

# The VietNam Triple Deuce

An Association of 2<sup>Bn</sup> (Mech) 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry VietNam Veteran Mech Men

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

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## Jim Nelson's Art Exhibition

COME JOIN US IN  
ALBANY, NEW YORK

Jim Nelson's Art Show  
August 18, 1998

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VietNam Memorial Art Gallery, adjacent to the New York State House, in Albany, New York from August 18, 1998 through October 7, 1998.

The first day, August 18, 1998 Jim will be honored at a reception from 5PM to 7 PM. This will be the only day that Jim (and Sharon) will be there for the showing. We are all invited to the reception, **however**, you must inform me that you will definitely be there and we'll get you a personal invitation.

So far, Jim's sister, his parents, Jim and Jill Frost and Cindy and I are planning to go. Most will arrive on Monday evening August 17, 1998 and leave Wednesday, August 19, 1998. **Jim has found two hotels:**

Jim said that he thinks the Albany Omni Hotel (½ block from the gallery) would be the best bet. They are at 10 Eyck Plaza, at the corner of State and Lodge Streets, Albany, NY 12207 1-800-THE-OMNI. The price will be \$90 per night (double) plus \$7 per night for self park or \$10 per night for valet. (Jim needs a minimum of ten rooms-so far there is 6. The regular price is \$150 or so.) But if we stayed outside town, the daily parking in town is \$25, and the traffic is horrendous, so the Omni seems the best bet

The Howard Johnson Motel 1614 Central Ave, Albany, New York 1-800-293-3794 Take Northway to Exit 2W - 6/10 mile to hotel. If we get 10 rooms booked, they will discount a double room to \$50 per night, otherwise it's \$75 per night. There is free parking, plus three restaurants within walking distance)

**At either place, MAKE SURE YOU SAY YOU'RE WITH THE 22ND INFANTRY REGIMENT SOCIETY.**

Jim has done paintings of The Battle of Suoi Tre 3/21/67 (LZ Gold) where the 3/22 was being overrun when C 2/22 and others arrived to help; also Fire Support Base Burt 1/1-2/68 (Battle of Suoi Cut); battle of Good Friday 4/12/68 when again the 3/22 was in danger of being completely overrun and C 2/22 came to the rescue. He also has done portraits of men we knew, some of whom died in VietNam, and scenes that are so realistic, one look and you are transported back in time to the Ho Bo Woods, Bo Loi Woods, Michelin Rubber Plantation, Nui Ba Den, etc., where you will feel the sweltering heat, smell the enemy and hear the bullets crack overhead.

Jim Nelson, *nationally renowned VietNam Combat Artist (Charlie Company 2<sup>Bn</sup> (Mech) 22<sup>nd</sup> Inf, 3rd Brigade and 25th Division Combat Artist - Sep 67/Sep 68)* is having an exhibition of his spectacular paintings at the

There will also be the fantastic photography of David DeMauro, who served with Charlie 3/22 in 1968/69 will be exhibited. Jim says these photo's are true works of art and are not to be missed.

This is a time to honor a man who has kept faces and places alive so that none can forget them. We should honor Jim by being there if there is any way you can make it. Jim Nelson honors each and every VietNam Veteran when he paints another outstanding painting.

**You must make the reservation at the hotel by July 27, 1998 for the discount to apply. Please contact me for additional information at 609.653.3025**

**This could be a mini-reunion! These type of small gatherings allow families to get to know each other better.**

**Thank you!**

## Subject: Dues

Folks, this article about Membership Dues is directed to all of you former Chargin' Charlie members who were in 2nd, 3rd and 4th Platoons. John Eberwine is tired of mentioning about paying Dues so I have picked up the saber. (Editor's Note • All you non-Charlie Company Triple Deucers can also pay attention to this appeal - Another full mailing of the July 1998 Newsletter will break our bank account)

I (Norman) have performed some math exercises concerning Dues received for the '97-'98 Membership year. The following resulted from my calculations:

1st Platoon (The Mavericks) Former Members account for over 49% of the total dues received. 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Platoons' Former Members account 33% of the dues received.

Now I know that we Mavericks were cocky 30 years ago. This is because we were damn good, smile. It looks like the saga continues today! Yes, Mavericks are the only way to go!!! The numbers don't lie. Sound cocky? You bet we are because you let us get away with it. When are you going to put me and the rest of the Mavericks in their place, *smile*? Bet you guys can't catch us, then pass us just like you could not, 30 years ago, *smile*. Yes I, probably the most Maverick, have thrown the gauntlet down. Are you going to be equal to the task? In all seriousness, I am counting on you today just as I did 30 years ago. You did not let me down then, don't let me down today. PLEASE send in your DUES now!

Magnet (Norman Nishikubo 1<sup>st</sup> Platoon, C 2/22 9/67-9/68)

## The Next Great Reunion of the Century

### Don't Be Left Out - Once Missed - Can't Go Back

The next reunion of the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society will be held from May 13 - May 16, 1999 at a hotel in the Dallas/Ft Worth area. This will be the best reunion yet. Details in the next newsletter

If you are not sure you want to attend your first reunion because you are unsure of what will take place, just ask me to put you in touch with 4 or 5 men who attended their first in the last 18 months. They can tell you of their fears, doubts and expectations, and whether they met or exceeded their hopes. Remember, making

the first step is always the hardest, but you've got a lot of support with the men who've already been there: just think back to when you landed with Charlie Company. They took us under their wing then, and will do so again.

## We Must have Members Paying Dues - John Eberwine

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

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

**NOW**, we, the VietNam Triple Deuce, are just about out of funds after sending out the last newsletter. This one definitely breaks the bank. If the majority of you do not feel it is necessary to contribute, whom do you think should pay for you to continue receiving the newsletters. We are mailing in excess of 340 newsletters now, while less than 30 men have paid their dues, and 3 of them.....contributed \$200 each.

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

It's beginning to cost us about \$500 per mailing, with attempts to mail 4 times a year, that \$2,000. Unless I hit the lottery, **I need help, please pay your dues. Thanks much!**

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

**There are benefits associated with each organization that don't necessarily get covered by the other organization.**

## Stories from the Past

The following are accounts of Thanksgiving Day November 23, 1967 and the days following

**From: Bill Allison, C O Company C 2<sup>nd</sup> Bn (Mech), 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry, 25<sup>th</sup> Division, VietNam**

Last night I finally sat down and tried to record where we were on Thanksgiving Day, thirty years ago. I pulled the following information from a First Platoon after action report that LT Kelley filed, letters that I wrote Martha John and from what I remember. This is a very, very rough first draft that I hesitate to send. It does not read well and there is so much more I want to include. But if I wait, the moment will be gone. Therefore, please read this as what it is, a first draft. I would appreciate your input to fill in gaps and correct any errors. Names of the men that were on the ambush patrol and anyone who participated on the 25th would help.

On Thanksgiving Day, November 23, 1967, the 2<sup>nd</sup> Bn (Mech), 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry was conducting search and destroy operations approximately 10,000 yards or 5½ miles southeast of Dau Tieng, the base camp for the 3<sup>rd</sup> Brigade, 25<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division. For the last three days, Bravo Company, under the command of Captain Mike Mitchell, had been operating in a VC base camp that was located six hundred yards north of the clearing that Charlie Company had occupied after dark the night before.

Each day that Bravo Company had been in the base camp they uncovered more bunkers and trench systems. Each day they came under fire. Air strikes, that were called in on the unfolding VC complex, revealed one of the most elaborate base camps that I remember the battalion ever finding. The camp was, among other things, an ammunition and fuse factory. There was a foundry where the VC were melting pieces of our destroyed personnel carriers and casting the molten metal into grenades. The exhaust from the foundry was piped under ground for some distance away from the factory. Awb Norris walked through the camp with one of the long handled ladles, that were used to pour the molten metal into the numerous grenade molds, on his shoulder.

On Thanksgiving Day, Charlie Company was given the mission to go into the VC camp and complete the destruction of the bunkers and factory complex. I accompanied the third platoon lead by their seasoned combat leader, Platoon Sergeant Sammy Kay, who understood better than anyone else in the company the possible danger we were facing. As was Sergeant Kay's standard procedure for keeping his men alive, he drove his men hard and made them move with extreme caution. The

third platoon crawled through the heavy foliage as they approached the clearing that had been made by the air strikes. Hot and tired, the men entered the base camp, immediately established a security perimeter and went to work. All day, Sergeant Kay barked out orders that not only kept his men alert but also helped him keep an account of every man's location. At every opportunity, he would come up to me and pass on his observations with suggestions as to what needed to be done: because of Sergeant Kay's acute awareness of and respect for the enemy, I had learned early-on to listen when Sammy spoke. All that hot and humid day we crawled into bunkers and through trench systems; we uncovered more of the factory complex and blew equipment and bunkers. Fortunately, we walked completely through the bombed area without receiving any enemy fire. We returned to the laager site around 1700hrs and had our "Thanksgiving Turkey Dinner" in the field.

On that day, the weapons platoon received new, longer mortar rounds. The crews were concerned about using the new rounds to fire our close-in protective fire. LT Kelley, the weapons platoon leader, said that it looked like the mortar tubes were pointing straight up. The weapons platoon dropped three rounds down the tubes. I remember that very vividly because I was walking toward the perimeter tracks when the rounds exploded inside our perimeter. Fortunately, no one was hit. We decided that LT Kelley was right. The mortar tubes "were pointing straight up." The fire direction center had to do a little recalculation on their fire missions for our close in fires.

At 0300hrs the following morning (11/24/67) the company was hit with a mortar attack. We took 29 hits within the company perimeter. We had nine men wounded, none critically. The VC mortar team had prepared their firing position less than 500 yards south of our location. They dug a firing position for the mortar base plate and foxholes for each team member.

As soon as they fired their mortars, the team picked up their equipment and started running down a trail that lead off to the west. They were laughing to beat the band. I'm sure they were proud that they had just hit an American unit. The lead man was carrying a flashlight as he led the team away. The mortar team stopped running and gathered in front of the Second Platoon's nine-man ambush patrol that was in position at a fork in a trail. It was 700 yards south west of the company laager.

I was told that one of the men in the ambush patrol called out "HAI.T" just before the ambush patrol opened fire and killed seven members of the mortar team. The man carrying the base plate must have been lagging behind

because the base plate was not recovered. The patrol reported what had happened and wanted to know what they should do. They were instructed to check to see if all the members of the mortar team were dead. A few minutes later, there was another heavy burst of automatic weapons fire in the vicinity of the patrol. When they were asked to explain what was going on, they responded, "You wanted us to see if they were all dead. We just wanted to make sure they were dead before we checked to see if they were dead." Soon after daylight the VC mortar team was buried by our troops in the foxholes that the VC had dug near their firing position.

Later that morning the VC made it very evident that they were close by and knew where we were. The mortar team that was buried in their original foxholes was not completely buried. A hand was left sticking out of one of the graves. I'm sure there was some joking as my men put the team in their resting place. I found it humorous as I passed the grave site on a sweep south and west in search of the mortar team's base camp. As we were returning to our laager, two or three hours later, we again passed the grave site. This time no hand was visible. In fact all the graves had been neatly mounded and the area around the graves had been raked. That gave me an uneasy feeling. I felt as if I could reach out and touch someone and that eyes were on us. That was a feeling that stayed with me for the rest of my tour.

We returned to the VC base camp and continued to destroy bunkers. Air strikes had cleared 10 to 15 acres of jungle that had concealed the camp. At least 75 to 100 bunkers and tunnels had been located and destroyed. We would later realize that we had only uncovered the tip of an enormous complex. While we were blowing bunkers, Jim Nelson from the third platoon made a sketch of the base camp. He did such a good job that his sketch landed him a job as the 3<sup>rd</sup> Brigade's draftsman. Also, in that camp, some tubes of watercolors were found. Later, Jim Nelson would use the VC's watercolors to paint himself into the position as the 25th Infantry Division's combat artist. There were a lot of very talented men wandering around in the Viet Nam jungle.

We were not able to complete the destruction of all the uncovered bunkers, so we were given the mission to go back into the area on the 25th of November. Charlie Company had operated in the camp for two days without a single round being fired. However, things would be different that day. I have often questioned if we had let our guard down because we had move freely for two days.

The First and Second Platoons left the company laager at 0800hrs with the mission of completing the destruction of the base camp. The First Platoon moved to an area only six hundred yards north of the company laager. They laggard their tracks and sent out an eight man demolition team to start blowing the bunkers. They were proceeding north when SGT Harrington and PFC Cross, who were providing security, located a trail leading out of the bombed area. They proceeded down the trail where they received the first burst of fire. Both men were wounded. PFC Cross moved back to the location of the demolition team where he explained the situation to LT Mlynarski. PFC Cross stated that SGT Harrington was unable to move. Before the entire Company could be assembled, LT Mlynarski, accompanied by five men, linked up with the Second Platoon on his right and moved forward.

LT Mlynarski got ahead of the Second Platoon and apparently walked down the same trail that his men had found. As he stepped out of the jungle, he walked into a clearing that was covered by three VC bunkers and an elaborate trench system. LT Mlynarski was shot immediately along with his RIO, PFC Burlson. Both men went down, and the men accompanying LT Mlynarski took up positions along the wood line of the bombed area.

After a five-minute lull in the fire, the Second Platoon and the remainder of the First Platoon came up on line with the forward element of the First. The first platoon then attempted to recover LT Mlynarski, but they became pinned down.

LT Robert Van Patten, the company's artillery forward observer, arrived with the Second Platoon. He could see where LT Mlynarski had fallen. LT Van Patten turned to Sergeant Arnie Pellerin, his Recon sergeant, handed him his map and said, "Arnie you are a good man." Those were Van Patten's last words. Then before suppressive fires had been established, Van Patten crawled twenty feet forward and tried to retrieve LT Mlynarski. While attempting to pull LT Mlynarski's body from off the log that he had fallen across, LT Van Patten was shot in the head from the bunker to his front. The First Platoon's personnel carriers arrived. While one carrier evacuated the wounded, the other two tracks set up a base of fire with their 50 caliber weapons.

At this time, PFC Burlson and SGT Harrington were able to get back to their platoon's position. SGT Harrington, a sharp, model soldier, had a sucking chest wound that Arnie Pellerin and two other men quickly covered with a text book bandage; then they quickly move him back to the Battalion

Surgeon who accompanied the battalion in the field. The VC opened up with rifle grenades and claymore mines, claiming three more casualties. Those wounded were PFC Nishikubo, SP4 Gryster, and SP4 Farrington. The tracks came under fire and took a casualty from small arms fire: PFC Estes, a fifty gunner. An attempt was made to move the second platoon in position to lay down a base of fire so the first platoon could break contact. However, the second platoon became pinned down. It took over an hour to reestablish communications with the first platoon and extract the wounded. The VC started moving along all the trenches and the company was starting to receive fire from the flanks. We were finally able to break contact and withdraw so we could regroup and evacuate the wounded. As we pulled back 50 yards, we left behind LT's Van Patten and Mlynarski.

The First platoon had suffered the loss of its leader and all NCO's. Specialist 4 was the highest rank that was not wounded or killed. The Second Platoon leader, LT Jeffery Meriam from Riverside, California and his platoon sergeant were also wounded. LTC Norris, FULLBACK 6, our tall and always on the scene battalion commander, walks up in the middle of the fire fight and wanted to know what he could do to help LT Kelley, who only moments earlier had cleared a nearby trench of VC who were trying to encircle our position, attempted to tell FULLBACK 6 that he was in danger where he was standing. Suddenly, a tree limb just over his head was shot down. He got the message.

I requested that Bravo Company be moved up behind us to hold open a route of withdrawal. Also, I requested that a platoon from Bravo Company be attached to Charlie Company. Then, with the Third Platoon led by PSG Sammy Kay on the left and the platoon from Bravo Company on the right, we moved forward to try to recover Van Patten and Mlynarski.

The Third Platoon's men and personnel carriers came up on line. Then with all weapons firing on automatic, they disappeared into the jungle growth. At times the vegetation was so thick that we could see no more than 2 or 3 yards to the front. The VC had cleared narrow firing lanes through the jungle so they could see when our men entered their killing zone. As we advanced, the VC detonated their claymore mines that cut limbs and leaves off the heavy foliage. Large trees and termite mounds provided some cover as those brave men worked their way forward. When the platoon entered an area where the undergrowth was thinner, they could see an occupied, fortified trench running parallel to their front.

An RPG round hit the side of a personnel carrier from an angle, the blast glanced off the carrier and penetrated the helmet of PFC John Allen Gibson, who was advancing close to the carrier. PFC Gibson was mortally wounded. Jim Nelson and Jim Frost were slightly wounded by the same round. The platoon hit the ground and started putting deadly accurate fire on the trench line to their front. The VC replied with a large volume of fire that passed just over the head of the men as they crawled forward. They said that they could feel the heat from the rounds as they flew by. Some men crawled over deep holes that were covered with webbed bamboo; the holes were most likely air vents for a tunnel system or underground headquarters. The trench to the front of the third platoon became silent, several VC bodies were visible.

Bravo's platoon to the right came under intense fire and was not able to advance past the spot where LT Mlynarski had fallen. During the two hours of fighting, LT Van Patten's body was recovered, but every attempt to recover LT Mlynarski resulted in accurate fire being placed on the platoon's location. LTC Norris crawled forward and touched Mlynarski, but he was not able to raise high enough to pull Mlynarski off the log; apparently his web gear was caught on a limb.

My RIO, George Hooper, and I were on the ground and moving behind the third platoon. My driver and fifty gunner maneuvered my command track forward and joined the attack. An RPG hit the track. Luckily, the round exploded when it hit some brush a few feet away from the side of the track. The RPG's gas stream was broken up and splattered against the side of the track. Instead of one hole, several holes cut through the track and sent molten aluminum into the map board on the opposite interior wall of the track.

It became apparent that we were facing a well dug-in and determined force and that if we continued to assault the fortified positions we would sacrifice too many men. Contact was too close to use our superior firepower. Therefore we requested permission to break contact so that we could pull back far enough to call in artillery and air on the located positions. FULLBACK 6 approved, but the division commander hesitated. He was reluctant to permit us to withdraw before LT Mlynarski's body was recovered.

FULLBACK 6, who had already earned his pay that day, won many bonus points by being able to give a first hand report on the status of the ground action. He told the brigade commander that three men had been killed and a score wounded trying to recover LT Mlynarski's body, and that he had

personally touched Mlynarski's body and confirmed that he was dead. That first hand account probably saved the lives of several men that hot afternoon.

At 1430hrs we broke contact and pulled back south. Actually, had we not been permitted to withdraw, circumstances would have put us in grave danger. The third platoon had consumed all their ammunition, and Bravo's platoon was receiving a lot of sniper fire and was in danger of being flanked.

Artillery and air strikes were called in that afternoon, all day Sunday, and on Monday morning, to neutralize the area. ALPHA and BRAVO Companies moved back into the VC base camp when the last air strike was finished. They recovered Mlynarski's body that still had his 12 gauge shotgun strapped across his shoulder, and a large quantity of VC weapons and equipment. Several bodies that had been pulled into bunkers were located. After the air strikes, many large bunkers were located along with the trench system that the VC were trying to use to move around our flank.

Use fire power instead of man power. Some time after the battalion moved out of the area, the base camp received a visits from B52's.

The Company suffered 25 casualties. The incomplete list includes Killed In Action:

LT Robert Mlynarski, LT Robert Van Patten, PFC Dennis Estes and PFC John Gibson

#### Wounded In Action:

SGT Harrington, PFC Cross, SP4 Gryster, SP4 Leger, SP4 Farrington PFC Nishikubo and LT Meriam. In addition Austin Kreeger was able to supply the following, Arnold Farlow, Coy Thomas and he were also wounded.

At the end of the day, the First Platoon had 15 men left in the field. The First Squad had PFC Self and PFC Davis. Second Squad had SP4 Perry, SP4 Sutherland, PFC Lewis and PFC Carter. Third Squad had SP4 Dobbs, PFC Miedema and PFC Marts. The Fourth Squad had SP4 Lockridge, SP4 Peterson, PFC Cravtor, PFC Walters and PFC Fasio. Several of the wounded, like "magnet" PFC Norm Nishikubo, would rejoin these men. Together they would rebuild the platoon into a strong fighting force. With only two company officers in the field LT Kelley said that he would lead the weapons platoon and first platoon and for me to work with the second and third platoons until replacements arrived.

2LT Robert I. Mlynarski, a twenty-one-year-old native of New Britain, Connecticut, received his commission through

OCS at Fort Benning. He joined Charlie Company in September 1967 and led the First Platoon. He quickly gained the respect of his men who proudly called them self Ski's Raiders and the Fighting First. Lt Mlynarski was an aggressive and courageous man who willingly gave the ultimate for his men.

1LT Robert A Van Patten was assigned to Bravo Battery 2<sup>nd</sup> 77<sup>th</sup> Artillery and attached as Charlie Company's Artillery Forward Observer. Bob, known in the unit as "Kilo", was commissioned out of OCS at Fort Sill; he hailed from San Carlos, California where his parents were both school teachers. LT Van Patten was a professionally competent and dedicated officer who could be depended on in crises situations. His unselfish love for his fellow men was shown on the battlefield when he willingly gave his life in an attempt to save LT Mlynarski.

1LT Gordon E. Kelley was a twenty-six-year-old second lieutenant when he joined Charlie Company in September 1967. Gordon was exceptionally competent and dependable; if there was a critical assignment that had to be done, he and his men got it. He was a firm leader who was always up front where he could influence the action. As I told Gordon twenty-nine years later, I do not believe that I, or scores of other men, would have made it out of Viet Nam with out him. For months his new bride, who he married two weeks before leaving home, thought he had a desk job with nothing to do. In reality, he spent his first six months with Charlie Company as the platoon leader for the weapons platoon, first platoon and then second platoon; during his second six months he bounced between being the company executive officer and the company commander. Gordon commanded the company on three occasions, twice for extended periods. Gordon would distinguish himself at FSB Burt on the first and second of January 1968; for his actions he was awarded The Distinguished Service Cross.

## Who is Austin Kreeger?

On the night of November 23, 1967 a nine man ambush patrol from 2<sup>nd</sup> platoon, Charlie Company 2<sup>nd</sup> (Mech) 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry left the perimeter of the laager to take up a position a fork in a trail. It was 700 yards south west of the company laager. At 0300hrs the following morning the company was hit with a mortar attack. We took 29 hits within the company perimeter and we had nine men wounded, none critically. Seven of those men were: Jeffrey Meriam, Robert "Red" Dodd, Floyd Jamerson, Carl Mtrej, James Hadley, William "Billy" McLeod and yours truly, John Eberwine (names taken from my Award of the Purple Heart Orders) *If anyone knows the two others*

*who were wounded please contact me with that information.*

The next part of the story was in the preceding paragraphs by Bill Allison. We have been trying to gather all the names of the men who were on the patrol that night. I have finally spoken to a man on Monday, June 15, 1998 who was on the patrol. Austin Kreeger verified that he, Andy Orlicki, Coy Thomas, Eugene Buhr and John Posey were on the patrol. He can not remember the others, nor could he remember the patrol leader. He said that John Posey had 8 or 9 days left in country before rotating home. Austin and Andy were *volunteered to check the dead to make sure they were dead. (Norman Nishikubo has tentatively identified the patrol leader as Sgt Ed Perry. Dave Milewski says that Carlos Torres was the RTO. If you know anyone who was there, please let me know)*

There is much more to this story as I found out in speaking to Austin. It seems that Austin, at 16 years of age, had dropped out of high school, got married and had a baby. At age 22, he was drafted, did his AIT at Fort Polk (that's right another alumnus of Tiger Hill) While in basic training, Austin completed his studies to obtain his GED high school diploma Arriving in VietNam on September 12, 1967 he was sent to Charlie Company 2/22. The day after the most successful ambush *possibly in the entire war*; the ambush patrol killed 7 of 8 VC while no one was even injured; Charlie Company was involved in one of their longest firefights and lost more men to death and injury, than even at the Battle of Fire Base Burt. The VC imposed a tremendous toll on us by inflicting 25 casualties, of which 4 were KIA and Austin being one of the wounded.

In November 1968, Austin rotated home, having extended two months in order to take advantage of the early out program. He enrolled in a small college in the Lancaster, Pennsylvania area, completed his schooling at the University of Pennsylvania, went on to become a teacher and served the last 18 years as a school principal.

That in itself is a tribute to the spirit of the *Real VietNam Veteran*. I for one, am extremely proud of Austin's achievements. Austin, as did so many of the VietNam Veterans, returned from the war, integrated back into the workforce and became a productive member of society. **However**, it's not the complete story. For the last 15 years, Austin has been legally blind. He explained that his blindness was not connected to anything during his service time, it was hereditary. He has just retired and will devote some time to working in his garden and flower beds and playing with his 4 dogs. *Now, you know the rest of the*

story' Austin would truly appreciate hearing from any of his buddies from VietNam, you can telephone him at 717-529-2892.

Austin, Thanks for Being There and Welcome Home!

**From John J Eberwine to Jeffrey Meriam:**

Jeff,

I'm John Eberwine who served with you in 2nd Pltn from 9/67 til you left. I was on the beefed up OP that ambushed a patrol from Bravo Company when Jackie Trosper was killed on Sep 30, 1967. You and I were both wounded in the mortar attack on the night of Nov 24, 1967, just before our ambush patrol smoked their butts!

I have been locating men who served with Charlie Company anytime from 1966 to 1971 and we have found about 100 since April 1996. Most of the men I've located are from the 1967-1968 era. I've copied Bill Allison, our Charlie 6 from those days, on this message. His e mail is: charlie6\_222@juno.com. I tried a few times to locate you, sending postcards to various addresses that I found, but obviously to no avail. Glad that you found us.

Our next reunion is in Spring, 1999 in Dallas/Ft Worth area. Perhaps we'll be meeting again, then.

Thanks For Being There and Welcome Home!!!

**From: Jeff Meriam <meriam@ndti.net>**  
**To: John J Eberwine <vietvet222@juno.com>**  
**Date: Wed, 31 Dec 1997 21:37:56 -0800**  
**Subject: Re: Nov 24, 1967**

John,

Some of wha' I remember about trying to rescue Lt Mlynarski and other men of his platoon. My memory may be faulty, but it's what I recall.

We were sent forward to try to locate Lt Mlynarski's platoon members, and recover anyone we could. I believe I had two tracks with me and most of my platoon members.

The jungle was so thick, the drivers and guys on the ground couldn't see anything. The tracks kept pausing, uncertain of where they were and where other members of 2nd platoon were. I kept urging them forward even though I couldn't see either. I remember one gunner yelling that they didn't want to run over anyone, at which point I told him to get his track moving. Moreover, none of us really knew where Lt Mlynarski's platoon was when it was hit, how many of his men were still out there.

The tracks kept pushing at the jungle, blindly. We started taking rounds, not many at first. The 50 gunners were afraid to shoot back since they were blind, couldn't really tell where the firing was coming from, and didn't know if any of 1st or 2nd platoon members were in front of them.

I heard that some of my platoon thought they had cut the trail Lt Mlynarski had gone down, but weren't sure. Then they found some 1st platoon members which helped them figure out where we were relative to where 1st platoon had been and where they thought the base camp was. Based on that, I got the tracks going forward again as we had been going in basically the right direction although we needed to bear more to the left.

We started taking lots more fire, although no machine gun fire, and most of it was high at this point. I guess they could hear the tracks but not see them. The 50 gunners began firing, almost at random since we still couldn't see anything to shoot at, but one jammed almost right away and couldn't be freed. Either jammed or the timing on it was off and it wouldn't fire.

It seemed that the 50's firing caused the NVA/VC to be able to locate us better because firing picked up immediately and suddenly there were some RPG-3 rounds coming in. Mostly they were too high, but one hit the front of the track next to me and bounced up before it exploded at which point I felt a very hard thump on the back heel of my boot. I didn't feel any pain, and when I looked back at my foot, I saw no blood or anything else and figured something like a tree limb or spent shrapnel had just hit me hard. At this point we were all crawling forward, as the fire had lowered some, but we weren't really pinned yet.

I continued to try to direct fire and see if we could move forward. This included some artillery, but since I didn't know where we were, I called it in with a big safety margin. Must have been too big a safety margin as I could barely hear it fall, and had no clue how much I could bring it down to be more effective since I didn't really know how far out from where we were 1st platoon members (especially Lt Mlynarski and his platoon sergeant) were. Stopped the artillery.

Incoming fire was continuing heavy and was getting more accurate, the jammed/busted 50 still wouldn't fire, I think the other track was having engine or transmission problems, we were finally really pinned with fire right over our heads with the tracks being hit by small arms repeatedly with ricochets zinging around, and I ended up judging that we would be completely unable to progress with

failed/ailing equipment, still completely blind in the thick jungle, wounded men in 2nd now with no progress, and still much uncertainty about where or how many 1st platoon people might still be out there. I can't remember how the decision to pull back was made. But we did, still under fire for a while.

When I tried to get up and walk, that was a no-go. Turns out the hard thump I had felt was half a dozen fragments severing most of the Achilles tendon in my left foot, and I still carry those fragments as souvenirs. I ended up riding in a track back to the company area, and hopping around on one foot trying to be useful when we got back.

This was a very frustrating experience. I knew and liked 'Ski, a lot, and respected his leadership and courage. Not being able to find him, or his platoon sergeant, or even be able to accomplish my mission in that thick jungle was a terrible thing. I happened to be in Washington DC on business about a year after the Wall went up, and made it a point to go look 'Ski's name up and apologize to him for being unable to get through to him.

I may be mixing memories, but I think 2nd platoon started the day with 27 men, a number of them in combat for the first time as we had just gotten some replacements. I think the platoon had 19 left when we pulled back. No KIA thank goodness. Several of the new guys were good men, and ended up wounded. One, a young kid, shot himself in the foot right next to me he was so frightened. One of the older platoon members, who had been around for a while and was only a couple months from being rotated, was wounded as well.

Whew, don't know if that squares with what you remember, John, or not, but it may help some other memories come back.

Jeff

**Date: Thu, 01 Jan 1998**  
**John J Eberwine wrote:**

Jeff,

Thanks for the response. I forwarded it to Bill Allison. As we all talk about these type of events, each person's perspective sheds more light on the subject. Me, being a relatively "new guy" 2+ months in country, I really didn't know much of what was going on, except that I figured this was the type of battle that I wouldn't come out of alive.

I happened to be lying behind a gigantic ant hill (thank God for those industrious ants) and next to me was a guy with a radio on his back. When I asked and found out that he was Van

Patten's artillery RTO, and knowing that the FO was dead. I told another rookie to cover this guy with his body on the left and I would cover him on the right, figuring that if he knew how to use that radio and I didn't, he might get us out of the jam we were in.

Funny how living this life is: 29 years and eleven months I again met up with Arnie Pellern, that same artillery RTO at the Gettysburg reunion. I had thought numerous times over 29 years that I'd sure like to know the name of the guy that I, as a 19 year old GI, was so willing to protect with my body to hopefully save many more of us, if needed.

Thank God, my protection wasn't needed and I survived without a scratch that day, and so did Arnie. We haven't yet figured out who that was that I asked to cover Arnie on the left side, hopefully some day!

Welcome aboard!

John Eberwine

#### Reply from Jeff Meriam

Funny, last night when I was remembering that day, I remembered an arty sergeant being there, but wasn't sure enough to include him. Bet he was the one who actually called in the arty.

I also well remember the night we got mortared. The patrol watched them set up, shoot, take down and walk in front of them. At the time, I remember feeling how strange it was that they had mortared us, and then were killed by men from the same platoon. Poetic justice or something. Round that wounded me landed on gate of the track.

### By Hammer & Heat A Maverick Was Made

Date: 11-25-67

Location: 10 Kilometers SE of Dau Tieng.

23-Nov-67, Thanksgiving Day, and 24-Nov-67 had been spent destroying bunkers and equipment in a very large VC base camp. On 25-Nov-67 the First and Second Platoons of Charlie Company were sent back to the base camp to finish the demolition assignment. I was not expecting to make contact with the enemy because contact had not been made during the prior 2 days. Shortly after we arrived near the base camp site First Platoon laagered its tracks and sent a demolition team into the camp. I remained with the tracks as part of their security element. Soon after the deployment of the demolition team automatic weapons fire was heard. Very shortly after that, we at the laager, learned that Cross and Harrington, who had been acting as the security element for the

demolition team were hit. Harrington was down and could not move. We were told to get to where the lead element for the demolition team was and hook up with Lt. Mlynarski.

When the Second Platoon and the balance of First Platoon got on line with the lead element of First Platoon I learned that Mlynarski and his RTO, Jerry Burleson, were hit and were down in front of us. First Platoon then attempted to extract them. I believe Second Platoon secured Harrington. Burleson, we were able to get out relatively quickly. Our attempt to secure Mlynarski proved to be much more difficult. The more we tried the deeper into the fight we got. We would pay a huge price for our persistence. Additionally, we were not able to accomplish our goal of extracting Mlynarski. This I believe, changed quite a few of us in First Platoon, who were involved, for the balance of our tours.

We were now at a clearing line and could not advance. We were stalled because we were receiving effective fire from two machine gun emplacements. The enemy was dug in and was resisting our attempt to advance on them from a massively fortified bunker complex. We were attempting to get our tracks between the bunker complex and Mlynarski in order to extract him. Every time one of our tracks tried to get into position, RPG's were fired at it. Additionally, whenever we attempted forward movement we would receive intense machine gun fire and claymores would be detonated on us. Further attempts to get the tracks in to act as a shield were abandoned after Dennis Estes, one of our 50 Gunners, was killed by small arms fire. After we had gotten Dennis out of the 50 turret we attempted to attend to his wounds. I felt so helpless. No matter what we did we could not stop his death from coming. I hollered at the track driver to get Dennis out of there, to someone who could help him. Lt. VanPatten then attempted to reach Mlynarski. I remember John Miedema pleading with VanPatten to not go in where Mlynarski's body lay, then John announcing that VanPatten was hit and down near Mlynarski. I asked if either man was moving. I was told no. I then asked John if he thought they were dead. John replied he did not know. I thought to myself, we have to get both men out soon. As it was we had already taken an awful lot of casualties. If we continued the engagement we would be cut to shreds.

The men in my squad were yelling at me to get into a prone position. At the time I was down on one knee and directing M16 fire on the gun position to my right. Common sense dictated that this was a futile gesture. The use of 55gr. bullets on the bunkers was useless, unless one got lucky and scored a direct hit on the gunner. I guess I was attempting to get lucky. I would not go prone because of two factors. If I were

prone I could not see the machine gun position and the bullets from it were going high. Additionally, if we were going to get Mlynarski and Van Patten out, the two enemy machine guns had to be neutralized. Both men were dead but we did not know it. Soon after I had delivered the last burst I would fire that day, the gun position I was firing on went silent. After about 5 or 10 seconds a claymore was detonated. I went down on my rear end. I was hit high in the chest and in both legs. My rifle's butt stock took 4 fragments. I believe 2 of them would have entered my heart if the M16 had not been diagonally across my upper body at the time. That mine as well as others were in trees, about 30 feet up. Soon after the claymore detonated the VC gun to my right started firing again. The enemy had us zeroed in. They knew where the pesky little irritants were and how to get rid of them. I remained at the location for about a half hour, then was taken to a rear area so that I could be airlifted to a hospital. I set up in a defensive position near the LZ, wanting to see the men of Charlie Company return. The number of wounded beings taken out by air was mind staggering. Approximately two hours passed before I saw my friends return. I was then helped to board a helicopter and taken to the hospital.

Many have told me that I should have gone into a prone position when my squad members were telling me to. Maybe I should have, maybe not. Would my actions be the same today if I encountered a similar situation(?), maybe yes, maybe no. This much I do know, I don't want to find out what my actions would be!!!

Earlier I stated that I felt quite a few of us who were in First Platoon and who took part in this particular battle changed for the balance of our respective tours. The following are reasons for the statement. They are my opinions. Our not getting Mlynarski out weighed very heavy on our minds. During the next week Paul Cross and I, while hospital mates, talked quite a bit about having to leave Ski. When I returned to the Company, I sensed a heavy air around First Platoon. The men were different. They seemed to have a new resolve. I think that the failure to successfully execute the extraction of Mlynarski on November 25, 1967 even though doing so was impossible, is what made First Platoon so driven in future combat situations. All of us who were able to continue as members of the Platoon experienced something profound that day. The experience resulted in our overwhelming desire to never fail again. That is what drove us. Those of us, who were able to remain as part of the Platoon, formed the very core of each squad. Therefore, we made up the corner stones of the Platoon. I believe it was on the above day the First Platoon truly became the MAVERICK

unit of Charlie Company. As a side note, after this battle the Platoon was at less than 1/2 strength remaining in the field! It is my perception that we were not blatantly maverick, just a half step or so out of phase with everyone else. What else would anyone expect us to be?

**Damn It, WE WERE SKI'S RAIDERS !!! I USE THE TERM MAVERICK WITH GREAT PRIDE!**

As of the writing of this account I have recorded all of the occasions on which I was wounded. Through the years I have talked lightly about the instances. Lightly being defined as little detail and with humor. I don't know why this was. It could be that full recall of the deadly and serious nature of the situations were too horrific for my mind to deal with until recently. Also, it may have been my internal defense against the guilt and shame instilled in me by a *loud minority*, who had no right to do so, for my role in VietNam. No matter what the cause, my wife knew that I had to write about my experiences so that I could start the healing process. Recording all of the other occasions when I was wounded but not the first, would not have allowed me to start closing this chapter of my life. It was Linda's gentle persistence which caused me to write about this event. With deep love and gratitude, this story is dedicated to Her.

Norman T. Nishikubo • C 2/22 • December 1997

#### GOOD FRIDAY - APRIL 12, 1968

On Sun, 22 Mar 1998 John Marts • Charlie Co 2<sup>nd</sup> (Mech) 22<sup>nd</sup> Inf sent this E-mail message to Chuck Boyle Charlie Co 3Bn 22<sup>nd</sup> Inf:

Just thought I'd drop you a line and tell you what a great job you did on that speech at the banquet in Gettysburg. If you remember, I was the one on the first track when we came into the clearing. Never will I forget that day. Looking forward to seeing you in Texas. For now, take care ..... Your friend, John Marts, Company C 2/22 - 1st platoon

#### This is Chuck's response

From: chuckboyle@junio.com (charles j boyle)  
To: jmarts@chipsnet.com  
23 Mar 1998  
Subject: Good Friday - 1968 VietNam

Dear John,

Thank you for the message. You are tops in my book. I remember at the Gettysburg reunion when we had just a few minutes to talk, you revealed to me that you were the gunner that

was first into that clearing on Good Friday 1968.

**Boy, was I ever glad to see you... then, and again at the Gettysburg gig.**

I remember that you said that you stopped shooting because you couldn't tell from the confusion, who was VC and who were Americans, they were all over the perimeter, mixed together. Yeah, it was a hell of a night. Thanks for breaking your way through 5 miles of jungle to get to us. Thanks for your courage. Thanks for leading the way. Without guys like you, I would probably be dead.

I was the skinny Lieutenant who came down to the edge of the jungle and waved my arms and I think I popped a smoke, to tell you that you had arrived. I remember the look on your face. You only asked, "Where are they, and what can I do to help you?"

Funny: that we should meet 30 years later, in a snack bar at Gettysburg, PA. Go figure!

Your Company Commander, "Wild Bill" Allison, had the greatest confidence in you guys. He had to beat his Battalion Commander over the head, verbally, to get permission to come to our rescue. (Not "Nubby" Norris). He took Charlie Company on that long midnight march, on his own recognizance. *Thank God he did.* Thank God he had you to lead the way. Had the rescue effort failed, he'd have suffered consequences that *only* the Army can dish out.

*I have written my memories on Good Friday; thought about it a lot.* At about 4:45 AM, I was groping my way forward under intense fire, trying to get to the area of greatest enemy penetration. Bravo Company had been completely overrun and had fallen back about 25 meters. Lieutenants Mike Balsler and Dennis Adkins came alongside of me. The bullets were 2-3 inches above our heads and it was a sea of green tracers. Mike and Dennis and a couple of other guys from Charlie Company and a couple more from Recon all agreed that we should stand and make a desperation attack into the oncoming enemy.

I hesitated for a moment. Then I heard two things: *The whoop, whoop* of helicopters and the unmistakable sounds of Charlie Company, 2nd Battalion, 22nd Infantry, *reconning by fire* as they made their way toward us. I remember that at that moment we all stood, about twelve of us, and blasted our way forward until we met the enemy, one on one.

I think we found the courage to fight because we knew that whatever happened in that small perimeter, Charlie Company, 2/22 Mech, would police our asses up in the end. It was

knowing that other Americans were on the way; today it's a lot like knowing that the ambulance is on the way, or the fire truck, or the police car. Americans just don't let other Americans down. Maybe that was on your mind when you cranked that track engine and put its nose into the jungle in the middle of the night. Thanks, soldier.

128 Viet Cong died inside that perimeter, a whole lot more outside. Sixteen of our guys gave their lives; 47 were wounded, some of them very badly. After I met you, and you spun out into position, I walked the line of dead and wounded. I found three dead Americans who were still burning from the napalm strikes. We had to pack dirt into their wounds to smother the creeping incarceration of their flesh.

*We were overrun that night.* Had it not been for you and your fighting 2/22 warriors, I'd not be writing this note to you. The sounds of those fifty's and the roar of those engines, scared Charlie off. Yeah, the Tac Air, the artillery, and the gun ships hosed them down good, but on top and inside of those tracks were fighting men. That's the difference: that's what made them run.

John, when I was making that speech at Gettysburg, I was looking at you. When I got up from our short meeting in that snack bar, I went to my car and wrote my material. I knew what I had to say. I had met you in that jungle on Friday, 12 April 1968 for a scant moment and then again at the reunion. *It was just a brief moment in time, each time.* Yet, between the two of us, we delivered them a hell of a good speech. I was just the mouthpiece. *You, and a thousand like you, were.....and are.....the soldiers.*

I've seen your wounds, felt each aching step you take. Such dignity is incomprehensible to the common man. I am privileged to know you.

Love, Chuck

P.S. I'd like to send my thoughts on to some special friends, especially since you've just popped up on this net. Hope you don't mind.

**Take time to remember those who were left behind, as long as you remember them, they will never be forgotten.**

*Sometimes, in my very, very rare, but very deep and troublesome periods, I wonder, if it isn't those who have made the supreme sacrifice, who will sleep soundly and peacefully, for eternity, while the rest of us will always feel the tearing at the heart and hear the whispering in the mind*

by John Eberwine

**US ARMY COMPANY C  
2<sup>nd</sup> (MECH) 22<sup>nd</sup> INFANTRY**

**Medal Of Honor Recipient**

**First Lieutenant  
John Earl Warren, Jr**

**Place and Date:**

Ray Ninh Province, Republic Of VietNam  
**14 January 1969.**

Entered Service At: New York, N.Y.  
Born: 16 November 1946, Brooklyn, N.Y.

For Conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty 1st Lt Warren distinguished himself at the cost of his life while serving as a platoon leader of Company C

While moving through a rubber plantation to reinforce another friendly unit, Company C came under intense fire from a well - fortified enemy force. Disregarding his safety, 1st Lt Warren with several of his men began maneuvering through the hail of enemy fire toward the hostile positions. When he had come to within 6 feet of one of the enemy bunkers and was preparing to toss a hand grenade into it, an enemy grenade was suddenly thrown into the middle of his small group

Thinking only of his men, 1st Lt Warren fell in the direction of the grenade, thus shielding those around him from the blast. His action, performed at the cost of his life, saved 3 men from serious or mortal injury

First Lt Warren's ultimate action of sacrifice to save the lives of his men was in keeping with the highest traditions of the military service and reflects great credit on him, his unit, and the US Army

**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	10/16/67
Gilbert Thomas Beaupre	10/25/67
Edward I. Clenmon	12/18/67
James Willham 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 Bladek	04/25/69
Joseph Lawrence Logan Jr	05/12/69
David Rockwell Crocker Jr	05/17/69
Jerry N Creasy	08/19/69
Roberto Cervantes Duenas	08/19/69
John David Duncan	08/19/69
William Michael MacKay	08/19/69
George William Pearson Jr	08/19/69
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 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 Donald Thompson Jr	03/02/69
Thomas Alexander Becker	03/06/69
David Glenn Lovitt	03/06/69
Kenneth Michael Fram	03/11/69
Raymond Richard Schrifrn	06/11/69
Donald Henry McMains Jr	08/09/69
John Michael Davis	08/16/69

**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

**Note: It's possible these KIA's from 11/24/67 were from Bravo Company. They were working the area on the day after Thanksgiving and the day before Charlie Co was hit severely.**

**3/13/68 was the day Charlie Co was hit and Bravo came to pull us out.**

**4/12/68 was Good Friday and Charlie lost a man the next day on 4/13/68. Bill Allison believes these were Alpha Co.**

**6/20/68 was the day Charlie lost 3 men on top of a track pulling road security.**

**Perhaps someone who reads this can shed more light on this**

**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

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 Fissary	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
Joseph Manuel Aragon	04/18/67
Edward Roy Lukert	06/11/67
Larry Arthur Merrill	09/02/67
Jackie Edward Trosper	09/30/67
Dennis Rex Estes	11/25/67
John A Gibson	11/25/67
Robert Lucian Mlynarski	11/25/67
Robert Andrew Van Patten	11/25/67
William Carey Jones	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 Kennam (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 Barly	03/11/69
Thomas Poldino	03/11/69
Robert Glenn Sekva	06/11/69
Duane Alan Clefisch	08/30/69
Ernie Lee Wallen	08/30/69

Total identified to date 55

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

### Passed Away at Home

Steven E Tyler (Wpn)	1988
Jim Wagner (2 <sup>nd</sup> )	1996
Robert L "Red" Dodd (2 <sup>nd</sup> )	1996

\*M\* - Awarded Medal of Honor

## I Seem to Remember!

From: Dave Milewski

To: vietvet222@JUNO.COM

Subject: Fire Support Base Burt - 1 Jan 68

Date: Fri, 2 Jan 1998 00:37:25 EST

Hello,

I wanted to thank you for sending me the notes written by numerous participants of Fire Support Base Burt. After thirty years I finally have a name for the medic I considered a good friend and had attended to me when Gavros and I were blown up in a mine in November of 1967 while assigned to third squad. I only knew him as "Doc" which was the same name used by 90% of the medics in VietNam.

"Tom Bernardy" was his name. The next time I am in Washington DC I will pay my respects at the "Wall". It is fitting that tonight, thirty years after the incident I know his true name. Thanks!!!!

I was a member of the weapons platoon C 2/22 the night of "Burt". I was a young 21 year old who had arrived in country the previous September. I originally was assigned to the weapons platoon, then was temporarily assigned to third platoon with Jim Frost as my squad leader.

Gavros and I ran over the mine in early November when Gavros lost his front teeth and I never saw him after that. I went back to Dau Tieng with broken glasses and a cut leg. I returned to the field on Thanksgiving day and after a lot of dialog between Lt. Kelley and the third platoon I was assigned back to the weapons platoon on Thanksgiving.

My imagination gets carried away when I think of the possibilities if I had remained in the third platoon as we all know what happened over the days following Thanksgiving.

I remember Thanksgiving night when our ambush patrol killed the VC mortar squad that had just mortared our company. After the ambush I remember hearing additional gunfire and when we asked the RTO, Carlos Torres what was going on he replied, "We are re-killing them". That is a quote I will never forget. C6 wanted to know the names of the members of that ambush and Carlos Torres is the only one I recall.

Now back to Burt. My squad leader King was wounded during the initial mortaring of our site. I can remember the thought in my mind as I took over the squad with only three months of experience. My squad continued to support our ambush patrol all night by dropping mortar rounds around them whenever the enemy was getting too close. The task became more difficult as the night went on for several reasons. First, one of the aiming posts I was using had fallen down so I continued performing fire missions with only one post.

The next problem was every time I aimed the mortar I received a constant stream of green enemy tracer rounds that whizzed past my head so close they almost blinded me.

As I reflect back, the enemy had been aiming at the flashlight I was using to aim the mortar site. The flashlight, my head and the tracers were in close proximity to each other. Glad they didn't have better aim!!!!

I really became scared later in the fight when we had expended all of our ammo and no additional ammo had been delivered. All of the 50cal and M16 ammo had been carried to the outside perimeter. I remember sitting in the track, hearing AK47 rounds coming from within our perimeter and having only one round of ammo in a M79 grenade launcher. Fortunately we were eventually re-supplied. Oh yeah, we also had a fire inside our track when the charges we had pulled from the 81 mortar rounds caught fire. We evacuated the track for a short period of time when the track driver heroically entered the back of the track and put out the fire. I do not remember his name but if it were not for his actions the track would have been lost. Kudos to him.

The morning after the battle I recall receiving instructions to clean up the brass scattered all over as General Westmoreland was due to arrive. Seemed rather petty at the time. I was more concerned with the Vietcong bodies we were burning in the trash pit than cleaning up brass. The fire pit was indeed easier than digging a grave.

Several days after the battle I was detailed to bury Vietcong that were starting to smell and were located on the roadway just outside our

perimeter. You guessed it, shallow grave with one Ho Chi Minh sandal sticking out of the fresh dirt. It was like setting out bait, we all chuckled as we imagined Charlie coming along, seeing the sandal and stooping over to pick it up.

Surprise, a foot was still in the sandal!!!! I would call it soldier's gallows humor.

Again thanks to all for helping me to refresh my memory and I offer the above as some of my recollections.

Happy New Year, David Milewski

## Suoi Tre Remembered

**From:** Jim Frost <Jbfrost385@aol.com>  
**To:** vietvet222@JUNO.COM  
**Date:** Fri, 20 Mar 1998  
**Subject:** Suoi Tre Remembrance

John

Please pass my remembrance along to the group, as tomorrow I will not forget the lives that were lost that day.

The Battle of Suoi Tre ( LZ Gold ) 31 years ago  
 Remembrance of 21 March 1967

It was the month of March, 1967. I was assigned to Charlie Company 2<sup>nd</sup> (Mechanized) 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry out of Dau Tieng. Charlie Company for the past several weeks was involved in *Junction City*. This was a big operation to sweep through War Zone C to break down the enemy forces in that area. Our mission was search and destroy!

This morning, the 21<sup>st</sup> day of March, Charlie Company 2/22 Mech was getting ready for its day mission. *I now have three months under my belt in Viet Nam*. Today would end up being my most difficult day overseas in Viet Nam. I have become very aware of my surroundings and understanding of Jungle warfare. I was the squad's track 50 gunner. My experience on the 50 gun would be needed because, today..... I would meet my greatest challenge.

It is 06:30 hrs and our company C 2/22 (Mech) is now ready to leave on our mission for the day. What we didn't know was, at the same time miles away from our position, there was a fire support base camp taking in mortar rounds inside their perimeter. The North Vietnamese regulars and Viet Cong were mounting a large assault on this Fire Support Base Camp.

Battalion headquarters had established this *Fire Support Base* camp near Suoi Tre in a large clearing, and called it *LZ Gold*. The base camp perimeter was secured by the 3/22 Leg

Infantry. There was a mobile artillery support company inside the LZ Gold perimeter for area artillery support.

Our day mission is now underway. All the personnel carriers in Charlie Company have begun our day sweep through War Zone C. We will be looking for enemy soldiers, bunkers and tunnels. It is still early morning when we receive a call from Battalion that LZ Gold Fire Support Base was under a heavy attack by an estimated 1500--3000 Viet Cong.

Battalion headquarters needed C 2/22 Mech to help in the rescue support mission. There was also a call for Armor Tank command. Our Charlie Company Mechanized has now changed direction and is in *Hot* pursuit to LZ Gold. I felt a tap on the shoulder from my Platoon Sergeant, Sgt Kay, and with a stern serious voice he told me to get my 50 gun ready for combat, because LZ Gold was under a human wave attack. In the past, *our firefights.....* we would rarely see the enemy in the open. I just could not imagine in my mind thousands of Viet Cong in the open.

Our personnel carriers are now very close to the opening of LZ Gold's clearing. I could hear in the back ground a lot of weapons firing as our personnel carriers were closing in on LZ Gold. I spotted American soldiers near the edge of an opening. These men had moved into the jungle for safe haven, and I could see the terror in their faces.

My squad's track was up near the front of the Company's convoy of personnel carriers. We had found an opening at the south west section of the perimeter. Now for the first time we are inside LZ Gold, and I now know why those soldier had moved back into the jungle. What I was seeing was chaos, complete confusion.

I quickly observed American soldiers in hand to hand combat. The quad 50 gun (4 - 50 cal machine guns) which was security for the perimeter had been blown up by enemy soldiers. Our company had orders from headquarters to quickly form assault lines with personnel carriers and move our line of tracks to the east end of the LZ Gold perimeter. As we were moving to form the assault lines I saw hundreds of Viet Cong. They were totally surprised to see our tracks and were not prepared with their RPG's to fight all of our tracks. The VC were shooting at our tracks with AK 47s as we moved into position. Our tracks moved quickly to form the assault line and our Company was given the command to open fire our 50 guns. It was something to see all this fire power at one time.

The Viet Cong continued to try another human wave attack on the perimeter, but our 50 guns

were just too much for them to overcome. I witnessed one Viet Cong coming out from the tree line with bandages on his chest. He must have been wounded and sent out again. The things I saw that day were unbelievable. As our tracks kept pushing and firing toward the east end of perimeter I saw dead American soldiers inside bunkers, this was very disturbing.

Charlie 2/22 Mech continued firing, and after awhile we were making some defensive gains. *Battalion headquarters have now called in Air Strikes and were dropping in Napalm on the east end of LZ Gold in the jungle.* Armored M-60 tanks have finally arrived and were shooting point blank bee hive rounds at retreating Viet Cong. The Viet Cong were now on the run and at this point defeated. Viet Cong dead bodies were everywhere inside LZ Gold perimeter.

My 50 gun was completely out of ammunition, and my 50 gun barrel was so hot it warped. The rescue mission was a success and defensive order was restored. The 3/22 Inf were down to their last grenade and bullets, when we came to their aid. I remember the men from the artillery unit coming over and thanking us for our help and offered us free beer. That afternoon we spent gathering up dead Viet Cong bodies. Headquarters brought in a bulldozer to dig two giant holes for a burial site for enemy Viet Cong. The total body count was 647 Viet Cong. There were more bodies found during the week in the jungle. There were captured prisoners and included in the body count were Chinese advisors.

There were many ferocious battles during my one year in Viet Nam, but none would compare with LZ Gold at Suoi Tre. I am very glad that our Company was able to get to LZ Gold in time. The battle of Suoi Tre 31 years ago was the most violent assault by Aerial Strikes, Artillery, and Armored Tanks and pure physical military power that I ever experienced during my tour of Viet Nam. The entire battle lasted about four hours. US Military dead and casualties were very low compared to hundreds of Viet Cong killed. *For their efforts, our unit was awarded the Presidential Unit Citation..* Jim Frost C 2/22

## T Manley - Suoi Tre

**From:** Teddy Manley <nuibaden@swbell.net>  
**To:** Eberwine J. John - vietvet222@juno.com  
**Subject:** Battle at SUOI TRE - 21 March 67.

Thirty One (31) years ago, 21 March 1967, was one of the biggest Battles of the Viet Nam War, at 0635 Hours, in the vicinity of XT387702, a place called *SUOI TRE*.

Let us not forget the men who fought and died in this Battle. 2<sup>nd</sup> Bn 77th Artillery, 2<sup>nd</sup> Bn (Mech) 22<sup>nd</sup> Inf., 3<sup>rd</sup> Bn 22<sup>nd</sup> Inf., 2<sup>nd</sup> Bn 12<sup>th</sup> Inf., 2<sup>nd</sup> Bn 34th Armor and all of the Air Support. The following is an account of the Battle at "SUOI TRE". Teddy Manley

HEADQUARTERS, 3<sup>rd</sup> BATTALION 22<sup>nd</sup> INFANTRY, 2<sup>nd</sup> BATTALION 22<sup>nd</sup> INFANTRY, APO SAN FRANCISCO 96268

Account of Battle • 21 March 1967 Suoi Te

On 19 March 1967 at 10:00 hrs while participating in Operation Junction City, Phase II, the 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalion made an assault landing into LZ Gold, in the vicinity of coordinates XT387702 (Map, VietNam, 1,500,000, Sheet 6232 I ) to secure a forward fire support base for the 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion 77<sup>th</sup> Artillery. A perimeter defense was established with A Company assuming responsibility for the Western sector and B Company assuming responsibility for the Eastern sector. Three batteries of the 2nd Battalion 77<sup>th</sup> Artillery occupied eighteen firing positions in the center of the perimeter to support the 4<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division 3<sup>rd</sup> Brigade Task Force. During the period 11:00 hrs 19 March 1967 to 06:00 hrs 21 March 1967 the Battalion's elements constructed defensive bunkers, planned and rehearsed contingency defensive actions, conducted aggressive daylight patrolling within the defensive tactical area of responsibility and established night ambushes

On 21 March 1967 at 06:35 hrs, the defensive perimeter came under heavy enemy ground and mortar attack. First indication of the impending attack came at 06:31 hrs when elements of the approaching VC assault force were engaged by a twelve (12) man ambush patrol from Company B 3/22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry, which was located in the vicinity of coordinates XT392697. Simultaneously fire support base Gold began receiving heavy mortar fire from VC 60mm and 82mm mortars located in firing positions to the Northwest and Southeast. At 06:35 hrs the reconnaissance Platoon of the 3/22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry, which was located in the Southeastern portion of the perimeter, engaged a large VC force, which had approached to within thirty-five meters of the friendly positions. Within minutes, the entire perimeter was attacked by wave after wave of VC firing recoilless rifles, RPG-2 rocket launchers, automatic weapons, and other small arms. As the attack continued, the three artillery batteries began firing counter mortar fire in an effort to neutralize the VC mortar concentration, which continued to rake the entire fire support base. During the initial assault, Company B reported that its 1st Platoon positions (Southeastern perimeter) had been penetrated and that the reaction force from the 2nd Battalion 77th Artillery was

required to reinforce this section. At 07:01 hrs this reaction force began moving toward the 1st Platoon's positions. In the meantime, the remainder of the perimeter kept the attacking enemy at bay with a continuous volume of small arms and machine gun fire. Additionally, close supporting fire from two 105mm batteries and a battery of 155mm (SP) were called into within 100 meters of the outer perimeter. At 07:11 hrs the B Company Commander reported that his 1st Platoon had been overrun by a human wave attack and that the platoon was surrounded. Air strikes were called in to the outside of the Southeastern part of the perimeter and along the Eastern wood line. The Forward Air Controller, who was controlling this strike from the air, was hit by heavy VC automatic weapons fire while over the perimeter and shot down. At 07:52 hrs B Company's Commander requested that the 2nd Battalion 77th Artillery fire beehive rounds into the Southeastern and Southern sectors of his perimeter. A twelve man reaction force from A Company was sent to reinforce B Company's Northeastern perimeter, which had been penetrated by another human wave attack. By 08:40 hrs the Northeastern, Eastern and Southeastern portions of the perimeter had fallen back to a perplexed secondary defensive line around the guns of the artillery batteries. During this time, the VC penetrated to within hand grenade range of the Battalion CP and to within five meters of the Battalion Aid Station. To counter this new threat, a continuous and devastating hail of small arms and automatic weapons fire was directed at the frenzied VC attackers, while the remaining 105 mm howitzers of the artillery batteries began firing direct fire beehive rounds into the attacking VC masses. Air strikes were dropping into within 50 meters of friendly positions and supporting 105mm and 155mm batteries threw up a continuous wall of High Explosives. When the 2nd Battalion 77th Artillery ran out of beehive rounds, HE rounds at charge one were fired direct fire at point blank range.

At 09:00 hrs the situation, though tense because of ammunition shortages, was still under control. The Northern, Western and Southern portions of the perimeter were intact and under moderate pressure from VC who had worked their way up to within fifteen meters of friendly position. Although pushing in, the Northeastern, Southeastern and Eastern portions of the perimeter were intact and had contained and broken the continuous human wave attacks which had been thrown against them.

At 09:01 hrs, a relief column led by the 2nd Battalion 12th Infantry, broke through from the South and linked up with the besieged defenders. Joining forces the 2nd Battalion 12th Infantry supported B Company's

counterattack from West to East to establish the original perimeter.

At 09:12 hrs, the 2nd Battalion (Mechanized) 22nd Infantry and an Armored column from the 2nd Battalion 34th Armor, broke through from the Southwest and began sweeping forward along the tree line toward the Northeast. By 09:28 hrs, the original perimeter had been re-established and mopping up operations had begun.

By 10:45 hrs medical evacuation of friendly casualties and ammunition resupply had been accomplished, the battle area had been secured, and artillery and air strikes continued to pound the route's of withdrawal of the broken and routed VC attackers.

For four hours, elements of this battalion held off a determined attack by over 2,500 hard core guerrillas consisting of elements of six battalions controlled by the 272nd Regiment. At the present time, known VC casualties include 654 KIA (Body Count), 200 KIA (Probable), and 11 VC captives.

In summary, LTG Jonathan M Seaman, in his commendation to this Battalion states:

*"I want to extend my congratulations to you and your magnificent troops for their major victory at LZ Gold on 21<sup>st</sup> March 1967. Fighting against a numerically superior and well equipped foe, the 3<sup>rd</sup> BDE 4<sup>th</sup> INF DIV inflicted a devastating defeat on major elements of the 272<sup>nd</sup> Main Force Regiment. This is the most decisive defeat the VC have suffered in the III Corps Tactical Zone during my 18 months in VietNam."*

#### Deeds Not Words!

Teddy Manley A 2/22 • 4<sup>th</sup> & 25<sup>th</sup> Inf Div  
5408 Roberta Dr Ft Worth, TX 76180  
817.281.4441 • VietNam 1967

#### A Story From A Stranger

I received this e-mail message from a total stranger. It seemed appropriate to share with everyone.

Subject: **Memorial Day**  
Date: 98-05-25 21:41:22 EDT  
From: ValeTudo97@aol.com  
To: Vietvetjie@aol.com

I just wanted to wish everyone a great Memorial Day

The following story was sent to me and is called "**Inside The Wall**".

"At first there was no place for us to go until someone put up that Black Granite Wall

Now everyday and night my Brothers and my Sisters wait to see the many people from places afar file in front of this Wall. Many stopping briefly and many for hours and some that come on a regular basis. It was hard at first, not that it's gotten any easier, but it seems that many of the attitudes towards that war that we were involved in have changed. I can only pray that the ones on the other side have learned something and more Walls, such as this one, needn't be built.

Several members of my unit and many that I did not recognize have called me to the Wall by touching my name that is engraved upon it. The tears aren't necessary but are hard even for me to hold back. Don't feel guilty for not being with me, my Brothers. This was my destiny, as it is yours, to be on that side of the Wall. Touch the Wall, my Brothers, so that we can share in the memories that we had. I have learned to put the bad memories aside and remember only the pleasant times that we had together. Tell our other Brothers out there to come and visit me, not to say Good Bye... but to say Hello...and be together again, even for a short time and to ease that pain of loss that we all share.

Today, an irresistible and loving call comes from the Wall. As I approach I can see an elderly lady and as I get closer I recognize her. It's Momma! As much as I have looked forward to this day, I have also regretted it because I didn't know what reaction I would have.

Next to her, I suddenly see my wife and immediately think how hard it must have been for her to come to this place and my mind floods with the pleasant memories of 30 years past. There's a young man in a military uniform standing with his arm around her. My God!... It has to be my son. Look at him trying to be the man without a tear in his eye. I yearn to tell him how proud I am, seeing him standing tall, straight and proud in his uniform.

Momma comes closer and touches the Wall and I feel the soft and gentle touch I had not felt in so many years. Dad has crossed to this side of the Wall and through our touch, I try to convey to her that Dad is doing fine and is no longer suffering or feeling pain. I see my wife's courage building as she sees Momma touch the Wall and she approaches and lays her hand on my waiting hand. All the emotions, feelings and memories of three decades past flash between our touch and I tell her that it's all right. Carry on with your life and don't worry about me. I can see as I look into her eyes that she hears and understands me and a big burden has been lifted from her.

I watch as they lay flowers and other memories of my past. My lucky charm that was taken from me and sent to her by my CO, a tattered and worn teddy bear that I can barely remember having as I grew up as a child and several medals that I had earned and were presented to my wife. One of them is the Combat Infantry Badge that I am very proud of and I notice that my son is also wearing this medal. I had earned mine in the jungles of VietNam and he had probably earned his in the deserts of Iraq.

I can tell that they are preparing to leave and I try to take a mental picture of them together, because I don't know when I will see them again. I wouldn't blame them if they were not to return and can only thank them that I was not forgotten. My wife and Momma near the Wall for one final touch and so many years of indecision, fear and sorrow are let go. As they turn to leave I feel my tears that had not flowed for so many years, form as if dew drops on the other side of the Wall.

They slowly move away with only a glance over their shoulder. My son suddenly stops and slowly returns. He stands straight and proud in front of me and snaps a salute. Something makes him move to the Wall and he puts his hand upon the Wall and touches my tears that had formed on the face of the Wall and I can tell that he sense my presence there and the pride and the love that I have for him. He falls to his knees and the tears flow from his eyes and I try my best to reassure him that it's all right and the tears do not make him any less of a man. As he moves back wiping the tears from his eyes, he silently mouths, God Bless you, Dad. God Bless, YOU, Son. We WILL meet someday but in the meanwhile, go on your way. There is no hurry. There is no hurry at all.

As I see them walk off in the distance, I yell out to THEM and EVERYONE there today, as loud as I can.....

### Thanks For Remembering!

and as others on this side of the Wall join in, I notice that the US Flag that so proudly flies in front of us everyday, is flapping and standing proudly straight out in the wind today,

"THANK YOU! ALL FOR REMEMBERING"

For he today, that sheds his blood with me, shall be my brother."

ValeTudo97@aol.com

"A Man's Not Dead Till He's Forgotten"  
In Honor Of Danny Day Entrican, MIA 5-18-71

## Ah, yes! I remember it well!

Letter dated May 26, 1998

Dear John,

Just received your VietNam Triple Deuce Newsletter of May 13, 1998. It has inspired me to finally write you a few lines. Since that first call from Gordon Kelley (Pltn Ldr & CO Charlie 2/22 • 9/67-9/68) over a year ago, I have debated whether I wanted to resurrect that part of my life.

I had decided, so many years ago, that I would go forward and not look back. I believe now that perhaps that was a mistake. In blanking out those experiences, I unfortunately have forgotten many of the names of the fine men who served with me. I can see their faces, but the names elude me.

I have chosen to write about some of my remembrances of that year in VietNam. Not the battlefield stories, for that I leave to those who were much better soldiers than I.

Over these many years, the memories I have kept, are ones of the good times. Who can forget that pleasant odor of diesel fuel burning in the latrine pits (it is still present in my nostrils.) Or how about breaking jungle and encountering a nest of fire ants?

And am I the only one who, 30 years later, has a taste for one of those pecan rolls in the little tin cans. Or how about the smell of ham and eggs heated over a fire of C-4?

Ah, we didn't realize how great life was, right?

The lushness of the hills and valleys in a country so ravaged by war was a contradiction in terms I still have problems understanding. My amazement at how day to day life teemed in Saigon when so much death and destruction reigned in the country side. The sight of Nui Ba Den (*The Black Virgin Mountain*) for the first time. Jutting up from the flat green landscape, it was magnificent.

Can we forget the young children selling bottles of Coke from their bikes, while we pulled road security between Dau Tieng and Tay Ninh?

Oh! That week of R & R in Australia! That I will never forget. We all must have really believed in our mission to muster the courage to board that flight back to VietNam after a week in the real world.

I will always remember mail call. My Mom wrote every day I was in VietNam, even if only to say Hi! Of course, there was the bittersweet

happiness when one of our buddies scratched off the last day on his short timers calendar. Glad, that he had made it, *sad*, that we weren't going along.

Through all the harshness and brutality, *I'm sure we all have fond memories of our year in VietNam*. Now that I have started to think about it, I m sure more will surface.

I would enjoy reading about some of the things that made us laugh a little. That helped shorten our stay and created a bond among us.

Sincerely, Gil Lilly

*Editor's note: Gilbert Lilly was Charlie Company 2-22 • Supply Officer from 11 67 to 1 68 • 1<sup>st</sup> Platoon leader from approximately Jan 1968 to Sep 1968 and with 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion until leaving 9 68 to 11 68. His men remember him fondly.*

## HAPPY 4<sup>TH</sup> OF JULY TO ALL!

Remember, I need *your* personal accounts of your days in VietNam. This may be the only time you write down anything for your children or

grandchildren to know what you went through!

Please don't go without letting them know what you experienced!  
No-one else can tell them for you!!!

You don't know that there may be a father, mother, wife or child out there whose loved one may be a part of your story and that you will touch their lives with your

remembrances!  
Please don't let the opportunity pass you by.

Write it down now, and send it to me for the next newsletter!

Remember, I still have volumes of material from Norm Nishikubo, so if you want to read his stories forever, so be it!

PS - Rosie sends her love to all!  
XOXOXOXO

For pictures of Rosie please visit:

<http://members.aol.com/vietvet/jjc/jcindex.html>