

The VietNam Triple Deuce

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

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

5018 Fernwood Avenue • Egg Harbor Township, New Jersey 08234-9689

Telephone [609] 653-3025 • E-mail - vietvet222@juno.com or vietvetjje@aol.com

Reunion: Cleveland-Oct 2000

This will be the greatest reunion to date. We are expecting 100+ Triple Deuce's to make this the largest gathering of 2nd Bn (Mech) 22nd Combat

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If there are still any doubts in your mind that you will not have the time of your life, or perhaps that you will resurrect feelings that you want to keep suppressed, call me at 609-653-3025. I'll put you in touch with men who had the same fears and anxieties, before their first reunion, *that you have*, and they are so glad they didn't let them stop them.

YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF!!! YOU WERE RIGHT 30+ YEARS AGO!

John Eberwine

Editor's Note: I dug the following message out of storage from 1997.

Roger W. Frydrychowski

From: GrayPros@aol.com
To: vietvet222@juno.com
Date: Sat, 2 Aug 1997
Subject: Hope to see you

I had heard about the triple deuce reunion from Ken Schmidt, Cambellsport, WI. I sincerely hope that I can attend in October. I was CO of "Chargin Chuck" in 67 for about six months after George White retired to Dau Tieng. I had the Battalion Recon Platoon for a while before that. I have been trying to locate George for some time. Do you have any contact with him?

(From Editor: George White III (2nd CO of C 2/22 in VietNam) 155 Timber Road Thousand Oaks, CA 91320 Tel 805-379-4441)

From basic training at Ft Lewis, Washington, the ocean cruise and through that flight back, Charlie Company was the best company in the 4th or the 25th. The men were the greatest. Having served with them will remain the greatest privilege of my life.

Roger W. Frydrychowski 8937 Brucewood Drive Richmond, Virginia 23235 E-mail: GrayPros@aol.com

Roger - Why not try your best to make this Reunion this October, 2000. There are many men who would be especially glad to see you!!! - John Eberwine

All you Boat People or Originals out there, why not get in touch with Captain White and LT Frydrychowski and convince them to meet you at the Cleveland Reunion

Continuation of the Groves' Letter's Home from VietNam

7 July 1968 We've been in a mild state of confusion these last two days. It seems that our mission here at Tay Ninh is to cease, then it isn't, well, hang loose and we'll see what develops. That's what they've been telling us. We were supposed to leave on the sixth and go to Tan Son Nhut, but, we are still here. Nothing has changed except that they now say we'll go back to Tay Ninh tonight to resume our old mission. We'll see, I won't believe anything till it happens.

8 July 1968 Today we did more walking through the rice paddies. Same old thing in the same old place. It seems like more of a harassment than anything else.

14 July 1968 I'm still the track driver and I imagine I will be till something happens. We are still located at Tay Ninh, but this will change the sixteenth. On that day we are scheduled to be in Tan Son Nhut. We'll be there for who knows how long and what we will be doing I hesitate to say, as it can be changed at a moments notice.

16 July 1968 Well, right now I'm sitting on my track which is just off the runway of Tan Son Nhut airbase. My heart does ache because what seems like every minute or so a P. A. M. or other jet

Infantry Men, in one place since the unit returned from VietNam in 1970

YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS IT! All the information you need to make sure that you are reunited, once again, with men you haven't seen in thirty plus years is included in this newsletter

airlines takes off heading for the world with the returnees. Boy I wish I were on one of them. I don't have any idea what we are going to be doing here and I would hesitate to conjure up a guess, as it would probably be far off base. Let's say that the company is sort of hanging loose and could be used for anything. Oh, I'm pretty sure I will make Spec 4 next month. That will be good cause I can use the extra money.

8 August 1968 I've sort of been out of touch the last few days because of the track. It happens that the track developed a crack about twelve inches long along the wall, which harbors the fuel tank. Result? Seeping diesel fuel all over the place. We discovered the fact when we woke up one morning and Don (fellow soldier on my track) woke up soaked in fuel. Well, I had to unload and strip everything off the track so I could drive the thing to Cu Chi for repair. This all took place on the second. I had to drive the track into Tan Son Nhut that day so I had to stay overnight till the next morning. Naturally, I took advantage and went in to the main portion of the airbase. Man! It was like back in the world! People in civilian clothing, American cars on the streets and things like that. I found a snack bar and it kind of surprised me because it was like a large cafeteria back home. I took advantage of this by ordering two cheeseburgers, double order of fries and malt. Whew! I was full after that. The next thing I did was go see a movie. It was called "Planet of the Apes." The whole story is kind of comical and has an ironic twist at the end, which I kind of enjoyed. After the movie I went back to where my track was and slept till the next morning. I left the next morning for Cu Chi. Arriving there I dropped the track off where I was supposed to, and walked to the PX where I bought some motorcycle magazines and fiction novels. I also went to the replacement center where I got a bunk and commenced to read, sleep and take it easy till the next morning. All in all, I got some relaxation and enjoyment out of the deal.

13 August 1968 It's still nice and peaceful around here (Tan Son Nhut) that's good because there's not much danger. But, in a way it's bad. Most of the company is composed of new men and I'm afraid that if we get into a fight, a lot are

going to be hurt. Reason being, that they don't know what it is to be in a fight. Right now, everyone is lax and open for a good kicking sometime.

17 August 1968 There is a rumor that we will become air mobile and go to Hoc Mon (where the action is). Just a rumor, we were supposed to become air mobile in May. Stronger rumors that we will be here till February and I just found out I'm going to Cu Chi for 13 days of leadership school starting tomorrow! Now this will be just like an R&R. Actually it's a thirteen-day course on the jobs that a squad leader would be presented with. Land navigation, knowledge of weaponry (I have this, believe me) calling fire missions and just general combat information. I'm glad to get this as it was beginning to get tiresome pulling Recon in the day, building bunkers in the evening and pulling ambush at night. Whew!

24 August 1968 Everything here at the school is nice. The classes are easy, as I already know everything that they are teaching, from my own experience. The food is excellent. We get cold milk with most every meal and we get three hot meals a day instead of the two or one as when we are in the field. But, I'm afraid all this tranquility isn't going to last. More than likely you've heard about all the action we are having now. I would venture safely to say we are getting another Tet buildup. Dau Tieng, Tay Ninh and most every other division out in the field is making some kind of contact. Dau Tieng and Tay Ninh is where the heaviest fighting is. You know if it wasn't for us coming down here, we'd be up there and more than likely getting S---kicked out of us. It's really bad there. Those two areas I always thought were pretty peaceful but I guess it's not now. They estimate about three regiments of NVA or a Division of NVA to be around Dau Tieng. You know we left Dau Tieng to come here, well now they have the 5th Mech., Wolfhounds, 3/4 Cav, 101st Airborne, 3/22 infantry and 500 airborne ARVN rangers, and you know what? Everyone is getting the S---knocked out of them. Of course they've kicked some too, as a matter of fact, they have an estimated 600 NVA dead and yet, the action is still hot and furious. One person, who just came back from there, told me that they hit a pretty large force, suffered quite a few casualties. In fact they had

about fourteen wounded. They tried to rescue the wounded but they had too many wounded and killed so they had to pull back. The NVA shot our wounded. It sounded pretty terrible to me and it is, but I was just thinking that we have done the same.

29 August 1968 I finished leadership school and placed sixth in the class. Not what I wanted but I guess it was ok out of thirty. I didn't get a new track, just the same one only fixed again! Sigh. I guess I'll just have to grin and bear it. Everything is still peaceful here around Saigon and as far as fighting, there is none at the moment. There was one event that I took notice of that kind of worried me. Remember when I used to write to you from around Tay Ninh? Well, as you probably know, they have been fighting pretty heavily there. They also found a Russian tank! Ahem! That wouldn't be the thing to run up against in my little APC would it? **(More next newsletter)**

Mike Groves A 2/22 3/68-3/69
1056 Deleon Court Fenton, MO 63026
Tel 314-225-6784 jaspaz@worldnet.att.net

From Brad Hull

Date: 03/20/2000 12:12:06 PM
From: bradhull@juno.com
RE: 2/22 In Country Dates

Arrival and departure dates for the 2nd Bn (Mech) 22nd Inf are listed as 9 October 1966 to 7 Dec 1970 and the authorized strength is listed at 907 (no year).

Brad Hull 398 Douglas Dr., Bay Village OH 44140-2302 Tel 440-871-8975 A 2/22 7/69-7/70 E-mail: BradHull@juno.com

L.H. Burruss Article

Editor's Note: The following was sent to me via E-mail. It's food for thought!

Subject: VN War 25th Anniversary

Twenty-five years ago the VietNam War finally reached the conclusion that had become inevitable years earlier. The Vietnamese communists invaded and quickly overwhelmed the Republic of VietNam, blatantly violating the "Peace with Honor"

agreement they had signed in Paris, just as they had violated the truce during Tet of 1968. Their victory came as no surprise, for the will of this country to stop them was long since gone, and with a national shrug of the shoulders, it was all over. The sacrifice of more than fifty thousand of America's finest young men seemed to have been for naught.

I was stationed at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, just back from a three year tour in Germany after a couple of tours to VietNam. The Soviet Union was the threat then, and our martial energies were directed toward defending Western Europe against them, at the same time implementing the permissiveness intended to make an all-voluntary military appealing to America's new generation of youth - a generation that had spent its adolescence watching many of the baby boomers who preceded them cast aside their parents' values for ones that would provide instant gratification.

"VietNam" was all but a prohibited word in the army, as if there was nothing to be learned, militarily, from a political defeat - and the defeat **was** political, for we had not lost on the battlefield, thanks to the courage and sacrifice of so many gallant soldiers. It is a sad fact that gallantry goes largely unrecognized in defeat, for as JFK once declared, "Victory has a thousand fathers, but defeat is a bastard." How many of today's students, I wonder, are taught that the 7th Cavalry, in their desperate fight in the Ia Drang Valley in 1966 - America's first big battle against the North Vietnamese ---lost more men, and killed more of the enemy, than any regiment on either side in the battle of Gettysburg?

Many students learn of the despicable aberration of the My Lai murders, but is it balanced by also teaching them of the thousands of civilians executed by the communists during their occupation of Hue in 1968, or of the Viet Cong massacre of some two hundred women and children with flame throwers at Song Be?

Fortunately, many of our then-young officers **did** learn valuable lessons in VietNam, and those hard-learned lessons stuck with them, transmitted by VietNam veterans such as Collins Powell, Norman Schwarzkopf, Barry McCaffery, Wayne Downing, and Gary

Luck into the stunning military victory of Desert Storm.

And for every one of those mentioned above, there are hundreds of thousands of other VietNam veterans who went back to productive civilian lives. Only a few of them are well known: Roger Stauback, John McCain, Al Gore, Pat Sajak, Chuck Robb, Rocky Bleier, and both U. S. Senators Kerry, for example.

But we all know some of them. Among my own VietNam vet friends are successful writers, a stockbroker, a college president, and businessmen who employ hundreds of other men and women. There are physicians, welders, photographers, nurses, airline pilots, college professors, a ferry operator.

I don't know any who are homeless. I've encountered a few on the streets who purported to be, but in every instance that I was able to stop and question them, their stories just didn't flush. As Burkett and Whitley, authors of the excellent and important work *STOLEN VALOR* documented so thoroughly in their book, many if not most of the scruffy panhandlers in camouflaged fatigues not only never served in combat, but are not even military veterans. So don't be fooled by phony and criminal wannabe "vets", nor by the twisted image that often the entertainment industry and even some educators give of America's VietNam veterans. Just think for a moment of the men and women you know or know of who actually **are** veterans of the VietNam War. They may be neighbors or uncles or co-workers, or the father of a friend, or even your employer.

Ask yourself where this nation or this world would be if only those who really wanted to go off to war for America did so. And remember that those who served in VietNam, whether you agreed with the war or not, went because they were born by chance in the Forties, and because their nation said she needed them to go - just as their fathers had done before coming home, victorious, to conceive them. You will see that they are the same caliber of man and woman as those who served at Normandy and Gettysburg, at the Frozen Chosin and Bunker Hill, at Cantigny and Iwo Jima. And if the mood strikes you, give the ones you know a call

today, and tell them you appreciate their service.

They're dying by the tens of thousands each year now, and some of them have never been told, personally, that their service was appreciated. It won't cause any horrible, phony flashbacks or crazed-vet massacres. I promise you.....it won't. But don't be surprised if it brings a tear or two. And if you're a vet yourself, thanks! My greatest honor is to have served with men and women like you in the not-always-successful defense of freedom.

God bless.

L.H. Burruss 19 Apr 2000

From the Editor

by John Eberwine

As the editor of this newsletter, I receive much information that is sent to me via e-mail and hand or type written pages. I try to include everything in the newsletters that I can, and I do as little *editing* as possible so as to present the information as I have received it. Almost every story sent in by the men *is written by them*, not a historian, and it is written from *their own perspective* as they saw it either from the ground, or on top a track, or from the air. Again, I state: it is *their perspective*, not mine. If you were in the same firefight or major battle, *your perspective* may differ slightly or greatly, depending on your position on the ground, in the air, etcetera.

Also, as 30+ years have passed, maybe some of these memories have become slightly confused or jumbled. Please take that into consideration when you read these first hand accounts. And **please remember**, again, *that I do not write the stories*, just publish them in their entirety.

I guess what I'm trying to really say is.....if you *feel* there are discrepancies in someone's story, why not write your own version and e-mail it to me, or hand write it. **Please contribute, not criticize!**

THANKS

Quote Worth Noting

From: Jim Tobin panrhea@home.com
Date: Fri 19 May 2000
Subject: Marshall Law

"This year will go down in history. For the first time a civilized nation has full gun registration. Our streets will be safer, our police more efficient, and the world will follow our lead into the future."

Adolph Hitler 1933

Editor's Note: Jim Tobin was Chaplain in 1967-68 for 3rd Brigade, 25th Infantry which encompassed the 22nd Infantry Regiment

Darn Good Reunion Feelings

Editor's Note: The following e-mail message was sent from Chuck Boyle C3/22 67-68 to Awb Norris, Bob Babcock, Bill Allison, John Eberwine and a few others after attending, what was for most of us, our first 22nd Infantry Regiment Society Reunion in April 1996. *The most amazing and surprising aspect of this message is that the same substance can and has been repeated by many other men after their own first reunions in later years. I felt it needed to be reprinted!*

Date: 96-04-29 22:56:31 EDT

From: APCHO@aol.com (Chuck Boyle)

Awb, Sir,

Have had a moment to think about the wonderful gathering you promoted and sponsored, along with many others, in Kissimmee, FL, and to tell you about all that I observed and felt (If I can), even if it was a short period of time for me. Perhaps limited in time, we can gather and assimilate more than we would if we were operating in the vacation mode. I think it was necessary that I be there and I truly wanted to spend more time; alas, circumstances would not permit it. I was, however, able to "capture the moment", and I owe that to you, to Bob, to John, Gordon, Brad and Bill... even Richard... Thanks to all of you, I had a great time!

When I finally got there the party was well into its third day. Harried beyond description from my trip, I slithered into a dark room only to be treated to the voice of a masterful speaker, Bill Allison, just entering into his well thought out and

moving explanation of "our war"; using Fire Support Base Burt as his tool.

I calmed down. Ah. "Back home, again," I sighed.

As my night vision finally adjusted, I spotted your smiling, colonel-like, face over there in the corner... A fat lady let me pass... her husband took no offense... Stepping on many toes, I sped pell-mell to your table. "I finally made it," I exclaimed, as I grasped what I thought to be your hand.

"Geeze, he's gotten soft," I thought, as I palmed your grip.

"Getch...your..hands..offame!" said an unknown lady of the dark.

"Oops, sorry, girl," came my favorite faux-paus reply. (time to flatter, I thought)

Finally, a long strong arm darted across the table, grasped me by the hand and its owner said, "Chuck, Good to see you!!!"

I knew that it was you and after 18 years since I've heard it, your strong, sincere, commanding voice, enveloped me back into the 22nd infantry.

Yeah, back home again... How comfortable you made me feel.. Thanks!

After an all too short respite with you on the pool veranda, in which I was distracted only occasionally by those bikini clad "lassies" (don't know if that word is used anymore), we parted once again. The moment was special.

I quietly re-entered Bill's forum. He was in 9th gear by now. I sat quietly as he passed the pointer over my head on his super slides. I ducked as if it were an RPG.

He mentioned first contact at Burt. "That was me" said my ego.

Then he mentioned Gordon Kelly, and John, and Lt. Mike Balsler's platoon from C3/22, and all of the heroes that he could remember from Burt, dead and alive...and I was humbled, as I should have been.

I realized then that I was privileged to be in the company of great men, you, Gordon, Bill, John, Brad, Bob, and all the others that I finally met. Bill's narration about the VietNam Veterans of the 22nd IRS was without question the very best description of their contribution that I've ever heard. He should be on the pentagon staff! Tell him for me. *No, he should be the Pope...*

At the banquet, I was so impressed with the color guard and the ceremony that accompanied it, the lighting of the candle, the prayers, and all of it. I didn't think you could top it, until.....

Bill Allison, again....What an extraordinary speaker. What makes him so good is his genuine sincerity. He really loves life, loved his men, and loves us.

What a guy. By the way, I issued St. Joseph prayers to all of my kids today... Just an investment in their future. I suspect they'll need it.

I have great admiration for Bob Babcock, in all things, but especially at the way he handled the program. He'd studied his plan and executed it so well. Hat's off to him for a fine program.

Your generosity to me in the way of tokens; the coasters, the raffle tickets you left on the table, the fifty dollar bill you dropped on the floor, and your concern for me and my comfort throughout the affair is a cherished memory. I'll never forget it! Thanks... (Just kidding about the fifty).

Really!!! Really!!! You didn't drop a fifty

Finally, what reunions are about evolved about 2200 hrs... Patio, drinks, and jokes...

Thanks for laughing, guys...!!!

The patio meeting was very beneficial. Brad is a heck of a guy and thoroughly motivated toward bring this outfit back to life. I'll enjoy helping him.

Gordon is Irish, thus we meshed... But I have better jokes.

I am still in awe of Bill Allison, where do guys like that come from?

I know you've thought about that over the years... where do they all come from, these heroes?

We broke up at an appropriate time (thank God for age, wisdom, and wives). You walked me to the door.

Your last words were, "Love Ya Chuck!" I was too moved and choked to properly respond. What a wonderful thing to say!... and so easy for you.

Awb, You were my hero in Alaska... You were my motivation for good soldering and OCS and command in VietNam. Perhaps guys like you and Cpt.

Faton, and Rudy Krznarich didn't know it, but you were molding us back in the early 60's for positions of responsibility and leadership

If I am testimony to that training, you have been redeemed for your efforts. Thanks a bunch, to all of you who led the way

There were times, in VietNam and other difficult places, that I mentally and sometimes physically returned to that early training. It sustained me well

Now, perhaps, as we enter the September of our years, we can relish in what we have accomplished on the human side of this experience. You, above all have touched so many people and have steered so many lives. We all thank you, I, especially thank you!

It was a superb reunion! Excellent in every regard

You made me a director... I'll get to it as you described the office, "Direct, Chuck!"

I love you, too, brother

Chuck

Editor's Note: The love for another man, between men with whom they have shared combat experiences is unique and totally unknown to those who have not *walked the walk*, as they say. The tremendous outpouring of feelings at reunions between men seeing each other for the first time in 30+ years is unparalleled. It is a religious experience without being religious!... it is intense, humbling, scary, unbelievable and so many other emotions that are indescribable. Chuck Boyle *hides* his emotions right out in the OPEN!

Come to your first Reunion!!! Now!!!

Another Fallen Hero

In the October, 1999 and again in the February, 2000 issues there were stories about Don Brady C2/22 and his daughter Suzanne (Brady) Bullock and her attempts to reach through to Don about his time in VietNam and then the successes that Don and Suzanne accomplished in an all too short six month period. Following are the events that have unfolded since.....

----- Forwarded message -----

From: Suzanne Bullock
To: John Eberwine
Date: Sun, 16 Apr 2000 03:20:59 -0400 (EDT)
Subject: PFC Donald Brady Was My Hero And My Dad

So this is what it's like to feel *shell-shocked*. Or maybe this is just a bad dream and I'll wake up in the morning and things will be different.....

My dad died of a heart attack today. I came home from work and thought he was sleeping, and maybe he was then...I don't know. By the time I knew anything was wrong it was too late...but I tried CPR anyway. He just couldn't leave us now.....

Things were finally going right for my dad. His disability was just increased to 100% and he'd waded through all the paperwork from social security. He didn't have to worry about going back to the job in the prison. He was finally able to pursue some of his dreams and boy did he have a zillion of them...who knows how long mom and I are going to run across all the little projects he had started...

I am so thankful that we took that trip to D.C. Was it really just two weeks ago? Hard to believe now... Oh God, I am so thankful for that memory. I stood beside him at the wall as he touched the names and mourned the loss...he struggled for so long with the ghosts from VietNam and I knew as I watched him that day, that many of the things that had haunted him were finally in what he'd have called "okay space".

My dad was the pillar of our family. He held things together in a crisis. Guess that goes back to basic training. He never fell apart when things were hot. You could always count on him to assess the situation and make deliberate decisions. Oh how I wish he were here to oversee this one...mom and I aren't doing so hot without him....

Donald Earl Brady was born October 18, 1946 in Estherville, Iowa. He proudly served his country in the fight for freedom in VietNam in 1967. He died young, at the age of 53. He is, was and always will be my hero.

I love you dad...Welcome Home!

From: Suzanne (Brady) Bullock

Date: Tue, 18 Apr 2000
Subject: In Memory of Don Brady

Dear Friends,

Heartfelt thanks to all of you who have called and come by, your love and support mean so much to us all. We knew that Dad had touched the lives of many, but it is really something to actually see each one of you and hear what he meant to you.

His passing has left a huge void in our home and in our lives. We don't know how we'll make it without his strength, but somehow I suppose we'll find that strength within ourselves and in the memories of all that he said and did. Love, Suzanne

Donald Earl Brady

October 18, 1946 - April 15, 2000

Donald Earl Brady, devoted husband of Cordelia Mac Brady, and caring father of Suzanne Brady-Bullock and Allen Brady passed away suddenly on April 15, 2000 at the age of 53. He is also survived by Grandchildren, Jordan, Mitchell, and Jesse and his loving parents and brother, Roy, Evelyn and Duane Brady. Don is an honored hero of the VietNam War, proudly serving a tour of combat duty in 1967 with Charlie Company 2nd Battalion (Mechanized) 22nd Infantry Regiment of the 4th and 25th Infantry Division. Don participated in one of the most significant battles of the VietNam War at Suoi Tre, Republic of South VietNam (Battle of Fire Support Base Gold) on March 21, 1967, wherein the 22nd Infantry Regiment was awarded the Presidential Unit Citation for valor and heroic service.

Only two weeks ago Donald gave tribute to his fallen brothers in arms from the VietNam War at the VietNam Memorial (the Wall) in Washington, D.C., and completed a long time desire to avail a branch of the Department of Defense (DPMO) artifacts from his military tour in VietNam that may in some way assist the current efforts underway by the US Government in assisting the country of VietNam to locate casualties of war in that country.

Donald's post army service career involved distinguished service in the maritime industry, including a period of time piloting commercial tug boats and

ferries within the Puget Sound and Alaskan waterways. Donald's entrepreneurial spirit has spearheaded numerous successful small business ventures. His life as a licensed private airplane pilot touched many lives from coast to coast. Always wanting the very best for his family, and his love for flight he and his family have resided at the edges of a community private airplane airport in a architectural marvel Geodesic dome home. Don has always been one to share what he had with others in need, truly a loving man with a heart of gold. He will be sorely missed by family and numerous friends.

Subject - Don Brady

Date 04/16/2000 12:46:48 AM Eastern Daylight Time
From appraiser@ihawaii.net (Larry Peckham & Associates)

Hello my Brothers. You may know already that Don Brady C/2/22 passed away in his sleep today (Saturday) around 5 PM of an apparent heart attack. I recently had the pleasure of hosting Don and his wonderful wife Corky at our home in Hawaii for two weeks. We had a great time and it was so good for him that he went to the Wall with his daughter recently and met Greg Brauer, Art Peterson's brother, while there. He was ready for Cleveland and felt that he had dispelled enough demons that he could face the past and move on with the future.

I felt particularly close to him because we were in the same squad. It had bothered me though that I was in the Dau Tieng hospital when he went home in 9/67 and didn't get a chance to say goodbye. I thank god and Don's caring daughter Suzanne for allowing me to spend this all too short time with him.

Please raise a toast to Don with me at the reunion.

Larry Peckham "Spank"

From Larry Peckham
To John Eberwine

As my life unfolds in front of me since my first reunion in Dallas, I continually think about the guys from Viet Nam and all that we experienced together. One such person was Don Brady. I was lucky enough to have made contact

with three guys from my squad, Don, Marcus Burke and Artie Peterson. Marcus and I shared a great time in Dallas and we remain in touch, the same for Artie. But Don was special. When he and his wonderful wife Corky came to visit us here in Hawaii a few months ago it was obvious that we shared a lot of memories. When he brought out his slides there was no question that we had pulled a lot of duty together on road guard, ambush patrols and general GI stuff. He had a picture of me getting a haircut with my M-16 in my lap and my finger on the trigger from a smiling VietNameese barber who Don said was shot two nights later on ambush patrol. He enjoyed our time together and seemed to have a new lease on life when he left Kona. He promised to come back in June to finish up some electrical work he had started. But I'll be damned if he didn't pass away last Saturday. *He would have loved the irony.*

We had planned to visit him in East Spanaway, WA in July and see his Dome house that he talked about so proudly. To meet his kids and to share some laughs. To listen to the love he had for his family, his friends and the place he called home it was obvious that this was a kind and compassionate man. He thought long and hard before each sentence so that there would be no problem understanding the way he felt about anything. He was continually talking about doing things for other people. About forgiving himself and the VC for the horror he knew so many years ago. He was making plans to do more. I feel so grateful to have shared a few weeks out of his life and I will miss him dearly.

Don, since you got there first, see if they've got Stenlager and a good Tequila.

Spank

Editor's Note: If these events do not bring home the fact that *Time is Short!* And if you pass up just one opportunity to meet with long ago friends, you may never get another again. **I know I sound like a broken record,** but if you go, and have a rotten time, so what!!! But if you don't go.....?????

Reflections!

"How many times we must have thoughtdying was the easy part, it's living.....that hurts so much. But live we must, for without us keeping them in our hearts and prayers, they would exist no more!"

"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."

JOHN EBERWINE 1996

The Boat People

Subject The Original C2-22-Mech 1966-67
Date: 03/21/2000 09:26:17 PM
From: Don Stoffel
To: John Eberwine

Dear John,

I just finished reading the last issue of the Viet Nam Triple Deuce and I enjoyed it very much. In the newsletter you made mention of how you would like to hear from some of the (boat people) from Fort Lewis. Well I guess that would be me. I am not much of a writer but I will give it a shot.

First of all I am proud to be a member of the Triple Deuce. The second thing is I think you gave us way to much credit of how we had to learn the hard way of jungle fighting. If I may I would like to give you my side of the story. We the originals started out in basic training at Fort Lewis in January 1966. After basic we went into Advanced Individual training (AIT) and right into Basic Unit Training (B.U.T.). This just gave us eight months of training together, which gave us a leg up on those who followed us. You see after eight months of being together we knew the guys in our squad like a member of our family, *and we trusted him with our lives.* Since we knew that is what we would have to do in the near future we were a family of sorts.

Now as for the new guys. These were the guys I felt sorry for. They would have to come in country and hook up with a company of complete strangers. As you probably remember we didn't always like to get to close to the new guy, because we just didn't know if he had what it took to

survive (of course they proved they did) So I guess what I am trying to say is my hat goes off to the replacements, he may have come into a Company on Tuesday morning and Tuesday night he could be on night patrol with complete strangers. Now Thirty some years later, we can say we did it TOGETHER (but it wasn't always easy) Last year in May 1999 was my first reunion of the Triple Deuce and I truly enjoyed it I was given a chance to talk to Joe Dietz and Chuck Gregg, two people I have not talked to since Nam. If the good Lord is willing I will be in Ohio this fall.

I hope I could see people like *George White and Roger Frydrykowski* at one of these reunions so I could say thank you for the leadership they gave us. I guess I would have to say I respected the person behind the Captain's bars more than the bars themselves. They were the best.

Well John this is my story, hope you can use it

Don Stoffel C2/22 9/66 to 9/67

138 S Fond du Lac Ave

Campbellsport WI 53010

E-mail: hoseman@thesurf.com

Don, Thanks so much for the contribution - and I too hope to finally meet George White and Roger Frydrykowski in Cleveland John E.

That Swiss Guy

From: Andrew Alday A3/22

alday@ulua.mbpc.af.mil

Date: Thu, 20 Apr 2000 22:31:18 -1000

Subject: The Swiss Guy!

A Swiss guy visiting Sydney, Australia, pulls up at a bus stop where two locals are waiting. "Entschuldigung, koennen Sie Deutsch sprechen?" he asks

The two Aussies just stare at him.

"Excusez-moi, parlez vous Francais?" he tries

The two continue to stare

"Parlare Italiano?"

No response.

"Hablan ustedes Espanol?"

Still nothing

The Swiss guy drives off, extremely disgusted. The first Aussie turns to the second and says, "Y'know, maybe we should learn a foreign language."

"Why?" says the other. "That guy knew four languages, and it didn't do him any good."

From James Tobin-Chaplin

To: John J Eberwine

Date: Sun, 21 May 2000 22:44:02 -0600

Subject: VietNam Triple Deuce Newsletter

John, I am the world's biggest procrastinator when it comes to paying bills, dues, and other monetary obligations. In any case, in response to your request for stories, I just happened to think of this incident this morning. If you think it fits your needs, feel free to use it or delete it.

Story follows:

Sometime in early 1968, I think, there were some casualties and one young man was really shot up across his mid-section. I had seen many folks near death before, during, and after VietNam and I "knew" this trooper was near seeing His creator. The medic was patching his wounds, I was administering last rites, and the chopper was landing to fly a load of humanity out of danger.

Well, a few months later on my final rounds to visit with the companies before leaving for the world, I invited anyone who got near Fort Bragg to look me up and I would buy him a cool one. About three months after I arrived at Bragg, into my office walked two young men, one of whom said that I owed him a beer. I looked at him and thought that I was looking at another Lazarus who had come back from the dead. Apparently, he had heard from one of his buddies still in Nam that I had made an offer and he came to collect. He was living at the hospital at Bragg for rehabilitation. It so happened that he and his buddy came over to my quarters for a meal, a few cool ones, and off he went, never to be seen again.

I do not remember his name or outfit, but if he reads this, contact me at panrheal@home.com It would be

interesting to know more about the only person from Nam that I talked to after coming home, that is, until Bill Schwindt called me many years later.

Jim Tobin IHC 2/22 3rd Bde 4/67 to 4/68
13850 E Marina Drive Apt 506 Aurora,
CO 80014-5521 Tel 303-751-3616

The Aviators!

Pat,

I have been reading these E-mails with great feeling and admiration for you guys. Thanks for including me. I notice that Frenchy Gibeault (Bob Gibeault) a Blackhawk and Black Widow door gunner is not included in the mails. E-mail to: gib187th@erols.com

I was a rifleman on the ground during Tet. Frenchy and his team flew over us giving us all they had. I believe it was the 187th AHC that day. Later, Crusaders put us in at the battle of Good Friday...and took us home. The 116th, the 187th, and the name changes are confusing to us grunts, but we know it was you.

I wrote a book about VietNam. It is called "Absolution, Charlie Company, 3rd Battalion, 22nd Infantry" In the book, I pay particular attention to Warrant Officer "Crash" Coe and Doctor Warden and their actions at Fire Support Base Burt. That Crash, flying at 5000 feet and approaching our LZ into one of the fiercest battles ever to happen in VietNam, decided to nose it down and come on in, is testimony to the bravery of the aviators in VietNam. He could have circled once or twice. The Stinger's and "The Rat Pack" escorted him in.

Once, I was carrying my dead off of a battlefield on sticks. Two "Smokey Bears" and a team of gunships covered my company's retreat. Stinger 96, "Mike Adkinson," took pity on us and landed his gunship in a jungle clearing. He did it to extract my dead and to give me hope. They threw out the ammo trays and everything else they had to get off the ground. The crew offered to walk back with us, if the bird couldn't fly. I had hope.

Yesterday, in these e-mails, someone thanked me for being a good soldier, but acquiesced to the foot soldier.

hinting that "the real battle" took place on the ground, that the grunts faced things that the aviator never saw Bullshit.

Mike Adkinson could have chosen to do otherwise. Crash could have circled, as I said. Frenchy Gibeault could have said "Guns Up!" Joe Skarda could have banked in the opposite direction, but, none of you ever did.

It was the choices you made that impresses me so....

Amongst my fellow ground pounders, we know that our hope in battle was always in the aviator, the artilleryman, the tanker and the trucker. As fighting men, all we needed was to know that we had the chance to succeed--that rescue and supply was not far away. You gave us that hope: the hope and belief that we would succeed. You never let us down...and we did succeed.

I'm not trying to sell books. I just want you all to know that you need never sell yourselves short by comparisons with ground pounders or any other entity of the Army at that time. I flew with some pilots in a training activity at Fort Riley, KS in 1975. They wouldn't get within 500 yards of each other. I remember the blades kissing each other in Viet Nam and I didn't give a damn because I knew that you had it under control.

Your traffic flow over the last few days is just fantastic. I've enjoyed every bit of the glimpses you've allowed into your net and into your world. Thank you.

My Very Best To You All, Chuck

Charles J. (Chuck) Boyle

Author, "Absolution, Charlie Co, 3rd Bn, 22nd Inf

ISBN 1-887901-30-2

Personal E-Mail, Apeho@aol.com

Business E-Mail:

Saintjohn@nsimail.com

<http://www.saintjohnspress.com> (for ordering info)

<http://www.stjohnspress.com/> (for publishing services)

Mail: P.O. Box 8187 Clinton, LA 70722

Tel: 225-292-4246 Fax: 225-292-8621

Laughs Compliments of Tom

From Thomas Johnson"

E-mail: tjohnson@lin.edu

Three guys are trying to sneak into the Olympic Village in Atlanta to scoop souvenirs and autographs. The first says, "Let's watch the registration table to see if there's a crack in the security system that we can utilize to scam our way in."

Immediately, a burly athlete walks up to the table and states, "Angus MacPherson, Scotland. Shot put." He opens his gym bag to display a shot put to the registration attendant. The attendant says, "Very good, Mr. MacPherson. Here is your packet of registration materials, complete with hotel keys, passes to all Olympic events, meal tickets, and other information."

HOT DOG! The first guy grabs a small tree sapling, strips off the limbs and roots, walks up the registration table and states: "Chuck Wagon, Canada. Javelin."

The attendant says, "Very good, Mr. Wagon. Here is your packet of registration materials, hotel keys, passes, meal tickets, and so forth. Good luck!"

The second guy grabs a street utility manhole cover, walks up the registration table and states: "Dusty Rhodes, Australia. Discus."

The attendant says, "Terrific, Mr. Rhodes. Here is your packet of registration materials, hotel keys, a full set of passes, and meal tickets. Enjoy yourself."

They scamper in, but suddenly realize the third guy is missing. They groan - OH NO! He's a simpleton from the hills of Vermont. They forgot to make sure he doesn't do something stupid and blow their cover stories.

They spot him walking with a roll of barbed wire under his arm. He walks up the registration table and states:

"Foster Bean, Hardwick, Vermont.....Fencing."

A guy walks into a bar and sees a dog playing poker. The guy is amazed that the dog is playing poker.

"Bartender, is that a real dog playing poker?" the guy asks.

"Yep, real as can be," the bartender replies.

"Well is he any good?" the guy asks. "Na, every time he has a good hand he wags his tail."

Silver Star KIA

John!

I was thinking (*and that's dangerous for me!*) that it might be nice to put together a short history of all or most of our fallen soldiers who gave all they had for America. To tell their story as best we can and from their comrades who served side by side with them. To honor them for their sacrifice. And to remind us to live life to the fullest as they who didn't come home would have!

I was considering what to say for my buddy Jim and figured the "Award of the Silver Star" said it best. I also thought a picture goes a long way in enhancing his name so I've included one. Together with his story of his courage in battle, future generations will see more than just his name.

I had the privilege to serve with Jim and later (24 years) of meeting his Mom and sister in his hometown. At first I was unsure of contacting them and bringing up the old pains of loss but as Jim's sister, Gen, said in her hometown article, "It helped". She shared all this information with me and was quite pleased that I remembered her brother.

How about asking our graying field force to pitch in and send you or someone information on other "*Heroes of the Triple Deuce*". I realize it may be a lot of work but I would like to read more about other soldiers who died for their country and I bet others would like to know Jim a little better.

Thanks for listening!

Peter Rock B2/22 9/68-2/69

PO Box 8140 Moreno Valley, CA92552-8140 Tel 909-247-4353

Peter: You have come up with a great idea and if the men contribute as you did, it will be a fantastic living tribute to our friends who never came back. Thanks so much for thinking of it and sending the information on Merle James Martin.



1st. MERLE JAMES MARTIN

DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY
HEADQUARTERS 25TH INFANTRY
DIVISION
APO San Francisco 96225
GENERAL ORDERS #5133
8 APRIL 1969

AWARD OF THE SILVER STAR

The following AWARD is awarded
posthumously

MARTIN, MERLE J US56987035
(533-50-7666) Private First Class
Company B 2nd Battalion 22nd Infantry,
25th Infantry Division
Awarded Silver Star
Date Action 14 January 1969

Theater: Republic of VietNam

Reason: For gallantry in action Private First Class Martin distinguished himself by heroic actions on 14 January 1969, while serving with Company B 2nd Battalion 22nd Infantry in the Republic of VietNam. On that date, his unit came under intense small arms and rocket propelled grenade fire wounding the commanding officer and the communications sergeant. When a patrol, including Private Martin moved out to evacuate the wounded personnel, the rescuers were stopped by intense enemy fire. Realizing that the patrol was pinned down Private Martin desperately tried to suppress the hostile fire by exposing himself and unleashing a tremendous amount of fire with his machine gun. Purposefully drawing fire upon his own location so that the patrol could reach a secure position, he continued to fire his weapon until he was mortally wounded. Private First Class Martin'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

Authority: By direction of the President under the provisions of the Act of Congress, approved 9 July 1918, AR 672-5-1, and USARV Reg 672-1

IN MEMORY OF:

A 2/22 KIA's

Larry Allen Rice	11/04/66
Edward Earl Schell	02/06/67
Dennis John Breda	03/19/67
Bruce Anthony <i>Doc</i> 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	10/16/67
Gilbert Thomas Beaupre	10/25/67
Ronald Dean King	11/19/67
Michael Bradley Paquin	12/15/67
Stephen John Whipple	12/15/67
Thomas Beeb Chambers	12/16/67
Edward L. Clemmon	12/18/67
Hopson Covington	12/29/67
Freddie Andray Blackburn	01/08/68
Phelon Hernan Cole	01/08/68
Robert Risley Fryer	01/26/68
Larry Douglas King	02/04/68
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 Pync	02/16/68
Warren Martin Beaumont	04/12/68
Carl Leonard Carson	04/12/68
Russell Hubbard Cornish	04/12/68
Rockford Grev Everett	04/12/68
Gary R Holland	04/12/68
Richard Allen Estrada	04/13/68
Gerald <i>Doc</i> Crawford Mull	04/13/68
Richard Peguero	04/13/68
Stanley Spikes	04/13/68
George Coleman	05/13/68
Joseph Angel Meua	05/13/68
Kevin Henry Ross	05/13/68
Michael <i>Doc</i> Cam Wittvrongel	05/13/68
OL Midkiff	05/31/68
Dennis Lee McCormick	08/19/68
William Richard Turner Jr	09/19/68
Donald Joseph Hertrick	11/08/68

James Allan Ascher	01/08/69
Dana James Kaeberle	01/08/69
Steven <i>Doc</i> Shusher	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 Creasv	08/19/69
Roberto Cervantes Duenas	08/19/69
John David Duncan	08/19/69
William Michael MacKay	08/19/69
George William Pearson Jr	08/19/69
Gary William Lahna	09/05/69
Kenneth Edward Heath	10/31/69
Roger John Flynn	12/18/69
Robert John Zonne Jr	04/20/70
David Frank Santa-Cruz	05/30/70

Passed Away at Home

Larry G Travis	07/27/99
Victor R Arrisola	10/06/97

B 2/22 KIA's

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

John Michael Davis 08/16/69
 Raymond P Miller II 09/21/69
 Anthony Jack Carlner 11/20/69
 Francis Thomas Dixon 12/03/69
 James Dean Johnson 03/03/70

** Wounded 14 Jan 69

Passed Away at Home

Arthur A Top Werner 10/16/98

C 2/22 - KIA's

Joseph Cousette 11/19/66
 Johnny A Chambers 01/08/67
 Douglas J Sullivan 01/08/67
 Michael Raymond Ishman 01/12/67
 Gerry Wayne Lawson 02/08/67
 Peter Barbera 02/10/67
 Mark Delane Holte 02/10/67
 Otis Lewis 02/10/67
 Merrill Andrew McKillip 02/10/67
 Charles Paul Pohlman 02/10/67
 Rex Wheller Highfill 02/12/67
 RC Perry Jr 02/13/67
 Daniel Paul Donnellan 02/18/67
 Dennis Richard Morrell 03/20/67
 Thomas Duane Utter 03/23/67
 Joseph Manuel Aragon 04/18/67
 Edward Roy Lukert 06/11/67
 Larry Arthur Merrill 09/02/67
 Jackie Edward Trospen 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 James 12/20/67
 Thomas Doc G Bernardy 01/02/68
 Jack Wayne Miller 01/02/68
 Willie Petty Jr 01/02/68
 Anderson Linwood Ruderson 01/13/68
 Joel Kenton Brown 02/18/68
 Ext-H B Christian 03/13/68
 David Kenneth Ditch 03/13/68
 Todd Doc Earl Swanson 03/13/68
 John Edward Nelson 04/13/68
 Benjamin Allen Honeycutt 05/02/68
 Andrew I Heider 05/13/68
 Ernest Lee Elliott 06/20/68
 Larry Doc R Kennann 06/20/68
 Sidney Chester Squires 06/20/68
 David Lynn Stockman 06/20/68
 August Ferrel Bolt 07/01/68
 Robert Charles Dickinson 07/01/68
 Fred V Jurado 07/01/68
 William Rieves Curry 07/06/68
 Sam Joseph Favata 07/21/68
 William Scott Watts 11/21/68

Leon Ray Brooks 12/17/68
 David Vernon Adams 01/14/69
 Dwane Lonnie Adams 01/14/69
 Paul Arron Stone 01/14/69
 John Earl Warren Jr...*M*... 01/14/69
 Phillip Bailly 03/11/69
 Thomas Poldino 03/11/69
 William Howard Keeler 03/24/69
 Robert Glenn Sekva 06/11/69
 Michael Dennis Kelly 08/06/69
 Duane Alan Clefisch 08/30/69
 Ernie Lee Wallen 08/30/69
 Gary Patrick Hershberger 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 Red L. Dodd 67-68 04/01/96
 James Sammy D Kay Jr 67-68 09/18/98
 Donald Shackett ?? ?/??/97
 Don Brady 04/15/00

D 2/22 KIA's

Walter Sturgeon 02/23/69

IHC 2/22 KIA's

Wayne Thomas Doc Provencher 05/10/68

Passed Away at Home

Forest David Dave Church 07/16/99
 William N Hedge 09/27/99

RECON 2/22 KIA's

Michael Gerald Peterson 10/26/66
 Thomas Ralph Murphy 11/06/66
 William Doc David Lambert 12/07/66
 Frank Monroe Murphy 12/07/66
 James Essary 01/17/67
 Edward Ralph Glenn Jr 01/17/67
 Yvon Andre Hebert 01/17/67
 Dale Clarence Schummer 01/17/67
 Michael Francis Smith 03/18/67
 Houston Clifford Box Jr 01/02/68
 Marvin Dewayn Canterbury 02/23/69
 James Frederick Uttermark 02/23/69
 Charles F Armentrout 05/22/70
 Orla Daniel Hammack 06/07/70

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

John Gaylealon Davis 11/24/67
 Millard Wade Fubro 11/24/67
 Richard Howard Parker 11/24/67
 Raymond Perez 11/24/67
 Jerold Jerome Shelton 01/28/69
 Lavalie Walker 01/28/69

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

Please, if you think there are more KIA's than I have listed, 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 5 years have contributed to the addition of names to our KIA list. Brad Hull deserves a special mention as he has tirelessly followed up every lead to pay the Final tribute that is deserving to the Men of the Triple Deuce. Even though these men have their names etched on the WALL, by listing them here in our newsletter, it reminds us 4 times a year to stop and reflect on their sacrifice and how truly fortunate the rest of us are to be alive.

THANK YOU - JOHN EBERWINE

Tributes

Thousands of VietNam Combat Veterans earned medals for bravery every day... A few were even awarded!

Red Ants.....!!!!

From: William Matz
 -wamatz@hotmail.com-
 To: John Eberwine
 Date: Fri, 17 Mar 2000 07:35:01 PST

John:
 I am sending this e-mail to you, as I don't have Jim Frost's address, in reference to his story in the latest "Triple Deuce" newsletter about red ants. I recall a similar incident, although I don't recall when or where it occurred. I was briefly attached to C company prior to being infused to the 9th division; but I think this is a different incident, as I don't recall that we were under fire at the time. It probably happened when I was attached to A company.

We were moving by A.P.C.'s through an overgrown rubber plantation. The track I was riding in hit one of the trees in the brush. A tangled ball of red

ants fell off the tree and landed on a man's helmet. He was covered with them instantaneously. (As you know, the little bastard's used to land BITING!) He began hollering and ripping off his flak jacket. Fortunately, we had a can of insect spray in the track. (A lucky break, as I seem to recall that we could hardly ever obtain this.) I told him to close his eyes and hold his breath, and engulfed him in a cloud of spray. This relieved the situation as the ants instantly began letting go, and falling off of him. We then fogged the entire track with spray.

Am I the only one who ever squatted to relieve himself, and found that he was in a nest of red ants? Boy, that really burned my a!!

Bill Matz (Medic) HHC 2/22 (3rd Bde) 4th Div. 12/65 - 05/67

Battalion Commander

Editor's Note: I asked Awb Norris, Battalion Commander of 2nd 22nd in VietNam from Sep 67 to Feb 68 to send me something relating to what reunions are like. As usual, he's gone the extra mile and captured exactly the essence of our reunions. In March 1996, Awb Norris called me and asked me to come to the reunion in Orlando, Florida in April 1996.

When I got off the telephone, I said to my wife, "Cindy, that was my battalion commander in VietNam. I was a Sergeant, he was a Colonel. He didn't know me in VietNam and wouldn't know me if he fell over me, but he personally called to ask me to come." That was our first reunion.

Thank God he called!!!

Men that serve together in combat have a common bond that can never be broken. It is a heartfelt tie to comrades you depended on in any situation no matter how traumatic. Many years have come and gone since your tour in VietNam. You might not recognize those you felt so close to in VietNam when you get to see them in the year 2000. Time has definitely made changes in all of us, primarily in aging.

What has always impressed me at the reunions of 1996, 1997, and 1999 is how two old comrades in arms can finally become united in a few short moments. The years between VietNam and today

seem to melt after one hug between old friends.

Many who have shared this reuniting experience may have had some reluctance in making the initial effort, but the ties that bind are rapidly woven back in place. Quite often, few words are uttered at this special occasion. But, within a few moments, both are yapping away at almost the same time. It is a fantastic experience to be involved with displaying such love for each other.

Another byproduct of the reunions is how the wives, friends, and family members tend to become totally immersed in the reuniting process. This type of comradeship has a very desirable effect of the family group. You have to see it to believe it. If you haven't attended a reunion, try it! I think you will receive many benefits. Those who have attended will echo their pleasure at having joined in this reuniting process.

Don't wait until it's too late. Time marches on. Join your friends for a truly rewarding experience. You will never regret it!

Awbrey G. Norris, Winter Springs FL
(407) 366-5306 HHC CO 2/22 9/67-2/68
E-mail: awbn@worldnet.att.net

James Dean Johnson - KIA

From: jgriffin@netins.net (Jill Griffin)
To: Vietvet(tje@aol.com) (John Eberwine)
Date: 04/25/2000 12:05:03 PM
Subject: Brother - James Dean Johnson

Hi, I got your address from Gary Harding in Colo. He said you could help me find people and e-mail addresses of men with my brother in Viet Nam. My brother's name was James Dean Johnson. He was from Letts, Iowa. KIA 3/3/70 in Bing Duong, South VietNam. He was a PFC E3.

Now, here's the tricky part. Jim said he was in Co. B 2/22 25th Infantry. One guy I contacted said no, Jim was in A Company. I found a medic that was with Jim. His name is Mike Keown and lives in IL. He thought he was A Co. too, but sent me an e-mail last night and he said Company B. I know that A, B and C were there that day.

Any way, I would like a list of addresses of the men that would have been

with Jim. Jim got to VietNam 1/6/70. Not there all that long. He was a radio operator KIA beside Jim was LT Kenneth Samuel Dec. If that helps. There was a guy who lives in Tennessee there too. Larry Nuckolls. Roger Morris, I don't know where he's at but Mike gave me his name. Flannigan and Campbell also a MacAfee. I don't have anything else on these men.

This will help me to continue what I'm doing and have received a lot of help.

Thank you very much! Jill Griffin

Jill Griffin Box 195 Columbus City, Iowa 52737

E-mail is jgriffin@louisacomn.net

Editor's Note: I've sent to Jill - Larry Nuckolls address. I also explained that I do not have most of the dates in country for most men on the roster. It would help me in the future when trying to help family locate men if you all would send your dates in country to me now. If any of you knew Jill's brother, please contact her. Thanks

Memorial Day

From: Robert J. Reilly
<joansbob@email.msn.com>
Date: Fri, 26 May 2000 15:41:38 -0700
Subject: Tribute

I'd like to share with you a tribute I received in this morning's mail.

"Lest We Forget" By David Hackworth

Another Memorial Day is upon us. Not that it's that big a deal to most Americans, who don't seem to understand what this holiday is all about. But for combat veterans and their families it's a day of reflection, a time to honor fallen comrades. As the years pass, M-Day's taken on an even more special meaning for me. Old pals who back in their young and foolish days were brave mud soldiers are checking out faster than I want to count.

Almost every week now I get the word that another brother's gone. Sometimes it's a phone call in the middle of the night, a letter or an obituary piece

I've been sent about a friend I fought alongside. Each death notice brings pain. Some bring tears. All bring reflection that dial up the face of a brother I grew to love a long time ago. A love born from terrible strife where we had the searing privilege of getting to know each other as few men ever do.

Back then, we thought we were damned to be the chosen few. But now, so many years later, we know the truth: It was the defining and most challenging period of our lives.

Together, we saw the elephant.....

On the battlefield there's no faking it. A guy is either a good man who'd die before letting his brothers down or a dud the outfit figures out how to unload. You get to join The Brotherhood only if you're trusted, only because you've earned the respect of the other elephant hunters. For me, after the shock wears off from hearing the bad news, reason sets in: "Eventually everyone's going out feet first. My old friend just beat me by a few ticks."

Next, the process seems to move quickly to the good times shared and why my pal was so special and why his memory won't disappear until I do. Then I'm ringing a brother, giving him word of the death, and we start in with the old "Remember when" jazz, retelling all the fun stuff about our fallen mate. We never dwell on the horror or go to the dark side of the moon. Maybe that's how we keep it together and move on.

Another thought that always comes front and center in my head is why did Frank or Billy or Phil die now and not me? This was the question we all silently asked ourselves back on the battlefield when a comrade didn't get up after a fight. It didn't seem fair then, and it doesn't now. But whoever said this crap game called life was fair? The loved ones of World War II and the Korean vets are hearing "Taps" played at funerals at the rate of almost 2,000 a day, and now the VietNam vets are stepping up for their turn at the death plate. The combat-vet dying business has become a boom industry and will continue to roar for the next couple of decades until the ranks are exhausted.

And by then, M-Day might have morphed further into a meaningless extended-weekend party no longer even

momentarily interrupted by glimpses of flags or sound bites from politicians jawing some insincere patriotic gobbledeygook. Only the still-serving and families and friends of the departed will still care about what our warriors went through, the sacrifices they made.

Seems like we're almost there now. Liberty and the good life are so taken for granted that few folks can be bothered to spend M-Day remembering -- honoring those who died so we could be free to do our thing. No one's had to buy a freedom ticket for a long time, and the living's easy. Minimum wage, Social Security, a college degree -- all that good American stuff -- are there pretty much for the asking. No price of admission paid. No respect for those who did pay. Just gimme gimme gimme.

I'm afraid one of these days soon some fast operator will come along and try to change Memorial Day into something else. You know, a name change due to a new sponsor.

Hope you'll kill that ignoble idea quick smart and that you'll visit a Veterans Home this week and tell those valiant men and women you haven't forgotten their sacrifices. The End

Our Friend - Bill Schwindt

Lest We Forget!

In a message dated 03/25/2000 12:24:58
C322locate@aol.com (Bill Schwindt)
Writes- Subject: Remembrances

Guys and Gals,

Since Bev Bouchard introduced me to the Remembrance part of "The Virtual Wall" site, and I shared that with all of you, I have been hearing of many visits by you to that site. It does my heart good to know about those visits and the remembrances you are leaving there. It proves to me again the wonderful people we have in our associations.

It is a goal of mine now to see that each of C3/22's - 92 KIA's has a remembrance posted. I've encouraged Chuck Boyle to put something in his upcoming newsletter about this site so that others who are not on the net will also have a chance to post a remembrance there. They can just send it to us, we'll post it for them..... There were several people

(maybe 6-8) who posted a remembrance for a good friend. There were several more who posted 2 or 3 remembrances. One guy spent two hours at that site the very night I shared it with you all. He posted 4 remembrances.

One person posted about a dozen remembrances. Wow! And finally, one person had his KIA's name partially incorrect and contacted me that he couldn't find him listed there. I looked it up, found his correct full name so that he could go back and post his remembrance.... You people are awesome! Keep it up!

Again, that site is:
www.thevirtualwall.org

Love Always, Bill C3/22 9/66-9/67

VietNam Moving Wall

Schedule "A" 2000

05/26-06/05 Atlanta, Georgia
06/09-06/15 Zanesville, Ohio
06/22-06/26 Canton, Michigan
06/30-07/06 Rockford, Illinois
07/10-07/16 Spencerport, New York
07/18-07/24 Marathon, New York
07/27-08/02 Falmouth, Massachusetts
08/04-08/10 Rochester, New Hampshire
08/13-08/19 Kingston, New York
08/22-08/28 Chicopee, Massachusetts
09/03-09/09 Waterford, Connecticut
09/21-09/27 East Hampton, New York
09/30-10/05 Bedford, Massachusetts
10/07-10/12 Tobyhanna, Pennsylvania
10/15-10/21 Dearborn, Michigan
10/25-10/30 St Marys, Georgia
11/01-11/07 Hinesville, Georgia
11/10-11/16 Sebring, Florida

Schedule "B" 2000

06/05-06/11 Lawrence, Indiana
06/23-06/29 Butler, Pennsylvania
07/02-07/06 Massillon, Ohio
07/08-07/14 Cincinnati, Ohio
07/17-07/23 French Lick, Indiana
07/27-07/31 Fort Snelling, Minnesota
08/03-08/09 Elsberry, Missouri
08/12-08/18 Lawrenceville, Illinois
08/21-08/27 Somerset, Kentucky
09/01-09/04 Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
09/07-09/13 West Tawakoni, Texas
09/16-09/22 Holdenville, Oklahoma
09/25-10/01 Hays, Kansas
10/04-10/10 Loveland, Colorado
10/13-10/19 Hobbs, New Mexico

10/28-11/02 West Covina, California
 11/04-11/12 Buena Park, California
 11/19-11/25 Hawthorne, California
 11/28-12/04 Ceres, California

Schedule "C" 2000

05/29-06/04 Rancho Palos Verdes, CA
 06/12-06/18 Provo, Utah
 06/22-06/28 Boise, Idaho
 07/02-07/08 Watertown, South Dakota
 07/31-08/06 Silverdale, Washington
 08/08-08/14 Bellingham, Washington
 08/17-08/23 Nespelern, Washington
 08/31-09/04 South Range, Michigan
 09/07-09/13 Sturgis, Michigan
 09/16-09/22 Coldwater, Ohio
 09/25-10/01 Park Falls, Wisconsin
 10/06-10/12 Weatherford, Oklahoma
 10/20-10/26 Alameda, California
 10/29-11/05 Ukiah, California
 11/10-11/16 San Francisco, California

From Jim Hardin

I wrote the story in the news letter (Vol 4 No 3) about Soni Tre. My moment of glory and you forgot my name. I am crushed. Just kidding...

I have attached a couple of war stories for your use. I think I sent them **before** I lost a hard drive recently and thus **lost all data**. I should have been more **organized** but I'm still working on my **personal organization** (55 years?). I'll try to write some more this week. I can include pictures if you like.

I can fully understand the problems with editing the newsletter and trying to have a life at the same time! I am very busy at work and don't have a lot of free time, but if there is anyway I can help you out, call me!

You have done an outstanding job with the newsletter. The newsletter must be judged by it's quality rather than quantity. If we have 4 good pages that is better than 20 pages of fluff.

By the way, I was in contact with Suzanne Brady-Bullock. I didn't know her dad, but some others have contacted her and I think she may have located some.

LT Dick Nash - Good Guy

The Day Dick Nash Took A Butt Chewing for the Great State of Texas
 Date 03/15/2000 02:59:32 PM

Forward From: awbn@worldnet.att.net
 (Awbrey Norris)

John and Norm: Thought you two might want to see this epistle. Nice dissertation about Dick. Did not forward it to him. Thought it would be a surprise for him later. Best to you both. Awb

Originally From: Lon Oakley
 <LON.OAKLEY@usaia.com
 on 03/14/2000 04:21:25 PM

You have my attention. Here is a funny story about the day (then) 2LT Dick Nash, Third Platoon Leader, A 2/22 took a butt chewing to help keep morale up. It started this way... As a favorite son of the great state of Texas, I had brought a huge Texas flag with me to the big Nam in February, 1969. Dick was my platoon leader and one that was always thinking of the welfare of his troops. I was a "shake 'n bake E-5" fresh from NCOIC at Benning when Dick became my mentor. He made sure I was put with good people to break me in right while still not diminishing my role as a squad leader for the platoon.

My PC was named the PHANTOM 3/4 for third platoon, fourth squad (Oops, I digress...) Anyway, a couple of months into my tour we had been out posting outside Dau Tieng for a couple of days when we got a call to go back through base camp and out the gate towards the Michelin Rubber Plantation. There were supposedly some Wolfhounds from 2/27th that needed a resupply and for some reason they didn't want to do it by air? Our platoon scurried out the gate and moved three or four clicks on the road then took a right off into the rubber.

We broke out of the rubber and into some heavy brush with some overhead stuff causing some problems. Several of the tracks had run-ins with MOGATORS (big ass red ants as I remember) and it made for a long morning getting to where we wanted to meet up with the Wolfhounds. Needless to say I was screwing off on the radio, piping in AFN radio songs and snide comments whenever possible, without raising too much suspicion that it was me. Just a few seconds here and there. Not hogging the airways! Well we finally found the wolf-puppies and handed off the C's, ammo and water.

I am not sure but as we left the 2/27th, I believe Dick made a command decision that we were not going back through the brush to get to the main road...thus we headed out into some open area. To say the least we were all ecstatic and I felt it a great occasion to fly the "LONE STAR FLAG." As it was always better to ask forgiveness than permission, I ran the flag up our radio antenna and 3/4 Track jumped out into the point position headed as fast as the old PC would go. It was probably not very smart (remember I was all of 19 then!) but I saw we had a couple of "flying footballs" and a Cobra in the air near us. I figured SIR CHARLES (VietCong) would not be out to harass us this fine afternoon.

As we got more out into the open I turned to see two other flags had been run up antennas...one from GEORGIA and another of some type ARABIC origin. It was a blast and morale was smokin'! All of the sudden we see a command Huey come over the tree line and set down in a blocking position to our front. Dick pulled his track up in front, told us to form a perimeter and he would see what was up? We didn't think it was anything more than a change in mission. I could see a field grade type, in a very animated conversation with our LT, and it was a one way conversation! Dick came back, told us to pull the flags down and police up our emotions. To this day I am still not sure what the conversation was between Dick Nash and the field grade...EXCEPT IF YOU THINK ABOUT IT MAYBE THE GREAT STATE OF TEXAS FLAG WAS TOO CLOSE OF A MATCH FOR A V.C. FLAG FOR THE FIELD GRADE THAT DAY? I don't know but I have always wanted to thank Dick, if he did in fact take a butt chewing for me flying my flag.

Dick lives in IOWA now and that can't be all bad since my wife grew up in Davenport, Iowa. Thanks again Dick for that fun day in the sun...maybe next time I can tell everyone the day we captured the cows and brought them home in the mortars track. By the way, I went on to stay in and became one of those field grades myself before retiring in 1991. Sorry I had such a short visit with everyone in Dallas. Hope I can get to Cleveland to see old Brad Hull again!

Have a great day from Sunny South Texas!

Lon D Oakley, Jr FLM, ACS
Director, USAA Life Mbr Relationship
Mgmt
E-mail: LON.OAKLEY@usaa.com

Time.....!

From: Dick Nash - nash222@netins.net
Tue: 16 Nov 1999 19:57:25 -0500 (EST)

Something to think about Imagine there is a bank that credits your account each morning with \$86,400. It carries over no balance from day to day. Every evening the bank deletes whatever part of the balance you failed to use during the day. What would you do? Draw out every cent, of course!!

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

Make the most of today.

- To realize the value of ONE YEAR, ask a student who failed a grade.
- To realize the value of ONE MONTH, ask a mother who gave birth to a premature baby.
- To realize the value of ONE WEEK, ask the editor of a weekly newspaper.
- To realize the value of ONE HOUR, ask the lovers who are waiting to meet.
- To realize the value of ONE MINUTE, ask a person who missed the train.
- To realize the value of ONE SECOND, ask a person who just avoided an accident.
- To realize the value of ONE MILLISECOND, ask the person who won a silver medal in the Olympics.

Treasure every moment that you have! And treasure it more because you

shared it with someone special, special enough to spend your time. And remember that time waits for no one. Yesterday is history. Tomorrow is mystery. Today is a gift. That's why it's called the present!! It's National Friendship Week. Friends are very rare jewels indeed. They make you smile and encourage you to succeed. They lend an ear, they share a word of praise, and they always want to open their heart to us.

Yesterday, is history.
Tomorrow, is a mystery.
Today is a gift.

That's why it's called "The present"

LAST TRIP HOME:

After Viet Nam I was working at the Drill Sergeant Academy at Ft. Leonard Wood, MO. The 1st Sgt. sent me to Post HQ for a temporary duty assignment (TDY). TDY's were often fun, but I had never heard of "Escort Duty". I'm thinking that this involves a chained briefcase and a .45, until the clerk explained what it is. I would go to Oakland Army Terminal, CA and escort the remains of a Viet Nam KIA back to his home. Not my idea of fun, but I got lucky on this first trip because I was assigned with an old pro from Graves Registration in Oakland. This escort mission was a little unusual, in that it involved the remains of two guys who had enlisted together, trained together, went to 1st Cav together and were killed in the same firefight. We would take them home ... together.

When the family first approached the coffin, his mother broke down crying. It's not him! I was ready to run for the door and catch the next flight back to Wood! Her husband assured her it really was. The funeral director had a room upstairs and let us stay there. The family & friends were very nice to us. They wanted details but we didn't know the boys or any of the specifics. We could only reply with general answers. At the funeral the other NCO and I folded the flags and made the presentation.

I had heard many horror stories after I got back from other NCO's whom had pulled escort duty. Stories of escorts being assaulted by family members, traveling by snowmobile in North Dakota, remains stripped of their uniform, etc.

Most were probably just good stories, but there may have been some truth in them. Of course by this time the Army had made some mistakes. I told them at Oakland, if there was a mistake, I'd call and catch the next plane out of there. It would be up to them to send someone to straighten it out, but my contract would terminate on the spot! One fellow at the briefing in Oakland questioned the SP on his orders. He was told it meant Soft Pack. That meant he would be in a small aircraft that couldn't handle a boxed coffin. His remains were packed into sort of a duffle bag. He offered us various incentives to trade with him but no one would.

A few months after I got back, they made use of my experience and sent me off again. I really didn't like this, but managed to halfway convince myself that it was my duty. This time I was solo and had a non-viewable to escort. It went pretty well until the family wanted an Uncle and Sister to confirm the contents. The funeral director and I gave them every reason we could think of not to open the coffin. That evening, after closing, the Uncle & Sister waited while we removed the steel cover. His sister had a piece of paper listing various scars and marks to help identify the remains. My first surprise was an empty Class A uniform, and under that was a plastic bag. Again we tried to talk them out of this, but they insisted. The uncle was a WWII infantryman. He stood by while I cut the bag open. I helped him back to his chair. He told her that there was nothing to identify in there and I explained how dental records, witnesses, etc. were used to make positive identification - there could be no mistake.

When I got back, I told the 1st SGT about this trip and asked him not to send me again. Top had 3 wars behind him and dismissed me with a nod.

Jim Hardin C 2/22/4th ID 2/67-5/67
65 Edgemont Rd Columbia, PA 17512
Tel 717-285-7770
E-mail: jehardin@concentric.net

Editor's Note: If your story did not appear in this issue, it will be in the next -

Thanks for the contributions

See You in Cleveland