

The *VietNam* Triple Deuce, Inc.

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

Edited by Linda Nishikubo

President's Message June 2001

Greetings to the Ladies and Gentlemen

Table of Contents	
President's Message	
Mike Groves.....	1
First Lady's Corner	
Cathy Groves.....	2
For You Ladies	2
The Military Wife	
SSG Bobby Crenshaw.....	4
My Thanks To All	
John Eberwine.....	4
Triple Deuce New Finds.....	6
Taps	6
Payment Of Dues	6
Change of Address Notification	
.....	6
E-mail Transmission.....	6
22 nd Inf. Reg. Vietnam Memorial	
.....	6
Combat Vets.....	7
The Things They Carried.....	7
I Hate Spiders.....	8
Contact on 3-13-68	8
3-13-68 Continued	9
3-13-68 Continued	10
Blue Incident	10
Friendly Fire	1
The Sinking Of 3-3	12
Maybe My Mother Gave It To Me	
.....	12
Marksmanship	12
In Memory of Friends	13
Conclusion	14

of The Triple Deuce!

This past April, Cathy and I returned from a "Dining Out" Ball with the 10th Mountain Division's, 2/22 at Ft. Drum, New York.

Bob Babcock and his wife Jan, Chuck Boyle, Gordon Kelley and his wife Cynthia, Awb Norris, Stan Tarkenton and his wife Jo were also in attendance. All of you will be pleased to know that the Triple Deuce is alive and is well represented by the young men we met. By the way, the Triple Deuce had just concluded a boxing tournament and they won 8 out of 10 final matches.

New Finds

You will notice in this newsletter some names of individuals I have located in the past. I sent out letters and e-mails asking permission to do so. These are the individuals giving me permission. If you would like to have your name, address, telephone number and any other particulars listed, we will be happy to do so.

HOWEVER, there is a requirement, the requirement is that you MUST be a member of the Vietnam Triple Deuce Inc. This will only cost you \$10.00. We would also encourage you to join the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society. You will find an application at the back of this newsletter. Contact me for a listing.

Speaking of new guys, Gary Hartt is a new find by Brad Hull. Since being found, Gary has taken off like a Missouri twister. He has located about 15 individuals and has forwarded applications to all. He is also working hard to get them to come to the 22nd Infantry Regiment Reunion.

GOOD JOB BRAD FOR FINDING GARY, GOOD JOB GARY, AND KEEP IT UP!

Incorporation

I am happy to report that the Vietnam Triple Deuce is officially incorporated as a 501c(7) organization. We have an official address:

Vietnam Triple Deuce Inc., PO Box 405, Valley Park, MO 63088

My sincere thanks to Frank James (C/3/22), Laurel B. Swope (Legal Assistant) and the firm of Berkowitz, Lefkovits, Isom & Kushner for making this possible. This brings up an important item. If any of you have experience as a CPA or Tax Consultant and would like to volunteer your services to the organization, you would be greatly appreciated!

July Trip

I will be attending the reunion of C/3/22 this July in Baton Rouge. For those of you that don't know, C/3/22 is a strong organization with a large and active membership. I will be talking with their leadership about how we can make our separate organizations work more closely together for the benefit of all.

St. Louis 22nd IRS Reunion

The reunion will be held at Sheraton Westport Plaza Hotel May 1-5, 2002. Registration and official kickoff of the reunion will be May 2.

Westport Plaza is a 42 acre entertainment complex containing live music and a total of 16 establishments comprised of Restaurants, Specialty Shops, a Comedy Club, Cigar Bar, Blues and Jazz Club, and for some of you who were at the Cleveland Reunion, an Irish Pub. All of this is within walking distance and without crossing a street. The hotel has a free airport shuttle, complimentary indoor and outdoor parking. We have a flat room rate of \$89 plus tax (13.725%) covering single through quadruple occupancy. The cutoff date for this rate is April 2002. **Make your reservations early by calling 1-800-325-3535**, ask for the Plaza Hotel (there are two Sheratons in Westport) and make your

reservations for the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society Reunion.

Calling all Volunteers!

Cathy and I try not to operate in a "Just in Time" methodology. We would like to have our volunteers named ahead of time. By doing so, we can correspond with each of you as we nail down specifics and keep you informed on how the planning is going. We would like volunteers for the following:

- Registration Desk
was manned by 2 people in 2 hour shifts Thursday, Friday, and Saturday (requiring 16 individuals)
- Hospitality Room
(was open 14 hours on Thursday, 8 hours on Friday, 9 hours on Saturday. Required a couple of people working long hours, or could be a number of people working 2-4 hour shifts.)
- Sales Table
(Couple of people working specified times Thursday, Friday and Saturday)
- Raffle Ticket Committee
(Couple of individuals selling raffle tickets)
- Memorial Service Chairperson
You can contact Cathy or me at or email me at or Cathy at

That's it for now! Start planning for the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society Reunion, it is going to be awesome! More details and specifics later.

Mike Groves,

The First Lady's Corner

Flash Back

What a great trip to Ft. Drum! Met with the new generation of Triple Deucers, a very outstanding group of your men and women! I was in awe of the young ladies that I visited withI don't remember having that much confidence when I was that age. These ladies are remaining stateside when the unit is deployed to Bosnia in September. They eagerly quizzed me about my life during Mike's 1968-69

Tour. Flash back, to those days when I, too, was asking some of the same questions of the WW1 and WW2 Vets' wives in my hometown. We had the same fears, the same hopes and probably said the same prayers as generations before us have done.

My Mama used to say that there were two kinds of soldiers in every war---those in uniform, and those without. I finally understood what she meant. Listening to the guys exchanging "war stories", I remembered some of my own. Ladies, you probably could share one or two with me, also. Whether it's a funny, sad or scary story, the interest is out there. So, write them down and send them in to the newsletter! I'll look forward to reading your story!

Reunion Update

Bob Babcock has requested that the Color Guard for the reunion be from LTC Michael Steele's battalion (our host while at Ft. Drum). Also, LTC Steele stated that he is interested in having a significant showing of 2/22, 10th Mountain Division Personnel at the St. Louis Reunion. LTC Steele is a truly outstanding commander. His wife, Leigh, a very gracious lady, was wonderful as our hostess. It would be our great honor to host any and all who are available to attend.

Stay tuned for more news.

Cathy Groves

For You Ladies

A Girl's Story

I met my husband to be when I was 16 years old and while he was on leave to go to Viet Nam. I remember thinking how young he looked and as we promised to write each other and he gave me his dog tag, thinking will I ever see him again or will he be killed in the awful place I heard so much about on the news.

Life was not usual growing up as teens at that time, I attended an all girls Catholic high school in Chicago and part of the announcements were girls who's brothers were killed in the far off place in a war we just couldn't understand. My days were

spent wondering if I would receive a letter from Bill and at least gain a little hope that he was alive and well.

I hated that place so far away that gave me so much fear. A shot of a coffin brought me to tears as I thought of the guy not much older than myself who would not have a future and how unfair life was.

There was always a need for pen pals, and my sister decided to do this. I wrote a guy in the Navy for a long time and then heard nothing. It may be strange, but I wonder and pray for him till this day. My sister hooked up with a guy in the Marines and was advised by a friend that he had been killed. A few days later she received a letter he had sent calming her fears and telling her not to worry as he was too young to die. As we read this we knew he was dead and nothing we did would change this.

Bill finally returned home safely and we started dating and I felt all was well. Then a couple of close friends of mine lost a brother and a fiancée within the same week. Once more this war came home to me. We spent our time wondering how we could handle this situation. It may be crazy, but our method was to stand in front of the three way mirror and try to see what we would look like dead. We were all just 17 and 18 years old and had no idea how to handle this kind of tragedy.

I'll never forget Ursula's Mother screaming in Polish and trying to throw herself into her only son's grave. At the wake for Armando I'll never forget the Marine standing at attention and the closed coffin. Bill took Ursula and I to this, but couldn't go in. We understood as he had only been home for a few months himself. I wondered if he thought this could have been me.

As the war continued it would never be over for me, because as long as our men were being killed we were all involved somehow. Bill and I married in 1969, and divorced in 1977. I've always felt and still do that Viet Nam destroyed our marriage before it began.

Barbara Hartman

Editor's Note: Barbara is the former wife of Bill Matz, A/2/22 Vietnam. She

graciously gave her approval to use A Girl's Story in this newsletter. Bill Matz told my husband that it has taken 30 plus years for some of us "Macho" type clowns to realize that when we came home we made life miserable for the women we love. Norm replied to Bill, that is an affirmative, I am also one of those clowns.

The Human Male's Sex Life And Other Traits

When the Creator was making the world and all of its inhabitants, he called Man aside. The Creator told Man, "I am bestowing on you 20 years of active sex life". Man was dismayed. "Only twenty years! That is not enough. Great One can't you add a few more years"? The Creator shook his head, no. It was 20 years or nothing, so Man glumly sat down.

The monkey was called next. He was also offered 20 years of active sex life. However, the monkey suggested that 10 years was enough because he seldom would live past 10 years. Man immediately stood up and asked if he could have the monkey's remaining 10 years. The Creator agreed.

The lion was next in line. Again the Creator offered 20 years of active sex life. The lion stated that 10 years was enough because he had to fight other lions for the right to mate. High intensity activity such that for 10 years was quite enough. Again, Man jumped up and requested the lion's remaining 10 years. Again, the Creator agreed.

Last to be called by the Creator was the donkey. He was also offered 20 years of active sex life. His response to the Creator was that 10 years was enough because he wanted some time to eat sweet clover. You guessed it, Man asked for the donkey's remaining 10 years. This request was also granted.

Now you know how it came to pass that a Man has a 20 year active sex life, spends 10 years monkeying with it, 10 years of 'lion' about it, and 10 years of making an ass of himself concerning it.

Compliments of the AA staff of DaimlerChrysler, Los Angeles Office

Ladies Have A Laugh

Why do only 10% of men make it to heaven?

Because if they all went, it would be Hell.

Why do female black widow spiders kill the males after mating?

To stop the snoring before it starts.

What's the quickest way to a man's heart? Straight through the rib cage.

Why can't men get mad cow disease?

Because they're all pigs.

What do you call a handcuffed man?

Trustworthy.

What does it mean when a man is in your bed gasping for breath and calling your name?

You didn't hold the pillow down long enough.

How does a man show he's planning for the future?

He buys two cases of beer instead of one.

What makes a man think about a candlelight dinner?

A power failure.

What should you give a man who has everything?

A woman to show him how to work it.

What has eight arms and an IQ of 60?

Four guys watching a football game.

What's a man's idea of honesty in a relationship?

Telling you his real name.

What's the difference between Big Foot and an intelligent man?

Big Foot has been spotted several times.

Why did God create man before woman?

Because you need a rough draft before creating a masterpiece.

Why do jocks play on artificial turf?

To keep them from grazing.

Why do little boys whine?

Because they are practicing to be men.

Why does it take 100 million sperms to fertilize one egg?

Because not one will stop to ask for directions.

What is the difference between men and women?

A woman wants one man to satisfy her every need. A man wants every woman to satisfy his one need.

How do you keep your husband from reading your e-mail?

Rename the mail folder "Instruction Manuals".

What do you call a man with half a brain? Gifted.

What did God say after creating man?

"I can do better."

Why do men want to marry virgins?

They can't stand criticism.

What is a man's idea of foreplay?

A half-hour of begging.

Why do men need instant re-plays on TV sports?

They forgot what happened 30 seconds ago.

Where can you find a man who is truly committed?

In a mental hospital.

How do we know men invented maps?

Who else would make an inch into a mile.

How can you tell when a man is well hung?

When you can just barely slip your finger in between his neck and the noose.

Sent to us by Gary Kreck, HHC/2/22 Vietnam

Another Laugh For The Ladies

An extraordinarily handsome man decided he had the God-given responsibility to marry the perfect woman so they could produce children beyond comparison. With that as his mission he began searching for the perfect woman. After a diligent, but fruitless, search up and down the east coast, he started to head west.

Shortly thereafter he met a farmer who had three stunning, gorgeous daughters that positively took his breath away. So he explained his mission to the farmer, asking for permission to marry one of them.

The farmer simply replied, "They're all lookin' to get married, so you came to the right place. Look them over and select the one you want."

The man dated the first daughter. The next day the farmer asked for the man's opinion.

"Well" said the man, "She's just a weeeee bit, not that you can hardly notice, but pigeon-toed."

The farmer nodded and suggested the man date one of the other girls; so the man went out with the second daughter.

The next day, the farmer again asked how things went. "Well," the man replied, "She's just a weeeee bit, not that you can hardly tell, cross-eyed."

The farmer nodded and suggested he date the third girl to see if things might be better. So he did.

The next morning the man rushed in exclaiming, "She's perfect, just perfect! She's the one I want to marry!" So they were wed right away.

Months later the baby was born. When the man visited the nursery he was horrified: the baby was the ugliest, most pathetic human you can imagine. He rushed to his father-in-law asking how such a thing could happen considering the parents.

"Well," explained the farmer, "She was just a weeeee bit, not that you could hardly tell, pregnant when you met her."

Sent to us by Awb Norris CO/2/22 Vietnam

The Military Wife

The good Lord was creating a model for military wives and was into his sixth day of overtime when an angel appeared. She said, "Lord, you seem to be having a lot of trouble with this one. What's wrong with the standard model?"

The Lord replied, "Have you seen the specs on this order? She has to be completely independent, possess the qualities of both mother and father, be a perfect hostess for four to 40 with an hour's notice, run on black coffee, handle every emergency imaginable without a manual, be able to carry on cheerfully, even if she is pregnant and has the flu, and she must have six pairs of hands."

The angel shook her head, "Six pair of hands? No way!"

The Lord continued. "Don't worry, we will make other military wives to help her. And we will give her an unusually strong heart so it can swell with pride in her husbands achievements, sustain the pain of separation, beat soundly when it is overworked and tired, and be large enough to say, "I understand" when she doesn't and "I love you" regardless.

"Lord," said the angel, touching his arm gently, "Go to bed and get some rest. You can finish this tomorrow."

"I can't stop right now," said the Lord. "I am so close to creating something unique. Already this model heals herself when she is sick, can put up six unexpected guests for the weekend, wave good-bye to her husband from a pier, a runway or depot, and understand why it's important that he leave."

The angel circled the model of the military wife, looked at it closely and sighed. "It looks fine, but it's too soft."

"She may look soft," replied the Lord, "but she has the strength of a lion. You would not believe what she can endure."

Finally, the angel bent over and ran her finger across the cheek of the Lord's creation. "There's a leak," she announced. "Something is wrong with the construction. I'm not surprised that it has cracked. You are trying to put too much into this model."

The Lord appeared offended at the angel's lack of confidence. "What you see is not a leak," he said. "It's a tear."

"A tear? What is it there for?" asked the angel.

The Lord replied, "It's for joy, sadness, pain, disappointment, loneliness, pride and dedication to all the values that she and her husband hold dear."

"You are a genius!" exclaimed the angel. The Lord looked puzzled and replied, "I didn't put it there."

Author Unknown

Sent to us by SSG Bobby Crenshaw
Former Member of C/2/22 Present Day

Editor's Comments

Ladies this was the first installment of For The Ladies in the VN 2/22 Newsletter. Thanks to all who contributed to its content. Ladies, I need more input from you. As you see the pattern for the type of articles is set. However, it is not cast in stone. In other words, it can be modified. Please send me what you feel is appropriate. It will be published. If you just want to vent, do so.

Linda Nishikubo

MY THANKS TO ALL

I want to thank Linda and Norman Nishikubo as well as Mike Groves, our President, for bearing with me during a period of my life that prevented me from fulfilling my obligation to write the November, 2000 and the February, 2001 issues of the VN Triple Deuce Newsletter. They never pressured me, but encouraged me and when it became apparent I could not write it, then, Linda and Norman volunteered.

When we got back from the fantastic Cleveland reunion, I was so fired up to write the newsletter and have it out before Thanksgiving. Right away I had 5 or 6 pages written. Then on November 2, 2000 my Dad went back into the hospital and 3 days later, he passed away. You all know this from the last newsletter.

However, what you don't know is that I was not able to sit in front of the computer and bring up the draft of the newsletter. Each time I started, I could not retrieve the file. I didn't realize until then just what the death of my Dad really meant to me. My dad was 47 years old when I was born, so when I was 19 and going to VietNam, he was 66 and retired. In addition to giving me the St. Joseph Prayer when I was ready to get on the plane he and my Mom would send a 25 pound care package to me about every 2 to 3 weeks.

He would not let anyone back home write to me with any bad news; he didn't want to upset me in VietNam. He would only send the comics from the newspapers and the best story of all.....about once a month he would send a picture of my dog to me. I didn't realize until I came home that in the pictures, the dog progressively got younger and younger. What happened was the dog went mad about a month or two after I went to VietNam and they had to put the dog down. Dad would not let me know, hence the pictures, but he had to dig back through the albums to find them.

All of our lives my Dad did his best to protect us. It must have been very hard on him because first, my brother went into the Navy and wound up on PT boats (or whatever they called them) in the Mekong Delta, then after being away 4 years, he came home and I went in the Army 6 months later. He could no longer protect us. Being the staunch Catholic that he was, Mom told me he lit so many candles in the house for us, that she thought some day he'd burn the place down.

He never, in 31 years asked me anything about VietNam. I never in 31 years told him anything about my time in VietNam, I guess I was finally protecting him. But he was soooo happy for me when I mentioned that I had been "located" and was going to a reunion in April 1996. When he found out that my Captain (Bill Allison) still carried the St. Joseph Prayer that I had given him in VietNam over 30 years ago, he was ecstatic. Dad figured because of St. Joseph and Bill, that was why I came home.

Two of Dad's greatest moments in his last few years were when he talked to Bill Allison on the telephone a few summers ago, and when I spoke at the moving wall

in Hamilton Township, New Jersey and he was there. His enthusiasm got greater and greater each time we told him about another reunion. He encouraged Cindy and I to go to each one.

So when he died in November, the fire went out in me. There is a void, that I know time will attempt to fill. My Mom told me recently that every once in a while Dad would say, "Poor John". Even though my life has been pretty near fantastic since marrying Cindy in 1984, he felt that the experience in VietNam warranted that "Poor John".

I guess that I should have told Dad many years ago, that I was proud to be a VietNam Veteran, that the trials and tribulations we all endured in VietNam made us the men we are today. It made us stronger and better able to face life's realities, to deal with and adapt to any circumstances, yet it made us extremely sensitive to life and to those living things around us. It's amazing how easy it is for two grown men to hug each other and cry thirty some years after sharing a fox hole or hiding behind an ant hill, praying that is would not be their last day on earth. When someone got killed.....you felt terrible, yet somehow relieved.....that it wasn't you.

We combat VietNam Veterans are a fraternity quite unlike all other veterans of wars. Yes...we share the combat experience with our predecessors from Korea, WWII, WWI and all the other wars, however, what sets us a breed apart from them, is that we came home in disgrace because of the leadership in this country at the time. The combat soldier in VietNam, did their job, and won their part of the war.....the Politicians did not do their job and they lost their part of the war!

The reason we real combat veterans don't speak about the war, there's no need to. A combat veteran can listen for thirty seconds to another man tell of his war experience, and know whether he's a lying wannabe or not. Two combat veterans can look each other in the eye, mention a common date for a battle from the past, and not say a word, but they will know all there is to know!!!!!!

Linda and Norman have promised me that if I wish to take back writing the newsletter, it would be mine. That generous offer is

sincerely appreciated by me. This newsletter is my baby. I wrote (birthed it) the first edition, a two pager, after returning from my first reunion in Kissimmee, Florida in April 1996. I've nurtured it, cultivated it, and watched it grow, just as our children do. I felt like I lost a child when I realized I could not write it the last few months. If, and when, I feel that I can do justice to this newsletter again full time, and if at that time, Linda and Norman wish to acquiesce, I would be honored to again resume the duties of Newsletter Editor for the VietNam Triple Deuce Association. In the mean time, please send your stories to Linda.

And please tell your Mom and Dad, brothers and sisters, friends and relatives.....that you are a Proud VietNam Veteran!

Thank you

John Eberwine - VietNam Triple Deuce Assoc (VN2/22) 2nd Pltn C/2-22 – 25th Div – Sep 67 – Sep 68 – CIB; PH; ACM-V 22nd Infantry Regiment Society (22nd IRS)

Editors Comment: John, Norm and I fully understand as well as all those who read your explanation. However, Norm and I are just guardians of your Newsletter while you are away fighting a war that only you can fight. One day you will return victorious from that war just like you did from Vietnam. Until then, we will keep your 'child' from harm. Now Young Troop, I can say Young Troop Because you are younger than Norm, hurry up and win the war so that we can return your 'child'. THIS NEWSLETTER IS TOO DA_ MUCH WORK---SMILE.

Linda & Norm

Triple Deuce New Finds

Timber Kirby
A/2/22 10/66 – 11/67
P.O. Box 11309

Rickey Still
A/2/22 8/67 – 1/68

Ivan Whitlow
A/2/22 8/67 – 8/68

Hugh Don Keith
A/2/22 July 1967 – July 1968

Tel (706) 931-2637

Joseph D'Andrea
A/2/22 April 1968 – November 1969

Carlos D. Waters
A/2/22 January 1967 – January 1968

Robert "Bob" Peele
A/2/22 March 1967 – March 1968

Marion Lee Riffle
A/2/22 January 1967 – January 1968
510 W. King St.
Hillsborough, SC 27278-2323
Tel (919) 245-3020

Taps

John Kronnich
Deceased 2-21-01
A/2/22 From 12/69 to 5/70

Payment Of Dues

Folks, I dislike having to be the one who keeps harping on you who have not paid your VietNam Triple Deuce dues for 2001 but you give me no choice. As of April 30, 2001 just a fraction over 9% of you have paid your dues for 2001. This organization can't run without the proper amount of funds to support its activities. These activities are embarked on for you. In other words the Organization is for you and it is you. If you don't want to be part of it, or don't care about what we do as an organization just let us know. We will then walk away and not bother you. None of us had a 'free ride' in Vietnam. Please don't take a 'free ride' today, especially on the backs of your Combat Brothers by not paying a meager \$10.00 dues fee.

If you can't make a dues payment, let John Lewis or I know. The Organization will carry you as long as it can and we will not tell anyone you are being carried.

The dues fee is \$10.00 per year. The payment should be sent to John F. Lewis,

Also, since we are now 'incorporated' your check should be made out to the VietNam Triple Deuce, Inc.

Norm Nishikubo
E-mail:

Change Of Address Notification

Folks when you change your place of residence, please notify David Milewski or I. I have had to drop several people from my mailing list because the Post Office was unable to forward the Newsletter to them. Also we are charged a fee by the Post Office for those who receive the Newsletter through their Address Service. The Address Service fee more than doubles the normal postage for the Newsletter.

David's address is: can be reached at the address and phone number at the top of page one of this Newsletter.

Magnet

E-Mail Transmission Of The Newsletter

In an effort to reduce the expenses associated with the mailing of our Newsletter it has been decided by our President, Mike Groves, that starting with the September, 2001 Edition of the Newsletter we will send it electronically to those of you who wish to receive it in that manner. To that end Mike Groves, Dave Milewski and I need the following information from you:

- Do you wish to receive the Newsletter electronically?
- Do you have a printer connected to your computer?

Please e-mail the three of us your answers. Mike.

Dave

Norm. Each 10 of you who sign up for receiving the Newsletter electronically will allow the VietNam Triple Deuce to save \$72.00 per year. Every bit of cost reduction helps.

Norm Nishikubo (626) 286-1674

22nd Infantry Regiment Vietnam Memorial

It appears that the 22nd Infantry Regiment Vietnam Memorial Committee is showing steady progress towards making the subject Memorial a reality. It is my perspective that only one area associated with what the Committee needs to get accomplished is not progressing well. That area is *FUND RAISING* for the project. Now, the Committee can't raise funds without our direct help. Put into more simple terms, *we need to donate money* for the project.

Men this is a Memorial to your 'Fallen Brothers'. It is what you leave for the legacy of your 'Brothers who Fell in Vietnam'. It is also part of the legacy you leave of your sacrifices when you served your Country in Vietnam. The idea for the Memorial did not officially originate with a Vietnam Veteran of the 22nd Infantry Regiment. It was started by a World War II Veteran of the Regiment. He recognized that it was important for us who came

home to leave a solid, tangible memorial to all of us who served this Country in Vietnam so he took action. The action he took was in two steps. First he made the proposal for the Memorial then he made his monetary contribution to it, *DEEDS NOT WORDS. That World War II Vet's name is Tom Reid.*

The Memorial will not become a reality unless we take action. Dust off your wallets. Once again, *DEEDS NOT WORDS.* Please send your donations to: 22nd Infantry Regiment Society, P.O. Box 682222, Marietta, GA 30068. Please enclose a note with your check, which states, that it is for the 22nd Inf. Reg. Vietnam Memorial.

Thank You Gentlemen, Magnet

Combat Vets

"In World War II" he whispered, "I was wounded by a blast." As he began his story Reminiscing of his past.

"I was just a boy back then, I lied about my age to get into the army and fight for the USA.

I love this country very much it's still the very best. And I would fight, to keep it free, and, safe from foreign pest.

We won that war, and I came home. My wounds had healed enough, to re-enlist, with other men. The army made us tough.

Then a little flare up in Korea called us out. A threat against our freedom spreading fear without a doubt.

There I caught a bullet when I tried to save a friend. Another wound, for Uncle Sam, they sent me home to mend."

"Soldier, have you had enough?" My sergeant said to me. "Or, do you want another tour, if ever there's to be. We would train and fight again, if ever it need be. Because we loved America, we'll fight to keep it free.

"It didn't take too long. Before my boys were off again. We were shipped off to a war we thought would never end. I didn't understand it much, if it was wrong or

right. But I was a US soldier, and my country said "Go Fight"

I never questioned orders, that were sent from up above. I did it for America, the country that I love. I fought to keep my country safe. Again, in Vietnam. Then, wounded I came home again, a victim of napalm.

My fighting days were over now, and I had given all. But, some had given more than me their names are on a wall.

I am now, well up in years a soldier old and worn. I could only sit and pray, as I watched Desert Storm.

So proud of our boys over there, who stand for what is right. Freedom is the battle cry, the reason why they fight.

Young soldiers fight for liberty, protecting freedom's bliss. Old soldiers dream of bygone days while fighting loneliness.

We were heroes in our day," He said, and then he sighed. "Forgotten in some V.A. home and all my friends have died.

I never ask for anything, just wanted to live free. But, if you write this story there are many just like me.

Who fought to keep our country, safe and free from every foe. Only to come home again, and have no place to go.

Sadly, when the limelight fails, heroes fade away. Some men fight for silent battles till their dying day.

Please remember what it took and what we have to pay and join with us remembering on the Memorial Day.

Memorial Day is special it is not just summer's start. The reason that we have this day should be etched on your heart.

Lives were lost and young men died to keep this country free. So take a moment on that day to meditate with me.

Remember all those valiant men and women who fought for the lifestyle that you now enjoy because they went to war.

Sent in by Nick Dragon, C/3/22 Vietnam

The Things They Carried

They carried P-38 can openers and heat tabs, watches and dog tags, insect repellent, gum, cigarettes, Zippo lighters, salt tablets, compress bandages, ponchos, Kool-Aid, two or three canteens of water, iodine tablets, sterno, LRRP-rations, and C-rations stuffed in socks. They carried standard fatigues, jungle boots, bush hats, flack jackets, and steel pots. They carried the M-16 assault rifle. They carried trip flares and Claymore mines, M-60 machine guns, the M-79 grenade launcher, M-14's, CAR-15's, Stoners, Swedish K's, 66mm LAWs, shotguns, 45cal. pistols, silencers, the sound of bullets, rockets, and choppers, and sometimes the sound of silence. They carried C-4 plastic explosives, an assortment of hand grenades, PRC-25 radios, knives and machetes.

Some carried napalm, CBU's (cluster bombs), and large bombs; some risked their lives to rescue others. Some escaped the fear, but dealt with the death and damage. Some made very hard decisions, and some just tried to survive.

They carried malaria, dysentery, ringworms, and leaches. They carried the land itself as it hardened on their boots. They carried stationery, pencils, and pictures of their loved ones-real and imagined. They carried love for people in the real world, and love for one another. And sometimes they disguised that love: "Don't mean nothin!"

They carried memories!

For the most part, they carried themselves with poise and a kind of dignity. Now and then, there were times when panic set in, and people squealed, or wanted to, but couldn't; when they twitched and made moaning sounds and covered their heads and said "Dear God", and hugged the earth and fired their weapons blindly, and cringed and begged for the noise to stop, and went wild and made stupid promises to themselves and God and their parents, hoping not to die. They carried the traditions of the United States Military, and memories and images of those who served before them. They carried grief, terror, longing, and their reputations.

They carried the soldier's greatest fear: the embarrassment of dishonor. They crawled into tunnels, walked point, and advanced under fire, so as not to die of embarrassment. They were afraid of dying, but too afraid to show it. They carried the emotional baggage of men and women who might die at any moment. They carried the weight of the world, and the weight of every free citizen of America.

THEY CARRIED EACH OTHER

Author Unknown

Sent in by Gary Krek, HHC/2/22 Vietnam

I Hate Spiders

Vietnam was a strange place for bugs and rodents. You see, they were all very big. Remember the rubber plantations? One day about three VC were spotted down one of the many rows of trees. Soon after the sighting we were told to go after them. Usually the VC would be gone by the time you got to where they were spotted. Anyway, while we were flying between the trees I spotted a huge spider directly in front of us. I put my head down and figured that if I went slightly to the left the huge spider would nail my gunner, Jordan, right between the RUNNING LIGHTS. Man did it ever. Boy was he upset with me...ha-ha-ha!!!

Breakin Bush

One day we were on an S&D and it was my lucky day – I was lead track. Now breaking bush can be a lot of fun – knocking down trees, getting high centered on a stump and throwing a track in the middle of the jungle. Being first one got all of the good stuff, like mogators, scorpions, and strange looking bugs with big heads and big pinchers. Believe me when I say – mogators could stop a war – definitely yes!!!

Base Camp Working Hard–Playin Hard

It was always fun to come into Base Camp. One time we came in to reload, clean tracks, and get clean clothes. Well, after the cleaning of the tracks is done, its time for the E.M. Club. I guess Top and Norm made sure there was plenty of beer to go around. Well things got a whole bunch blurry and

some of the boys decided to wrestle. The next thing you hear, the magic words- DUST OFF!! So of course you had to have smoke. Into the trash can the smoke went. Being not in full control of our faculties, we all bailed out and who was waiting for us outside-yep, "Top"! Well, that was it for the E.M. Club for the night. We were having too much fun so we figured we needed to top off the fuel in our tracks. One thing lead to another and guess what? DRAG RACES ON THE BERM LINE ROAD!!! Norm said he knew about it, but didn't say anything. Thanks Norm!!!

(Norm's comment. Yes, I knew about it because I was patrolling our berm line sector in the Company Jeep when Jimmy darn near ran me over. Since I was, what is now known as a bracket car racer prior to Vietnam, I was not about to turn Jimmy & company in...smile).

Weapons

I wonder if Top knew who engraved "California" in the Stock of his M-79. Hummmmmmmmmmm.

Gourmet Cooking

While learning the art of Jungle Warfare, we all became wonderful cooks (just ask your wife-ha-ha-ha). Now first you needed a stove. Let me think-ok, it wasn't really a stove, it was a ball of this white stuff, C-4. Now you are wondering where we got it. It wasn't really destroying Government property but claymore mines filled the bill. Get your trusty P-38, open a can of Ham & Lima Beans, throw in some super good canned cheese and season it up with Tobasco Sauce. Fire up the C-4, bend the lid of the can to make a handle and start cooking! Presto, a great hot meal. Now time for a cool drink-so to the refrigerator we go. Not really a refrigerator cause there's not a lot of ice in the middle of the jungle, so the next best thing-FIRE EXTINGUISHER. Lay your beer on the ground (more than one of course) and blast away. Presto! Ice cold beer.

I wonder if base camp wondered why so many extinguishers were being refilled...hummmmm!

Jim Pasquale, C/2/22 Vietnam, Ski's Raiders,

Contact On 3-13-68

Dear John,

I know that Clark (Lohmann) asked you about the events of March 13, 1968; glad you filled us in. I had heard bits and pieces of the day's events but never the whole story. It was scary for us too, we were told that Charlie Company got hit and had to withdraw leaving two bodies behind. We bitched and moaned like true infantryman, but went out to try to help. I was walking point on the right flank with Clark behind me with the M60.

We had only gone a short distance when all hell broke loose. I remember seeing a number of men in the center column get hit; we hit the ground but could not return fire to the heavy incoming machine gun fire. We were laying as flat as we could with the trees and brush being cut down six inches over our heads. I started yelling at Clark to cover me with his M60 but got no response. I turned around and saw that Clark had a minor facial wound and the feed tray on his M60 had been hit by a bullet and was inoperable.

At that point I was hit in my left arm by a bullet fragment which is still embedded in my arm to this day. Eventually I crawled back by Clark and tried to crawl under him, he was a lot bigger than me. At that point I think Clark tried to crawl under me, we were both scared sh!!less. After what seemed like hours our new platoon Sgt, an old timer named Sgt Chaney came running up through the chaos and wanted to know why we were laying there (he was a little nuts).

He dragged us back behind the APC's, patched us up and told us we were going back up to get our wounded out. The firing was so intense that we couldn't move up. From what I remember another unit, possibly Alpha Company came in from a different direction just before dark; opened fire and the gooks broke contact allowing us to get our wounded out. We were unable to retrieve your dead guys. I don't remember how many wounded we had and don't recall any deaths.

Don't think for a minute that you deserted us, we never should have been sent back

into the same ambush that you guys were caught up in. It was great hearing from you, why don't you put your story and my response in the next newsletter. It may jog some other memories about the days events.

Bob Price B/2/22, Vietnam

Hi John,

Glad to hear back from you so soon. As I told you before, that day has stayed with me forever. I'm like you guys, a little sketchy on the start but when we got the first fire you hit the dirt; I picked up the M60 to my right shoulder and tried to see where the fire was coming from and all of a sudden the M60 flies out of my hands and naturally I said what the he!! I picked it back up and I got one shot off and the gook hit me with a grazing shot to my left eye, so he tried to put it in both eyes.

I was incapacitated then and tried to play dead but he kept firing at me...the bullets hitting right by my head; you talk about praying....it must have been answered because here we are. Finally after Sgt Chaney gave me a shot and cleaned my face off he said you go back in, you're the only gunner....that's when I looked over the M60 and saw that on that first shot the VC had put it right through the feed tray so no more ammo could feed. The shot I got off was in the chamber so he had me pegged, but the Lord answered me. It does me good to talk about things that are so much a part of our life, just like when Jerry Pierce told me in Cleveland, that on May 27, 1968 when we were blown up, he said the APC went so far up in the air and we went flying and he was 100 yards behind us and the concussion almost knocked him down. He said the medic gave me mouth to mouth and beat on my chest and they loaded me on the dust off....and until Cleveland he also thought I was dead.

John take care of yourself and tell the family hello for me, God bless and we will talk later.

Clark Lohmann B/2/22, Vietnam

March 13, 1968 Continued

After so many years, the details may be somewhat cloudy, but I'll try to remember the important issues.

On March 13, 1968, in the Republic of Vietnam, I was squad leader in 2nd squad 2nd platoon 2nd Bn (Mech) 22nd Inf 25th Infantry Division. We awoke about 5:30 am somewhere in the field. I've never been able to tell anyone exactly where we were, due to the fact that almost everywhere we worked in Vietnam looked like the same area to me. I believe we were North East of Dau Tieng, possibly East of Tay Ninh.

My platoon leader, Lt. John Clemente, informed me when I was eating some breakfast (C-rations) that today would be my last with the Triple Deuce. He said that I was to be part of an "Infusion" plan with a leg unit somewhere. He said infusions were necessary because some outfits would lose a lot of men at the same time, so they would take some men from other units who had more time to go in Country, and swap them for men with a short time left. I never found out what leg unit I was supposed to go to. I was part of a massive replacement in September 1967 into the Triple Deuce so they needed to swap some September men for men with other DEROS dates.

Because I was to go in the infusion, Lt. Clemente told me that my job that day would be to ride the hatch over the lead track and guide the driver with a compass. I don't remember exactly what time we started out, but it probably was 7:00 am. We were moving across a clearing into a massive clump of bamboo and brush. It probably was at least a mile wide and I have no idea how deep. To my knowledge, we were not told what was expected that day.

Breaking the brush that day to lead the men was difficult, at best. We had flank security out left and right, but we could not see them because everything was so dense. I was constantly tapping our driver on the side of his helmet to move left or right, as he kept drifting off the azimuth due to having to go around trees and stumps. I believe we were at this for a few hours when all of a sudden, I saw in front of us, running from my left to my right, a sandy trail and brush had been cut back somewhat. As soon as I saw this, I smacked the driver on the helmet to stop and all hell broke out. Machine guns fired from our front and I heard at least one RPG and I fell backward into the open top hatch and landed inside the track.

Right away the radio started with reports of men down....our Pltn Sergeant, David Ditch, and our medic, Todd Swanson, were hit immediately.

To the best of my knowledge, Dave was on point on the left flank. I heard that he was hit immediately and Swanson was behind him and as he moved up, he got hit. It was mass confusion. No one could see where the enemy really was, except to know they were right in front of our tracks. Within a few minutes, I was monitoring the radio while the 50 gunner was blasting in front of us, when the back door of the track opened and wounded men were put inside. One was gut shot, I believe he was our Captain Cass' TRO. The Captain was pinned down with everyone else behind our track in a haphazard file.

Within a few more minutes there were 4 or 5 wounded inside the track and I was trying to help them and yell out to Captain Cass that the men on the ground were reporting on the radio that they were taking wounded and we needed to get out of there. We seemed to be pinned down for at least 1 1/2 to 2 hours. I spoke to each squad leader and confirmed they had all their men accounted for, so I told Captain Cass we could start to pull back. He said okay, so I finally gave the order over the radio to pull back.

Once we had pulled back sufficiently, we realized that no squad on the ground had accounted for Dave and "Doc" Todd. They were left up there, but from all accounts, they were both dead almost from the start. I don't remember a lot of details at this time, other than our LT Clemente was seriously wounded, his RTO was out, our Platoon Sgt was KIA along with better than half our platoon wounded and they were Medevac'd out. Someone came and got me and said the Battalion Commander wanted to speak with me. I was a SP4 and was the highest ranking man left in 2nd platoon at this time. I didn't know his name at that time, I later found out he was Lt Col King James Kaufmann. He was told I was on the lead track and he wanted me to lead an element from Bravo 2/22 back up to recover the bodies.

I remember telling him that it was crazy to send men back up. Dave was very special to me, sort of a father figure because he was 26 and most of the rest of us were 19.

But I knew if we went back up, we'd lose more men and Dave would not want that. Dave and I, along with quite a few of the September replacements, were alumni of Tiger Hill in Fort Polk Louisiana. I didn't know Dave there, but we got closer once we got to Nam.

Kaufmann told me that I was going to take men back up, and at first, I told him I would not go back up. I was scared to death. I had just escaped after being pinned down for an hour or two, and I did not want to go back and get killed. I honestly do not know why, but I finally started out leading a squad or platoon from Bravo Company. Each step I took, I felt was going to be my last. I was petrified to be going back in. Just as we reached the area where I could see the sandy trail, all hell started up again. We all hit the dirt and I heard men behind me cry out that they were wounded. I yelled for the RTO to tell them to bring us back out and I believe I was told to push forward. At that I freaked out. I got up and ran to the rear without thinking and got in Kaufmann's face and started screaming that he was sending men up to die. I really have no memory of all that I said, and do not remember much else about the rest of the day until later that night, I remember that 2nd platoon had about 6 or 7 men left in the field to pull guard duty all night.

I remember we pounded that place with artillery for hours and hours. The next day, some outfit went up and recovered the bodies, and did not find one single enemy body, or live ones for that matter. Somehow, during the night the enemy had "di di mou'd" (escaped).

For 31 years, each Mar 13th, I remember Dave and Doc, and I remembered those men who followed me up to the front. All those years, I honestly believed that one or more were killed in that instant when the firing started again. Then in Dallas, Texas, 5/99 I met Bob Price and found out that he and a buddy, Clark Lohmann, both from Bravo 2/22, were right behind me and part of that element and they had both been wounded. I have always felt that I ran out on them that day. It felt good to be able to tell Bob Price this story in Dallas, and to tell Clark this story in Cleveland in 10/2000 and to tell them I was sorry for leaving them.

John Eberwine C/2/22 Vietnam

Norm's Comments: The foregoing is an exchange of correspondence of men who participated in the battle which occurred on 3-13- 68. The correspondence took place because after 31 years these men were still looking for answers. Ladies and Gentlemen start writing your stories so that other women and men who are looking for answers, yes even me, can have their questions answered.

Magnet, C/2/22, Vietnam

Blue Incident

I had taken over the 2nd squad of 3rd platoon, C/2/22 in Feb 1966. The regular squad leader as well as the 50 gunner were wounded and recovering. The current 50 gunner was in place when I joined the squad and I had no reason to change that. We had gotten re-supplied one evening including soda and beer. The next morning we were off on mounted patrol. 3rd platoon was in the rear for a change. Our radio was not working correctly. We could transmit but not receive. One of the other squads would pull alongside and relay anything we needed to know about. Sometime in the early AM, the gunner swung around and offered me some of his beer. He had kept it overnight, so it was pretty cool. A few minutes later, we were advised there was a clearing ahead and we were going to form a circle and recon by fire.

The clearing wasn't real big and by the time we entered we just turned to the right and opened fire. Of course, the noise was awesome and we were having trouble with the 50. It would fire one or two rounds, then jam. I kept seeing the gunner moving to clear it. There was a ringing sound and the gunner went down. At the same time something hot hit my face. The gunner was on the floor with blood pouring out from the back of his head. We had a medic, who was a new man, and he wasn't moving to help. I shook him and then got on the radio. I concluded with the 50 trouble and the ringing noise I heard that the 50 had exploded. The Battalion Medic track came alongside and the doctor jumped into our PC. About then the ramp dropped and I took the squad out for a sweep forward. When I came back, I found out that the gunner was dead and the ringing noise was from friendly fire hitting the cupola armor before it hit my gunner. Another PC from our platoon had come into the clearing and

swung to the left. As it skidded around in its turns, the M60 gunner fell and sprayed my PC before he could get off the trigger. We had two hits in the right hull; one in the cupola armor and the one that got my gunner. There were 3 or 4 of us sticking out of the cargo hatch, so I guess we were lucky.

The person on the M60 was a good man. I used to joke that he was always the first out when the ramp dropped. Of course, he usually fell down, but he was first. The Platoon Sgt and the mans squad leader were reaming him out and told him to pack because they were sending him back to base camp. I didn't feel that way and stuck my nose in. I told them if he was going anywhere it was to my squad! After all, I was now short a man and if they don't want him, I will take him! They kept him, but that calmed things down.

We cleaned up the PC just before LTC Julian arrived. He looked it over but the only thing he said to me was that I missed a spot in the cupola.

If any of the old timers remember this incident, I confess that I cannot remember my gunners name. That has bothered me for many years. If any of you recall, please let me know.

James E. Hardin, C/2/22 Vietnam

Grown Men

Company B had been on road security mission for the past 3 days. The 3rd Platoon and Weapons Platoon were with the command group. 1st Platoon was 2000 meters to the south and the 2nd Platoon was 2000 meters to the north. All three positions were located in a rubber plantation, which had not been worked in quite some time. There were a lot of large bushes and heavy brush in the area. Early this particular morning, as had happened during previous days, word that we were sitting on the road had gotten to Tay Ninh. Anytime you stopped along the main roads civilians would arrive and try to sell you anything and everything, including their bodies. The civilians would start arriving by midmorning, and many times the prostitutes would lead the way. The troops would have a lot of interaction with the civilians, spending a lot of their money for

services rendered by the fee minded local lovelies.

The increased interaction between the troops and the prostitutes always happened if we were on the road for any length of time because of boredom. We would just be sitting around doing nothing. No matter what we told the troops, there would still be business for the prostitutes.

At approximately mid afternoon I was talking with the Company Commander, when he asked where one of his RTO's was? The driver of the CO's track said that he had seen the RTO walking off into the plantation's heavy brush with one of the cooperative young ladies. He then pointed out the general location where the amorous couple was in. The CO told me to grab some smoke grenades and come with him. He then told his other two RTO's to come with us. As we got out of the track, the CO grabbed two hand flares. The CO signaled to some of the other men, to let them know that he was up to something. About 10 men followed us.

We all walked, very quietly, towards the passion ground. As we got to within 8-10 yards, we could hear the sounds of very passionate sex. The CO handed the hand flares to the RTO's and told us to fire the flares and toss the smoke grenades on his signal. We slowly moved closer until we were about 10 feet from the passion ground. We could see the RTO going up and down. The CO got a little closer and listened, and then moved back with us.

He put his finger to his lips to tell us to be quiet, since we were all struggling with our attempts to hold back our laughter. The rest of the company, which was now watching us, was having a hard time at holding back too. The RTO's movement became faster and he started making loud animal sounds.

As his moaning got louder, the CO gave us the signal to fire. We popped the smoke, and fired the flares. At the same time, the CO let go with a burst from M16. Green and red smoke grenades were popped, and red and white star clusters fired. The fee minded local lovely let out a scream as the RTO jumped off her. He then tried to pull up his pants and grab his M16 at the same time.

We all started laughing at the scene. One GI hopping around pulling his pants up and a now, not so cooperative prostitute, running away with her panties in her hand. The other troops in the company were laughing at the sight. The RTO realized what had happened, turned red in the face, pulled his pants up and walked back to the APC.

The troops, if they were going to go off with a prostitute, now would look around to see what the CO was doing, and always ask someone to watch out for them.

Skip Fabel B/2/22 Vietnam

Friendly Fire

Company C/2/22 was on an operation in the Michelin Plantation in early 10/67. If my memory is "somewhat" correct we were looking for some documents that a VC prisoner had tossed out of a Huey, while being sent back to Dau Tieng.

All day long it seemed as if we were looking up in trees—looking for some type of satchel. We were unsuccessful and the Company decided to laager in an area not too far from Dau Tieng.

1st Platoon had to provide security for a tank retriever that was broken down and needed repair. We were late getting to the laager with the rest of the Company.

As luck would have it, my squad was scheduled for ambush that night. After a fast supper and short briefing on where the ambush was to be set up, it was almost dark and trying to make it through the brush was almost impossible. After I decided it was going to take us too long to get to our ambush site, I asked permission to get to a road bed and try to make our site that way.

After we were given permission to do so, my pace counter lost count, since we had diverted from the original compass reading. We then set up in an area that we thought was the ambush site. After we settled in, there was not much to do, except try and stay awake and be ready.

In the wee hours of the morning, there came two tremendous explosions—dirt, tree limbs, and grass started raining in on us. I got on the radio and told the Company that I was

getting the hell outta there because someone was trying to blow us away! Capt. Allison came on the radio and told us to stay put. After a few anxious moments, Capt. Allison again got on the radio and told us not to worry because those explosions were from a 155 battery in Dau Tieng firing H & I's in the area.

He also told me that due to a "snafu" in Dau Tieng, that if we had made it to the correct ambush site we would probably have been pushing up daisies.

Needless to say, there was not a soul to fall asleep the rest of the night. The next morning when we left the site, one of my squad members who had made a pillow out of his flack jacket found a piece of shrapnel the size of a banana in his flack vest.

I'm just glad it was "friendly" fire.

Robin Harrington, C/2/22 Vietnam

Norm's comments: Sgt Harrington, I remember the incident well. When it happened you and I had only been with C/2/22 for about a month. It's been almost 34 years since the event. However, I can still hear the two rounds coming at us, hitting the tops of the trees near us, seeing the flashes of the explosions, feeling the concussions from the explosions, then hearing flying shrapnel impact all over the place. The piece of shrapnel you mentioned reduced my flack jacket to useless junk and I had to carry that hunk of junk back to the Company Laager so that I could get a replacement without being hassled. Also, the piece of shrapnel was not the only large piece of metal that landed in our immediate location. Several pieces landed between the members of the A.P. It is a miracle that no one was hit. This was the second time that I was subjected to friendly fire. Being exposed to friendly fire would happen to me two more times before I was removed from the 'field' and placed in a 'safe rear area'.

Magnet

The Sinking Of 3-3

The 2nd Battalion (M) Infantry had spent the last two days in a laager position

sending out patrols. On the evening of 8-23-67 the battalion received orders to move to the area of Soui Cut and help establish a fire support base. The battalion would depart and be on the move by 08:00 hours the next day. The battalion order of march was B-Company, A-Company, Command Group, and C-Company.

The order of march for B Company was 3rd Platoon in the lead, followed by the command group, 1st Platoon, Weapons Platoon, and 2nd Platoon. The movement would be over relatively open terrain, that had four streams to cross. It was the responsibility of the B Company to find the stream crossing. It was for this reason, the Company Commander decided to depart the laager at 07:00 hours to insure that the battalion was not delayed while the company located the stream crossing. The company was able to locate and cross the first two streams without any problems. When the company reached the third stream, the situation changed significantly.

The platoon leader directed that the 3rd squad send men across the stream to check the depth of the stream and to test the far bank. The path that the men took had the water only waist deep. The far bank was steep, but it was determined that the APC could make its way up it. The platoon leader gave the OK for the 3-3 track to proceed across the stream. The track did not have a problem while crossing the stream, however, the far bank was too steep and it was weak. Consequently the track could not climb it. The driver then backed the track away from the bank.

If the driver had come back the same way that he approached the bank, we would not have had a problem. The driver made a turn to the left and backed the track into deep water. We believe that this hole was a bomb crater. The track did not have its drain plugs in, and started to take in water, and slowly the front of the track started to dip. The track could not pull out of the hole, and continued to sink. The driver's hatch then began to take on water, and the track settled to the bottom, just barely keeping the top of the track above the water.

The men were playing in the water when the Company Commander came up to see what the delay was. When he saw what had happened, he flipped out. He went about

screaming and howling to get the "f---ing track" out of the water, and out now!!! The whole battalion was stacked up waiting to move, and if we did not get it out now, there "would be hell to pay"!!!

After the Company Commander calmed down, he directed that the 1st Platoon find another crossing point so that the battalion could move. The 1st Platoon moved out, and found a crossing point about 150 meters to the south of the 3rd Platoon's position. The Company Commander then directed the battalion to follow the 1st Platoon to the crossing point, and the 1st Platoon let the battalion pass through and then join the company.

After some discussion, it was determined that we would have to drag the track out of the water. The only way that we could do this was to link up 5 to 7 tracks by cable and pull 3-3 out of the water. It took about 30 minutes to get the tracks in position and the cables connected. The linked tracks began pulling 3-3 out of the water. It was no problem with all that power.

3-3 was pulled to dry ground, and the back door opened. The water poured out like in the cartoons, with everything that was not tied down coming out. It was funny. We picked everything up and hooked 3-3 to the maintenance track and followed the trail of the battalion. The recovery of 3-3 took about 1 hour. The company joined the battalion in the laager position, and battalion maintenance was able to get 3-3 running by the next day.

Skip Fabel, B/2/22 Vietnam

Maybe My Mother Gave It To Me

Speaking of bringing 'army issue' home and on a lighter note. When I was clearing post at Ft. Lewis, after basic training; (I was going TDY to Ft. Sam Houston, after leave) the Supply Sgt. charged me for a hat I was never issued. He said, "it was checked and you signed for it, so you owe the Army \$1.25."

He then reached out to take my gas mask which was the next item on the list. However, it was not checked. Now, I am pretty sure it's obvious to all of you, as it was to me, what happened. I snatched the

gas mask back, and said, "sorry, this must be mine." He said, " why would it be yours"? I replied, I don't know, but since I never signed for one, I must have brought it with me ; and I am taking it home with me.'

Now any reasonable person would have given me back the \$1.25 and taken the gas mask. I don't know how much the gas mask cost, at least 50 bucks, but not that stubborn S.O.B., he kept the money and I took the gas mask home with me.

Bill Matz, A/2/22 Vietnam

Norm's comment: Good for you Bill. My offer to you about the poncho still stands. Just let me know when you want it...smile.

Magnet

Marksmanship

1st Platoon was on a recon patrol. Our route took us first to the northeast, then due west. On our final leg, which was southeast back to the Company Laager, the patrol's lead element spotted a mature King Cobra. That snake was huge!! The RTO called C-6 and asked for permission to kill it. Captain Allison said OK. About 7 or 8 men lined up approximately 15 feet from the Cobra, aimed their M16's at it and fired in the full automatic mode. Captain Allison, not expecting the use of so much firepower, called on the radio and asked, in a moderately irritated tone, "What was going on; how many rounds are needed to kill a snake?" Our reply was, "we don't know since no one hit it." There was a pause, then Captain Allison said, this time with laughter in his voice, "I guess the next time we stand down you people better put in some range time". Just about then Thompson, the Texan, walked up to the snake, extended his M16 one handed, which put the muzzle about 18 inches from its head, and fired 1 round. The shot blew the back of the serpent's head off. Thompson turned to the rest of us and said, "that's how we do it back home."

I looked at him and said, try that with a Diamondback when you get back home and see what happens. He replied, "no way", as we were smiling at each other. The patrol continued on the last leg and returned to the company. When we got

there you can imagine how much entertainment was had by all at our expense.

Magnet, C/2/22, Vietnam

IN MEMORY OF OUR FRIENDS

A 2/22 KIA's

Larry Allen Rice	11/04/66
Yvon Andre Hebert	01/17/67
Edward Earl Schell	02/06/67
Arthur Clarence Sisco Jr	02/27/67
Dennis John Breda	03/19/67
Bruce Anthony <i>Doc</i> Corcoran	03/19/67
BarneyJoeKelly	3/19/67
Russell Lee Root	3/19/67
Alfred Frederick Alvarado	9/04/67
Earl Russell Cobb	9/04/67
Michael David De Camp	9/04/67
Clarence Earl Drakes	9/04/67
Donald Lynn McAlister	9/04/67
William Eugene Hargrove	9/05/67
Fred Kaimi Naauao Kama	9/06/67
Lawrence Adam Wojcik	10/14/67
Clayton Arthur Martin	10/16/67
Gilbert Thomas Beaupre	10/25/67
Ronald Dean King	11/19/67
Rodger Kenneth Cain	11/21/67
Floyd Allan Hyder	11/21/67
Michael Bradley Paquin	12/15/67
Stephen John Whipple	12/15/67
Thomas Beeb Chambers	12/16/67
Edward L Clemmon	12/18/67
Hopson Covington	12/18/67
Freddie Andray Blackburn	1/08/68
Phelon Herman Cole	1/08/68
Robert Risley Fryer	1/26/68
Larry Douglas King	2/04/68
James Thomas Davis	2/15/68
Lester Freeman	2/15/68
Clyde Richard McAfee	2/15/68
Mural McDaniel	2/15/68
Richard Lee Bosworth	2/15/68
Robert S Hutchinson II	2/16/68
Jerome Richard Kelly	2/16/68
Roger Dale Pyne	2/16/68
Earl H Hills	3/06/68
Glenn Sullivan	3/06/68
Warren Martin Beaumont	4/12/68
Carl Leonard Carlson	4/12/68
Russell Hubbard Cornish	4/12/68
Rockford Grey Everett	4/12/68
Gary R Holland	4/12/68
Richard Allen Estrada	4/13/68
Gerald <i>Doc</i> Crawford Mull	4/13/68
Richard Peguero	4/13/68
Wayne A Rhodes	4/13/68
Stanley Spikes	4/13/68
Dennis James Yetmar	4/13/68
George Coleman	5/13/68
James Donald Hess	5/13/68
Joseph Angel Mena	5/13/68
Kevin Henry Ross	5/13/68
Michael <i>Doc</i> Cami Wittevrongel	5/13/68
OL Midkiff	5/31/68
Steve Julius Dockery	9/19/68
Vernon Leon Headrick	9/19/68

Dennis Lee Mc Cormick *	9/19/68
William Richard Turner Jr	9/19/68
James Allen Hardman	1/08/68
Donald Joseph Hertrick	1/08/68
Ernest Melvin Plattner	1/08/68
Lawrence DeWitt	1/09/68
Joe Irvin Wood	1/27/68
Lewis Curtis Wuestenberg	2/22/68
William Gibbs, Jr.	11/27/68
James Allan Ascher	1/08/69
Dana James Kaeberle	1/08/69
Steven <i>Doc</i> Slusher	1/08/69
George L. Kellam	2/05/69
Daniel Irizarry-Acevedo	3/08/69
George Allen Demby	3/11/69
John Emery Bladec	4/25/69
Michael Rodney Dorman	4/25/69
Joseph Lawrence Logan Jr	5/12/69
David Rockwell Crocker Jr	5/17/69
Phillip Lesley MacLeod	5/17/69
Jerry N Creasy	8/19/69
Roberto Cervantes Duenas	8/19/69
John David Duncan	08/19/69
William Michael MacKay	08/19/69
George William Pearson Jr	08/19/69
Gary William Lahna	09/05/69
Kenneth Edward Heath	10/31/69
Donald Alan Clarbour	11/06/69
Roger John Flynn	12/18/69
Robert Charles Housman	12/18/69
James Ray Muth	03/07/70
Marvin Lee Ringoen	03/07/70
James Chris Shukas	04/12/70
Robert John Zonne Jr	04/20/70
David Frank Santa-Cruz	05/30/70

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

Passed Away At Home

Victor R Arrisola	10/06/97
Larry G Travis	04/16/99
John Kronnich	2/21/01

B 2/22 KIA's

Raymond Albert Bizzell	01/13/67
George Henry Haddox	01/13/67
Henry Wayne Webster	01/13/67
Sidney Uel Goodin	02/06/67
Gordon William Stark	02/06/67
Carlos Ugarte	02/06/67
Edward Eugene Fortenberry	02/16/67
Lawrence Robert Kusilek	0/26/67
Ronald Grant <i>Doc</i> Mottishaw	02/16/67
William Raymond Sanders	02/23/67
Larry Anthony Crisci	05/17/67
Robert Mario De Dominic	05/17/67
Lynn Carol Hayes	05/17/67
James Richard Michael	05/17/67
Jasper Newton Newberry Jr	05/17/67
Andrew Jonah Short III	05/17/67
Roger Darriel Thompson	05/17/67
Allen Kenneth Dearden	05/18/67
Kenneth Ray Anderson	07/07/67
David Paul Coveny	09/30/67
David Wayne Fisher	10/23/67
Anderson Turner	11/11/67
James Brannon <i>Doc</i> Meek	11/28/68
Thomas Eugene Priesthoff	12/16/67

Dave Edward Ashford	12/19/67
Robert Lewis Campbell	01/01/68
Edward Kubisky	01/20/68
Thomas Michael Ross	02/02/68
Steven Paul Linna	02/04/68
Terry Leo Trainor	03/13/68
Joseph Pat Strippoli Jr	03/17/68
David Wayne Derry	3/22/68
Gene Tracy Covey	04/21/68
Jose Antonio Marrero-Rios	04/21/68
Dan Page Vannoy	05/13/68
Stephen Rolley Powell	05/14/68
John Randolph Cooper Jr	06/28/68
Douglas Hugh Kiker	11/21/68
Lawrence David Kutchev	11/25/68
John Curtis Fitzwater	01/10/69
Curtis Robert Stocklin	01/10/69
John Michael O'Farrell	01/14/69
Merle James Martin **	01/28/69
Thomas Alexander Becker	03/06/69
Lowell R. Groves	3/06/69
David Glenn Lovitt	03/06/69
Kenneth Michael Frain	03/11/69
Alvin Grimes	05/13/69
Mark Joseph Giron	5/14/69
Raymond Richard Schiffrin	06/11/69
Roger L. Gleib	7/15/69
Donald Henry McMains Jr	08/08/69
John Michael Davis	08/16/69
Raymond P Miller II	09/21/69
Anthony Jack Carlucci	11/20/69
Frazier Thomas Dixon	12/03/69
Kenneth Samuel Dee	03/03/70
James Dean Johnson	03/03/70
Alexander F. Potas	3/17/70
David Graham Campbell	06/02/70
Michael Alfred Ramusson	06/02/70
Leszek Stanley Karsznia	08/14/70
William H. Van Gelder	8/15/70

** Wounded 14 Jan 69

PASSED AWAY AT HOME

Arthur A <i>Top</i> Werner	10/16/98
----------------------------	----------

C 2/22 KIA's

Joseph Cousette	11/19/66
Johnny A Chambers	01/08/67
Douglas J Sullivan	01/08/67
Michael Raymond Ishman	01/12/67
Gerry Wayne Lawson	02/08/67
Peter Barbera	02/10/67
Mark Delane Holte	02/10/67
Otis Lewis	02/10/67
Merrill Andrew McKillip	02/10/67
Charles Paul Pohlman	02/10/67
Rex Wheller Highfill	02/12/67
RC Perry Jr	02/13/67
Daniel Paul Donnellan	02/18/67
Dennis Richard Morrell	03/20/67
Thomas Duane Utter	03/23/67
Joseph Manuel Aragon	04/18/67
Edward Roy Lukert	06/11/67
Larry Arthur Merrill	09/02/67
Jackie Edward Trospier	09/30/67
Dennis Rex Estes	11/25/67
John A Gibson	11/25/67
Robert Lucian Mlynarski	11/25/67

Robert Andrew Van Patten	11/25/67
William Carey Janes	12/20/67
Thomas <i>Doc</i> G Bernardy	01/02/68
Jack Wayne Miller	01/02/68
Willie Petty Jr	01/02/68
Anderson Linwood Ruderson	01/13/68
Joel Kenton Brown	02/18/68
Lytell B Christian	03/13/68
David Kenneth Ditch	03/13/68
Todd <i>Doc</i> Earl Swanson	03/13/68
John Edward Nelson	04/13/68
Benjamin Allen Honeycutt	05/02/68
Andrew L Heider	05/13/68
Ernest Lee Elliott	06/20/68
Larry <i>Doc</i> R Kennann	06/20/68
Sidney Chester Squires	06/20/68
David Lynn Stockman	06/20/68
August Ferrel Bolt	07/01/68
Robert Charles Dickinson	07/01/68
Fred V Jurado	07/01/68
William Rieves Curry	07/06/68
Sam Joseph Favata	07/21/68
William Scott Watts	11/21/68
William Gilbert Keeler	12/02/68
Leon Ray Brooks	12/17/68
David Vernon Adams	01/14/69
Dwane Lonnie Adams	01/14/69
Cluster Lee Bearfield	01/14/69
Marvin L McCullough Jr	01/14/69
Gregory Lloyd Rice	01/14/69
Paul Arron Stone	01/14/69
John Earl Warren Jr *M*	01/14/69
Edward M. Holtzman	2/05/69
Phillip Baily	03/11/69
Thomas Poldino	03/11/69
William Howard Keeler	03/24/69
Robert Glenn Sekva	06/11/69
Michael Dennis Kelly	08/66/69
Duane Alan Clefisch	08/30/69
Ernie Lee Wallen	08/30/69
Gary Patrick Hershberger	11/25/69
John R Naughton Jr	11/25/69
Jack William Pomeroy	11/25/69
Harvey David Rogers Jr	04/17/70
Gary William Britton	05/18/70
Carwain L Herrington	05/18/70
Richard Henry Keith	05/21/70
Joseph Anthony Cerio	05/22/70
Maximiliano Davila-Torres	05/22/70
Norman Anthony Emineth	05/22/70
Pedro Herring	5/22/70
William Norman Jensen Jr	05/22/70

* M * - Awarded Medal of Honor

Passed Away at Home

Omar C. Lockridge 67-68	04/25/69
John W Hilsmeier 67-68	12/04/77
Steven E Tyler 66-67	01/01/88
Joseph Brighter 66-67	92or 93
Robert <i>Red</i> L Dodd 67-68	04/01/96
Jim Wagner 66-67	07/30/96
Donald Shackett??	10/01/97
John MacGlaughn, Original	09/?/ 97
James <i>Sammy</i> D Kay Jr 67-68	09/18/98
Don Brady 67	04/15/00
Theodore <i>Ted</i> G Angus 67-68	08/04/00

D 2/22 KIA's

Joseph Robert Ajster	10/05/68
Walter Sturgeon	02/23/69
Robert E. Romero	12/03/69
Thomas P. Coffino	09/13/70

HHC 2/22 KIA's

Michael James Beirne	5/10/67
Wayne Thomas <i>Doc</i> Provencher	5/10/67
William Junior Tarpley	5/16/68
Woodie Junior Dean	11/1/68
Albert Lummis Gay Jr	11/1/68
Daniel Charles Patterson	11/1/68

Passed Away At Home

Forest David <i>Dave</i> Church	7/16/99
William N Hedge	9/27/99

RECON 2/22 KIA's

Michael Gerald Peterson	10/26/66
Thomas Ralph Murphy	11/06/66
William <i>Doc</i> David Lambert	12/07/66
Frank Monroe Murphy	12/07/66
James Essary	01/17/67
Edward Ralph Glenn Jr	01/17/67
Yvon Andre Hebert	01/17/67
Dale Clarence Schummer	01/17/67
Michael Francis Smith	03/18/67
Houston Clifford Box Jr	01/02/68
Marvin Dewayn Canterbury	02/23/69
James Frederick Uttermark	02.23.69
Donald Ray Webb	03/09/70
Charles F Armentrout	05/22/70
Orla Daniel Hammack	06/07/70

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

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

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

Please, if you know there are more Kia's than I have listed, contact John Eberwine or Brad Hull and also if you think we someone listed who does not belong, let us know that.

Also, if you are aware of any men who passed away after returning from VietNam, please also send us the information.

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

John Eberwine

E-Mail:

Brad Hull

E-Mail:

CONCLUSION

Well folks this is it for now. Expect the next edition of the newsletter in September. Ladies, please send me some material. As I said last time, "what the 'hey' we'll give the men a run for their money...smile." I think we have this time.

Also make sure your men send in their dues. The Lord only knows, we have paid ours...smile. It is only \$10.00 per year!!!!

My Best To All Of You,

Linda Nishikubo

E-mail