

The VietNam Triple Deuce, Inc.

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

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At a very short business meeting in San Antonio, the membership elected the following to serve for the next 18 months on the Board of Directors: Lynn Dalpez, Skip Fahel, Gary Hartt, Jim May, and Dick Nash. The Board then selected the following as officers of the association: President: Skip Fahel; Vice President: Gary Hartt; Treasurer: Jim May; Secretary: Jerry Rudisill.

One of the many highlights of the reunion was made possible by two first time attendee's, Lynn Dalpez and Bill "Mad Doc" Matz. This was the presentation of the "Order of the Red Ant." The medal and certificate suitable for framing was presented to any Triple Deucer who had a true story of their battle with red ants in Nam. The medal is a true work of art. As Lynn and Mad Doc went around awarding the medal, the troops were lining up to get this most cherished of awards. I want to thank Lynn and Mad Doc for coming up with this wonderful recognition for those that served and the work that they did to take this concept and to make it happen, truly, "Deeds Not Words."

One of the other highlights for me was listening to all the first timers expressing their joy and happiness at being at the reunion. A task that we all should work towards is getting more first timers to the reunion in the spring of 2005. This reunion is schedule to be held in Kansas City. It really does not matter where the reunion is held, if your brothers are there, it will be a great time.

This is the first newsletter for Gary and Lynn, and they will need your help. They need stories from you. So get with it and get the stories to Gary and

Lynn.

Remember in your prayers the men of the Regiment that are in harms way in both Iraq and Afghanistan.

E. Q. Skip Fahel
President
B 2-22 Apr 67-April 68

PS: I have a limited number of copies of "List of Heroes" of the Triple Deuce that was presented to the Daughters of the Republic of Texas. Just e-mail at efq15@aol.com with your mailing address.

Treasurer's Report

The following is my report to the Membership.

The accompanying Report was presented to the Membership in San Antonio. Those present were also informed that two audits of the books took place in 2002 and that another audit is scheduled once the 2003 year end figures are in. If there are any questions regarding the Reunion Financial Report, please contact me at your convenience.

Merchandise Sales, Donations and Dues collected in SA amounted to \$2,292.

All Special Order Shirts and Hats are scheduled to be delivered to me during the first week of December. I will send those Special Orders out as soon as I receive them.

A new Merchandise page is being designed for the Web Site as well as the Newsletter and should be on the site by mid-January and in the next

Newsletter.

I would like to thank the Members for reelecting me to the Board of Directors. Your continued trust is something I take great pride in.

Special thanks to John & Sandra Bradley and their children, and Lon Oakley for all the help they provided before, during, and after the reunion. Please begin making plans to attend the next Reunion scheduled for the Spring of 2005 in Kansas City. If you haven't attended a reunion, or haven't attended one in a while, then you are missing out on what I consider the finest three days imaginable.

Renne and Ival Lawhon, Alpha Co. Jul 67 to Apr 68, will be hosting the Kansas City Reunion.

A personal note. I am certain that you will read elsewhere in the Newsletter about how we were treated in Grand Style by Peter Holt. In fact, the entire Newsletter could be devoted to this subject and it still would not be possible to convey the experience that we were treated to. Imagine, for a moment, how good you feel when you do something nice for someone else. Think about the smile that comes to you when you're doing this nice deed. Now, picture Peter Holt with that smile on his face, the smile that comes only when you're doing something nice for someone else. Well, he had that smile on his face for three days and I hope that smile comes back to him every time he thinks about the San Antonio Reunion and the good time that he provided. Thank You Peter.

Jim May
Treasurer

VIETNAM TRIPLE DEUCE, INC.
An Association of 2nd Battalion, 22nd Infantry Regiment Vietnam Veterans
P.O. Box 665, Norridgewock, ME 04957

TREASURER'S REPORT
SEPTEMBER 30, 2003
(Unaudited)

Bank Balance, 12-31-02

Savings	\$8,845.23
Checking	<u>118.02</u>

\$8,963.25

Income

Dues, 2003	\$745.00
Pre-Paid Dues	525.00
Donations	1,138.22
Interest Income	55.56
Merchandise, Sale	1,048.00
Shipping Charges, Received	121.00
Escrow, Due 22 IRS	<u>7.00</u>

TOTAL INCOME \$3,640.78

Expenses

Newsletter	\$ 562.64
Web Site	172.90
Tax Filing	150.00
Paver	1,000.00
Merchandise, Purchase	<u>1,870.34</u>

TOTAL EXPENSES \$3,755.88

BANK BALANCE

9-30-03 8,848.15

INVENTORY

9-30-03 1,732.80

NET WORTH \$10,580.95

From Your New Editors

Gary – I want to thank the members of The Vietnam Triple Deuce for placing their trust in Lynn and I as your Co-Editors of the newsletter.

Lynn – Absolutely Gary, and we both are honored to have been elected Directors of the VN222 as well. Congratulations to you Gary, for then being elected as our Vice President.

Gary – Thanks Lynn, and all the members too. The honor just blows me away. You realize Lynn, that there are two Oregonians as Triple Deuce Directors now. Pretty cool huh?

Lynn – It is Gary. Hey! I guess this makes you an officer now eh Gary?

Gary – Now don't start with that officer stuff there Chicken Charlie guy.

Lynn – Chicken Charlie! I told you to never say that again you Alpha A-hole!

Gary – Whoa there little fella. Don't be ragging on Alpha Company. My Alpha buddies wouldn't like that!

Lynn – I don't care what you and your Alpha AWOL's like farm boy!

Gary – You want to go outside?!

Lynn – Damn right!

Gary – I'll get the beer.

Lynn – I'll get the snacks.

Frosty's Reunion Thoughts

My wife Jill and I arrived at the reunion Thursday afternoon after flying in from Michigan to the San Antonio airport. A friendly taxi driver drove us from the airport to the Four Points Hotel. Once in the hotel, we took an hour in our room to relax after our long flight. Arriving downstairs later, we went straight to the reception greeting area in the hotel. The reception staff passed all the details about the reunion events. Lynn Dalpez, a former squad member in Vietnam approached me for the first time in over 37 years. It was such a neat experience seeing Lynn again. While greeting Lynn (big hugs and some tears) we began reminiscing about our Army days. As we talked, I noticed other squad members and their families standing near the reception area. Boy, the excitement was starting to grow when I started seeing old Army friends again. A special thanks to the staff who worked long hours at the reception table. They made the transaction to the reunion easy by explaining everything about the reunion schedule. Unfortunately, I missed the Thursday morning golf outing, but will plan to make the next one in spring of 2005.

While my wife and I were in San Antonio, we spent time site seeing. We only scratched the surface of things to see in this city. I look forward to returning to San Antonio for another trip in the future. The Gallagher building was the site of the Thursday afternoon dedication for our fallen troops in Vietnam. A paver cement brick was planted on the grounds. Many people attended this ceremony. The Gallagher building was right across from the Alamo where we also visited that afternoon. Late in the afternoon, we walked back to the Four Points Hotel by the river walk. Thursday also brings the cutting of the Hemmingway turkey. Later everyone goes to the 9th floor (hospitality room) for more food and fun. The 9th floor was reserved for our reunion and it had a beautiful outdoor patio that overlooked the city.

Friday morning started with a 22nd Infantry business meeting. We spent the afternoon site seeing and had lunch with friends. Friday evening was a special treat for the Veterans when Peter Holt reserved the VIP area for the Veterans and family for a San Antonio Spurs professional basketball game (pre-season game). The VIP rooms had drinks, food and a professional cameraman taking pictures. The Spurs cheerleaders were also there to put a smile on the Veterans faces. This Spurs game against the Rockets will be something I will never forget. Staying up late on Friday night after the game in the hospitality room is normal at the reunions. Saturday morning came early because of another business meeting. This meeting was very important because of new elections for officer positions, and discussion on a new reunion site for the spring of 2005.

Site seeing in San Antonio on Saturday
Afternoon was fun with reunion friends. We found another neat place for a lunch break on the river walk. Later, after lunch we all went on a boat tour on the river walk. Riding the trolley bus was a cheap way to travel around town. Saturday night is a big

night where everyone gets dressed up in the dining room for our last evening event. This is a good time to take pictures. Bob Babcock was our guest speaker for the event. Along with raffle, drawing prizes there was dancing until midnight.

Sunday morning ended with a Memorial Service. This is the time we remember the Veterans killed in Vietnam. Jim Tobin (Chaplain) conducts the service along with other speakers. It is a sad time when the reunion comes to an end, but we will start planning for spring 2005 to gather once again with men we served with in Vietnam.

Special thanks to Peter Holt, and John and Sandra Bradley, and family members for an outstanding reunion this year.

Jim Frost, C/2-22 VN

Our Alamo Memorial Paver

(The following remarks were made by the President of The Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc., Skip Fahel, at our paver ceremony, in San Antonio, Texas. Editors.)

Thank you for coming.

I am Skip Fahel, President of the Vietnam Triple Deuce Association. I served with B Company, 2/22 Infantry from April 1967 to April 1968.

Please say with me the pledge of allegiance.

We are here to place a memorial paver, a permanent marker for our fallen brothers, and to present to the Daughters of the Republic of Texas the names of these heroes for all to see.

I want to express my appreciation to Vince Phillips, Chief of the Alamo Rangers, for his assistance in making this day happen. Also, thanks to Mrs. Kathleen Carter, the Alamo Committee Chairman who is here representing the Daughters of Texas for her assistance. I want to remember

the Heroes of Hill 4-11 that are also remembered here with a paver.

A special thanks to Brad Hull, A/2/22, for his continuing efforts over the years to develop the list of our fallen comrades so that we can remember, and not forget. Over the years, Brad had worked hard to research and record the names of our heroes and the heroes of other battalions of the 22nd Infantry that served in Vietnam.

To Norm, Jim, Dave, and Mike, the Board of Directors of the Vietnam Triple Deuce Association, I want to thank you for your support on this project.

To each of you here today, thank you for your service.

On this ground, for 13 days, 167 years ago, a valiant group of men died in their struggle to be free. Their battle was for their homeland. The Alamo is here to honor those 189 heroes of Texas.

130 years later, Michael Gerald Peterson became the first man of the Triple Deuce to give his life in a struggle to survive. Four years later, Thomas Paul Coffino, became the last of the 312 brothers of the Triple Deuce to make this sacrifice.

We are here to remember those who were the sons, the brothers, the fathers, the cousins, the uncles, and the friends that made that sacrifice, and who to us, were our brothers in arms, the heroes of the Triple Deuce. We are here to place a marker that will remind those that walk this path of the American youth who gave their all in a land and time far away.

To place this paver, I have asked one representative of each of the five companies and recon to come forward and assist in the placement of the paver.

Peter Holt (A), Bob Price (B), David Milewski (C), Dan Streit (D), Jon Prost (HHC), and Erick Opsold.

Placement of Paver

Lets now have a moment of silence as each of us remembers those we honor today.

Thank you. I would like Mrs. Carter to come forward.

Mrs. Carter, on behalf of the Vietnam Triple Deuce Association, I present to you and the Daughters of the Republic of Texas, this list of our hero's for all to see and not forget.

Remarks by Mrs. Carter. (Gives list to Vince Phillips to hang for all to see.)

When I came to meet with Mrs. Carter and Chief Phillips on Wednesday, I gave them a brief history of the Regiment. I concluded that there are now 2 battalions that are on active duty, and were now deployed overseas, the 1st Battalion in Iraq, and the 2nd Battalion in Afghanistan. Mrs. Carter then offered to present the 22nd IRS two American Flags that would be flown over The Alamo for 24 hours each. These flags then would be presented to the 1st and 2nd Battalions as a reminder of the support they have at home. These flags would be presented to the Regiment at the dinner on Saturday night.

Thank you. (End of ceremonial)

Skip Fahel
President

Skip, A fine job you did, and you should know that there wasn't a dry eye in the house. Editors.

Status of Our Web Site

Mario Salazar, Webmaster

For about a year we have had a Website at

www.VietnamTripleDeuce.org

I hope that all members have visited it. This site is maintained by your membership fees and therefore is YOUR SITE. This means that you should have the content that you need, and want. To do that, we need to:

1. Visit the site frequently to get the most benefit out of it, and to be

able to make suggestions on the content.

2. If you have the time and/or expertise, you should participate in its upkeep.
3. Send us material that you believe should be posted to accomplish the mission of the site, and The Vietnam Triple Deuce.

While we have not run out of digits in the counter, I believe that we have had an adequate number of visits, but the number can definitely improve. One suggestion is to make the web site the *home page* for your browser. This is fairly easy to do in Microsoft Explorer.

Go to *tools, internet options*, and in the space for the *home page*, type

<http://www.vietnamtripledeuce.org>

This will guarantee that every time you open your browser, you will visit the web site and you will, hopefully, be aware of any new information in it.

At our reunion in San Antonio, I talked to a number of people about assisting me in the maintenance of the web site. Those that offered to do so AND EVERYONE ELSE THAT IS INTERESTED, please send me an e-mail to mariosalazar@comcast.net and let me know what areas you would like to assist me with, and your level of expertise. No prior experience or expertise is required. I will be divesting out of some obligations at the beginning of the year, and should have some time to spend working on the site. So please, contact me as soon as possible if you have volunteered, or if you want to do it. Believe me, a well ran site requires a lot of maintenance.

Finally, and most importantly, is the content of the site. Every one of you has a story to tell. We have pages in the web in which we would like to record and preserve these histories. While our record in Nam was outstanding, very little has been written about it. If you remember Gadsden, Cedar Falls, and any of the other campaigns, tell us your recollections. The same goes for photographs and any other material that you may have. For posterity, if

you have things like funny money, Vietnamese currency, scan it and send it to us. If you do not have a scanner, I will be glad to do it, and return your materials to you.

To compliment our web site and improve communications, we also have a group list. This list allows the members to communicate will all the other members that have signed up for it. This is done by sending a message to ONE e-mail address. The message then goes to everyone on the list. Right now there are around 30 participants including: Mad Doc, Lt. Peaches, Brooklyn, Triple Deucer, Vietvet67, Peter Holt, Magnet, The Kool-Aid Kid, Gary "FTA" Hartt, and others. (It sounds like an old episode of "Combat".) Discussions go on about all kinds of subjects in a respectful forum in which personal attacks are not allowed. If you want to partake, please send a message to VN2-22Mz-subscribe@yahoogroups.com or send an e-mail to me, the administrator of the list, and I'll add you to the list directly.

Mario Salazar HHC/2-22 65-67
Webmaster

Mariosalazar@comcast.net

Clark Lohmann – Reunion

Clark Lohmann here, I had a few words to say about the reunion. I thought it was a nice get together to see friends and San Antonio which I had never seen. Time went to fast, I met you Lynn and it was my pleasure.

You seem like a real nice guy. Got to talk to my few Bravo People Bob Price, John Yoshikane, Skip Fahel, but there was so many more I wish I would have gotten to meet-- which is my fault. I didn't make the rounds. Jim Nelson, I just got a few words in with him, he had a real nice art book. Sharon, his wife, was pretty busy--I got a wave at her. At our next one, I will search out a few that I didn't get to chat with, like Mario, Gary Hartt, Dennis (Brooklyn). This one will be hard to beat, they really rolled out the

red carpet for us, the Basketball game, and dinner, the Hosts were great and there kids also, a lot better than the steak. And who took the picture for the group that wasn't so good? I can't see Bob Price or myself and I got a big head, so its hard to hide that, and the Colonels wife was looking the wrong way, so I think the picture was snapped at the wrong time. But, I guess you have a few mishaps. All in all, it was fun, except for the 4am fire alarm drill. Ha Ha
P.S. Lynn I am still waiting for my ORA.

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(Oops...seems I overlooked a few things too. O.R.A.'s in the mail Clark. That fire alarm did suck, didn't it? Lynn)

Ed. Note:

Clark has volunteered to be an active Locator for Bravo Company guys. Please, everyone, if you have any of your old military orders, please mail copies to Clark, or myself. Other names on your orders have the correct spelling, middle initials, and service numbers that are extremely helpful in the locating process.

Gary Hartt, Co-Editor

My First Reunion

The 22nd Infantry Regiment Society's 2003 San Antonio Texas Reunion was much more than I could have hoped for. MUCH! More.

I flew into San Antonio Texas with my Alpha 222 buddy, Gary Hartt, Mar. 22, 2003, and checked into the Four Points Riverwalk Hotel. Who do you think greeted me upon my arrival? Peter Holt, I couldn't believe it. I said, "Well hello Mr. Holt." He said, "Oh no, no, none of that. Peter, please call me Peter." Wow! Nice guy. In no time, we were talking about Triple Deuce stuff—we were both R.T.O.'s,

and basketball, of course. Hey, I have to tell you, he ain't so tall for a San Antonio Spur. Hahahaha! Peter was a co-host of the event.

Peter's co-host was John Bradley and his beautiful wife Sandra. Yep, mom, dad, and the kids all chipped in and organized an event that will go down in the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society's history as one of the all time best reunions. Doing two or more things at the same time must run in the Bradley family. They were always going here and there at the same time. I never saw anything like it in my life. Heck, we attendees didn't have to do anything but show up. They did everything! Made us feel like royalty they did.

We were treated to a hospitality floor of suites and roof top party area that could hold about a hundred people or so...and did every night. We were surrounded by beautiful San Antonio and it's upper eighties weather. Boy! Talk about Texan hospitality! Peter and John defined the term for this event. We had a headquarters for the whole reunion and it was kept stocked with beer, goodies, and Combat Brothers having a real good time together.

Meeting my Combat Squad Brothers again after thirty-five or so years was the crowning touch to the whole event for me. The years melted away instantly and we were twenty again...almost. Jim "Frosty" Frost, Ed "The Tenor" Fagan, Joe "Gung-ho" Dietz, and myself took off together one afternoon to have some personal time together, to touch bases with each others inner selves again. We went to Hooters! Of course! We had a heck of a time together eating, drinking, and laughing our heads off while being doted on by the prettiest girls in San Antonio. (Honey, I didn't touch, but I did take a few peeks. Hahahaha!)

Friday, Oct. 24th, Peter took us all to a San Antonio Spurs basketball game. First class all the way baby! Luxury buses dropped us off at The SBC Center, home of the San Antonio Spurs, and Peter's group opened their

NBA world up for us. We had a number of adjoining suites where we all hung out eating gourmet Texan foods, and a whole lot more—like French pastry, which goes great with beer by the way. We took turns posing with Peter for pictures and got a copy for a great souvenir of the event. Nobody in the world was having as good a time as we were that night. Most of us forgot to watch much of the game at all—good thing too—right Peter? Hahahaha!

Most all of the events of the reunion took place at the Fours Points Sheridan Riverwalk Hotel in downtown San Antonio. We were about four blocks from The Alamo, which we visited frequently. The famous Riverwalk in San Antonio is much more impressive live, than in pictures. The San Antonio River meanders through the beautiful core area of San Antonio and has been thoughtfully planned to give the visitor a terrific feel for Southern Texas. The food was outstanding, and the people were some of the nicest I have met.

Everywhere I turned at the reunion I would meet new Brothers and instantly have a new friend...one I could trust, and understands how I feel about our shared history. People I can talk to.
Now I have hundreds of Brothers all over the USA! My luck is still with me by golly! I finally met, face to face, my new friends that have been communicating with me for over a year now via e-mail. Bill Matz, Jim May, Dennis (Brooklyn) Zollo, from Delta 2nd, 22nd Infantry. Wow! Dennis is my first Delta Brother. Until I saw my first Triple Deuce K.I.A list, I didn't even know that there was a Delta Company. Now I have a close friend from that company.

I met one of my old Medics, Dave "Fergie" Ferguson. He doesn't carry around huge needles like some old Medics I know.

Skip, Bob Babcock, my Squad Brother's beautiful wives, Jill Frost, Marcie Dietz, and Linda Fagan; John Bradley, Jim Hardin, Chaplain Tobin,

Michael Groves...so many new friends. Jerry Rudisill brought his whole family, Rene and their two cute daughters. Mario Salazar, the Triple Deuce Webmaster and old Walker Boat Original (Great job on the web page Mario). The WWII Vets were a real kick in the pants. You could tell they are grunts of the highest caliber, but maybe the 20-mile forced marches have been cut a little short these days. I will be mentioning many more of my newfound friends in future articles.

As the event unfolded over the five days I was there, I realized that an awful lot of stories were being created around me. Combat Brothers meeting each other for the first time since Vietnam, meeting our active duty Brothers, and members of their families—at every turn a story was being born. I hope in the future issues of the newsletter that we can get some of those stories told. My story ends here, for now, by saying, “Thanks so much John and Peter!” You two sure as heck live up to our motto.” Deeds, not words.

Lynn Dalpez, C/2/22 65-67, Co-Editor

Thanks and thoughts from Gary

I am writing this article with the advantage of having read about 13 pages of the newsletter.

Thank you Peter Holt and the John Bradley Family for all the hard work you endured in putting on the San Antonio Reunion. I am sure all attendees share the sentiments expressed elsewhere in the newsletter.

This was my 2nd reunion and it was exciting to see some new ABO's (Alpha Boat Originals). Of course, seeing my combat buddies is always the best part of the reunion. First timers were Terry Casto, Richard Martin, Gary Waddington, Dennis Alexander, Richard Holte, Jack Conrad, Roger Cote, Bill Matz, and Ken Booth, 2nd timers were Lou Gross, Larry Hansen, Ken Gengler, Rich Leins, Jeff Snellenberger, Dwight Brennenman, Dick Wiley, Joe Fraser, R. Bruce Blakeslee, and SENIOR MOMENT (for whoever I forgot). There did not seem like

enough time to meet and talk with everyone, as I would have liked. Thank you Skip Fahel and to others responsible for the Thursday Paver Ceremony. Honoring our Triple Deuce Brothers we left behind was inspiring and also something that was a pleasant surprise for me.

I realized after I returned to Oregon why I love these reunions. THESE REUNIONS ALLOW ME TO RELIEVE A PART OF MY YOUTH. On Friday night at the basketball game, I spent some time with 5 young men between the ages of 18 to 24. Of course I don't remember their names, but the 24 year old looked so, so young. Was I that young once? All five young men had recently returned from Iraq and were telling me some war stories. It might be a different war than Vietnam, but some things never change. They described their sophisticated weapons that were made inoperable by the fine Iraq sand at times and it reminded me of the jamming early version M-16 of our era. I remember almost decking a Colt factory rep. For accusing us of not properly cleaning etc. (He was shifting blame.) I asked him when you sold the M-16 to the US Army did you not say it could be fired underwater and how indestructible and reliable it was? The poor guy had to take a lot of heat. I remember getting a different buffer mechanism and the shell retractor only to learn later that the real fault was the powder used in the ammunition that was changed after the COLT testing phase by the “Army's own ammunition experts.”

Aft

Saturday afternoon, the ABO's held their mini-reunion from 1-4 PM. I had planned to surprise my buddies with the ORDER OF THE RED ANT, but the other guys at the reunion got them on Thursday, so part of the surprise was out. But we did manage to surprise Ken Both, our CO, with the NEGATIVE, OUT AWARD, which was presented as symbolic of his intelligent, caring, and compassionate leadership that resulted in a lot less casualties than we would have otherwise sustained. Ken Both toasted each man as he came forward to

receive his ORA. At the end, my buddies ambushed me with an award for bringing us together. It was an oversized postcard tastefully drawn by Betty Brennenman and will be framed and displayed in my home. Thanks Betty and the guys. I also would like to thank all the wives for putting up with us and for the beautiful quilt Nora Gross, and Kathy Gengler spent so much time making, and donated as a raffle grand prize. It was won by Teddy Manley, an A/2/22 1967 guy. Jack Conrad's lovely wife came over to me and gave me a great big hug and kiss for being persistent in getting Jack to come to the reunion which he did with much trepidation. Jack also thanked me for not giving up on him. This renewed my vigor to continue to call the other found guys that are still reluctant to come to a reunion renew their close friendships of so long ago.

Just like in St. Louis, I missed the Sunday morning memorial service in San Antonio. Hopefully, I will make it in Kansas City. One new guy I met was Preston, an Alpha guy from 1968. He is living in Jamaica, NY (my old stomping grounds) and he informed me he was the unlucky recipient of 6 Purple Hearts during his tour. Preston told me he just seemed to have trouble getting out of the way. What I especially liked about Preston is he shares my love of DOO WOP music. Preston, hope to see you in KC.

This past summer I attended the C/3/22 Portland, Oregon, hosted by my new friend Bill Schwindt. I also met so many guys that shared our Fort Lewis training months prior to our cruise to Vietnam. As you know, the 3/22 did the same training with the Triple Deuce guys as part of the 3rd Brigade, 4th Div. We shared many laughs and stories about our common hatred of the “lifers” and other snide comments. We remembered during our training how almost every drill instructor would tell us to pay attention as you will need this training in Vietnam. After a while it got old and several of us would yell back: “You mean Germany!” It caught on and every time an instructor would say

we need to pay attention, we would yell in unison, GERMANY, before he had a chance to say the dreaded Vietnam word. We thought we were real cool until around June 1966 when rumors about the 2nd Brigade leaving for Vietnam spread throughout Fort Lewis.

After an initial period of reality adjustment, our free spirit and sarcasm returned. Then anytime a lifer sergeant tried to intimidate us draftees on KP, or another detail we would respond, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO SEND US TO VIETNAM, SCREW YOU, WE ARE ALREADY GOING!

They reminded me of the escape and evasion course training. I told them of how guys were catching up to us and I lit a fire in the dry Weir Prairie. That night I overheard a guy telling his friends how they almost caught a group of 5 guys, but had to stop and put out a small forest fire. I also told them about how I exercised my excellent leadership skills by organizing a night patrol in full combat gear to obtain much needed supplies of 4 cases of beer from the Yelm Tavern. But those stories are for another newsletter.

I think I am starting to ramble here. When "Magnet" asked me to take over the Triple Deuce Newsletter, the smartest thing I did was ask Lynn Dalpez to be Co-Editor as since I returned from San Antonio, my wife came down with the China Flu, and then got sick again. She has never been sick this long and is finally on the mend. Being a nurse, she has a special name for it that I don't remember. My computer also got sick--in sympathy with my wife maybe? I finally was able to open email attachments and lower the 100+ junk emails flooding my inbox daily. As a result, Lynn Dalpez did all of the work on this newsletter. So anything you don't like, blame him. However unjustly deserved, I will share in the glory.

Gary Hartt A/2/22, Co-Editor

Please note that the official MOTTO

of the 22nd Rgmt is "Deeds, not words." ...and the historic nickname is "regulars". Guys sometimes sign off "Regulars by God." Well, when it comes to Alpha Co. 2/22, I would say I was never "regular" in Vietnam as many times as I had diarrhea. Also, since I was a draftee, as were 99% of the originals in the company, I would have to say our nickname is either "DRAFTEES BY GOD", or because of the consumption in our unit, it would be BEERS, NOT WORDS. Those APC's were great beer coolers except when Charlie VC crashed our party.

Letter From Nash Re: Reunions

Guys,

This letter is being sent to a bunch of people, and copied to another bunch. I have one simple goal. It is to get you all in the same room at the next reunion of the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society in Kansas City in May, 2005. To the first bunch, I have talked to you all at one time or another to establish a link with an old comrade in arms from our time in Vietnam together. Those conversations were each a great experience to me because I only contacted the guys that I had respected in the Army as individuals who I thought would benefit from the reunion experience. And each of you can remember other guys who fit that mold for you. You guys on the cc: list other than Lon & Nick are people who I never knew in Nam, and only met since the 1998 reunion in Dallas. You are mentioned often at my house as my other family and Judy quickly understood because she has been with me since 1966. She knows about the experiences I've shared with you.

Bottom line is this: As soon as I get home from a reunion I start saving every dime and dollar I can put aside for meeting the expenses of the next one. This coming one I'm lucky. It's close enough that I can drive to it. The reunion organizers try to keep it in the middle of the country when possible to

increase attendance. Kansas City is about as centered as you can get.

Please look into yourself and see if it is really time to meet with some of your old mates from Nam three decades ago. This time I got to meet again with Rick Ristau, from the old 4.2 mortar platoon, and Lon Oakley, Joe Esser and Doc Michaelic from 3rd platoon Alpha. These are familiar names to you guys, and you know what?? We had a ball in San Antonio. All I am asking is that you think about it again, and start saving that money to cover the expenses if it is time for you to join us in 18 months. We will welcome you Brother. I promise.

Dick Nash, A/2-22 VN

The Order of The Red Ant (O.R.A.)

Qualifications:

The following qualifications must be met to allow one to be awarded The Order of The Red Ant.

1. Awardees must have been a member of the 2nd Battalion (Mechanized), 22nd Infantry Regiment, known as The Triple Deuce, during the years of 1966 through 1970, in The Republic of South Vietnam, and had been bitten many times, with multiple bites, by the dreaded Vietnamese Red Ants--one half inch of stinging hell that would go out of their way, to bite you. One hundred bites or more, is the benchmark of honor.
2. Awardees must tell a story of their worst encounter with the Vietnamese Red Ants, either by writing a story, or telling the story at a 22nd Infantry Regiment Reunion. (The old "APC branch slap into trailing APC" was the most common story. Ouch!) (I am a "Get naked in combat to get ants off." story teller myself...the second most told story.)
3. Any Triple Deucer may petition for an O.R.A. that does not, or

cannot meet the above criteria, but does have an O.R.A. sponsor. Petitions will be in writing to The Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc., Cultural Committee. Only holders of the O.R.A., may sponsor.

4. The Vietnam Triple Deuce Inc. Cultural Committee governs all awards of the O.R.A., and maintains the integrity, provenance, and the right to break our own rules.

History of the O.R.A.

Conceived by Lynn Dalpez in the late 1990's, but it never went anywhere until he joined The Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc. , and brought the subject up with Bill "Mad Doc" Matz who was very supportive and had some great ideas to help polish the idea off. This gave him and Bill the reason they needed to ask their other new found Combat Brothers about it. The response was overwhelming...like the award was a reality already in their minds. Bill stressed that it should be "From Triple Deucers, to Triple Deucers." Gary Hart's conviction to, "Keep it humorous.", and that it needs to represent award oversights of our past too...the stuff we did without getting any recognition. (I'll let Gary tell you about the citation he wrote for the awards that he gave out. It's hilarious!) David Milewski, "Make the jaws bigger." Jim May, "Save your receipts!" Norm Nishibuku, "Just make the damn thing already!" Words of inspiration, to be sure.

"The Vietnam Triple Deuce Cultural Committee was formed, and I set about getting the O.R.A. made. Many compromises were made to the design and method of manufacturer. Solid gold was out. Finally, I had a design that was as close as I could get it to the original design I had in mind. One hundred O.R.A.'s were initially ordered, taken to the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society Reunion, and presented to Triple Deuce members who met the criteria to be awarded one. Some honorary awards were made to non-Triple Deuce members

that helped The Triple Deuce in a significant, and positive manner."

Concept

The Red neck ribbon signifies our blood, and the misery we all felt at the hands of the Vietnamese Red Ants.

The gold of the medallion signifies the value of our experience together, however miserable.

The Queen Red Ant represents all the bites that The Vietnam Triple Deucers received, which are representative of all the unrewarded, "Deeds, not words", the awardees performed, while in service of The Vietnam Triple Deuce.

Cultural Committee

Bill "Mad Doc" Matz, Co-Chairman The O.R.A. would never have been made without him.

Jim "Peaches" May, Cultural Committee Member. Jim advised, and kept us going on the project.

Lynn "The Kool-Aid Kid" Dalpez, Co-Chairman, Designer.

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(The final design was submitted to the vendor around July 4, 2003.)

Lynn Dalpez, O.R.A.

Mad Doc's Follow-up

We were honored by the presence of Kate Dichairo, wife of the current Commanding Officer of 2/22, in Afghanistan, at the reunion. Kate was presented with the Order of the Red Ant by Lynn "Kool-Aid Kid" Dalpez, and Bill "Mad Doc" Matz. She was also given an "effigy" of Norm "Magnet" Nishikubo, by "Mad Doc". Norm's effigy has been sent to the 2/22 troops in Afghanistan. The Order of the Red Ant has also been presented to the 2/22 museum, at Fort Drum, NY.

Bill Matz, O.R.A.
Co-Chairman, The VN222, Inc.
Cultural Committee

(Hey Doc, Did you catch Skip Fabel's Red Ant story? It seems they hit an abandoned 55-gallon drum of CS gas with their APC. The drum burst open engulfing the APC and it's occupants with CS gas, causing the driver to lose control of his track, smacking a tree laden with Red Ant nests dead on. You guessed it; the ant nest pods fell right smack dab on their heads and shoulders, breaking open, and spilling out some very agitated Red Ants all over Skip's crewmembers, and himself. One needs little imagination to understand the results...a painfully memorable double whammy. Skip should have a CS device for his ORA don't you think? Lynn)

Ed's O.R.A. Woes

Ed Fagan, C/2/22 reports that after wearing his ORA to work for a few days, it was determined by the higher-ups to be "inappropriate attire." Don't worry about it Ed. They are just jealous. Mad Doc will go check all their shot records. That'll teach 'em!

Lynn

Dear Brothers

By Dennis "Brooklyn" Zollo

I want to give everyone the whole story, and to do that,, I must start at the beginning.

In July of 1999, a female that I was living with was killed by an 18-wheeler. She was my live in lover—common law wife for the past three and a half years. Her name was Lorie. We met in New York and were together for four months when I had a big job offer in Las Vegas. So, in August of 1996, we hit the road. The job was good and I lived in a nice three-bedroom ranch house, with a pool, two nice cars, and after three

years, my life was good. Lorie became my third wife. I bring this up because it was Lorie that helped me with my nightmares and urged me back into a PTSD unit. The strange part was that she had been carrying a 25th Infantry division patch ever since she was fourteen years old. You can imagine how odd that hit me for she was nine years younger than me. Well, after getting a life that I thought could never happen to me, the night she was killed happened. I was in a gambling house and about to become a Floor Manager. When a friend, which I knew from New York, came in and told me what had just happened...well needless to say, I ended up in the hospital, in a, let's say, disturbed unit. After three weeks, I got out and that old feeling of guilt hit me...in short, I blamed myself.

I became homeless. Alcohol and drugs were the only way I could live with myself (Do these feelings sound familiar? I am sure they do.) My head-doctor at the VA thought it best for me to leave town—too many bad memories. So I headed to Portland Oregon, but somehow I got on the wrong bus. I was so drunk and drugged up that I was lucky to even get on a bus going in the right direction, west. Somehow I ended up in San Francisco. With the help of the VA Hospital I got good housing, and was back in PTSD groups.

Once I was able, I knew somehow that part of my life had not been completed, so I went back to school in January, Y2K, and learned about computers. I saved some money and bought myself a good Gateway computer, then started to look for my Brothers from Vietnam. Somehow I found Gary Hartt, then Jim May, Lynn, Delta Dan, Mad doc, Mario, and The Sergeant from Heaven...plus others. I was told of these reunions and after six to eight months of e-mailing these guys, and others, I was told more about the reunion in San Antonio. I was sure that I would not be able to afford it, but Dan Streit told me to just find a way there. So I scraped up enough money to take a bus, and not worry about the rest.

Mario Salazar was kind enough to share his room with me, and he took care of the bill. The tickets for the game, and the banquet, was also taken care of for me...and that helped for sure.

On the bus I kept thinking, "Who are these guys?" That is all I knew about them, just "these guys." So, on the bus I felt fear, unworthiness of their kindness, feeling less than that—for two days on the bus I tried to write what I felt, but besides those ugly feelings, I had faith that San Antonio was the answer I had been looking for. Or, the last disappointment.

It turned out for the best, much more than I could have imagined. I have been welcomed home a lot by VN Vets, but for the first time, I felt it, and more. I was so proud of my Brothers that the hardest part was leaving the reunion.

Why it took 34 years? I can't answer. What I can answer is that attending the reunion was no disappointment. I have found what I have been looking for. I wrote a short poem that says it all for me.

I AM FINALLY HOME

CHANGE WILL COME, CHANGE
IS HERE, LOVE FADES OUT,
THEN LOVE APPEARS.

NOW MY WATERS TURNED TO
WINE, AND THESE THOUGHTS
THAT I NOW HAVE I CLAIM AS
MINE.

I 'M FINALLY HOME, I'M
FINALLY HOME.

CHANGE HAS BEEN, CHANGE
WILL BE, TIME IS PAIN, THEN
TIME WILL EASE, AND MY
HEART CAN GO, FOR MY HEART
IS FREE.

I'M FINALLY HOME, I'M
FINALLY HOME.

Dennis Steven Zollo, D/2/22
1029 & 1030 Girard Road
San Francisco, CA 94129
415-561-7954
dsz94129@aol.com

Editors – Dennis will be helping to tell the Delta Company Triple Deuce story in coming issues. A story that many of us have never heard—especially we Walker Boat Originals. Gary and I are real excited to be able to help Dennis with this project and encourage other Delta Brothers to help tell their story. From what I have heard so far, it will be some exciting reading. For instance: A walk in the Cambodian woods. The rest of The Vietnam Triple Deuce is anxiously awaiting your story Delta Brothers, of that we can assure you. So, we now have a Delta Dan (Dan Streit), and a Delta Dennis on board with us. Al Fennel, one the very popular D/2/22 officers was at the reunion too. We hope to hear from him about D/2/22 as well. Al is also very interested in helping us finding more Delta Brothers. More on that next issue.

The Inside Track

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

1. Bill "Mad Doc" Matz was observed at the 22nd IRS Reunion in San Antonio lurking around with a huge syringe holding a long blunt needle. He had a Cobra snake draped around his neck and claimed to be some health official attending the reunion to check the attendees shot records. Most attendees had forgotten what a shot record even is, but Mad Doc forged ahead anyway with updating shot records and basically scaring the hell out of everybody.

2. The beautiful lady that accompanied Jim May, our Treasurer, to the reunion was not his daughter as rumors went. Gail is Jim's wife. This Inside the Track reporter found Gail quite charming and completely hip to May's ways.

3. At last sighting, Peter Holt was still laughing.

4. The Inside Track encourages members and their families to sign on the Vietnam Triple Deuce web site

created for us by Mario Salazar HHC 2/22, 1965 – 67. Mario has got a great layout put together and now needs electronic pictures, articles, and anything else you may contribute to making the web better, and allowing it to tell our Triple Deuce story. Mario can be contacted at mariosalazar@comcast.net

(See, www.vietnamtripledeuce.org if you haven't already.)

5. Congratulations to Dennis "Brooklyn" Zollo, D/2/22, who after 34 years was finally awarded the Combat Infantryman's Badge that he so richly deserves. Now Dennis will be able to feel the power of that beautiful blue award, and enjoy the camaraderie that comes with it. Dennis told me that he is heading to a fancy place to eat, and celebrate. Damn right Bro! You sure as hell earned it.

6. Rumor control. It is not true that Chaplain Jim Tobin was rooting for the Houston Rockets and that is why they won the basketball game. However, apparently he wasn't rooting for the Spurs either.

7. Old Newspapers. Do you remember reading copies of THE TROPIC OF LIGHTNING NEWS? That was the weekly newspaper of the 25th Infantry Division. About 18 months ago, I contacted a nice guy named Kirk Ramsey, who runs a website for the 2-14th Infantry Battalion, which was part of the 1st Brigade, of the 25th I.D. Kirk Ramsey started an ambitious project to obtain copies of the 8 page weekly newspaper and place all of them on line (no underline), www.i-kirk.info/tinews in a user-friendly manner. I gave him all 11 1967 TLNS I had. He likes the originals for scanning and does return them. Kirk can be contacted through the web site. He has papers on-line for 1966 to 1970. You can also mail them to me, and I will copy them before mailing them to Kirk. Go to

the web site and see if you have any missing issues, or pages for him.

Gary Hartt, Co-Editor

Well that is about it for the first issue of **The Inside Track**. Let me know if you like this column, and if so, send me some juicy stuff to put in it. Otherwise, I'll just steal it all and put it in here anyway. Hahahaha!

The Kool-Aid Kid

The New Find List

(Gary and I apologize for any omissions this issue. We will get it together by next issue and add those Brothers we missed this issue. Please notify us of any omissions that you know of, including yourself. Lynn)

John J. Bakowski, Jr.
37 Fenwick Road
Tonawanda, NY 14150
HHC, B, and C/
2-22 from 03-1967 to 04-1968.

(Doc) Connie D. Stovall
13605 Lomas Blvd NE
Albuquerque, NM 87112-6309
505-294-4027
HQ/2-22 and 1st. Platoon, C/2/22
1968

Welcome home Bothers! We hope to meet you in Kansas City, spring 2005
Editors

Taps

George J. "Fergie" Ferguson died Nov. 12, 2003 from complications of strokes he recently had. He was 57 years old.

George was born in Astoria, Oregon, Aug. 17, 1946. He served in the Weapons Platoon, C Company of The Triple Deuce. His decorations include the Combat Infantryman's Badge and the Purple Heart. He is remembered by his Brothers as being one of the best mortar men in the business. He could really lob 'em in there.

His later years were spent as a Supervisor for Pendelton Woolen

Mills, Portland Oregon. He married his wife, June Schutte, in 1968. Others survivors include his sister, Sharon French, and a stepbrother, Mike Varn, as well as his children (I do not have their names at this writing.)

George was laid to rest in The Willamette Cemetery, a veteran's cemetery in Portland Oregon's Mount Scott area. Remembrances to The Shriners.

A Squad Brother of mine, Steve Cowlthorp, Portland, Oregon, and I were talking about George's passing on the phone one night and Steve reminded me of a story that sort of says it all about George's acute sense of humor.

We had just arrived at the processing center in Fort Ord, CA, Dec. 1965 before being sent to Fort Lewis for our ultimate fate. We had been there a few days—watching guys come and go and wondering what in the heck the Army was going to do with us?

A new group had just arrived and filled the old wooden barracks next to ours. Ideas of pranks started to flow when George and a fellow named Kerr, decided to pull a fast one on the brand new recruits.

We had just been issued our class-A uniforms. George and Kerr put on their class-A trousers, a poplin shirt with tie, and used the brass to simulate what the officers we had seen were wearing around the fort.

They then proceeded to enter the new guy's barracks.

George walks in first and yells, "Attention!"

Boy! The asses and elbows went flying all over the place! The rest of us were lined up looking out the windows of our barracks next door, trying to not laugh so loud that it would blow it for George and Kerr.

Kerr then walks in with a big old cigar in his mouth and starts yelling at the new recruits about what a mess the place was and why were they laying around in their underwear, and stuff like that.

The new guys took all this hook, line, and sinker until they started to notice us in the other barracks laughing our butts off about it.

One of them yells, "Hey, wait a minute here." Then George and Kerr made a hasty retreat.

The next day we all snickered throughout the class on officer impersonation. Each of us has been treated to a wonderful memory ever since.

Hey! What are they going to do? Draft us, and send us to Vietnam? Hahahaha!

George my Brother, save me a seat. I'll see ya in a few decades God willing.

A special thanks to Rich Miller, C/2/22, who represented the Triple Deuce at George's grave side, and Bill Schwindt, C/3/22, representing the 22nd Infantry Regiment. A snow storm and traffic jam, didn't keep them away. These are men of Deeds, not Words.

Lynn Dalpez
Co-Editor

A Letter to LTC DiChairo

Dear LTC DiChairo:

Greetings from Sarasota. Back from San Antonio, what a reunion. It started off with me winning the golf championship for the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society, and it just got better from there.

On Friday, we went to see the Spurs play as guests of Peter Holt. I had just got off the bus when Bob Babcock found me and told me that Kate was there. He told me she was wearing a

dark blue Triple Deuce shirt, which would not be hard to find since Peter had given all of us white Spurs T-Shirts. It did not take long to find her. I introduced myself and offered to be her escort for the night. She was nice enough to accept. My mission that night was to introduce her to every one of the 2-22 vets. I think I was able to introduce her to 98% of the vets and their wives. It was a great evening and I am sure that she will tell you about it.

On Saturday she sat at our table for the banquet, Karen, my wife flew in Saturday afternoon from Houston where she was at for the International Quilt Fair, Also at the table were 3 vets from Bravo Company to include one from my platoon. Vince Phillips who is the Chief of the Alamo Rangers, who was my guest, was also at the table. Vince was there also to present the two flags that flew over the Alamo to the 22nd Infantry. I called Kate up and she accepted the flag for the Triple Deuce. The flag should be over to you shortly to fly and to remind you and your men that we are proud of the deeds of the battalion. Keep kicking butt!

The 2-22 could not have had a better representative at the Reunion then Kate. She was loved by everyone. She was so warm, gracious, friendly, and up beat. I know that she will fill you in on all the details of the reunion.

Kate will have a lot to show you when you get home. You and Kate have a reserved seat at my table in Kansas City.

Let the men know that the old vets of the Triple Deuce are praying for their safe return home, and for them to complete their mission. Destroy the Taliban and to deny them sanctuary by wiping their asses off the face of the earth.

Deeds Not Words

E. Q. Skip Fahel
B 2-22 VN

A Letter from Bruce Blakeslee

Hi Gary,

Just a note to say thanks to all who helped to make the reunion a huge success. A special thanks to Peter Holt for sharing, and giving, and being a gracious host. Also a special thanks to all those he recruited in his special Army of workers, especially those young adults who bent over backwards to make us feel welcome.

I can't help but think back to the last day when we were sitting having breakfast and looking around the room and thinking to myself, as much as we have changed, we have remained the same. Of course, I haven't changed and neither have you, but the others...

Joe Fraser was turning plates of food over at the tables and telling everyone to pick one without looking. Holt and Alexander were in the kitchen of the hotel yelling at the staff, telling them to hurry up and put the food in those big cans so it can make the chopper. Dwight was up on the roof with a Radio Shack walkie-talkie claiming he was calling in mortars on the Alamo. Wylie was hanging out in front of the hotel most of the nights grabbing Taxi cab drivers, forcing them out of their taxis and demanding that they let him tune the sucker up so it could make it across the river to the rendezvous point. Capt. Both kept yelling for Kool-Aid with his meals, and Fraser reminded him if he kept it up, no more ice cream! The Capt's wife told him to be quiet and eat his Jell-O, or he couldn't go back to the room and watch reruns of Combat. Rich Liens and Gary Waddington were arguing about the best way to get up to the hospitality room without a compass. They agreed to split up and winner take all. Waddington got lost on the treadmill in the gym and Liens had to be fished out of the swimming pool after 40 laps. He should thank Dwight who happened to spot him from the roof on one of his walkie-talkie runs. Ray Zaharatos wired the freight elevator to go straight to the top floor hospitality room. He also eliminated the communication system that fed the back tables of the banquet hall, so we didn't have to hear those long

speeches. Lou Gross and Larry Hanson devised a way to shoot doughnuts out of the hotel vacuum system. Actually, it was Rich Martin that made it an engineering marvel. He removed a section of drainpipe from outside the building and turned it into a mortar for doughnuts. They used Rich Liens Cowboy hat for a target. Lou set the sites, and Larry dropped the rounds.

The police were flooded with calls about UFOs. When a Police Officer showed up at the hotel after a complaint of unusual sightings coming off one of the balconies, the conversation was overheard by Jeff Snellenberger who just happened to be on one of 400 trips to the top floor. He offered to show the officer where he thought all this confusion was coming from. The officer was among the missing after the two of them were last seen going into none other than the ill-fated Zaharatos wired freight elevator. No one seems to know from this point except Snelly, who was asking all the hotel female staff if they would like to see his gun. Brenneman posted the bail and I don't think the sexual harassment charges will stick. Capt. Both said he should only get an Article 15. Roger Cote said he would defend him as soon as he gets back from Bangkok where he left his law books. He says he will have to see if he can sneak in and out without his 47 children finding out he made a visit. If they do, then he will need a lawyer. Gary Hartt said he could fake it if it came down to it and that he will make all the travel arrangements including booking the hotel and finding a nice quaint VFW hall to have a place for consultations. Roger and Snelly couldn't be in better hands. Gary's the Guru of putting things together.

By the way, does anyone know what happened to Jack Conrad, and why he was only seen on the last night? Well, Jack was there all the time. He was that cute waitress we had for all meals in the dinning hall. I know Jack likes to dress up now and then, and what a great job he did of fooling us all. Why I remember the time in Seattle, (Another story.) Jack was also the

female park ranger at the Alamo and that crazy animal out on the floor at the basketball game. Now you see him, now you don't. If anyone comes up to you at the next reunion and is acting strange, except for the cast of characters previously mentioned, wait till they walk away and yell, "Jack!" Chances are he, she, or it will turn around. Then you say, "Gotcha Jackie"

Well Gary, let me know who I forgot. You know how my memory is, but I have to check my notes because if I forgot him, I got a story. They can't escape me. I want to thank you again for that excellent choice of places to have our ceremony and presentation of the Order of the Red Ant. I especially liked the atmospheric aroma of my favorite brand of disinfectant. I also like the urinal set up in the men's room. It reminded me of some of the places I would rather not ever go to again. Speaking of going, I'm out of here. Got a ticket back to San Antonio. Holte is picking me up at the airport and we are going shopping for Cowboy boots and a Rich Liens Cowboy hat. After what Wylie did to all the taxis, I'm afraid to get in one, so I had to impose on Holtie. That's what I call him, Holtie. He promised to take me to the best leather show in town. I'm taking Cote's phone # just in case I need a good, well, legal advice Yippy I o ki yay!!!!

Bruce Blakeslee
A/2/22

PS I found a group picture of all of us at that all girls' school at Yank MI duk in Vietnam. I'll send you a copy by e-mail. Second thought, maybe I will give it to you when I see you. The country can't afford another scandal right now.

Message From Norm

Folks, sorry that I was not able to be with all of you in San Antonio this past October. Duty called and I had to be in Michigan for a work problem.

I understand that all of you had a great

time. I also understand that you First Timers at a Reunion now understand what a lot of us have been telling you about *healing, re-bonding and just feeling darn good about life* now. You won't be able to put into words what the Reunion did for you. All you can tell a New Find is what we told you. "Trust me, Trust me"... smile.

In the last Newsletter I asked all of you to support Lynn and Gary in their efforts related to their being the Editors of the Newsletter. I hope that you are. Put another way, you darn well better be. Remember it is your newsletter and it is only as good as you make it by the articles you send in for it.

As most of you who attended the San Antonio Reunion know, I am no longer associated with the Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc. in any official manner. I am just a Member now. Being just a Member was my choice. I felt that it was time to pass the 'torch' to 'new blood' so that fresh ideas and approaches relative to the VN/2-22 could be brought into it. Glad to say that from where I sit it is starting to happen. Lynn Dalpez has some new ideas concerning your newsletter. I believe that you will like what he has come up with.

This is it for now. Linda and I wish you and yours a Great Holiday Season. See you in K.C.

Norm Nishikubo, C/2-22 VN

(Norm, You don't want to be AWOL in Kansas City. You were missed big time in San Antonio and we just won't have it if you are AWOL again. We will send the Mike Papa's after you if you are. Hahahaha! Lynn)

The Clearing

By: Lynn William Dalpez
C/2/22, 1965 – 67

The Nightmare Begins

The nightmare was always the same, time, and time again. "Get 'em! Get 'em! To the right! The left! Get 'em!

In front of you! Look out! Oh God! Look out!" On and on it goes with the enemy, the Viet Cong, crawling all over everything and my Combat Brothers do not see them. "Oh God! Why can't they see them!" I continue to yell at my brothers until finally I realize that the screaming in my ears is my own. I would bolt upright in my bed, usually with a cold sweat running down my back. Sometimes, on the floor with a broken lamp, or something, in my hands and a heart racing like a marathon man's. It would take a moment or two, but then I would remember Soui Tre and the clearing nearby.

A Combat Brother of mine (Mario Salazar, HHC 2/22 1965 - 67) recently wrote that Mar. 21, 1967 started like any other day in the jungle of South Vietnam's Tay Ninh Province, near the Cambodian border. I am sure that it did. I was the RTO (Radio Telephone Operator) a radioman for 3rd Platoon, Charlie Company, 2nd Battalion (Mechanized), 22nd Infantry Regiment—The Triple Deuce. RTO's get up early in the morning with the Platoon Leader, in this case, SFC Sammy Kay. Every morning Sergeant Kay would need to get our status report into the Old Man, our Company Commander, Capt. George White III. This morning was no different, of that I am sure. Waking up in puddles of sweat that had turned our dusty bodies to muddy bodies during the night. Eating C-rations for breakfast and chasing it down with warm water flavored with Kool Aid and purification tablets. Then squaring away our equipment, cleaning our rifles, APC's (Armored Personnel Carriers), and all our other Infantryman equipment. Muttering to each other about the prospects of the day..."What now?"

Capt. White was not a CO that tolerated any late or sloppy reports. One needed to get up before he did in order to prepare the report and receive the walking orders for the day. ... the same old morning routine that we had been doing all along and Mar. 21, 1967 was no different. No way do I remember the start of that day

precisely, but it could only have started that way or something very memorable would have happened—Capt. White's ire, something to be avoided at all cost.

Don't get me wrong here, we loved Capt. White, rather we love him, as he is quite alive and well today. (By the way, it's just George and Lynn now days. Is that cool or what?) Capt. White ran a tight ship and we would not have had it any other way as it kept most of us alive and effective combat soldiers. To a man, we were all very proud to serve with our "Old Man", an affectionate term given to a Company Commander by his men.

If the day continued to proceed as any other day in the bush, then Sammy would check in with his Squad Leaders and get everyone up and ready for the days events. I would check in with my fellow RTO's to see what they might know and offer them anything that I might know. In other words, an RTO b.s. session. I do remember that Sammy had just come back from checking his men when Capt. White got on the radio and says, "Get Kay on the horn now! We're mov'n out now! Get 'em mov'n now!", or words to that effect. I remember this because Sammy was looking right at me and did not need me to tell him that something was definitely not the normal routine this morning. He grabbed the transmitter right out of my hand as I was telling him that the Old Man was on the horn. Sammy listened for just a couple of seconds then said to me, very forcefully, "You heard him. Get 'em loaded up!" I remember this because RTO's usually do not order people around and Sammy was telling me to do just that.

Well... I had been around the block a bunch of times by Mar. 21, 1967. I was blown up twice—fought in many combat situations—personally knew jungle bugs from hell, and could nail a coconut at 200 yards with my M-16 (I could of sliced it and diced it on the way down with my old M14AR, but that's a different story). I was not your average twenty-year-old punk. I was a highly trained, bloodied, combat

infantry veteran twenty-year-old punk. I had known Capt. White for fifteen months or so by this time—four months as my Company Commander. That is a lot of months when one is only twenty years old. In all that time, I had never heard him speak like that. It was always something like, "Good morning Specialist Dalpez. I need to speak to Sergeant Kay please. Yada, yada, yada." Officer stuff—very polite, but firm, and clear as a bell. When Capt. White spoke to me the morning of Mar. 21, 1967, he was not talking like that at all. That was the moment I got very scared. It was going to happen for sure this time—full scale combat. God help us.

The Ride

Not through any drill, contest, or actual combat experience had I seen my Combat Brothers of 3rd Platoon, C/2/22, move as they did that morning of March 21, 1967. Apparently everyone near Sammy Kay and I had picked-up on our unusual mental state. My Squad Leader, Sergeant Joe Dietz, (Joe and I have been blown up together. We probably share some of each others sub-atomic stuff.) was also yelling by now, along with the other Squad Leaders. No sooner did I get my gear on than Dave Neiber, our Armored Personnel Carrier M113 (APC), or "track driver", as we called them, had our track, number C31 (Charlie Company, 3rd Platoon, 1st Squad), up and running. Dave wasn't even complaining about him not getting his morning coffee—at least I didn't hear him say so. Dave always got his morning coffee—his bitching factor rose big time, if he didn't. Frosty, Jim Frost, was in the 50-cal machine gun hatch already locked and loaded, ready to go. My other Squad Brothers (Ed Fagan, Billy MacWilliams, Danny Barnett, and Bob Hill come to mind.) had stopped asking me what was going on as I realized--to my amazement--that we were rolling. The whole frigg'n Platoon! It seemed that only seconds had past since I had heard Capt. White telling me to, "Get 'em mov'n now!" ...and just like that, we were.

To this day I remember much of that ride to Fire Support Base Gold, (FSB Gold) near a village called Soui Tre, in those rolling ammo boxes that we called "tracks". I say that because we carried .50 caliber machine gun ammo, M-60 machine gun ammo, M-16 rifle ammo, hand grenades, C4 plastic explosive, Light Anti-tank Weapons, (LAWS), and Claymore mines by the cases--not to mention personal weapons, satchel charges, trip flares, smoke grenades, detonation cord, blasting caps, and eighty gallons of gasoline in our tracks. I know what it looks like when all that blows up. Damnably death-trap rolling ammo boxes is what they are to me.

I do not know how Dave Neiber and the other track drivers did it. They took no road or trail that I recall. As straight a line as possible, they went full throttle through the dense jungle at break neck speeds that required us to hang on with both hands. Try operating a radio while crashing through the jungle and hanging on for dear life. I thought Dave was going to roll us a couple of times. He hit trees dead on and some of them did not topple over. Ouch! This was some serious jostling—like a big roller coaster. I could hear Dave muttering things a mother should not hear her son say, as he backed up and went around the larger obstacles. My steel pot got dented when I was slammed into the radio support shelf inside the track, I switched to my commo helmet and damn near broke a Brother's nose when I slammed in to him as I let go to make the switch. I guess Dave took some of the gullies at an angle, so he was sure to make it through them, but the rest of us did not know that! I distinctly remember thinking that we were not going to make it to the party anyway, so I might as well hang on and wait for the crash to happen—nothing I could do about it.

As the RTO for the 3rd Platoon, I was on two radio nets. The 3rd Platoon's net, which allowed communication between the four platoon squad leaders, and the Platoon Leader (Sergeant First Class Sammy Kay, at

the time.), and our company net, which tied us in with the four platoons of our company, and the Old Man, our Company Commander, Captain White. With the commo helmet on, I could hear and talk to both nets using two radios, and switching between them with a switch on my helmet, or on the main radio array inside the track. As I was getting myself ready to deploy, by finishing to put on my combat gear, including my field radio, I was receiving some very confusing information about our heading, and the river that we were to cross. We made another hasty adjustment or two that must have occurred when we were near the ford we knew of, but maybe couldn't find quickly.

Sammy Kay told me to stay on the horn (Sammy would tell me that many more times today) as we made some kind of directional adjustment again—I do not remember much of this, I only know that it happened, and that it confused me. We were still looking for the ford across a stream that bordered FSB Gold, the site of the battle. Once found, we hit the ford hard and fast. We kept moving, but now towards the left, instead of straight-ahead where the clearing was, as I thought. We saw 2/12th grunts (2nd Battalion, 12th Infantry Regiment) down the stream a bit, and they were running full throttle through the stream--towards the battle too. That sure as hell lifted our spirits! We had real leg grunts of the highest caliber with us! We heard mortars landing close to the 2/12th guys, but had no time to contemplate it. On we went towards the battle we all knew awaited us, as I heard more bad news coming over the radio. It confirmed that hand to hand combat was going on, there was a plane down, a couple of choppers were down, 105 Howitzer artillery pieces were in the hands of the enemy—our artillery pieces, and they were being turned to fire within our American Brother's perimeter. The brave men of the 2nd Battalion, 77th Artillery, and the 3rd Battalion of our Regiment, the 22nd Infantry Regiment were in battle up to their necks, but holding by God. We could now hear the battle clearly. This was

no fire fight or guerrilla warfare skirmish. Our Brothers were in trouble, and we had to get there to help as fast as we possibly could.

Soon, we saw the clearing ahead. That is what we called the place at the time—the clearing. We had been there a few times before in the prior months. Odd place, the clearing. Nothing grew there except scruffy grass, and small plants. It was a very strange place to find in the middle of the dense Tay Ninh jungle. The main part of the clearing was about a mile or so in diameter and flat as a board, surrounded by jungle. One time we ran out of water at the clearing and dug a well. After straining the water through T-shirts and tripling the purification tablet use, we drank the water and all got very sick with dysentery. Maybe that is why nothing grew there--poisoned water, or poisoned at the water table anyway. We were never completely comfortable there—out in the open as it was, but usually a trip to the clearing meant no long patrol duty, and it lowered the odds of being hit by hostile fire, except for the occasional mortar attack. We felt it was somewhere between a flat out Infantry combat patrol area, and a base camp, as far as security was concerned. A soldier could relax, somewhat, when sent to the clearing--as long as he knew his Brothers were on guard duty that is. Not this trip however.

Soldiers were firing from the tree line, as others were moving into the cover that the trees provided. I didn't think that was so bad. Some soldiers were even up and moving around. Soldiers rarely stand up when people are shooting at them, unless it's they doing the shooting. Things looked well in hand as we arrived. We had the cover and support of the Dreadnaughts with us--the 2nd Battalion, 34th Armor--tankers. Those guys were so cool, and they knew exactly what to do with battle tanks. Who is going to mess with us, right? Sammy gets on the horn with the Squad Leaders and tells them that we are going in. Infantry and Artillery Brothers are being overrun by a

human wave attack, and they were fighting in hand to hand combat. I sure did not like the sounds of that! We had been ordered, very quickly, I might add, to go out into the battle itself. Our objective never was the tree line that we were currently in, it was the very center of the battle we were headed for--in the middle of the clearing. Off we went come hell or high water at breakneck speeds, with .50 cal. machine guns blazing. Here comes The Triple Deuce by God. We had lost about one hundred Brothers at this stage of the war. It was payback time!

Into Battle

I wish I could paint with words the scene I saw before us. Many have stated that it was a full- scale battle, and confusion reigned supreme. I certainly will not dispute that, but think that maybe those statements were understated. It was more like a small piece of Gettysburg, Normandy, or Iwo Jima.

After a false start forward, we had to stop to reload some of our platoon troops that had deployed at the tree line of the clearing. We saw targets everywhere, and that is why I believe that our Squad Leaders rightfully deployed their men to meet the enemy we could see in abundance. As it turned out, there were 2,500 of them...minus the hundreds that our fellow 3rd Brigade of the 4th Infantry Division soldiers had already dispatched. (We were attached to the 25th Infantry Division, at the time.) Naturally, our Squad Leaders felt we were at our objective and their training kicked in automatically. However, Sammy and I knew differently. We were ordered into the clearing, past the outer perimeter where we were at the time. We were not at our objective--enemy all over the place or not. Sammy was beside himself. He needed to get control of his platoon right now. Our squad, the 1st Squad of the 3rd Platoon, reloaded quickly, because we were with the platoon leader, Sammy Kay, and knew what was expected. Then our 2nd Squad took off towards the center of the

battle, and the remainder of the 3rd platoon quickly followed, along with the rest of Charlie Company, as Captain White had ordered. The word of the day was, "Move!"

Sammy Kay ordered me to stay on the horn once again, (That is what radiomen called their radios—the "horn".) and keep in touch with the Squad Leaders. He jumps on top of our APC and tries directing the rest of the Platoon by yelling and arm signaling, while assisting Frosty on the .50 caliber machine gun. He was really getting upset because we had all opened-up on the enemy and the noise was so deafening it made it difficult for him to get control of the Platoon. One squad was heavily engaged and really did not have the time to stop and talk about it. (I now know that was Jim Hardin's squad. Be sure and read his article on that.) They took off after the enemy that was upon them. Sammy directed the rest of us to continue to move forward towards the inner perimeter of the clearing, where our 3rd Battalion, 22nd Infantry; 2nd Battalion, 12th Infantry; and 2nd of the 77th Artillery Brothers were fighting hand to hand, and close quarter combat. Then Frosty yells to me, "Lynn look! It's the Quad 50!"

I looked where Frosty was pointing and there it was. Our beloved Quad 50 all blown to bits along with the enemy that had overran it. Being mechanized infantry as the Triple Deuce was, the Browning .50 caliber heavy machine gun was our main weapon, and the source of much courage and bravado in facing a combat situation. It is the most powerful machine gun at the infantry's disposal. We are not talking about a weapon that could crack the block of a Chevy V8 engine when shooting at it, as civilian gun nuts would brag. No sir. This gun could shoot clean through the block of an engine with a quick burst of fire. When we Triple Deucers first saw four 50 caliber machine gun barrels mounted together on a heavy trailer mount—well, we fell in love. Apparently, the enemy had too.

At the time of this writing I do not know who the 2/77 Artillery Brother was, but he sure as heck used his head when he noticed that the enemy had overrun the Quad 50. What he did was to lower the barrel of his 105 Howitzer cannon and take a straight shot at the Quad 50. He hit it, and the enemy that had captured it, with a high explosive (HE) artillery round, blowing the Quad 50 and it's occupants right out of the battle for good. I hope to find that man one-day and thank him. The enemy could have turned the gun on us as we entered the battle right where it was placed. I understand the soldier was decorated for his quick thinking under such pressure.

We had little time to ponder the fate of the Quad 50. We were rolling once again, into the center of the battle where our Brothers were in trouble. Ammunition was running low for those Brothers, and many guns were spent. Some artillery pieces were in the hands of the enemy. We had to get in there fast with our support and what supply of ammo we could provide for our Brothers. As we moved forward, our .50 gunners were pounding the enemy who had been caught out in the open. The Dreadnaught tankers were firing also. They fired HE rounds and a special round called a "beehive" round that was like a giant shotgun shooting thousands of dart-like objects called flethets, point blank right into the enemy.

Kawham! "Lord take me fast." I thought, as I turned to see how bad we were hit. However, we were not hit. It was the Dreadnaught tanks firing right next to us that startled me. I looked down range as the next beehive round was fired and saw the gruesome result. The enemy, the foliage, and the ground were all blown up together in a cloud like looking scene that left no doubt in my mind the tankers had hit their mark. Round after round they fired all the while our 50 gunners were pounding away at the many targets they had before them. I shouldered my M-16 and fired a few rounds before Sammy yells at me to, "Stay on the horn!" I could see the enemy

getting hit through my sights, but fired a few shots anyway. Before going back down into the track and my radios, I noticed that our track drivers were running right over the enemy, dead or alive. Apparently, our drivers used the track itself as a weapon, and quite effectively, or maybe they just did not feel like avoiding pedestrians this day.

Stay on the horn? Staying on the horn was like drinking a beer with the cap still on. I couldn't get anything out of it! I couldn't hear anything except some yelling because of the battle noise around me. "Get down there and stay on the radio!" "Down there" meaning inside the APC.

Down inside the death trap was the way I looked at it. I was retreating into my infantry training that told me to get on the ground and fire my weapon at the enemy before me, not stay down inside an APC that was an inviting target for the enemy that carried RPG's (Rocket Propelled Grenades). An RPG round is very effective against an APC. The occupants of a hit APC did not fare well at all when that happened. With that in mind, I got back on the horn, but all I heard was screaming on the radio and started to scream myself, just like in my nightmares. I was getting hysterical until, thankfully, my Squad Leader, Sgt. Joe Dietz, yelled, "Shut up Dalpez!"

That was a real slap in the face. Joe was telling an R.T.O. to shut up? I am a radioman for crying out-loud. However, his yell brought me right back around to where my mind should be. I realized that I was contributing to the confusion, instead of helping to dispel it. 35 years later, I thanked Joe for that "Shut up!" I was okay after that, sort of, as we continued to move towards our objective, the inner perimeter. Air Force jets, helicopter gun ships, and The Triple Deuce were all adding to the fire power of the Brothers that were already there at FSB Gold, as we headed even deeper into the center of battle.

Objective

After what seemed an eternity of firing and riding our roller coaster ride, we arrived at our objective, the clearing's center. The ramp on the back of the track was lowered, and we dismounted the usual way—one M-60 machine gunner per side, supported by rifleman, and the beloved .50, of course. What lay before me completely took my mind off of my own plight, or that of my Brother's, or going home, women, everything. The scene would make the devil himself turn his head before laughing.

It is one thing to see the dead enemy and quite another to see your fallen American Brothers. It does not matter if you knew them or not, it still hurts big time. Everyone one you see reminds you of the ones that you did know, and their families, like yours, back home. Many bodies were strewn about us--both American, and the enemy. No medical professional was needed to tell us the state of the dead. They lay like the aftermath of a football play, but no one was getting up. Some were broken up badly and easily identified as the dead, but others were not, and needed to be checked. We checked the Americans first, of course. Then Sammy says, "Come on. We have to check that bunker." as he points ahead about twenty-five feet to a bunker.

I quickly followed Sammy forward to the bunker that had quite a number of dead Americans in and around it. There were enemy mixed in with them, who were also quite dead. When we got to the back of the bunker, still outside of it, I noticed that I had blood mud all over my shoes and now on my knees too. It was American blood, mixed with dirt and dust. I didn't think too much about it at the time, but it did turn out to be a vivid memory for me over the years since--as was the next scene inside the bunker.

Small arms fire was still coming towards us, but the rounds were high. We crouch-ran into the bunker, which had so much blood on the floor that we slipped in it. More dead soldiers lay inside, including two that were

propped to one side. They appeared to be sharing a canteen of water, but I expect that a medic left them that way because it was obvious that neither could have survived the horrific wounds they had received. The American had been hit in the head, exposing the contents in the back. His face looked tired. The enemy soldier propped next to him had multiple wounds, including a nearly severed leg at the hip. Both had a hand on, or very near, the canteen, as if they were sharing. Two soldiers—one from each side—now together in the hereafter as soldiers in arms. A Brother behind me said, "Holy shit!" He had seen it too--those two enemies together like that. Sammy then says, "Let's get out of here." The incoming rounds had nearly ceased as we exited the bunker.

Sammy sends troops here and there, as I realized that we were still in damage control, and were looking for survivors. There was still some firing of weapons fairly close to us. The noise had dropped off because our platoon was dry, in regards to our .50 cal. machine gun ammo. We had plenty of M-16 rounds and hand grenades however. Frosty had fried our .50 cal. machine gun barrel. He removed the barrel with his asbestos gloves on, I guess, then tossed it over the side of the track, which promptly started a fire because the barrel was so hot. It caught the ground and grasses on fire as soon as it landed. That barrel's career was over. I don't know how much ammo Frosty fired that day--all we had I think, just like the other platoon's .50 gunners.

Meanwhile, I got back on the Company net and heard cheering. The other RTO's were yelling about Alpha and Bravo Companies kicking the enemies butts and had a bunch of them trapped. More jets were pounding the enemy who were now in full retreat. Helicopter gun ships abounded and they brought ammo, food, water, and beer with them. We secured our area confident that all that could be cared for were, and we covered the dead Americans with ponchos and tarps. Then some 2/77th Arty guys came over to us and gave us

some beer. They thanked us over and over again for getting there and helping them win the battle. Hand shakes and beers were passed around as the enormity of the battle was beginning to sink in. It was hard to understand everything I was hearing on the horn because of the excited state we were all in. I began to put the pieces of information together.

The entire Triple Deuce had arrived with their .50 cal. machine guns blazing and the highly trained, pissed off troops that rode within. That is about fifty or so .50's--all in the hands of men who knew how to use them. The 2,500 strong enemy was caught out in the open and suffered many hundreds of dead, in about four hours. As it turned out, 647 dead enemy lay before us. We did not know the count at the time, but we could easily see that they were everywhere we looked. The path that Charlie Company took into the battle center was particularly gruesome. Many bodies were no longer whole. We quickly got our gear together, checked weapons, and reloaded our magazines. A new .50 barrel was delivered to Frosty, and food was handed out.

The Arty guys still doted on us. It was embarrassing to us because they would have, and had, done the same for us many times—coming to our rescue. An Arty guy told me he had a few C-ration pound cakes stashed and brought them to me along with another beer that was ice cold. I couldn't believe it. Twenty years old, too young to drink in America, yet here I stand, all those dead people around me, with a beer in my hand and couple of pound cakes to boot. Pound cakes were my favorite my favorite C rations. I eagerly ate the pound cakes, and drank the beer, then went after more. I was very hungry at this point. One would not think a person could eat under these conditions but I did...most all of us did. I think we missed breakfast. Couple that with being severely pumped up, is probably what brought on the hunger. We might have looked young and innocent, but we were not that day.

As I looked around the battle scene after the bullets stopped coming our way, I began to realize what we had done. We had taken advantage of the enemy's poor opinion, or miscalculation of what The Triple Deuce could do. It was the ford that did them in I believe. The enemy did not think we could get there in time, or that we even knew where it was. I also believe that they thought a bunch of draftee grunts would not be as effective as they were too, but that's just me thinking. Many more enemy were gunned down on their retreat to their Cambodian sanctuary by Air Force jets, and helicopter gun ships. Hundreds more were reported killed. The estimate figures ranged from a couple of hundred, too as many as an additional 600 killed North Vietnamese and Viet Cong. No one knows how many survived their wounds as they retreated back into Cambodia--where we were forced to let them hide, safe and sound. (My Brothers and I are very upset to this day, about that order. An order repeated for many years to come.) The American forces lost just 31 dead, and 151 wounded (I have seen slightly different figures than these, but these are the figures I understand to be correct.) Amazingly, Charlie Company lost no one, and there were only a few wounded in the entire Triple Deuce. The battle was a rout once the Triple Deuce arrived. All members of the 3rd Brigade of the 4th Infantry Division were awarded the Presidential Unit Citation for bravery. It was signed by President Lyndon Johnson. (Be sure and read the citation on our website.)

I guess what bothers me most about The Battle of Soui Tre is how hard I had become...we had become. I even had it in me to pull a fast one on my Brothers.

We had to police up all the bodies and dispose of them in a mass grave, actually, a second one was dug because we filled up the first one. A Rome plow, named after Rome Georgia where they were made, was attached to some tracked vehicle and

dug about a hundred-foot long trench...a few feet deep. I quickly saw that this could get ugly. I had a pound cake and a beer in my hands, number three I believe, when I grabbed for the best looking enemy corpse. Some were real bad! I took off dragging the corpse behind me with my rifle sling eating my pound cake, and leaving the worse condition corpses for my Brothers to deal with. I just can't fathom me being that cold today. It doesn't bother me a whole lot because, in a grunt sort of way, it's funny. We humans can find ourselves in some pretty odd states of mind sometimes, or am I speaking for myself?

Parts of this article were very difficult for me to write about, but I knew that it must be told--my brushes with cowardliness, and callousness, for instance. Brushes-- I didn't cross the line, but I saw it. I pecked away at some paragraphs for months...cringing at the thought of even looking at it. The Battle of Soui Tre is not a pleasant memory to evoke. My Brothers and I visited hell that day. It was those very Brothers that encouraged me to write this article—saying it would do me some good. They were right, of course. They did it themselves and knew that it does help to soften the blows of the past. I encourage the reader to tell their story too. It has made me feel better.

Lynn William Dalpez
C 2/22, 1965 -67

2004 Summer Social Event

It is my pleasure to make an early announcement. Norm Nishikubo and I will be hosting a barbecue at my home on Sunday August 1, 2004 beginning at 1:00 PM. All Vietnam Triple Deuce members and their family are invited. As a matter of fact, any 22nd Regiment member and family may attend. So, save the date. If you are in the area or planning to be in the area, please come by for a spectacular Southern California food and beverage fest.

Jerry Rudisill, Norm Nishikubo and I have already committed to entertain

you just by showing up. I live in close proximity to Disneyland, Knott's Berry Farm, South Coast Shopping Center, Pacific Ocean, Indian Gambling Casinos and within a six-hour drive to Las Vegas.

There is only one stipulation. You must RSVP to me at 714 734-3934 or dmilew@aol.com by July 18, 2004.

Warm Regards,

David Milewski, C 2/22
1162 Edgeview Drive
Santa Ana, CA 92705
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Articles and Letters to the Newsletter

Our preference is that electronic commo between the members and the Newsletter be sent as WS Word attachments. .doc files. We use Times New Roman 10 point font in a three column format...if you want to see what your article will look like in the NL. All other correspondence is greatly welcome, via regular mail (snail mail), or phone calls. Gary and Lynn want to help tell your story, our story, but we can't do it alone...and shouldn't. Also, if you do not contribute to the NL, then you can't bitch about it. Hahahahaha!

Your Editors

Bruce – Additional thoughts

Hi Gary: I believe it was the Bradley family that some of the young volunteers were from. The Bradley family deserves the thanks and appreciation of all. It is a lot of work and dedication. Terry Casto was one of the first people I met as I entered the Hotel. He was dressed in a Bell Captains uniform sporting a Groucho mustache and a carrot red wig. After collecting suitcases from the guests as they walked in, he was then putting them on a dollie after telling the guest or guests that they would be delivered

to their room pronto. Yea right! He was last seen pushing and pulling his chain of carts down the sidewalk along Riverwalk calling out "Clothes for La Fiesta, reasonable prices" Cote got a call on that one too. All Roger has to do is go to the reunions and hand out cards. By the way Dwight and Snelly were seen making purchases at Terrys' international traveling pushcart chain. Wonder if that is where RL got his Cowboy hat. Speaking of clothes, did the airlines loose any this year? Well, if it ever happens at a future reunion see Terry's' wife first thing. Ask where he is operating and put your order in.

On a final note, I just want to say that all of this is true. I heard most of it from Joe Fraser and confirmed it with Snellenberger after Dwight did the interpretation. Also, you should be commended for getting help for that Taxi driver after you talked him into letting you drive back to your Hacienda. That crashing through the wire fence(something you are familiar with) that surrounded the Police station and then flipping the Taxi(something reminiscent of a place called Long Binh) and helping the driver back through the windshield was a wonderful gesture. Wylie commented on the high degree of stunt work. I just don't understand how you tied that act to Santa Anna.

Bruce Blakeslee
A/2/22

Parting Thoughts

How could I have possibly imagined that I could have anything in common with people such as Bob Babcock, General Flint, Peter Holt, or the 22nd Infantry Regiment hero's of WWII? Not to mention a large room filled with men holding such honors as Silver and Bronze Stars, Purple Hearts, and lofty rank insignias of their past. Me? Fit in with that crowd? I had my doubts.

You Combat Veterans of The Triple Deuce out there that haven't attended a reunion yet need to know that not only did I "fit in" with these people, they have become my close Brothers,

my Combat Brothers, at their insistence. Now I am with them, and we want you to join us too.

We are into celebrating surviving together, honoring those who did not, telling our story, and most importantly having some fun together. Please join us. God bless you. Welcome home Brothers!

Lynn Dalpez C/2/22 65-67
Co-Editor

Well, that's it for this issue. We hope you enjoy it, and remember our motto.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS

See you in March!

