

# The *VietNam* Triple Deuce, Inc.

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

Edited by Linda Nishikubo

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## President's Message

It is with regret that I announce that Mike Groves has resigned as President of the Vietnam Triple Deuce. Under Mike's leadership, we incorporated the Association, had a very successful Reunion in St. Louis, and developed the Vietnam Triple Deuce web site ([www.Vietnamtripledeuce.org](http://www.Vietnamtripledeuce.org)). Mike thanks for a job well done. Mike will continue to serve on the Board of Directors.

The Board of Directors then selected me to serve as President until the new Board is elected in October at the Reunion in San Antonio.

Take time to look at our web site, Mario Salazar has worked hard to get the site up and running. With the web site up and running, we are looking for pictures and stories that can be included in both the web site and newsletter.

Something special will take place in San Antonio, plan on being there for the Reunion. I have been working with Vince Phillips, Chief, Alamo Rangers, the special security force at The Alamo and the Daughters of the Republic of Texas that oversees the operations of The Alamo, to have a memorial paver placed in the patio of the Gallagher House, which is part of the Alamo battle site. The paver will read:

*Remember the Heroes of the  
2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion, 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry  
"THE TRIPLE DEUCE"  
Vietnam 1966 – 1970*

We are planning a memorial service for our "Heroes" at the location of the paver during the Reunion. More information will be provided in the

June Newsletter and our web site.

E. Q. Skip Fabel, President  
B/2-22 Vietnam

## Business Matters

Dues - Important: Please remember that a 2003 Dues payment for the Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc. is due no later than 03-31-03.

If you do not see a 'C' or a 'P' after your name on the address label attached to the envelope this newsletter came in you are not listed as having paid your 2003 dues. If you feel that your not being listed as having paid 2003 dues is an error please contact Jim May for resolution. Jim is also the person you send your dues to. His mailing address, phone number and e-mail address are on the membership application / renewal form included with this newsletter.

If a dues payment from you is not received by 03-31-03, your name may be removed from the mailing list.

If you can not afford to make a dues payment, let Jim May or I know and we will ensure that you continue to receive the newsletter. No one will be told of your situation.

Also keep in mind that the dues fee for 2003 and subsequent years is \$15.00 per year.

*22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment Vietnam Memorial:* The fund raising task for the Memorial is still open. Though the donation response rate for this project has been very good, we remain short of our goal. If you have not yet made a

donation for it I urge you to do so. To all of you who donated, my heart felt thanks.

*New President:* As indicated to you in Skip Fahel's President's Message, in late December '02 Mike Groves resigned his Presidency of the Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc. He did so because of personal reasons.

Subsequent to Mike's resignation your Board of Directors took immediate action to appoint Skip Fahel as the President of our Organization. After Skip's appointment to the Presidency, his former Vice President slot needed to be filled. The required action to fill the vacant spot was taken by your Board when it appointed Jim May as the Vice President. Jim continues to be Treasurer. Also Mike Groves continues to be a Director

Elections In 03: Folks the election of your Board of Directors in San Antonio this year is a serious matter. So is the appointment of your Officers. As of the present time your Board of Directors has received zero input from you concerning potential Board Members and potential Officers.

Your Board not only requests your input for potential persons to be elected as Board Members and potential persons to be appointed as Officers, it needs it.

As I indicated to you in the last newsletter, currently three of the present Board Members will not seek nor accept re-election as a Board member. Two are tentative in their position. One is firm, yours truly.

Please take the time to give us your input. Just send me your input and I will see to it that the other Board Members receive it.

Magnet

### New Finds

David G. Binder, C/2-22 VN

George Gonzales, B-C-D/2-22 VN

Louis Gross, A/2-22 VN

Chris Hale, B/2-22 VN

Charles 'Butch' Jones, A/2-22 VN  
161

Jackie W. Lewis, D/2-22 VN  
Mike Mitchell, C/2-22 VN  
10395 Sprig Ave.  
Yucaipa, CA 92399  
909-797-6353

Allen D. Sperry, C/2-22 VN  
035

MG Nathan C. Vale, USA Ret.  
Fullback 6 VN 5-70 to 11-70

### Comments / Questions

Lou V. Crisci, brother of Larry Crisci, B/2-22 KIA on 05-17-67 would like to hear from anyone who knew Larry. *Here is the contact information for Lou:*

Pat Cruciano, C/2-22 would like to make contact with Rufus Dudley. *Pat we have not located him yet. Anyone out there that may have info on Rufus, here is Pat's address:*  
Joe Dietz, C/2-22 VN would like to make contact with Danny Barnett originally from IL. *Info concerning Danny can be sent to Joe at*

Kenneth F. de Masi, brother of Michael A. de Masi, HHC/2-22 and KIA on 07-12-70, is looking for information concerning his brother's tour. Kenneth's address and phone number are looking for Paul F. Cross who was from Rhode Island. *Robin quite a few of us have attempted to look for Paul and have so far 'struck out'. If anyone out there can help Robin here is his address:*

Charles 'Butch' Jones, A/2-22 VN would like to contact Sandy Purdy, Ernie Ponce and James Terrell. *Contact information for Butch is in the New Find Section*

John Lawinger, B/2-22 VN would like to make contact with Joe Krock and Henry Zukowski. *Contact information for John is:*

Jackie W. Lewis would like to make contact with Murphy and Roque who were in S-4. *Jackie's address and phone number are in the New Find Section.*

Clark L. Lohman, B/2-22 VN wrote that he enjoys the newsletter. *I Love comments like that.. smile.*

Daniel F. Michalec, A/2-22 VN would like to contact Joe Heard. *Contact Information for Dan is:*  
Mike Mitchell, C/2-22 VN would like to contact Jesus Rivera, C/2-22 VN. *Jessie give Mike a call and tell him that you were better at delivering accurate 81MM fire than he or Milewski...smile.*

Don Stoffel, C/2-22 VN would like to contact Art Ausleben and Jim Hill. *Don's contact information is:*  
Nathan C. Vale wrote: Please use my correct middle initial when addressing mail to me. *General- Sir, my apologizes. Your middle initial has been corrected. Sgt. Magnet*

General Vale went on to say: Maxa to all of you Vets for what you do to keep alive the 2-22 Infantry. Col. Awb Norris and I have known each other for 35 years. The 2-22 Infantry led the 25<sup>th</sup> Division in all categories & combat performance from 5-70 to 11-70. I take great pride in that.

### Correction of Errata / Omissions

In the New Find Section of the last newsletter the phone number for Charles Otey was not correct. Here is the phone number as it should have been stated.

Sorry 'CR'.

Magnet

### TRIBUTE

Yellow ribbon flying there proud to serve, strong to bear... Yellow ribbon flying there.

Our nation's flag unfurls above our yellow ribbon flying there.. Both proud to serve and strong to bear. Bright yellow ribbon, shining there, lighted until dawn appears... Still proud to serve and strong to bear. Grand yellow ribbon soaring there faith inspiring, love to share... Sending up our constant prayer.

Dear little ribbon, proud and strong... symbol of our patient waiting. Waiting at our open door, waiting to welcome our loved one home once more.

*Jean Julian*

*Lacking the "old oak tree" of the song to tie with a yellow ribbon, our welcome home ribbon flies day and night beneath the Stars and Stripes on the lighted flagpole just outside our door. Together they fly in tribute to all our military sons and daughters. Lt. Col. Greg Julian, our son, is presently serving in Kuwait.*

*Norm's comment: Jean is the wife of Ralph Julian who was the second Fullback 6 in Vietnam.*

### My Heart On The Line

Before my son became a Marine I never thought much about who was defending me. Now when I read of the war on terrorism or the coming conflict in Iraq, it cuts to my heart. When I see a picture of a member of our military who has been killed, I read his or her name very carefully. Sometimes I cry.

In 1999, when the barrel-chested Marine recruiter showed up in dress

blues and bedazzled my son John, I did not stand in the way. John was headstrong, and he seemed to understand these stern, clean men with straight backs and flawless uniforms. I did not. I live on the Volvo-driving, higher education-worshiping North Shore of Boston. I write novels for a living. I have never served in the military.

It had been hard enough sending my two older children off to Georgetown and New York University. John's enlisting was unexpected, so deeply unsettling. I did not relish the prospect of answering the question "So where is John going to college?" from the parents who were itching to tell me all about how their son or daughter was going to Harvard. At the private high school John attended, no other students were going into the military.

"But aren't the Marines terribly Southern?" asked one perplexed mother while standing next to me at the brunch following graduation. "What a waste, he was such a good student," said another parent. One parent (a professor at a nearby and rather famous university) spoke up at a school meeting and suggested that the school should "carefully evaluate what went wrong." When John graduated from three months of boot camp on Parris Island, 3,000 parents and friends were on the parade deck stands. We parents and our Marines not only were of many races but also were representative of many economic classes. Many were poor. Some arrived crammed in the backs of pickups, others by bus. John told me that a lot of parents could not afford the trip.

We in the audience were white and Native American. We were Hispanic, Arab and African American and Asian. We were former Marines wearing the scars of battle, or at least baseball caps emblazoned with battles' names. We were Southern whites from Nashville and skinheads from New Jersey, black kids from Cleveland wearing ghetto rags and white ex-cons with ham-hock forearms defaced by

jailhouse tattoos. We would not have been mistaken for the educated and well-heeled parents gathered on the lawns of John's private school a half-year before.

After graduation one new Marine told John, "Before I was a Marine, if I had ever seen you on my block I would've probably killed you just because you were standing there." This was a serious statement from one of John's good friends, an African American ex-gang member from Detroit who, as John said, "Would die for me now, just like I'd die for him."

My son has connected me to my country in a way that I was too selfish and insular to experience before. I feel closer to the waitress at our local diner than to some of my oldest friends. She has two sons in the Corps. They are facing the same dangers as my boy. When the guy who fixes my car asks me how John is doing, I know he means it. His younger brother is in the Navy.

Why were I and the other parents at my son's private school so surprised by his choice? During World War II, the sons and daughters of the most powerful and educated families did their bit. If the immorality of the Vietnam War was the only reason those lucky enough to go to college dodged the draft, why did we not encourage our children to volunteer for military service once that war was done?

Have we wealthy and educated Americans all become pacifists? Is the world a safe place? Or have we just gotten used to having somebody else defend us? What is the future of our democracy when the sons and daughters of the janitors at our elite universities are far more likely to be put in harm's way than are any of the students whose dorms their parents clean?

I feel shame because it took my son's joining the Marine Corps to make me take notice of who is defending me. I feel hope because perhaps my son is part of a future "greatest generation."

As the storm clouds of war gather, at least I know that I can look the men and women in uniform in the eye. My son is one of them. He is the best I have to offer. He is my heart.

Frank Schaeffer: Washington Post. 11-26-02

### **Dogs Don't Have Souls, Do They?**

I remember bringing you home. You were so small and cuddly with your tiny paws and soft fur. Once in a while, you'd let out a little yelp, just to let me know this was your territory. Making a mess of the house and chewing on everything in sight became a passion, and when I scolded you, you just put your head down and looked up at me with those innocent eyes, as if to say, "I'm sorry, but I'll do it again as soon as you're not watching".

As you got older, you protected me by looking out the window and barking at everyone who walked by. When I had a tough day at work, you would be waiting for me with your tail wagging just to say, "Welcome home. I missed you". You never had a bad day, and I could always count on you to be there for me. When I sat down to read the paper and watch TV, you would hop on my lap, looking for attention. You never asked for anything more than to have me pat your head so you could go to sleep with your head over my leg. As you got older, you moved more slowly.

Then, one day, old age finally took its toll, and you couldn't stand on those wobbly legs anymore. I knelt down and patted you lying, trying to make you young again. You just looked at me as if to say you were old and tired and that after all these years of not asking for anything, you had to ask me one last favor. With tears in my eyes, I drove you one last time to the vet. One last time, you were lying next to me. For some strange reason, you were able to stand up in the animal hospital; perhaps it was your sense of pride. As the vet led you away, you stopped for

an instant, turned your head and looked at me as if to say, "Thank you for taking care of me." I thought, "No, thank you for taking care of me".

Sent in By  
Margo Pasquale

I put this story in for all of us who have had to experience what Jimmy and Margo did. It is always difficult. Saber is the name of their loyal Companion.

*Magnet*

### **The following passage is from a sermon by John Hagee:**

I want you to close your eyes and picture in your mind the soldier at Valley Forge, as he holds his musket in his bloody hands.

He stands barefoot in the snow, starved from lack of food, wounded from months of battle and emotionally scarred from the eternity away from his family surrounded by nothing but death and carnage of war.

He stands though, with fire in his eyes and victory on his breath. He looks at us now in anger and disgust and tells us this... I gave you a birthright of freedom born in the Constitution and now your children graduate too illiterate to read it. I fought in the snow barefoot to give you the freedom to vote and you stay at home because it rains. I left my family destitute to give you the freedom of speech and you remain silent on critical issues, because it might be bad for business. I orphaned my children to give you a government to serve you and it has stolen democracy from the people.

It's the soldier not the reporter who gives you the freedom of the press. It's the soldier not the poet who gives you the freedom of speech. It's the soldier not the campus organizer who allows you to demonstrate. It's the soldier who salutes the flag, serves the flag, whose coffin is draped with the flag that allows the protester to burn

the flag!!! "Lord, hold our troops in your loving hands. Protect them as they protect us. Bless them and their families for the selfless acts they perform for us in our time of need. I ask this in the name of Jesus, our Lord and Savior. Amen."

A Moment of THANKS to our Armed Forces. When you read this, please stop for a moment and say a prayer for our U.S. ground troops in Afghanistan, AND all over this world. Of all the gifts you could give a US Soldier, Prayer is the very best one.....

### **Band of Brothers**

"We few, we happy few, we band of brothers, For he today that sheds his blood with me shall be my brother. "And Gentlemen in England now a-bed Shall think themselves accursed they were not here And hold their manhood's cheap while any speaks That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day."

"He that shall live this day, and see old age, Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors, and say tomorrow is Saint Crispin; Then he will strip his sleeve and show his scars. And say, "these wounds I had on Crispin's day."

Henry V", Act 4 Scene 3, Wm. Shakespeare

Sent by: Clark Lohmann, B/2-22 Vietnam

### **Iwo Jima Statue**

"Each year I am hired to go to Washington, DC, with the eighth grade class from Clinton, WI, where I grew up, to videotape their trip. I greatly enjoy visiting our nation's capitol, and each year I take some special memories back with me. This fall's trip was especially memorable.

On the last night of our trip we stopped at the Iwo Jima Memorial.

This memorial is the largest bronze statue in the world and depicts one of the most famous photographs in history--that of the six brave soldiers raising the American Flag at the top of a rocky hill on the island of Iwo Jima, Japan, during WW II. Over one hundred students and chaperones piled off the buses and headed towards the memorial. I noticed a solitary figure at the base of the statue, and as I got closer he asked, "Where are you guys from?" I told him that we were from Wisconsin. "Hey, I'm a cheesehead, too! Come gather around Cheeseheads, and I will tell you a story."

James Bradley just happened to be in Washington, DC, to speak at the memorial the following day. He was there that night to say good night to his dad, who has since passed away. He was just about to leave when he saw the buses pull up. I videotaped him as he spoke to us, and received his permission to share what he said from my videotape. It is one thing to tour the incredible monuments filled with history in Washington, D.C., but it is quite another to get the kind of insight we received that night. When all had gathered around he reverently began to speak.

(Here are his words that night.)

"My name is James Bradley and I'm from Antigo, Wisconsin. My dad is on that statue, and I just wrote a book called "Flags of Our Fathers" which is #5 on the New York Times Best Seller list right now. It is the story of the six boys you see behind me. Six boys raised the flag. The first guy putting the pole in the ground is Harlon Block. Harlon was an all-state football player. He enlisted in the Marine Corps with all the senior members of his football team. They were off to play another type of game. A game called "War." But it didn't turn out to be a game. Harlon, at the age of 21, died with his intestines in his hands.

I don't say that to gross you out, I say that because there are generals who stand in front of this statue and talk about the glory of war. You guys need

to know that most of the boys in Iwo Jima were 17, 18, and 19 years old.

(He pointed to the statue) You see this next guy? That's Rene Gagnon from New Hampshire. If you took Rene's helmet off at the moment this photo was taken, and looked in the webbing of that helmet, you would find a photograph---a photograph of his girlfriend. Rene put that in there for protection, because he was scared. He was 18 years old. Boys won the battle of Iwo Jima. Boys. Not old men.

The next guy here, the third guy in this tableau, was Sergeant Mike Strank. Mike is my hero. He was the hero of all these guys. They called him the "old man" because he was so old. He was already 24. When Mike would motivate his boys in training camp, he didn't say, "Let's go kill some Japanese" or "Let's die for our country." He knew he was talking to little boys. Instead he would say, "You do what I say, and I'll get you home to your mothers."

The last guy on this side of the statue is Ira Hayes, a Pima Indian from Arizona. Ira Hayes walked off Iwo Jima. He went into the White House with my dad. President Truman told him, "You're a hero." He told reporters, "How can I feel like a hero when 250 of my buddies hit the island with me and only 27 of us walked off alive?" So you take your class at school, 250 of you spending a year together having fun, doing everything together. Then all 250 of you hit the beach, but only 27 of your classmates walk off alive. That was Ira Hayes. He had images of horror in his mind. Ira Hayes died dead drunk, face down at the age of 32...ten years after this picture was taken.

The next guy, going around the statue, is Franklin Sousley from Hilltop Kentucky. A fun-lovin' hillbilly boy. His best friend, who is now 70, told me, "Yeah, you know, we took two cows up on the porch of the Hilltop General Store. Then we strung wire across the stairs so the cows couldn't get down. Then we fed them Epsom salts. Those cows crapped all night." Yes he was a fun-lovin' hillbilly boy.

Franklin died on Iwo Jima at the age of 19. When the telegram came to tell his mother that he was dead, it went to the Hilltop General Store. A barefoot boy ran that telegram up to his mother's farm. The neighbors could hear her scream all night and into the morning. The neighbors lived a quarter of a mile away.

The next guy, as we continue to go around the statue is my dad, John Bradley from Antigo, Wisconsin, where I was raised. My dad lived until 1994, but he would never give interviews. When Walter Cronkite's producers, or the New York Times would call, we were trained as little kids to say, "No, I'm sorry sir, my dad's not here. He is in Canada fishing. No, there is no phone there, sir. No, we don't know when he is coming back." My dad never fished or even went to Canada. Usually, he was sitting there right at the table eating his Campbell's soup. But we had to tell the press that he was out fishing. He didn't want to talk to the press. You see, my dad didn't see himself as a hero.

Everyone thinks these guys are heroes, because they are in a photo and a monument. My dad knew better. He was a medic. John Bradley from Wisconsin was a caregiver. In Iwo Jima he probably held over 200 boys as they died. And when boys died at Iwo Jima, they writhed and screamed in pain. When I was a little boy, my third grade teacher told me that my dad was a hero. When I went home and told my dad that, he looked at me and said, "I want you always to remember that the heroes of Iwo Jima are the guys who did not come back. Did NOT come back."

So that's the story about six nice young boys. Three died on Iwo Jima, and three came back as national heroes. Overall 7000 boys died on Iwo Jima in the worst battle in the history of the Marine Corps. My voice is giving out, so I will end here.

Thank you for your time."

Suddenly, the monument wasn't just a big old piece of metal with a flag

sticking out of the top. It came to life before our eyes with the heartfelt words of a son who did indeed have a father who was a hero. Maybe not a hero for the reasons most people would believe, but a hero none-the-less.

We need to remember that God created this vast and glorious world for us to live in, freely, but also at great sacrifice. Let us never forget from the revolutionary War to the Gulf War and all the wars in-between that sacrifice was made for our freedom.

Remember to pray praises for this great country of ours and also pray for those still in murderous unrest around the world. STOP, and thank God for being alive at someone else's sacrifice

*"The nation which forgets it's defenders, will be itself forgotten."*

*Calvin Coolidge*

Sent by: John Lewis, C/2-22 VN

### **Giving Cooks A Break**

Hello boys, well my memory is not that good but I do remember some things. It's the dates and places that I have trouble with and names too. But speaking about beers in the field I remember clearly that there was a time that beer and alcohol was banned in the field. So before pulling out on operations Lt. James had us strip the tracks in the motor pool and line up all the ammo cans and C-rations, water can etc. on the ground behind the track. Then he would come by and inspect everything inside and outside the track. He would open the ammo cans (we used to hide beers in there sometimes) and look in all our personal gear. He would grin to the driver and then order him to open the engine compartment and inspect it. (we used to hide cases of beer in there too). We were in Bravo squad. Bob Northcott was the squad leader and Lt. James really didn't trust us so he would always inspect us last and then

stand there and watch us load everything back up. Then he would order us to mount up and not leave the track. So we did, being the good soldiers that we were and waited as Lt. James walked back to his track and then we moved out.

Life was tough in the field with the beer and alcohol ban. How tough? Well after about a week in the field one night the platoon sergeant came over to our track. He lit up a cigarette, took a quick look inside the track and asked if we had anything to drink. We said no that there was a ban. He said good, that was what he wanted to hear, now just make sure that I get my ration. So every night after we laagered, someone from the squad would have to run over to give the sergeant his nightly ration. Then one day we broke a torsion bar and the maintenance guys had to take the floor boards out to replace it. Now we had to deliver rations to the motor pool track as well. Life just kept getting tougher as we were running low on beer. But then one day as we were beating jungle the lead track caught on fire from the brush and vines on the radiator or something like that and none of the fire extinguishers in the company had anything left in them except ours and it was half empty so we had to give it up. Now we had no way to get our beer cold. I guess it could have been worse. We could have hit a mine and all that beer would have exploded in the frame of the track.

Another time when we were back in Dau Tieng on a very well deserved stand down we went to the Ty 1 On and got good and drunk. When the bar closed we went back to our squad tents with some more beers. Then someone got hungry so we went up to the mess hall to see if anything was happening. Low and behold it was open and everyone was making their own sandwiches. Someone mentioned something about not wanting to bother the cooks who had been working hard all day, so be considerate and make your own sandwiches. Well we were making these Dagwood style sandwiches when sergeant Arisola

walks in and has a 'sh\_\_' fit. As he is cussing and running us out of the mess hall he is making a sandwich for himself.

Well so what, we were moving out to the field the next day on combat operations what are they going to do to us. When I was returning to my squad tent everything was blacked out and you couldn't see but I heard someone having a party in one of the squad tents so I dropped in to say hello. We opened a few beers and someone in there had taken a big tub of cheese out of the mess hall before we got run off. So we dipped in with our hands scooped out the cheese and ate it. I will tell you when you are drunk and hungry late at night in the middle of a war zone a tub of cheese sure tastes good. The next day when the sun came up we discovered that the cheese we were eating wasn't Kraft spread but Lard! We all had the 'two step quick drops'. I don't know if it was the lard or the Ballantine Beer.

Aloha, Roger

Norm's comment: Roger Cote was in A/2-22 VN. His story brings back memories of a caper I was involved in when I was Cadre at Ft. Polk. Man those ham & cheese sandwiches we made sure tasted good!!!

### **Supplemental Rations**

Denis Delmonte and I talked for a while last night. He reminded me of getting a nightly shipment of 100-pound blocks of ice shipped to the field. There was 5 or 6 per night and each platoon split the 100-pound block among the 4 tracks for rolling the beer. He said the motor pool with one track got one by itself. He also reminded me that he and George Corwin took a 2 1/2 ton truck to Saigon weekly to buy beer, steaks and other supplies. (Also midnight requisition of antennas from Officer's jeeps to replace the ones we always busted on the APCS and could not get through normal channels) They took C-rations and traded it for steaks as the guys in Saigon thought it was a novelty to have those f---ing C-rations we trained with for 8 months in FT.

Lewis. Capt. Both knew about the midnight requisition and approved but did not put George Corwin in for a Bronze Star for his gallant re-supply effort.

Dennis also related how on New Years, we had a several cases of whiskey that got confiscated by Capt. Both but he went to him and he got Capt. Both to give them back and everyone got drunk as a skunk at Dau Tieng. Frank Lomento who was wounded earlier and lost part of his thumb was the head bartender at the 'Ty 1 On' and was in charge of sending beer to the field until the door gunners starting stealing too much. Dennis said we averaged 40 cases to the field every 2 or 3 days. Frank only had 100 cases for the whole battalion but naturally favored Alpha Co. The thing that was great about Alpha Co. was that with the combination of Metro NY guys (always hustling) and Michigan guys (pulling pranks), we seemed to get along and had a universal hatred of the ARMY. While there are always exceptions, we also were more friendly to the FNG's than other units. Sure we did not have much beer when we first arrived at Dau Tieng, but by Dec. 15 or about we almost always had beer and re-supply was no problem if there was beer anywhere in the Greater Saigon area.

Terry Humpert told me a funny story about how, when we left Tay Ninh for an operation, Lt. James told him to get some pop along with the beer. Terry Humpert and Snellenberger rode in the 3-6 APC with Lt. James when he was 3<sup>rd</sup> Platoon Leader. This probably was in June '67. They stocked the APC to the rafters with beer and of course had no room for pop. Several days later, they just ran out of beer and the 3-6 track got stuck in the mud late one afternoon and were by themselves. Terry was drunk and Lt. James ordered him to go over to the 11<sup>th</sup> Cav (who was going by on a road) to see if they had a tow-rope and could help pull them out. Terry went over to the 11th Cav and asked them if they had any beer? They answered in the negative. So Terry told them to "Get

the F--- outta here". Terry next went back to Lt. James and told him the 11th Cav had no tow-rope. To solve the theft problem and also because our normal beer source had dried up for awhile, I was appointed to collect the money from the guys and ride the helicopter to Tay Ninh and buy beer and pop and escort it back to the field. I would go every 2 days and stay in Tay Ninh over night and get drunk with the cooks and Tyrus O'Rourke. The other guys were jealous and could not figure out how I had lucked into this patriotic duty. (I think Platoon SGT Rodriguez picked me because he knew I had had it with our new leader who was a real piece of work.) Later with about 21 days left in country I challenged him to a knife fight but that is another story. However this duty only lasted for about 3 weeks. On one run, with about 40 cases of beer and 20 cases of pop, I was in the chopper around the Black Virgin heading North to Prek Loc. All of a sudden a WP marking round went off about 50 ft. in front of the chopper. The pilot did a u- turn and went lower and about 10 cases of beer fell on me. The beer and I almost left the chopper at 2000 ft. As I was restacking the beer I could hear the pilot cursing in the radio over the normal chopper noise. After I checked my pants for any brown stuff, we found out the artillery marking round was sent because they did not know about our chopper being in their area. Since I already had enough airtime to qualify for an Air Medal, which I never got, I decided to ask to be relieved from this easy job that almost got me killed. I believe this was during late July or early August 1967. This was one of about 10 times I should have been dead.

On the nights I stayed in the field, for some reason I always had longer night guard duty than the other guys. But I was proud of the job I had done, doing this patriotic beer duty as the rest of the battalion had no beer during those 3 weeks. But Alpha always had plenty. The Battalion CO noticed our beer when he had none, and asked where we got it. We did not answer because

he was called to his radio and that was the end of that.

Gary Hartt, A/2-22 VN

### My RifleTwink

Over 30 years ago in the Michelin Rubber Plantation near Dau Tieng Republic of Vietnam my platoon Sgt. was Sammy Kay. My Squad Leader was Jim Frost and my M16's name was Twink.

In basic training at Ft. Bliss, Texas the Drill Sgt. made us understand how important it was to keep your rifle clean and well oiled. They said your rifle was your best friend and if you took good care of it, it would take care of you. They even had us tie the M16 to our wrist with a rope one night during a sand storm so we would get into the habit of having it for a companion.

I named my rifle Twink after a girl I knew back in the World. It proved to be unreliable because the M16 I was issued in 1967 with C-2/22 always jammed. I even wrote Twink on the barrel handgrip with oil paint.

As time went on, I would talk to Twink, in private of course. I had been without sleep for so long, it was easy to talk to Twink even knowing she would jam in a firefight. But just like the Sgt. said, she was my best friend.

Sometime in Oct., we were in a firefight in the Ben Cui Plantation. Twink and I were lying down behind a tree. Twink was doing all right. As I fired, the flash of the barrel was twinkling and Twink was happy. All of a sudden the fulcrum pin that held the two main parts of an M16 together came out and there I was. The stock and receiver in one hand and barrel in the other! I couldn't fire! Incoming enemy fire was increasing! Twink just had a break down and I'm trying to find this small black pin in the leaves, dead bugs and grass at the base of the tree. I couldn't move or get up for risk of exposing myself. Twink – why did

you do this to me? I trusted you, I muttered out loud. I couldn't find the pin. What should I do? In desperation, I broke off a piece of twig from a dead vine and inserted it into the hole where the pin belonged. To my surprise, Twink snapped back together. I quickly pulled the charging handle to cock Twink, then I pulled the trigger. Twink was on automatic and my, did she fire good, magazine after magazine, no jamming (Hooray). Twink's happy. I'm happy. Twink even fired my dirty magazines. The ones I hadn't had time to take all the cartridges out of to clean the sand and grime out of the spring.

After the firefight was over, I found a little machine screw with a wing nut back at the track about the same diameter as the small twig. Twink fired perfectly in future firefights that Charlie Co. was in. When Sgt. Kay had me carry the M60 machine gun, almost everyone in the squad wanted Twink. I remember she spent a lot of time with Sp4 Ted Angus but she never went out with 19-year-old Sgt. Jim Frost.

Sent by: Jim Nelson C/2-22 VN

### GOOD DEAL

Dear Ma and Pa:

Am well. Hope you are. Tell brother Walt and brother Elmer the Army beats working for old man Minch by a mile. Tell them to join up quick before maybe all the places are filled.

I was restless at first because you got to stay in bed till nearly 5 a.m., but am getting so I like to sleep late.

Tell Walt and Elmer all you do before breakfast is smooth your cot and shine some things -- no hogs to slop, feed to pitch, mash to mix, wood to split, fire to lay. Practically nothing. Men got to shave, but it ain't bad, they git warm water. Breakfast is strong on trimmings like fruit juice, cereal, eggs, bacon, etc., but kinda weak on chops, potatoes, beef, ham, steak, fried eggplant, pie, and regular food. But tell Walt and

Elmer you can always sit between two city boys that live on coffee. Their food plus yours holds you till noon, when you get fed again.

It ain't no wonder these city boys can't walk much. We go on "route marches," which, the Sgt. says, are long walks to harden us. If he thinks so, it is not my place to tell him different. A "route march" is about as far as to our mailbox at home. Then the city guys all get sore feet and we ride back in trucks. The country is nice, but awful flat.

The Sgt. is like a schoolteacher. He nags some. The Capt. is like the school board. Colonels and Generals just ride around and frown. They don't bother none. This next will kill Walt and Elmer with laughing. I keep gettin medals for shootin. I don't know why. The bull's-eye is near as big as a chipmunk and don't move. And it ain't shooting back, like the Higgett boys at home.

All you got to do is lay there all comfortable and hit it. You don't even load your own cartridges. They come in boxes.

Be sure to tell Walt and Elmer to hurry and join up before other fellows get onto this setup and come stampeding in.

Yore lovin daughter,  
Gail

Sent by: Clark Lohmann, B/2-22  
Vietnam

### Drafted

On the morning of December 8, 1965 I reported to the armed forces induction center on Van Buren Street in Chicago. This was a huge warehouse type building west of the loop. When I got inside we were all organized into groups and sent around to the various testing stations. We followed a yellow line, which was painted on the floor, between the various stations. We were given mental tests, and psychological evaluations. Then we were brought to

a locker room and told to strip down to our underwear. We were given a small brown paper bag to carry our valuables in. Of course some wag had to ask, "If I stick my valuables in that bag, where will I carry my wallet?"

Then we made the rounds of various stations for our physical exams. ("Bend over and spread your cheeks, and etc.") After all of the testing, examining, and evaluating was over; and the military had decided that we weren't diseased, moronic, or crazy, we were allowed to put our clothes back on.

We were then brought into another room and told to line up in rows. "OK, I want you men to count off by fives." "One - two - three - four - five - one - two - three..." I was a four.

"Alright, all of you fives fall out. Follow the sergeant over there. You men are now in the Marine Corps." The unlucky fives followed a Marine Corps Gunnery Sergeant out of the room. The rest of us were told to close ranks and raise our right hands. The army sergeant was very polite about it. He then administered the oath. "Alright Privates! Stand at attention, and stop milling around like a bunch of civilians at a circle jerk! You're in the Army!"

That evening we were marched out of the building, and loaded on buses to O'Hare Field. We boarded a chartered plane, I think it was a DC-3, and flown to Louisiana. For most of us, this was our first time on an aircraft. I remember seeing Christmas lights below as the plane flew over Memphis, Tennessee. The plane landed at Eglund AFB. From there, we were bused to Fort Polk, La.

It was late at night when we reached Fort Polk. We were put into an ad-hoc formation, where we stood around waiting in a drizzling rain. Periodically we were marched off to various buildings for aptitude testing. We were also issued uniforms. We didn't get any sleep that night. We found out later that the army didn't have a barracks for us. This was one



of the first big draft call-ups of the Vietnam War, and I guess the army wasn't quite ready for us. In the meantime, we crawled under other barracks to get some sleep and stay out of the rain. I think it was about two or three days before we finally had a barracks to sleep in. I'm not sure. This was one of two times, while I was in the army, that I became completely disorientated about time. The second time was flying home from Vietnam. We also had to carry our duffle and personal bags everywhere we went. It seems like it was raining during my entire stay at Fort Polk, which lasted about a week. We were eventually assigned a barracks.

I remember several incidents at Fort Polk. While we were standing in formation, a Corporal was lecturing us about something or other. A fellow behind me made a rude noise. The Corporal zeroed in on me. "What was that Private!"  
 "Nothing Corporal."  
 "What was that noise?"  
 "I didn't make a noise Corporal."  
 "YOU MAY LAH TO YO MAMA LIKE THAT. AND YO MAY LAH TO YOUR DADDY LIKE THAT. BUT DON'T Y'ALL LAH TO ME LIKE THAT. YOU LOP EARED SON-OF-A-BITCH! Everyone can stand here and wait, BECAUSE OF THIS MAN!" Fortunately the people standing near me knew I didn't make the noise. So I didn't catch any repercussions from my comrades because of this incident.

After a while, we were allowed to use the pay phone and call home. There was a long line of men waiting to use the phone. Eventually there was only one guy on the phone ahead of me. I couldn't help overhearing him. He was crying, "Ma, you've got to get me out of here. It's horrible. I can't stand it. All these guys do is swear, and talk about women, and gamble. I can't take it any more!"

I don't know who he was, and I never saw him again; but I truly felt sorry for him. If he thought he had heard and seen a lot up to then, I could imagine what he was in for as time went on. I

really hope he was able to get out of the army. I wasn't the best of soldiers, but some people just aren't cut out to survive.

There were these "soldiers" wearing white helmets. Since us new guys "didn't know from nothing", we at first assumed that they were cadre of some sort. They usually seemed to be the ones issuing our uniforms, stenciling out duffle bags, and that sort of thing. I remember a conversation with one of these guys while he was making my dog tags. I had made some comment about "Where do I go to resign?"

He said, "Why do you want to get out of the army?" "Hey, I didn't want to get into the Army?" "Do what I did...Drink a can of BRASSO in front of the Sergeant. After they pump your stomach, they'll give you a discharge." "I said I'd like to get out of the army; NOT kill myself. Besides, what would happen if they didn't pump your stomach quick enough?"

He got a crazy glazed look in his eyes. "Whatsa matter? Are you afraid to die?" I said something like "Yeah, that's why I want to get out of the army," and got the hell away from him quick. We later found out that the guys with white helmets were all waiting to be processed out of the army for various reasons...including section eight!

A group of us were tagged for KP at Fort Polk. This was my first experience with KP duty in the army; and it turned out to be my worse. When we reported to the mess hall the Sergeant had us all sign a roster. He then put us to work at the usual stations, DRO, trays, pots & pans, etc. I ended up on pots & pans. This was a consolidated mess hall, so it had a lot of activity. The work was long, hard and dirty. This Mess Sergeant didn't make it any easier. It seems he was in trouble with the I.G. and was desperate to get his mess hall in inspection order. After all of the meals were over, and what I later found out was normal KP duty was done, this guy kept us to prepare for his

inspection. The Geneva Convention requires that he would have had to treat POWs better. Unfortunately, the Geneva Convention does not protect recruits from their own army. This Bastard kept us working for 24 hours without a break. What galled us was the realization of my own stupidity. If I hadn't signed my correct name on the roster at the beginning, I could have drifted away at any time; and that son-of-a-bitch wouldn't have had the foggiest idea who I was. I never made that mistake again. I was learning some things about soldiering we don't see in John Wayne movies.

After we had been at Fort Polk about a week, or ten days – like I said, I became completely time disorientated – we were gathered into another large formation, with all of our personal gear in duffle bags. "Attention! Count off by twos."  
 "One – two – one – two – one..." I was a two.

The "ones" were informed that they were being sent to the 3<sup>rd</sup> Armored Division at Fort Hood, Texas. My group was to be sent to Fort Lewis, Washington, the 4<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division. We were loaded aboard buses and transported back to Eglund AFB. Good-bye Fort Puke!

The flight to Washington, on DC-3s again, was very interesting. We flew through the Rocky Mountains, and the plane was lower than some of the peaks. Eventually, we landed at the AFB near Seattle, or was it Boeing Field? We again boarded buses for transportation to Fort Lewis. The buses all pulled up in front of different barracks when we arrived. These were new three story barracks. The barracks at Fort Polk, when we were lucky enough to get them, had looked like something built when the French still owned Louisiana.

When we got off the bus, the First Sergeant and other NCOs, were on hand to arrange us into platoons. My group was told we were now members of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Platoon, Bravo Company, 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion, 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry, Third Brigade, 4<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division.

The next day we were marched down to the mess hall. They marched us everywhere in those days. ("To the latrine march! By the numbers – Open fly – One – Two..." Well not quite, but almost.) There was a group of ladies at sewing machines. We gave them our shirts and jackets; and they sewed a patch on the shoulders with an ivy leaf device. We were told that we were now members of the 4<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division. We strutted around feeling like "old soldiers" for a little while, before an NCO (We called them "lifers") spoke up. He said: "You know there is only one reason the army assigns raw recruits to a unit before they've even started basic training. You men are going to train with the 4<sup>th</sup>, you're going to cross the pond with the 4<sup>th</sup>, and you're to Vietnam with the 4<sup>th</sup>."

We heard many other rumors during our basic training, but that one was true.

Bill Matz, A/2-22 Vietnam

## R&R

I went to Singapore. It sounded exotic to me, and I guess it was. Hawaii was justly reserved for married troops. I met a snake charmer in Singapore. I also met a lot of ladies we won't talk about. This charmer had a cobra which looked drugged, half asleep. I asked him if I could have my picture taken while holding it. He consented. I'm sure money must have changed hands, but I don't recall. So somewhere I have a picture of me with a king cobra draped around my neck.

Ahh the foolishness of youth. Who the H\*ll did I think I was, Marlin Perkins? This was the third world. That cobra had probably NOT been de venomed. If it had waken up, and bit me, I'd probably be dead! I guess, having by that time, survived nine or ten months in Nam, and all my combat time, I thought I was invulnerable.

If I ever come across the picture, I'll

try to post it.

Bill Matz, A/2-22 Vietnam

## BEER ROCKS.....WORDS TO LIVE BY.....

A philosophy professor stood before his class with some items on the table in front of him. When the class began, wordlessly he picked up a very large and empty mayonnaise jar and proceeded to fill it with rocks, about 2" in diameter.

He then asked his students if the jar was full. They all agreed that it was. So the professor then picked up a box of pebbles and poured them into the jar. He shook the jar lightly. The pebbles, of course, rolled into the open areas between the rocks.

He then asked the students again if the jar was full. Again, they agreed it was.

The professor picked up a box of sand and poured it into the jar. Of course, the sand filled up everything else.

He then asked once more if the jar was full. The students responded with a unanimous "Yes."

The professor then produced two cans of beer from under the table and proceeded to pour their entire contents into the jar this effectively filled the empty space between the sand. The students laughed.

"Now," said the professor, as the laughter subsided, "I want you to recognize that this jar represents your life. The rocks are the important things - your family, your partner, your health, your children - things that if everything else was lost and only they remained, your life would still be full. The pebbles are the other things that matter - like your job, your house, your car. The sand is everything else. "The small stuff."

"If you put the sand into the jar first," he continued "there is no room for the

pebbles or the rocks. The same goes for your life. If you spend all your time and energy on the small stuff, you will never have room for the things that are important to you.

Pay attention to the things that are critical to your happiness. Play with your children. Take time to get medical checkups. Take your partner out dancing. There will always be time to go to work, clean the house, give a dinner party and fix the disposal. Take care of the rocks first - the things that really matter. Set your priorities. The rest is just sand.

One of the students raised her hand and inquired what the beer represented. The professor smiled. "I'm glad you asked. It just goes to show you that no matter how full your life may seem, there's always room for a couple of beers."

Sent by: Dick Nash, A/2-22 Vietnam  
Dick, Amen to that.

Magnet

## FROM A MILITARY DOCTOR

I am a doctor specializing in Emergency Medicine in the Emergency Departments of the only two military Level One-trauma centers. They are both in San Antonio, TX and they care for civilian Emergencies as well as military personnel. San Antonio has the largest military retiree population in the world living here, because of the location of these two large military medical centers. As a military doctor in training or my specialty, I work long hours and the pay is less than glamorous.

One tends to become jaded by the long hours, lack of sleep, food, family contact and the endless parade of human suffering passing before you. The arrival of another ambulance does not mean more pay, only more work.

Most often, it is a victim from a motor vehicle crash. Often it is a person of dubious character who has been shot or stabbed. With our large military retiree population, it is often a nursing home patient.

Even with my enlisted service and minimal combat experience in Panama, prior to medical school, I have caught myself groaning when the ambulance brought in yet another sick, elderly person from one of the local retirement centers that cater to military retirees. I had not stopped to think of what citizens of this age group represented.

I saw "Saving Private Ryan." I was touched deeply. Not so much by the carnage in the first 30 minutes, but by the sacrifices of so many. I was touched most by the scene of the elderly survivor at the graveside, asking his wife if he'd been a good man. I realized that I had seen these same men and women coming through my Emergency Dept. and had not realized what magnificent sacrifices they had made. The things they did for me and everyone else that has lived on this planet since the end of that conflict are priceless.

Situation permitting, I now try to ask my patients about their experiences. They would never bring up the subject without the inquiry. I have been privileged to an amazing array of experiences, recounted in the brief minutes allowed in an Emergency Dept. encounter. These experiences have revealed the incredible individuals I have had the honor of serving in a medical capacity, many on their last admission to the hospital.

There was a frail, elderly woman who reassured my young enlisted medic, trying to start an IV line in her arm. She remained calm and poised, despite her illness and the multiple needlesticks into her fragile veins. She was what we call a "hard stick." As the medic made another attempt, I noticed a number tattooed across her forearm. I touched it with one finger and looked into her eyes. She simply said "Auschwitz." Many of later

generations would have loudly and openly berated the young medic in his many attempts. How different was the response from this person who'd seen unspeakable suffering.

Also, there was this long retired Colonel, who as a young officer had parachuted from his burning plane over a Pacific Island held by the Japanese. Now an octogenarian, his head cut in a fall at home where he lived alone. His CT scan and suturing had been delayed until after midnight by the usual parade of high priority ambulance patients. Still spry for his age, he asked to use the phone to call a taxi, to take him home, then he realized his ambulance had brought him without his wallet.

He asked if he could use the phone to make a long distance call to his daughter who lived 7 miles away. With great pride we told him that he could not, as he'd done enough for his country and the least we could do was get him a taxi home, even if we had to pay for it ourselves. My only regret was that my shift wouldn't end for several hours, and I couldn't drive him myself.

I was there the night MSgt. Roy Benavidez came through the Emergency Dept. for the last time. He was very sick. I was not the doctor taking care of him, but I walked to his bedside and took his hand. I said nothing. He was so sick, he didn't know I was there. I'd read his Congressional Medal of Honor citation and wanted to shake his hand. He died a few days later.

The gentleman who served with Merrill's Marauders, the survivor of the Bataan Death March, the survivor of Omaha Beach, the 101 year old World War I veteran, the former POW held in frozen North Korea, the former Special Forces medic -- now with non-operable liver cancer, the former Viet Nam Corps Commander. I remember these citizens.

I may still groan when yet another ambulance comes in, but now I am

much more aware of what an honor it is to serve these particular men and women. I am angered at the cut backs, implemented and proposed, that will continue to decay their meager retirement benefits.

I see the President and Congress who would turn their back on these individuals, who've sacrificed so much to protect our liberty. I see later generations that seem to be totally engrossed in abusing these same liberties, won with such sacrifice. It has become my personal endeavor, to make the nurses and young enlisted medics aware of these amazing individuals when I encounter them in our emergency Dept. Their response to these particular citizens has made me think that perhaps all is not lost in the next generation.

My experiences have solidified my belief that we are losing an incredible generation, and this nation knows not what it is losing. Our uncaring government and ungrateful civilian populace should all take note. We should all remember that we must "Earn this."

Written By CPT. Stephen R. Ellison, M.D.

Sent to us by: Clark Lohmann, B/2-22 Vietnam

**This is the commencement speech by the writer, Anna Quindlen, to the graduates at Villanova this year.**

It's a great honor for me to be the third member of my family to receive an honorary doctorate from this great university. I have no specialized field of interest or expertise, which puts me at a disadvantage talking to you today. I'm a novelist. My work is human nature. Real life is all I know. Don't ever confuse the two, your life and your work. The second is only part of the first.

Don't ever forget what a friend once wrote Senator Paul Tsongas when the

senator decided not to run for re-election because he had been diagnosed with cancer: "No man ever said on his deathbed, 'I wish I had spent more time at the office.'"

Don't ever forget the words my father sent me on a postcard last year: "If you win the rat race, you're still a rat." Or what John Lennon wrote before he was gunned down in the driveway of the Dakota: "Life is what happens while you are busy making other plans."

You will walk out of here this afternoon with only one thing that no one else has. There will be hundreds of people out there with your same degree; there will be thousands of people doing what you want to do for a living.

But you will be the only person alive who has sole custody of your life. Your particular life. Your entire life. Not just your life at a desk, or your life on a bus, or in a car, or at the computer. Not just the life of your mind, but the life of your heart. Not just your bank account, but your soul.

People don't talk about the soul very much anymore. It's so much easier to write a resume than to craft a spirit. But a resume is a cold comfort on a winter night, or when you're sad, or broke, or lonely, or when you've gotten back the test results and they're not so good.

Here is my resume: I am a good mother to three children. I have tried never to let my profession stand in the way of being a good parent. I no longer consider myself the center of the universe. I show up. I listen. I try to laugh. I am a good friend to my husband. I have tried to make marriage vows mean what they say.

I am a good friend to my friends, and they to me. Without them, there would be nothing to say to you today, because I would be a cardboard cutout. But I call them on the phone, and I meet them for lunch. I would be rotten, or at best mediocre at my job, if those other things were not true. You

cannot be really first rate at your work if your work is all you are.

So here's what I wanted to tell you today: Get a life. A real life, not a manic pursuit of the next promotion, the bigger paycheck, the larger house. Do you think you'd care so very much about those things if you blew an aneurysm one afternoon, or found a lump in your breast?

Get a life in which you notice the smell of salt water pushing itself on a breeze over Seaside Heights, a life in which you stop and watch how a red tailed hawk circles over the water, or the way a baby scowls with concentration when she tries to pick up a Cheerio with her thumb and first finger.

Get a life in which you are not alone. Find people you love, and who love you. And remember that love is not leisure, it is work. Pick up the phone. Send an e-mail. Write a letter.

Get a life in which you are generous. And realize that life is the best thing ever, and that you have no business taking it for granted. Care so deeply about its goodness that you want to spread it around. Work in a soup kitchen. Be a big brother or sister. All of you want to do well. But if you do not do good too, then doing well will never be enough. It is so easy to waste our lives, our days, our hours, our minutes. It is so easy to take for granted the color of our kids' eyes, the way the melody in a symphony rises and falls and disappears and rises again. It is so easy to exist instead of to live.

I learned to live many years ago. Something really, really bad happened to me, something that changed my life in ways that, if I had my way, it would never have been changed at all. And what I learned from it is what, today, seems to be the hardest lesson of all: I learned to love the journey, not the destination. I learned that life is not a dress rehearsal, and that today is the only guarantee you get. I learned to look at all the good in the world and try to give some of it back because I

believed in it, completely and utterly. And I tried to do that, in part, by telling others what I had learned. By telling them this: Consider the lilies of the field. Look at the fuzz on a baby's ear. Read in the backyard with the sun on your face. Learn to be happy. And think of life as a terminal illness, because if you do, you will live it with joy and passion as it ought to be lived.

*Sent by: Robin Harrington, C/2-22 Vietnam. Norm's comment: Food for Long and Careful Thought Folks. Thanks for sending it Sarge.*

### Fort Carson

It was '69 and they sent me to Fort Carson, Colorado, life was good, after being shot at and getting hit in the butt, and making it through BURT, GOOD FRYDAY, THANKSGIVING, TRANG BANG, CU CHI, BASE CAMP and TAY NINH.

I was sent to Ft. Carson after a 30-day leave. I drove to Colorado in my 66 Chevell 396! What an e-ticket ride! Being from Calif. I had never driven in the snow before. When I arrived at Carson I reported to the SPD which picked up A.W.O.L.s at the airport! I had 12 hrs on and 24 off.

I met a guy named ANDY ANDREWYS from JOPLIN MIS. We had a great time! We drove a van which had a cage to hold the guys that were awols, and a lot of these guys were wearing shorts and some were 15 or 20 years AWOL! No kidding, 15 to 20 years AWOL!

One day we went into town and bought a case of COLT 45 malt liquor and proceeded to get drunk and take in the locale town of people. I also met a Sgt. named Willabe, a very cool guy that knew how to drive in the snow. While driving from Denver and he showed me how to make a 180 going about 50 mph. What a trip! Not bad on ice! After we got on dry pavement with his Ford Corbra Jet 428 going about 90 + we hit a fox and did it put a

super dent in his front bumper!

OK, OK! You are wondering about Andy! WELL we went back to base and wanted to drive on the tank trails! Well being a maverick and darn good burm line racer we decided to knock all of the signs down on the trails. WELL at that in Colorado, Indians are not allowed to drink. In order to do so they would sneak off base and get some booze and sit under a particular bridge and get hammered! Well that little Econoline Van didn't like its headlights and front end pushed back not to mention the side door would not open! WHEN WE FINALLY rolled into our parking spot we sat there for a little while and had another beer and we needed a plan of attack! WELL right in front us was a passed out Indian named TIN CUP. We being neat guys (US) not (RA) we did what any great soldier would do!!! WE picked him up and put him in the drivers seat and got some sack time! WHEN we fell out for formation TIN CUP WAS still in the drivers seat in this beat up van, when the First Sgt saw this he was more than a little upset! We were never caught!

NEXT drag racing was a great thing and I did win my share of the pot, until one night I was racing a 383 Roadrunner, what a race! He backed off and I kept the hammer down, I was cookin! Till I saw those funny red lights. WELL with one day till I was out of the army I had to be in court in a week! I guess I just de de mowed and never looked back! I hope I never go there again!  
MAVRICK AT LARGE, Jim Pasquale, C/2-22 67/68 forever a Ski's Raider. Welcome Home My Combat Brothers.

### Heaven

A woman arrived at the gates of Heaven. While she was waiting for St. Peter to greet her, she peeked through the gates. She saw a beautiful banquet table. Sitting all around were her parents and all the other people she had loved and who had died

before her. They saw her and began calling greetings to her. "Hello, how are you!"  
"We've been waiting for you!" "Good to see you!"

When St. Peter came by, the woman said to him, "This is such a wonderful place! How do I get in?!" "You have to spell a word," St. Peter told her. Which word?" she asked. "Love," replied St. Peter. The woman correctly spelled "Love," and St. Peter welcomed her into Heaven.

About a year later, St. Peter came to the woman and asked her to watch the Gates of Heaven for him that day. While she was guarding the Gates of Heaven, her husband arrived.

"I'm surprised to see you," the woman said "How have you been?" "Oh, I've been doing pretty well since you died," her husband told her. "I married the beautiful young nurse who took care of you while you were ill. And then I won the multi-state lottery. I sold the little house you and I lived in and bought a huge mansion. My wife and I traveled all around the world. We were on vacation in Cancun, and I went water skiing today and fell and hit my head, so here I am!"

"What a bummer!" she replied. "How do I get in?" he asked. "You have to spell a word," she replied. "What word?" he asked. "Czechoslovakia," she replied.

MORAL: Never make a woman angry. There will be hell to pay later!

Sent by: Gary Krek, HHC/2-22 VN

### Marriage Counseling

A husband and wife were at a party chatting with some friends when the subject of marriage counseling came up.

"Oh, we'll never need that. My husband and I have a great

relationship," the wife explained.

"He was a communications major in college and I majored in theater arts. He communicates very well and I just act like I'm listening."

Sent by: Clark Lohmann, B/2-22 Vietnam

### Active Duty Units

**Elements of 4ID Deployed:** 3-66 Armor which is part of 1st Brigade, 4<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division and a sister unit of 1-22 Infantry have both been deployed for possible combat in the Middle East.

It is interesting to note that in WW II the 66th Armor (then part of 2nd Armored Division) and 22nd Infantry teamed up in late July 1944 to spearhead the St. Lo breakout. The units, called Task Force Rose, led the breakout from the hedgerows and started the drive which resulted in the liberation of Paris in late August. For their efforts then, they earned the Presidential Unit Citation. It is only fitting that 22nd Infantry Regiment and 66th Armor Regiment troops will once again be linked together to fight our nation's enemies.

As our soldiers are once again put in 'harm's way' we wish them the best and offer our support & prayers for their safety.

Sent by: Bob Babcock, B/1-22 VN

**C-2-22 Request:** Cpt. Michael Manner, current CO of C/2-22 is actively participating in a membership drive to get current soldiers of 2-22 to join the 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment Society. To that end he has requested that we assist him in his efforts by sending in stories written by and pictures of former Charlie Company and Golf Company members so that current members of 2-22 can learn about those who came before them.

Of course we can't help him with Golf Company material. Also I am sure if you former Alpha, Bravo and Delta Men elect to help, Cpt. Manner will distribute the material you send to him to the proper people who are handling the history of your respective Company.

Your pictures and stories should be sent to: Cpt. M. Manner, C.O.  
C/2-22 10<sup>th</sup> Mtn. Division  
Ft. Drum, NY 13602-5116  
E-Mail: 222ranger@earthlink.net

### Taps

Tom Reid, Colonel US Army (Retired) of 2967 Blackberry Lane, Marietta, GA 30068 died on Thursday, February 13, 2003 at the age of 83. Colonel Reid served as an infantry officer in World War II, Korea, and Vietnam. He was a proud member of the "Greatest Generation" and was a highly decorated veteran. He was awarded the Combat Infantryman's Badge, Silver Star, Bronze Star, and Purple Heart for valiant action from Normandy through the Hurtgen Forest, the Battle of the Bulge, and on into Germany. He joined the paratroopers before his service in Korea in 1953. Colonel Reid served in Vietnam from 1966 through the Tet offensive in 1968. He retired as Deputy Post Commander of Fort McPherson, Georgia in 1973. Colonel Reid led several veteran's organizations and is a past treasurer of the 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment Society and Distinguished Member of the Regiment.

Funeral services were held Monday, February 17, 2003 at 1:00 PM in the H.M. Patterson & Sons Chapel at 1020 Spring Street NW, Atlanta, GA. Interment is at Georgia Memorial Park in Marietta. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to The American Heart Association, PO Box 672648, Marietta, GA 30006.

All of us Vietnam vets owe a great debt of gratitude to Tom Reid – He was the link that MG Ruggles assigned as the leadership of the 22<sup>nd</sup>

Infantry Regiment Society was passed from the WWII generation to us younger guys. Tom always proudly signed his monthly financial reports with "Last CO of Company I, 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment, WWII". Tom told me that there is nothing he wouldn't do for our Regiment. He is the one who gave us the "Ruggles Torch" which you have seen at reunions and he is the one who had the idea and made the first donation to our Vietnam Memorial which will become a reality this year. Tom always volunteered – he wrote more stories for our newsletters than anyone else and he was the volunteer who was the subject of my first veteran's interview for the Veterans History project.

Tom Reid will be sorely missed by me personally and by all the members of the 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment Society.

Bob Babcock B/1-22 VN

### Reunions

**C/3-22:** C/3-22 VN invites you, 2-22 Mech, to its reunion in Portland, OR, June 25-29<sup>th</sup>, 2003. We don't expect you all to travel clear across the USA to attend, but if you live nearby and would like to meet, or meet again, some of the 3-22 guys you helped out once a long time ago, then please join us. We've planned a fun event.

Contact Bill Schwindt for further details.

**San Antonio Reunion:** Folks, the 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment Society reunion registration form is included with this Newsletter.

***Start making your travel plans and reservations. We want to see all of you there.***

**Closing:** This is it for this edition of the Newsletter. I need more stories from all of you because this publication has pretty much exhausted my supply of articles. Expect the next

newsletter in the late May, early June time frame but don't expect a full sized one if you don't send in your stories.

Most of you have failed in your assignment to not subject me to the Sgt. from HELL!!!! THANKS a heck of a lot. SMILE.

Have a great Memorial Day and keep our active duty soldiers in your prayers.

*Love, Linda*

