

The VietNam Triple Deuce, Inc.

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

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

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Attachments:

New Merchandise Flyer

The Triple Deuce KIA List
1966-1970

The Vietnam Triple Deuce
Website

www.vietnamtripledeuce.org

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Mario Salazar

Webmaster

HQ/2/22 65-67

Presidents Message-June 04

In this newsletter, you will find the details of the "Sponsored Attendees Program." The concept of this program was fostered by *Norm "Magnet" Nishikubo* and *David Milewski* when they were on the Board. The objective of this program is helping our brothers that need assistance in getting to the Reunions. We, which have been to the reunions, know the healing effect that being with your brothers can bring. If you know of someone that can use our assistance, or would like to make a donation, please let us know.

In August of 2002, I had the opportunity to visit the Triple Deuce at Ft. Drum. Again, this June, I will be visiting the troops and thanking them for the job that they have been doing in defending our freedoms. I was not able to be at Ft. Drum for their homecoming from Afghanistan, but you can read about *Mike and Cathy Groves* experience at being there representing both the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society and the Vietnam Triple Deuce.

In May, during a business trip to San Diego, I made a special "Recon" to the site of the August 1, 2004 "West Coast BBQ." I wanted to make sure that it would be a safe area for the members of the 22nd IRS and Triple Deuce. *David* and *Judy Milewski* greeted me, and a little later *Norm and Linda Nishikubo* joined us for an afternoon of great conversation, food, and drink. My report is that if you do not make it there, you will be missing a great view of the Orange County area, where you can see the Channel Islands, and miss out on some great food, and the ample supply of beer. My reservations are made; I want to see you there.

My last comment, now is the time to make your plans to attend the reunion in

Kansas City.

Skip Fahel, Pres. NV2/22, Inc.
B 2-22, '67-'68

A Triple Deuce West Coast Barbecue!

August 1, 2004
Beginning at 1PM (1300 hrs.)

Your hosts, *David Milewski, C/2/22* and *Norm "Magnet" Nishikubo, C/2/22* welcome all Vietnam Triple Deucers and 22nd Infantry Regiment Society members for some summer fun in Southern California. An "Outstanding food and beverage extravaganza!" will be provided. David and Norm promise a real good time, Southern California style!

The party will be near Disneyland, Knott's Berry Farm, the fabulous Pacific Ocean, and The South Coast Shopping Center in Santa Ana. Make a trip of it. Las Vegas is only a six-hour drive away, and Indian gambling casinos are near by. Finding something fun to do in Southern California is never a problem!

Some planning to attend are: *Awb Norris, Jerry Rudisill, and Dennis Zollo*...Even *Jim May*, all the way from Maine, is planning to attend.

Please RSVP by **July 18, 2004** to David either by phone, **714-734-3934**, or e-mail dmilew@aol.com.

Place: The Milewski Family Home
1162 Edgeview Drive
Santa Ana, CA 92705

Don't miss this special event!
We hope to see you there!
Editor's Note

"Deeds, not words."

It was brought to my attention that certain language used in the two NL's that I have done may have been offensive to some, and their children, that read our NL. I humbly apologize for this and will omit such language from future issues. We can save our "grunt talk" for face to face meetings amongst us, and imply such language in the NL. With that in mind...

I spoke to **Gary Hartt**, VP, VN222, Inc. about this, and he found an article (that follows this piece) that may shed some light on one of those words.

Thanks Gary! *Ed.*

It Could Have Been a Golf Term

From: Veterans News

Sent in by: **Gary Hartt**, A/2/22

In the 16th and 17th centuries, everything had to be transported by ship and it was also before commercial fertilizer's invention, so large shipments of manure were common. It was shipped dry, because in dry form it weighed a lot less than when wet, but once water (at sea) hit it, it not only became heavier, but the process of fermentation began again, of which the by-product is methane gas. As the stuff was stored below decks in bundles, you can see what could (and did) happen. Methane began to build up below decks and the first time someone came below at night with a lantern, BOOOOM!

Several ships were destroyed in this manner before it was determined just what was happening. After that, the bundles of manure were always stamped with the term "Ship High In Transport" on them, which meant for the sailors to stow it high enough off the lower decks so that any water that came into the hold would not touch this volatile cargo and start the production of methane. Thus evolved the term S.H.I.T., (Ship High In Transport) which has come down through the centuries and is in use to this very day.

You probably did not know the true history of this word. Neither did I. I always thought it was a golf term.

Dues and Donations

Members,

We need your dues paid in order to continue the financial battle for our cause. The goals that the majority of the members are interested in pursuing cost money—our "ammo" these days. We have a number of members that contribute well beyond their dues payment, but not nearly enough of them to achieve our goals...such as our new program to help out our less fortunate Brothers attend reunions.

We are not asking you to dig deep in your pockets to the extent that it hurts you financially. However, with the dues at only \$15 per year, one could easily double, or triple (Now there is nice word—triple) that amount without feeling it at all. If one hundred Triple Deuce Brothers sent in an extra \$30, that's \$3,000 dollars right there—more than enough to pay for four needy Brothers to attend our reunion.

Dues are just \$15. If that is all you can send, then please do. That \$15 is very important to The Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc...your organization. It keeps our newsletter going, our web site, our phone calls going, our reunions and the gallons of beer that we consume at them.

Now that's worth a \$15 check isn't it? There are many more things that we could be doing if we had the money to do them. You will be a part of it all, by your dues payment, and your membership vote. (Voting on proposals for monuments, special awards, charitable deeds, and other things.)

Please, send in your dues money ASAP.

Thank you,

Lynn Dalpez, Director, Editor, C/2/22
65-67. A Walker Charlie Boat Original

Active Duty Triple Deuce Update

From: **Capt. Jason Wells**, S-1 2/22
Infantry, Afghanistan.

April 4, 2004

Gentlemen,

The day has finally come for The Triple Deuce to start coming home. Although it will only be about fifty guys, it's nice to know that the deployment is really coming to a close. It's been a fast-paced few weeks, a time that has seen both a great success and great sadness for our battalion.

As most of you already know, Alpha Company lost two soldiers in a firefight on 18 March 2004, **SSG Anthony Lagman** and **SGT Michael Esposito**. The fight took place in the small village of Miam Do, north of Kandahar, where Alpha Company was conducting cordon and search operations. The company was engaged by Taliban fighters from within a walled compound. Both men were assaulting the compound under heavy direct fire when they were mortally wounded. The company fought on, secured the compound, and captured or killed every Taliban fighter inside.

Both of these NCOs were leading from the front, the first of their men to enter the compound while under intense machine gun fire. For their bravery, each was posthumously awarded the Bronze Star for Valor.

Operation Mountain Storm, which the actions at Miam Do were part of, were an overwhelming success overall. We detained more suspected Taliban fighters than on any other operation. The battalion captured and destroyed tens of thousands of dollars worth of trafficable drugs. We also captured the Taliban's weapons, vehicles, and other equipment in unprecedented quantities. Evident from our operations was the fact that we've learned a great deal from eight months of combat experience; this isn't the same battalion that deployed in August.

While saddened by the loss of two friends and brothers in arms, we've completed our major combat operations and can begin to look towards going home. It's been a long and demanding deployment, and every soldier has

earned some time at home with family and friends. We've got our Task Force Formal planned for 11 June and the Change of Command on 15 June. The battalion would like to extend an invitation to any society member to attend either (or both) of these events. Admission to the formal, which includes food and a small gift, will be free. Please contact the 2-22 IN Battalion Adjutant, **CPT Jason Wells**, for more information at...jason.wells2@us.army.mil.

Deeds, not Words!

Cpt. Jason Wells, S-1, 2-22

(Sent in by **Bob Babcock**, President, 22nd Infantry Reg. Society.)

Triple Deuce Homecoming

By: **Michael Groves** A/2/22 68-69

First, I would like to give special thanks to **Mrs. Kate Dichairos** for keeping in touch and providing information on the return of the 10th Mountain Triple Deuce. Special thanks to **CPT. Wells**, **CPT. McGee** and **MSG Woodworth** for keeping me entertained and providing me escorts and access into the company barracks for the returning Triple Deuce and a very special thank you to **CPT. Cordeiro**, A Company. More on CPT Cordeiro later.

Thank you **Pete Gaworecki** for making the drive up each day (a couple of mornings were VERY early for you) to welcome home the Triple Deuce. Thank you **Martin Gaworecki** (Pete's brother) for welcoming home the Triple Deuce and thank you for joining and supporting the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society.

CPT. Wells met me at the motel 5:30 a.m. Thursday morning May 6, so I could follow him to Ft. Drum and obtain a permit providing me permission to drive onto the base as needed. I learn A & B companies were scheduled to come in but the plane had mechanical problems and is being held in Ireland for maintenance. No show for Thursday. MSG Woodworth is answering telephone calls from families

trying to find out when their loved ones are arriving. Late information is that C (Cobra) company will be the first group to arrive and they should show up Friday May 7 at 6:00 a.m.

Friday I get up at 4:30 a.m. (Poor Pete, he gets up even earlier for the drive), have breakfast and arrive at Headquarters at 6:30 a.m. Great news! C company has arrived and is being shuttled from the Wheeler Sack Airbase to their barracks. Also A and B Company are scheduled to arrive at 6 p.m. this evening! I'm excited, this is the first time I have had the opportunity to welcome home men who have done an exceptional job for their country and represent the new Triple Deuce! I ask if I can go into the barracks, permission granted, wow! Pete and I walk into the barracks and it is pandemonium, banners hung throughout the barracks stating "We are so proud of you C Company!", "Well done Cobras!", "I love you Darling", the young men are still in their desert tan BDUs, carrying weapons, packs, duffel bags, their faces sunburned from sitting on the tarmac in Afghanistan waiting to board plane, turning in their weapons, finding out what room is now assigned to them. (It seems that the rooms that they had when they left have now been reassigned so they have to find their new room assignments. I'm sure there was a good reason for that decision. (Smile)

Pete and I start shouting out "Welcome Home Triple Deuce". Bewilderment and surprise on some faces, who are these two old men in civilian clothing? They see our 22nd Infantry Regiment hats, smiles break out, hand shakes all around, some show emotion at being greeted. Pete takes off in one direction and me in another. I'm trying to find **Specialist Jason McClure**. A few weeks before, his mother Cathy sent me dues for her son Jason to join the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society. Since Cathy lives in Washington state, I promised to welcome him home. He finds me; I guess it wasn't hard finding an old guy in civilian clothes. He has a smile from ear to ear, he can't believe this, I hand him the email his mother sent to give to him, he reads, I see his eyes mist up and then give me an even smile, we hug,

welcome home son, welcome home.....

Pete and I leave the barracks; the men have a lot to do to get ready for the official welcoming home which will take place at Pine Plains gym a few blocks away.

Its 8:30 a.m. and C Company is forming up for the march over to the gym. Pete and I head over to the gym. The parking lot is full of cars with slogans and poster boards welcoming home their loved ones, the local news is there.

Pete and I enter the gym and look at all the banners displayed, I find the one my Cathy had made welcoming home the Triple Deuce. A small army ensemble is playing patriotic tunes, the crowd sitting in the bleachers is noisy with anticipation, it's now 9:00 a.m., the ensemble starts playing the theme song to "Rocky" and C Company starts marching into the gym to loud applause, cheers, and the names of loved ones being called out. I get chill and feel so proud of these men representing the best of America. I get an odd thought; Magnet (**Norm Nishikubo**) in friendly ribbing, always told me it was "Charging Charlie" leading the way. Here is C "Cobra" Company the first to arrive back. There is an invocation, the playing of our National Anthem, a short speech welcoming them home and the awaited command of DISMISSED! The crowd erupts from the bleachers and into the milling soldiers, seeking their loved ones, finding them, hugging each other with tears of joy, relief and pride. I don't know about Pete, but I'm emotionally and physically drained, but I can't wait to see the arrival of A (Anvil) and B (Bushmasters) Companies later on the evening.

A and B Company are entering their barracks at 6:00 p.m. May 7. Pete and I are again startling the men of the Triple Deuce. There are smiles all around. I'm introduced to **CPT. Cordeiro** of A Company and his Sergeant Major (I'm sorry but I forgot his name), I shake hands and welcome them home on behalf of the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society. I proudly tell CPT. Cordeiro that I was Alpha Company Triple Deuce in Vietnam. CPT. Cordeiro gives me a smile, tells me he has something for me,

reaches into his personal pack and gives me a “Challenge Coin”. He tells me that they just had these made and I have just received the first one. I’m at a loss for words, all I can say is thank you and I will always treasure this coin.

Pete and I headed over to the gym for the welcome home ceremony occurring at 9 p.m. **LTC Joe Dichairos** led A and B Company into the gym to loud applause and shouts of joy. With a big grin on his face, he was reunited with Kate and his children.

HHC was scheduled to arrive tomorrow, Saturday, May 8th at around 7:00 p.m. Pete told me he was going fishing with his brother “Marty” and would meet me back at headquarter with his brother around 4:30 p.m. and we could go and have dinner together. Sounded like a plan to me.

I spent Saturday touring the Thousand Islands area of New York. It was really something seeing homes and mansions built on islands. Pete, Marty, and Pete’s best friend “Woody” the female lab hooked up and looked for a place to eat in Watertown. That ended up a story itself didn’t it Pete?

We drove back to Ft. Drum in time to greet the HHC personnel entering the barracks around 7 p.m. I was on a mission ordered by my wife Cathy to find and greet **Sergeant George Standing Bear** and **Sergeant First Class Earnest Hedgeman** of HHC.

Cathy had been emailing to SGT Bear and SFC Hedgeman since Bosnia. She sent over a care package to Afghanistan which was a big hit with the guys in the COMMO section. I found SGT Bear first, and he was quite surprised to see me. I think he was a little embarrassed at the attention, especially when I asked him to say hello to the “Chocolate Lady” into the Digital Handycam. I also found SFC Hedgeman who was a lot more jubilant and outgoing. I guess the SFC had a lot more experience at greeting people he had never met. (Cathy recently received an email from SGT Bear stating that my being there was a total surprise and unexpected.)

The welcome home ceremony for HHC

Triple Deuce was held at the gym at 10:00 p.m. Saturday night. HHC is a lot of men and it was impressive seeing all of them standing at attention in the gym.

Having the opportunity to welcome home my old unit the Triple Deuce is something that I will never forget. In a way, for me, it provided closure to something that didn’t happen to a lot of us a long time ago. For you old Vietnam vets, if you ever get the opportunity, take it, you won’t be disappointed.

Mike Groves
A/2/22 25th
1968 – 1969

TUNNELS

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

A trained, real-deal Tunnel Rat, I was not, but I have been in a few of the famous Viet Cong tunnel systems in the Tay Ninh Province of the then Republic of South Vietnam, in the years 1966 and 1967. I know the Iron Triangle, the most famous of underground Viet Cong (VC) complexes of that area. Being 5’ 9”, and 140 or so pounds, then as now (Eat it fat boys!), I was offered the opportunity to go in those tunnels a few times. I was probably invited to go in by my Squad Leader, **Sgt. Joe Dietz**, a few times. But that’s okay, I told his wife about his 37 Amerasian children.

This story is told from memories of a tunnel entrance that I took a picture of, before entering. There is no danger, or blood and guts in this story at all. This was a fun thing—kind of. I did go in the tunnel complex, but it had been cleared earlier...of enemy anyway. Big bugs, scorpions, and spiders liked those tunnels too...so “cleared” is not a completely accurate statement.

This particular entrance was a big sucker. It was no Saddam-style hole in the ground at all. It was part of a large, zig-zag trench system that circled an enemy stronghold. (My home of record was Zig Zag, Oregon. Honestly...cross my heart!) The trench was three to four

feet deep and beautifully cut into the pinkish, clay-like soil with straight, smooth sides. Excellent firing positions were masterfully taken advantage of. The floor was flat and would occasionally slope down towards entrances, such as this one, that lead into the underground complex.

This tunnel entrance was roofed with crossed logs about ten inches in diameter and packed with the same clay-like soil. The floor continued to slope downward as one continued forward through the tunnel entrance. The further forward you went, the deeper underground you went. The entrance was quite solid—enough to take a direct hit from artillery round and still be functional. The beauty of this tunnel system lay below, however.

Crouch walking down the floor of this particular tunnel complex entrance was no brave feat of mine at all. As I mentioned, it had already been cleared of any enemy lurking below. I was very confident of that, I assure you. The reason I did it was that we old timers were setting up some new replacements for a prank, or something, (I can’t remember this exactly, but I did write home about it.) It went something like this, as many of our pranks did.

My Squad Brother **Bob Hill**, Surfer Bob, from Southern California (The real deal...blond hair and all.) started it off by daring me to “Check out that tunnel Dalpez. Are you chicken?” Undoubtedly The Fat Pineapple, **Merril McKillip** (KIA Feb. 10, 1967, a hero’s death.) joined in as he usually did when pranks were pulled—probably saying something like, “You better watch out Li’l Howley Boy. There’s VC down there.” Merrill was always in on these things. ...and I am sure that Frosty and Fagan (**Jim Frost** and **Ed Fagan**) were snickering and shaking their heads as usual...Frosty was still too new to be a prankster, but he knew what was up. It was another ‘pull-one-on-the-new-guys’ stunt. He’d been through it too. This time, it was Merrill and Bob doing the set up, and I doing the prank. With **Dave Neiber**, **Danny Barnett** and **Billy MacWilliams**, no doubt lurking nearby.

Now I wasn't completely secure with my nerve. I was taking other peoples word that the system was cleared. As I passed through the tunnel entrance my bravado took a nosedive and I thought unkind thoughts of Merrill and Bob. Those backside-orifices had set me up too. It is darned spooky going into tunnels. I had stuffed a couple of grenades in my pockets, and took my M-16 with me—neither of which were used by professional Tunnel Rats, who just used handguns and flashlights. My safety was off, of that I am sure. The other fear was of those monstrous bugs, scorpions, centipedes, spiders, and snakes that moved in, when the VC moved out.

I saw spiders right off the bat. Fat ones that ran quickly into the tunnel as I passed through the entrance. There was much worse awaiting me in there, of that, I was sure. The bugs in the Tay Ninh jungle are world class , ala National Geographic creatures. Apparently their predators ran off years ago and they were free to grow as big as they wanted. There were dragonflies with six to seven inch wingspans. They would rustle your hair as they flew by your head. ...foot long centipedes with acid dripping fangs...well...it seemed like it anyway. Did I mention the black scorpions? They had huge venomous stingers on their tails that would put any punk rocker's pinky fingernail to shame. The effects of one of these guys' stings are much too gross to include a description in this fun article, and a medic should tell that story anyway. I have seen it, and I have received a sting myself from a baby black scorpion, and the tetanus shot that went with it, which does not go in the arm, 'nuff said. Ouch! ...and no Purple Heart either! (Oh well, my Order of the Red Ant covers that now.)

Once I was down a few feet more, the tunnel branched to either side with tunnels that lead to other areas of the underground complex. After a while, I felt that 3-foot scorpions were sizing me up for dinner, so I turned on my flashlight and looked around. I could not believe my eyes. I saw the domed roofs of the tunnels that led to other areas and the pathway was clear of any

junk, bugs, or jungle debris. It was beautiful, in a 'grunt' sort of way—very impressive and functional. Bamboo tubes extended up through the roof to provide airways, and the place was cooler than topside. Down one of the branches, I could see the opening of some underground room, but I just stayed put—having reached the end of my nerve. After all, I was not ordered down in there this time, so why press my luck. Young men usually think that bad things will not happen to them, but Triple Deucers quickly outgrew that kind of thinking after experiencing combat. I was scared, no doubt about it, but I was not going to let the guys topside know that. So, after waiting there a few more minutes, I sprung the prank.

I probably yelled an explicative or two, and popped a few M-16 rounds off, before sauntering out of the tunnel like some old pro who had done this sort of thing a hundred times before. Bob Hill would keep a straight face, but I don't think that Merrill could have at this point. He would probably be laughing by now. The new guys would look around at each other as if trying to gauge the situations' validity. "Is this for real?" I am sure, knowing them so well, that Frosty would be smiling, and Fagan would have walked away shaking his head in his snickering New Yorker way. Of course, I don't remember all of this exactly, but there is no doubt in my mind that it went down something like that because there were many other prankish instances in my memory that would make this rendition probable. You see, when the Sergeants were away, the troops would play. (Sorry *Joe Dietz*, but that's the way things went when you trotted off to the CP to visit with the Old Man, or to have some briefing, or what ever combat Sergeants did when they were dumb enough to leave a bunch of armed-to-the-teeth nineteen and twenty year-olds to their own devices.) (Actually, we got Joe pretty good a time or two as well...really cracked him up...wish I could remember what we did.)

The memories of times in the enemy's tunnels are blurred, except for the ones that I was able to take pictures of.

Those pictures have kept the memory of those places fairly fresh in my mind. There were times when I entered some that were not clear, but never beyond the point of checking for an immediate threat. Real Tunnel Rats would explore the system. I was just a tad too big for many of those places...thankfully. I think tunnel ratting, real combat tunnel ratting, was one of the most terrifying jobs of the war. Those guys were incredibly brave. I dedicate this humble article in their name. The Tunnel Rats of The Vietnam War.

Lynn William Dalpez, C/2/22, 65-67

The Inside Track

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

The Kool-Aid Kid spoke to one of his old Original Charging Charlie buddies on the phone the other night, *Dan Morris*, of Seabeck WA. As we Veterans of The Battle of Soui Tre always seem to do, we got to talking about what we did, and what we saw during that day of Mar. 21, 1967.

"We got hung up, high centered, on the way in and you guys just kept on going!" Said Dan.

"I looked over the side of the track and saw a whole bunch of VC that were playing dead start getting up. They were all over the place! So I grabbed a full case of grenades and started pulling pins and tossing them over the side of our track, north, east, south, and west as fast as I could. I tossed a whole case in minutes!"

Dan will join us in Kansas City for the reunion. We have to get that whole story out of him if it costs us a whole case of beer. But whatever we do, we better NOT leave him behind!

Dan, thanks for being there, and thanks for carrying those battle memories around all these years. You will now have many men, your Brothers, to talk to about all of this...men who understand and love you for your

sacrifices, and attention to duty. Talk about Deeds, Not Words. Whew!

Dan says, "Thanks to **Moe Johanson**, 1st Platoon, for calling me. He told me about The Triple Deuce Association. I keep reading the March 2004 issue of The Triple Deuce Newsletter over and over. Thanks. I was very good friends with Charles Plowhorse Polhman, and will honor him always."

Attention active duty Triple Deucers. The Kool-Aid Kid wants talk to the RTO for 3rd Platoon, Charlie Company. You have been taking care of my radios haven't you? If so, I'll buy you a beer. If not, oh well, the Army has lots more of them. Hahahaha! ...lost a couple myself. Hahahaha! Welcome Home Brothers! I hope you guys can come to the 22nd Infantry Reunion, so we can honor you, and hear your stories.

You did The Triple Deuce Proud!

Pending Settlement

By: **Jim May**, Treasurer, VN222, Inc.

Kool-Aid Kid,

In the June NL **Paige Lanier** reports that **Ken Both** offered him \$5.00 for a grilled cheese sandwich, Paige accepted the offer and produced the sandwich. Paige goes on to report that Ken "welshed" on the \$5.00. Capt. Both was probably distracted by gunfire, mortar attack or some similar event. In any event, a deal is a deal, so I followed your request I have calculated the amount the "Welsher" now owes the "Welshee." At 4% interest per year, a very conservative rate of return, the \$5.00 now would be worth \$21.34. However, Paige is not conservative, he's probably a Venture Capitalist. In light of this, I assume that he would expect something in the neighborhood of 20% return per year. I calculate that the \$5.00 would have grown to \$4,252.81 under these assumptions.

I suggest that Paige join us in Kansas

City where a settlement can be reached. I believe that Ken Both would gladly produce a grill cheese for Paige as well as all the beverage he can consume.

Jim May

How Gullible Are We?

A freshman at Eagle Rock Junior High Won first prize at the Greater Idaho Falls Science Fair, April 26th. He was attempting to show how conditioned we have become to alarmists practicing junk science and spreading fear of everything in our environment. In his project, he urged people to sign a petition demanding strict control, or total elimination of the chemical "Dihydrogen Monoxide."

And for plenty of good reasons too, since:

1. It can cause excessive sweating and vomiting.
2. It is a major component in acid rain.
3. It can cause severe burns in its gaseous state.
4. Accidental inhalation can kill you.
5. It contributes to erosion.
6. It decreases effectiveness of automobile brakes.
7. It has been found in tumors of terminal cancer patients.

He asked 50 people if they supported a ban of the chemical. Forty-three said yes, six were undecided, and only one knew that the chemical was water.

The title of his prize-winning project was, "How Gullible Are We?"

He feels the conclusion is obvious.

Sent in by:

Bill "Mad Doc" Matz
Medic, 2/22, 65-67

Proud Pappas

Three men are sitting stiffly side by side on a long plane flight. After they were

airborne and the plane had leveled off, the man in the window seat suddenly says, distinctly and confidently, in a low voice, "General, United States Marine Corp, retired. Married, two sons, both surgeons."

After a few minutes the man in the aisle seat states through a tight-lipped smile, "General, United States Air Force, retired. Married, two sons, both judges."

After some thought, the fellow in the center seat decides to introduce himself. With a twinkle in his eye he proclaims, "Command Sergeant Major, United States Army, retired. Never married, two sons, both generals."

Sent in by:

Clark Lohmann, B/2/22

Charging Chuck !

The Kool-Aid Kid was e-mailing back and forth with Sgt. Christy Stoffel, daughter of proud Dad, Don Stoffel, a C/2/22 original, when she told me that she learned of Charlie company's saying when they went across the hand bars on the way into the mess hall at Fort Lewis.

We would yell, "We're Chargin Chuck and we don't give a f..." Well...under the language guidelines now imposed...I had better let you fill in that word.

It's okay Don, Christy doesn't even know what it means. I didn't tell her either!

(Whew boy! The Kool-Aid Kid is look'n to get out of this piece ASAP. Hahahaha!)

K.A.K.

Well that's it for this issue of The Inside Track. Remember, watch what you say, or you may see it printed here one day. I'm out of here.

The Kool-Aid Kid

--

SSG Bill Hartstock, M.O.H.From: **Lon Oakley**, A/2/22

Skip and all,

At USAA Life Insurance Company we name our conference rooms after Medal of Honor recipients. Currently we have rooms named after heroes from all branches of the service, and Civil War to Somalia era honorees. (ex, **York, Doolittle, Murphy, Benavides, Gordon/Shugart**). With that fact in mind, I am pleased to announce plans are underway at the USAA Life Company to name one of our new conference rooms after **Bill Hartsock**, SSG, U S Army, 44th Infantry Plt, 3d Bde, 25th Inf Div., MOH recipient for his gallantry at 23 February '69 Dau Tieng Base Camp/Airfield attack. I am heading up that effort and wanted to see if anyone had anything they wanted to forward to me to incorporate into the framed display for the room. I have the HQ 2/22, 3d Bde 25th ID after action report on the events at the base camp and airfield, plus the photo and citation presented to Hartsock's family. If anyone has any other first hand account of 23 Feb '69 action, please don't hesitate to send that to me. It will give even more effectiveness to the display. NOTE:I got into Dau Tieng three days after this action ,and **Dick Nash** told me a lot about it at that time , and even drove me down to the site.

Looking forward to hearing from you guys. Skip, once we get the room done I will take some photos, and forward them to you.

Lon D. Oakley, Jr. ACS, FLMI
Executive Director, Employee
Engagement & CEO Support

**NewsLetter Sponsored Attendees
Program Announcement**

The Board of Directors has adopted a plan that will provide funds to support some of our needy Members in their

efforts to attend reunions.

Consideration has been given to what we can afford to do, and to protecting the privacy of anyone who is ultimately selected by the Board to attend.

The program name is "Sponsored Attendees Program." The accompanying list will provide some of the highlights and conditions set forth by the Board.

- The Sponsored Attendee, SA for the balance of this piece, must be an active Member of the Vietnam Triple Deuce and be sponsored by an active Member of the Vietnam Triple Deuce. The SA must be truly needy. Someone who just paid \$25,000 in college tuition or put an addition on their home may be temporarily broke, but that doesn't make them needy. Someone who has been struggling with PTSD and all the associated problems may be a better candidate. Someone who currently has an uncontrolled substance abuse problem to include drugs and/or alcohol would not be a good choice. The person sponsoring the SA will have to arrange for transportation to the reunion and be responsible for the incidental expenses incurred by the SA during the reunion. Incidental expenses would be such items as breakfast and lunch. Another might be transportation expenses on city busses. These incidental expenses will be reimbursed by the Treasurer at the close of the reunion. The sponsor must provide the Treasurer with the receipts and a check will be issued. A sworn affidavit will be accepted whenever expenses are not readily documented with receipts. The Sponsor will be responsible for their own incidental expenses.

- The Vietnam Triple Deuce will pay for all room and registration cost associated with the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society reunion. Rooms will be set up as double occupancy. We'll work out the Smoker, Non-Smoker issue as we go along. No charges for room services or

movies or mini bar use or telephone calls will be paid for by the Vietnam Triple Deuce. Sponsors will have to make this understood by the SA's.

- The Board will make every attempt to select SA's from as many of the Companies as possible.

The Board has decided that funds are available for 4 Sponsored Attendees at the 2005 Kansas City Reunion.

This program will give us the opportunity to do for our Brothers what they would like to do for themselves, but are unable, because of circumstance, to do for themselves.

Those of you that have donated extra money when you pay your dues or bought Triple Deuce Merchandise have provided the seed funds that were necessary to bring this effort to reality. You can thank yourselves for your unselfish actions. To perpetuate the funding for this program, members and corporate sponsors will be encouraged to make additional donations earmarked specifically for this program. Those of you that will sponsor a needy Member will be able to take great satisfaction in bringing another Vietnam Triple Deucer back to where they belong, with the men they lived and fought with. You will personify the motto, "*Deeds, Not Words*" and make all of us very proud of your unselfish efforts.

Those of you who wish to sponsor someone should send an e-mail to **Skip Fahel**, eqf22231@aol.com or a letter via USPS to **Jim May**. P.O. Box 665, Norridgewock, ME 04957. Include your name and the name and Company of the member you wish to sponsor. Include a statement as to why they are needy. Great detail isn't required.

Since this is a new program questions from the Members are anticipated. You can direct your questions to me or any of the Board Members. If you wish to read the entire detailed motion, please contact our Secretary, **Jerry Rudisill**.

Jim May
Treasurer, VN222, Inc.

A Note From The Boss

Mike and vets—

Just wanted to thank you for coming all that way to represent the vets to greet us home. *CPT Wells* had not told me that you and other vets were there awaiting our return. I know I didn't get the chance to say it, but once again, it's guys like you and the actions you take that make the 22nd's vets the very best America has...I mean to come all that way to see us and to do it over and over again. When I stepped off the van arriving the Bn HQ's, I was amazed to see you guys. Sorry I didn't spend more time with you; was just in a "daze" to be home. You didn't tell anyone that I fetched you a cup of coffee while we waited to go to the ceremony!! Imagine that--the battalion commander grabbing a cup of Joe for a vet--probably long overdue!! Anyway, Mike and vets, simply THANK YOU. You guys are the greatest in my book; will always be. You made us all smile, you made us proud to be soldiers upon our return. Just FYI, but we are having an awards ceremony for the soldiers receiving Purple Hearts, Bronze Stars with Valor and Army Commendation Medals for Valor for their actions during combat between Jan and March. 3 June is the date--I'll have Jason check to make sure this is correct. We just wanted to honor these guys at home given the type award. Also, *LT Casey Newton*, A company, has been submitted for the Silver Star for his actions at the same firefight...DA is working that award now...should be a few months before we find out the results...given what he did, however, I suspect the award will be approved. There are a few "war stories" that you all would enjoy hearing linked to the reasons these great Americans are getting recognized for valor...Casey's is truly amazing. Anyway, gents, thanks again.

See you shortly,

LTC Joe Dichairos, Commanding Officer, The Triple Deuce

Mike Groves Responds

LTC Dichairos,

Never in my wildest dreams would I have thought a Battalion commander would fetch me a cup of coffee, especially, to get in a van to go get it. I must have thought it was some old enlisted mans fantasy..... :) I remember when Cathy and I were out there last and the young Lieutenants escorting us looked at our awards, asked us our stories, and today, all of you are veterans. I look forward to hearing the stories from you and your men, hopefully we can get some of you to submit articles for the Society's newsletter to continue the history of this proud regiment. Cathy and I look forward to seeing you all in a couple of weeks! Deeds Not Words!

Sincerely,

Mike Groves A/2/22 1968 - 1969

(Thanks a lot Lt. Colonel Dichairos. There will be no living with Groves after the coffee fetching deal. Ed.)

A Steak for Westmoreland, and some New York Hustler Stories & Good REFM's

By: *Gary Hartt*, A/2/22 65-67

Bruce Blakeslee was one of the 34 draftees from Long Island, NY. About 30 of these draftees were shipped from Ft. Dix, NJ, to Ft. Lewis, WA and did basic training with A/2/22. They all went to Vietnam with The Triple Deuce on the BOAT, and were either in Alpha Co., or HHC. Bruce was in the 1st gun squad track of the 81 MM mortars until March 20, 1967 when he was transferred to be the RTO the Alpha Company CO.

Around June 1967, the infusion process was in full swing, whereby guys were being shipped out to other units, and men from other units with different

DEROS dates came to The Triple Deuce. The purpose was that there would not be a high turnover in September 1967 Tour End of the Boat guys. Apparently the Army Brass that came up with this idea had not looked at all the casualties and replacements in The Triple Deuce. So, in June 1967, Bruce is caught up in the infusion process and goes to board a Chinook helicopter and is greeted by the returning *Otto Pretzer* (A fellow draftee from rural Michigan.). Otto had been wounded by shrapnel in the shoulder on Mar. 19, 1967, and Bruce had replaced him as the CO's RTO. Bruce finds out that Otto is to replace him. Bruce asks Otto if he can carry a radio, as he had been wounded in the shoulder where the radio straps go. Otto answers that he doubted it. Bruce being one of many "street smart" New Yorkers with savvy hustle skills tells Otto, "OTTO, BEFORE YOU TELL ANYONE YOU CAN'T PACK A RADIO AROUND THE BUSH, WAIT TILL THE CHINOOK YOU CAME IN ON LEAVES WITH ME ON IT."

Bruce gets back to the Dau Tieng base camp, where another Long Island draftee, *Jerry Demeroto*, was the Battalion clerk. Jerry D. was one of the best of the Hustlers. By June 1967. The Dau Tieng base camp had changed from it's Dec. 1966 start up and supplies, and the safety of the base camp, made it almost as safe as the Saigon area. The old French Rubber plantation houses contained a swimming pool, which had been refurbished by the REFM 3rd Brigade troops. Also, since the surrounding plantation area had been cleared of most VC, all daytime convoys from Saigon and Cu Chi were getting routine. On average, since the March 1967 decimation of the crack 272nd RGMT at Soui Tre, and constant pressure on the VC remnants, there was only about one small unit mortar attack per month. The VC units were in the process of reloading their units with fresh NVA coming down the HO CHI MINH trail, and training in their Cambodian sanctuaries. At this time, the 3rd Brigade had a vital need for Red Cross certified LIFEGUARDS. Jerry D. had put Bruce's name in as "certified".

Bruce told Jerry, "I never had Red Cross training, but I think I can fake it."

So Bruce, instead of being transferred to another base and unit, was merely transferred to HHC/2/22-SPECIAL SERVICES-LIFEGUARD. There was only one problem with the new assignment, some problems had developed with the pool's water quality and the pool filter was kaput. So, the pool was closed for repairs. Here was Bruce, a lifeguard (RED CROSS CERTIFIED) without a pool to guard. His friend Jerry D. told him to look busy, and don't worry.

The next day, WESTMORELAND was scheduled to visit Dau Tieng for an awards ceremony. Jerry Demeroto got wind of it and found out where the special steaks were stored. There was another successful "midnight requisition" and Jerry, Bruce, and the other draftees had a late night steak BBQ. The next day after a feeble officer investigation for the missing WESTMORELAND steaks, Joe Catapano, another NY hustler and fellow midnight steak eater, whipped up a special batch of his chicken cacciatore for Westmoreland's officer group. Joe Catapano was a rarity in the US Army. His parents owned an Italian restaurant on Long Island and was the best cook in the 3rd Brigade. Here was a guy that was an excellent cook, and the Army assigned him AS a cook, not a rifleman, engineer, or medic, but what he actually excelled at. Most of the guys in A/2/22 were so sick of the 1942 era C rations from 8 months in Ft. Lewis by the time of Operation Cedar Falls in January 1967 had ended, a huge excess of C rations was building up at the base camp. At the same time, the Saigon warriors made "COMBAT" reruns the most popular show on the Saigon area TV station, and thought eating C-rations was real cool. So, **George Corwin** (another L.I. draftee), a motor pool mechanic, and another guy, would take a 2½ ton truck full of C-rations down to Saigon and trade it for steaks, generators, air conditioners, etc. and other "damaged goods." There also was a severe shortage of antennas for the APC's as they would lose about one a day to jungle vines, and tree branches, etc. So while in Saigon overnight, any

parked jeep with antennas was fair game for MIDNIGHT REQUISITION. When word of the MIDNIGHT REQUISITION reached A/2/22's CO, Capt. Both, he gave an informal approval by saying something to the effect, "Don't get caught, be creative, and keep up the good work." Suddenly there was a surge in, "combat losses", of .45 handguns and holsters. George Corwin and the NY hustler crew found out that the US soldier guarding the Saigon docks did not like carrying their M-16's sling on their shoulders all day.

A .45 handgun with a holster was worth a full pallet of beer or soda. So, more "damaged goods" from the Saigon docks arrived at A/2/22, along with the midnight requisition of antennas, booze, and bar supplies. Later on, Bruce Blakeslee acquired baseball bats, balls, and gloves. Although with the limited time spent in base camp by the troops, to this author it appears as a frivolous waste of C-rations.

Also in the field, word spread of the culinary skills of **Joe Catapano** and the A/2/22 chow line at the evening hot meal attracted some of the field grade officers at Battalion HHC. The A/2/22 draftees did not like having the Brass around, so sometimes on the serving line, the servers missed the officers' plates and instead served on their sleeves. (MAJORS with starched fatigues were our favorite targets.) But always with a polite, "Sorry sir, let me get you another scoop." Around this time, a draftee replacement (11 bravo) was in base camp and asked the mess hall if he could bake something. **Dan Santi** (a 10/26/66 replacement) had been a pastry chef before the Army drafted him. So, around May 1967, he was reassigned to "guard" the cooks. Unfortunately, most of his culinary output stayed in the base camp with the exception of an occasional sheet cake. The sheet cake usually had some unintended ingredient added by the choppers. It was a thin layer of dust, but it did not stop some grunts from eating this rare treat. We also had a problem with door gunners on the resupply choppers. Joe Catapano's reputation kept spreading and the chicken canisters would be half gone by the time they got out to the night lager

area. It always amazed me how our A/2/22 cooks could manage to make tasty meals with ingredients and working conditions so below those of the Ft. Lewis mess hall kitchens. But we all knew the Ft. Lewis "lifer" mess sergeant was selling part of the meat provisions to the Tacoma restaurants and did not care about the draftees. Whereas Joe Catapano, Dennis Alexander, Don Santi, and other draftee cooks took a certain pride in the meals they prepared for their draftee friends in the field.

The influence of the NY metro draftees reached to Brigade level. **Brian Cohen**, from the Hudson Valley area of NY, was the Brigade clerk. During the infusion period, he and Jerry Demeroto worked together to give the best reassignments possible to the A/2/22 fellow draftees. **Charlie "Tuna" Raas** was reassigned to night guard duty at an officer billet in the Saigon area June 1967. His duty was as Sergeant of the night berm guard and his sole duty was to get up every 2 hours and check all the positions which took him about 10 minutes for a 12 hour shift and he was off during the day. Compared with getting 4 hours of sleep while with A/2/22 on daily search and destroy and nighttime ambush patrols, it was HEAVEN. Plus, Demeroto and Cohen knew of TUNA's reputation of impersonating officers that started shortly after basic training in Ft. Lewis.

Tuna went to the Ft. Lewis PX and bought Captain's bars and would take another guy with a clipboard and they would "inspect" the night guards in the Ft. Lewis motor pool. He had so much fun scamming the raw recruits, that he promoted himself to Major, then Lt. Colonel, and finally full Colonel. In Vietnam, when he returned to base camp, he would drink with the rest of the draftees and then wake up a 3 AM. TUNA and **Bob Scurlock** (Sgt. With clipboard) "inspected" the Dau Tieng berm line. If he caught anyone sleeping, he would get the soldier's name, have him drop for 20 pushups, and tell him he would be back in an hour.

TUNA's officer impersonation antics became legendary to the A/2/22

draftees. One time in the field in a lager area, he went into a large field tent before the start of an officer briefing with a Colonel's insignia on, and all the officers came to attention. The few A/2/22 officers present knew what was going on, but did not reveal his scam, and later had a good laugh at the expense of the other unsuspecting officers. TUNA had a warped, but great sense of humor. After a really bad day of beating the jungle for 12 hours in rough terrain, with all the other guys dog tired and complaining only like a grunt can, TUNA would say, "' I LIKE IT HERE.'" With such enthusiasm that it would make everyone laugh. Between Jerry Demeroto, and Brian Cohen, may A/2/22 originals got choice transfers to safe locations. They were not successful in every case, but they were two REFMs that earned my respect. The same can be said for the A/2/22 cooks, and other guys like George Corwin, Dennis Delmonte, and others that ran the unofficial "Saigon supply line" that kept us well stocked on BEER.

Gary Hartt, A/2/22 65-67
V.P. NV222, Inc.

New Finds

Larry Steve Watson, B/2/22, 67-68
3455 Johnson School Rd.
Columbia, KY 42728
270-378-5995
watson03@duo-Country.com

Larry is a veteran of The Battle of FSB Gold and would like to talk to anyone that served with him.

Hello Lynn and Skip,

Just had to write a little piece for the newsletters, about the new man **Larry Steve Watson**, that I have been talking with. Here I'm Bravo Locator and he is looking, and he was in the same platoon that I was. I talked with him an hour or so, and he was in the bunker to the right of **Jerry Pierce's** bunker, the night of Burt. When I was on LP all night, he said he knew I was at about 10 o'clock from his position and he gave

everything he had to keep them off us. So, between him and Jerry Pierce I had some good people. And low and behold he was the 22 track driver. I told him it is embedded in my brain the night of Burt, when for 8 hours I was calling, "22 this is LP2 over." Letting them know the movement. When I got blown up, May 27th of 1968, Larry said he was right behind and witnessed the whole thing. So, me and him have a lot of chatting to do to fill in all the missing parts of my life. I relayed this to **Bob Price**, who was in 23 squad, and latter would be my squad leader. We were together when we were blown up, and on Mar 13th, also. So two different times, and both wounded the same day. Also relayed Jim May's comments to Watson about covering my backside and I do appreciate the kind words.

Clark Lohmann

B Co 2-22 Inf. Mech. 2nd & 3rd Plt.
67-68

Andrew Straley

12777 Cleveland Ave
Uniontown, Ohio 44685

Andy was an Alpha boat original who was a rarity. He was an RA guy that had about 4 years in the Army and was sent to Ft. Lewis with an ETS date of March 1967. He returned from Germany and was assigned to A/2/22 of the "train and retain" 4th Div. I don't remember him, but he must have been a good guy cause he got busted in Nam for drinking off duty by a Bravo Co. lifer NCO. Andy was in some of the early firefights and was fortunate not to get wounded. He was an 11 Bravo in the 2nd platoon. He told me on the phone that the Army was pressuring him to RE-UP but he was not foolish. He left Vietnam and the Army on March 19, 1967.

Gary Hartt, A/2/22 65-67

Gary Parker
781 Lake Blvd
Redding, Calif., 96003
Phone: 530-247-1582
Cell: 530-953-8734

Gary would like to hear from **Dennis Perkins** of Danbury, CT. and the guys he served with in the 1st platoon.

Gary Parker (Draftee) has 4 Purple hearts, he kept hitting mines. His last wound was on July 15, 1967 in Night road ambush. He carried **Lt. Rudy Whitehead** to safety with a broken back Lt. Whitehead got the DSC and Gary Parker got his 4th Purple heart. As was Brigade policy at the time, Medals were reserved for the regular Army. Plus Gary Parker was a track driver and he let his track get hit by RPG's. Thus, he was not doing his job when he carried the LT. to safety. (He was not supposed to play medic either.) He also was one of 8 wounded on the 1/29/67 Night ambush patrol. The other 2 times he hit mines and wiped out 2 APC's. He is now retired and was a commercial truck driver on the West Coast. I noticed on the April 67 roster he was an E-1?? I got to ask Gary P. what he did to share my rank. Hey I just checked that Apr 67 roster, by then I was back up to PFC.

Gary Hartt, A/2/22, 65-67

(Gary says that the credit for finding Andrew and Gary P. goes to Dave Matthews, A/2/22.)

Mike Muesing, B/2/22 67-68

PO Box 111
Prather, CA 93561
559-855-8932

John W. Lewis, B/2/22 1967

PO Box 682634
Franklin, TN 37068-2634
800-422-1682 Ex: 86916
john.lewis-N512037@us.michelin.com

Comments: Served in 2/22 Mech. from Jan. '67 until May '67. WIA on May 17th. Life has been good to me. I never forgot, though, the ones who died in my unit, and the ones I left behind when I was injured. I want to try to locate as many as I can remember. Never knew this website existed until recently. I live in Franklin, TN. but was born and raised in Mobile, AL. In the process of building a house at the moment. My address will be changing soon. I'll leave my new, permanent address once the move is complete. My voice mail # is 1-800-422-1682, ext. 86916.

Larry Carleton, C/2/22, 1967

606 Reamer Street
Greensburg PA 15601
724-837-1757
Pappapl@msn.com

Larry signed on to the Triple Deuce web site and says that, "I went over on the General Walker with B Co. 2nd Bn. 12th Infantry. I went to C/2/22 in Feb. 1967 as a machine gunner in 2nd Platoon, 1st Squad, and later became a Squad Leader. I remember some of these names on the guest book. I plan to join the association. Contact me if you recognize the name. C21 APC was named THE BIG HURT. Anyone remember?"

(Larry is a new member of our society. Welcome home Larry! I remember C21 as being nicknamed The Big Sissy, But, I could be wrong. Hahahaha!
Editor Lynn Dalpez, 3rd herd, C/2/22.)

To: *Larry Carleton*
From: *Jim Papczynski*

Got a picture of your track "THE BIG HURT" Glad you made it, but your track did not.

Pappy 2/22 B Co and BN Maint

A Sister Remembers

By: *Fran Greenwood*, a sister of Charles "Plowhorse" Pohlman C/2/22 KIA Feb. 10, 1967

Hi Lynn,

I wanted to thank you for the pictures and information. Kay and I made copies for the rest of the family. The ones of the APC didn't upset us. They are further proof that Charles didn't suffer. We were told that a few months after he was killed, but to have it confirmed by you means a lot.

In the last letter Mom and Dad got from him, he wrote "Mom, you don't have to worry about me for the next three days, we'll going to be sitting around drinking beer." I guess that cease-fire didn't mean

anything.

Greenfield, IL is a small town (pop. 1100) and a lot of people still remember Charles. He was loved by everyone. There is a small park right outside of town with a flag pole dedicated to him.

Please don't regret not contacting us sooner. You guys went through hell, and I'm sure some will never want to talk about it. The information you have given us has answered so many questions. I did like the picture of your bathtub. By the way, chasing me with a crawdaddy wasn't the worst thing your old friend Plowhorse (I do like that nickname) did to me. One time he put his hat over a fresh cow pie and told me he had caught a baby rabbit and wanted me to reach in and grab it. Being his gullible little sister, I believed him. I can still see him laughing at me. Got to go now but I will keep in touch.

Say Hello to your family.

With Love, Fran
Fran Greenwood
RR 1 Box 300
Greenfield, IL 62044
217 368-2000

A Sister Responds

By: *Kay Ingram*, a sister of Charles "Plowhorse" Pohlman C/2/22, KIA Feb. 10, 1967

Lynn,

I received the pictures today. Wow! I was worried about looking at the ones of the personnel carrier but it turned out that it was the one of Chub with that pig that got to me. The instant I looked at it, I was a kid again watching him help Dad on the farm. Who knows how many times I saw him holding a pig just that way. I was laughing and crying at the same time. Thank you.

Thank you for the other pictures too. I enjoyed seeing them. That bomb crater doesn't look very inviting but I bet it felt really good to you guys.

Fran is coming to see the pictures after I

get off work tomorrow, and we'll take them to show our brothers and our sister who lives here in Greenfield.

In a couple weeks we are having a sisters reunion, and I will take them along in case any of the others want to see them. Every year six of the sisters rent a cabin for a long weekend. We spend four days with no men, no kids, and no grandkids. We have a blast. We're still trying to convince sister Dorothy to join us.

I need to go. Love to you and your family.

Kay

(Gentlemen, I offer some of the correspondence I have been having with family members of Charles's. If you were as concerned as I was about contacting the family members of our fallen Brothers, don't be. They want to hear from you very badly as this example shows. I am also in contact with Diane Komenaka, the wife of *Merrill Andrew McKillip*, another close Brother who made the ultimate sacrifice on Feb. 10, 1967. A story I hope to tell one day soon. ...one of unrewarded heroism of the highest caliber. Lynn)

Follow-up – Triple Deuce Returns

Gentlemen,

I have been promised a follow-up report about our active Triple Deucers return home. There is to be a Welcome Home Ball, and an awards ceremony that will be written up. I will get that info in the September issue of the NL. I envy those that are able to attend, and hope that many of the fellows can come to our KC reunion, so the rest of us can honor them, and welcome them to our society.

Thanks for being there, Triple Deucers!

Ed.

Reunions

**The 22nd Infantry Regiment
Society Reunion 2005**

“We’re going to Kansas City...Kansas City here we come. They gotta a lotta of crazy women there and I’m...” Well...I better let that part go. Right dear?

Mark your calendars and make your plans Triple Deucers. In less than a year the big 22nd Infantry Regiment Society Reunion is happening!

Dates:
May 26, 27, 28, and 29th, 2005
with Memorial Day on May 30th.

At the:
**Westin Crown Center Hotel, in
Kansas City, MO.**

Your host: *Ival Lawhon, A/2/22*

Ival is planning a great event for us that promises to show us some KC style good times. We will be in the heart of what’s happing in KC! I hear a lot of bragging about the best steaks in the world are found in KC, and I’m gonna find me one! Who knows? The Kool-Aid Kid might even gain some weight! Hahahahaha!

For those of you that have never attended a 22nd IRS reunion, let me tell you this... It’s your Combat Brothers who will be there. A bunch of old Grunts that want to see you again, and meet you for the first time. Please, join us for the time of your life. **Make your reservations soon.**

Details forthcoming in the Newsletter, and checkout our website for the latest reunion info. See:

www.22ndinfantry.org
or...
www.vietnamtripledeuce.org

**Charlie Co., 3rd Bn. 22nd Inf.
Association Reunion**

Dates:
Aug. 31 – Sept. 4, 2005

At the:
Hilton Hotel, Milwaukee, WI.

All 22nd Infantry Regiment Society Brothers are more than welcome. A great follow-up to the 22nd Inf. Reg. Reunion to end your summer with a bang! A very memorable event is planned ...*don’t miss it!*

Don’t be shy, these guys put on a great reunion that you will remember for the rest of your life.

Contact:
Dave Gehr, C/3/22
920-452-7112
dgehr@charter.net
2005 Reunion Chairman.

Attention all...

Alpha-Boat Originals & Friends

Keep in touch with *Gary Hartt, A/2/22* and Triple Deuce V.P., about details of a get-together in the mid-west soon. As soon as I get dates, etc., I’ll print them in the Newsletter, but in the meantime...Contact Gary at:

17964 S. Windy City Rd.
Mulino, OR. 97042-8784
503-632-6955
gchartt@bctonline.com

**The Vietnam Triple Deuce Board of
Directors, and Officers.**

Skip Fahel, B/2/22 President
Gary Hartt, A/2/22 Vice President
Jerry Rudisill, C/2/22 Secretary
Jim May, 2/22 Treasurer

Lynn Dalpez, C/2/22 Director

Gary Hartt, A/2/22 Director
Dick Nash, B/2/22 Director
Jim May, 2/22 Director

Mario Salazar, HHC 2/22 Webmaster

That’s it

Please send in those articles, notes, thoughts or whatever you would like to see printed in your Newsletter. I can help with editing if you wish.

Please notify me of any errors, or omissions in the Newsletter. I need all the help I can get!

See you in September!

Lynn W. Dalpez, Editor
C/2/22, 65-67

“Deeds, not words.”