

The VietNam Triple Deuce

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

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

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Nelson.....A Smashing Success

in Albany, New York!

Jim Nelson's opening of his VietNam combat artwork at the New York State VietNam War Memorial Fine Arts Gallery, on August 18, 1998 was an historical event. There were literally folks from all over the world to pay homage to

Jim and to his tribute to the American fighting men, who lived, fought and died in the jungles of South VietNam.

Jim strives for absolute realism in his works of art; and real they are. The veterans who walked around the gallery on opening night were not merely viewing pictures, they were reliving walking those trails again, smelling those smells only we knew, fighting those terrible battles all over again, and remembering fallen buddies and the good times spent with them. There is no way to cast your eyes on one of Jim Nelson's paintings and not feel like you are a part of the scene. For too many years, for too many VietNam Veterans, we wondered if it was all a dream.....*had we really fought in a war?* Jim has made us realize that it truly was real and something to remember and to be extremely proud to have been part of these units with some of the most courageous men to have ever served this country.

Cindy and I arrived early on Monday, August 17th and were fortunate to be able to secure a room with a small sitting room and wet bar attached. This room then became the focal point for Monday night and Tuesday evening after the gallery closed. I dare say, there was lots of laughter and some not so-dry-eyes.

Helping Jim and Sharon Nelson celebrate their success were: Jill & Jim Frost C2/22 from Saginaw, Michigan; John Stiles C 2/22 from Yonkers, New York; John Marts C2/22 from Taylorville, Indiana; Robert "Frenchie" Gibeault the 187th Assault Helicopter Company from Holliston, Massachusetts; Bob & Carol Hemphill B3/22 from Fairfax Station, Virginia; Robert & Mary Nelson D3/22 from Greenfield, Massachusetts; John W Edwards - Chaplain Assistant 3rd BDE, 25th Inf Div from Scotia, New York; Bob

& Gloria Jardine - 58th Field Maintenance Sqdn - Osan, Korea from Greenfield, Massachusetts; Mr/Mrs Greg Geiger & daughter Darcie Geiger from New Milford, Connecticut; Monique Gaw (friend of the Nelsons) from Walnut Creek, California; Professor Robert Hall - Queen's University of Belfast, Ireland; Professor Ann MacLean - University of Wales, Wales, England (both friends of the Nelson's)

In addition, Jim's Mother and Father were also in attendance along with John Howe B3/22 from Albany, New York. John was the driving force behind this showing of Jim's works. He saw Jim's paintings exhibited at a 3/22 reunion and pushed for this show. Also, very instrumental was Bob Allen, the curator of the museum who worked tirelessly to help put the event together.

I was fortunate to be able to present to Jim and Sharon a memento of the evening, booklet of e-mail messages that were sent to me for delivery to Jim and Sharon.

Editor's Note: The following is an e-mail message sent by Awb Norris, our Battalion Commander of 2/22 in VietNam from Sep '67 to early Mar '68

How proud I am of you Gentlemen

Date: 98-07-20 18:38:39 EDT

From: (Awb Norris)

This message won't show all the list of those that the message is sent to, but they are Nishikubo, Eberwine, Allison, Meriam, Boyle, Milewski, Frost, Manley, and Lilly. I feel a very close relationship with you all and felt the need to personally thank you for your contributions to the VietNam Triple Deuce in VietNam as well as the most recent newsletter.

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I was just delighted with the publication and send my sincere thanks to each of you for your contributions, then and now.

Just great people. Thanks!

The newsletter was a fantastic item. Anyone receiving it I will invariably spend many hours, reading, and then reading again, the accounts that you gentlemen gave of your experiences in VietNam. First, you are obviously good writers, but also good people, and good soldiers (I know the last item is truly correct). The combinations do not necessarily always go together, but you fit all three molds.

Some of you may not know the situation in Sept 67. The base core of the battalion all came to VietNam together and left together. I entered into a unit with no staff, all new commanders, and virtually 98% new troops. I must say, we learned together, and I was just blessed to have such outstanding individuals to fill the battalion in Sept 67. We had a few 'old timers' like Jim Frost and Teddy Manley around, but the majority were "brand new." God was looking after me when he presented me with such fine persons as you. You all came through like champs. I never requested any actions by the companies of that battalion that were not met with "You Bet"..... You did an outstanding job in every situation.

I always referred to Charlie 6 and his troops as my "ground zero" unit. If I called, day or night, and asked "How is it going?" I always got the response "Good...." John Stiles was usually my contact as Charlie 6 was typically busy.....

Anyway, I knew that if a nuclear round had plopped into the middle of that unit, the answer would always be "Good...." What great people. And you would complete the mission without fail. You always responded to any catastrophe within the battalion or with other units of the 3rd Brigade. You did well.....

I keep getting blamed for not responding quickly enough on Good Friday in 68....by Chuck Boyle, primarily....although he refers to "Not Nubby Norris".... I came at 240lbs and ended up at 150....guess that's "nubby."

Guys, please know that I was not there on Good Friday 68. I was back in DC in the Infantry Branch of the Officer Personnel Directorate, and was sending Lieutenants to you. And Captains, and Majors..... I tried Chuck, you tried to get me off the hook. Thanks.

I'm at least 15-25 years older than most of you. You came to the unit as brave young men and left as "old timers".....experienced, dedicated, and most of all ...heroes. You cannot know how much I thank each of you for your outstanding service. I could always.....repeat...always count on you to do the impossible tasks. I know Bill Allison will agree with that.

I hope the ducs will begin to come in. I'll get mine off rapidly. Tomorrow.

Thanks to all of you for your truly outstanding service..... My sincere appreciation to you.

Please consider coming to the reunion in May '99...it was mentioned that this was the Next Great Reunion of the Century.....it also is the LAST REUNION of the century for the 22nd Inf Regt Society. Looking forward to seeing you there. I have made up my mind to get out of the "trivia" for 99 and get to spend some quality time with you and your families. Looking forward to it. Bring your families. They'll always enjoy it, as most of you know.

I salute you all.

Awb Norris CO 2/22 9/67-3/68

Editor's Note: A response to Awb's message from Bill Allison • Company Commander of Charlie Company 2/22 - Sep '67.....Jul '68

Triple Deuce Newsletter, July 1998

From: charlie6_222@juno.com (William C Allison)

Wed, 22 Jul 1998 00:11:12 -0400 (EDT)

To All

Awb, I received your E-Mail, "How proud I am of you Gentlemen", the day before I

received the Triple Deuce newsletter. Your eloquent message heightened my justified anticipation. When the newsletter arrived in today's mail, my plans for the afternoon were put on hold until I read the remembrances contributed by the men we had the honor of serving with 30 years ago. I agree with you; the newsletter was a fantastic item. John Eberwine makes us all look good.

For the benefit of the ones of you who did not see the note I wrote a few weeks ago; I am including some of my thoughts as an elaboration of Awb's paragraph on the "situation in September 1967".

In September 1967, Awb Norris took command of the 2/22 Mech Infantry. This was a very critical time because it was the one year anniversary of the unit's deployment to Viet Nam from Ft. Lewis, Washington, as part of the 3rd Brigade, 4th ID. When he took command, as the first commander who had not deployed with the 4th Division, the last of the combat experienced officers and men departed. To add to his challenges, the 3rd Brigade had just been re-designated the 3rd Brigade of the 25th Division, in a way making us step children.

From day one, Awb Norris started rebuilding the Battalion with replacements; a tremendous challenge, but one that proved to be very fortunate not only for Awb but also for the men he led. He was able to mold the battalion to fit his hands-on leadership style. His personal "on the spot" observations and innovative tactics, to meet the unique challenges presented by the terrain and enemy, were key during the short transition period. If there were problems, Awb was there asking questions and getting feed back that he quickly put out in his commander's notes.

After thirty years, the men who served with Awb Norris in the 2/22nd Infantry are coming together and sharing their experiences. All of us agree that in September 1967, the battalion was given competent, intelligent leadership, and under Awb's leadership if fought better than any other unit in Viet Nam.

John, thanks for all your time and effort on the newsletter. I believe that the

newsletter is key to pulling the unit back together. With a little help from your friend Norm, the two of you deserve KUDOS for a job well done. I talked to George Hooper after he had watched your tape four times and had read and reread your newsletter; if he is typical, the combination of your tape and newsletter is AWESOME.

Gil, thanks for your input to the newsletter. I have often thought about you and how you were not given the credit you deserved for providing excellent leadership to the 1st Platoon. While you were with the 1st Platoon, the company went through six changes of command. In my search of my records, I have not found any indication that you were ever given an efficiency report as a combat leader. If that is true, what a terrible oversight for which I apologize. You were an exceptional leader in whom I had all confidence and respect. After thirty years, thanks for all your support and for providing the "MAVERICK" Platoon the leadership they needed during a difficult period of transition and rebuilding. Additionally, thanks for the good times memories that you included in your letter.

Norm, it was great talking with you last night. I understand your excitement about the newsletter and Awb's E-Mail. You were right, I want to keep a copy of Awb's message; it is a great addendum to the newsletter.

Chuck, your thoughts that were in the newsletter focused deserved recognition on our John Marks, one of our true heroes. Please put Montgomery on your travel plans; Martha John and I would love to see you

John, at times your newsletter was very hard to read through a thick, hot blur of tears. But reading the input from others is helping to recall the specifics of situations as seen from different perspectives.

Bill Allison CO C2/22 '67-'68

Chuck Boyle C 3/22 - 67 to 68

Wed, 22 Jul 1998 21:30:34 EDT

To: charlie6_222@juno.com

Cc: vietvet222@juno.com,
sirron@bellsouth.net

Date: Wed, 22 Jul 1998 20:32:40 -0500
Subject: Re: Triple Deuce Newsletter, July 1998

Bill, Awb., Sir!, and John, (I'll never get this punctuation right)

I got the newsletter. I got Awb's eloquent message to the men he commanded and loved. I just read your message, Bill. I've read the newsletter three times now, John. I cannot express what I'm feeling. It is all absolutely awesome! You three are absolutely magnificent in your approbations toward your men . . . and never taking any glory for yourselves. But, I know better. You are your men, they are you.

John, that newsletter is the best thing I've read in many months. You and Norm have outdone yourselves. Every part of it is a treasure. I thought I could write a newsletter. Ha! I am a piker when it comes to you and Norm.

You've hit the nail on the head; Give them news about themselves. Send it often. Then you'll hold this organization together. That's what they (we) need. . . to be together again.

You guys try; we all try, but Awb Norris is too complicated--too much to explain. I was swept back to Alaska, to VietNam, to Marion Military Institute, to Auburn University, and then finally, to St. Francisville, LA in this 38 year association with this strange man, when I read his accolade to his troops. (yes, this is a run-on sentence) His message, in keeping with his God given abilities to empathize with every body he has ever met, made me cry. Cry big! I was privileged to know him during those times. Distant association, because of our rank and position, but yes, all of us knew him and felt he was on our side. . . all of the time. Truth is, he was.

The 2nd Battalion, 22nd Infantry (Mech) was always heroic in their efforts--battle hardened men, who I know shared their feelings, their faith, their bullets, their blood and their lives with me and my guys. Awb Norris created that spirit in that battalion. John Marts, Bill Allison, John Eberwine, Norm. . . all of you guys; you were all reactionaries to his superb leadership.

He probably won't even read this message. His ego is too small. He understands, and always understood, that the smaller one makes oneself, the larger he becomes.

I have just returned from a two week vacation to California. I met with my sister Rose, who fresh from 45 years of teaching as an Ursuline Nun had some things to tell me. She said, "it's all crap, Charlie." There are three things paramount in this human experience: One: *Believe there is a God.* Two: *That He rewards goodness.* Three: *That He punishes evil.* "That's it," she said as she had another swig of her wine, "you don't need to know anything more."

Well, if *He* rewards goodness, I know a bunch of guys who are top on his list: Awb. . . John. . . Bill. . . Norm. . .

And the list goes on.

Love you all, Chuck Boyle

Message from the President

The VietNam Triple Deuce - Bill Allison

From: William C Allison

To: VIETVET222@juno.com,

Date: Sun, 31 Jan 1999 23:05:39 -0600

Subject: Newsletter for Dallas Reunion

The count down for the "Last Great 22nd Infantry Reunion of the Century" is moving quickly. M C Toyer, Bob Babcock and Awb Norris have a Texas size welcome mat out for a great Dallas reunion. Therefore, the men who served in or supported the VietNam Triple Deuce Battalion need to send in their reservations as soon as possible. It looks as if we are going to have a large contingent from the Triple Deuce; Norm "The Magnet" Nishikubo plans on most of the Maverick platoon being present. Norm says that we may have as many as 75 members of Chargin' Charlie in Dallas; if we start working now, we may top that number. I hope that Headquarters, Alpha and Bravo Companies will try to top Norm's goal; that would make for a great week end. Let's all take the time now to encourage others to join us. It was very discouraging after our 1997 reunion in Gettysburg that we located men who live only 30 miles from where we had been

meeting; if we start making our phone calls now, we may prevent this from recurring.

Martha John and I are looking forward to spending a great week end with the families of the battalion. Our emphasis is on families, and we strongly encourage you to bring your family members to what we feel will be a celebration of a friendship that was formed in the jungles of VietNam over 30 years ago. This friendship laid dormant until a few men started calling other members of the battalion, just 3 years ago. We can thank John Clemente, Awb Norris, Brad Hull and John Eberwine for making those initial calls. Norm Nishikubo joined the hunt later and has been a man with a mission since he started locating men. If you have any doubt about the benefit of going to Dallas, give Norm, John, Awb or me a call. Martha John has found that there has developed a special, warm bond between the family members who have attended previous reunions.

Most of the VietNam Triple Deuce members who are active in our growing organization served under the leadership of Awb Norris, a.k.a. "FULLBACK 6". I believe that the close relationship that continues to grow between our men and their families is a direct result of Awb's guidance. It has often been asked what made the men we served with special since we were assigned to the battalion basically as replacements. Most of us came from all corners of the US; only a few men had been reassigned from other in country units. The common thread that pulled us together was competent, intelligent leadership from the top.

Last summer, Awb wrote a note about the time he took command of the battalion; his remarks will help you understand why the battalion needed strong leadership and why Awb was the right man at the right time. September 1967 was a critical time because it was the one year anniversary of our unit's deployment to VietNam from Ft. Lewis, Washington, as part of the 3rd Brigade, 4th Infantry Division. When he took command, as the first commander who had not deployed with the 4th ID, the last of the combat experienced officers and men departed. To add to his challenges, the 3rd Brigade had just been re-designated the 3rd Brigade of the 25th

Infantry Division, in a way making us step children. FYI, Awb was initially slated to take command of another battalion; but our good fortune brought him to our battalion 6 months later. Awb wrote: "Some of you may not know the situation in September 1967. The base core of the battalion all came to VietNam together and left together. I entered into a unit with no staff, all new commanders, and virtually 98% new troops. I must say, we learned together, and I was just blessed to have such outstanding individuals to fill the battalion in September 1967. We had a few "old timers" like Jim Frost and Teddy Manley around, but the majority were "brand new". God was looking after me when he presented me with such fine persons as you. You all came through like champs. I never requested any actions by the companies of that battalion that were not met with 'You Bet'..... You did an outstanding job in every situation."

From day one, Awb Norris started rebuilding the battalion with replacements; a tremendous challenge, but one that proved to be very fortunate not only for Awb but also for the men he led. He was able to mold the battalion to fit his hands-on leadership style. His personal "on the spot" observations and innovative tactics, to meet the unique challenges presented by the terrain and enemy, were key during the short transition period. If there were problems, Awb was there asking questions and getting feed back that he quickly put out in his commander's notes.

After thirty years, the men who served with Awb Norris, and all the other Battalion Commanders, in the Triple Deuce are coming together and sharing their experiences. We tell a lot of war stories and share life's experiences, but most of all the reunions give us a chance to say thanks for being there and for helping us make it home.

Please plan to join us in Dallas; I promise that you will enjoy our time together.

BILL

Attending A Reunion? by Jill Frost

We were watching television when the phone rang. He went to answer it and was gone for 15 to 20 minutes. When he came back to the room he said, "*You won't believe it!* That was Jim Nelson calling from Lincoln, Kansas. He was in my squad in VietNam and he has been calling James Frosts in Michigan for months looking for me. I am not sure I remember him, *but he sure knows who I am.* You won't believe this part, **he wants me to attend a reunion**".

He didn't remember Jim Nelson or any of the other guys, having spent over 28 years trying to forget. Trying to forget *that* war and everything associated with it. He had to forget, what else could he do? We were married 17 days after he stepped off the plane from VietNam. Newly married and with a family that did not want to listen about the conflicts in VietNam. I was the girlfriend he left behind, the one who wrote to him faithfully every day. Did the caller know what emotions and memories would surface?

There was a reunion being held in Florida; *we had just returned from Florida and had used all our vacation time as the excuse.* A few months later he received the 22nd IRS newsletter and a letter from Jim Nelson. Soon, Chuck Boyle invited a group to St. Francisville, LA on Veteran's Day. Again, he declined, all this time struggling with this resurgence of emotions.

The 22nd IRS newsletter came and the VietNam Triple Deuce (an association of 2nd Mech 22nd Infantry VietNam) newsletter came. Jim Nelson would write or call occasionally and by now Jerry Rudisill had called also. The next reunion was being held in Gettysburg in the fall of 97. That sounded like an interesting trip and we made plans to go.

It was a beautiful fall day as we traveled towards Gettysburg, we traveled ten hours the first day enjoying the fall colors and the countryside. The second day, although the scenery was still beautiful we both grew silent as uncertainty set in. As we turned off the expressway towards Gettysburg we both voiced the same emotion, "*I hope we are doing the right thing*". His internal struggle with the war was still there, the emotions never shared

with anyone. He was 19 years old and I was just 18 when he was drafted. We were both 20 years old when we got married, before long we bought a house and had a family. For over 28 years we never talked about VietNam.

We arrived at the convention center in the middle of the afternoon. After we registered we met a small group of Viet Vets who seemed to already know each other from previous reunions. We were readily accepted into this group, the Rudisills, Nelsons, Eberwines, Allison, Toyers and Winklers to name a few. The night we arrived we went to dinner with a group of over 20 people. It was like having Thanksgiving dinner with family. *No, it was better than family. because we really enjoyed every minute* of being with them.

When we returned to the convention center Bill Allison was going to present a slide show. Everyone said we must attend and for the next three nights we did just that. I watched the slides and listened to the fellows interact with each other.

Little did I realize what a healing process this was for everyone in that room, myself included.

I had no idea, sure I watched the national news every evening during that year he was in VietNam. Yes, I saw the tanks, planes, bombs and casualty count on the television but it did not seem real. *It was real to me now!*

As we left the reunion in Gettysburg I listened, listened to him for the next two days as we traveled west to visit our son and then home. I came away from the reunion with a great appreciation and better understanding of what my husband of 29 years had experienced. It will be an ongoing healing process but now he has so many brothers that have shared those experiences, emotions and understand.

He also has a wife that will always be so proud of his courage, strength, belief in his country and life. I am still listening and learning.

Jill Frost

Wife of James Frost

C 2/22nd Inf Mech, 4th & 25th Inf Div 67-68

The Gettysburg Reunion - Jim Frost

The Gettysburg reunion held at the Eisenhower Inn has come and gone. This was my *first* reunion, and will not be my last. It was terrific, after 29 years, to see my Army buddies from Charlie Company 2/22. Back then.....every day, you were putting your life on the line like thousands of other troops in VietNam. It is so nice, again, to have as friends, those old buddies that would cover my *behind* during contact.

By 1995, I had completely lost track of the men I served with during 1967, and *put out of mind*, the best I could, the events that took place during my year in country.

I was nervous about going back in time for the reunion, but to my surprise, I was wrong. The reunion was good for healing and to finally be outwardly proud of what we had done.

When I think back to February 1967, I was only 19 years old in a terribly strange country. I had only been in VietNam one month (10-Feb-67) when I received my first Purple Heart and my *Combat Infantry Badge (CIB)*, both on the same day.

Early February 1967 brought an intense firefight during a four day *truce* for Tet (Buddhist New Year). There were many casualties in C 2/22. I was just a PFC (private first class) rifleman and all hell was breaking loose. Our platoon (3rd) was told to mount up (climb on top of the tracks) and try to rescue another platoon of tracks that were trapped within the jungle.

I decided that day, to carry the M-60 machine gun for extra firepower. Our track 50 gunner was killed during that battle. We were able to rescue the trapped platoon and return to safety. There were 20 Americans killed and 101 enemy soldiers killed during the four day Tet.

I was happy to be alive after my first firefight with only a shrapnel wound of the shoulder, but I've never stopped thinking about the families and loved ones of the soldiers killed during that battle.

Decds, Not Words! - Jim Frost

Your Last Chance Reunion of the Century May 13-16, 1999

Ladies and Gentlemen: **Especially** those who do not receive the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society Newsletter, **please take heed**, the next reunion will take place at the Holiday Inn Select Dallas/Ft Worth Airport North in Irving, Texas from May 13-16, 1999. You must be a member of the 22nd IRS to attend (dues are only \$10). If you miss this one, it's 18 months until the next reunion; are you sure you'll still be able to attend if you wait until then???

I have attached the Reservation and Registration Form that is distributed by the 22nd IRS at the end of this newsletter. You must follow the directions and call the hotel and make your room reservations yourself. Call 1-800-465-4329 and specify "Holiday Inn Select Dallas/Ft Worth Airport North" Tell them you are with 22nd Infantry Regiment Society. You also must mail in the reservation and registration form to the 22nd IRS.

The reunion is being held at the Holiday Inn Select DFW Airport North, Irving Texas. Check in is Thursday, May 13, 1999...room rate of \$94.35 per night, which includes tax for a single or double.

Gentlemen: the banquet on Saturday night has a dress code. Coat and tie is requested, as it is the most appropriate to show respect to those attending and to those who can never attend.

Again, for those not quite sure what the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society is: It was started after WWII by members of the 22nd Regiment. Sometime in 1992 or 1993, the first VietNam Veterans joined. These reunions are a combination of veterans from WWII, Korea, the cold war, VietNam and even present day soldiers.

For the VietNam Veterans who have not attended any reunions.....**we expect 75 or more men from the Triple Deuce. In October 1997, at Gettysburg we had 30+ and have found so many more men since then.**

The Triple Deuce will have their own sub-meeting for election of officers, conduct business, etc at this reunion.

Men, bring your wife, or girlfriend if not married, and children, if any. These are family affairs and your family will come away with a greater appreciation of what you and all men and women went through in VietNam.

Need convincing??...call me at 609-653-3025 - John Eberwine - Thank you

The Media's War on VietNam Vets - By James Webb

Editor's Note: Rich Goldsmith has passed this along to us. Rich served with Charlie Company 2/22 from 9/69 to 7/70.....Many, many thanks Rich!

*From: Rich Goldsmith
goldsmith@erols.com*

Date: Sat, 25 Jul 1998 17:11:34 -0400

John

Here's an article by former Navy Secretary and best selling author James Webb that might be of interest to our 2/22 comrades.

Last week CNN founder Ted Turner issued a fervent apology to VietNam veterans for his network's false report that the military had used sarin nerve gas in VietNam. "Nothing has upset me more probably in my whole life," Mr. Turner said, adding that he "would take my shirt off and beat myself bloody in the back" if it would do any good. Those who served in VietNam should leap to accept this apology. But a long line of journalists and scholars should follow Mr. Turner's lead in making amends for the persistent defamation of those who served honorably and well in the VietNam War.

This animus toward those who fought has now spanned a generation. It has deep roots in the elites among the old antiwar left, whose members not only avoided military service but openly derided those who went to VietNam as

either stupid or evil. Having placed their bets--and bet their place in American history--on the supposedly benign intentions of the Vietnamese Communists, their response to the Stalinist reality that befell VietNam after 1975 was to push ever harder to discredit U.S. involvement in the war.

Thus negative stories about the war and those who fought it became de rigueur, particularly if one could tell them through the eyes of a veteran. But facts were routinely ignored. Literally thousands of journalists have published lies, exaggerations and misrepresentations that fit a preconceived notion that made a story. I first became aware of the media's willing self-deception in 1981, when I was interviewed by Time magazine for what turned out to be a lengthy, negative piece on those who had fought in VietNam.

The veteran who gave the most damning testimony--including claims that he shot a pregnant woman and her unborn child, was later shown never to have served in VietNam at all. It is a simple matter for any reporter to verify many aspects of a veteran's combat service by asking for a copy of his Form DD-214, a publicly available document. But the Time reporter did not do so, and the magazine offered no reaction after its story was disproved.

Repeated, conscious misrepresentations have become conventional wisdom. It is now axiomatic that the war was fought by the poor and minorities, dragged unwillingly into battle after being conscripted. The truth is that for the first time in U.S. history, the country's elites, who have inordinate power in the media and academia, did not show up. The poor and the minorities fought, but so did the middle class. Defense Department statistics show that 86% of those who died in VietNam were white, and 12.5% were black--from an age group where blacks comprised 13.1% of the population. Volunteers accounted for 77% of combat deaths.

Another canard--frequently cited during the Persian Gulf War--is that VietNam servicemen were over decorated. In his book "National Defense," James Fallows

claims that by 1971 the military had given 1.3 million medals for bravery in VietNam, vs. 1.7 million for all of World War II. But compare actual gallantry awards from World War II with those in VietNam. The Army awarded 289 Medals of Honor vs. 155 in VietNam; 4,434 Distinguished Service Crosses vs. 846; and 73,651 Silver Star Medals vs. 21,630. The Marine Corps, which lost 102,000 killed or wounded out of some 400,000 sent to VietNam, awarded 47 Medals of Honor (34 posthumously), 362 Navy Crosses (139 posthumously) and 2,592 Silver Star Medals.

A 1980 Harris survey commissioned by the Veteran's Administration, the most comprehensive ever done regarding those who served in VietNam, revealed that 91% of those who served in combat were "glad they'd served their country"; 74% "enjoyed their time in the military"; and 80% disagreed with the statement that "the U.S. took unfair advantage of me." Nearly two out of three would go to VietNam again even if they knew how the war would end. The only national media report on the survey's results was an Associated Press story headlined "One in three would not serve again if asked."

In 1986 the New England Journal of Medicine published a study claiming that VietNam veterans were 86% more likely to commit suicide than non-veterans. The study's authors, betraying their own political views, lamented that "men of low socioeconomic status may be less adept at avoiding military service."

The study was junk science: a blind analysis of 14,145 men born between 1950 and 1952 who died between 1974 and 1983. By comparing their birth dates to the dates on the draft lottery, the study assumed--but never verified--who had served and who had not. Those with high draft lottery numbers had a 13% higher suicide rate, which the study then "extrapolated" into 86%--again without identifying a single veteran. The study ignored the fact that most of those who went to VietNam volunteered for military service (among those born in

1952, 273,110 men enlisted and only 43,706 were drafted).

The media predictably embraced the study's flawed findings. "CBS Evening News" credited it with "documenting that there is a cause-and-effect relationship between having served in the military during VietNam and problems later, including suicide." Mothers, hide your daughters. the crazy vet is at the door.

Hollywood, too, has manifested a historically unprecedented, ugly pathology when it comes to the VietNam War and the people who fought it. If you want camaraderie, dignity, heroism and sacrifice, better check out a World War II flick, or "Star Wars." But what can one expect from the community that gave the producers of the vicious documentary "Hearts and Minds" a standing ovation at the 1975 Oscars when they read a telegram from Hanoi that announced the "liberation" of South VietNam?

The extensive coverage of the 20th anniversary of South VietNam's 1975 demise was rife with former foreign correspondents congratulating themselves on their courage under fire. But the coverage all but ignored the accomplishments of an American military that was transported halfway around the world where it met a determined enemy on its own terms.

The coverage seldom discussed the many tragedies that befell VietNam once the communists took over. And it ignored the most significant announcement of that anniversary period: Hanoi's admission that it had lost 1.1 million soldiers dead in the war, plus another 300,000 missing in action, compared with U.S. losses of 58,000 and South Vietnamese losses of 254,000. Earlier this year, CBS's "60 Minutes" marked the 30th anniversary of the bloodiest year of the war with a feature on the My Lai massacre.

Ostensibly designed to recognize the humanity of two helicopter pilots who saved several civilians during the killing, the piece was instead a gruesome rehash of America's darkest moment in VietNam. In deciding to revisit 1968, **CBS might have looked at the bravery of**

American soldiers under attack on battlefields across South VietNam. If it was interested in ugliness, it could have examined afresh the systematic executions of more than 3,000 South Vietnamese civilians in Hue by communist cadres during the Tet offensive. But its intent was clearly elsewhere.

This unending agenda has shattered many lives, but there are indications that an accounting may be at hand. Today's best young scholars tend to question the dogma of an antiwar left that has grown gray without abandoning its animus toward those who served. As one example, Mark Moyer won the 1993 prize for historical research at Harvard University by peeling away the shibboleths that have surrounded the Phoenix Program, an effort directed against Vietcong leaders. Mr. Moyer's book, "Phoenix and the Birds of Prey" (Naval Institute, 1997), is a product of that research and a groundbreaking piece of revisionist history on the war.

Of equal import, next month B.G. Burkett, a Dallas businessman and Army veteran of VietNam, will self-publish one of the most courageous books of the decade. "Stolen Valor" (Verity Press, www.stolenvalor.com) looks at the cases of more than 1,700 people who have distorted or lied about their service in VietNam, often distorting the public's understanding of the war. His book constitutes a damnation of the major media so great that the CNN-Time story on sarin will take its rightful context as a rare moment when the purveyors of dishonesty got caught, rather than as the journalistic aberration many would like to term it.

Mr. Webb, a former secretary of the Navy, served as a Marine in VietNam.

What Life is All About

John Wolcott, C 3/22 4th Platoon from 1967 in VietNam, and his wife, sent an e-mail message to many of us just before Christmas 1998 to proudly announce that their daughter, Sara, was accepted into Princeton.

This was my response to them:

John, you and your wife must be very proud of Sara. As the proud father of a 27 month old daughter, I can only imagine those days down the road. Right now we are enjoying Rosie's recognition of Santa and Christmas lights, etc.

I look at her sometimes, and wonder how we can ever let them go, then I remember "Gibran" saying we are only their caretakers and that we must set them free and let them find their own way!

Thank God!...I have a few more years to experience the joy of Rosie squealing with delight. "Daddy!" when I walk in the front door at night, or in the morning when I go to her room to bring her into our room while Cindy & I get ready for work. What a joy! She brings tears to my eyes sometimes.

How very lucky we are to have come home alive 30 years ago!!!!

Happy Holidays to you and your family!

John

Stories Out of the Past

VIETNAM 67 - 68

Jim Pasquale - 1 September 1998

Well - it all started when I thought I would be smart and go to Airborne AIT. You see, I had a 50/50 chance of staying in the U.S. So being young and having no fear, I made five jumps out of a perfectly good airplane. Well I got my orders and guess what? I'm on my way to C/2/22 First Platoon. When I got in country, this New Guy was told that I was to drive the 1-3 track. Hey - I was Airborne and didn't know "S" about any track. But being a hot rodder at heart I fell in love with my new car.

It's hard to start, but I will try.

Our Platoon was blessed with a new friend. SKI! He wasn't just a leader - he was a buddy to us. Hence: *Ski's Raiders Fightin' First*. Then came Thanksgiving Day. I remember the ambush too well. When I heard C-6 say that the V.C. were behind us I really got

scared. But we backed out ok. Being up front, I was ordered to drive in and get our KIA's out which we did. About seven or eight I think. All but Ski - we couldn't get to him till the next day. I miss that guy to this day.

Fire Support Base Burt was very scary. That night - I've lived it 1,000 times. Our 50 was so hot it glowed and we (Jordan) put oil on the receiver and guess what? FIRE! Now we were really scared because we were lit up like a candle. By the next morning, we had rings on one side of the track and casings on the other- all the way to the top! While the fire fight was going on, we took turns getting 50 rounds from the medic tracks which were right behind us. When the infantry (3/22) was over run, the order was given for us to button up and beehive rounds were fired. Those little darts were stuck in the back door of my track. Art Petersen in the I-4 track was wounded by a rifle grenade that hit the 50 ammo box. Too many wounded, but we made it! I could go on but you all know this story.

Cu-Chi around May 68 I think. We were called in to check out possible V.C. activity. When we got there, the ARVN's had killed about three and told us that a bunch had run through the village into a wood line right behind. So we kind of got on line and drove between the buildings. When I got to the field beyond, I seemed to be out first.

About that time a V.C. popped up out of a spider hole and shot an RPG right at me. This was like slow motion, but happened very fast. The rocket hit the trim-vane, went through the engine cover (hood) over the engine through the inside engine panel, between my gunners legs and hit the first panel of the back door. By this time, the rest of the tracks were smokin' the wood line.

Hey! I really think that V.C. was trying to take my head off! I remember a bright flash and a sound like having a bell over your head and hitting it with a hammer. Well for a few minutes I couldn't see or hear, so I jumped out and started to run when someone grabbed me and turned me around, I was going the wrong way! That guy was 1-4 Delta - Art. If it

weren't for him, I would have been shot. THANKS AGAIN ART!

Well now my car was broke and I was in Base Camp for a short time playing Berm Guard with Norm Nishikubo. After getting mortared and finding V.C. in bunkers, I was ready to go back to the field! Thanks for the great time Norm!

When I got back to the field, I was greeted with a brand new Diesel Track. I was to drive for Lt. Kelly and our F.O. Kelly was a very cool guy and knew his stuff. That's where I would finish my tour. Lots of road work with Lt. Kelly.

The rest of my time was pretty safe - thanks to Lt. Kelly, Capt. Allison, TOP and Norris. I could go on and on. I think of you guys all the time. I guess the time we spent together is timeless, and it will go with me when my time is up. I will see Ski again.

Hey Norm! I remember that snake smile!

SP4 Jim Pasquale C. Company 2/22
1st Platoon - 1 - 3 Ski's Raiders
Fightin' First

COMBAT WOUNDS, TRAGIC SUFFERING, THEN DEATH Norman T. Nishikubo

An event involving my Mother, namely her merciful death has triggered my ability to recall and discuss an incident which I have attempted to forget for 30 plus years.

In late April 1997 Mom severely fell backward. As a result she struck the back of her head and suffered massive brain injury. The injury rendered her bed ridden and essentially non-physically self-sufficient. I can not say with any degree of accuracy how her physical condition affected her mental well being. I do know that during her last few days she would not talk, not to me at any rate. I think the reason for this was that she was telling me it was time for her to go.

In mid September 1968 while I was a patient in the hospital at Camp Drake, Japan I had just become ambulatory. Not very well ambulatory but I could 'motor' with a great deal of effort. Also I guess I

was well on the road to recovery and not only was I continuing the fight for recovery but was also able to think about my condition. I was starting to feel sorry for my self. Major Misajon who was XO of one of the battalions of the Big Red One and a patient in the ward I was in recognized my self-pity mood. He talked to my Doctor and recommended some mental therapy for me. The good Major and I got to be close while we were at Camp Drake. One evening I was asked to help feed a patient in the ward next to mine who could not feed himself. The request occurred two days before I was to be airlifted to the States. I said OK and was there any special things I should know or do. I was told do not stare at the patient or act shocked at anything I saw. When I was taken to the patient I wanted to stare because I could not believe what I saw and I hid my shock.

I had no idea that I was given an assignment in the hospital ward for the 'living dead'. The Patient I was to feed was a handsome young man all of 19 years of age. I believe he was from the East Coast. Feeding him was not a difficult chore. He was on a soft diet, mostly liquid. After he had taken 3 or 4 sips of whatever liquid I was giving him and a like amount of semi solid food he announced he was full and could not eat anymore. He had scars on every part of his exposed skin as well as tubes in every opening of his body. He even had tubes coming from parts of his body where incisions had been made to accommodate them. His kidneys and liver were non-functional.

After he had announced that he was full I told him that I would stay with him for a while and we could just talk. He said that he would like that. I asked him what happened. He told me that his platoon had walked up on a VC Base Camp that they did not see until it was too late. He was one of the first ones hit. The platoon became pinned down by massive machine gun fire then the RPG, mortars and claymores started detonating. He was shot 2 more times and was hit by fragments from 2 mortar rounds.

I said to him that what happened sounded familiar to me (11-25-67). He

asked you too? I said not this time. This time I had my 'head up my a...' He managed a weak smile. I then told him to hang in there and fight. He said Sarge I am not going to make it. I said why do you say that? He replied because my Dad is flying in from the States and will be here in a few hours. If I were going to live he would not make the trip, we don't have that kind of money. We continued talking for a few more minutes then he closed his eyes and gently went to sleep.

The next morning (09-16-68) I inquired about the Young, Brave Soldier. I was told that he passed away early that morning and that his Father was with him when he went. After hearing this I started on my way to dump the 'poor me' attitude.

Late the morning of 09-16-68, shortly before the noon hour meal I was told that my lunch that day would consist of real food not the soft diet I had been on. I was also told to start getting my personal things together because I was being sent to the USA the next morning. I did not smile. I just said, "OK, good news, too bad about the kid I fed last night". The Orderly said its not your fault, then he smiled and said we know that Major Misajon has been sneaking Teriyaki Chicken and Steamed Rice to you for the last few days. I chuckled and said, "us Orientals need to stick together". Major Misajon was a Hawaii born Filipino.

While I was eating my lunch I pondered my plight, dumped the poor me attitude and started a concentrated fight on the road to recovery. That afternoon I was threatened with disciplinary action because I went on a walk through 75% of the hospital without securing permission to leave the ward. When I returned to the ward my Doctor was making rounds with the Orderly and Major Misajon was present. The Doctor and the Orderly started in on me almost immediately. The good Major just smiled and shook his head at me. My Doctor finished chewing me out by asking what the hell I thought I was doing. My famous temper then came forward and I responded that I had no intention of being a burden to the Army any longer than I had to. The sooner I became physically fit the sooner I would not be a patient. I could not

become physically fit if I did not get more exercise that is why I took the walk. My Doctor started to say something and I cut him off by saying if I had asked for permission to leave the ward it would have been denied. My Doctor then said to me don't do it again. I said yes Sir, I won't today because I am worn out. The two Majors and the Orderly turned and were leaving the ward smiling and shaking their heads. I heard my Doctor say, "it's a good thing he was not one of the enemy". Those words made me smile.

I never saw Major Misajon again. This I regret very much. I owe him big time. I have now started my quest to locate him.

Sometimes the human mind wishes to forget the past. Never forgetting the past but not wanting to remember and discuss it. As is often the case something occurs at some future date which changes ones entire perspective relative to the past. I guess this is what happened to me concerning the Ward of the Living Dead when my Mother passed on.

Norman T. Nishikubo - December 1998

November 25, As I Remember It John Lewis

As time does to us, memories fade and are not always in the proper order. Each of us has a unique, and individual, perspective of any event. Here are my particular memories leading up to and including November 25, 1967.

Prior to November 25, we had laagered in a clearing; there were bomb craters filled with water in our perimeter; it was a great place to take a bath.

I most remember the night that we got mortared and our ambush patrol got the mortar crew. The ambush patrol was led by SP4 Ed Perry, who was acting squad leader. This has remained vivid in my memory due to the fact that when the mortar attack came, I was sleeping on top of our APC. I froze and stayed there. I knew the worst thing to do was get up and run. (Right, Norman)

In the morning our squad along with other squads, went out to retrieve the ambush patrol. We assisted in burying the dead VC. We apparently didn't do a good enough job as the VC came back and touched up the grave site. Dennis Estes had asked me to take his camera and get some pictures for him, which I did. After Dennis was killed we tried to keep that film from being sent to his family with his effects, I don't know what happened to it.

The scary part of this was that I had been on an ambush patrol prior to this. We set up about 50 meters from where the mortar crew dug their position, from which they mortared us a couple of days later. I always felt that we had been seen by the VC.

I remember B Company going out to destroy the VC base camp and making contact. Then the air and artillery strikes on the area. We had to stay under cover most of the time to avoid being hit by shrapnel from the strikes.

After that we moved up with the APC's to an area near the base camp. I was 50 gunner on the 1-2 track and the driver was William Sutherland. We sent out a patrol, led by LT. Mlynarski. The patrol got ambushed in the base camp and was pinned down. Sutherland punched it and we were busting jungle at high speed.

We pulled in amongst the patrol. They were pinned down and we were receiving incoming fire. About the only cover they had were the anthills. There were wounded down. I remember having great admiration for the medic, though, I can't remember his name. He was doing his job under most difficult circumstances, without regard for his safety. We were getting some of the wounded and others into our track.

When I heard what sounded like a recoilless being loaded out in front of us. I asked the men on the ground if we had anyone out front, they said no, so opened up with the fifty in that direction.

Sometime, probably, not long after Sutherland and I had pulled in, Art Peterson pulled his track in on our left. Another track pulled up on our right.

Peterson's gunner, Dennis Estes was almost immediately hit. Dennis was probably one of the finest people I have ever known.

Suddenly there was an explosion on the front of the track, the 50 jammed and there was burned powder residue inside the turret. The tail section of the round that hit us went down the driver's hatch. Sutherland yelled, "fire". We had some of the patrol inside the track; including one man we thought was seriously wounded. Everyone began jumping out the back door of the track, the wounded man ran over some of them (humorous, I thought).

We realized that the track wasn't on fire so we all got back in, as it wasn't too healthy outside. Since the 50 was inoperable I got a M-60 out of the track and started firing over the 50 shield. Guess what? We got hit with another round. This blew the 60 out of my hands, we recovered it later in three pieces.

I then got my M-16 out of the track and got back into the 50 turret. This time I finally spotted the bunker that had been firing on us. As I was leaning way out on the left side of the 50 turret, someone asked, "what the hell are you doing". I replied, "I see them" and I unloaded on the bunker. That seemed to neutralized their firepower.

I do not know how long we were in there but when ordered to withdraw we had lost our LT, and most of our platoon.

More air and artillery strikes were called in before Mlynarski's body could be recovered. It was a turning point for those of us that remained, because it was the first time we had lost so many friends so quickly.

John Lewis
C 2Bn (Mech) 22 Inf • 1st Platoon
June '67-June '68

Fire Support Base Burt - Jerry Rudisill
To: vietvet222@juno.com
Date: Sun, 3 Jan 1999 02:22:04 EST

January 1st, 1968

I was 19 years of age when I experienced this battle.

I was with Charlie Company 2/22 Mechanized Infantry, 25th Infantry Division. Our Battalion Commander was Awb Norris, our company commander was Bill Allison and our First Sergeant was Stan Winkler. I was assigned to the 3rd platoon commanded by Lt. John Lashbrook. I drove the platoon leaders track and my 50 gunner was Pvt Billy Woods.

We had arrived at Burt on the 31st of December, 1967. I remember that we had been receiving mortar fire the day before and this was the only time I can remember that we had our ramps up at all when we were laagered up. Anyhow, on one incident on the 31st, Sgt Hale was injured in the butt by mortar fragments and he missed the fun the next night.

On the evening of Jan 1st, Ted Angus, Tom Bernardy, and myself sat in my track and visited until around 10 p.m. and then we went to bed. It was the last time I was to see Tom Bernardy.

It was not long before all hell broke loose. The ones that were there know and the ones not there can not imagine the guns, explosions, gun ships, mortars, tracers, artillery fire, flares going off, the yelling, the garble of the radios.

I was with the 3rd platoon. We were next to the 2nd platoon and we two platoons pretty much were the south end of the laager. The 2nd platoon was to the east of the third and they interfaced with a leg unit. (© 3/22). A road led south from the 2nd's position at the very east of their tracks, right where they interfaced with the leg's first position. Little did we know that this road was where the enemy was going to emphasize their efforts.

When the action started, I was very busy feeding 50 ammo to Woods, and then I had to find at least two extra barrels as we fired so many shells so fast that we burned them up. At one time during a brief lull in the flares, I could look down the line of tracks and clearly see each of the 50 barrels glowing in the night. After I have no idea how long, I started

running ammo to the foxholes from the track.

When the battle started, I had 3 second platoon tracks to my left. When I started running ammo, two of those tracks plus a duster, were burning in place and it seemed like we were not exactly kicking their ass, if you know what I mean. (I found out last year, that John Eberwine's track was the only 2nd platoon track not burning)

I was running to check on a friend in the 2nd platoon when an RPG (editor's note: rocket propelled grenade) round went off and put me in the wounded column. Sgt Alexander was the man that was to me first.

My memories from the time I was wounded. They took me to a dust-off point by the Capt.'s track and then I was gone. I was not wounded badly, mainly concussion, but I was not doing any looking around. I think I became a much older 19 year old as a result of this battle.

Jerry Rudisill C 2/22 3rd Pltn 9/67-9/68

Editor's Note: I sent this out 1-Jan-99 via e-mail to approximately 150 on our e-mail circuit. Following are the responses:

Happy New Year To All!

For many who receive this message, this day holds special meaning. It was thirty one years ago tonight (1 Jan 68) that the 25th Infantry Division Fire Support Base Burt (a.k.a. Suoi Cut) was attacked by four battalions of VC and NVA troops, with an additional two battalions in reserve, with the main attack starting at approximately 23:45 hrs.

The 2/22 and 3/22 had set up a perimeter encompassing two batteries of 105mm howitzers from Batteries A & C of 2nd Battalion, 77th Artillery and one battery of 155mm (self propelled) howitzers from Battery C, 3rd Battalion, 13th Artillery.

The battle raged on until approximately 0600 hrs on the morning of 2 Jan 68, when the last bullets and artillery shells

were fired in our defense, when it was determined that 23 American Soldiers had lost their lives with 153 wounded, while the enemy suffered more than 400 KIA and an untold amount of WIA.

During the night, amid enemy firing that appeared at times, impenetrable, among other units the 187th and 188th Assault Helicopter Companies provided many life saving missions delivering much needed ammunition and *med-evac*ing the most seriously wounded.

Additionally, air strikes were called in, at close proximity to the troops, and directed by 2nd Platoon (2/22) Leader, First Lieutenant Gordon Kelley, who was awarded the DSC for his heroic actions that most likely saved my life and quite possibly the southern perimeter from being breached by the enemy.

For the last few years, since we have been gathering together, we have been remembering the 23 courageous and brave men who gave their lives the night of Burt. However, thanks to a recent new find, Pasquale "Pat" Cruciano, of Charlie 2/22, we now have another name to add to our memorial list of *Burt honorees*. Anderson L. Ruderson, of Charlie 2/22 Mortar Platoon was severely wounded during the battle and died days later on 13 Jan 68. This year we can now add Anderson into our prayers.

I would like to ask each man who receives this message, if you were at Burt that night, please send me a message stating what unit/platoon/squad you were with, whether you were wounded, what your job was, etc. I'd like to include these short stories in the next newsletter, which is being written now for publication later in January or February, 1999.

Thanks for being there and WELCOME HOME!

From: "Jim Breiner"
jcb06@sprynet.com
To: "John J Eberwine"
Date: Sun, 3 Jan 1999 09:44:40 -0700
Subject: Re: Fire Support Base Burt
(a.k.a. Suoi Cut)

John

This is Jim Breiner of Charlie Company 2/22 - 4th Platoon. I was there (at the Battle of Fire Support Base Burt) and I was Charlie Co's F.O. for mortars or better known as 11c20. This was my first night at Burt and only 5th day in country. It was a night I'll never forget, but believe me I have tried.

Thanks again for what you guy are doing for the 2/22. Have a happy new year!

Sincerely - Jim Breiner

From: Joel Coward
POPNU1@aol.com
To: vietvet222@juno.com
Date: Sat, 2 Jan 1999 01:17:55 EST
Subject: Fire Support Base Burt

Hi John.

I was at Burt. In those day's I was with B Co. 3/22. This was my first fire fight. I was 19 years old when it started, I was 50 when it ended. I had never seen anything like that before. I have not seen anything like it since. In my line of work people often pull guns, but I know if they shot, I would have the upper hand. These people have never had anyone really trying to kill them.

Well, John I have to go for now. I hope that you and Cindy and Rosie had a good Christmas. I also hope you have A great NEW YEAR.

Your Friend's Joe and Andra Coward

Erik Opsahl, LT, Armor
From: Epopsohl@aol.com
To: vietvet222@juno.com
Date: Fri, 1 Jan 1999 12:14:24 EST
Subject: Re: Fire Support Base Burt
(a.k.a. Suoi Cut)

Dear John,

Romeo Six (Recon Platoon), all 10 tracks, was involved at Burt. The early evening hours were spent by the Scout Platoon headquarters playing a German card game, "Sheepshead." We were in the center of the perimeter as the reaction force.

When the first mortar rounds came in and it seemed like the northern part of

the perimeter was being attacked, five of my tracks were sent to reenforce. Later, when it was clear that the main attack was coming from the south, the other five of my tracks were thrown into the gap there. I lost one track, the driver, Houston Box, was killed in the APC as it moved into position. I believe 7 or 8 of my guys were wounded including my platoon sergeant, Raymond I. Russler.

I spent part of the night in Bill Allison's track. The rest of the time we were melting down the barrels of our .50 cal's, firing LAW and grenade launchers, and just trying to hold out Charlie. One of my guys, Bob Rossow, rescued men from the Duster when it was hit, and helped take the rounds of artillery brought in by the helicopters off of the main road while constantly exposing himself to enemy fire. He was grazed and received a Silver Star for the night's action.

The breaking dawn with the smell of powder and the smoke rising surrealistically among the shot-up trees brought to light dead enemy soldiers within five feet of our position. God was with us that night.

Erik Opsahl, LT, Armor
Fullback Romeo Six

SSG Mark T. Ridley, 2nd Platoon
C/2/22.

From: MTRIDLEY@aol.com
To: vietvet222@juno.com
Date: Sat, 9 Jan 1999 22:08:23 EST
Subject: Re: Fire Support Base Burt
(a.k.a. Suoi Cut)

I too had a patrol out that night and was awarded the DSC.

Night Listening Post

The time was 1967 in VietNam. The place was near the Hobo Woods in War Zone C. I was an Infantry man with Charlie Company 2/22 Infantry(Mech). I had many job assignments that I didn't care for during my tour in VietNam. One job that stands out was going out on a night listening post. Two or more men would usually be picked to go out beyond Laager perimeter and act as a forward observer. Duties are calling in situation reports once a hour on radio

back to command center. You are not to engage in military weapon force, but to keep eyes and ear's open if enemy soldiers try to infiltrate perimeter.

This job was always very dangerous. Viet Cong were constantly trying to penetrate perimeter. Many times Viet Cong would crawl close to our outside perimeter and cut wires from our Claymore mines, than use those same Claymore mines on us during a firefight.

There was this one night while on a night listening post near the Hobo Woods. I could actually smell the Viet Cong they were that close to our night LP position. I do not remember who was on that LP, but we were all very nervous that night. I remember getting our assignment for our LP and walking to our location in the woods. It was another hot night and I was sweating so bad my clothes were completely wet by the time we finally got into our LP position in front of our Laager perimeter. The mosquitoes were terrible this night because we were in the Monsoon season.

It was about 2.00 AM in the morning when our LP notice a small light near our position. The best we could figure out it might be a Vietcong scout, and he was shining down looking for a trail in the woods. I knew there was a bike trail near our location because I was briefed earlier from our platoon Sargent. It appeared someone was holding a flashlight in there hand, but had the back of the hand facing the perimeter. Our LP watched this light for quite awhile until it was gone.

Later that night we heard foot steps of men going by our position. In a whisper we suspected Viet Cong. Our LP laid flat down on our backs so not to be seen. It was very dark that night, but by laying flat on our backs we could see the open sky gave off some light. As we laid quietly flat on our backs we could see silhouettes of men going by our position. Our hour situation report has come up, but we were unable to call back and give report. If the radio happens to make a noise at this time we would be killed. There was just know way we could call back so we stayed still and quiet. There was one point I could smell an orange. I

figured one of the Viet Cong was peeling an orange to eat. I could not make the man out because he must have stooped down to eat the orange, but that sinell of the orange I will never forget. It was a very tense time with the Viet Cong this close to our LP position. We had to stay motionless so not to give out our position. Once the Viet Cong moved out of LP area we called back our report on what was happening. The Laager area perimeter was put on alert !

The remaining night we heard nothing. When our LP came back into Laager perimeter the next morning we were happy to be back. I was told to report to our Company Commander on what had happen. I told him the entire story and he said we were very fortunate and lucky to have made it out alive.

Jim Frost C 2/22 67-68

Fun Times in VietNam

From: Rudisill1@aol.com
To: vietvet222@juno.com
Date: Sun, 3 Jan 1999 02:53:15 EST
Subject: Good Times

All of the times that I spent in Viet Nam were not doom and gloom or blood and guts. Here are a few things that I remember that bring a smile to my heart when I think of these times.

Burning Shit detail: Always one sumbitch, can not hit a 55 gal barrel. Try and stay out of the smoke. Took about 20 years before I would ever admit to anyone, this combat soldier ever had to do a job, anything like this. I mainly did all brave stuff, fighting, killing, saving other people's lives, you know, stuff like that.

Base camp outhouses: Remember how the officers had a toilet seat in theirs. And sometimes the hootch girls would come right in while you were still there. Happened to me in Tay Ninh. I saw a full outhouse clear out in about 5 seconds during a mortar attack once in Dau Tieng.

In the Boonie crappers: Our fearless leader, Col. Awb Norris, had one set up in the field (I saw it in Bill Allison's

slide show) I also made it to the sitting part of that particular crapper, late that night.

The Red cross ladies in Cu Chi: I fell in love at first sight with one until I heard that she was making a little money on the side.

Swimming in the rice paddy: We took off our clothes, jumped in the water and had a blast until one of us notices a black object, about the size of your thumb, digging into his butt. (Leeches!)

We did clear out of that rice paddy in a hurry!

Parties at the em club: Wish I could remember more about these. It seemed like we had a lot of fun.

Let's call this installment one.

Regards - Jerry Rudisill C 2/22 3rd Pltn
9/67-9/68

Bonding Under Fire (Fighting Like Brothers)

Location: Base Camp Dau Tieng
Time: March 1968

Human Nature, what a funny thing. As I look back on the incident which I am about to describe, I smile and long to locate a good friend of mine. My many hours attempting to locate him have resulted in failure so far.

It was sometime in March 1968. Chargin Charlie 2/22 was in Base Camp for a few days. Two members of the Maverick Platoon, who were part of Tiger One and who had just been promoted to E5 were having a discussion, the subject of which I can't recall. Somehow the discussion turned heated. Again, I can't recall why. I am sure it was for some stupid reason such as too much beer being consumed at the NCO Club earlier. Picture two friends who had survived 11-25-67 and Ambush Patrol at Burt screaming four letter words at each other. Also realize that one of the men had bandaged the others chest on 11-25-67 and the other had attended his friends wound on Tiger One. The discussion at some point

escalated into a nasty physical brawl. One of the combatants had his eyeglasses smashed by the other and wound up with a large cut above his left eye. The other had his wrist broken when an arm throw attempt was not executed properly by his friend. Again, too much beer caused the failure to properly execute the attempt. At any rate once the sound of breaking bones was heard the combatants halted the scuffle. The one with the broken wrist just said, "you broke my wrist." The other said, "I'm sorry. How bad is it? I'll get you to the hospital."

The next morning the two combatants from the night before saw each other. The one with the broken wrist said to the one with the cut above his eye, how is your eye? The response was, OK. The one with the cut above his eye said, how is your wrist? The response was, OK. Both at the same time said, I'm sorry then started laughing. John Walters then told me thanks, I got him out of the field, on light duty for two weeks. I told John thanks. He got me a trip to Long Binh for a few days to get new glasses. John then told me that he would take good care of the Berm Line while I was gone. I told him that I would try and get him some Bourbon in Long Binh. We both did as we said we would do.

It is very true that men in combat together develop a bond that is close to that of actual brothers. As such I guess that it is only natural that brothers born of combat can actually battle with each other as true siblings sometimes do.

THANK YOU JOHN WALTERS, MY FRIEND & BROTHER

Norman T. Nishikubo
December, 1998

Editor's Note: Norman Nishikubo has been an invaluable assistant to getting this newsletter out to the men. First, he volunteered well over a year ago to send 1/2 from the West Coast, while I would send 1/2 from my home in New Jersey. Then, he started finding more and more men, and some of those men started finding more and more men; until we now have a mailing list of over 450 names. Now, not everyone served with us in C 2/22, there are men who did time

with C 3/22, the 2/77 Artillery, the 187th and 188th Assault Helicopter Companies, there are nurses, chaplain assistants, and chaplains. We also send newsletters to families who lost a loved one on the battlefield, and families whose loved one may have passed on within the last few years.

There are many more demands on my time in the last year than when I first started writing this newsletter 3 years ago. My attempt to produce one each quarter has fallen by the wayside, however, without Norman's gentle reminders, his phone calls, his volunteering to mail all the newsletters for me, and his contribution of stories, and his continued success at finding more men, there wouldn't be much of a newsletter.

Just as Bob Babcock has written in his last newsletter, in November 1998, the stories from the men have just about dried up (except, of course from Norman). Without your remembrances, good and bad, there is no newsletter. What you see in this newsletter is the end.

If you have access to e-mail, that's the best way to send a story/s to me, or type it into a wordprocessor, *save it as text*, and send to me. Type it on and old typewriter or hand write it, but **REMEMBER**, your story dies with you, if you haven't taken the time to memorialize it in a newsletter.

I am directing this appeal, not only to the men who served in VietNam, but their wives who have attended a reunion or reunions, children who have learned more about their father from attending a reunion, brothers, sisters, cousins, friends; let us hear what you are thinking. Tell us how your life may have changed, hopefully for the good, but if not, you should share that also so we might learn from past events.

I will publish just about any thing you can write, **however**, I WILL NOT PUT INTO THIS NEWSLETTER any disparaging remarks that one man makes about another from 30 years ago. I am not judging whether the incident or event from then was or wasn't the way a person has remembered, but I, and

certain key leaders in this and the 22nd IRS feel that 30 years is a long time to hold a grudge. **We come together now** as friends, to remember fallen comrades, to laugh and cry together.....we left the battling on the battlefield.

Dues

I have received dues from men going back to last August. Because of health reasons and changing jobs, I have placed them all in a massive pile, along with correspondence received. If your check has not cleared yet, don't loose hope, I intend to make a deposit this month. Thanks for bearing with me. For those who haven't sent their \$10.00, it's never too late. If you can not afford the \$10, and we've spoken in the past, then ignore this plea. If you are family of a deceased man who served with the 22nd, you know you are exempt from sending money. The rest of you, get it up, send it to payable to my attention (we still have not incorporated, but hopefully that will be soon).

Change Of Address

AN APPEAL-by Norman Nishikubo

Editor's note: Imagine this.....28 years goes by, you've heard not a peep from anyone you served with in VietNam, and then, someone finds you. It may have taken months of intense searching and tracing, but we finally have you back in the fold. **And then—**

Whenever any of you out there changes your mailing address please let us know. The first and foremost reason for this appeal is that we do not want to loose track of any one. Secondly, someone spent time and money to locate you so don't let the effort go to waste. Based on my experience relative to locating people this past year it took 3.5 hours and \$22.00 per person located. I feel that 5 minutes to write a change of address notice letter and \$0.32 to mail it is not expecting too much of anyone who changes a mailing address. In fact if time and effort are an issue, make a phone call. In some cases it costs less

than \$0.32 to do so. Thirdly, if we have to re-mail newsletters or notices which are returned it results in an unnecessary cost to the VietNam 2/22. In other words it represents waste. Our Organization can't afford such waste, we just don't have the money. Thanks for your consideration of this appeal.

Norman Nishikubo C 2/22

What Is A Veteran?

Some veterans bear visible signs of their service: a missing limb, a jagged scar, a certain look in the eye.

Others may carry the evidence inside them: a pin holding a bone together, a piece of shrapnel in the leg - or perhaps another sort of inner steel: the soul's ally forged in the refinery of adversity.

Except in parades, however, the men and women who have kept America safe wear no badge or emblem.

You can't tell a vet just by looking.

What is a vet?

He is the cop on the beat who spent six months in Saudi Arabia sweating two gallons a day making sure the armored personnel carriers didn't run out of fuel.

He is the barroom loudmouth, dumber than five wooden planks, whose overgrown frat-boy behavior is outweighed a hundred times in the cosmic scales by four hours of exquisite bravery near the 38th parallel.

She - or he -- is the nurse who fought against futility and went to sleep sobbing every night for two solid years in Da Nang

He is the POW who went away one person and came back another -- or didn't come back AT ALL.

He is the drill instructor who has never seen combat -- but has saved countless lives by turning slouchy, no-account rednecks and gang members into soldiers, and teaching them to watch each other's backs.

He is the parade-riding Legionnaire who pins on his ribbons and medals with a prosthetic hand.

He is the career logistician who watches the ribbons and medals pass him by.

He is the three anonymous heroes in The Tomb Of The Unknowns, whose presence at the Arlington National Cemetery must forever preserve the memory of all the anonymous heroes whose valor dies unrecognized with them on the battlefield or in the ocean's sunless deep.

He is the old guy bagging groceries at the supermarket -- palsied now and aggravatingly slow -- who helped liberate a Nazi death camp and who wishes all day long that his wife were still alive to hold him when the nightmares come.

He is an ordinary and yet an extraordinary human being -- a person who offered some of his life's most vital years in the service of his country, and who sacrificed his ambitions so others would not have to sacrifice theirs.

He is a soldier and a savior and a sword against the darkness, and he is nothing more than the finest, greatest testimony on behalf of the finest, greatest nation ever known.

So remember, each time you see someone who has served our country, just lean over and say Thank You. That's all most people need, and in most cases it will mean more than any medals they could have been awarded or were awarded.

Two little words that mean a lot:

"THANK YOU."

REMEMBER:

"It is the soldier, not the reporter,
Who has given us freedom of the press.
It is the soldier, not the poet,
Who has given us freedom of speech.
It is the soldier, not the campus organizer,
Who has given us the freedom to demonstrate.
It is the soldier,

Who salutes the flag,
Who serves beneath the flag,
And whose coffin is draped by the flag,
Who allows the protester to burn the flag."

Father Denis Edward O'Brien
USMC

A New Section

I'd like to start a section in each newsletter that directly relates to the article that precedes this one, "What is A Veteran" - Only we may wish to expand somewhat by asking *What is a Veteran and who Are his Family?*. In addition to what the VietNam Veterans are doing or have done in the past 30 years, maybe there is someone in the family that has accomplished something you'd like to share.

I'm going to cheat a little to start. Because we e-mail with over 125 people regularly, and I save just about every message, I've learned things about folks and now is the time to pass along the first story of our Veteran and his wife.

Jim and Jill Frost, C 2/22 - 3rd Platoon from January 1967 to December 1967. They were sweethearts before Jim went to VietNam and were married, I think, 17 days after he came home. Live in Saginaw, Michigan. I am going to insert some e-mail messages from last year, that will kind of tell you the kind of people the Frost's are!

PS - Jim is retired from one of the automakers after 30 years, so he has a little spare time.

From: Jim Frost
To: magnetnorm@juno.com
Cc: vietvet222@juno.com
Date: Sun, 24 May 1998 14:41:54 EDT
Subject: Re: LTC Julian

Hello Norm

I checked all my old e-mails and I didn't see any specific information on people to search out. You mentioned LTC Julian. That is a name I have not heard.

I did received John's note on being the Mid-West Locator and I have no problem with this new assignment. BUT !!! for the next 6 weeks I will eat, sleep, and breathe Habitat for Humanity. I have talked to John about this new volunteer assignment that my wife Jill and I have taken on. We have built up over 300 volunteers into a database in our computer. As volunteer coordinators we will be trying to schedule these people on a daily basis to work on our Habitat home that we are building which is sponsored and funded through our Methodist churches in Saginaw County. We have three shifts of people, including Jill and I as workers, working on this house which is to be built in the month of June and part of July. Last year we built one home in one week, but it was just too much too fast.

What I am saying is that I will have little time for the next six week for locating people. I would be willing to work on the list of people when I have some free time and after this Habitat project is completed. I will need a list of names which, to date, I have not received.

Well that is about it for now. Have a nice Holiday! Good bye for now from your Mid West Connection.
Jim Frost

From the editor - The next is from Jill Frost. I had asked her to write an article for the newsletter on her feelings as a wife of a VietNam Veteran, and her observations of how Jim felt after his first reunion. The article is in this newsletter.

From: Jfrost1036@aol.com
To: vietvet222@juno.com
Date: Mon, 15 Jun 1998 20:42:38 EDT
Subject: Article

John

Will try to meet your deadline....have so many irons in the fire right now. I am very tied up with Habitat for Humanity until June 27th. My job is to coordinate all the volunteers for one house. There are five Habitat homes being built in one city block. I had to get volunteers to do everything from pouring the footing, laying the block to roofing, electrical and plumbing. The only thing that we hired

out on our house was a dry wall finisher. We are ready to start interior painting tomorrow and plan to trim out the doors and windows later this week. By the 27th of June we will be completed with the project and a mother with two children will move into a new three bedroom home. We have worked side by side with her for the last two weeks as well as all the other volunteers.

I sure have learned a lot about databases and filters in the last six months. I now can boast that I am proficient in Microsoft Works DB, Lotus 123, and Excel.

I just might make the deadline for your newsletter. What I probably will do is write the article and send it as an attachment. What do you want it written in Works or Word?

Thank you for all your support. You have been the rock for so many of the men (and women too). Sound like you are recovering from the computer "crash". That reminds me I need to save my databases on diskette. Right now they are the most important items I have.

See you in August in Albany. Jim made our reservations today. Still don't know how we are going to get there. I hate to travel by car, so we have been thinking about driving to Niagra Falls (Buffalo) and taking the train the rest of the way.

Love to all, can't wait to see how much Rosie has grown.

Jill

From the editor - Another from Jim Frost

From: Jbfrost385@aol.com
To: vietvet222@JUNO.COM
Date: Mon, 15 Jun 1998 22:46:46 EDT
Subject: Record Update

Ili John

Our Habitat for Humanity Project is going well and the group took a day off so the drywall crew can mud joints. It has been a nice project to work on this year. Last year the interior and exterior walls were pre-built and transported to

the building site. This year we stick built everything on site from ground up. We are about 80% complete on this project.

Today I can answer some of my e-mail. First on my list is to tell you that I have reserved a room at the Omni Albany Hotel. I reserve a Non-Smoking room for Jill and I. I am sure there are plenty of Non-Smoking room if people need them. I told them I was with Jim Nelson's group and they knew what I was talking about.

My report on Ted Angus was wrong. It was in Brad Hull's 5/7/96 list not Awb's list. Yes I agree it would be nice to find Ted someday. We can never give up hope.

I did talk to Charles J Joskiewich's Stepfather about Charlie tonight and he knows where he is living. He gave me a phone number but it is no longer in service. His step father does not see him because it cost him about \$400.00 to have him evicted. He still has drug problem's and no money. His stepfather said that Charlie is very intelligent but cannot stay away from drugs.

Editor's Note: If anyone out there was close to Charlie, please contact me and I'll put you in touch with Jim Frost. He can then get you in touch with Charlie's Stepfather.

That is it for now but I will help when I can. - Until next time - Jim Frost

From the editor - Another from Jim Frost

From: Jbfrost385@aol.com
To: vietvet222@juno.com
Cc: Magnetc222@earthlink.net
Date: Mon, 20 Jul 1998 12:55:12 EDT
Subject: Re: July Newsletter

John & Norm

I am glad I am one of them that do, (Editor's note: Jim is referring to paying dues) so I look forward to my privileges to enjoy another newsletter. Your July Newsletter was great! The stories were very enjoyable to read. I wish there was a solution to get our army buddies to break loose some of

their petty cash and pay their dues. I will try and think of ways to encourage people to send money.

My Habitat house project is completed; the new owners moved in this past weekend. The project took 27 days to build an 1100 sq ft home. We ended up with over 100 volunteers working on our house. With donations and free labor from volunteers we built this house for \$20,000 dollars. The value of home is about \$40,000 dollars. The city donates the land which also helps in the final cost. The home owner will have a \$250 dollar mortgage to pay back. The owner has to work 200 hours if they are single and 400 hours if they are married on their project so they also have to have sweat equity to get their Habitat home.

Now that I am finished I can get back to writing and locating more men for our next reunion in Texas.

I am looking forward to the Albany, New York trip to help celebrate Jim Nelson's painting display and seeing other VietNam Veterans from C 2/22 Inf. You two guys are doing a great job and I for one appreciate all that you are doing.

Thanks to the both of you for a great job.

Until Next Time - Jim Frost

Food For Thought

Editor's Note: As so often happens on our e-mail circuit, I had forwarded a message regarding a petition that I had received pertaining to a *Hate Crime Bill*, that was aimed at protecting gays!

The first response was from Jim Tobin, 3Bde Chaplain 67-68, next Kenn Smith C 2/22 69-70 and finally a response back to Jim & Kenn from Larry "Spanky" Peckham C 2/22 67-68 along with a response directly to me from Larry.

If there is one common thread that I have found about all VietNam Vet's since we started this mission of re-locating all men who served with 2:22 in VietNam, it is that each and every man has serious opinions about life and liberty issues, and that they may differ entirely with

you, but they fought for your right to have the diverse opinion.

—Original Message—

From: panrhea@ecentral.com
<panrhea@ecentral.com>
Date: Tuesday, January 12, 1999 10:48 PM
Subject: Re: Petition on Hate Crimes

I beg to differ that there is a necessity for a hate crime bill. A murder is a very serious crime. What difference does it make what the murderer's motive was? It is a capital crime. The danger in perpetuating the idea of a hate crime bill necessity is that who is going to determine what the motive of the killer was or one who commits a lesser crime which would still come under the hate crime requirements. It leads to the ability to place motives upon someone just because a crime has been committed, not that anyone would KNOW what the perpetrator's motive was, including himself.

A crime should be prosecuted on its own merits regardless of what the prosecution may presume the motive to be.

This could lead to the government being able to snare anyone for what they think he is thinking. Be careful what you wish for, you may get it. Thought police have existed in every totalitarian country. Our govt. has intruded into our personal lives quite enough without fostering new ways for them to control us completely.

Jim Tobin

—Original Message—

From: Kenn Smith
<archstreet@email.msn.com>
Date: Thursday, January 14, 1999 2:41 PM
Subject: Re: Petition on Hate Crimes

I, too, agree with Jim. If we single out gays and lesbians being murdered as hate crimes, then why not add Hispanics, or Blacks, or Jews, or mothers, or fathers, or wives, or husbands. Murder is murder. Let the justice system deal with murder as the law prescribes.

Kenn

—Response to Kenn & Jim—

From: "LARRY PECKHAM"
<aardvark@ilhawaii.net>
To: "Kenn Smith"
<archstreet@email.msn.com>
Cc: "John Eberwine"
<vietvet222@juno.com>
Date: Sun, 24 Jan 1999 12:21:31 -1000
Subject: Re: Petition on Hate Crimes

I agree with you that all crimes should be dealt with equally but history has shown that law enforcement has more often turned its back on crimes against those whom are universally despised, which is currently gays. I have a 25 year old gay son who came out to my wife and 13 years ago. He is a fine young man and would love to not be gay. It is not a choice but an act of god. Since I have met many of his friends and found them to be good people I am appalled at the treatment they have endured and the lack of enforcement in crimes aimed at their lifestyle. They are Americans and we as veterans have sworn to protect and serve all Americans, especially the weak or unique. Please think this over and keep an open mind. Larry Peckham

—Larry's e-mail to me—

From: "LARRY PECKHAM"
<aardvark@ilhawaii.net>
To: "John Eberwine"
<vietvet222@juno.com>
Date: Fri, 22 Jan 1999 15:51:46 -1000
Subject: Hate crime bill

Hi John. You are doing a wonderful job of keeping us all connected and I for one am very grateful.

I got your message regarding the hate crime bill and thought I should put in my two cents worth. I agree that all murders should be handled equally regardless of who or what the victim is. But I can tell you that my son, who is gay, has endured years of agony and pain as a result of the ignorance of others. I used to believe that being gay was a conscious choice, but looking back on his life I can see that he was headed this way since birth. We ignored our suspicions and he kept it from us

until about 3 years ago. Since then we have learned what it is like to be selected out as freaks and fags. Many of his friends are also gay and we have welcomed them to our home and lives. They are fine and decent people with a social handicap for which they had no choice. There is nothing wrong with them that god has not allowed to happen.

The point that needs to be made is this. Some people, usually gays, are considered fair game for the bullies of this world. I remember when I was a teenager it was okay to go up to Hollywood and beat up gays and rob them. Even if the cops came later they usually got a laugh out of it with little regard for the victim because they were repulsed by them. Gays are going through what blacks and others have endured over the years. All of those groups have received protection in one form or another. The hope of this bill is to educate the ignorant as to the rights of certain groups which have been considered up to now to be "fair game". To leave no outlet for some law enforcement officers that consider gays to be less than human. I would have agreed with everything you guys said in your comments just three years ago. Now I know different and I think you would too if you open up to the need for us as Americans and veterans to protect all of our people, especially the weakest.

Thanks for the opportunity to join in this discussion.

Larry Peckham
C 2/22 1st Platoon 67-68

Editor's Note: The information below is an excerpt from Appendix A of "Armored Combat in VietNam", by Gen. D. Starry, 1980

It was researched and distributed by Greg Brauer, brother of Art Peterson who served with C 2/22 9/67-9/68.

Greg has become a tireless researcher of data for 2/22 and we most greatly appreciate his efforts.

Commanders of the 2nd Battalion, 22d Infantry (25th Infantry Division) in VietNam.

Lt. Col. Richard W. Clark, 10/66-2/67
Lt. Col. Ralph W. Julian, 2/67-9/67
Lt. Col. Awbrey G. Norris, 9/67-2/68
Lt. Col. King J. Coffman, 2/68-8/68
Lt. Col. James A. Damon, 8/68-12/68
Lt. Col. Ralph M. Cline, Jr., 12/68-5/69
Lt. Col. John C. Eitel, 5/69-8/69
Lt. Col. Bruce F. Williams 8/69-11/69
Lt. Col. John R. Parker, 11/69-5/70
Lt. Col. Nathan C. Vail, 5/70-11/70

Greg Brauer,
301-228-6081
fax: 301-631-0841
gabrauer@bechtel.com

From the Editor

I cannot begin to thank all of the fine people who have made this newsletter and our reunions happen. I'm going to try to name some names, because they deserve recognition, however, if your name is overlooked, and you will know the part you played, please forgive me.

Brad Hull found me and gave my name to *John Clemente*; without these two, nothing else would have happened. *Bill Allison* saved rosters from 30 years ago, which gave us names, social security numbers and even hometowns to start our searches. Along with *Bill Allison*, *Awb Norris*, *Gordon Kelley* and *Jim Nelson* were at my first reunion, and if they were not there, I may not have gotten totally immersed in trying to put back, first Charlie Company, and then, the entire Triple Deuce. *Jerry Rudisill*, *Pat Merth*, *Stan "Top" Winkler* & *Jon Parsons* joined our little group in St Francisville, Louisiana and when I saw their faces, and listened to what they were saying the reunion meant to them, I knew we must continue onward and attempt to find every man who served with the Triple Deuce in VietNam. Later on *Norman Nishikubo*, *Jim Frost*, *John Lewis* & *John Miedema* joined our e-mail circuit and started finding men faster than I could enter them in the database. I must not forget our friends from the 3/22nd, *Chuck Boyle*, *Bill*

Schwindt, *John Otte*, *MC Toyer* and the list could go on and on.

Then, in Oct 97, we had 25 men from Charlie Co 2/22, with an additional 10 from A, B, Recon & HHC. This only solidified our feelings that we must continue getting together. **Please**, if you are reading this, and haven't been to a reunion because you are uncertain how you will feel once there, just remember, that every time you pass up a reunion, you can never go back. That reunion is lost to you forever.

Ambush Patrol 24-Nov-67 - Clarification

I received a letter from Larry Baker C 2/22 2nd Platoon 1st Squad. Larry was on the ambush patrol that was successful in killing 7 out of 8 Viet Cong who had just mortared the company. Larry was the radio operator on the patrol, not Carlos Torres, as some had thought, and he also remembers that Sp4 Arnold Farlow was the patrol leader, not Sgt Ed Perry. This was a 2nd Platoon Ambush patrol and Perry was in 1st Platoon. He also remembered Orlicki, Buhr and Posey being there. He believes Carlos Torres may have been the new man that he remembers being on the patrol, although Torres is listed on my 1967 roster as being in weapons platoon, not 2nd and had been in country since 9/67. **Editors note:** it may have been Freddy Jurado, and not Carlos Torres. Freddy got to VietNam on 14-Nov-67, just 10 days before the ambush, which will fit with Larry's recollection.

Counting Austin Kreeger, Arnold Farlow, Coy Thomas, Eugene Buhr, Andy Orlicki, John Posey, and Larry Baker, we now have accounted for 7 of the 9 men on the patrol.

Larry writes, "We went to the ambush site and set up and settled in. At about 2 AM, it was my turn to go on guard duty. The man that was on guard with me was brand new, on his first ambush patrol and had only been in the field a couple of days. I don't remember his name, so for now I'll call him the *new man*. I remember telling him that I had been on many ambush patrols and had never

encountered anything, so we probably were not going to on this night. As we always did, we were talking in a low whisper to each other, each of us getting to know the other man a little better, when he suddenly said, 'I see a group of men moving along the tree line.' I looked at the tree line and did not see anything, but I knew my night vision was not the best, so I said to him, 'Are you sure you see them because I don't.'

You know a man on his first time out often had the jitters and saw things that were not there. But he said, 'He had good night vision and he was positive he saw them.' I said if you are sure I will wake the patrol leader and see if he sees anything. He said, 'I am sure.' So I woke Farlow and told him the man I was on guard duty with says he sees men moving along the tree line but that I did not, but he better take a look. Farlow says, 'I don't see anything either.' Farlow and I dismissed it as the *new mans* jitters. A short time later Farlow and I were proved to be wrong.

I resumed guard duty with the *new man* and about 30-45 minutes later we saw just up the trail from us mortars being fired very rapidly. We woke the patrol and they became aware of what was happening. Things happened very quickly then. The VC mortar squad headed down the trail right at us. I could hear them talking and laughing and they moved pretty fast. The lead man had a flashlight and he suddenly stopped and shined the flashlight on the trail on one of our claymore mine wires. I thought, 'He has seen the claymore wire and we could have problems.' But he continued more slowly now then stopped and shined the light on another of our claymore wires but then began to move again.

At about this time the mortar squad was all in front of us and I remember saying, 'Shoot the'. The ambush patrol opened fire and we knocked them down. I believe most of them were killed right away but there was some moaning from a couple of them. We were fearful that one of them that was still alive might have a grenade and toss it on us or might have an AK-47 (automatic-rifle). At this time I radioed Charlie 10 (call sign for John

Stiles) and reported that we had ambushed the mortar squad. At first it seemed they did not comprehend what I was telling them and I remember saying, 'Didn't you hear us firing.' Of course the company had their own problems as they had just been mortared and had wounded men. Captain Allison came on the radio and told us to be safe and finish them off.

We tried a few rounds into the trail but the moaning continued. Farlow then picked two men to go out and make sure they were dead. I remember one of the men picked was Orlicki. He was reluctant to go out there, but Farlow told him to 'Get his ... out there.' The other man must have been Austin Kreeger. They went out and made sure each of the VC was dead. The moaning stopped. We settled in and waited for daylight.

Captain Allison, LT Kelley and some others came out and said they could not find the base plate for the mortar tube, so one man must have gotten away, but we did kill seven. We then drug the bodies to the holes they had used earlier that night and put them in the holes.

Some things I have wondered about? Who were the man in the tree line the *new man* saw? Were they the mortar squad? They most likely were, but does it even matter? I don't think so. We were not going to chase after them in the dark. As it turned out, they paid the price.

A note about SP4 Posey.....I had already said goodbye to him a few days earlier as he was going in from the field to process out to go home. I then saw him back out in the field. I said, 'I thought you were going home?' He said, 'I am, but I heard you guys needed some help so I came back out to give you a hand.' He wound up on the ambush patrol and later on I think I heard him say, "I gotta get out of here." I saw him no more. Posey was one of my favorites. That is the way I remember it. Hope it has help some. I am giving some thought about going to Dallas in May. Guess it won't hurt anything. Maybe I'll see you then, it's been a long time."

Editor's note: Larry Baker was one of the survivors at the Battle of Fire Base Burt, fighting from the Southern

position, just West of the road, where the two C 2/22 2nd Platoon tracks were knocked out with rockets. Larry was severely wounded in a mortar attack the next night at Burt, spending the next ten months in the hospital recuperating from his wounds. Larry and I arrived at Charlie Company 2nd Platoon almost to the day, and spent many nights on ambush patrol, OP and digging foxholes and I had thought about him often over the 28 years before I finally located him. He was my good friend then, a person I looked to for guidance because he was a little older and I trusted his judgment. I can't wait to see him in Dallas and shake his hand. I never got to say good bye 31 years ago, but now I can say hello. Thanks for Being There When I Was There and WELCOME HOME!

We Need Volunteers from Alpha, Bravo, Delta and Headquarters Companies

We need one or more computer literate men from A, B, D, & Headquarters companies, preferably on line, but not a must, to volunteer to try to locate men from your companies and also encourage them to submit stories for the newsletter.

Because I served with Charlie Company, and was fortunate to have received some rosters from 31 years ago, we've found more Charlie Company men, than men from other companies. However, this organization is the Triple Deuce and encompasses all these companies so we want more active participation. You guys will enjoy the reunions better when you have men from your own squads and platoons there.

I know some of Charlie company locators would be glad to assist in getting you started so please come forward, it's an unbelievable feeling to locate someone, even if they don't remember you personally, just to have been found, is a thrill.

Please help - contact me and I'll set you in the right direction. Brad Hull, A 2/22 has been a locator extra ordinaire, however he could always use some help. Thank you!

IN MEMORY OF A 2/22 KIA's

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
Clayton Arthur Martin	10/16/97
Gilbert Thomas Beaupre	10/25/67
Edward L. Clemmon	12/18/67
James William McCaffrey	01/02/68
George Coleman	05/13/68
Dennis Lee McCormick	08/19/68
William Richard Turner Jr	09/19/68
Daniel Irizarry-Acevedo	03/08/69
John Emery Bladck	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
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

IN HONOR OF RECON 2/22 KIA's

Houston Clifford Box Jr 01/02/68

IN HONOR OF TRIPLE DEUCE KIA's WHOSE COMPANY IS UNKNOWN

John Gaylealon Davis	11/24/67
Millard Wade Farbro	11/24/67
Richard Howard Parker	11/24/67
Raymond Perez	11/24/67
William John Tschumi	11/24/67
Terry Leo Trainor	03/13/68
Carl Leonard Carlson	04/12/68
Rockford Grey Everett	04/12/68
John Okemah	04/13/68
Joseph William Short	04/13/68
Sidney Chester Squires	06/20/68

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

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
Edward Eugene Fortenberry	02/16/67
Kenneth Ray Anderson	07/07/67
David Paul Coveny	09/30/67
Robert Lewis Campbell	01/01/68
Thomas Michael Ross	02/02/68
John Michael O'Farrell	01/14/69
Thomas Alexander Becker	03/06/69
David Glenn Lovitt	03/06/69
Kenneth Michael Frain	03/11/69
Raymond Richard Schrifrin	06/11/69
Donald Henry McMains Jr	08/09/69
John Michael Davis	08/16/69

Please, if you think there are more KIA's that I do not have listed, please let me know that 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. **Thank You!**

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

Passed Away at Home

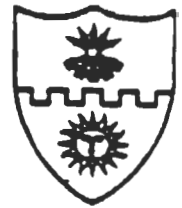
Steven E Tyler (Wpn)	1988
Jim Wagner (2 nd)	1996
Robert I. "Red" Dodd (2 nd)	1996

M - Awarded Medal of Honor

IN MEMORY OF C 2/22 - KIA's

Thomas Ralph Murphy	11/06/66
Joseph Cousette	11/19/66
Johnny A Chambers	01/08/67
Douglas J Sullivan	01/08/67
Michael Raymond Ishman	01/12/67
James Essary	01/17/67
Edward Ralph Glenn Jr	01/17/67
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
Josceph 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 G Bernardy (Doc)	01/02/68
Jack Wayne Miller	01/02/68
Willie Petty Jr	01/02/68
Kenneth Joseph Grassl	01/29/68
Joel Kenton Brown	02/18/68
Lytell B Christian	03/13/68
David Kenneth Ditch	03/13/68
Todd Earl Swanson (Doc)	03/13/68
John Edward Nelson	04/13/68
Benjamin Allen Honeycutt	05/02/68
Ernest Lee Elliott	06/20/68
Larry R Kennann (Doc)	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
Gary Norman Whipple	12/04/68
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
Robert Glenn Sekva	06/11/69
Duane Alan Clefish	08/30/69
Ernie Lee Wallen	08/30/69

Reservations and Registration
22nd Infantry Regiment Society Reunion
Holiday Inn DFW Airport North
Irving, Texas 13 - 16 May 1999



A block of rooms is being held but **you must make individual reservations No Later Than 15 April 1999** to receive the guaranteed room rate of \$85.00 plus tax. Contact the Holiday Inn Reservations Center at: 800-465-4329 or the Hotel at: 972-929-8181. Specify **Holiday Inn Select DFW Airport North** in Irving Texas at 4441 Hwy. 114 E. Most of the rooms are for Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights, but a limited number are available Wednesday and Sunday at the same rate. If you plan to arrive sooner and/or depart later, **and need assistance**, contact M. C. Toyer, Reunion Coordinator, at (940) 686-2145 or E-mail at Bravo3d22@juno.com, and he will help you in locating suitable accommodations.

Please Print Legibly: Your Name: _____

Address: _____ City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____ Phone #: _____

E-mail: _____ Arrival Date: _____ Depart Date: _____

Unit and Service Dates for Badge: Co _____ Bn _____ Div _____ Year(s) _____

Circle as applicable: [WWII] [Cold War] [Vietnam] [Current] [Associate]

Please see reverse side of this page for information on names, nicknames, etc.....

Fees: Please enclose your check with this registration.

Check here _____ **if you want us to hold your check until 25 April 1999 for deposit.**

I am a Paid Life Member OR have paid my 1999 Dues _____ or I am enclosing 1999 Dues \$ 10 Regular Rate - \$ 22 Double Deucer Rate - \$ 4 Active Duty E-4 and under Rate _____

Registration per member (for hospitality room and expenses) \$ 10 10.00

Registration for non-member adult guests (18 and under free) _____ x \$ 5 _____

Friday night Reception/Buffer (includes entertainment and dancing) _____ x \$ 26 _____

Saturday night Banquet _____ x \$ 28 _____

Cash donation to reunion (Totally optional) _____

(We also need donations of merchandise, gift certificates or whatever for the raffle)

Total - Make Checks Payable To: _____

22nd Infantry Regiment Society _____ Total

Your Check #: _____ Date: _____

I Volunteer to help with (Circle): [Registration] [QM Sales] [Snack Bar] [Whatever Needed]

Please see reverse side of this form to complete information needed for your nametag and for those that will attend with you.

Complete and forward to:
No Later Than 15 April 1999

22nd Infantry Regiment Society
P O Box 682222
Marietta, GA 30068

Reservations and Registration
22nd Infantry Regiment Society Reunion
Holiday Inn DFW Airport North
Irving, Texas 13 - 16 May 1999

To preclude problems with nametags, please complete the following for you and any others that will be attending with you. The format for the nametag is:

The top line of the name tag is used to put the name that the person attending wishes to be addressed as: Pete, Bill, Martha John, Bigfoot, etc.

The next line immediately under your "desired name" is the last name of the individual.

The next line is used to designate the unit of the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society member:

C/1/22/4 44-46 This would be C Company, 1st Battalion, 22nd Inf, 4th Div, 44-46

If you are an Associate member of the Society, and would like to have a unit designation on your name tag, please indicate that below.

If the person attending is not a Society member, we will use GUEST for those attending with a member. The final line on the tag is the CITY and STATE that the person attending wants to have on their name tag. An example of a name tag would be:

"Bill"
Westbrook
C/1/22/4 44-46
Pembroke, MA

For those attending with you, the same type of information is requested. Please complete the information below as applicable. Use additional pages if needed.

Your "Nickname" _____ Last Name: _____
Company: __, Battalion: _____ Regiment: _____ Division __ Yrs of Service: _____ (i.e.: 44-46)
Or your support unit _____

Any guest accompanying you to the Reunion:

Nickname: _____ Last Name _____
City: _____ State _____

Nickname: _____ Last Name _____
City: _____ State _____

Nickname: _____ Last Name _____
City: _____ State _____

Nickname: _____ Last Name _____
City: _____ State _____

Nickname: _____ Last Name _____
City: _____ State _____

Complete and forward to:
No Later Than 15 April 1999

22nd Infantry Regiment Society
P O Box 682222
Marietta, GA 30068