

The Viet Nam Triple Deuce, Inc.

An Association of 2 Bn. (Mech) 22nd Infantry Regiment Viet Nam Veterans

Editors Dan & Vera Streit D 2/22 1969
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Together Then.....Together Again!.....Thanks for Being There...&...Welcome Home

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Table of Contents

President's Message.....	1-2
Editor's Comments.....	2
Treasurer's Report.....	2-3
Capt. David Crocker.....	3
Our New Sisters.....	3-5
The Wall	
A Visit.....	5
A Poem.....	6
Remembering Dennis.....	6-7
The Order of the Red Ant	
History.....	7-9
Medal.....	10
Honored.....	10
Copyright Considerations.....	10
Marksmanship.....	10
Thievery in the Ranks.....	11-12
Dau Tieng.....	12-14
The Inside Track.....	14-17
New Finds.....	17
Announcements.....	18
Website Hits.....	18-19
Comments from Our Comrades... ..	19-21
2/22 Merchandise.....	22-23

President's Message

Hello,

Here's hoping this newsletter finds you doing well and happy. We have heard from many of the members in the path of Hurricane Katrina, and I'm happy to report that they have all weathered this terrible storm in pretty good shape as far as we know. Hope that we have recorded all of them, and also urge each of you to help in whatever way you can in this massive rebuild effort.

Our thoughts and prayers go out to the active unit which was deployed back to the Mid East in August. We aren't hearing much from them yet, but expect to shortly. As we learn what they need in support from us we'll let you know. The deployment was handled in a security first manner this time, and no representatives from VN2/22 were able to attend the send off.

A couple of business matters from the Board of Directors: The copyright for the ORA (Order of the Red Ant) has been legally signed over to the VN2/22 by Lynn Dalpez, it's creator. He has wanted to do this for quite some time, and we thank him for this gift. What started out as a cute joke has evolved into quite a moving experience for those proud holders of this award. You guys who have no idea what I'm talking about are just going to have to come to a reunion and see for yourself what it's all about.

Lon Oakley has been appointed Chief Locator for the Triple Deuce. His duties involve coordinating the efforts of all locators for the Battalion, keeping an accurate ledger of all active members and all new finds, and heading up efforts to create a "How to" book for anyone who has an interest in becoming a locator for our organization.

The Vietnam Triple Deuce
Website

www.vietnamtripledeuce.org

Please Visit Today!

Mario Salazar

The first draft of this pamphlet looks very promising, and I think we will have an active program in place very soon.

As always Dan & Vera have done an excellent job on this newsletter, and as always need your stories and memories of Nam time to make it better. Take a few minutes and help them out if you can.

On a personal note, I need anyone who knew Captain David Crocker, Alpha Co commander KIA May 17, 69 to contact me if you haven't already about the blog site established by his brother. His widow, sister and two brothers are planning to attend the 2/22 reunion in Omaha next fall, so start making plans to attend yourself. Take care,

Dick Nash
Alpha Co, 69

Editor's Comments

Only the Package is Different

Have you noticed the last several newsletters have looked different? One arrived to you in a nice envelope. One arrived with much scotch tape and sticky circles. The labels were in varying new editorial staff experimented. But . . . we hope you consistently find news, items of interest, contacts, and a few pictures you enjoy. To keep the letter meaningful to the membership, we ask for your continued participation. In the future we might ask for specific participation activities but always whether we keep or delete a format or feature will depend on the feedback we get from those who matter---the membership of the Triple Deuce.

While I was thinking about the newsletter process, I noted similarities to our organization. Everyone is packaged differently. Among those I have noticed are the big and boisterous, the gentle bear, the intellectual, the quiet conservative, and the average Joe. Any resemblance to the reader is merely coincidental and not intended to offend anyone.

I have also noticed that the purpose of the newsletter aligns with the purpose of the organization.

Reading and/or contributing to the news letter helps us deal with the process of living and brings strength to the brothers who read it. It is not here to re-fight the war. It is not here to arm chair quarterback the decisions made many years ago. It is not here to defend or ridicule the establishment who contributed to those decisions. It is here to help our Brothers heal and to maintain contact with those we knew during a very important part of our life.

A fringe benefit of the news letter is to provide insight to the spouses who might not have been present at the time. This insight is shared with children (and in the case of some of us old duffers---grandchildren). This helps guarantee that the contributions and sacrifices made by the men of the Triple Deuce will never be forgotten.

It is your organization. It is your newsletter. Make them the best they can be. . .if not for yourself, to honor your Brother---even if both yours and his packaging is worn from travels.

Dan Streit
Delta Co. 69

The accompanying report was presented to the members at the Business Meeting during the Kansas City Reunion. Like all interim reports this one is "Unaudited." However, the 2003 and 2004 annual Treasurer's reports have been audited by Jerry Rudisill and he has reported his findings to the President. Both audits suggested that the Reports be accepted as presented.

If anyone has any questions regarding any of the reports I ask that you contact me with those questions.

Jim May.
Treasurer

Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc.

An Association of 2nd Battalion(Mech), 22nd
Infantry Regiment Vietnam Veterans
P.O. Box 665, Norridgewock, ME 04957

Treasurer;s Report
April 30, 2005
(Unaudited)

Bank Balance, 12-31-04

Savings	\$13,157.63
Checking	<u>263.64</u>
	\$13,421.27

Income

Dues, 2004	\$ 15.00
Dues, 2005	720.00
Pre-Paid Dues	240.00
Donations	624.00
Interest Income	33.65
Merchandise Sales	393.00
Shipping Charges Received	<u>70.00</u>

Total Income \$ 2,095.65

Expenses

Newsletter	\$ <u>966.53</u>
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Total Expenses \$ **966.53**

Bank Balance, 4-30-05	\$ 14,550.39
Inventory, 4-30-05	<u>1,709.92</u>

Net Worth **\$16,260.31**

Seeking Information About Captain David Crocker

As you may or may not know, I've been in contact with the family of our former Alpha Company commander, **Captain David Crocker**. Remarkably his widow, Mrs. Ruth Crocker and the rest of this fine family have never known anything about Captain Dave's time in Vietnam all these 36 years. They are seeking our help in filling this huge knowledge gap.

His brother Tom has created a blog site that we hope you will help fill with your memories of Captain Dave. Please, please take a little time to write down any kind words you can think of and send them to Tom so he can put them on the site. His e-mail address is: crockert@rochester.rr.com . It will also accept pictures if you know how to get them into the system. If you cannot use this system please send whatever you can via the US mail to

Tomas W. Crocker, 2776 Lower Lake Rd., Seneca Falls, NY 13148-9429

Home 315-568-9101 Mobile 315-730-8523

Tom will also send you an invitation to see the blog website so you can see the information that has been placed there. You will have to set up a Yahoo registration if you don't already have one, but it is free and pretty easy to do. If you have any questions or suggestions feel free to contact me at nash222@winco.net or call me at 309 537 3536.

This family reflects the love and greatness that Captain Crocker displayed to all of us in Nam. They have lived all these years missing the final chapter of his life, and I'm asking all vets of his time to help them know how we felt about him. Mrs. Crocker and several other close family members will be at the Omaha reunion next year. I hope that you can be too to welcome them into the Triple Deuce family. Thanks.

Dick Nash

Former 3rd plt leader Alpha 2/22
Current president, Vietnam Triple Deuce

Our New Sisters

Some time ago I wrote an article titled "Catch the Pig", and submitted it to the co-editors of The Vietnam Triple Deuce newsletter, **Norm "Magnet", and Linda Nishikubo**. They were gracious enough to print it sometime in 2002 shortly after I had joined the organization. The story was about a Combat Platoon Brother of mine named **Charles Paul Pohlman**, whom we all called **Plowhorse Pohlman**, because of his large size and the fact that he came from a mid-west farm family. I believe the unofficial nickname giver

Charlie Company, 2/22 Inf. Reg., **Chester “Roy” Harbour**, was the author of the nickname, and it immediately stuck.

Charles died a hero of combat, Feb. 10, 1967, holding his ground in the face of the attacking enemy, and giving them machine gun fire in return when a round from a 57 mm recoilless rifle hit the APC M113 that Charles was in. One of the most popular guys in Charlie Company died quickly in the ensuing explosion. Our love and memories of Charles, our beloved “Plowhorse”, has never wavered one bit since that awful day.

As fate had it, the article was brought to the attention of one of Charles’s relatives who sent it to the immediate family members including two of Charles’s sisters, **Ms. Fran Greenwood**, and **Ms. Kay Ingram**. Both sisters contacted me by e-mail soon after reading the article. They had very kind words for me and the article that I had written. We went back and forth via e-mail for a while and then I told them of the 22nd IRS reunion in Kansas City and wondered if they would like to attend. I explained that the honor of having them attend would be shared by a number of attendees that knew Charles and had served with him that awful day that took his life. They said that they would think about it, and I decided to not push the issue, but make sure that they understood how welcome they would be. I just put the invitation out of mind saying to myself that if it happens that they do come, great, if not, then maybe another time. I felt very strongly that this invitation was not something that should be pushed on them.

A few weeks before the reunion Fran and Kay e-mailed me saying that they would like to come to the reunion very much if that was okay. Okay! Holy cow! I couldn’t believe it and immediately responded with encouragement for them to do so. I was floored. I was going to meet two of the sisters of our fallen Brother from so many years ago. Ladies that are so very happy that Charles’s Combat Brothers still remembered him—as if we could ever forget him. How the heck was this going to play out?

The reunion came and so did the sisters, Fran and Kay. They are two of the seven sisters and two brothers of Charles. They still live in the

same area where they grew up with their brother on the Pohlman farm. When we met, it was not at all what I thought it would be like. It was more like seeing someone that you knew and loved after a long separation—like a favored family member from far away. We instantly bonded with each other and found that it was very easy to like each other very much. They had brought along some pictures of Charles’s childhood that I had not, of course, seen. One picture was of Charles as a baby. A huge baby! So big that the family tagged him with the nickname of “Chub”, for his chubbiness. It seems that Charles started out big, and stayed that way until he hit around 6’ 2” and 230 lbs or so. So **Roy Harbour** wasn’t the first to tag Charles with a funny nickname. Knowing Charles, he probably took that nickname in stride, as he did with our “Plowhorse” nickname.

Fran and Kay, along with Fran’s husband **Stan Greenwood**, met the other Charlie Company attendees that knew and served side by side with Charles. **Joe Dietz, Rich Miller, Steve Cowlthorp, Dan Morris, Roy Harbour, and Dave Ferguson** all got a big thrill, and some teary eyes, from meeting Fran and Kay. The sisters found many new admirers from the 22nd IRS that never even knew Charles. That didn’t matter because they knew and remembered their own fallen Brothers, and saw the joy on the sisters faces for being a part of the KC reunion. Both sisters told me how impressed they were with the caliber of character that the membership holds, and that they were having the time of their lives with us. As we all know, they did feel much closer to their lost brother the two days that they were with us and they felt his presence. The Lord works in mysterious ways, and we all experienced one of those “ways” together, at the reunion.

At the memorial service, **Bill Allison’s** speech about defining moments that characterize our service in combat really hit home for me. Bill shared one of his, and showed me that Charles, and the others that I knew that made the supreme sacrifice, were mine. Bill’s wonderful words about God’s love for us and bringing us together when we really need it brought me closure on the death of Charles “Plowhorse” Pohlman. I broke down completely when I realized Bill’s words were the truth, and that the Lord

guided him to bring this light to the sisters, Fran and Kay, as well as myself, and my Brothers who served with Charles. I thank Bill very much for those words, and I thank God for moving Bill to say them. That's not an easy thing to do.. When the tears stopped, true joy filled my heart along with an additional increase in strength to face this crazy world of ours. When I hugged Fran and Kay after the service, I could tell that they felt it too—the mercy of our Lord. We know that Charles is in a better place, and that we will see him there someday when we pass over to that side of everlasting life.



Some may wonder why I would wish to share such a personal experience in print. I hope and pray that it is because the Lord is now guiding my hand in reaching out to others, as Bill did, to encourage them to contact the families of their fallen Brothers. I can only say that when the time comes that you feel that you really want to contact them, don't stay that hand—do it. Fran and Kay are not unique in that regard. The families want to hear from you, and know that you have not forgotten their loved ones. The Lord works through us if we let him. Our rewards are true joy in our hearts, and in my case, I got a whole lot of new sisters now, and more brothers too. I hope that you invite the family members to our reunions—Kay and Fran will be back, maybe with even more sisters and brothers in tow. These people are as much or more of a part of our society as we are. Your fallen Brothers want this to happen, and if you listen very closely, they will tell you that themselves. "Ask my sis to come to a reunion Brother. She'd love it!"

Fran, Kay, my new sisters, our new sisters, I love you both very much. Please invite all your other sisters and brothers to our next reunion. It's your reunion too. We are all the same family. Deeds, not words.

Lynn William Dalpez
 VP, The Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc.
 Charlie Co.65-67
 A Charlie Boat Original

A Visit to the Traveling Wall

During the first week of August **Mike Pounds** and **Bill "Mad Doc" Matz** visited *The Traveling Wall* in Alpharetta, Ga. Pictured above are Mad Doc (in hat) and Mike. Both are wearing The Order of the Red Ant medals. Below, Mad Doc is pointing to the name of **William D. Lambert**, a medic and friend who was KIA in December 1966.



THE WALL

CREATED BY SAVAGE GRACE

TODAY I JOURNEYED TO SEE THE WALL
THE ONE THAT SEEMS TO SAY IT ALL THE
MANY NAMES OF THOSE WHO DIED
IT'S TODAY FOR THEM I'LL CRY

FOR MANY YEARS I'VE WONDERED ON-
WHERE HAVE ALL THE CHILDREN GONE-
NOW IT SEEMS ALL TO CLEAR TO ME THERE
NAMES INGRAVED IN HISTORY

FOR ALL THE NAMES UPON THE WALL
MY TEARS TODAY FOR YOU THEY FALL
TOMORROW YET ANOTHER DAY
GOD LOVE YOU ALL IS WHAT I PRAY

YOU SACRIFICED YOUR LIVES FOR US
ONE LAST THING AND IT'S A MUST
GOD IN HEAVEN UPON YOUR THRONE
GIVE THESE MEN THEIR "WELCOME HOME"

Remembering Dennis

The following three entries have a common theme. . . **Dennis Zollo**. The first is one of his last e-mails to **Clark Lohmann**, the second the article he referenced by **Bob Price**, and the final a thank you note Clark and **Skip Fahel** received from Dennis' son.

Clark:

I love reading that as many times it is told, American's can hold these great job's, only be cause of men like you and me, John G and it should never be forgot.

DENNIS (BROOKLYN)

To All

Don't know how many of you remember the events of 3/13/68; I'm sure that **Clark Lohmann** & **John Eberwine** do. Hard to believe 37 years have past, many of the details still appear vividly in my memory. The day started out uneventful but certainly didn't end that way for Charlie &

Bravo companies. I was with Bravo Co. so the following is my account of the day's events only from Bravo Companies perspective. We were informed that Charlie Co had hit a bad ambush somewhere in the jungle not too far from our base camp in Dau Tieng. They had suffered 3 KIA'S and a number of wounded and were forced to extract themselves without recovering their dead to avoid even further casualties. .The KIA'S were, **Dave Ditch**, **Todd Swanson** & **Lytell Christian** three of the many members of the Triple Deuce who died heroically in Vietnam. Bravo Co. was called upon to go back into the jungle to try and recover our dead brothers. We went into the jungle in our normal three column alignment; I was walking point on the right flank when all hell broke loose. We had ran into the same ambush setup and I saw a number of our guys in the center column get shot up. We all hit the ground immediately; the NVA had set up perfect fields of fire and were raking us with machinegun fire and appeared to also be setup in the trees in front of us. We couldn't see them but they sure as h--- knew where we were. I was trapped out front and was screaming at **Clark Lohmann** to cover me with his M60 machine gun to cover my withdrawal to the rear (otherwise known as a retreat). I couldn't understand why Clark wasn't firing until I turned around and saw that his face was bleeding; his machine gun tray had been hit by the first incoming rounds rendering it inoperable. Movement was almost impossible; there was withering machinegun fire coming inches over our bodies covering us with leaves and tree parts. Clark raised his head slightly only to have his helmet shot off. I tried to inch back toward Clark and took a piece of splintered bullet in my left arm. We had no idea what was going on with the rest of the platoon, we were trapped out on the right flank. It seemed like an eternity then all of a sudden our crazy platoon sgt., a Sgt Chaney came up behind us snatched us up and told us to pull back behind our APC'S which had pulled up in the jungle a short distance behind us. Sgt Chaney patched us up and told us we were going back in to extract our wounded brothers. At that time the firing became intense once again and we were forced to stay undercover behind the APC'S. It was getting near dusk at this time and the NVA decided

to disappear into the jungle. I heard later on that Alpha CO. came in from another direction forcing the NVA'S decision to fade away. Don't know if this is a fact, maybe someone can verify it. Unbelievably Bravo Co didn't suffer any KIAs and I'm not sure exactly how many of us were wounded. Unfortunately we didn't recover Charlie Co's KIAs that day but all three were brought back the next day without further incident. This was just one of the "fun" days of the 365 days that most of us spent in Vietnam. It's been a long time but the memories are still fresh. The three heroes mentioned above are only three of the 312 members of the Triple Deuce who died in Vietnam. Let's hope that none of them are ever forgotten.

I'd love to hear from anyone else who was there that fateful day and hear their personnel recollections. Pass your replies onto all of my friends and relatives above as I'm sure they would like to hear your accounts.

Bob Price

2nd battalion, 22nd infantry 9/67 to 9/68

Mr. **Clark Lohmann** and Mr. **Fahel** (Pres 22nd Inf Reg)

First off I want to thank you for your letters. I like to know there were people that cared for my father Dennis. As sick as he was, and as confused as he may have been emotionally, he always loved being around you guys. That kept him going as long as it did. I appreciate you SOLDIERS looking out for him and each other. You men fought for the right to love and appreciate each other. Never let that go. It is what makes the American Soldier and this entire country unique.

As a Captain, I get saluted each day due to rank purposes. But in honor I salute you and all your brothers.

On behalf of my entire family, thank you...ALL!!!

Captain Louis Zollo (Dennis' Son)

The History of: The Order of the Red Ant

Sometime around 1990 I had one of those flash thoughts that thrilled me enough to make some notes and do a drawing of the idea. The idea being the creation of a humorous award that I could award to my long lost Combat Brothers of the 2nd Bn. (Mech.) 22nd Infantry Regiment—The Triple Deuce. At the time, I had no idea that an organization of veterans of the Triple Deuce, or the 22nd Infantry Regiment even existed, or that I would one day actually see my Combat Brothers again.

Looking back on creative endeavors and trying to remember the exact thought that started the process is futile, but I believe that I saw a movie or read a book that had some kind of award presentation in it. Then I probably dreamed of how exciting it would be if I could do something like that myself. I had participated in The Order of the Arrow in Boy Scouts, and do remember thinking about that when it hit me. The Order of the Red Ant would be a perfect name for the award because none of my Combat Brothers would ever forget those nasty, stinging, aggressive red ants of Vietnam.

I saw the beginnings of the medal in my head, where all artistic endeavors begin. At the time, it was the Queen of all Red Ants, her highness, Big Red, who would be pictured on the medal. It was a pinned medal with a blood red ribbon that I envisioned. The award would be from Big Red, to all the Triple Deucers that she and her minions had bitten over the years and found to be the tastiest of all the soldiers in Vietnam. Pure silliness. I was probably on my 5th or 6th beer at the time. Big Red would have her representative, me, handle the award presentations in her stead. The award was simply for "Bites received from the Vietnamese Red Ants." I still have the original artwork of the idea and marvel at how it all evolved with the help of a number of Triple Deucers at a later date. Later, probably the next morning, I looked at what I had done and thought again of just how silly this would be for grown men, combat veterans, to receive such an award. So, I filed it away in my source file (Read: Tossed it in a drawer.). Besides,

how would we all get together anyway—assuming anyone else but me would be interested? It was just another dream of mine that would come to nothing at all.

Years went by with The Order of the Red Ant (O.R.A.) still tucked away in that drawer and pretty much gone from my mind until the day I decided to take a leap of faith and join The Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc. and the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society. I immediately thought about the O.R.A. and wondered if I should mention it to my Combat Brothers and all the new friends and Brothers I was meeting on-line. I thought about it for a few months and then decided to take another leap of faith and let them know what was on my mind about the award. This was around the beginning of 2003 when I sent the e-mail about the O.R.A.

The response was overwhelmingly in favor of creating the O.R.A. for real. The e-mails flew at me from all across the USA from guys I had yet to meet face to face. I was stunned.

One man came forward immediately with money in hand to get the ball rolling on creating O.R.A. His name is **Bill Matz**, a Triple Deuce Combat Medic who quickly came up with the nickname **Mad Doc Matz**—making light of his P.T.S.D. problems that I was still in complete denial about having myself. Bill and I had not met face to face, yet we knew each other because of our background, both being Walker Boat Originals—going to Vietnam on the USNS Walker after training for nine plus months in Fort Lewis Washington in 1966. So, we did know each other, but did not realize that we did. A third man came forward to help us do that. His name is **Jim May**, the Treasurer of The Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc. Jim's nickname was forced on him by Mad Doc and myself. It's his old call sign in Vietnam, **Peaches**, perfect for a former 2nd Lieutenant in Mad Doc's and my mind. I use the nickname **The Kool-Aid Kid**, which comes from a story about receiving a master case of Kool-Aid from my grocer father, and the Kool-Aid people who gave the case to him to send to us.

Bill and I started talking about art and design on-line. We discussed some of the masters in the

art world, paintings that we liked, etc., when Jim came up with the idea that Bill and I were the Vietnam Triple Deuce Cultural Committee (Our motto: "Hey! We got's culture, damnit!) Bill and I made Jim our advisor, and then the three of us went on-line with what we had so far, including a picture of the O.R.A., and asked for the input from those that were currently on-line with us. Again, we got an overwhelming response, all of which was positive. Bill and I need to thank Jim big time because neither of us knew very many members at this time, or what it is like to attend a reunion, or how to fit in the society, and all those other negative thoughts that goes through ones mind when joining the societies for the first time. Jim kept us from getting cold feet on this still undeveloped award idea. I mean, look at us at that time. A retired railroad worker and a small company manager are going to present awards to the members of The Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc. What? We do that!? Well, Jim gave us the confidence that we needed to pull this thing off, announce it to the members on-line with us, and cause the creative damn to burst in all of our minds.

Others who contributed ideas, words of encouragement, and the polish needed to complete the task followed. **David Milewski** and **Norm "Magnet" Nishibuku** validated the importance of the award, but also cautioned not to let the award get too serious, as did **Gary Hartt**, who also saw the recruiting power of the ORA, as any good locator should. All agreed with **Mad Doc Matz** that the medal itself should be as gaudy as possible. That got me thinking of a neck hung award with a much larger medallion than the pinned medals have. Dave felt that the queen ant's mouth should be larger, "with big fangs and a menacing look on its face." I adjusted the drawing some, to take Dave's and my own new thoughts into account—tweaked it, if you will. Magnet felt that we needed to get moving on this project so we could have it done well before the 22nd I.R.S. reunion in San Antonio that upcoming fall. Actually, he ordered us to get moving. Hahahaha! **Skip Fabel**, future President of The Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc. at that time, blessed the project and felt strongly that this was just the ticket we needed to get the word out about The Triple Deuce organization

and our desire to honor each other. **Jerry Rudisill, Mario Salazar**, and others, along with my Squad Brothers **Joe Deitz, Ed Fagan**, and **Jim Frosty Frost** all supported the idea, and encouraged me. My wife **Linda Dalpez** loved the idea and my son **Justin Dalpez** helped me big time with the computer stuff.

Finally it was time to actually produce the ORA and the certificate. Both Mad Doc and Jim helped me with the overall wording of the certificate, and my good friend **Harold Metcalf** of Portland Oregon, helped me with the proper grammar and design of the certificate. Harold came up with the fonts that we used, and developed a close representation of the medal, with the stars, on his computer. This allowed me to paste in the original drawing of the queen ant making the graphic a very close representation to the actual medal. Harold loved doing this for us as he has backed up Vietnam Veterans since day one—when it was not popular to do so. All involved, including Harold, felt that the ORA should be for all the unrewarded “Deeds, not Words” that the recipient performed for The Vietnam Triple Deuce. Later, we added “service to The Triple Deuce” which allows us to award the ORA to non-Triple Deucers.

Now was the time for compromise. As I have stated before, solid gold was out for the medallion. Mad Doc and I love you guys a lot, but not that much! So, I had to fit our idea into Crown Trophy’s (Beaverton Oregon branch) idea and hope for the best. They came up with the perfect, affordable plan. They used my actual artwork—printed in up on a brushed gold disk with sticky-back on it, and inserted that onto a ready made medallion with the stars already in place. It worked! I was very pleased and immediately order the first 100 O.R.A’s.

The next step was to claim the copyrights to the design, the name, and the concept of the O.R.A. As the artist, I have the right to make the claim on behalf of myself, and The Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc. Thanks to congress passing a bill protecting the intellectual properties of artists, I have made that claim, and do so again here. The claim is under the names Lynn William Dalpez and The Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc. The

copyright date is July 4th, 2003, which I thought appropriate. As soon as the legalities are worked out, I plan to sign off my rights to The Order of the Red Ant to The Vietnam Triple Deuce.

Concept:

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

The **gold medallion** signifies the value of the experience we Triple Deucers shared together, as well as our love for each other.

The **stars** signify the celestial qualities of giving to each other and the extra punch to the importance of the award that only stars can represent. (Generals love that part.)

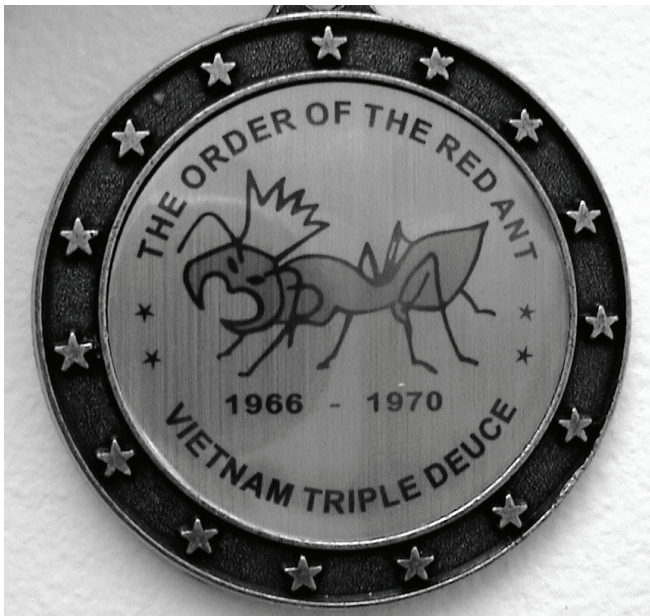
The **Queen Red Ant** represents all the bites that Triple Deucers received from the red ants, which signify all the unrewarded “Deeds, not Words” that the recipient performed while in service with the Vietnam Triple Deuce.

I think you can see by now why I was reluctant to take full credit for the creation of The Order of the Red Ant. The idea is really rather simple when you think about it. I sure as heck didn’t know that it was going to be such a big deal or I wouldn’t have abandoned it in the past as I did. It works because the members of The Vietnam Triple Deuce have made it work. Their love and respect for each other is the true guiding force behind The Order of the Red Ant. God willing, we will have some fun with it for years to come.

Deeds, not Words

Lynn William Dalpez
VP, The Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc.
Charlie Co.
Charlie Boat Original

Deeds Not Words



ORA and Copyright Considerations

Elsewhere in the Newsletter you will read how Lynn Dalpez has transferred all ownership rights and interest in the Order of the Red Ant Medal, ORA, and the Award Parchment that is presented with the ORA Medal to The Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc.

Effective from the point of transfer the Order of the Red Ant Medal, ORA, and the Award Parchment have become the Copyright Property of The Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc.

Any use or reproduction of the Order of the Red Ant Medal, ORA, the Award Parchment, its wording or any likeness of either the Order of the Red Ant Medal, ORA, or the Award Parchment without the express written consent of The Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc. will be considered a Copyright violation.

Jim May, Treasurer

MARKSMANSHIP

1st. Platoon was on a recon patrol. Our route took us first to the northeast, then due west. On our final leg, which was southeast back to the company lagger, the patrol's lead element spotted a mature King Cobra. That snake was huge!! The RTO called C-6 and asked for permission to kill it. Bill said OK. About 7 or 8 men lined up approximately 15 feet from the Cobra, aimed their 16s at it and fired in the full automatic mode. Bill, not expecting the use of so much firepower, called on the radio and asked, in a moderately irritated tone, what was going on ; how many rounds are needed to kill a snake? Our reply was we don't know since no one hit it. There was a pause then Bill said, this time with laughter in his voice, I guess the next time we stand down you people better put in some range time. Just about then Thompson, the Texan, walked up to the snake, extended his 16 one handed, which put the muzzle about 18 inches from its head, and fired 1 round. The shot blew the back of the serpent's head off. Thompson turned to the rest of us and said, that's how we do it back home. I looked at him and said, try that with a Diamondback when you get back home and see what happens. He replied, no way, as we were smiling at each other. The patrol continued on the last leg and returned to the company. When we got there you can imagine how much entertainment was had by all at our expense.

Norman T. Nishikubo Charlie Co. 67-68

Editor's Note: Although black and white does not do it justice, this is a photo of the Order of the Red Ant medallion I proudly wear. Mine was awarded at the reunion in Kansas City.

Reproduced with permission of VN 2/22

To the Order of the "Red Ant" Members

I would like to take this time to thank "Mad Doc" Matz for the hand shake, the welcome home hug, and this honor bestowed upon me "The Order of the Red Ant" Of all the medals I've been awarded, not one compares to the one I received on August 1, 2005.

To the rest of the Triple Deuce family:

As I wear this medal of honor with great pride, I would also like to thank those of you that have made me feel, for the first time in 30+ years, I truly have a place to call home.

Mike Pounds
Bravo Co. 70
Triple Deuce

1968-9 Thievery in the Ranks

One of the more interesting aspects of going to war with the 2-22d was seeing and participating in the unofficial business of "logistics". This seems to have begun early and functioned effectively throughout the war. Compared to the official and systematic, S4(?), accomplishments during the war, as evidenced by the detailed paper trail of records and reports, the story of how the infantry got the goods it needed "unofficially" seems quaint and far less significant. The gravity and the depth of this alternative method of supply is only felt when the casual assumption is dispelled that both methods worked in synchronicity toward one goal. Often, they were working in opposite directions toward that elusive goal of victory, and it was the infantryman who was forced by his vulnerable position to "connect the dots" so that the shortest distance to the goal would be a straight line!

Stealing is not something that came naturally to most of us in the ranks but when it's your butt about to get fried, you learn to grab what you need to ease the heat! So, going outside channels, disregarding procedures and outright pilaging became a necessity at times. When that goal of victory sometimes became muddled by a practical lack of tools to achieve it, it became the infantryman's duty to steal! "Deeds, Not Words" could become translated into "possession, not paperwork!"

By the time I arrived at Cu Chi in 10-'68 and was assigned to the Triple Deuce, the base camp was not the chaotic place it might initially have been. There were white-painted rocks outlining the general's walkways and helo-pad. They were beginning to install wooden sidewalks along some of the more traveled streets and to this novice in the ways of war, all seemed going according to some well instituted plan. The orientation classes and lectures seemed almost as boring as the training stateside, even with the real war happening so close by.

I returned from my second day of "re-training" to find that my entire duffle bag had been stolen from the supposedly secure and well guarded hootch. Oh, I was informed, they didn't guard

each hootch but maybe they would consider such a plan in the future. Upon arrival at 2-22 HQ I was told to be ready to join the company in the field early the next morning.

What, no rifle, well so and so was - - -. Quickly enough, someone grabbed a relic that a supposedly DEROSing trooper had just turned in and I was in possession of an old, three-pronged 16, but there was no chance to test fire it. I didn't have enough sense to be worried until I asked for some magazines. "Well, here's one for the rifle, and an extra." The ARVN were all getting the M-16 now and we were having a hard time getting stuff. No bayonet for the same reason. I acquired an extra magazine or two that night and went to the field with only a half filled bandoleer of ammunition. At the firebase there was no great surplus of equipment, only mud. "Fire a weapon, not without permission and there are villages close by, so wait!"

I was beginning to worry that this was not going to be a good war. I went on operations, day and night, for several days when finally our squad set up an outpost close to a little bridge guarded by a couple of little ARVN. They carried, had leaning against sandbags, the M-1 carbine and one was very curious and thrilled that I would let him fire my M-16. I set it for automatic and showed him how as he put it to his shoulder. I still hadn't tried it yet, myself.

He aimed across the distant paddy and braced himself, not knowing what to expect from the black "devil gun." Bang, one shot and it jammed! I cleared it and waited tensely for him to try it again. Same, same GI. I was more crest-fallen than he could know and reported the malfunctioning weapon when back at the firebase.

"No, I won't carry it. Just give me a new one when you get it." For the time being I carried a spare machine-gun. Didn't know if it worked either but I fired it as soon as I could get away with it. About a week later I was assigned a new variety M-16.

Our platoon went from having a general scarcity of magazines to a state of sufficiency in the next month, through hoarding and swiping when we could. There was no great resupply effort, just persistent acquisition. We new men especially had learned the lesson of timely action to build up an inventory of personal weapons. We acquired machine-guns, too, from base camp warriors or inattentive transient troopers. If they were not alert as to their weapons placement, they were liable to lose it to our covetous platoon. I believe the rest of the company was the same way.

I had at one time three rifles that I was, more or less, responsible for. While our squads were always under-strengthened, we often had enough M-60 machine-guns that fully half the platoon could carry one if they'd wanted. Ammunition was never a desperate problem, except the M-79 round, which everyone wanted, especially the ARVN. At times we had plenty, at other times, often due to thefts, few canister or HE. Our tracks carried an abundance of ammunition (and spare, if unauthorized weapons) and with ready resupply during fights, we could shoot and shoot!

In mid '69 our company had been doing routine out-posting and patrolling when we received short notice that the battalion would begin extended operations in the Michelin plantation the next day. We'd left or lost much of the necessary tools and supplies for fortifying each night, so we knew we must act fast or risk doing without. Shovels and picks were not normally high priority items in the mech. As we clattered into Dau Tieng base camp, we knew we would have only our refueling stop-over for canvassing the neighborhood to get the stuff we'd need in the coming weeks. It seemed an unusually organized conspiracy in that specific storerooms and connex containers where known supplies of tools were held were targeted. These were quickly broken into and raided. It wasn't that we looked forward to the hard work of digging positions, or relished the taste of c-rats, that led to our desperate actions. Maybe our CO knew that to go through channels would have only alerted supply sergeants without immediate results. Thus, relying on our native abilities and a

more direct approach was the quickest way to get his company through DT and into the Michelin in the fittest condition. The official howls in basecamp fell on deaf ears in our company. I seem to recall that it was so with the other companies, too.

Bill Noyes

Bravo Co. 68-69

Dau Tieng XT493472 (Part 2)

Note: I received my orders for Vietnam in January 1968, not 1967 as is written in Part 1 of this story. I arrived in Cu Chi on February 29, 1968.

In the first part of this story I left off where I had just met **Erik Opshal** and **Don Skrove** and how I became involved with the Recon Platoon of The Triple Deuce. I was at the convoy formation point early on the morning of March 20th. The convoy formed up on the road between The Triple Deuce Battalion area and the large helicopter fuel tanks. Don Skrove stopped by to be certain I was there and doing what I had been told to do. I took no offense at his actions. He was very serious and wanted to know that I understood just how dangerous it was outside the wire.

Both Erik and Don had told me that if a vehicle broke down on the road one of the tracks would have to be left with it for security. This meant that about 20% of the available security would be with one vehicle while the convoy moved on. And, I was told that some of the breakdowns were caused by trucks running out of fuel and flat tires. You might think that someone who was about to leave Dau Tieng and drive through the Ben Cui Rubber would be very careful in preparing his vehicle. Well, for the most part you would be correct, however, as in all matters, there are those who pay little attention to what they are doing, even when their lives are on the line. It was my responsibility to be certain that no vehicle left with a flat and that no vehicle left with less than full fuel tanks. When a vehicle got to the line I would open every gas cap and kick every tire. If the tanks weren't full of fuel or

if I found a flat on one of the duals I'd tell the driver he wasn't going anywhere until things got corrected. It didn't take too many days for the word to get around Dau Tieng that the new Lieutenant kicked tires and opened fuel tanks. No one wanted to have to go back to their unit area and explain to their First Sergeant why they had been sent away.

So, this is what I did every morning until September 1st when I was moved back to Cu Chi. It might sound boring and it would have been but every so often someone would show up with a flat or low on fuel and I'd know why I was doing what I was doing.

While I was getting familiar with my duties and the routine, Dau Tieng was getting blasted by mortars and rockets both day and night. I couldn't sleep because I was afraid that a mortar or rocket would come through the roof of my tent and turn Rita and Larry's boy into mush. Dying in combat wasn't something I looked forward to, and dying because I was sleeping held less of an attraction. I had to do something so I decided to dig, and dig I did.

While my tent was being converted to a hooch I was digging next to it with a pick ax and shovel. I dug a hole big enough for a conex container to fit into. Then, after putting in a ventilation pipe I covered the conex container with what I had dug up and a layer of PSP. I slept in my new bedroom for the first time on April 9.

The convoy duties had changed since I started. It became apparent that bringing a track all the way back into Dau Tieng from the Ben Cui Road was a waste of time. Getting the convoy to Tay Ninh as early as possible was important because vehicles that were continuing south to Cu Chi or the Saigon area had to get into another convoy that left from Tay Ninh. Also, if the convoy got into Tay Ninh too late it wouldn't be possible to bring it back safely in the evening.

I don't know the exact date that I brought the convoy to the Bridge for the first time, but it sure made sense to do things that way. Don would keep me posted as to progress of the road sweep and once the Recon Platoon elements were in sight of the elements sweeping down from Tay Ninh I'd start the convoy on its way.

Most days I'd stop at the Bridge where one of the tracks would be waiting. When there were delays due to clearing of mines or booby trapped brush piles that the VC had and put onto the road or there was a lack of tracks available for convoy security I'd bring the convoy to the first turn in the Rubber and wait for a track. On other occasions I'd bring the convoy all the way through the rubber and hook up with the tracks on the straight section of road that "T'd" into the Tay Ninh – Trang Bang Road. Whenever I met up with the tracks the convoy would keep going and I'd turn around and head back to Dau Tieng. Once the convoy was on its way I'd report to Brigade and listen to the radio as the checkpoints were called off. If anything bad happened I was ready to inform Brigade. Once the last track cleared CP 36, the T intersection on the Tay Ninh – Trang Bang Road, I'd be done with the convoy until its return in the afternoon. Then I'd monitor the radio and mentally record the CP's. I'd also note the number of "road blocks" and "track wheels" that were needed, but more on this later. The system was working.

The convoys were getting into Tay Ninh in a safe and timely manner and returning the same way.

Once back in Dau Tieng I'd head for the helicopter Re-Arm point. The Re-Arm point was located near the bend in the road across from The Triple Deuce Battalion area. I believe the Charlie Company bunkers began near this point. One of my responsibilities was this Re-Arm point. I have no idea why I was assigned this duty because I knew nothing about re-arming helicopters. Fortunately, the Sergeant who was the NCOIC did. He and the two Spec 4's who worked out there gave me a quick lesson in the what's, why's and how's and I knew enough to stay out of their way. All I would do was check with them to see if they needed anything. When a big operation was about to start I'd round up some extra help and bring them out to assist the Re-Arm guys. After visiting the Re-Arm point I'd head for the Provisional Company Motor Pool and my other area of responsibility, I was the Platoon Leader. In Part 1 of this story I mentioned meeting the NCO's in the Motor Platoon. I was again fortunate because the two squad

leaders needed no baby-sitting. They knew what had to be done and didn't need me looking over their shoulders. Yes, there were only two because there are a lot more men in a squad of truck drivers than in a squad of Infantry. I wasn't sure that I could depend on the Platoon Sergeant because he had told me that he wasn't going to do anything that might get him killed. However, the first time a truck hit a mine on the Ben Cui Road he was right there wearing his steel pot and flack jacket heading up the retrieval operation. I was also the self-appointed Provisional Company Intelligence/Operations Officer. The CO, Lt C that I mentioned in Part I, was too busy with his lasso to care about what was going on in the 3rd Brigade AO. It was at one of these early morning meetings later in the year that I remember seeing **Ed Schultz**.

While explaining what I was doing in Dau Tieng it would be a good time to explain the Provisional Company. This unit was made up not only the elements I was involved with and have mentioned, but of all the Troops who took care of all of the supply functions. There were men who took care of fuel for wheeled and track vehicles, helicopters as well as fixed winged aircraft. There were other men who took care of the food supplies that went out to the battalions. Others took care of clothing, boots and other hard supplies. There were others at Graves Registration and the washing machines were also manned by those assigned to the Provisional Company. There was a Corporal who ran a portable shower unit complete with hot water heaters that would be "hooked" out to the field. Anyone who came to Dau Tieng in any type of Brigade wide support function was in the Provisional Company. In May even the Special Forces elements working in the 3rd Brigade AO came to stay with Provisional Company when they were in Dau Tieng.

I've tried to paint a mental picture of what I was doing and with whom I was doing it. In the next installment I will begin to provide some stories of what happened. Some of these stories will be funny, others frustrating and others sad.

Jim May

The Inside Track

Whew boy! That was some reunion that **Ival and Renee Lawhon** threw in Kansas City, MO. The 22nd Infantry Regiment Society's big event. Ole K.A.K.'s feet never touched the ground the whole time—go, go, go from one mind blowing event to the next. The "Blue Shirts" did an exceptional job helping us all have the time of our lives. One of them was our Medic in the 3rd Heard of Charlie Co. **Charlie Boat Original, Dave Ferguson**. Heck! Dave never even asked to see my shot record! Hahahaha! Some of my highlights follow...

Tops has to be meeting, laughing, and crying with **Fran Greenwood** and **Kay Ingram**, two of the seven sisters, and two brothers, of **Charles Paul Pohlman**, K.I.A. Feb. 10, 1967--facing the enemy and holding his ground as heros do, while serving his country with the 3rd Herd of Charlie Company. This story will be told in a separate article soon. Charles was "Plowhorse" to us, and "Chub" to his family. I saw his baby pictures at the reunion. "Chub" was a perfect nickname. When I die—I'm gonna find Ole Plowhorse and lay it on thick...and he knows it! Chub! Boy! If we would have found that out while he was with us he probably would never have gotten the "Plowhorse" nickname. Hahahaha! Thanks for coming Fran and Kay. Please come again and bring more sisters, and your brothers too. You are a huge part of our family. That's an order Miss Troopers!

Bob Babcock was the MC and outgoing President of the 22nd I.R.S. I sure hope we can talk him into being the MC at the banquet at the next reunion. Heck, we already talked him into other jobs to do for us, already...and report to us. Bob retire? Ha! He is going to have to go back to work at IBM to get some rest! Hahahahaha! Bob kept things lively and entertaining well into the next morning, as he always does for us.

Reunited with my old platoon Brothers again. Wow! **Roy Harbour, Dan Morris, and Larry Carlton**. Is there anything better than to not only find your long lost Brothers, but to party for days with them? We were 19-20 again. The wrinkles and pot bellies disappeared (Of course,

ole K.A.K. is still the exact same size as he was in those days. A point that I do enjoy pointing out from time to time.) (Oh yes, I will pay for this.)

Steve Cowlthorp and **Rich Miller**, my roommates, traveling companions, and fellow Charlie Boat Originals attending their first reunion. The three of us had no problem with Security at the airports. We went in full Triple Deuce colors. We shared a large room together. We bolted upright at 3AM one morning in unison. The water fountain used a water cannon to shoot water into the air—it sounded exactly like an AK47 at about 50-60 yards. Full auto. I darn near low crawled off the 8th floor balcony! Hahahahaha! Bother Steve and Rich are well decorated including the Purple Heart. Rich could be, the first Triple Deuce Silver Star winner. Steve and I have another tale to tell.

The last time I slept with **Steve Cowlthorp** (Keep those minds clean now! Hear me soldiers?) we were blown up together in an APC M113...along with Joe Deitz and Ed Fagan (all present at the reunion too.) Steve's back was broke, making him the first Squad Brother to get knocked out of action. So, we broke the mold with **Rich Miller**, by not getting blown up, and the three of us snored our way into the nickname, The Three Stooges. I guess it sounded like, "Caw-caw-caw, honk-honk-honk, wip-wip-wip" in our room. Yep, we felt very young again. No "Good nights." It was "Up yours Cowhump", "F you Warhoop", "Bite me Butch.". (K.A.K. didn't have a very creative nickname in those days.) Thanks guys! Time of my life! Now let's go get those other NW USA Triple Deuce bums to come to the next reunion.

The World War II Veterans. They were our surrogate Fathers those days. They had no say in that matter, but said that they too, had the time of their lives. Thanks guys!

My Squad Brothers **Joe Deitz**, and **Ed Fagan**. I'm home, when with you guys.

I met our Honorary Colonel **Awb Norris**. Big deal.

I met Lt. Colonels **Mark Woempner** and **Steve Russell**. Ditto above.

Okay, okay. I love my new Colonel Brothers **Awb Norris**, **Mike Woempner**, and **Steve Russell** very much and am very proud to be included in such a brotherhood with leaders such as these men are. There. I said it. My name is The Kool-Aid Kid, and I have Colonels for friends. (I am going to pay for this too! Colonels for friend?!?!?!)

Bill Allison speaking at the memorial service. That too, belongs in another article. That was the climax to the entire event for me. 'The frosting on the cake' saying does not work here. Bill helped to show me the whole cake, and the foundation it sat upon. I am much stronger today for it. Thank you Bill, with all my heart. God bless you.

Jack Stack's pork ribs. Ole K.A.K. ate as much as the big boys. Ask **Rich Miller**, **Steve Cowlthorp**, **Joe Deitz**, and **Ed Fagan**. We ate there twice. It is world class.

The Herford House. Kansas City's top spot. KC strip steaks with a ½ price Veteran deal. Tops for sure. Even K.A.K. would gain weight there.

My platoon sergeant's prediction came true. **SSG Padilla** said, "Daul-puss. Some a-day you gonna to Fort Leavenworth." He was right. We saw the fanciest Army fort I ever saw in my life. Except for the military prison, and the federal prison in the background, the rest of the fort was like a museum, except a working museum. The prisons even looked quaint-like...kind off.

Being reunited with the VN222 Cultural Committee again was feeling like old, good times. **Jim "Peaches" May**, **Bill "Mad Doc Matz"** and I, once again took humanity itself to a new high in culture. We awarded many ORA's (The Order of The Red Ant) including the honor of decorating the WWII Veterans at the reunion banquet. Wow! Little old me? I couldn't believe it. Those guys are our heroes, and we got to decorate them right in front of everybody! Wow!

The many chance meetings in hallways. One for me was **Mike Wagner**, C/2/22, 67-68. Now normally I don't really have much to do with re-

placements, but Mike grew on me quickly. I learned that Mike was a Charlie guy and a veteran of Burt. Magnet?! You hear me? "I, The Kool-Aid Kid, have replacements for friends." There, I said it. Mike is definitely one close Brother to me now. I want to see you again Mike...hear me soldier?

Kansas City itself. A beautiful city that has so many cool places to explore that we barely had a chance to scratch the surface of things to do. Seemed a great vacation town to me. They love their Veterans in KC. We were treated like kings everywhere we went.

Alpha Company 222'ers were well represented as usual. They are the reunion attendee champs of any of the 22nd IRS Companies of any time period. We need to learn how they find so many guys. **Gary Hartt**, an Alpha Boat Original is an expert in that area. Gary lives near me in Mulino Oregon, along with another expert in finding guys, **Bill Schwindt**, C/3/22, a Walker Boat guy too. Gary and Bill can teach you the tricks in narrowing your search. The key is old orders with our names and service numbers on them. Contact **Gary Hartt**, **Bill Schwindt**, or myself...heck! Anybody in the organization can steer you in the right direction. Just trying, works miracles.

Bravo Company is now represented by the new President of The Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc., **Dick Nask**. Dick has served as a Director for the VN222 and was unanimously voted into the Presidential position. He had no choice. Dick served as a Combat Infantry Lieutenant in Vietnam, and we appreciate having his leadership ability leading our association. I will learn all I can from Dick as his V.P., a great honor bestowed on me.

A big THANKS FOR YOUR SERVICE! Goes out to our departing Triple Deuce President, **Skip Fahel**, who will now replace the outgoing 22nd IRS President, **Bob Babcock**. We will continue to have the benefit of Skip's leadership and the satisfaction of knowing that we will be represented by one of the finest human beings this man has ever met. Congratulations Skip. We are proud to have a Triple Deucer at the helm.

Holy Cow! I'm running out of room and time on this article. I haven't even dished on **Chuck Bolye, Brad Hull, Dave and Judy Milewski, Jim and Sharon Nelson, Dwight and Betty Brenneman (?), Bill Blakeslee, Mario Salazar, The active duty Triple Deucers, all the ABO's, BBO's, and CBO's** that crossed the pond on the Walker. Dang, the list is long—not to mention those pesky kids from WWII. When are those guys going to grow up anyway?

Charlie Co. Mini Reunion

A lucky 13 members of the original Charlie Company 2/22, descending on the 14th member's home near Seabeck Washington, in the beautiful Puget Sound area of Washington state. **Dan and Mary Morris** graciously opened their home to us for a mini-reunion, and what a beautiful home it is. The Morris's home sits on 40 acres of land bordering part of Washington State's forestry land. Yep, we are talking seriously out in the sticks here. Dan and Mary built their dream home together after raising their three beautiful daughters, who thankfully, take after their mother. Hahahahaha!

Upon arriving I noticed the great field of fire Dan and Mary have from their home. However, their bunker and foxhole emplacements sucked. I wrote him up for that, but quickly tore up the citation when I found that the place was loaded with beer. Dan and Mary did not feed us C-Rations either. They charcoal broiled steaks, and burgers, with all the trimmings made by many of the wives that attended the event. If we had chow like this in the Army we would have all re-up'd on the spot. Well...maybe not... The Kool-Aid Kid ate so much that he may never have to eat again.

The attendees were all Charlie Boat Originals who started out together in December of 1965 in Fort Lewis WA, and then crossed the pond together on the USNS Nelson M. Walker troop ship. They are:

Jerry Berge, Kittitas WA; **Steve Cowlthorp**, Portland OR; **Don Crawford**, Mossyrock WA; **Wil Dahlke**, Bremerton WA; **Lynn Dalpez**, Beaverton OR; **Nick Docsanes**, Centralia WA;

Jerry Dwinell, Redding CA; **Arnie Freeman**, Othello WA; **Leroy Henning**, Yakima WA; **Moe Johanson**, Sumas WA; **Jim King**, Fern-
dale WA; **Harry Lawrence**, Inchielium WA; **Rich Miller**, Portland OR; and our host **Dan Morris**, Seabeck WA. All are C.I.B. holders with many of our nation's highest awards on their chests.

The day started out like many first time reunions... "Dang if you don't look familiar to me. What's your name?" "Weren't you the one that..." "I remember you; you short sheeted me in basic." Some are recognized immediately, and some took some time, but before the day was out we all remembered each other even though our memories had suffered some losses. We spent the day helping each other regain those memories, and honoring those fallen Brothers that none of us has ever forgotten for one moment of our lives. But we didn't dwell on the bad parts of our experience across the pond. We seemed to have gravitated towards the funny, or at least the interesting parts of our experience, and spent most of the time laughing our behinds off together. The weather was perfect for outside entertainment--something that we Northwesterner's never take for granted. The sun was out, showing off Dan and Mary's place and the beauty of the surrounding Pacific Northwest.

Thank you so much Dan and Mary, and a huge thank you to all my Brothers who attended. Let's do it again next year guys, and let's go after the others that are still around. You are all so very special in my life. I want you to stay in it forever. I love you all.

The Kool-Aid Kid, Charlie Co. 65-67

Oh! One more thing. Get those articles into **Dan and Vera Streit**, our Newsletter Editors. We all want to read your story from your days across the pond, and your thoughts about the reunion, finding more of our Brothers—many of whom do not even know that we exist, and other topics you feel we would all enjoy, or need to read.

The hardest part about writing is starting. Need

help? Let us know, we will help.

That's it for this time. Remember, watch what you say, or it may be printed here one day. Hahahahaha!

I'm out of here. Later my Brothers.

The Kool Aid Kid

New Finds

Larry J. Gunnels

8921 47th Street West
University Place, WA 98466
Charlie Co. 4th & 25th ID Nov 66 to Nov 67
253-566-8845

l.gunnels@comcast.net

Larry writes, "I served with 1st Platoon, Charlie Co. 2/22 from Nov 66 to Nov 67. Retired with 30 years of service. My Words were Spoken for 30 years." Larry retired as a Command Sergeant Major.

Ed Davis

1011 Magill Av
W. Collingswood, NJ 08107
Alpha Co., 4th & 25th ID, Mar 67 to Mar 68
856-854-7103

edward199@aol.com

Jerry Birmingham

807 Sweetwater Ave.
Florence, AL 35630
Charlie Co., 25th ID, Apr 68 to Apr 69

Gerard Marceaux, Jr.

P.O. Box 160
Broussard, LA 70518-0518
337-201-1625

frenchie25th@yahoo.com

Delta Co. 25 ID, Jan 69 to Feb 70

Gerard writes, would like to find **Reubin Carillio**

Announcements

Joe Esser has accepted the position of secretary , VN222. Please welcome him to this important part of our Board at e-mail address jtewhite-sox@comcast.net Joe was the RTO in 3rd platoon Alpha with me and is a welcome addition..

Dick Nash

Guys, I have the pleasure of welcoming a new Triple Deuce member.

Pat Marchione

8735A SW Curry Drive
Wilsonville, OR 97070-6458
503-702-5906
e-mail: perrpatt@comcast.net

I met with him last night and surprised him at his home as he had failed to give his phone number, to a friend of mine. He was very nice and in typical Triple Deuce fashion, offered me a PBR which I of course accepted and drank. .Now about PAT which I remember when not having my "senior moments". Pat was a replacement in Delta Co. March 68. He did a year with Delta and somehow did not get wounded. But when he was of draft age, he wanted to get it over with, so he foolishly enlisted and had the extra year to do. So when his year was up he extended his Viet tour for 6 months and got to go home for 30 days leave which he extended to 45 days (Now that is my kind of guy). Anyway his extra 6 months in Vietnam was as a door gunner on a chopper and of course he went home wounded. Pat entered the service from Southern Calif. He is in contact with several of his army buddies, so maybe, we will get more members. He mentioned a buddy in Calif. and another in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Well that is about all I can remember.

So guys send Pat a Welcome home email.

GARY HARTT Alpha Co. 65-67
503-632-6955

Web Site Hits

Name: **Henry E. Vann**
e-mail: hvann@gtcom.net
Date: 07/16/2005
Phone: 850-584-3673

Comments: To my Brothers of the 4th I was there 66-67 from Fort Lewis by General Walker I was with Company B 124th signal attaché to the 2nd Bn in the Central Highland the whole time I was there.

Name: **Victor George Diver**
e-mail: vicd2@winco.net
Date: 07/25/2005

Comments: I was in Bravo Co. Triple Duce 11-69 to 11-70

Name: **Joseph Tanyer**
e-mail: tjoe51@hotmail.com
Date: 08/09/2005

Comments: Just dropped in to say Hi, like your site. I worked with parts of your units, was a scout dog handler. Just wanted to say it was an honor, welcome home.

Name: **Tom Kearney**
e-mail: turkeytk@aol.com
Date: 08/15/2005
Phone: 215-646-6247

Comments: Welcome home Brothers. Looking for anyone that may have served with **Frank Kearney** from March 68 to April 69. He was my younger brother and he passed away in January of this year from pancreatic cancer. He was 61. He was wounded in action on April 27, 1968 the same day that I was married. He rose to the rank of sergeant.

Name: **Wayne Dobson**
e-mail: fd1201@aol.com
Date: 08/26/05

Comments: Trying to locate **Donald Combs** he was in B 222 3rd platoon 1966 to 1967

Comments From Our Comrades

Michael F. Kush

michael.kush@capgemini-gs-com

Alpha Co. 25th ID, Aug 69 to May 70

Mike writes, Sorry I missed the reunion.

LTG Roger Schultz, 2-22(Alpha Co. Scout Plt, 1969-1970)

just retired as the Director, Army National Guard.

Leland Wallace Potter, Jr.,

137 Alexander Street

Seguin, TX 78155

830-303-5459

oldarmy@earthlink.net

Charlie Co., 25th ID, 1969 to 1970

Ival Lawhorn, Jr.

1306 North 13th Street

St. Joseph, MO 64501

816-279-5598

ival@stjoelive.com

Alpha Co., 4th & 25th Ids July 67 to Apr. 68

Jerry Probst

12701 West Ave. #1418

San Antonio, TX 78216

210-490-4092

jprobst@baptisthealthservices.org

HHQ Co. 25th ID, Dec 68 to Dec 69

John, "Pete" Cresong

P.O. Box 87

Glen Fork, WV 25845

Bill Tarkington

6705 West- 100 N.

Kokomo, IN 46901

765-459-4770

Alpha Co., 25th ID, Feb 68 to Feb 69

Ken Helm

71 Croatan Rd.

Newport News, VA 23606

757-599-5259

khelm@cox.net

HHC, 25th ID, Jan 69 to Jan 70

Ken writes, "I was Bn S-2, 2/22, for my whole tour. When **Dave Crocker** was killed I told the Bn CO to give me his Company and I'd kill every VC & NVA in Tay Ninh Province. I guess he was smarter than me because he wouldn't give me the Company. Probably a wise decision in that I was a Military Intelligence weenie."

To **Skip Fabel**, Ken wrote

Being an old guy, I'm just learning what's out there in cyber space. I went to google.com several weeks ago and punched in my name **Kenneth Helm**. And what to my dismay should appear on page one under the date of 18 August 1969 but a slice of the Tropic Lighting News with my picture along with **Doc Villalon**, the Bn Surgeon. I was the Bn S-2 at the time and the reporter asked what my job was. Being a good Intel weenie, I told him that I was the Bn Historian... I was, as a Cpt, and father of three children at the time convinced that there was not a bullet with my name on it. I was also the Bn Tunnel Rat. I weighed about 155 and had spelunked in college. I was also the first MI Officer in the history of the world to lead an ambush patrol with a PPS-5 radar, two radar men, four riflemen and a sniper. I came up with the bright idea to acquire targets in free fire zones during the night with the radar and let the sniper pop them. I briefed the old man (I think it was **Ralph Cline** at the time) and he told me to make it happen. Unfortunately one of the prerequisites to get into the radar section at that time was you had to have 3 purple hearts. The radar section worked for me and when I told them about my "bright idea" They told me in very impolite words directed at a CPT from enlisted guys where to go etc. So I told them I would go if they would. I think they figured that I wouldn't go. So once I went they went with me. Once established I kind of faded away. I was the S-2 from about 24 Jan 69 until 10 Jan 70. I had a great career. I made major in 7 years and kept that rank for at least 13. Couldn't keep my mouth shut. HA I left Nam and became the G3-CI officer at 7th Corps outside Stuttgart, then the G2 Ops, III Corps, the J2 CI Officer at CINCPAC from 76-79 I also worked with the ROK Special Forces on 5 occasions. I was known as the "Mad Bobber in Germany and

the name came with me to Hood and in Hawaii I was CINC Terror. I was the "expert" in Terrorism and counter-terrorism for the Pacific Command. A fantastic and exciting job. I was designated to TRADOC as the terrorist guy for Combat Developments BUT, unfortunately my reputation was known and they were just forming the DC Doctrine and they grabbed me. My first job here at Monroe was to come up with the OPFOR uniform. We were still using the old green Aggressor (Circle Traiagon Uniforms) Before you were born. I retired in 1983 and am still here in Newport News VA. I'd like to join the Triple deuce association. Thanks **Ken Helm** USA RET khelm@cox.net

Dennis Maddox
14211 Prarie Baptist Rd.
Noblesville, IN 46060
317-773-6794
madcarver@earthlink.net

Dennis writes," Help me find some of our Brothers. They wrote their names in my address book 69-70."

Michael Stephenson,(Snoopy) Route 2, Cape Colony, Edenton, NC
David Waters,(Buffalo) Route 3, PO 22905, Pawnee, OK 74058
Mike Saint (Germii,)2409 Pickle Road, Oregon, OH 43616, (???) 698-2806
Guanerge Serrano,(Lefty- Tunnel Rat) 2082 Hughes Avenue, Apt #53, Bronx, NY 10457
Tom "Doc" Allcock, 9314 Grandville, Detroit 48228, (???) 273-6416
Daniel Beltrain,(Youngblood) 805 W. Lugonia, CA (714) 793-3693
Mark Sherman, 6 Gatehouse Lane, Weston, MA 02193
Emett Stocker, 750 Ardmore, Los Angeles, CA
John Atlogic, 2426 2nd Avenue, Terre Haute, IN (???) 234-9180
Wayne McDole, 402 N. 43rd Street, Louisville, KY 40212, (???) 778-4580
Bruce Turner, 4730 Burns Avenue, Detroit, MI 48214
Gary "Wally" Schutt, Box 518, Walworth, WI 53184
James C. Fennell, III, 10333 East Side Drive, San Francisco, CA 94114

Phil Brinegar, 2300 Pacific, San Francisco, CA 94115 (1349 Masonic)
Sal Franzese, 168 Oakwood Avenue, Cliffside Park, NJ 07010
Mark Squire, 226 So. 10th Street, La Crosse, WI 54601
"Rip" Bodman, Anderson Hill Road, Benardsville, NJ 07924
Jim Horne, 305 Davidson Avenue, Rand, WV 25306 (???) 925-7336
Lynn H. Keraus(Turkey), 820 Division, Garner, IA 50438 (???) 923-2795 (3673 No. Shore Drive, Clear Lake, IA)
Dan Sarris, #1 Oaktree Lane, Belmont, CA
Steve Hoy, 117 E. Rosewood, Rialto, CA 92376
Larry Jose, 35 Exeter Street, San Francisco, CA 94124 (415) 467-4271
Tom Nolan, 6368 24 Mile Road, Utica, MI (???) 781-7058 (JoAnne Gritzinger)
William White, Route 52F, Aumsville, OR 97235
Max McKinnon, Jr., 1776 So. Main, Orem, UT 84057 (???)225-2236
Steve Larson, RR 2, Blair, NE 68008 (402) 427-7216
Riley "Doc" Nedela, 90850 6th Street, Alrton, NE
Michael Goodpasture, 1024 South Collage, Greencastle, IN 46135 (317) 653-4463
Ron O'Neal, 1363 Eddy Street, San Francisco, CA (???) 567-5056
Terry M. Runnels, 216 Wall Street, Lima, OH 45820 (???) 641-3371
Tom Monser, 915 Maple Road, Flossmore, IL 60422 (312) 779-6402
Bob Magner(Sleepie), 3638 East Glenrosa, Apt #4, Phoenix, AZ
Michael Self, 1854 Foxwood Trail, Hazelwood, MO 63043
J.B. Colespottery, Route 2, Seaglove, NC 27341
Trinidad Pina, 629 So. LaVerne Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90022 (???) 269-3235
Mike Ktytor, 18800 Lyndale, Minneapolis, MN
David L. Shelton, Route 2, Seaglove NC 27341 (919) 873-3553
Mike Cook
David White
1816 Gramercy Ave.

Torrance, CA 90501
310-328-3626
dwhite6970@aol.com

Charlie Co. 25th ID, June 69 to May 70

David writes, " Had a great time at the reunion in KC. Thanks for doing a nice job on the shirts and caps, not to mention the mug and the coaster. Happy to receive my Order of the Red ant as well."

GARY HARTT A/2/22(12/65-9/67)

Hi Guys,

I have been looking for **Harry** for the last 3+years only to find that **Bob Babcock** knew of him when he joined the 4th ID Assn. He is in the Ohio chapter of the 4th ID After many phone calls some genealogy minded relatives were kind enough to help me find him.

Of course **Harry Cracraft** was a draftee who got 2 purple hearts and is still looking for the Bronze and Silver stars he never got.

Harry got first W.I.A. on May 17,1967 in one of 4 mines that **Gary Parker** hit with his APC. Then he got sent to Japan after the July 15,1967 night road massacre of the 1st platoon.

Harry A Cracraft

517 Caroline Ave
Hubbard, Ohio 44425
330-534-4065

Email: hacjr4thid@aol.com