



The Viet Nam Triple Deuce, Inc.

An Association of 2 Bn. (Mech)
22nd Infantry Regiment
Viet Nam Veterans

Together Then.....Together Again!.....
Thanks for Being There...&...Welcome Home



Vol. 14, No. 1

March. 2008

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The Vietnam Triple Deuce
Website
www.vietnamtripledeuce.org

Mario Salazar HHC 2/22 65-67

...President Report

Hello Triple Deuce,
Well, we're at that last newsletter before the next greatest reunion ever. Part of me can't believe how fast the time's gone and part can't

believe it's taken this long to finally come around again. Must be getting old. The numbers of signups for the reunion is exciting, and some of the names are of guys we haven't seen in a long time at a reunion, and as always there are a good number of first timers. You first timers are experiencing a lot of emotions with more still to come, but know this about our reunions. There is an unwritten law among us "old timers" that no first timer goes through this experience alone, unless he wants to. You will have a name tag that states your name, unit, and time in country in big ,bold letters. This name tag will start a lot of conversations for you, and they can be a great source of identifying guys who you knew almost 4 decades ago, because believe it or not you and he don't look the same as you did then.

Bring along whatever pictures you have of back then. They are always a resource in helping locate those you'd like to see again, and can help you put names to those pics that are missing them. There will be a table in the hospitality room to display memorabilia if you have something that you'd like to share. Count on someone bringing a big wall map of our AO's (areas of operation), and count on making as many new friends as you do seeing old ones. I promise this experience will stay with you the rest of your life, as it has with so many of us. I don't care how many you've been to, the first one will always be special. This one will also fit that description because of where it's going to be. Really looking forward to seeing you there,

Dick Nash
A/HHC 69

Editor's Comments

From my window there is sun shine. . .a sight that has been long awaited. But. .I do know that no matter how long winter seems, spring eventually follows.

There are a couple things I would like to comment on in this edition. First I want to apologize to Mario and Dick. It is easy to blame all of our errors on technology. . .here goes another one. I live in a very rural part of Kansas. I compile the newsletter and send it to a neighboring town (60 miles). There it is converted to a different format and sent back to me for final approval. I chose to give it the thumbs up even though my official proofreader was out of town (granted she too might have missed it). The only thing I have left to say on this matter--it is imperative that you attend the reunion and see Dick and Mario together. . .then you will know the difference.

I have a new grandson. He is our 8th. No matter how many there are each is unique. Think of your own children or grandchildren (or those of your friends). Their arrival was long awaited. They were welcomed into the family. They were encouraged in every step of their growth. So too, it seems, are the first time attendees at our reunions. We are so anxious to have them with us. We help them through the emotional roller coaster and lead them to assume whatever role fits them within the Triple Deuce. And like our older grandkids, whose contribution to the family circle we appreciate; we value all the active Brothers. Anyway, that's how it seems to me

Dan Streit
D 69

Washington DC May 1-4, 2008 Reunion

Make your plans to join your Brothers in Washington, D. C. The deadline for making your hotel reservations is April 1, 2008.

The Reunion is May 1–4, 2008 at the Sheraton, Tysons Corners, Vienna, Virginia. Room cost will be \$118.81 including tax. Make your room reservation by calling 1-800-325-3535, or by going to the 22nd Infantry Regiment web site and clicking on the link for the reunion hotel reservation.

As of March 1, 2008, 133 of your Brothers have made their reservations at the hotel, with a total in attendance of 242. If you have made your reservation at the hotel, we also need you to get your registration into the Society so we can coordinate the final requirements with hotel and bus transportation.

General Schedule for the Washington DC May 1-4, 2008 Reunion

- | | |
|-----------|---|
| April 30: | Set up, early registration |
| May 1: | Registration
Golf Tournament (1:00pm) |
| May 2: | Business Meeting
Ladies Buffet Breakfast
Memorial Service at Vietnam
Veterans Memorial
Italian Buffet
Hemingway Turkey
Presentation of 2008 DMOR/ |
| HMOR | |
| May 3: | Open time during the day
Evening Banquet
Raffle |
| May 4: | Memorial Service at Hotel |

The hospitality room will be open each day from 8:00 am to midnight.

22nd Infantry Reunion's 6th Golf Outing is very appropriately on May Day.....1 May 2008. First tee time is at 1:00p.m.

The first 22nd Infantry Golf Outing was at the Cleveland Reunion in October and the winner turned out to be the Snow. We've had great weather for the next four reunions and hope you will join your Brothers for a fun round. The course is about 5 miles from the Sheraton Hotel at Tyson's Corner and we can get you and your clubs there and back if you need a ride. Take the guidon away from Mark Woempner or just have fun with us duffers off the old man's tee's.

We will be playing at the Penderbrook Golf Club, Fairfax, VA. Their website is: <http://www.golflink.com/golf-courses/golf-course.asp?>

Contact **Phil Trover** to sign up or to get additional information. 1-888-249-1779 or e-mail at philtrover@allstarvacationhomes.com same.

Special Handicap Transportation

If you will require special handicap accommodations for the bus that will be taking us to the Vietnam Veterans Memorial on Friday, please call me 281-570-2864 or e-mail (eqf15@aol.com) me requesting handicap transportation.

E. Q. Skip Fabel, DMOR
B 67-68

The Reunion Registration is included with this newsletter. If you haven't done so. . .submit it immediately

Reunion News Travel from Airports to Hotel

I've been getting calls from Members regarding transportation from the airports to the hotel. It appears that there is no shuttle or hotel limo service available. You are on your own.

I suggest that you wear your Vietnam Triple Deuce or 22nd Infantry Regiment hat when you get off the plane and look for others with "our" hats.

Say hello and share the taxi ride as well as the expense. Besides, what a great way to meet another 22nd Infantry Vet.

Come to think of it, I believe many of us did the taxi sharing back when we were traveling during our active duty days. It worked then, it will work again.

See you in DC!

Jim May

Connecticut Vietnam Veterans Memorial

Connecticut Vietnam Veterans Memorial, Inc.
Proudly Announces The Dedication Of The
Connecticut Vietnam Veterans Memorial

Saturday – May 17, 2008

12:30 pm

**Patriots' Park Band Shell
Lake Street, Coventry, CT**

I thought you would be interested in seeing this...I am so happy to have a memorial here in Connecticut honoring our men. I am the former fiancée of **Lt. Robert L. Mlynarski** (KIA 11-25-67.) His sister and I will be attending the dedication ceremony.

Sincerely,

Ana Pederson

Hello..from Centralia, WA

We just received the check from the Members of The Vietnam Triple Deuce. Nick and I truly appreciate your kind words and best wishes. It was something we did not expect to receive but, it will be used to help bring our home back to what it was when you all were here.

At this time we are making a great deal of progress, we have the walls up ...thanks to Leroy Henning and Will Dahlke coming and helping. Leroy spent two weeks here and worked very long hours to get it done. He did a wonderful job too, without him coming we still would not be done with the walls. I have painted most everything in the house, the family room, kitchen, entry way and bathroom has new flooring now and two days ago we had the carpet laid in the front room and computer room. Boy, it is really looking better now. Just have one bedroom to paint and the trim plus, all the insides of the closets and cupboards to do. Then it will be the attached garage, Nicks garage and my craft shop to do. But, it is starting to look like a home again ...thanks to all of you and your generosity. Thank you so much for helping us, you just don't know how difficult it has been going through this. We pray none of you ever have to go through such a devastating experience.

We are both looking forward to seeing all of you again this August to have some laughs and visit with such a special group of people.

Thanks Again,

Nick and Pam Docsanes
C Co. 65-67

A Moving Experience

Pete Gaworecki, Charlie, 1/22, 4th ID, 68 69, called to tell me that he had attended the funerals of both PFC Sweet and SGT Van Orman. .Pete, who lives in the Syracuse, NY area is one of the usual attendees at 2/22, 10th Mtn events. He was asked to represent not only the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society, but The Vietnam Triple Deuce as well at the funeral services of both KIA's.

Pete told me that both memorial services were well attended and that the families of both **PFC Sweet** and **SGT Van Orman** thanked him for his attendance. He went on to say that only after a short time did he realize how young the families and friends of both of the KIA's were. Pete said that it had an adverse effect on him and that he had to step outside into the cold air to gather himself. (I'm no public speaker but I will be glad to relay my thoughts and feelings about the wakes at the reunion. Pete) He did and went on telling the family members and friends that the sacrifice of their Heroes would not be forgotten.

Pete told me that he was so shaken by this experience that he hoped he would never have to attend another funeral service for a KIA. Pete will be at the DC reunion and I hope that when you meet him you will thank him for representing us.

Jim May

AGENT ORANGE REGISTRY

I had always heard that the 2/22nd Infantry had been in a heavy agent orange area. In the last 15 months that I have been doing some locating for B Co. 2/22, I have found where at least 6 men have died that was confirmed as Agent Orange related. This started me checking further to learn that Cu Chi, Tay Ninh, Dau Tieng and the areas up to Cambodia were in-

deed the locations of the heaviest Agent Orange spraying. All of us who were in the field were exposed to Agent Orange.

If we take the 6 men I located, some that haven't been located, multiply that by the number of companies that worked this area, add in all the personnel rotations, and then add some of the men that the government claims no responsibility for, I think we all begin to see how large the picture is becoming. These men are war casualties whose names are not carved in the wall

In the words of Frank Sinatra, "I hope that you all live to be 150 years old and the last voice that you hear is mine". However, we owe it to our families and each other to make sure all avenues of assistance are in place should we ever need it. Please contact your local VA facility and arrange an Agent Orange physical and get set up with the Agent Orange Registry. Hopefully we will never have to use it.....

Dean Springer 67-68

Spirits At Rest

I took a road trip right before Thanksgiving. I didn't keep track of how many miles and miles per gallon like I usually do. This was a different kind of trip. A trip I was going to take no matter what the logistical outcome. It wasn't a matter of could I afford it, but rather how I would afford it.

My wife and I left Ashland, WI, where I live now, on a Wednesday morning. We drove across the Upper Peninsula of Michigan and crossed the Mackinaw Bridge. We took Interstate 75 South down to US Highway 23. We followed 23 all the way down through Ohio, Kentucky, Virginia, Tennessee, and into North Carolina. We used another road, Interstate 26 through North Carolina down into South Carolina and ended up using two-lane state and

county roads to weave our way into Augusta, Georgia.

We stayed in Augusta, but our destination was a scant 12 miles north of there, just across the Savannah River, to a small town called Clarks Hill in South Carolina. The Savannah River is damned at Clarks Hill and makes a lake that used to be called Clarks Hill Lake. It is now called J. Strom Thurmond Lake after the long time senator from South Carolina.

We got there on Friday in the late afternoon. I called the contact number I had, a woman named Shirley who had found my name on the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Wall website. I had written there in the guest book for my friend, **Frazier Dixon**. I don't remember what platoon Frazier was in, but I do know the night he was killed in Vietnam during a horrible night of contact. It was December 3, 1969. I was there with him when he died.

It was a brutal night. **Steve Sinn**, another Brother from Bravo Company 2/22, was also there with Dixon. Details are sketchy. Steve and I, in mortars, ran out of ammo or couldn't fire. Maybe there were choppers in the air, I don't know. We went to the line to help out. Dixon was the closest track.

This logger was crazy. We were parked right up against the trees. You couldn't see anything but leaves and we were shooting off into the darkness, spreading lead as fast as we could. The RPG screens were up, but plenty of openings from the barrage of RPG rounds that left gaps in the fence.

The track that Dixon was on took an RPG round. He fell through the turret and into the burning track. We pulled him out the back door. He was already gone. I remember grabbing him. There wasn't much there to hold on to. Steve and I took over on the 50 Cal. We melted one barrel and Steve screwed on another, then we kept firing. I don't remember stopping until

daylight. I remember doing a body count in the morning and seeing the “splash” area from the mortar rounds. Leaves shredded, blood trails, body parts. These are the images that have haunted me throughout the years along with that image and feeling of holding my Brother, Frazier Dixon as he died.

It wasn't until 2002, thirty-three years later, that I made it to the Wall. I looked up Frazier Dixon in the directory. After all these years of knowing that his name was on that wall and that I was with him when he was killed, the day I showed up happen to be his birthday, October 4th.

Shirley, an old friend of Frazier Dixon and his family, from Clarks Hill, SC, Frazier's home town, was looking for information about Dixon. Shirley lives near Atlanta now, but her Mother still lives in Clarks Hill. She went to school there and knew Frazier Dixon. When she contacted me, neither she nor I knew what was going to happen, but the contact was made. Now, I had come down to attend a Veterans Program that was being put on by an Elder and retired school teacher named Mrs. Scott. Mrs. Scott also knew Dixon and his family.

Mrs. Scott has had this program for Veterans since 2002. She holds it at the Bethany Baptist Church in Clarks Hill. In the past years, attendance hasn't been very high. Mrs. Scott felt that this would be her last year putting on the program since no one seemed to appreciate it. It is simple. A few songs, a few readings, a scripture and a feed after the Veterans announced themselves with a few words about what branch of service they were in and when they served.

When I heard that Shirley wanted to gather any information she could find about Frazier Dixon, to include him, in spirit, at the Veterans Program, I got interested in going down there and attending myself. What I hadn't expected was the outpouring of humanity and emotion from the Bethany Baptist Church community in

Clarks Hill.

When Shirley reported that I was coming there and that I knew Frazier in Vietnam and that I was his friend and that I was with him when he died, many faithful members of the church called others, family members of Frazier's, school mates of Frazier's. Other Veterans of the community, some that had never come to the Veterans Program before this, came out in force.

When I got there, I went to the cemetery which is on the hill, right behind the church. I walked around and spotted the cement slab covering and the bronze flat headstone. Frazier's name was there, big as life. I felt like I had come full circle. It wasn't a dream at all. Sometimes I wondered about my own memory of Vietnam;. detached and so far away from it and with each year, I get farther away.

I always wanted to tell somebody about it. About me knowing him. A number of years ago, when I wrote in that Wall website guest book, I did get contacted by a man named Claude. Claude wrote me and told me he knew the family of Frazier Dixon and that was all. Then, a phone call, from a man named James who told me he knew some of the family too. James on the phone and Claude in a letter, I wrote back to Claude and told him how I knew Frazier, but I spared him the details.

It was such an honor to meet Claude and James in person at the Veterans Program. They both remembered the contact. We figured it was in 2002. Claude had gotten copies of the letter I had written him and it was included in the scrapbook and album that Mrs. Scott had from the Veterans Programs of the years before. I got to read a letter I wrote in 2002.

It was an honor to meet all the people, every single one of them. When it was my turn to speak, I told them that I had the spirit of Frazier Dixon with me for many years and that I was bringing him home. I wasn't going to forget him. I was bringing his spirit home and going to

share him with them.

I noticed that flowers seem to be on every grave at every cemetery in the South. As we drove, we saw oceans of flowers as we passed by cemetery plots. I bought a lawn base and an arrangement of seasonal flowers and put them next to Dixon's headstone at Bethany Baptist Church.

People started to arrive, and Shirley came. She is the only one I knew and I was waiting for her. She would introduce me to people. I knew her Mother would be there and a sister of hers. She also told me of a man who was Frazier's best friend during high school. His name is Anthony.

I met Anthony first. And Anthony's sister who was helping with the dinner. Then I met Shirley's mother and sister. Then I met several people all in a row. James, the guy I talked to on the phone and Claude, the man who wrote me years earlier. I met Debra, one of Frazier's first cousins. I met an aunt and three other cousins, other school mates and other members of the community that remembered Frazier. I met Mrs. Scott. Everyone seemed very excited that I was there.

I was excited to be there. As I sat in the church and the male choir group was singing, I had a feeling come over me that I can't explain in any words known to mankind. What was I doing there? Why had I traveled through my lifetime, and now was receiving this gift of being with people that made me feel so welcome and warm? Like they knew me and had known me for a long time?

After the program and through the dinner, I talked with so many people from Clarks Hill. A friend who described Frazier as being like a big brother to him and a cousin who remembered the military car in the driveway a long time ago. The same military car that brought the news of Frazier's death to his family. Those Veterans who knew him and knew he had died in combat action, all wanted to know if it was true, if he

was really gone. Many told me that they didn't believe it for many years. Now, after all these years, they knew he was dead, but they still hadn't known the truth. They didn't believe the Army when they came and told them.

The casket was sealed shut. No pry bar or anything could have opened it. The Army delivered it this way, sealed, with a cement cover, cemented in place. I knew why it was sealed. It puzzled them for many years as no explanation can be remembered.

A year or two ago, I wrote some very personal memoirs about my time in Vietnam. I did this to leave a legacy to my Grandchildren. In that writing, I explained my involvement with Frazier Dixon. I never knew why I was ready to share that, but I was. Then, all this happens and I had to share it again. I didn't want to go through the whole story in detail while visiting these friends and family. I printed out the story and gave it to Shirley, she herself a Veteran by the way, and nodded my head as to why the casket was sealed and that he did die and that I was with him.

Some of the faces were disappointed, as if I was going to tell them that he was okay. Others, most of them, exhaled because they finally found out what happened and how he died, and they heard it from his friend, and not the Army. They used the word "closure". One man held my hand for five minutes as I stood there and held his..

Debra, his cousin, took us to the house, or where the house was, where Frazier grew up. We stood out in the road talking, six of us, We went by where Grandma and Grandpa lived, by the ball field, on a road called Dew Drop Inn. I heard all about how Anthony and Frazier were liked by all the girls. I heard about how they'd walk to town and to Bethany for services. I stood there and was with those that remember him and love him.

I'd been to war as a young man. I held my friend when he died. 38 years, almost to the day, later, here I was, in his hometown, with the people who he went to school with, with his cousins and with his friends. I am so blessed by some power more significant than I can ever imagine. To be led here, at this time, in this life. To heal and be a healer, to let others be healers and to share smiles, brotherhood and love. Mending parts of our broken hearts.

Closure. Knowing that it's okay now. Knowing we can let go of his spirit. Knowing he won't be back because a friend came and told us so. I was the savior that day for so many, but they saved me as well. It was closure for me to see his childhood home, his relatives and friends. They know one of their own is gone and they reached out to touch me, a small part of him. I reached out to them.

Shirley has been great through all of this. She made us feel so welcome right from the start when we met her at the motel in Augusta. We went out to eat and had a special dinner. We talked on the phone. She even called as we traveled home to check our progress, telling us that everyone was praying for our safe travel. Telling me we were family now. We are part of Frazier's community. Plans were being made for when I return, whether it be for next years Veterans Program, or for another trip I might want to make to come and visit. She gave me a fine gift, a plaque with the words of a song called "Wind Beneath My Wings", along with the CD of Bette Midler singing it, and gave my wife a fine crystal bowl.

These people called me their hero. They thanked me and hugged me and made me one of their own. But more, they gave me love. And closure. And I made new friends. And I have more family now. Mrs. Scott, getting on in years and wondering why the attendance at the Veterans Program wasn't very good, had said that this would be the last time she puts on the pro-

gram. She changed her mind when that church and dining hall was full of people. She has decreed that she will have one next year. In itself, when a ninety one year old elder makes plans for an event next year, that means something.

We left Augusta, GA on Sunday morning and drove through Georgia and into Tennessee. We passed through Nashville, and into Kentucky. On to Paducah and into Illinois. Right up the gut, and a night of sleep in Mt. Vernon, we kept up the Northerly trek and landed in Ashland on Monday evening.

While we visited the South, we ate BBQ and southern fried chicken . We tried boiled peanuts, fried pies and fresh pink lady apples. I brought home country ham steaks, jam, jelly, hot chow chow, hot BBQ sauce and sorghum, which I plan on using soon on some buckwheat pancakes. That church dinner was good, too. I'll never eat macaroni n' cheese without baking it to form a thick crust on top. And I'll put some ham hocks in my green beans. And grits. I like grits. And have you ever tried the hash n' rice?

We have Shirley on the speed dial. I have a card with addresses and phone numbers for Claude. Debra will be sending me a picture of Frazier from High School days. I'll send Mrs. Scott a thank you note, and other letters of thanks to others, especially Shirley, my newest sister. She has told me that there were some that didn't make it to the program and that they want to meet me some day. I told her to tell them that I will be back.

In my life here at home, I follow the teachings of a Native American Spiritualist. I consider him a teacher and a leader. He is a Vietnam combat Veteran like I am. When I told him I was going to this program and told him of my connection with Frazier Dixon, he told me that I had been carrying that man's spirit for all these years and it was time to take him home.

When I got back and told him of the experience, he gave me an Eagle feather. He explained to me that the eagle feather represented the Warrior Spirit of Frazier Dixon and that I was to go back to Clarks Hill and bring this feather and give it to the community so everyone could share it. I'm making plans now to return there later this year, possibly in Spring. Maybe I'll do some fishing on that Savannah River when I get back down there.

All in all, a whirlwind chapter in this spinning life, and a tough act to follow. I'll remember this experience and hold it right up there with watching the children being born and getting married. And I will get back there, to Clarks Hill, again some day.

Peace to all of you my Brothers. Peace in our hearts.

Joe Spado
Spadoman
spado@mac.com
(715) 209-0241
C Feb.69 to Feb.70

New Finds

Harold L. Hanselman
309 N. Columbus St.
Russellville, OH 45168
937-377-4002
A Co. 25th ID, Feb.67 to Feb. 68

Comments: Harold writes, "I drove a Personal Carrier and my nickname was 'Country.'"

Kenneth D. Christenson
139 Christenson CT. NE
Fridley, MN 55432
763-502-9550
C Co. 25th ID, 3 Plt. 4th Squad 1966 to 67

James W. Lyon
245 S. Martha
Dearborn, MI 48124
313-278-0407
jelyon@comcast.net
B Co. 4th & 25th ID's Apr. 67 to Apr. 68

Richard L. Vargo
31 Kolb Road
Spring City, PA 19475
610-495-7771
B Co. 4th ID, 1966 to 67

J.R. Stapleton
P.O. Box 563
Monticello, MS 39654
B Co. 25th ID, Sep. 68 to Mar.69

Thomas D. Burts
151 Sullivan Road
Simpsonville, SC 29680
B Co. 4th ID, Mar. 66 to Mar. 67

Comments: Thomas writes, "I am glad to know that somebody still cares about the Triple Deuce. Thank God for you all. Hope to see you all soon."

Junior Vann Wilder
911 N.W. 34tg Terrace
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33311
954-321-9116
C Co. 4th ID, Dec. 65 to Dec. 67

Comments: Junior writes, "Wars are against the teachings of Christ when you kill Christians. James, 4th Chapter, When Jesus ordered the soldiers not to fight they refused to fight."

William C. Cromwell
4400 E. Pickering Rd.
Shelton, Wa. 98584
306-426-5528
cromwell@hctc.com

C Co. 4th & 25th ID, Oct. 66 to Sep.67

J.W. Jacobs

3 County Rd. 3151
Booneville, Ms. 38829
662-728-9679

jwjacobs@ayrix.net

B Co. 4th & 25th ID, Sep. 66 to Sep. 67

Richard A. Broady

810 E. 2nd St.
Apt. 102
Litchfield, MN 55355
320-693-2552
B Co. 4th ID, 1966 to 67

Comments: Richard writes: "When **Dean Springer** called me it made my day. I couldn't believe it. I tried to put everything that happened over there out of my mind, but you never forget it. I really didn't think people cared any more. I was wounded and awarded the Purple Heart. It took 5 months of recuperation at Fort Riley, Kansas."

Paul C. Geiser

W2142 County Rd. H
New Holstein, WI 53061
920-898-5110

[Jgeiser64@yahoo.com](mailto:jgeiser64@yahoo.com)

HHC, Medic with B Co. 4th & 25th ID, Sep. 66 to Sep. 67

Allan L. Zwiag

1015 Weston Hills Drive
Brookfield, WI 53045
262-792-1015

alzkyz@milwpc.com

B Co. 4th & 25th ID, Mar 67 to Jan 68

Raymond E. Krnavek

11729 W. Little Lane
Mustang, OK 73064
405-376-3485
B Co. 4th & 25th ID, Dec 65 to Sep 67

Rudy Sandoval

1481 Villa Spanada
Pueblo, Co. 81006
719-296-1653

rudy358bik@yahoo.com

B Co. 25th ID, April 68 to April 69

Bruce Sewall

102 Blake Rd.
Maybrook, NY 12543
845-427-7094

bgs7038@aol.com

A Co. 25th ID, Oct 69 to Sep 70

Comments: Bruce is looking for **Ed Skosnik, Willie Robinson and Victor Martinez.**

Donald W. Wyatt

P.O. Box 85
Erin, TN 37061
931-289-3108

C Co. 25th ID, Aug. 66 to Aug. 67

Darrell W. Harris

1000 County Rd. 2426
Como, TX 75431
903-488-3363

B Co. 25th ID, 1966 to 67

Donald B. Jones

431 Pleasant Grove Rd.
Rutherfordton, NC 28139
828-286-1626

C Co. 25th ID, Dec. 67 to Feb. 68

Comments: Donald would like to hear from anyone who served with him. Donald writes, " (To the men who commented about FSB Burt (December Newsletter), I was there with Charlie Co. I remember real well all of January 1&2 when Charlie Co., took a real beating."

Jackie R. Laws

1301 Jamestown Rd.
Morganton, NC 28655
828-584-4573

janddlaws@bellsouth.net

B Co. 25th ID, Sep.68 to Sep. 69

Douglas R. Stanard

401 Constitution Dr.
Poplar Grove, IL 61065
815-765-3063

disduke1@netzero.com

B Co. 25th ID, 1969

Comments: Doug Stanard and his wife Diane are looking to share a ride to the reunion from the Chicago area.

Willie J. Smith

2705 W. Morse Ave.
Chicago, IL. 60645
773-848-5803

semajeill@aol.com

B Co. 4th ID, Dec.65 to July 67

Comments: Willie would like to hear from anyone he served with.

Guest Books Hits

Name: Larry S. Watson

email: watson-222@hotmail.com

Date: 01/01/2008

phone: 270-378-4501

Comments: Today is the 40th Anniversary of Fire Support Base Burt Battle. Thanks to all who were there for giving your all. And to the ones behind the lines, Drs, nurses, chopper pilots, The crew who flew PUFF, ammo handlers, and the crew who sent us chow the next day, Thanks for being there, your service was greatly appreciated and the chow tasted better than the gun powder. Thanks.....I Pray No Ones memories have haunted them like mine have....God Bless and Good Night

Name: Paul L Bramhall

Email: knightmagic@hotmail.com

Date: 01/05/2008

Comments: Just wanted to say Hi to all an wish you all a Happy New Year

Paul "RoadWheels" 67-68

Name: Charles F. Ruggiero Jr.

Email: charles.f.ruggiero@us.army.mil

Date: 01/11/2008

Phone: 315-222-5900

Comments: This organization and guestbook are a great resource. I served as an 11B with B Co 2-22 (July-November 1968) before being transferred to 1st Aviation Brigade, where I finished out my tour as a member of the 145th Security Platoon, defending the Bien Hoa Air-base inner and outer perimeter. It is now 40 years since I enlisted in the US Army in January 1968, and I am STILL with the Army (Chief of Law Enforcement at a major US Army installation in CONUS). My sincere appreciation to those of you who banded together to create this organization and website.

Name: JOHN R. STILES

Comments: I have no e-mail address, so any correspondence that you send will have to be mailed to 1531 Central Park Avenue, Yonkers, New York 10710 – 6014

Name: Joey D

Email: http://www.members.tripod.com/~vinny_b/

Date: 02/02/2008

Comments: I read that **Nick Salerno** passed away recently, anyone have information about that? Also a good friend and Brother of mine passed on Jan 1, 2008. **Dave Ashwill**, A Co 222 May 68-May 69. Anyone that knew him, let me know.

Name: **Ray Kanan**
Email: ray.kanan@us.army.mil
Date: 02/07/2008

Comments: My father was assigned with the Triple Deuce during Vietnam. His name is **Patrick L. Kanan**. He has never really spoken much about his experience though I know I would like to give him a challenge coin. I have ordered it. Payment is in route.

Thank you All

MSG Ray Kanan
416th ENCOM

Name: **Billy Arflin**
Date: 02/19/08
Phone: 828-7682445

Comments: Served with Co. A,-3-1-Triple Deuce,1969-Nov.1970,on a track named "My Special Angel". Some of our predecessors named this track, but during my time it never hit a mine, nor did a RPG get through it, and during the time we spent in Cambodia during May and June of 1970 that's quite a feat. I remember several of the young men I served with and a few were together for months. .I found "**Smitty**" Smith last week, and we spent some time talking and laughing about some things that happened to us. How about it **J. Sumeghi,Jeff Robin,Steve Montgomery,Andy Werk,Orville Galan,Harold Creamer,Mark Zetter,Chuck Weidner?** You guys have asked about Sgt. Smith, well he is alive and well in Pa. I'm really ashamed that I haven't kept up with my Brothers over the years, but we all were trying to forget or told ourselves we were too busy. For all you originals, you would have been proud of this group. Welcome Home to all, and to our young Brothers in harms way all of us old doggies support you and think of you daily.

Name: **Dick Nash**
Email: nash222@frontiernet.net

Comments: To **Billy Arflin**. Hey Billy, you got an e-mail address? Would love to talk about the 3rd platoon Alpha with you. I was in it about a year before you were.

Name: **Lynn Dalpez**
Email: dalpezc222@yahoo.com
Date: 02/22/2008

Comments: Happy Triple Deuce Day my Brothers.

Name: **Steve Sweney**
Email: sweney2030@comcast.net
Date: 2/22/08

Comments: Happy 2 22 to all of you, Feb 22 and 23 was our big battle in Dau Tieng, I was 2 77 Arty in Bunker 65, 23 Feb 69, on the airstrip, all you guys are the best and greatest. I worked with 2 22 guys all over the 25th area, eagle flights, convoys, night ladders and so on, again best ever 222.

Name: **Michael H Pounds**
Email: privatepounds@yahoo.com
Date: 02/28/2008

Comments: I'm working on a Tribute to the men of Vietnam Triple Deuce - If you would like to see what I have so far e-mail me .Would like pictures of anyone that I can add to the CD
Thanks

Hellos & Comments

Michael J. Carpentier

135 Scranton Court
Zionsville, IN 46077
317-873-6064

carpentiermike@yahoo.com

B Co. 4th & 25th ID, Mar.66 to Oct. 67

Ronald D. Grisby

2151 El Portal Drive
Merced, CA 95340
209-722-1663

rgrisby@sbcglobal.net

B Co. 25th ID, Sep. 67 to Sep. 68

Paul H. Williams

2438 Millye St.
Kingsport, TN 37664
423-245-2148

fishfinder47@hotmail.com

A Co. 25th ID, Aug. 67 to April. 68

Dennis H. Carlson

39132 109th Avenue
Menahga, MN 56464
218-564-5679

C Co. 4th & 25th ID's Oct. 66 to Oct.67

Comments: Dennis writes, "Would like to thank all who attended the reunion for Charlie Co., 2/22 in Paynesville, MN. It was great to see all you guys. Will be having one in the coming years."

William F. Lipp

7111 NW Edgehill Road
Kansas City, MO 64152
816-564-7446

A Co. 25 ID, 68 to 69

Comments: Bill would like to find **Chris Olson**.

Robert Price

1827 Decatur Ave.
North Bellmore, NY 11710
516-785-2601

Bob222boc@aol.com

B Co. 25th ID, Sept. 67 to Sept.68

Allen O. Francis

6936 Hopkins Rd.
Mentor, OH 44060
440-336-0113

HHC 25th ID, 1968 to 69

Comments: Allen would like to be in contact with **Gary Watson** of Alton, IL. Allen writes, " I work for the VA Hospital in Cleveland. I'm active in the Mentor VFW and the Marine Corps League. Between the three we have sent approximately 50 boxes to the Troops. Being with the 25th Division we would like to send some to our Division in Iraq. Now I can know that I have an address for Captain Miller. Keep up the good work and stay safe Brothers."

Donald C. McPhee

13240 239th Way NE
Redmond, WA 98053
425-836-2641

HHC, 4th ID, Sep 66 to Aug.67

Richard M. Miller

3826 NE 109th
Portland, OR 97220
503-253-2619

rich.chris@comcast.net

C Co. 4th & 25th ID, Jan 66 to Aug 67

Paul Steffy

54 Hazard Ave. Unit # 301
Enfield, Ct. 06082
860-849-6186

B Co. 25th ID, April 67 to Feb. 68

Dean Springer reported finding **Robert Oday**, B, 2/22. Dean's report mentioned that Robert became an Airborne Ranger and had two additional tours to Vietnam. On Robert's second tour, with the 5th ID, he received the Silver Star when his platoon repulsed several human wave attacks during a night battle.

John J. Coffey

936 Roger Dr.
Urbana, OH 43078
937-484-3755

Jcoffey14@woh.rr.com

A Co. 4th & 25th ID, 12-65 to 9-67

Charles R. Otey Jr.

2740 Sweet Clover Ln
Galena, OH 43021
614-313-6697

croteyjn@aol.com

C Co. 25th ID, Nov 67 to Nov 68

James J. Papczynski

4376 Armand Ave.
LaPorte, In, 46350
219-861-5135

pappy.jj@comcast.net

C. Co. 25th ID, Nov. 67 to Nov 68

Comments: Jim would like to contact **Walt Kohler**, **Fred Goodwin** and **Ian Gorden**.

Richard L. Nash

686 170th Ave.
New Boston, IL 61272
309-537-3536

nash222@frontiernet.net

A Co. & HHC 1969

Taps

By Dean Springer
All B Co. 66-67

Clarence P. Whitsel

His son Clarence P. Whitsel, Jr. reports his father died in an accident in 1999. He is interested in meeting those who served with his father. Please contact him at P.O. Box 156, Rock Hill, Furnace, PA 17249. His phone number is 717-485-3443

Randall J. Hanz died June 2007

Albert L. Sanderson died in 1969 from auto accident.

James Woods died in 1997 from agent orange related cancer per his son Joseph.

Lawrence Daw died in the 1970's per Dennis Dibon

Nick Salerno passed away Sunday December 23rd. Many of the third platoon, Alpha 2/22nd 68 & 69 will remember him for his machine gun abilities and his Wisconsin accent. By Charles Lynch

Albert L. Sanderson died in a auto accident in 1969

Lowell T. Underwood died in a auto accident in the early 1970's

Donald A. Ripple died of a heart problems in Oct. 2004 per his wife.

Thomas A. Glavey died in April 2004 from agent orange related cancer per his wife.

Ronald O. Brown died of heart problems per J.T. Merritt

Harvey Shannon Lilly died Dec. 21, 2001 per

his wife

Melvin McAnally died February 29, 1997 From Agent Orange related cancer per his wife Helen.

Paul Bagshaw died early in the 1970's of leukemia per Samuel Buckley

Alfred E. Fuller died in 2005 per his wife.

Stanley Mical died years ago per his father.

Jesse Kizzie died Sept. 1990 of Agent-Orange related cancer per his wife Edith.

Michael A. Hemphill died Feb. 29, 2008 by Rick Froede, good friend you may call Rick 253-862-4266

James K. Blount deceased on Oct. 23, 2004

Joseph Girmscheid died 1997 of agent orange related cancer per his son Jr.

David W. Fettig deceased June 2005 of A/O cancer per his mother.

Ben Heller deceased 2001

Bear Cat, Vietnam

The bear being a large noble beast, and a cat being fastidiously clean, are not the first two animals one thinks of when arriving in Bear Cat, Vietnam as when The Triple Deuce parked their buns there in October of 1966 after our long boring boat journey across the pond on the unluxury liner, the USNS Nelson M. Walker troop ship. In my mind, two other animals came to mind as a much better name for that... uh....town (?) Bug Rat, Vietnam, would be my choice. It is soon painfully obvious that the word "bear", and "cat", mean something altogether different in Vietnamese. Maybe those words mean, "smelly" and "dump", in the Vietnamese language.

As with many Vietnam adventures, my memories are not altogether clear about our life in Bear Cat, but I thought I would share some of them in the hopes that others may fill in the blanks or add their memories to the experience. It will be difficult for me to write about Bear Cat without using cuss words, but I'll give it a try. Clean words like "hole", "pit", "dump", work okay to a certain extent, but cuss words are the correct intellectual words to use for any Bear Cat tale in my mind. Yet, what did I expect an Infantryman would receive as his first assignment in a Vietnam combat zone anyway? ...a resort town with a five star hotel for quarters? ...a world class golf course with cute girls for caddies? Ha! Welcome to the life of an Infantryman. Arriving in any town, for an Infantryman, is something special and rare for us, but we did not know that yet. We had many days in the future that we would have gladly traded for more time in Bear Cat, or even getting back on board the boring troop ship. Comfort is not a word that "on the job" Combat Infantryman can identify with.

We arrived in Bear Cat during the latter part of the huge Operation Attleboro, on October 8th, 1966. We saw many troops that had been in country for some time—hardened veterans in our minds, yet only a few months ahead of us in the experience department. The 1st Infantry Division, 173rd Airborne Brigade, 196th Light Infantry Brigade, 11th Air Cavalry, 145th Combat Aviation Battalion, and the many support units such as engineers, transportation units, MP's, etc. ...it was like a pass and review parade sometimes—what with all the comings and goings, with choppers flying day and night, jets etc...the works.

Upon arriving at Bear Cat in deuce-and-a-half trucks from our uneventful landing in Vung Tau, (Which at the time was actually a resort town, but no where near the class and comfort that it became in later years, and there were cute Vietnamese girls to be seen in the distance.) I

was struck by how small the homes, or huts, of the Vietnamese were. Doorways no taller than 5 feet into 200 square foot hooches, at best, that held the entire family, their chickens, and sometimes even the pigs were in those homes. "Gads!" I thought. "*These people look like they came right out of a National Geographic magazine.*" Many others made the same analogy themselves. For the first time in my life I felt like a giant, compared to the very small size of those people and their homes. Was our enemy this small too? Maybe hand-to-hand combat won't be a total disaster for my 5' 9" 140 lbs body after all. Hopefully, I would never find out, and thankfully, I didn't.

The other thing that struck us all immediately was the smell. It was a bad smell--kind of like a mix of spoiled fish, feces, and rotting vegetation. It was much worse than, say, an American open pit garbage dump, or a waste water treatment plant, or something like that. It was a unique smell that one could not put their finger on, nor did they even want to. One simply wanted it to go away. Knowing the source could only be worse than the smell itself. I think even some non-smokers lit up to mask the smell as we passed through the villages--smells that we would get used to, sort of, in future times. When we got to Bear Cat itself, the odor was no better, but at least there was our American odors mixed in...like the gasoline used in our APC's in those days, and the aromas coming from the mess tent. When gasoline, Army chow, and sweat are the good odors, you get the idea of the quality of the smells emitting from a Vietnamese village.

The type of terrain that we found ourselves in was something quite new for me and my Pacific NW born Brothers. The whole area around Bear Cat, and most all of the southern part of Vietnam, is as flat as the state of Kansas and it's neighbors are. (First time to Kansas for me at the 22 IRS reunion in 2005...flat, but beautiful. Ditto for Omaha in 2006. ...loved them both.) There was the usual rice paddies all

over the place—they stink bad too—with water buffalo roaming and being worked in those paddies and apparently, by the smell, fertilizing as they went...if you get my drift...pun intended. Oddly, as flat as it was, one could still not see very far even from the top of an APC. Some piece of jungle or tree line was always in the way of seeing far off. Binoculars were no help. So, one had a closed in feel to the place, not open as you would think. Where I come from, the state of Oregon, you can always see something far away. Either you are on a hill, or a mountain looking out over it all, or in the valley looking at distance mountains. Not so in South Vietnam and it bothered me--that unusual closed in feeling. Once in the jungle itself, that feeling intensified big time, but at least the jungle is a great place to hide, and there were times that we took great comfort in that fact.

It was the hottest October of my life when we arrived, and I was certain that the heat would do me in well before the enemy got me. The heat had a weight to it, like opening your oven door to see if the cookies are done yet—except that you cannot close the door for some relief. It was stifling hot in the backs of those deuce-and-a-half's, and we wondered how it would be once we mated up with our APCs...not known for their cool, comfortable rides either. It was a 100 F. degrees easy and the humidity was high as well. Entering our APCs would probably be like crawling in that oven baking right along with the cookies. We arrived at Bear Cat soaking wet and couldn't wait to dry off. That wouldn't happen until the following September when we went home, but again, we didn't know that either.

Our quarters, if you can call them that, was the typical US Army tent city, but with one ominous difference—the sides of the tents were double sand-bagged about a third of the way up the sides. Hmmmm, things are getting a bit serious now. The company streets were dirt, of course, with places, large foxholes, to dive into if we

were hit by the enemy. They appeared to have been used too. ...yet another attention getting feature of Bear Cat. The whole area was surrounded by concertina wire and barb wire fencing along with roofed bunkers dug in and sand bagged all around the compound. Those bunkers had been used too. Things were continuing to get more real...combat real.

One night (Other nights as well.) on guard duty in one of those perimeter bunkers, I think it was one of the many times that I pulled duty with **Ed Fagan**, we saw some movement out by the concertina wire and fencing that was about 100 yards across the cleared zone in front of our bunker. We got on the field phone and asked the Sergeant of Guard what we should do. He said to, "Open up on them!" You mean shoot?!?!?! Holy cow! I can't remember if Eddie smiled or not, but I did as I started to spray the general area with M16 rounds. When we stopped, there was no more movement, and reported as such. Is this leading up to something? No, not really. That was it. Our first hostile firing was probably at the phantoms we saw in our minds, or some animal. I suppose it could have been the enemy, but I still doubt that very much. We continued to do that type of thing for the remainder of our tour, be it real enemy, or the ones in our minds.

Bam! Bam! Bam! "I think I saw something Sarge!"

"You always think you see something Dalpez!"

We quickly learned to call it "recon by fire", when it probably was nothing more than screwing around with deadly weapons. The Triple Deuce was a trigger happy bunch to say the least. Eddie and I fit right in. If it wasn't Eddie that was with me at that time, it certainly was many other times. As it was with my other Squad Brothers, **Bob Hill**, **Danny Barnett**, **Billy McWilliams**, **Merrill McKillip** (KIA 2/1967) **Dave Neiber**, **Steve Cowlthorp**, and **Ed Lukert** (KIA 6/1967)...we were all of a like

mind in that regard. Our Squad Leader, **Joe Dietz** (R.I.P.), wasn't the shyest about using his weapon either, but did restrain himself better than we did. We were proficient guards, but we had changed the normal guard's challenge, which went, "Halt, who goes there?" Then, "What's the password, etc." We went with, Bang! Bang! Bang! "Who's out there!" Bang! "What's the password?" Bang! "I didn't hear you." I am kidding, of course, that's an old Infantry joke, but there were times that the official protocol was ignored in lieu of insuring survival. If the choice comes down to getting killed or following the rules...well, the reader knows that answer to that whether they were a Combat Infantryman themselves or not.

We pulled our first combat patrols out of Bear Cat. Sometimes just squad size patrols close in to Bear Cat, to check something specific out...like, was it phantoms last night, or did we really get an enemy? We also pulled full blown platoon size day-long patrols for the first time at Bear Cat. No APCs, just hoofing it like ground pounding Grunts do. We did do some recons with APCs, but it was foot patrols for most of us Grunts—probably to acclimate us to the heat and strange surroundings...and probably to keep us out of the beer tent as well.

We did get our Combat feet wet at Bear Cat, but just barely. It earned us the coveted Combat Infantryman's Badge...which we continued to earn over and over again in the near future. Mostly we got acclimated, sort of, to the new situation we found ourselves in. The heat, the possibility of combat action, eating C-Rations, swatting bugs, and wishing that we were home were the thoughts that we would live with now.

The good life of Bear Cat (What! The good life?!?!?!?) soon ended, and we hit the road to our new home, Dau Teing. It just had to be better than Bear Cat. That turned out to be wishful thinking on our part. Dau Teing hadn't even risen to the level of a rat hole yet. But, as they say, that is a different story.

I have few other memories of Bear Cat. We did get our hands on beer while there, and this young troop, then 19 years old, got pretty tipsy (Okay...flat out drunk.) a couple of times in Bear Cat. A Bear Cat hangover is something hard to forget. Besides the headache, you have to deal with the heat, the dust, the smell—I haven't even gotten to Sergeants and Officers yet! Hahahaha!

Some incomplete memories are of hearing fire fights in the distance most every night; having your bowels wrenched by low flying gun ships that caught you napping; living with flak jackets on all the time; and getting caught peeing in the company street, drunk on my keester, by **1LT Danylchuck**, then our Company Commander. (Darn near lost my brand new Spec4 patch that time. I still thank you for that one Sir! I never did unauthorized peeing ever again. I even lift the seat at home these days--your lesson was learned so well.)

Altogether, speaking for myself, our Bear Cat experience wasn't much of an experience at all. The experience was just one notch up on the Boredom-o-meter from the USNS Walker boat ride. Well...we did meet the infamous Vietnamese Red Ants for the first time in Bear Cat. The seeds for the creation of The Order of The Red Ant must have started in Bear Cat, The Republic of South Vietnam. So, something good came out of the Bear Cat experience...I guess.

Lynn Dalpez
C 65-67

Recollections of Burt

I remember picking up a few new guys around Christmas on our way past Dau Tieng and not having a clue where we heading to. We headed north on the road past Nui Badin with our entire Battalion of tracks with some 155 self propelled howitzers inter spaced in our convoy, it was

quite a site.

One of the 155s hitting a land mine on the very narrow road heading toward Burt with most of the battalion strung out, single file, trapped behind. This narrow road was surrounded by jungle and tall trees with long, thick vines hanging down, not a place you wanted to spend the night. I don't think anyone in the entire battalion slept that night; needless to say we were extremely vulnerable, strung out like this, surrounded by jungle and Charlie - IT WAS A LONG NIGHT.

The entire convoy moved out the next morning making a right turn onto another road leading into this huge open field in the middle of this dense jungle ---Welcome to Fire Support Base Burt. The road we came in on ran South right through the entire field. All of us had a sense of fear about this place, we were only a short distance from the Cambodian border and a long way away from Dau Tieng and any other American outpost. (I believe we arrived on Dec 30th). We were joined by our sister battalion, the 3/22 who arrived by helicopter along with a number of 105 howitzers. It was real nice of the army to get our whole family together for the new year. Little did we know what was to come.

I was one of the "chosen ones" to go out on ambush patrol on New Years Eve, what a wonderful way to greet the new year. What made it even more special was that my birthday is on Jan 1st, so I turned 21 lying in the middle of the jungle with about 11 of my heavily armed buddies waiting for some Charlie to venture by. We skipped the cake and candles and the night remained uneventful except for the fact that we got lost but that's another story.

I certainly remember the next night Jan 1st 1968. The Charlie started hitting us with mortars after dark and we knew an attack was imminent; they didn't keep us waiting for long. Bravo Co was located in the northwest corner of the field just west of the road, we were hit

with a ground assault sometime around 11 pm All hell broke loose, 50 cal machine guns firing over our head, M60 machine guns chattering, claymore mines being detonated, M16's being fired and this was only the beginning. We were being hit by a small force from the north as a feint attack to draw more of our forces northward. The main attack came from the south on top of Charlie Co 2/22 and the 3/22 battalion. We had no idea how bad things were going at the south end of the perimeter we had our own battle going on. All contact with our surrounding foxholes was lost; it was just me and two other guys in our foxhole with our 50 cal machine gunner firing from the track behind us. The noise was deafening. Besides the arms being fired helicopter gunships were peppering the jungle just outside our perimeter with rockets and miniguns. Jets were dropping 500 lb bombs. Artillery was being fired from within the perimeter and from other fire support bases in the area. We were running low on ammo so I came out of our foxhole to get more from the back of the APC. With shrapnel flying in all directions I hauled ass back to the track; I almost made it back when I was knocked down by a piece of shrapnel, I got up grabbed some ammo cans and headed back through the gauntlet to the foxhole. The wound hurt like hell but wasn't too severe, I still carry the piece of shrapnel in my neck today (only found out it was still there a few years ago when I had an x-ray). I was treated at the battalion aid station the next morning, just bandaged it and sent me back to duty (Never did get a purple heart for this one but made up for it later). The battle went on the entire night and only broke off at dawn. We had no idea who was wounded, dead or alive. We were lucky, we only had one KIA, **Robert Campbell** who was decapitated by an RPG on his way to get ammo, our newly arrived platoon Sgt was severely wounded and we had a number of other minor wounded. We had about 25 +/- Charlie in front of our perimeter and found a couple of wounded ones with signs of many more being dragged away. The opposite side of the perimeter, which took the

brunt of the attack, especially the 3/22, didn't fare as well. We lost a total of 23 KIA and 150+/- wounded that night and about 400 Charlie died out of an estimated attacking force of 2,000 NVA.

I'm still as proud as ever to have spent this LONG night with some of the bravest men in the army. Say a prayer for all of our KIA's and their families. To all of you FSB Burt survivors I hope this new year is a lot quieter than 40 years ago, Welcome Home Brothers-----See you in DC, May 08.

PS- I hope this jogs some of your memories and encourages you to share your experiences of that fateful night

Bob Price
B 9/67 to 9/68

Forty years ago today we were digging in at Burt. I had been in country about 40 days, very green, very scared, and very lost. I knew a few guys in the platoon and except for what my Brothers had told I was lost. Little did I know in the next 48 hours I was going to have an experience in jungle warfare that would last a lifetime. I was in the squad with **Jerry Pierce** (M60), **Billy Martin** (Driver), **Billy Click** (biker) **Leon Gates** (Bullshitter, the man could talk more smack than Eddie Murphy). **Lt Donald** told us to dig in deep, that we were in a bad spot. The dirt was hard as concrete and in front of our part of the perimeter was a bunch of ant-hills 3 ft tall. So Pierce and I hid our claymores behind the anthills and set out trip flares. Hoping and praying nothing would happen.

Around chow time Lt Donald had a meeting with the squad leaders and picked 3 guys for LP. **Clark Lohmann**, **Steve Linna**, and a new guy. They were sent out to my left about 300 yds. I went on foxhole guard at 8:00 PM to 12:00 PM with Leon Gates. We had already

been mortared a couple of times and everybody's nerves were on end. I was ***** because I missed Bob Hopes US broadcast.

Gates was sitting in the bottom of our foxhole smoking a cigarette around 11:00 PM and our trip flares went off. I was looking straight at about 50 gooks trying to weave their way through all those anthills. They were in tan uniforms and hats; close enough to see their faces I was scared shitless and opened up with a M60 and didn't let up. Gates set off all the claymores at one time. ALL I could think of was 3 Guys on LP and I needed not to get them in my line of fire. Lt Donald slid behind our hole and wanted to know what I was shooting at and all I could say was a lot of Charlie. He was chewing my ass out then....

All hell broke loose within a couple minutes. **Robert Campbell** the Dog Man was 2 holes to my right. I saw the RPG blast that got him. **Jim Lyons** was on a 50 Cal on the 21 track to my left rear and he melted the barrel it was glowing red. I never worried about my back even though the whole place was booming, blowing up, gunfire, grenades, RPGs, artillery, gunships, mortars, men screaming and hollering, "medic, ammo". Soon my hearing was gone and I was deaf. All I could feel was the M60 bouncing in my hands and hollering for Gates to feed me. This continued till daybreak. I was down to 20 rounds of rusty 60 ammo and Gates had none

At first light Lt Donald came and got me out of the hole and said "come on Watson lets go see what you saw last night". I was more scared then than when the flares went off. As we rounded what was left of the anthills we found 40+ (a bunch) enemy soldiers in uniform. (Most of these were 6 ft tall) They were all buried in a mass grave which we had to guard every night.. A wise man once said you don't know you have courage until after the fact then you pull what's left out of your back pocket.

The LP came in and I was surprised they were still alive. They put the new guy on a chopper and we never saw him again. **Doc Bahi** checked my hearing and they put me on day guard until I could hear again. Very few got a purple heart or any kind of medal that day but who gives a damn

There are more stories out there; some are a lot more vivid than mine. That was one day of my senior trip. Thanks to everyone who was there I lived to see 324 more.

- The rest of the day we patched each other up and got resupplied for the next round which did not come the next night.

If I had it to do over you could keep your John Waynes and Rambo just give me the same guys who were there, **THEY WERE THE BEST**

When I got off the plane coming back from Viet Nam I was called a baby killer, bombed with eggs and rotten tomatoes. The next moment I was spit on and I punched the *** in the nose. I was treated like **** along with about a 100 other soldiers.

It took 36 years for me to come out of my shell enough to contact anyone. If this incident had happened 4 years ago you would not be talking with me today. t have been reached and maybe more to come. What happens if we censor the stories or post on the guestbook of these contacts? Some of these guys may have some serious PTSD problems and we are all they have to vent to. You don't tell these stories to your mother or wife and kids. Medication didn't help my PTSD Problem; You guys did, by listening and letting me write emails, stories and posts on the guestbook. I have been contacted by several VN Vets who read a post on the guestbook and wanted to talk. Also some of these Vets have a rough reputation and their language could be a little harsh for the sheltered humans who live in a cocoon.

If we shut these guys down your reunion will not grow very much

I'm not apologizing just venting. There are a lot of stories in the past 40 years (suicides, homeless vets, multiple divorces, orphaned kids, prison, and perfect life) they all started at the same place. Republic of Viet Nam. Where did your story end??????

From the foxhole in Ky.
Larry S Watson
B Nov 67-Nov 68..

I would like to add what I remember of Burt. Like Larry Watson said Steve Linna a new guy and myself (also a new guy of about 11 days.) Well the foxhole that we were in was barely big enough to hold us. Being in between all the fire power of our unit and the Charlie coming in front is something I can't get out of my mind. I was on that radio all night calling locations, I have "22 this is LP 2 over" imbedded in my mind. After the 8 hours or so of the battle they came out and got us and were really surprised that we were still alive. Then came the dragging of the bodies to a spot where they could be buried

Then came the ambushed patrols where the Charlie almost stepped on us, I was in the three man position with **Leon Gates** and another man and to my left were **Jerry Pierce** and the hells angels. To our rear was our squad leader. They went up and checked out our perimeter and came back the same way, which is too bad for them, I think I set my M-60 on fire

The thing that really comes to me is the third man in our LP was medivaced out and **Steve Linna** who was the ranking man in the LP a month later stepped on a mine The man who helped me dig the hole was **Joe Strippoli** who 2 months later died after we hit a mine. That

leaves me with my memories of this night and many more. **Bob Price** and I were injured same days

Clark Lohmann

A Real Blessing

A very interesting night last night. (March 16) .at 10 p.m. we had a tornado come thru. Everyone came through fine though. We were keeping our grandchildren also. Trees down touching 2 sides of the house but no house damage. Tree on top of my pickup but I wanted a new one anyway. Tree touching the well but it was okay. My shed with all my tools, riding mower etc. rolled down one side of the RV and a red oak laid down touching the other side but no damage to the RV. I lost between 150-200 long leaf pines and some oaks. A large power line goes through my property and the metal poles were twisted and snapped off like matches. Sure makes you feel small. And yes, it does sound like a freight train! We sure feel blessed to come through it like we did.

Dean Springer
B Co. 67-68

Deeds
Deeds
Not
Words