

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



Editor: David Allin, DMOR A&HHC 69-70

Copyright 1996-2025

by The Viet Nam Triple Deuce, Inc.

Publisher Dan & Vera Streit D 69 DMOR - HMOR

website www.vietnamtripledeuce.org for current contact information.

Vol. 26, No. 2 June 2020



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Well folks, it's really hard to come up with an uplifting, light or funny prez letter this time around. Between COVID 19 and riots in the streets of our cities, the good news is hard to come by these days. Well, I'm going to give you some anyway. The governor of South Dakota was on the news this morning, and this fine lady had solved a big problem in her state. She had activated the National Guard and had them positioned in locations around the major cities in a way that when the looting, destruction and lawless activity started it was stopped immediately by South Dakotans in uniforms. It was very uplifting to me as a veteran of the 2000 Fifth Army troops airlifted from Ft. Carson in 68 to combat those same problems in Washington D.C. for four days of the Poor People's March. I don't know about you, but THAT was good news to me.

I have been involved with a bunch of military funerals lately, but consider it the honor it is rather than a job to be done. Our small county has 3 American legion posts and a VFW. Like many of them none of us can put together the full Honor Guard needed to perform a proper military funeral. We solved that problem three years ago by joining forces when any veteran in our area dies. The Honor guard will have vets from all four posts at every funeral, but by golly these vets are being buried with the full honors they deserve. This program means that we are at a lot more funerals than before, but the same feeling you and I get at reunions is present in the "troops" involved in this patriotic activity. You should look into it for yourself if you are able. Be safe...

Dick Nash, A Co. & HHC, 69

EDITOR'S COMMENTS



The picture above was taken on the most fun day of my tour in Viet Nam. After I had pestered him for a while, our driver, Larry Gallagher, finally agreed to teach me how to drive the track. He even let me be Driver For A Day one morning when we were providing security for the engineers on a road sweep. As you can tell by my expression, I enjoyed the hell out of it.

On a different note, many of you know that I write novels about our experiences in Viet Nam, some based loosely on real events, and others not so much. A couple guys have asked me to do a book about the Battle of Suoi Tre in 1967. All I know about it is what is in the official After Action Report posted on our website. Since that battle occurred two years before I arrived in country, and took place in War Zone C, which I never visited, I'll need help. If any of you have personal memories, or second-hand stories, or photos related to that event, and you want to share them with me, please email or call me. Thanks much.

David Allin, A Co. & HHC, 69-70

REUNION UPDATE

The Reunion is rescheduled for **May 20-23, 2021**, in Dallas. We are using the same venue and will schedule the same activities.

The Embassy Suite Dallas Park Central and Executive Car Services [Tour busses] have agreed to honor the quotes provide to us for the 2020 Reunion.

Scheduled events: for 2021 Reunion:

Tour of Waco, Tour of F-35 Production Line,
Tour of AT&T Cowboy Stadium, Tour of JFK
Museum, Golf Tournament, Hemingway
Turkey
Friday Buffet, Saturday Banquet, Sunday
Memorial Service
Hospitality Room

Members who registered for the Reunion should contact **Martin Oelklaus** concerning applying funds to the 2021 Reunion or requesting refund. Email: moelklaus@aol.com [If no email, call 816-805-0845]

1. If you have registered for the 2020 Reunion and are planning on attending the 2021 Reunion, you can have the payment you made applied to the 2021 Reunion.
2. Request a refund. *Note membership dues cannot be refunded.*

The Embassy Suites Dallas Park Center will cancel reservations made directly with the Hotel. However, if you made your reservations thru 3rd party channels to

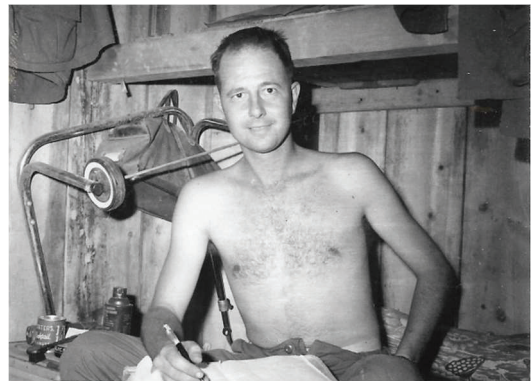
make sure they cancel directly thru those channels. [AAA, Expedia, etc.].

You will be able to contact the Embassy Suites to make your reservation after June 30, 2020. This information will be posted to the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society web site: 22ndinfantry.org, and in the next newsletter.

Reunion registrations forms will be published in the next newsletter and available on our web site.

If you have any questions, contact **Skip Fahel** at: egf15@aol.com.

MI Officer Tunnel Rat



The skinny S2, Ken Helm

I have several interesting stories from my time as a tunnel rat. First, I have to tell you that I had three little boys at home back then, ages 7, 4 and 1, but I didn't have enough sense to be afraid. Whenever someone would find a tunnel, they would get me out there, usually in the Boi Loi Woods, and I would "explore" it. When I was attending Western

Kentucky University in the late fifties, I had been a "spelunker" (cave explorer). We crawled through parts of the Mammoth Cave system, about thirty miles south of the main cave. I guess that qualified me to be a tunnel rat.

When I explored the VC tunnels, I had a .25 automatic pistol that I would carry in my mouth. One time they called me out and good old "Lumpy" (Ken Schulte), one of Dick Nash's hoodlums, was there, and he liked to go with me into tunnels. This time he was behind me, and about 30 or 40 feet into the tunnel his helmet bumped into my butt, making me stop. As I turned to chastise him, something touched my right hand between my middle and ring fingers. I jumped back and looked down with the flashlight. There was a stick about ¼-inch in diameter, just sticking up out of the dirt floor. I turned to Lumpy and told him to go back out of the tunnel and get me a ball of twine, or string, or something.

It took several minutes, but he came back with, I think, two rolls of shoot-em-off cords from a Claymore mine. I took one line and tied a loop in the end of it, and then gently put it around the stick. Next we unreeled the line as we backed out of the tunnel. We lay down on either side of the entrance and I shouted "Fire in the hole", not knowing if anything was going to happen or not. It turned out that the damned stick was attached to a 35-pound shaped charge, and when it went off, it was very loud. Lumpy was laughing his butt off. I looked over at him and calmly told him that the next time we were in a tunnel and he started bumping me in the ass with his helmet, I was going to turn around and shoot him in the face.

Another time I was looking down into the entrance hole of a tunnel, and there was a smoldering ARA cigarette in the

bottom. (ARA is a North Vietnamese brand). We fragged the crap out of the tunnel before I went in. By that time smoke was coming out about 60 feet away in a clump of bushes. The smoker had gone out of the back door and *di-di-maued*.

In one of the tunnels I explored, I found a huge cache of ammo. In another one, I found a very large amount of medical equipment. Doc Villalon, our Battalion Surgeon, said there was enough equipment down there to do anything up to brain surgery.

The last hole I went into was in the Boi Loi, on Dec 24, 1969. My DEROS was Jan 14, 1970. I think it was The Rock (Sergeant Wade), another of Dick's hoodlums, who had me by the ankles and lowered me upside down in the hole. As he let me down the full length of my height (6' 2"), I looked at the sides of the hole. I realized it wasn't a tunnel, it was a fracture hole. I told Rock to ease me out, because there was a 750-pound bomb in the bottom of the hole. As he gently pulled me out, I kept knocking bits of dirt down into the hole, which worried me. I pictured both of us going up in a ball of flame.

I got my bag of C-4 and suspended the whole thing from a stick into the hole, and then I lit a long fuse. The platoon had already departed a good distance, and Rock and I quickly joined them. Of course, after it went off, there was a ready-made swimming pool. At the evening staff briefing, I had marked the location on the briefing map and made my report. I told the Battalion Commander: "Today your friendly S-2 found and destroyed a 750-pound bomb, and Colonel, that is the last hole I'm going into." Of course, everyone laughed. But it was my last hole.

Ken Helm, HHC, 1969

National Infantry Museum Memorial Legacy Tree Program



In a proposal approved by the Executive Committee of the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society, funds were approved to purchase of a Regiment Legacy Tree at the National Infantry Museum. Last January it was my honor to travel from San Antonio to Ft. Benning to complete the purchase of a healthy Red Maple tree from the National Infantry Museum Foundation. The three-year-old tree was already planted along the National Infantry Museum and Soldier Center's Memorial Walk of Honor. Our tree (pictured in the article) is located within a few steps of the 4th Infantry Division Memorial Monument, the 25th Infantry Division Memorial Monument and our own 22nd Infantry Regiment Memorial Monument. A bronze plaque sits at its base.

In short, the intent of our 22nd Infantry Regiment Legacy Tree is to promote healing for families and friends and truly serve as a

living tribute to those named on our Memorial Monument along with those who have served and continue to serve within the Regiment.



Finally it is our hope the 22nd Infantry Regiment Legacy Tree will provide a gift that **KEEPS ON GROWING** along the traditions and legacy of the Regiment. Regulars By God....Deeds Not Words.



Lon D. Oakley Jr, A Co 2/22d 25ID 1969

REMEMBRANCE DAY AT FT. DRUM POSTPONED

Dawn Esposito called to ask that an announcement be made in the Newsletters that Remembrance Day at Ft. Drum has been move to September 1st & 2nd. I suggest that anyone planning on attending contact Rob Schexnayder so that all 22nd IR Vets can meet up.

Jim May, HMOR
Prov. Co. 1968

ATTENTION BROTHERS....PAVER PROJECT UPDATE



I know we all missed the chance to meet in Dallas in June at the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society Reunion. I was hoping to

use that time to promote the 22nd Infantry Regiment Paver Project that we are partnering on with the National Infantry Museum Foundation. In short, I want to call attention to your chance to purchase a legacy ground paver (VIETNAM/IRAQ/ AFGHANISTAN) to be placed together for all eternity in section 22A along Heritage Walkway. To date our number is almost 40 purchased, including relocation of Regiment Pavers previously purchased. Heritage Walkway leads up to our Regiment Monument and Legacy Red Maple Tree on the National Infantry Museum's WALK OF HONOR. So all this is just a reminder to consider taking part in this project to leave a lasting personal paver detailing your time with the Regiment.

Attached is the information order form, which shows examples of a couple pavers already purchased, and additional guidance on how to fill out the form and send with your check or credit card info to address listed at the NIM, ATTN: Ms. Ilene Kent. You will receive a letter from the foundation for tax purposes and a mini copy of your paver. If you still have questions please send me a note.

Ldo82288@icloud.com

Hoping you will make the choice to join with us on this most worthy project to help support the Museum.

Finally, as of now plans are still on for a formal recognition of our Regimental pavers at this year's Veterans Day Celebration at the National Infantry Museum. More details on that later.

LON OAKLEY JR
Past President
22nd Infantry Rgmt Society
Paver Project Coordinator

HOW TO BUILD A MESS HALL



Ken Helm's hooch, before it was straightened up

Shortly after my arrival in Vietnam and being made a tunnel rat, the good ole Battalion Commander, LTC Ralph Cline, informed me that I was in charge of building the mess hall at FSB Wood II. I informed the good colonel that I had no experience at building anything, and the good colonel advised me that I was a Military Intelligence officer and a captain, and therefore I could build anything. So I went to Cu Chi, where I went into the G-4's office and found a guy who could at least spell mess hall. He told me to get hold of the Seabees. (Seabees ????) He called someone and explained that a dumb MI captain needed to build a mess hall in the middle of the Boi Loi Woods. The deputy G-4 sent me back to FSB Wood and told me that a Seabee would

be there in a day or two. LTC Cline wasn't particularly happy with my "progress," and he told me to get on with it. The Seabee showed up in a couple days and we walked around the road to pick a site. I think the Seabee was some kind of enlisted guy but didn't ask because he knew construction. First thing he wanted to know was how big we wanted it to be and a bunch of other stuff that I didn't know the answers to. The only thing that came out of this meeting was that he (and the Seabees) would come to the firebase and build the mess hall. They would provide the concrete for the floor, about eight workers, and the concrete mixer. I only had to provide about six tons of gravel, all the construction materiel, PSP and rubberized mat for the roof, electrical stuff, doors, the other workers, and a whole list of other "stuff".

He gave me a phone number and told me to call him when I had assembled all the stuff on the building site. He was kind enough to direct me to the docks in Saigon. I vaguely remember taking three deuce and a halves to the docks and loading them with dunnage from ships that had brought in equipment from stateside, including 8 by 8's, 10 by 10's and 6 by 6's, as well as all kinds of other wood. I can't remember who the trucks belonged to. I think the Battalion S-4 "borrowed" them from some unit in Dau Tieng. I remember taking a truck out on the MSR (Main Supply Route) carrying about 10 guys with shovels and pulling up to piles of gravel that the Division Engineer had placed at various locations near the road to repair potential mine craters in the MSR. All the guys would un-ass the truck and throw 90 percent of the gravel on the truck. I suspect there was about ½ ton at each place. On the third day we had collected about 2/3 of the gravel we

needed, when this highly polished jeep with a Full Colonel passed, slowing down to eyeball us. The bumper marking was the 25th Division Engineer. He kept going to Tay Ninh, but just to be sure, we quickly got on the truck and Di-di-maued to the south about one mile, driving into the underbrush to hide and wait. About four minutes later here comes the same jeep racing down the road. We waited about twenty more minutes and the jeep showed up again going to Tay Ninh. We went to three more piles and completed the gravel quota without further interference. The Division G-4 promised us a rubberized landing pad to put on top of the mess hall, so they could land a medevac if we were ever under fire. I called the Seabee AFTER everything was on site.

Actual construction went very quickly. I think it took less than a week. After the building was completed I had a LOH land on top of it to fulfill my promise to the Div G-4.

If you have a problem with this story email kenhelm122@gmail.com or call him at (757) 599-5259

And here is a short blurb. David Allin who is the editor of our newsletter is also an author. Go on line and punch in David Allin. He writes books about Nam. They are great. You can order them on line. They'll take you back and in some places scare the crap out of you. I know David will not blow his own horn so I'll blow it. (HONK HONK) About the same time I was building the mess hall, My Favorite BN CDR told me that we needed a liaison officer at the District Intelligence Operations Control Center (DIOCC) in Bao Don, so I tapped Sp4 David Allin. I put a set of "US" insignia on his shirt collar so the Vietnamese wouldn't mess

with him. The Bn CDR told David to get him info on the Ba Nha Guerilla Group. So David got about 50 pages for him. He read it, looked at David's US's, and asked his real rank. David told him Spec-4, and LTC Williams promoted him to SGT E-5 on the spot.

Ken Helm, HHC, 1969

NOTICE

**If your mailing label shows
"2019" then your membership is
expiring and you need to send
in your dues.
ASAP**

FROM RTO TO UNDERCOVER SPY (SORT OF)

You have probably read Ken Helm's description of how I became the battalion intelligence liaison, but now, as Paul Harvey would have put it, here is "the rest of the story."

On August 1, 1969, after Joe Esser had been promoted to squad leader, I became the platoon RTO for Third Platoon, Alpha Company. I volunteered for the position for several reasons; one was that the RTO didn't have to go out on APs and LPs, since he had been carrying the PRC-25 all day, and another was that I found out what was happening before anyone else. Equally important was the chance that if I performed my job well, I might be selected to go work the radios in the TOC.

A few weeks later we were humping the boonies in the Crescent, and a branch caught the mike cord and pulled the wires loose from the socket. Our platoon was operating independently, so I borrowed a pair of pliers from the track tool kit and went to work. I made the necessary repair, and soon we were back in business. That night the company laagered in a Rome Plow area, and the platoon sent out an ambush patrol, led by Chuck Blair. The AP was gone for only about an hour when they returned, due to radio problems. They reported that my field repair had failed and the mike cord had again separated from the socket. I took it to Commo Ed, our company radio technician, and he gave me a severe reprimand for trying to do second level maintenance that I was not authorized to perform. I was devastated and humiliated, and convinced that I had lost any shot at working at the TOC.

A few days later I was called to the TOC to meet with the battalion commander. I figured I was going to be chewed out for trying to fix the mike cord on my own. Instead I met with LTC Williams and CPT Helm, who offered me the position of Intelligence Liaison to the local South Vietnamese forces. The position had just been created for all the infantry units by the Brigade Commander, and was supposed to be assigned to a lieutenant, but our battalion had no officers to spare. I was told I had been chosen because I had a degree in psychology, which would somehow help me work with the Vietnamese, but I have always suspected it was because my card was at the front of the battalion personnel file. The only catch, the colonel told me, was that I had to shave my mustache. I had spent a lot of time growing it, but I agreed in order to get this plum assignment.

With the "U.S." insignia on my collars and a vague rank of "Mister", I became an undercover intelligence agent with no training or any idea of what I was supposed to do. It was kind of cool, though, when I was saluted by a new lieutenant in Tay Ninh. It was not as cool, though, when guys thought I was a CID agent, since those MP detectives were sometimes known to use the "Mister" disguise. Later, after LTC Williams left, I replaced the US insignia with my newly won sergeant stripes.

Returning from Viet Nam, I took my discharge and became a civilian again. After working for 7-Eleven for three years, I decided to rejoin the Army, intending to go back into the Infantry. The recruiter explained that since I had been out for more than three years, I would lose all my previous rank and have to go through Basic and AIT again. Suddenly the Infantry didn't look as attractive, so I asked what else they could offer. Because I had scored well on the language aptitude test, they suggested I go to the language school in Monterey and work in military intelligence. That worked out extremely well, and I still thank Ken Helm for pointing me in that direction. As for the radio repair, I ran into Chuck Blair a few months after had I been transferred to HHC, and he admitted to me that when they had gone out on that AP, they had agreed they just didn't want to do it, so they had sabotaged the radio. He said they had to stand on the radio and jerk on the cord several times with all their strength in order to pull it loose again. And then they blamed me. I didn't get mad. It had all worked out for the best, and my repair work had been vindicated. Thanks, Chuck.

David Allin, A/HHC 69-70

HELLOS & COMMENTS

Terry D. Hollinger

Location Phoenix, AZ

620-538-4631

familyh@aol.com

Terry would like to locate **Jerry Reed & "Doc" Ronald Swinney**

John J. Bakowski, JR

716-465-7045

B,C,& HHC Co's 67-68

ionlyn1@roadrunner.com

Mark A. Weinman

malexander81@protonmail.com

Mark writes, "My dad, **Paul Weinman**, served with B Company from March 1969 to March 1970. I would like to correspond with anyone that may have served with him."

Edward M. Fagan, Jr.

A Co. 4th ID, 1966 to 1967

efagan2@nyc.rr.com

Ed wrote that he had COVID 19 back in March but has recovered.

TAPS

Larry C. Heinemann

Recon (HHC) 2-22 Inf. 67-68

Died 12-11-19

(For those who didn't know, Larry published a highly-regarded novel in 1977 based on his experiences in the CRIP platoon. The book is CLOSE QUARTERS, and is still available on Amazon.com.)

Armondo P. Verdecchio

A Co. 2-22, 65-67

Died 2-17-20

Colonel Ralph W. Julian

HQ, 2-22, 67

Died 4-8-2020

GUEST BOOK HITS

None

NEW FINDS

None



NATIONAL INFANTRY MUSEUM PAVER PROGRAM



22D INFANTRY REGIMENT SOCIETY

The Museum has set aside a section of commemorative pavers for past and present members of the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society in Section 22A on Heritage Walk. As a special incentive, the National Infantry Museum is offering the Society a special discounted price of \$200 (\$50 savings). With each paver purchased, you will receive a 2" x 4" miniature replica for your desktop. Any extra funds submitted will be used to help support the National Infantry Museum Foundation. Pavers will be dedicated on Veterans Day, November 11, 2020, if purchased by September 15, 2020.

I would like to purchase ____ 4" x 8" engraved granite paver(s) at **\$200** each, which includes 1 complimentary miniature replica. Additional replicas can be purchased for \$25 each. Certificates are available for \$10 each.

Enclosed is my payment of \$ _____

Print clearly and double-check your spelling. Maximum three lines, 20 characters per line, including spaces. Please provide documentation for any awards listed.

Additional replicas: \$25 ea.

Certificates: \$10 ea.

☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express ☐ Money Order ☐ Check
(Payable to National Infantry Museum Fdn.)

Credit Card # _____ Exp. Date _____ CVV _____ Cardholder Signature _____

Purchaser Name _____

Mailing Address _____

Email Address _____ Phone _____

Mail form and payment to:
National Infantry Museum Heritage Walk Paver Program
1775 Legacy Way Suite 220
Columbus, GA 31903

Sample

**SP4 DENNIS LUIZ
"PALOOKA" 1968-69
A CO. 2/22D INF-RVN**

Sample

**DAVID R. CROCKER JR.
CAPT A CO. 2/22D INF
KIA MAY 1969 VIETNAM**

If you have any questions, please contact Ilene B. Kent at 706.685.5813, or email ikent@nationalinfantryfoundation.org

www.nationalinfantrymuseum.org/pavers

