

The VietNam Triple Deuce

An Association of 2Bn (Mech) 22nd Infantry VietNam Veteran Mech Men
 Published/Edited by John Eberwine • Charlie Company 2/22 Sep 67 - Sep 68
 5018 Fernwood Avenue • Egg Harbor Township, New Jersey 08234-9689
 Tel [609] 653-3025 • E-mail vietvet222@juno.com
 Internet Home Page • <http://members.aol.com/vietvetjje/index.html>

The Gettysburg Reunion

Norman Tells How It Felt

Gettysburg October 1997 • My Perspective
 by Norman T Nishikubo
 1st Pltn C 2/22 9/67 - 9/68

Greetings to all. The Reunion in

TABLE OF CONTENTS

<i>Norman Tells How It Felt</i>	1
<i>Bill Allison, President - The VietNam Triple Deuce</i>	3
<i>Messages sent to me shortly after the Gettysburg Reunion</i>	3
<i>22nd IRS Membership Chairperson Speaks Out</i>	6
<i>Those 2/22 men attending the Gettysburg Reunion</i>	6
<i>The Triple Deuce is Now an Official Organization</i>	7
<i>Looking for Anyone Who Knew Merrill Andrew McKillip, KIA 02/10/67</i>	7
<i>C 2/22 - KIA's</i>	7
<i>Passed Away at Home</i>	8
<i>Some of the Men we Are Still Seeking!</i> ..	8
<i>Stories From VietNam</i>	8
<i>Where Were You... Thirty Years Ago?????</i>	9
<i>Dear Mr. and Mrs. Royce O. Trosper</i> ..	11
<i>Short Stories</i>	12
<i>Ever Hear of Dave Roeber?</i>	13
<i>Reach Out for Help</i>	13
<i>Just a Reminder!</i>	13

Gettysburg is now months behind us. What remains of it for me are fond memories and renewed strong bonds of friendship established thirty years ago during Combat.

I will be ever thankful to all of you who were present and who served with me in VietNam. Seeing all of you this past October was the final administration of a super potent medication that my mind needed in order to embark on the final road to closure. I am so very glad that I was with all of you.

I guess my healing process started with events prior to Gettysburg, beginning in July 1997. It was then when my older brother phoned and asked if I knew of a person named Marcus Burk. I told Tom yes. Why do you ask? He then told me that he had received a letter from Marcus requesting information about how to get in touch with me. When Tom and I ended our conversation, I immediately called Marcus.

I won't bother with all of the details of our conversation. It lasted for over an hour. Within a few days information about the 22nd IRS came in the mail from Awb Norris. My first impression was, just another veterans organization, no big deal. Then I spotted Bill Allison's name listed as one of the Officers of the 22nd IRS. I went back to the cover letter that Awb wrote and went over it with a fine tooth comb. I looked at the full spelling of Awb's first name. Bingo, on came the light bulb. Hey, I knew him too. Even a mental picture of Awb appeared. Tall, thin and wearing a 45 in a shoulder holster. He also had my heels locked and was sternly asking me questions about charges I had brought against an individual for not obeying an order I had given.

During the next two days I kept going over the 22nd IRS information that I had received. Soon after that I took the bait and was hooked. However, I did not realize it. I

then phoned Awb. I identified myself and told him what my chief claim to fame (Magnet C/2/22) was during my time in VietNam. He said he thought he remembered me but I knew that he was just being polite. This was confirmed two days later when he called and we had a very long conversation. I guess in two days a lot of things were remembered. Next to be called by me was Bill Allison. Again I introduced myself. At first Bill also did not remember me. As we got further into the conversation the light bulb in Bill's head started to glow. The next day Bill called and said I remember you.

It was now early August and Awb was putting the muscle on me to be in Gettysburg. Soon my wife, Linda sided with Awb and started pushing. Then Bill and John Eberwine joined in the effort. During the time period encompassed by late July to the middle of August I had no intention to go to Gettysburg. During the third week of August I committed to Gettysburg and started putting the muscle on others to attend.

The middle of August was also when I started to write about my experiences in VietNam. The first to push me to do so was John, then Linda and Awb. Writing has helped me a great deal. It forced me to face all of the facts concerning my actions in VietNam. Not just the negative ones a loud minority in our Society convinced a lot of us to do.

Now to the essence of the Gettysburg Reunion. When Linda, Christine and I arrived at Gettysburg, the evening of October 16 we could feel the electricity in the air. I sensed that the next few days were going to be very special. They were. As

each old friend was seen and greeted after not having been in each other's company for twenty-nine plus years the bonds of friendship were renewed. A lot of eyes were damp (smile).

The fondness that the men had for each other was evident. One could not fail to sense it. A few short hours after my family and I arrived at the Eisenhower Inn, my stepdaughter Christine started walking tall. She was proud to be in the company of Honorable and Brave individuals.

After old friendships were renewed, we laughed, cried, lied and drank. Some of us laughed, cried, lied, drank, drank and drank --Marcus--. We talked about some of the dumb things we all did in VietNam. Man, we laughed a lot. We picked each other's brains to identify men in photographs whose names had been forgotten because of too many years. We talked of battles such as the one that occurred on November 25, 1967 and the battle at Fire Support Base Burt (a.k.a. Suoi Cut). We brought each other up to speed concerning what we are doing today. We heard Chuck Boyle's speech, during which I openly cried. Not from the pain and suffering remembered but from the uncontrolled swelling of pride in my heart. Most importantly we remembered the Men we lost.

Earlier I stated that, "Seeing all of you this past October was the final administration of super potent medication that my mind needed in order to embark on the final road to closure." I would like to expand on that statement for a moment. I am still bothered by my experiences in VietNam. However, this condition is now centered on where it should be. Namely, on Friends lost and Friends maimed. No longer do the terms 'baby killer' and 'immoral' burn in my mind. I no longer loath those who applied the terms to us. During efforts to defend the rights of those who protested, to freely do so, some of my Friends died, some got maimed and I lay bleeding from wounds. Now, as one who paid for the right to express myself with my blood, I say to the protesters, GO TO HELL, and NONE TOO SOON!!!

I believe that the Gettysburg Event helped quite a few of us. It sure helped me.

Jerry Experiences His

Second Reunion

REUNION AT GETTYSBURG

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

In October 1997 a gathering of the men of the 22nd Infantry Division occurred and the guys that were there will always remember with pride, the group of VietNam Veterans that showed up.

This was my 2nd reunion, the first being in November of '96 in St Francisville, Louisiana. At that reunion, we had seven guys from Charlie Company 2/22. This reunion we had 25 guys. The next one, we are shooting for 50 guys.

We formed a new association made up of the guys that served with the 2/22 in VietNam. At present, most of the guys are from Charlie Company in the time frames of 67-68. I am sure there will be another article about this in this newsletter.

We had guys from every corner of the country assemble for a weekend that will not be soon forgotten. We brought our wives and some of us brought our children for this event. My wife enjoys these reunions as much as I do. My daughter is six and she enjoyed the trip.

Bill Allison presented his slide show of Charlie Company from 1967-68. I guess the joy of the slide show is Bill took a lot of pictures and he got a lot of us on film. It does a guys pride good to see themselves at a much younger age. When Bill puts a slide up on the screen, it shows people and places that had become dimmed with time. When he shows the slides of Fire Support Base Burt, we take the time to listen to the guys that were there and what they experienced.

Funny thing, when you are watching the slide show, our memories are not cloudy at all. Other guys brought slides and were able to show them to people that were there.

Jim Frost, Coy Thomas, Jim Nelson, and myself went golfing and had a great time. At the next reunion, I bet we get more than one foursome. There were so many good times, I will just list as many as I can remember.

The slide shows with Bill Allison. Each

time it gets better as we get more guys in the room that were there and Bill keeps adding more slides. Bill has slides from Gordon Kelley and others that he adds. This slide show was different from the one at the reunion in St Francisville, LA. Always a lot of laughing and crying going on in this room.

Friday they had a cocktail hour and then a bunch of us went out to dinner. Talk about a waitress' nightmare..... A group of people that have not seen each other in some case for 30 years.....all talking and trying to catch up. *Trying* to catch our attention to take our orders and then do separate checks for everyone. She earned a good tip.

Charlie Jackson showed up at the cocktail hour and someone showed him a picture of himself taken in Nam. It seems Charlie did not have any pictures of himself in VietNam. A mug like that, I do not know why he would want a picture.

Pat and Pauline Merth got lucky and got a suite, and then Pauline told my wife who then reminded me that we had arrived first and just what had I said to the lady at the check in desk anyway. **Thanks a lot Pauline.**

I was standing in the buffet line and this grey-haired guy, with an unforgettable voice, turns around and says hello. I look at him and Gordon Kelley asks me how I am doing. It was great seeing Gordon. Coy Thomas said the main reason he came was to shake Kelley's hand and say thank you to him in person.

John Eberwine was elected membership chairman for the 22nd infantry regiment. Congratulations John. They made a good choice.

Chuck Boyle gave a talk at the dinner that made my heart swell with pride.

On Saturday night, Bill asked that we all get together after the banquet. We (husbands, wives and some family members) gathered in the slide-show room and made a big circle. We then started around the room and each of us talked a little about why we came and what the reunion meant to us. More laughing and crying. I believe we put a lot of people's minds to rest that the

reason that we are here is *not to relive the battles*, but to reaffirm friendships forged in those battles.

We also found out that Awb Norris did not live in base camp all the time.

Jim Nelson brought his fantastic paintings of us. Thank you Jim.

After the dinner and the meeting on Saturday night with all of us, a group of the guys gathered in the hospitality room and circled a table for the night. Anyone that was there will never forget the love that flowed around that table. More laughter and fun. When Pat Merth is around, you will always hear a good tale or two. John Stiles told us a few secrets, as well.

Sunday morning we had a memorial service and then a lot of us went to breakfast to cap off this event.

Guy's, my scrapbook has pictures of 36 guys who served with me. Over the years I have looked at the scrapbook and wondered how they made out. So far, after two reunions, I have new pictures of nine of the 36. That makes me feel good all over. My goal is to put a new picture next to each picture in my scrapbook. Kind of a before and after shot. Dig out your scrapbook and do the same!!!!

If you missed this reunion, I'm sorry. But make the next one in Dallas. It will be bigger and better.

Bill Allison, President - The VietNam Triple Deuce

Wed, 4 Feb 1998 00:02:04 -0500 (EST)

Dear John, Cindy and Rosie:

Phone calls, E-mail, letters, newsletters and reunions have been mustering the men of the 2nd Battalion 22nd Infantry. The expanding call has gone out to locate and bring together the Viet Nam Veterans who served in or supported our Fullback Battalion.

It is hard to believe how Martha John and I have been touched by the growing family of friends. For us, it was John Clemente's call that started our muster call. Within days we

were in the net with Gordon Kelley, John Eberwine, Brad Hull and Awb Norris. What is great, the names of men reporting in continues to grow.

Many have received the call on line. Awb Norris advised me to get a computer, in fact he drove up from Florida to Montgomery to make sure that my computer was set up. Together we sent my first E-Mail message. The messages, that I have been privileged to read, have shown the heart and soul of the men with whom we were fortunate to share our Viet Nam experience. It has been heart warming to read of the bond that many men still feel after thirty years.

Newsletters have been our way of corresponding with the largest number of men; the newsletter is the glue that continues to hold our growing formation together. John Eberwine has dedicated many hours of his personal time to publish and distribute informative, meaningful newsletters. John needs our help with articles, information, personal data and financial support. Most of the income from our dues goes towards printing and mailing.

At reunions, men and their families realize the value of the long delayed muster. After thirty years, we are face to face with men, who many of us owe much—Awb Norris, Gordon Kelley, Stan Winkler, Eric Opsahl, and Norm Nishikubo. With these men and all others at the reunions, we are equals because we share the same experiences and hardships. There has been a tremendous flood of emotions at each reunion; and we have gone away with feelings of friendship and love that would be difficult to explain to anyone who did not attend. If you are able to attend any future reunions, I encourage you to bring your families. A common comment from wives has been, "I now understand what my husband went through in Viet Nam". At the reunion at Gettysburg, twenty five Charlie company men were present; they pledged to have fifty when we assemble in Texas in 1999.

John Eberwine has led the search that was initially directed towards finding the men of Charlie Company. He solicited the help of Brad Hull, Awb Norris, Bill Schwandt & John Otte (both of 3rd/22Inf) and many others on their time consuming and rewarding search. The list of finds continues to grow.

At the Gettysburg reunion, we had planned to form a Charlie Company Organization, but we were asked by Awb Norris to expand our organization to include all the battalion. It did not take Awb long to convince me that his request had merit. The other companies have yet to find their John Eberwine who can pull them together. But more important, we want and need men like Awb Norris, Teddy Manley, Ed Schultz, Eric Opsahl and other members of the battalion in our organization. While there are many advantages to the expanded organization, there are several things we need to keep in mind. John Eberwine was drafted to be the membership chairman for the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society. That means he needs someone from each company to be responsible for locating their members. Also, John's newsletter will become the battalion's newsletter, but until we receive articles from other elements it may appear to be an expanded Charlie Company newsletter. Our hope is that each company will be able to have their own newsletter; that is an indication of how we think the Full Back organization will grow. As the president of your new organization, I look forward to working with all of you.

Messages sent to me shortly after the Gettysburg Reunion

E-mail From: Chuck Boyle

Sometime shortly after the Gettysburg Reunion Mon, 20 Oct 1997

Subject: Got Home Safely

Hi Awb., Sir... And all you wonderful guys,

I arrived home safely about 4 o'clock this morning and had a nice trip. A three-quarter moon and all the stars in God's big sky were guiding me throughout the night. I killed a polecat in Tennessee. Even that aroma was sweet and it kept me awake until I got to Louisiana. I must have been high on something, eh? Other than that it was an easy trip.

M.C., I'm sure you know that you are going to have a very hard time topping what Bob Babcock, Awb Norris and Bob Frisby did at Gettysburg. You'll have to get started right away... and I know you will. I'll help.

To Awb, thanks for everything you did for me and for having me. I thank you especially for being my friend. I felt very

satisfied inside after our talks and our time together.

Bob, I said it many times there, but I'll say it just one more time. You put on a hell of a show! You covered every detail and I've never been to a more organized and fun reunion. How you did it with so little time, from so far away, is a mystery to me. I'll flatter you again by saying I stole everything that you wrote, said, produced and did, (Awb's stuff too), for our next Charlie Company reunion. Thanks!

Bill Allison, It was so good to see you and your gang. I know you wuz proud! And you should be. Your talks get better all the time... don't ever stop doing it. Tell Martha John I absolutely loved her great humor and the laughs we shared. You lucky man....

John, I left Awb's room about midnight, saying I wanted to get some rest before I started driving in the morning, then I happened upon you and the rest of C/2/22 (Mech Men) in the hospitality room. Don't tell him I spent the next 3 plus hours drinking beer and laughing and crying and remembering around that big table surrounded by great men. To me, it is the reunion. Tell them all "thanks," for letting me in to their club and for sharing their memories. Thank you for bringing Rosie. (We bonded). I know Cindy had her mothering stuff to do and couldn't be with us as much as she'd have liked. Kiss her for the sacrifice. Most importantly, thanks John, for being my very good friend.

Stan, you don't age! I am moved every time Bill Allison or someone mentions your name and I learn more about you and what you gave to your men in VietNam. You are indeed, "The First Sergeant." Thanks for being there.

Jim Tobin, Bill Schwindt. It was a humdinger of a reunion. Father Norris did well, standing in for our regular Chaplain and Bill, you'd have cried a couple of times if you saw these Charlie Company Mech guys together--loving and remembering. Just know, that it was a superb event. I thought of you both, many times.

I came away with a new respect for our WWII veterans. Their faces droop a little more than ours and some of them might move a little slower than us, but that is the

only difference. Their wit and wisdom and good fellowship was absolutely magnificent. I fell in love with everyone of them like they were my uncles, brothers and fathers.

That my little speech was a hit is very gratifying to me. Thank all of you for your support and giving me the opportunity to do that. I will send a file to you Bob and Awb of the words. Perhaps they will serve some later purpose.

To all of you: You are the greatest bunch of men that I know or will ever know. I thank God each day for letting me come to know you.

Love, Chuck

This next e-mail was sent from Cindy's (my wife) 20 year old cousin who attends school at Gettysburg and was at the Banquet with us and his girlfriend, Emily.

From: Don McNellis Mon, 20 Oct 1997
Subject: Proud

John,

I don't know if I got the chance to tell you how proud I am to know you, and to have met some of the men you served with. What you guys did was something that I will never comprehend. This country will never be able to pay you back for what you did, but I understand. You are appreciated. I hope you find all you friends.

Love,

Don McNellis

From: John Miedema
Mon, 20 Oct 1997 Subject: Gettysburg

John,

Had a great time in Gettysburg. Glad I made the trip to see old friends. Doesn't seem like 30 years. You did a great job in getting this thing off the ground. Take a bow and here is a pat on the back. I have found a former 2/22 guy. Ed Meek 110 South Galena, Lead, South Dakota 57754. He was Bill Allison's radio operator and left about May or June of 68. Great to see you and looking forward to the next time.

John Miedema

E-mail From: Marcus Burk

Mon, 20 Oct 1997 03:54:48
Subject: Re: Newest Member to "VietNet"
E-Mail

John: I just got back also.....had a wonderful time! (in spite of the hangover!!) Saw some people I never expected to see....working on that list already..... We will easily double the number of Charlie Co. people in Texas!

I repeat.....I had a great time!

Thanks for everything.....Marcus Burk

From: Brad Hull
Wed, 22 Oct 1997
Subject: Reunion reacquaintance

Bill, John, Awb, Gordon, Bob, et al,

It was great seeing you all again at our 2nd reunion of the 22nd IRS to include VietNam veterans. I look forward to 1999 in Texas and being together again. I wish I could have spent more time talking with each of you and the new attendees I tried to concentrate on getting to know.

Bill, You are a terrific leader, a strong magnet for Charlie Co and the Triple Deuce to grow around. I value your friendship and know I could spend hours talking to about the war, as well as other subjects. You live your beliefs.

Martha John, Strong sunshine! How welcome you make me and every veteran feel.

John, You are a terrific worker. Without you, we wouldn't have achieved what we have. We have much to do, yet. We've only taken a baby step toward organizing as Triple Deuce VietNam, but I'll help you. We need to recruit other workers. I have suggestions.

Cindy, Motherhood becomes you. I wish I could have had more time to spend talking with you. Rosie is beautiful and I look forward to watching her grow up at our reunions.

Awb, I treasure our friendship. You work

tirelessly and I worry that your health will suffer. But I respect your independence and hope you'll call for help when things overburden you. As a retired, high-ranking officer, you surprise me at how willing you are to take on the nitty-gritty work that makes things like our reunion a success. I believe I have ideas to improve our operations and make your job easier.

Gordon, I had almost no time to talk to you or get to know Cynthia. I understand the pressures of harvest-time. The men who served with you have great respect for you. Although you are a quiet person, I hope you find ways as VP of Triple Deuce VietNam to contribute to our growth. Every veteran we find and persuade to join our organizations and come to a reunion will heal himself (and us) a little more. I know we are both better for the experience.

Bob, You have no idea how much I respect and admire your perseverance and dedication to the 22nd IRS. Without you ... I don't want to think about it. We are sometimes at odds about how to handle things, but that doesn't diminish my respect for you. I hope we can work closer in the future for our common goal. I have much to offer -- experience, knowledge, and labor. Listening, understanding and compromise will move us closer to our common goal.

Thanks to all for coming again and see you in Texas if not before.

From: Emily Park
Wed, 22 Oct 1997 11:35:30
To: vietvet222@juno.com (John J Eberwine)
Subject: Thank You

Dear Mr. Eberwine,

I would like to express my gratitude to you and to Cindy for allowing me to observe and be a part of such a special event. The United States military has always been of great interest to me, but I regret to say that my knowledge of VietNam is rather limited. I have always learned about wars and soldiers through history books and programs on television, but it doesn't even come close to being in the same room with the men and hearing their stories first hand.

I would also like to mention what a pleasure

it was meeting you, Cindy, and Rosie. I had a great time and I do hope that I get the opportunity to speak with you again.

Thank you again.
Emily

From: Jim Frost
Mon, 27 Oct 1997 12:11:40 -0500 (EST)
To: vietvet222@juno.com
Subject: Reunion Reply

This is only the second E-mail I've tired, so bear with me please. I just wanted to say how important and special this reunion was in my life. I felt right at home with everybody from Charlie Company especially the guys in my squad.

Jill and I talked on our way home about all the nice people we met. The wives of VietNam and WW 2 Veterans were enjoyable people. The hospitality room was a good idea for getting to know everyone.

We had a breath taking view on our way back home. I told Jill I did not want to go back on the turnpike, so we headed for Maryland though West Virginia, to Ohio, to see our son in Columbus. The Allegheny mountains in Maryland were fantastic, and the fall colors were beautiful. Jill was very nervous, she is afraid of high places.

I want to thank you for your E-mail info on Charlie Jackson. Our prayers will be with him and Gary Killingbeck (3/22) on his cancer surgery.

The list of past company commanders in Charlie Company was also informative. I am glad Coy Thomas had a great time. I know I enjoyed talking and playing golf with him. I was amazed how much club speed Jim Nelson can generate when he tees off with the driver. He said he golfs for the drive, and I believe him.

Thanks!

Good bye for now!
Jim Frost

From: M C TOYER
Date: Tue, 21 Oct 1997 17:25:14
Subject: 22nd IRS Reunion @ Gettysburg

To all:

Got in late Monday night after taking an extra day to enjoy Gettysburg and the drive back to Washington DC to catch my plane. My flight was relatively uneventful compared to Awb's except that on final approach to DFW we had to pull up the landing gear and go around once, something about cows or VC on the runway.

Will make this brief, just to say thanks to all for a great reunion and a wonderful time. When I sort out all my emotions and my address file will have much more to say.

Looking forward to 1999 in Texas. Will see if I can get the fence fixed before then.

M C Toyer - Vice President, VietNam War - 22nd Infantry Regiment Society - Also 1999 Reunion Chairman

From: John E. Short
To: John J Eberwine
Date: Mon, 27 Oct 1997 17:59:31
Subject: Re: Great to see you

John:

I had a terrific time also and I understand the time constraints on you. You have done a great job making all this happen and I'm sure we're all grateful for your dedication. I'm trying to find Gary Oliver and am finding out what a job it is to locate someone; especially, if you're not sure if they're from New York or some other state. Did get some hits from New York and am in the process of following up on these leads. **Looking forward to Texas already!**

John Short

From: Jerry Rudisill
Fri, 24 Oct 1997
To: vietvet222@juno.com <John Eberwine>
Subject: Re: Charles "Charlie" Jackson & Coy Thomas

John:

Got a call from Coy Thomas last night. He was excited about the reunion and wanted to call and tell me how much he had enjoyed himself. He said he had waited 29 years to shake Gordon Kelley's hand and thank him. That in itself, made the trip for Coy, the rest was a bonus.

On the way home, he stopped by and visited Jack Miller's parents. He said they welcomed him into their home. He was surprised that they have almost a shrine to Jack still up after all these years. Then they took him to the cemetery to see Jack's gravesite. Another healing occurred. Coy then went on to tell me that Jack Miller had taken his place on the OP that night. He said that he had written to Jack Miller's sister at the time of Jack's death and had received a very negative letter from her. She must have been hurting big-time when she replied to his letter.

Coy had also called Charles Jackson. Charlie will not be going in for surgery until November 18th so let's hope that is good news. Coy had also called someone from A-2/22.

I would say we have a convert to getting our group back together. Great reunion, I do not see how it could have been much better. Our Saturday night circle was wonderful, and our group circle the rest of the night was an undescrivable event that none of us will ever forget. The sharing, caring, laughing, kidding, loving that went around those circles. WOW!!

Keep the faith, it is happening.

Regards, Jerry Rudisill

22nd IRS Membership Chairperson Speaks Out

John Eberwine C 2/22 9/67-9/68

Sitting at the banquet in Gettysburg, PA on the evening of October 18, 1997, I listened to our good friend from Charlie 3/22, Chuck Boyle, speak about World War Two, Korea and VietNam.

Chuck, first I want to tell you that I'm truly sorry Jack never made it back from the Chosin Reservoir. My brother preceded me to VietNam, and I can not imagine not having him around the last 30 years.

Chuck Boyle may not be Winston Churchill, FDR, John Kennedy or Abe Lincoln, but his words will go down in Infamy, in the memories of those attending the banquet, as "The Real Gettysburg Address", while Lincoln's must, from now

on, be relegated to second place.

Never have words been spoken, that came more from the heart, than those Chuck uttered that night. Fortunately, I happened to be filming that night with my trusty 'Lil camcorder and captured Chuck's entire words of wisdom for all eternity. You did US proud, Chuck!

Bill Allison's slide presentation and a small gathering of mostly Charlie Company 2/22 people with a smattering of friends from Alpha & Recon were also caught on tape.

ORDER YOUR VIDEO NOW!!!!

Bill Allison is taking orders for the video for Twelve Dollars (\$12.00) that includes shipping.

It is a four hour video not to be missed. Send your check or money order, payable to Bill Allison 8201 Harrogate Hill, Montgomery, AL 36117-5118.

What I'm getting at is that, if you were not at the reunion, you missed a live presentation of one of the most memorable, heartfelt, sincere displays of emotion that you ever will see, or participate in, in your life.

Don't miss the next reunion in Dallas/Ft Worth area in the spring of 1999. You can't afford to miss the camaraderie, the true feelings of friendship and the absolute respect these men have for each other and for you!

You also will want to bring 4 or 5 friends who served with you so you can experience the feeling with them and introduce them to the feelings. Ask Norman Nishikubo how he now feels about himself, or Jerry Rudisill, or John Miedema, Jim Frost, John Short, Gordon Kelley or any one of the 25 men who have now attended a reunion. **I tell you from the heart, there is no other feeling like that of watching the faces of men meeting men they served with, fought with and almost died with, who haven't seen each other in 29-30 years. It's sort of magical.**

Gentlemen, and you wives, families and friends, of the men, **TIME** is short, we are all 29-30 years older and each year some more of us pass away. This is life....and we must not pass up another opportunity to share with good friends. **Please**, if you are still not sold on the idea of going to your first reunion....contact me and I'll put you in touch with 10-15 men who experienced their first reunion in Gettysburg. I will personally guarantee that not a man will say he regretted the experience, **yes, I guarantee it!** I will personally pay your annual dues for the next two years if you can find me one (1) man who regretted going to any of our reunions anywhere.

Those 2/22 men attending the Gettysburg Reunion

Headquarters 2/22

Awbrey (Awb) Norris	67-68
Erk & Carla Opsahl (A/Recon)	67-68

Alpha Company 2/22

Brad Hull	69-70
Joseph & Akiko Karprzak	67-68
Teddy & Charlotte Manley	67

Bravo 2/22

Willis E & Ann Cobb III	69-70
John & Lois Lawinger	69-70
Jackie, Debra & Thomas Laws	69-70
Bill, Judy & Tiana Noyes	68-69
Dennis & Myrna Seidl	69-70

Charlie Company 2/22

Bill & Martha John Allison	67-68
Marcus Burk	67-68
John Clemente	68
John, Cindy & Rosie Eberwine with Don McNellis & Emily Parks	67-68
Jim & Jill Frost	67-68
Jim Hardin & daughter Jamie	67
Charles Jackson	68-69
Gordon, Cynthia, Casey & Sheridan Kelley	67-68
John Lewis	67-68
John Marts	67-68
Pat, Pauline, Kristie & Bobbie Jo Merth	67-68
John Miedema	
Jim & Sharon Nelson	67-68
Norman, Linda & Christine (Themell) Nishikubo	67-68
Charles & LeDonna Otey	67-68
Ed & Millie Patrick	67-68

Arnie (2/77 FO) Pellerin	67-68
Jerry, Renee & Desi Rudisill	67-68
Ken & Cam Schmidt	65-67
John Short	67-68
Kenn & Carol Smith	68-69
Wayne & Bonnie Steffey	67-68
John (Charlie 10) Stiles	67-68
Coy & Helen Thomas	67-68
Stan & Georgia Winkler	67-68

That's right! - Charlie Company 2/22 had Forty-nine (49) total men and family members present. 25 men • 24 family.

Including the 20 from Headquarters, Alpha & Bravo, the Triple Deuce had a Total of Sixty-nine (69) people in attendance at the reunion, by far the best showing for any one VietNam Battalion.

The Triple Deuce challenges the First and Third Battalions to try to top us at the Spring 1999 reunion in the Dallas/Ft Worth area. Loser's buy drinks for the winners!

The Triple Deuce is Now an Official Organization

At the Gettysburg Reunion the Triple Deuce officially organized, elected officers and authorized those officers to make minor corrections to the by-laws. The first officers of The VietNam Triple Deuce are:

President Bill Allison
Vice President Gordon Kelley
Secretary Jim Nelson
Treasurer John Eberwine
Judge Advocate Kenn Smith
Chaplin Joseph Kasparzk
Trustees: Jim Frost; John Miedema, Norman Nishikubo; Jerry Rudisill; Teddy Manley; John Clemente and Eric Opsahl.

NOW, we need someone with legal experience to help us incorporate with tax exempt status please, someone out there must be able to volunteer to save us from expending dues money to incorporate. I thank you in advance!

DUES, (\$10.00) will be on a yearly basis,

anyone who paid from June 1997 until now shall be considered to have paid the Oct 97 to Oct 98 year.

Send your Ten Dollars (\$10.00) now if you haven't already. It will assure you that you continue to receive the newsletter and hopefully you will find that one "buddy" that you've been thinking about all these years.

Looking for Anyone Who Knew Merrill Andrew McKillip, KIA 02/10/67

I have received an inquiry from a retired Navy Commander, David Cliff, who is friends with, and trying to assist Diane McKillip in locating men who served with and knew her husband and perhaps who may have been there when he died. One of our men, Jim Frost, has contacted Diane but we'd like anyone else who was there that day, or knew Merrill to contact her. Diane's address is: 3406 Danbrook Avenue, Anaheim, CA 92804 Tel # [714] 527-4803

Our unit has been able to help a few families over the last 2 years, and the men who have been in contact with KIA families, will tell you it is one of the hardest, yet most rewarding experiences, and responsibilities.....they have ever undertaken in their life.

This is what the VietNam Triple Deuce is all about! Brothers taking care of brothers!

Also, another one of our men, Charles Jackson and his wife Elaine, needed our support. Their son, Troy, was fatally injured in December 1997. I know they appreciated all the kindnesses and prayers that the men of this organization and men from 3/22 extended to them.

IN MEMORY OF C 2/22 - KIA's

and Deceased

Thomas Ralph Murphy	11/06/66
Joseph Cousette	11/19/66
Johnny A Chambers	01/08/67
Douglas J Sullivan	01/08/67
Michael Raymond Ishman	01/12/67
James Essary	01/17/67
Edward Ralph Glenn Jr	01/17/67
Gerry Wayne Lawson	02/08/67
Peter Barbera	02/10/67
Mark Delane Holte	02/10/67
Otis Lewis	02/10/67
Merrill Andrew McKillip	02/10/67
Charles Paul Pohlman	02/10/67
Rex Wheller Highfill	02/12/67
RC Perry Jr	02/13/67
Daniel Paul Donnellan	02/18/67
Thomas Duane Utter	03/23/67
Joseph Manuel Aragon	04/18/47
Edward Roy Lukert	06/11/67
Jackie Edward Trosper	09/30/67
Dennis Rex Estes	11/25/67
John A Gibson	11/25/67
Robert Lucian Mlynarski	11/25/67
Robert Andrew Van Patten	11/25/67
William Carey Janes	12/20/67
Thomas G Bernardy (Doc)	01/02/68
Jack Wayne Miller	01/02/68
Willie Petty Jr	01/02/68
Kenneth Joseph Grassl	01/29/68
Lytell B Christian	03/13/68
David Kenneth Ditch	03/13/68
Todd Earl Swanson (Doc)	03/13/68
John Edward Nelson	04/13/68
Benjamin Allen Honeycutt	05/02/68
Ernest Lee Elliott	06/20/68
Larry R Kennann (Doc)	06/20/68
David Lynn Stockman	06/20/68
August Ferrel Bolt	07/01/68
Robert Charles Dickinson	07/01/68
Fred V Jurado	07/01/68
Sam Joseph Favata	07/21/68
William Scott Watts	11/21/68
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
Larry Arthur Merrill	09/02/67
Joel Kenton Brown	02/18/68

IN MEMORY OF C 2/22 - KIA's and Deceased

William Rieves Curry	07/06/68
Thomas Poldino	03/11/69
Robert Glenn Sekva	06/11/69

Passed Away at Home

Jim Wagner	1996
Robert L. "Red" Dodd	1996

M - Awarded Medal of Honor

Some of the Men we Are Still Seeking!

I will just list names that were mentioned to me over the last 6 months or so:

Terry Sharp, Lionel Alexander, Ted Angus, Elwood Murray, Andy Orlicki, Paul Meyer, Billy Brewer, Tom Cofran, Jessie Riveria, Robert Block, Gary "Doc" Oliver, Don Jernigan, James Hill, Robert Hill, Jack Shishido, William Sherfick, Mike Staudacher, John Posey, Bob Pozdol, Mike Pitts, Jim Pasquale, Robyn Zilman, Guy Weston, James Tracy, William Sutherland, Ronald Orzell and Richard Arrington.

Now, I'm sure that you may have a name or nickname of someone to add to our list of "Must Finds". Send the information to me and I'll send it out on the e-mail circuit. We now have 4 or 5 guys who attempt to locate men. Give me as much info as you can. Orders with correct spelling, service or social security numbers, etc. all help.

Stories From VietNam

MY FIRST AMBUSH PATROL

Location: Don't Remember, However, it was in the jungle near Dau Tieng
Date: Mid September 1967

I was a raw replacement who had only been with the Company for approximately 10

days when I was assigned to go out on my first night ambush patrol. Jack Shishido was the Patrol Leader of it. I was scared and full of apprehension. Also, I did not have a clue concerning what I was to do on this type of operation nor did I have a hint of an idea what the rules of engagement were.

As I recall I was to be the fourth person on watch that night. As I stated I had no idea what to do, so instead of sleeping prior to my turn on watch, I stayed awake and observed the three men ahead of me on watch duty. By the time my turn came I felt fairly confident about the radio terms. I had 'sit rep' down pat (smile). As my one hour watch stint was nearing its end, I realized that I did not know who was number five on watch. As a result, since I did not want to embarrass myself, I continued watch duty for the next four hours. As I look back on the situation, I being the 'rookie', may have been set up by someone on the Patrol. After all a 'rookie' is going to make a 'dumb rookie' move. This I did (smile). After I had just started my fifth hour of watch duty, for some unknown reason Jack woke up. He saw me and asked why I was still on watch. I told him why. He looked at me as if I were a mental case then asked if the man who was to follow me had informed me of the fact. I then looked at Jack like he was a mental case and said 'H' no. Jack smiled and said OK, got the man up and told me to go and get some sleep.

I had been sleeping for about an hour when all of us started hearing noise coming from the road to the front of us. Now I was really scared. Jack put all of us into position to deliver fire on the road once the target was spotted. He told us not to fire until he said to. Soon an ox cart was seen going from our right to our left. The cart driver was returning to his village which was about a kilometer away. Jack then told us that we were not going to kill the driver but were going to try and take him prisoner. He and one other man would be the intercept element and the rest of us were to provide cover. Jack then said we were to execute the capture maneuver on his count, on five. When five was reached in the count Jack and the other man ran to the cart. Jack went directly to the front of it and the other man went to our side of it and looked inside the bed. He announced that it was empty then faced down the road to the cart's rear. Jack called two more men to his location and

placed them on the other side of the cart covering the jungle. The driver was ordered out of the cart then searched. Nothing was found. He along with the cart were escorted to the village near by where we hooked with other elements of the Company. There the driver was handed over to some ARVN Troops for interrogation.

My first exposure to an ambush patrol was nothing like anything I had been taught in 'basic' and 'AIT'. I was surprised. Quite frankly, I did not know what to make of the whole experience except remember the details of what happened because, some time in the future, I may have to order the same type of maneuver.

Norman T. Nishikubo January, 1998

RECON BY FIRE (USING AN M79?)

Date: Don't Remember Exactly
Area: Don't Remember Exactly
October, '67 I Believe Somewhere Near Cambodia

Once again we were on a Company Strength Search & Destroy operation. Once again we were in the 'bush'. Man oh Man, do I miss those slow, enjoyable walks. Like HELL I do!! On this particular day we used the recon by fire procedure quite a bit. Every time we had to pass near relatively heavy vegetation growth, within 30 to 35 meters, we would direct M16, M60 and 50 cal. fire on it before proceeding on. This technique was being used to minimize the chances of our walking into an ambush. Every time we stopped to employ recon by fire, one of our Platoon members who was carrying an M79 would seem to disappear. We could hear reports from the 79 and the explosions from the impacting rounds but never saw the man firing. Marcus Burk and I talked to each other about the strange situation then decided to keep an eye on the individual with the M79 the next time we were going to fire into vegetation. Marcus and I felt that we pretty much knew what was happening.

Not much time passed before we had another opportunity to employ recon by fire. Sure enough the man with the M79 ran about 25 meters to our rear, took cover, then fired one round. Before he could fire another Marcus and I hollered at him to get

on line with the rest of us. As he was approaching our position he stated that he felt the M79 was artillery and that he was to our rear supporting us. Marcus, I and the others who heard this started laughing. I told the individual, if we need artillery we will call for it. I couldn't stop laughing. All of us would start laughing again in a about a minute.

Once the individual was on line with the rest of us, Marcus and I thought he would have enough sense to use canister rounds or not fire at all. Oh well, we were wrong. The M79 was fired, out came an HE projectile, which landed short, about 15 meters from us. Marcus and I turned towards the individual and were angry enough to wrap the M79 around his neck! We were about to give him holy hell. Instead we started laughing again. The individual was standing and holding the M79 in his left hand with his head down cast. Coming from his lower lip was a very small stream of blood. He was moving his tongue along the inside of his lower lip then spit some blood and a small fragment from the HE round into his cupped right hand. We could not stop laughing. He was checked and found to be OK. In a few seconds all of us would laugh again. The man had a lot of nerve. He asked, very seriously, if what had just happened qualified him for a Purple Heart. I swear an entire squad wound up on the ground in uncontrolled laughter.

Norman T. Nishikubo December, 1997

Where Were You... Thirty Years Ago?????

From: William C (Bill) Allison
Date: Mon, 21 Jul 1997

Subject: Remembering our year

Greetings from wet Alabama; thankfully most of the heavy rain from Danny stayed south west of Montgomery; however we should get a lot of rain today.

John, I like Colin Powell's Rules; someday he should serve us in a position of greater responsibility.

I would like to ask, "Where were you thirty years ago?" As this year goes along, I'll try to recall events that may be interesting to

the men we served with. This first input is purely personal but should help lay the foundation for what I'll try to recall in the coming months.

I graduated from the Infantry Officer Career Course at Fort Benning in May 1967 with two categories of students--those who already had a tour in Viet Nam and those on orders for one. During the Career Course, I was like a sponge trying to learn all I could from the combat experienced students who would spend hours talking with us; that was the less costly way to benefit from combat lessons learned.

The key lesson they taught us was to use fire power instead of man power when we could; they impressed upon us that the key to a successful command tour would be keeping our men alive. General DePue, who as a division commander in Viet Nam had a reputation for relieving battalion commanders who unnecessarily sacrificed men, drove that point home during his address to the class; his remarks helped to form the framework for the leadership style I tried to use during my tour with Charlie Company.

Then in July, I attended the Jungle Operations Course at the School of the Americas in the Canal Zone. That was a great 3 weeks of training in the jungle without hostile fire; but more importantly, the course was in route to Viet Nam. My tour started the day the plane left South Carolina for Panama. I really enjoyed the course which proved to be a refresher course for a lot of the patrolling techniques and tactics that I had been taught in Ranger School five years earlier. When the jungle course graduated on July 28, 1967, we were sent back to South Carolina where we were given travel orders that gave us 5 days to get to California. What an unexpected treat; a few extra nights at home with my tour days counting. People at home must have thought that I had gone AWOL since they had given me a big send off less than a month before. The thought of going AWOL did cross my mind, at least for a moment.

When I finally got on the plane headed for Viet Nam, the Army had prepared this Armor tanker as best it could for the Infantry tour ahead; but many, many doubts remained. Now it was going to be up to

me to apply the techniques that I had been taught, but I would soon find out that I would not have to do it alone; fortunately, I would be given the privilege of applying those techniques under the most able tutelage of Awb Norris, the best battalion commander serving in country.

There would be many times that I would question what I was asked to do and how I was to accomplish the tasks at hand, but I soon realized that our men on the ground had a true friend flying in that little bubble above any hot spot or standing tall in the middle of a fire fight. As expected, situations in Viet Nam did not fit any cookie cutter solution and everyday would bring its own challenges, but I soon learned to take one day at a time.

When I was taking command of Charlie Company, had anyone tried to tell me what the company would accomplish during the following months I would have said impossible. But by taking one day at a time we accomplished many difficult tasks in stride.

From: John J Eberwine
Date: Wed, 23 Jul 1997
Subject: I remember - 30 years ago

This is a follow up to Bill's question. Where were you, what were you doing and feeling?

I was 18 when I raised my hand at the induction center at 401 N Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania on 4/7/67 and was shipped to Ft Bragg, NC by cattle car (train). Thank God I was only 18, I'd have died of heart failure if older at the way they ran us around. Talk about tough drill Sgt's, our's made Attila the Hun look like "Betty Crocker" on a good day. (But I will admit, I've loved him every day since leaving Vietnam with my scalp on)

I must admit.....at 18....I didn't know anything at all about Vietnam. The summer before, after high school, I spent the summer working at the "shore" Ocean City, New Jersey. 18 years old and living at the shore by myself with 5 other guys, midnight parties on the dunes, walking on the moonlit sand at the waters edge with a "nubile" young maiden (or an occasional 20 year old, an "experienced older woman") What a life!

Prior to leaving for the shore (Philadelphia,

my hometown, was only 60 miles away, but to my parents, you'd have thought it was 3000 miles) I boosted my draft number, assuring that I'd be picked within the next 12 months. I come from blue collar parents and at that time, they were not pushing college, so it was get a job and get on with your life. So I decided to get the service over with by boosting the draft, still do only 2 years, but this way it'd be over before I started my life, not interrupt whatever I may be starting. All the guys in my neighborhood were getting drafted, so we knew it was only a matter of time.

Thank God.....for DI SSgt Billy R Stiggers (D 9/2) at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, he whipped us into some sort of rabble and then they shipped us off to Ft Polk, Louisiana, that's right. "Old Tiger Hill and Bong the Cong." We were so beat up and PO'd at the cadre, we would scream, "Send us to Vietnam, it can't be any worse than here! — Oh.....yes.....it.....could!!!!!"

14 Sep 67 - Landed in Camp Alpha (I believe it was called) in sunny SouthEast Asia, "Vietnam" the Paris of the Orient. First two experiences when the door of the plane opened, *Heat and Shit!*

If the excruciating heat didn't knock you off your feet coming down the steps, the overpowering smell of human excrement would do so. The third most vivid remembrance was the smell of kerosene burning more human excrement. Without a bullet being fired in anger at me, I thought... how the hell would I survive this?

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

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

Not only was Vietnam in the middle of *nowhere*, but Dau Tieng was *nowhere* in the middle of *nowhere*! Later I would actually love to hear the name Dau Tieng. It was home away from home, albeit for only 2-3 days out of every 50-60 days. Yeah!

Those legs units used to think they had it rough. *Picked up at their doorstep* in a \$2 million dollar helicopter, *with armed escorts*, whisked away to their AO, *gently* set down for an afternoon stroll, then picked up the next day, *to sleep in their air-conditioned hooches at night*. What a life those guys had!

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

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

30 Sep 67 - 16 days in country and I'm on a five (5) man beefed up LP (listening post) We're sitting up at a crossroads about 500 meters in front of the perimeter. Around 10-11 PM we hear sounds approaching on the road. My heart is beating so loud I know the Cong can hear it from 50 feet away. The Sgt in charge whispers that he'll throw a grenade to spring the ambush when they are in the kill zone, we should fire the claymores and throw grenades then fire the 60 and automatic rifles.

We wait.....then I hear the explosionand all hell breaks loose. Bullets cracking overhead, grenades exploding; I throw my 2 grenades and fire my rifle, I hear men crying.....*crying MOM!*

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

Charlie 6 (our CO)

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

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

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

Jackie Trosper, Larry Weinrick and I got to Vietnam within 4 days of each other. 12-15 Sep 67. **This was our....."Welcome to Vietnam!"**

From: Jerry Rudisill
Wed, 23 Jul 1997

Subject: Re: Remembering our year

Bill and John:

I will give this my perspective of what it was like for me at that time. This looks like a chapter 1, chapter 2 type of thing. Is that what you had in mind?

Anyway, chapter one:

After graduation from high school in June of 66, I worked in the woods all summer and started business school in September. The school was in downtown Portland, so I lived with an aunt and rode the bus to school each day. I remember the school was mostly young girls but it seemed like all

of them were engaged. I continued in school until February of 1967, when I received a student loan for the money that I had paid up front. I then went a little crazy for awhile. The school gave me the check on Friday night, that was the last day I went to school until I got out of the army.

Showing my maturity, I got a apartment in downtown Portland, in a building full of students that partied every night. Having a nice checkbook helped, but I was very popular for awhile and somehow I just never made it back to school. I guess this was a part of learning social skills. I partied every night and had myself quite a time. I remember that I lived on Pot pies and bread during this time. After about a month, I woke up one morning with a hangover, no job, no school, and had not talked to my parents for two weeks. My money was almost gone, and things did not look very good that day. Wondering how I was going to get myself out of this mess, I came up with a very logical plan. I called up and volunteered for the draft. It made perfect sense to me, 2 years instead of three, I could go now, and it gave me an out with school, my parents, and the apartment building. I then called the school and told them I had been drafted and was taking a leave of absence until I got out of the army, then the apartment manager, and then my Mom. Boy, was my Mom mad. I learned later that I did have other options, but it seemed like the right decision at the time.

I was inducted into the army in April of 1967, took my basic training at Ft. Lewis, WA, then on to Fort Polk, LA for advanced infantry training. Eighteen years old, full of John Wayne movies, in September of 1967, I arrived in VietNam. They shipped me to Cu Chi for orientation. We played poker, went on exercises to scare us and get us used to the climate and then we were assigned to our units.

I went to Company C 2/22, mechanized infantry, 25th division. Triple Deuce, Charlie company, in a base camp called Dau Tieng. I was assigned to the 3rd platoon, along with Ted Angus and Tom Bernardy. Our platoon Sgt. was Sgt. Kay, the squad leader was James Frost. I think Jim Nelson had been there about a week ahead of us. The platoon leader was Lt. Lashbrook, who had also just arrived. Bill Allison was the Company CO, and Awb

was the battalion CO. I did not know then what a lucky draw I made to have such fine commanding officers and leaders. I only know it was hot, this was war, and I wanted to make it back to the states.

enough for tonite...Jerry Rudisill

From: William C Allison

Date: Thu, 24 Jul 1997

Subject: REMEMBERING OUR YEAR

Awb, John and Jerry

Your most interesting messages make me believe that recalling our year may be a lot of fun and very worthwhile. How we came to be together thirty years ago, carrying our own baggage, provides an excellent point of departure for remembering and recording this most significant year of our lives. Our age at the time when duty called was the key factor that determined the role we each played.

John, your vivid description of the events of September 30th show many of the emotions and fears that our men went through every night that they were on ambush patrol or listening post. In Kissimmee, when you first told us the details of that night, I realized that there are many stories that need to be recorded. You don't know how many times I have thought about your description of the wounded man calling for his Mom.

To fill in some details of that night I pulled out some notes that may be of interest to you.

During the night of 30 September 1967, Charlie Company was responsible for the southern half of the battalion laager at coordinates XT523478, just three thousand yards east of the Dau Tieng base camp. The company had sent out two ambush patrols and three combat outposts; one OP was in front of each line platoon.

The second platoon's OP, which was manned by five men, was located along a major road leading to the laager site. A wire line of communications was established between the Second Platoon position and their OP; situation reports were made every thirty minutes.

During my meeting that afternoon with the

platoon leaders, I stated that if they had contact, I wanted the OPs to be prepared to inflict maximum damage on any enemy element before withdrawing. I also wanted them to be prepared to remain in position if they were hit by a small unit. A major error that may have contributed to this tragedy was the pressure that was being put on the battalion for a body count. We were even offering R&R to the first men who brought in a body count. With that focus, we may have made fatal mistakes in our judgement.

When Bravo Company's ambush patrol left the battalion position, it ran into defensive wires that had been left behind by units that had laagered in the area sometime earlier. Without coordinating a change in their route to their ambush position, their patrol moved along the front of our company defensive position; when they got to the road they turned east and walked into the our OP. At 11pm contact was made. John's recount of the contact fills in the details from this point.

The first day of October started off as a real downer: the company had suffered its first causality under my command; an incident report had to be filed and a letter of condolence had to be written. At my lowest point, a tall, young John Eberwine walks up to my track with a copy of the Prayer to St. Joseph that his Father had sent him. The night before had made John a true believer in the protective power of St. Joseph. I read and prayed John's prayer to St. Joseph; I carried the copy of the prayer in my billfold for years and have the original copy he gave me; I still believe in the power of John's prayer that he so willingly shared with many of our men through out the year. Believing in the protective powers of St. Joseph, helps me understand why several of us walked away from many situations that could have easily been fatal. John, thank your Father again for caring.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Royce O. Trosper

..... Corbin, Kentucky

It is with personal regret that I must inform you of the death of your son, PFC Jackie E. Trosper. Jackie was with members of his squad on a night combat outpost when they were mistakenly engaged by friendly forces. In the ensuing battle Jackie was fatally wounded.

Although Jackie was with Charlie Company only a short time he had adapted quickly to his new environment. He became a vital member of his squad and platoon, performing his duties with speed, accuracy and initiative.

As your son's commanding officer, I am proud to have served with him. You may be proud of him, knowing that he served his country in the highest tradition with honor and courage.

I sincerely hope you can find some measure of consolation in the fact that your sorrow is shared by members of his company who were closely associated with him. The battalion participated in a memorial service for Jackie on the morning of 3 October.

My profound sympathy is extended to you in your time of sorrow. May God be with you.

I remember that Jackie's sister wrote a member of the second platoon asking for an explanation of how he could have been killed by friendly fire, but I can not recall who wrote her back. I'm sure they still have questions.

John, your message brought up many memories of that night.

Jerry, thanks for the input. Well done.

Bill

Short Stories

Let's Negotiate A Cease Fire

I don't recall the area or the date. We were in the field though. I believe it was John Lewis and I, on LP assignment. The mortar platoon was in operation delivering harassing fire when John and I heard 2 funny sounding reports. In a few seconds 2 explosions occurred about 50 meters to our right and slightly in front. I got on the 'horn' to C6, who was Bill Allison. I asked 6 if the two rounds that just hit were ours or incoming. Bill replied that they were ours and were defective short rounds. I then stated to Bill, if that is the type of ammo we were using, could we negotiate a cease fire. Bill just chuckled.

Norman T. Nishikubo

August, 1997

TIGER ONE Fire Support Base Burt

Time: Afternoon of 01-01-68

We have just been briefed by the ambush patrol leader of our mission that night. I remember talking to him alone and recommending that we not go out on the patrol with standard armament. He asked why. I said think about what has been going on around here. I have a feeling we are going to get hit hard tonight. He thought about it then said what do you want taken tonight? I told him what I thought was needed. He then said, tell the others. I'll back what you say. I gathered the rest of the patrol and issued instructions that two 60s, a 90 recoilless, 6 frag grenades per man, 6 claymores and an M79 were to be carried that night. I also told them that a double compliment of ammo was to be taken. I was now receiving verbal abuse from one end to the other. Well, we came back with no claymores (we did not detonate them, artillery did with their fire) about 20 M60 rounds, no frag grenades, no M79 ammo, about 150 rounds of 16 ammo, and all of the 90 recoilless rounds. We also had a clip of 45 ammo. The 90 could not be fired because we were in a hole. The back blast would have injured one or more of us. Of course, if the 90 had been our last remaining resource we would have used it.

Time: Night of 01-01-68 & 01-02-68

Location: 800 meters south of FSB Burt
On Ambush Patrol.

After we had set up at our original position that night, at or around 10:30 P.M. an enormous amount of movement was taking place around our position. 'C' 6 was called and given our situation report. He instructed us to change our location and to take cover in one of the laterite pits which were near by. We were also told that rescue was not possible at the time. It was out of the question. What was going to happen very shortly was obvious. I remember that on the way to the pit I got tangled in a claymore wire. The men in back of me as well as I, felt it took a long time to get cleared.

Once we were situated in the pit I and one other patrol member saw about 20 to 25 enemy off to our right about 50 meters. I saw the other patrol member raise his 16 to fire. I whispered don't fire. Fortunately he

did not. I told Rivera to contact 'C' 6 and report the direction of movement for the group of enemy I had just seen. It was now about midnight. I went to the patrol leader and told him that we could not fire at every sound or shadow we thought we heard or saw because no resupply of ammo would be coming and that our only chance of survival would be to kill every enemy that saw us until daylight. All hell was starting to break loose. Both of us then talked to each patrol member and said don't fire unless you are positive that you will hit them. We also said once you see one of us has taken an enemy out, put grenades on them. I also told the patrol leader that I was going to be shoulder to shoulder with one of the 60 gunners to ensure proper timing of fire and that he better do the same with the other. Sam Favata was the first to engage and kill some of the advancing enemy on our position that night. I remember Sam saying, "Norm, they are coming." I said I see them. Don't shoot until I say so. Sam was getting anxious and so was I. The enemy group was about 20 to 25 feet from our position when I told Sam, now! The group of 4 NVA went down hard. Sam was told to keep the 60 pointing at the spot because I heard moaning. My 16 was also pointed at it. I told someone to put grenades on the location. None of us forgot to throw grenades the balance of the night. Incidents such as that just described took place all night. They were short, deadly encounters.

Time: Approximately 02:30 to 03:00 A.M.
01-02-68.

Location: FSB Burt Ambush Patrol.

At this time approximately 100 to 150 NVA and Viet Cong are all around our position. The patrol has killed at least 12 of the enemy. 'C' 6 is told of our situation. The decision to bring an air strike directly on our position is made. All in the patrol are told to get down and take as much cover as possible. At this time we all wished we had the ability to claw to China. The air strike occurs. I don't know how many of the enemy were hit by the strike. I do remember that massive amounts of movement near our position ceased. Six of the patrol members were wounded by our bombs. I was not one of them. As I recall I was the only one on the patrol hit by the enemy that night. The air strike rendered my M16 a pull bolt repeater. Once I had determined that my rifle's auto feed mechanism would not

function I gave the balance of my ammo to the rest of the patrol, except for two mags. I remained at Sam's side for about an hour and a half more. Then I told him that I felt our situation had calmed down quite a bit and was going over to Rivera so I could keep an eye on him. Sam said OK Norm, I know what to do. I said I know, you've done a good job. I got to where Rivera was and asked him how he was doing. He replied OK but that his arm was starting to stiffen. Rivera, as a result of the air strike had received a bad wound to his left arm. He thanked me for putting a battle bandage on it earlier. I said OK and that we were going to sit back to back the rest of the night. If they were going to get us we were going to take as many of them out as we can. This seemed to ease his mind a little.

Time: Approximately 04:00 A.M. until we were secured.

Location: FSB Burt Ambush Patrol.

The rate of contact with the enemy had been getting lower since the air strike. This trend continued until we were secured at daylight on 01-02-68. Around 04:30 A.M. I sensed a change around our position. Activity around us seemed to be almost nil. A feeling of relief came over me. I was now thinking we are going to get out of this situation alive. I told this to Rivera but it did not register. He was starting to go into shock. We had nothing with us to keep him warm so I kept talking to him. Just before the rescue team got to our location we could hear the tracks coming. So could an unfortunate VC. I am sure he was trying to get away from the tracks when he came upon our location. After seeing us he turned and started to run. I picked up Rivera's 16 and was going to shoot when Walters, 45 in hand, stood up and fired. The VC went down, shot in the head. Walters turned and asked me, "Norm did you see that?" I replied, "good shot cowboy!"

Time: 06:30 A.M. Approximate 01-02-68

Location: FSB Ambush Patrol.

Walters had just killed the last enemy that made contact with our patrol. The rescue element was on the scene. 'C' 6 was elated that we had pulled through. His smile went from ear to ear. Words of exuberance were coming from the patrol members. I was exhausted. I got to my feet and saw the carnage around me. As others gathered

enemy weapons I counted the enemy bodies. Eighteen enemy soldiers lay dead around our position. I know that we got at least twice that many. I said to myself what a terrible waste. However, I was glad to be alive.

Time: 07:00 A.M. Approximate.

Location: Our return to the logger.

As our patrol crossed the battalion logger line everyone was looking at us wondering how we survived. I saw the wreckage of several tracks and the duster. The perimeter line was littered with spent small arms cases. The ground was brass plated. I went to my track and said to the members of my squad who were present, "you guys had a pretty bad night". They looked at me and shook their heads yes. I seized the moment, returned the look, smiled, and said, "it wasn't too bad out there". I went inside the track, got some 16 ammo and mags, sat down at the side of the track and started filling the mags. Some time during the filling process I went to sleep. I remember someone saying we need to get him up. He needs some chow. Sutherland had fixed me a C ration pizza. Also, next to me, leaning against the track, was my new M16.

Norman T. Nishikubo August, 1997

Ever Hear of Dave Roever?

I went to a gathering of men on the Saturday before Palm Sunday in Vineland, New Jersey. I was asked to go by my friend and Doctor, who has kept me feeling pretty good since being diagnosed with chronic lung disease in May '89.

Turns out that it was a sort of ecumenical group of men who all shared one thing in common, How can we contribute to make this world a better place to live and raise our families.

The guest speaker was a fella named *Dave Roever* (pronounced "rever") who served in VietNam on a Navy gunboat running up and down the rivers in the Delta region.

Simply speaking, Dave was wounded so severely while when attempting to throw a grenade, it exploded next to his face, that

they just about gave up hope for him. He suffered such massive damage to his face, skull, arm, hand and fingers, that when they picked him up out of the water and poured him into a poncho liner, they weren't sure he was alive.

The ability this man has to make us laugh as he recounted his situation and the months of operations and healing that he endured, gave testament to the fact that he believed in *Something*. In Dave's case it is his God that he feels looked over him and gave him the strength to carry on. Most of you probably know of my story with the St Joseph Prayer that Bill Allison tells. Each one of us needs to look inside and find that *something* that will allow us to carry on, to fulfill the life that we still have yet to live.

Reach Out for Help

For whatever the reason, WE DID come home, we did survive the War, now it's up to each of us to meet our potential. If you ever feel the need to just talk, please reach out to us. Bill Allison, Awb Norris, Jerry Rudisill, Norm Nishikubo, Jim Frost, Jim Nelson, John Miedema, Eric Opsahl, Gordon Kelley, Kenn Smith, Joe Kasparzk, Teddy Manley, John Clemente and I will surely make the time or attempt to get you in touch with someone else you wish to speak to. **Just don't hesitate!**

This about wraps up this edition of the *VietNam Triple Deuce* newsletter. As you can see, we need more men to contribute articles and stories. Also, please encourage your wife, girlfriend, etc to write about their feelings and experiences when attending a reunion.

I've got a million Norm Nishikubo stories, so if you don't contribute, that's what you'll get!!!!

Just a Reminder!

Don't forget your \$10.00 dues;
Don't forget look for orders, etc with men's names on it;
Don't forget to send me names of men you are looking for;
Don't forget the Spring '99 reunion in the Dallas/Ft Worth Area
Don't forget to order your Video Tape - See page 6.