

Bravo Regulars



B Company 3/22



Vietnam Service

www.bravoregulars.com

September 2013



SALT LAKE CITY MAIN STREET, LOOKING NORTH



TEMPLE



UTAH STATE CAPITAL

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Reunion News (Continued)

Hotels (mention Brave Reunion when making reservations):

Crystal Inn Hotel & Suites
2254 West City Center Court
West Valley, City, UT 84119
801 736-2004
www.crystalinnwestvalley.com
Ask for Cindy Hornsby

Country Inn & Suites
322 South Decker Lake Drive
West Valley City, UT 84119
801 908-0311
www.countryinns.com
Ask for Celina Milner

Baymont Inn & Suites
2229 West City Center Court
West Valley City, UT 84119
801 886-1300
www.baymontinns.com
Ask for Beatrix Cervantes

Accommodations at the Hampton
were cancelled. They are still holding
their rates at \$200 a night.

All hotels are handicapped accessible, but you must ask for these special rooms at the time of registration.

Tours and Activities:

1. Our City's Finest Tour: A 30 plus mile adventure covering the major attractions here in Salt Lake City which includes the City Capital, Temple Square, Beehive House, This is the Place, Pony Express Station, etc. Lunch will be included. Space is limited to 30 people per bus. We will need an accurate count to know how many busses to reserve.
2. A train ride through Heber Valley. Website: hebervalleyrr.org.
3. We will need some volunteers to ride in the back of a Deuce 1/2 truck in the Pioneer Parade.
4. There will be nightly entertainment with dinner to include fiddlers and other musical presentations.

Tentative Schedule:

1. Daily registration where name tags will be issued.
2. Wednesday or Friday will be the City's Finest Tour.
3. Thursday will be the parade.
4. Friday will be a BBQ, games and entertainment.
5. Saturday will be the Luau.

Again, this is all still in motion. As we get closer we will have a better schedule in place. Any thoughts, suggestions, or ideas on what you would like to see while in the Salt Lake area, please contact us via email at ktogisala2@yahoo.com.

Tony



Ted Rowley
Chaplain
tedbarb813@yahoo.com
(688) 835-3753

CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

It has been a strange summer for me with a lot of rain, making it hard to get any hay put up. Not as much swimming going on as I would like because it's a bit cool and the 700 tomato plants are just not producing like past years. The apples and pumpkins look promising though and cukes and zucchinis are going well. God's gifts to us can never be the same for year after year, as that could be very boring. A life worth living is worth living one day at a time. Like Vietnam, every day can be unpredictable. I think He has prepared us well. Remember we are grunts and we can handle anything.

We have had a few trips up north this summer to the Manitowish area, Home of the Great White Spirit. While on an evening bike ride, I spotted a big black mama bear running across the road followed by three regular sized cubs and one little guy hurrying to keep up with the rest. A neat sighting I may never see again in my lifetime. God's gift to me amongst His beautiful trees of the north. A memory for me as exciting as catching a big musky.

I love to go to flea markets, not only for the great buys I have gotten, but for some of the people I've met. It is strange to think about, but I may never see those people again in my lifetime. One fellow that sticks out in my mind was a basket weaver, gray bearded, my height, a slighter build than me, fun to talk to and a twinkle in his blue eyes. His fingers looked very calloused, plainly dressed with a older truck, but a happy fellow. I would call him one of God's artists, indeed. He told me he had a great day at the big St. Germain's flea market the day before. He sold six baskets with prices ranging from fifty dollars to several hundred, so he had quite a smile on his face. For me it would be very interesting to see the house or cabin he lives in, or his work shop. Our Lord was a fellow like that also.

I picked up a seven cup coffee pot with a glass top that lets you know when the coffee is dark enough to drink. I love coffee, but it does not love me so much. I do love the great smell in the early morning. Coffee can get you going one way or the other and at my age that is not a bad thing.

God's love for us is so great, like His breath whispering through the pines, or the smell of campfire smoke in the air, or the sparkle in an artist's eyes as we talked about his baskets, which are his pride and joy. You can have all the material things in the world, but if you don't have love, you have nothing. More than ever now I pray for good health, not just for myself, but for all the good people I know. Many people I meet or have met in my life I may never see again. The people I have met in Our Circle of Love and Peace I will never forget, maybe their names, but never the love in their eyes that they shared with me. This fall coming up could be the Autumn of my life. One never knows but bears can run faster than bicycles and nobody was with me that pedals slower than I do, so I'm on point again.

I am looking forward to fall in the great state of Wisconsin, as the rain has been good this year. The maple trees, in contrast with all the other colors up north, should make a beautiful fall.

While up north on this last trip, taking our truck to pick up a go-kart we bought for our grandson at the flea market, I was able to attend a wood carvers convention. A hundred carvers or so, very interesting, men and women, mostly our age and older, a lot of talent there. I also met a Vietnam vet from the 82nd Airborne who served in 1968 during Tet. We thanked each other for our service.

From bathing in the Manitowish River, to kayaking, boating, fishing, to the flea market where I bought Barb a beautiful bouquet of flowers and a fishing rod for our 47th anniversary, to the carvers convention, we met some great people, all in the presence of Our Lord in His great outdoors.

In what ways can we strengthen, encourage or refresh ourselves in the Lord, when we are feeling discouraged? We can list the ways He has cared for us in the past, and how He has provided for us or answered a prayer request. We can remember what God has promised, be strong and of good courage for the Lord your God is with you wherever you go (Josh. 1:9).

God's Blessing, Ted



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Editor
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Editor's Notes

The combat action story for this issue takes us back to FSB Burt/Battle of Suoi Cut, but isn't about us. Found on the internet mixed in with after action reports, it is the personal story of an unnamed platoon leader with Charlie Company. Remember that Bravo Company was also present and this is the battle depicted at the end of the movie Platoon.

All of the combat stories being published will be put into binders and made available at reunions for reading. I have already done this for Suoi Tre and have since added sections for Burt and Crook. I recently opened sections for Good Friday and Ap Cho, anchored with unofficial after action reports. If anyone has after action reports or other information on those battles or others you'd like to see featured, let me know.

I regretfully must report that we have lost three brothers since the last issue. Available details of their passing are posted on the Bulletin Board. Thanks to all who contacted me with information and special thanks to those who traveled to be with the Comeaux family in their time of need. Dee and I would also like to personally express our condolences to all three families. Our thoughts are with you.

Since our last newsletter, a member began using our roster for solicitations. I have corresponded with him and he has agreed to cease. In the process, I put to words the protocol we have always followed regarding its use. **Our roster is provided to facilitate personal, social contact between members. It should never be shared with anyone outside of our organization, nor should it ever be used for commercial purposes.** Everyone can help maintain the integrity of our roster by continuing to follow our protocol as you always have and not accepting anything less from others.

We have recently split our roster into active and inactive sections. Those on the active list all have accurate information to our knowledge. Those on the inactive list have incorrect information or have asked to be removed from our active list. We will distribute only the active list routinely, but will include the inactive list upon request.

Dennis Amily was in the news recently when he attended a charity event for Wounded Warriors and became a part of it. Thank you Dennis, for representing us in supporting such a worthy cause. Details on the Bulletin Board.

I received a short email from Nick Carey, the journalist working on a book about our unit's history (see Bulletin Board). I'm surprised that more of you haven't responded. Our history will always be as portrayed in a movie unless you step up and correct it! Please take the opportunity to provide your perspective of our history.

It is once again time for our annual dues. Some send more, some send less but please, we need your financial support to remain strong!

Our next issue will be published in December, with input accepted through the end of November. Until then, may peace be with you.

Dave out

Submissions may appear disjointed at times but are often edited for space, content and/or excerpted from larger personal communications between members. Submissions can be sent to either my email or home address (880 N. Solar Drive, Vail, AZ 85641) or to any Officer. Any photos submitted by mail will be scanned and returned

BULLETIN BOARD

Editor— Re: FSB Burt/Suoi Cut Battle Story from Charlie Company

Just as I was about to fall asleep, around 2300 hrs, I heard the cries of "Incoming" and the unmistakable "bloop, bloop, bloop" of incoming mortar rounds. Everyone was diving for cover in their foxholes. This time, instead of just a few harassing rounds of fire, there came a relentless rain of explosions and hot, jagged metal. As the bombardment began, the three man listening post one hundred meters out in front of our perimeter called in a report of massive movement all around them and then silence...this was the last radio contact we would have from them. Fifteen minutes into the shelling the M-60 machine gun positioned at my left-most bunker opened fire with a fury. Before I could check what was going on the radio crackled with a call from the company commander, Cpt. Fishburne, screaming to find out what was happening. As I looked out the ground level firing port of my command post, trip flares began popping to my front like popcorn, washing the jungle in a sea of white light. The foliage transformed into a moving wall of humanity as thick as any mob of shoppers in the mall the day before Christmas. In an instant, my middle bunker immediately in front of me went up in an explosion and the firing enemy soldiers poured through the gap the way a mighty flood races through a failed levee, engulfing everything in its path. As they swarmed over us, screaming and firing wildly into the night, some would stop and try to enter our bunkers from the rear only to be met with a frantic hail of gunfire from the defenders inside. The radio crackles again, Fishburne screaming for help! "The VC are on the roof of the CP firing down through the sandbags. They're trying to come in the back door! Help! Send somebody to get them off of us...! The radio went silent. All defensive integrity of the perimeter in my sector was gone. Each of my remaining four bunkers had become an isolated pocket of American resistance fighting for their lives, firing in every direction. There was no way to approach them. Since I was the only one in my CP who clearly knew the location of the Company command bunker I instructed Sgt. Beebe to take charge. I told my RTO, David "Smitty" Smith, to leave his radio, grab his weapon, bandoleers of ammo and some frags and follow me. As we crawled out of the safety of the bunker we entered a world of darkness punctuated with bright flashes, red and green trails of tracer bullets zipping and cracking everywhere around us. The acrid smell of cordite singeing our nostrils and choking out every breath. Trying to avoid detection we only fired at the enemy soldiers that trampled over us as their hordes rushed to the interior of the base. In spite of the confusion our gunfire marked our position and the ground around us erupted in a hail of bullets from a nearby Chi-Com assault rifle. Smitty called out "Hey, there's a hole over here!". In the darkness he had recalled crawling through a shallow depression about four inches in depth a few feet to our rear. Oval shaped, it was large enough for us to lay on our stomachs and intertwine our legs. Smitty facing one direction and I facing the other we engaged an unseen enemy that zeroed in on our position. In an instant, with a blinding flash and a thunderous concussion, the night stopped...the only sensation was that of a great fire in my right leg, dirt in my mouth and nose, and the deafening ringing in my ears. Then nothing. From the depths of nothingness a distant rumble is detected. As though a volume control knob was being turned, the noise became closer and louder. As the mind's confusion begins to clear, a new sensation is felt. Something is bouncing off of my leg. Now the noise is hammering my ears and I realize that it is machine-gun fire. Spent cartridges are bouncing off my leg with every burst of fire. The VC are using me for cover like some fallen log! I lay motionless as in death, trying to conceal the beating of my heart, the function of my lungs. My left arm is trapped under my body and has lost all sense of function. Feeling the presence of at least two enemy soldiers my mind searches for a plan of action. The cacophony of the battle rages on. This time a new sound is added, the impact of incoming artillery rounds. We must have had to call in artillery on our own positions. All sense of time is lost. Somewhere in that timeless state, playing dead, wondering if, for the moment, I am the only American alive, I waited to die. Again the world is rocked by a massive explosion, mere feet away. The force of the blast throws me into the darkness, again filling my airways with dirt and dust. And again, a force like I've never known delivers me into nothingness. The enemy soldiers that once had used me for cover had now shielded me from the deadly shower of shrapnel from an exploding 105mm round which landed ten feet away. As consciousness came back to me I listened intently for sources of life and movement around me. Cautiously, I slowly moved my head. Nothing but the raging sounds of war. In the darkness I slowly surveyed my surroundings. Dead enemy, my helmet, my weapon, and Smitty's cold, lifeless body. I crawled in the direction that I hoped would be toward my platoon CP. Although bullets continued to fly everywhere there weren't any NVA in my path. Stopping a short distance from the silhouette I recognized to be my bunker, I watched and listened for clues that might tell me who occupied it. M-16 rifle fire was coming from it but I couldn't be sure if it was coming from GIs or NVA. From a position of cover, rifle ready to lay down fire, I verbally challenged the hole with our pre-determined emergency password. Thank God, I heard Sgt. Beebe's voice in reply, identified myself and scrambled to safety. Beebe had given me up for dead hours earlier when I failed to make the company command bunker. The enemy trying to take that position earlier had been killed when the artillery had leveled their howitzers and fired beehive rounds. As darkness was beginning to give way to first light, we re-established our defense, leaving a couple of fresh troops at each bunker. The center bunker that had been blown up at the onset of the attack was still occupied by enemy soldiers. I maneuvered the Recon squad from one angle and had them open fire distracting the enemy while I crawled up on their blind side and pitched in a grenade I had let cook. By the time we had covered and re-established all five bunkers I had counted six MIAs including the three men out on the listening post. We had to fight our way out to the CP through the retreating enemy forces and recovered two seriously wounded platoon members and one KIA. During the reorganizing at dawn, the NVA melted back into the jungle. Through the smoke that covered the land in the morning I found my three missing men, away from their positions, dead on the battlefield. I was eager to lift off and leave that place forever. The night before we had been a platoon of 29 men. That morning there were six KIA, 16 wounded, and seven left in the field to be the 3rd Platoon of Charlie Company, 3/22 Infantry.

BULLETIN BOARD**Editor—Re: Obituaries and Memorial Page****Curtis “Tony” Daniels, Jr., 68, of Kenefick, Texas**

Served in Bravo Company from 4-68/69 with 1st Platoon. He died Wed., April 3, 2013 in Humble, Texas. Curtis was born Aug. 6, 1944 in Houston, Harris County, Texas to his parents Faye Geraldine Adams and Curtis Daniels, Sr. He was a graduate of the Deer Park High School Class of 1962 and San Jacinto Community College, and served in the United States Army during the Vietnam War. He worked for Brown and Root Construction, as well as KBR, in the electrical department as a supervisor, and was a resident of the Dayton and Kenefick area for the past 32 years. He was a member of First Baptist Church Dayton, DYSA, the American Legion, active in Dayton Little League baseball and basketball, and enjoyed cross-words, listening to records and collecting coins. He is survived by his wife of 41 years, Patsy Manning Daniels.

Albert Comeaux, 66, of New Iberia, Louisiana

Served in Bravo Company as an Original with 1st Platoon. Al was the first Chief of the Rynelle Volunteer Fire Department when it started three decades ago and served eleven years as Chief over his career. Al was Captain of a rescue team at Cargill Salt Mine for almost 20 years and retired after working there for 38 years. Al enjoyed bird watching, mentoring Boy Scouts, and he and Linda served as campground hosts at a nearby state park. He is survived by his wife of 45 years, Linda Comeaux. Bravo Regulars attending as pallbearers were Dennis Amily, Richard Blanchard, Larry Crouch, Carl Lammers, John Otte and Doug Smith.

Joseph Mafort of Junction City, Kansas

Served in Bravo Company as an Original with 3rd Platoon. We received a notice from his daughter last June that he had passed away due to injuries from an accident.

The “Post Combat” section of our Memorial Page was compiled from the names reported in our past newsletters. From memory I added Joe Rennison and Ernie Rice, who served with me on an M-60. Dick Renfro added John Roche, our original CO, and Glen Perkins added Jack Gainey, an NCO with 1st Platoon 68-69. While working on a future combat story, I recalled James Jones, our original 1st Sgt. I last saw him at Reunion 2000 in St. Rose (thanks again to Carl Lammers and Mike Detmer for hosting). If anyone has an accurate year for his passing or knows of any other missing names, please let me know.

Dennis Amily (1st Platoon, Original)—Re: Local Newspaper Article

When Shreve American Legion Forest Post No. 67 was organizing Saturday, August 3rd's, Operation Healing Soldiers event to benefit the Wounded Warrior Project, sergeant at arms Sam Carpenter thought having the Marlboro Volunteers who set up military vehicles, weapons, artifacts and displays would be a nice addition. Some of the vehicles included tanks, armored cars and ambulances. One of the featured attractions was a life-sized rendition of the famous Marine Corps War Memorial, often referred to as the Iwo Jima Memorial, that was recently repaired and restored. The event featured a number of ceremonies, chaplain Tim Hendershott said. Among them were a flag disposal ceremony, the Soldier's Cross and a reading of the 137 names of those who were prisoners of war or missing in action. This was the first time the American Legion organized the event, and Carpenter said it is scheduled to become an annual event, though the funds will likely go to different charities each year. Dave and Becky Grube said they were impressed hearing their friend, Ken Kitchen, talk about his experiences at a fire support base in Vietnam. “He's talked to us so much about his Vietnam service, and we knew his presentation would help us understand what they went through,” Dave Grube said. Kitchen approached his presentation by treating his audience members as replacements at a fire support base in Vietnam. He gave them an orientation to let them know what to expect. They would be walking a lot in hot weather, dodging booby traps, dodging poisonous snakes, setting up in defensive positions at night, being attacked by the enemy, eating cold C rations and being in dangerous situations for days on end. **Dennis Amily** of Apple Creek heard about the event and decided to check it out. He got to talking with Givens and told him about his Bravo Company Third Battalion exhibit he put together. “I told him to go home and get it,” Givens said. And Amily did. Among the displays was a model of the fire support base at Suoi Tre. His battalion, and others who fought at the Battle of Suoi Tre on March 21, 1967, received the Presidential Unit Citation for their valor. “There were 450 soldiers at Fire Base Gold who engaged about 2,500 Viet Cong fighters and prevailed,” Amily said. The goal is to build the event bigger and better every year.

Editor—Email Received from Nick Carey, Journalist

I still have relatively few interviews with people from Bravo Company and I would dearly like to rectify that. In particular, if there is anyone from 2nd or 4th platoons who helped reinforce the perimeter of Alpha Company at Burt, or from 3rd platoon on the perimeter by the road, who would be willing to talk to me, I would be most grateful. I am eager to hear from anyone willing to tell me their story. Not just of Burt, but their life story so I can make this a great human narrative. Thank you and best regards, Nick Carey—nick.carey@reuters.com or 312 636-8837.



John Otte
Treasurer/Locater
Bravo6xray@aol.com
(310) 539-0886

FINANCIAL REPORT

Income & Expense

Jan. 1, 2013 Balance	\$8,732.75
<u>Income</u>	
Dues	\$680.00
Reunion Surplus	\$3,500.00
Total Income	\$4,180.00
<u>Expenses</u>	
Newsletter	\$1,839.37
Webpage	\$109.28
Reunion Donation	\$3,500.00
Miscellaneous Expense	\$3,500.00
Total Expenses	\$5,448.65
August 31, 2013	\$7,464.10

NEW FIND

Gerald Kanoza
3272 Quantum Lake Drive
Boynton Beach, FL 33426-8338
561 736-6347 — 4th Plat. 2-68/69

Association Dues Invoice

As you can see it is time for our annual dues invoices to be sent to you. Having said that, I must remind you all that dues are completely voluntary.



Bravo 3/22 Dues Invoice
Sept 1, 2013 to Aug. 31, 2014
Dues Period
Annual Dues \$30.00



NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

PLAT./ASSIGNMENT: _____ TOUR DATES: _____

PHONE: _____ EMAIL: _____

Send dues to:

Bravo 3/22
1037 Koleeta Dr.
Harbor City, CA 90710