

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

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website www.vietnamtripledeuce.org for current contact information.

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Well it's that time of year again where those of us who wait till the last minute are about to do it again. If you haven't made your travel plans, room reservations and reunion schedules out, you need to get the lead out soldier! The next greatest reunion of Vietnam Triple Deuce and the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society is about to happen in October, so get those plans made. There is no greater good feeling than sitting across that table from the guys you walked the walk with in Asia so many decades ago. I wish the shrinks who think that reunions are bad for veterans could all spend an afternoon and evening in one of our reunion hospitality rooms. They would very likely change their minds and treatment strategies. Sure hope to see you there.

And with a reunion comes the time to decide if you'd like to help run this outfit too. The five members of the Board of Directors of Vietnam Triple Deuce are selected at our business meeting on Saturday morning of the reunion. The officers of the Board are determined by the newly elected Board that same day. If you would like to be a part of that group or would like to nominate someone for the Board, be sure to attend the meeting and put that plan in motion. New blood is always needed and welcome. Have a great and safe summer, and join your "other family" in Atlanta this fall...

Dick Nash, A Co. & HHC, 69

EDITOR'S COMMENTS

Spring time and the livin' is easy. . . The hardest decision I am faced with is what to plant in my garden or whether I want to go camping this weekend. It has not always been this way. Fifty years ago my life did a 360. Having finished basic training and AIC, I had returned to my hometown. My wife and I had a little girl and big plans. I was listening to the radio as I welded at the local equipment company. Imagine my surprise when I heard my unit had been called up. When I got a lunch break I went home and called to verify what I had heard. Fast forward we have two grandchildren graduating from high school this year. They are less than two years younger than the wife and I were when I left for Vietnam. Our grandson is looking at a degree in Kinesiology with options open when he finishes. He is not half a world

away from his family dealing with the harsh realities of war and the disapproval of many in his home land. Our granddaughter will become a chemical engineer unlike her grandma who knew that at any moment she might become a young widow.

How did we make it through our time in country.? It wasn't the love and support of the citizens of the US It wasn't the caring people at home (letters and packages lightened the load but there were no cell phones or computer conversations). It was our Brothers who got us through it We were together. We formed bonds out of necessity.

We are now becoming short timers. There are Brothers out there who have not been contacted since their return. There are ones who have drifted away. We need to locate them and renew those bonds before it is too late for us and/or them. We have identified many of the ways contact happens. All are good BUT one of the most effective is attending the reunion. The Hospitality Room is always the scene of many great moments.

If you can not make the reunion (you will regret it) then use the newsletter and the web site. Tell your story. Believe me when I say one Brother's story sparks a memory in many others. There is much to be gained with very little effort. . . anyway that is how it seems to this old soldier.

Dan Streit D/69

SPONSORED ATTENDEES PROGRAM

The Board of Directors has adopted a plan that will provide funds to support some of our needy Members in their efforts to attend reunions.

Consideration has been given to what we can afford to do, and to protecting the privacy of anyone who is ultimately selected by the Board to attend.

The program name is "Sponsored Attendees Program." The accompanying list will provide some of the highlights and conditions set forth by the Board.

The Sponsored Attendee, SA for the balance of this piece, must be an active Member of the Vietnam

Triple Deuce and be sponsored by an active Member of the Vietnam Triple Deuce. The SA must be truly needy. Someone who just paid \$25,000 in college tuition or put an addition on their home may be temporarily broke, but that doesn't make them needy. Someone who has been struggling with PTSD and all the associated problems may be a better candidate. Someone who currently has an uncontrolled substance abuse problem to include drugs and/or alcohol would not be a good choice. The person sponsoring the SA will have to arrange for transportation to the reunion and be responsible for the incidental expenses incurred by the SA during the reunion. Incidental expenses would be such items as breakfast and lunch. Another might be transportation expenses on city busses. These incidental expenses will be reimbursed by the Treasurer at the close of the reunion. The sponsor must provide the Treasurer with the receipts and a check will be issued. The word of the Sponsor will be accepted whenever expenses are not readily documented with receipts. The Sponsor will be responsible for their own incidental expenses.

The Vietnam Triple Deuce will pay for all room and registration cost associated with the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society reunion. Rooms will be set up as double occupancy. We'll work out the Smoker, Non-Smoker issue as we go along. No charges for room services or movies or mini bar use or telephone calls will be paid for by the Vietnam Triple Deuce. Sponsors will have to make this understood by the SA's.

The Board will make every attempt to select SA's from as many of the Companies as possible.

This program will give us the opportunity to do for our Brothers what they would like to do for themselves, but are unable, because of circumstance, to do for themselves.

Those of you that have donated extra money when you pay your dues or bought Triple Deuce Merchandise have provided the seed funds that were necessary to bring this effort to reality. You can thank yourselves for your unselfish actions. To perpetuate the funding for this program, members and corporate sponsors will be encouraged to make additional donations earmarked specifically for this program. Those of you that will sponsor a needy Member will be able to take great satisfaction in bringing another Vietnam Triple Deucer back to where they belong, with the men they lived and

fought with. You will personify the motto, *"Deeds, Not Words"* and make all of us very proud of your unselfish efforts.

Jim May
Treasurer
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REUNION LOAN REPAYMENT PROGRAM REVIEWED

The Board of Directors has created a Reunion Loan Program for the purpose of providing Financial Assistance to Members who wish to attend a reunion. Here's an outline of how the **Program** works:

Funds will be available for lodging, reunion registration, 22 IRS Reunion activities including tours and banquets. And incidental expenses. Incidentals include breakfast and lunch expenses.

No cash advances will be made. Vietnam Triple Deuce, Inc. will pay all approved items directly to the provider. This does not include incidental expenses. The Treasurer will be responsible for incidental cost.

No bar expenses or room service charges will be considered as Program expenses.

The Member taking the loan and the Treasurer will agree to loan repayment schedules. There are no timetables for repayment and there are no interest charges.

The Board will, 12 months before the next 22 IRS Reunion, determine the amount that is to be allocated for the Program and the number of Members allowed to participate.

Selection will be considered on a "first come, first served" basis.

The identity of the Member taking the loan will not be announced or in any way made public.

So, if you have been considering coming to a Reunion, but haven't because your budget won't allow for it, well here's your chance to come and visit with your Vietnam Triple Deuce Brothers. The funds we have in the Treasury are intended for this type of use and nothing would please your Combat Brothers more than to have you **come to** the Reunion. You earned the right to be at a reunion. Come and join us.

Anyone wishing to take advantage of the Reunion Loan Program should contact me. Remember, this is a "first come, first served" arrangement.

Jim May
Treasurer
(207) 634-3355
jlmay@tds.net

DAY AFTER FIRE BASE BURT 1/2/1968

I don't know if you have ever seen this film footage from the Morning of the Battle. I don't know where I even found it. The quality is not very good, but occasionally you can make out some things. Two people who you can understand are William "Bill" Allison (Col, Ret), who was the CO of Charlie Company, 2nd Battalion (Mechanized) 22nd Infantry Regiment (The Triple Deuce), 3rd Brigade, 25th Infantry Division, and Sgt. Mark Ridley, who took the Charlie Co ambush patrol out that night.

MILITARY MUSEUM OPENS

The Sam (Bud) H Werner Military Museum

A very well presented and staffed Military Museum opened in Monteagle, Tennessee this past spring. It is worth the stop, especially for anyone headed north or south to or from Florida or Atlanta (next reunion!)... traveling on I-24, right off the Monteagle exit ...and a perfect half way point for many travelers! (NOTE: The Smokehouse offers good rooms and good food, just a couple miles from the museum).

When the Base Camp 222 sold in South Pittsburg, many of the military decor items were not wanted or claimed. They have now been donated to this museum to be displayed with the vehicles and the other memorabilia, including

many items from the 22nd Infantry group of donors. It was sad to see so much effort and memories to be gone, however, now it is in a place that will be open for all to visit and view. This museum is perpetually funded for many, many years and is dedicated to being "A facility to remember and honor our Veterans and to teach history to our younger generations". It displays collected military artifacts for over 50 years and the collection encompasses items from WWI to the present. about your experiences.

"The museum showcases each of these items in the hope that it will pay tribute to our brave Veterans and serve as a reminder for our younger generations" They have already included school trips, scout trips and special events!

Please stop and see this when you travel. it is very worth your time!

The Website is:

<www.wernermilitarymuseum.com> (Check hours of operation, etc.)

Betty Brenneman, HMOR

SHARE YOUR HISTORY!

In April of 2017 to remember what started 50 years before, I began writing about my time with the Triple Deuce Vietnam. Each month I recounted events I recorded and could remember. Each month remembrance contained a narrative with maps. Each month I posted the remembrance to Facebook.

In April of 2018, I completed my last remembrance of my time with the Triple Deuce. In response to the Facebook positing, I received several comments about the postings, and recounts of the events from their view point.

During this time, I was contacted by Steve Irvine, the webmaster of the Vietnam Triple Deuce website and asked to send copies to him so he could post to the web site adding to the history of the Triple Deuce in Vietnam. Steve has posted my monthly summaries in a special section of the website.

Steve asked me to request Triple Deuce veterans submit to the website your stories of your time with the Triple Deuce in Vietnam. Please add to the history. He is not asking for a recount of the whole year, but any stories about your experiences.

To quote from Steve in the last newsletter: "There are dozens if not hundreds more actions small and large that we have no documentation for. If you don't feel you can write one up, but you were involved, send a note to the webmaster and I'll figure out a way to contact you, take notes over the phone and write something for your final approval, let's do it while we still re- member!! "If you have a story, please contact Steve at: svirvine@gmail.com.

Please add to our history.

Skip FaeL

B/2-22 April 67-Apr 68

ARTHUR SISCO VIETNAM WAR KIA THE STORY OF HIS DEATH

Hi my name is GARY HARTT and I am a combat infantry veteran of the Vietnam War. First I have to give you some background information to better understand some of the items we will talk about. I was in a front line Infantry company in Vietnam. A company is kind of like your Army family. At full strength, it is about 180-190 men. It consists of 3 rifle platoons of 51 men, a 20 man mortar platoon, and 10-15 men in a small headquarters group and motor pool. Our company was mechanized infantry in that we rode to battle in APC'S (ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIERS). When we arrived at a jungle area we were going to search for enemy VC and NVA, we dismounted the APC's and walked on foot thru the jungle search area.

Two of our really bad time periods were from Feb 1 to Feb 7, 1967 and March 19 to March 31, 1967. On March 18, we left base camp our full contingent of about 180 men, by March 31, we had only 37 men left. 10 were KIA and the rest wounded including me on March 19. But this story is about one of the guys killed in February.

On February 1st we left base camp with a full contingent of 180 men on Operation Gadsen, Our 3rd platoon had 51 men and got in a bad firefight on Feb 5 right on the Cambodian border

. We had on guy killed and our platoon had to withdraw from the battle and was very upset that we had to leave the dead soldier's lifeless body behind. The next day we returned to retrieve the body and another firefight happened.

The same platoon was involved and they suffered even more casualties than on the prior day. At the end of the day there were 8 men left in the 3rd platoon. During the 2nd day battle, some of the wounded men were pinned down for 5-6 hours and with the dirt, insect etc. one of the guys contracted gangrene.

Art Sisco and Bill Z. were dusted off (transported by helicopter) to the Cu Chi medical hospital. That night they amputated the lower part of his leg. Now this was a serious problem for Art Sisco because he could barely read or write. He had dropped of school at age 16 and the other guys in the platoon would write letters home to his family and read letters sent to him. From Cu Chi, the next day Art Sisco and Bill Z were flown to a US Army hospital in Japan. They were in adjoining beds. The gangrene in Art Sisco had spread to wounds in his other leg and a 2nd amputation was performed. In the meantime the Red Cross had arranged to fly his father (a WWII veteran) from New Jersey to Japan. A 3rd leg amputation was performed and then finally a 4th one, part of one arm. While his father was enroute, Bill Z. said that Art Sisco was becoming very depressed and from Bill Z.'s perception lost the will to live. His father arrived and couple of days later on Feb 22, 1967 Art Sisco died from his wounds.

Art Sisco's family was of course devastated and after the funeral services were trying hard to recover from their loss as there was a sister, Rosemary still in high school. But some of the more ardent anti-war protestors could not leave the family alone with their terrible pain . The next 6-8 months, they received many letters and phone calls about how glad they were their baby killer son had died. There has to be a place in hell reserved for people like that.

GARY HARTT A/2/22 2/65-9/67
503-632-6955

HAPPY BIRTHDAY HO!

After contact on May 17 and 18, 1967, the Company moved out of FSB Fang and moved to Prek Klock. The mission was to conduct search and destroy mission around the area of the CIDG (Civilian Irregular Defense Group) camp at that location. Because of the losses in the 2nd Platoon that rendered it combat ineffective, the Company was assigned one Platoon of CIDG's.

We welcomed this additional manpower and firepower because of the potential enemy contact. During this period the 1st Platoon did have contact and killed two VC's. The 3rd Platoon did not do much but walk around in the jungle all day.

The one thing I remember is the conduct of the CIDG's. The S-2 had briefed the Company's that because of Ho Chi Minh birthday (May 19), the VC/NVA might be active during this time. The Company Commander told us to take extra care in the preparing our night positions, and to make sure we dug in deep. As darkness settled in on the evening of May 19th, the Platoon got to their defensive and sleeping positions.

However, the CIDG's were having a party, they had a big fire going, they were singing, joking, and laughing, as if they were celebrating Ho's birthday. The Company Commander was going berserk. He came out of his track screaming and hollering at the CIDG's, yelling for the interpreter, who had joined in with the party. The CO got hold of him, took him to this APC and put him on the radio with his commander. After that, the fire was put out, the party was over, but they continued talking into the early hours.

I woke in the morning when I hear a group of the CIDG's again laughing. I looked over to 5 to 8 of them standing in a circle looking down at the ground. I got up and walked over to them to see what they were doing.

When I got close enough, I could see a big red thing on the ground. I thought it was a lobster. But it was a scorpion. They were playing with it. I wanted no part of the scorpion, and back away towards my track. That was the last night that I slept on the ground if the track was available, it was also the last time that we had any CIDG assigned to us.

Skip Fahel
B Co. 4th and 25th ID, 4-67 to

OBSERVATION OF MONUMENT

The [Anthem Veterans Memorial](#), located in Anthem, Arizona, is a monument dedicated to honoring the service and sacrifice of the United States armed forces. The pillar provides a place of honor and reflection for veterans, their family and friends, and those who want to show their respects to those service men and women who have and continue to courageously serve the United States.

The memorial was designed by Anthem resident Renee Palmer-Jones. The five marble pillars represent the five branches of the United States military. They are staggered in size (from 17 ft to 6 ft) and ordered in accordance with the Department of Defense prescribed precedence, ranging from the United States Army, the United States Marine Corps, the United States Navy, the United States Air Force and the United States Coast Guard.



Additionally, the brick pavers within the Circle of Honor are inscribed with the names of over 750 U.S. servicemen and women, symbolizing the 'support' for the Armed Forces. The pavers are red, the pillars are white, and the sky is blue to represent America's flag. The circle represents an unbreakable border. Anthem resident and chief engineer, Jim Martin was responsible for aligning the memorial accurately with the sun.

Once a Year at 11:11 am the Sun Shines Perfectly on this Memorial At precisely 11:11 a.m. each Veterans Day (Nov. 11), the sun's rays pass through the ellipses of the five Armed Services pillars to form a perfect solar spotlight over a mosaic of The Great Seal of the United States.*

ENCOUNTERING THE RED ANT

Brothers are encouraged to submit their Red Ant Stories

Karl Bergeron

Mad Doc Matz, who I served with in Nam, sponsored me for the award and asked me to send my Red Ant story to you via email.

Not long after we arrived at Dau Tieng to set our base camp we were on a company (Bravo Co.) size operation when we entered a rubber plantation. We were met with these tall sand pinnacles that we didn't pay much attention to, at first. As I plodded along behind my Platoon's RTO (1st Platoon) I noticed the men in front of us were running back toward our position in the column. They were panicked. We had no idea what was going on. No shots had been fired. Some of the men running toward us were swatting at themselves like a swarm of bees were chasing them. Some had dropped their weapons on the ground. It was a bizarre event. As some ran by ants fell from them on to the ground and us...now we understood why they were in panic mode. These Red Ants took over our entire formation. Everyone was doing everything they could to get away from those burning fire breathing ants. I came out of area with three extra rifles that others had dropped in trying to get away from those little bastards. All I could think of was "It's a good thing Charlie wasn't around because in our disarray he would have blown us away"...that's my Red Ant story. Hope you enjoyed it...keep up the good work....pax,

Doc Bergeron

(B&HQ Co. 4th ID & 25th ID Sept. 66 to Jun 67)

Charles "Butch" Jones

I think it was sometime in May 1969 our driver of the A 2/2 track, Oscar Rosales, had to go home on emergency leave and our squad leader Jim Heaser ask me if I thought I could drive the APC. I said hell yes so the following day after securing the engineers sweeping the road for mines and posting security for the convoy we headed for the bush on recon. It wasn't long we got into some heavy bush. We were moving rather slow when I bumped into a rather large tree. I turned to Jim and he said hit it harder so I backed up a couple of feet and proceeded forward rather quickly. When I hit the tree and as it went down a large "Mogater", Red Ant Nest, came down right in the center of the track spreading the little bastards every where. Needless to say, My self, Jim and the 50 gunner jumped up and got necked quickly. Thats my story and I'm sticking to it

Charles "Butch" Jones

A Co. 2nd. Plt. 2nd. Sqd. 9/68 to 9/69 Vietnam

Clarence Simpson

Hey Doc

' While riding along minding my business in the TC hatch of Shatney's, APC. We were on an S&D

Riding through the bush the long not short, not little but long antenna hit a nest full of Red Ants that looked much like a ball/ bunch of leaves. This nest dropped and landed on my steel pot and the full load of the nest of Red Ants literally attacked and feasted on my flackjacket only bareskin.

I honestly do not remember whom my brothers were that swatted and beat them off of me ..."Ouch", "Oh-*t","What da F:??%". Thank you all. To Shatney, quote " stop da track"

Stay well my Brothers

CJ (Clarence Simpson)

E. Q. Skip Fahel, DMOR

Tear Gas and Red Ants

Tear gas was used in many ways. This was the chemical CS, in raw crystal power form that was very irritating if inhaled or got on your skin. We used gas to try to flush the VC/NVA out of tunnel, bunkers, or deny an area to the VC/NVA. It was dropped it from the air in 55 gallon drums to assist units in contact (Chinooks were the aircraft of choice). When dropped from the air, the CS drums were fitted with a small explosive device to burst open the drum and spread the CS.

The company was operating an open area that borders the southern edge of the Michelin plantation. The 3rd platoon was moving in the area mounted on the tracks. The visibility was very good, but there was groundcover preventing us from seeing what was at ground level.

The 3-1 track was moving at a speed between 5-10 miles an hour when we spotted several 55-gallon drums that were at one time filled with tear gas. They were broken apart to spread the CS crystals. We slowed down so that we would not kick up a lot of dust and dirt, however, it has been time since the drums were drops and thus the gas had no effect.

Just when we though that we had cleared the gas, the gas crystals drifted up over the track with the

other dust created by the track.

As the gas cloud reached the driver, he let go of the laterals and veered to the right and hit a tree. A nest of red ants was knocked from the tree and landed right behind the 50 Cal and burst sending ants in all directions. I was standing on the fold down bench on the left side of the cargo hatch, and not only got a full dose of the CS and a chunk of the ant nest. Everyone in or on the track jumped off and ran from the track. The cloud continued to engulf the entire track. We were fighting not only the gas but the ants. Clothing was flying everywhere to get rid of the ants. We were all coughing from the gas, and could not see what we were doing. It took about 30 minutes for the gas to dissipate enough for us to get back on the track, and longer to get rid of the ants. For a time, we did not know what was worst, the gas or the ants. We had gas masks, but they we packed away in the track. The 3-1 track was the only one on the platoon that was affected by the CS and the ants, thus the rest of the platoon was standing way back and laughing.

E. Q. Skip Fahel, DMOR
B/2-22, Apr 67-Apr 68

Tim Kirby

I don't have any medallion or Order of the Red Ant. But I do have my story....

Probably Spring 1966 2/22 heading North of Dau Tieng heading up some jungle trail/road/path with the APC's.

Came under fire from right side of road.

We were told to bail and return fire laying low in the muck along side the trail. Guy next to me looks over and says I've been hit. "There's blood coming out around the top of your flak jacket. I didn't feel anything but pulled off the jacket. Turns out a bunch of red ants had fallen off a limb and were feasting on my back between my shoulder blades. Scars are still visible. Those babies can really do some damage in a hurry.

Cheers all. Now I can go have another nightmare.

Doc Matz

I can't recall the exact time or location that this occurred, but we were on a patrol. At some point we took a break while the patrol leader checked his map coordinates and reported by radio. Obviously, we had to keep alert and could not afford to go wandering off in private. Unfortunately, I felt a pressing "call of nature." I looked around and spotted some bushes that promised a semblance of privacy without leaving the security of the patrol. Lowering my pants, I backed into the

bushes to "commence business." All of a sudden I felt burning sensations on my backside. I jumped out of the bushes, with my pants down, and began swatting red ants off of my tender parts. Boy, things like that really burn my ass!

Mad Doc Matz

Mario Salazar

I have to confess, the closest I got to these diabolical formic acid agents was when we went through the woods and hit a low branch and ants fell inside the track. This was after I got kicked out of FDC and was in a gun track. Everyone inside was affected, but me. I guess they recognized a kindred soul.

However, some months before I was awoken from the tent behind the FDC track with a lot of pain on my arm. It felt like someone had stabbed me with a hot poker. I always assumed it was a scorpion as we had seen some the same day. I went to the medics and they gave me a shot that took the pain away immediately. Could that have been a red ant? In any case, I am not giving my medal back.

Steve Irvine

We did a lot of mine clearing every morning and after the convoy passed, we often did local "clover leaf" sweeps looking for ambush bunkers. There was a T intersection where the road from Dau Tieng, thru the Ben Cui dead ended into the road that connected Tay Ninh to Saigon. (with Trang Bang and Cu Chi along that same road). We had never swept that forested area before.

So one day, probably in early 1969 we were tasked with doing a longer version of the "clover leaf" in that section. About 1/2 a click in I brushed up against what I thought was a red bush. Well, you can guess the rest..the bush was covered with red ants and I was irritating them. Immediately dropped my m60, tore off my shirt and two 100 round linked ammo belts and had help beating them off me. They do bite and sting. There after I was very careful about walking too near certain colored bushes. I can still remember those little bugs biting on the back of my neck.

Anthony Mantuano

This is my Red Ant story it is not much but I remember it every time I see a Ant Lol.

I was with the 2nd /22nd Inf A co.mech. 67/68 same as Brad but a year before him. I remember when we would logger from time to time when we would see these Red Ants but we called them F/U Ants you know what I mean Lol. If you ever got bit by one of them you would agree with the name. We would throw a cigarette on them, of course they would scatter but wouldn't go far and come back and pick at the ash until they died but others would come and do the same thing and this would go on until they put that hot ash out. I remember a few years later after I was back from Nam my wife and I just bought our first home and in the back yard there was a whole nest of red ants which made me remember this story and so I just had to throw a cigarette on top of them to see what would happen hell they took off and I never seen them again until the next day when I threw gas on them and killed the whole colony Lol. They sure didn't have the guts those red ants in nam had. Well that's my story I don't know if you want to print it or not but that's ok I just wanted to tell you.

Phil Trover (3rd/22nd, sister Battalion)

I survived a few Red Ant battles. I was RTO in 2nd Platoon, Delta Co, 3/22 Inf. We worked out of basecamps in the Tay Ninh area including NueBaDen and made a 30 day incursion into Cambodia in May of 1970. I had the pleasure of making the 22nd's St. Louis, San Antonio, Omaha and Washington DC reunions but have not been to any since DC. In DC I became a member of Loyal Order of the Red Ant with one of the original "paper sticker" medallians. If the following stories about Mr. Red Ant are of value, what would be the chances of getting one of the medal ORA medallians? Either way, I appreciate what you are doing to keep the history of what we went through.

Here are my red ant recollections: Red ants?

Yep, I think I feared them as much as I feared Charlie.

Like all other ground pounders, I got my share of red ant bites. My method of taking away the pain of the many bites was opposite of our medic's Army recommended treatment. Just as soon as a bite came to a white head, I pinched it off and squeezed the poison out. That was it. Just leave it as a small open wound and drive on... (Ok.. I was 3/22 Inf. And not Triple Duece so I "walked" on.

As leg grunt or "Walking Regular" we ate our evening C rations right before dusk and moved out 100 meters to 400 meters to arrive at our pre-designated ambush site just a couple minutes after full dark. That way Charlie didn't

"really" know where we were. (Yeah, right.) Our ambush coordinates were pre-setup with the rear and the location was fixed. I've slept in a swamp sitting up all night and also woken up realizing the tree root that was bothering me all night was actually a dud 81 mm mortar round.

But after coming in contact numerous times with the red ant monsters and knowing the multiple pains they could inflict, I was wide eyed, freaked out one night to find my spot on our nightly "L" shaped ambush was right on top of a small mound. I very quietly spread out my poncho over it and covered up with my poncho liner to keep mosquito bites to a minimum. As I lay there just waiting to be bit, I realized I was hearing a quiet "chirping" sound and I just knew I was about to be overrun by red ants. I spent the rest of the night just waiting to be bit by a Division of red ants that never came. The quiet chirping sound never quit and at daylight I was relieved to find out that termites don't bite. My pest for the evening may not have been red ants, but my fear of the red ant kept me from a very needed night's sleep.

When you spend every day hunting for Charlie and then setting up ambushes for Charlie every night; a different kind of boredom sets in. We cured it for a short while by taking the clear plastic bag a PRC-25 radio battery came in and putting one big black ant in it along with one small red ant. At first we were surprised to see the big black ant run like crazy to get away from the little red ant. Blackie was obviously very scared and was panicking for very good reason. The little red ant would quickly chase him down and with just one bite the big black ant would instantly curl up and die. After repeating this reenactment of "the lions verse the Christians" in a clear "coliseum" a few times, we felt bad for the kind, black ants and went back to playing a few hands of hearts or spades during our lunch break.

Regards,

Phil Trover, 2nd Platoon, D Co., 3/22 Inf.,

ABSOLUTION
AVAILABLE

I have a copy of Absolution by Chuck Boyle. If any of your members would like it, I will send it to them. Mahalo.

Larry Peckham, C Co. 4th & 25th ID, 4-67 to 11-

67

808-326-1101

peckhamappraisals@gmail.com

MINI REUNION HELD

As usual, a great time was had by all at the Villages this past March! Hosts, Joe and Maggie Fraser, once again opened their home, as they have done for the past several years, for a mini-reunion. They had a great luncheon planned and a special time visiting with a WWII Veteran (a resident of the Villages). He showed a video of his tour and shared artifacts and pictures of his time spent in Europe. He and his wife of 70 years had everyone laughing as they told stories and jokes.

Everyone enjoyed just being together...the guys never run out of stories to tell! Great dinners, entertainment and shopping for the girls are a plus for a visit at the Villages

Betty Brenneman
HMOR

HELLOES & COMMENTS

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Lon D. Oakley
lon@22ndinfantry.org
210-878-7072
A Co. 25th ID, 69

Larry J. Boles
336-789-4141
C Co. 25th ID, 12-67 to 12-68
Comments: 'Thanks to everyone on their work on the Newsletter'

Willis E. Cobb, III
252-827-4352
willisecobb@gmail.com
B Co. & HHC, 25th ID, 3-69 to 3-70
Bill is looking for, William Shannonhouse from Elizabeth, NJ, Bob Hurd, Chicago, IL and Jerry Dominy, Carthage, TX. Bill writes, " Friendships forged in the Triple Deuce in RVN have lasted for close to 50 years. We have endeared the good and the bad, the happy and sad!"

Vance Gustafson
503-325-2842
B Co. 25th ID, July 70 to Dec 70

Vance would like to contact Richard "doc" Byers, Orville "Doc" Rickard, Terry Huff and Sgt Moore.

Kenneth J. Zipp
845-781-8625
kenzipp@yahoo.com
C Co. 25th ID, 1-69 to 4-69

Carlos Mandujano
956-225-7662
HHC, Redon PLT. 25th & 4th ID, Nov 66 to Nov 67
cm4dv@outlook.com

Carlos would like to contact David Chavez from New Mexico. Carlos writes, I was the M60 machine gunner on Romeo 78 (HHC Recon Platoon) Four months later I was the TC."

GUEST BOOK HITS

Name: **Lynn Dalpez**
Location: Beaverton, OR.
Email: dalpez2222@gmail.com
It's Triple Deuce Day! Hope all my Brothers are doing well. I miss ya.
Posted on: Thursday - Feb 22, 2018

Name: **John J Bakowski**
Location: Tonawanda, New York
Email: jonlyn1@roadrunner.com
Phone: 716-456-4940
Super WELCOME HOME TO ALL MY BROTHERS FROM THE TRIPLE Deuce HHQ 67 -68
Posted on: Saturday - Mar 24, 2018

Alfred J. Gipson
314-707-0254
mrhollandstwin@aol.com
B Co. 25th ID, Aug 67 to Feb 68

Thomas B. Jennings
607-724-0621
tbi@stny.rr.com
B Co. 25th ID, Apr 68 to Mar 69

Larry D. Peckham
808-326-1101
peckhamappraisals@gmail.com new email
C Co. 4th & 25th Ids Apr.

NEW FINDS	REUNION SCHEDULE
<p>Wyndham D. Jones Southwest Jaslo Ave Port St. Lucie, FL 34953 772-336-3648 C Co. 25th ID, 68 to 69</p> <p>Paul D. Norvel 3107 Baltimore Ave. Pascagoula, MS3958 228-623-1989 A Co. 25th ID. Mar 70 to Sep 70</p> <p>David L. Allin 6116 Thicket St. NW Albuquerque, NM 87120 505-312-7228 dnjallin@comcast.net A Co. 25th ID, Apr 69 to Mar 70</p> <p>John D. Bailey 1610 North Ellison Avenue Oklahoma City, OK 73106-4440 405-641-1740 jbaileyco@aol.com Bravo Co., 25th ID, Aug 68 to Aug 69. JD writes, "There was no better combat unit in Vietnam than 2/22."</p>	<p><u>Wednesday October 3, 2018</u> 1pm -5 pm Registration/Foyer 12 noon– 12 midnight Hospitality Room Open</p> <p><u>Thursday October 4, 2018</u> 6 am-9am Breakfast / Breakfast Area 9 am-5 pm Registration / Foyer 6:45 am-7:10 am-Golf Prep /Foyer 8 am-2 pm Golf / Wolf Creek Golf Course 9 am-6 pm FREE TIME 5 pm– 7 pm Manager's Reception/Bar 6 pm-7 pm Hemingway Turkey 7-pm-11-pm Dinner / On your own 12 noon– 12 midnight Hospitality Room Open</p> <p><u>Friday October 5, 2018</u> 6 am-9 am Breakfast / Breakfast Area 9 am-5 pm Registration / Foyer 8 am– 4 pm Ft. Benning and National Infantry Museum Tour / Foyer 9 am– 6 pm FREE TIME 5 pm-7 pm Manager's Reception / Bar 7 pm– 11 pm Dinner ORS, HMOR, DMOR Presentations/ Buffet 12 noon– 12 midnight Hospitality Room Open</p> <p><u>Saturday October 6, 2018</u> 7 am– 10 am Breakfast / Breakfast Area 9 am-11am 22 IRS meeting then 2-22 meeting 9 am-11am Ladies Meeting 11 am– 6 pm FREE TIME 5 pm-7 pm Manager's Reception / Bar 7 pm– 11 pm Dinner Announcements and Guest Speaker 12 noon– 12 midnight Hospitality Room Open</p> <p><u>Sunday October 7, 2018</u> 7 am– 10 am Breakfast / Breakfast Area 9 am-10 am Memorial Service 10 am-12 noon check out and depart</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">TAPS</p> <p>Alan Davis Chino,AZ Died 3-9-2018 By his wife Kathy A Co. 2/22 4th & 25th ID, Sep 65 to Sep 67 American Legion had a service for Alan in Bethel, Connecticut on April 10</p>	

**From Bob Price
2nd battalion, 22nd infantry
9/67 to 9/68**

To All: Don't know how many of you remember the events of 3/13/68; I'm sure that **Clark Lohmann & John Eberwine** do. Hard to believe 37 years have past, many of the details still appear vividly in my memory. The day started out uneventful but certainly didn't end that way for Charlie & Bravo companies. I was with Bravo Co. so the following is my account of the days events only from Bravo Companies perspective. We were informed that Charlie Co had hit a bad ambush somewhere in the jungle not to far from our basecamp in Dau Tieng. They had suffered 3 KIA'S and a number of wounded and were forced to extract themselves without recovering their dead to avoid even further casualties.

The KIA'S were, **Dave Ditch, Todd Swanson & Lytell Christian** three of the many members of the Triple Deuce who died heroically in Vietnam. Bravo co. was called upon to go back into the jungle to try and recover our dead brothers. We went into the jungle in our normal three column alignment; I was walking point on the right flank when all hell broke loose. We had ran into the same ambush setup and I saw a number of our guys in the center column get shot up. We all hit the ground immediately ; the NVA had set

perfect fields of fire and were raking us with machinegun fire and appeared to also be setup in the trees in front of us. We couldn't see them but they sure as hell knew where we were. I was trapped out front and was screaming at Clark Lohmann to cover my ass with his M60 machinegun to cover my withdrawal to the rear (otherwise known as a retreat). I couldn't understand why Clark wasn't firing until I turned around and saw that his face was bleeding; his machinegun tray had been hit by the first incoming rounds rendering it inoperable.

Movement was almost impossible; there was withering machinegun fire coming in over our bodies covering us with leaves & tree parts. Clark raised his head slightly only to have his helmet shot off. I tried to inch back toward Clark and took a piece of splintered bullet in my left arm. We had no idea what was going on with the rest of the platoon, we were trapped out on the right flank. It seemed like an eternity then all of a sudden our crazy platoon sgt., a Sgt Chaney came up behind us snatched us up and told us to pull back behind our APC'S which had pulled up in the jungle a short distance behind us. Sgt Chaney patched us up & told us we were going back in to extract our wounded brothers.

At that time the firing became intense once again and we were forced to stay undercover behind the APC'S. It was getting near dusk at this time and the NVA decided to disappear into the jungle. I heard later on that Alpha CO. came in from another direction forcing the NVA'S decision to fade away. Don't know if this is a fact, maybe someone can verify it. Unbelievably Bravo Co didn't suffer any KIA'S & I'm not sure exactly how many of us were wounded. Unfortunately we didn't recover Charlie Co's KIA'S that day but all three were brought back the next day without further incident..This was just one of the "fun" days of the 365 days that most of us spent in Vietnam.

Its been a long time but the memories are still fresh. The three heroes mentioned above are only three of the 312 members of the Triple Deuce who died in Vietnam. Lets hope that none of them are ever forgotten.

I'd love to hear from anyone else who was there that fateful day and hear there personnel recollections. Pass your replys onto all of my friends & relatives above as I'm sure they would like to hear your accounts.

Bob Price 2nd battalion, 22nd infantry
9/67 to 9/68

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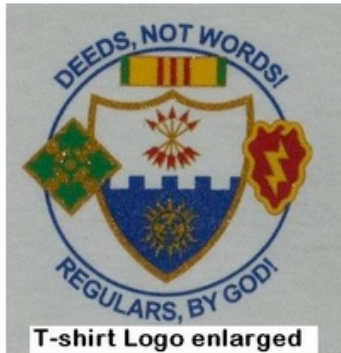
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