

The VietNam Triple Deuce

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

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

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And Now is the End Near?

Ladies and gentlemen, I find that I no longer have the time to write most of the articles and stories for the newsletter, neither do I have the time to scrounge around trying to find items of interest.

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As you will read further in the newsletter, Norman Nishikubo also sends an appeal out to all to write your stories and put them into computer format and either e-mail them or send a disk to me. For those who do not have e-mail and must type them or handwrite them, send them directly to Norman and he will have his lovely bride transcribe them into computer format.

My life is just very demanding at this time with my little three year old Rosie and

trying to spend time with Cindy and the fact that 2 months ago my job became even more demanding. I do not have the free time I use to have.

Therefore, if you do not heed this warning, there will be a newsletter of perhaps 3 or 4 pages in the future and I sure don't think it will have the impact and enthusiasm that the other issues have had.

In times past, most of the stories were contributed by Charlie Company men from 2/22 because that's who I first found when I started locating men in May 1996. Well, we now have over 400 men on the mailing list, and only about 100+ are Charlie company men, so the rest of you have got to start sending stories that the men in your companies will appreciate.

If you send e-mail stories by attachment, you must send them to vietvetje@aol.com and please save them to WordPerfect format version 5.xx, 6.xx, 7.xx or 8.xx

Thank you - John Eberwine

22nd Infantry Reunion

As you will soon hear from Bob Babcock, the reunion that I was attempting to host in Atlantic City for October 2000 has not materialized due to the Casino filing Bankruptcy for reorganization and since they were entertaining offers from new investors who were discussing major changes to the hotel format, we could not confirm prices for rooms and meals, hospitality rooms and banquet rooms and availability, etc. Please keep an eye out for Bob's next 22nd Infantry newsletter for the details. John Eberwine

Norman Appeals for Help

Folks, hope you have noticed by now just how small this edition of the

VietNam Triple Deuce Newsletter is. (Editor's Note: Would have been if I hadn't dug up quite a few of old stories) The reason for its brevity is quite simple, lack of material. In other words John Eberwine can't publish what is not there. It just can't be done. Now I would be more that happy to just mail two page issues. This would sure make my job easier. However, I don't believe for a second that you want to make my job easier nor do you want two page publications that have no substance. Only you can solve the problem concerning a lack of material for the Newsletter. Only you can make sure the Newsletter contains substance. Without your input there is no Newsletter. I realize that the foregoing words don't apply to all of you. Some of you have done an outstanding job supplying material for the Newsletter. However, the vast majority of our membership has not. Things have not changed in thirty plus years. We still need each other to cover each other. In other words we still need each other in order for our Organization to survive.

After all of the hand written and type written articles that have been sent to John are converted to electronic format they will be published. This task is expected to be completed within the next sixty days. Once these articles are published and if no additional input for the Newsletter is submitted the well is dry. Simply put we are one Newsletter Publication away from no newsletter at all. I can not over state how important the Newsletter is to all of us. It is the glue that keeps us a Cohesive Organization. Without it we fracture and become lost. I don't believe that any of us want that to happen.

Articles for the Newsletter don't have to be about VietNam. I for one would like to read about the Pheasant Hunting in Kansas last October. You know, about missed shots because the birds were too far out. Then we could determine for ourselves if the hunters are just as bad at

shooting skills as they were thirty plus years ago smile. Significant Others, tell us some stories about life after VietNam. We would love to know that we have not changed in thirty plus years and continue to this day to make 'bone head moves'. I don't care what you write for the Newsletter, just write!!!

Norman Nishikubo

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Editor's Note: Norman has been responsible for mailing all the newsletters now for the better part of a year. This newsletter would have been less filling, however, Norm's wife type up stories and I dug back through old stories. He continually prods me to try to get one out every three months, although I slip frequently. **What we really need is reporters from each Company** - Alpha, Bravo, Charlie, Delta, HHC and Recon. These men would gather stories from within their companies and send, in computer format, to me for editing and producing in the newsletter.

Now that so many of us are on the computer e-mail circuit, this is not as impossible as it may have once sounded.

Thanks much!

On the Links!

Moses, Jesus, and an older, bearded man were out playing golf one day. Moses pulled up to the tee and drove a long one. It landed in the fairway but rolled directly toward a water hazard. Quickly, Moses raised his club, the water parted and it rolled to the other side, safe and sound.

Next, Jesus strolled up to the tee and hit a nice long one, directly toward the same water hazard. It landed directly in the center of the pond and kind of hovered over the water. Jesus casually walked out on the pond and chipped it up onto the green.

The third guy got up and sort of randomly whacked the ball. It headed out over the fence and into oncoming traffic on a nearby street. It bounced off a truck and hit a nearby tree. From there it bounced onto the roof of a nearby shack and rolled down into the gutter, down the

down spout, out onto the fairway, and right toward the aforementioned pond. On the way to the pond, it hit a little stone and bounced out over the water and onto a lily pad, where it rested quietly.

Suddenly, a very large bullfrog jumped up on the lily pad and snatched the ball into his mouth. Just then, an eagle swooped down and grabbed the frog and flew away. As they passed over the green, the frog squealed with fright and dropped the ball, which bounced right into the hole for a beautiful hole-in-one.

Moses then turned to Jesus and said, "I hate playing with your Dad."

The Groves Saga!

The following excerpts have been sent to me by Mike Groves - A 2/22 from 4/68-3/69. I have snippets from his entire year in VietNam, so I'll give you the ongoing story month by month:

31 March 1968 - When we left Oakland Saturday night at 12:30 I wasn't sure of where in Nam I was going. Now I know, at least for a while. We left on a Boeing 707 jet, all 166 of us, for Hawaii. We reached Honolulu at about 5:30 a.m. Sunday morning. We had a layover of four hours and we were loose to roam the island so long as we were back in time for departure. You can well imagine that there was not much stirring at that hour, so we walked up and down the beach of Waikiki till we found a restaurant where I had steak and eggs for breakfast. In a few more hours, I will be in bed at Bien Hoa, VietNam. This is where I am going. Our next stop will be Clark Field in the Philippines. Should be in VietNam 7:30 p.m. April 1st.

3 April 1968 - Well, I'm here in the land of the sinking sun as we used to say at Ft. Polk. I'm at a big camp called Long Binh or LBJ (that's ironic). I've been here two days and I'm awaiting my transportation to Cam Rah Bay where I'll be in another Replacement Company before being assigned. The camp is pretty large and I don't have much fear of Charlie as the base and country surrounding it is as secure as we can make it. The weather is hot and very humid. There's no jungle here, just hot, dry, very dusty plains. The dust is what I hate most. I can put up with the heat because it's similar to the heat we have in July and

August. The dust lies on the ground about an inch and a half thick, with the constant breeze blowing, it gets everywhere. The food is good, even compared to that I received at bases in the states. I was surprised that we are still served milk and it's served cool. The water here tastes as if it came from a swimming pool. Highly chlorinated.

6 April 1968 - I'm now with the 25th Infantry Division. I haven't been assigned to a company or job yet, but I'll let you know as soon as I can. Good news, I've made PFC and will probably make SP4 or E4 in six months (you are supposed to be one to be an A.P.C. driver). Now, I'm at Cu Chi, a few miles from Saigon.

9 April 1968 - I'm still in Cu Chi, but have been assigned to a mechanized Infantry unit which is located in or near Dau Tieng. This area is around the Iron Triangle, Boi Loi woods and other areas that were so active during the Tet offensive. At the moment, I'm getting five more days of training in the things I was taught at Fort Polk. It's this division's policy to give the training to all personnel regardless of their previous training. It's still very hot and dusty. The temperature is about 105 more or less and it's 11 a.m. We are in the spring, just at the end of winter. The monsoon starts the latter part of April, picks up in May and continues until about November. That's a lot of rain, huh? Also, it rains on the average of twenty hours a day so. These people look about thirteen and fourteen years of age and I'm apprehensive of them. They won't quite accept you. (While in Cu Chi, my friend John Caldwell and I were laying in our cots one evening when into the tent walked two guys. I believe they were with the Wolfhounds. They had on dirty fatigues, M16 magazines stuck in their helmet, grenades hung on their webgear. John and I looked at each other and I know we thought to ourselves, Man, these are old pros. They looked at the two of us and asked us to what units we were being assigned. I replied Alpha 2/22, John replied Charlie 2/22. The two old timers looked at me and said, "Man you're going to a tough outfit, they are always in the thick of things." Looking at John they replied, you should do well, Charlie is not always in the thick as much. When they left, John looked at me and *saluted*. (This would have special meaning later on.)

12 April 1968 - I'm writing to let you know my new address. A Company 2nd Battalion, 22nd (Mech.) Infantry, APO San Francisco 96268. I want you to know that I'm in a company that is considered to be the best in the battalion. I might as well tell you now because you'll eventually find out anyway. This isn't a non-combat unit. It has quite a few medal holders and is considered to be quite an honor company. I don't have any fear. (not much) because I believe with you praying for me. I've got an awful lot pulling for me.

15 April 1968 - I told you in my last letter that I was in a combat outfit? Well, I was at our base camp (Dau Tieng) for only one day when we were shipped out to the field where the rest of the unit is. We got to the company in the evening around five o'clock. Good thing for us. Alpha Company had been in a firefight all day long. They had something like 38 casualties. That's quite a few. My new job is gunner on the .50 mounted on the track. This is much better than the driver. I'll be in the field for quite a while, how long, I don't know. The company has been out for three weeks already. However, I believe we'll be out for only another week or so. Don't worry too much about me. Before long the rainy season will start and we'll be pulling road security. Many people have told me that this is one of the easiest jobs over here. (In this letter home, I did not tell the whole story.) We traveled in a deuce and half from Cu Chi to Dau Tieng. On arrival, a first sergeant greeted us and asked what companies we were assigned. As we all shouted out the companies, the sergeant said to forget all that. We were now assigned to Alpha Co. We were to head over to the supply sergeant, draw weapons and ammo and be ready to move out as replacements for Alpha. As I mentioned earlier about John Caldwell, I looked over at him and now it was my time to *salute* him. We loaded onto a Chinook helicopter and flew to the location of Alpha Co. As we got near the location, F4 Phantoms were still dropping napalm and bombs. The Captain was waiting for us with his platoon leaders, distributing us to individual platoon leaders as we came out. They started loading body bags as soon as we were out of the Chinook. Placing his hand on my shoulder, the Captain (nicknamed Big Red) pointed me toward the third platoon leader. As I reached out to shake his hand,

something hit the lieutenant in the head and he fell down. The Captain pointed in the area where the track I was being assigned to was and said to keep my head down and get over there as quickly as possible. When got to the track, there were only three guys left. They hardly acknowledged me as I introduced myself. All three looked like in some kind of shock and or exhaustion. The inside of the track was a shambles. Empty and opened .50 cal cans everywhere. The inside of the track had blood and bits of brain splattered everywhere. I remember thinking to myself, My God, how am I ever going to survive a year in this place. After setting up a logger that night, they had me pull first watch sitting in the .50 turret. I heard some funny hollow sounding "thump" "thump" sounds. Leaning my head down in the track, I asked "Hey, what's that sound?" They hollered out incoming, told me to get my ass inside. Naturally, I jumped out of the hatch, off the top of the track, and ran around to the back where I pounded on the door to let me in. They naturally had a few comments about me not dropping down through the hatch. My first lesson, I had a long way to go. The next night, we elevated the track on a mound of dirt. Emptied everything out of the track, took out the floor plates and washed everything down with a couple of gallons of wintergreen disinfectant.)

20 April 1968 - So far, we haven't had any enemy contact. Yesterday we broke through seven miles of torturing jungle to reach a spot at the bottom of a mountain (Nui Ba Din). When we broke out of the jungle, we came upon a road we were supposed to travel down. We sent men out to sweep for mines, but unfortunately, one mine was missed and a track ran over it. The driver and machine gunner were blown clear from the force of the explosion. Luckily, they experienced small injuries. A split second later, the track erupted into a roar of flame. This episode has made the war more of a reality to me. We're going into base camp to be re-supplied so we can go out on another mission. It seems I'll be out in the field on operations more than I will be in camp. The field isn't too bad, we get one hot cooked meal a day and in the evening, believe it or not, we get soda in cans, and ice sometimes. The only bad thing I can think of as far as being in the field is I

don't get to take a bath very often. Water is kind of hard to get.

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Editor's Note: Mike has been a man on a mission. He has located so many Alpha Company men that he field his own battalion. Many thanks to Mike for his dedication to the cause and to his written contributions

God's VietNam Veteran

When the Lord was creating VietNam Veterans, he was into His 6th day of overtime when an angel appeared. "You're certainly doing a log of fiddling around on this one."

And God said, "Have you seen the spec's on this order? A Nam vet has to be able to run 5 miles through the bush with a full pack on, endure with barely any sleep for days, enter tunnels his higher ups wouldn't consider doing, and keep his weapons clean and operable. He has to be able to sit in his hole all night during an attack, hold his buddies as they die, walk point in unfamiliar territory known to be VC infested, and somehow keep his senses alert for danger. He has to be in top physical condition, existing on c-rats and very little rest. And he has to have 6 pairs of hands."

The angel shook his head slowly and said, "6 pair of hands no way."

"It's not the hands that are causing me problems ... it's the 3 pair of cys a Nam vet has to have."

"That's on the standard model?" asked the angel.

The Lord nodded. "One pair that sees through elephant grass, another pair here in the side of his head for his buddies, another pair here in front that can look reassuringly at his bleeding, fellow soldier and say, "You'll make it....." when he knows he won't.

"Lord, rest, and work on this tomorrow."

"I can't," said the Lord. "I already have a model that can carry a wounded soldier 1,000 yards during a firefight, calm the fears of the latest *New*

Guy and feed a family of 4 on a grunt's paycheck."

The angel walked around the model and said, "Can it think?"

"You bet," said the Lord. "It can quote much of the UCMJ, recite all his general orders, and engage in a search and destroy mission in less time than it takes for his fellow Americans back home to discuss the morality of the War, and still keep his sense of humor."

"This Nam vet also has a phenomenal personal control. He can deal with ambushes from hell, comfort a fallen soldier's family, and then read in his hometown paper how Nam vets are baby killers, psychos, addicts, killers of innocent civilians."

The Lord gazed into the future and said, "He will also endure being vilified and spit on when he returns home, rejected and crucified by the very ones he fought for."

Finally, the angel slowly ran his finger across the vet's cheek, and said, "There's a leak... I told you that you were trying to put too much into this model."

"That's not a leak," said the Lord. "That's a tear."

"What's the tear for?" asked the angel.

"It's for bottled up emotions, for holding fallen soldiers as they die, for commitment to that funny piece of cloth called the American flag, for the terror of living with PTSD for decades after the war, alone with its demons, with no one to care or help."

"You're a genius," said the angel, casting a gaze at the tear.

The Lord looked very somber, as if seeing down eternity's distant shores... "I didn't put it there," He said.

Editor's Note: Contributed by Dave Gehl
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Another New Find

From: dwcarey@email.msn.com
(Dwight S. Carey) A/2/22/25 8/70-12/70
To: vietvetjje@aol.com (Eberwine, J.
(C/2/22/25)

Glad to hear from you - sounds like most of you were earlier in 'Nam than I was. We

"Stood Down" the 2/22 around Nov-Dec, 1970. I was sent to 101st as a LRRP after that. Lots of guys got early-outs after 25th was sent home. I got the full 12 months.

Great guys in the 2/22 (Mechanized) - Captain was a red-hair, had a bounty on his head - don't remember his name. My records are not handy, but I'm pretty sure it was 'A' company.

Yes - send me any information on the unit!
! - Thanks

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Cruciano's Story

From: "Pat Cruciano"
phcruciano@rcn.com
To: "John Eberwine"
<vietvet222@juno.com>
Date: Sat, 2 Oct 1999 22:15:16 -0700
Subject: A 2/22 story

John:

A short story for the next newsletter:

One night in July or August '67, C/2/22 was laagered in the Ben Cui rubber plantation southwest of Dau Tieng. We got the word to move out - most ricky-tick when Bravo Company (I think) came into contact with an NVA Company to the west of the plantation. Being relatively new to 2nd Platoon (I had spent 3 months with A/1/5 in the Ho Bo woods and Trang Bang-Go Dau Ha corridor prior to being infused into Chargin' Charlie, and didn't appreciate having to go through the 'new guy' experience all over again) I had the privilege of riding down inside the track and loading M-16 magazines as fast as my shaky hands would allow. As was often the case, our worthy adversaries were waiting in ambush for us along route 236. Fortunately, we busted through the ambush without any track hits or casualties. I'll never forget, however, looking up through the hatch just as an RPG flamed over us. I'm still checking my shorts over that sight!

By the time we reached Bravo the NVA had broken off contact and had headed for Nui Ba Den. We dismounted (I never knew why) and pursued them on

foot under the light of arty flares. We had been humping hard most of the day and were pretty worn out. As the flares waxed and waned we stopped and started every few minutes under the Monsoon drizzle. During these frequent stops, some guys were sitting down, and of course some dozed off. I'm sure I fell asleep while standing up at least once. The sitting was soon outlawed when we had to backtrack to find a trooper who zzeed out and wasn't missed for several minutes after the next flare allowed us to move out. And even then, he forgot his M-16 and we had to hold up again while his team backtracked to find it. Eventually we mounted up again and laagered near the base of the famed Black Virgin Mountain (who will ever forget Nui Ba Den?). 2nd Platoon spent the rest of the night hauling fuel in 55 gallon drums from the POL dump in Tay Ninh to the laager site. I'm sure you recall how one of our worst fears was taking an RPG in the fuel tank of a track and becoming a Crispy Critter. You can imagine how high our pucker factor was as we rode atop tracks loaded with hundreds of gallons of fuel!

The next day we were positioned around the southeast base of Nui Ba Den as air strikes worked over the NVA who had holed up in caves on the mountainside. (By the way, there's a picture of this situation in the 1967 Tropic Lightning yearbook; I'll be sure to bring my copy to Atlantic City next year.) We watched in amazement as the jets dropped napalm on the cave entrances, to be followed shortly by NVA emerging once again from the caves to fire upon us.

Now for the point of my story. I was lying behind a low berm, shoulder to shoulder with Bill Rabbit (a great guy and a hardcore trooper) on my left. Suddenly we were startled by the sound of a bullet whistling between our heads. As we hunkered ever lower behind our scant cover, Bill looked at me and said, "Toto, I have a feeling we're not in Kansas anymore." I'll never forget that moment.

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Jeff Condit Remembers.....

Date: Wed, 24 Mar 1999

Where to begin? I don't know how else to approach this but to start at the beginning and try to remember as I go. I know that I'll leave out some significant actors and events but I'll try to list what were to me memorable experiences. Some of you will hopefully be able to relate to one point or the other. I arrived in-country mid November, 1967. I remember arriving with Loveless, Mock and Hildebran among others. I was immediately assigned to C company and later, to the 2nd platoon and, I think, the 2nd squad. As best as I can recall, Lt Kelly was the platoon leader, David Ditch the platoon Sergeant and Captain Allison the Company Commander (at least that was the triad in place during my early months). During my brief stay back in Dau Tieng (before going to the field) I remember meeting Staff Sergeant Fitzpatrick; he was an "old timer" and someone I remembered as being approachable and helpful (toward us new guys). It was sometime soon thereafter that I learned of his involvement in the ambush that netted 7 enemy dead. (Being new in country I, for a long time, thought that 7 KIA was kind of the norm to shoot for on an ambush patrol! I soon learned what a true feat that was).

I'll never forget the helicopter ride to the field. I remember peering out the window and seeing unending jungle cover with a tiny hole cut in it. I initially thought the hole to be one of the bomb craters I'd seen from the plane days before. But as the Chinook descended I could see a pattern inside the hole (APC's on the edge, smoke from small fires) and subtle movement within. It soon became evident that the movement was soldiers. I remember feeling frightened and having the thought that this was "it"; I had been sent to a place that I couldn't--by myself--escape from. I think that that was the only time in my life that I had that awareness. I was stuck. Once on the ground I remember the cat calls of "short" from different directions. I didn't look toward any of the callers.

I do remember looking at other soldiers and being struck with how old, dirty and serious they looked. Next, we were pointed in a direction by someone and I remember a long trek from the chopper to wherever we were sent. We stood out with our pale complexions, new green fatigues and, I think, a tentativeness to our movements. I remember being

greeted by Lt Kelly (I think) who welcomed us in a serious, no nonsense way. He was another reminder of the gravity of the situation.

My next memory was hours later going out on my first ambush patrol. (I think that I was on several ambush patrols out of this laager. Details of each have pretty much gotten mixed together). I do know that on my very first ambush I was tasked with putting out a claymore (*mine*) which I think I did right. (I was later admonished by a soldier who had provided me cover for not taking my weapon with me to the claymore site).

Right after putting my claymore out I looked up and saw the silhouette of a human against the night skyline. I was petrified. This wasn't covered in AIT. The figure moved slowly toward me and I whispered, "Who's that?" No response. The figure kept coming and I asked the same question several more times until our noses were 6 inches apart. It was then that I realized it was a Hispanic soldier who was as "green" as I was. He had put his claymore out and wandered in my direction (or I in his). I don't think that he understood my English very well and, therefore, never answered me. (I am sure that had this happened months or even weeks later one or the other of us would've been shot). (I have to stop...hope to finish later).

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From Awb Norris

For those of you who may not know who Awb Norris is, he was the Battalion Commander of the 2nd 22nd Infantry from September 1967 til the end of February 1968. He and Bill Allison bugged me to death in March 1996 to go to my first reunion, so without Awb, I'd probably not be as involved.....Thanks Awb!

I received this short e-mail message from Awb about July 4, 1999, just after the Dallas Reunion.....John Eberwine

.....The newsletter was the same....outstanding. Nicely done for sure. Thanks for all the time and effort you put into the newsletters. A very fine publication. You gentlemen are well

organized now and I know the list of members and new finds will "Triple" this year. Good work.

I fumbled for weeks coming up with something to forward to you for the newsletter. After much rambling, I came up with only a few lines....didn't send, but....You can't imagine the tremendous pride that I felt during the reunion to see such fine gentlemen who proudly served their country in VietNam. You're now 'distinguished' in every respect, both in the military and in your life after VietNam. I looked into those faces....slightly older...but saw the same dedication and enthusiasm now that you had in VietNam. Tremendous as always. Thanks for being the best.

After looking at this, I remembered a part of your newsletter which said one way to honor those who did not return to their families and loved ones was to, "Be the Best you Could Be"....or to that effect. I felt that you gentlemen had definitely done just that. The best....then and now.

My love to all on this great day in history. Hope all is going great. Back later. Awb

Also, my plaque from the Triple Deuce is firmly planted on the wall by my computer. Never fail to view that many times a day. A treasure for me. My sincere appreciation.....Keep charging.

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The Bible Saves

From: "Andrew Alday"
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Date: Thu, 7 Oct 1999
Subject: The Bible as a weapon !

An elderly woman had just returned to her home from an evening of religious service when she was startled by an intruder. As she caught the man in the act of robbing her home of its valuables, she yelled, "Stop! Acts 2:38!" (...turn from your sin...)

The burglar stopped dead in his tracks. Then the woman calmly called the

police and explained what she had done. As the officer cuffed the man to take him in, he asked the burglar, "Why did you just stand there? All the old lady did was yell a scripture at you."

"Scripture?" replied the burglar, "She said she had an AXE and two 38's!"

A Firefight..A Pilot...A Hero!

This next story was sent to me over 2 years ago, and has been published in other publications. This coming January 1, 2000 marks 32 years from the Battle for Fire Support Base Burt - Enjoy!!!

From: "Wayne R. "Crash" Coe"
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Sun, 13 Apr 1997 12:51:36 -0400

Received: from blackhawk

To: "John J. Eberwine"

<vietvet222@juno.com>

Date: Sun, 13 Apr 1997 09:48:07 -0700

Subject: New Story Soui Cut (a.k.a. Fire Support Base Burt)

John,

I have wanted to write this story for some time. David Warden kept a journal and this story is right out of the journal. I usually like to make a very rough cut of a story, and then add as much detail as I can find. I need the ground commanders call sign and I need the radio operators number, and any thing else you can remember. I may also have a picture of the shot down gunship.

You can put this story out and see if we can find the grunt that was guiding us in that night, anything that would be helpful. (Editor's Note: The grunt (hero) was found less than one year ago - Medic Steve Borchert)

I have the aircraft number, because we had to fix the bullet holes, and I have the names of the Stinger crew to add to the story. Doc is going to be here on the 24th so I will get his perspective captured as well.

I think it is about time to go to China town for some dim sum, and of course, some Chinese Beer 85 wish you were here.

Crash

Soui Cut

The Battle for Fire Support Base Burt
January 1-2, 1968

I loved the view from the top of Nui Ba Dinh. You could see the lights from the far away cities. And I loved the challenge of a perfect pinnacle landing. In the early evening, just as the sun drops below the horizon. It was my last stop. I could go back to Tay Ninh for the nights festivities at the club. It was amazing how fast they could get the cases of Champaign off my helicopter.

Tonight would be great fun, Captain David R. Warden our Flight Surgeon, would be on the courier from Cu Chi, and would be staying in the guest quarters, I loved flying with Doc and we had flown a lot of missions together. Doc is the greatest story teller of all time, and tonight I would get a double dose, staying up late for New Years stand down.

I was the last bird in that night and after fueling and a quick stop at the arming pits for some linked 7.62 for the M-60's, I put my D-model in the revetments, and started the hike to the operations tent, walking right past the mortar watch ships, WO Bill Britt saying something is cooking down at fire support base Burt, and they were on alert. Bill Britt, Frenchy Gibault, what a team.

I find Doc and we start cooking a steak, out on the grill set up behind the Officer's club. I liked it when the army made an attempt during the holidays. Almost anything was better than C-rations. The party had started before Doc and I got there and seemed to be in full swing by the time we sat down to eat our steak. WO Jim Conde could get anything, these steaks were proof. I looked up to Jim, a special forces type that went to flight school, he could speak the local language and he knew people in low places, if you know what I mean.

The party was a success, we watched a movie, heard and told some great stories (all true of course) and I headed off for bed, hoping the tent had cooled down enough to be able to sleep in. I walked over with Doc to find him a Cot in the tent we kept for visiting crews, and on my way back was stopped by the on duty orderly.

Mr. Coe find your Doctor friend and get to operations now. I thought, what kind of silly bull (s..t!) is being pulled now by one of my more than slightly inebriated flying buddies. So rather than wake up the Doc, I walked over to the Operations tent and a very serious Major Bauman looks up

and says "where is your Flight Surgeon." Well, I started to speak and he cut me off, "get him now, and get back here as fast as you can, your crew has been sent for, hurry."

Doc was still awake, he jumped in his boots and grabbed his gear and out the tent flap in one move. For a huge airborne ranger, Doc moves so well, the word would be graceful, if not applying to 250 pounds of raw muscle and brains. My (stuff) is in the tent and we both double time over to it and double time to the operations tent.

Major Bauman looked very unhappy, he was gruff when he was happy, he looked sinister tonight. "Men I have a bad job for you two tonight. Mr. Coe you are my only sober pilot, and Captain Warden, I have to send you as the Co-pilot, I have no one else to send." I looked at Doc and he smiled at me.

I knew he was up to it what ever it was, I think the word is fearless. "the medevac choppers from the 54th are having problems getting in to Fire Support Base Burt. Our boys need ammo and medevac, I am sending a fire team to cover you in and out, it looks bad down there."

We were taken to the revetment by Jeep and my crew had the bird untied and ready to rock and roll, we were airborne in minutes. First stopping by the ammo bunkers and taking a full load of ordnance. As my heavy helicopter staggered for some altitude, I noticed just how black it could be in VietNam, and started to fly on my instruments, tuning my radios to the Ground FM, the FAC (Forward Air Controller) on VHF and my company UHF. "Blackhawk 54 inbound with a load of ordnance, where do you want it, over." No response. We must be too far out for them to hear us, and I pulled a little more pitch and grabbed some more altitude to help with the radio.

I was busy flying, I could hear the gunships on Victor and I could hear fast movers on Uniform, no grunts on Fox-trot. Doc keys his mike "good night, look at the fire fight going on out there." In the inky darkness was the fountain of horror, a full fledged fire fight, tracers coming in, tracers going out, explosions, fire, it looked like a real mess down there.

Bullets ricocheting at every angle, I knew our Mech men were fighting for their lives down there, and

they would be needing our ammo and medevac now. I ask the FAC for the ground frequency and he gave it to me.

"Ground control Blackhawk 54 over" I could hear the din of battle behind a voice on the radio. "Blackhawk 54 we are under heavy attack and are requesting you stand by, say again ordnance on board." "Roger Ground, I have 105 Beehive and a Doctor." After a moment of silence ground comes back on the radio "it is too hot to land now, but we urgently need your load."

I don't hear the Rat Pack, so I call the Stinger gunships, "Stinger lead, Blackhawk 54, over," "Stinger go ahead" "I have 105 beehive and a Doctor on board can you get us in?" "If you want to go in there we will escort you in, what is your location?" "Blackhawk 54 is North West 5 miles out." "Roger Blackhawk come to the south end of Burt, we will pick you up and escort you in, but there is a lot of fire down there so make it a fast approach." We fly south of Burt and I can see the gunships coming out to get us. I start the 120 Knot approach, at first going past the gun cover, but then as I start to flair they are by my side, mini guns roaring, low level insanity. I can't see a *(expletive deleted)* thing with all the smoke and flares competing with the tracers. I see a lone trooper standing with his arms over his head, guiding me in, exposing himself. **(Editor's Note: the man guiding them in was Combat Medic Steve Borchert)**

The bravery of the men on the ground chokes me up. I am guided to a spot with wounded men, Doc is out of his seat on the ground, doing the much needed triage, so we can take the worst hit out and hope to save them. Men come from the dark and take the Ammo off, the volume of fire in the perimeter is intense, I am taking hits, it will only be a matter of time and this helicopter will never fly again, Doc has his load and is back in the right seat, I call coming out, and look up to see a pair of gunships covering my ass coming out. We are low level in the dark with a load of men, all severely wounded, Doc says "I had better get busy," and jumps over the console and starts taking care of the men.

I fly directly to the 12th evac pad in Cu Chi. I call Bill inbound with wounded. Nice to hear a familiar voice on the radio. I wondered if he ever slept, he was always there when I needed him. He

will expedite the unloading of our wounded. Best Pad Man in VietNam.

Cu Chi tower clears me direct to the Medevac Pad and I come in hot flaring sideways to clear the tail boom, and I am almost down and on jumps Big Bill and he takes charge. Bill strips off the loaded weapons and explosive devices, gently lifting the men on to stretchers waiting by the open door. Bill does his work like a mad man, but every move is practiced. Bam, Bill hits me on top of my helmet to tell me he is jumping off and I can pull pitch. Total time on the pad maybe two minutes, but probably less.

We lift to a high hover and ask tower for permission to go to the ammo bunkers, and they clear us direct. The ammo humpers know what is going on and have our load waiting, we watch them put it on in the aircraft, then a quick call to the tower and we are staggering into the air again. We have enough fuel, and I would like to be light going in, to help with the control of the aircraft down low behind the perimeter of Burt.

Doc and I start to hear the radios first, things are bad...looks like one of the gunships is down, in the dark. *(Expletive deleted!)* I see the fast movers (*jets*) laying down Napalm, lights things up, kind of pretty, and deadly at the same time. I can not see Burt yet, but the fire works were spectacular coming from a concentrated spot on the horizon. As we get nearer we call the ground and ask for status, they wave us off, too hot. *(Expletive deleted)*..... now fuel was a problem.

It took a few minutes to find a gun team, they had one down, and were pissed off big time. I think they would have escorted me into hell if I had ask. They called the fire and I made the approach, we turned this one around in seconds, not one mistake, in and out. I called Big Bill and Doc went to work in the back.

Doc and I flew all night, and in the morning we landed by the shot down stinger gunship so Captain David Royal Warden Jr. MS could perform his duties as a flight surgeon and issue a cause of Death for the crew. The men in the stinger gunship had been burned very badly by the fire, I know it was a shock to Doc, his whole demeanor changed. Fight all night and then in the morning perform autopsies on the men who had been covering your ass all night, is a tough one.

Doc and I flew into Burt numerous times, but what we really remember is the aviators we lost, not the men we saved.

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Blackhawk54 - 187th

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Fish Tales

From: "Dick Nash"

Date: Tue, 5 Oct 1999 14:41:09 -0500

An atheist went fishing by himself in a small row boat. He was having no luck at all when the Loch Ness Monster explodes out of the water and inhales him, boat and all. Floating around in the monstrous belly the atheist starts calling out:

"Oh Lord God Almighty, save me from this dreadful beast."

Suddenly time and motion freezes, and a booming voice comes down to him:

"I thought you didn't believe in me?"

The atheist replies,

"No sir, I didn't, but until about thirty seconds ago I didn't believe in the Loch Ness Monster either."

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Hanoi Jane to be Honored?

(Editor's Note: This was sent to Dick Nash by a friend of his. Dick e-mailed it to me. I can not vouch for the accuracy and content of what's written...I am just passing it along.)

From: "Dick Nash"

<nash222@netins.net>

Date: Tue, 12 Oct 1999 14:48:09 -0500

Subject: Hanoi Jane

Sorry, but important to 58000+ friends of mine on a Wall in D.C. The info was sent to me by another friend. Dick Nash

Hanoi Jane to be Honored?

I don't usually get cranked up over these things, but this is an exception. Read the stories below and send this to as many people as you can think of. Maybe if it goes around the world, it will have some effect.

Looks like Hanoi Jane may be honored as one of the "100 Women of the Century". JANE FONDA remember? Unfortunately many have forgotten and still countless others have never known how Ms. Fonda betrayed not only the idea of our "country" but the men who served and sacrificed during VietNam. There are few things I have strong visceral reactions to, but Jane Fonda's participation in what I believe to be blatant treason, is one of them.

Part of my conviction comes from exposure to those who suffered her attentions. The first part of this is from an F-4F pilot. The pilot's name is Jerry Driscoll, a River Rat. In 1978, the Commandant of the USAF Survival School was a former POW in Ho Lo Prison-the "Hanoi Hilton". Dragged from a stinking cesspit of a cell, cleaned, fed, and dressed in clean PJ's, he was ordered to describe for a visiting American "Peace Activist" the "lenient and humane treatment" he'd received. He spat at Ms. Fonda, was clubbed, and dragged away. During the subsequent beating, he fell forward upon the camp Commandant's feet, accidentally pulling the man's shoe off- which sent that officer berserk.

In '78, the AF Col still suffered from double vision (which permanently ended his flying days) from the Vietnamese Col's frenzied application of wooden baton. From 1983-85, Col Larry Carrigan was the 347FW/DO (F-4Es). He spent 6 years in the "Hilton"- the first three of which he was "missing in action". His wife lived on faith that he was still alive. His group, too, got the cleaned/fed/clothed routine in preparation for a "peace delegation" visit. They, however, had time and devised a plan to get word to the world that they still survived.

Each man secreted a tiny piece of paper, with his SSN on it, in the palm of his hand. When paraded before Ms. Fonda and a cameraman, she walked the line, shaking each man's hand and asking little encouraging snippets like: "Aren't you sorry you bombed babies?" and "Are you grateful for the humane treatment from

your benevolent captors?" Believing this HAD to be an act, they each palmed her their sliver of paper. She took them all without missing a beat. At the end of the line and once the camera stopped rolling, to the shocked disbelief of the POWs, she turned to the officer in charge...and handed him the little pile.

Three men died from the subsequent beatings. Col Carrigan was almost number four. For years after their release, a group of determined former POWs including Col Carrigan, tried to bring Ms. Fonda and others up on charges of treason. I don't know that they used it, but the charge of "Negligent Homicide due to Depraved Indifference" would also seem appropriate. Her obvious "granting of aid and comfort to the enemy", alone, should've been sufficient for the treason count.

However, to date, Jane Fonda has never been formally charged with anything and continues to enjoy the privileged life of the rich and famous. I, personally, think that this is shame on us, the American Citizenry. Part of our shortfall is ignorance: most don't know such actions ever took place. Thought you might appreciate the knowledge. Most of you have probably already seen this by now... only addition I might add to these sentiments is to remember the satisfaction of relieving myself into the urinal at some airbase or another where "zaps" of Hanoi Jane's face had been applied.

To whom it may concern: I was a civilian economic development advisor in Viet Nam, and was captured by the North Vietnamese communists in South Viet Nam in 1968, and held for over 5 years. I spent 27 months in solitary confinement, one year in a cage in Cambodia, and one year in a "black box" in Hanoi. My North Vietnamese captors deliberately poisoned and murdered a female missionary, a nurse in a leprosarium in Ban me Thuot, South VietNam, whom I buried in the jungle near the Cambodian border. At one time, I was weighing approximately 90 lbs. (My normal weight is 170 lbs.) We were Jane Fonda's "war criminals." When Jane Fonda was in Hanoi, I was asked by the camp communist political officer if I would be willing to meet with Jane Fonda.

I said yes, for I would like to tell her about the real treatment we POWs were receiving, which was far different from the treatment purported by the North

Vietnamese, and parroted by Jane Fonda, as "humane and lenient." Because of this, I spent three days on a rocky floor on my knees with outstretched arms with a piece of steel placed on my hands, and beaten with a bamboo cane every time my arms dipped. I had the opportunity to meet with Jane Fonda for a couple of hours after I was released. I asked her if she would be willing to debate me on TV. She did not answer me, her former husband, Tom Hayden, answered for her. She was mind controlled by her husband.

This does not exemplify someone who should be honored as "100 Years of Great Women." After I was released, I was asked what I thought of Jane Fonda and the anti-war movement. I said that I held Joan Baez's husband in very high regard, for he thought the war was wrong, burned his draft card and went to prison in protest. If the other anti-war protesters took this same route, it would have brought our judicial system to a halt and ended the war much earlier, and there wouldn't be as many on that somber black granite wall called the VietNam Memorial. This is democracy. This is the American way.

Jane Fonda, on the other hand, chose to be a traitor, and went to Hanoi, wore their uniform, propagandized for the communists, and urged American soldiers to desert. As we were being tortured, and some of the POWs murdered, she called us liars. After her heroes-the North Vietnamese communists-took over South VietNam, they systematically murdered 80,000 South Vietnamese political prisoners. May their souls rest on her head forever. Shame! Shame! (History is a heavy sword in the hands of those who refuse to forget it. Think of this the next time you see Ms. Fonda-Turner at a Braves game).

Please take the time to read and forward to as many people as you possibly can. It will eventually end up on her computer and she needs to know that "we will never forget". Lest we forget..."100 years of great women" Jane Fonda should never be considered.

I'm of the personal opinion that she should have been deported as "Undesirable" for consorting with the enemy. People who act like she did have no business living in the "Land of the Free!" I was too young to have served in Viet Nam, but I have the utmost respect

for those who did. Even though I feel that war was not a good decision, and one of the most stupid decisions ever made by our elected officials, I still support the people we sent to that God-Forsaken Country.

In the words of Paul Harvey, America, "now you know the rest of the story." ABC and Babs Walters will undoubtedly include "Hanoi" Jane in their televised celebration because their black souls are too hardened and too imbued with an anti-American sentiment to do anything else. And ultimately, they will all answer for what they have done in their lives. In the meantime, I don't plan on watching anything that has Jane Fonda's face anywhere near it. I won't buy her videos; I won't rent or go see her movies. As far as I'm concerned, she's already dead to me.

Whether or not you agreed with the war in VietNam, whether you're a VietNam vet or a former member of the protest movement, or whether you're too old or too young to have been there, the behavior of Jane Fonda towards our own military men is reprehensible beyond belief. All I ask is that you think about these accounts the next time you see her. Let your conscience guide your actions from there.

Battle of Soui Tre

Editor's Note: This was stored in my computer and I do not remember who sent it to me. It was definitely someone in Charlie Company 2/22 1st Platoon because their Platoon Sgt was Sammy Kay. Please let me know who sent this!

March 21, 1967 started like most. We went to 100% alert (Stand To) before dawn, then got ready for another day of patrolling. We had been doing this to the point, that the days seemed to run together. As it got light I noticed there was an overcast, so maybe it wouldn't be too hot. Our squad was nearly at full strength, with 8 men and 2 Combat Engineers attached. These 2 fellows were great, they stood watches with us and helped out wherever they could. As we started to move out, we could hear a battle going on in the opposite direction. As we took position near the end of the column we

couldn't find out any information as to what the battle was about. It didn't settle too well with the squad, to be driving away from a fight. Shortly the order came through to reverse direction and clear the trail so the two M48s could take the lead. While waiting we found out that the 3/22nd was engaged at Fire Support Base Gold (Suoi Tre) and we were going to help them. By now the battle had been raging for a half hour, so we figured that it was going to be over by the time we got there, as we had done so many times before. The jungle was very heavy and the tanks were very slow. We got a message that the situation at FSB Gold was critical and we were to bypass the tanks and make trail for them. Since we started at the rear, we were now near the front of the column. We moved around the tanks and formed a staggered column widening the track as we pushed ahead. We ran at full throttle, clipping a few inches off the trees to widen the path for the tanks. Our V8 Chryslers were turning at redline in 2nd gear (20mph) and we were falling behind. We tried 3-4 range but after an initial burst of speed we would slow and have to drop back into 1-2 range. We had been told that slow or disabled APC's would be left behind. Our transmission was weak, but the driver (Willie) managed to keep us in the race. The jungle was getting thinner and we could see light ahead. We took some small arms fire as we ran through the VC at the edge. We fired some to the flanks, but basically ignored the incoming and just swept on through. As we entered the clearing, I was struck by the sights before me.

Artillery was pounding the flanks to the East, while at the same time I saw F-100s strafing the North side. In the middle of all of this, helicopter gunships were also strafing! Normally the Air Force won't come anywhere near supporting artillery and the gunships stay clear of close air support. Not today! A water trailer flew by, streaming water like smoke. We pulled to the far edge of the artillery positions and stopped on line to dismount. I stopped the 2 Combat engineers and told them to stay on board and keep the .50 supplied. We had about 3,000 rounds of .50 but 600+ were in "spam cans". Spam cans were for quad 50s. They held 105 rounds, 5 too many to fit in a regular .50 ammo box. To compound the problem, the wrong end of the belt was on top! They had a key and

opened like a can of spam, unless the tab broke, which it usually did. For a quad 50 the "wrong end" of the belt was started into the magazine and the belt cranked in to load it. We used a P38 can opener to open the bottom of them then topped off our regular ammo cans. I hit the ground, with my fire team on the left front of the APC. When Crum (our gunner) would fire the muzzle blast rattled me so hard that I couldn't see. I finally backed up till I was slightly behind him. I couldn't get low enough, and decided that my ammo pouches were holding my posterior up too high. I unbuckled my web belt and pushed them to the side. With that part of my anatomy safe, I fired two 20 round magazines of grazing fire into the wood line. We were taking a lot of incoming, but I couldn't tell from where, nor did I know if any friendly's were in front of us. It was a gamble. A squad member ran over and flopped beside me. He wanted to know if my M16 had jammed. It hadn't and I had always claimed that a properly cleaned M16 would not jam. Little did they know how I despised that black piece of junk! He looked disappointed and told me his had. We laughed like two fools, while I got out my cleaning rod to clear the stuck case. It took several tries but we finally got it to fire a whole magazine without a jam. While doing this I noticed the two combat engineers popping up out of the cargo hatch with their M14s and firing. An artilleryman slid up beside me asking for 7.62 ammo. I apologized and told him that all we had was linked (for the M60 machine Gun). He didn't care, the choice was linked or none! The engineers threw out a case and off he went. He was back a minute later for grenades. Another case and off he went. There was a large sandbagged position to my left, and I could see what looked like 10 men frantically de-linking the 7.62 belts and loading M14 magazines. As fast as they would fill a magazine, two fellows would pop up with M14 Autos and empty them! They also went through that case of grenades as fast as they could open them. Two of them started forward but one stopped and turned around when his Sergeant demanded to know where he was going. He was explaining that there were still VC in a hole they had been trying to grenade. About then an RPD light machine gun peeked out of the ground and the soldier fell. I called for a medic

who came with another man from the squad to our right. No questions asked, Doc and his 'guardian' took off. As they ran to the fallen artilleryman, Doc emptied his .45 into a dead(?) VC. His 'guardian' stopped and looked, then shook his head and caught up with Doc. While Doc worked on the man the 'guardian' crawled over to the hole where two VC were hiding, and in a reverse move, pointed his M16 into the hole like a pistol and emptied it. He pulled the RPD out and came back with Doc. He was excited with his souvenir that he wanted to take home and asked me what it was. I told him it was an RPD and I doubted that they would let him take it home. I asked Doc about the fellow he treated. He said he thought he would be OK, but the kid was recently married and worried about his wound, the bullet exited just above his family planning. As for the .45 shooting, Doc explained he was taking no chances!

By now the rest of the APC's and tanks had caught up and were on line. I saw a blut come out of the woods and fly at one of the tanks. It bounce off the turret and sailed off into the woods to explode. The APC's started moving ahead on line. We got up to move alongside but the incoming was too heavy. Our squad and the one to the right of us were left behind. VC that were hiding in the many holes and folds of the ground started to get up and run. I laughed as one APC chased a VC. The .50 was firing away, but couldn't hit him as the APC bounded along. Finally the driver caught him.

As the incoming fire dropped off, our two orphaned squads got online and moved forward. We came across pieces of a quad .50. It had been overrun and as the VC tried to turn it around, a 105 howitzer took it out! Doc's 'guardian' had stayed with a friend in my fire team, and as we paused in a small ditch, I heard a shout to my left followed by the 'thump' of an M79. I checked and found that a VC and come around a corner in the ditch and nearly bumped into these two. The 'guardian' pulled his trigger, only to find out he was empty and let out the shout. My grenadier turned and fired his M79. Too close to arm, the half pound 40mm took off the VC's arm and most his right shoulder.

We passed through the overrun positions of the 3/22, then turned left and started checking bodies. No one knew how

to do that but we weren't taking blood pressure! We fixed bayonets and probed them. Finger on the trigger, safeties on Auto. We didn't run them through, just probed at sensitive spots to see if they flinched. At one point we came across a squad+ of VC, spread out evenly and on line. All were dead. We didn't look too closely but I guessed from the lack of apparent wounds, they had been cut down by a 105 beehive. I took an RPD from one and noticed that it was clean oiled and had never been fired. The squad leader spotted a 7.62 Tokarev pistol on one VC. He wanted it but was afraid of booby traps. I can't remember the Sergeants name, but he was a huge fellow with a Swedish name. He got the pistol out of the VC's hand, then took off running. When he reached the end of the lanyard the VC owner was snapped into the air like a puppy on a leash! We laughed till tears came.

The APC's returned, Pltn Sgt Kay was furious that we had stayed behind. We were furious that he had left us. He had called to mount up but we never got the word. My heart sank when I saw one of the combat engineers at the .50. Willie, the driver, wouldn't even look at me when I told him to drop the ramp. The inside was a shamble of casings, links, empty ammo boxes, spam cans and personal gear that had gotten in the way. In the front on the bench seat was Crum, pale white and without a helmet. I called Doc over. He checked him out and filled out a evacuation tag while I got the story from the combat engineers. As they were clearing the area, Crum was reloading the .50 when he fell inside. His helmet had a bullet hole in the front, with an exit hole at the rear! Crum felt his head but found only a tiny scratch. He put on the helmet and went back to work. The bullet had traveled around between the helmet and the liner to exit at the rear. After firing another box or two through his .50, the full gravity of what could have happened sank in and he slumped inside in deep shock. Doc got him evacuated, while I started barking orders to the squad to cleanup the mess. They used entrenching tools to rake out the brass and links. A Chaplin from 3/22 came by, probably attracted by my NCO language, and thanked us for coming.

I got an inventory of ammo, 300 rounds of .50 remained. That meant we went through 2,700 in less than a half hour!!! At that point we were called to

reinforce recon platoon. They had gone out to recover the bodies from an L19 forward observer aircraft that was shot down during the battle. On the way they encountered the retreating VC who were still full of fight and took them on! That turned out to be a non-event but with only 300 rounds of .50 left, our pucker factor was way up there.

When we got back to FSB Gold we found that the M88 VTR from the 2/34th Armor had scooped out a mass grave. We got to do police call. I don't know who did the body count or how they counted some of the pieces I threw in but 650 seems to be about right. I saw the weapons pile aside the grave and decided that this was the time to get a few pictures. I always sent my film to be developed, then home. Since they went home, I never took any "hamburger" pictures. This day was significant, so I would break my standing rule. I reached for my camera but it was gone! Both shirt pocket buttons were still buttoned but I managed to push the camera out when crawling around. It was inexpensive, but I hope someone found it and got some use from it.

We formed a perimeter near the edge of woods for the night. We were winding down when we got a call to take cover, they were going to detonate an unexploded bomb. There was a boom and something big landed to our front. We reported it and a half hour later we got another Fire in the Hole. This time everything went black as the concussion swept over us. Not good for our rattled nerves.

At dusk, I got tagged to take out the Listening Post (LP). I wasn't too keen on that, we had heard that 3/22 had lost most of their LP's. I ended up with a reinforced squad, complete with an M60 and 800 rounds. We were all very edgy. As I chose a location, a trip flare went off behind us. One fellow started back toward the APC's. I got him stopped, but we gritted our teeth waiting for the .50s to open up. No one fired, even edgy they kept their wits. The VC didn't come back that night, but they sent their mosquitoes. Somehow we didn't have any insect repellent, so I passed around a can of weapons oil as a substitute.

This is about all I can remember of that day. If anyone has any pictures I would gladly pay for reproductions.

There is one other story about this battle that I haven't heard anyone mention. Many months later, I was talking to a fellow from 3/22. He said that at one point that morning a B52 made a low pass over FSB Gold. It didn't drop anything, just flew by and pulled up into the clouds. My guess is that it was a pathfinder. By flying over the battlefield and marking his position, the others could set their radar bombing controls. I suggest that this was the *final option*. Had FSB Gold been overrun the B52s would have been cleared in to bomb. If anyone can confirm this, one way or the other, I would like to know.

The VietNam Triple Deuce

At the Gettysburg Reunion (Oct 97) the Triple Deuce officially organized, elected officers and authorized those officers to make minor corrections to the by-laws. At the Dallas Reunion (May 1999) the Officers elected (or re-elected) of The VietNam Triple Deuce were:

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Joe Ski Kasparzk, Chaplain PO Box 39, Browns Mills, NJ 08015 Tel 609-893-3970

Trustees:

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

TRIPLE DEUCE DUES, (\$10.00) will be on a yearly basis. If you have to ask if you paid, send the ten bucks, because you didn't! 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.

Let me say that membership in the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society does not automatically make you a member of the VietNam Triple Deuce, nor does membership in the VietNam Triple Deuce make you a member of the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society. The VietNam Triple Deuce is an association of men who fought in your War.

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

NOW, we, the VietNam Triple Deuce, are just about out of funds after sending out the last newsletter. This one will definitely break the bank. If the majority of you do not feel it is necessary to contribute, whom do you think should pay for you to continue receiving the newsletters. We are mailing in excess of 420 newsletters now, while less than 45 men have paid their dues, and 3 of them.....contributed \$200+ each.

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

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

From Bill Schwindt

Editor's Note: Bill served with C3/22 and has located over 1000+ men who served in VietNam. He has helped many of us get started in the "locating" business, and for that we shall be ever grateful. Bill not only finds the 3/22 men, but probably is closing in on 100 2/22 men by now. He's the best friend the Triple Deuce could ever have.

Guys & Gals,

Not everything that I send out to you has to be about VietNam.

Patti (Bill's wife) sings in our folk Choir at church and they sang one of my favorite songs today, "Parable". It was made popular quite a number of years back but was in Christian church's music books way before that, and of course comes from Holy Scripture. Just thought I'd share some of the words with you today....

"To everything there is a season, a time to be born and a time to die, a time to plant and a time for harvest, a time to meet and a time to part, a time to speak and a time for silence, a time to wound and a time to heal, a time for joy and a time for grieving, a time to seek and a time to lose.

To everything there is a season."

Love Always,

Bill Schwindt C3/22 12/65 - 9/67
7415 SE 32nd Street Portland, OR 97202
503-777-319 E-mail c322locatc@aol.com

Another from Cruciano

From: "Pat Cruciano"
<phcruciano@rcn.com>
To: <vietvet222@juno.com>
Date: Mon, 20 Sep 1999 12:51:45 -0700
Subject: Hello from Virginia Beach

Hello John:

I'm finally on line and having a great time getting in touch with long-lost buddies from both of the companies I served with. Yesterday I got a call from the C.O. of the first outfit I was with, A/1/5, Captain Bill Pelfrey, a great guy. I was fortunate to have two (out of 3) great company commanders. Of course, Captain Bill

Allison was one of them. What a thrill it has been for me to have spoken with them after so many years.

I finally found John Short's e-mail address and will be writing to him next. I found him over a year ago on a friend's computer and e-mailed him. Since I didn't have a modern system at that time, he wrote me via snail mail, but I lost his letter (much to my chagrin) before I could reply. One day in July of '67 he and I were on an O.P. near Soni Da and were bored and hungry. So I gathered a few ears of corn that were growing in a nearby field. After boiling them (repeatedly) in a steel pot over some C-4 they were still too tough for human consumption because it was horse corn! We ate them anyhow, because we were HUNGRY!

Pat Cruciano

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

| | |
|-------------------------------|----------|
| Larry Allen Rice | 11/04/66 |
| 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 |
| Stephen John Whipple | 12/15/67 |
| Edward J. Clemmon | 12/18/67 |
| Hopson Covington | 12/29/67 |
| Freddie Andray Blackburn | 01/08/68 |
| Charles Herman Cole | 01/08/68 |
| Robert Risley Fiver | 01/26/68 |
| Larry Douglas King | 02/04/68 |
| James Thomas Davis | 02/15/68 |
| Lester Freeman | 02/15/68 |
| Clayde Richard McAfee | 02/15/68 |
| Mural McDaniel | 02/15/68 |
| Richard Lee Bosworth | 02/15/68 |
| Robert R. Hutchinson II | 02/16/68 |
| Lerome Richard Kelly | 02/16/68 |
| Roper Dale Pyne | 02/16/68 |
| Russell Hubbard Cornish | 04/12/68 |
| Richard Allen Estrada | 04/13/68 |
| Richard Pignone | 04/13/68 |
| Stanley Spikes | 04/13/68 |
| George Colerman | 05/13/68 |
| Joseph Angel Menu | 05/13/68 |
| W. Midkiff | 05/13/68 |
| Donald Joseph Hertrick | 08/11/68 |
| Thomas Lee Haff Cormick | 08/19/68 |
| William Eric Harold Turner Jr | 09/19/68 |

| | |
|---------------------------|----------|
| James Allan Ascher | 01/08/69 |
| Daniel Irizarry-Acevedo | 03/08/69 |
| John Emery Bladek | 04/25/69 |
| Joseph Lawrence Logan Jr | 05/12/69 |
| David Rockwell Crocker Jr | 05/17/69 |
| Jerry N Creasy | 08/19/69 |
| Roberto Cervantes Duenas | 08/19/69 |
| John David Duncan | 08/19/69 |
| William Michael MacKay | 08/19/69 |
| George William Pearson Jr | 08/19/69 |
| 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 | 04/16/99 |
|----------------|----------|

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

| | |
|----------------------------|----------|
| Raymond Albert Bizzell | 01/13/67 |
| George Henry Haddox | 01/13/67 |
| Henry Wayne Webster | 01/13/67 |
| Sidney Uel Goodin | 02/06/67 |
| Gordon William Stark | 02/06/67 |
| Edward Eugene Fortenberry | 02/16/67 |
| Ronald Grant Doc Mottishaw | 02/16/67 |
| William Raymond Sanders | 02/23/67 |
| Kenneth Ray Anderson | 07/07/67 |
| David Paul Coveny | 09/30/67 |
| Anderson Turner | 11/11/67 |
| Robert Lewis Campbell | 01/01/68 |
| Thomas Michael Ross | 02/02/68 |
| Steven Paul Linna | 02/04/68 |
| Terry Leo Trainor | 03/13/68 |
| Joseph Pat Strippoli Jr | 03/17/68 |
| Dan Page Vantoy | 05/13/68 |
| John Michael O'Farrell | 01/14/69 |
| Thomas Alexander Becker | 03/06/69 |
| David Glenn Lovitt | 03/06/69 |
| Kenneth Michael Frain | 03/11/69 |
| William Howard Keeler | 03/24/69 |
| Alvin Grimes | 05/13/69 |
| Raymond Richard Schrifrin | 06/11/69 |
| Donald Henry McMains Jr | 08/09/69 |
| John Michael I Davis | 08/16/69 |
| Raymond P Miller II | 09/21/69 |
| Anthony Jack Carlucci | 11/20/69 |
| Frazier Thomas Dixon | 12/03/69 |

Passed Away at Home

| | |
|---------------------|----------|
| Arthur A Top Werner | 10/16/98 |
|---------------------|----------|

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

| | |
|------------------------|----------|
| Joseph Consette | 11/19/66 |
| Johnny A Chambers | 01/08/67 |
| Douglas J Sullivan | 01/08/67 |
| Michael Raymond Ishman | 01/12/67 |
| James Essary | 01/17/67 |
| Edward Ralph Glenn Jr | 01/17/67 |

| | |
|-----------------------------|----------|
| Gerry Wayne Lawson | 02/08/67 |
| Peter Barbera | 02/10/67 |
| Mark Delane Holte | 02/10/67 |
| Otis Lewis | 02/10/67 |
| Merrill Andrew McKillip | 02/10/67 |
| Charles Paul Pohlman | 02/10/67 |
| Rex Wheller Highfill | 02/12/67 |
| RC Perry Jr | 02/13/67 |
| Daniel Paul Donnellan | 02/18/67 |
| Dennis Richard Morrell | 03/20/67 |
| Thomas Duane Utter | 03/23/67 |
| Gary Eugene Whipple | 04/08/67 |
| Joseph Manuel Aragon | 04/18/67 |
| Edward Roy Lukert | 06/11/67 |
| Larry Arthur Merrill | 09/02/67 |
| Jackie Edward Trosper | 09/30/67 |
| Dennis Rex Estes | 11/25/67 |
| John A Gibson | 11/25/67 |
| Robert Lucian Mlynarski | 11/25/67 |
| Robert Andrew Van Patten | 11/25/67 |
| William Carey Janes | 12/20/67 |
| Thomas G Bernardy (Doc) | 01/02/68 |
| Jack Wayne Miller | 01/02/68 |
| Willie Petty Jr | 01/02/68 |
| Anderson Linwood Rudelson | 01/13/68 |
| Kenneth Joseph Grassl | 01/29/68 |
| Joel Kenton Brown | 02/18/68 |
| Lytell B Christian | 03/13/68 |
| David Kenneth Ditch | 03/13/68 |
| Todd Earl Swanson (Doc) | 03/13/68 |
| John Edwin Nelson | 04/13/68 |
| Benjamin Allen Honeycutt | 05/02/68 |
| Andrew I. Heider | 05/13/68 |
| Ernest Lee Elliott | 06/20/68 |
| Larry R Kennann (Doc) | 06/20/68 |
| Sidney Chester Squires | 06/20/68 |
| David Lynn Stockman | 06/20/68 |
| August Ferrel Bolt | 07/01/68 |
| Robert Charles Dickinson | 07/01/68 |
| Fred V Jurado | 07/01/68 |
| William Rieves Curry | 07/06/68 |
| Sam Joseph Favata | 07/21/68 |
| William Scott Watts | 11/21/68 |
| Gary Norman Whipple | 12/04/68 |
| Leon Ray Brooks | 12/17/68 |
| David Vernon Adams | 01/14/69 |
| Dwane Lonnie Adams | 01/14/69 |
| Paul Arron Stone | 01/14/69 |
| John Earl Warren Jr.....*M* | 01/14/69 |
| Phillip Bailly | 03/11/69 |
| Thomas Poldino | 03/11/69 |
| Robert Glenn Sekva | 06/11/69 |
| Duane Alan Clefishch | 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 L. Red Dodd 67-68 | 04/01/96 |
| James D. Sammy Kay Jr 67-68 | 09/18/98 |
| Donald Shackett ?? | ??/??/97 |

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

| | |
|-----------------|----------|
| Walter Sturgeon | 02/23/69 |
|-----------------|----------|

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

| | |
|-----------------------------|----------|
| James Brannon Doc Meek | 11/28/67 |
| Wayne Thomas Doc Provencher | 05/10/68 |

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

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

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

| | |
|-----------------------|----------|
| John Gaylelenon Davis | 11/24/67 |
| Millard Wade Farbro | 11/24/67 |
| Richard Howard Parker | 11/24/67 |
| Raymond Perez | 11/24/67 |
| William John Tschumi | 11/24/67 |
| Carl Leonard Carlson | 04/12/68 |
| Rockford Grey Everett | 04/12/68 |
| Joseph William Short | 04/13/68 |

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

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

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

Thank you - John Eberwine

Ten Rules for Dating My Daughter

From Pat Cruciano C2/22

Rule One: If you pull into my driveway and honk you'd better be delivering a package, because you're sure not picking anything up.

Rule Two: You do not touch my daughter in front of me. You may glance at her, so long as you do not peer at anything below her neck. If you cannot keep your eyes or hands off of my daughter's body, I will remove them.

Rule Three: I am aware that it is considered fashionable for boys of your age to wear their trousers so loosely that they appear to be falling off their hips. Please don't take this as an insult, but you and all of your friends are complete idiots. Still, I want to be fair minded about this issue, so I propose this compromise:

You may come to the door with your underwear showing and your pants ten sizes too big, and I will not object. However, in order to ensure that your clothes do not, in fact, come off during the course of your date with my daughter, I will take my electric nail gun and fasten your trousers securely in place to your waist.

Rule Four: I'm sure you've been told that in today's world, sex without utilizing a "barrier method" of some kind can kill you. Let me elaborate, when it comes to sex, I am the barrier, and I will kill you.

Rule Five: It is usually understood that in order for us to get to know each other, we should talk about sports, politics, and other issues of the day. Please do not do this. The only information I require from you is an indication of when you expect to have my daughter safely back at my house, and the only word I need from you on this subject is "early."

Rule Six: I have no doubt you are a popular fellow, with many opportunities to date other girls. This is fine with me as long as it is okay with my daughter. Otherwise, once you have one out with my little girl, you will continue to date no one but her

until she is finished with you. If you make her cry, I will make you cry.

Rule Seven: As you stand in my front hallway, waiting for my daughter to appear, and more than an hour goes by, do not sigh and fidget. If you want to be on time for the movie, you should not be dating. My daughter is putting on her makeup, a process that can take longer than painting the Golden Gate Bridge. Instead of just standing there, why don't you do something useful, like changing the oil in my car?

Rule Eight: The following places are not appropriate for a date with my daughter: Places where there are beds, sofas, or anything softer than a wooden stool. Places where there are no parents, policemen, or nuns within eyesight. Places where there is darkness. Places where there is dancing, holding hands, or happiness. Places where the ambient temperature is warm enough to induce my daughter to wear shorts, tank tops, midriff T-shirts, or anything other than overalls, a sweater, and a goose down parka -- zipped up to her throat. Movies with a strong romantic or sexual theme are to be avoided; movies which features chain saws are okay. Hockey games are okay. Old folks homes are better.

Rule Nine: Do not lie to me. I may appear to be a potbellied, balding, middle-aged, dim witted has-been. But on issues relating to my daughter, I am the all-knowing, merciless God of your universe. If I ask you where you are going and with whom, you have one chance to tell me the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. I have a shotgun, a shovel, and five acres behind the house. Do not trifle with me.

Rule Ten: Be afraid. Be very afraid. It takes very little for me to mistake the sound of your car in the driveway for a chopper coming in over a rice paddy near Hanoi.

When my Agent Orange starts acting up, the voices in my head frequently tell me to clean the guns as I wait for you to bring my daughter home. As soon as you pull into the driveway you should exit your car with both hands in plain sight. Speak the perimeter password, announce in a clear voice that you have

brought my daughter home safely and early, then return to your car -- there is no need for you to come inside. The camouflaged face at the window is mine.

Noah's Ark...If it happened in 2000

From: aardvark@zihawaii.net (LARRY PECKHAM)

To: vietvet@jje@aol.com (John Eberwine)

And the Lord spoke to Noah and said "In six months I'm going to make it rain until the whole earth is covered with water and all the evil people are destroyed. But I want to save a few good people, and two of every kind of living thing on the planet. I am commanding you to build an Ark." And in a flash of lightning, He delivered the specifications for an Ark.

"Okay," said Noah, trembling with fear and fumbling with the blueprints. "Six months and it starts to rain," thundered the Lord. "You'd better have the Ark completed, or learn to swim for a very long time." Six months passed, the skies clouded up and rain began to fall. The Lord saw that Noah was sitting in his front yard, weeping. And there was no Ark. "Noah!" shouted the Lord, "Where is the Ark?"

"Lord, please forgive me!" begged Noah. "I did my best. But there were big problems. First, I had to get a building permit for the Ark construction project, and your plans didn't meet code. I had to hire an engineer to redraw the plans. Then I got into a big fight over whether or not the Ark needed a fire sprinkler system."

"Then my neighbor objected, claiming I was violating zoning by building the Ark in my front yard, I had to get a variance from the city planning commission. Then I had problems getting enough wood for the Ark, because there was a ban on cutting trees to save the spotted owl. I had to convince the U.S. Fish and Wildlife that I needed the wood to save the owls. But they wouldn't let me catch any owls. So, no owls."

"The carpenters formed a union and went out on strike. I had to negotiate a settlement with the National Labor Relations Board before anyone would pick up a saw or hammer. Now we have sixteen carpenters going on the boat, and still no owls. Then I started gathering up animals, and got sued by an animal rights group.

They objected to me taking only two of each kind.

"Just when I got the suit dismissed, EPA notified me that I couldn't complete the Ark without filing an environmental impact statement on your proposed flood."

"They didn't take kindly to the idea that they had no jurisdiction over the conduct of a Supreme Being. Then the Army Corps of Engineers wanted a map of the proposed new flood plain. So I sent them a globe. Right now, I'm still trying to resolve a complaint from the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission over how many Croatians I'm supposed to hire." "The IRS has seized all my assets, claiming I'm trying to avoid paying taxes by leaving the country. And I just got a notice from the state about owing them some kind of use tax. I really don't think I can finish the Ark for at least another five years," Noah wailed.

The sky began to clear. The sun began to shine. A rainbow arched across the sky. Noah looked up and smiled, "You mean you're not going to destroy the earth?" Noah asked hopefully.

"No," said the Lord sadly, "The government already has!"

AP Bis 6

The Penalty of Being "NEW"

By John Clemente

One of the most important facts that I can remember about my service in VietNam was the Great Problem of being the "New Guy". As the newly arrived Platoon Leader of 2nd Pltn. Co C 2/22 Inf (Mech) this was immediately and abundantly clear. The battle-tested platoon which I had inherited from Gordon Kelley who had superbly led them at FSB Burt (Soni Cut) was I am sure weary of the new LT.

The problems of trying to learn the ropes on the run were impossible for anyone whether he be a Private or a General Officer. There was no state-side training that could adequately prepare you for this, other maybe extended service in Central America. I fortunately had help from Gordon and Bill Allison, our Company CO.

Somehow, it started to work out because where I lacked the experience my guys picked up the slack. This even with

fact that not one of my daily functioning corp had more than two years military experience. The Real Platoon Sergeant was on extended Emergency Leave in the States. I would never meet the man as I was wounded before his return.

I was lucky with the help of my RTO, Jeff Condit, my Acting Pltn Sgt Dave Ditch, John Eberwine and Charlie Loveless (to name a few) we were getting through this. For others they weren't so lucky.

In the second or third week of February 1968, the Company was ordered to make a sweep of Michelin Rubber Plantation to the East of Dau Tieng Base Camp. Our move out will be the subject of another story so I won't touch this now.

Having laagered in the Michelin overnight, and had a couple of RPG's fired on us, we were moving back to Dau Tieng the next morning where we were to set up a blocking position as John Lashbrook Platoon (as my memory of 30 plus year serves me) was to sweep the vicinity of AP Bis 6. This hamlet of rubber workers was thought to be a base for the VC/NVA who had fired on the Company and been mortaring the base camp.

As one of the Third platoon squads was searching a wooded section North of the village there was a tremendous explosion. A recently arrived NCO had triggered a concealed booby-trapped 105MM round. He and another man were badly injured. Another man, also a recently arrived NCO, rushed forward to assist the injured men and tripped another booby-trap badly injuring him.

John Lashbrook quickly cleared lanes to the casualties and evacuated them to the road and Medevac. These two NCO's probably had less than two weeks in the company but probably more time in the Army, with few exceptions, than most of the people in the field that day. The penalty of being "NEW" was a terrible penalty for some, and unfair for others.

These men had come to us directly from units in Germany where they performed with the required skills of Conventional Soldiers as their rank and time in service would indicate. But in VietNam, their skills were as useless as *Snow Over Whites* until they could orient themselves to the conditions and requirements. Three or four days of

Division Orientation School were far from adequate. casualties. the penalty of being "NEW". I am sure with advice of their fellow soldiers; they would have gotten their feet on the ground in a couple more days. Unfortunately there were never enough people and never enough time.

As I observed this scene of carnage, I realized a large group of villagers were quite agitated and in fact cheering that these men were casualties. My Platoon was outraged and as one of my 50 Cal Gunners swung his gun around and pulled back the charging handle, I knew that this was going to get ugly. I jumped up on the track and restrained the gunner but knew that this was going to be brief unless this taunting group of villagers was shut up.

My RTO, Jeff Condit, reminded me we had about a dozen CS (Tear Gas) Grenades in my track. We retrieved them and Jeff, Dave Ditch and I tossed a Grenade at the crowd. In about a minute the then angry and coughing, villagers were fleeing the scene back into the village. This village that I would later find out had voted Communist since the 1920' and probably had every right to dislike our presence. But to expect our men to listen to their taunts as their comrades lay severely wounded was impossible to accept.

I believe those CS Grenades saved a number of those villager's lives given the provocation of their actions. The sweep continued with the only result being that we found locations where 82MM base plates had left their impressions. We returned to Dau Tieng that evening not knowing the fate of the wounded men.

As we closed on the Base Camp I couldn't help but think how lucky another "NEW GUY", myself, was that day. If those men could have been just a little more aware and a little more cautious..... but in the panic of war, it's just the Penalty of Being New.

P.S. - Ap Bis 6 was the location of numerous Mortar and Rocket Attacks on Dau Tieng. I was told years later that it was finally bombed and destroyed.

Stan Top Winkler

Editor's Note: Bill and Martha John Allison felt that it was time for a special tribute to Stan Top Winkler. Stan was the First Sergeant for Charlie Company 2/22 from Sep '67 to mid '68. Marth John asked Georgia to send some information about Stan's career, so Georgia sent a letter. I decided to just include the entire letter.

Dear Bill and Martha John,

Sorry we are so late in saying thanks for the fresh pecans that we received before Christmas. We truly enjoyed them.

We are both busier than ever - still baby sitting 7 grandchildren 2 days a week. Stan is helping build a bathroom for an elderly couple in our church as they had no bathroom on the first floor, and he can no longer climb steps. The Pastor of our church calls on Stan often; as he knows he is retired and will tackle most anything!

Stan wrote the information you wanted and I will copy and send to you and Bill; you feel free to use any part of it you want for the newsletter.

I was drafted at the end of WW2. I took Infantry Basic Training at Camp Robinson, AK early 1945 and then I was sent to Japan. I was there until February 1949. Went to Ft. Lawton, WA. and was discharged. I went back to my old job on the New York Central Railroad. I kept thinking about going back into the Army. My family tried to talk me out of the idea.

In 1950, the Korean War broke out. I went to Detroit and signed up. I left in three days and within 30 days I was in Korea. Spent one year there and then was assigned to Ft. Leonardwood, MO stockade. There, I met my wife, Georgia. I was there for one year then went back to Korea with Co. L 35th Inf. 25th Division. I had a rough tour..... just before I left; I was on a platoon size OP (observation post) Myself, a platoon leader and the rest of the platoon.

The next morning, 12 of us walked off. During the night we took 250 mortar rounds in, plus small arms fire. I was recommended for the Silver Star, but never heard the results.

In 1953, I went back to the States and was discharged. I stayed out for 30

days, went back to MO and re-enlisted. Georgia and I got married that year.

In 1954, I transferred to Detroit. I was in charge of the Armed Forces Police Detachment for one year. In 1955, I had orders for Ft. Greely, Alaska and was an instructor at the *Cold Weather and Mountain School*. There, I taught Arctic Survival and Mountain climbing. In 1957, I went to Ft. Benning, GA Infantry School. I was with the Leadership Committee and acting SGT Major. In 1960, went back to Korea with the 17th Infantry. In 1961, I went to Ft. Leonardwood, MO as a Drill Instructor and from there, I went to St. Paul, Minnesota as an Instructor at ROTC. In 1967, I went to VietNam assigned to the 4th Infantry, however, they wanted to assign me to the G-2 Section. I told them my orders were for First Sergeant with a line Company and if they had no openings, send me back home. The next day, I had orders for the 25th Infantry Division and CHARLIE COMPANY 2/22. I retired in May, 1970 with "25" YEARS, 6 MONTHS AND 7 DAYS of SERVICE.

I received "3" bonuses from the state of Michigan- WW2 - KOREA -VIETNAM.

I received the Combat Infantry Badge (CIB) KOREA, CIB VIETNAM, and have the GLIDER WINGS.

Trust we will see you all really soon, Lovingly - Stan and Georgia Winkler

Editor's Note: Thanks to Bill and Martha John Allison and Georgia Winkler for sending this to us.

And, to Stan *The Man*

Thanks for Being There in WWII, when my Uncles were there..... **T**hanks for Being There in Korea, when my Cousins were there.....and Most Definitely, **T**hanks for Being There, in VietNam, when I was There! John Eberwine

Soui Tre - The Painting

From: James Jim D. Nelson C 2nd 22nd

I arrived in VietNam in August 1967, about 5 months after the battle of Fire Support Base Gold, at Soui Tre in

John N. Clemente 194 County Road
Tenafly, NJ 07670 Tel 201-541-4090
2nd Platoon Leader
Co C 2/22 1/68-3/68

Tay Ninh Province. A sense of urgency and tension was still in the air as Captain Bill Allison took over command of Charlie Company 2nd Bn 22nd Inf 25th Division.

Supply seemed limited. I was issued a dented helmet, a rifle that did not function because it had been damaged in a previous ambush, no cleaning rod, and a flak jacket obtained from a pile of used and discarded equipment. In other words, as we used to joke, an all-expense-paid vacation to Southeast Asia.

Jim Frost, an eighteen-year-old buck sergeant, was my squad leader. He had already aged and looked older than I at twenty-three. Sergeant Kay, a Korean War veteran, was our 3rd platoon sergeant. One thing that I noticed about Kay, Frost, and a number of others in the company was their faces: they looked as though they had not slept much and had a haunted and glassy stare. I had seen that look in a painting by Howard Pyle of a World War I soldier at the end of a trench, staring into the night.

Charlie Company was equipped with tracks, armored personnel carriers, with 50-caliber machine guns in their turrets. In the battle of Soui Tre it had been the leading rescue unit that saved its sister battalion.

In the jungle I saw endless ambushes, firefights, landmine explosions, and night patrols: we dug twilight foxholes that filled with water immediately in the constant rain. As I worked with them, I realized that the men I was serving with had witnessed hell itself. Suoi Tre, March 21, 1967.

I have painted a scenario that is a memorial to those I served with and to the American soldiers of the 3rd Brigade, 25th Infantry Division, who, some dying, some surviving, took part in that engagement. After the war, veterans sent me their photographs and descriptions. I remembered what had been described to me by members of my company. My purpose was to create a chronicle of battle.

The battle took place in an oval clearing. Transported to Fire Support Base Gold by helicopter the day before were three batteries of 105mm howitzers and the 150 infantrymen of the 3rd Brigade, almost all young draftees. The assault lasted four hours.

In the painting waves of North Vietnamese soldiers are overrunning the perimeter of the American firebase. There

was a lot of hand-to-hand fighting, M-16 rifles jammed, at the right of the painting a soldier was swinging one of these. Company B 3rd 22nd is in the foreground. A quad-fifty machine gun is being turned around by the enemy to be fired on the U.S. batteries. Lieutenant Colonel John Vessey's howitzers were being leveled to fire on the oncoming enemy.

At least 2,500 seasoned North Vietnamese troops of the 271st NVA Regiment carried out the attack. Some of these are shown in the lower foreground, unclashing an unrelenting bayonet, grenade, and hand-to-hand assault, flooding even into the howitzer emplacement. Toward the end of the battle, American units were down to their very last rounds of ammunition.

I tried to capture the fantastically fierce defense by the inexperienced American troops, and have included at least fourteen portraits of actual members of Company B 3rd 22nd. The last minute appearance of a come-to-the-rescue column of tracks from C 2nd 22nd and tanks is shown at left.

If the battle had been lost, the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong could have claimed a latter-day battle of the magnitude of the *Little Big Horn*. A Communist victory, so desperately needed, would certainly have further dispirited an already divided and embattled American populace. It might have demanded that its army be withdrawn from South VietNam, leaving North VietNam and its Communist allies in control of the South without shedding any more blood. But the opposite took place. I have painted it in an *alla prima style*.

The numerically weak, inexperienced 3rd Brigade defeated a much larger, more seasoned force. I try to honor and show what they had not taken into account: the still-surviving spirit, inventiveness, and valor of an American youth that - sometimes foolishly, but always bravely - took up the call to arms. Four hundred and fifty U.S. soldiers beat back twenty-five hundred Viet Cong and North Vietnamese, with thirty-one Americans killed in action and eight hundred enemies killed.

Editor's Note: Jim Nelson has painted well over thirty (30) oil paintings representative of battles scenes as well as individual portraits of men, all as they

were in the 1967 to 1970 era. What you have just read is Jim's description as to how he came about painting *The Battle of Soui Tre*. Jim has done paintings of *The Battle of Fire Base Burt* (a.k.a. Soui Cut Jan 1-2, 1968), *Good Friday* (Apr 12, 1968), *The Battle of Ap Cho* (Feb 8-18, 1968) and many more. He has painted Medal of Honor winners and the *grunts* who fought the war. Jim has had numerous showings of his works of art through out the country. If you ever have an opportunity to attend one of his showings, you will come away feeling as though you had been transported back in time.

If you are interested in obtaining an original Jim Nelson painting or a print or prints of his extraordinary work, you can receive a brochure by contacting Jim at:

James D Nelson - Combat Artist

C 2nd 22nd 25th Div 8/67-11/68

815 N 9th Street Lincoln, KS 67455-

1505 Tel 785-524-4697

Do You Know Her Dad?

Date: Fri, 22 Oct 1999 01:41:33 -0700

To Gary Kreck: (Webmaster),

I stumbled onto the website while researching for information on my father's VietNam experience. I ran across the story by James Hardin, and I believe that he served with my dad.

My dad is: **PFC Donald Brady**. He was in Charlie 2nd 22nd in 1967. Is there any way to forward this message to Mr. Hardin? I would really like to see if he knew my dad, and if there is anything else I can learn from him. My name is Suzanne Brady-Bullock My email address is: realcheesecake@wa.freei.net

I would be very grateful for any assistance you can provide. Thanks, I really enjoyed the web site. **Suzanne Brady-Bullock**

And so ends another VietNam Triple Dence Newsletter. Folks, please help me make this newsletter.....the *Never Ending Story*.....send those articles and stories, and Ladies.....your feelings about what the gathering together of men has meant to you and your family! - Thanks!!

John Eberwine, Editor