

The VietNam Triple Deuce

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

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

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

Telephone [609] 653-3025 • E-mail vietvct222@juno.com

A Daughter Finds Her Dad

The Year.....1967 - John fell in love with a young girl prior to leaving for VietNam. In their impetuosity their love carried them to conceive a child. John left for VietNam shortly thereafter, not knowing of the child but promising to marry his girl upon his return.

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John E. Nelson (left)- C 2/22 KIA 4/13/68

Sgt John E Nelson was mortally wounded on April 13, 1968 when an RPG rocket hit the track he was on. He found out while in VietNam that his girl was pregnant with his baby, but he never lived long enough to

know that baby was going to be a little girl. He never held his daughter, kissed her boo-boos, wiped her tears, saw her dance or heard her laugh.

Patty Wedge, John's daughter, was born after John was killed in action, therefore, she never sat on Daddy's lap, held his hand, walked the beach with him, or all the other little things that daughters all over the world do with their Daddy's.

This was the Horror of VietNam!

This year Patty has finally been united with her Father's family and now has Uncles and Aunts and cousins she did not know for thirty years. If you served with John Nelson in Charlie Company 2nd 22nd Platoon, please get in touch with Patty.

The following was a message received from Patty:

Hi Herb, John, Marcus, and Gregory,

I want to wish you all a Happy Memorial Day. I also want to thank each and every one of you for helping with the search for my father, John Edward Nelson. Last week I went and visited with my father's family and I want to share something with you that they gave to me. My father had some thoughts he wrote in his Army journals and they were made into a little book. I want to share some quotes with you and also a couple of pictures.

"Guess who I ran into yesterday? You would be very surprised, I'm sure. For you think me a non-believer in the One who made us. Yesterday, I found God."

"The one I want to marry - her name is happy. The one I want to love - her name is compassion. The one I search for I have found - She has only to find me."

"I'm going away. I know not whether I'll return or not, but I do know I'll love you through all eternity. When - if - I return, I want to marry you. We are young and perhaps I do not know what you really are, but I do know I love you - wait for me."

"Today we live in a troubled world. Torn by fear, men live apart from one another. They don't know why they are fighting - they only know they must fight to exist. But do they? Does a person really exist if they do not have compassion for his fellow man? Jesus taught us to love our enemies as we would love ourselves. We must try to understand other people and pray for them when they try to harm us. If we look to God in our hour of need, he will comfort us for he is with us always, even unto the end of the earth. Amen."

My father was a very special man and I only wish I could have held him at least once and said, "Daddy.....I Love You."

Take Care, Patty

Patty Wedge 4614 SE Meiling Drive
Lawnton, OK 73501 Tel 580-351-2173
E-mail: pwedge@ispchannel.com

Reunion: Cleveland-Oct 2000

In the next issue of this newsletter, the **November issue**, you will read about all the fun and extraordinary and wonderful experiences shared by those who attended the Cleveland Reunion.

YOU WILL NOT READ YOUR NAME; YOU WILL NOT EXPERIENCE THE GREATEST FEELINGS EVER; YOU WILL NOT READ ABOUT YOUR FUN TIMES; UNLESS YOU REGISTER NOW AND ATTEND!!!!!!Once Missed.....Lost Forever!

This will be the greatest reunion to date. We are expecting 100+ Triple Deucer's to make this the largest gathering, of 2nd Bn (Mech) 22nd Combat Infantry Men, in one place since the unit returned from VietNam in 1970.

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

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

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

John Eberwine

Survivor Assistance Officer

I was very taken by the Jim Hardin story "The Last Trip Home" as I had a similar experience as a Survivor Assistance Officer. My return to the US was via the Medevac Route with stops in Tay Ninh,

Cu Chi, Saigon and Yokohama, Japan. I was operated on in Japan and finally was deposited as a convalescing patient at Valley Forge General Hospital outside Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania. As an officer, I was put in a small 5x10 room adjoining the Amputee ward.

There, approximately 20 young Soldiers and Marines were attempting to put their lives together after sacrificing their limbs in the service of their country. I watched with considerable sorrow as the guys would initially be greeted by their families, girl friends or spouses and friends. Then in a short while it would be spouse or families, then it would be their parents and finally, that would be less often.

When they came and asked if I would give up my room for more serious casualties I immediately said yes. I was sent home on Convalescent Leave. At home my family doctor, who had called the Chief of Orthopedics to get me out on leave, promised to monitor my wounds and give them updates. In a month I was back at the hospital ready to be re-assigned for limited duty. I got to choose the post nearest my home that had physical therapy facilities available. I was to be further evaluated for a possible medical discharge.

I wound up at Ft. Dix, New Jersey where I had started my military service. The Post Personnel Branch had the problem of where to put me as I was profiled for *limited duty, due to my injuries*. They came up with assigning me to the Community Service Center since I had two years of college as a Business Administration Major.

I was at a loss as to what I would do there. They explained that the Community Service Center was part of the Mental Health Clinic and Dependent Services. The Center was staffed by the Medical Service Corp, officers who were either Clinical Psychologists or workers with that background. It was decided that because of serious problems that had occurred in the past, Ft. Dix was to have a permanent staff of Survivor Assistance Officers.

Survivor Assistance Officers are the soldiers who are assigned to make Death Notifications and to assist the family of the

deceased with the service member's burial and financial affairs. Because of their counseling background it was felt that the Staff at the Community Service Center could prepare us for this task.

At Fort Bragg where I had served before VietNam, officers were drawn from duty rosters, like Staff Duty Officers who were on a revolving basis. The importance of what was to happen required that you have more than a few days of preparation. Preparation for the emotional and administrative requirements of this duty was pretty complex. The methods of to whom and how you made these notifications were governed not only by Army Regulations but by Federal Law regarding VA, Social Security Benefits and GI Insurance as well as the various state laws concerning wills, probate and inheritance.

It was impossible to see how any officer could accomplish this as a one time additional duty. To this task a small group of *Walking Wounded* was thrust. The toughest thing to learn was the scripted speech you were required by Law to give.

You were required to say exactly, "The Secretary of the Army respectfully regrets to inform you, that your (*Son, Father, Brother, Husband or Loved One*) was killed in Action." **I had to say this speech 11 times.** On several occasions I wasn't the *Notifying Officer* just *assisting* but, because they couldn't do it, as hard as they tried, it was left to me. I, by myself, was required to make eight solo notifications.

I did not feel myself callused to do so. I felt every gasp, saw every eye tearing, heard every shout and every curse as my own heart sank with theirs and all the while, still trying to be in enough control to attempt to answer the inevitable, "Why?" "He was coming home in 30,40 or 60 days" or "How Did it Happen." In most cases I had little or no information other than their loved one's Unit, approximate Location, time and date of the occurrence.

The *Horror Stories* that Jim spoke of were true. It was expected, that amidst the *Horror and Grief* that people were trying

to deal with, their *Anger and Blame* would be hurled at you as a Representative of the United States Army and of our Government. One time, there were three cousins of the deceased demand that I tell them how their cousin died or they would beat me. I said if it made them feel any better go head; as I had given them all the information I had. The mother of the dead Soldier intervened and told them it was probably as hard for me to tell them as it was for them to be told.

I tried my best to give these people the privacy and the space to grieve before I was required to ask where they wanted their loved one's remains to be sent. Once they could answer I then had to call on a Secure Watts (i.e. Government Toll Free) Line to make a personal report to the Chief of Casualty Accounting at Department of the Army, normally this officer being a Major General or His Deputy a Brigadier General.

I was pleased to be able to help assure that these families, who had made the *Supreme Sacrifice*, got every penny of Benefits, Insurance and Allotments that were due them without red tape or hassles. We made them aware that burial plots would be made available in Military Cemeteries or even in some cases Arlington National for their loved ones.

I was honored to have the opportunity to bring their loved one's remains to them and their *Decorations* if they consented to have them presented by General Officers or at Parades at Ft Dix. I can still remember a little girl's eyes as I gave to her her father's Silver Star. Her mother, who was divorced from her father, did not want a formal ceremony.

I also remember an incident when the local police called the home of the deceased after I had made a confidential inquiry to correct an erroneous address. The family, having been alerted by the police call to my intentions, was hysterical by the time I got to their correct address.

I always felt as a brother to the man that died and knew I had to do it no matter what the circumstances. In the four short months that I performed this duty it took its toll. When it was time to go to another

duty assignment, it was with no regrets that I left; *other than knowing that men were still dying and families were still hurting.*

John Clemente C 2/22 2nd Pltn Ldr Feb 68-
Mar 13, 1968 c26jclem@juno.com

VN Veteran's Needs to Know!

From: merrymacs@juno.com
To: vietvet222@juno.com
Date: Mon, 12 Jun 2000
Subject: Agent Orange

On Monday, October 4, 1999 Dave, the love of my life and husband of 31 years died from melanoma cancer. Dave was a VietNam Veteran, who never knew there was a physical available for Agent Orange Exposure until it was too late.

I am writing in the hopes of 'giving the gift of time' to other VietNam Veterans. Washington, DC has updated and released a series of Agent Orange fact sheets, known as "Agent Orange Briefs." The revised "Briefs", dated January 1997, describe a wide range of Agent Orange-related matters. At this time there are twenty briefs available.

If you or someone you love set even one foot in VietNam between January 9, 1962 and May 5, 1975 you "were" exposed to Agent Orange or some other herbicide. An Agent Orange Physical is available to all VietNam Veterans. Please call your local Veterans Administration Office for the location nearest you. There may be compensation available for you and your family if you have been affected by one of the ten ailments recognized by the VA.

Dave was proud of his country and everything it stands for. He served it willingly to preserve and promote the freedom that he loved and cherished. If Dave had a message for his fellow VietNam Veterans it would be "love God, your families, your country and take care of yourself".

For the "Love of Dave" I have a goal. That goal is to spread this message to all our Nations VietNam Veterans across this Country. I pray that when you get your physical you are healthy and of sound mind, but if not, I pray you will get the medical attention that you all so *rightly*

deserve! Its not too late. Call soon for your *free Agent Orange Physical !*

With love and prayers for all our Veterans.

Sincerely, Carolyn McNamara
Also please visit...

www.davemcnamara.homestead.com

Or write me at:

Mrs. Carolyn McNamara
1701 Eddy Drive
North Tonawanda, New York 14120
E-Mail: merrymacs@juno.com

VietNam Veterans Benefits

From: "Thomas Johnson"
<tjohnson@liu.edu>
To: "John J Eberwine"
<vietvet222@juno.com>
Date: Wed, 21 Jun 2000 16:43:09 -0400
Subject: Prostate Cancer

John, For the next newsletter.

Tom

M. E. Westmoreland
LTC, AG, USA
Commander, 444th PSB
412 362-6648/4124/5964

PROSTATE CANCER: The U. S. Dept. of Veteran's Affairs has recently made an important decision and announcement concerning prostate cancer. If a military member served anywhere in VietNam, all prostate cancer is now considered service connected. If the service member dies from prostate cancer, the spouse is entitled to dependency and indemnity compensation from the Department of Veteran's Affairs.

If you have or had prostate cancer and served in VietNam, you are entitled to service connected disability. All claims and inquiries should be made at your nearest VA office.

**MANY THANKS TO CAROLYN AND
TOM FOR PASSING ALONG THIS
INFORMATION.**

DUES FOR 2000

Please send your dues to:
JOHN LEWIS 1692 30TH
AVENUE, SAINT CHARLES, IA
08110-2858 TELEPHONE: 641-396-2701

Remember, dues for the VietNam Triple Deuce Association (VN2/22) and the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society (22ndIRS) are separate. If you haven't mailed Ten (\$10) Dollars or more to **John Lewis** in the last 6 months **YOU ARE DUE NOW!** We can not support the association without your dues. Thank you! John Eberwine

Dear God!!!

From: "Thomas Johnson"
 <tjohnson@liu.edu>

Little Luigi came into the kitchen where his mother was making dinner. His birthday was coming up and he thought this was a good time to tell his mother what he wanted. "Mom, I want a bike for my birthday." Little Luigi was a bit of a troublemaker. He had gotten into trouble at school and at home. Luigi's mother asked him if he thought he deserved to get a bike for his birthday. Little Luigi, of course thought he did. Luigi's mother, being a Christian woman, wanted Luigi to reflect on his behavior over the last year. "Go to your room, Luigi, and think about how you have behaved this year. Then write a letter to God and tell him why you deserve a bike for your birthday."

Little Luigi stomped up the steps to his room and sat down to write God a letter.

Letter 1 - Dear God: I have been a very good boy this year and I would like a bike for my birthday. I want a red one.. Your friend, Luigi

Luigi knew that this wasn't true. He had not been a very good boy this year, so he tore up the letter and started over..

Letter 2 - Dear God: This is your friend Luigi. I have been a good boy this year and I would like a red bike for my birthday.. Thank you. Your friend, Luigi

Luigi knew that this wasn't true either. So, he tore up the letter and he started again..

Letter 3 - Dear God: I have been an "OK" boy this year. I still would really like a bike for my birthday.. Luigi

Luigi knew he could not send this letter to God either. So, Luigi wrote a fourth letter..

Letter 4 - God, I know I haven't been a good boy this year. I am very sorry. I will be a good boy if you just send me a bike for my birthday. Please! Thank you. Luigi

Luigi knew, even if it was true, this letter was not going to get him a bike. By now Luigi was very upset. He went downstairs and told his mom that he wanted to go to church. Luigi's mother thought her plan had worked, as Luigi looked very sad. "Just be home in time for dinner," Luigi's mother told him..

Luigi walked down the street to the church on the corner. Little Luigi went into the church and up to the altar. He looked around to see if anyone was there. Luigi bent down and picked up a statue of the Virgin Mary. He slipped it under his shirt and ran out of the church, down the street, into the house, and up to his room.. He shut the door to his room and sat down with a piece of paper and a pen. Luigi began to write his letter to God.....

Letter 5 - God, I'VE GOT YOUR MAMA..... IF YOU WANT TO SEE HER AGAIN.....SEND THE BIKE
 Signed, YOU KNOW WHO!

A Reunion - Jerry Rudisill

From: Rudisill1@aol.com
 To: vietvet222@juno.com
 Date: Mon, 29 May 2000 10:18:10 EDT
 Subject: VietNam Triple Deuce Newsletter

John:

Happy Memorial Day to you, Cindy and Rosie. Hope all is well and you guys are having a great spring. All is well here. We are going to get to Cleveland on Tuesday as well.

And now a word about the reunion and just what the reunion has meant to me. About four years ago, in early spring, while talking to my Mom, she said I had got a postcard from someone I was in VietNam with. This was a bit out of the

ordinary since I have not lived in that town since 1975. It is a small town and the post office happened to see my last name and sent it to my Mom. She said it talked about a reunion and was from someone named John Eberwine. It had a phone number to call and did I want it. I said no, but save the postcard for me. At this time, I could not remember a John Eberwine, after 30 years, names and faces slipped away. After I got the post card, I did not call for awhile, but finally one day, I gave you a call. I got out my pictures and phoned you. Little did I know just how much impact that phone call would make in my life!

When we started that call, neither of us remembered each other. We kind of danced around on the phone and found out we were in the same company, during the same time frame, and had been in adjoining platoons. However, when I mentioned "Burl" and asked if you had been there, we connected. You had been in the platoon to my left and in the track right next to mine in that action. As I flipped through my pictures, I came to one that was of four guys, taken when we were logged at the end of the runway, by the engineers compound. It was you, Herb Mock, Hildebran, and Jackson. I now have current pictures of all of us, just from going to the reunions.

You asked us to write just what it has meant to us.

Imagine sitting at a table with the guys you served with when you were young. Telling stories and laughing and feeling so good. Imagine talking with friends that you can trust with no agenda other than to wish you well. When thinking about VietNam, we remember the bad times, but remember how we had some good times as well. At the reunions I have been to, I have always come away feeling great. The stories from the triple deuce that ran around in my head for 30 years, whether I wanted them or not, came out. At the reunion in Dallas, on Saturday night, I sat at a table with five guys that were in my squad when I got to VietNam! The other guy at the table was the squad leader who came over from Hawaii with the company when it went to VietNam! The table next to me had two of our commanders, Bill Allison and Gordon Kelly, our top. Stan Winkler. John Eberwine and their lovely wives and even

some children. Can it get any better, yes it can and does every reunion.

At every reunion, Bill Allison has a slide show that takes us over our year. Bill has presented this slide show for 25 years to various groups, including the War College. Just viewing this is worth the airfare. In Dallas, we viewed slides from 3 years of the triple deuce from not only Bill, but other guys that had cameras. Bring your pictures and share with us. One of the guys came up to me and asked for a copy of one of him since all of his had been lost right after he got home.

John, we could offer a money back guarantee, with triple your money if you are not happy with the time you have at one of these reunions. If you are on the fence or for some reason do not want to go, you owe it to yourself, to give one of us a call. Make up a phone list John, and put me on it, I will be happy to talk to anyone about attending one our reunions. Some of us come early to these reunions as our friendships have developed again and we want to spend more time with our families together.

We will have a great time at this reunion no matter if you are there or not, but we invite you to call us if you have doubts. It has changed my life for the better.

Jerry Rudisill C/2/22 9/67-9/68

701 E 27th Street Vancouver, WA 98663
360-993-4998 E-mail: rudisill1@aol.com

Reunions - Jim Frost

From: jbfrost385@aol.com

To: vietvet22@juno.com

Date: Fri, 7 Jul 2000 07:48:23 EDT

Subject: Insert for August Newsletter

The Webster dictionary describes reunion as being "reunited". The 2nd Bn (Mech) 22nd Infantry Unit from VietNam has enjoyed great reunions in the past and most certainly will do so at future reunions. A special thanks must go to Bill Allison for saving the Charlie Company 2nd Bn (Mech) 22nd Infantry rosters from which we had a place to start to attempt to locate men. Over 400 men have been located to date, directly and indirectly, because of these rosters.

Many years have past since my days overseas in VietNam. During those years, I often wondered what happened to the men I served with and most importantly wondered if they made it home safely.

I attended my first reunion in Gettysburg, Pa in 1997. Believe me when I say there were many doubts about attending that reunion. That all changed the minute I finally came face to face with men I had served with in the same squad. What a thrill it was to know at least these men did make it home in one piece. There were many men that were not as lucky, as I soon found out when we reminisced later. We were all glad to see each other again. Yes, after the Gettysburg reunion I could say honestly that attending was definitely worth the effort. Since that first reunion, I am now committed to finding more 2/22 Veterans so they can have the same experience I had at being reunited.

I would encourage everyone to **not hesitate** and let this upcoming reunion in Cleveland, slip by without attending. Once missed..... You will never be able to recapture!

Jim Frost - C 2/22 Inf 1/67-12/67

1380 Wieneke Rd Saginaw, MI 48603

517-792-3384 E-mail jbfrost385@aol.com

Reunions - Ed Schultz

From: "Edward E Schultz"

<sgateway@earthlink.net>

To: "John J Eberwine"

<vietvet22@juno.com>

Date: Sat, 8 Jul 2000 19:55:04 -0400

Subject: Reunion Attendance

John,

It's hard to put into words the emotions and feelings associated with attending one of our reunions. I know the first and most important feeling I have is that I am sad that I wasn't able to attend the first reunion in Orlando. And here I am living about 75 miles away in Weeki Wachee Springs, Florida. However, I didn't know about the Association, had lost touch with everyone from the 2/22 and didn't even know that Awb Norris had relocated to Orlando from Georgia.

Primary though, it's always a good comfortable feeling knowing that you are going to see men who you shared a lot with, men you may owe your life to and men who answered the call, did their duty and served their Country. AND SERVED IT WELL!!

Some of us enjoy these reunions so much that we practice them in advance. Several weeks ago we conducted one of these practices. I was able to pick up Bob Brumback, Fullback 5 & 3 (1967), and he and I drove over to Tampa and met Awb Norris and the three of us had a great lunch and mini-reunion at the Columbia Restaurant. As our conversation got more animated and louder we started getting some strange looks from the rest of the lunch crowd. But we were in our own world and it was great!!

I believe Bob will be joining us in Cleveland and I am looking forward to another great gathering of the best soldiers who have ever served the 22nd Infantry, the U.S. Army and our Nation.

Ed Schultz, Fullback 5 & 3 (10/67-6/68)
8043 Chaucer Drive Weeki Wachee, FL
34607 352-597-1939

E-mail: sgateway@earthlink.net

Reunions - Norman Nishikubo

22nd INFANTRY REGIMENT SOCIETY
REUNION CLEVELAND, OHIO
OCTOBER 5,6,7 & 8, 2000

Going to be a Great One and a Big One folks. I hope you are planning to be there because if you are not you will have made a big mistake.

A2/22-VN you made a good run at dominant attendance for the 2nd Battalion in Dallas. This year it appears that you are really going to give C/2/22-VN a run for its money relative to who has the most attending in Cleveland. B/2/22-VN, I am amazed at how you are doing on attendance so far this year given the fact that your membership pool is so small. You Bravo Company Men have done an outstanding job of pulling together. C/2/22-VN you have the largest pool of membership of former 2nd Battalion members, yet Alpha is breathing down our

necks for total attendance. What gives? Are the Chargin Charlie Tigers on a Sunday Stroll & Not Paying Attention to Details? Pay attention to details! I like using that term. I loved using it 32 years ago also!

Reunions..... what are they? They are a celebration of life by individuals with other individuals who faced death eye to eye and survived. They are a gathering of Brothers... Born of Combat... that provides Combat Brothers the opportunity to renew, and therefore strengthen, the bonds of Brotherhood. They are one hell of a big family gathering. All of you have heard statements about the personal healing that takes place at a reunion. The statements are true and since you have heard them before I will not be redundant by getting into a long discussion about it here. Reunions also enable you to meet Combat Brothers you did not know in Viet Nam and learn of the role they played in your survival. These gathering may also give you an opportunity to secure answers to questions that you may have relative to why we had to do things the way we did them on a particular operation. Reunions also let you know that a lot of your Brothers know about things you did in Viet Nam that you just know are top secret. You should have seen the look on the faces Coy Thomas and Herb Mock in Dallas when I mentioned the blown transmission in the Company Jeep in front of an audience. Gordon Kelley, 32 years ago, was ready to rip me a new one for the incident before I told him I did not drive the Jeep the night before. I made sure I knew who to blame in case Gordon came after me again. It is this part of reunions that I enjoy the most. One story after another is told and the laughter is constant. Oh by the way Coy & Herb, where is the story about the Jeep incident for the newsletter?

So folks get your registration forms in. See you in Cleveland.

Norman Magnet Nishikubo C2/22 9/67-9/68 6802 N Rockhold Ave San Gabriel, CA 91775 626-286-1674

E-mail: magnetc222@earthlink.net

Reunion Encouragement - Bob Price

I am writing this letter to encourage all 22nd Infantry Members who served in Viet Nam, especially those in the Triple Deuce 2nd/22nd, to attend our next reunion in Cleveland, Ohio.

The last reunion in May of '99 in Dallas, Texas was my first. As many of you might remember, I was the sole representative of Bravo Co. Triple Deuce from the unit's entire time in Viet Nam. I was very tentative attending my 1st reunion with my wife Susan (my fiancée at that time), not knowing what to expect, or whom I might meet. As we approached the hotel registration desk, we met Jim Nelson (the famous artist) from Charlie Co. Triple Deuce, along with his wife Sharon. Soon after, we met Bill Allison, Jim Frost, Norm Nishikubo, Joe Dietz, John Eberwine and their wives, all from Charlie Co. Triple Deuce, along with Brad Hull of Alpha Co. My tour of duty with Bravo Co. 2nd Platoon (9-67 to 9-68) overlapped many of theirs and we shared many common experiences. I was sort of adopted by Charlie Company and they made Susan and I feel quite at ease.

I also got to meet Colonel Awb Norris, our Battalion Commander, during the first half of my tour in Viet Nam. I could still visualize Colonel Norris on the ground with us as we eventually entered that major NVA base camp around Thanksgiving in Nov. of '67. I also got to meet Bill Schwindt, the world's greatest locator, from the 3rd of the 22nd. Bill had contacted me a number of years earlier thinking that I might have been in the 3rd-22nd but, unfortunately, I never followed up on finding other 2nd-22nd Veterans. When Bill heard that I was the only member of Bravo Co. at the reunion and had never made contact with any of my close friends from Viet Nam, he vowed to find someone for me.

The reunion in Dallas was in early May of '99, and on May 31st '99 I got home to find a message on my phone from Clark Lohmann, one of my best friends from Viet Nam. Bill Schwindt had come through already making good on his vow. Clark and I had not spoken since we were both

wounded in a land mine explosion on May 27, 1968 on the road between Dau Tieng and Tay Ninh. Clark was severely wounded, but thank God survived along with the rest of my squad. Clark and I have had many conversations since that day, and are both looking forward to seeing each other at the reunion in Cleveland.

I have to offer my sincere thanks to Bill Schwindt for helping to locate Clark. Bill has done a fantastic job locating former members of the 3rd-22nd along with the 1st-22nd and 2nd-22nd. Hopefully, in the future, Triple Deuce will have located enough members throughout the country to hold mini-reunions like the 3rd-22nd currently does.

I know I won't be the only Bravo Co Triple Deuce member at the Cleveland reunion. Along with Clark and myself, I understand that Lt. Skip Fahel (3rd Platoon Bravo Triple Deuce) and Lt. Ron Barrett (2nd Platoon Bravo Triple Deuce) will be in attendance.

Being in the Infantry in Viet Nam was hell much of the time, but there was a bond that we all shared. Friendships were made that **should** have lasted a lifetime. Where else would you make friends that you could entrust with your life. Unfortunately, when we came home most of us went our separate ways and, partly due to the unpopularity of the Viet Nam war, buried our feelings and did not attempt to find each other. I for one was extremely proud of my service in Viet Nam and never failed to express it. Let us all use this next reunion to renew this pride and renew old friendships, but most of all to honor our dead brothers that we left on the battlefields of Viet Nam. Let them know that they will never be forgotten until all of us are gone.

See you in Cleveland!

Bob Price - Bravo Co. 2nd Bn 22nd Inf.
2nd Platoon 9-67 to 9-68 1811 Gardenia
Ave N - North Merrick, NY 11566
516-623-9253

E-mail: Bob222bco@aol.com

Welcome Back

Some 30 years later, they still say that to each other. Back then, they came home one by one - On civilian planes, unappreciated and unknown - 24 hours from Hell to Home. (Whatever happened to the Norman Rockwell scenes- the ones where all the soldiers, sailors and Marines got off a boat or a train and were met by bands and loved ones and started over again?)

With VietNam it seemed that if "he" wasn't there (that someone really close to you) you didn't have to care. In my heart, I was there at every plane, at every ship and train - I waved a flag; I cried and hugged them all - and with a kiss, I whispered low - It's all right now, I know, I know I wished them hope and peace and the knowledge that they weren't alone. Please accept my thanks and this belated "WELCOME HOME."

Written by Christina 1997

The following poem was written for Christina in response to her poem... "Welcome Back" by TSgt. Dan Decker, USAF Retired

WELCOME HOME

"Welcome Home" she said ~ and I almost died ~ Something buried broke loose way down deep inside. My Dad came home a hero from World War Number Two, I came home despised; I thought I was a hero, too. We both fought for our country. They sent us "over there." He came home a hero, and I came home in despair. They put on a big parade for him; bands, confetti, little kids and speeches ~ They spit on us at the airport ~ called us "baby killers" and sons of bitches.

27 years later, she said "Welcome Home", and I almost died ~ something buried broke loose, burst past my chains, and I cried

Earn This.....!

To: Vietvet@jje@aol.com

From: c26jclm@juno.com

Date: Thu, 6 Apr 2000 23:39:11 EDT

Dick Feagler's column in The 20 February 2000 Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In a battlefield cemetery each marble cross marks an individual crucifixion. Someone-someone very young usually-has died for somebody else's sins. The movie "Saving Private Ryan" begins and ends in the military cemetery above Omaha Beach. By sundown of D-Day, 40,000 Americans had landed on that beach, and one in 19 had become a casualty. Director Steven Spielberg made "Saving Private Ryan" as a tribute to D-day veterans. He wanted, reviewers to say, to strip the glory away from war and show the '90s generation what it was really like. The reviews have praised the first 30 minutes of the film and the special effects that graphically show the blood and horror of the D-Day landing.

Unfortunately, American movie audiences have become jaded connoisseurs of special effects gore. In the hands of the entertainment industry, violence has become just another pandering trick. But Spielberg wasn't pandering. Shocked by and wary of his depiction, I bought a copy of Steven Ambrose's book "D-Day." The story of the Normandy invasion is a story of unimaginable slaughter. Worse than I ever knew, and I thought I knew something about it.

The young men who lived through those first waves are old men now. Many have asked themselves, every day for more than 50 years, why they survived. It is an unanswerable question. The air was full of buzzing death. When the ramps opened on many of the landing craft, all the men aboard were riddled with machine gun bullets before they could step into the water. Beyond this cauldron of cordite and carnage, half a world away, lay an America united in purpose like no citizen under 60 has ever seen. The war touched everyone. The entire starting lineup of the 1941 Yankees was in military uniform. Almost every family could hang a service flag in the window, with a Star embroidered on it for each son in uniform, a Gold Star for those who had made the ultimate sacrifice. In the early hours of D-Day, with the outcome of the battle still in the balance, the nation prayed.

Ambrose tells us that the New York Daily News threw out its lead stories and printed in their place the Lord's Prayer. "I fought that war as a child," a historian on

television said the other night. I knew what he meant. So did I. We all saved fat and flattened cans and grew victory gardens. But we did not all go to Omaha Beach. Or Saipan. Or Anzio. Only an anointed few did that. The men of World War II are beginning to leave us now. In my family, six have gone and two are left. We have lost the uncle who was on Okinawa, the cousin who worked his way up the gauntlet of Italy and the cousin who brought the German helmet back from North Africa.

These men left us with a simple request. You can hear that request in final minutes of "Saving Private Ryan." I haven't read a review that has mentioned it, but it is what makes Spielberg's movie a masterpiece. In the film, a squad of rangers is sent behind enemy lines to save a young 101st Airborne Paratrooper whose three brothers have been killed in battle. Headquarters wants him shipped home to spare his mother the agony of having all her sons killed in combat. So eight rangers risk their lives for one man. And when Captain Miller, the Ranger Commander is mortally wounded, he asks Pvt. Ryan to bend over so he can whisper to him. "Earn this," he says. And that is the request of all the young men who have died in all the wars-from Normandy to the Chosin Reservoir to Da Nang to the Gulf. "Earn this."

When the movie ended, the theater was silent except for some muffled sobs. But the tears that scalded my eyes were not just for the men who had died on the screen and in truth. Or for the men who had lived and grown old and were baffled about why they had been spared.

I walked out into the world of Howard Stern, Jerry Springer and "South Park." Into the world of front-page coverage of Monica Lewinski and the stain on her dress from Oval Office semen. "Earn this," was still ringing in my ears. And the tears in my eyes were tears of betrayal.

Dick Feagler's column

20 February 2000

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Forwarded to me by:

John Clemente C2/22 2/68-3/68 (C26)

PO Box 895 Tenally, NJ 07670
201-541-8344 E-mail: c26jclcm@juno.com

Trying To Please Everyone!

Reminds me of an old story.....bear with me Old folks have some privileges.....

It's the story of an old man, a boy, and a donkey. Seems they were going to town and they decided that the boy should ride. As they went along they passed some people who thought that it was a shame for the boy to ride and the old man to walk. The man and boy decided that maybe the critics were right so they changed positions. Later, they passed some more people who thought that it was a real shame for that man to make such a small boy walk. The two decided that maybe both of them should walk. Soon they passed some more people who thought that it was stupid to walk when they had a donkey to ride. The man and boy decided the critics were right so they decided that both of them would ride.

As you can imagine, they soon passed other people who thought that it was a shame to put such a load on a poor little animal. The old man and the boy decided that maybe the critics were right so they decided to carry the donkey.

As they crossed a bridge, they lost their grip on the animal and he fell into the river and drowned. The moral of the story ... if you try to please everyone, you will eventually lose your ass.

Keep smiling. Awb

Awbrey G. Norris, Winter Springs FL
(407) 366-5306

E-mail: awbn@worldnet.att.net

Visit: <http://www.22ndinfantry.org>

The Day Dick Nash Took A Butt Chewing for the Great State of Texas

Here is a funny story about the day (then) 2LT Dick Nash, Third Platoon Leader, A 2/22 took a butt chewing to help keep morale up. It started this way...As a favorite son of the great state of Texas, I had brought a huge Texas flag with me to the big Nam in February, 1969. Dick was my platoon leader and one that was always

thinking of the welfare of his troops. I was a "shake 'n bake E-5" fresh from NCOIC at Benning when Dick became my mentor. He made sure I was put with good people to break me in right while still not diminishing my role as a squad leader for the platoon.

My PC was named the PHANTOM 3/4 for third platoon, fourth squad. (Oops, I digress...) Anyway, a couple of months into my tour we had been out posting outside Dau Tieng for a couple of days when we got a call to go back through base camp and out the gate towards the Michelin Rubber Plantation. There were supposedly some Wolfhounds from 2/27th that needed a resupply and for some reason they didn't want to do it by air? Our platoon scurried out the gate and moved three or four clicks on the road then took a right off into the rubber. We broke out of the rubber and into some heavy brush with some overhead stuff causing some problems. Several of the tracks had run-ins with MOGATORS (big ass red ants as I remember) and it made for a long morning getting to where we wanted to meet up with the Wolfhounds. Needless to say I was screwing off on the radio, piping in AFN radio songs and snide comments whenever possible, without raising too much suspicion that it was me. Just a few seconds here and there. Not hogging the airways! Well we finally found the wolf-puppies and handed off the C's, ammo and water. I am not sure but as we left the 2/27th, I believe Dick made a command decision that we were not going back through the brush to get to the main road...thus we headed out into some open area. To say the least we were all ecstatic and I felt it a great occasion to fly the "LONE STAR FLAG." As it was always better to ask forgiveness than permission, I ran the flag up our radio antenna and 3/4 Track jumped out into the point position headed as fast as the old PC would go. It was probably not very smart (remember I was all of 19 then!) but I saw we had a couple of "flying footballs" and a Cobra in the air near us. I figured SIR CHARLES would not be out to harass us this fine afternoon. As we got more out into the open I turned to see two other flags had been run up antennas...one from GEORGIA and another of some type ARABIC origin. It was a blast and morale was smokin'!

All of the sudden we see a command Huey come over the tree line and set down in a blocking position to our front. Dick pulled his track up in front, told us to form a perimeter and he would see what was up? We didn't think it was anything more than a change in mission. I could see a field grade type, in a very animated conversation with our LT, and it was a one way conversation! Dick came back, told us to pull the flags down and police up our emotions. To this day I am still not sure what the conversation was between Dick Nash and the field grade...EXCEPT IF YOU THINK ABOUT IT MAYBE THE GREAT STATE OF TEXAS FLAG WAS TOO CLOSE OF A MATCH FOR A V.C. FLAG FOR THE FIELD GRADE THAT DAY? I don't know but I have always wanted to thank Dick, if he did in fact take a butt chewing for me flying my flag. Dick lives in IOWA now and that can't be all bad since my wife grew up in Davenport, Iowa. Thanks again Dick for that fun day in the sun...maybe next time I can tell everyone the day we captured the cows and brought them home in the mortars track. By the way, I went on to stay in and became one of those field grades myself before retiring in 1991. Sorry I had such a short visit with everyone in Dallas. Hope I can get to Cleveland to see old Brad Hull again! Have a great day from Sunny South Texas!

Lon Oakley A2/22 2/69-8/69

13551 Carrolton Oaks San Antonio, TX
78232 Tel 210-545-9040

E-mail: lon.oakley@usaa.com

VietNam Triple Deuce Shirts & Caps

The VietNam Triple Deuce has Golf type Shirts (collar, three buttons, no pocket) and Baseball style caps available for purchase. Each item has an in color, embroidered 22nd Infantry Regimental Crest on it. Above the Crest are the words Triple Deuce and below the Crest are the words VietNam '66 - '70. The shirts are available in two colors, Heather Grey and White. The cap's color is Off Tan and its size is adjustable.

The cost for each item follows: Baseball Cap, \$12.50. Shirt, \$27.50 for sizes SM.

through XL, XXL shirts are \$29.00. The shipping cost for the hat is \$2.50 for the first item and \$1.50 for each additional item. The shipping cost for the shirt is \$3.50 for the first item and \$2.00 for each additional item. **If you are going to the reunion and wish to save the shipping cost you may place your order NOW with John Lewis, our Treasurer, and he will bring the items you ordered to the Cleveland Reunion.** All profits from the sale of these items go into the general operating fund of the VN 2/22. If you elect to have John bring the ordered items to the Reunion **please keep in mind that he needs 5 weeks lead time to place the order. Also he needs payment for the items up front.** These items are *cash and carry* for John. In other words it wouldn't take much of a total order for him to be out of pocket a substantial amount of money for a significant amount of time. I know you understand what I am saying.

John's phone number and e-mail address are: (641) 396-2701; jbkennel@netins.net. His mailing address is: 1692 30th Ave. Saint Charles, IA 50240.

Land Mines

Barbara Walters did a story on gender roles in Kuwait several years before the Gulf War. She noted then, that women customarily walked about 10 feet behind their husbands.

She returned to Kuwait recently and observed that the men now walked several yards behind their wives.

Ms. Walters approached one of the women and said, "This is marvelous. Can you tell the free world just what enabled women here to achieve this reversal of roles?"

"*Land mines.*" said the Kuwaiti woman.

Only In America!

From "Thomas Johnson"
<tjohnson@liu.edu>

- Only In America.....can pizza get to your house faster than an ambulance.
- Only In America.....are there handicap parking places in front of a skating rink.

- Only In America.....do drugstores make the sick walk all the way to the back of the store to get their prescriptions while healthy people can buy cigarettes at the front.

- Only In America.....do people order double cheeseburgers, large fries and a diet coke.

- Only In America.....do banks leave both doors open and then chain the pens to the counters.

- Only In America.....do we leave cars worth tens of thousands of dollars in the driveway and put our useless junk in the garage.

- Only In America.....do we use answering machines to screen calls and then have Call Waiting so we won't miss a call from someone we didn't want to talk to in the first place.

- Only In America.....do we buy hotdogs in packages of ten and buns in packages of eight.

- Only In America.....do we use the word "politics" to describe the process so well: "Poli" in Latin meaning "many" and "tic" meaning "bloodsucking" creatures.

- Only In America.....do they have drive up ATM machines with Braille lettering.

- Only In America.....can a homeless Combat Veteran live in a cardboard box and a draft dodger live in a White House

Ted Angus - Sgt Rock

Ted Angus, Charlie Company 3rd Platoon 2nd Bn 22nd Infantry 25th Infantry Division September '67 - September '68 passed away on August 4, 2000 of heart failure.

In May 1996, right after I returned from my first reunion in Orlando, Florida, armed with three *precious* rosters that were saved by (Capt) Bill Allison from Oct 1967, Feb 1968 and Mar 1968 - I started on my quest to find men from Charlie Company that I remembered.

I started with the October 1967 roster and looked at the PFC's listed, as I would be sure I'd remember them. (I had arrived with Charlie Company around 15 Sep 67)

One of the first names to jump out at me was Ted Angus, and not just because alphabetically he was at the top of the list.

I closed my eyes and thought, "*Sgt*

Rock.....that's what some of the men in his platoon called him." I could still visualize Ted.....6 foot plus and over 200 pounds, he was a Sequoia next to my 5'11" 119 pound sapling frame. I remember seeing Ted carry the M-60 machine gun under his arm like I would carry a newspaper. He was so huge, it looked like a pistol in his hands. Ted gave the impression *that he just knew what to do to stay alive, and keep his men alive, from day one.*

From May 1996 until April 1999 I would follow one lead after the other trying to find Ted. I had a lead he was in Connecticut and sent postcards all over. He originally was from Toledo, Ohio so I flooded the Angus' there with postcards, but to no avail. The in April 1999, Herb Mock called to say he found Ted in Michigan. He was living in a small town across the lake from Toledo. And to make matters more ironic, Ted was a social drinking buddy with our own Stan *Top* Winkler's brother.

Well, Ted came to the reunion in Dallas in May 1999 and we found out he was suffering from heart failure and had some major problems. He was still larger than life, but you could see the years took a toll on him. At the reunion, some of Ted's closer friends enjoyed his company: Don Hildebran, Herb Mock, Jim Frost, Johel Coward, Jim Nelson and Jerry Rudisill.

In fact Ted and Jerry spent the last few hours of January 1, 1968 with their good buddy, Tom *Doc* Bernardy, just before all hell broke loose and Tom was killed attempting to help wounded men in second platoon.

I'm glad that after three years of searching Herb found Ted. And I'm truly glad that I was able to hug Ted in Dallas and shake his hand and tell him *Thanks for Being There and Welcome Home!*

Ted would be the first to tell you not to cry over his death.....but I'm gonna tell you that I'm crying while writing this, because he was a damn fine man, and he died too young!

Rest in Peace Ted! John Eberwine

Remembering Ted Angus

John:

Ted and I flew home from Nam together. Ted had been writing my cousin the year he was in VietNam and so when we flew home, Ted stopped at my house in Oregon for a week before going on home to Ohio. It had a lot more to do with getting to know my cousin better than spending more time with me but we had a great time together after my cousin retained her virginity. A highlight was Ted buying a pair of alligator shoes for \$150.00 one day. We may have had a few beers before we went shopping, but Ted sure liked those alligator shoes and just had to have them.

The morning after we arrived at my parents house, my family was gathered around their living room talking, laughing and just enjoying being home. Ted had brought a reel to reel tape player home and had set it up and was playing some music on it. I will never forget what happened when my Dad admired his tape player. Ted looked at my Dad, smiled and said, "Thank you....Jerry bought it for me. We played a lot of poker in Nam and Jerry is a terrible poker player!"

Needless to say, that story was repeated many times over the years and I have been branded a terrible poker player by my family. Now I would like to say Ted gave me a bad rap, but several months in Nam, I walked from the paymaster to Ted and paid him the payday stakes I had lost the month before.

Jerry Rudisill C2/22 3rd Platoon 9/67-9/68

In Memory Of Our Friends

A 2/22 KIA's

Larry Allen Rice	11/04/66
Edward Earl Schell	02/06/67
Arthur Clarence Sisco Jr	02/27/67
Dennis John Breda	03/19/67
Bruce Anthony Doc Corcoran	03/19/67
Barney Joe Kelly	03/19/67
Russell Lee Root	03/19/67
Charles Harry Haber Jr	03/22/67
Alfred Frederick Alvarado	09/04/67
Earl Russell Cobb	09/04/67
Michael David De Camp	09/04/67
Clarence Earl Drakes	09/04/67
Donald Lynn Mc Alister	09/04/67

William Eugene Hargrove	09/05/67
Lawrence Adam Wojcik	10/14/67
Clayton Arthur Martin	10/16/67
Gilbert Thomas Beaupre	10/25/67
Ronald Dean King	11/19/67
Rodger Kenneth Cain	11/21/67
Floyd Allan Hyder	11/21/67
Michael Bradley Paquin	12/15/67
Stephen John Whipple	12/15/67
Thomas Beeb Chambers	12/16/67
Edward I. Clemmon	12/18/67
Hopson Covington	12/29/67
Freddie Andray Blackburn	01/08/68
Phelon Herman Cole	01/08/68
Robert Risley Fryer	01/26/68
Larry Douglas King	02/04/28
James Thomas Davis	02/15/68
Lester Freeman	02/15/68
Clyde Richard McAfee	02/15/68
Mural McDaniel	02/15/68
Richard Lee Bosworth	02/15/68
Robert S Hutchinson II	02/16/68
Jerome Richard Kelly	02/16/68
Roger Dale Pyne	02/16/68
Earl H Hills	03/06/68
Glenn Sullivan	03/06/68
Warren Martin Beaumont	04/12/68
Carl Leonard Carlson	04/12/68
Russell Hubbard Cornish	04/12/68
Rockford Grey Everett	04/12/68
Gary R Holland	04/12/68
Richard Allen Estrada	04/13/68
Gerald Doc Crawford Mull	04/13/68
Richard Peguero	04/13/68
Wayne A Rhodes	04/13/68
Stanley Spikes	04/13/68
Dennis James Yetmar	04/13/68
George Coleman	05/13/68
James Donald Hess	05/13/68
Joseph Angel Mena	05/13/68
Kevin Henry Ross	05/13/68
Michael Doc Cami Wittevrongel	05/13/68
OL Midkiff	05/31/68
Steve Julius Dockery	09/19/68
Vernon Leon Headrick	09/19/68
Dennis Lee McCormick *	09/19/68
William Richard Turner Jr	09/19/68
James Allen Hardman	11/08/68
Donald Joseph Hertrick	11/08/68
Ernest Melvin Plattner	11/08/68
Lawrence DeWitt	11/09/68
Joe Irvin Wood	11/27/68
Lewis Curtis Wuestenberg	12/22/68
James Allan Ascher	01/08/69
Dana James Kaerberle	01/08/69
Steven Doc Slusher	01/08/69
Daniel Irizarry-Acevedo	03/08/69
George Allen Demby	03/11/69
John Emery Bladdek	04/25/69
Michael Rodney Dornnan	04/25/69
Joseph Lawrence Logan Jr	05/12/69
David Rockwell Crocker Jr	05/17/69
Phillip Lesley MacLeod	05/17/69
Jerry N Creasy	08/19/69
Roberto Cervantes Duenas	08/19/69

John David Duncan	08/19/69
William Michael MacKay	08/19/69
George William Pearson Jr	08/19/69
Gary William Lahna	09/05/69
Kenneth Edward Heath	10/31/69
Donald Alan Clabour	11/06/69
Roger John Flynn	12/18/69
Robert Charles Housman	12/18/69
James Ray Muth	03/07/70
Marvin Lee Ringoen	03/07/70
James Chris Shukas	04/12/70
Robert John Zonne Jr	04/20/70
David Frank Santa-Cruz	05/30/70

* Wall date 08/18/68 - Friends say 09/19

Passed Away at Home

Victor R Arrisola	10/06/97
Larry G Travis	04/16/99

B 2/22 KIA's

Raymond Albert Bizzell	01/13/67
George Henry Haddox	01/13/67
Henry Wayne Webster	01/13/67
Sidney Uel Goodlin	02/06/67
Gordon William Stark	02/06/67
Carlos Ugarte	02/06/67
Edward Eugene Fortenberry	02/16/67
Lawrence Robert Kusilek	02/16/67
Ronald Grant Doc Mottishaw	02/16/67
William Raymond Sanders	02/23/67
Larry Anthony Crisci	05/17/67
Robert Mario De Dominic	05/17/67
Lynn Carol Hayes	05/17/67
James Richard Michael	05/17/67
Jasper Newton Newberry Jr	05/17/67
Andrew Jonah Short III	05/17/67
Roger Darriel Thompson	05/17/67
Allen Kenneth Dearden	05/18/67
Kenneth Ray Anderson	07/07/67
David Paul Coveny	09/30/67
David Wayne Fisher	10/23/67
Anderson Turner	11/11/67
James Brannon Doc Meek	11/28/67
Thomas Eugene Priesthoff	12/16/67
Dave Edward Ashford	12/19/67
Robert Lewis Campbell	01/01/68
Edward Kubisky	01/20/68
Thomas Michael Ross	02/02/68
Steven Paul Linna	02/04/68
Terry Leo Trainor	03/13/68
Joseph Pat Strippoli Jr	03/17/68
Gene Tracy Covey	04/21/68
Jose Antonio Marrero-Rios	04/21/68
Dan Page Vanuoy	05/13/68
Stephen Rolley Powell	05/14/68
John Randolph Cooper Jr	06/28/68
Douglas Hugh Kiker	11/21/68
Lawrence David Kutchey	11/25/68
John Curtis Fitzwater	01/10/69
Curtis Robert Stocklin	01/10/69
John Michael O'Farrell	01/14/69
Merle James Martin **	01/28/69

Thomas Alexander Becker	03/06/69
David Glenn Lovitt	03/06/69
Kenneth Michael Frain	03/11/69
Alvin Grimes	05/13/69
Raymond Richard Schiffrin	06/11/69
Donald Henry McMains Jr	08/09/69
John Michael Davis	08/16/69
Raymond P Miller II	09/21/69
Anthony Jack Carlucci	11/20/69
Frazier Thomas Dixon	12/03/69
Kenneth Samuel Dee	03/03/70
James Dean Johnson	03/03/70
David Graham Campbell	06/02/70
Michael Alfred Rasmusson	06/02/70
Leszek Stanley Karsznia	08/14/70

** Wounded 14 Jan 69

Passed Away at Home

Arthur A Top Werner 10/16/98

C 2/22 - KIA's

Joseph Cousette	11/19/66
Johnny A Chambers	01/08/67
Douglas J Sullivan	01/08/67
Michael Raymond Ishman	01/12/67
Gerry Wayne Lawson	02/08/67
Peter Barbera	02/10/67
Mark Delane Holte	02/10/67
Otis Lewis	02/10/67
Merrill Andrew McKillip	02/10/67
Charles Paul Pohlman	02/10/67
Rex Wheller Highfill	02/12/67
RC Perry Jr	02/13/67
Daniel Paul Donnellan	02/18/67
Dennis Richard Morrell	03/20/67
Thomas Duane Utter	03/23/67
Joseph Manuel Aragon	04/18/67
Edward Roy Lukert	06/11/67
Larry Arthur Merrill	09/02/67
Jackie Edward Trosper	09/30/67
Dennis Rex Estes	11/25/67
John A Gibson	11/25/67
Robert Lucian Mlynarski	11/25/67
Robert Andrew Van Patten	11/25/67
William Carey Janes	12/20/67
Thomas Doc G Bernardy	01/02/68
Jack Wayne Miller	01/02/68
Willie Petty Jr	01/02/68
Anderson Inwood Ruderson	01/13/68
Joel Kenton Brown	02/18/68
Lytell B Christian	03/13/68
David Kenneth Ditch	03/13/68
Fodd Doc Earl Swanson	03/13/68
John Edward Nelson	04/13/68
Benjamin Allen Honeycutt	05/02/68
Andrew L Heider	05/13/68
Ernest Lee Elliott	06/20/68
Larry Doc R Kennann	06/20/68
Sidney Chester Squires	06/20/68
David Lynn Stockman	06/20/68
August Ferrel Bolt	07/01/68
Robert Charles Dickinson	07/01/68

Fred V Jurado	07/01/68
William Rieves Curry	07/06/68
Sam Joseph Favata	07/21/68
William Scott Watts	11/21/68
William Gilbert Keeler	12/02/68
Leon Ray Brooks	12/17/68
David Vernon Adams	01/14/69
Dwane Lonnie Adams	01/14/69
Cluster Lee Bearfield	01/14/69
Marvin I. McCullough Jr	01/14/69
Gregory Lloyd Rice	01/14/69
Paul Arron Stone	01/14/69
John Earl Warren Jr.... *M*	01/14/69
Phillip Baily	03/11/69
Thomas Poldino	03/11/69
William Howard Keeler	03/24/69
Robert Glenn Sekva	06/11/69
Michael Dennis Kelly	08/06/69
Duane Alan Clefisch	08/30/69
Ernie Lee Wallen	08/30/69
Gary Patrick Hershberger	11/25/69
John R Naughton Jr	11/25/69
Jack William Pomeroy	11/25/69
Harvey David Rogers Jr	04/17/70
Gary William Britton	05/18/70
Carwain I. Herrington	05/18/70
Richard Henry Keith	05/21/70
Joseph Anthony Cerio	05/22/70
Maximiliano Davila-Torres	05/22/70
Norman Anthony Emineth	05/22/70
Pedro Herring	05/22/70
William Norman Jensen Jr	05/22/70

M - Awarded Medal of Honor

Passed Away at Home

John W Hilsmeier 67-68	12/04/77
Steven E Tyler 66-67	01/01/88
Joseph Brighter 66-67	'92 or '93
Robert Red L. Dodd 67-68	04/01/96
Jim Wagner 66-67	07/30/96
Donald Shackett ??	10/01/97
James Sammy D Kay Jr 67-68	09/18/98
Don Brady 67	04/15/00
Theodore Ted G Angus 67-68	08/04/00

D 2/22 KIA's

Joseph Robert Ajster	10/05/68
Walter Sturgeon	02/23/69

HHC 2/22 KIA's

Michael James Beirne	05/10/67
Wayne Thomas Doc Provencher	05/10/68
Woodie Junior Dean	11/01/68
Albert Lummis Gay Jr	11/01/68
Daniel Charles Patterson	11/01/68

Passed Away at Home

Forest David Dave Church 07/16/99

William N. Hedge 09/27/99

RECON 2/22 KIA's

Michael Gerald Peterson	10/26/66
Thomas Ralph Murphy	11/06/66
William Doc David Lambert	12/07/66
Frank Monroe Murphy	12/07/66
James Essary	01/17/67
Edward Ralph Glenn Jr	01/17/67
Yvon Andre Hebert	01/17/67
Dale Clarence Schummer	01/17/67
Michael Francis Smith	03/18/67
Houston Clifford Box Jr	01/02/68
Marvin Dewayn Canterbury	02/23/69
James Frederick Uttermark	02/23/69
Donald Ray Webb	03/09/70
Charles F Armentrout	05/22/70
Orla Daniel Hammack	06/07/70

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

Ralph Leroy Keeler	09/04/66
John Gaylealon Davis	11/24/67
Millard Wade Farbro	11/24/67
Richard Howard Parker	11/24/67
Raymond Perez	11/24/67
Jerold Jerome Shelton	01/28/69
Lavalle Walker	01/28/69

Can you shed more light on what Company these men were with?

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

I'd like to thank each and every man and woman who, for the past 5 years, have contributed to the addition of names to our KIA list. Brad Hull deserves a special mention as he has tirelessly followed up every lead to pay the Final tribute that is deserving to the Men of the Triple Deuce.

THANK YOU - JOHN EBERWINE

Suoi Tre

Gather round and listen, to a tale that must be told - Bout the 3rd of the 22nd, at the battle of LZ Gold - On March the 21st, '67 was the year - The morning breeze blw softly, the pre-dawn sky was clear - Then mortars started pounding, the OP's soon drew back - A GI shouted out.....a

human wave attack!

At point-blank range the Arty gave em everything they could - As two thousand black-clad Viet Cong came charging from the woods - The battle waged for hours while help was on the way - But without reinforcements soon Charlie would win the day - Five choppers had been overhead giving all they could - Now they lay burning at the edge of the smoking woods

Two quad fifties were mowing down the VC as they came - Till a satchel bomb had killed the crew and made our fifties tame - Our ammo was running very low and the fighting hand to hand - When a fearful noise behind their backs thundered through the land - And then a gift from heaven it seemed did then appear - The Triple Deuce tracks with tanks came charging from the rear - Charlie was astonished, this just could not be - No way could they have made it here to fight at Suoi Tre

Charlie was mistaken and paid dearly for that goof - There were over six hundred dead VC to offer up as proof - So if you ever wondered if we backed each others play - Ask the guys who gave their lives on that fateful day - Don't ever tell a veteran that the war was ever lost - *The politicians lost that war and we were just the cost*

Editor's Note: The Battle of Suoi Tre (aka Fire Support Base Gold) on March 21, 1967 was a mobile fire base, guns of the 2nd Battalion of the 77th Artillery protected by elements of the 3rd Battalion of the 22nd Infantry 4th Infantry Division and attacked at dawn in a human wave attack by over 2000 Viet Cong. Don Brady and Spanky Peckham were members of the 2nd Battalion (Mech) 22nd Infantry who came riding to the rescue that day. Also coming to the aid that day were elements of the 2nd Battalion of the 12th Infantry and the 2nd Battalion of the 34th Armor. When Don Brady visited with Larry Spanky Peckham earlier this year, they discussed this poem that they had started in Viet Nam over 30 years ago. Spanky promised Don he'd have it finished for Cleveland. Well Don..... Spanky did it..... There it is.....

John Eberwine

Did You Know Sgt John E Nelson?

Subj: Anyone who knew John E Nelson
Date: 08/15/2000
From: wmccormi@edd.ca.gov
(McCormick, William)
To: vietvetjje@aol.com (Eberwine, John)

I am trying to locate anyone who knew John E. Nelson he was with 2nd Platoon Co C 2nd Bn 22nd Inf 25th Div. He was killed on April 13, 1968 in or near Dau Tieng. I am trying to help his brothers find someone who knew him in Viet Nam. They would very much like to talk to someone who knew him. John was a SP/4 when he was killed (Later promoted to Sgt) He was from Sacramento, California, went to AIT at Fort Polk, LA. Went to Viet Nam in Dec. of 67. He was also a friend of mine. I was Military Escort at his funeral. I am also a Viet Nam Vet. But not combat arms Just worked in the Ammo dumps at Cam Ranh Bay from Sept 98 to Sept 69.

Respectfully

Bill McCormick

Editor's Note: If you knew John, please get in touch with Bill. wmccormi@edd.ca.gov

If you do not have access to e-mail, here is his address: Bill McCormick
400 Munroe Street #18
Sacramento, CA.95825 Home ph#
916-487-5725 Work Ph# 916-464-2783

Why Reunions?

From: "Gordon Kelley"
<gfkelly@acadia.net>
To: "John J Eberwine"
<vietvet222@juno.com>
Date: Thu, 27 Jul 2000 21:59:12 -0400
Subject: Reunions

John,

Concerning the reunions, at first I was apprehensive about attending, but a call from G (Bill Allison) and I did attend and I am glad I did. To see men whom I had not seen for half a lifetime was.....well it is really hard to explain the feelings I experienced just seeing the guys who made it home. It sure as hell made me feel a lot

closer to our friends who didn't make it home also. The reunions, for me have also become a way to keep alive the memory of the guys who fell beside us in Viet Nam.

All of you know that when we came home we weren't exactly welcomed with open arms. Even the Service organizations. VFW, American Legion, they didn't ask me to join. After 15 years, I was on their roles, but not because I joined, it was because they signed me up. Many VN Vets in this area of the country have not joined these organizations and will not ever. They now realize that without the VN Vet they are going to die and in not that long of a time, considering the average age of the members.

My point here is the reunions are ours. We get together because we were together at a time in our lives when we should have been able to do what we wanted to. Instead we ended up doing some politician's dirty work, and they wouldn't even let us finish it!

Keep up the good work, Friend.

Kelley

Gordon Kelley - gfkelly@acadia.net
PO Box 420 Cherryfield, ME 04622
Tel 207-546-2892

A sentimental moment or two...

From: "Gary Kreck"
<hlc222@uswest.net>
Date: Fri, 4 Aug 2000 20:33:28 -0700
Subject: A sentimental moment

Remember When?

Close your eyes and remember . . .
Close your eyes.....And go back....
Before the Internet or the MAC,
Before semi automatics and crack
Before chronic and indo
Before SEGA or Super Nintendo, Way
back.....
I'm talkin' bout hide and go seek at dusk.
Sittin' on the porch, Hot bread and butter.
The Good Humor man, Red light, Green
light.
Chocolate milk, Lunch tickets,
Penny candy in a brown paper bag.
Playin' Pinball in the corner store.

Hopscotch, butterscotch, doubledutch
 Jacks, kickball, dodgeball, y'all!
 Mother May I?
 Red Rover and Roly Poly, Hula Hoops and
 Sunflower Seeds, Jolly Ranchers, Banana
 Splits, Wax Lips and Mustaches
 Running through the sprinkler
 The smell of the sun and lickin' salty
 lips....
 Watchin' Saturday Morning cartoons,
 Yogi Bear and Boo Boo,
 Road Runner and Rocky & Bullwinkle,
 Huckleberry Hound George of the Jungle,
 and Bugs, Daffy and Mickey!

Or back further, listening to Superman and
 The Shadow on the radio
 Catchin' lightning bugs in a jar.
 Playing with a new sling shot.
 When around the corner seemed far away,
 And going downtown seemed like going
 somewhere
 Bedtime

Climbing trees, skinned knees.
 An ice cream cone on a warm Summer
 night. Chocolate or vanilla or strawberry
 or maybe butter pecan
 A lemon coke from the fountain at the
 corner drug store
 A million mosquito bites and sticky
 fingers.
 Cops and Robbers, Cowboys and Indians,
 Sittin' on the curb, Running down the
 steps Jumpin' on the bed.
 Pillow fights - Running till you were out of
 breath. Laughing so hard that your
 stomach hurt. Being tired from playin'....
 Remember that?

I ain't finished just yet...

Remember when.....

When there were just two types of sneakers
 for girls and boys (Keds & PF Flyers)
 and the only time you wore them at school,
 was for "gym."
 When it took five minutes for the TV to
 warm up, if you even had one.
 When nearly everyone's Mom was at home
 when the kids got there.
 When nobody owned a purebred dog.

When a quarter was a decent allowance,
 and another quarter a miracle.
 When milk went up one cent and everyone
 talked about it for weeks?

When you'd reach into a muddy gutter for
 a penny.

When girls neither dated nor kissed until
 late high school, if then.

When your Mom wore nylons that came in
 two pieces.

When all of your male teachers wore
 neckties and female teachers had their hair
 done, everyday.

When you got your windshield cleaned, oil
 checked, and gas pumped, without asking,
 for free, every time.

And, you didn't pay for air. And, you got
 trading stamps to boot! When laundry
 detergent had free glasses, dishes or towels
 hidden inside the box.

When any parent could discipline any kid,
 or feed him or use him to carry groceries,
 and nobody, not even the kid, thought a
 thing of it.

When it was considered a great privilege to
 be taken out to dinner at a real restaurant
 with your parents.

When they threatened to keep kids back a
 grade if they failed ... and did! When being
 sent to the principal's office was nothing
 compared to the fate that awaited a
 misbehaving student at home.

Basically, we were in fear for our lives but
 it wasn't because of drive by shootings,
 drugs, gangs, etc. Our parents and
 grandparents were a much bigger threat!
 and some of us are still afraid of em!!!

Didn't that feel good.. just to go back and
 say, Yeah, I remember that! There's
 nothing like the good old days!

They were good then, and they're good
 now when we think about them. Share
 some of these thoughts with a friend who
 can relate.....then share it with someone
 that missed out on them.

Editor's Note: Send your thanks for the
 stroll down memory lane to:

Gary Krek - E-mail - hhc222@uswest.net
 3140 W Osborne Rd #147 Phoenix, AZ
 85017-4825 Tel 602-447-0120

Thanks!.....Gary from all of us!

Oink???

From: Richard (Dick) Nash
 <nash222@winco.net>

Date: Sat, 29 Jul 2000 20:15:50 -0500

A couple drove several miles down a

country road, not saying a word. An
 earlier discussion had led to an argument,
 and neither wanted to concede their
 position.

As they passed a barnyard of mules and
 pigs, the husband sarcastically asked,
 "Relatives of yours?"

"Yep," the wife replied, "In-laws."

1,000 Marbles

The older I get, the more I enjoy Saturday
 mornings. Perhaps it's the quiet solitude
 that comes with being the first to rise, or
 maybe it's the unbounded joy of not
 having to be at work. Either way, the first
 few hours of a Saturday mornings are
 most enjoyable.

A few weeks ago, I was shuffling toward
 the basement shack with a steaming cup
 of coffee in one hand and the morning
 paper in the other. What began as a
 typical Saturday morning, turned into one
 of those lessons that life seems to hand
 you from time to time. Let me tell you
 about it.

I turned the dial up into the phone portion
 of the band on my ham radio in order to
 listen to a Saturday morning swap net.
 Along the way, I came across an older
 sounding chap, with a tremendous signal
 and a golden voice. You know the kind,
 he sounded like he should be in the
 broadcasting business. He was telling
 whoever he was talking with something
 about "a thousand marbles." I was
 intrigued and stopped to listen to what he
 had to say.

"Well, Tom, it sure sounds like you're
 busy with your job. I'm sure they pay you
 well but it's a shame you have to be away
 from home and your family so much.
 Hard to believe a young fellow should
 have to work sixty or seventy hours a
 week to make ends meet. Too bad you
 missed your daughter's dance recital." He
 continued, "Let me tell you something
 Tom, something that has helped me keep
 a good perspective on my own priorities."

And that's when he began to explain his
 theory of a *thousand marbles*. "You see, I
 sat down one day and did a little

arithmetic. The average person lives about seventy-five years. I know, some live more and some live less, but on average, folks live about seventy-five years."

"Now then, I multiplied 75 times 52 and I came up with 3900 which is the number of Saturdays that the average person has in their entire lifetime. Now stick with me Tom, I'm getting to the important part." "It took me until I was fifty-five years old to think about all this in any detail," he went on, "and by that time I had lived through over twenty-eight hundred Saturdays. I got to thinking that if I lived to be seventy-five, I only had about a thousand of them left to enjoy." "So I went to a toy store and bought every single marble they had. I ended up having to visit three toy stores to roundup 1000 marbles. I took them home and put them inside of a large, clear plastic container right here in the shack next to my gear. Every Saturday since then, I have taken one marble out and thrown it away."

"I found that by watching the marbles diminish, I focused more on the really important things in life. There is nothing like watching your time here on this earth run out to help get your priorities straight." "Now let me tell you one last thing before I sign-off with you and take my lovely wife out for breakfast. This morning, I took the very last marble out of the container. I figure if I make it until next Saturday then I have been given a little extra time. And the one thing we can all use is a little more time."

"It was nice to meet you Tom, I hope you spend more time with your family, and I hope to meet you again here on the band. 75 year Old Man, this is K9NZQ, clear and going QRT. good morning!"

You could have heard a pin drop on the band when this fellow signed off. I guess he gave us all a lot to think about. I had planned to work on the antenna that morning, and then I was going to meet up with a few hams to work on the next club newsletter. Instead, I went upstairs and woke my wife up with a kiss. "C'mon honey, I'm taking you and the kids to breakfast." "What brought this on?" she asked with a smile. "Oh, nothing special, it's just been a long time since we spent a

Saturday together with the kids. Hey, can we stop at a toy store while we're out? I need to buy some marbles."

HAVE A GREAT WEEKEND AND MAY ALL SATURDAYS BE SPECIAL!

Sent by Gary Ogden - oldgru@cs.com
1214 S Fenway Casper, WY 82601
Tel 307-266-2362

Excuses for calling in sick

From: "Gary Krek" <hhc222@uswest.net>
Date: Fri, 14 Jul 2000 00:35:57 -0700

1. If it is all the same to you I won't be coming in to work. The voices told me to clean all the guns today.
2. When I got up this morning I took two Ex-Lax in addition to my Prozac. I can't get off the john, but I feel good about it.
3. I set half the clocks in my house ahead an hour and the other half back an hour Saturday and spent 18 hours in some kind of space-time continuum loop, reliving Sunday (right up until the explosion). I was able to exit the loop only by reversing the polarity of the power source exactly $c \cdot \log(\pi)$ clocks in the house while simultaneously rapping my dog on the snout with a rolled up Times. Accordingly, I will be in late, or early.
4. My stigmata's acting up.
5. I can't come in to work today because I'll be stalking my previous boss, who fired me for not showing up for work. OK?
6. I have a rare case of 48-hour projectile leprosy, but I know we have that deadline to meet...
7. I am stuck in the blood pressure machine down at the supermarket.
8. Yes, I seem to have contracted some attention-deficit disorder and, hey, how about them Skins, huh? So, I won't be able to, yes, could I help you? No, no, I'll be sticking with Sprint, but thank you for calling.
9. Constipation has made me a walking lime bomb.
10. I just found out that I was switched at birth. Legally, I shouldn't come to work knowing my employce records may now contain false information.
11. The psychiatrist said it was an excellent session. He even gave me this jaw restraint so I won't bite things when I am startled.

12. The dog ate my car keys. We're going to hitchhike to the vet.

13. I prefer to remain an enigma.

14. My stepmother has come back as one of the Undead and we must track her to her coffin to drive a stake through her heart and give her eternal peace. One day should do it.

15. I can't come to work today because the EPA has determined that my house is completely surrounded by wetlands and I have to arrange for helicopter transportation.

16. I am converting my calendar from Julian to Gregorian.

17. I am extremely sensitive to a rise in the interest rates.

18. I refuse to travel to my job in the Business District until there is a commuter tax. I insist on paying my fair share.

19. I've used up all my sick days...so I'm calling in dead!

Reflections!

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

"Sometimes, in my very, very rare, but very deep and troublesome periods, I wonder, if it isn't those who have made the supreme sacrifice, who will sleep soundly and peacefully, for eternity, while the rest of us will always feel the tearing at the heart and hear the whispering in the mind."

John Eberwine 1996

REMEMBER!!!!

Pay your Dues!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Send your Registration for the Reunion in NOW! (Enclosed)

Call a long lost buddy

Hug your wife, children, or whomever is important to you!!!! - John Eberwine

SEE YOU IN CLEVELAND!!!