

The VietNam Triple Deuce, Inc.

An Association of 2^{Bn} (Mech) 22nd Infantry Regiment VietNam Veterans

Edited by Linda Nishikubo

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President's Message

As a displaced Texan, I am looking forward to the 22nd IRS Reunion in October. I miss the great Tex-Mex food, Bar-b-que, and one the best places for a good greasy hamburger. In addition, John Bradley and Peter Holt are making sure that there are plenty of Texas fun activities to make your visit to the San Antonio one to remember. If you have not attended a reunion in the past, it is time to reestablish those friendships made in the jungles and mud of Vietnam over 30 years ago. It is the time to renew the friendships established at past reunions. Now is the time to make your reservations.

The casualties sustained during the war in Iraq soberly remind us of the high cost of freedom. It is our duty and privilege to honor the men and women who have made the ultimate sacrifice throughout our nation's history. The Vietnam Triple Deuce will hold a special memorial service to honor our fallen "Heroes" on Thursday October 23, 2003 at 4:00 pm at the Gallagher Building. The Gallagher Building is just outside the grounds of The Alamo. At this service, we will be placing the memorial Paver to remember our fallen brothers of the Triple Deuce in Vietnam. We will also present to the Daughters of the Republic of Texas a list of our Triple Deuce brothers that gave their all in Vietnam. Make sure that your travel plans get you to San Antonio for this special memorial service.

Our business meeting will be held on Saturday October 25, 2003, with time to be determined. At this meeting, we will be voting for the board members that will lead us during the next year

and a half period. The board will then appoint its officers. It is important that you be here for this business meeting to provide your comments and cast your votes.

If you have not signed up for the user group on Yahoo, (VN2-22Mz@Yahooogroups.com.), you need to do so. It will brighten your day and provide you with insight to the happenings going on in the world today from the perspective the Triple Deuce veterans.

See you in San Antonio,
Skip Fahel, B/2-22 VN

Business Matters

Election of Officers: So far two of your incumbent Directors have been nominated as candidates for election to the VN/2-22, Inc. Board of Directors. They are Skip Fahel and Jim May. Additionally four other persons have been nominated as candidates. They are Lynn Dalpez, Gary Hartt, Bill Matz and Dick Nash.

Please take some time to think about who you want your five Directors to be.

I have not received any input from you concerning who you recommend the Board of Directors appoint as President, Vice President, Secretary nor Treasurer.

Newsletter Editor: As of the December 2003 Edition of the newsletter the Co-Editors will be Lynn Dalpez and Gary Hartt. Their mailing addresses, phone numbers and e-mail addresses will be provided to you in the September 2003 newsletter.

22nd Infantry Regiment Society

Vietnam Memorial: It appears that enough funds have been collected for the subject Memorial to now become a reality. To all of you who donated a big thank you.

As indicate to you in an earlier newsletter the site of the Memorial will be Ft. Benning, the home of the Infantry. I for one can think of no more fitting place for the Memorial to be.

Magnet

Active Duty Units

Attention 2-22 Veterans, Triple Deuce needs your help.

The Triple Deuce at Ft. Drum, NY is in the process of improving its Bn. HQ. It needs uniforms, equipment items, captured enemy equipment, photographs and a short narrative relative to each item donated. If there are item that you wish to donate but were not mentioned, I am sure they will be accepted.

The donated items will be displayed with the utmost respect and dignity befitting our veterans so that future soldiers will learn of the sacrifices, bravery and Esprit de Corps of our veterans. Each item displayed will be shown with the brief narrative requested for it along with the donor's name, rank, unit, dates served and conflict / war.

Donated item should be sent to:
Headquarters 2-22 Infantry
C/o SSG Bobby Nash
Bldg. 10220 N. Riva Ridge Loop
Ft. Drum, NY 13602

2-22 Report: The Triple Deuce has been very busy. Early this spring it deployed to Ft. Knox to train for combat and test the Army's Striker Bde. This summer it is scheduled to deploy to Afghanistan to support the War on Terror.

1-22 Inf: 1-22 is currently on duty in Iraq. Its primary duty is command and control in and around Tikrit.

This area remains to be a relative hot spot and encounters with Saddam Loyalist are still numerous. Many caches of weapons have been uncovered by 1-22 and subsequently destroyed.

On a sad note C/1-22 had the first KIA of 1-22 in Iraq. C/1-22 also had the first KIA of 1-22 in Vietnam.

Both Battalions of the 22nd. Inf. will be in 'harms way' soon. Please remember them in your prayers.

1-22 and 2-22, remember to 'pay attention to f___ing details'.
Sgt. Magnet

New Finds

Allen O. Francis, HHC/2-22 VN

Terry M. Castro, A/2-22 VN

Richard D. Eastman, HHC/2-22 VN

Billy Glover, B/2-22 VN
Billy, have your daughter teach you about the Internet. When she gives you instructions show some patience. Yea, I have spies all over the place... smile.
Magnet

Richard C. Jensen, B/2-22 VN

Patrick L. Kanan, HHC/2-22 VN

Douglas Ray Lyall, B/2-22 VN

Bob H. Owens, C/2-22 VN
hoo.com

Granville H. Rogers, A/2-22 VN

Theodore J. Spanos, C/2-22 VN

Dean S. Springer, B/2-22 VN

John S. Yoshikane, B/2-22 VN

Dennis Zollo, D/2-22 VN

Comments / Questions

Terry M. Castro, A/2-22: Looking for Dave Gary, James Cobb and Ernest Grimes. *Terry we have not located any of the men you mentioned. If any of you can help Terry his contact information is in the New Find Section.*

Richard D. Eastman, HHC/2-22 VN: Hope to see all of you at the reunion.

Allen O. Francis HHC/2-22 VN: I would like to contact Gary Watson from Alton, IL. Contact information for Allen is in the New Find Section.

Richard C. Jensen, B/2-22 VN: Would like to contact Gary Beaman and Paul Revekant. If anyone out there can help Richard please do so. Contact information for Richard is in the New Find Section.

Douglas Ray Lyall, B/2-22 VN: Would like to contact Daryl Nordine and Santos Salazar. Douglas' address and phone number for any of you who may be able to help is in the New Find Section.

Lloyd McGrath, A/2-22 VN would like to contact David Graham. He also stated, "God Bless our Troops in Iraq, the President and the United States of America". Anyone who can help him make contact with David can reach Lloyd by mail at.
Dick Nash, A/2-22 VN: Hi, I'll see you at the reunion in October.

Bob Owens, C/2-22: Looking for John Walters, Robert 'Doc' Misevich and Art Peterson. *Bob, we have not found Walters yet. I did a national search for him but came up empty. Norm*

Theodore J. Spanos wrote: Great to see David Milewski's face again.

David's comment: Ted come to this year's Reunion.

Dean S. Springer, B/2-22 VN: I have read John Eberwine's account of the NLP that he was on hitting B/2-22's NAP. Although I was not on the Patrol, that was my first night in the field. For us, the reality of war was instant. *Dean, September 30, 1967 is a painful date to remember for all of us who were in the field that day. Magnet*

William E. Stiefvater, HHC/2-22 VN
Would like to make contact with Reuben Moutin and Jacky Clement. If anyone out there can help please do so.

Coy J. Thomas, C/2-22 VN writes:
I would like to contact Terry Sharp. *Coy, that is another person that I remember. I would also like to make contact with him. If anyone can give us information concerning how to contact Terry please let us know. Coy's address is*
Dennis Zollo, D/2-22 VN writes:
Thanks for being there then and now.

Correction of Errata / Omissions

In the Addendum of the last newsletter, Passed Away Recently Section, the last name of Vincent Cardozza was spelled incorrectly.

My apologies for the mistake. George White, III, HHC & C/2-22 VN caught the error.
Thanks for letting me know George.

Norm

Reunions

C/3-22: C/3-22 VN invites you, 2-22 Mech, to attend its reunion in Portland, OR, June 25-29th. We've planned a fun event. Contact Bill Schwindt for further details

2/77 Field Artillery: 2/77 FA will be holding a reunion on July 10-13th in Kansas City, IL. Contact Doc Bosma

for further details. 77th Artillery Association, P.O. Box 141, Boonville, MO 65233
660-882-5390
<http://www.77fa.org>

22nd Infantry Regiment Society: This is our 'big one' folks. All of the details for it are on the reunion registration form included with this newsletter. If you have not done so yet start making your plans to attend. Norm and I wish to see all of you there.

Linda

Triple Deuce, Arty Blast VC Ambushers

By Sp4 John Caldwell

Dau Tieng – An estimated reinforced enemy battalion attempted ambushes on two convoys five and nine miles north of Dau Tieng on Jan 14. This marked the second and third ambushes in less than a month.

Once again, mechanized infantrymen of the 2nd Battalion (Mechanized), 22nd Infantry were on the scene in moments. The Battalion supported by artillery fire, gunships and air strikes, killed 122 enemy soldiers in the abortive ambushes.

The convoy from Cu Chi to the Tropic Lightning's 3rd Brigade base camp 45 miles northwest of Saigon had just split off from the Tay Ninh convoy. It was traveling along Route 239 near the Ben Cui Rubber Plantation.

The enemy's ambush site was less than a mile from the spot where 73 enemy died in December, also in an abortive ambush attempt.
"I guess Charlie doesn't learn too fast. Each time he tries this we come out way on top," said Staff Sergeant William Kunkel of Alpha Company, Triple Deuce, from Chicago.

As enemy RPGs (rocket grenades) and small arms fire flew everywhere, Alpha Company roared up aboard their armored personnel carriers, spewing .50 caliber machinegun fire

into the enemy positions.

The company made three assaults, inflicting heavy casualties on the fleeing enemy.

Captain David Crocker of Old Mystic, Conn., Alpha commander, praised the swift reactions of his company and of a Triple Deuce Combined Reconnaissance Patrol, who hurried up to reinforce. "Your men were here so fast that they must have come by air," a grateful trucker told Crocker.

Crocker's command track was hit and caught fire, but no one was hurt. His radio operator, Sp4 Gordon C. Olson of Portland, Ore., stayed with the disabled vehicle and kept up communications as the rest of the infantrymen fought on.

Olson successfully called in three dustoff helicopters to evacuate wounded. He also directed Air Force jets and eight strikes by Cobra helicopter gunships to within 50 meters of friendly lines.

"He did a whale of a job," said Crocker.

Meanwhile division artillery opening up from Fire Support Bases Rawlins, Stoneman and Wood and from Dau Tieng base camp pounding the enemy positions. Almost 2,500 rounds pocked the ambush site and its approaches.

Joining in the fusillade were Alpha and Bravo Batteries, 1st Battalion, 27th Artillery; Bravo Battery, 2nd Battalion, 13th Artillery; Charlie Battery, 2nd Battalion, 32nd Artillery, and Alpha Battery, 2nd Battalion, 77th Artillery.

Lieutenant Colonel Vernon Lewis of Marshall, Tex., commander of the Up Tight 2nd of the 77th Artillery, was flying overhead in a light observation helicopter and coordination fire from the five batteries.

"I moved Alpha Battery out of Fire Support Base Wood and into a position several miles up the road, giving us more punch in the area,"

noted Lewis. He praised the accuracy of all the fire support.

Lewis also spotted a force of about 30 enemy racing toward a woodline and directed gunships onto the spot. Meanwhile Air Force F-100 Supersabre jets flashed overhead dropping bombs on the enemy, guided by Major William I. Holland of Raleigh, N.C., forward air controller with the 3rd Brigade.

The ambush attempt ended in a shambles as 115 enemy lay dead near the site. The Dau Tieng convoy moved on to its destination. But the enemy was not yet through.

From a second hideout in the Cau Khoi Rubber Plantation, another ambush opened up on a convoy returning to Cu Chi from Tay Ninh.

This enemy force was estimated as one rifle company plus elements of a company of heavy weapons, mainly .51 caliber machineguns.

Earlier in the day, Bravo Company of the Triple Deuce received small arms fire in the area but escorted the northbound convoy through without incident.

On the return to Cu Chi, however, the enemy opened up with rifles, machineguns and RPG rocket grenades.

Armored personnel carriers of Bravo and Charlie Companies of the Triple Deuce charged into the battle, disrupting the enemy ambush and killing seven.

As the remaining enemy fled, about 30 raced across a clearing to the south. They were spotted by the command and control helicopter of Colonel Louis J. Schelter, Jr., 3rd Brigade commander, from Columbus, Ga.

“The door gunners, the brigade commander and myself opened up with everything we had,” related Command Sergeant Major Howard Brosseau of Highlands Falls, N.Y. “We were shooting with about as

much firepower as a gunship.”

The colonel fired more than 1,000 rounds from his CAR-15 personal weapon as those aboard the ship blasted away.

Several of the enemy fell in their tracks as the chopper, under direction of Warrant Officer 1 Gunther Siedler of Torrington, Wyo., the aircraft commander, maneuvered down at the enemy force.

“The whole crew and especially Mr. Siedler did a magnificent job,” commented Brosseau.

Witnesses on the ground said that those aboard the colonel’s ship probably kept four trucks from being overrun as an enemy force advanced.

Captain Jon Swift of Plattsburg, N.Y., another Tropic Lightning forward air controller, brought five flights of F-100s, A37s and F46s onto enemy positions

Because of darkness, they were unable to make a complete sweep of the Cau Khoi battleground.

Taken from the 12-19-68 Edition of the Stars and Stripes. It was sent by: E. Peter Rock, B/2-22 VN

TET '68 (01-31-68)

The VC/NVA launched wide scale attacks at all major populations areas. The 2nd Battalion (M), 22nd Infantry was operating in the area north of Tay Ninh conducting searching operations trying to locate enemy forces that were part of the units that attacked Fire Support Base Burt at the beginning of the month. The battalion received orders to relocate to Dau Tieng to assist in the defense of the Michelin Rubber plantation and the 3rd Brigade Base camp. The Battalion was able to relocate to the area without incident. The base camp of the 3rd Brigade received incoming rockets and mortars, and a limited ground attack at the northwest side of the perimeter.

For the next 12 days, incoming rockets or mortars hit the brigade base camp at least three times a day. Several rounds landed in the battalion area, but no damage was done. The initial ground attack was the only direct attack on the base camp during TET. During the first three days of the VC/NVA TET offensive, there were many other locations that were under heavy attack within the Division area. These included the area of Go Da Ha, Tay Ninh, and the Saigon-Long Binh areas. The 25th Division base camp was also under heavy attack. The battalion was assigned the reserve mission for the 3rd Brigade.

The battalion was assigned the mission to keep the Main Supply Route open between Dau Tieng and Tay Ninh and also to assist in the security of the supply route between Tay Ninh and Cu Chi. To accomplish this mission, A and C Companies of the battalion were relocated to Tay Ninh. B Company remained in Dau Teing. At 06:00 hours each morning, B Company would move out on the MSR towards Tay Ninh with a platoon of engineers to clear the roads and provide security on the road. They would cover half of the distance. At the same time, C Company would depart Tay Ninh towards Dau Teing and Company A would depart Tay Ninh towards Cu Chi. The battalion would conduct limited search and destroy missions along the MSR while waiting for the convoys. The battalion would also react in support of other units in contact in the Division area. These reaction missions resulted in several sharp contacts involving A and C Companies.

After making the sweep of the road, the company would pull off the road by squads and wait for the convoys to make their runs, or conduct the limited sweeps. The first run, which was from Tay Ninh would leave Tay Ninh between 13:00 to 14:00 hours, and take one hour to make the trip. The convoy would depart Dau Teing no later than 16:00 hours. As soon as the convoy passed the northern most unit, the company would roll up and return to the company area at the base camp.

The company would stand down and take it easy to get ready to move out at 06:00 hours the next day.

The battalion remained on this security mission until US forces were ready to begin their offensive operations against the retreating VC/NVC. The battalion was then directed to move north with all elements of the 3rd brigade to the area northeast of Soui Da. The two infantry battalions were air lifted into the area, and the 2nd Battalion, (M) 22nd Infantry took the road and jungle routes to get there. The infantry battalion established contact with enemy forces within 1 hour after landing, and the contact turned into some heavy firefights. However, the 2/22 was not in a position to assist in these actions.

Sent by: Skip Fahil, B/2-22 Vietnam

WATER

Hard to believe that one could hurt for water while operating in a jungle. During the dry part of a monsoon climate, water was very hard to find. By the time I joined Co C 2/22 they had been operating for 6 months in Vietnam. During that time, 5 gallon water cans had become hard to find. I'm sure there were far too many being put to personal use in the base camp at Dau Tieng. That, combined with the normal losses that happen when heavy cans are tossed on and off helicopters, we never seemed to have enough.

We became very creative about getting water, often taking it from sources that you would not let a dog drink from! Of course we used the iodine tablets to purify it. That tasted awful, so when we could, we would add pre-sweetened Kool Aid to improve the taste.

One day we were traveling in column formation through the jungle when I noticed we were stopping and moving very slowly. I found out we were crossing a small stream. I had everyone gather their empty canteens. Then I sent two men ahead to the

stream to fill them - UP stream of the crossing! We picked them up as we crossed.

One evening we stopped in a dry swamp. The ground had a strange sponge like feel. If someone jumped, you could feel it 50 yards away. When we dug our foxhole for the night, a milky colored water began to seep into the bottom. We then dug a sump in the bottom and placed a helmet in it. After a couple of hours the helmet was full of this milky looking water. We strained it through a cloth into canteens and added iodine. By morning we all had full canteens, plus what we had splurged on during the night. Best of all, it was cold. At least it seemed cold by the standards we were used to.

I tried that iodine/Kool Aid, trick several years later and nearly gagged on the concoction. I traded canteens with someone else who thought it was great. Funny that it seemed to taste so good in bush.

Sent by: Jim Hardin, C/2-22 Vietnam

Book Of Paintings

Jim Nelson, C/2-22, Vietnam Combat Artist is developing a book of his artwork. It should be available sometime this summer. It will be 'coffee table' size, 8.5" x 10.25" and will hold over 100 total pages. Accompanying the full colored artwork will be text explaining the characters portrayed, battle dates, names and places. This book is high promise to become a collectors item.

The book will be published by St. John's Press and our friend Chuck Boyle is the publisher for it. Its price has not been established yet. Anyone interested in purchasing this book should contact Chuck at: apcho@aol.com

Sgt. Price, B/2-22

As some of you might know, our comrade in arms, the illustrious artist, Jim Nelson is compiling a book of his paintings. He asked that I forward to him a story about my time in Vietnam, tying in the subject of the painting that he previously painted for me. The following is that story.

My name is Bob Price, an extremely proud Vietnam Veteran. I served with Bravo Company, 2nd Bn, 22nd Inf. Mechanized (Triple Deuce) from September 8, 1967 to September 8, 1968.

I was drafted into the Army in April of 1967, did my basic training at Fort Jackson, South Carolina and my A.I.T. at Fort Polk, Louisiana. I wasn't too happy when I found out that I was being sent to Vietnam. I certainly knew it wasn't going to be "a walk in the park." One of my neighbors, who was in the Marines, had already been killed in Vietnam.

Upon arriving in Vietnam, I was first sent to Cu-Chi for training and was then chosen to be sent to the Triple Deuce at Dau-Tieng. The instructors at Cu-Chi made fun of those of us being sent to Dau-Tieng, saying it was in the middle of nowhere, always under attack and that we would be lucky to survive in that hell hole. One of my friends from training in Fort Polk, Steve Linna, came along with me and we both wound up in the same squad in Bravo Company. When we arrived at Dau-Tieng, many of the "boat people," the original members of the 22nd Inf. Regiment sent to Vietnam the previous October were "short timers." Having spent their year in hell, they were looking forward to going home safe and alive. I was immediately assigned to be a "point man" because none of the "old-timers" wanted to be out front anymore. Steve Linna became my machine gunner, which meant he was always directly behind me covering my back.

Being out in the rubber plantations and jungle at night, in a combat situation, has to be one of the scariest events that any man has to endure. The fear was overwhelming, but somehow all of us,

“the new guys,” tried to fit in and learn how to survive. I thought that the opening scenes in the movie “Platoon” captured this feeling very well, up to, and including the scene where they opened fire on the almost unseen enemy on ambush patrol in the dead of night.

When we arrived at Bravo Company, we were lucky enough to have an experienced Platoon Sgt., Turner Andersen, who had been in the Infantry for sometime. He was a tough Sgt. and tried to teach us more combat skills before we got into some “deep shit.” Unfortunately, Sgt. Andersen didn’t make it out of Vietnam, he died in my and Steve Linna’s arms of a sucking chest wound, mistakenly shot by our squad leader. We were set up on the Michelin Rubber Plantation. There was movement on the other side of the perimeter and Sgt. Andersen was going from foxhole to foxhole to alert everyone that a firefight would soon erupt. Before Sgt. Andersen arrived at our foxhole, firing began on the other side of the perimeter. Our squad leader, who was asleep, woke up and heard someone rushing toward us. He turned and fired, hitting Sgt. Andersen in the chest at close range. It was pitch black in the rubber trees, no moonlight and no way of getting your orientation when suddenly being woken up in a firefight. I’m sure that our squad leader has had to carry this terrible burden since his return from Vietnam, but he was in no way to blame, it could have happened to any of us. Sgt. Andersen collapsed right next to Steve Linna and myself. We held him in our arms screaming for a medic, but sadly, he died very quickly before anything could be done. The trauma of war now had really hit home.

The rest of 1967 included our attack on a major enemy base camp near Dau-Tieng at Thanksgiving, and countless daytime sweeps and nighttime ambush patrols, no sleep, little to eat and drink, no showers, no clean clothes, and barely seeing base camp. Right before Christmas we thought we were going into Base Camp for some rest, but instead picked

up some new troops at Dau-Tieng. We headed out to “never, never land,” to a place called Soui Tre (Fire Support Base Burt), arriving right before the New Year. One of the new troops we picked up was Clark Lohmann who was assigned to our Platoon in Bravo Company. I’m not going to go into any detail about the Battle of Burt, except to say that it was one of the largest, one-night battles of the war. Clark, with only a few days in country with Triple Deuce, was trapped out in front of our Platoon with two other guys in a shallow hole that was used as a listening post for the entire battle. Somehow, the “gooks” never got to them, and despite approximately thirty dead NVA in front of our perimeter (discovered at the end of the battle), Clark and the two other guys all survived physically unscathed. That night, I received a minor shrapnel wound to my neck (still in there as recent X-rays indicated) while going back to get more ammo from the track.

At the end of January in 1968, I was sent to Sgt’s. Training School in Cu-Chi, the division base camp. While there, I contracted a severe case of Malaria and almost died. The nurses had to pack me in a body bag full of ice to break the fever. During this time, the Tet Offensive began, and the hospital frequently suffered rocket attacks. After a two-week convalescent period I was sent back to Triple Deuce, and in a short time was back in the field, despite the fact that I felt and looked like death. When I got back to Dau-Tieng I was looking for my squad members but couldn’t find Steve Linna. Someone finally told me that my good friend Steve had stepped on a landmine while I was in the hospital and had died a horrible death, surviving for sometime despite the lower half of his body being blown away. I felt empty inside, realizing that many more of us may not survive this war. At this time, I was still walking point on many days and Clark Lohmann became my machine gunner.

On March 13, 1968, Clark and I were wounded, along with a number of others, when we walked into an

ambush while trying to retrieve two KIA’s for our Charlie Company brothers. Clark received a minor face wound when his machine gun’s feed tray was hit by enemy fire, and I got a piece of a bullet in my arm, which I still carry with me today. Again, the stress continued, but we pushed on, now beginning to look forward to surviving and going home.

On Good Friday, in April of 1968, we were with Bravo Company when we, along with Charlie Company of Triple Deuce, went to try to save our 3rd of the 22nd brothers who were being overrun a few miles from our position.

It was very scary riding the tracks (Armored Personnel Carriers) at night down a road not having been swept for land mines, but we heard how bad things were ahead, and like all good infantrymen, did what we had to do. Thank God we got there when we did.

Much of the 3rd of the 22nd perimeter had been overrun and there were dead and wounded everywhere. We helped gather up the American dead, and once again wondered if we would survive this war.

After that, during the month of May, things were uneventful and we actually were assigned to guarding road convoys, which was easy duty for a change. At least we thought that until May 27, 1968 which started out nice and quiet. The convoy to Dau-Tieng got through okay, but on the way back toward Tay Ninh later in the day, our track hit a large mine and the whole squad was wounded, some critically. Clark Lohmann suffered a ruptured spleen and a compound fracture of the wrist, and might not have survived expect for some quick work by our medic who happened to be on the track behind us. Some of the other squad members also suffered serious wounds, but all survived. I had just become a Sgt. in April and now had lost my whole squad. I suffered a serious concussion to my head and a permanent hip injury, along with numerous cuts and bruises. I was urinating blood, so they sent me to a hospital in Cu-Chi. In early June I was sent back to Bravo Company at Dau-Tieng. All of my friends, including Jerry Pierce and Billy Ray

Johnson, who had been with me in Bravo Company since September 1967, couldn't believe that I survived well enough to be sent back. They described how large the landmine was that we had hit, and never thought that anyone of us would return to Bravo Company. I didn't have to go to the field anymore due to the fact that this was my third Purple Heart wound. I was assigned the job of running Bravo Company's Club for a while until the whole Battalion left Dau-Tieng in August of 1968.

Now a little about the painting, which I have entitled "Stand-down at Dau-Tieng." I met Jim Nelson at my first 22nd Infantry Reunion in Dallas, Texas in May 1999, and was awed by his work. I was born and raised in New York City and Jim had received some of his art training there, so we developed a bond and spoke at length about New York City and our experiences in Vietnam. Sometime after the Dallas reunion I expressed to my wife my desire to have Jim do a painting of me in Vietnam. She encouraged me to do it and I called Jim immediately. I sent him a very small black & white photo of me standing beside our APC at Dau-Tieng, which is the basis for the painting. Jim and I also decided to add the lookout tower in the painting, which was adjacent to the track motor pool at Dau-Tieng.

Jim and I never discussed an exact size for the painting and he called to tell me that he had room to add a couple of my friends to the painting. I chose Steve Linna, who is at the left rear of the painting, as one of the subjects due to the fact that we had come in country together and he was my machine gunner who covered my ass for many months while I was walking point. As I explained earlier, Steve didn't make it home, but he will never be forgotten. I chose Clark Lohmann, who is on top of the track in the painting, as the other subject. I chose Clark not only due to the fact that he became my machine gunner after Steve's death, but also because we shared the unique experience of being wounded together on the same

day, on two separate occasions. Clark and I finally made contact at the end of May in 1999 with help from Bill Schwindt, the 3rd of the 22nd's locator.

I am in awe of Jim Nelson's ability to bring out such realism in his paintings. His paintings of the Battles of Soui Cut (FSB Burt) and Soui Tre (FSB Gold) are absolutely outstanding and a testament to his true love and devotion to his fellow Vietnam Veterans. Jim unveiled my painting in his Art Show at our Cleveland reunion, and it was extremely well received by all who attended. We had the painting shipped home and it hangs proudly in my living room today. It is truly a work of art and of museum quality.

I had some special help in hanging the painting. My oldest daughter's fiancé, Brian Sweeney, a New York City Firefighter, proudly helped me hang the painting. Tragically, Brian was killed at the attack on the World Trade Center on September 11, 2001 when Tower 2 collapsed. At the time Brian was killed, he was reading the book "Absolution" by Chuck Boyle of the 3rd of the 22nd.

In closing, I would like to say that despite the extreme hardships and tragedies that we all faced as Infantrymen in Vietnam, I would do it all over again to be able to spend time with some of the bravest men I have ever known.

Career Profile

When I returned from Vietnam I went back to College part-time and returned to my former job as a Draftsman with a steel detailing company.

I am currently employed as a Project Manager for a steel fabricator in New York City with 38 years of experience in the business. My job entails running a job through the engineering and drafting stage, fabrication, shipping and erection of both new steel buildings and alterations to existing steel structures throughout the five boroughs of New York City.

Bob Price, B/2-22 VN

This story will accompany a painting of Bob in Jim Nelson's book of paintings.

Norm

Ann Margaret

Richard, (my husband), never really talked a lot about his time in Viet Nam other than he had been shot by a sniper. However, he had a rather grainy, 8 x 10 black white photo he had taken at a USO show of Ann Margaret with Bob Hope in the background that was one of his treasures.

A few years ago, Ann Margaret was doing a book signing at a local bookstore. Richard wanted to see if he could get her to sign the treasured photo so he arrived at the bookstore at 12 o'clock for the 7:30 signing. When I got there after work, the line went all the way around the bookstore, circled the parking lot, and disappeared behind a parking garage.

Before her appearance, bookstore employees announced that she would sign only her book and no memorabilia would be permitted. Richard was disappointed, but wanted to show her the photo and let her know how much those shows meant to lonely GI's so far from home.

Ann Margaret came out looking as beautiful as ever and, as 2nd in line, it was soon Richard's turn. He presented the book for her signature and then took out the photo. When he did, there were many shouts from the employees that she would not sign it. Richard said, "I understand. I just wanted her to see it."

She took one look at the photo, tears welled up in her eyes and she said, "This is one of my gentlemen from Viet Nam and I most certainly will sign his photo. I know what these men did for their country and I always

have time for "my gentlemen". With that, she pulled Richard across the table and planted a big kiss on him. She then made quite a to-do about the bravery of the young men she met over the years, how much she admired them, and how much she appreciated them. There weren't too many dry eyes among those close enough to hear. She then posed for pictures and acted as if he was the only one there.

Later, at dinner, Richard was very quiet. When I asked if he'd like to talk about it, my big strong husband broke down in tears. "That's the first time anyone ever thanked me for my time in the Army", he said. That night was a turning point for him. He walked a little straighter and, for the first time in years, was proud to have been a Vet.

I'll never forget Ann Margaret for her graciousness and how much that small act of kindness meant to my husband. I now make it a point to say Thank You to every person I come across who served in our Armed Forces.

Freedom does not come cheap and I am grateful for all those who have served their country.

If you'd like to pass on this story, feel free to do so. Perhaps it will help others to become aware of how important it is to acknowledge the contribution our service people make.

Author Unknown. Sent By: Dan Striet, D/2-22 VN

AA Flight Attendant

Dear Friends:

I have just returned from doing a small part in our efforts against world conflict. Just got home early from Frankfurt after having picked up a planeload of troops in Alexandria, LA and taking them one leg of their trip.... onward. They had just gotten word 24 hours earlier that full alert was "on" and they were getting ready to be

transported.

We arrived in Alexandria on the military airfield in our 777, and the busses were waiting. The troops started to appear from the busses and they were all dressed in their desert uniforms. They looked so clean! Everything was new, including the weapons. Every soldier had a big gun, and some had knives hanging off their belts, too. They were young.

We were told that all weapons were unloaded, and that all the ammo was in the belly. Upon arrival at their destination, they would be given ammo, and they were on full alert and active duty as of the moment of landing at their destination. They had camel packs on their backs, too, and we were told that each soldier had 2 liters of water in those. Each soldier was also given 3 K ration packages to get them through the journey. (We fed and watered them with a good meal and lots of soft drinks, too.)

First class was filled with the rank, and also some very young men and women. We figured it out fast...they had won a prize... and another right guess....they were all sharpshooters. Business class was filled with the best of the sharpshooters, too. Even though all got the same food and the same service, these soldiers were thrilled to be in a big seat on an airliner, and they kidded each other about getting to sit in the better cabins. Camaraderie filled the air in every cabin and there was lots of intermingling as they explored who got what, and how wonderful it was to be transported on an airliner with a crew and service! I never heard so many people say m'am in my life. They treated us with respect, and boy, we treated them that way, too. We couldn't do enough for them. "No," was not in our vocabulary! If we had it... they got it. Without exception, all the crew felt the same way.

We all felt that it was a great honor to be able to participate in getting these troops over there. Some of the flight crew had to step into the lavs and cry occasionally. I had a lump in my

throat the entire flight. I was proud to be part of this....so proud!

We stepped over guns, we served cokes, we listened to stories, we served a meal, and then the soldiers took over. They got out in the aisle in their desert uniforms and passed out water and candy. They seemed to get a charge out of taking over from us, and maybe they had an ulterior motive, too, because those guys got every crumb of extra food that we had. They were young men and they were hungry!

I could go on and on about some of the stories I heard, but I will just close by saying that when we landed, we all had tears. A few of the guys passed out the door with, "would you mind kissing me, m'am?" My response was, "You bet I'll kiss you." I put lots of lipstick on lots of cheeks, and the guys just grinned.

The pride in country and uniform is overwhelming in a situation like this. I remember my Dad, the three wars he fought in, the pride with which he wore his uniform, his patriotism, his absolute belief that the United States was worth giving your life for, and that he survived it all.

God Bless America. I am so grateful to have been able to do something....anything...for our servicemen and women, too. Lets hope against all hope that every single one of them comes home to their families.

Sent by: Gary Hartt, A/2-22 VN

Norm's comment: Brings some pleasant memories and a damp eye or two back to me even after so many, many years.

"Road Security"

I was drafted into the Army in April of 1967. In September of 1967 I found myself in Vietnam assigned to the weapon's platoon as a mortar man. I had just turned twenty-one years old

and had only been married for six months when the draft notice came. The reality of my situation did not sink in until I was flown by helicopter to the field to join my unit for the first time. I landed in a hot LZ where several wounded were loaded back into the same helicopter I had just arrived in. I thought to myself, this is going to be a long year!

Fortunately the arrival experience for me was not an everyday experience. Duties were varied and one of those duties involved being assigned to "Road Security". There was a daily convoy of military supplies that were transported by military trucks between Dau Tieng and Tay Ninh. The roadway between the two bases had to be rendered safe from mines and ambushes each day prior to the convoy being allowed to make the transit.

So, who would be foolish enough to sweep the roadway for mines, look for ambushes and walk many miles each day to provide the road security? The Mechanized Infantry of course. Although being dangerous, the duty was a welcome break from being in the jungle for a month at a time. The assigned Company was allowed to return to the Dau Tieng Base camp each evening that allowed us to shower, eat a hot meal, drink cold beer and to actually sleep on a cot instead of the jungle dirt. The negative part of being in base camp was the constant threat and incoming mortar fire by the enemy. When we were in the field we generally did not receive mortar fire unless we laagered in the same spot for two nights in a row. That is why we liked being nomads and kept constantly on the move.

Road Security assignment days would start early in the morning. The company would motor the APCs into the rubber plantation where the soldiers would dismount and begin the long flank security walk to the Tay Ninh city limits. The group would be accompanied by scout dogs and engineers with electronic mine detecting equipment. The going would be slow, as they would often find mines buried in the roadway that had

to be rendered safe. The mines would vary in size from a few pounds of explosive to five hundred pound bombs. The large bombs were actually unexploded US military ordinance the enemy found and transported to the roadway.

As we walked flank security we were constantly looking for any signs of the enemy. It was a good sign to be followed on the roadway by the young Vietnamese merchants trying to sell us beer, soda, coins, clothing, ice, and various tourist trinkets. If the merchants were there the enemy generally was not. Now the trick, while being assigned to road security, was being one of the first APC's to break off from the group to set up a position along the road to insure the enemy did not place a mine in the roadway after security had past but prior to the convoy making the transit. Being chosen early to set up meant you no longer had to walk! The negative side was your APC was all by itself with only a squad of soldiers to defend any attack by the enemy. A squad was usually only three or four soldiers, as we seemed to always be short of personnel. As the convoy would pass, on the return trip, each APC would fall in behind the last vehicle and drive as quickly as we could to Dau Tieng.

It was the drivers' responsibility to drive their vehicle directly in the tracks being made by the vehicle in front of him. The idea was if you kept your vehicle in the same track, you would not run over a mine that was previously missed. This procedure was well thought out but did not always work, as the footprint made by various vehicles was not the same. So, sometimes a mine was hit! Not an everyday experience but certainly a weekly event.

Injuries to staff caused by a mine varied according to the size of the mine and the size of the vehicle that tripped it. I witnessed everything from no injuries to death of several personnel. There was the APC that ran over a 500-pound bomb that resulted in the deaths of several soldiers.

Another incident involved a helicopter observing wires coming out of a culvert and radioing their observation to our new Company Commander. Inexperience allowed the Company Commander to walk up to the wires accompanied by his Radio Transmit Operator (RTO). In a true "John Wayne" fashion, the Company Commander picked up the wires with his hand and just as he began to cut the wires with his knife, the mine was command detonated. This hasty act resulted in the deaths of both the Company Commander and his RTO.

Positive experiences of "Road Security" was learning to speak some Vietnamese, watching rubber tree sap harvesting, eating fresh plantains, observing five year old boys tasked with grazing water buffalo in the open terrain, buying cold Coca Colas, rice harvests, fishing rice paddies, observing Buddhist monks, buying ice, working on suntan, listening to portable record player, killing snakes, finding shade, eating "C" rations, and discussing possible reasons for so many bloody bandages being observed in the dump adjacent to a village inside of the rubber plantation. The most popular explanation for the bloody bandages was there must have been an underground enemy hospital within the village. We never looked! We will probably never know!

Being assigned to "Road Security" usually lasted a few weeks and then we would be reassigned to the boonies and another Company would perform the security duty. It was a welcomed break and it sure beat violent operations near the Cambodian border!

David E. Milewski, C/2-22 VN

I Got Your Back

I am a small and precious child,
my dad's been sent to fight...
The only place I'll see his face
is in my dreams at night. He will be
gone too many days for my young

mind to keep track. I may be sad, but I am proud. My daddy's got your back.

I am a caring mother. My son has gone to war... My mind is filled with worries that I have never known before. Every day I try to keep my thoughts from turning black. I may be scared, but I am proud. My son has got your back.

I am a strong and loving wife, with a husband soon to go. There are times I'm terrified in a way most never know. I bite my lip, and force a smile as I watch my husband pack... My heart may break, but I am proud. My husband's got your back.

I am a soldier, serving proudly, standing tall. I fight for freedom, yours and mine, by answering this call. I do my job while knowing the thanks it sometimes lacks. Say a prayer that I'll come home. It's me who's got your back.

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

M113 to be the Gavin - Maybe

Norm, I came across something interesting you might want to include in our newsletter. Gen. James 'Slim Jim' M. Gavin commanded the 82nd Airborne Division in WW II. At age 38, he'd worked his way up from Private during a 20-year career. He was known as the jumping general and his was the last unit to fight through the Hurtgen Forest where our own 22nd Inf Regt lost so many killed in the Death Factory.

Following that, Gavin was highly critical when he asked V Corps HQs "... why in the world they had attacked through the Hurtgen Forest in the first place?" and later commented "For us the Hurtgen was one of the most costly, most unproductive, and most ill-advised battles that our army has ever fought." Gavin was also JFK's Ambassador to [France, I think] and one of the earliest critics of the Vietnam War.

Unlike many Army weapons, vehicles and aircraft, the M-113 Armored Personnel Carrier has never had a name associated with it. Following WW II, Gavin said the army needed vehicles it could air drop along with troops to give them heavy fire protection during their subsequent march to the battlefield or something to that effect. There is a move to name the M-113 the Gavin.

PS I am reading parts of The Battle of Hurtgen Forest (1989) by Charles Whiting because I saw it at the library yesterday. I had a blind date in the mid-1960s with a girl named Jeannie Gavin and remember associating her name with Lt. Gen. Gavin who'd recently come out opposed to the Vietnam War. Gavin was born just 3 weeks before my father in 1907. He was the illegitimate child of an Irish immigrant and later adopted by a couple in a Pennsylvania coal mining town. Such humble beginnings ... Deeds Not Words!

Brad Hull ,A/2-22 VN

Military Man

The average age of the military man is 19 years. He is a short haired, tight-muscled kid who, under normal circumstances is considered by society as half man, half boy. Not yet dry behind the ears, not old enough to buy a beer, but old enough to die for his country.

He never really cared much for work and he would rather wax his own car than wash his father's; but he has never collected unemployment either.

He's a recent High School graduate; he was probably an average student, pursued some form of sport activities, drives a ten year old jalopy, and has a steady girlfriend that either broke up with him when he left, or swears to be waiting when he returns from half a world away.

He listens to rock and roll or hip-hop or rap or jazz or swing and 155mm Howitzers.

He is 10 or 15 pounds lighter now than when he was at home because he is working or fighting from before dawn to well after dusk.

He has trouble spelling, thus letter writing is a pain for him, but he can field strip a rifle in 30 seconds and reassemble it in less time in the dark.

He can recite to you the nomenclature of a machine gun or grenade launcher and use either one effectively if he must.

He digs foxholes and latrines and can apply first aid like a professional.

He can march until he is told to stop or stop until he is told to march.

He obeys orders instantly and without hesitation, but he is not without spirit or individual dignity.

He is self-sufficient. He has two sets of fatigues: he washes one and wears the other. He keeps his canteens full and his feet dry.

He sometimes forgets to brush his teeth, but never to clean his rifle.

He can cook his own meals, mend his own clothes, and fix his own hurts. If you're thirsty, he'll share his water with you; if you are hungry, his food. He'll even split his ammunition with you in the midst of battle when you run low.

He has learned to use his hands like weapons and weapons like they were his hands. He can save your life - or take it, because that is his job.

He will often do twice the work of a civilian, draw half the pay and still find ironic humor in it all. He has seen more suffering and death than he should have in his short lifetime.

He has stood atop mountains of dead bodies, and helped to create them.

He has wept in public and in private,
for friends who have fallen in combat
and is unashamed.

He feels every note of the National
Anthem vibrate through his body
while at rigid attention, while
tempering the burning desire to
'square-away' those around him who
haven't bothered to stand, remove their
hat, or even stop talking. In an odd
twist, day in and day out, far from
home, he defends their right to be
disrespectful.

Just as did his Father, Grandfather,
and Great-grandfather, he is paying
the price for our freedom.

Beardless or not, he is not a boy.

He is the **American Fighting Man**
that has kept this country free for over
200 years.

He has asked nothing in return, except
our friendship and
understanding.

Remember him, always, for he has
earned our respect and admiration
with his blood.

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

Mothers

Somebody said it takes about six
weeks to get back to normal after
you've had a baby. . . . Somebody
doesn't know that once you're a
mother, normal is history.

Somebody said you learn how to be a
mother by instinct . . . somebody
never took a three-year-old shopping.

Somebody said being a mother is
boring . . . somebody never rode
in a car driven by a teenager with a
driver's permit.

Somebody said if you're a "good"
mother, your child will "turn out
good" . . . somebody thinks a child
comes with directions and a

guarantee.

Somebody said "good" mothers never
raise their voices . . . somebody never
came out the back door just in time to
see her child hit a golf ball through the
neighbor's kitchen window.

Somebody said you don't need an
education to be a mother . . .
somebody never helped a fourth
grader with his math.

Somebody said you can't love the fifth
child as much as you love the first . .
. . . somebody doesn't have five children.

Somebody said a mother can find all
the answers to her child-rearing
questions in the books . . . somebody
never had a child stuff beans up his
nose or in his ears.

Somebody said the hardest part of
being a mother is labor and delivery. .
. . . somebody never watched her
"baby" get on the bus for the first day
of kindergarten or on a plane headed
for military "boot camp"

Somebody said a mother can do her
job with her eyes closed and one hand
tied behind her back . . . somebody
never organized seven giggling
Brownies to sell cookies.

Somebody said a mother can stop
worrying after her child gets
married. . . . somebody doesn't know
that marriage adds a new son or
daughter-in-law to a mother's
heartstrings.

Somebody said a mother's job is done
when her last child leaves
home. . . . somebody never had
grandchildren.

Somebody said your mother knows
you love her, you don't need to tell
her . . . somebody isn't a mother.

Sent by: Charlie Jackson, C/2-22 VN

Saddam & Mothers

Have you noticed anything fishy about
the inspection teams who have arrived
in Iraq? They're all men! How in the
name of the United Nations does
anyone expect men to find Saddam's
stash? We all know that men have a
blind spot when it comes to finding
things. For crying' out loud! Men
can't find the dirty clothes hamper.
Men can't find the jar of jelly until it
falls out of the cupboard and splatters
on the floor.... and these are the
people we have sent into Iraq to search
for hidden weapons of mass
destruction?

I keep wondering why groups of
mothers weren't sent in. Mothers can
sniff out secrets quicker than a drug
dog can find a gram of dope. Mothers
can find gin bottles that dads have
stashed in the attic beneath the rafters.

They can sniff out a diary two rooms
and one floor away. They can tell
when the lid of a cookie jar has been
disturbed and notice when a quarter
inch slice has been shaved off a
chocolate cake. A mother can smell
alcohol on your breath before you get
your key in the front door and can
smell cigarette smoke from a block
away. By examining laundry, a
mother knows more about their kids
than Sherlock Holmes. And if a
mother wants an answer to question,
she can read an offender's eyes quicker
than a homicide detective.

So... considering the value a mother
could bring to an inspection team, why
are we sending a bunch of men who
will rely on electronic equipment to
scout out hidden threats?

My mother would walk in with a
wooden soup spoon in one hand, grab
Saddam by the ear, give it a good twist
and snap, "Young man, do you have
any weapons of mass destruction?"
And if he tried to lie to her, she'd
march him down the street to some
secret bunker and shove his nose into
a nuclear bomb and say, "Uh, huh, and
what do you call this, mister?" Whap!
Thump! Whap! Whap! Whap! And
she'd lay some stripes across his
bottom with that soup spoon, then
march him home in front of the whole
of Baghdad. He'd not only come clean

and apologize for lying about it, he'd cut every lawn in Baghdad for free for the whole damn summer.

Inspectors! You want the job done? Call my mother.

Sent by: Bill Matz, A/2-22 VN

Proud Relatives

Dear Linda and Norm: This letter was sent to my sister, Carmen, by her son, FC2 John R. Seaman, who is on the the Navy ship, USS Princeton (CG-59). They were headed out for an undisclosed part of the world.

I also read, with avid interest, the story "My Heart On The Line" and have sent copies to my friends and family. We have 2 other nephews who elected the Army as a career after college and they are so very proud of it and so are we. This little story just added the last bit of glue to our pride.

I love the Triple Deuce and am always quite moved by the stories and those who have come forward to tell them.

Ana R. Pederson

Hello Mom:

How is everything in old Alabama? Things here are all right, generally speaking. Today wasn't the best day I've ever had (though it wasn't too bad, for the most part), and tomorrow will probably be quite interesting as well.

Our visit to Hawaii seemed too short to me. Something happened on the way out to sea that I'm certainly glad I was a part of, though, and will never forget. We all manned the rails in our dress white uniforms and paid our respects as we passed by the Arizona. As we passed by the Missouri (moored near the Arizona), on our way out of Pearl Harbor, we heard very supportive cheers coming from her decks. Hundreds of people (mostly tourists, I'd imagine) were there, all

waving to us and cheering us on. The cheers and waves continued all the way out of the harbor, joined in with some banners, written with messages such as "Go Navy" and Kick Saddam's Ass!" I know Pearl Harbor is a Navy town, but I don't think many of the people who cheered for us had anything to do with the military – active duty, retired, dependant, or otherwise. Perhaps the media is trying to slant public opinion to match their own by mostly showing stories about the anti-war protests and protestors (I didn't see any in Hawaii), and by not paying as much attention to those who actually support those of us in uniform, and who realize that we are doing what we need to do to protect our country, our freedom, and our way of life.

Well Mom, there's more that I want to say, but it's getting late and I have to be up early tomorrow morning. I'll try to write again soon.

Love, John Robert

Ana is the former Fiancée of Robert (Bobby) L. Mlynarski, C/2-22 VN, KIA on 11-25-67.

The Wisdom of Will Rogers

1. Lettin' the cat outta the bag is whole lot easier that puttin' it back in."

2. "If you're riding ahead of the herd, take a look back every now and then to make sure it's still there."

3. "If you get to thinking you're a person of some influence, try ordering somebody else's dog around."

4. "After eating an entire bull, a mountain lion felt so good he started roaring. He kept it up until a hunter came along and shot him... The moral: When you're full of bull, keep your mouth shut."

5. "Never kick a cow chip on a hot day."

6. "There's two theories to arguing with a woman. Neither one works."

7. "If you find yourself in a hole, the first thing to do is stop digging."
Norm's comment: If you are receiving fire, keep digging.

8. "Never slap a man who's chewing tobacco."

9. "It doesn't take a genius to spot a goat in a flock of sheep."

10. "The quickest way to double your money is to fold it over and put it back in your pocket."

11. "Don't squat with your spurs on."

12. "Good judgment comes from experience, and a lot of that comes from bad judgment."

13. "Never miss a good chance to shut up."

14. "Always drink upstream from the herd."

15. "When you're throwing' your weight around, be ready to have it thrown around by somebody else."

16. "There are three kinds of men: 1. The ones that learn by reading. 2. The few who learn by observation. 3. The rest of them have to urinate on the electric fence for themselves."

17. "When I die, I want to die like my grandfather who died peacefully in his sleep. Not screaming like all the passengers in his car."

REMEMBER --For every minute you are angry with someone, you lose 60 seconds of happiness that you can never get back.

Thanks Will!

Norm did it again. He did not record whom the foregoing came from. One would think that he who used to 'scream' at some of you, "Pay attention to 'x---ing details", would do so. Now you have a chance to get back

at him. When you do, show no mercy.
Linda, with a big smile

The Fighting Irish

Saddam Hussein was sitting in his office wondering whom to invade next when his telephone rang.

"Hallo, Mr. Hussein!", a heavily accented voice said. "This is Paddy down at the Harp Pub in County Sligo, Ireland. I am ringing to inform you that we are officially declaring war on you!" "Well, Paddy," Saddam replied, "This is indeed important news! How big is your army?" "Right now," said Paddy, after a moment's calculation, "there is meself, me cousin Sean, me next door neighbor Seamus, and the entire dart team from the pub. That makes eight!" Saddam paused. "I must tell you, Paddy, that I have one million men in my army waiting to move on my command." "Begorra!", said Paddy. "I'll have to ring you back!"

Sure enough, the next day, Paddy called again. "Mr. Hussein, the war is still on! We have managed to acquire some infantry equipment!" "And what equipment would that be, Paddy?" Saddam asked. "Well, we have two combines, a bulldozer, and Murphy's farm tractor." Saddam sighed. "I must tell you, Paddy, that I have 16,000 tanks and 14,000 APCs. Also, I've increased my army to 1-1/2 million since we last spoke." "Saints preserve us!" said Paddy. "I'll have to get back to you."

Sure enough, Paddy rang again the next day. "Mr. Hussein, the war is still on! We have managed to get ourselves airborne! We've modified Harrigan's ultra-light with a couple of shotguns in the cockpit, and four boys from the Shamrock Pub have joined us as well!" Saddam was silent for a minute and then cleared his throat. "I must tell you, Paddy, that I have 10,000 bombers and 20,000 fighter planes. My military complex is surrounded by laser-guided, surface-to-air missile sites. And since we last spoke, I've increased my army to TWO

MILLION!" "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph!", said Paddy, "I'll have to ring you back."

Sure enough, Paddy called again the next day. "Top o' the mornin', Mr. Hussein! I'm sorry to tell you that we have had to call off the war." "I'm sorry to hear that," said Saddam. "Why the sudden change of heart?" "Well," said Paddy, "we've all had a long chat over a bunch of pints, and decided there's no way we can feed two million prisoners."

God Bless the Irish!!

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

Forrest Gump goes to Heaven

The day finally arrived: Forrest Gump dies and goes to Heaven.

He is at the Pearly Gates, met by St. Peter himself. However, the gates are closed and Forrest approaches the Gatekeeper. St. Peter says, "Well, Forrest, it's certainly good to see you. We have heard a lot about you. I must inform you that the place is filling up fast and we've been administering an entrance examination for everyone. The test are short, but you have to pass them before you can get into Heaven." Forrest responds, "It shor is good to be here St. Peter, sir. But nobody ever told me about any entrance exam." St. Peter goes on, "Yes, I know, Forrest, but the test is only three questions.

Here is the First: What days of the week begin with the letter T? Second: How many seconds are there in a year? Third: What is God's first name?" Forrest leaves to think the questions over. He returns the next day and sees St. Peter who waves him up and says, "Now that you have had a chance to think the questions over, tell me your answers." Forrest says, "Well, the first one—how many days in the week begin with the letter 'T'? Shucks, that one's easy. That'd be Today and Tomorrow. The Saint's eyes open wide and he exclaims,

"Forrest, that's not what I was thinking, but...you do have a point though, and I guess I didn't specify, so I'll give you credit for that answer."

How about the next one?" asks St. Peter. "How many seconds in a year?" "Now that one's harder," says Forrest, "But I think and think about that and I guess the only answer can be twelve." Astounded, St. Peter says, "Twelve? Twelve? Forrest, how in Heaven's name could you come up with twelve seconds in a year?" Forrest says, "Shucks, there gotta be twelve: January second, February 2nd, March 2nd..." "Hold it," interrupts St. Peter. "I see where you're going with this, and I see your point, though that wasn't quite what I had in mind, but I'll have to give you credit for that one, too.

Let's go on with the next and final question. "Can you tell me God's first name?" "Sure" Forrest replied, "It's Andy." "Andy?!" exclaimed an exasperated frustrated St. Peter. "Ok, I can understand how you came up with your answers to my first 2 questions, but just how in the world did you come up with the name of Andy as the first name of God?" "Shucks, that was the easiest one of all," Forrest replied. "I learned it from the song. "ANDY WALKS WITH ME, ANDY TALKS WITH ME, ANDY TELLS ME I AM HIS OWN..."

St. Peter opened the gate and said: "Run, Forrest, Run"

Sent by Gary Krek HQ/2-22 Vietnam

Open Letter To The Hollywood Bunch

OK let's just say for a moment you bunch of pampered, overpaid, unrealistic children had your way and the USA didn't go into Iraq.

Let's say that you really get your way and we destroy all our nuclear weapons and stick daisies in our gun barrels and sit around with some white wine and cheese and pat ourselves on

the back, so proud of what we've done for world peace.

Let's say that we cut the military budget to just enough to keep the National Guard on hand to help out with floods and fires.

Let's say that we close down our military bases all over the world and bring the troops home, increase our foreign aid and drop all the trade sanctions against everybody.

I suppose that in your fantasy world this would create a utopian world where everybody would live in peace. After all, the great monster, the United States of America, the cause of all the world's trouble would have disbanded it's horrible military and certainly all the other countries of the world would follow suit. After all, they only arm themselves to defend their countries from the mean old USA.

Why you bunch of pitiful, hypocritical, idiotic, spoiled mugwumps, get your head out of the sand and smell the Trade Towers burning.

Do you think that a trip to Iraq by Sean Penn did anything but encourage a wanton murderer to think that the people of the USA didn't have the nerve or the guts to fight him?

Barbara Streisand's fanatical and hateful rankings about George Bush makes about as much sense as Michael Jackson hanging a baby over a railing.

You people need to get out of Hollywood once in a while and get out into the real world. You'd be surprised at the hostility you would find out here. Stop in at a truck stop and tell an overworked, long distance truck driver that you don't think Saddam Hussein is doing anything wrong. Tell a farmer with a couple of sons in the military that you think the United States has no right to defend itself. Go down to Baxley, Georgia and hold an antiwar rally and see what the folks down there think about you. You people are some of the most disgusting examples of a waste of protoplasm I've ever had

the displeasure to hear about.

Sean Penn, you're a traitor to the United States of America. You gave aid and comfort to the enemy. How many American lives will your little, "fact finding trip" to Iraq cost? You encouraged Saddam to think that we didn't have the stomach for war.

You people protect one of the most evil men on the face of this earth and won't lift a finger to save the life of an unborn baby. Freedom of choice you say?

Well, I'm going to exercise some freedom of choice of my own. If I see any of your names on a marquee, I'm going to boycott the movie. I will completely stop going to movies if I have to. In most cases it certainly wouldn't be much of a loss.

You scoff at our military whose boots you're not even worthy to shine. They go to battle and risk their lives so ingrates like you can live in luxury.

The day of reckoning is coming when you will be faced with the undeniable truth that the war against Saddam Hussein is the war on terrorism.

America is in imminent danger. You're either for her or against her. There is no middle ground.

I think we all know where you stand.

What do you think?

God Bless America, Charlie Daniels

Sent by: Dick Nash, A/2-22 VN

Closing: Folks this is it for this edition. Expect the next newsletter in the late Aug. to early Sept. time frame.

Love, Linda. See you at the Reunion.

