

The Viet Nam Triple Deuce, Inc.

An Association of 2 Bn. (Mech)

22nd Infantry Regiment

Viet Nam Veterans



Together Then.....Together Again!.....

Thanks for Being There...&...Welcome Home



Editor: David Allin, DMOR A&HHC 69-70

Copyright 1996-2025

by The Viet Nam Triple Deuce, Inc.

Publisher Dan & Vera Streit D 69 DMOR - HMOR

website www.vietnamtripledeuce.org for current contact information.

Vol. 28, No. 3 December 2022



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Hello to all from the roller coaster winter going on in the Midwest. And condolences to Buffalo, NY, the snow capital of the lower 48 states. 80 inches is hard to imagine if you haven't seen it before.

OK, it's only 6 months from the next greatest ever reunion. Time to start making those transportation, lodging and financial plans for your attendance at Ft. Benning for the first time in a long time (if ever). There are no words to adequately describe the Infantry Museum at Benning. That so many pieces of equipment, maps, and history are gathered in one place makes it a place for every Infantryman and woman to see before old age keeps them from it.

The board of directors of VN222 have been busy working up some ideas to be voted on at the 2023 reunion. We realize that this organization is nearing its finish in the next decade or so, and we are putting a plan together to deal with the financial, logistical and legacy challenges those who are in charge at the end will face. If you have time to think about what we do with the leftover money, PX items, and what to do to leave a history of Vietnam Triple Deuce for our grandkids and theirs to see and read, please take the time to write it up, and get it to one of the board members ASAP. All of these matters have been discussed and several ideas are on the table waiting for final draft and vote (again at the 2023 reunion).

Money is still here in some good amount to finance the VN222 scholarship program for many years to go. One idea is to turn it over to a committee made up of our Triple Deuce Brothers/Sisters vets of The Global

War on Terror. Most of us have met some of these fine people at recent reunions, and it will be no trouble to make a 3-to-5-person committee to oversee the scholarships being awarded to descendants of VN222 members and later down the history road, their own kids and grandkids if they so decide. The terms of the transfer would be written up at that time.

Dues have been discussed (and cussed) several times. The thought is to use 2023 as the last year for dues being needed to meet expenses. If you are one of those who have paid for years past 2023 you would be able to declare them a donation and deduct them from 2023 taxes, or ask for and receive a refund of said same. We haven't talked much about life members yet, and are looking for suggestions from you. There is also a plan on the table to drop the dues of anyone who receives the newsletter electronically. And charging a \$10 fee annually to cover USPS postage expenses to snail mail it to you. The PX items are one other consideration. Again we look for your ideas on this and these other subjects now before we gather in May of 2023 to put the final plans to a vote. Please take the time to call the members of the board, or email them or send them smoke signals, but do look this list over, add to it if necessary, and get your comments to any board member listed on the front page of this newsletter...Happy Holidays.

Dick Nash, A Co. & HHC, 69

EDITOR'S COMMENTS

This newsletter is longer than most, for two different reasons. I intended to publish in September, but due to circumstances

beyond my control, I had to wait. While I was waiting, additional articles came in that I wanted to add, so by the time the newsletter was finished, it had grown considerably. There is a lot of information in here, so be sure you read all of it. And, as Dick pointed out, the next reunion is coming up next May, so now is the time to start making reservations.

For all my fans that have been anxiously awaiting my next book (both of you), you will be pleased to know that it is currently at the proof-readers and should be available before Christmas. The title is *Broken Heroes*, and it is set in the present day, reuniting some of the characters from my earlier books. As always, it is an action-packed thriller full of Triple Deuce spirit. Deeds not words.

David Allin, DMOR A Co. & HHC, 69-70

PAVER LOAN PROJECT

This note is intended for those who took advantage of the Paver Loan Project that was offered at the Dallas Reunion.

To date, seven Members have not made any attempt to repay the loan, \$200. If you took advantage of the Program, please repay the loan. If you are not certain about whether or not you signed up for the Program, let me know. 207-634-3355, jlmay@tds.net

**Jim May, HOMR
Treasurer
Prov., Co. 1968**

REUNION PHOTOS

Steve Irvine is still looking for photos from the last reunion for our website. If you have any, please send them to him at svirvine@gmail.com

Army Truck Driver for a Day 1/14/1969

This is an account of events that occurred, at least from my perspective, with Bravo Company, 2/22 Infantry. There were a lot of "moving parts" to this action on that day, and there were other elements involved. Please keep in mind that after 52 years some of the exact timelines and names are difficult to recall.

Unless our company was involved in a RIF operation, or laagered out, or a combination of both, one of the daily missions in the early morning was almost always the same. We would sweep the laterite road with the engineers to try to detect and clear mines, and then set up security and wait for the re-supply convoy, which was usually completed by mid-morning.

I think it's important in setting this story up to remember the convoy ambush on Highway 239 at the "culverts," which was a few days before the event I'm about to describe occurred. As I have already noted, and many of you know and experienced day in and day out, in the morning our duty mission was to sweep and secure the roads with the engineers. Then the re-supply convoy would come through to Dau Tieng or on Highway 26 to Tay Ninh. On this particular day, no sooner had we set up security than the convoy was ambushed by a large NVA force. They came in right

behind us and set up mortars and RPG's. We reacted quickly. They were no match for the fifties on the tracks. NVA confirmed body count was 73.

The 3rd Brigade action report on 01/14/69 has Bravo Company reacting to the convoy ambush on Highway 26 at 0850. I question this time line for the following reason: Bravo Company had the responsibility to secure Highway 239 and wait for the re-supply convoy to Dau Tieng to pass before we could be released. This would place the arrival of Bravo company at the site of the ambush on Highway 26 at about mid-morning.

Our company commander, 1LT O'Farrell (Bravo 6) received orders from battalion to reinforce Charlie Company, 2/22, who was in heavy contact on Highway 26 in the Cau Khoi rubber plantation. This was a full-scale convoy ambush with a large NVA force involved. This ambush was 8 clicks east of Tay Ninh on Highway 26. Alpha Co. 2/22, also moved in to reinforce. This part of the Cau Khoi was what I would call old growth rubber trees with very large trunks. It was a French rubber plantation probably dating back to the 1920's or earlier. The engineers had dozed down the trees along the road roughly 50 meters to the wood line, but, for some reason, they did not clear the fallen logs, which left excellent cover from which the NVA could conduct the convoy ambush. And they fervently did. Charlie Company faced heavy fire from well bunkered NVA. LT John Warren of Charlie Company fell on an NVA grenade to save the lives of other men and was later awarded the Medal of Honor. To my knowledge, this was the only Medal of Honor given in combat to a member of the 2/22 in Viet Nam.

When Bravo Company arrived, we were ordered to lay down suppressive fire to the opposite side of 26. We had WIAs and KIAs

on the road, along with damaged vehicles from the convoy ambush. As the 1st platoon brought their tracks on line to start 50-cal suppressive fire, 1LT O'Farrell, commanding officer of Bravo Company, dismounted and was hit and killed instantly. He received the Silver Star for his action in combat.

The battle ended at about 1730. 25th Division artillery and gunships drove the NVA out and they withdrew, probably back into the Crescent. NVA body count was 122 dead. We had 6 KIAs and 9 WIAs.

At this time, our platoon leader (2-6) ordered me and my squad to check out the trucks to see if they were operational. The first truck on the road that I encountered was an Army 5-ton tandem axle, one which I would actually drive later. When I opened the door, the driver was still in the truck, but very badly wounded. We removed him and got him on a dust off. I reported back to 2-6 that we had 2 trucks that were operational. By this time, it was getting late. The acting Bravo company CO had received orders from Battalion to try to remove all vehicles if possible. 2-6 was getting desperate. He asked me if I knew how to drive a truck, and I absolutely did not want to spend the night on that road, so I volunteered. I knew how to drive a truck because of my farming experience back home in Oklahoma. The other designated "truck driver" that also had some truck driving experience was Robin Still, a "Shake and Bake" E-5 squad leader who was also from Oklahoma.

This is the part of the story that is very strange, and I have never been able to figure this out in my mind. Both the vehicles that we were going to drive were empty. Both were headed west back to Cu Chi unloaded. It seems that the NVA had "hit" the convoy in the morning, on the way to Tay Ninh fully loaded. Then, in the

afternoon, they ambushed the return convoy.



By the time the road and vehicles were secure, it was getting extremely late. We had to get the trucks moved. SGT Still decided to drive the tractor trailer and I got the five-ton. It was almost dark. We drove these two trucks with Bravo Company escorting us all the way back to FSB Wood. I know that if any NVA had seen this they would have opened fire. After what seemed like an eternity, but was probably only about an hour, we arrived at FSB Wood. Other than the fact that Triple Deuce took some severe losses in men, on this day Bravo company achieved what had to be done on this horrible day. My extremely short Army truck driving career was completed.

John D. Bailey
Bravo Company, 2/22
1968-1969

FIRST AT BURT

As the Huey helicopter flew over the top of Nui Ba Den (the Black Virgin mountain), I was at a loss why two clerks and myself from Headquarters were ordered to get on this helicopter with picks and shovels to dig a command bunker. It didn't make any

sense. We kept flying north, and I supposed there would be an engineering company somewhere, and we would help in the construction.

Ten minutes later we were circling a jungle clearing, and when I looked down I could not see anything, no infantry, no tracks, no artillery. A week before I had been a rifleman with Charlie Company, 2nd of the 22nd Infantry (Mech). I was still wearing my faded fatigues, my ripped helmet cover, and worn boots. I had brought my M-16 and extra ammo. Where is everybody?

When we landed, the three of us got out and the helicopter took off. I said to the two clerks, "Have you ever fired your rifles?" Private Honeycutt said, "No." What now? We must have been at the wrong jungle clearing. As I scanned the tree lines, I had a strong feeling we were being watched. My sergeant, Sam Kay, had taught us well to sharpen our senses. He could smell the enemy and watch for tell-tale signs. If we didn't get a foxhole dug, we would be roped in and captured. Being the new Brigade draftsman, I knew where every company was located, as I had posted the maps at Dau Tieng.

The ground was very hard, but after a long time we finished a U-shaped foxhole. Soon after that, artillery rounds started to come in on the tree line. We hunkered down in our foxhole while whole trees were uprooted. The noise was deafening. I can't remember how long that lasted, but by the time it ended I was dazed.

According to my friend, Judson Lewis, who was with the 2/77 Artillery, this all took place about two days before the Battle of FSB Burt, January 1, 1968. He was on the first Chinook that had a 105mm howitzer hanging underneath. They landed at the other end of the clearing, and that was the most beautiful sight ever. Later the same

day the same Huey helicopter that had dropped us off came back to pick up the three of us and took us back to Camp Ranier, Dau Tieng.



1168 FSB BURT

Early the morning after the battle, I was on bunker line duty at Dau Tieng when a soldier ran to tell me that FSB Burt was under attack. I left and got my movie camera, and I asked permission to leave on the next helicopter to Burt. As the sun was rising the Huey circled to land in the blue smoke of the fires. The movie film I took was requested years later by Blink Films of London, England, and the clips were included on the Smithsonian Channel. The next day General Westmoreland landed with his chrome M-60 door gunner mounts. I was told to draw a map explaining what happened. The command bunker that I and the two clerks were to dig ended up 15 feet deep and measured 30 feet by 30 feet with a buried M-113 underground.

Jim Nelson

C Company/HQ 3rd Bde

Extended 2 months at Cu Chi with the Division HQ 18th Military Historical Det.

The Battle of FSB Burt

An earlier novel I wrote was based on the Battle of Suoi Tre, in March of 1967, and I intended to do a follow-up novel about the Battle of Suoi Cut, otherwise known as the Battle of FSB Burt, in January 1968. After doing extensive research and writing several chapters, I set the project aside because I could not develop a strong enough story line. Nonetheless, the story of the battle needs to be told, so I have written the following article that covers the major events.

The Battle of FSB Burt was essentially the Battle of Suoi Tre, the sequel. It involved most of the same units, on both sides, in a similar area, with similar results. The main difference is that the Americans had learned several valuable lessons from Suoi Tre and applied them at FSB Burt, while the Viet Cong had not. American units at Burt were 2/22 Inf (Mech), 3/22 Inf, two batteries of 2/77 Arty (105mm towed howitzers), one battery of 3/13 Arty (155mm self-propelled howitzers), 3rd Brigade field headquarters, and various support units, including a pair of quad-fifties and a pair of M-42 Dusters. The enemy forces included 271st and 272nd Main Force Regiments.



Unlike Suoi Tre, which was located deep in the woods with no road access, the location for FSB Burt was astride a road, which allowed Triple Deuce and the 155mm SP guns to convoy into the site on 30 Dec 1967. The 105s and 3/22 Inf were airlifted in on the same day, so the site was fully occupied right at the start. The road that ran through the center of the site was in the middle of a large clearing, so the wood line was forty or fifty meters beyond the perimeter that was quickly established. Brigade headquarters was located in the middle of the site, and four helicopter landing sites were marked out around it. Triple Deuce formed the western half of the perimeter, and two companies of 3/22 established the eastern side. The two batteries of 2/77 were in the southern portion of the base, and the 155s were in the northern part. Fighting positions and bunkers were immediately dug into the hard-packed earth, and 3/22 kept their positions low to the ground, so the 105s could shoot their beehive rounds over the top of them at any advancing enemy. Just beyond the northwest edge of the perimeter, manned by B Company, 2/22, was a bunch of termite mounds, which were as hard as rock. The Bravo guys planted Claymores all through the mounds, facing outward. As darkness fell, APs and LPs were sent out all around, but that first night all was quiet.

On 31 Dec 67, the fighting positions were improved, and that night more APs and LPs were sent out, and some movement was observed by Alpha, 3/22, but it stopped after they threw some grenades. A New Year's truce had been declared for that evening, but the men of 2/22 and 3/22 didn't let down their guard.



On 1 Jan 1968 the 2/22 Recon Platoon arrived, escorting the last of the support vehicles in. Recon laagered just south of the center, to serve as a reserve/reaction force. A morning sweep of the area where there had been limited contact the night before found a couple VC bodies, including an officer with artillery firing tables, and captured a wounded VC who revealed that the forces around Burt included the 271st and 272nd VC regiments. Later that morning C company of 3/22 arrived, taking over the southeast section of the perimeter. That evening a full complement of APs and LPs were sent out, and the base began receiving scattered mortar fire, despite the supposed truce. Alpha 3/22's AP had a small skirmish around sunset, and the AP and one LP returned to the perimeter. The LP went back out to a different location. The base received more 60mm mortar rounds as the evening wore on, and just before midnight the 3/22 LPs and APs reported movement. Mortar fire increased substantially, and LPs and APs began receiving small arms fire. At midnight Bravo 3/22 was hit by a small ground attack on the east side of the perimeter. A larger attack was launched toward Charlie 3/22 on the southeast side,

and Charlie 2/22, located next to 3/22, also was attacked. Initially these attacks were small arms and machine guns, but soon mortars, grenades, and RPGs were being used by the enemy. At the northwest sector, the men of Bravo 2/22 spotted NVA in uniform sneaking up through the termite mounds, and blew their Claymores all at once, killing over 40 and stopping that probe. Meanwhile mortars continued to rain down on the entire base. Because many APs and LPs remained out, the arty guys could only lob rounds farther out into the woods, instead of nearer where the enemy had built up, but they did have beehives. A VC assault reached the fighting positions of Charlie, 3/22, but were driven off by the beehive rounds of Charlie, 2/77. Triple Deuce's Recon platoon sent three tracks to reinforce Charlie 2/22, where two tracks had been destroyed and VC had temporarily breached the line.



Around 0100 hrs Alpha 3/22 began using canister rounds in the recoilless rifles to drive off the attacks, and they blew over 50 Claymores. First Platoon, Charlie 2/22 had an AP out that was trapped in an old bomb crater; the NCOIC called in artillery fire on top of themselves to keep the enemy at bay. The 105s ran out of beehive rounds and began direct fire with HE rounds, as did

the 155s in the northern part. A Bravo 2/22 track was destroyed at the north end, and Recon platoon sent tracks to reinforce that sector.



Air support began arriving around 0200, but initially it was only flare ships and a Spooky, which also dropped flares. With the enemy in direct contact with the soldiers on the base, and LPs and APs still trapped out in the woods, the Spooky could only fire at areas where they thought VC reinforcements might be gathering. The enemy's main attack was directed at Charlie, 3/22, in the southeast sector. That was what had happened at Suoi Tre, as well; perhaps the VC thought that unit was weak point. They were wrong. Charlie 3/22 suffered heavy casualties, but kept repelling the assaults. The fifty gunners of Triple Deuce were pouring oil over the barrels of their guns to cool them down, so many rounds were being sent down range. By 0300 jet aircraft arrived and began dropping napalm and cluster bombs between the southeast perimeter and the remaining LPs in that area. Huey slicks and gunships braved the dark skies and deadly groundfire to bring in more beehive rounds and other ammo and take out the

wounded. More gunships arrived to suppress the ground fire so the supply choppers could safely land and bring out the wounded. The air support, combined with renewed beehive fire and the pounding of the M-42 Dusters, finally forced the VC to withdraw, but only for a few minutes. They tried another assault directed mainly at the southern end of the base. Triple Deuce Recon platoon reinforced Charlie 3/22 with a track, and the air support swelled again, beating back the attack.

Around 0500 the VC finally retired, and only scattered fire occurred after that. By 0700 all the LPs and APs still out had returned, and 3/22 soldiers swept the nearby wood line, finding plenty of bodies. Official estimates put the VC losses at 105 KIA and 2 POWs. US losses were 16 KIA and 105 WIA. Around 0900 General Westmoreland arrived to inspect the scene.

The lessons learned at Suoi Tre had been successfully applied at Burt. The base was on a road where Triple Deuce and other heavy vehicles could easily arrive, unlike the heavy jungle that delayed the arrival of Triple Deuce at Suoi Tre. Suoi Tre had been the first battle use of beehives, and beehives had saved the day at Burt. Air support at Suoi Tre had been sparse, but at Burt it was vital to the defense and resupply. I was unable to determine how long FSB Burt remained at that location, but it appears it was soon abandoned, and the concept of remote FSBs in War Zone C was eventually put on a back burner. Regardless, Twenty-Second Infantry had saved the day, again.

David Allin, DMOR
A Co/HHC 1969-70

REQUEST FOR FILMS

My name is Sophia and I am interning with Lou Reda Productions. I have been in the Army National Guard for four years enlisting at 18 years old and I'm currently enrolled at a local University in Pennsylvania.

Since 1983, Lou Reda Productions has worked hard to preserve and share America's military history through film. The company has been a longtime collaborator with networks including the History Channel and National Geographic, producing high-quality, non-fiction programming.

Currently, we are hoping to be in pre-production for a Vietnam series for television. We are looking for 8mm and 16mm film of the Vietnam War, particularly footage shot by soldiers or individuals in-theater, audio letters, and period footage from the 1960s-1970s highlighting the home front and the average "day in the life of an American before or after being sent to Vietnam."

If you have footage, audio letters, or any audio and are possibly willing to be interviewed on camera for our Vietnam series; we would love to talk with you. You may contact Lou Reda Productions directly at scott@redafilms.com. To learn more about Lou Reda Productions go to www.redafilms.com.

Additionally, we would kindly like to ask that you share this note— via your website, social media platforms, or email - with your organization's members and veterans.

Thank you for your service.

Sophia M Staskowski
Lou Reda Productions
www.redafilms.com

MUSEUM ADDRESS

The following is an abbreviated version of a speech given by Triple Deuce veteran Troy Evans at the dedication of the NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE VIETNAM WAR in Mineral Wells, Texas, on June 25, 2022.

My father Leo was a pilot. He flew a P-51 Mustang from Iwo Jima in WWII. On April 12, 1945, he flew the first Tokyo raid of the war. On August 9 he flew to Nagasaki, and on August 12 he escorted 274 bombers to Osaka. They were told the Japanese were surrendering and the mission would be cancelled as soon as the papers were signed. Five minutes after they dropped their payload, they received word that the war was over. They had killed over 100,000 civilians as the peace treaty was being signed. Dad regretted that for the rest of his life.



Jumped to 1968, and I'm a young sergeant in Viet Nam. My unit, 2/22 Mechanized Infantry of the 25th Infantry Division had been sent into the Iron Triangle in hopes of finding an NVA battalion that was rumored to be in the area. We had spent the night there with zero enemy contact. We set out in the morning to sweep the area around our camp. We had a dog handler and his

German shepherd assigned to us to help with this sweep. We knew the Dogman, who had been with us on several other occasions. I took a photo of him as we set out that morning, since we knew this was to be his last day in the field. That night he was to fly to Ton Son Nhut to prepare to ship back to the States. Our CO was a wonderful man named CPT Dan Makita. We were set up next to a clearing and we started across it towards the wood line with the Dogman about 50 yards ahead of us. I will never know why the dog didn't alert until he was about five feet from the bunker. As soon as he did, the enemy hit them both with machine gun fire, getting the Dogman in both legs and the dog in the chest. The Dogman was young, and tough, and brave, and smart, and he knew instantly that the only way he could survive was to throw himself on top of that ground level bunker, which he did, pulling the dog with him. He started yelling, "I'm hit! I'm hit, but I'm OK. Come and get me you MF-ers."

The dog was yelling, too, a desperate howl that I will never forget. We now had all three platoons pinned down and no ability to put fire on the bunker because those two were stuck right on top of it, continuing to yell and howl. Two guys on the right flank tried to cover each other as they rushed the bunker, and they were cut down like spring wheat. The platoon medic tried to creep around to the left and was shot in the right eye. People continued to get hit by the second as we had no effective way to return fire.

Captain Makita was appalled that he had misjudged the situation so badly. He grabbed a canvas bag of grenades and tried to Audie Murphy it up the center of the field. I was his RTO and his absence left me essentially in charge. He made it about

halfway to the bunker before the surgeon on that .51-caliber took his leg off at the hip. I can still see the leg floating above his head. It looked like a ballet. He fell into the only low spot in that entire clearing, which allowed him to get his shirt off, tie his stump, and survive.

I think everything I've described so far took place in less than two minutes. I was a 21-year-old buck sergeant. My CO was down. I was surrounded by dead and wounded. The dog still howled, and the Dogman was still yelling, "Come and get me you sons of bitches. I'm going home!"

I happened to be carrying an M-72 LAW, and I thought about it for about 1/10 of a second before I popped it open and fired. That was it. It was over. I killed that machine gunner. I killed the dog, and I killed the Dogman. I was the man of the hour, and the Dogman—well, the Dogman went home five days early, in a plastic bag.



What connects my dad's story and mine is just this: each of us, father and son, had done our best to fight the good fight, to serve when needed. To do the right thing. And even though what we did was the best thing we could do at that moment, it was still hideous. My dad spent the rest of his life as a father and a successful and well-liked small businessman in Kalispell, MT. When he passed, I don't think a dozen people in town knew he'd been a fighter pilot.

When my brother Todd was about 14, he heard a terrible sound in the middle of the night. He thought our dog was dying. He found Dad in a corner of the basement, wailing. Todd was horrified. "Dad, what's wrong?" he asked. Leo said, "Todd, I don't even know how many people I killed."

Let's stop putting young men and women in positions where even when they do the very best they can, they can't live with the result. Wouldn't it be great if this was the last war museum? Unfortunately, we are already 3 or 4 wars behind.

I was doing some yard work in LA and a four-year-old who was visiting a neighbor approached me. "Hey, Mister, do you want to know a secret?" I said, sure. "I'm going to be in a wedding, and I'm going to carry the wedding ring. And I will be wearing silver shoes!" Wow, I said, do you know any other secrets? He looked me over and said, "I'm Batman." Wow, how did you find out you were Batman? That is when he gave me the look. You know, the "is something wrong with your head?" look. Then he told me, "I've got the shirt."

I've thought about this, and I realized the reason I was able to step out of this world and into the world of mortal combat was—I had the shirt. We all did. Every person here that served put on the shirt and showed up. And thousands have put on the

shirt one last time and laid in a box while their family wept. Let's try to stop that.

Troy Evans, A Co. 1968

GENERAL VESSEY BIOGRAPHY

General Jack Vessey was the acting commander of 2/77 Artillery at the battle of Suoi Tre, and highest ranking officer on the ground there. His skillful employment of the guns saved many 22nd Infantry lives.

While sitting in a nearby Starbucks about a year ago, someone said to me "Another Soui Tre survivor". Retired Chaplain Col John Morris, army recognized my hat. He had just been to officiate at General Jack Vessey's wife's funeral. We talked, and he said he is writing a biography of General Jack Vessey. I shared as much information as I could about Soui Tre and gave him more written data. One chapter in the book is devoted to Soui Tre. John grew up on Tanners Lake about a mile from where I retired as an elementary school teacher. Col. Vessey went into the army at age 15 and held every rank from private E-1 up to four star general and Chairman of Joints Chief, and President Nixon asked him to negotiate getting the POW's out of North Viet Nam. Retired, Vessey lived in Garrison Minnesota to fish on the lakes around Mille Lacs Lake. I think he served over 40 years in the army. Retired Col John Morris's book is supposed to be available in October, published by the Naval Publishing Institute. Occasionally Col Morris and

I meet, and he does what he was paid to do, giving me spiritual advice/wisdom. You-tube has a one hour spoken preview of the book by Col John Morris.

George Dahl C/2/22 Mech 66-67

HELLOS & COMMENTS

GUEST BOOK HITS

NEW FINDS

TAPS

Ronnie Humphrey

I am saddened to report the passing of Ronnie Humphrey. He died on 11-03-2022. Ronnie served with Charlie Co. in 2nd PLT in '68-69. I got to see him again after 52 yrs. at the reunion in his hometown of Dallas, TX in Oct. 2021. Rest in peace, Ronnie.

Harless Belcher