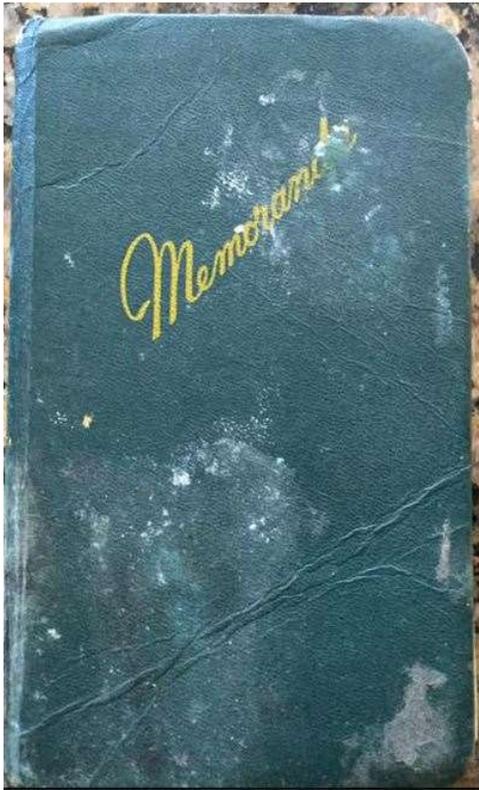
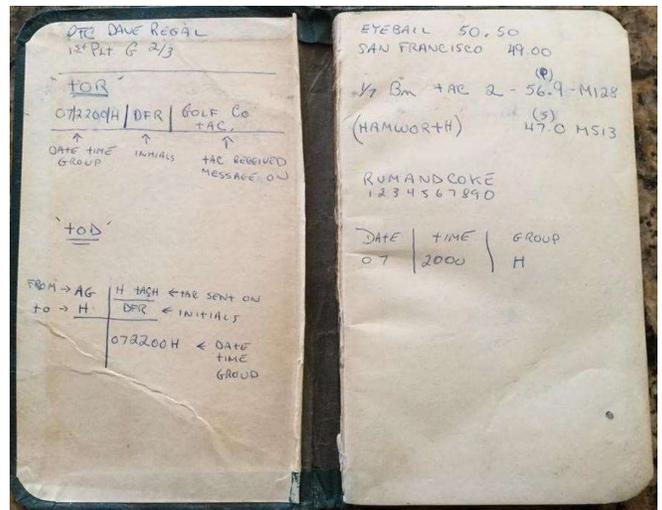


The Radioman by Dave Regal



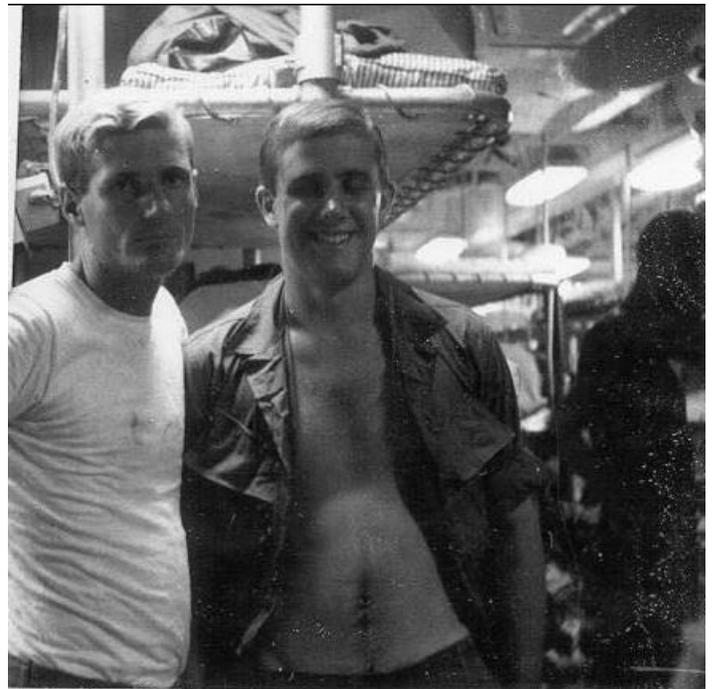
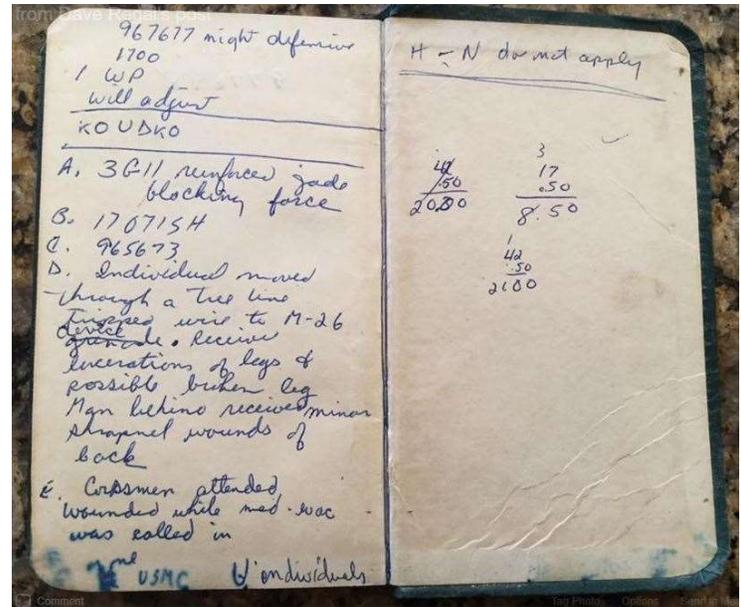
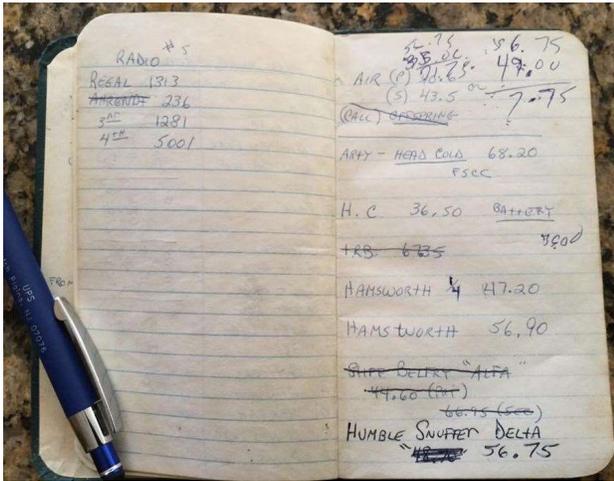
I left boot camp with a 2500 MOS which after Basic infantry training (0300) would have sent me to formal training in radio communications. Marine Corps realized it was losing more 0311's (grunts) than were in the pipeline as replacements. The solution seemed simple, change some Marines from whatever their MOS was supposed to be, to an (0311 grunt). After additional training at Camp Pendleton, I went to Vietnam as a replacement assigned to Golf Co, 2nd Bn, 3rd Marines. At some point thereafter, our Battalion Command realized they were running short on actual trained radio men and they sought volunteers to be an aiming point for squad leaders and platoon leaders. Someone at my company level decided to review

service record books (personnel files) to see if by chance a non-volunteer had 2500 training as a primary or secondary MOS (remember now, I had none). A Marine who I had the utmost respect for by the name of Mike Henry (our Company radio man) approached me and said he was told I had 2500 in my background.... and so began my training and an experience in life I will never erase. Yesterday my wife was going



through a box of "stuff" and guess what popped up? The little green notebook Mike Henry gave me so I could fake my way through being a radio man.... I have included a picture of Mike and I on board the troop ship Paul Revere. Sadly Mike passed away from Agent Orange Cancer several years ago. We talked by phone over the years until his passing. Oh, you might ask, why isn't it in worse shape? Easy, the battery for our PRC25 came in a heavy plastic bag, perfect for placing your radio handset in to

keep dry and functional, as well as other items you didn't want soaked by rain or sweat.



NEWRY CO. RADIO MAN