

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: Dan & Vera Streit D 69 DMOR - HMOR

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. 28, No. 2 June 2022



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Well it's time for me to start harping on you folks to plan, budget, and get signed up (registered) for the next greatest 22nd Infantry reunion since its only 11 months away. We all know how fast 11 months will go by from experience. I'm looking forward to this one especially for several reasons: Number one is where it is being held. The Infantry Museum is an amazing place for any soldier who carried that MOS a half century ago. The whole place is amazing, but the walk-through dioramas are a very real and special experience. Number two is I will finally get to go to a reunion for the whole thing (fingers crossed). I missed Atlanta and then had to quarantine in Dallas the first morning because my wife had come down with pneumonia. I haven't seen a bunch of you guys for way too long. May 18th thru 23rd...book it.

I'd like you who internet these days to ask Google to call up *Creativets* and the song "Just As Red". It is the song me and my tutor and two professional song writers from Nashville created during my session with them last year. If you listen carefully the 22nd Infantry is mentioned in one of the first lines about the importance of reunions in dealing with PTSD. I have since gone to a school and become one of the tutors for first time vets using this amazing program to combat PTSD in their lives. I would be honored to tutor any of the family we are all a part of if you should decide to check it out. *Creativets* has helped over 1000 veterans in many ways and is there for you as well at no cost to you. My contact info is on the front of this newsletter if you'd like to talk about it. It involves an all-expenses

paid trip to Nashville for two to three days you will never forget...

Dick Nash , A Co. & HHC, 69

EDITOR'S COMMENTS

I agree with Dick, that we need to start planning our trips to Georgia for the next reunion. The Infantry Museum alone is worth the visit, and you will also get to see your old buddies again.

This edition of the newsletter includes two lengthy articles by me, in part because I enjoyed my trip to Washington, and in part because there wasn't enough content to fill all the pages. Come on, guys, surely you have something you would like to put in the newsletter. We would like to hear from all of you. Let us know what you're doing now, or something interesting that happened to you in Nam, or whatever. Doug Lyall submitted a terrific poem which I think all of us agree with.

Unfortunately, this newsletter also brings sad news of more of our Brothers passing on. We're getting old, fellows, and there's no getting around that, but those of us who survive should celebrate our continued existence and remain loyal to our lifelong friends. Come to the reunion, renewed your wartime relationships, and pass on your experiences to the younger soldiers who fought in Iraq and Afghanistan.

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

WASHINGTON, D.C.

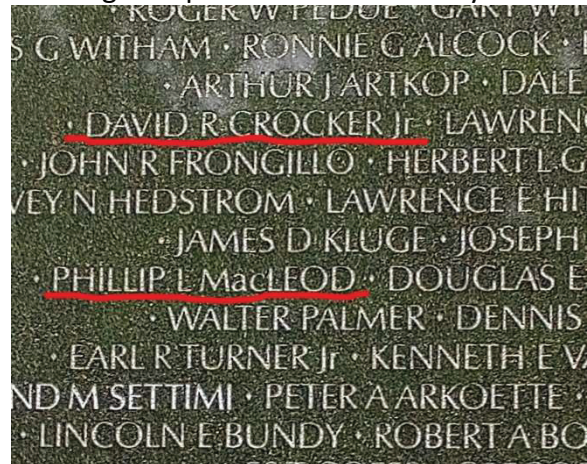


This Spring a friend and I traveled to Washington, DC, to visit our nation's capital and renew our dedication to democracy. For me, of course, the main attraction was the Vietnam War Memorial.

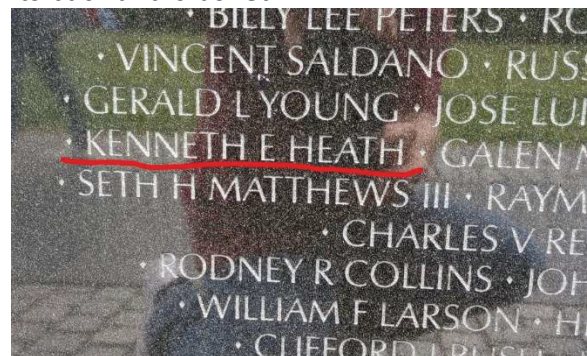


It was a gloomy, rainy day in DC, which matched my mood as I walked the length of the Wall and took in all the names engraved thereon. At each end of the Wall are little covered desks with books that list all the names in alphabetical order, along with the panel number and line number where each name can be found. First I found the panel with the names of Captain David L. Crocker

and Specialist Fourth Class Phillip McLeod, who died together. Phil was Captain Crocker's RTO, and they were killed by a booby trap. I knew both these men, and I respected them greatly. Captain Crocker was the best commander I ever served under, and I admired Phil because he was a conscientious objector who volunteered to serve in the infantry, as long as he did not have to carry a weapon. To me, that was the height of patriotism and bravery.

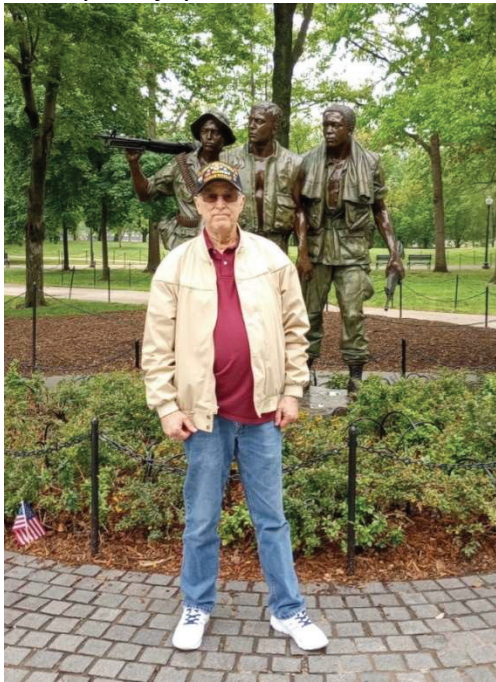


After I paid my respects to those two men, I found the panel with the name of Kenneth Heath. Specialist Heath went by his childhood nickname, "Pine," and was in my squad. I can't honestly say we were friends, but we were buddies and looked after each other. Shortly after I left the platoon Pine became the driver of our track, and he was killed when a road mine flipped the track on its back and crushed him.



In the light drizzle I stood there at the Wall, remembering those men, and thinking of

the thousands of other young men who died in that war. It was a sobering and emotional moment. Finally I saluted them and slowly walked away. At one end of the Wall is the statue of Vietnam soldiers, and I asked a passer-by to take my photo with it. I look pretty grim in the photo, but I wasn't exactly in a joyous mood.



From there we went to the Lincoln Memorial, but it was closed for some unexplained "emergency." We were told it would reopen in a couple hours, but chose not to wait.



We had not checked beforehand, and we discovered that two of the Smithsonian museums were closed for renovations—the

Air & Space and the Arts & Industry buildings. We also discovered that it was the week during which every school in the five-state area sent busloads of students on field trips to DC. While the kids were obviously pleased at being away from school, they were not terribly interested in the sights or the museum displays, preferring to run around yelling and play with their phones. While frequently distracted by the commotion, I still enjoyed seeing the museums of American History and Natural History.



It was fascinating to visit the National Archives and see the original Declaration of Independence and other historical documents. There were also fascinating exhibits of historic photographs and maps. The Library of Congress was also worth the trip, with many interesting exhibits.



Perhaps the most intriguing museum for me was the International Spy Museum, a non-government-sponsored museum just south of the Mall. There are well-designed and often interactive exhibits that tell the history of espionage and display actual spy devices and documents, both real and fictional. They have the James Bond Aston-Martin with the machine guns and ejection seat on display in the lobby. The museum was well worth the price of admission. The trip was not all wine and roses, however. The Airbnb we rented turned out to be well-located but uncomfortable. It rained for four days straight. We hadn't rented a car, counting on public transportation to get around, but the day we arrived the bus drivers went on strike, and the subway has only one stop on the Mall. We used Lyft a lot, which was still probably better than renting a car. The saving grace was that there was an American Legion post right across from where we were staying, and it was a very friendly and pleasant place to spend some time. My friend wanted to see Monticello, Thomas Jefferson's private home near Charlottesville, VA, so we rented a car to drive down there. Fortunately the weather improved, and it was a sunny but cool day at this picturesque location. Monticello is not a national park or memorial, so one must pay to visit it, but it is worth the price. There are guided tours of the house, the grounds, and the slave quarters, and the view from the hilltop location are spectacular. I particularly enjoyed the fact that Jefferson loved gadgets, and many were on display. I was surprised to learn that he always carried what can only be described as a Swiss Army knife, with multiple blades.

My trip to DC was very enjoyable, so much so that I plan to return this fall, this time with my wife. My friend has leg problems, and thus our visits to various sights were limited in time and scope, so I would like revisit those places. My wife has never been there, and now that I know my way around, I'll be able to make the visit more enjoyable for her.

David Allin, A/HHC 1969-70

SOLDIERS JUST LIKE ME

I have never visited the Wall in Washington, D.C.,
But I can see it plain as day.
All the names etched in black granite, it's
not hard to see
They were Soldiers, just like me.

So young their lives were taken, so much
pain and horror they did see.
I often wondered what it was like, in other
parts of the country.
They were Soldiers, just like me.

They all had lives and families, too; how sad
it was for everyone,
They died for just a few.
They would not say it was right, or that the
war in Vietnam was wrong,
But, my God, it lasted way too long.
They were Soldiers, just like me.

We took our orders, we did our best,
We did it all without much rest.
We searched for the enemy, mostly when it
was light,
But he would seem to find us mostly at
night.

I do not think there was one man who was
not in fright.
They were Soldiers, just like me.

I made it home; I don't understand why I
lived and others had to die.
I should be happy that I made it home, but
at night the bad dreams come
When I'm alone.
I wish we could turn back time and not have
done it at all;
Then there would be no Black Granite Wall.
They were Soldiers, just like me.

Another time, another year.
Let's not forget this time to give our
Soldiers a big cheer.
They're in Afghanistan and they're in Iraq,
let's not forget them
When they all come back.
They were Soldiers, just like me.

Douglas Ray Lyall
B Co., 2/22 Inf (Mech), 25th Div.
June 1968-June 1969

MEMORIAL DAY 2022



Every special military recognition day my
mind wanders back to the time I was with

you in Third Platoon. I was not with you a
long time but I cherish the memory of every
day you had my back. I walk the Earth
today because of that fact and wanted to
let you know that on a day so many did not
come home. Special memory to the
Crocker family on the loss of our beloved
Captain David R Crocker. Be safe and God
Bless each of you.

DEEDS NOT WORDS

Lon Oakley, 3rd Plt., A Co. 2/22 Inf.
1969



Our hero, CPT Crocker, standing tall like
John Wayne atop TO THE ALPS track, calling
in Medevac Helicopter to take out our
wounded.

National Museum of the U.S. Army

As part of my trip to Washington, I insisted
on stopping to see the new National
Museum of the U.S. Army at Ft. Belvoir, VA.
It's about thirty minutes south of DC, and
easy to get to. It's located just off I-95, and
not inside the gates at Ft. Belvoir, so no
need to show ID. The museum opened full-

time last year, and the grounds are still being improved, but the building is spectacular.



All along the parking area are plaques of the various units of the Army, including 22nd Infantry.



The entry hall is huge, and the staff is very friendly. When we visited, there were actually more staff than visitors. There is a nice cafeteria, where my friend rested while I toured the galleries.

Just to the left of the entrance is a gallery showing the Army's peace-time involvement in civilian work projects

through our nation's history, and the civilian agencies that support the Army. Each visitor is invited to go to a theatre in the round and enjoy a 15-minute film extolling the mission of the Army and its accomplishments. It's actually more enjoyable than it sounds.

The main displays of the museum are a series of galleries showing the Army at war throughout our history. Each gallery includes uniforms, weapons, supplies, short film presentations, and the heroes of that era. The first gallery deals with the era of our country's founding, with the French and Indian War, the Revolutionary War, and the War of 1812. The central display is of a cannon. The second gallery was devoted to the Mexican War, the Civil War, and the Indian Wars. The third gallery displayed artifacts from the Spanish-American War and the First World War, including a French Renault tank used by the U.S. Army. The fourth gallery, the largest, was dedicated to World War II, and included a Sherman tank, a landing craft, anti-aircraft guns, a cannon, and much more.



The fifth gallery covered the Korean War, the Cold War, and the Vietnam War. It had a jeep, a quad-fifty, and Huey slick on display, but no M-113.



The sixth gallery was primarily the Iran and Afghanistan Wars, and included a Bradley Fighting Vehicle.

All of the galleries are extremely well presented, they include uniforms and equipment from all branches of the Army, and I could have spent hours there absorbing all the information and atmosphere.



On the second floor of the museum is a section devoted to Medal of Honor winners. If you are ever in Virginia, try to make time to stop at this new museum. You'll be glad you did.

David Allin, A/HHC, 69-70

HELLOS & COMMENTS

GUEST BOOK HITS

I am trying I find more information on William Eugene Hargrove who was in Co A 2/22. He was mortally wounded on 9/4/1967 at Nui Ba Den and died the next day. I am interested in finding out more about the fight he was killed in and any stories anyone knew about him. All I have been able to find was that he was wounded in the head while loading wounded into an armored vehicle.

Mike Hoover

Spring Hill, TN

mhoover2013@gmail.com

NEW FINDS

TAPS

Douglas D. Payne

February 23, 2021

Three Oaks, MI

A Co., 2/22 Inf.

Dec. 1965 – Sep. 1967

William Richard Lechner



Major (ret) William Richard Lechner passed away April 2, 2022. He was born April 8, 1943 in Houston, Texas then lived around the world as a child of the US Air Force and as Officer in the Army. He lived the last 38 years in Peachtree City, Georgia.

Drafted in 1965, he decided to make a career out of the Army, so he attended Officer Candidate School in Ft Benning, Georgia. He served two tours in Vietnam as a Lieutenant with the 101st during 68 Tet, and again as a Captain in command of a Mech Company with the 2/22 during the invasion of Cambodia. He was awarded the CIB, a Silver Star, six Bronze Stars, five Purple Hearts plus numerous other military and civilian medals. After an active duty career of 20 years, he retired and then went back into the military as a civilian GS employee for another 20 years.

Bill was also my AIT CO at Ft. Ord in California and I was his APC driver from early March until the morning we crossed the Rach Cai Bach river into Cambodia.

Today is the 52nd anniversary of the night we rescued a Wolfhounds company along the Cambodian border in the Renegade Woods.

As we crossed that fallow rice daddy in the dark with the command track leading Alpha, the wildlife opened fire from the rear guard of more than 200 fresh NVA troops.

The memory of that night will never leave my mind. If you were there, neither will you. Bill was a terrific leader who took care of us. I am saddened by this loss.

Brad Hull

Samuel Lyle Pollock



Samuel Lyle Pollock, 79, passed away November 27, 2021 from Alzheimer's disease in Tropic, Utah. He was able to come home the day before his passing and was surrounded by his children and grandchildren who love him dearly. Sam was born September 29, 1942 in Ogden, Utah to Samuel Herman and Zora Bell Roundy Pollock.

Sam was drafted to serve the United States of America as a soldier in the Vietnam war. He entered basic training on April 26, 1967. Sam advanced to the rank of staff sergeant and became a decorated Army veteran being the recipient of two silver stars, one bronze star, and many others.

B Co. 2/22 1968-69