



The Viet Nam Triple Deuce, Inc.

An Association of 2 Bn. (Mech)

22nd Infantry Regiment

Viet Nam Veterans

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

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



Vol. 17, No. 4

Dec. 2011

TABLE OF CONTENTS

President's Message	1
Editor's Comment.	2
Reunion Information.	3
Time to Remember.	4
Photo Being Sought.	4
Information Needed.	5
Single Soldier Event.. . . .	5
A Vietnamese Immigrant Speaks.	7
Harvey Nall's Stories	9
Transfer . . . Doc Bergeron series.. . . .	9
Statistics from The Wall.	13
New Finds.	14
Helloes and Comments.	15
Guest Book Hits.	15
Taps.	18
An Open Letter.	18
Merchandise.	20

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The Vietnam Triple Deuce

Website

www.vietnamtripledeuce.org

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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

As I write this article, it's Dec. 20th with Christmas fast approaching. I wanted to wish all my Brothers of the Triple Deuce a Happy Holiday Season! but by the time they read this, Christmas will have passed by. So, what's a guy to do? How about...Happy Springtime Brothers! Memorial Day is coming up and I know that it will be a time for reflection for us all. Our fallen Brothers will be on our minds for sure, as will all others that lost their lives in defense of our country. Our unit had a lot of loss at all levels, be it our Platoon, Company, the Triple Deuce, or the 22nd Infantry Regiment.

We hope to encourage you all to contribute a few bucks the 22 I.R.S. attempt to raise the money needed to build a monument for all those 22nd I.R. soldiers that lost their lives in defense of our country. Every double deuce soldier's name will be carved on the monument from the very first loss, to the losses of today. Contribution details are elsewhere in this NL issue, and on our websites.

To those of you that learned of my personal health problem last November, thank you for your concern, but I have recovered to about 90% as I write this, and will be, God willing, 100% plus by the time you read this. I say "plus" because my Doctor thinks I may actually gain weight now that the health issue is cured. I told him to not hold his breath. The problem was the colon, but it's cancer free and all I have to do to keep it that way is keep off the cigarettes, stop drinking booze, and beer, eat better and healthier, take my pills, see my doctor more often... I'm doomed!

We have been making progress on our website, www.vietnamtripledeuce.org thanks to my good

buddy **Harold Metcalf**, and our Triple Deuce Brother **Steve Irvine**. I hope you visit often, and keep sending in your suggestions, pictures, and anything else that can help us to make this website worthy of our Vietnam tour of duty, and the outstanding record we compiled together. Also, I for one, along with many others, would like to read about your Vietnam experience. Please write up an article for **Dan Streit**, our editor, to include in upcoming issues of our NL. As I, and many others have stated, we could care less if you are a good writer or not. Put it in your words, and fire it off to us.

I must say one thing about our “togetherness” today. Please, help us all to keep it that way. We were together then, and need to be together now. The troubles within our American society can never infest our Brotherhood. Leave those issues for the press or World Wide Web to deal with. Please do not bring these issues within our association, on our website, or any other medium. Let’s all keep our minds and hearts on our society goals of finding and helping our long lost Brothers of the Vietnam Triple Deuce.

Deeds, not words.

Lynn W. Dalpez

EDITOR’S COMMENTS

Many of you have heard of my recent hospitalization and subsequent surgery. I appreciated all the concern conveyed by e-mails, phone calls, cards and prayers. Although it was not my idea of fun, the hospitalization allowed me plenty of time to think.

The dependent role, although not pleasant, was necessary. The doctors, nurses and various other experts (respiratory, dietary, pharmacy etc) all contributed to my healing. While I did not always understand or appreciate their plans; my recovery was the focus of all their interventions. The sudden nature of my illness let me know how uncertain life can be. I had many plans for yard and garden work, motorcycle outings, my

job and family activities. Suddenly my health became not only the main but the only focus.

Probably the greatest lesson I learned (I think I already knew it so it was just reinforced) is that we all need each other. I truly don’t think I would have made it through the rough times without my family and friends.

Isn’t that how it is with the Triple Deuce? We all play roles in the organization. . .and those roles are interdependent. The organization runs more smoothly when we work together; each completing unique tasks while contributing to the greater whole.

Life for each of us is uncertain making it more essential that we find the missing Brothers before it is too late. Believe me; I had time to think of a few new approaches in finding Brothers. We have **Dick Nash** as a head locator. Technology is working in our favor. You never know when a Triple Deuce cap, shirt, or car tag will spark that needed conversation so wear your colors proudly. And yes we all need each other. The support of our Brothers, the camaraderie, and the unity of purpose is irreplaceable . . . anyway that’s how it seems to this recovering old soldier..

Veterans Day 2011. The first in as long as I can remember that I did not work at the local parade and dinner. Make no mistake, I did hours of work preparing the event but 11-11-11 found me at my granddaughter’s grade school. At the program each class sang; the themes songs for each branch of service and numerous patriotic songs. Each veteran present stood, spoke of his/her branch, rank, time and area of service and for which student he/she was attending. Then the veterans and “their child” were treated to lunch. My granddaughter was excited to have two “Papas” in attendance. The event was a real honor and a demonstration of patriotism of a new generation. The most touching time was when those students who had either a mother or father currently deployed were asked to stand. There were many.

Pheasant season and deer season in Kansas are times for hunters to get together, reminisce of hunts of the past and share companionship and sportsmanship. More birds were taken than anticipated. Hunting with my sons and grandson emphasized the generational ties.

Thanksgiving with family gathered reinforced the value of our country's freedoms. Food and fun were plentiful. After all the festivities, discussion centered on the celebration of Christmas and when and how the extended family would unite for another celebration. One Christmas tradition for the wife and me is the giving of quilts. Vera pieces the tops, I do the quilting and she binds them. I am totally in charge of the maintenance of our old quilting machine. A brief summary of the process is a quilt top and a quilt back with some sort of "batting" in between are stitched together in any number of pre designed or free hand patterns. Once again the similarity to our organization is amazing". If it were not for the common thread of VN 222, the various elements of our Brotherhood would be disorganized or frayed.

Another new year approaches. We leave the regrets from the past behind and resolve to have a more positive future. There will be no late night partying for the Streits but a smooth (unobserved) transition into 2012. That is not all bad!

Whether it is a holiday or an informal gathering all occasions have one common underlying factor. We, as Americans have many privileges because we live in the greatest country in the world. It is the dedication of the soldier, both past and present which enables Americans to enjoy such a bountiful life. A central theme of the Triple Deuce is to find and honor our Brothers who have given much to establish and maintain these rights. Once again that is how it seems to this contented old soldier.

Dan Streit D/ 69

22nd Infantry Reunion:

When: 27 – 30 Sep 2012

**Where: Embassy Suites, 7290 Commerce Center Drive,
Colorado Springs, Colorado, USA, 80919**

Schedule: **Mark your calendars**

26-28 Sep – Wed	Registration
27 Sep – Thu	22 nd Inf Golf Tournament (tentative USAFA Blue or Silver course)
27 Sep – Thu	Evening - Carving of the Hemingway Turkey (recognition of youngest and oldest
	Regular in attendance
28 Sep – Fri	Tour of Ft Carson (1 st Battalion – 22 nd Infantry)
28 Sep – Fri	Buffet Dinner - - DMOR/HMOR Presentation – Punchbowl ceremony
29 Sep – Sat	Business Meeting (Ladies Breakfast)
29 Sep – Sat	Free time (coordinated events available for local sites and activities)
29 Sep – Sat	Banquet (formal dinner) – Guest Speaker
30 Sep – Sun	Memorial Service and Depart

Reunion committee is working on:

1. Negotiating cost of the rooms, ballroom, hospitality suite
2. Coordinating local tours and activities for Saturday
3. Coordinating with 1-22 for activities on Ft Carson
4. Coordinating for golf tournament

Completed details, to include hotel and reunion registration will be published in the next newsletter and on our web site.

Current tour coordination efforts for free time on Sat: are Pikes Peak Railroad, Garden of the Gods, Air Force Academy, Turning of the Aspens, Golf at Bear Dance (region PGA HQ), Gamble at Cripple Creek, Bridge at Royal Gorge

TIME TO REMEMBER OUR FALLEN BROTHERS

As many of you remember from conversations at both our Washington D.C. and Atlanta Reunions, the Vietnam Veterans Memorial is a place of honor like none other associated with the Vietnam War. The Vietnam Veterans Memorial Fund IS in the process of gathering photos, stories and other related materials ON EVERY NAME OF OUR FALLEN BROTHERS LISTED ON THE VIETNAM WALL. These items will be displayed in a file on each fallen brother at THE EDUCATION CENTER AT THE WALL. (Will any of us ever forget the "sea of blue" of 22nd Infantry Vietnam mini flags displayed to honor our fallen brothers during our visit that day to THE WALL...I know I won't!)

To use the words most often heard from the VVMF on this topic..."The names on the polished black granite panels of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial resonate with those who served in Vietnam, those who lost loved ones and those who lived through the Vietnam era. The silent but eloquent message reminds us of the consequences of all wars and the universal themes of service, patriotism and sacrifice. 4 million people a year visit THE WALL and only see the names. We have a unique opportunity to educate these visitors with photos and memories on who our fallen brothers were and their relevance to this honored time in our history."

With the above thoughts in mind I would again encourage Triple Deuce brothers and families of the fallen on THE WALL to seek out your photos of our fallen, write your stories and share your memories of them by providing copies of these items, along with any personal history you deem relevant to your loved ones to be included in the annuals of THE EDUCATION CENTER AT THE WALL. Let us not miss this opportunity to honor our FALLEN and THEIR FAMILIES.

Additional information on how to get your items to THE EDUCATION CENTER AT THE WALL

can be found at www.vvmf.org or let me know if you have additional questions. What a wonderful way to remember our fallen brothers!

NOTE: Peter Holt, DMOR & A Company 2/22nd Infantry '67-68, has launched a drive to match the first \$1million dollars donated towards construction of THE EDUCATION CENTER AT THE WALL. He and I are not asking for your money....just your memories.

LON OAKLEY JR
A '69

PHOTO BEING SOUGHT

We have received a request for a photo of **Clinis H. Jackson**, KIA 7 NOV 66. The photo is to be used as part of the "Faces on the Wall" project which is part of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Funds efforts to build an education center near the Wall in DC.

Jim Reece is attempting to gather photos of all the KIA's from North Carolina.

Contact Info.

Jim Reece USA/USAF Retired
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INFORMATION NEEDED

In 1969, 1st Sgt. **English** and I went to pick up an injured Lieutenant who was wounded in a fire fight. He had black hair, somewhat round face and of Polynesian descent. We picked up the Lieutenant and a Sergeant from another unit. We started to leave to go back to the road and a large tree limb got hung up on the front of the track. I looked to see what was wrong and the tree limb broke free, hit me in the head, broke my CVC helmet and broke my NOSE. I drove as far as I could then 1st Sgt. English drove the rest of the way out to the medi-vac chopper. The Lieutenant and I were dusted off. I was brought

to Dau Tang and the Lieutenant was sent elsewhere. Captain Pinski was our captain at the time. I need someone who can remember this incident or knows Captain Pinski. Please help!!

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B Co. 25th ID, Sept. 1969 to Sept. 70

SINGLE SOLDIER EVENT

2nd Battalion, 22nd Infantry Regiment

30 September 2011

Ft Drum, NY

Single Soldier event. This event is sponsored by Gold Star Dawn Esposito. Her son, **SGT Michael J. Esposito, Jr.** was KIA on 18 March 2004 in Afghanistan while a member of the Triple Deuce. The event, again the sole creation of Dawn Esposito, is intended to recognize all of the Single Soldiers currently serving in the Triple Deuce. Dawn does all the planning and the marshalling of resources for these events. She has the full cooperation of Command and the FRG (Family Readiness Group) in making these plans, which are kept secret from the Soldiers who will be attending. Before I go any further describing the event I will provide a bit of information for **Pete Gaworecki** and I would represent the 2nd Battalion as well as the Regiment at this year's those who follow our trips to Ft Drum. There are usually four or five of us that make the trip, but conflicts in schedules meant that only Pete and I would be able to attend. This also meant that the colorful side stories that I usually report on in these pages would be greatly reduced. However, I am pleased to tell you that the perils of traveling with Pete as the Scout/Navigator are ever present. There was no room for us in Army Lodging. A Change of Command fell upon the same dates, so Pete and I stayed at a motel not far from Ft Drum. Once Pete and I were settled in and had made an appearance at Battalion, we decided to go to Watertown for dinner. Pete announced that we travel in his vehi-

cle. This is unusual, but I understood why we would be using Pete's vehicle when I got in and saw the new Garmin GPS sitting on the dash. It was more than apparent that Pete was tired of being the brunt of the "getting us lost" jokes and had taken great steps to restore his reputation as Scout/Navigator. Pete introduced me to "Gretchen," that's the name of the female who resides in the GPS, and then began entering information as to where we were going. "Gretchen" quickly responded with instructions as to how we should proceed. It was the usual left, right, travel so many miles, left again and so on. After a few lefts and rights I remarked to Pete that "Gretchen" must know a short-cut to Watertown because we'd never gone this way before. Well, after another series of rights and lefts we found ourselves on what appeared to be a farm road, again I remarked, but this time I questioned "Gretchen's" judgment. Pete had no sooner assured me that we were in good hands when the road ended. It was this point when "Gretchen" announced, "Proceed off road." I tried not to laugh, but I could not contain myself. Pete, after turning around, quickly came to "Gretchen's" defense and blamed his sausage size fingers for entering the wrong information. After I stopped laughing I thanked Pete for providing another "getting us lost" story for the Newsletters. I also told Pete, as a way of lessening his disappointment, that had we been traveling on a PC we could have continued to follow "Gretchen" instructions. There were no more similar instances during the trip because Pete shut "Gretchen's" voice off and returned to his usual methods of travel, dead reckoning.

On Saturday morning, after breakfast off course, we went to Remington Park where the event was going to be held. Dawn was there with a small army of helpers. These helpers consisted of AM VETS members from all across New York State. They were there to help with logistics and setting up and maintaining the sound system and karaoke machine. There were other helpers, all of them were First Responders at the World Trade Center on 9-11, they were there to cook and serve the food that Dawn had brought with her

and, like the AM Vets Members, were there to thank the Active Duty Soldiers for their service. Speaking of food, there were hot dogs, hamburgers, chicken and corn as well as all manner of salad. There was so much food that at the end of the day the **Chaplain Byers** was scrambling resources to get all the leftovers to the food kitchens in Watertown. Pete told me that there were two pallets of watermelon and garden salad that had been untouched. My sense was that a Deuce-and-a-Half would not have been big enough to load all the leftover food into. The Soldiers had been told to wear their civilian attire and were picked up by bus at their quarters. (You can't call where they live barracks.) They got on the busses not knowing where or why they were going. When they arrived they still had no idea as to what was going on. However, when they saw the large trailer with *Budweiser* on the side, they began to get the idea that this was a party.

The event began with a few brief comments from someone from each helper group expressing their reasons for being there. I got the chance to remind them that they are in the Finest Battalion and finest Regiment in the Army. Dawn was forced to the microphone to say Hello and she took the time to thank these Soldiers for what they do.

The day then turned to eating and drinking, there was plenty of bottled water and soft drinks available for those who wanted something other than beer. Pete and I were approached by many young Soldiers with their questions about Soui Tre, (Roger, you should have been there.) and other events that the Battalion had been involved in during the Vietnam War. We'd learned the day before that the **BN CO, LTC Bret Funck** and the **Battalion SGM, SGM Giovanni Sanchez**, were very much interested in the Battalion History and were making great strides in continuing the History Display at BN HQ that had been started by **LTC Mike Loos**. We also learned that questions regarding Battalion History were part of Promotion Board Exams. SGM Sanchez had found a footlocker filled with photos of the

Battalion in what appeared to be the training up for deployment to Vietnam. (Again, Roger, you should have been there.)

There were also many questions about the exchange of 3rd Bde's between the 4th and 25th ID's back in August of 1967. It seemed that none of these Soldiers had heard of Burt or Good Friday, but I gave them enough information on dates so that they could go searching for after action reports. I would like to make it clear here that the questions were coming from Lieutenants, NCO's, Spec 4's and PFC's. This History project is Battalion wide.

Well, while the eating, drinking, song singing (These Soldiers stop what they are doing and join in when any patriotic song is being played.) and visiting was going on Dawn began her "contest." I don't remember the "contest" as being difficult, but I do remember that she gave away 100 \$50 gift certificates. The Grand Prize was awarded, by default, to the Youngest Soldier in the Battalion. That prize was a four day trip to Disney World with all expenses paid. And, the winner got to select three friends to bring along. Had the requirement for winning the Grand Prize been the Oldest as opposed to the Youngest, I believe I would have won. Pete and I could have really put "Gretchen" to the test on a trip to Florida.

The busses had returned to bring the Soldiers back to their living quarters but before they left Dawn saw to it that they were handed Italian sandwiches that were about 5 feet in length. Her motive for doing so was to keep these young people from getting into their vehicles and driving to get some food. Dawn said that once they got back to their quarters and started in on the sandwiches they wouldn't want to do anything but sleep. Good thinking, Dawn.

Jim May, HMOR

A VIETNAMESE IMMIGRANT SPEAKS

It looks like we did some good after all! On Saturday, July 24th, 2010 the town of Prescott Valley, AZ, hosted a Freedom Rally. Quang Nguyen was asked to speak on his experience of coming to America and what it means. He spoke the following in dedication to all Vietnam Veterans. Thought you might enjoy hearing what he had to say:

35 years ago, if you were to tell me that I am going to stand up here speaking to a couple thousand patriots, in English, I'd laugh at you.

Man, every morning I wake up thanking God for putting me and my family in the greatest country on earth.

I just want you all to know that the American dream does exist and I am living the American dream. I was asked to speak to you about my experience as a first generation Vietnamese-American, but I'd rather speak to you as an American.

If you hadn't noticed, I am not white and I feel pretty comfortable with my people. I am a proud US citizen and here is my proof. It took me 8 years to get it, waiting in endless lines, but I got it and I am very proud of it.

I still remember the images of the Tet offensive in 1968, I was six years old. Now you might want to question how a 6-year-old boy could remember anything. Trust me, those images can never be erased. I can't even imagine what it was like for young American soldiers, 10,000 miles away from home, fighting on my behalf. 35 years ago, I left South Vietnam for political asylum. The war had ended. At the age of 13, I left with the understanding that I may or may not ever get to see my siblings or parents again. I was one of the

first lucky 100,000 Vietnamese allowed to come to the US . Somehow, my family and I were reunited 5 months later, amazingly, in California . It was a miracle from God.

If you haven't heard lately that this is the greatest country on earth, I am telling you that right now. It was the freedom and the opportunities presented to me that put me here with all of you t o n i g h t .

I also remember the barriers that I had to overcome every step of the way. My high school counselor told me that I cannot make it to college due to my poor communication skills. I proved him wrong. I finished college. You see, all you have to do is to give this little boy an opportunity and encourage him to take and run with it. Well, I took the opportunity and here I am.

This person standing tonight in front of you could not exist under a socialist/communist environment. By the way, if you think socialism is the way to go, I am sure many people here will chip in to get you a one-way ticket out of here. And if you didn't know, the only difference between socialism and communism is an AK-47 aimed at your head. That was my experience. In 1982, I stood with a thousand new immigrants, reciting the Pledge of Allegiance and listening to the National Anthem for the first time as an American. To this day, I can't remember anything sweeter and more patriotic than that moment in my life.

Fast forwarding, somehow I finished high school, finished college, and like any other goofball 21 year old kid, I was having a great time with my life. I had a nice job and a nice apartment in Southern California . In some way and somehow, I had forgotten how I got here and why I was here.

One day I was at a gas station, I saw a veteran pumping gas on the other side of the island. I don't know what made me do it, but I walked over and asked if he had served in Vietnam . He

smiled and said yes. I shook and held his hand. The grown man began to well up. I walked away as fast as I could and at that very moment, I was emotionally rocked. This was a profound moment in my life. I knew something had to change in my life. It was time for me to learn how to be a good citizen. It was time for me to give back.

You see, America is not a place on the map, it isn't a physical location. It is an ideal, a concept. And if you are an American, you must understand the concept, you must buy into this concept, and most importantly, you have to fight and defend this concept. This is about Freedom and not free stuff. And that is why I am standing up here.

Brothers and sisters, to be a real American, the very least you must do is to learn English and understand it well. In my humble opinion, you cannot be a faithful patriotic citizen if you can't speak the language of the country you live in. Take this document of 46 pages—last I looked on the Internet, there wasn't a Vietnamese translation of the US Constitution. It took me a long time to get to the point of being able to converse and until this day, I still struggle to come up with the right words. It's not easy, but if it's too easy, it's not worth doing.

Before I knew this 46-page document, I learned of the 500,000 Americans who fought for this little boy. I learned of the 58,000 names scribed on the black wall at the Vietnam Memorial. You are my heroes. You are my founders.

At this time, I would like to ask all the Vietnam veterans to please stand. I thank you for my life. I thank you for your sacrifices, and I thank you for giving me the freedom and liberty I have today. I now ask all veterans, firefighters, and police officers, to please stand. On behalf of all first generation immigrants, I thank you for your services and may God bless you all.

Notice that he referred to himself as an American,

NOT Vietnamese-American. How good would it be here in America if all of the immigrants---no, EVERYONE, ALL Americans --- felt like Quang Nguyen?

This is a reprint from last NL because of a typo.
Dan

HARVEY NALL'S ACCOUNT of October 12, 1966

Harvey writes, "The article by **Karl "DOC" Bergeron** was a very good account of the 2-22 arrival in Vietnam. My arrival to Vietnam on October 12, 1966 was with the Recon Platoon. We fell into formation with steel pot, LBE & duffel bag. I did not have a steel pot. My steel pot and .45 holster had been stolen some time in early October 1966. My Platoon Leader said no one will leave the ship without a steel pot!! Only thing to do was requisition one with out doing the paperwork!! So, I started back thru the ship to find a loose steel pot. It did not take long to find a steel pot. The pot I found belonged to a Lieutenant, but it did not matter to me as I now had a steel pot and could make the beach landing with the Recon Platoon. I know some soldiers had to be missing a steel pot when they left the ship but I am thankful to this day that it was not me.

Harvey Nall, Jr.
336-963-1125
HHQ, Recon
Dec. 65 to Sept.67

Harvey Nall, Jr., Bravo Co & Recon Plt, Sep 66 to Sep 67, called and asked that I tell this short story.

Harvey was looking for something to leave to his three grandchildren and decided on Henry Rifles, the lever action ones with the brass

frames. He thought that consecutive serial numbered rifles would have more meaning and attempted to order the three rifles that way. After being told, by many gun shops in his area, that he could not order the rifles in consecutive serial numbers he found a dealer that took the order. There was going to be an additional \$10.00 per rifle for the service, but that seemed a fair amount to Harvey.

Well, time went by and the rifles arrived. To Harvey's surprise the rifles all started with 222! Harvey had Triple Deuce Henry Rifles to give to his grandchildren.

Harvey thought you'd all like to hear his story.

Jim May

TRANSFER

A series of excerpts from letters home

By . . Karl "DOC" Bergeron

December 23 to January 6

It is raining for the first time in six days. I am writing from inside the track. It is crowded. The Lt. "Grandma", the RTO, and three others are all trying to find space enough to be comfortable and dry.

Our new Platoon leader, **Lt. Gendry**, is more like one of us than he is our superior. He has made the adjustment reasonably well, but we still miss **Lt. Pryor**. He is a little older than most of us, but seems younger because he's had less experience.

Speaking of Lt. Pryor, I ran into him today. We talked for quite awhile. During our conversation he hinted that my request for a transfer had been passed on to Brigade marked, "Recommended for approval". Hearing this brightened my day considerably. Now, I only have to wait for Brigade and then Division to follow suit. Wish me luck. . .Who knows, perhaps I'll be a non-

combatant in a short while.

As yet we are still living without the comforts of a squad tent like the ones we had at Camp Martin Cox. At one point we all hoped for some improvement from tent to maybe a wooden structure. Now it appears as if we'll be lucky to get a tent. Don't get me wrong, I'm not really complaining about our current living conditions, I'm only stating that they could improve.

Tomorrow is our first day of rest since the last time "Hell froze over". For our platoon there will be food and drink for everyone. In the afternoon we might play a football game or sober off the ones who drank their breakfast. Tomorrow, the 24th of December, 1966, will serve as Christmas Day for the members of the 1st Platoon.

On Christmas Day we'll be preparing for a night patrol. On the 26th our Battalion will be going out on an operation. The 1st Platoons' mission on the night of the 25th is to secure a river crossing for the movement the following day.

Last year I spent Christmas washing pots and pans at Fort Lewis. For a change in occupational hazards, I've decided to celebrate it this year by going on a night patrol. I know it sound like fun, and believe me it is....

To a more pleasant subject: the people of Viet Nam. Last night the 1st Platoon had what is known here in Dau Tieng as Bridge Guard. The road leading into Dau Tieng crosses the Saigon River. Naturally a bridge spans the river enabling travel in and out of the village. Bridge guard duty begins at 6:00 pm, one hour before it gets dark and a half hour before the people are to be off the streets and in their homes. Before they have to be in their homes, many Vietnamese children gather around the positions that guard the bridge. Some of the children are there to sell Coke and other items they think GIs might want. Some of the children just want to hang out and fool around with the Americans who are on duty there.

For the most part these are great kids. They are young, but mature for their age. They don't know what it is like to live in peace. In their short years they have learned a lot from their experience and it shows on their faces.

Last evening I played toss and catch with two future American Leaguers. At 6:25 they went home and I returned to our track, where I spent the night listening to the sounds of war off in the distance.

Today I kept busy taking care of a special patient. He is much smaller than most patients, weighing only ten pounds and 14 inches tall. This little K-9 pal of Company B is suffering from a broken left hind leg. "VC" or "Charlie" our little friend is resting comfortably now. His leg is splinted, but he is able to get around reasonably well. The last time I saw him he was hanging out near the Mess tent. He's no fool, that one.

The night passed without incident. It is only 8:00 am and the sun is already warm enough to fry eggs on top of the track. By ten we should be able to cook the ham to go with them.

From the waist up most of us could pass for another race. We don't look Caucasian anymore. It seems odd to me that whites try to become darker, and the blacks like being light skinned. What's wrong with this world we live in?

"Think of all the hate there is in Red China" Bob Dylan or someone once sang. An article in the Pacific Stars and Stripes caused me to think of this. Apparently China has offered to send troops to Viet Nam if they request them. This would definitely change the course of the war. I sincerely hope this never happens. It is bad enough that Chinese military equipment is used by the VC. We really don't need to be engaged in combat with their troops. It would be disastrous. I also don't think the North Vietnamese would ever want China involved.

Do you remember me telling you about the girl from Ridgefield, Conn, I used to correspond

with? Well, I hadn't heard from her for over a month and suspected something was wrong. I was right. This morning I received a letter from her brother who is stationed in Germany. He was home on emergency leave when he wrote to me. She was killed in an automobile accident Thanksgiving week. How tragic Christmas must have been for him and his family. . .this news tore me up.

I received a care package and a brief note from Aunt Mary yesterday. It is the first time I've heard from her since I arrived in this inferno. . .Dante never dreamed it could get as hot as it gets here.

My friend "Grandma" received a goodie package, compliments of the residents of Chelsea, Mass. It was a huge box of S.S. Pierce Company produce. We'll be eating high off the hog in the field this time.

"Grandma's" real name is Judson, or Jay, and he isn't from Chelsea. His brother and sister-in-law live there so that's how he ended up with the package from Chelsea. The nickname "Grandma " was given to him when we were in basic training. He was a squad leader and he nagged at his men all the time.

December 28, 1966

A chopper just flew over on its way back to base camp. When we are in the field all of our supplies are brought to us by this wonderful work horse. Without the Hueys this war stuff would be even more hellish. . .for me, today is "Hail to the Huey Day". . .

As you already know the nights are extremely long here in Viet Nam. Tonight will be no exception to the rule as I am going out on yet another patrol. I just love those patrols. . .if you believe that you need to reexamine your thought process.

Where did all the rain go? To the Rain Forests, I guess. The dry season is rather enjoyable ex-

cept for the extreme heat. At least the nights are cool. I even use my thick blanket at night, but mostly to keep the insects away from my arms and face. . .about six men from our company have contracted malaria . . .nasty mosquitoes.

Hey, ask our old friend, Jax, if the Red Sox have won recently. . .they haven't? . . .why not? What day is today? What season is it? Winter you say! I don't believe it. . .I wish Robert Frost had lived in Asia and not New England. Why would I say that? Only because I believe he could have found adequate phrases to describe this modernized Barbaria. . ."How many roads must a young man walk before he becomes a man" I don't know for sure, but I do know that every "boy" here in Viet Nam has qualified. That is every one who is connected with the infantry.

These "Men" should be able to vote, drink and speak their own views, but they can't. They are here to defend these rights, yet they don't have them. How can this be? I've got to get something to eat now. After, I venture into the plantation for a night of fun. . .My heart is with you.

January 6, 1967

What is there about a collection of very ordinary men living under conditions that would sicken a slum dweller, either being shot at or waiting to be shot at, that exercises such a pull on nearly everyone who is exposed even briefly to such a life? There is a powerful bond that draws together men who share this common, if hideous, experience.

Once again the great stone had flexes the might pen and off we go. . .sorry it has been so long since my last letter.

Often times it is difficult to start a letter. Fear alone prevents the pen from striking the page. A letter is never started and completed in one setting. Various interruptions manage to reveal a change in mood during the process. This is what I fear the most. . .Speak of "Fear: . . .it is a harmless four letter worked that adequately de-

scribes a common characteristic of all those who are affiliated with the Infamous Infantry. . .A sign painted on the wall of our Mess Hall back at Ft. Lewis read "I am the Infantry. Queen of Battle" Queen of Hell maybe, but surely not of battle. . . .if I only knew what the hell I am trying to say here I'd say it. . .just had to ramble a moment to get this disgusting feeling off my chest. . .

The 2nd of the 22nd Infantry (Mech) is in a position close to the Cambodian border. Operation Gadsdon has only been in progress four or five days and sixteen of our guys have been taken off the line due to wounds.

Mine, mines, everywhere.

Watch out!

There's a claymore somewhere.

Snipers with long hair,

Watching us by a cross-hair.

Strange conflict, isn't it.

My nerves are constantly on edge. Blame it on that terrible Army coffee. . . I do.

Every time a shot is heard my circulatory system ceases to pulsate, my respiratory system comes to a complete halt and I wait. Muscles tensed, visions of maimed humanity pass through my mind. When all is clear and no one has screamed "Medic" I can slowly return to some semblance of normal.

How do you explain to a young man that he no longer has two legs? A 50 caliber Machine Gun is a brutal weapon. . .hopefully, I'll never have to experience this again.

One day has gone by since I started this letter. What a day it was. Our Battalion was in contact with the enemy for over four hours taking moderate casualties. In all there were close to fifty wounded and four men were killed. Tomorrow morning I'll travel by chopper to Tay Ninh to identify the bodies from Company B. Another gruesome task of a combat medic that I don't look forward to. . .some days are just plain Hell. . .for the first time in months I feel like I'm on the verge of "Chaos"

My letter writing is being done by lantern light inside a closed tent, to the rhythm of sporadic gun-fire. Don't be alarmed. Most of the shots are outgoing. Like the rest of the unit I too am not far from Cambodia. A large open field about five miles from Cambodia, a place called Tri Bi, is and will be my home for the duration of Operation Gadsdon.

The principle reason for my being here is to coordinate medical supply between our aid station in the field and the Med-Supply unit that is here at Tri-Bi. There are two of us here to hold sick-call for the 2nd Battalion's rear-detachment groups, coordinate resupply, and administer emergency aid when needed. We manage to keep quite busy. Our poor aid-jeep has taken a beating travelling over the short route from our area to the chopper pad, back to the clearing station with patients and then back to the pad with supplies for the field, over and over again.

That is what I've been doing for the past week and will be doing until the operation is over. It's not the transfer I requested, but it sure beats the hell out of being out on night patrol every night.

January 20, 1967

This is a difficult letter to write. There is a lot to share and some of the news is very sad and unpleasant. I may as well start with the most troubling news of all.

Our friend, **Yvon Hebert**, who you met when we came home from basic together, was killed on the 17th when the track he was riding in was hit by a mine. Sometimes when this happens those inside are only wounded. But this was not true in this case. Yvon's track was filled with demolitions. Therefore, the initial explosion was far greater than the norm. Because of this only one of the four bodies was fully recovered. It was not Heb's. . .this of course made the situation even worse for me.

Rustie, because Heb and I were close and had so much in common I'd like for you to do me a

favor if it is possible. His funeral should be within the next month or so. Obviously I can't be there to pay my respects, but would you be able to go on my behalf? I would greatly appreciate it if you could. I'll understand if you can't

Did you know the Heb and I made a pact? We agreed that if one of us didn't make it the other would visit his grave and have a beer or two whenever we were in the area. So, although I can't make it to his funeral, I will visit his grave and toast him when I am in the North Country. . .His death has been very hard on me. I will really miss him and the future we would have shared together.

I am no longer a Private. From now on I am a "Specialist" . . .Specialist Fourth Class to be exact, or SP/4. . .It's not a big deal, except it does mean I'll make a little more money and I have the same rank as my cousin, Jim Major. He's been in the Army three and a half years. . .I can't wait to write him. . .he's still in the States, and will probably never get to have the wonderful time I'm having here in this beautiful tropical paradise.

Our Battalion is currently on Operation Cedar Falls. They're in an area called the Iron Triangle. For once I stayed back at base camp to work at the Aid Station. . .Why? Because I went on R&R to Penang, Malaysia on the 5th of January and they went to the field on the 6th. When I returned from my trip I remained here in Dau Tieng. With luck, fate, or whatever it may take, I may not have to go to the field any more. The replacements are rolling in and the line Medics are rotating back off the line. . .Keep your fingers crossed and don't worry. I'm quite safe here now.

I've got to write my folks so I'll close for now. . .will try to write again soon.

Statistics of the Vietnam Wall

**For all of my buds who were there with me and for all who care, may GOD BLESS YOU.

Our society teaches us that nothing important happened before yesterday. Oh how wrong they are!

"Carved on these walls is the story of America, of a continuing quest to preserve both democracy and decency, and to protect a national treasure that we call the American dream."

- There are 58,267 names now listed on that polished black wall, including those added in 2010.
- The names are arranged in the order in which they were taken from us by date and within each date the names are alphabetized. It is hard to believe it is 36 years since the last casualties.
- Beginning at the apex on panel 1E and going out to the end of the East wall, appearing to recede into the earth (numbered 70E - May 25, 1968), then resuming at the end of the West wall, as the wall emerges from the earth (numbered 70W - continuing May 25, 1968) and ending with a date in 1975. Thus the war's beginning and end meet. The war is complete, coming full circle, yet broken by the earth that bounds the angle's open side and contained within the earth itself.
- The first known casualty was Richard B. Fitzgibbon, of North Weymouth, Mass. listed by the U.S. Department of Defense as having been killed on June 8, 1956. His name is listed on the Wall with that of his son, Marine Corps Lance Cpl. Richard B. Fitzgibbon III, who was killed on Sept. 7, 1965.
- There are three sets of fathers and sons on the Wall.
- 39,996 on the Wall were just 22 or younger.
- The largest age group, 8,283 were just 19 years old 33,103 were 18 years old.
- 12 soldiers on the Wall were 17 years old.
- 5 soldiers on the Wall were 16 years old.
- One soldier, PFC Dan Bullock was 15 years old.
- 997 soldiers were killed on their first day in Vietnam
- 1,448 soldiers were killed on their last (scheduled) day in Vietnam
- 31 sets of brothers are on the Wall.
- Thirty-one sets of parents lost two of their sons.
- 54 soldiers attended Thomas Edison High School in Philadelphia wonder why so many from one school?
- 8 Women are on the Wall. Nursing the wounded.
- 244 soldiers were awarded the Medal of Honor during the Vietnam War 153 of them are on the Wall.
- Beallsville, Ohio with a population of 475, lost 6 of her sons. West Virginia had the highest casualty rate per capita in the nation. There are 711 West Virginians on the Wall.
- The Marines of Morenci - They led some of the scrappiest high school football and basketball teams that the little Arizona copper town of Morenci (pop. 5,058) had ever known and cheered. They enjoyed roaring beer busts. In quieter moments, they rode horses along the Coronado Trail, stalked deer in the Apache National Forest. And in the patriotic camaraderie typical of Morenci's mining families, the nine graduates of Morenci High enlisted as a group in the Marine Corps. Their service began on Independence Day, 1966. Only 3 returned home.
- The Buddies of Midvale - LeRoy Tafoya, Jimmy Martinez, Tom Gonzales were all boyhood friends and lived on three consecutive streets in Midvale, Utah on Fifth, Sixth and Seventh avenues. They lived only a few yards apart. They played ball at the adjacent sandlot ball field. And they all went to Vietnam. In a span of 16 dark days in late 1967, all three would be killed. LeRoy was killed on Wednesday, Nov. 22, the fourth anniversary of John F. Kennedy's assassination. Jimmy died less than 24 hours later on Thanksgiving Day. Tom was shot dead assaulting the enemy on Dec. 7, Pearl Harbor Remembrance Day.

- The most casualty deaths for a single day was on January 31, 1968 ~ 245 deaths.
- The most casualty deaths for a single month was May 1968 - 2,415 casualties were incurred.

For most Americans who read this they will only see the numbers that the Vietnam War created. To those of us who survived the war, and to the families of those who did not, we see the faces, we feel the pain that these numbers created. We are, until we too pass away, haunted with these numbers, because they were our fellow servicemen and women, friends, fathers, husbands, wives, sons and daughters.

There are no noble wars, just noble warriors.

We Vietnam Veterans stand as one when we say,

"Never again will one generation of Veterans abandon another."

By Betty Brenneman

NEW FINDS

Kirk B. Olsen

1902 1st Ave. NE

Austin, MN 55912

507-319-2762

trout65@yahoo.com

HHC 25th ID, Sep 67 to Sep 68

Comments: Kirk writes, "I started my tour with Alpha Company as supply clerk earning Sgt E-5 around December 67. Transferred to HHC early in 68. Don't remember many names after 43 years."

Robert Paul

85-79 80th St.

Woodhaven, NY 114221

718-296-0444

bionicpoppop@hotmail.com

A Co. 25th ID, Aug. 69 to Aug.70

HELLOES & COMMENTS

Bill F. Lipp

816-564-7446

wlipp@kc.rr.com

A Co. 25th ID, 68 to 69

Michael S. Mayes

lcestorm08@comcast.net

270-443-5688

C Co. & HHC, 25th ID, May 68 to May 69

Chester R. Harbour

931-801-8863

czarhopper@yahoo.com

C Co. 4th ID, Dec. 65 to Sept. 67

Joseph M. Suemegi

765-674-1903

A Co. 25th ID, Nov. 69 to Nov. 70

Comments: "Enjoyed re-union in Atlanta immensely. Would like to see 222 put out an address book of the members."

GUEST BOOK HITS

From: **Art Munoz** artmcccv@hotmail.com

Date: Wed, Aug 31, 2011

Subject: Red Ants

Hi- my name is Art Munoz (Doc.) I was a Medic - C Co. 2/22 from 12 /24 /67- till after July 68, I went to Flame plt, till 12 / 68. I went to Cu- Chi - then Dau Teing, where I received my mail through. most the time I was in the Jungles and Rice paddies, basically- (The Green Latrine .) About the red ants-2 stories ..One time. cruising through the Jungle, on or A.P.C.'s-our antenna hit a branch with one of these nests-like you said, in no time, everyone was off the track-on the ground - and naked, while everyone else

was laughing.....My other story is sad but true--I was sitting in the jungle, with nothing to do. Remember those day's ? Anyway- I started to play with some of these lil guy's (Red Ant's) I had this lil twig, I used it to push them around, soon there were a bunch of them, attacking this lil stick. so, to see how brave they are, I struck a match, and put the lit match to them, to my amazement- they attacked and put out the match, they are very BRAVE. I think, they truly came from HELL.---THATS IT, WELCOME HOME EVERYONE, AND GOD BLESS

Name: **Robert W Brown SR (BROWNIE)**

Location: CHIPLEY FLORIDA 32428

Email: www.roblinbrown@hotmail.com

Phone: 850 227 6654

Date: 9-13-11

Comments

1 SERVED WITH **WALTER STURGEON** IN VIETNAM 68 AND 69

Name: **Larry J. Gunnels, CSM Retired**

Location: Washington

Email: l.gunnels@comcast.net

Phone: 253-566-8845

Comments

Excellent Website...I enjoyed browsing through all the pictures & comments. Thank You!

Name: **Nick Dragon**

Location: mi c/3/22

Email: ndragon344@aol.com

Phone: 248-217-2016

Comments

Hi to all my brothers in 2/22 I hope you are all doing good if you have time check out C322association.org our web sight I hope to see you all soon

Name: **Robert W Brown SR (BROWNIE)**

Location: 1415 south blvd. chipley fl.

Email: roblinbrown@hotmail.com

Phone: 850 227 6654

Comments

I served with D co. 2/22 mech Inf. 25th Inf. in Vietnam from June 68 to June 69. I served with a great friend **Walter Sturgeon**. I am looking for

two other friends **Roscoe Caldwell** and **Danny Moore**. Roscoe was from Ky. and Danny from Ohio. If you know anything about them email or call. welcome home vet

Name: **George Dahl**

Location: Minnesota

Email: gtdahl@ties2.net

Comments

Much better site than the original one .Does anyone think the government will ever apologize to us for what they did.... first sending us on a cruise, then a road trip, and finally we got to play "Survivor". We Were Soldiers", should required to watch on Veterans day for all in the country. ;) :to

Name: **Jim McDonnell**

Location: Wyoming for now

Email: JMcDonnell7@gmail.com

Phone: 970-250-6209

Comments

I was in the A 2/22 inf 1969-1970. I think 2nd platoon. Hello to everyone.

Name: **Martin Carter**

Location: Portland OR

Email: mcarter@gmail.com

Comments

Date: 10-10-11

Good looking website

Name: **Allan Hollis**

Location: Walnut Creek, CA

Email: imahollis@gmail.com

Phone: 925-954-7103

Date: 10-10-11

HHC, 2nd Batt (Mech), 22nd Inf. August '67 - July '68

Anybody still around? I remember **Gary Smith & Jack Bradshaw**.

Name: **Jim Papczynski**

Location: Indiana

Email: pappy.ji@comcast.net

Date: 10-14-11

Comments

We need more of you guys writing into this site. There is history in the back of your heads. Remember when we all ran to port side on the Walker when we saw a ship? When Webster (KIA) and Slater got into that hour long fight in basic? When the plane got shot down landing at Dau Tieng? Pap

Name: **Michael H Pounds**
Location: Alpharetta Georgia
Email: m.pounds@att.net
Date: 10-28-11
B Company 1970

Name: **Joe Gurkey**
Location: Concord Twp, Ohio
Email: jsgurkey@yahoo.com
Date: 10-28-11
Comments
Great site to locate some good friends. I was with A Company 1st Platoon from Aug 69 - Aug 70. Nice to see **Jim McDonnell** still kicking.

Name: **Bill Schwindt**
Location: Portland, Or.
Email: c322locate@aol.com
Phone: 503 342 6355
Date: 10-28-11
Comments
I'd try to help **Mike Pruitt**, but don't know how to get a hold of him. Evidently I cannot email him from your guestbook???
And don't know if he can email me from here???? new guest book. I've got two questions for Mike. what was his father's MOS, it should be on that DD214. Where was his father origina

Name: **Jim Papczynski**
Location: Indiana
Email: pappy.jj@comcast.net
Comments
On Oct 28th 2011, **Roger E. Dokey** from B Co. passed. I suppose he is playing cards with other boat originals

Name: **Lindon Burkes**
Location: Salyersville, KY.
Email: theburkes@foothills.net
Phone: 606-349-5791
Comments
Good to hear from you guys again

Name: **Ron Green**
Location: Ky
Email: hub@k105.net
Comments
Co. B 1970 **David Reese** passed on Dec. 09. rip Dave, we had some great times at Cu Chi. Top Tinga is still looking for us.

Name: **Bennett Anderson**
Location: Lewes, DE
Email: BenAndersonA222@gmail.com
Phone: 302-645-8556
Comments
It's been over 42 years since returning from our tour and I haven't ever not thought many times about all the great men I had the pleasure and honor to serve with. It wasn't till I found this site and was able to realize that 40 men died during my 13 months with Alpha. My heart cries for them.

Name: **KIRK OLSEN**
Location: MINNESOTA
Email: trout65@yahoo.com
Comments
It has been 43 yrs was in A Co about 4 mos. then HHC 2/22 in supply. Hope everyone has A HAPPY THANKSGIVING :)

Name: **Monick Cymerman (ZIM)**
Location: Brooklyn, Ny
Email: markcy07@optonline.net
Comments
Hi. the site is great. I look thru a lot of pictures and names and do not recognize none. Over 40 years its a long time. Came with the boat, and according to **Gary Hartt** I was in CO. A. HAPPY THANKSGIVING Is there a list that shows the brothers by company and squad?

Name: **Raymond(Corp Lee)**

Location: 50 mi southwest of Chicago-Newark ,ll

Email: leejoyce2@yahoo.com

Phone: 815-252-6190

Comments

I was with 3rd plt B Co Feb thru July 1967.I have hooked up with **Izbicki, Talu-sic,Dobson,Bergand Lacasse**.I have also had phone and email contact with Lt. Fahel, Shor-tround and a lot of others. still would like to hear how some others from B-Co are doing. I remember **Jonesy, Pichon ,Hood Gill Slater ,William**

Name: **Lynn Dalpez, D.M.O.R. President, VN222, Inc.**

Location: Beaverton, OR

Email: dalpezc222@yahoo.com

Phone: 503-840-4216

Comments

Happy Thanksgiving to all my Triple Deuce Brothers. I hope the day finds you all healthy, happy, and thankful.

Name: **Marvin Brietzke**

Location: Texas

Email: cbriet1997@aol.com

Comments

I saw an article someone wrote on **James Michael** I was in the war with him I would like to get in touch with this person **Robert Gordon** but the email address is no longer any good.

Name: **Typy Bukmacherskie**

Location: **CA**

Email: typytbukmacherskie@gmail.com

Phone: 123456

Comments

Vietnam Triple Deuce.org is very impressive; it is pleasure to read your posts. Waiting for more platne typy bukacherskie

Name: **Kenneth Frank Yellen**

Location: Coon Rapids Minnesota

Email: ken_yellen@g.com

Phone: 763-464-0116

Comments

My cousin whom I buried Sept of 2011 was in the 2/12 Army Recon Rifle Squad. He was a m-

60 gunner. His name was **LARRY HOWARD SMITH**. He was at The Battle Of Soui Tre. He died from the effects of Alcoholism at age 64. I learned of this battle after his death. God Bless All Of You and WELCOME HOME!

Name: **Bill**

Email: lensbenders@yahoo.com

Comments

Transferred in from the 196th LIB in the spring of 1967. Served with HHQ medics.

Name: **KIRK OLSEN**

Location: Austin, MN

Email: trout65@yahoo.com

Comments

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all Triple Deucers and 25th ID. HHC Battalion S-4, 1968 :)

Name: **Lynn W. Dalpez, D.M.O.R.**

Location: Beaverton, OR

Email: dalpezc222@yahoo.com

Comments

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all my Triple Deuce Brothers and their families. Speaking for myself, it will certainly be a better holiday for me than '66 was. I'm sure those of you that spent 67, 68, 69, and 70 holidays in The Nam will agree.

TAPS

Roger E. Dokey from B Co.

Died on On Oct 28th 2011

By **Jim Papczynski**

AN OPEN LETTER TO ANYONE WHO SERVED IN VIETNAM

Dear Hero,

I was in my twenties during the Vietnam era. I was a single mother and, I'm sad to say, I was probably one of the most self-centered people on the planet. To be perfectly honest...I didn't care one way or the other about the war. All I cared about was me—how I looked, what I wore, and where I was going. I worked and I played. I was never politically involved in anything, but I allowed my opinions to be formed by the media. It happened without my ever being aware. I listened to the protest songs and I watch the six o'clock news and I listened to all the people who were talking. After awhile, I began to repeat their words and, if you were to ask me, I'd have told you I was against the war. It was very popular. Everyone was doing it, and we never saw what it was doing to our men. All we were shown was what they were doing to the people of Vietnam.

My brother joined the Navy and then he was sent to Vietnam. When he came home, I repeated the words to him. It surprised me at how angry he became. I hurt him very deeply and there were years of separation—not only of miles, but also of character. I didn't understand.

In fact, I didn't understand anything until one day I opened my newspaper and saw the anguished face of a Vietnam veteran. The picture was taken at the opening of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C. His countenance revealed the terrible burden of his soul. As I looked at his picture and his tears, I finally understood a tiny portion of what you had given for us and what we had done to you. I understood that I had been manipulated, but I also knew that I had failed to think for myself. It was like waking up out of a nightmare, except that the nightmare was real. I didn't know what to do.

One day about three years ago, I went to a member of the church I attended at that time, because he had served in Vietnam. I asked him if he had been in Vietnam, and he got a look on his face and said, "Yes." Then, I took his hand, looked him square in the face, and said, "Thank you for going." His jaw dropped, he got an amazed look on his face, and then he said, "No one has ever said that to me." He hugged me and I could see that he was about to get tears in his eyes. It gave me an idea, because there is much more that needs to be said. How do we put into words...all the regret of so many years? I don't know, but when I have an opportunity, I take...so here goes

Have you been to Vietnam? If so, I have something I want to say to you—Thank you for going! Thank you from the bottom of my heart. Please forgive me for my insensitivity. I don't know how I could have been so blind, but I was. When I woke up, you were wounded and the damage was done, and I don't know how to fix it. I will never stop regretting my actions, and I will never let it happen again

Please understand that I am speaking for the general public also. We know we blew it and we don't know how to make it up to you. We wish we had been there for you when you came home from Vietnam because you were a hero and you deserved better. Inside of you there is a pain that will never completely go away...and you know what? It's inside of us, too; because when we let you down, we hurt ourselves, too. We all know it...and we suffer guilt and we don't know what to do...so we cheer for our troops and write letters to "any soldier" and we hang out the yellow ribbons and fly the flag and we love America. We love you too, even if it doesn't feel like it to you. I know in my heart that, when we cheer wildly for our troops, part of the reason is trying to make up for Vietnam. And while it may work for us, it does nothing for you. We failed you. You didn't fail us, but we failed you and we lost our only chance to be grateful to you at the time when

you needed and deserved it. We have disgraced ourselves and brought shame to our country. We did it and we need your forgiveness. Please say you will forgive us and please take your rightful place as heroes of our country. We have learned a terribly painful lesson at your expense and we don't know how to fix it

From the heart,

Julie Weaver
237 East Gatewood Circle
Burleson, Texas 76028-8948
(817) 295-6287

Email address: julieweaver@juno.com

y

