

The VietNam Triple Deuce, Inc.

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

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President's Message

September 11, 2001. What more can be said? We were stunned, horrified, angry, and then determined to make them pay. To wage war on those who committed these acts of terror. Justice will be done. God Bless America! God Bless the men and women of our Armed Forces!

On September 17, 2001, a donation of \$1,000 was approved by the Directors of the Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc. The donation was sent to Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani for the Victims Relief Fund.

The 22nd Infantry Regiment Society is establishing a Holiday fund for the current 22nd Regiment (Thanks Magnet!). On behalf of the Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc. contributions were made to the 22nd Regiment Holiday Fund totaling \$1,500. \$1,000 was contributed by individuals and a \$500 donation from the membership fund of the Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc. was approved by the Board of Directors.

Please welcome Jim May as the new Treasurer of the Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc. Jim May will be replacing John Lewis until the election of Officers at the 22nd Regiment Society Reunion in St. Louis. John Lewis, thank you for stepping up at the last reunion and shouldering the responsibility of Treasurer! You have our thanks for handling the job as long as you could. See you at the Reunion!

Speaking of the reunion, Register! Be There! Cathy has more in the First Lady's Corner.

We want to make the newsletter your newsletter. What can we do to make it better? Please fill out the

comment/suggestion form at the back of the Newsletter and let us know.

Mike Groves, A/2/22 Vietnam

The First Lady's Corner

Condolences to the families and friends of those who perished on 9-11-01. Our prayers are with you and with the rescue workers and their families. Thanks go out to the Postal Workers. Hang in there! To our 22nd Infantry friends and all the military personnel, thanks for defending our freedoms! To you and your families, may God Bless you and keep you safe! God bless out veterans and their families.

United we stand!

Cathy Groves

10 Reasons To Meet Me In St. Louis

- 1) Great people, great stories. Camaraderie between old friends and new friends.
- 2) Patriotism, a time to support our veterans and our current 22nd Infantry troops. The legacy continues....
- 3) St. Louis, known as the home of the blues, brews and baseball; is a great city to visit. We love our football & hockey too.
- 4) Sheraton Westport Plaza complex is a first-class place to stay.
- 5) Westport Plaza has America's Pub, Backstreet Jazz & Blues, Bradford's Pub, Opus Room, Patrick's at Westport, Llywelyn's Pub, Ozzie's Restaurant &

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- 6) Sport's Bar, Trainwreck Saloon and Wilbur & Gil's for fun. May 3 & 4, 2002 is Cinco de Mayo with entertainment sponsored by Casa Gallardo.
- 7) Take a great tour which includes Anheuser-Busch Brewery, the Gateway Arch and the Museum of Westward Expansion, lunch at historic Laclede's Landing and a stop at Soldier's Memorial Museum.
- 8) St. Louis attractions with Free General Admission include the world famous St. Louis Zoo, the St. Louis Science Center, The St. Louis Art Museum (one of the top five in the world) and the Missouri History Museum. All are located in Forest Park, home the 1904 World's Fair and are just 25 minutes away from Westport Plaza.
- 9) Ladies Breakfast on Friday morning, May 3, 2002 with attendance prizes...must be present to win.
- 10) Lots of shopping areas, directions will be provided upon request.

St. Louis Trivia: Which St. Louis native, known as the "Father of Rock and Roll", celebrated his 75th birthday in 2001? (Answer: Chuck Berry). Who was the famous World War II pin up girl who had her Legs insured for \$1 million? (Answer: Betty Grable, born in St. Louis in 1916). Why was the World's Fair held in St. Louis in 1904? (Answer: To commemorate the 100th anniversary of the Louisiana Purchase). Who will enjoy coming to St. Louis for the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society's Reunion? (Answer: You!).

From Cathy Groves

For The Ladies

Dear Linda,
My friends & I try to get together on a monthly basis. We had gone into different directions, setting up one date (like the third Monday) didn't

work, so I suggested we meet on the week of the full moon, each month. We all look forward to this and we usually go to a Borders bookstore for coffee & dessert (or tea, in my case). Since July we haven't been "all" together as someone has had to beg off. The past two months it was me, and I really missed this camaraderie. But I went outside & looked up at the sky at the moon and felt my friends 'vibes' coming my way. It was so peaceful and calming. We meet together tomorrow night—not quite the fullest part of the moon—but close, as it will be a busy week. It is a time to vent & complain, to listen and to understand, to unite as only "sisters" can. It is really a great therapy. When we go outside to view the moon & stars and quietly reflect on the good times, I'll be sending 'vibes' your way...you aren't alone, Linda. When the guys don't understand our fears, remember...God made them as the protocol, we are the finished product! We are strong because we have to be, we are the ones who take care of the kids. We aren't afraid to say we don't know why things happen the way they do. Bad things happen to good people. The answers to some questions are no answers, we accept it and go on. We multitask and we think in rainbow colors, not just in black & white. Maybe, a group of Mothers should go lookin for Bin Laden. He would wish he was dead before we finished him off.
22nd Infantry.. "Deeds, Not Words!"
10 Mountain Div.. "Climb to Glory!"
Mrs. Cathy.. "Give me chocolate, or you die!"
Ladies of the Full Moon.. "Carpe Dessert!"
We can get through this, hang in there, girlfriend!

Cathy Groves

From a Woman's Point of View

Men are like...Bananas
The older they get, the less firm they are.

Men are like...Weather.
Nothing can be done to change them.

Men are like...Blenders.
You need one, but you're not quite sure why.

Men are like...Coffee.
The best ones are rich, warm, and can keep you up all night long.

Men are like...Commercials.
You can't believe a word they say.

Men are like...Government Bonds.
They take so long to mature.

Men are like...Horoscopes.
They always tell you what to do and are usually wrong.

Men are like...Mascara.
They usually run at the first sign of emotion.

Men are like...Popcorn.
They satisfy you, but only for a little while.

Men are like...Lava Lamps.
Fun to look at, but not very bright.

Men are like...Parking Spots.
All the good ones are taken and the rest are handicapped.

From Gregory Brauer

The Secret Is Out!!!!

According to the Alaska Department of Fish and Game, while both male and female reindeer grow antlers in the summer each year, male reindeer drop their antlers at the beginning of winter, usually late November to mid-December.

Female reindeer retain their antlers till after they give birth in the spring. Therefore,.....according to every historical rendition depicting Santa's reindeer, every single one of them, from Rudolph to Blitzen with antlers, they had to be females!!!!

We should have known. Only women would be able to drag a fat man in a red velvet suit all around the world in one night, and not get lost.

From Cathy Groves

Male Jokes. ha ha ha

My husband came home with a tube of KY jelly and said, "This will make you happy tonight." He was right. When he went out of the bedroom, I squirted it over the doorknobs. He couldn't get back in.

"It's just too hot to wear clothes today," Jack said as he stepped out of the shower, "Honey, what do you think the neighbors would think if I mowed the lawn like this?"
"Probably that I married you for your money" she replied.

Q: What must a woman do when a man is running around in circles?

A: Reload and keep shooting.

Q: Why can't men get Mad Cow Disease?

A: Because it only attacks the brain.

Q: What do you call an intelligent, good looking, sensitive man?

A: A rumor.

Q: What takes longer to make a snowman or a snowwoman?

A: The snowman, because you have to hollow out the head first.

A couple are lying in bed. The man says: "I am going to make you the happiest woman in the world." The woman says "I'll sure miss you."

From Cathy Groves

'An Ode To America'

As we fell to our knees in prayer for strength, We became one faith.

Why are Americans so united? They don't resemble one another even if you paint them! They speak all the languages of the world and form an astonishing mixture of civilizations. Some of them are nearly extinct, others are incompatible with one another, and in matters of religious beliefs, not even God can count how many they are.

Still, the American tragedy turned three hundred million people into a hand put on the heart. Nobody rushed to accuse the White House, the Army, the Secret Services that they are only a bunch of losers. Nobody rushed to empty their bank accounts. Nobody rushed on the streets nearby to gape about.

The Americans volunteered to donate blood and to give a helping hand.. After the first moments of panic, they raised the flag on the smoking ruins, putting on T-shirts, caps and ties in the colors of the national flag. They placed flags on buildings and cars as if in every place and on every car a minister or the President was passing. On every occasion they started singing their traditional song: "God Bless America!". Silent as a rock, I watched the charity concert broadcast on Saturday once, twice, three times, on different TV channels. They were Clint Eastwood, Willie Nelson, Robert de Niro, Julia Roberts, Cassius Clay, Jack Nicholson, Bruce Springsteen, Sylvester Stalone, James Wood, and many others whom no film or producers could ever bring together. The American's solidarity spirit turned them into a choir. Actually, choir is not the word. What you could hear was the heavy artillery of the American soul. What neither George W. Bush, nor Bill Clinton, nor Colin Powell could say without facing the risk of stumbling over words and sounds, was being heard in a great and unmistakable way in this charity concert.

I don't know how it happened that all this obsessive singing of America As we whispered or shouted words of encouragement, We spoke one language.

didn't sound croaky, nationalist, or ostentatious! It made you green with envy because you weren't able to sing for your country without running the risk of being considered chauvinist, ridiculous, or suspected of who-knows-what mean interest.

I watched the live broadcast and the rerun of its rerun for hours listening to the story of the guy who went down one hundred floors with a woman in a wheelchair without knowing who she was, or of the hockey player from California, who fought with the terrorist and prevented the plane from hitting a target that would have killed other hundreds of people. How on earth were they able to bow before a fellow human?

Imperceptibly, with every word and musical note, the memory of some turned into a modern myth of tragic heroes. And with every phone call, millions and millions of dollars were put in a collection aimed at rewarding not a man or a family, but a spirit which nothing can buy.

What on earth can unite the Americans in such a way? Their land? Their galloping history? Their economic power? Money? I tried for hours to find an answer, humming songs and murmuring phrases which risks of sounding like commonplaces. I thought things over, but I reached only one conclusion.

Only freedom can work such miracles!

Norm did not record who this came from!

A Poem For America

As the firefighters and police officers fought their way into the inferno, We became one gender. As we gave our blood in lines a mile long, We became one body.

As we mourned together the great loss, We became one family.

As we cried tears of grief and loss, We became one soul.

As we retell with pride of the sacrifice of heroes, We become one people.

As the soot and dirt and ash rained down, We became one color.

- We are:
- One color
- One class
- One generation
- One gender
- One faith
- One language
- One body
- One family
- One soul
- One people

We are The Power of One.

We are United.

We are America.

As we carried each other down the stairs of the burning building, We became one class.

As we lit candles of waiting and hope, We became one generation.

Sent by Robin Harrington, C/2/22 Vietnam

Newsletter Matters

Folks I have enough stories for a few more newsletters but they are all from the same people. I would like to have accounts from a greater number of you. I don't care if your stories are 50 words long or 5,000 words long, I need them. The same applies to the Ladies. When Linda and I first envisioned the For The Ladies Section, we felt that it should be a mixture of female venting, female emotion and humor. It now appears that the Section will not be part of

the March Newsletter because of a lack of material for it.

Also, I am sure some of you have noticed that this newsletter lacks the KIA Section. There are three reasons for this. Number 1: Some of the stories that appear in this edition are over 2 years old. Publishing them at this time is owed to the Authors. Number 2: Articles related to the events that occurred on 9-11-01 needed to be in this publication. Number 3: Registration Material related to the May 2002 Reunion also needed to be with this publication.

Budget considerations relative to postage costs dictate that we normally hold this newsletter to 16 pages (8 sheets). It was decided that this one time new newsletter would contain 12 sheets. We will revert back to the 8 sheet format for the March 2002 edition. The size limitation will remain until such time when the increased costs for a larger publication can be properly addressed. Also the KIA listing will reappear in the next newsletter.

Magnet, C/2-22 Vietnam

Yesterday's Warrior

Over the last few weeks, I've been talking to a young man who was waiting for his reporting date to join the Marine Corps.

He asked me questions about what he was going to face and, although I had not been a Marine, I could draw on my past experience of boot camp, and answer some of his questions. I gave him a few tips on study habits, physical training, and behavioral guidelines, hoping they would be of use, and not too outdated.

I knew one thing would not have changed. Whatever the Marines put into the boy, would last the man a lifetime.

As I was making a delivery to the store, I noticed he had come by to say his goodbyes. Time had gone by a bit

quicker than I had thought, plus the recent the recent events had captured everyone's attention. With the attack on the World Trade Center, and the Pentagon, it was a surprise to see him there, and ready to leave so soon.

With a crooked grin, a small nod of his head, and a gleam in his eye, he said "Yes, Sir!", and was on his way.

I slowly went on about my business, giving some thought to the scheme of events that had just taken place. It was difficult trying to put my feelings into perspective. Probably the best way to describe them was the passing of the torch.

I knew that if duty called, I would go again. God, Flag, and Country. But here was tomorrow's warrior – smarter, stronger, with the look of something familiar. It was like looking into the eyes of a past generation.

I like what I saw.

The torch had been passed on, and Liberty's Light was in good hands. With a damp eye, Yesterday's Warrior smiled.

From R. Harrington, C/2/22 Vietnam

It Was My Turn

December 29, 1940, almost a year before the devastation the Japanese inflicted the United States at Pearl Harbor, I was born. I was the third child of Katherine & Walter Lewis, a late child; my brother was 8 my older sister was already 5. My father was a master machinist and was exempt from service; his service to the war effort was to manufacture & tool the weapons needed to defeat the enemy. My brother Walter, also a master machinist and classified four-F, was exempt from service for Korea.

I had two uncles that were called to service in WWII. Both who served their Country, one in Europe and one in the South Pacific, both defended the freedoms that we hold true today. Both witnessed the ugly visions of war. But they served their country; it was Their TURN.

So in 1967, at 26 years old, IT WAS MY TURN. My family had been blessed; both my uncles had returned home from WWII, but not unmarked from battle. Now it WAS MY TURN. I understood that freedom; true freedom does not come without a price. IT WAS MY TURN to pay that debt. I left a wife, job and home to answer my country's call. It was MY TURN to fight for freedom, MY TURN to honor my uncles, MY TURN to pay the dues that needed to be paid for the rights that we believe in today. I had been instilled with the American Dream. We are a free people because of our fight and fortitude.

I was one of the lucky ones, I did my year (unlike my uncles who were there for the duration) and came home. I came home to a country unknown; spitting, chanting, and flag burning; how unforgiving for the price paid by so many. They had forgotten what had allowed them to HAVE THE RIGHT to spit on their defenders, speak out against war, and burn their flag without reprisal. It was defended by those who they were demonstrating against. It had been OUR TURN to protect the rights that THEY exercised every day.

After I had returned home from Vietnam and had been honorably discharged from the United States Army, my niece came to me and asked if I would come to her high school to talk to their social studies class about Vietnam and my experiences. Very reluctantly, I said yes.

There were many good questions, but the one that stuck with me was a student who asked if I had considered going to Canada instead of being drafted. I replied that was

never an option. He asked why? I told him about my family and the freedoms that we have and that they have now because of those who have paid so much before. Then stated that "IT WAS MY TURN".

Today, a new group of individuals must decide that it is THEIR TURN. In my opinion, America has grown soft, fat, and complacent; I hope that our youth can find the strength and wisdom to understand that it is THEIR TURN. I hope that our people will be committed to our leaders and their decisions and not allow the media to tell them how to think. The exception to this is the members of our professional Army that I have met through my 22nd Infantry Regiment Society reunions. They are committed to their duty and their country.

In the past I believe that our wars have been fought and won by conscript soldiers (draftees). What I refer to as unwilling soldiers. They were patriots who accepted that it was THEIR TURN to make a sacrifice. Whatever that sacrifice may be.

The insult to the American people from the attack on our own soil is unforgivable; we have never had the death toll of this magnitude in a single incident by foreign aggressors on our soils before. We must come to the forefront and defend the freedoms that we know today. We must crush this evil enemy that we face. We must protect and defend freedom that so many have paid the ultimate price for, before them. They must decide that it is THEIR TURN.

God Bless America. God bless the Active 22nd Infantry Regiment and those that will become active. Do YOUR DUTY. Act proud, be proud – remember always "DEEDS NOT WORDS".

John Lewis, C/2/22, Vietnam

Norm's Comments: Though the above appears in the 12-2001 Edition of the 22nd Inf. Reg. Society Newsletter, I felt that it was

appropriate for it to appear in this Newsletter too. Norm C/2/22

Veteran's Bar

Four retired veterans were walking down the street. When they see a sign that says "Veterans Bar," they go in. The bartender asks what they will have and they all ask for a martini.

He delivers the drinks and says, "That will be 40 cents," they can't believe their good luck.

They finish the drinks and order another round and the bartender again says, "That will be 40 cents."

This whets their curiosity, so they ask the bartender, "How can you afford to serve martinis for a dime a piece?"

The bartender replies, "I guess you've seen the decor here. Well, I am a retired Navy Master Chief and I always wanted to own a bar. Last year I hit the lottery for \$45 million and decided to open this place for real veterans. Every drink costs a dime—wine, liquor, beer all the same."

They notice four guys at the end of the bar who haven't ordered anything.

They ask, "What's with them?"

The bartender says, "Oh, those are retired Air Force Colonels, they are waiting for Happy Hour!"

From Awb Norris
Fullback 6, Vietnam

Freedom Is Not Free!

I saw the flag pass by one day, it fluttered in the breeze, a young man in uniform saluted, and then he stood at ease. I looked at him in uniform – so young, so tall, so proud, with hair cut square and eyes alert, he'd stand out in a crowd.

I thought how many men like him had fallen through the years? How Mother's tears? How many pilot's planes shot down? How many died at sea? How many foxholes were soldier's graves. NO, Freedom is not free.

I heard the sound of taps one night when everything was still I listened to the bugler play and felt a sudden chill. I wondered just how many times that TAPS had meant "Amen", when a flag had draped a coffin of a brother or a friend? I thought of all the children, of mothers and the wives, Of fathers, sons and husbands with interrupted lives. I thought about a graveyard at the bottom of the sea, of unmarked graves in Arlington
NO, FREEDOM IS NOT FREE!!!

From Nick Dragon C/3/22 Vietnam

Hello Triple Deuce

I am the FNG. My name is Michael Wager. I was assigned to HHC 2/22 on 6-4-67 and later transferred to C. Company. I was a replacement that was reassigned from the 4th 23rd Inf. (Mech) 25th Inf. Div. I had served 3 months with them before my reassignment.

The memories of my experiences of my time in country are limited to say the least. I was a Track Vehicle Mechanic. MOS was 63 c 20. I have some memories that I will never forget.

I remember the many times that I was on Guard duty. I hated to spend my off shift time sleeping in those hard wooden bunks, especially the top bunk. Every time the guy that was on watch would light a smoke or make the slightest noise I would wake up, then it was my turn to take the watch and I could not stay awake. So up to the top of the bunker I would go.

I can still hear Magnet say "Man don't let me catch you up there again". Norman only said what he

many died on foreign soil? How many had to, he never actually caused me any grief because of my non-adherence to his orders. But, he did make some threats about me being placed on the Shi% Burning Detail for the rest of my tour. Anyway back to my story.

One night the OIC and the NCOIC and the Sergeant of the guard (Norm) decided to make a bunker check on the Berm. When they got to my Bunker, all but one was present and on duty. The Sergeant of the Guard (Norm) knew where the missing man was. After yelling for I can imagine for 3 to 5 minutes, I came to my feet and walked to the wall of sandbags that made the entrance to the bunker. I was still not awake but I knew that it would be Shi% Burning Detail for a long time. I was in the process of removing myself from the offending location that I had so often used, when I lost my footing and fell into the drainage ditch.

I was taken to the 12th Evac Hosp. I had crushed two vertebra in my lower back. After recovering from my injury, I often wondered why I never received any disciplinary actions for my transgression. I now know why and I want to thank publicly Norman who took the heat for my failure to comply to Orders.

After a recent phone conversation with Norm, he told me what happened and as to why I never received an Article 15 that I justly deserved. He was the one that reminded them that they put that wall of 4 sandbags up on top of the bunkers, for an extra firing position. And that we, the Pee-Ons, had enough to worry about in the field.

Well, Norman, thanks for saving me from that, and keeping me off the Shi% Burning Detail.

PS I won't tell everyone about you Drag Racing experience on the Berm Line.

By Michael Wager, C/2/22 Vietnam

Norm's Comments: Mike, you did not deserve to get an Article 15. The OIC that night had been giving me a bad time for a couple of weeks concerning men being on top of the bunkers at night. When he told you that you were going to get an Article 15 that was the last straw as far as I was concerned. As we continued making our rounds that night, I told the 01 that if he went through with his Article 15 Charges he better be able to show me where it was in writing that a man could not be on top of a bunker at night. The next afternoon the 01 told me that it was not in writing but his orders. I replied, 'Not good enough', and he could call them orders, instructions or what ever he wanted to because I can make a case for them being arbitrary. Case closed...smile.

You can tell the world now about my speeding on the Berm Road. Thanks for taking care of the front bumper of the Jeep® before Lt. Kelley got a chance to see what I had done to it...Mega Big Smile!!

Dear Friends and Fellow Americans

By: Dr. Tony Kern, Lt Col, USAF (ret)

Recently, I was asked to look at the recent events through the lens of military history. I have joined the cast of thousands who have written an "open letter to Americans."

Dear friends and fellow Americans –
14 September, 2001.

Like everyone else in this great country, I am reeling from last weeks attack on our sovereignty. But unlike some, I am not reeling from surprise.

As a career soldier and a student and teacher of military history, I have a different perspective and I think you should hear it. This war will be won

or lost by the American citizens, not diplomats, politicians or soldiers.

Let me briefly explain. mentally deranged fanatics. To dismiss them as such would be among the gravest of mistakes. This attack was committed by a ferocious, intelligent and dedicated adversary. Don't take this the wrong way. I don't admire these men and I deplore their tactics, but I respect their capabilities. The many parallels that have been made with the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor are apropos. Not only because it was a brilliant sneak attack against a complacent America, but also because we may well be pulling our new adversaries out of caves 30 years after we think this war is over, just like my father's generation had to do with the formidable Japanese in the years following WWII.

These men hate the United States with all of their being, and we must not underestimate the power of their moral commitment. Napoleon, perhaps the world's greatest combination of soldier and statesman, stated "the moral is to the physical as three is to one." Patton thought the Frenchman underestimated its importance and said moral conviction was five times more important in battle than physical strength. Our enemies are willing better said anxious – to give their lives for their cause.

How committed are we America?
And for how long?

In addition to demonstrating great moral conviction, the recent attack demonstrated a mastery of some of the basic fundamentals of warfare taught to most military officers worldwide, namely simplicity, security and surprise. When I first heard rumors that some of these men may have been trained at our own Air War College, it made perfect sense to me. This was not a random act of violence, and we can expect the same sort of military competence to be displayed in the battle to come.

In spite of what the media, and even our own government is telling us, this act was not committed by a group of This war will escalate, with a good portion of it happening right here in the good ol' U.S. of A.

These men will not go easily into the night. They do not fear us. We must not fear them. In spite of our overwhelming conventional strength as the world's only "superpower" (a truly silly term), we are the underdog in this fight. As you listen to the carefully scripted rhetoric designed to prepare us for the march for war, please realize that America is not equipped or seriously trained for the battle ahead. To be certain, our soldiers are much better than the enemy, and we have some excellent "counter-terrorist" organizations, but they are mostly trained for hostage rescues, airfield seizures, or the occasional "body snatch," (which may come in handy). We will be fighting a war of annihilation, because if their early efforts are any indication, our enemy is ready and willing to die to the last man. Eradicating the enemy will be costly and time consuming. They have already deployed their forces in as many as 20 countries, and are likely living the lives of everyday citizens. Simply put, our soldiers will be tasked with a search and destroy mission on multiple foreign landscapes, and the public must be patient and supportive until the strategy and tactics can be worked out.

For the most part, our military is still in the process of redefining itself and presided over by men and women who grew up with – and were promoted because they excelled in – Cold War doctrine, strategy and tactics. This will not be linear warfare, there will be no clear "centers of gravity" to strike with high technology weapons. Our vast technological edge will certainly be helpful, but it will not be decisive. Perhaps the perfect metaphor for the coming battle was introduced by the terrorists themselves aboard the hijacked aircraft – this will be a knife

fight, and it will be won or lost by the ingenuity and will of citizens and soldiers, not by software or smart bombs. We must also be patient with our military leaders.

Unlike Americans who are eager to put this messy time behind us, our adversaries have time on their side, and they will use it. They plan to fight a battle of attrition, hoping to drag the battle out until the American public loses it will to fight. This might be difficult to believe in the euphoric time of flag waving and patriotism, but it is generally acknowledged that America lacks the stomach for a long fight. We need only look as far back as Vietnam, when North Vietnamese General, Vo Nguyen Giap (also a military history teacher) defeated the United States of America without ever winning a major tactical battle. American soldiers who marched to war cheered on by flag waving Americans in 1965 were reviled and spat upon less than three years later when they returned. Although we hope that Osama Bin Laden is no Giap, he is certain to understand and employ the concept. We can expect not only large doses of pain like the recent attacks, but! also less audacious "sand in the gears" tactics, ranging from livestock infestations to attacks at water supplies and power distribution facilities.

These attacks are designed to hit us in our "comfort zone" forcing the average American to "pay more and play less" and eventually eroding our resolve. But it can only work if we let it. It is clear to me that the will of the American citizenry - you and I – is the center of gravity the enemy has targeted. It will be the fulcrum upon which victory or defeat will turn. He believes us to be soft, impatient, and self-centered. He may be right, but if so, we must change. The Prussian General, Carl von Clausewitz, (the most often

quoted and the least read military theorist in history), says that there is a "remarkable trinity of war" that is composed of the

(1) Will of the people

Center or the Pentagon. The will of the American people will decide this war. If we are to win, it will be because we have what it takes to preserve through a few more hits, learn from our mistakes, improvise, and adapt. If we can do that, we will eventually prevail.

Everyone I've talked to in the past few days has shared a common frustration, saying in one form or another "I just wish I could do something!" You are already doing it. Just keep faith in America, and continue to support your President and military, and the outcome is certain.

If we fail to do so, the outcome is equally certain.

God Bless America.

Sent by: R. Harrington C/2/22
Vietnam

What Purpose

While serving in Vietnam, I often asked myself what the hell am I doing here. What good is our effort, as an Armed Force, doing in a Foreign Country. I just did not get it. One day we were at the end of a road sweeping mission, staged in a defensive position on the road between Cu Chi and Tay Ninh. There was the usual domestic traffic of the merchants and farmers going about their business. Then it started with small arms fire then the RPG's. When it was all over, I looked down from the 50 cal turret and saw an old woman and 2 small children shaking in fear. They hid behind our APC. In her relief and her broken English, she said to our squad, GI#1 and kept repeating that GI#1 and grasping to touch us each and every member of our squad. She was the reason we were there. Her, and all of the oppressed people of South Vietnam.

- (2) The political leadership of the government and
- (3) The chance and probability that plays out on the field of battle, in that order.

All they wanted is what we as Americans take for granted, Freedom.

And now as I think back all those years ago, I am PROUD of myself and my Brothers and Sisters that gave the best years of their lives to stand Tall for Freedom. I do not want me or my family and friends to live in fear.

Each and every person that will go in harms way to protect and defend our Country, will in their time ask themselves the same question. I hope and Pray their heads will be held HIGH and in Freedom.

From Michael Wager C/2/22
Vietnam

The Grove's Saga Con't.

4 Oct 1968 I know I haven't written in a little while, but we have been a little busy and I couldn't find time to get a letter off. I'm in the field and we haven't made any contact but yesterday I was following the lead track when they hit a mine. No one was hurt so we went on down the road to continue our mission of securing a bridge. Well now we just moved into another location where we are going to be for a few days at least. We are about a mile outside Cu Chi in about the same place I was in June around my birthday.

9 Oct 1968 Well things have been happening but as always, God has been with me and prevented harm from coming to me. After that episode at Cu Chi, my track was sent along with another to secure a bridge. Everything went along very peacefully. However, the rest of the company had to go towards Trang Bang to escort some 101st Airborne people from Trang Bang to Cu Chi. In the process, a track from the first platoon hit a mine. Thanks to God no one was hurt seriously. Then the company and the 101st came under

Every American citizen was in the crosshairs of last Tuesday's attack, not just those that were unfortunate enough to be in the World Trade enemy mortar fire and small arms fire. No one from our company was hurt, but since the airborne folks were in the trucks, they suffered nine killed and twenty wounded. I guess that's one good reason for having tracks. Protection from mortars. Well, that wasn't the last. As the company moved out down the road, the lead track, also from the second platoon, hit a mine. This hurt the driver pretty bad, as they had to amputate his foot in order to get him out of the track. Fortune was with me as I wasn't with the company during all this. Later on in the evening, we moved out to link up with the company. We were sitting on the road waiting for the company to show up and three mortar rounds hit near us and an RPG hit a tank near us. No one hurt. Well, we sat there for about another three hours while it was getting dark. Eventually we all linked up at about eight p.m. on a very hostile road about five miles outside Trang Bang. The road is always heavily mined and we were supposed to go running down a heavily mined road, through hostile villages where we had been ambushed four times before over a distance of around ten miles! Crazy and I'll tell you, I was scared. Night, I don't like over here anyway. Well, again God was with us as we were to go back to Cu Chi for the night. The next day passed without events and we are now back in our fire support base, which has been a pretty peaceful place.

16 Oct 1968 Soon we will be up North near Cambodia so it'll be pretty rough. No sweat though, I'll be coming home. Right now we are located at a different fire support base about twelve miles outside of Dau Tieng. It's been quiet though I don't know how long it'll stay that way. We sweep this road every morning for mines and so far we've only lost one track. You can't detect the mines all the time. Charlie is starting to use wooden mines with a

wooden stick that drives into a glass vial of acid breaking it and setting off the mine. No metal what so ever, so you can see that we can't always detect them.

my arch on my left foot. I'm walking around on crutches back here in Cu Chi and my foot is starting to get well. It's about twice it's original size and turning beautiful colors of black, blue, purple, yellow and green.

It happened as we were sweeping roads for mines. We were running down this road that we never sweep and I was third track in the order of march. "Mac" my squad leader was sitting right behind me on the drivers' hatch. I wasn't even thinking about a mine, in fact, I was thinking about our honeymoon and getting a new car, when everything went up in smoke and dirt. As soon as the mine went off, I felt something hit me in the left foot and didn't think anything more about it at the moment. I looked up in the midst of the explosion and saw "Mac" tossed up into the air and come down almost in my drivers' hatch. He didn't move for a couple of seconds and I thought he was hurt bad, but he jumped off the track and started yelling for everyone to get off the track. I was up and out of the drivers' compartment like a jack-in-the-box. I jumped the seven feet to the ground, ran across the road and into a ditch for cover. That's when the pain hit me in the foot and did it feel like it was on fire! It really felt like it was broken, but after I was dusted off to Dau Tieng and x-rayed, it showed to be a bad sprain! So there you have it. This mine was a little harder on me since I was just about sitting right over it when it went off. I give thanks to God it wasn't any worse. I was the only one hurt so we can thank God for that there were no more hurt. All in all, I should get at least a week to a week and a half out of the field. Please tell Mom this Cathy. All my stuff is still with the company, out in the field, and hasn't been sent in yet. I'm borrowing someone else's paper and he doesn't have much of it to loan. Remember that the sprain is all I have and other

24 Oct 1968 Well, things have been kind of held up at my end for a couple of days. On the 22nd I hit a mine. Luckily for me and thanks to God it was a relatively small mine, about 30 lbs. in weight. No need to than that, I'm all right. Soon as I can, I'll write again and give you a progress report. Don't lose any sleep over it. Pray to God for thanks and strength to see you and me through this and he will answer. He does for me.

27 Oct 1968 I'm still here in Cu Chi trying to get my foot back to normal. It's been about five days and swelling still hasn't gone down. I've got pain pills, which I take and keep the pain down so it doesn't bother me too much. I'm still using borrowed paper. They haven't sent my gear in from the field yet and it has my entire writing material, etc. We had a bad event here at Cu Chi today, someone either placed or threw a bomb into the USO here on base and I believe killed three and wounded about twenty others. Just goes to show you never know how or when Charlie is going to hit.

3 Nov 1968 I'm still here at Cu Chi hobbling around on my crutches staying off my foot. I can put a little weight and walk on it a little but I'm going to stay off until all the swelling has gone down. We're supposed to move the Dau Tieng on the sixth. Not the company but the base camp warriors as they are called, the ones who have to supply us field warriors. I'm afraid though that if this happens, the company will follow up and we'll be in Dau Tieng with an awful good chance of being sent up North. I don't have to tell you how much I dread this. I'll just have to keep my fingers crossed and hope it doesn't happen.

5 Nov 1968 I'm still here at Cu Chi, but I finally walked without my crutches. I kind of hobble around like Chester. I'm not sure but I think I'll be sent out to the field either today or sometime in the near future. Well, it looks like they goofed on the bombing halt. I know we'll be catching hell because Sir Charles will

worry about me because the mine never gave me any serious injury. The only injury I received was a bad sprain in

be running his supplies down here something fierce.

9 Nov 1968 I'm still back in the rear area, not in the field with the rest of the company. We moved from Cu Chi to Dau Tieng. It seems now that whenever the company goes, the support element follows to the nearest base camp, like Cu Chi or Tay Ninh etc. I mentioned to Mom that there were rumors that we wouldn't have to go up North because the 1st Air Cav. is here in Dau Tieng and taking over operations, I believe. I'm hoping that I'll get some kind of job here and not have to go back out in the field again. On the seventh, the company got into a firefight. Remember the friend named "Philly" I used to talk about? He was on my track. On the seventh, he was walking point when some VC with machine guns ambushed them. He used to always say I was going to get zapped before him. He would make a bet with a new man that he wouldn't make it through the month. I guess he joked about death once too often. It had its last laugh on Philly.

15 Nov 1968 I had to go to Cu Chi to pick up a new track for the company. It took me three days to find some of the equipment I needed in order to drive it from Cu Chi to Dau Tieng. Anyway, I made it and I'm back here in Dau Tieng pulling Berm Guard as it's called. It's actually guarding the base camp from any enemy force that tries to harass it. I've got nice big bunkers with all the guns and ammo I need, there are other bunkers about every thirty feet all the way around the base camp so I don't feel lonely. Anyway, it's better than being out in the field, which I'm pretty sure I can stay out of until my R&R.

16 Nov 1968 Had a little fun last night. While I was on Berm guard, Charlie decided to "play" with us a

little. Things got kind of thick for a while but no one was hurt. In a way, it was kind of fun shooting at where you thought he was, and blasting away hatches. but underneath it all was the grim fact that there was another person out there trying to kill

23 Nov 1968 Still here in Dau Tieng. Word has come down that we're supposed to move back to Saigon on December 6. This depends on one big factor, however, they are going to move the three companies into the Boi Loi woods. That's the same place where the company had contact last. If they stay there for about a week without making any contact, they'll pull out and go to Saigon. But, if they make some contact during their stay, they won't go to Saigon and will probably stay there for the rest of this year. I'm kind of doubtful myself, because you just can't keep three companies of Mech. in one area without one of them making contact of some kind. Especially in the Boi Loi which is honeycombed with tunnels and base camps.

Jim Frost's Last 30 Days In Country

It was January 1967 when I arrived at Dau Tieng. I was assigned to "Chargin Charlie" Company C 2/22 Infantry 4th Division Mechanized before the switch to the 25th. Spending only a few days at base camp before our first mission, I overheard men talking about a pool near base camp that the French had built. My curiosity got the best of me and I wondered if I would ever get the chance to actually see or to swim in the pool. During the months that followed, I knew the dream of seeing the pool probably would never happen. It was hard enough getting a shower at base camp let alone get to swim in the pool, that would be totally impossible.

A tour in Vietnam was usually one year. That was a standard length of duty for new people arriving to Vietnam. Most military personnel spent their whole year in the jungle

or injure you. I guess it just goes to show that here, every person is just a fact with no past or feelings about it, just another face that you have to kill before he kills you.

on maneuvers before they came home. Although there were a small percentage that left early to be re-assigned to other less risky jobs, I myself fell into that small percentage and would be fortunate to be re-assigned. I will never forget the day when I was told I would be leaving the jungle for good. I was in my 11th month and the end of November 67. My 3rd platoon Sergeant (Sammy Kay), came up to me and told me I would be leaving the field and going back to Dau Tieng base camp for my last 30 days. He also told me why: That I had seen enough of the war and he knew I was burned out from everyday duties and lack of sleep. My platoon Sergeant's news came as a big surprise, but was greatly appreciated. Saying good-bye to the guys in my platoon after the 11 months in the field was very difficult. We had become like family and I feared for their lives. Leaving the field as a Sgt. E-5, I was quickly assigned to my new duties once I returned to base camp in Dau Tieng. The base camp Company Commander wasted no time in giving me the job as CQ (in charge of quarters). He also told me I would be in charge of taking out base camp ambush patrols. I really didn't mind CQ, but the patrols were not fun.

One of the good things with my new assignment at base camp was I did have free time. During those times, I found my way to the one thing I thought I would never have the opportunity to do, and that was to go swimming at the pool the French built. I have to say it was wonderful to relax at poolside. Many years have gone by, but I often remember those days around the pool. As I swam each day, I had flash backs when I spent my summer days as a kid at our local pool back home in Michigan. It was a time I will never forget and the Dau Tieng pool brought it all back. During those last 30 days, Dau Tieng

21 Nov 1968 Still here in Dau Tieng, working, so I'm pretty happy at the moment. There's good chance that I might land a job here and not have to go back out in the field.

base camp was hit by Viet Cong mortar fire, but the pool was never hit. The target was usually the airstrip. Years later after Vietnam, I consider myself lucky to have had that opportunity for a short time to have some luxuries like the pool at Dau Tieng.

From Jim Frost, C/2/22, Vietnam

By Randy

Thirty feet of concertina, tangle foot, and mines.

Sandbagged bunkers armed with sixties, sixteen's, and seventy-nines. Every fifty yards they sat, behind the killing zone. Claymore detonators cross the fronts and each with a field phone.

A tower every half a click could watch with starlight scope. An attack here was suicide that offered little hope. Cobras dancing in the skies, their beauty takes one's breath. As they make their way along this perimeter of death.

Inside was the safest place in Nam, considered pretty tame. Impregnable in most every sense and, my God...still they came. It was dark and down the line, the red flares lit the night. The cobra spit a stream of orange, a futuristic sound and sight.

I sat there in my bunker with transfixed, hypnotic stare. And realized with a certainty that someone's dying over there. Confirmation came at dawn, the aftermath of fire. Six bodies hung like strips of bacon draped across the wire.

Only later would I wonder...What made them try this thing? It showed

me they had great resolve, but what good did it bring? There was no mistaking that they didn't want us here. But what I saw that fourteenth night implanted my first fear...Three hundred fifty and a wake up to add to running score.

On Monday there were people fighting against praying in schools
 On Tuesday you would have been hard pressed to find a school where someone was not praying
 On Monday there were people trying to separate each other by race, sex, color and creed
 On Tuesday they were all holding hands
 On Monday we thought we were secure
 On Tuesday we learned better
 On Monday we were talking about heroes as being athletes
 On Tuesday we relearned what hero meant
 On Monday people went to work at the world trade centers as usual
 On Tuesday they died
 On Monday people were fighting the 10 commandments on government property
 On Tuesday the same people all said 'God help us all' while thinking 'Thou shall not kill'
 On Monday people argued with their kids about picking up their room
 On Tuesday the same people could not get home fast enough to hug their kids
 On Monday people picked up McDonalds for dinner
 On Tuesday they stayed home
 On Monday people were upset that their dry cleaning was not ready on time
 On Tuesday they were lining up to give blood for the dying
 On Monday politicians argued about budget surpluses
 On Tuesday grief stricken they sang 'God Bless America'
 On Monday we worried about the traffic and getting to work late
 On Tuesday we worried about a plane crashing into your house of place of business
 On Monday we were irritated that our rebate checks had not arrived
 On Tuesday we saw people celebrating people dying in the USA

Could I become a casualty of this bloody thing called war?

Sent by Michael G Wager, C/2/22
 Vietnam

On Monday some children had solid families
 On Tuesday they were orphans
 On Monday the president was going to Florida to read to children
 On Tuesday he returned to Washington to protect our children
 It is sadly ironic how it takes horrific events to place things into perspective, but it has. The lessons learned this week, the things we have taken for granted, the things that have been forgotten or overlooked, hopefully never will be again.

On Monday – pray and be thankful
 On Tuesday – pray and be thankful
 On Wednesday – pray and be thankful
 On Thursday – pray and be thankful
 On Friday – pray and be thankful
 On Saturday – pray and be thankful
 On Sunday – pray and be thankful

Sent by Robin Harrington
 C/2/22, Vietnam

Hello From A Friend

Tom Ostermeier was a Platoon Leader with "C" 2/14 from Jan 68 to Jan 69. He's a "slow guy" too, 3 PHs. Tom is the guy who first told me about the 25th Div Site which brought me to 22nd Reg Site which lead you to bringing me into VN 2/22.

I thanked Tom for pointing me in the right direction and told him about how well I was received and how excited I was about finding you guys. Here is part of Tom's reply that I wish to pass along to all.

"Glad I could be of help and it worked out. We ("C" 2/14) had some support from the "Triple Deuce" in a firefight and as I remember it was a mechanized unit. They made a charge across a huge rice paddy. It was one

Monday...Tuesday

This is so true...

of the neatest things I have ever seen. Tell them Hi for me."

Tom went on to say that all those 50 MGs firing was the loudest thing he has ever heard.

I told Tom that you guys loved to "show off" for the leg guys.

Tom lives in the St. Louis area and I hope to visit with him next May. If anyone remembers the "charge across a huge rice paddy" let me know. Tom can't remember where he was when this happened.

Sent by Jim May, Prov. Support
 Vietnam

Top Werner

After we arrived at Fort Lewis, we had a couple of weeks before we were due to start basic training. All of our civilian clothing was locked up in conex containers, and we wouldn't see it again until we completed our course. The word came down that there would be a chartered plane, and five days leave, so some of us could go home for Christmas. I had some money at home, so I phoned my parents and asked them to wire it to me. The next day I was called down to the orderly room, and told I had a money gram from Western Union. We were not allowed to go anywhere by ourselves at that time, so the First Sergeant would have to drive me to the post currency exchange. I guess they were afraid that we would get the money and go "over the hill."

First Sergeant, Arthur Werner, was an old line career soldier from World War II. He was tall, solid, and built like a redwood tree. He wore a CHINA-BURMA-INDIA patch on

his right shoulder, with a “MERRILL’s MARAUDERS” crest over it. I heard that he was one, of only two, still active soldiers in the U.S. Army at that time who were entitled to wear that device. I believe

Sometimes this is a hardship for them, but they don’t want to say no.”

I caught the drift of his meaning. “First Sergeant, I worked before I was drafted; and I paid my parents room and board. I also gave my parents some of my money, to same for me, in case I needed it. This is part of my money.”

After that he loosened up ... somewhat. “I’m glad to hear that. I’ve seen a lot of cases of parents having a financial burden, because sonny wants to go home. Too many of the boys just don’t seem to realize that Mom and Dad don’t always have the money.” The rest of the ride proceeded in a more relaxed manner, and I got my money from the exchange. It didn’t do me any good though. The charter plane to Chicago was full; and there was no way to make connections to Chicago, and back, in five days.

Weeks later, during the maneuvers we were all gathered into company formation. First Sergeant Werner was standing on the back of a deuce-and-one-half. He didn’t look too happy. When he started speaking it was in a very low voice. “You people seem to think this is some kind of game...” We had to lean forward to hear him. Gradually, his voice began to rise. He did this without changing his tone or modulation. As his voice became louder, it was as if a storm wind were washing over us. By the end of his speech, I believe we were actually leaning backward. Sergeant Werner was one of the few men in the Company, who actually knew what we were all in for. It was his job to help turn a hundred and fifty spoiled teenagers into combat soldiers. When he was done speaking, we just stood in awe. An ass chewing from Sergeant Werner was like a cleansing experience. He was an expert. One of our Catholic troops compared it to

Vietnam was his third C.I.B. We were in awe of him.

When I got into the jeep, with the 1st Sgt., the conversation was rather stilted at first. “Where are you from, soldier?” “Chicago, First Sergeant.” giving your confession to a good Priest. You felt like your very soul was purged. I confess that I had my ass chewed on numerous occasions while I was in the Army. Sergeant Werner set a standard, of excellence in ass chewing, that no one else ever matched.

Sent by Bill Matz, A/2/22, Vietnam

SP4 James B. Meek Remembered

On November 28, 1967, SP4 James B. Meek was killed in action when the 3rd Platoon, B-Company, 2nd Battalion (Mech), 22nd Infantry was ambushed while conducting searching operations in the area known as the Trapezoid. SP4 Meek was the platoon medic and left his normal position with the command group, and moved up with the point squad. After the initial contact, the platoon moved out again, but this time, SP4 Meek somehow got ahead of the lead elements of it. The platoon again received incoming rounds, and SP4 Meek was hit. He received wounds to the chest and head. The platoon returned the fire, and members of the 2nd squad pulled SP4 Meek back.

The men moved SP4 Meek back to the command group, then the Platoon Leader and RTO’s began treating SP4 Meek’s wounds. The RTO’s were dressing the wounds and the Platoon Leader was holding SP4 Meek in his arms. After 10 minutes, SP4 Meek stopped breathing, the RTO’s tried to revive him, but his wounds were too serious. SP4 Meek died in the arms of the Platoon Leader. The Platoon moved back and the remains of SP4 Meek medivac back to the Brigade base camp.

“Are your parents sending you this money?” “Yes, First Sergeant.” “You know, some of you boys want to go home, so you have your parents send you the money. They don’t want to turn you down, so they scrape it up. As was the custom, a collection was taken up by the men of the company and the funds mailed to the family. After I returned to the United States, I received a letter from the Chamber of Commerce of Maitland, Florida. The letter thanked the officers and men of the company for the gift and also enclosed a copy of the newspaper with the article on the dedication of the flagpole and marker as a memorial to SP4 Meek. I forwarded a copy of the letter and newspaper article to the Company. In January 1984, I was on a business trip to Orlando, Florida. I looked on the map, and discovered that Maitland is a suburb of Orlando. I called the Chamber of Commerce and spoke to Priscilla Green, informed her who I was and got directions to the Lake Forest Academy.

On the afternoon of January 6, 1984, I visited Lake Forest Academy and stood by the flagpole and said a brief prayer for SP4 Meek and his family. This was the first time that I had any emotions concerning the time I spent in Vietnam. I would not feel these emotions again until I visited the Vietnam Wall. However, since SP4 Meek died in my arms, the flagpole and marker had the greatest impact on me. During my two tours in Vietnam, I had only two men die while under my command as a Platoon Leader and Company Commander. SP4 Meek did not believe in war. Therefore he became a medic. His mission was to save lives, not take lives.

SP4 Meek was not suppose to be up with the 1st squad, but should have been with the Command Group. I have always felt that I should have made sure that he was with me, and got him back with the Command Group when I first realized that he was up with the 1st squad. But I did not.

Sent by Skip Fabel, B/2/22, Vietnam

Mines

In February & March 1967, Co C 2/22 spent most of the time in the jungle so mines shouldn't have been a problem. Of course we got a little lazy sometimes and used trails and tracks to move on. One day we got a Cav Platoon attached. We were not too impressed when they showed up. They had been doing convoy work and were probably excellent road-runners but the jungle was new to them. As they spun around in the sandy soil, two of the ACAVs threw a track. They had loosened up the tracks for better road performance. They also had personal gear and other junk tied to the sides of the ACAVs, to probably defend against RPGs, but it ripped off on the first brush they brushed against. But they were now with us, and learning fast. The first combined patrol was a near disaster. They were in the lead and the two platoons in column probably stretched a half a mile in length. Their platoon leader got a call from two B57 bombers that had spotted something to bomb. He threw out smoke and cleared them in. We noticed the wisps of smoke as the first bombs hit. Shrapnel tore through the jungle horizontally, with one arm size chunk sticking to the side of one PC. Another fell from above going through a 5-gallon can on the roof of a PC. We broke column and roared to the front. The platoon leader thought we were overly concerned until we showed him some of the pieces of shrapnel. A few more miles and Boom, a mine goes off. We dismounted and rushed into the dust. An M48 had taken the blast at the rear. Many troops gathered around to look at the burned off paint. As we approached, someone stumbled in some wire. We traced it back to a battery. A week or two later there was another blast. In the dust, the PCs raced forward and herringboned around the PC that had hit a mine. Two were damaged, one from the mine and one that had run into a tank

in the dust. No one was hurt. They decided to sweep the trail ahead and my squad was to provide security. As we moved up on foot through the woods, I was trying to decide which way to get through some bushes in front of me. The decision was made for me by a red and black blast to my right. I went over the bushes! The PC that had hit the first mine was being towed and hit another mine. Again, no injuries. We covered the sweepers, scaring off one VC who had walked up to see what all the noise was about. One of my squad dumped a 20 round burst at him, no hits, and he fired a few back. The sweepers found an antitank mine. Fearing a booby trap, they attached a length of commo wire and passed it over a limb. Everyone took cover and the sweeper began to pull. After some time, I looked out and told the sweeper to stop. He had pulled the mine out and nearly all the way to the little tree he was hiding behind. That was the last mine we found that day.

We were clearing an old VC base camp. It hadn't been occupied for some time. There were leaves covering the trails (Agent Orange?) and cobwebs everywhere. There was a large dirt track running through it and I pulled on some commo wire that we saw on the ground. It lead across the ground to the trail, then across the trail stopping on the other side. Thinking it odd that it would go across to the trail, we approached. Then we saw that the wire was stacked and went to a blasting cap in an 81mm mortar round. Now I got real interested in what was on the other end of that wire! I sent one man to follow it back and shunt the ends. That done, I laid down and started to work on it. It didn't seem to have any booby traps, so I started to remove the blasting cap. As I gently worked it loose, a shadow came across me. I looked back and there was the CO, Platoon Leader, Platoon Sgt as well as a few others standing at my feet. I reminded them that if I set it off we would lose more than Charlie could have ever hoped for. They backed off and left me alone. Disarmed, they put it in one of the PCs for EOD to look at later.

We got directive after that ordering us not to cross any road/trail until it had been checked. I could understand not operating ON a road/trail, but to cross one in the jungle was absurd. How the VC could predict our course to only mine one area was beyond me. Orders are orders, so every trail got probed before we crossed, at least for a few days, then it sort of faded away. On one hot afternoon, we were in the lead when the driver stopped and told me we had another trail ahead. I looked at my squad and most were dozing or otherwise wiped out by the heat. Oh well, I took one who was awake and off we went toward the trail. As we approached, our hair went up. The trail was fresh, footprints and bicycle tracks. Across it was an area of grass smashed flat with some debris in it. I recognized an empty carton of Vietnamese cigarettes then finally realized I was looking at the skin of water buffalo. I'm a city boy so these things come slowly. I stepped on to the trail looking to the left, nothing. Looking right, I lost the power of speech. There was a base camp, huts, bunkers, and tables with pans on them, and cooking smoke rising. One scrawny dog was looking at me and growling. I stepped back out of sight and gave the signal of enemy in sight. Never saw a sleepy crew come alive that fast. We dismounted and swept through the camp. The VC had gone, leaving only some food and cooking pans as well as one small dog, with an attitude.

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

Lost1, I'm Lost2, Over ...

One of the things I noticed when I joined Co C 2/22 was it's lack of patrolling skills. I had spent my first three months with a leg infantry company, so my navigation skills were pretty good. I was impressed with the mounted navigation, but it seemed that when we went on foot

patrols, we were hopelessly lost after the first 100 meters! Of course navigation was hampered by the lack of maps and compasses and distractions that are trying to eat you. I recall using aerial photos and on some occasions, an M2 compass. The M2 was for laying in a mortar. The scale was in mils (17.8 to a degree) and backward! In the top half of an M2, was a mirror, which allowed you to read it correctly. We often relied on having artillery fire, an air-burst to a known coordinate. We would take a bearing on the burst and estimate the range by the 'bang'. Of course, that could get a little exciting if you were really close to that point.

I reported to CPT George White after catching the evening re-supply chopper to the field. He sized me up and gave me the option of going on an ambush patrol that night as an observer. An "option" from a Captain to a Sergeant results in "Yes Sir"! The patrol leader assured me he knew where the site was so I didn't pay too much attention on the way out. I had a feeling that something wasn't quite right when we came to a clearing from the wrong quadrant. I called in an artillery round to a coordinate near our site and groaned as it sailed by and burst about 1400 meters from us. At that point, I took over the patrol and off we went to get to the correct location.

We would often conduct a mounted patrol for a distance then dismounted and conduct platoon size patrols in a patten called a Cloverleaf. Some genius even drew up a diagram showing the foot patrols path as circles forming a cloverleaf pattern. Obviously, he never really tried to navigate in a constant circle in heavy jungle! Of course we just took a walk out for 1000 meters then turned left or right for another 'click' then another turn of 135 degrees and back to the PCs. It never seemed to work quite that well. Sometimes we would have a PC honk it's horn. If we couldn't hear that, we would get someone to fire an M16.

One day we were trying to locate a clearing but having little luck. I

suggested an artillery round. We asked, but were refused because we were under an airway. Onto Plan B. We asked for a spotter plane to put a smoke rocket into that clearing. A smoke rocket would be white phosphorus, lots of smoke but not too loud, and also dangerous if you get it on you. We found a willing spotter plane and several of us spread out with compass at the ready. I told the troops near me to listen and try to determine the direction/range. Then we heard an L19 go quiet as it rolled into a steep dive OVERHEAD! We listened as it dove at us and I yelled, "take cover, it's gonna be close!" There was a hiss and BANG, followed by thick clouds of WP drifting through us. The radio passed on a message from the L19 asking if we needed another? No, No thank you very much! We were partly in the "clearing", only it wasn't a clearing, just an area where the trees were only 30 feet high or so. From the air or aerial photograph from which the map was made, it looked like a clearing. We walked back to the PCs humbled and glad it was only WP and not some fighter with an extra 500 lb bomb.

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

Joseph Brecko Remembered

PVT Brecko's MOS was truck driver. He went to basic training and from there to AIT where he learned to drive Army trucks. All of that changed when he got to Vietnam. PVT Joseph Brecko would have to become an "Infantryman."

The 3rd Brigade had been in very heavy contact during the month of March 1967. The Brigade needed replacement troops. PVT Brecko just got off the plane at the wrong time. He was assigned as an Infantryman ending up in the 3rd platoon, Company B, 2nd Battalion (Mech), 22nd Infantry. Memories of PVT Brecko.

He was leaving the company perimeter one day, going out with his squad on a searching mission. As he walks away, first his poncho unrolls, then, his pistol belt comes unfastened and falls off. After that, his helmet falls off, and he almost drops his rifle.

While he is pretending to be the Battalion CO on the radio one day he had no idea he was on the Battalion Net.

Cleaning his rifle one day, he leaves a part out when he put it back together.

Trying to drive an APC one day and driving it into a tree stump, getting it high centered.

Not knowing how to fire any other weapon but the M-16 when he first joined the platoon.

Could make more noise than anyone when going on patrols at night.

After ten months in the field, PVT Brecko was brought back to the base camp at Dau Tieng to be the driver of the company mess truck. The first thing that he does is to back the truck into the company water tank and knock it over.

Two days later, he drives up to Brigade HQ to pickup the mail. He gets out of the truck and goes inside. While he is inside, the base camp gets mortared. The truck takes a direct hit.

Ten days later, he parks his new truck at the airstrip to wait for some re-supply items. He is out of his truck again, and the base camp gets hit with 107mm rockets. His new truck takes a direct hit.

Three days later, he is driving the maintenance 2 ½ ton truck and runs off the road and into a ditch.

He had not been back in the battalion are for more than a month and has had two trucks damaged and two destroyed. We pull him from driving the trucks and have him

work in battalion maintenance for the remainder of his tour.

PVT Joseph Brecko was funny, and could make us all laugh. He did not know what he was doing in the field, but he enjoyed being there. He kept telling us how he would be a hero when he got back home. He could tell everyone that he was a combat veteran, not just a truck driver. We would get a kick of the letters that he would write home to his mother. He would tell her that he was driving trucks in a secure area. He did not want to scare his mother. In fact, all of his letters were about what he was doing as a truck driver. He saved the pictures that we took of him in field and in the tracks so that he could prove that he was in the field when he returned home.

Joseph Brecko did make it home.

Sent by Skip Fabel, B/2/22, Vietnam

Fix Bayonets

Prior to my assignment with the Triple Deuce in Viet Nam, my first duty station was in the Republic of South Korea; where I was assigned to the 31st Infantry with the 7th Infantry Division.

The 7th Infantry's motto or logo was the "Bayonet Division". This was given in recognition of some past bayonet charge. Needless to say, the members of the 7th Infantry took this motto to heart. I can remember endless hours of bayonet training – come rain or shine or snow for almost a year, also parade ceremonies.

Upon my arrival in Viet Nam, I was not issued a bayonet. Since I felt all of my previous training would be wasted for lack of a "knife", I began searching my track and finally found one, kept for the engineers. Occasionally I would take the bayonet out, clean it and try to sharpen it; just in case I might get close enough to have to use it.

We were on an operation in mid-October of 1967 and were having to move through some pretty tall grass or vegetation. I thought this would be a good time for me to apply some of my "thorough Army training from Korea". So I placed the bayonet on my M-16.

After threading through some tall grass I came upon a small clearing. In the approved Army manner, I began walking on the edge – failing to look on the ground. I was so concerned with what was possibly in front of me at "bayonet level". The vines at my boots wrapped around my feet. I started tripping and falling over my own feet. It seemed as if I tripped or fell forever; in the process, I dropped my rifle with the bayonet attached.

As I was falling, I saw my bayonet pointed up – waiting for me. I turned my body just in time; just barely missing impaling myself on my own bayonet! As I got up from the ground, I immediately looked around to see if anyone had seen my acrobatic stunt. Luckily, no one saw this "feat" and I was saved the embarrassment of explaining how all of this happened and where all of that good training went.

When I regained my composure – I sheepishly removed the bayonet from my rifle and kept it ready for the engineers, in case they should ever need one.

I don't believe I ever had to "Fix Bayonets" again.

Sent by Robin Harrington, C/2/22, Vietnam

More On The 3-13-68 Battle

I read with great interest your account of the events of March 13, 1968 in the latest issue of the Vietnam Triple Deuce. My memory had failed me as to who it was that pulled me into the back of the track that fateful day. Indeed I was C-6's RTO (On the battalion frequency). I

recall your helping me to lie on the narrow seat inside the APC. The front of my pants was soaked in blood and as I undid my belt and unbuttoned my pants to see the wounds, a piece of my body tissue rolled out. I passed out and you threw water on me, used ammonia or some other method to bring me around. Within 15 minutes of you folks getting me back to the staging area, I was on an operating table in Tay Ninh. If I didn't say thanks then, I certainly do now.

To the best of my recollection, this engagement occurred in a large wooded area southeast of Tay Ninh. It was not far from where Highway 239 (road going west out of Dau Tieng) intersected with Highway 26 (runs generally north and south between Tay Ninh and Trang Bang). This is the route the convoy used between Tay Ninh and Dau Tieng. We had been pulling road guard duty and word came down that a large contingent of enemy troops was suspected to be somewhere in the area. Seems like we set up south of the woods early that morning. The area was pounded heavily by artillery before we went in. When we went in initially, I don't recall the tracks going in with us.

You will remember that Capt. Allison was no longer with us and our new C-6 was Capt. Cass, I believe. I remember while we were pulling road guard he made the comment that he wanted to see action because that was why we were there. I told him I was perfectly content to sit by that road until the war was over. I think that is why he went in with this lead group that day – his first action. Sgt Ditch was on point and when we came to a clearing we were more online than in single file. When they opened up, it was the most intense fire I had experienced. After a quick assessment, it was determined that over half of our original team was wounded and it appeared we had 2 kilos (Ditch and Swanson), all in the initial burst.

Fullback-6 was on the horn asking for C-6 who had been to my immediate left. All I could see was his RTO on the company frequency and I asked where C-6 was. He pointed behind him and said he had crawled away. I had to tell F-6 that he was unavailable. F-6 asked was there any way we could get on line and assault the enemy position. With no more firepower, we had at that moment, I knew we would be cut into pieces. He then said he was bringing in some firepower and would extract the dead and wounded. It wasn't long before you guys showed up. Again thanks to all of you guys for once again putting your lives on the line for your comrades.

On a sad note, I recently talked to the sister of Omar "Lock" Lockridge, formally of the 1st Platoon C/2/22. I feel sure many of the guys will remember him. I think he left the unit in January 1968. Lock died in an automobile accident April 1969 soon after getting out of the Army. His obituary reads in part:

Young Lockridge, a graduate of Holt High School, had completed two years of service in the U.S. armed forces including a year in Vietnam. While in the service he earned the rank of sergeant. He had received the Bronze Star, Army Commendation Medal and two Purple Hearts.

I am copying Norm and Linda on this so they can add his name to those who passed away at home.

Lastly, to all of you who put so much effort into the newsletter, I really appreciate it. It keeps fresh the memory of experiences we wouldn't wish on anyone, yet experiences and relationships we would take nothing for.

Sent by Stan Self, C/2/22, Vietnam

Norm's Comments: Stan, I very much appreciate your input. Part of it has cleared in my mind just why Gordon Kelley was so upset with the events that took place that day. Christian, Ditch and Swanson were Gordon's men when he commanded the 2nd

Platoon. He loved them and their deaths hit him hard. I'm glad that Gordon was not the CO at the time. I believe that he would have personally felt responsible for the deaths. Instead he vented and I do mean vented. He had me greatly concerned for his welfare that night. Thank God Top was around to bring things under control. Gordon was not the 'hard ass' he wanted all to believe he was.

Remarks From John Eberwine

How great to hear from you. I am sure that each person's perspective of that day will differ, depending on where they were at the onset of the battle. I enjoy hearing from the different viewpoints so that we can piece the entire day together. Any idea who Capt Cass' company RTO was that day?

I know that at the onset, my track was supposed to be in the lead, breaking brush, with flank security on the left and right. However, with all the trees and stumps we had to go around, you guys on the left may well have gotten out in front of us to our left. We could not see anyone on either side because it was so dense.

I never knew the names of the wounded men who were put into the back of the track, I'm now so glad to know that you made it ok! How about coming to the reunion in St. Louis so we can have a small reunion of "3/13/68 survivors". We can ask John Lewis to make tee shirts that say, "I survived 11/25/67; 1/1-2/68; 3/13/68; 4/12/68", etc.

By the way – You are so "right on" about, "our experiences that we wouldn't wish on anyone, yet experiences and relationships we would take nothing for."

My time in Vietnam made me the man I am today. I am proud to have done my duty. I've never regretted serving in Vietnam and would go again if it prevented someone I know and loved from having to do so. We were then, and are now, a special group of men and that feeling is

never more apparent than at the reunions.

Thanks for being there and Welcome Home!

Sent by John Eberwine, C/2/22, Vietnam

Best Friend

A best friend only comes along once in a lifetime. Mine was taken away while still in his prime.

We both marched off to a War, in a place called VIETNAM. But only one of us returned home alive to our Dad and Mom. I've held back my emotions. I've held back my tears. Oh my God LEE LAMM, it's been over thirty years. They say the good die young, but why must it be so?

I could write a book about you, but now I must go.

(I knew Lee from the 4th grade. He was a member of the 75th Rangers).

Sent by Douglas Ray Lyall, B/2/22, Vietnam

Tiger Land

As a 19-year-old in the military and fresh out of basic training, the start of the New Year in 1967 was not a happy time in my life. I was busy packing my army duffel bag and getting ready to leave for Oakland, California, destination would be Vietnam. It was a sad day leaving family and friends from our hometown in Michigan; to a country I knew very little about and was not in a hurry to find out.

My flight from California to Vietnam turned out to be very lengthy. Unfortunately I flew on a four-engine prop plane, and because of the small size of plane it had to touch down and refuel on every Island across the Pacific Ocean. Each refuel lasted two hours before airborne again. Total time to cross Pacific to Vietnam was 46 hours.

Standing 6 ft 6 inches in height, the seats were very cramped with no legroom. There were no female flight attendants, just males on this trip. The only nice thing on this flight was I did get to see many beautiful Island's including Hawaii. During the long air flight, I had a lot of time to visualize what Vietnam would be like when I would finally arrive.

Having had jungle training at Fort Polk, Louisiana, I already had somewhat of an idea what lay ahead. Fort Polk was a very different kind of training camp. I remember the first day I arrived on the bus, everywhere I looked military personnel were running. One guy I remembered yelled out to our bus window the words "Welcome to HELL"! I soon found out quickly after one week what he meant. Our Drill Sergeant made it clear to us when ever we came out of the barracks we would have to run to where ever we were going. You would not want to be seen walking or else the Sergeant would be your worst enemy. Every day we would run to each classroom, and the classrooms were miles away. Falling a sleep in class was not a good thing, because you would have to run around the one-mile track before dinner until the Sergeant figured you had enough for one day. Reflecting back now on my one-year duty in Vietnam, I consider myself very lucky to have had the jungle training at Fort Polk. The extensive training and physical conditioning from the running at this camp just might have kept me alive during my tour in Vietnam.

Sent by Jim Frost, C/2/22, Vietnam

Clearing Up Some Confusion

Folks, there seems to be some confusion in our ranks relative to the dues payment between the Vietnam Triple Deuce and the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society. The following is an attempt on our part to clear up this condition.

First of all, there is *no dues payment relationship* between the organizations. Both organizations are *separate and distinct in their dues collection and newsletters*. Dues for our organization are to be sent to Jim May. Dues for the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society are to be sent to Nathan Palani. Sending a single payment which covers the dues for both organizations will not ensure that the organization which you did not send the payment to will list you as a member in good standing. Neither organization has the means or methodology in place to transfer funds or track such payments. Because of our service in the 22nd Infantry Regiment, there is a strong tie called Brotherhood. Therefore, in addition to being a Vietnam Triple Deuce member we encourage you to be a 22nd Infantry Regiment Society member.

A reminder: 2002 Calendar Year dues for the Vietnam Triple Deuce are due by March 15, 2002.

Board of Directors, VN 2/22

22nd Infantry Regiment Society Reunion May 2-5, 2002

As of press time for this edition of the Newsletter five months remain before the next Reunion of the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society takes place in Saint Louis, MO. I hope that all of you are planning to be at it. If you attend you will have a great time. Mike and Cathy are the Co-Chairs for the event and have a great program assembled for us. In fact, the program is so good I have to finally admit that a former Alpha Company Member 'done good'. Just kidding about having to 'finally admit' Bradley and Holt, so don't come gunning for me in Saint Louis...smile.

It seems to me that each Reunion that is held turns out to be bigger and better than the one that proceeded it. I don't think that the event planned for Saint Louis will change this pattern. I believe that the reason each subsequent Reunion is better is

centered on people. Each Reunion that is held seems to draw in new people. Some we know and have not seen in 34 years. Some we know by reputation because of the stories we have heard. Others know us by reputation because of the stories they have heard. When all of these differing people elements come together and after a few words are exchanged, one very powerful item emerges. That item is the bond of 'Brotherhood'. It makes no difference if the bond is renewed or is new. Pure and simple it is the bond of 'Brotherhood', which cannot and will not be broken. At each subsequent Reunion the 'Family of Brothers' grow larger. This, in my opinion, is what makes each Reunion better than the last.

So if you have never been to a Reunion come and join us in Saint Louis next May 2-5. Help our 'Family of Brothers' grow. Those of you who have been to a Reunion before please join us. See the Brothers you know and meet the ones you don't know yet. See you in Saint Louis.

Norm Nishikubo, C/2/22, Vietnam

Twas The Night Before Christmas

He lived all alone,
In a one bedroom house made of
plaster and stone.
I had come down the chimney
With presents to give,
And to see just who
In this home did live.

I looked all about,
A strange sight I did see,
No tinsel, no presents,
Not even a tree.

No stocking by mantle,
Just boots filled with sand,
On the wall hung pictures
Of far distant lands.

With medals and badges,
Awards of all kinds,
A sober thought

Came through my mind.

For this house was different,
It was dark and dreary,
I found the home of a soldier
Once I could see clearly.

The soldier lay sleeping,
Silent, alone,
Curled up on the floor
In this one bedroom home.

The face was so gentle,
The room in such disorder,
Not how I pictured
A United States Soldier.

Was this the hero
Of whom I'd just read?
Curled up on a poncho,
The floor for a bed?

I realized the families
That I saw this night,
Owed their lives to these soldiers
Who were willing to fight.

Soon round the world,
The children would play,
And grownups would celebrate
A bright Christmas Day.

They all enjoyed freedom
Each month of the year,
Because of the soldiers,
Like the one lying here.

I couldn't help wonder
How many lay alone,
On a cold Christmas Eve
In a land from home.

The very thought
Brought a tear to my eye,
I dropped to my knees
And started to cry.

The soldier awakened
And I heard a rough voice,
"Santa don't cry
This life is my choice;

I fight for freedom,
I don't ask for more,
My life is my God, My Country, My
Corps."

The soldier rolled over
And drifted to sleep,
I couldn't control it,

I continued to weep.

I kept watch for hours,
So silent and still
And we both shivered
From the cold night's chill.

Then the soldier rolled over,
With a voice soft and pure
Whispered, "Carry on Santa,
Its Christmas Day, all is Secure."

One look at my watch,
And I knew he was right.
"Merry Christmas My Friend,
And To All A Good Night."

Sent by Robin Harrington, C/2/22,
Vietnam

One Day C/3/22 Reunion 7/13/01

One day, as a young man I started
paying attention to news about a war
in Vietnam and realized I would
eventually be a part of it.

One day, I was in Vietnam and
fighting along side men, who because
of what we shared and what we
endured, we developed a bond with
each other and became brothers.

One day, I returned home, married,
and resumed my career with a large
corporation.

One day, I was able to retire, and did
so without a backward glance at the
31 years I had given them.

One day, I started thinking about that
war so long ago and wondered where
were my brothers. Did they meet with
each other and how could I find
them?

One day, I found the 22nd Regiment
Web Site, left a message, and was
soon flooded with e-mail welcoming
me home and inviting me to attend a

reunion for all who had served in the
distinguished Regiment.

One day, I attended my first reunion
and I brought my wife so she could
see, share and understand. During
the night of the banquet, we
recognized brothers older than me,
who had fought in a war before I
was born, from a different
generation, a different war and a
different era. But, we had one thing
in common, we were of the same
Regiment.

One day, I will be old and frail, but I
hope I will be standing with my
brothers and be recognized by a new
generation of that same proud
Regiment.

Sent by Mike Groves, A/2/22,
Vietnam

Closing

Well folks this is it for the
Newsletter. I trust that all of you had
a great Thanksgiving. Norm and I
wish all of you a very Merry
Christmas and a Great & Happy
New Year.

Please remember our Active Duty
Soldiers this Holiday Season. Pray
to God to give our Country's
Leadership wisdom during this
trying period.

God Bless Each of You.

Love, Linda

