods for each man and they rode on tracks rather than wheels..

The VietNam Triple Deuce started out as a Battalion in Fort Lewis, Washington somewhere in the early 1960's era as part of the 4th Infantry Division. The men were doing basic infantry training to go over to VietNam and therefore trained together from early 1965 until September 22, 1966 when they boarded the USS Walker, a troop ship, that delivered them to VietNam on October 9, 1966. These men, who were the first of the 2/22 to land in VietNam, are affectionately called by those of us who followed after them.....the *Originals* or *Boat People*.

These men had to learn, *the hard way*, how to fight the Viet Cong, and at times the North Vietnamese Army (NVA) soldiers, all of whom were very skilled jungle warriors, and had been fighting since WWII. Fortunately, for me and all those 2/22 Vets who are reading this today, those *Originals* learned well, and imparted their training on to us, so we could stay alive. In August of 1967 the 2nd/22nd was permanently assigned to the 25th Infantry Division. On December 7, 1970, the Unit departed VietNam and returned to Ft. Carson, Colorado, USA.

In succeeding issues, I'm hoping that some of these *Originals* will come forth with some stories of the beginning.

BY JOHN EBERWINE-EDITOR

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a preponderance of memories, some very good, some very bad and for some men,

Reunion of 22nd Infantry Regiment Society (IRS)

Location & Dates: The 22nd Infantry Regiment Society's next Reunion will be held in Cleveland, Ohio, from Thursday, Oct. 5, until Sunday morning, Oct. 8, 2000. Also for information: Monday, Oct. 9, is Columbus Day (a holiday for some)

Fees: A Reunion Registration fee of \$10 per member (dues paid for 2000) and \$5 for each guest over age 18 are due when registering. Upon request, we will delay deposit of your reunion check until August 15.

Contacts: Reunion Chairman Brad Hull (A Co. 2nd Bn. 1969-70) can be contacted at BradHull@juno.com, (440) 871-8975, or 398 Douglas Dr., Bay Village OH 44140. Awb Norris receives all Registrations.

Hotel & Lodging: *Holiday Inn Westlake*, conveniently located just north of the Crocker-Bassett Road Exit 156 of Interstate 90 in the western suburb of Westlake, is the locale for all Reunion events. We have initially reserved 125 of this 5-story hotel's 266 rooms at the discounted nightly rate of \$92 plus 14.5% tax (\$105.34). Amenities include free parking and airport shuttle for guests, 50-foot heated swimming pool & whirlpool in the Atrium, a fitness center with sauna, outdoor jogging track & nature trail, full service restaurant & lounge, onsite travel agency, gift shop, beauty salon, in-room coffee makers, irons & ironing boards, hair dryers, complimentary USA Today, TVS with PPV & Nintendo, video checkout, and room service. The discounted room rate is available to Reunion attendees from Tuesday (10/3) through Sunday (10/8) night for those who need more time to enjoy Cleveland's sights. Call *Holiday Inn Westlake's* direct toll-free number 800-762-7416 to reserve your room ASAP. Mention our group's name, specify one king or two double beds, and guarantee your reservation with a major credit card, which will not be charged until the reunion. Brad will provide a list of nearby motels for those seeking more modest lodgings or if we fill the main hotel. If you want a roommate, contact Brad. RV's may hook up at *Crystal Springs Campgrounds* (phone 440-748-3200) in North Ridgeville, about a 15-20 minute drive from the hotel.

Driving: Cleveland is easily accessible via Interstates 90 & 80 (from east & west), 77 (south), 71 (southwest) and 76 (PA turnpike). Maps & directions to the hotel will be provided to all registrants.

Air Travel: Cleveland's Hopkins Airport is served by many carriers, including Continental and low-fare airline Southwest, which has non-stop flights from Chicago, St. Louis, Nashville and Baltimore with connections from many other cities. The hotel offers free airport shuttle service (15 min.) to guests (phone from baggage claim). Let the hotel know your flight number, date and times after you make your reservations for best service.

Bus & Train: Greyhound and Amtrak both serve Cleveland. Arrange your transport from the station.

Events: Registration begins Thursday. The Hospitality Suite will be open daily. A Golf Outing is planned for Thursday by Jim Frost © Co. 2nd Bn. 1966-67) and the traditional carving of the *Hemingway Smoked Turkey* is Thursday evening. Business meetings are Friday and Saturday morning. We have a Reception & Buffet dinner Friday and a Banquet dinner Saturday. An optional city tour is on Saturday. The Reunion closes following the Sunday morning Memorial Service.

Hospitality Suite: Free beer, mixed drinks, soft drinks (pop, iced tea, coffee) and snacks will be available to attendees daily in our social center. Sandwich fixings will be provided for lunchtime.

Viewing Room(s): Hotel conference rooms near the Hospitality Suite can be used to display photos, maps and other memorabilia, to show slides and for small-group meetings. Groups should schedule room use.

Friday Reception & Buffet: A cash bar reception & selection of Italian, Mexican & Oriental cuisines are in the ballroom Friday evening. Cost is \$26 per person, including coffee, tea or milk, tax & tip. Casual attire.

Saturday Banquet: Our banquet on Saturday is a sit-down dinner with a choice of Chicken Florentine (\$26), Dijon Salmon (\$29) or Prime Rib (\$30). Prices include tax & tip. All dinners include soup, salad, rolls, baked potato, fresh vegetable, dessert, and coffee, tea or milk. Cash bar. Coat & tie for men. A speaker follows dinner.

Optional Tour: We have initially reserved two wheeled trolleys (cap. 38 ea.) from *Lolly the Trolley* at 10:30 Saturday, following our business meeting, to take you on a 1-hour narrated tour of Cleveland, then drop you off at various downtown attractions, shopping and restaurants. The trolleys will shuttle you between locations and return to the hotel by 4:30. Cost is \$20 per person and we must finalize how many trolleys we need by August.

Attractions: Northeast Ohio has three Hall of Fame Museums – Rock 'n' Roll in Cleveland, Pro Football in Canton, and Inventors in Akron. Cleveland museums include the Great Lakes Science Center & Omnimax Theater, renowned Art and Natural History museums, Crawford Auto-Aviation, Steamship Wm. G Mather iron ore carrier, and the WW II sub USS *Cod**. Complete lists of Cleveland attractions and restaurants, including maps & directions, will be provided to all attendees.

Weather: Normal highs and lows for the reunion dates are 66° and 46°. Records for Oct. 5-8 are 90° and 30°. Snow is extremely unlikely. Peak color for autumn foliage usually occurs the third week of October, especially near 65° Lake Erie.

They Were Asked and They Delivered!

I, (John Eberwine) sent an e-mail message out to approximately 135 people who either served with us in VietNam or are family members. I requested they send to me, for inclusion in this newsletter, how they felt about this *coming together of former VietNam Veterans* and what it meant to their lives, their family's lives, and how they felt it changed them.

These are their stories!!.....

Editor's Note: In the last edition of this newsletter (Oct 1999) Suzanne Brady-Bullock made an appeal for anyone who knew her Dad to please come forward and contact her. *Please see below.....*

Father and Daughter

Suzanne (Brady) Bullock, daughter of Don Brady, an *Original C2/22*, e-mailed me toward the end of 1999 seeking whatever information I could give

on the unit her Dad served with. Below is her story from an e-mail message received December 28, 1999.

.....
 We had a fantastic Christmas. Well, it was pretty good, with a bit of sad. But good sad. The happy-sad kind. In November I was FINALLY able to locate the *Argosy* magazine that I started hunting for about ten years ago. It had an article on VietNam called "The Iron Fist" that ran in November 1967 - and mentioned guys my Dad knew then. He had asked me to find it, and after all these years, and with a lot of help from e-pals, I found the magazine in a hole in the wall in North Dakota, called Pandora's Books. I only visited the store *virtually*. Isn't Internet incredible?

I kept the secret for over a month, that I had THE magazine in my hot little hands. I was so tickled with myself, I thought I would bust. With the help of a dear friend on the East coast, I was also able to get an autographed copy of Chuck Boyle's new book "Absolution" for my Dad. The inscription he wrote would bring tears to your eyes.

Christmas morning before everyone arrived, I presented the gift to my dad

His initial reaction was a shock to me. I guess I hadn't fully considered what this *would* all mean to him. *When he thrust it all back at me and went outside, I felt lower than an ant on the deck.* He never said anything to me about any of it. I felt pretty bad.

The next day, Mom said that he had gotten out the magazine and made a comment of what incredible shape it was in. *Hope to shout* - it was in nearly perfect condition!

But what made me feel the best, was when I went into his "reading room" just yesterday and saw the autographed book on the coffee table there. The bookmark was on page 55. That was enough for me. I don't want or need him to say any more than that.

My Mom and Dad are going to Hawaii to visit Larry Peckham on February 22nd. (2/22 cool huh?). They'll be stopping in California to see George White (**Editors Note:** White was the Second Company Commander of 2/22 in VietNam) and possibly Norm Nishikubo. I am so excited for them! Wish I was going too! One of Captain White's privileges in VietNam was to shake each soldier's hand as he sent

them off to R&R in Hawaii. Dad was supposed to meet my Mom in Hawaii in 1967, but then he got sent home early instead. They have NEVER been to Hawaii and now, after all these years they are going! The stop over in California is so that Captain White can finally shake Dad's hand and send him off on a much deserved two week R&R!

You'll be happy to hear though, that I am Cleveland BOUND. Many changes are taking place which will help make that dream HAPPEN! I can hardly wait!

I have come so far in my relationship with my Dad over the past couple of months. I am so amazed at the changes he is making and accepting in his life.

When I was growing up, we never talked about the war. Now, he and I can talk about almost anything relating to VietNam. There are a few boundaries and I know where those are, so we are in great shape! He is my hero!

John, I just want you to know how very much I love and appreciate you for being there when I cried out for help on the web site. You were a shepherd, guiding me along a scary path. Your e-mails got me through some tough times. Thanks again for standing tall in VietNam. I appreciate you being there for my Dad in VietNam and for being here now for me and my family. Keep in touch if you have the notion. God Bless!

Suzanne (Brady) Bullock (C2/22-Assoc)
suzannebullock@juno.com
 20420 46th Ave East - Spanaway, WA
 98387

Editors Note: The following was also received from Suzanne from a more recent e-mail (*I can not tell you that each of us who served in VietNam hasn't experienced a moment like this*)

Sometime in early January Dad stopped by my house. He needed to talk. He'd been reading "Absolution" and one story in particular had him pretty rattled. Don't know if you've read the book (*I have*-John Eberwine), I haven't, but from what I can recall, the story was about a guy who had met his parents and fiancée in Hawaii on R&R. He'd been on his last patrol and was looking forward to working with the

chaplain when he returned to VietNam. However, when he was back in camp, he was ordered to go on "one last patrol". The kid pleaded with the officer not to send him, but he ended up going anyway, and never made it back alive.

Dad shared the story with me and then we both stood in my kitchen crying like babies. The overwhelming sense of loss was more than anyone should have to carry alone.

Suzanne (Brady) Bullock
 (**Editor's Note:** Suzanne -You never gave up on your Dad - You deserve a Silver Star for guts, courage and perseverance!)

From: "Larry Peckham & Associates"
From: appraiser@ilhawaii.net
To: John J Eberwine"
vietvet222@juno.com
Date: Tue, 22 Feb 2000 23:38:49
Subject: Don Brady and 2/22

Thanks for reminding everyone about Triple Deuce (February 22, 2000) day. It was made especially enjoyable since an old friend from Charlie Company 2/22, Don Brady arrived here in Hawaii with his wife. It was not planned that way, it just sort of dawned on me last weekend that he would be here on 2/22. The Lord works in mysterious ways.

It seems like we were just sitting on our helmets last week because *when we started to talk we realized that we still speak the same language.* Don, like a lot of us, has had some trouble coping with memories of VietNam.

His daughter (*Suzanne Brady-Bullock*) reached out to us, for him, on the internet and put us together. I hope I can do him some good. He is a good guy but needs to wrestle some demons. I am hoping to get him to Cleveland along with Art Peterson who I spoke to last week for the first time in 33 years.

Your efforts have not been ignored and your intentions are appreciated. Keep it up. Spank

Elfidio "Skip" Fabel

On October 20, 1999, I found the 22nd Infantry Regiment web page. Days later, I received the first of many e-mails from the members of the Triple Deuce Association. For over thirty years, I did not have any contact with any Triple

Deucers, and I did not realize what a void was in my life.

Upon my return to the States 33 years ago, I began writing about my tour. For whatever reason, I did not record the names of my brothers in arms in the stories or the pictures that I had. Over the years, the names had faded, and I thought were lost forever.

But the Triples Deucers came to my rescue; I have received a company roster, pictures, and the opportunity to communicate by telephone and e-mail with others from the 2/22. I have been able to put some names to the stories and pictures. I was able to look at the week of Thanksgiving 1967 in a different way with thanks of some brothers from C 2/22. It has also been interesting to see what has happened to us over the pass years.

I regret that I did not look for my brothers sooner, but now that I have found them, I never want to loose contact again. My mission now is to get to Cleveland (for the October 2000 reunion).

E. Q. Skip Fahel B 2/22, Apr 67-Apr 68
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 18018 Cerca Azul Drive, San Antonio, TX
 78259

From: Pat Cruciano

Being 'found' by the VietNam Triple Deuce has meant a great deal for me. First of all, it put me in touch with Austin "Blues" Kreeger, whom I hadn't seen since 2/68. Imagine my surprise and chagrin when I found out that we had been living only about 40 miles apart for all those years. Also, the Triple deuce enabled me to get back in touch with Bill Allison and Tom Lupei, two men for whom I always had great respect. And in reading the newsletters I've been able to fill in the gaps about several situations, battles, and people.

But the best part of being found has been that I'm now able to focus on the good times I had as a 'Chargin' Charlie Tiger rather than the negative. I'm able to once again enjoy the camaraderie we once shared without having to endure the horrors. My bride says she's seen a change in me since I was 'found'.

Also, my joining the Triple Deuce and the 22nd IRS inspired me to join the 5th Infantry Regiment society and 25th Inf Div Assn. since my first outfit in

VietNam was A/1/5 (Mech) (I was part of the infusion program in July '67 that brought several dozen troopers who had a few months seasoning in other Mech outfits to 2/22 in advance of the mass DEROS that occurred in 9/67).

Several months ago I posted the name of Mark Paloolian, one of my two best buddies, on the 25th Inf. guest book. A good soul by the name of Merrill Sellers (whom I've never met) found Mark, located my mother and called her to get my phone number, then gave it to Mark. Imagine my surprise and joy when Mark called me on Saturday morning just before Christmas. I never even knew if he made it home OK, and hearing from him may have been my best Christmas present ever. He's had a successful and productive life as a teacher, and we now hope to be able to return to VietNam together in the next year or two.

Grateful thanks to you, John (Eberwine), and to Bill Allison, Norm Nishikubo, Awb Norris, and all the super troopers of the VietNam Triple Deuce who have enabled me and so many others to experience the great joy of renewed friendships. God bless you all, always.

Sincerely,

Pasquale (Pat) Cruciano C2/22 67-68
phcruciano@rcn.com
 5408 Compton Circle, Virginia Beach, VA
 23464-6733 Tel 757-523-1363

P.S. - John, my check for this year's dues is in the mail today.

Contact After Thirty Plus Years

After I had read John Eberwine's request for us to write about how we felt being in contact with men we were in combat with 30+ years ago I thought to myself how can anyone really put on paper the words that describe the feeling. I have concluded that it can not be done in an adequate manner. So with that in mind please take the following for what it is. Namely an inadequate description of how I feel.

In July of '97, after Marcus Burk contacted, me the dam which held back thoughts of my 11½ months in VietNam burst. I stood in the way of the onrush and could do nothing to get out of the way. Frankly I was overwhelmed with what I

remembered. I started to contact the men I remembered because I needed to. I needed to satisfy a personal desire to reach out to my friends, **let me restate that**, I needed to reach out to my Brothers. Brothers born out of Combat. Brothers that I shed blood with, shed tears with, and laughed with. Yes even a Brother who I got into a physical confrontation with. I also needed to reach out to my Brothers who came before me and after me.

After each singular contact 30+ years later I felt more and more bonded to my long lost Brothers. I can not properly express how it makes me feel. All I can say is it feels good. It is difficult to write this without tears coming to my eyes. The tears coming is OK, because they are tears of joy. The contacts have also helped me with my healing process. It is good to know that my Brothers have faced the same devils that I have. It is good to know that they are there and will help if they are called on to do so. It is good to know that they are alive, well, and successful. It is good to make initial contact with the Brothers I did not know in VietNam and learn of their role in my survival. The knowledge passed on to me by those who came before me helped me survive. It is good to hear from my Brothers who came after me that the knowledge I passed on to them helped them to survive. It is good to know that as each day passes the number of my Brothers grows. It is good to finally realize that my Brothers are important to me because I love them.

I need to close this. It is not consistent with the character of the *flame thrower* a lot of you remember me as ("*smile*"). See you in Cleveland.

Norman Magnet Nishikubo C 2nd Bn (Mech) 22nd Inf 9/67-9/68 - 6802 N Rockhold Ave, San Gabriel, CA 91775-1034 Tel 626-286-1674 E-mail magnetc222@earthlink.net

Editor's Note: Norm has affectionately acquired the nickname *Magnet* since he attracted so many bullets and so much shrapnel that he was *Awarded* four purple hearts in VietNam. A quiet hero!!

Here is my story you requested

Glad to see you are OK and I understand about being busy at work. Give our best to Cindy and Rosic.

When I look back now and reflect after four years, I remember how nice it has been being reunited with the Triple Deuce (2/22) Infantry. My first reunion in Gettysburg, PA made a positive difference in my life. I had always wondered what might have happened to the men that were in my unit. The Triple Deuce had a strong bond that kept us together.

The war left me with years to try to cope and heal my internal wounds. Arriving back to the states, I quickly realized not to talk about my military experiences. The support from family and the men I served with helped me through some difficult times while serving my tour in 1967.

One phone call from Jim Nelson, a squad member to welcome me back to the 2/22 Infantry, was all it took to remember the good men I served with in VietNam.

My family has noticed a remarkable change in their lives and mine since my first reunion in Gettysburg. That first reunion, left me for the first time, proud to have served in VietNam. The reunion is also a way to remember our friends, family members and comrades that lost their lives while serving their country.

I look forward to future reunions and will work very hard to help our Triple Deuce organization grow.

Jim Frost - Locator

Co C 2/22 Inf. 4th/25th Div

3rd Platoon 1967-1968

1380 Wieneke Road, Saginaw, MI 48603-7372 Tel 517-792-3384 jbfrost@aol.com

Larry Peckham

I wasn't going to go to the 1999 reunion in Dallas due to scheduling problems in my office. John Eberwine sent me an e-mail that made me feel a little ashamed for my petty excuses, so I went. I called my wife after the 2nd day there crying as I talked about the people, the memories, and the positive emotions it gave me. Soon she was crying too and we have both been grateful for the experience. It is a joyful and rewarding experience that will live with me forever.

Larry Peckham appraiser@ilhawaii.net
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The VietNam Veterans Memorial Wall Names Project

For several years Brad Hull, Alpha 2nd/22nd(M) has been the prime mover in a cooperative research project to identify the names of all those listed on the VietNam Veterans Memorial who served with the 22nd Infantry by Battalion and Company, so they may be remembered and honored appropriately by their comrades.

Some 38,190 of the more than 58,000 names on the Wall were Army personnel. The most comprehensive list available only identifies each casualty's major unit (Division, Separate Brigade, etc.) and this information is not always complete or accurate. The 22nd Infantry served in VietNam from July 1966 to January 1972, with assignments to the 4th Division (1st, 2nd and 3rd Battalions), 25th Division (2nd and 3rd Battalions after August 1967), and I Field Force, Military Assistance Command and U S Army Forces VietNam (1st Battalion after November 1970) in South VietNam's II and III Corps and in Cambodia.

This project evolved from several individual efforts to identify those casualties from their own tour and/or company. Bill Schwindt, Charlie 3rd/22nd and John Otte, Bravo 3rd/22nd were among the earliest and most successful efforts. Brad Hull, Alpha 2nd/22nd(M) started with a simple goal of finding the names of the 16 men he remembered being killed during his tour beginning in July 1969 - knowing only one name. By 1994, he'd identified five more names from an 19 August 1969, incident in the Bo Loi Woods using an EDS database.

At the 1996 Reunion in Orlando, John Eberwine, Charlie 2nd/22nd(M) told Brad about a large database of Wall names (the Combat Area Casualty Current File - CACCF) he'd downloaded from the Internet. This database had additional information compared to most listings, including a Casualty Reason, MOS, Province, Race and a Tour Began Date, along with Home of Record, Age, Rank and/or Grade; This additional data would all be very useful in conducting searches when the name is (partially) unknown and/or the date is uncertain.

Brad took a copy of that database back with him on four floppy disks to try them out. He was so impressed that he downloaded a fresh copy of the Combat

Area Casualty Current File and converted it to a Microsoft Access database that he also enhanced. He soon found that powerful searches and interesting statistics could be produced with his new database. By phone, postal and e-mail, he began helping other 22nd Infantry Veterans identify their buddies on the Wall. With verification, Brad added battalion and company information to his database.

Each 22nd Infantry casualty must be identified individually and the information verified by official records such as order copies, morning reports and rosters or the personal recollection of other members of the unit who are familiar with the date and circumstances of the loss.

Lists compiled by other 22nd Infantry units were consolidated into the database and Brad became the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society's de facto curator of VietNam Veterans Memorial Wall Names and the expert in identifying all our fallen comrades. One by one or in small groups of names the list grew - to some 340 by the Gettysburg Reunion in October 1997, and over 500 at the Texas Reunion last May. Contributions came not only from our own too-numerous-to-name Veterans, but from our casualties' families, Friends, publications and web sites. Two people merit special mention: Associate Member Greg Brauer, brother of Art Peterson, C 2nd/22nd(M), devoted significant time at the National Archives in Washington DC, contributing nearly 40 names with unit assignments - many from a September 1967, 1st Battalion Memorial Roll. Since the Texas Reunion, longtime (since mid 1980s) Wall researcher Richard Coffelt provided nearly 90 new names and unit information.

Currently, over 640 22nd Infantrymen who died in VietNam have been identified by their assigned company. It is estimated the total for all three Battalions of the 22nd Infantry may be 900 to 950. Presently the 3rd Battalion comprises about 45% of the list, the 2nd Battalion accounts for another 36% and the 1st Battalion only has 19%. Obviously, we have yet to identify several hundred names.

Included in the database are attached personnel, such as Artillery FO's, their RTO's and Recon Sergeants. Medics are identified by both Headquarters Company and the line company(s) to which they were attached. Those who were killed in other units or during later tours after

serving in the 22nd Infantry are also included and so noted.

Every name added and every survivor who can now touch that name on the Wall compensates for the hours spent developing and maintaining the database. Brad also helps Veterans of other units, including PTSD patients at the Cleveland VA identify names. Our Wall database also helps link surviving family members with buddies of their fallen son, father or brother.

There are two primary reasons for contacting Brad Hull with any information or questions you have regarding our casualties. The first would be to help complete and verify the database. The second would be to obtain information about casualties that you are not aware of, or in some cases the fact someone you thought did not survive actually did. Every reunion I've attended has guys who last saw each other on a Medevac 30+ years ago who never before sought nor learned each other's fate.

The smallest clue can lead to identification even if you do not know the name or exact date of the incident. By comparing other information in the database such as the Province, Casualty Reason, MOS, Race, etc. a group of potential names can then be checked against unit rosters or personal recollections.

You can reach Brad Hull by regular mail at: 398 Douglas Drive, Bay Village, OH 44140-2302, by home phone 440-871-8975, work phone/fax 440-835-1388 or by e-mail at: BradHull@juno.com - Thank You

Dues by Norman

OK folks, you can pay your Dues for Year 2000 any time now!!! So far (as of 02-04-00) only two (2) of you, out of over four hundred fifty (450) on the roster have paid. The total costs associated with the last newsletter you received was just over \$714.00. *I think the dollar figure just stated hits home.* If not.....here it is again.....in simple terms: The VietNam Triple Deuce (VN 2/22) **needs dues payments** from you so that it has the funds to send you newsletters.

If you can not make a dues payment, let John Lewis or I know. The Organization will cover you as long as it can. Also your situation will not be made

common knowledge. If you can't make the full \$10.00 payment but can make half of it please do so. Every bit helps keep the VN 2/22 going. Well, enough said about dues.

Hope you are planning to be in Cleveland this October. My best to you and yours.

Please send your dues to:
JOHN LEWIS 1692 30TH AVENUE, SAINT CHARLES, IA 08110-2858 TELEPHONE: 515-396-2701
Thank you! - Norman *Magnet* Nishikubo

We've Lost Another Fine Man

From: MCHURCH@ci.tacoma.wa.us - Mary Church
Subj: Triple Deuce Newsletter
Date: 11/29/1999 12:03:41 PM Eastern Standard Time
To: vietvetjie@aol.com - John Eberwine

Hi John,

I am writing to inform you that my husband, Forest David (Dave) Church, HHC 2/22nd (VietNam service 2/70-2/71), passed away suddenly on 7/16/99 of a stroke. He had just celebrated his 49th birthday. Please add his name to your "In Memory of..." section in the next newsletter as there may be others who remember Dave from Nam. Also, even though he is deceased, I would like to continue receiving the newspaper if that is okay. Would be glad to pay the going subscription rate. It helps me to read about other people's stories of VietNam.

VietNam played such a large part in our life together (we were married for 28 years). My husband was 100% VA disabled from combat related PTSD - that should tell you a lot. Anyway, Dave wrote two recent articles about being in Nam, including one that was published last Memorial Day in our local newspaper. I will mail these to you as you might want to include them in your newsletter (you mentioned that you were looking for material).

Dave had a great heart for veterans of all wars and led many people to get help for their combat related stress. I guess he felt that this was his mission in surviving Nam. He was a great man, very unselfish, and tried his best to be a good husband, father and friend, in spite of his

own private inner torment. While in VietNam, he served at Cu Chi most of his tour (age 19-20), fought in Cambodia, was injured and hospitalized, and left VietNam with two bronze stars with V-device. He always said that after Nam he was "living on borrowed time," and I guess his death at an early age demonstrated that he knew he wouldn't live to see old age.

My mailing address is: 4817 Sunset Drive West, University Place, WA 98467-1940. Should you need any other information, feel free to contact me. Peace to you and yours...Mary Church

From: Vietvetjie@aol.com - John Eberwine
Sent: Saturday, December 04, 1999 7:56 PM
To: MCHURCH@ci.tacoma.wa.us - Mary Church
Subject: Triple Deuce Newsletter - Association

Mary,

First let me tell you how saddened I am to hear of your loss. Since we've only been locating men for the last 3 years, it grieves me terribly to have located someone and then not to have developed a friendship with them at a reunion. Our time is too short!

My personal policy regarding our newsletter is that everyone we find will receive it, regardless whether they can pay the dues or not. Again, my own policy has been to mail newsletters to surviving family members and not expect to receive any dues. It's the least we can do to honor a fallen brother. I'm so glad you wrote to me, and hope you will feel that you are one of our ever growing family, including any children, if you are so blessed with them, and are always welcome at any reunions or gatherings of the VietNam Triple Deuce.

If you will send the stories Dave wrote to me by e-mail, I can import them right into the newsletter. Also, I have been begging wives to write stories. Perhaps, you could write from the perspective of a wife trying to understand the torment Dave lived with for all those years. It may be a catharsis for you and truly help other wives out there.

Please stay in touch and consider the reunion. Most wives come and you and your family would be welcomed with open arms. You may also see slides, photos, etc..

of the time Dave was there and maybe even a photo of him.

I always end my first correspondence to a "New Find" by saying: THANKS FOR BEING THERE AND WELCOME HOME!

I am sorry that I personally couldn't thank Dave, and welcome him home, but I'll vow to look him up someday on the other side of the "Wall" when I get there! Love,

John Eberwine

From: MCHURCH@ci.tacoma.wa.us
- Mary Church
RE: Triple Deuce Newsletter - Association
Date: 12/06/1999 11:53:47
To: Vietvetjie@aol.com

Thank you, John, for your heartfelt message. It meant a lot to me, and will to our son Matthew who is now 27.

Matthew and I have continued grieving Dave's loss together. But finally this weekend I put away the memorabilia of the war and the funeral and decorated my living room for the holidays! I guess that is a positive sign in moving on with LIFE on this side of the veil.

I have mailed you Dave's writings, as well as my own, via regular postal service because I do not know how to convert MS Word text to Word Perfect. I hope that someone will have the patience to re-key the material. Eventually, perhaps, I will contribute something else that is more in line with a wife and children living with the PTSD veteran of VietNam. I often felt like I fought the war also, even though I never set foot in country, and I know our son feels that way too. The war has had such a pervasive effect on immediate family members, and continues to. In spite of it, though, I would not have traded a minute of sharing life with that very precious man.

Living with it ALL, the good times and the horrible, helped me to grow spiritually and to mature in a way I possibly never could have done without knowing Dave and his problem. Dave taught me a lot.

Thank you again, John, for responding to my e-mail. You must be a very special man. I know Dave would have

enjoyed meeting you. As you say, someday.....on the other side of the Wall. Peace. **Mary Church**

September 30, 1967

After conducting platoon size searches in the area, the platoons closed to the Battalion laager at 17:15 hours. Bravo Company had Charlie Company to its right and Alpha Company the left. Bravo's Company Commander briefed the platoon leaders on the ambush patrol for the night. The 2nd Platoon would send a squad size patrol out to establish an ambush position 800 meters to the west from the perimeter. The patrol would depart the perimeter after dark, but no later than 20:30 hours. In addition to the patrol, each platoon would have a listening post out in front of their sector between 100-500 meters.

The 2nd Platoon Leader briefed his squad and then the squad prepared for the patrol. At approximately 20:15 hours, the patrol departed the perimeter. The patrol made slow movement because of moving a short distance and then holding in place. The squad would call in its status and position every 30 minutes to the Platoon Leader. After over an hour the patrol was still not in position. The Company Commander called the Platoon Leader and asked what the problem was, why isn't the patrol in position. The Platoon Leader told the Company Commander that the patrol hit some wire (probably *old abandoned concertina wire*) and had to find a path around the wire. The Platoon Leader then told the Company Commander that the patrol should be in position shortly.

At approximately 21:50 hours, there was the sound of gunfire and explosions to the front of C Company. The patrol called the 1st Platoon Leader and states that the patrol has been ambushed and hit hard. The Platoon Leader reports this to the Company Commander who goes to the platoon net (*radio frequency*) to hear what is happening. He also called the Battalion TOC (*Tactical Operations Center*) and informed Battalion of the contact. He alerted the 1st Platoon to be prepared to move out to assist. The patrol leader reported that he has five men down. This information was reported to Battalion.

The gunfire and explosion were very close to the Battalion perimeter, and there is a report that one of the listening

post of C Company had opened fire on a VC element. The Battalion now had two units in contact, however it sounded like the gunfire and explosions were coming from one place.

There was total confusion, both B and C Company wanted to send units to reinforce, but the Battalion Commander would not let the units move until he got more information, he wanted to make sure that both elements are engaged with the enemy. The C Company outpost reports *that they heard cries in English* coming from the killing zone. The outpost is yelling to cease fire, and calling out to the killing zone in English. The patrol responded that they are US troops, they are from B Company. The confirmation was made that the outpost had opened fire on the B Company Patrol.

The Battalion Commander directed C Company to send its troops to the contact area and assist in the evacuation of the wounded back to the perimeter. C Company went to the contact area, and returned with the men who were in the units from both B and C Company.

The B Company Commander and the 2nd Platoon Leader went to the C Company Sector to meet the returning elements of C Company with the wounded and other troops.

The patrol from the 2nd Platoon B Company had 1 man KIA (*killed in action*) and 6 WIA (*wounded in action*). The outpost of C Company (*also 2nd Platoon*) had 1 KIA and 3 WIA. It was determined that the patrol was delayed in its movement by some wire that was in front of the perimeter. The patrol kept moving to its right to go around the wire veering off course and to the front of C Company and into the killing zone of the outpost.

From EL FIDIO SKIP FAHEL.
 Bravo 2/22 1st Pltn LT 67-68 - 18018 Cerca Azul - San Antonio, TX 78259 Tel 210-494-7166 E-mail - eqf15@aol.com

14 Sep 67

Landed in Camp Alpha (I believe it was called) in sunny Southeast Asia. "VietNam" the Paris of the Orient. First two experiences when the door of the plane opened, "Heat and Shit"

If the *excruciating* heat didn't knock you off your feet coming down the steps, the overpowering smell of *human excrement* would do so. The third most

vivid remembrance was the smell of kerosene burning more human excrement. Without a bullet being fired in anger at me, I thought *how in the hell would I survive this?*

A couple of days in some sort of jungle refresher training where Korean soldiers snuck up on us in the middle of the night and took our dog tags right off our necks made us realize that if they were Cong, we would have been dead meat! And I'm still not with my permanent unit yet! *Jeez!*

Finally, they called off a bunch of our names and told us get your gear and get on that plane (a C-130 I believe), you're going to Dau Tieng! WHERE?

Not only was VietNam in the middle of nowhere, but Dau Tieng was "nowhere" in the middle of nowhere! Later I would actually love to hear the name Dau Tieng. It was home away from home, albeit for only 2-3 days out of every 50-60 days. Yeah! Those leg units (*non mechanized infantry*) used to think they had it rough. Picked up at their doorstep in a \$2 million dollar helicopter, with armed escorts, whisked away to their AO (*area of operation*), gently set down for an afternoon stroll, then picked up the next day, to sleep in their air-conditioned hooches at night. What a life those guys had!!!! (Just kidding fellas)

All the while we would spend 50-60 days at a clip in the field. I can remember some times being in the field so long without changes of clothing, that we'd take our jungle fatigues off at night, stand them next to the track, and let them pull guard duty! They wouldn't fall over, and the Cong couldn't get close enough, due to the smell, to cause havoc.

Seriously though, we grew to love those Tracks. They were home away from home. They were Mom & Dad, they were safety and comfort. Yeah, sometimes Charlie would get lucky with a stray RPG (*rocket*), but for the most part, they were our lifeline, and while lying on the ground in a fire fight, and hearing those 50 cal's (*machine guns*) pounding away around you, you got a sense that sooner or later Charlie would come to his senses and Di Di Mou (Vamoose?)

30 Sep 67 - 16 days in country and I'm on a nighttime five (5) man beefed up I.P (*listening post*) We're setting up at a crossroads about 500 meters in front of the perimeter. Around 10-11 PM we hear

sounds approaching on the road. *My heart is beating so loud* I know the Cong can hear it from 50 feet away. The Sgt in charge whispers that he'll throw a grenade to spring the ambush when they are in the *kill zone*; we should fire the claymores (*mines*) and throw grenades first and only then fire the 60's (*machine gun*) and automatic rifles.

We wait.....then I hear the grenade explode!.....*and all hell breaks loose*. Bullets cracking overhead, claymores blasting, grenades exploding; I throw my 2 grenades and fire my rifle.....I hear men crying.....*crying out Mom.....!*

The *sounds* of men crying *Mom* were coming from the road! *Stop, wait.....we're Americans, I yell!.....stop firing!* Now silence.....men all around are crying or whimpering, the man next to me *dead*, I grab the radio handset and forget all the training I had, I yell we just ambushed our own men? They're Americans! I think the Sgt then grabbed the mike and spoke to Charlie 6.

Soon I heard the tracks coming to get us. I helped drag Jackie Trosper (KIA) into the back of a track and climbed in. They put another man in with us, I believe it was Larry Weinrick, who had a sucking chest wound. I can still hear the sound whistling through his chest. I just remember saying, to I don't know who in the dark, that we need to put the plastic on the wound from the bandage, front and back, and someone in the dark track helped me do it.

Back at the first aide track, I overheard the medics say whoever put the bandages on Larry probably helped save his life, I take some comfort in that. I reacted to my training, not really because I thought about what to do. I never remember seeing Larry again, but he's not on the Wall, so I guess he made it. I will try my best to locate him.

To my knowledge, I was the only man not wounded that night. We had 1 KIA, they had 1 KIA, everyone else was wounded. Trosper and I were so close together (scared to death) just prior to the 1st grenade, I believe he took the brunt of a grenade that landed right next to him. He probably shielded me from any harm. I owe him my life! I can not remember names of the other two men who were on the LP.

Jackie Trosper, Larry Weinrick and I got to VietNam within 4 days of each

other. 12-15 Sep 67 This was our "Welcome to VietNam!"

By JOHN EBERWINE

Jim Frost Reflects

When I think back 32+ years ago on some of my VietNam jungle experiences, I can now laugh about this one.

I was stationed at base camp Dau Tieng, VietNam 1967. I was a Sp4 Infantryman, assigned to Charlie Company 2/22 Infantry, 4th Division (Mechanized).

Our Company was still involved with Operation Junction City, right after the battle of Soui Tre, (March 1967) because we were still 4th division at that time. Charlie Company's mission was conducting search and destroy operations, with sweeps in the jungle of War Zone C looking for Viet Cong.

During the week we had discovered many Viet Cong bunker systems, but no VC to be found. We did find hundreds of pounds of rice. There was a growing feeling among the ranks that we were getting closer to the enemy.

Our platoon had just been assigned a new man, with the rank of Corporal. The Corporal wanted to be an armored personnel carrier (track) driver. Luckily there was a vacancy for a driver, so he was given some training to learn this new job.

The open road part of the training went very good for the new man, but the open road and the jungle are quite different. I have always had a lot respect for (Mech) drivers, because of their ability to control the steering while breaking brush though the jungle.

Our platoon knew the enemy was very close, because during the night we had received mortar fire inside the laager perimeter. There were no casualties, but it did put the company on full alert. The next morning would be the corporal's first day to drive in the jungle. We also found out later that the next days' path our third platoon tracks would take would lead us into a Viet Cong ambush.

The morning brought frustration for our Corporal, because he was having some difficulties breaking down the jungle foliage. He kept falling way back from our Company sweep line. I knew our driver was doing his best to keep up, but our

platoon leader was constantly after the corporal to keep up with the group.

It was about mid morning, when all of sudden we started getting AK47 (automatic rifle) fire from up ahead. Bullets were flying everywhere. During this first initial burst of incoming fire, I heard the corporal yell at me to look out. I was just starting to turn around to look back, when a small tree hit me right on my helmet. The blow from the tree knocked me to the ground. The corporal had accidentally pushed the tree with the track. Slightly stunned, I stood up and could not believe what I saw when I looked down at my army fatigues.

My fatigues were completely red. I mean red, not as in blood, but as in RED ANTS. A full nest of hundreds of red ants covered my entire body. Two things I hated most were leeches, and red ants. I was in complete shock with those ants biting all over my body.

I realized I had to make a very quick decision on what to do, because we were still receiving AK47 fire to our front. I immediately jumped behind a large tree to my left and started to strip off my army fatigues, because it didn't take too long for those red ants to already be inside my fatigues biting. It seemed like it took a long time, but somehow I managed to be ant free in about 5 minutes. Even with the seriousness of the enemy firing on us, it must have brought a big laugh to the new corporal watching me wrestling with those ants. He apologized many times for what had happened. That was one day I was never going to forget.

We were able to control the AK47 with air strikes, and also the Corporal did turn out to be fine track driver.

JIM FROST C 2/22 1/67-1/68

Editor's Note: Another e-mail from Jim

Thanks for the reminder of November 23rd '67. Like Jerry Rudisill said, "Was it a dream...or did those things really happen?"

I was so close to Gibson when he was killed. I really enjoyed knowing him and probably should have written his family many years ago. I was young and I never thought about how family members would feel if someone wrote and told them about their loved ones. It could have been a healing process for them. There were other men like Gibson that I grew to like as

a brother during my one year in VietNam that were also killed. The big question for me that always came to mind during my quiet times.....is why am I still alive? Everyday might be my last day when you are involved in combat maneuvers. I guess it is like some people win the lottery.....and others do not. The luck of the draw. For what ever reason, I survived. I will never forget those men and the thousands of lives lost during the entire VietNam war.

Jill and I want to wish your family a great Thanksgiving.

Until next time - Jim Frost

Clearly.....!!!

There was this guy and he had a girlfriend named Lorraine who was very pretty and he liked her a lot. One day he went to work and found that a new girl had started working there. Her name was Clearly and she was absolutely gorgeous. He became quite besotted with Clearly and after a while it became obvious that she was interested in him too. But this guy was a loyal man and he wouldn't do anything with Clearly while he was still going out with Lorraine. He decided that there was nothing left to do but to break up with Lorraine and get on with Clearly.

He planned several times to tell Lorraine but he couldn't bring himself to do it. Then one day they went for a walk along the riverbank when Lorraine slipped and fell into the river. The current carried her off and she drowned. The guy stopped for a moment by the river and then ran off smiling and singing.....

Get ready, it's good.....

"I can see Clearly now Lorraine has gone"

Submitted by Ed Schultz
HHC2/22 67-68 8043 Chaucer Drive,
Weeki Wachee, FL 34607-2207
Tel 352-597-1939 sgateway@atlantic.net

12th Evac Hospital Reunion

The 12th Evac (Cu Chi, VietNam) Reunion will be held November 10-12th, 2000 at the Emily Morgan Hotel in San Antonio, Texas. Not only are doctors, medics, and nurses welcome, but med-evac chopper pilots and patients. Our patients were so important to us then (our main focus) but also important to us in the

present. It makes the reunion so much more important. Contact Dick Harder (former XO) E-Mail: Guy_Julie@msn.com

Please pass the word. Thanks.

Lily Jean Adams - Nurse 68-69 Cu Chi
From: LilyJean@aol.com

To: vietvet222@juno.com

Date: Sat, 12 Feb 2000 17:41:45 EST

Dad was with 2nd Bn 77th Arty

Editors Note: I received this e-mail message from our web page:

I don't know if I'm contacting the appropriate person. I am trying to get as much information as I can about the multi-battalion "Battle of Suoi Cut" (aka Fire Support Base Burt)

My father was involved in this engagement and died a few months later in an unrelated event in April of 1968.

I have a letter of appreciation dated 2/4/68 issued to the men of the "2nd Battalion 77th Artillery and attached Units"

It would mean a lot to me if you would assist.

(Editor's Note: I e-mailed some articles on Soui Cut and invited Sam to become an associate member)

Thank you so much for the e-mail and the attachment you included.

I neglected to give you any information about myself and father. My name is Samuel Thomas Beamon (DOB: 7/25/68).

My father's name is Thomas Keith Beamon (SP4; AUS; Btry A, 2nd Bn, 77th Arty, 25th INF DIV, VietNam). He entered active duty on 4/18/67 and commenced his tour in VietNam on 10/30/67. His date of death was 4/23/68.

Thanks again for contacting me. In addition, I would appreciate it very much if you would include me on your mailing list for your newsletter.

Sam Beamon 1287 El Rey Ave El Cajon
CA 92021-3321 sbeamon@home.com

Editor's Note: If any of you men who read this knew Tom Beamon or know of 2/77

men out there. please have them get in touch with Sam.

The VietNam Triple Deuce Association

At the Gettysburg Reunion (Oct 97) the Triple Deuce officially organized, elected officers and authorized those officers to make minor corrections to the by-laws. At the Dallas Reunion (May 1999) the Officers elected (or re-elected) of The VietNam Triple Deuce were:

Bill Allison, President 8201 Harrogate Hill, Montgomery, AL 36117 Tel 334-244-0467
E-mail - c6_222@bellsouth.net

Al Wetzel, A-VP 65-15 Chaparral Ln, Lithonia, GA 30038 Tel 770-482-1865
E-mail - a6bigred@usit.net

Bob Price, B-VP 1811 Gardenia Ave N, North Merrick, NY 11566 Tel 516-623-9253
E-Mail - bob222bco@aol.com

Gordon Kelley, C-VP Route 182 Box 216, Cherryfield, ME 04622 Tel 207-546-2892
E-mail - gkelley@nemaine.com

Ed Schultz, HHC-VP 8043 Chaucer Dr, Weekiwachee, FL 34607 Tel 352-597-1939
E-mail - sgateway@atlantic.net

Eric Opsahl, Recon-VP 5303 Dennis Drive, McFarland, WI 53558 Tel 608-838-4228 E-mail - epopsahl@aol.com

Jim Nelson, Secretary 815 N 9th St, Lincoln, KS 67455 Tel 785-524-4697

Note: New Treasurer - Mail \$10 dues and make check payable to: John Lewis 1692 30th Ave, Saint Charles, IA 50240 Tel 515-396-2701 E-mail - jbkenmel@netins.net

Kenn Smith, Judge Advocate PO Box 22012, Lehigh Valley, PA 18002 Tel 610-264-7682 E-mail - archstreet@email.msn.com

Joe *S&i* Kasparzk, Chaplain PO Box 39, Browns Mills, NJ 08015 Tel 609-893-3970

Trustees:

Jim Frost, John Miedema, Norman Nishikubo, Jerry Rudisill, Teddy Manley, John Clemente, Peter Holt & Bob Rossow

TRIPLE DEUCE DUES, (\$10.00) will be on a yearly basis. If you have to ask if you paid, send the ten bucks, because you didn't! Send your Ten Dollars (\$10.00) now if you haven't already. It will assure you that you continue to receive the newsletter and hopefully you will find that one "buddy" that you've been thinking about all these years.

Let me start off by saying that membership in the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society does not automatically make you a member of the VietNam Triple Deuce, nor does membership in the VietNam Triple Deuce make you a member of the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society. The VietNam Triple Deuce is an association of men who fought in your War.

Each organization is a separate entity, with separate dues, etc. although the VietNam Triple Deuce will always look to the 22nd IRS as sort of a parent organization, although unofficially.

NOW, we, the VietNam Triple Deuce, are just about out of funds after sending out the last newsletter. This one definitely breaks the bank.. If the majority of you do not feel it is necessary to contribute, whom do you think should pay for you to continue receiving the newsletters. We are mailing in excess of 420 newsletters now, while less than 45 men have paid their dues, and 3 of them.....contributed \$200+ each.

Maybe you don't want to receive the newsletters; if so please just drop me a line and we'll stop sending them. We have attempted to maintained a policy that we wanted everyone to receive one, regardless if they could afford to pay the \$10 dues or not, but we just can't keep subsidizing 300+ people.

REMEMBER, we encourage everyone to join both, THE 22ND INFANTRY REGIMENT SOCIETY and THE VIETNAM TRIPLE DEUCE ASSOCIATION.

IN MEMORY OF A 2/22 KIA's

Larry Allen Rice 11/04/66
Edward Earl Schell 02/06/67
Dennis John Breda 03/19/67
Bruce Anthony *Doc* Corcoran 03/19/67

| | |
|--------------------------------------|----------|
| Russell Lee Root | 03/19/67 |
| Alfred Frederick Alvarado | 09/04/67 |
| Earl Russell Cobb | 09/04/67 |
| Michael David De Camp | 09/04/67 |
| Clarence Earl Drakes | 09/04/67 |
| Donald Lynn Mc Alister | 09/04/67 |
| William Eugene Hargrove | 09/05/67 |
| Lawrence Adam Wojcik | 10/14/67 |
| Clayton Arthur Martin | 10/16/97 |
| Gilbert Thomas Beaupre | 10/25/67 |
| Ronald Dean King | 11/19/67 |
| Michael Bradley Paquin | 12/15/67 |
| Stephen John Whipple | 12/15/67 |
| Thomas Beeb Chambers | 12/16/67 |
| Edward L. Clemmon | 12/18/67 |
| Hopson Covington | 12/29/67 |
| Freddie Andray Blackburn | 01/08/68 |
| Phelon Herman Cole | 01/08/68 |
| Robert Risley Fryer | 01/26/68 |
| Larry Douglas King | 02/04/28 |
| James Thomas Davis | 02/15/68 |
| Lester Freeman | 02/15/68 |
| Clyde Richard McAfee | 02/15/68 |
| Mural McDaniel | 02/15/68 |
| Richard Lee Bosworth | 02/15/68 |
| Robert S Hutchinson II | 02/16/68 |
| Jerome Richard Kelly | 02/16/68 |
| Roger Dale Pyne | 02/16/68 |
| Warren Martin Beaumont | 04/12/68 |
| Carl Leonard Carson | 04/12/68 |
| Russell Hubbard Cornish | 04/12/68 |
| Rockford Grey Everett | 04/12/68 |
| Gary R Holland | 04/12/68 |
| Richard Allen Estrada | 04/13/68 |
| Gerald <i>Doc</i> Crawford Mull | 04/13/68 |
| Richard Peguero | 04/13/68 |
| Stanley Spikes | 04/13/68 |
| George Coleman | 05/13/68 |
| Joseph Angel Mena | 05/13/68 |
| Kevin Henry Ross | 05/13/68 |
| Michael <i>Doc</i> Cami Wittevrongel | 05/13/68 |
| OL Midkiff | 05/31/68 |
| Dennis Lee McCormick | 08/19/68 |
| William Richard Turner Jr | 09/19/68 |
| Donald Joseph Hertrick | 11/08/68 |
| James Allan Ascher | 01/08/69 |
| Dana James Kaeberle | 01/08/69 |
| Steven <i>Doc</i> Slusher | 01/08/69 |
| Daniel Irizarry-Acevedo | 03/08/69 |
| John Emery Bladek | 04/25/69 |
| Joseph Lawrence Logan Jr | 05/12/69 |
| David Rockwell Crocker Jr | 05/17/69 |
| Jerry N Creasy | 08/19/69 |
| Roberto Cervantes Duenas | 08/19/69 |
| John David Duncan | 08/19/69 |
| William Michael MacKay | 08/19/69 |
| George William Pearson Jr | 08/19/69 |
| Gary William Lahna | 09/05/69 |
| Kenneth Edward Heath | 10/31/69 |
| Roger John Flynn | 12/18/69 |
| Robert John Zonne Jr | 04/20/70 |
| David Frank Santa-Cruz | 05/30/70 |

Passed Away at Home

Larry G Travis ??????
Victor R Arrisola 10/06/97

**IN MEMORY OF
B 2/22 KIA's**

Raymond Albert Bizzell 01/13/67
George Henry Haddox 01/13/67
Henry Wayne Webster 01/13/67
Sidney Uel Goodin 02/06/67
Gordon William Stark 02/06/67
Carlos Ugarte 02/06/67
Edward Eugene Fortenberry 02/16/67
Lawrence Robert Kusilek 02/16/67
Ronald Grant *Doc* Mottishaw 02/16/67
William Raymond Sanders 02/23/67
Larry Anthony Crisci 05/17/67
Robert Mario De Dominic 05/17/67
Kenneth Ray Anderson 07/07/67
David Paul Coveny 09/30/67
David Wayne Fisher 10/23/67
Anderson Turner 11/11/67
James Brannon *Doc* Meek 11/28/67
Thomas Eugene Priesthoff 12/16/67
Robert Lewis Campbell 01/01/68
Edward Kubisky 01/20/68
Thomas Michael Ross 02/02/68
Steven Paul Linna 02/04/68
Terry Leo Trainor 03/13/68
Joseph Pat Strippoli Jr 03/17/68
Gene Tracy Covey 04/21/68
Dan Page Vannoy 05/13/68
Woodie Junior Dean 11/01/68
Albert Luminis Gay Jr 11/01/68
Daniel Charles Patterson 11/01/68
Douglas Hugh Kiker 11/21/68
Lawrence David Kutchev 11/25/68
John Michael O'Farrell 01/14/69
Merle James Martin 01/28/68
Thomas Alexander Becker 03/06/69
David Glenn Lovitt 03/06/69
Kenneth Michael Frain 03/11/69
Alvin Grimes 05/13/69
Raymond Richard Schifrin 06/11/69
Donald Henry McMains Jr 08/09/69
John Michael Davis 08/16/69
Raymond P Miller II 09/21/69
Anthony Jack Carlucci 11/20/69
Frazier Thomas Dixon 12/03/69

Passed Away at Home

Arthur A *Top* Werner 10/16/98

**IN MEMORY OF
C 2/22 - KIA's**

Joseph Cousette 11/19/66
Johnny A Chambers 01/08/67
Douglas J Sullivan 01/08/67
Michael Raymond Ishman 01/12/67
Gerry Wayne Lawson 02/08/67
Peter Barbera 02/10/67
Mark Delane Holte 02/10/67
Otis Lewis 02/10/67

Merrill Andrew McKillip 02/10/67
Charles Paul Pohlman 02/10/67
Rex Wheller Highfill 02/12/67
RC Perry Jr 02/13/67
Daniel Paul Donnellan 02/18/67
Dennis Richard Morrell 03/20/67
Thomas Duane Utter 03/23/67
Joseph Manuel Aragon 04/18/67
Edward Roy Lukert 06/11/67
Larry Arthur Merrill 09/02/67
Jackie Edward Trosper 09/30/67
Dennis Rex Estes 11/25/67
John A Gibson 11/25/67
Robert Lucian Mlynarski 11/25/67
Robert Andrew Van Patten 11/25/67
William Carey Janes 12/20/67
Thomas *Doc* G Bernardy 01/02/68
Jack Wayne Miller 01/02/68
Willie Petty Jr 01/02/68
Anderson Linwood Ruderson 01/13/68
Joel Kenton Brown 02/18/68
Lytell B Christian 03/13/68
David Kenneth Ditch 03/13/68
Todd *Doc* Earl Swanson 03/13/68
John Edward Nelson 04/13/68
Benjamin Allen Honeycutt 05/02/68
Andrew L Heider 05/13/68
Ernest Lee Elliott 06/20/68
Larry *Doc* R Kennann 06/20/68
Sidney Chester Squires 06/20/68
David Lynn Stockman 06/20/68
August Ferrel Bolt 07/01/68
Robert Charles Dickinson 07/01/68
Fred V Jurado 07/01/68
William Rieves Curry 07/06/68
Sam Joseph Favata 07/21/68
William Scott Watts 11/21/68
Leon Ray Brooks 12/17/68
David Vernon Adams 01/14/69
Dwane Lonnie Adams 01/14/69
Paul Arron Stone 01/14/69
John Earl Warren Jr.....*M*..... 01/14/69
Phillip Bailly 03/11/69
Thomas Poldino 03/11/69
William Howard Keeler 03/24/69
Robert Glenn Sekva 06/11/69
Michael Dennis Kelly 08/06/69
Duane Alan Clefish 08/30/69
Ernie Lee Wallen 08/30/69
Gary Patrick Hershberger 11/25/69
John R Noughton Jr 11/25/69
Jack William Pomeroy 11/25/69

M - Awarded Medal of Honor

Passed Away at Home

John W Hilsmeier 67-68 12/04/77
Steven E Tyler 66-67 01/01/88
Jim Wagner 66-67 07/29/96
Robert Red L. Dodd 67-68 04/01/96
James Sammy D Kay Jr 67-68 09/18/98
Donald Shackett ?? ????/97

IN HONOR OF

D 2/22 KIA's

Walter Sturgeon 02/23/69

**IN HONOR OF
HHC 2/22 KIA's**

Wayne Thomas *Doc* Provencher 05/10/68

Passed Away at Home

Forest David *Dave* Church 7/16/99

**IN HONOR OF
RECON 2/22 KIA's**

Michael Gerald Peterson 10/26/66
Thomas Ralph Murphy 11/06/66
William *Doc* David Lambert 12/07/66
Frank Monroe Murphy 12/07/66
James Essary 01/17/67
Edward Ralph Glenn Jr 01/17/67
Yvon Andre Hebert 01/17/67
Dale Clarence Schummer 01/17/67
Michael Francis Smith 03/18/67
Houston Clifford Box Jr 01/02/68
Marvin Dewayn Canterbury 02/23/69
James Frederick Utternark 02/23/69
Orla Daniel Haumack 06/07/70

**IN HONOR OF
TRIPLE DEUCE (2/22) KIA's
WHOSE COMPANY IS
UNKNOWN at PRESENT**

John Gaylealon Davis 11/24/67
Millard Wade Farbro 11/24/67
Richard Howard Parker 11/24/67
Raymond Perez 11/24/67
Jerald Jerome Shelton 01/28/69
Lavalle Walker 01/28/69
Garry Lee Hayes 05/01/69

Perhaps someone who reads this can shed more light on what Company these men were with.

Please, if you think there are more KIA's than I have listed, please let me know and also if you think I have someone listed who does not belong, let me know that. Also, if you are aware of any men who passed away after returning from VietNam, please send me the information.

I'd like to thank each and every man who, for the past 4 years have contributed to the addition of names to our KIA list. **Brad Hull deserves a special mention as he has tirelessly followed up every lead to pay the *Final* tribute that is deserving to the Men of the Triple Deuce.** Even though these men have their names etched on the WALL, by listing them here in our newsletter, it reminds us 4 times a year to stop and reflect on their sacrifice and how truly fortunate the rest of us are to be alive.

THANK YOU - JOHN EBERWINE

Absolution!.....A True Story of Charlie 3rd Bn 22nd Infantry

Absolution, a true story, is one of horror and love. It speaks to the vulgarity of war, and the nobility of the warrior. For those who lived and fought the war in VietNam, it comes as no surprise that sorrows and regrets are the final consequences of battle. If war is hell, then VietNam was fuel for the furnace. Between 1960 and 1975, hundreds of thousands of young men, most of them barely teenagers, were torn by conscription from their unworried lifestyles.

In a matter of days, they were thrust into the barbarity of a civil war. Inadequately trained for jungle warfare, and initially armed with a defective weapon, they acquired their "killer skills" by instinct and imagination. Transformed by necessity, these genteel sons quickly became the brutal gladiators that their government expected them to be. For the foot soldier in VietNam, death by any means was the ultimate objective.

"What's your body count?" commanders asked their soldiers each evening at tattoo, as if the war was a sport, and as if a scorecard named the winner. From the shortsighted viewpoint-to search and destroy-emerged a legion of men struggling with an even greater battle, personal and private. It was a moral conflict that only those who have taken another life can comprehend. Exacerbating their dilemma, a powerful and biased news media created a myth that quickly spread across America. They created the illusion that the VietNam-era soldier was a misfit, a perverse example of a military machine gone awry, wreaking havoc and destruction upon innocent civilians.

The sources of the myth are well known, their lies laid bare now. After the fighting was done, someone coined a new phrase: "the only war we ever lost," they said. They passed that false legacy on to the VietNam veteran, too. They would have you believe that the soldier lost the war, when, in fact, he lost nothing but his youth and innocence. Absolution: Charlie Company, 3rd Battalion, 22nd Infantry brilliantly focuses on the incredible horror and hardship faced by the individual soldier on the ground. Boyle's realistic and authoritative account deserves to be read and placed as a much needed addition to any soldier's bookshelf.

Robert A Lynn Editor - Military, Bravo/Veterans Outlook and Military Heritage Magazines

For your personally autographed hardbound copy: send a check for \$30.95 to Chuck Boyle PO Box 8187 Clinton, LA 70722 or fax him with your credit card number and expiration at 225-292-8621 or call him at 225-292-4246 or e-mail him at apcho@aol.com **DO IT NOW!**

Editor's Note: Last newsletter, I gave you excerpts from Mike Grove's A2/22 first two months letters home from VietNam. The story picks up in mid June 1968

The Groves Saga Continues

15 June 1968 - You know what we call the states from over here? We call it the world. That's what it is to us, the world. It contains all our dreams and plans, everything that we've owned, loved, or hated is there, in essence it is the world. Here, here is hell. Most of the time, no all of the time you're scared. The only time you're not is when you're asleep, and then you have nightmares or wake up in a cold sweat or not even sleep at all. You start out the day hoping you don't go anywhere, praying that you won't find anything and then damming the SOB for throwing you into a fight where your friends and buddies or injured or killed.

CONTACT! That's the word that dries our throats and makes our body reek with sweat. We move slowly but irresistibly toward what we know can mean death and injury for ourselves and others. Always we think it will be the other man and praying to God it won't be anyone. When the first few rounds come flying our way, knocking down men and splattering against the sides of our tracks, we pray Oh my God, Oh my God, protect my life or take me now to end the anguish.

Our hands become sweaty and blistered from firing and pulling the handle on the fifty. Our throats are dry and parched for we have sweated all the water out of our body, and we are nauseated by the smell of blood and torn flesh that seems to clothe everything in a sweet putrid smell. I've felt the hot shrapnel hit my arms and chest burning it's way through the clothing to singe my skin. That's the way it is in a fire fight. You always come out sick from what you've seen. Not so much of the dead VC but the tracks that have bits of blood, flesh, brains and bones splattered against the track.

Maybe what I'm saying I shouldn't say to you, but I feel everything should be shown and told to Americans at home, who

sit in chairs and ask what is happening to us, instead of taking steps to take control of what is happening. Every American should see a GI shot through the neck and watch blood pour out with no way of saving his life, like I had to do with Woody, and may God rest his soul.

I wish every American could smell burning flesh and the rotting stinking smell of it as you go back in a VC base camp after the fight to get a body count. Digging up bodies of the VC. Dragging out bodies without head, arms and even the whole trunk missing. Then throwing these bodies in a pile to get the "count" so Washington gives it's latest figures on VC dead for that day or week. This is what it's like, the way it happens and how I feel.

Whether this should have been written to you makes no difference now because it's done. I hope that if you come to a person who jokes or cuts down the GI over here, I hope you show him this. It's no joke. It's real and it is reality. A sad thing about it all is that those of us who do come back will try our best to forget what we saw here. At least I know I will. I couldn't live peacefully with memories of this year, it's better that I put it in the back of my mind. I just felt as if I had to tell you how I feel about this war.

(I cannot remember Woody's name.) He was one of the three left on the track when I was first assigned to the squad. He took me under wing and said to stick with him he would take care of me. The day Woody was killed, I would normally be manning the .50 but that morning, a new guy who was just assigned to our squad asked if he could man the .50. After explaining to him that the .50 was a hot place to be if we had any contact, he insisted on it. So I let him take my place. That day we received fire from a village, Woody and I jumped off the track and started moving into the village. In front of me was some brush, kind of like a hedge row. I fed a clip of M16 fire into it for effect. As I was kneeling and changing clips, Woody tapped me on the shoulder, told me to drop back and he would continue fire. I did. As Woody raised his M16 to his shoulder, he took small arms fire in the neck. Nothing I could do as I watched him die as the medic tried to save him. I cried like a baby that day. The driver of our track "Hacker" took me by the shoulder and said I only had two choices. I could cry like this each time one

of us were killed, in which case, he assured me I would be a basket case before long. Or, I could just accept it and move on. When I got back to the track, Hacker told me the .50 gunner was killed.

16 June 1968 - Charlie hit our perimeter last night with AK-47 and RPG fire. He also used some new weapon that fires many small rockets, at least we believe that's what it was. Whatever, it sure scared everyone. There were four wounded (none from our company) and only one track was hit. It suffered five direct hits with RPG. They go through a track like a bullet through a cardboard box.

21 June 1968 - How's everything going? I'm in the grime of health. I say grime because I am a mite dirty. I'm getting to look like pigpen in Peanuts. I'm not for sure where we're going or where we're staying. Yesterday they said we'd be staying another two weeks, today, they say we'll go back to Tay Ninh, so who knows?

24 June 1968 - I just finished writing a letter to Mom saying that we were going back to Tay Ninh tomorrow. Well, they just said over our radio that we were going to stay here for another two to three days. Those dirty SOB's. You don't know how mad that makes me. We've been here almost three weeks and each day they say we're going back. It wouldn't really be so bad, but all our clothes and shaving gear are back in Tay Ninh and I'm getting pretty PO at the whole SOB mess.

This company has been "walked" over so many times it isn't funny. We never get the easy mission. Anytime anyone is in a firefight, it's send good old Alpha Company, anytime there is dirty work, send good old Alpha Company. Really, I'm getting pissed, along with everyone else. The past two days we have been mortared and shot at, but no sweat, that's all he did and no one was hurt. When we receive fire, I'm not scared except when they hit close to me, then I start thinking a little bit and become a little scared.

26 June 1968 - We have 69 men in our company. In Bravo company, they have 163 and in Charlie, just as many. That Bravo company hasn't been in a fire fight since January. Charlie company has had it just as easy pulling road security. Only Alpha company has been doing it all. We're so under strength it isn't funny.

Remember I told you all our stuff was at Tay Ninh? Well, one of our friends who is out of the field for now, says most of it has been stolen. That means I probably won't have a poncho liner (essential), poncho (very essential) I imagine I'll be missing two pairs of boots, my shaving bag and gear and all my clothes I wear. Boy, I hope it's still there, if not, I'll be in a world of hurt.

29 June 1968 - We have just swept through a wood line near Trang Bang looking for NVA we had been fighting. Luckily, all the air strikes and artillery drove them out as we only found a few dead bodies and some heavy weapons. After all this took place, we returned to Tay Ninh and left early this morning for road security near Trang Bang. Right now, we are stopped just outside of a village called Go Da Hau.

We've just been ambushed here. Lost one track to an RPG and suffered three wounded, one critically. We are setting just outside the point of contact waiting to get all the wounded flown out, and watching the gunships shoot rockets and machine gun fire at where we think the gooks are located. I imagine we'll push through the village. I'm not sure though, you never can tell what is happening till you are shot at, and then it seems everyone is in confusion. No need to worry, we were in the rear of the convoy when Charlie opened up. We immediately ran (should say drove) up to where the shooting was with fifty's blazing.

Too Soon Death.....

From: Deanna Lasister
To: Bill Schwindt
Sent: Sunday, February 13, 2000
Subject: Lost another one of 2/12 Infantry Members

Hello Bill,

I just opened our e-mail and was saddened to find a message from Garry Green's (Medic with 2/12 INF 67-68) daughter, Stacey. She wrote to inform us of Garry's death on Sat, Feb 12, 2000 after a short illness. His funeral will be held Thurs Feb 17 in Silvis, IL, with burial at Rock Island, IL in the Arsenal Cemetery with honors, as it well should be.

I will always remember the look on Garry's and Wade's faces, when they saw each other in Garry and Lucy's living room this past fall. The guys hadn't seen each other since Nam and had only made e-mail contact about a month before we drove down from Wisconsin. It was the first time either of the guys had personal face-to-face contact with a comrade from Nam. Garry couldn't believe that Wade had driven down just to see him.

I'm rambling, but please impress on the guys, if they have a chance to attend a reunion, to do so. Life is too short to wait for a better time to see old friends, for they may not be there. It was just a freak incident, but the Sunday that Garry and Wade got together was the same weekend that some of the 2/12 guys got together in Vegas. Garry wasn't able to go to Vegas and Wade didn't know about it until it was too late to get there. They had a reunion that I never will forget and for which I will always be thankful. Wade is in Louisiana again. I called him about Garry's death. It was as much a shock

to him as it was to me. Thanks for listening. God be with you.

As always, Dec Lasister

The Chow Line.....in General!

My dad, Private Donald Brady was in basic training at Fort Lewis, in January 1966. One day while in the field for training the Commanding General Collins came to see how his new troops were doing. They were heading for Viet Nam soon, and he wanted to see if they were learning how to be soldiers. The General approached a Private by the name of Polhan and asked him how things were going. The Private responded, "Sir, not bad with one exception!"

General Collins asked what that exception was. Private Polhan's response was, "Well, sir, I'm from Iowa. In farm country breakfast is a very important meal for us and I'm not getting enough to eat in the morning here."

General Collins, (not wanting to have one of his hungry troops writing a letter to his congressman to complain), said, "Well Private, tomorrow morning you tell the mess sergeant that I said you could have another egg for breakfast."

The next morning, Polhan was in the chow line, just a few guys ahead of my dad. Close enough that Dad heard the following exchange:

The mess sergeant was frying eggs as Polhan approached the grill. The private repeated what General Collins had said to tell him. The sergeant looked at Polhan and after careful consideration placed another egg on his plate and said, "Move on troop."

At that moment, there was a lot of commotion at the back door. Someone announced "ATTENTION!". And in walked General Collins. The General walked through the kitchen area, to the chow line where Polhan and the mess sergeant were still standing. General Collins approached the Private and said, "I thought I would stop by and see if you got that extra egg this morning." (The Sergeant had beads of sweat on his forehead, which could have been from standing over the hot grill, or...)

Private Polhan replied, "YES SIR, THANK YOU SIR!"

The troops were put at ease and continued with their morning meal.

Written by Suzanne Bullock and Donald Brady - December 1999

A Present for You

Something to think about. Imagine there is a bank that credits your account each morning with \$86,400. It

carries over no balance from day to day. Every evening the bank deletes whatever part of the balance you failed to use during the day. What would you do? Draw out every cent, of course!!

Each of us has such a bank. Its name is TIME. Every morning, it credits you with 86,400 seconds. Every night it writes off, as lost, whatever of this you have failed to invest to good purpose. It carries over no balance. It allows no overdraft. Each day it opens a new account for you. Each night it burns the remains of the day. If you fail to use the day's deposits, the loss is yours. There is no going back. There is no drawing against the "tomorrow". You must live in the present, on today's deposits. Invest it so as to get from it the utmost in health, happiness, and success! The clock is running.

Make the most of today.

To realize the value of ONE YEAR, ask a student who failed a grade.

To realize the value of ONE MONTH, ask a mother who gave birth to a premature baby.

To realize the value of ONE WEEK, ask the editor of a weekly newspaper.

To realize the value of ONE HOUR, ask the lovers who are waiting to meet.

To realize the value of ONE MINUTE, ask a person who missed the train.

To realize the value of ONE SECOND, ask a person who just avoided an accident.

To realize the value of ONE MILLISECOND, ask the person who won a silver medal in the Olympics.

Treasure every moment that you have! And treasure it more because you shared it with someone special, special enough to spend your time. And remember that time waits for no one. Yesterday is history. Tomorrow is mystery. Today is a gift. *That's why it's called the.....present!!*

From "Dick Nash" <nash222@netins.net>
Tue, 16 Nov 1999 19:57:25

Thanks Dick!

Choppers

I went over with the Co B 2/12 (*non Mech unit*) in Sept 1966. Although this story took place with them, I am sure that the 3/22 guys can appreciate this.

November/December 1966 at Dau Tieng, we were alerted for an assault in the morning. My squad was in the first lift. We marched over to the airfield and got on the first lift of Huey's. As we approached the LZ, I was looking at the pilots compass for bearings and watching the final artillery barrages hitting the LZ. As the artillery fire

lifted, the two attached gun ships dove ahead and opened fire on the LZ. During the final approach, I moved my squad out onto the skids. The pucker factor was up. The gun ships were moving around us firing rockets, machine guns and 40mm. Our door gunners opened up and for all we knew it was a hot LZ.

We hovered to a stop about five feet above the grass and on my nod we all jumped to the ground. I knew something was wrong when the grass went by my head and I was still falling!!! Elephant Grass, we fell 10 to 15 feet before impact! By sound I got the squad on line, and by compass headed toward our assigned area. I ordered open fire but my M16 jammed on the third round. A freshly cleaned rifle, clean ammo and minimum exposure to dust - *thank you Sam Colt!* With no cleaning rod (we had two and I gave them to the fire team leaders), I pulled my only secondary weapon out, an M72 LAW. Come on Chuck, make my day!!! We were not under fire so I got my M16 squared away. After securing the LZ and warning the rest of the lifts about the long fall, the Company deployed with only four men evacuated with sprains.

It was supposed to be a three day Company patrol. Two weeks later we were still falling through the jungle West of Dau Tieng. We were supposed to be flown out almost every night - IF we could get choppers. They never came or one lone VC would shoot at us and we would chase him for two or three more days. We would have skinned him if we could have ever caught that little annoyance! Finally this is THE day. We secure an LZ and my squad is in the forth lift. When I move my squad onto the LZ that little VC annoyance shows up and sends a burst across the LZ.

As I hit the muck, I am thinking. I saw tracer go down my left side and one down my right side. There were probably four rounds between, I heard a lot of cracks, but no one got hit, amazingly. Now things are really screwed up. We have lost two or three of our choppers due to breakdowns and all organization is gone. I get my squad on one chopper but I end up getting bumped off. It is overloaded. When I step out I realize this is the LAST lift and they are starting to move. There is only one more Huey behind this one and the gun ships are firing on the perimeter! I bolt for the last chopper and as I approach I notice the pilot shaking his head. I don't care if he

is loaded, I'm getting on! I put my head down and dive in the door, nearly sliding out the other side. This one is empty!!! My Platoon Sargent climbs in the left side and we sit down grinning and giddy on adrenalin. I am being shoved from behind and look back to see the poor right door gunner with my entrenching tool handle jammed under his visor - sorry. We are moving now and the door gunners open fire, only my gunner has a jam. He clears and tries again, jam. At that I switch to auto and dump a magazine. I look over at him while changing magazines. He is thrashing around pulling hot M16 casings out of his clothes - sorry.

Around January 1967, we had just gotten back to base camp from an ambush patrol. Before we could clean up we were alerted to move to the airfield. We had heard that the 3/22 had run into VC on the four hills about 5 Kilometers, north of Dau Tieng. Three of the hills were named, running northeast; Nui Tha La, Nui Cuc Cong and Nui Ong. We were to fly out and help in the sweep. 2/22 would secure our LZ south of the hills and we would sweep northeast on the left side of the hills. We weren't too excited. The VC would probably be gone before we got there.

As we were standing at the airfield the ground began to shake. Looking at the hills we saw them erupting in smoke and dust. Looking higher into the sky we could see the silver spots of B52s. None of us had ever heard of an Arc Light (*a bombing run*) in broad daylight. This was looking more serious than we first thought. My squad was not in the first lift, so we stayed inside the Huey until it was in hover. I could see the APC's of the 2/22 around the abandoned rice paddy that served as our LZ. The previous lifts of 2/12 were wading knee deep through the paddies. I was the last one out but the fellow in front of me lost his balance in the mud and fell back against the skid. Time was running out. I made a running jump to clear him, but stay out of the rotor. Knees bent, ready for the splat of paddy, only it never came. Instead all went dark brown as my head went under.

I went down until I could feel water pressure on my ears. My rucksack and clothes trapped air so I wasn't in any danger yet as I popped back to the surface. Swimming toward my squad, who were still just knee deep, they fished me out. The guys probed the edges while waiting for

my helmet to float within reach. We realized that I had jumped into a bomb crater under the surface. The guys were a little disappointed that I popped up instead of my pound cake. We didn't find any VC, but what a way to start an operation.

Jim Hardin C2/22 Feb 67 - Sep 67 65
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The Black Virgin Mountain

On September 3, 1967, Company B was conducting operations astride 243 to the northeast of the Black Virgin. The mission was to keep 243 open for convoys that were to supply the ARVN base at Soui Da. At night, we could look up at the Black Virgin and see lights and different lights moving in the middle of the mountain and also in the saddle of the mountain. On September 4, 1967, the company was given the mission to move to the Black Virgin and climb the mountain in the area of the saddle.

The Company order of march was the 1st platoon, 3rd platoon, command group, and 2nd platoon. The weapons platoon stayed with the APC's in the company laager. The company had to move 500 meters south on TL 243 before it was able to move off the road to the Black Virgin. The movement to the base of the mountain was easy since it was in an open area, but once we were at the base of the mountain, the thick jungle made movement very difficult.

As we began the climb up the saddle, the movement became intensely strenuous because of the thick jungle, large rock formations, and the very steep incline. The higher up we moved, the more large boulders blocked our way. It was almost impossible to climb over them, and we had to move around the rock formations. Every vertical meter of progress, resulted in our having to go two horizontal meters. It would take us one hour to move 100 vertical meters. For the troops that were point, it was exhausting. Not only was the movement hard, but there was the fear of the enemy. After four hours of climbing, it started to rain. This made movement impossible. The company commander halted the movement, and had the company hold in place until it stopped raining. The company waited for an hour and a half

until the rain stopped. The battalion commander then directed that the company begin its movement back down the mountain.

The rain made this movement very dangerous because of the men slipping and sliding. It took the company as long to get to the base of the mountain as it did to climb up the mountain. The company was able to close back to the laager at 16:40 hours. The men of the company were very tired. This was one of the most painful movements that the company exercised without enemy contact. That night, we looked back at the Black Virgin, saw where we were at and saw the lights. It made us all very happy that we did not have to deal with the enemy on the mountain. We were not happy with the prospects of having to climb the mountain the next day.

At 23:00 hours, the Company Commander contacted the platoon leaders and informed them that mission for the company the next day was to move north on TL4 to the northern limit of the rice paddy area. We were to conduct limited sweeps in the jungle and then move back to the junction of TL 4 and 243 to set up its night laager position. We were relieved knowing that we did not have to climb the Black Virgin again.

At 08:00 hours, on September 5, 1967 the company moved out. The order of march was the 2nd platoon, 1st platoon, command group, weapons platoon, and 3rd platoon. The company was able to get to the end of the rice paddy area by 09:00 hours and then sent the platoons out on the searching operations. At the same time, the Battalion Commander directed C Company to move out of its position to climb the Black Virgin in the same general area as B Company did the day before. However, C Company moved on its APC's to within 100 meters of the base of the mountain before dismounting and going on foot to the Virgin. The lead platoon reached the base at 09:45 hours.

As the first elements of the company started its climb, it was hit by enemy fire. The company received small arms, machine gun, and RPG fire. The company was lucky that no one was hit with the initial burst of incoming rounds. The company was also lucky that it had advanced so close to the mountain with its APC's. They were able to maneuver and deliver a high volume of return fire with their .50 cal. machine guns. The 81mm

mortars were able to fire rounds directed at the area of the saddle.

The company was able to maneuver out of the ambush area, but as the company was pulling back, it took three lightly wounded. The company regrouped and with approval of the Battalion Commander, moved back towards the suspected enemy positions. The Battalion Commander alerted both A and B Companies to prepare to move to the location of C Company and support the company. As C Company advanced, it received a very high volume of fire that claimed 5 additional wounded. Also, a lucky RPG shot was able to damage one APC. The Battalion Commander then ordered the company to fall back as he called in air strikes and artillery.

The Battalion Commander was informed that there was a battery of 155mm SP moving its firing location, and could be at the contact area in 30 minutes. This battery could support with direct fire. The Battalion Commander agreed, and pulled the company back to prepare for the artillery. The Air Force was also on its way. At 10:15 hours, the first air strikes came in with 250-pound bombs and napalm.

At 10:35 hours, both A and B Companies arrived at the contact area. Both companies set up straddling 243 and took up positions to watch the action. The rest of the day, artillery fire was called in, helicopter gunships made their runs, Tac air bombed the area, and the direct fire of the 155mm destroyed all the vegetation in the saddle. There was even a mission of two Chinooks flying over the area and dropping 55 gal drums of tear gas. It was fun watching all this taken place. At 16:30 hours, the fun ended. The battalion received orders to move out.

C Company was given the mission of providing security to the battery of 155mm SP's, as they moved to their night position south of the Black Virgin. A and B Companies moved to a position off TLT 13, north of Soui Da. By 17:00 hours, everyone was gone from the contact area. Company B was happy that it was able to sit this contact out.

By Skip Fahel B2/22 67-68

Christmas 1969

The Triple Deuce was busy conducting operations in the Michelin plantation. Of course, we settled into defensive positions for the short holiday truce, our sharing alternate bunkers with a battalion of Wolfhounds (1-27) on a perimeter around the complex of old plantation buildings known to us as the "hospital". Of course, we got mortared and RPG'd (rocket propelled grenades fired at the perimeter) the night of the 25th, but I think there were no casualties, just part of the celebration.

Perhaps as consolation for our hard yuletide night, division decided to pull one company out of the field and fly them to Cu Chi to experience the Bob Hope show and B Company was selected. I'm sure that the selection was by the flip of a coin because, try as I might, I can not recollect anything meritorious that B had done during the operation. So, we left our tracks at Dau Tieng, took two bandoliers, our personal weapons and our machine guns and loaded onto a C-41 for Cu Chi. As usual the infantry would play a dual role of both guest and quick reaction force for the base camp if Charlie decided to crash the party.

We arrived at Cu Chi a little nervous that we might be expected to fight having brought so little ammunition. In the cool morning we stacked arms along a roadway near the heli-pads, steel pots upside-down with M-16s laying on them. The ammunition was put in a conex container to be locked safely away. This, of course, worried us all the more since our magazines were quite precious to us and not so very replaceable as re-supply as one might guess. Ours were gathered over time, picked up and scrounged where we could get them and we didn't trust the Army to make good their sudden loss quickly enough. At least, we felt, our hoard would be locked away safe in the conex from pilfering ARVN or base camp warriors, so we marched under a bright sun to our assigned seats, two rows from the front of the stage.

The sun became hot as we waited and we wished that we had brought out canteens. We hooped and hollered at the beauties who cavorted before us, almost close enough to touch. We even laughed at Bob's lame jokes as we listened, too, for any far off sounds that might spawn a

signal siren, or for the quiet slicing sound of mortars falling. We wanted to react before the base-camp crowd did to the explosions.

This show was for many of us the beginning of a growing appreciation of Mr. Hope's efforts "above and beyond" over the years. Even in divisive times, such as then, when the best show could not possibly be pulled off, nor everyone satisfied, Bob Hope's persistent generosity established a tradition that I'm sure no other will ever surpass.

The show ended and the blue-pajama'd guys filed out of the first two rows, then us. We left the open amphitheater in a non-military bunch and march route step back to our weapons. Our noisy flight back was to start shortly but the Cu Chi guy with the key to the conex was a no-show. So we left irate and abusive and we could have sacked division H.Q. with the mood we were in, had we the ammunition. I guess some ARVN company or rear echelon guys were pretty happy with their easy-gotten, fully loaded cache of magazines, etc. Maybe, the conex was still unopened as of 1975?

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CIA Job Opportunity

A few months ago, there was an opening with the CIA for an assassin. These highly classified positions are hard to fill, and there's a lot of testing and background checks involved before you can even be considered for the position. After sending some applicants through the background checks, training and testing, they narrowed the possible choices down to 2 men and a woman, but only one position was available.

The day came for the final test to see which person would get the extremely secretive job. The CIA man administering the test took one of the men to a large metal door and handed him a gun.

"We must know that you will follow instructions no matter what the circumstances" the man explained.

"Inside this room, you will find your wife sitting in a chair. Take this gun and kill her." The man got a shocked look on his face and said, "You can't be serious! I could never shoot my own wife!"

"Well", says the CIA man, "You're definitely not the right man for this job then."

So they bring the second man to the same door and hand him a gun. "We must know that you will follow instructions no matter what the circumstances," they explained to the second man. "Inside you will find your wife sitting in a chair. Take this gun and kill her." The second man looked a bit shocked, but nevertheless took the gun and went in the room. All was quiet for about 5 minutes, then the door opened. The man came out of the room with tears in his eyes. "I tried to shoot her, I just couldn't pull the trigger and shoot my wife. I guess I'm not the right man for the job."

"No" the CIA man replied, "You don't have what it takes. Take your wife and go home."

Now they're down to the woman left to test. Again they lead her to the same door to the same room and said, "this is your final test. Inside you will find your husband sitting in a chair. Take this gun and kill him."

The woman took the gun and opened the door. Before the door even closed all the way, the CIA men heard the gun start firing. One shot after another for 13 shots. They heard screaming, crashing, banging on the walls. This went on for several minutes, then all went quiet. The door opened slowly, and there stood the woman. She wiped the sweat from her brow and said, "You guys didn't tell me the gun was loaded with blanks! I had to beat him to death with the chair!"

Contributed by Thomas Johnson C2/22
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REMEMBER!!!!

Pay your Dues!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Send your Registration for the Reunion in NOW! (Enclosed)

Call a long lost buddy

Hug your wife, children, or whomever is important to you!!!!
THANKS! - JOHN EBERWINE

22nd Infantry Regiment Society Cleveland, Ohio Reunion Registration

Instructions: Use this form to register for our Oct. 5-8, 2000, Reunion at Holiday Inn Westlake (800-762-7416). Make your own hotel reservation and travel plans. Reunion details are listed on another page. **Print legibly.**

Your Name _____ Phone _____

Address _____ E-Mail _____

City _____ State _____ Zip+4 _____

I served with 22nd Infantry Regiment in Company(s) _____, Battalion _____, Division(s) _____

Dates Served: _____

I served in support of 22nd Infantry Regiment: Unit _____ Dates _____

I did not serve/support 22nd Infantry Regiment, but am (want to be) an Associate Member _____

Dues (check one)

_____ I already paid my dues for 2000. No dues enclosed.

_____ I am a Life Member already. No dues enclosed.

Dues Paid

_____ My dues for 2000 enclosed (\$10 or \$22 for "Double Deucer" rate) \$ _____

_____ I am on Active Duty with rank of E-5 or below (special \$4 rate) \$ _____

_____ I want to be a Life Member (see rate below) Year Born 19 _____ \$ _____ \$ _____

Age 70+ \$100 Age 65-69 \$115 Age 60-64 \$155 Age 55-60 \$190

Age 50-54 \$210 Age 45-49 \$230 Age 40-44 \$245 Under 40 \$260

| Reunion Registration Fees & Names to Print on Badges | Over | Reg | Total |
|--|------------------|---------------------------------------|------------|
| <u>Nickname</u> | <u>Last Name</u> | <u>Age 18 City, St (if different)</u> | <u>Fee</u> |
| Member _____ | _____ | _____ | \$ 10 |
| Guest(s) _____ | _____ | _____ | |
| _____ | _____ | _____ | |
| _____ | _____ | _____ | |
| _____ | _____ | _____ | |

Number of Guests Over Age 18 _____ @ \$ 5 = \$ _____ \$ _____

| Scheduled Group Meals | No. | Price | Cost | Total Meals |
|---|-------|-------|------------|-------------|
| Friday Reception & Buffet Dinner | ___ @ | \$26 | = \$ _____ | |
| Saturday Banquet Dinner <u>Entree Choices</u> | | | | |
| <i>Chicken Florentine</i> | ___ @ | \$26 | = \$ _____ | |
| <i>Dijon Salmon</i> | ___ @ | \$29 | = \$ _____ | |
| <i>Prime Rib Au Jus</i> | ___ @ | \$30 | = \$ _____ | \$ _____ |
| <i>Optional Saturday Lolly the Trolley Cleveland Tour</i> | ___ @ | \$20 | = | \$ _____ |

Optional DONATION to offset Reunion costs (e.g., Hospitality Suite) \$ _____

TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED (add dues, reg. fees, meals, tour, donation) \$ _____

Please hold my check for reunion fees only (not dues) until August 15, 2000 before depositing _____

I'd like to golf on Thur. ___ Send me a list of alternate m/hotels ___ I need a roommate; send me a list ___

I Volunteer to help with: Registration ___, QM Sales ___, Hospitality Suite ___, Whatever Needed ___

I expect to arrive by: Wed ___ Thur ___ Fri ___ Sat ___ I expect to: Drive ___ Fly ___

Mail the completed form with your check(s) payable to 22nd Infantry Regiment Society by Sept. 1, 2000, to:

22nd Infantry Regiment Society
c/o Awb Norris, Registrar
965 Troon Trace
Winter Springs FL 32708

Questions?
Contact =>

Brad Hull, Reunion Chairman
440-871-8975 or BradHull@juno.com
398 Douglas Dr
Bay Village OH 44140