



# The Viet Nam Triple Deuce, Inc.

An Association of 2 Bn. (Mech)

22nd Infantry Regiment

Viet Nam Veterans

Together Then.....Together Again!.....

Thanks for Being There...&...Welcome Home



Vol. 24, No. 3

Aug. 2018

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## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Greetings from the steamy Midwest. I'm thinking that we're going to melt here one of these days if this heat wave doesn't break soon. Kind of reminds me of a trip to Asia 49 years ago.

I was one of the lucky ones who got to spend a year at Ft. Carson in Colorado Springs before going to Nam and the Triple Deuce in January of 69. I was another of those "butter bars" and was again lucky enough to have a great guy as XO of that Ft. Carson post in **Jim Ascher**. He was a heck of a leader and became a great friend. He left in the fall for Vietnam, and the next time I heard of him was the day I was assigned to the 3<sup>rd</sup> platoon Alpha Company, Triple Deuce at FSB Wood. He was the platoon leader killed on January 8<sup>th</sup> that I was replacing. That was my welcome to Vietnam.

I have talked to most of the other LT's who served with Jim and have found that he was as highly thought of as **Captain Crocker** by his peers. I look forward to seeing another of them at the Atlanta reunion for the first time since then. Jim will be remembered as he always is at these things. I also hope to see you there too, so we can all remember the guys who we need to. Please get that reservation done. It's getting late in life for all of us, and we need to take care of business...

**Dick Nash A/HHC 69**

## See Ya'all In Atlanta

## EDITOR'S COMMENT

As this time of year what is more appropriate to consider than the freedoms we have in our country? With the 4th of July approaching (recently passed by the time you read this) you are all keenly aware of our freedoms. There are freedoms guaranteed to citizens by the constitution, additional freedoms were established by amendments and laws, and of course there are the freedoms we fought to preserve. etc. etc.

The freedom to bear arms is matched by the obligation to use them safely and wisely. The freedom to worship has a parallel of granting the same right to others. The freedom to choose elected officials obligates the one using it to be an informed voter and to accept those duly elected and respect the office. OK, you have the idea.

The incident of focus might be more of a privilege than and actual right but it carries the same dual concept. Having received help understanding our problems and given support in acting on them, obligates us to be there for others. No group of citizens appreciates this more than the ones who served together in a war zone—Brothers.

I attend a weekly V.A. support group. The attendees are rather consistent allowing us to share freely and know each other well. One Brother who operates a small farm shared how PTSD/flashbacks can trick even the clearest mind. A hedgerow reminded the farmer of a V.C. ambush site. Although he knew this was just a row of trees, the demons from the past convinced him of some very frightening and realistic threats from the V.C. After he related the details of this story the impact on him was evident) a Brother asked if he might follow him home when the group meeting was over.

At the farm site the hedgerow and surrounding terrain were viewed. The Brother who had stepped forward suggested placing an American Flag on each end of the row of trees. After the flags were placed the message the terrorized Brother's brain received-----This area is under American control. I don't have to be afraid.

It was a somewhat small action but the outcome was monumental.

The Triple Deuce is all about strengthening the bond between Brothers. . . .anyway that is how it seems to this old soldier.

**Dan Streit D/69**

## NEXT BEST REUNION EVER RAPIDLY APPROACHING

The 22nd Infantry Society Reunion will be held October 2—7, 2018 at the Embassy Suites in Atlanta. Schedules may be found in the previous newsletters of the 22nd IRS and The Triple Deuce. Hotel Information and the Reunion Registration form may be found on the 22nd IRS web site @ [22ndinfantry.org](http://22ndinfantry.org)

## 2-22 THEN AND NOW NEEDS YOUR INPUT.

The New Roster of all known members who served in or directly supported Triple Deuce is now posted on the web. Is your picture up there? Currently we have 8% of our known brothers listed and a total of 957 identified brothers. Our Goal is 100%. Let us hear from you, Send a picture. You can view the Roster and find instructions on sending us a picture at:

[http://www.vietnamtripledeuce.org/Then\\_n\\_now.htm](http://www.vietnamtripledeuce.org/Then_n_now.htm)  
or, go to the website <http://www.vietnamtripledeuce.org>  
and press the Then/Now Button on top.

Also, do you have a lot of pictures of your tour? or just a few? We would love to post them on the web as well!  
For instructions? go to <http://www.vietnamtripledeuce.org/Albums.html> and select the instructions line.

Thank you all again for your service; help us Memorialize your tour.

**Steve Irvine B/68-69**  
Co-Webmaster

## ORIGINAL BOAT PERSON DIES

One of the original boat people, Donald Combs, passed away January 19, 2018, at the VA Hospital in Iowa. Don was in the 2/22 Mech. , 3<sup>rd</sup> Bde., 4<sup>th</sup> Inf Bo Co. , 4<sup>th</sup> of 25<sup>th</sup> Infantry, 3<sup>rd</sup> platoon and served with me (Tom Taluzek) and Tom Izbicki. February 6, 1967 we were in an ambush; Don was hit by a grenade and was medivaced away. Two years ago on Don's birthday (January 30, 2016) Tom and I and our wives were invited to his surprise birthday party at his house in Iowa. It was the first time I had seen him in nearly 50 years.

**Tom Taluzek B 66/67**

## AFTER ACTION REPORT EXPANDED

This "After Action Report" for 2/10/1967 states that Charlie Company encountered 4-6VC, and that there were 5 KIA and one APC was destroyed. Well, I was in the APC that was destroyed and here's what happened,

During a patrol on February 09, 1967 we came across an unexploded bomb. We reported this to our CO (**Capt. White**). That evening Capt. White decided to send Mortars platoon to the location and detonate the bomb. I was directed to take mortars to the location on the 10<sup>th</sup> of February 1967. Since we were driving down a narrow jungle trail I mentioned to their LT that he might want to put 2 men out on point. He did. After about 1-2 hours out, the lead track that I was riding in was hit by an RPG and stopped dead and all hell broke loose. The 50 gunner froze, so I jumped up on top of the track and pushed the 50 gunner down into the track and opened up with the 50 cal giving covering fire to the 2 point guys and laying down fire on a 2 man machine gun directly in front of us. Once the 2 guys on point made it to the back of the track, I unlatched the turret lock and started to lay down fire in a 180 degree arc. Sometime during the 1<sup>st</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> box of 50 ammo, I felt the track rock back and forth, as the 3<sup>rd</sup> box was running low, I called for more ammo, when nothing came, I turned around and saw the LT and one other running down the road (he never told the driver or me to get out, and if he did we didn't hear him) I told the driver to get another box and to get the hell out, I would give him cover. After reloading and cutting loose with the 50, the driver took off. Once I emptied the box, I dropped down in the track to recover my M 16, as I picked it up, the only thing holding it together was a thin strip of plastic. As it turned out I looked down and there was 1 inch or so of fuel in the track, so I decided to get out and drop a grenade back in the track so our little friends would not have access to the mortar or ammo. As soon as I got out of the track the bullets were plastering the side of the track. One cut the bandoleer right off my shoulder, so I took off. Half way down the road I turned my head around and noticed 2 guys kneeling at the back of the track. I started calling to them but they did not respond so I ran back to them, when I got to their location, I found both were dead. I had to leave them there. There was no way I could take them both back. When I got back to the next track I radioed the company and told them what we were up against. The rest of the company arrived 1 hour or so later. We tried all day to retrieve the bodies, however, the enemy had us pinned down during this time. My helmet was struck by a bullet. Lucky the bullet ricocheted off. We continued to receive heavy fire; however we finally were able to move forward with the aid of one of our tracks. When we were approximately 50 yards from the bodies, Capt. White and approximately eight others were standing behind one of the tracks, I went over by them and told Capt. White where the RPGs had been fired from and the location of a few bunkers. Artillery was called in after 5 or 6 rounds a short

round hit along side of us. Charlie Co platoon sergeant Sgt. Lewis and 2 men on either side of me were hit. **Sgt Lewis** fell back into the door of the track, a field dressing was wrapped around his head and I and another guy put Sgt. Lewis on a stretcher and carried him back to the medic track. So after we left, Capt. White ordered the company to pull back. At the end of the day we had 5 KIA and do not remember how many wounded. All I remember is we got our butts kicked. The next day we moved back in the enemy had left the area and sometime during the night the track had exploded and burned. We recovered the 2 bodies the next day.

Now I know I took out the 2 man machine gun directly in front of us, so that being said I find it really hard to believe that 4-6 VCs could lay down the amount of fire we received and hold up the entire company.

Needless to say, we got pay back at FB Gold

**Hal Henderson C 67-68**

## MEMORIES OF FIRST COMBAT ACTION SHARED

I was the Platoon Leader of 2<sup>nd</sup> Platoon, Alpha Company from early September, 1968 until the end of April, 1969 except for when I was Alpha Company Executive Officer for about five or six weeks in January & February, 1969. I was called "Six".

I was never very good with names and I'm even worse now. But I do remember some:

**Larry Peek** was my first RTO. Jim Salvatore was my Platoon Sergeant  
I had three or four Platoon Medics, they were all "Doc". One of the medics was killed in the Boi Loi Woods.

The same time **Capt Mikita** was shot and the scout Dog Handler was KIA. It really bothers me that I don't know the medic's name!! I also remember **Richard Straub**, driver of 2-1 track. A surgeon was flown out from Dau Tieng base camp to remove his leg to get him out of the blown-up APC. It had hit a mine in a big puddle right in the middle of Tran Bang village.

That was first combat action, I remember it well

**JAMES F. (JIM) O' LEARY /A 68-69**

## WIFE PAYS POETIC TRIBUTE

I feel his presence with me here,  
The sunrise, a cardinal, our cat Frankie being near.

Sparkling frost that lingered in the shadow of a tree  
Those are the kind of little things, together we would see

Warming energy of the sun, unwinding from a log  
Wood stove whirred so softly, our heads would start to nod.

Mushroom hunting in the spring, he always was the best  
Crappie fishing on Brandon's pond, when there were spawning on their nest.

The silly gadgets you loved so much, laying here and there  
The times I laid down on the couch and you gently rubbed my hair.

All our silly habits which drove each other insane  
Quickly were forgotten, while we were walking in the rain.

Our kayaks gliding smoothly on remote and glassy lakes.  
We needed extra camera cards, so many photos we would take.

Lady Audie was our favorite place for camping in the fall  
Her autumn colors, reflecting deep along her shores would call.

We loaded up our sleeping bags, lanterns, kayaks, tent and bikes  
And headed to Wisconsin for a week to paddle, camp and bike

It was there we found our mascot "Bear". He rode home in our pads  
To adventure on other camping trips and give our friends back home a laugh.

The roaring fire you started early, while I lingered cozy in the tent.  
Then I would bake you biscuits on campfire coals when flames wren spent.

That heavy, old Dutch oven gave us many hearty campfire meals  
Your dad's old Coleman lantern was a sound you loved to hear.

Mistakes were made, some years were tough, we barely made it through  
But even in our darkest hours, you did the best you knew.

The first to say "I'm sorry", the first to wear a grin  
You pulled you boots up, chin held high, and faced the world again.

You bravely went in 65, when you received your army draft  
You forgave your lieutenant in Vietnam, when he said to leave you back.

After being pinned down and wounded, a grenade exploding near,  
As he was using triage, when no direction is perfectly clear.

But another plan God had for you, when two buddies strong and brave  
Carried you to a Medivac. Continued life they gave.

Were it not for those two men, I could not write this story,  
The blessings shared with all of you, would have never had their glory.

So just remember in your daily walk you're never really sure,  
How the smallest deed or simple smile may make a life more pure

I think that as we're leaving this somber room tonight  
That Don would say to "Smile each day and carry on his light.

Linda Combs  
February 10, 2016

# THE STRONGEST BROTHERHOOD

## MERSINGER RECALLS YEARS DURING VIETNAM WAR

By: Elizabeth Hoag

FOLEY — A group of Vietnam veterans from the U.S. Army's C Company gathered for a reunion April 27-28 in St. Cloud. The 2nd Battalion Mechanized 22nd Infantry, who fought overseas from 1966-67, have met biennially for the past 12 years.

**John Mersinger**, a Foley resident who has been instrumental in the planning of the reunion, organized the event at the Quality Inn. It was the first time the reunion took place in St. Cloud

**“Jerome Christensen**, one of my Brothers (comrade), started the reunion,” John said. “In December, I sent out about 50 Christmas cards to my brothers from all over the United States that included an invite to the reunion.”

On Friday, the group of 23 shared pictures, DVDs and other memorabilia at the hotel and then traveled to the St. Cloud Vietnam War Memorial before enjoying dinner Saturday at Old Chicago.

This group of guys are brothers, brothers of the strongest kind, stronger than blood brothers,” said Carole Mersinger, John’s wife. “They kept each other alive and fought side by side. What they have been through and still are fighting for is beyond anything the rest of us can imagine.”

John agreed. “When we’re together we reminisce and renew old bonds,” he said. “We talk about certain situations and are thankful to still be vertical.”

For many of the men, the reunion became emotional remembering their fallen brothers and what they had witnessed and endured overseas. But laughter did not fall short when recalling the pleasant memories.

“While we swept the perimeter and got use to our surroundings we discovered that ant nests hung from trees in the jungle and every time our APCs [armored personnel carriers] ran into them, nests fell and the ants would be crawling everywhere in the carrier,” John said. “We would leap from the carriers because they would bite. Once we got back to the states, a group made ant medals for putting up with them.”

When the conversation turned more serious, the men recalled coming home from the war.

“When we first got back home from the war - no one talked to us about what we had done overseas. (Vietnam) was a dirty word,” John said. “It was hard because we couldn’t

talk about what we had experienced and who we lost. Only after 30 to 40 years did everyone start opening up.”

One hundred fifty men came together to form C Company and trained at Fort Lewis near Tacoma, Wa. They ventured to Vietnam via the USNS General Nelson M. Walker.

“We were stationed in Vietnam, close to the Cambodia border,” John said. “Our duty was to patrol an area we were assigned to. When we engaged in active fire, the enemy found us normally, but they wouldn’t attack unless they felt they had an advantage. We only fired when fired upon.”

The battalion was stationed out in the jungle near Mount Nui Ba Den or Black Virgin Mountain. They would travel to the base camp, known as Dau Tieng or Camp Rainier, once a month for 2-3 days when they needed to refill supplies.

“We didn’t travel back to base very often, we didn’t need to,” he said. “Helicopters would drop off bladders full of fuel for our APCs and ammunition and C rations (canned food).”

John and his Brothers’ duties were to canvas the perimeter and defend their infantry if attacked using various weapons such as 81mm mortars.

“Many times, I controlled an 81mm mortar – shooting when shot upon,” he said. “My biggest fear was getting hit with shrapnel from an RPG.”

One of John’s most memorable encounters was the Battle of Suoi Tre in March of 1967, when his Brothers and he made contact with the Viet Cong.

“March 19, helicopters dropped off two infantry companies in a clearing in Tay Ninh Province, in the middle of Viet Cong territory, to build a fire support base to fight the Viet Cong,” John said. “We lost a number of soldiers in helicopters when they were taken down.”

Two days later, in the early morning the Viet Cong attacked the firebase with mortars and charged the American forces, forcing the base to retreat inward.

“We heard over the radio that the base had been attacked, and we immediately left for reinforcement,” John said. “It took us three hours to get there because we had to find a safe way to get across a river with our APCs. When we arrived we pushed the enemy back.”

B Company, on the firebase, was pushed back to the artillery perimeter until soldiers from C Company arrived. When C Company arrived and pushed the enemy toward the wood line, flanks of Viet Cong appeared out from the tall grass and retreated back into the jungle.

“We didn’t even see them until they started to retreat,” John said. “They were so good at camouflage and would

disappear into the jungle. The 105 artillery used beehive rounds or flechette, which contained 8,000 darts, to mow down the enemy.”

The Viet Cong used guerrilla warfare, bunkering down into the ground while traveling through tunnels and setting up trap doors and land mines.



Photo Caption taken by Elizabeth Hoag:  
Vietnam War Company C 2nd Battalion Mechanized 22nd Infantry members — Ray Heckman, Michigan (front, from left), Gordy Weber, Wisconsin, Jerome Christensen, Minnesota, Don Stoffel, Wisconsin, LeRoy Henning, Washington, Roger Rosin, Wisconsin and Steven Thompson, Minnesota; (back, from left) Dan Rhodes, Kansas, Bennie Herioux, Michigan, Larry Mason, Oregon, John Barr, Minnesota [C Battery 2nd Battalion 77th Artillery], George Dahl, Minnesota, Virgil Miller, Missouri, Marvin Peterson, Minnesota, Ken Schmidt, Wisconsin, John Mersinger, Minnesota and Roger Borgheiinck, Minnesota — stand at the St. Cloud Vietnam War Memorial April 28 in St. Cloud. The men gathered for a reunion. Not pictured: Patrick Walsh, Texas, Arnold Freeman, Washington, Dan Morris, Washington and Van Karg, Minnesota.

After the battle, 647 Viet Cong soldiers and 36 American soldiers were lost.

“We could have lost a lot more men if we would have been 10-15 minutes later,” John said. “The firebase and B company would have been completely overrun and the enemy would have been waiting and ready to end us.”

After the perimeter had been secure and the enemy had retreated, the men of C Company and other soldiers at the firebase picked up the bodies of the enemy and their brothers and laid them to rest in a trench.

“People ask us if it was hard to pick up the bodies of our fallen soldiers, but at the time we didn’t think much of it because we were doing what we needed to, to survive,” he said. “Now when I think about that day, it bothers me to think that we were picking up warm bodies and throwing them into the trenches.”

C Company was awarded a Presidential Unit Citation for

their rescuing efforts during the Battle of Suoi Tre.

Another battle John will never forget was during a time of ceasefire that occurred between North Vietnam and South Vietnam in honor of the Tét holiday.

“During that time, a number of soldiers and myself were chosen to represent our platoons at an awards ceremony for soldiers who had earned a purple heart,” John said.

After walking through the jungle with a group of other soldiers, they arrived at base when they heard over the radio, John’s platoon (76), was being attacked by the Viet Song while doing a routine sweep of the perimeter.

During that attack, John and the C Company lost a number of their men including a good friend, **Mark Holte**.

“I ran back, but there was nothing I could do,” John said, emotionally. “I lost my closest friend that day. I found out later that Mark was asked to go to the ceremony and told our squad leader he wasn’t going. It’s one of those situations where I asked myself ‘why me?’”

Fifty-one years after his service, John still struggles with the loss of his brothers, but embraces staying connected with his other comrades and educating others. An active member of the Vietnam Veterans of America Chapter No. 290 of St. Cloud, John speaks to students at schools about his experience.

“We protected each other for a year,” John said. “Our lives depended on each other.”

The C Company brethren learned from experience that life is precious and it can be taken within a moment. Their deep-rooted friendships have and will last lifetimes.

This article from the Sauk Center Herald Newspaper was written by Elizabeth Hoag, Hoag is a staff writer from the Benton County (Minnesota) News It is used with the permission of the writer.

# Get your Reservations in for Atlanta now!

Father **Charles R. Fink**, a Roman Catholic Priest of St. Philip Neri's Church in Northport NY., served in Vietnam from March 1969 to March 1970 as a Sergeant in the 199th Light Infantry Brigade. He wrote this piece

## BURY ME WITH SOLDIERS

I've played a lot of roles in life;  
I've met a lot of men.  
I've done some things I'd like to think  
I wouldn't do again  
And though I'm young, I'm old enough  
To know someday I'll die.  
And think about what lies beyond, And  
Besides whom I would lie.

Perhaps it doesn't matter much;  
Still if I had my choice,  
I'd want a grave amongst soldiers when  
At last death quells my voice  
I'm sick of the hypocrisy  
Of lectures by the wise  
I'll take the man with all his flaws  
Who goes, though scared, and dies.

The troops I know were commonplace;  
They didn't want the war  
They fought because their fathers and  
Their father's fathers had before.  
They cursed and killed and wept –  
God knows they're easy to deride –  
But bury me with men like these;  
They faced the guns and died.

It's funny when you think of it,  
The way we got along.  
We'd come from different worlds  
To live in one, where no one belongs  
I didn't even like them all and,  
I'm sure they'd all agree.  
Yet, I would give my life for them,  
I hope. Some would for me.

So bury me with soldiers, please  
Though much maligned they be  
Yes, bury me with soldiers, for  
I miss their company.  
We will not soon see their like again  
We've had our fill of war.  
But, bury me with men like them  
Till someone else does more!

Submitted by **Pete Rock**, B/68-69

## DINING OUT 2 BN, 22 IR, 10<sup>th</sup> MTN DIV MAY 24, 2018

Once again, the Old Goats Squad traveled to Ft Drum, NY to visit with the Triple Deuce Active Duty Soldiers. The visit began in a usual manner. I drove from my home in Maine to the airport in Syracuse where **Mark Woempner, 1-22, 2001-2003, Skip Fahel, 2-22, 1967-1968** and **Lon Oakley, 2-22, 2-22, 1969** were arriving on 23 May. **Pete Gaworecki, 1-22 1967** would normally be at the airport but was busy at the **2-22, 10th MTN Monument** site at Ft Drum. Winters are fierce and destructive at Ft Drum, making maintenance a continuous project. Pete was involved in the Spring clean-up and renovation and deserves to be recognized for all the work he has performed in maintaining the site. **Joe Dichairo, 2-22, 2002-2004** had a work commitment and would join us the following morning.

Again, per our usual ways, I gave the keys to the **22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment Staff Car** to Skip and we proceeded, first to lunch, then on to Ft Drum where we checked in to cabins on Post. More about the cabins later. We settled in for a bit of rest before heading to Watertown where we would meet the Command Group at the Texas Road



House for drinks and dinner.

The talk was about the present condition of the Battalion and where they were with respect to readiness. Some slots needed to be filled before the scheduled visit to

JRTC at Ft Polk early next year. Other talk was about possible deployment and, of immediate importance, the Battalion Platoon Competition Event scheduled for the following morning and the Dining Out that we would also be attending the following evening. With the meal consumed and the promise of a very busy day that would commence early in the morning we left Watertown and headed back to Ft Drum.

Some of you may remember from the Dining Out story back in August 2016 that Lon Oakley left his ID at the cabin causing much concern and sweet-talking to the MP at the gate upon our return from Watertown where we'd had breakfast with Rob and Kim Schexnayder. It would be fair to assume that anyone taking the kind of chastisement at the time, as well as in the story that appeared in the 22<sup>nd</sup> IR Newsletter, would NEVER again leave Post without their ID. Well, Lon is a 'hard learner' and, in spite of the past episode and the VERY BIG SIGN displayed prior to reaching the gate,



Lon left his ID at the cabin. Once again, we had to plead with the MP assuring him that Lon was not a foreign agent, just forgetful. We were allowed to proceed to the cabin.

We had to be back at Triple Deuce the before the rooster crowed, so we turned in early. Those of you who have been reading about the Old Goats' adventures know that every misstep made by any of the Old Goats is reported in these stories. I make note of this because I must report on an unusual happening that involved me. I must take a moment to explain the layout of the cabins in order for the reader to understand what I about to confess to. The cabins have two bedrooms on the first level and three kids' beds in the loft. The loft is reached by climbing a ladder. There is a posted weight restriction of 200 pounds on the ladder. So, I, as well as Lon, always sleep in the lofts of the cabins. No point in discussing the weights of other Old Goats here. Now I'll get back to what happened. As we were getting ready in the morning we discussed how well we did or didn't sleep. Mark

commented that he heard me climb down the ladder during the night, use the toilet and climb back up the ladder. He went on to say that he'd heard Skip get up, use the toilet and go back to bed. I questioned Mark but Skip verified that Mark was correct, he, too, heard me come down the ladder, use the toilet and climb back up the ladder. I did not have then, nor do I have now any recollection of what they described. Climbing up and down the nearly vertical ladder is difficult. I cannot understand how I managed to do all this climbing down and up while sleeping. This could have proved to be disaster had I fallen. I may bring one of those baby gates with me on our next visit.

Well, it was off to BN HQ and then on to Magrath Sports Complex for the Platoon Competition Event. The competition involved platoons from all of the Companies traveling set courses of 5 klicks. The Soldiers carried full field packs, including water. No more canteens, they all have water bags called camels with hoses they can sip water through without stopping. Each Platoon also carried a 200-pound training dummy they call Randy. Randy represents a wounded Soldier that must be carried. Soldiers would take turns carrying Randy. This switching off of Randy was reported by both Mark and Skip who went on the trek. Lon stood in a tower while waving and speaking words of encouragement as the Platoons passed by. Pete and I were visiting with the Medics thanking them for what they do. We were joined by Lon and had a brief meeting centered on trying to figure out where the closest coffee pot was located. We headed off Post, once we knew that Lon had his ID, for the Dunkin' Donuts where we talked about the probable conditions of Mark and Skip after their adventures. We returned to Magrath Field in time to see Mark leading Charlie Co., 2<sup>nd</sup> Platoon to victory. Later on, both Mark and Skip told us how good they felt after the event. In the morning, they told us how sore they were while discussing how many Advil they were taking.

The next event began with the BN forming a circle while the call went out for all Lieutenants to gather in the center of a circle. My 'friends' offered me up to whatever was going to happen. The event pits the Lieutenants, as teams, against other company teams, but in no particular order. It is like a group free for all wrestling match. One is eliminated by either being pinned to the ground or by tapping out. The only rule is no striking. Some were pinned and some tapped out. 50 years ago, I would have joined in, but not now and not unarmed. The Alpha Co. LT's won the event and all who participated were able to attend the Dining Out that evening. We all found it refreshing to see that the Triple Deuce Lieutenants were held to high physical standards.

Joe had joined up with us and the Old Goats Squad was now up to six. **Rob Schexnayder, 2-22, 2012-2014** was working but would join us later in the day. Mark and Skip were famished after their adventure, so we headed to Longway's Diner where we had plenty to eat. That done, it was back to the cabins to prepare for the evening's events. We were instructed to be at the Resorts Hotel at



1600 HRS for rehearsal. This seemed unnecessary to us, but we were not in command, so we cut our naps short and headed to A Bay with our tuxedos in hand. We thought it best to change into the tuxedos after the rehearsal. We found ourselves, all but Mark, in an anti room with the sound guy's equipment. We did manage to get into our tuxedos without putting on one another's trousers or jackets. Mark showed up all dressed. We never did learn where he'd changed. Well, now looking our finest we set about visiting with the Soldiers, thanking them for what they do and providing pearls of wisdom whenever possible. **Dawn Esposito** and **John Dobrie, FDNY** were standing in the lobby so I approached and engaged them in conversation. John did not know that he was going to be receiving an award recognizing the support he provides when the Triple Deuce Soldiers visit NYC for the **Tunnel to Tower Run**. This event commemorates the selflessness of **Stephen Siller, FDNY** on September 11, 2001. This is a brief note on what happened:

*On September 11, 2001, Stephen, who was assigned to Brooklyn's Squad 1, had just finished his shift and was on his way to play golf with his brothers when he got word over his scanner of a plane hitting the North Tower of the World Trade Center. Upon hearing the news, Stephen called his wife Sally and asked her to tell his brothers he would catch up with them later. He returned to Squad 1 to get his gear.*

*Stephen drove his truck to the entrance of the Brooklyn Battery Tunnel, but it had already been closed for security purposes. Determined to carry out his duty, he strapped 60 lbs. of gear to his back, and raced on foot through the tunnel to the Twin Towers, where he gave up his life while saving others.*

The tunnel has been renamed **The Stephen Siller Tunnel** as a way for New Yorkers to honor Stephen's courageous actions and his memory.

John Dobrie and his FDNY Brothers see to it that the Triple Deuce Soldiers who attend the run are treated like royalty when they go to NYC.

Rob and Kim arrived just in time for photos, so we proceeded to the deck that overlooks the beginnings of the St. Lawrence Seaway. It was a fine late afternoon with a beautiful background for photo taking. Many photos were taken, some of which I have seen, but none were taken, that I've seen, where all of the Old Goats could be seen. The photo in the Newsletter was taken inside after the posting of the colors. The only faces in that photo that are

not familiar to the 22<sup>nd</sup> Members are those of **LTC Scott Wence, BN CO** and **CSM John Farlow, BN CSM**. I am pleased to report that Triple Deuce is in fine hands.

Immediately after the group photo I greeted the **1<sup>st</sup> BDE CSM, CSM Franklin**. I'd met CSM Franklin during the Organization Day event last summer and saw him, by chance, upon my arrival at BN HQ. CSM Franklin's wife was close by and as he was about to introduce her to me I



said, "Nice of you to bring your daughter to the Dining Out, some fathers wouldn't think to do so." Mrs. Franklin enjoyed the comment and I received a 1<sup>st</sup> BDE Challenge Coin from the CSM.

It was now time for the mixing of the Grog. Ingredients are added with reference to the Regiment's history. It had been decided, before hand and agreed to by Command, that when the Lieutenant stood and was about to add whatever it was he was holding while making a comment about the Regiment's time in Vietnam that Skip would stop him, make note of the fact that the Lieutenant was born well after Vietnam and, therefore, was not qualified to speak about Vietnam. Skip then instructed the Lieutenant to sit down. A room filled with Enlisted Soldiers roared with approval. Skip approached the Grog while holding up a pitched of what he described as Vietnam rice paddy water. Skip gave a brief description of what the Regiment did in Vietnam while pouring the 'rice paddy water' into the mixture.

More ingredients were added until it was time to test the mixture. Mark was invited to make that test. He declared that something was missing and what was missing was fire. He returned to his seat where he gathered up a half-gallon of Fireball Cinnamon Whiskey and a bottle of 'Red Ants.' He returned to the Grog and added both items, stirred the mixture and retested with the result that the



Grog was now fit to serve. The young Soldiers emptied the bowl in a matter of minutes.

All of these events have someone of high rank or stature as a speaker, this event was no different. A general officer had been scheduled to speak, but he must have learned that Lon Oakley, Honored Son of Texas, was coming to Ft Drum and bowed out in favor of having Lon speak. Lon began his talk with a story about how he came to be in the Army. A brief version of the story was that Lon and friends went to the recruiting office and when it was all said and done, Lon was the only one who passed the physical. Lon questioned the recruiter stating that he was 5 feet, 6 inches tall and weighed only 120 pounds. How was it possible that his friends, all bigger than him, were rejected? Furthermore, in light of his friends being rejected what possible use could the Army have for him? The recruiter told him that the Army had a very special job for him that turned out to be Tunnel Rat! Lon had won the crowd with his story. His talk turned serious at this point. Lon spoke about how important it was for the Old Goats to visit the Active Duty Soldiers, to perpetuate the traditions of the 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment and to pass on the esprit de corps to this generation of 22<sup>nd</sup> Soldiers from those who had been "The tip of the Spear" in the past. Lon went on to outline how the 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment Society supports the Active Duty Soldiers with examples of the Soldier of the Year and NCO of the year awards, financial assistance and visits at Ft Drum as well as JRTC. He reminded the Soldiers that they are the 1% of Americans who are willing and able to go "face to face" with our enemies, no matter where they might be. He reminded them that their sacrifices were not unnoticed and that all of the 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment Society's Members feel that the camaraderie and brotherhood with today's Soldiers continues as strong as ever. Finally, Lon turned to me and I made the toast to the Ladies of the 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment. Lon received a standing ovation and then was presented with The Mountain Warrior Award.

I told Lon that he needs to come back and make another speech so he can get the other snowshoe and then come visit me in Maine for a nice winter hike. A final note on Lon's speech. Later in the evening Skip and I were visiting with some Soldiers when one came over to tell me how much he liked my speech. I didn't correct him but did pass along the comment to Lon.

It was time to gather up our Guidons and head back to the



cabins. Before leaving we thanked LTC Wence for his hospitality and wished him the best.

We turned in after discussing how much we'd all enjoyed the evening, the best part, as always, is visiting with the Active Duty Soldiers. I placed my suitcase in front of the ladder to prevent any possible repeat of the previous night's down and up the ladder in my sleep activities.

Joe had rented a car, so he was going to bring Mark, Skip and Lon back to the airport, Pete was headed home and I was heading north to travel across New York, Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine. It was while I was getting ready that I realized I'd misplaced my phone, Lon had misplaced his phone earlier during the visit and I learned that Skip had misplaced his phone. Good News is that all three phones were found. Lon suggested that he, Skip and I be recognized with the CRS Award.

**Jim May**  
Prov. Co. 1968

## GUEST BOOK HITS

Name: **Mario Salazar**

Location: Montgomery Village, MD

Email: [mariosalazar@mariosalazar.com](mailto:mariosalazar@mariosalazar.com)

Phone: (240) 498-2763 Hey guys,

Richard Magner is working with other vets and the Vietnamese government to try to identify unknowns, especially those in mass graves. Some of us remember two of these at Soui Tre.

Could Dalpez and any others that were there contact me?

Posted on: Thursday - Apr 26, 2018

Name **Capt. Luther Rose**

Location Shawnee, Kansas

I served with **Capt George C White III** in MACVCORDS. George told me about FSB- Gold many times. He was a dear friend. I recently ran across his obituary and that is how I found your website. I am pleased that George made it to 71. At times I wasn't sure either of us would make it out Nam-- Our jobs were with a lot of spooks-- George was adviser to the Police Special Branch and I was adviser to NPFF (Combat Police) both a part of the Phoenix Program. God Bless all of you who remain.

Posted on Saturday - Jun 16, 2018

## HELLOS & COMMENTS

**Charles V. Paree**

813-650-4946

[cparee@verizon.net](mailto:cparee@verizon.net)

C Co. 25<sup>th</sup> ID, 68-69

**Oscar G. Rosales**

210-601-0043

[ogrosalez48@yahoo.com](mailto:ogrosalez48@yahoo.com)

A Co. 25<sup>th</sup> ID, 68-69

**John F. Baumgart**

608-427-6979

C Co. 4<sup>th</sup> ID, 12-66 to 5-67

**Donald F. Carpenter**

C Co. 25<sup>th</sup> ID, 68 to 69

405-919-8909

[doncarpenter@cox.net](mailto:doncarpenter@cox.net)

Don would like to locate **Tom Adams, Jerry Fasset** (sis), **Randy Dotson, Clyde Burr** (Zanesville, OH), **Sgt. Fletcher**

**James F. O'Leary**

A Co. Sep 68 to Apr 69

617-853-0489

[olearyjim@comcast.net](mailto:olearyjim@comcast.net)

James would like to hear from anyone who remembers him.

**Jerry L. Rudisill**

C Co. 3<sup>rd</sup> Platoon, 25<sup>th</sup> ID, 67-68

360-281-4079

[rudisillj@yahoo.com](mailto:rudisillj@yahoo.com)

**Michael Daugherty**

360-830-5024

[mikedougherty@wavecable.com](mailto:mikedougherty@wavecable.com)

Mike was with 124<sup>th</sup> signal and spent his time with C Co. 25<sup>th</sup> ID, Dec 65 to Apr 66

**Gerard Marceaux, Jr**

337-201-1625

[gerard.marceaux@icloud.com](mailto:gerard.marceaux@icloud.com)

D Co. 25<sup>th</sup> ID., Jan 69 to Feb 70

**John F. McCambridge, Jr.**

[rmccamb2@hotmail.com](mailto:rmccamb2@hotmail.com)

A Co. 25<sup>th</sup> ID, May 68 to May 69

John would like to locate **Van Pelt, Bill Kunkel, Joe Esser, Olsen, Manuel Rodrigas, Goike, Palooka, & Sgt. Wade**. John writes, "Men of the 3rd Platoon, Alpha Co., I have a letter from Van Pelt dated June 18, 1969 saying **Capt. Crocker** was killed & many injured. I have a Tropic Lightning Newspaper dated 2-10-1969 regarding to battle on Jan 14 where the 3rd Platoon of Alpha Co. under Capt. Crocker engaged the enemy and killed 122 of the little guys. Great response by a great group of guys."

**Harold M. Henderson**

262-352-9547

[halhenderson@aol.com](mailto:halhenderson@aol.com)

C Co. 4<sup>th</sup> & 25<sup>th</sup> ID, Oct 66 to Nov 67

Hal writes, "Good to be back."

## TAPS

**Douglas Stanard**

Poplar Grove, IL

Died 12-13-14

B Co. 25<sup>th</sup> ID, 1968-69

By Brad Hull

**Donald E Combs**

Anamosa, Iowa B/66-67

Died January 19, 2018

By Tom Taluzek

Brenda Jacobs

Wife of **J.W. Jacobs** B/66-67

Boonsville, Mississippi

Died April 6, 2018

By Betty Brenneman





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Name \_\_\_\_\_

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Phone \_\_\_\_\_ E-Mail Addr \_\_\_\_\_

I served with the 2-22 in Vietnam: Company \_\_\_\_\_ Division \_\_\_\_\_ 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ 25<sup>th</sup> Dates: \_\_\_\_\_

I served in support of the 2-22 in Vietnam: Unit and dates served \_\_\_\_\_

I did not serve in or support the 2-22 in Vietnam but wish to be an associate member  (Check the box)

Men you served with who you would like to contact: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

My dues are enclosed for year(s) \_\_\_\_\_

Amount\* \_\_\_\_\_

Additional amount you elect to give to the Helping Hand Fund.  
A few Examples of how these funds will be used are: to support  
Triple Deucers in need, our Active Duty Soldiers, disaster relief  
such as 9-11 and the 22<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Vietnam Memorial.

Amount\*\* \_\_\_\_\_

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**Attention New Members:**

Do you wish to have your name, address, phone number and e-mail address listed in the New Find Section of the next available newsletter? Yes  No

Make your check out to: **Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc.** and mail it to Jim May with this form filled out.

Jim's address is: **P.O. Box 665...Norridgewock, ME 04957.** His e-mail address and phone number are: jlmay@tds.net and (207) 634-3355.

Your comments: \_\_\_\_\_

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