

# 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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There is still time to make your plans to attend the Reunion in  
Omaha and get the special rate at the Omaha Marriott.  
Contact them by Sept.14 for reduced rates at 1-800-228-9290

### Table of Contents

Topic	Page
President's Message.. . . . .	1
Board Takes Action. . . . .	2
Editor's Comments. . . . .	2
Notes of Thanks . . . . .	2
WAR. . . . .	3
Boat People Revisited. . . . .	3
Not Yet on The Wall. . . . .	4
Trapezoid Continued. . . . .	5
TAPS. . . . .	6
The Inside Track. . . . .	7
Guest Book Hits.. . . . .	10
New Finds.. . . . .	11
Big Marlin. . . . .	12
Cherryfield Reunion.. . . . .	12
Comments From Our Comrades . . . . .	16
Reunion Registration... . . . .	17
Merchandise Information.. . . . .	19

### President's Message

As I say hello to all of you we find ourselves just over a month away from the next greatest reunion yet in Omaha. Sure hope that city is ready for the landing of so many troops from so many places. If you are one of those who hasn't decided yet, I sure wish you'd call me at 309-537-3536 and get an earful of the many reasons to join your Brothers at this event. Vietnam

Triple Deuce is truly another family to a great many of us and seeing them every 18 months is always a memorable time. I hope you'll give it a try.

The extra day on the front end of the reunion should allow the officers of VN222 and 22<sup>nd</sup> IRS to get a lot more official business done this time, while still allowing them to do some heavy duty socializing also. I'm excited about the election of officers for VN222 for the next 18 months, and remind you who are interested in running for the Board to let me or another current member know so that we get you on the ballot and on the agenda for the Friday business meeting. This year we are going to take a few minutes of the business meeting and have each candidate introduce himself and tell why they are running for the office to help the membership know just who is wanting to represent the organization and it's actions. Should be interesting..

See you soon in Omaha I hope, and for those of you who won't be there, I want to thank you for the last 18 months of conversations, support, and actions that make the VN222 one of the best service organizations out there. I have truly enjoyed this time on the Board, and hope to maybe hang around for another shot of it after Omaha.

**Dick Nash** A Co. & HHC 1969  
[nash222@winco.net](mailto:nash222@winco.net)

## Board Takes Action

A motion to amend the bylaws of VN222 was passed by the Board of Directors of Vietnam Triple Deuce on September 6, 2006 that reads as follows:

Amend ARTICLE III, MEMBERSHIP by adding Section 7, Suspension and Expulsion of Members.

(a) Any member may be suspended or expelled, either with or without cause, at any time by an affirmative vote of not less than three fourths of the members entitled to vote thereon at any meeting, as described in ARTICLE IV, of the members or by an affirmative vote of not less than three fourths of the Board of Directors.

(b) It shall be the responsibility of the President to notify the member in question of the decision of the Membership or of the Board of Directors.

## Editor's Comments

A reunion is defined as the coming together of people who had been separated, but kept bonds or ties with each other — such as a family reunion, a class reunion or a veterans reunion.

It is an unselfish commitment to your Brothers to stay in touch and make an effort to be with fellow Triple Deucers. Reunions are times for hugs and handshakes, smiles and warmth, remembering and supporting.. They provide a feeling of belonging not only to the larger group of veterans but to the 2/22.

Reunions are great adventures of intricate detail and opportunities to savor history and legend. They are also ideal occasions to mend fences and build bridges. Until you experience one you can not know how the bonds of Brotherhood are strengthened. Once you have experienced one, you will never miss another.

With great anticipation, I encourage you to come to Omaha and experience the re-uniting for yourself. By the way, I will be running for re election to the Board and would appreciate your support.

**Dan Streit**  
D Co. 1969

## Notes of Thanks

Our gratitude cannot be adequately expressed with mere words, but they are the best that we have to offer in saying "Thank You" for lifting the clouds and letting the sun shine through.

The Allan Family  
Bellevue, Nebraska

Dear Friends

On behalf of the Community Foundation of Frederick County (Maryland), I wish to thank you for your \$150.00 contribution in memory of **Lt. Robert A. Seidel III**, who gave his life in the service to his country. The Seidel family will be notified of your kind contribution, yet the amount will be omitted.

The Seidel family has directed that memorial contributions honoring their son and bother be added to The Lt. Robert A, Seidel III Scholarship Fund at the Community Foundation of Frederick County to award scholarships to Catoctin High School graduates. As a 2000 graduate of Catoctin High School, Lt. Seidel continued his studies at the U.S. Military Academy of West Point and dedicated his life to military service of his country until his death in Iraq. All memorial contributions to the scholarship fund are a fitting tribute to the legacy of this remarkable man.

The Community Foundation is Frederick County's leader in promoting local charitable giving to achieve local impact. Often times, families turn to us to establish a lasting legacy in memory of their loved one by ensuring that good results continue in their names, results that create a Frederick County of further progress and promise.

Again, thank you for your memorial contribution in Lt. Seidel's name. Your generosity not only honors Lt. Seidel's memory but also makes Fredrick County a better place for all of us..

Sincerely,  
Elizabeth Y. May  
President

Dear Mr. May and all the Members of 222

We want to thank you so much for the contribution you made to Bob's Scholarship Fund. The purpose of the Fund will be to award a scholarship on an annual basis to a graduating senior from Catoctin High School. It seems that in his 23 years, Bob has touched the lives of so many. He was doing something he believed in and felt that they were making progress in insuring the Iraqi children would have some of the same liberties that he was given in this great country of ours.

We wanted to do something to ensure that Bob's death will, in some small way, help another student to achieve their goals and dreams.

This scholarship fund is a way for us to keep bob's memory alive for many years to come. Thank you again for you generous donation and for all your

thoughts and prayers.

Bob always thought highly of the Vietnam veterans and wrote a poem in the fifth grade in Memory of his uncle's brother who was killed and to all the Vietnam veterans. I am enclosing a copy of this poem. I hope you can share it with the members of the Triple Deuce. Special thanks to all of you for your service

Bob and Sandy Seidel

## **WAR**

**By: Robbie Seidel**

**Grade 5**

**Emmitsburg Elementary School**

The sound of the chopper, the feel of the land  
I left my home as a boy, but now I'm a man.

Forced to grow up in the killing and hate  
We tallied our kill on an old wooden slate.

We march through the jungles in the heat and  
the rain

Keep up our morale it's always the same.  
They tell us "Gung Ho boys lets do it or die"  
I wish I could just hold my head and cry. I miss  
my home, my family and friends  
But I must buck up now for my pain's not at an  
end.

I volunteered myself for the old USA  
Give it all I've got to be proud one day.  
I'm proud alright as I lay on this hill  
Amongst the dead and dying, I am still.  
I have no more worries nor grief nor pain  
As I leave this world a proud U.S. Marine.

If I knew then what I now tell,  
Would I have still come into this hell?  
It's not my problem. It's not my concern.

They send me home in the big green bird.  
Not until they send my family the word.  
A letter that read, "You should be proud!"

Oh, if I knew then what I know now.

**Dedicated in memory of**

**Marine PFC Charles R. Pittinger**

**Killed in Action November 17, 1969**

**Quang Nam South Vietnam**

**And to all those who fought and died in the  
Vietnam War**

## **Picture of the 3rd Bde's. departure from Port of Tacoma**

**By Mad Doc**



## **Boat People Revisited**

Until I talked with (mostly listened to) Gary Hartt a few years ago, and Jim May more recently, whenever I thought of the term "Boat People" I thought of a group of Cubanos battling their way to the Southern tip of Florida. Or, I would think of Vietnamese refugees packed onto unseaworthy vessels desperately trying to make their way to Malaysia, or some other safe haven. Now, after all these years, I discover that I too am a "Boat Person" (Nelson M. Walker—'66). Who said you can't teach new tricks to an old "Doc"? Who knew when we boarded the Walker that we were setting a trend that continues to this day, 40 years later.

There were a lot of things we didn't know when we climbed the gangway headed off for the University of Saigon, or, for most of us, Dau Tieng University. Most all of us were just kids who came to be men shortly after we arrived in-country. Many of us who experienced Cedar Falls and Junction City became adult men even before we had a chance to become fully acclimated to the oppressive climate and its sundry flora and fauna—Red Ants included. As a medic with the first platoon of Bravo Company, I

grew up fast. I might add that we'd all agree, much, much too fast.

I missed my 20<sup>th</sup> birthday when we crossed the international dateline. So, even though I was technically 20, I still felt like I was an innocent (stretching it a bit here) 19 year old. That changed quickly when Shorty Jackson was killed. We were all so very young and naïve. Shorty was our first loss. As we carried his body, still in the last throws of life, his "Brothers" asked, "Doc, is he going to be alright?" demonstrating how young and naïve we really were.

I knew, and Top, who was in the field with us, knew as we walked back to the perimeter where our tracks were set up that our beloved friend was gone.

After this experience my role seemed to change. My responsibilities increased. I went from being "Doc" to being the one guys came to for advice, or help with writing letters home (as you know many draftees were illiterate), and the one who would listen and not judge. Many, myself included, were scared shitless. For some reason some of the guys would come to me and share their secret. I, being the "Old Man" of wisdom I'd become, would simply let them know that their fears were normal. I don't recall if I told them how scared I was or not. I also tried to reassure them that they weren't alone and that together we would somehow get through this fiasco. Even though I was hardly out of my teens, I tried to handle these new responsibilities the best way that I could. Over time, I came to accept these additional new roles. In many ways they helped lead me to the study of psychology and sociology and in becoming an educator (I taught special education students in New Hampshire for over twenty years).

Clearly, the events we experienced in the Nam altered our lives significantly. When I was drafted my goal was to become a civil engineer. In fact, I was working for Bechtel Corporation, in New York, when I got my first request to appear for a physical at White Hall Street. When I returned to the World I still thought that I would go into one form of engineering or another. But something had changed me. Me! Instead of wanting to devote my life to inanimate objects, the Nam experience had taught me that I really wanted to help others.

As the Nam experience contributed to my

becoming a teacher, the whole Vietnam Experience and the subsequent aftermath played a significant role in my becoming a peace activist. Throughout my adult life I have sought to find peaceful nonviolent ways in which to solve conflict. Johnson lied to us regarding the Gulf of Tonkin. As a consequence we were drafted and served in Nam, and our lives changed forever. As a result of the Tonkin fabrication, and other national and international events too numerous to go into here, I have been hesitant to accept our government's arguments for why it conducts its affairs the way it does. I firmly believe it is my "Patriotic" duty to raise serious questions about our conduct in world affairs.

What scares me today is that we, as a country and as a people, have not learned anything from our Vietnam experience. Why? Because the United States still continues to engage its "KIDS" in questionable conflict...WARS... without being completely honest with them.

I know that some of you may agree with some of these thoughts and some of you will disagree. But, I want you to know that I look forward to hearing from you all. I can be reached at Karl Bergeron, 263 Rochester Road, Northwood, N.H., 03261

I pray that your reunion is a memorable experience for all of you. Although I am unable to attend this one, I hope to see you at the next one.

Pax,

**Karl T. Bergeron**, a.k.a. "Doc"  
B&HQ Co. 4th ID & 25th ID 66 to 67

## Not Yet On The Wall

Two weeks ago I was alerted by fellow Wall Name Researcher Richard Coffelt that his team of researchers had uncovered another Triple Deucer casualty of the Vietnam War who was inadvertently omitted from the Vietnam Veterans Memorial (Wall). They have solid documentation and this oversight will be corrected -- probably adding his name for Memorial Day weekend 2007.

Sgt (E-5) Charley Vernon Stanley, age 41 (b 26 Apr 27), died of Malaria complications

(pneumonia, renal failure) at Brooke Army Hospital in Fort Sam Houston, Texas, on 7 July 1968 after being medically evacuated from Tay Ninh province, South Vietnam. He was assigned to Co C, 2d Bn (Mech), 22d Inf Reg't, 3d Brigade, 25th Infantry Division as a Squad Leader. From Cleveland, Texas, Sgt Stanley had been in the (Regular) Army since 30 Mar 1955 and began his Vietnam tour 11 April 1968. He was with his unit until at least 16 June 1968, being awarded his CIB, Vietnam Svc Medal and RVN Campaign Medal (also Bronze Star, multiple Good Conduct Medals). Stanley was single and Caucasian. Surely, some readers of our newsletters will remember him despite only about two months service with C 2/22.

Deeds Not Words!

Brad Hull  
Vietnam Jul 69 to Jul 70  
Alpha Co. 2nd Inf Reg't 25th Inf Div  
22nd Infantry Regiment Society Registrar  
[BradHull@Juno.com](mailto:BradHull@Juno.com)  
(440) 871-8975

## **Trapezoid continued November 25 5 miles S.E. of Camp Ranier**

The purpose of the installments of what I saw and heard from Nov. 23 to the 28<sup>th</sup> 1967 is not intended to be a complete historical account. I only saw a bird's eye view so my account may differ from others. All of our memories are fading with every passing year and I surly don't intend to tell a war story but a first hand account.

My last installment ended with 3<sup>rd</sup> platoon advancing into the firefight. B. Company was on our right. The air was pungent with cordite and the ear shattering artillery rounds and RPG explosions, bullets coming through the trees just past us and over our heads. The AK and machine guns are pointed your way because you have learned through experience if the report gunfire is a cracking sound from an enemy weapon if it is pointing toward you. The bullets snapped like a bull whip going by our heads. The wounded are dragged or carried past us. I

looked around from the small crater in which I took refuge and noticed everybody is calm; some are drinking water from their canteens. Two tracks came up behind us. One pushed over a tree, the other was zig zagging to bypass jungle obstacles like broken trees, some fallen, some splintered half way up the trunks. The termite nests were about four to five ft. in height and looked like large brown piles of cow manure.

I looked for **Arrington** the new member of the platoon that was carrying my machine gun. As I could not see more than 20 ft. I decided "Old (E1 M-16) Twink", my rifle, was good enough for now.

Sgt. **Kay** and **Jim Frost** moved forward. Without any orders everybody followed through some very thick vines like an entrance way somehow designed for that purpose. I think we numbered about 12 or 15. The tracks pushed ahead next to us. Engines revving up as they pushed down trees. Sometimes it took two attempts to push it down in front of them. The 50 Cal. Machine guns in the turrets were already firing with the barrels pointed down as we were getting close to the enemy bunkers and trench lines. We did not know at the time the extent of their defenses but from the amount of enemy fire it was a big base camp. The area we entered was a small area where sunlight came through the jungle canapé like rays or shafts of light. It wasn't necessarily a dark place but there was a lot of smoke and dust. Sgt. Kay motioned us on line some on the right side of the one track, the rest of us on the other. We all started firing into the dense foliage while standing. Sgt Kay pointed down; we understood (grazing fire). I fired a few magazines on automatic but couldn't seem to stand. One person was firing his machine gun behind us—the rounds coming right past me and the concussion almost knocked me off my feet. I yelled to him "get on line". He came up, stood next to me and started firing. We were really putting out rounds. This went on for some time and we had used up about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of our ammo. All of a sudden Sgt. Kay yelled out to get down! We all hit the ground. Just in time! The whole situation changed with the enemy opening up on us. The bullets were right above our heads (poor shots). Even then I wasn't worried. Another big explo-

sion. As I saw a big black cloud rise up from the other side of the track, a RPG was fired from behind a termite nest. It grazed the track but a piece of shrapnel hit **Gibson** through the helmet. He sure was a fine soldier and was helping **Ted Angus** with a machine gun. Angus and Arrington were still firing all this time, so was the 50 cal. on the tracks. It was turning out to be a real shootout. I looked to my right as a piece of metal came through the air and cut a big pile of bamboo in two behind me and just above my head.

We all started firing again. This time we could see flashes so I tried to aim there. "Old Twink", my rifle, never jammed—she was working good.

Sgt. Frost was calling for more 50 ammo. Several boxes were on the ground. They were carried to Jim between bursts of enemy fire. By now the enemy fire was disappearing but we did not go forward. I still remember the look in Sgt. Kay's eyes. We were still all on the ground except the M60 machine gunners. They were still firing. Finally after the enemy firing stopped we pulled back.

Inside the perimeter there was a place for the wounded. I went back to Track 34, got into my foxhole and went to sleep. When I woke up it was dark.

On the 26<sup>th</sup> the Air Force put on quite a show bombing all day. We were told to stay in our foxholes as the shrapnel came down after each bombing run. I enjoyed watching the F-100s and the F-4 Phantoms. It was truly a ring-side seat. I knew the enemy was catching hell now.

The morning of the 27<sup>th</sup>, after listening post duty, Sgt. Kay said we are going back again. We low crawled from the North. As we got near the bomb craters our own artillery prepped the area right to our front. Those guys were good. The rounds came close the 8" and 155s lifted us right off the ground. I remember one round was so close I was covered with dirt and the explosion was almost beyond hearing. I looked back to see if my feet were still there. After a half hour or so we were told by Sgt. Kay to go in there and finish them off. We charged over the top of the crater ridge and ran to what seemed like the remains of an enemy bunker and up a caved in trench line. Enemy arms and

legs were sticking out of the ground all around. It looked like pictures of a WWI battlefield. Not a tree was standing, crater after crater and piles of splintered wood. Sgt. Kay yelled at me, again. "Nelson draw a map of this place!"

### **Jim Nelson**

C Co. 2/22 Sep. 1967 to Jan 68  
785-428-3390

## **Taps**

### **Malcolm Lyons**

467 Aroostock Ave.

Millinocket, ME 04462

D Co. 2/22, 25ID Nov 67 to Nov 70, He was a cook. Malcolm's wife sent word that he passed away on June 19, 2006.

### **Alfred Kershner**

A/2/22

I received a phone call from **Petra Kershner**, wife of Al Kershner of Staunton, VA informing me of his death from pneumonia on Jan 12, 2006. **Petra** told me that they were planning on coming to the next reunion. Alfred Kershner was born Jan 15, 1945 and drafted in October 1966. After training he arrived in Vietnam in early March 1967 and was assigned to the 1st platoon A/2/22 as a rifleman. Al was wounded the first time on April 5th in a mine blast to his APC and later seriously wounded a second time on September 4, 1967 ending his Vietnam tour at 6 months.

This 2nd Purple heart was at the Black Virgin Mountain Massacre. While the enemy had over 60 killed, A/2/22 suffered 7 KIA and 30-40 WIA from snipers. Al Kershner and many other of the wounded, were pinned down in an open rice field at the base of the Nui Cao mountain with little or no protective cover for 4 hours, before being extracted under heavy enemy fire from well concealed positions on the mountain's rocky slope. In one of our phone conversations, Al told me he spent many months in Walter Reed Hospital recovering from his wounds with a Lt. **Nixon**. (Al said he was a nice guy but I do not remember him) I have written a longer article for one of the local Staunton area newspa-

pers which I was informed will be in their next weekly issue. It also expresses our sympathy to his family.

**GARY HARTT**  
A/2/22(12/65-9/67)  
503-632-6955

## **The Inside Track**

By: The Kool-Aid Kid

### **Chargin' Charlie Originals 2<sup>nd</sup> Annual Reunion.**

The headline of the Aug. 6, 2006 Kitsap Sun Newspaper (Serving the greater Puget Sound Washington area, including Bremerton WA., and the US Naval base there.) read:

#### **"The Order of The Red Ant"**

Under the headline is a picture of our **Richard "Warhoop" Miller**, himself a holder of The Order of The Red Ant (O.R.A), as well as the Silver Star and a Purple Heart, draping an ORA over the head of **Dennis Luiz**, a guest of ours from Alpha 2/22 68-69. Many of the Charlie Company Originals in attendance had not seen a veteran of Alpha Company for nearly 40 years, so we thought we would show them one. Dennis proved an interesting specimen. Hahahaha! (Just kidding Dennis! Glad to have you as a member of The Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc.)

We got front page and full back page coverage of our reunion in the paper. A long article written by Reporter **Angela Smith** finally gave us some very positive press. There were many color photos included in the article as well. The ORA itself made the front page, being held in the hands of The Kool-Aid Kid. (My hands made the paper, but my beautiful face will remain a mystery to the citizens of the Puget Sound area.) (I know. I know. That's a good thing huh? Hahahaha!)

Our 2<sup>nd</sup> Annual Charlie Company Reunion was held once again at the lovely home of **Dan and Mary "Cook" Morris** near Seabeck Washington. Dan and Cook's property is just

plain old beautiful...really shows off the Pacific NW beauty. Dan and Cook are fabulous hosts that provide comfort and warmth for their guests that can't be beat. Everyone in attendance had the time of their lives. There was food galore including Dan's barbecuing, the wife's special dishes (I think we had nine or ten ladies there and every one of them was an excellent chef.), and the Infantryman's preferred drink, beer, abounded.

I need to mention the full wrap-around covered porch at Dan and Cook's place as that is where the gathering happens. Anywhere you sit on their porch you have a view of their property and the beautiful surrounding Washington State Forrest land. Around 5 acres are cleared and fenced in with the traditional white wooden fence. They have a friendly horse that appreciates treats from guests...though he likes broccoli over hamburgers I found. Beer tickles his nose, but don't tell Dan about that little experiment, will ya?

I rode to the event with **Edd Murrell**, in his new Ford truck (Truck? More like a Lincoln with a pick-up bed in the back...very snazzy.), along with a couple of my other Portland Oregon C/2/22 buddies **Rich Miller**, and, **Steve Cowlthorp**. On our way up, we stopped off at Fort Lewis to see our old home. What a mess! **Capt. Russell** and **1SGT Jones** (Our first Charlie Co. CO, and 1<sup>st</sup> Sgt.) would have had kittens right then and there if they saw what we saw! Litter lying around the dingy tan and brown barracks; the windows were filthy and had junk and clothes hanging around them and crap stacked on the sills... They had a covered entrance, that looked like it would leak in a Washington rain storm, into what could still be the mess hall-a mess it was, that is for sure. The parallel bars were gone! That hurt. I would have gone across for old time's sake. What? You don't think I could make it? Bet me!

We also checked out the museum and rode around the Fort a little bit. Overall, we agreed that we haven't missed all that much at Fort Lewis. The ground still looked hard at the rifle range too. Hahahahaha! Some things never change.

We got in the Fort with **Rich Miller's** DOD identification card. That gives you some idea of the security at the Fort...practically none. Hahahahaha! Giving Miller a DOD card?!?!?! Boy that's some security you got there General. Hahahahaha! Fortunately for them, we were in a good mood and had to cut the visit short in order to get to our reunion.

After arriving at Dan and Cook's place we met up with our other Chargin' Charlie Brothers. Those in attendance were:

**Francisco "Bo" Baran**, Hauula, HI.; **Jerry "Butch" Berge**, Kittitas, WA.; **Steve Cowlthorp**, Portland, OR; **Don "Crowdaddy" Crawford**, Mossyrock, WA.; **Mike Daugherty**, Seabeck, WA.; **George Dahl**, Woodbury, MN.; **Wilber "Wil" Dalke**, Bremerton, WA.; **Lynn Dalpez**, Beaverton OR; **Nick "Doc" Docsanes**, Centralia, WA. ; **Jerry Dwinell**, Redding, CA. ; **Arnold "Arnie" Freeman**, Othello, WA. ; **Leroy Henning**, Yakima, WA. ; **Moe Johanson**, Sumas WA; **Charles Kells**, Republic, WA.; **Louis "Lou" Kimes**, (Still on The Wall. Still very much alive), Everett, WA.; **Jim King**, Ferndale, WA.; **Harry "Mick" Lawrence**, Inchelium, WA.; **Larry Mason**, Portland, OR.; **Dale Merritt**, Republic, WA.; **Rich Miller**, Portland OR; **Dan Morris**, Seabeck WA; **Edd Murrell**, Portland OR.; **Jim Neeley**, Aberdeen, WA.; and our guest, Dennis Luiz, Tacoma, WA. A/2/22.

**Our new Order of The Red Ant awardees (New Finds) are:**

**Francisco "Bo" Baron**  
53-866 B Kamehameha Hwy  
Hauula, HI 96717  
808-293-2999

**Mike Daugherty**  
6255 Seabeck Holly Rd NW  
Seabeck, WA. 98380  
360-830-5024

**George Dahl**  
49 Landan Alcove  
Woodbury, MN. 55125  
651-735-9244

**Charles Kells**

19 Smith Dr.  
Republic, WA. 99166  
509-675-0750

**Lou Kimes**  
14103 1<sup>st</sup> Ave W.  
Everett, WA. 98208  
425-745-2218

**Larry Mason**  
26124 NW Reeder Rd.  
Portland, OR. 97231  
503-621-0453

**Dale Merritt**  
9 W. Old Curlew Lake Rd.  
Republic, WA. 99166

**Edd Murrell** (ORA awarded May 2006, in Portland OR.)  
PO Box 281  
Fairview, OR 97024  
503-347-4329

**Jim Neeley**  
419 S. Clark  
Aberdeen, WA 98520  
360-533-0608

...as well as awarding the ORA to Dennis Luiz, a current member.

One of our Chargin' Charlie Guys, **Joe Dietz**, Naples FL, could not make the trip, so we all called him up on the phone and gave Joe a report. Some of the guys hadn't talked to Joe since our time across the pond. I told Joe ( my and **Steve Cowlthorp's** former Squad Leader.) that he was missed very much, but that we did have a former Squad Leader to pick on during the reunion. **George Dahl** graciously took the brunt of Squad Leader bashing in Joe's absence. George came all the way from MN for the abuse. What a guy!

The members of the Charlie Company Triple Deuce Originals are unanimous in suggesting that others do the same with their fellow Combat Veterans. One phone call here and there leads to others. The word will spread. "We're gett'n the unit back together again!"



Wanna come?" Do it. You won't believe what positive things it does for all involved. The time of your lives is guaranteed.

### **K.A.K. and the V.A.**

Whew baby! Old K.A.K. has been going through the poking and prodding at the VA Medical Center in Portland, OR. The news is pretty good. I am human. At least that has been determined anyway. Hahahaha! About a 90% probability too! Hahahahaha!

They are very much concerned with what is going on inside my head, as well as my body. I have taken the PTSD classes, and now I have a round of anger management classes to attend...which...of course...pisses me off.

All in all, the treatment I am getting is outstanding. I am never made to feel like a slab of meat, or a cash cow. I am treated with respect and thanked many times for my service. Whatever horror stories I had heard about the treatment Vets got in the past, were quickly thrown out of my mind. These people really want to help us. So get your butts down there if you haven't already. Agent Orange related illnesses need to be checked out especially. It takes a while to get in the system—it is the government after all—but once you are in the system there is plenty of help for you and things run pretty darn smoothly.

I won't say that I look forward to seeing all these Doctors, but I no longer fear seeing VA Doctors and care givers. They are good people that want to help our Veterans.

### **OMAHA!**

We are getting close to the next 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment Society Reunion. I can't wait! For those of you that have never attended a 22<sup>nd</sup> IRS reunion, please do yourself a huge favor and come to it. As with many, I had many reservations about attending the reunion myself. None of them came about. What has come about with the two reunions that I have attended (San Antonio, and Kansas City) is that my mind was blown in a most wonderful way--beyond description really. Seeing your old buddies that

you fought with is, of course, the main event. Meeting new friends is a close 2<sup>nd</sup>. I have so many new close friends, no, Brothers, now that I simply have trouble believing it. It's like we did serve together, side by side. I guess that is because if one has walked the Triple Deuce walk, then they are Brothers and that is all that there is to it. It's wonderful.

So get those registration forms in, the hotel and plane reservations made, put your concerns on the back burner and come to Omaha and have a beer with old K.A.K. and the gang. We want to meet you and hear your story. We want you to experience laughing so hard that your sides will hurt. We want to be with you Brother!

Details of the event will appear elsewhere in this Newsletter, as well as our websites:

[www.vietnamtripledeuce.org](http://www.vietnamtripledeuce.org), and  
[www.22ndinfantry.org](http://www.22ndinfantry.org).

### **Portland Chapter – 25<sup>th</sup> Infantry Div. Veterans**

Being a card carrying member of the infamous Bastard Brigade, (The counterpart to the other Bastard Brigade, the 3<sup>rd</sup> Brig. of the 25<sup>th</sup> Div.) means that we Original Vietnam Triple Deucers were part of the US Army's 4<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division, 3<sup>rd</sup> Brigade, when we went across the pond on the USNS Nelson M. Walker troop ship in October of 1966, and were then attached to, and later became part of, the 25<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division. So old K.A.K. finally got off his 4<sup>th</sup> Infantry stump and joined up with his local 25<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division Veterans of the greater Portland Oregon area, in fact, many members are from all over the Pacific NW, even though no Army orders exist tying me to the 25<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division. Still, I was welcomed by these fellows with open arms, so how could I turn them down?

I have my colors ordered (jacket); my Cochrane boots too, and will fix my bayonet with this great group of guys. We will be attending many Veteran's functions around our area and have the same goals as The Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc. does--finding our buddies and promoting our causes. ...not to mention having a heck of a lot of fun together. Oh, yes, I will be

wearing my Triple Deuce colors (hat and polo shirt) under my 25<sup>th</sup> ID jacket, which has Chargin' Charlie Triple Deuce embroidered on the back. Pretty cool, huh?

### To My Missing Brother

I just got back with ya Brother. Don't leave me now. I miss you. We all miss you.

Well that's about it this time. Hope to see you all in Omaha...actually; I hope to see at all in Omaha! Hahahahaha! Later my Brothers!

**Lynn W. Dalpez**, The Kool-Aid Kid  
C/2/22 Original, V.P. Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc.

## Guest Books Hits

Name: **Bobby Clopton**  
Email: [klopton@yahoo.com](mailto:klopton@yahoo.com)  
Date: 7-08-2006

Comments: I arrived in Vietnam on 1-30-1969 and came home 1-31-1970. I became a 50 gunner and squad leader in May 1969. I was in Alpha Company, 2<sup>nd</sup> Platoon. **Captain Crocker** was my Company Commander until he was killed on May 17, 1969/ His radio operator was also killed. His name was **Phillip Macleod**, but I did not really know him. The Vietnamese scout was killed too. If anyone remembers me please feel free to send me an email.

Name: **Larry S. Watson**  
Email: [watson03@duo-county.com](mailto:watson03@duo-county.com)  
Phone: 270-378-4501

Comments: 38 years ago today I turned 21 somewhere in BFVN and have no memory if I celebrated or not. Probably not. It was hard to get a keg and a cake in the jungle. But will never forget sharing a pack of cigs with the whole squad. Thanks to all who served and all who are still serving the land of the FREE. Deeds Not Words.

Name: **Jason Rosolowski**  
Email: [jason835@charter.net](mailto:jason835@charter.net)  
Date: 07-27-06

Comments: I am looking for photos for my dad

from when he was in Vietnam. His name is Sergeant **Joseph J. Rosolowski**. He was in the 3<sup>rd</sup> of the 22<sup>nd</sup> Bravo Company 25<sup>th</sup> Infantry and served 1969 to 1970.

Name: **Michael H. Pounds**  
Email: [c222\\_34@bellsouth.net](mailto:c222_34@bellsouth.net)  
Date: 08-11-06

Comments: Still looking for the men I served with in Vietnam. Savage Grace was the APC the time in country was Aug.70 to Nov.70

Name: **Ken Schulte**  
Email: [ks92850@charter.net](mailto:ks92850@charter.net)  
Date: 8-12-06

Comments: I was known as Lumpy and I drove the track House of the Rising Sun and To the Alps. I was in country from Jan. 69 to Jan. 70. Looking to hear from anyone who remembers **Tex Moose, Lt Nash, Capt Crocker, Phil KIA, Sgt Rock, Doc Michalec, Palooka, Joe, Ralph Puerto Rican**, Al. Hope to see all of you in Omaha.

Name: **Steve Vest**  
Email: [svest21@adelphia.net](mailto:svest21@adelphia.net)  
Date: 8-18-06

Comments: I served with the triple Deuce Charlie Company 3<sup>rd</sup> platoon 4<sup>th</sup> squad from Jan. 70 to Dec. 70, would like to hear from others that I served with.

Name: **Norman Butch Petit**  
Email: [nam66tunnelrat25th@charter.net](mailto:nam66tunnelrat25th@charter.net)  
Date: 8-23-06

Phone: 423-247-1898  
Comments: It is an Honor to sign this Guest-book with a Unit that Walked that BAD Walk in War Zone C and D with us in 1966. Great Web Site and We, The 1<sup>st</sup> Bn 5<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment Class of 1966 Salute you for the JOB you Guys did while over there... God Bless The 2<sup>nd</sup> Bn 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry 25<sup>th</sup> ID out of Cu Chi.

## New Finds

Name: **Francisco Baran, Jr.**  
53-866 B Kamehanieha Highway  
Hauula, HI 96717  
Phone: 808-293-2999

E-mail: [barand001@hawaii.rr.com](mailto:barand001@hawaii.rr.com)  
C Co., 4<sup>th</sup> ID, 1965 to 1967

Comments: Francisco writes, "**Francisco Wilber Dahlke** asked this to be send to you."

Name: **Roger L. Brickey**  
359 Coaling Rd.  
Troutville, VA 24175  
Phone: 540-992-2947  
A Co., 4<sup>th</sup> ID No dates provided

Name: **Lawrence E. Nuckolls**  
3117 Harvester Ln.  
Memphis, TN 38127-1415  
Phone: 901-568-2501  
Email: [larryn1121@aol.com](mailto:larryn1121@aol.com)  
B Co., 25<sup>th</sup> ID, 1967 to 1968

Name: **Jonathan P. Parsons**  
8110 Shore Drive  
Machesney Park, IL 61115  
Phone: 815-282-4282 Cell 815-742-4999  
B Co. & C Co., 25<sup>th</sup> ID 1967 to 1968

Name: **Nicholas Dragon**  
134 E. Coy St.  
Hazel Park, MI 48030  
Phone: 248-398-3941  
Email: [ndragon344@aol.com](mailto:ndragon344@aol.com)

Comments: Nick would like to say Hello to all his Triple Deuce Brothers.

Name: **John P. Hintzke**  
N4961 Snapping Turtle Lane  
New London, WI 54961  
HHQ, 25<sup>th</sup> ID, 1967 to 1968

Comments: John would like to contact **Bobby Joe Reynolds** and **Jeff Harvey**.

Name: **Dan C. Morris**  
2500 Kelleys Glen Lane NW  
Seabeck, WA 98380  
Email: [dancook@oz.net](mailto:dancook@oz.net)  
C Co. 4<sup>th</sup> ID & 25<sup>th</sup> ID, Dec. 65 to Jun. 67

Comments: Dan was WIA in June 1967.

Name: **Steve Vest**  
625 Kessler Mill Rd.  
Salem, VA 24153  
Email: [svest21@adelphia.net](mailto:svest21@adelphia.net)  
C Co. 2/22, 3<sup>rd</sup> Platoon, 4<sup>th</sup> Squad from  
Jan. 70 to Nov. 70

Name: **Granville H. (Pete) Rogers**  
924 Clebe Landing Rd.  
Center Cross, VA 22437  
804-443-0185  
Email: [Toribiapete@wmconnect.com](mailto:Toribiapete@wmconnect.com)  
A Co. 25<sup>th</sup> ID, 1967 to 1968

Name: **Richard J. Shea, Sr.**  
7469 Tyler Henry Court  
Winchester, OH 43110  
614-920-0083  
Email: [rickoshea869@aol.com](mailto:rickoshea869@aol.com)  
C Co. 25<sup>th</sup> ID, Jun. 1969 to Sep. 1969

Comments: Rick would like to be in touch with **Steve Hoy, Jim Kauble, Bob Nichols, Cass Jose, Thomas Harris, John Campbell, Robert Ziehm, Terry Runneals**.

Name: **Karl T. Bergeron**  
263 Rochester Road  
Northwood, NH 03261  
Phone: 603-942-8941  
B Co. & HHC, 4<sup>th</sup> ID & 25<sup>th</sup> ID Sept. 66  
to Jun 67

Comments: Karl would like to be in contact with **Bobby Joe Reynolds, Joe T. Walls, Charlie Battencourt** & many others. Karl; writes, "Since my return to the states I have tried to make a difference by teaching non-violent methods of conflict resolution; as a public school teacher and as a peace activist...I am proud of my service in Nam as a medic and I'm proud that I served with the Triple Deuce. We were & probably still are a rowdy bunch.

Name: **Edward R. Davis**  
1011 Magill Ave  
W. Collingswood, NJ 08107  
Phone: 856-854-7103  
Email: [edward199@aol.com](mailto:edward199@aol.com)  
A Co. 4<sup>th</sup> ID & 25<sup>th</sup> ID, Mar 67 to Sep. 67

Name: **Charles R. Otey, Jr.**  
2740 Sweet Clover Lane  
Galena, OH 43021  
Phone: 740-965-6072  
Email: [croteyjr@aol.com](mailto:croteyjr@aol.com)

Comments: Charles would like to be in contact with **Thomas Whittle** and **Gilbert Lilly**.

Name: **Mario Salazar**  
19115 Roman Way  
Montgomery Village, MD 20886  
Phone: 301-977-2497  
Email: [mariosalazar@comcast.net](mailto:mariosalazar@comcast.net)  
HHC, 2/22 12-65 to 9-67

Name: **Kenneth A. Shollenberger**  
P.O. Box 2022  
Dale, OR 97880-0922  
Email: [kenandnancy@ortelco.net](mailto:kenandnancy@ortelco.net)  
B Co. 25<sup>th</sup> ID, Mar. 69 to May 70

Name: **Steve C. Vest**  
625 Kesler Mill Road  
Salem, VA 24153  
Phone: 540-580-9545  
Email: [svest21@adelphia.net](mailto:svest21@adelphia.net)  
C Co. 25<sup>th</sup> ID, Jan. 70 to Dec. 70

Name: **Russell L. Wiggs**  
16251 East Alabama Drive  
Aurora, CO 80017-4157  
Phone: 303-755-6729  
A Co. 4<sup>th</sup> ID & 25<sup>th</sup> ID, Mar 67 to Feb 68

Comments: Russell came to the Triple Deuce with **Roger Cote** and like Roger was at both Soui Tre and Burt.

Name: **Moe Johanson**  
4948 Rock Road  
Sumas, WA 98295  
Phone: 360-220-3791  
C Co., 4<sup>th</sup> & 25<sup>th</sup> ID, 1965 to 1967



**Jim May** was fishing with **David Milewski** and David's family when he caught this Marlin which placed 4th in a tournament that the fishing party had entered. The fishing party also had a \$600 bar bill in three days of fishing.

## **CHERRYFIELD REUNION "C" 2/22 VIETNAM 27-30 JULY 2006**

It was my great fortune to be invited to **Gordon** and **Cynthia Kelley's** home to attend a reunion of Charlie Co., Replacements, 2/22 Vietnam Vets. I am not good enough with words to fully explain what I witnessed, and, in a small way, became a part of during the three days I spent in Cherryfield. But I will attempt to explain how I found myself in the midst of one of the closest families I have ever spent any time with. I don't mean to be long winded with this story, but I must try to explain just how important these Charlie Co. Vets have become to each other.

The event actually started for me on the 26<sup>th</sup>. **Jim Tobin** arrived in Bangor a day early because of flight scheduling problems and spent the night in my home in Norridgewock. Jim had never "experienced" Makers Mark and I had never spent much time talking with Jim, so it was an opportunity for the both of us that we

See you in Omaha!  
See you in Omaha!

didn't pass-up. We talked and sipped for hours and then finally went to bed only because it wouldn't have been proper to show up at the airport to pick-up **Ed Schultz** looking like a couple of kids after their first weekend at college.

Ed arrived (**Awb Norris** had to cancel his trip for personal reasons which have since been resolved.) and we headed "Down East" to Cherryfield. (In Maine the region of the State where the Kelley's live is known as "Down East." This can be confusing to travelers because even if they are heading North the signs read "Down East.")

We checked into our motel, The Red Barn Motel and Restaurant in Milbridge, prior to going to the Kelley's. Jim and Ed were introduced to some "Down East" hospitality. No confirmation numbers had been provided because, as Awb was told when he made the reservations, "We don't do things that way." The woman who greeted us knew who we were and why we were there and then went on to tell us what fine people the Kelley's were.

We continued to follow the directions and soon found ourselves in the Kelley's driveway. We found that we were not the first to arrive. In fact, some of the Charlie Guys and their families had been at the Kelley's for a few days. There were also a couple of "deuce-and-a-halves" and a GP tent set up. Gordon was demonstrating a boom lift truck he had purchased for the purpose of painting his house, and what a house it is. It looks like something from a movie set. It was built in the early 1800's and sits high up overlooking the Narraguagus River. It was either Jim Tobin or Ed Schultz that commented on the house and the setting when **Coy Thomas** said it was the strangest place he'd ever visited. Coy said he's never been anywhere where the rivers filled and emptied themselves twice a day. The Narraguagus is a tidal river and is raised and lowered 12 feet with the change in tides. We all had a laugh and were escorted to the GP tent where the refreshments were being kept. There was also an M1A1 rifle on the table. This is the semiautomatic cousin of the M-14 that Gordon carried.

I hoped to spend some time getting to know some of these Charlie Co. Guys. Some, like **Jerry Rudisill** and **Jim Nelson**, I had spent some time visiting with at reunions, but others,

like **John Eberwine** and **Jeff Condit**, I had never met. My plan was to spend as much time as possible learning about these men. I soon found that I was accepted by the group and found myself listening to conversations about the lives of these men, and their families, as well as stories of events that took place all those years ago.

I was surprised to see the number of wives in attendance. It didn't take long for me to realize that the wives of these Charlie Guys are as much a part of these gatherings as the Charlie Guys themselves. I soon learned that these people were like family. In fact, they are more like family than most of the families I know. After listening to some of the conversation I learned that this was how they'd been getting together since they started their gatherings. These people weren't only involved in what they had done and where they had been, but were involved in the present and the future as well.

Let me site an example of how close these people are. **Austin Kreeger** wasn't able to attend because of a personal matter, but **Bev Kreeger**, Austin's wife, came from Pennsylvania because she wanted to be part of this reunion. Bev Kreeger wasn't a part of Charlie Co. in 1967-1968, but she is now, and like all the wives and children of these Charlie Co. Vets, she is an important part.

Chef **William Leighton** of Cherryfield catered Thursday's evening meal and I can assure you that the meal was well prepared and well received. Again, I was impressed not only by the offering but by the way the Charlie Co. family enjoyed not only the fine meal, but also the company they were in. I believe that if there were a table big enough they would all be sitting at it.

The Kelley's son, **Jude** and his wife **Wendy** had traveled from California to attend the reunion so that they could visit with the family they are part of and to help with whatever needed doing. Daughter **Sheridan** was also on hand to help as needed and to visit with the Charlie Co family she too is part of. Jude, in addition to his work as an engineer who just happens to be working on a project that has to do with laser light identification of molecular structures, (Hope I'm close with this, Jude.) is also a

musician. He and his friends in California have an 80's Retro Band so we got to listen to and sing along with some of the music of our youth. It was mostly and thankfully the women who did the singing.

Some of the attendees got up and told the others how happy they were to be back together again. A pattern began to develop that put either **Coy Thomas** or Charlie "**CJ**" **Jackson** in questionable light. The years have provided this Charlie Co. family with many stories and situations so that in a word or two someone becomes the brunt of a joke. I was having fun watching these good people having fun.

The next day found some out sightseeing, others just sitting around visiting and most in the "Bar Harbor Caravan." **Cynthia** planned a day of sightseeing and shopping in one of Maine's most famous and attractive locations, Bar Harbor. There is a memorable story regarding the "Caravan's" entry into Bar Harbor that I will not attempt to tell. However, should anyone reading this ever have the opportunity to listen to Cynthia tell the story I strongly suggest you stop what you are doing and listen. I will offer this; the ladies who were in the "Caravan" were so impressed with Cynthia's actions that they awarded her the highly prestigious "Blue Hat Award."

Jerry Rudisill and Coy Thomas came back from town and informed all that they stopped to tell a Sheriff's Deputy and Town Policeman that they believed there was a stolen Cadillac in the driveway at **Gordon Kelley's**. The story was directed at **Charlie Jackson**, who drives a Cadillac. There's more to the story than this, so as with Cynthia's Bar Harbor story, I suggest you ask Jerry or Coy to provide the details.

Friday evening's meal was lobster, potato salad, corn on the cob and blueberry pie for desert. Gordon held a lobster cooking class for all interested parties and it was well attended. You've heard the adage that when you get group of GI's together there is bound to some trouble, well this event was no exception. Everyone was listening to Gordon's instructions, everyone, that is, but **Jerry Rudisill**. Jerry was conducting an experiment where he was matching his speed and agility with those of a Maine lobster. The contest was quickly settled and

Jerry's bleeding stopped before a Dust-Off was needed. However, Jerry does expect to receive another PH for his "wounds."

Many of the attendees were excited about enjoying their first Maine lobsters; however, they were not prepared to deal with the shell the lobster arrived in. Some of us who are familiar with these tasty crustaceans put on "how to" demonstrations and in a matter of minutes lobster meat was being extracted from shells and being consumed.

Gordon, during the lobster cooking class, had told the attendees how to partially split the lobster tail meat in order to remove the "black line" before consuming the meat. He went on to say that it wasn't necessary to remove the "black line" if you didn't mind eating the lobster's colon. Well, it became apparent that none of Gordon's students bothered to tell their spouses about the "black line" until it was too late. This didn't spoil the meal, and there were no ill effects, however, the ladies have another reason to wonder how any of us got through Basic Training.

After dinner and dessert there was more talk about how happy these Veterans and their families are to be together. Then it was time for some Official Vietnam Triple Deuce business that took the form of Order of the Red Ant stories and presentations. There were stories of naked young men scratching for all they were worth, others who were driven from safe places during firefights and others who were awakened from a sleep by the Red demons. The one I believe the ladies found most impressive was the story that involved a single Red Ant bite in a particularly sensitive spot that caused the story teller to fall to the ground after losing control of his legs.

The re-enactment added to the veracity of the story and to the laughter. **Bill Allison** did the honor of hanging the ORA Medallion around the necks of the recipients as they stood at attention.

**I would like to remind all of the new ORA recipients to bring their ORA Medals with them to Omaha.**

Saturday morning found many of us at the Milbridge parade and festival.

Those of you who live in rural areas are familiar with these events. Those of you who

live in urban areas might find a parade with the fire trucks from surrounding towns and 4-H kids parading their livestock through town as “quaint.” What these “country” events are really about are reunions of sorts. The entire town gets to visit. Jim Tobin, Ed Schultz and I were watching the parade when one of the clowns approached us. He saw our VN 222 hats and thanked us for our service and then told us that he had been a Corpsman with the Marines up on the DMZ. You never know whom you’ll meet at a small town parade.

We made our way back to the Kelley’s for casual conversation and lunch. Gordon was grilling up hamburgers and red hot dogs. Yes, red! They are a favorite here in Maine but caused enough fright in the guests so that few would try one. I ate one to show the others that they were safe to eat but that didn’t change any minds. If Gordon offers you a hamburger you better have both hands ready to accept it. I found that one hamburger was good for two beers.

A reporter from the Bangor Daily News came by to find out why all the Vietnam Veterans were in Down East, Maine. She sat with Bill and Gordon and Bill soon found that the reporter didn’t know a squad from a brigade. So, before any interviewing was allowed Bill gave her a lesson in military organization. Once that was done Bill and Gordon explained who was at the reunion and what their relationship had been in Vietnam. During the explanation someone called “**General Jackson**” to get his attention. The reporter heard this and was impressed that a “General” was present and asked to meet him. The reporter was told that the title was honorary. The story did appear in the Newspaper a few days after the reunion and it was well done. The number of enemy soldiers at Burt was listed as 15,000, which makes me believe that the reporter did get to speak with “General Jackson” at some point.

Saturday evening we all went in another caravan down to a restaurant near where Gordon grew up in Jonesport. The waitresses were a bit confused at first because people kept going from table to table as they continued the visiting. Once settled down we did have a fine meal. Then it was back to the Kelley’s.

Many had to leave early on Sunday morning to meet their travel schedules so the Memorial that was planned for Sunday was moved to Saturday evening. The Charlie Replacements who didn’t come home were honored by those who did. The sacrifices made by the KIA’s are now known not only to those who witnessed their actions, but also to the families and friends who are now part of this Charlie Co. family. The promise of never forgetting is kept.

Jim Tobin and Ed Schultz had early flights and the drive back to Bangor meant we had to get up very early, but we stayed because there was still visiting to do. When we finally got back to the motel we could look forward to less than three hours sleep before we had to start back to the airport. I dropped Jim and Ed off and on the drive home began to think about how I would write about the last three days. Keeping the events in some order was a simple task. I had made a few notes on the details so that wouldn’t be a problem. However, I found myself at a loss in describing the emotion of this reunion. I could plainly see that these people quite simply love one another, but how did this happen? Nearly 40 years ago some young men from all walks of life spent one year together, then they all went back to their respective lives and now have become as close as any family anywhere. I kept trying to find a way to describe the emotion and explain from where this emotion had come. My answer came in an e-mail sent by **Jerry Rudisill** shortly after the reunion. In that e-mail Jerry writes, “One year out of my life and we relive it forever.” I don’t think that Jerry’s use of the first person singular, I, and the first person plural, we, is a grammatical error. When all of these young men met in Vietnam they were a collection of *I*s, and then became **we**. The expression, cut from the same cloth, does not fit these men. What I see is men who became so interdependent upon each other for their survival that their very beings were woven into the same fabric. That fabric has holes in it, the holes are Van Pattern, Miller, Ditch and many others and are as important to the fabric as what is intact.

Today they remain we and have expanded to include immediate families and closest friends. It was my pleasure to be able to witness the wonderful times they share. I enjoyed

## Comments from Comrades

Name: **Chester R. Harbour**

5956 Old Hwy.48  
Cunningham, TN 37052

Email: [harbourroy@yahoo.com](mailto:harbourroy@yahoo.com)  
C Co., 4<sup>th</sup> ID, Dec. 65 to Sep. 67

Comments: Roy would like to be in contact with Lance Crumb.

Name: **Gary Dalton**

Email: [dnkdlt@aol.com](mailto:dnkdlt@aol.com)

Date: July 24, 2006

Comments: Hello guys. My name is **Gary Dalton**. I was a heavy equipment mechanic with Company A, 46th. Engineer Battalion at Long Binh from May 1969 to April 1970. My best friend **Earl Russell Cobb**; served with Company A, 2/22/25. Russell and some of his buddies died on Sept. 04, 1967 on their way to a call at Nui Ba Den. I was wondering if anyone might have a few pictures with Russell on them. It would be nice to have a few pictures of my buddy in Vietnam. I have a printer if anyone could send me some pictures on an e-mail. Welcome Home Guys.

Name: **Bob Owens**

2035 CR915  
Nacogdoches, TX 75964  
936-569-8407

Email: [bobowens222@hotmail.com](mailto:bobowens222@hotmail.com)

Comments: Bob would like to contact **John E. Waters**.

Name: **William B. McCormick**

Phone: 916-487-5125

Comments: William writes, "I am sending in my dues for the Vietnam Triple Deuce although I was never a member of the 25<sup>th</sup> Div. I originally joined when I was looking for men who had served with my friend, **John E. Nelson**, KIA 4/13/68. I was trying to help his brothers. I was the military escort at his funeral so I do have a slight association with the Division. Keep up the good work."

Name: **James J. Papczynski**

4376 No. Armand Avenue  
LaPorte, IN 46350-7589

Phone: (219) 861-5135

Bravo & HHC, 4th ID & 25th ID, 1965 to 1967

Comments: James is looking for **Tom Firtl**, B 2/22, **Fredrick Goodwin**, HHC 2/22, **Ugene Hajhaj** 3/22, **Even Gordon** HHC 2/22, **Walter Koeler** HHC 2/22. "Dillard's name is not on the roster. **Paul Engle** & I were sure he did not make it. Any Information?

Name: **Patrick C. Walsh**

16103 Blackhawk Blvd.  
Frindswood, TX 77546

Phone: 281-482-3219

Email: [patrickcwalsh@yahoo.com](mailto:patrickcwalsh@yahoo.com)

Comments: Patrick writes, "Thanks to all who help put the newsletter together."

Name: **Gary Hartt**

Email: [gchartt@bctonline.com](mailto:gchartt@bctonline.com)

Date: 8-11-06

Comments: I was rolling a beer can and ran out of ice, so thought I would leave an (burp)email. At the Omaha reunion, there will be a beer can, ice block rolling contest. Entrants will be eligible for awards for A. fastest cold beer B. most perfectly formed cylinder in the ice block. C. rolling style points. Of course the judges selected have to be experts and well-versed in the technical merits. So the judges will be restricted to the ALPHA motor pool, class of 1967.

## The Viet Nam Triple Deuce Website

**[WWW.vietnamtripledeuce.org](http://WWW.vietnamtripledeuce.org)**

PLEASE VISIT TODAY

**Mario Salazar**

Webmaster

HQ/2/22 65-67