

# The *VietNam* Triple Deuce

An Association of 2<sup>Bn</sup> (Mech) 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment VietNam Veterans

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## The Greatest Reunion Ever

This was written on Saturday 14 Oct 2000

Subject: Cleveland Reunion

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Well, it's been 6 days since we (Cindy, Rosie & I) arrived back from Cleveland.

Editor's Note: FNG was slang for a ".....New Guy" being inserted

We arrived home Sunday night after nine hours of driving.

The drive time was good for contemplating and remembering all the good times! *Notice.....*how there is never enough time to visit with friends.....oh well!..... it must mean we have to come back again and again!

In my opinion, this was the best reunion. We had extremely good representation from all companies in the 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion (Triple Deuce) as well as many men from the 1<sup>st</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalion's. The representation from the VietNam Veterans was truly outstanding! *Now I must digress for a moment.....I guess April 1996 in Kissimmee, Florida, being my FIRST reunion, had to be the best,* but for sheer emotion and attaining the goals of our association, Cleveland was right up there!

To make it really memorable.....we had Edith Miller & son Jeff, and Gracie Dyer, both Mother's (and brother) of Jack Miller C2/22 and Jay Cee Dyer C3/22 - both KIA's in VietNam. We had Diane McClure whose brother ????????? was KIA with 3/22 and Patty Wedge, whose Dad - John Nelson - Charlie Company 9/67-4/68 was KIA with 2/22. And we had the "Brady Bunch" [family of Don Brady (C2/22 1966-1967) deceased in April, 2000] - In attendance were wife Corky, daughter Suzanne, son Allen, daughter in law Mindy and Grandsons Jordan, Jesse, and Mitch.

The real reason for these reunions is to share the friendship, closeness & love that men in combat had for each other, and now we've opened up our ranks to the families of our comrades in arms. There can be no greater feeling than to look around a room full of approximately 250 people and see the proud faces of the men and women who into your unit. Unless you went over on the boat with the

fought for this country, faces of those who offered support for those who fought for this country or those who stayed home and supported the men and women who fought for this land.

Thanks to all who made this reunion such a success! — We love you all -

John, Cindy & Rosie (xoxoxo)

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## The President's Corner

Editor's Note: At the Cleveland Reunion, the VietNam Triple Deuce Association elected new officers for the period October 2000 through Spring 2002 when we have the next reunion. Following is a message from your new President - Mike Groves A2/22 1968-1969

### The FNG, the Reunion, the Line

First, I want to thank all of you for electing (drafting?) me as President of the *VietNam Triple Deuce Association*. This honor you have bestowed on me will be taken seriously and the duties assigned to me will be performed to the best of my abilities.

When I asked Norman "Magnet" Nishikubo what this really meant, he responded that I was the FNG! He does have a way with words.

"Originals" you were a FNG. Weeks, or months, later when you

were finally accepted by the men in your unit, you would then refer to all of the new replacements as the FNG's.

I would also like to recognize the other newly elected officers.

1st VP (president Elect)	Skip Fahel
Alpha VP	Allan Wetzel
Bravo VP	Bob Price
Charlie VP	John Eberwine
Delta VP	Dan Streit
HQ VP's	Steve Borchert & Denny Head
Secretary	Dave Milewski
Treasurer	John Lewis
Chaplin	Joe "Ski" Kasprzak

#### Trustees:

Teddy Manley; John Bradley; Joe Dietz; Harvey Holter; George White; Ken Schmidt

Also - Norman Nishikubo has been the deliverer of Welcome Letters to new finds as well as the Newsletter Mailer along with new help now from Dave Milewski.

Brad Hull is to be commended for his hard work and attention to detail that made the Cleveland Reunion one of the best! Attendance at the reunion was one of the largest. There were many first time attendees, and the entertainment Brad arranged for Friday night was outstanding. Cathy and I had tears in our eyes from the singing and jubilation demonstrated by these fine young boys and girls.

1998 was the year I retired from my career in business. My wife, Cathy, and my daughter, Valkyrie, ambushed me with a surprise retirement party. Photographs of my life and career were pasted on poster boards, displaying my travels, vacations, and of course, a few photographs of me in VietNam.

After the party, I started thinking about that period of my life. Surely there were others out there that served with 2/22. Surfing the Internet, I came across the 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment Society web site. There it was, an organization of people that served with the 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry. There were different Divisions, Battalions, and companies, but the regiment was the same.

After sending off a query about joining, I received many warm messages welcoming

me home from Brad Hull, Bob Babcock, Awb Norris, John Eberwine, Ed Schultz, Bill Schwindt, MC Toyer, and many more. I didn't serve with these individuals but did serve in the same Regiment as they did. I was told about the reunion coming up in May of 1999 and encouraged to attend. I struggled a long time in making up my mind about attending the reunion in Dallas. I made the decision to go, and I can tell you it was a wonderful experience! I again felt like I was with my brothers. It was a cleansing. I felt refreshed and proud of what we did and what we accomplished.

I decided to take my wife to the next reunion. I wanted her to meet these brothers that served in the regiment during World War II, Cold War, Korea, and VietNam.

Upon arriving in Cleveland, I was delighted to see Guy Haas and his wife, Shirley, at the reunion. Guy told me that because of their experience in Dallas, they had resolve to attend as many 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment reunions as possible.

Guy is a World War II veteran that served with Dog Company, 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion, 22<sup>nd</sup> Regiment, 4<sup>th</sup> Division.

I was from the VietNam era, served with Alpha 2<sup>nd</sup> Bn 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry 25<sup>th</sup> Division, and had fought in the rice paddies and fields of VietNam.

Guy was from World War II and fought through the hedgerows of Normandy. I fought in the Boi Loi woods and Guy fought in the Hurtgen forest. I fired a .50 caliber machine gun and Guy fired a .30 caliber heavy machine gun. Different times and different places, different battalions and different divisions, but with one thing in common. Both of us served in the 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment.

At the reunion on Saturday night, there was a dissertation by Rob Rush, PhD., retired Command Sergeant Major, about the 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry campaign in Normandy and the Hurtgen forest. Men who fought in those battles were mentioned by name and a few of them were sitting with us that night.

They were asked to stand so we could recognize and applaud their contribution. Cathy and I were sitting at the same table as Guy and his family. As he stood and received the recognition so richly deserved,

I could see a line going back from me to him. Here was a man some twenty plus years older than me, his back was straight and he was standing proud. His eyes were filled with emotion and he bit his lower lip.

As I watched and applauded I couldn't help but think of the line of "Regulars" standing behind him in history and linking through him to us that night. I couldn't help but think, "There will I be in 20 years or so." Meeting and visiting with a different generation from which I came but with one commonality that binds us all. I, too, served with the 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment.

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## The First Lady's Corner

Editor's Note: Cathy Groves is Mike's wife and has written about what it felt like to attend her first reunion, in Cleveland.

### Reunion Thoughts

Mike started planning the trip to the 2000 Reunion on the way home from Dallas. I agreed to go, after all, I like meeting new people and I looked forward to seeing the sights in Cleveland. When friends began asking where we were vacationing, their response to our answer was always, "Cleveland?.....*What's in Cleveland?*" To me the trip became more than meeting new people and seeing favorite sights like The Rock 'N' Roll Hall of Fame and the USS Cod. The trip became a cathartic journey to VietNam 1968-69. Bob, thanks for giving us gals a brief history of the 22<sup>nd</sup> and explaining the Vet's jargon. I began to understand the Infantry language that had surfaced, sometimes colorfully, in the last 32 years. The slides, paintings, pictures and exhibits made foreign names like Nui Ba Den, Cu Chi, Trang Bang and Dau Tieng seem more realistic to me.

Nicknames.....became guys with families just like ours. Members of these families gathered to share war stories and compared our own feelings during our 'tours of duty'. I came to realize that this was much like a grieving process. Emotions were high and, sometimes, overwhelming. Tears

spilled over as I listened to stories about heroism during WW II, as well as during the VietNam era. To the wives, moms, sisters, daughters, girlfriends and sons of the Vets...."Thanks for sharing and listening to me!" And to the WW II and VietNam Vets....."Thanks for welcoming me, the F N G (Fortunate New Gal), to the 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry family!" And to those friends who asked, "*What's in Cleveland?*"..... Well, the answer is---- family, love, a sense of belonging, understanding and the beginning of closure. ----To be continued in St. Louis 2002!

Cathy Groves - E-mail  
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## Edward J Eberwine Sr

My Dad, Edward J Eberwine Sr passed away on November 5, 2000, after spending 99 years, 2 months and 17 days on earth.

First, I'd like to express my family's sincerest thanks for all the our pouring of love and condolences that were expressed by e-mail and otherwise.

The loss of our father (and my Mom's husband, she's 80) at 99 years of age was a sad, but yet a joyous occasion. We feel truly blessed to have had Dad around for so long and to have been so healthy. It was only the last three days of his life that he wasn't cognizant, so we decided to celebrate his life at his funeral, rather than his death.

My Dad was probably the most giving of anyone (thanks to my Mom's 61 years of support) I've ever been associated with in my life, and that has left many, many indelible memories. He was never "rich" with money, but the spirit of my Dad and the good works he performed, showed his true worth!

I've included, in this article, a Prayer to St Joseph and the story behind it. This shows the type of man my Dad was.

My wife, Cindy, did all the singing at the Mass, while all the nephews and nieces (5) did the readings, my brother, sister, brother-in-law and sister-in-law presented the gifts, and Cindy and I each gave separate eulogies. It was almost a festive event, to thank God for taking Dad back home, without any suffering at all. If only

all of us could live so long, and slip away so peacefully!

### *The St Joseph Prayer • Story*

As I was saying goodbye to my parents in September, 1967 at the airport in Philadelphia to go to California and then on to VietNam, my Dad reached out with something in his hand. It was a Prayer to St Joseph. He said, "Please take it, read it and keep it with you" and that he would send more.. As you can see on the bottom of the Prayer it says:

***"Whoever shall read this prayer or hear it, or keep it about themselves, shall never die a sudden death or be drowned, nor shall poison take effect on them; neither shall they fall into the hands of the enemy, or shall be burned in any fire or shall be overpowered in battle."***

In 1967, as I was leaving for VietNam, my Dad was 66 years old. Today (*this was written three months prior to his death*) August 5, 2000, thirty-three years later, he is almost 99 and still hands out St Joseph Prayers. He has probably been responsible for over 10,000 prayers being distributed. Well, back to the story. I had only been in country (in VietNam) about 2 weeks when I was sent out on a beefed up (5 men) observation/listening post. Around 02:00 hrs we heard movement coming our way down the road. When they were all in the kill zone we opened fire and triggered the ambush. After only 20-30 seconds of pure hell, I heard someone on the road yelling "*Mom*", and at that moment I realized we had ambushed American soldiers. I started yelling to cease firing, that we were all Americans. The ambush patrol leader, of Bravo 2/22, decided it would be easier if they walked down the road, instead of 300 meters to our rear and through the brush, as they were supposed to do. They had one killed and 11 wounded, while we had one killed and 3 wounded. I was the only person not even to be scratched that night.

The next day, our Company Commander, Captain Bill Allison, had me ride on his track, as the Doctor told him I was still suffering from shock. Later that day we had mail call and I received a letter from my Dad with 5 or 6 St Joseph Prayers in it. I gave one to Captain Allison. The next day I went back with my platoon and eventually, a year later, came home with only a very

small wound in my knee where I had taken some shrapnel during a mortar attack. I was always thought of as some lucky son of a gun by the guys, because, around me, men would be wounded or killed, while I never seemed to get close.

In March, 1996, I received a telephone call from Bill Allison. It was only the second time in 28½ years that I spoken to anyone from my unit in VietNam. In May 1995, one of my platoon leaders (Lt John Clemente) had called me, but I didn't really want to get involved at that time. Bill wanted me to come to the 22nd IRS reunion in Kissimmee, Florida. While we were talking, I asked him if he remembered the **Prayer to St Joseph**. He said wait a minute, and I heard him rummaging around, then I heard, "*Oh St Joseph, whose protection is so great, so strong, so prompt before the throne of God,,,,,*", at that I started reciting the prayer with him. Bill had carried around the Prayer, in his wallet, for thirty years, even though he is Protestant and the Prayer is of the Roman Catholic Faith.

He had remembered *someone* giving him the prayer shortly after he took command of C 2/22 in September 1967, and right after he suffered the first casualty during his command, but he hadn't remembered it was me. Since April, 1996 we have become very close friends. We both feel that the "**belief**" in something as powerful as the Prayer to St Joseph helped to keep us alive in VietNam.

### **Prayer to Saint Joseph**

Oh, Saint Joseph, whose protection is so great, so strong, so prompt before the throne of God, I place in you all my interest and desires. Oh, Saint Joseph, do assist me by your powerful intercession, and obtain for

me from your divine Son, all spiritual blessings, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. So that having engaged here below your heavenly power, I may offer my thanksgiving and homage to the most loving of Fathers. Oh, Saint Joseph, I never weary contemplating you, and Jesus asleep in your arms; I dare not approach while he reposes near your heart. Press Him in my name and kiss His fine head for

me and ask Him to return the kiss when I draw my dying breath. Saint Joseph, Patron of departing souls –Pray for me.

*This prayer was found in the fiftieth year of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. In 1505 it was sent from the Pope to Emperor Charles, when he was going into battle. Whoever shall read this prayer or hear it, or keep it about themselves; shall never die a sudden death or be drowned, nor shall poison take effect on them; neither shall they fall into the hands of the enemy, or shall be burned in any fire or shall be overpowered in battle.*

*Say for nine mornings for anything you may desire. It has never been known to fail.*

IMPRIMATUR: SEPTEMBER 25, 1950  
HUGH C. BOYLE, Bishop of Pittsburgh

I'd like to Thank Bill and Martha John Allison for a special gift. Just after Dad passed away, they had the Prayer to St Joseph framed and sent one to my Mom and one to us. It meant so much to my Mom and our copy will hang in Rosie's room as a reminder of their tremendous love and as a tribute to her Grand Pop!

## Frost - Cleveland Reunion

While reading my e-mail one night, I noticed John, Cindy & Rosie Eberwine were planning to arrive early on Tuesday of the reunion week. What a great idea to leave early for the Cleveland reunion, to meet other veterans and their families. So I e-mailed John back with a big "Yes" and will see you soon. Arriving early around noon at the Holiday Inn, my wife Jill and I had some time to relax. I found swimming in the pool very relaxing after the drive. Later that evening we met John, Cindy and Rosie Eberwine, Jerry and Renee Rudisill, and Jim and Sharon Nelson. We all got together with Brad Hull, who stopped by to welcome us at the Holiday Inn. We enjoyed everyone's company while we had dinner at Wallaby's restaurant right next to the Holiday Inn. Wallaby's turned out to be a great place to gather for dinners during the reunion.

Late Tuesday night, early Wednesday morning brought a terrible storm to the Cleveland area, with a brief electrical power outage. That outage was just enough to set off the emergency fire alarms in the Holiday Inn. *Not a good night to sleep.* The

next day, Wednesday, the sun came out. Squad members Jerry Rudisill, Jim Nelson and I went over to check the local golf course where our golf outing was going to be played on Thursday. We ended up playing golf that day despite the branches and leaves all over the course. We all agreed later, it was nice to play again together.

Wednesday night brought additional rain and also closed the golf course for our planned Thursday golf outing. Looking back now, I am so glad we did go ahead and played golf on Wednesday. I remember after golf on Wednesday, the three of us went into the city of Cleveland, to help Jim Nelson with last minute details for his Art Show. We ended up having a late lunch at a really neat diner, not sure of the name but it was a great place to hang out and talk. Boy, that place could really serve the lunch crowd fast.

Thursday was a big day on registration, plus the Hemingway smoked turkey night. This was a good time to renew friendships and meet new people. Jill and I met many during this evening. Paul and Elaine Lorentz were a very nice couple we talked to and it was their first time. Paul shared his VietNam pictures later with me, as we talked about our experiences overseas. We also met Jerry Pierce, a Bravo Company man located by Bob Price. Jerry was very excited to be there and I am sure he will look forward to future reunions. Bob and Susan Price arrived later that night and it was nice to talk once again to the both of them. We met the Price's at the Dallas reunion. I know Bob was very happy to see some Bravo men at this reunion.

I enjoyed welcoming my first C.O., (Capt) George White to his first reunion. George was the man in charge in early 67. Also coming to his first reunion was Bob Freeman, 2nd Platoon Sergeant. It was nice sharing stories with George and Bob because we served in the same time frame. The battle of Soui Tre, March 21, 1967, was a big topic during the night. George and Bob both added additional information on that battle.

This year's hospitality suite was a huge success. I would like to give a personal thank you to Diane McClure who donated many hours baking cookies and many other treats for our participants to enjoy. I

enjoyed very much talking to Diane and sharing stories during the night about her brother. The hospitality room also had a large number of volunteers who helped make the many evenings in the room a great success.

The slide show presentations again this year were terrific. A special thanks to all who brought their slides. Friday and Saturday night dinners were great. The Friday night all girl entertainment was very enjoyable to see and hear. Jim Nelson's Art Show was another success story. Jim dedicated a painting to Awb Norris with Awb in the Painting, plus there were many more paintings reflecting our times in VietNam. Another important part of the reunion is the business meeting each morning. Bob Babcock conducts these meeting with such confidence. He puts his heart and soul into these reunions

This year I was reunited with a another member of my 3<sup>rd</sup> platoon, John Parsons. We met while the photographer was taking group pictures. John attended his first reunion in 1996 in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. It was nice again to talk to John at the Cleveland reunion. While doing my duties on registration in the afternoon, I got to enjoy

It was a pleasure meeting the Brady Bunch family for the first time during the reunion. Suzanne (Brady) Bullock and I had e-mailed several times, but it was nice coming face to face. Suzanne's speech Saturday night about her father, Don Brady, was a tribute to her father. Her speech touched many hearts and brought tears to many eyes that night, including mine.

Saturday's Lolly the Trolley tour arraigned by Brad Hull was such a great idea. My wife and I were so happy, that we signed up for the tour though the Cleveland area. We met Edith Miller and her son Jeff on the trolley ride, along with Patty Wedge. We stopped at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame that afternoon. That's quite a place. Saturday night is always special in the dining room with everyone dressed for the special occasion. This is the final night for taking pictures because many people leave early on Sunday. A special thanks to Awb Norris for donating his miniature personnel carrier to be raffled. I know they raised a good sum of money. Thanks also to all the veterans that shared their memorabilia (pictures) during the reunion.

Jim Tobin ended the program Sunday morning with the memorial service. This service is a nice way to end the reunion and to remember the men that lost their lives in VietNam.

As a Veteran of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Bn (Mech) 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry 4<sup>th</sup> & 25<sup>th</sup> Divisions, attending this year's reunion was a very proud moment for me, spending time with fellow service men and their families. Many lives were forever changed by the war in VietNam. I myself struggled for many years after returning from VietNam, but these past four years coming to the reunions has given me a sense of peace, that I thought would never come in my life time.

Thanks again to Bill Allison for following his heart and going forward to start the ball rolling on attending reunions. A special thanks also to Brad Hull for hosting this years reunion.

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## REUNION

John, it was good seeing you again. You have done a lot of work over these few years to make the Triple Deuce Association what it has now become and will yet be tomorrow. As you know, I was about to walk out of Dallas and let sleeping dogs lie, except for individual contacts. I was really upset with the things I heard, or at least, thought I heard. Maybe it was ego, whatever, but it bothered several other people I had been with. But this time, it seemed a 180 degree about face. The Triple Deuce is more than one company. It is about all the rest of us. And not just 1968, but all the years. A lot of sacrifice was made by all. Charlie led the way for the Triple Deuce Association to get off the ground. Now it is time the rest of us who want, come aboard.

Mike Groves was a good choice as President. He will do us a good job. As a locator, he has been superb. Just today, he has located someone else from Alpha. I will get involved with Alpha as I told Mike and you I would, or I would not have accepted the office. I have a lot of ideas in

the thinking stage at the present. Just need time to sort them out.

The reunion is a time for all who attend to renew old friendships and relationships. I think there was more gained from the informal gatherings than anything else. Somehow, those lengthy 22d Regiment and Triple Deuce business meetings have got to be short and sweet. My backside as well as others were about blistered out by the time the reunion ended. But it is hard to quell discussion from group members. After all, we are not a military unit any longer and all have, or should have, equal say. Your meeting was well done. Heck, your newsletter, all you have done, have been well done.

From: Allan Wetzel  
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## TRIPLE DEUCE WEBPAGE

Mike

Just wanted to congratulate you being elected as president of the Triple Deuce if we all work hard and help you everything go a lot easier for you.

I will try to give you some articles in the future. My thoughts are still mixed about what I want to say in public. Some things I feel are best left unsaid. Some are not for general dissemination. But a part of me wants to put some things down. I will do my best to give you some input in the future.

Again, thank you for your hard work. Take good care of your lovely family.

I didn't get to talk to you much at the reunion. How about that reunion,, it was great, Brad did a super job. One of my buddies from VietNam showed up for the reunion, Eddie Davis and his wife Carol, I had not seen him in over 33 years and he didn't let me know he was coming to the reunion, what a shock when he walked up and said hell, Teddy.

Mike the same night you were setting at a table by the stairs talking to a lady and when you left she moved over to the table that Eddie and me was talking. At first she was just listening to us talk, then she said her name was Doris Haney and her husband was in the 2/22 and didn't know what

company or the year he was there. His name, Chuck Haney, my mind started rolling and I kept thinking I know that name and ask where was he at, Doris said he was in the room not feeling very good and she said he really didn't want to come to the reunion, after a little coaching, he gave in and signed up for the reunion. As we parted that night, I told her we would meet the next day and talk. All night I wondered if I know Chuck. The next morning after breakfast, I ran into them and there stood Chuck Haney APC driver 1967 A Co.2/22 4<sup>th</sup> Plt. Chuck was wounded on Sept 3rd, 1967 and I was wounded the next day, Sept 4<sup>th</sup>, 1967. Both of us was wounded at Nuibaden. How about this story. Mike what is the Triple Deuce Webpage again!!!! Teddy Manley, A Co 2/22Inf, 4<sup>th</sup> & 25<sup>th</sup> Inf Div, 1967.  
Sun Oct 22<sup>nd</sup>, 2000  
DEEDS NOT WORD'S

## REUNION & TRIPLE DEUCE

John, Cindy, Rosie

What a great reunion, Brad did a super job. Everything was well planed out from the direction, tours, and especially the Memorial Service, it was awesome. For me, it was very touching the way the KIA names were called out during the silent prayer, we should do this at all the reunions.

To little Rosie, what can I say, she was wonderfully in her song. Cindy & John, you have done a great job with her. And Cindy, your voice was as always beautiful at the Memorial Service. Thank you, Cindy.

It was good to see all of the wife's, daughters, mothers, & brothers of KIA at this reunion it helps us all to make contact.  
Teddy Manley  
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## RE: A BIT OF TRIVIA

From: Clark Lohmann  
E-mail: [Clark.Lohmann@offutt.af.mil](mailto:Clark.Lohmann@offutt.af.mil)  
Date: Nov 14, 2000

Hello John

Clark Lohmann here I had a bit of trivia I wanted to share with you and the 22<sup>nd</sup> Inf, I work out here at Offutt Air Base and I was going through their Air Pulse weekly and I ran across where they are going to restore the cemetery. According to their records, the land was purchased in 1889 for Fort Crook in Nebraska. They said the first person buried in the cemetery was Army Pvt. Joseph Ferguson of Company F. 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment. His burial date was before April 23, 1893. It caught my eye so I passed it along. Again, I can't tell you how much I enjoyed the reunion in Cleveland, my first and my talk with you John. Deeds Not Words.

Clark Lohmann  
2/22Bco 67-68 Mech

P.S. John you were with Charley Co 2/22 Mech, did you ever run across a guy named James Tracey he was from Boston Mass. I did my advanced training with him at Fort Polk.

## 2/22

From: Dick Nash  
E-mail: <nash222@winco.net  
Date: Oct 13, 2000

Hello John,

Just a note to say Hi & thank you for your fine efforts in Cleveland We had a marvelous time, and are already looking forward to St. Louis. I think that your handling of all the matters involving the Vietnam Triple Deuce and the 22<sup>nd</sup> IRS was as smooth as it could possibly be, and I think the future of both organizations is bright, especially working them together as you have. Keep up the good work rascal, and good luck in working with Mike Groves. He is one of the finest people I have ever known, and my yet be a great one if he ever realizes his potential. He has all the tools to go as far as he wants.

Anyway, regards to your family from the banks of the mighty Mississippi, and see you soon.

Dick Nash

## SOUI TRE

From: Julius G. Warmath

E-mail: [JGW104@aol.com](mailto:JGW104@aol.com)  
Date: Sept 5, 2000

John Eberwine,

I am Julius G. Warmath, Col. USA (ret). I was the Battalion XO and often for the 2Bn (Mech) 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry in VN from January 1967 – October 1967. The poem by Larry Peckham on Soui Tre in the August 2000 issue of the Triple Deuce Newsletter really brought back memories.

I have read numerous accounts of the battle from others in the newsletter and have not mentioned how the 2/22 Infantry got to the battle just "in time" on 21 March 1967.

LTC Ralph Julian, the Battalion CO and I were monitoring the Brigade radios as the first attacks began on Fire Base Gold. Within minutes LTC Julian sensed this was a big attack and ordered the Battalion to get ready to move. In fact, when Brigade Hqs. Ordered us to move we had been moving for at least 30 minutes or more, if my memory serves me correctly. We had 5 tanks in the lead "breaking jungle" for our 60-70 APCs. Two or three of them lost transmissions due to the heavy going. When we burst through the jungle around Fire Base Gold, we drove between the friendly forces and the VC with all three MGs per track firing as fast as we could load and fire. LTC Julian was overhead in a LOH controlling the uncontrollable as best he could. With air strikes, artillery and pounding by 2/22Inf, 2/12 Inf and the 2/34 Armor, the VC were forced to withdraw leaving over 600 dead VC behind. We found hastily buried VC through out the area for 2 weeks or more after the 21<sup>st</sup> of March. To say their losses were in the neighborhood of 1500 or more is probably an understatement.

Incidentally the commander of the beleaguered 2/77<sup>th</sup> Arty was LTC John Vassey, later General John Vassey whom I met again and served on the Army Staff with when he was Vice Chief of Staff of the US Army.

I have never seen LTC Julian name mentioned in any of the accounts. Yet hadn't he anticipated the seriousness of the VC attack and started our Battalion moving before ordered to do so, we might not have been in time that day. I have no doubt his decision made the day turn into a terrific

defeat for the VC rather than 2 US Army Battalion over run and lost!

Thanks for the newsletter.

Guy.

## THANK YOU

From: Patty Wedge  
E-mail: [Pwedge@ispchannel.com](mailto:Pwedge@ispchannel.com)  
Date: Sept 19, 2000

John Eberwine

I just wanted to say Thank You from the bottom of my heart. You wrote such a nice article on my father in the last "Triple Deuce". I have heard from four people since then. Here is the list of men I have heard from:

1. Bill McCormick – friend of my father and a military escort at his funeral.
2. John Clemente – Platoon leader of my father from February to March of 1968.
3. Sam Fallock – was responsible in going in after Charlie company was hit and getting the wounded.
4. Lt Jerry Howell – was a good friend of my father while in Vietnam.

Each one of these men have been so wonderful. If it wasn't for your article I wouldn't have heard from any of them.

My father means so much to me and his memory is alive in my heart. I enjoy learning all the things about my father from his military career because that is the person my mom met and loved. I wouldn't be here today if it weren't for them meeting and coming together. I have filled a void in his sister and brothers lives. They are now able to open up and talk about their brother John, my father. I share everything with them that I find out. I have brought them closure in a way.

I wish you and your family all the best.  
Take Care,  
Patty

From: Patty Wedge  
E-mail: [pwedge@ispchannel.com](mailto:pwedge@ispchannel.com)  
Date: Sept 20, 2000

**SUBJECT: THANK YOU**

John Eberwine

I have to tell you that I talked to Jerry Door today and it was so wonderful. He was able to tell me exactly what happened to my dad. He said he was so glad to find out about me because he is able to share his special friendship with my father with me. I think this is so GREAT. Jerry wants me to go to the reunion in 2 weeks but I really don't think we have the money. Jerry offered to pay for me and I thought that was so sweet, he wants me to meet all the wonderful men that knew my father and also he kept telling me that I am part of this wonderful Triple Deuce family now.

He told me about the battle my father was in at the time of his death and how he tried to save my father but my father wouldn't leave his side. I think that is so special that my father stood by Jerry and how they were such good friends. Jerry told me how my father would get upset with him because Jerry was the ranger of the Platoon and that always got them in some kind of trouble, he chuckled. I even laughed too. I really wish that Jerry wouldn't blame himself for my father's death. It wasn't his fault at all and besides no matter where they were my father would have been by Jerry's side through thick or thin.

John, Thank You again. I am so grateful for what you have done for me. I enjoy learning about my father so much.

Patty

From: John Eberwine  
E-mail: [Vietvetjje@aol.com](mailto:Vietvetjje@aol.com)  
Date: Sept 20, 2000

Patty,

I believe that you can and do "SO MUCH" for your Dad each and every day that you live, and remember him, and teach your children about their GrandPop! He was a hero and you can tell your children for me!!!!

I believe that each guy who lost his life in VietNam is and has been watching over his family each and every day. They were such special Men! Someday.....you will join John on the other side of the Wall.....and spend eternity with him,

John

## REUNION

From: Patty Wedge  
E-mail: [pwedge@ispchannel.com](mailto:pwedge@ispchannel.com)  
Date: Sept 23, 2000

John,

I want you to know that I am trying to come up with the money to attend the Cleveland Reunion. I want so much to be there.

I received a letter in the mail from Paul Birschbach today and it made me cry. It made me realize how much I need to attend this reunion and meet all the wonderful men that were with my father in Vietnam. I want to be able to give them all a big hug and say "Thank You" for sharing with me all their stories. It has helped me so much to get to know my father and who he was through them. Also, it would be so wonderful to be able to represent my father at the reunion and I know he would like that.

I already let my work know about needing the time off so now I need to sit down and come up with the money somehow. I am really going to try ok. I sent an email to Brad Hull asking about hotels and things. I would be traveling by myself and would like to be able to stay where others are so I won't be by myself.

John, if I do get to come I wouldn't mind helping out with anything ok. It would mean a lot to me because I know my father would be right there with me by my side.

Also, I plan on being there on Thursday or Friday, Saturday, and leaving Sunday. I would like to also take the Trolley Tour on Saturday.

I am going to pray that everything will work out and I can attend.

Take Care,  
Patty

## MAYBE YOU CAN HELP ME .... AND THE TROOPS...

From: Michael Pectol  
E-mail: [elmikol@earthlink.net](mailto:elmikol@earthlink.net)  
Date: Dec 28, 2000

Hi John,

How are you? Okay, I hope. Hope even though it was hard, you and yours managed to pull some happiness in being together out of General Santa's bag.

I think you are still the editor of the 2/22 Vietnam Newsletter...true?

I know the stories section is probably for the infantry dudes, but let me explain...and this story I would like you to print is actually about the infantry, in a way. It happened on the way up to Burt. It's about the convoy.

The reason I would like for you to see whether you would print it, or at least a blurb, asking those who did the deed to remember and come forward.

You know....it will be better if I just tell the story as best as I can remember it ....Then you can decide for yourself.

## THE RESCUE....

The 2/77 and the infantry units that had been at the firebase no one likes to talk about....the one that went up in smoke right around Christmas time '67, destroying more than half of our equipment and forcing us to return to Base and Re-Equip as fast as possible, so we could get back into Operation Yellowstone...had finished the re-outfitting and today, the 28<sup>th</sup> - 29<sup>th</sup> of Dec. we are on the road again. We are going up to a place Northwest of Delta Tango. A place I hear is not more than about 20 miles south of Katum. I'm just about like everyone else, there is something special about this trip, we never know why a certain "Bad Vibe" fever seems to sweep through units as if they somehow know they are headed into a hotter version of the Hell they are already in. In fact, I picked it up from them. There has been a lot of talk about the fact that the one the bosses seem to be using for this trip...says we will be 2KM from the Cambodian Border. Coupled with the fact that I've heard talk that these maps are issued when the brass might need to blame the map, in case there are questions from the wrong quarters about the border and are you sure you weren't over it.

They are calling this place "Soui-Cut," because it is supposedly close to a defunct

village that bore that name. Official name – FSB BURT. I noticed on the map, there is a Y junction, where a trail apparently comes in from Cambodia, and one from the North, along the border, which continues awhile along the border, before it cuts east toward the interior, Saigon, and so on. I had to look at the Psg's map, to get a compass reading, so I can orient my and my crew's antenna for the best reception.

I and most of the guys have been here long enough to know, that any trail that is fairly close to the border is part of the Ho Chi Minh Trail...which is really a network of trails. As we have been putting the finishing touches on our loading, and checking the loads, driving to the marshalling area, then interspersing just like always with the infantry "Tracks," as they call them and other vehicles...I've been thinking about these things just like every other person in this particular convoy probably has. And I suppose, just like the others...I wonder if they really think we are so stupid that we don't notice the junction of two legs of a trail, hook that up with the fact that the so-called Battalion fire/patrol base is plunked right down on that junction? That the base is big enough/small enough...(Big enough to hold out under just the right circumstances...if everyone does their job properly, as usual...just long enough for every available form of support firepower not already on the base to respond to what is obviously going to be a (hopefully) well planned "emergency" in the form of one hell of a battle...if Charlie, or the rumored NVA take the bait...(us). Well, if they know we know about the "bait" or "asking for trouble" as some of us call it tactics, they never let on. Anyway, I hear a lot of B.S. about other units, that is hard to believe, probably just hype. The 25<sup>th</sup> has always taken pretty good care of us as far as ammo, rations, etc. I kinda figure if you need to draw them out, bait is a pretty natural way to do it. The good thing about it is, that except for a couple of Lts and that lunatic Major that almost never leaves the FDC bunker, we don't have any Artillery Officers out here to interfere with real professional soldiers doing their jobs, by making us "play army" with that spit shine boot and other garrison crap they are used to. The Lts most of them, are B XO's, AO's on temporary stop over, or FO's who are soldiers not artillery officers, so they treat

us like people and soldiers, with respect and no B.S..

Okay, there is the gate between Delta Tango and the village road. The one that goes over the bridge, then turns North. I signal the guys, two of my men, in the truck with me to keep sharp lookout to the sides of the road, while on convoy as usual. Especially going through the village. The shacks, the kids, every move they see...Damn! I hate going through this village! Never real sure if the part I heard about this being a VC controlled village at night, which is why they won't let us go on pass into it is true...know the inf. Go in there, through there, etc. but I think it is under the story of some small "mission." Laundry, or whatever. Action has been heating up, rumors have been flying, and my cherries have been driving me nuts with them...

Oh well...all part of being scared, which keeps you really alert, most of the time...

Damn!...It figures!...I don't think we had gone very far at all, really...(I looked around taking bearings as the  $\frac{3}{4}$  began to choke and buck, and I frantically tried to feather the clutch, adjust the throttle pull, just about every trick you can think of...to keep that S.O.B. running..NO DICE! Over to the right...Oh, shit! Black Virgin Mountain...passed it a hundred times, maybe...glad every time...not a good place...Damn! Watching the foliage on either side of the road so close, never noticed how CLOSE it is!

Damn! I knew this is what they were gonna do...same thing I would have had to do!!! Goddamnit!...I'm refastening the hood down after me and my troops and the guys from the track behind us have fooled around for maybe 3 minutes...can't spare more time than that to knock on filters blow them, bang on float bowls, dump and blow fule filters quickly, hurrying, cussin and prayin all at the same time...PUHLEEEZE, God! No dice!

Naturally, me being the incredibly lucky type I am...we stalled right at a curve and even though not much of one...it blocks the view on both sides, so way before we got stopped and popped the hood the vehicle in front was gone.

Now as I finish buttoning the hood down with those stupid things you have to pull up

and hook...the radio calls have all been made and the TC of the vehicle behind is explaining...verifying what I already knew, really..."So, just sit tight, keep your eyes peeled...and have your towing spindle ready for the cable and a really fast hook up. The last vehicle bringing up rearguard in the convoy will be along in about 20 Mikes and tow you the rest of the way into BURT". (This had all been said on the move back to his vehicle, as we walked and he finished just about the time the driver twisted his handles enough to go around us really close on the right, trying to stay on the road as much as possible, gunnin it to catch up to a long gone vehicle that was already around the other curve and outta sight...with a wave, in about 2-5 seconds, it seemed, they were outta sight, too).

I had pulled over to clear as much of the road as I could, I think, so they made it on the road, barely, those things are WIDE...and me and just about the loneliest 2 other lightning troopers waved and tried not to be too long faced as the rest of the vehicles behind that had bunched up went by. The whole thing had only taken probably 5-8 min. max, so I think there were only a couple or three, then we were alone. The convoy, like any convoy I ever rode had just happened at that time to be in one of it's Open Accordion phases. After

The first two or three, I positioned my men to pull "Security" on the vehicle till the last one cam along. Gave them the instructions, rigged the thermite to blow the truck and the crypto gear in case...and we settled down to think our own thoughts, watch out for what we all thought would be the "inevitable" attack by Charlie, or NVA. We all know damn well, if they were out there, and we had every reason to believe they were...they could see us...knew we were alone...knew better than we how long it would be till the next vehicle, how much time they had...I figured they might wait to see if the estimate of time between vehicles held for at least two...then as soon as the one was around the curve to the North and down the road about 50 Meters...and probably make their move, fast and hard. There should be plenty of time to take three guys with nothing but a double basic load of M-16. I think I had instructed my men to start on semi, to conserve ammo, and only switch if we got some kind of human



wave, which for three of us, would probably consist of about 10 or more, not knowing exactly what untested combat troops on live fire at real targets would do...Funny how the survival instinct takes over your brain...I was thinking about five hundred miles a minute it seemed...hoping that their knowledge of some American's tendencies to put that think on "rock n' roll" would make them wary, and maybe make them hand back at least a little...time...needed to last as long as possible...maybe the "cavalry" would have time to come barrelin 'round the corner with their 50s and 60s blazin and throwin grenades, and firin canister outta their 203s or 79s, whichever they had...and save our Buns...PUHHLEEESE, GOD!...But the reality is...you are most likely gonna die right here on this road...after you take as many of those little SOBs as possible with you!!!.....I', gonna pull the pin on that thermite grenade and fire my last few rounds standing right by that filler neck as it falls at any gook that comes around the front fender or the tailgate! There won't be enough left of me for those little savages to hack into pieces...haha, I remember how my Mom used to call me a "little savage" when my brothers and me fought...she hated it that my dad was Cherokee...now that he was gone..

Oh man! Now my heart is pounding!!!...Geeze!...That's a big vehicle! The men are getting up, not to get run over...I'm, I guess we all were...(we never talked about what we felt after...) so high on adrenaline, relief, hope...nauseous...maybe this is it...the last vehicle...probably not...steady...get a f\*\*\*\*\*g grip, sarge!...There!!! Big wave!!...Oh, shit!... it's an Arty truck, which means it isn't the last vehicle...our "ride"...try not to show the death of hope on your face...there is always the chance it's the next one...anyway, they are probably still making sure of their timing...for one more vehicle...maybe...if the last one is the one after this one...and they are going hell bent for leather to catch up...Well, now, ain't it just the way...hope springs eternal...refuses to die until the last breath is taken...

I hear it again...a big one...hell, they are all big...damn, I can see it in their faces, we are all wired so tight...can't blow that thing in between vehicles...then hop onto the next one along...not orders...wonder why...is it worth three American

lives?...oh, well...I can't remember how many times we've been up, hoping, straining to catch the first glimpse of the next vehicle around that south curve...maybe once every 10-20 minutes, though it has seemed like forever every time...Each time, the adrenaline stays longer and longer...and we are getting wound tighter and tighter...goddamnit, even a hell of a good firefight would be better than this waiting and not knowing...after all...that is what we are here for, right?...damn!...Ahha...just as we all see that track come around the curve, the engine and the track slow down just enough to negotiate around us, and get in front. You never say such big muddy smiles as the three on us! The one guy jumped down as we came up, gave me the end of that tow cable...best recollection...it was already attached to their towing hitch and wound around something and secured for fast work...they were used to dead arty and infantry vehicles needin towed by now, hahaha...I put that loop in there, slammed the pin through the cotter pin that held it, and they were revving and giving the first pumping "Hurry the hell up" sign as we piled into the cab, I threw that SOB into neutral, gave the high sign and we were on our way!!!!...

Damn, John!, Troops! You know I felt like passin out cigars, and whisky, beer, or tequila, or all of the above dancing on the hood, on the roof, in the street, just generally celebratin another day of life! No time, though, of course! It seems like we were outta there in less than 2 minutes, thank God!! Hee Hee, I and any of the troopies would have given those fine your infantry troopies a million dollars apiece, etc. etc. etc. just about anything they wanted, if we had it, not that they'da asked. Probably ho-hum routine stuff for them...But not to three really scared..."already dead, just waiting to find out how it will happen" young arty types, I'll tell ya!

So, John...there ya have it...the very first time I was convinced I was a dead man..."left for dead"...albeit by necessity...by my unit...in the pits of despair between vehicles...on the mountain of hope each time one came round that corner...only to fall into the pit again...me and my men...till finally...we ended up on the mountain again and rode it all the way to BURT...hell, at the very least with more

firepower...we wouldn't have to die alone, the three of us...but something told me...and we did...pull into BURT just as it was beginning to be dusk...in time to help the rest of the crew finish our bunker, set up the rig, put the first shift on duty, fulfill our detail requirements, go see Top for our reaction force assignments for the day...then go back to the bunker and fall dead in bed for few...and when the morning light came streamin in...we got up and did it again...gladly, not the same it!...Lots of holes in my memory of the story, so I was hoping that since 2/22 was our convoy security/partners on that run up to BURT some would remember they were detailed to stop and haul a "dead" truck into BURT, as they were the unlucky stiffis who wound up on rearguard that day. That they would be willing to fill in some of those holes for me, and let me thank them again. That maybe they remember the names of some of the other two guys that were with me...think one of them was a stout curly haired Italian kid named Fontanelli...etc. etc...At any rate, whoever they were...every year around this time...duhhhhh...I think about it, of course...and it just shames me that I can't remember their names, and I haven't been able to find out who they were and I just want to give them another Thanks from the heart for me and my troopies!!

## PAYMENT OF DUES

In the past the VN 2/22 Organization had no set time relative to when Membership Dues were due. I guess the reason for this was that money was never an issue. The situation has changed. Finances for our Organization are now a major concern. The primary reason for this is that our membership base is very large. Our operating budget for the Newsletter alone is well over \$3,600.00 per year. Therefore, a formal receipt date for Membership Dues has been set. Starting in the 2002 Calendar Year, March 31<sup>st</sup> is the date by which dues are to be sent in each year. In the 2001 Calendar Year June 1<sup>st</sup> is the date by which dues are to be sent in. Also, for those of you who send in more than the standard \$10.00 Yearly Membership Fee, please let John Lewis know if the extra amount is a donation, multiple year payment for dues, to be used for a member in need, etc.

If you know that you will miss the dues payment deadline and you wish to remain a member in good standing please contact John Lewis and let him know. Also let him know when you will send in your payment. John's mailing address, phone number and e-mail address are: 1692 30<sup>th</sup> Ave, Saint Charles, IA 50240... (515)-396-2701... E-mail: [jbkennel@netins.net](mailto:jbkennel@netins.net).

Those of you who cannot make a dues payment and wish to remain a member please contact John Lewis or I and let one of us know. You will be covered for membership as long as we have the funds to do so.

Magnet

From: Norm Nishikubo  
E-Mail: [magnetc222@earthlink.net](mailto:magnetc222@earthlink.net)  
Phone No: (626) 286-1674

## NEW EDITOR

She may be temporary or she may be permanent, only time will tell. Linda Nishikubo is the one who took over the job as Editor of this Edition of the ViewNam Triple Deuce Newsletter from John Eberwine. Until you are informed differently, please send all of your stories for the Newsletter to her. You may send the stories electronically via E-mail to [magnetc222@earthlink.net](mailto:magnetc222@earthlink.net) or mail them to her at 6802 N. Rockhold Ave, San Gabriel, Ca, 91775-1034.

Linda has two computers which have MS office 2000 Professional for the word processor and database programs. One computer has MS 98 for the operating system and the other has MS ME. She also has a third computer, which is not connected to the 'net' which has MS Office 97 Professional with MS 95 as the operating system. So she should be able to pull up anything you send her way. If not I have wasted a lot of money sending her to school....smile.

Magnet

## HEROES of the VIETNAM Generation - Webb

From: Thomas Johnson

E-mail: [Tjohnson@liu.edu](mailto:Tjohnson@liu.edu)

Date: August 29, 2000

By James Webb

The rapidly disappearing cohort of Americans that endured the Great Depression and then fought World War II is receiving quite a send-off from the leading lights of the so-called 60s generation. Tom Brokaw has published two oral histories of "The Greatest Generation" that feature ordinary people doing their duty and suggest that such conduct was historically unique. Chris Matthews of "Hardball" is fond of writing columns praising the Navy service of his father while castigating his own baby boomer generation for its alleged softness and lack of struggle. William Bennett gave a startlingly condescending speech at the Naval Academy a few years ago comparing the heroism of the "D-Day Generation" to the drugs and sex nihilism of the "Woodstock Generation." And Steven Spielberg, is promoting his film "Saving Private Ryan," was careful to justify his portrayals of soldiers in action based on the supposedly unique nature of World War II.

An irony is at work here. Lest we forget, the World War II generation now being lionized also brought us the Vietnam War, a conflict which today's most conspicuous voices by and large opposed, and in which few of them served. The "best and brightest" of the Vietnam age group once made headlines by castigating their parents for bringing about the war in which they would not fight, which has become the war they refuse to remember. Pundits back then invented a term for this animus: the "generation gap." Long, plaintive articles and even books were written examining its manifestations. Campus leaders, who claimed precocious wisdom through the magical process of reading a few controversial books, urged fellow baby boomers not to trust anyone over 30. Their elders who had survived the Depression and fought the largest war in history were looked down upon as shallow, materialistic, and out of touch.

Those of us who grew up on the other side of the picket line from that era's counter-culture can't help but feel a little leery of this sudden gush of appreciation for our elders from the leading lights of the old counter-culture. Then and now, the national

conversation has proceeded from the dubious assumption that those who came of age during Vietnam are a unified generation in the same sense as their parents were, and thus are capable of being spoken for through these fickle elites.

In truth, the "Vietnam generation" is a misnomer. Those who came of age during that war are permanently divided by different reactions to a whole range of counter-cultural agendas, and nothing divides them more deeply than the personal ramifications of the war itself. The sizable portion of the Vietnam age group who declined to support the counter-cultural agenda, and especially the men and women who opted to serve in the military during the Vietnam War, are quite different from their peers who for decades have claimed to speak for them. In fact, they are much like the World War II generation itself. For them, Woodstock was a side show, college protestors were spoiled brats who would have benefited from having to work a few jobs in order to pay their tuition, and Vietnam represented not an intellectual exercise in draft avoidance or protest marches but a battlefield that was just as brutal as those their fathers faced in World War II and Korea.

Few who served during Vietnam ever complained of a generation gap. The men who fought World War II were their heroes and role models. They honored their father's service by emulating it, and largely agreed with their father's wisdom in attempting to stop Communism's reach in Southeast Asia. The most accurate poll of their attitudes (Harris, 1980) showed that 91 percent were glad they'd served their country, 74 percent enjoyed their time in the service, and 89 percent agreed with the statement that "out troops were asked to fight in a war which our political leaders in Washington would not let them win." And most importantly, the castigation they received upon returning home was not from the World War II generation, but from the very elites in their age group who supposedly spoke for them.

Nine million men served in the military during the Vietnam war, three million of whom went to the Vietnam theater. Contrary to popular mythology, two-thirds of these were volunteers, and 73 percent of those who died were volunteers. While

some attention has been paid recently to the plight of our prisoners of war, most of whom were pilots, there has been little recognition of how brutal the war was for those who fought it on the ground. Dropped into the enemy's terrain 12,000 miles away from home, America's citizen-soldiers performed with a tenacity and quality that may never be truly understood. Those who believe the war was fought incompetently on a tactical level should consider Hanoi's recent admission that 1.4 million of its soldiers died on the battlefield, compared to 58,000 total U.S. dead. Those who believe that it was a "dirty little war" where the bombs did all the work might contemplate that it was the most costly war the U.S. Marine Corps has ever fought—five times as many dead as World War I, three times as many dead as in Korea, and more total killed and wounded than in all of World War II.

Significantly, these sacrifices were being made at a time the United States was deeply divided over our effort in Vietnam. The baby-boom generation had cracked apart along class lines as America's young men were making difficult, life-or-death choices about serving. The better academic institutions became focal points for vitriolic protest against the war, with few of their graduates going into the military. Harvard College, which had lost 691 alumni in World War II, lost a total of 12 men in Vietnam from the classes of 1962 through 1972 combined. Those classes at Princeton lost six, at MIT two. The media turned ever-more hostile. And frequently the reward for young man's having gone through the trauma of combat was to be greeted by his peers with studied indifference or outright hostility.

What is a hero? My heroes are the young men who faced the issues of war and possible death, and then weighed those concerns against obligations to their country. Citizen-soldiers who interrupted their personal and professional lives at their most formative stage, in the timeless phrase of the Confederate Memorial in Arlington National Cemetery, "not for the fame or reward, not for place or for rank, but in simple obedience to duty, as they understood it." Who suffered loneliness, disease, and wounds with an often contagious elan. And who deserve a far better place in history than that now offered

them by the so-called spokesmen of our so-called generation.

Mr. Brokaw, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Spielberg, meet my Marines. 1969 was an odd year to be in Vietnam. Second only to 1968 in terms of American casualties, it was the year made famous by Hamburger Hill, as well as the gut-wrenching Life cover story showing the pictures of 242 Americans who had been killed in one average week of fighting. Back home, it was the year of Woodstock, and of numerous anti-war rallies that culminated in the Moratorium march on Washington. The My Lai massacre hit the papers and was seized upon by the anti-war movement as the emblematic moment of the war. Lyndon Johnson left Washington in utter humiliation.

Richard Nixon entered the scene, destined for an even worse fate. In the An Hoa Basin southwest of Danang, the Fifth Marine Regiment was in its third year of continuous combat operations. Combat is an unpredictable and inexact environment, but we were well-led. As a rifle platoon and company commander, I served under a succession of three regimental commanders who had cut their teeth in World War II, and four different battalion commanders, three of whom had seen combat in Korea. The company commanders were typically captains on their second combat tour in Vietnam, or young first lieutenants like myself who were given companies after many months of "bust time" as platoon commanders in the Basin's tough and unforgiving environs.

The Basin was one of the most heavily contested areas in Vietnam, its torn, cratered earth offering every sort of wartime possibility. In the mountains just to the west, not far from the Ho Chi Minh Trail, the North Vietnamese Army operated an infantry division from an area called Base Area 112. In the valleys of the Basin, main-force Viet Cong battalions whose ranks were 80 percent North Vietnamese Army regulars moved against the Americans every day. Local Viet Cong units sniped and harassed. Ridge lines and patty dikes were laced with sophisticated booby traps of every size, from a hand grenade to a 250-pound bomb. The villages sat in the rice paddies and tree lines like individual fortresses, crisscrossed with trenches and spider holes, their homes

sporting bunkers capable of surviving direct hits from large-caliber artillery shells. The Viet Cong infrastructure was intricate and permeating. Except for the old and the very young, villagers who did not side with the Communists had either been killed or driven out to the government controlled enclaves near Danang.

In the rifle companies, we spent the endless months patrolling ridge lines and villages mad mountains, far away from any notion of tents, barbed wire, hot food, or electricity. Luxuries were limited to what would fit inside one's pack, which after a few 'humps' usually boiled down to letter-writing material, towel, soap, toothbrush, poncho liner, and a small transistor radio.

We moved through the boiling heat with 60 pounds of weapons and gear, causing a typical Marine to drop 20 percent of his body weight while in the bush. When we stopped we dug chest-deep fighting holes and slit trenches for toilets. We slept on the ground under makeshift poncho hootches, and when it rained we usually took our hootches down because wet ponchos shined under illumination flares, making great targets. Sleep itself was fitful, never more than an hour or two at a stretch for months at a time as we mixed daytime patrolling with night-time ambushes, listening posts, foxhole duty, and radio watches. Ringworm, hookworm, malaria, and dysentery were common, as was trench foot when the monsoons came. Respite was rotating back to the mud-filled regimental combat base at An Hoa for four or five days, where rocket and mortar attacks were frequent and our troops manned defensive bunkers at night. Which makes it kind of hard to get excited about tales of Woodstock, or camping at the Vineyard during summer break.

We had been told while in training that Marine officers in the rifle companies had an 85 percent probability of being killed or wounded, and the experience of "Dying Delta," as our company was known, bore that out. Of the officers in the bush when I arrived, our company commander was wounded, the weapons platoon commander was wounded, the first platoon commander was killed, the second platoon commander was wounded twice, and I, commanding the third platoon, was wounded twice. The enlisted troops in the rifle platoons fared

no better. Two of my original three squad leaders were killed, the third shot in the stomach. My platoon sergeant was severely wounded, as my right guide. By the time I left, my platoon I had gone through six radio operators, five of them casualties.

These figures were hardly unique; in fact, they were typical. Many other units; for instance, those who fought the hill battles around Khe Sanh, or were with the famed Walking Dead of the Ninth Marine Regiment, or were in the battle for Hue City or at Dai Do, had it far worse.

When I remember those days and the very young men who spent them with me, I am continually amazed, for these were mostly recent civilians barely out of high school, called up from the cities and the farms to do their year in Hell and then return. Visions haunt me every day, not of the nightmares of war but of the steady consistency with which my Marines faced responsibilities, and of how uncomplaining most of them were in the face of constant danger. The salty, battle-hardened 20-year-olds teaching green 19-year-olds the intricate lessons of that hostile battlefield. The unerring skill of the young squad leaders as we moved through unfamiliar villages and weed-choked trails in the black of night. The quick certainty with which they moved when coming under enemy fire. Their sudden tenderness when a fellow Marine was wounded and needed help. Their willingness to risk their lives to save other Marines in peril. To this day it stuns me that their own countrymen have so completely missed the story of their service, lost in the bitter confusion of the war itself.

Like every military unit throughout history we had occasional laggards, cowards, and complainers. But in the aggregate, these Marines were the finest people I have ever been around. It has been my privilege to keep up with many of them over the years since we all came home. One finds in them very little bitterness about the war in which they fought. The most common regret, almost to a man, is that they were not able to do more for each other and for the people they came to help.

It would be redundant to say that I would trust my life to these men. Because I already have, in more ways than I can ever recount. I am alive today because of

their quiet, unaffected heroism. Such valor epitomizes the conduct of Americans at war from the first days of our existence. That the boomer elites can canonize this sort of conduct in our fathers generation while ignoring it in our own is more than simple oversight. It is a conscious, continuing travesty.

Former Secretary of the Navy James Webb was awarded the Navy Cross, Silver Star, and Bronze Star medals for heroism as a Marine in Vietnam. His novels include *The Emperor's General* and *Fields of Fire*.

Semper Fidelis

From: Bill Schwindt  
E-mail: [C322locate@aol.com](mailto:C322locate@aol.com)  
Date: Sept 24, 2000

Guys and Gals,

I am sorry I haven't sent anything lately, I get busy and this seems to take second place. I will be sending the "Creation of Vietnam Vet" to you all very soon, but not on this e-mail, I promise.

NONE KILLED

In 1966 the 4<sup>th</sup> platoon of C co 3/22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry went to Vietnam by ship, along with thousands of others of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Brigade, 4<sup>th</sup> Div. Throughout the remaining part of 1966 and through all of 1967 we never lost a man. Yes, we had wounded, but none killed.

And further, we are all still alive today, those from the original group of 4<sup>th</sup> plt C3/22, including our Plt Sgt who is 73-75 years old, Sgt Campbell. It's really pretty amazing when you think about this. We have been blessed, no doubt.

But one of us is very sick right now and in the VA hospital in Portland OR. Dave Say is fighting cancer. I see him every 2-3 days, and relay all e-mails about him to him and Karen, his wife. He loves hearing the messages. Dave loves each of us very much as so do love him. I still have hope and believe prayers help. And I don't want Dave to be the first one of us to go. Even though he pulled point a lot in Nam, I don't want him to be our pointman to Heaven, not just yet. I'm not ready to give up on him.

Karen is afraid to get the entire truth from the doctor, so I'm sort of in the dark about

Dave's chances myself. I've encouraged her to ask, but that is really up to her. I do know this, God can still heal him. And I know this too, there are many of you who pray. Some of the best people in the world are on my E-mail list.

PLEASE PRAY for DAVE SAY.

Bill Schwindt

From: Bill Schwindt  
E-mail: [C322locate@aol.com](mailto:C322locate@aol.com)  
Date: November 26, 2000

Guys,

This came to me and there is so much truth in it I just had to send it to all of you, even though I see a few things differently than He.

Bill

**"A Grunt's Demented Thoughts of Viet Nam Combat"**

A Company, 2/12<sup>th</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup> Brigade, 4<sup>th</sup> Division, VietNam 14 Oct. 1966 through October 1967

Base Camp Dau Tieng, War Zone C

Our company was in the bush making contact with the Viet Cong. When we were "out" we lived in the jungle. We were bitten by ants, snakes, bugs, scorpions. We had jungle rot from our crotch to our toes. We pulled leeches off of each other's asses. Temperatures were in the 90s+ with high humidity. We could not carry enough water to satisfy our thirst. We could not carry enough ammo and grenades for a protracted fire fight.

The jungle tore our clothes and our bodies. The jungle turned our green and black boots white with our body salt leaking from our bodies through perspiration. The sweat flowed down our bodies to our boots, our feet were wet all the time. At night, we felt that we were freezing. When it rained, we slept in prone trenches filled with water. We had to make decisions on what we carried...water, ammo, food, C4, poncho and liner. Our packs were heavy; 65+ pounds.

The jungle took great joy in snagging our web gear and packs. We were stooped over all the time. You had to be careful when you took off your pack...you felt like you would float into space.

If 40 men supported one grunt in the field, where the hell were they!?...why were we thirsty? Why one hot meal per day? Why no letters from home? Why Red Cross Care packages with cigars & razors? Couldn't the Army afford these luxurious items? Why didn't we hear about the astronauts dying in the spacecraft on the launch pad fire?

Why did our M16s jam in combat? When we used out metal cleaning rods you could smell your fingers being seared while unjamming your weapon. Our complaints about our weapons were answered by "you do not keep your weapons clean". HORSE SHIT!! When your life depends on it, you make every effort to survive. Most of us packed back up weapons; knives, machetes, entrenching tools, captured V.C. weapons, pistols, rifles, etc. from our wounded and dead brothers. Anything to keep us alive. All this while knowing that the next step you take you could be killed or mangled by booby traps, punjie sticks, snipers, V.C. on patrol, contact with fortified base camps. My point man did not carry his weapon. His job was to cut trail. He was facing an impenetrable wall of jungle. If he saw something or heard me yell, he was to hit the ground because I was going to fire over him with his and my weapon. The above described was not fear. It was a known reality. Eight brothers killed, Noel, Evans, Aufiere, Faidley, Nickerson, Smith, Barton, Blantan. Fifty-eight men, I know there were many more, wounded in combat by my diary. Most of the men that had their feet in the hell fire of combat received wounds to their minds that will never heal.

And, if the above described was not enough, we were shelled by our own support units. This was the scariest because our support units had unlimited fire power. It was good to know we were killed and wounded by the best Army on earth...our own. Comments that we loved to hear were "you do not see the big picture". How the hell could we? No one ever showed us it. Whatever the fuck it was!!

We saw, smelled, tasted, felt, sensed, heard the screaming hell of combat. Our minds shut down. What we experienced could not be assimilated and stored in our minds so that we could retrieve them when we want to. These are floating in our minds and

ambush us when we are not on watch in the "real world". Today, some of us are on constant alert for the ambushes. They beat the hell out of you. They tire you out. We and our families are looking for that young boy that we sent to Viet Nam. Where was that precious youth spent? How can anyone understand what you feel if they did not put their feet in the fire of Viet Nam? Why do we, who were there, our "brothers" long to make contact at this stage of our lives? I feel that one of the reasons is, we do not have to explain ourselves to one another. We, in our silence, understand. We, in our tears spilling down our faces finally can cry for our losses in Viet Nam. We don't have to worry when we hug and cry that anyone will not think you are not a "man". We know we are "men" tempered to the breaking point by the hell of combat in Viet Nam. We are "brothers" born of the same mother. If this is true, our second mother, that one that bore us all was the heartless hell bitch of Viet Nam combat. She was merciless. She was death. She ate her own. We fought her. Some of us are unaffected. Some of us are forever marked by her uncaring cruelty. We are all bonded a "brothers" by the experience of "Her". Our families are tormented by our "birth" from her. I will die with the thoughts of her on my mind. We, the "brothers" are altered by her. Don't you dare take her name in vain. Only us, that were born of her and our families that are affected by her have that right! When a mother is so abusive, we, her children, tend to try harder to make her love us! Do not spit on me. The punishment is death! When I am close to you, be careful. I am dangerous. Most of us did not receive the medals that we deserved. The paperwork men of Viet Nam were in the rear; three hot meals a day, dry, sleeping above the ground on cots. Shitting on a toilet seat Taking a drink of water when wanted.

We, our brothers, carry the most respected, envied medal of all the services...The C.I.B., Combat Infantry Badge. They had to give it to us. It was mandatory after combat in the field. Our unit received the Presidential Unit Citation for the battle of Soui Tre, 21 arch 1967. This is the highest award for extraordinary heroism that our country gives. We know who we are. We walked the same ground. We suffered our birth; some with smiles. I am awed by your courage. I am lifted by our "brotherhood". I find peace in your company. I feel safe

when you are near. You may think I am nuts. You who were with me know I am "nuts"...that's how we made it!

We were so expendable in this conflict we had to look up to see HELL. Us, that made it, had a long hard climb to get back to look at the place we started before we were drafted, never being able to return, but thankful we can see "it". Grateful for every day we live because they are all free days. They are gift days. The days of our lives in Viet Nam were numbered, finite. And time ran out. We have to make an effort to live our lives to the fullest, happiest, kindest that we can. We must struggle to get free from the horrors of Viet Nam. To some of us it seems impossible. Remember we made it "back to the real world". We did it once, we must do it again. We owe it to Joe Noel, John Faidley, Armand Aufiere, Doc Evans, Clint Smith, Tom Nickerson, Larry Barton, and Russell Blantan. They are watching over us. Do not give up. When you are at the bottom and to see hell, you have to look up, call me. I have a rope that will save you. Where you go, I go. I and our brothers are here for you and ourselves!!

OZZIE-Henry Osowiecki, Jr, 350 Walnut Hill Rd, Thomaston, CT 06787. Tel (days) (860)283-9474, (evenings) (860)283-8645. A Co., 2/12, 3<sup>rd</sup> Brigade, 4<sup>th</sup> Div. Served 10/1966 - 10/1967-Viet Nam

If this letter makes no sense to you, you were not there and you will never understand. OR, I am still insane as I was in Viet Nam. These are the thoughts of my Viet Nam mind. My good mind lets my Viet Nam mind speak, write, cry. My good mind knows that my Viet Nam mind wants to heal! My good mind lets my Viet Nam mind have the room it needs. To end, if you understand what I am trying to say, maybe you are insane! Or, maybe we are both insane and recognize that it is necessary for our Viet Nam mind to express itself.

Wow!!!! I hope to meet OZZIE someday,

Bill

## IN MEMORY OF OUR FRIENDS

### A 2/22 KIA's

Larry Allen Rice

1/04/66



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
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

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

#### D 2/22 KIA's

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

#### HHC 2/22 KIA's

Michael James Beirne	5/10/67
Wayne Thomas Doc Provencher	5/10/67
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 Dave 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 Doc David Lambert	12/07/66
Frank Monroe Murphy	12/07/66
James Essary	01/17/67
Edward Ralph Glenn Jr	01/17/67
Yvon Andre Hebert	01/17/67
Dale Clarence Schummer	01/17/67
Michael Francis Smith	03/18/67
Houston Clifford Box Jr	01/02/68
Marvin Dewayn Canterbury	02/23/69
James Frederick Uttermark	02.23.69
Donald Ray Webb	03/09/70
Charles F Armentrout	05/22/70
Orla Daniel Hammack	06.07/67

#### 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: [vietvet222@juno.com](mailto:vietvet222@juno.com)  
**Brad Hull**  
E-Mail: [bradhull@juno.com](mailto:bradhull@juno.com)

#### CONCLUSION

Well folks this is it for now. Expect the next edition of the newsletter in the mid June time frame. I have some material for it but not enough for a full newsletter. Now let me restate that I have enough material if all you want to read are my husband's stories. I'm sure you don't want that, so send me your stories. You ladies, please also send me some material. I would like to

devote a section of the next newsletter to us. What the "hey" we'll give the men a run for their money...smile.

**Also send in your dues. It is only \$10.00 per year!!!!**

My Best To All Of You,

Linda Nishikubo

E-mail: [magnetc222@earthlink.net](mailto:magnetc222@earthlink.net)