

The *VietNam* Triple Deuce, Inc.

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

Edited by Linda Nishikubo

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President's Message

On March 8, 2001 the Vietnam Triple Deuce was incorporated. The officers we elect and the way we elect officers has changed significantly.

David E. Milewski

In the Bylaws, Article 5 Section 2 states.....*The number of Directors of the Corporation shall be four and hold office until the next scheduled meeting of members and until his successor shall have been elected and qualified.* (At the reunion in St. Louis, May 2-5, 2002 we will be electing the four Directors of the Board).

At the meeting in St. Louis, be prepared to offer nominations for the Board of Directors and nominations for officers to be considered by the Board of Directors.

Article VI Section 1 states.....*The principal officers of the Corporation shall be elected by the Board of Directors and shall include a President, a Vice President, a Secretary, and a Treasurer.*

Those of you who wish to have a full copy of the Bylaws which resulted from incorporation on 03-08-01, please contact David Milewski. His contact information follows:

At the meeting in St. Louis, the newly elected Board of Directors will be electing the President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer.

Only those requests from members in good standing will be honored. In other words, the request will only be honored for members who are current relative to membership dues payment.

The current Directors are:

Michael W. Groves

Mike Groves, President VN 2/22

E. Q. 'Skip' Fahel

The First Lady's Corner

**LADIES ACTIVITIES IN ST. LOUIS-
22nd REUNION – MAY 2002**

BRING YOUR VET & JOIN US !!

John Lewis

We have been working very hard to make the reunion interesting and entertaining for you too. On Friday, May

3rd while the men are in a meeting, we are arranging a Ladies Breakfast. Immediately following the breakfast, a bus tour of St. Louis for any and all (vets included) will start. We will board the bus at approximately 10:15 – 10:30. The first stop will be a tour of Anheuser-Busch Brewery facilities, including the Clydesdales, the hospitality room and the gift shop. Then on to Laclede's Landing (on the Riverfront) for lunch, on your own. After lunch it's on to the ARCH where those who want to, can ride the tram to the top of the Arch for a "Birdseye View" of St. Louis, the Mississippi River and the surrounding area. Those not wanting to take the tram ride can see one of two movies and/or browse the display of the Museum of Westward Expansion and another gift shop. Leaving the Arch, we board the bus and head back to the Hotel with one more stop at the Soldier's Memorial where they will have a display of WWII items and a display of Jim Nelson's VN paintings. From the Memorial, we will board the bus to return to the Hotel.

Just a note: the bus has room for walkers or a wheelchair, but it doesn't have a ramp for boarding.

A "Goodie Bag" will be available when you check in at the Registration Desk. Saturday has been left free, but if there is something particular you are interested in seeing or doing, Cathy Groves and I will make ourselves available for your questions.

Get your Vet on the ball and make your reservations right away!

Grace Maglione, Tour Chairman

Ladies Breakfast

We've all heard that eating a good breakfast is the best way to start your day. So join us for the Ladies Breakfast on Friday, May 3, 2002. Visit with Hon. Col. Awb Norris, our guest speaker. Meet old and new friends.

We have activity bags for the kids and attendance prizes for the ladies. Brochures about the sites of St. Louis Metro area and shopping malls will be available.

Learn some fun facts about St. Louis. Do you know where and when the ice cream cone was invented? (Answer: In Forest Park at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904!)

Must be present to enjoy the fun!!!

FOR THE LADIES

Wars, Conflicts & Brotherhood

I was the guest speaker in the fifth grade History class...Not because I was a fellow History teacher. Nope! I was a real live relic from the time period that they were studying—the Sixties and the Seventies. The questions about my growing up in a small town were a snap. There were groans when I said we didn't have computers, Nintendos or cell phones. School reports were neatly handwritten in ink. Not everyone on farms had a TV, only a few were color models. Telephones were mostly party lines with up to twelve families on the same line. The music you played at home on discs was called records. I was a farm girl; my boyfriend was a townie.

The questions progressed and I was explaining what life was like while my fiancé was in 'Nam. As I responded to one young man, I noticed the room had grown quiet. The kids had perplexed looks on their faces as some quickly paged through their History books. The teacher nervously smiled and I began to replay in my mind the question and my answer.

Ahhh, I had referred to Mike's duty during the Viet Nam *War* instead of Viet Nam *Conflict!* A discussion broke out in the classroom about the difference. We consulted dictionaries and found similar definitions for both conflict and war. My opinion, I said, is that there is a certain attitude toward wars and a different one toward conflicts. The kids agreed. On the news it's drug or gang wars – not *conflicts!* I realized that I resented using a word that seemed to lessen the importance of the lives lost in 'Nam and a time period in America's history. A small chapter in the History book couldn't begin to tell the real story. Families were forever changed when their loved ones were killed or injured. When Mike came home, he just

wanted to leave the horror of war (conflict!) behind and move on with our lives. But a time came when he began to talk about 'Nam. I listened, but I just didn't relate to his experiences.

When he found other Vets, they related. These warriors (conflictors?) understood and shared the scents, sounds, sights and feelings. Maybe, it's a military thing. He can swap stories with WWII Vets as well as with the present day Triple Deucers. That's Brotherhood, defined as a meeting of kindred spirits. It happens at every reunion.

Call it by any name. In my book –war is war...and brotherhood is a chance to meet kindred spirits...not only for the guys, but also for the gals and families, as well.

Cathy Groves, First Lady

REMEMBERING BOBBY --A Sweetheart's Story--

"Here dead lie we, because we did not choose to live and shame the land from which we sprung. Life, to be sure, is nothing much to lose, but young men think it is...and we were young. A.E. Houseman

It was the spring of 1964 when the Beatles were in full swing, that I met a very fine young man named Robert Mlynarski. We were 19 years old and so in love. It was to be a Romeo and Juliet type romance. His mother did not approve of the relationship because I was not the ideal person she had in mind for her son. I did not come from the "right" cultural background nor did I practice the Catholic religion.

Bobby came from a family of five. He had a sister, Donna, who was 8 years old at the time and a younger brother named Jimmy. The family owned and operated a convenience type of store named POP's. They were a financially successful family because they all worked at the store 7 days a week. Holidays at the Mlynarski's were not spent at home as a family. They were spent at "the store." His mother ran a tight ship. She was very controlling and very much a disciplinarian. His father

was a quiet but very much a deep and intelligent man.

Bobby graduated from a Catholic High School in 1964 and entered college in the fall. He had some challenges ahead of him. He was finally living away from home for the first time, and continued a relationship with me pretty much on the sneak. His mother knew many people in town and he could not get away with anything she did not approve of. Our tender hearts were always breaking because we were constantly being split apart.

Bobby so loved the "Oldies but Goodies" on Saturday nights. We did the typical things young people did in the 60's. We went to the drive-in movies, ate ice cream cones, burgers and fries at the local "burger joints." We would go "parking" at night at the local parks. Our favorite song was Chad and Jeremy's "A Summer Song." (Ironically, the words are still befitting.) Bobby would take his little sister along on some of our dates. This did interfere with our privacy but he was such a good brother and he loved his sister. Besides, this was a way to spend time with me while his mother thought that he was taking his little sister to the movies. Today she tells me how important and significant this was in her life.

In 1966, while he was enjoying the freedom of college life, he found that his grades were not what they needed to be and decided he was not ready to continue. Needless to say, this was not what was expected of him. He dropped out and was immediately drafted into the Army. After basic training, he went to OCS. Like any other draftees at the time, we all knew that his eventual assignment to Vietnam was inevitable. With the help of his parents, he bought a Corvette Sting Ray. It was silver gray with a black interchangeable convertible top. He so loved that car and took it with him wherever he was stationed. I, along with my best girlfriend, would meet him whenever he had a free weekend, no matter how far we had to travel. His job was to "fix her up" so that we could be together.

Against his mother's best wishes, we were engaged in the fall of 1967, and, of

course, Bobby got his orders for Vietnam. We were so afraid for him. He was also afraid.

Parting with Bobby that final night was the hardest thing I ever had to do in my life. (Boy, was I in for a shock!) He was so sick that night and I could not help him. We could not stop holding on to one another and crying.

Once he arrived in Vietnam, I would faithfully write every day, as would his folks. Like all other loving families, we sent our share of packages of goodies. Call it youth, ignorance or lack of experience, but I could not and did not fathom the grave danger my handsome young soldier was in. Bobby and I were going to meet in Hawaii if he was granted R&R sometime the following spring. The thought of this is what kept us going.

I was at work the Monday after Thanksgiving, 1967, when a call came from Bobby's mother, telling me that her son was "missing in action." I "moved in" with the Mlynarski's and we literally waited day and night for the next word from the Department of the Army. (His Mother finally accepted that I was a significant part of her son's life because she was so afraid). The word came about one and one half weeks later, I think. They came to the door and handed Bobby's mother a telegram saying that her son was "killed in action while going after one of his wounded men." All hell broke loose then. The dog started barking relentlessly, Mrs. Mlynarski was screaming: NO! NOT MY SON!! I got on the phone and called POP's to tell his Dad to please come home, Bobby is dead. We all sat there and literally wailed...

We buried Bobby on December 21, 1967. It was the bleakest day, complete with sleet, freezing rain, the works. He had a fine military funeral and thank God, the casket was closed. Bobby's mother asked that his friend from basic training, Danny Mock, be sent to Connecticut to be Bobby's escort. Danny spent a few days with us after the funeral. How difficult this must have been for him!

Shortly after, during all of this confusion, we received a copy of a letter written by a high school companion of mine who was in Bobby's company. He gave his parents a very good description of what

happened. This was more information, I think, than most families get. We were fortunate to have it. I still have this letter. In spite of this most valuable information, I still had questions.

For the next 33 years I went on with my life after a period of obvious pain, oblivion and self-pity. These were very confusing times. I was angry with anyone who did not have a loved one overseas, especially in Vietnam. Deep down in my heart I always thought that someday Bobby would return and that this was all a very bad dream.

In June of 1997, Bill Allison sent a card to Mrs. Mlynarski and a copy of the book from Lee Greenwood's "Proud To Be An American" song. This has been my favorite for years! I now have the book and card in my possession. How excited I was when his sister called to tell me this.

In 1998, my husband (who has been wonderful through all of this) installed our home computer. I knew I had to find some of the guys who were with Bobby that could share whatever information with me. With trembling fingers, I typed in the keyword "Vietnam" and got on to the Virtual Wall where, next the Lt. Mlynarski name was a short, very nice message to him from Larry Gunnels. I was so shaken and taken by his sincerity! Imagine my excitement and surprise when I finally had someone's address that knew Bobby in Vietnam! Again, with trembling fingers, I wrote a note to Larry. He was so nice and told me that he would give my address to some other guys who were with Bobby at the time and who would share what they could with me. This is how I met Norm Nishikubo. Norm has been wonderful and it wasn't long before I felt I knew him and Linda for years! I did not like what Norm had to tell me but I was glad to get another perspective of what happened to Bobby after all of these years.

Norm led me to the Triple Deuce Newsletter and the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society. These newsletters are a very valuable source of information for me. Not just about what happened to Bobby, but to learn about what others who served in Vietnam and other wars experienced. Good and bad. Norm was

kind enough to send me back issues like the July, 1998 where Bill Allison wrote the "Stories From The Past" describing the events which led to Bobby's death. Robin Harrington, who I learned was very badly wounded in the same battle, sent Norm the last pictures taken of Bobby. Norm sent copies to me. Thank you Robin, and Welcome Home! It also did my heart good to see an article from Jim Pasquale, SKI'S Raiders. This is what men in the Platoon called themselves, I learned.

In closing, I now know there have been questions regarding what Bobby was thinking and feeling the last day of his life. I can only submit the following part of the last letter he wrote to me on 17 Nov 1967. I feel it is very significant. He loved the men who served with him...

My Dearest Ana:

"Please don't get upset if this letter isn't as pleasant as my others. It's just that I feel real depressed and disgusted about this dirty, rotten war. I am really getting sick of it. The other day, two more of my men were wounded and it really got to me. In the last week we have had 16 men wounded in the company and we haven't killed one of the dirty **BASTARDS**. Excuse this description but that is just what they are. When we get hit, nine times out of ten, you can't even see them and by the time you get into the jungle to chase them, they're gone. It gets very frustrating to see men get wounded and not be able to make those PIGS pay for it."

The reason I felt so bad when my men were wounded is because I've let myself get too close to them for my own good. One of them was only 18 years old and he'll be messed up for the rest of his life. I guess I should have known better than to get so close but that is just the way I am. I am not really sorry about the way I feel towards them. When you know that your men like and respect you and tell you that they would follow you to hell and back, you can't help but like and respect them just as much and perhaps love them a little in a brotherly way. If nothing else, this god forsaken place will surely make a man out of me." Your Loving, Bobby

Respectfully Submitted
Ana R. Pederson
Hebron, Connecticut

P.S. The Corvette was purchased and restored by a local woman who has taken it to numerous car shows around the state. When we asked to buy the car, she replied: "It's not for sale."

Ladies Have A Laugh

Every "Hormone Hostage" knows that there are days in the month when all a man has to do is open his mouth and he takes his life in his hands. This is a handy guide that should be in the wallet of every husband, boyfriend, or significant other.

DANGEROUS: What's for dinner?
SAFER: Can I help you with dinner?
SAFEST: Where would you like to go for dinner?

DANGEROUS: Are you wearing THAT?
SAFER: Gee, you look good in brown.
SAFEST: Wow! Look at you!

DANGEROUS: What are you so worked up about?
SAFER: Could we be overreacting?
SAFEST: Here's 50 dollars.

DANGEROUS: Should you be eating that?
SAFER: You know, there are a lot of apples left.
SAFEST: Can I get you a glass of wine wine with that?

DANGEROUS: What did you DO all day?
SAFER: I hope you didn't overdo today.
SAFEST: I've always loved you in that robe.

DANGEROUS: Omigosh! what happened to your hair?
SAFER: New hairdo honey?
SAFEST: I have always loved that look on you.

DANGEROUS You're burning the chicken?
SAFER: I love barbecued chicken.
SAFEST: Mmmmmm..what smells so good?

DANGEROUS: Don't look at me like that.
SAFER: Your eyes look funny. Do you feel ok?
SAFEST: I've always loved your eyes.

DANGEROUS: Why are the kids tied to chairs?
SAFER: C'mon kids. Come and play with Daddy.
SAFEST: CRAZY KIDS!

Sent to us by Robin Harrington (C/2/22) Vietnam. E-mail:

This Explains It All

All babies start out with the same number of raw cells, which over nine months, develop into a complete female baby.

The problem occurs when cells are instructed by the little chromosomes to make a male baby instead. Because there are only so many cells to go around, the cell necessary to develop a male's reproductive organs have to come from cells already assigned elsewhere in the female.

Recent tests have shown that these cells are removed from the communications center of the brain, migrate lower in the body and develop into male sexual organs.

If you visualize a normal brain to be similar to a full deck of cards, this means that males are born a few cards short, so to speak, and some of their cards are in their shorts. This difference between the male and female brain manifests itself in various ways.

Little girls will tend to play things like house or learn to read.

Little boys, however, will tend to do things like placing a bucket over their heads and running into walls.

This basic cognitive difference continues to grow until puberty, when the hormones kick into action and the trouble really begins. After puberty, not only the size of the male and female brains differ, but the center of thought also differs.

Women think with their heads.

Male thoughts often originate in their bodies where their ex-brain cells reside. Of course, the size of the problem varies from man to man.

In some men only a small number of brain cells migrate and they are left with nearly full mental capacity but they tend to be rather dull, sexually speaking. Such men are known in medical terms as "Engineers." Other men suffer larger brain cell relocation. These men are medically referred to as "Fighter Pilots." A small number of men suffer massive brain cell migration to their groins. These men are usually referred to as "Mr. President or Mr. Congressman."

Sent to us by
Robin Harrington (C/2/22) Vietnam

Hello Vietnam Triple Deuce

Hello everyone.

This would be easier if I could say I was the mess sergeant or a mechanic or a 4.2 guy or a track driver in a certain company between certain dates. I can't because I wasn't. I don't have a CIB or CMB. I've never been on an AP or RP. In fact, I wasn't in the Triple Deuce at all so I think I owe you all an explanation as to who I am and how I became involved with the Triple Deuce 33 years ago and now.

I'm Jim May. Then it was LT May. I am a Dau Tieng soldier. I worked with the Recon Platoon running the convoy from February '68 until you all left in August '68. There were times when other BN elements filled in a convoy escort, but for the most part it was Recon that I worked with. From the day that Eric Osphal, who left shortly after I arrived in Dau Tieng, and Don Skrove told me what was expected of me, I was in constant contact with Triple Deuce Guys. From wake up until the convoy returned from Tay Ninh, we worked as a single unit. One of my Jeep radios was always on the Recon push. The other radio was on the Brigade push. If anything happened on The Road, I would be able to immediately call for a

response from supporting units. It wasn't following the chain of command, but it would have been much quicker that way. It was the Skrove-May method. Fortunately we never had to use it. My call sign was Papa 3 until we started using different call signs every week or so. I got the call sign Cloudy Peaches 30 and the "Peaches" part stuck. So, some of you might remember me as "Peaches." I was also responsible for supplying and acquiring items of importance such as "road blocks" and "track wheels" so some might remember me as the "Beer Man." I would take the convoy out to meet the escorts, usually at the Bridge, sometimes the first turn in the Rubber and every so often I'd go all the way to the laterite pit beyond the Rubber. The convoy and escorts would leave and I would return alone, so some of you might remember me as the "Crazy LT."

Of course, those of you who were not in Dau Tieng in '68, would have no way of remembering me. It is easy for you to relate to other Triple Deuce Guys that were in other Companies or there at different times once you know what they did. Unless you had convoy escort duty in the Ben Cui Rubber, you have no frame of reference so I will explain to you what my job was. Keeping men from getting wounded and killed. Not fighting, if you like. A very simple concept to understand. If you look at the back of this Newsletter, you will see that no one in Recon was killed during the time that Don Skrove and Jim May ran The Road. In fact, the only wounded Guys were truck drivers. There were six or seven PHs awarded and they were all from trucks hitting mines. You won't hear anyone tell a story about LT May charging in somewhere and rescuing a PC full of wounded Guys. That's not what I did. I kept them from getting wounded in the first place. You don't get a CIB for Not Fighting. However, you do get the satisfaction of knowing that a lot of truck and track drivers went home in one piece. That was most important to me then and it gives me a lot to be proud of now. No other unit, before or after, had the kind of success that the 2nd BN (Mech) 22 Inf Reg had in escorting convoys in a forward area. Not one ambush was successfully carried out against the convoy. Well, that's what I did and how I got involved with the Triple

Deuce back then. I was adopted, if you like.

As for now, a 2/14 friend told me about the 25th Inf Div WEB site and I started looking around and found the link to the 22nd Inf Reg site. I said hello and immediately got a response from Colonel Norris. Andrew Alday of the 3/22 said hello and Magnet said hello. Well, Norm did more than say hello. He gave me the third degree. He wanted to know where I had been and what I had done in Dau Tieng and then he said he remembered me, not LT May, but he remembered the LT that ran The Road with the Triple Deuce. Norm and I went back and forth with a few stories about Dau Tieng. Norm talked with other VN Triple Deuce Guys and then invited me to join. At first I was overwhelmed and then I was hesitant because I had not been out there fighting with you Guys, the men I see as the Real Soldiers, I didn't want to be seen as a "wannabe" or a pretender. Norm said, "...think about it, you were right there with us..." and I thought about it and took him up on the offer upon the condition that he would put this "Hello" in the Newsletter.

In closing, I would like to tell a brief story. When the convoy came back from Tay Ninh in the afternoon, I would track its progress by listening to the tracks call the checkpoints as they went by them. Radio communication was nearly impossible when the tracks were in the rubber. They could talk to each other, but communication into or out of the rubber was difficult at best. The only way to know what was going on was to watch the dust coming up from The Road and hope you didn't hear any shooting. Once the lead track came out of the rubber, you could see it from the bridge, radio communication was again possible. Trucks would cross the bridge and head through the town towards the gate and we all knew that it had been a good day on The Road. It was then that I'd get on the radio and say, "What do you need?" I have told you this story because I want you all to know the offer still stands. What do you need?

I look forward to playing an active part in this organization and hope to meet all of you at some point in the near future. It was my good fortune to be thrown in with you back in Dau Tieng 33 years ago

and it is my great honor to be associated with you, The Real Soldiers, once again.

Jim May. Provisional Support, Vietnam

New Mailing Policy For The VN 2/22 Newsletter

Folks it is with deep regret that the following mailing policy for our Newsletter is now in place. However, we have no choice but to implement it. *Starting with the December, 2001 Edition of the Vietnam Triple Deuce Newsletter only 2001 Calendar Year Dues Payers on record as of November 15, 2001 and those who qualify for a complementary copy will receive it.*

A membership form is enclosed which contains all of the information that you will need to send in a dues payment.

**IFYOU DO NOT SEE THE LETTER
“P” AFTER YOUR LAST NAME ON
THE ADDRESS LABEL ATTACHED
TO THE ENVELOPE THIS
NEWSLETTER CAME IN, YOU
HAVE NOT PAID YOUR DUES.**

Note: Dues payments for the 2002 Calendar Year are due by March 31, 2002.

Board of Directors, Vietnam Triple Deuce

Greetings Folks

In the recent past I have heard several different accounts from those who knew me and were in Vietnam when I was wounded the fourth time. None of the accounts that I have heard are accurate. It was not ‘bad luck’ that caused me to get hit nor did I get hit just as I was exiting a bunker to go to a defensive position on the Berm Line. Here is the real story.

INVINCIBILITY OF YOUTH (Young & Dumb / Stupidity Personified)

Location: Base Camp

Date: August 1968

In early August of 1968 I completed my 26th year of life. It was at that time when I started to feel that I was invincible. Nothing was going to happen to me for the balance of my tour in Vietnam. I was going home in just over a month. Not only was I going home I would be separating from active duty as soon as I completed processing at which ever West Coast military facility I arrived at.

My thoughts during the first few weeks of August were on everything except keeping out of harm’s way. How much time would I take off before I returned to my job at Chrysler? October would see me on my Uncle’s Idaho farm hunting Ducks and Pheasants. Maybe late September would provide a good run of Bluefin Tuna off the west end of San Clemente Island at a spot called Nine. This year’s Holidays would be spent with Mom & Dad and rest of the family. What kind of car will I get? Would it be a HEMI Cuda, a Dart GTS or a HEMI Charger? I considered going back to school. This time for an engineering degree. Well I got my Dart GTS and my engineering degrees. My return to Chrysler was on schedule. Also, the Christmas Holidays were spent with family.

On August 15, 1968 I received my new assignment orders which indicated that my rotation date would be at or around September 09, 1968. I was told to be in Cu Chi the morning of August 17, 1968 to start my processing paperwork and to receive instructions concerning what I was to do until the rotation date.

August 17, 1968 began with a mortar attack of the Company Area acting as my alarm clock. I remember that the first explosions were very close and rather than being scared I was extremely irritated. How dare anyone ‘rain on my parade’ today? My hands were reaching for my boots and steel pot in a lethargic manner. I was in no state of mind to effectively deal with the enemy’s deadly game. After putting my boots and steel pot on, I picked up my M16 and went to the Company Bunker. Again in a lethargic manner. Mortar rounds were hitting the back of the Company Area now. I entered the Bunker and said to the men present this is a bunch of ‘S’. They laughed. So did I. About 15 minutes had passed

without any more incoming rounds. Nature’s call for me to drain my plumbing was very intense by now. I announced that I was going out and do what nature dictated. Cautions were being directed at me by a few of the men. I told them that things are OK now; the attack is over. Well it wasn’t. As I was standing at the urinal near the Officer’s Shower my thoughts were on what I would be doing at Cu Chi in a few hours. Off in the distance two reports were heard by my ears. They did not register in my mind. When I realized that the reports were incoming mortar rounds I turned on my heels and started to run for cover. It was too late. I had only run for about 10 yards when the first round impacted about 50 yards to my direct right. As I was going prone the other round impacted just to the front of the urinal. In an instant I knew my wounds were very serious this time. By all rights I should have been dead. The kill radius of a Chi Com 82mm mortar is 15 meters. The second round detonated about 15 yards directly to my rear. My instructed actions the afternoon before saved my life.

On the afternoon on August 16, 1968 Supply sent a truck load of engineer stakes to us. Once again I had to assemble walking wounded to unload the truck. Having to assemble such a detail always irritated me. I felt that Supply should provide it’s own work detail. The wounded were in base camp because of wounds. They deserved some slack time. At any rate when the truck arrived I and 3 other men climbed into the bed of the vehicle and started to unload the cargo. I told them that I did not care what the pile of stakes on the ground looked like. Just unload them. They did just that. The stakes on the ground were in 2 piles, which formed a V. The bottom of the V pointed at the urinal and was within 2 to 3 feet of it. The round that went off directly in back of me landed in the V. SFC Russell told me that it landed almost dead center. The engineer stakes took most the large frags from the round. I was sprayed by frags and rocks from my heels to my head.

Well needless to say I did not go tuna fishing off the Southern California Coast in September, 1968. Nor did I go hunting on my Uncle’s farm that October. I was

released from active duty from the Medical Holding Company at Fort Ord, California on December 06, 1968. This was 1 month less than the 24 required of me as a draftee. My original plan was to have been released from active duty in early September, 1968. I would have qualified for such an early separation because I would have had less than 150 days of active duty service remaining when I returned to the States.

Well, see what can happen to someone who thinks they are invincible.

ATTITUDE! ATTITUDE! A BAD ONE WILL RESULT IN TROUBLE EVERY TIME.

The tail fin assembly of the mortar round that I refer to in this story is in the room I use for an office at my home. Each time I catch myself getting a poor attitude I pick it up, reflect on what happened and what could have happened. Thank you SFC Russell for securing it for me. I hope we find you some day.

Norman Nishikubo C/2/22, Vietnam

The Groves Saga Continues

8 September 1968 I know you haven't heard from me in a few days so now I'm going to explain. Remember the person I met at A.I.T.? The one who turned out to be Communist? Well, four days ago I was summoned to the company logger where three men from military intelligence were waiting for me. They asked me if I would like to come to Cu Chi with them to make some statements. Naturally I agreed because in the first place, it would give me a break from the field, and second I was curious about it. When we arrive at Cu Chi, they took me in a room with a tape recorder and some papers. They said if I wanted to back out now, I could and nothing would be said further. I said no that I would go ahead and make whatever statements they wanted. So, they recorded the questions and answers, all of which had to do with the Communist. So, I had explained the circumstances under which I met him, and the events and what took place as I knew. Actually everything I knew about him and the relation we had I

told to them. They recorded all this, made a typed statement of the entire recording and had me look over the copy, find any mistakes, initial each page showing I agreed and everything was correct. Anyway, what happened is I'm now clear of the whole situation and I'm not suspected of being a communist or affiliated or just a plain old shady character. So with great relief, I can tell you, I don't have to worry about that anymore and neither do you. Oh, by the way, they told me The Communist had deserted from the Army. In a way I have pity for him. (I met the Communist when we were going through A.I.T. at Ft. Polk. I was from a very small town, and loved to have arguments with the Communist about God and Science Fiction writers. The Communist was an atheist and shared my love of Science Fiction. He asked me if I, and a couple of buddies, wanted to go to where he lived in Houston when we received a 3 day pass that was coming up. We went. When we got to his apartment, he had some friends there, Beatles playing in the background. Some of the people looked like college professors, tweed jackets and smoking pipes. The conversations were kind of strange, they were questioning us about how we felt about Vietnam and the war. When we got back to Ft. Polk, the platoon sergeant got me to the side and told me not to hang around with the Communist. I was upset about this. I didn't think it was his right to tell me whom I could or could not associate with. On graduating from A.I.T. I did not get promoted to P.F.C. I was upset and confronted the platoon sergeant as to why. He said "Remember I told you not to associate with the Communist? Well, the Communist is the President of the Houston S.D.S. movement. The C.I.D. followed you all to Houston and has pictures of you and those you met." I can tell you, I was really worried now. My soon to be wife, Cathy, told me that the FBI was interviewing a lot of people back home around the time I was in Polk. Fortunately, all was cleared up with no adverse affects to me.)

18 September 1968 The whole battalion of us got our gear together and drove on up to Cu Chi for a kind of get prepared week. We've been here about three days and they've kept us all busy cleaning and getting bad equipment replaced before we move on up to Trang

Bang and Tay Ninh. My track busted its tank again and this time, for sure, I'm waiting on another track. I'm at Cu Chi right now waiting for maybe a week until the new track shows up. Meanwhile, the company has moved on to Trang Bang which, as you know, is where the action is. So I'm kind of happy I'll be out of it at least another week. I'm afraid that we'll be seeing quite a lot of fighting since that area is now a hot spot.

26 September 1968 I'm still here at Cu Chi, but the rest of the company (Alpha) got into a firefight resulting in eight wounded and three killed out of our company alone. We also had Charlie Company and a Recon Company with us. Our Platoon (third) took three wounded, one was our platoon sergeant, a driver of another track, and a person named "Philly" who normally rides on my track but was riding on another track when he was hurt. None were hurt seriously and are in fine condition. The new men, which is what our platoon is mostly made up with now, didn't react too coolly, which resulted in more people getting hurt. You see, when a new person first gets here, he is afraid, very much so that this fear is more of the unknown. What he needs is support. A person he can look to in a fire fight and see this person acting like he knows what he's doing. Maintaining your cool so to speak? This what we lack in our platoon. There are only about seven old timers in my platoon (which is what I am known as) because we've been here a while, know what the name of the game is and have some fights under our belts to draw former experience and knowledge from. All the injured and killed were old timers, by the way, except for one and he only had about a week and half in country. I was told by one of the injured that all our new members were hugging the ground, afraid to shoot and many left their ammo when they pulled back. The only ones doing any real fighting were the ones who had some experience under their belt. I hope that maybe they've learned something from this and won't freeze in the next fight which is coming just as surely as I'm writing this letter.

Mike Groves, A/2/22, Vietnam

And I Thought KP Was Bad

On April 19th, 1968 the commercial airliner with the new replacements from Fort Lewis, Washington, touch down in Cam Rahn Bay, South Vietnam. Cam Rahn Bay? It sounded like a vacation spot to me like Cancun, Puerto Vallarta or Jamaica.

A blue bus with half inch mesh screen over the windows (so no one could lob anything in) picked us up and took us to our temporary living quarters to await our division assignment somewhere in the “land of the cool water buffalo”.

As luck would have it somehow I got picked for a detail. I had been involved with cleaning grease traps during basic training at Fort Knox, Kentucky while on KP duty so I figured it couldn't be any worse. They say ignorance is bliss and now I understand why.

Someone said something about burning shit, wait one, doesn't this resort to the China Sea have indoor plumbing?

Well a couple of us F.N.G.'s were marched over to our very first overseas assignment of our 1 year commitment. When we got there I was very impressed. I had seen a one, two and even a three hole outhouse on my Uncle's farm in Monroe County, Michigan, but this must have been a ten to fifteen holer, a world record!

The back of the outhouse opened up to reveal a row a metal drums that had been cut in half which were partially filled with one days worth of troop deposits, if you know what I mean.

Our job was to lug each half drum out of the back and replace it with an empty one from the day before. After we had lugged the partially filled drums far enough away from the wooden outhouse, we then poured about one or two gallons of diesel fuel into each one. With wooden poles, we stirred in the diesel fuel like we were mixing the ingredients to make a giant brownie.

We then set the whole concoction on fire and behold! A giant flame any culinary school chef would have been proud of.

With the heat, flies, smell, smoke and sweat I was certainly glad it was over and was ready for a nice shower. Little did I know that more humiliation lay ahead.

I grabbed a towel and a change of clothes and headed for the nearest shower. I found an empty shower building with about 6 heads, stripped down and opened the faucet handle. To my delight the warm water started flowing and I started to lather up, it sure felt good.

Just about then, to my surprise, about six mama-sans made their way into the shower room carrying a bunch of laundry to wash. In the beginning, they didn't seem to pay any attention to me. I, on the other hand, was somewhat embarrassed due to the culture shock. I tried not to pay them any attention, like I always get naked and wash myself in front of a group of women. This was difficult to do, especially when they started talking in Vietnamese, laughing, smiling and glancing back and forth at me and their companions. It was obvious I was the main topic of their conversation and they were having a good time laughing and joking about me with one another.

I rinsed and dried myself off as quickly as I could trying to look cool, then I beat it on out of there. With less than 6 hours into my tour of duty, I could easily tell the coming year would be one of many new experiences. I would long remember.

And I thought KP was bad!!

Matt A. Niesz (A/2/22), Vietnam

Too Close For Comfort

I was drafted into the U.S. Army in the fall of 1968. After eight weeks of basic training at Fort Knox, Kentucky, I was assigned my M.O.S., 11B10, light weapons infantry. Lucky me!

The next stop was Fort Polk, Louisiana, (Tigerland), for nine weeks of A.I.T. The D.I.'s were seasoned Viet-Nam veterans who had seen it all and were survivors. They were not about to cut us future grunts any slack. The D.I.'s would yell at us, “where the hell do you think your going?” We would yell back, “Hawaii,

Germany, Japan!” But we all knew we would end up in Nam. The motto in front of our Company H.Q.'s building read, “Killing is our business and business has never been better”. I stayed out of trouble by following the advice of a friend, “never be first, never by last and never volunteer”.

After a couple of weeks of vacation I flew out of Detroit Metro Airport to Fort Lewis, Washington. From there it was a commercial airline flight to the “land of the cool buffalo”. I landed in Cam Rahn Bay. My first assignment was a shit burning detail but that's another story. I waited a day or two before getting my division assignment to the 25th Infantry Division. I didn't know anything about the 25th except the patch was referred to as the electric strawberry or the shocking hemorrhoid. I liked the patch so much I eventually got it tattooed on my right butt cheek and now respectfully refer to it as “Tropic Lightning”.

My next stop was Cu Chi for two weeks of in-country training. Here we had to unlearn all we had been taught in A.I.T. and relearn how it's really done over here. Days were spent in jungle school and nights were spent at the E.M. Club drinking beer, playing the slots, listening to the Korean band and admiring the dancing go-go girls. So far so good!

Nest stop was a plane trip to Dau Tieng followed by a dusty ride out on top an A.P.C. to my new unit, A Company 2/22. Being a poker player, triple deuce sounded like a good omen. After being assigned to a platoon and introduced to my squad, I settled in with my gear on the “Freedom Fighter”, the track which would become my new home.

The first night in the bush was uneventful. I took my turn in the middle of the night sitting on top of the track behind the 50 with a starlight scope watching for movement and monitoring the radio for any updates from the ambush patrol and the L.P.'s we had out that night.

The next day was also uneventful although a new experience for me. We were up at the crack of dawn and I tried to force down a breakfast of instant scrambled eggs and instant coffee, both tasted “numba 10!” Our first assignment for the day was to check the roads for

mines before the convoy came through. Two army engineers with hand held mine sweepers led the way followed by the tracks with us ground pounders walking the Rome plowed brush on either side of the load looking for possible enemy ambush sites. While waiting for the convoy to go by, we passed the time drinking ice cold pop purchased from the many vendors who followed us around on motor-bikes. Ice cold pop never tasted as good as it did after humping several clicks in the morning sun.

The convoy passed our area with no surprises, so our next assignment for the day was patrolling thru a part of the Michelin rubber plantation. We broke at about 1300 for lunch, which consisted of a box of C-rats. "Hey! How come mine is missing the canned fruit??" Well that's what you get for being a F.N.G.!

After lunch there was more patrolling the rubber. It turned out to be a quiet first day in the field and I hadn't even fallen off the track yet, of course, I was still hanging on for dear life to my ammo box seat, which also held all my worldly possessions.

The evening was spent at a fire support base, the name of which I have long forgotten. A hot meal was flown in by a Chinook along with the supplies and best of all the first letter from the "world" to reach me. It was from my wife, Claudette, who was living with her sister in Garden City, Michigan. After reading it several times, I tucked it in my wallet for safekeeping.

Day 2 was a repeat of day 1 until the convoy passed by. Instead of the rubber plantation, today we would search an area of jungle known as the "Crescent" where contact was a good possibility.

Us grunts were on the ground followed by the tracks as we made our way from an open area toward the jungle. You would think and expect the experienced guys who know what to look for would be the ones walking point as we made our way into the jungle. However, it's your truly, P.F.C. F.N.G., US54989848, 2nd day in the field, Matt A. Niesz who gets the assignment!

As I lead the way in, shots ring out at us, we drop to the ground and I immediately begin to return fire like my training at Tigerland had taught me to do. The guys up front with me tell me to knock it off so we won't give our position away. I was told to pull back and get behind the tracks so they can pull and let loose with their 50's and 60's. While pulling back I feel something hit me. I pat myself all over expecting to find blood somewhere but my hands are just wet from sweat. It must have been my imagination.

After the tracks are done expending a ton of ammo the arty rains down for a while. When the arty stops it's the jets turn with their ordinance and napalm. By this time we are all sitting on top of our tracks watching the show. Of course, we will have to go back in when the fireworks stop. After it's all over we go back in, one body is found. Our only casualty is our 2nd LT who was hit in the hand.

That night we pulled into Dau Tieng for the evening to re-supply. I skip the mess hall and head to the E.M. Club, which serves hamburgers, French fries and cold beer. I could sure use a drink from the day's excitement, and probably a change of underwear if I had been wearing any. It was my first taste of combat and I was still nervous as a whore in church.

Well to make a long story short, I pulled out my wallet from my back pocket to pay for my meal. What a surprise to see a hole in it! I checked the back of my pants and to my amazement I found two holes in the pocket area. Apparently a round had entered and exited my pants going through my wallet. Talk about dodging a bullet! Upon further investigation of my wallet I found that the bullet had gone through the letter that I had just received the day before from my wife. Well, needless to say I had to much to drink that night. Before I crashed, however, I wrote my wife a letter explaining the day's events. I also included her letter with the hole in it.

As it turned out that was a pretty dumb thing to do. My relatives wrote and told me how bad it had upset an already worried wife. I vowed if anything else happened to me I would never pass it along unless I had to. Later on in my tour I was slightly wounded. She never knew

until I returned home from Nam and showed her my Purple Heart.

I still have the letter in my box of old Army stuff that I keep in the basement. Every once in a while I go through the box and look at my collection of junk and run across the letter which reminds me of my second day in the field "Too close for comfort".

Matt A. Niesz (A/ 2/22), Vietnam

Humor From a F.N.G.

Hi fellow infantrymen. My name is Douglas Ray Lyall. I was a member of Bravo Company 2nd 22nd From June 68 to February 69. I was then attached to the 217th MP Battalion in Cholon as a Security Guard. I was trained for house to house combat in case of another TET Offensive. Thank God it never happened. This may sound unbelievable, but you had to pull guard for 12 hours. We guarded everything from warehouses to the American Embassy. We were the best soldiers the U.S. had to offer, walk proud and God Bless.

When I arrived at Dau Tieng I was fresh meat, not knowing how bad Victor Charlie really was. That soon changed, like all my brothers found out before me. Getting to the humor, I was told I was going to the field, go to supply and draw a weapon the Sgt. said. I went to supply like I was told. The supply Sgt. said here is a M79 grenade launcher. I took the weapon and asked for my ammo. The Sgt. gave me one round of H.E., that's high explosives he said. I said where is the rest of my ammo, the Sgt. said that's all he had. I said, give me a 45 pistol for self protection, he laughed and call me John Wayne. I left for the field on a convoy with my one round. When I got to Trang Bang my squad leader, a tall lanky guy said, "Where's your ammo", I pulled my one round out of my pocket, I never even loaded my weapon. So much for a F.N.G.. My squad leader quickly squared my away with so much ammo I could hardly get on the track when my squad leader, a tall lanky guy named Pierce, said mount up! Again Welcome Home Triple Deuce.

Walk Proud and God Bless

Doug Lyall (B/ 2/22) Vietnam

I AM THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

I am the flag of the United States of America. My name is Old Glory. I fly atop the world's tallest buildings. I stand watch in America's halls of justice. I fly majestically over institutions of learning. I stand guard with power in the world. Look up ... and see me.

I stand for peace, honor, truth and justice. I stand for freedom. I am confident. I am arrogant. I am proud.

When I am flown with my fellow banners, my head is a little higher, my colors a little truer.

I bow to no one! I am recognized all over the world. I am worshipped – I am saluted. I am loved – I am revered. I am respected – and I am feared.

I have fought in every battle of every war for more than 200 years. I was flown at Valley Forge, Gettysburg, Shiloh and Appamatox. I was there at San Juan Hill, the trenches of France, in the Argonne Forest, Anzio, Rome and the beaches of Normandy, Guam, Okinawa, Korea and KheSan, Saigon, Vietnam know me, I was there. I led my troops, I was dirty, battleworn and tired, but my soldiers cheered me and I was proud. I have been burned, torn and trampled on the streets of countries I have helped set free. It does not hurt, for I am invincible.

I have been soiled upon, burned, torn and trampled on the streets of my country. And when it's by those whom I've served in battle – it hurts. But I shall overcome – for I am strong.

I have slipped the bonds of Earth and stood watch over the uncharted frontiers of space from my vantage point on the moon. I have borne silent witness to all of America's finest hours. But my finest hours are yet to come.

When I am torn into strips and used as bandages for my wounded comrades on

the battlefield, when I am flown at half-mast to honor my soldier, or when I lie in the trembling arms of a grieving parent at the grave of their fallen son or daughter, I am proud.

MY NAME IS OLD GLORY
LONG MAY I WAVE.
DEAR GOD IN HEAVEN
LONG MAY I WAVE

Sent to us by
John Lewis (C/2/22) Vietnam

1000 Yard Stare

If you've been there you know this well the stare of a man who's been through hell

In search of a friend who can't be found only to be told he's homeward bound

Ain't nuthin' to it, it don't mean a thing, another brother flying upon silver wings

Push it back try not to care, bury the emotion with the 1000 yard stare.

Author Rich Preston a former Marine in Vietnam. "I" corps. It's been 32 years since I left Vietnam, It seems like yesterday.

Sent to us by
Michael Wager (C/2/22) Vietnam

Home On Leave

When I was home on leave, I spent time hanging out with my Brother Jay (who had just been discharged from the Army), and my buddy, Joe Vinci. Joe was home on leave from 6th Army Engineers. He was on a roster for overseas shipment; and it appeared likely he was also going to be sent to Nam. I also spent a lot of time driving my brother's new Mustang.

Joe was always trying to get me to go out on a double date with him and his girlfriend. They wanted to fix me up with her friend, but I didn't want any part of it. Everyone knows blind dates never work out.

one night I was driving over to Joe's house, and I decided to see what the

Mustang could do from a standing start. I tromped the gas, and was peeling rubber down the street when this car in front of me stops. The doors fly open and four cops pile out. It was an unmarked police car. (Unmarked!) I swear they were in a 54 Studebaker!) The cops asked me to step out of the car and show them my driver's license. I gave it to them along with my leave papers. I figured when they saw COMBAT LEAVE stamped on the papers maybe they'd cut me a break. The cop looked at the papers and asked "Are you going to Vietnam?" So far, so good, "Yes Sir!" The cop glared at me and said "So you're trying to kill yourself, and your neighbors, because you're going to Vietnam!" (Oh, 'S____'.) Fortunately, Joe was walking down the street, and he came over to see what was wrong. The cop looked him over and asked "Are you a friend of his?" Joe said "Yes I am." The cop told me "Give me the keys!" Then, handing the keys to Joe "Drive this guy home, and give the keys back to his brother. He's trying to kill himself because he's going to Vietnam!"

Joe took the keys and slid into the drivers seat. At the next intersection the cops turned right. Joe turned left, and watched in the rear view mirror until the cops were out of sight. Then he tromped down on the gas, laying rubber, " HA HAAAA, they don't know I'm going to Vietnam Too!"

Joe finally talked me into that blind date. After all, I did owe him one. That's how I met the girl who eventually became my wife, and the mother of my son. She told me later that her mother didn't want her to go on a blind date, but she talked her into it. "But Maaa, He's going to Vietnam!"

Submitted by
William Matz (A/2/22) Vietnam

"Geezers"

Slang for old man-are easy to spot

At sporting events, during the playing of the National Anthem, they hold their caps over their hearts and sing without embarrassment. They know the words and believe in them.

They remember World War I, the Depression, World War II, Pearl Harbor, Guadalcanal, Normandy and Hitler. They remember the Atomic Age, the Korean War, The Cold War, the Jet Age and the Moon Landing, not to mention Vietnam.

If you bump into a "Geezer" on the sidewalk, he'll apologize, pass a Geezer on the street he'll nod, or tip his cap to a lady.

"Geezers" trust strangers and are courtly to women.

They hold the door for the next person and always when walking, make sure the lady is on the inside for protection.

"Geezers" get embarrassed if someone curses in front of women and children and they don't like violence and filth on TV and in movies.

Geezers have moral courage. Geezers seldom brag unless it's about the grandchildren in Little League or music recitals.

It's the "Geezers" who know our great country is protected, not by politicians or police, but by the young men and women in the military serving their country in foreign lands, just as they did, without a thought except to do a good job, the best you can and to get home to loved ones.

This country needs "Geezers" with their decent values and common sense.

We need them now more than ever.

Thank God for "OLD GEEZERS" And, yes, I'm proud to be of the Old Geezer.

Sent to us: Unknown

Norm forgot to record who this came from!

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
Barney Joe Kelly	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
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 Bladok	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 Ringoon	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

Donald F. Lekovish	12/12/66
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	02/26/67
Ronald Grant <i>Doc</i> Mottishaw	02/16/67
Dale William Moore	2/19/67
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 Dearn	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 Kutchey	11/25/68	Anderson Linwood Ruderson	01/13/68
John Curtis Fitzwater	01/10/69	Joel Kenton Brown	02/18/68
Curtis Robert Stocklin		Lytell B Christian	03/13/68
01/10/69		David Kenneth Ditch	03/13/68
Lyle Moore	01/14/69	Todd <i>Doc</i> Earl Swanson	03/13/68
John Michael O'Farrell	01/14/69	John Edward Nelson	04/13/68
Merle James Martin **	01/28/69	Benjamin Allen Honeycutt	05/02/68
Thomas Alexander Becker	03/06/69	Andrew L Heider	05/13/68
Lowell R. Groves	3/06/69	Ernest Lee Elliott	06/20/68
David Glenn Lovitt	03/06/69	Larry <i>Doc</i> R Kennann	06/20/68
Kenneth Michael Frain	03/11/69	Sidney Chester Squires	06/20/68
Alvin Grimes	05/13/69	David Lynn Stockman	06/20/68
John Charles Nelson	05/13/69	August Ferrel Bolt	07/01/68
Mark Joseph Giron	5/14/69	Robert Charles Dickinson	07/01/68
Raymond Richard Schiffrin	06/11/69	Fred V Jurado	07/01/68
Roger L. Gleib	7/15/69	William Rieves Curry	07/06/68
Donald Henry McMains Jr	08/08/69	Sam Joseph Favata	07/21/68
John Michael Davis	08/16/69	William Scott Watts	11/21/68
Raymond P Miller II	09/21/69	William Gilbert Keele	12/02/68
Anthony Jack Carlucci		Leon Ray Brooks	12/17/68
11/20/69		David Vernon Adams	01/14/69
Frazier Thomas Dixon		Dwane Lonnie Adams	01/14/69
12/03/69		Cluster Lee Bearfield	01/14/69
Dennis Wayne Nelson	02/12/70	Marvin L McCullough	01/14/69
Kenneth Samuel Dee	03/03/70	Gregory Lloyd Rice	01/14/69
James Dean Johnson	03/03/70	John Earl Warren Jr M*	01/14/69
Alexander F. Potas	3/17/70	Edward M. Holtzman	2/05/69
David Graham Campbell	06/02/70	Phillip Bailly	03/11/69
Michael Alfred Ramusson	06/02/70	Thomas Poldino	03/11/69
Leszek Stanley Karsznia	08/14/70	William Howard Keeler	03/24/69
William H. Van Gelder	8/15/70	Robert Glenn Sekva	06/11/69
		Michael Dennis Kelly	08/66/69
		Duane Alan Clefish	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

**** Wounded 14 Jan 69****PASSED AWAY AT HOME**Arthur A *Top* 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 Trosper	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

*** M * - Awarded Medal of Honor****Passed Away at Home**

Omer 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 92-93?	
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
Thomias 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
Larry A. Stark	3/15/69

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 Gaylealton Davis	11/24/67
Millard Wade Farbrow	11/24/67
Richard Howard Parker	11/24/67
Raymond Perez	11/24/67
Jerald 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 this edition of the newsletter. Ladies I do not have a wealth of articles from you. Please start sending them to me so that I can continue with the For The Ladies section. Expect the next newsletter in the late November to early December time frame.

Included as an insert for this newsletter is the registration form for the May 2002 Reunion of the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society.

One more thing which Norm almost forgot: Jim May is the new Treasurer for the Vietnam Triple Deuce. Here is his address, phone number and e-mail address.

Many thanks to John Lewis for his term as Treasurer.

My best to all of you,
Linda Nishikubo (Mrs. Magnet)