

The VietNam Triple Deuce, Inc.

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

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**The Vietnam Triple Deuce
Website**

www.vietnamtripledeuce.org

Please Visit Today!

Mario Salazar
Webmaster
HQ/2/22 65-67

As I sat down to write this message, I received an e-mail from **Bob Price**, B 2-22 VN, informing me that the Triple Deuce had lost its first men in Afghanistan. As I read this message, I looked at the list of our heroes from Vietnam that hangs on the wall in my office, and remembered those on that list that I shall never forget, and said a prayer for the family and friends that gave so much so many years ago and for the two names added to list of heroes of the battalion.

Just think, little over one year till the next reunion in Kansas City. It is not too early to start planning on being there in the spring. As we get more information as to the dates, we will let you know. The first notification of the dates will be on our great web site. If you have not visited the site, you need to. **Mario Salazar** has been doing a tremendous job on it. Mario is also looking for additional pictures to put on the site to tell our story. As always, I know that **Gary Hartt** and **Lynn Dalpez** are looking for stories to put in the newsletter. It cannot be done without your support, so sit down and write. Share your experiences with the Triple Deuce.

I also want to encourage you to send in your dues if you have not already done so. It is easy to put this task off, don't. Get your dues to **Jim May** now.

Skip Fahel, Pres.
B/2/22

This Issues Editor

There is no truth to the rumor that I have escaped my padded cell and in doing so, tricked **Gary Hartt** (A/2/22) into it, there-by pulling off a coup d'etat to take control of the of the VN222 Newsletter, and plan to use it as a

vehicle to attain world domination...at this time anyway.

The fact of the matter is, Gary is very busy with his locating duties (He is one of our best locators.), and is involved in organizing and assisting in organizing veteran events. Gary is also very much involved in making plans for welcoming home our Iraq War veterans, particularly those from the Pacific NW—of which there are many. You will be reading more about that in future issues I am sure.

So, you are stuck with me, and I need your support—read, articles. This is your newsletter, not mine, so guide me, write me, call me, bitch to me if you want...but please remember, Gary is innocent, as far as the issue is concerned. (Yes, it did hurt to call Gary innocent. Hahahaha!)

For the time being, I am very proud to be your editor (Supreme Editor in Chief?), but the day shall come when I need to step down from this post...get relieved of my post. I still work full time and have an art avocation that I desperately need to get back to. So be thinking about a new editor for the future, and if you are interested yourself, know that I will not abandoned you, but will assist you, and always contribute until the end of my days...as **Norm "Magnet" and Linda Nishikubo** have done for me.

Being "the point" should be shared amongst us...providing fresh blood...to keep our newsletter interesting reading.

At least I hope I am contributing the interest that I feel we all deserve. Our story is very interesting, but it is not going to stay that way if it turns into the Lynn Dalpez story, the Gary Hartt story (I know Gary agrees with me on this point.), or any other single person's story. The interest is in the whole...the "we", The Triple Deuce, not the "me".

Presidents Message:

As a famous Original Triple Deuce would say, "Step up to the plate young stud.", and help out our newsletter. Today the newsletter, tomorrow the world...er...uh...is another day.

Lynn Dalpez, Editor

Dues Call!

Battalion! (Company, Platoon, Squad!)
Ten-hut! Stand at heeese!

Listen up you grunts. It's time to get those dues into your societies. The Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc. (\$15.00), and The 22nd Infantry Regiment Society (\$10.00, or \$22.00 to become a Double Deuce) needs your dues money to advance our cause and pay for our costs of doing business. That's right young troops, it all costs money—our reunions, locating Brothers, the newsletter, our web site, phone calls, contributions to the various memorials, and other duties and events that we all vote on--take money, cash, greenbacks. This ain't Uncle Sam come-a-call'n now, it's your Brothers that need your support. Use the attached forms and get those dues paid.

Ten-hut! Dismissed! Smoke 'em if you got 'em.

Sgt. Dalpez (Most retired)

GO LOCATE THAT GUY YOU'VE BEEN WONDERING ABOUT

A reminder that the Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc. is a 501(c) (19) Organization, and as such contributions made to the Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc. may be deductible on Federal and State Tax Returns. (I say "may" because I do not want this message to be interrupted as Tax Advise. Your Tax Advisor will help you to determine if you are eligible for the deduction.) Contributions are not only cash but also any expense that is incurred on behalf of the Organization. I bring this to the

attention of the Members to remind them that expenses incurred while attempting to LOCATE other Triple Deuce Veterans is an approved activity and as such qualifies as a contribution. What this means is that the money Members are spending on phone bills qualifies as a contribution.

Here's how to proceed. When you examine your phone bill, mark the calls that were made while involved in LOCATING. Keep a record of the dollar amount you spend during the year and present this figure to your Tax Advisor. If the amount is more than \$50 let me know and I will provide a letter of acknowledgment. You do not need to forward the phone records to me, but you must keep them in your files for three years. If you are audited you will need to produce the records. If the Organization is audited, I will ask that you provide copies of the records. If you have any questions, please let me know.

Jim May

Treasurer, VN Triple Deuce, Inc.

Black Virgin Mountain

By: *James, "Frosty", Frost*

If you ever served a tour in Vietnam and was stationed at base camp Dau Tieng, in the Phu Khuong District of Tay Ninh province, you must have at one time seen the mountain called The Black Virgin. Like me, you probably have plenty of pictures from all direction on this mountain in your scrapbook. My Vietnam experience with this mountain was spell bounding to say the least. I had never seen anything this big in my life. Growing up around the Great Lakes of Michigan everything was pretty much flat. So this was my first exposure to something this large.

The size of this mountain was incredible and at times you would see a cloud formation around the top. Nui Ba Den, which mean's Black Lady Mountain looks like a dormant volcano, or like a huge shrine jutting out the ground. Nui Ba Den stands proudly out of the ground at approximately 3,200 feet (986

meter) and covers over 24 square Km. The mountain was 11km north east of Tay Ninh and served as a great reference point. While on maneuvers in 1967, I was stationed in Dau Tieng base camp assigned to Charlie Company 2/22 Infantry. It was quite common to be near or around the Nui Ba Den Mountain while on search and destroy missions. There were times the mountain was very peaceful near the perimeter. I remember one time during one afternoon picking many fresh bananas off trees, but there was also times when all hell broke loose around the mountain. Many lives were lost on this mountain during firefights during the Vietnam War.

History of the mountain tells us that Vietnamese Mountain people lived in homes at the summit of Nui Ba Den, and it was a safe place for the VC traveling to the Ho Chi Minh trail to regroup after entering Vietnam from Cambodia. Based on one Vietnam legend, Ba Den was to marry a soldier, but on her wedding day her fiancé went to war and never returned. Ba Den waited, grieved and cried herself to death and when she died, she became the mountain. A Buddhist pagoda shrine was built on the summit in memory of her faithfulness and devotion. After her death, the Nguyen Dynasty order a mould of her to be cast in Black Bronze, which started the legend of the Black Virgin Mountain and Nui Ba Den became a Vietnamese Buddhist holy place.

Today if you travel back to see Nui Ba Den it is a Republic of Vietnam historical site. Buddhist Temples have been constructed on the mountain slopes. Visitors can take rides on the Gondola cable cars up to the summit from the base of the mountain

Jim Frost – C 2/22/ 67-68

Saginaw, MI

Bombed

By: *Lynn Dalpez*

This incident happened February 12, 1967, during Operation Gadsden, the prelude to the larger, Operation Junction City, which started February 22, 1967. (Yep. It started 2/22.)

I was the radioman (R.T.O.) for the 3rd Platoon, C Company, 2nd Battalion (Mechanized), 22nd Infantry Regiment, 3rd Brigade of the 4th Infantry Division attached to the 25th Infantry division. Whew!

To make matters worse, we were under the operational command of the 196th Light Infantry Brigade through part of all this. Along with our Brothers of the 3rd Bn. 22nd Inf. Regiment, the 2nd Bn. 12th Infantry Regiment, the 2/77th Artillery, and the 2/34th Armor, along with the rest of the 3rd Brigade...the list goes on. "Who the hell do we work for anyway!"

Through all this command confusion we managed to find numerous enemy caches of supplies, base camps, medical supplies, important documents, etc., that lead our intelligence people to believe, as we grunts did, that this area was an important supply and training area on the Vietnam side of the border to Cambodia. These camps and tunnel complex areas were very well constructed underground, as well as above. They could not be viewed from the air. This was most definitely a "hot spot".

3rd Platoon was pretty close together while on patrol that day. The jungle was fairly sparse, as far as jungles go. We could see the other platoon squad members on either side of us, and there was some overhead clearing in and around this area. We were kind of in-line, as opposed to a perimeter formation. Our M113 Armored Personnel Carriers were behind us a hundred meters or so—we were "legging it", or "dismounted", as the action was called. In other words, we walked.

Infantry soldiers would deploy to battle either by walking (Leg Grunts), parachute jumping (Airborne Grunts), or as we did, usually, ride in (Mechanized Grunts). There was a certain amount of verbal posturing between the various units. For instance, Leg Grunts believe that Mech. Grunts have it made riding into battle as we did. They thought we had wet bars,

showers, a barbecue, and a dressing room for our women inside our APC's. (I don't know how they found out about that!) Both Leg, and Mech. Grunts believed that Airborne Grunts had landed on their heads a few too many times. No one in their right mind would jump into combat out of an airplane.

This day, we dismounted, put on all of our combat gear, about 50 – 60 lbs. worth, and trudged off into the bug infested, agent orange sprayed, hotter than hell jungle just like any Leg Grunt would do. We had been hearing sporadic rifle fire, and a few grenade like explosions nearby, so we were fully alert when the inevitable happened. We walked into a good size, entrenched enemy unit, who opened fire on us.

By this time in our combat careers, we knew how to handle this type of situation. We would open up right back at them with every bit of firepower that we had, then drop back some, and call in the air support—fighter jets—to pound the enemy all the way to the Cambodian border where they would be safe from us. (I realize that I have complained about those stupid commands of giving sanctuary to the enemy in Cambodia before. You will probably hear it from me again. Those orders cost tens of thousands of my Brothers lives.)

We had done similar action many times before, but this time was a little different because we stumbled right on top of the enemy. The fighting was not real intense because, and I am guessing, we stumbled onto them and caught them off guard as much as we were...both sides being surprised, regrouping, reporting, confused, etc.

We took what cover we could because we understood that the tactical air support was being called in very close to our position, still around 100 meters or less from where we were seeking cover.

As the R.T.O., I stayed with our Platoon Leader, SFC *Sammy Kay*. Sammy and I huddled around an abandoned termite, or ant hill (I can't remember which, both could get 7 feet or so high, as this

one was.) The termite hill was hard as concrete and I remember thinking that it was too bad that everybody didn't have one to hide behind. We then threw our smoke grenades to mark the position of the enemy so the fighter pilots knew where to drop their munitions, and fire their cannons. Then we hunkered down as the fighter jets approached.

I had an ideal vantage-point as I turned to watch the jets start their first run. I could see the first one release it's bomb quite far behind us, and in a panic I turned to Sammy to point this fact out to him using my very best, professional, combat R.T.O. communications skills.

"Sarge! It's gonna hit us!" I screamed.

Sammy chuckled and said, "Don't worry about it Dalpez. Watch, and you will see the bomb go right over our heads and just beyond the smoke." ...or something like that.

Sure enough, the bomb flew right over our heads and hit about 100 meters from us with a thunderous, crackle-like boom—right on the mark.

I lay there, behind the most beautiful termite mound I have ever seen in my life, and watched the jets come swooping in releasing their bombs, and firing their 20mm cannons. I cringed at the thought of all that destruction so close to us—feeling the very earth shake when each bomb exploded. Then I noticed a jet drop its bomb well behind the point where the others had.

Without giving the slightest thought to checking with Sammy first I screamed "Hit it!", while trying to put the termite mound between myself and where I thought the bomb would land. No one questioned my yell as we were taught to react first, and then chastise the one that yelled, if he was wrong.

My Brothers (Some were: *Joe Dietz, Jim Frost, Ed Fagan, Dave Neiber, Danny Barnett, and Billy McWilliams* in my squad.) hunkered down as best they could as Sammy and I made love to the termite mound and waited the few more seconds until the bomb hit us... "Now? Any second. Now? Now? Oh

shit now!"

KA-HA-WHAM!

Everything went dark as jungle debris and dirt went flying everywhere. My ears hurt pretty bad and were not picking up much sound at all. I got the Company CP on the horn (radio), but couldn't hear very much. Sammy gets on the horn and screams, "The last one hit us!" ...or something like that. He couldn't hear very well either.

Others were yelling by now, as we were all trying to get a grip on the situation. The Squad Leaders (*Joe Dietz* was one, probably *Jim Dupree* as well.) immediately checked their troops and started to report the wounded. Sammy motions us to fall back a little more while trying to get a head count and insure that the wounded were accounted for and helped. We were all in a daze, so it was difficult for him and our Squad Leaders to get us back together and functioning again. Most eyes were still skyward wondering if other bombs were to follow.

We had one KIA on the spot, *Rex Highfell* according to the after action report. Another soldier died of wounds the following day, *R.C. Perry* (My Squad Brother *Jim Frost* and I believe that R.C. was a fairly new Staff Sergeant with us.). Thirteen other Brothers were wounded, and evacuated. The rest of us had our bells rung badly. Hearing was slow to return and some of us had whistles in our ears for years after that day...mine is still with me. All were quite shaken as the reader might expect.

I received information, probably over the horn, that the pilot was informed of his error and felt terrible about it. I don't remember when I found this out, or how really. Regardless, to this day, I think of the poor guy that had to live with that error for the rest of his life. I pray to God that he knows that none of us holds any animosity towards him at all. As we Grunts always say, "Shit happens."

The After Action Report states that, "At 1625H one bomb from a TAC air strike

fell 75-100 meters short of it's target resulting in 1 US KIA, 1 US DOW, 13 WIA, and unknown enemy casualties." Report date: 10 March 1967, HQ 3rd Brigade, 4th Infantry Division.

In memory of *Rex Highfell*, and *R.C. Perry*. American heroes.

Lynn Dalpez, C/2/22 65-67

The Inside Track

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

-Boy! Things can sure heat up on the Vietnam Triple Deuce e-mail users group. Can you imagine a bunch of old grunts from all walks of life...that had fought together, and each other, getting along all proper and sweetly in an e-mail chat room? Hahahaha! Check it out...if you dare.

-The Kool-Aid Kid spoke to *Austin Kreeger* on the phone a couple of times lately. You know Austin...the guy with the longest ponytail in the 22nd Inf. Regiment Society? We got to talking about art and I have to tell ya, the Kool-Aid Kid was really scratching his head. The *Austin Kreeger* I remembered meeting at the San Antonio reunion was quite blind. So I finally asked him about it, and he laughed and said that he can see a lot more than people think he can. I have to agree. His prize *Jim Nelson* painting (C/2/22), that hangs in his home, is fully realized by Austin. I'll see ya soon Austin...KC, here we come!

From: *Jim May*

Take a look at the new web page for the active duty Guys. Great photos. WARNING, there's sound. I didn't know this and found myself under the desk. I didn't yell "incoming," only because I'm alone!

www.drum.army.mil/division/2nd_bde/222/new%20web/222%20web%20page.htm

Jim May

-A message from Mad Doc

Kool-Aid Kid,

Here is a story you may want to use, about a guy we knew in Basic Training.

On the first day, the Army issued him a toothbrush. That afternoon, they sent him to a dentist, who pulled out three of his teeth.

On the second day, they issued him a hairbrush. That afternoon, they sent him to a barber, who cut off all his hair.

On the third day, they issued him a jock strap...he hasn't been seen since.

Bill "Mad Doc" Matz

Medic, Triple Deuce, 66-67

(Bill, I think even *General Flint* would agree...definitely a case of justifiable AWOL. K.A.K)

This reporter spoke to *Morris*, "*Morrie*", "*Moe*", *Johanson*, a Charlie Boat Original, the other night on the phone. Morrie is going to help try and get a number of Charlie Boat Originals to the KC reunion next year.

Morrie mentioned to me that he was really in the thick of things two times with The Triple Deuce. Both times he received the Bronze Star and Purple Heart decorations. He said that he didn't go out in the field with us after that. I told him that I thought was pretty darn good thinking. Why tempt fate for the third time.

Welcome home Morrie, and thanks for your sacrifices...including the 37 year old piece of shrapnel pulled out of your hide a few weeks ago. Geez! You really took souvenir hunting seriously!

Basketball

Now that the Portland Trail Blazers basketball team has cleaned their house of some malcontent mega-millionaires, Lynn Dalpez, of Portland Oregon, may get some bragging rights against **Peter Holt** and his San Antonio Spurs. "Now, if I can just get Peter to dump Duncan...", says Dalpez

Mikie, from the 2/77th Arty

Many of you remember our outstanding connection with our Brothers of the 2/77th Field Artillery in war zone 'C' of the Vietnam war. They have a great web site run by a friend of mine, **Mike "Mikie" Pectol**. The address is <http://277arty.freesevers.com>. Check it out, and sign on to say hello to Mikie and our 2/77 Arty Brothers. Hey! Mikie likes it!

Mikie has started school again after all these years and has quoted a **Chuck Boyle** favorite saying that he is "Up to his neck in alligators." I'll bet he is!

Remember, if you ever talk to Mikie, don't say the word 'repeat'. You may get a little more boom-boom than you bargained for. Hahahahaha!

Well that's it from The Kool-Aid Kid for this issue of The Inside Track. Guard your e-mails and watch what you say, or you may find it printed here one day.

The Kool-Aid Kid

COMMENTS FROM THE RIVERAS

The day I picked up the phone and **Norm Nishikubo** asked, "Is this Rivera? Were you in Vietnam with C/2-22 Inf.?" When I acknowledged that I was my life started to change for the better, but when I was told about the Reunion, I

thought not me. I can't even go to a Wall - Mart without breaking out in a sweat. Then **Nick Dragon** called me. Now I don't know Nick from the man on the moon. He started hounding me about the Reunion every week or so. After each call, I think to myself for a few hours maybe I'll go. Then I committed to go.

God has always put good people in my path. In this case he brought them to me in bunches.

My daughter Jessica and son Marcos have always wanted to know about my Combat Brothers so I started telling them about all of you. They knew all of you, if not by name, by reputation and you became their Heroes. When they met you, they were amazed by the love and respect we have for one another. I appreciate the way you all accepted and welcomed my kids.

This experience will last my entire life. In one of his songs country - western singer Garth Brooks has a verse that says, "I could have missed the pain but I would have missed the dance". I realize now how true those words are. If I had missed combat, I would not know all of you.

Jesse Rivera, C/2-22 VN

WORDS FROM JESSICA

I along with my family attended the reunion with my father. Let me just say that it was a pleasure to finally meet the men that my dad calls his brothers, the men shown in his photographs. I want to take this opportunity to thank you for getting my Daddy home alive. I don't think God could have blessed me with a better father.

I know that all of you went through a lot for being as young as you were, and I will never forget what you did for us. I just hope that dad will finally open up and tell me about the names that I heard you mention at the reunion such as Burt, Good Friday, The Iron Triangle, The rubber Plantation, Trang Bang and so many others. Thank you for not forgetting my dad.

Sincerely,
Jessica Rivera

ps. Isaiah (Dad's Grandson) sends his love. **Chuck Boyle**, you slay me.

New Finds

Chargin Charlie 2/22 Originals recently contacted by **Morris Johanson**. We hope to see all these Brothers at the Kansas City 22nd IRS Reunion. If you guys were found before—well you just got found again! Welcome home my Chargin Charlie Brothers!

Lynn "Butch" Dalpez, 3rd Platoon

Morris "Moe" "Morrie" Johanson
4948 Brock Road
Sumas WA 98295
360-220-3791

Chester "Roy" Harbour
931-387-0008

Jerry L. Dwinell
6632 Stoney Dr.
Redding CA 96002
530-365-7948

Marvin L. Brewer
5001 E. 205th Street
Belton, MS 64012
816-331-4891

Richard J. Branson
PO Box 2045
Lake Ozark MS
314-365-1669

Dennis H. Carlson
39132 29th Ave
Wenahga MN 56464
218-564-5679
New Finds (Cont.)

Donald S. Stoffel
138 So. Fond-Culacu Ave.
Campbells Port WI 53010-2713
920-533-8237

John P. Mersinger
7531 105th NE
Foley MN 56329-9562
320-968-7756

Gordon Weber

18124 Icycle Road
Sparta WI 54656-4405
608-269-4842

Wilber L. Dahlke

371 NE Waagaway
Bremmerton WA 98311
360-692-5604

Jerome Christensen

19445 Pirz Lake Road
Paynes MN 56362
320-253-4149

Leroy V. Henning

244 Bowers Road
Yakima WA 98908
509-965-0338

John Hintzke

5072 Hintzke Road
New London WI 54961
Phone?

Kenneth D. "Kenny" Johnson

459 E. Mainzer
West St. Paul MN 55118
651-457-9193

Vernon C. Krause

369 E. Marquette
Berlin WI 54923
920-361-42923

Gary Lunde

4655 110th Ave.
Twin Valley MN
218-567-8229

Marvin P. Peterson

2417 290th Ave.
Ada MN 56510
218-784-7589

Roger D. Rosen

West 6789 County H
Wold Rose WI 54989
920-622-4072

Kenneth K. "Kenny" Schmidt

605 So. Elm PO Box 1256
Campbellsport WI 54989
920-533-4685

Daniel C. Morris

2500 Kelly Glen Ln NW
Seabeck, WA 98380

Eddie Larson

Address unknown
Whitehall, IL
217-374-6861

Possible Finds for Bravo Company

From: *Clark Lohmann*

Ron Fowler-6226 North New Hope
Rd. Harmitage, TN 370769 (Sent Email
Newsletters via Email.
samboats@bellsouth.net

Joseph N. Bowles-1506 Northwood Dr.
Indianapolis, IN 462402739 (Sent
Emails for June 2003 and Sep 2003 thru
Mail. Jan 29, 04 (1-317-259-1972)

Donald W. Truslow-607 Crawfords
View Rd. Afton, VA 229203021 (Sent
Emails for June 2003 and Sep 2003 thru
Mail. Jan 29, 04 (1-434-361-9081)

Paul D. Latimer-1361 E. Bonaire Dr.
Springfield, MO 658033793 (Not
Interested at this time. Gave Number to
Skip Fathel said he would call. (1-417-
833-2972) also left my phone # in case
he changes his mind.

New finds cont.

Margarito Garza, 2-22 Mar. 70 - Jan 71
Vietnam & Cold War
214 Delia Dr.
Edinberg, TX 78539

James A. Gruchala, 2-22, 68 -69
221 Fourth Ave.
Edwardsville, IL 62025

Stephen D. Moberly, 22 Jan 70 Jan 71
Vietnam & Cold War
2776 Kings Court
Terre Haute, IN 47802

Theodore W. Price, B/2-22 Feb 68 to
Feb 69 Vietnam
213 Walnut St
Cherry Valley, IL 61016

Jimmie Robinson, B/2/22, 68-69
205-527-3631
"Anyone remember me? Please e-mail
me at frag206@earthlink.net

Lawrence E. Nuckolls, B/2/22, 69-70
6523 Country Knoll Court
Bartlett, TN 38135
"Hello to **Joe Spado**, **Garry Ogden**,
John Nowalk... Wondering where the
other guys are." (Larry has lots of
names. Ed.)

Joseph Bowles, B/2/22, 70-71
1506 Northwood Dr.
Indianapolis, IN 46240-2739
317-259-1972

Ron Fowler

6226 No. New Hope Rd.
Harmitage TN 37076
A Plt. Sgt. At Soui Cut (Burt)

Donald W. Truslow, B/2/22

607 Crawfords View Rd.
Afton, VA 22920-3021
434-361-9081

Jackie W. Lewis, D/2/22 68-69

"Like to hear from Caudill, Nalls,
Murphy, Francis, Roque, and others."
Jacko_320@hotmail.com

Thomas W. Fischer III, A/2/22

114 Wells Rd.
Northport NY 11763
(Tommy was found by Rich Leins,
A/2/22. Gary Hartt)

Gary Mortellito, A/2/22 Boat Original

1753 Dogwood Drive
Marco Island, FL 34145
239-389-1956
"3rd Platoon...hooked up with old
buddy **Roger Cote** and joined the
VN222. Welcome home Gary!"

Gary Hartt, Alpha Boat Original. -----**Hello from Kandahar**

2/22 Report, 1/28/04

From: **Capt. Jason Wells**, S-1 of the
Triple Deuce, Afghanistan.

Sent in by: **Bob Babcock**

Gentlemen,

Afghanistan, home of the Triple Deuce.
We are on month seven of our little
vacation over here and the boys are

doing wonderful. We've been conducting operations almost continuously over the last few weeks, operating in three distinct areas of operations at the same time. It should be no surprise to anyone that the boys have done a great job.

We continue to disrupt the ability of the Taliban, Al Qaeda, and other anti-coalition forces to operate in our AO. We've continued our mounted patrolling in the city of Kandahar throughout the month of January. Between vehicle checkpoints, weapons inspections, and other patrols, we've conducted over 40 missions this month alone. We've also been involved in two direct action high-value target (HVT) missions with the objective of capturing two different high-ranking Taliban bad guys. We didn't catch them either time, but we weren't far behind. Those guys know they aren't safe anywhere in this country, even in their traditional stomping grounds.

Triple Deuce has also picked up operations in the city of Qalat, to the north, finding and destroying caches as well paving the way for the first conventional civil affairs and PSYOPs activities in that area since U.S. troops have been in Afghanistan. We've established a command post there and have been continuously patrolling for fifteen days, walking hundreds of miles and driving thousands, with no injury to any 2-22 soldier. The mission in Qalat is simple: kill the Taliban and destroy his caches. So far it's working; the enemy up there is choosing to run rather than fight, and every day we're finding and seizing his weapons.

Sadly, we've sustained our first hostile fire casualties of the deployment this month. Three Bravo Company soldiers manning a guard tower were hit with shrapnel from an RPG while securing a fire base north of Kandahar. These three soldiers saw the rocket launched and knew it was headed for the tower, but they stood in the face of direct fire to keep shooting. The result of their bravery was that the Afghan who fired the rocket was killed. These three soldiers have each received the ARCOM with "V" device and the

Purple Heart. All three soldiers are doing well, considering the shrapnel wounds they received to their faces and arms. They will all retain vision in at least one eye, and the outlook keeps getting better as they continue their treatment.

Our soldiers' performance has been no surprise. They keep executing to a high level every day, never letting the enemy rest and disrupting the hell out of his ability to operate and communicate. The result is that we're winning this war, and the Taliban knows it. We know you're supporting us back there, and we really appreciate your thoughts and prayers. "Deeds not Words!"

(Thanks for passing this on to us Bob. We look forward to further reports about our active duty Triple Deucers. Ed.)

Address Change (Huh?)

Hello All,

There have been for many years' three places in Illinois where the residents live so far out in the boonies that they actually get their rural mail delivery from a town just across the border of the nearest state. For this to happen they have to have an address in that neighboring state. Yup, it's confusing as the dickens to all involved.

We have been in one of those situations for thirty years, and it just changed. We are officially residents of Illinois for the first time since 1974 effective Feb. 7th. 2004. Our street address is still the same but the bottom line has changed from Muscatine, Iowa to New Boston Illinois.

Dick & Judy Nash
686 170 th Ave.
New Boston, Illinois 61272-9192
...is our new snail mail address.

Now, if we can just get electricity and telephone service....haha.

Remembering a Comrade

By: **Clark Lohmann**

Our friend and fellow Triple Deucer was **Joseph Stripoli** from New York. I met Joe a few days before Burt.

We were out by the LP Hole that I would be in the night of the Battle. **Steve Linna**, and another man was with me on the LP. Back to Joe--he was the Track Driver. One day in March of 1968, the APC hit a mine, Joe's leg was really torn up and it was so dense in this part of the jungle we were in, it seemed like it took forever to clear a spot where we could get the chopper in to get Joe dusted off.

The next day they told us, Joe had lost the leg, which really hit us hard. Then, the next day was the worst of all. Joe had died.

Bob Price, Jerry Pierce, and myself, really took this news hard. Joe was the most likeable guy. To add a real eerie ending to this story, I was on the phone with **Bob Price** a couple of years ago after we had made contact after 30 plus years, talking about the Cleveland reunion, my first, and Bob asked me... He said, "Do you remember Joe Stripoli?" I said, "Of course." He said, "I went to the cemetery to visit a friend, and as I was walking out of the cemetery I tripped on one of the stones. I looked down and read the name **JOE STRIPOLI**." I said, You talk about the twilight zone."

After all those years, the odds of that I can't imagine. We thought to each other... "Joe was just letting us know he was still with us. "

Clark L Lohmann
B Co 2-22 Inf Mech 67-68

Re: Welcome Home
An e-mail to **Jim May**, from **Greg Hickey**

Hello James,

...and thank you. Yes, I do remember

some of the guys I worked with. As a combat-tracker, at my last duty station. We were a pretty tight unit. I went to a reunion 9/00 and there were 4 of 5 guys on my 5-man team there. I didn't get to know many of the Triple Deuce guys, but did R&R with one in Sydney who I worked w/ in the field. I don't remember his name, but he was wild. I do have a picture of him at the Ben Hoa airport. I don't have pictures of soldiers so much as I do of machinery and soldiers from a distance. Most of my mech. photos are in black and white.

I do remember a crazy officer of either the 1/5th, or the 2/22 who carried a pearl handled .38 pistol, and engaged some NV regulars in the woods with it when I was present. ...even captured a guy in black pajamas in one of those woods before they were completely defoliated. At the time, I thought he was a little stupid, but a very colorful character.

I was in the crossfire, one early morning between the 2/22 and a NV regular force on some river outside Cu Chi. I was a newbie, and just followed this guy running through the woods on full auto toward the bad guys. Their shit was less than 50 cal.

I was initially with the 38th IPSD, then briefly the 44th IPSD and went almost immediately to the 66th IPCT, as they were in need of dog handlers. I was a big guy at the time (about 200 lbs.), and couldn't qualify for a tunnel dog handler. It was considerably easier to be a tracker dog handler than a scout dog handler, as the tracker dogs just did their thing. German Shepherds required so much more attention. It took me many years after being home from Vietnam to appreciate that Labs aren't really stupid, and I have two black labs now.

I am a 56 year old retired law enforcement officer, still living way out in the boonies, as I have done for the past 34 years since Nam. I tried the jungles of Central America, but Spanish as a second language didn't work for me. I never really adjusted well to being around people after Nam, and being a cop is about as much as a one-on-one job as a PTSD vet can hope for, if you

know what I mean. My unit, the 66th IPTC, combat-trackers, has a great web site. I think it is www.combattrackerteams.org. The web address has changed a couple times. I was in Nam fall of 69 to summer of 70. I did a couple months short tour because I did so many infantry schools at Benning.

Wasn't there another mech. or armored unit in Cu Chi? I think I worked with another one at Nui Bah Dinh (SP?), the mountain in an assault that went nowhere. Do you remember any Scout Dog Handlers or any Tracker Dog teams? It got a little more crazy there at the end of my tour- the Cambodia invasion, pre-invasion reconnaissance, working with South Vietnam soldiers who didn't speak and English, and major clouds of smoke drifting through the air.

Welcome Home to you, too!

Greg Hickey
66th IPCT 69 – 70

A Proud Mother
By: Gary Hartt A/2/22 65-67

Hi to all,

The road I live on contains about 100 residences and has 3 different names. Ours is a small community of around 2500 people. From the east to west, the road is first called Unger Rd. Along that section is the home of the parents of **Joel Naylor**, who I have known since he was a baby. Joel is now around 22 and is with the Headquarters Troop of the 1st Battalion, 3rd Armored Cavalry Rgmt in the Sunni Triangle operating recently west of Baghdad. As we head west on my road, about a half mile the name changes to Windy City Rd. , A neighbor close to my place is named Butch (keep forgetting his real name and that of his wife and son) Butch's son is also in the Sunni Triangle and is a 13 year career soldier with special operations and is around 33 years old. About 3 miles west of my place the road changes names to Marshall Rd. There lives **Linda Forney-Mours**, the mother of **Sgt David Forney**, who is also in the

Sunni Triangle. Of the 3 families, I only recently learned of the Forney-Mours family. David Forney was featured in the Portland, Oregon newspaper because he was involved with the capture of Saddam H. I called his Mom for the purpose of wanting to know if she would like me to forward her **Bob Babcock's** daily Iraq update, I have been sending to the other 2 families for the last 8 months. I also mentioned that I was a 4th Inf Div Vietnam Vet and congratulated her and said how proud I was that Saddam was captured by the 4thID soldiers. She then very graciously invited me and other 4th ID area vets to her son's welcoming home party on Feb 4th. However, while the party is still on to honor our soldiers, David himself and 7 of his combat buddies, just had their R&R canceled for a 2nd time. In a separate email I will explain and ask for your help. What follows is David's adventure with HISTORY.

I recently had the pleasure to meet in person Linda Forney Mours. She is the mother of David Forney. Sgt Forney is serving with G Troop, Recon platoon of the 1st Battalion of the 10th Cav Regmt. In Dec, 2003, he participated in the capture of Saddam Hussein. His G Troop of some 82 soldiers was split into 2 groups that night with 40 going to the farmhouse and the rest into the town. Below in David's words is a letter he emailed on Dec 15, 2003 to his mother 2 days after the event.

"On Dec 13th around lunchtime, we got called to hurry up and pack our bags for a 3-4 quick reaction force mission. We had to go back down to Tikrit. Once we got to Tikrit, we waited for only two hours, then received intel to move across the Tigris River and prepare to head to the city of Ad Dwar where he really was caught. We waited at our staging area for other highly trained to show up. We then headed to Ad Dwar going about 75MPH with our lights off, in a huge convoy. Saddam had 2 locations that he could have been at. A house in town, or a farmhouse just outside of town. We split our forces and raided the targets. Saddam was at farmhouse with only a couple of people.

He was hiding in his little hole, just what under was supposed to be his

kitchen. Saddam was put on a chopper and was immediately evacuated.

G Troop, 10th Cav guarded the site. my truck in particular watched the prisoners all night until specially trained persons could come and interrogate them. One of the 3 guys was Saddam's cook ; the others were neighbors who were at the sight. We grabbed them when they tried to escape. One man did escape; he was thought to be a decoy. We received excellent intelligence before the raid that I can not go into detail (operation security) but keep watching the news, you might get to see me. Some of my battle buddies are getting interviewed right now as we speak by ABC,NBC,CNN, and about 12 other major news stations. your son's troop did it and is receiving the recognition that we deserve.

More info: After the raid was over and Saddam was out of there, myself and 2 of my battle buddies went through the whole compound(2230 hours). Went through his orchards and into the hole he was hiding in. All we found were some weapons.

The Most Wanted Man in the World, I knew for about 15 hours that Saddam was caught, before anyone else in the world. Even the rest of the Army. This event has been by far, the greatest point in my career. Your son and his comrades made history the other night. I cannot wait to talk to you guys and let you know how excited I am. Please tell everyone the news and watch the News. My troop will be labeled as G-Troop, or 1st Brigade Recon Team(1BCT) or 4th ID Scouts. Goodbye"

Below was written by David's mother of the phone call she received from her son, the following morning.

Linda's comments: "This is so exciting. Sgt David C. Forney called me later that morning and we were able to talk for about an hour. There is so much that he was notable to tell me, but could share some additional descriptions of what happened that night.

There are 82 men in his 4th ID 10th Cav G Troop, but only 40 of them conducted

all the raids, they have been conducting over the past months. The men in David's Troop were highly respected for hundreds of successful raids, and were specifically assigned to be part of this special mission even though they were at least two hours away from the targeted site. In fact, his troop has conducted more raids than any other troop in the history of the US Army.

So, these 40 men headed off going north of Tikrit to the city of Ad Dwar. When the men split up to search the two [possible hiding locations of Saddam, Sgt Forney was fortunate to be able to head directly to the actual hiding place. When Saddam was located, he was immediately led to a waiting helicopter, but David could not see his face since they had draped some sort of material over Saddam's head.

David and 2 other comrades proceeded to check out the compound starting with the surrounding orchards. It was so pitch black, that even their night goggles made little difference, though flashlights helped some. They finally came up to the hut where Saddam had lived. When they saw THE HOLE, they thought it was a really deep fire pit, only to then realize that his was the HOLE. David crawled down into this hole and looked around with his flashlight. He saw the air vent, electrical wires and other debris.

The men were not to speak of this to anyone until further orders. The soldiers proceeded back to the town of Bayji where they joined other soldiers in the chow hall. All computers and phone lines were shut down so there would be no possibility of leaking the news, since the men were anxious to share this incredible capture with their family and friends. David wanted to jump on the table and yell, " In just a few hours you all will know our names and who we are, and what we did!!" But for 15 hours, his troop, the special force unit involved and 15 other individuals, including the President of the USA, knew about the capture. No one else in the world had any idea what had just transpired. No one else in the US Army knew.

The men were allowed to take a few souvenirs from the hut Saddam lived in, though Sgt Forney is keeping that a secret also. He is just becoming too skilled at keeping secrets! so we shall wait to see such an important souvenir. It was an exciting event and something he will remember the rest of his life with much pride. I am proud of him as many others are, but most of all , I am happy he is alive, for we worry and pray for him daily. What we want is for our proud soldier to return home alive and physically well, but a little recognition for his efforts is acceptable too. Hooray for his accomplishments!!

Linda Forney-Mours... proud mother of *Sgt David C Forney*, 4th ID, 10th Cav. US Army.

GARY HARTT A/2/22 9/65-12/67
'FTA ALL THE WAY'
'DRAFTEE BY GOD' & 'BEERS,
NOT WORDS"

Subject: Fwd: MAD Wife Disease

He was sitting quietly reading his paper when his wife walked up behind him and whacked him on the head with a rolled up magazine.

"Ouch!! What was that for?" he asked

"That was for the piece of paper in your pants pocket with the name Mary Lou written on it," she replied.

Two weeks ago when I went to the races, Mary Lou was the name of one of the horses I bet on," he explained.

"Oh honey, I'm so sorry," she said. "I should have known there was a good explanation." Three days later he was watching a ball game on TV. When she walked up and hit him in the head again, this time with an iron skillet, which knocked him out cold .

When he came too, he asked, "Now what was that for ?"

She replied, "Your horse called".

Sent in by: **Magnet, Norm Nishikubo,**

C/2/22

John Glenn on the Senate Floor

Some people still don't understand why military personnel do what they do for a living. This exchange Between Senators **John Glenn** and Sen. **Howard Metzenbaum** is worth reading. Not only is it a pretty impressive impromptu speech, but it's also a good example of one man's explanation of why men and women in the Armed Services do what they do for a living. This IS a typical, though sad, example of what some who have never served think of the Military.

Senator Metzenbaum to Senator Glenn: "How can you run for Senate when you've never held a "real job?" Senator Glenn: "I served 23 years in the United States Marine Corps. I served through two wars. I flew 149 missions. My plane was hit by antiaircraft fire on 12 different occasions. I was in the Space Program. It wasn't my checkbook, Howard; it was my Life on the line. It was not a nine to five job, where I took time off to take the daily cash receipts to the bank. I ask you to go with me ... as I went the other day... to a Veterans Hospital and look those men -- with their mangled bodies -- in the eye, and tell THEM they didn't hold a job! You go with me to the Space Program at NASA and go, as I have gone, to the widows and orphans of **Ed White**, **Gus Grissom** and **Roger Chaffee**...and you look those kids in the eye and tell them that their DADS didn't hold a job. You go with me on Memorial Day and you stand in Arlington National Cemetery, where I have more friends buried than I'd like to remember, and you watch those waving flags. You stand there, and you think about this Nation, and you tell ME that those people didn't have a job?"

I'll tell you, Howard Metzenbaum, you should be on your knees every day of your life thanking God that there were some men - SOME MEN - who held REAL jobs. And they required a dedication to a purpose -- and a love of country and a dedication to duty -- that was more important than life itself. And their self-sacrifice is what made this

country possible. I HAVE held a job, Howard! ---What about you?" For those who don't remember - During W.W.II, Howard Metzenbaum was an attorney representing the Communist Party in the USA. Now he is a Senator!

*If you can read this, thank a teacher...
If you are reading it in English, thank a Veteran.....*

Sent By: **Jack Shishido**, C/2-22 VN

Fort Lewis and Top Werner

By: **Bill "Mad Doc" Matz**

After we arrived at Fort Lewis, we had a couple of weeks before we were due to start basic training. All of our civilian clothing was locked up in conex containers, and we wouldn't see it again until we completed our course. The word came down that there would be a chartered plane, and five days leave, so some of us could go home for Christmas. I had some money at home, so I phoned my parents and asked them to wire it to me. The next day I was called down to the orderly room, and told I had a money gram from Western Union. We were not allowed to go anywhere by ourselves at that time, so the First Sergeant would have to drive me to the post currency exchange. I guess they were afraid that we would get the money and go "over the hill."

First Sergeant Arthur Werner was an old-line career soldier from World War II. He was tall, solid, and built like a redwood tree. He wore a CHINA-BURMA-INDIA patch on his right shoulder, with a "MERRILL'S MARAUDERS" crest over it. I heard that he was one, of only two, still active soldiers in the U.S. Army, at that time, who were entitled to wear that device. We were in awe of him.

When I got into the jeep, with the 1st Sgt., the conversation was rather stilted, at first. "Where are you from, soldier?"

"Chicago, First Sergeant."

"Are your parents sending you this money?"

"Yes, First Sergeant."

"You know, some of you boys want to go home, so you have your parents send you the money. They don't want to turn you down, so they scrape it up. Sometimes this is a hardship for them, but they don't want to say no."

I caught the drift of his meaning. "First Sergeant, I worked before I was drafted; and I paid my parents room and board. I also gave my parents some of my money, to save for me, in case I needed it. This is part of my money."

After that he loosened up... somewhat. "I'm glad to hear that. I've seen a lot of cases of parents having a financial burden, because sonny wants to go home. Too many of the boys just don't seem to realize that Mom and Dad don't always have the money." The rest of the ride proceeded in a more relaxed manner, and I got my money from the exchange. It didn't do me any good though. The charter plane to Chicago was full; and there was no way to make connections to Chicago, and back, in five days.

After I realized that I wasn't going to make it home, I brought the money down to the orderly room to keep in the safe. The XO was making some small talk with me. "Where are you from Matz?"

"Chicago Sir."

"How long have you been in the Army?"

"Two weeks Sir."

"What's your ETS date?"

"December 7th, 1967 Sir."

He chuckled, "Everyone knows the answer to that question. You know that's the date the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor."

"No Sir... That's the date Bill Matz is going to get bombed in Chicago!"

Bill Matz

2/22 Medic 65-67

THANK YOU

Sent in by: **Clark Lohmann**

B/2/22

Hi Lynn and Gary and Skip

Just a little note I thought you guys might be interested in. **Louise Thomas** had written The Triple Deuce a little letter about her time in Saigon with her Surgeon husband who has passed away now. I wrote her a little note back and she responded with the following. I thought maybe the guys might be interested. He was with MACV/USARV 1972 3rd Field Hospital Saigon. She said it was the most moving and inspiring time of her life, she said her husband was proud to be able to help the men there and other parts of the world.

Clark Lohmann

----- Original Message -----

Sent: March 16, 2004 9:27 AM

Subject: Re: THANK YOU
 Hello Clark,

Thanks for your note. I remember well Tay Ninh and the beautiful South China Sea there. We went over one Sunday by duty bus from MACV to do something, memory not that good, and Charlie blew up a bridge not too long after we crossed over it. Wish I were as brave as the guys on the bus who sang the rest of the way home having dodged that bullet. My memories of that beautiful land and the people I knew there are very different from yours and the men who fought so bravely and unappreciated by some of their fellow Americans. I was teaching school at Clark AFB when the POWs landed there. Not a dry eye on the base. God bless you and them.

Louise Thomas

--

Delta 2/22

Personal Journal of:

Dennis "Brooklyn" Zollo

This is my story of my time in Delta Co., 2nd Bn. (Mech.), 22nd Infantry Regiment. I served from 9/69 until 3/70.

I must start by saying that I was 17 years old when I joined the Army, and was sent to Germany, playing war. I turned 18 and asked to be sent to Vietnam.

While in Germany, I was with an Armor Tank outfit and learned everything about them--Drive, load, and gunner. So, when I went to Nam I thought I would be in a tank outfit. The problem was my AIT training was with the Infantry, so my MOS was 11B10, so they compromised and put me with the 2/22 Mech. Infantry. Delta Company was my first Vietnam outfit.

Now, for most of the guys, that I was with, were draftees, and thought I was nuts. Well, I found out that the squad that I was assigned to had no APC's, and that they worked with the Recon outfit and Headquarters Company.

My first job was in this hole they called a firebase (Jackson), and all I did for a month and a half was load magazines with ammo. It was not that bad, well at least when the RPG's did not come in...for there was no bunkers, just ditches, 2 to 3 feet deep, and at six foot tall it is hard to sit in one and try and fire an M-60 machine gun, which became my weapon. I guess they figured I was big enough to handle it. I found out in AIT that I scored #3 with the M-60, so I guess it was destiny. Not much went on during this time except what I just mentioned.

Then it was my time to hook up with this squad. Our main job was when the Recon outfit got into shit—we would hit the choppers and fly to where they were, and support them. The bad news was that they always got the credit. They were like gods to the officers, and they got three times as many stand-

downs than we did—someone had to keep an eye on the post.

It must have been the middle of January 1970, and they were transferring guys all over the place. They would bring guys from the 3/22nd Inf. Reg. To replace guys that got transferred from the 2/22—to who knows where? It seemed kind of dumb, but lets not forget it was the Army, and we were in Vietnam.

I do remember a few guys that gave their all...**Donald Webb**, and **Eugene Romero**. I don't remember Romero that good—you see, I got transferred to the 1/5, as they say, a door gunner, but I don't remember staying with the ship. When we got to Cambodia they would keep me there, and put a 60 gunner in my place—if he was there too long, or hurt. So, most of the time I was just a grunt, and PROUD OF IT!

There was a friend of mine from Delta 2/22 that gave his all on May 2, 1970. His name was **Milton Rivera-Perez**. I wish I knew him better, for I hear that he grew a big pair of balls, and was a hell of a soldier. God bless them all.

Dennis "Brooklyn" Zollo

D/2/22

2/77th Arty News

I had the pleasure of a phone call the other night from **Paige Lanier**, formerly a Forward Observer for the 2/77th Arty.

You Triple Deuce Boat Originals remember Paige...oh yes you do. He was the officer that gave us those VD classes on the USNS George Walker boat ride across the pond. The man that screwed up my sex life forever! Hahahahaha! Just kidding Paige!

Paige was a Mustang Officer—a former EM that never forgot his roots. Many of us Triple Deucers will never forget the many times that the 2/77th saved our butts with their accurate cannon fire.

So it is with great pleasure that I place the following article that Paige sent into the VN Triple Deuce Newsletter.

Lynn Dalpez, Editor

Duck Bill

By: *Paige Lanier*

(Paige meant "Parrot's Beak", but I like his name better. He has those memory problems too. Ed.)

We were working the jungles towards what I vaguely remember was called the Duck Bill. That may not be right. However, here goes...

We pulled into a defensive area—it was a small clearing with a stream running through it. There was a cement bridge over the stream. There was a good-sized pool in the stream by the bridge that the troops were able to get into to take a long needed bath. Alpha Co. 2/22, **Capt. Ken Booth's** Company, was security for Alpha Battery 2/77th FA, that moved into the site to be able to give Arty fire support for the maneuvering units. I was a FO from A/2/77 FA.

As anyone who has ever served with an Arty unit knows, they eat pretty good, and always had a great scrounger, as well as great cooks in their mess. A/2/77 was no exception.

After we were all settled in with Defcons in place, and well oriented to the location of all the troops, I went to visit my Arty CO. After a visit with him, I went to see my good friend the Mess Sergeant. I was able to get a 5 lbs. Package of cheese, a pound of butter, and several loaves of bread. I went back to the track (APC M113), which I shared with **Capt. Booth**. My Recon Sergeant, **Floyd Ames**, and my RTO, **Cpl. Yeaman**, were waiting for me. We broke out our mess kits and started cooking grilled cheese sandwiches.

After a short time, **Capt. Booth** got a sniff of the cooking, not knowing we were cooking, and made a comment about the smell and said he would pay \$5.00 for a grilled cheese sandwich.

I never collected the money. We all ate grilled cheese sandwiches until all was eaten up.

Paige Lanier

A/2/77

*Hey Paige! Come to the Kansas City Reunion and chances are that you can corner **Ken Booth** and get your five bucks. Let's see...with interest, compounded...uh...37 years...uh...Jim May, help me out here...it's lot's...right? Ed.*

NOTE: Paige also mentioned another FO that worked with the Triple Deuce. **Andrew Jackson**. (Are we that old?) Ed.

TAPS

To All,

Don't know if you heard the bad news out of Afghanistan. Two of our young Triple Deuce brothers were killed while on an 11 man daytime patrol in the mountains. Their names were **Sgt. Michael Esposito**, from Brentwood LI, NY, and **Staff Sgt. Anthony Lagman**, from Yonkers, NY. As many of you know I live in North Bellmore LI, NY so this really hit home. ...brought back memories of all our brothers lost in Vietnam. In quotes from Newsday, a local LI newspaper Michael's relatives said that his death would not detract from the pride he had in serving the United States, nor theirs in him. His father was quoted in saying, "This is what he believes in, he loves this country and this is what he's proud to do".

They died as true hero's of the Triple Deuce as all of our brothers before them. I, as I'm sure all of you are, am extremely proud of all the military personnel serving in Iraq and Afghanistan. Lets all say a prayer for our triple deuce brothers and their families.

Bob Price

Bravo 2-22 9-67 to 9-68

LATE BREAKING NEWS !!!!! KC REUNION INFORMATION

The reunion will be over Memorial Day weekend at the Westin Crown Center Hotel in downtown Kansas City, MO. The hotel is built into Crown Center, which has its own attached shopping mall and movie theatre. The hotel is across the street from historic Union Station that has been converted to shops, mall and education center. Across the street in another direction is the Liberty Memorial, the only dedicated WWI memorial in the United States. The memorial is undergoing a major renovation that will not quite be done for the reunion, but close. The hotel is about a mile or so from the Plaza, one of the premier shopping areas in the country. The dates are May 26, 27, 28, 29 with Memorial Day on May 30. Blocks of rooms have been reserved for the reunion and you must say you are with the 22nd Infantry Society to get the rate of \$95.00 a day for single, double, triple or quad room.

Ival Lawhon Jr.

A/2/22, KC Reunion Chairman

...Also LATE BREAKING NEWS

The 10th Mountain Division, 2/22 is coming home to Ft. Drum, NY. The "window" of their return will be May 1st through May 7th. Of course, this will be dependent on flights and weather. **Kate Dichairo** (wife of **LTC Joe Dichairo**) welcomes all to participate in the welcome back by sending cards, letters, banners, photos or showing up yourself if you would like. Please be aware that places to say in the area will be scarce and dates always change so keep that in mind. Cards, letters etc. can be sent directly at: 2nd - 22nd Infantry Battalion 10th Mountain Division 10220 North Riva Ridge Loop Ft. Drum, NY 13602 The cards, letters, and photos will be displayed in the company areas so the soldiers can read and enjoy them while they are turning in equipment and preparing for their reunion with their families. Any large banners can be

brought to the gym to be hung or held up. It is likely they will not be returned but they will try. I you plan on attending, please contact me and I will run point for you.

**PLEASE SEND CARDS, LETTERS
& E-MAILS TO OUR CURRENT
TRIPLE DEUCER BROTHERS.
WELCOME THEM HOME.**

Michael Groves
A/2/22

**Vietnam War Paintings
Narratives by Participants**

Jim Nelson, noted artist and veteran of C/2/22 in Vietnam, has published an art book depicting 60 of his best combat art paintings. The book is unique as it also contains dozens of narratives from Vietnam Veterans who participated in the battles Jim has painted so well. *General Richard B. Myers*, current Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff endorses the book. He says of it, "Your work is exceptional! In particular, the teamwork demonstrated in the "Helping Hand" print captures the special camaraderie of our US armed forces.

Jim has published an 8 x 10 inch 'coffee table' limited edition hardcover (500 copies) which sells for \$49.95. A softcover edition is available for \$27.95 to Veterans. The full title is "*Vietnam War Paintings—Art by James Davis Nelson—Narratives by Participants.*" To purchase, contact the author directly at RD 2, Box 13-A, Jewell, KS 66949, or e-mail the publisher at sjpress@aol.com

(Taken from The 22nd IRS web site.)

On a personal note, being an artist myself, I can say that Jim has not only captured the look of our Vietnam experience, but the feel as well. The "feel" is the hard part when creating fine art (a classification that differs from graphics art, or illustration.) Jim has nailed the feel with his paintings. One can taste the dust, feel the heat, and smell the smells while viewing his work. Some of Jim's paintings are

huge...4' by 8' or so. Jim's paintings will bring back memories in ways that photographs never can.

Lynn Dalpez, Editor

Final Thoughts

Kansas City! Here we come!

Getting the first news of the upcoming 22nd Infantry Regiment Society Reunion in Kansas City MO. from *Ival Lawhon* is sure getting me excited. Just a little over one year away and we Triple Deucers can get together again for the time of our lives. Start planning now, because a year just flies by at our age!

We will be talking more about the reunion in coming issues of the VN222 newsletter.

We have a new merchandise flyer out from *Jim May*. I'll send it to you next issue. Triple Deuce hats, shirts...and stuff...I love mine...I am beside myself in cool-dom... We will get the intell on-line soon too vietnamtripledeuce.com

An e-mail from Kay

As I was wrapping up this issue of the VN222 Newsletter, I got an e-mail from *Kay Ingram*, sister of *Charles "Plowhorse" Pohlman*, KIA hero of the Triple Deuce, Charlie Co. Feb 10, 1967.

Kay is interested in talking, e-mailing, writing any of you Brothers that remember Charles. She warns everybody straight up, it's 7 sisters and a couple of brothers that are equally anxious to learn of stories of Charles.

Kay has a picture of Charles and two other guys that look real familiar to me, but I cannot remember their names, maybe you guys can figure it out...or...they could be one of you.

Kay Ingram, www.ingramk@irtc.net

(I have her mailing address and phone number for any Brother of Charles's. His family nickname is Chub...not

much better than Plowhorse, is it? Lynn)

D/3/22 Reunion!

Triple Deucers Welcome! Reno, NV. June 13 – 16, 2004, Contact: Jerry G. at jerryg@qcol.net *Bill Schwindt*, our Brother and Locator for C/3/22 sent that in, and he will also keep us informed of C/3/22's reunion (Great reunion's! I have been to one.) in Milwaukie WI later in 2005.

Westcoast Barbecue

Norm "Magnet" Nishikubo and *David Milewski* invite all veterans of the 22nd Infantry Reg., and their families, to Southern California for some summer fun. Please R.S.V.P. to David and Norm at dmilew@aol.com by July 18, 2004. Disneyland, Pacific Ocean... Sounds like fun to me!

Well, that's it for this issue. See ya!
Lynn William Dalpez, Editor, C/2/22

"Deeds, not Words"