

The VietNam Triple Deuce, Inc.

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

Editor: *Lynn William Dalpez, C/2/22, 1965 - 1967*

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The Vietnam Triple Deuce
Website

www.vietnamtripledeuce.org

Please Visit Today!

Mario Salazar
Webmaster
HHC 2/22 65-67

I am sorry that I am late, once again, on getting you your Newsletter. All of my excuses can be viewed at flimsyexcusesdotcom. We are moving into our new home, is one reason. Please note the new address and phone number above. Please let me know if I messed up anything in my rush to get this issue out. I am particularly concerned about getting all the new guys listed in **New Finds**. Our locators and web site are doing a fantastic job of finding new members, and I sure do not want to miss listing anybody.

Ed.

President's Message

(**Skip Fabel**, President of the Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc., has been e-mailing the VN222 user group about his experiences during the hurricanes that hit Florida this summer. The following one hit me as one that all members would like to read. Our President at work...now, as then. It is I that has submitted this as the opening message from our President for this issue, as he is still quite busy helping people to recover from a very bad storm season. Ed.)

Now, as Then

Today was a very difficult day at the clinic. The staff as a whole are having a difficult time facing the realization that another hurricane is coming this way. We were just beginning to see conditions improving. The stress, anxiety, fatigue, and fear can be seen in their faces. Those that have children in school are having an extremely difficult time. The schools that are safe for students have to double up their

schedules, with the first session from 6:00am to 12:10 and the second session from 12:30 to 6:00. Many of the children are acting out and rebelling. The younger ones are scared because of the new hurricane. The doctors are reacting in the same way, but to a lesser degree.

We have staff that lost everything, and cannot understand why. Staff that had damage, but if we get hit again, fear they might lose everything. ...staff that had no damage, and are feeling guilty because of that. Many have said that they don't know what to do if the hurricane hits them again.

Today, I went back 35 plus years to draw on the leadership skills that I thought I would never have to use again, the skills of leading troops in combat. Providing guidance, direction, counsel, and comfort to the staff. Trying to channel their fears, reduce their anxiety and stress. Keeping them focused on the job at hand. Listening to them and providing guidance when asked. I knew that I would have to present a strong, calm, confident reassuring demeanor in the face of possible tragedy. I spent the day walking and talking with the staff.

I remember the words spoken to me by **Awb Norris** (My battalion commander) on November 28, 1967. LTC Norris came over to my platoon and called me aside. He told me that I had done an outstanding job in leading the platoon. There were many men that were still with us because of my leadership and the actions of the platoon during the past few days. The platoon responded to the challenge, was able to stand up to the best that the enemy could throw at them. The platoon showed a spirit of togetherness that enabled them to fight as a unit and defeat the enemy. He told

“Deeds, not words.”

Editor's Note:

me to get myself together, because the platoon needed my leadership. We are still in a hostile land, and it was quite now, but all hell could breakout. Take a minute to reflect, pray, and get back to being the platoon leader of the 3rd platoon, B Company.

Tomorrow, it will be even more difficult on the staff if Frances gets within range of us.

Skip Fahel, B/2/22,
President VN222

Delta Company Reactivates!

Received an email from **LTC Kevin Brown**. The 2-22 will be activating a D Company in the Battalion. The battalion is looking for some information on D Company in VN. The uncasing of the guidon will be in about 30 days.

If you know any history of D Company in VN, or others that can provide information, please let me know. Also, if anyone would be interested in attending uncasing ceremony, let me know.

Skip Fahel, B 2-22 VN '67-'68

Sponsored Attendees Program

The June Newsletter announced the Sponsored Attendees Program to the Membership. I must report that as of this writing no one has submitted anyone for consideration. This comes as a surprise and disappointment.

The Board has set aside the funds so that four of our Brothers may attend the Kansas City Reunion. The Board has also insured that the identity of the Sponsored Attendees be kept a private matter. We all know that some of our Brothers would attend a reunion if they had the funds to do so. This is their opportunity.

If you know a Member who has not

attended a reunion, get in touch with him and ask why. Assure him that this is not a hand out. The purpose is to bring as many Vietnam Triple Deucers together as possible. Those who attend reunions know that it is something they look forward to because of the great time they have. Four more Members at the reunion will mean the reunion will be that much better.

If you are reading this and would like to know more about the Sponsored Attendees program, please contact me or any of the other Board members.

Jim May, Treasurer, VN222
207-634-3355, jlmay@tds.com

The Walker Boat Ride

By: **Lynn W. Dalpez**, C/2/22 65-67

For those of you that were not involved with this adventure let me tell you that packing up an Infantry Brigade, loading it on a ship, and riding that puppy to Vietnam, was no easy task at all. If you think moving your home or business was rough...well...as the saying goes, "You got another thing come'n."

After months of denial about us being sent to Vietnam—even after two 4th I.D. Brigades had already left—we finally got the picture when combat leaves were given out. The Triple Deuce was being deployed to Vietnam as a fully trained and operational Mechanized Infantry Battalion. ("Us? Hey! There must be some mistake here. We are just draftees...kids...not real combat soldiers." Whoa now, let's talk this over okay?"). The playing soldier part of our lives had ended, and we were going to the real thing together on a big old ship. ...and I do mean old.

Before we could waltz on to the ship however, we had to load the frigg'n thing up with all our stuff, and prepare our APC's for loading on another ship. No problem, just have each of us load our stuff into a connex container and we are done. Right? NOT! None of our personal gear was packed in connex containers. All the other stuff was. The

stuff we never dreamed would fill so many containers. Our personal stuff went into our duffle bags and we carried them onto the ship. (Hey! No porters!)

After weeks of packing, meeting, and waiting, we finally got our orders to board the ship that would take us to our fate. We left our barracks at Fort Lewis WA and went to the Port Tacoma WA to catch our ride. The USNS Nelson M. Walker was over 600 feet long. It looked real big to us at the time. However, after over 3,000 plus guys and their equipment got on board, we realized that we were not going to Vietnam with any semblance of luxury.

So, up the gang plank we went with our duffle bags eating into our shoulders while our eyes were awash in Navy grey. "This ship is a tub!" The Walker Boat was named after **Brigadier General Nelson Macy Walker**, Commander of the 8th Infantry Division during WWII. I always wondered what he did wrong to get a tub like this named after him.

Once we got down into the ship—into our Platoon bay, which was about a tenth of the size of our Platoon bay at Fort Lewis—we were assigned bunks. At first I thought I got the shaft because of my small size. "Small guys on the top bunks!" Oh great, my bunk was the fifth one up—the bottom bunk being about 4 inches off the floor...er...deck. (Navy talk makes no sense to me. The "head" for instance. I thought that "latrine" was goofy, but "head?") There was about 3 feet between bunks...if that, so I had to climb up to my bunk like a monkey. Once atop my bunk I saw and felt a fresh air vent (Undoubtedly the Navy has a term for that too.) I looked over to "**Mouse**" **DeMotta**, the smallest guy in our Platoon (One tough fellow too. He was from Hawaii.), who had his finger to his mouth going "Shhhh.", and pointing to the fresh air vents. Oh I got it alright. We got over big time and it was time to keep our mouths shut about it. Once again, being small and in the Army was a good thing—the opposite of what most people think. Besides being able to out run, push-up, chin-up, march, and other endurance stuff better than the big guys, we got the best seat in the house

on the Walker Boat. (Why yes. I do call it a “boat”, just to irk the Navy guys. They never made fun of us Grunts...now did they?)

We put all our gear away...or stowed, as the anchor-clankers would say, and waited for the Walker to leave. We waited and waited and waited. Finally it was our turn to go topside (One of the few Navy terms that makes sense to me.)even though the boat was still in port. We went up to the railing and looked out with a couple of thousand other guys of the 3rd Brigade of the 4th Infantry Division, and started to realize just how many guys are in an Infantry Brigade. On a 600 foot tub, it's lots! Part of the wait was for the arrival of some guys that went AWOL and returned just in time for the trip. Some of these guys I know very well today. Isn't that right **Gary Hartt** ? But that's Gary's and the Alpha AWOL's story, and it's a darn good one too. They started the trip with AWOL charges and ended up with CIB's, Bronze Stars, Army Commendation Medals and Purple Hearts. Not your typical AWOL's in my book! I guess they just had more...uh...goodbyes to say than some of us did. Me? I didn't even have a girlfriend anymore, so why not show up on time.

When the old tub started to move, reality moved in too. Holy cow! (No. Those were not the Grunt words we spoke in those days.) We are going to cross the Pacific Ocean in this thing! Oh well, at least it's big. (Boy! Did that thinking change as soon as we could not see land anywhere. Then we saw the tub as a cork bobbing on a water world.) Ever so slowly the thing started to pull away from the Tacoma Washington docks (Tacky Homa is what we called Tacoma, and there are a couple of thousand stories for the reason why.) As the port receded away to nothingness, we settled in for the voyage on the calm Pacific Ocean like any old salts would. Yet another way of thinking that was dashed later on.

I believe I am speaking for all 3,000 plus guys on the Walker when I say that the best one word description of our voyage was “boredom.” Believe it or

not, when we finally got to Vietnam, we were glad to get off that frigg'n friggit. We had nothing to visually excite us. No trees, mountains, towns, women, nothing but the endless expanse of water. It's pretty pathetic when watching flying fish is your sole visual stimulus. It was sheer excitement when garbage was thrown overboard and the sharks would come get it. (“Overboard.” Another odd Navy term. Is there an “underboard?”) Most of the time we played cards, attended classes, wrote letters, slept, and complained--honing our Infantry complaining skills. For those of you that were never Infantry Grunts, let me tell you that no one on the planet can complain like an Infantry Grunt can. We are world class complainers and proud of it. So, boredom is the word alright. I must have torn down my M16 to the bolt springs a hundred times on that trip.

Then the weather got rougher about half way across or so. Topside time was relished for its fresh air, but watching the bow (Yet another Navy term that makes no sense. They don't even say the word correctly. The Navy guys pronounce it like the bough of a tree. Not like a bow and arrow. Go figure.) bounce up and down over and over again. On the down stroke, water would come over the side. “Oh boy! We're gonna drown before we ever get a shot at earning a C.I.B. Day after day this went on until the weather changed again...for the worse.

About a couple of days or so out of Okinawa we hit the edge of a typhoon. Even the anchor-clankers were not smiling now. Besides the musty smell of the old tub, and the three thousand guys aboard, we now had the fragrance of vomit to contend with. Did you ever notice that your vomit doesn't stink, but everybody else's does? Anyway, my turn to pull KP came up. I had been able, barely, to hold my gut so far, but that was soon to come to an end.

The galley of the ship (Galley? What the heck's wrong with calling it a kitchen you Navy guys?) was further down inside the ship than our quarters were, but I didn't really know that...yet. I reported for duty to the Navy cooks and

found myself as the operator of the automatic potato peeling machine. Do you know how many potatoes 3,000 plus grunts eat during a day? Me either. I lost count after a million. After a while, I was getting pretty darn sick of smelling potatoes. I had to scoop out all the ground off rinds and mushy potato stuff, load new potatoes, clean, load, clean, load...Ahhhhhhhhhhh! I needed some air. So I went over to the porthole (That Navy term at least refers to something round...the “hole” part anyway. Was there a starboard hole too?) to open it up and I found the darn thing welded shut. The Navy guys started to laugh and then one of them tells me that it's welded shut because it's 20 feet under water. That did it. I joined the vomiting preoccupation with a spectacular eruption that wiped the smiles right off the faces of those Navy cooks...a regular fountain of puke went flying all over their galley. I was immediately fired from the job, thus ending my Walker boat KP tour for good. Hahahaha!

After an eternity of looking at water and flying fish, we were told to look out one of the sides of the ship (I am not going to say “starboard”, or “port”, because I still have problems with “left”, and “right.”) (Did Navy DI's yell, “Your other port, seaman!” ?) and we would see Okinawa in the distance. Land! (I never heard the famous Navy term, “Land ho!” “Ho” means something else where I come from.) Oh boy! Now we can get off this tub for a while.

Once again my hopes were dashed as we pulled into the exotic port of Okinawa Japan only to find that one port looks pretty much like any other port. We also found out that we would not be getting off the tub, but our view was not an expanse of water anyway. We could at least watch the Japanese people working on the docks—and after twenty some days of looking at just water it was some kind of break. Some of the guys did get to get off the boat for a while for PT, and maybe some errands or something. But mostly our cadre was concerned about guys going AWOL. We did know where we were going, and there probably was a few guys considering a tour in Leavenworth over

our current assignment. ...and then there was the proven AWOLs from A/2/22 that was undoubtedly on the minds of our leaders, but I am horning in on their story again.

So, on-board we stayed (The Navy must have spelled that term wrong. It should be "I'm-bored") until we pulled out of port and headed dead south (bad choice of words). Every mile (Okay, okay "knot". Geez, the Navy must have the same attitude as the Army. The right way. The wrong way. The Navy way.) further south we went, we became more sober in our thinking. Anticipation mounted the closer we got to our destination. Was it going to be like WWII—watching the LST ramp drop into a hail of enemy machine gun fire? Would we have to fight our way onto land? Well, we were up for that! We would have killed anybody that tried to keep us on the Walker any longer, enemy or not. 3,000 Infantry Grunts, highly trained and pissed off, were just not in any mood to stay on that tub one more minute than we had to. Heck, we would have swum ashore...full field gear and all!

About a couple of days out from Okinawa we were topside when guys started pointing at the water. We rushed over to see a most amazing thing. The ocean was changing color right before our eyes. It changed so rapidly that one could almost see a clear line in the water separating the green-grey northern ocean, from the deep blue southern ocean. It was getting hotter too. A lot hotter! We were now in the South China Sea. Whew boy! This trip is getting more real everyday now. We really are going to Vietnam and it isn't very far away. There was a new feeling in the stomach...in the pit of the stomach...that had nothing to do with peeling potatoes, or sea sickness.

Now the flying fish were in droves and so were the dolphins. My fresh air vent was a god-send that I felt I must at least partially share with others. So I had card games and b.s. sessions on my bunk. (No Navy term for air conditioning that I know of. Probably because they didn't have any.) Being a northern boy, I had never really woken

up in a puddle of sweat before. "What the...Did I wet the bed?" It was getting well into the 80's at night, and getting hotter and hotter by the hour. Fanning was the new hobby.

It did provide valuable (insert the term for a female dog here) time. As Infantry Grunts, we needed some more practice in the art of...uh...complaining.

Finally, after 26 days (We all have a different count and claim ours to be correct. I make no claim, it felt like a year on that tub.) we arrived at a place called Vung Tau, in the then Republic of South Vietnam. Drop the LST ramp into machine gun fire? Ha! It was a frigg'n Vietnamese resort town! The Fighting Forth landed in a resort town! What in the heck is going on?

When our turn came, we packed all our gear down to the LST and climbed aboard. The LST made quick work of getting us to shore, and then on deuce and half trucks for our ride to Bear Cat Vietnam. Another resort town maybe? Ha! ...but Bear Cat is another story, and nearly as boring as this one is. I did get a C.I.B. while in Bear Cat, but I didn't really know why. I somehow thought it would come from some heated battle or something. Ah well, those days came soon enough.

"Welcome to the Republic of South Vietnam Gentlemen." The Colonels message was. "Bite it....Sir." Was our silent response.

Lynn W. Dalpez, C/2/22, a Charlie Boat Original, and proud of it.

The Inside Track

(Gleanings from on-line, e-mails, phone calls, and other stuff.)

Boy did The Kool-Aid Kid tie one on at the Ultra-Mini Reunion at **Gary and Scarlet Hartt's** Mulino Oregon farm Aug. 15th. We had a few old Grunts out there, but that's okay, as we had two RN's to take care of us. Scarlet is an RN, and **Mary Kessi**, wife of Grunt **Jim Kessi**, C/3/22, was a Combat Nurse that served in Vietnam treating some of

the worst war injuries. So, we were in good hands. Poor Scarlet had to fill in all the foxholes we dug, but being married to our Vice President has more than prepared her for such things.

Don Santi, A/2/22 was there—coming down from Seattle WA. Don was the french pastry chef Gary Hartt wrote about last issue, but he didn't bring me any french pastry (I know I left off the capital letter on "french"...it just seems right to me to leave it lower case.) Geez, at the San Antonio Reunion, **Peter Holt** brought me a whole push cart full of the stuff, and Peter doesn't even cook! You owe me Don...you also owe me for bringing up the Ty One On Bar....made out of Charlie Company's lumber. Still, with all that, it was fun meeting Don and hearing his stories. ...and he did draft his brother **Jack Santi**, to cook for us. Don joined the society on the spot and hopes to make the KC reunion.

Gary's cows would not talk to me at all. Something about the steak on my breath.

Bill Schwindt, C/3/22 was there. He is one of the best Locators in the 22nd IRS. Bill only stops laughing and smiling when the beer hits his lips. Then he gets a little serious. Must be a 3/22 thing, because **Jim Kessi**, A/3/22, did the same thing. Both Bill and Jim abandoned their Leg Grunt ways and came out to Gary's via Mechanized Infantry ways.

My old Chargin Charlie Brother **Rich Miller** was there too. I think he was Charlie Company's first Silver Star winner, though the award should have been higher, but that's Rich's story to tell. You'll meet him at the KC reunion and find out what a fun guy he is to be around.

Karl Karlgard was there. He started out a typical grunt, a Wolfhound, until it was found out he could shoot better with a camera, than an M-16, so the 25th Inf. Division made a Combat Photographer out of him.

I also met **Ron Akin** for the first time and had a lot of fun getting to know him

too. I think he joined on the spot too.

It's always fun partying with **Jim Kessi**, C/3/22 who never misses an opportunity to jibe us Mech. Grunts about our luxuriously appointed APC's. Once he found out just how much beer one of those puppy's holds his envy factor rose greatly.

Thanks to Gary and Scarlett for having us all over and sharing that great big comfortable porch with us.

John Mersinger

7531 105th Ave N.E.
Foley, MN 56329-9562
360-968-7756. Charlie Co., 4th & 25th Divs. Sep 66 to Sep 67.

John writes, "I attended the 4th Inf Reunion at Branson, MO. ...good experience. The Veterans museum got me emotional-at the Vietnam portion. The painting of Soui Tre reminded me of how large the battle was, and the importance of the APC's arrival."

MSG Gary Kaufman (Ret.)
337-463-4365
gkaufman@beci.net

I had the honor to serve in HHC 2-22 Inf Bn Maint from Sep 67- Sep 68. Retired with 22 years service. After Retiring I work at Ft Polk Issuing Prepositioned equipment to the Units rotating in for their training here at the JRTC, and what do you know, someone said something about Triple Deuce. Sure enough 10th Mountain brought with them my old unit down here, I brought in my albums of pictures and after work I went to North Fort and got to know the new men of the 222.

Bill Noyes

trplducen@aol.com

Bill writes, "Whenever Magnet has to shake us down for dues cause we forgot, we should have to pay twice as much. It's like 'Now drop and give me 20.' " Bill is looking for **Lt. Timor, Arthur Harp, Mike Chapman, Audrey Crumb, Joe Larry, Joe Kempt,**

Hector Santiago, Sgt. Bryant

Chester "Roy" Harbour, C/2/22 65-67

Roy is looking for **Lance Crumb**, a C/2/22 Original. As the unofficial nickname giver for Charlie Co., he gave Lance the nickname Snaggletooth. Only Roy, and Lance's dentist, knows why.

By the way, the Kool Aid Kid must tell you Roy's nickname. It was Chester The Molester, of course! However, Roy only molested with words, and not deeds. Hahahaha! (I know Roy, I'll pay for this in KC...Hahahaha!) Many of us want to find Lance. We have his serial number if anyone can help us. We thought he was in the state of Washington, but we don't know for sure.

For Roy Harbour, K.A.K.

Looking for Danny Barnett

I served with C/2/22 65-67 3rd platoon 1st squad. I have been looking for squad member **Dan Barnett** for several years. I think he was from Danville Ill. but am no longer sure, you know age and all. If anyone out there knew him, or where he lived, please get in touch, also **Victor Simons** from Liberal, KS. I was glad to see **Don Mitchell's** name in the VN222 guest book.

Joe Dietz, C/2/22 65-67

(Joe was 1st Squad Leader for the 3rd Herd of Charlie Company his entire tour. Ed)

Paul Guetter, 2/77th Arty, 66-67

4008 Riviera Grove, #101
Colorado Springs, CO 80922,
(719)573-7366
paulguetter@earthlink.net

Paul is looking for **Paige Lanier** and **Larry Van Etten**. The good news is that he'll see them soon! Paul writes, "Nice to hear from your friends from so

long ago."

(It's always nice to hear from 2/77 Vets Paul. You guys sure saves our butts many times. Welcome Home! K.A.K.)

Alpha Company Mini-Reunion

I will have a report of the Traverse City Alpha Co. hosted Mini-Reunion for December's issue. I want to be sure that I distort all the facts correctly. Hahahaha! Steal Charlie Co. lumber will ya! Hahahaha! KA.K.

Well that's it from The Kool Aid Kid this round. Remember, watch what you say, or you may see it printed here one day. Hahahaha!

K.A.K.

New Finds

Welcome Home Brothers!
Thanks for being there.
Thanks for contacting us.
We hope to see you all in Kansas City, May 2005.

Paul Engle, B/2/22

BLUE LINE building & design
3729 Easy Street
Bloomington, IN 47404
812 935-5071
pengle@bluemarble.net

Paul prefers contact via e-mail, because like most Triple Deucers, his hearing isn't so hot.

Dennis Coffey, A/2/22

Mar 70- Dec 70
dgcoffeepot@earthlink.net
Can anyone help Dennis find some of his friends?

"I was in a mortar track in Alpha Co. from March 1970 till Dec 1970. We were at F.S.B. Devon and TayNinh. Worked out of CuChi and went to Cambodia. Worked in Parrot's Beak and Iron Triangle Areas. Looking for old buddies from my mortar platoon.

Track was named EASY RIDER!"

Larry A. Carleton, C/2/22
606 Reamer Street
Greensburg, PA 15601
724-837-1757
pappylc@msn.com

Hank Hawkins
1917 E. 60th Street,
Tacoma, WA 98404. Hank was an
Original Charlie with the 3rd Platoon.

Joe Spado, B/2/22
Feb. 69 – Feb. 70
1707 St. Clair Ave.
St. Paul, MN 55105
651-699-2479
spadoman@earthlink.net

Joe was in 1st Squad, Mortar Platoon

Charles "Butch" Weidner
18531 Center Street, Castro Valley, CA
94546-1648
510-537-2732
weidner@slac.stanford.edu

Alpha Co., 25th Div Jan 70 to Oct 70.
Butch is looking for **Jim Bird, Roby Rankin, Doug Ryan, Fady Clark**.
Butch writes, "I'm planning on attending the reunion in '05 in KC. I'm going to try hard to reach some other guys before then. ...but, I'll still be there!"

Chuck,

I'd like to add my welcome to you from the many old Alpha 2/22nd vets involved with the 22nd Infantry Regiment Association. I was one of the platoon leaders of 3rd plt. Alpha in 1969. My time was from Jan 69 to May 14 when I got clobbered. Spent the rest of my tour running the 4.2 mortar platoon in HHC, leaving Nam on the last week of 1969.

I want to assure you that this organization, (and it offshoot, Vietnam Triple Deuce) has only the best interests of vets of our time in Asia (and other wars) as a reason to exist. I am one of the many hundreds of "new finds" that has thoroughly enjoyed getting to know the great founders and members of these groups, and have been able to actually sit down with men who I served with in

1969 at reunions and reestablish the bonds of brotherhood that combat brought so long ago. Were there devils to deal with? You bet. But instead of facing them and defeating them alone as so many of us have done for so long, you now have a chance to do it along side of those who have faced them down together. At this last reunion myself and the RTO who shared a booby-trap with me and the 3rd plt. medic that kept us both alive on May 14 were able to break bread at a table for the first time in 35 years. None of us could accurately describe the experience to anyone else. But I'll bet you know some of the emotions we dealt with.

As we all know, there are a lot of ways to be taken in this world. Please rest assured that this organization is not one of them. I have been a part of it since 1998, and consider it my "other" family. Just as soon as we get back from one of the reunions (18 months apart) we start saving for the next one. Sure hope to meet you at one of them; maybe Kansas City next spring. Take care, and welcome home, Brother.

Dick Nash, A/2/22
VN222 Director

Dave White, C/2/22, 69 – 70
Dwhite6970@aol.com

Served with Charlie Company, 2/22, 25th Inf from June 1969 through May 1970. Left Cambodia a few days after the road ambush on the 22nd of May 1970. At the time of DEROS, I was on the CO's track as the battalion radio operator, but spent most of my tour with 3rd platoon. I went to tunnel school late 1969, so did most of the demo work for the platoon, including blowing up the convoy of NVA trucks in Cambodia. Does anybody recall the day we were looking for a tank and found a Volkswagen with a bazooka on the roof instead. Lost a bunch of good people in both Vietnam and Cambodia. Wish I could remember the names of those later in my tour, but I only carry the names of those KIA before we went into Cambodia. If there is anyone out there

from 3rd platoon, drop me a note. There was a **Clifton Mack**, better known as "Jimmy Mack", **Jim Daniels** from Kentucky and I'll have to dig up some of the other names. Welcome Home!

Bill Shopp, Medic, A/2/22 1970
shoppb@comcast.net

1970 - medic for Company A, 2nd Battalion, 22nd Infantry until I was wounded and medivac'ed. I now live outside Washington, DC these days. Plan on going to the new World War II Memorial and the Vietnam Veterans Memorial tomorrow. Hope to get to the National Archives some day to research after action reports related to my days with the Triple Deuce. Emails are welcome!

Jimmie L. Robinson, B/2/22, 68-69
robinsonjimmie@bellsouth.net
205-854-7912 home
205-527-3631 cell phone
Birmingham, Alabama

I was with B-2/22 Inf., 25th Inf. Div. from Dec. 1968 to Dec. 1969 and was known as The Fragment. If anyone was there with me, e-mail me, or call me.

Bennett "BEN" Anderson, A/2/22 1969
Anderson@dmv.com
11 Sussex Drive
Lewes, DE 19958-1506

2nd Platoon, A Co. 2/22, 25th Div. March 69-April 69. I had the opportunity to serve with the best people I could ever imagine to have served with; platoon sergeant **Jim Salvatore**, medic **Tom Sowden**, Eric **John Felz**, **Doug Cormack**, **Bob Stiner**, **Pete Schomaker**, **McDuff Jim Chaney**, **Ray Bair**, **Rich Bare**, and many others. I miss you all guys and hope you made it home and are healthy, happy and grandfathers!! I'd love to get in touch with others that were there with me during that time period with Alpha Company. My heart goes out to those who lost their youth in Vietnam. I hope the years have been kind to you and you are at peace with yourself after all these years. Love ya, Ben

(Editor's error: I lost a couple of names that Ben sent in. I am very sorry about that as we want all the names you guys have—to print in the NL.)

Thomas Albert, C/2/22, 11/68 – 7/69
Pittsburgh PA
412-462-1475

Tommy Miller, HHC/2/22 66-67

Looking for anyone left who served with HHC RECON from Sept.66 to Sept. 67 **Delmas, Cunningham, Rick Suma, Messanger, and Randy Morrow**, are a few names I can remember. They used to call me Dancing Bear, and order me a cage. HI GUYS! LOVE YOU ALL!

Leonard Carpenter /address correction
13290 Mt. Eaton Rd
Doylestown, Ohio 44230

Jerry Dwinell, C/2/22 65-67
6632 Stoney Drive
Redding, CA 96002
530-365-7948.

Jerry would like to contact, **Jim Jet, Nickalus Docksanes, Jim Broten, Ken Anderson, Robert Hulet.**

(Hey Jerry,,for old times sake...
"D's! Fall out to the left!" Dalpez)

(The following were sent in by A/2/22's Locator, Gary Hartt.)

John C. Conde
10451 Greenbrier #205
Minnetonka, MN 55305
952-525-8802

John was a boat guy that did basic with C/2/22. Then to fort Ord for RTO training. His original MOS was to be a teletype operator. but as they had too many, he went back to Fort Lewis and became the RTO A/2/22's 1st platoon. He served under the hated Lt. Smith and then under the nice guy Lt. Massiglia. He was WIA on 3/22/67 when a land mine hit the same track that killed **Fletcher, Andrews and Haber**. He had

a bad concussion. By then he had enough combat and his father wrote Sen. Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota and by late April, he was transferred to one of the Saigon area hospitals and became a Saigon warrior. He would like to hear from **Joe Pasquarella, Wayne Trumble, Lt Massaglia** ...the only names he remembers.

Gerald T. McLaren
25 Memorial Drive Apt 99
Danbury, CT. 06810
no email

Gerry was an A/2/22 boat original drafted with the original group from Connecticut. He took a bullet wound to his right leg on 2/6/67. He was flown to Japan and never returned. He finished his tour in Korea in a surgical supply unit in a small military hospital. He is 50% rated and remembers that on 2/6/67 **Gary Koenig** pulled him into a bomb crater for safety after he was hit. Gerry has some PTSD problems like many of us.

Leonard Nywening
67 Petticoate Lane
Bloomingsburg, NY 12721
845-361-1750 no email

Lenny was another A/2/22 boat original drafted with the original group from Orange Co.(Hudson Valley) NY area. After basic with Alpha , he was transferred to HHC-4.2 mortars. He left Vietnam in Aug 67 and went to Ft. Hood Texas and got out in late Oct 67. He remembers **Mike Ochoa**, the KIAS from the 4.2 Teddy Steelmen and Carlos Ugarte. He was on a gun track and later became driver.

Walter Cave
2315 Peyton Ave
Snyder TX, 79549
325-573-8929 no email

Walt was a March 67 replacement in A/2/22 1st platoon. He was WIA on 7/15/67 in the NIGHT ROAD Massacre. He carried an engineer with bullet wounds to his chest and were the last 2 evacuated by medivac. He remembers that night when the 1/10 Cav fired on them by mistake. After the Tay ninh 45th surg Hospital, he was sent

to Cam Rah Bay for about 2 months and missed the 9/4/67 black Virgin massacre but was at FSB BURT and went home in March 68. He would like to hear from Bill Sealy (Walt so would many guys in the 1st platoon), Jim Gebhardt, Pineapple (was he at San Antonio? I think I met and talked to him) and especially Joe Walsh from Louisiana (said he was the FO track-driver, 50cal gunner & RTO). He has been married twice and his 2nd wife died. He still works for the Texas Dept of Transportation and has 6 kids and 9 grandkids. Walt said that Snyder is 50 miles south of Lubbock, Texas.

Ronny Akins
111 Bellvue Ave
Oregon City, OR 97045-3061
503-722-4552
Email ronny46@earthlink.net

I ran into Ron at a garage sale in Oregon City. He was wearing a Vietnam t-shirt and I told him he looked too old to be a Vietnam Vet. (I try not to look in the mirror at the old guy staring back at me.) We talked for a while and to my surprise, he was an early replacement (DEC 66) in Bravo Co. Skip Fahel you must have made a good impression, because he does not remember you. Of course he was a draftee. I later spoke on the phone with him and he told me some funny things, if you were not him. On 2/10/67, he got WIA from shrapnel from a mortar round but was considered "walking wounded" and was not medivaced because Bravo was short of people. I did not take very good notes on what else he told me except that when his year in Vietnam was up, he spent 5 months in Ft Carson, CO in an infantry unit full of other returning Vietnam vets. They had to do infantry training by freshly minted OCS lieutenants. He said one of the field maneuvers was so cold that the water in the canteens froze. Can you imagine playing make believe soldier after your Vietnam tour?? He would like to hear from Jesse I Gonzales who last was in Yakima, Wash., Walter Dobzynecki, and John Lewis. Only names he remembers.

Gary Hartt, A/2/22 (12/65-9/67)

(The following sent in by Clark Lohmann, Bravo Company Locator.)

Earl Raby, B/2/22, 69-70
115 North Stanley St.
Weiner, Arkansas 72479
870-684-7192

Buck Robinette, B/2/22, 69-70
Mortar Platoon,
Post Office Box 531
Newark, Ark 72562
870-799-8804

Dan Jacobs, B/2/22 69-70
Plant Manager
BOWNE, INC.
1/574/251/4100
dan.jacobs@bowne.com

I would be interested in more information and hearing from others. I was in Nam 69 & 70. I have been putting this off too long. I served with Bravo Co, 2/22 Mech, 69 & 70. I was known as Jake. I was on Everyday People I & II, Only the Strong Survive and Electric Turtle. I am looking for anyone that might remember. Good to be Home.

Thanks,

Dan "Jake" Jacobs

Jim "Dupes" DePree, C/2/22 65-67
3860 Colony Mt. Drive
Bow, WA 98232
j.depreel@juno.com

Jim writes, "Note my new e-mail address & hence my desire to be listed as a 'new find.'"

"Sorry Dupes"

Dupes, Sorry I forgot to enter you as a new find. Guys, Dupes joined last year and was one of the 3rd Herd's Squad Leaders. How could I ever forget a Squad Leader? ...even if I tried! Hahahaha! (I know Dupes...I'm on KP now huh?) Ed.

Ft Drum Diary, The Rest of the Story

The last edition of the 22 IRS Newsletter contained the Ft Drum Diary story. This story borrows the phrase, The Rest of the Story, from Paul Harvey, because like Mr. Harvey's stories, this one will provide details that were purposefully not included in the 22 IRS version.

While riding back to the Syracuse Skip (Skip Fabel) and I decided that some of the details about our trip not be shared with members of the 1st & 3rd Battalion Veterans. They are already very jealous of us, and there is no need in making them more jealous! Since this was Triple Deuce Business then what went on should appear in the Vietnam Triple Deuce Newsletter.

Everything you read about our visit to Ft Drum was true. What is missing are some of details from the party at Max and Heather Donahue's home. In the 22 IRS story I mention that Mike (Mike Groves) and I had plenty to drink. Truth is we were never without a beer in our hands, not even when we were "toasting" from the next bottle of whatever happened to be opened. I remember drinking Jim Beam, Jack Daniel's, Wild Turkey and a couple of different liquors. One of these liquors was called something-schlag; it was sweet and had gold flecks in it. Gold flecks are considered medicinal in some circles, so Mike and I just took the medicine as it was passed out.

Any good party requires a cake, and there was a fine cake presented to **Eric Oksenvaag**, the honored guest. After Eric made the ceremonial cut the Triple Deuce ladies began handing out pieces of cake to all. In a matter of a few moments the backyard looked like a scene from a food fight in a John Belushi movie. People were running in all directions and all cake was flying everywhere. Of course, other than the odd piece of cake "shrapnel" we were spared the brunt of the attack. When the cake was finally gone a number of the slower moving participants were covered with a sticky mess. These participants included not only Triple Deucer, but their wives as well. One by one the more seriously covered went to

the showers and returned ready to rejoin the festivities.

As you can see in the accompanying photos (Sorry, I can't do good photos yet. Ed.) Skip and I were well received by the Triple Deuce Ladies. Mike would have received the same treatment, but Cathy was there to see that he wasn't. You've probably heard me say that I was the LT that was "Loved by the Men." Now you can see that I'm "Loved by their wives, too!"

On a more serious note, as Cathy Groves mentioned in her message in the 22 IRS Newsletter, on two separate occasions the Group spontaneously started singing Lee Greenwood's God Bless the USA. Everything stopped and everyone sang. It was easy to see that these folks were accustomed to doing this. We were all very impressed, we were in the presence of real patriots.

I trust you can understand why we didn't want the 1st & 3rd Bn Members to know about any of this. No point in adding to their jealousy.

Jim May,
Treasurer VN222

DR. BAHAI

By: Clark Lohmann, B/2/22

A story I would like to share with the rest of my brothers of the 22nd IRS.

On May 27, 1968 our track hit a mine a huge mine and according to some of my friends from my outfit, like **Jerry Pierce** and **Larry Watson**, (they were in the APC behind us), was that the track cleared the road--the back end and the front--when it blew. The crater that it left...they say you could have fit a car into. Our track was the #23 and Jerry's was #22 which I use to be the machine gunner on, and then I went with the #23 track and squad leader **Bob Price**, after the machine gunner **Steve Linna** was KIA. Anyway for 30 years Jerry and Bob thought I was dead. They told me this medic, **Dr. Ba Hai** worked on me. I told them I would like to find him to thank him. Well, after

talking to Jerry at the reunion, and later by phone, he told me DR. Ba Hai was not his real name. He said he started calling him that because he was a medic and he believed in the Ba Hai religion. I told Jerry I would have had a hard time finding him then with your made up name. Ha Ha. But I did get a picture of him from Jerry it is in a bunker at the base of Nui Ba Den.

So, Thanks DR. BAHAI!

Clark Lohmann

**Fort Drum Notes From:
Mike & Cathy Groves**

Mike and I agree that the trip to Ft. Drum for the Formal, the dedication of the classroom, the Alpha Co. 2/22 Change of Command and the 2nd Battalion 22nd Infantry Regiment Change of Command brought forth many emotions. There was joy at the safe return of the soldiers, grief for the loss of **Sgt. Lagman & Sgt. Eposito**, and pride in the completed mission – pride in the soldiers and their families who supported them.

The memory that keeps coming to mind is of the brotherhood and sisterhood of the Mortar Unit, Alpha Company. Their love for America and their belief in the mission came shining through as they sang Lee Greenwoods' "God Bless the U. S. A." – word for word, never missing a beat.

Thanks to everyone at Ft. Drum, who welcomed the old Vets and made us feel such pride. The rumor that the old guys were the last ones standing each night is true – must be all that training at the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society Reunions.

Mike Groves

Cathy has captured the pride and emotion of meeting and being with the fine young men and women of the 10th Mountain, Triple Deuce. A special thanks to **Sgt. Donahue** for inviting us

to your home for the going away party of **Captain "Ox"**. Thank you Skip (**Skip Fabel**) for accepting my truck keys so **Jim May** and I could really join in the celebration; I'm not sure why us old vets were hanging around at 4 a.m. in the morning, but in all fairness, these guys had just spent 9 months in Afghanistan without any adult beverages.

A special thanks to **Retired General Magruder** who sought out us old Vets and was so gracious and attentive to us.

There is a rumor going around that Skip is making me the Protocol Officer.

There is an amusing story that I think Skip is going to tell. Jim, what a great person you are, a gift of gab that kept all of us and the active Triple Deuce Veterans entertained. Those guys were intrigued with your telling of using a Conex for a bedroom during your time in Dau Tieng.

Skip, when you unfurled the Guidon with "Vietnam 2/22" labeled on it, we were not the only folks whose eyes lit up and smiles appear. While you were standing on the parade ground with the Battalion passing in review, I saw more than one young man of the 10th Mountain, Triple Deuce, sneak a peak at the Guidon of the "Vietnam 2/22"

Mike & Cathy Groves

(The following is more proof that the families of our KIA's want to hear from you, and realize how difficult it is for you to contact them. These e-mails are between our V.P., **Gary Hartt**, and **Ms. Gwyn DeCamp Bush**, the widow of **Lt. Michael DeCamp**. Ed.)

**Subject: Mike DeCamp
(Fallen Hero)**

To: **Jim Gebhardt, Gary Hartt,
Teddy Manley, Edward "Ed"
Meehan:**

At various times I have heard from you which has been a tough but wonderful experience for me, and I appreciate you greatly. I wanted you to know that the memorial service was held, and a

garden memorial dedicated, on June 26th, for Mike, and for two other high school classmates who also died in Vietnam within six months of Mike (all three grew up together, attended the same grade school and high school, and were sons of three women who had grown up together with my mother)...a product of our class' 40th reunion two months before 9/11. Mike's mother died seven years ago, but the mothers of both of our other classmates, as well as my own, attended, and Mike's brother. Indeed the school (over 100 year old) had not honored any alumnus who died since World War II and there were 15 from the Korean War and one other in Vietnam. So they melted down the old WWI and WWII plaques, erected the up-to-date new one, and built a garden around it in an area where students gather... I am gratified. And it has caused me to think of all of you. Do any of you know who Vietnam Triple Deuce is, was?

On Sept. 4th, it will be 37 years since Michael's death. As I turn 61 and begin a new school year, he remains forever young and full of life and love.

God bless our country. God bless you all.

Gwyn DeCamp Bush

Dear Gwyn,

Thank you so much for sending Lt. DeCamp's Picture.

In answer to your question about the Vietnam Triple Deuce, it is sort of an alumni association made up of the Vets who served in Mike's company and battalion. Triple Deuce is the official nickname for the 2nd Battalion, 22nd Infantry Regiment. I am currently serving as a Director, and Vice President of The Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc. We

publish a quarterly news letter and have reunions around various parts of the country in conjunction with the parent organization, the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society which is made up of

the 3 battalions that served in Vietnam and past wars (1/22, and 3/22). The next reunion is in Kansas City, MO., hosted by an A/2/22 guy who was there the day Mike was KIA as was I. It is scheduled for memorial day weekend 2005 and of course, KIA family members are always welcome, and it would be an honor to meet with you and your husband.

In Sept 2003, the 22nd IRS dedicated a monument at fort Benning, Georgia that includes all the names of the men that gave their lives for our country while serving with the 22nd Infantry Regiment. Also, at our last Reunion, in San Antonio, Texas, a paver and parchment containing all 310 names of the Vietnam KIAs' of the Triple Deuce was dedicated in a public building adjacent to The Alamo. If you send me your home address, I will mail you a parchment and copy of the program and ceremony. I have done this for other KIA families of A/2/22 during our 1966-1967 tour and would be pleased to send it to you.

Gary Hartt, A/2/22, 65-67
V.P. Vietnam Triple Deuce

Thanks, Skip

Thanks for the paver idea, and execution of same. Please critique the letter I sent to the ex-wife of Lt. Mike De Camp. When he was KIA, He and Teddy Manley were scheduled for R&R in Hawaii and were supposed to meet their wives there. Per Teddy, He said they were both in base camp and got recalled out to the field, and Lt. De Camp was the 1st KIA on the 9/4/67 Black Virgin Mountain massacre. I first had contact with Gwyn, about a year and a half ago and she was reluctant to communicate after several emails. She is a schoolteacher in the Cincinnati Ohio area.

Gary Hartt

Hey You Charlie Guys!

Charlie Company needs a locator to help us find our veterans. We have a number of super VN222 Locators that

can help you come on line...teach you the tricks of the trade, and assist you in many other ways too. Our Locators are our life-line to finding our long lost Brothers. They hold very high esteem with the members of our societies, and find the work to be very rewarding.

The job takes a willingness to make phone calls, and send e-mails in order to track down our Brothers that have not joined us as yet. It's a lot like detective work in that regard, and one must steel himself from facing dead ends from bad leads...just like a cop. However, once you find just one guy, you are hooked into the most important job of our societies. It takes a man of Deeds, not Words, to do the job.

A Locator works with many other Locators from other Veterans Associations and quickly develops a bond with them. He will never be forgotten by the veterans that he finds and opens the door to our society for.

If you are interested, please contact:
Lynn Dalpez, VN222 Newsletter Editor. (The contact information is on the title page of the NL.)

Top 15 Warnings for US Military Equipment

"Aim towards the Enemy."
- Instructions printed on U.S. Rocket Launcher

"When the pin is pulled, Mr. Grenade is not our friend." - U.S. Army

"Cluster bombing from B-52s is very, very accurate. The bombs are guaranteed to always hit the ground."
- U.S.A.F. Ammo Troop

"If the enemy is in range, so are you."
- Infantry Journal

"A slipping gear could let your M203 grenade launcher fire when you least expect it. That would make you quite unpopular in what's left of your unit."
- Army's magazine of preventive maintenance

"It is generally not advisable to eject directly over the area you just bombed."
- U.S. Air Force Manual

"Try to look unimportant; they may be low on ammo." - Infantry Journal

"Tracers work both ways." - U.S. Army Ordnance

"Five-second fuses only last three seconds." - Infantry Journal

"Bravery is being the only one who knows you're afraid." - Col. David Hackworth

"If your attack is going too well, you're probably walking into an ambush."
- Infantry Journal

"No combat-ready unit has ever passed inspection." - Joe Gay

"Any ship can be a minesweeper ... once." - Anonymous

"Never tell the Platoon Sergeant you have nothing to do." - Unknown Army Recruit

(And lastly) "If you see a bomb technician running, try to keep up with him."
--U.S.A.F. Ammo Troop

Sent in by: **Dan Streit**, D/2/22

West Coast Mini-reunion, Mini-report

By: Jim May, Treasurer, VN222

THANK YOU for the Mini Reunion **David (Milewski)**. It was great. I especially enjoyed the part where I told **Norm (Nishikubo)** that I wouldn't provide him with certain information because he was no longer a Director! First time I've seen him speechless in three years!! The rest of you should have been there.

(Dang! I knew I missed something special by not being able to attend. Ed.)

TAPS

Jeffery Dale Sneleberger

January 31, 1945 - September 16, 2004

Jeff Sneleberger, born in Saginaw, Michigan, age 59, passed away on Thursday morning, after a long courageous battle with cancer, leaving behind his loving wife **Terry Sue**, who will continue to reside in their Englewood, Florida home.

Jeff ("Snele" to all who knew him) served with the Army from 1965 to 1967 and was with A Company 2/22, 25th Infantry Division in Vietnam where he received a Purple Heart. After his service, he operated heavy equipment and retired from his own business "Snelenberger's Dirty Business" of Sanford, Mi. last year.

He is also survived by his three children and their spouses, daughter **Deanna and Brian Payk** of Saginaw, Mi., and sons **Jeffrey Dale** and **Tammy Snelenberger** of Saginaw, and Brent and **Robyn Albrecht** of Canton, Mi., two stepchildren, **Jason and Jennifer Pomranky** of Midland, Mi. and eight grandchildren, two sisters and their spouses, **Leanna and Robert Webber** and **LaDeea and Dale Kellogg**, two brothers and their spouses, **Vernon and Barbara Snelenberger** and **Darryl and Holly Snelenberger**, all of Michigan, and many nieces and nephews.

Jeff was a member of the American Legion Post #0443, the Eagles in Sanford, Mi. and also the Moose and the Bridgeport Gun Club.

A Memorial Service will take place at the Sanford American Legion Post #0443 at 11:00 a.m., Friday, September 24, 2004, officiated by **Pastor Fred Becknell** of the Midland Missionary Church. Those wishing to extend and _expression of sympathy may wish to consider donations to Hospice of Southwest Florida, 5955 Rand Blvd, Sarasota, Florida 34238 or to cancer research in any facility.

Jeff will be greatly missed by his loving family and many, many friends.

From **Gary Hartt**:

"Snele" was fortunate in life to have many friends who loved him. While I feel a certain pain and sadness about Snele's passing, I am glad that he was not alone. Thank you Terry Sue and **Dwight and Betty Brenneman** for the support and comfort provided to Snele in his final months of life.

For anyone wishing to send cards:

Terry Sue Sneienberger

513 So. Broadway
Englewood, Florida 34223

Gary Hartt, A/2/22

Gary Parker died on Friday July 9th, 2004

Hi guys,

I called Gary Parker last night only to learn from his girlfriend that Gary Parker had died last Friday afternoon from Liver disease. His girlfriend, **Sandy Cufaude** told me he had many Agent Orange related illnesses and will be sending me his obituary. Gary Parker had lost all his teeth to gum disease and had gout both of which are Agent orange related in addition to liver failure and who know what else. As many of you are aware, during Operation Attleboro and (or) Operation Gadsen/Junction city, the Army sprayed defoliants about a half hour before we entered the jungle of Northern Tay Ninh province (WAR ZONE C) Per **Felix Riveria** (B/2/22-boat guy from NY) he was on point during both Attleboro and Gadsden and pushed back the branches as he walked thru the jungle. He told me he had to go on sick call because his hands broke out into blisters for 5 days.

I had just made contact with Gary Parker in May 2004 and got to speak to him once. He was a truck driver on the West coast and delivered to the place I worked in Portland for years. He also drove close by my house and neither one of us knew the other was relocated to the West Coast. Gary Parker was drafted with the Connecticut

group into a/2/22 and went to high school with **Dennis Perkins** in Danbury. He was looking forward to attending his first reunion in Traverse City.

Gary Hartt, A/2/22 (12/65-9/67)

OPERATION HOMECOMING, USA

A very special event will take place in Branson, MO during mid June 2005. The city of Branson will be holding a week of events directed at honoring Vietnam Veterans. In essence it is a long over due Welcome Home for all of us. Full details concerning the week long event are way too numerous to put into this article so just the highlights are listed as a teaser.

The Welcome Home events are scheduled to begin on June 13, 2005 and end on June 19, 2005.

The scheduled events are:
06-13) Registration Opens.

06-14) Opening Ceremony & Reception.
Dignity Memorial®
Vendor Village Opens.

06-15) Golf Tournament.
Military Demonstrations.
Unit Activities.

06-16) Fishing Tournament.

06-17) Welcome Home Parade.
Afternoon VIP Reception.
Evening American Spirit Awards.
Unit Association Banquets.

06-19) Morning Memorial Service.
Grand Finale Concert.

06-19) Farewells & Departures.

I have been told that the city of Branson is going all out for this event and that any Vietnam Vet who attends will be treated as the 'Hero' he or she is. Various discounts from vendors and restaurants will be afforded to any registered Vet or registered guest of a

registered Vet in attendance.

Anyone interested in attending this event can secure complete information about it by calling 888-265-8387 or by going to the Web at: info@operationhomecomingusa.com.

If you are interested in attending I recommend that you start the process of securing information about it now. Over 100,000 people are expected to participate in it. Therefore, in order to ensure you can receive 'choice' lodging during the event the earlier you start to secure it the better off you are.

Later Friends,
Magnet, C/2-22 VN
(Norm Nishikubo, C/2/22)

If I could, I'd enlist today

If I could, I'd enlist today and help my country track down those responsible for killing thousands of innocent people in New York City and Washington, DC But, I'm over 50 now and the Armed Forces say I'm too old to track down terrorists. You can't be older than 35 to join the military.

They've got the whole thing backwards. Instead of sending 18-year-olds off to fight, they ought to take us old guys. You shouldn't be able to join until you're at least 45. For starters:

Researchers say 18-year-olds think about sex every 10 seconds. Old Guys only think about sex a couple of times a day, leaving us more that 28,000 additional seconds per day to concentrate on the enemy.

Young guys haven't lived long enough to be cranky, and a cranky soldier is a dangerous soldier. If we can't kill the enemy we'll complain them into submission. "My back hurts!" "I'm hungry!" "Where's the remote control?"

An 18-year-old hasn't had a legal beer yet and you shouldn't go to war until you're at least old enough to legally drink. An average old guy, on the other hand, has consumed 126,000 gallons of

beer by the time he's 35 and a jaunt through the desert heat with a backpack and M-60 would do wonders for the old beer belly.

An 18-year-old doesn't like to get up before 10 a.m. Old guys get up early every morning to pee. If old guys are captured we couldn't spill the beans because we'd probably forget where we put them. In fact, name, rank, and serial number would be a real brainteaser.

Boot camp would actually be easier for old guys. We're used to getting screamed and yelled at and we actually like soft food. We've also developed a deep appreciation for guns and rifles. We like them almost better than naps.

They could lighten up on the obstacle course however. I've been in combat and didn't see a single 20-foot wall with rope hanging over the side, nor did I ever do any pushups after completing basic training. I can hear the Drill Sergeant now, "Get down and give me...er...one."

And the running part is kind of a waste of energy. I've never seen anyone outrun a bullet.

An 18-year-old has the whole world ahead of him. He's still learning to shave, to actually carry on a conversation, and to wear pants without the top of his butt crack showing and his boxer shorts sticking out. He's still hasn't figured out that a pierced tongue catches food particles, and that a 400-watt speaker in the back seat of a Honda Accord can rupture an eardrum.

All great reasons to keep our sons at home to learn a little more about life before sending them off to possible death.

Let us old guys track down those dirty rotten cowards who attacked our hearts on September 11. The last thing the enemy would want to see right now is a couple of million old farts with attitudes.

Share this with your senior friends (It's purposely in big type for us old guys...)

John Eberwine

VietNam Veteran 9/67-9/68
 C/ 2/ 22 25th Inf. Div.

LATE BREAKING NEWS! **Traverse City Alpha 2/22 Reunion** By Gary Hartt A/2/22 65-67

I planned on a Tuesday night arrival but plane delays had me spend night in Chicago. On arrival Wednesday morning in the Traverse City airport, I met **Terry and Rita Casto** and we shared a cab to the Days Inn & Suites, our reunion HQ. There we met **Dennis Alexander**, our resident host and gofer. After some scrambling we got the hospitality suite set up. **Betty and Dwight Brenneman** and others provided decorations and helped set up that night I shut the hospitality room at 2 AM which seemed to set the pattern for the reunion.

On Thurs. morning, about 8 guys played golf at **Ken Both's** brother's golf course where he is the golf pro. Golf score cards were filled out with accurate scores similar to the scores recorded on the Ft Lewis rifle range in 1966. Because of new guys arriving and leaving (for work), we had numerous friendly ambushes where 18 new guys (1st reunion) were awarded ORA'S. (PSS' T keep it a secret from the new guys at the next reunion) On Friday, 8 guys went charter fishing on Lake Michigan and caught a grand total of 7 fish. Cost of those fish was over \$100 per. Ha Ha. Some hot dogs and sausages were purchased and an impromptu BBQ on Friday night fed about half the group. The rest of us went to the restaurant on the premises for safe food. (**Paige Lanier** cooked for the BBQ and some people complained about the fish preparation method. My answer was, WHAT DO YOU EXPECT FROM AN ARTILLERY OFFICER? ACCURACY???)

Also on Friday some of the same guys played golf at a different golf course. (for scoring method see Thursday above). Then the smart people like me, used Friday to go sailing on an old tall

sailing ship. It was great except when "**Doc**" **Bill Matz** was steering the boat. (Doc stick to your needles) Speaking of Doc, he drove me around Traverse City in his Ford Tarus (the one with the new Louisiana transmission). One of the jobs he had was a Chicago taxi driver, Doc still drives like he never left the job. He came close to driving in Lake Michigan. Glad his brakes were in better mechanical shape than his old San Antonio transmission.

On Saturday at 1PM, we had an informal memorial ceremony (since I left my speech in Oregon). I gave a brief speech and then we planted American Flags for each of our KIA's of A/2/22 through Sept 4, 1967. Then we planted flags for each of our combat brothers who have died since Vietnam. Next **Dick Wylie** gave a brief convocation from the Bible in remembrance of our departed brothers. **Terry Humpert** gave a short final speech in remembrance of **Jeff Snellenberger**, who died Sept 16, 2004, and so wanted to make this Reunion. Jeff's wife **Terry Sue** was present for the Memorial Service. We ended the memorial service and gathered for pictures.

On Saturday night, we gathered at the UAW Hall, Local 21 for our buffet dinner. **Dwight B., Paul G. & Paige Lanier** were especially thrilled with the political lawn signs on the grounds. The menu selected and arranged by **Dennis Alexander** of Prime beef, chicken and fish was outstanding as well as the side dishes and deserts. Special thanks to **Dennis A.** for being a gracious host and keeping us well supplied with beer, soda, chips and sundries for the hospitality room. Also thanks to others unknown who also brought food and beverage.

On Sunday with about 7-8 vets still left, Dennis took us to his home on Long Lake, where we had a BBQ lunch and got to see his medicine pill collection. He takes 11 pills in the morning plus an insulin injection. I forgot to ask about the pill popping the rest of the day. Dennis has a beautiful spot right on the lake shore with a boat dock. But I was most impressed by the layout with his

pill collection-- it was as neat as any military formation I have ever seen.

Special thanks to **Ron Picardi** for making and distributing CD copies of his Vietnam pictures and information. I would like to also thank **Lou and Norma Gross, Rich and Jann Martin** for the Sergeant Santa and quilt (I never saw the quilt?), **Dwight and Betty Brenneman** for numerous paintings and handicrafts all of the above donated for our raffle. Thanks to all of the above and any I might have forgotten. I would also like to Thank God for providing outstanding weather and safe transportation of my combat brothers and wives.

Now, finally for the numbers. We had 37 vets with 16 wives in attendance. To our ABO's and 67 replacements, you missed a great and relaxing reunion. We look forward to seeing all of you at the 22nd Info Reg. Reunion in Kansas City in May 2005. We hope that **Frank Lomento** is recovered by then from his heart surgery to join us. **Dwight and Betty Brenneman** floated the idea of a Caribbean cruise in Jan or Feb 2006. Betty has volunteered to investigate prices in hopes that a cruise would be cheaper or comparable to a land based reunion. We have heard that the US Gen. Nelson M. Walker is available if they do not scrap it first. So, we will have another reunion in Jan 2006 for 4-6 days if enough people express interests. In the spirit of equal rights for women, they will join us on this "combat cruise". Exact destination of the islands to be invaded and D-Day are at present top military secrets. They will be discussed in a future mailing. And finally (really), thank you wives for encouraging your husbands to attend our reunion. I love you all.

GARY HARTT A/2/22 (12/65-9/67)
FTA all the way!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
503-632-6955

Closing Thoughts

-22nd Infantry Reg. Reunion
May 26, 27, 28, and 29th at the Weston
Crown Center Plaza, Kansas City MO.

Mark your calendars and start making plans today.

-Triple Deuce Merchandise

Please support our society by buying, and wearing (or using) our hats, shirts, etc. All monies made go to us—our causes.

-Order of the Red Ant

Awards of the O.R.A. will be presented to all qualifying Triple Deuce Members at the Kansas City Reunion. What is an O.R.A.? Well you are just going to have to show up at the reunion to find out now aren't you? Hahahahahaha!

See you in December Brothers!

Lynn William Dalpez, C/2/22, Editor

Deeds, Not Words