

# The VietNam Triple Deuce

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

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## Reunion...Dallas....The Greatest!

By John Eberwine

The reunion of the 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment Society that was held in Dallas/Ft Worth from May 13 to 16<sup>th</sup>, 1999 was outstanding!

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Even though Cindy and I arrived (layovers, holdovers, doors that wouldn't open on the plane) at approximately 2:00 AM on Friday morning, seven guys were waiting for us to welcome us; and what a welcome it was.

Chuck Boyle, Steve "Missippi" Rye, Charlie Brown, Don Hildebran, Johel Coward, Larry "Spanky" Peckham and Marcus Burk had a trash can full of beer and the loudest voices I'd ever heard! Why, we had security crash (gently) the *Presidential Suite* three times before requesting that we leave, so we went on a little recon mission and took the party out to Charlie Brown's recreational vehicle, a fifty-five footer parked behind the hotel and we partied until 5 AM. Then, we had to be back up for the 22<sup>nd</sup> IRS general meeting at 8 AM sharp. No wonder I volunteered to hold the Oct 2000 reunion in Atlantic City.....if we're not gonna sleep, we may as well be in the town that never sleeps!

For me this reunion will always remain extra special, for it marked the first time in 31 years that I saw my two closest friends, Don Hildebran and Herb Mock. From the time Dave Ditch was killed on March 13, 1968 until mid September 1968 when I left, Don, Herb and I were almost always together on point.

Flying back from Dallas, I *finally* realized why, for the first 28 years after returning home, I *had not tried* to find anyone from my tour in VietNam.....I was afraid that I would find out that either Don or Herb, or both, had not made it home. They both were due to rotate home 2 months after me. I thought about them many times for 28 years, but couldn't bring myself to attempt to locate them.

When John Clemente called me in May 1995 (my first contact with anyone I knew in VietNam) I then became aware that Don and Herb had made it home safely. A great sense of relief and joy swept over me, however, it was still over a year

later until I would find Don, and then another year to find Herb.

The third guy I thought about all those years was Larry Baker, whom I finally was able to locate in late 1996. Larry and I haven't been able to hook up yet, in person, but we will before my time is up, I've no doubt about it.

Other than the time I spend with Cindy and Rosie, the greatest joy I get out of life now, is to help put men in touch with those they have thought about for 30+ years. The sight of Dave Binder and Jerry Dorr *bearhugging* brought tears to my eyes. *Spanky* Peckham crying and hugging me while telling me, "*Thanks for setting me straight about getting to the reunion and not worrying about riding my bike across country*", was like being awarded the *Medal of Honor*. Jerry Rudisill and Ted Angus, reunited at last. Jim Frost with his first squad leader Joe Dietz. Marcus Burk with his squad guys. Al Wetzel with all his Alpha Company men. The list goes on, and on, and on.

**Come to the next reunion in October 2000 in Atlantic City, and your name, along with your buddy's, will be here!**

I need to borrow Chuck Boyle's opening line from his *Gettysburg Address*: "Lord, it is so good to be here today", for to be able to play a part in these most miraculous events is an extraordinary feeling that I'd never want to pass up.

Over the years, I would sometimes wonder why? .....why did I make it and not others? Then along came Cindy; then I started to find Triple Deuce men; then along came Rosie; and then I knew..... why..... I was spared!

### Spanky's Reunion Thoughts

by Larry *Spanky* Peckham

*The Reunion*

Date:06/03/1999 6:49:30 AM

Hi John (Eberwine). I have been thinking about you asking us to put down

in writing what the reunion meant to each of us, well here goes.

At first I was not too interested in the reunion itself but was using it as an excuse to ride my Harley from LA to Dallas. When that fell apart I nearly let it pass. Then you gave me a butt chewing about the meaning of the reunion and said "I guarantee you that you'll be glad you came". The first day I knew you were right. I thought it would be a bunch of old farts trying to hold on to the past. Instead I found some of the finest people I could imagine.

The first day (Thursday) was just trying to remember names and faces. It was obvious that there was a bond there that had never awakened in me until that day. Then I became acquainted with people I remembered, from long ago, and their families and found them all to be fine folks whose company I thoroughly enjoyed. The friendships were immediate and passionate. It was as though we had all been through so many memories, both good and bad, that gave us feelings of pride, patriotism and love.

The characters were profound - Steve *Missippi* Rye, Charlie Brown, Chuck Boyle, Norman Nishikubo and his wife, Lloyd *Pineapple* Marshall, Marcus Burk, Awb Norris, The Miedema's, The Lewis', and John and Cindy Eberwine to name just a few.

The slide show and its stories brought back the horrors and losses we all shared. I was moved by the young soldiers from the current 22nd Regiment, the older gentlemen from WW II and all the stories of tragedy, fear and even guilt. No hostility or anger was seen as we all shared in this brief moment of fellowship and respect.

The most emotional moment for me was when I saw Sgt. Robin Harrington. I had received a letter from Art Peterson C 2/22 1st Pltn) just a few days after the Thanksgiving 1967 ambush that told of the deaths of Harrington, Denny Estes, Lt. Mlynarski and Lt. VanPatten. I cried like a baby when we met and he (Harrington) told me of how he had gotten himself out of there before our artillery pounded the place and how he had spent a year in a hospital in Ft. Benning recovering from his wounds. I was so glad to see that he has a wonderful wife who loves him dearly, has a family, including grandchildren and has had a good life.

When Chuck Boyle was talking about FSB Burt and what so many men had done that day, he brought out a salient point when he said that they were not fighting for any political cause but "for each other". On the last day I met two guys from Wisconsin that shared my feelings and we all came to the conclusion that the greatest tribute we can give to those who didn't come home was to "be the best people we possibly can." That pretty much summed up the reunion for me. That realization that we will always owe our fallen comrades a duty to uphold the American principals of freedom, to respect their sacrifices and to live each day with dignity and in honor to their memory.

I cannot thank all of you enough, who did so much to put the reunion together and for making the effort and getting as many of us there as possible. For sharing with us the vision that you had found at some time in your past that there will never be a greater bond than that which is shared by men who have fought and faced death together. Bless you all and God speed.

Larry "Spanky" Peckham 75-693 Pa' Ai Place, Kailua-Kona, HI 96740  
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### **Bravo's Lone Soldier**

by Robert *Bob* Price

May 28, 1999

It has been more than one week since our reunion in Dallas ended and I am still thinking of the great time that both Susan and I had. I am really looking forward to our next reunion in the fall of 2000, in Atlantic City, NJ.

Although I was the only member at the reunion from Bravo Company of The Triple Deuce, from the Battalions 4 1/2 years in VietNam, I felt completely at home with my new friends from Charlie and Alpha Companies. I want to especially thank John Eberwine, Brad Hull, Bill Allison, Awb Norris, Jim Frost, Joe Dietz, Dave Milewski, Jim Nelson, Norm Nishikubo and their wives for making both Susan and I feel more than welcome. I also want to thank Brad Hull and John Eberwine along with Bill Schwindt of C 3/22 for their offer in helping me to locate members of Bravo Company, hopefully many of which will attend our next reunion.

This was my first reunion and it certainly will not be my last. Many times in the past I have tried to explain to people the special bond that Infantrymen from VietNam had with each other. Most times people just did not understand the trust that we had in each other and the security that no matter how bad things were, someone was coming to get you. Like all Infantrymen, we bitched and moaned over many of the things that we had to do, but we stuck together and did whatever was necessary in order to get each other home safely.

I, myself have attended a number of meetings with local veterans organizations but never felt the closeness and pride that I felt at the Dallas reunion. Being in a room with that many highly decorated Infantrymen instilled a great feeling of pride. Too many times in other veterans organizations, the non-combatants who rarely, if ever, saw a shot fired become the "war heroes." No one at our reunion had to tell phony war stories, we had all been there together, came home, and most have gone on to lead successful lives. Sitting there at the reunion watching Bill Allison's and Jerry Dorri's slide shows and listening to everyone's recollections of Soui Tre in March '67, the major base camp encounter in Nov. '67 (Thanksgiving), Soui Cut (FSB Burt) on Jan. 1st/2nd '68 and the Battle of Good Friday in Apr. '68, was an event no former Triple Deuce member or their families should miss.

There were two other memorable events at the Saturday night reunion dinner: World War II Veteran, Tom Reid's speech honoring VietNam veterans was heartwarming, and Lt. Gordon Kelly's speech reliving the Battle of Soui Cut (FSB Burt) was riveting.

I think that this reunion helped Susan, my fiancée, realize why I am so proud of my tour of duty in VietNam with the men of the Triple Deuce. Most of us were innocent young men when we were sent to VietNam and certainly did not want to be there. When we got there in September of 1967, the leadership we encountered, led by Colonel Awb Norris and his officers, along with the soon departing "boat people" (original Triple Deuce members in VietNam) instilled in us the knowledge we needed to hopefully survive our tour in VietNam. I'm sure all of you thank God for those of us who

made it home alive and have never forgotten our brothers who died beside us in VietNam. I want to especially remember the following members of Bravo Company, 2nd Platoon, Triple Deuce (9/67 - 9/68) who died in VietNam, Anderson Turner, Robert Campbell, Steve Linna, Dan Vannoy, Thomas Ross and Joseph Strippoli.

I hope that this letter has portrayed the fantastic feelings that the Dallas reunion has left in me and encourages all members of the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society and The VietNam Triple Deuce Association to attend our next reunion. Hopefully we'll find many more members to join our society, especially those from Bravo Company of The Triple Deuce, so that our next reunion in Atlantic City is even greater than Dallas.

Thanks again to everyone for their hospitality and friendship. Yours truly,

Bob Price, Bravo Co. 2/22 2nd Pltn  
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### A Woman's Viewpoint

by Susan Bellucci  
May 28, 1999

Dear John and Cindy,

I had a wonderful time at the Dallas reunion and I enjoyed meeting everyone and making friends. From the minute we arrived, everyone made us feel right at home, and all the ladies made me feel like part of the family. It was a great experience and I am very glad that Bob asked me to join him.

I knew how important this reunion was for Bob because he was going to be with other people who he could relate to and share his stories of VietNam with. I knew it was going to be a very emotional experience for him. Little did I know that it would also be a very emotional experience for me, one filled with tears and laughter, and one that I will never forget.

Bob has always talked to me about what it was like in VietNam. I'm very happy that he is able to share that part of his life with me. I really feel for those who haven't been able to open up and

share because it is all part of the healing process. My brother went to VietNam when I was 10 years old. He came back with no physical scars, but if there are any scars on the inside, that remains a secret to him because he never really talks about it.

Attending this reunion with Bob has given me a better understanding of what he went through. I have always been proud of him, and have great respect for him for doing what his country asked of him and putting his life on the line. This reunion has deepened that sense of pride and respect.

I was very touched by the stories that were shared at the reunion and the display of love and respect you guys have for each other. Listening to and watching the slide presentation was very emotional and a real education. While I can never really know first hand what you experienced over there, I have a better sense of what it must have been like in the jungles of VietNam.

This reunion has confirmed something I already knew: that a lot of men, in spite of what they went through in VietNam, picked up the pieces of their lives when they came home and went on to lead very productive lives.

While I know that Bob had a great time at this reunion, I pray that he will have the opportunity to be reunited with men he served with in Bravo Co., Triple Deuce at the next reunion. He has a lot of work ahead of him, but I have every confidence that he will be able to get in touch with some men and get them to the next reunion, and I intend to help him in any way that I can.

I can't tell you enough what a terrific time I had in Dallas. Thank you again for making me feel welcome and I am looking forward to seeing everyone at the reunion in Atlantic City.

Warm regards, Susan Bellucci  
(the future Mrs. Bob Price)  
**SuzieQ18@aol.com**

**From: Rudisill@aol.com**

To: vietvet222@juno.com

Date: Tue, 18 May 1999 12:54:09 EDT

John & Cindy:

Wow, what a week-end. It will take me some time to recover. I got back to Portland at 11 am on Sunday morning. Just in time to start celebrating

Desi's birthday with her two sisters, one brother, mom, aunt, and 12 of her friends at a swimming party at our club. The beat just kept on going. I will write back to you with my reflections of the reunion. I am still trying to recover from the fun week-end. It was so great to see and talk to everyone. Love you guys.

Jerry

### Jerry Rudisill's Thoughts

Mon, 31 May 1999 17:38:59 -0400

I did a lot of talking and listening at the reunion. A couple of the best stories I heard at the reunion are:

Gordon Kelley was the Charlie 2/22 Company Commander when this story happened.

It seems the company was running along a road when they started receiving fire from a village. Gordon Kelley ordered his men to return fire, and they were replying to the incoming rounds with plenty of outgoing fire. The battalion commander was flying over and called down to Kelley and asked him what he was doing and said, "That village is friendly." There was silence on the radio for a few seconds, and then Gordon Kelley, in that unmistakable baritone voice came back with, "Well sir, they may be friendly to you, but they are shooting at us."

The other story was about one of the guys who had been in VietNam for over six months when he gets a letter from a bill collector about a bill. He wrote the guy back that he was sorry he had not paid the bill. It had slipped by before he was shipped to VietNam. He had the money in cash and would be happy to pay him if he would just come pick it up.

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### Borchert Remembering Burt

by Steve Borchert

From: Sjborch51@aol.com

To: vietvet222@juno.com

Date: Wed, 26 May 1999 22:48:24 EDT

Subject: My night at Fire Support Base Burt

First of all I really didn't know it was called Burt until I was found by [c3222locate@aol.com](mailto:c3222locate@aol.com) (Bill Schwindt C 3/22) and talking on the phone with Bill Allison. All these years I just called it Soui Cut, we were pretty much in the dark about things on the medic track anyway, most of the time anyway.

Our night began when they started to walk mortars across the perimeter of the base camp. We pulled our ramp up and closed the top hatch. About a minute later, we took a direct hit from one of the mortars that blew the antenna off and destroyed my personal radio for listening to Johnny Carson at night. With the antenna gone we had no radio contact with the rest of the company. After the mortars quit and since the track had no way of communicating I (there were 3 other medics; John Connors, myself and 2 more) moved the track behind the front line of tracks down by the road where Charlie Company 2/22 was located. We had no idea at that time just how intense the situation was down along the road.

John and I got out of the track and went to the back doors of the tracks asking if anybody needed help. The very first track happened to be Lt. Kelley's. Fortunately for me I looked enough like a friendly he didn't pull the trigger on the 45 cal. pistol he had pointed at my head as he opened the door. This all happened before Charlie Company, 2<sup>nd</sup> Platoon lost the 2 tracks by the road.

Not too much later we started receiving men that needed first aid, and even more intensive medical treatment, to the point that we had to move them up to HHC where Doc Coyer was located. From this location, they finally were moved onto medivacs back to a hospital. This was my second chance at being shot. When the helicopters were getting close I had a strobe light to hold up to guide them in to the LZ. (Editors note: Wayne Crash Coe, one of the first helicopter pilots on the scene that night, wrote a story a few years ago about FSB Burt and the extremely brave man who stood out, amidst all the intense enemy fire, with a strobe to guide in the medivac and resupply choppers.) My memory says it was 32 wounded walking and litter; I later found a note saying it was 32 walking and 17 litter. We also didn't know until later that morning that the VC had penetrated our lines during the night and were behind

us while we were loading the medivac choppers.

Later that morning after we got all our paper work finished up we took the track back down to where we had it parked during most of the firefight. Now, for the first time in 31 years, after attending the reunion in Dallas and seeing the slide show, I have finally realized where all the beehive darts in our e-rations and water cans came from.

Anyway that's my story from what I can remember.

The reunion was great, I was glad I was able to make it. Thanks to the 2 Bills (editors note: Bill Schwindt and Bill Allison), John Eberwine, Norm Nishikubo, and Awb Norris for getting the information to me to make it so.

Thank You.

Steve Borchert HHC 2/22nd Mech Infantry, Medic (mostly Charlie Company) 7/67-7/68 - 6603 Coldstream Dr. Pasadena, TX. 77505 - [sjborch51@aol.com](mailto:sjborch51@aol.com) 281-487-2923(night) 713-336-5383(day)

### Jim Frost Remembers Dallas

John,

I finally picked up my developed pictures of the Dallas reunion. Have to put them into my reunion photo album. As I look at how nice the pictures came out, I cannot forget what a good time Jill and I had at the reunion. The pictures showed so many new faces. I hope I can remember the names in the pictures.

After I completed putting all the pictures into my photo album, I started looking back into my book and stopped to reflect on the Gettysburg reunion, and the Jim Nelson Art show held at the VietNam Art Memorial Gallery in Albany, NY. "What great memories."

Now that the Dallas reunion has come and gone my memories will last a lifetime. I can still remember the excitement flying into the Dallas/Fort Worth airport on Thursday, and arriving by shuttle at the Holiday Inn. Many Triple Dencers and their family members were standing outside and inside the entrance to the Inn. Awb Norris was greeting everyone by hugging or shaking hands. He sure is a great leader. I thought to myself what a great way to start this reunion.

Bill and Martha John Allison were organizing groups of guests to go out to eat like they did in Gettysburg. Jill and

I quickly signed up at the registration room and went up to our room. Arriving back at the lobby Norm Nishikubo told me that my squad leader Joe Dietz (who I finally found after 30 years) was already registered and was in the hospitality room. Once I entered the hospitality room I immediately recognized Joe's smile. We talked briefly, Joe had already eaten, so Jill and I went with the Allison group to a restaurant called Pappadeaus. The food was great and the company was even better. While waiting for our food, I visited with David Milewski, a member of my squad, and his wife Judy and a Bravo Company 2/22 man, Bob Price, and his fiancée Susan. I enjoyed their company very much that evening.

I found out later that three other members of my squad, Ted Angus, Jerry Rudisill, Jim Nelson had somehow ended up some other place to eat. Jerry, I hope, will tell us someday, how that happened.

Friday was a big day, with a meeting in the morning, and group pictures of all the Veterans, WWII and VietNam. During the day Bill Allison showed his (not to be missed) slide show. He gets better every reunion. What can I say about M. C. Toyer. We cannot thank him enough for all his hard work in organizing the reunion, and all of the people that helped him.....a big Thank you!

M. C. Toyer's own family put on a great show on Friday night. We also heard from Cindy Eberwine, John's wife: what a beautiful voice as she sang her songs.

The night continued with groups of slide shows. There was Jerry Dorr's slides, Don Carpenter's 1969 slides; also Joe Dietz displayed his 1966 slides, showing the building of the Dau Tieng base camp. All of the slides were just marvelous. I know many people who would like to see those slides again at the next reunion.

Saturday was a trip to the town of Grapevine, Texas. While in Grapevine there was a special military program displaying the flag colors for all branches of the armed forces. M. C. Toyer was part of this program, and was dressed in authentic garb. This was a must see program, which Jill and I enjoyed.

Saturday evening was a special affair. Everyone entering the Ballroom was dressed up and looked very nice.

There were many pictures taken at this time. I was very pleased to have at my table, all the members of my squad and their wives. After dinner our 22nd Infantry Regiment Society President, Bob Babcock, spoke to the room full of guest. After Babcock there were two more great speakers. Tom Reid, a WWII Veteran and Gordon Kelley, a VietNam Veteran. Both men gave super World War II and VietNam tribute speeches.

The Sunday morning memorial service is a nice way to end all reunions. These services are a remembrance of the fallen men killed in wars or those that have passed away since returning home. After the service, saying our good byes is the hardest time of the reunion. The reunion brought us together, some for the first time, and after a great weekend it is hard for me to say my good byes.

I have yet to know how to put into words what the men I served with really meant to me personally. During my tour in VietNam, my life depended on them at all times, and today I can't thank them enough. These reunions are a great way to bring men back together again after such a long time.

A special *thank you*, once again, to Jim Nelson, for having the courage to pick up the phone and call me almost 4 years ago, and inviting me to my first reunion. If it wasn't for him, I might still be missing out on this, the greatest experience of my life.

Jim Frost C 2/22 3<sup>rd</sup> Pltn

Jan '67-Jan '68

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### From: Rudisill@aol.com

To: vietvet222@juno.com

Date: Sun, 30 May 1999 15:10:20 EDT

Subject: **The Lost Dinner**

John,

I sent you two e-mails about the reunion. This one is about the *lost dinner expedition!*

*No Wonder!* Those Guys were *all from the Second Platoon*. As the sun started setting in the western sky, three of us from the 3<sup>rd</sup> platoon found ourselves following the group (2<sup>nd</sup> platoon) ahead as we were en route to our evening position (the Allison dinner party group). The

other parts of our company were going to meet up with us. We all got our directions from Captain Allison and started our mission.

Looking for the rest of our company, Herb Mock (who by the way, lives in Fort Worth, within spitting distance of Dallas) was leading the way. The men with him were Don Hildebran, and Coy Thomas. Jim Nelson, Ted Angus and I were following the boys from the 2<sup>nd</sup> platoon. Little did we know when we started that expedition that evening, just what a ride we were in for. (Looking back on that night, we should have figured, with Herb, Don and Coy in one vehicle, we were in a world of trouble)

It seemed as if Herb and the boys from the 2<sup>nd</sup> platoon were on a mission. Herb had gotten the directions from Allison, and since he knew the turf???, we had not paid attention like we should have. As we headed, first, in the direction of the setting sun and then turned with the sun at our backs, we kept making turns and jogs first to the left and then to the right.

The sun was beginning to set and our meeting time was long gone. Ted Angus said it first, "Do you guys realize that all of those guys we are following were in the 2<sup>nd</sup> platoon?" Jim Nelson questioned their ability to find a certain piece of their anatomy with both hands. I said that we should have known better then to follow anyone from the second platoon.

Finally our doubts were proven, as Herb stopped the pick up, came back to us, and asked us if we wanted *Happy Meals* for dinner. Coy leaned out of Herbs truck and whispered, "I think Herb is lost!" Don Hildebran just smiled in the back seat. He has been on many, many trails with Herb, both in and out of VietNam. *SO HE WAS USED TO THIS.*

I am pleased to report that we did manage to find a good place to eat dinner with our buddies from VietNam, even if the liquor store was closed by the time we were finished dinner. We finally caught up with the other guys back at the hotel where our reunion was being held.

This was just one of the stories from that reunion. Speaking for myself, I had a fantastic time.

By the way... it was sooo great to see Cindy and you. You guys are just good people. Jim Nelson said it best when he said he has realized the greatest people he

knows.....are his friends from VietNam. I think so too.

My best to all of you.

Regards, Jerry C 2/22 3<sup>rd</sup> Pltn

### From: "Marcus Burk"

<burkm@teleport.com>

To: <vietvetjje@aol.com>

Subject: Stories for Newsletter

Date: Sun, 28 Mar 1999 22:20

I'm working on them. I have a couple near completion (stories).....it's the memory thing, ya know. Should I send them to you or Norm? .....or both?

Words cannot describe how I felt about being in Dallas. Seeing everyone that was in Gettysburg, plus Jim Pasquale and Larry Peckham was almost too much to bear (as was obvious!). Can't wait for Atlantic City. Excellent choice!

The REAL thrill was getting two names of originals that were in "my" squad. (Yes, it's mine!) Larry Peckham and I were talking over breakfast (very very early in the morning) and I asked him about two people I could remember clearly except for names. Right off the top of his head he came up with them.....I was stunned. I knew he was right as soon as he said them.

I'll get the stories off to you soon.....

And the "Presidential Suite"! - A KILLER!!

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### Norman's Reflections

*4 Days in May!*

Well, another Reunion has come and gone. Again as with Gettysburg, I now have fond memories of the function and renewed bonds of friendship with the men I served with in VietNam 31 years ago. I also have new friendships with men who were ahead of me in VietNam as well as men who came after me.

This was my second reunion and for me far different from the first that I attended. This time I was more cognizant of men going through the self-healing process. I watched the process in total amazement. Though I went through the same process in Gettysburg I did not realize how profound and evident it was.

until I saw others do it in Dallas. Watching others heal furthered my healing. It feels good. One man who was at his second reunion finally allowed himself to cry. His wounds are now closing. Another constantly said, "this is too cool", then his tears would start. They washed away a great deal of the pain he suffered for too, too many years. He confirmed this on the day the Reunion ended after he arrived home. Many more men started to heal in Texas. All of you who did, know who you are.

I also let myself become too involved in the business end of our Organization. I should not have let this happen. Instead I should have taken much more time to enjoy myself by being in your company. The time in Gettysburg went quickly. In Texas my eyes blinked and the time was gone. In Atlantic City I won't make the same mistake. After all, the primary reason for our Reunion is for a social gathering which reflects a celebration because we survived. The celebration is made up of many facets, the most important two are healing and making friendships stronger. It is not meant to be a forum for business meetings.

I am glad to have had the opportunity to see and be with all of you. Linda and I are already making plans for Atlantic City. Rest assured The VietNam Triple Deuce, just as in Gettysburg and in Dallas, will be the dominant unit concerning attendance at the Fall 2000 Reunion in New Jersey. In this regard, Alpha Company, catch Charlie Company, if you can (smile!!!) Bravo Company and Delta Company we will give you some slack until you are more firmly established in this Organization.

Magnet, May 1999

Norman Nishikubo C 2/22 1<sup>st</sup> Pltn 9/67-9/68, 6802 Rockhold Avenue, San Gabriel, CA 91775 - Tel 626-286-1647 E-Mail: [magnetc222@earthlink.net](mailto:magnetc222@earthlink.net)

### From: Chuck Boyle

APCHO@aol.com

To: vietvet222@juno.com

Date: Fri, 18 Jun 1999 08:51:08 EDT

Subject: Newsletter Stories

.....

I sent you a newsletter from C/3/22. You should have it by now. In it I give my little story of me, Mississippi, (Steve Rye) and Charlie Brown's excursion to

Dallas. You can use any part of that if you wish.

*You might say that I reported that I loved every minute of the reunion.* It was a very well organized event. The only thing I could find wrong was that the plunger on the beer keg needed some lubricant. Maybe we wore it out. Mr. Oscar Lewis opened up to us on the way back home. He was the WW II vet that we carried from Tomball, TX to Dallas and back home again. He had tears in his eyes, telling us how much he enjoyed being amongst the Vets of WW II and us "young puppies," as he called us.

He told me about his life after the war, his children, and especially his wife. He has been married for 50 years! He started courting his sweetheart in the 6th grade. She stood behind him in every way while he was overseas, fighting the big one. She wrote every week.

She was waiting at the door for him when we brought him home. They hugged and kissed for 5 minutes. It was a delight to see. We were blessed to have been in his company. I'm off to Bama, John, for the weekend.

Happy Fathers Day. My best to Cindy and Rosie.

Love Ya, Chuck

### Four Man Reunion

Excerpt from *Chuck Boyle's* story in the C 3/22 Newsletter May/June 1999

"It was probably my idea to attend this 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry reunion. I'm a sucker for any Infantry get together. As usual, I called upon some of my dearest friends to accompany me, cause just like in the 'Nam, I'm afraid to go out at night by myself....always had to have a squad along. **Bill Schwindt** agreed to come. Of course, Bill had it planned a long time ago, so my persuasion meant little. Then I called upon the old Fourth Platoon, like I always did when it came to a bad mission or a spooky night ambush. Two, fourth platoon heros answered the call. **Steve Mississippi Rye** and **Charlie Brown**. The two of them had, earlier, conspired amongst themselves to take me there, because they are conspirators of the worst sort and don't trust me to travel alone to the Circle K, let alone to Dallas, Texas.

*Mississippi* agreed to drive down from Iuka, Mississippi to pick me up in Clinton, LA, where I was engaged in some

sort of JROTC program with my kids. Steve insisted that I drop the microphone, shed my uniform, and get in the car. At 10 a.m. on the 14<sup>th</sup> of May, we scooted on out toward New Caney, Texas, where we were scheduled to meet Charlie Brown, and travel the rest of the way to Dallas, in Charlie's luxurious Motor Home.

Steve reduced the five and one half hour trip from Baton Rouge, LA to New Caney, Texas to a little more than four hours, all that time explaining to me about the nice Mississippi State Trooper that had, only a few miles before, reduced his speeding ticket from 95 mph to 85 mph, in honor of all VietNam Veterans. The trooper had mentioned something about Steve not having a pilot's license. By the way, the trip from New Caney to Baton Rouge is only three and a half hours on the return. Steve said it is because we were going east, and he had a tail wind.

After meeting with Charlie and stepping into that scrumptious hotel on wheels, we scooted on down to Tomball, Texas, to pick up **Mr. Oscar Lewis**, a 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment WWII veteran who had never been to a reunion. He could not drive due to the normal infirmities of age, and Steve and Charlie agreed to carry this hero to Dallas to see his friends. Oscar was quite thrilled to be in the company of soldiers again, but he did cast a jaundiced eye toward our beer coolers, and the 357 magnum that Steve stowed under the window seat. I might mention that Oscar has been married to his wife for 50 years and had courted her since the sixth grade. (Their parting was as sweet as two teenagers, leaving an evening of homework study. You've been there, done that?)

We arrived in Dallas late, but that didn't matter, we intended to live in the motor home. After checking in to a well organized registration reception provided by **Bob Babcock** and **Awb Norris**, we checked the hospitality room, inlaid amongst the exquisite furniture, was a modern-day beer keg, complete with pump. It squeaked terribly as the handle went up and down causing Steve to remark that it reminded him of someone he once knew intimately.

From there it went downhill. By midnight we were ensconced in the *Presidential Suite* (that's another story by itself, either Marcus or Larry will tell it) on the seventh floor. Although Bill and

Hillary weren't there, security finally removed Charlie, Steve and I, to the parking lot, where southern humor could have ample room to flourish. The *Big Kauhana* from Hawaii, **Larry Peckham** and a C 2/22 entourage of fellow revelers (**Don Hildebran, Marcus Burk and John Eberwine**) followed. Charlie's motor home made for an excellent midnight luau and even **Johel Coward**, both a C 3/22 and C 2/22 (Mech) hero slumped in. Amazing. that a motor coach built for six could hold twenty. Steve's aluminum leg slept on the breakfast nook table. The rest of him slept in the nook. Charlie and I fought the big ones again, until about 5 a.m., whereupon Charlie made a breakfast of tuna fish, mustard, Ritz crackers, hot sauce, and cologne 'Hell, ya'll eat anything, va'll hungry,' Charlie espoused when questioned about the ingredients of his gourmet soufflé."

For more of this story, send your dues to the C 3/22 Treasurer, Tom Mohar 412 Washington, Sheboygan Falls, WI 53085. Their dues are \$20 per year, worth it for Chuck's newsletters. Maybe they'll take \$10 from 2/22 men for an associate membership!!!!

### Absolution

**A novel** by Chuck Boyle. Chuck has written an extraordinary novel based on real events and battles from his time in VietNam with Alpha Company 3/22 and after he took command of Charlie Company 3/22. If you ever wanted to know what it was like to make your way through bamboo thickets while getting shot at, or wading through rice paddies and then dropping drawers and picking off leeches, or feeling what the men actually were experiencing while being shot at and dying, and much more... THEN...you must buy Chuck's book. There is no Hollywood bull in this book, only realism and truths. I have never read anything or seen anything that rivals the feelings this book extracts from the reader. For your personally autographed hardbound copy, send a check for \$30.95 to Chuck Boyle PO Box 8187 Clinton, LA 70722 or fax him with your credit card number and expiration at 225-292-8621 or call him at 225-292-4246 or e-mail him at [apeho@aol.com](mailto:apeho@aol.com). DO IT NOW!

### A New Perspective

from Dick Nash

**Editor's Note:** This is an e-mail message from Dick Nash to a very recent, after the reunion, "new find" - **Denny Head**

From: "Dick Nash" E-mail:

nash222@netins.net>

To: <dennyhead@hotmail.com>

Date: Thu, 27 May 1999 08:12:39 -0500

Subject: 22nd IRS

*Hi Denny,*

Welcome home, and welcome to some exposure to the 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment Society. I'm kind of a *newby* myself, with less than a year of knowing this wonderful group of people, but I can assure you, *it has been one of the best experiences of my life*. Hang on for some really great conversations with some of your fellow vets, and very likely you will be reacquainted with some of your comrades in arms of thirty years ago. The first word that comes to mind when someone asks me to describe the 22<sup>nd</sup> IRS is "class".

I just returned from my first reunion, and while the lodging, the programs, and the entertainment was great, the real "class" came from the membership's welcome to all us new guys. **I cannot come up with a single negative from the entire four days**, and can hardly wait for the next one.

By the way, my time was also split between Alpha and HHC, but about a year after yours. Looking forward to comparing notes, and once again, welcome.

Dick Nash E-mail: [nash222@netins.net](mailto:nash222@netins.net)  
686 170<sup>th</sup> Street Muscatine, IL 52761

### Help in Atlantic City

Received from Larry "Spanky" Peckham  
*John,*

I would love to help. My wife never misses an opportunity to go anywhere where she can lose my money gambling, so she will certainly be there and my 14 year old will follow us anywhere cause, he knows we will have fun. I meant every word I said and had to hold back a lot to keep from boring you to death. We are a great group of people and our fallen brothers would be proud of us. What else can we ask of life? Keep up the good work and let me know if there is anything I can do to make this (Atlantic City) the best reunion ever. Larry

I've been so fortunate, we're 18 months away from the next reunion to be held in Atlantic City (Oct 2000) and I've had 6-8 people already offer to help man the registration booth, perform whatever tasks are required, etc. You are a great bunch of people and terrific friends and you can rest assured that we'll need all the help we can get. THANK YOU! - John Eberwine

### What A Feeling

by Bob Price B 2/22

Subject: **Clark Lohmann**

To John E., Awb, Brad, Norm, John L.,

As I explained to John Eberwine the other night, **Bill Schwindt (C3/22)** located one of my good friends from Bravo 2/22, his name is Clark Lohmann - 4883 So.50th Ave. - Omaha, Nebraska 68117. He spent 5 months with us in Nam, 12-67 to 5-68, was severely wounded on 5-27-68, and I then never saw or spoke to him again until Memorial Day 1999.

I sent him copies of both The VietNam Triple Deuce & 22<sup>nd</sup> IRS Newsletters. He said he will be joining both groups. Clark was slightly wounded on 3-13-68 with me when we tried to recover two of Charlie company's KIA's. He never received a purple heart for this incident, **is there any way to correct this injustice?** Any help is appreciated! I am already working on him to come to next reunion.

He was only with us a few days when we left for Fire Support Base Burt. On the night of January 1, 1968 (into the morning of January 2, 1968) he was stuck out on an LP (*editor's note:* a 3 man listening post in front of the perimeter) the entire night surrounded by the Viet Cong and NVA.

One of our buddies was a Jerry Pierce from Seattle, Washington. He told me that Jerry was a champion shot putter in high school. Jerry was in Nam from 9-67 to 9-68 like many of us. I would love to locate him along with Billy Ray Johnson. The three of us all survived the year together and became squad leaders with Bravo 2/22 2<sup>nd</sup> platoon.

Deeds not words

BOB PRICE

### 2<sup>nd</sup> Time Better

From "Ed Schultz"

To "John J Eberwine"

Date: Sun, 23 May 1999 22:05:54

Subject: Re: VietNam Triple Deuce Newsletter

John,

I thought this reunion was super!! At the last one in Gettysburg, I arrived late. In fact I didn't find out about it until 6-7 days before when I read in the *Army Times* I think that Awb was a contact point. Well I quickly got lined up for a plane ticket, but did get in on the 2<sup>nd</sup> day rather than the 1<sup>st</sup>. Therefore there was a much shorter time to be together, lot of people I didn't recognize after 30 years, and so I never really got to jell with the program

But this time it was different. After more than a year of e-mail message traffic I was finally able to tie names with faces and feel I really knew almost everyone again. Of course there are some that I never had a chance to meet in VietNam. *As you know we were not there for a social gathering and the jungle and VC did complicate what otherwise could have been a pleasant relationship.*

It was very apparent that MC Toyer and the people behind the scenes had spent an enormous amount of effort to ensure that everything went well. And Bob Babcock and Awb committed their normal 125% effort in our behalf.

Bottom line it was a great gathering and I'm already looking forward to Atlantic City.

Ed Schultz(Fullback 3)  
8043 Chaucer Drive. Weeki Wachee, FL  
34607-2207 Tel: 352-597-1939  
E-Mail: sgateway@atlantic.net

### What We Are All About!!!

This next group of messages is regarding the *REAL* business of these organizations we all belong to. A former Chaplain, David Farr contacted MC Toyer B3/22 looking to attempt to locate a Captain Mikita, who had been badly wounded in VietNam and sent stateside and Chaplain Farr had befriended him in the hospital. MC Toyer has been instrumental in bringing great joy to many, many men by his tireless devotion to the cause. MC - I salute you!

John Eberwine

From: "MC TOYER"  
bravo322@gte.net

To: "John J Eberwine"  
<vietvet222@juno.com>

Date: Thu, 27 May 1999 08:06:07 -0500

Subject: Phone Call / Capt. Edward

Mikita - ?A 2/22(M)? - 6/768

John -

I've always been of the opinion, and some of my opinions are just plain bull-headed, that every guy out there is looking for that contact or remembrance from the past, even if he says he doesn't want to hear from or talk to anybody about it. My position has always been, when I find someone new, to list him on the roster, mail him the newsletter, and if he doesn't want to read it, it is his choice to ditch.

But I will always keep the lines open, because someday there will be someone he wants to talk to or someone he will take a call from.

Mikita is a little different, choices now are not his to make, but no one who has given so much should be allowed to pass on thinking he is all alone, and no one cares for him anymore, so any phone call to him, from anyone with compassion for his situation, and concern for his welfare surely will give him peace.

John Otte C3/22 told me less than a month ago, when he received the news of the passing of a man he had just found the year before, we have to press on, there is no time to waste.

I mentioned talking to Mike Groves for 5 hours last night, Mike is a good man, with that drive and sense of what needs to be done. Nurture him and he will be a tremendous asset. I met Mike thru Brad Hull about six months ago, and he had sent me the letters home he had saved and then journalized, as a history of his tour. *I could have written them myself.*

We all have so much in common, it is scary. I stand on my premise, if you wore the green, and crossed the pond you are one of us, and whatever happened then happened, so let us all come to terms with it and move on. No one should be excluded, and everyone should be made to feel just as welcome as the next, and all are equal

I'll attach a follow-up message from Chaplain Farr so you can see how important it is to press on. Your call, and any others may give him the strength and will to hang on. Chaplain Farr told me how tough it was for Mikita in the hospital, and he never knew if he made

afterwards, but felt at least his ministering to him at the time have given him the courage and support to fight to recover from his wounds.

I've said it before, and will again and again, God Bless the Locators, for they bring us all together.

You always end your welcome e-mail to the *new finds* with the words, *Thanks For Being There.* It is my turn, John, *Thanks for Being There.*

MC

From: Dave Farr to MC Toyer:

MC, Thanks for all your help yesterday. In a matter of 3 hrs, I talked with Ed Mikita, his parents and former wife!!! It was a great reunion. This weekend I will talk to his 3 children from their mother's home. Kirsten helped make the connections. Thanks for calling that West Palm Beach phone number that I had given up on!! In '68 at Clark I was the link many times for Ed with his family when he couldn't write or use the phone. Now I find myself in Denver as link between Seattle and Florida with a family that has a lot of unfinished business with a father, son and former wife. Hopefully these days ahead will bring some healing for a hurting family and a dying soldier.

God Bless,

GENTLEMEN: Reach Out Before It's Too Late!

### The Rules Of Combat

sent in by Norman Nishikubo

If The Enemy Is in Range. So Are You Incoming Fire Has The Right of Way Don't Look Conspicuous: it Draws Fire The Easy Way Is Mined.

Try to Look Unimportant. They May Be Low on Ammo.

Professionals Are Predictable, It's The Amateurs Who Are Dangerous.

The Enemy Invariably Attacks on One of Two Occasions:

When You Are Ready for Them.

When You Are Not Ready for Them Teamwork Is Essential: it Gives the Enemy Someone Else to Shoot At If You Can't Remember, the Claymore Is Pointed at You.

If Your Attack Is Going Well You Have Walked into an Ambush.

Don't Draw Fire: it Just Irritates the People Around You

The Only Thing More Accurate than  
Enemy Incoming Fire Is Friendly  
Incoming Fire.  
When the Pin Is Pulled, Mr. Grenade Is  
Not Our Friend.  
If It's Stupid but Works, it Isn't Stupid.  
When in Doubt, Empty the Magazine.  
Never Share a Foxhole with Someone  
Braver than You.  
Anything You Do Can Get You Shot,  
Including Doing Nothing.  
Make it Too Tough for the Enemy to Get  
in and You Can't Get Out.  
Mines Are Equal Opportunity Weapons.  
A Purple Heart Just Proves That You Were  
Smart Enough to Think of a Plan. Stupid  
Enough to Try It, and Lucky Enough to  
Survive. (Norm????)  
Don't Be the First, Don't Be Last and  
Don't Volunteer  
Five Second Fuses Only Last Three  
Seconds

### Bubba's Rationale

Received From: sgateway@atlantic.net  
(Ed Schultz)

Kosovo - Now let's see here if I understand  
all this correctly.

President Clinton has ordered our  
forces to engage an entrenched, politically  
motivated enemy, backed by the Russians,  
on their home ground, in a foreign civil  
war in difficult terrain, with limited  
military objectives, bombing restrictions,  
boundary and operational restrictions,  
queasy allies, far across the ocean, with  
uncertain goals, without prior consultation  
with Congress, the potential for escalation,  
while limiting the forces at his disposal,  
and the majority of Americans opposed to  
or at least uncertain about the value of the  
action being worth American lives.

So just what was it that he was  
opposed to in VietNam????

Thanks Ed!

### A Repeat Speech

Many of you were not at the  
Gettysburg reunion and did not hear  
Chuck Boyle's speech given that night. I  
had not published it prior to this, so I  
thought that now, with over 400 on the  
waiting list, it was the right time

Text of Speech delivered by Chuck Boyle,  
Company Commander C/3/22/25 67-68

VietNam, at the 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment  
Society Reunion, Gettysburg, PA, on the  
evening of October 18, 1997. Almost 300  
attended this reunion. Veterans of World  
War II and VietNam numbered almost  
150. Chuck received a standing ovation  
from the attendees after this stirring  
dissertation. Superb!

**"Lord, it is good for us to be here.**

These words were spoken by one  
of the Twelve Disciples at the *Sermon on  
the Mount*, as they gathered with Jesus on  
His Ascension Day.

As a boy, I heard them repeated  
often, and once again this last summer, by  
Father Jim Tobin, a fellow VietNam  
Veteran and a man we consider to be, *our  
Chaplain*. We had gathered on a grassy  
knoll adjacent to the VietNam Veterans  
Memorial, **The Wall**, and asked him to  
speak to us. He began with those same  
words: *Lord, it is good for us to be here.*

The meaning and significance of  
that phrase became so evident as these last  
three days of reunion unfolded. I can only  
add: *Lord, it is so good for us to be here."*

\*\*\*\*\*

"I am Chuck Boyle, a VietNam  
Veteran and I am honored... flattered to  
have been selected from among all of you  
fine soldiers to speak for a few minutes on  
behalf of the VietNam Veteran. Thank  
You!

Bob Babcock afforded me this  
opportunity and I eagerly accepted. He  
said:

"Speak for 9-10 minutes for *your  
guys.*"

How I might do this I wondered.  
Such an awesome task--to speak for *my  
guys.*

I decided then to speak for only  
three minutes and just say it three times.  
You see, since I arrived, I realize that we  
are all getting a bit older... even me. As an  
example: I visited with Awb Norris last  
night... he had invited me to his room for  
a chat. He walked ahead of me, but I was  
detained in the hallway for a few minutes  
by Stan Tarkenton and his many humorous  
stories. Arriving at Awb's room, I  
knocked, but there was no answer.  
Noticing the door ajar, I entered and  
observed that Awb was sitting in an easy  
chair, staring at the Wal-Mart painting on  
the wall.

Concerned, I spoke out: 'Awb,  
are you all right?' He never moved.

I stepped closer, halfway across  
the room and again I called out: 'Awb, are  
you all right?...' still no movement from  
him.

Finally, I got right up to his ear  
and shouted: 'Awb, are you all right!?'

He turned to me and said in  
exasperation: 'I said *Yes!* three times,  
dam it!'

So from that I know that as a  
young man of 56, I am quickly taking my  
place among all of us magnificent Senior  
Citizens. Thank You! I went quickly to  
my room and filled out that AARP  
application for membership that was lying  
there.

Now, back to my purpose. I can  
only speak to the VietNam Veteran  
through the body of all of you veterans  
gathered here--most particularly you  
World War II veterans. It was through  
your model of patriotism--your  
heroics--that made me a soldier. My being  
in uniform, in VietNam, was directly  
connected to your noble sacrifice. Let me  
explain...

I was born in Johnstown,  
Pennsylvania... really, in a nearby small  
town called *Conemaugh*. It was a smoky,  
sooty, coal-mining town in the 1940's and  
as a small boy, I realized that the major  
event of the day was World War Two.

Why, just this morning, a fellow,  
Russell Fisher, I believe it was, identified  
himself as having *joined the Regiment in  
June, 1941*. I was barely three months old  
at the time. When I told him how  
impressed I was, he asked: 'What month  
were you born?'

'April,' I replied.

'Change that,' he boomed. 'I  
joined in March, '41.'

Ah yes, I remember the mood...  
war and sacrifice.... To be a soldier was an  
honorable and glamorous and wonderful  
thing to be.

One afternoon, barely five years  
old, I stood on our creaky wooden porch  
to watch a parade of soldiers march  
through the town. Sirens screamed and  
drums beat. There were flashing lights  
and little flags waving. It was led by our  
only fire truck, a military jeep, and Mr.  
Lehman riding on his motorcycle. (I think  
he got killed later on that rickety old  
thing). There they were, row after row of

handsome uniformed men, passing by in step, carrying their rifles at *right shoulder*.

As they passed by in front of our house, I danced with glee and my mother told me it was *VJ Day*, ...the war was over... peace had come at last.

So excited was I, that I broke free from her grasp, dashed from the porch and joined the parade of victorious men; falling in behind them and tramp, tramp, tramp, we boys went marching.... I believe I even had a little wooden stick and I carried it at *right shoulder*.

I followed them through town when they finally halted and dispersed at a local hall; the American Legion I believe it was... It grew dark and I was lost. I also knew that I was in a heap of trouble back there on Oak Street.

I remember a strong, tall soldier picking me up, putting me astride his shoulders and carrying me back to my mother. I didn't care about the scolding or possible whipping I was going to get. I was so thrilled to be in the company of a soldier... I still am.

The years passed and it seemed that I was always in the company of soldiers: Charles Strank, our neighbor, told me how he and three other fellows raised the flag on Iwo Jima and he got the Congressional Medal Of Honor for it.

'Didn't deserve it,' he always said. 'It was a put-up job... a staged event.'

He never took credit.... And from him I learned humility.

Korea came along and I remember my older brother Jack, so splendid in his Marine Corp uniform, teaching all the kids and me how to sing *the Halls Of Montezuma* Jack never came back from the Choson Reservoir.....

So it was only natural, based on that kind of tradition: That one should love their country... even fight and die for it, that I too, joined the ranks.

In 1967, I found myself in VietNam, an Infantryman in the 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry, *The Regulars*, by God.

The tragedy and excesses of that war have been well documented by authors and speakers much more qualified and better spoken than me. I cannot explain that war... I cannot speak for the men in high places who made that war, for whatever reasons. Greed perhaps, ... a misplaced idea about what America should be or her role in the world. But I can tell you about the men... the soldiers.

They were as wholesome in their beliefs about America as any soldier who had ever passed before them. They were as patriotic as you would have them be... as their parents and teachers would have wanted them to be. They were as strong and handsome and charitable as that soldier who picked me up and put me on his shoulders and carried me home to my mother.

They were eager in their desire to serve their country--to save the people of Southeast Asia from the clutches of Communism--to free them from the yoke of totalitarianism... just as you World War Two men did for Europe in the 1940's.

At least, that is what they believed was their purpose at the time--and so they marched off to VietNam... honorably motivated... to serve their country!

It is no secret that the war became a quagmire of political ineptitude here at home: College kids getting killed at Kent State...you remember that....the assassinations of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and Bobby Kennedy.....the Chicago Seven... You remember all that, too.

It was time of social upheaval at home and tragedy on the battlefield.... young people circling the White House, chanting, *Hey, hey, LBJ. How many kids did you kill today?* ...American flags being burned in protest... draft cards being torn up in public....

It sucked the morale out of our boys... over there. Yet, they fought on... bravely and honorably.

That level of despair over VietNam--the disenchantment with our leaders--the guilt... it was somehow transferred to the shoulders of our soldiers; the only symbol of Government that people could see on the streets. Some in our society turned against their sons and they felt it, deep within their hearts and souls, and some felt guilty about having been there. They quickly changed from their uniforms to civilian clothes as they made their way home, unable to speak honestly to their loved ones and families about their experiences.

What the hell... there wasn't any parade to go to anyway.

Yes, they shut up about it--many even denying that they had ever served. Still the agony of their hell, their battles... friends dying right beside them... it boiled inside their bellies. The ultimate indignity occurred when more spineless men in high

places handed over VietNam to the Communists.

It became fashionable--common and trite--to say: *The only war we, ever lost.... We lost the war. Yes, they did lose the war!!!.... But, you men--you who fought it--you never lost a damn thing! Hear me... you didn't lose anything!* Oh, yeah, you might have lost an arm or a leg or an eye... maybe some muscle tissue... even worse, you might have lost your best friend... **but, you didn't lose the war!**

I knew....I felt in my heart....that someday, our absolution, our release from this quiet personal agony would come. Some think that it is that great wall down there in Washington.....that dedication.....that parade. For many of you that may be so....

For me, *my absolution* came at about 8:20 this morning, when at our meeting, a tall, handsome World War Two soldier stood and welcomed us VietNam Veterans to their brotherhood of heroes. He said: *To all you VietNam Vets...Welcome Home!* We welcome you to our ranks and we are proud of you. We extend to you the challenge of keeping our 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Association alive... and I know you will do it.

And then, you know what happened? All of the World War Two veterans stood and clapped for us. I felt good, being accepted by those who count the most: our brothers, our uncles, and our fathers... I feel proud to sit beside you and share the memories of war. I know that you never abandoned us.

I speak for all 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry VietNam Veterans.....the living and the dead. We accept the torch of leadership that you have passed to us with the genuine hand of friendship. I dare say: That soldier who picked me up and carried me home would be mightily proud tonight. Thank you.

Thank you for letting me share my thoughts. ...Thank you for letting me share my heart."

Chuck Boyle at Gettysburg, PA

## Healing!

This e-mail message was sent to Bill Schwindt by the daughter of a "New Found Regular"

Bill,

Thank you so much. I am 26 and Daddy has never before talked openly about Nam with me. It feels so good to finally be able to see him healing in a way that we could never help. In the past few months he has become almost a completely different person about this. There are not enough words to express what this means to all of us. I am calling Daddy tonight at Ft Polk

God Bless and take care. Ken sent us an email that I am going to relay to him also! Thanks again.

Samantha

-----Original Message-----

From: C322locate@aol.com

<C322locate@aol.com>

To: sammiann@tomah.com

<sammiann@tomah.com>

Date: Wednesday, June 02, 1999

Samantha,

Ken Blakely is in touch with Garry Green, a guy your father wanted to find. And his e-mail is [garrygreen@juno.com](mailto:garrygreen@juno.com). Please let him know first chance you get. Ken also remembered your dad's other friend, Bob Sweeley, but is not in contact with him. This is getting exciting!

Bill

### Jim Nelson's Newest Art Show

Here's another chance to see the *fantastic* art exhibition of Jim Nelson, Combat Artist from C 2/22 and 25<sup>th</sup> Inf Division along with the *excellent* photographs of Dave DeMauro C 3/22. The show will be held at the 1570 Gallery, 1570 east Avenue - Rochester, New York from July 9, 1999 to August 15, 1999. The reception, where most of the men will be at, will be held on July 9 from 7 to 9 PM. The Greater Rochester VietNam Veterans Corporation is the sponsor. There is a block of rooms at the Radisson Hotel nearby. The Hotel has free shuttle service within a 15 mile radius, which includes the airport. The telephone number to make reservations is 716-475-1910 and you **MUST TELL THEM YOU ARE WITH THE 22<sup>ND</sup> INFANTRY REGIMENT SOCIETY** to get the discounted rate of \$78 per night. Call Jim Nelson for more information at 913-524-4697 or Chuck Boyle, who is scheduled to attend from July 8-10 at 215-292-4246.

Cindy and I attended the showing last year in Albany, New York and I can tell you it's a great opportunity for a mini-reunion. If 4 to 6 or more Veterans get together for the opening night, you are honoring Jim for what he had done for years to honor the combat infantryman and you also will have a fantastic time.

Come see Jim's newest painting *The Battle for Ap Cho*.

By John Eberwine

### 25th Infantry Division Reunion

Some men have asked me to promote the 25<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division reunion this year to be held at the Sheraton Valley Forge Hotel, 1160 First Avenue, King of Prussia, Pennsylvania 19406 from Thursday September 9, 1999 through September 12, 1999 as a possible source for a mini-reunion of VietNam Triple Deucers. I know that I will not be able to make it for the four days, other than possibly for the Saturday afternoon and evening (we live about 2 hours away) I know that Austin Kreeger C 2/22 2<sup>nd</sup> Platoon 9/67-9/68 has expressed an interest in seeing if some other men might want to meet there. Austin's telephone number is 717-529-2892. Why not call him and let him know if you are interested. I can send you a registration form from the 25<sup>th</sup> Infantry if you wish. The room rates are \$75 per night, single or double, the registration fee for the 25<sup>th</sup> is \$25, the Saturday banquet is \$25 per person, they offer tours to Valley Forge, Lily Langtry Dinner Theatre, the Franklin Mint, an Atlantic City Casino, the New Jersey State Aquarium, Historic Philadelphia and Longwood Gardens. Cut off dates for rooms is August 2, 1999 and the registration is July 31, 1999. You can reach John Boyle, Editor of the Tropic Lightning *Flashes* at PO Box 7 Flourtown, PA 19031-0007 to join and have registration forms sent out or call 215-248-5250 (Voice or Fax) John's e-mail address is: [topicltn@aol.com](mailto:topicltn@aol.com)

If a handful of men wish to meet there, I'll commit to coming early Saturday morning and possibly staying the night.

LET ME OR AUSTIN KREEGER KNOW! - John Eberwine

### 22<sup>nd</sup> IRS Next Reunion in Atlantic City - Oct 12-15, 2000

I am working hard to firm up prices and all the various items that must be worked out for the reunion. We have a commitment for the Claridge Casino & Hotel, now we are working on the numbers. I also believe that I've been able to firm up arrangements for a Jim Nelson Art Show at the Atlantic City Garden Art Center right on the boardwalk and will be able to time it for the opening of the reunion.

Transportation wise, the Atlantic City Airport is just 7 miles outside of the city proper. Continental, Spirit and US Air fly into there and there is a shuttle to the Casino. Also Philadelphia International Airport is 55-60 minutes away, there are small commuter flights into Atlantic City Airport, and there are car rental agencies at Philadelphia International Airport. Also from the Philadelphia International Airport you can get a train to 30<sup>th</sup> Street station in Phila and then a New Jersey Transit Train right into Atlantic City, two blocks from the Casino with free shuttle. Amtrak also goes into the 30<sup>th</sup> street station and again you can get a New Jersey Transit Train right into Atlantic City.

Driving to Atlantic City is relatively easy. From New York and the New England states, catch the Garden State Parkway outside New York City and take it to 7 miles outside AC where you get the Atlantic City Expressway.

From the West, take the Pennsylvania Turnpike to Interstate 76 East, cross into New Jersey over the Walt Whitman Bridge and follow this to the Atlantic City Expressway. You will then be approximately 45 minutes from town.

From the South, you can take the Cape May-Lewes Ferry from Lewes Delaware. This will save about 4-5 hours driving time and when you depart the ferry, you will have a very pleasurable 50 minute drive to Atlantic City up the Garden State Parkway and onto the Atlantic City Expressway.

For those who wish to visit Atlantic City earlier than Thursday, we have blocked rooms from Monday, October 9, 10, 11 and then the reunion starts Oct 12-15, 2000. We will plan side trips to Historic Smithville Village for

shopping and a golf outing for those who wish to chase the little white ball.

I will supply more details with the September 1999 newsletter. Call me for any additional information. - John Eberwine

### Taps

From: "Andrew Alday"

<alday@ulua.mhpc.af.mil>

Date: Tue, 1 Jun 1999 19:19:20 -1000

Subject: The origin of "Taps".

**Editors Note: This was sent by Andrew Alday A3/22. I not sure if it's been verified, but it sounds good.**

From Andrew: Some of you may know this true story about music in our military history, but I thought it would be appropriate to share it with you this Memorial Day.

#### The Story Behind "Taps"

It all began in 1862 during the Civil War, when Union Army Captain Robert Ellicombe was with his men near Harrison's Landing in Virginia. The Confederate Army was on the other side of the narrow strip of land.

During the night, Captain Ellicombe heard the moan of a soldier who lay mortally wounded on the field. Not knowing if it was a Union or Confederate soldier, the captain decided to risk his life and bring the stricken man back for medical attention.

Crawling on his stomach through the gunfire, the captain reached the stricken soldier and began pulling him toward his encampment. When the captain finally reached his own lines, he discovered it was actually a Confederate soldier, but the soldier was dead.

The captain lit a lantern. Suddenly, he caught his breath and went numb with shock. In the dim light, he saw the face of the soldier. It was his son. The boy had been studying music in the South when the war broke out. Without telling his father, he enlisted in the Confederate Army.

The following morning, heartbroken, the father asked permission of his superiors to give his son a full military burial despite his enemy status. His request was partially granted. The captain had asked if he could have a group of Army band members play a funeral dirge for the son at the funeral.

That request was turned down since the soldier was a Confederate.

Out of respect for the father, they did say they could give him one musician. The captain chose a bugler. He asked the bugler to play a series of musical notes he had found on a piece of paper in the pocket of his dead son's uniform.

This music was the haunting melody we now know as "Taps" that is used at all military funerals. In case you are interested, these are the words to "Taps":

Day is done,  
Gone the sun,  
From the lakes,  
From the hills,  
From the sky.  
All is well.  
Safely rest.  
God is nigh

Sent to me by a LRRP friend of mine who was in the 101st Airborne Division. I always wondered about the origins of "Taps" and now I know. My thanks to Bobby Ross, the LRRP "El-tec" from the 101st A.D.

Andrew Alday III 206-A Ehilani Street  
Pukalani, Maui, HI 96768-8318 Tel 808-572-1797 [alday@ulua.mhpc.af.mil](mailto:alday@ulua.mhpc.af.mil)

### New Find

From: Stan Self

<stan1@mail.atl.bellsouth.net>

To: John Eberwine

<vietvet222@juno.com>, Bill Allison

<C6\_222@bellsouth.net>

Date: Mon, 31 May 1999 16:46:05 -0400

Subject: Memorial Day Greetings

John,

On this Memorial Day, I was perusing the VietNam Memorial Wall web site to remember some of the brave men who fought along side me during my time in VietNam.

I was recalling the events of November 25, 1967 in which my closest friend in country, Dennis Estes, and my Lieutenant, Robert Mlynarski (for whom I was the RTO) gave their lives.

In the course of doing this, I expanded my browsing to include a search of the 2/22 of the 25<sup>th</sup> Infantry. To my great surprise, I found your web page and on it a photo of Captain Allison for whom

I was also an RTO. I just wanted to drop you a quick note to express my appreciation for your service in VietNam and your web site.

It is people like you, Capt. Allison, Dennis, Lt. Ski, and others that make displaying the flag so special on days such as this.

If I can be of service to you, please don't hesitate to call on me.

Stan Self

4567 Robic Road - Lilburn, GA 30047

Telephone: 770.736.6142

E-Mail: [stan1@bellsouth.net](mailto:stan1@bellsouth.net)

VietNam Veteran C 2/22 1st/HQ Pltn

9/67-3/68

**And this was a follow up message from Stan**

John,

It's good to hear from you. This is indeed my first contact. I was wounded the same day David Ditch was killed. Also, my address should have read Lilburn, GA.

I got Bill Allison's address and your home page from the 22 Infantry Regiment Society's web site at [www.22ndinfantry.org](http://www.22ndinfantry.org). I did a search from the Archived Guest book and turned up a lot of interesting data.

I would like to receive any newsletters you send out. Although short, that time period had an enormous impact and influence on my life and many of the events are as vivid today as when I experienced them.

Thanks for the quick reply and I look forward to any future contact.

Stan

### Short's Looking Forward to Atlantic City

From: [jcs@acsworld.net](mailto:jcs@acsworld.net) (John E. Short)

To: John J Eberwine

<[vietvet222@juno.com](mailto:vietvet222@juno.com)>

Date: Sun, 20 Jun 1999 10:17

Subject: Dallas, Texas Reunion

John

This was my second reunion - I was very anxious and hesitant about coming to both reunions but more so with the first then the last. Soon after I checked into the hotel and ran into a few old friends, my uneasiness surpassed. Each of

the reunions has left me with a little more remembrance of the past that I had hidden away inside my sub conscience but there is so much that I just can't piece together. Maybe the next reunion will restore another part of the past and leave us all with peace of mind.

My wife had a real good time and says she'll be going to the next reunion in New Jersey with me. She enjoyed everyone's company she meet and had a good time shopping with Ed Patrick's wife Milly. Ed and I sure missed Arnie Pellerin and hope to see him at the next reunion. Arnie had heart surgery and just wasn't up to the trip this reunion but we hope to see him next time and will keep in touch with him over the next 17 months.

It was good to see all the men I served with and I don't think I have to mention them all because I'd be here for hours. Let me just say, "Welcome Home and Thanks for Being There"

John Short 215 Electric Avenue,  
Lewistown, PA 17044-1328 Tel 717-248-  
1594 E-mail - [jcs@acsworld.net](mailto:jcs@acsworld.net)

**Editors Note:** The following stories were sent in From: William Matz - Medic  
<[wamatz@hotmail.com](mailto:wamatz@hotmail.com)>  
To: [vietvet222@juno.com](mailto:vietvet222@juno.com)  
Date: Tue, 25 May 1999 11:06:15 PDT  
Subject: Newsletter

John J Eberwine

I got your message requesting stories and from the newsletter and other e-mails I've received I gather that many of the members are interested in the "early days" of our battalion. The following starts with the earliest day of all: *The Very Beginning!*

### What Have I Got Myself Into?

I was drafted into the army on December 8th, 1965 at the Van Buren Street induction center in Chicago. After following the "yellow line" and being sworn in, we were flown down to Fort Polk, LA. We were tested, pushed, prodded, injected, and issued uniforms at Polk before they flew us up to Fort Lewis, WA. I don't remember the exact date we arrived at Fort Lewis, but this was when they filled out the 2/22<sup>nd</sup> with the troops who would eventually be sent to VietNam

I was assigned to B company at this time. Among those from my "old hood" in Chicago in the company with me were Danny Thomas, Bill Sanders, and Buddy Andersen. Shortly after our arrival, we were marched into the day room (they marched us everywhere) where they had set up a group of women with sewing machines. We gave them our shirts and jackets, and they sewed a patch on the shoulders with an ivy leaf device. We were told that we were know members of the 4<sup>th</sup> infantry division.

We strutted around feeling like "old soldiers" for a little while before an NCO (we called them "lifers") spoke up. He said, "You know there is only one time when the army assigns raw recruits to a unit before they've even started basic training. You men are going to train with the 4<sup>th</sup>, you're going to cross the pond with the 4<sup>th</sup>, and you're going to VietNam with the 4<sup>th</sup>." We heard many rumors during our training, but that one was true. We started our basic training after New Years Day. I think it was on January 3rd, 1966.

### Fort Sam Houston

After basic training a group of us from the 3rd brigade were sent to Fort Sam Houston, Texas for medical corpsman training. Besides myself original members from 2/22 were: Lambert, Farrel, Bergeron, Kells, Hovance, Hollister, Walls, and Reynolds. The other two battalions of the brigade each sent an equal number. Fort Sam, as any former medic will tell you, was known as the "Country Club" of the army. Most of us remember our time there fondly. We were given training classes in various aspects of field and hospital training by doctors and nurse officers.

One day (I think it must have been a Monday, after a particularly busy weekend in San Antonio or Laredo) we had a class in sterile fields in an operating room. The nurse, a Major, conducting the class, gave us a lecture and demonstration; then called on individuals to show how to handle surgical instruments in a sterile field. No one was doing very well. Instruments were dropped or picked up by the wrong end, and the field was contaminated repeatedly. Finally the Major stopped the demonstration, and slowly looked over our group. "I see a lot of

Fourth Division patches in this class. Are you men going to VietNam?"

"Yes Ma'am. That's what they tell us."

She stood with her hands on her hips, shaking her head sadly. "My Gawd....We're going to practice germ warfare on our own troops."

Bill Matz 307 Monk, West plains, MO  
65775 E-mail - [wamatz@hotmail.com](mailto:wamatz@hotmail.com)

### From: Bradley Hull

To: [babcock@us.ibm.com](mailto:babcock@us.ibm.com),  
[vietvet222@juno.com](mailto:vietvet222@juno.com)  
Date: Tue, 18 May 1999 11:32:42 -0400  
Subject: Newsletter  
*Bob & John,*

Here is a submission for your next newsletter:

### RPG Screens - Who and When?

During my tour with 2nd (Mech) Battalion, starting in July 1969, our APC's all carried and set up an RPG Screen at every Night Defensive Position -- it was SOP. An RPG Screen was a 20-foot or so section of chain-link fencing about 7 ft high that we staked in an arc about 15 ft in front of each track. The idea was to detonate an enemy-fired RPG before it reached the APC. We carried these screens rolled-up..... usually on the front above the trim-vane.

I've talked to several veterans of different companies and tour years. The Originals in 1966 definitely weren't using RPG Screens. I'm trying to determine which of our companies used RPG Screens and when did they start. Also, I'd like to know whose idea it was or whether it was copied from another unit (3/4 Cav, 1/5 Mech, 2/34 Armor).

How effective were RPG Screens? Does anyone have an incident to relate? Or did they make the enemy change his tactics? Deeds Not Words!

**2 2 2 I R S W e b s i t e :**  
**[www.22ndinfantry.org](http://www.22ndinfantry.org)**  
Brad Hull A Co, 2d Bn, 22d Inf Reg, 25th Div, VietNam 1969-70 Tel 440-871-8975  
Work voice/fax 440-835-1388  
E-mail: [BradHull@juno.com](mailto:BradHull@juno.com)  
398 Douglas Dr., Bay Village OH  
44140-2302

## Another First Reunion - Mike Groves

From: "Michael W. Groves"

<jaspaz@worldnet.att.net>

To: "John J Eberwine"

<vietvet222@juno.com>

Date: Wed, 30 Jun 1999 14:53:17 -0500

Subject: Newsletter - Stories

John,

I just got back from a fishing trip in Canada and catching up on my e-mail.

### .....The Dallas Reunion.....

I struggled a long time to make up my mind if I wanted to go. In the evening I would look at the stars, drink a cold one and reflect on those few I could remember while serving in Nam. When I first got home, as many did, all I wanted to do was forget and get on with my life. As I grew older, I started remembering episodes and what the experience in Nam really meant to me. I wondered if others felt the same way and wanted to talk to someone who had experienced the same events.

As I drove to Dallas, I wondered what everyone would be like, what would be discussed. Since this was my first reunion, I also wondered if I would be welcome.

Well, I can tell you it was a wonderful experience! I again felt like I was with brothers. It was almost like a cleansing, you could openly talk about what happened, both funny and sad. The wonderful thing of it was, you were actually talking with people who *REALLY* understood what you were saying.

Some reason, when I left, I felt refreshed, clean, and proud of what we did, and what we accomplished.

I will be looking forward to the fellowship in the future.

### Mike Groves A Co 2/22

1056 Deleon Ct. Fenton, MO 63026-3703

Tel 314-225-6784 [jaspaz@worldnet.net](mailto:jaspaz@worldnet.net)

### From the President

22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment Society

Bob Babcock

[babcock@us.ibm.com](mailto:babcock@us.ibm.com)

John J Eberwine

[vietvet222@juno.com](mailto:vietvet222@juno.com)

Date: Sun 27 Jun 1999 13:25:53 -0400

Subject: Newsletter - Stories

John,

The Dallas 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment Society reunion was a great

success - and a great deal of the success can be attributed to the attendance and participation of the *Triple Deucers* from VietNam. You set a standard of attendance and camaraderie that all of us from other units will strive to achieve at future reunions.

Thanks a million to those of you who took the lead in getting your buddies to attend - and then to insure that all in attendance were made to feel welcome. It was obviously a Triple Deuce reunion - with the attendance of three 2-22 company commanders from WWII, the great number of VietNam 2-22 guys, and the two from the current unit at Fort Drum who also added to the focus on 2-22.

I am counting on you to set a new and higher standard next year in Atlantic City - and I am taking a personal challenge to try to beat you with 1-22 attendees next year. It will be hard to beat you guys but I will follow your example and do my best to insure our members from all battalions and eras learn from your *Deeds Not Words* performance in Dallas. Keep up the great work - I'm proud of you!!

Bob Babcock - "Deeds Not Words"

1588 Ashford Drive, Atlanta, GA 30068

Tel 770-587-2383

E-mail: [babcock@us.ibm.com](mailto:babcock@us.ibm.com)

## Hero at Fire Support Base Burt

From: [afn39247@afn.org](mailto:afn39247@afn.org) (C. Chad Hines)

To: VIETVET222@JUNO.COM (John J. Eberwine)

Date: Wed, 11 Sep 1996 22:10:45 -0400

Subject: Response to Message Lost & Found Page

Hello John J. Eberwine,

Thanks for responding to my message and for sending information regarding the *Battle of Suoi Cut*. The map helped pinpoint the spot where my brother was killed in action. The detailed reports helped me to envision the action taking place during the attack(s)

Below is a copy of general orders #692 given with his *AWARD OF THE SILVER STAR*.

Date Action: 1 January 1968

Theater: Republic of VietNam

Reason: *For gallantry in action*

Specialist Four Thomas Corbin distinguished himself by heroic actions on 1 January 1968, while serving as an ammunition handler with C Battery, 2d Battalion, 77th Artillery at Fire Support Base Burt in the Republic of VietNam. The fire support base came under an intense enemy mortar attack followed by a heavy ground assault. Although serving as a member of the ammunition section, Specialist Corbin positioned himself in front of a howitzer section which was in serious danger of being overrun.

Throughout the ensuing battle he remained in his position and placed devastating machine gun fire upon the assaulting Viet Cong force. When Specialist Corbin's position came under hostile automatic weapons fire from an enemy bunker 30 meters to their front, he maintained his position until ordered to move back to allow the firing of beehive rounds into the enemy forces.

While assisting the gun crew to maneuver their howitzer, Specialist Corbin was mortally wounded by the intense enemy fire. Due to Specialist Corbin's valorous actions, the mission was successfully completed and the enemy attack repulsed. Specialist Corbin's personal bravery, aggressiveness, and devotion to duty are in keeping with the highest traditions of the military service and reflect great credit upon himself, his unit, the 25th Infantry Division, and the United States Army.

After reading the history of the battle you sent, the missing puzzle pieces fell into place

Thank you for your kindness!

Curtis Hines P. O. Box 1281, Cross City, FL 32628

*Editors Note:* SP4 Thomas Corbin's gun emplacement was directly behind the Charlie Company 2/22 - 2<sup>nd</sup> Platoon Armored Personnel Carrier (APC/Track) that I was on the night of Burt. We were probably no more than 20 meters from each other while the battle raged on, and had possibly shared some laughter earlier that evening, but it took almost 29 years for Thomas' brother, Gregory Hines, to learn the complete details of his brother's death and what actually happened that night. There are thousands and thousands of brothers, mothers, fathers, sisters and children out there still waiting for you to

tell them about their loved one's last days, hours or minutes. GET INVOLVED! - John Eberwine

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

Larry Allen Rice	11/04/66
Dennis John Breda	03/19/67
Bruce Anthony Doc Corcoran	03/19/67
Russell Lee Root	03/19/67
Alfred Frederick Alvarado	09/04/67
Earl Russell Cobb	09/04/67
Michael David De Camp	09/04/67
Clarence Earl Drakes	09/04/67
Donald Lynn Mc Alister	09/04/67
William Eugene Hargrove	09/05/67
Lawrence Adam Wojcik	10/14/67
Clayton Arthur Martin	10/16/97
Gilbert Thomas Beaupre	10/25/67
Ronald Dean King	11/19/67
Stephen John Whipple	12/15/67
Edward I. Clemmon	12/18/67
Hopson Covington	12/29/67
Freddie Andray Blackburn	01/08/68
Phelon Herman Cole	01/08/68
Robert Risley Fryer	01/26/68
Larry Douglas King	02/04/28
James Thomas Davis	02/15/68
Lester Freeman	02/15/68
Clyde Richard McAfee	02/15/68
Mural McDaniel	02/15/68
Richard Lee Bosworth	02/15/68
Robert S Hutchinson II	02/16/68
Jerome Richard Kelly	02/16/68
Roger Dale Pyne	02/16/68
Russell Hubbard Cornish	04/12/68
Richard Allen Estrada	04/13/68
Gerald Crawford Mull	04/13/68
Richard Peguero	04/13/68
Stanley Spikes	04/13/68
George Coleman	05/13/68
Joseph Angel Mena	05/13/68
Ol Midkoff	05/13/68
Michael Cami Doc Wittevrongel	05/13/68
Donald Joseph Hertrick	08/11/68
Dennis Lee McCormick	08/19/68
William Richard Turner Jr	09/19/68
James Allan Ascher	01/08/69
Daniel Irizarry-Acevedo	03/08/69
John Emery Bladek	04/25/69
Joseph Lawrence Logan Jr	05/12/69
David Rockwell Crocker Jr	05/17/69
Jerry N Creasy	08/19/69
Roberto Cervantes Duenas	08/19/69
John David Duncan	08/19/69
William Michael MacKay	08/19/69
George William Pearson Jr	08/19/69
Samuel Edward Heath	10/31/69
Roger John Flynn	12/18/69
Robert John Zonne Jr	04/20/70
David Frank Santa-Cruz	05/30/70

**Passed Away at Home**

James G Davis	09/29/99
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**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
Lawrence Robert Kusilek	02/16/67
Ronald Grant Doc Mottishaw	02/16/67
William Raymond Sanders	02/23/67
Kenneth Ray Anderson	07/07/67
David Paul Coveny	09/30/67
Anderson Turner	11/11/67
Robert Lewis Campbell	01/01/68
Thomas Michael Ross	02/02/68
Steven Paul Linna	02/04/68
Terry Leo Trainor	03/13/68
Joseph Pat Strippoli Jr	03/17/68
Dan Page Vannoy	05/13/68
John Michael O'Farrell	01/14/69
Merle James Martin	01/28/69
Thomas Alexander Becker	03/06/69
David Glenn Lovitt	03/06/69
Kenneth Michael Frain	03/11/69
William Howard Keeler	03/24/69
Alvin Grimes	05/13/69
Raymond Richard Schrifrin	06/11/69
Donald Henry McMains Jr	08/09/69
John Michael Davis	08/16/69
Raymond P Miller II	09/21/69
Anthony Jack Carlucci	11/20/69
Frazier Thomas Dixon	12/03/69

**Passed Away at Home**

Arthur A Top Werner	10/16/98
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**IN MEMORY OF  
C 2/22 - KIA's**

Joseph Cousette	11/19/66
Johnny A Chambers	01/08/67
Douglas J Sullivan	01/08/67
Michael Raymond Ishman	01/12/67
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
John Paul Donnellan	02/18/67
Dennis Richard Morrell	03/20/67
Thomas Duane Utter	03/23/67
Gary Eugene Whipple	04/08/67
Joseph Manuel Aragon	04/18/67
Edward Roy Lukert	06/11/67
Larry Arthur Merrill	09/02/67
Jackie Edward Trosper	09/30/67
Dennis Rex Estes	11/25/67

John A Gibson	11/25/67
Robert Lucian Mlynarski	11/25/67
Robert Andrew Van Patten	11/25/67
William Carey Janes	12/20/67
Thomas G Bernardy (Doc)	01/02/68
Jack Wayne Miller	01/02/68
Willie Petty Jr	01/02/68
Anderson Linwood Ruderson	01/13/68
Kenneth Joseph Grassl	01/29/68
Joel Kenton Brown	02/18/68
Lytell B Christian	03/13/68
Todd Earl Swanson (Doc)	03/13/68
John Edward Nelson	04/13/68
Benjamin Allen Honeycutt	05/02/68
Andrew L Heider	05/13/68
Ernest Lee Elliott	06/20/68
Larry R Kemann (Doc)	06/20/68
Sidney Chester Squires	06/20/68
David Lynn Stockman	06/20/68
August Ferrel Bolt	07/01/68
Robert Charles Dickinson	07/01/68
Fred V Jurado	07/01/68
William Rieves Curry	07/06/68
Sam Joseph Favata	07/21/68
William Scott Watts	11/21/68
Gary Norman Whipple	12/04/68
Leon Ray Brooks	12/17/68
David Vernon Adams	01/14/69
Dwane Lonnie Adams	01/14/69
Paul Arron Stone	01/14/69
John Earl Warren Jr.....*M*.....	01/14/69
Phillip Bailly	03/11/69
Thomas Poldino	03/11/69
Robert Glenn Sekva	06/11/69
Duane Alan Clefish	08/30/69
Ernie Lee Wallen	08/30/69
Gary Patrick Hersherberger	11/25/69
John R Naughton Jr	11/25/69
Jack William Pomeroy	11/25/69

\*M\* - Awarded Medal of Honor

**Passed Away at Home**

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

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

Walter Sturgeon	02/23/69
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**IN HONOR OF  
HHC 2/22 KIA's**

James Brannon Doc Meek	11/28/67
Wayne Thomas Doc Provencher	05/11/68

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

Michael Gerald Peterson	10/26/66
Thomas Ralph Murphy	11/06/66
William David Doe Lambert	12/07/66
Frank Monroe Murphy	12/07/66
Michael Francis Smith	03/18/67
Houston Clifford Box Jr	01/02/68
Marvin Dewayn Canterbury	02/23/68
James Frederick Uttermark	02/23/68

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

John Gayleaton 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
Carl Leonard Carlson	04/12/68
Rockford Grey Everett	04/12/68
Joseph William Short	04/13/68

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

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

I'd like to thank each and every man who, for the past 2 years have contributed to the addition of names to our KIA list. Even though these men have their names etched on the Wall, by listing them here in our newsletter, it reminds us 4 times a year to stop and reflect on their sacrifice and how truly fortunate the rest of us are to be alive.

Thank you - John Eberwine

### The Moving Wall

The Moving VietNam Memorial Wall is coming to Mays Landing, New Jersey on Sunday, August 8, 1999 until Saturday, August 14, 1999. Mays Landing is just 12 miles West of Atlantic City, New Jersey.

Some facts about the Wall:

The Wall only travels to twenty-five (25) cities each year:

The person who designed the Wall, John Devitt, made it half scale and lived

in his automobile for approximately six (6) months to complete it;

The Wall draws between 75,000 and 115,000 people wherever it is displayed;

In over nine (9) years on display, there has never been one incident of trouble recorded.

Contact me if you'd like to visit the Wall at any time it is here and I'll be glad to meet you there.

John Eberwine 609-653-3025

### LOST IN DALLAS

At the Dallas reunion I did one of the most stupid things I've ever done in my life. I had brought to Dallas a 25th Infantry Tropic Lightning VietNam yearbook from 1 Oct 1967 to 1 Oct 1968 that belonged to an old buddy who had lent it to me last year.

When I brought the book downstairs to return it, I got distracted by many new faces and must have set the book down and did not ever remember to pick it back up and return it. Consequently, I am not able now to return this treasured keepsake to my friend.

If anyone found this book and picked it up to safeguard it until the rightful owner could come forward, please let me know immediately. I feel terrible about the loss and would like to return it to my friend as soon as possible.

There is a lot of sentiment attached to that book, as you may well know, and I can not rest until it's found.

Please look through your items to see if you have safeguarded it for me.

Thank you - John Eberwine

### I Must Close Now!

Norman Nishikubo has been beating me to death to get the newsletter to him so he may get it copied and out in the mail. There were so many stories and articles that I've saved some for the next newsletter. If you don't see your article in this newsletter, please forgive me (John Clemente I haven't forgotten your story). I want to thank everyone from the bottom of my heart for their stories and reminiscences of the reunion that they have sent to me. Bob Babcock has been pleading with folks to send him stories for the last two years and now I have a small surplus. I'm not complaining!!!! Keep them coming!

### SEE YA IN ATLANTIC CITY!

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

*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

**Thanks for Being There & Welcome Home!**