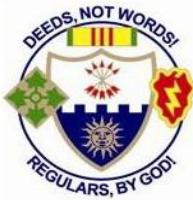


The Viet Nam Triple Deuce, Inc.

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 1969-70

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website www.vietnamtripleddeuce.org for current contact information.

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2025



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Hello from the snowed in Midwest. Looks like old fashioned miserable Winter has decided to reappear in our neck of the woods. Already the first time I've had to snow plow in three years, and more coming. Be safe out there...

BUT!!! It's getting to that time of year when we must decide whether to attend the next reunion or not. For some of us that is an easy choice. I have missed a couple of reunions with some health issues, but being able to sit with the guys you walked the walk with almost six decades ago makes them "other family" to me, and I set them as a very high priority every 18 months. And the Brotherhood of the many other members who you meet just add to the pleasures. I hope those of you who have not been to one yet will look at the calendar and realize that we are at an age group that will only be able to get to a few more of these gatherings, and get your person to this next greatest reunion ever in Oklahoma City in May (details in this newsletter). I won't list the benefits to you again, but know that there are very many that will stay with you for the rest of your life...

Dick

PS- For those concerned about tornadoes, the hotel has a storm shelter in its basement that will hold all of us should the need arise. Hey, Ho Chi Minh didn't get you. Neither will a tornado...

**Dick Nash, DMOR
A Co. & HHC, 69**

EDITOR'S COMMENTS

Spring has sprung and Fall has fell, Winter is here and it's colder than it was last year. The good news, however, is that Spring is coming again, and with it the Reunion. It is time now to reserve your hotel room and fill out your registration form. Also, it's time to think about what you will donate to the raffle.

This issue is chock full of news and information, so be sure to read everything. As I mention in one of the articles, the Triple Deuce in Vietnam book is coming along nicely. We're still working out some of the details, but I'm certain that every member will want at least one copy. I've been reading all the articles that have been submitted to the newsletter for the last 30 years, to pick out those that will appear in the book, and I have been pleasantly surprised by how well written and descriptive they all are. Anyone who reads the book will come to fully understand what it was like for us over there, and why we are so committed to each other. To steal a line from Charles Dickens, it was the best of times, it was the worst of times.

Just before this newsletter was finished, I received word about the death of Captain Both, and the few details we have are listed under the TAPS section.

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

ONLY FIVE MONTHS!

Yes, the reunion is only five months away. It's time to start making reservations and submitting your registration forms, which we have helpfully attached to this newsletter. It looks like this will be the best and biggest reunion in years. To make hotel reservations use the link in the body of the email, or call 1-800-325-3535 and give the operator the group code: **GU8 - 22nd Infantry Regiment Society Reunion.**

If you are driving, I-40, I-35, and I-44 all intersect at Oklahoma City, with exits that are only a few blocks from the hotel. The parking garage is right next to the hotel, with a covered walkway connecting them. If you are flying, Will Rogers International Airport is only 15 minutes from the hotel, and is very easy to get around in. Just come out of the gate, go down the escalator to the luggage carousel, and then out the door to ground transportation. No people movers, no long walks.



We have arranged a guest speaker for the reunion. Joe Finch was a helicopter pilot for 25th Aviation in 1969, flying out of Cu Chi to support Third Brigade. He flew all types of missions, including medevac, supply, troop transport, gunships, and VIPs.

In Viet Nam, he was a young lieutenant with an attitude that kept getting him in trouble, and superior flying skills that kept him from getting court martialed. His book, "Angel's Wing," describes his many adventures in our AO, and it is highly recommended. He eventually retired as a Lieutenant Colonel, and now travels around the country making presentations about his experiences. He will speak to us on Friday, after the buffet dinner.

Don't forget that the highlight of our reunions is always the raffle on Saturday night. All the raffle prizes are donations from members, so if you have a hobby and can make something for the raffle, or if you have store-bought things that you would like to donate, remember to bring them with you. I will donate a few of my novels, and also a couple small models of M-113s like the ones we rode.

There is no way to predict the NBA Finals, but the OKC Thunder is so far having a great winning season. If they go to the Playoffs again, some of those games would be played in OKC around the time of the reunion. The games would be played at the Paycom Center, only three blocks from the hotel. Even if you can't get tickets, the town will be jumping with excitement.

And let's be real, guys. We're all getting older, and this could be the last reunion we can attend. This could be the last chance you have to meet with your buddies and renew that bond that we Brothers share. Let's make the most of it.

Dave Allin, DMOR, A Co./HHC, 1969-70

DUES DUE

If you are reading this on a newsletter that was mailed to you, please check your name on the address label. If there is a 2024 after your name, you are not up to date with your dues, and you will no longer receive a paper newsletter. To continue receiving the paper newsletter, you must pay \$10 a year to Jim May, at the address below. If you are okay with receiving the newsletter only by email, you do not owe anything, but make sure I have your current email address.

Mail Dues to: Jim May
P.O. Box 665
Norridgewock, ME 04957

BAD CAPTAIN

Captain Asshat (not his real name, obviously) was a hard head, didn't listen to anybody and didn't seem to think much of his men. Before we went into Cambodia we had been laagering in the Boi Loi for some time. Water was running short, each track carried what we could maintain in 5 gallon jerry cans, and it was considered drinking water only. Asshat carried a wood pallet with us everywhere we went and at night in our laager, he would walk around the perimeter and check the tracks for the number of jerry cans we had. If he thought we had extra, he would take one, pull his pallet around the side of the CO's track and take a shower, perching the jerry can on the top of the track and cracking the lid. Nobody else took showers.

It got so bad I decided to take some of the fun out of his showers. We were moving on a RIF one day and he always tied his pallet to the RPG screen on the back of the track and let it hang, so I waited for an

opportunity and reached over and cut it loose. Of course it fell in the path of the following track, which by then had everybody following us cheering, and instead of going around it, they ran directly over it, so there was no recovering it. Asshat didn't realize it was gone until we stopped much later, but he was sure it was one of the two guys sitting on the screen that dropped it and I was one of them, so I made his shit list. I'm not really bad, I'm just drawn that way.



When we were in Cambodia and were in a battalion laager, he would go over and eat with command staff, who seemed to get a better ration and when he was done, would come back and eat our chow, too.

After we got ambushed on the evening of May 18th, we returned to the village the following day and as we came to the cross road that we had come out of the jungle on the previous day, we began to take heavy weapons fire from a building on the corner. We came to a stop and almost everybody hit the ground to return fire, but I was on the battalion net and stayed on top, calling in our situation. The CO had jumped off, but I didn't know where he went. Lining the highway were buildings, most if not all on raised platforms, and from

the corner of my eye I caught movement in a window.

I dropped the handset, grabbed my M79 and took a shot. What I didn't see was that a tree was directly in line with my shot, and the HE round hit the tree dead center, maybe 15 feet up, exploding probably 30 or so yards out. What I also didn't see was Asshat, not far from the tree, unhurt, but pissed off.

When we got back to the laager that night, he accused me of trying to take him out. He had pulled me aside for the accusation and threatened me with charges, but that was the end of it, nothing was said afterwards and he didn't mention it to anyone else.

I only had about 9 days left to DROS and should have already been in the rear, so I firmly believe he was keeping me in the field on purpose after that. After the ambush on the 22nd, the following day I was working on something around the track and Top asked me why I was still there. I told him the CO was keeping me out, and he immediately told me to get my gear and take the supply chopper out, as it was coming in shortly. I never got to say goodbye to my guys, and in 3 days, I was processed out of the company and on my way to Tan San Nhut to catch a flight home.

David White, C Co., 1969-70

TRIPLE DEUCE BOOK

As was announced in the last newsletter, we are creating a book about the Triple Deuce experience in Viet Nam. Most of the book will consist of stories our members wrote and published in this newsletter, which goes back nearly thirty years. Steve Irvine and I, with help from Dick Nash, are

collecting the stories and putting them into the proper format for the book. We are also creating a glossary of the official and unofficial terms we used back then, with brief explanations, and a picture gallery of the equipment and weapons that we used. The book will also include photos our members took at the time, to illustrate the events described in the stories. The photos will be selected from the many albums our members have uploaded to the website. And the book will also contain a list of Triple Deuce members who were killed in action. The book will not be an "official" history of the battalion in Viet Nam. Rather, it is a collection of remembered stories and anecdotes written by the grunts who served there, to provide the reader with a first-hand account of what it was like. The purpose of the book is to pass down to our children, grandchildren, and others, what the experience was for us. It will be kind of the answer to the question, "What did you do in the war, Dad?" The stories will be arranged roughly chronologically, along with special chapters for Suoi Tre, Burt, Dau Tieng, the Crescent, and Cambodia. Bob Babcock, one our members, has a publishing company, and he has agreed to publish the book. We are in frequent contact with him to ensure we prepare files that are easy for him to put into a book format. The price of the book, for our members, will be whatever the printing cost is. If copies are sold outside our membership, like on Amazon, any profits will go to the organization's scholarship fund. We have already made significant progress on the book, and with any luck at all, it might even be published before the reunion. Steve and I are working daily on the book, and it is coming together quickly. We do not yet have a title for the book, so if

you have any suggestions, please send them to me.

Because the stories and photos are coming from the website and newsletter, they are already considered public information, but if you have any story or photo that you do NOT want included in the book, let me know immediately. Likewise, if you have a story or photo not previously published that you do want included, submit it to me as soon as possible.

Deed Not Words

Dave Allin, DMOR, A Co./HHC, 1969-70
dnjallin@gmail.com

**DINING OUT, 2nd BATTALION, 22nd
INFANTRY REGIMENT
OCTOBER 3, 2025**

After a long deployment in the Middle East, Triple Deuce came home to Fort Drum in August. Block Leave was in order with the Battalion Ball to follow. As has been done in the past, the **Old Goats Squad** began making plans to visit with the Triple Deuce Soldiers and attend the Ball. However, previous commitments meant that three Old Goats would not be able to attend. And, previous commitments regarding Battalion Staff meant that the Old Goats would not be able to host the Battalion Big 5 for the traditional evening dinner before the Ball.

These unfortunate circumstances did not deter the Old Goats present from going to Art's Jug in Watertown for an evening of fine dining and catching up with one another. Present were **John Poggi, "C" Co., 2/22, 1969** and his lovely wife Valerie, **Chris Tuccio, "HHC", 2/22, 2004** and his lovely wife Fee, **Pete Gaworecki, "C" Co., 1/22,**

1967 and brother **Marty**, the "official" photographer of the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society and me.

I arrived at Battalion HQ at approximately 1430 HRS on 2 OCT. After greeting the CQ, I headed for the motor pool and "G" Co. **CPT Hird** and **1 SG Osias** were at a staff meeting at Brigade Support Battalion, however, **1LT Seth Lewis** was present and brought me to where I got to spend time visiting with the EM and the NCO's. They had time to visit because all of Triple Deuce's equipment was still in transit from the deployment. What I also learned was that the Army was removing Support Companies from direct command of Infantry Battalion Commanders and placing that command back to the Brigade Support Battalions from which the Support Companies had been removed approximately 20 years ago. "G" Co. was being reflagged as "C" Co., BSB. They would occupy the same spaces and perform the same functions, but would no longer answer to the Infantry Battalion CO but to the Brigade Support Battalion CO. You may remember that the Support Company was lent a "G" Co. 2/22 Infantry Guidon a few years ago. I write 'lent' because there was a concern that someone would attempt to take that Guidon away from "G" Co. I have asked that the "G" Co. Guidon be hung in the HQ building along with other important memorabilia. I have written much about this because I believe that unit cohesiveness is key to unit success. It comes as no surprise to me but still a disappointment that the Army has failed to understand this concept.

Friday morning found us eating breakfast at the hotel dining area. We discussed what we would do while at Battalion and when we would head up to Alexandria Bay where the Ball would be

held. So, after checking out of the hotel I went back to visit with "G" Co. CPT Hird and 1SG Osias were there and anxious to tell me about the recognition that "G" Co. had received from the New Your State Assembly. The Citation mentions many of the accomplishments that "G" Co. is credited with during the deployment. A part of the Citation reads, "Whereas, The Company has been recognized with Division-and Corps-level honors in the Army Awards for Maintenance Excellence (AAME) and now advances to compete at the FORSCOM level..." That competition resulted in "G" Co. being recognized as the top awardee. It is comforting to know that Triple Deuce Soldiers have what they need where and when they need it. This is Unit Cohesiveness.

I traveled up to the Edgewood Resort & Hotel in Alexandria Bay where the Ball would be held. This was not the first time we had been at this venue. After checking in I waited around to see if any of the Old Goats would be interested in going to lunch. Pete and Marty came along, but they had already eaten lunch. John and Valerie came along, but they had not eaten lunch, so after they checked in we went into town and found a busy lunch-type restaurant and enjoyed a nice lunch. John picked up the tab. Tango Yankee, John.

We went back to the hotel lobby and visited for a while and then retired to our respective rooms to prepare for the Ball.

As in the past, the Soldiers, some with their wives, some with their dates and some stag, headed directly for the bars. These are young people who like to party and party they did. A table in a place of honor had been reserved for the Old Goats. **LTC Riley** and **SMG Carey** were instructing the attendees to move to their respective tables so that the evening events could

begin. The old Goats, with one exception, went to their table. I did not. I sat with "G" Co. Present at that table were CPT Hird, 1 SG Osias, 1LT Lewis, 1 LT Mickem, W-2 Barrentine, SFC Jume and SFC Disinger. After a while, Fee Tuccio came looking for me. There was some concern that I'd fallen ill or simply fallen over. I assured Fee that I was in good hands and thanked her for her concern.



The Colors were posted and the formal events began. After dinner, Chris Tuccio was introduced as the speaker. Chris told of his time in Triple Deuce and how proud he was of the Triple Deuce Soldiers of today. The Colors were retired and the making of the Grog got underway.



The simplest way to explain the Grog to those who have not seen one “assembled” is to imagine combining two alcoholic beverages that don’t belong in the same glass. Now imagine every form of alcoholic beverage being poured into a big trash can and then adding other items that one would never consider drinking. Nothing poisonous, just items you would not find in any bartender’s guide. The Grog is thoroughly stirred and then tested by the BN CO and the BN SMG. With their approval Soldiers dash to the garbage can with all types of containers in hand so that they might share in the following morning’s group headache.



With the Grog being completely consumed it was time for the music and dancing. It is custom that Soldiers remain in their dress uniforms until the BN CO removes his jacket, which LTC Riley did. He also danced with his wife, also LTC Riley. Mrs. Riley is in a Ph.D. program with one more year of studies needed to complete the program. LTC Chris Riley has DOR on Mrs. Riley.

With all that was going on, we managed to greet new Company Commanders, First Sergeants and HQ Staff. 22nd Crossed Rifles were presented to the incoming **BN XO, MAJ Dinkelacker**, the **“HHC” CO, CPT Patrick Nessler** and the **“A” Co., CO, Elisha Lewis**. Over a dozen 22nd Inf Reg Soc Challenge Coins were also presented to new arrivals as well as those old friends who were moving on. It is difficult to learn that a member of Triple Deuce that I’ve come to know is moving on. However, I understand that that is how the Army works. I do hope to live long enough to see some of these old friends at future reunions.

In closing I must ask for special recognition for the FRG Leader, Kayla Geblin. Kayla kept us as informed as possible during the deployment and in the time leading up to the Ball. During the Ball Kayla was checking and doing and making everyone comfortable. One minute she was answering questions and the next minute she was clearing tables. Kayla and Ben Geblin will be moving on, they will be stationed at Ft Leonard Wood.

Tango Yankee, Kayla.



Well, with the events over, I, as well as the other Old Goats made our farewell greetings. At 0445 HRS on 4 OCT I was on my home.

Jim May, HMOR, Prov. Co, 1968

TROUBLEMAKERS

For the first couple weeks of July 1969, Alpha Company operated in an agricultural area southwest of Cu Chi. We set up a patrol base jointly with a company of Wolfhounds. It was a standard circular laager, but larger, with a squad of Wolfhounds dug in between every track on the perimeter. The OIC of the base was a Wolfhound major, who had a chopper bring in a Conex shipping container as his personal hooch in the center of the laager. Brigade also sent us a mess tent and cooks, so we had two hot meals a day. Next to our laager was a former ARVN compound that the Wolfhounds were going to take over, as soon as the Engineers cleared all the anti-

personnel mines the ARVN had left without mapping them.

The Wolfhound major was a by-the-book kind of officer, who wore his full web gear (including suspenders), helmet, and weapon at all times, over his starched fatigues, and insisted we do the same. The 3-4 squad, of which I was a member, clashed with the major on our first day in the site. It was July 4, and the major announced that there would be NO celebrating the holiday. He also insisted on full light and sound discipline at night, despite the fact that we were in the middle of rice paddies for several klicks in any direction, and no VC or NVA had been seen for months. Nonetheless, our squad quietly passed out star clusters and parachute flares to the Wolfhounds next to us, and suggested the rest of our company do the same, with the understanding that 2100 hours was H-hour. Sure enough, at 9:00 the camp erupted in pyrotechnics, along with random weapons firing into the air. The major was not pleased, but the deed was already done. Somehow he found out whose idea it had been, and we were marked.



Our squad, among others, had to be repeatedly reminded to wear full combat gear at all times while in the patrol base. The major then insisted that all soldiers must carry their personal weapon while going through the chow line. Since our track was right next to the mess tent, we felt that the order was an unnecessary imposition, and a couple of us decided to mock the requirement. One of the guys went to chow carrying the M-60, and another carried the 90mm recoilless rifle. The major was not amused. He amended the order to say that all weapons must be loaded and the soldier carry his standard combat load of ammo when getting chow. And that led to the next confrontation.

While preparing to get breakfast one morning, we heard a small explosion over by the major's Conex, and the next thing we knew the major and a couple of his henchmen came running toward our squad with their weapons pointed at us, accusing us of trying to frag the major with an M-79. We pointed out that no one in our squad carried an M-79, and then the culprit came over to apologize. I cannot remember his name, but he was in our platoon. He explained that he had been gearing up for breakfast, and to comply with the major's order, he put an HE round in his bloop gun, but left it broken open. While he buckled his pistol belt, he set the gun on the top of the track. It slipped off, landed on its butt, snapped shut, and fired directly up into the air, coming down right next to the Conex. After he calmed down, the major modified his order to say that no rounds would be chambered when going through the chow line.

One evening, after going through the chow line, one of our squad members told us he saw some boxes of LRRP rations in the mess tent. We had all heard of LRRP

rations, which were freeze-dried meals that could be reconstituted by adding hot water, and supposedly they were far better than C rations. Later that night, after the cooks had retired for the evening, a couple guys snuck over and brought back one of the cases. We brought it inside the track, closed all the hatches, and turned on the interior light. With barely suppressed anticipation, we opened the case to reveal: #10 cans of powdered eggs! It was decided that returning the case to the mess tent was too risky, so we hid it on board. The next day, when doing a road sweep, we tried to give the cans to the local kids, but as soon as they saw what it was, they refused to accept the cans. They might have been starving, but never THAT hungry. We ended up throwing the cans in a ditch.

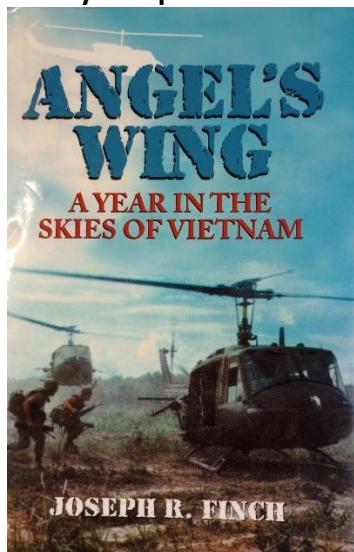
The only other excitement we had during that two-week operation was when a tank ran over one of the anti-personnel mines not far from our perimeter. The tank was undamaged. And we left the Wolfhounds to return to the Dau Tieng area, where we could take off our shirts and listen to the AFVN on the radio.

David Allin, DMOR, A Co./HHC, 1969-70

BOOK CORNER

ANGEL'S WING

By Joseph R. Finch

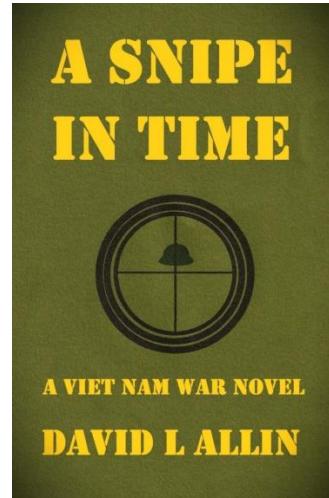


Joe will be our guest speaker at the 2026 reunion, and he wrote this book several years ago about his experiences in Nam. It is an entertaining and informative book that is well worth reading.

Joe was assigned to 25th Aviation, based in Cu Chi, and flew hundreds of missions throughout the Third Brigade AO in support of us and the other infantry units of 25th Division. He flew medevac missions, supply missions, troop insertions, gunships, and VIP tours, so he was involved in everything that happened in the air. His stories range from harrowing to humorous. He was an excellent pilot with authority issues, not unlike some of us. He tells about how he "acquired" a refrigerator for their mess hall, how he totaled a Huey while showing off, and how he disobeyed a Colonel in order to save lives. His descriptions of daily life in Cu Chi brought back many memories. It is an excellent book and I highly recommend it. It is available on Amazon.

A SNIPE IN TIME

By David L Allin



My newest novel is the third one about Army sniper Nash Jaramillo and his scout, Quan. This time they are paired with a newbie sniper on a dangerous mission into Cambodia to eliminate an important NVA colonel and rescue an American major being held prisoner. Dropped off near the border by Triple Deuce troops, they sneak into Cambodia and promptly get lost and arrested by the Cambodians. Then things turn strange.

Dave Allin, DMOR, A Co./HHC, 1969-70

TAPS

KENNETH J. BOTH

Died December 8, 2025, of natural causes.

I just got this from Ken's wife. I have kept in contact with Ken ever since we met in June 1966, just as we were preparing to go to VN. I visited him in his home in Las Vegas every year for years. So we have remained friends all these years. I was his FO for our first 6 months in country. He was a great Company Commander.

E. Paige Lanier
FO 2-77th Field Artillery

MERCHANDISE



Five panel hat, \$20.00 Available in Khaki and black. One size fits all



Summer Hat \$20.00. Available in white and black. One size fits all



Six Panel Hat, \$20.00 Available in khaki and black.



6 Panel Hat, One Size Fits All.
\$22.00 ea.

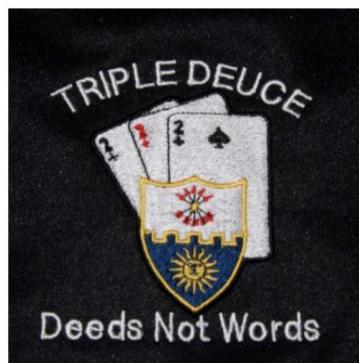


Denim long sleeve shirt with pocket.

\$43.00 sizes small to XL

\$47.00 sizes 2XL and 3XL

Special colors add \$5.00



BLACK POLYESTER POLO SHIRT WITHOUT A POCKET. Small thru XL \$33.00
Sizes 2XL and 3XL \$37.00



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Lightweight ORA, 25% lighter than the traditional medal. \$3.00 + \$6.00 shipping
Frame your Traditional Medal with your Certificate. You must have been awarded the ORA to be eligible to purchase this item.



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Midi CIB. \$7.00 + \$6.00 Shipping
Mini CIB. \$5.00 + \$6.00 Shipping



22nd CIB/DUI pin. \$12.00 + \$6.00 shipping



Small Division Pins. \$7.00 each + \$6.00 shipping
Large 25th Infantry. \$9.00 each + \$6.00 shipping



Challenge Coins New 2" diameter

1 Coin \$ 14 Ea. shipping included
5 Coins \$11 ea. + \$8.00 shipping
10 Coins \$10 ea. + \$16.00 shipping
15 Coins \$9.00 ea. + \$24.00 shipping
20 Coins \$8.00 ea. + \$32.00 shipping

VN 2/22nd Patch \$5.00 ea + \$3.00 shipping



Triple Deuce Track Pin (small). \$5.00 + \$6.00 shipping